

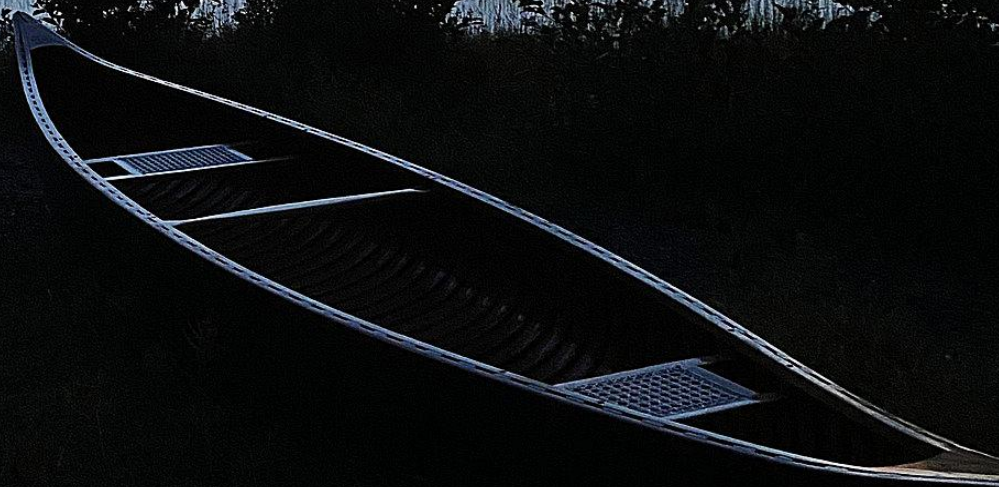
# PADDLE SPLASHES

Oct  
2022

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



**Fall  
Foliage**



**Adirondack  
Adventures**

*That*  
**Sinking Feeling**



# October 2022 Contents

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**Cover:** Canoes at sunrise on Second Roach Pond, near Moosehead Lake, Maine.  
Photo by David Shwide.



**T**he first week of August saw 15 enthusiastic paddlers enjoying daily explorations of different Adirondack rivers—and a few memorable moonlight paddles on Lake Meacham, at the 4<sup>th</sup> annual Week of Rivers trip.

The prized rivers included the Upper and Lower Osgood, the East Branch of the St. Regis, the Hatch Brook/Salmon, and the crowd favorite: Hatchery Brook.

“This year the group ended that paddle with an exciting crossing of Upper Saranac Lake, something

we’d never dared try before,” leaders commented.

“If it meant I had to tow an empty boat through the wind while one young couple transported a 3rd passenger in their tandem, well, it was worth it,” admits a notably smiling Chris Viani.





Outstanding ingredients that combined to make this such a wonderful trip include leadership by Eileen, Loretta, Mary Ann, Chris and Paul; the variety of rivers, land and sights; and great company and mutual support.

We also savored great appetizers, meals and desserts provided by our stable of volunteer chefs at our homebase at Meacham Lake campground. Some of us thought we'd lose a few pounds this week, but that idea might have gotten lost somewhere on the way to the dessert table.

Our group of all ages also celebrated Linda and Jill's 90<sup>th</sup> year. May the rest of us find half of their energy and passion as we continue our paddling journeys!

"I'm touched when old friends celebrate our birthdays, but I really don't care to brag about my age to the world at large! Don't suppose

Linda does either." corrected Jill Arbuckle.

"And to think I was the one who started this, by whipping a somewhat squished birthday cake for Linda out of my drybag, at lunch halfway down the Nolichucky," she added.

"I feel I got my \$100 worth out of the week. But I am still re-hydrating," added Mary Ann Hoag.

**T**hey loved the group dynamics, multiple boat-liftings, the tarp folding, and the shared meal prep and clean-up.

"But Don? and Charles? Doing this trip without you two was an incredible feat," Mary Ann observed.

"Now we fully understand," she added for all, "what a heavy lift you two pull off to execute this amazing week."

