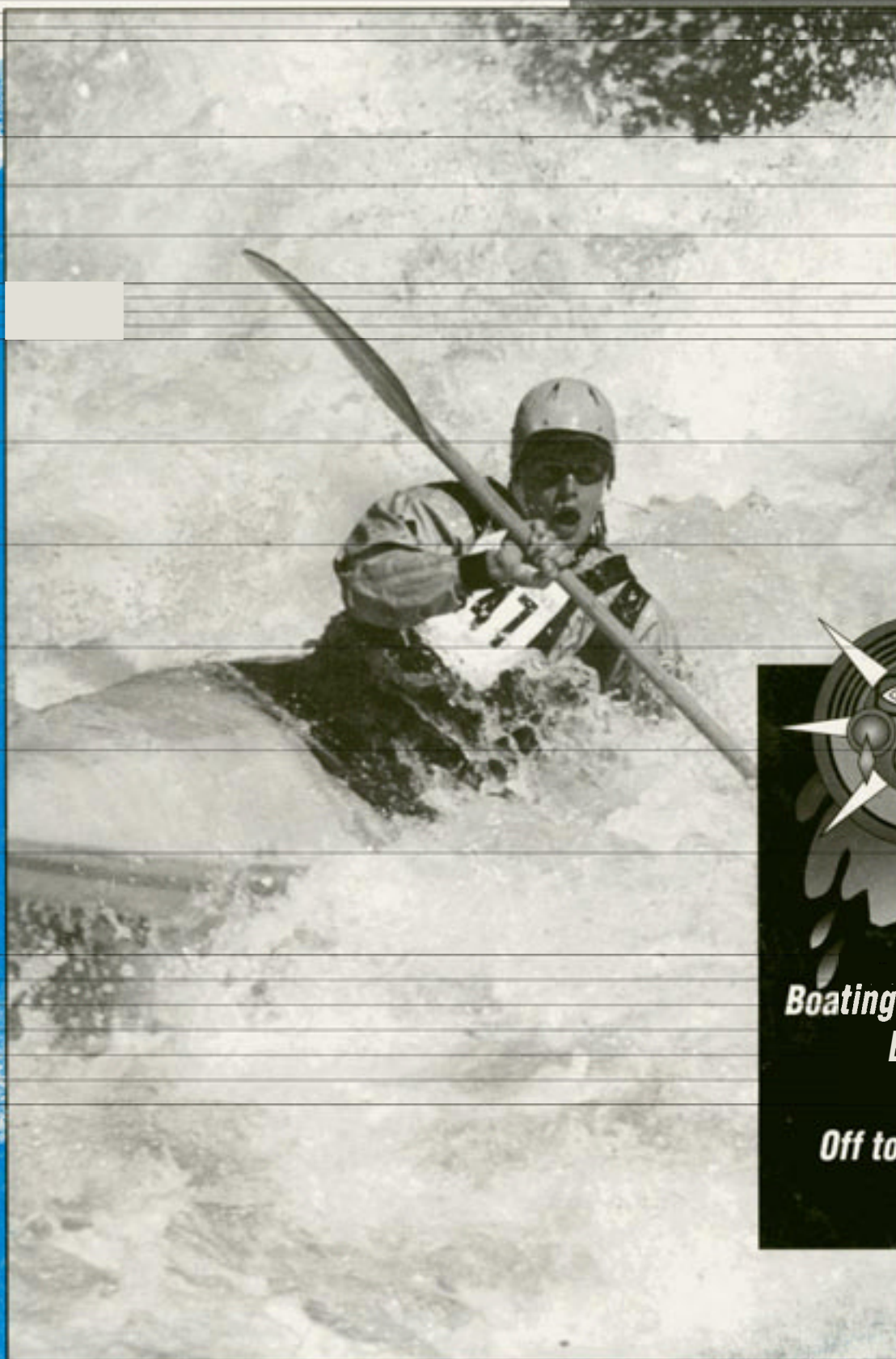


american whitewater

November
December 1993

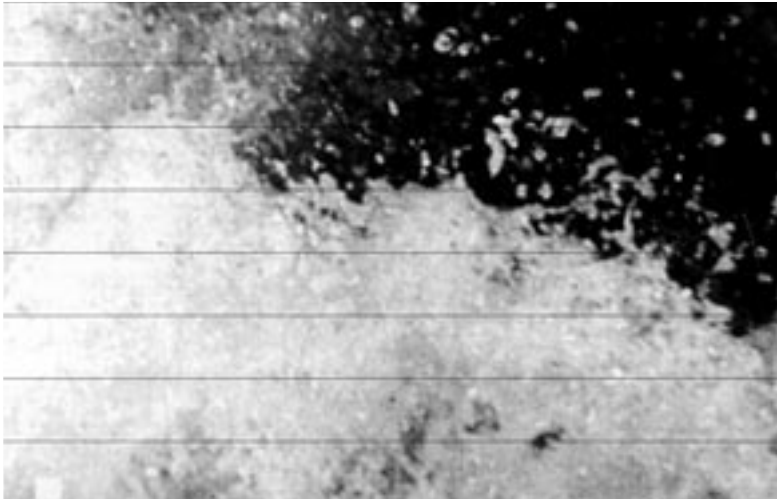


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american whitewater

Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

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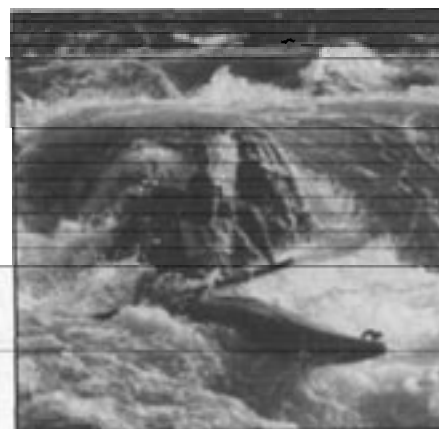
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Dave Blair, great Falls Race '93

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FORUM

Ghost Ships

Sailors refer to the shoals off Cape Hatteras as the Graveyard of the Atlantic. During the past 500 years countless ships have fallen prey to these treacherous waters. Now they lie on the ocean floor.

I suppose Pearl Harbor must be the Graveyard of the Pacific. So, where is the Graveyard of the Youghiogheny? Well, the sad fact is, it seems to be located in the top of my garage. This is the Unhappy Hunting Ground for whitewater veterans no longer river-worthy. Canoes once sleek and smooth, now dented, folded, and cracked. Kayaks once fire truck red and school bus yellow and jet blue, now scuffed and faded into pathetic pastel hues.

I'm too embarrassed to take an actual count, but there must be close to a dozen victims of my whitewater obsession... and occasional ineptness... lying in state in my private boat mausoleum. Meanwhile, functional items which by all rights should be stored there... like lawn mowers, weed eaters and chain saws... are stashed in all sorts of inconvenient places.

That's because I don't like to go into the top of the garage very often. It's too depressing. There are ghosts there.

I take some comfort in knowing that I am not the only boater with an ever burgeoning non-flotilla of plastic, kevlar and fiberglass corpses. Some of my friends have just as many...if not more. I'll bet that a lot of you have collections just like mine.

How did these noble vessels come to such ignominious ends?



Many died respectably of old age, slowly worn away by countless low water runs on the Big Sandy and Cheat. Only their shells remain; their skeletons were extracted and transplanted into new hulls, new hulls that no doubt ultimately suffered the same fate.

Two met sudden, violent deaths, victims of pitons on the Black and the Top Yough. Their noses are flattened like pig snouts; pig snouts with nostrils that leak. They deserve Purple Hearts.

Others perished dishonorably, pretzelized around rocks on the Blackwater and Tygart. I keep them hidden in the back.

And then there is the saddest one of all, a tiny sliver of a boat that still looks river worthy. It died of a broken heart, betrayed by a master who never learned to

squirt.

This raises an interesting question. Why do I hold onto them? Well, there are lots of reasons. Note that I didn't say good reasons, just reasons.

When I first commit a boat to the top of my garage, I am usually in the throes of denial.

"This boat isn't dead," I tell myself. "It's only sleeping."

Sometimes I engage in resurrection fantasies... that with just a little magic... and a lot of Shoo Goo and fiberglass... these boats will return to life, like Lazarus. I keep waiting and hoping, but it hasn't happened yet.

Sometimes I imagine they might serve some useful purpose. Be used as demonstrators at a whitewater safety clinic. Or as planters for next season's petunias.

And then there is the rationalization that there simply is no politically correct way to dispose of them. I hypothesize that my trash man would refuse to take them if I set them out with my garbage on Monday morning. But I've never really tried.

A large manufacturer of kayaks has recently been advertising that their new plastic is recyclable. I congratulate them on their environmental consciousness, but somehow I suspect that their gesture isn't going to make much difference. My guess is that most boaters are going to continue to be like me, mindlessly and resolutely clinging to defunct boats, unwilling to let go.

Maybe it's because there is a lot more at stake than just plastic or epoxy and glass.

Oh, I know that I will never ride these dilapidated relics through the rapids again, but they still carry a host of irreplaceable



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STAFF

Editor: Bob Gedekoh, Box 228, R.D.#4, Elizabeth, Pa. 15037

Emeritus Editor: Chris Koll

Graphic design: John K. Victor, 29080 Westfall Rd., Williamsport, OH 43164

Advertising Director: Phyllis Horowitz, Box 85, Phoenicia, New York 12464
(914) 688-5569

Safety: Charlie Walbridge

Conservation: Rich Bowers, 1609 Northcrest Dr., Silver Spring, MD 20904

Address Changes: Keith Morgan, 2601 Tanglewood Dr., Durham, NC 27705

Missing Copies: Contact Phyllis Horowitz

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memories. Not just the memories of their last, unfortunate cruises; but also of that blustery spring day when I first survived the Cheat, and the sunny summer day when I first dared to paddle over Wonder Falls, and the brisk fall day when I first ran the Gauley from the Dam to Swiss and the frigid winter day when I threaded my way through a glittering maze of rock and ice on the Top Yough.

I know that it's crazy to hold on to all my old boats. But what the hell, the top of my garage is big and there's nothing wrong with keeping the lawn mower in the basement.

After all, it's only proper to show a little respect for the dead!

Bob Gedekoh

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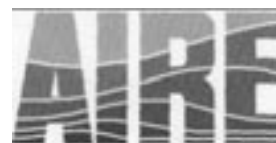
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LETTERS

Is this the Future

I am writing to voice my strong agreement with Dave Garity's letter in the July/ August issue.

To quote Dave, "We as hard boaters must come to realize that **rafting** companies **are** not our allies." No where is this more true than here in California on the S. Fk. of the American. On any summer weekend the rafts are actually touching each other with no breaks even between different company's trips.

I have come upon pools where you can't see the water for all the rafts and, of course, they **are** all water battling and yelling. I have seen the customers so involved in water battles that they continue on through the rapids. I would bet that a lot don't even remember the individual rapids. Under these

conditions kayakers have no choice but to line up and wait their turn to run the rapids. Playing is **rarely** an option.

I **will** welcome the permit system they are about to put in place on the S. Fk. Even though it **will** severely **limit** the frequency I paddle that river (who wants to wait for a permit for a measly class III run?). Anything is better than the current level of use on the S. Fk.

I also agree that whitewater boating is not a sport for the masses. I recently picked up a brochure for a major kayak manufacturer. The whole slant of the catalogue was to sell **kayaking** to the public. Not to sell their **kayaks** to **kayakers**. This mass **marketing** **will** only serve to further degrade the quality of the sport. This degeneration was further demonstrated when I took a group of beginners down their first class III run. They wanted me to take

part in a bizarre ritual of two people **carrying** each kayak up the few yards to the road. They said it was easier that way.

Is this the future of whitewater boating? Thousands of screaming rafters on every pool and kayakers who find **carrying** their own boat too much effort?

On the edge,
Chuck Massey
Glass Valley, California

Editors's note: Chuck Massey worked as a raft guide on the New and Gauley rivers in the early 80's. He has been kayaking "longer than there have been plastic boats!"

The problem of crowding of recreational rivers by commercial users seems to be ubiquitous and, unfortunately, I doubt that it is going to go away. That's why we must lobby for some reasonable and equitable management in these situations.

*As for bizarre rituals... well... Chuck... you **do** live in California!*

direct our **letters** to the right man.

Respectively submitted,
Jeffrey L. Buchman
Kingwood, Texas

Editor's reply:

Thanks for catching our error. Those wishing to protest the proposed hydroproject on the Pacuare should address their letters to President Rafael Angel Calderon in Zapato, Costa Rica. They may also contact River Conservation International at (202) 463-4378.

Tygart's Valley Falls

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a copy of a letter that I wrote to the **Times-West Virginia** that they published after I was denied access to the whitewater within the park.

I guess things have gotten even worse now, with the Ranger prohibiting kayakers who put in upstream of the park boundaries from even scouting the falls before running them!

"Stay in your boat", be blasts from a bullhorn.

As government increases, freedoms decrease!

Text of letter... Reprinted from newspaper

Dear Sir,

Recently the **Times-West Virginia** did a story and ran pictures of members of the Marion County Chamber of Commerce running Valley Falls in their inflatable kayaks. The article led one to believe that kayakers are welcome at the park.

According to the article in the paper. Park Superintendent Alfred Dean said, "It is your park. We would like you to come use it." This may be true for politicians but not for average taxpayers.

I was recently told by Mr. Dean that I could neither launch or depart from my kayak on park property. I was informed that I might be in-

Costa Rican Confusion

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading **American Whitewater** magazine and support the efforts of the organization.

In the July/August 1993 issue, Mark White's article, "In Search of the Leaping Bobo Fish", the author or your editorial staff made a rather significant error in the **side-bar** piece, "Do Your Part". President Oscar Arias (1989 Nobel Peace Prize Honoree) has not been in office since 1990. In 1990 PUSC candidate Rafael Angel Calderon was elected president. It would certainly make more impact for those of us concerned with the preservation of the Rio Pacuare, to

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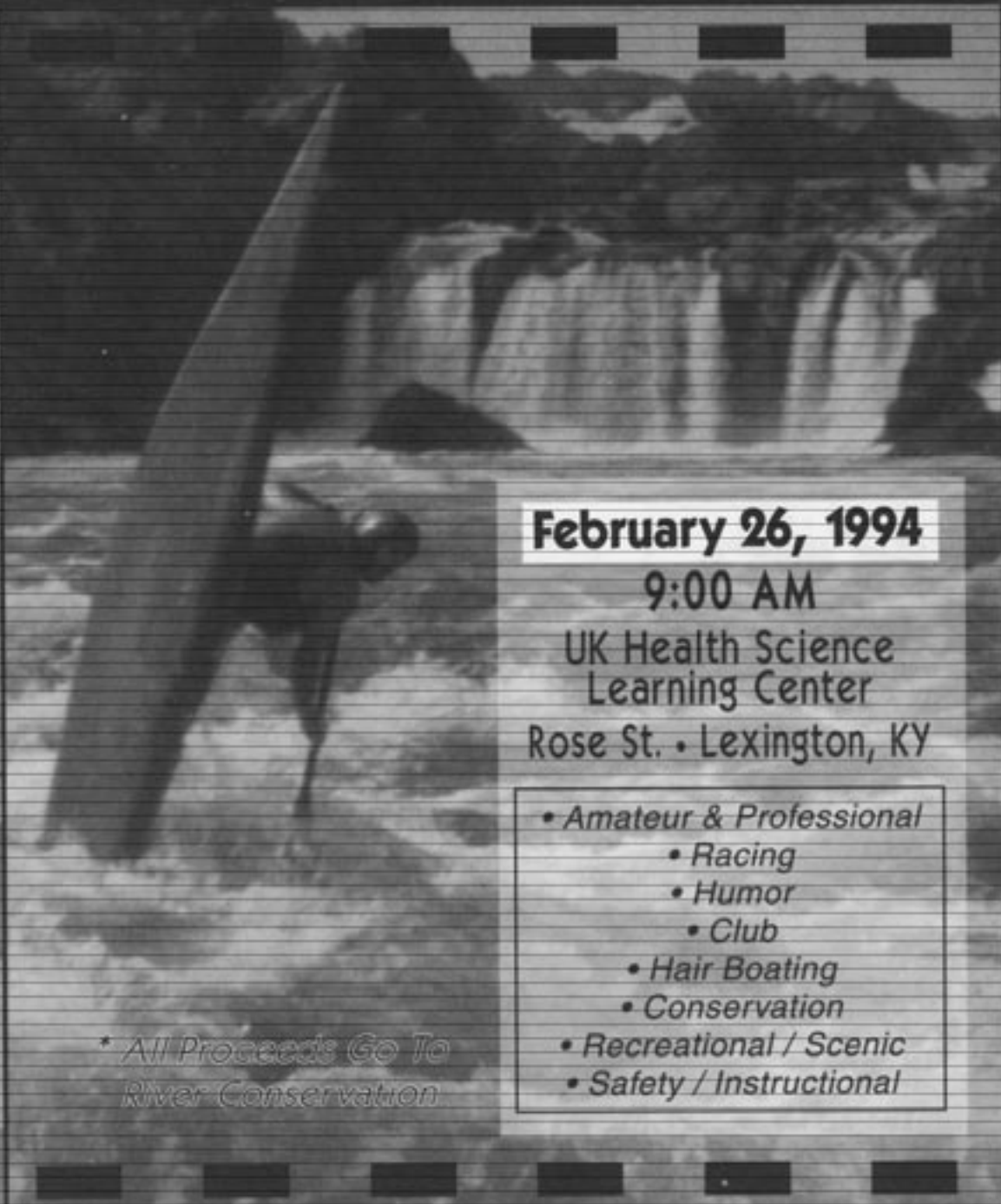
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LETTERS

jured and hold the park liable. This would seem to me to be an unreasonable denial of access.

State parks should be a center of access for outdoor activity, whether it be fishing, hunting, hiking or, yes, even kayaking. To promote the state on TV as a whitewater haven, then not to even let whitewater enthusiasts put on in a state park, is ludicrous.

I would encourage our responsible DNR officials to reconsider their attitudes dealing with forest and water access points. I believe that our DNR and Park Service should promote laws to permit water access and portage. I would like to see our DNR become problem solvers and not part of the problem.

Sincerely,
Bill Young
Bruceton, West Virginia
Editor's Reply...

Apparently the situation has continued to deteriorate at Valley Falls State Park. And, it makes you feel any better, Bill, AWA Directors aren't faring any better than you.

One of our own, who recently launched legally above the park boundaries, was barred from scouting the falls from the mid river boulders by your bullhorn toting ranger.

All of this is supposed to promote safety within the park!?!?!?

What hypocrisy.

Can you imagine a more dangerous scenario than forcing someone to run a fourteen foot waterfall without looking at it first? Because you are worried about liability?

That's not just hypocrisy... that's stupidity!

We'll add this to our ever growing list of serious access problems.

West Virginia used

to "Wild and Wonderful".

Now it's just getting to be west virginia.

Bob Gedekoh

Jet Skis ICE New River

Dear Fellow Paddlers, I am writing to bring to your attention a recent occurrence on the New River Gorge, West Virginia. On September 26, 1993, the day after the Gauley Festival, three of us were paddling the New River Gorge, when we were assaulted by the din of four jet skis near Lower Kaymoor rapid. We were informed that a video was being taped for the Discovery Channel and that we must stop until they were finished. We tried to stay out of their way the best we could. This was much out of fear for our own safety, since the people on the jet skis (including the Rap artist Vanilla Ice) were very disrespectful and had no apparent concern for others on the river. During the course of our interaction with them we were prevented from using a section of the river, screamed at and cursed by the cameramen. Worse, there were three occasions when rampaging jet skis nearly rammed our canoes and kayaks. In talking to 15-20 other paddlers at the take out, we found out that others had similar experiences.

I am hoping that something can be done to prevent these types of craft from using the New River Gorge in the future. First, high speed motorized boats have no place on a normally crowded river for safety reasons. Because of the release on the Gauley River, the New River was relatively sparsely used on that day. Even so, there were several near misses. A high speed collision between a jet ski and a kayak, canoe or raft could easily prove fatal. Second, I believe that the New River Gorge

is and should be protected as a haven of natural beauty. The environmental impact of exhaust spewing jet skis could be nothing but negative, and the ruining of the aesthetics of the Gorge is unquestionable. I have also written to the New River Gorge Park Ranger about this situation. I hope that others with similar experiences have also written to you, and there is something that can be done before the scores of jet skiers see this video on Discovery and think that it's "open season" to overrun the New River with their noisy, polluting safety hazards.

Sincerely,
Stuart A. Thompson
Nashville, Tennessee

Editor's Reply:

Neil Young recently wrote, "A natural beauty should be perserved like a monument..." Apparently Vanilla Ice and company see the world a bit differently. I know whose C.D.s I buy.

Your's was not the only complaint that we heard about this situation. Admittedly everyone has their own definition of fun, but the prospect of our whitewater rivers being overrun by jet skiers is not a pleasant one.

Let's hope that this is a short lived phenomenon.

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Ric Alesch

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Bill Baker

2953 Birch Street
Denver, CO 80207

Pope Barrow

136 13th Street SE
Washington, DC 20003

Lee Belknap

1308 Maryland Avenue
Glen Ellen, VA 23060

Risa Shimoda Callaway

P.O. Box 375
Denver, NC 28037

Tom Christopher

931 Union Street Rear
Leominster, MA 01453

Bob Gedekoh

Box 228, RD 4
Elizabeth, PA 15037

Susan Gentry

252 Deer Creek Trail
Hoschton, GA 30548

Bob Glanville

66 Deer Run
Glenwood, NY 14069

Jack Hession

241 East 5th Avenue
Anchorage, AK 99501

Bill Hildreth

78 Beechwood Street
Cohasset, MA 02025

Lars Holbek

Box 63
Coloma, CA 95613

Diana Holloran

Route 1, Box 90
Fairview Mountain Road
Reliance, TN 37369

Chris Koll

MCK Building Associates
221 West Division Street
Syracuse, NY 13204

Jim Scott

3715 Jocelyn Street NW
Washington, DC 20015

Pete Skinner

Box 272, Snyder Road
West Sand Lake, NY 12196

Mac Thornton

322 10th Street SE
Washington, DC 20003

Charlie Walbridge

230 Penllyn Pike
Penllyn, PA 19422

Executive Director

Phyllis B. Horowitz,

P.O. Box 85
Phoenixia, NY 12464
(914) 688-5569

AWA OFFICERS

President: Risa Shimoda Callaway

Vice President: Mac Thornton

Secretary: Anita Adams

Treasurer: Jim Scott

AWA STAFF

Phyllis B. Horowitz, Executive Director

P.O. Box 85
Phoenixia, NY 12464
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Rich Bowers, Conservation Program Director
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The American Whitewater

Affiliation

Our mission is to conserve America's whitewater resources and to enhance opportunities to safely enjoy them.

The American Whitewater Affiliation (AWA) is a national organization with a membership of over 3000 individual whitewater boating enthusiasts and more than 100 local paddling club affiliates.

EDUCATION: Through publication of the magazine, American Whitewater, and by other means, the AWA provides information and education about whitewater rivers, boating

safety, technique, and equipment.

CONSERVATION: AWA maintains a complete national inventory of whitewater rivers, monitors threats to those rivers, publishes information on river conservation, provides technical advice to local groups, works with government agencies, and —when necessary — takes legal action to prevent river abuse.

EVENTS: AWA organizes sporting events, contests and festivals to raise funds for river conservation, including the Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo in Tennessee and the annual Gauley River Festival in West Virginia, the largest gathering of whitewater boaters in the nation

SAFETY: AWA promotes paddling safety, publishes reports on whitewater accidents, and maintains both a uniform national ranking system for whitewater rivers (the Interna-

tional Scale of Whitewater Difficulty) as well as an internationally recognized whitewater safety code.

RIVER ACCESS: To assure public access to whitewater rivers AWA arranges for river access through private lands by negotiation or purchase, seeks to protect the right of public passage on all rivers and streams navigable by kayak or canoe, and resists unjustified restrictions on government-managed whitewater rivers.

AWA was incorporated under Missouri non-profit corporation laws in 1961 and maintains its principal mailing address at PO Box 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464. The phone number is 914-688-5569. AWA is tax exempt under section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

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SAFETY

Whitewater

Fatalities:

Reviewing the Past Decade

Compiled by Lee Belknap from data collected by Charlie Walbridge

During the past ten years whitewater recreation has become increasingly popular and its enthusiasts more skillful. As a result the limits of the sport have been pushed ever higher. Unfortunately, during this time the list of **fatalities** among **skilled** whitewater boaters has grown to over one hundred.

As part of **AWA's** ongoing effort to improve **whitewater** safety through education, a review was performed of the fatal accidents reported by Charlie Walbridge in The Best of the Whitewater Safety Task

Force Newsletter and the Whitewater Safety Task Force Volumes II and III.

