



Keel-Hauler's KaNews

October 2003

Next newsletter deadline - 10/25

Your 2004 dues are now payable.

Our membership year ends October 1st, so your 2004 dues are now due. Your mailing label indicates whether you are paid up for 2004. Mail your check for \$20 today, please include a donation for our club's conservation program if you can.

Please indicate any changes to your address, phone or e-mail listing. You can pay at any club meeting or Mail to:

**Keel Haulers Canoe Club
1649 Allen Dr
Westlake, OH 44145-2506**

You do not need to fill out a new application or waiver to renew your membership. An application will be included in this newsletter. Your last newsletter will be the December Kanews, please don't make us keep sending out notices, it costs the club time and money.

You may now pay your dues and register on-line using Paypal at www.keelhauler.org.

Trip Schedule

Oct 3 – 4 Upper Yough, MD (32)

Elliott Drysdale EDrysdale@aol.com 440-708-1208

Oct 5 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Cathy Schilling cschill20@aol.com 330-686-8924

Oct 4-5 Upper Yough, Upper Gauley, MD/WV (32/33)

Paul Lang ptboofhoven@surfing.com 330-896-3468

Oct 11 or 12 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Kurt Haas kurth@a-s-e.com 216-321-1763

Oct 11-12 Cheat Canyon, WV (26)

Ted Pablo tedh2o@att.net 440-526-5552

Oct 11-12-13? Gauley River, WV (23/33)

Scott Debalski scd@lubrizol.com 440-298-1257

Oct 14 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center, 7:30 PM

Annual Election of Officers

Oct 18-19 Moose River Festival, Old Forge, NY (16/25/30)

Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

Oct 18-19 Yough Weekend, PA (12/23)

Lowr Yough: S. Sanzenbacher ritchkovic@stratos.net 216-381-0599

Middle Yough: Brian Thies brianthies@aahawk.com 440-331-4216

Oct 25 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Ernie Anderson exande@earthlink.net 216.291.1093

Oct 25-26 Russell Fork, Above the Breaks, VA (24)

Cecil Tickamy ctickamy@columbus.rr.com 740-593-8453

Nov 1 Cheat Canyon, WV (26)

Mark Poljak sumersun@apk.net 440-268-9194

Nov. 1 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Brett Mancino bmm1971@yahoo.com 216-321-7878

October 14 Meeting:

Middleburg Hts

Community Center 7:30 PM

Annual Election of Officers

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September 2003

Meeting Minutes

Welcome to guests/new members: 1

Treasurer Report: Karen Daniels

Balance: 8214.31. Rescue Clinic had an income of \$1015 and a profit of \$346

Chair Reports:

Library: Mike Duvall: Many books are over due. Folks check your personal libraries and get them returned so others can borrow.

Meeting Program: John Garcia had a great movie

New Business: Please bring this up. It can be published in the Newsletter and discussed and voted upon at the next meeting:

I (Ron Tomallo) suggest we eliminate the Trustees as of the October meeting and have the day to day business of the Club run by the four officers. With total income of less than

\$8000.00, and no tangible property, we do not need seven persons named to manage the Club's business. As it is we do not "use" the trustees, and they often migrate out of contact long before their term has run. Also, it tends to use up limited volunteer resources for nothing.

Trip Reports:

– PA has changed to miles only. Former exit 8 is now mile 75 and exit 9 is mile 91.
– Mike Duvall ran the Big Sandy twice and Andy Gross managed a trip on the American R. in CA.
– Wall Street Jour. Sept. 9, 2003 reports that kayaking is the fastest growing sport. Pg x9

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Grand Canyon 2001 Trip Slide Show

If you missed the slide show last year, here's another opportunity to see it. Pam and Mark Poljak will be presenting the show at the Bay Village Library on Sunday, October 12, at 2:00pm. It's a half-hour show with lots of great slides synchronized with music. The library will be posting advertisements with details.

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Ladies Day 2003 by Julie Garcia

Yes, it's that time of the paddling season again, when the sun is bright, the Yough is warm and the Keelhauler ladies head to Ohiopyle for a testosterone-free day of paddling. The matriarch of Ladies Day, Sherri Sanzenbacher, was not able to join us, for at long last, she was moving into her new house but Debbie Avallone graciously agreed to coordinate the day. With the power outage on Thursday, all bets were off as to who was going to show up, but I knew for sure that Debbie would

be there. So, realizing that I'd probably have more dinner options in PA than OH, I packed up the dog and headed up Thursday night.

The plan was to meet at the Boaters House at 10, and I was glad to see that Debbie was there indeed. Also joining us on the river was Shelly Schmidt, Mary Modesitt and Karen Johnson. I had briefly met Shelly once before at Kobak's cabin this spring and but had never had the opportunity to paddle with her. Injuries had kept her off the rivers for much of the season and she was happy to be back in her boat. Debbie had been spending quite a bit of time on the Yough this summer and was ready for a great day of paddling. Mary had been down the Yough a few times this year, but seemed a little apprehensive. I met Karen at Ladies Day last year, which we found out was the last time she had been able to kayak. A job, husband and a couple of kids will certainly cause that to happen.

So, happy to not be at work on a beautiful summer Friday, we ran shuttle and set off on our day. After a little roll practice and some warm-up surfing, we found our way to Entrance and everyone had an uneventful trip down it. After riding the favorite waves on Entrance, it was off to Cucumber. Cucumber had a different ride in mind for Karen but she was back in her boat in no time. Mary had wanted to practice some rolls in current and we thought that Cucumber would be the best place! Unfortunately for Mary, her hip was still sliding out of her boat, so with one attempt, she had fallen out of her boat and was swimming to shore. After adding some padding to her hip pads, she tried again with the same result-she slid right out. Upon further inspection, Shelly thought that she might be

sitting too high on her seat and surgery on the seat pads was scheduled for later that day.

Once we were all back together again, we made our way down the rest of loop, hitting the usual play spots, impressed at how well Karen and Mary were doing. The ever-popular flatwater section brought some hand roll practice and some of the best conversation a bunch of girls could hope for-sex, massages, pedicures and trips to the hair salon. Why a guy wouldn't want to paddle with us is beyond me!!!!

We reached Dimple, everyone's favorite rapid, and, like Cucumber, it had a different ride in mind for Karen. While Shelly helped out Karen, I watched Mary and Debbie run perfect lines. After a satisfying lunch on Swimmers, Shelly, Debbie and I prepared to take advantage of the short lines and surf. Lo and behold, who comes barreling down the river but Paula Norris! Frustrated by the lack of amenities at her office (namely a commode) and determined not to miss Ladies Day thereby ending her streak of perfect attendance, she left North Olmsted at 10, drove like crazy and paddled straight through on the river to catch up with us. Unfortunately for her, a steady diet of water and combos on the drive in, combined with heat and a quick paddle equaled a nauseous tummy and not too much fun on Swimmers.

Onward we went down the rest of the river and Mary and Karen continued to impress us with their skill. Mary looked terrific and confident in her paddling and Karen amazed us with her terrific balance, especially considering she hadn't been in her boat for a year. Everyone aced the remainder of the rapids and we got off the river somewhere around 4. Karen had to head back

to Cleveland as she and her family were due in Toledo later that evening. But talk of running the loop that evening became the topic of conversation, although Shelly almost found herself walking back after trash-talking her shuttle driver J.

Once back at the Boaters House, a loop run could not be denied. I secured a little more time from the dog sitter and Shelly and I took off. Debbie and Mary met up with another friend (Pat) and came up behind us but were far more leisurely than Shelly and I had time for. Paula was waiting for another friend of hers and would also end up paddling with Brent Laubaugh. So much for a testosterone-free day!!!! After playing on Entrance, Shelly and I bombed the rest and looked forward to meeting on Saturday for a fun day with the boys! Another terrific Ladies Day was history and we were all looking forward to next years meeting.

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Three Rivers with the Three Rivers Paddling Club

or

Goldilocks at Gauley Fest

By Judi Cleary

It was time for the annual Gauley Fest and as the time neared, so did Hurricane Isabel. Her timing was perfect as she hit land the day before the targeted weekend. In Cleveland she seemed to only breeze on through with a medium amount of rain. But as we drove south to Summersville we passed swollen rivers and creeks all along the way.

A group of Keelhaulers including Mike Duvall, Cliff Wire, Ron Whitney and John Garcia paddled the Lower Gauley on Friday. As they put on the level was about 4,800 cfs. but increased to around 6,000 cfs as they paddled. They said the lines were basically the same, but bigger water.

We awoke Saturday morning to a heavy pea-soup fog. You could hardly see 10-20 feet ahead. After consulting gauges it was determined that the flow head peaked at about 8,000 cfs at Belva (just downstream of the lower take-out) earlier in the morning. In response to this information, our Goldilocks comment was "Oh my, this river is TOO high!"

After having breakfast at Mabel's, the "Lower Gauley" group met up with some TRPC paddlers who graciously invited us to meet them at the parking lot by the dam to determine where to go from there. The consensus was that the Williams had enough water in it paddle. So, a little after 9am a lumbering caravan of paddlers headed off. We stopped a few times along the way. The lower stretches of the river looked navigable so the caravan trudged ahead. Finally at one bridge crossing the group reconvened outside their vehicles and after much discussion, their Goldilocks comment was "Oh dear, this river is TOO low!"

Well, just on the other side of the mountain was the Cranberry. So we all piled back into our vehicles and paraded over to the Cranberry. When we arrived it appeared that this was the place to be for white water boating as we encountered vehicles and boats galore. Goldilocks was heard to say "Oh YES, this river level is just right!" So we drove down the Cranberry looking for a place to park. Eventually we found one, and began to move and unload boats. We discovered that this was the take out for the upper section of the Cranberry. Mike Duvall paddled this section with the TRPCers. As for the rest of us (Julie Garcia, Sue Whitney, Anne Kmieck, Terry Markoff, Kristen Haase, Chuck Singer and myself) we opted for the lower section.

Now you might think the story ends here -- after all we have now visited 3 rivers with the TRPC -- but you would be wrong.

Terry, Chuck and Julie headed off to run shuttle. We were told the section ran to the next bridge. After being gone for over an hour, those of left at the put-in began to worry, and to speculate as to what was wrong. Bear in mind that it was nearing 1:30pm, we had left the campground to put on the river at 9am AND we didn't want to be late for Gauley Fest, so that didn't leave us a lot of time. None of us knew this river. As we waited, a fellow paddler informed us that the lower was a lengthy section and would take at least 3-4 hours to run. As we saw all three shuttle vehicles arrive back where they left us, we were happy to find out we didn't have a long paddle down an unknown river ahead of us. Instead we had a new plan - enter river #4 - but hey, who's counting.

It turned out that the way to the take out was not obvious and our shuttle drivers lost the trail in the town of Richwood. They asked directions and found themselves continuing to the takeout but along the banks of another river - the Cherry. It looked like an interesting enough river and included a viable putin and take out. So they made the decision to abort the search for the Cranberry takeout.

I think we finally made it on the river (the Cherry) by 3pm and off by 4:40pm. The Cherry was a fun little 2 - 2+ river. And aside from a junk yard or two, it was scenic. We all agreed that we would like to paddle the Lower Cranberry sometime - but when we got an earlier start. We made it back to the campground in time to shower, eat and make a timely arrival at the Gauley fest. Once there, Sue Whitney bought a new boat, Ann Kmieck a new PFD, and Kristen new Chacos. Chuck Singer and

Terry Markoff both purchased bright yellow paddling jerseys but don't be surprised if you see them riding their bikes down the road with them on.

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June 2003 Week of Paddling

By Wayne Carey

Friday, June 14 – My daughter Missy and I drove to Mountain Laurel Campground in Fayetteville, WV. We met Jim McHugh from Michigan at the campground.

Saturday, June 15 -- We met Ed Charlton from Ohio at the campground. The New River was running high, about 20,000 cfs. We drove over and scouted the section above Sandstone Falls. Interstate 64 crosses the New River downriver from Hinton and Sandstone Falls. The bridge is called the Mary Draper Ingles bridge, after the colonial lady whose story of abduction is told in "Follow the River." To reach the falls, you must drive upriver on river right to Hinton, cross the river, and then drive downriver on river left. We walked the boardwalk at the falls. Sandstone Falls is about 25 feet high. We then drove to a pull-off below Brooks Falls that would be our takeout and left a vehicle. We drove upriver about 3 miles to put on above a good wave train. The New is very wide in places. When you're used to running narrow rivers, it can be a little spooky. We ran Brooks on the left, far enough out to avoid the huge hole on the far left. At this level, the run was class III.

Sunday, June 16 -- The rivers were all still high. We decided to run a section of the Gauley above the dam. The Gauley was running about 2000 cfs. We ran the section from Camden on Gauley to



Sandstone Falls



Brooks Falls

Curtin Bridge. We took 41 and 55 east off 19 to Craigsville, turned south on 55 to the Curtin Bridge, and left a vehicle. We then drove back to Craigsville and east on 55 to put on at the water treatment plant at Allingdale (on the right). The river started out flat and gradually built to a solid class II. It started out as one of those typical foggy, surreal days on the Gauley. Then it rained and toward the end, the sun came out. The Cranberry entered from the left about 1-1/2 miles before the takeout and the Cherry entered from the left at the takeout. Ed had to head home after this. Missy and I drove to Weston this night, met my daughter Angie, and drove back to Fayetteville.

Monday, June 17 -- This was a travel day. We took our time driving south past the Nolichucky toward the French Broad. We got off 23 near Rocky Fork, backtracked a little to 352, and then took 352, 212, 208, and 25/70 to Hot Springs. We got a nice campsite on the river at the Hot Springs Campground.

Tuesday, June 18 -- The French Broad was running 4000 cfs. We left a vehicle at Hot Springs and drove to Barnard. We missed the turn off for Barnard. The sign to look for reads "Walnut." This was a fun run with some big waves and holes. After Stackhouse, there is a lot of flat water to Kayaker's Ledge. We took out a little late to scout Frank Bell's and ended up bouncing down the right side. I carried Angie's boat around and must have dumped her Pelican box. This gave us another good reason to go to NOC. After taking out, we drove west on 25/70 to 40 and then drove south to the Pigeon River at Waterville and Big Creek Campground in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The four of us had the whole group campsite to ourselves. I had



Stackhouse



Missy at Kayaker's Ledge

reserved it back in the winter. It had been raining all week and would continue till Thursday. Big Creek was up and near runnable. The campground was quiet, except for a hoot owl, which was very close.

Wednesday, June 19 -- We dropped a vehicle at the takeout which is at the next exit North from Waterville (Hartford). A raft guide said we could park on the basketball court. The Pigeon is a dam release river. The water gets to the put in at 10 am. There was some natural flow for a total of about 1800 cfs, a very good level. There were a lot of rafts. We put on between two groups but eventually drifted to the back of several groups and had the river to ourselves. We scouted Double Reactionary and Accelerator. The run is only about 4 miles and parallels 40. We took off early and headed for the Nantahala. NOC is like Alice's Restaurant for boaters. We bought a dry bag, Afterbite for all our mosquito bites, a water-proof map of Chattooga Section 3, and a Blister Medic foot first aid kit for our upcoming hike. We camped at Lost Mine Campground. We stayed there last year. I don't know how it compares to other campgrounds in the area. The sites are close together.

Thursday, June 20 -- What can I say about the Nantahala? It is just so unnaturally cold. On a weekday, in the early morning, it isn't crowded. We made a quick run and headed for South Carolina. Looking at a map, you might be tempted to take 28 down to Franklin from 74 to get on 441 into Clayton, GA. Unless you have Dramamine, its better to stay on 74 till it runs into 441. From Clayton, we went to Oconee State Park Campground. This is a nice campground with the works;



Angie at Nantahala Falls



Jim at Nantahala Falls

showers, laundry, a store, a lake, and a beach. Its also fairly close to the Chattooga.

Friday, June 21 -- The Chattooga was at about 2 feet. We put in at Sandy Ford to make a 9 mile run. To get to Sandy Ford from the 76 bridge, drive east about 2 miles on 76 to 198 (Chattooga River Road), turn left on 198 and go about 10 miles to 193 (Earl's Ford Road), turn left on 193. 193 becomes 721. Turn left after about 5 miles on 721 onto 721A and go about another two miles. That map from NOC really came in handy. I had heard a lot about all the flat water on section 3, but we really did not notice it. Its a very scenic run with good class II/III rapids. We scout-

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ed Second Ledge and Eye of the Needle. Bull Sluice is a class IV/V rapid at the end of section 3. When running section 4, you can walk up and put in above Bull Sluice, but you miss the waves in the approach. Pull over early on the right above these waves to scout. There's an eddy on the left between the waves and the main drop. If you run the waves and miss the left eddy, you're committed to running the Bull. Jim and I eddied out left above the main drop and ran the tongue down the center. This was our last day of paddling. Jim started home for Michigan. We headed back to the campground to rest for our hike on the Foothills Trail. We had a great week with plenty of water. It was much better than we expected.



Missy at Second Ledge



Jim at Bull Sluice

Keel Haulers Family Membership Application

Please print the following information as you wish it to appear on the membership roster and your newsletter mailing label.

I am presently a member change only as indicated _____

Name _____

Spouse or
Significant Other _____

First Last

Address _____

Number Street

City State Zipcode Zip +4

Phones (_____) (_____) _____
Home Work Phone (optional)

E-Mail (Internet) _____ Please Check all Paddling Interests **WW** - Whitewater _____ **SK** - Sea Kayak _____

FW - Flatwater _____ **CC** - CanoeCamp _____

NEW - Check here if you want to read the monthly newsletter on-line, **No Snail-Mail** _____

The Keel Haulers Board occasionally approves the release of its mailing list to conservation groups or other organizations which it believes would be of interest to its members. If you do **NOT** want your name released to any group, please check here. **NO MAILINGS** _____

MEMBER'S MUTUAL AGREEMENT FOR PROTECTION FROM LIABILITY

I, _____,

(please **print** or type **name** of each person over 18, if family application)

desiring to join my fellow paddlers in the Keelhauler's Canoe Club (the "Club"), do hereby declare that I fully understand and accept the following facts of life on the river:

- (1) Boating on whitewater rivers exposes participants to various hazards. These hazards include (but are not limited to) loss of life and/or limb or property damage caused by boulders and other obstacles, strainers, undercut or entrapping formations, falls, holes, reversals, and other water formations, changing conditions, cold, high water and other hazards;
- (2) No one but myself is responsible for judging my qualifications for my safety when I choose to challenge my capabilities by boating on a particular river, or a particular rapid;
- (3) I may assist my fellow paddlers to the best of my own ability if they appear to need such assistance - but only so long as I can do so, in my judgment, without significant danger to myself. I further understand that this does not imply any legal duty for me to do so, nor for any one else to render such assistance to me.

Now, therefore, intending to be legally bound, I hereby waive, for myself and for anyone else claiming through me, my right to sue the Club, its officers and members, trip coordinators or any of my fellow paddlers, for any injuries to my person or my equipment which may occur during, in preparation from or in transit to or from a club outing. The waiver applies to any negligent act or omission intended to promote my safety or well-being.

This waiver is given in the interest of permitting the Club to exist and to serve the paddling community, and to enable myself and my fellow paddlers to feel free to donate our services and to help each other without fear of liability.

My waiver is given in exchange for similar waivers to be granted on my behalf by other members of the Club. Waiver has no expiration.

ALL	X		
MEMBERS	X		
SIGN	X		
HERE	X		

Signature of each Houshold Member over 18

Date

MINOR WAIVER : I also give permission for the following **minor children:**

_____ to participate in Club outings. I waive the rights described above with respect to the named minor(s), and I further agree to indemnify the Club, its officers and members, trip coordinators and other outing participants from any claims arising from the participation of the above named minor(s).

Signature of Adult Member required

Date

FOR Minor WAIVER ONLY

Mail to:

John Kobak
1649 Allen Dr.

Westlake, OH 44145-2506

Pay to: **Keel Haulers Canoe Club**

Dues - **\$20.00** Per Year

Club Year starts **Oct 1st**

Yearbook distributed **Feb 15**

Last newsletter in **December**

Any additional donations go to Keel Hauler's Environmental Fund

2003 Officers

President: Ron Tomallo 440-953-1335
Vice President: Elliot Drysdale 440-708-7208
Secretary: Cliff Wire 440-439-6541
Treasurer: Karen Daniels 440-458-5972

Meeting place: Middleburg Hts. Rec. Ctr.
15700 Bagley Rd.

Second Tuesday of each month, at 7:30 P.M.

Membership: \$20 per year. New memberships, renewals, change in address or phone send directly to Membership Chairman:

John Kobak
440-871-1758
1649 Allen Dr.
Westlake, OH 44145

Any opinions, views or recommendations expressed in the articles in this Newsletter are those of the article's author. Printing these articles in no way implies approval or advocacy of any of the opinions, views or recommendations by the Keel-Haulers Canoe Club or any of its officers or members.

Water sports are a potentially dangerous activity. Keel-Haulers Canoe Club recommends and encourages all of its members and others to abide by all laws, regulations and recommended practices when engaging in such activity. Each member is responsible for assessing her/his own abilities and for not engaging in activities which are beyond those limits. Members assume any and all risk when choosing to participate in any activity and the Keel-Haulers Canoe Club is not responsible for any damages resulting from such participation.

KHCC WEB PAGE URL: www.keelhauler.org

FOR SALE

Non-Commercial Advertising is free to all members. To place an ad, send the information the way you want it to appear. Mail or email before the second to the last Saturday of each month. Please write or call when item is sold. It will appear for 2 months unless canceled. Commercial ads may be submitted by club member's owned businesses four times each year with a maximum of four lines of copy per ad.



Editor KeelHauler Kanews

August 2003

Meg Gabelman

aka mgabelma@hotmail.com

364 Clinton Ave.

Akron, OH 44301-3117

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Keel-Hauler's KaNews

November 2003

Next newsletter deadline - 11/22

Your 2004 dues are now payable.

Our membership year ended October 1st, so your 2004 dues are now due. Your mailing label indicates whether you are paid up for 2004. Mail your check for \$20 today, please include a donation for our club's conservation program if you can.

Please indicate any changes to your address, phone or e-mail listing. You can pay at any club meeting or Mail to:

**Keel Haulers Canoe Club
1649 Allen Dr
Westlake, OH 44145-2506**

You do not need to fill out a new application or waiver to renew your membership. Your last newsletter will be the December Kanews, please don't make us keep sending out notices, it costs the club time and money. If dues are not received by 12/10/03 their names will not be in the 2004 Yearbook & Roster.

You may now pay your dues and register on-line using Paypal at www.keelhauler.org.

Trip Schedule

Nov 1 Cheat Canyon, WV (26)

Let's hope this fun river is running in the cold. Call to confirm levels.

Mark Poljak.....sumersun@apk.net.....440-268-9194

Nov. 1 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

The usual plan: meet at the Rose point bridge at 10 AM . Call for river conditions.

Brett Mancino.....bmm1971@yahoo.com.....216-321-7878

Nov. 8 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

The usual plan: meet at the Rose point bridge at 10 AM . Call for river conditions.

Tim Taubert..... tim_taubert@adit.com..... 440-256-2506

Nov 11 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center, 7:30 PM

2003 Trip Schedule Planning

Nov. 16 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

The usual plan: meet at Rose Point at 10 AM . Call for river conditions.

Kurt Haas..... kurth@a-s-e.com..... 216-321-1763

Nov. 29 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

The usual plan: meet at the Rose Point bridge at 10 AM . Call for river conditions.

Brett Mancino.....bmm1971@yahoo.com.....216-321-7878

Dec 6 Slippery Rock Creek, Pa (13/21)

the usual plan: meet at the Rose point bridge at 10 AM . Call for river conditions.

Cliff Wire.....CLFWIRE@aol.com.....440-439-6541

Another reminder: There is only one database for all club information, so all changes of address, e-mails, phone numbers need to be sent to John Kobak (address on back page). You can view the current database on-line at:

http://www.keelhauler.org/khcc/memb/Roster_Database.pdf

You need to use these passwords to get access: User Name: **dir**
Password: **info**

**November 11 Meeting:
Middleburg Hts
Community Center 7:30 PM
2004 Trip Schedule Planning**

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October 2003 Meeting Minutes

taken by Elliot Drysdale and Rob Hammond

New Member - Judy Foster rejoined after a long absence.

Treasure report - \$7,499.97 without 2004 dues.

Minutes - Move to accept September meeting minutes as printed in news letter.

Conservation Chair is now vacant and we are looking for a volunteer to take this chair.

Library - Mike Duvall, please look for old KHCC library material to return.

Membership – John Kobak, 120 members paid their 2004 dues. You may now pay on line for \$1.00 additional charge.

Website - John Kobak, send for sale adds to John and he will make suggestions.

Program - November meeting is our scheduling meeting and we are looking for entertainment suggestions, December is our Christmas dinner.

Safety – Ed Charlton talked about bee stings and allergies. Rob Hammond stressed stretching and Chuck Singer suggested carrying personal medical information and advising fellow boaters if you have an ailment and where and if you have medication.

Old Business – None

New Business – Elect Officers. John Kobak to print KHCC business cards to pass out on rivers.

Move by Rob Hammond and accepted to donate the \$375.00 profit from Rescue Rodeo to conservation.

Trip Reports – John Kobak on Grand River, Mike Duvall at Gauley Festival, Karen Daniels at New River. Remember to call trip leaders or you will not be informed of trip changes.

Discuss WEB policy vs. membership.

Program – Jack Campbell talked about his trips, including Burning Man Festival.

Congratulations to our new club officers for 2004

President - **Elliott Drysdale**

Vice Pres - **Judi Cleary**

Secretary - **Rob Hammond**
(He has now held every office in the club)

Treasurer - **Karen Daniels**

Trustee - 3 yr - **Chuck Singer**

Trustee - 2 yr - **Jim Hunt**

Trustee - 1 yr - **John Kobak**

Hmm', I see a pattern here. Every trustee has a cabin near the Yough.

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A Parting Note

Thanks to the membership that has allowed me to serve as KeelHauler's president for the last 2 years. The time really flew by (not)! Actually, it was a rather uneventful term, no outstanding events, either good or bad. I consider this a positive note in itself; the treasury is strong, no problem with running out of operating funds in foreseeable future, and although membership is down slightly for 2003, it was at an all time high in 2002.

Thanks goes out to all the long standing Chairpersons who have stood by their posts for many years; **Karen Daniels** who first filled the position of Secretary for two years and then volunteered to

serve as Treasurer, **Elliott Drysdale** who served and Vice President, **Judi Cleary** - Newsletter Distribution and Trustee, **David Donnellan** - Pool Sessions, **Mike Duvall** – Trustee and Librarian, **Kurt Haas** and **Helmut Schumacher** - who've put out a great yearbook for the last several years, **Rob Hammond** – Trustee and organizer of the Rescue Weekend and Vermilion Race, **Steve Ingalls** – Instruction, **John Kobak** - Membership Chairperson and Webmaster, **Cliff Wire** – Secretary. I especially thank all the newer person's who've volunteered over the last couple years to help with Club's operation; **Ed Charlton** and **Rob Hammond** who took over the Safety Chairperson slot from **Chuck Singer** (although Chuck's comments are still welcome!), **Meg Gabelman** and **Kelly Miller** who took over the job of Newsletter Editors, **John** and **Julie Garcia** who began making arrangements for the Meeting Program, **Jim Hunt** and **Andy Gross** who's done an admirable job as Refreshment Chairman, **Jim Kosicki** who's done a great job with the Trip Schedule, **Frank Webber** who volunteered to be Sea-Kayaking Chairman, and **Michelle Wojnar**, who stepped up to the plate as Conservation Chair when **Matt Muir** relocated out-of-state.

It's encouraging to see newer members become active with the Club's operation. It makes me feel like I've accomplished a little something over the past two years. However, with close to 400 members there's still room for improvement. Please note that the members who've agreed to serve as 2004's officers and trustees also serve in other, and in some cases multiple, positions. Of course **Elliott Drysdale** will take over as President and **Karen Daniels** will remain on as Treasurer. **John Kobak**, **Jim**

Hunt, & Chuck Singer all volunteered to take over as Trustees. In addition, **Judi Cleary** agreed to run as Vice President and **Rob Hammond** agreed to serve as Secretary. It's also interesting to note that these persons don't need the club. They could easily plan their own trips and go off and paddle any river they choose (collectively, they know the lines and have paddled most every navigable streams in existence!) I understand that persons who are new to paddling (still wet behind the ears? – but we all are!) may not have the experience to offer much yet. However, there's a large "middle class," who've been around for a few years and have learned a lot from the Club, and are in a position to give something back.

With that being said, I'm sure the current leadership will be looking for members to fill various roles in the upcoming year - either new programs or for a little relief from the multiple roles they play. Remember, the Keelhaulers Club is nothing more than its membership. It's no better than what "we" make it, and at times, the "we" has to become "you."

See you on the river sometime,
Ron Tomallo

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2003-2004 ROLL SESSIONS

Sponsored by Orange Community Education and Recreation & Lakewood Community Education & Recreation. To be held at Orange High School Pool and Lakewood High School Pool. This gives us east side and west side site locations. This may reduce crowds and allow sessions to be held when one pool session may be canceled.

Orange High School Pool Roll Sessions

Twelve sessions are scheduled on

Saturday afternoons from **December 13, 2003 through March 27, 2004** at Orange High School Pool. There are several conflicts with high school swim meets this year, so there are exception dates. There are no sessions on 1/10 & 1/31 and 2/7 (these dates are tentative, and additional exception dates are anticipated). The schedule could be a little confusing this year, so put it on the fridge, in your wallet or whatever it takes. The schedule will be updated on the message board and trip schedule. Check them regularly to get the latest updates. Pool time starts at 4:00pm and ends promptly at 6:00pm. We must shower and be out of the building by 6:30pm. A charge of **\$5** per person per session (**\$4** for Orange School District residents) covers the use of the pool.

Lakewood High School Pool Roll Sessions

Twelve sessions are scheduled on Saturday afternoons from **December 13, 2003 through March 27, 2004** at Lakewood High School Pool. There are several conflicts with swim meets. There are no sessions on 1/3, 1/17, 1/31, or on 2/14. The schedule is confusing, so put it on the fridge, in your wallet or whatever it takes. Pool time starts at 4:00 PM and ends promptly at 6:00 PM. All must shower and be out of the building by 6:30pm. A charge of **\$5** per person per session covers the use of the pool.

The sessions are unstructured, providing plenty of time to practice at your own pace. There is no formal instruction. However, there are always people on hand who are happy to demonstrate and provide assistance. If you want help with your roll, just ask.

Extra kayaks and equipment are not provided. While it is often pos-

sible to borrow other peoples' boats for short periods, it is a good idea to arrange this in advance. Hand paddles will be available for learning hand rolls.

To maintain a good relationship with the Orange & Lakewood, there are a few rules to observe.

1. All boats must be clean. Remove the air bags and wash the boat, inside and out. Do this at home. Dirty boats are not allowed in the pool.
2. Sessions are open to the general public. Club membership is not required to participate. For those interested, membership forms will be available at the door. Annual club dues are \$20 per family.
3. The roll session at Orange High School is preceded by an Open Swim session. If you arrive early, please wait outside the building with your boats until the Open Swim session ends at 4 PM.
4. Please sign in and pay the life-guard/manager upon entering the pool. Please bring exact change to Orange High School. Lakewood High School pool staff can make change.
5. We must avoid damage to the facilities and especially the pools' tiled surfaces. Remove metal rudders from sea kayaks. Do not bring aluminum canoes. Do not launch off the deck of the pool -- enter your boat while it is sitting in the water.
6. The pool becomes crowded. In the interest of safety, neither free swimming nor diving is allowed. Children must be supervised.
7. Helmets will be required, whether you are in a boat or standing in the water helping someone. This is for your own safety.

Directions to Orange High School Pool...

The Orange High School Pool is on the south side of Chagrin Boulevard, between Lander and SOM Center Roads. It is two miles east of the Chagrin exit off I-271

(which is just north of the I-271 and I-480 interchange). From I-271 take the Chagrin Boulevard exit and head east. At the Lander Road turning circle stay on Chagrin Boulevard by taking the second road right. The school will be about one-half mile on the right side of the road.

The pool is in the west end of the building. You can see it through the two-story-high windows. Park along the west end of the building. There is a very wide concrete pad leading to a double set of glass doors on the pool deck. If you arrive early, drop your boats on the concrete pad and go inside and wait until we are permitted to bring boats into the pool area.

Directions to Lakewood High School Pool...

Lakewood High School is at 14100 Franklin Blvd., and the pool is located in the back of the High School, so entering at the Robinwood Ave. entrance is easiest, especially when coming from I-90. Exit from I-90 at the Bunts Rd./ W 140th St. Exit and head north on Bunts to Madison Ave. Turn left on Madison Ave. and head one block to Robinwood Ave. Take a right on Robinwood Ave., which dead ends into the pool entrance. Kayaks should be brought through the delivery entrance/emergency exit, which is located just to the east of the Robinwood entrance. Pool staff will be stationed at the delivery entrance to assist you.

Cancellation Policy

If winter driving conditions are bad, the session may be canceled. When Orange Community Education and Recreation is closed, information is typically on local television and radio stations. We will also try to post closings on the Hotline at 216-556-4659 and Message Board. If Lakewood High School pool is closed, that information will likely be available on the pool's voicemail at (216) 529-4014. If you have any questions regarding the roll ses-

sions, please contact David Donnellan at 330-405-8911 or dhydroguy1@netzero.com.

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Subject: River and Trail Access Brainstorming Meeting

On October 15th a group of people affiliated with the Cheat Canyon Coalition got together to brainstorm about ways to focus resources on the Jenkinsburg river access. Here are the ideas that came out.

1) Bryan Boyd, a senior Landscape Architecture student, will prepare a set of plans for the access area to fulfill the requirements for his senior project. His project has been approved, and the Coalition is passing on materials collected last year when another student expressed an interest but whose project was not approved. The plans will include parking and river access. While not in any way binding on the landowner, it at least provides a place to start. I will contact AWP to make sure this work is OK with them

2) To complete his project, Bryan will need a base map of the area with 5 foot contours. John Robards, assisted by his son and other members of the Coalition, will prepare a this map for him.

3) So that the plans will be complex enough to meet the requirements of his project, Bryan will also create plans for an "Ecotourism Lodge" on site. The area, with access to two rivers, the Blue Hole, The Allegheny Trail, and other natural features, would be a good choice. This could also provide the on-site presence that has been an ongoing concern.

4) Strat Douglas, an economics professor, is currently putting the word out to several professors in the hope of finding a student who will prepare a business plan. Russ

Sobel, at the Entrepreneurship Center, has expressed some interest. We don't know if the idea is feasible, but a plan could provide some answers.

5) Keith Pitzer, executive Director of Friends of Cheat, has made contact with the West Virginia DEP. He believes that work here might qualify for 319 monies to control non-point sources of pollution. This could pay for 60% of costs. The match would have to be made by the landowner or by private fundraising. But he noted that in-kind work (ie: the use of AWP earthmoving equipment and operators) would qualify for the match.

6) Several people noted the difficulty of raising funds from private sources, such as foundations, to improve private land. But it was suggested that if a few acres were sold or donated to provide public access, the job would be much easier.

7) Peggy Pings, the National Park Service River and Trails Planner, inquired as to whether their Trail Care Crew could be put to good use on the Wonder Falls Trail. This trail, she noted, could be extended to Jenkinsburg along the old Dinkey Track. If an agreement can be made with AWP to keep the trail open to the public she would be happy to help with the application. Steve Lawson, a Recreation and Parks professor, has direct experience with this.

This is a good start! Please send ideas for funding and expertise to me! Thanks!

Charlie Walbridge
American Whitewater & Friends of Cheat
Route 1, Box A43B, Bruceton Mills, WV 26525
304-379-9002,
ccwalbridge@cs.com

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Gauley Marathon '03; Some Beef with Your Bones?

By Gib McGill

Early in the week it became clear that Gauleyfest and Isabel were on a collision course. I didn't fancy paddling 26 Class III, IV and V river miles under a black and howling sky, having run nothing tougher than the Slippery Rock all year. But whatever my plans, Isaac Ludwig, my young paddling buddy, a senior at nearby Westminster College, planned to run the Marathon with his dad, Ted (a first-timer for the Upper). They're both good friends, so I wanted to be in on that. Besides, if I didn't join the trip, Isaac would only get to paddle Saturday, Ted having to be back home in his pulpit on Sunday. If I went, I'd be able to bring Isaac back to college, allowing him to stay for the Sunday run. This fact, combined with the acceleration of Isabel's northward advance, was enough to persuade me to join the Gauleyfest Marathon—a trip that in the past several years has become somewhat of a fall tradition for me. Besides, Matt Muir was a 'probable' for this trip, and I hadn't had any Ratt points since last year's Marathon. Having paddled the post-hurricane Gauley River before, it didn't scare me too much that we'd be faced with 'day-after' conditions. This would mean high water...certainly a worry on the Gauley River, but to my mind more welcome than foul weather. Back in '96 or so, after a similar hurricane had dumped its payload in the Gauley watershed the Friday of Fest week, the Army Corps of Engineers had contained the aftermath, keeping the Gauley within safe paddling parameters by cutting the dam's flow from the normal 2800 cfs to 2000 cfs which, when combined with the 2200 being pumped in by the Meadow River, produced a total of

4200 cfs for all the rapids from Lost Paddle on down. It had been beefy but manageable; all the preferred paddling lines remaining essentially the same.

But when Isaac and I arrived at Summersville Lake Retreat Friday evening, a glum mood pervaded the idyllic, wooded camping area. The Marathon was in jeopardy. Keel Haulers who had paddled the Lower Gauley that day reported levels of 6000 cfs, and higher levels were expected on the morrow. Plans were afoot to shift the venue of our trip over to the Upper Meadow or the Cranberry, neither of which appealed much to me...nor to Isaac after I explained to him that these rivers are comparable in difficulty to the Middle Fork of the Tygart. Not that we have anything against the Middle Fork...it's just that we'd been steeling our nerves all week, and we'd driven five hours, for something BIG. Somebody mentioned Mann's Creek, but to me that's on the same list as the Narrows of the Green...maybe something to consider when I was younger and crazier, not to mention less achy-breaky, but not now that I'm 56...or is it 57?...I can't even remember. Nope, to settle for anything less than the whole Gauley, with its 26 miles, its over 100 rapids, its Upper, Middle and Lower, would have been a disappointment. Marathon morning (Saturday) dawned to rumors that levels would be rising to even more forbidding levels, 7000, 8000 cfs. The Marathon was almost certainly off, there was not the usual hustle and bustle to get to the put-in by 8. Maybe if we waited long enough...suddenly somebody came over to report that the Meadow, rather than rising overnight, had crested and started down. Another report had it that the Corps planned to cut the initial flow to 1400 cfs, meaning that the ultimate levels (everything after Pillow Rock Rapid) would be 5000 or less. Hey, we could do that! Ted remained worried—understandably, since both he

and his good friend Scott Loveland, who planned to join us, would be first-timers on the Upper. With continued reassurance from Matt, Isaac and me, he resisted the temptation to join Terry Markoff's group, which ultimately ran the Cranberry, I believe.

So it was that seven intrepid marathoners finally set off at ten AM. Scott's lovely wife Jackie had graciously agreed to drive my van as our shuttle, with the help of my DeLorme West Virginia Atlas, since she'd never been in this area before. Actually, the last-minute arrival of Paul Lang (and his veteran-shuttle-driver, infinitely-patient wife JoAnn) assured that Jackie would have no trouble finding her way. The roster included Matt, Isaac, Ted, Scott, Cliff Wire (trip coordinator), Paul and myself. I had expected azure skies all day, as happened during my previous post-hurricane trip, but the sun never showed itself, and all of us who had opted to start out with dry tops stayed that way. Speaking of dry tops, Isaac looked at his before putting it on and said, turning to his dad, "You didn't put my dry top in the dryer, did you?" "Well,,, yes," stammered Ted, "but I didn't mean for it to be in there quite as long as it ended up being in there." The latex gaskets were literally crumbling off. Luckily, Ted found another, more serviceable, dry top to lend his son.

