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"All good things must come to an end."

Zina Merkin

Maybe it was lunchtime on the second day, I'm not sure. But my brother Jim came up to me and said, "You brought me up here to get back at me, didn't you?" He was referring to a little incident from our childhood. He almost broke my wrist when he pulled a scatter rug out from under my feet to see if I'd stay standing there like those tricks where whole place settings remain neatly arranged after the tablecloth is snatched from under them. At the time he said it was an accident, that he didn't mean to really pull the rug. It was only recently that I found out he did do it on purpose. But I digress.

Jim had never even been in a canoe before, let alone in a kayak in whitewater. Was I subconsciously trying to punish him? But he's a far better skier than I, he used to skin dive, he runs, he does martial arts, so I thought he might like to try this sport. I warned him how strenuous it could be, I sent him a Kent Ford tape and the Paddler's Personal Trainer so he could prepare, but he somehow never got around to seeing them. Somehow he just wasn't listening when I told him it was a whitewater camp. When he got to Madawaska he was a little unprepared for how much they expected from him in five days of lessons.

Continued on page 3



**OhMyGod!
It's Canada: Pictures and a Trip Report**

Barry Grimes

"OhMyGod! Do you think we'll get searched?" Emily exclaims as she surveys the queue at the US/Canada border. "I hope not.", I reply thinking that the guards will take one look at the fully loaded and "armed for international boating" Armageddon and decide that we've got too much stuff to fool with. Sure enough, after a glance at the 3 kayaks on the roof and a few quick questions about our citizenship, how long and where we're going, Emily, Cynthia and I are allowed to pass into the promised land for a week of Canadian whitewater boating.

We had decided to cross into Canada via the Peace Bridge across the mighty Niagara River from Buffalo, NY and would be camping for the night in an urban camp ground near the famous Falls. We just cruised by the Falls (which is nicely visible from a slow moving van:-) since finding a free place to park among the multitudes of sightseers, honeymooners, and gamblers that thronged on the Canadian side was tough and this was not a waterfall we felt needed scouting from us:-)

Continued on page 5

Do you have a good Picture or two for the BWA Calendar?

Have you been taking your cameras with you on all of your paddling trip? And why not? Well there's plenty of boating opportunities left to capture those thrilling, beautiful, artistic and/or comical paddling moments for the 2003 BWA Calendar. Organized trips that are coming up are: the women's trip (no BWA Calendar would be complete without a few photos of the sexy women of BWA), the clubs reunion picnic (schedule for Aug. 30-Sept. 2 at Fox Fire Campground on the Pigeon), Gauley Festival, and Russell Fork Rendezvous.

Here's a couple I took at the Spring clinic:



The guidelines for the calendar are:

- 1) Photos must have been taken by an active (dues paid) BWA member.
- 2) Photos must be paddling related.
- 3) A member can submit a maximum of 5 photos.
- 4) Photos must be submitted as a 5x7 print or larger.
- 5) Preliminary judging and categorizing by month will

BOWLINES

Bowlines is the Newsletter of the Bluegrass Wildwater Association, POB 4231, Lexington Ky, 40544

Club Officers 2002-2003 Join in on the Fun!

President	David Reed	859-527-5898
Vice-President	Stacy King	859-881-9474
Treasurer	Anthony Miller	
Secretary	Tim Miller	859-879-8012
Safety	Larry Cable	859-255-8961
Program	Donnie Wilson	859-971-0897
Newsletter	Tim Miller	859-879-8012
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Conservation	Zina Merkin	
Film Festival Coordinator	Dave Margavage	502-876-0468
Russel Fork River Festival Coordinator	John Foy	859-278-2536
Equipment Coordinator	Mike Bodner	859-854-3054
At-Large Member:	Stephanie Lind	859-266-0479
Membership Coordinator	Sarah Cornell	859-576-1766
Wildwater Cats Rep.	Corrine Voils	859-313-5038
Past President	Bruce Rishel	859-879-6538

BWA website:

www.surfbwa.org

Join the BWA! BWA Membership \$20/individual; \$25/Family year entitles you to receive the newsletter, 10% discounts at many local and out of state outfitter shops, use of club equipment, discount at pool rolling sessions, a listing in the BWA Handbook, a stream gauge guide, and web site with a listserve for member's messages.

