

# THE VOYAGEUR



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

September 2007

## THE PRESIDENT'S PUT-IN

Can you say dry? The past few months look more like Tucson around here than Virginia. I thought I saw a Saguaro cactus in my garden a couple of weeks ago, but it was a giant mutant cucumber.

The good news is that it has finally started to rain again. Things seem to have picked up out west so destination boating is back for places other than the Low Yough. Hopefully this trend will continue into the fall. During the dry months, I heard from several people about taking trips to the new ASCI center at Wisp, guaranteed whitewater during the drought. Not exactly the environment which got me into boating. I am sure some day I will try it though.

Now with the cooler weather we have the New River Rendezvous and of course Gauley season is upon us as well. I hope that those of you who packed it in over the summer get a chance to dust off your gear and get out while the weather is still warm.

Don't miss the September meeting! We will have Keith Merkel showing us the "Best of" from his African Safari trip to Tanzania and Kenya, where he visited six of the most famous game parks in Tanzania (Ngorongoro Crater, Serengeti, Lake Manyara, and Tarangire) and Kenya (Amboselli and Masai Mara).

Jim Pruitt

### **An Enchanting Journey on the Selway by Ed Grove & fellow Selway paddlers**

For several years various BRV's (including myself) have faithfully entered the annual USDA Forest Service lottery to get a slot on the stunningly beautiful Selway River in remote North Central Idaho. The Selway is truly a unique wilderness experience because it is the only river in the United States which is both a Wild and Scenic River as well as a river in the Wilderness Preservation System.

This year, lightning struck! Our own Rick Koller got a permit to put in on the Selway July 22. Quickly a group was assembled beginning with Kim Buttleman and Jenny Thomas who had paddled it last year at a bare minimum of 0.4 feet on the put-in

*(Continued on page 2)*

### **BRV Canada Trip, August 2-14 by Mike Gilchrist & Keith Merkel**

This was about the best time seven MANLY MEN could have. First we were adrenalized, then punchy, then all the girls started to look REAL GOOD, then (Cahil can attest) EVERYONE started to look good to me. When I told Cahil we were going into Quebec City to look at girls, he thought it was to be a strip-tease and he grimaced. Actually our Crepe restaurant put us at a sidewalk table and we got to gawk at hundreds of locals and tourists going by. More than one tongue was left dragging on the pavement. They say with justification that Quebec City is the best people-watching locale in North America. Perhaps some BRV women can come on the trip next year when Keith leads it, to keep us old guys in line.

*(Continued on page 9)*

*SELWAY (Continued from page 1)*  
gauge at Paradise — a most appropriate place to begin a river journey. Their knowledge of the river was indispensable for a comfortable and safe trip down the river as Kim took the lead in scouting and showing us the lines in the major rapids while Jenny gave us geological and other insights as we traveled. Joining this trio were David (Cotton) Cottingham, Susan Claus, Ginny DeSeau, Lou Campagna and myself.

The difficult logistics (ugh!) now began but we handled them. Based on recommendations from Kim and Jenny, we each got needed boating gear from Trailhead Outfitters in Missoula; Rick found and reserved a full-sized van in Spokane that was barely large enough for us and our gear (six boats and lots of dry-bags); he also made the shuttle reservation with Karen Kidd (the same great person that Kim and Jenny used last year); Ginny found motels for us to reserve both before and after the trip; and then we all met to deal with other issues and who would carry common gear (stoves, water filters and first aid kits).

A permit for a trip down the Selway is most coveted. The Forest Service only allows one launch a day, and over the entire permit season from May 15 to July 31 less than 1,000 boaters get to experience this outstanding river. This meant that we saw no one on the river except when we occasionally leapfrogged with a group of five kayakers who had put in a day behind us and one fisherman who had flown in to one of the airstrips.

The Forest Service sanitation rules

for paddling this pristine river are more strict than other wilderness rivers. All washing of dishes and bodies must take place 200 feet (when possible) from the river and no soap is allowed in the river. Also, if you do not have a portable potty, human waste must be buried (when possible) 200 feet from the river and the used toilet paper burned or carried out. Also, because of the extreme drought conditions and the forest fires in much of Idaho, no campfires were allowed. We used stoves to cook our dinners.