The water was green and warm to start out with, and everyone did fine through Initiation, Insignificant and Pillow. There were comments about how scrapey it was, but to me most of the rapids just seemed a trifle milder than usual. Actually, Pillow was more difficult than at the usual release level, due to the boniness, but the line remained the same...start middle, then paddle right after all the holes. I paddle seldom enough these days that I always have a nice pucker going by the time I put on the Gauley, and

today was no exception. I had actually wanted to take out and scout Pillow, because the ranger had warned us it would be a bit more challenging, but when both first-timers passed up their chance to scout, so did I.

We saw the brown, boiling water of the Meadow joining the Gauley on river-left about a half mile away as we approached the confluence just above Lost Paddle Rapid. Its water was much colder, and of course browner, and turned the whole river brown and pushy in short order. I was a bit nervous as we neared Lost Paddle, but I should have been more so. I had forgotten just how pushy this rapid is at high water! We'd been warned by the ranger to stay away from Six-Pack Rock, so it was with great concern that I watched from my squirrely eddy past the second drop as Ted's first roll attempt failed and he set up for his second, even as his inverted boat rose up, up to the apex of Six-Pack, where he was just initiating his second attempt as he disappeared from my view. The next glimpse told me that he was out of his boat and at least a hundred yards from my position. I was having my own difficulties just negotiating this rapid, getting rather winded in the process; I'm ashamed to admit it, but I was very happy at that moment to be too far away to help in Ted's rescue. That lot fell to Cliff, and he fulfilled his role admirably, letting Ted cling to the stern of his RPM all the way through the rest of the half-mile rapid. It would have been a much more unpleasant swim for Ted had he not had this assistance in maintaining his head above water. Hats off to you, Cliffie!!! You can certainly give yourself the three points under 'Rescue Ability' in the Keel-Haulers' self-rating system.

At Iron Ring, all but Paul got out to

scout. Matt explained how to run this rapid: get right, point right, and keep your butt tight.

Nevertheless, only three out of seven ran I.R. upright, and I was not one of them. I flipped halfway through, and I don't know to this moment whether I was too far right or too far left; I've been told both. I do know that I saw this dynamic, four-foot deep crease in front of me, couldn't avoid it, tried to brace and over I suddenly was. I knew it was still very rough water and that my first roll attempt was doomed to fail, but it was in fact successful in that it gave me a quick gulp of air, providing those valuable several seconds until I could try again. All four of us flippees... Ted, Cliff, Scott and I...managed to roll.

In the pool above Sweet's Falls I asked Matt how many upright runs he predicted here; he said five. I said four. My prediction came true, thanks to the efforts of Cliff, Scott and Ted. The crowd roared in amazement at Isaac's run, which sent him totally airborne and vertical.

At Panther Creek the group outvoted Matt and stopped for lunch. After lunch, on the way down towards the A. W., which marks the end of the Middle Gauley and the beginning of the Lower, I was explaining to Scott my theory of rapid classification: if it can flip me when I'm just trying to make my way downriver (i.e., I'm not playing)—I designate it a Class IV (at least). He pointed out that by that reckoning he had already encountered eight Class IV's, as he'd been flipped at that many places--and would likely encounter more before the trip was over. Within seconds of that conversation, we came to a really fast wave, where I noticed Paul was having a great surf. This was one of a myriad of no-name, yet very dynamic and potentially perilous, rapids on the

Gauley River. Glancing upriver, I saw that Scott had flipped again, and was apparently out of his boat already. I was able to retrieve his paddle while Paul had Scott in tow, taking him farther downriver. Meanwhile, Scott's boat failed to reappear beyond a house-sized boulder where I was awaiting it. Upon investigation, I found Matt and a paddler named Tom O'Keefe, from Seattle, who had just joined our group, trying to get a rope onto the boat. An undercut on the upstream side of the giant boulder was trying to suck it in, but thanks to a couple pairs of well-inflated airbags in the boat, it couldn't quite get it down. A case study in 'why we use air bags'. At one point Matt had fallen into the water next to the boat, and had it not been for help from Tom, may well have gone into the undercut. They finally managed to beaner a rope onto the bow grabloop and pass it up to me on the high boulder. After some hard pulling and a few well-timed yanks, the kayak flipped over, got pushed up onto a rock where it emptied its water out, then flipped upright and I was able to finally guide it around the other side. By now I had heard that Scott had hit Paul's boat with his jaw when they'd collided, but I hadn't expected what I saw: Scott's swollen jaw was all bandaged up, and he spoke with minimal jaw movement. He gave me a thumbs-up, saying, "You guys have a great trip." It was sad and disappointing to see Scott have to take off the river at this point, when he'd had so much obvious gusto and had been really enjoying a great ride. Ted decided to take off too and accompany Scott, managing to hitch a ride with a raft outfitter for Scott, himself and their equipment. Although we kayakers often razz the rafters; they can be very helpful and generous at times. Scott got twelve stitches later at Summersville Hospital E.R., but his jaw was unbroken.

That evening at Gauleyfest he bought himself a new boat.

The loss of Scott and Ted cast somewhat of a pall over the rest of the trip, although it still felt like a hoot when we hit rapids, what with the 4500 cfs estimated by one of the raft guides. To me Kuntz' Flume was much easier than usual, and I almost didn't recognize it. Even after running it, I wasn't sure that had been it. True, I did take the far left sneak. Mash was just some fast, pushy water. Probably the most enjoyable aspect of the Lower at this level were the wave trains, which were so much like roller coasters they made you want to scream with laughter. Heaven's Gate was missing the gate, so I didn't recognize it at first. The rock which normally forms the gate was now just a big hole. In fact, there were lots of big holes on the normal line of this rapid; luckily, I had chosen the far right sneak line. I'm told that Matt, Cliff and Paul all found some of these holes and spent some upside-down time. To me, Pure Screaming Hell was the most difficult rapid on the Lower, although maybe that's because I tried to catch eddies on the way down, as one does at the normal level. Cliff said it was easy if you just rode it down the middle. The thing about flood-stage eddies is that they're not as user-friendly as they are at normal levels. They pulsate up and down, the shore side has a powerful upstream flow which pushes you into things, and there are giant sucking noises all around. Then, when you go to peel out of them, the current shoves you back in, or worse. Even with our late start and the delay at the A.W. occasioned by Scott's accident, we arrived at the takeout before 5. Joanne, Jackie, Ted and Scott were all there to greet us and in fine spirits.

Instead of going to the Fest that

evening, I writhed in agony at the campsite with stomach distress occasioned, some tell me, by the 'no salt added' potato chips I ate at the takeout. Or maybe it was the day-old pizza, although Isaac ate the same things and was well enough to work the fest and buy a poster of some famous kayaker girl doing a dynamic move. He also got to see the picture of his airborne move at Sweet's Falls but didn't want to spend the \$15 to buy it. I think that boy's been taking thrifty lessons from Dave Hammond.

On Sunday we again had a group of seven for the Upper: me, Matt, Isaac, Cliff, Paul, Dave Broer and Angie White. This time the Corps only had to cut the flow to 2000 cfs, as the Meadow had come down some. But the combined flow from Lost Paddle down seemed just as pushy to me. I made the mistake of going left around Six Pack Rock this time, and it became very difficult to keep away from the undercut walls. Matt and Isaac both had to roll somewhere before Tumblehome, the last drop. I was so out of breath from fighting the current that I was glad I'd not had to try rolling. At Iron Ring, I noticed that Cliff had taken out to scout, so I did too. Angie followed suit. We watched as the others, who had not taken out, corralled up in the eddy and ran it. It looked just as dicey as it had before, but only Isaac got flipped by the maelstrom and rolled. Cliff muttered something about walking. I said, 'Are you thinking about walking it?' He answered, I always think about walking this rapid'. As it turned out, he and I had perfect lines, while Angie got flipped but rolled. At Sweet's we also had only two rolls; unfortunately, one of them was mine. Dave and I had hung back, becoming the last two to run Sweet's. I'd noticed someone just below the drop repeatedly throw-

ing a raft paddle across the river. Not noticing the rope tied to that paddle, I'd thought nothing of it. Not until Dave paddled over the horizon line way too far right did I realize HEY, THERE'S A RAFT STUCK IN THE HOLE! It was too late to warn Dave, who hit the raft, spent some time under it, and swam. When I went over the lip of the drop and saw that humongous raft fifteen feet below me I was glad to be lined up to just miss it on the left. The force of the impact with the wave at the bottom forcing its way up my nostrils cost me several minutes of sinus discomfort, but it certainly felt better than hard rubber would have. The only other event of note during Sunday's run was that Cliff flipped before Volkswagen Rock during his run of Pillow, couldn't roll and had to swim. Matt said it was the very first time he'd witnessed Cliffie swimming.

Kudos to all; it was a fairly challenging two days of paddling. Now we know that high water doesn't necessarily rule out the Gauley, especially given what the Corps of Engineers can do to manage the levels. I'm told that one of the reasons they are so careful in managing the flow is that the raft outfitters' insurance companies won't cover them if the level gets over 4200 cfs. No matter the motivation, it's the result that counts.

Well, now I'm home, it rained all day Monday, and my local paddling buddy Mel, who never paddles anything but the Slippery Rock, tells me it's up to 2.2 today. For some reason, I'm just not in the mood to paddle at the moment. I had to tell Mel that, two days after two days on the Gauley, the Slip at 2.2 would feel like too little, too late.

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2004 Officers

Pres: Elliot Drysdale 440-708-7208
VP: Judi Cleary 440-808-8499
Sec: Rob Hammond 216-292-5618
Tres: Karen Daniels 440-458-5972
Meeting place: Middleburg Hts. Rec. Ctr.
15700 Bagley Rd.

Second Tuesday of each month, at 7:30 P.M.

Membership: \$20 per year. New memberships, renewals, change in address or phone send directly to Membership Chairman:

John Kobak
440-871-1758
1649 Allen Dr.
Westlake, OH 44145

Any opinions, views or recommendations expressed in the articles in this Newsletter are those of the article's author. Printing these articles in no way implies approval or advocacy of any of the opinions, views or recommendations by the Keel-Haulers Canoe Club or any of its officers or members.

Water sports are a potentially dangerous activity. Keel-Haulers Canoe Club recommends and encourages all of its members and others to abide by all laws, regulations and recommended practices when engaging in such activity. Each member is responsible for assessing her/his own abilities and for not engaging in activities which are beyond those limits. Members assume any and all risk when choosing to participate in any activity and the Keel-Haulers Canoe Club is not responsible for any damages resulting from such participation.

KHCC WEB PAGE URL: www.keelhauler.org

FOR SALE

Non-Commercial Advertising is free to all members. To place an ad, send the information the way you want it to appear. Mail or email before the second to the last Saturday of each month. Please write or call when item is sold. It will appear for 2 months unless canceled. Commercial ads may be submitted by club member's owned businesses four times each year with a maximum of four lines of copy per ad.

For custom fitting and expert advice on skis, snowboards, skateboards and appropriate apparel - shop at: **Bavarian Village Ski and Snowboard Outfitters** 5881 Mayfield Rd. Mayfield Hts. Ohio (440)449-1300 M-Th 10am-8pm, Fri & Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-5 pm See CHRIS BARNETT



Editor KeelHauler Kanews

November 2003

Meg Gabelman

aka mgabelma@hotmail.com

3866 Golf Course Drive

Norton, Ohio 44203

Forwarding Service Requested

First Class Mail
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First Class - Dated Material



Keel-Hauler's KaNews

December 2003

Next newsletter deadline - 12/21 Please remember to send material as text copied into the body of an email (no .doc please) and attached tiff or jpeg images only to the editor (note new address on mailing label page)

Your 2004 dues are now payable. Our membership year ended October 1st, so your 2004 dues are now due. Your mailing label indicates whether you are paid up for 2004. Mail your check for \$20 today, please include a donation for our club's conservation program if you can. Please indicate any changes to your address, phone or e-mail listing. You can pay at any club meeting or Mail to:

**Keel Haulers Canoe Club
1649 Allen Dr
Westlake, OH 44145-2506**

You do not need to fill out a new application or waiver to renew your membership. Your last newsletter will be the December Kanews, please don't make us keep sending out notices, it costs the club time and money. If dues are not received by 12/10/03 their names will not be in the 2004 Yearbook & Roster. **You may now pay your dues and register on-line using Paypal at www.keelhauler.org.**

Trip Schedule

Dec 6 Slippery Rock Creek, Pa (13/21)

The usual plan: meet at the Rose point bridge at 10 AM. Call for river conditions.

Cliff Wire.....CLFWIRE@aol.com.....440-439-6541

Dec 9 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center, 7:30 PM

Annual Holiday potluck, see food item assignment to the right →

Dec 31 Potluck Dinner

KHCC New Year's eve pot luck dinner. It has become a holiday tradition! Join us for a potluck dinner at Terry Markoff & Sabine Iben's Barn this year. (Please note the change, it was originally going to be at Drysdale's house) Children are welcome. Please call to RSVP for time and food item assignment. Take 422 East onto 306 south for 1 1/2 miles, turn left on Taylor May Road toward Bear Town Reservation for 2 miles. Look for "sharp turn" arrow sign which points into the drive on the left side of the road. 9514 Taylor May Rd.

Terry Markoff ke_markoff@lgca.org..... 440-543-4969

Winter Months Skiing & Snowboarding

The water is ice, so let's go skiing! Holiday Valley, Seven Springs, Vermont or Colorado, if you're looking for some fun in the snow, give me a call.

Rob Hammond....Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com..... 216-292-5618

Orange High School Pool Roll Sessions Twelve sessions are scheduled on Saturday afternoons from **December 13, 2003 through March 27, 2004**. There are no sessions on 1/10 & 1/31 and 2/7 \$5 per person

Lakewood High School Pool Roll Sessions

Twelve sessions are scheduled on Saturday afternoons from **December 13, 2003 through March 27, 2004**. There are no sessions on 1/3, 1/17, 1/31, or on 2/14. \$5 per person

December 9 Meeting:

Middleburg Hts

Community Center 7:30 PM

This is the club's annual holiday potluck. Please bring a dish to share based on your last name....

if your last name begins with...
please bring...

A - E Appetizer

F - I Vegetable/Salad

L - S Main dish/Casserole

T - Z Dessert

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November 2003

Meeting Minutes

taken by Rob Hammond

Treasure report - \$8,708.07

Minutes - Move to accept October meeting minutes as printed in news letter.

Library - Mike Duvall, please look for old KHCC library material to return.

Membership - John Kobak, 163 out of 366 members paid their 2004 dues. The membership dues need to

be paid by the December meeting to have their names included in the year book.

Program - Christmas Party, will be a pot luck dinner your dish assignment will be based on the initial of your last name.

Old Business – None

New Business – John Kobak talked about with cell phones more popular many people want their number added to the Yearbook, however there is difficulty adding more than 2 phone numbers to each listing. He will address the issue in more detail at a later date.

Trip Reports – Reports were given for trips on the Slippery Rock Creek, Middle Yough River and Cheat River.

Program – The program was to develop the 2004 trip schedule. Judy Cleary will be managing the schedule, she is looking for people who have not lead trips previously to volunteer. And she is looking for new and different trips. She will contact previous trip leaders to see if they will volunteer again. To save space in the Year book she will not have the detailed descriptions printed, they will be available in the newsletter and on the web site. In addition to saving space, the descriptions will be more up to date and timely.

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Photos Wanted! For the yearbook

Remember all those great photos you took during the year? Well gather them up, tell us where they were taken and who they were taken of, and ship them off to Helmut!

Please mail pictures for submission to: Helmut Schumacher

3089 Hann Hill Road Hermitage, PA 16148

Please include a self addressed stamped envelope for picture returns.

I prefer to do the scans myself. If you have digital images you can e:mail to helmut53@adelphia.net, J-peg or tiff files. My mailbox has a 10mb limit on e-mails so do multiple e-mails if 10mb is not sufficient.

Please include descriptions/captions/names with each photo. Deadline for submissions is Dec 31st, but the sooner the better.

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Photo Context Focuses on Our Water Resources

Cleveland—The Cuyahoga Soil and Water Conservation District, is calling all shutterbugs to participate in a regional photography contest with the theme, **Clean Water for Life**. The contest is being held to help focus attention on our water resources and water as a unique asset to our life. It is open to anyone residing in Cuyahoga County. Photographers are asked to submit up to three 35mm print black and white or color that represents the theme. Three winners will be chosen and cash prizes will be rewarded to the winners. The three winning entries will be entered in the regional contest that includes the surrounding counties. An official entry form that provides detailed information about the contest requirements and prizes, must be submitted with all entries, and may be obtained by calling **216-524-6580. Deadline for submissions is December 12, 2003.**

The Clean Water for Life Photo Contest is being held to raise awareness of water quality issues in Northeast Ohio and to involve citizens in educational initiatives for stream protection. It is one of many educational initiatives being sponsored regionally by the Northeast Ohio Public Involvement Public Education (PIPE)

Committee, a group of soil and water conservation districts working together to assist municipalities with the implementation of their federally-mandated storm water management plans.

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Cyclone Recovery on Anuta and Tikopia

by Rick Feinberg

Over the past several months, club members have asked how people of the eastern Solomon Islands are faring in the aftermath of last December's devastating cyclone. Let me share with all of you the mixed report.

Even now, almost a year later, it is hard to get reliable information from Tikopia and Anuta. I have copies of an "Assessment Report" and a "Recovery Action Plan," both produced by the Solomon Islands' National Disaster Management Office, and both issued in mid-January. I would be happy to share either of those documents with anyone who cares to see them. Despite the best of plans and intentions, however, I have not heard directly from any islanders who have made personal visits to either of the affected islands. Two friends in Honiara, the Solomons' capital, planned for many months to visit the area and inspect the damage. Because of shipping and other problems, however, neither of them has been able to make the trip and report back to me.

The good news, which I hear indirectly, is that Anuta -- the island where I do my research -- has recovered well enough that donations are now being reallocated to an education and development fund, dedicated to long-term improvement of infrastructure and to providing scholarships for children who must leave home to pursue their educational goals. The

Anutans' ability to redirect their scarce resources in that way implies considerable confidence in their progress toward recovery. That optimistic assessment, however, must be tempered by an email I received a few days ago from Klaus Hympendahl, a German sailor, author, and adventurer who recently returned from the Solomons. Hympendahl's report (as slightly edited for readability) states:

I am back from the Pacific. It took me seven weeks to stay one day on Tikopia. By yacht from Vila [the capital of Vanuatu], by cargo vessel from Lata [capital of Temotu Province in the eastern Solomons], and by open canoe.... The island still looks like after a war. There is no tree with a top. All bigger trees are broken. No coconuts for the next year-and-a-half; no betel nuts for seven years. The windward side looks like troops had dropped "Agent Orange" over the island. Thirty-meter high waves have washed tons of coral over the once green and lush island. Small houses are covered with black plastic for roofs and look like nomad camps in a desert. The channel to the lake is wide open, and the islanders are unable to close it with local materials. They now catch barracudas [in what had been a fresh water lake], and what was once the pearl of the island looks like part of the sea. I had to fight tears. The beauty of the island has gone. A school is the only modern building; churches are going to be built next.... back in Honiara I arranged for clinic material to be shipped in November. The money we have collected ... is just the amount needed for this project. Coming to Anuta, I could see that all canoes have been saved and the island wasn't destroyed as much as Tikopia....

To me, the year's most distressing news was of the death of Sister Lilian Takua Maeva. You may remember her name, which I circulated as the Anutan contact person in Cyclone Zoe's immediate aftermath. In early July, Frank Kataina, the brother of Anuta's senior chief, informed me that Lilian had died suddenly and unexpectedly on Tikopia, and he asked me to compose a few comments to be read at a memorial ceremony. Some of you may find the following remarks to be of interest:

I recently received word of Sister Lilian Takua Maeva's untimely death. Lilian was one of the most remarkable people I have ever known. Her passing is a loss not only to me, but also to the Anutan community and to the entire Solomon Islands.

I first met Lilian on Anuta in 1972. She was in her mid-20s, modest and quiet but self-possessed. She was involved in the Companions of the Brotherhood of Melanesia and the Mothers' Union. Other than her obvious commitment to the church, however, she did not seem very different from other young Anutan women. What I failed to observe at the time was a sharp intellect, unshakable courage, finely honed empathic sense, and profound commitment to a life of service to others.

In 1977, the senior priest for Temotu Province offered Lilian the opportunity to attend a church training center in the Santa Cruz Islands, and she leapt at the chance. At the time, she had never been off Anuta and spoke no language other than Anutan -- not even Solomon Islands Pijin. By my calculations she was approximately 30 years old, an age at which learning a second language is extremely difficult. Yet she persevered, becoming not just fluent but eloquent in Pijin and English. Eventually she joined the Sisters

of the Church of Melanesia, where her quiet confidence, sense of responsibility, and astute organizational skills soon placed her in a position of leadership. By the time of my visit to the Solomons in the late 1980s, she was Head Sister for the Diocese of Melanesia. She continued to hold leadership positions through the remainder of her life. Lilian soon became one of her nation's most widely traveled and admired women. She represented the Church of Melanesia at conferences in North America, Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain. At one point she moved to England, where she spent two years providing pastoral counseling and social services to poor. Back in the Solomons, she worked to create a shelter in the Honiara area for women who have been mistreated by their partners -- I was recently informed that the shelter is still functioning well. At times she placed herself between an abusive husband and his pregnant wife, absorbing physical punishment herself in order to protect the woman. When fighting broke out in 1999 and 2000 between the Isatambus and the MEF [those are militias representing the indigenous people of Guadalcanal and Malaita, respectively] she would often go to the front lines, positioning herself between the opposing armies to keep them from shooting at each other.

Through all of this, Lilian remained in contact with her home community and labored to promote Anutan education and development. She hoped to work with the ill, the elderly, and those who were neglected by their families to try to make their lives more comfortable. She planned to launch a commercial seafood business that might provide funds for community development. She had visions of a local store that would make imported goods available to Anutans in between ships' visits. She was

involved in administering the Isadore Feinberg and Rose S. Hartmann Feinberg Memorial Anuta Scholarship Fund, which was initiated in November 2000. And she worked to provide relief to Tikopia and Anuta in the aftermath of Cyclone Zoe at the beginning of 2003. She was on a mission in connection with the relief effort when she died on Tikopia after a brief illness.

Sister Lilian was a true pioneer. Since Nau Ariki, fifteen generations ago, Anutan women have rarely taken public leadership roles. Lilian did so not only on a local, but also on a national and international stage. I and many like me will miss her friendship, energy, dedication, and wise counsel. She leaves us with the challenge to continue what she started and be worthy of her memory.

On behalf of the Anutan community, let me express my warm appreciation for your interest and concern. I will try keep you informed as the situation continues to evolve.

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White Man's fire, or earning Karma points on Tallulah

It had to happen to me sooner or later - the Tallulah. After all, you can't have a magnet of this size and not expect people to be tempted.

The first time I saw it, the gorge was almost dry. They let a few CFS escape down the dam to keep the rocks polished, mostly as a reminder that the scenery is good for more than just landscape photography. The Oceana was dry, and nearly invisible from the observation point.

After two years of wistful thinking, attempts to win the permit lottery, and a lot of "one of these days" whining in general, things started to change. The permit system was abandoned, and releases were

scheduled. An AirTran ticket to Georgia turned out to be cheaper than the gas I would've used up driving from Chicago. (Well, with the oversize-luggage fee and car rental, it added up to more than a usual weekend trip, but not by much).

Some observations about air travel with a kayak:

AirTran is kayak-friendly - for a fee.

AirTran clerk in Chicago Midway Airport is not kayak-friendly.

The security personnel make jokes. For real. On my way there: "Why are you shaking? Are you nervous?" (no, I didn't answer "because they just counted the kayak and the paddle as two oversized items and charged me twice, and made me sign off that AirTran is not responsible for my gear - twice".) On my way back: "Is that a real beard?" (I didn't know what to say to that, and decided against a demonstration).

AirTran clerk in Atlanta is **very** kayak-friendly (he chose to believe that the double-fee on my way there was a round-trip fare).

"Indian make small fire, stay warm. White man make big fire, stay warm - chopping wood". I must say that the modern way to stay warm consists of running around the airport with your boat, while waving about your credit card, boarding pass, and a picture ID.

People in overcrowded airport shuttle buses actually enjoy being banged by kayaks. Somebody (who just barely missed being maimed by my boat) told me that it was a great way to pick up women.

Other than that...

It's all about karma.

We showed up at the put-in in the mid-morning. There was a lively crowd around AWA tent. The girl who broke her legs on the Oceana was there, in a wheelchair. I renewed my AWA membership, got a nice AWA drinking cup, and started to scan the crowd for familiar faces. "Scanning for life forms... Negative" Oh well... Safety first - I started asking people around about joining for the run. I got about five "sorry no", and that included some older people with pets and two groups with a Stubby. That seemed really different from the Gauley Fest atmosphere. It probably didn't help that it was my first time down the Tallulah, and that my airbags were three states and one time zone away. Whoops. Two Karma points down.

Finally, I got a "Sure, I don't care" that appeared to be an affirmative answer. They seemed like a fun group, about seven guys in their late twenties to mid-thirties. I asked for names and promptly forgot them all. (I think there was a Sean and a Greg and maybe a Dave). We shouldered our boats and started for the put-in. They were excited, but said they were going to portage the Oceana and the Bridal Veil. And, Lena got a hiking partner - a girl who was married to a boater from the group. So far, so good!

There was another AWA crowd on top of the long stairway. Sign your name, or if it's your first time down, fill out a form. Non-boaters are gently asked to stay clear. Turning my head away, I asked to prick my finger for the signature. Oh, the pleasures of being one of the select few... That alone must have driven my Karmic balance deep into red.

The walk down the stairs is pleasant enough, except it's quite slow. After getting to the bottom plat-

form, everyone has to put on the rest of their gear, and that takes time - thus, the wait. Five steps down, settle your boat, enjoy the scenery. Which is well worth it - the canyon is wooded, but there are large gaps between the trees, and the water from the dam bounces down between the granite walls, complete with the rainbows and a solid rumble. When the wind picks up, the gorge grows cool - almost everybody had their dry tops on.

Finally, I was on the bottom platform. Certain items of clothing had to be rearranged, and my changing towel was still in the parking lot, 600 vertical feet above. Another whoops... I had to ask the three lady photographers on the platform to please concentrate on the scenery a bit harder than normal. At the end, I believe nobody's psyche was irreversibly scarred.

When I was ready, I looked up. I saw the river. I saw the gorge, the trees and the rainbow. I saw the long line of anxious boaters on the stairs. I didn't see Sean, Greg, or maybe Dave. There was a guy who looked somewhat like one of the group, but when questioned, denied it. Whoops number three...

Nothing builds up a boater's confidence like floating around in the put-in pool, repeatedly surfing across the current, and asking time and again "Mind if I tag along with you? Only it's my first time..." I lucked out on the fourth attempt. His name was Dave. He was paddling a red Phat, and seemed calm enough. He said he was soloing too, and sure, he'll keep an eye on me.

After reading the AWA description of Tallulah, I was ready for a very challenging run. The write-up took seventeen (!!!) pages to print.

There were so many moves to make and holes to avoid, that I couldn't remember much past the description of the third drop. As it turned out, they describe every single rock, wave, and hole. I mean, when they say "go between two rocks, and then punch the hole", that describes obstacles about two-to-four feet in size, at about the same distance. Oh, all the significant hazards are well described, sure. But so are the not-so-significant, and the benign, and the rest of them.

Meanwhile, I started to get a feel for the river. The gradient is pretty steep, and most of the year the gorge stays dry - this means bushes in the current and few eddies in the rapids. There are plenty of large eddies between the rapids though. Overall difficulty is similar to the Upper Yough, maybe without the harder rapids, not as continuous, and with three or four blind drops. Some of the holes are sticky, and there's one large keeper below the Bridal Veil. Most of the run is a fun slalom. The river bed is made out of granite - which means that some holes can be stickier than they appear to be. In many spots, the water flows through the growth along the banks - caution is in order. Overall, the run gave an impression of a semi-flooded small creek in wooded and cliffy wilderness, except that the water was crystal-clear and fairly warm. Very pretty, and fun!!!

Whenever possible, I tried to win some Karma points back. Helped a swimmer here, relayed a signal there... Very soon, we made it to the Oceana.

The AWA website rates the Oceana as 5.1. Then again, they rate the put-in ladder as 5.0, so at least some of the rating has to be taken with a grain of salt. For what it's worth, here is my description of the drop (inexplicably missing from the AWA site).

The river spreads out into a wide

calm pool, perhaps a hundred feet across. On both banks, the pool touches the walls of the canyon. Near the water, the walls are gently sloped - it's easy to walk on them, as long as the rock is dry. From the pool, the river descends down about sixty feet in a river wide shallow slide. The right half of the slide seems to terminate at a steep drop - it didn't look runnable, so I didn't really look at it. The left half, especially the center, is exceptionally smooth. At the bottom of the slide there's something like a rock-shelf. The water from the slide builds up on it to form a four-foot high standing wave with some foam on it. The wave kicks towards the left bank, straight into the pillow thrown up by The Thing. The Thing is a rough boulder about twenty feet long very near the left bank, with perhaps four feet of water between the rock and the bank. The water from the slide plows into it, exploding into a huge pillow - the most spectacular and the most characteristic feature of the rapid. The pillow also kicks left, towards the four-foot passage under the left bank. At the bottom of the passage there's a respectable size hole - it can deliver a good thrashing, but if you flip, you wash out easily.

The two lines through the rapids are as follows:

The left one is to launch down the slide, hugging the left bank, going on a straight line all the way down, picking up speed and plowing next to The Thing and into the hole on the bottom (and punching it without even slowing down). It's the most popular line - although for the life of me, I can't see why. You are hurtling at uncontrollable speed towards the narrow pass between The Thing and the left bank (all semblance of control goes away after a couple of boofs on the imperfections of the cliff), and missing contact with the rock is more a matter of luck than anything else. I must say though, I didn't see any-

body get hurt - and that included a couple of guys in open canoes. The middle line is to start down the middle of the slide and paddle your way left. That's right - you're going down the slide sideways, paddling. It's not as bad as it sounds though - the slide is not very steep, and very smooth, so there's little chance of flipping. And the entrance point is very easy to see from above the drop - there are two humps, and you go exactly in between them. After reaching the standing wave on the bottom, brace into it (and no, there was no hard blow that I expected), and then simply side-surf the wave towards The Thing, surf across the pillow, and drop into the channel. Again, this is a lot easier than it sounds - the water does all the work for you. The speed is a lot less, and it's more controllable. The tradeoff? Longer surf in the bottom hole.

My only complaint is - I bought a pair of elbow pads, specifically for this drop. I ran the middle channel, specifically to avoid hitting the rock with my elbow (or anything else, for that matter). Of course, the standing wave washed my brand-new Zoomer pad down my right elbow, exposing the critical two inches of the joint, that immediately hit something hard. Damn! I want my \$15 back. Note to self: Do not buy protective gear in Dunham's Discount Sports.

The rest of the run was pure fun. We chatted (Dave turned out to be a great guy. He lives in Atlanta, and his boating experience is similar to mine, with obvious bias towards the southern rivers). We participated in a few more rescues - the day was reach with swimmers. Waited for a few groups to run the blind drops that we were too lazy to scout. Relayed signals to boaters on the Bridal Veil (another shallow slide, with a river-wide hole on the top that's a bit

stickier than it looks, and a bad-looking almost river-wide keeper on the bottom - but punchable if you hug the left bank). Boat-scouted a couple of drops. Paddled across the Tugaloo lake to the takeout. Waited in the long line for the AWA and NOC organized shuttle. Watched a crowd helping a girl who somehow got a snake in her boat - I didn't participate in the extraction, but gave plenty of advice. (The reptile got into the stern and refused to budge. They did try filling the boat with water and emptying it, twice, without success. Last I heard, they gave up and took the boat back to the put-in, snake and all).

Then I saw the first familiar-looking face of the day - a guy on the shuttle van. I asked him if I saw him on the Ocoee a few years ago. He said, quite possibly, and said his name was Erick. I couldn't quite remember if I really saw him at the Ocoee though. As it turned out, it was Erick Jackson. I stopped by later and wished him luck with his new company - and no, he wasn't paddling a prototype boat. There was also a ten-year-old boater at the takeout - start 'em young!

I didn't boat on Sunday. Dave was going back to Atlanta, and I didn't feel like looking for another group to join in the morning. Besides, the run felt so good, that I didn't want to mess it up! Instead, Lena and I went to Atlanta botanical garden - it's nice, quiet, and very pretty. After a few hours and some airport food, we were on our way back to Chicago. The karmic points that I earned during all the rescues, made our check-in and flight back a lot smoother than what we had on Friday. The clerks were friendly, the shuttles showed up on time, and the boat came out of the oversized luggage transporter without any new scratches.

Seemed like a nice way to finish the season! ---Boris Glick

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The Kayak Roll Head Game One man's journey to swim independence!

by Rob Hammond

Having trouble rolling that kayak in river when you need it the most? I must say that I have been there, done that, and have the humiliation to show for it! Let me introduce you to someone who we all know very well: Dr. Head Game. This good fellow is responsible for I would say 80 percent of the roll failures! Good ole Doc Head is that guy who lives in that inaccessible, dark and scary part of your brain, that likes to remind you that you can't do anything difficult and if you did try it, you would only get hurt. You will never find him telling you that you did a good job, or to GO FOR IT! However, we are getting ahead of our story; so let's start at the beginning, and we will stop back and visit with the good doctor!

In my very humble and experienced opinion there are 3 hurdles that you must surmount before you can have a bomb proof reliable river roll. The first is obviously to learn the basics of the roll. Although I prefer the C to C roll, there are several other techniques that work. But I am not going to talk about technique here; there are plenty of far better resources than I, to learn these skills from. What I am going to concentrate on is the control of the strongest muscle in your body, and the one that is most responsible for good or bad execution in most any sport. That muscle resides in the very large cavity located above your neck. In any sport, once you learn a new motor skill, you need to teach it to your body. You can't expect flawless execution if you have to think your way through a move. For instance, when you are being pummeled in a nasty hole right above a heinous and undercut drop, your brain may be a little preoccupied and likely will not have excess processing capacity to devote to recollection of proper wrist orientation and trunk rotation to properly execute a roll! No, I suspect that you would prefer a more automatic

process that does not require any conscious processing capacity. And by the way, conscious processing is the most likely to be distracted by our friend, the good Dr. Head Game. Yep, when you are in that hole, and with all the important things you must devote to the top level conscious processing to, Dr. HG is in there, reminding you that you are gonna blow it, and if you were smart you would pull the rip cord and get out of Dodge as quickly as possible.

Once I learned how to roll...to my very disappointed surprise, it almost never worked on the river!

Now the psychologically and neurologically literate amongst you, may dispute my characterization of how the mind works. But let me say right up front to you self anointed smarty pants out there... PUT A SOCK IN IT!

Yes once your brain learns the basics of the roll, you have to teach it to your muscles, this memory that doesn't require any of the easily distracted and corrupted conscious processing power in your head. You use the subconscious all the time for things like... picking your nose while talking on the phone! Some of us even use these skills to drive to work in the morning. Ever find your self on that long drive to the Yough, thinking about something, only to realize that you can't remember what happened for the last 5 miles, or that you passed your exit 10 minutes ago.

Allow me to relate personal experience on my long and painful road to swim independence! I learned how to roll in a pool and most of the time, had a good pool roll. Then I tried to use this new found skill in a river, and to my very disappointed surprise, it almost never worked! It took a lot of swims and rescues by my 13 year old son to finally humiliate me into moving to the second step. That step was to commit the skills that my brain understood to the muscles in my body. The smarty pants amongst you, would undoubtedly point out that muscles have no capacity to learn, that what actually happens is the brain somehow stores the information into a subconscious region, or some such rubbish! Anyway I knew that to commit

the rolling concept in my head into a skill that did not require conscious thought, I would need a lot of repetitious training. So several days a week, I took my kayak to the lake and practiced my rolls after work. If my roll failed, I would roll up by using my paddle to push off the sandy bottom. And yes Virginia you will not dislocate your healthy shoulder from pushing off the bottom in still water. However, as a recent graduate from the School of Tweaked, Abused and Dislocated Shoulders, I definitely don't recommend this bottom bracing technique in moving water.

I don't know about your muscle brains, but mine are slow learners! It took a lot of repetition to get to the point that I did not have to think about stepping through the motions of the roll. I figure it took about 1000 rolls before I felt confident that I could roll every time, in still water. I would try to do 10 sets of 10 rolls every night until I had confidence in my roll.

So I return to the river with a new found confidence that I could reliably roll my kayak whenever I needed to. Imagine my disappointment when again I found myself separated from my vessel, and enjoying an invigorating swim! Although I was much better at hitting my rolls in the river, I still did not have a 100% reliable river roll.

The biggest reason you are not rolling in the river is what happens to your reality when we are upside down

This is where step 3 comes in. What was creating my swimming opportunities was not the improper execution of the roll maneuver. No it was the distractions from feeling trapped upside-down, under water, in a decidedly unfriendly environment. There are really two issues here. The first is that unlike a pool or calm lake, there is a lot of stuff going on that can be very distracting. You know, things like bumping your head on rocks, the noise of the river, the currents buffeting your pathetically small plastic boat around. All of these things can be very distracting from your mission of returning your mouth to an environment friendlier to our lungs.

This is precisely where our friend,

Head Game, starts doctoring the reality in our conscious mind. The first thing that the good doctor does is speed up time. Ok, any of us capable of paddling a kayak, can hold our breath for what; 30 seconds, 45 or even 60 seconds? Right, and the good doctor knows this, so what he does is speed up our perception of reality so that what we think is at least 30 seconds, is more like 3 seconds and probably 2 seconds! No wonder we are so quick to reach for the ejection button, obviously we are only seconds away from certain death! Don't believe me? Watch your buddies next time you are boating, if they can't hit their roll, how long is it before they are out of their boat? Typically I would say it is 5 seconds or less, a really focused boater may hang out for 10 to 15 seconds! So the first thing we need to do to control our fear, is realize that we are not in the dire straights that the good doc would have us believe.

Oh looky here, it looks like I am running out of ink, so I am going to wrap things up and will continue this journey next month with a conversation about things we can do keep Dr. Head Game under control. But let me leave you with this thought: the biggest reason you are not rolling in the river is what happens to your reality when we are upside down. The most effective thing you can do, while eagerly waiting for next month's issue, is work on your 1,000 rolls. When your confidence is high, the good doctor can't mess with your head so easily! Roll sessions start in December, and this year we have both east side and west side locations.

And oh, just showing up at the pool doesn't help; ya gotta get upside-down! Most of us treat the sessions as a social hour (me included). Why don't we go to dinner afterwards for our socializing and take full advantage of these great pool resources! Work every pool session, get those 1,000 rolls in, and you will have a solid leg up for the spring season!

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2004 Officers

Pres: Elliot Drysdale 440-708-7208
VP: Judi Cleary 440-808-8499
Sec: Rob Hammond 216-292-5618
Tres: Karen Daniels 440-458-5972
Meeting place: Middleburg Hts. Rec. Ctr.
15700 Bagley Rd.

Second Tuesday of each month, at 7:30 P.M.

Membership: \$20 per year. New memberships, renewals, change in address or phone send directly to Membership Chairman:

John Kobak
440-871-1758
1649 Allen Dr.
Westlake, OH 44145

Any opinions, views or recommendations expressed in the articles in this Newsletter are those of the article's author. Printing these articles in no way implies approval or advocacy of any of the opinions, views or recommendations by the Keel-Haulers Canoe Club or any of its officers or members.

Water sports are a potentially dangerous activity. Keel-Haulers Canoe Club recommends and encourages all of its members and others to abide by all laws, regulations and recommended practices when engaging in such activity. Each member is responsible for assessing her/his own abilities and for not engaging in activities which are beyond those limits. Members assume any and all risk when choosing to participate in any activity and the Keel-Haulers Canoe Club is not responsible for any damages resulting from such participation.

KHCC WEB PAGE URL: www.keelhauler.org

FOR SALE

Non-Commercial Advertising is free to all members. To place an ad, send the information the way you want it to appear. Mail or email before the second to the last Saturday of each month. Please write or call when item is sold. It will appear for 2 months unless canceled. Commercial ads may be submitted by club member's owned businesses four times each year with a maximum of four lines of copy per ad.