Meetings are held the at 7:30, the second Tuesday of each month at Mark's Feed Store, Lexington, Ky.

Submission of Newsletters articles preferred on CD, Zip or floppy disk (Mac or PC) or typed. Pictures can be digital or ready to be scanned. Please included stamped envelope for return. **Preferred method:** Files can also be e-mailed to: TMiller732@aol.com



be done by the BWA Calendar Committee. So, if you have photos of winter paddling you have a better chance of having your photo selected because people take fewer paddling photos in the winter than they take in the summer.

6) Final selection of photos for the calendar will be done via online voting by BWA members--one vote per member per month. The top vote getting photo per month will win. Hopefully, we can make this happen.

7) Deadline for submitting photos is Oct. 15th.

8) If your photo is selected to appear in the calendar you will receive a free calendar.

So start taking pictures on every paddling trip!

Continued from pg. 1: "All good things must come to an end."

The group we sent this year was a motley crew: myself, Stephanie Lind (Smiley), Kevin Jones, Lisa Cligget, Shawn Howard, (Philosopher) Brad Monton, Ed (Fast Eddy) or (Dr. Ed) Peterson, and my brother Jim. I'd been paddling the longest, followed by Lisa, Brad, Stephanie and Kevin, Ed, Shawn and of course poor, unsuspecting Jim.

The way up was relatively uneventful, other than a slight meltdown I had when we stopped in Toronto for the night, at a hostel right in the heart of the entertainment district: Canadiana Backpackers. The only drawback to this place is finding secure parking. We were warned not to leave things visible in the car, which meant unpacking much of my station wagon and hauling it all inside. Unfortunately it was about 9 pm and I hadn't had supper yet. Anyone who knows me well, knows not to let my blood sugar drop. We managed to get through it without me killing anyone and headed down to King Street to choose from the dozens of restaurants we found there. Second City comedy review, several theatres, dance clubs, almost anything you could imagine was nearby

ed singing into the walkie-talkie. He was unable to get much participation until he struck on "I know an old lady who swallowed a fly..." Thank goodness at this point we were only a few minutes from camp! Once at camp, we stowed our beer in the beer fridges (first things first), settled in, and began to meet the other campers. Patty and Phil from Virginia had Kentucky ties – she's an equine surgeon and grew up in western Kentucky. A few members of the Chicago Whitewater Association were there, and a loosely related group of cousins and friends from Pennsylvania and upstate New York. There were a surprising number of single-bladers, some of them kayakers going over to the dark side for a new challenge.

