

THE VOYAGEUR



www.BlueRidgeVoyageurs.org

November 2007

THE PRESIDENT'S PUT-IN

Well, the dry weather has continued into the fall. Even the recent rains in excess of 5 inches failed to produce much in the way of boatable levels, that's how dry things are. Hopefully you have taken advantage of the fall dam releases to get some time in boat this fall. I heard a good time was had at the recent black tie paddling event, sorry I missed it.

I would like to thank all of the people who have been presenting their various vacations at the meetings. We've been treated to trips to Costa Rica, Africa and Spain/Central Europe by Ron Knipling, Keith Merkel and Al Cassel. In January 2008 we will have a presentation by Bob Maxey & Ron Knipling on their 2007 trip to the Utah Desert. Following the January meeting, I will need some new programs for remaining 2008 meetings, so plan some good vacations and share them with us! Anyone who would like to share a recent trip should contact me at jim.pruitt@gmail.com.

As we head into the winter, I hope all of you have a great holiday season, and hope to see you at the party in December.

Jim

P.S. If anyone finds my roll, there is a small reward for its safe return.

2007 BRV Holiday Party

LOCATION: Dominion Hills Recreation Center —
6000 Wilson Blvd., Arlington

DATE: **Saturday, December 8, 2007**

TIME: 5:30-11 PM

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

A-E appetizer

F-J salad

K-R main meal side dish

S-Z dessert

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).

COST: **\$10** for adults, **\$5** for children 2-12 years old, **free** for those under 2.

RSVP: BRV Board members will be contacting all DC -area members. RSVP to your caller or to Lou Campaigna by **Thursday, December 6**.

VOLUNTEERS are needed to help set up and clean up — contact Lou to offer your assistance.

BRV Canada Trip, August 2-14 [continued from the September Voyageur] by Mike Gilchrist & Keith Merkel

August 6, Monday

Saying goodbye to Mrs. Lafrance at the put-in camping (she always remembers Leon and Betty and their white dog, not there this year), we went bush camping at the Gens de Terre takeout in Park de la Verendrye. First we delivered Leo to a hotel-bus station in Maniwaki, topped up on groceries and gas, and visited the Gueule du Lion or red covered bridge rapids on the Gatineau two miles south of Grand Remous.

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Stonycreek River and Loyalhanna Creek, 25-26 August by Chris Esswein

On the weekend of the twenty fifth through twenty sixth of August, Ed Evangelidi (Oc-1), Beth Koller (K-1), Chip Walsh (Oc-1), Mike Martin (Oc-1), Darryl Hall (Oc-1), Courtney Caldwell (Oc-1) and Chris Esswein (C-1) ran Stonycreek River and the Loyalhanna Creek in western Pennsylvania. While we intended to run Stony and then Blacklick, the weather conspired against us leaving a unique experience, the Loyalhanna. On Saturday morning Courtney and I took a leisurely breakfast while Mike and Darryl, the consummate late risers, awaited Beth Koller, Ed Evangelidi and Chip Walsh. Chip brought Kara Brown to fill the role of shuttle bunny. After breakfast we left camp from Shawnee State Forest and made tracks for Stony.

The temperature skyrocketed to the mid-90s. The water was at a perfect temperature and level. When we put on we figured it was about 700-900 cfs. After the first half mile of moving flat water we came to a rapid that Mike Martin called Showers, a definite three-plus rapid with an awkward first drop. If you did not hit it correctly you would get one hell of a working in the second drop 20 feet downstream. Beyond was a jumbled mess of ledges and rocks. All except Beth walked this rapid. She styled it flawlessly.



Beth Koller runs Showers rapid on Stonycreek

The next couple miles of water was wonderful class 3 boogie water until you get to where the river splits around an island. Ed, Mike, Darryl, Court, and I all took the sneak on the right side of the island while Beth and Chip went for the meat of a blind class three-plus rapid. From then on it was non-stop class 3 fun with a mixture of every kind of rapid imaginable: boulder gardens, wave trains, ledges and everything in between. Midway through we had one portage around a dam downstream of which was a rapid named Pipeline. If hit in the wrong spot it could be hazardous.

Normally you only run a five mile section of the canyon. We extended the trip, paddling a lower section of class two-plus rapids, a total of nine miles and five hours on the river. After all, this was an Evangelidi trip. We boat scouted most rapids, some of which looked more impressive from the bottom. Rapids often look more awesome from below.

