

THE VOYAGEUR



www.BlueRidgeVoyageurs.org

Autumn 2016

I Only Go Where I've Been Towed To Go

by Ed Evangelidi

Our sport involves many adventures on many rivers and creeks but we sometimes forget about the great amount of time driving to and from the rivers - and the many war stories on land. These are a few from my archives.

We were on a trip in the Big Bend area of Texas and had just successfully completed a 7 day trip down the lower canyons of the Rio Grande. We were driving independently to a campground when my car suddenly would not do anything but slowly slow down. I pulled over in a remote spot in the hot desert and contemplated my options. There was no phone service out here and very little traffic. After a good while an unmarked car approached. It was Homeland Security and even though I was a long ways from the border, they were not happy to see me stopped on a lonely road. When I mentioned that my car had broken down they got on their satellite phone and called the one sheriff for this huge county. After another long wait the sheriff came and used his satellite phone to call around but he had trouble finding a tow truck that would bother to come to my remote spot. One guy finally said he would tow me for \$500. Next day the garage opened

and they diagnosed my Volvo as having a broken throttle rod. They also said that there are no fur'n car parts places anywhere in their part of the world. They said they would glue the broken parts together and it "might" get me home. It did and lasted the life of the car. My group did not subsequently paddle the Upper Canyons of the Rio Grande because of low water, so I was not soooo put out by my inconvenience.

While most Oh Sh### stories are about breakdowns, there are many regarding misplaced car keys. One involved a trip on the lower North Anna River between Richmond and Fredericksburg. We got to the takeout and Rusty Dowling realized that her key was up at the put in. Since this was a backwater spot in the middle of the week, there were almost no people around. Rusty found a fisherman and pleaded with him to give me a ride up to my car. About 5 minutes into the trip he told me the story about how he just got out of jail after serving time for murder. Rusty got an earfull from me about setting me up for a shuttle with a murderer.

Phil DiModica has at least two stories of stopping for people

walking who are dressed up in full rubber. One was on the shuttle road for the Laurel Fork of the Cheat. This dude was jogging up the mountain, so we stopped and asked what he was doing in that outfit. Guess he did not know that the jog up and over the mountain would take him into the night and his buddy watching the boats would then be an ice pop in the early April weather. Anyway, the jogger gratefully accepted the lift. He and his buddy were from Minnesota and had one car for sampling West Virginia rivers. Another time I stopped for a paddler in a dry suit who was going to Cass to paddle the upper Shavers Fork of the Cheat by himself.

The North Branch Bloomington section seems to attract many boaters and many disabled cars. Two times I stayed with boaters who had to drive around to find a garage to repair their vehicles. Another time it was my vehicle and the cameras came out from my group to record for posterity my car with boat on the tow truck shuttle.

Many times there was severe "weather" while we were paddling a river or creek. One time in North Carolina a tornado came thru and

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Little Timmy's Field Guide to Riding the Rollar Coaster

by Tim Garland

[From the September 2016 edition of Streamlines, newsletter of the Canoe Club of Greater Harrisburg]

A few weeks ago, Antoine Lobotomy and I were moseying down the Lehigh River when a pompous blow-hard in a tandem ducky came floating by. Trying to impress his girlfriend (and anyone within a hundred yards), he said loudly, "Yeah, I guided on the Lehigh for five years. Normally on most trips, I'd hang upside down in my boat for a minute or two and then hand-roll up just for fun." He spotted me and yelled, "Hey buddy! Do you know how to do a back-deck roll?" "Yup" I said. "How about doing one so she can see?" he assertively asked. "Oh, I know how to do one but I can't actually do it." "Well, how about a regular one then? Do that so she can see" he said looking at his girlfriend. "You'd like to see how I did it wouldn't you, babe?" She rolled her eyes and said, "Yeah, I guess so." "Got twenty dollars?" I asked. "No." "Well I hate getting wet for no reason. No dollah, no rollah. Besides, why don't you just roll the duckie? An expert like you should be able to take both you and...uh, babe... around." He gave me a dirty look and paddled away.

Yes, I know it is weird but it's true. I hate to get wet. I'd really enjoy white water paddling more if it was dry water paddling. A dry suit is OK but who wants to wear one in warm weather? My goal is to never flip but if I do have to roll, I want

to roll as quickly and as dryly as possible. There are all sorts of possibilities for all sorts of situations. The following is a handy guide for identifying the various kinds of rolls you'll see. Feel free to cut this out, laminate it and tape it to your front deck for convenient reference.

