



PADDLE SPLASHES

Canoe & Kayak Committee
Appalachian Mountain Club
NY-NoJ Chapter

SEPTEMBER 2018

plus:

River People

Sedge Island

Charles at Large

and more!

GETTING OUR

GROOVE

BACK



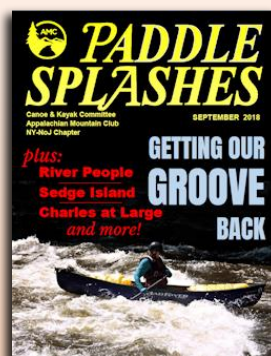


contents



PADDLE SPLASH

Loretta Brady, Editor
Marty Plante, Printer's Devil



PaddleSplashes is published by the Canoe and Kayak Committee of the Appalachian Mountain Club, New York - North Jersey Chapter on an irregular schedule, whenever the spirit moves us.

Read prior issues on the [Chapter's website](#).

Send all submissions to canoekayak.newsletter [at] amc-ny.org

This page: Sedge Island canoeing. Photo by Donna Morgan
Cover page: Charles Michener on the Salmon River. Photo by Marty Plante

NY-NoJ canoeist Mary Ann Hoag joined the NH Chapter's expedition to Québec's La Vérendrye Wildlife Reserve. Photo by Joe O'Neill.



Getting
Our

GROOVE

STORY BY
LORETTA BRADY

Back

*AMC Paddlers are Getting a Rep for
“Most Hook-Ups East of the Mississippi”*

I t's an axiom for our times.

Boat clubs wishing to stay afloat must recruit partners to fill up their rosters.

Happy Hours are happier when we join with neighboring Sebago Canoe Club, KCCNY, Adirondack Mountain Club, and—most recently—Outdoor Afro.

The pace picked up in speed and scale this year when members hitched up to affiliates *outside* the bi-state watersheds.

Like some waterborne invasive species, this season's NY-NoJ chapter infiltrated *extra*-regional paddling clubs up North and down South. All this while maintaining a full trip calendar back home.

As R&D, the added miles for extra connections taught us a thing or two. We compared favorite destinations (Pine Barrens) and least favorite (the Adirondacks in black fly season), worst mistakes (the car that slid in at the put in), and treasured moments. Our log books filled with new ideas as we shared new trips together and past experiences. With the intensity burnished by such compressed encounters, we bonded.

Despite a documented national uptick in paddling, despite vibrant organized trips, boating clubs still feel like they're stroking upstream to get numbers to match those of the epic 1970s, when the late Burt Reynold's *Deliverance* revived the dormant sport of whitewater paddling.

That's a crime. You might also say it's an opportunity.

Oh, the Places We've Been



Charles piggybacked onto a group of Dixie paddlers for a Southern Rivers Easter weekend.



Suzanne Villegas took a cue from AMC CT members and hopped onto Merrimack Valley Paddlers' Club West River Fest in May.



Donna and new kayak member Liz Bergen turned a group of us on to Carolina Paddling Club's July 4th Week of Rivers.



Chris, Loretta and Charles followed AMC NH along Thoreau's classic East Penobscot expedition.



Stephen Ferder's AMC connections led us to a double header weekend to New England's Otter Brook and Londonderry Ledges.



Mary Anne Hoag searched the AMC trip listing to invite herself on AMC-NH's journey to La Vérendrye Wildlife Reserve in Quebec.

*Charles cruising
Esopus Creek.
Photo by Marty
Plante.*



Charles Michener's perspective on partnering with other paddlers.

I've had quite a year.

For the past six years, changes in address, changes in career, and then injury forced me to back way off from paddling. It takes a long time to build a new business and a new life while recovering from injuries to body, mind, and spirit. But this year, at last, something clicked. I'm back on the water.

