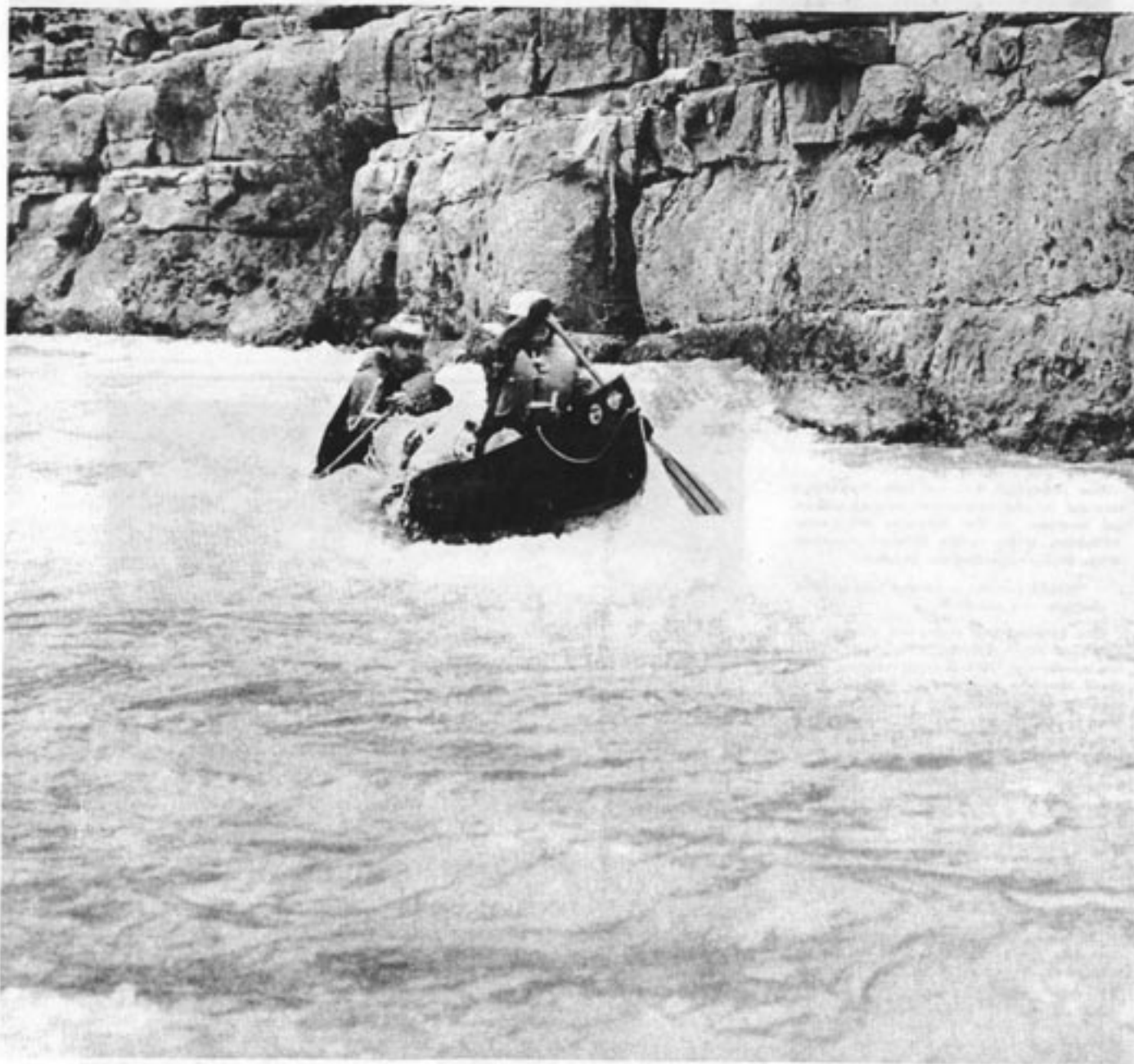


# American White Water

The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation



*Bob and Bruce Burleson at the mouth of San Francisco Canyon. Photo by Bill Thompson*

**SUMMER 1967**

**VOLUME XIII, NO. 1**

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## LETTERS

American Whitewater Affiliation

Dear Mrs. McAlister:

You requested that we tally the ballots received in your referendum offered individual members of the American Whitewater Affiliation in the spring issue of *American White Water* regarding this question:

"Would you like to have a vote in AWA elections and policies?"

One hundred and eighty-two members, or 71.4% of those replying, voted "yes." Fifty-two members, or 20% of those replying, voted "no." Nineteen members, or 7.5% of those replying, did not mark their ballots. Two members, or .7% of those replying, wrote on their ballots that they "didn't care." A total of 255 ballots were tallied.

Very truly yours,  
HULL, ANDERSON & KUEHN  
Howard D. Hull, Jr.

Warrensburg, Mo., April 9, 1967

American White Water

The Spring Issue editorial on AWA survival until dues can be raised in 1968 was no surprise. Many of us have realized for some time that AWA could not continue a quarterly journal at the ridiculous price of \$2.50. What it amounts to is that a member is not even paying his own way for the coming year at that rate. Dues will certainly have to be raised to \$5, so why not begin a year early on a voluntary basis? I don't know of any conservation organization with dues of less than \$5 and most of them don't provide me with something as fine as *American White Water*.

Enclosed is my check for \$5 for 1967 dues. I hope others will make voluntary contributions this year. Eliot Dubois told me a while back that a fellow he knew said he "would

pay \$20 per year if he could be sure of receiving each issue." With the magazine coming regularly, I hope he sees this and makes good on that!

Sincerely,  
Oz Hawksley

Ed. Grant Conway and Cecil Carnes have also contributed.

The Editor requests that original articles only be submitted for publication in *A W W* with the understanding that they are for exclusive use of the Journal.

4-16-67, Milwaukee, Wis., 53211

Dear Officers of AWA:

I read about the money shortness in the last AWW. I feel all the extra time and work is worth more than only \$2.50 a year. You also could charge \$10 or \$20 more for anybody who makes with the paddling a little money as a sideline—as I do. (I have no store and a regular job.) All the boat dealers would be in line for an extra charge, AWA member or not! They sell canoes! Thank you for all your fine work.

Erich Feneht  
3522 N. Downer Ave.

Ed. We are grateful for your contribution of \$17.50 and hope it will help save a river.



*A Tunnel of Gates, Mascoma, 1967, by Foss*

# American WHITE WATER



The purpose of the American Whitewater Affiliation, formed in 1954, is to:

Encourage the exploration, enjoyment, and preservation of American recreational waterways for man-powered craft; Protect the wilderness character of waterways through conservation of water, forests, parks, wildlife and related resources;

Promote safety and proficiency in all aspects of white water activities such as the navigation of moving water, teaching, teamwork, leadership, and equipment design by publishing and demonstrating developments in these and related fields; Promote appreciation for the recreational value of wilderness cruising and of white water sports.

Opportunity for membership in this affiliation is open to all individuals interested in the recreational use of American waterways who will subscribe to the above purpose.

American White Water is published quarterly and mailed to all members of AWA in Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall Issues. DEADLINES for insertion of copy and advertising are Nov. 15, Feb. 15, May 15, and Aug. 15.