Back Deck Roll – One behind your house. Where you toast your **Hot Dog** and **Hamburg Rolls**. Be careful. There is a serious probability of getting splinters.

Bed Roll – Rumor has it that El Prezidente Chris did this once during a Grand Canyon trip. Apparently, he had a bad swim after multiple roll attempts one day and was reliving the episode in his sleep late one night. Both he and his sleeping bag ended up in the camp fire.

Canoe Roll – A mythological type. Only ever done in chlorinated water by smug boatmen who find paddles with two blades beyond their ability to control or even count.

Carpet Roll – This is usually done as practice in the living room. As in: "I would have made my carpet roll but I smacked into the couch."

Combat Roll – Somewhere and at some time in the past, I made a joke about this in print but I'll be darned if I can remember it (or find it). I am offering a \$1,000,000 reward to whoever can find both it and my brain. (By the way, that cool million is in out-dated Lower Yough bus tokens.)

Dump Truck Roll – I did this once while working construction. My boss was not pleased. I suspect it was because I did not roll the truck up completely. I must have picked up my head.

Egg Roll – One that gives you a cracked hull. For contrast, see **Hard Boiled Egg Roll**.

Eskimo Pie Roll – Puh-leeease! It is an Inuit Pie Roll. Can produce an ice cream headache if done too fast.

Droll – What this attempts to be.

Hamburg Roll – Done on the Schuylkill River just off Rt 78. (Check a map.)

Hand Roll – As opposed to what? Holding your paddle in your teeth?

Hard Boiled Egg Roll – Try this one the next time you flip in a hot spring. It is one of the joys of paddling in Yellowstone's Fire Hole River.

Hoagie Roll – When the chips are down and you seem to be in a pickle and are sinking like a submarine, lettuce hope that no matter how you slice it, olive us want the same thing. And that is to not be a grinder on the creek bottom.

Hot Dog Roll – One that is longer than it is wide. Essentially, you have to roll end over end. No one seems to relish this one since it is so hard but if you can cut the mustard and pull it off, you'll ketchup to the skill level of some of the better paddlers like Antoine.

Jelly Roll Morton – An American ragtime and early jazz pianist,

bandleader and composer who had nothing to do with paddling but had the coolest name.

Kaiser Roll – Actually, this is really just a method of loudly encouraging others to roll correctly. “Schweinhundt! You vill do it rrrright or zer vill be con-ze-kvences und schwimming!”

Lobster Roll – The Official Kayak Roll of the state of Maine.

Middle Roll – My medial, ventral monoboob. I really have to lose some weight.

Myst Roll – Mine, normally, if the water is non-chlorinated. [sigh...]

Sesame Roll – There is magic involved with this one. Essentially, it is a roll in an impossible situation. As in: “I tried a Sesame Roll when I was stuck in the strainer but my mojo was not with me. So I swam. Maybe if I said, ‘Open Sesame’ sooner it would have blown out the strainer and I could have come up.”

Sausage Roll – A really nasty, ugly roll that might or might not work. As Otto von Bismarck said about the creation of both laws and sausages, you really don’t want to see what goes into it.

Sushi Roll – Usually done with a sea kayak, this requires getting hung up in seaweed during the roll.

Rock-n-Roll – One done in shallow water. As in: “It was a real Rock-n-Roll session when I cracked my helmet.”

Rolled Oats – Getting thine boat to come back up after thou flippest it. (AKA: **Quaker Roll**) As in: “I thought I had Rolled Oats but then Ray plowed into me a second time

and I swam. By the time I finally got to shore, I was shaking and quaking pretty badly.”

Roller Skate – The choice of what to do when the river is semi-frozen. A corruption of “Roll or Skate”.

Rolling Stone – One that seems to go on for decades. You might not get no Satisfaction but if you just stay cool and tell yourself “Time Is On My Side and if I can find an eddy to Gimme Shelter and if I can just keep my paddle Under My Thumb, I’ll be able to Start Me Up toward the surface.” On the other hand, You Can’t Always Get What You Want and you might end up with a pair of thick lips.

Roll Call – “Keeep your head downwwwn!” Commonly heard just below nasty sections of white water.

Role Call – When an actor does a Roll Call.

Rolls Royce – A really elaborate, intricate, extravagant and overly complicated one that is no better than a basic model in that it is just used to get you from Point A to Point B. As in: “I did this really great Rolls Royce but somehow swam anyway.”

Roll of Quarters – Repeatedly only getting 1/4th of the way up.

