

# PADDLE Sept SPLASHES 2024

Appalachian Mountain Club  
New York-North Jersey Chapter  
Canoe & Kayak Committee

## THE EXPEDITION EDITION

- Boundary Waters
- Allagash
- Gates of Lodore

**Kurt  
Navratil**

**Victory  
Lap**

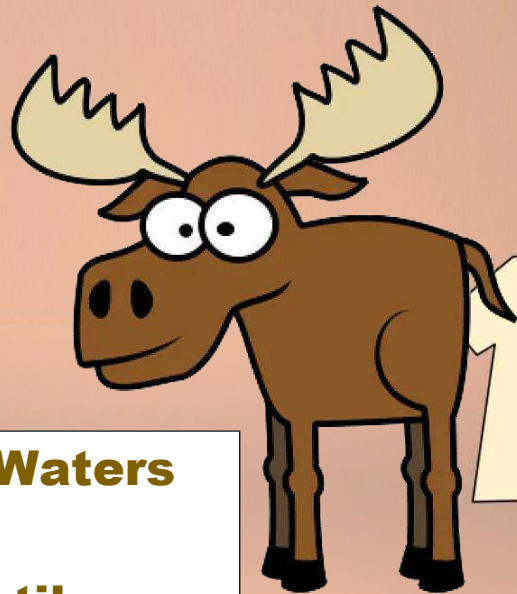


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## ***PADDLE SPLASHES***

Loretta Brady, Editor  
Marty Plante, Layout & Format

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# the Boundary & Waters Quetico

## So Much Water, So Little Time

**T**he email from Gwen said, “Would you like to join my trip to the Boundary Waters and Quetico?” It was an offer I couldn’t refuse.

I started canoe-camping in the mid-1970s, when it occurred to me that it’s easier to carry 50 lbs of gear in a canoe than on my back. My trips started locally, in the Adirondacks and the Jersey Pine Barrens, but it seemed like every issue of Canoe Magazine had an article about the breathtaking Boundary Waters Canoe Area (BWCA) in Minnesota and its Ontario neighbor, Quetico Provincial Park. Paddling there has always been on my wish-list, but it just never seemed to happen. In the last 50 year, I’ve canoe-camped all over North America, but the BWCA and Quetico were elusive. I was resigned to the likelihood that a visit there would probably never happen for me, but Gwen’s invitation provided the knock of opportunity that I had waited for.

The plans for our summer trip started in the middle of winter. Access is granted through a quota system, with each party limited to four boats and 9 people. The online Hunger Games for a permit began on January 31 and Gwen was able to get a spot for access point #16 on August 7. Our trip was on...or so we thought.

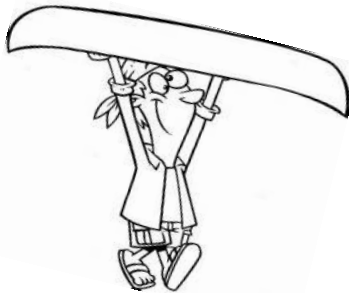
In June, our adventure started to look like it was in jeopardy. Thunderstorms caused severe flooding throughout the area. Extensive damage to roads and portage trails caused the Forest Service to close several entry points, including the one for which we had a permit. But the waters receded, the roads and trails were quickly repaired, and our trip was back on.

## DAY 0

I own a fleet of six canoes, but none were suitable for this trip. I needed a lightweight flatwater canoe that I could easily carry from one lake to another. After 4 days of driving, I arrived at Ely, Minnesota, to pick up a rental boat from a local outfitter.

Ely is one of two gateways into the Boundary Waters. It has fewer than 3,300 residents, but about half of the Boundary Waters' 250,000 annual visitors pass through the little town. It consists almost entirely of motels, restaurants and canoe outfitters.

I joined the four fellow adventurers who will join me on the trip. All are AMC paddlers from the New Hampshire chapter.



Above: Moose River at the end of a portage.

Below: Marty on the portage trail.



## DAY 1

We shuttled from Ely to a dirt parking lot in the middle of nowhere, thanks to the unerring navigation skills of Google Maps. Our plan for the day was to paddle the Moose River to Nina Moose Lake and set up camp. (Spoiler alert: we didn't see any moose). Our gear was carried in "Bill's Bags," the water-resistant backpacks used by campers. Each of us needed two to hold our tent, sleeping bags, food, clothes, and other gear.

Our first day had four portages and a few easy beaver dams to negotiate. At 176 rods (over half a mile), our first portage was the most challenging. (Canoe portages are traditionally expressed in "rods," a distance of 16.5 feet, because nothing makes the world easier to understand than another unit of measure.) I carried one of my bags from the parking lot to the put-in (1/2 mile), then walked back to the parking lot (another 1/2 mile), brought another bag to the put-in (yet another 1/2 mile) then back to the lot (1/2 mile), and finally brought the canoe to the river (1/2) mile, all the while swatting at mosquitoes. With three more portages, our first day required a total of 3.8 miles of walking and 3.1 miles of paddling. The remaining 7 days will require another 14 portages.

It was a great day, despite all the walking and the battles with the Unholy Trinity (deer flies, horseflies and mosquitoes). I squirmed into my "nylon coffin" - a tiny bivy sack tent that's just big enough for me and my sleeping bag - and I fell asleep to the soft staccato of rain on my tent.