Ignoring 27 dam related incidents, most commercial incidents, and several incidents involving boaters with practically no whitewater experience, our evaluation of the remaining 100 incidents indicated that the top three **killers** of experienced whitewater paddlers were: Pins (25%), Long Swims (25%), and Swimming Into Entrapments (15%).

Dam related incidents were excluded from the study because many did not involve whitewater boaters and because the reporting of such incidents is thought to be incomplete. Most deaths involving commercial operations were excluded because of the relative inexperience of the victims and because it is difficult to obtain reliable information about these accidents due to potential litigation. A few commercial fatalities were included, when the circumstances which contributed led to the death were clearly applicable to experienced noncommercial paddlers as well.

The category of Pinning Incidents included those on rocks, bridge abutments,

and undercuts; vertical pins, pins on debris, and two whitewater boaters who were literally sucked under while still in their boats by peculiar currents (one on a steep creek, and one in a squirt boat in very high water). Boaters who died from entrapment in trees (9%) were not included in the pin category.

Deaths attributed to Long Swims were just that: long swims in very fast, **difficult** water.

The category of Swimming Into Entrapments included those who perished out of their boats while attempting self rescue. 11% of the fatalities involved swimming into trees and 4% involved foot entrapments.

What can we conclude from all of this? How can each one of us avoid becoming another depressing statistic?

The number of deaths that occurred as a consequence of swimming is somewhat surprising and raises a number of issues. Perhaps the old adage that "If you aren't swimming once in a while, you aren't pushing yourself hard enough" has become obsolete, especially when applied to

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ID	9	ME	1	
NY	9	MN	1	
PA	6	MO	1	
AK	3	MT	1	
SC	3	NH	1	
AL	2	OR	1	
GA	2	TX	1	
I	2	VA	1	
MA	2	WI	1	
NC	2			

State	River	#
CO	Arkansas	5
BC	Chilco	5
WV	Gauley	4
SC	Chatooga IV	3
CA	N. Fk. American	3
BC	Squamish	3
NY	Black	2
GA	Chatooga III	2
CO	Chrystal	2
WV	L. Meadow	2
WV	New	2
ID	N. Fk. Payette	2
MA	Quaboag R.	2
CA	Russian	2
ID	S. Fk. Clearwater	2
I	Bio-Bio (Chile)	1
CO	Cache La Poudre	1
CA	Cal Salmon	1
PA	Casselman	1
WV	Cheat Canyon	1
CA	Cherry Cr.	1
BC	Chilliwack	1
PA	Clarion R.	1
CO	Clear Creek	1
CO	Colorado R.	1
NY	Delaware	1
PA	Delaware	1
AK	Eagle	1
CA	Eel R.	1
NM	Embudo	1
NY	Esopus Cr	1
AZ	Grand Canyon	1
WA	Green R. Gorge	1
I	Jatate (Mexico)	1
MN	Kettle R.	1
CA	Kings R. Canyon	1
WV	Laurel Fk. R.	1

St	River	#
AL	Little	1
AK	Little Susitna	1
ID	Lochsa	1
PA	Lower Yough	1
WV	L. Blackwater	1
NY	L. Salmon	1
TN	L. Tellico	1
ME	Machias R.	1
CA	Merced	1
MO	Mississippi	1
NY	Moose	1
AL	Mulberry Fk.	1
CA	M. Fk. Feather	1
ID	M. Fk. Salmon	1
NC	Nantahala	1
NY	Niagra Falls	1
NY	Normans Kill R.	1
VA	North R.	1
NY	Ouleout Cr.	1
PA	Pine Cr.	1
NM	Rio Grande	1
TX	San Marcos	1
OR	Sandy	1
ID	Secesh	1
ID	Selway	1
WA	Skykomish	1
PA	Slippery Rock Cr.	1
WV	Stoney	1
TN	Suck Creek	1
AK	Susitna	1
MT	Swan	1
CA	S. Fk. American	1
ID	S. Fk. Payette	1
NC	Tuckasegee	1
CA	U. West Walker R.	1
NH	West R.	1
WI	Wolf	1



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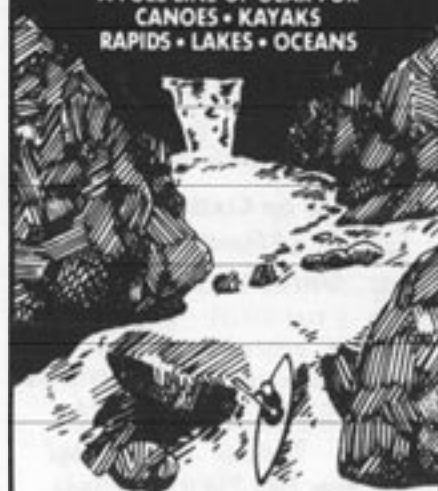
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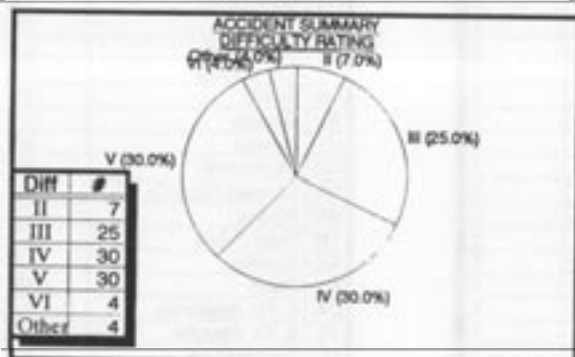
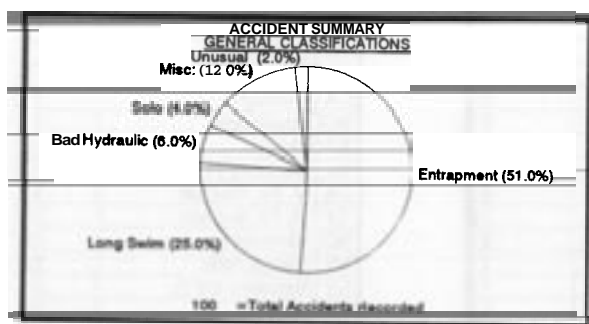
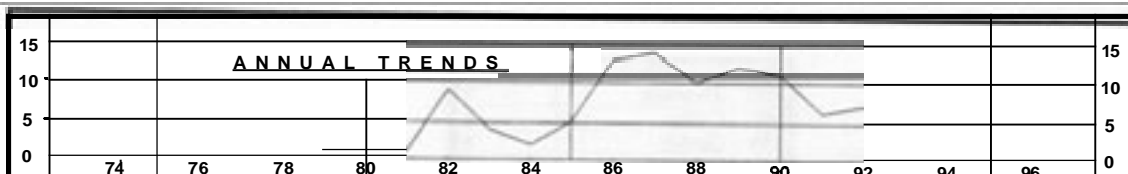
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There is much to be said for having a **100%** bomb proof roll and a healthy respect for the power and difficulty of whitewater, especially at unusually high or low flows. Boaters need to honestly consider the limits of their own abilities before **undertaking** a difficult river descent. Of **course**, occasional swims are inevitable, but those who swim should be educated to avoid rocks, debris and strainers where entrapments can occur.


In recent years many new boaters have progressed to advanced status rapidly, accomplishing in months what used to take years. Unfortunately, their river reading skills and their appreciation of the dangers inherent in running difficult, technical **whitewater** is often limited by their lack of experience. More experienced boaters paddling with such individuals should do their best to call attention to these hazards.

What else can we do about all of this? You tell us... the Letters to the Editor Section of this magazine represents a fine forum for discussion.

We also encourage boaters to report all fatal accidents to Charlie Walbridge at 230 Penlllyn Pike, Penlllyn, Pennsylvania 19422..

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CONSERVE

AWA Conservation Chairman Thanks Supporters

by Rich Bowers

As the end of the year draws near, I would like to take this opportunity to thank the many people who supported the AWA Conservation Program. Supporters of this productive and ~~in-~~**important** endeavor included AWA Directors, Regional Coordinators, and countless **individual** boaters committed to protecting our riv-



Rich and daughter Danna on the Sacandaga River, NY

Support came in many forms; free food and lodging, transportation, equipment loans, technical assistance, vacation time donated to river work, guide **services** and general encouragement.

In many cases a thank you also goes out to whole families who had to put up with endless evening and weekend discussions on such exhilarating topics as hydro development and legal settlements.

By no means is this listing complete. However, without the support of the following people and companies, the AWA Conservation Program could never have attained the level of success that it achieved in 1993:

Doug and Diane Oliver
John **Frachella**
Barbara and Courtney Parker
Pete and Bonnie **Skinner**
Pope and Julie Barrow
Tim & Nancy **Shanahan**
Charles Ware
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Hoffman, Williams, **Lafen** &
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Ron & Lorraine Stewart
Maine Professional River Outfitters
Al & Sandy **Ainsworth**
Phyllis **Horowitz** & Dennis **McLean**
Tom Christopher & Shirley
Jackie Krusek
Bo & Kathy Shelby

Finally, a special thank you to American Rivers, Inc. Without their enormous support, donation of office space and supplies, expertise and general commitment to rivers, the AWA Conservation Program (and specifically our hydropower efforts) might well have remained in the dark ages.

Hydropower Update

In the **September/October** issue of the **Journal**, the AWA conservation program reported their participation in the June 17 Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) National Hydropower Roundtable, and discussed optimistically their hopes for the newly appointed FERC **Commissioners**.

In late September, in response to requests presented by the AWA and others at this Roundtable, newly appointed FERC Chairwoman Elizabeth Moler announced specific policy changes within this agency to improve public participation in dam relicensing. For the FERC, increased public input will result in more thorough analyses and better decisions. For boaters, it should mandate better notice on upcoming projects and offer local clubs and individual boaters a better chance to get involved.

The new policy calls for scoping meetings **and/or** public comment on ~~draft~~ assessments for all projects (currently only rarely done Environmental Impact Statements (**EIS**) offer **final** public comment periods); more multi-project assessments, which re-group applications in the same river basin; and, greater use of the EIS.

In addition, Chairwoman Moler **announced** the Commission's intention to solicit comments on their legal standing regarding dam decommissioning and addressing cumulative impacts on a river. AWA regards each of these as critical relicensing issues.

New York Access Decision

In late September, a state judge in New York offered a favorable preliminary decision regarding river passage in the **Adirondack** Park (Moose River). This ruling stated that the historical determination of river navigability (floating logs) was antiquated, and that the present definition of navigability included recreational use. While precursory, this offers a precedent setting opinion regarding a high profile case on public access rights.

If this ruling is not overturned, which seems unlikely at this **time**, this may offer a strong incentive to other states

to update their rulings regarding access to public river resources.

This ruling came about due to a trespass case developed by the New York Sierra Club and their paddling members.

TALLULAH UPDATE

In the **Tallulah** Falls relicensing case (see article in last issue), the State Department of Natural Resources has **formally** withdrawn its opposition to **whitewater** recreation in this area. Negotiations have recommenced with Georgia Power and scheduled whitewater releases on this outstanding river segment **are** moving forward.

Grand Canyon Update 93

News of Interest to Whitewater Boaters

by *Bill Baker*
AWA Director

Permits

The Colorado River through the Grand Canyon is arguably the best **extended** river trip in the United States, featuring 225 miles of wilderness, spectacular scenery and terrific whitewater. Unfortunately, the waiting list for private boaters is seven to eight **years**. For the latest permit application guidelines, call the Permits Office at (602) 638-7843.

Clear Skies?

The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals has **unanimously** upheld a precedent setting environmental clean up agreement negotiated by the Grand Canyon Trust, the Environmental Protection Agency and the Navajo Generating Station. The 1991 agreement requires a **90%** reduction in sulfur dioxide emissions from the coal powered generating plant near Page, Arizona. The agreement had been appealed by the Central Arizona Water Conservation District because its customers will have to pay more for the power used to pump water uphill from the Colorado River to Phoenix and Tucson. The CAWCD is expected to appeal this decision again, **this time** to the Supreme Court.

Quiet Skies?

First the good news. Late last year the Federal Aviation Administration agreed to strictly enforce the flight free zones created by the 1987 National Parks Overflights Act. The act was intended to "substantially restore natural quiet and experience". Now the bad news. Unfortunately, a 25 acre expansion is currently under-way of the helicopter facility at the Grand Canyon Airport.

Boaters concerned about this matter should write to: Secretary of the Interior

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or their U.S. Senator or Representative.
U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510
U.S. House, Washington, D.C. 20515
Freeway

In a major victory for environmentalists, the Arizona Trade Corridor Study has recommended improving U.S. Highway 93, rather than extending I-17 from Flagstaff, through the Grand Canyon, to the canyonlands of southern Utah.

Grand Canyon Support

The **San Francisco Chronicle** recently reported that Nicolino, a conceptual artist from California, is trying to collect enough brassieres to create a four **mile** long streamer across the Grand Canyon.

Lisa Dickey, a representative of the Grand Canyon Trust, commented enthusiastically that Nicolino's work will provide "a great deterrent to low flying helicopters."

The Grand Canyon Trust is a non-profit organization dedicated to conserving the natural and cultural resources of the Colorado Plateau. For more information contact: Route 4, Box 718, Flagstaff, Arizona 86001. (602) 774-7488.

The Grand Canyon Field Institute is a non-profit educational organization offering **learning** experiences designed to enhance the enjoyment of the **environmental** and cultural aspects of the Canyon. Contact: po box 399, Grand Canyon, Arizona 86023. (602) 638-2481. ■



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AWA and Idaho Rivers United Seek Snake Releases

On behalf of the intermountain whitewater community, Mark White, an AWA Regional Coordinator from Salt Lake City, has asked the Idaho Department of Parks and Recreation to conduct a formal study to determine the feasibility of scheduling releases from the Milner Dam on the Snake river. The Milner section run is 17 miles long and terminates in Twin Falls.

During the wet years of the early 80s, the Milner section of the Snake flowed at 15,000-20,000 nearly all summer long. Paddlers from Idaho, Utah and Wyoming enjoyed whitewater that rivaled that of the Grand Canyon only; a few hours from their homes. But from 1986 through 1992, no water was spilled from the Milner Dam.

This year the Milner Dam spilled 15,000 cfs for one week, then ran at 1,700 cfs for one month. Even at this lower level it is said to be a worthwhile run.

White is cooperating with Liz Paul of Idaho Rivers United in this effort to obtain regularly scheduled recreational releases. They are currently compiling a list of boaters who would be interested in such releases. To register your support, send your name and address to Mark White at 2034 E. Hubbard Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108, (801) 582-3445 or contact Liz Paul at (208) 343-7481. ■

Finlandia Grants Available for River Conservation

ACA Developing Access and Conservation Program

The American Canoe Association has hired David Jenkins to fill the newly created position of ACA Coordinator for Conservation and Public Policy. Jenkins formerly worked on the Hill, handling public policy issues for a U.S. Senator, and at a major D.C. law firm, working on the Superfund.

One component of the ACA's new conservation initiative is the Paddle Free Program. The goal of Paddle Free is to provide a coordinated support network that will allow paddlers across the nation to respond to local threats to their favorite rivers and streams.

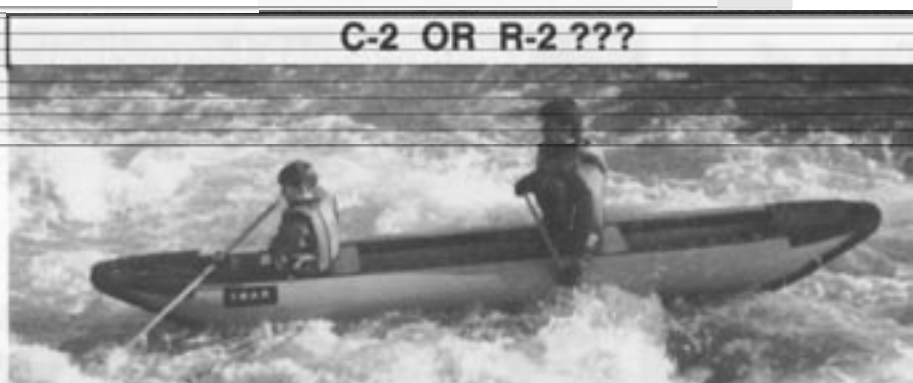
With a simple letter or call paddlers will be able to gain access to strategic and legal advice, connect with other concerned paddlers or groups, seek the clout of national organizations, gain access to sources of funds and find assistance in publicizing their concerns.

Another component of the ACA initiative is the Finlandia Clean Water Fund. This fund has been established by Finlandia Vodka, in conjunction with the ACA, to provide grants to local groups engaged in efforts to preserve and protect America's recreational waterways. In its first year the fund distributed more than \$50,000 to more than 20 groups.

Many of these grants were directed toward rivers of interest to whitewater boaters. Grant applicants included the West Virginia Rivers Coalition, The Dead Pigeon River Council, New York Rivers United, Downstream Alliance, Idaho Rivers United and the Rivers Council of Washington.

The Finlandia Clean Water Fund hopes to double its grants for 1984 and ultimately provide as much as one million dollars worth of grants per year.

With these two initiatives the ACA joins organizations such as the AWA, American Rivers, the River Network and countless local groups in their coalition dedicated to protecting the nation's rivers. ■



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AWA RECEIVES \$40,000 CONSERVATION ALLIANCE GRANT

To Address River Access Issues

The American Whitewater Affiliation has received a \$40,000 grant from the Conservation Alliance to be used to secure better access to whitewater rivers and streams.

The **Alliance Grant** is targeted at opportunities to improve river access through private lands.

The grant funds will be used to:

- Purchase specific lands needed for river access.

- Provide incentives for private landowners to allow river access.

- Improve river accessibility at hydroelectric projects.

The Conservation Alliance is a coalition of 36 companies in the outdoor industry. Over the past five years the Alliance has jointly funded over \$1,000,000 to non-profit groups to address important outdoor recreational and conservation issues.

The monies granted to the AWA will be used to continue its work to assure public rights of passage on navigable rivers and streams according to Rich Bowers, AWA Conservation and Access Director.

cess Director.

"Whitewater is scarce to begin with, making up less than 1% of our nation's river miles. Whitewater recreation opportunities become even more scarce when boaters are not permitted to get on or off a river."

Access to many excellent whitewater runs has been limited, according to Bowers. Gaining access to rivers through private lands has become especially difficult.

"We are finding more and more barbed wire across whitewater rivers. Access problems are increasing due to land-owner liability concerns and increased side stream development," said Risa Callaway, AWA President.

According to Callaway, "Assistance from outdoor industries is critical to finding a solution to this problem. Money is seldom available from other sources." She noted that traditional philanthropies will often fund environmental protection projects, but "seem not yet ready to embrace people's need to connect with the outdoors."

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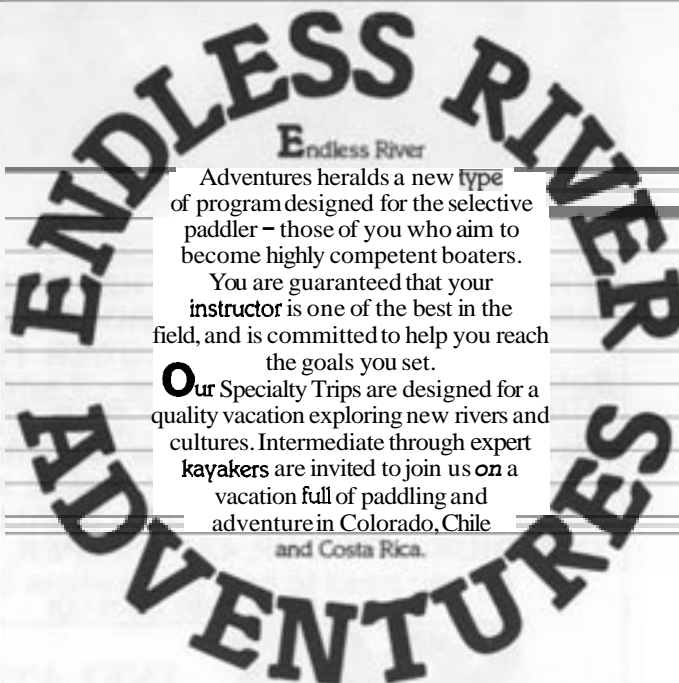
This video is 45 minutes of extreme paddling on some of the South's most outrageous creeks and rivers. Features the Tellico, Watauga, Overflow Creek, the Whitewater, the Toxaway, and forbidden Mystery Creek. Paddlers include Dave 'Psycho' Simpson, Nolan Whitesell, Forrest Callaway, Russ Kullmar, and Kent Wigington. The video climaxes with first descents of Triple Falls and 50-foot Coon Dog Falls on Mystery Creek. Music and narration add to your enjoyment of the unbelievable action!

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nian jungles, Costa Rica or New Zealand. You're off to the Olympic Peninsula of Washington. With winter temperatures in the 40s and 50s and more than 150 inches of rainfall per year, the Olympic Peninsula is one of the few temperate **rain** forests on the planet. It is also a winter whitewater paradise, a land of towering mountains where rivers drop **as much as** 5000 feet in twenty miles on their way to the sea.

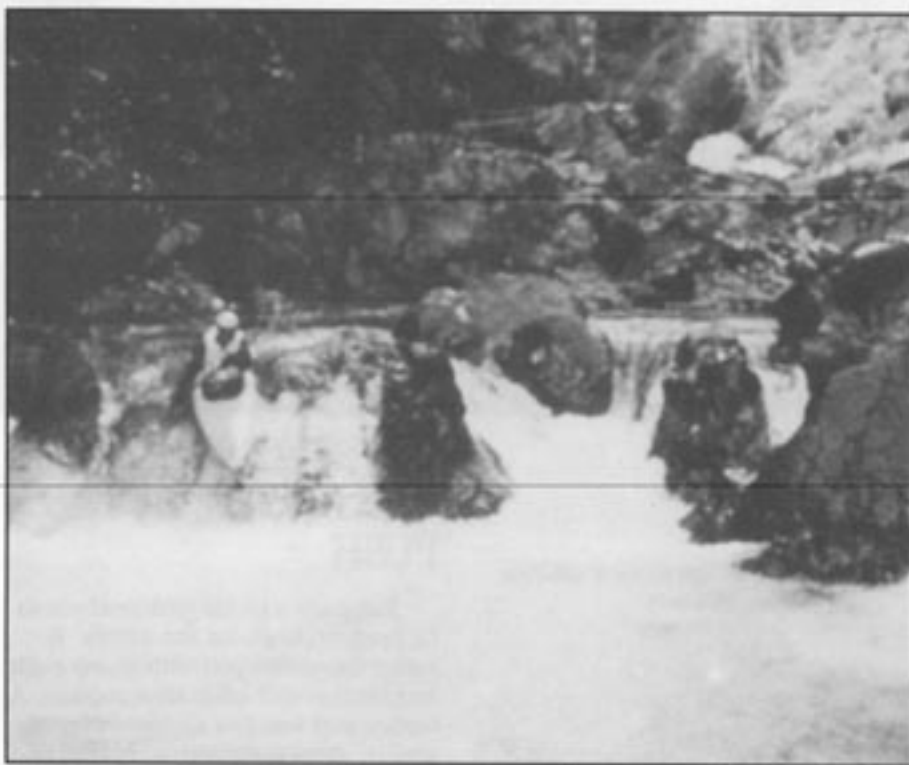
Washington in winter may not be as toasty **as** Costa Rica or Chile or New Zealand, but then you can do mystery moves without fear of piranha **fish** and crocodiles and portage without fear of pygmy headhunters or deadly vipers. Of course you may have to deal with an occasional slug in your booties.

There are more than 70 runs in the Olympics, ranging from class I to VI. A few of them flow during the summer due to snow melt, but November through May is the best time to experience the whitewater of the Peninsula.

All you need is a copy of "The Paddler's Guide to the Olympic Peninsula", available at **many** whitewater outlets. Your target is a beautiful and unique place, although unfortunately much of the land outside of the Olympic National Park **has** been ravaged by the timber barons. American visitors soon discover that they do not need to travel to **Brazil** to see a rain forest under siege.

What follows is hypothetical itinerary for a week long November trip through the Olympic Peninsula for a group of class IV-V boaters on a budget. Of course, potential trippers need to be flexible **depending** on weather conditions and water levels.





Left page: Threading the needle on the South Fork of the Skokomish

Left: Over the edge on the South Fork of the Skokomish

Below: Scott Shipley "Bobbing for Butter" on the South Fork of the Skokomish

DAY ONE: THE GREEN RIVER GORGE

You land at the airport and **discover** **typical** weather, 55 degrees, with light rain **falling**. In short order you rent a **van** and pick up your rental boats and head for the Green, an 11 mile class III-IV run less than one-half hour away. At 2400 cfs it's nice and juicy, a good play level.