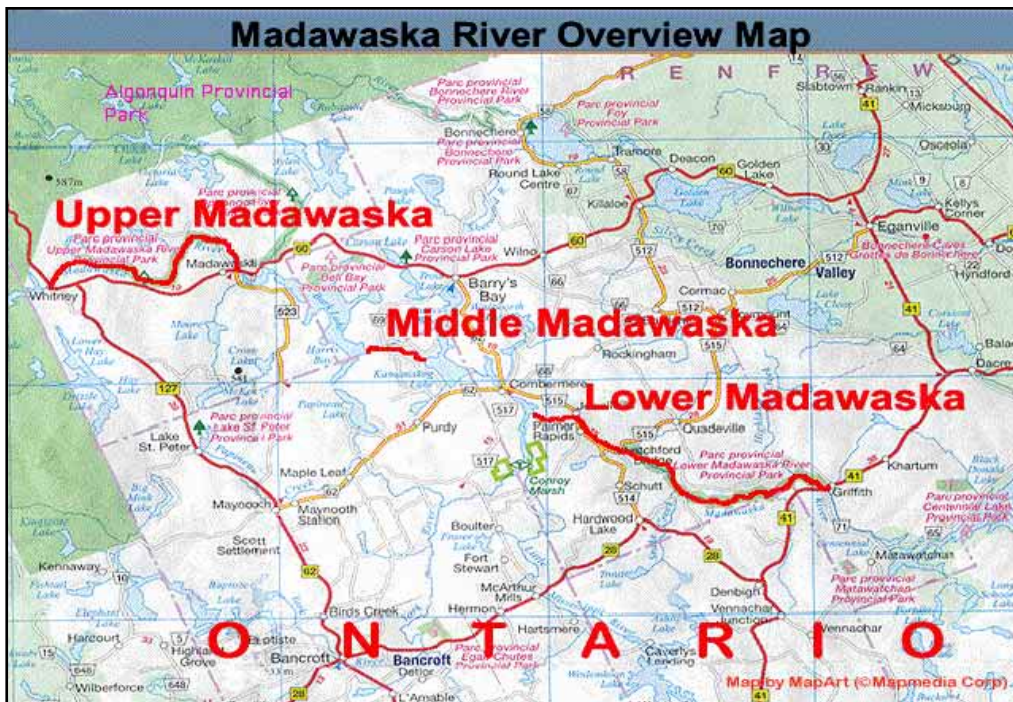
The first morning, after a hearty breakfast, we gathered on the porch and were given a quick run-through of the MKC routine. Each of us received the traditional MKC water bottle. Mine immediately began to leak – I wondered if this was a bad omen. We discovered that my brother didn't fit into some of the equipment I had brought for him, so he had to rent a boat and some other gear. They put him into a Wavesport Z for his first day

(all flatwater lake work) and he was so frustrated with spinning in circles he almost gave up. That, and the fact that the beginner group was nearly electrocuted. He had one foot in the water and one on the shore when lightning struck the lake. He said it felt like someone whacked him across the leg. Almost electrocuted the first day -- no wonder he thought I was trying to get back at him.

Those of us who weren't complete beginners spent the first part of the day paddling through the lower set of slalom gates while Alex and Claudia sat on Swimmer's Rock and evaluated our boat control and

technique. They sorted us into classes after asking a few questions like where we thought we belonged and what we were there to accomplish. Some, like Kevin, just defied categorization, and moved from group to group throughout the week. Stephanie, Lisa and I were in a group together, Ed was on his own, and Shawn and Brad were put in what we came to acknowledge as the advanced group. Never mind that Shawn had only been paddling for less than a year, but his new bent-shaft paddle made him look really hot as he paddled through the gates.

The stretch of water on which MKC sits is known as the



also. We were also just a short walk from the lakefront, the CN tower, a BEER Store, and Mountain Equipment Co-op (sort of a Canadian REI). After a leisurely Sunday morning exploring all these places (ask Stephanie how many pictures she has of the CN tower), we picked up my brother at the airport and headed to Barry's Bay for our week of fun on the river.

We drove northeast out of Toronto, and crossed Algonquin park looking for moose (meese?). We had supper in the Parkland Diner, which has a screened deck looking out on a section of the Upper Madawaska. On the way out Ed bought a handful of gummi candies. I don't know what they were laced with, but soon Ed start-

Middle Madawaska, about 3 miles of class II-III rapids, the majority of which are within a half mile of camp. The water comes from Bark Lake, over the top of a dam, running from about 9 - 3:30 Monday through Thursday. The "major" rapids are Staircase, a class III series of ledges, Chalet and Gravel Pit, home of the Ich Binder Beste sidesurfing hole. For a neat view of the



Madawaska and its rapids, if you have a fast connection, check out <http://www.riverviewmultimedia.com/>.

