



# **PADDLE SPLASHES**

NEWSLETTER OF THE NY-NORTH NEW JERSEY AMC CHAPTER – CANOE & KAYAK COMMITTEE

Fall into Winter 2011

## **Journey Down the Hudson, September 2011**

**By: Skip Doyle**

*I witness the atrocity of September 11, 2001 from atop the bell tower of Riverside Church in Manhattan. As I see the remaining twin tower burn torch-like, I think of the brave souls rushing into the skyscraper as thousands of people are doing their best to pour out. Feeling voyeuristic, I gaze merely a sole minute, before I join the throngs in the streets evacuating the City of New York. Where to next? Up the Hudson River to Graymoor to overlook the city from that holy mount; over to West Point, the source of our Army's military might; and finally down to the River itself whose waters ever offer solace.*



Each September 11 since, I have taken the day off to be in some far-off place, not in fear or escape, but in remembrance and reverence. The first year, the deep, dark caverns of Cobleskill; the next year, the post-summer beaches of Fire Island; now a decade later, taking an entire week to kayak down the Hudson River from Albany to New York City to be on the very waters of the river itself on the anniversary of that fateful day.

### **Day 0: Saturday, September 10 – Albany**

In order to be on the river throughout the day on September 11, this was my travel day to reach Albany with my kayak – a 17 foot P&H Quest – atop my car, along with gear and food to begin at 4 p.m. Alas, with my boat at the bottom of the Albany boat ramp ready to go, I was dismayed to discover I had overlooked packing my lightweight paddle – Werner Shuna (210 cm, 27 oz., 46x18 cm high angle blade). The choice: commence my journey with my heavy emergency paddle or return home to fetch the trekking paddle and return the next day. I chose the latter knowing it would cost me a day on the river and the realization that whatever trip I would have had starting on Saturday night, will now be a totally different set of circumstances and experiences as I begin the next day instead. Perhaps I was being saved from hardship or even death itself... perhaps it would be no better nor worse – simply different. (Continued on Page 11)...

## **Hands Across the Water!**

By Jeff Gregg

Paddling with the AMC, I've known some wonderful "hands across the water." Here are just a few that I remember fondly:

- There was the warm handshake of a new friend, met on an AMC day paddle, someone who spotted that neat new bird I never saw before, or who shared some new and useful bit of paddle lore.
- There was also that very welcome hand to help with that long climb up from the seat of my touring kayak to standing on two feet, on shore, a climb that seemed to get a little longer each year.
- I will always remember that very welcome hand fishing me out of the Lehigh, after an unplanned swim during my first White Water Kayak Instructional – Thanks Butch! – as well as the many hands that helped me learn to roll.

### **25 Years of Mosquito-Free Mullica**

Congratulations to all the good souls who have braved the snow, sleet, and crispy blue skies, to witness the sheer beauty and pristine solitude of the mighty Mullica River over the past 25 years. Now, to all those who have yet to make the trek, isn't it about time? For a small fee, you can join the paddle and be a part of history as our fearless quiet water coordinator, Jeff Gregg, leads this annual celebration. Register by January 18, 2012

<http://activities.outdoors.org/search/index.cfm/action/details/id/57633>.

- There were many appreciative handshakes to thank the excellent instructors when I took the Basic Canoe Instructional – Thanks Henry, Lenny and Don! – as well as the Solo White Water Canoe Instructional – Thanks Chris, Charles and Don!

Looking over this list, I see that these fond memories often involved trying something new and the AMC offers so many great opportunities to try something new: a new paddle friend, a new location to paddle, learning to paddle a new type of boat, learning to paddle a new type of water – such as white water or tidal water, learning to be a trip leader or maybe even winter camping out of your boat – check out the Annual Mullica Expedition in January. Wishing you many happy “hands across the water”!

## **46 Paddlers, Plus 1 Invited Guest named Irene**

The Perils of Trip Leading, Carin Tinney

I think it's safe to say that every leader has experienced the trying days before a trip when the forecast is anything but conclusive. Do I run the trip? Do I cancel? If I cancel, how many paddlers will I let down? If I lead it, how many will still come? What about the food, the gear, the reservations? The experience is similar to that of an eight-year-old's first Tea Cup ride at Disneyworld - wildly exciting, but promisingly nauseating.