For custom fitting and expert advice on skis, snowboards, skateboards and appropriate apparel - shop at: **Bavarian Village Ski and Snowboard Outfitters** 5881 Mayfield Rd. Mayfield Hts. Ohio See CHRIS BARNETT (440)449-1300 M-Th 10am-8pm, Fri & Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-5 pm



Editor KeelHauler Kanews

November 2003

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aka mgabelma@hotmail.com

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Norton, Ohio 44203

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Keel-Hauler's KaNews

January 2003

Next newsletter deadline - Jan 26



Jan 14th Club Meeting, 7:30 pm Middleburg Hts Community Center

Program: Holiday Pot Luck

Please bring a dish to share based on
your last name....

if your last name

begins with... please bring...

A - F	Dessert
G - L	Maindish/Casserole
M - S	Vegetable/Salad
T - Z	Bread or Appetizer



Keelhauler Canoe Club Meeting Minutes December 10, 2002

No minutes from Nov. 2002 mtg.

Financial Rpt. \$7,370.76 current
balance.

Chair Reports

Conservation: Installing Diversion
dams on the Cuyahoga R. to flood the
canal.

There is a proposal to build
docks/storage/restaurant facilities in the
lower Cuyahoga. You would be able to
rent canoes/kayaks.

There are T-shirts available from the
Ohiopyle Falls Race. Proceeds benefit
American Whitewater and
conservation. \$15.00

KHCC needs a sea kayaking chair.

Instruction Westlake will be having
FOK classes in Feb. Check
keelhauler.org for details or call the ARC.

Membership 260. John K will send
postcards to unpaid members.

Newsletter Assistance may be needed
for the March 2003 issue. Contact the
editor for details.

Safety Chuck Singer spoke on how
there are more injuries in cars than on
rivers.

Yearbook on schedule.

Vermillion River Race Rob Hammond
proposes a change in times for
registration and starting the race. Move
registration from 9-1 to 9-12. Start of
race from 10:30-12:30 instead of 11-
1:00. Unresolved: using the Cuyahoga
instead of the Vermillion if the Vermillion
is too low. Also proposed: increase the
race fees to \$12-\$15.

Andy Gross Suggested we combine
Jan and Dec. mtgs into one.

Program Rick Feinberg gave a talk and
slide show on his experiences as an
anthropologist in the Solomom Islands.



Ich heisse Casey

Trip Schedule

January 2003

Winter Months Skiing & Snowboarding

The water is ice, so let's go skiing! Holiday Valley, Seven Springs,
Vermont or Colorado, if you're looking for some fun in the snow,
give me a call.

Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

14 Club Meeting - Middleburg Hts. Recreation Center, 7:30 PM

18 Rolling Sessions Begin Orange High School, 4:00 PM

David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911

19 - Feb 2 Caribbean Diving and Paddling Trip

Join us for our get away from winter scuba diving/snorkeling trip
with some kayaking starting 1/19/03 for one or two weeks to Roatan
in the Western Caribbean off the coast of Honduras. As usual it
should be Low Cost Good place to stay, Posada Arco Iris Hotel in the
West End, Diving - We usually use Sueno Del Mar - PADI certification
available, Paddling is available near La Ceiba, we would use Rios
Honduras.

John Kobak keelhauler@yahoo.com 440-871-1758

February

1 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Mark Cytron Mcytron@msn.com 216-227-1392

8 Rolling Sessions Begin Orange High School, 4:00 PM

David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911

15 Rolling Sessions Begin Orange High School, 4:00 PM

David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911

22 Rolling Sessions Begin Orange High School, 4:00 PM

David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911

"This little bee has blue wings with white spots on it, big black eyes, an orange and white striped body, and black antenna. This little bug...."

The color tutorial was how we (developed by Casey in desperation) entertained little Annika on the last segment of the trip to the French rivers- after two flights, a car ride to my parents in Karlsruhe, a few hours of sleep (the jetlagged baby got up at 3 am, thinking it's a perfectly fine hour to have some fun) we are again sitting in the car driving through the beautiful scenery of the French High Alpes.

Terry and Casey in the meantime are getting some German lessons since we will soon meet our friends from Mannheim, where I am a member of one of the five (!) local paddling clubs. "Ich heisse Casey"- first Casey, then Terry introduces himself "Ich heisse Casey". I don't really have the heart to tell him that this doesn't mean "My name is Terry". So the German lessons go quite well.

I am getting very excited since we are about to drive over the Col du Galibier- from the past two trips I remember this pass as one of the most beautiful places I know and I very much enjoy driving the windy roads higher and higher until we hit the sky (at least it looks like that driving through snow fields in August). The Col is the meeting place of all of France's major regions and a road that Lance bikes each summer on his French tour. Terry's and Casey's color changes a little bit but honestly, I REALLY enjoy this drive.

"Here we have a yellow fly with big blue eyes and spots on a green body....." I guess Annika woke up and wants to be entertained...

Finally after a 9 hour or so drive from my parents house we are passing put-ins for the local rivers. Terry and myself have both participated the past two years in this "whitewater week" of instruction organized by the German Canoe Association (one of our friends also happens to be the local whitewater chair and is the organizer), this time we also brought Casey B (as in Betsy) Brown along. Participants are limited to 120, with about 20- 25 volunteer

instructors. One can enroll in different levels of difficulty (class II- IV/V), and depending on skill it is more instruction or guiding, there are also playboating groups etc. (and even a C- 1 instructor). Another friend owns a paddling store and always brings demo boats- so there are boats for us to use waiting at the campground.

On our arrival it is great to see our German paddling friends- having spent 2 years back in Germany with Terry visiting and joining trips frequently we have made quite a lot of them. They have been complaining bitterly though about his lacking German language skills, so this time he is prepared. "Ich heisse Casey" he announces to everybody he knows or doesn't know and has great success. Of course everybody is also very excited to meet "the most beautiful baby in Ohio if not the entire world"- this year Annika is the youngest participant and gets a T- Shirt. By the way, one of the nice things about this trip (or many other German trips) is that it is very family friendly. It is out of question that small children do not keep their parents from camping and paddling (taking turns). All of the kids we know have been in boats on flatwater trips when they were just a few weeks old and so have their parents (of course by now they are absolutely excellent paddlers).

Terry and I were alternating paddling and baby days which worked out very well for us and this way we finally got to do some sightseeing, too.

Now I guess everybody wants to hear about the paddling. Well, there are a lot of rivers accessible from the campsite where we were staying- Terry and myself actually spent almost two weeks there. We were both in groups that were paddling up to class IV and some of it was pretty intense. If you took any short segment of these rivers and add a pool at the end the individual moves are usually not that hard- the problem is there is no pool (and sometimes barely any eddies). One of the rivers we paddle was the Guil. Located in a deep gorge with fantastic scenery and class III (few sections) to class V, mostly class IV. The thing about the Guil is that it is steep,

shallow and technical with no breaks (absolutely none). On our first day we did one of the easier sections (class III) followed by 2 miles of class IV- V. I wasn't paddling too well, a little bit timid (I can always blame it on just having had the most beautiful baby in Ohio 2 months before, right????). So, when Torsten (the above mentioned trip organizer and also Casey's and my instructor) said that flipping is not an option on that last stretch I took out (easy to do, the road is right along the river). In the meantime Casey found out why he said that, she ended a roll with a beat up face (never swam!). As I said, steep, technical, congested and very continuous. We paddled a total of three sections on that river, on the last day I found out what I wanted for Christmas (wouldn't a face guard be a good idea, Terry????).

The Guil has several interesting sections at least another worth mentioning is maybe also the "Burggraben". On the upper stretch there is a fortress sitting high up on a hill with the riverbed narrowing down dramatically to a width of maybe 12 feet with steep canyon walls on either side. This section is a little less than a mile long with only one eddy in it (we actually were able to get a swimmer and his boat in it). Paddling it means, stay in the middle and enjoy the ride (it is like a 1 mile long chute). Last year I saw people run it and didn't really think I'd ever do it but Torsten made me (and I enjoyed it, although sometimes with the looks of terror in my face).

The other days we spent on the Ubaye, which is one of my favorite rivers since there are actually some pools, the rocks are smooth and the water is deeper. I always said I was never going to paddle class V but by mistake I did (I forgot to look in the guidebook before Torsten led us down). None of us had any problems. Oh, I forgot to introduce the members of our group: there was Casey and myself, Torsten, the trip leader, Juergen, Peter and Oliver. A morning on the tougher section and my former favorite section seemed very easy to me.

I did miss a couple of days when I was being a mom. One day they paddled the Guisane, which I had paddled in both

years before. The Guisane is also extremely continuous (this river only has one or two boat eddies), a little narrower than the Guil, steep and technical. I remember it less pushy than the Guil and I was always challenged but had fun on it.

The last day Torsten did something special- he took the group down the "Gorge Royale" of the Ubaye. It is a solid class V section, only 2 miles long but with no way out. I guess Casey has to tell you about that one- I had a baby-day off. She said the first rapid was the ugliest one she had ever seen, everybody portaging. The rest of the gorge they spent a lot of time scouting but everybody apparently did fine (they all came back in one piece). Terry was in a different group (those C-1 guys....), they did similar rivers, maybe he wants to add some to this report.

We spent another week taking it easy- paddling with our German friends and hanging out in camp. Our last day we got a big group together for the Guisane- Terry was going to do the easier upper part and let me paddle the gorge (since I really wanted to... he is a nice kind of guy, isn't he??). Only, in my postbirth, sleepdeprived confusion I managed to lock the car keys in right at the put-in. Did you know how hard it is to break into fully electricized Volkswagen Jetta???? On top of it, the towing guy managed to put a big dent and scratch in our precious rental car, so we did not have a great day. Worst of all, we couldn't paddle!!

In summary, it was again a great trip and I can attest that Casey speaks German fluently after one week of continuous exposure.

Terry is doing great, too- he learned to introduce himself "Ich heisse Terry!!". AND best of all, the baby started sleeping through the night (it was just too cold at night for her to wake up)- unfortunately we had a major jet lag problem with her coming back...."This bug has..".

By Sabine Iben

WV River Raffle Update

By Carl Bolyard, WVRC

We are still offering raffle tickets by phone and web site, events and from a board member. This raffle event raises funds crucial to our conservation work. This year we thank over 100 folks that volunteered for calling this year in three locations. We are now calling from several locations to get closer to some of the folks who are willing to help out.

Thank you to the many people who volunteered for multiple nights of calling and helping out. Kathleen Sengstock had this year's record for the most evenings volunteered with five nights! Thank you! We had many people give three or four nights of their time! Our awesome facilitator on the ground was **Tom Prunier**. Many folks in the Washington area already know Tom or have gotten a call from him! Tom has been tireless, enthusiastic and an example of a person who believes in our mission. Because of Tom's help the calling portion of our raffle campaign went well. There are still tickets available! We will be taking pledges for raffle tickets until our drawing at the Cheat River Festival Saturday May 3, 2003. Look for your chance to get tickets at an event near you or try us online at wvivers.org!

This year we spent 14 days calling from the Nations capital with the help of the **American Rivers** office. Callers were from other supportive groups including paddling clubs to help out with a bunch of calling and envelope stuffing in DC. Then we took to the road for 4 nights at the **Green House** in Elkins, West Virginia to get the help of West Virginia Wesleyan College, Shavers Fork Coalition as well as local residents and members. Our third stop was at **Rivers and Trails Outfitters** in Knoxville, Maryland near Harpers Ferry. They also sponsored four nights of calling where we were able to get assistance from River & Trail staff and area members and paddling clubs. This was a terrific success and we wish to thank our hosts: American Rivers, the Green House, and Rivers and Trails Outfitters for donating the facilities for

our call-a-thon. All of our volunteers were terrific and we thank you for your great efforts. You can learn more about our friends at American Rivers at americanrivers.org and Rivers and Trails Outfitters at rivertrail.com

This year through the generosity of our business sponsors, we were able to offer a prize drawing for our raffle callers. 13 prizes were drawn and mailed the last week of November. Congratulations go out to Miriam Radakovich, Pam Kasey, Chris Munsey, Dave Neubrech, Rachel Wright, Jennifer Hanny, Jean McAulay, Kathleen Sengstock, Karen Payne, Larisa Wells, Mike Ornyas, Ron Knipling and Steve Specht who won prizes. A thanks goes to the following prize donors: WVRC, Immersion Research, Wing, Lotus Designs, Ohiopyle Prints, Grateful Heads, Waterstone, Teva & Beth Koller for her Photography.

2002 Raffle Honor Roll - Thank you!

Adrien Tanguay,
Amy Jo McGowan
Ana Azizkhani
Andrea Blaschka
Angela Killian
Ann Strohman
Barbara Brown
Beth Koller
Bill Carr
Bill Turner
Bob Orr
Bob Whiting
Cahil Converse
Caroline McClure
Carrie Singer
Chris Munsey
Court Ogilvie
Dan Nees
Dave Collins
Dave Neubrech
Dave Singer
David Moulton
David Newson
Deb Wise
Dennis Krizek
Don Besom
Ed Gertler
Ed Grove
Emily Clifton
Eric Calhoun
Ernest Katz III
Felicia Miller
Fran Hunt

Ginger Starling
Greg Wells
Gregg Silk
Gus Anderson
Harry Mathias
Howard Bussard
James Tabor
Jan Wells
Jan Wolf
Jean McAulay
Jefferson Davis
Jennifer Hanny
Jeremy P Muller
Jessica McGowan
Jo Davis
Joanna Flanders
Julie Keller
Karen Payne
Katherine Mull
Kathleen Sengstock
Kathy Birmingham
Kelly Guerrero
Kelly Miller
Kim McArthur
Kristy Clark
Lacey Dunmire
Larisa Wells
Liz Garland
Liz Pennisi
Margaret Janes
Margaret Louise Saulnier
Martha Herzog
Mary Ann Mosher
Mary Tyszkiewicz
Matt Berres
Matt Branch

Matt Butcher
Matt Sicchio
Michael Baummer
Mike Dunmire
Mike Ornyas
Miriam Radakovich
Mitchell Helbrecht
Morgan Specht
Pam Kasey
Peter Dragon
Rachael Wright
Rachel Lettre
Rebecca Sherman
Richard Gooden
Ricky Rodriguez
Rob Tosatto
Roberta Orr
Ron Knipling
Ron Wilson
Star Mitchell
Steve Ettinger
Steve Specht
Page 4

Susan Whitney
Suzy Leous
Tim Bromelkamp
Tom Beres
Tom Prunier
Tom Skergan
Tresa Moulton
Vivian Prunier

Go to the top of the WVRC web page (www.wvrivers.org) to order your tickets – or email Carl at cbolyard@wvrivers.org to get some more - we still have them available. Tickets are a great value at **6 tickets/\$25, 2 tickets/\$10 or \$6 each**. You do not need to be present to win and you have a chance at 46 separate prizes including 5 boats. Thanks!



Protecting Potomac-- WVRC Action Pays – Conservation updates from WVRC

With your support, West Virginia Rivers Coalition has recently experienced success protecting the water quality of the Potomac River drainage from two significant sources.

Coal Mining.

This week, the WV Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) again denied Mettiki Coal permission to long wall mine under the trout stream, Hind Leg, a tributary of the North Branch of the Potomac. Earlier this fall, the state of Maryland permitted Mettiki to mine under the North Branch of the Potomac toward the Hind Leg site. The site may provide Mettiki a critical link to its coal reserves that extend to the Blackwater River watershed near Davis. Although the application was fast tracked through the permit process, WVRC provided detailed comment for DEP decision-makers. DEP denied the permit to prevent long-term damage to the surface water and groundwater.

Poultry.

Six weeks ago, WVRC filed a Notice of Intent (NOI) against Pilgrim's Pride, a poultry processing facility on the South Branch of the Potomac. Pilgrim's was repeatedly in violation of water quality limits for fecal coliform and had not been receptive to DEP requests to remedy their waste treatment process. Diligent efforts to work with Pilgrim's, the Town of Moorefield and DEP have not resulted in a solution to this serious human health pollution problem. Finally, on Thursday, DEP took an aggressive stance to require compliance from Pilgrim's by suing for pollution discharge violations, poor maintenance practices and failing to do required water quality sampling.

Despite these milestones, the issues will remain on West Virginia Rivers Coalition's hot plate until Pilgrim's production is utilizing an adequate waste treatment facility and Mettiki safeguards water quality in the North Branch and

the Blackwater. Our lawsuit against Pilgrim's pride remains pending. We await Maryland's response to our request for a hearing objecting to mining under the Potomac, we are monitoring the permit application for Mettiki's Blackwater area reserves, and we anticipate a Mettiki appeal to DEP's Hind Leg permit denial.

These successes are WVRC's holiday gift to the Potomac. We look forward to sharing bigger successes with our membership in 2003.

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Update on stream gages being discontinued

-Article by the Staff of West Virginia Rivers Coalition-

This fall US Geological Survey (USGS) web browsers were faced with the bold warning: "USGS EXPECTS TO CEASE OPERATIONS AT 18 GAGING STATIONS ON OCTOBER 31, 2002" at the top of each stream gage page. Ron Evaldi of USGS explained that the warning was a result of pending cooperative funding reductions. As in other parts of the country, the Streamgage Network for West Virginia is funded through a cooperative effort in which the USGS collects and disseminates streamflow information and shares the cost with other Federal, State and local agencies. Without alternative funding sources, recent reductions in State matching funds for the network in the Cooperative Water Program were expected to result in the discontinuation of 18 streamgages in West Virginia.

Since 1887, USGS has operated a National Streamgage Network to collect information about the Nation's water resources. Under this program, the USGS collects streamflow data needed by Federal, State, and local agencies for water resource planning and management activities including predicting magnitude and frequency of floods and droughts, determining 100 year flood plains, evaluating and

allocating water for public and industrial supplies, designing highways and dams, and permitting sewage and industrial discharges. Real-time streamflow gages are also used to monitor floods and droughts, and for planning recreational activities such as fishing and boating.

The program is critical in West Virginia for activities as broad as water quality analysis, white water boating and flood warning. Cooperative funding in West Virginia comes from the Office of Emergency Services (OES). OES uses river stage gages for flood prediction. USGS gages have broader data collection and application including flow (measures in cubic feet per second) data and extensive historical records. This year, as OES faced a 10 percent budget cut, plans were made to allocate cooperative gage funding to other OES activities.

Fortunately, web users campaigned through watershed group networks, white water paddling clubs and other venues, such as WVRC's Action Alert listserve, to express the importance of the gaging program to the Governor's office, Division of Water Resources, OES and WV Tourism Department. USGS was able to coordinate the interested state agencies and develop short-term funding solutions. USGS's Hugh Bevans expects WV gages to remain in position through this federal fiscal year.

Kayakers and canoeists are very familiar with the USGS site: <http://wv.usgs.gov/> which is accessible through the WVRC site, wvrivers.org. Many of the gages that were threatened are landmark references for some of West Virginia's finest paddling reaches. WVRC's Carl Bolyard asked WV resident, white water guide book author and paddling safety expert Charlie Walbridge to comment specifically on the importance of some of the threatened gages.

Charlie Walbridge comments: *River difficulty is linked to water level, so accurate water level information is important to white water paddlers. Many of the gages slated for closure by the USGS are vital to canoeists, kayakers, and rafters who often drive 3-8 hours to paddle in West Virginia.*

In the 1970's paddlers called a variety of government officers and private individuals to get their river readings. You had to be with the "in crowd" to get the "secret" numbers. The gage phones streamlined this process, but provided only one reading a day. The USGS web site, which publishes new readings every few hours and tracks trends, has made this information very accessible. It has become indispensable to canoeists and kayakers nationwide. I reference many of the gages in Wildwater West Virginia and Appalachian Whitewater, volumes 1 and 2 that were slated for closure. This information is also tracked by fishermen looking for the best water conditions on a favorite, but distant stream.

List of threatened gages:

01604500 Patterson Creek near Headsville A possible indicator of levels in Patterson Creek and its North Fork through Greenland Gap **01607500** South Fork South Branch Potomac River at Brandywine **01608000** South Fork South Branch Potomac River near Moorefield A possible indicator for all of the South Branch Potomac's popular Smoke Hole run, and the Moorefield River. **01608070** South Branch Potomac River near Moorefield. This is an indication of water levels in the main stem of the South Branch, which is mostly flat water, and the "Trough", a well-known scenic float. **01611500** Cacapon River near Great Cacapon A possible indicator of water levels in the Cacapon River, a popular novice run. **01616500** Opequon Creek near Martinsburg A possible indicator of levels in Opequon Creek, a popular novice run. **03053500** Buckhannon River at Hall Reference for the Buckhannon and Tygart rivers **03063550** Dry Fork at Job A useful predictor of conditions in the upper watershed. **03064500** Gladly Fork at Evenwood This is the best reference for the Gladly Fork, an intermediate run through a wild area that's hard to catch "up" (This is also the local reference for catching the Laurel Fork "up"). **03064800** Dry Fork at Gladwin A good reference for levels on

the Laurel Fork, a popular intermediate run through a wild, unspoiled gorge.

03065000 Dry Fork at Hendricks (In service 62 years!). A very important gage! It's the best reference for the Dry Fork, a popular intermediate run that's very "flashy"; ie; it rises and falls quickly. It's also the most useful predictor for Red Run, Red Creek, and Otter Creek, all expert runs.

03066000 Blackwater River at Davis (In service 81 years) - This is a vital reference for paddlers attempting the Blackwater, Upper Blackwater, and North Fork of the Blackwater. These are some of the most popular expert runs in the state, but they become dangerous when the water level gets out of a narrow range. It is also useful for the Upper sections of the Blackwater through the wildlife refuge. **03067510** Shavers Fork at Cheat Bridge A useful reference for the seldom run Upper Shavers Fork, and useful to predict rising and falling water downstream.

03069500 Cheat River near Parsons (In service 89 years) - A very important gage! This is key reference for main stem levels, which can be used to predict sudden increases in water flow coming into the Cheat Canyon from upstream. The Cheat is capable of rising a foot an hour for a day or more, and big changes in water level are what gave it its name. Thus Parsons, along with Rowlesburg, provides a safety factor for outfitters. Parsons can also be extrapolated to give a rough indication of water levels in all the upstream tributaries, and can predict the level in the Cheat Narrows and Canyon 1-2 days ahead of time. **03180500** Greenbrier River at Durbin A vital indicator of levels on the popular Greenbrier River, a long intermediate run.

03186500 Williams River at Dyer.

03198500 Big Coal River at Ashford A key gage for Coal River paddlers.

03212980 Dry Fork at Beartown

The stop gap funding solutions orchestrated by State agencies with USGS will keep these gages running until October of 2003. According to Stephen Kappa, Director of OES, new river stage and rain gages will be added to the Tygart watershed and flood prone Mercer County. A five year plan is being developed at OES to address the need

for at least 40 more gages in heavy flood areas.

West Virginia Rivers Coalition will work with concerned agencies through a forum that USGS will be organizing. The forum will review gage data to understand all its potential applications, evaluate its accessibility and develop long term funding solutions. ## (WVRC thanks Charlie Walbridge for his comments and assistance on this article)

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"THE ...KAYAKING KRONICLES"

PART ONE: This is the first in a series of reports or **Kronicles** documenting my experiences out here on the East coast. They will appear in this newsletter from time to time.

"He Said I Was....."

By Richard Dabal, SBRG, RTRB, EMT, CHMM, (and soon to be ...WEMT and REP)

I used to live in Pittsburgh and three years ago I accepted a job in the New York/Northern New Jersey area. Now returning to the New York area after a ten-year absence was a larger cultural shock than I estimated. Case in point...

Boating in the western Pennsylvania, West Virginia areas there was one trick I learned and had a lot of fun doing. It was "Hole Dancing/Deck Dancing". This "dance" takes place in play spots like Swimmers on the Lower Yough. One boat drops into the hole, becomes stable then three other kayaks paddle up to the side surfing boater. The side surfer grabs the grab-loops of the other three boats and holds them "steady". The two "downstream" boaters grab the inner boat and "hold" it steady. The boater in the middle (sometimes named Malcolm) then pops his/her spray skirt, stands up in their boat and starts dancing. The "dancer" can choose any style/form of dance. The more graceful or imaginative the better. AND...Triple bonus points if the "dancer" gets back

into their boat and paddles away. Hole Dancing was and is a good time.

Well I am now in the northeast and the boaters out here are different breed. Read on.

Last summer I was paddling with group on the Lehigh, the northeast's version of the Cassleman at four feet. There were several "Swimmers" type play spots, all suitable for Hole Dancing. In several of these play spots I would drop into them and side surf and then start yelling out Deck Dancing!!!! These New Jersey paddlers would just stay in the eddies and look at me as I waved them to come out. No takers. Finally one of them asked me what was "Deck Dancing". I just looked at this guide and said, "you are joking". He wasn't. I then proceeded to explain the how to's of "Deck Dancing". I even demonstrated how to do it. I reached out to grab their bow-loops and suddenly realized I couldn't get three loops in my hand. The play boats the others were paddling have such wide bows that the bow-loops cannot get close enough to be clenched in one hand. That is when I realized that...that ...that modern technology has designed today's boats to be untenable in doing the "Hole/Deck Dancing" of Western PA and West Virginia. It dawned on me...an entire generation, an entire generation of boaters and the boaters of the New Jersey/New York area will be deprived of the fun, the glory of "Hole/Deck Dancing". What a loss to the paddling world. After explaining /demo'ing it all, this guide in the group..."**He Said I Was Crazy**". Me!!!!!! Crazy!!!!!! Wait-a- minute!!!!!! What he called "crazy" was simply a failure to understand the ways of Western PA and West Virginia paddling. I must resolve to better explain this others in the New Jersey/New York paddling community in the future.

Now back to this guide. He says that and this was a guy that went paddling a class IV stream the previous winter during the hour, not day or week but hour the ice was breaking up. Three other paddlers there that day told me, this guide was knocked over by a river iceberg, missed his roll, bails out and grabs onto a rock in midstream. By the

time this guido was rescued he was beyond simple hypothermia. It was get this guy into warm car NOW and get the wet river gear off!!!!!! This was a river outing this guido denies ever doing in order to cover up his lack of judgement. And he called me crazy.

Well this was just one part of the many cultural shocks I have experienced out here. There will be more reports on this cultural shock and my attempts to communicate with these New Jersey/New

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**Here is a Thank You Note
the club received...**

West Virginia Rivers Coalition

To the Keelhaulers Members,

**All of us at WVRC would like to thank you
for your terrific support of conservation work
in West Virginia.**

**Your club's donation of \$150. furthers work to
protect the streams we all love to paddle.
Your role as supportive users of the resource
has never been more important given the current
political climate and threats facing your
waters.**



Keel-Hauler's KaNews February 2003

Next newsletter deadline - Feb 17

Note the earlier deadline - for February only.

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Guides Wanted!

Guides wanted to work for the Greater Cleveland Council/Boy Scouts of America (GCC/BSA), at its Tinnerman Canoe Base (TCB) on the French River in Ontario, Canada. Here is a wonderful opportunity to spend 8 weeks this summer sharing your paddling proficiency with young people and their adult advisors. \$165/week includes food and lodging.

Male guides must be 17 or older; female guide 21 or older. Call Try Johnson, Program Director @ 216.861-6060 or email at tjohnson@hotmail.org for more details. Experience in Boy Scouting and/or Girl Scouting is helpful but not a prerequisite.

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The program at the February club meeting will be on **scuba diving in Palau**, presented by Larry Molnar. Larry will talk about the island and area and present a slide show of his photography which will include both above and under water pictures.

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Paddling from Lake Erie to the Ohio River; Tracing an ancient canoe route in the 21st Century

By Kit Kincade

Paddle up the Cuyahoga, portage over the divide at Akron and run the Tuscarawas and the Muskingum to the Ohio River. The idea for the trip formed in my mind some years ago when I was reading a history of the early settlement of the Ohio Valley. Looking at a map showing principal portages used by Native Americans and French voyageurs from the Great Lakes to the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys got me thinking about the possibilities of retracing one of those routes myself.

I grew up on Lake Erie and along the Cuyahoga Valley and have spent the last 30 years of my life in the Ohio Valley in Louisville. Canoeing from Lake Erie to the Ohio River had particular resonance for me. Driving through Ohio last fall, it struck me that 2003 – the state's bicentennial year – was the time to do it.

My brother and I and two experienced women paddlers will make this voyage beginning around May 8, 2003. We estimate it will take about two weeks to complete it. We would welcome Keel Haulers or any veteran canoeists who would like to join us for all or part of this trip.

Retracing this old Native American canoe trail provides an opportunity to do several things:

- ❖ Highlight the original use of the rivers by man before they were turned into commercial channels and industrial ditches.
- ❖ Provide an example of appropriate recreational use of the rivers by modern man using human-powered boats of ancient design – the canoe and the kayak.

Trip Schedule

February

Winter Months Skiing & Snowboarding

Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

1 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Mark Cytron Mcytron@msn.com 216-227-1392

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David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911

22-23 Twentieth Annual National Paddling Film Festival

<http://www.surfbwa.org/npff/index.html>

Steve Ingalls sti@po.cwru.edu 216-371-8250 (h),
216-791-3800x4643 (w)

March

1 Rolling Sessions Orange High School, 4:00 PM

David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911

2 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

John Yaro jmyaro@sherwin.com 216-566-2501

8 Rolling Sessions Orange High School, 4:00 PM

David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911

11 Club Meeting - Annual Club Auction 7:30 PM

- ❖ Lift up efforts to restore the rivers to a more pristine state as exemplified by the creation of the Cuyahoga Valley National Park.
- ❖ Focus attention on the need to move forward with efforts to eliminate pollution of the rivers.

In our urban world we have turned our backs on natural waterways. They may be the nasty looking trash-filled ditch behind the mall, at the edge of the parking lot or blocked off by the residential subdivision. It is axiomatic that we won't treat our rivers differently unless we see them differently. We hope paddlers in Ohio will see this trip as an opportunity for them, not just us, to make a statement about the rivers.

We scouted the upstream portion of this trip Dec. 7-8, 2002 and were very grateful for the valuable assistance and intelligence we received from Keel Haulers Matt Muir and Rob Hammond.

On Saturday we spent the day scouting the Cuyahoga from its mouth on Lake Erie to the inflow of the Little Cuyahoga at Akron, examining portage possibilities at the dams and rapids in between. We enjoyed dinner that night with Rob and other kayakers who had just finished a roll session at South Orange H.S.

On Sunday morning Matt helped us explore the portage route from the Cuyahoga through Akron to the Tuscarawas. Dan and Lori Nelson of Akron graciously entertained us for lunch with Harold and Elaine Marsh. Dan is chair of the Portage Trail Group of the Ohio Chapter of the Sierra Club. Harold and Elaine are well-known canoeists and river activists. Harold has paddled to and carried a canoe over the original eight-mile Indian portage from the Cuyahoga to the Tuscarawas. Their interest and experience gave us an enormous boost.

Who are we? My brother Gerry and I grew up in Lakewood and Hudson. We are open water and river canoeists who have run rivers in tandem canoes with whitewater up to Class II or III. Most of our experience is in Ohio, Kentucky, Michigan and Ontario. Our fellow paddlers, Marilyn Quinn and Jill

Davenport, have similar backgrounds. Marilyn has a paddling resume as long as a kayak paddle. Her trips have included the Missouri River, the Boundary Waters, the Alagash in Maine, and the Everglades Canoe Trail. In addition to canoeing, Jill has an extensive backpacking history, including two trips up the Appalachian Trail from Georgia to Maine.

I have written for daily newspapers in Detroit, New York and Louisville and spent nine years with The Associated Press, Kentucky bureau chief being my last post. I plan to write a book about this trip and am currently eliciting interest from magazines for an article about it. For the last 25 years I have worked in financial services.

I have discussed our venture with Don Myers of North Canton and Paul Wood of Fremont, two members of the Ohio Historical Canoe Route Association who have done this trip in sections. Don, who has done the upstream section twice, says you can get from Lake Erie, over the divide and down to Canal Fulton in four days.

On January 25-26 Gerry, Jill and I scouted the Tuscarawas from south Akron to Coshocton and the Muskingum down to Zanesville. On January 24 we had dinner in Hartville with Don and Mary Myers and Harold Marsh. Don's valuable experience was helpful as we worked on setting goals and picking campsites for the Cuyahoga leg. We are much indebted to Elaine Marsh for her good work in presenting our plan to Bill Carroll, the new assistant superintendent for Cuyahoga Valley National Park. Bill has given us permission to camp in the park, where we expect to be at the end of the first and second days of our trip. We will probably be somewhere around Sand Run Park in Akron at the end of day three and may have to stay in local homes. Elaine and Harold will join us in a tandem for the upstream leg. Harold plans to switch to a solo canoe at Akron and accompany is for the rest of the trip. We welcome their participation and that of the Keel Haulers.

We have scheduled our start from Lake Erie on Thursday so we can portage through Akron on Sunday morning. I suggested to Matt Muir that if we had a large group accompanying us up the Cuyahoga, then we could celebrate with a big picnic when we reached Summit Lake Park.

"Great idea!" he said.

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Sixth Annual Friends of Tinnerman Social 9 March 2003 1-5 pm

If you have ever canoed on the French River, Georgian Bay, Lake Nipissing, Bustard Islands and/or Kilarny Provincial Park or are thinking about doing it in the future, please join us. We will be showing videos, slides and movies. Heavy appetizers will be served at 2pm. St Mary Byzantine Church, 4600 State Road, just north of I-480. Dress will be informal. Families encouraged. There will also be a silent auction and paddling souvenirs for sale.

For more information, contact fellow member, George Qua at 216.721.0880. Reservations may be made by making your check payable (I guess you'll have to call George for the amount as it was not included) to "FOT/TGA" and sending it to Joe O'Donnell 3302 Rockside Rd., Seven Hills, Ohio 44131-1930.

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Storm Damage and Reconstruction on Anuta and Tikopia (Solomon Islands)

Dear Friends,

Some of you may have seen or heard the reports about the natural disaster that devastated the eastern Solomon Islands just before the new year. Cyclone Zoe was one of the most powerful storms in history, with winds reported to have reached as much as

360 kilometers (over 200 miles) per hour. To place that in perspective, it takes a 75-knot wind for a storm to be classed as a hurricane. The cyclone picked up speed and then stopped for two days directly over Tikopia and Anuta, the latter being the site of most of my ethnographic research over the past 30 years.

As the storm approached, the islands immediately lost radio contact with the outside world. The first direct information came from independent New Zealand photographer Geoff Mackley, who flew over Tikopia on New Year's Day. According to Mackley, "Every tree on the island has been blown over or shredded, the island is completely denuded of vegetation, almost every building has been damaged. A few remain intact, while others have been shredded, and the sea has come through some villages, burying them.... I will not speculate on the likely casualties or fatalities; if it is not large it will be a miracle.... This sort of destruction is normally seen only after a strong tornado or volcanic eruption. A number of people, maybe 20, came down to the beach to watch us fly over. Some signaled us with sheets of white plastic. Others just sat there."

It took almost a week before medical personnel and relief supplies were able to reach Tikopia, and it is still not clear whether assistance of any sort has reached Anuta, which is smaller and even more remote. Miraculously, it turns out that there was no loss of life on Tikopia, and most injuries appear to have been minor. I am hoping that the same is true of Anuta, but we probably won't know for at least another day or two. (Ed. note: Recent update from Rick indicates that there were also no deaths reported on Anuta!) In any case, there clearly has been extensive damage to houses, gardens, and the water supply. At best, providing adequate food over the coming months will be a challenge!

Many friends have expressed concern and asked how they might help. Last night I spoke at length with Sister Lilian Takua, an Anutan working for the (Anglican) Church of Melanesia. The community sees its most pressing needs

as: water purification; a solar generator and reliable two-way radio to restore communication with the outside world; garden tools and "kitchen utensils"; mosquito nets (likely to be very important, especially in the near term); medical supplies; and clothing. They also anticipate needing funds for repair of buildings since so much of the local material has been destroyed by the cyclone and construction of a seawall to provide better protection before the next major storm.

Anyone wishing to contribute to the Anutan relief and reconstruction effort may make out a check to the **Keelhaulers Canoe Club** and put **Anuta Relief fund** in the memo field. Send the check to the Keelhaulers c/o John Kobak

John Kobak
1649 Allen Dr
Westlake, OH 44145

If you'd like further updates, please let me know. In the meantime, on behalf of the Anutan community I thank you for your ongoing support.

With best wishes, Rick

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**Scraping the numbers
offa my boats...**
by Matt Muir

This may come as a surprise to some of you, butt to others it'll confirm your suspicions or rumors or whatever.

After a year of unemployment and underemployment, I've finally found something good. Thus, after fourteen years and change, I'm packing up and leaving the great state of Ohio. By the time you read this, I'll be living in Rochester, NY—near the Black, Moose, Beaver, and Raquette Rivers, among other things.

Clearly, I won't be the Cuyahoga Gorge fixture that some of you remember. I don't know when I'll get to my beloved Tinker's Creek again (if ever!), and day-

trips to Friendsville and the Big Sandy will be out.

I hope to head down "South" for some runs on some of those WV-ish streams, as well as GauleyFest in the Autumn.

I'll be outtastate, and you'll need a new Conservation Chair, butt I won't be out of the game. You'll see me when you head for the Adirondacks, at least.

As I move on, I remember fondly many Keel-haulin' moments, including the KHCC'ers who've helped me advance in the game. Those include:

Jon Reising, who gave me my first Middle Yough run.

Dwight Arndt, who first led me on a (Lower) Slippery Rock trip, my first whitewater experience in that Dancer (the same boat which was to lead me to the Gauley, Upper Yough, and other signature runs). On that cold November day, I swam twice in flatwater.

Charlie Gannott, who led another Middle Yough run, on which I got my first combat roll (in my old Downriver boat, oh yesh indeedy).

Sherie Sanzenbacher, who led me on my virgin Lower Yough run. Scott Debalski was the bad influence who gave me the idear to go vertical at Jump Rock. So all the ensuing carnage and mayhem is, in fact, his fault.

Bill "the Possum King" Waickman, who intro'ed me to the Lower Cuyahoga Gorge, the mystical Tinker's Creek, and the Upper Cuyahoga Gorge (Sheraton Section). After I ran that last one, a flood of Kent-Staters and others brought that urban Class V into the mainstream. I had one bad embarrassment there, butt it was up to Stuey McFlip McDowell to get his ignominious swim and "rescue" onto TV news. (I still have that video.) By '98, some serious III-ish paddlers were running that erstwhile scary reach. And I explored the limits of both high water and low, with scary epic events at both limits that will remain etched in my eternal memory.

Gib McGill, who led me and fellow newbie Sean Fremon on a run of the Lower Yough at 8 feet. Sean and I got

our big-water trial by fire—and we looooved it.

Paul Lang, who used his TRPC contacts to get me onto the Big Sandy. On that day, Ron Whitney had two very fun swims (one made it to video, oh yesh!) and Paul himself showed how bad Zoom Flume can be to he who goes turnturtle. Butt it was a TRPC'er who really took the damage, busting up his face at Little Splatt. Ah...memories.

John Kobak, who added me to his infinite stable of deflowered Gauley and Upper Yough virgins...and who led me on two obligatory Southern Rivers Tripps. He and I shared a virgin Tallulah run in '98, as did a few other KHCC'ers.

I'll also remember the Keel-haulers who've made the commitment to get lots of "Ratt Points" by dropping everything to run a river—or to have fun with the Gauley Marathon and other bad craziness. They include:

Ron and Sue Whitney, Chris Kiehl, Paul Lang, Colins Drozdowski, Brandoon Hendren, Rob and David Hammond, Jud Junior Roberts, Kosmo Cramer, Jasons Zukerman, Greg Lewis, Dan "Pizza Boy" Lichty, Dave Broer, Brent Laubaugh, Tom Cronin, Mike Duvall, Jeff Swimcox, David Duke, Dave Becker, Matt "My Boy" Chaney, Cliffie Wire, George Carroll, Mike Narotski... them's the Top 30. Many of them provided epic amusement for the video cameras and/or trip reports, and their efforts are fondly noted.