You surf your way through a beautiful sandstone gorge and pause to **warm** your **hands** and feet in the warm springs. Then, happy and exhausted, you hit a restaurant and then a grocery before driving an hour and a half out into the terra incognita of the Peninsula.

DAY TWO: EAST FORK HUMPTULIPS RIVER

After eating in Aberdeen, you head through the ceaseless drizzle to the **Narrows** Section of the Humptulips. This is a small class III river that flows through a fantasy gorge of water sculpted basalt. Everyone paddles the **fish** ladder which marks the entrance to the gorge. This makes for some comical photographs. The vegetation and smooth rock walls create a tunnel **with** lots of places to play; the gorge is mysterious and intoxicating. You pause for more photos at the spectac-

lar point at which Goforth Creek falls into the river from the rim of the gorge.

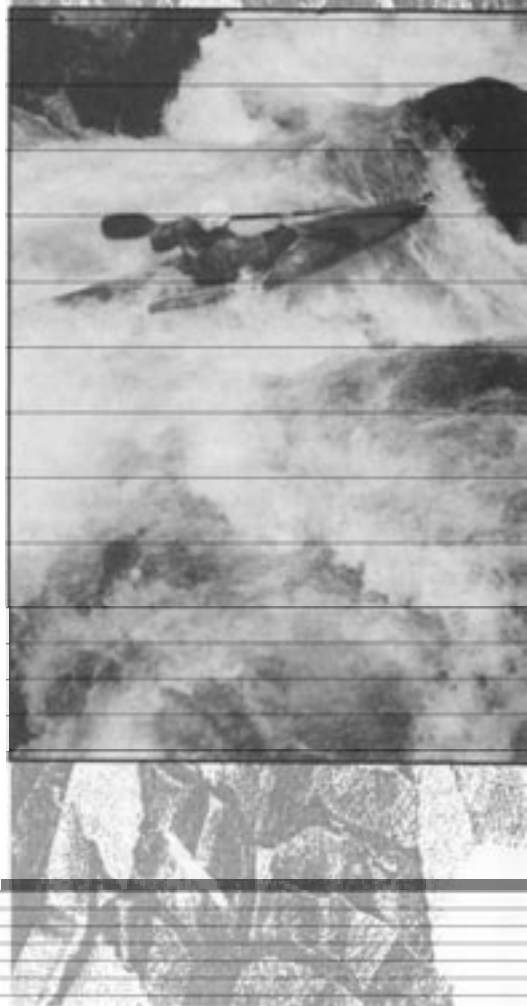
Euphoric from you Humptulips run, you barely notice the one hour drive to your next target, Matheny Creek

DAY THREE: MATHENY CREEK

The river is flowing at a comfortable water level so you decide to paddle all 12 miles in one day. This gem, which flows through sedimentary rock, has a **pool/drop** character. You will paddle through rain forest gorges and, sadly, an occasional clear cut.

At the put-in Matheny Creek is small, about 300 cfs. The action starts with the Tongue of Pleasure. Next you boof **Sharks' Fin** Falls, then twirl your paddle as you negotiate some of the friendliest class IV and V whitewater you've ever experienced. This is what Corsica must be like.

Soon the volume has increased to 800 cfs and there are play spots everywhere. After an endless series of class III and IV rapids the river opens up and salmon explode out of the shallows in the final mile before the take-out. You might even catch one while your friends run the shuttle.



Rain Forest Whitewater



DAY FOUR: SAMS RIVER

After an hour long shuttle you arrive at the launch for the Sams River. You decide to run the class V rapid below the bridge but pull out to portage Yosemite Sam Slam, the class V+ drop that follows. Now you have entered the first gorge, known to boaters as Yosemite Sam. The river drops 160 feet in the first **three-quarters** of a mile and the polished rock walls make it all the more intimidating. Your portage the last drop in the gorge, then, after paddling a brief section of open water, you enter the second gorge, the Son of Sam.

This gorge is a lot friendlier than Yosemite Sam, so you boat scout every rapid except the last one, the Son of Sam Slam.

This is a split falls that backenders one of your **compadres**.

As the river opens up and you enter some class III water the sun breaks through the clouds for the first time since you arrived in Washington. Guard your eyes and watch out for the sunburn!!!

A rainbow arching over the old growth timber leads you to the final gorge, Play It Again Sam. After **scouting** the first rapid... you guessed it... Play It Again Sam Slam, you commit yourself to the gorge, the longest of the three on the river. You linger at several play spots within the gorge, then paddle into the open for the final three miles to the take-out. Once again the river is alive with salmon and you even spot an eagle wrestling a twenty pound fish to shore. There are elk too, a herd of twenty fords the river just above its confluence with the mighty Queets, your **take-out**.

Above: A narrow slot on the South Fork of the Skokomish

DAY FIVE: SURFING THE PACIFIC AT LA PUSH

You pack a picnic and head out to La Push to check out the waves. A sunny day greets you with glassy eight footers that spill **off** in slow motion. A harbor seal watches as you surf **until** sunset, demonstrating every kind of whitewater trick and wipe-out known to man. Finally you head back to Forks for dinner, feeling positively macho after your game of football with the Pacific.

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Top: Whitewater ace Scott Shipley charges a big one on the South Fork of the Skokomish

Bottom: Vance Creek. One of many Olympic Peninsula runs

Rain Forest Whitewater

DAY SIX: THE SITKUM RIVER

Totally whipped, you decide to pass on the upper Sitkum and run the lower section instead. This is an extraordinarily beautiful gorge with massive Sitka spruce and waterfalls cascading in from the sidewalls. If you keep your eyes open you might even see a mountain lion dining on salmon; I did last fall.

The first few rapids are big and exciting. The biggest, Cotton Candy, offers smooth sailing to those who boof it correctly, but is quite capable of backendering and windowshading those whose line leaves something to be desired.

The bottom of the run is mellow but beautiful, so you float along, watching the salmon and savoring the scenery.

After you finish the Sitkum you pack your boats and travel two hours to the South Fork of the Skokomish, the longest drive of your trip!

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DAY SEVEN: SOUTH FORK OF THE SKOKOMISH

With the take-out only 37 miles from my house, this is my backyard river. The "Skok" is one of the most spectacular runs in the region, featuring huge undercut boulders lying in a basalt gorge that is 500 feet deep. You stop at the bridge to scout the river on the shuttle, but since you are 500 feet above the water, it is difficult or ~~main~~tain your perspective. Dropping a rock from the bridge and watching it fall gives you some appreciation of the depth of the gorge and the size of the rapids below.

After running a challenging but friendly boulder maze in the first gorge, you climb out of your boats to scout Bad Mama Jama. Last spring I watched paddling ace Scott Shipley slice through this rapid cleanly, but odds are after you eyeball this one, you'll be happy to make the short, easy portage. Between the first and second gorge lies a mellow section where herds of elk are often seen, stamped-ing up the hillside.

You scout several class Vs in a row just after entering the second gorge. Everyone elects to carry High Steel Falls, the only drop on the river that still hasn't been paddled. Just below this menace you scout Bobbing for Butler. If the water level is high, ie. above 800 cfs, this is a class VI, worse to my mind than High Steel Falls. One-half hour later you reach the last class V, Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, a long maze of

Top: The East Fork of the Humptulips - tiny and technical. The ultimate in river intimacy

Right: Fork Humptulips

Bottom: Catching air on the East Fork of the Humptulips

Page 25 left: Vance Creek

Page 25 right: A class IV+ drop on Vance Creek on the Olympic Peninsula

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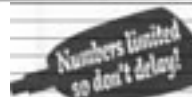
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DAY EIGHT: VANCE CREEK

It has rained heavily all night so you take a look at Vance Creek, a tributary of the Skok. It is low, but rising, and by the time you hike to the put-in it's at a nice level. This small creek offers 3.5 miles of continuous class III and IV whitewater with one class V-. It flows through a steep valley with some beautiful old growth forest. You stop to take pictures of the waterfalls plummeting into the river.

By the time you finish Vance Creek everyone is mellow, bemoaning the fact that their vacation is over. At the restaurant you relive the highlights of your Olympic paddling adventure and discuss the feasibility of a three day self-supported journey through the Grand Canyon of the Elwha.

This **will** be no simple undertaking; the Elwha offers an incredible, but treacherous, challenge in the heart of the Olympic National Park.

But by the time you reach the airport and head for home, everyone is psyched... come July you will return... and the Elwha **will** be your target!

Olympic Peninsula Paddling

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River Rat (206) 535-2855

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How Do AWA Members Find Out More: Contact the author in Port Orchard, Washington at (206) 876-6780... provided you are an AWA member in good standing!.



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The 1993 Saluda Whitewater festival, Columbia, S.C.
Photos by Lisa Smarr

Columbia, South Carolina... Whitewater Playground

by Clay C. Brennecke
photos by Lisa K. Smarr
rapids diagram by Tim Burke

With a population of 500,000, Columbia is one of a few major American cities with significant whitewater flowing through the middle of the town. Here the lower Saluda River flows eleven miles from the base of the Lake Murray Dam to its juncture with the Broad River to form the beautiful Congaree River and Swamp. Water levels in the river vary considerably from day to day depending on the demand for power, but local boaters have discovered play spots at virtually every flow.

The average volume of the river is 2091 cfs; the highest ever recorded was 67,000 cfs. "High flows" of 21,000 cfs occasionally occur for prolonged intervals when the S.C.E. & G. lowers the lake dramatically to allow property owners to perform dock maintenance. Local boaters consider the range from 12,000-21,000 cfs to be "high", big water by almost any standard.

Because the water can rise from 100 to 21,000 cfs in less than one hour, a siren and flashing light system has been installed to warn fisherman and sunbathers of rapidly rising river levels. Nevertheless, local kayakers rescue an average of 40 fisherman and sunbathers a year, helping to avoid drownings and expensive and hazardous helicopter rescues.

At 10,000 to 21,000 cfs the Saluda offers boaters its very own "in house" creek, a narrow channel through a heavily canopied forest with lush vegetation. "The Creek" contains two nice rapids including a slot move, several sizable, but punchable, holes and a few intimidating logs.

At very high levels enormous box car-sized hydraulics appear on the Saluda, capable of cartwheeling boat-

First Saluda River Festival Huge Success

by Clay C. Brennecke

More than 300 paddlers and curiosity seekers spent the afternoon of Saturday, August 7 at the first Saluda Whitewater Festival in Columbia, South Carolina. The festival was produced by the Palmetto Paddlers, a local whitewater kayaking club with more than 100 members.

Besides providing an opportunity for boaters to sample the lower Saluda River, Columbia's unique "whitewater gymnasium", the festival featured competition in rescue events and booths set up by local whitewater shops.

The festival was facilitated by the release of water from the South Carolina Electric and Gas Hydropower Facility at the Lake Murray Dam. Negotiated by the Palmetto Paddlers, the 5000 cfs release was the first ever scheduled by the company specifically for recreational purposes. Members of the club have been extremely encouraged by the cooperative attitude of the utility company in granting the release, which occurred during one of the worst droughts to hit the Southeast in recent history.

The Palmetto Paddlers provided a free shuttle for all of the whitewater boaters and spectators at the event. Laura Parker presented a whitewater

rescue demonstration to wildlife officers and rescue personnel from all over South Carolina. Parker also organized a well received rescue rodeo and "Nederlandal Rock Rescue" for whitewater boaters, with whitewater rescue accessories as prizes.

The festival culminated with a raffle of more than \$1200 worth of merchandise donated by the Nantahala Outdoor Center, Perception, Prijon, Patagonia, the North Face and local merchants.

South Carolina's own Perception, Inc. unveiled it's newly modified Dancer, just two days after the first boat had been molded. The new Dancer is four inches shorter and has a flatter hull and higher side chines for enhanced stability. Prijon, Inc. also brought demonstration boats to the festival, including its new Gambler, a small blunt-nosed creek boat, and Hurricane, a play boat.

Encouraged by the success of the festival, members of the Palmetto Paddlers are already planning next year's event, tentatively scheduled two weeks after the Ocoee Rodeo. They hope to include their own full blown whitewater rodeo at the Maytag Hole during the next Saluda River Festival.



Left: The pop up hole on the Saluda River, Columbia, S.C.



Right: View from the second drop in "The Creek" at low water

ers in a fashion that makes "Sock 'Em Dog" look tame. River levels tend to rise in the afternoon during the summer, when power demands increase **substantially** as southeasterners crank up their *air* conditioners. This facilitates exciting after-work boating.

But local boaters maintain that the Saluda is just as much **fun** at the opposite extreme. **Squirt** boating flourishes on the Saluda at low flows throughout the summer, even in the driest years.

Most paddlers put in at Columbia's Riverbanks Zoo, said to **be** one of the top ten zoos in the nation. The zoo graciously allows boaters to use their **parking** lot; in return, many local boaters have elected to join the Zoologic Society. A series of foot trails along the river allows boaters to avoid an on-road shuttle.

The Saluda is **boatable** on a daily basis and is ideal for beginners as well as seasoned veterans. More **than** 250 students have completed a kayaking

course taught by local paddler David Gossett at the University of South Carolina in Columbia. The Columbia area **has** a health **hair** boating population, including Britt "Bull" Gentry, who has made numerous extreme **first** descents throughout the Appalachians. A number of talented "Hot Dog" play boaters call Columbia home as well. They include Todd Braswell, winner of the intermediate **squirt** boat competition at the 1992 Ocoee Rodeo, and Preston **Orr**, who captured the same award in the 1993 competition.

Some paddlers on the Saluda combine their whitewater boating with fishing. The river plays host to trout, perch, bream, catfish and monster large mouthed bass. Kingfishers, great blue herons and a number of different warblers frequent the **banks** of the river, and boaters occasionally spot ospreys and even bald eagles.

The Lower Saluda corridor is a rich botanical area as well. Mountain laurel and Spanish moss mix in an unusual fashion along the river. And the endangered rocky shoals spider lily thrives near the confluence of the Saluda and the Broad— one of only twelve colonies known to exist in the United States.

The Saluda River corridor has an interesting history. Prehistoric sites

dating to 11,000 years B.C. have been located along the river, native **Ameri-**cans farmed and established villages in 500 B.C.

During the Civil War the Confederate army maintained a POW **camp** beside the river. On February 15, 1865 the Confederates burned their own bridge to deter Union **General** Sherman's advance on the city. The remains of that bridge still stand between Pop Up Hole and the Shannon rapids.

On February 16 **Sherman** showered the South Carolina State House with cannonballs from a hill above the **Saluda**. He finally led his army across the river on a pontoon bridge and burned the city, but not before torching the largest cotton mill in the state, the Saluda Factory, which was located beside the river. A dam beside the factory was also destroyed, leaving jagged rock scattered through what is now known as the Millrace rapid. Now kayakers that are damaged by the rocks within that rapid are said to have fallen victim to Sherman's Revenge.

Paddlers desiring more information about the Columbia, South Carolina area or about next year's Saluda River Festival should contact the Palmetto Paddlers, 1411 Ellison Road, Columbia, South Carolina 29206. ■

WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS ANOTHER GAULEY FEST SUCCESS STORY



Moving Left, *Right*, Left, practicing for the impending onslaught, the gate crew greets *early* arrivals. Photo by Phyllis Horowitz

AWA president *Risa* Shimoda Callaway is happy to see old friends. Photo by Phyllis Horowitz

Well, I've got to confess that we did experience a few anxious moments during the day on September 25, as the rain teemed down during Gauley Festival set-up. Granted, boaters are used to being wet, but there's a limit! Torrential downpours do tend to decrease attendance and put a damper on things.

But we experienced a break in the weather that was nothing short of miraculous. The rain stopped completely as the Festival began and did not resume until during cleanup (when it returned with a vengeance and poured about an inch before morning).

Thanks to this perfectly timed window, the Gauley Festival was a tremendous success and attracted record-breaking crowds — well over 2,000 in paid attendance, plus volunteers and exhibitors. When all the bills are in and the final tally is made, it looks as though AWA will have netted about \$27,000 for the Whitewater Defense Project. Not bad for a seven hour event!

Best of all — we had loads of fun! In addition to regular Gauley Fest attractions such as the Silent Auction, Marketplace, Bluegrass Wildwater Association Videofest, band, food, etc., etc., there were a few new twists this year.

The Coastal Canoeists, Bluegrass Wildwater Association and AWA each sponsored whitewater carnival games to boost the party spirit of the evening. We witnessed some intense competition at the rope pull and throw bag contests!

WVRC, the Summersville radio station broadcast live from the Festival — providing great music during band lulls and conducting whitewater interviews throughout the evening.

We were especially delighted to be able to feature Brant Miller performing selections from his recent recording Music River - Original Whitewater Songs and River Ballads. Numbers such as "When You Pulled Out with Your Dagger (You Left a Blue Hole in My Heart)" went over really big with the crowd.

So, thanks to those who came out to work. And thanks to those who came out to play. If you weren't there this year, maybe we'll see you next September 24? Same time, same place.



Beuren Garten of Bluegrass Wildwater Association braves the weather to ready the club's popular game for the crowd. Photo by Phyllis Horowitz

Colorado Director's Ric Alesch (left) and Bill Baker prepare to sell T-shirts. Photo by Phyllis Horowitz

Director's (L to R) Tom Christopher, Pete Skinner and Charlie Walbridge ham it up at the gate (notice that Skinner is out of uniform!). Photo by Phyllis Horowitz

An extremely damp executive director and Gauley Festival Coordinator Phyllis Horowitz relishing the final count. Photo by Rich Bowers

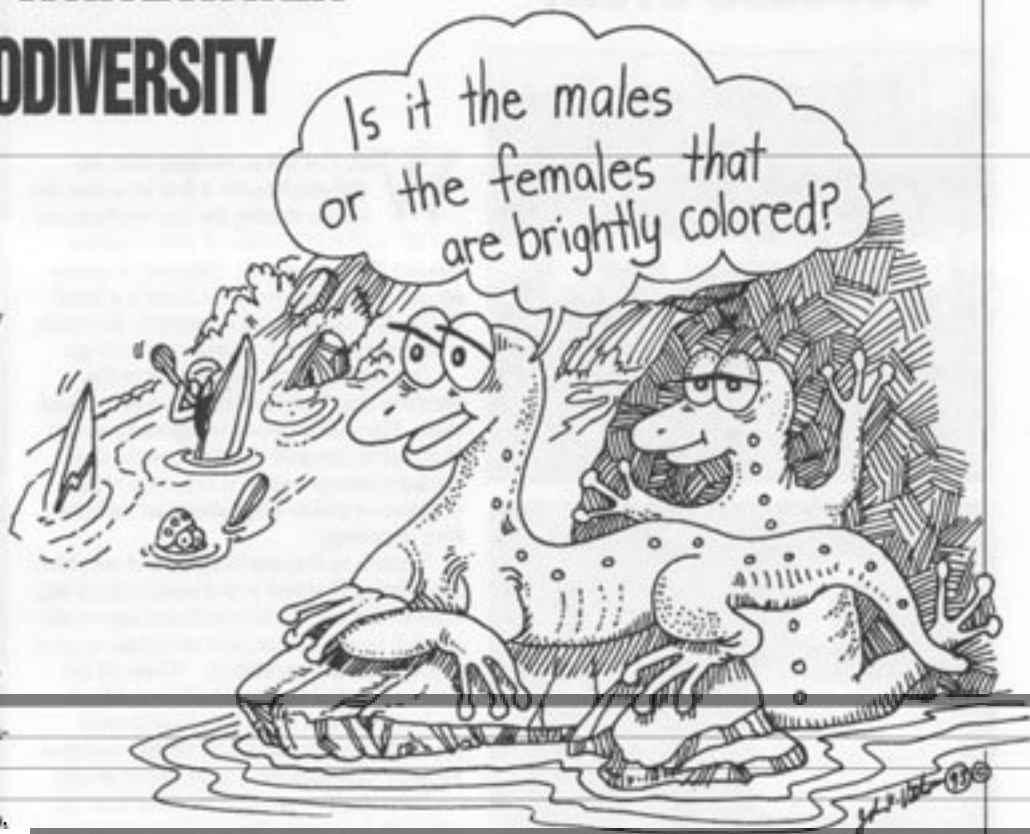
SCIENTISTS FIND WHITEWATER ESSENTIAL TO BIODIVERSITY

In a report released earlier this month, experts at the National Center for Life Science announced that whitewater may be essential to the maintenance of biodiversity in freshwater aquatic ecosystems. Without whitewater, said NCLS spokesman Dr. David Blair, certain rare amphibian species could "completely disappear from the face of the earth, just like the passenger pigeon or the Furbish loutwort".

One species at risk, an extremely rare and exotic amphibian known as the Macho kayakutus, is totally dependent on frequent exposure to the aerated falling water provided by high gradient mountain streams. These peculiar creatures habituate diverse areas such as Idaho, West Virginia, Colorado, California and Tennessee; and a few other regions throughout the world, where whitewater is prevalent.

According to the NCLS report, little is known about the unusual lifecycle of the typical machokayakutus. These amphibians resemble the mammalian primate *Homo sapiens* in a few superficial aspects; but they resist domestic captivity, have extremely low intellectual abilities, and exhibit a unique and pungent body odor. They thrive in rural or wilderness environments with heavy rainfall, migrate long distances to locate suitable habitat (recent sightings include Alaska, Chile, Nepal and New Zealand), and have radically polygamous reproductive habits.

Like anadromous fish, machokayakutus migrate up and down river systems, sometimes entering into parasitic relationships with terrestrial mammals (known as Shuttle bunnias) to facilitate their rapid migration from one watershed to another.



An even more colorful subspecies, dubbed Macho kayakutus squirtus by NCLS researchers, thrives best in an environment that is almost exclusively subaqueous. Like porpoises, they surface rarely, and only to observe, and then mimic, the peculiar antics of others of their kind.

Research is ongoing to determine if the machokayakutus can endure land-based captivity without exposure to whitewater. Scientists report that some elderly specimens have survived relatively long periods of separation from their native aquatic habitat. Those specimens, however, were sedated with near lethal quantities of alcohol and stimulated by constant exposure to whitewater videos. Researchers report that, even under these favorable conditions, survival in a terrestrial environment is touch and go for these highly sensitive creatures.

NCLS scientists are extremely concerned that the continued destruction of whitewater habitat may result in the total extinction of this rare and scientifically valuable species.

"The disappearance of the machokayakutus could have severe implications for all human life on this planet", said Dr. Blair.

Some scientists now researching the machokayakutus believe that understanding genetic codes embedded in their DNA may hold the key to new miracle cures for a number of baffling medical problems which have plagued the human race for centuries. In its native habitat, the typical machokayakutus is resistant to diseases such as depression, alcoholism, senile dementia, priapism, stress-related anxiety, spouse abuse, and other common, but difficult-to-treat, disorders..

Miracle Product Revolutionizes Paddling! Rapid in a Can!

by Jonathan Katz

Hey boaters! How many times have you driven **500** miles to your favorite river, only to find there's not enough water to float a stool? Doesn't this **just** rip you to the **gills**? Make you want to stroll through the **mall** with your Uzi on full auto???

Well save your ammo cause your troubles are over. The good folks at McBride, Omaha and Company proudly present **Rapid in a Can**, your anytime, anywhere ticket to instant whitewater action.

No need to add water. Each **38** ounce can contains enough ingredients to produce **900** feet per second of pure cold water for a guaranteed minimum of three hours. **Simply** set the flow rate, break the seal, and get ready to rumble. The can emits a fine mist, which instantly expands and thickens to **form** a river of the good stuff. The condensation takes place over a hundred feet, and the end result is water, and plenty of it, cascading down your favorite river bed.

"It's ridiculously simple," says Dr. Theodore McBride, the inventor and Professor of Recreational Chemistry at Yale. "Ever wonder how they cram all that flame into a **Bic** lighter? The answer is liquid gas. For fire, use butane. For water, we use hydrogen."

"As you know, water is made up of two itty bitty atoms of hydrogen and one great big old atom of oxygen. There's always lots of oxygen at the put-in, unless you boat at very high altitudes. The missing ingredient is hydrogen. So, we liquefy it and package it in pressure cans with a sealed catalyst. Break the seal and the catalyst causes the hydrogen atoms to mix with the oxygen in the atmosphere to



make water."

"It's called hydrogenesis. Easy as **1-23**. The catalyst is cheap, non-toxic and friendly to the environment. The major cost is the can itself, which has to be double walled because the gas is cold. That's why we charge. And the water is pure as driven snow. One hundred percent **H₂O**."

Of course I wanted to know more. So Dr. McBride directed me to his business and paddling partner, Ken Omaha; "Down the landfill-it's where he trains when he's not drowning."

I drove as close as I could, then walked into the hot stink, towards the sound of gunshots. I knew that Omaha was into whitewater biathlon-a sport that combines paddling and shooting-

but the dump sounded like a hot night in Beirut. Rounding a heap of old tires I saw a blue van with a battered **Dagger** Impulse on the roof. I approached cautiously.

