

*American*

# WHITE WATER

*the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation*

**SUMMER, 1968**

**VOL. XIV, No. 1**



Kurt Rever (above) and Brooks Dodge Jr. at 1967 Cohasset Junior Slalom Clinic.

Photos by Bart Hawthway



# A . WHITE WATER

Sponsored by The American Whitewater Affiliation

SUMMER, 1968

Vol. XIV, No. 1



## The American Whitewater Affiliation

Board of Directors  
1968-69

President pro tem  
OSCAR HAWRSLEY  
Route 5  
Warrensburg, Mo. 64093

ROLAND W. DAVIS  
Berkeley, Calif. 94707

HAROLD KIEHM  
2019 Addison St.  
Chicago, Ill. 60618

ROBERT McNAIR  
32 Dartmouth Circle  
Swarthmore, Pa. 19081

PETER D. WHITNEY  
459 Sixty-sixth St.  
Oakland, Calif. 94609

1968

EDGAR ALEXANDER  
6 Winslow Ave.  
East Brunswick, N. J. 08816

BART HAUTHAWAY  
640 Boston Post Rd.  
Weston, Mass. 02193

ROBERT HARRIGAN  
5113 Wehawken Rd.  
Washington, D. C. 20016

ANDRES PEEKNA  
Dept. of Physics  
University of Wisconsin  
Madison, Wis. 53706

Business Manager  
CHARLES SMITH  
1760 Walnut St.  
Berkeley 9, Calif.



## Contents

### ARTICLES

- Precocious Paddlers ..... Audrey Alexander et al. 3
- Easterners on the Middle Fork ..... Dave Binger 9
- Bareback Canoe Riding ..... Dean Norman 14
- Fantastics on the Farmington ..... Bart Hawthaway 17
- How to Make Aluminum Kayaks ..... Leslie A. Jones 26

### DEPARTMENTS

- Letters ..... 2
- Conservation ..... 23
- AWA Financial Report . 2
- President's Soapbox ..... 24
- Racing Report ..... 16
- Safety as We See It ..... 28
- Race Results ..... 20
- Book Review ..... 30

### How to Write to American White Water

Please send only editorial matter to the Editors.  
Send all subscriptions, check?, changes of address and queries about non-receipt of copies to the Circulation Manager (address below).  
Send **advertising matter** and payments to **the Business Manager**, or to the Advertising Manager nearest you (address below).  
THANK YOU.

Editor:  
Peter D. Whitney, 459 Sixty-sixth St., Oakland, Calif. 94609  
Midwest Editor:  
Nancy C. Jack, 805 Sandusky Ave., Kansas City 1, Kans.  
Racing Editor:  
Mark Fawcett, Chadds Ford, Pa. 19317  
Business Manager:  
Charles Smith, 1760 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94709  
Circulation Manager:  
George E. Larsen, 456 Hawthorne, San Bruno, Calif. 94066  
Midwest Advertising:  
Harry Kurshenbaum, 6719 N. Greenview Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois  
Western Advertising:  
Henri F. Eble, 3115 Eton Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94705  
American WHITE WATER is mailed to all members of the American Whitewater Affiliation in June, September, December and March. Membership is open to all who are interested in river sport, for the sum of 63.50 per year.

The magazine welcomes contributions of articles, photographs and drawings, but assumes no responsibility for them. Address all editorial material to the Managing Editor or to the nearest Regional Editor. Correspondence regarding the Affiliation-or boating Information should be sent to any member of the Board of Directors.

Deadline for insertion of copy or advertising—first of month prior to month of issue.

Printed in the United States of America

Cover: Wick Walker end-over-ending in C-1; Farmington R., Conn. (see Page 17).

—Photo by Bart Hawthaway



September 9, 1968

Dear Peter:

In my article on the King Island Eskimos, which appeared in the last issue, credit for all photos was given to Bob and Ira Spring. However, the photo of the kayak frame on page 9 was taken and donated by Dorothy Jean Ray, anthropologist and author.

Thank you for your usual superb job of editing, but I must disclaim the first line of the title, **The World's** (Onetime) Best. By including Henry W. Elliott's quotation, "—boldest and best watermen in the north," I might have given you the impression that I concurred. The King Islanders were undoubtedly among the world's best, but so were the Aleuts and the Greenlanders; it would be impossible to pick the champions, because each group excelled in different ways.

Sincerely, John D. Heath  
4919 53rd Avenue South  
Seattle, Washington 98118

August 7, 1968

Dear Mr. Whitney:

The recent National Championships held on the Arkansas River in July presented an opportunity for Eastern boaters to paddle with the boaters of Colorado. I would like to say on behalf of the Eastern boaters that our three-week stay was marked by truly great moments both on and off the river. This was due to the fine friendship and hospitality that we received from people like Dave Morrissey, Bill Clayton, John McCandless, Bob Waind, Ron Mason, Roger Paris, and many others.

These people have a fine river in the Arkansas. It provided more than enough challenges for all of us. Let's hope that it stays out of a pipe.

I hope that as many boaters as possible from Colorado will come East next spring for some early paddling before their rivers start running.

Sincerely, Eric Evans

## American Whitewater Affiliation Financial Report

GENERAL FUND

Charles E. Smith, Custodian

For the Year Ended December 31, 1967

Cash in Bank, Jan. 1, 1967..... \$1,723.82  
Add transfers to General Fund

<i>from:</i>	
Film Fund .....	389.44
Book Fund .....	300.00
	\$2,413.26
<b>Cash Receipts:</b>	
Membership Dues (Note 1).....	\$2,400.00
Advertising (Note 2) .....	604.42
Affiliation Dues .....	370.00
Donations & Sundry .....	136.46
<b>Sale of:</b>	
Decals .....	83.00
Shoulder Patches .....	155.50
Back Issues .....	101.55
Safety Codes .....	6.30
Total Cash Receipts .....	\$3,857.23
<b>Cash Disbursements:</b>	
Printing & Engraving (Note 3) .....	\$2,846.58
Postage .....	492.97
<b>Mailing &amp; Subscription</b>	
Envelopes .....	123.00
Stationery .....	97.55
Member Processing Services.....	331.88
Decals .....	120.90
Shoulder Patches .....	75.30
Advertising Rate Sheets .....	29.80
Ballots .....	80.85
McAllister "Farewell" Expenses .....	136.31
Total Cash Disbursements.....	\$4,335.14
<b>Net Decrease in Cash from</b>	
Operations .....	(477.91)
Cash in Bank, Dec. 31, 1967.....	\$1,935.35

The notes which accompany this statement are an integral part of the statement.