## Conservation Chairman's Report

AWA was ably represented at the Senate Hearings on S. 119 and S. 1092 by Grant Conway. Others responded with written statements. In my efforts to build a nationwide Department, many contacts with individuals have been made. We now have Bob Barleson, Box 844, Temple, Tex. 76501; Davis Bragg, Box 758, Killeen, Tex; Cecil Carnes, 130 Rover Blvd., White Rock, Los Alamos, N.M. 87544; Grant Conway, 6052 Broad St.,

The Journal of The American Whitewater Affiliation  
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Jim McAlister.

## BULLETINS

Your Membership Chairman, "Deacon" Kiehn, has sent in so many new members that Ruby, who handles circulation, has been unable to "pull" the address plates of unpaid members. Sorry about that. We dislike the hard sell; however, if you still want to belong to AWA, there is another chance to renew this next quarter. Look at your check book to see if you are paid for 1967. If not, please fill out renewal notice on the cover and mail to AWA, 5040 Glenside Drive, Kansas City, Mo. 64129. Do it now.

The Journal takes this opportunity to welcome 7 new members in England, signed up by Maurice Rothwell, British Canoe Union, Manchester, a member of "Deacon's" Committee.

With the signing of the following new affiliates since the Spring Issue, the official count is now 90 Affiliated Clubs.

Explorers Post No. 55X  
Serry Moore, Rep.  
9257 Wedgewood  
Temple City, Calif. 91780  
Girl Scouts of America  
Mariner Scout Ship 1800  
Miss Carolyn Nance, Rep.  
4813 Flanders Ave.  
Kensington, Md. 20795  
Montreal White Water Club  
Martin H. Siegelman, Rep.  
15 Jasper Ave., Town of Mount Royal  
Montreal 16, Quebec, Canada  
American Indian Center Canoe Club  
Leroy Wesjaw, Rep.  
2209 No. Campbell Ave.  
Chicago, Ill. 60647  
N. Bergen Co. Canoe Club, Inc. BSA  
John Fahry, Rep.  
1090 Main Street  
River Edge, N. J. 07661  
Texas Explorers Club  
Bob Barleson, Rep.  
Box 844  
Temple, Texas 76501  
Kayak & Canoe Ass'n of B. C.  
James Marks, Rep.  
c/o 1004-1219 Marwood St.  
Vancouver, B. C., Canada  
University of Virginia Outing Club  
John Funtun, Rep.  
Box 101X, Newcomb Station  
Charlottesville, Va. 22901

# THE ROARING MATTAWIN

by

GEORGE W. SEARS, JR.

We wanted a wilderness white water canoe trip — not too remote, canoeable — but still with plenty of excitement and an element of the unknown in it. From the maps, the Mattawin River in Quebec seemed to fill the bill and with a large dose of the unknown. We couldn't find anyone who had ever heard of it. Finally, two replies to our mailed inquiries came.

R. E. Kirkpatrick of the Consolidated Paper Co. stated that the river was entirely dam controlled, canoeing would be impossible when the dam is closed, and large quantities of pulpwood logs are released every time the dam is opened. He concluded his letter with the very grave statement "The canoeists should note the rather numerous crosses along the river and govern themselves accordingly!"

Dunc. Breese of the St. Maurice Valley Chronicle wrote — "The Mattawin River from Taureau Dam east to the St. Maurice River is truly a wilderness. It's rough, tough, and a killer! About 20% of the entire distance of 60 miles is portaging due to the rapids, chutes, and falls. It's a tremendous trip, difficult as they come, but lots of fun!"

These vivid comments left us apprehensive but convinced that we would have to see it for ourselves. We were six — Marvin Thornton and his son, Charlie, Bob Rusher, Hans Buchler, my son Harold and I, all members of the Buck Ridge Ski Club. We went in three Grumman canoes, two of them splash-covered, carrying camping gear and a week's supply of food — mostly freeze-dried.

At the town of Mattawin, north of Trois Rivières, we left one car, and the six of us with all our gear drove the 165 mile shuttle to the L. Taureau dam in the other car. This was quite a ride in itself, especially the last 25 miles over a narrow dirt road through Consolidated Paper Co. forest. Even with our three canoes thoroughly lashed down, at one point they threatened to slide right down over the hood of the car.

The dam was closed when we arrived, and they were right—there was no water to canoe in. However, the dam keeper said he was to open it at 6 P.M. He assured us, though — in French — that we'd never make it beyond the first rapid — just around the first corner. With this cheerful note, he opened the dam, letting out a five foot by twenty-five foot wall of water, and we began to think he could

possibly be right. The whole basin filled up with wildly churning frothing water, and we could feel the vibration in the rocky walls. Conversation near the dam was drowned out by the roar of the water.

No decision could be made that night, but early Sunday morning, Hans and I carried a canoe from our camp down the quarter mile trail to the river and paddled down to see this first rapid. We had decided if it looked passable, we'd go. It looked passable — on the far left near the shore and away from the main flow which surely would have swamped us. We hurried back with the news. Smiles broke out, and we quickly ate the breakfast Bob and Harold had prepared. We broke camp, hauled the gear down to the water, loaded up and were off.

Sure enough, the first rapid — "Empty Barrel" — was runnable, even with the open canoe, though Bob and Hans were more concerned with the big waves than the rest of us. The dam-keeper's son-in-law and his family had bushwhacked down to see us go through, probably figuring to help haul us ashore at the bottom of the rapid. We waved goodbye and went on, feeling that we had now truly left civilization.

Four more rapids and a short quiet stretch down river, and we suddenly came upon a well-kept log cabin. Maybe we weren't so far from civilization after all. The cabin was empty and the grounds were open and flat — an ideal camping spot. We had spent the whole day on the first five and a half miles, and decided this was just the place for us. A swim, a good dinner and some sleep, and we'd be ready to tackle whatever lay around the corner.

The next morning, the river had dropped about 18 inches. The dam had been closed down to two feet, which was to hold at least 'til mid week. This gave us all considerably more confidence. The river drops an average of 15 feet per mile over its entire length with 11 miles averaging 30-55 feet per mile. Even with a two foot opening at the dam, the river was broad and powerful.

Rounding our first corner, we came upon the Oxbow Rapid. The first hundred yards or so was a gentle rock garden terminated by a 3-4 foot ledge crossing the entire river, and followed by two or three hundred yards of heavy rapids containing two more ledges at least as formidable as the first. After carefully scouring the left bank for a way to line the canoes down, we finally decided to ferry back across the river and carry the boats fully loaded along the right bank, floating them where possible, until we could safely ride the remaining part of the rapid.

Since we had two movie cameras and two still cameras among us, each carry would involve four or five of us wrestling a loaded boat over the rocks and stranded pulpwood logs along the shore, while a cameraman would be on the side-lines recording the activity.

Big Price rapids started out fairly mild — several drops of a foot and a half or so each with rock gardens in between. Here we had our first casualty. The Thorntons ran aground half way over one of these drops. Marvin quickly stepped out to give the boat a push. Unfortunately the water was at least five feet deep, and as he went down, the boat came over with him. What a shame we couldn't record the surprise on his face! Harold and I collected a paddle and loose jacket as they floated down, and we thought no damage had been done. It wasn't until much later that Marvin discovered that his wallet was no longer with him. Over a hundred dollars in cash and several traveler's checks plus all his personal cards had gone down.

