

# THE VOYAGEUR



[www.BlueRidgeVoyageurs.org](http://www.BlueRidgeVoyageurs.org)

January 2008

## THE PRESIDENT'S PUT-IN

First I would like to thank everyone for a great Christmas party! Thanks to all of those who volunteered their time cooking various dishes, setting up and cleaning up to help make it a success. Special thanks to Lou Campagna for being the primary party organizer, as well as scheduling and working with area vendors to secure gifts for the raffles. Of note was the rapid disappearance of vegetable dishes, with enough protein left over at the end for another party. Perhaps eating habits have changed, but then again the desserts seemed to go quick as well, especially those home baked pies! What a nice way to close out the year.

I would also like to put out a special thank you to Jenny for her enthusiasm in distributing club trip information to the membership in 2007. Her dedication has really helped spread the word and improve our trip attendance.

Looking forward to 2008, we will have Bob Maxey presenting his summer '07 trip to the Utah Desert at the January Meeting [see details on page 11]. Please mark you calendars for the 23<sup>rd</sup> and come on out. If anyone has a trip or other presentation they would like to present to the group in 2008, please let me know.

As we head into winter, many folks take up activities other than boating. Others look to creeking as smaller runs become available. Remember, pool rolling sessions can help keep you from getting rusty if you do not boat in cold weather. There are lots of local options — most are kept up-to-date on the Monocacy Canoe Club web pages.

I hope everyone had a safe and enjoyable holiday season! I look forward to a wetter 2008!

Jim

## **TO HELL AND BACK: Hell's Canyon of the Snake River, 21-25 August 2007** by Frank Fico

After a few rounds of mid-winter dithering, our core group of BRVvers who have been heading out West to paddle for the past several summers decided to concentrate our efforts on winning a permit for the Main Salmon River for mid-August, 2007. We considered the Middle Fork Salmon as well, but the more intense competition for permits and the logistical problems of a probable low-water run in fully loaded rafts left us leaning towards the Main. After our experience last year on Desolation and Gray Canyons on the Green, we felt we had the skills to row our own rafts down the less technical Main Salmon, especially at late summer flows. And some of us would be heading up to the Canadian Rockies as part of this year's vacation, so selecting an Idaho river was a logical choice.

Again this year, we had only one successful lottery winner out of about 12-15 entries: Gus Anderson was the lucky one this year, breaking Wes Mills' string of the previous two years. So plans were set in motion to re-

*(Continued on page 6)*

## Tohickon Creek: Toast to the End of the 2007 Boating Season by Beth Koller & Sam Bishop

Several of us arrived at the Deer Wood Campground at Bucks County's Tohickon Valley Park on Friday night for a brisk night of camping. Others straggled in Saturday morning. Because it was cool and cloudy with an intermittent misty rain, we enjoyed cups o' joe courtesy of the Jim and Margie Pruitt kitchen. Although it looked like a cold day coming, the rain held off! The only moisture to be found was that supplied by the dam release itself. The plentiful flow provided an exciting ride for all and even a few bracing, but non-injurious, swims for a few. The creek was awash with boaters of all sorts — including two optimistic fellows in a tandem canoe and cotton sweatshirts. They flipped at the first sign of a real wave. (Sighting of their canoe on an upstream bank the next day, indicated that they had walked out promptly. Apparently the application of cold water caused a surge in brain function, prior to the onset of hypothermia.) After navigating the busy take-out at the confluence with the Delaware River, our group of 15 challenged Nicolas Pizza in Lambertville: first to seat us all and, then, to feed us. With the help of an efficient waiter and large portions for ravenous paddlers, they succeeded at both. Courtney Caldwell guided folks with wine selections. Upon return to the campground, the availability of roaring campfires enabled us to address urgent world problems including suburban deer, the creation of flaky pie crusts, and the unwarranted disdain of puns.

