

american whitewater

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Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

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Publication Title: American Whitewater
Issue Date: November/December 1995
Statement of Frequency: Published bi-monthly
Authorized Organization's
Name and Address: American Whitewater Affiliation
P.O. Box 85
Phoenicia, NY 12464

FORUM

NEW DUES STRUCTURE FOR AWA

Dear AWA Members:

The good news from AWA has been pretty obvious over recent months. This Journal keeps getting fatter and fatter, meatier and meatier, better and better. AWA's involvement in access, conservation and safety issues across the country is expanding at a rapid pace, only to be matched by our aspirations and goals for the future evidenced in AWA's ambitious Strategic Plan.

AWA Directors and Staff are extremely excited about this new five-year plan. In fact, we're more than excited — we're already scrambling to get things underway and keep to our timeline. It's a huge undertaking that will require more energy, support, money and staffing. But confidence is high. We believe our goals to be both realistic and attainable.

We also know it will come as no surprise that the more we do, the more it costs. This is a fact of life none of us seem able to avoid. As you might well imagine, the price of providing our membership with the benefits it deserves has increased significantly over the past five years. The expanded size and scope of this fatter, meatier, better AMERICAN WHITEWATER alone has made us dig pretty deep into the AWA pocket.

So it's time for us to look to you, our members, for a little help. It's time to ask you to share some of the expense of AWA's expansion. It's time for us to raise AWA's annual membership dues.

The dues increase is modest — \$5 for individual, family and foreign memberships. Yet it's important to us that you understand the reasons for this increase and not regard it as an arbitrary action. Hence this letter of explanation.

The new rate structure will go into effect immediately. However, members already contacted for renewal (membership code 956 and lower) may still renew at the 1995 rates stated on their notices.

We thank you for your understanding. We thank you for your enthusiastic, continued support. We look forward to working with you in years to come to realize the fullest potential for whitewater recreation.

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EDITORIAL

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LETTERS.....

Dear Editor/AWA,

I've been reading with interest the on-going discussion about changing the river rating system, and while I don't claim to measure up to the big names who have been batting this issue around, I thought I would throw in my two cents worth. I hope I'm not overcharging anyone.

Most of the talk seems to resolve around adopting something similar to the climbing scale. From my point of view, adapting the climbing scale confuses the system as much as it clarifies it. All we know is that a 5.0 is less difficult than a 5.5, but just what exactly does that "point-something" mean? I'm no climber, and I don't think most boaters are, so I carry over no knowledge or experience from the climbing scale. I think boaters would be better served with a system devised for rivers, not rocks.

It seems to me boaters are most concerned with changing the rating of rivers and rapids class IV and above. Most conversations are centered on class V water because all class V's are not created equal, and most people still consider a bonafide class VI unrunnable.

It's been my experience that once you advance to running class V water, you have a general idea of what to expect, but there is still a broad spectrum of class V rivers and rapids. I agree that the current system could use some fine tuning, but that fine tuning should be as simple, objective and as universal as possible, and I also believe we already have most of what we need to rate rivers and rapids without radically changing the system.

Most boaters coming up through the whitewater ranks (myself included) have learned to rate whitewater from guidebooks instead of their own experience, and there lies part of the problem—too much subjectiveness. I'm not going to knock guidebooks because they are valuable tools, but they should be considered guidelines, not gospels, especially when it comes to difficult rivers. Having said that, any guidebook worth its cover price will include objective ways to gauge the difficulty of a river, namely flow and gradient.

When I read a guidebook's description of a river that I have never paddled, my eyes glance at the rating, then settle on the gradient and flow. Those two measurements usually tell me whether I'm dealing with a class V steep creek or big water frenzy. I also find I can judge the author's consistency in rating rivers by using those measurements as a reference.

Three class V rivers near where I live serve as a good example: the South Fork

of the Clearwater, the Secesh, and the North Fork of the Payette. Grant Amaral rates them all as class V rivers in his excellent book. *Idaho: The Whitewater State*. He also lists each river's gradient, which ranges from 98 feet per mile (fpm) on the South Clearwater to 111 fpm on the Secesh, and he varies his rating in accordance with the flow. All three are rated consistently, with ratings of IV/V at around 1,000 cfs, and increasing to V/V+ at higher flows. The gradient/flow system works well for me, but it's not perfect either. The nearby East Fork of the South Fork of the Salmon River is also rated V+ above 1,500 cfs even though its 67 fpm gradient is slightly more than half that of the Secesh's.

In a case like this, a little more information would be helpful (and by the way, it's provided in Grant's description of the East Fork). However, I admit one problem with the gradient/flow system is it breaks down when you apply it an individual rapid, instead of a section of the river.

Therefore, I feel that a letter designating the type of river or rapid would help clarify, but not overly complicate, the current system. Most sections of river and individual rapids could be reasonably well defined by a few common terms, such as continuous (i.e., class V-C), steep (V-S), or pool/drop (V-PD). You could also add a "T" to signify exceptionally technical stretches, and in special cases where undercuts, logs, high waterfalls, or other added hazards occur, an "X" for extreme. This method would give some distinction between a class V waterfall, a half-mile continuous boulder garden, and an abrupt pool/drop section.

I don't consider this system perfect, but in theory, it expands the current system with simple terms that boaters are already familiar with. No system can perfectly describe every situation, but as class V boating creeps into the realm of the mainstream boating community, a little more informative rating system

would help boaters know what they are getting themselves into.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Roger Phillips
McCall, ID

To "A Friend" of Mike Munn, the Russell Fork Paddlers, and the Appalachian Paddling Enthusiast Society:

I know I may get clobbered for being insensitive, but I think this needs to be said:

Please reconsider your decision to fasten a bronze memorial plaque to the rock in the rapid where Mike died.

If, as you said the comment at the funeral went, boating was Mike's way of getting closer to nature and to God, then consider that others who will be paddling

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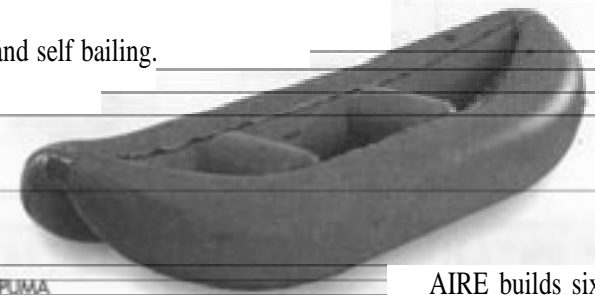
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LETTERS

the river for those reasons may want to experience the river as it was created. You say that Mike would disapprove of a paddling ban on the Russell Fork - how do you know that he would not also want you to leave the river as it was when he paddled it? It sounds as though Mike paddled for similar reasons as many of us who would like to experience the river as it always has been.

The Fist undercut sounds like a dangerous spot. Consider the psychological effect of your plaque with the words you described on future rescuers as they struggle to save another trapped boater or how the plaque might **affect** them immediately after should the rescue fail.

If, as the plaque is to say, the memory of friends and loved ones will last forever, then those of you who knew **him** won't need the plaque. To the rest of us, it won't mean much other than another reminder that you **can** get chopped on the river.

With your letter appearing in the **July/August** issue, you probably made the plans and wrote the letter within a month or two of the April 23 tragedy. It seemed like a situation where you **all** were well in control, a chance event occurred, you did all you can to save a close

friend, and you couldn't. These events are harder to understand than those in which someone makes an obvious error in judgment, but shit happens. It sounds like your letter was a start to accepting this, but, trust me, it takes more time than a month or two to get your thinking on how to deal with it completely straight. After feeling powerless to have made a difference, maybe you all need to do something, but maybe this isn't the best thing.

A suggestion: let the idea sit for a while. Talk to boaters that didn't know Mike about your idea. Think about doing something that keep rivers free-flowing and wild. Maybe there's family land where Mike's non-boating friends and family can also see the plaque. And maybe Mike is still out on the Russell Fork and would like it the way it always has been.

Thanks and good luck,
Cabin John, MD



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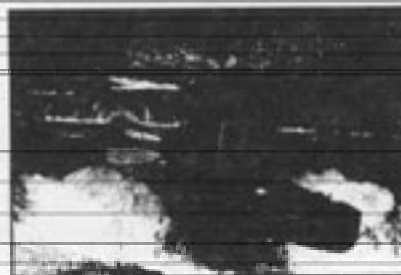
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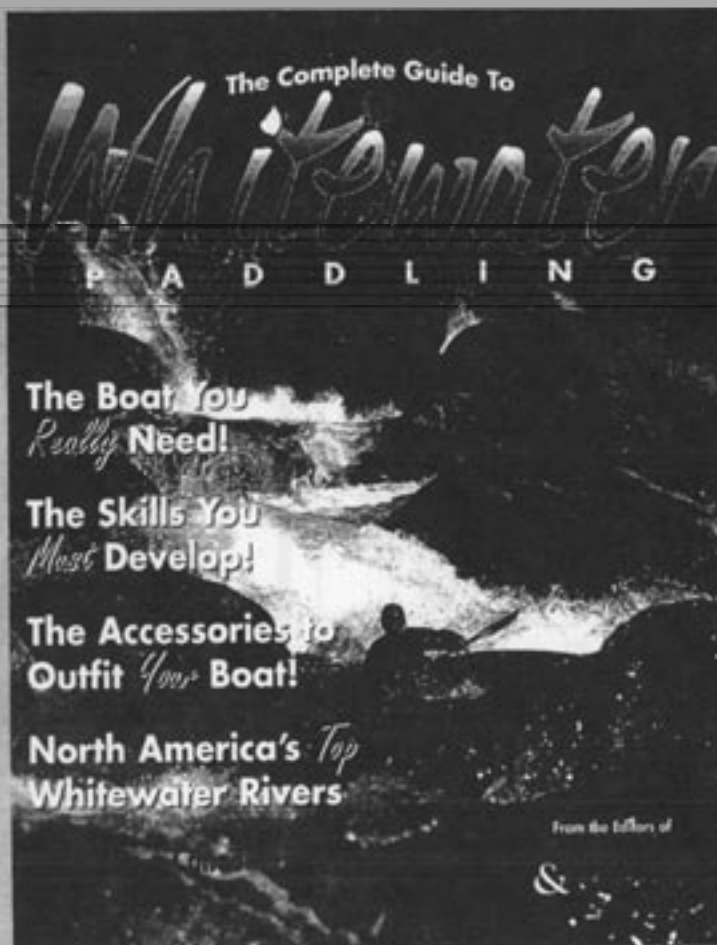
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PURPOSE.....

The American Whitewater Affiliation

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

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

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 other river users, and—when necessary—takes legal action to prevent river abuse.

RIVER ACCESS: To assure public access to whitewater rivers pursuant to the guidelines published in its official Access Policy, 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, resists unjustified restrictions on government managed whitewater rivers and works with government agencies and other river users to achieve these goals.

EDUCATION: Through publication of the bi-monthly magazine, and by other means, American Whitewater, (AWA) provides information and education about whitewater rivers, boating safety, technique and equipment.

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

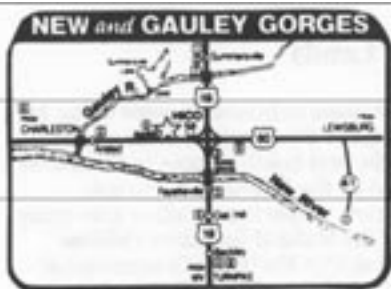
EVENTS: AWA organizes sporting events, contests and festivals to raise funds for river conservation, including the Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo in Tennessee, the Gauley River Festival in West Virginia (the largest gathering of whitewater boaters in the nation), the Arkansas River Festival in Colorado, the Kennebec Festival in Maine and the Deerfield Festival in Massachusetts.

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

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Congressional Follies

Warning: this article may be too political for the average boater! This article is the opinion of an AWA Staff member and Director. It is in no way affiliated with the rabid and deeply troubled Ed E. Lyne.

by Susan Scheufele and Rich Hoffman

The new Republican led Congress was thrust into power in part by a surge of free-market, economic pragmatism. Many of us in the river conservation community could embrace many aspects of this approach. After all, we have been advocating for a better use of public funds by ending pork barrel water projects since the beginning. We have called for accurate cost-benefit analyses for water projects (e.g. the Animas-La Plata) and an end to government subsidies (e.g. for small hydro projects or for irrigators receiving water far below market value) and government give-aways of hard rock minerals (under the 1872 Mining Law), an industry which impacts heavily on the headwaters of whitewater runs.

Unfortunately, it appears that the decisions of the new Congress are less influenced by free market analysis than influential business interests. Many of our favorite rivers are at stake. Eminent river conservationist Marc Reisner stated in a recent N.Y. Times editorial that "to judge from their voting behavior, the House Republicans' Great Satan seems no longer to be the Federal deficit; it is the environmental progress achieved during the last 25 years."

Here's the rundown on some of the actions that will impact whitewater recreation:

1. Animas-La Plata Water Project

The Animas-La Plata (ALP) water project will divert 350 cfs from the Animas River in the town of Durango, Colorado, just upstream of the world famous Santa Rita hole, one of the best play holes in the U.S. And that's just the beginning. The project, being built by the Bureau of Reclamation at a cost of \$710 million, will consist of 2 major reservoirs, 7 pumping plants, and 200 miles of canals and pipes.

The AWA is opposed to this project for several reasons:

- ▼ ALP makes no economic sense, returning only 36 cents for every dollar invested.
- ▼ There are other, cheaper alternatives.
- ▼ The current project short-shrifts Indian needs, despite the fact that ALP is billed as an Indian Water Rights project.
- ▼ It messes with a great play hole!

In October, Senator Campbell (R-CO.) slipped in a rider to the mammoth Energy and Water Development Appropriations Bill which would exempt ALP from complying with federal environmental laws. A host of pro-river groups (including Colorado Rivers Alliance, National Wildlife Federation, Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund, and the AWA) are gathering support to oppose this rider, and let ALP stand or fall on its own merits.

2. Auburn Dam

Congressman Doolittle from California's Central Valley plans to introduce legislation for a flood control dam on the North and Middle Forks of the American River outside Sacramento, California, which would later be expanded into a larger, multi-purpose dam. However, the same level of flood protection could be provided at a substantially lower cost through changes to existing structures (including Folsom dam and lower American River levees). Ironically, the major flooding in the Roseville and Rio Linda areas of Sacramento last winter (a major impetus for improving flood control) came from minor tributaries of the American which would not be affected by the new Army Corps flood control proposals. Sacramento County would save a lot of money by simply stopping developers from building houses in the flood plain.

If the dam is eventually built, the big winners will be the local developers in Placer County and adjacent counties who will get a free new source of water. These counties can still develop relatively inexpensive sources for new water, but are reluctant to pay for water development because they believe that the federal government promised them this water two decades ago as part of the original Central Valley Project. The losers will be the state and federal taxpayers, who will be subsidizing a water supply that the local counties are unwilling to pay for, and boaters, who will lose the Class II-IV runs on the North and Middle Forks.

3. Selling off Public Lands

A few Congressmen have plans to liquidate some of our national parks, give public lands to the states, and sell public Lands to industry. Some of the best boating spots in the country are on public lands managed by the federal government — many of which Congress is now preparing to sell or give away. For more information, read the Natural Resource Defense Fund's July '95 report "Selling Our Heritage: Congressional Plans for America's Public Lands" (send email to nrdc-selling@nrdc.org for an electronic version, or call them at (212) 727-4511). Also check out the NRDC web page at <http://www.nrdc.org/nrdc/dire/plindex.html> based on the report.

4. Selling the Central Valley Project

Central Valley Congressmen are trying to fire sale the nation's largest irrigation project to its main beneficiaries. The Central Valley Project (CVP) includes seven big dams and hundreds of miles of aqueducts, and was built over 40 years ago at a cost of \$3.4 billion. Its subsidized water is sold to farmers for as little as \$3.50 an acre foot, a subsidy which amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars annually. These farmers are prima-

rily large corporate agriculture in California.

These same subsidized irrigators want to buy the project for \$826 million, a fraction of its true worth. In an analysis requested by Senator Diane Feinstein (CA), the Bank of America said this \$826 million value "is not designed to establish the fair market value of the CVP" and "falls substantially below that which would be generated by other analytical methods." According to the San Francisco Chronicle, other approaches would result in a price in the range of \$2.6 billion to \$6 billion. Senator Feinstein remarks that the scheme is moving too rapidly through Congress for a judicious decision-making process: "With no opportunity for public hearings on the financing question and no opportunities for the involved parties to weigh in on any number of other technical and environmental issues, it would be a tremendous mistake in judgment to push this thing through." But she conceded that the sale might be unstoppable in Congress, where the sale of federal assets has strong appeal.

5. Gutting the Central Valley Project Improvement Act (CVPIA)

The Central Valley Project Improvement Act (CVPIA)—signed into law by President Bush in 1992—was one of the most far-reaching water reform bills ever enacted by Congress, receiving strong bi-partisan support.

Now, a group of Central Valley Congressmen (Doolittle,

Fazio, Pombo, Radanovich, Thomis, Dooley and Condit) have introduced H.R. 1906, a bill drafted by the Central Valley Project Water Association (which represents the contractors who receive highly subsidized water from the federal Central Valley Project (CVP)). This bill would decimate all of the CVPIA's environmental benefits of restoring rivers, fisheries and wildlife refuges (including the San Francisco bay/delta), while at the same time actually increasing subsidies to already highly subsidized agribusiness water users.

According to George Miller (D-CA), author of the 1992 CVPIA, "The agribusiness legislation introduced today is not a serious effort to correct alleged flaws in the Central Valley Improvement Act. It's a bald-faced effort by the subsidized, corporate irrigators to recapture their control of 85% of the project's water. What's wrong" with the CVPIA in their view, is that the environment won, the California economy won, the taxpayers won — and the subsidized irrigators lost. The Doolittle bill is nothing more than their effort to reverse history, at great expense to the taxpayers of America and the environment of California."

Please ask your Congressional representative, your senators and President Clinton not to support plans to 1. build Animus-La Plata, 2. Build Auburn Dam, 3. sell public lands and national parks, 4. sell the Central Valley Project, and 5. gut the Central Valley Project Improvement Act (H.R. 1906). It's in your best interest as a taxpayer as well as a boater!

West Virginia Wild and Scenic

After years of hard work from the West Virginia Rivers Coalition (WVRC) and others, it is a critical time for the effort to designate rivers in the Monogahela National Forest (MNF) as Wild and Scenic.

In the summer, the U.S. Forest Service completed the eligibility study for 12 rivers in the MNF. Unfortunately, the Forest Service only recommended designating 5 of these rivers as Wild and Scenic:

Shaver's Fork, Blackwater, Laurel Fork, South Branch Potomac, and Seneca Creek. (The other rivers are: Dry Fork, Gladly Fork, Otter Creek, Red Creek, North Fork South Branch Potomac, Williams, North Fork Cherry.) Public comments on the draft were accepted until the beginning of October.

In our comments, the AWA strongly endorsed the designation of all 12 of the study rivers for several reasons:

1. Whitewater recreation is a substantial component to West Virginia's tourist economy, and all 12 are outstanding whitewater rivers!

The outdoor recreation industry fuels economic growth in a sustainable manner, in contrast to the cycles of boom and bust of extractive industries (e.g. coal mining) and their legacy of expensive clean up and health costs that are paid by the taxpayer.

2. Whitewater rivers are scarce.

Less than 1 % of the river miles in the United States offer good quality whitewater. Despite having over 29,000 miles of rivers and streams, West Virginia only has protected 93 miles of 4 stream segments.

3. Designating these rivers will help to preserve and improve water quality and fish habitat.

West Virginia's rivers serve as the headwaters to a significant proportion of the East's population. Designation will attract funds for river restoration.

4. Designation will not impose on private property owners.

The Appalachian landscape has sustained human populations for generations. We do not intend or want to disrupt this pattern of life and culture. More to the point, we want to help preserve it. We support federal land acquisition only from willing sellers.

5. Designation would be very cost effective.

Most of the land is owned already by the Forest Service.

These 12 rivers provide an extraordinary diversity of whitewater experiences. Some flow through near wilderness areas, while others are near roads and development. Some provide cutting-edge expert whitewater, while others are suitable for families and beginners:

Red Creek, Otter Creek, Seneca Creek and the Upper Blackwater (from Blackwater Falls to junction with the North Fork) offer expert quality whitewater, among the most challenging in the U.S. Below the confluence with the North Fork, more moderate Class V

whitewater continues on the Lower Blackwater. The Shaver's Fork also hosts difficult whitewater that is less intimidating as the streams listed above.

The Laurel Fork, Dry Fork and Gladly Fork are spectacularly beautiful Class II-IV runs, streams that offers solitude and wilderness. The Williams River is also an outstanding Class IV run in a wilderness setting. The Smoke Hole Canyon of the South Branch Potomac and Hopeville Canyon of the North Fork South Branch Potomac are very popular Class III runs, offering excel-

lent learning opportunities for kayakers and canoes.

North Fork of the Cherry is a good technical Class III river that currently sees very little recreational use.

In conclusion, the 12 streams described above are outstanding whitewater runs, each with their own character and outstanding features. Although the formal public comment period is over, it's not too late to express your opinion:

Mr. Jim Page
Forest Supervisor
Monongahela National Forest
200 Sycamore Street
Elkins, West Virginia 26241



Cheat River Rehabilitation Begins

In August of 1995, the AWA joined the West Virginia Rivers Coalition (WVRC) and the Friends of the Cheat (FOC) at a ground breaking ceremony to begin to restore 157 miles of the Cheat River (headwaters to PA state line) from the adverse affects of Acid Mine Drainage.

The Cheat is a glaring example of how mining can adversely affect rivers. Other outstanding free flowing (and whitewater) rivers, such as Wyoming's Yellowstone and Wisconsin's Wolf Rivers are threatened by proposals to start-up new mining operations. Mining impacts on water quality today comes from a variety of mineral extraction, including coal, copper, gold and others.

Phase one of the "River of Promise" program begins restoration work (and a \$200,000

industry commitment) on Greens Run, a tributary of the Cheat and on river left at the Cheat Canyon put-in. Acid mine drainage has caused aesthetic damage to the Cheat, has eliminated its fishery, degraded drinking water and cost millions of dollars in lost revenue from recreation activities such as fishing and boating.

The goal of this program is to restore an environmentally healthy watershed which provides diverse recreational opportunities and sustains viable local economies. Initial signatories in this commitment include: WVRC, FOC, WV Dept. of Natural Resources, Anker Energy Corporation and the US Office of Surface Mining. For more information contact WVRC at (304) 472-0025 or FOC at (304) 379-3141.

Above: Bob Urum, Director of U.S. Office of Surface Mining, department of the Interior address the crowd.

Seated left to right: Dave Bassage, Friends of the Cheat; Mary Pat Pech, West Virginia River Coalition; Rich Bower, AWA; Dr. Laidley E. McCoy deputy Director, WV Division of Environmental Protection

Recreational Equipment, Inc. Funds

Another 3 Years of Grassroots River Grants

1995 marks the eighth year that REI, Inc. (the Seattle based outdoor equipment co-op) has funded the National Rivers Coalition (NRC). Over this period, the NRC has provided nearly \$482,000 in funding for community based citizen groups which use volunteers and have a direct impact on river conservation and/or river access. Special emphasis is given to groups which represent human-powered outdoor recreation interests. NRC grants target efforts which address: changing state river policies; hydropower reform; lobbying for rivers; river recreation, and; new strategies (targeted responses to the nation's new political realities - see "Inside the Beltway"). In late 1994, two new programs were initiated which provided funds for river access and for rivers in urban areas.

The emphasis of the NRC has been to provide seed grants for grassroots river conservation and access activities in North America. NRC grants are usually awarded in \$1000 increments. This has proven an incredible benefit for rivers — in eight years, this program has presented 439 grants to 250 organizations and 18 individuals. Many of these grants were awarded to paddlers (and paddling organizations) working on conservation and access on their favorite rivers. Some beneficiaries of this program include: the Olympic Rivers Council (Elwha and others, WA); Merrimack Valley Paddlers (Pemigewasset, NH); Friends of the River (American and Kern, CA); Colorado Rivers Alliance and Colorado Whitewater; and New England FLOW.

Due to changes in REI's internal grants program, the NRC was scheduled to be taken in-house after this season (1995). However, on October 3rd, Rich Bowers (AWA), Pat Munoz (River Network), and Brooke Drury (Rivers Council of Washington and AWA Director) traveled to Seattle to meet with REI's Environmental Board and to present them with the outstanding merits of this program. The result — full funding for the NRC for another three years.

For rivers and river organizations, this means the potential to double the number of organizations funded to nearly 500 (250+ to date, and approximately 80 additional grants each year until 1988). If your club or organization would receive an application for a possible NRC grant, please contact John Mcgevney at American Rivers (202) 547-6900 ext. 3021, or Rich Bowers at (301) 589-9453. Deadlines for submittals are April 1, May 20, August 20, and November 20.

Steering Committee members for the NRC include: American Canoe Association, American Rivers, American Whitewater Affiliation, National Wildlife Federation, River Federation, River Network, Sierra Club, and the Wilderness Society.

HYDROPOWER UPDATES

Hydropower Reform Coalition (HRC) Hires New Coordinator

The HRC is a coalition of national, regional and local river organizations seeking to achieve conservation and recreation improvements at hydropower facilities throughout the United States.

The Steering Committee for the HRC includes: American Rivers, American Whitewater *Affiliation*, Appalachian Mountain Club, Conservation Law Foundation, Michigan Hydro Relicensing Coalition, Natural Heritage Institute, New England FLOW, New York Rivers United, Rivers Alliance of Wisconsin, Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund, and Trout Unlimited.

In September, 1995, the HRC hired Steven Rothert as National Coordinator for this effort. Steven was previously a research intern with the International Rivers Network where he evaluated water resource development plans for the Mekong River Basin in Southeast Asia. Steven also has a background as a watershed planner and as an environmental scientist for the US EPA in San Francisco. Steven received both his BA and MS in Wildlands Resource Science from the University of California.

As a California native, one of Steven's passions is surfing. The AWA is currently working to introduce him to surfing's Capital area substitute — look for Steven to be shredding Potomac River waves in the near future. Steven will work out of the American Rivers office in Washington, DC, he can be reached at (202) 547-6900 ext. 3026.