Charles *at large*

*Low-brace instruction
on the Lehigh River.
Photo by Milana
Buslovsky.*



It started slow, with a little canoe camping in February. Then for Easter I hooked up with the Coastal Canoeists for their annual weekend running rivers in the upper drainages of the Potomac. That seemed to fit the bill perfectly. Four days of easy Class II paddling down in West Virginia. I drove south to meet up with a bunch of people I didn't know and paddle rivers I had never been on. Here are excerpts from my daily journaling while on that trip.

Thursday, 3/29/18, 9:03 pm

Princess Snowbird Campground, Seneca Rocks, WV. Drove 197 miles today and gained 30 degrees: it was tee shirt weather when I arrived. The sun is down and an almost-full moon is up. Temperature is dropping but still warm.

I went down to the stream next to the camp and gave the river gods a sacrifice of tobacco tonight. I hope that helps. I am feeling insecure about tomorrow. I have not felt good on any white water above Class II since the injury in 2012. That one moment, that one thought, changed me and my relationship to the river. My foot entrapped between rocks, the flowing water holding my body on the river bottom like I was being ground under some watery god's foot. I thought, *I'm either going to drown or snap my leg.* Then I was floating downstream. No broken bone; I felt only a minor injury. I have no memory of how I got free.



I was banged up—nothing to worry about, I swim shit all the time—but that injury did not heal. With my leg bent past 90 degrees, my calf felt like I was being stabbed by an ice pick. It was a year and a half before I began to understand the psychic damage done. The fear that had lodged in my heart. It was two years before I found a practitioner who could do what needed doing so the calf could heal. For two years I hardly paddled any white water.

The leg is better. The head case has proved harder to fix. I'm stiff and ill at ease paddling Class II white water, downright fearful on those few occasions I have paddled Class III. I try to smile and not show my fear, and I feel like a fake. It's been six years since that day. I keep trying; the fear gets less. I can paddle Class II now without too much apprehension. But Class III still puts my heart in my throat and I do not think I will ever paddle Class IV again.

Saturday, 3/31/18, 9:02 pm

In the bag, in the tent. A truly beautiful day, warm and sunny! A fantastic river for me right now. We paddled the Moorefield River, aka the south fork of the south branch of the Potomac. Mostly Class II, some Class III, one easy Class IV. But with ugly consequences on

that Class IV: *if I swam, it would be pushy and boney*. I had a great day. At first I didn't play because these old guys aren't really players. But after the first rapid, when I saw how nice the river was—just fantastic Class II boulder gardens—I couldn't help myself and I started to play. I didn't care that the rest of the crew was going to have to wait for me. I believe my enthusiasm was a bit infectious because some of the others did a bit of playing too.

**I had more fun
paddling whitewater
that weekend than
I'd had in years.**

I ran and played the Class IIIs. I also ran the Class IV. I had not planned on running that—in fact, quite the opposite—but I was feeling so good. Looking back I realize that as I picked through the rocks before the crux move, I felt the same old *do your best and see what happens*. It's a feeling that used to be familiar. Styled the drop and that was great. Today is the closest I have felt to the old paddler I was before I got injured. West Virginia is still beautiful.

That was a heavenly trip. It was like I had just woken up from a long sleep. I had more fun paddling whitewater that weekend than I'd had in years. Tom McCloud, I owe you a huge thanks for inviting me on that trip. I certainly plan on going again next year.

After West Virginia, my paddling just took off. Nescopeck, Esopus, then a really interesting whitewater expedition trip in Maine on the east branch of the Penobscot. I was with the usual suspects, Chris and Loretta, and a New Hampshire crew. Ron, a super hard-core hiker running a solo canoe, seemed like a cool guy. Joe, our leader, was definitely an easygoing New Englander! Gwen was awesome, with a sharp wit, while Julie was very quiet. She normally paddles a kayak but was paddling tandem with Gwen.

Here's where it got interesting.

Saturday, 5/26/18, 6:23 am

Yesterday Chris and I ran a rapid. In hindsight, that was stupid. It was a solid 3+ or low 4, and we couldn't scout it. I swam. Ugh! However, my self-rescue was good. Which was excellent because no one else was anywhere near. Well, no stupid, no story!

