

# ❖ KCCNY Newsletter ❖

The Newsletter of the Kayak and Canoe Club of New York

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Volume XXXVI Issue 5

December 1996

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## 1996 Executive Committee

<b>Chairperson</b>	<i>Vance Condie</i>
<b>Vice Chairperson</b>	<i>Bill Thomas</i>
<b>Treasurer</b>	<i>Helen Chase</i>
<b>Membership</b>	<i>Pierre deRham</i>
<b>Cruising</b>	<i>Lowell Tindell</i>
<b>Newsletter</b>	<i>Daniel Lenox</i>
<b>Safety</b>	<i>Ed Hanrahan</i>
<b>Conservation</b>	<i>Doug Feick</i>
<b>Training</b>	<i>Marian Greenfield</i> <i>Pierre deRham</i>
<b>Annual Race</b>	<i>Phyllis Horowitz McLane</i> <i>Mathew Giltner</i>
<b>Competition Liaison</b>	<i>Jim Raleigh</i>
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<b>Pool Sessions</b>	<i>Gordon Trinkler</i>

## Paradise Found by Gideon Schwarcz

Late January 1996. Twenty degrees and winds gusting to 40mph. Most of my friends were planning vacations to the their favorite tropical paradise. But Jon Rafalowski and I knew where to find true paradise. Where else?? Paradise Creek.

You may ask, where the heck is Paradise Creek? Darn good question. In fact, we ourselves didn't have a clue until the night before. You see, it was that week of constant rain storms, the week that the weatherman kept calling "monsoon season". Between three feet of melting snow and three inches of rain, we had no idea where we could find something LOW enough to paddle. Enter Ed Gertler's guidebook and a glance at the map of steep creeks dropping off the Pocono Plateau. Somewhere out there just had to be a perfect creek.

Calling my Pocono paddling contacts was something less than reassuring. "Yeah, all the roads are closed, they're putting people up at the local YMCA, trees are down everywhere." In fact, the whole trip sounded so enticing that most of my paddling buddies concocted family commitments ( even the ones without family ) to get out of it. When I showed up in Stroudsburg the next morning, only my faithful buddy Jon was waiting for me.

Topo maps and guidebook in hand, I crept into Jon's car to avoid the howling winds, pushing aside the mountains of debris on the seat that only a bachelor could accumulate. We decided to drive up Route 209 and road-scout Paradise Creek. Delayed by a bulldozer clearing mud and branches from the previous night's flood, we continued north until we found a chocolate brown filament of rushing water. Pulling off to a bridge to check the level, we met a

*(Continued on page 6)*

## Newsletter Submissions

This is **your** newsletter, the quality of each issue may be dependent upon submissions by the members of KCCNY. Articles should be submitted prior to the deadline that is established for the next issue, and each submission should be separate, and typed or legibly hand written.

For those who have access to computers, articles may also be submitted on a DOS formatted floppy disk (either 5 1/4" or 3 1/2"). Many word processor file formats are supported, please contact me to see if yours is, or supply a plain ASCII text file if in doubt. I can also receive articles via email, my address is DLenox@aol.com

We now have the capability to digitally scan pictures that you may want published. For photo submissions the picture should be no larger than 5 X 7, they may be color, but black and white pictures may reproduce better.

Send all articles and/or pictures to newsletter editor. If you want the picture and/or floppy disk to be returned, please include a self addressed, stamped envelope.

## Newsletter Staff

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*Please send all changes of address or phone numbers to the membership chairperson and NOT to the editor of the newsletter!*

## Phone Numbers for KCCNY Executive Committee

Vance Condie	212-678-0863
Bill Thomas	212-781-7080
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Mathew Giltner	908-534-1465
Jim Raleigh	908-946-4921
Miriam Alexander	201-257-2179
Charles Peterson	908-688-1558
Ralph Johns	201-492-8423
Anne Cali	201-226-4582
Rich Desvernine	908-356-5155
Paul Epstein	914-896-0373
Pam Dellea	908-534-1465
Diane Lenox	201-663-1364
Gordon Trinkler	908-688-1704

### Deadline for newsletters:

**Feb 7, 1997**  
**Apr 11, 1997**  
**Jun 13, 1997**  
**Sep 5, 1997**  
**Dec 9, 1997**

# KCCNY Pool Sessions

**G**ordon Trinkler has successfully negotiated with the pool at the Boys & Girls Club in Union, NJ again this year.

Gordon has been able to arrange a total of 9 Sunday morning pool sessions, from 9:00 - 11:00 AM, beginning on January 5 and ending on March 9. The fee for using the pool is \$7.00 per person. You must be a paid member of KCCNY, and may bring in at most 1 non-member (share a boat)

Everyone is required to wash the inside and outside of your boat prior to entering the water. Once in the pool, do NOT dump water from the boat directly into the pool, please move the boat onto the pool deck and dump it there.