Farewell. You'll see me around.
Matt Muir
Keel-hauler forever

**A fond farewell to you, Matt!
And, thanks for the
memories! SYOTR!**

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Cuyahoga Gorge Permit *by Matt Muir*

On December 19, Steve McClung posted the following on the KHCC Massage Board:

"Last week I mailed in the paper work requesting a new access permit from the Cuyahoga River. The Gorge Metro Park requires you have a permit to access the river in the park. Today I got a call from Dan Gannon, the manager of Gorge Metro Park. He told me that the park now requires you to have Insurance before he can issue a permit. The Insurance must cover the park and the permit holder, and must be a sum of one million \$. Matt Muir is the StreamKeeper for the Cuyahoga River. So may be he can tell us more."

I got in touch with some people, including the crub ocifers. Ron Tomallo, proving that lawyers do in fact have their place (we were all doubters), pointed out:

"Ohio has a "Recreational User Statute" that grants civil immunity for landowners who "hold their land open for recreational use. "I'll supply the specific site after Jan 2nd when I get back to work. This statute is very strong and the Ohio Supreme Court has specifically found that it applies to parks operated by the government. To "hold open" means no charge for the activity. So as long not fee is being paid the Metro Park is not exposed to liability. The same basic rule would apply to the permit holder unless some fee were being charged. As long as this permit was non-commercial in nature the insurance requirement would be deemed "arbitrary and capricious," which is the legal jargon used to challenge a rule like this."

So I submitted my own permit request; I got the same call from the same Dan Gannon. I called him, and got the name of his superior.

His superior wasn't in, so I was bounced up to Keith Shy, Director/Secretary of Metro Parks, Serving Summit County. I'd worked with Mr. Shy, years ago, when pursuing the current permit agreement.

It took a twenty-minute phone call, with a bit of jawboning back and forth, but Mr. Shy agreed to dump the onerous and unnecessary liability insurance requirement.

Sooo...if you submit your permit application (available at http://members.aol.com/rivieraratt/StreamKeepers/MetroParks_Permit.html),

[amKeepers/MetroParks_Permit.html](http://members.aol.com/rivieraratt/StreamKeepers/MetroParks_Permit.html)), and you get a hard time, give a call to Keith Shy at MetroParks, Serving Summit County. He'll straighten it out.

Supplemental info:

From AW's new [Access Toolbox](#), a section about [Liability Laws, State-by-state](#):

[Ohio](#):

[§ 1533.18.1] § § 1533.181 Immunity from liability to recreational users.

(A) No owner, lessee, or occupant of premises:

(1) Owes any duty to a recreational user to keep the premises safe for entry or use;

(2) Extends any assurance to a recreational user, through the act of giving permission, that the premises are safe for entry or use;

(3) Assumes responsibility for or incurs liability for any injury to person or property caused by any act of a recreational user.

(B) Division (A) of this section applies to the owner, lessee, or occupant of privately owned, nonresidential premises, whether or not the premises are kept open for public use and whether or not the owner, lessee, or occupant denies entry to certain individuals.

HISTORY: 130 v H 179, § 1 (Eff 9-24-63); 146 v H 117. Eff 9-29-95.

Bottom lion: it appears that there is no liability risk for the agency that owns the riparian land along the Gorge, and thus there is no rational reason for requiring insurance from paddlers.

(See also the article re. liability, written by Jason Robertson, AW's Access Director, in the Nov/Dec issue of the Journal, pp. 19-25.)

One final note: during our discussion, Mr. Shy told me that, each year, some legislative bonehead decides to submit a law which overturns Recreational Immunity. I'm sure you'll all agree that this is a Bad Idea. Recreational Immunity is the doctrine that we, as users of a resource, are responsible for our own safety and protection. As long as we hold to that doctrine, public

agencies have no business trying to "protect" themselves from lawsuits. If that statute is ever overturned, the result could be a serious curtailment of our access rights. Be vigilant; be aware. If necessary, be active.



KAYAKING KRONICLES

By Richard Dabal

Part Two: "OK"

This is another in the series of cultural shocks I experienced in dealing New Jersey/New York City boaters. This one took place in July of 2000.

It started with a phone call from one the paddling club's safety instructors. He said he could not make this weekend's class and could I go in his place. I said sure. He gave me the particulars and the other two instructor's names. Now I knew one of these two instructors...he was a canoer and never paddled two days in row, a mediocre intermediate on a good day pretty much a real goomba face. The other instructor was a woman I never met.

Saturday morning, a nice warm sunny day, I arrive at the campsite where the class will be held. I meet another "instructor in training" and we chat for a few minutes, he is a canoer also. I paddled with him before, he is a new intermediate at most. The local creek, the Esopus is running at a decent level. This should be a good weekend. Boy was I wrong.

No sooner did I walk up to the goomba face and his co-instructor and say hi, what is the game plan, schedule, etc., this other instructor lady, in an almost angry manner and tone says I am to "observe and say nothing". FIRST BIG WARNING FLAG. She must be perpetually mad at the world. The other instructor acted as mentioned earlier...was a total goomba face.

Now 12 students, mostly kayakers have shown up which is unusual, for this

particular paddling club canoes are the dominant boat. They are practiced beginners to new intermediates. Now my past experience in teaching is at most an hour of "on land" lecture and then hit the water. Well the goomba face and chunky lady start out with a two-hour plus lecture on what to wear on the river. Normally I spend about five minutes saying, "Never wear cotton, never wear cotton, never wear cotton, and never wear cotton. This goomba face actually had an outline on the picnic table to follow. After thirty minutes people were walking away, I walked away to keep from openly laughing. The goomba had his script and would not deviate/shorten it. The "instructor-in-training" was actually listening to this goomba. I did get within a hair of leaving right but my truck was part of the classroom in that stuff was draped over it. Finally the goomba's torture ends and now it is throw rope practice time.

The chunky lady takes over and goes over the basics on throw ropes and still with that perpetually ticked-off look on her face says there is only one way to use the throw rope....throw it under-handed. With that statement I realized these folks are the worst safety instructors I have encountered. So after two plus hours of what to wear on the river the class spends 20 minutes on practicing with their throw ropes. I go up to the students and say quietly there are two other ways to throw the rope...side arm and over-hand. I watch students practice what I suggested. At the end of the 20 minutes most of them were side arming or over-handing. I looked at the chunky lady and the goomba's faces after this, their expressions were one of annoyance at what I did. Good. Anything to raise their blood pressure is always a good thing to do.

It is now 12:30 and we finally go into the water. The students practice how to ford a stream using their paddle to support themselves, a PVC pipe was improvised as a snag and all practiced swimming over that, and then some practice "swimming" a rapid. The part of the Esopus we practiced on was narrow, like the Slippery Rock right

above Airport but fast and suitable for what was being taught. Comes 3:30 and class is over. I stand there and go "Now what?" That was it, the goomba and chunky lady tell everyone it's time to go back to the campsite. Well back at the picnic tables two of the students ask me if I would paddle with them for a quick run before an early dinner. I say sure...we're here to paddle and practice, two other folks also join in. A quick shuttle and we'll take out at the campground. I go up to the chunky lady and say what we are doing. She snaps back, "No. You can't. I have to get them showered, get happy hour and dinner started". I walked back to the others and said "lets go paddling".

The five of us had a good time. I watched them practice their peel-outs, catching eddies, one person flipped and bailed. Before I could peel out, one paddler had the swimmer in tow, another had the paddle, another was bulldozing the boat to shore. I was really impressed and pleased on how quickly these new paddlers acted. Back at the campground we go up to the rest of the group sitting around the picnic table, folks are laughing, asking how things went. Now into the middle of the group barges in the goomba, slams down on the table a paper and pen and shouts with a very angry voice...."FIVE PEOPLE HAVE NOT SIGNED FOR KITCHEN CHORES!! SIGN UP NOW!!!" Goomba then points at me and says "RICH....I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!!!" And he storms away from the table. I looked at a couple of the students that I just paddled with and smiled.

I walk over to the goomba and chunky. The goomba..."You are causing a major disruption to this trip".

Me....**OK**

The goomba..."You took people with club equipment on an un-authorized section of the river".

Me....**OK**

The goomba..."And I don't like it you saying ok"

Me....**OK**

And I walked away and the goomba and chunky lady didn't say another word to me the rest of the weekend.

Next morning it's raining and four students said they were leaving after breakfast. During breakfast I saw chunky talking to the "wannabe instructor" and she saw I was looking at her. I smiled and laughed. It was so obvious what she was saying to this "goomba in training". One of the students noticed that also, him and I looked at them again and laughed.

The morning lecture lasted only an hour. This time chunky lady spent an hour talking about nutrition and paddling. Again, that real angry look on her mug and in really almost obnoxious tone of voice that "you have to have the right combination of protein and carbohydrates". On the water, if you have a dislocated shoulder ...I am not going to ask you what you had for breakfast. By 1:00 PM "class was over". Some students wanted to do a section of the creek but were actually hesitant to do so in front of goomba and chunky. I said forget about them. We went paddling in the rain and had a good time.

Now few tidbits on this "safety training" weekend. The paddling club that puts on this "class" charged \$75/person (\$125. for non-members) and you still had to pay for camping. Goomba and chunky said this was an "at cost event". The sad fact about this whole thing is the students in this class had no clue to what lousy in-effective instructors they had to endure.

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Praying for Paddlers!

By Dave Duke

Spring-like rains, snowfall, and hurricanes lit up the American Whitewater pages in every eastern state during November and early December. After a busy fall paddling season, it had been weeks since I had last paddled and I was noticing the signs and symptoms of BAS returning. BAS, Boof Addiction Syndrome, is an acquired disorder resulting from individuals frequently landing spine-compressing flat off drops

of 3-25 feet on a regular basis; it is most often found in paddlers who frequent creeks with high gradient and sweet rock launch pads. I needed to paddle something with some gradient, and quickly. Every day I would check the levels, see green and purple, surf on over to www.weather.com to check the forecast, and shoot off emails to anyone I thought might join me that weekend. But I never had any takers-too cold, school, work, wife, husband, too cold, bad roads, and bad weather (too cold).

Finally I lucked out when two young lads, eager to paddle snow or shine, answered the call. Jon Janoski would be able to sneak away from his girlfriend and his
cours
ewor

k at The Ohio State, and Brian Rueff got parental blessing to drive from Michigan. This was encouraging for two reasons. First, Jon brought cool, level-headed, "you're not immortal" decision-making skills. And Brian, well, he brought his playboating skills. Jon and I had been talking to Brian since the Raquette/Beaver trip in August and Russell Fork in October and wondered when he would teach us the true art of playboating, in return for some lessons in creeking. So off we went, three paddlers without a plan.

We arrived at the Arden Tygart in early afternoon, with in snowing quite wonderfully. We checked out the Arden, which was flowing at about 4900 cfs!! As we looked at the terminal hole at the bottom of Moats Falls, all the talk of freewheels and flat boofs disappeared and we went looking for creeks. We didn't have to travel far before we reached Laurel Creek, which was running. We decided to check out Teters Creek since it was late and we didn't know anything about either creek. Teters was good to go. An hour later we were in our boats (I've had prom dates get ready faster than Brian).

We quickly found Teters Creek to be continuous. We eddy hopped our way down, with me running probe and Jon running last, analyzing the situation in a manner only a Biochemistry major



Brian Surfing

We awoke the next morning to 55° weather, and quickly dressed (once again a relative term with Brian), ate some donuts, and drove a mile to Laurel Creek. Soon we were at the first major rapid, Olympic Slalom. We easily recognized the danger, a huge undercut boulder in the middle of the river. After scouting it, they decided I should run it first. They eagerly set up safety and video and I got ready. The plan was to hit the tiny eddy river left above the drop. As Ron Whitney

would say, "Miss this eddy and you're gonna die!!!" I remember mumbling something like that to those guys too. After the eddy, I would ferry out over a diagonal wave heading directly into the undercut, and punch through a very narrow slot on the right into an eddy. As I entered the eddy, I hit a slightly submerged shelf that blocked me from entering it, and I immediately thought of Ron's words. I barely made it in, and looked over my shoulder at the line. And that's when I decided I better get out of my boat! The plan to ferry out as far river right as possible was impossible, because the river right rock guarding the slot was undercut. After a long time scouting, I decided to go for it. I exited the eddy fairly low, and was funneled into the middle of the current. I leaned as far downstream as I could, and absorbed the impact of the undercut with my elbow -I wish I had worn my

elbow pads- and surfed off the pillow and into the eddy. Brian opted to avoid the eddy, and followed with a perfect run. Jon decided he liked the right shore line and walked it, and I set up to run it again. This time I aimed for the line left of the boulder and hit it.

After some great Class IV boogie water we came to Ten Foot Falls. One look behind the falls at the cave and Brian and Jon weren't so excited. Again we set up safety and I ran the middle right line off a sweet launch pad. My boat made a THUMP as it does when you hit a solid boof. Brian followed but got directed more right and landed less flat than he wanted to, but still good. Jon hit the launch pad and placed the paddle just right for a nice launch, but didn't pull on it, and penciled in. I ran it again and boofed so flat I could hear the echo in the canyon. At the bottom we hurriedly decide to take another look at Moats.

We arrived to find it still flowing at 4400 cfs, far above the normal limits. But there appeared to be a tongue exiting from the boil at the bottom of

the falls, at least to me. Brian and I talked about how safety was impossible to set up, and what the chances of it recirculating a swimmer were. I was convinced a boat would recirculate until the water dropped in the summer, but a body would come out after a few hours. With the water so high, a throw bag or boat rescue weren't options. Jon again volunteered to video, and Brian and I walked our boats up the road. As we sat in the last eddy, Brian and I disagreed which rooster tail was the one we wanted, and panic set in. One meant a landing on rock, one a good line. He went first, and went to the right of the left-most rooster tail. I followed with a line directly over the right one. Both of us had good lines, and we drove home. I assigned each of them some homework to learn the secret art of boofing-something I recently learned myself. My BAS was temporarily cured.

A plan was made to take a trip south. Again the call for paddlers went unanswered by all and the three of us set off on another journey, joined by our

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gracious and entertaining shuttle bunnies, Michelle Wojnar and Elizabeth Lindsey (Jon's fearless, snake-loving, soon-to-be-kayaking girlfriend). We arrived at the Russell Fork at 4:15pm. I opted for a quick run, but Jon hadn't run it previously and would want to scout, and Brian knew it would take him forever to get dressed. So we parked and played at the wave at the takeout. Jon started it off with a great ride, spinning both ways. Brian followed, showing us the technique to ollie, blunt, and cartwheel. I followed his ride with a spectacular ride of my own.....I made it onto the wave!! And so it went for a couple hours, the girls freezing but still taking video and pictures, jesting at how badly we sucked; Jon learning to blunt and having good rides; Brian throwing about everything, including a few attempts at the donkey flip and a loop or two; I was just happy to occasionally hit a spin or two before a bad attempt at a blunt or cartwheel left me upside down in cold water.

We stayed at a local motel, "entertained" the locals with our conversations over dinner, and we all learned what a stromboli was in backwoods Kentucky. We awoke to the aroma that comes from wet paddling gear in a small room with the heat turned up and no ventilation. Oh how sweet it is!! We arrived at the road to the putin for the Russell Fork gorge, only to find it locked. So after a "short" hike in (over the mountain), we set off. Somewhere in the Class II rapids I hit a submerged rock and it cracked my micro endcap. I had barely gotten it fixed from the last time this happened.

The first big rapid was Tower, which I remembered was a boof on river right and then down the right. The left was undercut. I asked if we should scout it for Jon, Brian said no, and off I went. When I ran this in October, the right bank was barely covered at 850 cfs. Today it was only 575 cfs. So I planned to go farther left to avoid stalling out on the lip. I approached perfectly, took a nice boof stroke, and landed flat on the boil,

too far left. I

frantically took a stroke to move forward and was instantly flipped. I rolled up to find myself in the middle of the hole, only to have it flip me again. I rolled up again, and found myself side surfing, grabbed a breath and went back under. After rolling a third time, I found myself facing upstream in the hole, directly under the launch pad. I just stared, waiting for Brian to land on me. Another sudden surge and I was exiting backwards, just in time to see Brian appear. He was too far left!!! He went into the crease and was instantly ejected from his boat. Seconds later he was pushing off the undercut on river left, trying his hardest to avoid going under it. He bounced off and headed for me. As he grabbed my boat, Jon came over the lip, oblivious to what was happening. He landed the 8 foot boof perfectly, and paddled out to help me get Brian to shore before the next rapid, Fist. We found Brian's boat just downstream of Fist, and rejoiced it hadn't gone into the sieve.

At Triple Drop I ran the first drop fine, was backendered in the second drop, causing me to miss the eddy on river left, and flush into the hole in the third drop. This flipped me and I rolled up at the bottom of the drop. Brian hit the eddy, and opted for a sweet 8 foot boof instead of the normal line. But he misjudged the approach and broached sideways on the pinning rock at the bottom. He quickly fought his way off it and Jon followed up with yet another perfect line. He was on fire that day. I decided then I was walking El Horrendo.

Jon at Ten Foot Falls

When we got to it, I walked as I said I would, not wanting to risk another beating. Jon said he would watch Brian run it. After watching Bryan land in the hole and flush out upside down, Jon walked around it too. We paddled off quickly to get to the next rapid, Climax. Climax is a classic 6 foot boof. I boofed heading far left. I landed flat and washed out sideways, avoiding the rock wall the current pushes into. Brian and Jon followed with picture perfect textbook boofs. I could tell they had done their homework. We ran it again, everyone "laid the smack down (copyright The Zone Dogg)" and we headed off.

When we arrived at the takeout, we spoke to some locals and realized the dam was releasing and the level was really 850 cfs. That explained my bad line at Tower. We decided to park and play again till dark. The previous night replayed itself. Jon was getting solid rides, linking several moves. Brian was doing as Brian does, making me look pathetic, and I was doing my part in making sure the two of them looked good to the large crowd. The girls smiled real big, shot pictures and video, and kept talking about how badly we still sucked. I think it was the hand cartwheels Brian threw that silenced them. At dark, we headed for Boone, North Carolina in hopes that rain would bring the Watagua up.

That night Brian got sick, a sure sign BAS had taken over the poor misdirected playboater's body. In the morning we rushed off to the putin, Brian still unsure if he would paddle. We hooked up with the local Boone Boys and Gal, Ashley, Chris, Andy, Phil, and Nikki. Brian stayed behind while the lovely ladies took care of him and ran shuttle for Jon and I. We put on with the level at 350 cfs, the perfect first time level. I had read the AW page and knew the gradient was only 140 fpm, less steep than other creeks I had paddled. After a few boulder gardens I began to wonder if that number was right. We eddy hopped down, getting directions from them as we went. Each drop usually included catching an eddy and ferrying out across pushy water to hit a boof over a huge hole and a pinning rock.

Every drop had a boof in it, sometimes two! And these were the types of boofs that anyone who has "Boof for Brains" would enjoy. And we were hitting them all!

We came up to the first big drop, Hydro. They asked if we wanted to scout, and of course, the stories of the nasty hole at the bottom scared us more than a little. We jumped out, looked at the complicated line for ten seconds, hail began to fall, and we headed back to our boats. Jon went first, paddling up on the rock on the left, and sliding off into the current, before barely making the eddy behind the rock. Nikki instructed me to paddle higher up the rock, so I did, and I got backendered. I bailed on hitting the eddy, changed directions, and paddled far right. At the lip, I took one final stroke so I would melt into the huge hole. I hardly got wet. Jon peeled out of the eddy, got shoved too far right, and barely missed the high water sieve on river right. He recovered and plunged straight into the hole, popping out upright.

A couple rapids down from Hydro we eddied out above a horizon line. Chris signaled to point facing completely left, and dropped over the lip sideways. It looked a bit odd, but our guides had more than proven their skills. So I pointed toward the left bank and floated

foot wide slot. Way cool! I looked back in time to see Jon hit his boof yet again and smile as the current rocketed him out of the slot. We both agreed that was one of the coolest moves we had ever done.



downstream. As I got to the lip, I timed my stroke and dropped completely sideways off the 8 foot ledge into a 3

After several steep boulder gardens, extremely pushy water, and picture perfect boofs (always over pinning rocks so a missed boof would suck), we came to Stateline Falls. I can think of few drops where the landing zone is in a different state than the launch pad. But I digress. Stateline Falls is an 18 foot waterfall that has three channels. The left is unrunnable. The right is too, except at such high water nobody paddles the river. The middle lands on rock on the left and feeds the hole for the right channel at high levels. We watch as they plummeted out of sight, begging for instructions before they went. "Do you want to look at it?" Nikki asked. "No." Just point right she said, and pray. Those sounded like good directions to me, so I ferried to the eddy above the drop, exited, and pointed right.

A late boof stroke and I was gliding through the air. I hit the boil, and flipped. I rolled up and paddled away. Jon followed with an identical line, landing completely flat but flipping. We both hadn't pointed far enough right. So, I carried up and ran it again. And again. They were sweet runs. Jon took pictures. He was happy to have escaped that drop alive.

More hard drops, awesome boofs, and we were finished. We thanked our guides, marveled at the 140 fpm (not a chance that number is right!!), and discussed how pushy the water was.

It had boogie water harder than drops on the Green Narrows, as many pinning rocks as the Upper Blackwater, and the water was pushier than any I had ever seen, even in the west. As we loaded our boats, the locals went off for another run. We had a long drive ahead and we were happy we had lived. Soon, Nikki and Phil returned, sad to have to skip a second run because their playboats were not suitable for the level. The water was flowing over the putin bridge, at an incredible 600-650cfs!!!



Stateline Falls

The trip covered eight states in four days, including two rivers each spanning two states. Brian felt better, Jon and I were marveling over the sickness of the Watauga, Elizabeth was happy to have her man back alive, and Michelle, well, she wanted to drive. So we let her. And we decided the river was less scary. My BAS was quelled. My homework from Jon and Brian was to learn to blunt. Frankly, I want to learn the technique Brian demonstrated as he "hurriedly" paddled away from Moats Falls. I wonder who's boating next weekend?



Kayak - Perception Dancer - it's an old but proven design that is good for beginners and intermediates. \$195. Call Judi Cleary 440.808.8499(h), email: judicleary@attbi.com



Keel-Hauler's KaNews

March 2003

Next newsletter deadline - Mar 23

April Program: For the program at the April club meeting **Dave Garcia**, a certified athletic trainer and clinician, will review proper stretching techniques, advise on injury prevention and answer questions.

May Program: In May, come hear world adventurer, Chuck Singer, regale us with his recent trip to Thailand and neighboring countries. A survivor in the making, Chuck has tales of elephants rides, motorbike excursions and rafting on bamboo rafts.

Lake Powell Drained 50 % --Four Years To Go! Marinas Left High and Dry, Concessionaires Contemplate Pulling Out

Lake Powell reservoir is down 86 feet from normal, equating to a reservoir that is half full. The National Park Service, which manages marina facilities at Lake Powell, is busy trying to make adjustments with the hope that they can still accommodate visitors at some locations. Meanwhile, the recently approved \$70 million Antelope Point Marina project is in jeopardy of never being used.

Now in the fourth year of an anticipated sustained drought, Lake Powell reservoir will soon be empty. Forecasters have informed the Park Service that the reservoir levels will only be getting lower. The reservoir is dropping faster than it can be replenished. Even when the snow begins to melt this spring, the reservoir is not expected to rise any higher than where it is right now. By July, the reservoir will again start dropping.

The United States Geological Survey 2002 report on Southwest climate change predicted that the Colorado Plateau would be heading into a 30-year period of below average river flows. Previous estimates by forecasters, on the impacts of such a sustained drought, calculated that Lake Powell would be drained within eight years. It's right on schedule. In July 1999,

Trip Schedule

March

- 8 Rolling Sessions Orange High School, 4:00 PM**
David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911
- 11 Club Meeting - Annual Club Auction 7:30 PM**
- 15 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)**
Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618
- 15 Rolling Sessions Orange High School, 4:00 PM**
David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911
- 15-16 Upper(22)/Lower (30) Big Sandy, WV**
Lower/ Brent Laubaugh brent7@comcast.net 610-416-9376
- 16 Neshannock Creek (12)**
Steve Zerefos sgz@rbparch.com 330-638-2465
- 22 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)**
Rachelle Schmidt shellys@corecomm.net 330-688-0499
- 22 Rolling Sessions Orange High School, 4:00 PM**
David Donnellan DHydroGuy@aol.com 330-405-8911
- 22-23 Stony Creek, PA (21)**
Ted Pablo tedh2o@att.net 440-526-5552
- 23 Vermilion River Pre-race Clean-up, OH (8)**
Hank Annable campusvideo@yahoo.com 440-775-4953
- 29 Best of Northern WV (IV-V)**
Paul Lang ptboofhoven@surf.free.com 330-896-6458
- 30 Vermilion River Race, OH (8)**
Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

April

- 5-6? Loyalsock Slalom**
Race Organizer: Lee deWolski dewolski@dhia.psu.edu 814-238-2362
- 5 Conneaut Creek (9)**
Gary Tucker tuckga@aol.com 440-357-7890
- 6 Little Beaver (9)**
Steve Zerefos sgz@rbparch.com 330-638-2465
- 8 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center, 7:30 PM**

Lake Powell was at 90 percent. As of February 1, 2003, it was at 50 percent.

If the present drought does not relent, Lake Powell will eventually drain to the level of the penstock tubes that spin the generators at Glen Canyon Dam. According to a model that was published in October of 1995 in the Water Resources Bulletin, if a severe and sustained drought similar to the drought of the late 16th century appears, Lake Powell could stay drained for eight years.

"We're witnessing the end of Lake Powell right now," says Living Rivers' Conservation Director John Weisheit. "This was predicted, and nothing the National Park Service or the marina operators can do will change this."

o At present three of the concrete boat ramps have been closed: Antelope Point, Stateline and Hite Marina. For Stateline, the concrete ends where the wet sand and mud begins; it was officially closed on February 3. For Hite Marina, river sediment closed the concrete ramp and an alternative ramp on gravel began in the autumn of 2002. This alternative ramp too is now closed due to sediment fill from the Colorado River. Antelope Point's ramp was the first ramp to close last year, just three years after construction in 1999.

o A \$3 million emergency appropriation was made in January to extend boat ramps at Bullfrog, Hall's Crossing and Wahweap marinas. It is unclear, however, how far these ramps will be extended, or if additional funding will be sought to extend them all the way to the bottom as levels continue to drop.

o Potable water is becoming a problem at Hite Marina. The site draws its drinking water directly from the reservoir, treats it and then stores it in tanks for consumption. But the intake buoy is about to go aground and needs to be extended into deeper water. Besides being expensive to modify the intake, there is no assurance that deep water can be maintained as Lake Powell's delta continues to advance beyond the bay at Hite.

o The planned marina at Antelope Point will find a 500-foot cliff being exposed where the second launch ramp is proposed. Calls to Antelope Point Holdings and their engineers, revealed no comment to the feasibility of the project. According to the National Park Service, construction was supposed to begin in March, but it has now been delayed to at least May.

o The problems at Hite Marina are causing the concessionaire, Aramark, to question whether they should shut their Hite operation down altogether. To preserve the marina may require moving it, a cost Aramark may not wish to incur. No decision has yet been made. With visitation through Glen Canyon National Recreation Area dropping by 10 percent per year, Aramark may be looking to pull out of the other marinas as well.

o The fate of the white-water rafting industry, which concludes trips at the top of Lake Powell, is also a major question. With sediment and mud clogging the marina and boat ramp at Hite, rafters will have a very difficult time getting off the water.

"As the drought persists, it is going to be very difficult, if not

impossible, to conduct business as normal with the river and reservoir users. This includes the Grand Canyon river runners who will lose the large Glen Canyon Dam releases they need to run their large motorized boats through the canyon only to arrive at the sediment-choked Lake Mead," adds Weisheit.

Lake Powell is not the only problem. The entire Colorado River storage system has dropped from 92 to 60 percent over the past 40 months. "Lack of access to flat water recreation is the least of our worries," concludes Weisheit. "The Southwest plumbing system is headed for complete catastrophe, and the Bureau of Reclamation and the seven states that use Colorado River water have no disaster preparedness."

John Weisheit,
Conservation Director
Living Rivers
PO Box 466; Moab, UT 84532
435-259-1063; Fax: 435-259-7612;
Home: 435-259-8077
www.livingrivers.org
"A people's movement to restore the integrity of rivers. "

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Guides Wanted!

Guides wanted to work for the Greater Cleveland Council/Boy Scouts of America (GCC/BSA), at its Tinnerman Canoe Base (TCB) on the French River in Ontario, Canada. Here is a wonderful opportunity to spend 8 weeks this summer sharing your paddling proficiency with young people and their adult advisors. \$165/week includes food and lodging. Male guides must be 17 or older; female guide 21 or older. Call Try Johnson, Program Director @ 216.861-6060 or email at tjohnson@hotmail.org for more details. Experience in Boy Scouting and/or Girl

Scouting is helpful but not a prerequisite.

Classes of Travel

By Chuck Singer

About 32 years ago, Jon Reising and I started the Keel-Haulers self-rating system for kayaking and I thought I might expand it to travel, so here goes!

Class 0

Stays at home and watches TV

Class I

Books and pre-pays for the entire trip with a travel agent who plans everything. Stays only in Hiltons and tours with National Geographic. Doesn't need a guide book because there are no choices. Often complains about people not speaking English. Washes with bottled water and eats only American food at the Five star hotel. Packs gear in 3-4 rolled suitcases. Uses tour buses and only visits 1st world countries that feature American toilets. Spends \$100/day on incidentals. Associates with other Americans.

Class II

Books flight through a travel agent and stays in hotels with in-room baths. Showers in local water but brushes teeth with bottled water. Tours with others on small buses and speaks one foreign language but not the local language. Eats at better local restaurants but only familiar food. Spends \$100/day on everything. Travels with two suitcases and a Frommers guide book while visiting museums. Uses American toilets but puts the used TP in a basket like the locals. Associates with english speakers while visiting 2nd world

countries.

Class III

Books flight on the Internet and stays in shared bathroom hotels. Showers and brushes teeth with tap water. Tours in pick up trucks with other English speakers. Knows 5 words of local language (Hello, Thank You, good, beer and toilet) Carries a big backpack and a day pack. Tries unidentifiable foods while traveling with Lonely Planet guide book. Spends \$40/day on everything while in 3rd world countries.

Class IV

Gets ticket from bucket shop consolidator. Stays in dorms or huts with pigs/chickens running under or around. Showers and drinks local water and travel by their self on 3rd class buses. Knows 30 words in 10 languages and carries one medium backpack. Spends \$20/day and associates with everyone. Walks a lot 'cause taxis are expensive. May not use a guide book but asks others "What's Cool?" Seeks out 3rd world countries.

Class V

Shows up at the airport and asks "Got a cheap ticket anywhere?" Stays in huts WITH pigs/chickens. Showers and brushes teeth in local river or stream. Picks up all languages easily and eats street food by preference. Carries gear in a day pack (one T-shirt, one pair of shorts socks and a sarong to wear while the clothes are drying) Associates with everyone and has a local girl/boyfriend. Spends less than \$10/day. Often writes guidebooks and seeks out 3rd world countries

with problems.

Class V+

Same as Class V except doesn't trust any water so only drinks beer and is fluent in all languages after enough beer. Sleeps on the ground and gives malaria to mosquitoes. Often appears in others "horror" stories and causes problems in 3rd countries.

I am a Class II-III traveler; what are you?

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2nd Annual Ohio River Paddlefest

Be part of one of the largest inland paddling events in the world on June 28th in Cincinnati. Last year's inaugural event drew over 300 boats and hundreds more are expected this year. Guinness (no, not the brewery) has been contacted about a record. Participate in the group armada, races, clinics or booths. For more information contact tlubic@aol.com

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For Sale

Kayak - Perception Dancer - it's an old but proven design that is good for beginners and intermediates. \$195. Call Judi Cleary 440.808.8499(h), email: judicleary@attbi.com

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Links for vermilion race forms

<http://www.keelhauler.org/khcc/vermil03.htm>



Keel-Hauler's KaNews

April 2003

Next newsletter deadline - Apr 27

Trip Schedule

April

5-6? Loyalsock Slalom

Race Organizer: Lee deWolski dewolski@dhia.psu.edu 814-238-2362

5 Conneaut Creek (9)

Gary Tucker tuckga@aol.com 440-357-7890

6 Little Beaver (9)

Steve Zerefos sgz@rbparch.com 330-638-2465

8 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center, 7:30 PM

12-13 Upper(22) /Lower (30) Big Sandy, WV

Lower/ Brent Laubaugh brent7@comcast.net 610-416-9376

12 Slippery Rock Creek,PA (13/21)

Jim Kosicki tat2saint@aol.com 216-244-0201

18-25 27th Annual Southern Rivers Week (16-31) See article to left.

John Kobak keelhauler@yahoo.com 440-871-1758

19 Grand River, OH (6)

Carl Kudrna carl@ckweston.com 440-835-0222

19-20 Riversport paddler's Rendezvous

whiteh2o@qcol.com

19-20 Forks of the Cheat (Class III-IV)

Steve Ingalls sti@po.cwru.edu 216-371-8250 (h),
216-791-3800 x4643 (w)

20 Connoquenessing Creek (II/II+)

Ed Charlton ed_charlton@prodigy.net 440-716-5489

26-27 Middle Fork and Tygart, WV (29/28)

John Kobak keelhauler@yahoo.com 440-871-1758
or cabin 304-379-4747

25 - 27 Stonycreek Rendezvous

Jim Kosicki Tat2saint@aol.com 216-244-0201

26 Grand River Canoe Race, OH (6)

Ed Berneike Ed_Berneike@msn.com 440-892-8589

27 Clarion River (8)

Steve Zerefos sgz@rbparch.com 330-638-2465

May

2 - 4 Cheat River Festival, WV (18/23/26/31)

Races: Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

Paddling: Scott Debalski scd@lubrizol.com 440-298-1257

2 - 3 Upper Yough, MD (32)

John Kobak keelhauler@yahoo.com 440-871-1758
or cabin 304-379-4747

3-4 Forks of the Cheat, WV (III-IV)

Steve Ingalls sti@po.cwru.edu 216-371-8250 (h),
216-791-3800 x4643 (w)

10-11 Middle Fork and Tygart, WV (29/28)

Mike Duvall Michael.Duvall@amgreetings.com 216-521-0094

10, 11 North Branch of the Potomac (18)

Mark Cytron mcytron@msn.com 216-227-1392

13 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center, 7:30 PM

April 8 Program: For the program at the April club meeting, **Dave Garcia**, a certified athletic trainer and clinician, will review proper stretching techniques, advise on injury prevention and basically incent us all to get in shape for the upcoming paddling season. He will also answer questions.

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May 13 Program: In May, come hear world adventurer, Chuck Singer, regale us with his recent trip to Thailand and neighboring countries. Chuck has tales of elephants rides, motorbike excursions and rafting on bamboo rafts. See his trip report on page 5 of this newsletter.

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27th Annual Southern Rivers Week

April 18 - 25, 2003

This years trip is VERY LARGE. You MUST call/e-mail trip organizer, John Kobak, as soon as possible to let him know if you are coming. You must be a paid-up club member. Things John wants know:

- your skill level
- the first and last days you intend to paddle
- who you will be driving down with
- if you would like to share a ride (John can help coordinate)

John also requests that you confirm with him by contacting him on April 15 or 16.

Link to current list of participants
<http://www.keelhauler.org/khcc/memb/South2003.pdf>

Note use same User name and password as our Member Directories

The trip starts Friday on the **Nolichucky**, or the **Watauga** for advanced paddlers. Rivers that we may visit, depending on skill and/or water level, are the **Nolichucky**, **Watauga**,

Doe, French Broad, Big Laurel, Little River, Tellico, Ocoee, Nantahala, and Chattooga III.

If the water levels are good, we will then travel to the Obed-Emory system in Tennessee near the Kentucky border where we will paddle **Daddy's Creek**. We will finish up on the **Big South Fork** before heading back home. If levels are too low for Tennessee, we will head north to WV for the best water available. This is a great trip for intermediate paddlers wishing to tackle some challenging rivers with some of the more advanced paddlers. Your skills will increase after an intensive week of paddling - guaranteed!

[Southern Trip Itinerary](#)
[Southern Trip Map](#)
[Southern Trip Map Details](#)

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Cuyahoga Dreamin'

by Matt Muir

All the road is ice,
And my wiper's on "high,"
I know the Gorge is running,
And the river's not high,
I'd be in my drysuit,
If I was in O-hi,
Cuyahoga Dreamin',
On a day with grey sky...

Stopped into my "John,"
And gave the flush a try,
Well, I got down on my knees,
And put my head inside,
It's not the Burning River,
But it'll get me by,
Cuyahoga Dreamin',
On a day with grey sky...

(With apologies to the Mamas and the Papas, who knew about homesickness butt who could never comprehend the sadness of seeing the Cuyahoga Gorge at 1500 cfs...and living 5 hours' drive away. Do me a favor: use and enjoy the snowmelt!)

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Keep Your Membership Information Up To Date

Lots of people move each year and even more change their e-mail provider. All of your membership information is kept in a database by John Kobak our membership chairman.

He sees to it that your newsletter labels are addressed correctly and that you get monthly notification of the newsletter passwords. He also keeps the membership information on-line in a password protected file for all members to view. So in order for you get your newsletters on-time and ensure that members can contact you, please check to see that your information is correct in our new yearbook or our on-line directory. To correct, please e-mail, call or drop a post card to John with any change in your membership information.

John Kobak
1649 Allen Dr
Westlake, OH 44145
440-871-1758
keelhauler@yahoo.com

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2003 Yearbooks

Say, doesn't that 2003 Yearbook look sharp! Well you can thank the team of editor (Kurt Haas), printer (Helmut Schumaker), and trip scheduler (Jim Kosicki) who put it all together. Take a bow, guys! (pun intended)

The yearbooks were sent out by bulk mail in mid February. So if you have not received yours yet, contact John Kobak (see above for contact information).

----- * -----

Historic Canoe Trip By Kit Kincade

I am organizing a canoe trip in May from Lake Erie to the Ohio River, as you may have read in the February issue of the Keel Hauler's newsletter. I am interested in obtaining any information about similar past efforts on what is now called Ohio Historical Canoe Route Two, using the Cuyahoga, the Tuscarawas and the Muskingum rivers.

We propose the paddle, pole, pull or portage our canoes from Cleveland

straight through to Marietta as native Americans might have done it.

Don Myer of North Canton and Paul Wood of Fremont, among 39 others, did this trip over four weekends plus one week with the Ohio Historical Canoe Route Association in 1984. Don did a repeat trip up the Cuyahoga and down the Tusc to New Philadelphia four years later for a story in the Akron Beacon Journal.

Earl Porter, a patent examiner from Cleveland, and his friend Bayne "Pat" Murphy, made the run in 1932 as the first leg of a 2,220 mile canoe trip from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico. They did not attempt to portage through Akron.

In his 1978 book about the trip Porter says that not far from Botzum "we found the driver of a school bus who agreed to carry our outfit overland about eight miles to Young's landing on the canal south of Akron."

We would like to hear from any readers who know of comparable past efforts over this route. Please contact at the following.

Erie Ohio Expedition

Christopher L. Kincade
3707 Old Brownsboro Hills Road
Louisville, Kentucky 40241-1632
Phone: (502) 412-4721
Cell: (502) 216-9104
E-Mail: kitkincade@insightbb.com

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White Water and Flat Sticks in Western Canada

by Rick Feinberg

This has been the coldest winter in recent years, leading all but the hardest among us to think twice about immersing boats in liquid water. Last week a rumor had it that Cucumber Rapid on the Lower Yough was frozen solid enough to discourage even the likes of our recently departed but ne'er-to-be-forgotten Riviera Ratt.

Fortunately, I have a job that requires me to attend conferences, some of which are far from home and expose me

to a variety of hydraulic conditions. That's how I happened to be in British Columbia during the second week of February. The meeting was to begin on Tuesday; but my wife, Nancy, and I figured we had better get there a couple days early so we could get over our jet lag before being required to think and speak. And it gave us a chance to become intimate with a different kind of white water.

We arrived in Vancouver on Saturday evening, February 8th, after what had been a night without sleep for Nancy and, consequently, only a little sleep for me. But by Sunday we were well on our way toward recovery. After breakfast, we drove from Vancouver to Whistler Ski Resort, about two hours north and east. It's one of our planet's great ski areas and is currently a finalist to host the 2010 winter Olympics. We found people from all over the world: Japanese, Koreans, Brits, and lots of Aussies. We even encountered continental Europeans who traveled to the west coast of North America because they felt it offers better skiing than the Swiss Alps!!

