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A full-page photograph of a male kayaker in a yellow life vest and red helmet, paddling through white-water rapids. The kayaker is wearing a yellow life vest with a red number '2' and a red helmet. He is holding a red paddle with white blades. The water is turbulent and white with foam. The kayaker is in a yellow kayak.

Wisconsin

NATURAL RESOURCES

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**Special
Supplement:**
**Wisconsin's
Endangered Flora**



Dog days songsters

G.J. KNUDSEN, Chief Naturalist, DNR

During the hot, muggy "Dog Days" of summer when wild-life and human activities stagnate, the loud, shrill "songs" of male cicadas often drone across the land. Since those that appear annually "sing" during harvesttime and resemble giant houseflies, cicadas are sometimes called harvest flies. They are also called locusts. However, they are neither flies nor locusts. Rather they are super-sized insects related to aphids, scale insects and leafhoppers, and like them, have piercing, sucking mouthparts.

There are many species of cicadas and all may be recognized by the following characteristics: large size (one to two inches long); two large, clear wings held roof-like over the abdomen; a broad shoulder area and blunt, squared-off face, with widely spaced, bulbous eyes.

Females lay eggs in slits they cut into twigs. The eggs produce tiny, ant-like nymphs which fall to earth and burrow into the soil. Sucking juices from plant roots, the nymphs live underground from one to 17 years, depending on the species.

At maturity, the nymphs, which resemble small, hump-backed shrimp, emerge from the ground, climb plant stems, split their shiny, tan skins and become flying adults.

The cicada shown in the inset belongs to the genus *Tibicen*. It is the annual species we hear on those steamy summer days. The males "sing" by vibrating thin membranes stretched over a pair of sound chambers at mid-body. The song can be described as zeeeeeeerrrr-zeeeeeeerrrr-zeeeeeeerrrr-zeeeeeeerrrr, which continues for at least 10 seconds, then trails off, drops in pitch and ends abruptly. Adults, nearly two inches long, are at times found dying or dead on lawns and sidewalks. If still alive but very weak, they may buzz when handled. Empty skins of nymphs are occasionally discovered clinging to tree trunks.

Seventeen-year cicadas, the Magicicada pictured here, emerge in densities of tens of thousands per acre, and their "brood years" can be accurately predicted as to time and place. Every 17 years, people in the brood areas are subjected to a number of days of nearly deafening, nerve-wracking cicada concerts!

Large photo by James W. Mertins



Photo by George Knudsen

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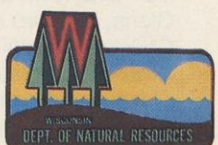
Front cover:

Straining into a gate at the National Slalom Championships in Wausau. For a story on whitewater canoeing in Wisconsin see page 15. Photo by Frank Church

Back cover:

Rough White Lettuce is an endangered species in Wisconsin, found only in three counties. It is a native of dry prairies. A special supplement on Wisconsin's endangered plants starts at page 10. Photo by Kitty Kohout

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One man DNR

You have to keep a wide eye on the river, protect the environment, educate your neighbors and help with dreams too.

DAVE WEITZ, DNR Public Information, Eau Claire

To a lot of folks in Prairie du Chien, the Department of Natural Resources is one man: Dennis Kirschbaum.

He's the conservation warden, the only full-time DNR employee in Crawford County.

People think of Kirschbaum as the man in grey who lives over on the east side of town, the fellow to call about deer season or fishing regulations or illegal dumping. He plays in the softball league and works with Boy Scouts. He's a trustee of the Crawford County Law Enforcement Association and Chairman of the Prairie du Chien Police and Fire Commission.

Kirschbaum grew up in Cassville and graduated from high school there. At the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point, he studied natural resources before a hitch in the army where he served in the military police. After the army, he joined DNR in a fish management post at Dodgeville. Later, in 1974 and '75, Kirschbaum worked as a special conservation warden, a job that evolved into a permanent post in 1976. After intensive training at a variety of Wisconsin stations, he was sent to Stoddard for a year and finally, in June, 1977, moved to his permanent post in Prairie du Chien. Since then it's become his home town and he and his wife, Gloria, and two children, Scott and Christine, love it.

Crawford County country is a place of tall bluffs, winding roads, tough oaks and sweeping streams that can spill over



swiftly. It's about 100 miles over coulee switchbacks from Prairie du Chien to the north end of the county and back, a drive Kirschbaum makes often. The sharp bluffs in this patrol have one common denominator: the Mississippi River. Work on its tangled backwaters demands more than half of Kirschbaum's time. Traditional concerns are boat safety, fish and game law enforcement, floodplain encroachment and protection of endangered species like the Higgin's eye pearly mussel or the bald eagle.

Kirschbaum also worries about hazardous wastes and their affect on the river. In 1980, he broke one of Wisconsin's most publicized cases when he discovered highly toxic chemicals had been illegally buried at St. Feriole Island at the north edge of Prairie du Chien. The investigation netted some 280 55-gallon drums, some with solvents suspected of being carcinogens. The case created a stir because when the

solvents were first found at Boscobel, DNR had ordered their disposal at a licensed hazardous waste site. The discovery at St. Feriole Island was a shock.

Kirschbaum also broke new ground when he insisted that fleeted barges carry mooring lights as a safety measure. The big 35 by 100-foot barges are often stashed more than six deep against shore and the law says anything anchored out more than 200 feet needs lights. "You come up through here at night and if the barges aren't lit up, it's dangerous. You could ram one." Kirschbaum made two arrests, and now barges are lighted routinely.

Kirschbaum believes fleeting areas in the neighborhood are a state and local issue, that a well-planned one would probably be okay somewhere near Prairie du Chien, but with reservations. "It's something for a biologist to take a look at. Endangered species and other



Kirschbaum was first on the scene to plan for containment of a fertilizer spill at a train derailment.

Sometimes during duck season nearly the entire flyway population of canvasbacks jams the Lynxville pool. Photo by Paul Johnson



Warden Kirschbaum on patrol along the Prairie du Chien-McGregor, Iowa bridge. Photo by author

uses have to be weighed. We'd better consider it carefully."

Kirschbaum's concern about boating safety also gets into the classroom. "Prairie du Chien is a river town and it's especially important. I try to make myself available to the younger kids."

About 50 each year take his boating safety course. In spring he teaches hunting safety to about 75 youngsters, aged 12 and 13.

Part of Kirschbaum's job is getting to know just about every nook and cranny of outdoor Crawford County. It helps anticipate problems. A violation can be over and done in 15 minutes, so keeping track is vital. Duck season on the Mississippi River is his busiest time. The nation's mightiest flyway attracts hunters from everywhere. On opening day there may be up to 400 cars parked along the Lansing dike and the pressure keeps up, day in and day out. Kirschbaum's duck season patrol is persistent. Once after a complaint, he searched four nights to

locate a pair of late shooters. When he finally found them, they weren't shooting late (no opportunities). But Kirschbaum remembered. The following year he caught the same pair at the same place overbagging wood ducks. One of the offenders ran.

"He was encumbered with five birds, a shotgun, ammunition and boots so it was no trick to catch him."

Kirschbaum is especially protective of the big influx of canvasbacks each fall. The season on them is closed because there aren't many left, but just about the whole flyway population jams into the Lynxville pool during migration at the height of the hunting season — as many as 180,000 birds.

"Hunters are aware cans are protected. It's a duck that's easy to identify and anybody who shoots one just isn't paying attention."

Most pay attention, but some don't. Kirschbaum tells of a man wearing waders, hunting among the river's

submerged stumps. When a duck came in, the warden, watching from more than 200 yards away, identified it as a canvasback. But the hunter killed the bird and his dog retrieved it. The hunter tossed the bird away. But the dog retrieved it again. So the hunter put the bird on a stump.

Later, Kirschbaum was watching as the man waded toward shore. He seemed to be walking funny, as though on tip toes. Kirschbaum checked the man's gun, license and a goldeneye and bufflehead, both legal birds, then asked for the canvasback.

"What canvasback?"

While the violator made his denials, the head of a duck floated gently to the surface between his legs. He had tried to hide the illegal bird between his knees as he waded in, but the jig was up.

Kirschbaum's goal, however, is not to make arrests. Instead, it's to remedy problems.