### **Paddlers on the Deer River Flow.** Photo by Mary Ann Hoag.





# LACKAWAXEN RIVER

## JULY 2022

Thanks to Loretta as the "Enthusier in Chief", because you are the one who brings us to the river, and to Chris for support. Ram and Melissa—we greatly appreciate your willingness to pursue trip leading with the AMC. Here's to many more.

And I loved the post-paddle happy hour. (A big thanks to Ram for taking the recyclables and trash home.)

**Mary Ann**



lois



eric



melissa and ram



mary ann



STORY BY RUSS FALLER  
PHOTOS BY CHRIS BICKFORD

# A Wet and Wild Adirondack Adventure

**Sept.  
11-15,  
2022**

We met on Horseshoe Lake in the Adirondacks for a mellow paddle up the Bog River to base camp on Lows Lake for four days of paddling and hiking. The forecasters predicted a couple of rainy days, but we weren't deterred. Little did we know what Mother Nature had in mind.







**Loretta before the biting rain returned with a vengeance.**

**W**hen we arrived on Sept. 11, we found a beautiful campsite on a point on Horseshoe Lake. Two of us went for a paddle around this undeveloped lake and came across a group of divers retrieving maple syrup bottles, dumped into the lake over 100 years ago, by A. Augustus Low's Horseshoe Forestry Co., established in the 1890s. Low has been forgotten by many, but he left a paradise for generations of quietwater paddlers to enjoy.

On Monday morning we launched from Lows Lower Dam and paddled up the Bog River. It was a beautiful, peaceful paddle under towering pines and into a vast wetland that is the result of the dam that Low built in 1903 to improve log drives and generate electricity. Completing the 0.2 mi. carry around the upper dam, built in 1907 for more electricity,

we decided to paddle on to Lows Lake, rather than take in the panoramic view from Lows Ridge. We'd save that for better weather on Thursday. We wanted to set up camp before the expected rain that evening. We felt lucky when we found a beautiful campsite, with a sandy isthmus, facing west across the vast expanse of Lows Lake. The rain came, as expected, but we were ready with tents up and two large tarps. It rained all night and into Tuesday morning, but we stayed dry and warm.

When the rain let up, most of us decided to paddle to Grass Pond (now a bay that had been separate before the upper dam) to bushwhack up Grass Pond Mountain for the view. We ended up following a herd path around Grass Pond because we could not find one up the mountain. We did not have enough time to push through untrod forest and get back to camp before dark. There was more rain, but it stopped before we got back to camp.

**Russ led the group on a short hike up Low's Ridge to a scenic panorama.**





The rain returned with a vengeance that night. It was a major storm, with heavy rain and high winds gusting to levels that tore a tarp and threw a log seat off its base. A wall of fog blocked out the lake as we crawled out of our tents. Strong wind and biting rain ripped through our campsite, which was in shambles. Three paddlers decided to leave first thing to use the strong tail wind to quickly escape. Two others decided to wait it out.

Eventually, the storm began to die. The clouds thinned and the fog lifted. The sun finally broke through. The two hangers-on had a leisurely paddle, exploring the lake, on their way out. They climbed Low's Ridge for a spectacular 180-degree view. Wednesday evening, they camped along the Bog between the dams, put up with more rain for dinner, but nothing like what they had experienced Tuesday night and Wednesday morning. Upon reaching the lower dam, midday Thursday, they felt that they had ended the trip on a high note. The storm was just another story to impress friends.

**Photo by George Baldwin, circa 1901, of the Horse Shoe Forestry Company railroad.**  
Collection of the Adirondack Experience.

Abbot Augustus Low (1844-1912) was an investor, businessman and inventor.

Low was born in Brooklyn in 1843 and spent time hunting, fishing, and exploring the North Country throughout his youth. He became interested in maple sugaring and purchased 46,000 acres in the 1890s. He created the village of Horse Shoe, N.Y. in the north-central Adirondacks and was instrumental in developing the area as a vacation retreat for wealthy New Yorkers.