### AMERICAN WHITE WATER AFFILIATION NOTES TO FINANCIAL STATEMENTS GENERAL FUND December 31, 1967

1. Memberships received are applicable to the following periods:

	Number	Amount
1966-67 .....	98	\$ 245.00
1967-68 .....	840	2,100.00
1968-69 .....	17	42.50
1969-70 .....	4	10.00
Total .....	960	\$2,400.00

Subscription tally as follows:

Year Received	1965-66	1966-67	1967-68
1967 .....		98	840

1963 .....	20		
1964 .....	147		10
1965 .....	764	210	11
1966 .....	76	935	251
1967 .....		98	840
Total .....	1,007	1,243	1,112

3. Basic costs applicable to AWW were as follows:

	Printing	Engraving
Winter 66-67 .....	\$ 408.28	\$ 4.64
Spring 67 .....	705.55	
Summer 67 .....	70.55	
Fall 67 .....	871.00	151.56
Total .....	\$2,846.58	\$156.20

\*Plus \$700.00 advanced in 1966.

4. Cash in Bank, December 31, 1967, is allocable as follows:

Current Year .....	\$1,880.35
Restricted to future membership years .....	55.00

5. This fund was audited by Robert Hawley, Sierra Club River Touring Section, on March 10, 1968, and found to be in proper order.



Bobby Alexander, 14, at Cohasset. Photo by Bart Hawthaway

## Precocious Paddlers

Should young people be intensively *trained* in white-water skills from the first, like Olympic skaters? Or should they just be casually introduced to the gentle joys of white water? The casual approach is usual, but some examples of the intensive ones are appearing on the scene, and so this is perhaps the psychological moment to discuss the training of youth.

One prerequisite is equipment of junior size. Klepper has this year pioneered the commercial sale of a real white-water kayak for the young person. The Klepper "Minor" is rated for 7 years and up. It is about three-fifths the length, five-sixths the width, and one-half the weight of Klepper adult competitors' kayaks, though its cockpit is the same *size*—*evidently* to *keep* up the beginner's confidence before he *has* learned *esquimautage*.

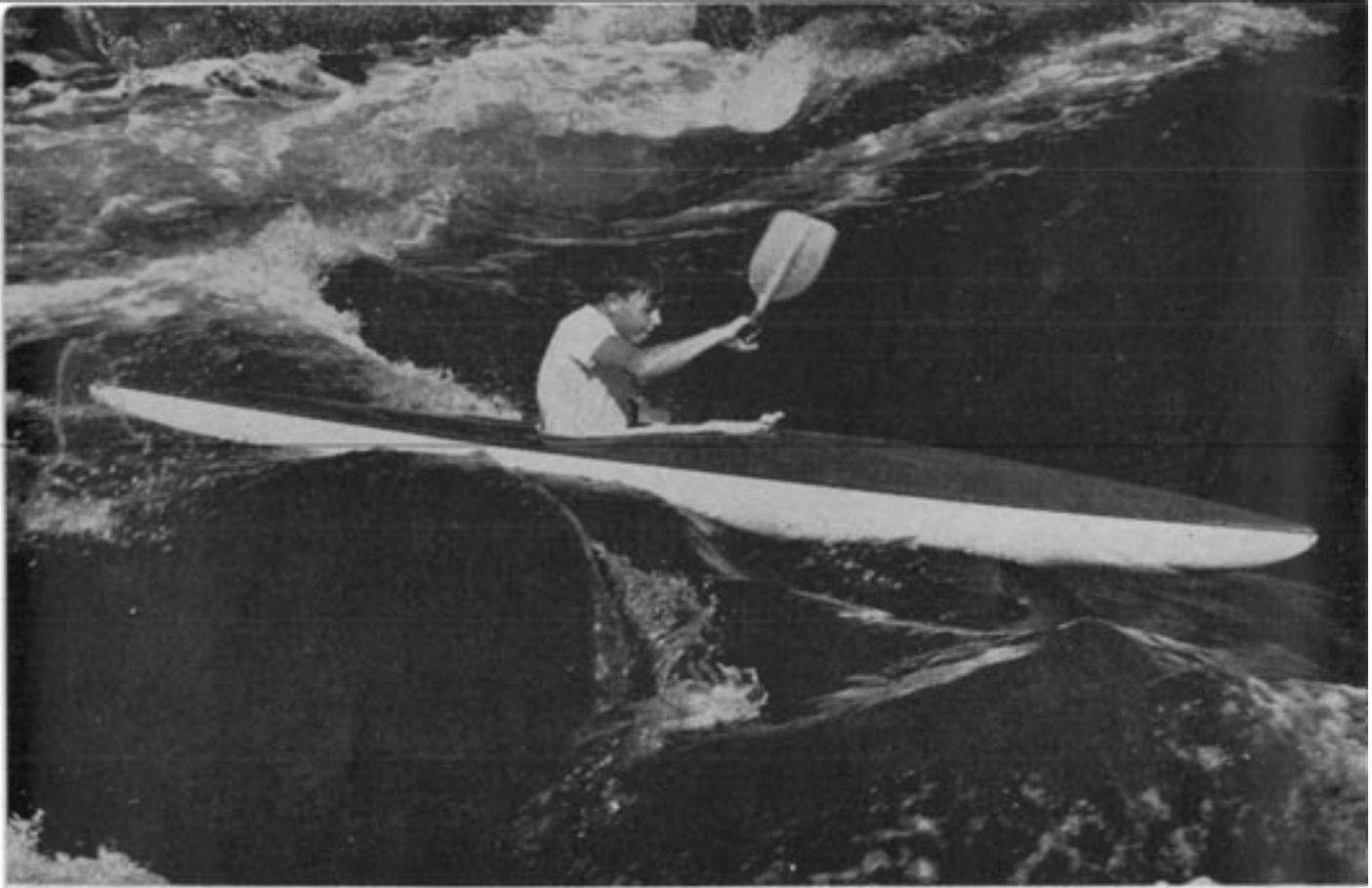
This event, plus growing interest in white-water kayaks made by parents for their youngsters, has precipitated our publication of the following series of contributions. Wishing that it were a better-integrated symposium, your Editor believes it will encourage and stimulate many parents and their youngsters.

