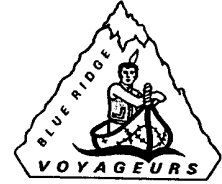


THE VOYAGEUR



www.BlueRidgeVoyageurs.org

Autumn 2015

THE PRESIDENT'S PUT-IN

The summer moonlight picnic was an excellent event again this year, the weather was perfect with a good turnout of members. Many thanks to Mark and Ginny who managed the organization and details of the gathering and everyone else who helped out with transporting the food and drink across the river.

The next meeting is on Sept. 23 at the Pimmit Hills Library. So far I have no program but I'm sure something will be discovered along the way and we will have enjoyable boater stories of the past summer's adventures. Also, perhaps an enterprising retiree would offer to take the reins of power from the current executive. See you at the meeting, beer and pizza to follow as usual.

Rick

BRV Reunion on Stonycreek River

by Mike Martin

It had become a dry July and the BRV email chain had been quiet for some time when long-time BRVers Sandy and Tom Snyder let it be known they'd be up this way from their home in eastern TN with boats racked and ready to paddle whatever was running in WV or PA. Showing that great minds think alike, fellow BRV expatriates Scott and Denise Gravatt responded right away that they'd be down from their place in CT looking to do the same, so I knew a club trip would come together. A few days later BRV President-For Life



Rick Koller called about a gathering July 26 for Stonycreek, PA, which was having a dam release. (Rick confessed he hadn't been in his boat since March and deserved to be impeached. Good luck with that, I responded: It'd take more than a few high crimes and misdemeanors.)
(Continued on p. 10)

At a break for some lunch and tale telling (front, l-r) Bob's friend John, Ernie Katz, Mike Martin, Scott Gravatt, Tom Snyder, Sandy Snyder; (middle, l-r) Daryl Martin, Bob Maxey, Rick "Rock" Koller, and Denise Gravatt; (rear) Courtney Caldwell.

North through Alaska: Canoeing the Muddy, Kantishna, and Tanana Rivers

by Alan Dickerson

On July 7, I flew to Fairbanks, AK to meet my good friend Sam Bishop for a 280-mile canoe trip from Lake Minchumina (Lat 63.88244, Long -152.33662), which abuts Denali National Park and Preserve about 70 miles NNW from the summit of Mt. McKinley. The plan was to paddle from Lake Minchumina, north on Muddy River (approx. 50 miles), north on the Kantishna River (approx. 200 miles), and then north on the Tanana River (approx. 30 miles) to take out at the boat ramp at Manley Hot Springs (Lat 64.95722, Long -150.45041) 14 days later.

Sam is a native of Alaska who I got to know during his days from 2000 to 2008 in Arlington as a Washington correspondent for the Fairfax News Miner. Many BRV'ers and MCC'ers will remember Sam from his many day trips and campers with us during those years. Sam is very familiar with the area and the rivers we were to paddle, having spent part of his youth with his family in a cabin on Lake Minchumina, canoeing, hunting, and running trap lines. Many of the people we met at the Lake and on the way have known Sam and his family for many years.

Sam, his daughter Nell, and I flew by bush plane from Fairbanks to Lake Minchumina on July 9, collected his solo Wenonah Argosy which he had shipped ahead, spent some time catching up with the local residents, sorting and packing gear, and cleaning up a classic 16-foot Old Town Tripper. We spent the night in his parent's cabin

(approx. 12-by-12) and launched first thing the following morning.

Alaska was in the thick of its second-worst fire season on record, so as we crossed Lake Minchumina, there was a beautiful blue sky overhead, clear glassy water below, and a ring of towering pillars of pyrocumululus clouds all around, one of which marked the direction we were heading. The Muddy is the outlet for Lake Minchumina.