## DAY 2

We broke camp and paddled across a windy Nina Moose Lake. We set up camp on the shore of Lake Agnes and watched the ducks, geese and swans cruise by our campsite. It was a clear blue sky when we stopped, but the forecast calls for evening rain (again!), so we set up camp early, at 2 o'clock, so we wouldn't be cooking and eating during a down pour. As if on que, the rain started just as we finished our early dinner. I barely had enough time to shove a brownie into my mouth and wash it down with the last sip of coffee. Tomorrow is supposed to be better.

## DAY 3

The weather forecast was a bit optimistic. We woke to intermittent rain and scarfed down our breakfast in between the showers. We waited for the rain to end but it never did. Rather than break camp and paddle in the downpour, we decided to make today a layover day. We sat in our camp chairs under a rain tarp, talking, reading, drinking coffee and watching the rain pelt the lake surface. It was a lazy day, but never boring. It continued to rain and drizzle throughout the day, but there was a silver lining: the rain and wind chased away most of the mosquitoes and other flying nasties.

## Gwen Hunter & Bruce Benton

I first met Gwen and her canoeing partner, Bruce Benton, five years ago when I paddled with them on the New York section of the Northern Forest Canoe Trail. She's finished the Vermont, Quebec, New Hampshire and Maine sections and is now in the homestretch to complete the 740-mile waterway. She took her first whitewater canoe lesson in 2007 so that she could go on a wilderness trip to the Missouri Breaks in Montana, following the trail of Lewis and Clark. It was a flatwater trip, but the whitewater instruction gave her the confidence to run more adventurous trips.



Above: Breakfast with bug nets for Gwen, Bruce and Marty.

Left: Gwen and Bruce on Lake Agnes.

## DAY 4

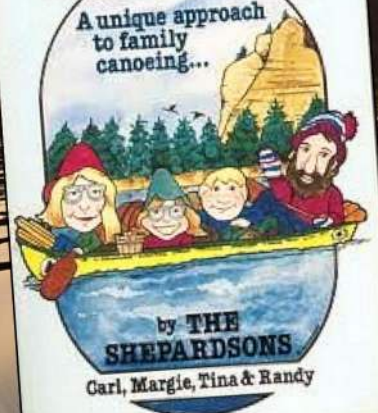
The last of the rain stopped just before daybreak. I woke to the sound of a very vocal red squirrel who was apparently upset that I slept under his tree. He wasn't shy about showing his disapproval. We made breakfast and broke camp, then continued to travel north, crossing Lake Agnes. We stopped at a great campsite for lunch, so we decided to make an early day of it and stay for the night. The clouds mostly departed so we dried our wet gear on the rocks and lounged around for the afternoon. I relaxed on the lakeshore with my drug of choice -- a big cup of hot black coffee. Bruce is in the market for a new canoe, so he took mine out for a test drive. When he brought the boat up on shore, it had leeches clinging to the hull. Yuk!

## Margie & Carl Shepardson

This is the 4<sup>th</sup> BWCA trip for Carl and Marge Shepardson. Their first was in 1966, when I was still in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade. Since then, they've canoe-camped in Alaska, the Everglades, and nearly everywhere in between. And they show no signs of slowing down. Throughout our trip, they were always in the lead, paddling fast than anyone else. Over three summers (1980-82), they paddled from their home in New Hampshire to Fort Yukon, Alaska. The problems they encountered included entertaining a 5- and 8-year-old without a TV or cellphone, and facing a polar bear with an emergency flare and a camp axe. If you were ever the parent of a pre-teen daughter, you'll know which is the greater challenge.

### The Family Canoe Trip

A unique approach to family canoeing...



## DAY 5

I crawled out of my tent at 1:30am to see the stars. I wasn't disappointed. Four years ago, the BWCA became a designated Dark Sky Sanctuary, one of only 21 in the world. The absence of any light pollution produced an incredible display of stars and the Milky Way, reminding me of my childhood visits to the Hayden Planetarium. For the first time, I tried out the Astrophotography feature on my cellphone, with astonishing results.

After breakfast, we launched under a clear blue sky with a few fluffy cumulus clouds, headed north and soon entered Canada's Quetico Provincial Park. The rock cliffs we sailed past were covered with 800-year-old Indian petroglyphs that looked much like the "artwork" my kids brought home from kindergarten.

We stopped at Warrior Hill and bushwacked up as high as we could get. Out of curiosity, I turned on my cellphone and got one bar of a 4G signal. In came a stream of text messages, including one that promised to fix my credit rating if I just clicked on the accompanying link.

The Shepardsons on Nina Moose Lake.

We returned to our boats for the trip back to our campsite in Minnesota, weaving between the islands on the choppy lake. After dinner, the wind died down and we brought our camp chairs to the water's edge to watch a magnificent sunset illuminate the lake, while the frogs, minnows and leeches swam in the shallow water at our feet.

## The Milky Way on Lake Agnes.

### DAY 6

We woke to a clear windless morning. We got an early start breaking camp so that we could enjoy the mirror-still lake before the afternoon wind arrived. We found an unoccupied campsite on Lake Agnes, beating out the competition that was looking for campsites of their own. We spent the afternoon reading, talking, napping and drinking coffee.

As the sun went down, the loons yodelled, a pine marten ran across the edge of our camp, and a squadron of dragonflies patrolled the lakeshore looking for their dinner of mosquitoes.