The next day did not run nearly as smoothly. I woke up on the second morning ready to drive off and run Blacklick Creek. Things were looking good. There were reports of rain all over and the ground was wet. Then we got the



Chip Walsh catches some air on Stonycreek



Darryl at the rollercoaster eddy

gauge readings. Apparently we had gotten more rain than we thought. Blacklick had shot up to a level none of us felt comfortable running. Now what we had thought would be a preplanned day turned into a frenzy to find something to run. We narrowed it down to two choices: Stony Canyon again or the Loyalhanna, a small class two creek just north of Johnstown, PA. As we surveyed the choices, nobody was enthusiastic about either option. Mike, Chip, and I were all in favor of Stony again while the others wanted to run the Loyalhanna. Except for Courtney; he was indifferent. Wanting to get on a river, Courtney proposed a coin toss. It came up tails which rhymed with sails so we made it back to the ship. I digress. Mike and I called heads. Alas, it was tails. By this time it was well past eleven thirty and the drive to the Loyalhanna was not short. When we got to the put-in neither Mike nor I were terribly excited. Had we left a wonderful class three plus to drive a longer distance for moving flat water? Nevertheless, we put on and tried to have a good day.

The first two miles of river were fairly flat with the exception of one small rapid that took us into an amusement park. As we came around a bend in the river, we started hearing yelling and seeing roller coasters. While we paddled through this park, many of the park goers stopped and talked to us about our canoes. Soon after this the river started to narrow down and drop off more and more. Our flat water creek became a beautiful class two creek. While the rapids were nothing much, they had some very nice play spots. The river could be classed up by working the rapids. It continued with nice class two for another couple miles until we encountered a low water bridge that we had to portage. From there the river widened and picked up some current. And as we cruised on to the take out I thought to myself, "I would still rather be on the Stony."



Trip participants (l-r): Mike Martin, Chris Esswein, Ed Evangelidi, Darryl Hall, Courtney Caldwell, Chip Chase

I'll Take Mine To Go... by Ed Evangelidi

The Chesapeake Bay area has some 2,500 dams, but this year Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia have each removed more than one dam apiece. Some of the more notable ones you may have missed (update your guidebooks): Woolen Mills Dam (Shadwell Dam?) on the Rivanna River near Charlottesville, Wittlinger Dam on Yellow Breeches near Boiling Springs, Pa. (but still lots of dams on Yellow Breeches), and the Quinn Dam on the Tye River near Lynchburg. Also slated to be "bye, bye" this year is the PPG dam on the N. Br. Potomac near Cumberland. Maryland has stated that it is much cheaper to blow up old, decaying dams than it is to move fish upstream around them. When a dam was blown up on Tea Creek in Pa. in 2004, the number of brook trout doubled within a year. A swimmer who was swept over the top of the Woolen Mills dam and died in 2003 also raised liability issues about maintaining abandoned dams. Next to go are Bloomington Dam and Brookmont Dam — just kidding.

Who Says Boaters Have No Class: The 1st Annual Black Tie Affair by Beth Koller

For several years Gus Anderson and Beth Koller had discussed the possibility of having a gourmet progressive dinner while traveling down the Potomac River in boats accompanied by a food raft. We had the raft, but when we had the water, it was too hot. When we had better weather, we lacked the water for easy river access with a raft. Gus, in his infinite optimism, wanted to lower the raft over the ledge at Great Falls Virginia side in the same way he and Beth had previously gotten an open boat onto the river. Beth nixed that. Then after a Potomac River run, Courtney Caldwell offered his culinary skills. Jenny Thomas was asking for trips. There were no more excuses!



Terry Irani and his "dance partner" at the put-in

canes, and tiaras, was encouraged, but not required. The paddling community did not disappoint!!!

We met promptly at Lock 6 at 11:30 A.M. We were greeted by Terry Irani who was decked out in an oversized top hat attached to his helmet, an oversized black bow tie, a pseudo dinner jacket, made by turning his life jacket inside out, and white tails. To make sure that he covered all bases, he wore a tiara around the top hat. To complete his ensemble, he prepared black hand paddles. His wife, Diane, adorned in a black velvet slit dress, rhinestone tiara, and black boutonnieres atop her white running shoes, documented our river entry and then went on to reserve picnic tables at the take-out. Gus Anderson wore his tuxedo t-shirt.