While most of the lake is crystal clear, the east end is fed by the Foraker River which dumps its load of gray silt brought down from the Heron, Foraker, and Straightaway glaciers in Denali into the lake and Muddy River, making the Muddy a soupy cauldron of thick clouds of gray silt which has to be boiled (many beaver on the Muddy) and settled to be usable. Even with this treatment it makes for a gritty breakfast mush and a very effective tooth polish. The Muddy is generally not much wider than Antietam Creek but carries much more water on a very brisk current. Its 50-mile channel of continuous loops and turns require constant navigation of swirls, reaction currents, eddy seams and "minding the helm". We camped on favorable sand bars that form on the inside bends of each turn where the mosquitoes were more content to remain in the abutting alder thickets rather than around our heads. One of the fires was burning somewhere in the "flats" that the Muddy courses around, and on one evening we had paddled into a slough and found a nice camp site. As soon as we got unloaded, a thick fog of smoke

rolled in. Given the change in wind direction that brought the smoke our way, we decided to respect the counsels of prudence and high-tail it out of there for a safer site in case the fire line decided to come our way. Fortunately, that was our only brush with the fires and a couple of days later the smoke dissipated or changed direction away from us for good. The Muddy had lots of ducks and geese with their young broods. The adults were molting and the young were mostly not yet able to fly so we had continuous entertainment watching them run on the water ahead of us and try to take cover in the shore brush or hunker down until we passed. Again, there were many beaver and beaver lodges on the Muddy and it obviously had not been trapped for some time. We also spotted a lynx swimming across the river and several eagles and owls, but no large mammals on the Muddy.

The Kantishna begins immediately downstream of the confluence of the Muddy River and Birch Creek at the confluence with the McKinley River. Consequently, the Kantishna is much larger than the Muddy, bringing its own load of silt from the Peters and Muldrow glaciers in Denali and a faster current. The only "whitewater" on this trip was at this confluence and it was a tricky task to watch for the right boil with a seam going in the right direction to catch the ride out to the faster Kantishna. Once there, however, the river presented a beautiful tableau of wide banks, shallow channels, and sandy is-

lands headed by massive log jams. The Kantishna is the river that gave its name to the mining district of interior Alaska that stretches from the Tanana River to the north slopes of Denali, and to the 1905 gold stampede that made the river a highway to the diggings. We stopped and inspected the remains of the old community of “Roosevelt” that was established in 1905 at the highest point on the river navigable by steamboats during the stampede. The remains of the community are several birch cabins and other out-structures that have since been used as cabins for hunters and trappers. The roofs are intact but sagging and the structures themselves are slowly sinking into the permafrost.

We saw very few beaver compared to the Muddy. We continued to see lots of water fowl and seagulls, including one very perturbed Mew Gull that conducted high altitude bombing passes on us followed by a half dozen low-level, head-on, very disconcerting strafing runs. We finally saw that we had inadvertently paddled between and separated her two chicks swimming down river for safety. We saw moose on four occasions on the Kantishna, including one cow with two calves which had gotten distracted by the flurry of geese we sent scrambling downstream — distracted enough that she paused at the thicket wall long enough for some very good photographs; another as we passed a turn in the river and caught a cow and a calf swimming across the river ahead of us, which then gave them practice conducting a 180-turn in midstream and high-tailing it back to shore.

We also got to spend some quality time with two of the four other human beings we saw on the entire trip: Jim Smith and Mike Turner, both subsistence residents living in cabins built by themselves and living off hunting and trapping and any other means of income they could find. Jim and Mike are long acquaintances with Sam and his family and were very welcoming to us. Jim’s cabin was 16-by-16 and his compound of outbuildings was surrounded by an electronic bear fence. He was accompanied by his part-Pomeranian “bear dog” who, by the way, is very jealous of his owner’s attentions. He had many stories to tell of his encounters with bears, wolves, and an unsympathetic Fairbanks law enforcement officer during his last visit to Fairbanks, who discovered during a routine traffic stop his unregistered pickup (without insurance), his long list of “priors”, and his many outstanding failure-to-appear warrants. Hardship, it appears, has made him the hermit that he is. We found Mike at his cabin the next day and he was quite a contrast to Jim the day before. Mike’s wife, Fran, was in Fairbanks on their annual shopping run so Mike was by himself with his two dogs. They used to run dogs in the winter on their trap lines and I counted 16 dog houses on their property but they now use snow machines and their dogs have been reduced to two, brother and sister. Much to brother’s dismay, sister was in heat and wouldn’t let brother anywhere near her, or anything near her — such as the food and water bowls, so our visit was punctuated by constant moping, snarling, and snapping. Mike and Fran have, literally, built a compound with a num-

ber of sheds, workshops, root cellars, and other out-buildings. They are both very good craftsmen and the spruce cabin is much larger than any we saw on the trip, in fact it looks more like a lodge than a cabin. They built a large hot house for vegetables and there were many raised vegetable beds wherever they could be placed for maximum sunlight. They grow and dry everything for eating over the long winter. Mike also supplements his income with outside carpentry work and builds fish wheels on the side, one of which was tied up along the bank. We had dinner with Mike, camped in his front yard, shared breakfast with him in the morning, and then were seen off as we pushed back out into the river.