### DAY 7

Our band of adventurers paddled upstream all day, but the current was negligible, with only a few beaver dams to slow our progress. We had two portages through a marshy but scenic river, then set up camp on the shore of Nina Moose Lake. The lack of wind brought out the bugs, so but we sat in our camp chairs, bundled up in our rain-gear to keep the mosquitoes from attacking. Some of us headed into our tents for a siesta to escape the blood-sucking wildlife. Others went for a swim in the lake to cool off and get away from the bugs. But not me. (Leeches!)

I recharged my cellphone using a solar panel that I bought from a Chinese website for \$1.50. It worked! An even bigger bargain was the bug net I bought for \$3. It would have been a miserable trip without it.



## DAY 8

I woke to the sound of a flock of trumpeter swans that sounded like the brass section of an orchestra tuning up for a concert. A few hummingbirds patrolled the shoreline as we ate breakfast.

We continued upstream, got the 1/2 mile portage out of the way, and arrived at our cars. Our trip was over.

I was hoping to see a moose or hear the nocturnal howl of a wolf, but the only wildlife we saw all week was the flying kind: birds and mosquitoes. So many, many mosquitoes.

I'm sore from the portages, I've got more than a few bug bites, and I'm in desperate need of a shower. But it was an awesome trip.

## If You Go...

Did I mention the mosquitoes? Bring bug repellent. Lots and lots of bug repellent. And consider treating your clothing with [permethrin](#).

Some camping trips require no portages, allowing for more creature comforts. The BWCA isn't one of them. Most routes require multiple portages, so pack light. If you're not sure that you need something, you don't need it.

Canoe carts aren't allowed on the narrow portage trails, so consider renting a boat from a [local outfitter](#). During our trip, we passed over 50 other canoes (no kayaks) and every one was a lightweight Kevlar lake cruiser.

For trips between May 1<sup>st</sup> and Sept. 30<sup>th</sup>, permits are required. The reservation system opens up on Jan. 31<sup>st</sup>. [Click here](#).

Unforeseeable events are, well, unforeseeable. Consider renting a satellite phone in case your plans don't go as planned (about \$200 for two weeks).



# TROUBLE IN PARADISE

## WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

The Boundary Waters were set aside in 1926 to preserve its primitive character. They were made a part of the National Wilderness Preservation System 60 years ago this month, in Sept. 1964. President Carter then signed the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness Act in 1978, banning mining within the Wilderness. While the Wilderness Area and the federal buffer area are protected from mining, the headwaters of the Wilderness are not.

Chilean mining company Antofagasta proposed to create a massive copper-nickel mine named Twin Metals on the South Kawishiwi River and within two miles of the Boundary Waters. If developed, the mine may pollute the waters that flow through some of the most popular Boundary Waters lakes. Any water pollution would continue downstream, affecting Superior National Forest, Voyageurs National Park and Canada's Quetico Provincial Park.

In 2013, the entire Boundary Waters region was named to the 2013 list of America's Most Endangered Rivers by river conservation organization American Whitewater.

At the completion of a two-year study in 2016, the Obama administration blocked progress on the plan. When he took office, President Trump pledged to reverse these policies. His administration issued federal mineral leases along rivers and lakes that flow directly into the Boundary Waters, the first step in developing the mines that Antofagasta seeks. The leases were subsequently canceled by President Biden before the mines could be built.

## WHAT'S THE SOLUTION

There isn't one. At least, not a good one.

The bulk of the world's nickel and copper are produced by countries that are now allied—or at least neutral—with the United States, but nothing lasts forever. Minnesota has one of the world's largest known undeveloped copper-nickel deposits and as the world transitions away from fossil fuels there will be greater pressure in the future to increase domestic production of these resources.

If re-elected, Trump would almost certainly green-light the mining operation, as he has promised to do.

Proponents of the project state that it will bring 750 direct jobs and 1,500 spinoff jobs to northern Minnesota. If it can be conducted safely, it's a mouth-watering proposition for current Minnesota governor and Vice-Presidential candidate Tim Walz. But it's the president, not the VP, who calls the shots. Presidential-hopeful Kamila Harris hasn't taken a stance on the Boundary Waters issue, but her ambivalence to fracking (another pollution-causing activity) indicates that she may oppose the Twin Metals' mine. Or maybe she won't: she has thrown her support behind green-energy initiatives and the nickel and copper from the proposed Minnesota mine are critical components for electric cars, solar panels and wind turbines.

Whatever happens during the next election, we'll be living in interesting times.

# The Awesome Allagash

STORY BY EILEEN YIN

PHOTOS BY EILEEN YIN AND MARY ANN HOAG

Day 1 - May 31, 2024

Johnson Pond to Little Allagash Falls

After two days of driving in Mary Ann's brand new car, and an overnight stay at a cute hotel, we arrived at our launch point. It was a super-cold start on shuttle morning -- we had to break ice off the tarp on the canoe trailer.

Almost immediately after putting on at remote Johnson Pond, we were confronted by a yearling moose who blocked the passage out of the pond. Chris and the beast had a brief standoff, mano-a-moose.

Allagash Stream was very narrow and bony, requiring us to walk our canoes. Later, we almost broached a boat in some unexpected Class 1+ rapids. It was a tough day for a delicate Kevlar canoe.

We got to our campsite and feasted on sausages, sauerkraut and string beans.

Day 2 - Saturday, June 1  
Allagash Falls to Farm Island.

Allagash Stream was wider and deeper than yesterday. We had trouble finding the unmarked portage trail, but resisted the urge to use electronic navigation aides. Ingo found the trail after noticing a barely-visible piece of railroad machinery. We saw a cool steam locomotive left behind in the forest. Eagle Lake had white caps, so we decided to wait out the wind, napping in our hammocks and having lunch. In the late afternoon, we made the 2-mile lake crossing to Farm Island to our campsite. After dinner, some of us paddled some more to watch the sunset from the water.