Whistler Mountain goes to about 7,200 feet, and almost all of it is skiable. At the base of the mountain is Whistler village, a brand new community built around the skiing business hotels, bars, restaurants, clothing and equipment shops, and not much else. From the last of the equipment shops, you walk across a small plaza and get into a gondola, a small, enclosed cable car that takes you most of the way up the mountain.

You may take the gondola either to the lower station, at about 3,500 feet, or a higher one at around 6,000. Then you either ski down from there or over to a chair lift that takes you to the summit. There are dozens of trails going in all directions with lifts to several different spots around the mountain.

One lesson I quickly learned is that standards of difficulty increase by an order of magnitude in western Canada. If Boston Mills is the Slippery Rock, Whistler must be the Gauley or Big Sandy. The double black diamonds looked pretty scary the skiing equivalent

of Big Splat. I found some of the blue squares harder than the black diamonds at Boston Mills; and even the supposedly easy green circles had long, narrow trails with a sheer cliff on one side. They may not have been extraordinarily difficult, but you wouldn't want to make a mistake.

A second mountain, Blackcomb, has a gondola that starts from the same embarkation point, down at the village plaza. Blackcomb Mountain might actually be a little bigger than Whistler and have more trails. However, I was told by several people that it was pretty icy, and Whistler had more than enough to keep me entertained.

For Nancy, this was a breakthrough weekend. In the past she has been reluctant to get into downhill skiing. Our original plan was that she would do cross-country while I practiced my "Alpine" skills. However, there had been a rare drought and unusually warm weather in the Pacific Northwest, leaving the cross-country trails a mélange of mud and ice. So she agreed to sign up for an all-day downhill lesson.

By the time we got to the ski area on Sunday it was well into the afternoon. There were no more lessons available, as the lifts close at about 3:30 PM, and it takes a good half hour to get down the mountain. So Nancy explored the resort village, while I squeezed in a couple hours on the slopes. Down in the valley, it was overcast, but the layer of clouds hovered at about three to four thousand feet. So where people were skiing the sky was pure blue, with bright sunshine. You could look down and see a vast blanket of cottony fluff with craggy white peaks all around, piercing the clouds, as far in all directions as the eye could see.

Because of the drought, snow conditions were less than perfect; and I heard a few complaints. But at the higher elevations, that just meant an occasional icy patch. I've seen people go into ecstatic trances on discovering comparable conditions in Ohio. The most treacherous part was getting down when the lifts closed. After passing the lower gondola station I descended into the clouds, where visibility declined to

barely more than zero. Conditions were quite icy; everyone on the mountain was forced to descend at the same time; and we all were funneled into the same restricted area. The result was hundreds of essentially blind skiers whizzing around at 20 mph. Amazingly, saw no major accidents.

On Monday, Nancy and I both hit the slopes at about 10 AM she with her class, and I on my own. The weather was sunny even in the valley, and you could see almost forever. On both days the temperature was right around 30 degrees, with no wind; so even with minimal clothing and sitting still in the chair lifts it was completely comfortable. When we were skiing, we actually worked up a sweat. Between the perfect weather, astounding scenery, and what to me was pretty good snow, I had as fine a day of skiing as I can recall.

I was supposed to meet Nancy at the rental place at 3:30, so I left the summit right at 3 o'clock. I got a little concerned when I reached the shop a bit late around 3:45 and was told that she had already returned her equipment and left, wearing her ski boots but leaving her shoes behind! Had she hit a tree and lost her bearings? Had she run off with her ski instructor?

In fact, the rental people were very confused. Nancy had turned out to be the superstar of her class and was late because she was having such a good time that she went back up the slope with her instructor to do some real (classless) skiing. Now she's all excited about getting back out on the snow. I only hope that the Ohio mountains aren't too much of a let-down now after having tasted skiers' Heaven.

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Spring Run at Stoneycreek Watershed

By Ted Pablo

March 21st was the beginning of spring. It was a refreshing thought for those who have continued paddling through the winter months. Paddling with frozen

eddies and rolling beneath class III-IV rapids were borderline insane.

The trip began with the usual gathering at McDonalds off exit 10 Pennsylvania in Somerset. We do thank McDonalds for their accommodations for the price of a coffee, juice and possibly a breakfast burrito. As I came through the door I was surprised by the amount of paddlers participating in this weekends run. Fourteen paddlers were ready and eager to run through the watershed. The skill level included newbies and veterans. The winter melt and recent rain had brought plenty of choices to which river/creek to run. Stoneycreek watershed provided numerous choices with levels from class II to class V. Newbies and intermediates being present in this group, a class II – III run was the best choice.

We had decided on running Shade Creek. A ten mile class II – III run high on the watershed. As trip leader and with accomplished boaters in the group, it was a logical choice. A nice blend of playboaters, river runners and swimmers were in the group. We even had a couple, Dick and Polly in a topo/two person kayak.

With fourteen paddlers and roughly seven vehicles, finalizing the shuttle was simple yet challenging. A few of us had run the lower Shade a handful of times but the upper Shade was a new river to everyone's resume. We traveled about 20 minutes up to the put-in. It was in the fifties, the sun was somewhat accommodating and the water temperature breaking forty. A great day to paddle.

Nick had scouted the put-in and noticed a large strainer on river right. A fallen tree covered $\frac{3}{4}$ of the river. A class III rapid push the current directly to the strainer. The move was straight forward but we decided on putting in just below the strainer. Nick, Ross and Jody three strong paddlers were taking the rear, Bill and Jonathan the front while Amy, Paula and I paddled accordingly. Dick and Polly had minimal experience in the topo on moving water. Dick is a Professor of Law at George

Washington University. I had a sudden urge for him to sign a waiver or release.

Dan was the first to be on the water. Dan eager to challenge exploded on the eddy line in a stern squirt. I quickly told the new paddlers do not follow Dan or his comrade Steve down the river.

As a group we had to watch Michelle, Deb, Dick and Polly. Fourteen paddlers headed down Shade Creek. Unlike commercial rivers like the Yough or the Ocoee, this run was rural and serene. Two hundred yards below the put in was class III wave. A curler wave with a boulder on river left. Michelle flipped, missing the line and leaning incorrectly. I heard a whistle in the background while I watched Michelle set up for the "Roll..." She waited patiently, head down, hands above the water and boom – she's up, a relief to everyone.

Unfortunately, Dick and Polly had problems and they flipped in their topo. Dick is an accomplished paddler and Polly a rookie. Dick had hoped his skill, knowledge and power was sufficient to roll the boat. They swam. Bigger and challenging water was below us and Dick and Polly decided to walk out. The creek was a class II – III but the gradient steep and the run was continuous. Swims would be long and rescues challenging even with fourteen paddlers. The choice to walk was appropriate and the car was still within walking distance. Bill commented, 'You are only as good as the weakest link.'

We continued down the Shade, Bill with his usual pop-ups, Jonathan linking ends, and Dan and Steve wave wheeling. "I feel guilty, I'm having so much fun" Paula noted.

We still had eight miles of river to run. It was obvious Michelle had the least moving water experience in the group. She would drop into holes, small in size but still not wise. Reminders were made to watch her lines and follow an experience paddler. We all have been "Newbies" and the experience of being on the water can be overwhelming and distract one from the absolute attention needed to navigate down a river – SAFELY! A hole grabbed Michelle's boat

and the chase was on for her and gear. It was a long walk. A walk we all have taken. As we regrouped, Michelle had a smile, always a pleasant sign a paddler is doing fine.

I had noticed we had only seen 10 other paddlers during the run. The Shade provided plenty of play. Fast eddies for squirts, ledge holes for surfing, spinning and steep waves for pop ups. We were approaching the lower portion of the creek. A fork came upon us, river left was flat class I-II with a few boulders while river right was a tight steep wave train with holes and small eddies. Paula, Dan, Steve, Bill and I ran river right. I had warned everyone about a strainer river left at the top of the run.

The gradient suddenly became steep and creek narrow. The creek was ten feet in width. Bill grabbed an eddy and the excitement was evident. I knew a curler was waiting for us at the end of the rapid. It had flipped Dan and Steve in a previous run. Visually it would cause the paddler to lean the wrong way. All the paddlers made it through the rapid unscathed.

Rapids were endless, forty by count. This included Seanor a class III rapid. It is the biggest rapid at Shade Creek. Down the middle and straight forward. We had reached our takeout with a few swims and a little excitement - exhausted and fulfilled. Dan and Steve were going to continue down Stoneycreek Canyon.

Stoney was running fast and big. A reading of 5 feet at the Ferndale bridge gave evidence of the challenge. I decided to run Stoney with Dan and Steve. Numbers are always good in a fast challenging run. Stoney has endless play. Surf is countless and waves infinite. Five feet meant minimal play and river running was in order. It was a quick run - an hour and half. It did have its excitement. Steve almost lost his paddle in a hole and I needed five attempts to roll in some boogie water. We made it to the take out quickly and safely. Day one was complete.

Stoney had dropped about 7 inches overnight. It was a group of strong paddlers, mostly play boaters, on

Sunday. We started the run by the ballpark. This allowed for a nice warm-up prior to the first major rapid, "Showers."

Showers is a diagonal hole with another diagonal current feeding into the hole. It has a strong tendency of flipping kayakers. The line is usually down the center through the tongue. Speed carries the paddler through the roster tail. Jonathan was first with a wave wheel as he dropped over the roster tail. Bill choose river left and I started high right in attempt for an eddy. Three different lines through Showers, a first.

Two other paddlers joined us below Showers. Their anxiety was evident. They were wishing for lower levels. They decided to walk out just above railroad. Each paddler had his private surf hole/wave. The level was still slightly high but eddies were available.

We had arrived at the most popular hole on the river, "Locomotive." It can fit a locomotive at medium to high levels. Steve was first on the docket. It was obvious Locomotive was stickier than usual. Steve was well past the 25 cent meter charge to park his boat in locomotive. I was reminded why I sometimes call Steve "Windex."

Dan was next with Steve hoping for a little thrashing. Dan's second surf was longer and he participated in some window washing but Steve's wish never came. After a quick lunch I ferried into Locomotive. I was warming up with basic front surfing. I was in total control or at least I thought? I was suddenly side surfing and noticed the power of the hole. My gripped tightened and heart rate increased. Light became dark, air became water, paddler became meat – I had rolled a handful of times in the hole. Front, side, back, up and down, it was getting old. Time to get out. I knew the only way out was to surf to the outside of the hole.

Jonathan though the youngest in the group was man among boys. He was throwing ends in Locomotive. He was always in control. His weight and center of gravity was always in the right spot. The blade was one if not two steps

ahead of the move. We were very impressed and suddenly he performed a "Loop" - a front somersault with your boat. Jonathan is in a different league but it is his modesty that makes him a great paddler.

We have always wondered why Stoneycreek watershed is not frequented more often by club members, or paddlers as a whole. The choices are numerous both in difficulty and amount. Spring will end and so shall Stoney but we will always return.

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Destination Thailand

By Chuck Singer

I left Cleveland at 9am and after a 2hr, 14hr and 7hr flight with suitable layovers, I landed in Thailand at midnight the next day. Five or six consecutive airline meals will hurt you. Thailand is the cheapest country I have traveled in so far. Rooms are \$4-\$10 and a good Thai meal is \$2. Street food is great and under \$1. My usual breakfast is half a pineapple and a pint of FRESH OJ for a total of 60 cents. Beer is \$1/qt.

Bangkok is full of temples called wats and they are everywhere. There are also statues of Buddha everywhere and I saw the reclining Buddha which is 150 feet long and covered in gold. You have to take your shoes off when ever you enter a temple.

You can travel by river taxi, regular taxi or Tuk Tuks which are 3 wheeled motorcycles, that go like Hell and death is always an option. Many Thais ride 100cc cycles and weave in and out of traffic. There has to be some major

carnage here, but I didn't see it.

There are all types of tourists here from people even older than me (hard to believe). People here seem honest and I often hold out a handful of change to buy fruit and only a few coins are taken.

I went south to a small island near Si Racha, which was quiet. I was one of the few non-Thais there and when I went up to negotiate the room rate, I used my best charade moves involving finger numbers, watch face and body english. After a minute, the Thai lady asked " Don't you speak? " Foolish!! I felt.

Next, I went to northern Thailand in Chiang Mai for a while chilling out and adding pages to my passport, it had gotten filled up. I took a 3 day trek through the hill tribes and it was interesting. It was a sister tour. There three sets of sisters from England, Germany, Korea, and me and a Japanese guy. We could have staged WW2 all over again. The first day we drove a lot, then we walked to get to the first village. The tribe, Hmongs, were even poorer than Central America.

We interrupted a major child tantrum with three 3 year olds kicking and SCREAMING on the ground. One got up and grabbed a machete and wacked his mother on the arm. Fortunately it was very dull. Another little girl just sat in the Sun with a scab and dirt on her face. I gave her a piece of candy and she just held it. I took it back, unwrapped it and gave it to her again and she SLOWLY put it into her mouth.

The whole village is alive with pigs, chickens and cute puppies. They are all food! There are a few cats for mice? They all have broken tails for good luck. The kids hunt rats with slingshots.

We walked to the next village (different tribe same animals) and stayed the night there in a bamboo hut that is raised up off the ground. We slept under mosquito netting with one blanket. At 5000ft it dropped to 52 degrees and I froze my butt off. We also slept on a 1 in thick pad for comfort.

The next day we walked for 5 hours and went elephant riding. The trail was only 5ft wide and very steep. My elephant stumbled once and I nearly died. I didn't want an elephant rolling on me!

Our next camp was at the base of a 50ft waterfall where everyone showered. It was cold again but I grabbed 3 blankets. The last was bamboo rafting through Class2 whitewater.



Chuck poles in the stern.

I was in the stern and the local guide in the bow, the important position. It's shallow and only 10ft bamboo poles to move the raft. A 24ft long, 5ft wide raft with 5 people doesn't maneuver very well. We only hung up twice and once was in the spot they removed the guests and run the drop. I talked them into a run and made half of it.

For my next adventure I dropped south to Pai, where I went on a 2 day raft trip with standard rubber rafts this time. It was \$42 including a bus ride to the raft center. It was weird getting on a 2nd class bus and not knowing where to get off. I showed the driver my ticket and he stopped the bus at the right place for me.



The first day was some Class 2 stuff and it was a lot of fun because there was a sit-upon available which of course, I hogged. We did about 10 miles. We stayed in a Gilligans Island bamboo hut and ate well. Don't come to Thailand if

you don't like rice or you will starve until you find about Thai noodles. Yum Yum

The 2nd day was about 20 miles with one or two easy Class 3s. I again hogged the kayak. I did act as safety when one guy fell out and retrieved gear as needed. I guess it's in my blood. The river probably dropped 25 ft/mile and the hardest rapids were like Enterance on the Yough without Nemos. There were also 2 bamboo rafts going down (no tourists only workers carrying provisions) I figured I could run anything they could and I was right.

We stopped at a hot spring but it was too hot to get in. We also explored a cave that was way too small. You had to lay on your belly and squirm like a snake in spots and only two of us went. I got a few scrapes out of it. There was a good calcite flowstone formation so I guess it was worth it.



For a side trip, I went to Myramar (Burma) for a day. I walked to the border and was told I had to have a stamp that was given out 1.5 miles away. I walked back, got the stamp, made a copy of my passport (required) and paid \$5 to enter Burma.

As soon as I crossed the border, scores of tuk tuk drivers descended on me. I picked one who would drive me anywhere in the city, all day if necessary for \$2. We toured the Wats, the pagoda, the golf course? and went to the longneck "village". The shopping there was great for gems and carvings

and sunglasses. I got a new 30 days on my visa and a new country stamp.



A women from the Long Neck tribe.

The weather here has been wonderful so far with no rain and 80-90F days and 60-70F nights. At this point I am up to 5 Thai words.

The next destination was the Thai-Laos border. I found a room there and met a very interesting Yogi. We solved all the world's problems and then went to supper. He crossed his legs and ate that way. I didn't. He ate vegetarian. I didn't. He was writing a book of rules to live by and I made the list with "Maximize the options available to you" he owes me a book if he ever is famous.

The next morning I left for Laos and finally got on the slow boat about 11am. There were 150 people all JAMMED into a 50ft X 10ft boat. Some of us crawled up on the roof but the Captain didn't like the idea of 60 people 10 feet above the center of gravity so they got another boat and I jumped on it.

We traveled down the Mekong for 6 hours sitting on very hard benches. We landed at Dusk at the village that exists to fleece travelers. I got off the boat, walked up to the best house, booked a room, and went back down to where they were just unloading the packs. I learned something from the Grand Canyon trips! A room was \$3 as was the meal. I'm used to paying only \$1 or \$2 so I felt ripped off. I showered first and used the typical toilet, a squat toilet! You get good at it after a while and ALWAYS remember to pull your pants out of the way. Women

who perch over our toilets would love it here.

The next day we went for about 9 hours down to Luang Prabong. The Mekong was a lot like Colorado in that it had big rocks at the shore and major eddies and BIG swirlies. The people along it live using the river. I saw people washing in it, drinking and bathing. I also saw an occasional dead animal floating in it. We stopped once to buy some fresh fish and the crew also bought a deer the size of a rabbit! It wasn't gutted but was stiff. Yum Yum. I rode on the bow deck all day after bribing the Captain with my handkerchief.

Luang Prabang (LP) is a World Heritage Site and has 36 old wats. I suspect I will be watted out soon. There are also some caves near here to see. It's a VERY dusty town with many dirt streets. Their money, the Kip, is so inflated that the largest bill they have is worth 49 cents. You get a 1" stack of bills for a \$100.

As I walked by the local school one morning I saw that the kids are polite, in clean clothes and are well-behaved. I have not seen ANY pushing, fighting or name calling. The town on the other hand is very dirty and this morning before school, I saw 4 kids sweeping the play yard. If a child can't afford school, they can go to the Buddhist school. Its weird to see 8 year olds in orange robes like the monks. There is no requirement to become a monk later though.

Everyone here rides motorbikes! I counted and found 31 motorbikes to each large car and most of the cars were taxis. I rented a 100cc, step thru hog (really a Honda) for \$1/hr or \$12 /24hrs.

I rode south for 15 miles or so and it was the best fun so far in Laos. No wats! just small villages and chickens crossing the road (why do they do that?), kids pulling very hairy water buffalos that outweigh them by 1500lbs. There was smoke and mist knocking the edges off the sharp mountains some of it caused by the roasting of chicken feet. I went to a waterfall and had to leave my bike at a small village, get into a

small boat that ran out of gas 100yds downstream and entered the park. I was the only one there! The falls were travertine and beautiful. As I climbed the trail to the upper falls, I found a cave that is not mentioned in Lonely Planet. I had one source of light, the Sun, I was alone and nobody knew I was there. Of course I went in but only for a 110 yards.

I continued riding and waved HI to a lot of young Kids who used their one english word: Hello. I turned around at dusk and rode back watching people carrying wood for their supper fires. I missed goats playing in the road, scared myself by going too fast through loose gravel. Did I mention the road is not well paved?

I must mention that if you need 8 hrs of uninterrupted sleep, Do Not Travel! It is typical to have dog fights at 3:45, 4:30 and 5:20am. Of course the roosters get a jump on dawn and usually start at 4:45am or so. There are roosters in Bangkok and Vientiane, both of which are capitals of their countries. Then there are the motorbikes or trucks which start 6ish. However near the Equator the days and nights are about equal 12 hrs each so if you go to bed early, you can get 8 hrs of interrupted sleep. I've learned to sleep on buses, trains and in hammocks and marginal beds. All you need is to be very tired!

Vientiane is a colorless place with all the juice drained out by the Pathet Lao ruling party (communists) Lao people were asked for their papers at 10pm last nite and the bars close at 11:30pm. The people are very friendly but a little reserved with foreigners. I have not been asked to buy anything here yet. Even the taxi drivers are polite!

There are a few old WWII jeeps still going around here but mostly tuk tuks and motorbikes. There is a feeling of safety in the cities that is typical of oppressive places. No one fools with anyone that WILL get you serious jail time. The ACLU wouldn't last long here.

As an aside, the cats in Laos have unbroken tails so far. They should all move here from Thailand.

Back in Bangkok I decided to expand my culinary experiences. They were selling fried insects and I actually spent a little money and bought some. They tasted better than I feared but not as good as I hoped for. I drew the line at the 3" cockroaches though. The grubs and grasshoppers were softer than I expected. However, if anyone tries to get you to invest in KFI, Kentucky Fried Insects, don't do it since I really don't think it will catch on.

Next was a four-day trip to Cambodia. It's a very poor country, the poorest so far. In Thailand, the rich have cars and the poor have motorbikes. In Laos, it's motorbikes and bikes. But in Cambodia, the rich have bicycles and the poor walk!

I rented a motor bike and went away from Ankar and it was a lot better, People would say HI and kids seemed fascinated by my beard, although the 3 year olds seemed afraid of it. I had forgotten how good it is to ride. It wasn't so much fun in the city as there are scores of bikes, motorbikes, cars, and trucks all weaving in and out like some ballet that I'm not hearing the music to. Everyone goes slowly enough and is careful enough that I felt safe as long as I was alert all the time.

I leave for Bangkok tomorrow morning and I have to say that I'm glad to leave. This area may be ruled by communists but they could give any capitalist lessons in "all the market will bear". The bus here was \$2-5 and to return is \$12-30! All the meals to foreigners are doubled and I paid until I learned to bargain for food.

Ankor itself is a large area and consists of many ruins, the most famous being the Wat. It is very impressive with incredible wall carvings that go on for a thousand feet! There is a little statuary there too. The area was Hindu/Buddhist so all the carvings are related to those stories associated with those religions. It's hard to get excited about "Churning the Ocean of Milk" and "Rama's defeat of the monkeys"

When crossing the border to Thailand I was warned to watch my back as kids

will try to open your pockets and zippers. It's a little like Tijuana in that it's smelly, poor and a lot of beggars. I often give something to those who are missing limbs. Cambodia still has a land mine problem and you are told not to get off of any path. Another legacy of the VietNam war!

After returning to Bangkok for a few days I sought relief from the heat by going to the islands. I arrived at the island of Koh Tao at 10am after an 8 hour bus ride, 2hr wait, and a 3hr boat ride. It's about 50 miles off the coast and is very laid back. Even the touts trying to get you to stay at their place were low keyed and offered free taxis to any of the resorts.

This is a big dive center with about 20 shops and there is a lot of competition so dives with full equipment cost \$18 each or \$130/10. I snorkeled off my beach in 15 ft of 85F water. My bungalow is one room and bath, cold water only but who cares and it cost \$9/day. The sun is still brutal but there is shade in the palm trees or drink veranda and the ocean breeze just tickles my fancy- wherever that is!

Editor's Postscript. I was able to join Chuck for the last 2 weeks of his trip. Chuck and I revisited a couple of the places he had been, such as Chiang Mai where we took the bamboo raft trip.



We also did an elephant trek.



After that we will traveled farther south down to the Malaysian border where we had a lot of beach time and stayed in this cute little bungalow.



We visited the island where the Survivor show was filmed last year and took a walking tour into Crocodile Cave, which was on the island. The snorkeling and diving in this part of the world is awesome.

Recent Drownings on the Cuyahoga

I suspect many of you have heard of the recent drownings that occurred when 3 Akron men attempted to run a section of the Cuyahoga river two weekends ago when the air rivers and be prepared for the numbing effects of cold spring water. We were also reminded that this time of year it is imperative to practice safe river running skills by scouting,

running only one paddler at a time through a questionable rapid, and setting safety when deemed appropriate.

In a letter sent to both the Plain Dealer and the Akron Beacon Journal, President, Ron Tomallo stated *"The recent tragedy was not the result of dangerous or hazardous river. Rather, it was a lack of information the resulted in a failure to recognize the latent danger posed by cold, swift water, a failure to be aware of necessary equipment, such as "dry-suits" that could provide a margin of safety for the cold water, and planning that would have reduced the risk to manageable levels."*



Vermilion Race

I want to thank all of the participants and particularly the volunteers! The significant contribution of their time is what makes this race possible!

We had a great water level of 3.7 feet on the USGS gage and .5 feet on the bridge gage. The temperatures were not a quite so pleasant 30 degrees at the race start, but that did not discourage the 71 hardy individuals who raced.

I want to add big thanks to racers Diane and Eric Anderson, who stopped and helped a fellow racer who had capsized, get back in his boat. Their actions are an example of great sportsmanship to all of us! Thanks Eric and Diane! With their help all racers finished the race safely!

We were able to wrap the race up earlier this year by reducing the amount of time the start line was open, therefore we finished the award ceremony by 3:00 pm, about an hour earlier then the past. However there were still a few people that could not stay to accept their award. If you were one of them, I have your medal, if you would like, send me \$2.00 and I will mail the medal to you. Contact me at:

Phone: 216 292-5618

Email: rob@SCD-Corp.com

Snail Mail: 30799 Pinetree Rd. #220
Cleveland, Oh 44124

The Keel Haulers are trying to put together 2 or 3 teams for the Cheat River Race on Friday May 2. If you would like to race on a more energetic river with class IV white water, let me know. We have a tradition of beating the Pittsburgh paddling club, they are not happy about that, and we need your help to do what the Cleveland foot ball team can't do!

Thanks
Rob Hammond

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Vermilion Race Results - March 30, 2003

PLACE 1. C-2 UNRESTRICTED TIME
1 188 Young, Mark Young, E. 1:08:58

PLACE 2. C-2 Men's Standard TIME
1 158 King, Marvin Way, Jay 1:04:51

PLACE 3. C-2 Mixed Semi-Cruiser TIME
1 199 Masek, Dan Masek, Sarah 1:06:25

PLACE 5. C-2 Men TIME

1 213 Webb, James Oravec, David 1:20:33
2 214 Thacker, Geoff J Thacker, Geoff W 1:23:03

PLACE 7. C-2 Mixed TIME
1 215 Wood, Scott Wood, Margaret 1:18:45
2 212 Anderson, Eric Anderson, Diane 1:37:03
(Helped Rescue boat 216)

PLACE 8. C-2 Master TIME Handi
1 201 Roudebusch, George Young, E. 1:08:42 8:10
2 204 Saltis, Tom Saltis, Denis 1:09:08 1:40
3 193 Sommer, Todd Corogin, Peter 1:18:53 2:40
4 176 Davis, Daniel Christian, Darrell 1:20:04 3:00
5 183 Blair, Robert Carrvll, Ellen 1:20:30 5:20
6 161 Kropel, Elisabeth Zakowski, Ron 1:29:00 1:50

PLACE 9. C-2 Over & Under TIME
1 156 Parker, James James, Caleb 1:12:48
2 177 Butchko, Greg Butchko, Jake 1:28:42

PLACE 10. C-2 ABS TIME
1 200 Grady, Bob Greising, Harry 1:09:00
2 209 Burney, Ken Kermode, Scott 1:13:25

PLACE 11. C-1 One Person Canoe TIME
1 155 Lefelhocz, J 1:10:50
2 210 Juchnowski, Jack 1:13:40
3 205 Ronemus, Thor G. 1:15:30
4 192 Neal, Edward 1:22:13
5 189 Labbe, Bill 1:25:22

PLACE 12. K-1 One man Kayak TIME
1 202 Gorey, Tim 1:06:28
2 174 Singer, Chuck 1:07:08
3 182 Batizy, Tass 1:08:44
4 178 Guzowski, Patrick 1:09:29
5 180 Raphael, Jayson 1:13:22
6 206 Solem, Chet 1:15:05
7 194 Scholtz, Brad 1:16:10
8 208 Ratajczak, Robert 1:30:40
9 203 Urban, Al 1:32:21

PLACE 13. K-1W One Women Kayak TIME
1 184 Monte, Mary Jo 1:19:52
2 173 Cleary, Judi 1:22:52

PLACE 15. K-1 Downriver Kayak TIME
1 159 Crush, Doug 1:05:14
2 181 Batizy, Arpad 1:05:48
3 163 Zeman, Jerry 1:11:26
4 165 Kish, Rich 1:20:21

PLACE 16. K-1 Master Kayak TIME
1 187 Hebert, Larry 1:09:13
2 196 Siesel, Steve 1:10:27
3 168 Kobak, John 1:11:28
4 185 Berneike, Ed 1:11:51
5 197 Christo, Chris 1:12:31
6 179 Raphael, Ray 1:13:12
7 195 Gilbert, Jim 1:22:30
8 207 Subsara, Bill 1:31:24

PLACE 17. K-1 Sea Kayak TIME
1 164 Davis, Daryl 1:03:54
2 175 Rainer, Michael 1:03:54
3 157 Webber, Frank 1:03:58
4 190 Paige, Doug 1:05:27
5 191 Paige, Duncan 1:08:19
6 169 Heuser, William 1:09:40
7 186 Kaough, Shawn 1:10:26
8 171 Duffy, Theodore 1:11:40
9 162 Clarke, Keith 1:13:28
10 172 Davis, Ben 1:15:48
11 170 Amato, James 1:16:14
12 198 Birch, Monica 1:16:56
13 211 Fike, Richard 1:40:59



Keel-Hauler's KaNews

June 2003

Next newsletter deadline - 6/23

Wow! A big Thank you to all who

contributed the many fine articles for this month's newsletter. I did my best to fit them all in! Keep 'em coming.

June 10 Meeting at Hinkley Reservation.

The June 11th club meeting will be held at Hinkley Lake. Be sure to bring your boat to paddle around in the Lake. Come anytime starting around 6pm. The meeting will be held at dusk

We plan to meet at the **Hinckley Lake Boathouse** at the SW side of the lake, off of the West Drive. We will meet at the south side of the Boathouse and launch at the area closest to that. The Boathouse is owned by the Metroparks, but is operated by Newman Outfitters. There are boating supplies, snack foods, etc. for sale in the boathouse which closes at 8:00 p.m. Depending on the weather, we may hold the meeting at the **Whipps Ledges Picnic Area**

Directions to Hinkley Lake

From I-77 exit at Miller Rd. (in Brecksville). Turn left (east) on Miller Rd. to Rt. 21 (Brecksville Rd.) Turn right (south) on Rt 21 to Rt. 303. Turn right (west) on Rt. 303 to State Rd. Turn left (south) on State Rd. Turn right onto Bellus Rd. Then turn left on West Drive.

From I-71 from North, take the Brunswick exit 226 (Rt 303), Go east on Rt. 303 continue 4.5 miles. Go past Ridge Rd./ Rt. 94. to Rt. 606 (Hinckley Hills Rd.) Turn right (south) on Rt. 606 to Bellus Rd. Turn left (east) on Bellus. Hinckley Reservation entrance is 1000 feet. Turn right on West Dr.

From I-271 from North. Exit at Hawkins Road and take it west. It will turn into Bellus Rd. Turn left on West Drive.

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Trip Schedule

June

6-7 Upper Yough, MD (32)

Needs Trip Leader keelhauler@yahoo.com Please Volunteer

7-8 Cheat Canyon (26)

Pam Poljak sumersun@apk.net 440-268-9194

8 Lower Yough (23)

Lower: Sabine Iben sxi10@po.cwru.edu 440-543-4969

8 Lower Cuyahoga, OH (6)

Karen Daniels karenkayaks@yahoo.com 440-458-5972

8-22 Western Rivers Trip (22-30)

John Kobak keelhauler@yahoo.com 440-871-1758

10 Meeting: Hinkley Reservation

14-20 Intermediate Southern Trip

Wayne Carey WVRedline@cs.com 304-547-1777

14-15 Yough Weekend, PA (12/23)

Lower Yough: Jim Hunt jfhunt@mcdermott.com 330-335-5203
or at cabin 724-329-2136

Ron Tomallo rtomallo@hotmail.com 440-953-1335

Middle Yough: (Sat): Carl Kudrna carl@ckweston.com 440-835-0222

21-22 Class II Weekend on the Upper New

Ed Charlton ed_charlton@prodigy.net 440-716-5489

June 21 Cheat Narrows (18)

Dave Atkinson yakmandave@zoominternet.net 724-285-9302

23 Burning River Day(6)

Jim Kosicki Tat2saint@aol.com 216-244-0201

28- 29 Rescue Weekend Clinic & Rodeo

Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

July

3-6 Ocoee River, TN (24)

Steve Ingalls sti@po.cwru.edu 216-371-8250 (h),
216-791-3800 x4643 (w)

4-5 Upper Yough, MD (32)

Stu Koster koster@comcast.net 248-652-3241

8 Meeting and Cookout, Silver Lake Country Club

12 Bicycle Trip/Gnoll Woods State Nature Preserve & Western OH

Dennis Plank dennislakeerie@aol.com 216-228-4926

17 Upper Yough Raft and Kayak Race— Friendsville, MD

Roger Zbel info@precisionrafting.com
Precision Rafting, 1-800-477-3723

19-20 New River Gorge, WV (27)

Casey Kaskey kaskey@hmis.org 440-235-8354

19-20 Yough Intro Weekend, PA (12/23)

Lower Yough: Tim Taubert tim_taubert@adit.com 440-256-2506

Fran Hoven zenelan@concentric.net 216-961-1553

Middle: Karen Daniels karenkayaks@yahoo.com 440-458-5972

Vermilion Race a success!

I want to thank all of the participants and particularly the volunteers! The significant contribution of their time is what makes this race possible!

We had a great water level of 3.7 feet on the USGS gage and .5 feet on the bridge gage. The temperatures were not a quite so pleasant 30 degrees at the race start, but that did not discourage the 71 hardy individuals who raced.

I want to add big thanks to racers Diane and Eric Anderson, who stopped and helped a fellow racer who had capsized, get back in his boat. Their actions are an example of great sportsmanship to all of us! Thanks Eric and Diane! With their help all racers finished the race safely!

We were able to wrap the race up earlier this year by reducing the amount of time the start line was open, therefore we finished the award ceremony by 3:00 pm, about an hour earlier than the past. However there were still a few people that could not stay to accept their award. If you were one of them, and would like your medal, send me \$2.00 and I will mail the medal to you. Contact me at:

Phone: 216 292-5618
Email: rob@SCD-Corp.com
Snail Mail: 30799 Pinetree Rd. #220
Cleveland, Oh 44124

Thanks, Rob Hammond
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Postscript:

Ok, I have all the numbers in for the Vermilion race, and we came up with a grand total of \$321.94 net profit. Below are all of the details. Not bad for a cold day and a smallish turnout!! I want to take this opportunity to again thank everyone for their help on this race, it was profitable (we have been just breaking even for the last couple of years) and I got several compliments to boot!

Thanks All
Rob

2003 Vermilion Race Accounting

Expenses

Ed Berneike - Publicity \$ 137.35
Rob Hammond - Mailings \$ 288.34
Hank Annabelle - Awards \$ 152.00
John Kobak - postage \$23.00
Insurance \$ 210.00
Race Receipts: \$ 1,114.00

Net Race Receipts: \$ 303.31

Race Refreshments

Andy Gross - food \$ 52.85
Ron Tomallo - food \$ 73.27
Refreshment Receipts: \$ 121.75
Net Refreshment Receipts: \$ (4.37)
Total: \$ 298.94

A letter sent to the Race Chair

Rob,
I wanted to thank you and the other members of your club for hosting the Vermilion Race. It was very nostalgic for me. I think the last time I participated was in 1987 or 1988. My son, he was born in 1987, encouraged me to go to the race. I had not been in the kayak for about 15 years. I told him I would go if he would be my pit crew. It was a really "shakey" ride down the river. In the first half of the race, I just about went for a swim a dozen times. Things then seemed to start to come together for me around the half way point and I was better able to place the boat more efficiently. I also took on some water, didn't have a spray skirt, and this compounded my balance problems. In the past, I don't remember ever doing this. Well, I was able to make to the finish and felt pretty good. Thanks again for providing a nice outing for my son and me.

I did have a concern. There were not very many younger people in attendance. Where is the youth movement? We have too much grey hair and not enough boats participating.

Sincerely,
Doug Crush

Thanks Doug,

I am glad you enjoyed the race! It is a lot of work putting it on, so it is gratifying to see that people are getting something out of it. Do you mind if I put your comment in our next news letter?

As far as the younger crowd, I think most of them are out looking for white water and a place to do the latest rodeo moves. Racing is just not the in thing right now with younger bunch.

Thanks again
Rob Hammond

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Caught in a Crossfire
By Vince Krempferger

5/10/03 - So there we were, the late boater club, looking for a reasonably easy run, Lower Slip or such. However, the floods of Noah were occurring--the slip was 3' with a bullet. The Vermilion was agreed upon, 6' was 'high end,' so off we went. At the put-in we encountered a local whom had just finished a solo run [?] and informed us of an alternative takeout [Sunnyside Road by the Rte. 2 bridge] he said it was a little climb out of the valley. The shuttle was quick and easy; off we went. The river beautiful and lush, the current swift and large turbulent eddies. Strainers were abundant but easily avoided, that is until downstream of the mill. With Andy Gross irritated that I had 'hope' instead of knowledge of how to find the takeout 'it' happened.

Seemingly benign strainer with a one boat entry through on the right and a very squirrely passage upstream and left. Well, a traffic jam quickly developed on the slot right and with the swift current, Nancy hesitated on the left route and was swept into the left side of the tree, flipping. As I was behind her and last I erroneously and quickly decided that if entrapped her/my best chance of rescue was for me to go into the strainer where I could climb on it and at least stabilize her while the others figured out the rest.

Well, when flipping she washed through to the relief of everyone. As they picked up her and her gear, meanwhile back at the strainer, as she washed away I went back to paying attention to myself and what I found was unpleasant--I was trapped!

Holding on to a large overhanging limb for brief stability I knew this was not good [for obvious reasons] in addition the rest of the gang was gone. The boat started to roll [cockpit downstream] partially due to my lean, I decided an exit was in order. Upon exiting however the boat turned quickly cockpit upstream, and for a flash of time my leg was trapped! The will to survive is strong and adrenaline is powerful and out I came, as I was just about to leave my boat stuck, another quick decision was made, hold on to the grab loop! Myself said to myself, getting this

boat out of here is going to be a real pain in the a__.

So there I am hanging on my grab loop, body straight out flying like Superman in the current, very much determined not to leave my boat behind, after a dozen or so tugs, out she came, self-rescued in an eddy, I got to a point where I could be seen from downstream. From there I could see one member attaining in my direction I quickly gave the tap on the head, the OK sign.

10 lbs. lighter, a little more current and a little less strength that boat may have been impossible to get at that time due to the size [width] of the river and location [above another strainer] as I was already there [alone] holding on to my boat seemed a reasonable if not good choice!? We gathered our group together and ran several more scary looking strainers making an 'easy' river challenging and exciting?! The area below the usual takeout is just as pretty and remote with abundant bird life. The takeout, while easy to spot, at the higher levels was not an easy one.

Lessons learned:

1. Class I or II rivers can kill even experienced boaters, keep your guard up,
2. If your line cannot be achieved make an alternative choice and paddle like he__.,but choose and act--don't be a deer in the headlights.
3. I should have held my position and worked upstream until such time as entrapment by her was definite [although I fear that if stuck she may have gone too deep for me to grab]

Time from entrapment to self rescue: 1.5 min. Time of expected help to recognize problem and get to position of help: too long!!!

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Big Spring Trip

By John Kobak

[Click on Pictures for bigger view](#)

Thirty paddlers participated in this year's big southern trip.



Big Group: Bill Bachtel, Jonathon Bachtel, Bruce Bradshaw, Dave Broer, Casey Brown, Scott Debalski, Elliott Drysdale, Mike Duvall, John Garcia, Brad Guess, Rob Hammond, Sabine Iben, John Kobak, Stu Koster, Brent Laubaugh, Amy Lear, Terry Markoff, Kelly Miller, Steve McClung, Bob Nicholson, Lee Owen, Ted Pablo, Syd Reames, Shawn Reese, Brian Rueff, Shelley Schmidt, Sue Strumbel, Ron Tomallo, Bob Weible, Ron Whitney, Dan Wojciechowicz.

We had planned to meet the first night at Rock Creek National Forest Campground near the Nolichucky but found that water problems had delayed the park opening. I found Warrior Path State Park campground right off I81 which made for a better late Thursday meeting place. The park manager was very friendly and provided us with our own private campground with individual sites and our own shower facility. It was their old campground and is now used for overflow camping or can be reserved for private groups. The park has horseback riding, golf, pool, lake and hiking & biking trails. It is further to drive back to camp for the Nolichucky paddlers but is more convenient for the Watauga paddlers with lots of restaurants nearby.