"I look forward to such good compliance I won't have to make any arrests at all," he says.

That's one reason he works with radio station WPRE to produce a five minute weekly radio show. The show is a tradition handed down by former Prairie du Chien warden, Bill Heibing. Fishing, new laws and regulations, boat safety, hunter safety, nature and recreation are some of its featured subjects. For example, one show last year focused on animal diseases ranging all the way from dogs and deer to mourning doves. Another talked about animal damage and a third was on mushroom picking. Kirschbaum says the show saves him time and also helps listeners.

"They learn where to come for help and won't go out and do something illegal."

Sometimes it's tough trying to answer complaints and keep within budgeted car mileage. Kirschbaum says he tries to average no more than 2,000 miles a month. In all, the average is topped regularly. It's easy, during duck and deer seasons and at the peak of fishing activity, to log 1,000 miles a week. In spring, fire complaints also cut into mileage allowances.

Time in a patrol car is matched by time in a boat. Anglers from a four-state area commonly seek out the walleyes, panfish and catfish in the backwaters of the Mississippi. Commercial fishermen and trappers are there too. Water skiers and campers, in increasing numbers, are using the sandy beaches. Kirschbaum expects more people to be using the Mississippi River soon. Weekday use, especially, could be very much increased, he says. "I don't think the river has reached anywhere near its full recreational potential."

Once when President Jimmy Carter toured the area, Kirschbaum was



called on to help protect him. Because Kirschbaum knew the backwaters, he guided Secret Service agents responsible for the President's security. When Carter was driven across the Prairie du Chien-McGregor, Iowa bridge, Kirschbaum, underneath in his boat, piloted Secret Service agents along the route. When the President visited the home of Iowa Senator John Culver, Kirschbaum and the agents patrolled the backwaters below. Once Kirschbaum looked up at the house above and was surprised: "We were looking up at Senator Culver's house with binoculars and there was President Carter looking down at us with binoculars."

It's a varied job and that's why Kirschbaum likes it. "I don't think there's any other station that allows you more."

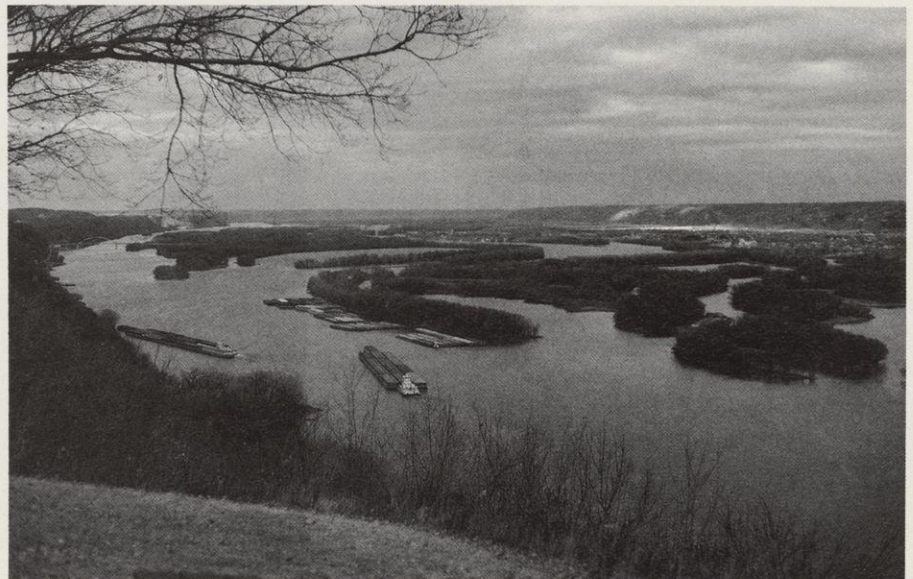
He likes the people along the river, and even though they're a varied lot, they like him too.

"There are people out there on the river with a dream," says Kirschbaum, "whether it's canoeing, or being on the *Mississippi Queen* and dreaming of being a river pilot or whatever. You meet all kinds and nearly everyone wants to do it right."

His job is being there to meet them and give some help. And maybe it's his dream too! ☺

Above: When faulty steel closed the McGregor Bridge, Kirschbaum was on hand to help lay out the emergency ferry route.
Photo by Don Valley

Barges fleeted at Indian Island carry night lights thanks to Kirschbaum's insistence.
Photo by Dennis Kirschbaum



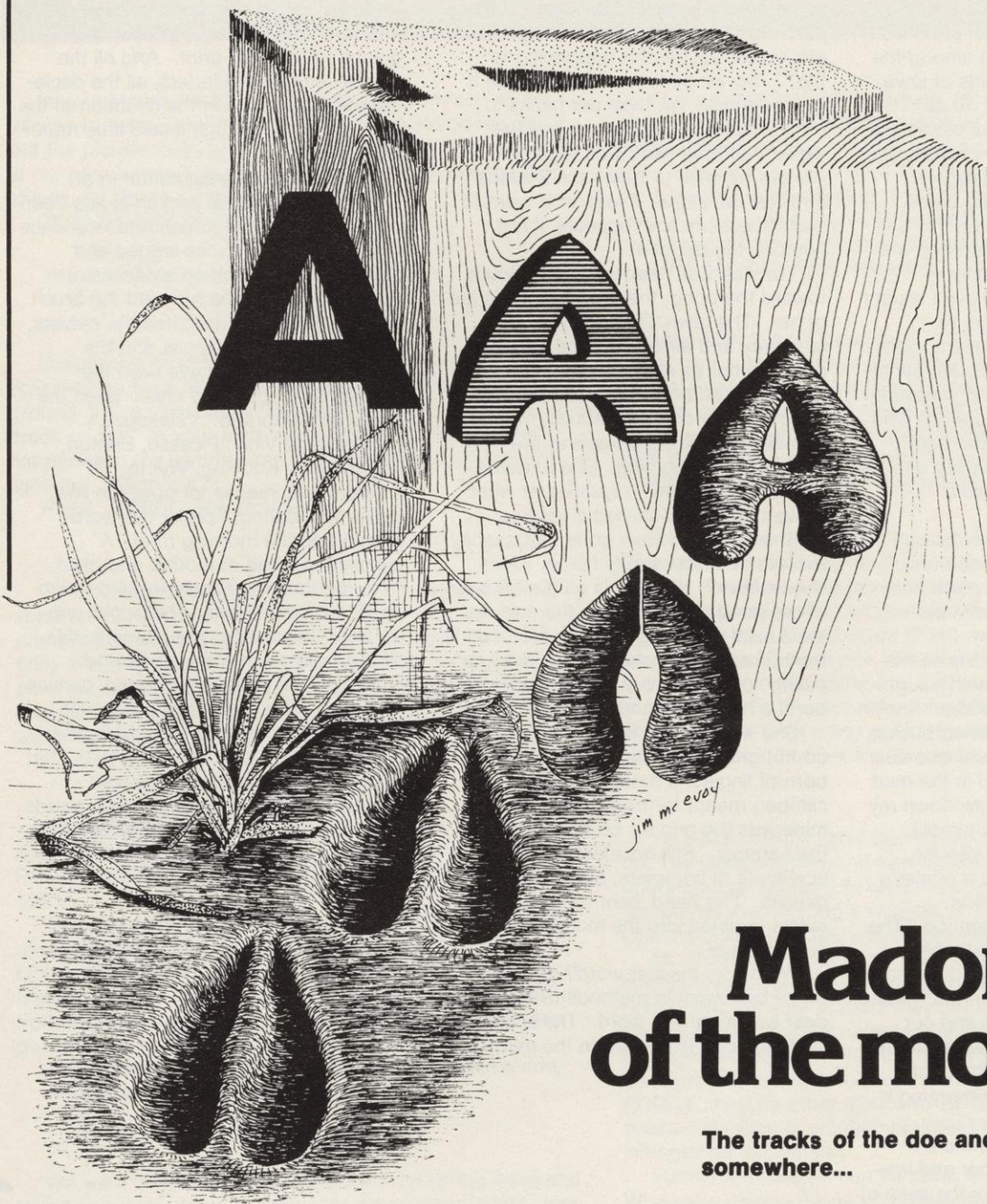


Illustration by Jim McEvoy

Madonna of the morning

**The tracks of the doe and the fawn lead
somewhere...**

JUSTIN ISHERWOOD, Farmer, Rt. 1, Plover

I have been this way before, a pilgrim of a northbound trail. An inexact path, three degrees east of magnetic north. An ordinary trail worn in the fashion of farm lanes, born of the need for shortcuts. A town road serves the north field but goes at right angles and the long way around.