So the first day the beginners almost got electrocuted. The second day, Shawn racked up his shoulder sidesurfing up in Staircase when he did an upstream brace and hit the ledge. Small consolation, but he did throw his first cartwheel earlier in the day, meeting one of his big goals. Unfortunately, Shawn had to sit out the rest of the week which disappointed him greatly, but he graciously acted as group photographer and cheerleader for much of the week. The third day, Cody in my class took 2 swims through Staircase, getting a bit scraped up the second time, and our instructor took a solid hit in the head while catching her and her boat. He had dizzy spells off and on the rest of the day, so he moved us from Staircase down to Chalet, where other instructors could chase us (or him) if he passed out or something. This gave us a lot of confidence..... Most of our class was a little disappointed that we didn't get to work the rapid. But Wednesday is only a half day on the river anyway, with the afternoon spent lazing away at the lake as a break from the pace of the river work. A little roll practice, some trying out different boats, sunbathing, reading, and a great picnic supper.

Thursday was testing day, and my class spent much of the morning practicing the eddies and gates we were to be tested on. Right before lunch we were tested at gates 20 - 25. For a bit of extra challenge, they changed the move at one gate at the last moment. I went first, just barely making the first move all the way across the river, directly opposite or maybe a bit upstream, to the eddy at gate 20. Panting, I powered through the upstream gate and headed back across. Oxygen deprivation took its toll. As I ferried across the current I

looked at gate 21 and couldn't remember what the hell I was supposed to do there, backwards, forwards, upstream? At the last possible moment I guessed, and ducked through, but it wasn't pretty.

After lunch we did the eddy-catching part of the test through Chalet. This was something of a cluster-****, with students from different classes with different patterns to run, as well as folks just paddling through, all converging on the rapid at the same time. At one move I stalled out and got turned the wrong way. I refused to give up, got myself turned back around, and dropped into the eddy wheezing and out of breath. The hardest move was next, but I couldn't paddle a stroke. "Would they penalize me for stopping?" I wondered. "Better than drowning," I thought. Then one of the canoeists got right in my way, forcing me to stay put until he peeled out. By the time the course was clear I could function again, for the most fun move of the course, sideways through a breaking wave and into the eddy at gate 12. I had another bobble on the way out of that eddy, getting surfed at the eddy line, but I managed to complete the run with enough points to get my intermediate certificate. Most of the BWA group got intermediate certificates, and Brad passed the advanced classification. "Fast Eddy" was a little disappointed that he didn't get the opportunity to try the advanced test. But he sort of made up for it by catching every wave and trying every play spot he could. He had lots of combat rolls that week, and I believe I saw him swim Staircase, too.

Friday was river trip day -- we were going to the Ottawa. Brad's group would paddle the main channel (see accompanying story), and the rest of us, including the beginners, would paddle the middle. My brother, exhausted and feeling uncoordinated, debated skipping the trip but decided to go for the full experience. They made the beginners walk Lower No Name, but he ran everything else staying upright through it all. The only place he swam was in the boily water below McCoy's where 4 out of 5 beginners flipped at once. He would've hung out for a bow rescue, but saw the others going down at the same time and realized there was no percentage in it. Lisa also flipped in this funny water when someone collided with her, but she was able to pop right up with a strong roll. The Ottawa is so big, with so much water, that the currents do some very strange things. Iron Ring was the first substantial rapid we ran, and big, whirlpool-like boils proved challenging to several of the beginners and novices alike. Kevin flipped here, too, also the victim of a collision.

Although we weren't right with the beginners, we crossed paths often enough that I got to see my brother paddle, and he got to watch me. A new respect was in his eyes after he watched me bulldoze through the waves at Lower No Name. I got a great picture of him



entering Butterfly, a rapid I was too chicken to paddle when I was at MKC the first time. But I think my favorite picture of all was when a bunch of folks swam Butterfly just for fun. "Dr. Ed" was right there with them. Now would you want this man operating on you?

There are lots more little stories to tell about Madawaska, about the food, the people, conversations over a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red, but you'd have to go up there yourself to really understand. While at times it can be frustrating to ferry between the same two eddies for over an hour, or do a sweep-duffek combination for the 15th time, going to Madawaska is not the same thing as an extended river trip. Before they let you play, they have you fine-tune all your strokes, regardless of how well you think you can get down a river. It's a training camp, no two ways about it. But on a great river, with beautiful scenery, great food, awesome instructors, and interesting and fun fellow paddlers from all over the world. And when you do get to let loose on the Friday river trip, and see what you can do now, it's well worth it.