As soon as we rounded the first bend below Mike’s place the towering Denali (Mt. McKinley) came into view, dominating the horizon to our south. Because of the smoke haze in the first days, the restricted view from the narrow Muddy River, overcast rain days, and other obstructions, this was the first time we were able to see it. Jaw-dropping. Just flat out jaw-dropping as it loomed over the entire landscape draped in its sublime white folds of snow, glacier, and cloud.

We entered the Tanana River with just about 30 miles left in our trip. The Tanana is one of the wide, navigable rivers of the Alaska interior that runs for 584 miles from eastern Alaska to the Yukon and is one of the main supply routes for communities and cities along its course. The current picked up once

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North Branch Casselman River, Dung Hill Rd. to MD Rte. 495 Grantsville Gauge 3.05 feet by Bob Maxey

Our group stayed at Randy McQueen's church/house at the intersection of PA Rte. 281 and U.S. Rt.40 near Ohiopyle, PA. Heavy rains on Saturday afternoon and evening made it possible to paddle a number of Potomac and Cheat watershed streams. We chose a 6-mile section of the North Branch Casselman River from Dung Hill Rd. to MD Rte. 495. This looked like a quick run on a river rated Class 1 to 3+. The three culverts under Dung Hill Road at the put-in were half full of fast flowing tea-colored water. We should have realized from this and the very narrow stream width that we were in for an interesting day. As we were getting our boats ready at the put-in I asked Cheryl Woehr why she was packing a lunch. After all, we should be done with this river in two hours? Her look convinced me that I should bring at

least some lunch.

There were eight of us, split into two groups of four, so that we did not get bunched up at obstacles, including fallen trees and barbed-wire fences. The first section of the river was in open country with bushes along each side of the river making a river exit in case of a spill nearly impossible. We were able to negotiate the first half mile of the run without too much difficulty, although we did have to crash through several bush snaggles. There were no rapids in this section or the first part of forested section. There were two barbed-wire fences; the first one was at water level and the second passable when I lifted the upper strand for the other paddlers to pass through.

Soon enough we encountered our first rapids, which quickly rose to

Class 3 difficulty. For the next two miles we paddled many continuous rapids of as much as 75 yards in length. Some of the rapids strung together into runs of a quarter mile. There were sufficient small eddies for our two groups to wait for the remaining paddlers before continuing. If the paddler needs to bail out from the trip, a take-out is possible at the Durst Road Bridge. At this point the valley opened up, leading me to the false conclusion that the trip was nearly over and that there would be few rapids for the rest of the trip. Wrong! We entered a section of Class 3+ rapids. Many of these rapids were continuous. None of the rapids that we paddled had dangerous trees in them, but there were at least two mandatory carries, the first of which was a quarter mile in length and contained several downed trees. For the entire trip I counted six trees that we paddled over, but there could have been more since I lost an accurate count. The water was so high at the 3.05 ft. gauge reading that the river flowed very fast.

Splitting the group into two groups of four paddlers made a lot of sense. There were several points where the groups merged, mostly to make certain that everyone made the runs safely. There was one spill at a barbed wire fence, one pinning on a rock/tree combination, one broach on a tree and at least two rolls. The river was a fun run at the 3.05

(Continued on page 11)



Livin' the Dream by Scott Gravatt

Most of you know that Denise and I have been satellite BRV'ers, after leaving the DC area and moving to Connecticut in 2002. Since our move north, we have planned and dreamed of retiring, and finally pulled the trigger in 2014. In March of this year, we went to the southwestern corner of Arizona and picked up our new, 26 ft. long travel trailer. Since then, we have been wandering around the western U.S., seeing the sights and doing a little boating along the way!