Bob Nicholson

As it turned out, the heavy rains started on Thursday afternoon and continued overnight. When we awoke all of our plans

had to change. Both the Watauga and Nolichucky were in flood and the weather was cold and rainy after a beautiful day before with temps in the 70's. I got busy on the internet and found out that the Little River in the Smoky Mountain National Park was running at about 1000 cfs which was a good level and the weather there was warm and clear. Most of us got on the road in that direction. Our expert paddlers, led by Brent, started their trek into the mountains to try to find someplace more difficult to paddle. After 8 hrs of random movements they ended up high and dry in a Knoxville Motel. I guess it was more difficult to find than to paddle.



Trip leader

The rest of the group met at Elkmont Nat'l Park Campground on the Little River. The group split in two and started toward the Sinks.

All the action begins at the Class IV sinks and some of the spills & thrills were spectacular. While walking past the first drop I spotted a local kayaker who had just dislocated his shoulder and was hanging on to a rock above a big hole. I pulled him to shore and was able to put his shoulder back into place. We loaded up his boat and he drove him self to the hospital for further inspection of my work.

A few of us drove down to the Elbow the last Class V rapid. As we got there Lee Owen had just injured his shoulder whether it was dislocated or not and after a few fire drills and driving around aimlessly he managed to get to the Gatlinburg hospital. They determined that it was indeed

dislocated and got him fixed up but that ended his trip after one day of paddling. Hopefully, with therapy, he will be back paddling soon.



Elliott & Scott

The next morning we headed for the Tellico which had come up to about 300 cfs. This was enough to run everything from the Ledges, Baby Falls and the remainder of the whitewater sections. The 21 paddlers split into three river groups. Dawn Nicholson took lots of pictures of everyone running Baby Falls.



Dawn our Photographer

This year we had an open canoe on the trip paddled by Bruce Bradshaw, a new member from Wisconsin.



Bruce Bradshaw @ Baby Falls

The weather was great and we had lots of fun except for Rob Hammond who jammed his previously damaged shoulder. He rested it a few days until he was able to run some easier sections. Where was our expert group you ask? Well after a night in Knoxville where they met up with Stu and Rob they decided that the Tellico must not be that good if we were going there, so they went to the Ocoee with the rest of the south. Another bad decision. The Tellico was lots of fun.



Dan

Our group headed to the Ocoee late Saturday. We were sitting around the glowing Citronella campfire and drinking our illegal beer when the park rangers pulled up. Luckily for us they started at the first campsite and caught John Garcia (Smoltz). The word quickly spread though the campground and we quietly went to bed. I later told Smoltz that he should have pulled a Kobak and high tailed it into the woods and hid until they left. I guess he didn't mind paying the fine for open container in a Nat'l Forest campground.



Smoltz on Wilson Creek

On Easter morning we had our traditional big pancake breakfast, I think I must have fed the entire campground. Pancakes and Dave Becker Syrup was flying off the grills until we ran out of all the ingredients. I found that the Easter Bunny left me a basket in front of my camper. I still don't know who it was, but next year no toys just chocolate.

The Ocoee release starts at 9am and if you start then you can have the river to yourself and 30 other Keel Haulers. This is the only way to paddle this popular river. It turned out that Syd had a minor injury on the Little River and it was bothering him so he pulled out after the first rapid.



Syd

The Keelhauler groups crowded the river all morning and by early afternoon everyone was headed to the Tallulah Gorge Campground in order to run the Chattooga River. The Tallulah was not releasing this weekend but allowed some of the paddlers to explore the gorge sans water.

On Monday we split into three groups, two for section 4 and a small group on section 3. The day was cold and rainy. We had a few Chattooga first timers, Kelly Miller followed me down and did quite well. We had a few thrills and swims at the rapid below Woodall Shoals, but the funniest sight was at Seven Foot Falls. I told Casey to head toward Ron who had positioned himself on the rock in the center of the drop. My thought was Ron would point to the exact spot that she should boof with his paddle. Casey just poured on the speed and before Ron knew it she was perched on top on the drop with Ron.

The two groups combined when we reached Corkscrew rapid in the Five Falls area. Recon Ron set up his can't miss throw line on the big rock above Crack-in-the-Rock. I think Mike was his only catch of the day. The relatively high 2.1' level challenged everyone. Jaw Bone looked like a fire drill. I'll bet I saw half the group execute a roll running it. Everyone walked Sock-em-Dog. The sun came out when the unofficial race across Tugaloo reservoir was won by a wide margin by Casey Brown. She blew Ron Tomallo away as he tried to draft her most of the way. It's the first win by a female paddler and she says she wasn't even trying. Gotta get her in the Cheat Race next year.



Casey

The bulk of the group left for our first Keelhauler trip on Wilson Creek near Boone, NC. Shawn liked the area so well he made his decision to go there to college. The run was short but action packed. I'm sure people will be back in future years. Brent, John, Dave, Stu, Shawn headed over to the Watauga which had dropped down to

a manageable 350 cfs. They ran it two days in a row before heading North.



Brent on Wilson Creek

Elliott, Scott, Peggy and I hiked around Tallulah gorge and headed then North. While on the road we found out that the group wanted to paddle the Upper Meadow River near the Gauley. We met at the Gauley Dam campground but missed Elliott & Scott who headed home. I had read about the new right side shuttle route that put us in the river at the first rapid. This easy 9 mi shuttle put us next to a little creek that flowed into the river.



Bill Bachtel

Someone's bright idea was to paddle the creek down to the river rather than walk down. Don't try this. It's full of trees and rocks and involved a few portages. It is much faster to walk to the river on the nice trail. The river was flowing about 1000 cfs and was lots of fun. It's been a few years since I've run this one so we had to scout a couple of drops. Everyone agreed that it was a fun run at a good water level and now is an easy shuttle.



Bob on Wilson Creek

On Thursday the group headed for the lower Yough while Peggy and I headed for our cabin. After the run most came over to the cabin and we paddled the Upper Yough on Friday. First timers Steve McClung and Dan Wojciechowicz followed Bill Bachtel and me. They both did quite well, even through I took Dan through the hardest lines. On Saturday some went over to run the Cheat. There were so many people coming and going that I totally lost track of who was paddling where.



Dave Broer

It was a typical southern trip, lots of paddlers, changeable weather conditions, minor mishaps and the best way to start another year of paddling. After a week of this kind of paddling, one cannot help but increase their skill level. Thanks to all the paddlers who put up with Kobak's Boot Camp for another year.

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Rescue Weekend June 28 & 29

By Rob Hammond

The Keel Haulers and Three Rivers Paddling Club are again holding the Annual Rescue Weekend at McConnell's Mill State Park on Slippery Rock Creek. As last year, the Swiftwater Rescue Clinic will be on Saturday and the Rescue Rodeo on Sunday. This event is designed for beginning boaters with some class II water experience as well as advanced boaters looking to practice and hone their rescue skills.

The Clinic will start on Saturday at 9:30. There will be 4 stations that participants will rotate through, learning different skills at each station. From First Aid to how to rescue your buddy stuck in an undercut rock. In the evening there will be a pot luck dinner. There are campgrounds near by for those spending the night. If you want to attend the Rodeo, the clinic will give you some great practice. Last year we all had a great time, learned a lot, had a chance to socialize and most importantly got a chance to compete against the paddling club that we love to hate the most! The Keel Haulers won last year (not to mention the Cheat Race for the last 3 years) So if you are a Keel Hauler, help us keep or streak going. If you are with TRPC, come out and kick some Keel Hauler butt!

There will be a nominal fee of \$15 for one day and \$20 for both days to cover our insurance and expenses. We will also have event T shirts available with the profits from the proceeds going to the River Conservation Fund.

If you think that you can learn or hone your rescue skills from this clinic, (and who can't) give me a call or email ahead of time and make a reservation. Bring a lunch, PFD, helmet and clothing suitable for spending time in the water.

If you are a member of the American Canoe Association (ACA) bring your membership number, as we save some money on our insurance.

SeeYa at the weekend, Rob Hammond 216 292-5618 or Rob@SCD-Corp.com

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Third Annual Rescue Rodeo, June 29

by Matt Muir

The Rescue Rodeo was an idea born in the steepest mountains of North Carolina. It's a way for paddlers to get together and show off their rescue skills, competing in a friendly manner. It's a day to show what you're made of, and it's a day for fun.

We're hoping that both Keel-haulers and TRPC submit at least two teams. That should provide lots of amusement for the day.

What's this about?

It's a team competition. Teams of four paddlers get together and run through a series of events. Some are timed; others are judged. The events include a Rescue Rope Throw, a Yard Sale Pickup, and a Rescue Scenario. Each team must include at least one woman and at least one open boat or inflatable.

When? Where is it taking place?

Sunday, June 29 (one day after the Swiftwater Rescue clinic), at Maytag Rapid (park at the picnic area uphill from McConnell's Mill); registration will end at 10 AM. The event will end in the early afternoon.

What's the entry fee?

The fee is \$15 for the rodeo, and \$20 if you attend the clinic and the rodeo. We have prizes for the winning team.

Who's coordinating this tawdry affair?

Rob Hammond 216 292-5618 or email: Rob@SCD-Corp.com

Anything else I need to know?

Yeah. Come dressed for full-water immersion in whatever weather is likely to prevail. Call ahead, with the names of your team members, as we may have to limit the number of combatants.

This sounds great! I want to help out!

I knew you would. We need help with judging, publicity, planning, and safety boating. We also need a couple of "victims" for the rescue scenario. Please call or email Rob Hammond with your offers to help!

----- * -----

Trash Talken and Hard Racing on the Cheat

by Robin Reporterwantabe

Dateline: May 2 2003, Albright West Virginia. I am Robin Reporterwantabe here at the 2003 Cheat Race! This race is the kick off for the Cheat fest the air is electric with excitement as we see the racers come in from all over the east. The day is sunny and the river is running at an enjoyable 2.5 feet. This year there is some serious competition between the local paddling clubs; and with the moderate water levels, they will be fielding many good teams. As you may remember, last year the level was at a butt whumping 5 foot, and that kept a lot of people away. Even so, there was a record attendance, and a record amount of butt whumping, including a race boat that was destroyed by the troll that lives in Big Nasty.

Last year the pre race internet trash talking was instigated by the Keel Haulers trying to tweak the Monocracy and the Three Rivers Paddling clubs. Oddly enough the nastiest trash talk this year was between two paddling clubs in the Flatland State of Ohio! The Kent State Club, who chose to spend their race training time dising the older and more experienced Keel Haulers on their own message board. The boys even decorating their boats with names of Keel Hauler racers; and then there are the shirts!



Keel Haulers Team: Rob Hammond, Jim Hunt, Ron Whitney, Matt Muir, Chuck Singer, Cliff Wire, David Duke and Paul Lang

The Kent boys really got the Keel Haulers mad, by putting a vulgar alteration of the Keel Hauler name on their shirts and boats. A vulgarity that can not be repeated in the

company of people with even a shred of decency!

So lets talk to some of the folks here and see what they are thinking. Karen Dearfield, what are you and the Three Rivers Folks up to this year? "Well Robin, as you know we did not do so well last year, but this year we have been training. We put together 3 teams and we even have a woman for the first time, Jen Huebschman on team 1. We are gonna take our rightful place as the club that can do; we are gonna kick those Flatlander teams back to their puny class I rivers. Out here, in our neck of the woods, we have real rivers and the boaters learn what an eddy is before they can walk, and before they can talk, we have them dropping boofs! The way I figure it, our three teams will be dominating the scoreboard, and there won't be any room for the flatlanders to even place!"



Dave Duke with his "short" boat

Ok, some tough talk by the Three Rivers rep, lets see what the Kent State boys are up to, Mr. El Biggo, why do you have David Duke's name on the bow of your boat? "Robin the only way a Keel Hauler is gonna come in ahead of me, is if I put their name on my bow!" I understand that your team had a little trouble getting here today? "Well... um... yeah... I guess we had just a little trouble. We came down in two pickup trucks. and we were so anxious to come and beat the snot out of the Keel Haulers that, well... I guess we didn't tie the boats

on too well, and they sorta fell off on the freeway. And Quigly... well he kinda thought he was already on the river whupping Keel Hauler butt when a cop stopped him to have a little chat with him." Interesting, well lets see what another Kent State racer has to say, Mr. Big Dave, I understand you guys have an interesting training regime for the big race? "Training, we don't need no stinking training to beat the guys in walkers!! We trained by drinking more beer and partying even harder!" Hmm... the rumor mill has it that you were doing serious flat water training and even gave up smoking, is that true Mr. Big Dave? "Well... um... yeah I guess I decided that I wanted to improve my figure, so I thought a little work out couldn't hurt; does my butt look too big?" Mr. Big Dave, I was reading on the message board that last year your team was only 14 seconds ahead of the Keel Haulers; with the margin that close in a race that last over an hour, aren't you just a little concerned that the "old guys who on average are old enough to be your fathers, might just kick your butt?" "That Hammond guy was spouting that 14 second crap, but make no mistake, we will be the butt kickers here, those pathetic Keel Haulers don't stand a chance!"

Ok the Kent State crowd is really pumped up, and maybe just a little worried? Let's see what the Keel Haulers have to say, Mat Muir what is your take on the big race today? Well Robin, first thing, this Kent State club is for Kent State University students, I have been boating with these guys long enough for them to have earned several PhDs. Where are their books? I don't think these guys are any more students then I am Santa Claus! Secondly, when Dave Knox gives up smoking, you know they are worried!" Interesting points Matt, but about that Santa thing, I must point out that you do have a Santa Hat tied on to your helmet! Lets talk to the team leader Rob Hammond; Rob what do you think your chances are today? "Robin we have already beat the Kent State punks. These guys are half our age, they should be wining by a huge margin, not just squeaking by. We win by just competing in the same race as they do! My real concern is the

Three Rivers Club, they have some great paddlers and they have put together three teams this year. We are not at our strongest this year, two of our top guys have not been paddling that much this year. Matt moved out of state and has been tied up with his new job. Paul has been working on his advanced degree this year and it has limited his paddling time. I was hoping to field a woman's team, but Casey Brown and Sue Whitney could not find a third woman to make a team. They just headed down the river ahead of the race to make sure that they get a good place in line at the beer keg! So I think we are going to have some tough competition with the TRPC guys. I would like to beat Kent State, those smart ass kids need a little dose of humility. However, it was fun this last week, trash talking with them on our message board, and it is interesting to see how seriously these guys take this race, they decorated their boats with insults to us, and hand decorated those shirts. These guys have way too much time on their hands!"



Matt Muir

So Rob, the Kent boys shared that they indeed have been training for this race, what about your team? "First of all Robin, we did not have to give up smoking, our guys are already in great shape! For the most part I don't think there has been any training. I did hear that Chuck Singer got out of the raft he guides and actually paddled on the Cheat in a kayak. Matt, Paul Lang and Ron Whitney trained this morning by running the Upper Yough. Myself, I have only been on the Cheat once this year. I am still nursing my dislocated shoulder, so I spent a little time on the lake this week to make sure that my shoulder can paddle for over an hour without break. But Chuck gave me some great advice about racing with an injury. He said that if you do well at

the race, just casually mention that "I did the best I could with that bum shoulder" and if I do badly, just earnestly say "Oh well, I did the best I could with that bum shoulder." Win – win, I like that!"

The race is about to start, there are 79 boats on the river, the biggest turn out ever! They are lined up behind the broken down railroad bridge three and four boats deep waiting for the GO. This race is a mass start, and it continues on to the Jenkinsburg bridge 10 miles down the river. It is a test of endurance, boating and racing skills as the boaters navigate some 38 class III to class IV rapids.

And they are off! It looks like a feeding frenzy as all of the boaters are fighting for a piece of fast current. The boaters are crashing into each other as they all try to battle to the front of the line. In a matter of 30 seconds the race takes form as the faster Wildwater and race boats lead the pack and the slower boats and boaters fall to the rear. The boaters are now stretched in a half mile long line, two and three boaters abreast, as far as we can see to Decision, the first Rapid. If we leave now we can get to the finish line just in time for the first boats to come in. The road to the takeout is almost as rocky as the river. Many people have opined that the river is class IV but the takeout drive is class V!

We are at the finish line and the first place boater just came in. Steve Kaufman came in with a blazing time of 1 hour 9 minutes. Steve is a regular on the US Wild Water team, so it is not surprising to see him do well. This race has some great sponsors. Rocky Mountain Kayak is providing free beer to the racers, and great prizes for the winners. IR also provided prizes; Mountain Steams provided the shuttles and the party after the race. But enough from the sponsors, I see some of our teams coming in, and it does not look good for the Keel Haulers. The first of the club team racers is David Knox from the Kent State Club at 1 hour 17 minutes, and he is followed by Eric Quigley also from Kent, and what is this, we have Jeff Knechtel from TRPC at 1 hour 21 minutes. This is not looking good for the

Keel Hauler teams! Finally we have Keel Hauler Chuck Singer at 1 Hour 22 minutes, and he is followed 30 seconds later by David Duke. But these guys are on two different Keel Hauler teams, so we still need at least 2 more guys from either team to stay in contention with the other clubs! Now there are too many people coming in to keep track of the clubs, so I guess we will have to wait until the award ceremony tonight to find out how our clubs did.



Ron Whitney at Big Nasty

Let's see what the racers have to say. Chuck Singer, you are the oldest Keel Hauler Racer and the first one in, you must feel proud of your run? "Robin, it is just a matter of putting one paddle stroke in after another. I had a good day, but the next race somebody else will have a good day!" Matt how about your race? "It wasn't bad Robin, but not as good as I would like though. I just wanted to beat the punks, but I am not sure that we did it!" Rob, how did you think you did? "I did horrible; at the Big Nasty rapid, I noticed the water level in my boat was getting high. I thought that my drain plug was out, courtesy of one of the punks. I didn't want to take the time to turn around and check, there was no way for me to fix it anyway. To avoid losing time, I was not going to stop and bail out the boat. More than once I got eddied out, and got spun around. By Pete Morgan every stroke seemed like I was paddling in wet cement as people seemed to glide by with little effort. What really got me was fellow team member Jim Hunt, who shouted "Out of my way old man!" With the finish line in sight, something snapped! I told myself that I was not going to let him or anyone else pass me up. I was already exhausted; paddling for two people, me and the equivalent of me in water weight, but I dug in for another couple of strokes to finish ahead of Jim by a boat

length! It turned out that the punks didn't mess with my boat after all, and I never found the leak."



Rob at the finish line still afloat!

The travails of the race are soon forgotten as the seemingly endless tap on the beer keg provided the libation as the hard boating racers became hard core drinkers! Somehow the boaters sandwiched 70+ boats into the Mountain Streams truck, using several throw lines as tie downs, the keg moved to the bus and the party was off to the Mountain Streams property for free sandwiches, more beer, tall tales and the results.

Drum roll please!! The results are: Third place for the club teams: TRPC team 3. Second Place: Keel Haulers, team Stubbusters! And First Place for the 3rd year: Kent State! So there it is, the Flatlanders dominate all other clubs in the race! But from the looks of things it is the party that is on the minds of the racers, not the race. The Keel Haulers are getting a little out of hand as they pose for pictures with the Kent State shirts on! Another race is in the history books, leaving it to next year for getting even and more trash talk! If you want to check out the race details check the web site:

<http://www.iplayoutside.com/Events/2003/05/5658c.html>

Upstream paddlers stymied by heavy flows; Seeking replacement paddlers for July restart

By Kit Kincade

Our group tracing an ancient Indian canoe route from Lake Erie to the Ohio River got off to a stormy start May 7, and ran into trouble after two

days as heavy rains quickly raised the Cuyahoga River to a level that made upstream progress impossible.

After making an unplanned two-mile portage to the next access point, we consulted the weather forecasts and river gauges and decided we had to suspend our planned 250-mile trip from Cleveland to Marietta.

Good thing. The USGS gauge at Independence registered a near-record flow of 7,760 cubic feet per second at noon Saturday, May 10, the day we would have been making our final push to Akron.

We are planning to pick up in July where we left off but have lost two of our paddlers, both women, due to job and schedule conflicts. We have replaced one, but desperately need another and would like to hear from Keel Haulers or others who might be interested in joining us. We are making a documentary of the trip and would like to maintain some gender balance, meaning we would like to replace a female paddler with another female.

If you have the time, the arm and the interest, call me at (502) 412-4721 or send me an e-mail me at kitkincade@insightbb.com.

Our trip discipline says we will paddle, pole, pull or portage from Cleveland to Marietta to focus attention on our waterways and the need for continuing efforts to restore them to a more pristine condition.

We arrived at Whisky Island Wednesday, May 7, around 8 a.m. under cloudy skies with the wind gusting off Lake Erie from the northeast, creating a light chop. We quickly unloaded our two canoes and gear for what we expected would be the first of about 14 days on the rivers. Marilyn Quinn headed south to Bacci Park in Cuyahoga Heights where she would leave her van and meet Harold and Elaine Marsh coming north from their home in Bath Township.

Jill Davenport, my brother Gerry and I rigged our two Souris River Kevlar/epoxy canoes with painters and bailers and made sure our gear, just enough for a day trip, was secure. We would be winding through The Flats on slack water and then begin a gentle climb upstream to Bacci Park for a total of 11 miles the first day. We would have to lodge off river that night, but would camp by special permit in Cuyahoga Valley National Park Thursday and Friday nights.

Marilyn returned with Elaine and Harold, who would accompany us in his solo the first day, while Elaine paddled in a tandem with a group of media types. A trailer loaded with eight canoes provided by the Ohio D.N.R. at Elaine's request stood ready in the marina's parking lot. Our videographer, Bill Gentile, an Emmy-award winning member of the faculty at Kent State joined us along with one of his best students, Greg Ruffing, who would shoot stills.

Reporters and other supporters who were to join us for the first two miles arrived, some bringing their own canoes or kayaks. A thunderstorm which had been threatening from the west finally struck, sending us all piling into cars, the only shelter. Grant Segall of the Plain-Dealer and I jumped into his van and continued our interview.

The heavy rain passed. We were ready to go. Elaine and I had been working frantically for several days to find a pilot for a motor launch with a marine radio and to accompany us through the navigation channel for safety and for our camera crew. Our scheduled departure was 10:30 a.m. Suddenly we got the word from the pilot that the power boat would not be ready.

We climbed into our canoes and headed for the mouth of the Cuyahoga. With no marine radio, our biggest concern going through The Flats was dodging a lake freighter. Harold knew all the safety spots which we eyed carefully as we moved up the river. The skies remained overcast, light rain came and went and the first day proceeded uneventfully.

When we reached the low railroad bridge where the fabled 1969 fire occurred, our fears of encountering a lumbering laker passed. We had seen none.

Through the navigation channel we had enjoyed five or six miles of flat water on day one. The second day was a steady but gradual climb upstream. Elaine had now joined Harold in their tandem. Each of the three tandems carried a pole, which none of us had yet mastered and which we all viewed with some suspicion. We made most of our progress paddling and pulling the boats. Rain fell off and on. The river rose. Our goal was Chippewa Creek, just upstream from the Station Road parking lot south of Ohio 82 in Brecksville.

We didn't make it. The river had reached a flow that could not be countered with paddles alone. The three men finished the day pulling the canoes along the west bank through water that

was ankle deep, then waist deep and approaching chest deep. The sides were steep.

Elaine, Marilyn and Jill scouted ahead from the banks above us. At 6:30 p.m. Elaine shouted down to me that the river ahead promised more of the same and that the women had found a suitable spot for a campsite.

We were north of Pinery Narrows, a one-mile stretch where the river, the canal, the towpath trail and the old B&O tracks run closely together. Shortly after we awoke the next morning the rain resumed. The river started rising again. We decided to portage south along the railroad tracks to the Station Road parking lot, where we could be picked up.

Halfway through our upstream pull, we considered our options, waiting a few days for the rivers to recede or jumping ahead to the Tuscarawas and returning to the uncompleted section of the Cuyahoga after reaching Marietta. We did not consider portaging 20 miles to Akron.

Harold checked the river gauges Friday afternoon. The stream flow at the Independence gauge had been about 600 c.f.s. when we started Wednesday morning, right near the median daily level for 73 years. It had doubled by Thursday night when we took out, dropped somewhat overnight, then doubled again to 2,650 by Friday noon. The Tusc at Massillon was running close to 1,000, more than three times its median daily level. The rivers were continuing to rise and more rain was predicted. The rivers weren't safe for canoeing up or down stream. We would suspend the voyage and wait for lower water. When we headed home on Saturday, the flow at Independence had nearly tripled in the preceding 24 hours.

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Straining on the Vermilion

by Rick Feinberg

On Saturday, May 10, a group of six Keel Haulers ran the Vermilion at very high water. In addition to myself, the group consisted of Vince Kremperger, Karen Petit, Andy Gross, Ken Canaly, and my wife, Nancy Grim.

Nancy and I had been planning to join Karen and Vince on a club trip on the Potomac's North Branch but scaled back our plans because Karen had to work Saturday morning. Plan B was to do a quick run on the Slippery Rock on Saturday afternoon. But it had been raining throughout the region for a week, and everything

was at flood stage, adding potential interest to some normally nondescript rivers. So Vince suggested that we try the Vermilion.

The Vermilion is a little closer for us than the Slip, and most of the time it tends to be a scrappy Class I-II. I'd never run it before but had thought about it for years, and with rivers way up this seemed like a good opportunity. Andy had been thinking about paddling on Sunday, but we convinced him to join us for the Saturday outing. We met around 1:15 PM at the Birmingham Park put-in, and as we were setting up the shuttle, we ran into Ken who had been paddling by himself.

The river was indeed high and muddy, and moving very fast. Early on we ploughed through some large wave trains, with a few waves possibly cresting at 3 feet. That seemed a good omen, but after the first couple of miles whatever rapids may have been there at lower levels were washed out. We found a few sections of 2-foot waves and a lot of fast, powerful water, but no challenging rapids or interesting play spots. Still, the river was pretty and secluded, with high cliffs along much of it and almost all wooded. Dogwoods and lilacs were in full bloom. Air temperature was in the low 70s, and water temperature probably in the 50s.

On the first part of the trip, we had just two minor mishaps: Ken flipped but got up with the aid of a bottom brace; and Nancy wet exited after having capsized on an eddy line. The normal takeout is at Mill Hollow, but we continued several more miles to just upstream from the Route 2 bridge, giving us a chance to see a section of river that is seldom paddled. It had many twists and turns, and a lot of strainers.

At one point, there appeared to be a large tree down in the middle of the river, and I, in the lead at that point, decided to go around on river right. When I got past the tree I found another immediately downstream, which required a hard ferry to the left. I called to Nancy, who was still upstream of the first tree, to stay to the left rather than have to make the somewhat tricky move to get between the two obstacles. However, I was too late, and her momentary hesitation took her right into the first strainer.

She washed through quickly, and I helped her to shore. Karen caught her kayak, and Andy retrieved the paddle. But in the meantime Vince had pulled up behind Nancy to assist her, and when she got through he was caught. Everyone else was already downstream, and we were in a position where it was hard to get back to him. But he managed to get out of the boat, position

himself downstream from it, and hang onto the grab-loop until the current pulled the kayak out from among the branches.

The moral of this story is that high water requires special respect even on a section of river that's probably not more than Class I. Luckily for us, what could have been a very ugly situation turned out to be only a minor nuisance. I'm glad I ran the Vermilion since I'd been thinking about it for so long. The water level made it a good day for that river, and we all had a good time. But other than possibly doing the annual race in March, I don't feel any need to do it again.

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Upper B notes

By Boris Glick

Last Saturday we ran the Upper Blackwater in West Virginia. The river is very serious, and very beautiful. Four hours of drops between boulders - each jump takes you three to five feet down (not counting "serious" parts, where the drops are taller). The eddies are small, they take two-three boats at most. Half of the drops are blind. Today everything is sore, my paddle is cracked, my knuckle is skinned, and I'm pretty much as happy as it gets. It was running 240 cfs - a perfect level for the Upper B. Take a look at the description here:

<http://www.americanwhitewater.org/rivers/id/2334/>

There were seven of us - Stu Koster, Angie White, Dave Broer, Dave Duke, Paul Lang, Brent Laubaugh and myself - Boris Glick. I was the only Upper B first-timer in the group, but Stu haven't done it in several years, so he didn't remember much either.

My memory of the overall descent is vague at best, but here are some episodes:

First impression: I'm climbing down the hillside between the pines, something is roaring down below. Dragging my boat on my shoulder. The pines grow sparse, and I get a view of the first rapid. Doesn't seem all that horrible: A boulder garden with five-foot drops in between. There's an unpleasant tree above the first drop, but if you run it

with some speed heading right, it shouldn't present a problem. I can see the three drops of the rapid, but not the pool below. I start walking downstream to see all of it. Soon I see that the rapid has four drops rather than three. I climb a boulder and see that there are six of them, not four. And no sign of the end. (As I learned later, the end of the rapid is several miles downstream from the takeout).

We pass another group of kayakers, Paul and Kelly set up video cameras, and we start. I try to catch an eddy after the first drop, but the eddy line is stronger than I anticipated, so I get thrown back into the center. Run the second drop on the right, next to the undercut, stabilize the boat and run the third drop. There's supposed to be a sticky hole. My boat backenders, but clears it. I turn around and look up. The water alternates between cascading down and hiding between rocks. Very pretty. Stu runs sweep, and punches the hole - backwards. I look downstream. Two vertical walls of the banks and the horizon line of the next drop. Gulp. We go on...

We're sitting in a good-sized eddy, it fits three boats comfortably. The line goes down a straight crack two to three feet wide between two boulders, both of them somewhat undercut. There's a broken-off tree branch on the left looking upstream, armpit level. When you pass it, you have to lift the paddle to clear the boulder, so the armpit will be wide open. Stu wants me to look at the breathtaking cliffs on the right bank, but I'm already concentrating for the run, so my reply is somewhat brief. I enter the drop, pass the dreaded tree branch, and immediately flip. Try to roll, but my paddle gets stuck to the bottom. Holding on to the paddle, I try to wiggle it sideways - it won't let go. The current turns the boat somewhere to the side, but I can see light, which means I passed the undercut. I let go with one hand and stick my head out - seems there's no immediate danger. The boat has pivoted around the stuck blade and the bow is in a side channel, the stern blocking the main line. I go back under to grip the paddle with both hands and wiggle it up and down. It finally lets go, so I roll up

and tap on my helmet, sending "I'm okay" signal. Brent shouts at me from below to get out of the side crack. I try to backpaddle, but there's too much current. So I go further into the crack where it opens up a bit, turn around - thank you Stubby for being so short! - and attain back to the main line. Soon I catch an eddy next to Brent. It's all right, we go on...

We're running a drop that seems simple. Paul and Angie are downstream, they are signaling to run it down the center with a left angle. I jump, and everything seems normal, except there's strong right current, that goes towards... A large stuck tree! There's no pillow, the stream goes right under it. I try to miss it and almost make it, but get broached on the roots. The current is strong and I can feel the boat flexing. Take a couple of power strokes and the boat slides free. It's all right, we go on...

We land into another eddy, and behind it is something like a rock dam. In the crack between the rocks I can see the outflow - a good twenty feet below. The main drop is on the left, with a vertical wall of the left bank not far behind. Paul goes down and disappears. Half a minute later, we can see him through the crack. He signals "all clear". I wait for my turn, accelerate, and launch. Get some air, land clean, and catch an eddy. Stu comes out last. He says he pitoned pretty hard, jarring his knees. It's all right, we go on...

We're running another slot between two boulders that opens up into a five-foot drop. The right boulder is undercut, with a strong current pulling under it. I get a running start and run it cleanly. Dave Duke is running sweep. His boat gets snagged and starts to get sucked under the rock. He tries to hold to the rock with his hands, and the current literally peels the boat off him. Dave gets out of the water onto the right shore, grabs his boat and climbs back upstream to give it another try. His second run is picture-perfect. It's all right, we go on...

The rapid closer to the end of the run is called "My nerves are shot, I can't take it anymore." Very appropriate...

They say, there's supposed to be four slides. The first one is straight, with the line down the center. The second one is split, with the left half dropping off earlier than the right half. The line is, to run right-of-center just past the point where the left half drops off, and jump there. We run the first two slides, and they look just like I envisioned them. The third slide is supposed to pile up on the river-right bank, forming a pillow. The move is to brace into the pillow. When I get on the crest of the drop, I see that the pillow is deep under a rock overhang, in the semi-darkness. It surprises me, and I turn off way too early, barely missing a large hole. Paul says, in umpteenths time, "that was close". I say "Close don't count". It's all right, we go on...

Soon we can see the tributary on the right - the North Fork. This is the end of the run, but there's still the last drop. I see Paul behind the drop, he's standing on the shore. There are two split boulders between us, forming three slots. There's a good five foot drop. Paul is signaling to run right, Brent is shouting to run the left slot, with the right angle. The left slot looks slightly better, and I go left. I get into a sort of rock nest, with a narrow exit downstream. Because I didn't get enough speed, I can't clear the exit on the first try. The second try works - thanks to the short boat. Again. I climb onto the bank. We're done.

Actually, not quite done. We still have to climb about a quarter of a mile up the hill, and then walk a good mile down the trail. The hillside is steep and slippery, and the boat is slowly gaining weight. The legs aren't walking, the arms aren't carrying. I'm walking by a beautiful cascading waterfall, but don't have any energy to look. Finally, I can see our cars. Now we really are done.

See you on the river!
Boris

The Ohio River Paddlefest

on June 28th in Cincinnati

Last year (the first), we had over 300 boats. This year, we expect more than 600. The event includes an armada float, sanctioned canoe race, raft race, product booths, a band, food, etc. The web site is

www.Ohioriverpaddlesfest.com

It was a real blast last year, so your members might be interested.

Henry

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Rack **feet** for 1996-2000 Honda Civic 4dr: 400 Aero Foot Pack and 261 Fit Kit, this is the Multipurpose Rack System Option 1 by Thule **without** the load bars. \$99. (sells new at \$169.) Email Amy in PA at Z1@epix.net or in Cleveland cal 440-808-8499.

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River Race at Hazel Bakers Recreational Services on June 14.

Check in at 10am. This race will consist of 13-mile paddle on the Yough from Connelsville PA to Hazel Bakers in Layton PA, to benefit the HACI Scholarship fund. Register by June 7, on-line or by calling 1-800-42-RIVER. Please visit www.racecanoes.com

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Be on the lookout for a new Newsletter Editor

Well, yes I know, we have a newsletter editor. So why do we need a new one? Well, it's because the current editor is, well, overcommitted. But, willing to train the next volunteer! So please consider this worthwhile way to contribute to your club!

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Keel-Hauler's KaNews

July 2003

Next newsletter deadline - 7/27

July 8 Meeting at Silver Lake

The July 8th club meeting will be held at Silver Lake Park near Akron beginning at 6:30pm. We will have a race around the island as has become tradition, so bring your craft of choice. There will also be windsurfing and opportunity for roll practice and

....a club picnic!

The club will provide burgers, hotdogs etc., pop, and table ware. For your contribution please bring a dish according to the following:

Last name begins with... please bring..

- A-F Dessert or Fruit
- G-L Chips or Appetizer
- M-S Salad/vegetable/baked beans
- T-Z Potato/Macaroni Salad

We will serve 7-7:30pm.....

Directions to Silver Lake:

From Cleveland:

1. Take I-271 S or Ohio Turnpike to Route 8(Boston Hts).
2. Take Rt 8 south for many miles Get off at the 2nd Street exit in Cuyahoga Falls.
3. Turn left at the first traffic light onto Northlands St.
4. Turn left again at the stop sign onto Front St (Rt 59)
5. Drive 1.1 miles on Rt. 59 and turn left at the traffic light at Silver Lake Blvd - This is Silver Lake Village. Park at club house on the right.

From Akron and south:

1. take Rt 8 north and get off at the Front St exit (which is right after the Broad Blvd. exit).
2. Then follow directions item 5 above.
[Map to Silver Lake Meeting](#)

We can use the Lake until about 8:30. See you there!

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West Virginia Rivers Coalition celebrates the 30th Anniversary edition of West Virginia's most read Whitewater Guide!

*Order a copy for \$24.95 and help
keep rivers protected.*

The 2003 - 5th edition marks the 30th birthday of Wildwater West Virginia and brings a new title - **A Canoeing & Kayaking Guide to West Virginia.** Charlie Walbridge has again done a terrific job as editor with the help Bobby Miller and Turner Sharp in this edition. For more than 30 years paddlers and whitewater enthusiasts have thumbed through the Wildwater West Virginia book for the descriptions, shuttle directions and water levels associated with their weekend river runs. Paul Davidson, Ward Eister & Dirk Davidson originally put together the guidebook and Charlie Walbridge has served as the

Trip Schedule

July

3-6 Ocoee River, TN (24)

Steve Ingalls sti@po.cwru.edu 216-371-8250 (h),
216-791-3800 x4643 (w)

4-5 Upper Yough, MD (32)

John Kobak keelhauler@yahoo.com 440-871-1758
or cabin 304-379-4747

8 Meeting and Cookout, Silver Lake Country Club

12 Bicycle Trip/ Gnoll Woods State Nature Preserve & Western Ohio

Dennis Plank dennislakeerie@aol.com 216-228-4926

19-20 New River Gorge, WV (27)

Casey Kaskey kaskey@hmis.org 440-235-8354

19-20 Yough Intro Weekend, PA (12/23)

Lower Yough: Tim Taubert tim_taubert@adit.com 440-256-2506

Fran Hoven zenelan@concentric.net 216-961-1553

Middle: Karen Daniels karenkayaks@yahoo.com 440-458-5972

31 Upper Yough Raft and Kayak Race— Friendsville, MD

Roger Zbel info@precisionrafting.com
Precision Rafting, 1-800-477-3723

August

July 31 to August 4th Upper /Lower/Middle Yough, MD / PA (12/23/32)

Upper: July 31, Aug 1, 2 & 4th: John Kobak
keelhauler@yahoo.com 440-871-1758 or 304-379-4747

Lower: Aug 2-3: Shawn Reese Shawn.Reese@interpaynet.com
330-688-4296

Middle: Robert Bair BairRtbair@aol.com 216-371-6390

2 Bottom Yough (3) - CANCELLED

Judi Cleary Judicleary@attbi.com 440-808-8499

2-3 Upper New, WV (16)

Carl Kudrna carl@ckweston.com 440-835-0222

Aug 12 Meeting: Outdoor meeting at Huntington Beach, Bay Village

editor, revising several editions and consulting with boaters everywhere to try to keep this terrific resource as up to date as possible. This year to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the guide – WVRC is offering this great resource for a premium price to help protect the rivers we love to paddle.

Charlie Walbridge has been paddling since 1969 and knows West Virginia rivers quite well making his home in Bruceton Mills, WV. Charlie consulted with West Virginia Rivers Coalition (WVRC) in updating the guide – for sections that discuss the current and pressing threats to water quality. While many of the streams in the book are still in great shape many are threatened or impaired. West Virginia Rivers Coalition is the only statewide organization working to conserve and restore all of these exceptional rivers and streams. If you read or use this book please support this group's efforts. Charlie has allowed us to offer this book directly to the public as a way to raise funds for river conservation.

Here is an easy way to support WVRC and river conservation. Update your library with the new 5th edition of A Canoeing & Kayaking Guide to West Virginia edited by Charlie Walbridge. When you buy a copy from WVRC for \$24.95 the money raised from book sales will help West Virginia's river conservation efforts. This book normally retails for \$16.95 and is offered at this special river conservation rate through WVRC. Call 877.235.7145 toll free to order with your Visa or Mastercard and help West Virginia Rivers Coalition protect the places you paddle. To order by check simply mail payment of \$24.95 to WVRC: Canoeing & Kayaking Guide to WV offer - 801 N. Randolph Avenue - Elkins, WV. 26241.

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WVRC Annual River Raffle Raised \$24,000 in 2003

The Cheat River Festival on May 3rd 2003 was a mostly sunny day with great music and good water levels on the

Cheat Canyon. That evening we followed a 9-year tradition and drew the 2003 winners names out of our enormous box of raffle ticket stubs. Everyone who pledged money and sent in a check for raffle tickets is a winner this year and deserves our thanks. Times are very difficult for conservation groups right now and with your help we raised \$24,000 for protecting West Virginia's rivers – the water you drink and paddle. Thank you!