This brings us to the subject of meals. Before we left, Cotton proposed and we accepted an excellent plan. Everyone would provide their own breakfast and lunch, but then all of us would cook and share dinner together. Cotton then prepared a menu, and when we got to Missoula, he and Rick bought our dinner fixings while the rest of us picked up supplementary items for breakfast and lunch. The talents and patience of our two chief chefs were so very well appreciated! Thanks to dry ice in Rick's semi-collapsible cooler, we had steak, salmon, chicken and fresh vegetables to start the trip and tasty pasta and rice dishes the rest of the evenings. To prepare our dinners we split up into two teams of four people which alternated in taking care of the evening meals. The team that wasn't cooking for the evening filtered water that we could all use (thanks to Susan's five gallon collapsible water carrier). This turned out to be an excellent system which provided no hardship and brought us all together at the end of each day.

On July 20 (Friday) six of us met in Spokane after our long cross country flights. Kim and Jenny had driven out earlier and would be waiting for us in Missoula. We then picked up our van and drove to Missoula where we checked in at a marginal Days Inn motel and had an excellent dinner at the Iron Horse restaurant just up the street from the motel.

Saturday morning Cotton found a nearby organic farmer's market that was chock full of local farmers (including many Hmong immigrants from Indochina) selling all sorts of fruits, vegetables, breads and dried produce. We loaded up on fresh cherries, apricots and other tasty provisions for our trip and then went to Trailhead Outfitters to pick up our inflatable kayaks and paddles. For several of us the proposed mode of river transportation down the Selway was a whole new adventure. Everyone paddled tandem duckyies (Tomcats and Strikers). Gear was mostly loaded in the back of the boat — taking the place of a second paddler. The staff at Trailhead did a great job of providing us these boats as well as the appropriate length paddles (the norm being 230 centimeters).

After getting our gear at Trailhead, we procured more provisions at a grocery store in Missoula and began our drive to the Paradise put-in Saturday afternoon with our van bulging at the seams. We then stopped at nearby Darby where they were having both a strawberry festival and a lumberjack competition. Here we met Karen Kidd (Selway River Shuttles), who provided our shuttle service.

Upon resuming our trip to the put-in, we indeed had an auspicious beginning to our wilderness trip. We stopped briefly at Nez Perce Pass (with a huge circular emergency helipad at its elevation of 6,587 feet) to look at the rows of mountain ranges in the distance that were shrouded by forest fire smoke. Suddenly we saw the red and yellow flash of a western tanager in a nearby evergreen. For birder Lou, who had been to Idaho many times, this was an exciting addition to his life list of the different types of birds he had seen. Then, as we descended 20 miles to the put-in on Forest Service Road 6223, we watched with fascination as the infant Selway slowly grew in volume on its tumbling journey down the mountain. Paradise was certainly an appropriate name for our put-in — virgin western red cedars and pines, crystal sparkling water, and little humidity.

At the campsite near the put-in, Cotton and his team cooked a great steak dinner. We then went to bed anticipating the days to come on the river. The following morning we left our big van and Jenny's CR-V at the put-in to be shuttled 255 miles by road to our takeout at Race Creek 47 miles downstream - just above nasty Class VI Selway Falls with its many sieves and undercut rocks.

Having dealt with the complicated administrative preliminaries, we launched on a glorious sunny Sunday at an elevation of just over 3,000 feet. The gauge (which we had been tracking for the past several days) was a mellow 0.68 feet — almost 0.3 feet above the level Kim and Jenny ran it last year.

Kim's estimate of a well watered 70-100 cfs launch this year (compared to his estimate of a bony 40-60 cfs last year) ensured we would have a good flow for our entire trip. The days

were warm, the nights were cool and the river stayed at a delightful temperature for swimming.

As we began our journey, we became aware of the unique geologic character of the river. Geologist Jenny says that the river bed and numerous cobble bars we encountered throughout our journey were composed of primarily granitic rocks from the Mesozoic Idaho Batholith and the more recent Painted Rocks Pluton. In the cobble bars, the granites were interspersed with various rhyolites, likely from the Challis Volcanics. The rhyolites appear to have been carried downstream from the headwaters of the Selway, where they outcrop.