Despite having run a film fest for the WV Rivers Coalition at Potomac Paddle Sports the night before and inclement meteorological predictions, Beth Koller drove up on Sunday to join us. Most of us paddled the gorge section; a few (including Ed Evangelidi and Colleen Davies) explored one of the upstream sec-



tions. The weather was even better than the day before: warmer, no precipitation! Hans Haucke and some of the open-boaters, e.g., Jim Pruitt and Larry Lempert, worked the waves in the first rapids. Dave Bussey, Alan Dickerson, and Chris Esswein sought out multiple micro-eddies. Tony Allred, Marilyn Jones, and Mike Wellman demonstrated surfing techniques. Runs on the ledge drops were uneventful. Many alternative routes were run. Many photos were



taken. There was only one episode of carnage on the race course rapids. The paddler shall remain unnamed. Sam Bishop had a fine line at Pyramid Rock. At the take-out, we toasted our good fortune and fellowship.

*Facing page, top to bottom: Jim Pruitt works a surfing hole, Courtney Caldwell passes a bracing Hans Haucke(?), Chris Esswein runs a ledge. This page, top to bottom: Marilyn Jones is all smiles, Larry Lempert catches some air coming out of a hole.*



### **Featured Photo for January:**

*Is he experiencing an "Oh Sh\_\_!" moment, or simply exhaling? Only those who were there know for sure. Dick Pierce somewhere in the New River Gorge, Labor Day Weekend of 2006. (Professional photo contributed by Beth Koller.)*



***Summer  
Memories...  
2007 BRV  
Moonlight Picnic***



*BRVers gathered at the standard gravel bar location after paddling down from Violette's Lock. Clockwise from top left: Gus Anderson fills his plate, Hans Haucke seriously considers the food selection, (l-r) Kathleen Sengstock, Jill Sayre, Phil Sayre, Debby Crouse and Star Mitchell engage in dinnertime conversation, Jamie Fico makes s'mores at the campfire, Ed Evangelidi hams it up.*

## Gorging Yourself on Whitewater: The Upper Gunpowder by Beth Koller

The Upper Gunpowder River is a run that is not well appreciated by the Washington, D.C. boating community despite its proximity. This class 2-3 section of river starts below the Pretty Boy dam, which was designed and built during the Depression for \$4 million. The dam and reservoir, which are north and west of Baltimore, provide the water pressure for the next downstream dam and reservoir, Loch Raven, which, in turn, provides drinking water for the City. As such, the Upper Gunpowder runs through pristine parkland with only one building (restrooms) until one nears the takeout approximately seven miles downstream. The river is narrow and in a deep gorge. Overhanging trees make it a dark and almost mystical place. Indeed the temperature differential on the hike down from the dam to the put-in may exceed 20 degrees. The cool temperature permits the growth of hemlocks, which give way to deciduous trees as one travels downstream. Tony Allred, Courtney Caldwell, and Beth Koller paddled this stretch of water at the end of September, just as the leaves were starting to turn. Courtney lined boats over the last pitch to the put-in after a descent of over 200 stair steps. The initial part of the run was relatively busy. There were multiple wave trains, elbow turns, and small ledges. Eddies were small; often limited to one or two boats. Most of the deadfall, which can be problematic, had been removed. Only one place, far downstream, required a portage. After one has left the gorge, there is a large waterfall slide on river left. It makes a nice lunch spot — although on this day, the waterfall itself was only a trickle. Although there are multiple take-out options, we elected to take-out at the site of a former mill race. Tony contributed to the enjoyment of the trip with his extensive knowledge of both the history and geology of the area.



*Tony Allred makes a splash on the Upper Gunpowder.*

## West Coast Florida Waters by Bob Youker

Florida does not have much whitewater but we found some on a recent kayak trip to the west coast from Crystal River to Everglades City. We also found alligators and manatees on some of the 15 rivers or springs we floated. Crystal River is ground zero for manatees but it has tides as well as many springs. Trying to boat into the very, very narrow passage to Three Sisters Spring, the tide was rushing out and we had to grab onto rocks to pull ourselves through class two whitewater to enter the lovely sand bottom spring. Then it was class two going out.