In hindsight, Irene was a Category 1 Hurricane. So many factors were involved the days leading up to the trip. The weather forecast for the weekend up in the Berkshires was going to be beautiful; there was a significant chance that the storm would head east and simply braise the area; the reservations at the campsite were made almost a year in advance; some food was purchased; river leaders and plans were set; and 46 participants had the trip on their calendar (including a handful of folks new to paddling with the AMC). Moreover, as is experienced nearly every late-August for years past, river trips are few and far between as water levels drop and releases are seldom. As an instructor in the two whitewater classes that Spring, I felt a duty to lead the trip and introduce our beloved Deerfield to the club's newbies. And the kicker, the decision had to be made Wednesday night as I was heading up to Massachusetts early Thursday morning to finish the shopping (we were going full steam with gourmet breakfasts and 3-course dinners) and scout an area for roll practice.

After consulting with many folks on both sides of the fence, river leaders, a bazillion weather websites- the trip was on. It looked good on Thursday. Then Friday rolled around and some new info on the storm's path and scale was released. It stilled seemed reasonable to run the trip, especially since the sun was beaming and the river sparkling. Folks were arriving. Early Friday afternoon (after a bootleg Dryway and follow up Fife run) two events happened that changed the course of the trip: 1) the storm's path became known- it was headed straight for NYC as a Category 1 Hurricane and then straight up towards the Berkshires and 2) the campground was evicting us Saturday morning. At that point, I cancelled the trip and for those up there already I tried to make a Saturday run happen- but two more events got in the way. The dams were dumping water at unpredictable levels to accommodate the imminent storm's surge of water; and 2) the area I live was being evacuated for being a lame duck in a low lying area sandwiched between a bay and the Atlantic Ocean. It got personal.



I felt awful. But this is the AMC. We are a **community**- defined by our understanding and support of one another. Within a week, over a dozen people emailed to say thank you for trying and that they appreciated the effort and communication. A few were disappointed and even fewer had the 'I told you so' giggle in their notes to me.

I ask myself, would I do anything different? And the honest answer is, given the same circumstances, no. I would however take a Category 1 Hurricane a bit more seriously (hey what can I say, on a scale of 1-4, 1 didn't seem so bad). As a leader for the AMC, I want to do my best and do my best to make things work. I love leading trips, despite the extra expense of having to keep Tums on hand at all times. If there were no trip leaders, there would be no club. If you are interested in becoming a Trip Leader for the CKC, feel free to contact the Chair at [CanoeKayak@amc-ny.org](mailto:CanoeKayak@amc-ny.org) . The CKC expects to conduct a leader-training in the Spring 2012.

## Pool Sessions 2012

Come join us for some splish-splash in the middle of winter! For some, these sessions are an opportunity to learn the kayak roll, for others it's a last ditch effort to keep their roll while the rivers are frozen! The best part: we provide all the equipment, no need to tote your boat in the dead of winter. No experience necessary, we welcome complete beginners and will have instructors on hand to teach rolls, braces, wet exits, and strokes. Because of the size of the pool and the high demand- a lottery is held each week. Sign up for each session separately on the Thursday prior to the session (six days in advance). The cost is \$10/session. For more information contact Ara Jingirian at: [poolsessionsleader@amc-ny.org](mailto:poolsessionsleader@amc-ny.org). The dates are as follows:

1. February 1, 2012
2. February 8, 2012
3. February 15, 2012
4. February 22, 2012
5. February 29, 2012
6. March 3, 2012
7. March 28, 2012

Photo by Olly Gotel  
The Rt. 8 Bridge in  
Charlemont, Massachusetts

### For Sale or Wanted

Wanted - old Mad River Explorer, Old Town Tripper, or similar; a stable all-around 16-17 ft. ABS tandem boat.