On the first day we began to get our Selway sea legs. Those of us using tandem duckies for the first time pinballed among the rocks and careened down the river. As we bumped along, we found that the river was quite busy with many moderate rapids that were not named. We made four miles and had a taste of what was to come by running two named Class III rapids



*Launching from the put-in.*

— Slalom Slide and Galloping Gertie. We then camped immediately below in a field on river right and celebrated our first day with a wonderful salmon dinner and fresh vegetables from the farmer's market in Missoula.

It was fortunate we warmed up on Sunday, because we had three Class III drops (Washer Woman, Cougar Bluff and Holy Smokes) to keep us on our toes Monday as we paddled the river. After this, we took a break under a bridge at Running Creek Ranch with its nearby airstrip.

We then passed North Star Ranch (which also had an airstrip) and soon encountered Class I-II Ping Pong Alley. It took us each at least 15 minutes to find our own route — bumping and grinding down this sparsely watered quarter-mile long cobble bar. Far left was the best route after skirting a fallen log at the top. We were most relieved to reach the bottom and have lunch.

*(Continued on page 4)*

*SELWAY (Continued from page 3)*

After lunch, we successfully negotiated the zesty, well spaced double drop of Class III Goat Creek and camped at Little Goat Creek [right] on river left in the middle of a Class II rapids after running eight more miles. Kim and Jenny had camped here previously, and it was a splendid place with its sandy beach and impressive cedars. The virgin forest consisted of huge western red cedars and other trees. They lined the bank on river left, the north-facing slope, for most of the trip. At one point on our trip we decided to see how big one of them was — it took four of us to hug all the way around one of its trunks! That night, a well earned chicken dinner with more fresh veggies was enjoyed by all.

After launching on Tuesday morning, we were treated to biplanes doing touch and go landings and takeoffs on river left using the airstrip at the Shearer Guard Station. Soon thereafter we reached the bridge leading to the classy Selway Lodge and airstrip. Being a little too grungy for such accommodations, we continued past the Bear Creek Confluence and ran gentle Bear Creek Rapid as well as bouncy Class II Rodeo Rapid. Just below Selway Lodge the river flowed over a granite bedrock portion of the riverbed which created beautiful patterns on the water surface. Several miles later we were treated to a pair of significant Class III rapids named in honor of Dr. Seuss. First came Green Eggs and then Ham — which had a nice three foot chute.

After paddling 12 miles, we camped at aptly named Roots

Campground — an outstanding place with a sandy beach celebrating the network of exposed roots supporting huge western red cedar trees

which were hundreds of years old. Pasta now became the main course of our dinner — reflecting the last gasp of the frozen carbon dioxide in our cooler.

Just below our campsite, deep and dark azure blue pools sheltered huge cutthroat trout that completely avoided Lou's and Cotton's attempt to catch them. After a futile hour of casting all their flies, they decided that the pools were best for swimming.

Regarding the overall catch and release fishing situation, Cotton and Lou had the fishing gear and used two licenses purchased by our group. Cotton later caught the biggest fish (a 12 inch cutthroat trout) while Lou only caught pathetic minnows due (he says) to being constantly distracted by his work duties.

We awoke Wednesday and girded our loins and boats. After three days of warm up, this was the biggest day of rapids, and they didn't disappoint us. Kim's knowledge of the river and leadership made for an exciting and safe day.



After passing the confluence with Moose Creek and the nearby ranger station and airstrip, the fun began as we ran two Class II rapids — Tony Point and Divide Creek. Then the bottom dropped out as we ran seven Class III and IV rapids in the next 2.5 miles while the river dropped 100 feet. In this stretch our fully loaded solo-paddled tandem duckies showed their incredible stability as we sometimes careened through these rapids.

