It was day four of our trip and I sat on a rock, deep in a small intimate canyon below split rock falls. I hadn’t seen anyone except my paddling partner, Rob Blair, for three days and wouldn’t for another two. We had set up camp for the night high on the cliff overlooking the falls, and gone down the river to pump some water and catch some dinner. We had succeeded easily, the waters below the falls were teeming with pike waiting for the stunned fish who came tumbling out of the froth. After fishing we sat to enjoy the view, to my right the river choked down to from about 80 to 10 feet in width and plunged over a 20 foot drop, spraying me with its mist. To my left the river opened up into a huge rounded pool. Two large piles of logs occupied the eyes of the eddies, each easily 20 ft. high. I watched the sun go down and pondered the power of the spring floods that would have eroded this huge pool and snapped all the logs strewn about. It had taken me four days to get here and would take another four to get back to my car. The chance of me seeing or hearing any human activity that night were very slim. This was the most solitude I had ever experienced, and definitely the reason why I started paddling.

When I first sought to plan a paddling expedition I had my eye on Northern Saskatchewan, definitely a remote destination. But it didn’t take long for me to realize that it was just too damn far. I consulted Don Spangler and Beuren Garten about their trips up north and they suggested the Missinaibi and helped me out with information on the trip. The Missinaibi River is part of the Arctic watershed and flows from Missinaibi lake to James Bay of Hudson Bay. It was used by the Voyagers as a fur trading route on the way from Lake Superior to
The National park Service has compiled and maintains the Nationwide Rivers Inventory (NRI), a register of over 3,000 river segments that potentially qualify as national wild, scenic or recreational rivers.

The NRI is a source of information:
- federal agencies involved with stream-related projects;
- states conducting river assessments;
- resource managers needing a reference to help monitor activities on their rivers;

Visit the NRI website at [http://www.nrcr.nps.gov/rtca/nri](http://www.nrcr.nps.gov/rtca/nri)

The NRI is also available in GIS format on CD-ROM. For a free copy contact Rob Campellone at: National Rivers Inventory, NPS, 1849 C St. N>W> Room 3622, Washington, DC 20240

A new American Whitewater annual event will be held for the first time April 7-9, 2000 (2K) in Wartburg, Tennessee on the Cumberland Plateau. This event is to raise funds to assist the Obed Wild and Scenic River with their watershed management program. This event is a combined effort of the American Whitewater Affiliation, the Chota Canoe Club, the East Tennessee Whitewater Club, the National Parks Conservation Association, the Tennessee Citizens for Wilderness Planning, the University of Tennessee Canoe & Hiking Club and, of course, the Obed Wild & Scenic River park.

Here are some of the Planned Events:

**Friday, April 7**

- Open paddling on the Obed / Emory system, one of the best settings in the Southeast. We'll be glad to give you some guidance on trips/runs. The gauges are there too!

- A 14 mile down-river two-person relay race from Antioch Bridge on Daddy's Creek to Nemo Bridge on the Emory. Paddlers exchange at Obed Junction. Subject to change based on water levels. Contact Daniel Talley for information.

- Outdoor educational programs for Morgan County schools Mountain bike trips (we'll post maps soon) in the area

**Saturday, April 8**

- Tennessee Paddle 2K Festival - all your favorite suppliers, live entertainment and food booths.
- National Padding Film Festival 2000 Road Show at the TP2K Festival
- Climbing wall & tower at the Festival site
- Open paddling on the rivers
- Mountain bike trips (maps coming soon)
- Wild flower hike at Frozen Head State Park
- Bike race for kids
- Safety & rescue demonstrations at the Festival

**Sunday, April 9**

- Open paddling on the rivers
- Mountain bike rides

For current information go to [http://www.tennesseepaddle.com/](http://www.tennesseepaddle.com/)

Editor: This is one event we should support, the Obed system has been our favorite river system to paddle since the BWA was started!
key hidden in the exhaust pipe. They were to come and shuttle the vehicle up to their place in Mattice and come pick us up after we phoned them at the end of the trip. The arrangement had me a little concerned but I soon forgot after the trip began, and it worked out quite well. The cost was high, 400 Canadian dollars. But divided in half and converted to American cash, it was reasonable considering it took two people an entire day to drive down, grab my car and drive back. Also the road access to the park was 80 kilometers by gravel road, and quite washed out in spots.

Our trip started with nice weather, a bit overcast as would be most of the trip, but quite pleasant. We encountered a few fishermen in the lake as we made our way to the head of the river, but they were just specks on the far side of the lake. Soon, we saw a group of two canoes, they were portaging around the first set, Quittagene Rapids. I feared we would frog jump this group for the entire trip, but this would be the last we saw of them. They had shiny new kevlar canoes and would no doubt pick their way down each set of rapids. We continued on and after catching a few nice sized pike and found a very nice campsite on a triple tiered rock outcrop. Most of our campsites were of this kind, a rocky knob overlooking a set of rapids or waterfall. We had our best sunset of the trip this first night, and were feeling pretty satisfied after supper. We consumed some of our fresh veggies with marinara over pasta. And of course a fat glass of indispensable Tang. Water sure does get old quick!