Forest Service Hydro Proposal

In the July/August Journal AWA staff alerted readers to the US Forest Service (USFS) Notice of Proposed Policy and Procedures for Hydropower Applications. It has taken AWA staff several months to wade through this tome, and to even begin to understand what it may mean for whitewater boaters.

What it means is that, recognizing that the USFS is short of manpower, funding and expertise in hydropower, the USFS is willing to surrender all of its authority to protect and conserve rivers in our National Forests to the FERC. Acquiescing its authority to an agency which, historically, has recognized river values and the public good almost entirely in terms of a single goal — power production.



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CONSERVATION

Even more incredible, the USFS also wants to relinquish to FERC its authority to manage and protect the public right to enjoy and experience rivers in National Forests. This is bad news for both boaters and other river conservationists, since FERC knows almost nothing about managing National Forest land.

If enacted, this policy change could open up all whitewater rivers on USFS land (including numerous wilderness rivers) to new dams, and could jeopardize 96 designated components of the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System (some 4,316 river miles). It may well trash completed evaluations on another 1000 additional river segments (750 of these are eligible for future Wild and Scenic protection).

In AWA's comments we stated that we are "not pleased that such an important guardian of river resources is now seeking to "grease the skids" for developers to dam and dewater outstanding rivers within our National Forests", and that "hydro-power dams do not fit with wilderness or wilderness values."

For copies of AWA's comments, contact Rich Bowers at (301) 589-9453.

Pit River (CA)

The AWA's requested whitewater study on California's Pit river was completely sandbagged by Mother Nature this summer. A combination of high water in the winter and spring, and a drastic drop off in early summer caused the test consultant and boaters to miss a good portion of the targeted flows (basically we got both ends but no middle flows). FERC has granted an extension to study additional flows next spring. However, if nature again resists, PG&E is now required to offer assistance in the form of controlled flow releases. For more information, contact Rich Bowers at (301)

589-9453.

Canyon Creek (WA)

In the May/June Journal, AWA expressed concern over the number of preliminary hydro permits now existing on rivers and creeks in the Southwest Washington State. In November, AWA, Rivers Council of Washington and others intervened in yet another attempt to dam the headwaters — this time for a 7.5 megawatt project on Fly Creek, a tiny tributary of Canyon Creek.

This preliminary permit is being sought by the original holder of the permit for Canyon Creek. The applicant may be seeking to eventually combine both permits into a single license application. If you would like an update on this issue, or if you have information on Fly Creek's whitewater or fishing attributes, please contact Brooke Drury at Rivers Council of Washington (206) 283-4988.

AWA Seeks Annual Releases on Maryland's Savage Riier

In September, AWA filed a formal request with the Maryland DNR for annual whitewater releases on the Savage River in Maryland. Requested were two weekends of scheduled and announced annual releases in June, with release flows for recreational boating between 600 and 800 cfs. or above. For 1996, these weekends would be June 22-23rd, and June 29-30th.

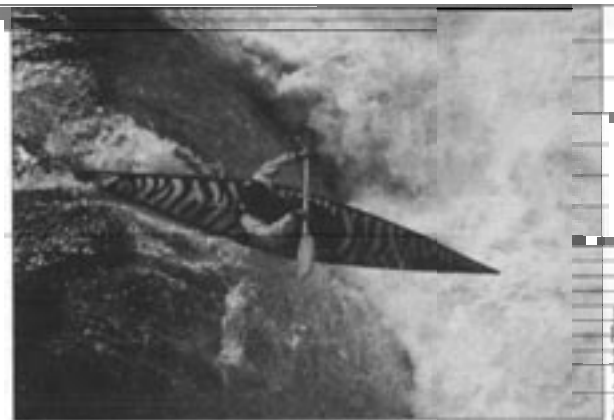
In addition, AWA has requested that the US Army Corps of Engineers better manage fall drawdowns and spring releases to provide additional whitewater recreation on the Savage, based on water availability. Whitewater recreation is a project purpose of the Savage River dam, but there have

been no scheduled or announced releases since 1990.

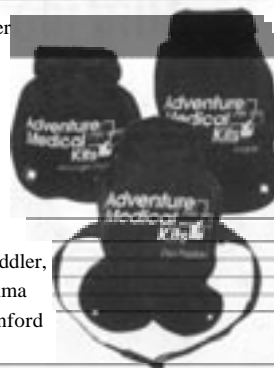
Finally, AWA requested that Maryland, along with the Corps and other Management Group members, prepare a comprehensive water budget analysis which would allow the Corps to manage the dam for all project purposes, including whitewater. AWA has offered to undertake this water budget if necessary.

This request comes after two meetings of the Savage River Management Group, of which the AWA is a member. In the April 1995 meeting, AWA presented a draft copy of our request for releases to the Management Group. For more information, call Rich Bowers at (301) 589-9453.

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These notes are designed to give an overview of access issues and AWA's efforts from around the country. Please call or write AWA's Access Program if you have information about access to whitewater rivers:

Rich Hoffman
1430 Fenwick Lane
Silver Spring, MD 20910
(301) 589-9453
(301) 589-6121 (fax)
e.mail: 76435.731@compuserve.com

Uncompahgre, mi compadre!

by Rich Hoffman

We hadn't really planned to run the Uncompahgre River. Nor, to be honest, did I really even want to. We were just en route from the Numbers of the Arkansas to Durango, Colorado and the Animas River.

But there it is, bloated from runoff and yellow from mine drainage, right alongside the highway! As easterners, we were still getting accustomed to the hydrology of the Rockies. In the Appalachians, we need rain and dormant vegetation that won't soak it all up for our creeks. That usually dictates late fall, winter and early spring as creek season. How could it be that on July 10 with temperatures in the 90's that this stream was so high?

Just outside the town of Ouray, we pull off the road beside a sign announcing the Uncompahgre National Forest. There, according to the excellent new guidebook to Colorado whitewater (Colorado Rivers and Creeks, by Gordon Banks and Dave Eckardt) was the crux rapid of the run, described as a "twisting, rock and timber studded drop." At the 2000 cfs the river is flowing, there are no longer any visible rocks or wood, but the rapid is still pretty kinky. Class IV+.

As we look the rapid over, I have the vile revelation that this is exactly the kind of run that appeals to my boating partner, Craig Gunderson. Craig's favorite runs are short pieces of road-side hair, preferably with some industrial wreckage thrown in. Nothing too long or scenic; nothing too far from the nearest bar. In New Hampshire, his favorite run flows over three broken dams and past several actively discharging factories. It's a testament to his perversion that to this day he claims that Massachusetts harbors world class whitewater.

So we're off to the put-in which is right in the town of Ouray. We find a promising looking bridge just below the box canyon and get ready to put on. Just as we're shouldering our boats, I catch a police car out of the corner of my eye. We turn around to find a city policeman monitoring our behavior from the front seat of the car. Thinking that he may be concerned about our welfare, I introduce myself and ask him if we're doing anything wrong. "If you get on that river, I'm going to arrest you," he says. After a brief discussion, we find out that the city of Ouray has "closed" the river to all floating in the town, under author-

Top: Where it is more dangerous to scout: the Crux rapid on the Uncompahgre. Middle: Busted! Rich Hoffman and Craig Anderson talk with County Police on the Uncompahgre. Bottom: Frustrated on the Uncompahgre...No Access. Photos by Sandy Springer

ity granted by a Colorado boating statute. However, there are no signs indicating this river closure.

Being new in town, and wanting to surf rather than make waves, we decide to drive downstream a bit and put in just above the crux rapid. Unload boats.

Put on helmet and lifejacket. Peel

out of the eddy....whew, this river is really kicking! A lot faster than it looked from the road. Not very technical, but very continuous. No eddies. Lots of blind twists and turns. Small sticky holes. And there, just ahead on river right is the eddy above the crux rapid. Catch it high. Might be a good time to actually be serious about scouting.

Craig and I pull off our skirts and hoist ourselves up from the river. Uh-Oh. Two cops (county police this time) are walking agitatedly on the shoulder of the road. Again, we introduce ourselves and ask if we're doing something illegal. And we discover that this stretch of river, too, is closed to boating under state boating statutes. He cites C.R.S. 33-10-111 as the statute that allows local authorities to close rivers that are deemed unsafe. Again, there were no signs along the river or at the put-in that announced this closure.

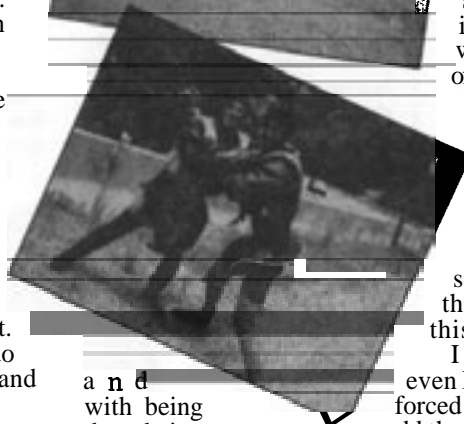
I can tell Craig is dejected, even I am a little disappointed forced off this trashy run. Although it seems odd that the riskiest thing we've done all day is to scout a rapid. After a final glance at the roaring Uncompahgre, we load our boats and drive off in search of legal waters.

Later this summer, a local boater from Mancos is cited and fined for boating this same stretch of river. After some phone calls and research, I locate C.R.S. 33-13-111 and discover that the Uncompahgre river closure does not fit with the intention of the statute.

C.R.S. 33-13-111 states that authorities have the right to prohibit "the operation of vessels...when such operation constitutes or may constitute a hazard to human life or safety." However, the statute is specific that "'vessel' shall not include white water canoes and kayaks."

In addition, Regulation #217 of the state boating code states that for a use restriction, officers need to "prominently post signs at all commonly used boating and floating access sites along the closed section."

AWA is currently working with local boaters and authorities to straighten out this matter. Please give us a call if you would like a copy of any of the documents referenced above. I wish I had had a copy on the Uncompahgre!



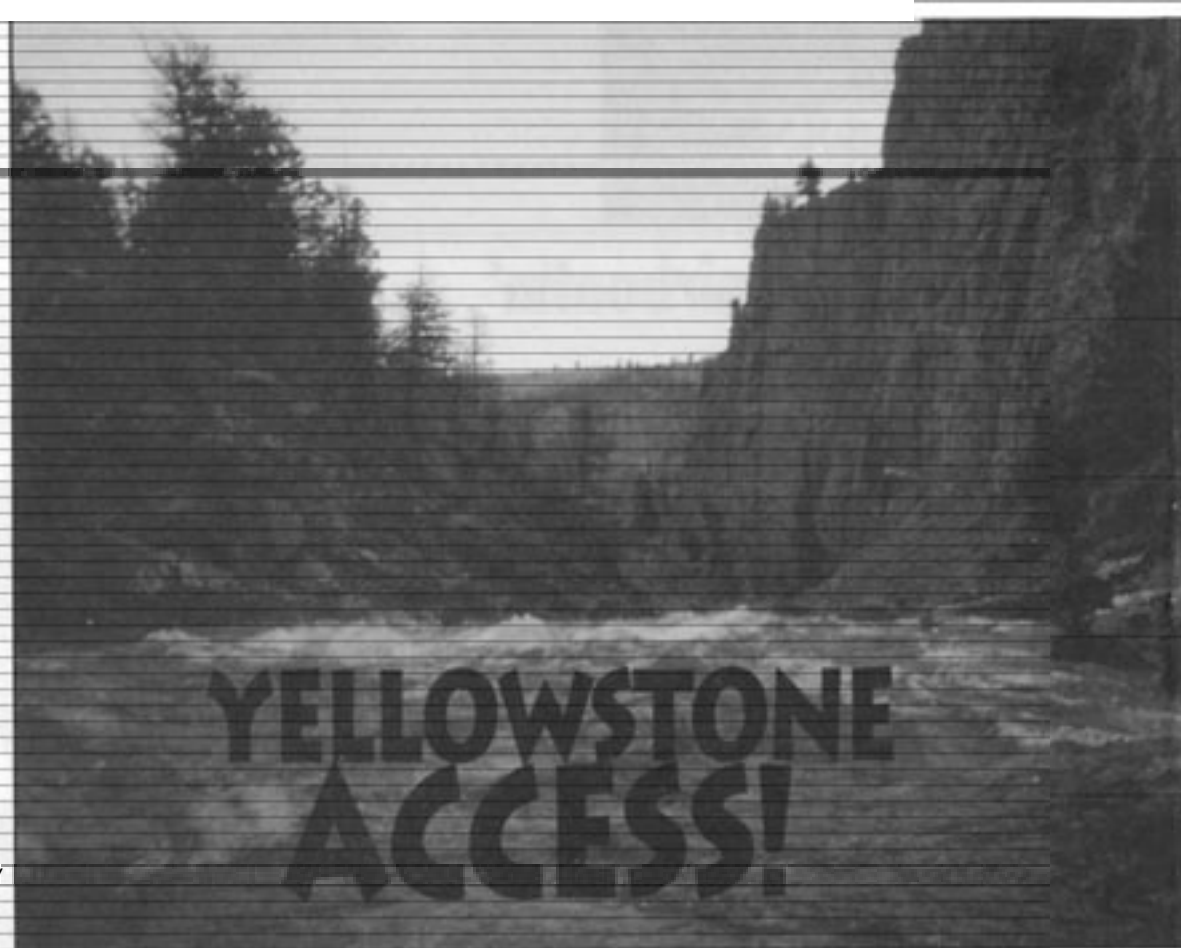
Boating in Yellowstone has been banned since 1950, a decision made to protect fisheries from anglers in boats. This decision was reaffirmed in 1986 by a Park Service study that attempted to gauge the impacts that whitewater boating may have on the Park.

AWA's basic position on this issue is that boaters have not been given equitable treatment among other activities in the Park. For example, hiking, fishing, horseback riding or cross country skiing in the Park—all uses which bring people into the backcountry—are allowed in Yellowstone. While there are limitations and rules for these uses, none are banned outright.

In addition, the Park allows many forms of motorized uses which have much greater impact on the Yellowstone ecosystem than whitewater boating. For example, the Park is swarmed by snowmobiles in the winter, an activity that the Park spends millions of dollars in managing. Motorboat use on Yellowstone Lake is also extremely popular. Not to mention the hundreds of thousands of automobiles and RV's on Yellowstone's paved roads.

In light of the already high level of human activity in Yellowstone, Park Service management staff has stated that they are more inclined to cut back on use, rather than to introduce a new activity such as whitewater boating. However, the AWA believes that limitations on use should be shared among all non-consumptive, low impact activities, rather than have a complete exclusion of a particular activity—in this case, whitewater boating.

Yellowstone National Park is our premier park, dedicated "for the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." We believe that allowing whitewater boating at selected areas during selected times is compatible with the sustainable management of the Park.



As featured in our Sept/Oct issue, we are actively soliciting comments from boaters regarding boating in Yellowstone. Our goal is to have whitewater boating treated equally with other uses of this National Park. To accomplish this, AWA is seeking to open a cross-section of streams in Yellowstone that are suitable for whitewater recreation, ranging from backcountry to roadside, and from Class II to Class V.

We hope to submit a proposal to Superintendent Finley before the Christmas Holidays. In order to develop a well-thought-out proposal, we need a systematic accounting of the different river segments in the Park and related issues that are of interest to boaters. Here are a series of questions to guide your response. Please respond to the following questions in your own words.

Both Photos above: Yellowstone River, Black Canyon, by Guy Erb

NAME OF RIVER SEGMENT:

Description: access points, length, difficulty, special features (ex: the Firehole River has fragile, prehistoric geothermal features).

Is this stretch appropriate for whitewater recreation?

How can whitewater boating be managed in an efficient and cost-effective manner? What rules or regulations would protect the resource while being fair to whitewater boaters? Would a permit system be effective? If so, how should it be set up?

If rescue is necessary, how should it be set up? Should boaters be required to have insurance or to post bonds, or should the Park Service bear the cost of rescue, a service provided to other visitors?

Especially helpful would be responses to specific concerns from Park management:

what will be the impacts from whitewater boating to backcountry wilderness, such as wildlife and riparian areas; how will the Park Service effectively manage whitewater boating; in particular, how can they distinguish between commercial vs. private use.

Send your responses to the AWA Conservation and Access Office.



might be some unintended consequences of whitewater boating on this stretch? What time of year should the segments of the river be open (taking into account water levels, wildlife, etc.)? Would overnight camping be appropriate for this stretch, or should boating be limited to day

Alpine Canyon of the Snake, WY

AWA submitted comments in September to the U.S. Forest Service's plans for the management of the Snake River by Jackson Hole, Wyoming. The 8 mile, Class III Alpine Canyon is an extremely important resource for the local and regional boating community, the only Class III whitewater within a five hour drive of Salt Lake City after the spring run-off. The *laissez-faire* management of the Snake has traditionally allowed boaters to be flexible and to plan trips there spontaneously.

The critical issue is the amount and type (i.e. commercial vs. non-commercial) of users that should be allowed to float through the canyon during the peak season (July-Sept.) and how best to manage this use. The USFS preferred alternative is to limit use to 160 commercial boats per day (weekend and weekday), and to limit private boats to 100 boats per day during the week and 340 boats per day on the weekend. The Forest Service plans to do this via a river ticket system which will specify a time to put on.

AWA submitted comments in September and made the following points:

Private boaters should not be regulated as stringently as commercial boaters because we make up a much smaller percentage of use. Commercial use accounts for 65% of the boats that float through Alpine Canyon and 75% of the people, totaling 120,000 user days in comparison to 30,000 non-commercial user days.

The Forest Service should count boats and not heads in setting quotas. Counting boats allows commercial raft customers to have better access to a public resource than private boaters. For example, considering that commercial rafts can carry as many as 10 or 12 people, on a weekend in July and August, there can be approximately only 340 private boaters (340 boats x 1 person/boat) on the river while there can be up to 1600 commercial raft customers (160 boats x 10 people/boat).

AWA supports experimenting with new allocation schemes that will better balance between commercial and non-commercial use. To our knowledge, alternative permitting systems have never been fully tested, whereas the fixed allocation system has produced unfair results on many rivers (e.g. Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, Middle Fork of the Salmon, Rogue, Sellway).

If you would like a copy of AWA's comments, please call or write to our Conservation and Access Office. To comment on the Forest Service plan, send your comments to:

Ms. Linda Merigiano
Jackson Ranger District
P.O. Box 1689
Jackson, WY 83001

Salt River, Arizona

AWA is currently working on submitting comments to the Forest Service regarding permits to the Salt River in Arizona. If you have any information or comments, please contact our Conservation and Access Office.

Navigability in Colorado

AWA is starting a project to clarify and strengthen the right of downstream passage on Colorado's rivers and streams. Possible options include helping to affirm a 1983 opinion by the Attorney General about what constitutes a trespass, and helping to defend boaters who are charged with trespassing for floating on streams that flow through private property. Please see our upcoming Jan/Feb '96 issue for a feature story on this effort.

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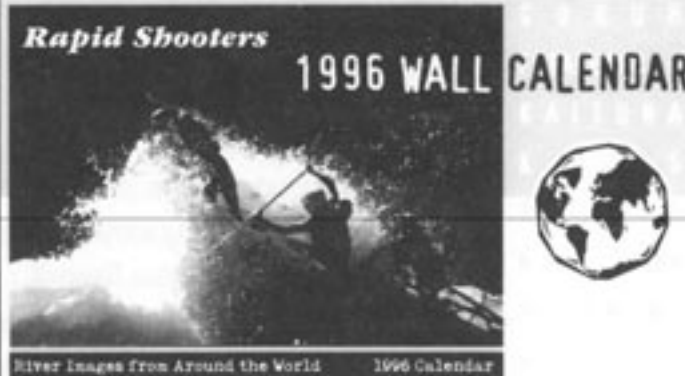
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Inside the Beltway

by Ed E. Lyne

An eight-lane interstate highway (known as the "beltway") encircles the nation's capital like a monstrous snake, separating the noxious inferno of politics from the rest of the nation. The populace peers in with an attitude of bewildered dismay. Meanwhile, politicians, bureaucrats, T.V. newscasters, lobbyists, lawyers, thieves, reporters, muggers, government contractors, drug addicts, and spies form a cacophonous Tower of Babel. At the center, gripping his new Contract with America like the Sword of Gehghis Khan, Newt Gingrich, newly enthroned Speaker of the House, announces a gradiose strategy to transform the planet. Undetred by this horrific scene, alert whitewater boaters, trapped deep inside the beltway, carefully filter the pandemonium to report on anything and everything affecting whitewater rivers.

Finally..... GOOD NEWS from Inside the Beltway!!

Yes, its true. Don't believe all that depressing garbage you read in the newspapers and see on TV about Newt Gingrich and his orphanages.

Don't even believe all the alarmist Chicken Little lies you read in this column earlier in the year.

The smoke has finally cleared from around the Capitol. Now that Jerry Garcia's funeral, the OJ trial and the Gauley Festival are over, AWA's political pundits are free to check out events in Congress.

Our experts have carefully scanned all pending legislation, using state-of-the-art software provided by computer wizards (aka nerds) in Silicon Valley California. The search used the most sophisticated technology known to man. Propeller heads looked through the entire database of recent Federal legislation to find anything and everything that directly impacts whitewater boating.

The results are now in!!

Search Result: Almost no recent Federal legislation directly attacks whitewater boaters, and a few boaters will benefit big time.

According to the computer, only the Auburn Dam and the Animas La-Plata project are directly intended to destroy whitewater rivers. These million dollar boondoggles are economic and recreational catastrophes, but no other pending bills actually target whitewater for complete and total obliteration.

Here are the computer's findings in a nutshell: If you are NOT pregnant, a black, Hispanic, or other minority individual, an illegal immigrant, tree hugging environmeddler, welfare mother or child of a welfare mother, a resident of Appalachia, a present or possibly future Medicaid recipient or Medicare recipient or a relative thereof, a health care provider, an endangered species, a Federal employee or former federal employee, a user of electric power in the southeast, west or southwest, a college student or parent of any of the foregoing, an elderly, sick, or disabled individual, a scientist in a Federally supported lab, a retired person or a relative thereof, an employed taxpayer with earned income or the spouse thereof, a user of national forest lands or Bureau of Land Management lands, or a person who boats in National Parks..... you are IN THE CLEAR.

No worries mate!!! None of the recent Federal legislative changes will screw you. They will all screw someone else (i.e. those named above).

And if—in your non-boating life—you are into rais-

ing minks, mining for gold, cutting timber, grazing cattle on Federal lands, running a ski resort in a national forest, building prisons, B2- bombers, or Sea Wolf submarines, dumping hazardous waste or insuring hazardous waste dumpers, you could very well be in FAT CITY.

After all the fear and loathing, this should come as one Hell of a relief to us all.

If you want the gory details of how all the recent activity inside the beltway might **affect** your boating opportunities, read on. If not—stop now and have a beer!! The Gory Details:

MINK FARMING

Mink farmers are the big winners. AWA's computer geeks found that several Utah boaters are also mink farmers. The mink raising boaters are in the pink, so to speak. Congress voted to continue their \$2,000,000 Federal subsidies for another year at least. That's \$133,000 to \$200,000 per mink farmer. \$200,000 will buy a lot of Jim Snyder paddles.

Bottom line: a plus for Utah boaters engaged in mink farming.

PUBLIC LAND GIVEAWAYS

House and Senate bills are both pending to transfer Bureau of Land Management lands, and in some cases national forest and national park lands, to the States. For free! States are expected to sell these lands to the highest bidder and turn a tidy profit.

BLM Lands

Companion bills introduced by Senator Craig Thomas (R-Wyo) in the Senate (S.1031) and by Congressman Jim Hansen in the House (H.R. 2032) would allow any State to take over ownership of all BLM lands within the State's boundaries, and then sell them off to the highest bidder. Neither bill contains provisions to protect existing public rights of access to rivers or other recreational resources.

National Park Lands

South Dakota Governor, William Janklow (R), has asked Interior Secretary, Bruce Babbitt, to transfer four national parks, including Mount Rushmore and the Badlands, to him free of charge immediately. Evidently, Janklow has an offer from Michael Eisner (President of Disney) to buy all four parks as soon as South Dakota gets title from the National Park Service. Yet another national park bill would call for a review of the national parks to determine which ones should be closed and eliminated from the system. Apparently some western parks have become infested with wolves, bears, and mountain lions—all of which pose a threat to domestic pets brought into the parks by tourists. The only way to protect these pets is too close down the parks. Sale of these units to the highest bidder will also help reduce the deficit. Its a two for one deal!

Bottom line: The give away of BLM, National Forest, and Park Service Lands could result in some public land becoming private and closed to the public.

DAM SALES

Both House and Senate budget "reconciliation" bills (budget bills) contain provisions to make some dough for the Federal Treasury by selling off Federal dams.

This is to pay for "tax breaks for the rich" according to Bill and Hillary or to reduce the deficit according to Newt. All Corps of Engineers Dams in the Southeast that produce electric power are covered. Some versions also sell off all the Bureau of Reclamation Dams and Corps dams in the southwest and west, including Glen Canyon Dam on the Colorado. If these dams get

into private hands, no telling what will happen to the whitewater releases downstream.

Bottom line: a question mark for boaters because the sales could cause the loss of whitewater at some dams.

PARK FEES

All the fiscal 1996 budget and appropriation bills contain language designed to increase entrance fees in national parks. Some also apply to national forest areas as well.

According to House Resources subcommittee Chairman, Jim Hansen (R-Utah) "we are subsidizing recreation users" to the tune of \$1 billion per year. Recreation users now pay only 10% of what it costs federal agencies to administer outdoor programs. It's a "sweetheart deal" said Hansen.

Hansen wants to up the visitor fees to at least 75% of the cost of running the parks. The Park Service says this would cause national park entrance fees to triple. (Republicans and Democrats differ on the math of course.)

Meanwhile, a deal is in the works to give "a wider range of options" to raft companies and other businesses with concession contracts in the national parks. Three bills are now under consideration: S.104, H.R. 773, and H.R.2028. These bills are all part of an effort to "reform" the federal concessions policy. The object is to make sure that no existing businesses operating on federal lands will have to compete with another business to maintain their monopoly. H.R. 2028 would help concession-holders out even more by allowing them to take over ownership of the public lands they use.

