

American

WHITewater

SPECIAL RACING
ISSUE



The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

\$1.95

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1983



1983 U.S. Whitewater Team

Abbie Endicott

Top Row: (l to r) Mike Garvis, Jon Fishburn. Spurlin (Mgr.), Chuck Lyda, Bill Endicott (Coach), John Butler, Sandiford (Coach), Lecky Haller, Dan Johnson.

2nd Row: Tom McGowan, Bob Robison, Dan Schnurrenberger. Stone (Coach), Don Morin. Mike Hipsher.

3rd Row: Bruce Swomley, Fritz Haller, Elizabeth Hayman, Carol Fisher. Alan Blanchard.

4th Row: Bare (Coach), Doug Gordon, Steve Garvis, Charles Harris, Dave Kurtz

(Mgr.).

5th Row: Bob Bofinger, Marty McCormick, Howard Foer. Cathy Hearn, Jean Campbell (Coach), Bill Nutt. Wendy Stone, Mike Downey.

Bottom: Doug Patton, John Harris, Dave Jones, Mimi Frenette. Dana Chaldek, Yuri Kusuda.

(Jon Lugbill, Dave Hearn and Kent Ford, missing from this photo, are off preparing for their gold medal C-1 Team run.)

Alex Haller



ABOVE the sibling rivals who swept gold (Fritz & Lecky Haller), silver (Jacques & Pierre Calori), and bronze (Steve & Mike Garvis) in the **Worlds** C-2 Slalom. Fritz is on the far left, Pierre on the far right; try to figure out who's who by family resemblance. (If you get stuck, look at their legs.)

WHITEWATER

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WHITEWATER AFFILIATION

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1983

Vol. XXVIII, No. 5

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AWA is published six times yearly. Single copies \$1.50 ea. Surplus back copies and other AWA Products are available from Pete Skinner
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COVER: 1983 Worlds Silver Medalist and sixth time National C-1 Champ Dave Hearn has amassed a total of 13 individual national championships—just one away from Bill Bickharn's all time high of 14. (Sandy Paton photo)

Editor's Soapbox

Lead us not into Electronics

Guest editorializer Gordy Sussman voices a strong and definite opinion about the benefits to the soul derived from paddling—and also the damages done by the soul-squelching software.

I have seen the future and it is both intriguing and alarming. Walking miles of aisles at the Consumer Electronics Show last month in Chicago gave me a view of what will be merchandised to us over the next several years.

While the range of gizmos is interesting and fascinating, I think we ought—collectively—to look at the bait before biting.

The CES filled McCormick Place and spilled out through several other exhibit halls around Chicago. Everything from electronic watches and car stereos to computers and video projection units were displayed.

But more than simply displayed, for this was a trade show, and everything is marketed to dealers from around the country. In selling to dealers, the manufacturers explain how they'll hawk to the public and have us beating down retailers' doors.

The future is filled with toys. Wrist sized TVs a la Dick Tracy. Home movie discs from The Godfather of Office Girls (a candid expose of sextracurricular activities at the office).

And there are home computers and software to accomplish things you've never wanted to do before and clock-radio/telephone/videogame devices that can amuse themselves for hours.

You get the idea. And every retailer from the largest chains in the country to the neighborhood pharmacy will buy into the action. The market is huge, the bucks unlimited...

I'm disgusted. Why?

Look at this stuff, friends. What is the tie that binds it all together? This stuff is the tools of the devil. (Say Hallelujah, brothers and sisters!)

Let's define some things here.

Assume the planet Earth is a complete, organic entity, and we as individuals are single facets of it.'

Assume there are optimum ways for us to function and things we ought to accomplish in our lives.

Assume there are Universal Truths to learn and having learned them, our lives will be better for their knowledge.

And then assume that whatever force created us also created all that is around us, and that in order to live fully we ought to live in—and learn from—all that is around us.

Call that force god (as opposed to God which we won't get into here).

Just as there are things to experience and learn from that will better our lives, so there are things that get in the way of that process.

If we have before us a path that leads to an understanding of the universe and our place in it, so do we encounter diversions and false paths to complicate our journey and confuse us.

Let's call the force that diverts us from growth and understanding the devil.

So here we sit on this lively celestial sphere not knowing if we're part of it, or if we're just along for the ride. We do know that we're given, say, 70 years to find out.

And paddling is one of the better ways to sort things out.

I've never paddled and not felt a part of the world. The same power that sets a heron winging along, or a snapper to sun himself, also sets me to paddling.

And whether I'm in what's left of the Dalles of the Wisconsin or in the Grand Canyon, I feel total insignificance tempered by uniqueness.

Paddling is a fine way to get back in touch with things, but it isn't the only way.

Riding a few hours with a good horse or skiing through a crystal silence or fighting back waves of adrenal panic while climbing will do the same thing.

Recreation . . . Re-creation . . . That's what we're talking about here.

And along come the big buck boys and the tech-weenies and their carloads of goodies.

There's nothing inherently bad about a pile of plastic called a video disc, any more than there's anything inherently good about a glob of polyester resin called a canoe.

They're tools, and one must understand what a tool will do before picking it up.

The home movies and wrist TVs and personal video arcades and four dimensional telephones and self-sharpening computers are not tools of happiness.

You'll never find out what moves you around the planet with them.

They're tools of limited use—tools that are easily misused. Tools that will steal your time and suck the life right out of you. Tools of the devil.

The battle between Good and Evil goes on, but it isn't as simple as the Sunday morning snake oil salesmen would have you believe.

I can't tell you if good or evil are active or passive states of affairs, or even if one could exist in the absence of the other.

But I can tell you that if you accept that there is a natural order to the Universe and you ought pursue the nature of that order, you'll do better to pursue it in a canoe or on a horse or pair of skis than sitting at home pressing buttons.

Get out into the world and enjoy it. And if a serpent offers you an Apple, think twice before you bite.

Gordy Sussman



Write the AWA Editor today at 7 Holland Lane, Cranbury, NJ. 08512. If any or all of your letter is not for publication, please specify.

STAYIN' ALIVE

Dear Editor,

Many thanks to Nye Simmons for a fine article on surviving, and to you for publishing it (March-April, 1983). Some folks don't like to discuss these possibilities, but I've always appreciated the AWA for doing so, as it can only help us to think ahead, just in case the unforeseen should happen.

I would like to give some additional ideas on the subject, directly from my own experience. First, such incidents

most often happen when a number of mistakes have been made, usually by the leadership of the trip. If paddlers find themselves on the river as night falls, there has been either an underestimate of the length of the trip or an overestimate of the distance the party can manage. There is no substitute for accurate measurement of trip length from a U.S.G.S. topographic map.

Second, Nye covers fire building and hypothermia well, but what if no wood is available? On one trip, we found ourselves at the bottom of a sheer wall gorge with no way to get to the wood above. That night we proved that wool, polypropylene, wet suits and rain suits will keep you alive in near-freezing

temperatures—if you huddle. We used isometric exercises to generate heat.

I also found the truth and importance of pre-heating the air you breathe. The face is obviously part of the head, where the greatest heat loss occurs. Even a wet cloth, if held away from the face, say, by dropping it over your helmet, will provide enough breathable heat and comfort so that some sleep is possible. This puts you in better shape for the paddle or walk out the next morning. I also found a wet cloth laid over my wet-suited legs reduced heat loss from wind.

The leadership should leave no stone unturned to make sure that everything available is used for warmth. Unfortunately, one of our paddlers left his rain suit sitting in the bottom of his boat all night. It would have helped his comfort a lot.

It occurred to me after the trip was over that dirt is a good insulator. In some situations covering legs with dirt or lining boats with it could help avoid heat loss.

Finally, I wish someone would write on the subject of what happens in the local paddling community after such an incident, assuming it becomes common knowledge. In our case, a number of misunderstandings and incorrect information were relayed back to paddlers at home. For a while, some of them thought one of our paddlers had died. Even the search and rescue team couldn't keep the facts straight! The facts were we lost a water bottle, a sponge and two boats got minor damage. One person got sore and bruised legs and feet. No one got beyond the shivering stage of hypothermia. We rescued ourselves by paddling out the next morning.

Martha Parker
Renton, WA

GRAND PRIX

Dear Editor,

No need to panic at the prospect of Grand Prix rules overruling slalom racing. While the International Canoe Federation is anxious to simplify the

rules to get whitewater back in the Olympics, few countries are willing to eliminate penalties, the focus of slalom's fascination.

One eminent slalom rule change is the elimination of direction requirements; upstream or downstream would be designated, but difficult forward-reverse distinctions would not be necessary. This excellent change will greatly simplify judging with little effect on the visual impact of the race. A good course designer will still make the racer reverse some gates by hanging tough offsets or ferry moves. The paddler will have the additional test of deciding which gates he will choose to do reverse, in order to complete the course quickly and clearly.

Grand Prix racing (sheer speed, no penalties, mainly forward gates, shorter course) is a quick, fun event. However, racers realize and dislike the fact that Grand Prix involves less finesse and less complete understanding of whitewater.

So for now, don't practice hitting the poles!

Kent Ford
Nantahala Outdoor Center

UNPUBLISHED TREASURES

Recently, AWA received a letter from Walter F. Burmeister, river writer *extrodinaire* whose five volumes exhaustively depicting the Appalachian watershed are classics and the definitive word in the field. Though not expressly meant for publication, we condense his note here for our readers interest.