**Eileen relaxing by the railroad.**

Day 3 - Sunday, June 2, 2024  
Farm Island to Churchill Dam

We met Justin, a ranger who suggested we scout Chase Rapids, although he did warn us that it will look very different tomorrow morning when an additional 500 cfs will be released. After doing so, we peppered the rangers with questions about the river, mostly to reassure ourselves whether we can run it with delicate boats. A ranger who just ran the route reassured us that it was easy: just enter left, take the rapid to the left, and then run the center.

When we returned to the campsite, Mary Ann noticed that her tent was missing. Everything else was in place exactly as we left it. A frantic search began for the tent... in the shrubbery, along the trail, down the river... with no luck. Chris returned from fishing and reported that he didn't see a tent floating down the river. Knowing the rangers leave at 7pm, Mary Ann ran to them for assistance. One ranger found her tent pole in the river, which meant the rest of her tent probably collapsed and is in the water somewhere. It was so freakish because there was no wind and only one small opening to the water. Somehow a random gust caught her tent and blew it through the only opening to the river. Lesson learned - always weigh down your tent, even on a calm day!

Mary Ann managed to create a cozy nest for the night with my sea-to-summit mosquito net, Chris's tarp and some clothes pins.

## Ingo fishing at the end of the day.



Day 4 - Monday, June 3, 2024  
Churchill Dam to Grey Brook

We met the rangers at the kiosk, where they checked our registration and shuttled us to the Bissonette Bridge, where Chris, Ingo and Eileen ran Chase Rapids. We were able to pick safe lines for our Kevlar boats but did bang twice. It took only one hour to do the four miles of rapids, which got progressively easier as we went down. We met Loretta and Mary Ann, then quickly loaded our gear because there were a few big groups right behind us.

It was another bright sunny day. We paddled to Ledges and had a hot lunch of ramen with bok choy and mushrooms, prepared by Ingo.

Umsaskis Lake was a little windy and Long Lake was even windier. We were sufficiently tired that we called it a day, even though it was only 3:30pm. We felt relieved to have stopped as we watched other groups paddle down, looking tired but forced to keep paddling to the next (hopefully) campsite.

Mary Ann continued to show fortitude, building her little makeshift nest each night and making a difficult situation into an adventure.

Day 5 - Tuesday, June 3, 2024  
Grey Brook to Inlet

Since we'll be paddling lakes today, we decided as a group to get a super-early start to take advantage of the calm morning and cut down paddling time during windy afternoons. We headed off by 6am and stopped for hot breakfast later in the morning.

Day 6 - Wednesday, June 4, 2024

Another early start followed by a mid-morning hot breakfast. It was a short day of paddling, but we went on a long hike, climbing a fire tower. Chris stayed behind so that he could fish.

Day 7 - Thursday, June 5, 2024

Another incredible weather day! The water levels continue to drop, so the river was scratchy and we had to pick our lines carefully, frequently getting out to walk our boats. We camped at Allagash Falls and used the rain tarp for the first time -- not for rain, but for sun protection.

Day 8 - Friday, June 6, 2024  
Allagash Falls to Takeout

Another great-weather day. We're so sad that our trip is ending. But we'll have an adventure going home: we'll hunt for Mary Ann's Maine Lobster Rolls.

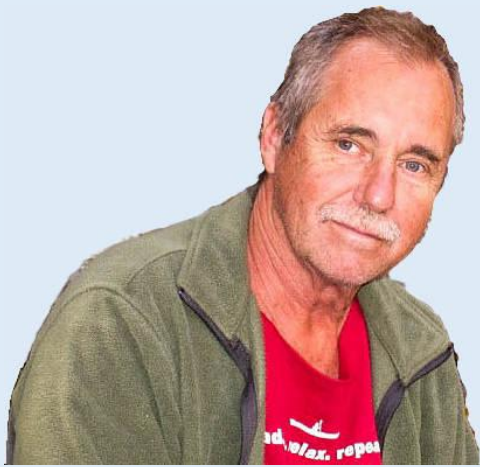
And I learned so much. I found that it's possible to eat mostly fresh food. I emptied my fridge before leaving and we all had real food almost every day. I ate only two of my packaged meals in eight days. I also learned it was time to buy new gear, especially expedition dry bags.

Ingo joined the trip on Loretta's recommendation and he was a great addition to the group. It's astonishing how little he packs! Mary Ann and I were so worried that he would go hungry on the trip, but he still had food leftover at the end.

And I was reminded how much I love these wilderness trips. Perhaps I'll spend some time figuring out how to run this event as a club event.



**Chris and Loretta on Umsaskis Lake.**



# Remembering Kurt Navratil

**W**e sadly announce the passing of a treasured trip leader, paddling instructor, Canoe Committee member and cherished friend.

Kurt once told us what he loved most about club life was the ways many kinds of different people—with differing political outlooks, adrenaline needs, or expeditionary mindsets—all bond so well over a passion for creeks, ponds, and lakes.

Fran Schultz recalled, “There are so many moments and stories I don’t know where to start. Stories of him helping others lift boats over snags; helping with slippery put-ins; hiking up to some side waterfall for lunch; Jim and Charles downing a bottle of scotch; cooking up clams at Sedge island.”