Bottom line: A minus for boaters. Fees to get into parks and forests are going up...**probably** a lot. This could make camping, and some river access areas, very very expensive. Concessionaires may end up owning various national park and forest areas and charging even more or excluding private boaters altogether.

WATER POLLUTION

Massive changes in the Clean Water Act are in progress in both the House and Senate. The House has already passed a bill (H.R. 961) to repeal Clean Water Act storm water provisions (the ones that keep dog doo doo out of the river) and to cut out funding for State water treatment facilities.

Bottom line: a minus for boaters because pollution in the rivers could cause ear infections.

CUTS IN RIVER ACCESS MONEY

Appropriations bills now pending before Congress eliminate funding to States to acquire recreational access sites, including river access. The same bills terminate funding for federal agencies to buy any lands other than emergency acquisitions. The total cutback in land acquisition moneys is 78% (from \$235 million to \$51 million).

This means that no money will be available for buying critical river access lands, like the put in on the Numbers section of the Arkansas, or the put in for the White Salmon in Washington.

Bottom line: a minus for boaters because the federal agencies will have no money to buy river access lands that owners are anxious to sell.

MONEY FOR MORE COPS

The Senate and House have both been on the warpath against Clinton's proposal to give money to cities to increase police on the beat. If this money is cut, more boats are going to get stolen, and there wont be any cops to get them back.

Bottom line: A minus for boaters. Congressional efforts to cut the cops could result in more boat theft.

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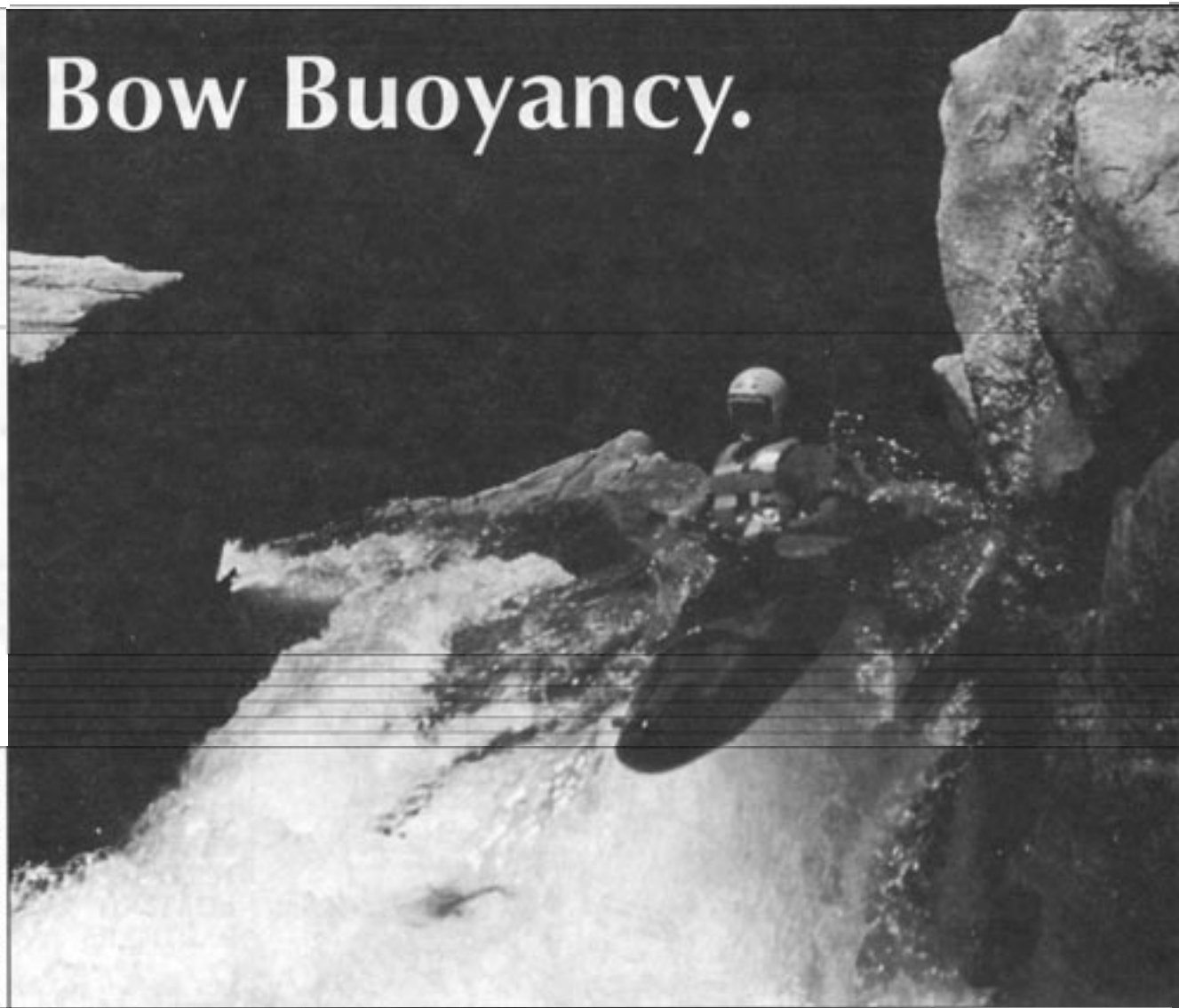
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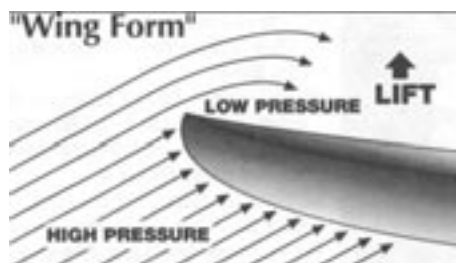
Bow Buoyancy.

Photo by Grant Amara



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It is a scientific fact: whitewater boaters are a pack of liars! Of course, we all knew this intuitively, but it's another thing to have scientific proof.

I thought I was a class V liar myself. I thought I was Pinocchio in a kayak. But that was all just ego inflation. My balloon has now really been popped. The boating world is full of liars way more inventive than I could ever be. People like Ricky Rodriguez, from Virginia, for example, use lies more astounding than anything I have ever dreamed of. And, even more incredible, they work!

How did I make this discovery?

Through a carefully controlled scientific experiment.

Last July, I posted a survey on the Internet in the newsgroup "rec.boats.paddle", populated by whitewater types who are also computer junkies.

The survey question was as follows:

"AWA BIG LIE SURVEY. It has been asserted that whitewater boaters and raft guides are big liars. This may be true or it may be a big lie. To make a prove or disprove this assertion, I am looking for the biggest lies frequently told by individuals in these groups. Please send me your biggest lies."

Now, after several months of sorting through lies, the complete survey results are in. And they are astonishing!

Based on personal experience, I expected that most boater lies would be used on wives, husbands, or other live-in companions.

The survey results stunned me! Boaters are lying to just about everyone, but most lies are actually used on boating partners. Thirty-two (32) superior lies are available for use on boating partners and only six (6) not very believable ones are available for use on wives, husbands, or other live-in companions.

Seven (7) generic lies are available to boaters to be used against virtually anyone who will listen. Many readers will be disappointed, however, to learn that only four (4) lies are available for use against good looking women (or men, in the case of women boaters) met on the river. And most of these will only work for raft guides. Statistically, this says a lot....I think.

**Lies!!!!
Lies!!!!
Lies!!!!
Lies!!!!
YOU LIAR!!!**

by Pope Barrow



How to tell if a boater is lying... their lips are moving.

- Quote from J.K.V. (stolen from Bushy, believe it or not)

All of these lies are available for use by any kayaker, canoeist, or rafter who needs them. None are copy right protected. Even the biggest liars in the boating community can probably pick up a few new lies from the AWA Big Lie Survey.

Here is the breakdown of boater lies by category:

LIES BOATERS TELL TO WIVES, HUSBANDS, OR OTHER LIVE-IN COMPANIONS.

1. *There is no such word as "shuttle bunny". I don't know where you heard that term, sweetheart.*
2. *I promise I'll never call you a shuttle bunny.*
3. *Sweetheart, I swear I will be home in time for dinner.*
4. *My new boat is PERFECT. I'll be happy with it forever.*
5. *Dear, there are a LOT of things for you to do in the area while I'm paddling.*
6. *Of course I have to go; I'm the only one who knows the shuttle/river/tines.*

LIES FREQUENTLY TOLD TO BOATING PARTNERS

1. *It's only class III; you can do it — no problem.*
2. *Don't worry, the take out is easy!*
3. *Don't worry I know the route.*
4. *I meant to do that!!!*
5. *I have a bombproof roll.*
6. *No. Nothing is left in the car. It's all in the boat. I checked.*
7. *Don't worry, that hole won't hold you.*
8. *You can portage all the big drops.*
9. *Just follow me and you'll be fine.*
10. *20 miles, only one portage, a couple Vs, we'll be done before dark 3-hours MAX*
11. *Just follow me, its clean down below this drop.*
12. *[If listener hasn't paddled this one]: It's huge, solid class V. [If listener has paddled this one]: There's nothing harder than III on it.*
13. *Use these lies in this order. Move to the next lie when suspicions are aroused. We're about half-way. About 2 more miles. The takeout should be around the next bend.*
14. *This is the best boat you can buy.*

15. *I paddled* with [Nolan Whitesell]/[Rob Lesser]/[John Regan] on that.
16. *This* is my last surf. *I swear*.
17. The weather's supposed to *be* perfect.
18. I was not hiding in the woods at *the* put in waiting for you to run the shuttle!
19. *I didn't* hit a single rock.
20. *I've* run that.
21. *I've* run that higher.
22. We can park here.
23. I never swim.
24. *I could* surf this hole in my other boat.
25. *I could* drive this shuttle in my other car.
26. *Piece of cake ...* I've never tipped running this one.
27. *It's all flatwater* from here.
28. *Everything* washes out above 5 feet.
29. I know EXACTLY where I am. The map is obviously wrong and the compass is off.
30. *This* is the put in.
31. *This* is the take out.

LIES FREQUENTLY TOLD TO SHUTTLE DRIVERS

1. *There* is no such word as "shuttle bunny". I don't know where you heard that term, sweetheart.
2. *Don't* worry, my rack will hold.
3. *Don't* worry, shoe goo can patch that right up.
4. *It's* a quick shuttle.
5. *I gave* YOU the keys!
6. *You* won't need a front or rear tie down on this car. Those boats aren't going anywhere.

LIES TOLD BY MEN TO WOMEN, OR BY WOMEN TO MEN, MET ON THE RIVER

1. I have never slept with any of the customers. You are *the first*. (raft guide lie)
2. You are the *best*. (raft guide lie)
3. I had a *vasectomy/tubal*.
4. Nobody has ever gotten pregnant doing it in a [canoe]/[raft].

LIES FREQUENTLY TOLD TO RESCUERS

1. *That* wasn't a swim! My boat was getting a lot of junk in it, and it needed to be washed out!
2. *I got* sucked out of my boat.
3. *I could* have rolled but I was afraid I would break my paddle.
4. *I could* have gotten that roll on my other side.
5. *My spray deck* got blown off.
6. I swam cause I was getting hot.
7. I was in control all the way through that.
8. *It* was all the fault of my bow-paddler, he's very new at this.
9. *I'll* give you a beer next time.

LIES BOATERS TELL TO ANYONE WHO WILL LISTEN

1. I have run that at a different level.
2. *The* wave was at least 15 feet high.
3. I used to run class VI all the time, but I've mellowed in my old age.
4. *I had* a 10 second mystery move.
5. *My* polypro doesn't stink.
6. *She* surfed that hole for at least 20 minutes before getting washed out.
7. *I ran* exactly the line I planned.

No doubt about it. Boaters are liars in the same league with used car dealers, statisticians, and fishermen. Maybe AWA should give a Frequent Liar Award?

Even this magazine is filled with lies. All the best whitewater stories are total lies. That's why so many boaters love American Whitewater.

So why DO boaters lie so much? This is a complex question. The survey does not answer this very important question, so we can only speculate.

Someone, Billy Graham, I think, or was it Jackson Browne, once said "The truth will set you free". This is ridiculous. The truth is nothing but a straight jacket to the imagination. A good whitewater lie is much more liberating than the facts, especially if you can get someone to believe you.

Without lying, or at least exaggeration, the average whitewater experience would be dull indeed. I particularly hate to have my lies and exaggerations undermined by finicky accuracy addicts. Here is how it often happens. I will be three beers into the story at the campsite, describing a recent river adventure the way you would describe a baroque castle on a mountain top, with turrets, drawbridges, knights jousting on the lawn, and well-endowed wenches beckoning from the parapets.

Then some acerbic individual will invariably pipe up with "No. It won't like that at all," and proceed to correct every small embellishment and remove every filigree emblazoned on the adventure. In the end my castle with jousting knights and comely maidens looks like a bungalow in East L.A. with hoodlums doing drive bys and welfare mothers lounging forlornly in front of TV soaps inside.

This kind of slavish insistence on truth and accuracy in the telling of whitewater tales is ruinous to our sport.

Another important point: to be effective, lies must not only be entertaining, they must be believed.

So how do you get someone to believe your lies?

There are two simple keys. Richard Nixon, one of America's greatest liars, once said "It is important to be sincere... even if you don't really mean it." In other

words, you have to lie with a straight face. That's the **first** key. Nixon once got on TV and lied to the nation about his dog, Checkers. He got so into the lie that he started crying and embellishing the story even more. Everyone loved it. Of course, most people knew it was a despicable bald-faced lie, but they loved it anyway and tried really hard to believe it.

Try this technique sometime when you are explaining to someone why you have decided not to run a certain class V+ rapid. Look very serious and don't smile when you say "I would but [insert total lie]."

The other key is to make the lie **BIG**. Politicians often use this trick. Hitler said that it is important to make your lies really BIG because the bigger the lie the more impossible it is for people not to believe it. Since he pointed this out, all politicians have favored the larger more blatant lies to small inconsequential fibs.

Another question left unanswered by the AWA survey is: why are so many lies perpetrated by male boaters?

No one really knows the answer to this fascinating question. It may be some kind of deep gender thing. Clearly women can lie when they need to. They lie about their age all the time, but otherwise they generally just don't seem to enjoy lying as much as men. Women boaters do very well with small-time gossip, which is often a pack of harmless lies, but very few women boaters seem to care for the big bald-faced type of lie that so many male boaters specialize in.

BIG LIE COMPETITION ANNOUNCED

To further promote the worthy cause of lying about whitewater, the AWA is now conducting a contest for the Best Whitewater Lies. Please submit your lies to AWA Lie Inspector, Pope Barrow, at 136-13th St., SE, Washington, D.C. 20003. The winning lies will be published right here in American Whitewater in all their resplendent glory. The lies can be one-liners or they can be shaggy dog lies which go on for pages — whatever works for you.

Awards will be given for "Most Outrageous Lie", "Most Entertaining Lie", "Dumbest Lie", "Most Believable Lie", and "Most Unbelievable Lie".

Professional liars, such as politicians, car salesmen, and lawyers, must enter the Professional Liar Category.

Don't keep your lies to yourself!! Let the world enjoy them!!

RESCUING A WHITEWATER RIVER... CHILEAN STYLE

BY HOWARD DAVIDSON



American superpaddler Chris Spelius spearheads the fight to save Chile's Futaleufu River from a massive hydro-electric project.



Standing on the bank of what may be the finest whitewater river in the Andes, Mike Hipsher looks every bit the world class kayaker that he is. Framed by a backdrop of rock, ice and sky, Hipsher begins his warm-up stretching routine, a series of precise, gymnastic, movements that flow as smoothly as the green water beside him.

It is an impressive sight, especially to a local man who is making his way across a wooden suspension bridge just downstream. Eyes fixed on

Hipsher, the man is paying little attention to the pair of oxen he is leading across the bridge. They are enormous, yoked together and pulling a hefty load of timber. And they, too, are staring at the kayaker - though not in admiration.

Suddenly, all hell breaks loose.

The ox closest to Hipsher, frightened by the kayaker's strange movements, starts to retreat. In the process, he collides with his companion, sending one of that creature's hindlegs off the bridge into midair. For a moment, everything hangs in the balance. The oxen snort and shuffle and pull against one another in a desperate attempt to regain their equilibrium. If they fail to do so, they will slip off the bridge, freefall sixty feet and flush into a rapid that doesn't end for more than a quarter mile.

It will, in other words, be a disaster - not only for the oxen and the man leading them but also for Hipsher and a small group of other kayakers, who are trying their best to convince the local population that whitewater boating is, indeed, a good thing for their community.

This battle for hearts and minds has been going on for the past year or so, ever since a Chilean company declared its intention to dam the river - the Rio Futaleufu - and use its energy for hydropower. Doing so, company officials say, will help bring much-needed development to the Futaleufu region, an extremely rugged section of Northern Patagonia, where electric power lines were first installed only a decade ago and horseback is still the main form of transportation.

**ABOVE: OXEN
ON THE BRIDGE**



But there will, of course, be a steep price to pay. Though details are sketchy, the dam could destroy a vast section of this river, a magnificent, high-volume plunge from the Andes to the Pacific. Lost forever would be an almost countless parade of rapids so thrilling that any one of them would be the highlight on an average river elsewhere.

Several of these drops - and two in particular - are orders of magnitude more powerful than anything even strong **kayakers** typically run. But much of the Futaleufu is considerably more manageable, within the reach of mainstream boaters with solid rolls and bracing skills. Typical is the stretch just below the swinging bridge, where **Hipsher** frightened the oxen (they recovered, by the way).

Thanks to its relatively moderate gradient, this section is fast but not overwhelming. Still, it is nothing to scoff at as anywhere from 9,000 to 20,000 cubic feet per second of **Andean snowmelt**, depending on the time of year, crash over and around boulders, forming holes, pourovers and thick, jade-colored waves that collapse and reform like ocean swells. A quarter mile later the only respite is a bouncy eddy on river right, where paddlers catch their breath while peering downstream at more of the same. And so on.

And all of this is framed by a setting so beautiful it seems like virtual reality. The mountains of the Futaleufu valley, though not as tall as other parts of the Andes, are extremely steep and rocky, often culminating in whimsical, multi-spired peaks - Gothic architecture on a continental scale. Further down-slope, closer to the river, are wide, grassy pitches where chestnut-colored horses feed in a timeless pastoral scene. Far overhead, condors glide by, black dots against a pale Patagonian sky.



ABOVE:
SPELIUS IN
ACTION ON THE
FUTALEUFU



No wonder this river is gaining a reputation as the continent's finest boating destination. Every season, a growing number of visitors make the 4,000 mile trip from the mainland United States. Some - especially those with a lot of time to spare - come on their own, arranging for themselves the complicated logistics needed to boat in Patagonia. Most, however, use guides - veteran American paddlers like **Hipsher** who either own or work for one of several companies that operate on the Futa, as they affectionately call it.

Though few in number and limited in resources, these gringo river guides are now engaged in a desperate effort to save their whitewater utopia. Over the past year and a half, they have been orchestrating a slick, public relations campaign, bringing the plight of the Futaleufu to airwaves and printing presses throughout Chile and beyond. At the same time, they have started a fund-raising drive in the U.S. to pay for p.r. and legal work (see sidebar).

For the most part, their efforts have been well-received by the local community, especially the region's many small-time ranchers and farmers, who could potentially lose their ancestral lands to the dam. Indeed, the farmers and ranchers have formed their own grass roots organization to fight the hydro project and view the boaters as allies in the struggle.

Still, it is a somewhat tenuous alliance, this bonding of kayakers and campesinos and one that, like the oxen yoked together on the bridge, has the potential to fall suddenly out of balance, given the proper catalyst.

For evidence, all you need to do is visit a place called Campo Tres Monjas - something I did for two weeks last February. This stunning 20 acre spread at the confluence of the Futaleufu and Rio Azul is the base camp of Expediciones Chile, an adventure kayaking company owned by noted American paddler Chris Spelius. Since he bought the land from a rancher several years ago, Spelius (nicknamed "Spe") has been slowly building up Campo Tres Monjas each season. Now it is one of the finest facilities of its kind anywhere.

On various afternoons from late December through March, clients can be found relaxing here after a strenuous day on the river. Some retire to their tents, letting the sound of flowing water soothe them to sleep. Others lounge on a sandy beach by the river or steam themselves into Nirvana in a cedar sauna. Several sign up for hour-long sessions with Jaqui, a professional masseuse Spelius has hired. All stuff themselves with a never-ending array of treats prepared by Ishmael, a Chilean cook. Even the outhouse here is pleasant, offering an unobstructed view of one of the most majestic peaks in Northern Patagonia. In short, the whole scene could easily be nicknamed Club Spe.

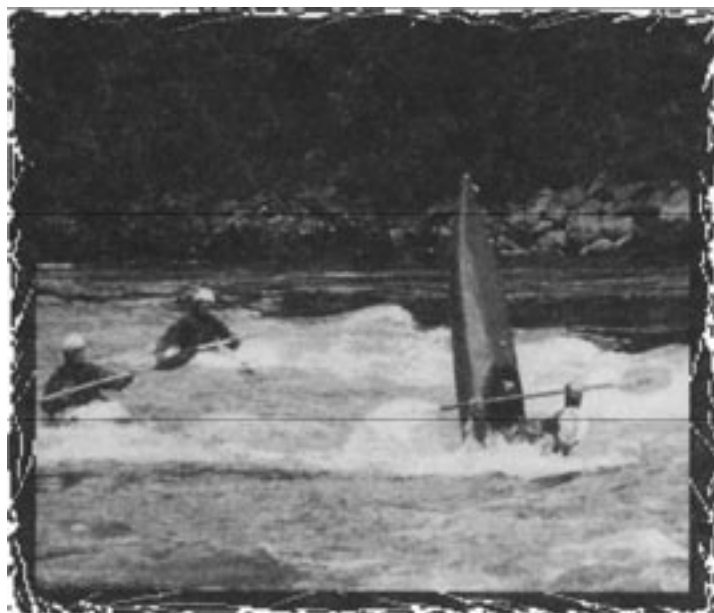
Such obvious prosperity has not escaped local attention. Spelius recalls a recent radio call-in show, part of the media campaign to save the river. Though many of the callers were sympathetic towards the cause of conservation, one lady had a very direct chal-

lenge. "You gringos," she said, "what do you do for us? You come here and get rich and leave with pockets full of money."

In all likelihood, the caller was related to a merchant or laborer in the region's largest town (also called Futaleufu). Here, less than five kilometers from the Futa's aptly named Inferno Canyon, some 900 people live in and around a weathered plaza that has hardly changed since it was built in the 1920s. Those who own the humble general stores or work as part-time laborers in the sporadic construction business here view the dam as an economic savior. It is, therefore, no surprise they might resent the outsiders.

Spelius understands their feelings and says he is making efforts to address them, such as trying to purchase more of his supplies locally and encouraging his clients to visit town and buy handicrafts. Furthermore, Spelius points out, his operation, like most whitewater related businesses, has a slim profit margin and is by no means reaping "pockets full of money."

Still, in a country where a whitewater kayak is worth four month's wages for

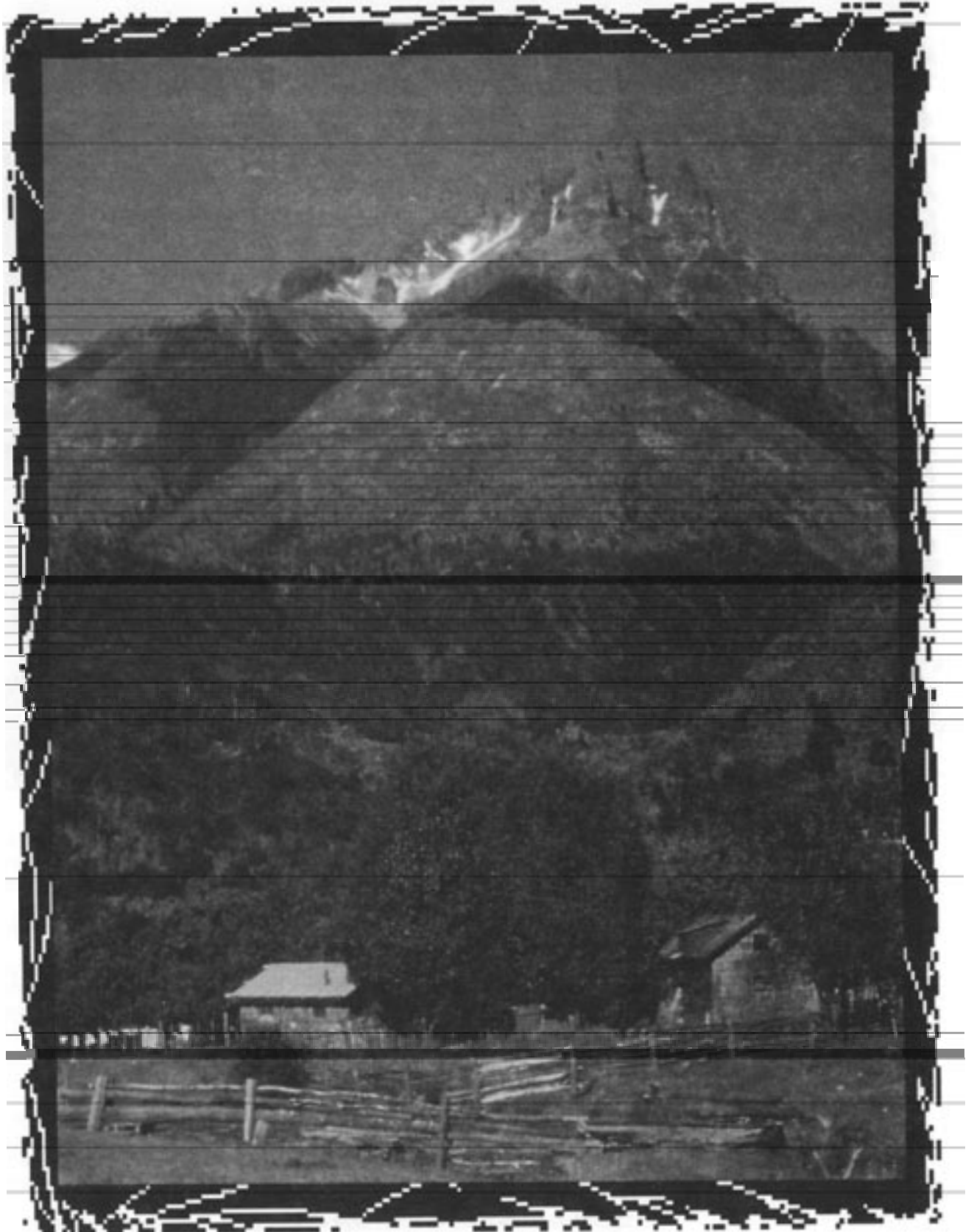


ABOVE: MIKE

HIPHER

SHOWING HOW

IT IS DONE!