Following Maine, I taught the canoe instruction, always a joy, this year more so than most. Great students,

beautiful weather (yeah, it rained), and fun with park rangers! Still my roll continued. I went canoe camping with my sister and other friends on a lake in the Adirondacks, a stellar experience that included a night paddle on still water with crying loons.

I am so spoiled. I paddled the Delaware with a bunch of newbies. That trip was a statistical anomaly: Six solo canoes, two tandem canoes; eight women, and two guys. I love this club. Next was the Ten-Mile River, New York into Connecticut. I collected awesome rocks on that river. Two weeks later on the Fife Brook I led the best student I've ever had, which was a gift.

So far this year I've had thirty two days in my boat in seven states. I do not want to think about how many miles I've put on my car.

I still carry scar tissue on body, mind, and spirit, but I will keep working and keep paddling. I cannot express how grateful I am to the paddling community that has helped me heal and grow over almost twenty years. In many ways I am the person I am today because of my involvement with the club. I hope to never give it up. Someday I plan on being one of those old-timers. I'll be asking for help to carry my boat, which I can barely get in or out of, but I'll still be putting my blade in the water.

Brian learns
the fine art of
the forward
stroke from
AMC instructor
Herb Stermer.

River People

STORY BY BRIAN PJ CRONIN
PHOTOS BY MILANA BUSLOVSKY

A Neophyte Paddler Learns in a Hurry

One minute Manhattan wasn't there and the next minute it was; rising out of the early morning river haze, 25 miles downstream. "If nothing else," said the group leader from two canoes ahead of me, "this means we're going in the right direction."

We were in the home stretch of a journey that was years in the making, a journey that began with a few rickety old canoes that were on their way to the trash heap. The canoes belonged to the Gowanus Dredgers Canoe Club in

Brooklyn, but before the canoes made it to the dump, an international expedition group called Ninth Wave Global stepped in. Ninth Wave runs zero-waste trips around the world in places like the Amazon, the New Mexican desert, and

Antarctica, and were beginning to think about taking some trips on the Hudson River. A deal was struck: Ninth Wave would take the canoes, repair them, test them out with a few Hudson River expeditions over the course of several years, and then, as a final test of seaworthiness, paddle them from Albany to Brooklyn, returning them to Gowanus.

This was that final two week trip to return the canoes, although I had hitched on just a few days prior in Beacon, where I live. As a journalist who covers the Hudson River, word of Ninth Wave's trips had made their way to me, and when the group's leader, Jon Bonfiglio, came to Beacon to speak about the group's mission a few months prior to the trip, I decided to check it out. I figured I'd listen to the lecture, do a quick interview, write something about the group for the local paper, and be done with it. Instead, I signed on that night to join the trip halfway through when they got to Beacon, and left the lecture wondering if I had just accidentally joined a cult.

Cult or not, it quickly dawned on me that if I was going to spend a week paddling down the Hudson River and through New York City, I should probably find a way to improve my canoeing skills, skills that could only be described as "barely adequate for basic

human survival." Which is how, three weeks before the Hudson River trip, I ended up in Pennsylvania on the Lehigh River with an Appalachian Mountain Club two-day Intro to Moving Water canoe class. I explained my reasons for taking the class to the instructors, who listened politely and then, through a series of innocent questions, made me realize that I had no idea what the hell I had gotten myself into.

*I had no idea
what the hell
I had gotten
myself into.*

"How long is this trip down to Brooklyn going to take?"

"I don't know."

"How many people are going?"

"I don't know."

"How many people will be in the canoe you're paddling in?"

"I don't know."

"What kind of canoes are they?"

"I don't know."

At which point the instructors would smile, pat me on the shoulder, and tell me that they would do their best to make sure I didn't die.

Two days of instruction later, I could now identify an eddy line, angle the craft to shoot to an opposite riverbank, and—as I discovered after flipping a canoe with one of the instructors in it—practice an excellent self-rescue.