“Of the many times I was on the water with Kurt, what I remember fondest was teaching the Canoe Instruction Weekend with him. He was helpful, observant and fun. Those years when the river gods just didn’t give us good practice eddies for students, Kurt and I would

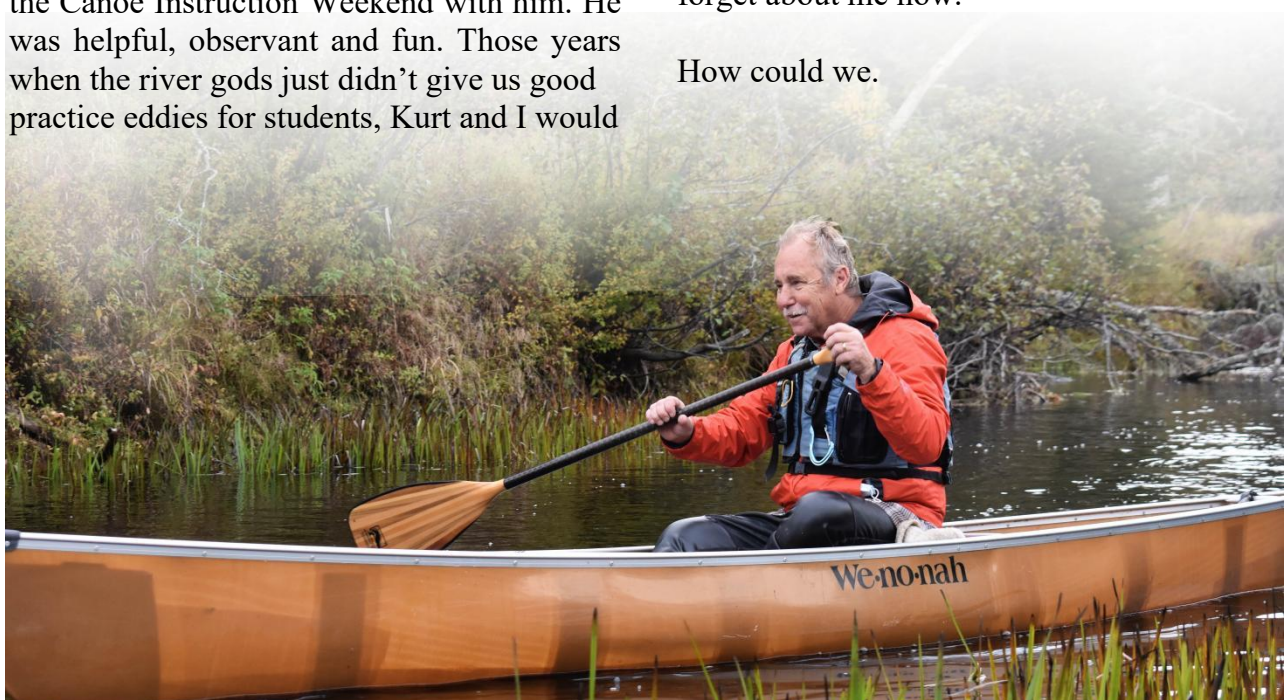
go downstream ahead of the class, get down in the water up to our thighs, and pile up rocks until there was a real eddy for practice. We had great fun, and it was gratifying to be able to share in giving the students what they had come for,” Charles noted.

“I miss him,” Charles added, a sentiment so many of us share.

Others remembered how Kurt used to call a certain paddling gang of avian fans “the bird brains”. “But he said it with the kind of smiling eyes and snarky laugh that let you know you were unconditionally embraced by this raucous, loving river family,” one bird brain recalled.

“Oh, so now you’re paddling the big water?” Kurt once teased a rising play-boater. “We’re probably not gonna see you paddling with us much anymore,” he tenderly warned. “Don’t forget about me now.”

How could we.



STORY BY CURT GELLERMAN

# The Gates of Lodore



After Neil won a late-March launch permit for the "Gates of Lodore" section of the Green River on the Utah/Colorado border, Wess and I drove from the east to the launch point in two days, traveling through the great Rocky Mountain scenery in less-than-great weather.