First came Double Drop with its great four-foot chute at the end. Then came technically complicated Wapots which was followed by Class IV Ladle. At this low level we entered Ladle on the extreme right by squeezing through a tight slot. We then paddled hard left into the meat of the rapid where we passed upstream of a hole and rock in the center and then turned hard right to finish in the main channel. Every one got through upright although some had more exciting runs than others.

After Ladle came Little Niagara with its great 5 foot drop at the end. In quick succession we then solved the riddle of Puzzle Creek (a 4 foot

drop), were fully focused in No Slouch and finished with mellow Miranda Jane.

We had a chance to catch our breath below these rapids and so had lunch on river right at a charming grove of trees called Cedar Lane 50 yards from the river. It was here that Rick Koller first demonstrated his scuba skills by donning a mask and snorkel to view the trout in nearby pools and then showed his reptilian dexterity by gently catching a small garter snake for us to see and touch. After lunch, our busy day of rapids ended by running Class IIIs Meeker and Osprey.

With this exhilarating day of rapids done, we camped at Tango Bar [below] after nine miles of very busy paddling. There were two memorable experiences that evening. At dusk I was by my tent next to two ancient western red cedar trees with their incredibly intertwined roots. Suddenly, a wonderful little bat began doing figure 8's around the trunks and passing within two feet of me on his rounds to catch insects as I watched transfixed. Later, we saw a mule deer casually walk by us on

the far side of our sand bar next to the woods. Great memories before turning in for the night!

However, I had a bizarre beginning on Thursday. I was the next to last boat to launch, and as soon as I got in the water I suddenly was in my own private bathtub as several inches of chilly water filled my self bailing compartment. The lid for the air valve inflating the bottom of my boat had popped off, and all the air was gone from this bottom compartment. Cotton helped me get unstuck as I launched, but his duckie drifted away. I retrieved it for him by shoving it into an eddy where he swam and got it. I then yelled for a pump and got my bottom compartment reinflated.

Cotton and I were rather chilly now because this was the only cloudy day with intermittent rain that we experienced. Consequently, when everyone came to the bridge at Three Links Creek and took off for a delightful hike, I changed into my fuzzy rubber and quickly warmed up. Meanwhile, the short hike up Three Links Creek was beautiful amidst huckleberries in a small steep canyon.

However, there was some bear scat along the trail.

Three miles below Three Links Creek and its nearby mellow Class III rapid we encountered Wolf Creek — our toughest

rapid of the trip. We pulled out on river right well above the rapids to scout. There was a path 50 yards away at the edge of the woods which, as we hiked several hundred yards downstream, took us high above the river. Here we saw two channels. The right channel was a tough Class IV-V with heavy water, a couple of big holes (one of them potentially lethal) and most of the river slamming into a river right rock wall at the end of the rapid. We later found out that two of the five kayakers we met before had taken a swim after being shoved into that rock wall.

Consequently, we decided to take the much “tamer” left channel. We first ran two cobble drops which ended in a pool where the right exit was guarded by a tree trunk that had fallen upstream against a large boulder. There was little room to squeeze under the tree, but everyone got through (although I got stuck briefly). After negotiating the tree, we all piled on to the rocks by the eddy below.

The coup de grace of the rapid was a two pointed snaggle tooth rock lurking at the bottom of the final chute leading out of the eddy. Kim had run it first and was very concerned about folks either getting stuck on the snaggle tooth rock or banging their heads on a slightly submerged rock just to the left of this rock. However, beginning with Lou, our group just started running their boats through and everyone finished the rapid unscathed — some with very exciting trips. Ginny's boat was brought safely down by Cotton. This avoided a very strenuous 20 yard

(Continued on page 6)



*SELWAY (Continued from page 5)*

carry of her heavy boat over the rocks left of the snaggle tooth chute to reach the main river.

A good two miles below Wolf Creek we encountered our final challenging rapids — Tee Kem Falls. At first glance this short Class III+ rapids appeared to be a very difficult situation where the river dropped over a narrow entry chute and slammed into a padded boulder 20 yards below. However, as we began to run the rapid, we found that the chute was actually quite friendly since its right side was a twisty slot of water which easily pushed us right of the big padded rock below.