He established the Horse Shoe Forestry Company, built a blacksmith shop, a sawmill, an energy generating plant, a stable, an engine house, storehouses, maple sugaring buildings, employee housing, boathouses and a rail station with 15 miles of railroad track.

He constructed his first evaporator in 1898 and tapped 10,000 trees, producing 4,000 gallons of syrup that first year. In 1907, his factory produced 20,000 gallons, making it the largest maple syrup producer in the world. He even used his factory to bottle Adirondack spring water and ship it to New York City in returnable bottles.

And he was a prolific inventor. At the time of his death, he had been granted more patents than anyone else except Thomas Edison.

In 1909 a number of devastating forest fires ripped across Low's lands. With much of his forestland destroyed, Low's lumbering and maple sugaring enterprises were no longer viable. The Horse Shoe Forestry Company was liquidated in 1911 and Low returned to Brooklyn.





# OOPS!

## I Did it Again!

**One of the guilty pleasures of paddlers is recounting the carnage. And this season had some whoppers.**

**A**

dmit it. Isn't that one reason we tag along on novice step-up trips—to view the yard sale firsthand?

But it's not just whitewater folks, nor just newbies who tumble.

Among this season's best carnage involved Chris Viani's brand new Northstar carbon fiber solo canoe, offering excellent tensile strength, with symmetrical rocker, and an uncompromising hull design to deftly handle any water conditions, flat or fast.

To be fair, Chris wasn't in the boat either time. Once it went airborne over a beach on Low's Lake as 20 mph winds pummeled the canoes stored onshore.

The other dump occurred when he had loaned her yet again, as he often generously does. The ultralight frame wrestled to progress under some fallen tree branches on Two Bridges Brook in the Adirondacks.

The pine tree won.

Quiet water carnage also occurred on a challenging section of the Raritan, where Brian and Susan led a capped-out group with mixed skills.

"We had two swims because of some trees that were in the way," explains Susan. Eileen, Mark, and Chris steered folks around the hazard, but some went with the flow nonetheless, at their peril.

The two most spectacular carnage events of the season, however, resulted in two nearly wrecked boats. We'll let you read about those elsewhere in this issue from the boaters' views.

Yet it's a bit worrying. Why wasn't there *more* carnage?

**W**e held four instructional classes for kayak and canoe, and added over a dozen new novice paddlers who sought us out for Class 2 trips. We hosted follow-up trips at the Fife Brook, the Lehigh, Esopus Creek, even went for the Beaver Kill.

You'd think there would have been more self-rescuing fun? [Note the key word here is fun, not tragedy. Thanks to AMC swift water training and club traditions, safety is synonymous with fun.]

Could it be the general caliber of the students? There were only five swims during our lessons. Only one, a canoeist, swam twice. Coaching kayak at one of our instructionals, Ivan felt, "Guess they just aren't trying too hard." Or could it be the quality of our instructors.

Adi Narayan, a beginner kayaker, put it this way, "Everyone makes it such a fun and enlightening course. I feel like we were inducted into a warm and loving river family."

Let's give Gen Z kayak student Rachel O'Grady the last word on AMC training: "It was 100% legit!"

**Eileen Yin getting ready to practice her self-rescue skills on the Ramapo in April, 2022. Photo by Marty Plante.**





# IT ALL WENT WRONG IN 60 SECONDS!

BY  
JOHN  
HEIBERT

**I** really couldn't say how it happened; it just did.

This second swim of the day involved more tumbling, with me hitting a rock or two along the way.

If it isn't difficult, then you're not learning, right?

I am semi-retired and 59 years old, so there you have it—not the youngest whippersnapper out there, but I am finding it possible to learn and actually have a lot of fun on rivers. I wanted to see what all the fuss was about with canoes vs. kayaks in whitewater.

I participated in the instructional canoeing on moving water course on the Delaware River, having only done whitewater kayaking in the past, for about a year, so I'm still a novice/intermediate.

We started with flatwater practice followed by Class 1-2 river running. There was an unusual amount of wind and the canoe behaved much

like a sailboat, but we all stayed upright with initial ferrying and eddying out.