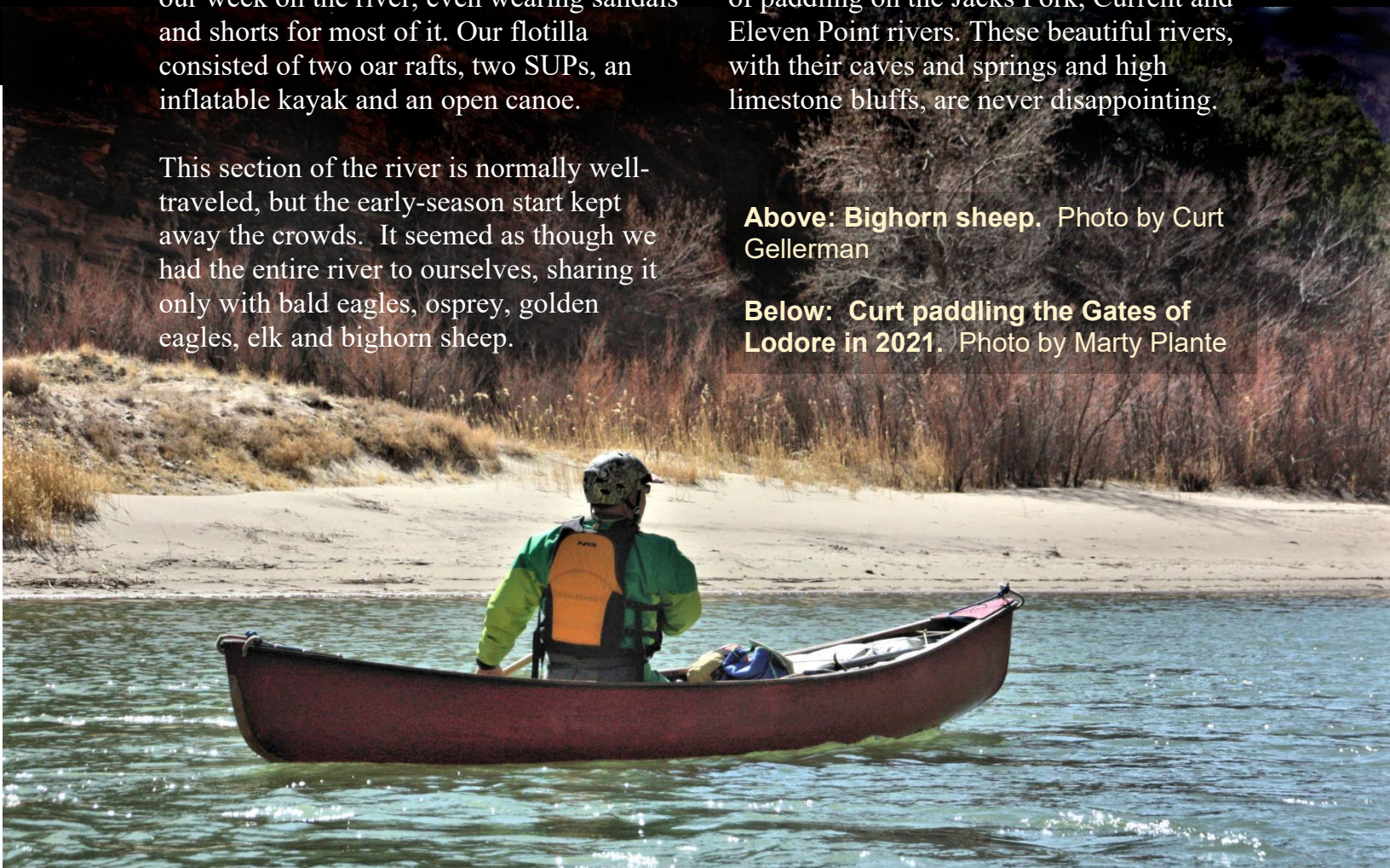
Our group of five adults and two teenagers expected cold weather, as it was during my previous trip there in March 2021, but we had a beautiful warm-weather window for our week on the river, even wearing sandals and shorts for most of it. Our flotilla consisted of two oar rafts, two SUPs, an inflatable kayak and an open canoe.

This section of the river is normally well-traveled, but the early-season start kept away the crowds. It seemed as though we had the entire river to ourselves, sharing it only with bald eagles, osprey, golden eagles, elk and bighorn sheep.

After spending a great week on the river, we discussed more travel plans but were told by the ranger that a major winter storm was due the next day. Wes and I said goodbye to our river companions and headed back east, driving through Vail and Aspen with a dark, scary view in the rear-view mirror. We made it to Kansas when the blizzard hit us. The procession of jackknifed trailers caused the state troopers to close the highway, so we got a hotel room for the night, then headed south to the Ozark Mountains of Missouri for five days of paddling on the Jacks Fork, Current and Eleven Point rivers. These beautiful rivers, with their caves and springs and high limestone bluffs, are never disappointing.

**Above: Bighorn sheep.** Photo by Curt Gellerman

**Below: Curt paddling the Gates of Lodore in 2021.** Photo by Marty Plante





# CONGRATS!

## To Our New TRIP LEADERS

**Congratulations to our new trip leaders! Their leadership will surely enhance the club's adventures and create even more memorable experiences for everyone. Here's to exciting trips ahead!**

### ANTHONY REYNOLDS Leader-in-Training

I have been paddling whitewater for over forty years, having grown up in Tennessee paddling the Ocoee as a home river. When not paddling whitewater, I'm teaching literature at NYU. I have few aspirations left at this point in life other than surviving to paddle another day. My dream paddling trip would be to paddle whitewater with my seven-year-old son some day. I've been a member of several paddling clubs and organizations over the years, but I now paddle only with the AMC.



### JEREMY KATZ Trip Leader

I stepped up to trip leading this year as a way to spend more

time outdoors with my family and AMC friends. Together with Loren, I've offered "sunset paddles" on the lakes of Harriman State Park, and I also enjoyed assisting as a LIT on the Ramapo and Walkkill Rivers. Stretches on the Delaware and Lehigh this summer have offered opportunities to practice more challenging canoe maneuvers (back ferries through the waves, anyone?). Whether it's on a river, lake or ocean, I want to encourage more people to get out on the water.



### LOREN EDELSON Trip Leader

It's probably more than a coincidence that the solo canoe I paddle was designed by the 19th-century writer George W. Sears (pen-name: "Nessmuk") who suggested that time spent in nature should be "smooth."

"Don't rough it," he admonishes in his classic memoir on canoe camping *Woodcraft*, "Make it as smooth, as restful and pleasurable as you can."

Towards that end, I seek to make trips as smooth as possible. Advanced planning, clear communication, manageable conditions, proper gear and delicious food is key. This isn't a thing that we can just show up to. It takes so much work. But the payoff is huge. I inevitably leave my paddling adventures feeling more refreshed and invigorated, and that's my hope for everyone who joins one of our trips!