We then ran modest Class III Cupboard Creek and camped on a great river left sandbar well above the river after having paddled nine miles. For Friday we only had 5 miles to the takeout and mellow Class III Renshaw rapids to run.

However, we had quite an adventure on



*Top to bottom: Cotton, Kim and Ed run Wolf Creek rapid.*

our two hour paddle to the take-out. Midway on our trip, Rick Koller noticed what looked like a piece of rope on a sandy beach next to the river. This “rope” turned out to be a three foot long western diamond-back rattlesnake enjoying the morning sun. Several of us took pictures and observed it from a respectable distance until the snake became tired of all this attention and crawled to a shady retreat under a bush at the edge of the sandbar. Despite some concerns about rattlesnakes, particularly at Wolf Creek, this was the only one we saw.

On our trip we had great opportunities to view various birds on the river. Most numerous were the spotted sandpipers constantly zipping up and down the river while water ouzels bobbed their tails on the rocks as they waited to dive under water to feed. Quite memorable were several families of mother mergansers and their

chicks who scrambled half swimming and half flying upstream near the river bank to avoid these big objects invading their river space. We also saw a couple of bald eagles, several ospreys and at least one great blue heron.

Near the end of our trip we negotiated several well covered cobble chutes that Susan successfully encouraged us to run backwards. That was indeed fun — zipping backwards and not knowing where we were headed. Our trip ended at the Race Creek take-out (elevation 1,760 feet) on a river now running over 500 cfs. The takeout was hot, and we again performed magic by somehow fitting all our gear in the van.

After loading up, we headed downstream to Selway Falls where we had a windy lunch on a rock perched high above this scary network of undercut rocks and boulder sieves which continued down the river for several hundred



yards. Later, we stopped at the Fenn Ranger Station where we bought shirts and then at Three Rivers Resort for cold drinks and other souvenirs. The name of this resort derives from the Selway and the Lochsa Rivers coming together to form the Middle Fork of the Clearwater. We reached Missoula and had a great dinner at an Italian restaurant. A yummy stop at a nearby ice cream booth ended our celebratory evening.

On Saturday morning we returned our gear to Trailhead and then explored an interesting nearby river phenomenon. Just below the bridge crossing the Clark Fork River not far from our motel was a surfing wave on river right. The wave was created by a V of natural rocks on each side with a second man-made V of rocks 10 yards upstream to ensure good surfing at various levels. Nearby was Pipestone Mountaineering which had demonstration kayaks available for those

*Top to bottom: Rick, Jenny and Ginny run Tee Kem Falls.*

*(Continued on page 8)*

*SELWAY (Continued from page 7)*

who wanted to try their luck on the wave. Lou, Cotton and I were sorely tempted to go to the dark side and explore the wave with new Dagger Agent Kayaks.

However, our departure was imminent. After saying our good-byes to Kim and Jenny, who stayed to savor the wonders of the West beginning with Glacier National Park, the rest of us had a wonderful lunch at the Iron Horse. On our way back to Spokane and soon after crossing the Idaho border, we dropped Lou to spend another week out West with his family. In Spokane for our last night we stayed at a decent Holiday Inn near the airport, had dinner at a neighborhood restaurant, and made a brief visit to Spokane's downtown park by the river (including a SkyView ride to see a virtually dry Spokane Falls). On Sunday morning the remaining five of us turned in our resilient rental van at the airport and flew home.

This indeed was a magical trip which exceeded all our expectations.

However, we want to leave our readers with an exciting ending to our report. Below is a first hand account documenting the launching of a new airborne heroine to grace the annals of wilderness river running.

**Air Ginny:  
A Riveting Narrative Documenting  
the Amazing Exploits  
of Our New Aviatrix Ginny De-  
Seau**

“Uh, oh, here comes another rapid that needs to be negotiated —

avoid the rocks, don't get pinned, don't wrap the boat, find the best line and go for it.” These were the thoughts that rushed through my head as the next Class III rapid came along on the Selway. “Phew, missed that rock; yea, got that line right; oh s\_\_\_ — where did that rock come from at the end of the rapid!” More thoughts follow along the way... “Hey, how come I'm swimming? Yea, the boat didn't flip and this is a big pool... It's okay — but how the heck did I end up in the water when this boat has rolled over lots of other rocks in the past few days?... How nice — here are my buddies to rescue me already... Kim wants us to do a wet rescue instead of going to the shore. No problem. I've done those in my canoe and the inflatable kayak (IK) should be easier.”