My teacher, Chris, informed us that our next task would be to eddy out on river right, and that a proper angle and lots of speed would be needed. I had neither, and promptly swamped.

So did my fellow student when it was her turn next after me.

All swims make me panic, and this first one especially. I had forgotten to hang on to my paddle. Otherwise, classic swim, no complications.

That second swim came later that same day (ugh, not again? Yup.)

This time I was navigating over a bit of larger rapids and simply flipped. I turned my back toward the rocks as they came up and that helped a lot—to gently bump off them, feet up of course. Even with a wetsuit I did have a little cut on my back where I must have hit.



The wetsuit was not ripped—thank you NRS and all the money you got out of me.

**M**y third swim this season was with my kayak at Fife Brook.

I attempted to shoot between two rocks, but entered the feature at a large angle and forgot to “hug the rock.” Instead I hugged the upstream current.

I still tried to power my way to an upright stance, but the kayak was pinned. All I could do was exit and get to shore.

It took all the expertise of my intrepid helpers to unlock that boat. I was impressed by how they planned and executed a multi-step extraction that involved rope and plenty of discussion for using the safest approach.

Eventually, after the boat was righted, Charles performed a ferry maneuver as he guided it to shore. An impressive feat of problem solving and service to others, for which I am grateful.

All I want is to not swim on rivers, if possible, but as I’ve heard many times, “We are all between swims.”

So be it, but I strongly advocate that kayakers develop a roll. I have practiced this a lot and combat rolled half a dozen times now. That is a lot of swims avoided. Yay to that. No kidding. If I can do it, anyone can.

The assistance of these trips’ leadership was amazing.

They hovered around me and gave simple directions which helped me get to shore. They were so expert in helping us out of these situations, with encouragement and good humor always. They are truly great people and great teachers. I am thankful for their dedication.

There is nothing like an AMC trip to teach white-water boating at any level from beginner onward, and the price is right (wink).

I couldn’t be out on rivers without people like the leaders of AMC NY-NoJ.

You guys and gals are the best!

**John Heibert practicing his rolling skills.**







# That Sinking Feeling

BY LYDIA ZHOU

**The summer sun is out, the river is releasing at 1000 cfs, and our 16-foot Dagger Dimension is making its way down the Fife Brook section of the Deerfield River.**

**R**egarded as one of the greatest whitewater tandem boats, the Dimension's maneuverability and stability allow us to surf and ferry from eddy to eddy with ease, despite its large size.

The day starts with continual bursts of adrenaline each time we approach an eddy or hole, followed by the feeling of reward after we conquer a tight eddy turn in our enormous boat. As a beginner whitewater canoeist, my exhilaration is amplified by the novelty of a new river, the fear of

capsizing, and the impending doom awaiting us at Zoar Gap. We let the solo canoes and kayaks continue downstream as the Dimension assumes sweep position. We make a flawless turn into the first yet small eddy without the need for communication between a bow and stern partner who are in-sync. We're in!

We peel-out with our eyes locked on the next eddy turn and see our greatest obstacle of the day—an unassuming pour-over rock that barely surfaced above the waterline.



The bow paddler has already advanced beyond the pour-over rock and the stern paddler's visibility is blocked. As the boat catches on the rock in the middle of the hull, we tip over and a tidal wave of water floods our boat.

With more desperation than grace, we abandon ship.