The trail is the progeny of a two-cylinder John Deere and a logging chain, bearing yet the resistant image of a 35 horsepower tractor, dodging trees. Berry pickers learned of the shortcut and its new growth bramble. In season came the manure spreader returning by way of the trail with a load of stove wood.

Farther north, the trail is flanked on the morning side by a potato field and a proper sugaring woods, left to sundown. Cinquefoil, pasture rose and sand cherries

claim the middlings. A plain trail of a sand township. Shy, as country goes—keeping secret where it has been. Of seas and mountains once known, it does not reveal. Best defined as a farmer's place. Needing the remedial prosthesis of irrigation to hold its head among the elite—those black earth fields of Iowa and Illinois in possession of 10 or mayhaps 100 feet of vertical blackness. Here is just the cool rubble of worn-out rocks, the deserted beachheads of vanquished seas, an ordinary place.

Many times I have been on this trail between the wild maple wood and the tame, trued field. Sent by chores mostly. Only on occasion have I sought its shadows. Surprising then, to discover in this township place a monument to creation. A sign of such pervasive fertility the scalp-tugging sensation must occur in like fashion to those who suddenly find themselves born again. The instant occasion of meaning and the sudden banishment of the word ordinary.

The sign was found in the mud of morning, the print of a doe and fawn precisely set in a tattle-tale earth and there held like a new and intimate gossip.

As a farmer once given over to the lovely, muscled shape of a thirty-aught-six, I've seen deer tracks before. Known the hack marks of heavy-bellied bucks, the sign of a deer running and of a deer hurt. This signature molded in the mud is altogether different. It drew down my hand to touch, pulled by an almost involuntary response to the precise shape of it. The track is like a printer's block cut from end-grain wood, somehow lost from an unseen job. The print would have pleased Gutenberg who might have acknowledged the earth as parchment, and sliding on that thread caught hold of his invention and our literacy. It is conjecture to suppose the printing press was born of the print a deer makes in the mud, but morning is the believing edge of day.

A question has long haunted a certain species of philosopher and late-pubescent teenager, who for the sake of

argument, practice divine doubt. The question is simple: "Are we real?" We want proof that we and this creation are not forgeries. Verification we are not some dreaming puff of another's magical pipe. In personal fortune or tragedy we ask ourselves, "is this happening to me?" So we pinch ourselves to see if we're awake. We twist our necks to detect the brush strokes or find the welds that hold this place together. Always we wish to touch the wounds and feel the pulse. Creation is wont to such questions and respects, if not humors, the doubter.

The doe was headed south. South toward the pond, the fawn in the big lee of her. The fawn, like all children, unsteady and all knees. The tracks describe her as adequately as this pencil-guided sentence. She stopped at the puddle to drink, unhurried, unafraid. Wandered as farmers have at five o'clock in the morning. She turned to look at the highway, mystified at what drove those hard-shelled creatures.

She goes as I have gone, not exactly aimless and not exactly home. Does she wonder? Her sign is on the hill west of the pond. Does she go there to see the sunset, to see again how the fields fit the horizon? Do I show my wonder as plainly, or am I by my tracks thought to be of a herd constantly feeding?

She was born of hooves and hooves do not gravitate toward tools. I was born of fingers, a mostly hairless climber, meant for trees. This claw of mine was the grip for branches and not the hammer. Still accidents happen; accidents of hammers, plows and pencils. This head, sent the way of box elders, ambled into the mud of the printed page.

What was the first word? I have come by township methods to think the deer wrote the first word. The simple sentence of a hoof-print in the mud. The

word made hunters of us, and in turn readers. The reading began as a hunger for supper. The hunger remains. It was the word that lifted the species upright to better follow the sentence. Pencils and newspapers owe a solemn allegiance to the hoof-print. And all the poems, all the love letters, all the declarations, owe a nod in the direction of the first sentence. Though it said little more than "I am."

The Madonna is elemental to art. The image of mother and child has been pursued by palette, brush and lens since a woolly man sat cross-legged and doodled with a stick on a canvas of sand. The Madonna haunted the brush of the renaissance, haunted the cubists, the abstract expressionist and the modern romantic. I have seen the pictures of mother and child. Seen the image of Rembrandt, Velasques, Leonardo da Vinci, Picasso, Benton, Rockwell, de Kooning, Wyeth. Of answers and images, of power in line, stroke and daring, I prefer the word written into the morning mud. A township portrait of mother and child.

In fair time the candle around which we flit will sputter out. The books will fall from the shelves, the pictures slide off the walls and all the words and names will be erased from page, canvas and mud. Only the ashes will remain. Ashes slowly swept up by a wide and honest deep. Still a notion persists, that the hue of the dark will be altered because there were portraits, and words and Madonnas of the morning. As if life is a kiss not even the darkness will forget. ☐

Catch-all

Illegal dumpers pay \$145,000

Dave Weitz,
Public Information
Eau Claire



Prairie du Chien—Nearly \$145,000 in civil forfeitures and penalty assessments have been imposed against defendants who illegally dumped hazardous wastes on St. Feriole Island here in 1980.

The payments came in an out-of-court settlement involving four defendants. A default judgment was rendered against a fifth.

The case came to light after an investigation by DNR Warden Dennis Kirschbaum, Prairie du Chien, and Solid Waste Investigator James Boettcher, La Crosse. The pair found some 280 barrels that had been illegally dumped on St. Feriole Island.

The five defendants were: Advance Transformer Co. of

Chicago, operator of a ballast manufacturing plant in Boscobel; Prairie Sand and Gravel, Inc. on St. Feriole Island; Action Investments, Ltd. of Prairie du Chien; Blair E. Dillman, president of Prairie Sand and Gravel and vice-president of Action Investments; and James Frazier, operator of a salvage yard in Boscobel.

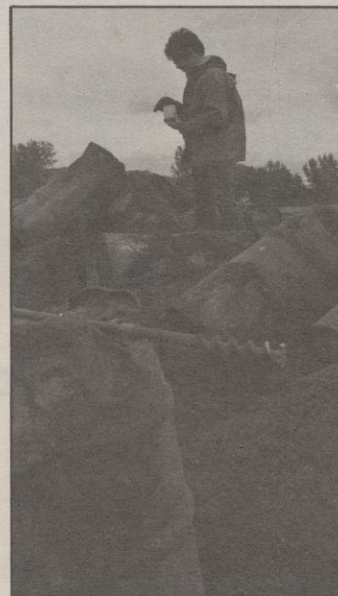
An agreement reached between the Justice Department and four of the defendants requires that Advance Transformer pay \$63,924; Prairie Sand and Gravel and Blair Dillman together, \$30,240; and Action Investments, \$30,240. A default judgment was granted in Crawford County Circuit Court against Frazier for forfeitures and penalty assessments totaling \$20,440.

Attorney General Bronson LaFollette commended DNR for prompt action in the case and continuous monitoring

which protected local residents from potential harm.

The complaint says that in June, 1979, some 1,300 barrels belonging to Advance Transformer were found at the Frazier Salvage Yard. Many were leaking and contained Dowclene, an industrial solvent with two suspected carcinogenic components.

With DNR approval, the firm moved the barrels to its Boscobel plant in July, 1979. In January, 1980, the firm arranged through Action Investments to have Prairie Sand and Gravel dispose of the barrels. DNR was informed they were taken to a licensed landfill near Spring Valley, Minnesota. But in April, 1980 a complaint came in that some of the barrels were buried on St. Feriole Island. By August, 1980, some 280 barrels had been recovered from two burial pits on the island. **Many were**



A private testing firm takes samples of illegally dumped chemicals at St. Feriole Island.

crushed and traces of Dowclene were found in nearby groundwater. According to sample results, no drinking water supplies have been affected. Monitoring of the site is continuing.

Does nose know? Milwaukee judge says "no"

Milwaukee—State efforts to control objectionable odors were dealt a serious setback recently when a Milwaukee County Circuit Court judge declared DNR's odor control rule unconstitutional.