On the other side of the van, wearing topsiders, blue jeans, a weight lifting belt, and nothing else, Omaha sat on the ground in the sun. He was surrounded by gear arranged in a semi-circle: a boom box playing **Black Sabbath**; a cooler of beer, open; a bottle of tequila, open; a bag of chips, open; a bag of marijuana, open; and a **9** millimeter automatic. The van door was open too but I could not see inside.

I said McBride's name and Omaha motioned me to sit. "Beer," he belched, handing me a can of Key-

Rapid in a Can!

stone. "Tequila"

He took a long belt but I passed. "I'm on ascent today," he said. "Weed." He handed me the joint he'd been smoking, and spoke *again*.

"Sure, I know Bam Bam McBride. Good boater. Lousy shot. Me. I can shoot the eye out of a rat at 50 yards. Go over there and look" He waved the gun and I did what he said.

150 feet from the van I found a dead rodent. Half his head was gone. "I never kid," he yelled.

When I returned he had his arm around a short woman with a yard of red hair and lots of built-in floatation. He introduced us. "This is Arden Tygart, my playmate of the month. She keeps me on belay."

Eventually he got around to **Rapid in a Can**. "McBride's a genius, but it took him a while to get the catalyst right. We were messing with hydrogen, you know, and we kept getting these huge detonations. I'd be sitting in a eddy, waiting for the water to rise, and KABOOM! Trip cancelled."

Omaha had made the first descents on the liquid. "It paddles just like real water," he said. Winner of the 1992 Men's Open, he met McBride at the Payette Biathlon last summer, where

they both discovered they shared a common distaste for low water.

Omaha rambled on: "I told McBride if he built it, I'd test it. And he did. Since then we've paddled it everywhere, *dry* rivers, steep creeks. Hell, we even made a class 2 in my driveway. Last month we went to Yankee Stadium and popped a can. I made the first open boat descent of the upper deck, a 30 foot waterfall into foul territory. We videotaped it. Keystone is going to splice in some beach bunnies and use it for a beer commercial."

He handed me another beer. "Keystone is *weaselpiss*, but since the Yankee Stadium run I get it free. Yup. I'm the **first** man to ever boat Section 27A. Great trip—a little short though. Go look in the truck."

The back of the van was stacked floor to ceiling with **Rapids in a Can**. There's hundred of trips there. Any river, any season. Drought. Mid-August. Brings any river up to flood stage in ten minutes with a quick twist of the wrist. Cheaper than the cost of booze and gas for the ride home. Paddle *anytime*, anywhere. The end—less spring."

Another barrage of gunfire, then

Omaha's voice again. "Shot the tail right off! Hard to hit... tails. They move so fast. 'Nother box of shells, honey."

Arden took me aside. "He's a pig on land, but he paddles like the **Marquis de Sade**. When he's not boating he's getting loaded. Says there are only two directions in life, up and down, and he likes it steep both ways."

I decided to leave. Omaha was getting seriously toxic, weaving and blithering and firing his automatic. I snuck away, back around the tires, with his voice fading in my ears.

"Hey Arden. Let's get belayed!"

I caught up with McBride again in his lab at Yale. He was lifting a small beaker of clear liquid, using both hands and straining hard. "New project," he said. "Heavy water."

He explained that they were experimenting with deuterium instead of the usual hydrogen. "This stuff packs more punch than ordinary water. Heavier, wetter, more buoyant, flows faster. It really jacks up a rapid. Most class three runs will go straight to class four, and most holes will just crush you. This will turn your local play spot into a real monster. It'll keep

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Total amount.....\$_____

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you interested!"

He mumbled something about still having problems with radioactivity, so I cleared out and went looking for for a boater to interview who had paddled McBride's product.

I located Dick "Hot Line"


Pylczoszki, dean of Connecticut's whitewater community, who seemed like a regular guy. He thinks the possibilities for **Rapid in a Can** are endless.

"Some of these eastern rivers, like the Swift and the Pemigewassett, only come up about fifteen minutes a year. Now we can run them any time, any season. We call it the artificial surface. Get six paddlers to throw in a 5 bucks a piece, pop a can, and paddle your brains out!!!"

According to General Colin Powell, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a duckie boater, McBride and Omaha's product has significant implications for desert warfare. "I thought Bam Bam McBride was making it up. Then he flooded my basement. Now I

believe."

Rapid in a Can has been endorsed by major sportsman's societies, including Masterbassers, Ducks Without Ends and the Hell's Angels.

So, there it is folks. A revolution, not a dinner party. Stuff **Rapid in a Can** in your honey's stocking this Christmas and keep her wet all year. To order, just send \$29.95 and \$3.00 to the McBride and Omaha Chemical Company, and paddle  your polys rot off.

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Kayak trips for experts only, with no rafts to wait for. Run the Bio-Bio while the proposed dams remain unbuilt. Then go on to the legendary waterfalls of the Fuy and the giant, clear waves of the Futaleufu. Run more whitewater and see more of Chile than you can any other way. Call now to reserve your choice of kayak model and departure date, and to receive further information and a list of all past participants, (who have come from nine different countries,) so you can confer with some of them. Sport International, 314 N. 20th St., Suite 300, Colorado Springs, CO 80904 USA. 719-520-1784. 800-779-1784. FAX 719-630-1892.

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Joe Greiner

Raleigh, NC



I like to think of myself as a teacher, "good shepherd", and good-will ambassador.

I have been paddling since 1978, starting in the stern of a tandem canoe and switching to kayak in 1983. I got a lot of my experience through club boating and I have served the Carolina Canoe Club as Cruise Chair and Secretary/Treasurer.

I was a club delegate to the Chattooga Symposium of 1990. I was lucky to be a participant in Nantahala '90, an international rafting peace rally, where I was a member of one of the Soviet teams. I have been the "volunteer coordinator" for the AWA Gauley Festival the last two years.

I owe a lot to many people who have shown me boating techniques and introduced me to various rivers. I can never directly repay those who have given their time and energy to me. But, I have become an ACA Instructor-Trainer and I try to share my enthusiasm and love for whitewater and its settings with those who want to learn technique or who want to see a new river with a "good shepherd" along.

Paddling has taken me to all six boatable continents and to places that I would never hike to. I like gravity on MY SIDE as it is in whitewater. My travels have made me sensitive to the twin issues of preservation and access. These are issues that the AWA and its board address more effectively than any other organization. I am in awe of the efforts of many of the board members and many of the AWA membership who are not on the board. I have been of some support to these people in the past and will continue that support in the future.

I feel that all of us in the boating community are thrice-blessed. First, with our health. Secondly, with the magical, mysterious, and sometimes mythical places that we have open to us, many of which are hidden from the majority of people. And lastly, with our skills that allow us to safely visit these places.

To share the skills, I will continue to teach those who want it. To share the places, I will continue to be a "good shepherd" to those who ask. To help preserve those places, I would like the privilege to call myself a member of the board of the AWA where I will continue to support those who are in the forefront of the access and preservation causes.

I will continue to do all I can to be a good ambassador for the sport on and off the river, within and outside the boating community, helping to spread the fun around and deliver the messages of preservation and access.

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THE
FESTIVAL ...
DON'T
MISS
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Bill Baker

Denver, Colorado



I have actively been involved with whitewater issues in Colorado for the past eight years. For two years I was president of the Colorado Whitewater Association, and I am now starting my fourth year as Conservation Director. I was a member of the BLM's advisory board studying Wild and Scenic designation for the Arkansas River. I

have been working with the Friends of the Poudre, Friends of the Arkansas, Friends of the Animas, High Country Citizens Alliance, Four Corners Action Coalition, (Clear Creek) Canyon Defense Coalition, Environmental Caucus, and the Colorado Environmental Coalition.

Major victories have been won, especially at Clear Creek, Boulder Creek and Two Forks. However, there is much work still to be done: major threats loom on the Animas, San Juan, Arkansas and Poudre. A second term as director of the AWA will improve the visibility of the Colorado issues, and will enhance the presence of the AWA in the western United States.

Barry Tuscano

Bolivar, Pennsylvania



People that know me will tell you that there's not much that's more important to me than whitewater. It's been a consuming interest for more than twenty years. I'm happiest when I'm being challenged by a pristine river in the company of other committed paddlers. Although I've never engaged in any commercial endeavor related to whitewater, it's always been

my pleasure to promote our sport and expand the appreciation for our free-flowing rivers.

Every time I've seen a threat to our rivers by competing interests, I've encountered AWA. We sort of fell in together and, for many years now, I've worked with and for this amazing organization. As a regional coordinator I've been involved from the beginning to protect access on both the Upper and Lower Yough. I was involved with early efforts to save the Gauley and have annually worked to build the Gauley Festival into the major event that it has become.

As Director, I will continue to contribute my energy and time towards the goal of protecting and preserving our wild rivers.

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Joe Pulliam

Harriman, Tennessee



I'm a big fan of AWA. No other organization does so much for rivers, so much for whitewater as a sport, given what I'm sure is a limited budget. To date, my involvement with AWA has been primarily passive, though I have been involved in a number of projects, most recently the Paddle-A-Thon. I look **forward** to the opportunity to take a more **active**

role.

I'd like to see AWA continue to focus on issues in which the organization has been most effective; river conservation, river access and whitewater safety.

I've been infatuated by rivers since I was a child. I've paddled canoes and kayaks for twenty-five years and have seen incredible changes in our sport and in our rivers... some positive, some negative. I've been involved professionally in the **canoe/** kayak industry for longer than I care to admit and am currently President of Dagger.

Pope Barrow

Washington, D.C.



While I have served on the AWA Conservation and River Access Committee, AWA has moved beyond its warfare against abusive hydropower proposals. As the organization has grown in size and sophistication our agenda has become broader and more ambitious. We are demanding — and **getting** — changes in the management of water projects that effect

whitewater. We are **asking** for the removal of **dams** that are especially damaging to river ecology. And we are **seeking** to dramatically improve public recreational access to all whitewater rivers and streams.

I am **seeking** reelection to the Board of Directors to continue, and expand upon, this exciting work.

My experience as a board member and river conservation advocate, and my growing contacts throughout the environmental and boating community, can assist AWA move towards its destiny as the nation's leading advocate for whitewater sports.

Ron Stewart

Chattanooga, Tennessee



I love whitewater. I love to paddle, especially on wilderness rivers and creeks. My family says I'm addicted to whitewater. I'd say they're right"

I've been **fortunate** to have had the opportunity to paddle **extensively** throughout the U.S. and portions of Canada and Europe. I count the friends I've **gained** and the experiences I've had

on water as among the best **things** I've had in life. During the past few years, my efforts have increasingly turned to projects aimed at protecting and preserving rivers, particularly those streams and rivers which flow through wilderness areas. I have conducted numerous paddling clinics for school and club groups, published articles for AWA, served as an AWA River Coordinator since the program was conceived, worked on several conservation projects in the southeast and served as a consultant on various river related issues.

I've also served as a regional chairman for **an** adopt a river program for Tennessee and currently serve on the boards of some local conservation programs, primarily in regard to river issues. Still, my love is to be on whitewater, whether it be with my children or some of my students in a canoe, or **kayaking** with friends on any number of the steep creeks in the southeast. Recent efforts have **included** participation in the **Tallulah** Gorge intervention, **working** on a protection plan for North Chickamagua Creek Gorge, and representing various paddling organizations, including AWA, in efforts to stop woodchipping operations which threaten watersheds in the southeast.

As AWA director, my efforts would be largely targeted at river protection projects. Issues such as access, water use allocations, water quality, and wilderness environs may seem far away when we're perched at the top of a steep drop or focused on the moves we need to make to negotiate a set of gates. But unless we act aggressively to protect the rivers which bring us so much pleasure, we could easily lose some of the best. On the other hand, this is also a time when we gain some new rivers if we act decisively. Just as it's been exciting for me to run a new rapid or help pioneer a new creek, it's been equally as rewarding to see river protection efforts made by AWA pay off. I hope to see AWA continue in its commitment to these **kinds** of projects.

It's Finally Time

by Kurt Menchow

It took five years but I finally did **It**. At first, I didn't even know I was preparing to do **It**—I was busy trying to stay upright doing ferries and peel-outs in Virginia Chute. But as time crept by and I mastered the basics well enough to paddle up and surf the wave at Rocky, I began to hear stories about **It** from other boaters.

I would hear snippets in the eddy from wave-masters who not only got on the wave and stayed there, but spun, back surfed and pirouetted with ease.

"Rode too low on the pillow and went right into the hole..." they would say, or, "Missed the boof and dropped sideways over the falls; didn't come out for what seemed like..." They were talking about **It**.

I progressed from novice to beginner to intermediate. I paddled the mighty **Nanty**, the Lower **Yough** and Pennsylvania's **Stony**. A couple of **NOC** courses on the **Ocoee**, **Laurel Creek** and the **Nolichucky** helped hone my boat control and confidence. And the snatches of conversation about **It** became full-blown stories of conquest and mayhem, told by paddling companions after full days on the **New**, **Cheat** and **Gauley**.

I saw videos of **It**. I heard more stories. I learned the names of the rapids and the best routes vicariously: **Bastard** (...across the chute, eddy hard right...), **Triple Drop** (...catch the eddies above each drop...), **National Falls** (...sneak on the left, just like at **Double Hydraulic**...), **Meat Cleaver** (...then you'll see **Wally** and the **Beaver**—go between them...).

I ran the **Upper Nanty**, the **Upper Tellico**, swam some of the **North Fork of the Payette**. I went to **Costa Rica** and paddled the **Pacuare** and the **Reventazon**. Everywhere I went someone trying to figure out if I was going to be a boon or a bane on the trip would ask, "Have you paddled the **Upper Yough**?"

It. The **Upper Yough**. **It** had developed a personality. A mystique. Somehow, **It** had become steeper, pushier, more technical, and more dangerous than any other river in the entire world. I envisioned towering waterfalls with class **V** approaches. A must-make eddy lying just below a mandatory hole-surf, the last refuge above a terminal bouldersieve. Power ferries up through an eddy fence, across the face of a keeper, and into a boiling **micro**-eddy.

Last year, a buddy of mine almost convinced me to paddle **It**. When we got to **Friendsville** the wind was blowing; it was **38** degrees and drizzling. The experts were there.

Suddenly, my stomach didn't feel right. My head hurt. My heart was beating too fast. I should have slept more. I should have had a bigger breakfast.

"The Top is running; let's do the whole thing."

Salvation—an excuse.

"I think I'll pass—it's my first time and doing both is probably too much"

Knowing smiles.

Sunday I got the call. "Hi. You're doing the **Upper Yough** with **Ed**, **Molly** and I next Saturday." He was trying to get me there again. "You won't have any problems... you've paddled harder stuff... just be at my house at 8:30."

It was time.

Monday, I ran an extra mile. Tuesday, I added extra weight to the bench press and curls. Wednesday, I concentrated on taking dynamic strokes through every gate. Thursday and Friday, I rested. I was going to be ready for Saturday. After five years, it was time.

It rained on the way there. The sky was grey and foreboding. It was only **68** degrees—chilly for noon on **July 30**.

We pulled off **Interstate 68** and were stopped dead on the ramp by the **Friendsville Day parade**.

"We're going to miss the water. They won't let us through!" I smiled. Perhaps another reprieve.

We left a vehicle near the exit and

went to the put-in a back way. The sun broke through the clouds and the sky began to clear. At the put-in I saw many of the people I had boated with during the past five years. All had run the **Upper Yough** before.

We put on the river. The first mile or so seemed flat. Then some easy rapids and some play spots. I was having fun. The rapids got harder. The river got steeper and more powerful, the limes more technical. I eddy hopped the river with a friend, scouting as we went. When I couldn't see, I followed.

Losing control or going off-route looked like it could be dangerous, but I was having fun. I never even flipped.

At the take-out a number of people remarked that I had good lines, looked confident and comfortable, and was in fine form. The sky was bluer. The beer tasted better.

I had finally run the **Upper Yough**.
I had finally done **It**.

Postscript: I'm glad I waited until I was ready for the **Upper Yough**. (So it took five years!) Because my whitewater and mental skills were up to the challenge, and because I was with a great guide, among friends, and the **River Gods** were smiling, I had a lot of fun.

The **Upper Yough** is technical, pushy, steep, and could be dangerous. By writing this I don't mean to encourage others to run the **Upper** before they are ready... just to secure "bragging rights". I just wanted to share my experience—and poke a little fun at myself at the same time. ■

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Americans Dominate First Ottawa River Rodeo

by Chuck Kern

Kayaker Eric Jackson is a versatile man. Just ten days after posting the fastest time at the Great Falls of the Potomac Race in Washington, D.C., he dominated not one, but two, of the classes in the first Ottawa River Rodeo held in Beachborg, Ontario.

At Beachborg, Jackson demonstrated some spectacular acrobatics in McCoy's Hole, capturing first place in the surface boat category. He then proceeded to prove that an open boat can do anything that a closed boat can do, given a large enough hole; claiming first place in the open boat class as well. Last year Jackson represented the United States at the Olympics as a member of the slalom kayaking team.

Vermonters Chuck Kern edged out his brother Willie by half a point to win the **squirt** competition, which was also held in

McCoy's rapid, using both the hole and a large recirculating eddy located above the island. American Chris Roberts placed third in the **squirt** boat category.








Second place in the surface boat category went to **Corran** Addison and third place went to Chuck Kern. Two natives of Montreal, Jeff Watson and Steve Narosid, also posted strong showings in surface boats and, as a consequence, were asked to join the Canadian team at the Nationals to be held on the Ocoee in October.

Dale Johnson of Georgia and Mark Scriver of Ottawa placed second and third in the open boat category, beating southerners Bailey Johnson and Billy Davis and a local paddler sporting a furry **Viking** helmet.

The Rodeo, held August 28, was organized by local paddler Kevin Brongh with

the assistance of principal sponsor Equinox Adventures. Other sponsors who donated boats and prizes included Dagger, New Wave, Perception, **Prijon**, Piranha and Trailhead.

Those participating in the event praised the site at **McCoys's Rapids** as one of the best in the western hemisphere for playboating competition. The hole was big, sticky and dynamic- but not dangerous. The recirculating eddy offered a variety of currents that showcased the talents of **squirt** boaters of **all** abilities. More than a few of the competitors speculated that the McCoy's would make an excellent site for a future World Championship, provided spectators could be accommodated. The organizers have already announced their intention to make the Ottawa Rodeo an annual event.

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First Upper Gauley Race a Thrilling Success

by Donnie Hudspeth, Race Organizer

Monday morning, October 4. Boaters were congregating around a black pickup truck in the parking area at the base of the Summersville Dam. As the sun burned off the last remnants of fog, the number of boaters milling about continued to grow. Something out of the ordinary was about to occur- history was in the making. It was the registration for the first Annual Animal Upper Gauley Race.

The idea of holding a downriver race on the Upper Gauley came out of the clear blue West Virginia sky just this August. I was paddling the Gauley at low water, 600 cfs, with my old friend Shenwood Horine. We were stroking the pools and basking in the sun when, out of the clear blue, Shenwood announced, "You know, we really should have a downriver race up here."

From the very beginning it sounded like a good idea to me.

Of course the Gauley River, by current legislation, is a National Recreation Area. Thousands of rafters pour down the river each fall, looking for thrills on a whitewater river that has been voted one of the "Top Ten" in the United States. Hard boaters have long considered the Upper Gauley to be the "proving grounds" for achieving "expert" status. Mastering the Upper Gauley is certainly one of the major goals for most eastern boaters. Clearly, racing down the Upper Gauley would present a serious challenge.

When the National Park Service granted the special use permit and the ACA sanctioned and insured the event, our dream of an Upper Gauley Race became a reality. Like other downriver races of this type- held at the Upper Yough. Gore Canyon of the Colorado, Great Falls of the Potomac and on the North Fork of the Payette- our race would offer boaters a chance to show their stuff on difficult whitewater. Only those who knew the Gauley well and felt comfortable paddling it alone at a high speed were encouraged to enter.

The Gauley Race would be considerably longer than most of the other similar

events- eight miles from Initiation to below Sweet's Falls! On the Gauley long pools alternate between big, pushy rapids. Inevitably, in spite of a staggered start, there would be lots of racers passing racers. We figured this would add to the excitement.

It did!

Consider the race from my perspective. Bob Vernon started sixty seconds behind me. He passed me in the approach to Pillow, cruising in his Phoenix Cascade. But then I passed him in the meat of Pillow as he was "detained" in the river right eddy. Later he passed me for a second time... I never caught him again.

In Lost Paddle Howard Tidwell slid by me... in fact three whitewater crafts ran the infamous Second Drop simultaneously. Howard, myself and a raft! At the third drop Howard went right; I went left. He edged in front of me by taking the center line of the Fourth Drop. I never caught him again.

But for much of the race I could see Howard... and Bob Vernon... and Eric Lindberg... not far ahead of me. This was typical; nearly all the participants said later that they could see the boater ahead of them in the pools. This served as a visual indicator of one's speed in respect to the competition and an impetus to keep moving. It also kept one guessing.

Were you gaining on them? Or were they leaving you behind? Why did they run that drop over there? Would it be faster?

I saw it all on race day! The race turned out to be everything we hoped for... and more. Clear blue sky and cool whitewater. Friends going head to head, wearing ski bibs with glitter on their faces. Rafts actually pulling aside to let racers go by!

Charging down the river as fast as possible, passing and getting passed, trying to choose the fastest routes on the fly.

And I saw three kayakers running Sweet's Falls at the same time, trying to pass one another and going full tilt boogie for the finish line!

Now that was a race!! ■

1993 Upper Gauley Race Results

Wildwater

Roger Zbel	45:29
Andy Bridge (C1)	50:41
Jason Sullivan	52:38

Men's Kayak

Howard Tidwell	52:50
Bob Vernon	54:01
Mike Hipsher	54:19
Mark Emerlin	54:30
Jeff Best	54:54
Steve Kauffman	55:09
Dave Bassage	55:19
Marco Collela	56:10
Dan Gavere	56:17
Donnie Hudspeth	56:18
Greg Gill	56:23
Eric Lindberg	56:42
Scott Hasson	57:18
Sherwood Horine	57:25
Brabec Daniel	57:45
Chris Hipgrave	59:07
John Edmunds	59:33
Scott Coulter	61:11
Alex Harvey	61:23
Bryon Hunter	61:45
Ted Helvoigt	62:25
Mike "Slick" Hottinger	72:07
Rob Dobson	126:27

Men's C1

Bill Hearn	56:29
Dean Tornko	57:26

Women's Kayak

Colleen Laffey	58:28
Jocelyn Hernried	61:12
Enga Lokey	62:52
Jan Messer	63:25

Women's C1

Heidi Domeisen	85:09
----------------------	-------

Thanks to...

New Wave and Perception for the donation of kayaks to be used as prizes.

To North American River Runners for the use of their radios and for their enthusiastic support and assistance.

Other sponsors... too numerous to mention... who donated gear, money and time.

The National Park Service for their support.

The raft companies... who pulled aside to facilitate the race.

Gore Canyon Downriver Race Results

August 22, 1993

MEN'S KAYAK

John Jaycox	1943 *
Nelson Oldham	20:12 *
Hank Bevington	20:52
Cory Nielson	21:21
Nick Kimmet	21:56
Tim Kennedy	22:15
Dave Eckhardt	22:21
Larry Vermeeren	22:24
Rick Gusic	22:28
Jerry Penning	22:38
Chris Webster	22:54
Brad Pollack	23:27
Ed Lucero	24:25
Tim Brown	24:28
Zack Drennen	24:30
Gary Weiner	25:03
Calvin Bergstrom	25:46
George Longshore	29:01
Blues Viasard	42:47
Jeff Parker	DNF
Chan Zwanzig	DNF
Bob Blount	DNF

*breaking old race record

WOMEN'S KAYAK

Cheryl Chipman	28:23
Marsha Miller	34:36

RAFTS

Twin Lakes Rafting	26:43
Clear Creek/Colorado Headwaters	27:07
Timberline Dream Team	27:34
Timberline Shredder	28:52
Fluff	29:14
Girls Do Gore	31:49
Vail Mtn. Rescue	31:51
Boom	33:23
Nova Guides	34:12
Haribags	37:58
Riff Raft	44:35
Posse	1:03:16

New Records Set at Upper Yough Race

The thirteenth annual Upper Yough Race was anything but unlucky for the legendary Roger Zbel, who definitely trounced the competition once again. It was the twelfth time Zbel has posted the fastest time on the four mile long, class IV-V course. In the process Zbel set a personal record; his time of 27:35 seconds topped his time in last year's race by more than half a minute.

Like Zbel, Squirtmeister Jeff Snyder abandoned his standard ~~tiny~~ craft for a voluminous wildwater kayak and captured second place with a time of 30:18. National team member Andy Bridge proved once again that a single-bladed paddle is a potent weapon, capturing third place in his wildwater C-1. Fourth place was claimed by Ted Newton, who also paddled a wildwater kayak.