ABOVE: TRES MONJAF



**ABOVE:
TYPICAL CLUB
SPE SCENE:
LUNCH ON THE
RIVER**

the average school teacher, the point is moot. American boaters, simply because of their passports, are naturally open to charges of elitism, hypocrisy and meddling. In the final analysis, help from gringos, no matter how well-intentioned, will always be a double-edged sword.

But it is a sword that must be wielded, Spelius and the other Americans believe, because without it the river will almost certainly be lost.

To understand just how serious the situation is, one need only see seven letters - ENDESSA - the name of the company behind the dam project. A Santiago-based concern, ENDESSA is a juggernaut of an organization, the same company that is damming another well-known Chilean river, the Bio-Bio. With its close connections to Chile's financial, political and military elites, ENDESSA almost always nets what it wants.

Opposing this national power is another organization, the "Corporation for the Defense and Development of the Futaleufu" (CODDERFU). Though possessed of an impressive-sounding acronym, the group is hardly a force to be reckoned with; most of its members are those same farmers and ranchers threatened by the dam. Few have ever even been to Santiago, some 700 miles - and another century - to the north.

Indeed, the locals are so overmatched in this struggle that they didn't realize they were in jeopardy until it was almost too late. They only found out about the project because ENDESSA, as required by Chilean law, had to announce its intentions in a regional newspaper. By this time, however, the company was a mere 15 days away from acquiring water rights to the river.

When the farmers and ranchers learned what was up, they mobilized as best

they could, sending men on horseback up and down the Futaleufu valley, like Chilean Paul Revere, to warn that ENDESSA was coming. That evening, they held their first meeting in a local school house.

"It was like something out of a movie," Spelius says, recalling how someone passed a cowboy hat around the room to raise funds for the battle against one of the country's most powerful forces.

This was a David versus Goliath struggle from the outset.

But the gringo boaters are a wildcard. With their experience from anti-dam struggles elsewhere, they hope to balance the odds.

It's early in the morning on February 24. For the first time in a week, the sun rises in a completely cloudless sky. The effect is mesmerizing as it gives us an unobstructed view of the mountains that surround us, with their dark rocks, pockets of snow and fancifully sculpted ridgelines.

Looking around the Expediciones Chile van that morning as we bounce along a gravel road, our boats piled on a massive roof rack above us, I can't be sure just what my fellow passengers are thinking. But whatever it is, it must be serious. Everyone, it seems, has his or her game face on. Today we will descend Inferno Canyon, an extremely constricted gorge where the Futa displays frightening power.

First, though, we make a quick pit stop in town for postcards, sweaters and other items - part of the Spelius program to win hearts and minds. There, in the classically Andean central plaza, we are confronted with an incongruous site - a thoroughly modern, professional video crew, draped with the latest high fidelity equipment. And the weirdest part is that they are filming us.

As the crowning achievement to date of his P.R. campaign, Spelius has managed to get the attention of a none other than Sergio Nuno, revered in his country as "the Jacques Cousteau of Chile." Nuno's television show, *La Tierra En Que Vivimos* (the World in which We Live), is one of the most popular broadcasts in the nation, almost - though not quite - on a par with futbol. As such, it could do more to advance the cause of preserving the Futa than articles in any 1,000 North American magazines.

For the next several days, the film crew will be our intermittent - and sometimes surprise - companions. Their goal: to familiarize Chileans with the Rio Futaleufu, including the controversy over the dam. Also, one of the cameramen says only half-jokingly, they wish to document "la vida secreta de los gringos." That means impromptu shots of all sorts: gringos kayaking, gringos eating lunch, gringos lounging in the sand like pasty, self-satisfied lizards and luxuriating in the camp's wood-heated outdoor shower, set amid moss-covered boulders and trees.

About the only place the cameras do not go is into steep-walled Inferno Canyon. Here, the only reasonable access is by boat, preferably one piloted by a very experienced paddler. Ken Kastorf, one of Expediciones Chile's top guides, has led perhaps a dozen groups down this intense mile and half watercourse. "And every time," he says, "my pucker factor has been off the chart."

The problem is not so much the rapids themselves, though they are wave-strewn, whited-out affairs that bounce off the canyon walls and surge with dangerous unpredictability. No, the biggest danger is simply their continuity, a series of six drops stacked on top of each other with little slack water between. Studding both banks are horrendous eddy lines that can backender - or even mystery move - a full-sized kayak for no apparent reason. A swimmer here faces the very real chance of flush drowning.

And, of course, the most technically difficult drop comes first.

Known as Inferno Rapid, it is essentially a chaotic ramp that culminates in an exploding wave train. You ei-

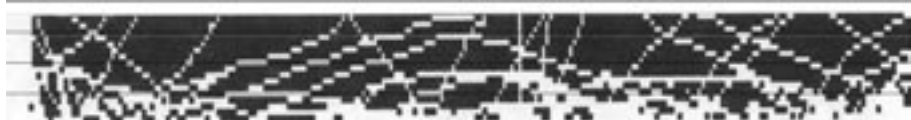


BELOW:

LENA KAHN

**PREPARING FOR A
DAY ON THE
FUTALEUFU**





ther break through the waves at just the right moment, or risk getting caught in a typewriter carriage return ride towards a **cliff**. The little bell rings when you slam the wall.

Luckily, no one in our group does slam. Nor do we have any trouble later that day with the Zeta, a convoluted mess of a rapid where the entire river narrows down to the width of a two-lane road (all the customers walk except for one, Anthony Kahn, an exceptionally strong paddler from far Northern California). Further downstream at the Throne Room, the **Futa's** biggest rapid, Kahn remembers how things went for him at the Zeta - **let's** just say he was a tiny bit off line - and portages with the rest of us.

That night back at Campo **Tres Monjas**, the mood is one of elation. Over empanadas, fresh guacamole and Chilean wine, the talk alternates between tales of whitewater glory and the best strategy to save the river.

The first step is to simply "educate people about the resource down here," Spe says. Currently, only a few thousand of the country's 14 million people have ever heard of the Futaleufu, according to Victor Gonzalez, one of the cameramen who

works for the so-called Jacques Cousteau of Chile. Perhaps if more were aware of the

river's beauty they would join the campaign to protect it.

Then again, perhaps not. The environmental movement in Chile, though growing, is not nearly as developed as it is in the First World. A far more pressing issue on most **people's minds** is the **country's** economic development. Indeed, **Chilean President** Eduardo Frei was recently quoted as saying "El **progreso** viene primero, la ecologia despues" (**Progress** comes first, ecology afterwards). **Clearly**, some other argument will be needed.

One idea is to point out that **NOT** building the dam could be good business. Spelius does so whenever possible, encouraging his clients to buy local goods and directing private boaters who visit the area to one of several campgrounds that have sprung up recently.

"Tell them more kayakers are on the way," he says. In his heart, however, Spe knows that kayakers alone - especially private ones - will never save the river. Most of them, he admits, "are **dirtdog** poor" and will try to visit the region "the cheapest way possible, avoiding any way possible of spending money."

Other eco-tourists might be more free-spending. Rafting on the Grand Canyon, for example, generates 22 million dollars a year for Arizona, Spelius points out. Ken Kastorf sees fishing, horseback packing and mountaineering as **complimentary** activities to prime the local economy. "This place has the potential to become the Telluride of Chile," he says.

But Telluride was not built overnight. "The cowboys around here are great horsemen," Kastorf says, "but that's a **different** thing entirely from running a horsepacking trip for tourists. Someone would have to work with them and show them how."

More problematic still is simple economics. Rafting, fishing and horsepacking may have the potential to benefit the local economy of Futaleufu, but a massive dam is a project of national scope, one that proponents claim would advance the entire Chilean economy. The power generated could be sold for tremendous profit to nearby Argentina or, perhaps, used to drive a rumored, but as yet unbuilt, aluminum smelting plant to the south. Even the most thriving eco-tourist industry pales in comparison to such fiscal clout.

Faced with this harsh reality, those who would save the river must come up with an entirely new strategy, something that defies the irrevocable logic of numbers.

They think they just might have found it.



**ABOVE:
LOCAL RANCH
THREATENED
BY DAM**



ABOVE: KEN KASTORFF CLEANS THE ZETA



**BELOW:
KEN KASTORFF
WINNING HEARTS
AND MINDS
RIGHT:
MASTER SPELIUS
CONQUERS THE
ZETA**

A hundred years ago, the Futaleufu region was a true frontier, a place where the native Mapuche tribe still fought bitterly against western colonization. It was only in the 1920s that the first white settlers established a permanent presence here. These people were offered free land by the Chilean government if they would relocate to the Patagonian wilds and raise families.

The goal was to populate the area with Chileans, thereby fending off any potential claim from nearby Argentina, Chile's geopolitical rival. Today, the descendants of these settlers are known as the "Hijos de Colon" (Sons of Columbus) and are viewed with great respect by urban Chileans, according to Ruben Torres, a public relations person who has been hired by the river guides.

Torres, whose father used to be a policeman in the Futaleufu area, says that this story - proud, self-sufficient locals versus a huge, bullying power company - is a tale that could win hearts and minds throughout Chile. It is this version of events that he hopes to promote.

In order to do so, however, he will obviously need backing from the Hijos de Colon. Without them, there is no viable opposition to the dam.

For the time being, the locals seem reasonably united. Spelius estimates that some "60 to 70 percent" of them are vehemently opposed to the dam. This figure, however, is down from nearly 100 percent opposition when the plan was first announced last year. The reason? "People are starting to dream about the work."

A visit to town seems to confirm Spe's version of events. "I'm in favor of the dam," says one woman who owns a ramshackle little store selling cheaply made dry goods. "It would bring jobs. We'd

all be able to raise our standard of living." Several others, including a baker, a laborer and a telephone operator, express similar views.

But just as many agree with Gladys Pinilla, a CODDERFU supporter who runs a more upscale store, selling sweaters, hats and other items to tourists, most from nearby Argentina. "There would be work for a little while, during construction itself," she agrees, "but afterwards the jobs would disappear and we'd be left without our magnificent river. The town as we know it would die. It would become like Trevelin."

That name, Trevelin, could become a touchstone in the effort to maintain a united, anti-dam front. It is a village in Argentina, a once-thriving place that has been transformed into a dusty ghost town by the only dam on the Rio Futaleufu. Before that dam was built, the people of Trevelin, like those of Futaleufu, were told how beneficial the project would be.

"We should make a video of the bloody mess they've made up there," Kastorf says, "and show it all around. We have to be as vivid and as graphic as possible because ENDESSA's gonna

come in here and promise anything it takes."

Already there is evidence that ENDESSA is fighting a successful propaganda campaign of its own. For starters, the company has not yet released solid information about how large the dam will be nor how many farmers and ranchers will be displaced by it. Futaleufu's mayor (and president of CODDERFU), Belarmino Vera Vera, estimates the number at more than 100.

Spelius fears the company may decide to build a dam that would de-water





rather than flood the valley, which would pose less of a problem for the farmers, thereby splitting the kayaker-campesino axis. Or, ENDESSA might simply offer the locals cold, hard cash for their land.

"But they won't take (the money)," the kayaker confidently predicts, "these people are proud."

If the community does resist ENDESSA's offers, the company could always fall back on an old ploy - stirring up Anti-gringo sentiment, a strategy that worked well in ENDESSA's successful damming of the Bio Bio.

The prospect of such an us versus them campaign is, perhaps, part of the reason a slightly paranoid state sometimes seems to overtake the small community of boaters here. Phil DeRiemer, another world class kayaker who sometimes guides for Spelius, recalls how last year the paddlers were freaked out by a helicopter that appeared out of nowhere and hovered for a long while above the river. Some thought the chopper was from ENDESSA, perhaps part of a strike force to perpetrate some unspecified evil deed. It turned out that it actually belonged to Sergio Nuno.

Another story making the rounds says that one of the leading Futa-

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**ABOVE: THE MAGNIFICENT FUTALEUFU
THREATENED BY HYDROPOWER**


based river outfitters had his life threatened by ENDESSA. Whether there's even an ounce of truth to the story is anyone's guess.

In spite of such pressure - real or imagined - the boaters at Campo Tres Monjas show no evidence of backing down, not as long as their Chilean neighbors stand with them. "It's a moral obligation," Spelius says. "For us to enjoy the Grand Canyon or the Cal Salmon or even the Chatooga River, someone had to put in a lot of time and effort. It's our time to do that now."

Editor's Note: Class V kayaker Howard Davidson gave up professional journalism to attend medical school at the University of Pittsburgh.



BELOW:
CHRIS SPELIUS -
OWNER OF
EXPEDICIONES
CHILE, SCOUTING
THE ZETA



RESCUING A
WHITEWATER
RIVER...
CHILEAN
STYLE

Saving a river from destruction, like any major project, takes a lot more than mere good intentions. It also requires teamwork, organization and a spectrum of material resources- everything from paper clips to computer technology. "It's like running a little business," Spelius says of the fight against ENDESSA. And, like all businesses, it can't get off the ground without money. To help meet the financial needs of the conservation effort, opponents of the dam have been accepting donations from paddlers and other environmentally minded people.

The money is being channeled into "Futafund," a strictly non-profit war chest for the ongoing struggle. So far, \$15,000 have been raised, a third of it coming from clothing giant Patagonia. Other notable contributions include \$500 from the employees of the Nantahala Outdoor Center and a laptop computer courtesy of David Quammen, a writer for Outside Magazine. The resources have been used, among other things, to hire Chilean P.R. specialist Ruben Torres, to pay for an attorney to challenge the dam in court, and to support the efforts of local Chileans opposed to the hydroproject.

To learn more about Futafund, call (500) 443-3882.

For information on guide services on the Futa, contact:

■ Expediciones Chile, a kayaking outfitter: 333 Earl's Road, Bryson City, NC 28713, (704) 488-9082.

■ Sport International, which also offers guided kayaking trips: 1602 Alder St., Whitehorse, Yukon Province, Y1A3W8, Canada, (403) 633-2742, (800) 779-1784.

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WHITEWATER PARADISE

Story and photos by David Haynes

Class III-IV Fun on Alabama's



Bobbing in the shadow of the picturesque covered bridge, I always pause to admire the morning light, tracing the rocky crags of the towering 100-foot-high bluff.

Even after hundreds of runs on the Locust Fork of the Warrior River, located in northern Alabama, this scene still has the power to command my attention. The Swann Covered Bridge, one of a handful of such bridges still in use in Alabama, marks the mid point of what is arguably the most popular whitewater run in the state.

Above Swann Bridge are 3.5 miles of numerous Class II-III rapids, and a strong Class III-IV rapid named Double Trouble. In the two miles below Swann are Powell Falls, which features a Class III eight foot slide, and the Skirum Bluff Ender Hole, where boaters have been known to linger for half a day to play.

Situated at the southernmost foothills of the Appalachians, the Locust Fork of the Warrior River has long been a popular paddling destination for rapid starved boaters, who come from as far away as Texas, Louisiana, and Florida.

The most popular section

stretches about 5.5 miles from U.S. 231 near Cleveland to Alabama Highway 160 near Nectar, although sections above and below are certainly runnable. Average gradient is in the 30 foot per mile range. The section above the Swann Bridge is studded with the more challenging rapids.

RUNNING THE LOCUST FORK

My Locust Fork voyages number well into the hundreds (I live only 25 miles away). Starting in the early '80's in an open boat, through learning to kayak in the mid '80's, I can honestly say it's never become boring.

I've recently returned to an open boat for a large format black and white photography project that is, to date, about half completed. I photograph from first light through mid-morning, so I am "seeing" a completely new river than the one I've experienced over 15 Years of mid day running. The combination of early morning light, fog, moving water, boulders and bluffs and the charac-

teristics of the 4X5 film is producing a unique portfolio.

Recently I have also been taking fishing gear along and I have met considerable success with bass.

The first section of river passes through a beautiful little gorge bounded by bluffs up to 100 feet high. Here the Locust Fork offers abrupt drops separated by pools. On winter runs, many are surprised to discover oaks that retain their green leaves. They finally feature their "autumn" oranges and yellows, just as other trees bloom in April!

About a half mile into the run you'll see a house sized boulder on the left, below the first significant drop — House Rock Rapid. Whip into the big eddy on the left to avoid the boulder, since it's undercut and has been known to swallow the boats of unsuspecting paddlers. I know of an open boat that was pinned under the rock for days; it could not be extracted until the river dropped.

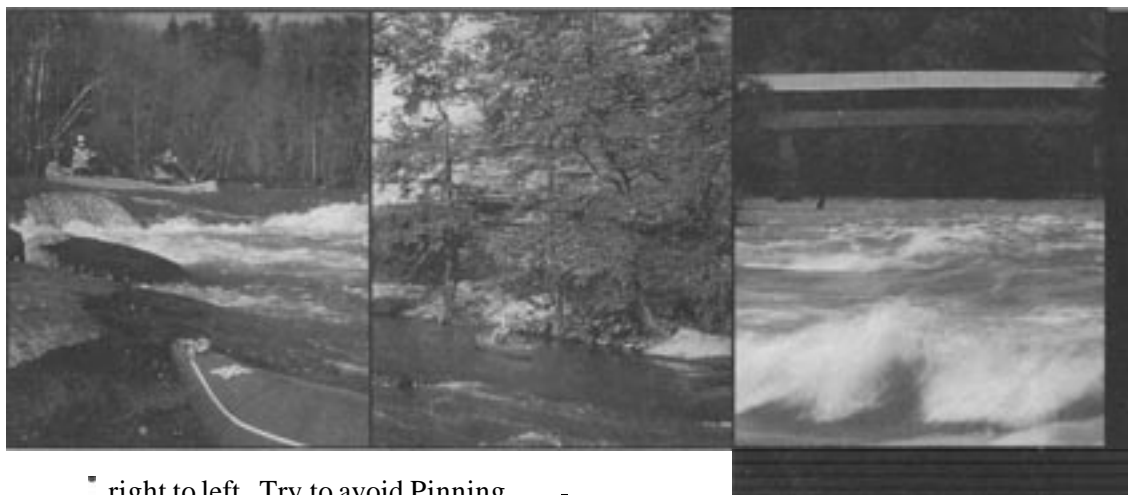
The next rapid, Tilt a Whirl, is just a Class II drop over a 4 foot boulder, but the river chokes down here to produce a good surfing wave and, at higher levels, an ender spot.

...REBEL



STYLE

LOCUST FORK OF THE WARRIOR



DOUBLE TROUBLE

You know you're approaching Double Trouble when you see a gigantic boulder, strewn with all manner of river debris, on river right. Here whitewater dances behind a distinct horizon line. The river is split here by a rocky island - a good place to take out to scout.

Double Trouble is the biggest rapid on the river. It consists of two drops divided by a 100 foot pool. The first plunges about 7 vertical feet over a horizontal distance of about 40 feet. The second is a 4 foot pourover against a rounded boulder.

What makes this dangerous is the huge undercut boulder that dominates the right side of the dividing pool. Logs (whole trees sometimes) and other river debris gets pushed against, sucked under and piled over this 15 foot high boulder. And the current from the first drop pushes everything into the teeth of it.

I've had the misfortune of swimming this in February. Had it not been for a well thrown rescue line, I would have been kissing the underbelly of this gnarly undercut.

Run Double Trouble by working

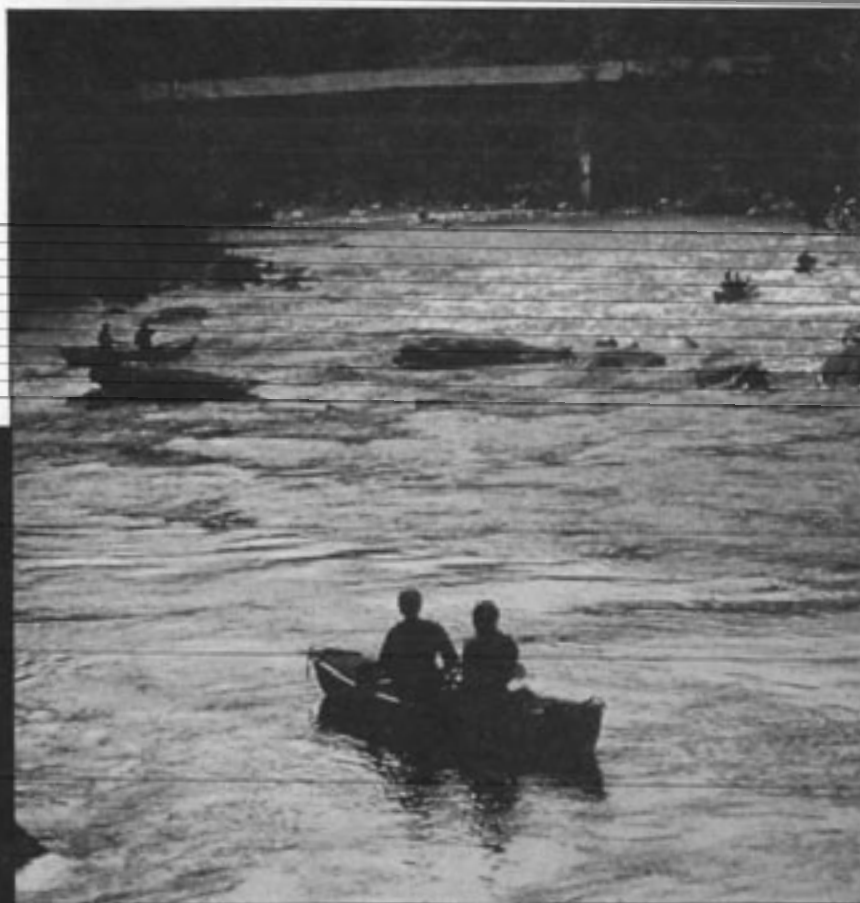
right to left. Try to avoid Pinning Rock, which juts out in the center of the main tongue and is colorfully decorated with canoe and kayak plastic shavings. Once in the big eddy pool, set up to run the second drop just left of the large boulder. Avoid the sluice to the right of this boulder! At some levels we've gotten mushy ends here, but at high water, look out! At 7' a buddy of mine got cartwheeled, then stuffed upside down against the boulder for half a minute.

There's a fun wave/hole about a half mile below Double Trouble that's a dynamic surf, provided you can make the move to catch it. To do so you must nab a 3/4 boat size micro eddy on the left bank, then ferry over a hump through the main current. I've only been able to do it once, and my ride was cut short when I found myself surfing beside a surprised watersnake. I was paddling hard and he was wriggling right beside me. Once we saw one another, we immediately went our separate ways.

Bullard Shoals, the next drop is a great roller coaster ride left of center, and offers serious eddy hopping

Top: Canoe in Double Trouble Rapid
Left to right: Kayak in Double Trouble Rapid, C-2 in Double Trouble Rapid, C-2 in Double Trouble Rapid; Boaters below House Rock Rapid, Kayak approaching Tilt-a-Whirl Rapids, Canoe running Tilt-a-Whirl Rapids, Canoe passing Swann Bluff, Swann Covered Bridge

LOCUST FORK OF THE WARRIOR



Left to right: Boaters approaching Swann Covered Bridge; Canoe running Powell Falls; C-2 in Double Trouble Rapid; Canoe beneath Skirum Bluff; Kayak side-surfering at Skirum Ender Hole

fun all the way down.

From the pool below Bullard, Swann Bluff rises nearly 100 feet above the river, which makes a majestic sweeping turn to the right toward the Swann Covered Bridge. This 324 foot span, built in 1932-33, is one of the longest in the world and is a major tourist attraction for Blount County. The panorama of the bluff, a long Class I rapid and then the bridge is a scene that lingers in my mind's eye. (Note: Be careful when stacking several boats on a van or truck... always check the clearance before entering the bridge.)

The big bluff is only a few yards from John Swann's cattle pasture. Swann told me that on a couple of occasions he's had cows break through the fence and go over the 80 foot high bluff, always during high water. Each time, he said, the animal has been found downstream in good shape. "But the same one hasn't ever done it twice," Swann observes wryly.

There's a little ledge about a quarter mile below Swann Bridge. At 3', the ledge is a great place to side surf, but it won't hold you at a higher or lower level.

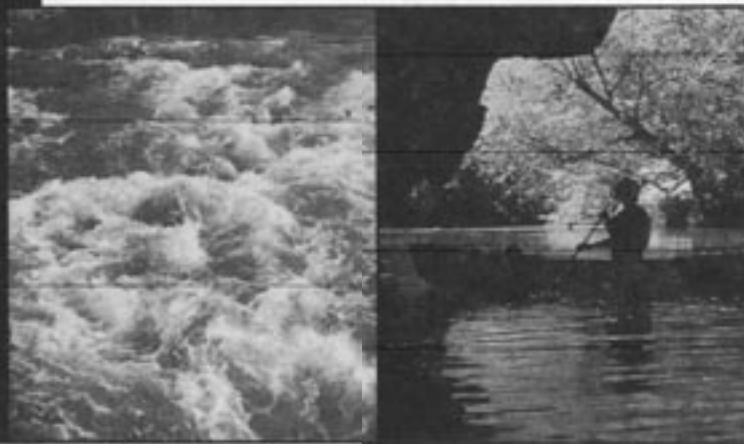
• POWELL FALLS

Powell Falls is a mile downstream of the covered bridge. It's actually two falls, divided by a rock island in the center. I always pull out on this center island to scout and check for strainers, because the approach is blind. Above 7' the rock island disappears and the falls become quite a handful, even for experienced boaters. I've seen canoes windowshaded at the bottom for several minutes.

No matter how many times you've run Powell Falls, it can still make the adrenalin flow. Run it on the right side of the island, and try to miss the meat of the grabby hole at the bottom. Watch for a small hump in the water at the top of the falls. If you go over the crest of this hump, you usually slide right past the hole.