The opinion stems from a 1981 DNR suit against Hynite Corporation, Oak Creek, a company that recycles leather scraps into nitrogen-rich fertilizer. For more than a decade, Milwaukee County and DNR officials have tried to require that Hynite better control smells coming from its plant, but efforts to date have been unsuccessful.

Apparently, when the company dries treated leather products before grinding them into fertilizer, the process releases chemical odors that Hynite's

neighbors find objectionable. **Last year, DNR's Southern District office received as many as 50 calls per month complaining about the plant's allegedly malodorous emissions. Between May, 1981 and April, 1982, the office fielded 225 calls from neighbors about smells they claimed were emanating from Hynite—42 complaints during April alone. The area's residents say the emissions from Hynite cause watery eyes, nausea and shortness of breath. Some say they can't go outside because of the strong smell. Others say the odors even penetrate inside homes.**

Milwaukee County records show complaints

from homeowners in the area about odors emanating from Hynite go back as far as 1947.

The DNR rule says an odor can be deemed objectionable in either of two ways. In the first, a qualified DNR investigator such as an air quality engineer makes the determination, based on the "nature, intensity, frequency and duration of the odor, as well as the type of area involved and other pertinent factors." The second is when 60% of a random sample of people who live and work in the area claim the odor is objectionable, using the same considerations.

Milwaukee County Circuit Court Judge Ralph Gorenstein ruled that such means for deciding whether

Hynite's odors smelled bad were too vague and thus unconstitutional. In legal circles, vagueness is usually based on the "reasonable man" standard. In other words, the law must be clear enough so that a reasonable man, acting reasonably, can determine what is legal conduct and what is not. According to Judge Gorenstein, the rule did not meet this test.

Such lower court decisions do not serve as legal precedent for other courts in other areas, although judges very often consider them. **At this writing, Judge Gorenstein has yet to issue his formal, written decision. Once he does, says Assistant Attorney General Thomas Dosch, "In all likelihood, we will appeal."**



Al Middendorp, assistant superintendent at Interstate Park rappels down a cliff in rescue training at Devil's Lake.

Stepping off the edge



Greg Matthews,
Public Information
Madison

Devil's Lake—The view's beautiful, dangling from the end of a rope down the sheer rock face of Devil's Lake's East Bluff. But the 35 DNR employees who recently rappelled the park's steep cliffs weren't there for the scenery.

The personnel, from six of the state's most popular parks, were undergoing rock climbing rescue training. **The two-and-a-half-day exercise, showed them how to safely retrieve accident victims from up, down, around and off cliffs.**

Devil's Lake is a small-scale mountaineer's dream. Its west and especially, east bluffs attract climbers from throughout the Midwest. Some are experienced. Others are rank amateurs. But whether thrill-seekers or veteran falls still occur. **According to Dave Meyer, assistant superintendent at Devil's Lake, the park averages 12 to 15 falls annually and a fatality every other year. Meyer estimates that 75% of these victims must be carried out—and that's where the recent training fits in.**

DNR park employees from Copper Falls, Devil's Lake, Governor Dodge, Interstate, Peninsula and Wyalusing took the course, taught by three US Park Service rangers. Personnel

from Minnesota's Interstate Park also attended.

They practiced proper knot tying and safety techniques using rescue gear, and rappelling the bluffs. They practiced rigging and lowering a stretcher down the face of a sheer cliff with a victim securely strapped in the litter . . . and they practiced, and practiced—over and over again.

Eventually, they became adept at going over, down, up and across the steep cliffs, but for most that first step off the edge was a bit tense.

"It's a pretty apprehensive moment," says Meyer. "Even though you have complete faith in the ropes that hold you and the people controlling them—they could hold an elephant—the minute you drop off the edge your subconscious starts working."

"But after rappelling down a couple of times," he says, "the apprehension's gone and your only concern is proper technique."

Meyer describes rock climbing as a "relatively safe and exhilarating sport. It pits your physical and mental resources against a natural resource."

But there's no safety factor built into rock climbing other than what the individual brings to the sport, he says. **"Common sense dictates that you use proper equipment and safety measures. You're remiss if you don't."**

Feds divest islands

Madison—The federal Bureau of Land Management wants to divest itself of 807 islands in Wisconsin, totalling more than 3,400 acres, and the state could be the beneficiary.

The BLM is more commonly known for its vast holdings in western states, but when early settlers first laid claim to Wisconsin homesteads, most of these islands were passed by and remained in federal ownership. Now the federal government wants to consolidate its holdings and rid itself of these widely scattered lands.

Most of the islands are small, averaging 4.3 acres in size and range from 200 acres down to less than an acre. Only 90 are located in inland lakes or Lake Michigan. The majority are in rivers and 94 fall within the limits of cities or towns.

Last year, BLM asked federal agencies and state and local governments whether any wanted title to the lands.

The US Forest Service

routinely submitted a request for all of the Wisconsin islands, saying it wanted to use them as "swap properties" in trade for state or private lands within their national forests here. A few counties and municipalities also submitted requests.

DNR has asked for title to 501 of the islands. Some were not requested because of their small size, mostly those less than an acre. Others were rejected due to their location—because they are too far from other state properties to be managed effectively or because they could be more efficiently handled by counties or municipalities. Still others were bypassed because of clouded legal title where private individuals have claimed "squatter's rights" to some of the land.

BLM will decide who gets the islands and then ask for public comment on the decision. Maps showing location of the islands are available from the BLM office in Duluth.

Deer takes hurdle, runner in stitches

Gary A. Nelson,
Grantsburg

Grantsburg—Every year lots of unfortunate drivers hit deer with automobiles, but it doesn't happen to too many long distance runners. It did to Minneapolis Police Lieutenant James J. Heimerl at the 10th annual Syttende Mai 16.3 Mile Run in Grantsburg. **Heimerl was bunched with a group of 10 other runners when the deer came from the ditch on the opposite side of the road and tried to hurdle all of them. But it struck Heimerl**

in mid-air, somersaulted and landed on its back, breaking its spine.

"The impact sent me flying over the shoulder of another runner and I landed face first on the pavement," Heimerl said. "I never knew what hit me until I looked back and saw the deer."

The collision caused a large cut over Heimerl's eye that required 22 stitches to close.

The deer had to be destroyed. Heimerl was treated at the Burnett General Hospital here.

Send nominations for Sportsmen's Award

Madison—Nominations are being accepted for the second annual Sportsmen's Responsibility Award.

The Wisconsin Natural Resources Board adopted the award program last year to spotlight the need for ethical conduct by hunters, anglers and other users of the state's outdoors. The award recognizes worthy individuals and groups who practice, promote, or other-

wise encourage good outdoor ethics. The 1981 winner was the Wisconsin Future Farmers of America.

Deadline for submitting nominations is August 1. Send nominations to Sportsmen's Responsibility Committee, Box 7921, Madison, Wisconsin 53707. Include information documenting the nominee's activities and accomplishments.

"Catch-all" continued after supplement

Catch-all

CONTINUED

New waste siting law, complicated compromise

Larry Sperling,
Public Information
Madison



Madison—A bill that governs location of solid and hazardous waste sites in Wisconsin is now law, thanks to extensive compromise by legislators, the waste industry, manufacturers, environmental groups and town and county governments. The law specifies how Wisconsin's solid and hazardous waste management facilities will be proposed, built, operated and closed in the future.

The new law is 35 pages long and includes 150 sections. One section of special interest covers the so-called "nimby" (not in my back yard) syndrome.

It sets up a method whereby communities which are neighbors of proposed waste sites can negotiate and/or arbitrate their concerns about the site with the person or business who wants to build in their area.

The law establishes a waste facility siting board to make decisions during negotiation and arbitration. **Procedures require an applicant to ask a municipality for a list of all local approvals needed to construct a site. The municipality has 15 days to provide the list. If it doesn't, the applicant can construct a site which meets state regulations but not necessarily local regulations. While applicants must apply for all local approvals, unreasonable local requirements can be waived by the state following a hearing.**

If the municipality is concerned about the proposed site and wants special conditions

written into the site's license, they talk to the applicant. If talks are fruitless, the municipality can start the formal negotiation/arbitration process by adopting a "siting resolution." The siting resolution formally states intent to negotiate and, if necessary, arbitrate differences with the applicant. After adopting the resolution, the municipality has seven days to forward a copy to the applicant and the siting board. The siting board consists of four secretaries of Wisconsin state departments, two town officials and one county official.