The next day took us past about 10 sets of class 1+, and 2 rapids before pooling out in to the start of Peterbell Marsh. This is also where you pass under a set of railroad tracks, and is a possible starting point for the trip. We had put in about 15 kilometers and were looking for a spot for the night as we approached the tracks. The guidebook had posted a campsite at the abandoned lumber mill along the tracks so we jumped out to have a look. The spot looked kind of a small clearing surrounded by scrub trees. So I ran up to the tracks to peer up and down the river to see if this was indeed the actual spot. On my return I encountered

Continued on page 4
a couple of crusty old canucks who had a trailer for a camp a short distance down the tracks. They walked back with me to the pull out spot where they had a john boat and wanted to tinker with a motor they stored in the bushes under some plastic. We talked for a bit and they told us how the number of canoeists had dropped in the past few years. Used to be they saw a group every day but now only maybe once a week. This was most likely due to the fact that the Missinaibi had become a national waterway park, which helped with its protection but also tacked on a six dollar a night fee for backcountry camping. Since canadian dollars seemed like monopoly money to us we weren’t too upset to find this out. And would gladly shell out some cash on any paddle trip, if it meant I would see less people.

When they went to uncover their motor they noticed the plastic had been pulled back and a fresh pile of bear scat had been deposited. This was all we needed to be encouraged to push on. And it turned out to be a good choice. You would not think to find a nice campsite in the middle of a marsh, but it turned out to be one of the best of the trip. We had to push through some reeds to reach a body of water off the main channel, and paddle over to a rocky knob jutting out of the water. The knob elevated about 50 ft. over the marsh and was quite dry with plenty of trees to offer firewood opportunities. It was a pleasant spot and we could hear the polar bear express zip by a couple of times during the night as the tracks were only a mile or so away.

We continued for the next five days without seeing a single person, plane, or train. It took us past Allan Falls, the best camping spot of the trip. Allan falls had three or four major drops and fell about 15 feet all together. The spot was all rock with a few grassy patches and offered nice flat spots for pitching tents. Stakes were useless for most of the trip and rocks at the ends of the guylines were a mainstay. Next we passed Wavy rapids, which we ran loaded. I miscalculated the approach and gave Rob a mouthful of water, plowing through a haystack and swamping the canoe. We caught the eddy and bailed out. This was the most water we took on the trip but not our closest call. Next we ran calf rapids, it was raining a slight drizzle, which it did sporadically throughout the trip. And the sun was breaking behind a set of clouds, as we rounded the bend and got a full shot of the eddy. There in the eddy was a mother moose and her calf about a 100 yds to river right feeding in the shallows. This was probably the most surreal part of the trip as I had never witnessed more of a discovery channel moment. We also passed Greenhill rapids and Split Rock falls which I described earlier. This was also the most intense whitewater of the trip but we had gained confidence as a tandem crew and handled it quite well.

It was the morning of day seven when we saw our next person. We woke up to a steady rain peppering our tent, and decide to sleep in till it stopped, it never did, at least not that day. After getting hungry we headed out to the tarp and ate pancakes with honey until we were stuffed. Back to the tent to sleep off the meal, two hours later...still raining. Back to the tarp for more pancakes. At this point most of our stuff was quite damp and the protection of the tarp and our tent were becoming compromised. There were no signs of it letting up so we decided to pack it up, and paddle on. The only thing worse than paddling in the rain, is sitting in the rain.

It was about this time that we saw a lone paddler coming through the mist upstream. He stopped at our site and we invited him up for a chat under our tarp. His name was Nigel, a local of Ontario, and he was on a 3 week solo trip from Lake Superior to James Bay. He went on his way and we later caught...
up to him after we packed up our stuff. We paddled all day with him all day, I think he was glad for the company, and we had a good time swapping paddling stories. He was a Bill Mason disciple, paddling a 14 foot kevlar canoe. He picked his way with grace down all the rapids, with a lot of back paddling, and using all features of the rapid to his advantage.

We camped with him that evening. We were soaked to the bone by this point. So we secured the boat unpacked a few things and started taking shots of bourbon. We made a futile attempt to find dry tinder, and feeling quite lazy and impatient, we attempted to start a fire by throwing white gas on wet wood.

Eventually it would have worked, but Nigel showed us a trick of using birch bark. Even though it was wet on the outer thin layer the inside was crispy dry. Before long we had a good blaze going in the fire ring, and in our tummies from the bourbon. Nigel had also encountered the crusty canucks at the tracks, and related a story they had told him. One night they were awaken in the middle of the night to the violent shaking of the trailer. One of them raced to the door and opened it to find a very large brown bear on his hind legs trying to get in. They had left bacon grease on the stove the night before. This is what the bear was after they told him, “bacon grease, they love bacon grease!”. We were cooking up our own dinner and about this time produced some vacuum packed country ham and proceeded to fry it up in a pan. I think this may have been the last time Nigel camped with Kentuckians.