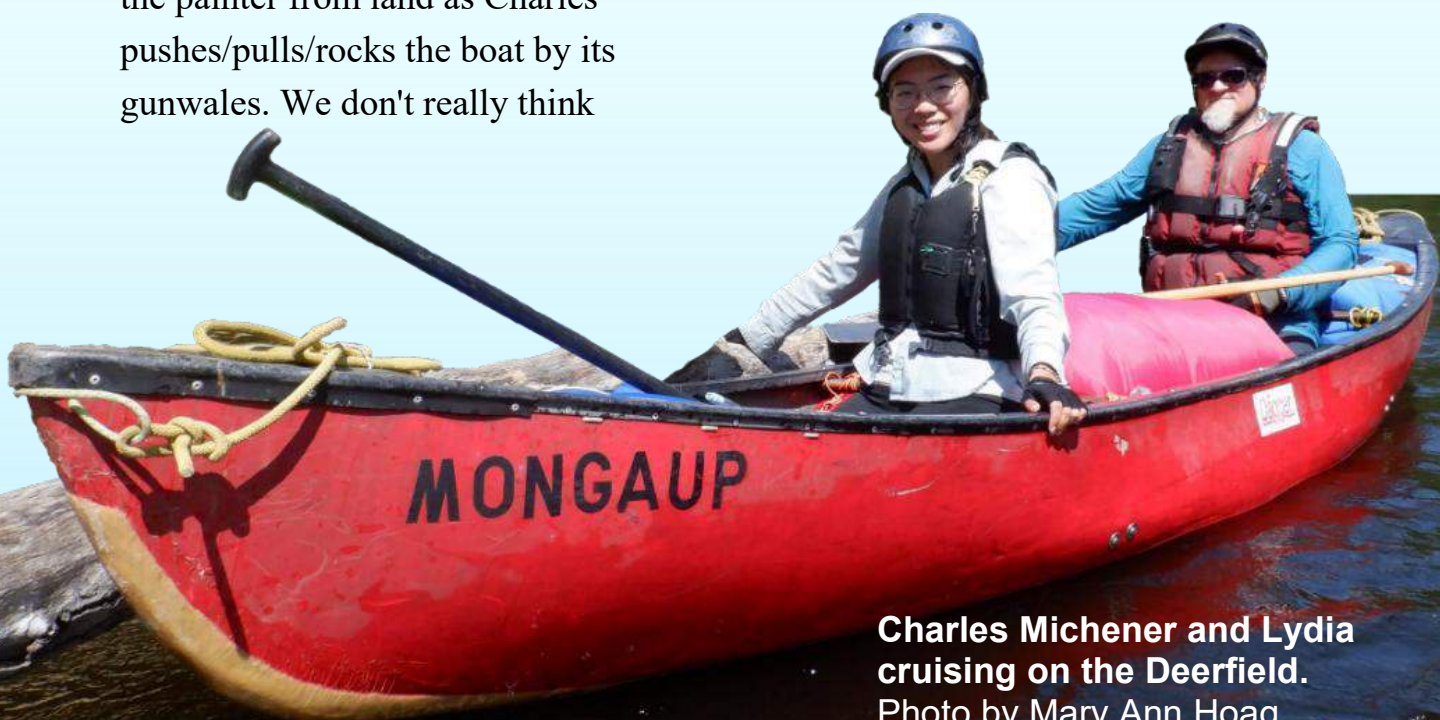
A slender woman and a burly man try to assist us by rocking our 75-pound boat, pinned by 5,000 pounds of rushing water, while standing in a knee-deep rapid. The pin kit was left at the campsite and the rest of our group is stopped in the rapids downstream, just within eye distance.

Our first plan is to have me pull on the painter from land as Charles pushes/pulls/rocks the boat by its gunwales. We don't really think

this will work with my limited strength. And we're correct. Luckily, two kayakers catch sight of us as they approached the rapids and we are able to deliver a critical message to pass along to the rest of our group. Three men get out of their boats, trek across steep vegetation, and lend their strength. The idea is to have the five of us unpin the boat by pulling in three directions: up, out, and away.

**W**ith a heave-ho spirit and a count of three, we each pull in our assigned directions. The boat slides off the rock and floats once again but we're left with a center thwart that snapped in two, thwarting our plans to run Zoar Gap.

Better luck next time.