The board sends a copy of the siting resolution to other communities directly affected by the proposed site. These communities have two weeks to adopt a similar resolution. If they do, they can appoint a representative to the local committee that will negotiate with the site applicant. If they don't, they can't join the negotiations.

In negotiations, the local committee and the applicant hammer out conditions, approvals, restrictions and compensations the communities expect in return for allowing a waste site in their area. Only two subjects cannot be negotiated—whether the site is needed and state requirements for environmentally sound sites.

If negotiations are unproductive, and both parties agree, they can hire a mediator to encourage a voluntary settlement.

If all fails, both sides must draw up final offers and submit them to the siting board which will judge (or arbitrate) a final decision.

The law includes many incentives for settling differences in negotiation rather than arbitra-

tion. Almost any condition can be negotiated, but only seven items can be arbitrated—compensation for an individual who is economically damaged by the site, reimbursement (up to \$2,500) for negotiation/arbitration costs, screening and fencing, operating conditions, traffic flow, final use after the site is closed, required recycling methods and

whether pre-existing local approvals apply to the site.

The arbitration ruling is an "all or nothing" decision. The siting board won't okay some conditions from the communities' final offer and others from the applicant's. In the final ruling one side wins everything and the other side gets nothing.

A dam site can kill

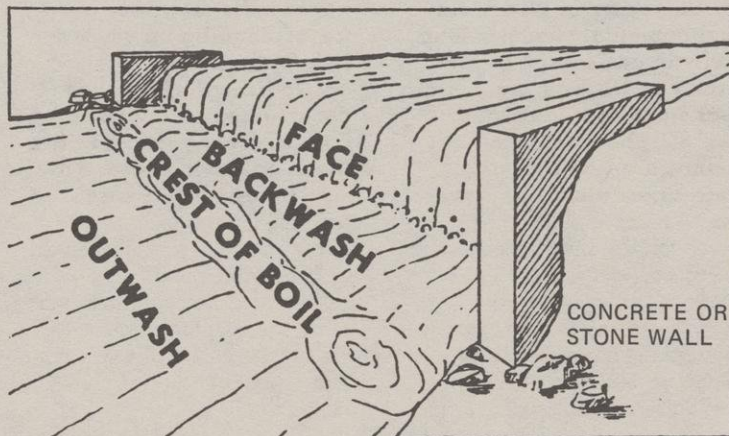
Madison—With boating and fishing seasons well underway in Wisconsin, boaters are warned to exercise caution near dams. DNR Boating Safety Coordinator Dale Morey stresses that people should be particularly careful near the backwash below a lowhead dam.

A lowhead dam is one with a small vertical drop between the water level above the dam and the level below. The problem arises when the water flowing over the dam reaches the stream bottom at the base of the dam. Here the water curls up and back around the dam creating a backwash and roller.

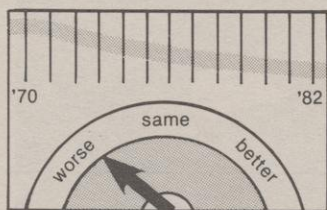
According to Morey, people can get caught in this roller and be carried around underwater until they drown. To escape, a person must dive down deep to get under the roller and then swim downstream away from it.

Boaters can drown in a roller when their boat goes over the dam or if it gets caught in the roller and swamps.

Morey adds that no matter where you are boating, wear a life preserver and dress adequately to protect yourself in case your boat does swamp.



Environmental quality index down



The reading for water quality, wildlife, soils and living space.

Washington, D.C.—The health of our environment is getting worse, according to the 13th annual Environmental Quality Index published by the National Wildlife Federation. **Four of seven factors used as indicators—living space, water quality, wildlife and soils—declined in 1981, while the other three—minerals, forests and air quality—remained about the same.**

The National Wildlife Federation contends the decline is due chiefly to a national trend toward weakening environmental regulations. It also cites drastically reduced wildlife and environmental programs including energy conservation and solar projects. The Federation points out that funding has increased for nuclear energy and coal development.

According to the index, wildlife declined because of weakened laws protecting it. **Currently, there are proposals to dilute regulations protecting wetlands, wilderness and endangered species.** Wildlife continued to lose habitat, especially wetlands.

Water quality also declined nationally in 1981. **Although most "point" source pollution has been cleaned-up, "non-point" source pollution still remains a large problem (See Wisconsin Natural Resources, May-June 1982).** This pollution includes runoff from urban areas, farm lands, parking lots, construction and other sites.

The US Soil Conservation Service says soil erosion was 35% worse in 1981 than even during the Dust Bowl days of the 1930's. **Wind, water and failure to implement soil conservation practices caused the loss of more than eight million tons of top soil last year. The average annual loss is about five million.**

The Federation's index also showed living space down com-

bined with rapid population growth. **It predicts continued US population growth for about 80 years, and then a leveling-off at around 320 million people.** The Federation says comprehensive land-use planning is needed to contend with this projected growth.

While minerals, air quality and forests remained the same, the Federation believes changing government policies could hurt these too.

Bees find DDT yummy

Brazil—A team of US and Brazilian scientists working in the Amazon has discovered a species of bees that devours DDT with no apparent ill effects.

DDT is still widely used in the tropics, where it is sprayed on the walls of houses to control malaria-carrying mosquitos. The scientists found that male bees by the hundreds make daily visits to sprayed houses to collect DDT from the walls. The bees contained DDT concentrations of almost 340 times the amount fatal to common honeybees.

The scientists don't hazard a guess as to whether the bees were always immune to the pesticide or whether they developed a resistance to it. Nor do they know for sure why only male bees and not females are attracted to the chemical. **But they hypothesize that DDT is probably similar to some normal non-lethal substance that the male bees collect in the wild, which they then transform within their bodies into a natural chemical sex attractant or territory marker.**

800 chemicals on the Lower Fox one toxic to fish

Madison—A product used to fill pores in paper and make it smooth can kill fish by coating their gills and not allowing oxygen through their membranes. It is called dehydroabietic acid (DHA) and concentrations of it have been found in the Lower Fox River. It is used extensively by the paper industry.

University of Wisconsin environmental chemists John Sullivan and Joseph Delfino turned up DHA during a two-year study that identified over 800 chemical compounds used by industrial dischargers along the Lower Fox. A number of the chemicals are on the US Environmental Protection Agency's (EPA's) priority pollutants list.

Sullivan and Delfino are developing an inventory of chemicals used along the Lower Fox. Sullivan, with support from

the UW Sea Grant Institute, compiled his inventory mostly from chemical use and discharge data submitted by industry to EPA and the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources. In addition, many industries and municipalities on the Lower Fox voluntarily contributed information. **Sullivan says most paper mills do a very good job of cleaning up wastes before discharge.**

No fish kills have been documented on the Lower Fox in recent years, and fish life is on the increase. But Sullivan says DHA creates a potential for chronic toxicity below lethal levels. Lethal levels of DHA were found in the effluent of some paper mills four years ago, but the river diluted this discharge so that it was not acutely toxic.



Coming attractions . . .

September-October Specials: 1982 Hunter's Guide to new rules and hot spots.

Wisconsin Birds: Where do they winter?

***Mississippi River: The cans last stand

***Goose feathers

***What happens to crippled ducks?

\$4.4 million from hunters and anglers

Madison—Federal excise taxes paid by hunters and anglers will contribute \$4.4 million to wildlife restoration, hunter education and fish management programs in Wisconsin this year. **One million will go to fisheries and the remainder to wildlife and education.**

The money is raised through an 11 % excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition as well as archery equipment, and a 10 % tax on handguns, fishing rods, reels, artificial baits, lures and flies.

The size of various states and the number of individuals who hunt and fish determines the amount allocated. The money is earmarked for fish and wildlife management. **Wisconsin ranks 5th nationally in the amount received this year for fisheries and 7th nationally for wildlife.**

The money goes to pay for hunter education, research, land acquisition, wildlife and fish disease prevention, habitat development, and fish and wildlife management planning.