THE event was scheduled for October 20. Invitations were sent to the boating community by e-mail and phone. The only requirement was that a tie, preferably black, be worn on the river and at dinner. Beth Koller was able to secure a supply of \$5 ties for the sartorially challenged from "After Hours." Additional formal attire, e.g. top hats, cummerbunds, tuxedos,

Leo Slaggie sported a black string tie. Paddlers secured their ties with grey tape. Although we already had a shuttle car at Fletcher's Boathouse, the usual dither occurred.

We put-in at the feeder canal without incident. Terry was able to perform some stunts without losing his top hat. Part of the group immediately headed downstream to play. Another group explored the bottom of the dam. Although the river level was 2.7, it was possible to cross the river without hitting any rocks. There were some nice surfing areas that called out to Courtney Caldwell, Mike Martin, Beth Koller, and Terry Irani. When this group met up with the other group, Gus, as usual, was surfing. He was soon joined by Terry. Others practiced their ferrying. Leo Slaggie and Temmy Kimes soaked up some rays as they dreamt of food and patiently waited. There were no incidents at Little Falls Rapid, which provided a variety of routes. No ties were



Courtney Caldwell runs a drop in the feeder canal

sacrificed to the river gods.

The remainder of the shuttle was run while the dining arrangements were completed. Several others including Barb Brown in her National Park Service "Life and Death" re-enactment regalia, Dave Singer, and Debbie Crouse joined us. The tables were complete with lace tablecloths, candles, and floral centerpieces. The tableware was faux crystal. Appetizers included dill dip with fresh bread, pickled vegetables, fresh vegetables, gourmet olives, and specialty cheeses. Salad greens with vinaigrette comprised the next course. The main entrees were venison goulash (prepared by Courtney from game acquired on a



The author sports her royal blue bow tie



Dave Singer and Gus Anderson enjoy the fine repast

hunt), sweet-sour ham, sautéed green peas in the pod, sautéed string beans, and brown rice. Courtney was nearby with his fresh ground pepper. Dessert included chocolate treats: brownies and pie, as well as after-dinner mints. All of this was accompanied by a series of beverages. Mike was the only one who engaged in an after-dinner cigar. Dining was completed by 4:30 P.M., and the site was cleaned up within the hour.

Several participants had ideas for future events. Perhaps they will change their minds after the pictures are released: as they say, PRICELESS!!!!!! RSVP for next year.

October Bloomington Release by Beth Koller

Wendy Schmidt organized a paddling get-together at the October release on the North Branch of the Potomac. The river was 1000+ cfs. There was still some deadfall in rapids before and after Lunch Stop, but it did not obstruct the main route lines. Although it was chilly, Jay Robbins performed flat spins in the hole at Lunch Stop. Jim Norton swapped boats with Jay and experienced a few unanticipated moments. Jay provided some additional excitement for a couple of upstream boaters when he deliberately hopped into the hole at Robin's Nest and began an extended surf. One could see the whites of their eyes from the river-right rock at the end of the major rapids! Jim, Sylvia, and Gene adhered to the photographer's



Open boaters still rule some places, like here at Lunch Stop

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CANADA (Continued from page 1)

About 25 miles north of Grand Remous started the bangy-driving hard logistics part of the trip.

Three turns and 20 km off Route 117 we were on high clearance single track, boxed in by miniature birch trees. Hans and I quickly found out that our cars were not up to the whole drive, so we bush camped at a scrubby turnout, putting up the tents almost on the overgrown lane. Keith was in his evening high energy mode, so he, Cahil and Lee offered (fortuitously for us) to go on and camp at the real takeout 15 km farther upstream, to place Lee's big van and Keith's SUV there to start the morning shuttle.

We had a big night sky. Hans and I were alone with the lions, tigers, and bears (and mosquitoes), oh my. Tent netting and bug dope are a must. Hans carved up a home-grown watermelon with my Buck knife, and we shared. Lee had eaten his Chef BoyArDee before departing for the real takeout. I did not give a damn about lots of food because I was too pumped for the Gens de Terre. The watermelon was delicious.