There will be pool sessions on the following dates:

- Jan. 5, 12, 26
- Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23
- Mar. 2, 9

## Directions:

FROM NORTH - Garden State Parkway exit #141, turn right onto Vauxhall Rd., left at traffic light, right at next traffic light (Morris Ave), 3 blocks turn right onto Jeanette Ave.

FROM SOUTH - Garden State Parkway exit 139B, bear right @ underpass, go left at Clock & Cannon, right onto Johnson Pl., left at traffic light (Morris Ave), 3 blocks turn right onto Jeanette Ave.

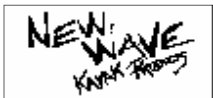
FROM 78 WEST - exit 50A, right at second traffic light, left at next traffic light (Morris Ave), go through 2 traffic lights turn left onto Jeanette Ave.

FROM 78 EAST - exit 49A, left at second traffic light (Morris Ave), go through 7 traffic lights turn left onto Jeanette Ave.

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**908-688-1704 (Phone) 908-688-1770 (Fax)**

2518 Spruce St., Union, NJ 07083



## KCCNY Pool Sessions

Pool sessions are again to be held this year at the Boys & Girls Club in Union, NJ. They are scheduled for 9 consecutive Sunday mornings, January 5 thru March 9 from 9:00 - 11:00 AM.

The pool is on Jeanette Ave. in Union NJ, see previous page for directions.

Neither KCCNY or the college is responsible for articles brought to or left at the pool.

On entering the pool boaters will sign in and pay a \$7.00 per person user fee. Boats are limited to current KCCNY members, one boat per member, and they **MUST** be washed on the pool deck prior to placement in the pool on each occasion. If during the pool session you need to empty water out of you boat please do so on the deck, not into the pool.

These precautions will keep the maintenance of the pool to a minimum, and all concerned happy!

## KCCNY Executive Meeting

January 12, 1997 at 2:00 PM. The meeting will take place at Miriam Alexander's house. For information and/or directions call:

Miriam Alexander

## You're KCCNY Membership Has Expired (well almost!)

Your annual KCCNY membership is about to expire. This will be the last newsletter that you receive until your membership is renewed.

On the next page you will find a KCCNY membership renewal form, please fill it out and send it to Pierre deRham.

Those that do not renew their membership by

## Kingston Pool Sessions

Nancy Donohue is starting pool sessions in Kingston, New York. You do not have to belong to any club nor join one in order for you to take advantage of this.

They should be on Monday evenings.

Pool sessions are expected to begin mid January and continue thru April. Approximate pricing will be \$5 per person/session.

All persons interested will need to sign up as soon as possible. For further information please contact:

## Stolen Kayak Recovered

A Savage Kayak was stolen this summer. If it is yours, and you can give a complete description, including:

- 1)exact location boat disappeared
- 2)make, model, and color of vehicle the owner of the boat was driving
- 3)the week end the boat disappeared
- 4)a complete description of the boat, INCLUDING a description of the UNUSUAL modification made to the boat

# 1997 KCCNY Renewal Form

At the 1996 KCCNY annual meeting the members voted for a \$5.00 increase in dues to help cover the club's expenses. This makes the dues structure as follows:

Regular Membership	\$17.00	
Family Membership	\$20.00	
Associate Membership	\$14.00	(more than 150 miles from Times Square)

Check at the top right corner of your mailing label to see what your dues will be for the coming year. If you have joined KCCNY after September 1, 1996 there will be a \$5.00 fee only.

Again this year we are asking that you make a \$3.00 contribution to go towards river conservation. This is particularly important in that the club treasury does not currently allow us to make the conservation donations that we would like to, so this is our only source of money dedicated towards conservation.

In addition, check your mailing label to make sure that your address is correct, also if your phone number has changed be sure to note it.

Please send your check to: **Pierre deRham**  
**P.O. Box 195**  
**Garrison, NY 10524**

Make any changes that are necessary on the form below, if your address or phone numbers are correct in the previous roster, do not enter them here.