Rollex – Any type of successful roll that I will never get. As in: “Ray was still hogging the surfing hole as I was dropping down into it so I hit a rock and flipped. I didn’t even bother to try a roll. I just Rollexed.” AKA: a swim.

Stroll – The patron saint of kayakers (Also spelled St. Roll.) As in: “I

prayed to Stroll but swam anyway.”

Sweet Roll – Any roll that actually succeeds and looks good. At least that’s what they tell me. I’ve never had one. I’m on a diet anyway.

Toilet Paper Roll – One that is kind of crappy but necessary. As in: “Yeah, I had to do a Toilet Paper Roll and it sure was ugly but it kept me from going over the falls.”

Troll Roll – One you do under a low bridge. Gives you a chance to hit your head on the bed of the creek AND on the bottom of the bridge. (Variation: **Bed Roll** – A Troll Roll without hitting the bottom of the bridge. Still produces headaches though.)

And finally this: The only person who has successfully done all of these is the legendary RB (also known as Rolly Brown). Be sure to come to the next indoor roll-session to watch him demonstrate! He is even learning to roll Mrs. RB’s stand up paddle board. He is able to do the first half correctly but the second half is shaky.

Your Humble Reporter, Little Timmy Garland can be reached at tegarland@embarqmail.com if you would like to donate all those rolls of quarters you have tried. This will enable him to buy a better pfd which he finds to be more certain than his roll. Donate a roll and save a life.

Who Owns the Hazel River?

by Beau Beasley

[From a Blue Ridge Outdoors on-line posting, 11 November 2013]

Nearly all of us enjoy public waterways—and very few of us ever stop to consider how those waterways became public in the first place. In most cases, beyond picking up a state fishing license, we don't give much thought to who owns the river (and why) at all. Unfortunately, anglers from Montana to North Carolina and Idaho to Pennsylvania are discovering that ignorance of riparian water rights is no excuse for violating them. The trouble is that “the law” can be as slippery as an eel. In fact, there's no one “law” that dictates water rights: From state to state, laws concerning private ownership of, public access to, and public use of navigable and non-navigable waters differ. As confusion mounts, so too are the number of unpleasant run-ins between river lovers and riparian landowners. And what begins as a nasty spat all too often ends in court.

How bad can it be? Very. Consider sleepy Culpeper County, Virginia, where for years riparian landowners, county residents, and state officials have bitterly disputed who may enjoy certain sections of the bucolic Hazel River. On one side of the conflict are three families, two of whom are related by marriage.

These families argue that the low-water bridge area near Monumental Mills attracts the community's unsavory elements, who take advantage of the seclusion to litter, copulate, and deal drugs; and that prolific trespassing keeps them from

being able to enjoy their riparian property. In 2005, the riparian landowning families told Gary Close, then-Commonwealth's Attorney for Culpeper County, that they possessed a Crown grant to the property—a royal deed, issued by the King of England in the 18th century, that ensured that they alone owned both the banks and the bottom of that section of the Hazel River.

This was a plausible claim. As an English colony, Virginia was settled with many such Crown grants. Indeed, at one time nearly all of Culpeper County was part of such a grant. In 1802, however, the Virginia General Assembly passed a law stipulating that all land under water that was not previously conveyed would henceforth be held by the Commonwealth in trust for the public. These riparian landowners argued that because their land was conveyed before 1802, the law didn't apply to their property.

Close concurred with the families, and on September 29th 2005, he wrote a five page letter to then-Sheriff Lee Hart concluding with “My office will prosecute all trespass warrants issued by your deputies whether on the banks of the rivers in the low water bridge area *or upon the surface of the rivers*” [emphasis added]. Unfortunately, Close was dead wrong: his directive flew in the face of both state and federal laws. Naturally the now-infamous letter shocked the community and contributed to the acrimonious public discourse

that exists to this day.

Sheriff Hart did a little legwork himself—including soliciting advice from then-Attorney General and future governor Bob McDonnell—and came to a very different conclusion. On Feb 15th, 2006 Hart wrote Close about a meeting with representatives from the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries and the Virginia Marine Resource Commission to hammer out a resolution to the conflict. Close chose not to attend. After this meeting, Hart made it clear to Close that state law presumed that the rivers were owned by the state, and, if deemed navigable by the Army Corps of Engineers, were open to the public for their enjoyment; and that he had no intention of arresting citizens for simply enjoying the river. Hart agreed with the landowners that upland property (the dry land alongside the river's edge) was indeed privately owned—and that trespassers on upland property could and should be prosecuted. However, citizens who enjoyed the Hazel River without leaving its riverbed certainly had a right to do so.