August 7, Tuesday

Up by 5:30 am, Lee, K, and C picked Hans and me up at 7 with boats, in the van, for the rest of the Gens de Terre shuttle. Twenty four miles of Clova road (main logging road) north, we turned twice left onto the Wapus River road for what we hoped would be a 6.5 to seven mile drive. Instead we encountered a log bridge with the logs going in our direction, with no planking. And there were cracks big enough to drop a wheel

through. So we put in here at mile 3.6, about 3.6 miles as the crow flies away from the Gens de Terre. The very meandering Wapus, preceded by a beaver creek, took 2 hours of flat paddling. We were on the Beaver creek at 9:30 and reached the Gens de Terre at 11:30. Notice how the clock is ticking even with a 5:30 wake up at the takeout? And we still had 12 miles to paddle on the Gens de Terre!

Hans had been asking a whole lot of "contingency" questions, being skeptical about this run. He had set a turn-back time of 12:30 had we not met the Gens de Terre. Tom McEwan's group a few years ago had put in below the first big rapids, Crapaud, at 1:00. From there we figured our time margin. The Verendrye canoe guide makes this a four day run, assuming the most portages and the easiest (i.e. bridge) put ins. We planned it for a day, from Doug Poulter's and Tom McEwan's reports.

When we carried Chute du Crapaud and looked at the "Class 3" ledge below I panicked. I figured we were on 3500 cfs. First time runs are supposed to be 1500 cfs. The ledge looked like Brookmont before the fix. I offered to go back and get the van and run shuttle. Lee balked at letting me drive across a very narrow bridge. I calmed down and we went on. (Thank God).

The day was one of cautious running up through class III ledge drops with a few long well padded bouldery II's and I's, and carrying big falls and Class V's (REAL V's, not like the Washing Machine rapids on the Rouge, rated V). The

flow was actually 60 cubic meters per second (cms), 2100 cfs, considered low-medium for the run. Highest recommended in guide material is 125 cms.

The Gens de Terre is carefully described by Charles Leduc in cartespleinair.org (maps), and the Park de la Verendrye canoe service. The Park says it has Class C maintained portage trails, meaning groomed every five years. We got there at what must have been year zero because the trails were perfectly trimmed of brush and all of the little log bridges had just been rebuilt. Thank God again, because the carries were long-ish and uphill-ish, in a few places comparable to carrying up and down out of Mather Gorge. I think the existent and well-kept portage trails are what let us get off in a day. At that, there was deep moss and white stuff (lichen) IN the trails, with very little evidence of foot-falls. The park people say 30 people a year run this section (30!!), and they groom the trails for us. (This does not count bootleg trips like ours, only those who REGISTER with the livery). I could kiss them, or pay them.

I swam at a Class IV that we failed to see the portage trail on, and it is Keith's fault for getting in my way. Actually this is only true if I can blame Keith for every swim past and future in my boating career. Deal, Keith? Lee scouted it on a giant crumbling log mat maybe 8 feet thick that threatened to break through at his every step. Truthfully it was good to run this Class IV as it was the only IV I did.

Lee, Keith and Hans ran the



Two drops on the Gens de Terre: Hans looks at a class V (left), Hell's Gate (right)

Minnies/Malignes first three closely spaced rapids while others carried. Then we gawked at a huge class V from our high left-cliff carry, walking on beautiful vegetation (sorry for tramping on the moss). It looked runnable from our vantage point, being a series of about four flumes into flumes with no apparent keeper holes. One of Tom McEwan's juniors MAY have described this as "Royal Flush." At Bonnet Rouge the 14 year old said there is one drop on GDT in which one big wave feeds another until a giant final plunge. The other 5's and waterfalls looked un-runnable due to bones or bad hydraulics. The falls are Crapaud, Hells Gate (the most beautiful), and Narcisse.

A long paddle out met us after rapids de Narcisse (V) which is really a rapids leading to two high volume waterfalls back to back. There is no space between rapids and falls, only very aerated water. We got to the cabin with dock takeout at 6:30. Hans and I got a huge favor from Keith because he shuttled us first to our cars, then went back and loaded up Lee and Cahil for the LONG drive to the top. Hans and I

made for camping Lac La Vieille, the first campground north on 117 at the south end of the Clova road, planning to meet the others.