Name : \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone : \_\_\_\_\_ Work Phone : \_\_\_\_\_

If you would like to have your email address published in the roster please enter it here

Email Address : \_\_\_\_\_

Membership Amount : \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Conservation Donation : \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Total Amount Enclosed : \$ \_\_\_\_\_



## Paradise Found by Gideon Schwarcz

friendly local who told us that last Spring some guys tried to do this creek. He said that one hour later he saw empty boats and gear floating downstream. Two hours later he met a bunch of terrified and half-drowned paddlers struggling out of the woods. He then looked Jon and me squarely in the face and said "You guys aren't really going to run this?" My eyes glazed with adrenaline. "Sounds perfect!" I answered.

We continued north to where the creek seemed to begin. To avoid the "no trespassing" signs, we put in on a small feeder brook which soon led to the main creek. At first it was straightforward standing waves and slaloming around strainers. Then the bottom fell out. The creek abruptly turned right and disappeared over a horizon line. The water was pushing hard and fast downstream, and eddies were almost nonexistent. We managed to find one tiny eddy and grabbed trees to hold us put. We looked at one another and started to laugh. Was this the Class VI waterfall, or the falls into an undercut rock, or the falls followed immediately by another 150 foot falls!??? We realized that we had read descriptions of so many creeks that we couldn't remember which was which! Time to scout, which wasn't an easy proposition, the falls being cradled in a virtually sheer box canyon.

We finally arrived at the clifftop, only to find that the creek kept bending out of sight to who-knows-what downstream. I carried and put in below the falls with a rope to keep an eye on Jon who decided to go for it. He scraped over some ledges on river-right to avoid the meat of the drop, making it look easy, as Jon usually does! We then paddled further and found another horizon line. This next scouting made the first seem like a picnic. Jon turned to me halfway up the cliff and said "Gidon, we may be eccentric for doing this". "No", I answered. "Just plain crazy."

From the top of the cliff, this set of rapids looked quite runnable. Just catch the mandatory eddy on river-right, taking care not to get caught in the downed tree guarding 90% of the entrance to that eddy. Then peel out into a series of ledges, ferry quick left, and catch a complicated flume moving between boulders. The hard appearing part turned out to be a breeze. But the flume between the boulders, which appeared easy from the clifftop, was a surprisingly dynamic ride, requiring 5 or 6 rapid-

## Long time KCCNY member Succumbs to illness

**A** long time member and founding member of KCCNY died on 10/4/96. James Bowen deceased after a lengthily illness.

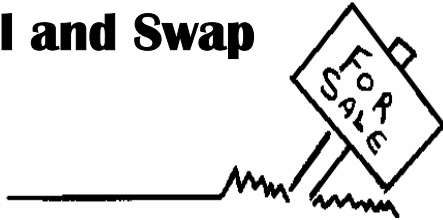
James was a member of KCCNY for over 30 years, and held numerous positions on the KCCNY executive committee, and contributor to the newsletter.

fire moves. We both did fine, but it wasn't smooth and pretty.

Just as I was ready to chalk off the whole day to scouting, the creek opened up. We had apparently been in "Redrock Glen", although I cannot honestly say that I noticed any red rocks. Once we exited the glen, things got straight-forward if not disappointing easy. The suspense of not knowing what was around the next bend kept our adrenaline pumping, but nothing of consequence ever really came up. I felt very much as if I was on New Jersey's Wichecheeokee--continuous gradient, lots of moderate standing waves, frequent river wide ledges but class II in nature. The scenery was magnificent with the typical Pocono feathery green hemlocks against the snow.

Above the town of Analomink, Paradise Creek feeds into the Brodhead. With the swollen discharge from both, we switched abruptly from pushy technical water to big standing waves. The scenery went to pot, but we had too much fun surfing to care much. However, the really memorable part of this second part of the trip was the take-out at Stokes Road. The normally modest wier downstream of the dam became a churning playable hole on the right and a glassy eternal surfing wave on the left. We played to the point of exhaustion. By the time we took out, the sun had warmed the air just above freezing and the ice had melted off our gear. Overheated, we felt like it was August as we changed into dry clothes at the take-out. The late-afternoon sun gleaming on the high cliffs of the Delaware Water Gap put the

# Buy, Sell and Swap



**FOR SALE** Corsica Matrix kayak, black, \$550

Call Chris Schneider  
at (516) 679-0650

**FOR SALE** Perception Dancer kayak, Teal with  
spray skirt. \$300 or best offer

Call Nancy Green  
at (201) 653-7739

**FOR SALE** Used Cruise Control and Mongoose  
\$550 each or best offer.

Call Gordon Trinkler at  
(908) 688-1704

**FOR SALE** Used Macintosh SE, System 7.1 OS,  
keyboard, mouse with Excel loaded  
first \$250 takes it.

Contact Daniel Lenox at  
(201) 663-1364

**FOR SALE** 1995 Timberline 2 man tent by Eureka.  
Used just 1 season, \$60.

Call Helen Budzinski at  
(914) 963-2143

**FOR SALE** 1991 Chrysler Grand Voyager,  
3.3 liter V6 engine, new brakes & tires,  
excellent condition  
\$6900 or best offer.