That day had been all flat water as would most of the remaining trip. The river had matured quite a bit by now and was long flat pools interrupted by large waterfalls. Not all the drops were named as a waterfall, but to me they were, and very unrunnable. We passed Two Portages Falls, Pond Falls, Devil Cap Falls, Big and Little Beaver rapids, Sharp rock Rapids, and Glassy Falls. It was at Big Beaver Rapids where we had our closest call to a dunking. We had portaged around and were paddling up into the small canyon formed by the drop to get a closer look. We were in some frothy boils when we got hit on the side by a rogue wave. We both lost our braces in the squirrelly water and dipped the gunny in a couple of inches. It would have been a bad spot for a swim, and probably would have floated a good distance before we got back all our goods. Glassy Falls was our last stop for the trip. And it turned out to be very good fortune to have run into Nigel. I had xeroxed the trip notes out of the guidebook, and realized about page nine that I had left page 10 and 11 back in the car. I had the 100 degree topo sheets, which had all the rapids labeled, but had no information about campsites. And the sites were few and far between on this leg of the trip. It would have really sucked to get caught in the dark with 4 - 5 kilometers to the next viable camping spot. Glassy Falls had a nice sandy beach below the falls but unfortunately was crisscrossed with four wheeler tracks. A sign that we were getting close to civilization.

The next day we loaded up and headed for town. We passed a couple more Canucks fishing out of a johnny boat. Looked like they were jigging for walleye. They didn’t wave back and I think were a bit upset we had interrupted their seclusion, back at ya! We passed under a couple of bridges and took out at the city park as we had been instructed. We walked up to a little diner and called for our ride. We had a burger and fries, damn good! We had refused the offering of gravy on our fries, a canadian thing, probably a mistake. Mostly because I had no idea what the lady was saying. I had her repeat it several times, “wavy, do you vant wavy?” she said. Whatever she was saying I thought, I don’t want it. The townfolk were of french descent and very friendly to paddlers. Our ride came according to plan and the trip ended without mishap.

The guidebook had said it was a ten day trip, but we finished in eight. Some days making only 10 km and others pushing close to 40 km. The Missinaibi offered exciting rapids, beautiful waterfalls, and lots of wildlife. We saw moose grazing in eddies, bear feeding on berries, eagles with fish in their talons, and lots of big northern pike. It was a superb paddling destination. Canada offers many paddling trips from multiple day, to weeks long. I hope to be able to take a trip like this every year. Always pushing for a trip that is more challenging and a little farther north.

Jeff Esterle
Back-paddling thru the pages of the Bowlines....

Elkhorn Creek Clean-Up

Bowlines March/April 1984

On March 3 more than 50 dedicated canoists and kayakers from Ky’s 3 whitewater clubs joined forces to clean up the banks of a favorite Kentucky whitewater stream: Elkhorn Creek in Frankfort.

Armed with 450 trash bags and two large dumpsters donated by the Cabinet for Natural Resources, two dump trucks furnished by the Franklin County Road Work Department, and a “deuce and a half” truck furnished by the National Guard, the volunteers went to work.

Some canoes were tied together in pairs joined by 2”-by-4” cross members and plywood crossmember platforms. These “catamarans” were used by experienced canoists to float large debris such as refrigerators, stoves, washers and scrap metal.

Other volunteers went by car to river access points and began bagging trash up and down the the bank on both sides. Canoes were used to ferry volunteers from one bank to the other. The dump trucks and some pickup trucks traveled around to the access points every few hours to collect trash as it accumulated.

The highlight of the day was when all met at Colstons Lane access point at 3pm that afternoon. With the help of all volunteers, a ton and a half of appliances were loaded onto the National Guard truck, and then a rope was attached between the truck and a 1953 Chevy sitting on the river bank. With cheers from the crowd, the car was dragged off the Elkhorn to a centralized pickup point just downstream.

At the end of the long day, most of the “environmental engineers” congregated at the “Garbage Tippers Ball” which was sponsored by SAGE Outfitters of Louisville and Kentuckiana Whitewater Outfitters for all cleanup participants. Collection figures totaled 650 bags of garbage and approximately 3 1/2 tons of metal.

Editor's Eddy:
River Etiquette

Bowlines October 1981
The longer one paddles, the more etiquette one acquires in his or her river running behavior. Several rules of paddle emerge as necessary to the safety and well-being of club trips. These rules, in brief, may be interpreted as follows:

1. The person in the current has right-of-way over those sitting in eddies.
2. The person playing at the bottom of the drop has the right of way over someone yet to enter the drop. In other words, do not enter a rapid unless you know you can eddy out before reaching the bottom where the other person is playing.
3. Always keep sight of the person in front of and behind you, but maintain a respectable distance in rapids.
4. Wait for swimmers to empty their boats before moving on down-stream.
5. Don’t run a steep drop until you can see the person in front of you exit it. This is particularly important if the person in front spells has name Don.
6. In most cases, rescue paddlers first. Equipment can be re-placed.
7. If you find yourself swimming, hold onto your paddle and boat. It makes rescue much easier.
8. Don’t litter. EVER.
9. Help load and off load boats. Those who drive frequently are tired of this job. Let's help them out.

These rules are my own perception of proper river etiquette and are what I observe the best paddlers doing in practice rather than theory. Revisions or additions to the above list are welcome.

