

FLOWlines

Newsletter of the Finger Lakes-Ontario
Watershed Paddlers' Club, Rochester NY

Volume 4 Issue 11

November 1999



November General Meeting

Time: Thursday, November 18th, 7P.M.
Place: Brighton Town Lodge

The November general meeting of FLOW will feature a slide show and program entitled "Wilderness Canoe Camping on the Bonaventure River" by John Fowler. Please Note: The meeting is on November 18th - not the 11th and it is being held at the Brighton Town Lodge. Hope to see you there!!

November Steering Committee Meeting

Time: Thursday, November 4th - 7 P.M.
Place: Doug and Dorothy's Bigger Pit -o- money at 232 Navarre St.. Call either of 'em for directions at 716-544-9725.

Hey!!! We are not Kidding... We are still Looking....

As of December 31st, 1999, your favorite Newsletter will be editorless. Dan and Helen have decided to step aside and let others participate in the joys of sharing... If you are interested in working on the newsletter or know of someone who would be, please contact your favorite board member. Until then, we will do our utmost to keep you abreast of the latest and greatest in our little corner of the world.

Tim and Tom's Excellent Adventure (Or don't mix whitewater, fishing and rednecks...)

- Ottawa August 1999.

Driving up Friday afternoon, I really wanted to stop at Smith Falls for Saturdays old gas engine convention. Nope. I had to keep moving because I had made a promise to Tim and Tom. They were expecting some guidance for both fishing and kayaking on the river all week. The old 1987 ford was pulling my Gypsy wagon. It was smoking and huffing like an old mule. I pulled in at 10:00, unhitched and went over to Rafters to meet old friends, and to calm down.

The boys still hadn't shown up by Saturday morning. For the next several days I cut my fishing and whitewater days short expecting them to show up

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- You are never too young to start paddling...

FLOW organization

President	Steve Kittelberger 716 442-6138
Vice Presidents	Cathy Rague 315 926-7890 James Hopkins 716 621-2721
Secretary	Dorothy Sullivan 716 544-9725
Treasurer	Ed Boggs 315 926-7890
Facilities Development	Rick Williams 716 381-3418
Membership	Mike Shafer 716 227-9291
Trips & Events	Ivan Rezanka 716 381-7475
Communications	Dan Bogaard 716 442-6634 Helen Cherniack 716 461-3233
Education/Instruction	Ardie Shaffer 716 334-4487

Newsletter submissions

Send us trip reports, articles, letters to the editor, ads for our classified section, or anything else you'd like to see in FLOWlines.

If you have e-mail:

Send articles in the form of a text file to:
Helen.Cherniack@usa.xerox.com

Written submissions:

Preferably typed in a 10-point font or larger, double-spaced.

Hand-written submissions must be reasonably legible, or great editorial license may be invoked.

Mail to:

Helen Cherniack
480 Benton St.
Rochester, NY 14620

Contacts

FLOW Paddlers' Club(716) 442-6138
Seayaker Outfitters(315) 524-9295
.<http://www.netacc.net/~seayaker>
Pack, Paddle, and Ski(716) 346-5597
Endless Adventures(315) 536-0522
Adirondack MountainClub(ADK)(716) 987-1717
Ardie Shaffer(716) 334-4487
Oak Orchard Canoe1-800-4-KAYAKS
BayCreek Paddling Center (716) 288-2830
. baycreek@cwix.com

FLOW HotLine: 716 234-3893

To access the FLOW HotLine:

1. Dial 716 234-3893 from a touch-tone phone.
2. To listen to messages left by other paddlers, **press the remote access code** any time **during the greeting**. After entering the remote access code, listen to instructions for how to access messages.
3. To leave a message for other paddlers, listen to the greeting and leave a brief message after the tone.

The FLOW HotLine is sponsored by FLOW Paddlers' Club for FLOW members. The FLOW HotLine is hosted by Bay Creek Paddling Center.

Membership and Mailing List

To join FLOW, send name, address, telephone, paddling interests, and \$30 (\$35 family rate) membership papers and updated member lists will be sent to you. Call 716-227-9291 for more information.

Mike Shafer
Re: FLOW Paddlers' Club
89 Dorsetwood Dr
Rochester, NY 14612

Upcoming trips/events

Contact Ivan Rezanka (716) 381-7475 for Whitewater Trips. Contact Harry Weidman (315) 524-9295 for Flatwater Trips. Refer to insert for the latest version of the trip lists.