# Whitewater Canoes

**FOR  
SALE  
BY OWNER**



**MAD RIVER REVELATION:** green; length 17 ft; width 39"; weight ~80 lbs; V-bottom; some rocker; skid plates; plastic gunnels. Great for WW and canoe camping. In very good condition. \$800.

**DAGGER CAPTION:** solo/tandem; light blue; length 14'2"; width 26.0"; depth 15 1/4". Plastic gunnels. The tandem saddle is a Dagger factory installation by Frank Hubbard. Considered equivalent to the Mad River ME. In excellent condition: \$800.



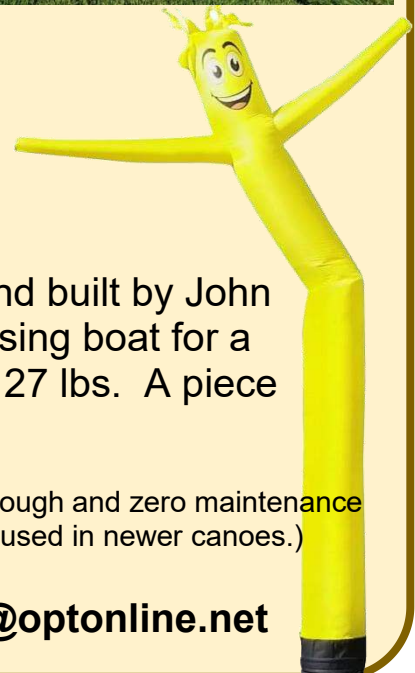
**MOHAWK PROBE 12:** solo; red; length 12'8"; width 28.5"; 15" deep. Plastic gunnels. More stable than most boats of that length. John Robson did the outfitting. In good condition: \$700.



**FLASHBACK (not shown):** solo; Kevlar; red; designed and built by John Berry (Millbrook Boats) for slalom, but is a sporty WW cruising boat for a small person. Length: 13'2"; width: 27"; depth: 16"; weight 27 lbs. A piece of OC-1 racing history. In pretty good condition: \$300.

(The Revelation, Caption and Probe are all river-ready and are made of super-tough and zero maintenance ABS/Royalex. It's no longer manufactured and there's no comparable material used in newer canoes.)

Contact Rudi Markl at 914-481-8555 and [rmarkl@optonline.net](mailto:rmarkl@optonline.net)



BY  
LORETTA  
BRADY



# Should Paddlers Have To Learn “Rodeo” Moves?

## ***Chris Viani responds to a skeptical student:***

"Do you remember when we did the Penobscot a few years ago? You and I were in a tandem on one side of the river, and we needed to get to the other side."

I said, "Let's use this wave to surf over to the other side of the river."

You said, "You can't do that in a canoe!"

Then we surfed the wave over to the other side of the river. And you said, "I didn't know you could do that in a canoe!"

Well, that's the kind of stuff you'll learn to do in our instructional course. It's not about "rodeo style" paddling; it's more about using those "big three" skills (eddy turns,

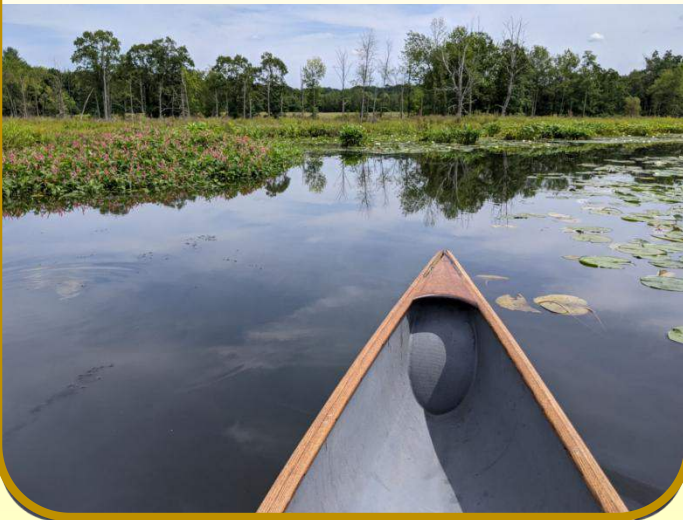
peel outs and ferries) to take advantage of river features and use them to get down the river more effectively AND safely. You come around a bend and you see a river-wide strainer ahead. Or a gnarly rapid without a good line. Or you're about to pass your campsite or the portage trail or the takeout. So you catch a mid-river eddy, and ferry over to shore. Or you catch an eddy and look for a good line through that rapid, then peel out to run that line. Or you catch an eddy on the river right shore, then ferry over to the trail/campsite/takeout over on river left.

Learning those "big three" skills makes river running easier and safer (and more fun!) Having those skills puts you in control. It's the difference between RUNNING the river and being run BY the river.

# WHAT'S GOING ON?

**The Great Swamp**  
Putnam County, NY  
Sat, Oct. 26, 2024

**[CLICK HERE](#)**



**Pine Barrens**  
Functional Freestyle Workshop  
Oct. 11-13, 2024

**[CLICK HERE](#)**



**Croatia by Kayak**  
Sept. 11-21, 2025

**[CLICK HERE](#)**



**SOLO Wilderness**  
**First Aid**  
AMC Mohican Outdoor Center  
Nov. 9-10, 2024

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# Adirondack Week of Rivers

## July 26 - Aug 7, 2024



Jennifer Schulz



Jennifer Schulz



Mary Ann Hoag



Jennifer Schulz



Beth Powmesamy

# Leaders, Take a Victory Lap

“It ain't bragging if it's true,” goes an old saying.