Our general mode has been to work our way to a tourist destination, like Sequoia and Yosemite National Parks. During the route planning stage, we look for rivers along the way, and then look at the AW website to see if there might be a whitewater section we can paddle. We have had the good fortune to find campgrounds near the rivers, several of which were actu-



Scott on the Kern River

ally right on the whitewater sections that we ran.

Our first whitewater this year was in early May, a couple of hundred miles northeast of LA. After a long

day of pulling our trailer along narrow, windy roads, we pulled into the town of Kernville, CA, which boasted a whitewater park on the Kern River. Actually, it was a small-town riverside park that happen to have some Class I/II water, at least at the present low level. Maybe it's more of a whitewater park when the river is running higher. But still, the indication to us was that this was possibly a runnable whitewater river, and we were excited about doing some paddling!

We did not see any other boater types in the area, and we were pretty apprehensive about jumping onto an unknown river. Scouting the river was a must, and luckily the road ran next to the river for many miles. We scouted thoroughly and also checked to see what AW had to say. The river

(Continued on page 6)



Denise poses as we paddle by our campground on the Kern River in California.

DREAM (Continued from page 5) was much too low for rafts, which seemed to take it off the radar for California boaters. But Denise and I figured there was plenty of water for our little hard boats, and the rapids all looked like stuff we could handle. The next day we ran a few miles of the river and it was great! There was a little rock-bouncing and scraping, but in general there was plenty of water for a very exciting run! During our stay in Kernville, we ran two different sections of the river, and on other days we drove up into the Sequoia National Park to see the Giant Sequoia trees, which was a truly awesome experience.



Welcome to California! Scott enters a rapid, while surfers wait for their turn on the wave.

From Kernville, our travels took us northward, along the western front of the Sierra Nevada mountain range. After the Kern River, we ran the Kaweah River at a town called Three Rivers, CA; then the Merced River near Yosemite National Park; and next the South Fork of the American River near

Coloma, CA. All totaled, we had logged 11 days of whitewater before we left California.

Our typical routine is to road-scout the river first, either by car or (more preferably) by bicycle. Our

shuttle method has been: drive to the put-in and drop the boats; drive to the take-out and park our Chevy van; pull our bikes out of the van and pedal back to the put-in; lock up the bikes, and paddle down the river to our van. Our runs have been 2 to 10 miles long, and the runs have been quite exciting, mostly Class II to Class III+. We had dreamed of travelling around, running different rivers, but to actually have it become a reality is beyond belief!

Back in February Denise and I made a commitment to take two granddaughters for a week, which was coming up in early August, so in late June we started heading back toward the east coast. Then came an email from Lee Belknap (avid boater from Asheville, NC, whom many of you know). Lee was on a western U.S. vacation and wondered if we would be able to meet up to run a river. We looked



Scott paddling a kayak (say it ain't so!) on the Merced River

at maps and a calendar, and figured yes, we could fit a few days of paddling into our trip eastward!

An exchange of emails and phone calls with Lee, and the next thing you know we were making a slight detour (several hundred miles), and meeting Lee in Alpine, in western Wyoming, where the Greys River meets the Snake River. Lee had run the rivers in this area in previous years, so we not only had someone to shuttle with, we also had a guide! Three wonderful days of river running in an extremely beautiful part of the country... Wow!

Unfortunately, Lee had to bee-line home to go back to work. (I remember those days, and I much prefer living in a box on wheels!) Denise and I hooked up the trailer and headed east, over the Continental Divide. Next stop, the town of Dubois, WY (pronounced 'Doo-boys' by the locals). One of the



Denise, our mobile condo, and boats!

reasons we chose this as our destination was because it was next to the Wind River, and had a Class II/III section listed on the AW site.

We liked this town! Dubois is a small town (no stoplights, even though it is on a main east-west

State road), but it was still pretty lively. We pulled in on Friday of the Fourth of July weekend, and once again, our campground fronted on the river. We had seen the river from the road during our drive, and it looked like it had potential. At the campground, Denise and I walked over to the edge of the river and saw it had plenty of current and water (~1300 cfs). I checked the AW page, and lo and behold, the river description was written by Dave Garrity! How is it that I am over sixty, I am thousands of miles and years away from DC (and Mexico), and yet I'm still getting advice from Dave Garrity? There is no escape!