Call Diane Lenox at  
(201) 663-1364

**FOR SALE** Dancer XS, teal - NEW condition, with  
spray skirt, paddle, pfd & float bags, \$625

Call John Rule  
at (201) 402-9625

**FOR SALE** The following used items:

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tunnel Med-Large Like new used one  
season \$175

Stolhquist Silhouette PFD Large Purple  
used two seasons \$40

OS Systems Drytop Large barely used a  
steal at \$95

Quest Conquest V w/vestibule five person  
tent Perfect condition Sets up very quick  
due to sportavia hub system Used two  
seasons \$175

New Wave - Sleek, Cruise Control, or  
Mongoose used only one season \$550  
each

Thule Adventurer 615 Rooftop Box less  
than one year old \$325

Call Gordon Trinkler  
at (908) 688 1704



## KCCNY Special Award Presentations

This years Special Award competition was a fierce one, with Jon Gellman being the only repeat 'offender'. I remember the look on Ken Fischman after not winning a single trophy this year, I can honestly say that I never before saw such an expression.

There were many good stories where onlookers, and sometimes the participant, recounted that 'fateful' day. It's too bad that all of you were not there to enjoy them, but the next time you see any of these people, congratulate them and then ask them to recount to you the story behind the trophy.

Well congratulations to all of this years trophy winners:

Probe	-	Bill Thomas
Hole Hog	-	Tom Gustainis
Strainer	-	Diane Lenox
Inconstant Roll	-	Ed Hanrahan
Window Shade	-	Cheryl Shriber
Epic Swimming	-	Catherine Murray

## 1997 KCCNY Executive Committee Elections

Elections for the KCCNY Executive Committee were held at the KCCNY Annual Dinner on November 23.

The results of those elections are as follows:

Chairperson	Bill Thomas
Vice Chairperson	Jackie Condie
Treasurer	Joan Most
Membership	Pierre deRham
Cruising	Cheryl Shiber
Newsletter	Daniel Lenox
Safety	Ed Hanrahan
Conservation	Jane Bernstein
Training	Marian Greenfield
	Pierre deRham
Annual Race	Ralph Johns
	Paul Epstein
Competition Liaison	Jim Raleigh
Delegates at Large	Vance Condie
	Ann Cali
	Helen Chase
	Gordon Trinkler
	Brian Meserlian
	Diane Lenox
	Catherine Murray
	Grant Draper
Pool Sessions	Gordon Trinkler
Annual Dinner	Ann Cali
Web Site	Daniel Lenox

Campmor add

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Let's be frank, today just about anybody can create web pages, however the amount of time invested usually shows through. *Image is everything...*

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Or email us at: [webmaster@softsense-inc.com](mailto:webmaster@softsense-inc.com)

 **SoftSense Inc.**

233 Prospect Point Rd., Lake Hopatcong, NJ 07849

**(201) 663-9197**

Fax (201) 663-2682

## World Wide Web & Email Addresses

The following are some www site and email addresses that I have come across. Please contact me if you find any others of interest, or the address is incorrect (I am not responsible for the accuracy). Use them wisely!