Philosopher Brad's version of the MKC trip (by Brad Monton)

By the time we hit cottage country north of Toronto, I was beginning to question why I was on this trip. Could MKC really be worth this drive? Laughing at Ed's singing into the two-way radio that our CEO (Zina) had provided helped keep my spirits up, and partaking in Stephanie's quixotic game of "spot the moose" helped too. But it was getting on the water that dispelled all doubt.

By some mysterious process of magical divination, I got put in a group with Shawn, two Pennsylvania paddlers, and Johanna from Chicago, with Alex (the head instructor) as our kayaking muse. We "cinco chicos and lucky Jo" started with flatwater strokes, but soon moved up to running gates, catching micro-eddies behind holes, stern squirts, side surfing (remembering not to brace upstream!), 360s, bow stalls, and even (for Shawn) cartwheeling -- before an unfortunate upstream brace put him out of commission.

We had firmly established that as the (self-proclaimed) advanced group, we had right of way on the river,

though the rafts and canoes that came through on occasion didn't seem to realize this. It wasn't until later in the week that we found out that there was another (ostensibly) "advanced" group, who would also be paddling the Main Channel of the Ottawa with us on Friday. We'd have to show them!

The Main Channel is an impressive river -- it's wide and deep, with big big water. I've paddled New River gorge at 1.5 feet, and the Main Channel (at zero feet) seemed bigger than that. There were no double-Z style lines though -- for the most part one just punched through holes and made sure to keep paddling through the huge boils. (Accidental mystery moves were allowed.)

Most of the time for me, names of rapids go in one ear and out the other, but the name "the Garburator" is stuck in my head. This is the hole of the first major rapid we came to, where the water slides down a drop and gets funneled through a chute. The line is obvious -- follow the downstream V and punch through the hole -- but what a downstream V, and what a hole! I entered the downstream V, picked up speed due to the drop and to my furious paddling, and had time to think: "wow, I've been dropping, and there's still more of this downstream V to go!" The hole felt like a punch, and I was immersed in water for a short while, but I emerged upright and victorious.

On this and the other rapids, my group did fine, with an occasional roll but no swims. We all like to watch carnage, though (as long as it's just fun and games), and the other "advanced" group provided quite a show. There was one rapid where the river narrowed to a chute and the water was 70 feet deep, and after the drop, hole, and standing waves, there was a section of boils.

Our instructor had reminded us -- if you brace on boils you'll only be bracing the right way for a tenth of a second -- but apparently the other group hadn't figured that out, because I think three of the five of them flipped and swam. But flipping on the Ottawa doesn't generally have bad consequences, because the water is so deep. We watched one kid run a rapid as follows: flip and roll above a hole, obviously skirt the hole, flip and roll upstream of the next hole, get swept into that hole and do an inadvertent cartwheel or two, get swept out upside down and roll again, and (for good measure) flip and roll in the boils at the end. (Perhaps he was distracted by our cries of anguish and cheers of support as we watched the saga unfold.)

My only thought at takeout was "all good things must come to an end". But looking back, it hasn't really ended -- I have new skills to practice, new stories to tell, and new friends to paddle with. And of course there's always the possibility of MKC next year -- I still can't 360 on waves, I still can't cartwheel, and I never did spot a moose!



The huge Whirlpool Rapid in the Niagara gorge is unfortunately off limits to private kayakers thanks to a misguided case of personal injury paranoia in the US National Park Service. There have been occasional illegal runs of the Gorge and at least one legal run by Risa Shimoda, Woody Callaway, Chris Spellius (all in squirt boats) and Nolan Whitesell (in an OC-1) that was captured on video and entered in the NPPF competition by videographer Paul Marshall as "Niagara: Scary Fun" in the late 80s.