We judged the latter part of Big Price rapid to be at least Class V and definitely out of our class. We laboriously carried the loaded canoes around three large drops, put in again and carried on a half mile or so to Little Price rapids. Here there were no tricky drops but a long series of large waves, no problem for the covered boats but, finally, too much for the open one. Each wave added a little water to the hold until the boat quietly gave up and went under—and over. More scrounging for paddles, sponges, loose clothes, etc. Nothing was lost, but unfortunately, Bob's camera was loosely tied in a rubberized bag, and when he picked it up, water ran out. We hung it up in the sun, but even after it dried out, the shutter wouldn't work. Well, we had too many cameramen anyway.

Our camp was in the wilderness that night. Bushes had to be cut to make room for the tents. We'd made only 15 miles in two days and should have made 20. Still we couldn't have done better. As it was, supper dishes had to be done by the light of a carbide lamp.

The next day — Tuesday — we had five miles of quiet water, then the Rapide du Petit Chien and just below the Rapide du Gros Chien, a mile and a half of Class III and Class IV water—complete with two spills. All these rapids, at least at their more difficult spots, were scouted on land, routes carefully debated and decided on, and then we'd go through one at a time. Our judgment was not always perfect.

Shortly below these rapids, the road, largely impassable and with sections abandoned, crosses the Mattawin on an





*Marvin and Charlie at the Empty Barrel*

old Bailey bridge. Here we heard a road crew working back in the woods, and knowing that they frequently drove back and forth on the section of road next to the bridge, we stopped and tossed a small uprooted pine tree across the road. As we were getting into our canoes again, sure enough a large truck roared into view. They saw the little tree and slowed down wondering how that had gotten there. Then just as they were entering the woods again, they spotted us. The truck screeched to a halt and backed up into view. They looked—we waved—they looked some more, and then drove off with not a sign of expression. We canoed on down the river feeling that somehow, that wasn't quite what we had expected.

Quiet water on the Mattawin comes in rather short sections for the most part, and soon we were at Les Rapides de l'Arrachis. From the topo map, we expected this to be the meanest rapid of them all. It showed as alternate short sections of very narrow then wide pools as though the river would rapidly drop in a rocky gorge then level out, then drop again. We weren't disappointed! We ran the first half having to portage around only one of the worst in a series of ledges. However, it was almost five-thirty when we arrived at a quiet section in the middle of the rapid. We stopped on the right bank, but could find enough flat ground for only two tents, and neither of the sites was particularly enticing. Ferrying to the other side, we finally

found three reasonable though widely scattered tent sites, and used the rocky shore as usual to put up our kitchen. It was well after dark when we finally finished dinner, and we were lulled to sleep by the steady roar of the rapid downstream.

The next morning we saw what was making the rumble in the distance. Most of the river ran through a narrow chasm on the right, dropping 10-20 feet in some really awesome waves. We were able to skirt this cataract in a small side channel with only two or three short carries. As we worked our way down, we could look over the central island at the main channel seeing the waves and spray repeatedly thrown high in the air. Although we saw no evidence, this was certainly the number one candidate for a cross on the river bank!

This had taken a fair amount of time, and we were able to manage only two more rapids—both runnable after very brief scouting—before lunch. After about a mile of quiet water, we came to Red Pine rapids. As far as we could see, it was drop after drop, three to five feet each, narrow and fast and definitely no place for us. The banks were steep with impassable cliffs, and there seemed no way to portage along the banks as we had always done before. Luckily we saw a portage sign on the left bank just above the rapid—the first one we'd seen on the entire trip. Some people might have made this in a single trip, but it was all we

could do to handle it in two. We loaded up with gear and set off down the trail. The trail? It wasn't bad at the start, though narrow, and we noticed a heavy-gauge galvanized wire running along beside it. Soon the trail faded away, and there was just the wire left—running over down-falls and through the brush. A real shin-scraper! It was about this time that we began to feel that there were probably better ways to spend a vacation. The wire did lead back to the river, and we were ultimately afloat again. But that had been a hard half mile!

Consistent with almost the entire trip, we didn't ride much farther until we came to the next rapid—another French one. Le Rapide du Galer. The top part was impossible and we carried along the right bank. The short middle section we could handle, but near the end the whole river bottom broadened but tilted sharply and as Bob commented, looked like a giant football field, tilted and full of jumping water. Not being football players, we portaged this too—on the left.

Here was one of the few places we could make good use of our constant companions, the pulp-wood logs. They had been on all the banks, lodged on top of all the rocks, and quietly floating in most of the eddies. Fortunately, active logging had been stopped and relatively few competed with us for the passable channels. Here at Galer, we had at least a hundred yards of smooth rocky ledge to carry the heavy boats over. So we

lined up a path and rolled the boats through almost as fast as we could run.

This operation ended the day. It was well after five o'clock, it looked like rain, we had only come four and a half miles. As we set up camp on a rocky point, we noticed on a bluff across the river a large wooden cross standing merely just below the bottom of the rapid. One Arthur Charette had died there in June 1921, no doubt a faulty paddle brace—or possibly a logging accident.

It did rain that evening as Marvin and Charlie were cooking supper. It rained again as they were fixing breakfast. The mosquitoes and No-see-ums had been merciless in the evening and at night. There were a few glum looks in the morning, not the least of which was Charlie's. At one point, Bob said to Charlie, "Remember Charlie, you're having fun!"

Although the rest of us laughed, Charlie didn't look as though he was convinced.

This morning we managed a full two miles before the roaring ahead announced that we'd soon be walking. Rapide du Crapeaud was similar to Red Pine—too heavy to canoe, having no shelving banks which would permit carrying around the worst drops, but sporting a portage sign. This portage "trail" also followed a heavy wire—or vice versa—and it was indeed fortunate that it did. Soon after the start, the wire was all that was visible, and it went right through a couple of ravines that would have been more suitable for a mountain goat. About half way along, we decided to cut down to the river and see if we couldn't somehow follow along, carrying, lining, paddling. Almost anything would be better than this. The worst was indeed over, and we were able to paddle the rest of the way with only two short carries.

Our topo map showed the Chute de la Grand Mere to be a half mile ahead, and sure enough in the distance—with constant rapids between us—a plume of mist rising from the river pointed out to us Grandmother's Falls. We approached slowly, canoeing, lining, and carrying where necessary to find a 30-35 foot fall between steep rocky banks. Not a sign of a portage trail could we find. Finally Bob suggested we drop the boats over the cliff right beside the falls. There was plenty of foot room at the top and a two to four foot ledge at the bottom almost at the water's edge. At first this seemed a crazy idea, but it gradually caught on and promised to be quite an exercise and change of pace. Once decided, we wasted no time getting started. First, Bob and Hans were belayed over on a throwing line, then canoes and gear



*Bob and Hans at Oxbow Rapid*

followed, one load after another until all was safely stashed well below the falls.

A quick but late lunch followed—just before the rain started. It had been cloudy all morning but mercifully held off 'til after our exercises at the falls. Although the map indicated two more rapids and another falls in the next two miles, we found only more or less continuous mild rapids needing no scouting. The following six miles were flat, it rained all the way, and we pushed on pretty well catching up with our original schedule. The rain continued intermittently while we set up camp, our kitchen and dining room an overturned canoe under a large tarp. Harold crawled into the sack shortly after dinner and a little later came loud complaints from the tent. He had let his arm slide off the air mattress and it went splash! I looked in with a flash light and here was Harold in the middle of a small lake with small streams coursing down the sides of the tent. Well, this didn't seem like the way to spend a night, so we moved the canoe out of the kitchen and repitched the tent in under the tarp. I resolved then and there to get a complete fly for the tent before the next trip.