Rudi Markl  
[rmarkl@optonline.net](mailto:rmarkl@optonline.net)

### Interested in Leading Trips?

If you want to become a trip leader, please contact Carin Tinney at [goverdigo@aol.com](mailto:goverdigo@aol.com)

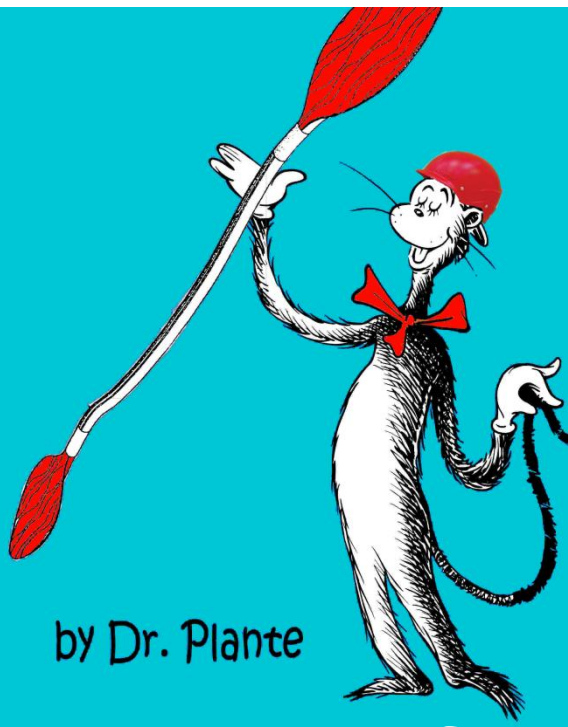
Leadership Training will be held in the Spring!

# Waters of New Jersey

Rivers, lakes and reservoirs of New Jersey

p n a c d k e n a n y b g a d  
c a l r r e l l i v s k n o m  
a v s a f c h o p a t c o n g  
u e h n o o c c a r l o c s r  
n s m b y h r n u a a n t r a  
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o i l q m a d o i r e r w e t  
q m e n e g l p e n y e r d s  
b p o m p t o n o t r r r o i

Delaware	Pequest	Musconetcong
Raccoon	Saddle	Pompton
Pequannock	Rockaway	Cranbury
Cherry	Navesink	Shark
Shrewsbury	Forked	Shark
Monksville	Hopatcong	Round Valley
Riodam	Lamington	Mullica



by Dr. Plante

One Boat  
Two Boat  
Red Boat  
Blue Boat

I own 23 boats, yes I do  
Some are green and some are blue  
A white sea kayak, it's really true,  
But my favorite is a red canoe.

On rivers and oceans and even big lakes  
I paddle all day until my back aches  
I love my boats, I love them a lot,  
Without my boats, I would be so distraught.

But where will I keep them, where will they go?  
Twenty-three boats is a lot to stow  
I've got some in the kitchen, stacked in a row  
And some in the basement, down below.

Finding room for my boats is very hard  
My neighbors complain of the ones in my yard  
They say that their views are being marred  
So from this neighborhood I'll soon be barred.

My home is in such disarray  
My friends are all gone, my wife ran away  
They all say I'm crazy, in a big way  
With 23 boats, something's gotta give way.

I know what to do, should have thought of it before  
Twenty-three boats will cause trouble no more  
I'll get a four-car garage with a one bedroom house  
And then I'll start looking for a new spouse.