Emboldened by Close's 2005 letter to Hart, riparian landowners immediately began confronting citizens who had long fished and canoed in the river. Landowners made hundreds of calls to the Culpeper County Sheriff's Office to report trespassers—so many calls, in fact, that the low-water bridge had to be given its own address to help dispatchers and other law-

enforcement officials track the calls. Soon sheriff's deputies found themselves caught in the middle of the dispute, with Sheriff Hart on one side arguing that citizens had every right to use the river, and Mr. Close on the other side demanding that anyone in the river near the low-water bridge be cited for trespassing. Deputies spent untold hours responding to and patrolling the low-water bridge area in an effort to keep the peace.

Not surprising given Virginia's colonial past, numerous Crown grants are extant in the Commonwealth—and some involve such popular and venerable rivers as the James, New, Shenandoah, York, Cowpasture, and Jackson. Indeed, the Commonwealth of Virginia itself issued Commonwealth grants—more or less similar to a Crown grant—after the Revolutionary War.

Nevertheless, it is no small matter to get the Commonwealth to recognize one's Crown grant. First, the riparian landowner who claims to own the riverbed must own the land on both sides of the river. Second, the contested area must be ruled on by a court of law. According to Brian Gottstein, Director of Communication for the Office of the Attorney General of Virginia, not even Virginia's Attorney General has the authority to unilaterally recognize a Crown grant outside of court. The riparian landowners along the Hazel River didn't own the land on both sides of the river, and at no time was their Crown grant adjudicated in court. As a result and as far as the Commonwealth was concerned, their claim of river bottom ownership was in-

valid. The landowners, however, had assumed that Mr. Close's assessment of their situation was accurate—and had acted accordingly.

For the better part of *five years*, Culpeper County residents were swept up in this imbroglio: Sections of the Hazel River were essentially off-limits to anglers, swimmers, and canoeists—to folks who had enjoyed the river all of their lives. The acrimony escalated when, apparently as an ill-conceived joke, a resident set off a device commonly known as a salute cannon. The offending cannon was triggered on a roadway near the residence of one of the riparian landowners, and while it didn't hurl a projectile, it did make a sound consistent with its name. The harassed landowners, weary of locals' angry drive-by cursing and littering, felt rather less amused than frightened and threatened by the cannon going off so close to their home. They summoned the authorities, who soon arrested the practical jokester, a very well-liked individual who not long after found himself guilty of the crime. Suddenly no one was laughing.

The arrest and conviction of a popular county resident helped galvanize the community to demand a public meeting with Close and insist that he reexamine his position on the ownership of that section of the Hazel River. Locals did a bit of their own research, uncovering and producing evidence that they believed refuted Close's legal opinion.

Upon reexamination, Close grudgingly admitted that he had been

wrong. On July 29th, 2010, Close wrote to Sheriff Hart that with regard to a claim of Crown grant ownership on the Hazel, "no such registered river exists in Culpeper County." He continued, "Therefore the public is presumed to the use and enjoyment of any river in or adjoining the county. The impact on the issuance of trespass warrants for the use of any river in Culpeper County is clear. No trespass warrants should be issued." By this time, however, the damage had been done: Neighbor had turned against neighbor. Residents were so thoroughly confused by the issue that many simply refused to come back to the Hazel. Others fumed that local and state leaders had done little or nothing to rectify the issue, choosing to ignore it until the matter had escalated out of control.

Virginia legislators have recently established a study group to examine the laws surrounding Crown grant ownership as it relates to river bottoms. Virginians eagerly await a decision that may bring clarity to this muddled, rancorous issue. Meanwhile, back on the Hazel River, the low-water bridge area is open to anglers, kayakers, and swimmers. But problems remain: One of the original three riparian landowners, citing his Crown grant, is preventing state workers from setting foot on his half of the riverbed to remove a dilapidated dam (at no cost to the landowner) which is delaying its removal. As a result plans for a canoe launch, a public parking lot, and other improvements to the river below the dam have been placed on hold.