If you decide to drop into this highly aerated hole, be ready for an extended surf, especially above 3.5'. A few minutes upside down in this hole will pull the hair through the hole in your helmet! Want to run the falls again? Just paddle around to the river left side for an easy staircase portage to the top.

Below the falls a quarter mile is a



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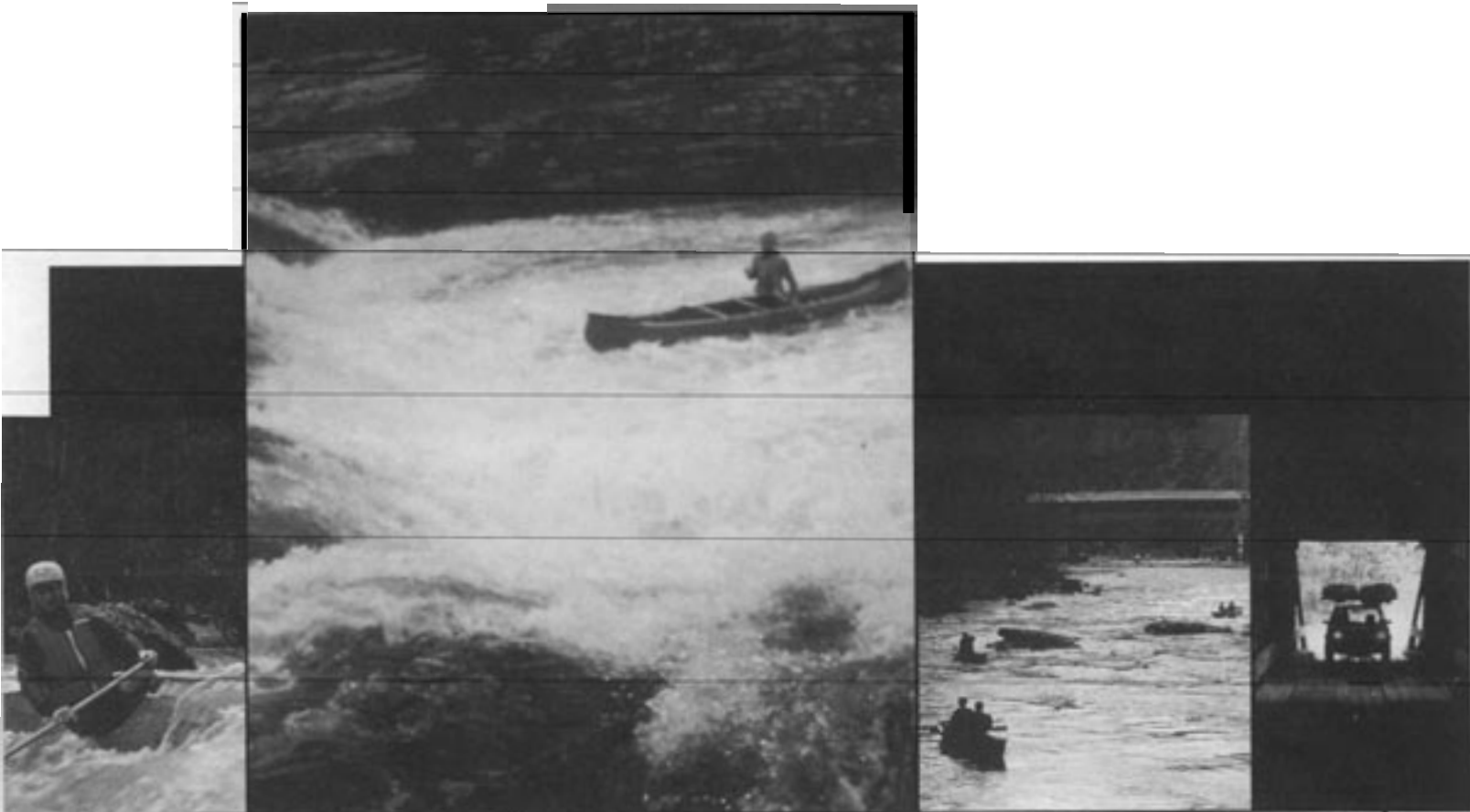
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- Left to right: C-boat surfing ledge below Swann Covered Bridge; Canoe below Powell Falls; Boaters approaching Swann Covered Bridge; Canoes on car inside Swann Covered Bridge; Kayak back-endering at Skirum Ender Hole; Waterfall on Skirum Creek; Kayak endering at Skirum Ender Hole
- Page 44: C-boat at bottom of Powell Falls

great little surfing wave at levels between 3.5' and 4.2'. A river-wide 3 foot high standing wave with a slick face where you can surf all day, carving back and forth at will!

Another good surfing wave is at the top of the next rapid, Skirum Bluff. After the rapid is a huge semi-circular pool bordered by the overhanging 100-foot-high Skirum Bluff... it's really a majestic sight!

THE ENDER HOLE

After the pool the river necks down, creating one of the best whitewater play spots anywhere. The Ender Hole looks like an innocent little 8 foot wide hydraulic, but it offers an smorgasbord of whitewater delights!

You can spend hours side-surfing, doing 360's, forward endering or doing dynamic back enders. It's so good that sometimes we simply put in at Swann Bridge, paddle directly to this rapid, and spend the rest of the day there!

The Highway 160 takeout is about a half mile downstream. The uphill carryout there is a good argument for having a decked boat.

Parking is limited, so leave your vehicle in a field about 300 yards up the highway.

LOCUST FORK LOGISTICS

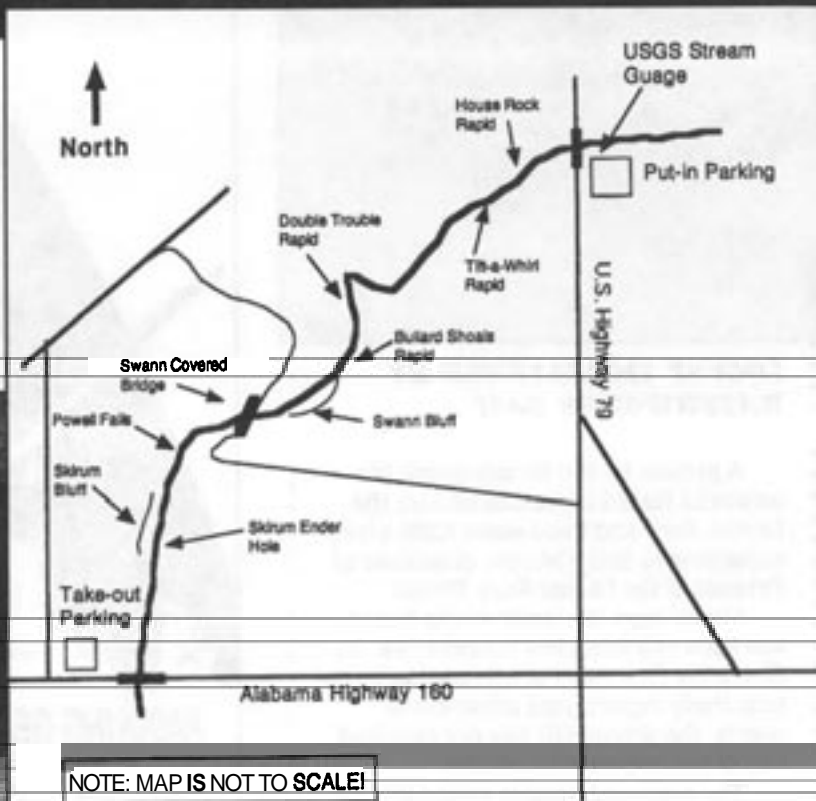
A USGS stream gauge is located about 100 feet upstream from the put in at the bridge. An ideal running level (for great enders at Skirum

Bluff) is 3.5 to 3.9. The river is runnable down to 2 feet, but is not much fun below 2.8. Above 4.5 many of the rapids begin to wash out. Powell Falls can become a real monster above 7 feet!

A recent addition that should prove a real boon for out of towners is a toll free telephone service provided by Alabama Power Company as part of their Reservoir Information System. That number is 1-800-LAKES11. Call and you'll get an options menu. First touch-tone "6" (for "stream and river flows"), then "3" (for "Warrior River Basin"), and finally "2" (for the Cleveland gauging station — located at the U.S. 231 put in)!

The readings are in cubic feet per second (cfs) and "ideal" flow (3.5'-3.9')

Class III-IV Fun on Alabama's LOCUST FORK OF THE WARRIOR

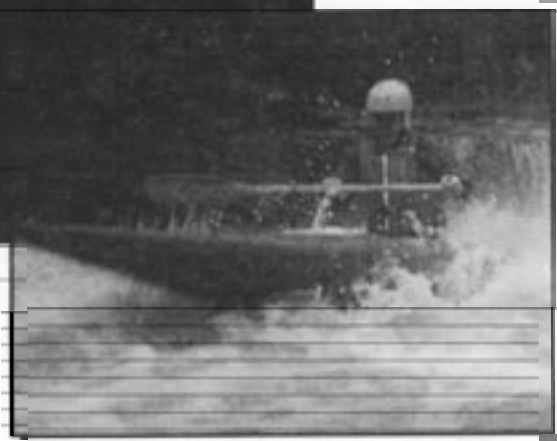


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seems to be 1,000 - 1,100 cfs (we're still extrapolating the readings by calling before and after runs). Other approximate levels are: 2' - about 300 cfs; 2.5' - about 400 cfs; 3' - about 600 cfs; 4' - about 1,200 cfs; 5' - about 2,000 cfs. The peak last spring (1995) was over 15,000 cfs; the low in August was only 10 cfs.



• **LOCUST THREATENED BY WATERWORKS DAM**

• A project by the Birmingham Waterworks Board threatens to dam the Locust Fork and flood some **2,200** acres according to Susie **Mixon**, president of Friends of the Locust Fork River.

• **Mixon** says the waterworks board has been anything but cooperative. In fact, after five years of attempting to obtain study reports and other documents, the group still has not received any of the requested material.

• The proposed project would build a dam near the **Blount/Jefferson** County Line and would flood about **20** miles of river, to just downstream of the Nectar Covered Bridge site (That bridge - the longest of its type in the world - was burned down two years ago by vandals).

• The Friends group has been keeping tabs on land purchases by the waterworks board at the Blount County courthouse. To date they have purchased about one-third of the land they want for the project.

• While the proposed project would not directly affect the "whitewater" sections described above, local whitewater enthusiasts have been among the first to support the Friends group, whose membership now numbers about 800.

• Friends of the Locust Fork also sponsors monthly river cleanups, an annual river festival, and sets up booths at county fairs and other events to enlist support for their cause.

• The group's board of directors recently kicked off a new public awareness campaign aimed at alerting the public of the threat to this outstanding river.

• Anyone wanting to help with the effort to stop the dam can write the group at: Friends of the Locust Fork River, P.O. Box 245, Hayden, AL 35079.

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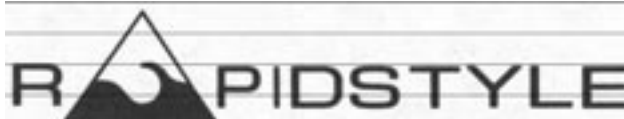
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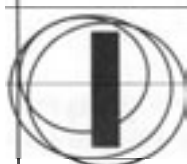
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In twenty plus years of whitewater rafting, nothing really compares to our first trip...55 miles through Hells Canyon on the Snake River. Our crew of six made this assault in three yellow-ducky rafts, with other high-tech equipment including old wooden paddles and plastic garbage bags lined in gunny sacks, for waterproofing our gear. Of course this system was totally ineffective in keeping anything dry, but it sure made for some interesting goings-on when the bags started flopping around in our frameless boats. But we were young and dauntless, and knew that what we lacked in equipment and skills, we could overcome with determination.

It was late afternoon before we launched. Skies were bright and spirits were high. We had done just enough research to know that the two really big rapids in Hells Canyon were Wild Sheep and Granite Creek, some seven and nine miles down the river. The first few miles were uneventful, with the exception of spotting a cow moose on the Idaho side of the river. Seemed way out of place; this did not at all look like moose country. We subsequently learned from newspaper accounts that the moose later swam the river and was recorded as the first moose ever sighted in Oregon. We were soon to learn the significance of this omen.

After a couple of hours the twilight approached; we contemplated picking out a campsite but could not seem to find anything really suitable. Surprisingly, we came across a group of bikers on the left shore that had somehow made it down to the river by some obscure trail. "You guys gonna run the rapids?" they queried. "What rapids?" we responded brilliantly. "Wild Sheep, about a quarter mile ahead" they shouted back, politely omitting "Stupid."

We figured we should probably scout this since it was billed as one of the big ones. We pulled into the rocky shore and instantly concluded there was no way we were going to run this mother in the waning light. But where to camp?

The shore was lined with couch-size boulders and the hill beyond ascended at a pitch of at least 45 degrees. After some reconnoitering, we located a semi-plateau, with only a 20 degree pitch, about 150 yards above the river. Not great, but the best show in town.

We began unloading and were greeted by the buzz of a rattlesnake, nestled in the rocks below us. One particularly astute member of our party provoked it more with a stick. The rest of us finally persuaded him to stop, and finished our unloading and uphill packing, being careful to stay high on the rocks above the rattler.

As darkness descended we started thinking about supper. We had no stove and planned on doing all the cooking over an open fire. Some began collecting firewood while others attempted to clear a small area for the fire site. The ground was covered with dried-out cheat grass, **inbedded** in rocky soil. Efforts to clear the ground with a stick proved difficult, and it was decided that it would be easier to make a clearing by burning small patches of grass in a controlled fashion.

WHITEWATER RAFTING: LEARNING THE HARD WAY THE OMEN OF THE MOOSE



WHITEWATER RAFTING: LEARNING THE HARD WAY THE OMEN OF THE MOOSE

About this time, someone also noticed that we needed some water for preparing the meal. Somebody needed to go down to the river with a pot and get some. Everyone knew there was one agitated rattlesnake down there, so no volunteers stepped forward for this mission. Begrudgingly, I finally said I would do it, and headed for the river, while the others went back to the fire-pit clearing and wood collecting.

I cautiously made my way to the river, all the way cursing the other gutless b——s for not taking on this perilous task. I actually hoped that the snake would buzz again so I would know where it was. But I never did actually encounter it again. I scooped up a pot of water and headed back toward camp, just out of sight over the hill. The round trip probably took less than ten minutes, but I obviously missed one big happening in my absence.

As I came over the brow of the hill, I discovered about a half-acre of scorched earth surrounding the "kitchen".

Asking what the hell happened, I got no answer for a

good five minutes, as the

...they did a much better job

and completely flipped in the

raft. They drifted past me just

out or reach. I asked if they

were okay as they raced past.

I got no answer, but could see

the terror in their eyes.

hausted fire fighters gasped to catch their breath.

The concept of clearing the ground by burning small sections of cheat grass at a time was good in theory, but flawed in practice. After a few small controlled burns, patience ran thin. It was decided to burn off a little larger area before putting out the flames. At this point the discovery was made that dried-out cheat grass is akin to gasoline. Suddenly the whole area exploded. Our gunny sacks turned out to be lifesavers in this situation. Everybody immediately grabbed a wet gunny sack and began beating the flames. Fortunately, a light downhill wind helped keep the fire contained, and it was ultimately extinguished with the wet bags. I guess fetching the water hadn't been such a bad job after all. Occasional flare-ups occurred the rest of the night, and nobody really got much sleep watching for them and dousing them post haste. Anyway, we had a nice big area to cook supper and breakfast in, albeit a somewhat sooty one.

The next morning we loaded the rafts and walked downriver to scout Wild Sheep. The rapid was about 100 yards long, with a huge wave at the bottom. To miss this wave, we decided to run it on the right of center, just brushing by some large rocks. The first boat took on a lot of water but made it through intact. The second boat, my younger brother and I misread the current and swept up on a large rock at the start of the rapid. I got dumped out the back, but the raft finally came off the rock right side up with my brother still on board. Basically out of control, he made it fine through the rest of the rapid. When I hit the water, I noticed that I had forgotten to tie the top string on my life jacket. It immediately popped over by head; it was floating a top the water about a foot above me. I swallowed a lot of water on that ride, and actually wondered if I were drowning. I finally managed to grab a rock near the bottom of the rapid, and clung on while I cleared my lungs and regained some strength.

About this time I looked up and saw the third boat smashing into the same boulder that was my undoing, but they did a much better job and completely flipped in the raft. They drifted past me just out or reach. I asked if they were okay as they raced past. I got no answer, but could see the terror in their eyes. Nonetheless they made it through alive, and we all eventually made it to shore. My brother swam out and retrieved the overturned raft and towed it back to shore. His first raft trip, and I was proud of him.

Shaken, but still alive and kicking, we proceeded downstream two miles and pulled in to scout Granite Creek rapid. We tied the rafts to rocks on shore and scrambled over the large boulders to the rapid. Granite Creek was a relatively short rapid (about 50 yards), but had a large hole on each side of the route down the center chute. One look and the crew of the third boat announced that "No way in hell are we running this one!", having had the bejesus scared out of them just upstream. Despite considerable effort to change their minds, they held fast to the "flat ain't gonna run it" position. With no alternative, we

WHITEWATER RAFTING: LEARNING THE HARD WAY THE OMEN OF THE MOOSE

struggled to portage their raft and gear over the rocky terrain. This was no easy task, but eventually we succeeded in getting everything to a point where they could push off and make it easily.

About this time the weather took a sudden turn for the worse. Winds of around sixty miles per hour kicked up all at once. The four of us started back toward the "tied up" rafts, when someone noticed a raft upside down on the opposite shore. Some fool upstream obviously had not anchored his raft very well and it had blown away. Upon closer scrutiny, we noticed that the raft looked a lot like one of ours. Indeed, the wind had flipped one of the boats, disengaging it and blowing it across river. We scurried back to the one remaining boat before it met the same scurried fate.

It was still intact so all four of us jumped in and paddled to the other side. The gear was still in the overturned boat, but the paddles were missing. We now faced a dilemma, how to get two boats through this major rapid with only two paddles. The immediate concern, however, was to try and find some shelter from the weather. It had now commenced to rain cats and dogs along with the hurricane winds. We had brought no rain gear, based on the wisdom that it never rains in the summer.

We managed to find some protection under a couple of large slanted rocks. To gain some comfort, a jug of wine and a bottle of **Seagrams 7** were uncapped. Not to say that anyone drank in moderation, but my brother obviously overtrained and spent the rest of the trippuking every ten minutes. He was a lot of fun. As we cowered and imbibed, we noticed that the rain was being swept by the wind down one side of the canyon, across the river, and up the other side. Then a large pine tree snapped off about a hundred feet above us and blew into the river. These dismal observations only caused the imbibition to intensify, and by the time the storm began to abate in a couple of hours or so, no one was exactly sure of foot.

After some unintelligible discussion we decided we were not adequately equipped to run Granite Creek. So we chose to portage both rafts, hoping to find our lost paddles downstream. At about the time the arduous portages were completed, the crew from the first boat came sauntering back up shore to see what was going on. Fortunately they had found both missing paddles along the shoreline as they hiked back. We were back in business.

The day was beginning to fade, and remembering the previous night's fiasco, we began fervently looking for a campsite. A gravel bar on the right shore about a half-mile down from Granite seemed a likely candidate. It was only a few inches out of the water, and actually was a downright lousy place to camp. Nevertheless, it was an order of magnitude better than the previous night's encampment.

That night dinner was eaten cold, and in consideration of the day's considerable consumption of libations,

along with the exhausting tribulations we had endured, bedtime came early. There was absolutely no moon **and** no one had brought a flashlight. Sometime during the night I felt the need to dispose of some of my liquid ingestion, but was reluctant to use my immediate surroundings out of consideration for my compatriots. I did manage to find the river though and waded out several feet to answer nature's call.

Strange how easy it is to become disoriented with zero light. I tried to return to my sleeping quarters, but no matter which way I went, the water got deeper. Others subsequently confessed that they had the same experience during the night. After ten minutes of sloshing about I heard somebody snore, beckoning me back home. I groped my way to the sleeping bag and started to climb in, whereupon I was informed, in what I considered a rather uncourteous manner, that the sleeping bag was already in use. I finally found my own bed and slept the rest of the night.

We took off downriver once again in late morning as the weather improved. Things were looking up. We had survived the two worst rapids in Hells Canyon, had all of our gear, and from our best recollection, we figured there was nothing of any consequence downstream. So confident were we of this, we lashed all three rafts together to facilitate the party and the sharing of the fast dwindling supply of liquid refreshments. No need to paddle or exercise any semblance of control, since the stuff downstream should only be **riffles**.

Nobody told us about Waterspout rapid.

Waterspout is definitely not a riffle. In fact, it's big time. However, in our state of delirium we failed to recognize this. We remained lashed together, and shot into the rapid, not even wearing our life jackets. A big wave managed to flip the middle boat end for end and dumped its occupants into the frothy water. The two outside boats remained upright.

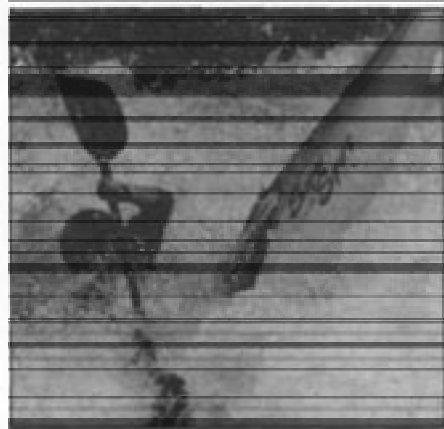
One of the dumpees surfaced immediately and grabbed onto a boat. The other, however, remained unseen for sometime. Eventually somebody noticed a paddle moving downstream beside the raft with the blade sticking vertically out of the water a foot. He reached out and pulled it up; sure enough the missing dumpee was on the other end. The scientists in our crew advanced the really heady hypothesis that human bodies don't float very good in frothy water!

The remainder of the trip was uneventful. One paddle did snap, but was made semi-functional again with a splint and duct tape. With one boater continually losing his cookies and pretty much everyone nursing a headache from over-imbibing, we limped to the take-out. On the drive home, a feeling of euphoria gradually settled in. Despite numerous adversities, we had run the big Hells Canyon rapids. Perhaps not masterfully nor artfully, but we had met the challenge and prevailed. We weren't saying we beat the river, but at least we survived!

AWA Board of Directors Election

Twelve candidates have been submitted by the AWA Executive Committee for approval by the general membership for inclusion on the Board of Directors.

Their statements are published here for your consideration.



Susan Wilson Asheville, North Carolina

I have really enjoyed working on the AWA Board and planning the Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo the past five years and the World Rodeo in 1993. I believe rodeo really pushes kayaking and makes it more fun for everyone. It pushes competitors to perfect harder moves and this helps the skill level and the fun level of all boaters to grow. It has also pushed the boat manufacturers to design more high tech boats to make kayaking and canoeing more fun for everyone.

The Ocoee Rodeo raises money for the AWA and our rivers and brings new friends together. I could not pull the Ocoee Rodeo off every year without the help of the friends I've met through paddling. I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has helped with the event. I hope to see even more new faces and friends at next year's rodeo.

I would like to continue to serve as an AWA Board member in order to continue working on the Ocoee Rodeo and to increase the amount of money the event raises. I want to continue working with the National Organization of Whitewater Rodeos to help encourage all rodeo events to support river conservation. I would like to help put together a rodeo manual in order to help new events get started. I want to help keep rodeo fun for everyone. I hope to see even more AWA members at the Ocoee Rodeo next year and I welcome feedback from you all.

Keep having fun!!!!

Bob Gedekoh Elizabeth, PA

Membership on the Board of Directors of the AWA demands an active commitment to the organization and its goals. Some members of the Board concentrate on river safety, others on conservation, access or special events. During my service on the Board the production of this magazine has been my particular niche/ pleasure/ cross to bear.

Editing *American Whitewater* is a lot of fun. Through this magazine I meet many of the paddlers who are at the forefront of whitewater recreation. *AW* helps me justify, to myself, the paddling vacations I take all over the country. And it allows me to foist my sometimes outlandish views on the whole whitewater community.

But it is a lot of work, too. I spend about one hundred hours on each of the six issues we publish each year. Not an inconsequential amount of time for a volunteer with a "real job". The magazine is getting bigger; each year we fill about sixty pages more than the year before.

I am trying to expand the scope of the magazine so that we can appeal to more readers, while continuing to satisfy our



core audience. Recent issues have included articles focused on technique, racing, rafting and open boating; interviews with prominent boaters; as well as humor, opinion and fiction features.

I think that *American Whitewater* should reflect the diverse interests and attitudes of all of our members. I consider it an open forum to all whitewater enthusiasts with something interesting and responsible to say. *American Whitewater* is the best whitewater magazine in the country and, with your support, I hope to make it even better.



Eric Alesch Lakewood, Colorado

I have been a whitewater boater and involved in river work for over 15 years. I have served on the Board of the Colorado White Water Association (CWWA) for most of these years. During the past twelve years I have worked on many conservation issues, but my major current area of interest is river access. During the last four years I have served on the AWA Board and would like to continue to do so. I have been an active member of the AWA Conservation and Access Committee during this term. I have also made the following specific contributions to the organization.

In 1993 I co-authored, with Pope Bar-

row and Rich Bowers, the AWA Access Policy. This first-of-its-kind document lays out our basic philosophy and guiding principles to protect our rights to get to and run whitewater rivers, an issue that has grown tremendously in importance over the last 5-10 years.

In 1994 I instigated the establishment of a regional whitewater festival in Colorado, co-sponsored by AWA and CWWA. This festival has successfully raised over \$5000 for AWA/CWWA river access and conservation efforts.

For the last year and a half I have been the AWA Vice President, and in this capacity I help lead board meetings and serve as a member of the AWA Executive Committee. The Executive Committee frequently needs to make decisions for the organization that must be made between Board meetings or that are delegated by the Board to the Executive Committee.

In the past year we developed a 5-year Strategic Plan for AWA, laying out our core functions, establishing long-range goals, and outlining specific strategies and milestones to accomplish them. I helped author this product and assisted extensively in the final production of the document. I would now like to help AWA implement this plan, increase our membership, and continue to keep it the finest whitewater organization in the world. I would appreciate your vote to keep me on.