Dear Bart,

I am contacting you for the purpose of determining if American Whitewater might possibly have a continued interest in seeing my various manuscripts on eastern rivers in print. There are so many guides made just for the kayaker today — telling just how to run one stretch of river for this rarefied group. In my guides, I tried to tell something about the history, geography, common customs of the area; the type of thing that anyone would be glad to use before

(Continued on page 39)

NEW!

and only from perception

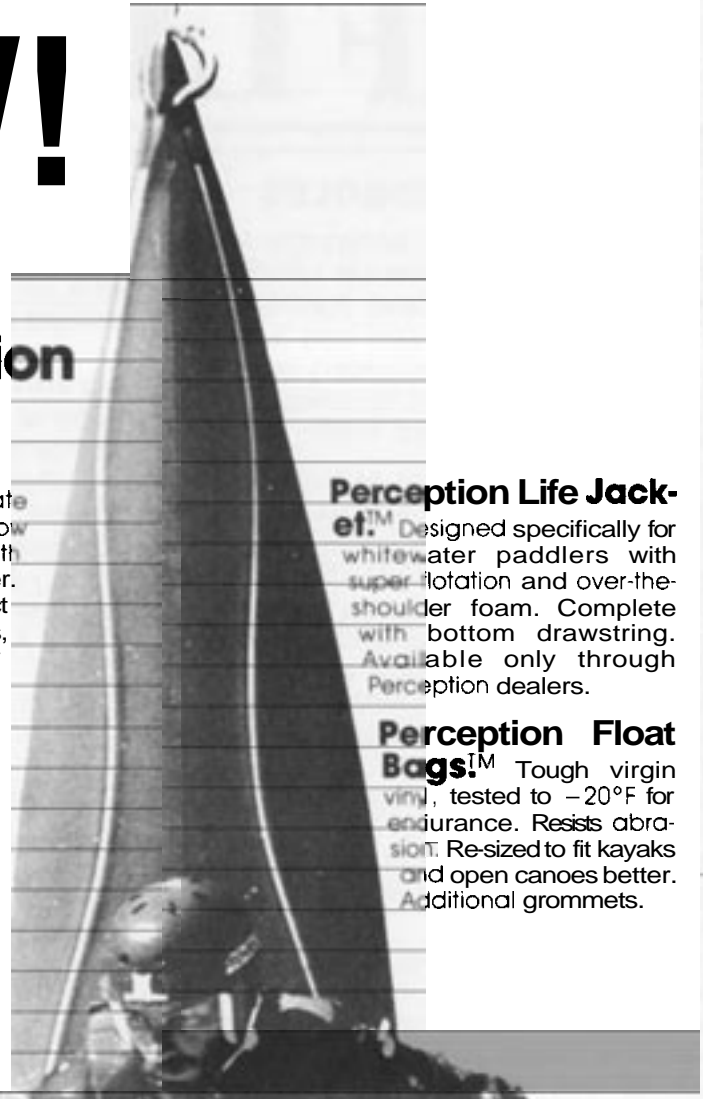
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Payette River, Idaho



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The FLUVIAL

BALANCE BOGGLES

The next time you accidentally lose your balance and come up spluttering invectives against these new-fangled low volume kayaks, you may want to consider this little bit of history recorded by Istvan Granek in his *Paddling Kayaks and Canoes* (translated 1969).

"In Hungary, scout groups began kayak racing in the thirties...In these times the scouts used boats (so-called nudli boats) they built themselves. These were one-man boats with ribbing covered with cotton and oil paint. The boats had a pointed bow and stern, no rudder, a round seat opening, and could be occupied only by stretching the legs out almost completely. Their length varied, generally measuring 16 to 18 feet, their breadth 14 to 16 inches. Thus they were considerably narrower than the modern one-man racing kayaks of today."

The modern racing kayaks Granek refers to are the 502 cm by 51 cm flat water boats. In this country, where the standard slalom K-1 measures a generous 60 cm, even these 20-inch wide Olympic kayaks seem frightfully narrow. So before you go cursing out your boat, remember the Hungarian scouts of old and consider that perhaps the fault lies not in our beam, but in ourselves.

VOLUNTEERS CRAVED

What's the best and most accessible paddling forum in the world? The weekend slalom race, of course. You can paddle in your own little rut for seasons on end, then suddenly watching the experts finesse their way through a certain move, brings it all together. In addition, every kind of boat, blade and accessory is displayed right in front of you. And of course advice flows faster than bull in Texas—some of it even worthwhile.

In short, competition is an opportunity

for every level of boater and every type: cruiser, racer or both. So why not give yourself a break and volunteer some time to assist at a weekend slalom, training clinic, or regular training camp. Judges, scorers, timers and administrators are desperately needed on local and national levels. You can even take the International Canoe Federation's test for judges and become qualified for the Worlds. (Remember, the 1989 World Championships will be right here in the U.S.A.) If you would like to give a little and get a lot, contact the American Canoe Association, Box 248, Lorton, VA 22079.

— Thanks to *Abbie Endicott*

BULLISH ON ADVENTURE

Insurance statistics show that in 1984 over two million Americans will participate in some type of organized adventure travel. This includes all those who pay for raft trips, ski weekends, pack trips, you name it. But two million doesn't even begin to count the hordes of private adventurers, which includes most of AWA's readers.

In 1979, approximately 40,000 rented raft space for \$39 each and plied the waters of California's American River for a day. In 1983, the same trip thrilled 120,000 paddling novices, who shelled out more than \$5 million for the experience. According to Eastern Professional River Outfitters (EPRO) and the Western River Guides Association, such a 300 percent increase in four years, while certainly above average, cannot be considered unusual for popular rafting streams anywhere in the country. On a good Saturday a popular launching site on the Ozark's Current River or New Jersey's Delaware, will see more than 500 boats per hour put in along its shores.

Rivers, however, are not only over-trod adventure ground. Portland's Mount Hood has recently been described as

NEWS

What's Flowing in
The Boating Community

WHITEWATER

"an anthill crawling with climbers." The Matterhorn, once the tall Faustian peak where the climber would stand and test himself totally alone, now has long lines where guide and amateur squat in boredom waiting for their chance to go for the top. The cause? Some 'experts' say it's a fight against the banality of modern life, others claim it's an attempt to prove masculinity (or femininity for the gals, I guess). At any rate, statistics are proving what we have all suspected for a long time—the outdoor spirit is soaring. Let's hope that the new adventuring crowds find the verve to protect and conserve their new outdoors play grounds.

MOOSE WOES

The Long Lake Energy Corporation which has had its hydro eye on New York's Moose River for several years, has finally succeeded in obtaining a preliminary permit to study a diversion project on the lower Moose. This would destroy some of the Northeast's most challenging and scenic waterfalls and leave the entire stream unrunnable. To halt this one-mile diversion, the Save the Moose Coalition is desperately seeking support for the upcoming fight. If you can help, contact the Coalition c/o Karla Matzke, 20 Besch Ave., Albany, NY 12209.

WASHINGTON WATCH

This fall, legislative darts are flying all around us. On the federal level, proposals and counter proposals have come so fast that neither lawmakers nor environmentalists can fathom all the ramifications of each. One thing is certain, though, the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act is very much on trial. And whether it gains the power it deserves and needs, or ends up gutted will be determined in the next several months. Some of the federal bills and proposals

to watch for are:

Reagan's Anti Wild & Scenic Bill. Properly titled S10-84, this bill, sponsored by Senator McClure at request of the administration, places eight new rivers under Wild and Scenic protection. That's the carrot. The stick is title four of the bill which allows any state to remove from the W & S list any stream that flows within its boundaries and was originally placed on the list by the Secretary of the Interior. This would effectively destroy any permanence of protection. Fortunately, this bill is gathering dust at the moment.

The Scenic Rivers Bill. Sponsored by Dave Durenberger (R-MN), S-1756 is a state and locally aimed river conservation bill that fits right in with the New Federalism, and also saves free-flowing streams. If passed, the state and local legislatures would be granted federal incentives to pass river protection bills. There would even be a little seed money to aid in management efforts such as river inventories, volunteer programs and administration needs.

But most important is this bill's Consistency Provision under which any river protected by a qualifying state or local program would automatically gain protection from federal-level incursions. Thus if the state wants a river protected, FERC or no other government agency can stick a hydro power project there. This would extend *national protection* to over 14,000 miles of rivers currently under 271 state programs! A true victory. Hearings on S-1756 will be held in February. Write your Senator now and ask him to co-sponsor it.

The State River Protection Act. This counter proposal to the Scenic Rivers Bill was developed by the Department of the Interior and the Forest Service along the same lines as last year's Coastal Barrier Bill. In this plan, if a state voted a river and the surrounding land area as

Fluvial News

worthy of protection, the federal government would withdraw all subsidy from the area and thus end all development. This means that on the named area, no agency could give a license for a power project. It also means that disaster aid, federally guaranteed mortgages and flood insurance would no longer apply. All in all, there are some strange ramifications to this proposal which the administration is pushing so hard. If indeed this plan does become a bill, hearings will be held in February.

Appropriations. Besides the endless fights against zero-funding attempts, some of the few remaining good guys at the National Park Service are now facing the cutoff. The Land and Water Conservation Fund has currently been financing the Natural Resources Planning Division of the Mid-Atlantic National Park Service (NPS). This small and dedicated government crew with the

long name has been providing technical conservation expertise to all kinds of state and local management groups. This team has helped many states undertake studies and solve management problems.

It was from this Resources Planning Division that Maine's river study came which recently legislated 1800 miles of water into safety. Currently, this group, under the supervision of Glen Eugester is conducting a river inventory for Maryland, Connecticut's Blackstone River watershed, and the St. Lawrence basin.