Rich Lewis
The Novice

Well I don't expect such a sight,  
As I rushed down the rapid wild,  
But my ex-friend did,  
And he yelled "watch out",  
Just before he smiled.

When I saw him next,  
That he was going to bleed.

I plunged right down to the bottom of a hole,  
So fierce I could only wait,  
For it all to end,  
And prepare myself,  
For my arrival at heavens gate.

I bounced and turned and flipped and spit,  
To my surprise it was almost fun,  
But I knew,  
That if I survived,  
My buddy had better run.

I couldn't seem to right myself,  
No matter what I tried,  
My paddle broke,  
And so did my heart,  
I knew I would not survive,  
But I got tough, though the odds were bad,  
And with half a paddle I hung,  
Hoping for,  
A helping hand,  
From one I was among.

From downstream I heard a voice,  
It was my pal that I could thank,  
So I gained hope,  
To get that rope,  
That would pull me to the bank.

While I surfed and flipped I kept my eye,  
Looking for that rope,  
It finally came, With true aim,  
I made a heroes grope.

I was out of that hall and I almost cried  
So close I had come to know,  
What death was like,  
Then suddenly,  
My pal let that rope go,  
I did not have time to swear at him once,  
So swift was the waters speed,  
But I knew in my heart,  
Was in my path,  
It seemed my die was cast.

I said a prayer and let it be,  
I knew it was over soon,  
When I slipped back,  
It all went black,  
And I woke up to a tune.

There they were, all my friends,  
Except on absentee,  
Dancing around the campfire,  
Drinking Wild Turkey,  
Merrily.

As I arose I felt two things,  
Relief and violent rage,  
I would look him up,  
And find him out,  
And then I'd twist his face.

So I asked one man "Where is that suz,  
That almost let me die, The answer was quick,  
He was in his tent,  
It was time for me to fly,  
I crawled in fast, my head so hot,  
I couldn't even speak,  
He lay there calm,  
And as I fumed,  
In my pants I took a leak.

He knew that I was out of control,  
He knew what was the score,  
So he said to me,  
You hold on pal",  
"I'm going to say some more".

"You think it was really very close";  
I knew just what to do,  
I've been around,  
Don't get upset,  
You just swam a little class two!"

Mark Wilson, Bowlines, Oct., 1982
"I think I was borderline hypothermic."
(Mike Koch, M.D., referring to his 7 swims on the Lower Gauley)

With fall and winter boating forthcoming, it is essential for all boaters to be very knowledgeable about this deceptive and potentially lethal entity. Because of the tremendous conductive heat loss, in water, at an identical temperature, the body cools approximately 26 times faster than in air. Moreover, the recognition of hypothermia can be very tricky in its earlier and most treatable stages.

Hypothermia is defined as a body core temperature of less than 95°F. Even among close friends, the determination of a rectal temperature on the river is problematic. Removing the necessary clothing for the 4 minutes to take a temp can be detrimental and oral temps are not reliable. A rough dividing between mild and severe hypothermia occurs between 90°–92°F. Above this range the victim will usually try to protect himself! Below, little attempt is made to cover up. Maximum shivering occurs around 95° and can continue down to 86°, or until body energy stores are depleted. When shivering stops, a medical emergency is clearly present. Other important symptoms of impending severe hypothermia are muscular incoordination (blood is shunted to the heart, brain and vital organs at the expense of the arms and legs. Hence the limbs may be several degrees colder than the "core") and mental confusion (highly subjective and difficult to assess in certain BWA members). Death occurs usually from ventricular fibrillation (rapid ineffective twitching of the heart).

Prevention
Wear a wetsuit usually 3/16". A "farmer John" type affords maximal arm movement. The flanks and groin (along with the head) are the most vulnerable in terms of heat loss. Wear wool or dry, wool insulates well in cold air. Wool (85%) long underwear is comfortable and effective. Also, pants, sweater, and hat that will stay on in a swim (like a balaclava) are important. A paddling dry suit is a must in cold weather. It must be waterproof.

Misc.
A snug fitting life vest, neoprene booties and pogies will all help to keep you warm in extreme conditions. Always tend to overdress! You can roll or remove clothing on the river if you get too warm.
Also--
1) Be in good physical condition. The more fit you are, the longer your body can generate heat. Shivering is vigorous exercise.
2) Nutrition The body runs on fuel. Energy requirements skyrocket with shivering. Eat a good breakfast and bring gorp (peanuts, M&M’s and raisins provide high quantities of protein, fat and carbohydrates) on the river.
3) Good hydration is important. Drink more water than you think you need.
4) Always upgrade a river in cold weather i.e. the Elkhorn think you need.

Suspect:
1) any inadequately clothed paddler on a cold, rainy or snowy day
2) a paddler who has taken a long swim
3) a paddler who has been injured or has an underlying disorder like diabetes or thyroid disorder
4) a capsized paddler from another group
5) any paddler who shivers, and appears confused or clumsy.

Treatment
Prompt treatment of mild hypothermia cannot be over emphasized. The situation we will most encounter is a brief swim by a group member.