Time to Vote



Barry Grimes Richmond, KY

If elected to the AWA board of directors I promise copious amounts of rainfall in your favorite watershed, a gas credit card and free shuttle driver training for underprivileged non-boaters. I will introduce legislation within my first 100 days of office to require businesses that employ more than two people to recognize "whitewater hydrotherapy" as a legitimate reason for paid absences from work. I shall work hard to insure that all commercial raftguides take a mandatory "hardboat avoidance" course before being allowed on a river. I can assure you that I will visit my boating constituents on the river as often as is humanly possible. In addition I promise to have dry wood at every campsite and a cooler of beer at every takeout.

While these promises may sound like mere political pandering, make no mistake, they are. Be confident however, that if I'm confirmed as an AWA director you can count on me to apply a strong dose of energy and any talents or experience I may have acquired in 14 years of paddling to help our sport and the rivers we all love.



Cevin Mendik

For the past five years I have been with the National Park Service acting as the Northeast Regional Manager for the

Bob Glanville Glenwood, NY

I am seeking reelection to the AWA Board of Directors and ask for your support. In the years since I was first elected to the Board of Directors, AWA has grown from a small, marginal, all-volunteer organization to the most effective advocate of whitewater interests in the country. While there are many others who deserve much more credit for those accomplishments, it has, nevertheless, been a very exciting time to be involved with AWA. Now, when AWA speaks, people listen. If given the opportunity, I hope to contribute in some small way to the continued success of AWA as the nation's premier whitewater advocate.

I am a trial lawyer and head of the Environmental Practice Group of Western New York's largest law firm. I am a founding member and director of New York Rivers United, a fledgling organization whose mission is to protect and enhance New York's rivers and their ecosystems. I have been involved for many years in whitewater related issues such



Hydro Technical Assistance Program. I have worked closely with the boating community, including AWA and New England FLOW, to develop conditions for flow releases, access points, and land protection at hydro projects being relicensed. My primary responsibilities include drafting National Park Service recommendations and negotiating with project proponents to ensure that enhanced recreational opportunities are a requirement of any new license.

I am a graduate of the Vermont School of Law and hold a Master's Degree in Environmental Analysis. I believe that it is important to approach hydro relicensing aggressively to preserve the rights of whitewater boaters to access rivers that provide whitewater recreation. I feel that my experience and technical expertise can help the AWA achieve these objectives and it would be a privilege to assist them in their efforts.



as hydro relicensing, access, liability, and insurance matters. I hope to continue to be involved in those issues on both a regional and national level for many years.

I am a whitewater and flatwater boater and have paddled rivers, lakes and coastal waters throughout the United States, although in recent years I spent much more time on the telephone talking about rivers than actually paddling them.

Chuck Estes Oak Ridge, TN

I have been running rivers for almost twenty years; it's my passion. My first experiences were in the quiet Gulf Coastal rivers, but I soon discovered the power, beauty and excitement of whitewater and was immediately addicted. Now the steep creeks of Appalachia and the Cumberlands is where I spend much of my time with the great friends I have made along the way.

These experiences have alerted me to the development pressures and threats to these rivers and many times the wilderness areas that they run through. My concern has led to working with several conservation organizations on river issues. I am a board member of the Tennessee Citizens for Wilderness Planning (the organization that spearheaded the establishment of the Big South Fork National Recreation Area and the Obed Wild and Scenic River) and the conservation chairman for the East Tennessee Whitewater Club. I helped develop the Obed River General Management Plan, which was very favorable to boaters. My current focus is on the many proposed dams on the Cumberland plateau, protection for the Caney Fork River, and river access issues.

I would be honored to serve as an AWA director and continue work on river protection projects. I would like for the AWA to utilize our memberships' diverse talents and commitment to river protection to make an even greater impact on river conservation issues.

Time to Vote



David Fallside
San Jose, CA

In the spring of 1995 I started the AWA World Wide Web site on the Internet. Since then I have guided the direction of the site and have managed, edited and authored its contents on an almost daily basis. In about six months, we have put online more than 1500 pages including river descriptions, regular updates of access and conservation items, superb colour pictures donated from the Great Falls Race and elsewhere, Journal articles, and more. The response to the site has been overwhelming: thousands of requests per week for our web pages,

daily **email** from US and international paddlers, several new AWA members per week, and even a request to submit a grant proposal. Cyberspace has been an exhilarating ride!

As a Director, I would be a guide for AWA's online activities. I believe that cyberspace is a **powerful** medium that AWA can use to benefit whitewater paddlers immediately, and at the same time advance the larger causes of the whitewater community. For example, the Web site today provides immediate help to paddlers in the form of guidebook-like River Pages that contain river run descriptions and "links" to online gauge readings. Embedded in these River Pages are timely descriptions of conservation and access situations that inform paddlers about issues affecting their rivers. In my opinion, today's Web site is just a beginning, and we are still learning how to use cyberspace for the benefit of the whitewater community. I intend to keep AWA at the forefront of cyberspace, both in terms of technology and in terms of learning how to make it work effectively for the whitewater paddling community.



Lee Belknap
Glen Allen, VA

As Chairman of AWA's Safety Committee, I spent my first term on AWA's Board of Directors concentrating on safety related issues and supporting AWA's efforts to expand and grow with the sport. I believe AWA is an organization dedicated to supporting active whitewater paddlers of any skill level from class II to the most extreme end of the sport. I will continue to support AWA's growth and use my influence as a board member to support whitewater paddlers of all skill levels.

During my previous term, my accomplishments included organizing the execution and analysis of AWA's Close Calls and Serious Accident Survey along with the related Safety equipment and attitudes survey; creating the AWA Whitewater Accident Database that is now published on AWA's World Wide Web site; working with Charlie Walbridge to use AWA's network of board members, regional coordinators, affiliated clubs, and the Internet to improve the gathering of accident reports; and coordinating the development of the AWA Safety Cards now being introduced.

Throughout this time I've managed to hold down my engineering job, build two rural excursion vans, and continue paddling both days of almost every weekend.

If re-elected I promise to continue this heavy schedule of paddling. At the same time, I will also continue working with the Safety Committee to reach the safety related goals established in AWA's 5 year plan, including continued assistance to Charlie with his information gathering efforts, continued updates and improvements to the Whitewater Accident Database, continued improvements to the safety pages on AWA's Website, and coordinating efforts to improve the whitewater rating scale.

I believe that promoting safe boating attitudes and personal responsibility are imperative to accident prevention and will have positive effects on access issues as well. I wish to continue as a director of AWA in order to see this effort go through.

Thank you for your support.



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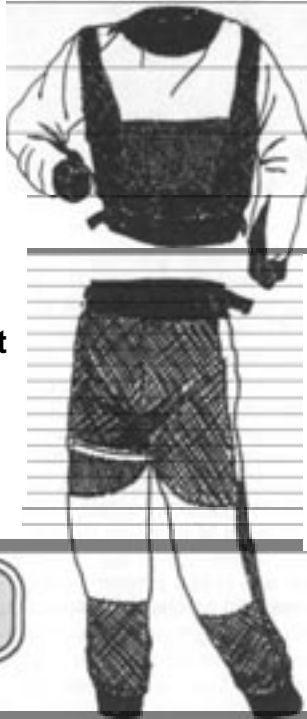


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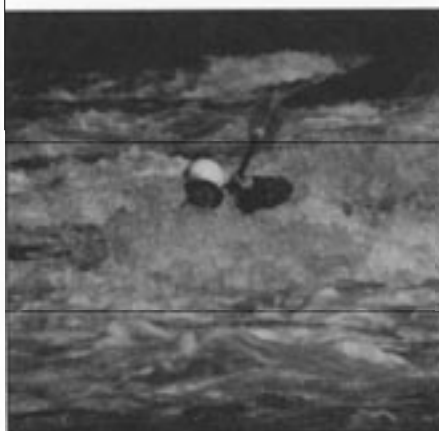
I know...you see my name and you're probably thinking: "What's Koll doing running for Board of Directors again? He's not a serious kind of guy."

And you're right. I'm not a serious kind of guy. I'm a fun guy.

But let's face it. The AWA Board has plenty of serious personalities holding positions. And they do great work on difficult issues like conservation, safety and access. But despite the somber threats that confront our sport—you can't lose sight of the fact that 98% of everything involving boating is a good time. And I'm the frivolous kind of guy to represent that carefree element of the sport.

That's why I was one of co-chairmen of the AWA's original Gauley Fest...the editor of American Whitewater when it changed to its current popular format...the coordinator of the Silent Auction at the Gauley Fest for the past 10 seasons...an organizer of whitewater feasibility studies...and the coordinator for this year's Moose Fest.

Hey...I know these are all enjoyable tasks...but somebody has got to do them!



Pete Skinner

I first began my service as an AWA Director sometime during the mid-1970's. Since that time, I have helped AWA weather its most serious crises and then helped it rise to national prominence as a

major force for river safety, fun competition, and conservation. I even found time left over to paddle some of the world's most exciting and beautiful rivers! While I am very proud of what we have accomplished during the last 20 years - in particular the infusion of dozens of very energetic and capable paddlers as directors, regional coordinators and staff, there is still much more to be done. If AWA is to truly prosper and mature, we must achieve the goals of its first Strategic Plan. If elected Director, I will work with everyone at AWA to assure achievement of these goals - namely, doubling AWA's membership, procurement of foundation grants, implementation of the river access plan, enhancement of the Journal, and expansion of AWA's safety program. Most importantly, I treasure the privilege of working alongside some of the best minds and most committed people I have ever met - the AWA Team!



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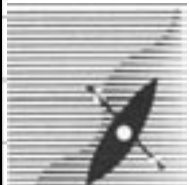
For more than 20 years now, whitewater kayaking and paddling in general have been major components of my interests and time. My parents started paddling in the late '60's and were extremely supportive of me when I announced that I wanted to start. They and their peers introduced me to both the need for safety and skill development, as well as the importance of political action in river and access protection. These combined needs are paramount for our and our children's future enjoyment of our wild water environments.

I am personally very involved in river access issues, especially here in Colorado, and have special interest in intelligently improving access of many of the "permitted rivers of the west, as well as defining "rights of navigation" to apply to paddle craft, and paddleable rivers.

Growing out of my passion for paddling, In 1984, I began importing Prijon Kayaks, founding then Wildwasser Sport USA, Inc. to carry out this occupation. As a company we are actively involved around the country and world with dealers and paddlers. The company is an excellent resource for information gathering and dissemination on critical issues that effect our rivers and access to them. It is has also allowed all of us here, to find work in the sport we love so much.

I would look forward to any service I can provide to the AWA as a director or as an individual. The AWA is, in my opinion, the critical voice in America and the World, for Whitewater. From Landis Arnold,
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Complete job descriptions available upon request. Send resume by January 1 to AWA, P.O. Box 329, Phoenicia, NY 12464.

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It happens like clockwork every year. And every year it grows. The 1995 Gauley Festival was no exception. The evening was clear and cool, attracting over 2500 paid attendees to the festivities. We hope you were there for the fun. If not, see you next September.

AWA wishes to thank the following donors and exhibitors for their support:

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1996 Whitewater Calendar Action Packed

reviewed by Bob Gedekoh

During the past six years Rapid Shooters Photography of Lotus, California has published a whitewater calendar featuring shots of California Rivers. This year they have gone global.

Their 1996 Edition, Rivers of the World, features action shots from such diverse locations as Chile, Turkey, Tennessee, Colorado and New Zealand.

Most of the photos, taken by well known whitewater professional photographers like Phil DeRiemer, Sandy Loftis, Mark Leder-Adams and Skip Brown, are **bigwater** action shots of raft carnage or spectacular scenic views. But veteran Robert Harrison has con-

tributed several dynamic photos of members of the U.S. Slalom Team in action.

Kim Chater's photos of hard boaters on the Kern are notable, but Chater's sequence of a raft running Orewa Falls in New Zealand is my favorite. Here a hapless passenger finds himself desperately clinging to the raft, as his swim trunks are sucked off his toes.

On the wall of your kitchen or at the office, this quality calendar should offer vicarious thrills while counting the days till your next river trip.

Rivers of the World is available from Rapid Shooters, 7221 Highway 49, Lotus CA 95651. (1-800-4-RAPIDS)

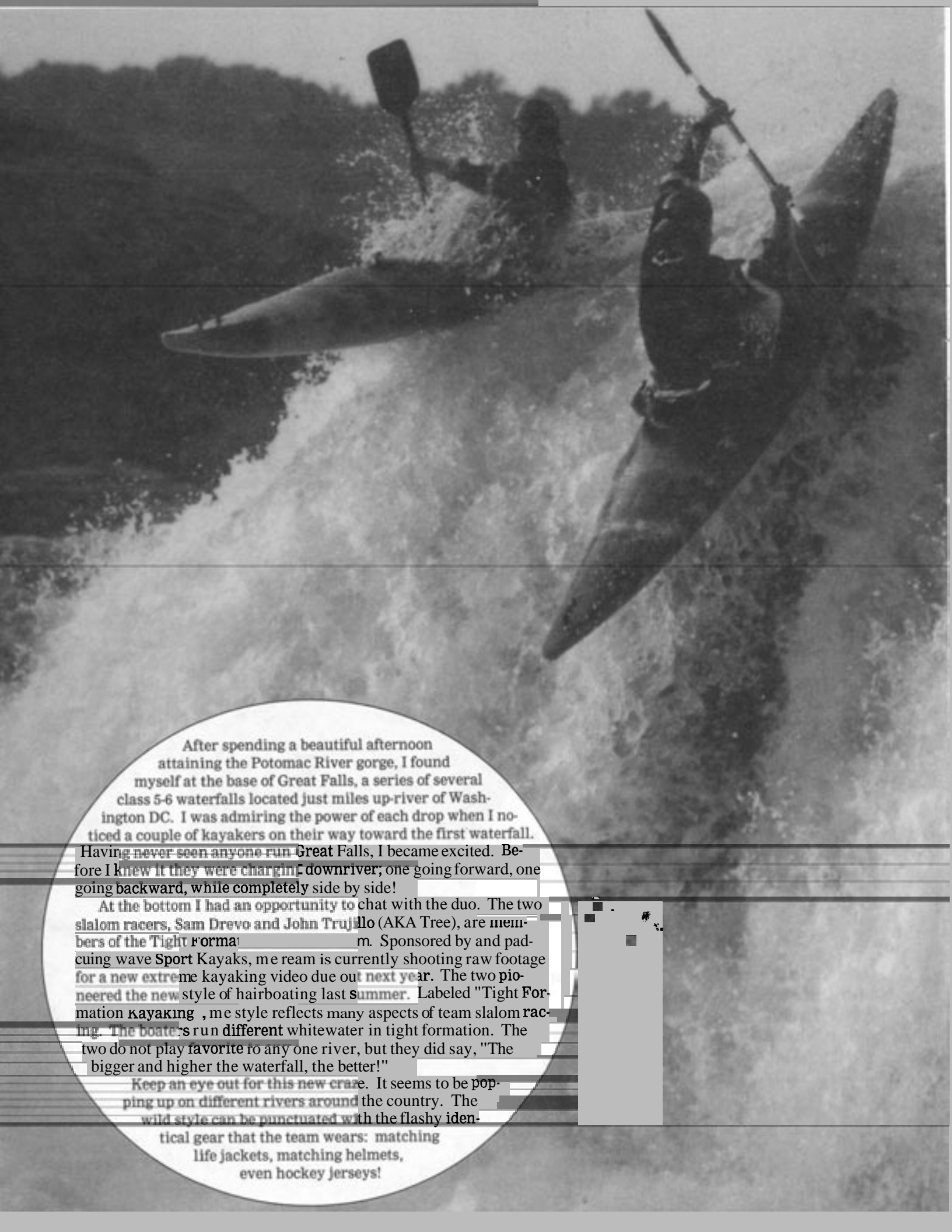


DOUBLE DARTING!

*What will they think of
next?!?!?*

by Paula Stepp
Photos by David Brooks Photography

I thought that I had seen it all; rodeos, squirt boating, slalom racing, and even Jeff Snyder's newest innovation, "Striding". But what do you call two guys flying side by side off an eighteen foot waterfall?



After spending a beautiful afternoon attaining the Potomac River gorge, I found myself at the base of Great Falls, a series of several class 5-6 waterfalls located just miles up-river of Washington DC. I was admiring the power of each drop when I noticed a couple of kayakers on their way toward the first waterfall.

Having never seen anyone run Great Falls, I became excited. Before I knew it they were charging downriver; one going forward, one going backward, while completely side by side!

At the bottom I had an opportunity to chat with the duo. The two slalom racers, Sam Drevo and John Trujillo (AKA Tree), are members of the Tight Formation team. Sponsored by and paddling wave Sport Kayaks, the team is currently shooting raw footage for a new extreme kayaking video due out next year. The two pioneered the new style of hairboating last summer. Labeled "Tight Formation kayaking", the style reflects many aspects of team slalom racing. The boaters run different whitewater in tight formation. The two do not play favorite to any one river, but they did say, "The bigger and higher the waterfall, the better!"

Keep an eye out for this new craze. It seems to be popping up on different rivers around the country. The wild style can be punctuated with the flashy identical gear that the team wears: matching life jackets, matching helmets, even hockey jerseys!

13th Annual

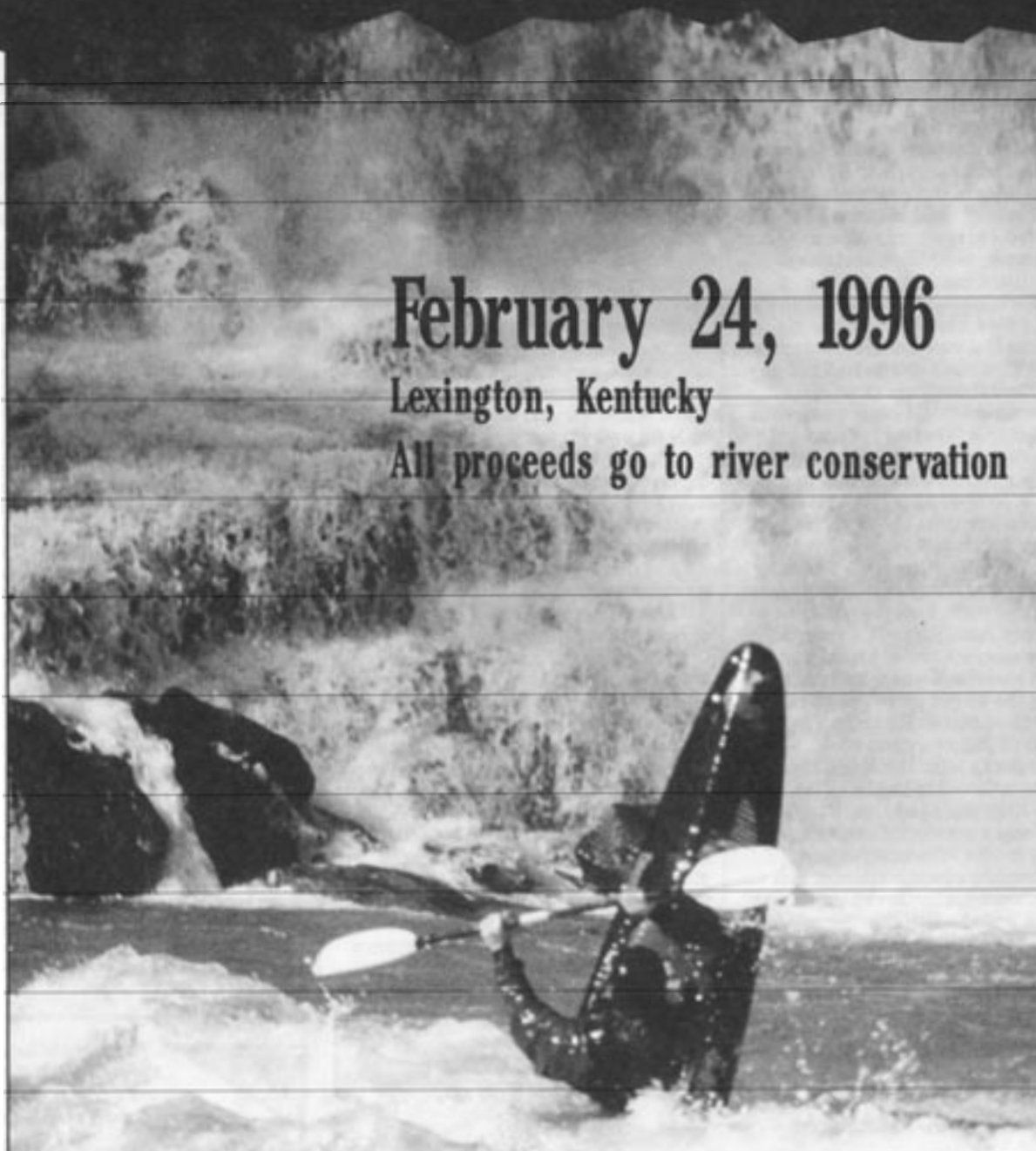
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Tim Williams on the Caney Fork, by Scott Shoupe

NEW COLORADO GUIDE PRAISED

COLORADO RIVERS AND CREEKS by Gordon Banks and Dave Eckardt \$24.00
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A review by Elmore Holmes

The Rocky Mountain streams of Colorado are magnificent in their beauty and power. But most years their season is fairly short due to their dependency on **snowpack** runoff. And because all the watersheds receive their **snowmelt** at about the same time, no paddler has time to conquer all of them in a given year. I first paddled Colorado whitewater in the summer of 1994, and only because my companions had traveled there a number of times before was I able to find my way around. Even though my experience there was substantial, I came away with many questions: What sort of runs did we not get to do this summer? How does one find information on water levels, and what is a good level for a given river? In what parts of the state can I find many runs at my skill level?

Enter Colorado Rivers and Creeks by Gordon Banks and Dave Eckardt, which came out this year. I got my hands on a copy in early June, just as I was departing for my second Colorado trip. The enormous **snowpack** which had accumulated over the winter promised an extended boating season for me to test the usefulness of this new guidebook.

Seven weeks later I returned home feeling like a Colorado local, thanks largely to Colorado Rivers and Creeks. The book was a wonderful enhancement to my trip for the following reasons:

Geographic coordination. Each chapter of the book features a particular watershed, and the significant whitewater runs in that watershed are covered from mouth to headwaters. Because of this format it is easy to deter-

mine which geographic areas have a good concentration of runs which suit one's skills and tastes. The paddler whose budget and schedule demand efficient planning will greatly appreciate this aspect of the book.

Flow information. The Colorado Division of Water Resources provides a service known as Watertalk, and automated telephone system which gives a "cfs" reading for the majority of the rivers, creeks, and canals in the state. The authors have provided instructions for using Watertalk and listed the **touch-tone** code for every river.

Obscure runs. During my trip I discovered Grape Creek, Castle Creek, the East Fork of the San Juan and the South Fork of the Cache la Poudre—four of the numerous runs covered in Colorado Rivers and Creeks which are given little or no consideration in previous **guidebooks**.

Lucid directions and maps. Not once did I have difficulty finding a **putin** or a takeout. The maps include campground locations as well as pertinent landmarks and local points of interest.

Restaurants/Watering holes. In '94, my friends guided me to the hallowed Bucksnot Saloon up the road from the town of Pine, near Bailey Canyon. Now the Bucksnot is listed along with many other local establishments in Colorado Rivers and Creeks, so that the reader might know where the scene is cool and the beer is cooler at the end of a day of boating.

Perhaps the most attractive nuance of Colorado Rivers and Creeks is the inviting world it creates in the **imagination**

of the reader. Written from the perspective of an expert boater and illustrated with an eclectic collection of color photographs, the book aptly portrays the wonderland of fun and frolic which the state's rivers provide each spring. Laying out well-known runs such as the Numbers section of the Arkansas and the Shoshone section of the Colorado, and then building on this information with the more esoteric, Banks and Eckardt have created a wonderful tool for those exploring the state.

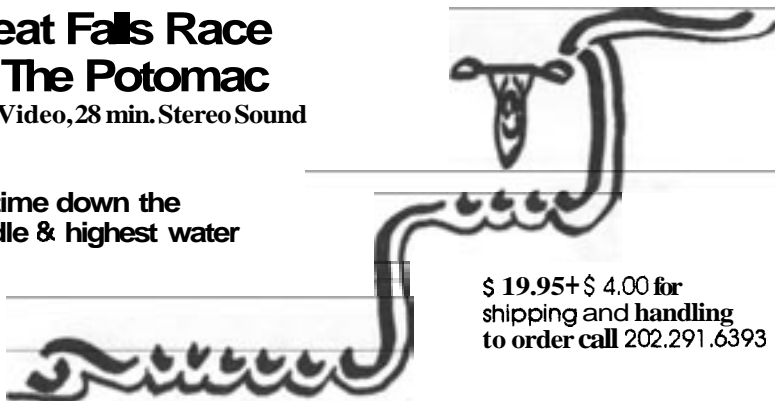
Difficulty ratings for rivers, a **hotly**-debated issue in recent AWA journals, is the one point on which I have heard the book criticized. The authors, some feel, downplay the danger present on some runs and make rather liberal use of the International Scale of River Difficulty. Such criticism is not entirely unfounded. For example, the Meatgrinder section of the Crystal River, which previous guidebook authors have dismissed as all but unnavigable (and on which, in '94, I watched a friend commit a small miscue which nearly cost him his life), is **presented** on page 62 as **perfectly negotiable**. "There is serious **gradient** here combined with must-make moves" is the only statement which seems to acknowledge the potentially fatal consequences of a **screw-up**. Furthermore, after running some of the streams deemed "Class IV+" by the authors, I felt they merited a Class V rating. Clearly this is a book written by highly skilled boaters whose experience at the gnarly outer limit of river navigability has led them to assign arguable rating to less difficult, yet still quite intense, whitewater. However, Banks and Eckardt emphasize that such assessments vary among individuals and that their **opinions** should not replace the paddler's **personal** judgment: "Rarely do we offer a drop-by-drop description of a run. 'When in doubt, scout!'" (p.v).

The number of copies I saw this summer in the hands of boaters or on the dashboards of parked shuttle vehicles indicates that Colorado Rivers and Creeks has already emerged as the cream of the state's whitewater guidebooks.