—P.D.W.

### By Audrey Alexander

In recent years many people have been talking about having a training session for young paddlers. Nothing much was done about that until this past [1967] September.

As most of you probably know, Cohasset was an invitational slalom for four years. Instead of having a slalom



Dave Newhall won the Slalom at Cohasset.

this year, Guy Newhall and Bart Hawthaway organized a clinic for novice paddlers. It was held on September 17th and 18th, and all candidates under eighteen were welcome.

Mr. Newhall invited past and present national competitors, and they helped the young paddlers in every way they knew. They didn't stand on the shore and tell us what to do; they got into their boats and demonstrated techniques, and had us practice them.

Among the instructors were Tom and Nancy Southworth, Bart Hawthaway, and Guy Newhall.

The students were asked to learn how to enter currents, engage gates, ferry across the rapids; some even practiced eskimo rolling. When a capsize occurred, the rescue was initiated by the instructor, a safety committee on the shore, and by the paddlers themselves. Needless to say we all had a lot of practice in rescue technique!

After the practice session a slalom was held on Sunday. These are the results:

#### CLASS I

1. Dave Newhall
2. Bob Alexander
3. Sonja Kalekar
4. Audrey Alexander

#### CLASS II

1. Steve Newhall
2. Neils Kalckar
3. Jay Colburn
4. Kurt Rever

#### CLASS III

1. Barbara Newhall
2. Cathy Dugan
3. Paul Dugan
4. Monica Dugan
5. Chris Dugan

The children were from Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut.

I, as a student, had plenty to be thankful for, especially with a few more races ahead this season. Who would have thought that **you** didn't have to work so hard to get into a gate? Once I learned how much the water could do for me, I got into the gates much quicker, and with fewer **penal-**



Guy Newhall giving winners' awards to Sonja Kalckar, Dave Newhall and Bobby Alexander

ties and time. I began to feel that I was finally accomplishing something.

Representing the young people who were at the clinic, I would like to thank all those involved. I am sure when you see us racing in the future, you'll see a big improvement over last year.

*And what do the ~~grown-ups~~ think? Here is a round-robin of some of the best paddlers in the U.S., who are also proud parents*

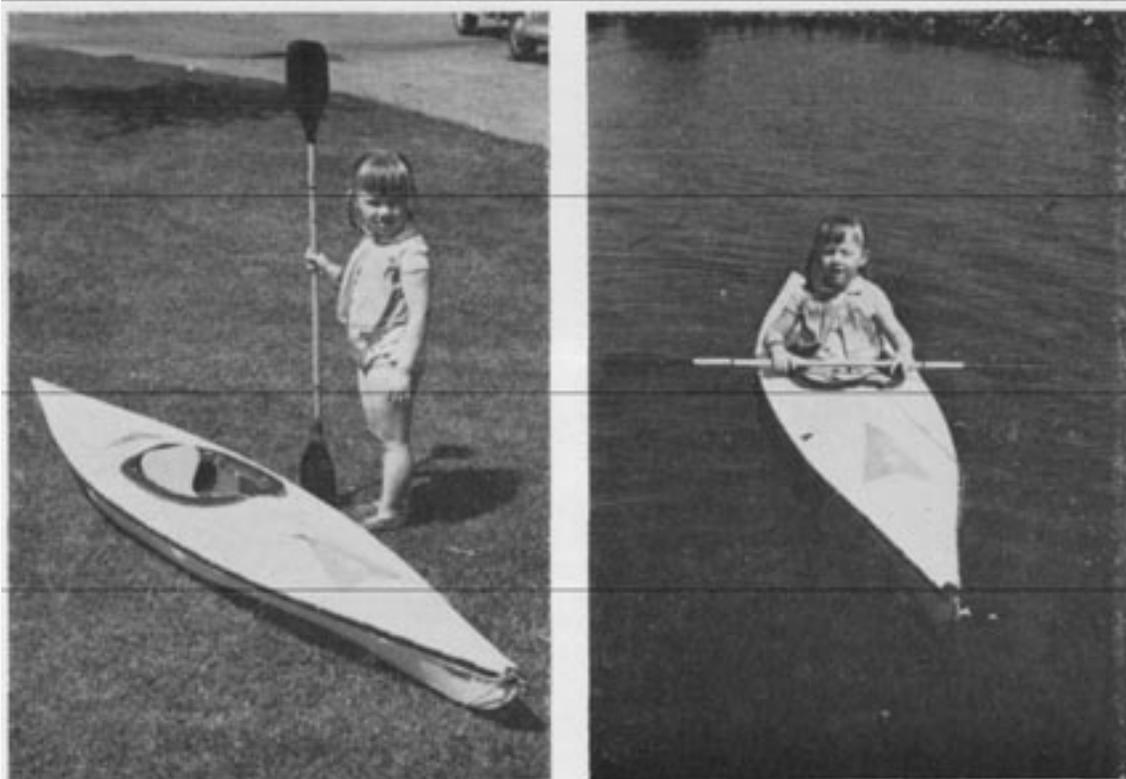
**Vern Rupp** writes:

"You ask about the kayaks of my children and the results of their early training. They do very well, and much better by starting them young than one would anticipate. When I built my daughter Shannon's first boat at the age of 2½ years, I never thought she

would actually learn at that age to paddle a boat or be able to sit in it without capsizing. However, within one year she was not only able to get into a boat properly, paddle with feathered paddles, do paddle bracing and maneuvers, but to my amazement did a 'Telemark,' leaning the boat completely on the side.