Teacher's guide to endangered flora

A teacher's guide to this issue's special supplement, *Wisconsin's Endangered Flora*, is available upon request when additional copies are ordered. To obtain the teacher's guide and a copy of the supplement send a check or money order for \$2.95

made out to the Department of Natural Resources to:

Teacher's Guide
Wisconsin's Endangered Flora
Dept. of Natural Resources
Box 7921
Madison, WI 53707

The Readers Write...

In your March-April issue you describe common winter injuries to trees. One picture shows "sunscauld on red oak," but the picture looks like some type of maple. The red oaks in our area have rough bark, not fairly smooth like the one shown. I'd like to know who's right.

TOM SHANE, Menomonie

You are! Good catch, it was a maple.

I frequently drive past a large cottonwood which bears a scar running from high on a limb all the way down to the ground. It looks much like the scar that you call a "frost crack on ash" in your March-April issue. I think this one happened in the summertime though, and was caused by lightning. Which is it?

PAUL ZIRBEL, Sun Prairie

DNR foresters say frost usually causes only a relatively small split in the bark on the trunk, which heals over as a narrow scar. Lightning, on the other hand, can peel off a fairly wide patch of a tree's hide, often running all the way from top branches to roots. It's a matter of degree, but your open-grown cottonwood sounds like a prime candidate for lightning damage.

I am the daughter (and granddaughter) of a lighthouse keeper. My father, Ralph Moore, was stationed at Twin Rivers (Rowley's) Point on the Door Peninsula in 1920 or 1921.

Several people and I are working to find the families of other lighthouse tenders on Lake Michigan to form a Lighthouse Keepers Association. We would like to hear from families of other Great Lakes light station keepers as well as from those simply interested in the history, restoration and preservation of these grand beacons. Write:

**BETTY MOORE RINEHART, 635 S. Ashland Avenue,
Michigan City, IN 46360**

We were delighted when we opened our spring issue and found an article about fly fishing by our frequent guest, John Beth (Spot and plot for trophy fish, March-April). John and his brother Gene have been coming to our motel for spring and fall fishing for some years now. We have many times seen them return home with their catch, shaking their heads, wondering why any fisherman would travel elsewhere when fish this size abound in the Algoma area.

We are also pleased to see that the state acted to make up serious cutbacks threatening the Great Lakes stocking program. We're sure Lake Michigan anglers will be happy to purchase the new Great Lakes stamp and not let such a successful program die from lack of funds. Where else can they spend \$3.25 so wisely? Chinook, from spawn to fingerlings in six months — even at \$3.25 per pound it would be a great buy!

**BILL AND NANCY FOWLE, Algoma Beach Motel,
Algoma**

Your article about H.H. Bennett (March-April) brought back memories when I saw the picture of the St. Paul Ice Palace. When I was a child, we had a stereoscopic viewer and I was sure I remembered that picture of the palace and the fireworks. After a search through the attic, I was rewarded by finding two H.H. Bennetts, dated 1886! I'm certainly glad our family never throws anything away.

MRS MARVIN FRY, Necedah

In the March-April issue there is an article about crayfish taking over some northern Wisconsin lakes. Could you tell me the average, full-grown size of these crayfish and where they are most abundant? I have lived in Louisiana, where we love to eat crayfish. There are many delicious ways to cook them and I'd love to help the state get rid of a few.

RICHARD SANDOVAL, Milwaukee

Rusty crayfish (Orconectes rusticus) are native to Illinois, Ohio and Indiana, but have been introduced into Vilas, Oneida, Forest and Chippewa County lakes, where they strip bottom vegetation and eat gamefish eggs. They grow as large as 3½ to 4 inches, nose to tail, not counting claws and antennae. Commercial harvesters catch them in traps and sell them to biological and food markets for up to \$9.00 per hundred. To prevent them from spreading further, a proposed new DNR ruling would prohibit selling or using crayfish for bait, but not for research or food. Bon appetite!

Your March-April issue had an article entitled "All tanked up," by Greg Matthews. It mentioned that "Skilled licensed operators can be hired to clean your septic tank and sometimes even unclog a sluggish or saturated drainfield. One method is to apply a hydrogen peroxide solution."

Mr. Matthews is correct in that a hydrogen peroxide solution can be used to unclog a drainfield under certain conditions, but your readers may not be aware that this treatment is a process patented by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation (WARF). WARF licenses responsible companies to perform this treatment under the trade name POROX. Anyone other than a WARF-licensed operator who treats a sluggish or clogged drainfield by this method infringes on this patent.

Further information can be obtained by writing the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, P.O. Box 7356, Madison, WI 53707.

**THOMAS M. HINKES, Associate Director of Licensing,
WARF**

I read in your March-April issue that Sigurd Olson, author of *Singing Wilderness*, died this past January. I wonder if you could provide me with a list of other books Mr. Olson wrote.

JAMES E. WOOD, Wisconsin Dells

Besides Singing Wilderness, Sigurd Olson also wrote Listening Point (1958), Lonely Land (1961), Runes of the North (1963), Open Horizons (1969), Sigurd Olson's Wilderness Days (1972) and Reflections from the North Country (1976).

A picture in your January-February issue carried the information that "a short quarter-century after Wisconsin statehood, the last elk disappeared from Wisconsin."

Not quite so. In 1948 or 49, about five miles north of Woodruff, I counted a herd of 44 elk as they ran in front of my car. In the early 1950's, I picked up a dead elk at the Trout Lake Station near there and took it to John Ernst's Cafe in Milwaukee. He had purchased it from the old Conservation Department.

Several years later I spotted one more elk near Boulder Junction, but since then have never seen or heard of any others.

HARRY MEINEL, Oconomowoc

In the early years of this century, the US Department of Interior donated elk from Yellowstone National Park to any state that wanted them. Several sporting clubs and individuals donated money to have the nucleus of a herd shipped here to Wisconsin. The herd was kept in captivity until 1932, and probably never numbered more than the 40-some individuals you saw after their release from the Trout Lake Station.

Wildlife biologists now know that a brainworm parasite harmless to deer kills moose and elk. Where deer are common, elk and moose do not survive. This parasite was probably the reason the Trout Lake elk herd never reproduced well and eventually died out.

Regarding "Rare Plants Rediscovered" ("Catchall," March-April), I'd like to pass along the information that these plants grow in the Chiwaukee Prairie in Kenosha County and are catalogued by UW-Parkside.

I have found all three — Broad-leaved Sandwort, Grass of Parnassus and Twayblade Orchid — and pointed them out to students and botanists on tours of the prairie.

PHIL SANDER, Kenosha

No wonder scientists talk to each other in Latin! Actually there are three species of Grass of Parnassus in Wisconsin. The type growing in Chiwaukee Prairie is undoubtedly Common Grass of Parnassus (Parnassia glauca) found statewide. Swamp Grass of Parnassus (Parnassia palustris) is much less prevalent and found on open sands and clay banks around Lake Superior. The rare, recently discovered small-flowered Grass of Parnassus (Parnassia parviflora) is located only on dolomite crevices and in moist sand along the coasts of Door County. In similar fashion, the other recently rediscovered plants were the Auricled Twayblade Orchid (Listera auriculata) and Large-leaved Sandwort (Arenaria macrophylla), not the more common Green Twayblade (Liparis loeselii) or Stiff Sandwort (Arenaria stricta). The nationally renowned Chiwaukee Prairie contains some truly outstanding plants and plant communities, but unfortunately, does not host these three.

And just for the record, James B. Hale, Director of the Office of Endangered and Nongame Species, rediscovered the Small-flowered Grass of Parnassus, not DNR Botanist Bill Alverson, as we reported earlier.

For a full report on Wisconsin's endangered flora, see the special supplement at page 10.

I have a special request I hope you'll consider. Today, more people than ever before are concerned about our natural resources — a silent majority — willing to help only if they knew how. Many of these people are unaware of legislation affecting the environment or how to voice their opinion on it. If you printed this information, your readers could become informed and let elected representatives know their views.

Two such important bills which need support now are the tax check-off amendment and the wetlands protection bill. The tax check-off is needed to support the endangered and threatened species program, formerly federally funded. The wetland protection bill is needed to protect the less than half the wetlands remaining in Wisconsin today.

STEVE KLOCK, Milwaukee

Your suggestion is well put and well taken. The magazine tries to keep readers up to date on developing environmental legislation, but often the situation changes between the time we write about it and the time the magazine hits print.