Meanwhile, all those hours spent mountain biking paid off for Morgantown's Bob Vernon, who posted the fastest time in a slalom boat and placed fifth over all. Not far behind were Zbel's business partner in Precision Rafting, Phil Coleman, and local schoolteacher Scott Stough, who finished sixth and seventh respectively.

Nationally ranked kayak racer Kara Ruppel posted the fastest woman's time at 33:42, finishing eleventh overall. Open boater John Deardorf set the fastest time in his division at 48:12.

One of the most interesting and impressive entries in the 93 race was a team of adolescent boaters from Washington's Valley Mill Camp. Paddling as a group, they demonstrated phenomenal stamina and finesse on the difficult course. The Valley Mill Camp has long been a spawning ground for national racing talent; watching the VM team in action clearly represented a preview of the future of the sport.

The difficult job of timing the race fell again to Terry Peterson, who handled the task with her usual efficiency and aplomb. A special prolonged release granted by Penelec facilitated the event.

Nearly 80 whitewater boaters participated in the Upper Yough Race this year. The race was held on Wednesday, August 25. This year's event was organized by boat designer Jesse Widdemore, who also hosted the traditional party later that evening. And like this year's winning times, this year's party was universally declared to be the best ever.

The bash, held in Friendsville's riverside park, featured a hot electric band and a corn and pig roast that satiated even the most famished competitors. Prizes included original trophies created especially for the event by artist Chuck Stump, who also participated in the race, finishing sixteenth.

The Upper Yough Race continues to be one of the highlights of the eastern boating season, combining an atmosphere of intense, but friendly, competition, a celebration of the comradery of river running and an appreciation of the unique beauty and challenge of the river.

As one competitor observed, "When it comes to the Upper Yough there are no losers. Everyone who paddles the course is a winner." ■

1993 Upper Yough

Race Results

(K-1 unless otherwise indicated)

1. Roger Zbel (WW-K-1)	27:35
2. Jeff Snyder (WW-K-1)	30:18
3. Andy Bridge (WW-C-1)	30:46
4. Ted Newton (WW-K-1)	31:37
5. Bob Vernon	31:57
6. Phil Coleman	32:56
7. Scott Stough	33:05
8. Howard Tidwell	33:17
9. Rick Gusic	33:27
10. Chris Huffman (WW-K-1)	33:33
11. Jesse Whittemore	45. George Garrett
11. Clay Wright	(Fastest Slalom C-1 37:43)
11. Kara Ruppel	46. Kurt Casey
(Fastest Woman 33:42)	47. Charlie Bokor
14. Jethro Best	48. Joe Greiner
15. Steve Kaufman	49. Paul Braeger
16. Bill Heller	50. Brian Good
16. Chuck Stump	50. Chris Good
18. Colby Mackley	52. Neil Dana
19. Mike McMillan	53. Leon Goraty
20. Tim Kennedy	54. Ken Keyser
21. Jeff Findlay	55. Wade Zinter
22. Jake Nill	56. Jim Werkman
23. Myk Herrera	57. Steve Strothers
24. Chuckie Morris	58. Erica Ruppel
25. Bob Gedekoh	59. Mark Lovett
26. Jeff Feguson	60. Ryan Goodrow
27. John Cornwell	61. Jason Sullivan
28. Chris Danz	62. Pat Norton
29. Doug Lieb	63. Keith Blonairs
29. Kris Wolpert	64. Dave Fusilli
31. John Hartman	65. Valley Mill Camp
31. Louis Gettman	(K-1 team)
33. George Allman	66. Jan Messer
34. Coleen Laffey	67. Dave Bassage
34. Jerry Penning	68. John Deardorf
36. Dave Martin	(Fastest OC-1 48:12)
37. Emile Ladonne	69. Russell Ford (OC-1)
38. Tom McEwan	70. Kelly Meyers
38. Hanley Loller	71. Paul Joffrion (OC-1)
40. Eric Schreiber	72. Kurt Springman and
41. Mark Fair	Heather Miller
41. Jamie Klein	(Fastest R-2 65min)
43. B.J. Johnson	73. Bill S i and John
43. Ben McKean	Danz (R-2)

Olympian Eric Jackson

Dominates Great Falls

Hair Race

Eric Jackson, a Bethesda, Maryland kayaker who represented the United States in the 1992 Olympics, won the Great Falls Invitational Rapid Race on the Potomac held August 15, 1993. Jackson completed the quarter mile course, which plummets 55 feet and terminates with the spectacular 22 foot Spout, with a time of 57.66 seconds. As a publicity stunt Jackson made his second run without a paddle, **handrolling** twice to complete the course in 110.90 seconds.

"I figured my first run was good enough," Jackson told reporter Mike McCormick of the **Washington Times**. "This race is a publicity stunt, so doing it without a paddle was my way of doing what I do best, which is showing off." Jackson confidently waved to the crowd of 1500 observers as he crested the Spout.

More than **fifty** whitewater boaters participated in this **year's** race according to wildwater champion and race organizer Andy Bridge of Valley Mill Boats. "There were more spectators, more racers and more hoopla than ever before," Bridge observed. Bridge posted the fastest time in a C-1. The race was covered extensively by the Washington D.C. print and electronic media.

Clay Wright of **Bryson City**, North Carolina was second with a time of 60.48, while **Marty** McCormick of Potomac, Maryland, also a member of the 92 Olympic Team, captured third with a time of 60.73. McCormick paddled a kayak in the race instead of his **usual** competitivecraft, a C-2. McCormick's C-2 partner, Eliot Weintrob, also a former Olympian, placed sixth. Fourth place was captured by Sam Drevo with a time of 64.05.

One of several craft that **submerged** at the base of the falls was a two man plastic kayak containing two local daredevils, Tom Brothers and Billy Bob Taylor. Their 16 foot long vessel vanished with its occupants at the base of the Spout after landing in a near vertical position.

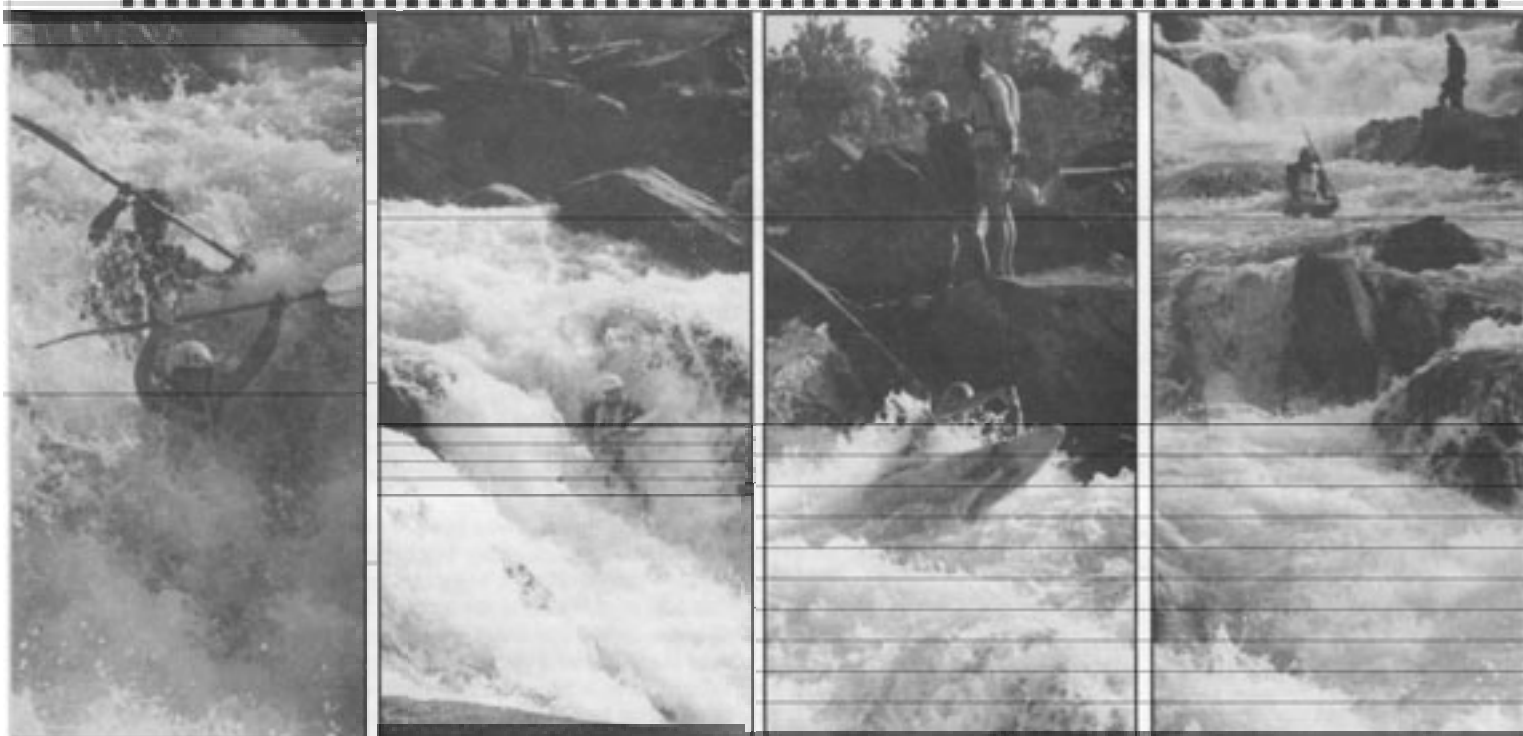
"It was dark down there!" Taylor, who paddled in the front, told reporter McCormick. Both men were assisted to shore by safety boaters after exiting their K-2. Each had **successfully** completed the course in one man kayaks, Brothers placing 29th and Taylor placing 38th. A number of other boaters who were briefly recirculated at the base of the Spout were quickly rescued.

Kayaker Mike "Boomer" Januska of Baltimore sustained the only serious injury, shattering his right ankle when he lost his line and his boat **pitoned** on a rock **at** the base of the falls. Januska had fractured that same ankle earlier this year on the North Fork of the Blackwater River in West Virginia **This** was the first mishap in the five year history of the Great Falls Race.

The following rankings were provided by Andy Bridge of Valley Mill Boats.

1. Eric Jackson	11. Chris Good
2. Clay Wright	12. Paul Schelp
3. Marty McCormack	13. Corbett Leith
4. Sam Drevo	14. John Horrell
5. Doug Geiger	15. Tim Kennedy
6. Eliot Weintraub	16. Chris Hipgrave
7. Tom DeCuir	17. Eric Schreiber
8. Tom McEwan	18. Michael Crawford
9. Rick Gusic	19. Rick Drevo
10. Jason Sullivan	20. Gil Rocha

continued on next page



Left to Right: Billy Bob Taylor & Tom brothers in a Duo, Great Falls Race '93; The Great Falls Race is on; Clay Wright, Great Falls Race '93; Clay Wright, Great Falls Race '93;

Great Falls Hair Race cont.

21. Andy Bridge (C-1)
 22. Bill Hall
 23. David Bruton
 24. Gerald Penning
 - Chris Strittmatter
 26. Carl Malatin
 27. Bob Walsh
 28. Bill Beresford
 29. Tom Brothers
 30. David Jeffrey
 31. Charles Morris
 32. Pablo Perez
 33. Scott Norwood (C-1)
 34. Jonathan Brown
 35. Woody Calloway
 36. Brian Collins
 37. Ben Swope
 38. Billy Bob Taylor
 39. David Blair
 40. Mike Bailey
 41. Bill Brunner
 42. Leon Gorbaty
 43. Daniel Herring
 44. Nelson Hoffman
 45. Christian Brunner
 46. Greg Dutton
- Open canoeists Psycho Simpson and Will Reeves failed to finish, as did the K2 team of Bothers/ Taylor, and Rob Mingo, Mike Januska, Jim Underwood and Chris Wilson.

Second Annual N.F. Payette Dubbed a "Fast Get Together", Not a "Race"

A Commentary by Doug Ammons

Despite a country wide phone alert, attendance at the North Fork of the Payette "Fast Get Together" remained small, consisting only of registered North Forkers. However, the participants made up for their small numbers by an overflowing enthusiasm for the river and friendship. Notable by their unfortunate absence were two long-time North Forkers, the venerable Rob Lesser and Tony Brennen of Boise.

The 15+ miles of class IV+ and V rapids that comprise the North Fork of the Payette are widely recognized among kayakers as being one of the premier whitewater runs in the world. With a gradually increasing number of kayakers capable of running the river safely, it was only a matter of

time before we slated some event on this amazing stretch of water.

The "Fast Get Together" expanded to two events this year. On Saturday we held the same 2.5 mile class V sprint from Slide to the bottom of Pectoralis Major as last year. On Sunday we added what can only be considered an outrageous event; a 15 mile Top to Bottom Class V marathon. The level was about 2100 cfs, providing lots of big water action.

In contrast to formal races, our "Fast Get Together" was inaugurated last year as a celebration of the North Fork, the friendships that have grown on its waters, and the camaraderie that comes from paddling it with like-minded people. We wish to avoid importing the rules, bureaucracy, commer-

cialism and antagonisms of serious competition into the very activities that serve as our refuge from such hassles. Rodeos used to be such a realm, but recently are becoming a source of attitudinal pathogens. One sees similar unfortunate attitudes cropping up elsewhere: "My creek was steeper than yours"; "I ran a higher waterfall"; "My run may have been slower by two seconds, but WHY had a touch";

"I use brand X, you're a geek for using brand Z"; ad nauseam.

We want the focus to be on the enjoyment of moving water, and so will keep our so-called "race" low key. This is in contrast to the current push for bigger, more elaborate rodeos and races; the outcome of which will be more hype of in-

Races

1993 North Fork of the Payette "Fast Get Together" Results

Day one...Slide to Pectoralis Sprint
2.5 miles

Doug Ammons 12:55
Charlie Muncey 1331
Dan Givens 13:50
Mark White 1354
Tim Shanahan 14:05

Day two...Top to Bottom Marathon
15 miles

Doug Ammons 1 hr, 40:56
Conrad Fournery 1 hr, 42:23
Charlie Muncey 1 hr, 42:43
Mark White 1 hr, 43:05
Dan Givens 1 hr, 57:20



Mark White on the North Fork of the Payette

Irv Brier 1 hr, 58:00
Jerry Moffat 1 hr, 58:00
Guy Robbins 1 hr, 58:00
Aurele LaMontague, Oly

Kholer and Jim Curzon... Completed course but declined to be timed... "instead seeking a more personal rapport with the river."

dividuals over the river, more arbitrary rules, more control by sponsors, and greater separation of the sport from its roots. We feel that we can each have our personal challenges without forcing them into something that interferes with our enjoyment of the water and each other. Hence we have our "Fast Get Together".

One can never underestimate the will of man to bend nature to his whims, but the character of the North Fork will work against attempts to subjugate it to a racerhead mentality. Even our short "sprint" is too long and too hard for people to come in from outside, learn the lines quickly, and feel comfortable racing down. Additionally, it is likely that no one can paddle the North Fork without gaining huge respect for it. Those of us who are on it regularly know this beyond all else.

The power of nature is a great equalizer; but it also gives us much more. Many of our best friendships have grown up from the North Fork's unique

mixture of extreme seriousness and fun. To forget the lessons of respect, personal honesty, and responsibility for companions that the river has taught us is foolish, and we will not let it happen. We have agreed that for as long as we have anything to do with this event, it will never have any prizes or commercialism. It will never be used by equipment manufacturers for advertisement. It will never be distorted into something the river experiences should not be. We will do our best to keep it true to those things which we love about kayaking.

I polled my fellow participants on whether they thought the actual times and places should be published. They uniformly said yes, but that a description of our goals should be given. So, please keep in mind that it is likely the only true "results" were our smiles and laughter at the take-out, and our personal joy in running the river.

Doug Ammons (for all the North Forkers) ■

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So, You Say You Have Invented a Sport?

Whitewater Rodeo... The Road to the Worlds

by Risa Shimoda Callaway
AWA President

The development of whitewater rodeo into a world class sporting event has been a lot more ~~diffi~~ cult **than** anyone ever anticipated. Of course, we should have known that creating the framework and gaining international recognition for a new sport would take more than an afternoon! But, participating in the process has been exciting and rewarding; albeit, **dang** ('scuse my drawl) tough.

In developing whitewater rodeo we have raised the profile of whitewater paddling in general. There are pros and cons to this. We can now tell our moms, who have questioned our sanity lo' these past few years, to turn on ESPN and watch our friends perform. Our moms can finally see for themselves that paddling can be exciting, fun and safe.

On the other hand, we have also witnessed a number of serious **injuries** sustained by overconfident intermediate boaters whose experience in squirt boats lagged behind their level of skill. And, overcrowding **has occurred** on some rivers, threatening both access and the quality of the river experience.

Whitewater rodeo has contributed to the growing numbers of boaters in the country and it will, no doubt, continue to do so. It is important that we utilize this increase in the size of our constituency to lobby against threats to the river environment.

Whitewater rodeos **first** became popular in the mid 1970s, invented by a few avant-garde, aggressive, **twenty**-something paddlers who just wanted to show off for each other. One of the first, the Stanley Whitewater Rodeo, organized by Joe Leonard, was low key, but lots of fun.



Risa Shimoda Callaway, founder of the National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos and Bob McDonough co-architect of the guidelines document which was sent to over forty paddlers for their approval

But these days folks are **taking** whitewater rodeo a lot more seriously. Consider this year's rodeo held at Hell Hole on the Ocoee... the rodeo at which the eastern U.S. Team was chosen. Paddlers drove up and unloaded their boats at the Hole at precisely 10:34 am., perfectly timed to the arrival of the water from the dam release upstream. They had started practicing on the river at precisely 9:00 am., and they had followed the water downstream, stopping to warm up at Entrance, Slice and Dice and Flipper. But

instead of paddling from play spot to play spot, **many** played Park 'n Play, **driving** from spot to spot, so as not to get worn out before the competition.

Yes, a growing **num**-ber of folks "work" at play-paddling five days a week. Several of our best competitors practiced all fall, winter and spring to make the team for the World Rodeo.

Whitewater rodeo has evolved.

During the eighties several events appeared around the country, then struggled to survive. A few didn't make it. Organizers of rodeos were mostly local boaters who consented, sometimes naively, to take on the responsibility of organizing an event: printing posters, finding judges and pursuing support, or at least the benevolence, of local landowners and businessmen.

Burnout was understandably a problem, as was maintaining continuity from year to year. As a consequence, the number and size of the rodeos grew slowly.

Some rodeos fell victim, not to apathy or loss of support, but rather to **natural** disasters! Consider the short-lived Wenatchee Rodeo, an event that was ahead of its time; claiming national attention, strong sponsorship and great media coverage. Organizer **Frank** Meyer and his colleagues did a great job... until a flood diverted the water away from their famous Snap-dragon Hole during the winter of '90!

As the '90s arrived, rodeos began to take on a new look. Often the success of an individual event still pivots around the energies and talents of one or two people, but the organizers now have the support of more businesses, national organizations and park and recreation groups.



Former hyperactive, under utilized hippies have established themselves as business people with the **skills** and expertise necessary to organize professional events in a competitive setting. The need to work with local governments, public land management groups such as the Forest Service and the BLM, and utility companies (who often control water flows) necessitate such interpersonal **skills** before the fun can begin.

Finally, in the summer of 1991, the concept of whitewater rodeo was celebrated in England with the World Stunt Boat Championships. Participants came from the U.S. and many European nations. Chris Spelius, who represented the U.S., along with Bob and Roxanne McDonough and Bob McDougall, returned in his usual enthusiastic state. He had lobbied successfully at the U.K. event to hold the next championship on our side of the Atlantic. But since it was already late summer, even the very capable organizers of the rodeo at Bob's Hole decided that nine months was not enough time to prepare to host a **major**, world class event.

Likely candidates for a '93 event included **Bob's**, the Payette, Animas and Tulsa, who had put on a great rodeo that year. The Payette organizers were experiencing a changing of the guard; the Animas organizers said that their site was in a state of flux and that they were already playing host to too many events; and the release of water at Tulsa became uncertain. The only pro-

posal ultimately submitted came from the organizing committee on the Ocoee. Voila, Susan Gentry became the Grand Poobah of the Worlds!

To say that all was smooth sailing from that point would be like saying that the joys of home ownership end with the payment of the closing costs.

In the fall of '92 the local **organizing** group started to realize the enormity of the task they had undertaken. Meetings were held throughout the winter to develop plans for team trials, publicity, international coordination, and so on. Chris Spelius and Bob McDonough became the primary architects of a document which outlined the philosophy of rodeo and proposed an extensive list of guidelines for establishing whitewater rodeo as an internationally recognized event.

The organizing committee sent the **document/ballot** to over forty people who had participated in rodeos **during** the past ten years. Topics included were judging philosophy, team qualifications and team makeup. The document took into account some of the similarities between whitewater rodeo and figure skating, gymnastics, aerobatics and diving. The response to the document was compiled by Hannah Swayze of Bryson City, N.C.

Meanwhile, the AWA nurtured National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos (NOWR) joined forces with the ACA to become part of the ICF (International Canoe Federation). **This** should provide access to the international canoesport community... per-

haps even leading to the fulfillment of the dreams of those hot dogging ten year olds out there who would like to see **whitewater** rodeo in the 2004 Olympics!

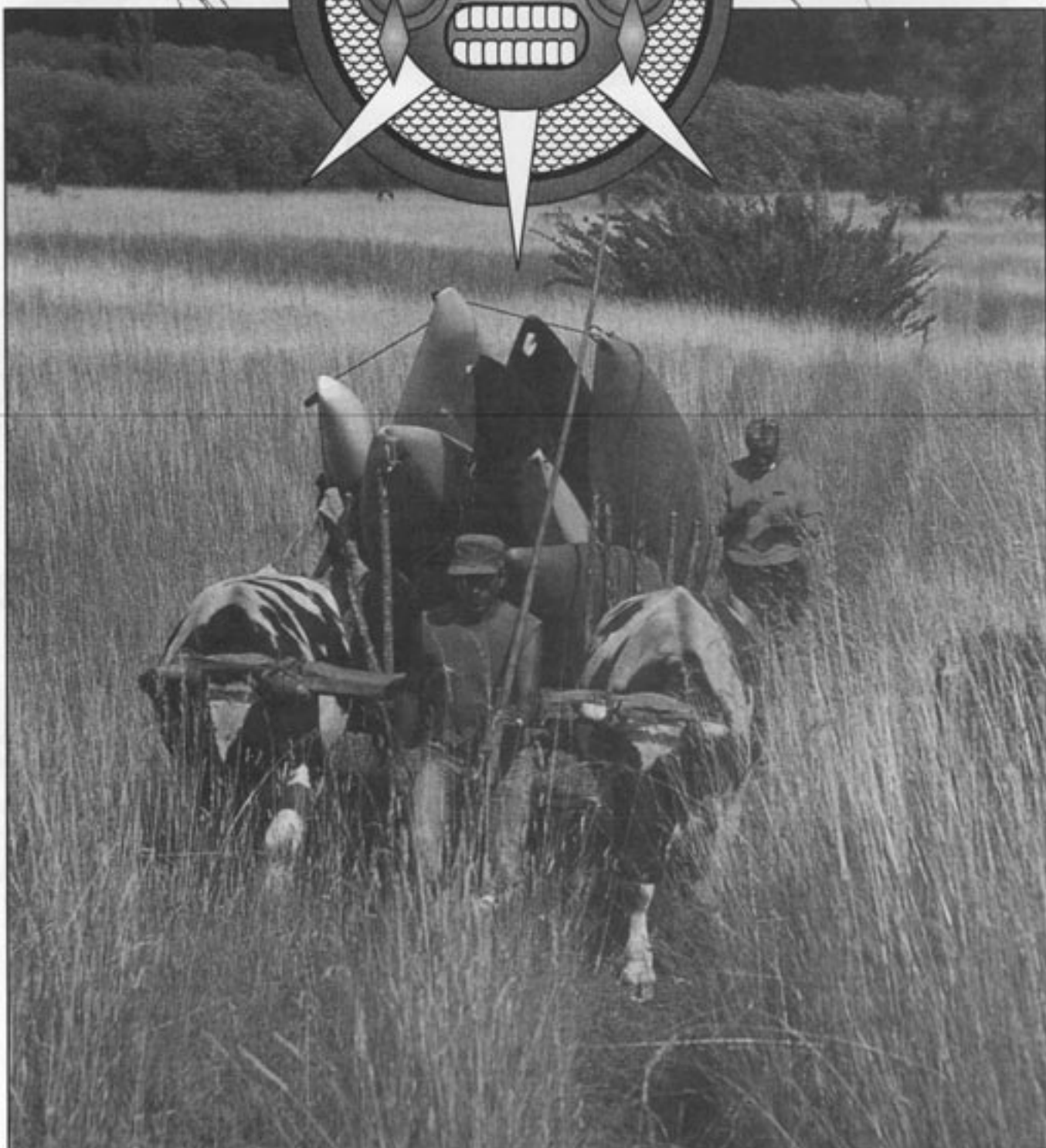
The World Whitewater Rodeo Steering Committee was developed, consisting of regional representatives who have played key roles in the development of the sport. It includes Steve Schemer of Oregon, **Nancy** Wiley of Colorado, Mark White of Utah, Risa **Shimoda Callaway** of North Carolina, John Schreiner of Pennsylvania, Chris Spelius of North Carolina and Susan **Wion** Gentry of North Carolina. Spelius also serves as the international **liaison**; while Gentry serves as the representative of the Ocoee's local organizing committee (**LOC**).