"At the age of just under 5 years we took her on her first boat-camping trip on coastal waters (about 2 miles) to an off-shore island. This Spring she accompanied me on a 15-mile trip down the Fraser River.

"She is now 9 years old, and has her third boat, a Pavel Bone 'Junior' slalom design 10 feet long. Actually children's boats are now manufactured in Europe



Shannon Rupp, at less than 3 years, with her kayak—and paddling it. Photos by Vern Rupp

commercially, and I believe it all started when I sent some pictures to a boating friend in Europe who sent them to 'Kanu Sport' magazine. The idea caught on quickly as others started to build boats for their sons and daughters and sent pictures and stories to 'Kanu Sport' magazine. Factories now put out some sharp boat designs for the kids.

"I thought that Shannon was an exception to the rule, but my son Shawn who has just turned three, is doing very well, considering that I don't have as much time available for him. He gets into the boat himself and can hold a straight course. He maneuvers the boat a little, and gets to where he wants to go. His enthusiasm is great, but his progress is a little slower than Shannon's was.

"Training a child starts from the day he is born. I sit them in a boat (at home) every day. In the bath tub I teach them how to close their mouths by dripping water on their head and with my hand sweep over their face. Later I get them to hold their head

under water. I take them in the boat with me. At home each gets a small paddle to play with. Paddling then becomes a part of their life; you never have to ask them to go boating; they want to go whenever they have an opportunity.

"In Seattle they are teaching their youngsters very early and are building kids' kayaks from a mould made off a European design.

"I feel promoting the teaching of children is a worthwhile effort, as families won't be stuck at home or with a double seater for long when kids are able to propel their own singles and it is a lot of fun! This year I built a lightweight boat trailer for six boats, mainly to transport the four kayaks in the family. It only takes four seconds to load one boat and fasten it."

The following comment from Women's K-1 Champ **Barbara** Wright:

My son Niels, 10, has a completely false sense of security in a kayak because of his low center of gravity. Stability-wise, the boat does almost as

some elementary schools which could include it as a sport—if it really caught on we'd be in great shape for European competition in a few years.

I made a small kayak for the kids by cutting down a Bohlender hull.

Jay Evans writes:

Several years ago I did quite a bit of research on [the training of young kids] with regard to what the Eskimos did. I learned that they kept their kids



Audrey Alexander



Jay Coburn, 12

away from kayaks altogether until age 14. This, by way of equivalent in our society, would be 16-18. I discovered that although customs varied considerably among the various northern tribes of Eskimos across the polar regions, this one did not vary. With over one thousand years of experience under their belts (or seal skins), I concluded that they must have good reason for it—even taking into consideration that they were teaching for hunting and we would be teaching for recreation. So I give up the thought of trying to teach kids under sixteen. (My own son, Eric, was not taught by me, but by the Dartmouth boys. He now gives me pointers.)

I do not believe that there is a parallel between swimming (for example) and kayaking where very young people are able to break national records. I think it has been pretty well proven by race results in this country at least that there is a closer parallel between the Nordic events such as cross country skiing, where a competitor reaches his maximum in his late twenties, and kayaking.



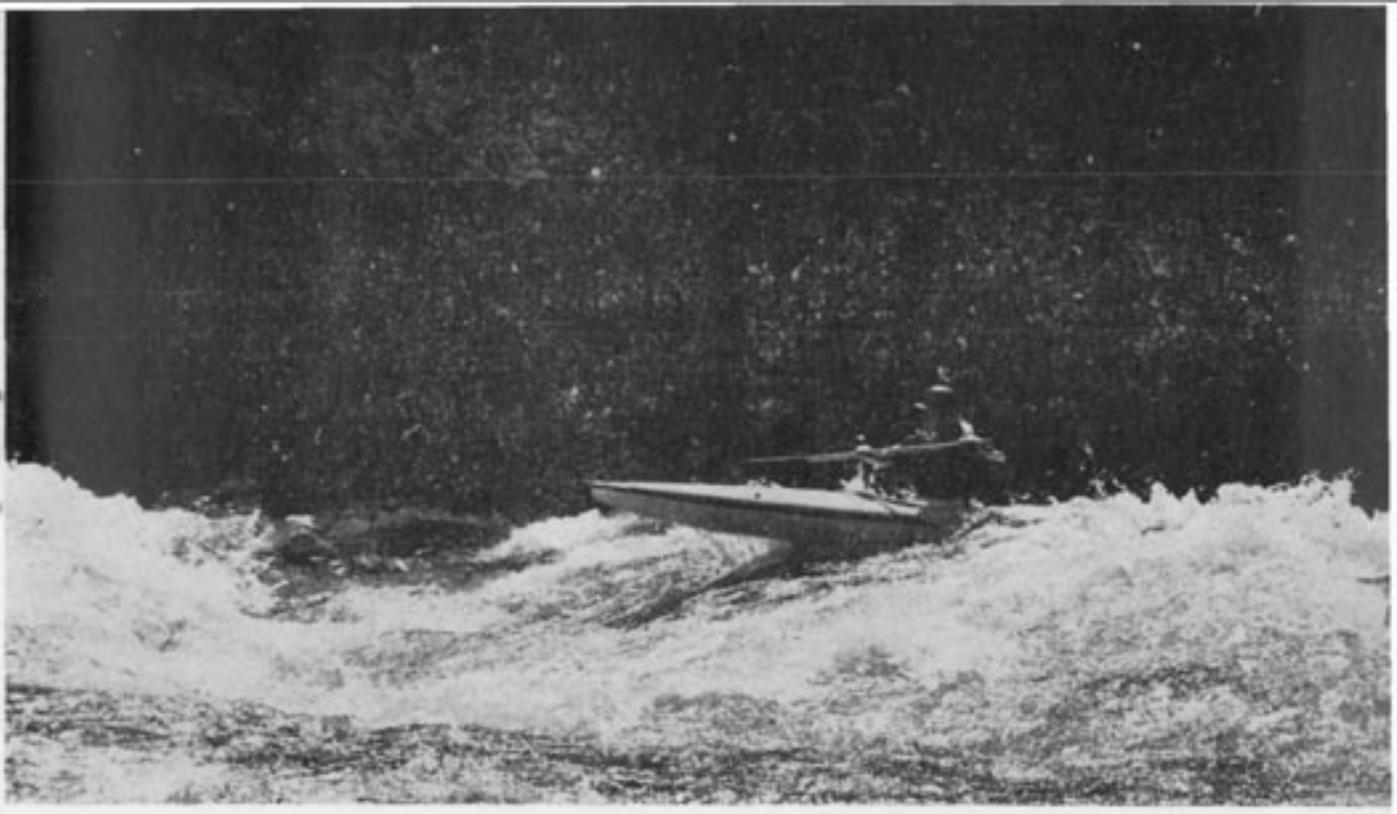
Guy Newhall and his junior trainees.