Obviously, it is important that the regional offices of the NPS retain this technical conservation expertise. But, as expected, the Watt-tools in the Park Service oppose funding them. The final funding decision should be made before All Hallows Eve.

— Thanks to American River Conservation Council

But even the experts of paddling brash
 Have all ended up getting eaten or trashed
 The river's not choosey just whom it curtails
 The power of nature is the one that prevails
 At Rocky.

(excerpted from GAIL RICHARDS' poem
 Rocky Island Spring. Thanks to CCA's **Cruiser**)

NOMINATIONS

FOR

AWA's Board of Directors are now open

At the close of 1983, five members of the nine-person Board of Directors of the American Whitewater Affiliation will retire from their terms. In keeping with our constitution, AWA's membership must be presented a slate of nominees from which they will elect the five new board members.

So if you or anyone you know is qualified and would like to become an AWA Board Member, submit her or his name **BEFORE NOVEMBER 15th** to Marge Cline, Board of Directors Nomination, 1343 N. Portage, Palatine, IL 60067.

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THE LURE OF THE RIVER

A Note from Thoreau Telling us Paddlers
are not Alone

"Rivers must have been the guides which conducted the footsteps of the first travellers. They are the constant lure, when they flow by our doors, to distant enterprise and adventure, and, by a natural impulse, the dwellers on their banks will at length accompany their currents to the lowlands of the globe, or explore at their invitation the interior of continents. They are the natural highways of all nations, not only levelling the ground, and removing obstacles from the path of the traveller, quenching his thirst, and bearing him on their bosoms, but conducting him through the most interesting scenery, the most populous portions of the globe, and where the animal and vegetable kingdoms attain their greatest perfection.

"I had often stood on the banks of the Concord, watching the lapse of the current, an emblem of all progress, following the same law with the system, with time, and all that is made; the weeds at the bottom gently bending down the stream, shaken by the watery wind, still planted where their seeds had sunk, but ere long to die and go down likewise; the shining pebbles, not yet anxious to better their conditions, the chips and weeds, and occasional logs and stems of trees, that floated past, fulfilling their fate, were objects of singular interest to me, and at last I resolved to launch myself on its bosom, and float wither it would bear me."

— Henry David Thoreau
from *A Week on the Concord
and Merrimack Rivers*

THE 1983 WORLDS

by Abbie Endicott

The Results:

Once again, the U.S. Whitewater Team proved to be the best nation in canoe slalom at the 1983 World Championships held in the beautiful Tyrolian mountains of Merano, Italy on June 11-19. John Lugbill became the first man ever to win six gold medals in C-1 slalom. He won both the individual and the team events for the third time in a row. His teammate and friend, Dave Hearn gained his third silver medal in a row, running a mere nine tenths second behind Jon. Kent Ford teamed up with Jon and Dave to make the gold medal team in C-1 slalom this year.

In C-2 slalom, the Haller brothers were the surprise of the Worlds, winning the gold medal in their first World Championship together. Fritz Haller had won the C-2 Mixed World Championships with Elizabeth Hayman in 1981, and teamed up with his brother, Lecky this year. Training with the U.S.'s reigning 1981 C-2 World Champions, Michael and Stephen Garvis, proved to be a significant element in their success. The Garvis brothers came in third in the Worlds this year, behind the second place Calori brothers of France. Charles and John Harris of Norwalk, Connecticut, teamed with the Hallers and the Garvis brothers to win the U.S.'s first silver medal in the C-2 Team event.

At the awards ceremony, the International Canoe Federation presented a large silver cup to ACA Commodore Susan Chamberlin for the "Best Nation in Canoes." Sue immediately turned around and presented the cup to a surprised and pleased Slalom Coach, Bill Endicott (coach of Lugbill, Hearn, the Hallers and the Garvis brothers).

This year the U.S. took no medals in either Wildwater or in Slalom kayak. West Germany dominated the Wildwater events, and Great Britain won both the men's and women's kayak Slalom. Our

Wildwater C-1's, past winners of the silver and bronze in the team event, had suffered some serious blows this year when John Butler (bronze medalist in C-1 Wildwater individual in 1981, and silver medalist in the '81 C-1 WW Team,) suffered a critical case of encephalitis last winter and Jim Underwood, another top U.S. Wildwater C-1, came down with appendicitis this year, two weeks before the U.S. Team Trials. Considering these circumstances, the U.S. C-1 Wildwater team did remarkably well this year. John Butler came back from a comatose state, in two months, to not only win first spot on the Wildwater team, but also to place 8th in the World at Merano! Don Morin, in his first C-1 Wildwater World Championships, placed 13.

Cathy Hearn (1979 triple gold medalist and winner of three medals in 1981) came in first of the American Wildwater K-1 women for the first time in her career, placing 7th. Carol Fisher Underwood of Lake Placid, New York placed 10th. Cathy Hearn was also the best American woman in the Slalom Worlds, placing 7th there as in Wildwater.

In men's kayak, our best finisher in the Wildwater was Jon Fishburn of Billings, Montana, who came in 14th out of 46 in his first World Championships. In Slalom, our best kayak was another first timer at the Worlds, Bruce Swomley of Wyckoff, New Jersey, who came in 15th out of 75 competitors.

But the results were far from the whole of it. The 1983 Worlds brought a huge amount of friendships renewed. Also, it became blatantly evident that the U.S. in C-1 and C-2 Slalom was the team to beat. The style and vigor of the paddlers from many nations, especially Yugoslavia's surprise third place winner Jozse Vidmar showed a marked similarity to the style of American racers. It was clear emulation of the brilliance and finesse of

Jon Lugbill and Davey Hearn. It was ~~also~~ the largest C-1 class in the history of the Worlds.

The spirit of friendship was epitomized in the exuberant final parties, where uniform swapping and group dancing were the norm and it became impossible to tell which athletes were from which countries or who was dancing with whom. A great finale came a

week after the Worlds when the organizers of an international slalom race at the Noce River in Mezzana, Italy, held a night long party for the victorious British, American and West German teams in a mountain retreat in the gloriously beautiful 'Val de Sol.'

The 1983 World Whitewater Championships are now history, but the memories will live on as some of the best ever.

How We Got There

It's no secret that America's domination of slalom C-1 and C-2 has, in a very large part been due to the incredible efforts of Bill and *Abbie* Endicott who have turned their home into a full time training camp and made the Greater *Washington* area a racer's Mecca. Bill has been the U.S. Team Coach since 1977 and equally devoted Abbie has always served as a master organizer and fund raiser. This year, as Trustee of the U.S. Whitewater Team Fund, she organized the U.S. Whitewater Team Gala which brought in a great deal of needed cash to help send our team to the top. But the real work of winning the Worlds goes on all year long, and Abbie *Endicott* offers a few vignettes of how a dream is ground into reality.

My husband and I tell people how involved we are every day as volunteers for whitewater racing and they stare at us amazed. Why? is the invariably unasked question.

It amazes me too, to see how this sport has literally taken over our lives. At this point my husband Bill has left a fine job on Capitol Hill to be the full time volunteer Coach of the U.S. Whitewater Slalom Team and of the Slalom Division of the Canoe Cruisers Association in the Washington D.C. area. He has been Coach for the World Championships since 1977, but this is the first year he was devoted full time to it. He is attempting to finance his current occupation by writing books on the sport. We produced and are publishing the books ourselves and they are now selling to whitewater enthusiasts literally all over the world.

The first, for which Bill is now writing an update pamphlet, was published in 1979 and called *The River Masters*. It charts the World Champions in both slalom and wildwater and describes the sites, outstanding events and leading personalities. It also lists every competitor printed in the Championships' results and gives his/her performance record. (Available \$10.26 pp.) The second book, written after our World slalom sweep at Jonquiere, was *To Win the Worlds: A Textbook for Elite Slalomists and Their Coaches*, (\$17.26 pp.).

This year, after two years of interviews with top paddlers in every class, we published *The Ultimate Run: Canoe Slalom at the Highest Levels*. In addition to 11 biographies, there is a whole raft of technique advice, (\$21.50 pp). All these books are available from us directly. Write us at 6537 Broad St., Bethesda, MD 20816.

But beyond the books, our home has become a virtual clubhouse for local paddlers and a way station for traveling international athletes and administrators of the sport. We have even become foster parents to one former Junior National C-1 Champion, Bill McKinney, for two years so that he can attend school here and continue his training and racing while his parents are overseas on a Navy assignment. As if all this were not enough, I am a committee member of the International Canoe Federation and have become very involved in U.S. Team fund raising efforts and in hosting the biennial U.S. Whitewater Team Gala.

Why do we do it? Because we love the

sport, we love the athletes, and we love seeing new parts of this fabulous globe of ours, where sometimes we can speak foreign languages and always we have an opportunity to befriend people of other cultures. Even here in our own great country, the people of various regions are quite different and always interesting. The rivers are, too.

In the last few years, we have been visited by many of the world's top racers. They have slept at our home, shared our meals and become very close friends. The athletes of our own U.S. Team are almost like part of our family, and their families are like relatives to us. So much time and effort goes into top competition that everyone close to the racers becomes part of this world and either helps the racer achieve his or her greatest potential, or, by lack of enthusiasm, hinders the athlete. By being part of their world, we truly empathize with the athletes' defeats, and we also exult like you wouldn't believe when they become World Champions.