<a href="http://www.awa.org/awa/yellow_pages/newwave/Paddlequest">http://www.awa.org/awa/yellow_pages/newwave/Paddlequest</a>	American Whitewater Association home page
<a href="http://www.lehigh.edu/~ludas/NY/amcnyhom.htm">http://www.lehigh.edu/~ludas/NY/amcnyhom.htm</a>	Appalachian Mountain Club, NY-NoJ Chapter
<a href="http://www.eclipse.net/~mgiltner/kccny.html">http://www.eclipse.net/~mgiltner/kccny.html</a>	Kayak and Canoe Club of NY home page
<a href="http://www.pitt.edu/~suthers/tprc">http://www.pitt.edu/~suthers/tprc</a>	Three Rivers Paddling Club home page
<a href="http://random.chem.psu.edu/pdoc">http://random.chem.psu.edu/pdoc</a>	Penn State Outing Club home page
<a href="http://dsl.gl.umbc.edu/~pjacks1">http://dsl.gl.umbc.edu/~pjacks1</a>	Baltimore Canoe & Kayak Club home page
<a href="http://www.orp-wc.usace.army.mil:80/current">http://www.orp-wc.usace.army.mil:80/current</a>	US Army Corps of Eng (Pittsburgh PA)
<a href="http://www.kayaker.com/perception">http://www.kayaker.com/perception</a>	Perception home page
<a href="http://www.nowr.org">http://www.nowr.org</a>	National Organization of WW Rodeos
<a href="http://mohawk.ll.mit.edu">http://mohawk.ll.mit.edu</a>	NE River Forecast Center
<a href="gopher://wx.atmos.uiuc.edu:70/11/states">gopher://wx.atmos.uiuc.edu:70/11/states</a>	River gauges & weather
<a href="mailto:74744.2350@compuserve.com">74744.2350@compuserve.com</a>	FutaFund for Futaleufu river
<a href="mailto:NantOutCen@aol.com">NantOutCen@aol.com</a>	Nantahala Outdoor Center
<a href="mailto:hennesy@cceb.med.upenn.edu">hennesy@cceb.med.upenn.edu</a>	Philadelphia Canoe Club newsletter editor
<a href="mailto:Wghy78a@prodigy.com">Wghy78a@prodigy.com</a>	Garden State Canoe Club newsletter editor
<a href="mailto:azagofsky@aol.com">azagofsky@aol.com</a>	Lehigh Valley Canoe Club newsletter editor
<a href="mailto:DLnox@SoftSense-inc.com">DLnox@SoftSense-inc.com</a>	Kayak and Canoe Club of NY newsletter editor

“Come on, come on , come on ... I can’t believe this.” I heard myself say as I stood behind Bill’s 73 VW van with the jumper cables. This had been going on for almost twenty minutes as we just stood there - boats loaded with gear and stacked high on the van - but still five miles from the Salmon airport and now late for our 8:00 a.m. charter . Oh well, what did I expect, every trip seems to have its little miscues - having the shuttle take till 2:30 a.m. the previous night was probably just the first in a long line. Anyway this wasn’t going to be our average trip, we were going from one extreme to another. A week earlier we had been in New York City and now we were about to jump on a plane to drop us off for a self support trip where we probably wouldn’t see another person for days.

The Big Creek in Idaho runs through the River Of No Return Wilderness, which is part of the largest non-roaded area in the continental U.S. Since there weren’t many roads, and the few that did exist were still covered with snow, this trip would require us to fly in and then paddle out roughly sixty miles - forty on the Big Creek and the last twenty on the Middle Fork of the Salmon. But of course, we had to get to the put in first. Bill’s van eventually started and we made it to the airport to load our gear onto two Cessna 206’s and begin our adventure. The forty five minute flight was spectacular and also quite helpful since we were able to sort of scout the first 10 miles of the Big Creek. From the plane we could see a lot of whitewater and also counted a number of logjams, which would prove useful later on. ( Did we miss any?)

We landed in a small grassy valley near the foot of the mountains where the Big Creek originates. While we were unloading our gear one of the pilots asked if we were experts or something? I replied that both Bill and Vance were and that I was the something part, but why do you ask? He said he’d never seen anybody fly in there before with kayaks. Now this got me to thinking, the guide books had said there weren’t any drops more difficult than class IV on the trip, however, the western class IV that we had paddled the previous days at high water levels could be considered class V on the East Coast. Luckily before I could ponder all the things that could go wrong on a trip like this a few more planes landed bringing in visitors to a nearby lodge, and upon seeing our kayaks a pilot said she had paddled the river before and that she envied us.

With these final words of encouragement we began

dragging our kayaks loaded with gear ( 80 lbs in total probably ) for roughly three miles to the river. Now this wouldn’t have been so bad except that once we left the landing field there was really no trail, so we bushwhacked our way through a fairly dense forest in the general direction of the river. A little over an hour later we made it to a small clearing next to an old burnt out cabin that sat alongside the river. The river was pretty creekly here - only about twenty feet wide and a foot or so deep - however it was incredibly pristine and we were happy to be finally getting on the river. About a mile and a half into the run we came across our first river wide logjam that was just on the other side of a bend in the river. The side of the river where we eddied out however, was very steep and we couldn’t portage here. We ended up having to carry back up about fifty yards through a swampy area, and then ferry back out and catch a small eddy on the other side - it wasn’t really an eddy, but basically a three foot long clear spot that had a root sticking out that you had to grab to stop yourself - then carry another couple of hundred yards through the woods to put back in. At the put in, which was a five foot seal launch drop, I noticed that we were all sweating pretty hard and hoped the next portages would be easier since we had counted at least five from the air. It turned out fortunately that this was the most difficult portage of the trip.