For instance, the endangered species check-off bill you mention was defeated in this legislative session, between the time we received your letter and this printing. Likewise, proposed wetlands legislation changed drastically. The law that passed offers additional protection to wetlands along navigable waterways in incorporated areas, but does little to safeguard marshes elsewhere.

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Wisconsin whitewater



Officials can transform the Wausau diversion canal from whisper to whitewater at will. This controlled torrent is so special it may bring Wausau the international slalom competition.
Photo by Frank Church

Whitewater canoeing is a special kind of recreation and Wisconsin has the special water to accommodate it. The sport requires skill, dedication, equipment and safety.

FRANK CHURCH, Appleton

They had told us it would be rough. Back on the rock, between bites out of a turkey sandwich, Charlie had told us about waterfalls and canyons up ahead, where souvenir hunters can find chunks of fiberglass and paddles along the otherwise-unsullied shores of the Peshtigo River.

We had not paid any attention. Sitting on a rock in the middle of the Upper Peshtigo, where it stirs just enough to let you know it is moving, deep, dark cedar woods on one side and the twinkling green of birch on the other, we had had other things on our minds.

Above First Drop, we kind of wished

we were back on the rock, admiring the birch. First Drop looked mean. We pulled into an eddy and waited for Charlie. We knew this was a big drop because Charlie had become quiet. His partially-grey beard still twinkled brightly in the mid-July sun, but the big smile was gone.

Charlie and his 16-foot canoe disappeared. When he came out in the pool below, the big smile was back. It was bigger than normal.

As we went into it, me in the bow, I knew instantly why Charlie had gone left. On the right, the water hit a wall of granite. Fast-moving water, one of nature's finest artists, can draw a thousand pictures on a single rock. On this one, it drew a monstrous curler.

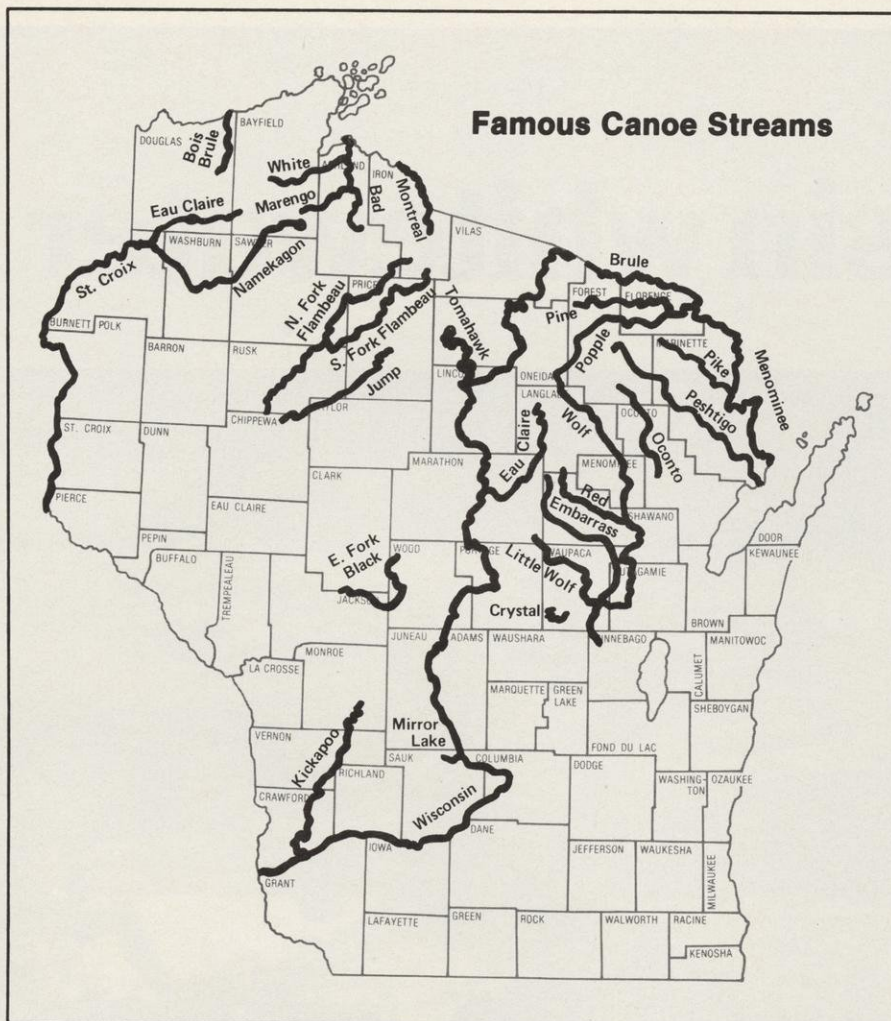
It flipped us. No time even to brace with our paddles. I grabbed the gunwales instead. But that was only one of the mistakes I made at First Drop. I had also failed to scout the rapids. I came in too far to the right. And I had

not switched with my wife, Chris, so that she was in the bow, instead of me.

Charlie and the others laughed. I suppose it was funny, the way I violated every rule of safe canoeing to chase after the canoe, still trapped in the foam, instead of helping Chris, who was on her third swallow of river water. I tried to explain later that that first dump in whitewater can turn a man irrational. It was not like I wanted to save the canoe first, I told her.

Soaked, one of her new tennis shoes somewhere downstream, the tender spots starting to turn a dark blue, she did not think it was funny.

Wisconsin has some of the finest whitewater in the Midwest, and the Peshtigo is one of the best. Winding through the Nicolet National Forest below Cavour, past swamps and pine stands and creeks like Catwillow and Haymeadow, it is gentle. A few rapids. But in Marinette County, below an old farm dam, she is anything but gentle.



WHITEWATER RIVERS OF WISCONSIN*

RIVER	LOCATION	RATING
Bois Brule	Douglas County	I-III
Brule	Forest, Florence counties	I-III
Flambeau (South Fork)	Price, Sawyer, Rusk counties	I-III
Little Wolf	Waupaca County	II
Menominee	Marinette County	III-IV
Peshtigo	Forest, Marinette counties	II-IV
Pike	Marinette County	I-III
Pine	Florence, Forest counties	I-III
Popple	Florence County	I-III
Red	Shawano County	I-III
White	Ashland, Bayfield counties	I-II
Wolf	Langlade County	II-III

* Only some stretches have whitewater. Consult detailed maps.

Wisconsin canoeists, when they have learned what they can do on rivers like the Pike and Red, come to the Roaring Rapids section of the Peshtigo.

Once again this spring, it was the site of the American Canoe Association's (ACA) Midwest Divisional Wildwater Championship.

Other Wisconsin rivers attract ACA events. A year ago August, the National Slalom Championships for canoes and kayaks was held in the Midwest for the first time. In downtown Wausau. A diversion canal there, on the dam-controlled Wisconsin River, has been tailored into one of the most challenging slalom courses around. There are some who say downtown Wausau could some day host the prestigious, international slalom event.

The Last Ditch Slalom will take place again on the Wolf River on October 2nd and 3rd. It drew over 100 entrants last year, many of them from out of state.

But competition is not what Wisconsin whitewater canoeing is all about. Few sit along the bank of the Peshtigo to watch boat after boat pass by, competing against the clock. It is a sport, for most, where the only competition is how long you can stay up while playing in the hydraulic below Gresham, on the Red. Where the playing field includes some of the most scenic wild country in Wisconsin.

The Pike River has a place, about six miles east of Amberg, where the granite bank suddenly shoots 100 feet above the river. Paddlers often stop there for lunch. It is as if someone knew they were coming and set the table. Up high enough to get a fantastic overlook of the river and its giant pine. Open enough to discourage bugs.

Once, a friend in another canoe reached out and turned me over while I was paddling a quiet stretch of the Pike, looking for a chickadee I had just heard — in no mood for a swim. I caught up with him later at the rock. The rock is the kind of place where tired paddlers rest. He was fast asleep. So I filled his decked canoe with water and rocks.

The Pike is one of three Wisconsin wild rivers. Like most of Wisconsin's whitewater rivers, it has little development along its banks. Neither do the Pine and Popple, the other two state-designated wild streams. The Pike is fed by springs that make it runnable whitewater all season. The Pine and Popple have to be run in spring, when water is high.