We first experienced such exultation in 1979 at Jonquiere, Quebec, where the U.S. Team was the best nation for the first time ever, winning on incredible number of medals, including five golds (K-1W Wildwater Team, K-1W Slalom Team, K-1W Slalom Individual—Cathy Hearn; C-1 Slalom Team, and C-1 Sla-

lom Individual—Jon Lugbill).

Since then, the thrill has continued, with gold medals in C-1 Individual and Team and in C-2 at Bala, Wales in 1981 and again at Merano, Italy in 1983. The excitement and utter happiness of seeing athletes become World Champions who have been like part of our family creates powerful motivation to try to help others do it.

Seeing that ignorance of top level technique was holding Americans back, my husband began interviewing Europeans, taking advantage of his language skills in French, German, Russian and Italian, and preparing the books he has now written. Seeing that for many American athletes the lack of funding in our sport was hindering their potential, I began looking for ways to raise money and give everyone including myself a great time as well—which is how the U.S. Team Gala originated.

Somehow, it has all just seemed to blossom from the very beginnings when, Bill first met a young man by the name of Brad Hager who invited him to try a whitewater C-2, and then became his partner for the 1971 and 1973 World Championships. From there everything has just exploded and brought us some of the greatest experiences of our lives. That, amazed listener, is why we do it.



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1983

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

Results of the Races Held in Merano, Italy, June 11-19

SLALOM

Place	Name	Score	(penalties)
C-1 (41 in class)			
1st	Jon Lugbill — USA	221.9	(0)
2nd	David Hearn — USA	222.8	(0)
3rd	Joze Vidmar — YUG	234.2	(0)
7th	Kent Ford — USA	243.8	(5)
38th	Robert Robison — USA	327.0	(105)
K-1 (75)			
1st	Richard Fox — GBR	207.1	(0)
2nd	Anton Prijon — BDR	211.3	(0)
3rd	Peter Micheler — BRD	212.3	(0)
15th	Bruce Swomley — USA	218.4	(0)
33rd	Tom McGowan — USA	226.4	(0)
35th	Marty McCormick — USA	227.9	(5)
C-2 (27)			
1st	Fritz & Lecky Haller — USA	246.3	(0)
2nd	Jacques & Pierre Calori — FRA	248.0	(0)
3rd	Steve & Mike Garvis — USA	256.6	(10)
11th	Charles & John Harris — USA	267.2	(0)
17th	Alan Blanchard/Dave Patch — USA	335.4	(15)
K-1W (33)			
1st	Elizabeth Sharman — GBR	232.3	(5)
2nd	Jane Roderick — GBR	236.3	(5)
3rd	Marie Grange — FRA	238.7	(0)
7th	Cathy Hearn — USA	247.6	(10)
11th	Yuri Kasuda — USA	252.4	(5)
12th	Wendy Stone — USA	253.4	(0)
19th	Dana Chaldek — USA	264.7	(20)
C-1 Team (10)			
1st	Lubgill/Hearn/Ford — USA	249.4	(0)
2nd	TCH	276.1	(10)
3rd	GBR	276.6	(15)
K-1 Team (19)			
1st	FRA	232.1	(0)
2nd	BRD	235.1	(5)
3rd	TCH	238.0	(5)
7th	Swomley/McGowan/McCormick — USA	252.8	(15)
C-2 Team (7)			
1st	TCH	288.5	(10)
2nd	Hallers/Garvi/Harris — USA	295.5	(20)
3rd	GBR	298.2	(10)
K-1W Team (7)			
1st	FRA	270.7	(5)
2nd	GBR	285.5	(10)
3rd	TCH	287.4	(5)

WILDWATER

WHITEWATER

Place	Name	Time
C-1 (30)		
1st	Gil Zok — FRA	24:00.5
2nd	Ernst Libuda — BRD	24:10.3
3rd	Srecko Masle — YUG	24:21.1
8th	John Butler — USA	24:43.5
13th	Don Morin — USA	24:57.1
21st	Chuck Lyda — USA	25:21.9
23rd	Michel Downey — USA	25:36.3
K-1 (46)		
1st	Marco Previde-Massara — ITA	22:09.9
2nd	Degenhard Pfeiffer — BRD	22:12.1
3rd	Konrad Hollereith — BRD	22:13.2
14th	Jon Fishburn — USA	22:37.3
18th	Dan Schnurrenberger — USA	22:42.4
25th	Dan Johnson — USA	22:51.6
31st	Bill Nutt — USA	23:01.7
C-2 (25)		
1st	Madore/Lieupart — FRA	23:01.4
2nd	Thiel/Bichat — FRA	23:05.6
3rd	Berngruber/Eckart — BRD	23:10.1
12th	David Jones/Mike Hipsher — USA	23:51.1
16th	Fritz & Lecky Haller — USA	24:17.0
17th	Bob Bofinger/Howard Foer — USA	24:17.2
22nd	Al Blanchard/Dave Paton — USA	24:46.6
K-1W (22)		
1st	Dagnar Stupp — BRD	23:53.3
2nd	Gisela Grothaus — BRD	23:54.8
3rd	Karen Wahl — BRD	24:01.1
7th	Cathy Hearn — USA	24:27.9
10th	Carol Fisher — USA	24:39.9
16th	Elizabeth Haynan — USA	25:15.9
19th	Mimi Frenete — USA	25:49.1
C-1 Team (6)		
1st	FRA	25:27.8
2nd	YUG	25:28.0
3rd	BRD	25:41.5
4th	Morin/Lyda/Butler — USA	26:02.9
K-1 Team (12)		
1st	BDR	22:48.1
2nd	AUT	22:55.1
3rd	FRA	22:55.19
6th	Fisburn/Johnson/Schnurrenberger — USA	23:20.5
C-2 Team (6)		
1st	FRA	23:51.4
2nd	BRD	23:51.7
3rd	ITA	24:29.8
4th	Jones-Hipsher/Hallers/Bofinger-Foer — USA	24:47.3
K-1W Team (6)		
1st	BRD	22:44.5
2nd	FRA	25:25.1
3rd	GBR	25:26.0
4th	Hearn/Fisher/Hayman — USA	25:33.7



Lance Martin

WORLD CHAMPS

Above: The unconquerable Jon **Lugbill** is seen on the Merano course stroking his way to an unmatched third-in-a-row World Title in C-1.

Below bow man Fritz **Haller** and brother Lecky spent the year studying under the Worlds-winning Garvi and then went on in their first International competition to beat their bronze-taking tutors and glean the gold.

Sandy Paton



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Lance Martin



Sandy Paton

U.S. Nationals

Both versatile and strong, Angus Morrison, above left, claimed both the decked and open '83 Wildwater **C-1** titles. The equally able Elizabeth **Hayman**, upper right, claimed Nationals firsts in C-1W, C-2M, and a third in K-1W. Below, Holly Carr and Perie Lee Prouty show that two years of dedicated training pays off. After finishing second last year in OC-2W Slalom, they returned this year to win top honors.

Lance Martin



The Inside Touch

by Barbara McKee

The summer '83 racing season was highlighted by the *Whitewater World Championships* in Merano, Italy. Once again, Americans dominated the slalom canoe classes bringing home three firsts, two seconds, and a third in individual and team competition. At home, the action centered on the Open Canoe National Slalom and Downriver *Champ-*

ionships on the Youghiogheny River in early July and the decked boat Junior, Master, and Senior Open Slalom Championships in Wausau, Wisconsin in early August (see Vol. XXVIII, No. 2, page 37). A WA Racing Editor, Barb McKee, participating in her 10th year of national slalom competition, relates a new experience for this veteran racer.

From the Bow of a Jensen

Most of my skill and experience in racing is in decked boat slalom, so competing in the Whitewater Open Canoe Downriver Championships was quite novel. I was approached by an injured Lillie Gilbert (1982 OC-2W Champ) about finding a stand-in who could paddle with her doubles partner, Nancy Shelhorse. When neither of us could think of an available woman with enough experience, training and endurance to withstand the grueling 18-mile race from Confluence, PA to Bruner Run, I agreed to give it a try.

I at least had the experience, if a bit short on the kind of grunt work these downriver racers call training! Endurance has always been my strong point, and I had one distinct advantage: 100+ trips down the Yough over the last 11 years. I already knew all the right routes and some wrong ones. Admittedly, if I was ever going to try downriver, doing so with the three-time women's champion was an attractive option.

After all, she was in the stern. The bow is my normal position so I could just sit up there and motor. Right? Wrong. I soon discovered that while Nancy would call the huts, the bowman is the navigator, choosing microroutes, drawing the bow to the precise line, continuously informing the stern what is coming up, and where and how the boat is to go. Luckily, the Yough and I are oldfriends! No surprises in the rapids meant plenty

to time to anticipate and plan. Sitting felt a lot like being in a kayak, and even switching the bent shaft paddle wasn't all that hard to get used to, once I practiced getting a hold on the grip in mid-switch.

From my viewpoint as somewhat of an onlooker, open canoe downriver racers are divided into two types. The marathon racers, who are basically all muscle, flatwater specialists, but will tolerate some mild whitewater; and those who read, cruise, and prefer to race on rapids.

The Lower Yough (Ohiopyle to Bruner Run), the seven-mile conclusion to this year's race, is rated Class III-IV, and as such ranks as the most challenging stretch of river on which national open titles have been decided. Many of the marathoners, saving their boats and bodies for the upcoming marathon nationals, chose to stay away. The somewhat reduced field was no less intense however. The downriver discipline has always been the larger, more competitive event. Slalom racers in open canoe are only recently beginning to train and compete with the dedication and intensity of their downriver counterparts.