A little over an hour later and another portage or two, we came to the beginning of a gorge that consisted of almost constant class III+ - IV+ for the next two miles. I had been a little worried looking at this area from the plane because there were two strainers that looked to be in difficult drop areas. We negotiated the next mile or so eddy hoping and picking our way through rocks, boulders, and trees without any mishaps. Two logjams later we eddied out and had a debate as to whether this was the last strainer or not. I thought there was still another one left and volunteered to run ahead and scout. I went about a half mile down river, but didn’t see any other logjams. Although there weren’t any strainers it was continuous whitewater with several ledgy drops so I suggested that everybody might want to scout this area. This time we all went even further and still no logjams.

At this point I was beginning to think I was losing my mind because I was positive there was another strainer and it had looked like the worst one. With this in the back of my mind, I was trying to keep straight where I wanted to be on the river because it appeared that there were four distinct drops and

once you were out there it was difficult to catch an eddy to re-orient yourself. We ran the mile that we had scouted without a problem and had just begun unknown territory again when Vance got broached on a rock on the left side of the river. Bill had already eddied out below and as I came by I was too far to the right to be of any help, so I caught the first eddy I could about twenty feet below Bill. Just as I had dragged my boat out of the river and onto some rocks, I heard Bill yell my name. As I looked up, there was Bill hanging onto his boat in the middle of the river. ( It turned out that he had slipped on a rock in his rush to help Vance and fell back into the river, which quickly swept both him and his boat down river ) Unfortunately, because of all the other gear it was hard to take my throw rope out of the boat, and since Bill was almost already parallel to me there wasn't a lot of time so I just began pulling the rope out of the bag and threw about thirty feet of it at him. It landed just below him and he grabbed hold so I could pull him and his boat to the side. Once he was off the river, I raced up to where Vance was to find that he had already gotten himself off the rock and then helped him pull the boat out. With all the boats off the river we began to scout again and found that about fifty yards down river was a large drop that had a logjam covering about 80% of the river. At this point, I think we all felt pretty lucky that things hadn't turned out a lot worse and decided that since it was almost 3:00 that we should stop for lunch.

After we carried the last strainer, I was a little relieved that the river became easier and we paddled several more hours at a leisurely pace. We made camp in a nice grove of trees right alongside the river with a little grassy field behind us. Although we figured that we had only gone about 15 miles that day, all the carrying of the boats had worn us out so we went to bed early and slept well. The next morning we were joined by a mule deer, who stayed on the fringe of our camp eating leaves while we had our breakfast. Once on the river again more creeks and streams began to feed into the Big Creek, which made the run easier and very relaxing so we were able to spend some time looking for wildlife. That morning besides the usual dozen or so butterflies that would follow us around, we saw a large herd of deer and a pair of elk. ( I still think they were female moose, but I was outvoted )

After having lunch on a sand bar, we came to a horizon line and got out to scout what I believe is called Coxeys rapids. The next half a mile had a half dozen drops amid large boulders and the occasional

log. Of particular interest were two boulders about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way down the rapid that had caught several logs and created what looked to be a very ugly strainer. I was a little apprehensive because the strainer was right out in the middle and there was a fair amount of the current flowing through these logs. Bill however, assured me that he knew paddlers who if you told them to hit that part of the river they couldn't do it. I still was not quite convinced, but Bill went first and had a very nice run that made it almost look easy. I went next, but my ferry to the right side of the river was very weak and I began my run by going through a hole on the left. With my line off from the start, I proceeded to hit almost every hole on the upper part of the run, four in total I believe, and was either surfed or shot out vertically from all of them. Fortunately I was never flipped so I had plenty of room and control to miss the strainer. After Vance came through, he said that he too had been squirted a few times, which made me feel a little less lame.

After this bit of excitement the river mellowed again and after paddling a few more hours we began to look for a camp site. We found what looked to be a great spot, but as I began to look around I noticed that there was already a tent set up. This seemed very puzzling since we were pretty much out in the middle of nowhere we thought. Seeking some privacy however, we decided to camp just across the river. After setting up camp - throwing our boats down and crashing on Therma Rest pads - it came to our attention that Vance hadn't quite allocated enough food for that night's dinner. This may have been intentional for I do recall him saying that he hoped to drop a couple of pounds on this trip. He redeemed himself however, by having had the good judgement to pack a large container of bourbon, which of course was gone before the end of that evening.