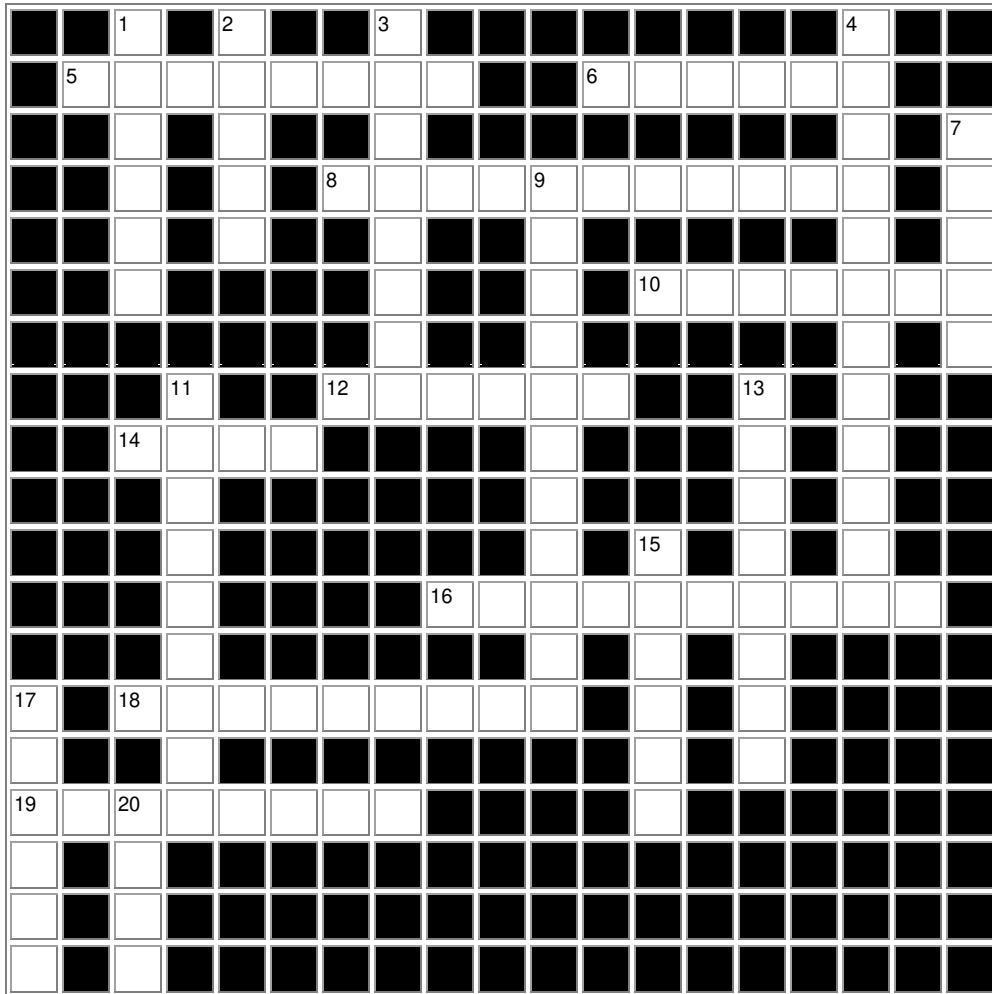
## Did you know?

We rent Club equipment for bootleg trips (non-AMC trips). Ever want to demo a Diesel or Mamba? We got a few you can try. Do you have an out-of-town paddling friend who needs to borrow a boat? For more information please contact the CKC Chair at: [CanoeKayak@amc-ny.org](mailto:CanoeKayak@amc-ny.org) Decisions about bootleg equipment rental is at the discretion of the Chair.

### Upcoming Trips

Jan. 1, 2012	Quiet: East Branch of the Croton/Great Swamp
Jan. 28-29	Quiet: 25 <sup>th</sup> Atsion Annual Expedition, Mullica River
Feb. 1	White: Pool Session at NJIT
Feb. 8	White: Pool Session at NJIT
Feb. 15	White: Pool Session at NJIT
Feb. 22	White: Pool Session at NJIT
Feb. 29	White: Pool Session at NJIT
March 7	White: Pool Session at NJIT
March 17	Quiet: Lake Hopatcong
March 21	White: Pool Session at NJIT
March 28	White: Pool Session at NJIT
April 21	Quiet: Splitrock Reservoir, Rockaway