By now it was late afternoon, and we had just had a long day of packing up and driving a couple hundred miles, but there was still plenty of daylight left. Denise wanted to ride our bikes around the town and check things out, but once we were out of the camp-

(Continued on page 8)



Denise on one of the many fun sections of the Greys River, a few miles upstream of its confluence with the Snake River, in WY.

DREAM (Continued from page 7)
ground, I talked Denise into riding our bikes on the road along the river to get a better look. After several “Let’s go just a little farther to see what’s around the next bend”, we realized we were 9 miles from the campground. No big deal, we still have plenty of daylight. However, the Wind River lived up to its name, and we found ourselves pedaling back into what felt like a gale force wind. We were bent over our handlebars and struggling with each pedal rotation to move forward. Add to that the fact that it was all uphill, and for the next 1 ½ hours, we were not ‘happy campers’!

The next morning it was Saturday, the Fourth of July, and it was a beautiful day! We had pretty much recovered from the previous evening’s bike ride, and decided to run the river. The road we had scouted from did not exactly follow the river, so we were trusting Dave Garrity’s notes that the river did not exceed Class III. (Trusting Dave?

What was I thinking?)

We drove to the take-out that we had scouted the previous day. Then we biked the 9 miles back to our

campsite, with somewhat less wind this time. By now it was 2:30 in the afternoon, and we still had about 10 miles of river to paddle, so we reluctantly skipped the classic small town 4th of July parade that was just about to start.

We put our boating gear on at our campsite, and dragged our boats over to the river. The first half of the river was mostly a float trip,

the intensity picked up and there were several long stretches of super-fun Class III water! The best rapids were primarily boulder gardens with plenty of rocks to maneuver around, waves to bob over, and lots of eddies to catch. There was nothing scary. Denise and I thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and we were plenty tired when we reached the take-out at about 6:00 p.m. Once again we had been very lucky to catch a river at a low, but still runnable volume, and a difficulty level that we were willing to paddle by ourselves. If the river had another 1000 cfs, I would be telling you about the 4th of July parade instead of the river! We even got back to the campsite in time to experience the town fireworks which FAR exceeded expectations. But that is another story...

Many thanks to American Whitewater and also to Dave Garrity. Without the online river description, we would not have put on the river, and we would have missed a great day of paddling. Instead, we celebrated the 4th of July in style!



A scenery shot of the Snake River (Alpine Canyon Section)



Denise on the Wind River, in Wyoming

Class I to Class II. But there was no flat water, and the current was moving at a pretty good pace. About half-way along,

BRV MOONLIGHT PICNIC 2015

photos by Mark Wray



ALASKA (Continued from page 3)

again, helping us along our way, but the riverbed is dominated by numerous shallow islands and sandbars, many just barely submerged. So we had to be alert to changes in the surface indicating the locations of shallow water so we could scout passable channels or make sometimes frantic course corrections. Sam's brother has a cabin a few miles below the confluence, so we decided to take a layover day and enjoyed a solid roof, solid floor, gas cooking, comfortable chairs, and a deck to dry out our tents and other wet gear. On our next to last day, after leaving the comforts of the cabin, we passed several eagle nests and saw our one and only bear, a black bear rustling around in the bushes along the shore who made a hasty retreat when it spotted us. On the last day, as we approached Manley, we passed a well-used fishing camp and a high bluff with numerous steel cables in place to support fish wheels. Sam commented on what appears to be a cultural shift that he observed on this trip: the absence of people fishing and operating fish wheels along the rivers even though this was the time of the chum run. In the past there would have been a number of these in operation and a number of people net fishing, but we saw none. He also observed that there are very few trappers running lines during the winter. The lack of trapping he attributed in part to the low price for furs, but the lack of fishing he could only lay to declining interest in even this subsistence activity of Alaska's past. In fact, we only saw four people and two boats during our entire trip after leaving Minchumina (a plus in my mind). But, I would add, we also saw only two or three Private Property signs which, to me, was a welcome relief from the litter of No Trespassing signs and Private Property signs stapled to every tree along our local rivers.

We pulled up to the Manley Hot Springs boat ramp in the early afternoon of the 14th day and roused our napping shuttle driver who had driven up from Fairbanks in the morning. We soon had our boats and gear loaded into the back of his truck and set out for the 4-plus hour drive back to Fairbanks over a route of paved roads, semi-paved roads, gravel roads, and major road development through beautiful mature spruce forests and vistas of distant mountain ranges to our north.