Not surprisingly, this whitewater slalom racer found the virtually flat 11 miles of the Middle Yough (Confluence to Ohiopyle) a true grind. There, I felt keenly my lack of long distance training. We lost time on our competition. The



Barb McKee (bow) and Nancy Shelhorse race through a dry, fast chute at Cucumber Rapid on their way to a second place in this 18-mile Yough downriver course. (Greg Green photo)

lower seven miles were fun, challenging, exciting—and *restful* after all that flat-water! How I did wish the entire 18 miles was like this.

Without a doubt, though, the half mile jog with a 60-pound raceboat, in which I couldn't get my arm all the way around on my shoulder and my partner pushing me from behind, was the worst of the three phases of this event. At one point near the end of this mandatory portage around Ohiopyle Falls, I was sure I would fail to negotiate the sharp bend in the put-in path and Nancy would launch me out over the cliff. Adding to my misery was the large group of slalom friends and supporters yelling such encouragement as "Push her, Nancy!" from the sidelines while I begged for mercy. ("Nancy, I have to slow down!")

A dry boat is of prime importance in downriver. I discovered one goes to great lengths to avoid bailing: a tedious, time and power consuming activity. Routes are chosen with this in mind and while some are similar to decked boat wildwater routes (I have raced K-1W on the Yough a few times), most are even more radical, and miss all the good stuff: the far right at Entrance, Camel/Walrus, Dartmouth and Rail Road; the far left at Eddy Turn and Pipe (River's End).

We were a light team and could risk

running farther out in the main current. This, of course, is faster when it can be done dry. There is a trade-off. Since I knew the river better than Nancy, I could suggest faster, albeit more risky routes. She knew the boat better, however, and while game to try anything once, usually proved correct in assessing our capabilities. With limited practice together, we generally settled on a conservative approach and, but for one isolated wave in a flat stretch with our number on it, ran completely dry. Our time on the lower section was much more competitive.

When we reached Bruner Run several hours later, an enthusiastic group cheered us across the finish line and I realized the most important benefit I got out of this grunt was a new perspective on this other aspect of whitewatersport. To go with my aching muscles I had a greater understanding and respect for the other discipline. There is little cross-over and less socializing between slalom and downriver. The two factions seem to me to be separate, divided, and isolated from each other. Each has its own opinions, needs, leaders, activists and champions. Consequently, until this race, I wasn't acquainted with anyone from downriver. Now I have a great new group of racing friends!



1983 NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Results of the races held at Wausau, WI, August 5-7

SLALOM

Place	Name	Score	(penalties)
C-1 (23 in class)			
1st	David Hearn	214.8	(0)
2nd	Kent Ford	228.9	(10)
3rd	Tom Steitz	236.5	(5)
K-1 (55)			
1st	Bruce Swomley	207.7	(0)
2nd	Steve U'Ren	213.7	(0)
3rd	Marty McCormick	214.5	(0)
K-1W (15)			
1st	Linda Harrison	247.6	(0)
2nd	Cecelia Martin	267.2	(10)
3rd	Elizabeth Hayman	271.8	(20)
C-2 (9)			
1st	David Hearn/Al Blanchard	257.6	(5)
2nd	Fritz & Lecky Haller	263.7	(15)
3rd	Brad Koji/Greg Sowers	310.0	(30)
C-2M (9)			
1st	Elizabeth Hayman/Fritz Haller	337.1	(30)
2nd	Karen Marte/Brett Sorensen	342.2	(25)
3rd	Pam Barr/Doug Wesphal	343.9	(25)
C-1W (9)			
1st	Elizabeth Hayman	275.7	(5)
2nd	Karen Marte	408.6	(70)
3rd	Kristin Frisch	528.1	(160)
C-2W (4)			
1st	Lee deWalski/Barb McKee	439.1	(90)
2nd	Kristin Frisch/Lorene Vedder	484.6	(185)
3rd	Brenda Sorenson/Karen Marte	630.4	(280)



Bruce Swomley
K-1 Nat'l. Champ



Robert Fischer
K-1 Jr. Nat'l.
 Champ

Sandy Paton

K-1 Master (5)

1st	Clive Lister	228.7	(15)
2nd	David Kurtz	251.2	(5)
3rd	Tom Cowden	254.3	(30)

C-1 Master (7)

1st	Ken Stone	240.1	(10)
2nd	John Sweet	288.7	(55)
3rd	Don Sorensen	301.3	(30)

C-2 Master (3)

1st	Don Sorensen/Ray McLain	247.0	(10)
2nd	George Steed/Al Button	528.3	(210)
3rd	John Connet/Jim Raleigh	605.9	(235)

K-1 Jr (7)

1st	Robert Fischer	196.3	(5)
2nd	Aldy Milliken	270.9	(30)
3rd	Eric Marten	278.3	(25)

C-1 Jr (6)

1st	Jed Prentice	204.5	(0)
2nd	Chris Varnos	227.5	(15)
3rd	Scott Srnalley	281.4	(35)

K-1W Jr (4)

1st	Becky Weis	265.1	(90)
2nd	Heather Corrie	400.1	(100)
3rd	Kara Ruppel	479.6	(210)



Jed Prentice
C-1 Jr. Nat'l.
 Champ

OPEN CANOE NATIONALS

Results of the races held on the Yough, July 5-7

SLALOM

Place	Name	Score
OC-1 Short (23 in class)		
1st	Dave Paton	319.8
2nd	John Sweet	349.4
3rd	Harold Deal	372.0
OC-1 Medium (15)		
1st	Steve Scarborough	427.1
2nd	Tim Kelly	432.1
3rd	George McLane	442.8
OC-1W Short (5)		
1st	Barb McKee	587.0
2nd	Melissa Andrews	613.6
3rd	Lee Prouty	627.1
OC-2 (12)		
1st	Dave Paton/Mike Clarke	350.2
2nd	Bob Connelly/John Kazimierczyk	413.8
3rd	Steve Scarborough/Fritz Orr	419.0
OC-2W (5)		
1st	Lee Prouty/Holly Carr	488.2
2nd	Linda Davidson/Carol Figdore	548.3
3rd	Barb McKee/Elaine Thompson	625.5
OC-2M (10)		
1st	Barb McKee/John Sweet	368.9
2nd	Scott & Elaine Thompson	400.1
3rd	Steve Scarborough/Annie Kenyon	406.1

DOWNRIVER

OC-2 Mixed (9)		
1st	Randy Drake/Nancy Shellhorse	2:17:40.3
2nd	Peter Heed/Michelle Lavigne	2:21:56.4
3rd	Ben Pearson/Sandy Roberts	2:22:22.6
oc-1 (22)		
1st	Angus Morrison	2:17:42.5
2nd	Ralph Vincent	2:24:51.0
3rd	Bill Baxter	2:25:05.5
OC-2 (16)		
1st	James Mallory/Dick Weber	2:12:15.5
2nd	Norm Hecker/Randy Drake	2:12:45.3
3rd	Dean Crocker/Ralph Vincent	2:15:05.6
OC-2 Short (7)		
1st	George Walsh/Ben Pearson	2:24:44.6
2nd	Dan & Don Littlefield	2:26:22.7
3rd	Don Patneau/John MacDonald	2:27:21.0

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Stan Jacobs

The Crooked River Gorge

by **Bob Woodward**

Every once in awhile You Should Run Something You're Really Scared Of

Three weeks a year she runs high and fast, making one spectacular show before its volume is claimed by the river bureaucrats who divert her into irrigation canals. There's no set date for the beginning of this river's brief, imposing whitewater lifecycle. One day the water releases begin and as rapidly as the river's volume swells so does word pass to northwestern whitewater paddlers that the time has come for epic runs.

Meandering through rolling ranch lands near its source, Oregon's Crooked appears a muddy lazy river. These calm passages, however, belie the river's

nasty nature. It merely meanders to build up muscle for some long powerful drops.

Aptly named, the Crooked travels a snakey 50-mile course from its beginnings at Prineville Reservoir near Prineville in central Oregon to Lake Billy Chinook. During its course, the river glides calmly through Smith Rocks State Park, Oregon's premier rock climbing area, then after a swing north and a jog south passes through the spectacularly colored basalt walls of the 600-foot deep Crooked River Gorge.

Once in the Gorge, the Crooked

I began to think we had been suckered by another case of Egotistical Rapid Downrating

pounds its way along steadily until it stops abruptly in the backed up slack waters of Lake Billy Chinook. Billy Chinook is formed at the confluence of the Crooked, upper Deschutes and Metolius rivers, with a vast acreage now submerging lands whose beauty is recalled only in Indian legend.

Modern legend concerns the helmet smashing, kayak crushing, paddle losing first kayak descent of the Crooked by the intrepid Ice brothers of Eugene, Oregon in the mid '70's. More recent tales still tell of long walk outs, gruelling portages and survival swims. In *The Soggy Sneakers Guide to Oregon Rivers*, write Ron Mattson adds substance to the horror stories with this ominous warning, "This is a run for advanced to expert boaters. Much equipment has been lost in the Crooked River Gorge. The next lost paddle or boat could be yours, if you decide to run this river!"

An nonsensical river run judging from the facts. Poor put-ins, bad takeouts, difficult portaging, hard long technical passages, and rescue near impossible. Truly, here flows an 'experts only' run, and in the estimation of many Oregon kayakers the run that tops both those on the Upper Owyhee and Illinois.