Great Falls Race on The Potomac

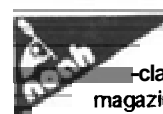
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Great Falls Race Video Available

reviewed by Bob Gedekoh

Great Falls Race: 1995 Produced by Bill Hancock, Directed by Sherry Hancock, Hancock Independent Productions, 1507 Decatur St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. (202) 291-6393.

Whitewater rodeo star and master hair boater Clay Wright says the Great Falls Race is "the best race going... the steepest... the shortest... and the most fun."

No one can deny that the 1995 race course, through the center of the Potomac's massive falls complex, was short and steep. As for fun... well, all of the competitors in this video seem to be having a good time. But it surely must have been FUN of the SCARY variety.

The 1995 event was moved to the center of the river because the Potomac was running too high to safely race the traditional line over the Spout. But, as this video clearly demonstrates, the competitors did not get off easy. The center line features two steep, complex plunges, in the midst of a gauntlet of undercuts, boils and pourovers.

As race coordinator Gil Rocha points out, "There are a multitude of slots... go down the wrong slot and you won't make it." That's reassuring!

Bill and Sherry Hancock used several cameras, strategically placed, to capture the action at the 95 race. As a consequence the entire course was filmed in its class V+ entirety. The video clearly demonstrates the complexities and dangers of the course; even to those of us who have never seen Great Falls.

Virtually every competitor's descent down the treacherous course is included, and while there are a few close calls... flips and brushes with undercuts... everyone makes it to the finish line intact. The video has been tightly edited by Charles Bokor, punctuated with brief interviews with several of the competitors.

The camera work is professional and solid, so that it is easy to visualize the complexity of the line down the center.

The video will surely be a priceless souvenir to those who were gutsy enough to take the challenge, while it allows the rest of us to vicariously experience the thrill of racing Great Falls.

Bruce Babbitt celebrates Potomac River!

Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt hosted a town meeting in Old Town Alexandria, Virginia on October 20, 1995, to celebrate the remarkable cleanup of the Potomac River. Boating groups from around the area made up a large part of those attending this event -- including AWA staff, the Canoe Cruisers Association (CCA), the Potomac Conservancy and the Blue Ridge Voyageurs. Woody Eicke, a CCA member and long-time paddler of the Potomac basin, spoke on behalf of the recreational boaters who have enjoyed this resource for many years.

Earlier that week Secretary Babbitt rafted a whitewater section of the James River near Richmond, Virginia with AWA Regional Coordinator Charles Ware. These visits were part of a series of Regional Heritage Tours Babbitt has made since April to highlight the success of America's environment and natural resource laws, and to inform local citizens about efforts in Congress to repeal or defund these laws. Look for additional information on Secretary Babbitt's activities in the January/February issue of American Whitewater.



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SIXTH GREAT FALLS RAPID RACE

by Pope Barrow

Salom racer and U.S. Kayak Team Member, Scott Shipley, blazed his way down the class V course in the 1995 Great Falls race to score a decisive 2.28 second victory over second place finisher, Clay Wright. Third place was nailed down by Kurt Brdunlich. Kurt was 1.25 seconds behind Clay.

In the C-1 class, the honors went to Ryan Bahn with Scott McCleshey coming in second and Adam Boyd, third.

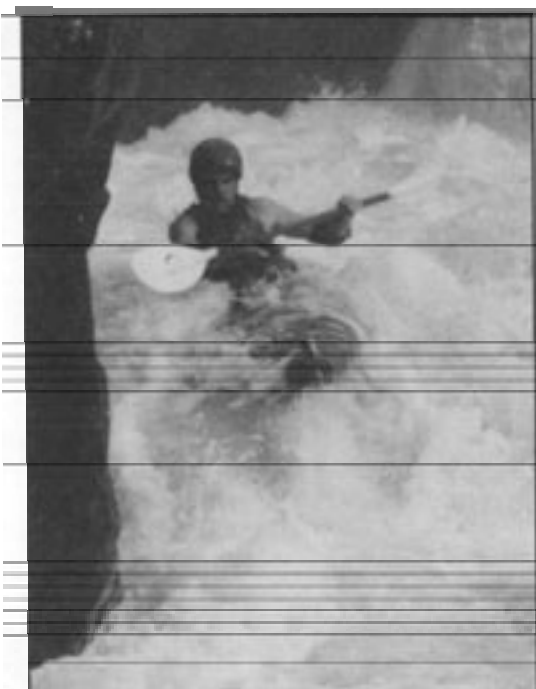
The course for the August 13, 1995 event was an exciting one, down the middle section of the falls with two steep drops and plenty of boils and pourovers to add spice. The final drop is known as the "Streamers". A wrong move here could mean a broken leg or worse.

The annual Great Falls race is one of a series of "hair" races held around the country on rivers such as the North Fork of the Payette in Idaho, Gore Canyon in Colorado, and the Upper Youghioghenny.

The Great Falls race was originated by Andy Bridge, CCA member and downriver C-1 champion. Andy organized the first races through the Virginia side of Great Falls, including the dramatic final drop over the "Spout".

Unfortunately, the Spout has proven too hazardous for a race at certain water levels. In 1994, organizers decided to cancel the race for this reason.

The 1995 race was the first time the race has been run at levels deemed too high for the Virginia side. The level this year was 3.47 on the Little Falls gauge. 1995 race coordinator, Gil Rocha, is credited with the idea of running different routes through the falls as water levels changed to avoid another race cancellation.





Above: Olympian Scott Shipley, Photo by John Cushing

Below: Streamers, the final drop of 1995 Great Falls Race. Photo by John Cushing

The center route through Great Falls, which is often run at higher levels than the Virginia side, was pioneered by local expert, Chris Good. At the expense of some bone, skin, and cartilage over the past few years, Chris identified the most feasible route in this section.

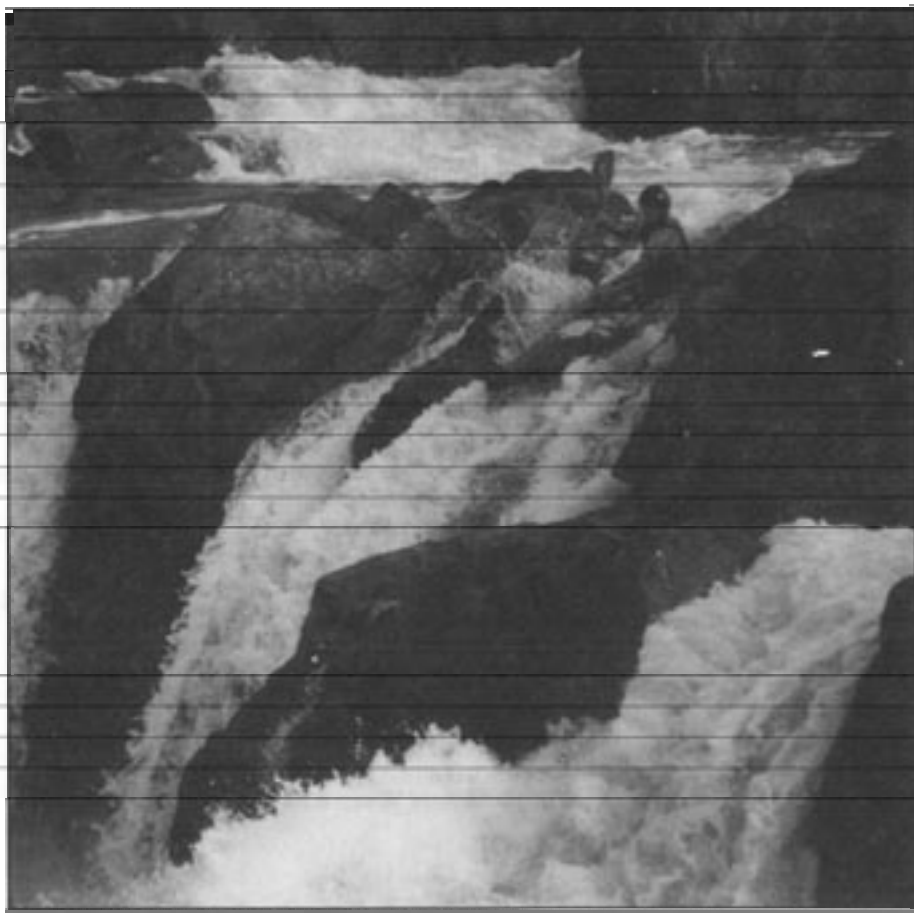
There were 31 entrants in the 1995 race. Three C-1 boats and 28 kayaks. The full results and times were as follows:

C-1:

1 • Ryan Bahn (1:00:08); 2 • Scott McCleshey (1:03:68), 3 • Adam Boyd (1:11:99)

K-1:

1 • Scott Shipley (48:40), 2 • Clay Wright (51:21), 3 • Kurt Brdunlich (52:46), 4 • Sam Drevo (53:46), 5 • Chris H. (53:86), 6 • Louis Geltman (56:15), 7 • Howard Tidwell (57:30), 8 • Silcis Treadway and Kyle Marinello (57:80 TIE), 9 • Martin Navaril (59:58), 10 • Gil Rocha (1:00:46), 11 • Robert Kelly (1:00:68), 12 • Tom ("Blood Dog") Brothers (1:02:90), 13 • Alex Markoff (1:04:18), 14 • Andrew McEwan (1:05:09), 15 • Dave Bruton (1:06:68), 16 • Jerry Jascomb (1:07:08), 17 • Tom McEwan (1:07:48), 18 • Mike Hipsher (1:07:55), 19 • Ryan Goodrow (1:07:74), 20 • Rich Hoffman (1:07:86), 21 • Middy Tilghman (1:08:65), 22 • Chris Wilson (1:09:11), 23 • Dave Jeffrey (1:09:58), 24 • Ricky Rodriguez (1:11:33), 25 • Billy-Bob ("Crash & Burn") Taylor (1:15:61), 26 • Rich Drevo (1:32:99), and 27 • Ben Witt (1:33:30).



Zbel Wins Again!!!

Fifteenth Upper Yough Race Raging Success

For the fourteenth time in fifteen years Roger Zbel posted the fastest time in the Upper Yough Downriver Race, held in western Maryland on August 28. Zbel, owner of Precision Rafting, paddled the four plus mile class IV-V course in a wildwater kayak, as did seven of the top ten finishers.

Whitewater innovator and squirtmeister Jeff Snyder finished second. John Weld, head kayak instructor at Riversport and regular columnist for American Whitewater, finished third.

Fourth place went to hair boater extraordinaire' Howard Tidwell, paddling a Wavehopper. Tidwell had only paddled the Upper Yough once before in the plastic wildwater boat. Fifth place went to race organizer and boat designer Jesse Whittemore, also paddling a Wavehopper. Veteran Upper Yough guide Steve Kauffman finished sixth.

The fastest time in a slalom kayak was posted by Bob Vernon, who finished seventh overall, demonstrating, once again, the virtues of cross training. Vernon owns Whitetail Biking in nearby Morgantown, West Virginia. Eighth place went to local favorite Rick Gusic in a Wavehopper.

The second and third fastest times in slalom kayaks were posted respectively by veteran riverman Ted Newton and local high school teacher and wrestling coach Scott Stough, who finished ninth and tenth overall.

Cara Burrell O'Brien placed first in the women's division, followed by Coleen Laffey and Jane Allison Andraka.

John Dierdorf beat out Russell Ford, Jr. and Kathy Howerton in the open boat division.

For a number of competitors this year's race was a family affair. Howard Tidwell's cousin, Clay Wright, who had just returned from his impressive performance at the World Rodeo Championship in Europe, posted the fourth fastest time in a slalom boat and twelfth overall.

Whitewater guru Tom McEwan of the Valley Mill Camp in Washington D.C. finished fourteenth, son Andrew, age 14, finished 30th. Ambrose Tuscano finished 34th, ahead of his father, AWA Director Barry Tuscano, who tackled the race in a K-2 with partner Emile Ledonne. And Steven Andraka beat his wife Jane to the finish line with just a minute to spare.

The times of most competitors were one to two minutes longer than those they had posted during the 1994 race, when the river was running several inches higher.

The traditional post race party and awards ceremony, hosted by Jesse Whittemore, was held that evening in the town park. A wavehopper, donated by Perception was auctioned for \$800, which was donated to the AWA for river conservation efforts. Barbecued chicken, an open keg and the hot, eclectic sounds of the band Parhelion capped the festivities, making the 15th Upper Yough Race a whitewater affair to remember.

THE GLORIOUS UPPER YOUGH RACE

1995 Results

Last, First Name

Class Finish Time

Zbel, Roger	wwkl	0:28:22:57
Snyder, Jeff	wwkl	0:30:27:66
Weld, John	wh	0:30:55:65
Tidwell, Howard	wh	0:31:29:53
Whittemore, Jess	wh	0:31:37:06
Kauffman, Steve	wwkl	0:31:45:96
Vernon, Bob	kl	0:32:04:30
Gusic, Rick	wh	0:32:28:61
Newton, Ted	kl	0:32:32:04
Stough, Scott	kl	0:32:33:30
Herrera, Mike	wh	0:32:56:27
Wright, Clay	kl	0:32:57:45
Beaks, Jason	kl	0:33:01:19
McEwan, Tom	wh	0:33:06:06
Clapp, Tracy	wh	0:33:16:73
Stump, Charles	kl	0:33:53:82
Gedekoh, Bob	kl	0:34:31:86
Gavin, Tim	kl	0:34:49:66
Hipgrave, Chris	kl	0:34:49:86
Cornwell, John	kl	0:34:53:70
Allen, Bob	kl	0:34:54:66
Geltman, Louis	kl	0:34:55:99
Casey, Kurt	kl	0:35:14:27
Tomko, Dean	kl	0:35:15:84
Sullivan, Jason	kl	0:35:17:26
O'Brien, Chara	kl	0:35:21:27
Heller, Bill	kl	0:35:26:87
Kruger, Ken	kl	0:35:30:09
Kyser, Ken	kl	0:35:31:85
McEwan, Andrew	kl	0:35:46:38
Lieb, Doug	kl	0:35:56:51
Hoda, Paul	kl	0:35:56:89
Laffey, Colleen	kl	0:36:06:10
Tuscano, Ambrose	kl	0:36:07:45
Sarich, Dan	kl	0:36:10:89
Emerick, Chris	kl	0:36:11:74
Joly, Brian	kl	0:36:16:84
Hoffman, Rich	kl	0:36:26:57
Stano, Michael	kl	0:36:33:48
Heffeman, Rich	kl	0:36:37:64
Schreiber, Eric	kl	0:36:42:01
Bokor, Charlie	kl	0:36:45:78
Knechtel, Jeff	kl	0:36:53:40
Jacobson-Bassage	k2	0:37:10:94
Tuscano-Ledonne	k2	0:37:37:00
Brindle, Mathew	kl	0:37:41:71
Andraka, Steven	kl	0:38:02:68
Greiner, Joe	kl	0:38:30:44
McCoy, Matthew S.	kl	0:38:56:31
Bahn, Ryan	cl	0:38:57:75
Coleman, Thomas G.	kl	0:39:06:15
Milligan, Mike	kl	0:39:06:60
Varble, Derek	kl	0:39:28:20
Andraka, Jane Allison	kl	0:39:53:99
Piraino, Chris	kl	0:40:01:99
Williams, Ladd	kl	0:40:31:81
Wilson, Susan	kl	0:40:34:66
McCarty, Michael	kl	0:40:41:49
Fledgle, Bill	kl	0:40:48:79
Black, Dave	kl	0:41:08:08
Alexander, Ron	tp	0:41:48:27
Ruehle, Deb	kl	0:41:51:66
Young, Bill	tp	0:42:10:15
Gittings, Carl	kl	0:42:44:45
Derdorf, John	oc	0:45:00:16
McClintock, Michael	cl	0:45:23:04



UPPER YOUGH RACE

Key: k1- slalom kayak, **wwk1**- wildwater kayak, wh- wavehopper, cl- closed canoe, oc- open canoe, k2- two man kayak, tp- topolino kayak

The organizers and competitors of the 1995 Upper Yough Race would like to thank the following for their generous support:

- \$0-200 Rudy's Ski Shop, High Mtn.Sports, North American River Runners, White Water Adventures, **RiverSport** School of Kayaking, Aquatic Center, Attitude, Prijon Kayaks, Ohiopyle Trading Post, Chuck Stump, Laurel Highlands River Tours, Ohiopyle Prints.

- \$200-400 Wilderness Voyagers, Barb Grossman and Ann Kierski

- \$400- 600 Demaree Inflatable Boats

- \$600-800 Mountain Surf Inc.

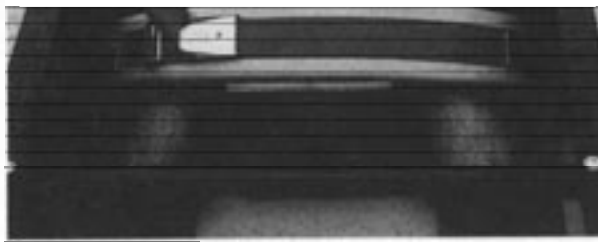
- Very** special thanks to Perception Kayaks for their exceptional support, valued at well over \$1000.

Whitewater veterans Chuck Stump and Dean Tomko battle for position in the 1995 Upper Yough Race, Photo generously donated by Wild Rivers Photo Service, Ohiopyle, PA. Photo by Skip Seeman

Ford, Russell P. Jr.	oc	0:46:02:55
Howerton, Kathy	oc	0:47:15:73
Norton, Patric C.	k1	0:48:51:02
Adams, Barry	k1	0:53:23:66
Joffrion, Paul	oc	1:06:26:42

Thanks also to David Boyd for computerizing the entries and results; to Mountain Surf for the use of their computer/ Xerox and for tolerating the race day pandemonium; to Barry Tuscano for lighting; to the AWA for manpower, especially Rich Bowers, Rich Hoffman and Pope Barrow; to the Wild Rivers Photo Service of Ohiopyle and to Nancy Zbel and Ann Kierski for bagging the prizes.

And most of all, thanks to Jesse and Sharon Whittemore for a job well done!!!



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"Mohawk's new thigh retainer is great! Really holds you in the boat, yet so quick and easy to get in and out of: It quickly adjusts to fit all sizes of our students.

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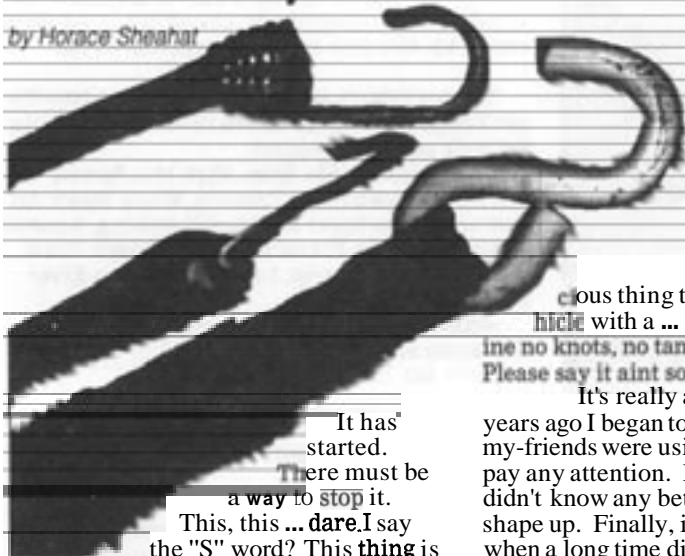
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STRAPS! AAUGH!

An assault on our way of life.

by Horace Sheahat



...ous thing they own to their ve-
hicle with a ... strap. Can you imag-
ine no knots, no tangl...ed up mess of rope.
Please say it aint so!

It has
started.
There must be
a way to stop it.

This, this ... dare. I say
the "S" word? This thing is
invading our collective psyche and
destroying the fabric of paddle mania. It
threatens to erode the very foundation of
our sport. I know by now you are with
me in identifying this terrible thing as ...
STRAPS.

Ohhh, I said it. Yuck. Can you be-
lieve anybody would affix the most pre-

It's really all my fault. Several
years ago I began to notice that some of
my-friends were using straps. I didn't
pay any attention. I just figured they
didn't know any better and would soon
shape up. Finally, it all came home to me
when a long time die hard rope paddler
buddy of mine C_wp_r Ch_db_rn (I have
clearly disguised his name so as not to
cause embarrassment) bought straps.
What's more he even uses them!

Mommas tell your children, daddies
be ready with the shotgun. It's time to
make a stand and fight this thing. Tie
your boats on with ropes, and lots of
them. Remember the question is to knot
and knot some more, that it be nobler
than not knot. You'll thank me later.

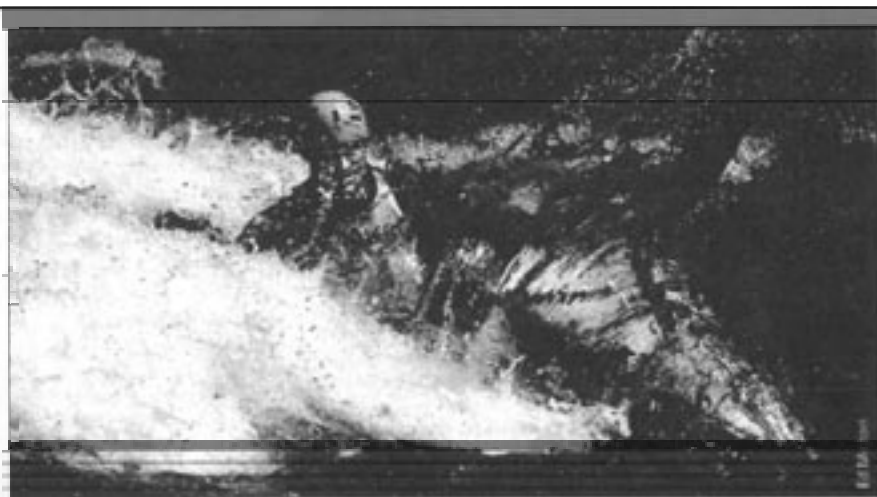
WATER DANCE

Falling water.

by Pete Fey

Tumbling
Around usop swirling
puncos
Forming each rock as it swirls
splashing and frothing
over every drop.
It's mystical powers enhance us all,
especially those who paddle
and know how to have a ball!"

*Editor's note: Pete Fey wrote this
while recovering from a boating mishap.
We hope he's feeling better.*



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DROPLETS

by Gary Rempe

Droplets draped over hilltops as rain's splendid sheet,
sparkling pure ecstasy, with light, they openly meet.
Shimmering, shining, spectrum, playing love as a vessel for light,
bending, arching, falling through infinite rainbows of life.

Spittering, spattering, sputtering they finally sound,
drops, gurgling and then gushing
through greenery and gravel
down, always down.

Singing glassy waves, humming tight chutes,
screaming falls, whistling eddies,
dancing over ledges into holes in the sun,
life amid boulders the bubbling essence of fun!

Slowly so slowly new paths forever sketch mother's fleeting face,
slyly how **slyly** worn gradient lessens a frantic pace.
Slyly how **slyly** time steals splashy youth from thee,
slower now slower a melancholy meandering to the sea.

No obstacles now, more dead than alive they quietly brew,
stolid, stationed, in a death salted stew.
They dream of their former journey now more dream than life,
filled with hope someday to find again true being in strife.

Lucky are they for this hope may come true,
life would somberly cease were it me or you.
For them, enviable them, a circular existence all that's known,
a life of second chances, their vibrant cycle, their home.



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THE ALPHA DOG'S CONSORT

by Carroll Wilson

About the time I was getting to be quite good at open canoeing I met Linda.

I guess you could say it's set me back a little.

Actually we met, not on the river, but on a foot trail during a work trip sponsored by the Alabama Trails Association. We were assigned to a common task, and during casual conversation I learned she had taken a basic kayaking course. She seemed to intimate that she wouldn't mind paddling with me sometime.

After a winter of pedestrian dating, she began paddling (competently) in the bow of my tandem boat. I had been paddling solo for about ten years and tandem canoeing had always been, in my view, an activity suitable only for telepaths. But Linda's company made up for the inherent diametrics of the act. Meanwhile, I learned from her to identify dwarf iris, bottle gentian, and cardinal flower on the streambanks. Early on I mistook her distaste for certain types of people for misanthropy, but I was also impressed by the good taste she had demonstrated in liking me. "I'm the undeniably best of intermediate paddlers. And the top river-lover in this part of the country," I would boast.

"Yeah, yeah," she answered disdainfully.

I had lived much of my life in the abstract; whereas Linda, lived hers in the experiential. When I advocated exporting - even extirpating - exotic creatures from North America, Linda objected, pointing out that those creatures didn't ask to be brought here. We did manage to agree that homicidal grizzlies deserve better than a death sentence for their puzzling taste in human flesh. I didn't even have to explain to Linda why I sometimes broke into a few lines of Led Zeppelin upon spying a black dog.

When I asked her if she wanted to read Walbridge's River Safety Report, she declined. "Worrying", she said, "that's your department."

"Yeah, yeah."

After a few months of her borrowing or renting a kayak, I bought Linda a Dancer for our second Valentine's Day. I still paddled Class Three rivers sometimes, but Linda has two children, so out-of-state trips to the dam-controlled, whitewater meccas in summer were usually not practical for us. "This anemic ectomorph of a river!" I growled one summer afternoon as we floated a placid stretch of the Cahaba. (In truth, I begrudged the whitewater we were missing two hundred miles away.)

"I LIKE this river," she replied, as if that settled it, and right then and there I guess it did.

One of the things I dearly loved was taking a group of newcomers down one of my favorite rivers. Linda made me see how unempathetically I did this. "You know, I can't

follow you down a rapid," she told me after a trip on the Coosa one day. "You park in the first eddy you come to, and then I'm on my own in a strange rapid."

Nolo contendere.

I challenged her dog's infidelity one evening. The mutt had left my petting to solicit attention from Linda. "Of course he's gonna come to me when he sees me," she said. "I'm the alpha dog!"

"The alpha dog! Well, if you're the alpha dog, what does that make me?" I protested.

"The alpha dog's consort."