Gauge numbers

Genesee River (Letchworth)716-468-2303
Cattaraugus River716-532-5454
Salmon River1-800-452-1742 #365123
Keuka Outlet716-234-0090

Web Pages

<http://www.rit.edu/~dsbpph/flow>
<http://www.netacc.net/~seayaker>
<http://www.awa.org>

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any time. That was a big mistake. They didn't show up until Thursday night!

They already had a plan. "Lets fish in the morning and kayak all afternoon." They fished in a 17foot – flat-water canoe. I fish in my old, beat up, whitewater, Mad River canoe. After the put-in we ran the right side of the island where there are no rapids only fast water. We watched the carnage at Phil's Hole. Tim was impressed. He had never seen such a hole. I heard he was more impressed the next day when he ran it.

Tim and Tom were fishing hard. I encouraged them to move downstream well below Iron Ring. Here, between the rapids, powerboats, fishermen, and tourists can't get to and fish. It was no use trying to move them. They were like kids in a candy store. By 10:00 they were still not even below the McCoy's eddy! They were killing the little 10 to 14 inch bass almost every cast. I knew then that kayaking later that day was a lost cause. So I suggested that we go down the First and westernmost of the two Lost Channels. The one that comes in River left just above Miami Beach. There are two pretty big lakes in there on Green and Frenchman's Islands. I had fished the first of the two lakes just days before. I caught several nice bass and a pike. The water level was 0.5. The fish were all stranded. It was like fishing in swimming pool.

I went on ahead to First Lake, and left Tim and Tom fishing above Iron Ring on the main channel. In the inlet of First Lake where the streams current usually entered first lake, it was almost dry. I dragged down the smooth wet rocks. As I mounted back into the saddle, I noticed there were some huge fish all around, just under the boat. Several, large dark torpedo shapes went by just under the surface. They were hungry and they knew that fishermen in any canoe would feed them worms. I could hear Tim and Tom negotiating the shallow entrance to the lake. They were still laughing. I yelled "Get down here they are circling me like sharks." They were falling in the water, dragging the big canoe over the rocks, still giddy with their fishing success.

On Tim's first cast the ultra-light bent right under the canoe. Tom was yelling – "Don't loose this one!" The line ran back toward the front of the canoe sawing water. Just before I heard a huge splash Tim yells - "He's gonna jump!" For a slit second Tim looked like he was flying a big green wet kite on the end of his string. The fish landed with a bang, right into their canoe, and started flopping around. We took photos of the nearly



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ten pound bass and headed in separate directions around the lake.

The next lake I had saved especially for them. I named it "Virgin Lake" because I had not violated it yet this year. It comes within view on the drainage creek from First Lake, just after the horizon line of a huge nasty waterfall. We ate lunch and left Virgin Lake untried till next year.

I really wanted this day to be a



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Rob Blake
716-734-3000

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716-381-3418

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scouting trip so the next day they could run it without too many directions. So we paddled back to the main channel and started down the Middle again. We were not going to keep many fish anyway and we let the rest of the smaller bass go. We carried around Little Trickle. Fished below the Osprey nests. We carried around Garvin's Chute.

We ran Upper No Name on river left, boat scouting as we went. I ran Lower No-name on river right, on the right side of the island, down the ledges. Leaving them to make a choice.

I was waiting for them, fishing, when a raft guide came over in his raft while his customers were floating some distance away. He quietly said - "You know, I'm not getting many tips today because of you guys." I asked what he meant. "You are really ruining my image. Here I am this morning scaring my customers, telling them this is really dangerous and big whitewater. Now they are just laughing at me. They just asked me - "If it is so damn dangerous, then why are old fishermen passing them us in every rapids in those old beat up fishing canoes?" Just then Tim and Tom come down Lower No name. Tim was casting in every eddy and rapid while Tom was steering yelling yahoo! at the top of his lungs "See what I mean?" the guide said.