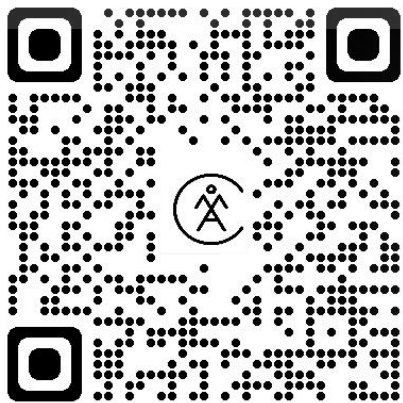
**Charles Michener and Lydia**  
**cruising on the Deerfield.**  
Photo by Mary Ann Hoag.



# Mongaup River

## One Barrel (Class 2)

Sat, Oct 29, 2022



# The AMC Wants YOU

**to be a  
Wilderness  
First Aid  
Instructor**

If you're an EMT, paramedic, physician, nurse or other medical profession, the AMC needs your help. Our Wilderness First Aid (WFA) program is always in need of new instructors who volunteer their time to teach our fellow club members. The Chapter will pay for your training in a nationally recognized WFA program. For details and registration, contact the chair of the Wilderness First Aid Committee, Richard Dabal, at [rdabal10@hotmail.com](mailto:rdabal10@hotmail.com).





# Rich Breton's 27<sup>th</sup> Annual Fall Foliage Trip October 2022

*I was so pleased that I was able to participate, once again, on this year's trip. Everyone appreciates the extraordinary effort and planning that Rich puts into having such a successful weekend (camp-ground, paddling choices, food, etc.) but also— and perhaps most importantly—the number of longtime friends who come year after year because Rich makes everything just so special.*

**Lenny Grefig**

**Vadim**



**Loretta**



**Michael & Rich**





Steve and Loretta



Vadim



Susan & Dan



Henry & Lenny



Ed



Maria







# Due North:

## *Quebec & Ontario*

### *September 2022*



**Above:** Curt preparing for the shuttle.  
**Left:** Marty on Narrows Rapid, Hudson River Gorge.



Our week of adventure took us on five rivers. And what an adventure it was.

As a warm-up for the week, Curt Gellerman and I paddled the Indian River and Hudson River Gorge, a Class 4 trip I've been running for 35 years, but that still gives me that butterflies-in-the-stomach feeling.

The next morning, we headed up to Quebec for a run on the rapids of the Petite-Nation River.

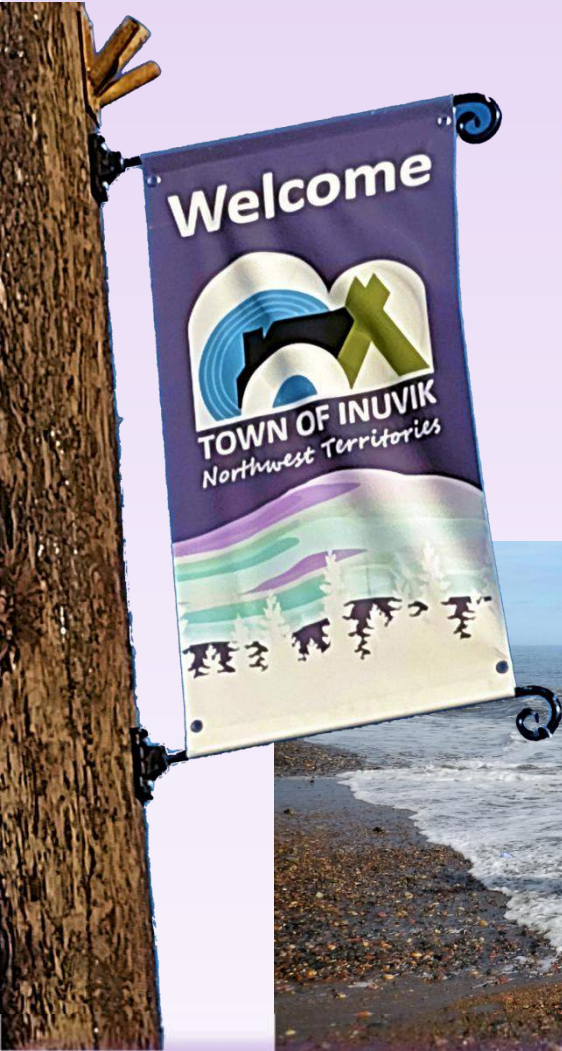
The next day, we picked up Arthur, an immigration lawyer from Ottawa, then drove to Quebec to meet our trip leader, Dave, a paramedic with a county ambulance squad.