Most importantly, I was feeling a hundred times more confident about my own paddling ability. That confidence allowed me to relax and enjoy the trip for the four days it took to get from Beacon to Brooklyn, a trip that was blessed with almost perfect weather and river conditions.

Until the final evening, when a storm swelled as we paddled into New York Harbor near Red Hook.

Increasingly large waves battered our canoes around. Ferry captains yelled at us as they plowed by. The tides kept beating us back into the East River as we vainly looked for a place to pull out. But even then, as the group began to panic, I felt strangely calm. What was



The Gowanus Dredgers Canoe Club

The Gowanus neighborhood was originally a tidal inlet of small creeks in South Brooklyn, teeming with fish and other wildlife. In the 1600s, the Dutch residents shipped the large, succulent oysters back to Europe by the barrel, making Gowanus oysters Brooklyn's first export.

The Gowanus Canal was built in the mid-1800s as an industrial transportation route. Paper mills, tanneries, chemical plants and other commercial operations sprang up along the canal, discharging their wastes into it. For nearly 150 years the Gowanus Canal was the final resting place for Brooklyn's toxic sludge, raw sewage, and commercial garbage—the canal's infamous “black mayonnaise”. The canal gained a reputation as the most polluted canal in the country and was designated a superfund site in 2010.

But now, against all odds it is making a comeback, in part due to the efforts of the Gowanus Dredgers Canoe Club.

The club is a volunteer organization dedicated to providing waterfront access, habitat restoration, and environmental education about the canal and neighboring waterfront communities. The Dredgers run an array of events to the Gowanus-wary public, such as canoe trips, bike rides, shoreline walks, a Gowanus Oktoberfest, a couple of Canal Cleaning Festivals, and the Gowanus Challenge SuperFUN canoe/kayak race.

Thanks to the EPA and the Dredgers' advocacy, the toxic sludge is finally being removed. The full clean-up process is expected to take a decade or more to complete, but someday this once-neglected canal will be restored back to the wildlife-filled waterway the Canarsie Native Americans once enjoyed.

the worst that could happen? I'd already fallen out of a canoe. It wasn't so bad.

In the end, none of us ended up swimming, although it was probably a mistake to follow that kayaker who we assumed was heading to a take out spot, since he turned out to be just as lost as we were. We ended up on a beach in Red Hook. The weather, and the sea, only got worse. The canoes were safely delivered to Gowanus, but the last mile of the 150 mile journey happened in the back of a rented U-Haul truck.

Sure it would have been great if we had been able to make it that last mile up the canal, for narrative purposes. But more importantly, the Dredgers got their canoes back, canoes they can now use for the important environmental and community work they do in Brooklyn. Plus, they gave us pizza and beer and let us sleep safely in the canoe club while the storm pounded away outside. That was a victory enough.

As someone who often writes about issues concerning the Hudson River, getting to spend a good bit of time seeing the river from a whole new perspective was an invaluable experience. But what struck me most about the trip wasn't the river itself, but the community of people around the river; the paddlers and sailboaters who travel the Hudson year after year, who

seemed to appear out of nowhere as we made our way down the river to help us during inopportune times.

When we didn't know where to pitch out hammocks and tents in Peekskill, a retired high school principal who runs a canoe building club for local teens strolled by and set us up with a safe place to sleep.

When changes in construction made our original route under the Tappan Zee Bridge impossible, a sympathetic boater who overheard our plight happily stashed our canoes on the back of his boat and zipped us under the bridge and through the construction by the light of a full moon.

And when we pulled into the Inwood Canoe Club to see if they knew of a place where we could crash for the night, it didn't take long for us to figure out that quite a few of us had friends and acquaintances in common. One sea kayaker in the club even turned out to be good friends with one of my instructors from that Appalachian Mountain Club canoe class I had just taken.

"Oh, tell Loretta that the guy who flipped her canoe says hello," I said.

Her eyes narrowed as she looked me up and down. "Oh," she said. "So that was *you*."