Nevertheless I could very easily be wrong, and maybe we are missing the boat entirely by not setting up junior programs for 16 and under.

Yet — one example — a recent one, sticks out in my mind. Bart Hawthaway had a very talented 14-year-old girl in the Dartmouth Pool this spring. She was athletically inclined, not afraid of the water, etc., etc. He worked like hell all afternoon and never did get her to roll consistently — and Bart is a superb teacher. Three weeks earlier a couple of us worked for 15 minutes with Dave Nutt's sister Peg (age 18) who was very much of the same build and accomplishment as the 14-year-old. Peg — with her added maturity (I think) — learned to roll right away and has been rolling consistently ever since. And we are **not** better teachers of the Eskimo roll than Bart. I realize it is improper to make a generalization based on an individual case but you can understand my point of view when things like this happen before my very

Probably the foremost authority in this country on teaching kids below the 16-year-old level is Roger Paris who has done a magnificent job in recent years at the Colorado Rocky Mt. School. Yet look at the record. Not one of his graduates has ever gone on to become a top-flight boater — with the exception of Dave Nutt who was taught his basic fundamentals here in the East before he went to school in the West. But I think this is an unfair comparison because there are so many variables.

*Walter Harvest, who has been building junior-size kayaks for his and Kay's sons for some years, believes that intense training could produce a new generation of paddlers with skills we now can guess at only remotely. Walter thinks they eventually could evolve into adults who could hold outside leans on turns unflinchingly in heavy water, with unerring judgment and lose little if anything in precision. And he believes competitors so trained might take wild-water-type kayaks through slalom gates so error-free as to win races on the between-gate time factor alone.*



Jan Binger in Hancock Rapids. Photo by Walt Blackadar

## Easterners on the Middle Fork

By David G. Binger

On July 5th of this summer (1968), Jan and I paddled off on the ride of our lives down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho. We had driven out across the Trans-Canada highway and had seen the beauties of the prairieland and of the Rocky Mountains in Jasper and Banff, as well as the horrors that the Canadians are visiting on their landscape. One would think that they might have learned something from the terrible example set by us, but apparently they have not. They seem determined to pave and pollute everything in sight, even the heart of their national parks.

We left Canada by driving down along the western side of the parks into Montana and Idaho, where, on the evening of July 2nd, we arrived at the home of Dr. Walter Blackadar, of the city of Salmon. Walt, as he prefers to be called, had encountered Nelson Riley, an able kayakist from New York State several years before, and had guided a trip down the Middle Fork

for Riley and other paddlers in the summer of 1966.

Walt Blackadar is nothing if not a sportsman, and he has more bounce to the ounce than any hoss-wrangler (which he is), or surgeon (which he is), this side of the Pecos, so it was only natural that his first close-up look at a kayak would make him want to leave his lumbering ten-man army surplus raft for a real white-water boat. He set about, therefore, to organize a group of sophisticated paddlers from all over the country from whom he could learn the fine points of paddling in return for guides, raft, food and endless paperwork. Naturally, we all paid our own shares of the cost.

### Supplies Build Up

So it was that 15 kayakists and an ever-growing pile of personal duffle and crates of food assembled on Walt's lawn, awaiting the arrival of a 24-foot surplus rubber raft, known as a bridge pontoon because of its use as such during the war. Walt had a 10-man raft

in his garage, but as there was nobody but him to man it, and he was now a kayaker, it was left behind. Meanwhile, the mound of food, sleeping bags, fishing rods, hair-curlers and whiskey bottles kept getting higher, higher. . . .

Walt had organized a car shuttle for us so that no vehicles would have to be left at the top of the run, some 120 miles from the take-out point. We drove to our put-in point at Dagger Falls, about four hours from Salmon, and there, after unloading our gear, we sat, getting acquainted with the other paddlers, and the seven raft-riders who were coming with us as non-combatants. We also watched the great, torpedo-like Chinook salmon try to leap up and over Dagger Falls. They were in the last, convulsive phase of their lives, for in a few days they would arrive at their spawning grounds, perform the last rite, and die. Watching them was a magnificent, moving experience.

For dinner that night we had a variety of game steaks, killed, frozen and cooked by Walt Blackadar. The bill of fare included venison, elk, bear and Mountain Sheep (ram). The latter was absolutely delicious in the opinion of this camper, but the bear was bearish, and tasted even worse when Austin Hoyt, one of our kayakers, told us how he and his companions had contracted trichinosis from eating rare bear while "living off the land" (?) on a canoe trip in the Canadian wilderness.