RiverFest 2016 in Chestertown, Maryland, 23-24 September

Bring your family and friends for an exciting, action-packed weekend at **RiverFest 2016** on the scenic Chester River, all along the historic waterfront, and throughout Historic Chestertown's popular Arts & Entertainment District. Weekend festivities begin on Friday, September 23, with the RiverFest 2016 illumination celebration when the Chester River waterfront will come to life with illuminated sculptures. The Chestertown Arts & Entertainment District will be aglow for the evening extravaganza and guests are encouraged to adorn themselves in lights. Glowing bracelets, necklaces and pendants will be available for children (young and old). The sculptures will be illuminated throughout the weekend. RiverFest features new sculptures each year, sponsored and curated by SANDBOX, Washington College's initiative for creative collaboration between art and science, with a focus on the natural environment. Food, drinks and live music starting at 5:30 pm with the illumination ceremony scheduled for 7:15 pm followed by a lively street dance.

Saturday, September 24, will be a fun-filled day on the picturesque Chester River. A canoe and kayak sprint will lead off the water events with separate heats for different length kayaks and age groups and for tandem kayaks/canoes, with outrageous trophies for winners. A sweep-team of volunteers and visiting paddlers will bring up the rear, to provide assistance if needed, and to make sure that no racer finishes last. Races begin at 1pm and paddlers must register in advance. Free, convenient parking included along with assistance unloading your kayaks.

Participants also receive a guide to the many beautiful paddling routes that grace Maryland's upper Eastern Shore and can sign up for a guided paddling excursion along Chestertown's historic waterfront. The excursion will be led by Patrick Nugent of Washington College Center for Society & Environment. Race registrants are automatically entered in the Paddlers' Poker Run with cash prizes. Participating "card sharks" follow a course to five different floating kiosks along the river, from which each paddler takes a sealed envelope containing a playing card. At 4:30 pm, paddlers assemble and open their envelopes all at once to see who drew the winning hand.

At 3 pm, Washington College Center for Environment & Society will host its 10th annual cardboard boat race, a popular event that is open to everyone. The short, spirited and often soggy race features a variety of clever and whimsical "boats" that occasionally make it to the finish line. This rambunctious crowd-pleaser is as much fun for spectators as for the racers.

Saturday will be an exciting day on shore as well, with fun activities for the whole family at Wilmer Park on the Chester River. Visitors will enjoy engaging displays of arts and crafts by talented artisans, as plein air painters capture the festivities on canvas. RiverArts' popular KidSPOT and Washington College Center for Environment & Society will provide fun activities for youngsters to enjoy, create and explore. See what's new in environmentally friendly water crafts, from kayaks and canoes to stand-up paddle boards and the latest gear at the Paddle and Row Expo. The Expo is part of the fun at Wilmer Park and will include rowing demonstrations, paddle board rentals, and exhibitions by featured organizations. A free display will be set up for visiting paddle clubs to show their stuff, promote their events and recruit new members. It's a great chance to grow your organization and learn about other paddle clubs and events around the area. Let us know you're coming and we'll save space in the exhibit for your group's information.

Make plans today for a great weekend getaway!

chestertownriverarts.org/events/riverfest-2016/
410-778-6300

TOWED (Continued from page 1)

demolished cars and tents at our campground, but fortunately we were all on the river and no one was hurt. I had great difficulty finding a route back to camp that was not blocked by trees. Another time one of the shuttle vehicles was totally demolished by a big tree that came down square on it at the Muddy Creek Pa. takeout.

We were set up to run shuttle at the Little Gunpowder put in on US 1 but one usually reliable driver had not shown up. Anyone who has been fortunate to paddle this gem knows that it does not stay up long and I was getting nervous that we were losing water. So we decided to run shuttle and hope that the tardy boater would show up by the time we needed to launch. Shuttle was set and the river was dropping fast, so we decided to launch. About the time the last boat was set to go, our wayward paddler showed up. Seems that he had tied 4 kayaks to the roof rack but had not bothered to further tie safety ropes elsewhere to the car. On I-95 the roof rack and boats became airborne and landed in the left lane. Fortunately the 18 wheeler bearing down on the boats was able to use the left shoulder of the interstate to avoid crunching expensive plastic.

We stopped to scout a river in New Jersey at an abandoned bridge that had been bypassed by a new bridge. Satisfied at the water level, we began to drive off when a sinkhole appeared under my vehicle and I now had one wheel in the ground instead of on the ground. Fortunately we had many helpers to get my car out of the hole. Kim Buttlemann came up with the best technique to have my car finally grab firm soil from around the hole. A similar situation occurred at the Blacklick Creek Pa. takeout. A local guy saw us setting shuttle and when we got to the takeout he was there waiting and said that he had driven down a closed road nearby and had been trying for hours to get his vehicle out of a hole. This time a local fisherman, who just happened to be an engineer, helped set up the necessary Z-drags.