After some negotiation with the lady about price (Hans: "This is a RIP." "Hey Hans we can't go anywhere. The others expect us here"), we set up at site 4. Next morning we settled up for the extra vehicles which arrived at 11:30. Keith had lost a brake line on the shuttle and had to drive 30 miles using the parking brake and gears. Hans and I bought camping in partial compensation for the extra driving Lee and Keith did.

It was a BIG DAY, one of the best of my life. The Gens de Terre is well worth the effort to boat. It is extremely scenic and remote – classic lower Canadian wilderness. Just make sure you bring plenty of mosquito repellent or, better yet, headnets. Those beasts are ferocious, especially at the take-out.

August 8, Wednesday

We split the trip, with Lee going on to the Rouge to meet Bob Spohn for an afternoon run on the Seven

Sisters, and the rest staying with Keith to get his brake line fixed. This was fairly fast, in a small garage next to the Grand Remous bridge over the Gatineau, where another nasty class V rapids gave us an hour or so of scouting while the SUV was on the lift. The mechanic is the same guy who towed Leon's van to Mt. Laurier last year when it had a broken fuel pump. Hans and Cahil were invited to the Rouge but elected to stay and watch the brake line fix.

We had a picnic at Camping La Plage at Annonciation/Labelle on the upper Rouge, and got to Camping and Rafting Azur in plenty of time to beat Lee and Bob as they got off the river. A fine horse-woman who was babysitting the camp for Esther came out and took our money. I immediately invited her to dinner at La Legende. She turned us down.

I took the whole group to La Legende for dinner to thank the crew for support on the Gens de Terre. This is Norm Fairhurst's favorite restaurant, in Grenville near the

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CANADA (Continued from page 7) bridge to Hawkesbury. It is Italian/Continental/French with hints of steak house. I was eyeballing the Venus de Milo statue somewhat to the embarrassment of the 50'ish waitress (hormones were a-building). I made it up to her in the tip. Norm, this is a superb restaurant. I am going to try to send them some wine.

August 9, Thursday

Being about three hours behind our past-years' schedule for the Matawin, camping at the Rouge instead of Chez Denise in Lavaltrie, we did the class 3 Basse Matawin at 20 cms instead of the longer and longer-shuttle Middle Matawin. By now Bob had met us all and I was eager not to stiff him out of good runs, considering that the peak run of the Gens de Terre was already done.

Bob has been to Canada twice with Tom McEwan's adults and was hot for the Malbaie.

After Basse Matawin we drove to Camping Stoneham cross country over good two-lane farm roads, and had another set-to about camping fees. They were going to put us on overflow (meadow) camping near the lake which is fine, but they wanted to charge us for four sites at \$27 per night each (we had four tents). After they learned that some would be sleeping in vehicles they

wanted 6 x \$27 per night (six "apparatus" as they put it). We went on to the Jacques Cartier Tewksbury put-in and set up quietly and with permission at Excursions Jacques Cartier, on the old school grounds previously owned by Nouveau Monde Rafting. The Excursions' manager showed up next day, charged us \$7 per person per night, opened the hot showers and the second flush bathroom, and gave us a hearty welcome. Gone



Frangins Rapid, Jacques Cartier River, Tewksbury section

are the raft company wars between Excursions and Nouveau Monde. Gone are the horse flies in the camping area because they moved the horses (Felicia Mazur nixed this place after horse flies got into her van in 1994). Peace was with us. Only two disagreements with the locals occurred, one in each province, both about camping fees.

August 10, Friday

I ran afternoon shuttle for Bob, Lee, Keith, and Hans as they ran the class 4 (5) Jacques Cartier

Tewksbury section at minus 1.5 on the bridge (40 cms). I had time to grocery shop, buy gas, dry out gear, eat lunch, and get to them at their 1:00 takeout time. No vehicle left at takeout = no opportunity for a break-in which does occur there.

We piled into my car (except Lee who took his van because he was sadly NOT going to join us in Quebec City) and first went to the Sautauriski takeout in Parc Jacques

Cartier, mainly to show the new guys the layout of the park and the visitor center and canoe livery there. Lee stayed to do a loop hike overlooking the Sautauriski gorge. In retrospect the Sautauriski was runnable at 7.5 cms. We did it years ago at 6. It might have been a good alternative to the Malbaie ledges. We have to look into the Sautauriski put-in drive, which is reported by local guides in email

to be closed now.