Well, nine miles yet to go and a day and a half maximum to do them in. A couple of little rapids and then five miles of Rapides des Cinq. The topo map showed a narrow, rather even channel dropping at a steady rate of 45-50 feet per mile. We'd better be able to canoe most of it or we'd be late. Waves and fast water showed up right on schedule. Bob and Hans went down to just above the first bend and landed. They waved us on and Marvin and Charlie approached the bend. Hans began frantically to wave at

them. Marvin thought he meant to stay away from the inside of the bend but suddenly realized Hans had been trying to get him to land on the inside. Only by the most frantic paddling did they manage to avoid a huge scouse hole right at the corner. When we had all landed at this bend, we noticed for the first time a white cross on the opposite shore telling its more story of what happened to some earlier unfortunate person. We weren't about to try to cross the river at this point so never learned any of the details sure to be on the cross.

The next four miles none of us will soon forget. It started out well enough, with more or less continuous Class III rapids. A lot of fun rolling over the waves, rock and log dodging with no scouting necessary. Then in the space of a mile or so, we had four spills. The first two were self rescues with nothing lost. Then since Harold and I were at the moment in the lead canoe, we stopped to take movies of Bob and Hans coming down a very nice stretch. Just as I started, with their boat about a hundred yards upstream, they suddenly turned over. I hated to give up on the pictures but felt they might take a dim view of my just standing there grinding away as they swept past. So I put the camera on a flat rock, jumped in the canoe with Harold, and we ferried out to try to intercept them. Before we could establish ourselves in an eddy below a large rock, they bounced on down past us. We could keep up with them but couldn't do more than keep ourselves out of danger until they lodged somewhere. Finally they did lodge and Hans got ashore with a bruised knee and sprained finger. We worked a pack or two ashore, along with Bob, when the

canoe dislodged and went on its merry way. Bob couldn't stand to see his canoe and gear floating off alone, and with a shout he jumped back in grabbing the upstream painter as he did so. Harold and I leaped in our canoe again following him down until finally Bob straddled a large rock and was able to swing the canoe ashore. At this point he was so exhausted he could hardly stand.

My first concern was the camera, on the other bank and upstream a quarter of a mile. After much sign language to Marvin who had landed on the other bank, he finally set off upstream on foot eventually finding the camera. Then we had to patch up a hole punched in the side of the canoe, using heavy adhesive tape, and pound out the worst dents. Ultimately all was collected except for an axe and a jacket and we were off.

Marv. and Charlie led off and were soon around the corner. When we caught up to them, Charlie was pulling himself out of the water, and Marv. was standing on a large rock looking down into the water. No canoe was to be seen. We soon saw it though, below Marvin, completely submerged, on its side and lodged squarely against the large rock. This looked like the classical case of the lost canoe! Nobody said much, but we set to work to try to fish out a painter. The bow was only a couple of feet out, but we couldn't begin to stand against the current. We tried to reach the painter with a paddle handle, but it was swept by too fast to hook anything. Finally Harold suggested we tie a rock on a throwing line, toss it beyond the canoe, and quickly reel it in before it could sweep too far down. Our third try did the trick. Now we had the painter, but when we pulled on it, nothing happened. We tried to raise the upstream end but couldn't get a good hold. Then I happened to push down on it with a paddle handle, and the boat sank several inches! While we were trying to figure this out and not paying much attention to the boat, all of a sudden it was caught by the current and swung free of the rock. Since we still had the downstream painter, the boat swung neatly to shore and lay bobbing in the water! It had a big dent in the bottom and the splash cover was torn in several places, otherwise nothing was amiss. This seemed quite adequate proof that we had all been living clean upstanding lives.

As can be imagined, none of us were the least bit interested in taking any further chances. We lined the rough spots, stayed out of the heavy water where possible, and in general played it very cool 'til at last we came on a river gauging station and flat area that looked just right for camping. An evening ex-

ploration showed us that indeed the mouth of the river was just around the corner, and we had made it—a little battered, a little bruised, definitely tired of rapids, of portages, of rainy nights and insects, but still more than a little pleased with ourselves for having accomplished the trip. It was rough and tough, but nobody was dead or even close to it, and we had not portaged anything like a fifth of the trip. As we look back on it—now many months away—it was a tremendous trip, and a lot of fun!

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## RIVER PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION NOW OR NEVER

by Oz Hawksley

Wild or scenic river legislation is on the move at both state and national levels. Mr. Aspinall held up river legislation last year by not scheduling hearings in the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. This was fortunate since the "Wild Rivers Bill" (Sen. Church) which had passed the Senate was inadequate. Now Senate hearings have been held on the Church bill and a new "administration" bill (S. 1092) which, though improved, still has serious flaws. But the development which demands that all river conservationists go into action at once is the news that Mr. Aspinall has introduced his own bill (H.R. 8416) for a National Scenic Rivers System. This means that hearings on that bill and others, notably H. R. 90 (Saylor) and H. R. 6166 (Reuss—the "administration" bill in the House) will likely be scheduled soon. Therefore, the next few weeks are the most strategic time for your voice to be heard by your representatives in Congress. Whatever is going to be done to save rivers now or in the future will be decided now and any legislative mistakes which are made will be difficult or impossible to correct.

Naturally all this comes during the boating season when we least want to stay in and write letters. But it won't take you long to do your part if AMERICAN WHITE WATER synthesizes the important features of the many bills, thus sparing you the many hours needed to obtain and compare them all. Don't underestimate the power of your individual letters. Let me give you one small example. Early "wild rivers" bills did not include the upper (most scenic) part of the Eleven Point River in Missouri. One person began to mention in letters that this should be changed. Several other people picked up the idea and did the same. Now bills in the Missouri Legislature, S. 1092 and H.R. 8416 all include the upper section of this river.

Space in this issue will only allow comparison and discussion of the most important points of the bills being presented at the national level, but perhaps points discussed will be helpful to those who are also trying to promote sound river legislation at state level. It will be impossible to discuss, or even mention, all the rivers included in the various bills (the Saylor Bill names 81), but a short note to any one of your representatives in Congress, asking for copies of the specific bills by number as given below, will allow you to look each one over personally to see how it affects your area. DON'T do this in the same letter

in which you write asking for support of some specific bill or suggesting modifications. Keep your letters simple. Deal with one thing at a time if you want to be effective.

SENATE BILLS. S. 119 (Church) is the same bill passed by a 71 to 1 margin last year by the Senate, but S. 1092 (Jackson and Nelson), recommended by the Secretary of the Interior, is stronger and more desirable. The most serious weakness in both bills is lack of definite provision for a classification system which will protect the truly wild streams from infringements on their watersheds that will detract from their "wilderness" character. Without such a system, truly wild rivers are thrown into the same category with developed rivers, which is bound to result in the downgrading and overdevelopment of the high quality wild streams. A case in point is the Clearwater in Idaho. Its middle fork has roads, businesses, developed public use areas and dwellings along it. The Lochsa, since the completion of a highway along it, falls into much the same category. These are both fine and beautiful rivers and should be preserved without further development, but they are not in the same category at all with the Selway from Selway Falls up to its origin. The Selway rates as one of the finest wild rivers in the whole continent and it deserves more rigorous protection than other segments of the Clearwater, although the extension of protection upstream to its "origin" in S. 1092 is an improvement over S. 119. Without the vital factor of classification, I fear that "scenic" or "wild" river bills will merely result in exploitation of the named rivers with resultant loss of their real value. This would be ironic indeed.