A visit to Niagara, Ontario is not unlike a trip to Gatlinburg, TN except that the locals tend to say "eh?" at the end of a sentence instead of "yewknowwhutimean?". After spending the night at the campsite we cruised north along the Niagara Parkway - a very cool strip of real nature with no shops, casinos or parking hassles that runs along side the River. I had never really considered the Niagara area as an outside "destination" location to visit but, like the Smoky Mt National Park, the noncommercial areas of the Niagara Parkway, with it's numerous and very uncrowded bike and hiking trails overlooking the spectacular Gorge, has very ample outdoor charms. If the ban on kayaking the Niagara Gorge is ever lifted I would seriously think about a return visit with bikes and roller blades and stay longer than a single night.

Leaving Niagara we headed further north via Toronto then finished driving the remaining 3 hours to Barry's Bay, Ontario and what is unquestionably the best whitewater boating school in the hemisphere -



The chalet at Madawaska Kanu Center has grown considerably over the 19 years the Grimes clan has been visiting. In addition to an expanded central chalet complete with decks and a large dining room there is a comfortable dormitory, expanded camping area and a new log sauna with cooling pool.

Madawaska Kanu Center.

Members of the BWA have been traveling annually to Madawaska since the late 70s when that incredible

boating prototype Sam Moore first discovered it. Founded by Herman and Krista Kerckhoff, (Claudia's parents) in 1972, MKC has everything an aspiring whitewater boating student could want. If there ever was a Mecca for whitewater pilgrims MKC would be it.

Thanks to Hydro Canada's friendly arrangement with the kanu cente there is dependable water in the class II-III Madawaska River which is only a short walk from the MKC chalet. A juicy flow release of around 25cms from 9am to 3pm every day creates one of the best teaching streams anywhere. As the flow comes off the top of Bark Lake upstream from camp the water is clean and quite warm. The instruction at MKC is provided by talented paddlers from all over the world who are often current or former slalom racing champions in K1, C1 or open boat. Add in comfortable accommodations plus awesome food 3 times a day and there just isn't a whitewater school anywhere that can match Madawaska Kanu Center.

Emily had enrolled in MKC's "Junior" whitewater kayak class taught by Jenette, aka "J the Roll Doctor". This is a great "family paddling" week at MKC full of kids who really want it. Katrina van Wijk, Claudia and Dirk's daughter would also be in Emily's class along with Marita whose parents, John and Marian were both good boaters and would be coming along with Cynthia and I paddling along with Emily's class as extra safety boaters.



"Staircase" Rapid.

"Staircase" Rapid. This class III rapid is probably the most difficult section of the Madawaska River below Bark Lake Dam. There are a couple of nice class II rapids above Staircase, then comes Chalet (class III), Claudia's Roller (nice little surfing wave), Gravel Pit (class II - with the "Ich Binder" hydraulic) and finally Claudia's Rapid (class II) before reaching another lake and a takeout about 1/4 mile from camp. Running from the top at Bark Lake Dam to the lower lake takeout makes for about a 3 mile paddle.

Once you finished running a section it was just a short carry back up to the top. MKC was a pioneer of "park



n surf" paddling as well as the site of many a major slalom competition. In addition to the Jrs classes last week there were also a few solo and tandem open boaters staying at MKC and practicing up for the OC Slalom Championships that were to take place on the nearby Gull River this past weekend.

If you take classes at MKC prepare to paddle hard. Emily and the kids were typically on the river from 9-12 with an hour break for lunch and then back out again

from 1-3. Then of course after the river there was always more fun playing the famous MKC rope game, and volleyball.

Like her mother, father, brother and many BWA members before her, Emily has graduated from MKC with a stronger sense of confidence and vastly improved whitewater skills. OhMyGod! Emily has become a boater.



MIDWEST REGIONAL FREESTYLE SYMPOSIUM
September 6, 7, and 8, 2002
Camp Manatoc/Camp Butler, Peninsula, Ohio

SYMPOSIUM INFORMATION

Welcome to the third annual **Midwest Regional FreeStyle Symposium!** The MFS offers excellent instruction in quiet water boat control for people wishing to improve their skills in paddling and precise control of their canoes. Courses are offered in all skill levels and are taught by ACA certified instructors. Student/instructor ratio is limited to 5 to 1. Since we are located in the scenic Cuyahoga Valley National Park, we can provide info on activities for non-paddling friends or spouses on request. There are hiking trails, historic sights, the CV Scenic Railroad, and shopping in nearby historic Peninsula.