# Whitewater Waterways in the East



**Across**

**Down**

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>5. A Georgia gem</li> <li>6. Henry's hotspot</li> <li>8. Matadors might not want to cross it (2 Words)</li> <li>10. The Crucible was his</li> <li>12. A labor day favorite</li> <li>14. I'm no Angel co-start</li> <li>16. Environmentally-friendly waterway (2 Words)</li> <li>18. One, Two, Red, Blue (2 Words)</li> <li>19. Bedding superstar</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Fancied by cats and bagel lovers everywhere</li> <li>2. Friday after thanksgiving</li> <li>3. Tennis tool</li> <li>4. July 4th day in the US</li> <li>7. Bullwinkle</li> <li>9. Rendezvous anyone?</li> <li>11. Always float</li> <li>13. Not an old creek (2 Words)</li> <li>15. Go-to joint for curry</li> <li>17. 7-Up competitor</li> <li>20. You can catch one pretty easily in winter</li> </ul> |
|--|--|



# Whitewater Kayak Instructional 2011 with Michelle Sholtis and Michel Leroy

Photos by Michel Leroy



Left: Fitting Boats at the Bar; Center: Friday night talk about clothing; Right: Wet Exit Practice



Left: Final hour on the pond; Center: Wet exit practice; Right: River Day



Left: Lowering the boats; Center: River signals; Right: Preparing to put in

## Congratulations to all our new whitewater kayakers:

Joe, Nathan, Priscilla, Hatice, John, Suzanne, Rachel, Nora, Jim, Bob, Andrew, Peter, Sarah, Tom, Katie, Aniket, Manish, Saket, Carrie, Ed, and Judy

## Thank you to all this year's whitewater kayak instruction team:

Michelle, Michel, Butch, Carin, Zak, Mark, Ruby, Mark, Connie, Asya and Vadim

# Seen Around Town

By Marty Plante and Cameron Klinger  
Deerfield River, Hudson Gorge, Schroon



Eileen Yin, Hudson Gorge



Cameron Klinger, Schroon



House at Indian Lake



Carin Tinney, Schroon



Hudson Gorge Weekend House



Hudson Gorge/Schroon Weekend



Kerri Klinger



Marty Plante



Kafi Adams



## Ring in the New Year with Fine Friends and a Pretty Paddle

East Branch of the Croton/Great Swamp

Don't let the thought of a cold winter's day intimidate you-you're an AMCer! Think of pristine beauty. Celebrate New Year's Day with a paddle and Happy Hour afterward. One-day paddle on a Critical Treasure, one of the endangered places in which AMC is actively working to protect. Quiet, wooded, remote-nobody but us and the beavers. Fascinating, little-known place at the top of the NYC watershed. Minimal level of canoe/kayak experience is required. Excellent trip for those who took Basic Canoe instruction in July or September. Rent club boat or bring your own. No special gear or clothing required except warm clothes and a spirit of adventure. See the AMC website to register.

### One Paddler's wish list of rivers to run this year:

Neversink Gorge  
E. & W. Branch of the Neversink  
Willowemoc  
West Kill  
East Kill  
Upper Rondout (Peekamoose)  
East & West Branch Sacandaga  
Loyalsock (PA)  
Upper Green (VT-MA)  
Jeremy & Blackledge (CT)

**Can you lead one or all of these this year?**

## Congratulations to Ara Jingirian

### Chair Extraordinaire

Thank you Ara for your hard work and dedication to the Canoe-Kayak Committee of the New York-No. New Jersey Chapter of the Appalachian Mountain Club

Thank you to the dedicated CKC:

Buddy Jedd	Kafi Adams
Butch Futrell	Mark Tiernan
Carin Tinney	Marty Plante
Carter Bland	Matt Theisz
Charles Michener	Michelle Sholtis
Jake Lewis	Mike Hyman
Jeff Gregg	Victoria Butler

**Stay tuned to learn about the incoming CKC team!**

## The Paddlers' Parties

The best laid plans are just that: the best of intentions with the plan of intent. Sometimes even the best laid plans fall through. While we did not have an official AMC Paddler's Party this year two unofficial, last minute parties came to life, thanks to two incredible couples: Kerri and Cameron Klinger and Phyllis and Bob Lindquist. Both parties were warm, inviting and lively, with roomfuls of old and new paddlers mingling amongst each other. Thank you again to both couples for bringing as many of us together as room could fit. Stay tuned for Paddler Party 2012. Volunteers anyone? It can't happen without you! Clearly we need to make this a priority- **the TROUT needs a new home!** Some photos from the party at the Glen Rock Inn below:



**Thank you  
Phyllis and Bob (left)  
&  
Kerri and Cameron**

## Journey Down the Hudson (continued from Page 1)



### **Day 1: Sunday, September 11 – Rensselaer to Castleton (10 miles)**

It was particularly convenient to park my car at the Rensselaer Amtrak train station. The car would be safe, and since the train tracks course along the eastern shore of the Hudson River, it would be easy to dock my boat at any train station to retrieve my car.

With hurricane Irene having ravaged the northeast the week before, docks were destroyed, the river choked with debris, the shores mired with mud, and the bogs overrun with mosquitoes. My first challenge: launching my boat from this muck. To my rescue were a group of tattooed

and pierced teenagers enjoying a Sunday afternoon in this little launch park. “Anyone here a photographer?” I asked. They all pointed to the budding photographer among them who then snapped my picture. “Might anyone help push me in?” A youngster named Tyler volunteered, rolled up his pants, removed his sneakers, and sank into the mud with me. As he straddled the kayak aft, one firm and smooth push from Tyler sent me on my journey.

From the start of my journey, I was amazed by the magnanimity – the great spirit! – of the people I encountered, as if angels appearing at the right moment seemingly ever asking “How can I be helpful?” Better though than angels heaven-sent, these were my new neighbors along the community of the Hudson River Valley.

It was 5 p.m. when I began my trek. A late hour, but ebb tide had begun and the south wind was mild, so that while the swells were substantial, at least the chop of the afternoon had ceased. Albany was majestic in this evening light. The tall piers, tugs, ships and barges along each shore were rather intimidating, for if I needed to get to shore, it would be impossible to find a place from which to exit my little kayak. The cluster of city buildings gave way to the Port of Albany, and then to the treed hills of the adjoining town, I felt myself becoming ever more comfortable as I settled into the kayak, into the river, and into the more natural setting of the surrounding hills.

At dusk, I made way for the park in the town of Bethlehem to camp for the night. Alas it was flooded, muddied, and so overrun by mosquitoes that despite donning my raingear as protection from them, in the brief minutes I scouted the park, I was bitten a half-dozen times on the ankles and as many times on my face. Dark now at 8 p.m., I lit the kayak’s two white blinking strobe lights, and paddled for the constellations of lights a mile across the river which I hoped would be a welcoming marina. Landing and finding no one, I then knocked on the dockmaster’s door... no answer. So I set up my tent under the picnic pavilion for a fitful night’s sleep as the pavilion was but 20 yards from the Amtrak rail tracks. Each hour, a thundering train would crescendo towards me, its horn blaring its warning, and then in moments, the train would rush by creating such a wind that my tent would billow outwards from the inside out.

### **Day 2: Monday, September 12 – Castleton to Catskill (25 miles)**

Rising at 5 a.m. to the rushing rumble of a tugboat speeding down the dark river on the ebb tide, I exited my tent to a full moon setting in the west. After a bowl of cereal as I loaded my gear into the kayak, one club member was also getting an early start. “Anything I can help you with?” he asked. “Just making a few final gear adjustments.” I answered. I was on the water by 6 a.m. to enjoy the morning mist and

sunrise. The river – pond still – greeted me along with every manner of creatures: jumping fish, gliding eagles, deer drinking at the shore, and every sort of sea bird. (Ezekiel 47:1-9, “wherever the water goes it brings health, and life teems wherever the river flows.”)

Under the Route 90 / Thruway bridge ahead, I heard the massive diesel engine of a tugboat with a cement barge leaving port down the river. I was grateful for those people willing to make a living in an environment of constant noise, and was grateful too, that unnatural intrusion would soon be out of sight and earshot to leave me in the peace of this quiet river and undeveloped shores.