So when Rob Lesser called two years ago and suggested a day on the Crooked, I demurred. He pressed, I backed-pedaled. Fortunately (for my hide) his car broke down so that took care of that trip. But his interest in the river piqued mine and for two years I never crossed over the Crooked River Gorge bridge on US Highway 97 without wondering what went on below, around the corner and a mile downstream.

Curiosity, however, is one thing—reality another. Last year a top British kayaker made a long walk out of the Gorge after breaking a sturdy paddle in what he termed 'serious' whitewater. Then two paddlers told of surviving a long swim after being held captive by a

Grand Canyon-sized hole. Another '82 tale envisions a Portland kayaker given something akin to the last rite after a nasty swim.

When Lesser next called, I hesitated, weighing curiosity against practicality. Curiosity won. Portaging, I decided, would be my out.

Lesser; Bend, Oregon paddler John Wujak; and myself launched one May afternoon from a farmer's field. The river was abnormally high from a near record snowpack melt off in full swing. Armed with a brief description of what to expect and a hefty dose of anticipatory jitters, we lazed through the first two miles of our 11-mile run on flat, murky, slow water.

Along the upper Crooked, basalt columns of no more than 60 feet high flank the river. These cliffs are high rises full of owls, ospreys, hawks, swallows, kestrels and eagles. Birdwatching provides a calm preface to a riotous first chapter.

At two miles the river narrows from a 40-foot width down to 20 and the calm gives way to a headlong rush through a mile-long Class IV rapid we dubbed 'New York'-pushy and aggressive.

A paddler who made the trip two days prior to ours called 'New York' a juicy Class III (?). This early in the western whitewater season it seemed like Class V and watching Wujack fight his way out of the jaws of one hole, then roll twice, I began to think we've been suckered by another case of egotistical rapid downrating.

Now we're really in it. Lesser scrambles with strokes that look a bit rusty for someone who has been on the water so many months running—certainly not the type of paddle maneuvers one employs in Class III water. "Class III my butt," Lesser offers emphatically at rapid's end.

After New York, the Crooked becomes placid. This is the river's nature; calm, big drop; calm, big drop. This smooth

stretch winds through Smith Rocks where dozens of climbers work out technical routes on the rock walls that tower up to 700 feet above the river.

Another mile of flatwater ensues during which we speculate on the river flow. The guidebook says 1,800 to 2,500 cfs is the best level. According to the last report from the water meister in the local newspapers, the Crooked is somewhere between 2,600 and 2,800 today. This is one of those rivers that goes up and up in difficulty with the rise in volume. Nothing gets washed out.

The long flat ends with the short 10 to 15-foot vertical drop in 20 yards of Rapid #1. This is no Oregon rapid. It's pure Colorado River Grand Canyon style: big waves, big holes, muscle paddling all the way. More flat, then #2-another big wave, big hole, rock-'em-sock-'em fourth-and-two-smash-through-the-line-head-down-guts-only-needed drop.

This is not technical water in the sense of catching hairline eddies behind mountain size rocks and picking the right

channel. No, this is the site of aggressive paddling, where you stroke frantically to create a line that avoids; avoids the gaping holes and the nasty problems that come from trying to extract oneself from monster keepers.

Next comes Wap-te-doodle, a rapid we'd all heard much about. Talk of Wap-te-doodle provokes grins. People begin to extoll the huge three wave set that finishes off the short quick drop. It is a carnival ride without a doubt. I lead and plow through the first river-wide giant wave, get rear ended by the second and barely land in the gaping wave trough before the third wall of river-wide water flattens me out on my kayak's deck with a crashing blow.

Wujack blasts through saucer eyed. Lesser eddies out at the bottom of Wap-te-doodle and hurries on shore to take pictures of the third wave's victims. Rob ranks it with big waves on other major pieces of whitewater catalogued during his past five years.

The carnival gives way to easy water and the beginnings of the Crooked River Gorge. Perhaps it's the narrowness of the canyon or its brilliantly colored walls with cascading bridal veilfalls that lull us into a sense of security. But that sense of security is quickly stripped away as the river begins its most continuous white-water section lasting for the final five miles of the trip.

Every drop is Class III+ to IV and they come in quick succession. Paddling takes on a more earnest note. We work our way along for two miles, anticipating the last major drop: No Name.

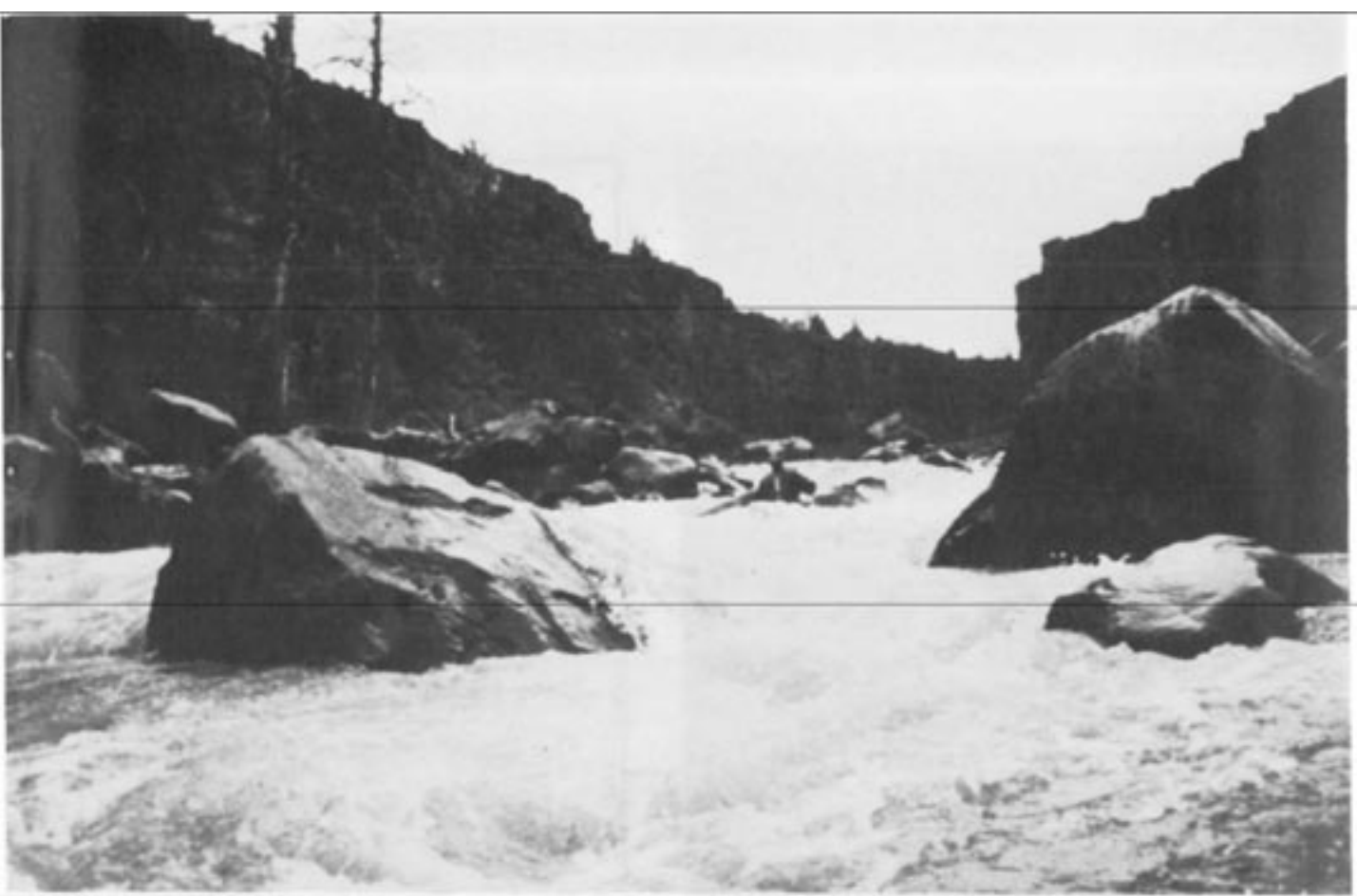
Soggy Sneakers writer Mattson does kayakers a disservice with his "a very busy Class III to IV" brushing off of No Name. Nothing is further from the truth. A week prior to our trip, Alaskan daredevil kayaker Andrew Embick gave No Name a solid V rating. IV or V was our question.

Another kayaker of reputable stature suggested a right side sneak route that could be run "without scouting." This person assured us that the 'sneak' was Class III and avoided the huge river center hole that has a reputation for pulling boats in and devouring them with ease.

Rob Lesser on End



Tom Waason



Tom Powell

Chuck Camp weaves through the boulders on The Crooked's first mile.

Wujack and I bought the sneak idea somewhere two miles back. Lesser opted to try a river left run, catching a thin eddy above the section leading to the notorious hole.