There are other improvements in S. 1092 over S. 119. It substitutes the wording "appropriately developed" for "and make accessible". If true wilderness rivers were made accessible to all, they would soon be destroyed. It includes the Eleven Point, Cacapon, Shenandoah, Saint Croix, Namekagon and Wolf Rivers. The Cacapon's qualities and the long struggle to save it should be well known to AWA members. Although the Namekagon is less well known than the St. Croix, it has a wildness in certain sections which would be hard to duplicate today in many areas. The Wolf attracts whitewater boaters from all sections of the country and is considered a classic of its type by them as well as by other sportsmen. With the Peshtigo (which nobody seems to have proposed for protection), it is the principal whitewater attraction in the state of Wisconsin. S. 1092 gives

specific direction to indicate that primary management emphasis shall be on the protection of esthetic and scenic features, which S. 119 does not.

Most bills introduced in either house have included three categories of rivers: those which would make up the initial "System", those named for federal-state planning for additions to the "System", and those which would be considered, perhaps further in the future, under "Planning for Additional National Scenic River Areas". Under the latter category, S. 1092 lists a generally good selection of rivers but notably omits the French Broad in North Carolina and Tennessee. S. 119 names nothing specific in this third category. To make the section on additional Scenic Rivers more realistic, S. 1092 should shorten the timetable for completion of studies of these rivers from 10 to 5 years. Rapid development along rivers is resulting in rises in real estate prices. Since the naming of a river in a bill brings attention to and almost immediate attempts at commercialization of a river, recommended studies and legislation should be accomplished as quickly as possible to keep the bill from being self-defeating.

Although hearings have already been held on these bills, and S. 119 is now being considered in Executive Session, if you write to your Senator about them at once, he will have your views in mind when they come to the floor.

HOUSE BILLS. H.R. 90 (Saylor) has been modified and improved over last year's version which was shelved in committee. It might be considered a conservationist's bill introduced by a conservationist. As such, it presents an "ideal" view of what river legislation might be, with fewer loopholes in it than most river bills. Although we would wish to see this bill passed and must try to support its most important features, we must also keep a sense of proportion and realize that, for reasons of strategy, some modifications will have to be accepted. An active letter writing campaign from AWA members alone, if enough participate, could prevent crippling changes in a good bill or the acceptance of an inferior bill. In order to have a basis for comparison, some of the most important provisions of H.R. 90 are listed below:

1. Defines a "scenic river area" as possessing "unique water conservation, scenic, fish, wildlife and outdoor recreation values" in addition to being free flowing.
2. Provides for a system of classifying the rivers as to quality and intended uses. This system is based on the original recommendations offered



by John and Frank Craighead, noted biologists, wilderness authorities and dedicated river men.

3. Initial "System" would consist of 16 rivers.
4. Under "Federal-State Planning for Additions to System", 16 other rivers are listed. One of these, the Buffalo in Arkansas, has now been proposed as a National River (S. 704).
5. An additional 49 rivers are mentioned for review under "River Basin Planning for Additions to Systems" during the next 10 years.
6. There are restrictions as to lumbering, roads and grazing.
7. No dams may be constructed by any government agency except by act of Congress.
8. Basic ecological information needed for evaluation and management would be provided by "trained fishery and wildlife biologists, ecologists and other appropriately trained scientists."
9. The Secretaries of Interior and Agriculture must classify the rivers included in the initial System within one year.

H.R. 6166 (Reuss) is the same as S. 1092 and not to be confused with H.R. 3996 introduced earlier in the session by Reuss. Presumably the more recent bill supersedes the other and it is better. Both it and its Senate counterpart are "patterned after the Wilderness Act".

H.R. 8416 (Aspinall) deserves our careful consideration. Essentially, it is enabling legislation which would set up a National Scenic Rivers System and establish "methods by which and standards according to which additional components may be added".

The statement of policy is similar to that in H.R. 90 but adds "geologic . . . historic, cultural" values to the definition.

It classifies rivers into: (1) Wild Rivers which would be within the wilderness preservation system or within de facto wilderness areas, (2) Natural Environment Rivers "which have been little changed by man but to which public access is facilitated and along which compatible resource uses may be permitted", (3) Pastoral Rivers which are primarily devoted to agriculture and should remain essentially unchanged through "acquisition of conservation easements", (4) Historic and Cultural Rivers which would include "reservoirs, canals and other man-made structures", presumably like the C & O Canal. Also allowable as supplements to the scenic rivers would be: (1) Unique Natural and Historic River Areas and (2) High-Density-Use Areas along or near rivers. The latter would require

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some vigilance by conservationists so that it not be misused.

The initial system would include only the first four rivers included in other bills: Rogue River, Oregon; Rio Grande, New Mexico; Salmon and Clearwater Rivers, Idaho. Although this may seem modest, it may result in fewer opponents of this bill and faster passage of the basic bill. I suspect that rivers such as the Wolf in Wisconsin and the Eleven Point in Missouri may be added at the request of Representatives from those states. Twenty other rivers (not including the Wolf) are mentioned "without prejudice to other eligible candidates" for inclusion in the system.

Another notable feature of H.R. 8416 is the placing of primary responsibility for river studies, recommendations for additions, and administration in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior rather than splitting administrative responsibility. However the Secretary may not approve or disapprove any inclusion for the System without submitting the proposal to the Secretary of Agriculture, Secretary of the Army and the Federal Power

Commission. On the other hand, detailed restrictions are provided to deter damming, pollution, mining or other alterations of rivers included in the System.

Lands to which conservation easements are donated as charitable contributions could be acquired by the government if heirs violated the terms of agreement. Terms such as "free flowing", "river" and "conservation easement" are adequately defined.

It would have been better for the drafters of this bill to have left designation of the classification of the rivers in the initial System to competent agencies (as in item 9 above under H.R. 90). Errors in judgment on this important feature could defeat the purpose of the classification. For example, in H.R. 8416 the whole Clearwater system discussed earlier in this article would be preserved as a "wild river". The Selway section is and should be "wild", the Lochsa section qualifies only as "natural environment" and the Middle Fork might be rated as low as "pastoral". The bill ranks the Salmon as "wild" which is true of its Middle Fork and the main stem below Shoup, but

from North Fork (where the "wild" segment supposedly begins) to Shoup, it has roads, campgrounds, ranches, homes and at least one tavern.

If you've stuck with me to this point, you should have some ideas for that (those) letter(s). I hope you'll get busy and help save some rivers to enjoy with your children and grandchildren.

## HELMETS FOR WHITE WATER CANOEING

Eric S. Jacobson

Last fall we of the Wisconsin Hoofers Outing Club decided to obtain helmets for rapids canoeing. We were very tempted by a local sporting goods store's offer of plastic hockey helmets at \$3-4 apiece, but decided first to determine the requirements for a helmet for use on rivers of grade III-IV difficulty, and then to make our selection. The results of the inquiry represented a great enlightenment, and we hope that they will be of general interest.