The evening in Q. city was as per tradition: a walk around outside the Citadel on the boardwalk, back to the Chateau Frontenac front bar for drinks, through the artists and craft/mime quarter, and to dinner on Rue St. Jean. Keith bought glazed pottery as a gift. I skipped the expensive art studio in lower Old Town to save about \$2500, which I had intended to spend on a painting by an artist I saw last year.

Sidewalk dining at Creperie Normande (Keith's choice, good, delicious food) kept us fully adrenalized people-watching. A later visit to an internet café just outside the gate near parking gave us the river levels, and a look at three pale Goth (black-attired) guys in their mid 30's with all kinds of silver jewelry sticking out of them, most from new orifices. They were tall and thin as rails. Around here they would be threatening, but there, well they just seemed like every mother's ideal boys, a little gotted up.

Keith was thankful that I did not demonstrate the car on the way home, not taking an elevated ramp too fast as I did with him in 1992.

August 11, Saturday

Hans bid us goodbye at Tewksbury Excursions Jacques Cartier camping for his drive home. He collected

a bunch of local grass, moss, dirt, and miniature pines (maybe they were ferns) to plant in his backyard. Hans: "The greenery here even in the scraped off areas is finer than the undisturbed stuff at home." (Lush, lush, lush.)

The rest of us drove over to St. Brigitte de Laval to run Sections A and B of the Montmorency (class 3-4). All of us ran A. Cahil, Keith, and Bob ran A and B. We met some locals just before the steep part of A. I had not read the guidebook very well that morning and I

was stiff. The locals started describing the rapids. I remembered my first time when someone drew McCoy's in the sand, and you better pay attention when locals describe rapids. We stayed with that group of about seven for the three or four named drops in section A. These reminded me of a wider, higher volume version of the bouldery (not ledgy) drops on the Lower Big Sandy. They are boat scoutable but almost asking for a



Pillar Rapid, Montmorency River (August 11)

shore scout. One of the local paddlers, a historian who is an expert in Vietnam up to Dien Bien Phu, the French Ke Sanh, gave me a drain plug to replace one I had lost on the Gens de Terre.

Unwinding the trip a bit farther, Lee started toward Cleveland from the Montmorency takeout. He worked in a business trip to GE Lighting en route to his very distant Hendersonville, NC home.

Those left stopped at St. Anne de Beaupre to look at the beautiful

cathedral and admire the glass and fine tile work (mosaics?), ate at McDonalds (ugh), and blitzed up route 381 into Charlevoix so we could see the rock walls and mountains below and in Parc des Grands Jardins. I knew about these views but did not have the energy to push on the group hard enough to guarantee daylight. We were lucky. It was 55 degrees Fahrenheit at the visitor center, at 890 meters altitude. The sun set just after we reached the highest point of the drive.

We camped at Lac Ha Ha, c/o a super friendly and charming hostess, but again we were plagued by the tent/person/vehicle count issue. We had to rent 3 campsites for 4 persons. (3 vehicles, 2 tents and 1 hammock).

August 12, Sunday

Planning for the Malbaie ledges, we found the river high-

ish (20 cms or 700 cfs). The upper seven miles of the "22 milles" looked runnable. My intuition and that of two locals we met on the river was to save the ledges for around 10 cms. Good choice. We had an excellent run on the Class 3 (4) upper section (Section A) of the Malbaie. It challenged me. It was beautiful, remote, with the shuttle road not coming in until halfway down the run. We took off at a Zec/Pourvoirie greeting house where the lady watched our cars. This run was also closer to dinner

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Quebec paddler Francois Rothan surfing (left) and running (right) the Metabetchouane (August 13)

CANADA (Continued from page 9)

and camping. It is fortunate that the drive in permits a look at the river and a solid alternative run, before committing to the ledge section.

After the Malbaie, Bob started for home. Keith, Cahil and I ate at Le Barillet in Jonquiere, where Keith and Cahil treated me to a pleasant dinner. We visited the gates at nearby CEPAL, which has a permanent slalom course where Jon Lugbill, Davey Hearn and other US paddlers have raced starting in 1979. We had pleasant camping at Kenogami. This time the hostess let us camp on one site with an extra vehicle fee and an extra person fee. I tried to get Cahil and Keith in as a couple with me as their child but she wasn't buying it. This day was do-able without rushing.