There are two great web sites with two page guides to the many rivers of the west coast:

[www.clubkayak.com](http://www.clubkayak.com) and

[www.dep.state.fl.us/gwt/guide/regions/westcentral/west\\_central.htm](http://www.dep.state.fl.us/gwt/guide/regions/westcentral/west_central.htm)

In addition [www.visitflorida.com](http://www.visitflorida.com) puts out a little booklet of Florida Paddling Trails. And the [Canoeing & Kayaking Guide to Florida](#) is published by Menasha Ridge Press. There are also state published guides to canoe and kayak rental companies.

The alligators were on the Hillsborough River just east of Tampa. I won't list all the rivers we did. Each was a little different but all had lots of birds.

*HELL (Continued from page 1)*

serve rafts and gear, find good airfares close to the 21 August launch date, and build a trip itinerary to take us to Canada afterwards. The logistics were complicated by the addition of Gus and Debby's friends and relatives joining the trip from all over the country, but mostly from California. Some were driving, some were flying to Boise, and those of us heading to Canada were flying to Spokane.

With a lot of organizational effort, the logistics had pretty much come together by early August. Unfortunately, wildfires were starting to become a real problem in Idaho and western Montana about this time. We started monitoring the Salmon-Challis National Forest fire status website and the Idaho white-water email list, and the news grew steadily bleaker. Campsites were being closed, forcing boating parties to layover or make extra miles to stay out of harms way, visibility was bad during the day, and the smoke-filled air often made sleeping difficult at night. Although the river had not been closed, the Forest Service was recommending parties delay or cancel their launches until the situation improved, whenever that might be.

A group conference call was arranged about 10 days before our launch date to discuss our options. Because our raft outfitter was holding us to our reservation (as the river was not officially closed), the consensus was to explore other river options not affected by the fires. The closest choices not requiring a permit were the sections of the Main Salmon above and below the permit section, but neither

was especially appealing.

Less than a week before launch, one of Gus's friends called the Forest Service and was able to luck into a permit that had just been canceled for the same date on the Hell's Canyon section of the Snake River. We hastily held another teleconference and decided to take it, but run only the first 32 miles to the first possible take-out, which contained nearly all the serious whitewater. We would cut back our trip to five days and still have plenty of time for a layover day (which we couldn't accommodate on the 84-mile Main Salmon trip). Much of the logistics accomplished over several months now had to be revised to support a different river and less days. Although the outfitter would not agree to transport the rafts to the Snake, we were able to get the Boise shuttle service to add rafts and gear to our group's transportation contract. Other arrangements could not be changed, like the six day meal plan purchased by many of the California contingent. So it happened that those of us continuing our vacation after the river trip inherited a number of surplus consumables, most of which we ended up donating to food banks in two separate Idaho towns.

There was one more last-minute change of plan that

had to be accommodated. Gus, who had been doing well all summer, suddenly had a setback that sent him to the hospital the day before he and Debby were to fly out. (Ashley had flown out earlier to spend some time with California relatives who were taking her with them on their drive to meet us.) Based on Debby's report from the hospital, we all were saddened to hear that the original permit-holder and two of the three members of the group that everyone else knew would not be joining us. Imagine our surprise when we arrived at the general store/car shuttler the day before launch and found a message waiting for us that Gus had been cleared by his doctor, and that he and Debby would be coming after all. They flew in to Boise late that night and were driven by one of the California group first thing in the morning, arriving early afternoon after many of us had already launched. When they pulled into our first camp late that afternoon, there was a sense that the trip had finally come together.