Working closely with this group is Jim Daly, organizer of the '93 Bob's Hole Rodeo, who provided a wealth of fairness and common sense.

As whitewater rodeo matures and becomes more visible there **will** no doubt be growing pains. Paddlers **will** no doubt complain about competitors invading "their rivers" and that awarding prize money has ruined the "pure" nature of paddling. But ultimately dealing with such issues should strengthen the sport.

Rodeo is here to stay, but we must enhance its potential and not be spoiled by its **current** glamour. We are showing the world another interesting aspect of whitewater boating... as we are creating the **future**.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER



Futaleufu Fandango



A Chilean Adventure

by Greg Hall

The sixth rapid down the first mile of the Upper Canyon was a real Goliath. I peeled out of a boiling eddy cocked left and punched three twelve foot diagonal waves coming off the vertical canyon wall. Then I angled right and threaded the needle between a huge **pourovers** and a mega-hole. So far, so good.

But the water was **total** chaos, churning left toward a house sized boulder at heart stopping speed. I powered across the current, managing to stay upright, and drove into the eddy ~~at~~ the bottom right. As I gazed back upriver I thought, "Damn...that SOB isn't even named!"

It was January of 1993 and my good friend Earl Davis and I had abandoned our homes in western North Carolina for a ten day whitewater adventure in southern Chile. After traveling **one**-third of the way around the world we had arrived at our expedition leader's base camp on the shore of the Rio Futaleufu. Chris **Spelius**, **a.k.a.** Spe, is a **tall** muscular guy with **straw** blond hair and a big smile. His camp is nestled between the Rio Azul, the Futaleufu and a seven thousand foot snow capped triple peak called the Three Monks.

It was winter back home, but in Chile it was summer and the **air** was **warm** and fragrant. The **valley** floor was carpeted with wild flowers and grasses. By the next morning seven



Page 47: Access by ox cart on the Futaleufu. Photo by Ed Michaels

Above: Spe having "too much fun" on the Futaleufu. Photo by Juan Pablo Isquierdo

Phil DeRiemer entering The Zeta



other boaters had arrived. Our adventure on the Futaleufu **had** begun.

For narrative clarity this article is an account of a hypothetical descent of the Rio Futaleufu from top to bottom. We actually paddled each portion of the river several times over the course of seven days, starting with the easiest sections and progressing to the more **difficult** ones.

The Upper Canyon

The **first** put-in was twelve miles upstream of the village of Futaleufu on the Rio Epsilon. The Rio Epsilon was the clearest river I have ever seen. The rocks on the bottom of the river shimmered in the sunlight. After paddling two miles of this **glistening**, pale-green water, we flushed onto the Futaleufu.

Our guides were Phil DeRiemer and Mary Hays. We couldn't have asked for more competent safety boaters. When not leading expeditions or guiding river trips, Phil is a photographer and kayak instructor. Mary has a degree in nursing and would probably be working in a hospital today, if she hadn't caught the river bug. She has traded in her stethoscope for a paddle and she leads whitewater expeditions all over the world. Phil and Mary were world class paddlers, ready to lay it on the line for us if we got into trouble.

Not long after we hit the Futaleufu,

the rock walls began to loom upwards and we entered one of the toughest sections of the river, the Upper Canyon. Here the ominous vertical wall were so sheer that they precluded portaging. When we reached this section of the river the sun disappeared and the sky grew dark. Was this a forewarning of what was to come? I was more than a little nervous.

Only the first of the six rapids in this mile long portion of the river **had** been named. We bank scouted this drop, Inferno. It was quite a sight!

The river, typically 250 feet wide, was constricted severely by the 200 foot cliff **walls** that defined the canyon. A flow of 12,000 cfs and severe **gradient** made this one mother of a rapid.

To run Inferno correctly one needed to negotiate a series of huge diagonal waves coming off the river left wall, then turn to the right and slip between a **pourover** and a mega-hole. Next the paddler had to power across a fiendish wave train to river right to avoid being smashed into the rock face on river left. The fact that two rafters had died in this rapid just two months before our run weighed heavily on my mind.

But... I was ready. This was it. There was no use thinking about anything but tackling this rapid. I entered angled to the left and powered through the twelve foot waves. Then I angled right and... Whoops!... inadvertently

spun into a **quasi-eddy**. After a couple of **determined** sweeps my bow was redirected back downstream, although now I was a few feet to the **right** off line. I missed the **pourover** to my left but was snared by the edge of the hydraulic to my right.

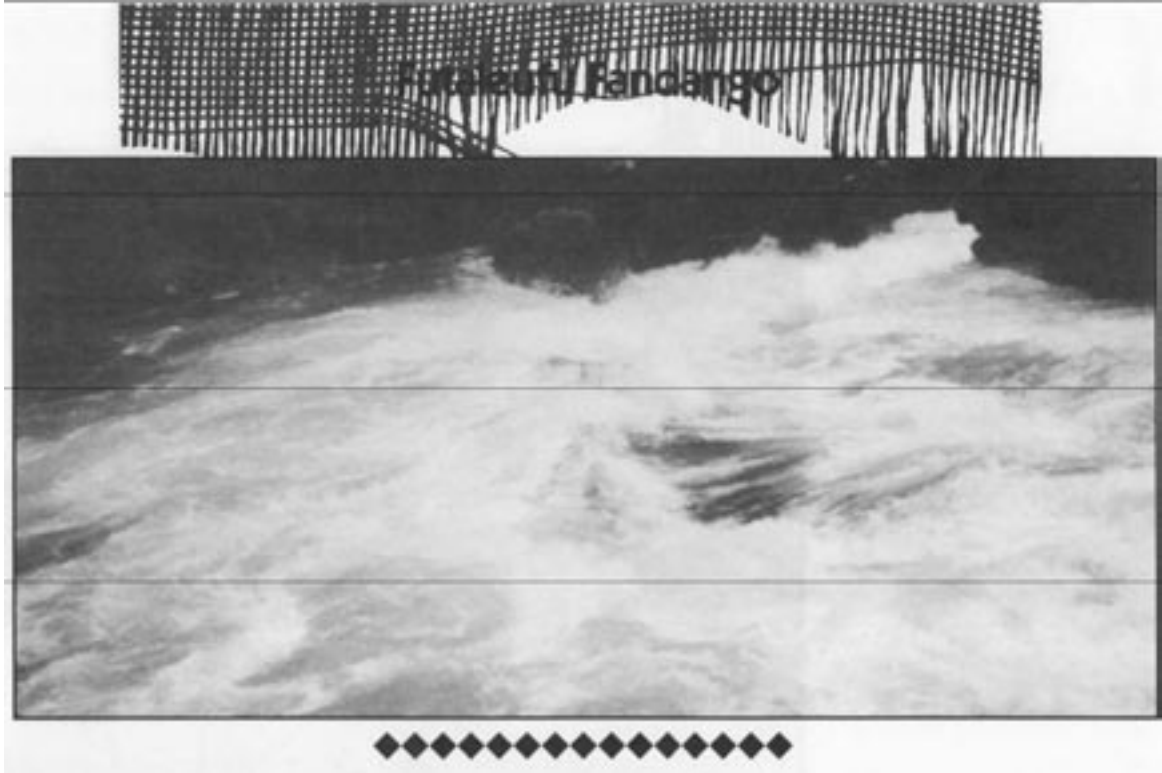
Wham! It stopped me dead. It felt like my boat was hocked from under me by a gigantic sledge hammer.

After a brief thrashing the hole spit me out. Thank you river gods! I rolled on my second attempt. The water around me was exploding without apparent rhyme or reason. Froth was everywhere. It looked like Tomahawk Missiles were being **fired** into the river.

I powered to the right **with** all the strength I could muster and my Corsica S responded nicely. I clipped the edge of another hole, but I leaned **forward** and dug my way through it. Moving right was a battle because nine-tenths of the volume of the river careened into the left canyon wall. Fortunately I won the battle. Several other members of our party flipped as well, but everyone rolled quickly and recovered their lines **successfully**. It was one hell of an introduction to the Futaleufu.

"So much for Inferno," I thought. "That's one down."

The next rapid was not too hard, as long as one avoided the unfriendly eddies. On the Futaleufu it was quite possible to clean a rapid, only to get



Phil DeRiemer running The Zeta

hammered in an eddy, where the water often undulates up and down as much as two feet. Whirlpools appeared and disappeared unexpectedly and it was not uncommon to get caught between two boils and munched in the fold.

The third rapid in the Upper Canyon was a **baddie**. Almost all of the current piled against a vertical rock wall on river left. No wonder Spe referred to this as the Wall Shot. The trick was to start to the right—long before you thought it necessary.

I peeled out of the eddy into the screaming downstream flow. Man, this baby was **cooking**! I cocked my boat and started to dig in. I could see Phil and Mary in the eddy at the bottom signalling me to "paddle like hell". I could tell by their expressions that they felt that I should have started right sooner. But the current had a mind of its own; it was pitching back and forth, pulsing and frothing. I had never been on water moving this fast.

Suddenly I was stopped by a ten foot breaking wave and backended. If ever I needed to roll on my **first** try, this was it. I focused on rolling till my paddle broke the surface. Then I swept, hipsnapped, and was up. Fortunately I was still on line.

I continued my drive across the main flow and made it to the bottom right eddy. But there were no whoops of jubilation or howls of victory. No indeed, the mood in that eddy was a very serious one. We were only half way

through the Upper Canyon.

By comparison the next two rapids were easy... although once again they featured predatory eddies.

But the sixth rapid in the Upper Canyon was another monster... the Goliath I described in the introduction to this story. Small wonder that I was so elated when I reached the bottom. I had made it through the infamous Upper Canyon and I was still **kicking**!

The Zeta and the Throne

After a short interlude of flat water we arrived at one of the **Futa's** premiere rapids, The Zeta. The Zeta had such a bad reputation that most people had decided that they were going to walk it long before they even lay eyes on it. I decided that I would look at it with an open mind and decide for myself.

It took me about one second to make the decision. I would definitely be walking the Zeta. Here the river was constricted to fifty feet by shear rock walls. The river fell about twenty feet while turning ninety degrees to the right. The potential line was very narrow and the approach was a nightmare. A huge diagonal breaking wave blocked the entrance.

If you were knocked off line to the left, you would ride onto the pillow

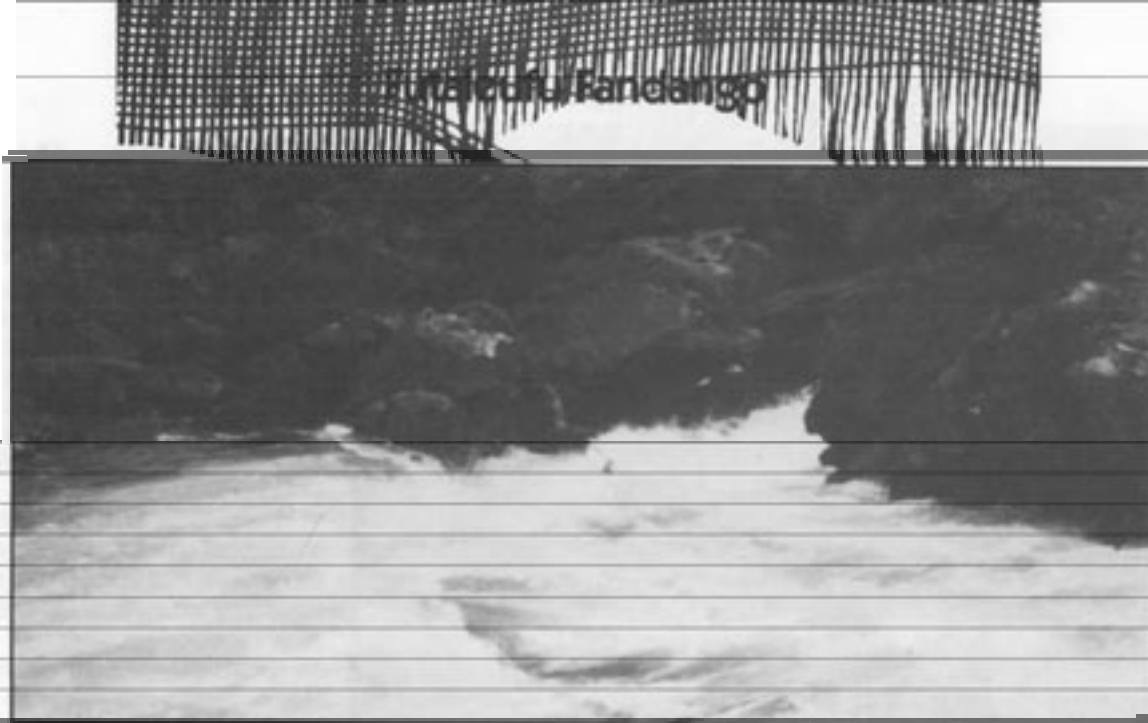
and into a vortex that made the Room of Doom at the **Gauley's** Pillow Rock look trivial. On the other hand, if you were knocked off line to the right, your destiny lie in one of two boiling eddies, the second of which was jammed with recirculating lumber. Most of the logs in this eddy had been there for so long that they had been stripped of their bark, buffed smooth by the jostling and bleached white by the sun. A two foot high eddy fence barred any chance of escape from these eddies.

But the worst was yet to come. Not far downstream the main current slammed into an undercut rock wall.

There were so very many ways to have a bad day in the Zeta!

Phil DeRiemer was the only kayaker in our group to challenge this beast. His line was perfect. Phil made it look deceptively easy, cruising into the champagne bubbles which **fizz** to the surface for three hundred feet **below** the rapid.

After another brief respite... some flat water... we came to the granddaddy of them all, the Throne Room. The **Futaleufu** achieved tremendous power here by virtue of **an** unrelenting steep descent. Fourteen foot diagonal waves in the shape of a V led directly towards the Throne, a humongous, smooth rock that looked like a oversized water **ski** jump. Although the throne was 150 feet wide and 20 feet high, the current was so



Phil DeRiemer running The Zeta

strong that it spilled up and over the top. As a consequence, the back of the Throne featured a twenty foot pourover!

Needless to say the correct line was to avoid the Throne. But this was easier said than done. The best line was right to left, avoiding the vortex beside the throne to the right and a sequence of mega-holes to the left.

Our host, Spe, related a **terrifying** account of a run on which he flipped and rolled in the diagonals which lead to the top of the Throne. He came up disoriented and facing upriver, while the current was pushing him further and further up the face of the Throne. Miraculously, he managed to extract **himself** from this precarious situation. I can't imagine how.

But we didn't need Spe's story to scare us away. Just **looking** was enough. None of us felt inclined to confront the Throne.

Wavy Gravy

Downstream we paddled a wave **train with** ten foot swells that continued for two miles. Three fourths of the time we were buried in the troughs, unable to see our surroundings. Then briefly we would crest the wave, get to look around, before plummeting into the next trough. Occasionally one of the waves would break and it would be backender time. But this

was benign, all you **had** to do was to set up and wait for the appropriate moment to roll. This was nothing but good old fashioned fun!

Spe's camp was marked by a sandy beach on river right and it was a welcome sight after a day on the river. Spe spared no expense... a Chilean chef prepared and served gourmet meals and a masseuse kneaded paddler's tired muscles. Hot showers and, yes, even a **sauna** were provided to revitalize exhausted boaters!

The Terminator

And revitalization was clearly in order, because downstream of the camp lie the Terminator. After scouting this rapid several members of our party shouldered their boats. But Earl, Charlie, Peter, Allen and I decided to go for it. The **Terminator** was about one **half mile** long, requiring four eddy moves on river left, then a peel out into the main current for the approach to the **final** drop. The consequence of missing one of the eddies meant that one was destined to run the monstrosity at the bottom right down the middle. It was one of those rapids **that** was an honest class IV, if you made all the right moves. But if you screwed up, it was a class VI. In the center of the river half way through the rapid lie a thirty-five foot wide hydraulic with a twenty foot backwash.

The fourth eddy move was the toughest to make. Here one needed to power through a **diagonal** hole without getting stopped. If you failed to punch it, you would be surfed into the maw. I just made it.

Now it was time to face the **final** plunge. I peeled out of a **squirrely** eddy into the main current, frantically heading right to dodge a malicious pourover. The power of the river was awesome, but I managed to stay upright. But one of our group was not so lucky.

Peter flipped in the churning current, missed three rolls and swam. Believe me, there is no good place to swim on the **Futaleufu**, but this was particularly bad place. Peter was headed toward big trouble downstream. But he swam so fast across the current into the sanctuary of a river left eddy that he outran the safety boater!

"I saw that eddy and I wanted it!" he explained later. Sadly, his paddle, an old and faithful companion, was gone forever. Peter endured the razzing graciously, bemoaning the fact that he was "reduced from a stud to a geek in five seconds."

After the Terminator the **Futaleufu** began to dish out sequences of exploding wave trains. On one occasion I was pitched so high off the crest of a wave that I went airborne. I was having more fun than I thought possible.

Charlie, on the other hand, got a



taste of the river's power while bobbing in the safety (?) of an eddy! The water boiled, a whirlpool appeared, and he was sucked downward, kayak and **all**, to his shoulders. All we could see was his helmeted head spinning round and round in the spiral.

Spankings

After a quarter mile long wave train known as the Himalayas we came to one of the **Futaleufu's** most memorable rapids, Mandaca. Mandaca terminated in a series of twelve foot waves that pulsed at regular intervals. The waves broke upstream with a deafening "**Ka-whump!**" at five second intervals. If you hit one when it collapsed, a battering was inevitable. Fortunately, after a brief spanking, the wave form cleared and you could roll and continue on your merry way.

I sailed up and over the first wave on a clear window of smooth green water. But the window of the second

wave slammed shut on me, breaking back on itself at the **worst possible** time. I made the classic **mistake** of not leaning into this explosion of water. The wave slammed into my chest and face so hard that I heard my helmet slap the deck of my stern. My boat looped over and I found myself upside down in the monster, getting the **hydromassage** of my life. After several seconds the wave-hole pulsed and I was released.

I rolled just in time to be eaten by the next one. Over I went again. I hadn't managed to catch a breath between these **munchings** and I was getting pretty low on **air**. A sinful thought crossed my mind. "You know, a fellow could wet-exit in a situation like **this!**"

"**But**", I told myself, "not **this** fellow." And so I persevered and rolled again. The windows of the next two waves stayed open and I managed to sail through upright.

Meanwhile, Dick had looped in a

closed window as well. He took a thrashing in the next two wave-holes and then he tried to roll. Four times he tried, without success. Phil got to him and Dick grabbed the bow of Phil's boat. Dick was too whipped to effectively **hipsnap**, so he hung on, staying in his flipped kayak but keeping his head above water until Phil could muscle him upright.

Unfortunately he was not so lucky in the next rapid; he flipped and swam. Once again Phil came to the rescue, managing to tow him safely to shore. Now Dick **had** his fill of the **Futaleufu**; he spent the rest of trip reading on shore.

Dick wasn't the only one worn down by the challenge of the **Futaleufu**. On another day on this same section of the river I nearly tasted Humble Pie. We had been paddling for a number of days and fatigue **had** set in. This was apparent to Phil and **Mary**; they kept bitching at me to paddle harder. I didn't want to tell them that I was paddling as hard as I could. My **arms** were so tired that it felt like I was **stroking** through wet **ce-**ment.

Before long I flipped in a hole. I managed to roll, but it felt weak. I started to get a little worried. In a stretch of flat water I got lost in my thoughts and I failed to notice that the river was piling onto a vertical rock wall to my left. Half of the current **spilled** 90 degrees to the right and continued downstream, but half of the current spilled off to the left into a **gargantuan** eddy that was **anything** but friendly. That's where I found myself.



Page 52: Bill Peisner entering Inferno on the Futaleufu. Photo by Juan Pablo Isquierdo

Page 52 bottom: Mary Hays... safety boater extraordinaire!

Right: Earl Davis on the Rio Azul

Bottom: Gregg Hall (left) and Phil DeRiemer (right). Exploding waves at Mundaca

The center of the eddy was boiling so I decided to stay on the edge by the river bank and ride the current upstream. But at the top, when I attempted to peel out, I could not punch the eddy line to reach the main, downstream flow. I paddled furiously, but to no avail. I realized that I was trapped in a depressed eddy. The rest of the group had disappeared, so I was on my own.

I drifted down the eddy line, almost to the point where the water piled onto the rock wall. I really didn't want to make the circuit through the eddy again, so with ~~fifty~~ feet to go, I summoned all my strength and plunged across the line. I made it into the current that spilled off to the right side of the rock wall, but I plopped into a small hole and flipped.

I was beginning to have a really bad day. I flushed out upside down and rolled, just in time to have my stern sucked down by a whirlpool. I flipped again and went spinning round and round. I was tired, out of breath and worried about being alone. I imagined that I was being flushed down a huge toilet bowl.

I attempted an on side roll but failed. I knew why. I was **working against** the swirl of the whirlpool.

Prior to accepting participants in his trips, Spe asks all candidates to fill out a **skills** assessment form. As my "biggest weakness" I had listed my reluctance to use my offside roll. In a

pool my offside roll is bombproof, but I never seem to use it in a clutch.

I knew that it was time to go for my offside roll, but I did what always do and went for my on side roll again. Fortunately, I managed to make it up. I quickly joined the rest of the party downstream and regaled them with my misadventures in the flat water of the Futaleufu.

All too soon it was time to return to the states. On the way to the airport we spotted a gigantic blue-ice glacier snaking its way down a high mountain valley. Sadly, we would not be around to revel in the fruit of its meltdown.

At least for a while. But come next year, I hope to be headed back to my newfound whitewater heaven in southern Chile again.



GONZO ON THE MONZO

An Argentinean Adventure Featuring the Tenth Street Paddlers

by Earl Alderson

It was about 2 p.m. when Rafa and Feto returned. We quickly transferred our gear from the broken down minibus onto the ancient truck and Feto drove us toward the put-in. It was still pouring, making us wonder exactly how high the water was going to be. The level had been just right the day before and the thought of more water was not a pleasant one.

All of a sudden Feto hit the brakes and stopped in the middle of the road. Now I have no doubt that it is difficult to find parts for an ancient Chevy truck in the wilds of Argentina. But Feto's technique of periodically jumping on the hood and urinating on the windshield was simply not a very good substitute for windshield wipers!

Probably one of the reasons that Americans have not explored the rivers of Argentina with the same fervor as in neighboring Chile is that finding inexpensive, reliable ground transportation in Argentina is about as challenging as hand rolling in Lava Falls. In that respect, all things considered, we were lucky. For our Argentinean expedition, we had commandeered a 72 VW bus and a 67 Chevy four door truck. The vehicles came equipped with drivers.

Feto was the truck's pilot. A biologist who had worked as a park ranger for years throughout the Andes, he was an invaluable resource in environmental interpretation as well as in navigating the hundreds of miles unmapped dirt roads. Bato was the driver of the VW. He had signed on with us because providing ground support to a kayaking expedition sounded like a great way to finance a vacation.





I was exploring the rivers of Argentina with a group of friends who had been instrumental in making river running a large part of my life. I had first met them in the late seventies while attending college in the mountains of southern Appalachia. I had spent many hours dreaming of exploring wild rivers in wild places, and I heard that I could make this dream come true if I could align myself with the group known as the Tenth Street Paddlers. All that was required to become a member of this fraternity was to survive what I later termed the "Life Is Cheap School of Paddling".

Since those days little has changed for the Tenth Street Paddlers. The "Life Is Cheap School" has been renamed the "Alfred E. Newman School of Whitewater" and the club "re-unions" have moved to more exotic locales, but the basic creed of the group, to seek adventure through the exploration of new rivers, remains the same.

Rafael Gallo, the Tenth Streeter who had organized this particular reunion, wanted to check out the rivers in Argentina to see if his Costa Rican river company might expand their operations in that direction. Tom Wise and Wade Bullock, who had just spent fourteen days paddling twelve rivers in Chile, were anxious to explore Argen-

tina as well, since it represented a veritable whitewater frontier. I had brought along Greg Goodyear, a world class paddler who seemed only to enjoy the adventure travel experience when we were in the deep in the bowels of some scary river canyon. Rounding out the group were John Hall and his friend Howard, who somehow managed to make paddling every river an epic experience.