We specified, of course, that the helmet be reasonably light and compact, and that it protect the wearer in impacts of 10 to ten mph. (This is the approximate speed of a rousing grade IV rapid, in Wisconsin.) Now, headgear can give two different modes of protection. On the one hand, it can provide a hard shell which protects against surface injuries. Thus a hockey helmet will prevent a hockey stick from causing a gash, or may even prevent a fracture. On the other hand, a better helmet can absorb the energy of accelerations which would otherwise cause deep injuries to the brain and its surrounding membranes. And indeed, Dr. George Snively, of the Snell Research Foundation, Davis, California, has found that most serious head injuries are due to massive accelerations imparted to the brain within the skull, when the head is too suddenly arrested. The results can be a concussion or fatal intracranial bleeding, even though the skull has not been fractured. Thus a helmet, in order to provide a significant degree of protection, must have an energy absorbing liner.

There are three types of helmet linings in use: sling suspension, elastic foam, and crushable foam. The last is much the best, for it will buffer a violent blow, holding the imparted force to no more than that amount which is able to crush the liner, until the liner is completely squashed. By contrast, an elastic liner (sling suspension or elastic foam) does most of its yielding at trivial forces; the severe blow causes it to quickly bottom.

(Its force versus displacement curve does not plateau, as does that of the crushable liner.) Good quality helmets contain a small amount of elastic foam rubber for comfort, but this is not a part of the energy absorbing system.

The table below gives a very concise summary of the situation. It tabulates Dr. Snively's estimates of the maximum speed at which a head can be traveling if it is to escape serious injury on being stopped squarely by a rock.

Type of Protection	Speed of Impact
Bareheaded	6.7 mph
Sling Suspension hat	9.5 mph
Climbing helmet with crushable liner (as Bell-Toptex Malibu)	19.0 mph
Best Car Racing Helmet	24.0 mph

(This table appeared in a very interesting article in Summit Magazine, April, 1966.)

Several things must be kept in mind as one peruses this table. In the first place, these values represent upper limits for avoiding serious injury, but the white-water boater must be much more fastidious; he will not even want to be momentarily stunned. Secondly, the tolerance of the sling suspension hat is estimated for a downward blow at the crown. For impacts near the brim it will be of little more use than a hard shell. Thirdly, individuals vary greatly in their tolerance to head injuries. If one plans only to receive glancing blows then less protection is necessary, but an impact on a surface which is as much as sixty degrees removed from the perpendicular will still be reduced by only half, as any high school physics student can calculate.

A thin plastic helmet will of course be better than nothing, but it is obvious from the above that a helmet without an energy absorbing lining will be completely inadequate for impact protection. The Snell Foundation has set standards for performance of headgear, and these have revolutionized the helmet industry. (For a better description of these standards the reader is referred to *The Magazine of Standards*, vol. 37, no. 9.) The following helmets more or less fulfill the Snell impact standards for ski helmets and ought to be suitable for 10 mph rapids. The list does not pretend to be complete, but these models will probably be the most interesting to white water boaters:

*Bell-Toptex Malibu* (designed for surfing.) Lined with 3/4" of crushable foam. Harness ought to be stronger. Weight—1 lb. \$15. Obtainable from Alpine Hut, 4725 30th Ave. N. E. Seattle, Wash., or Seattle Co-op, 1525 11th Ave.

*Bell-Toptex Skiat, Ski helmet. Harness is much more complete and may or*

*may not be a nuisance for canoeing. Impact protection 50% greater than that of Malibu. I don't know how well this would stand wetting. Weight—1 1/2 lbs. About \$25. Available from The Ski Hut, 1615 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif.*

*Buco Protector II. Adjustable between sizes 6 1/2-7 1/2, and therefore rather bulky. Impact protection comparable to that of Malibu. Weight—1.75 lbs. \$15. Obtainable from Holdbar, 1050-13th St., Boulder, Colo., or Alpine Hut, Seattle.*

*Bell-Toptex Makaba. Designed for heavy surf. Perhaps too restrictive for whitewater boating, but designed to give a very high degree of protection. \$37. Inquire of Bell-Toptex, Inc. 2850 E. 29th St., Long Beach, Calif.*

Our group has decided to purchase a stock of Bell-Toptex "Malibus". We have tried them and do not find them an encumbrance, while their buoyancy may even be helpful in eskimo-rolling. They ought to provide a significant degree of protection at a moderate price.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE

DATE CHANGE: NATIONAL POLING CHAMPIONSHIPS and races scheduled by Meramec River Canoe Club changed to Aug. 26th and 27th. Susan Stumpf, 6703 Minnesota, St. Louis, Mo. 63111.

### RECENT RACE RESULTS

National Slalom Championships  
West River, Vermont, May 13-14

K-1	K-1W	C-1
1. L. Reichel	1. B. Wright	1. T. Southworth
2. U. Martins	2. H. Southworth	2. J. Sweet
3. D. Campbell	3. T. Franz	3. J. Burton

C-2	C-2M
1. Kutz and Reichel	1. Zolt and Zolt
2. Raleigh and Conest	2. Southworth & Southworth
3. Southworth & Walker	3. Parsons & Parsons

West River Wildwater Race, May 13	C-1
1. Reichel	1. B. Wright
2. Campbell	2. L. McKee
3. Evans	3. H. Southworth

Kernville, California Whitewater Slalom April 22-23	K-1W
1. W. Horvath	1. G. Horvath
2. T. Young	2. T. McCollum
3. M. Johnson	

C-1	C-2M
1. T. Johnson	1. Johnson & McCollum
2. D. Bridge	2. Mottick & Costa
	3. Hanson & Hansen

Kernville, Cal. Wildwater Race	C-2
1. H. DeFord	1. Vittorelli & Costa
2. T. Johnson	2. Johnson & Johnson
3. S. Coffman	3. McCollum & Bridge

Colorado Rocky Mountain School, May 20-21	Wildwater Race
1. B. Furt	1. D. Hurt
2. C. Nunn	2. Campbell
3. J. Evans	3. R. Parsons

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## RACING REPORT

by Jay Evans  
Winter Activities

Who said white water racing is a spring sport? Even the casual observer would have noticed considerable activity from January 1 on this year. Surprised looks on the faces of people driving northward into New England with skis on their cars were not uncommon as kayakers with kayaks on their cars headed south in February and March to compete at the indoor slaloms held at M.I.T. in Cambridge and at the Hayden Recreation Center in Lexington, Massachusetts. Suddenly, like Topsy a "Winter Racing Circuit" materialized with indoor slaloms being held in several places in the East including Cornell and Penn State prior to the granddaddy of all indoor slaloms — the Dartmouth Slalom which was held in mid March.

Competition was hot and keen among the various New England boating groups highlighted by the rapid increase of interest in the sport at M.I.T. under the capable leadership of grad student Tom Wilson. Tom claims an active white water group of twenty-five dues paying members. Each of the races was unique in itself. The M.I.T. course was tight, tricky, and short, consisting of eleven gates. By way of contrast the Hayden course contained only four gates but these were negotiated three times each thus making for a longer race where endurance paid off.