A red carpet event with a large sign reading "THE AMC PRESENTS THE PADDLING FILM FESTIVAL". The sign is framed in gold and set against a backdrop of red curtains. A red carpet is visible in the foreground, lined with gold stanchions and red ropes.

THE AMC PRESENTS THE PADDLING FILM FESTIVAL

Film Festival Reels in Record Crowds

Why is it we never tire of great paddling footage? Even after all the YouTube surfing and GoPro edits?

The answer may rest in the fact that the great ones push us to the edge.



e venture from source to sea. We cycle to wilderness put-ins. We claw our way up glaciers or rappel down sheer cliffs to debut a watery descent.

No wonder NY-NoJ is making the Paddling Film Festival an annual mecca. Rob Holbrook faced the impossible challenge of narrowing the selection to eight most-gripping documentaries. Hosted at Manhattan's Symphony Space this year with the joint collaboration of the North Brooklyn Boating Club, Rob's curated choices spanned scenic adventures by canoe, kayak, SUP, and even a speeding raft.

Rapid Media, the Ontario-based publishing company and producer of the Paddling Film Festival, first spawned the idea when they realized all their superior magazines were failing in one essential way. They were not attracting *new* paddlers. Hence the notion was borne to host a film night to inspire new participation.

It worked.

Rapid Media receives over 900 submissions per year, then curates them down to about 20 from which World Tour venues may select.

Rob nailed it again.

His charmingly witty intros piqued our interest in each of the short documentaries. Nevertheless, there were clearly crowd favorites.

"I remember seeing *Into Twin Galaxies* featured also as a winner at Banff," noted Deborah Boone, leader of the AMC Young Members. Several National Geographic professional

***Into Twin Galaxies* chronicles the adventures of three paddlers who used kite skis to tow their whitewater kayaks over 1,000km of the Greenland ice sheet to reach the most northern river ever paddled.**



adventurers head out on a quest to reach the northernmost river ever paddled. Directed by Joachen Scmoll, the film shows their 1,000 mile journey by kite ski and whitewater kayak broke a record for the most frozen skirts collected at a take out. The audience uttered a collective, audible “Aaaaargh,” at several key points of this gripping trek

“I always agree we need more women in these films,” commented Mary Ann Hoag, herself an AMC paddler who yearly runs—self-supported—a leg of the North Forest Canoe Trail. “So it was great to see *Skye’s The Limit*.”

Director James Appleton tells a story of a woman’s solo circumnavigation by stand-up paddle board (SUP) around Scotland’s tumultuous Isle of Skye. It makes Dave Rosenfeld’s summer Scotland trip sound positively tame, even if he did paddle with *the* Gordon Brown. Facing its famous winds, waves and