Just before dusk, we spotted an attractive woman walking to the camp across the river, who waved hello to us. After several minutes of hypothesizing who this mystery person could be, I took upon myself to ferry across the river and be neighborly. I surprised her a bit when I walked into her camp, but she seemed happy to have some company, and even more attractive than she had looked from across the river. It turned out that she was an intern at the University of Idaho weather station that was just a few miles up river. For the next couple of hours she told me about her summer in the mountains - taking notes on the habits of big horn sheep, stepping on

*(Continued on page 12)*

rattlesnakes, and occasionally bumping into black bears on the nearby trails. This was beginning to make our trip sound kind of tame, and it was getting late so I ferried back across to our camp to get ready for what sounded like a big day ahead.

The next day after a couple of miles paddling we found ourselves at the mouth of the Big Creek Gorge. This marked the last five miles of the Big Creek, which would drop an average of roughly 80 feet per mile till it flowed into the Middle Fork of the Salmon. The run began in a granite gorge and was pretty much constant III-IV whitewater that was technical and swift. We were having a great run picking our way through one rock garden after another, but I was keeping my eyes peeled for what we had been warned was a river wide hole about half way down this section. After awhile though, I began to relax a bit figuring the high water levels must have washed out the hole. As we progressed down river Bill was in the front on the left, I was slightly behind on the right and Vance was sweep. The river began to get a little steeper so I thought it best to get over to where Bill was and let him probe. Unfortunately, I misjudged the strength of the current and missed the eddy that Bill had pulled into. I was swept sideways over a three foot pour-over into a swirling mess of water that kept grabbing at the stern of my boat and made me feel as if I was in an eleven foot long squirt boat.

I finally freed myself from this spot only to find that I was about fifteen feet above a deep trough that extended across the river. I wasn't sure what this was, but I was in the middle of the river apparently heading for what looked like the deepest part of the trough/hole. There was nowhere else to go, so I just took two or three hard strokes as I approached and hoped I would punch this thing ( Beam me up Scotty ! ). I had penetrated about half way through when I felt the stern of my boat suddenly grabbed and pulled straight down into the hole, my boat went vertical and I was cartwheeled back into the trough. I tucked and felt my boat slowly sink maybe five feet and then stop. At this point, I realized that I had found the river wide hole and remembered that we had been told that if you were stupid enough to get yourself into this hole you would probably have to swim out. My next thought was that I REALLY didn't want to be swimming here, but what could I do, it felt as if I was on the bottom of the river. Before bailing out, I decided I should at least try to roll even though I knew I was nowhere near the surface . As I brought my paddle perpendicular to the boat, one of

the blades caught the current, and as I locked my arms it pulled me up and shot me out in an explosive ender that caused the entire boat to become airborne. As I came out, I gasped for a large breathe and prepared myself to be sucked back in, but to my relief I landed clear and began floating down river and QUICKLY caught an eddy. Both Bill and Vance had caught an eddy about twenty yards up river. From this vantage point Bill was able to witness the carnage, so after a very thorough scout they snuck the right side and we were on our way again.

After a couple more miles of breathtaking scenery and fairly continuous whitewater, we dropped down a final chute that had me doing 360's, and were flushed out onto the Middle fork of the Salmon. The character of the Middle fork differed dramatically from that of the Big Creek. After the technical drops of the Big Creek, the Middle Fork of the Salmon was wide open and quite relaxing, and we were able to enjoy the beautiful canyons that would open up to us around every bend. With all the extra water and no real obstacles, we were making great time flowing through one wave train after another and occasionally catching a nice surfing wave. Of course, there were still a few surprises left. About ten or twelve miles along on the Salmon we came to a rapid that had a very easy line down the left, but I followed Bill down the middle, which was strewn with holes six to eight feet deep. After skirting the edge of two of these holes, I was thankful I hadn't fallen in. I felt that I had already had all the hole exploring experience that I needed for one day.