Taking advantage of the Olympic sized pool the Dartmouth course, set by C-1 Expert John Burton, consisted of sixteen gates which included two Eskimo Rolls. This race was advertised as a fund raising activity to help support the U. S. Whitewater Team Fund, but unfortunately it was scheduled the same day as the World Cup Ski Championships at Cannon Mountain in Franconia, New Hampshire. Nevertheless, many Hanoverites managed to squeeze in both events, and the World Cup forerunner dashed back in time to help as a gate watcher. By charging a fifty cent admission (twenty-five cents for children) the Dartmouth Indoor Slalom still managed to turn \$216 over to Bart Hawthaway, Chairman of the fund raising program.

Top honors in the winter racing circuit went this year to Ledyard Canoe Club's Sandy Campbell for winning both the M.I.T. Race and the Dartmouth Slalom. He was edged at Hayden by veteran racer Jay Evans. Campbell was later named "Athlete of the Week" by the student newspaper, *The Daily Dartmouth*.

### Early Spring Activity

The spring racing season got off to an early start with wild water and slalom



Dartmouth's Jay Evans. Photo by Foss

### Eastern Run at Mascoma for First Time

Under the current Rotation Plan which has been approved by the National Slalom Committee of the American Canoe Association, the eastern part of the United States will host the National Whitewater Slalom Championships at Jamaica, Vermont this year. This necessitated the moving of the Eastern Regionals to a different location. Two different sites were chosen. The Eastern Canoe Slalom Championships were awarded to the Wildwater Boat Club of Pennsylvania who chose to run the race on the Loyalsock Slalom Course. The Eastern Kayak Slalom Championships were awarded to the Ledyard Canoe Club of Dartmouth which chose the Mascoma River. Helped by a late spring, and heavy rains the preceding week, the Mascoma River was swollen and provided an extremely challenging course for the Championships. A thirty gate course was planned, but owing to the severe cold, and intermittent snow, the course was reduced to twenty-three gates which turned out to be more than enough for most of the contestants.

By charging \$1.00 extra on the entry fee a total of \$40.00 was turned over to the U. S. Team fund.

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races on the Westfield and Farmington Rivers in western Massachusetts. Contestants at both races reported large crowds of spectators, and in some cases, severe traffic jams on the highways bordering the race course.

In New Hampshire, a new and strange tongue has been heard along the banks of the streams. It can be said with a considerable amount of truthfulness that the entire slalom course at the Eastern Championships at Mascoma were set up by people speaking Czech! No, the Czech team is not here practicing, but several of the Dartmouth team candidates signed up for a special spring term foreign language seminar in the Czech language specializing in the dialect used by the natives in and around Lipno where the World Championships are being held this summer. If all goes well and these hopefuls find themselves members of the U. S. Team then no interpreter will be needed this year, and the boys should be able to hold their own at the protest committee table.

### U. S. Team Suffers Setback

On the debit side a serious blow was struck the U. S. Team when Dartmouth's Jo Knight suffered a compound fracture of both bones in his right leg in an automobile accident. Jo, a member of the 1965 Team and highest placed American in K-1 in 1965, had just won the Petersburg Wildwater Race for the third year in a row and was pointing eagerly toward the upcoming Eastern Kayak Championships which were scheduled in his own backyard on the Mascoma River. Jo's unfortunate accident knocks him out of contention (he'll be lucky to be out of the cast by July 1), and completely scrambles the K-1 situation.

## BOATING ON THE BORDER

By Bill Kugle

It is a long way from Athens to the Black Gap Wildlife bunkhouse in the Big Bend. We left home at noon on Wednesday and arrived at 2:00 A. M. the following morning, our trip elongated by a dip to the south to gather up Kandy Kugle at San Marcos. My station wagon groaned under the weight of seven passengers, a ton or so of gear and a canoe on top. The others were already there but everybody was awake at the bunkhouse. Retired Texas Ranger Forrest Hardin, with whom I have corresponded for a year, but only met on this occasion, was there and had taken charge of the group. Ranger Hardin undoubtedly knows more about the incredibly remote stretch of the Rio Grande which we proposed to explore than any man alive and he was indispensable to our trip in that he led us into the river at the mouth of Maravallis Creek and met us four days later 105 miles down stream. Without him two more days would have been required in shuttling vehicles, not to mention the attendant risk of the vehicles entering Mexico part by part if left unguarded on the river.

Ranger Ben Krueger alleges that Forrest Hardin is only partially civilized. According to Krueger, Hardin will spread his bedroll and sleep under a tree a mile from home rather than sleep indoors. On the occasion of our expedition he allowed us two hours sleep before rousing us out of the bunks to start the seventeen mile, one and a half hour grind, to the river. He proposed that we proceed immediately to the river and cook breakfast on the bank. We rebelled long enough to cook on the butane stove at the bunkhouse knowing that we would be cooking on the river for four days. Nevertheless, we arrived at the river just before gray dawn and were underway at 7:15.

As we started loading gear at the bunkhouse about 5 A. M. something was happening in the sky which made us think the world was coming to an end. Hundred of stars were falling. Finally someone remembered reading that a meteor bombardment was to occur on this night, the last such event having occurred a hundred or so years ago. It was better than a Fourth of July fireworks display. I was almost glad I was up to see it.

The air in this part of the world is so clean and clear that the stars are very bright. On every occasion that I have camped on the riverbank on the Rio Grande I have seen a satellite and this

time was no exception. On the second night Elizabeth spotted what she first thought was a slow falling star and directed my attention to it. After a long minute it became obvious that its path was deliberate and calculated.

Our group numbered fifteen, in seven canoes. For the first time girl types were among the explorers; my two daughters, Kandy and Cherry and two H C J C coeds, Elizabeth Ayers and Tanya Lavelle. I began the trip with Kandy and Elizabeth forward in my canoe. Neither of this group had ever been close to a canoe before this minute and I sustained several coronaries as we began to encounter rapids. To the credit of the girls it must be said that they retained their cool—they did not panic. Blithely they would steer straight into a submerged boulder, but panic they did not. Guiding a canoe through boulder strewn rapids is a tricky proposition requiring some skill and experience. My own credentials as a canoeist are dubious, my first canoe trip having occurred less than a year ago. Accordingly, it was a nerve wrecking experience to hit the white water with the women aboard.

In the land of blind people, a one-eyed man is king however, and I was leader of our expedition by default, none of the others excepting Neil Caldwell having had any experience.

Aside from brother, Don Kugle, the four girls and Neil Caldwell, Jim Wren and Dick Darr from Athens joined us as neophyte explorers. The rest which I call the Kennard group hailed from Fort Worth and were namely, Senator Don Kennard, Bill O'Grady, Frank Croy, Lawrence Curtis, Jack Hendrickson and Walt Hendrickson.

At the last minute Senator Yarborough advised that he could only go if we could have him back in Austin on Saturday. This was obviously impossible so he missed the trip. While I would like for him to see this wonderful run of the river for possible inclusion in the pending "Wild Rivers" bill, I am afraid that the repeated soakings to which we were all subjected would have convinced him that the whole trip was a Republican plot.

Jack Hendrickson is Vice-president of Champlin Oil Company and a petroleum engineer. He assured us that he could read the maps we had and keep us advised as to our position along the way. I doubted it remembering our experience of a year ago. For the first two days Jack was absolutely certain where we were at all times. According to his calculations we were within five miles of our destination at the end of the second day. Accordingly, we should have reached the end by mid morning of the third day. We reached

the end at noon of the fourth day. Jack is still bewildered. This is no reflection on his ability. The maps show no topography on the Mexican side and it is practically impossible to relate the map to the geographical features on the ground.