During a weekend kayaking clinic on the Nantahala, Linda was bumped into the class below because the instructor wasn't satisfied with her roll. I met her on the road to Lost Mine, carrying her kayak, a crestfallen look on her face. "You have every reason to be where you are," I said, trying to raise her sunken spirits. "How many times have you been kayaking, total?"

Don't you think there was a time when Bunny Johns was at your level?"

"I seriously doubt it," she replied.

I sensed in her the same difference I had felt in my first whitewater classes. That "I wish I could pick it up a little faster" feeling. I felt a bond between us and it caused me to love her even more than ever.

I still sometimes paddle without her. She simply doesn't cotton to cold water, and in Alabama, whitewater is usually cold. But I occasionally buy her paddling gear, and often preface the giving with the words: "What I'm about to give you ~~may~~ be a selfish gift. Something that enables me to spend time with you..."

"Yeah, yeah."

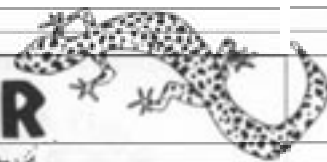
A few years ago I would have told any self-respecting canoeist not to become "unequally yoked" with a kayaker. But in April of 1993, at a church just outside Birmingham, I did just that.

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THE FLOW OF A RIVER

by Rich Drevo

I feel life like the journey of a river. Bends behind, the past has blended into an awareness of what might lie ahead: bluffs, desert, wilderness, and glacial valleys. I dream of the color. I wonder whether my next day will roar through canyon rapids or coast down glassy streams. Either way, the flood of time pushes me onward to new, strange, and distant places.

I search for familiar rhythms in the water's play while dancing to its free-spirited lyric. I aspire to understand the river's creativity, but I also know limits to both the river's course and my fate. There is poetry in the river's fluctuating currents but the river cannot avoid its eventual cycle to the sea. I'm empowered with free-will, but I cannot escape the events around me and the traits that

shape my destiny. I admire the river's ceaseless engagement towards its destination. To match the river's ease and finesse is to live completely, to rejoice in God's higher calling which encourages life ever-forward.

Spring. The river is witness to an extraordinary journey, illustrating life's changing tempo. After a heavy rain, the river is born. At first: a trickle of water in a tiny gully atop a mountain ridge. The flow of water builds. It tumbles off the ridge into a gulch, forming a turbulent creek. As whitewater rushes down steep gradient, there is erosion from the banks and debris is swept downstream. The stream enters a deeper and more rugged gorge. Between car-sized boulders and fallen trees, the river traverses a spectacular world rarely seen. **Pictur-**

esque waterfalls cascade from the high canyon walls into remote valleys of foam-blasted boulder gardens. In narrow passages the water produces boils from its constriction. As tributaries converge on the river, the water gains momentum. The river pounds along the base of the ridge with merciless finality. The awesome power sweeps away even massive trees.

Finally, the gradient slows and the water descends to feed a vast **channel**. At the confluence, the fury of rapids subsides to a gentle rushing; a steady rhythm. Gradually, the land flattens. The river winds for miles in wilderness where life thrives. Geese, deer and bears take refuge in the river's cool depths. Salmon and trout dart in its waters. There is abundant plant-life along the banks that flourishes from rich mineral deposits left by the current. Nature's color is vivid and alive. In colorful reflections the river's carefree whispers suggest an enchanted land. The river's rhythm is a pulse: it's the blood of the land. Its cycle is a catalyst for life. The river moves on. It passes open plains, marshes and tidal waters. Finally, the water reunites with the sea.

I feel harmony and contrast in the river's journey. The water depicts the seasons of my emotions and my loyalty to life's higher calling. The fresh rain filling the river conjures the release that I feel from emotion. I imagine the building of faith and self confidence in the convergence of tributaries. The beauty and power of rapids mirror the freedom found in self-expression. In the river's renewal of life I feel God's grace: the element of selflessness that calls us to improve life in the world. The river's peaceful end parallels contentment. But there is also the irony of water's infinite cycle: the unsettling feeling, a confirmation that life moves on. I feel called by the river's flow.

When I'm successful, I shine to those around me: I'm the breathtaking reflections in the river on a brilliant day. When it is dark and cold, I'm a lonely traveler, unsure of my destination; I'm the waters of the river reflecting the cumulus of my contemplation.

Other times, I slip silently along, pursuing the distant cry of unanswered questions. I revel in the innocence of discovery and the promise of reaching the next bend. I know that my trip will be long and difficult, but I'm satisfied that mystery and excitement await.



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Lee Burdette running Shoppards Falls, Wind River, WY. Dave Sliver photo.

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Slidin' Down the Slippery Suiattle

A Weekday Adventure

by James Knobbs

This rafting adventure started as many of the trips that I'm involved in begin: very poorly. Because of the type of work I do, I rarely have weekends off. This makes finding paddling partners next to impossible. Trying to find some company on this weekday was no exception.

I finally located another paddler who also happened to have a crappy job. At least I wouldn't be rafting completely by myself.

Now don't get me wrong; mid-week rafting is something that I actually prefer. No lines at the put-ins, no jerks from the University's outdoor program tossing beer-cans in the river, no outfitters at the take out trying to pick up my stuff because theirs is strewn all across the ramp.

I often opt to float rivers that I already know or rivers that are easier than I would like, simply because I know I'll

be the only boat on the water. (This concession to good judgment is the only one I exhibit). On this trip, my lone companion, Phil, and I decided we would tackle the class three upper section of the Suiattle river, near Darrington, WA.

Since my Scout was in the shop and Phil drove a Porsche 914 (the true Volkswagen of Porsches), we decided that an R-2 float would be just the thing. We strapped my 10.5 foot self-bailer with paddles wrapped inside to the top of his car, threw his mountain-bike on the rear carrier, and left Seattle.

We got to the take-out at Rat-Trap bridge and stashed Phil's bike in the bushes along with some dry clothes for the shuttle. We continued to Sulphur Creek and took our first good look at the river. It is as the guidebooks says, a relatively young river, winding its way down from Glacier Peak to its confluence with the Sauk. Very recently it had cut a new

channel through Sulphur Creek campground, and it appeared that this was a very common occurrence. The water was very milky with glacial silt and quite cold (probably that glacier thing again).

We prepared our boat, donned our wetsuits and got going. As expected, we were the only people boating, though we did get the usual, "y'all must have shit for brains" stare from the lone troglodyte frying up some hash browns (accent on the "browns") at a nearby campsite.

The first couple of miles went by very quickly as the river dropped about 85' per mile. But though the gradient was what I consider pretty steep, there were no major drops; it was like a two mile long water slide with lots of waves and rocks to avoid. We were very fortunate that there were no logjams or strainers in this section since there were also no eddies.

Presently the river flattened somewhat and the channel began to braid. Now there were many logs in the river, but we only had to portage twice...kind of. After our second portage, we were floating down a very swift portion of the river when it took a sudden turn to the left. As we rounded the curve, what should come into view, but a beautiful old growth Douglas Fir, sprawling directly across the river in front of us. This log was five feet in diameter, about two-thirds of which was above the surface of the river. It made a perfect bridge across the channel, with the river making a perfectly symmetrical cushion across its face the width of the stream. Unfortunately for us, both banks upstream of the log were heavily overhung with brush. Our only option was to stop on a small mid-stream gravel island about ten yards upstream from the log.

We ran the raft aground and pondered our dilemma. From our position on the island it seemed unlikely that we could ferry to shore before being swept into the log. And the overhanging blackberry bushes made the banks even more unappealing.

Having no good options, we decided to move the raft to the downstream side of the island, have Phil get in the front of the raft while I waded the stern as far downstream as I dared. Then I would hop into the back of the raft as it approached the log. When the bow got to the cushion on the upstream side of the log, Phil was to jump out on top of the log, pulling the bow up after him, and I was to scramble up the length of the raft and join him in pulling our craft over the log.

I will be the first one to admit that this was not a particularly good plan, but it was all we could come up with.

Everything worked smoothly until it came time to pull the front of the raft up onto the log. Phil jumped up onto the log as planned, but was taken aback by the speed at which I joined him. I was up on the log almost before he was (having a

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great desire to not experience the underside of the log). We were a bit too slow hauling the raft onto the log, and the current grabbed the stern and pulled it under the log. But we still had the greater part of the raft in our possession (as well as our hides), so we were feeling pretty good.

To free our raft we hung from the

bow downstream over the log.

Phil, who at the time was somewhat heavier than me, was taking his turn hanging off the bow when the boat came free. Unexpectedly. Phil went off into the river, and the boat followed him end for end. I grabbed the gear we had taken off the raft, and jumped into the river af-

ter them. I caught the raft with Phil still underneath and hauled it to the shallows. He extricated himself, we righted the raft and took stock.

No one got hurt, we didn't lose any gear, and most importantly, no one saw us looking foolish. Yes, there are certainly a lot of positives to mid-week boating.

I gaze at the current.
Its whirling blue so simple.
It has one engagement: flow on.
Knowing not where it heads,
bothering never to inquire.
Innocently meandering
through forested hills.
Minding not the life, that sucks
at its corners.

A fish reaches up for vermin,
amiably joining the serene
mountain backdrop.
A splash stretches out after.
The sound is a start.
A deer scans about. Feels all is
right.
Quenches its thirst in the rich
mountain air.
The ripples head lazily out, that
being their duty.
Never denying the simple their
place.

The stream flows undisturbed.
Trickles join in, adding to the
grandeur.
The flow flows on.
Simply flowing on, flowing on.
Simply.

I stroke my paddle with the
calm of simplicity.

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Articles should fit our established format; that is, they should be stylistically patterned to fit into our Features, AWA Briefs, Conservation Currents, Safety Lines, Humor or End Notes sections. Exceptional photographs and whitewater cartoons are also welcomed.

If possible articles should be submitted using Wordperfect on a 5 1/4" single sided flexible disc. Please use the standard Wordperfect default settings; do not alter the margin or spacing parameters. If you use a different word processing program and/ or smaller disks, send us one anyway... we may be able to transfer it to our files. Send a printed copy of the article, as well.

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Open the story with an eye catching lead, perhaps by telling an interesting anecdote. Dialogue should be used to heighten the reader's interest. Don't just tell us about the river... tell us about the people on the river... develop them as characters. Feature articles should not be written in the style of a local club newsletter.

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Please check all facts carefully, particularly those regarding individuals, government agencies and corporations involved in river access and environmental matters. You are legally responsible for the accuracy of such material. Make sure names are spelled correctly and river gradients and distances are correctly calculated.

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OMAHA AND THE INDIAN PRINCESS

by Jonathan Katz

The waterfall was at least a hundred feet high, and the chaos at its base was shrouded in mist. But the approach to the lip was absolutely smooth and still, the horizon line sharp as a knife, as though the world ended and the paddler would fall off. Which was, Omaha thought, a prevalent theory at that time, the time being the late 1600's.

He glanced down at his reflection in the still water and was stunned by the perfection of what he saw. He had hair, for one thing, instead of the receding fuzz he'd been chasing toward the top of his head for years. Real hair, long and thick and blonde, hanging to his shoulders and framing deep set, ocean blue eyes, a straight-and-narrow Anglo-Saxon nose unbroken by bar brawls, and an iron jaw. He looked like a medieval knight-errant, a demigod, a genuine colonial conqueror stud-hoss. The Disney artists had fixed every flaw, made him ultimately male. It was better than plastic surgery.

Omaha tore his eyes away from his face long enough to take a gander at his body. The cartoonists had fixed that too, added four inches to his height, gotten rid of his small but thickening beer paunch, beefed up his arms. In life Omaha's arms were wiry and strong, but here, in cartoonland, he had Bunyan arms, Schwarzenegger arms, a major league set of guns indeed. He flexed, and his biceps erupted in stages; coconuts of muscle steaming like live volcanoes.

Omaha brought his keen blue eyes back to the brink of the waterfall. To hell with scouting, he decided. With arms like these and a body like this what could go wrong?

The equipment, for one thing. Omaha ordinarily ran hundred-foot waterfalls in a Dagger Impulse, a modern whitewater

canoe specially designed for such descents. The animators expected him to run the drop in a crude contraption made of birch bark lashed together with strings cut from the skin of a moose, and no flotation. What were they, on drugs?

Go for it, the director said, or we'll get somebody else.

**OMAHA KNELT IN THE
CENTER OF THE BOAT,
FEELING THE FLOOR FLEX
UNDER HIS KNEES. OH
WELL, AT LEAST ITS A ONE
MOVE RAPID. AND WITH**

**HALF A DOZEN POWERFUL
STROKES OF HIS PADDLE HE
LAUNCHED THE BARK CA-
NOE OVER THE BRINK OF
THE WATERFALL,**

It was a very high waterfall, and he was nowhere near the bottom when he knew he had to take action. First the canoe sprouted wings, but these were torn off by the force of the falling water. Then he pulled the ripcord. A tiny parachute popped out of the stern, but caught on a branch and ripped away. Still falling at breathtaking speed, he tossed out the anchor, which caught in the rock on the face of the falls and braked him to an abrupt, jolting stop. He hung straight down, tons of water hurtling past him, while the animators drew a closeup of the rope stretching, fraying, finally snapping with a jerk that sent him and his watercraft tumbling end over end to the base of the falls. No doubt about it, he was going to crash and burn this time.

The canoe crashed into the base of the falls and burst into a great billowing ball of red flame. The force of the explosion blasted his body back up to the top of the waterfall and beyond, high into the sky. Still he rose, seeing the planet shrink before him to a ball the size of a basketball, then a baseball, then a tiny pinpoint of light. Then the force of the blast dissipated and he hung weightless in space for an instant. The Gremlin flew past him and waved.

"Yikes!" Omaha said, and began to fall again, gaining speed rapidly as the earth grew from tiny point of light to baseball to basketball to beachball and bigger, to the inevitable collision with the precise point of his departure.

Teach me not to scout, Omaha thought, as his charred and bruised body slammed into the boulders at the base of the falls, punching a twenty foot crater in the riverbed.

Omaha crawled out. Miraculously he was fine, totally unharmed, skin unblemished, every hair in place as he surveyed his situation from the cavern behind the thundering waterfall. He looked out through the misty veil of the falls into the lush green forest beyond. And he gasped!

There, sitting on a rock in the sunshine, holding a bright yellow butterfly on the back of her hand, was the most beautiful Indian princess Omaha had ever seen. She had midnight eyes that flashed like opals and wondrous cheekbones and a mouth to die for, all framed by thick lustrous black braids that hung to her waist. He stared at her, his heart fluttering, and through the film of falling water she sensed his presence. Her gaze met his, and she smiled, and in that instant their hearts connected and were as one.

He walked through the waterfall toward her and she rose to greet him. Her eyes gleamed and her skin was the color of a new penny with the shine buffed off. She smiled shyly and spoke.

"My name is Pocahontas," she said.

"Poke you who?" replied Omaha, lovestruck.

"Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, the chief of our tribe. What's your name?"

Omaha nearly blurted out the truth, then bit his tongue, realizing he needed an alias. If his paddling buddies from Pittsburgh ever found out he'd smoked too much bang and got stuck inside an animated feature film they'd be merciless. Elmer. Porky. The nicknames would never end. God, **Dumbo!** Name, name, he must have a name. Omaha racked his brains and suddenly it came to him.

"Smith," he said. "John Smith." There. That would fool 'em.

"You are a beautiful man, John Smith," she said, reaching for his hand. "Come away with me to my village."

For the first time Omaha took his eyes off hers, long enough to check out her bod. She was young, but she was not small. In fact, she had one serious build on her, entirely too much haunch and melon for family entertainment. Out of control now, Omaha's body stirred. Mercifully, the scene ended.

Pocahontas led Omaha to her village, pausing once to chat with a raccoon and once to have a philosophical discussion with an enormous old weeping willow.

OMAHA AND THE INDIAN PRINCESS

Omaha was bedazzled. He could not tear his eyes off her, and the strange behavior of the Indian princess made perfect sense to him. So she talks to trees? Not a problem.

As soon as he saw **Powhatan** Omaha smelled trouble. He had never gotten along with any of his girlfriends' fathers. The moment they saw the **waterbed** in his van they grabbed their daughters and ran. Even the dumbest of them put two and two together with Pentium speed. **Powhatan** was no exception. In fact he was worse than usual. The Chief was six inches taller and fifty pounds heavier than Omaha, and he had **pecs** like man-hole covers and carried a hatchet.

Powhatan glared at Omaha, disgusted and enraged.

"It's a racial thing, isn't it," Omaha said. "You don't want your daughter dating a white guy."

"It's a money thing, punk," **Powhatan** replied. "You don't deserve a share of the casino profits."

Powhatan and the tribal elders caucused for a long time while Omaha waited patiently, tied to a stake. Finally they decided not to burn him alive, and let him go.

"You are banished, paleface. And so is my daughter, for disgracing my camp by bringing you here. Take her, and one **canoe**, and get your ass downriver before I change my mind and roast you for lunch."

The chief led Omaha and Pocahontas to a canoe which had been scooped out of a single, giant oak log. He shoved them out into the swift current and raised both middle fingers in the universal gesture of farewell.

Omaha fought the dugout canoe down the raging rapids. Compared to birchbark this thing is a real pig, he thought. Pocahontas sat in front of him like a silver hood ornament on a Mack truck as the thousand pound dugout crashed through endless standing waves and souse holes. The boat was nearly impossible to steer, but it had tremendous momentum, and it gradually gained Omaha's respect. Finally he nodded admiringly. Best design I've ever seen for straight-out hole punching. Long, narrow, weighs a ton, nothing for a hole to get a bite on. It just slices through, like a torpedo running downstream.

He thought about trying some freestyle tricks, sidesurfing, enders, but a twenty foot hollow log didn't seem to have much potential as a rodeo boat. He doubted it could do a mystery move, and besides, there was the girl to think of. She sat in the bow, looking exquisite with her bosom thrust out, and talked to all of her insect friends while the river crashed and roared around her. Once a little red haired mermaid girl swam over to visit, wearing nothing but a seashell bra. She was a delectable piece of tail, but Omaha

was too busy paddling to make time, and besides, he was in love.

After Omaha got used to the ballistic tendencies of the boat he relaxed, enjoying himself at the helm. No worries. Like Pumbaa his warthog buddy used to say, "Hakoon Matata!" Suddenly he stopped paddling, mortified at his mistake. Wrong movie, he thought.

After rapids that seemed endless they finally came to flatwater, then tidal marsh as the river spilled into the ocean. In the distance Omaha could see the three masts of the ship that would take him home. He paddled alongside and delicately helped Pocahontas over the rail.

There came a sudden, bellowing roar. "Get off my ship, John Smith, and leave the wench with me!" It was Governor Ratcliff, the maximum leader of the expedition. **Ratcliff** was a big, gross, wild man dressed in black boots and a swash-buckling redcoat, whose tastes ran to blood and gold.

"No, Ratcliff, you pig," Omaha replied, not knowing what he was about to receive.

"Then I challenge you to a duel," **Ratcliff** shouted. "Pistols at ten paces!"

Now those of you who are regular readers know that Kenneth Omaha is perhaps the best practical marksman in the world, deadly accurate with the nine millimeter automatic he prefers. But that work is done with cartridges and clips and the finest of modern small arms. When **Ratcliff** handed Omaha an ancient smoothbore flintlock muzzle loader, our hero was clueless.

Ratcliff marched off ten paces and busily started to load his weapon, while Omaha scratched his head and pondered. Once, a river of tequila ago, he'd seen a man shoot a musket in a Memorial Day Parade. Now he struggled to recall the details of the firing sequence. First, he bit the end off a paper cartridge, getting a mouthful of gunpowder in the process. It tasted vile, and the grains got stuck between his teeth when he tried to spit them out. He dumped the rest of the powder down the barrel of the gun, and then he stumbled full force into the fundamental question that forever plagued all musketeers: ball or wad?

For the life of him (and that was exactly what was on the line) Omaha couldn't remember. Do you put the bullet in first, or the wadding in first? Finally he decided on the wadding, and he stuffed it down the barrel with the little ramrod thingamajig just as **Ratcliff** finished loading and started dumping powder into his priming pan.

Nervous now, Omaha fumbled for a bullet. But the little half-inch lead ball was round, and it slipped out of his fingers and started to roll across the deck. Omaha bent to retrieve it just as **Ratcliff** fired. KABOOM! The round missed him

by inches.

Ratcliff has to reload, Omaha thought. To hell with it. He gave up chasing the little ball and threw the pistol into the sea. Then he drew his cutlass and charged.

The cutlass was a great, unwieldy chunk of curved iron, far too heavy and clumsy for infighting. Omaha took one full swing and almost spun to his knees under the momentum. **Ratcliff's** blade whistled by his ear. Omaha barely got his sword up in time to parry the return blow. The blades clanged hard, and the sting of the impact ran up Omaha's hands, numbing them to the elbows. He was clearly not cut out to be a swordsman, and in a matter of seconds **Ratcliff** would realize this and hack him to pieces.

Panic-stricken, Omaha cast away the cutlass. He reached behind him for the one familiar piece of equipment at hand, the one item his agent had absolutely insisted that he take with him, the one item Disney's authenticity censors had caved on in the name of Omaha's personal safety. In an instant Omaha's fingers locked around the familiar oval epoxy shaft of his Conception Melody canoe paddle, two pounds of space-age plastic between him and maniac **Ratcliff's** whistling blade.

Omaha raised the paddle high over his head and swung down with all his strength, driving the edge of the blade deep into **Ratcliff's** skull. The force of the blow split **Ratcliff** to the nads, ruining his day. Methodically with the flat of the blade Omaha proceeded to beat **Ratcliff** to splatter, teaching him with each smash of the paddle to never • ever • mess • with • the • woman • of a • New • England • creek • boater • again. By the time he was finished **Ratcliff** looked like peanut butter and jelly on white. The crew cheered lustily and Omaha was quite sure that **Ratcliff** wouldn't make that mistake again for all the tea in Boston.

The last scene was the prettiest. Omaha stood on deck with his arm around Pocahontas' slender waist as the ship headed east under full sail, bound for London. Behind it on towlines bobbed two canoes, the dugout for big water and the birchbark for creeking. Omaha thought about spending the two month voyage locked in the great cabin with Pocahontas, and he smiled in anticipation. And he thought of spring flood in the Scottish Highlands with glee. There would be rivers to run, and dragons to slay. Maybe even an Eskimo, crossing from Greenland, looking to sell a kayak. The sun sank blazing on the western horizon. Great color!

"OK, cut. That's a wrap."
Th, Th, Th, That's all, folks!
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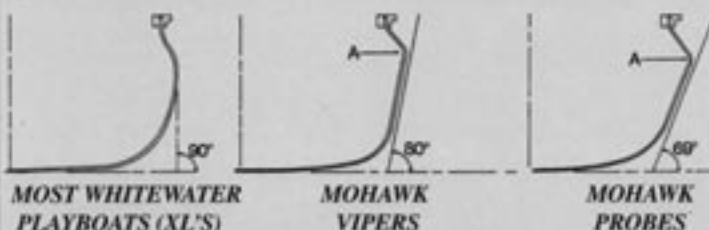
XL14... For large paddlers or tandem paddling. It can be outfitted with two position outfitting for tandem paddling or three position for both tandem and solo paddling. rocker 3"

XL15... A tandem whitewater boat and favorite of outfitters, schools or anyone doing tripping or playing on whitewater rivers. Available bare, with web seats, with kneeling thwarts or foam saddle (2 or 3 position). rocker 3"

WHITewater PLAYBOAT DESIGNS... Below are drawings of cross sections through the center of a Mohawk Viper, Probe and our XL series. Note the difference in flared angles. Where the bottom and side of the canoe meet, the Viper has a sharp chine or edge. This edge enables the paddler to carve turns and to judge the angle of their lean. However, it can catch cross currents and flip a boater who is not used to the edge. Also, when side surfing, the Viper is "grabber" than the Probe. Advanced paddlers who master this edge love the control it gives them. But for many paddlers we believe the Probe is a more forgiving boat that will suit their paddling needs better, without giving up the quick acceleration and turning of the Viper.

As you can see from the center cross section, the Probe has more flare than the Viper. This is accomplished by lowering point A one inch and making the boat one inch wider at this point. The tuck-in above point A allows for a narrow gunwale width and a pocket for your hand. The extreme flare, (more than any other whitewater playboat) results in fantastic final or secondary stability, yet still maintains a sleek bottom that makes upstream moves, ferries and getting on surfing waves surprisingly easy. In summary, the Probe is a performance boat that is user-friendly.

All Mohawk whitewater playboats have symmetrical hulls. Why? Because, if properly designed, they will hold a ferry angle and track as well or better than an asymmetrical boat. Back surfing, back ferries, side surfing and spins will all be easier and smoother in the symmetrical boat because both ends react in the same way.



The difference is in the **FLARE**
fast high performance boats with outstanding final stability

SPECS	LENGTH	BEAM	DEPTH	WEIGHT	MATERIAL	SUGG LIST	FACTORY DIRECT
RODEO	10'6"	26.5"	16.5"	42 LBS	R-84	\$825	\$577.50
PROBE 11	11'8"	28"	15.5"	45 LBS	ROYALEX	\$825	\$577.50
PROBE 12	12'8"	28.5"	15.5"	49 LBS	ROYALEX	\$825	\$577.50
PROBE 12 II	12'2"	28.25"	15.5"	46 LBS	R-84	\$825	\$577.50
PROBE 14*	14'2"	30.5"	15.5"	59 LBS	ROYALEX	\$850	\$595.00
VIPER 11	11'6"	27"	15.5"	45 LBS	ROYALEX	\$825	\$577.50
VIPER 12	12'6"	27.5"	15.5"	49 LBS	ROYALEX	\$825	\$577.50
XL 13	13'3"	30"	15.5"	56 LBS	ROYALEX	\$840	\$588.00
XL 14*	14'3"	32"	15.5"	60 LBS	ROYALEX	\$850	\$595.00
XL 15*	15'4"	35"	15.5"	65 LBS	ROYALEX	\$870	\$609.00

*Tandem or Solo

*Prices do not include freight

WHITewater OUTFITTING... Whitewater playboats are available fully outfitted and ready to paddle. This outfitting includes: Foam saddle or pedestal, knee pads, thigh straps or retainer(s), yakima foot braces, air bags & quick disconnect lacing kit.

\$225 Solo

\$335 Tandem

\$395 Triple



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