Above Black velvet, they still wanted to fish some more so I paddled on ahead. I ran Black Velvet on the glassy waves on river left. The large standing waves in the middle looked like they would likely swamp any canoe without float bags. I was catching fish from a school of whitefish when they finally they showed up on the horizon line. From up above they were looking questionably for a sign. With a chuckle, I gave the paddle up, all OK sign. Right down the middle they came. When they saw the haystacks, it was too late. They back-paddled furiously. The canoe stood up and rear ended in the second wave. The third wave filled the boat completely. They went down like a torpedoed submarine! Tom and Tim went floating by in the run-out of the rapid still sitting in the submerged canoe. Tom was clutching his prized fishing pole trying to keep his head above water. In a gurgling voice he said - "Hargrave, you !@#\$%^&*" "Ill get even with you!" I was laughing so hard I almost had a coronary! There they were floating towards Blacks

takeout looking like two floating talking heads. I took mercy, dragged them over to the island and we caught some more whitefish. We went downstream and let all the catfish go. Then we retired for some beers, a wood run, and a fire.

I had to leave Saturday morning on a family vacation. The two rednecks did the Main Channel the next day. It is rumored that Tim swam 6 of the seven major rapids. Probably fishing instead of paddling!

-Catfish Jerry



-Middle Fork Flathead River - Glacier Nation Park, Montana
(Picture has nothing to do with the story, we just needed something here...)

Mid-Life Crisis

-Brent Wheat writes an outdoor column for the Journal and Courier out of Lafayette, Ind.

Loyal reader remember that last week's column was basically the eulogy to my first and favorite hunting dog. This week, I am in a similar situation, though I am the only person mourning. I recently sold my beloved whitewater kayak.

The kayak was bought several years ago in a fit of annoyance when my long-suffering spouse had laid down some silly domestic law, such as "you can't go frog hunting, we have a funeral to attend" or "little Timmy's operation is today, you cant hike the Appalachian Trail."

Somewhat upset, I did the only thing a responsible adult would do: I purchased an \$850 toy on our credit card.

Looking back, it is apparent that the kayak was really the symptom of something far more insidious. It was the first warning sign of an impending extra early mid-life crisis. That's the time when otherwise responsible men suddenly decided that everything they have saved and built in their life is meaningless and the suddenly run away to Cancun with a high school cheerleader.

In my case, a reasonable normal male in his mid-30's decided that he would leave his family and home for uncounted weekend to drive into the wilds of the southeaten United States to risk drowning in an expensive boat made of the same material as plastic margarine tubs.

Considering this activity only took place while the practitioners are cold, wet, and muddy, there is obviously some type of psychological malfunction at work.

The kayak did gain me acceptance, however marginal, into that secret world of river runners who glide effortlessly from eddy to eddy, slashing through the wildest waves and act really cool in front of the rafting tourists at the takeout.

Unfortunately, I never realized that I was a square peg in a free-form hole. Most kayakers are slightly built, in their late teens or early 20s with long hair and Lord knows which body parts pierced. I was older, with seriously short hair and no unnatural holes in my body.

My illusion of being part of the crowd was shattered the day someone at the out-in said something to the effect of: "Nice boat. That model works really well for you older and pudgy guys." It was the beginning of the end of the dream.

Now we flash forward to this past week, when I took my kayak for its last ride to a new owner. I found myself amazed at the depth of my emotions as I patted the cool plastic resting under my arm in the van. I was actually almost overcome as I took the giant Tupperware Body Container from my van into the new owner's garage.

While I mourned the loss of my boat, I realized that it was actually the death of a dream that had me so glum. With the sale of the kayak, it drove home the point that I was getting older and would never again be young and free of shackles, free enough to ride the river everyday if I chose, instead of worrying about mortgage payments and gum disease.

In a sense, it was the passing of one's man's second childhood.

Now freed of a silly adult -adolescence, it is time to look toward the future and make a responsible choice: acquire a third childhood. I have been looking at some really neat ultralight airplanes.

Classified Ads

FOR SALE:

Perception Pirouette for sale. Purple. Original owner, used for 2 seasons. \$375. Call Harry at 244-9807 or write Harry_Marinakis@urmc.rochester.edu

Hey Big Guy! You need a **Dagger Vortex** for \$350. Also selling a medium spray skirt for \$40. Call Rick Mauser @ 473-2162

15-1/2 ft **Blue Hole** Whitewater canoe, 70 lbs. Roylex, \$300. In Avon until May 15th. **X Par Missile** 23' stern rudder racing boat, used twice \$1800. In Denville NJ. Contact Ben Jones @ (973) 361-2785.

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Deadline for next newsletter

The deadline for submissions for the next newsletter is Friday, November 19th. Send submissions to Helen Cherniack .

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