Well, that is where the “Keystone Cops” routine began: I reached across my IK for Kim's hands and could not lift myself up and over the IK tube gunnel as my PFD caught on it. Kim grasped my wrists securely and suggested that someone bring their IK alongside

for me to get a footing to push myself into my IK. Good idea, I thought. However, it took a few moments of bumper boats (with me in the

middle beginning to laugh) before Lou grabbed my feet and they ended up in his boat — with the front of me still stuck on the tube gunnel of my boat. So there we were: Lou's boat drifting in one direction with my feet over his tube gunnel and Kim holding my wrists as we drifted in the opposite direction. Now my laughter was out of control leaving me no strength to get back into my boat. Eventually, my PFD and I managed to be pulled over the tube gunnel, I got a foothold and ended up sitting in my IK — thankful for a great laugh, my pals, and water that wasn't cold.

I was later told that when the boat hit the rock, I was ejected a good two feet into the air — thus the quick dunking and my Air Ginny status plus entertainment for those downstream. That little swim added a light note to a great day of playing in the water because after all, “There is nothing — absolutely nothing — half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.” [Kenneth Grahame from *Wind in the Willows*]



*The Selway group. Front row, l-r: Lou, Susan, Jenny, Ginny, Ed. Back row, l-r: Kim, Rick, Cotton.*



*CANADA (Continued from page 1)*

On the trip at various times were Mike Gilchrist, Keith Merkel, Leo Slaggie, Hans Haucke, Bob Spohn, Cahil Converse, and Lee Belknap.

### **Aug 2, Thursday**

I drove to Black River Bay camping in Dexter, New York. Laura the owner was briefed that Hans and Keith might show up there the next evening. They did not, having decided to leave later. This place is very quiet on Thursdays, can be noisy with partying rafters Friday and Saturday. A full cooler and grocery box guaranteed no need to shop at Price Chopper the next AM.

### **Aug 3, Friday**

Last US gas (\$3.20 for premium versus \$1.14 per liter or \$4.32 per gallon CDN in Ontario). I realized I was very early on an 8am arrival at the border money changers, so I drove the loop to Cape Vincent, a dogleg west which added only about fifteen miles. It was a great combination of small towns, farms, touristy spots, and state park campgrounds on the St. Lawrence. Good retirement locale to avoid the ancient industrial/new military stuff at Watertown.

Once through Canada customs and moneyed-up (\$1 US Bought \$1.02 Canadian), the event of the day was watching boats step through Jones Locks of the Rideau Canal. These are fully operational, circa 1812, hand-cranked by summer park employees, and offer four substantial boats (35-40 foot) simultaneous locking. Jones drops/rises 65 feet through four locks. If they had enough crew, could they lock 16 boats at once? Four fit in one lock.

I had lunch at the stone deli-market on the main street in Pakenham, near the beautiful stone arch bridge over the river. There is a new art gallery there run by a displaced Californian. It's expensive!!

A sour moment was when the beloved campground owner at Cedar Haven in Cobden said it would cost me \$190 to meet my crew there Saturday night (the plan). It was the August Long Weekend and he wanted to book six of us for three nights at \$10 each, even though I would be there alone Friday, and none of us would be there Sunday. I moved us, first to Log and Lantern (CLOSED) and then to River Run Rafting (very accommodating and professional — recommended) by way of a flurry of phone calls to my drivers.

### **Aug 4, Saturday**

River Run had a Russian Festival taking up a major portion of the camping, and the Jimmy Cup (Jimmy Snyder, inventor of squirt boating). I tried to visit Steve Strother, the very lovely Sarah Anderson and others of the Jimmy Cup at the top meadow Saturday morning, but they were all asleep.

