

All Day Eddy's Treasure Chest of Mystery

Lovingly penned for Wild West Voyages by Swirlin' Eddy

At the end of a full day trip on the "Daily" or Fisher Towers section of the Colorado, high water has one last trick for the greenhorn and veteran alike. Sometimes, that river just doesn't want to say good-bye. You can see the BLM Takeout Beach, you think you're headed straight at it. But nooooooooooooo. Off to the right (and in late May it truly covers over half the river) my cousin All Day Eddy lays in wait.

Now as you know my name is Swirlin' Eddy and you can find me alongside you on any stretch of river. But down there on the Colorado lives my cousin, All Day Eddy. There is a reason he is named this. Don't give him even a corner of your raft, or the tip of your oar blade, unless you want to hang out with him for a few rounds. This time of year he draws logs and debris into his lair just to make you feel more at home after he snatches you from your downriver trajectory.

Last week some private paddlers I know spent three rounds in there. The first time they were just checking it out, playing along, wasting time. The second time, it was only mildly intentional yet mildly annoying. The lead paddler finally made the calls in earnest yet the group did not emerge from the eddy. "Where the heck is the current?" one was heard shouting. "There is no water going downriver, what the hey*?"

On this third, infuriating go-round, they saw it. A treasure chest floating in the water, obscured by floating branches with the appearance of crocodiles keeping guard. Creepy. Fascinating. This treasure chest was some river runner's military issue ammo can, the "river purse" of choice for many. They are air tight. They float. They are practically impossible to destroy. They contain what each river rat might consider their valuables for that trip.

Nothing like a treasure chest to ignite the imagination. Let's get one thing clear up front; all imagined it contained no identification. That would burst the bubble and obligate the crew to return it to its rightful owner, a previous victim of All Day Eddy. Unspoken river courtesy, and total buzzkill. That given, each paddler offered a personal daydream about what might be contained therein. Spanish doubloons? Candy (Swedish Fish in particular)? Polished desert gemstones? An engraved private dinner invitation from Rick Springfield?



Here's the answer to your question: yes, they were released from the eddy due to their own determined paddling expertise and general embarrassment. No, they did not recirculate after the sighting and did not get to pluck the ammo can from the debris. No, you will never know what was in there and neither will they. Maybe it's better that way, because now I can ask YOU a question... doing a few rounds yourself in All Day Eddy, what mysterious treasures might YOU have found in that floating case?

*euphemism

Check out Swirlin' Eddy's River Blog at <http://www.wildwestvoyages.com/swirlin--eddy-s-river-blog.html>