Fitting words for this season's moving water Instructional weekend for whitewater kayakers and river canoeists, June 21-23.

Just listing the facts feels immodestly boastful

Don't take our words about this year's heart-warming victory, listen to the words of participants:

## The Facts

10 whitewater kayak students, 5 more waitlisted  
11 river canoeists, 5 solo & 6 tandem  
6 repeating, stepping up students  
90% attending at least 1 of 4 July follow-up trips  
Dozens of successful self-rescues  
6 practiced rope rescues at a Deerfield follow-up  
Hot breakfast bean burritos, eggs and fresh fruit  
BBQ chicken buffet  
Only 1 bear “attack” (sniffed at Becky's & Mark's tents)

“Your team is world class and I am fortunate and proud to be a member of this AMC crew. Can we tip our instructors?”

**Josh**

“This paddling community continually blows me away.”

**Becky**

“I love this kind of stuff - watching those light bulb moments as new people find their switches - that stuff is psychic gold.”

**J.R.**

“When we asked about the ‘rose & thorn’ each day, the only thorn was ‘I swam so much, but that was *great* because it broke my fears.’ ”

**Elisia**

“Thank you to you and your team for hosting an incredible weekend. The work we put into the river was challenging and rewarding.”

**Loren & Jeremy**

“You guys are outstanding. I loved seeing everyone grow so much.”

**Marie**

And to paraphrase the sentiments of many others, read this consolidated recap:

“Instruction was exact and thorough...Safety was key, especially Self-rescuing... Coaches repeated demonstration of skills on-call with utmost patience...Plenty of time for practice with close attention and feedback.”

So what're the secret ingredients to this success?

Holbrook, Loretta Brady and LITs Paul Rivers and Elisia Yeva setting the tone for a warm welcome, safety and pro attention at the initial barn pick-up?

**T**he morale-boosting, fiery hearth despite thunderstorms, or the Hilton Buffet-quality catering brought to us by a multi-talented Rob?

Jordan Yaruss' inspired twig & rock river features diorama and lecture? The humorous, expert, and keen-eyed coaching by instructors Mark Tiernan, Chris Viani, Johanna Meeker and Stephen Ferder?

**C**hanneling the wit, wisdom, and energy of Butch Futrell, whose water-tight syllabus still holds us all up?

Or could it be expert improvising as a team if things go awry?

Like when Ara Jingrian strolled into camp clad in hospital gown and sling, begging forgiveness for his last minute cancellation as a support boater. Seems he'd just dislocated his shoulder on the Lehigh that morning.

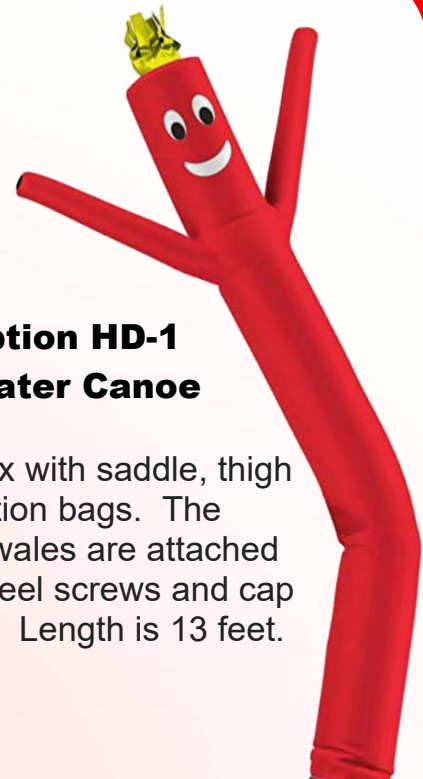
Forgiven.

But SYOTR soon, with a new high caliber, expanded river family.

Even within our own chapter, our paddling program benefits by poaching...er...welcoming members from other activities. Running quick start boat lessons or talks about expeditioning during the Harriman chapter picnic have won us a few new paddlers every year. Imagine you can camp out for a week and *not* lug your gear on your back? An easy sell.



# Canoes for Sale



## **Perception HD-1 Whitewater Canoe**

Made of Royalex with saddle, thigh straps and flotation bags. The bombproof gunwales are attached with stainless steel screws and cap nuts, not rivets. Length is 13 feet. \$650.

## **Mad River ME Solo/Tandem Whitewater Canoe**

This Royalex boat does everything from flat water up to and including class 4 whitewater. The tandem foam saddle and side flotation provides buoyancy in case of a spill. \$600.



## **Mad River Explorer**

This 17-foot Royalex boat will easily hold 4 people or 2 adults and all food and camping gear for at least a week. It has moderate rocker, V bottom and wood gunwales. Only occasionally paddled, never in whitewater, no damage. Always covered in a boathouse or garage. \$850



Contact Dick Bailey at 914-763-6456 and [dickbailey11@gmail.com](mailto:dickbailey11@gmail.com)



# Parting Shot

## North vs. South



**Petroglyph from  
Quetico Provincial  
Park, Lac LaCroix,  
Ontario, Canada.  
Photo by Marty  
Plante.**

**Petroglyph from  
Dinosaur National  
Monument, Green  
River, Utah, USA.  
Photo by Curt  
Gellerman.**