Forty-six people went home with prizes this spring thanks to our business donors who support clean water. This year we had one winner from TSRA. Congratulations to Steve Burman who won a piece of river artwork donated by Possum Point Productions. Spread the word that anyone could win this great stuff – but you have to play in order to win! We'll have the 2004 ticket ready for you by Gauley Season. The new ticket will be drawn... you guessed it, on May 1, 2004 at Cheat Festival. Please shop with our supportive businesses when you need a new item or a gift. The list of winners follows – you can also see this list online at www.wvivers.org

Keelhauler (or former Keelhauler) winners include:

Bliss –Stick Kayaks - Blitz kayak
Winner Bob Bair

Aire Inflatables – Aire Force XL
Winner Sheila Matz

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Memorial Weekend Fun

By John Kobak

Another great weekend in WV. Many have not been happy with the cold rainy May, but the kayaking rivers have really been pumping, providing lots of paddling opportunities.

For some reason we missed scheduling a class IV trip on our yearly trip schedule, so I proposed an impromptu trip similar to that of other years. Most of the responders did not want to travel to the Gauley/Meadow/New area since those rivers were very high and the

closer Northern WV rivers were still all up.

We had different people paddling with me almost every day. We started on the Upper Yough on Friday. The holiday weekend schedules a release for Fri, Sat and Monday, with the big takeout barbeque on Saturday. We all missed it.

Friday – Bob Spohn and two of his friends from VA who had not paddled the Upper in a number of years, **Ron Whitney, Mike Duvall** and **Cliff Wire** paddled the river which was running about 2.3' a high level. Last week at 2.5' there was 30% more flow. A few inches makes a big difference on this river.

Ron had a knee operation last week but insisted that we would be fine. He was outstanding as usual. **Mike** had his normal problems at Charlie's Choice. Occasionally when leading new people down I find that I'm looking back more then forward and sometimes I get myself into trouble. This happened several times this weekend, starting at National Falls.

As I eddied into the huge eddy above the drop I flipped on the eddy line. When I setup and rolled it spun me back out into the current where I hit a rock and banged my elbow and shoulder hard against a rock. As I setup for my next attempt I felt the speed pickup so just held my breath and tucked up on my deck awaiting further blows and the severe trashing when I hit the bottom hole. I washed right through into the flat pool but was out of air and didn't even attempt to roll. An easy self rescue below had me waiting for my group who assumed that I had rolled up OK. I guess I can get the Albatross Award again, and this is my home river.

Saturday, lots of paddlers arrived at the cabin and were eager to paddle. When we gathered at Little Sandy's Restaurant plans had people going all over. **Julie Garcia** (The Other Smoltz), was ready to move up from Steve's planned Dry Fork trip. I suggested we try the Middle Fork/Tygart, a logical step in more difficult rivers then the Cheat which she was comfortable on. Some paddlers were headed to Big Sandy and

others to the Class V Upper Blackwater. **Bill & Jonathon Bachtel** called while driving down so we told them to meet at our takeout next to the Buckhannon River. When **Bob Nicholson, Sue Whitney, Mike, Cliff, Julie** and I arrived we saw a raging river flowing at almost 4000 cfs. Luckily this was not where we were paddling, we only takeout at the confluence with the Tygart. We rechecked the Middle Fork gauge it was a very reasonable 4', **Bill** quickly called home to get the Tygart gauge reading which was only 4.4', a low level.

The trip was on and **Julie** was tense. It was the first time we would paddle together but she trusted me until the first rapid. The rapid immediately after the put-in is one of the harder on the river and without much warm-up, she found herself flipping on Mike's rock. **Mike** finally missed it with ease. I guess you got to know it's there. After that she was smooth and confident. I would show her the line, mess it up myself and she would do it perfectly. Her confidence grew with each rapid. The Middle Fork is really a lot of fun at this level but the moves are tricky. I've seen **Alan Watson** and **Brent** end up in a dead-end eddy on this section, **Julie** missed it with ease.

After lunch we finally arrived at the Tygart which is usually considerably bigger than the Middle Fork. It was running clear and was only 200 cfs more, bringing the total flow to 1600 cfs, an easy level. **Sue Whitney** had been apprehensive all day since her memory of these rivers were at flows four times this high. She hardly recognized S-Turn and Shoulder Snapper which the group ran smoothly. **Sue** flipped and **Julie** quickly gave her a bow rescue. A really nice trip with warm sunny skies for a change.

Sunday, the Big Sandy was running about 5.9' and very nice level and great for first timer **Julie**, who decided to trust me one more time. We had a large group of 15 paddlers spread out though the numerous drops. **Julie** kept telling me she would walk some of the major drops including Wonder Falls. I told her

it was easy but she would have no part of it.

The approach rapid is hard but the falls is easy. She did fine on the approach and as I waited for the rest of the group to group up in the pool above the falls, I looked and there went **Julie** following **Ron** over Wonder Falls. No problem, I guess **Ron** had convinced her that running it was easier than walking. So over I went and got myself a little two sideways at the bottom. I flipped and got sucked under the falling water, I was really being swirled around in there but much to my surprise I easily rolled and paddled away. However, everyone was pointing at me and announcing that my glasses were missing. The glass strap was still there but my new prescription sun glasses were gone and I was blind as a bat.

Julie, Sue and **Casey Brown** were following me up to that point. They looked worried, would I take out, how could I lead them? I said I would give it a try but they should be careful following a blind man. **Sue** and **Casey** disappeared behind someone else, but **Julie** said she would rather follow a blind Kobak than her clear visioned husband.

Well I guess I must know these rapids almost as good as the Upper Yough. I had no trouble except for a few small shallow rocks that were invisible to me. Most walked Big Splat except for **Brent, Dave, Angie, Ron, Paul** and **Smoltz**. Most ran multiple times. **Brent, Dave, Angie, Bob, Alan Watson**, and **Casey** all ran the Big Sandy twice on Sunday. Another great day with partly cloudy skies.

Sunday night was very rainy, bad for **Kelly Miller** and her two cute kids who were trying out their first tenting experience. **John Garcia** (Smoltz) slept in his car with his dog who is afraid of the rain. However, the rain was good for the river levels.

Monday was cool and cloudy. **Bill Miller, Bob Nicholson, Paul Lang, Casey Brown** and I decided to run the Top Yough. This short section is paddleable with natural flow, we

wouldn't have to wait for the release from Deep Creek or deal with the larger number of paddlers there, besides we could get off the river and head home before they even put-on to run the Upper.

The flow was only 200 cfs over Swallow Falls with another 150 cfs coming in on Muddy Creek below Swallow Tail Falls. The big falls was runnable but it looked like you would scrape off a year's wear worth of plastic from your boat or if you flipped, you would take off your first layer of skin. We all walked, although the small group of Illinois paddlers in front of us ran it. We had lots of creeking fun. This was **Casey's** and **Bill's** first time on the Top Yough, neither had any problem. At this level there sure is a lot of rock dodging but no holes or really bad places to worry about. We didn't scout anything and found reasonable lines down through all the rapids. I wouldn't run it any lower but we still had a great time getting off the river in time to watch the other group launch to run the Upper.

A memorable weekend of unplanned fun, good times were had by all. Colorado here we come.

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Flood Stage on the Slip

by Rick Feinberg

On Sunday, June 1st, several Keel Haulers paddled Slippery Rock Creek at close to three and a half feet. It has been run at significantly higher levels, but this is unusual for the relatively warm weather of June.

The group running the Upper and Gorge included, in addition to myself, Steve Ingalls, Dave Toothaker, Vince Kremperger, and four paddlers I hadn't met before named Marty, Mariah, Art, Ted. A number of us had never paddled this section of the river at much over two feet, so the day promised to be an adventure.

The day was sunny and in the 60s, and the rivers were way up. Nancy and I had been thinking about boating but hadn't heard any responses to my queries. So we figured we'd sleep in, then decided what to do. At 8:15 I was awakened by a call from Vince, saying that he was meeting up with Steve and some other paddlers at Rose Point at 10 AM. Amazingly, we got ourselves together and arrived at the put-in at 10:10.

While we were unloading our gear, a couple of guys who had just purchased a Tahiti inflatable at a garage sale asked what we thought about their challenging the river. They had no experience, were only wearing shorts and T-shirts, had no helmets, and bottom-of-the-barrel PFDs. So we all urged them not to try it—at least not this section of this river on this day. But they were determined and put on while we were setting up our shuttle. We had images of running a salvage expedition, but it turned out that nothing too disastrous happened.

Nancy decided to paddle only the Lower, so she ran shuttle for the group and parked our van at Eckert Bridge. While she was waiting for the rest of us, she walked up the river with her throw rope, thinking that the guys in the ducky might need help. She found them at the mill, inspecting the river below the dam. Apparently they made it from Rose Point

with a couple of swims but no injuries. They told her that it was pretty scary and that they had developed a sense of respect for the river. One of them even declared that he was thinking of getting a hard boat and learning to roll before trying it again. If he sticks with that determination, this will have been a good day, especially in relation to what might have been. These are the kinds of paddlers who periodically get themselves drowned and evoke an outcry to ban whitewater boating!

At 3½ feet, the river looks very different from more normal levels. The eddy behind Rolling Rock almost disappears, as does the ledge a quarter mile downstream on river right. And the small Ranger Station rapid is completely gone. Salmon, the first significant drop, was just a lot of big, turbulent water. The Z-turn disappears and merges with Airport. Bend Over (that's what the KSU kayakers call the rapid below Airport) and the S-turn above Maytag had big waves and holes, and Maytag showed a lot of turbulence and boiling eddy lines. It was all a pretty good adrenaline rush, but no one had any real trouble on this section. Mariah did flip at Salmon and took three or four roll attempts to get up, but she showed great composure, wind, and determination, and finally completed her roll. I was right there for a bow rescue if needed, and she said she saw me; but she didn't need the assist.

The Gorge was similar in character to the Upper, but a step up in intensity; and here I didn't exactly cover myself with glory. The put-in below the mill was mostly covered, and there were only a couple of slots to enter the river. I was the first to carry my boat down and chose the slot farther downstream. When I started getting into the boat I noticed that I was just upstream from a large rock with no eddy and a strong current plowing directly into it. By that time others were bringing their boats down, so it would have been inconvenient to move to the other slot; and I thought that with some hard paddling I could get far enough into the river to get around the boulder. I barely made it, but immediately thereafter

found myself broaching on a pourover and capsized.

I hit my roll on the first try, but after I got up it took several seconds to orient myself. I was still looking for an eddy on river left so that I could wait for the rest of the group. Therefore, I was facing toward the left bank, maybe even a little upstream, and wasn't really watching what was directly below. As a result, I hit another pourover sideways, and by this time I didn't have enough wind even to attempt a roll. No one else had gotten onto the river yet because of the bottleneck at the put-in, so I was on my own. It was hard to push the boat to shore in the current, but eventually it pinned on a rock on river left. Meanwhile, I managed to throw my paddle into an eddy and swim over. At that point, Marty appeared on the bank to give me a hand getting up on shore and retrieving the kayak; but really by the time he got there everything was pretty well under control. Steve was next on the scene and apologized for not getting to me immediately; I assured him that I understood the bottleneck and that people were all doing the best they could under the circumstances.

It took a while for the group to reassemble, and I didn't realize for several minutes that Steve was giving instructions about running the rest of the gorge. I got to the group just in time to hear him say that it had been many years since he'd seen the Slip with this much water, and he didn't have a very good sense of what to expect.

The next drop was what Andy Gross calls Maze, although there wasn't the normal mazelike rock garden at this level. I was in the middle of the pack, following the boat in front of me a little more closely than I wanted. In slowing down I got off line and dumped in a large hole but immediately hit my roll. The usual tight-S just below was pretty much a straight shot, and no one had a problem. However, on Triple Drop I repeated the mistake I'd made at Maze.

I was following Vince and felt great climbing to the top of a six-foot wave, then plowing down into the trough. But I felt I was getting too close, and in the

process of slowing down once again allowed the river to push me into a bad position. I hit a pourover and large hole while angling toward a large undercut on river left and capsized. In the squirrely, frothy water I couldn't even locate my paddle blade and could see nothing but knew I was headed toward the undercut, so I bailed and swam the final drops. This time everyone was on hand. Art gave me the stern of his boat and immediately got me to shore while others rescued my kayak and paddle. The swim wasn't nearly as long or difficult as the first one, but by this time I was feeling pretty embarrassed and self-conscious about holding up the rest of the group. By running the remaining rapids cleanly, perhaps I redeemed myself to some extent. Big Rock and, especially, Fish Ladder and Eckert were intense, but no one—including yours truly—had a problem.

At Eckert Bridge we stopped for lunch and picked up several more boaters, including Nancy, to run the Lower. When I got out of my boat for the mandatory lunch break I realized that somehow I'd gotten a deep bruise on my left thigh, making it hard to walk, especially up and down rocks, hills, and steps. I wasn't aware of being smashed at the time, so I'm not certain where it happened; my guess is that it was in the boulder garden that pinned my boat during the first swim.

The Lower at this level was easy and fun. It started off fairly slow, but about one third of the way down we encountered more interesting waves and holes. There were quite a few good play spots, the most notable being a four-foot stopper wave followed by a train of somewhat smaller waves, with large eddies on both sides of the river. It looked like the first wave should be a good surfing spot, but it was hard to get in, and even when one did, it didn't really hold a boat. But we spent a half hour trying to catch the wave. Actually, most of us just ended up peeling out to run the wave train again and again while practicing our ferries and eddy turns. Last year I did this section at four feet, and I think it was less interesting at that level. The waves were bigger, but there were fewer potential play spots. And by

the end of the day the water on this section was actually looking fairly clear.

From there to the takeout, the river was fairly uninterrupted Class II or II+. There were two almost-mishaps, but they both ended well. In one case, Nancy thought she saw me in an eddy on river right and tried to catch the same eddy. Actually, I visualized myself as being well out into the river and was positioning myself to give a downstream strainer a wide berth. Nancy missed the eddy and found herself in the current being pushed toward the strainer in almost the same spot where several people, including two would-be rescuers from the local fire department, had drowned last spring. There was a small eddy just above the strainer, and I called out to Nancy to get into it. I then pulled in behind the tree, thinking I'd get out of my boat and help her to walk around the obstacle. But before I could exit my boat, she pulled up to the top of her eddy, peeled out, and—to everyone's relief—made it cleanly around the tree.

The other mishap I didn't see, but it was described to me later. Mariah apparently flipped on the last drop before the takeout and was unsuccessful on several roll attempts. Her practice rolls had all looked very solid, so she must have been fatigued at the end of a long day. In any case, another boater was right there, and she was able to get up far enough to call out for assistance. But being exhausted, she started to slip off his bow. Finally, he was able to reposition himself, grab her, and pull her upright. Several of us were impressed at Mariah's determination never to swim. But it's also important to retain enough energy and air so that if you do end up out of your boat you can take care of yourself until help arrives. The trick, of course, is to determine the crossover point.

An unexpected little treat occurred about half way down this section, when I pulled into an eddy with Steve, Nancy, Ted, and Mariah, and we found ourselves out on the river caught up in an earnest discussion of the philosophy of kayaking. It started out with my mentioning to Steve that the club needs to find a new newsletter editor. This led

to conversation about the club, the relative importance of various roles that members play, constraints on our time, and how important river time has become to all of us. We also talked about paddling trip reports; how they're so much more engrossing than outing reports from such other sports as scuba diving and hiking; and what's special about whitewater that sets it apart from the others. The element of risk and the adrenaline flow are clearly factors, but other sports involve at least as much objective risk. I've known more people with serious injuries from bicycle and motorcycle accidents than paddling. For that matter, driving cars may be the most dangerous activity of all. But in whitewater, the action is more constant; and one's success depends on an uninterrupted chain of split-second decisions. There's also the element of being close to nature and being at one with the river. Whitewater relieves the stress of everyday life—whatever problems you have during the remainder of the week disappear while you are on the river.

Paddling also brings one into association with some of the best people to be found anywhere. Paddlers respect each other's autonomy and tolerance for personal risk while still looking out for one another. We recognize that our lives depend on one another's attentiveness, judgment, and teamwork; and we learn to count on each other in a way that occurs in few other pursuits. Whitewater brings people together from all walks of life, with different levels of education, and often with diametrically opposed philosophical and political orientations. Yet while we are on the river we are united in a common pursuit—to have fun in an untamed environment while helping ensure that we all emerge safely at the takeout. The combination of individualism and collective consciousness in whitewater paddling may not be unique, but it is found in few other endeavors. Such, at least were a few of the insights that surfaced from our impromptu river seminar.

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Cheat River Weekend, June 7/8

By Pam Poljak

This would be my first whitewater trip since shoulder surgery in December, so I anxiously watched the gages throughout the week. So much water everywhere!! Being unsure of my shoulder, I was reluctant to paddle the Cheat much over 4 feet. I wasn't getting too many inquiries about the trip either.

By mid week, there was little rain predicted for the area and it looked like the Cheat would drop below four feet by Saturday. YES! By Thursday, Tim Taubert was the only person who definitely planned to come. Sabine Iben was scheduled to lead a trip on the Yough on Sunday, but she and Terry Markoff were considering paddling the Cheat with us on Saturday. Dave Whittaker was inquiring, but not ready to commit, and Ted Pablo and Casey Brown were interested to join us on Sunday. So it looked like things were starting to come together.

Thursday afternoon, I talked to Steve Ingalls—a river level prediction guru extraordinaire. Steve regularly studies weather maps, river level data and who knows what else, and is very successful with his predictions. With barely contained excitement, Steve tells me that the weather forecast for the area has changed dramatically in the past hour with substantial amounts of rain expected in the Cheat watershed. This meant that the Cheat was likely to rise again, but also opened up the possibility of runs on tributaries like the Laurel Fork, Dry Fork, or Shavers Fork, to name a few.

We finally decided to drive to Albright Friday night, sleep at Teter's campground, and meet early Saturday morning to decide what to run. It started raining heavily about 1:00am Saturday morning and continued throughout the night. Steve, unable to paddle due to illness, had graciously offered to check river levels on the computer, so we called him first thing Saturday morning. The gage on the Albright Bridge showed about 3.7 feet

which jibed with Steve's prediction based on computer data. It would rise throughout the day, but we thought if we got on early enough, it wouldn't get much above four feet while we were on it. As it turned out, it was probably closer to 4 feet by the time we put on, and about 4.5 ft by the time we took off.

Terry and Sabine had their daughter, Anika, with them so one of them had to stay back while the other paddled and they would switch roles the next day. Since it was rainy and cool, they spent some time kindly encouraging each other to paddle: Sabine: "Terry, why don't you go, you know how easily I get cold." Terry: "Oh, you'll be fine. I'm not feeling too well, why don't you go." In the end, Sabine won or lost, depending on your perspective, so Mark, Sabine, Tim, and I prepared to put on. Right before we were ready to launch, a boater from Virginia, Ron Meister, asked to join us. To make sure we had plenty of time, we arranged for a 3:00pm shuttle with Glenn Miller and about 10:00am, the five of us put on. The rain stopped shortly after we put on and the skies gradually began to clear.

About a 100 yards down river, Sabine—who had been complaining of nausea since drinking coffee made by Terry that morning—pulled over to side, got out of her boat, and threw up. I was a little worried about her, but Sabine just got back in her boat, gave me a big smile, and said: "I feel better now! Let's go."

Tim, Sabine and Ron had not been on the Cheat over 3 feet, so their eyes grew round when confronted with the big waves and pushy water at Decision, the first named rapid of this section. Tim got a little stern squirt coming through, but otherwise, the rapid was uneventful and everyone settled in, getting used to the different character of the river. The next rapid, Beech Run, was uneventful as well.

At Big Nasty, things got a bit more interesting. The river takes a bend to the right at the top of Big Nasty and then turns back left towards the bottom. There is a HUGE, NASTY hole on river right at the bottom that gets worse as the level rises and the current drives

hard towards the hole. Normally, you start center or just left of center and work left after clearing several pour overs near the shore. While you have to paddle aggressively, you can pretty easily avoid the hole. At 4 feet, the current is much pushier, driving very hard to the right.

Mark went first, taking the usual left of center route. The current quickly pushed him right and he turned on the power to get far enough left to avoid the hole. Ron went next, running a little further left and had a good run. I came next followed by Sabine and then Tim. I started left of center but ended up a little further right than Mark and closer to the hole than I wanted to be. Mark said he was frantically signaling me to start further left, but I was too busy watching where I was going to see him. Sabine was a little further right than me, but just squeaked by the hole. Tim, however, provided some real entertainment. He was a little further right than Sabine, got stern squirted part way down and ended up solidly in the hole. He was surfed and pummeled for 10 or 15 seconds before finally bailing out. First, his paddle popped up, then his boat came out, but where was Tim!? Finally, a few seconds later, Tim popped up about 20 feet downstream of his boat having taken the underwater highway out of the hole. Whew!!

Tim, a bit flushed by the experience, but unfazed by the close encounter, emptied his boat, got back in and reached for his spray skirt to seal up his cockpit. Uh-oh! Houston, we have a problem. Tim's spray skirt was gone! Stripped by the Big Nasty! He might have come out naked if he'd stayed in much longer. We spent quite some time searching downstream for his skirt, without success. Unfortunately, this put an end to Tim's day on the river. He had quite an experience climbing/hiking out with his boat, but that's another story. He is, however, talking of getting a bumper sticker for his truck that reads: "I lost my skirt doing the Big Nasty."

While we were getting Tim sorted out, a commercial raft trip came through. One of their rafts got caught in the hole and

flipped, with customers swimming everywhere. Big Nasty—too right!!

Mark, Sabine, Ron and I reluctantly left Tim to his ordeal and continued on downriver. We quickly negotiated Even Nastier (not), Cue Ball (washed out), Fist (very fast) and Tear Drop (wide open on the left) without incident.

High Falls was next, which is one of my favorites. It is a big drop with great, crashing waves coming from all directions at this level. Sabine was a bit nervous about it, but decided to run the main drop rather than sneak it. At the bottom of the drop she's whooping, and laughing with a big, toothpaste ad smile on her face. Woo Hoo!!

Maze rapid was straightforward and then came Coliseum. Sabine was very definite about this one—she wanted to run the sneak. So, she and I ran left while Mark and Ron ran the main drop. Again—very straightforward. The last big rapid was Pete Morgan's, big and turbulent, but negotiated without incident. Normally, at this point, you need 45 minutes to an hour to paddle to the take-out. Well, it was only 12:30pm and we had a 3:00pm shuttle. It had only taken 2.5 hours to get to this point, when we normally take 4 or 5 hours. It was warm and almost sunny, so we stopped for a leisurely lunch. While we were there, a MS&T commercial raft trip came through with Chuck Singer guiding one of the rafts and Judi Cleary in her Shredder with a friend. One of the other guides on the trip said he had seen Tim climbing out of the canyon as their group came through Big Nasty.

After lunch, we took our time playing in numerous waves and holes on the way to the take-out, arriving there about 2:45pm. This is the first time I can remember being early for the shuttle. All in all it was a great day of paddling (except for Tim). By the way, my shoulder felt great!!

Sunday, June 8 Little Sandy/Upper Big Sandy

The Cheat was over 6 ft by Sunday morning, so we decided to run the Little Sandy/Upper Big Sandy. The Big Sandy

was at 7 ft and promised a good run, with lots of playing ahead. Scott Debalski and his son, Greg, had paddled these rivers on Saturday and hooked up with us to paddle them again on Sunday. So Mark, Tim (he had an extra sprayskirt in his truck), Terry, Ron, Scott, Greg and I put on the Little Sandy about 10:45am.

The Little Sandy is an intermediate run at this level, with a number of ledges to negotiate. At one ledge, I was a bit too nonchalant and got sucked back into a very sticky pour over. Everyone else was downstream and I yelped as I was being sucked back in: "HELP!!"—like anyone could really help me. The hole didn't look so big, but it had nothing to brace on and was really sucking me in. I popped up once, but got sucked back in. Then it flipped me, working me around. I rolled up—SHIT—still stuck... having trouble staying upright. I looked downstream and see Scott grinning at me. Grrrrr... Finally, my stern got sucked down and I popped clear. Whew! Don't need to do that again. The rest of the Little Sandy was uneventful, though there were several good play spots on the way down.

The Upper Big Sandy below the Little Sandy is a hoot at this level with holes and surfing waves everywhere. There's an especially good hole that is a short distance above the biggest rapid on this section of the river. It's real fast and great for front surfing, back blasting and whatever else you want to try doing in it. We spent a very long time there. Mark, Scott and Greg were definitely getting the back blasting thing going, while I was loving the front surfing and occasionally getting in a good back blast. Tim and Ron took their turns too. Terry wasn't feeling well, so he patiently waited for us to wear ourselves out.

The big rapid was very ugly with some very big keeper holes, but we ran far right (with the exception of Terry, who took the left route) and made it through without problems. After that there were a number of class III drops and tons of play waves and holes. There are some outstanding waves at the take-out at this level. Mark and Greg spent some quality time there. They kept playing for some

time after the rest of us had taken out and hiked up to our vehicles. The gage read 6.8 feet when we took out. A great play level! Definitely a "lets do that again," day.





Keel-Hauler's KaNews August

2003

Next newsletter deadline - 8/22

A new Newsletter Editor has surfaced!

Many thanks to **Meg Gabelman**, our new editor, and also to **Kelly Miller** who will be the newsletter proof-reader.

Please send you news articles to Meg Gabelman at:

mgabelma@hotmail.com

Meg requests that you copy newsletter material directly into the body of your email rather than sending word processing attachments as she cannot read PC formatting on my Macintosh at this time. Sending jpeg attachments for photos are fine, if possible send 2, one at 72 dpi for the web and the same photo at 200 dpi for printing.

August 12 Meeting at Huntington Park, Bay Village - 6:30 pm

Our last outdoor meeting this summer.

From East: Take I-90 to Columbia Road exit (158). Go North to Lake Road. Turn left on Lake and go West to Huntington Beach Reservation.

From West: Take I-90 to Crocker Road exit (156). Go North to Lake Road. Turn right. Go East to Huntington Beach Reservation

From South: Take I-480 to Clague Road exit. Go North to Lake Road. Turn left. Go West to Huntington Beach

Use parking lot on the North side of Lake Road. Meet at Picnic Pavilion on East side of park. You can put in watercraft on East side of swimming beach. If it is windy there will be good surfing, otherwise it will be good for roll practice. See you there!

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5th annual Old Ebbitt Grill Reception is a Potomac tradition *Carl Bolyard*

On June 26 West Virginia Rivers Coalition hosted the 5th annual Old Ebbitt Grill reception for the Potomac River. A crowd of over 150 people gathered at the Old Ebbitt Grill in Washington, DC and spent the evening having fun and sharing concern for the Potomac watershed. Immersion Research, The Wilderness Society and Miller, Beam & Paganelli, Inc. generously provided sponsorship for this year's event. Canoe, Kayak and Paddle Company, River & Trail Outfitters, River Riders and Camp Rim Rock also sponsored the evening. These responsible businesses

Trip Schedule

August

12 Meeting: Outdoor meeting at Huntington Beach, Bay Village

16-17 New River Gorge, WV (27)

Ron Tomallo rtomallo@hotmail.com 440-953-1335

15 (Friday) Ladies' Day at the Yough (23)

Sherie Sanzenbacher ritchkovic@stratos.net 216-381-0599

23-24 Yough Weekend, PA (12/23)

Lower Yough: Casey Brown cab19@po.cwru.edu 440-946-6305

Middle: Gary tuckga@aol.com 440-357-7890

30-31? Penn Cup # 1 <http://www.penncup.org>.

Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

30- Sept 1 Adirondack Creek in, NY

Brent Laubaugh brent7@comcast.net 610-416-9376

John Garcia JGSmoltz@aol.com 440-777-6077

September

5-6 Upper Yough, MD (32)

Stu Koster skoster@wowway.com 248-652-3241

5-7 Gauley River Weekend, WV (28/33)

Upper: Ron Whitney whitneyr64@msn.com 216-741-4405

Lower: Sept 5-6, Jim Hunt jfhunt@mcdermott.com 330-335-5203

or at cabin 724-329-2136

6-7? Penn Cup #2

Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

9 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center, 7:30 PM

12-14 Gauley River Weekend, WV (28/33)

John Kobak keelhauler@yahoo.com 440-871-1758

or at Cabin 304-379-4747

13 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Tim Taubert tim_taubert@adit.com 440-256-2506

13-14? Penn Cup #2

Rob Hammond Rob.Hammond@SCD-corp.com 216-292-5618

20 Canoe or Kayak Cuyahoga River, OH (3)

Dennis Plank dennislakeerie@aol.com 216-228-4926

20-21 Yough Weekend, PA (12/23)

Lower Yough Dave Roush droush@comkt.com 440-461-6456

20-21 Upper New, WV (16)

Karen Daniels karenkayaks@yahoo.com 440-458-5972

20-21 Gauley Fest Weekend, WV (26/33)

joined congressional staff, land managers, paddling clubs, conservation groups and concerned citizens to spend a night celebrating the progress made to help the Potomac. Other businesses helped support the evening as well including, Elk River Touring Center, Grateful Heads Helmets, and Ski Chalet. All of these partners and allies are part of the efforts to restore the Potomac and rivers across West Virginia.

The 5th annual event highlighted two improvements for the river community. This year marks a new beginning with a Potomac Riverkeeper helping to protect the Potomac River. Ed Merrifield has been chosen for this position for his scientific and environmental background. Equally important - Ed has a 25-year relationship with the resource. The Riverkeeper board of directors will work with Ed to build the capacity of the organization and link it to other conservation groups to share the work and benefits of healing the Nation's river. WVRC board member Katherine Mull has worked tirelessly to see a Riverkeeper instated for the Potomac and she will remain on the Riverkeeper board along with Jeremy P. Muller, WVRC's Executive Director. The Potomac Riverkeeper (PRK) is part of a growing network of 50 Riverkeeper nationally. "The Potomac is such a vast and special resource that it demands the kind of personal attention that a Riverkeeper, and only a Riverkeeper, can provide" said Jeremy P Muller. We welcome the PRK and the unique role they will play in helping the river.

An improvement for the culture of the river community came in 2001 when author Sue Taft completed her book [The Riverchasers](#) and began a different sort of book tour - traveling the region sharing her research with paddling clubs and at river related events. Sue joined us at the Old Ebbitt Grill for a book signing of her work that details the history of river running. Many folks know that whitewater as a sport largely began in the US and that West Virginia has remained a center for much of that history. Sue claims WV as her "home rivers" state, and still paddles here a great deal. She interviewed WVRC board members Turner Sharp and Ed

Gertler in her research for the book. Thank you Sue, for donating the proceeds from the evenings book sales to WVRC and river conservation.

The 2003 threats to the Potomac and its 14,670 square mile basin have been numerous and WVRC has been on the ground in the West Virginia Headwaters. This year we have won protection for the Potomac's South Branch from Pilgrims Pride Poultry. The agricultural giant was dumping 35 times the legal limit of chicken waste into the Potomac and a legal action filed by WVRC caused the state to step in and force Pilgrims to comply with their permit.

WVRC is taking a lead role in comment and testimony regarding the forest and resource management plan revisions for the Monongahela National Forest. This region of nearly one million acres is the source of six major river systems and is the headwaters region for both branches of the Potomac. WVRC continues to be involved with stream gages and last year helped bring pressure to bear on state and federal agencies to restore funding for gages in the watershed.

WVRC has continued to provide a voice for rivers against Mettiki Coal company. Mettiki has now tunneled beneath the North Branch of the Potomac and WVRC remains vigilant in order to guard the Potomac from threats of subsidence and acid mine drainage (AMD) from this and nearby longwall mining projects. Longwall mines in this region pose dire consequence for the river, including de-watering of its tributaries.

The Nation's River begins in West Virginia's Potomac Highlands as the North Branch and the South Branch. The South Branch has its highest tributary, Seneca Creek, at around 4,200 feet on the west slope of Spruce Knob. The Potomac is the lifeblood of the region it flows through, crossing three states before feeding into the Chesapeake Bay where it is one of the major contributors to the health or detriment of the estuary. This year WVRC has taken a role in helping establish a solid science based protocol

for investigating fish kills such as the event that occurred in spring of 2002.

Many WVRC members were in attendance at the Old Ebbitt to enjoy discussion and great food and drink in one of the city's best gathering spots. A number of paddling clubs were also represented including; Greater Baltimore Canoe Club, Canoe Cruisers Association, Blue Ridge Voyageurs, Coastal Canoeists, Monocacy Canoe Club, Three Rivers Paddling Club and the West Virginia Wildwater Association. A special thanks goes to all of the paddlers, contributors and volunteers for our efforts to protect the waters of West Virginia. The event was so much fun for us because of all the great people involved. Thank you and we hope to see you next year at the Old Ebbitt Grill!



Left to right: John Weld, Terry O'Donnell, Susan Eckerly, WVRC's Liz Garland and Karen Payne.

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Ohio River Foundation Opens Registration for Great Ohio River Paddle

Rich Cogen, Ohio River Foundation

Ohio River Foundation announces the opening of registration for the Great Ohio River Paddle, September 20-27, 2003. The inaugural Great Ohio River Paddle is a 140-mile multi-day paddling event to:

- Educate schoolchildren and the general public about Ohio River ecology
- Promote the importance of conserving and protecting the Ohio River
- Celebrate the river and heritage of riverside communities.

Forty experienced paddlers will travel from Portsmouth, Ohio to Rising Sun, Indiana in 8 days. Along the way there will be a variety of activities for schoolchildren and the general public at the host communities.

Proceeds from the Great Ohio River Paddle will benefit the River Explorer program of Ohio River Foundation (ORF). The River Explorer program seeks to educate schoolchildren and the general public about the ecology and importance of the Ohio River. Schools in the communities along the course of the Great Ohio River Paddle are excited about participating in the program.

The Great Ohio River Paddle has something for everyone. For skilled paddlers, it's a chance to paddle over 140 miles from Portsmouth, OH to Rising Sun, IN. For those who want to celebrate and learn more about the Ohio River and its communities from the shore, it offers a series of events showcasing local cultural demonstrations, kayaking skills, information booths, and natural resource programs. Rich Cogen, Executive Director said, "Little is taught about the Ohio River, even though its ecology plays such an important role in our daily lives. This event will highlight the condition of the river and teach river science to schoolchildren and the general public."

Ohio River Foundation serves the Greater Cincinnati Area and the 200,000 square mile watershed with educational, conservation, and recreation programs. ORF's mission is to protect and restore the water quality and ecology of the Ohio River and its tributaries for the health and enjoyment of present and future generations. To register or be sponsor in the Great Ohio River Paddle, or for more information about ORF or the River Explorer program, please call Rich Cogen at 513-460-3365, or visit ORF's web site at www.ohioriverfdn.org.

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Crowded Weekend - NOT

Vince Kremperger

The 4th of July is a very busy holiday for everything, normally. However, we seemed to be in the right place at the right times for this one.

With Thursday off, and in no particular hurry, a loop run was planned for whatever time we got there. The put in time turned out to be 4:30. The level 1.6+ was not real high but this was a 2 person run and a warm up for the weekend, so the level was fine.

Off the river by 7 and in Teters just after 8. (saw no one on the river) Teters of this weekend had no resemblance to the Teters I am used to seeing, mostly empty except for us pesky KH'ers. Very quiet; no lines for the shower - NICE.

Guru Steve Ingalls and his band of loyal devotees planned a low water Cheat Canyon run for the 4th, Karen and I signed on, totaling 15 kayaks (including Steve's C-1) and a three person shredder, operated by the talented Ritch Kovacic, smiley Cathrine Curly and energetic T. Austin Markoff. While this sounds like a lot of boaters, when you consider we were the only boaters in the canyon* and the pleasant blend we formed, it was not. Good team work made for a fun day. Level 1.4 +/- Temp. HOT.

Thunderstorm heavy rain at Cue Ball required 20min break under lean /to rocks on river left just downstream of Cue Ball. This is when "eagle eyes" Karen spotted an orange salamander which I gained temporary possession, to show the rest of the troops. It was very pretty, orange with a series of red dots down each side of the backbone with an almost a purple spot in the center of the dots. The critter was shown to all and released back in its starting point unharmed.

* At this point 3 others KH'ers passed us. We again saw them lunching at High Falls. Total boaters in canyon 18 kayaks 1 shredder not bad for holiday weekend.

Rain could not dampen our fun or fire as after dinner some-mores were scheduled (see pic morton fire boy) Sat. the crew divided up. Karen went to the Upper Yo, with the Bird Gang. She chose a boo-boo at Charlies Choice, nice elbow. Barb B. Nurse Debbie & me K-1ed the Lower Yo, in the company of Ritch K. and Bill ? in the shredder [whom got cucumbered , nice bruise] Level 1.9+

The Lower was supposed to be jammed, it was however, not. Entry was its usual, after that we essentially had the river to ourselves, even at swimmers only a 2 to 4 boat wait at any given time. (Side note: we were getting ready to go when Dave Donellen eddied out, brief hello and then we left, before the event occurred. Comendations and condolences to all of you involved; nice to know you are all people of action.)

The Ingalls team picked up replacements for us defectors and ran the canyon again, enmasse. The word is the albatross was acquired by a small langed fellow?

Sunday was the day when we were all going to the Lower Yo, however Mother Nature had another little surprise in store for us. 3/4" rain according to Ralph Teters' rain gauge. I mean to say it rained HARD. The little , boney, Muddy creek behind the campground was roaring. Was the Little Sandy up? The answer was yes!!!

The Early Boater Club was off by 6 (yes AM or 0600) they ran a section of lil sandy above the regular P/I. No details as of this writing.

We, in the more casual late boater club, p/i around 9:30 or 10 and ran the reg. section, from the church. I drove up to Bruceton Mills to check to gauge painted on upstream center, visible from river right, it showed - 0 - thus with the formula of add 1 times 3/4 plus 5 the rockville gauge should be around 5.75 (it was 5.6 at take out time) however the lil was pumping and discussion revealed a 6.2 level earlier in the day, so that formula is

pretty good.

The Little Sandy is a series of ledge drops and pourovers. Karen Petit was fearless leader/probe a series of signals was established and off we went.

Jim Allen (Mi.) and fellow Mi. guy John, Barb B., Nurse Debbie and I formed our group. (special thanks to Rob Hammond , injured reserve, shuttle guy for the ride) The first stout pourover had its way with the 'little' boats grabbing the back end of the RPM MAX and the Stubby separating the Stubby from its driver and making the rpm guy work like crazy to get out upright. The short boats would get even later. Owner and boat reunited without duress off we went. The next big rapid is easily scouted from ledge rock on river left. Three of us chose to portage the cascade part of this rapid, me included and set safety for the 3 hardcore. I felt this a wise choice due to the tree in the bottom center of the continuous rapid. Everyone ran clean.

Another adrenaline producing rapid was one with a line right next to the river left bank making Jim (a little to far left) high five the 5' embankment. Nurse Debbie decided to show us her roll here, very nice Upon entering the Big Sandy Part of this run a sense of accomplishment was felt by all. For 3 of our group this was a new river and for Debbie is was #2 (remember debbie- watch one , do one, teach one, your leader qualified now) for me however my test was to come shortly. Flipping near the bottom of a rapid I attempted a roll [fail] then a second attempt [fail] now those of you that know me you know what happens next!!! AHA got ya! I attempted a THIRD roll [success] who'd a thunk it.

The last rapid on the upper part of the Big Sandy, the entrance has always given me fits, however the last time here I saw/found the route. Stay next to the rock of this sweet little pourover dropping left into an eddy..

Feeling very confident about showing the line I was dismayed to find 2 large trees blocking the entry. Well Karen and Barb, little boats found a way

through on the right side,(pay back time) next was Debbie - wedge - pin - flip - swim all within feet of Karen and Barb whom gather her and gear. Next me - wedge - pin - monster rock brace - thru. next Jim -wedge -pin -rock brace - thru . John would have been next/last except his paddle blade folded pulling out of an eddy, forcing him to walk the last rapid and missing the last wave.

Again our group was the only one on the river, making this busy weekend busy only in a paddling sense. For Karen and I, 4 days and 5 sections of river I think Barb and Debbie got an extra day of boating..