1) Get him/her out of the water completely. A dazed swimmer might stand in knee deep water in an eddy to get his breath. Get him out pronto! (This happened to me last November on the Cumberland after a swim. Fortunately Charles politely reminded me to get my ass completely the hell out of the water. ) Protect him from the wind. Rocks, trees, or warm bodies do nicely. If the victim is alert, mentally sharp and does not exhibit muscular incoordination, exercise is permitted for rewarming.
4) Give him a hat
5) Observe him closely for the rest of the trip
6) If the victim is confused or has muscular incoordination pile on any extra clothing and huddle closely around victim.
7) If a sleeping bag is available remove wet clothing and place victim in bag. This will work only if the victim is still shivering.
8) If shivering has stopped, a volunteer or 2 should join the victim in the sleeping bag, all nude, with skin to skin rewarming involving the trunk only (NOT arms and legs).

Don’t
1) Do not give hot liquids by mouth. When hot liquids are given by mouth a pharyngeal reflex occurs that increases blood flow to the skin and extremities. This causes the core temperature to drop further since venous blood returning from the arms and legs is colder. Also, there is little heat from a cup or two of hot liquids. (This does not apply to the alert and coordinated victim.)
2) Do not give alcohol, ever! This has a similar effect of dilating blood vessels and gives the false impression of feeling warm while decreasing core temperature.
3) Don’t massage arms and legs. -This has the same effect as above methods.
4) in severe cases do not allow victim to walk move about or exercise, as cooler blood in the arms and legs make the core temperature drop. Exercise or rough handling can cause ventricular fibrillation. This does not apply to the swimmer who’s just a little cold.

Always have the victim evaluated at a medical facility! Period!

Case Report
Last Spring at the BWA Elkhorn races in perhaps 45-50 0 air temperature. I witnessed a case of hypothermia. A thin, muscular, superbly conditioned flatwater paddler took 2 swims in the 11 mile race. He wore shorts and a PFD only. He had nearly completed the race. He was shivering violently and had profound muscular incoordination and some rigidity, but was alert to the extent that he knew what was going on. He was carried to a car and placed in a sleeping bag. He was unable to guide his feet in himself. A wool cap was placed on his head and the heater was turned up high. He was given hot orange juice and honey. He improved and went home.

Discussions
The victim was apparently on the edge of severe hypothermia. He was still fairly alert and shivering but he was unable to help in placing his own legs in a sleeping bag. I’d estimate his core temperature to be around 900 °F. The sleeping bag, hat and heater were excellent and appropriate treatment. At that point the victim should have been taken to a medical facility. The hot orange juice and honey was questionable due to possible reflex shunting of colder blood from the arms and legs to the core in a victim who already bordered on severe hypothermia. In a situation where a medical facility is hours away and the subject has been rewarmed to the extent of regaining some coordination, the fluid replacement, glucose, potassium and warmth of a hot orange juice and honey solution is good. Possible chemical abnormalities and cardiac rhythm disturbances always necessitate a formal medical evaluation with this degree of hypothermia. The victim refused this suggestion.

In conclusion, hypothermia is easy to prevent and can be a bitch to diagnose and treat. Proper clothing can make the paddler safe and toasty even in 13° F weather on the Elkhorn as the editor and I can attest to.

References: 1) Topics in Emergency Medicine, Oct 1981.

Frank Loudermilk Ed. Note: Frank is Doctor of Emergency Medicine Art by Jan Atlee
“Ich Bin Der Beste!”, a BWA historical perspective

Congratulations to Brian Wright, the eighth and newest Ich Bin Der Beste from the BWA.

The origins of this prestigious award are from from the Austrian K-1 slalom champ of the late 70’s, Norbert Sattler who dropped into Gravel Pit suckhole on the Madawaska River and shouted the German phrase meaning “I am the best” 3 times while twirling his paddle and hand surfing. Madawaska Kanu Camp has honored it’s students who accomplish this feat with their name on a special wall and of course the T shirt.

The first time I went to Madawaska in 1980, Sam Moore had adopted me as a novice open boater. In fact I was the only open boater in camp. I was talked into a K-1 (the river runner, a 13 foot 2 inch beast that makes the Mirage look tiny). I spent the week perfecting the art of keeping my feet up and pointed downstream. I had heard of this terrible hole and when it came time to run that section, I was so focused on the tightest possible river left line to avoid it, I never even saw the hydraulic.

In 1981, I returned with the Chief, John Kulka. While Chief was not a stellar boater at the time, his attitude always reminded me of the old joke “Can you play the violin? Maybe, I’ve never tried”. He had run all the usual Class 4 stuff without any hope of a roll. Chief’s only concern was the twirl and it seems he spent every moment on land with his torso tilted laterally as far as possible, spinning his paddle. When Chief’s time came, he had to twirl 6 times because his head was under water so much he couldn’t speak the necessary words. Hence he became the BWA’s first Ich Binder, proving yet again that 90% of boating is half mental.