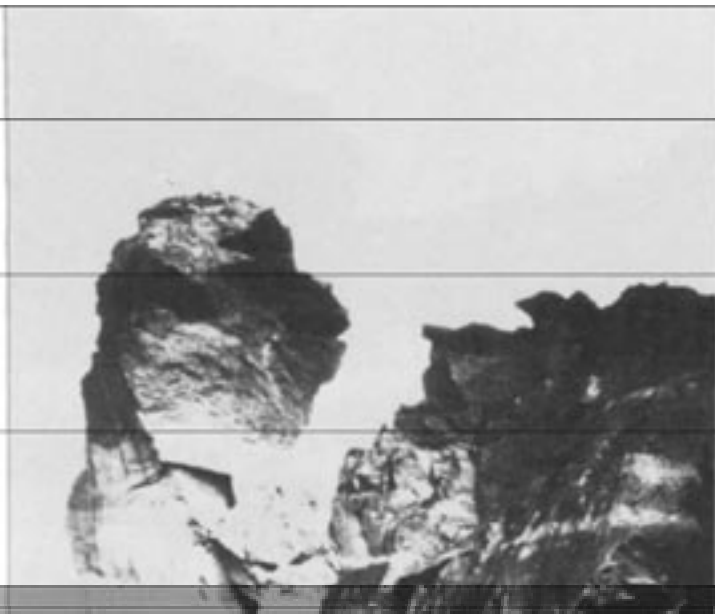
The sneak route begins innocuously with a short easy drop—then the drops get a little harder, and harder. The water cadence quickens and there's the slimmest channel separating the paddler from the hole. Now I try to power through the channel when a suction force grabs the tail of my kayak and yanks me into the hole for a rear ender. The ender is followed by a series of end-over-end flips in the hole before I am extracted from my kayak like a cork from a bottle of wine. There's an old blues song line about, "if the washing don't get you the rinsing will." I'm getting a thorough cleaning.

Sometime during the ensuing five minutes, I receive an unconditional release from the hole and start a nasty swim. My wits take some time to gather together but it quickly dawns that a slim

eddy above another serious drop is the place to be. No more bouncing, water inhaling, desperation for this lad. Herculean strokes might seem a hyperbole but that what I felt I needed to reach the eddy and that's what I flailed. Once there I thanked my PFD makers and myself for staying in shape.

River hydraulics are often miraculous. I looked ahead. My gear lay deposited neatly in an eddy not more than 10 yards from where I'd washed aground. The gear was all there except for a single missing shoe. As I reassembled, Lesser commented that the perhaps that sneak was the best route into the hole's jaws. Wujack reported adrenalin caused him to ferry directly above the hole then, "the rest is a blank. I can't remember a thing until I got in this eddy." So much for busy Class III to IV with sneak routes.

The remainder of the Crooked keeps churning up to the Chinese Dam built in the late 1800's by railroad workers who settled on the plateau atop the Crooked River Gorge. The now-destroyed dam is today a nasty jumble of jagged rocks and downed trees. Lesser scouts and



Tom Wasson

Monkey's Head o'er looks one of the river's rare placid spots.

makes an exacting river right run before joining Wujack and I opt for the mile-long hike up the Hollywood Road built down into the Gorge for the movie "Wagons West." (Portaging, it turned out, had proved to be my best out.

There's more river below. Another five miles of easier rapids before the calm water of Billy Chinook. But for now, we had enough. As John Wujack says after his first post-takeout beer, "This river should be run once a year, just to say you did it, but not as steady paddling diet."

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New Brunswick

Canada's Cream of the Drops

by Tedd Weyman

Author Tedd Weyman is President of Canoe New Brunswick and a certified *national canoe instructor*. His experience and knowledge of rivers in the New Brunswick area is enormous and he is willing to share it with any paddler seeking further information. If interested, contact Tedd at 4 Acacia Grove Ct., Fredericton, N.B. Canada, E3B1Y7; (506) 455-6540.

For the past 10 years, whitewater paddling in New Brunswick has been limited to the you-must-be-crazy bunch of beer-drinking, ex-fishermen who found out the very hard way that bouncing backwards over a ledge can be fun if you don't lose your gear. But recently, there has come on the scene a newer breed of sophisticated paddler (actually, we've just grown up and made some money). These new dudes have uncovered some cream of the Northeast's technical water, heretofore considered unrunnable.

As everywhere, the availability of better and lighter equipment, advanced instruction, and a hearty dose of that 'what the hell, I'll go first' attitude have led us to the attempting of that 'impossible' water which long ago gained its reputation by smashing and occasionally drowning unwary fishermen. Now, after the exploration of the area by skilled and prepared boaters, we have found an ample number of streams, all runnable in a short, but great season which I strongly invite you Yanks to try out.

New Brunswick's spring river freshet occurs at the end of March, give or take a couple of weeks. The cold-blooded paddler accompanies ice-out, but takes great care not to wash under the ice at the mouth of the river. With chattering teeth, we don our 100 per cent wool underwear and heavy, full wetsuits for

the season's mid-April warmup runs—the lower Eel, upper Magaguadavic, upper Nashwaak, and the Shogomoc.

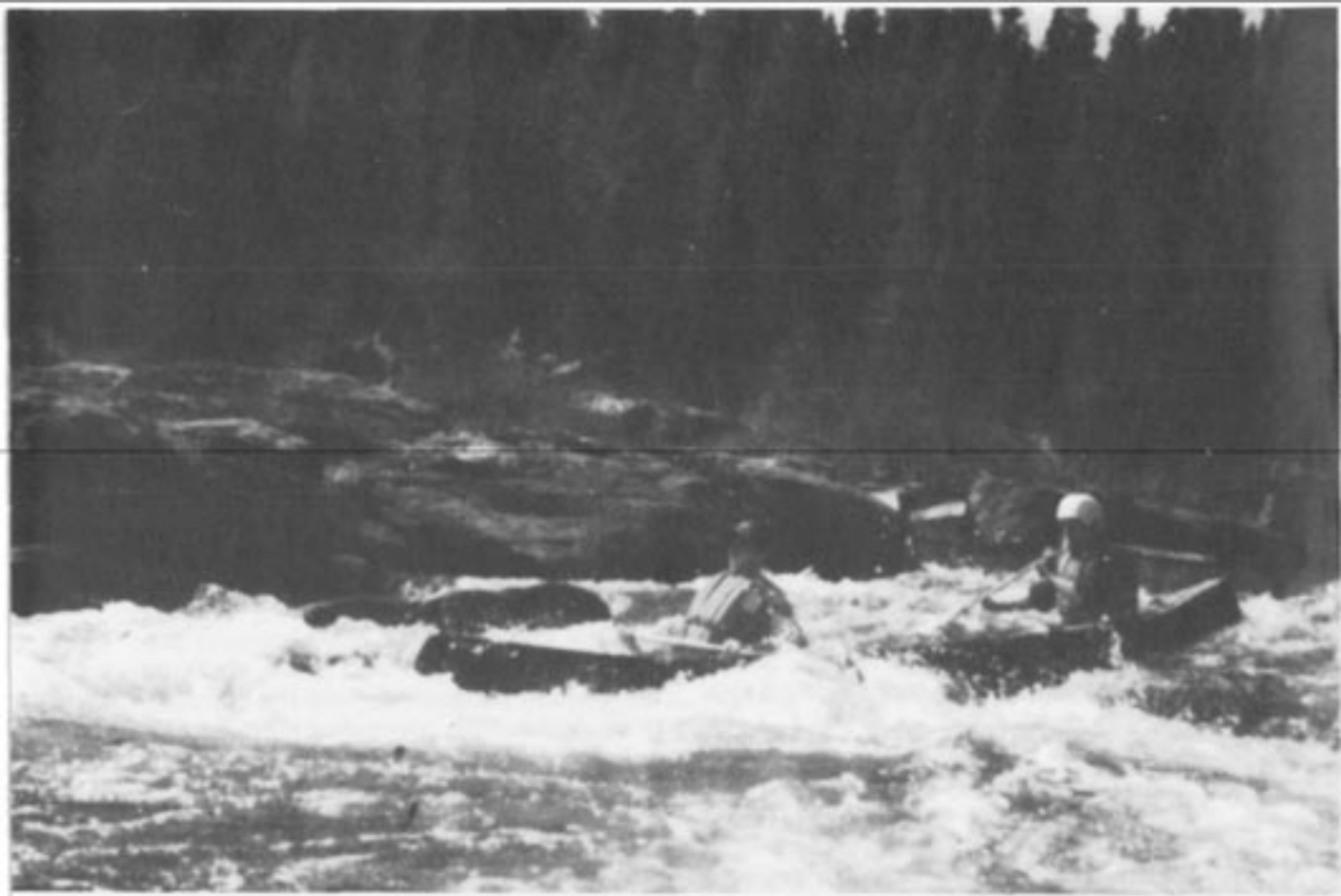
The Spring freshet and sunny, snow-melting days raise the water steadily until it peaks in the beginning of May. During this time, we start running the southern drainages and move north as the season progresses into the summer draw-down. This gives us a high volume season of over two months, with the better water ending in early June. But don't forget our fall. The rains of October, November and early December bring some excellent paddling in warm water and cold air.

The Marvelous Miramichi

On this past May 19th, some friends and I took a long weekend and ran the Little Southwest Miramichi River. Just read and see if there is not at least one section of this varied stream that doesn't make our land a great spot for paddling exploration.

The Little SW drops off the North Central Plateau at about the same latitude as Maine's Allagash. That's latitude, not altitude. The best section of the Little SW tumbles an average of 30 feet per mile for 20 miles over a bouldery bottom through granite faults. This year, the mild snow and light freshet gave us a mid-May flow of 1700 cfs. (Normally, it would run 2700 on May 19th with 3500 to 5500 cfs at the start of the mouth.) But you've got to catch it when you can; by late August, this raging river will drop to an unrunnable 400 cfs.

All of this gives the Little SW and endless stretch of Class III+ and IV rapids, with a good smattering of technical challenges and one Class V drop. The 20 miles we chose to paddle that long weekend was a run of almost continuous whitewater from Bailey



Tedd Weyrnan

Note above how New Brunswick's "ex-beer-swilling, ex-fishermen" have turned to PFD's, helmets and some very proper stroking—shows what the river can do to a person.