Thanks to all for making the weekend fun.



A visit to three Sister islands

By Frank Weber

On Mon. June 23 I departed Turtle creek [near Magee marsh] & headed north for Canada. My first destination was West Sister island, a tiny spot of green barely visible through the 6 a.m. mist. The weather report was favorable. Waves 2 ft. or less, winds light & variable, water temp. 64', sunny & high of 90'.

My 16' Dagger Meridian was well stocked with food & water for the day. Three deer watched me pass down the creek & two large snapping turtles ducked their heads when I glided out into Lake Erie.

The two hour paddle to West Sister was uneventful. Very little boat traffic. But West Sister was another story. A Federal Wildlife sanctuary, it was packed with thousands of cormorants & sea gulls. As I pulled into a cove to land, I felt like a battleship at Pearl Harbor. Gulls were diving & swooping at me & their white 'bombs' were hitting all around me. But luckily I never received a direct hit!

I landed my kayak, took a swim to cool off, & then explored the beach. No wonder the gulls were upset. There were baby gulls, all sizes, running everywhere. I observed some just breaking out of their eggs. I got back into my kayak & circumnavigated the island. On the southwest corner there is a beautiful stone & stucco lighthouse. Definitely worth paddling to see.

I now headed northeast towards Middle Sister island. The island wasn't visible on the horizon from West Sister, so I had to rely on my compass headings which I had charted out the night before. A half hour later as I neared the U.S-Canadian border, I began to see boats. There must have been a hundred fishing boats stretching over to Michigan. That's where the walleyes were at. Once I crossed over in to Canadian waters, there were no more boats.

Another hour & a half & I landed on Middle Sister. Uninhabited, it is the smallest of the three Sister islands. But what it lacks in size, it makes up for in beauty. The water is crystal clear. The pebbles, rocks, & smooth white limestone provide beautiful contrasting colors on the bottom. I landed, took a swim, circled the island on foot, climbed up onto a limestone ledge & ate my lunch. Looking down from my perch into the clear water, I could see schools of huge carp. They looked as big as the Goodyear blimp. As I turned to get up I discovered a large garter snake not 2' behind me. Her thick body, lots of scars, tells me she's been around a few years. I picked her up, she was unafraid, probably never saw a human before.

Walking back to my kayak I discovered a beautiful area of glacial grooves. Not as large or as deep as those on Kelleys island, but very impressive.

Mainland Canada is now visible to me. 2 hours of paddling finds me on a beach for a quick rest. The only eventful thing on this leg of the trip was watching an ore carrier come out of the Detroit river & head over to the Pelee passage. Winds were calm, lake became flat, hitting the wake of the ore carrier was a welcome rush.

It was a long hot paddle back to Turtle creek. Following my reciprocal headings on my compass brought me right back to where I started. As I landed on the beach I noticed a tail drag mark in the sand. I followed it & found a mature female Blanding's turtle, my first ever here in Ohio! I released it into a swamp as night fell. Time to load the kayak up & go home.

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2003 Midwest FreeStyle Canoe Symposium

Back for the 4th year, another great canoeing event in the Ohio-Penn Division is scheduled for September 5-7, 2003, at Camp Manatoc/Butler in Peninsula, Ohio. Nestled at the edge of the Cuyahoga Valley National Park, the area offers activities for both boaters and nonboaters alike. Slated for this year's event are classes in all levels of FreeStyle canoeing, kids canoeing classes, and courses in Canadian style solo paddling in a tandem boat. Once again home cooked meals are available on site, as is tent camping or dorm lodging. Saturday night is performance night, with an exhibition in Interpretive FreeStyle paddling at the lake, and a jam session afterwards for anyone who wants to bring a musical instrument and join in or even dance. Please note that ACA Instructor Updates will also be held during the weekend, and the annual Ohio-Penn meeting will be held at the camp's conference hall on Sunday. So come and bring the family for a fun weekend! For further information, contact Bob and Elaine Mravetz at (330) 239-1725 or rmravet@uakron.edu

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Colorado 2003

By John Kobak

Photos by JoAnn Lang

[Click on pictures for bigger image](#)

It's always hard to know when to head to Colorado for good paddling, since most all the rivers rely on snow melt. No snow in the Winter means no paddling in

the Spring. In a normal year, the rivers peak about June 10th, some earlier some later. But the peak could be too high or too low depending on the snow pack. We cancelled last year's trip because of low water, this year we moved the trip up a about a week earlier figuring that even if it was a bad snow year we would still be able to paddle somewhere.

The snow reports for most of the river basins were close to 100% of normal. We thought it might be a little too high to hit the peak runoff so we were considering going to Southwest CO, where snow pack were less. On our drive West those rivers were falling so fast that our plans changed as we drove. My cell phone connects to my laptop and we got river level readings as we drove.

Our final plan was to skip Southwest CO and go to the Arkansas River basin near Buena Vista, then head to the Roaring Fork near Aspen, Clear Creek near Golden and end up at the Cache de la Poudre River near Fort Collins.

Most everyone left Cleveland on Friday after work, Elliott and I left Saturday morning and Brent flew from a wedding in Chicago on Sunday morning. We contacted each other as we drove and five of us met up in Sterling, CO while four stayed in Limon, CO. Bob Nicholson made it all the way to the BLM campground on the side of a mountain overlooking Johnson City where we would spend the first five days.

After our short morning drive, Elliott Drysdale, Mike Duvall, Bob Nicholson Cliff Wire and I decided to tackle the Numbers at about 1200 cfs. Brent was flying to Denver and renting a car so he would get there a little later. Dave Broer, Angie White, John (Smoltz) Garcia waited for him and ran the Numbers a little later in the day. Julie Garcia and Bill Miller took a rest day. The Numbers of the Arkansas contains 6 class IV rapids interestingly named Rapids One, Two, Three, Four, Five and Six. Also interesting is that you can't really tell where one rapid starts and another ends. It's pretty continuous class IV paddling. All the rapids are boat scoutable and at 1200 cfs it's a fun run.

Cliff did great considering that it was his first run ever in CO.

When the dawn broke on Monday plans began to gel for the next few days. We formed up into two groups with the paddlers looking for waterfall fun; Dave, Angie and Brent meeting up with David Duke in Crested Butte and ran Oh-Be-Joyful and Daisy Creeks. Both are only one mile long and it took 4 hours of driving and sight-seeing to get there. In that mile OBJ drops 400' and Daisy 300'. Hence, they are both waterfall runs, details are sketchy but I did hear that there was one broken paddle, one swim and one badly sprained ankle. Possibly from the drop called Ankle Breaker?



Clear Creek

Our group; Elliott, Mike, Bob, Cliff, Bill, Julie & John (Smoltz) and I ran the scenic class 3-4 Brown's Canyon run at 1250 cfs. This 13 mi stretch has a lot of slow moving water and is the most popular rafting section. We saw several raft groups but no kayakers. Everyone ran quite cleanly even me in a demo kayak the Dagger GT 8.1. I liked it so well I hopped right back to CKS and bought one. Mike picked up a GT 7.8 to demo for Tuesday's Royal Gorge run.

This time it was our group that had the long drive. It is 1-1/2 hrs each way to the Royal Gorge near Canon City. The previous night's rain had increased the flow to 1550 cfs. It is a very scenic run which they call class 3 with a couple of fours thrown in. The first big one, Sunshine, saw 4 out of the 7 paddlers rolling. Two other biggies; Sledge Hammer and Wall Banger proved to be much easier, however I got a little too far right at the wall and almost banged it. The run is known more for the spectacular scenery than the big rapids

but everyone was glad that they paddled the scenic wonder. Mike liked his demo so well that he decided to buy a new kayak while Bob Nicholson picked up another GT to demo on Wed.

Meanwhile, our waterfall group, minus Dave Duke who stayed in Durango to recover, picked the nearby Clear Creek of the Arkansas. This 3.3 mi run averages over 160'/mi of non-stop excitement. They scouted it on their drive up and everyone did well on the class 5 section at about 290 cfs.



My New Boat

On Wednesday Elliott's daughter Megan arrived from her new home in Denver and hoped that she could paddle with us. She is fairly new to kayaking but has a good roll so I suggested that we do the 7 mi long Frog's Rock Run of the Arkansas which is rated at 3+ at the 1600 cfs level. She did great, one flip and a quick roll. I however was not so lucky. I can't blame my new boat but I'm sure I'll think of something. I bumped into Megan and fell into a sticky surfing hole and had problems getting out and when I did I had problems rolling which I didn't. I thought oh well tough hole, rocky river, new boat, all flimsy, but plausible excuses. The worse thing was that on the very last rapid I pulled into a staging eddy above the big boulder blocked drop called House Rock. I fell over in the eddy and thought, oh I should get some roll practice. Again, I was unsuccessful and then after missing several roll attempts on both sides I had terrible swim. Can't figure, works every time in a pool. Maybe this new boat has bad Mojo. While I was swimming and all the guys were attempting to rescue me, Julie quickly took charge and led Megan safely down the last rapid. After our morning run, Elliott, Mike, Bob, Cliff and Bill headed up to do the Numbers again at the 1600 cfs flow. I

went back to camp to rest and start writing this story. Our advanced group rested in the morning, picked up Julie after the Frog's Rock Run and then headed toward Eagle, CO to do some cave exploration.

Bob bought a Red Dagger GT but said he preferred the Orange/Yellow color that I had purchased. I immediately jumped at the chance to switch to the new kayak. If it had bad Mojo, better that Bob suffer than me. And suffer he did, as the trip went on. I was swimless for the rest of the trip, so even though these kayaks were virtually identical, the orange one was surely cursed and I was now free to watch the curse work on Bob.



Bob's Bad Mojo Boat

After a short drive over Independence Pass and a quick camp setup Elliott, Mike, Bob, Cliff, Bill and I ran the 10 mile Upper & Lower Woody Creek, Toothache sections of the Roaring Fork River. This scenic class III run is dotted with 6 million dollar riverside cabins. Most reminded me of my cabin in WV. (not) While we were paddling the other group (Dave, Angie, John, Brent, Dave Duke) drove by heading up to do a 2 mi section of the class 4-5 Castle Creek & then continue down the 4-1/2 mi class 4 section of the Roaring Fork (Slaughterhouse). Julie ran the Roaring Fork from below Slaughterhouse Falls.

After a night in Aspen, Elliott, Mike, Bob, Cliff, Bill and me paddled the Roaring Fork (Slaughterhouse) at 1000 cfs, while Dave, Angie, Brent, Duke headed up to scout the upper sections of the Crystal. John & Julie spent the whole day touring/shopping in Aspen.,

Kelly Miller flew in and then drove from Denver up Independence Pass in the dark to meet Brent. Mike and Cliff had finished their week of paddling and left

for home. Our groups split up again, with Brent and company heading back toward Vail picking a stretch of river called Ten Mile Creek.

Brent, Dave, Angie and Smoltz paddled the Class V section and picked up Kelly and Julie at the start of the Class IV section. At the takeout, the boys had the look like "we want to do that Class V section again", despite protests from the girls. While the girls waited patiently, drinking margaritas after running the shuttle, Julie finally went in search of the boys. Sure enough, we found out that Smoltz met the one pour-over you didn't want to meet and wouldn't you know, that darn paddlesnake was there to graciously remove his paddle from his clutches. Fortunately, he had just bought another paddle in Glenwood Springs, so the fun would continue.

Elliott, Bob, Bill and I headed to Clear Creek near Golden, CO. We met up with Paul Lang, who had just driven all day and night from home and Karen Wattenmaker, a paddling friend from the 80's, who now lives in Denver. I'm sure some of our longtime members will remember Karen and her fast learn of kayaking and her many world adventure travels enjoying the sport. She now is a professional photographer who specializes in tourist, adventure and wild fire photography. See her web site:



Clear Creek was running 850 CFS, which was almost double from what we had run it before. We had lots of spills and thrills starting out with Elbow Falls which was not any harder at this level but the hole was still sticky, as I found out. The real action started at Screaming Quarter Mile, it seemed to last for at least a mile. At one point 4 of us were upside down but Bob missed his roll and swam in the wild holes and turbulence.

While I was catching my breath in an eddy, Bob and his boat floated by hanging on to Karen's big kayak. She got him to shore while Elliott grabbed his paddle but his new kayak ran the class V diversion dam and kept going. Elliott & Paul portaged and gave chase only to find out that it had hung up on some rocks in mid river above another rapid. When I came by I tried some feeble attempts to throw a rock filled throw line into the cockpit. Paul & Elliott gave a shot at trying to bump it or grab it while they paddled by.

Finally Elliott made a most heroic rescue. He paddling out and grabbed the cockpit rim while his kayak submarined under Bob's, but he held on and the boat came off and restarted its journey down stream with all of us in hot pursuit. Elliott finally got a rope on it and dragged it down the river to near the takeout where Bob could get to it.



Elliott our Hero

On Sunday we headed up to Mountain Park Campground on the Poudre River. It's a very popular weekend camp but by late morning on Sunday lots of campsites along the river open up. We grabbed four adjacent sites as the campers moved out. This Nat'l Forest campground has hot showers which everyone enjoyed rather than relying on our Sunshowers.

Elliott, Bob, Bill, Karen Wattenmaker and I paddled from downstream of the White Mile to our Campground at 4' on rock gauge. It was a fun run with no problems. Later in the day Angie, Dave, Brent and Smoltz did a short run through Grandpa's gorge just above our campground.



Dave on Poudre

Elliott, Bob, Bill, Julie, Kelly and I decided to tackle the White Mile and the 14 mile section down to camp. The White mile was kicking up really good. It's an every paddler for themselves kind of rapid and until it lets up, you have your hands full negotiating the waves and big holes. Kelly was in front of me and Julie behind. When we got to the bottom I found out that at some point in the rapid they were both upside down and I didn't even know it. Is that concentration or are their rolls so fast that they rolled between the waves.



Brent in Spencer Hts

Brent, Smoltz, Dave & Angie tried out the South Fork of the Poudre which is a log choked 12 mi class IV run. It starts on the road to Pinagree Park and confluences just downstream from our campground. It was at its minimum level. They all agreed that at this low level there was a lot of easy water, but had a few must avoid trees. If it was higher it could get quite dangerous.

Tuesday was everyone's rest, hike, shop or relax day, however Elliott & Bob still managed to do the 6 mile Grandpa's Gorge section again. They had not skipped a day of paddling since the trip began.

On Wednesday, Julie took another rest day while the hot boaters headed up to

scout Joe Wright Creek. They ended up running about a mile of the class V Spencer Hts section of Poudre.



Paul in Spencer Hts

Elliott, Bob, Smoltz, Kelly and I put in just below the Narrows and ran the 8 mi section to just below Pine Vu rapid where the gauge read 4.2'. The water was big and pushy but as Elliott liked to say, the paths opened up and the holes were avoidable. The toughest rapids at this level were in Upper Mishawaka where you needed to get left to avoid some big holes.



Kelly on Poudre

By the time we got to Pine Vu, which we had scouted several times during the week since the gauge is located here, we were concerned with making the move past the big center hole. Bill Miller, who was taking a day off to rest his sore shoulder, was waiting for us in the eddy above the rapid. He told everyone the best way to miss the hole was to head right after the first drop. Elliott said OK and was on his way. The rest followed in turn but Kelly not hearing Bill's instructions stopped to talk to him. By the time she looked around, everyone was gone so her decision was made for her. Bill loaded her kayak on his truck. We found Julie tucked happily in her hammock by the river upon our return.

Elliott and I left for home on Thursday morning while the rest of the paddlers

went back for more. Brent, Kelly, Dave and Angie started above the White Mile and paddled to the campground, while Bob, Bill, Julie and John did the 8 mi. Grandpa's Gorge section. The trip was coming to a close but Paul & Joanne Lang still had a week of adventure remaining headed to run Boulder Creek with Brent who was on his way back to Denver Airport. Bob was going to spend the next few weeks in CO with his family who were arriving in a few days. It was a great trip with good water levels and although we never had any really hot weather, it was a lot better than Cleveland's

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Powell vs. Lewis & Clark?

by Matt Muir

In this year, the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, it's worth reading up on what Meriwether Lewis and William Clark accomplished. It's an amazing journey. Butt how, I wondered, does it compare with other signature river explorations in American history? With all due respect to Champlain and Marquette and Joliet, only one other river-runner stands out in my mind as a competitor to L&C: John Wesley Powell, who (as we all know) did the First Descent of the Grand Canyon back in 1869, when Kobak and Singer were little kids. How do these two voyages stack up against one another?

Adventure: Both were charged by the US government to head into the Great Unknown and return with their observations: navigational, ecological, and geological. Powell's was a First Descent; L&C did what must be considered a First Ascent. (Native Americans had had boats on just about every section of the Mighty Missouri before them, butt they'd probably never done the whole thang in one swell foop.) Both parties represented the best of the exploratory spirit. Advantage: none.

Safety: Powell's group had three fatalities, butt he couldn't be blamed—had they stayed with his party, they'd likely have lived. L&C had one fatality,

butt that was likely appendicitis. Not anyone's fault. That one's a wash.

Autonomy: L&C had plenty of help from Native Americans, including Sacagawea and the folks they met on the way. Powell's group was entirely on its own—to the point where they were running blind. Nobody could tell them what would be around the next bend. Advantage: Powell.

Naming geo-features: Both parties had lots of fun with this, and gave some fanciful names to rivers, creeks, and mountains. I'm giving the nod to Lewis & Clark, because: 1) Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone is way cooler than "Lake" Powell, and 2) Clark won the heart of a teenaged chick back home by naming a river after her. (With all due respect to Lucille, Clark's got BB King beat, hands down.)

Gnar factor: Both parties lost plenty of equipment. Both had near-disasters. Both had people near'bout get kilt a bunch of times. Advantage: neither.

Handicaps: Lewis was prone to severe depression. Powell had only one arm. Advantage: Powell, for the time he had to let go of the crag and grab his fellow climber's pants.

Deprivation: Both parties had to contend with severe hunger; both parties ate spoiled food to survive. Both parties consisted mostly of a band of young men who loved their alcohol and tobacco...and who were tougher than any of us could ever imagine. (Next time you're whining about carrying your 50-pound boat up Panther Creek at the end of the Gauley, think of these guys, portaging tons of food and equipment. Think of Powell's crew, lining heavy boats around huge rocks, straining to hold their place while their shoes were literally rotting off their feet. Think of Lewis and Clark's guys, carrying their provisions over the rugged headwaters mountains at the Continental Divide.) Advantage: both parties kick today's paddlers' butts, from the Lower Yough to the Tsangpo Gorge.

Misbehavior: Powell's boys were bordering on mutiny at times, frustrated by his academic tude. L&C's boys mostly toed the line (some good old-fashioned whippings apparently convinced them),

butt they came down with VD from consorting with native women along the way. Advantage: Lewis & Clark, for good-old-fashioned debauchery ala the Lord of Baywatch.

Literature: In both cases, reading about the voyage is inspiring. Powell's book is compelling (once you've gotten past the wordy and tedious first hundred pages). So are the books of Lewis & Clark's diaries. Advantage: none.

Food: Powell's people kept sifting out the moldy flour to get at the almost-palatable stuff. Lewis & Clark's people were especially fond of...dog. Advantage: neither.

In summary: I dunno. It's pretty even. I guess I'm giving the nod to Powell's voyage, because it was more in tune with the spirit of river-running. Ain't no knockout; Powell wins on points.

Next: Scott vs. Amundsen vs. Shackleton! (Hint: the nod *always* goes to the guy who got some awesome photos and video.)

Reading Material:

[The Exploration of the Colorado River and Its Canyons \(Penguin Nature Classics\)](#) -- John Wesley Powell, Wallace Earle Stegner (Introduction); Paperback
[Down the Great Unknown: John Wesley Powell's 1869 Journey of Discovery and Tragedy Through the Grand Canyon](#) -- Edward Dolnick; Hardcover
[Undaunted Courage : Meriwether Lewis Thomas Jefferson And The Opening Of The American West](#) -- Stephen Ambrose (Author); Hardcover
[On the Lewis and Clark Trail \(Wally's Woods\)](#) -- Dean Norman, Dakota Goodhouse (Contributor); Paperback
<http://www.sierraclub.org/lewisandclark>

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Ratt Boy SWIMS at National Falls!

By Matt Muir

And...it's on video.

Jeez. I oughta do okay on the Upper Yo rapids. I've run it, like, 62 times, at levels ranging from an anemic 1.5' to a humpin, pumpin 2.6'. I've led paddlers of all skill levels down it. I've even given "foolproof" step-by-step instructions on the Boof Line to marginal Ohio Boaters from Cincinnati.

Butt...spit happens.

Friday, good-ol' Independence Day. "When in the course of human events," blahblahblah...I love it. I love ol' Ben and Tom and all them other dudes. They did the world a great favor when they composed, bickered about, and signed that-ol' document. Butt I digress. I was boating.

I waited for David Duke to set up with his vid camera. I'm a sucker for seeing my sorry mug on the vid, don'tcha know. He thumbs-upped me, and I peeled.

I tried to get on the right edge of the tongue as I began the 30-yard run to the Boof. If you're wrong at the top, you can correct, butt you're complicating things. Oh...by the BTW (for those of you who've never had the singular pleasure of running the schweeeet Upper Yo): if you miss the Boof, you're in for a very solid hole-trashing, typically for the benefit of many carnagethirsty spectators.

I wasn't quite on the right edge. I came close to the rock that's in the middle of the river. "Damn; I have to head right, in a hurry" I thought. I put in a couple of solid left strokes, and I believed I was there.

Just left of the rock, with a strong left stroke as I passed the rock, aiming just right...and "Boof!" said the boat as I dropped into the eddy.

Often, dropping into the eddy isn't the end of it--it often tries hard to feed you into that Hole of Heinosity. And it really

was pushing me in that direction. Aware that the video was still rolling, I backed away from the nasties. I paddled hard, and the best I could do was to end up on the seam just next to the hole.

A couple more strokes...and I was in the flatwater, heading for the riverbank with my buds. Not a perfect run of the Boof, butt more than acceptable.

I walked up to where Dave was videoing, and Brent and Smoltz were standing there. I thought one of them was gonna grab the camera, butt on this sunny hot summer day, they had other fish to emulate.

First one, then the other...they cannonballed into the tongue right next to the river-left rock. Smoltz went down for about four seconds, maybe 15 yards. Brent's was better: a solid six-count, 20 yards, emerging next to the Splat Rock.

Damn. I gotta do that. With a serious case of Video Cajones, I took the plunge. It was great! I went deep, got swooshed away...I stayed balled up for awhile, then decided I'd had enough underwatering and might want some air. I must be near the surface.

I didn't stroke for the surface; that would defeat the purpose of the exercise. Butt I did start wondering when I'd get my next breath of air. I finally did emerge...next to the rock, just like Brent. I must have been down all of six seconds, myself.

I hear great things about jumping off the rock at Pillow, too. Gauley Season is only a couple of months away...

Well, that's the story of my Swim at National. Hope you enjoyed it. What's that? You were hoping that I'd blown the line in my *boat* and pulled my skirt? Well...sorry to disappoint you.

You vultures. Get some therapy.





Keel-Hauler's KaNews September 2003

Next newsletter deadline - 9/24

Your 2004 dues are now payable.

Our membership year ends October 1st, so your 2004 dues are now due. Your mailing label indicates whether you are paid up for 2004. Mail your check for \$20 today, please include a donation for our club's conservation program if you can.

Please indicate any changes to your address, phone or e-mail listing. You can pay at any club meeting or Mail to:

**Keel Haulers Canoe Club
1649 Allen Dr
Westlake, OH 44145-2506**

You do not need to fill out a new application or waiver to renew your membership. An application will be included in our October newsletter. Your last newsletter will be the December Kanews, please don't make us keep sending out notices, it costs the club time and money. You may now pay your dues and register on-line using Paypal.

Trip Schedule

September

5-7 Gauley River Weekend, WV (28/33)

Upper: Ron Whitney skayak@juno.com 440-946-1213

5-6 Lower: Jim Hunt jfhunt@mcdermott.com 330-335-5203
or at cabin 724-329-2136

9 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center, 7:30 PM

13-14 Gauley River Weekend, WV (28/33)

Scott Debalski SCD@Lubrizol.com 440-298-1257

13 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Tim Taubert tim_taubert@adit.com 440-256-2506

20 Canoe or Kayak Cuyahoga River, OH (3)

Dennis Plank dennislakeerie@aol.com 216-228-4926

20-21 Yough Weekend, PA (12/23)

Lower Yough organizer Dave Roush droush@comkt.com
440-461-6456

20-21 Upper New, WV (16)

Karen Daniels karenkayaks@yahoo.com 440-458-5972

20-21 Gauley Fest Weekend, WV (26/33)

Upper Gauley : Cliff WireCLFWIRE@aol.com 440-439-6541

Lower Gauley : Terry Markoff ke_markoff@lgca.org
330-688-1930

New River Gorge: Steve McClung KayakKazoo@aol.com

330-325-7095

26-28 5th Annual American Whitewater Ohiopyle Falls Race

Ed Petrisek, 305 S. Atlantic Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15224, is in charge of the 2003 race. He can be reached at (412) 362-1916, and emailed at legacy@allterrainprojects.com

27-28 Slippery Rock Creek, PA (13/21)

Andy Gross a.gross@csuohio.edu 216-321-9284

Sept 9 Meeting: Middleburg Hts Community Center 7:30 PM

Grand Canyon 2001 Trip Slide Show

If you missed the slide show last year, here's another opportunity to see it. Pam and Mark Poljak will be presenting the show at the Bay Village Library on Sunday, October 12, at 2:00pm. It's a half-hour show with lots of great slides synchronized with music. The library will be posting advertisements with details.

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West Virginia Rivers Coalition hosts 2nd annual "Dining Out for Clean Water" benefit September 27

Carl Bolyard - WVRC

Fayetteville, W.Va. - Each fall thousands of tourists and dedicated whitewater enthusiasts flock to the Gauley and New Rivers for autumn colors and world famous whitewater rafting and kayaking. West Virginia Rivers Coalition is hosting its second annual benefit that partners with local restaurants

to raise awareness about the importance of rivers in the Mountain State. When kayakers and tourists dine out after running the Gauley River on Saturday, September 27, they will be supporting river conservation just by eating dinner. Seven local restaurant owners in Fayetteville and Summersville, West Virginia are helping West Virginia Rivers Coalition raise funds for their river conservation programs. The Canyon Door, Cathedral Cafe, Mountain Laurel Restaurant, Cowboys, La Carreta, Pies & Pints Pizzeria and Sedona Grille all have agreed to donate a portion of each dinner bill.

Participating in Dining Out for Clean Water is simply a fun way to help rivers. On Saturday the 27th folks choose one of the restaurants that are participating in conserving our great rivers and eat dinner. By simply doing that you donate to WVRC and get a chance to win a week's lodging in Park City, Utah for Winter 2004 or a Talic Sports Rack, both will be drawn on Sunday 9/28. A map to find all of the restaurants will be available online at wvrivers.org very soon.

The Canyon Door, Cathedral Cafe, Mountain Laurel Restaurant, Cowboys, La Carreta, Pies & Pints Pizzeria and Sedona Grille will serve dinner between 4pm and 10pm on Saturday the 27th. Contact information for the restaurants and details of WVRC's conservation projects can be found at www.wvrivers.org or by calling 304-637-7201.

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West Virginia Rivers Coalition runs the annual Upper Gauley boat shuttle for 2003

Announcement from WVRC:

Reminding you that you do not need to carry your boat up the hill from the Upper Gauley takeout at Mason's Branch. The annual Gauley River Shuttle begins September 6, 7 and will run until the last weekend of Gauley season October 11, 12. We will be running the shuttle Friday, Saturday and Sunday during Gauley Festival weekend September 19, 20, & 21.

The shuttle is easy for you to use. We have secured a grassy field for you to park in up above Mason's Branch and when you take out below Sweet's Falls on river right you load your hard boat on our truck and walk the trail without having to carry your heavy stuff out of the canyon. You pay us \$5 for this time honored service and all of your donation directly benefits rivers like the Gauley, New, Cheat and Tygart.

The U-Haul truck and volunteers are there from around noon until the last load around 6pm. People helping out are volunteers so go easy on them. We are very grateful to Class VI River Runners and Appalachian Wildwater for the land access to run the shuttle and we could not provide the service to boaters without their help. We are grateful to work with American Whitewater on this project. The alliance between AW and WVRC keeps landowners happy, rules enforced, and access open at the takeout, which is on private property. Please be respectful of all guidelines, which ensures access to this great river! There is NO CAMPING, NO LITTERING and NO FIRES permitted on the property at the request of the landowner.

Dates to remember for this year's Gauley season:

•WVRC's Gauley Boat Shuttle is available September 6, 7, 13, 14, 19, 20, 21, 27, 28, 4, 5, 11 & 12.

•AW's Gauley Festival will be Saturday September 20 look for the WVRC booth there Saturday night.

•Monday the 22 will remain the day for the 10th Animal Upper Gauley race.
[www.gauleyrace.com]

There will be an extra day of Gauley release this year on Sunday October 19. This is the day after Bridge Day. No boat shuttle but lots of good water.

Remember we are always looking for volunteers! You can spend the day helping to run the Gauley Shuttle its fun, you get to give back and help WVRC plus you'll be registered in our volunteers drawing where we draw some really nifty prizes for volunteers each spring at our annual volunteers party! Call 304.637.7201 to sign up and help out.

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The Journey by Chris Ringenbach

2,805 miles, 11 states, 6 days, 4 rivers, 3 kayaks, 2 people, 1 Big AZ Burger. Myself and my esteemed colleague John Bungard just got back from a trip of epic proportions. We began our trip on Thursday, July 17th at noon leaving dry Vermont heading south. Our first stop was my home river, the Lower Yough in southwest Pennsylvania. We arrived at the campground around 10:45 pm and met the campground attendant. We proceed to tell him that we are planning on only staying one night because we are heading down to the Ocoee the following day. "The Owhaty?" he replies. He gives us a nice campsite and we get a good night sleep, dreaming of the river. The next day we awake and hit the Yough. The level was at an in between one, 3.2 ft. A lot of stuff was washed and the water wasn't

high enough for other features to come in, but it was good times none the less. One nice feature of the river is that we saw only 5 other boaters, all whom were women. The sights were beautiful, the river was cool, and the sun was warm. A beautiful day in Penntucky.

We continued south after we took out around 12:30pm towards Tennessee. We arrived at the campground at 12:01 am, which proved nice because we were able to camp for 2 nights for the price of one.

That Saturday the Ocoee was releasing the upper and lower sections. The play on the Olympic section was amazing. John and I were the only people at Smileys and another awesome hole opened up on river left above Humongous. After wondering for many hours why the Northeast didn't have gorgeous raft guides and kayakers like the Ocoee has, we finally got off the river around 5 pm and headed into Ducktown for some good southern cooking. The restaurant had a beautiful salad bar that we took part in. While at the bar, a southern gentleman said that they use to have beets and that he would really like some for his salad. I pointed at a white vegetable with a red outside saying, "There they are." "Boy, where have you been! Those are radishes!" I was about to tell him that we just came down from Pennsylvania but I figured that he didn't really want to know.

The next day we voyaged over to find some good river running. We ended up on the South Carolina / Georgia border paddling section 4 of the Chattooga at 1.85ft. Amazing river! Five Falls is awesome, that is all I have to say. Paddling the river in playboats makes it quite interesting. We headed into Greenville, SC for

some tasty pizza and a nice microbrew. We finally hit the road at 7pm and arrived in Fayette, WV at 1:00 am.

We put on the New River Gorge at noon on Monday after a very nice breakfast at Cathedral Café. One note, shuttle becomes difficult on weekdays. There were only two other kayakers on the river. Greyhound was at a perfect level, although the river was at an in between level (3.6 feet) once again and a lot was washed out. We played until 4pm, cooked a nice dinner and started our journey back north.

The car arrived at a lovely RV park in southern Pennsylvania around midnight. Sketch. Small hands, smell like cabbage. We got out of there promptly at 6:00am and continued North. Around 11:00 am we stopped for gas somewhere in New York and I decided it would be a good time for lunch. Humm. Big AZ Burger sounds pretty good. Kaboom!!!! Gut bomb. Note to self: Do not eat a cheese burger that has 40 ingredients listed on the package. I do not have many regrets in my life, but this was definitely one of them. We finally arrived back in Burlington at 2:25 pm, just in time for my 2:30 meeting.

The adventure was amazing. Great rivers, great carnies, an all around great time. Round two: Talluah, Upper Yough, North Fork of the French Broad, and the Green.

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KAYAKING KRONICLES PART V.

"HOLE DANCING"

BY: Richard Dabal, RK

It was 6:00 AM Sunday, June 8,

2003. Brodhead Creek, which is north of Stroudsburg, Pa was running 3.2 feet at Analomink (I did not make that up, that is the name of the gauge). It was still raining but forecasted to stop and be cloudy all day. Another rainy weekend in the Northeast. At 6:15 the calls went out, meeting time and location were set...it was going to be a good day on the Brodhead. There will be five of us today, I would be leading four "first timers" on the Brodhead. GOOD, four probes, I was always curious as what might happen running that left slot on the biggest drop.

We all arrive at the appointed time and location, the take-out, and this is where the gauge is. As folks set up for shuttle I run down and look at the gauge...3.45 feet!!!! It's up. GOOD LEVEL!! I am laughing, feeling great. The four first timers look at me with this "strange look". I only laugh louder and get in the truck and away we go to the put-in.

Put-in is appropriately enough, the parking lot for the church in Canadensis. We do all the clothes changing before the congregation arrives, so no one is seen being inappropriate. The put-in is a class three + type, steep embankment, narrow and immediate fast water upon entry. I give the four "first timers" Dave, Joe, Brant, Chris the run-down on the upper Brodhead...It is narrow (as in the "Slip" above the mill), one boat eddies, numerous horizon lines, heavy/turbulent chutes, one portage, potential for river-wide snags. With that done we shove off.

There were four hard boaters and one canoe (Brant). I have paddled with Dave before and he is good, cautious and good roll. The other three were first timers paddling with me. Joe and Dave told me Chris has not paddled much this

year and will be hesitant. Good they told me, I place Chris as third in running order.

Now Brodhead Creek...Brodhead is roadside boating, It's size and gradient are similar to the Slippery Rock., Upper Brodhead is narrow, lower Brodhead is wide, like the Slip in Eckart to Harris. Brodhead has several river wide straight drop ledges four to five feet high, sloping ledges, boulder choked chutes and a lot of play spots. The only drawback to the upper Brodhead are fallen trees. Last time (one month prior to this trip) only one river wide snag was present. Today there would be four. Fortunately all were located on quiet water sections and in plain view. All were easily portaged around.

I watched Chris and saw he was weak in catching eddies. I gave him a few pointers on how to attain and exit eddies more effectively. Despite his habit of planting his paddle too late/behind him as he entered the eddy, he still tried what I explained and by day's end he was making a conscious effort to plant that paddle in front of him and catch that eddy. And he was getting it, he was getting used to planting that paddle in front and not dragging it behind him.

Now the four Brodhead newbies were having a good time on this creek. Dave was totally jazzed, saying several times he was glad he did not stay home. Joe would say "Holy Monkey!!" after each big drop. Brant was having a good

time spinning his open boat down the chutes, Chris was doing alright for not paddling much this year. After we got past the fourth snag, the gradient lessened. Dave asked me if that was it, I replied no, those earlier drops were warm-ups. The drops are bigger and more fun down below. Dave got this really big smile on his face.

So into the bigger stuff we went. We shore scouted the first ledge. A river wide four footer straight edge drop with a moderate backwash to it. You have to run this on far river right, but shore scout on the left. I ran first and the four first timers followed with no problem. Other ledges followed and everyone did fine. They all ran the lines well, were attentive to signals and were good at catching eddies and waiting their turn to run.

We ran the largest of the slide drops and on the bottom river right side was this mini Swimmers type wave. We all jumped into it surfing, rolling, surfing. Then the thought struck me!!!! This is the Place!!! This is the perfect spot for.....HOLE DANCING!!!!!! I immediately start yelling HOLE DANCING!!!!HOLE DANCING!!! The four of them just looked at me. After three point five years of trying to get easterners to appreciate one of the finer past times of western Pa and eastern Ohio boating I was about to make a major breakthrough. I explained how to set up for HOLE DANCING (see KAYAKING KRONICLE I titled "He Said I Was"..., paragraph three, line 12). Chris, paddling a Pirouette was

placed in the hole, Dave was put in the center, I was left and Joe was Right, Brant had the camera. With Chris side surfing and stable he managed to hold the three boats together. Dave popped his sprayskirt, stood up did a few dance moves, improv style and got back into his boat. Chris let go and we all paddled back to the eddy.

Now big kudos go to Dave for being the first easterner I instructed on HOLE DANCING. Dave was jazzed by the experience. He was laughing non-stop for the next 10-15 minutes. Regardless of their initial reactions to HOLE DANCING these four paddlers are now aware of HOLE DANCING. These four paddlers will now venture out to other eastern/northeastern streams and practice the form, the style, the art of HOLE DANCING.

It took much longer than I anticipated, but I finally got the breakthrough. It has come at a key point in the effort of toppling the power hungry paddling gumbees that dominant the paddling clubs out here. (During the day we five discussed these gumbees and how they get in the way of folks who just to paddle. More on this in the next KRONICLE). I now have four more paddlers enlisted in the effort of toppling the existing power structure.

And as Palpatine always says...."Everything is going according to plan".

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2003 Officers

President: Ron Tomallo 440-953-1335
Vice President: Elliot Drysdale 440-708-7208
Secretary: Cliff Wire 440-439-6541
Treasurer: Karen Daniels 440-458-5972

Meeting place: Middleburg Hts. Rec. Ctr.
15700 Bagley Rd.

Second Tuesday of each month, at 7:30 P.M.

Membership: \$20 per year. New memberships, renewals, change in address or phone send directly to Membership Chairman:

John Kobak
440-871-1758
1649 Allen Dr.
Westlake, OH 44145

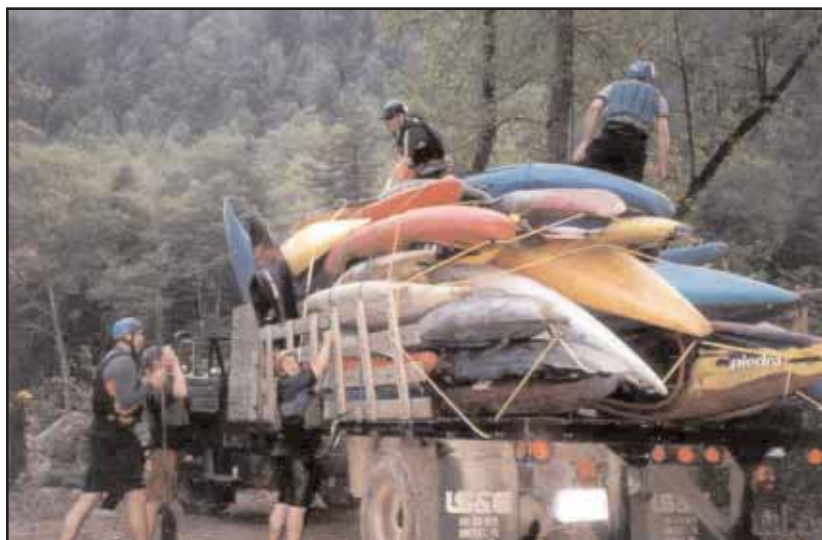
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Water sports are a potentially dangerous activity. Keel-Haulers Canoe Club recommends and encourages all of its members and others to abide by all laws, regulations and recommended practices when engaging in such activity. Each member is responsible for assessing her/his own abilities and for not engaging in activities which are beyond those limits. Members assume any and all risk when choosing to participate in any activity and the Keel-Haulers Canoe Club is not responsible for any damages resulting from such participation.

KHCC WEB PAGE URL: www.keelhauler.org

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Non-Commercial Advertising is free to all members. To place an ad, send the information the way you want it to appear. Mail or email before the second to the last Saturday of each month. Please write or call when item is sold. It will appear for 2 months unless canceled. Commercial ads may be submitted by club member's owned businesses four times each year with a maximum of four lines of copy per ad.



...at the end of the Cheat Race

Editor KeelHauler Kanews

August 2003

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