I soloed the Ottawa, hanging close to some middle-aged (my age or younger) open canoeists from Toronto. Snicker, snicker, snicker, they even had electric bailers in the tandems. What wimps. (Next day we were to find out they are EXPERTS). Jimmy Snyder introduced himself at the put-in, on his way out to practice at Big Smoothie, an eddy line above McCoys. I paddled over to watch him do a LOOOONG mystery

move at that spot. He has cut his boat to be about neutrally buoyant. What else would you expect from the best guy in the sport?

After visiting Jimmy, I popped between Phil's and Sadler's Holes then swam after getting to the right (correct) spot on bottom McCoys. I just can't punch the wave above Baby Face without getting back surfed. Upside down, the wave train almost sucked off my paddling jacket. The canoeists had disappeared down the middle channel; I was heading for the Main.

Ishtar from Ottawa was at the lunch spot with two beautiful women and some relative newbies. He knows Doug Poulter, my Ottawa buddy, well, and he invited me to finish the river with them. Good for my safety. We had to leave the Irish girl at lunch, as she was not in Ishtar's group. By the way his family is from Scandinavia, before that Arabia (says he). His last name is Gustafson (or something like that). His ancestors were Viking raiders. Was I fantasizing or was that Dane Jackson playing Garburetor? Maybe it was the next day.

Ishtar showed me a neat way to get through Coliseum. Go down to the left of the hump rock, through the traditional green V flume, pointed RIGHT at the apex instead of LEFT. It keeps you out of the squirrely eddy on the left. Ishtar ran the right side of the hump rock. One of the male newbies (an RCMP officer no less) thought he was going to the right but ended up on the left and swam. It gave us some rescue practice.

*(Continued on page 10)*

CANADA (Continued from page 9)

At River Run for the takeout, Ish-tar kindly shuttled me. Now it was time to worry about Hans, Leo, Lee, Keith and Cahil. I drove out to the main highway 15 km from River Run and flagged down Hans and Leo. It was a lucky guess on my part that they would be there around 5:30. I had been able to reach Lee and Keith by phone.

Saturday dinner was at Annie's(?) restaurant in Forester's Falls, a simple place. Lee, Hans, Leo, and I were there. Keith and Cahil showed up a couple of hours later at River Run.

Wilderness Tours Rafting lodge had mid-twenty-something girls in large numbers. Out on the deck they were in normal river-evening attire. Some inside shooting darts were in semi-formal party attire. The lodge has two restaurants and three bars, a singles and river-sport mecca. DC paddlers who stay here say it's too noisy for adults to camp. Cigarette smoke got to Lee.

Later my crew enjoyed visiting the Jimmy Cup camp at upper-River Run, the one designated as Pet Heaven. I snoozed. I never did see Sarah Anderson.

### August 5, Sunday

Finally together except Bob who arrived Wednesday, we had a nice run on the Ottawa main at 0.25 feet. While we were scouting Phil's Hole, the tandem canoe couple from yesterday caught the key eddy just above the hole and surf-ferried the upper green wave across to catch the tweeze line between Phil's and Sadler's. We Americans let out a huge cheer.

So much for thinking the tandem couples were wimps.

Leo had a somewhat straight flip-and-roll line down McCoys, disappearing over the big left hump of bottom McCoys ahead of the rest of us. I caught the good left eddy halfway down, but still flipped and swam at the exact same spot as yesterday, on the left corner of the good wave at bottom McCoys. Jeez and I am to lead this group?

While in the midway left eddy I saw a blue boat and helmet just under water coming down the center. At first I thought it was an extra LOOONG mystery move from Jimmy's group above. It was a petite young woman in distress, her life jacket not big enough to hold her up. Keith and I used a couple of cycles of the eddy to push her and her equipment to shore. Yes, I had to peel her out into the main current at the top of the eddy in order to get close enough to shore on the bottom end of the cycle. It was a BIG and DEEP recirculating eddy for a swimmer. She spent her time cursing Sadler's, saying "I surf it all the time, It never kept me before, #\$\$%&X." "Are you alone?" I asked. "Just waiting for friends."