The first river the Tenth Streeters tackled was the Mendoza, which flows from the slopes of one of the highest mountains in the western world, Peak Aconcagua. This river, which rages muddy all year long, provided thirty miles of non stop fun.

Our second stop was the Rio Del Monte, a dam controlled river with lots of great rapids. Then we headed to the Rio Grande which, as its name implies, is a big river that carves its way through numerous lava flows. The Alumine came next: a very steep run that could easily have gotten out of hand with a bit more water.

But it was on the Monzo that the Tenth Street gang met their match. Feto told me that Monzo means "a dog that doesn't bite" or, alternatively, "a horse that you can ride". This led me to expect the Monzo to be a tame sort of river. In retrospect, it is clear that

the person who named the Monzo never paddled it.

The Monzo is the kind of river that you daydream about when lounging in the comfort of your home. But when you are in the depths of one of its canyons, you are more likely to find yourself wondering why you ever chose the sport of paddling at all. Then even golf starts to look appealing.

Our introduction to the Monzo was benign enough. On that first day we paddled a beautiful section that flowed from one big, clearwater lake to another. The second lake offered amazing views of Mt. Tronador, the source of the Monzo. Although this section of the river featured a couple of big drops, they were manageable, and the hardest part to day turned out to be locating the spot where the river left the second lake, the point where we were to meet our shuttle team.

When we finally found the take out Bato was waiting with cups of mote, a local herb drink, and stories of a big waterfall not far downstream. He had been talking to some locals, who told him that this falls was just the first of many on the next section of the Monzo. And so as our drivers prepared our standard dinner of grilled beef, bread, wine and, of course, more mote, we decided to scout the falls.



We soon discovered that it was one of those 60 foot drops that would offer more than just a "high risk endeavor". Paddling that falls would surely have represented "gambling with your health". We quickly decided that we would forgo running this monster, saving our bravado for the rapids downstream.

The next morning we packed some extra food and bivy sacks, just in case we would have to spend the next few nights on the river. Our next rendezvous with the drivers was to be Lake Stefan. The only reference we had was a standard road map, so, in the typical Tenth Street style, we knew nothing more about the run than where to put in and where to take out. Eyeballing the map suggested that this section of the river would offer about twelve miles of action followed by a three mile cruise across the lake.

Putting in below the big waterfall, we started paddling flat water. The type of flat water that has that peculiar

feel to it... a feel that suggests that there is a large obstruction nearby that is preventing the water from tumbling off the face of the earth. As I rounded a bend I could hear a big rapid; it had that deep, heavy sound that I don't like to hear when I don't know what lies downstream. But inspection soon revealed that the situation was not as ominous as it sounded.

This rapid, which we named Tres Amigos, featured three navigable drops. The first was a fifteen foot plunge into a small pool. The river then narrowed and poured over a ten foot slide. The rapid culminated with a twenty foot vertical into a large pool. The Monzo was flowing at about 1000 cfs, providing clean launch spots for each of the drops, launch spots that allowed us to avoid the tremendous reversals at the bottom of each falls. We all negotiated Tres Amigos without incident, setting the mood for the wild paddling that was to come.

The second rapid was a double

drop that we named the Dos XXs. We all had clean runs here as well, with the exception of Howard, whose "paddle hard and hope style" led him, once again, to provide us with the kind of entertainment that we had come to expect.

We spent the rest of the morning paddling and scouting one magnificent rapid after another. The character of the Monzo evolved; long complex rapids taking the place of sheer falls. These rapids demanded concentration as we descended the river from eddy to eddy. We established a routine in which one individual paddled ahead, scouted, then shared information with the rest of the team.

As I drifted around a bend I could see the Monzo disappear into a steep, deep walled canyon. I decided to scout before committing. This proved to be a wise decision. First the Monzo flowed through a river wide hole with a nasty pattern of recirculation. The hole was bounded on each side by the canyon

walls. Below the hole the Monzo dropped over another sixty foot waterfall, making the possibility of swim less than appealing. The eddy above the falls was one of those that you **know** that you are not going to miss, because the **alternative** is totally out of the question!

A couple of the Tenth Streeters negotiated the hole without incident, making it almost seem mellow. But then Rafael dropped into the hydraulic with less than the requisite amount of momentum, and proceeded to get worked over pretty well. He finally managed to surf out of it like a champ, but the sight of his close call convinced the rest of the group to portage the hole.

The next portage, around the sixty foot falls, necessitated dragging our boats through an endless morass of bamboo. When we finally found a spot to climb back to the river, the sun poked its way through the clouds, illuminating the falls in a way that made being below it feel great in more ways than one!

The next rapids looked steep and complex. The river was dropping into a deep canyon and it looked like scouting and portaging was likely to represent a major endeavor.

At some point paddling becomes a "solo" experience. Irrespective of the communal experience and **skill** of the group, each individual must have the whitewater technique needed to survive. Any member of the group that does not have these requisite skills places themselves, and the other members of the party, in a **compromising** position.

And while it is typically not the philosophy of the Tenth Streeters to set limits based on one another's paddling abilities, we decided that Howard had **already** provided too much excitement and that it was time to convince him

that his style of river **running** was probably not going to be compatible with the canyon below.

We came up with a plan. Howard and John would portage along the canyon rim until they reached a point at which the river became more forgiving. Then they could descend to the water level. We would wait for them at the **first** spot that seemed appropriate.

The whitewater downstream proved to be every bit as challenging as we had anticipated from the canyon **rim**. Fortunately everyone was paddling **with** a sharp edge.

At one point the Monzo turned abruptly to the right. Unfortunately most of the water flowed under the overhanging left wall. On the right a stone buttress extended out into the powerful current. From my boat I could see that running river left was out of the question and that I would have to scout by accomplishing an "I'd better not fall!" climbing traverse around

the right buttress. The eddy along the right wall was tiny, so Greg pinned

my boat against the wall with his **kayak**. I gingerly climbed out of my boat onto the wall **with** one end of my throw rope clipped to my grab loop and the other end in my mouth.

Perhaps if I had been making this climb with appropriate shoes on **dry** rock the **difficulty** of the traverse would have seemed moderate. But with my bare feet slipping on the slick rock and the prospect of **tumbling** into the river and being swept into the torrent downstream, I felt like I was soloing a major wall in Yosemite. After several iffy maneuvers I climbed onto a ledge that offered a vantage to what lie downstream.

It was not a pretty sight. If I had known what I would have swam into had I taken a spill, I am sure that I would have found some good reason for someone else to make the climb. A portage was clearly in order.

I returned to the eddy and positioned myself along the wall, ready to **catch** each member of the party and help them exit their boats. The eddy was boiling; it would have been im-

Page 54: Tenth streeter Wade Bullock tackles the last of the Tres Amigos. Photo by Earl Alderson

Page 55: Greg Goodyear negotiates the Tres Amigos. Photo by Earl Alderson

Right: Earl Alderson powers through a steep rapid on the Monzo. Photo by Greg Goodyear

Left: Howard "entertaining" at DOS XXs. Photo by Earl Alderson



possible to climb out of a boat without assistance. After everyone was safely on shore, we scrambled across some boulders, returning to the water when the Monzo became a little less nasty.

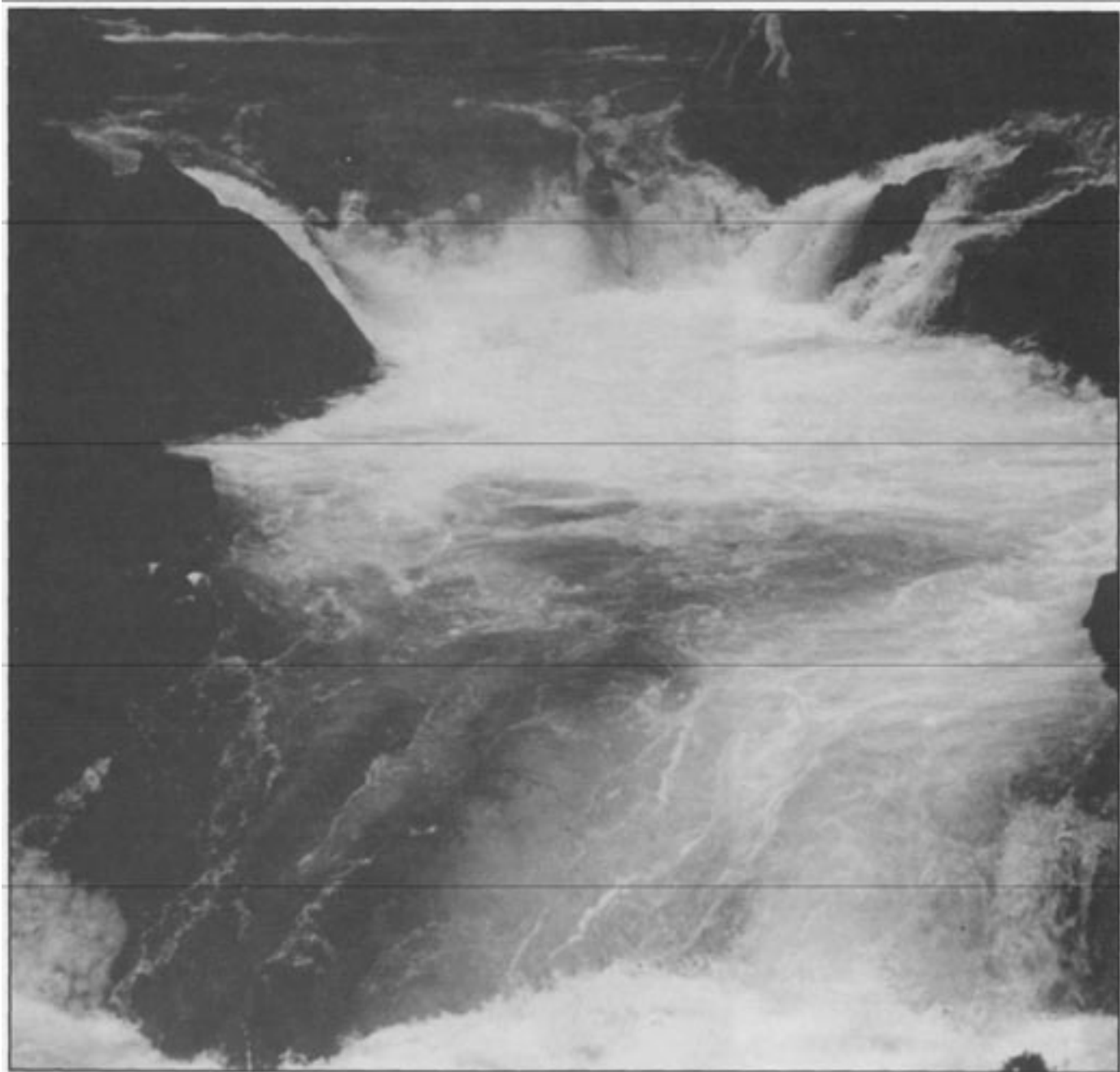
Eventually the canyon widened and the rapids became more manageable. We stopped and waited at the first spot where it seemed feasible for Howard and John to descend to the river. Unfortunately, for the first time during our trip, it was cloudy, rainy and cool, making the prospect of spending a night on the river with our Spartan gear less than appealing. We

waited for a while, but as we got colder and colder, it seemed more and more sensible to move on downstream. We decided to continue until the river became too difficult for Howard and John to manage alone. We decided that this would give us time to scout and to solve any time consuming problems which we might encounter.

Fortunately the furor of the Monzo subsided and we were able to move quickly through the rest of the canyon without scouting or portaging at all. Soon we paddled the last rapid into

the lake. I was feeling great; I love exploring unknown river canyons in remote areas better than any other kind of paddling. The Monzo had fed this appetite, one which had driven me to travel so far in search of adventure. The world seemed almost perfect... except for the fact that Howard and John were still missing.

Rafa and Greg began to paddle across the lake, while Wade, Tom and I built a fire and waited. It was six p.m., ten hours since we put on and four hours since we parted with our friends. We were having a fine time,



it moving. We tried to push **start** the stubborn vehicle, but to no avail. Rafa and Feto had taken the truck to Barolochi to run an errand and they did not return until 2 p.m.

It was at this point in time that we experienced the wild ride in the truck described in the introduction of this article. As a consequence it was four p.m. when reached the put in. We knew that if we were going to make it out of the canyon by dark, we would have to make a **virtual** wildwater run of the Monzo. Surprisingly, charging over those big drops without hesitation or contemplation **turned** out to be a lot more fun than I expected. When we reached the point where we had **last** seen John and Howard, we stopped and mounted a search.

The bamboo was incredibly dense and we eventually concluded they must be further downstream. Clearly it would be faster for us to look for them from the river than from the canyon rim. And so we continued, faced, once again, **with** he perilous **portage/tra-**verse around the rock buttress. **All** the while, we were scrutinizing the riversides, but to no avail. As we paddled across the lake, we could only hope that they would **be** waiting in camp.

Happily, we were greeted with hot food, mote and, best of all, Howard and John. They had plenty of wild stories to tell us from their journey through the Bamboo Forest From Hell. Their hands looked like **ham-**burger from fighting their way through the bamboo thicket. It had taken them

sixteen hours to accomplish the **quarter mile** portage, which ended with a 200 foot vertical rappel to the river.

I thought to myself, "What did they do to deserve such a fate?"

Which of the laws of river running had they violated? They had taken responsibility for themselves and they **hadn't** done anything stupid. There could only be one explanation for their misfortune, "\$%*# Happens!".

The next morning Rafa and I decided to paddle the next section of the Monzo while the rest of the Tenth Streeters recuperated from two very stressful days. A local assured us that there were no waterfalls on this section of the river, and he was right. It was a beautiful class III run that flowed into a **small** village, where we met the rest of the crew.

It was a perfect ending for our Argentinean exploration. Of course the Tenth Streeters were still hungry for adventure. We can never get enough. So we crossed the border into Chile... headed for the big waters of the **Futuleufu...** a welcome relief from the tight, technical challenge of the Rio Monzo.

Editor's note: This is not the first time we have covered the accomplishments/exploits of the Tenth Street Paddlers and we hope it will not be the last.

lying around the fire, reveling in the accomplishment of having completed the Monzo canyon without **injury**. But as darkness closed in, the reality that John and Howard were still missing became a real buzz **killer**.

I could not understand where they could be. It seemed impossible **that** they could have gotten into serious trouble on the last part of the river. Eventually we decided to paddle across the lake to **camp**. We convinced ourselves that they had become fatigued and, not knowing what lie downstream, had decided to bivouac and paddle out in the morning. We decided that if they didn't show up by morning that we would go back to the top and paddle the river again, **looking** for them.

We slept well that night because we were mentally and physically exhausted. It continued to **rain** throughout the night and the morning dawned cold and damp. We sat staring at the lake and waiting, imagining everything that might have happened to John and Howard. The events of the preceding day had left **us** weak and tired. The last thing anyone wanted to do was to load up, ride to the put in and paddle the Monzo again.

But as the morning passed and they did not appear we reached the conclusion that something must be seriously wrong. So, Tom, Greg and I loaded our gear onto the VW bus. But the bus refused to turn over and soon Bato **ran** the battery dead trying to get

Page 58: Tenth streeter Tom Wise, a.k.a. Hydro, in **DOS XXs**. Photo by Earl Alderson

Top: Author Earl Alderson enters the Canyon of the No Return on the Monzo. Photo by Greg Goodyear

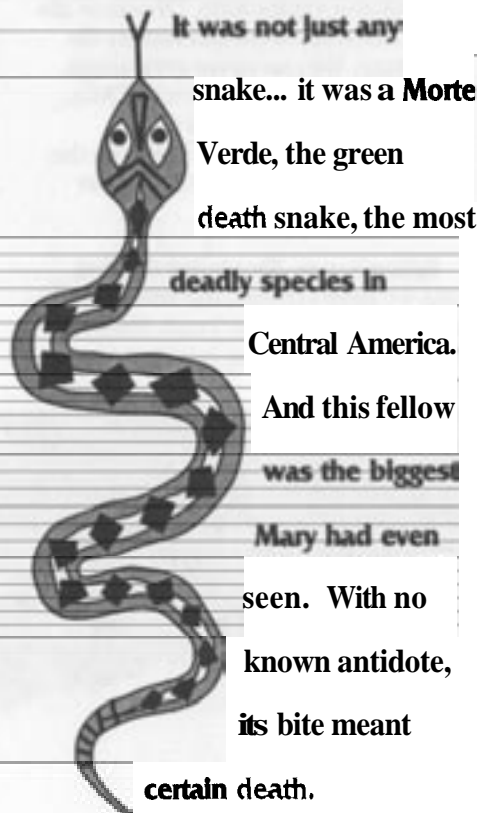
Right: Tom Wise takes the plunge at Tres Amigos on the Monzo. Photo by Earl Alderson

Adventure on the Congrejal

A Honduran Exploratory

by Art Vaughn

We were **admiring** the six foot brilliant emerald snake from the "safety" of the **eddy** when, **Mary** shouted, "Get away **from that** thing! **He can swim too!**", ■



Getting to our Honduran adventure was, as is **typical** of Third World vacations, at least half the challenge. With five intermediate stops, we were in transit for twelve hours from our takeoff in Cleveland to our arrival in the oceanside city of **La Ceiba**. Our team had taken shape in Miami, where Tom Taylor, Jim **Maruna** and I met Mary Hayes, Steve **Barnett**, Paul Blusko and Kelly Simms. At the **air**-port in La Ceiba, we encountered the usual horde of 12 year old "porters". I managed to keep hold of my bags until we were within a few feet of the bus, before they were snatched away and hoisted the **final** two feet. And then, of course, the usual demand, "One dollar!"

The **Partenon**, our hotel, was upscale by Honduran standards. Located only 100 feet from the beach, we had **air** conditioning, hot water and access to a good restaurant. Lodging in Honduras ranges from **\$3** to **\$13** per night, largely depending upon the availability of hot water.

That night we walked along the beach, enjoying the full moon and **kicking** the coconuts. Now this was living. It was not until morning, when we were scratching our first flea bites, that we saw the medical waste, dog **shit** and people dumping their garbage pails into the surf.

Our trip was the first **Nantahala** Outdoor Center venture into Hondu-

ras, and **had** been orchestrated with Rios Honduras, a Colorado-based company led by **Dick Eustis** in collaboration with Jonathan **Dirkson** and their Honduran partner, Pepe Herrero. With roots in the Rocky Mountain Outdoor Center, Dick, Jon and Larry **Vermeeran** have been in Honduras for a little over a year, working to develop their rafting business. We were to be their first **hard** boating guests and the first to sample some of their new-found river runs.

Our **first** stop was the local barber-shop. With our kayak-topped bus double parked in the street, we spilled off the bus in full river regalia and streamed into the shop, where the black market money exchange is located. Good rates...efficient... and no paper work!

It was a cool grey day, in the 70s, but it was **February**... so who could complain? Our **first** run was to be on the Lower Section of the Congrejal. Running from the mountains to the sea beneath the 8000 foot **Pico Bonito**, the Congrejal has four **runnable** sections, creatively named Lower, Middle, Upper and Top. Those of us from the east immediately made the connection with our own **Youghiogheny**, which has similarly named sections, but, over the next few **days**, we would discover that, in **stark** contrast to the Yough, the Congrejal offers continuous class IV-V water from top to bottom, without **sig-**

Top: Wade Bullock going gonzo on the Monzo. Photo by Earl Alderson

Page 61 top: Tom Taylor down a slot

Page 61 bottom: Jonathan Dirksen jamming down yet another gnarly slot. Photo by Gia DeAngelis

nificant stretches of **flatwater** separating the runs.

The only flatwater we encountered was between the **usual** takeout for the Lower Run and the sea. I suppose one could call this section the Bottom Congrejal, in more ways than one. One day Tom, Jim, Larry and I decided to forgo the usual bus ride back to town and to paddle the Bottom to the sea, then up the coast one-half mile to our hotel.

Paddling another hour and a half, we left the pristine jungle behind. The river widened, became shallow and gravelly, and meandered through the city, where it pretty much became a communal privy. We spotted bathers, rock slapping laundry women and stained "squat rocks" lining each bank. Such are the realities of the Third World.

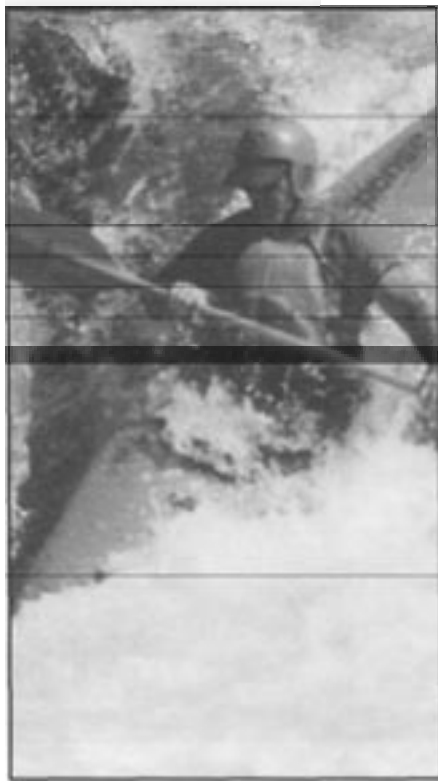
But the rest of the Congrejal more than made up for the degradations of the Bottom. In fact, while in Honduras we only paddled one other river, but the Congrejal in **itself** was well worth the trip. Located only twenty minutes from town... and with a hot shower, soothing surf sounds and **air** conditioning at night... the Congrejal had a lot to offer.

The Lower

The Lower Congrejal is a good introduction to Honduran whitewater paddling. Rios Honduras had paddled this section of the river more than forty times; it was the only section that they used for commercial rafting. The drops are narrow, blind and fairly technical.

Consider **Ziplock**. The correct line here demands that you paddle hard and straight toward what looks like an ankle busting piton rock. This is the route that feeds you optimally into the current, which immediately zips you to river left with amazing speed and authority.

Or Aqua Berm, which I call Honduran **Hinzerling**, because of its similarity to its counterpart on the Upper Yough. But, in the Honduran version, the pillow is a bit more narrow and the consequences of spilling off the wrong way a little more nasty. And the approach is not easy; one must negotiate a left to right ferry in front of some real ugly stuff, catching a small eddy from which it is possible to boat scout the remainder of the drop.