Our Lac Ha Ha hostess had wanted us to come back for the Perseid meteor shower, but being Americans in a hurry (and it being overcast) we were in Kenogami, which we traditionally use as the Ecorces take out.

Francois Rothan, one of the canoeing locals we met on the Malbaie, was our host next day on the la Basse Metabetchouane. He said that even Chicoutimi locals such as himself run the Riviere Aux

Ecorces only about once a year, on account of the long shuttle.

August 13, Monday

It was a short drive from Camping Kenogami through Hebertville to the la Basse Metabetchouane take-out at the rafting company in Desbiens. Francois Rothan, the senior partner in a tandem we met on the Malbaie, offered to take us down the class 3-4 Metabet. Keith and Cahil went. They had a wonderful time! Francois is a superb open boater with a great personality and a fantastic roll to boot. The Metabet flows through a beautiful gorge with a number of fun class 3-4 drops. Francois was a great help describing the lines. This is only a 3.5 mile run, so, after putting on around 10:30, the group got off the river at 1 PM. The only mishap of the day was Cahil's boat still wanted to play after the group took out so it decided to take a leap off

of Keith's rack during the ride back to the put-in. In the haste to get out of the rain at the take-out (our only daytime rain of the entire trip), someone was a little sloppy with the ropes.

I started my drive home after helping Keith, Cahil and Francois with shuttle. Again I did not stop in Quebec City and therefore saved another \$2500 in artwork. So I guess the total vacation cost me about minus \$4000, a thousand for the kayaking and a saved \$5000 for two non-trips to the art gallery.

Keith and Cahil started back home around 3:30 PM after visiting the three falls and three large chutes in the Trou-de-la-Fee area above the put-in to the Metabetchouane.

Tuesday morning I chatted with an attractive 70 year old woman at the money exchange place, and we discussed (her) life in Gananoque, the portal town for the Thousand Islands in Ontario. I snapped out of my traveler's intoxication as I stopped at one of the particularly dirty gas stations north of Scranton to get a bite of food, ugh.

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

Final 2007 Trip

Nov. 9-12	NJ Pine Barrens	N	Ed Evangelidi	304-262-8924	edevange@localnet.com
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ROSTER UPDATE: Phoebe Hamill, phoebek1@cox.net

WVRC WANTS YOU!!!

To call, that is. The West Virginia Rivers Coalition will be conducting its call-a-thon in the Washington area for its annual fund-raising raffle on: Nov. 26th thru the 29th, Dec. 3rd thru the 6th, and Dec. 10th thru the 13th. The Harper's Ferry area segment of the call-a-thon will be conducted in March. Contact Joe Peabody at 304-614-3343 or jpeapody@wvrivers.org to volunteer.

BLOOMINGTON (Continued from page 5)

request to paddle from out of the shade and towards the river-right eddy and were rewarded with the best shots. Top of the World was a huge wave train. There were no holes and no curlers—JUST WAVES. Because the Jennings Randolph campground was closed for the season, we headed to the Savage River Forest. We were almost the only occupants. Participants were feted with a progressive dinner. The first appetizers included hummus, quesadillas, and chili. The next course included fresh bread and salad. This was followed by sautéed venison and steamed corn. The final entrée of the evening was homemade chocolate pie. "We can't believe we ate the whole thing!!" The evening ended with a beautiful fire tended by Courtney Caldwell and Star Mitchell.



Jim(?) runs extreme right at Robin's Nest

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 2007: January 10, March 19, May 15, July 14 (Moonlight Picnic), September 12, October 31, December 8 (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.

2007 BRV Officers: Jim Pruitt, President; Lou Campagna, VP; Jenny Thomas, Trip Coordinator; Clark Childers, Treasurer; Frank Fico, Newsletter Editor; Kathleen Sengstock, Conservation.

2007 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), 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. 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

In this issue...

- Trip reports:
 - Canada (cont. from Sept.) (p. 1)
 - Stonycreek & Loyalhanna (p. 2)
 - Black Tie event (p. 4)
 - Bloomington (p. 5)
- Local dam removals (p. 3)

Deadline for January *Voyageur*:

Friday, December 28

NEXT MEETING

BRV Holiday Party, Dec. 8th
(see page 1)

RENEW NOW for 2008: If your mailing label says 2007, use the membership form included on page 11.