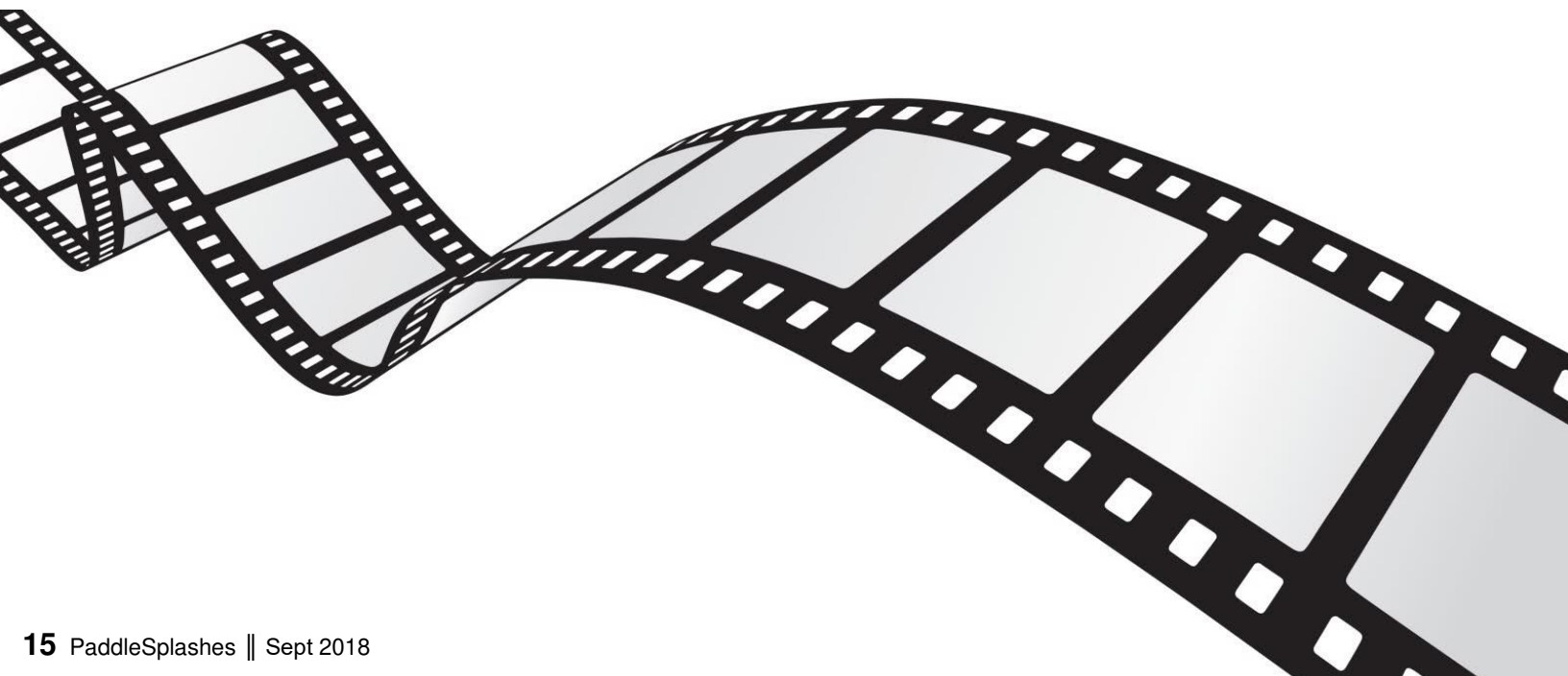
tidal racing, no wonder our heroine involuntarily swims three times.

We only wish Ollie Gotel and Dave Michael had been there to see *The Time Travelers*, a suspenseful short about the USA Rafting team that would surely raise the bar for their own imminent Grand Canyon voyage. While saddled with full-time jobs, the Team USA plots to break a world speed record down 277 miles of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. From designing their own speed raft to elite conditioning training, they attempt a run that includes---gulp—a non-stop night time run through the legendary Labyrinth.

If, like Ollie and Dave, you missed all the fun of this film festival, you’ll get a chance again next year.

From the size of the crowd, though, we’d recommend advance ticket purchase in case it sells out.

But definitely bring non-paddling friends and get ‘em hooked, too.



AMC Recognition Awards

**GREAT
JOB!**

Know some AMC volunteers who go above and beyond? Show them that they're appreciated. Submit a nomination for one of our chapter's awards.

**Nominations
are due by
Oct 21, 2018**

**LEARN
MORE**

AMC FALL GATHERING

**Woodstock, CT
Oct 12-14, 2018**

A weekend of laid back fun, friendship, and adventure in a forested autumn setting. Camp Woodstock, located on the shores of Black Pond, offers heated cabins, unheated yurts, and a nearby boat launch.

REGISTER

*To the Family of
Alfred Goldstrom*

Alfred Goldstrom was a lovely, soft-spoken gentle person. If I remember correctly, he was one of the major forces behind the clean-up of the Bronx River. And he was devoted to the AMC: he ran many quiet water canoe trips for our chapter.

- Don Getzin

Alfred Goldstrom was a new paddler—as I was—in 1984. He was a self-contained person, observant but quiet, never drawing attention to himself. Those paddling years were a delightful and significant part of our lives. Our canoe program must have meant very much to him for him to make such a generous donation.