In 1982, 5 BWA ers were successful. Rich Lewis, Rich Williams (The Moose), Lythia Metzmeier, Jack Tolliver, and myself. Our instructor was a buff looking 18 year old Dana Chladek, 4th in the world at the time, who would take the Olympic silver in Barcelona and Atlanta.

Perhaps the greatest excuse for a swim I have ever heard came from a morning practice surf at Gravel Pit by one of these boaters. “When I flipped, I hit my head on a rock, threw up underwater and it took my last bit of air to blow a piece of breakfast ham out through my nose.” (I would identify the boater, but he has too much on me.)

The BWA suffered an Ich Binder drought until 1993 when Travis Sewalls came up with the twirl.

The Ich Binder has proved to be an auspicious credential.

The Chief became BWA president, a professional raft guide and NOC kayak instructor.

Rich Lewis became an outstanding paddler, shredding the Colorado through the Grand Canyon in 1984 at 42,000 CFS, dozens of runs in Colorado and virtually all the major runs in the east.

The Moose became a multiple winner of the Bob’s Hole Rodeo in Oregon, made the US freestyle team, and competed in the 1993 Worlds.

Jack Tolliver owned ACE rafting.

Lythia notched 2 second places in the Ocoee Rodeo and missed making the US team by a single point in 1993. Travis is a high level advanced paddler whose boating is on hold due to medical school.

As for me, the older I get, the better I used to be. I do credit myself for naming Richard Smithers “Mr. Party” and for the legendary moniker “The Women in Rubber.”

Frank Loudermilk

The Award for the “Rest of Us”

ICH BIN BATTERED

© AtLee 1982

BWA MIDWINTER CHILI BASH

January 14th 2000 9:00pm-
Chili cookoff! Grand prize will be 1 year FREE BWA membership,1 free admission to the NPFF.

Live entertainment, Keg O Beer

John Foys Casa....

Come get some Good Times!!
National Paddling Film Festival 2000
Off to a Riot-ous Start

As the weather turns colder (or dryer), and at least some of us are a little more prone to pursue indoor activities, a certain emptiness creeps into life. We miss the roar of the rapids, the froth of wave-holes, the kaleidoscope of brightly colored boats darting and swirling their way across the currents. We have the perfect midwinter fix -- the National Paddling Film Festival, held in Lexington, Kentucky on February 25 and 26, 2000.

Now in its 17th year, the NPFF continues its tradition of showcasing the finest paddling imagery. The entries have started to arrive, and it will be a very strong competition this year. A documentary profiling one of the BWA's favorite rivers, the Russell Fork, is one of the early entrants. Also, the rodeo instructional film Play Daze featuring Ken Whiting has already arrived. Ken also will be offering a free lunch-time seminar at the festival in which he will talk about making his video and offer pointers and tips to beginning filmmakers. Riot has promised we'll find its G-Spot, and at least one other entry. We also have promises of a film about the Feather River of California, and one entitled Quartzite Falls: A Wilderness Tale. Inquiries are arriving weekly.

Zog Aitken has been working hard behind the scenes contacting sponsors and getting gear donations for an unbeatable silent auction. Our top sponsors include Lotus, Dagger, Perception, Riot, Wavesport, Madawaska Kanu Center, Kentucky Outdoor Center, Impex, Spyderco, Adventure Medical Kits, Pacific Water Sports, Rocky Mountain Outdoor Center, Chums, Savage, Kokatat, Performance Video and of course ACA/Paddler Magazine and AW/AW Journal. We really appreciate their unwavering support of the NPFF and the rivers.

Lexmark again has generously donated a color printer for the winner of the Digital Division of the Best Paddling Image competition, and we are continuing to offer a cash prize of $100 in each of the 3 age-groups in the Safety Poster Contest. Use your holiday vacation time to play around with some design ideas, and enter one of these contests! See all the rules and more information about the NPFF in general at http://www.surfbwaw.org/npff

But most of all, please join us at the end of February for a wonderful show, fantastic silent auction with thousands of dollars worth of gear, post-show party, and with a little luck, enough rain to paddle on the Sunday after the show. And remember, all the proceeds go to AW, ACA and other river conservation and access causes. For more information about the Film Festival, contact Zina Merkin, zmerkin@ca.uky.edu or 606-268-2508.

We want (and need) YOU!!

We have gotten this far because of the dedicated efforts of many volunteers. More volunteers are needed to help out on the actual weekend of the Festival, working at the front desk, selling t-shirts or sodas, and helping to clean up afterwards. We also need people to head up both the Concession and Clean-up crews. If you can help, please contact Zina.

A New Chapter In The Saga
Of Elkhorn Creek Access

American Whitewater, in conjunction with bluegrass area boaters, has purchased land on the Elkhorn creek. The 4.8 acre tract that was purchased, is downstream and river left of Knight's Bridge at the end of the popular 7 mile, class II-III Elkhorn "gorge" run. The land was purchased for $29,000 with funds raised entirely from private individuals and organizations. It is intended that this property will serve as an access point for recreational whitewater boaters. The new access point will hopefully replace the existing takeout that is several miles upstream and lacking in sufficient and safe parking.