I mentioned that we decided to run only the first 32 miles of Hell's



*The Fico raft (with Ashley aboard) prepares to leave the put-in.*

Canyon because it contained most of the serious whitewater. Those of us less experienced rafters were most concerned with the two rapids rated class 4 in the Western White-water guidebook: Wild Sheep and Granite Creek. There was nothing on the entire Main Salmon rated higher than 3+, so here was another issue with the last-minute change in plans. Unfortunately, the two big ones came early in the trip at miles 5.8 and 7.8, preceded only by class 2 warm-up rapids. Wes and I discussed the fact that we could take a look and ask one of the more experienced boaters to run our rafts through if we didn't like the looks of them. Due to our late launch from the Hell's Canyon Creek boat ramp on day 1, the group decided to make camp only four miles downstream at Warm Springs, so we could extend our apprehension one more night.

Even in just those few opening miles, those of us used to Eastern rivers and late season natural flow Western runs could tell that this river with its dam-controlled flow of 10,000 or so cfs was going to be a very different experience for us. The first class 2 just below the boat ramp convinced us that we made the correct decision to exclusively go with rafts this year, not just raft support of a variety of hard boats, as we had in the past. The powerful current and Western-sized wave trains were well-suited for roller-coaster raft runs that thoroughly satisfied my crew of Bridget, Jamie

and Kerry. I found rowing the raft to be much like solo canoeing: you learned to trust your own judgment and ability to make certain moves, unlike captaining a paddle raft, where you have to rely on your crew to follow your instructions and hope they are up to the task.

Day 2 found us out of our rafts and scouting Wild Sheep Rapids after a short float of less than two miles from camp. We watched a commercial raft trip demonstrate the proper line: enter left and skirt exposed rocks in the middle before pulling hard to river right at the



*The paddle raft runs Wild Sheep, captained by Gus & Debby.*

bottom to avoid a raft-flipping hole. All in our party had good runs. I ended up losing my bearings and entered the wrong channel, which put me on a line that I had not scouted. After a moment of panic when the realization hit me, I made a quick move to the right to spin away from an exposed rock and found myself in a clear channel, easily bypassing the nasty stuff on the left. I think we had all mentally discounted the route I ran after seeing the commercial rafts

take the more obvious line, but it ended up being a legitimate sneak route, albeit better-suited to more maneuverable craft.

Two miles downstream of Wild Sheep is the other class 4 rapid, Granite. Although we all knew it was coming up and we intended to scout, the first rafts in our party ended up running it blind. Wes and I and Gus (captaining the paddle raft this day) managed to eddy out and take a quick look. Unlike the relatively long Wild Sheep, Granite consisted of a single horizon line, formed by a massive pour-over in mid-stream. Some had run left and some right, and all appeared to have made it without incident. We had stopped on the right, and could not get a clear view of the left, so we decided to run right. The best line looked to be right center, close to the pour-over, to avoid some smaller holes on the right shoreline. I started out following Wes, but he ended up too far right and I had to pass him in order to stay on line in

the faster water. I hit the drop just where I wanted to and we had an exhilarating ride through the big waves. Wes was farther right and was held sideways in a hole for a short time that seemed to them to last forever. They emerged shaken but relatively unscathed, thanks to the wonders of modern self-bailing rafts.

We ran another four miles below Granite to make camp at Bernard

*(Continued on page 8)*



*Bridget at the Bernard Creek high bench camp.*

*HELL (Continued from page 7)*

Creek. This campsite was better than our first in that it had some marginal tent sites and enough room for our kitchen areas at river level, but some of us had to climb up to a high bench to find better tent sites. Hell's Canyon is marked by a number of high bars or benches, marking deposition by floodwaters from the catastrophic draining of glacial Lake Bonneville at the close of the last Ice Age. The three power dams upstream of the put-in hold back modern sediment, so there are few sand bars at river level. The lower campsite at Bernard Creek was full of dark, volcanic rocks that held the heat well into the evening. The effort to haul tents up to the high bench was rewarded by a great view downstream and flat, grassy terrain cooled by evening breezes. Just across Bernard Creek from the high bench is the McGaffee Cabin, built

by homesteaders in 1901. We found the cabin wrapped from top to bottom in a fire-retardant blanket, in deference to the extremely active fire season.