- Marcia Streat

On behalf of the AMC NY-NoJ paddlers, thank you for your very generous gift from the Estate of Alfred Goldstrom. This will greatly benefit the Committee's efforts to expand our paddling program. Alfred led many trips for us in the 1980s and is remembered by many for the infectious enthusiasm he brought to the AMC.

- Jake Lewis,
Canoe/Kayak Chair



President Lyndon Johnson
signing the Wild & Scenic
Rivers Act, Oct 2, 1968



50th

ANNIVERSARY

THE WILD & SCENIC RIVERS ACT IS 50 YEARS OLD

By the 1960s, decades of dam construction had taken a toll on our nation's rivers. Thousands of miles of fish habitat and rapids were buried by dams and reservoirs. Pollution, logging, and other development had degraded the health of our nation's rivers.

The National Wild and Scenic Rivers System was created by Congress in 1968 to preserve certain rivers with outstanding natural, cultural, and

recreational values for the enjoyment of present and future generations. The Act purposefully strives to balance dam and other construction at appropriate sections of rivers with permanent protection for some of the country's most outstanding free-flowing rivers. The System protects 12,754 miles of 209 rivers including the Delaware, Farmington, Westfield, Chattooga and others that we paddle.

STORY BY
MARY EYSTER

PHOTOS BY
MARY ANN HOAG



SEdge

at last

An aspiring Sedge Island paddler finally gets her chance.

Finally, after so many years of hearing about the magic of Sedge Island, and gazing at its silhouette from across the water, I made the crossing for a beautiful misty weekend. Being both a kayaker and a birder, this was a natural destination for me, but one that had, for various reasons, remained out of reach for years.

Friends who had been there on a paddling trip long ago first told me about Sedge, and the wonderful marshes, birds and other wildlife to enjoy. Often though, trips were in the Fall, and, as a teacher, it was always a tough time for me to get away. Now retired, my schedule is

more flexible, plus this year the outing was in June. So I signed up. The launch point on Island Beach State Park is a good birding spot, even if you aren't going to cross the water to the island. From the shore at Island Beach I've observed all variety of shore and

sea birds, from peeps (the small Sandpipers) to terns, to larger wading birds, and even, occasionally, Brown Pelicans.

The crossing to the island is about a mile, and there is a pontoon ferry that transports the gear, making it a fairly easy paddle. Although kayaks were in the majority, we had both a single and double canoe in the fleet, and they kept up with the pace quite comfortably. Perhaps there will be more the next time. After the launch from the beach, it's not long before the marshes are all around. The Sedge cabin appears in the distance, and we are there.

This particular June weekend was not the sunny warm experience that some were hoping for. Although I have no doubt a sun-splashed day

would have been wonderful, I found the fog, mist and wind to provide a sense of moody isolation; at times we could barely see across the marsh. Still, the birds were there, all around us, at times raucous in their exuberance. Willets were, if not the most numerous, at least the most vocal of our neighbors. Barn Swallows seemed to be nesting below the cabin (at least they were flying back and forth constantly). There were all the waders that are common to our shores in the summer. One somewhat rare sighting was a Little Blue Heron in transition plumage – white with gray/blue mottling on the wings. Both Osprey and Peregrine Falcons nest close by.

Apart from the wonderful birding, there is much more nature to enjoy.





One of the interns staying at the cabin is studying and documenting Diamond-backed Terrapins. She gave us an informative presentation

on their life cycles and challenges. Among those challenges – a resident crow determined to find and devour any eggs they might lay in the sand on the island (there is a caged area where the staff relocate any eggs they are aware of).

Nature is manifest in various ways, including some that may be troubling to humans. We discovered shells of several terrapin eggs that had been eaten (likely by the crow or one of the gulls). Some of the crustaceans that were hauled up in a trap were invasive species that could be impacting the natives. And of

course, we humans did our share, consuming fish, crabs and clams that we harvested from the adjacent waters.