This was a second attempt to purchase the land. The first attempt fell short on funds sought from federal grants, but, laid the ground work and fueled the fire in local boaters to obtain a better access point. The need for better access, having been amplified by recent posting of "No trespassing" signs at the existing takeout, was pondered by a small group of individuals. After much debate, this group decided to collaborate with American Whitewater and solicit only private donations. The response from area boaters was overwhelming and enough funds were raised to make a successful bid at the auction of this land.

A group composed of major fund donors will manage the land for American Whitewater. This group continues to solicit further donations, which are needed for maintenance and improvement of the land. Donations may be submitted directly to AW's Elkhorn Creek Access Fund or through the BWA treasurer, who will forward the donations to AW.

All of the individuals and organizations, who have made donations of time or money to purchase this land, should be proud of their contribution to whitewater paddling in the Bluegrass. The future for paddling on the Elkhorn Creek is certainly brighter now.

Yours in Elkhorn Liberation,
Ben Newman
Editors Note: After years of trying to find access to the Elkhorn that does not interfere with others, there appears to be a reasonable solution. Many things yet need to be resolved and worked on before we can say this effort has accomplished that. Most of all we want to continue our efforts in helping care of the Elkhorn. In addition to this we must demonstrate our intention to be good neighbors and responsible property owners. We will need everyone's help and cooperation in succeeding. Now is the time for each of us to step forward and help in ways that we can. Your donation of time and effort will help assure that the Elkhorn will be enjoyed by us in the future. (If you would like to visit the property please check with a club officer on any limitations we may have on its use due to zoning, etc.)
Spiraling Into the 1999 Russell Fork River Rendezvous

*Mist hovers on the mountaintop, not so high that the stars and last quarter moon could not be distinctly and clearly seen on an Indian summerish autumn night.*

As you approach the glow of the Spiral Encampment, a steady heartbeat evolves into an ever-growing louder chorus of 30 or 40 drummers, circled around the fire on the inside. Entering the medicine wheel labyrinth in clockwise fashion, rows of tents form inside the walls until the central circle is reached. A magical mix of people, elements and spirit surrounded by tapestries, masks, tiki torches and candles, all inside drumming, playing flute, shaking rattles and dancing, some in lavish costumes, other looking like ... well, Boaters.

The Russell Fork River Rendezvous is an event developed, organized and conducted by Boaters. It was born as a race, loosely, among Friends trying to engage in friendly competition over the fastest times from Garden Hole to the takeout at Potters Falls. Mike Clark and I would usually run down together, keeping track of our time, and whatever Chris Hipgrave told us his time was, we would try to convince him our time was exactly one minute faster. This type of deception may explain how we duped Chris into many a paddling expedition with us - but that is a story for another time.

But discipline is what our event needed, so Joe Greiner intervened and the race began above slot and ended at Climax, the current course. That same year, the music began at Haysi Kiwana’s Fairground, with Bluegrass rolling off the stage. Late that night, much to the chagrin of a few sleepy boaters, Barry Grimes, Greg Hoskins and several others kept the pace going with a couple of handdrums, pots, pans, and makeshift noise makers. There were some, however, that thought it was pretty groovy, and the seeds of the Russell Fork River Rendezvous Drum Circle were planted.
The musical component expanded to the multi-band format in 1997 by musicians that wished to donate their music to the effort to raise money and awareness about the river and its surrounding environment. This level of involvement was due to A.W.’s listing of the River as No. 1 in its “threatened river” list related to a proposed dam above Haysi. That led the boaters to ask local paddlers like James Stapleton and Jerry Elkins how they could help. We learned about coal bed methane gas development, extensive logging, raw sewage, chip mills, extraction industries, and activity that assaults the environment around the headwaters of the Russell Fork.

This precious jewel of a river gorge is nestled in the midst of a remote section of the Appalachians, at the northern end of Pine Ridge Mountain, a 125 mile long mountain ridge. The rugged terrain has seen human activity for thousands of years. Rock shelters abound and the Breaks, the chasm through the mountain terrain to take the Russell Fork River westward, has served as a passage for animals, native people and early pioneers like Daniel Boone. Unfortunately, cultural artifacts in the areas’ rock shelters are clearly at risk of disturbance and removal. But risks to the environment are the most apparent in an area where culturally ingrained assaults on the region’s biodiversity persists. This is the legacy of extraction industries in Appalachia.

In the early 1980’s the Russell Fork River from Garden Hole down to Ratliff Hole was a seldom paddled, expert only run that was considered by many as on the “edge” of paddleability. However, by the early 90’s, the river was enjoyed by numerous paddlers. Commercial rafting flooded the local economies with much needed tourist dollars. Unfortunately, this activity diminished measurably by the mid 1990’s as a result of several drowning accidents. However, Boater’s continue to flock to the river in October each year to paddle an awesome river and enjoy an eclectic river environment unlike any other.

The Russell Fork River Rendezvous began as a Bluegrass Wildwater Association (BWA) fall party in 1994 after a contentious debate about that location versus the traditional fall party near the Ocoee. The next year, the fall party became the First Annual Russell Fork River Rendezvous, with Bluegrass Music being played and a rudimentary drum circle being born. The event broke even and a great time was had by the Boaters in attendance. By 1997, when the event had expanded to the musical festival format, a new range of people were invited into the mix - granola crunches everywhere!