The next morning, we were entertained by jet boats full of tourists running up and down the class 2-3 drop of Upper Bernard Creek Rapids, just upstream of our camp. The consistent dam-enhanced flows on Hell's Canyon make it very popular with jet boats, which seemed to be able to navigate even the most difficult rapids, downstream as well as upstream. Their drivers were very cognizant of human-powered craft, and would always wait idling at the base of rapids for a rafting party to navigate downstream.

Although we were past the two class 4 rapids, day 3 on the river would contain at least three class 3's before the river settled down for good. The first was Lower Bernard Creek, which was visible from camp. We all ran this without incident. Just over a mile downstream, we landed to scout Water-spout, a long class 3 that forced us to scramble over a number of river-side boulders in order to see all the way to

the bottom. After entering on the right, you had to pull back to the right as you were swept towards the left shore, being careful to pivot and square up to the larger holes that were interspersed throughout. Just in front of me, the paddle raft entered too far right and was overturned by a diagonal wave. Trying not to be distracted by the five swimmers now in the rapid with me, I concentrated on staying well left of their nemesis wave, and made it safely to the bottom. Seeing that the swimmers were being fished out by other members of our party already downstream, I eddied out as soon as I could in order to pick up Bridget and the girls, who had decided to walk this one (as they had at Wild Sheep). The final class 3, Rush Creek, was overrated, and we all ran it easily without scouting.

Once the big rapids were out of the way, we turned our attention to finding a good campsite. We were targeting Pine Bar, based on a recommendation someone had gotten. However, when we arrived there, it was already occupied. A short dither ensued, and the group con-



*Sunrise at the Salt Creek layover camp.*

sensus was to proceed farther than planned in order to get to Salt Creek, another recommended camp, and be able to spend a lay-over day there if it was worthy. We pulled in after rowing 12.5 miles on the day, and found it to be everything we would want in a lay-over camp (and had not found up to this point): a fine sand beach fronting on a quiet eddy, scrubby but adequate trees for shade, and a variety of side hike opportunities.

The four of us, Wes and Ryan, and Debby's brother, niece and her husband set out the next morning on the hike around Suicide Point, recommended in the mile-by-mile Boater's Guide we had printed from the Forest Service website. Suicide Point is a set of cliffs across the river from our camp. We had seen a commercial trip unload passengers upstream of the point, and watched as they ascended the trail from river level

to over 400 feet above the river along the cliff face, then down to Gracie Bar, where the outfitter had set up camp. We crossed the river in a raft, then scrambled up the steep bank a short ways to intersect the trail on its way up from Gracie Bar. It was then an easy walk along the trail upstream around Suicide Point, where we were rewarded with spectacular views upstream, and back across the river to the side canyons behind our camp. The six of us returned to the raft, except for Debby's relatives, who decided to hike all the way down to

river level, then float in the river back down to camp. We watched from on high as they jumped in and had some difficulties with the deceptively strong current and powerful eddy lines (they did not take pfd's). After drying out on a mid-stream rock, they re-evaluated their plan and decided to hike the river left trail back to camp.

Most of the group relaxed in the shade or in the water during the heat of the afternoon. A large tarp was rigged between some trees, extending the shaded area to ac-



*View upstream from the Suicide Point hike.*

commodate our large group in one place. I of course was not satisfied with just the morning hike, so I started up the marked trail from the mouth of Salt Creek up the canyon wall, winding back and forth between Salt Creek and Two Corral Creek side canyons. After about two hours and probably a good 2000 feet of elevation gain, I decided to turn back as the Oregon rim was still a formidable distance above me. I did get to see a couple small fires burning high on the Idaho side of the canyon, the apparent source of the smoky haze that

would drift down to river level when the winds calmed.

The next morning, day 5, we packed up the raft for the last time and rowed the final 8 miles to the take-out at Pittsburgh Landing. Bridget and Kerry each took a brief turn at the oars. The shuttle van (to take some of our party back to Boise) and trailer (to take our rafts back to the outfitter) was waiting for us at the take-out.