### **The Paddlers**

Incidentally, the kayakers who might have been seen chomping away on elk flank that night in addition to the aforementioned were: Former National K-1 Champion Ron Bohlender, former National K-1W Champion Barbara Wright, Canadian Wildwater Champion Herman Kerckhoff, Eastern K-1W Champion Jan Binger, Canadian paddlers Herb May, Stephan Knappe, Judge William Sheppard and Klaus Streckman, and Americans Dave Binger, Nelson Riley, Jack Nichol, Ada Migel and Lynn McAdams. On the raft were, among others, Bill Guth, our head raftsman and outfitter; Chuck Baird, assistant raftsman, and Virginia Shumate, our fearless, redoubtable and

competent 68-year-old cook.

The next morning was spent, in part, overloading our 25-year-old raft, and the rest was spent pushing it off various rocks and rills on which the ancient beast had gone aground. The water was "thin," or "scratchy" as we say back East, come summertime, because few of the feeder streams on which we were counting for white-water action downstream had as yet come in to add their volume to the Middle Fork. Often when the raft was pushed off from a sharp rock, a flap of its bottom skin would be torn away, and at one point such a large flap came off that it was decided to beach the raft, unload it, turn it upside down and repair it. This we did, and while Walt and I stitched its dermis, the rest of the party ate, prepared skin grafts for the raft, and did other small chores.

One of our group wandered off and returned in a few minutes with a fisherman whose hand had become badly infected, and who was both pleased and surprised to find a doctor doing major surgery on the riverbank. Walt asked the fisherman how he had gotten into such an inaccessible fishing hole, and the man replied that he had ridden in on a "Trail Bike." These noisy, pestiferous, ubiquitous two-wheeled jeeps have opened up the wilderness to the halt, the incompetent, the lazy and the hot-rodder. They are fouling the trails where before only the horse and the hiker trod . . . but wait! This fisherman was a pretty nice fellow, and in a while we had occasion to be thankful for his infernal machine, as you shall see.

### **Essential Pump Lost**

After we had repaired the raft and laboriously reloaded it, we shoved it back into the water, and in a few minutes it was hard aground again, but this time it had divested itself of its entire bottom, and the pump with which we kept its inflatable walls full of air, fell into the water and started the long trek toward Oregon. This was an unforeseen and drastic setback, and one which we could not apparently overcome. May I add that at times during the morning, and all afternoon, the unfortunate raft-passengers had been struggling down the riverbank on

sneaker-shod feet. The going was awful. There were rumors of rattlesnakes being in the area, which made everyone nervous (several weeks after our party had gone through, a fisherman was bitten on the Middle Fork), and it was hotter than blazes.

At this crucial moment our fisherman friend, his hand skillfully dressed by Dr. Blackadar, came along on his steel steed. A few moments powwow with him sufficed to show him the **quid pro quo** possibilities of the situation, whereupon Walt hopped on the machine behind him, and off through the wilderness they went, to an airstrip some eight miles away. There Walt radioed to a friend, who dropped everything to rush to our aid by inflating Walt's ten-man raft and putting it on its trailer. Another radio call to Bill Guth's brother got an airlift to Salmon for Walt, who then (after a long, hard day), put in a long, hard night driving back to Dagger Falls, launching his raft single-handed, and steering it down to our campsite. At eight o'clock on the morning after he had left, Walt casually strolled into our camp and asked, as well he might, why we were all lounging around in the sack when we should have been up and at 'em, and raring to go.

We distributed our cargo between the two rafts and set off after breakfast, our sore-footed pedestrians of yesterday comforted by the knowledge that there would probably be no more cross-country walking to be done. Our only problem now was to get Walt back into his kayak.

### **A Raftsmen Is Born**

It happened that, on the day before, a beginner named Craig Leonard had encountered great difficulty getting his home-made kayak down the relatively easy rapids encountered up to then. It was decided right on the river that Craig was too inexperienced and his

boat too frail to continue into the big water that lay before us, so his boat was summarily banished to the riverbank and Craig was asked to ride on the overloaded raft and then to walk. If he was disappointed, as surely he must have been, he never showed it for a minute, and if he was put out by being asked to guide the small raft, he was too much of a gentleman and a sportsman to complain about that, either. It was a tough, scary and responsible job to undertake without previous experience, but Craig was young, intelligent and loaded with muscle. To sweeten his task, Kathy Riley, Nelson's pretty young daughter, asked to accompany him on his raft, and with that delectable burden, Craig Leonard began to turn into a first-class raftsmen.

The first rapids of any consequence were met the next day at Pistol Creek, but everyone got through with no more mishap than a few spills. Some members of the party did a good deal of swimming, but because of the nature of the river, no one got in trouble of a serious nature. The Middle Fork gets rougher and rougher as it goes along, but at the end of each rapid, no matter how fierce, there is a pool, or a place of respite of some sort, so that a swimmer can get out, collect his boat, paddle and wits, and try again. There were, at the water-level at which we ran, few if any boulders showing, so that there was nothing solid to hit if one did dump and swim.

Between our rivers back East and the Middle Fork there is much that is analagous to the comparison of eastern and western skiing. In Stowe, it's rocks, ice, trees and trails: in Aspen, it's broad boulevards, powder or packed-powder snow and sunshine. The latter is a lot kinder and more forgiving than the former but doesn't produce so many good skiers. The Middle Fork is big and raging, but nothing like as fierce as the Upper Hudson, the Rapid or the Big Bushkill.

### **Nature Inviolable**

The country through which we were paddling was very wild. Sage-covered hills rose on either side of us without a sign that any human had ever traversed them except for trails worn by

#### **Klepper Folding Boats**

Enjoy Western rivers,  
lakes and waterways.

Many models to choose from!

Write for free catalog.

THE SKI HUT

1615 University Ave.,

Berkeley 3, California

pack animals. Eagles lazed in the sky along the ridges and Bighorn sheep (ewes and lambs only) could sometimes be seen, chewing at the sparse grass and wondering, I suppose, who those damn fools in those little boats were and what they were doing on the river. Cutthroat trout and great salmon, which provided us with several good dinners, swam beneath us. The works of man were seldom seen, in spite of the fact that river traffic is heavy and is becoming more so every year. Ponderosa pines, those most majestic and beautiful of conifers, lined the riverbanks and marched off up the mountainsides. One thing that I did see to which I took strong exception, was the practice among trail-riding "sportsmen" of digging pitch out of the hearts of these pines in order to start their campfires. In some cases they actually build their fires against the bases of the trees, thus saving themselves the trouble of removing the pitch. This senseless but widespread "woodcraft" has resulted in maimed and disfigured trees at most of the campsites where we stopped in the Ponderosa belt. When will we learn?