The Rendezvous is different from other river festivals in that it is a decidedly grass roots, people powered event that does not have corporate or commercial sponsors. With the rampant pace of commercialization of the sport, with equipment prices skyrocketing and an increasing array of competitive paid paddlers, the Russell Fork Rendezvous is a throwback to a time when paddlers were not competitive, but supportive of each other on rivers. Because this has always been the spirit of the paddlers at the Russell Fork, and because there exists outlets for commercialization at the Ocoee and Gauley Rivers, the Russell Fork River Rendezvous avoids the “energy” of the profit seekers that increasingly pervade a sport that once was more about brotherhood and sisterhood on a river, than who can make a million dollars out of the sport.

With that in mind, commercial vending and omnipresent corporate sponsors were foreseen. Instead, private and personal vending was encouraged (no logos allowed for venders), and money is raised from personal donations at the door and from the personal vendors. With a dozen bands donating music all weekend, combined with a PHAT drum circle in the Spiral Encampment, the experience of the Russell Fork Rendezvous is at once spiritual and tribal. From every walk of life come the Festivarians; to paddle, to hike, to listen to music, to drum, to just hanging out at the gathering. The proceeds go to non-profit groups like Mike McGuire
The Green Genes Band Plays

The Spiral Encampment

Don Spangler
Hiking in to watch the Russell Fork River Race

American Whitewater, Headwaters, Inc., and Appalshop, that care and work to help protect the Russell Fork. This year’s proceeds will be awarded at the National Paddling Film Festival, February 25 & 26 in Lexington, Kentucky.

Clearly, the "kindness" of Russell Fork Rendezvous is a ubiquitous factor that makes the event unique. So many people have donated something to the event, that the gift of giving pervades every aspect of the Rendezvous. The racers are not charged a fee to participate in the "friendly" competition. In fact, the racers tend to be friends that come to the river each year. Prizes vary depending on who donates what. Kindness is always encouraged.

The Russell Fork Race Results for 1999 follow:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RANK</th>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>TIME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Chris Hipgrave</td>
<td>10:12 WH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Danny Inman</td>
<td>11:13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>John Stockdill</td>
<td>11:17</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>BJ Johnson</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Clem Newbold</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Brian Kirk</td>
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<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Greg Hoskins</td>
<td>11:39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Brian Jennings</td>
<td>11:42</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Next year’s Rendezvous will be held at the same location: the Haysi Kiwanas Fairground, beginning on Thursday, October 5, through Monday, October 9, 2000. The race will be on Saturday, October 7, 2000. Beg Erika Mitchell about coordinating a Rodeo below El Horendo on Sunday, if you see her. We are always looking for music to be donated to the event, so if your favorite band wants to come play, have them call me at (606) 278-2011.

“Riding” the Russell Fork!

See you on the River!

Brent Austin
I Know a River

I know a River, where the waters are clean,  
Where the fish are still living, in her mountain streams.  
This is my River, she runs through my heart,  
I know we can save her if we each do our part.

And I know a People, who still give a damn,  
For this dear River, they’ll still lend a hand.  
But who are these people, who keep hope alive?  
For without the fresh waters, we'll never survive.

And I know a Mountain, where the waters arise,  
She spills through the Greenwood, under Eagle skies.  
She's carved all these memories, as old as the hills,  
For the future children she's carving still.

And where are their Greenwoods, the hemlock and pine?  
For the life of the River is so intertwined.  
And where are her creatures, the otter and bear,  
The owl and the heron and the bobcat's lair?  
For the gifts of the waters is what we all share.

CHORUS

These are the waters,  
the living blood  
From the tiniest trickle  
To the raging flood!

There is no place,  
Upon this blue earth,  
The waters have not given  
Our lives and our birth

Anne Severn 1999 ©
1999-2000 BWA Winter Roll Sessions

Where: Cross Keys YWCA, off Alexandria Drive, Lexington
When: 7 pm to 9 pm (fridays) Dec. 10, 17, Jan. 7, 14, 28 Feb. 4, 18, Mar. 3
Cost: Members 5.00, 35.00 season (3.00 under age 12, 21.00 season)
Non-Members 8.00, 55.00 season (5.00 under age 12, 35.00 season)
Equipment & instructors may be limited at times (Both are volunteered).

Everyone is welcome...even if you have never paddled before. Roll sessions are informal with shared BWA member’s boats and equipment available on a first come first served basis.

Experienced BWA paddlers will be volunteering their time to help you get started. If you already have a roll - remember practice makes it easier to face your pals at the campfire after the river!!

For Map and more information go to:
http://www.surfbwa.org/html/events_roll.html

Note: FREE ADMISSION only to:
• those working the door
• those who do not get into the pool

New Meeting Location for January & February!
Paisano’s Italian Restaurant, 1765 Alexandria, (Gardenside, near roll session YWCA)
Special Italian Buffet for BWA Meetings

BlueGrass Wildwater Association
PO Box 4231
Lexington, Ky. 40504