Bridge to the Forks takeout (where the North Branch of the Miramichi joins in).

For those who've never seen it, the best comparison to the Little SW at 1500-2000 cfs is Poplar Hill Falls on Maine's Dead River at 1400 cfs. The difference is that the Little SW at higher volumes remains technical, but just gets more dangerous, and it's always a great playground. It cuts through beautiful rock gorges, around numerous S-turns, over four runnable falls (four to eight feet), and tumbles continuously through fields of car-size boulders, all in a river averaging 40 to 60 feet in width.

One great feature of this river is that in 20 miles, there is not a single unrunnable rapid or mandatory portage. Five spots, however, should be scouted and there is one falls that should be avoided by the inexperienced or weak at heart. This one spot, Flaherty's Pitch is definitely a wildman's run which peaks at an eight-foot drop in the center of a technical section falling 150 feet in less than two-

and-a-half miles. But the upper five miles and the remaining lower three-fourths of this river drop an average of 50 to 60 feet per mile—a reasonable challenge to any boater in a solid C-1, kayak or an air-bagged, thigh-strapped open solo canoe.

There is more to this run, however, than whitewater. Here flows a classic salmon and trout river. While salmon don't usually run this early and fishing is controlled this time of year, these very controls have kept the river clean and a complete wilderness. But paddling season does coincide with trout season and if you can tear yourself away from the beautiful scenery and exhilarating play spots, you can look down and see one to three-pound speckled brown trout swimming beside your boat. Also, while you perch on the bank for lunch, it is not uncommon to spot deer, moose, beaver, eagles, osprey and lots of other wildlife—all yours for the photographing.

After a long drive and an overnigher at the Bailey Bridge, we put in and experienced that initial, apprehensive surge of energy as we embarked down an unknown river. We turned the corner into a Class III S-turn. Here the river which so deceptively coasted under the bridge started to drop with an obvious, almost threatening gradient. Yard after yard of ledge, hole, reversal and haystack, surging over and around boulders. The rules for descending are all broken as you try to eddie-out and ferry to the inside left on a right angle turn, only to find that you *have* to go right. The river won't let you go left inside and the right side dumps you into a pop-up ledge hole where you wash into a safe pool and try to surf it from down stream.

Indian Falls, the first challenge, runs for one continuous mile, broken only by one fast flowing pool. It drops over a smooth, clean, full river-wide ledge and disappears you into the foam. You brace and power out or recirculate for a moment, then realize that you have made the right decision by driving into

this unknown country to this perfect little river that has been saved only for you. You catch your breath and move into some nice chutes and boulder runs, through another short, deep pool only to be faced with what appears to be a dead end of car-size boulders.

This is the mouth of the North Pole Stream and the beginning of over two miles of continuous 50 feet per mile gradient through Charlies Rock Rapids. This Class IV zig-zag demands scouting as the water bounces off huge boulders and rock faces before leveling out into a III downhill run. A wet exit here would result in a very nasty swim which is quickly heading for the point of no return. At 1700 cfs, we found all the upstream curling waves had turned into rooster tails that made hearts pound in even the most experienced of our group. The water pushed us non-stop until lunch while we took the opportunity to work the ledges and play a little tag around the boulders.

After about six miles, the river levels out for awhile and the following two

"This unknown country holds a perfect little river, saved only for you."

Tedd Weyrnan



miles of swift, technical, Class II water we branded as The Worst Must Be Over Now Pools. This easier water seemed anticlimatic, but we are deceived.

We lunched and rested, then headed through the last 100 yards of easy stuff and suddenly came upon Stewart Rapids and the Upper and Lower Ledges. All of this we renamed God, It's Only Just Begun — We Already Ate Lunch — And We've Got Two-Thirds Of The Way To Go Rapids. This stretch is an unbroken Class III+ with a couple of ledges and four-foot falls to play in.

When you see an Osprey's nest in a tall pine tree on the left, start to get ready. Peevie Pick Ledge kicks off the 60-foot-per-mile drop at about the 12-mile point. The problem now is that you have digested lunch and may have played out on the middle section. Subtly the river begins to change with steeper, narrower and tighter turns. You start to slow your descent to compensate for the blind corners and drops. You become aware you are entering a gorge with few if any spots to exit without climbing gear.

Back ferry, then power around Rams Head. Immediately, come face to face

with Square Rock — a god forsaken monster the size of a house. The river splits hard left and right and is completely hidden behind the rock. This vicious smasher marks the entrance to that mile-long canyon called Flarhety's Pitch. Now you eddie right on the corner so your friends can see you and then lead them across to river left into a deep eddie pool just above the eight-foot drop. You can't miss it, one way or another: the river takes a series of hard rock face turns only to narrow into the falls.

This section can be a real killer. Six years ago a geological surveyor rafted into this rapid and never came out. Do not run it without full rescue equipment and a bomb-proof brace. There just isn't any time to roll up as you drop over this series of hard, high volume ledges and bounce through unavoidable patches of boulders. I rate this steep, rough section a Class V because there just is no sneak or salvation from the 200 yards of foam and boulders immediately following the falls.

All of this washes out into a swift, narrow, flat-walled canyon we tagged

The Warning Osprey Nest

Tedd Wevman



Letters

Continued from page 6

The Palisades. This quarter-mile labyrinth runs like a fantasy out of *Lord of the Rings*, plunging over excellent ender ledges into another deep pool. If you have managed to save any strength at all by now, you may want to pick your way up to the base of one of two sets of waves and reversals to play. This is the kayaker's last good chance to strut his stuff and make the open boaters green.

The final five miles from Peevie Pick Ledge, Ram's Head, Square Rock, Flaherty's Pitch and Ender Pool terminates the 60 foot per mile gradient and it's clear sailing through some lovely Class III+. Gradually, this slows to two miles of Class II just before your campsite and takeout at the Forks.

The Little Southwest Miramichi is a magnificent run and was a great treat for us. It is a river that holds over 50 miles of good paddling anywhere from where it joins the Main Southwest Miramichi to where it flows into salt water. While the best run is the 20 miles from Bailey Bridge I've just described, Class III and IV water can be found on any of the Miramichi headwaters at the right flowage levels.



The stunning beauty seen here is unmistakably unique to the small rivers of New Brunswick's North Central Plateau, located at the northeast end of the Appalachians. In summer, these streams are real boat-busters; not worth the damage and frustration unless you are plying the waters with a 22-foot open canoe, pole, anchor, and salmon fishing gear. But come April through to early June, the whitewater is superb.

If you are considering some cruising in a new area, come on up to New Brunswick and take a few days on the Little Southwest and some of the other parts of the Miramichi. If, on the other hand, you seek some high adventure, there are a couple of rivers within easy reach that are as yet unrun and hold nasty reputations for Class IV-V technical water with one way in and one way out: through rugged, rock-walled wilderness gorges. It's all here. Take your choice and take your chances.



going to a stream, or to reread with satisfaction after coming back. In addition to the five volumes currently published by Appalachian Books, Virginia, I have prepared 14 additional manuscripts which I would hope AWA could help publish. They are:

1. Tennessee River
2. Wabash River
3. Cumberland River
4. Southern Lake Erie Shore Streams
5. Middle and Lower Ohio River Courses
6. North Central and Northwestern New York State Canoeing
7. St. Lawrence River
8. The Lake Champlain-Richelieu River Basin
9. The Connecticut River Basin
10. Northern and Western Adirondack Canoeing
11. The Housatonic and Thames River Basins
12. Three New England River Basins: Merrimac, Saco, and Androscoggin
13. New England Coastal Streams
14. Potomac River Basin Canoeing

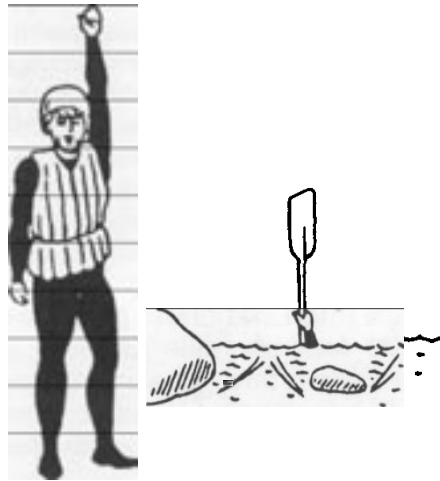
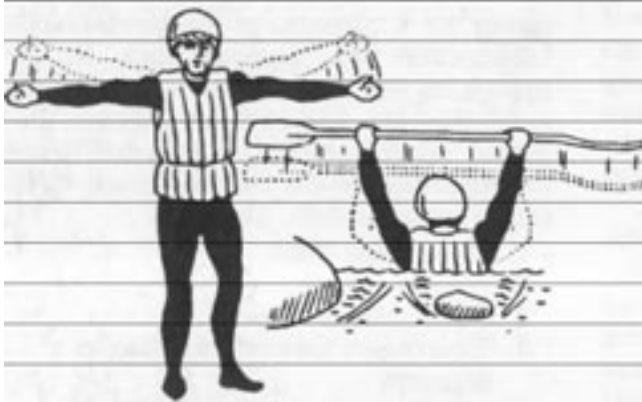
I believe the quality of these manuscripts speaks for itself. These are a serious attempt to provide geographical as well as historical data in the form of river descriptions and to enhance the appreciation of our favorite sport.

Walter F. Burmeister
El Paso, TX

We ask AWA readers interested in seeing any or all of these manuscripts come to the light of publication to let us know. Your *support* will *help* make it a reality. — Ed.

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