On our fourth day out, we stopped for lunch at the grave of one Whitey Cox, an unfortunate miner whose badly-shored digs dropped in on him a couple of years back. Whitey's bones are warmed by a thermal spring that trickles down along the burial plot.

They are also covered by elk antlers heaped up on the grave, presumably to fend off marauding bears. In a land where elk life is held as cheap as mosquito life in a mud flat, elk antlers are everywhere. All over eastern Idaho I saw mountains, hills, stacks and piles of them, mute testimony, as they say, of man's ability to put one over on them dumb deer, year after year after year. I suppose that a dead miner's grave is as good a place to leave your spare elk horn as the door-yard or around the rose trellis. Down river from this dismal ossuary we came to another thermal spring, this one big enough and just cool enough to ease into slowly and take some of the ache out of joints that were being asked to paddle forty miles that day.

### Airborne Supplies

The next day we stopped to replenish our food supply at a dude ranch with an airstrip. It was our first real sign of civilization since we had left Dagger Falls several days before, unless you counted the glossy log cabin curio spires which is the weekend Shangri-La of Mr. Harrah of Harrah's Club in Reno. That place, with its Swedish maids, thermal swimming pool and heated garage housing antique cars—whose only duty was to run down the only road to Harrah's airstrip to pick up the weekend guests and starlets—is too much of a muchness to be counted as a sign of civilization. At any rate, below this grand show of what man can do to nature, there were, or so we were told, some big, bad rapids. Walt and a few other people hopped into a jeep to have a look, leaving the rest of us to worry, fret over our lunch and pass the time by helping Bill Guth assemble three ten-man rafts which were to be used by his next party of "dudes." Incidentally, that term, which is pejorative in most of the working West, is used on the river to describe anyone who is not a working riverman or native. So Barbara Wright, incomparable paddler though she is, is still a "dude," like it or not, and so were we all. I asked Guth who would be occupying the raft that I was helping to inflate and set up. He named . . . my next door neighbor in Mount Kisco, New York! When I returned home and showed another neighbor a copy of the Salmon newspaper with a front page article devoted to our trip ("Dr. Blackadar and Party Master Cataracts of Middle Fork," etc.), he said, "Why **I'm** leaving for a Guth trip down the Middle Fork with my kids on Thursday!" Quality tells the tale, I guess, and I will herewith unabashedly give a plug to William Guth & Sons, Outfitters, P.O. Box 705 or 323, Salmon, Idaho. If you want the best, and don't ask for Guth, don't say I didn't tell you!

The big rapids below the landing strip didn't materialize, so we joked and joshed along for a while, thinking that we had been the intended victims of some sort of watery "snipe hunt," and that we had outfoxed "them," who-



Herb May of Toronto, Hancock Rapids. Photo by Walt Blackadar

ever "they" might be. After a while, however, the river started to slip away from us. It got steeper and steeper, and the canyon walls began to rise in a most ominous way. Like a moving ski slope, the bed of the river and with it, the water, started to plunge down-hill. Jack Creek Rapids, Big Creek Bridge Rapids, Weber Rapids, Porcupine Rapids, Upper and Lower Redside Rapids, to name a few, came and went behind . . . a seemingly endless rollercoaster ride on the biggest fresh water surf I have ever seen. To turn the boat around and play, bow upstream in any one of them was a thrill beyond comparison. Many of us easterners would have driven all night for a half-mile stretch of water like that. The luxury of not having to wear a wet suit, combined with the absolute clarity of the water, the beauty of the surroundings, and the made-to-order sculpture of the waves in nearly every rapid, created a paddler's paradise. It was a white-water rodeo, except that no bronco on this earth had ever seen haystacks like that!

We had paddled well over thirty miles that day, and so, pooped out but exhilarated, we pulled into shore for our last night of camping. The "House Snakebite Medicine" was broken out and liberally poured to one and all with results that can only be learned from Dr. Ron Bohlender's paper, "Snakebite, and How to Overcome It!"

#### **Very Big Water (cont.)**

The next day saw much of the same for eye-openers. By this time, I for one, was getting used to what was, for me, very big water. I had even stopped learning the names of all the rapids. There was, however, one stretch which had been talked about by Bill Guth,

Chuck Baird and Walt Blackadar for several days past, and which I logically assumed was to be encountered on the Selway, or some river other than that upon which we were paddling because, as my psychiatrist explains it to me, I was "unwilling to face up to the reality that it was really coming, and in reality it was just around the corner." Its name was "Rubber," and I fell right into it as simple as anything. My helmet was sucked right off my head, chin-strap and all, and I had a long and invigorating swim in suds that were so thick they looked as if there had been an explosion at the old corner brewery. Barb Wright went over, but rolled up, and then several other bodies and boats came floating through. Everybody lived, but some of us will never play a "rubber" of bridge again without a twinge. The next, and last big rapid on the Middle Fork was "Hancock." It boasted a series of huge standing waves that were biggest I had ever seen, but not hiding any great holes as "Rubber" did, the paddling was straightforward and not too tricky. From then on out, it was just a short, easy paddle to the confluence with the "Main" Salmon, where our cars were waiting for us.

It was a marvelous six days and a great experience. There are, as of this writing (September, 1968) only about 310 days to wait until we try it again.

#### **HAUTHAWAY KAYAKS**

640 Boston Post Rd  
Weston, Mass. 02193

Touring, Slalom, Downriver and Junior Models  
Paddles • Spray Covers • Life Vests  
Flotation Bags • Canoe Paddles



It's useful to have a brainy dog along at times like this.