We spent the night at the shuttle service's campground, then our driver took us to the put-in, a 3.5 hrs schlep to the Dumoine River near Lac Benoît. For the next four days, we paddled Class 2 and 3 rapids with canoes laden down with tents, sleeping bags, camping equipment and food.

Our last day of paddling had no whitewater, but it was the most challenging. From the mouth of the Dumoine River, we skirted the north shore of the Ottawa River, battling a headwind for four miles, until we returned to our cars at Dumoine Valley Guides.

*Marty Plante*

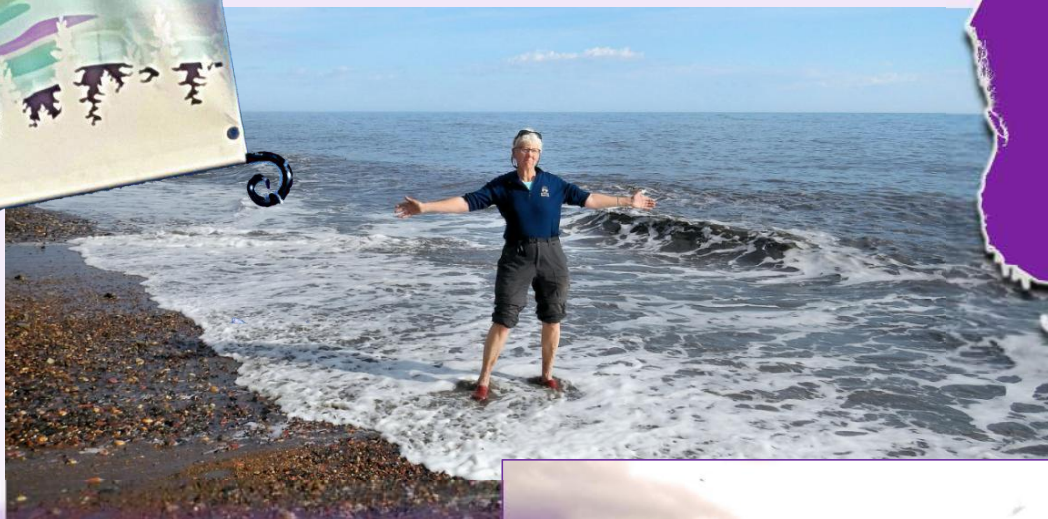




# Due North:

## *Northwest Territories*

### *Jul & Aug 2022*



In July and August, our party of six (me, Charles Michener and four companions) paddled 357 miles in 21 days of paddling down Canada's Horton River.

Due to the weather, there were three delay/layover days, but the scenery was wonderful. We saw a herd of muskox and lots of caribou, bears and wolves.

We ended the trip 30 miles from the delta where we camped for a couple of nights waiting for an air flight to Inuvik, Northwest Territories. From there we were able to hike across the tundra though the Smoking Hills, to Franklin Bay on the Arctic Ocean, where I put my feet in the ocean.

Very exciting indeed.

*Gwen Hunter*





# Due North:

## *Madawaska Kanu Centre*

### *May 2022*

Gwen Hunter and I trekked to Madawaska Kanu Centre for an intermediate-level instruction, despite my rotator cuff injury (I dialed it back rather than lose the trip.) The Ottawa River was in flood stage, so we were relocated to the Madawaska River, but we had balmy sunny days in the 60s instead of the cold weather we expected.

Gwen revved up her graceful moves and I was called out for attacking the wave trains.

It was a trifecta week: a great price due to the early-season discount, a greater price due to the strong US dollar, and an under-subscribed group lesson that turned into semi-private instruction.