Although not the trip we had planned, running Hell's Canyon of

the Snake was still a memorable experience. We found out that the Middle Fork had been closed due to the fires as well, so we were again thankful we were able to do an extended river trip with much of Idaho burning. The 7 of us bid farewell to Gus, Debby and Ashley and the rest of our river companions, and started driving north towards Canada. We would experience a

drastic change over the next two days, crossing the border and entering a cool, wet weather pattern. (Unfortunately, the coolest and wettest seemed to coincide with the nights we spent camping!) The week in the Canadian Rockies ended all too quickly, and we were back in Reston on August 29th, ready to get back into the school and work routine. But we will look forward to another possible trip to Idaho next summer, as Gus was able to defer his permit on the Main Salmon for the same date in 2008.

## West Virginia Conservation Update by Beth Koller

### REFUGE UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

The new manager of the Canaan Valley National Wildlife Refuge is Jonathan Schafler, a 20 year veteran of the Interior Department. He invites your comments as they develop their Comprehensive Conservation Plan as well as ways in which the refuge is managed or might serve the Canaan Valley community. Phone numbers: work 304-866-3858, home 304-636-5372, cell 302-841-2790.

### MONONGAHELA FOREST UPDATE

The Monongahela National Forest has some of the most extensive roadless tracts in the eastern United States. The forest provides much of the water for drinking and recreation in the eastern part of the State. Only 9% of the forest is protected. The proposed plan would permit extensive logging in areas such as Seneca Creek, which is in the Spruce Knob viewshed, as well as in many of the watersheds that contribute to the rivers we paddle. Nearly 13,000 people commented on the Forest Service proposal, and 93% of those who commented requested that more acreage be protected. In addition, they requested that Dolly Sods, not originally part of the proposal, be enlarged. To challenge the plan at this point requires Congressional action and appropriate letters from paddlers and hikers like you!

### WHAT'S THE BUFFER ZONE GOT TO DO WITH BOATING ANYWAY?

The buffer zone rule, which prohibits mining or mine-related disturbance within 100 feet of a stream unless water quality and quantity would not be adversely affected, has been in place since 1983. Compliance was not a major problem when mines were relatively small and the extracted rock could be disposed of in the mines themselves. Compliance is more problematic with mountaintop removal. Extracted rock and sludge are disposed of in valleys, many of which are watersheds. The buffer zone rule has not been enforced by the Office of Surface Mining (OSM) and related State agencies in part of Appalachia (Department of Environmental Protection in West Virginia) — resulting in the loss of almost 2000 miles of streambeds. Valleys with intermittent or perennial water flow are at particular risk. Alteration of the geography has contributed to flood risk and the massive damage we have witnessed over the past few years. At this time, changes to the buffer rule have been proposed and would effectively repeal the rule. The OSM rationale is that mitigation can repair or prevent harm — although the OSM acknowledges that mitigation efforts are seldom successful. Both the proposed rule and the environmental impact study were issued 8/24/2007. Federal law requires that alternatives to the repeal of the buffer rule be delineated and analyzed. Enforcement of the current rule was not included in the analysis. You may view the proposal at <http://regulations.gov/fdmspublic/component/main>. See OSM-2007-0007-0001.

### From Ed Evangelidi's (Endless) File of Jokes...

So I was sitting at Dimple Rock on the Lower Yock eating lunch and watching the rafts crash and burn and the SPORT's (Stupid People On Raft Trips) getting all wet and it reminded me of the old saying: There's a soaker born every minute.

Hair boaters that make mistakes need to be concerned about the hair after.

"Après moi, le deluge" — that must have been one very confident, happy trip scheduler.

During the recent drought year I traveled from one ex-stream to another.