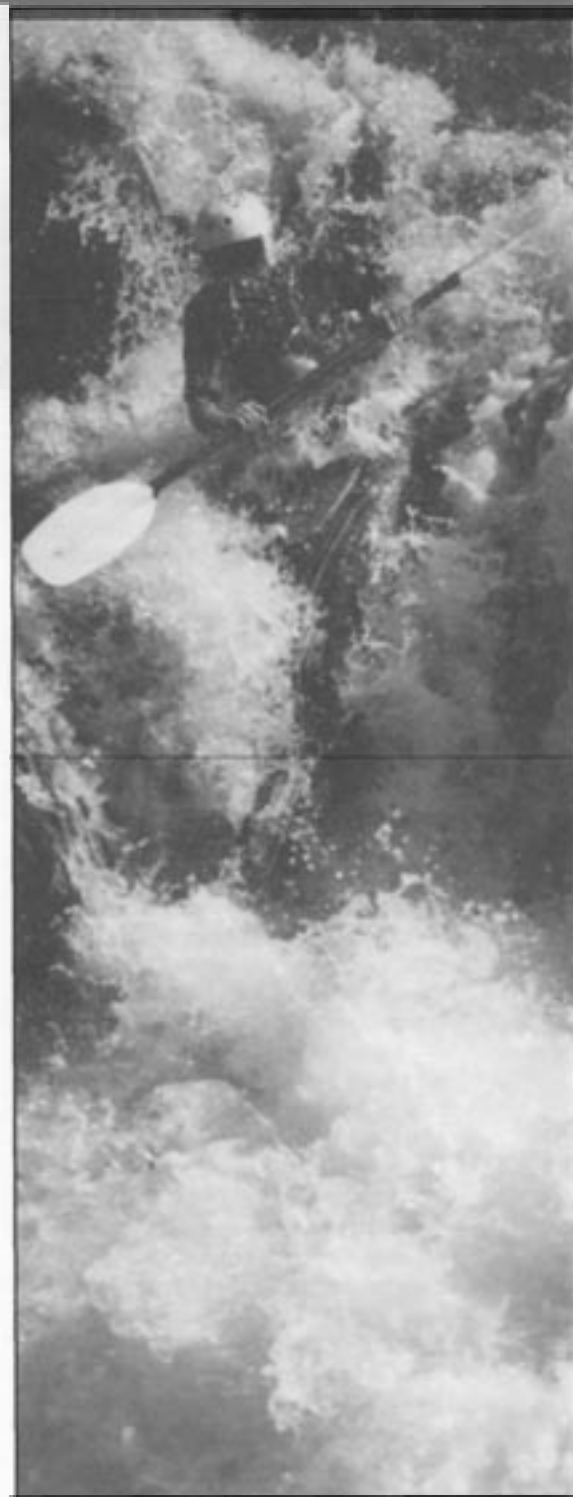


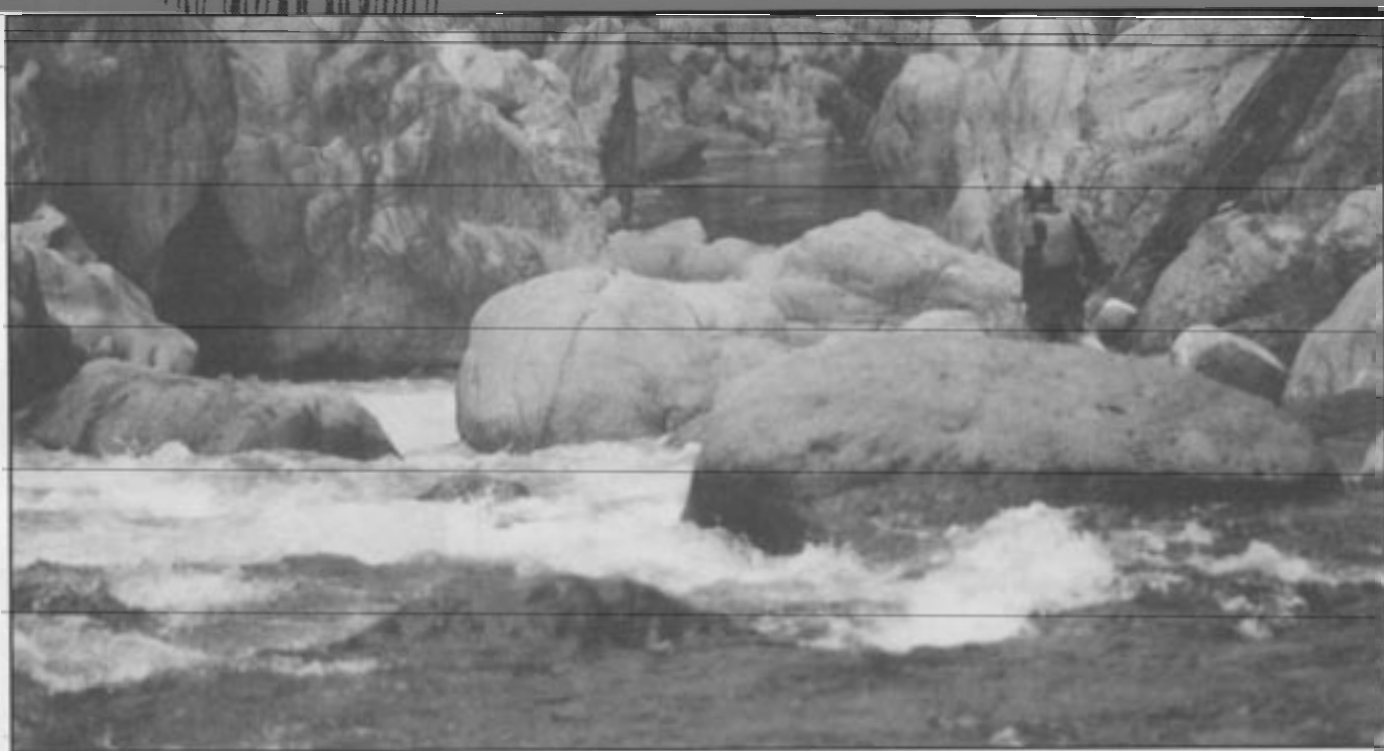
The similarities to the Upper Yough did not end with Aqua Berm. One long, frothy drop was quite reminiscent of Triple Drop. Jim took one look at it, flipped, and ran the whole thing upside down.

The best ender spot on the entire Congrejal, the **Holodeck**, is located not far downstream. This rapid's moniker is in keeping with the apparent fascination of the Rios Honduras staff with the **Star Trek** saga. Their shuttle bus is called the Enterprise, their beach house headquarters- the Starbase, their pickup - the **Shuttlecraft** and their hand held portable radio - the Away Team.

The Upper

Still warming up for the more challenging Middle Section, we spent our second day on the Congrejal paddling the Upper. Here we were joined by Gia DeAngelis, the hand roll queen of Virginia. We soon discovered that the correct lines on the Upper were tighter, blinder and more precipitous, than those on the Lower. One of the most dangerous spots on the Upper Congrejal featured a horrendous undercut known as Taco, because of its propensity to fold boaters over. Larry, Steve, Tom and Mary ran it, but at the bottom they all agreed it would be the last time. At least 90% of the current





surged into the undercut. The sneak in river right was 99% rock and 1% flowing water, but somehow Jonathan **managed** to negotiate it without leaving **his** boat. The rest of us hit the portage **trail**.

Because the Upper Congrejal is steep and blind we **ran** the river by hopping from eddy to eddy, being **careful** not to continue downstream **until** the boater behind was in a position to see the line. We maintained visual contact with one another as much as possible in an effort to keep track of all members of our party.

'At one point in time I was running sweep and I **KNEW** I was running sweep, but when I glanced upstream a saw a single white helmet **peaking** out from behind a rock. "What's going on here?" I mused.

I asked Mary if Gia had gone by... I was sure she had, but she was the only one in our party with a white helmet. Mary confirmed that it could not be **Gia**.

So who was behind us? Those of you who are used to the crowds on the Gauley, Ocoee, **Yough** or Arkansas may be surprised that I was puzzled at spotting another boater. But you must remember that we were on a stretch of river that had only ever been paddled by a total of twelve people. We found out later the helmet belonged to one of the **raft** guides; they had put on behind

us, but were **hiding** behind the rocks **so as** not to **ruin our** "wilderness experience"! How's that for consideration?

The Top

The next day we set our sights on the Top Congrejal; it was only the third time it had been paddled. Our put in was on one of the four feeder streams that fuse to create the river. We portaged a steep but potentially **runnable** rapid where these tributaries came together.

Downstream we encountered a rapid I called Two Falls because it is similar to the Five Falls section of the Chatooga Section Four. We **boofed** over the **first** horizon into a tiny eddy, just above a second horizon line.

One interesting feature on the Top was a triangular tunnel, about two boat widths wide and a paddler's helmet **high**. Here it was possible to paddle both under and between two boulders. Tom spun inadvertently on the approach, flipped, and went through it backwards, making it look so **difficult** that nobody followed but **Mary**. Her line was clean because she caught a favorable eddy that allowed her to set up for the hot dog **maneuver**.

One of the last big drops on the Top had been named Fools Rush In by the **first** descent team, but Jon pre-

ferred to call it Open Heart Surgery. It featured a small **surging** slot **just** to the right of a massive rooster tail. At the bottom a big boiling pool heaved up against a house sized boulder. It was a real **adrenalin** pumper.

The take out for the Top was a thatch hut rimmed soccer field. The ragged, barefoot children who lived there could not have been more astonished at our appearance than if we had arrived in a spaceship from **Mars**. Gia took their pictures and when we got back to town she had them processed quickly. When we returned a few days later she distributed **them** to the children. They were **quite** amazed; none of them had ever seen their own pictures before. We were, of course, tempted to give them money and candy, but Mary advised against it... reminding us that the innocence of childhood has already been lost along many of the rivers in Costa **Rica**... where kids greet boaters with their hands out.

The Middle

On our **fifth** day in Honduras we tackled the Middle Congrejal. **All** of the rapids on **this** section of the river are manageable, with the exception of the Subway. You can imagine how that rapid got its name. Four spherical garage sized boulders **form** a maze-like

sluiceway. I would not even consider running it. Jon did once, but wound up swimming through the tunnel.

This is the most beautiful section of the river. Although only a few miles long, it offers a continuous sequence of drops from tiny pool to pool, and all of these are bounded by huge, spherical boulders.

Near the take out for the Middle a dynamite crew was blasting the river bed to obtain rocks for a harbor breakwall in the city. They were making quite a mess... the quarry was about the size of a football field. Pepe, an active and well-respected environmentalist in Honduras, had called upon the President of the country to put a stop to it, but in spite of his promises, the blasting continued while we were there.

In fact, as we were sitting in an eddy getting ready to run the next drop, the dynamite crew set off a blast so close to us that we could feel the concussion through your sprayskirts. We are certain that they had seen us, and they apparently had a good belly laugh at our expense. Fortunately, no one was hurt by the shower of rock fragments.

I supplied another laugh for this crew a few minutes later when I got backended in the next drop. I wound up being recirculated beside a large boulder and it took me several attempts to get into the correct position to roll.



Page 62: Scouting another boulder choked run. Photo by Gina DeAngelis

Above: Steve Barnett lining up for the drop. Photo by Gia DeAngelis



Above: Steve Barnett "aka lunhog" complacent as usual amidst chaos. Photo by Gia DeAngelis

Below right: Budding kayaker (which one?), or it's hip to be a kayaker or Gia DeAngelis (hands on hips) recruiting a budding boater (right). Photo by Gia DeAngelis

Honduran Highways

Besides paddling the Congrejal, we spent one day paddling the Mame river, located about two hours away. The drive there proved to be most interesting. First, we passed a number of children holding up live iguanas for sale. Known locally as "jungle chickens", these edible lizards were nearly as large as the kids.

Then we were stopped at an army checkpoint, where they examined our papers and luggage. They were armed to the hilt. Every male citizen in Honduras is supposed to spend two years in the army. The induction process is reportedly simple; they pull over and board busses then.... "You, you and you! Your in the army now!" Fortunately, we must not have looked suitable!

The Honduran army also provides the police for the city. They patrol on foot. When a soldier on police duty wants to apprehend a traffic violator, he commandeers a taxi for the pursuit. There are guards with automatic rifles outside any establishment where money changes hands, including hardware stores and groceries. Our hotel had a guard with an AK-47 every night.

The Mame proved to be a bony

class III run that was running at a minimal, but passable, level. With more water its steep and technical drops would no doubt be challenging.

We spent our last day in Honduras on the Upper Congrejal by unanimous consent. The water was lower and it was intensely hot and humid. By now we were all looking like what the Hondurans call "the Gringo Tree". This tree, which may be mahogany, was named for its red and peeling bark.

By the time we returned to the states we all had a good case of the "Gringo Skin", not to mention a few bug bites; but this seemed a small price to pay for our midwinter tropical paddling adventure. ■



BETTER RIVER ACCESS THROUGH THE PUBLIC TRUST DOCTRINE

by Pope Barrow

"The potentialities of the public trust are enormous and need only be awakened...." Professor Rogers in Environmental Law

Implex concepts of navigability and stream bed property ownership to resolve these disputes. Using these concepts is like plunging through a dark, thick forest of judicial opinion. Fortunately, there is a better, simpler, more direct, and more comprehensible path through this legal morass, and some progressive States are taking this path. The alternate path bypasses gnarly issues of navigability and stream bed ownership, returning instead to the ancient concept of the public trust.

The public trust doctrine states that certain natural resources, such as air, water, and wildlife, are imbued with a public trust and that the government has a trusteeship responsibility to protect and preserve these resources for public benefit. According to the doctrine, these resources cannot be completely transferred to private control without a valid public purpose.

Use of the public trust doctrine to deal with public rights of water use is not a novelty. Historically, the doctrine is the starting point for American judicial analysis of public versus private rights in freshwater streams.

The public trust doctrine is built into the fabric of American law. It has strongly influenced the decisions of both Federal and State courts in cases regarding rights of public passage on lakes, rivers, and streams. In fact, the modern public trust doctrine is generally considered to have its origin in a case involving the public rights to navigable waters in Lake Michigan. [1]

The doctrine can enhance public access both in the case of rivers flowing through public lands and in the case of rivers flowing through private lands.

RIVERS FLOWING THROUGH PUBLIC LANDS

A number of rivers (such as the Yellowstone and Niagara Gorge) which flow through public lands are closed, in part or entirely, to recreational kayaking, rafting, and canoeing. Others, such as the Colorado in the Grand Canyon, or the

North Umpqua in Oregon, are regulated in ways which are unfair to one segment of the boating public. In the case of other rivers which flow through public lands, such as the Youghiogheny in Pennsylvania, discriminatory fees are imposed on private boaters entering the river.

There is a line of public trust cases which hold that the government, in administering natural resources held in trust for the public, must avoid a substantial impairment of public uses [2], achieve a fair balance among competing uses, [3] and not impose discriminatory fees on one segment of the public. [4] If applied to disputes involving river access on public lands, these opinions could significantly improve public recreational opportunities

RIVERS FLOWING THROUGH PRIVATE LANDS

Rights of public access to rivers which flow through private lands are controlled in part by Federal law and in part by State law. The law of navigability has frequently been seen by courts as the key to unlock the answer to the question of what rights are public and which are private on water ways flowing through private lands. Unfortunately, the key has more often than not unlocked a Pandora's box of inconsistent and confusing judicial opinion, providing more questions than answers.

Federal law determines who owns the bed of rivers deemed navigable under the Federal rule of navigability. The right to use the surface of those waters for navigation is also a matter of Federal law.

State law determines who owns the bed of rivers NOT navigable under Federal law, and more importantly, what public rights exist to use those rivers for boating, fishing, swimming and similar recreational purposes.

RIVERS NAVIGABLE UNDER FEDERAL LAW

For rivers which are navigable under Federal law, most courts begin and end the analysis in public passage cases with

the issue of stream bed title. For these rivers, the stream bed is owned by the State, not by the stream side landowner unless, prior to Statehood, ownership of the stream bed was transferred into private ownership by the United States (or the King of England in the case of lands part of the original 13 colonies).

State ownership of submerged stream beds in navigable waters was first declared by the Supreme Court in 1842 in *Martin v. Waddell* (41 U.S. 234, 16 Pet. 367 (1842)). Chief Justice Roger Taney declared that "dominion and property in navigable waters, and in the lands under them, [were] held by the king as a public trust". According to Justice Taney, this public trust was a property right which passed to the people of each State "when the Revolution took place".

Although *Martin v. Waddell* applied only to States which were part of the original 13 colonies (the 13 east coast States, plus Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, and Vermont), the same principle was extended through the "equal footing doctrine" to all States subsequently admitted to the union. [5] (State ownership of the stream bed of navigable waters of all States was ratified by Congress in the Submerged Lands Act.) [6]

The public trust doctrine was at the core of the *Martin v. Waddell* case. It also strongly influenced specific decisions regarding whether a particular stream bed was retained in State ownership or transferred by deed to private ownership.

Under the public trust doctrine, the right of the public to use a State-owned stream bed is held in a public trust by the State for the benefit of all citizens. This right cannot be eliminated or transferred to private ownership, except to the extent consistent with the public purposes inherent in the trusteeship. Mindful of the public trust responsibility, Congress rarely granted private title to these waters prior to Statehood and courts have been reluctant to interpret ambiguous pre-Statehood deeds as transferring stream bed lands out of government ownership. [7]

Courts have held that where, under the Federal title navigability test, the stream bed is State-owned, the public right of recreational navigation in the waters above that stream bed is secure, subject only to limits established by the Federal or State government. [8]

Unfortunately, however, it is always difficult to apply the Federal title navigability test. This makes it difficult for anyone to know whether a particular stream bed is State-owned or privately owned.

On the other hand, courts have found a wide variety of rivers and streams to be navigable under the Federal title navigability test. Any river on which, in its natural

and ordinary condition, small craft could **transport** people or goods in commerce at the time of Statehood is deemed navigable under that test. Even if logs were (or could have been) floated downstream at the time of Statehood, courts consider the river to be navigable under Federal law.

RIVERS NOT NAVIGABLE UNDER FEDERAL LAW

The public trust doctrine is of even greater importance in resolving issues of public versus private rights in the case of rivers and streams which are not navigable under the Federal title navigability test.

In these cases, the stream side landowners generally own the stream bed.[9] Some courts, like the Colorado court in *People v. Emmert*, have ended their analysis at this point, stating that stream bed owners have the exclusive right to control waters flowing over the surface.

In this area of the law, however, generalizations are extremely dangerous.

For all non navigable rivers, stream bed ownership and the public rights to boat, swim, fish or wade are determined under State law. The resolution of disputes concerning ownership and public rights varies widely from State to State.

In the original 13 colonies, property was granted by the King of England to various large landowners. The King's grant **transferring** title to this property, in some cases, retained stream bed ownership. If so, that ownership passed to the State as the King's successor at the time of the revolution, and the State may still own the river bed of a stream even when the river is not navigable under Federal law.

Again, as in the case of navigable rivers, whenever the bed is owned by the State, the public right to boat, fish, wade, and swim is protected by the public trust interest of the State in those waters and not subject to restriction by stream side landowners. It is now relatively clear that the public trust doctrine covers public outdoor recreation, as well as such traditional uses of waterways as commercial navigation and **fishing**. [10]

A more difficult situation arises in the case of those non navigable rivers in which, under State law, the stream bed is clearly owned by the stream side landowner.

This is a critical issue for whitewater boaters who seek out smaller, steeper creeks since many of these may not be navigable under the Federal navigability test. In the case of east coast States, under the original land grant the government may not have retained stream bed title to many of these streams. These are often streams which offer outstanding **recre-**

ational opportunities, especially for experts who favor steep and challenging whitewater.

As mentioned earlier, in a few States, court decisions have prohibited customary recreational river use on rivers flowing through private lands where the stream bed is owned by the stream side **landowner**. [11] In one unfortunate situation, Georgia, the legislature has proclaimed that stream side landowners have the **ex-**

clusive right to use the waters of all non navigable streams. [12]

In most States, however, applying a variety of statutes and legal doctrines, courts have developed a body of case law to support the public right of passage on streams which flow through private lands. Some States, like Wyoming, have relied on State constitutional provisions to assert a public right of navigation on these **streams**. [13] Some, like Maine, have relied on State

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statutes.[14] Some have relied on the common law and an expansive State law concept of a public navigational easement. [15]

In several States, California and Wisconsin in particular, the public trust doctrine is deeply entrenched in constitutional provisions and case law. In these States and others [16], the doctrine could be much more widely used to sustain rights of public access to rivers and streams flowing through private lands and over privately owned stream beds.[17]

Under the public trust doctrine, private ownership of land does not extinguish the public trust in associated natural resources, the air and water flowing over and through that land and the wildlife which moves about in that water and land. The public trust applies to all natural resources, wherever located.[18]

Under this theory, the public trust in the waters of streams flowing through private lands is, in effect, an encumbrance on the property which authorizes a number of public uses. A number of California cases have followed this approach. [19] The California courts have declared that a public trust easement or right-of-way exists in rivers and streams which is incapable of private ownership and which authorizes the public to make limited use of those waters for hunting, fishing, and boating. [20]

Courts in Wisconsin have also found a direct relationship between the public trust doctrine and public rights of access to small inland streams. The Wisconsin Supreme Court held that Four Mile Creek, a stream navigable by logs and small boats, was open to public recreational use as a public highway; this right of access is held in trust for the public by the State irrespective of the private ownership of the stream bed. [21]

Since the Wisconsin court in the Four Mile Creek case found a public right of recreational use whether or not the State or the stream side landowner owned the river bottom, it was unnecessary for the court to delve into the complex issues of navigability and stream bed title described above. [22]

A BASIS FOR NEW STATE LEGISLATION

In States where the public trust doctrine constitutes an existing limit on the exercise of private property rights, the doctrine provides a basis not only for successful litigation but also for State legislation codifying and clarifying public rights of access to recreational waterways. Codifying existing common law rights of public access to resources already impressed with a public easement would greatly clarify public versus private rights in these streams. Any such legislation would be in-

cluded from a constitutional challenge based on the "takings" clause of the Constitution since the legislation would merely be clarifying existing public rights.[23]

The public trust doctrine has the potential to improve public access opportunities both for rivers flowing through public lands and for rivers flowing through private lands. In the private lands context, greater use of the public trust doctrine can circumvent the need to apply complex and difficult legal concepts of navigability and could lead to greater clarity and consistency in the chaotic body of case law which now governs the availability of public rights of passage. It could also be used as the basis for legislation codifying rights of public passage on small streams.

Successful resolution of these issues in the State courts, and persuading State legislatures to do the right thing, will not happen overnight. In the meanwhile, caution is in order. Given the confusion and diversity of judicial opinion which now controls rights of public passage, recreational boaters on small streams flowing through private lands would be wise to seek permission, where feasible, from stream side landowners and to avoid conflict and confrontation with those landowners as much as possible.

Since the loss of a single trespass case on a single river can have ripple effects which reduce access opportunities throughout an entire State for decades thereafter, recreational fishermen and boaters should avoid lawsuits unless they are fully prepared ahead of time with a well-funded expert legal team and a strategy to win. This approach has worked well, for example, in Montana (Dearborn and Beaverhead Rivers) [24] and is currently being pursued by the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund in New York (Moose River).

On the other hand, with thinner legal and financial resources, and in a more hostile judicial environment, boaters have lost critical lawsuits in other States (e.g. Armuche Creek in Georgia).[25]

For help or advice in solving your river access problems, for information about access rights in your State, or for free copies of the American Whitewater Affiliation river access paper, write Rich Bowers, AWA, 1609 Northcrest Drive, Silver Spring, MD 20904.

END NOTES

1. *Illinois Central R.R. v Illinois*, 146 U.S. 387 (1892).
2. *In re Trempealeau Drainage Dist. Merwin v Houghton*, 131 N.W. 838, 842 (Wisc.) (1911).
3. *State v Public Serv. Comm'n*, 81 N.W. 2d 71, 73 (Wisc.) (1957).

4. *Neptune City v Avon by the Sea*, 294 A.2d 47 (1972).

5. *Pollard's Lessee v Hagan*, 44 U.S. (3 How.) 212 (1845).

6. 43 U.S.C. 1301-1315

7. *Laurent*, *Judicial Criteria of Navigability and Federal Cases*, 1953 Wisc. L. Rev. 3

8. *Shively v Bowlby*, 152 U.S.1 (1894).

9. *Donnelly v United States*, 228 U.S. 243, 262 (1913), modified at 228 U.S. 708 (1913).

10. *Neptune City v Avon by the Sea*, 294 A.2d 47, 54 (1972).

11. *People v Emmert*, 597 P.2d 1025 (Colo. 1979). Doubt has been cast on the validity of this decision by a subsequent opinion of the Colorado Attorney General and by uniformly critical scholarly review.

12. GA CODE ANN 85-1304, 1305.

13. *Day v Armstrong*, 362 P.2d 137 (Wyo. 1961); *State v Red River Valley Co.*, 51 N.M. 307, 182 P.2d 421 (1945).

14. *Gratto v Palangi*, 154 Me. 308, 147 A.2d 455 (1958). See also *Leighty*, *Public Rights in Navigable State Waters — Some Statutory Approaches*, 11 Land and Water L.R. 459 (1971).

15. *Luscher v Reynolds*, 625 P.2d 1158 (1986); *People v Mack*, 19 Cal.App. 3d 1040, 97 Cal. Rptr. 448 (1971).

16. See *Strom and Strom*, *Stream Fishing Law in Michigan: Let's Redefine Navigability*, Mich. Bar Jour. 390 (May 1990)

17. See *Dietz v King*, 465 P.2d 50 (1970) enforcing public access to a beach access route.

18. *People v Truckee Lumber Co.*, 48 P.374 (1897)

19. *Marks v Whitney*, 491 P.2d 374 (1971).

20. *Forestier v Johnson*, 127 P. 156 (1912); See Frank, *Forever Free: Navigability, Inland Waterways, and the Expanding Public Interest*, 16 U.C. Davis L.R. 579 (1983).

21. *Nekoosa Edwards Paper Company v Railroad Commission* (228 N.W. 144 (1930)).

22. See also *Collins v Gerhardt*, 237 Mich 38, 211 N.W. 115 (1926).

23. *Just v Marinette Co.*, 201 N.W.2d 761 (Wisc.) (1972).

24. This strategy has been taken on the Dearborn and Beaverhead Rivers in Montana with good results (*Montana Coalition for Stream Access v Curran* 210 Mont. 38 (1984) and *Montana Coalition for Stream Access v Hildreth*, 211 Mont. 29 (1984)) and is currently taken in New York in a case on the Moose River defended by the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund.

25. For a description of the case in Georgia, see Judge Loggins *Renders Decision*, *The Eddy Line*, newsletter of the Georgia Canoeing Association, vol 26, no. 8, August 1991. The Colorado situation prior to the Woodward Opinion is analyzed in *People v Emmert: A Step Backward*, 52 Colo.L.R. 247 (1981). ■

THRILLSEEKER



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Words Of Wisdom

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