Prior to embarking on this journey Lawrence Curtis, who is a zoo keeper by trade, and Frank Croy could lay claim to extensive knowledge of canoes, having each read "Hiawatha" as boys. They were paired together in a canoe and it was not readily apparent that their canoeing intelligence had been updated. They aggregated 475 pounds exclusive of gear. From the first day they spent so much time in the water that it appeared that the canoe was a burden to them inasmuch as they were forever trying to catch up to it or let it catch up to them. Among the Fort Worth zoo personnel Curtis is partial above all to "Paddles", the porpoise. The Freudian identity between Paddles and his boss became graphic after four days of submarining down the Rio Grande by the latter.

On our mountain climb last May, Curtis captured several rattlesnakes. He has a way with animals. On the third day on the river he surprised a young vulture from the rear and took the bird into his

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*Bill Kugle rides Hot Springs Rapid, Photo by Bill Thompson*

canoe. The vulture's bouquet was so overwhelming that we thereafter afforded the Curtis-Croy canoe a large segment of the river. Croy just got sick. One man's poison is another man's dessert and Curtis and the bird established an immediate rapport. While Curtis' tastes by other standards are bizarre, I am inclined to discount as apocryphal the legend that he fashions his cigars from droppings in the lion cage. When the Curtis-Croy canoe hit rapids and the white water would boil up over the gunnels the vulture would flap his (her?) wings and rise a foot or so above the torrent and then settle down when the canoe emerged into calm water. Usually however Curtis-Croy and the bird were separated from the canoe. On one occasion I intercepted the upside down canoe below a bad stretch of rapids. I beached the canoe, righted it, and waited for the bodies to float out. Finally, I spotted a head which I tentatively identified as belonging to Curtis. Beside the Curtis head was another head, this one black and bald belonging to the bird which was riding on Curtis' shoulder. His canoe and paddles were gone but his vulture was intact.

Sadly, the vulture expired before the trip ended, whether from fright or repeated inundation I cannot say.

On last December I made substantially the same trip. On that occasion I was

tolerated along, the other explorers being veteran members of the Texas Explorers Club. It was a very business like serious trip. It was a mad scramble every morning for Caldwell and me to get our gear into the canoe in time to avoid being left. We paddled like the devil for seven hours or so and thereafter collapsed in our sleeping bags. On the present trip the spirit of carnival prevailed. The weather was delightful. We all went swimming on purpose the first afternoon. Never did we get away in the morning before 9:00 A. M. and usually later. Nighttime was party time. I propose a book to be entitled "Exploring Can Be Fun Fun Fun". Those persons who have only seen the Rio Grande at the points of entry into Mexico cannot imagine the breathtaking beauty of the river in the canyon country. I know of only one other expedition which has gone the full length of the river. Even Ranger Hardin has seen the full

stretch only from an airplane. We passed through one canyon which is at least 40 miles long. This canyon is generally called Reagan's Canyon after the Reagan Brothers who ranched in this area before 1900. From our point of entry to the end of our trip there is no way in or out of the river. There is no other area in Texas so remote. We saw no signs of human life over the whole run. This is a good trip—in my opinion the best in Texas for a man who loves a flowing stream.

I would like to think that I am improving as a canoeist. My canoe capsized only twice in four days even with my pigtail crew. The first dumping occurred when we hit a submerged boulder on the second day. Kandy was holding a box of dried peaches as the canoe went over. As we were swept down the rapids I got my head above water long enough to hear Kandy shouting. I thought she was saying "hit the beaches" and concluded that the poor child was delirious from striking her head on a rock. Finally, I discovered she was screaming "get the peaches". At this moment the peaches swirled by and I saved them at the cost of a paddle which we later rescued.

We made our camp on the Mexican side each night. There is a bit of a thrill to bedding down on foreign soil without a passport. Because beavers abound on



the Rio Grande, firewood is rarely a problem, even on the narrow beaches on which we sometimes camped in the canyon. About noon time of the second day we stopped at a hot spring on the Mexican side and all bathed in the hot water. The spring boils up out of the ground about thirty feet from the bank and has created a basin so that half a dozen people can sit in it up to their chins and enjoy the Jacuzzi effect. Kennard calls this place the Spa. Curtis discovered minnows in the hot water and concluded that they were rare exotic minnows. He and Cherry trapped five of them in a T-shirt whereupon Curtis appropriated a bottle of medicinal rum from me to preserve the minnows. Since the bottle was half full I continued dosage, clenching my teeth, however, to avoid imbibing the Curtis minnows.

*I left a couple of inches for preservation. If the minnows are unclassified they are to be named after me by reason of my sacrifice in preserving them.*

On the third day about 4:00 P. M. I came along side of Curtis and Croy obviously chilled from repeated duckings. I passed them a full bottle of medicinal tequila. My canoe then pulled ahead of them and we did not see them any more that day. We paddled until almost dark looking for a suitable campsite. After dark we assumed that Croy and Curtis had drowned as they were not with us. I cannot imagine anything more dangerous than being on the river after dark, and I could not believe they were still in the canoe. Eventually they floated around the bend, making considerable noise. That is to say that the vulture and Curtis were making noise, but Croy appeared to be dead. Curtis crawled up the bank and handed me the tequila bottle. It was empty. Fortunately, someone took Croy's pulse before we buried him. The pulse, while weak, was there. We put him in the sleeping bag, and he came back to life in about ten hours.

On the last morning our attention was directed to the top of a cliff on the Mexican side by large rocks rolling from the cliff. We looked up to see a large herd of goats numbering several hundred on the perpendicular wall about a thousand feet up. As they would jump from one place to another they would dislodge rocks which tumbled down the wall. If I hadn't seen it I wouldn't have believed a goat or anything else could have moved along the canyon wall without falling into the river. It was truly a magnificent sight.

While this chronicle of the trip makes the adventure sound more like fun than circus it should be emphasized that many weeks of careful preparation preceded it. Waterproof cases for sleeping bags, food and other gear are indispens-

able, as are good life jackets. The river is not all rapids, but the rapids occur frequently. Rapids exist where rocks have washed or fallen into the river leaving no clear path around the boulders. Some of the rapids are obviously impassable and the canoes and gear must be portaged. This is no fun but the portages are short. The worst portage occurring on the second day took an hour to complete. I recall three portages in four days.

By way of summing up, it should be emphasized that this trip could be disastrous without adequate preparation and proper equipment. I have often thought of the bad situation which could result if someone broke a leg. There would be no way to get an injured person out other than float out over a period of several days. It would be extremely difficult to float an injured person out in a canoe without capsizing several times. The discomfort attendant upon being thrown into the rapids with a crudely splinted broken leg can hardly be described. For this reason, I gave strict instructions to the members of the expedition before leaving. "Don't break no legs," I said.

**NOTE:** *Specific information about this trip and other canoe runs on the Texas Rio Grande can be obtained free of charge by writing Bob Burleton, Texas Explorers Club, Box 844, Temple, Texas.*



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*Lower Rio Grande Canyon.*

*Photo by Bill Thompson*

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