*Loretta Brady*





# DAK River Tripping: A Brief History

**T**he Lake Meacham/Week of River trips in the more remote northern Adirondacks (DAKS) started in 2019, when Don Getzin offered AMC a five-day trip on flatwater rivers he had explored as a leader for ADK and the prestigious Paul Smith's College.

Eight of his old paddling buddies, mostly former or current whitewater paddlers, signed up. Don chose Meacham Lake Campground and paddling venues; Eileen Yin organized reservations and logistics; Charles Michener hauled massive loads of Club gear; various chefs brought dinners; and the everyone-pitches-in tradition began.

The rivers were scenic—wildflowers, wildlife, birds—but were sometimes challenging.

“There’s really a river here?” we asked on a boat-hauling bushwhack that Don claimed would lead to a put-in on the Lower Osgood.

In 2020, we were determined to repeat, despite Covid restrictions. Don devised a contact-free way to do group dinners, and the desperately-needed respite from Covid confinement was on. Some new people even joined that year.

We paddled (walked?) the Upper Salmon for the first and last time; after the first dozen carry-overs, I lost track of how many downed trees we pulled over and around.

In 2021, the group was a bit larger—some old-timers, some of last year’s new friends, some newcomers.

In 2022, Don became ill shortly before the trip, but Eileen, Loretta, Mary Ann and Chris stepped in to share the leadership jobs, with new Leader-In-Training Paul Rivers adding his help.

**I**t all worked out very smoothly. Thanks especially to Loretta and Eileen, who went up two days early to scout potential put-ins, take-outs and water levels for the five days. This sparing us a belated surprise discovery that, yes, some access points were now off limits: woods abundantly posted now against trespassing; private roads now vigilantly policed by citizen scolders.

With five new folk we hope will join us again, we all enjoyed this year’s growing, larger-size group.

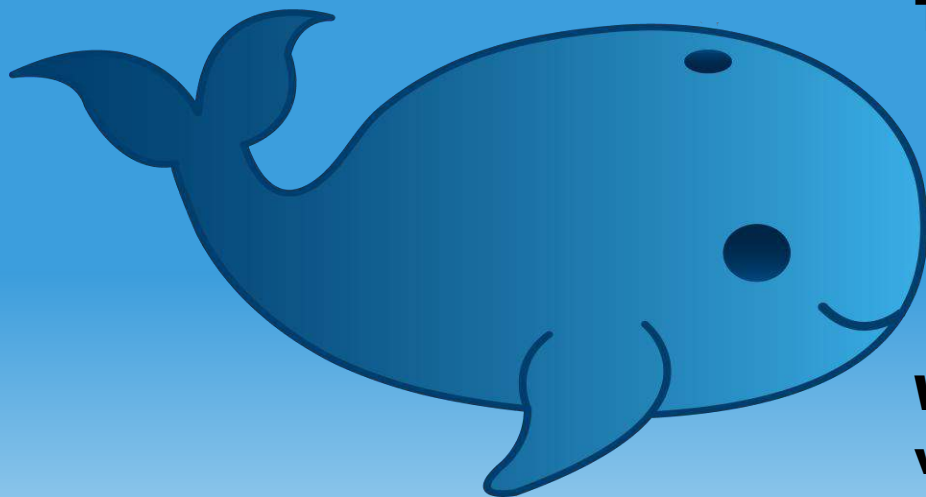
A delightful week closed with the new Tarp-Folding Ceremony.

**Jill on the August 2022 DAKS trip.**  
Photo by Mary Ann Hoag.





# **SOMETHING BIG IS COMING**



**The Canoe&Kayak Committee is busy making plans for our annual Paddlers' Party, to be held on January 7, 2023. We'll let you know when our plans are finalized.**

## **CANOE & KAYAK COMMITTEE**

Brian Horowitz, CKC Chair  
Marty Plante, Treasurer/Records  
Loretta Brady, Leadership/Newsletter  
Charles Michener, Quartermaster  
Henry Schreiber, Leadership Training

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# LASTING IMAGE



Photo by [twincities.com](http://twincities.com)