Soon after this drop, we came to a horizon line with a large curling wave on the left and a steep pour-over on the right. From where Vance and I were we couldn't really tell what was ahead, but it looked pretty likely that there would be a large hole in there somewhere. Bill took a quick peak over the horizon line and without a word plunged out into the middle of the river and disappeared over the first large wave. Three or four long seconds later Bill crested what turned out to be a second even larger wave and disappeared once again. We hoped to hell Bill knew what he was doing, and so Vance followed Bill's line and had what looked to be a very smooth ride until he too disappeared. I quickly followed and entered the first wave sideways, as I came over the top I dropped about ten feet into the trough of the second wave and found myself looking up at a huge green wall of water. The wave fortunately was very glassy and the sensation of rolling through this wave train,

# Stupidity At It's Best For The Gene Pool

by Mark Huffstetter (source unknown)

**Y**ou all know about the Darwin Awards. It's an annual honor given to the person who did the gene pool the biggest service by killing themselves in the most extraordinarily stupid way. Last year's winner was the fellow who was killed by a Coke machine which toppled over on top of him as he was attempting to tip a free soda out of it. And this year's nominee is:

The Arizona Highway Patrol came upon a pile of smoldering metal embedded into the side of a cliff rising above the road at the apex of a curve. The wreckage resembled the site of an airplane crash, but it was a car. The type of car was unidentifiable at the scene. The lab finally figured out what it was and what had happened.

It seems that a guy had somehow gotten hold of a JATO unit (Jet Assisted Take Off - actually a solid fuel rocket) that is used to give heavy military transport planes an extra "push" for taking off from short airfields. He had driven his Chevy Impala out into the desert and found a long, straight stretch of road. Then he attached the JATO unit to his car, jumped in, got up some speed and fired off the JATO.

The facts as best as could be determined are that the operator of the 1967 Impala hit the JATO ignition at a distance of approximately 3.0 miles from the crash site. This was established by the prominent scorched and melted asphalt at that location.

The JATO, if operating properly, would have reached maximum thrust within five seconds, causing the Chevy to reach speeds well in excess of 350 mph and continuing at full power for an additional 20-25 seconds.

The driver, soon to be pilot, most likely would have experienced G-forces usually reserved for dog-fighting F-14 jocks under full afterburners, basically causing him to become insignificant for the remainder of

the event. However, the automobile remained on the straight highway for about 2.5 miles (15-20 seconds) before the driver applied and completely melted the brakes, blowing the tires and leaving thick black rubber marks on the road surface, then becoming airborne for an additional 1.4 miles and impacting the cliff face at a height of 125 feet leaving a blackened crater three feet deep in the rock.

Most of the driver's remains were not recoverable; however, small fragments of bone, teeth and hair were extracted from the crater and fingernail and bone shards were removed from a piece of debris believed to be a portion of the steering wheel.

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# Members Mutual Agreement For Protection From Liability

**W**elcome to the river. In the interest of permitting the Kayak and Canoe Club of New York (the "Club") to exist and to serve the paddling community without fear of liability, I ask you to join in this contract. The first part is for you to acknowledge that you understand the risks involved in this activity. The second part is a release from liability.

## *ASSUMPTION OF RISK*

I \_\_\_\_\_ understand and accept the following acts of life on a body of water: that paddling in watercraft exposes me to many hazards. No one but myself is responsible for judging my qualifications for my safety when I choose to challenge my capabilities by boating on particular body of water, or a particular rapid. 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. Some of the dangers and risks which may be present or occur include, but are not limited to, the following:

- 1) The hazards of traveling in a watercraft in varying water conditions.
- 2) Hazards including boulders, trees and other obstacles, waterfalls, holes, reversals and other water formations.
- 3) Swimming/floating in unfamiliar and sometimes turbulent water.
- 4) Using paddles, ropes and other paddling equipment.
- 5) Hiking or walking in rugged terrain, including slippery rocks.
- 6) Injuries inflicted by animals, insects, reptiles or plants.
- 7) Accidents or illness in remote places without medical facilities.
- 8) Man-made objects in the water including, but not limited to, ropes, bridge pilings, broken dams and metal debris.
- 9) Carrying watercraft and other paddling equipment.
- 10) The forces of nature, including lightning, weather changes, water level changes, and others not named.
- 11) The physical exertion associated with paddling and swimming and carrying watercraft on land.
- 12) Travel in a vehicle driven by other persons.

## *RELEASE FROM LIABILITY*

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, it's members, trip coordinators or any of my fellow paddlers for any injuries to my person or my equipment which may occur during, in preparation for or in transit to or from a Club outing. The waiver applies to any negligent act or omission and to any intentional act intended to promote my safety or well-being.

I am solely responsible for deciding whether to participate in or to continue on any water trip. I assume these risks and understand my responsibility in decision making. My waiver has no expiration date.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Participant's Signature

\_\_\_\_\_  
Participant's Printed Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date

**KCCNY**  
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**Have you visited the  
KCCNY Web Page???**

**<http://www.eclipse.net/~mgiltner/kccny.html>**