Classic Broadway shows you may have missed:

*Pogies & Vest*

*The Taming of the New*

*It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad River*

*The King & I* (surfing demo)

*Hair boating*

*Jesus Christ, Superstar surfer*

*(Continued on next page)*

## Blue Ridge Voyageurs Membership Form

*Whitewater paddling is a risky outdoor sport. BRV is not responsible for any individual's decision to participate in the sport, or for his or her decision to run any river or section of river.*

**Annual Dues:** \_\_\_\_\_ **\$15.00 (newsletter sent via postal mail)**  
 \_\_\_\_\_ **\$12.00 (newsletter emailed in .pdf format)**

### Optional Contribution to BRV River

**Conservation/Access Fund:** \$5.00 or \_\_\_\_\_

**Total Amount Enclosed:** \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to BRV. Mail to BRV Membership, c/o Frank Fico,  
 1609 Autumnwood Drive, Reston, VA 20194-1523.

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Phone w/area code: (h)** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address:** \_\_\_\_\_ **(work or cell)** \_\_\_\_\_

**Email:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Please check if interested in:** \_\_\_ **helping with moonlight picnic** \_\_\_ **providing a meeting program**  
 \_\_\_ **helping with holiday party** \_\_\_ **leading trips** \_\_\_ **conservation/river maintenance**

### FOR SALE

- Medium Kokatat blue drytop. Faded, but still waterproof. Gaskets intact. \$40. (Matching pants available.)
  - Red Kokatat Goretex drytop. Faded, but still waterproof. Gaskets intact. \$40.
  - Keith Backlund paddle. Length ~202 cm. Right fix. Limited use. Originally \$395; asking \$250.
- Beth Koller, 410-786-4633 (days)

### January Meeting Program: Capitol Reef and the Escalante Canyons

I will present a show on these two wilderness areas in Utah at our January 23 meeting. I have visited these desert area many times since the 1970s — and they are favorites of mine. Ron Knipling, Keith Merkel and my friend, Ted Wood, joined me for a week-long trip last spring. We experienced early summer heat and cold weather as well. The best part of our trip was hiking in the Escalante River. I'll be presenting 35 millimeter slides as well as digital images. So, please join us for an enjoyable tour of these desert parks.

Bob Maxey

### 7th Annual End of Winter Celebration

Cabin fever got you down? Ed Gertler (301-585-4381 or e\_gertler@yahoo.com) will help you break out with a novice level boating trip to West Virginia on Saturday, March 1. Then he will conduct his own version of "Dancing with the Stars" by introducing you to contra dancing. The trip is open to members of the Canoe Cruisers, Blue Ridge Voyageurs, Coastal Canoeists, and Monocacy Canoe Club.

*JOKES (Continued from page 10)*  
*Death of a used boat Salesman*  
*My Fair Lady aces Big Splat*

*Promises, Promises (a weather story)*  
*West Side Story (a new route first descent)*  
*Fiddler on a Boof*

## 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 6 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 the following dates in 2008: January 23, March 11, May TBD, July 19 (Moonlight Picnic), September TBD, November TBD, December TBD (Holiday Party). 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.

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

**2008 BRV Officers:** Jim Pruitt, President; Lou Campagna, VP; Jenny Thomas, Trip Coordinator; Clark Childers, Treasurer; Frank Fico, Newsletter Editor; Kathleen Sengstock, Conservation.

**2008 Board of Directors:** Gus Anderson, Bill Collier, Ed Grove, Ron Knipling, Rick Koller, 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: via electronic mail (preferred; send to [fico1@netzero.net](mailto:fico1@netzero.net)), on disk, typed, handwritten, faxed or over the phone. 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. Send prints to the webmaster or 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](mailto: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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- Ed Evangelidi's jokes (p. 10)

**Deadline for March *Voyageur*:**  
Friday, February 22nd

**NEXT MEETING**  
**Wednesday, January 23rd**

**LAST CHANCE TO RENEW FOR 2008!** If your mailing label says 2007, this is your final newsletter unless you renew now. Use the membership form on page 11.