These stories were quite problematic when they happened but like good river stories, can be told in good humor in hindsight. There of course are many worse stories that the participants do not ever want repeated!

Encore from Ed: Many of you often head west to paddle in the more arid western part of the U.S. and are familiar with the restrictions on paddling out West. Such items as a "groover" for human waste and a fire pan are required because any left-behinds do not decompose in arid places. The groover is so named because the original poop receptacle was an ammo box with sharp edges that left a temporary groove on your behind. I've researched the early history of the groover and found that it was actually named for former president Groover Cleveland. Even back then Congress was an angry bunch and fought for and again making groover use mandatory. Just like we now have blue states and red states, in the 1800's we had separation of church and state, men and women and even blacks and whites. Back then the opposing sides on the groover issue were known as the wet and dries as only solid waste went into the groover. So, next time you are sitting on a groover and have plenty of time, research the poop on this fascinating history.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS: 2016 BRV Holiday Party

LOCATION: Lyon Village Community Center, 1920 N. Highland Street, Arlington, VA 22201

DATE: Saturday, December 3rd, 2016 **TIME:** 5:30-10 PM **COST:** \$15 adults, \$5 kids under 12

FOOD: Bring a dish to feed at least eight people, as follows:

A-G: salads, uncooked veggies, fruit dish

H-N: desserts, snacks

O-Z: pasta, casserole, cooked veggies, rice, etc.

Be sure to bring serving utensils for your dish, if needed. BRV will provide turkey/ham and drinks (soda, wine and beer — approximately two per person).

RSVP to Mark Wray: redshoestwo@juno.com

About the Blue Ridge Voyageurs (BRV)

The **BRV** is a voluntary association of experienced paddlers from the Washington, DC area. Club benefits include: trips for all skill levels (most at intermediate and advanced levels); BRV website and hotline for information and pick-up trips; *The Voyageur*, published 4 times a year; club roster, published yearly in March; holiday party; conservation projects; moonlight paddles & picnics; big trips to the Smokies, Canada, Europe, and Western rivers.

Meetings: BRV will hold meetings from 7-9 pm on dates to be scheduled in the following months: January, March, May, September and November. Meetings are followed by beer and pizza at a nearby pub. Location: Tysons-Pimmit Regional Library on Leesburg Pike (Rt. 7) in Falls Church, VA. The library is on the east side of Rt. 7 about 0.6 miles south of I-495. Or, from I-66, take the Rt. 7 West exit and go about 0.6 miles west on Rt. 7. It's on the right. In addition to the regular meetings in 2016, there is a club Moonlight Picnic on July 16th and a Holiday Party on December 3rd.

BRV Website: The BRV website (<http://www.BlueRidgeVoyageurs.org>) provides information on trips, meetings, and other club events.

2016 BRV Officers: Rick Koller, President; Mark Wray, VP; Bob Maxey, Trip Coordinator; Clark Childers, Treasurer; Frank Fico, Newsletter Editor; Kathleen Sengstock, Conservation.

2016 Board of Directors: Ginny DeSeau, Ron Knipling, Wes Mills

The Voyageur: Newsletter of the Blue Ridge Voyageurs

The Voyageur publishes information on club events, conservation and safety news, the club trip schedule, and other news of interest to BRVers. Publishing **trip reports** is a particularly important newsletter function. Trip Coordinators are requested to write up all club trips - particularly trips to unusual or especially interesting rivers. Trip reports and other articles are accepted in any form, though via electronic mail is preferred; send to fico1@netzero.net. For trip reports, try to include the following information (if applicable): names of participants, relevant NWS gauge readings of nearby rivers, description of the water level on the river (e.g., minimum, moderate, maximum, or number of inches above or below "zero"), weather conditions, hazards, difficult rapids, info on put-ins or takeouts, distinctive scenery, and overall difficulty in relation to rivers well known to BRVers. New information about the river (e.g., new hazards) is particularly important. **Photos** are also published — e-mail digital photos to the newsletter editor.

Address changes: contact Frank Fico, 1609 Autumnwood Dr., Reston, VA 20194-1523, (703) 318-7998, fico1@netzero.net. The annual roster will be kept current via updates published in each issue of *The Voyageur*.

Membership applications/renewals: submit to Frank Fico. Must renew by February 15 each year to be listed on club roster and continue receiving *The Voyageur*.



The Voyageur

c/o Frank Fico
1609 Autumnwood Drive
Reston, VA 20194-1523

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Deadline for Winter *Voyageur*:
Friday, December 2nd