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Paddlers explore islands, deal with towboat wakes

on a Mississippi River canoe trip from Natchez to St. Francisville, La.

s we paddled down the Mississippi, we place here and there to check out the sights, such as a monstrous cypress log which our guide, John Ruskey, clambered onto, and a creek flowing into the woods through fields of yellow rocket wildflowers where we all explored.

Exploring is a big part of the fun in canoeing the Mississippi River.

Ruskey pointed out features of interest like the Ellis Cliffs and **LEATHER** St. Catherine BRITCHES Creek National Wildlife Refuge.

The river ERNEST turned flat HERNDON calm. Ruskey

estimated that 75 percent of the time the Mississippi River is benign. Other times it can be extreme, so it pays to be pre-

pared. Two days before I joined the group, violent storms swept across the river south of Vicksburg, catching Ruskey and his crew a mile from their intended campsite. The wind swung the 30foot canoe sideways and pushed it well off course before the paddlers regained control. A man with them in a sea kayak sprained his thumb and had to bail out of his boat.

Everyone got to shore in a cold, driving rain. They got a fire going and were soon warm and cozy.

Ruskey said the biggest practical threat on the river is sunburn. He recalled a German client who suffered heat exhaustion when he ignored Ruskey's advice to rest in the shade on a broiling summer day.

We pulled over at a small cove on an island to make camp. In lower water there would be a mile-wide sandbar here, but now it lay un- and Elliott held a ceremony der cold brown water.

ground, however. Dewberry vines blanketed the sandy soil among groves of trees. Wild hog wallows, trails and tracks were everywhere. Geese honked at us for disturbing their sanctuary.

The crew quickly built a fire and set up the camp kitchen, a huge metal box that opened out into a cupboard. Chris "Wolfie" Staudinger cooked up a pot of rice and a veggie stir-fry that made me think of Thai cuisine, all cooked in castiron pots on the fire.

Afterward, several of us walked across the island to watch the sunset from a River has. sandy point. The sky changed from orange to rose-pink as a disgruntled flock of geese floated in midriver waiting for us to leave.

We eventually obliged them and returned to sit around the fire drinking ginger tea. Wolfie made it by slicing up a whole ginger root into an enamel kettle and boiling it for a while. For the rest of the trip he left the root in there, replenishing it with hot water as needed. It honev.

We swapped outdoor stowater offshore, expressing its own displeasure at our presence. It seems wildlife also believe in property rights.

me from a cottonwood tree beside my tent. A fire was already kindled. Beside it stood kettles of coffee, ginger tea ago ended at Memphis when and rushing water, the scents and hot water.

Ruskey played and sang Delta blues on a guitar while the crew cooked up a giant being deterred, Ruskey set-drifted by, fish stirred the wa-



John Ruskey mans his 'river office,' above. Below is a viewof the Mississippi River from the author's tent.



'It struck something so deep within me I can't seem to divert my attention from it. It's made me happier than any other landscape.'

John Ruskey

Mississippi River guide

omelet in a cast-iron Dutch

After breakfast, Ruskey to mark the beginning of the Mississippi from St. Louis There was plenty of dry their partnership at Quato the Gulf. paw-Natchez Outpost, "River" Peoples beat a handdrum and Wolfie burned a that he makes freely accesclump of white sage in a sible to the public. cleansing ritual that Ruskey, tive Americans out west.

The drumbeat drew the attention of two guys from the far side of the island. We greeted them and learned they were New Orleans sea kayakers paddling from Natchez to Baton Rouge. canoe, the Grasshopper, They had heard of Ruskey, of drifted on. course. Virtually anyone who paddles the Mississippi

Back on the river, we heard radio traffic between hog, osprey, deer — or untowboat captains who spotted the canoes and kayaks. or forest. Ruskey and Elliott both cartacted the captains about

our positions. Some towboat captains consider paddlers a nuisance and automatically assume they don't know what they're doing. That's not the grassy knoll to camp. Ruskey case with the Quapaw set up his "river office"—so-

was especially good with crossed the swift current, just sightseeing but carefully churning the water into chaos. I would have been ries as a beaver slapped the nervous here in a two-man project. canoe, but the 30-foot Grasshopper rode easily over back the intact skeleton of the waves.

Ruskey said he has never capsized the big boat, Mockingbirds awakened though he has flipped in a two-man canoe a dozen times. And his epic Mississipthe raft crashed into a pylon, of woodsmoke and wildflowdy into the torrent. Far from through thin gray cloud. Logs

tled in Clarksdale and opened Quapaw Canoe Co.

"It struck something so deep within me I can't seem to divert my attention from it," Ruskey said of the Mississippi. "It's made me happier than any other landscape."

He went on to become an internationally recognized authority on Mississippi River paddling and has been featured in National Geographic, Outside and Readers Digest magazines, among many others. He's formed a nonprofit organization, the Lower Mississippi River Foundation, to promote and preserve the river, and hosts a student apprenticeship program known as the Mighty Quapaws. He has taught workshops on building dugout canoes as far away as Washington State. He's written articles, blogs, and a book about his Missouri River trip. And now he's hard at work on the River Gator website, charting

It seemed odd that which Elliott runs. Mark Ruskey was putting so much effort into a project

"It's in the spirit of the rivwho was born and raised in er," he explained. "It's our

> Elliott and his passengers Josh and Christie Hall left us at Waterproof, La., since they had an appointment to keep. Our 30-foot wooden

To our east, bald eagles circled. Ruskey and his crew were adept at spotting any form of wildlife — beaver, usual feature of the terrain

We passed the mouth of ried radios, and Elliott con- the Homochitto River, but a towboat between us and it kept us from venturing up it. After lunch we rounded Jackson Point. This felt like home territory for me now.

We stopped at a high lar-powered laptop comput-Swells from prop wakes er, maps, camera. He wasn't recording every feature of the river for his River Gator

Brax Barden brought an 8-point buck, probably wounded during hunting season and never found.

While supper cooked, I sat on the bank over the river basking in the cool afternoon pi River raft trip many years air, the sounds of birdsong spilling Ruskey and his bud- ers, the pale sunlight shining



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Towboats push barges against the cur- noon sunshine brightens trees beneath a rent in the Mississippi River. Below, after- stormy sky.



ter, and towboats glided past in the distance.

I heard a splash as Ruskey jumped in the river. He swims in it daily, and has swum across the whole thing more than once. He even takes his 6-vear-old daughter, Emma Lou, on these trips, and she, too, loves to swim in the river.

We ate spaghetti and meatballs and chatted by the fire. I fell asleep to the splash of the river where the cur-Colorado, learned from Na-river. It doesn't belong to rent met the eddy line 150 yards offshore.

Friday was going to be a big day for me personally because we would be floating past areas that I have covered for this newspaper for 35-plus years. Usually I drive to those areas from the east. Now I would be canoeing past them on the west side.





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