The staff at Sedge Island focus guests' attention on the environment in important ways: Conservation of water and power, low impact practices both outside and in, and careful management of waste (including the famous Clivus composting toilets). They are “off the grid,” as all the power is solar, and water comes from a deep well with a solar powered pump. Thus, our impact on this nature preserve is kept as light as possible, enabling us to relish the experience without unduly damaging the very place we want to protect.

Let's be
social



Pine Barrens Freestyle Canoeing Workshop

Oct 12-14, 2018

Medford, New Jersey



ADVENTURE TRAVEL LEADERSHIP TRAINING

Fri-Sun,
Nov 2-4, 2018
Charlton, MA

Take your leadership
skills throughout the
world. Become an
AMC Adventure Travel
Leader!



WANT TO
LEARN MORE
Click Here



Loretta Brady (right) looks on as CUNY student engineer concrete canoeists (background), leaders and members from Outdoor Afro and AMC Young Members quibble over the virtues of kayak vs. canoe. Photo by Sandy Xian.

Boat Demo Day

STORY BY LORETTA BRADY

The pretzels went quickly, as did the burgers. But the fastest grab was for the paddles. When AMC/Sebagan leaders Dan Olson and Loretta Brady first had the idea of a Boat Demo Day, they underestimated the enthusiasm.

The invited—leaders from Outdoor Afro, Latino Outdoors, and members of Appalachian Mountain Club’s Young Members—were welcomed on a day when CUNY canoe competitors would be there at Jamaica Bay to mingle, too.

Thanks to Frank Favia, Charles Michener and many others, new paddlers had guided access to try out duo kayaks, tandem canoes, solo canoes and sit-on-top kayaks, and even a sporty-rockered white-water canoe.

What we didn’t expect is how much fun the safety boaters and coaches would have. Super safety boater Ryan Conarro kept remarking how quickly the group learned and how fast they gelled.

“I was stoked just watching,” said leader Bill Rossi.

As the lemon bars and chocolate chip cookies made the rounds, we were left with two main questions.

“How can we paddle more?”

“Who’s going to take home the extra watermelon?”



Congratulations

to our newest rated paddlers:

Ivan Schwartz, Kevin Torres and Ron Galarza.



Ivan, Class 2+



***Kevin,
Class 2***



Ron, Class 2

We encourage paddlers to work towards being rated. A rating gives trip leaders not familiar with your skill level a standardized way to assess your appropriateness for a particular trip. To get rated, **before** you put on the water, ask a trip leader or other paddler (who has a rating equal to or greater than the river/body of water) to assess your skill during the trip and submit a rating card to our Ratings Chair, Marty Plante, at canoekayak.ratings@amc-ny.org.

**Click to
Learn More**

PARTING SHOTS

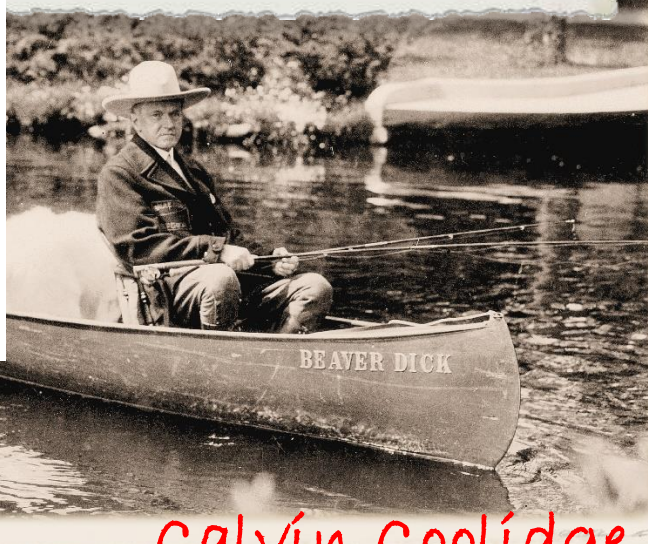


Ronald Reagan



Jimmy Carter

Teddy Roosevelt



Calvin Coolidge