If you are lucky, you will run the Pike with friends who like to take their time, maybe linger over lunch on the rock or look for wildflowers hiding in the dark forest along its banks.

Wisconsin whitewater is best in the spring. Melting snow and rain turn rivers like the Wolf and Peshtigo into frothing

torrents made only for experts. Upper stretches of the Red and Embarrass, in Shawano County, are usually only runnable in the spring.

But some rivers float kayaks and canoes all season long. Like the Wolf, or the Red below Gresham and its dam. The Brule, Bois Brule, parts of the Peshigo and White, to name some, are usually runnable from spring to fall.

Whitewater canoeing is not a T-shirt and tennis shoe event in Wisconsin. Some will walk out of a warm house on a cold, spring day, the sun not up yet and a blanket of snow still on the ground, and head out to a river that has just lost its ice. The worst part of it is putting on the neoprene wetsuit in the back of a van with the temperature around freezing.

Some of the best paddling comes in the fall, when the green shorelines of the Red and Peshtigo turn yellow and

RIVER RATING

GRADE	DIFFICULTY
I	Easy rapids
II	More difficulty. Requires intermediate ability in open canoes.*
III	Difficult rapids. Only experts should try these in open canoes.
IV	Very difficult. Only experts in decked canoes and kayaks should try these.
V	Extremely difficult. Limited to extremely expert canoeists in decked craft.
VI	Experts are taking a chance in these.

*Open canoes are the kind Native Americans used to make out of wood and birchbark. Today, whitewater canoes come in an array of much tougher, synthetic materials. Decked boats are kayaks or canoes that look very much like kayaks.



Racers challenge the National Slalom Championship course at Wausau. Photos by Frank Church

crimson. In some years, whitewater canoeing can run from March to November.

But swimming is no welcome relief in spring and fall. It can be a killer. Hypothermia can turn a healthy swimmer into a rock in seconds. That's why spring and fall canoeing is for the experienced and well-equipped. A wet suit is a must!

Running a shuttle along the twisting blacktop of a rural, Shawano County road can be torture, if you are in the back of a van trying to put on a wetsuit. It was that way a few years ago when a group of us headed for the Red River, just below Gresham.

"Slow down!" someone yelled at Roger. But Roger already had his wetsuit on. He was in a hurry to get to the river, which was high that spring. Good shuttle drivers don't slow down to make hairpin turns.

That section of the Red is good for any skill level. A few, easy drops and two difficult ones, which can be portaged easily. Many canoe clubs and schools

use it for instruction.

Though moderately experienced, we all elected to portage Alexian Falls that day. Not a classic falls, but a steep, churning narrow grade closed in on both sides by solid granite, Alexian, like a deserted, medieval castle off in the distance, would be a nice place for lunch, we decided, but a terrible place to die.

When we saw two boats in a group behind us preparing to run Alexian, we put down our sandwiches and pulled out the rescue ropes. It took the first canoeist 10 minutes to decide his strategy. While he did that, sipping orange drink, his wife searched for a nice, level spot on the granite where she could stand ready with rescue rope. Her young son crawled as close to the turbulent water as he could, to watch.

"He's crazy," she smiled.
"I'm crazy too, but I wouldn't do that," said one of our group.

The first boater was ready. He paddled upstream, then turned to approach the falls. Every inch of his

open canoe was crammed with airbag flotation. He hit the top perfectly, avoiding a dangerous cross-current on the right and a swirling hole to his left. Even the kid cheered. The second boater, his teenage son watching from shore, hit the same spot, perfect. Cheers again.

Now it was their turn to have lunch at Alexian Falls. Our group moved out, towards Ziemer's Falls.

Whitewater canoeing is not like taking the Old Aluminum out for a spin on the pond behind the cottage. A paddle and lifejacket, and maybe a good book and binoculars, are all you need for the lake. For the river, you need a better paddle. A better boat, too, made out of something like acrylonitrile-butadiene-styrene or polyethylene. A helmet, maybe, and thigh straps. Flotation, like air bags or styrofoam or an old, tractor innertube. And some instruction.

Start with practice on a lake or benign river. Learn strokes like the draw and pry, maneuvers like the eddy turn and upstream ferry. You can learn them



Pause in an eddy at Horserace Rapids on the Peshtigo River. Photo by Roger Thibaudau

A PARTIAL LIST OF WISCONSIN CANOE CLUBS

CLUB	CONTACT
Hoofers Outing Club	Bob Obst, 911 Woodward Dr., Madison 53704. 608-241-8756
Northeast Wisconsin Paddling Society	Frank Church, 1030 W. Commercial, Appleton 54911. 414-739-0922
Madison Canoe and Kayak Club	Bill Kallner, White Lake 54491. 715-822-5400
Paddlers United for Kayak Excitement	Frank Tamel, 10549 W. Forest Home, Hales Corners 53130.
Wisconsin Sierra Club	Dave Wehnes, 3261 N. 87th St., Milwaukee 53222. 414-447-8073
Wausau Canoe and Kayak Club	Terry Allen, 1111 E. Wausau Ave., Wausau 54401. 715-845-5920
Wolf River Canoe Club	George Steed, White Lake 54491. 715-822-2182

from a book or, better, a qualified instructor. Outfitters along some of the state's whitewater rivers, like the Wolf and Peshtigo, offer courses all summer long. Most canoe clubs also offer informal instruction.

Learn how to "read" rapids. Smooth water can be an eddy or the route you should follow through a rapids. It might also be the work of a slightly-submerged rock that could send you swimming.

A few things to remember. Always wear a lifejacket. You might be the state's best freestyler, but a swim through turbulent water can make you wish you had something other than the dog paddle to keep your head out of water.

Stay away from dams. Even the most innocuous-looking dam is usually a "keeper," capable of holding you and your boat in a swirling prison of water.

Travel in groups of at least three boats. Know the river you are running. There are books at the library and newstand that detail the whitewater stretches of the state's prime whitewater rivers.

Most of all, know your limits. Portaging is good exercise. Bravado is foolish.

Roger is a quiet man. Never misses church. Works hard, sometimes six days a week, to keep the family business going. He likes church picnics and manning a deer stand every weekend of bow season. Most of his five children have grown up and left home. On long trips, he likes it when others drive, so he can sleep.

When we put in at Farm Dam on the Peshtigo River that morning, Roger pulled off his shirt so he would work some color into that cherubic torso of his before we hit the big drops. By the time we reached Horserace Rapids, we were sun-drenched alright, but none of us had yet taken a soaking in the water.

Horserace is the Peshtigo's supreme challenge. Dick went down first. I followed. At the bottom, we waited for Roger.

No Roger! After a few minutes, we headed upstream along the portage trail. Roger had wrapped his tattered, 17-footer around a rock at the start of the rapids.

He didn't know how, said Roger. Must have been looking at something on shore.

With one more crease, the battered boat and Roger headed away from the quiet pool below Horserace towards S-curve Rapids. But again, in a relatively quiet stretch, Roger wrapped the canoe on a rock. Again, it took the help of other boaters to get it off the rock. Another crease, but still floating.

Roger slept most of the trip home that evening.

But undeterred two weeks later,

MAJOR WHITEWATER EVENTS IN WISCONSIN

EVENT	DATE
Wolf River Wildwater Races	April 10-11
Peshtigo River Wildwater Races, American Canoe Association Midwest Divisional Championship	April 25
Wolf River Slalom	May 1-2
Apple River Slalom	May 15-16
First Wausau Slalom, American Canoe Association	June 26-27
Midwest Division Championship	
Second Wausau Slalom	July 31-Aug. 1
St. Croix Slalom	Sept. 11-12
Last Ditch Slalom, Wolf River	Oct. 2-3

Roger pulled into the clearing at Farm Dam at 7 a.m., after leaving home at 4, to run the Peshtigo with a few of us who had camped near the dam that night.

That's canoeing...in Wisconsin. Where the only things that matter are the sound of the rapids, the wild scenery and good times, and the friends who are also nuts enough to chop ice off the bank so they can get a boat into a river for an early spring run. ☐

Charles Welter of Green Bay takes his son and friend through Gilmore's Mistake on the Wolf River. Photo by Roger Thibaudau