My first stop of the day was Coeyman’s Marina for a bathroom break. The greeters could easily have foisted me off to a port-a-potty in the park. Instead, they made the effort to lead me through the various marine buildings to the members’ lounge where they entered the combination to the lock for this private facility giving me access and relief. Coxsackie, Athens, Hudson all looked like attractive villages from the river, though I did not go ashore to explore. While I paddled down the channel, I think it would have been more scenic to scoot behind Rattlesnake and Coxsackie islands; approaching Hudson, I did stay out of the channel and instead paddled down the quiet, west side of the Middle Ground Flats. Despite having the invaluable *Hudson River Water Trail Guide* with me in the cockpit, often the water was too rough to cease paddling and consult it. While the tide had turned against me, I felt that was a minor factor compared to the south wind that had picked up, and thus the chop along with it.

Lunch I enjoyed on the Athens-Hudson lighthouse. What I found interesting is that as a humongous container ship passed, it left no wake, whereas a passing fishing vessel had the dock bobbing ferociously. From the lighthouse to the Rip Van Winkle bridge, I would have paddled the more quiet eastern side of Rogers Island, but it was choked with water chestnuts which forced me into the channel and around the



western side of the island. Waves were bouncy, but not so severe as to hinder me from photographing Olana in the soft evening light.

I entered Catskill Creek at 6 p.m. and docked at Riverview Marina where only one sailor was on the dock. “Where can I find the dockmaster?” I asked. “Mike’s gone for the day,” the sailor replied, “but just tie up over there.” Which I did, and left the dockmaster a note stating the kayak would be there overnight. My early arrival gave me ample time for a real Italian dinner. And while the downtown B&B was closed, the proprietor graciously called a taxi (Decker Taxi – a mere \$6) and made a reservation for me at one of the Thruway hotels. Off to a shower, a real bed, a good night’s sleep!

To read the rest of Skip’s amazing journey down the Hudson River, go to:

<http://www.midhudsonadk.org/Journey%20Down%20the%20Hudson.pdf>

**Congratulations and thank you to  
Tim Watters  
for becoming a Quiet Water Trip  
Leader!**

Join him on his Family Canoe Trip  
June 29- July 1, 2012



# Paddle Splashes

Thank you for reading Paddle Splashes. It has been an honor to edit this fine newsletter.

Please submit! This publication cannot happen without your stories and photos.

For future submissions, please email [canoekayak.Newsletter@amc-ny.org](mailto:canoekayak.Newsletter@amc-ny.org)

**Outgoing Paddle Splashes Editor and Incoming Chair ☺**

~

**Carin Tinney**

[Goverdigo@aol.com](mailto:Goverdigo@aol.com)

**Happy New Year!**

**Hope to see you all on the rivers, lakes and random puddles in 2012**



## After Irene: A firsthand account

An excerpt from an email written by Olly Gotel just after Hurricane Irene hit Charlemont, Massachusetts. Olly and David were there to paddle the Deerfield River.

Charlemont was a disaster zone and we got hammered. Not only was there quite a bit of rain, they opened up the dams and the Deerfield River literally blew at Charlemont and Shelbourne Falls. We have never seen such a scary crazy brown river. Trees were torpedoing down the river, crashing into bridges. The barn at Zoar got swept away with all their duckies, PFDs, paddles, helmets, all charging down the river. Water was up to the top of one of their Zoar vans on the bridge outside the shop ... i.e., all under water. Charlemont was completely cut off: no open roads, broken bridges, downed trees/cables and, with the opening of the dam, they evacuated the whole town to a church ... and then the National Guard was called in. When they closed the dam again the water subsided a little and some people could return to their houses (and us to the inn). But, we were all completely cut off. A couple of hours later, we were all evacuated again because HUGE propane tanks were on the loose (and leaking) on the river and they feared an explosion. We went up the hill this time to a stranger's house. That's when the electricity went out....

To cut a long story short, we only managed to get home this evening (3 days later) and EVERYTHING is absolutely normal and okay at home. Talk about jumping from the frying pan into the fire!!!! The rivers will be a complete mess up there for a while!

The Deerfield River on Route 2 in Charlemont, MA