This year we will be hosting the National Interpretive FreeStyle Canoeing Championships on September 7! Those needing information on the Competition can contact Elaine Mravetz at rmravetP-uakron.edu, or (330) 239-1725.

REGISTRATION: Select the desired courses, skill level, and meals desired on the Registration form, and mail along with the waiver, medical form, and payment to Elaine (at address on registration form). Confirmation, maps, and agenda will be sent upon receipt of registration. Please note that there is a site admission fee that is a required fee for all participants whether or not you sleep on site. It is a fixed expense charged by BSA for groups using the camp. Registration deadline is August 26, 2002.

LODGING: We will be staying at the Conference Center dorm at Camp Butler, adjoining Camp Manatoc and Lake Litchfield. The dorm is divided into quadrants with about 12 bunks in each room. You will need to bring bedding, pillow, and towels. Showers and bathroom facilities are located in the dorm. No pets are allowed at camp. Tent sites are available if desired. If you want a list of area motels, please indicate on the registration.

MEALS: For those who wish meals, we will be offering full meals during the symposium at the dining/meeting hall (Conference Center) next to the dorm. There are kitchen facilities. Please bring utensils, cup, glasses, plate, and bowl. We will have some paper plates and utensils, but hope to keep paper waste to a minimum. There are large sinks for dishwashing in the meeting hall.

CLOTHING: September is usually very pleasant in Ohio, and can be warm during the day. Evenings are usually cool, and lake effect showers are always possible but not usual. Please come prepared for any weather. We paddle unless it is storming.

GEAR/EQUIPMENT: Bring a canoe, paddles, PFD (to be worn at all times when on water), and kneeling pad. Instructors will teach you in the canoe that you bring. If you do not have a canoe, a limited number are available for rent. We need to know asap if you do not have access to a boat, PFD, paddle, or kneeling pad.

Note: For those planning to register for the FS-Instructor Update that will be conducted during the Symposium, please contact Elaine Mravetz for details & information.

BWA Annual Reunion & River Party!

Aug 30-Sept 2, 2002 Labor Day Weekend

Always one of the fun highlights of the year for the BWA!

Reunions of the past have introduced the BWA to many (often hard to believe) tales of the past years paddling.

- Paddling trips for all skills
- Great food with prizes for best side dish and dessert! (Main Course provided by BWA)
- Hiking & mountain biking
- Dave Reed is looking for help:

An Entertainment specialist
Food coordinator

Dining Hall setup,
A couple flunkies.

PLEASE LET Dave Reed KNOW IF YOU THINK YOU MIGHT ATTEND!
While not mandatory, Dave needs a rough estimation on how
many people will be camping/eating.
Paddlingdave1@aol.com Ph. 859-527-5898

Location and logistics:

The Pigeon is a fun and playful river that has less traffic than the Ocoee. The top section from the dam to the campground is Class II-III+. From the campground downstream it's a Class I with a couple class II rapids. The Pigeon is dam released on Saturday from 1 to 6 or 7. They have been doing non-scheduled release to generate power I was told by a couple boaters last weekend. So, with some luck there might be a Sunday release. If not, the French Broad and the Nantahala are an hour away. With the right homage to the rain gods (nekkid rain dances) the Nolichucky is an hour and 15 minutes away.

Directions:

Take I-75 south to Knoxville, take I-40 east toward Asheville about 60 miles outside of Knoxville you'll see the Hartford exit. Take the Hartford exit turn right off the ramp, right at the "T", go about 1/4 mile, Fox Fire Campground is on the left.

Don't miss the final great BWA event of the year 2000!

Let past members know about the reunion!

Last issue of Bowlines if you have not paid your dues. Info on dues on page 2.

Mail Check to Bluegrass Wildwater Association PO Box 4231 Lexington, Ky. 40504



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