STONYCREEK (Continued from page 1)

On a perfect summer day we put in at the ballfield in Hollsopple and took our time running down to the Carpenter's Park take-out. Everyone who ran Showers rapid aced it; a few of us exercised discretion over valor to prevent carnage and bruises while bumping through the rocky runout.

It was a pleasure for me to finally get a chance to paddle with the Snyders and Gravatts, as well as meet BRV draftees John and Constantine.



John in Showers rapid

CASSELMAN (Continued from page 4)
ft. level and not too intimidating. This was the first time for some of our group to paddle a fast, small Class 3 river, but a good introduction to creeking.

Our group consisted of me, Cheryl Woehr, John Corona and Constantin Vasilyev in the first four. Wes Mills, Pat Clerkin, Liliya Dvornichenko and Paul Englehart were in the second four. It took us 5 hours to complete this run; we were held up by the two portages. Bringing lunch, which was eaten quickly on a portage, was a good idea since I needed more energy for this difficult river. Upon arriving home, I had little difficulty falling asleep and I woke up with sore arms. The run at this level was fun and I would do it again, even with the numerous trees that we had to walk around.



SAVE THE DATE: 2015 BRV Holiday Party

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

DATE: **Saturday, December 12, 2015**

TIME: 5:30-10 PM

COST: \$15

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

A-G: salads, uncooked veggies, fruit dish

H-N: desserts, snacks

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

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

RSVP to Mark Wray; look for email reminders as the date approaches.

ROSTER UPDATES

Ann Hitchcock
4747 Upton St., NW
Washington, DC 20016-2369
202-244-1234
Ann_hitchcock@nps.gov

David Kogut
614 N. 12th St.
Arlington, VA 22205
703-532-0550
703-772-6726
David.kogut@verizon.net

David Tillery
4762 Arlington Blvd.
Arlington, VA 22204
540-230-2798
dtillery@vt.edu

About the Blue Ridge Voyageurs (BRV)

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

Meetings: BRV will hold meetings from 7-9 pm on dates to be scheduled in the following months: January, March, May, September and November. Meetings are followed by beer and pizza at a nearby pub. Location: Tysons-Pimmit Regional Library on Leesburg Pike (Rt. 7) in Falls Church, VA. The library is on the east side of Rt. 7 about 0.6 miles south of I-495. Or, from I-66, take the Rt. 7 West exit and go about 0.6 miles west on Rt. 7. It's on the right. In addition to the regular meetings, there is a club Moonlight Picnic on August 1st and a Holiday Party in early December (12/12/15).

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

2015 BRV Officers: Rick Koller, President; Mark Wray, VP; Bob Maxey, Trip Coordinator; Clark Childers, Treasurer; Frank Fico, Newsletter Editor; Kathleen Sengstock, Conservation.

2015 Board of Directors: Ginny DeSeau, Ron Knipling, Wes Mills

The Voyageur: Newsletter of the Blue Ridge Voyageurs

The Voyageur publishes information on club events, conservation and safety news, the club trip schedule, and other news of interest to BRV'ers. Publishing **trip reports** is a particularly important newsletter function. Trip Coordinators are requested to write up all club trips - particularly trips to unusual or especially interesting rivers. Trip reports and other articles are accepted in any form, though via electronic mail is preferred; send to fico1@netzero.net. For trip reports, try to include the following information (if applicable): names of participants, relevant NWS gauge readings of nearby rivers, description of the water level on the river (e.g., minimum, moderate, maximum, or number of inches above or below "zero"), weather conditions, hazards, difficult rapids, info on put-ins or takeouts, distinctive scenery, and overall difficulty in relation to rivers well known to BRV'ers. New information about the river (e.g., new hazards) is particularly important. **Photos** are also published — e-mail digital photos to the newsletter editor. Address changes: contact Frank Fico, 1609 Autumnwood Dr., Reston, VA 20194-1523, (703) 318-7998, fico1@netzero.net. The annual roster will be kept current via updates published in each issue of *The Voyageur*.

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



The Voyageur

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

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- Moonlight Picnic photos (p. 9)

Deadline for Winter *Voyageur*:

Friday, December 4th