That afternoon enroute to the Gatineau we had ice cream at the Chenaux Road/Storyland Road crossing. Reaching next day's takeout, the Bonnet Rouge ladies offered us the pick of the campground. We chose a shaded spot in a large meadow near the river. We soon lost interest in traveling to dinner, instead eating at the picnic table. This place is beautiful. Tom McEwan and his juniors rolled in at

some point in the evening. For the first time we really noticed the night sky. Bonnet Rouge was not even remotely crowded.

### August 6, Monday

We accepted the Bonnet Rouge ladies' invitation to their big deal breakfast. It is classic bacon, eggs, sausage, toast, coffee, juice and home fries at a bargain price. Of course it took until 11 to finish the morning drill and get on the way. I warned the group that there would be little of this morning dawdling. But the breakfast was worth it. It gave us a chat with Tom McEwan who said we could probably do the Gens de Terre safely with carries, the encouragement I was looking for. Water fill-up was from their hand-pump near the river. Some thought the water likely to be unsafe but it did not get to me.

Today's run was at a medium level on the Gatineau festival section, from Camping 193 Chemin Godin to Bonnet Rouge. I convinced Leo to stay for the run, but he was headed later for the bus station and home. We all found the class 4 Gatineau huge fun and beautiful. Tom and his juniors carried back to re-run Lucifer many times.

Doug Poulter and another guy from Ottawa joined us for the run. Because of a mix up on where to stop at lunch we did not see them much on the river. Also, I had failed to call Doug and synch-up at the start of the trip because of all the calls I made switching camp from Cedar Haven to River Run.. I ran out of calling card minutes and I forgot.

(To be continued in the November *Voyageur*.)



Mike Gilchrist (left) and Cahil Converse (right) on the Gatineau River, August 6th.

### CORRECTION

In the lower right photo on page 3 of the July *Voyageur*, it is Kay Fulcomer who is pictured, not Kit Farwell. (The editor received bad information, but at least the initials were correct.)

## UPCOMING TRIPS

Date	Trip	Level	Coordinator	Phone	Email
Sept. 8-9	Upper/Lower Gauley	A	Court Ogilvie	703-528-5185	courtogilvie@yahoo.com
Sept. 9	Savage release	I/A	See msg. board		
Sept. 15-16	Lower Gauley/ Dealer's Choice	A	Mike Gilchrist	703-931-2430	mgilchri@leo.gov
Sept. 15	Lower Yough	I	Jennifer Plyler	301-445-4815*	pls98@verizon.net
Sept. 29-30	Lower Yough	I	Pete Dragon	703-255-3447	Dragon.va@att.net
October TBD	Russell Fork (class 3 section)	I	Beth Koller	240-506-0417	ekoller2@earthlink.net
October 6-9	Eastern Shore	N	Ed Evangelidi	304-262-8924	edevange@localnet.com
Oct. 22-26	Fall Color Day Trips	N/I	Ron Knipling	703-533-2895	rknipling@aol.com
October 27	Nantahala	LI-	Jennifer Plyler	301-445-4815*	pls98@verizon.net
Nov. 3-4	Tohickon	I	Court Caldwell	703-802-0155	Courtney.caldwell@lfg.com
Nov. 9-12	NJ Pine Barrens	N	Ed Evangelidi	304-262-8924	edevange@localnet.com

### Notes:

\*please call before 8 PM

1 Difficulty Level: Novice (N), Practiced Novice (PN), Lower Intermediate (LI), Intermediate (I), Advanced (A)

2 For all Yough trips, please contact the trip leader no later than Wednesday preceding the scheduled weekend trip. This should allow sufficient time to reserve boat permits.

## 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, November TBD, 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.

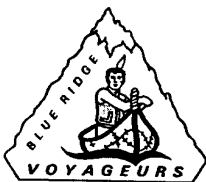
**2007 Board of Directors:** Gus Anderson, Bill Collier, Ed Grove, Ron Knipling, Rick Koller, Wes Mills

### ***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](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

### ***In this issue...***

- Trip reports:  
Selway River, Idaho (p. 1)  
Canada rivers (p. 1)

**Deadline for November *Voyageur*:**  
Friday, November 2

**NEXT MEETING**  
**Wednesday, September 12th**