# Bareback Canoe Riding

By Dean Norman

I recently had occasion to use a white-water survival technique which I don't believe has been reported in the literature. I don't claim to have originated the technique. My dog showed it to me.

My dog, Fawn, my two 10-year-old kids, David and Susan, and myself began a two-week canoe trip on the Missouri River near Great Falls, Montana, in early June, 1968. We put in just below the Marony Dam with our canoe loaded with supplies intended to last us until we reached the Robinson Bridge 190 miles downstream. We did not plan a white-water trip.

I had researched this trip for months, reading the Lewis and Clark Journals, and writing and talking to people in Montana. I assumed that if Lewis and Clark could tow canoes upstream on this river, we would have no trouble paddling downstream. However, Lewis and Clark left the river to portage around the Great Falls at Belt Creek. The Marony Dam is two miles upstream from Belt Creek, and I could get no firsthand information from anyone who had canoed this stretch. Many people told me they **thought** I would have no trouble here.

## An Omission

I looked downstream from the Marony Dam and thought we could run through smooth channels and miss the

waves. I should have walked along the river and scouted it, but that would have taken more time than we had that day, and I planned to run close to the bank so we could land and look over any water that looked too rough.

We went about a quarter-mile before I pulled to shore to scout a boiling chute. Fawn hopped out and stirred up a rattlesnake. The snake was coiled among some rocks and branches with its head held a foot above the coils. I decided I could see the rapids ahead well enough from where we were, so we went on.

As we continued I gradually moved the canoe to the center of the river to find smooth channels. Then we approached a drop where I couldn't see any smooth channel. Perhaps there was one, but the current was carrying us rapidly toward the drop, and we couldn't go back and forth across the river looking for a channel.

I knew the big curling wave would swamp our canoe, so I told my kids to sit tight and expect this. We continued to run rapids with the canoe full of water for another quarter-mile. Most of our equipment was tied in waterproof bags, and our gunwales rode about level with the water in the center. Waves broke over the bow and the excess water, of course, had to pour out over the gunwales.

Just as I was enjoying the novelty of running rapids with a swamped canoe, we came to a drop set at an angle to our course. I couldn't turn the heavy canoe enough, and as we slid sideways down the drop into a curling wave the canoe slowly turned over.

All of us held onto the gunwales except Fawn who tried to climb onto the canoe over our backs. She finally made it, and crouched on top of the upside-down canoe peering at the rapids ahead. I didn't realize it yet, but she had shown us the way to survive.

A huge curling wave dashed over the canoe, knocking all of us away from it. I couldn't see Fawn or Susan, but I saw David floating a few feet from me so I swam to him. He climbed on top of me, so I knocked him off and told him not to do that. He did it again. I swam and towed him back to the canoe so he would have something else to cling to. Meanwhile Susan had swam back to the canoe and was holding onto the other side.

Fawn had decided to swim for shore, and if we were all strong swimmers we would have tried it also. We wore life-jackets, but the turbulent water sloshed over our faces, too often just as we took a breath. The kids were pulling themselves above the sloshing water, and I was afraid they would exhaust their energy soon. I discovered that I was doing this also. From our low vantage point I could not see any calm water ahead and it looked like an indefinite ride through fast turbulent water with frequent drops and curling waves.

### **The Example of Fawn**

Then it occurred to me that if the dog could ride the overturned canoe like a log, the kids could too. I shoved their rumps to help them up, and told them to lie flat and rest. I got on the canoe also, but it seemed less stable then, so I slid back into the water and just held myself up a bit by hooking one arm over the stern.

Now there was nothing more to do but pray. I prayed humbly a little, and then I got mad and started cussing. "Goddamit, Lord, get us the hell out of this Goddam river, because, Goddamit, we sure can't do it by ourselves!"

The river still held us in the center

and took us over the worst drops. We went on and on this way, wave after wave busted over the bow, and in between holding my breath I cussed at the Good Lord to get us out of the river.

At last we drifted out of the main force of the current and near the left bank. I straddled the back end of the canoe and paddled with my arms and told the kids to do this also. We paddled and cussed and cheered and finally were within 5 feet of the shore where I dropped into waist deep water.

The rest of our experience was standard rescue procedure. We lay down on the rocks and rested; some fishermen who had been following us along the banks helped us build a fire, bail out the canoe, and dry our clothes. After we had hiked back to get Fawn who was pacing beside the river on a terrace upstream, we ferried across the river to a nice campsite. The rest of our trip was what we had planned, a nice easy cruise through a beautiful wild landscape, and that is another story.

White-water paddlers with the proper equipment would enjoy the first 3½ miles of continuous rapids from Marony Dam, and some of the rapids as far as Fort Benton had nice waves in them which we avoided.

People wonder why I take a big, frisky dog canoeing with me. She can't paddle, she can't cook, and though she does wash dishes somebody else has to rinse and dry.

But it's nice to have somebody along to do some thinking in a crisis.

---

---

**Don't Lose Your Boat  
For Lack of Flotation!**

### **Harvest**

Form-fitting flotation bags for kayaks

Approx. 4.5 cu. ft. ea.

20-mil. vinyl

**per set: \$11.54 f.o.b. Alameda**

**Set for C-1 \$12.54**

**HARVEST ENTERPRISES**

**3976 East Ave. Hayward, Calif. 94542**

---

---



Lida with Wick Walker, left, and Eric Evans, right. Photo by BOSWICK

# RACING REPORT

By Jay Evans  
Racing Editor

The week of June 24 was a memorable one for Dartmouth's Ledyard Canoe Club. Lida Sirotkova, 1965 World Whitewater Champion in C-2M from Prague, Czechoslovakia, arrived in Hanover, N.H., fresh from a 4,500-mile flight from her homeland. She was scheduled to travel and to participate in white-water races for the balance of the summer before returning to her studies at Charles University in Prague this fall. Lida, a physical education major, switched from the C-2M class shortly after her victory in 1965 at Spittal, Austria, and since that time has concentrated on K-1W. She was also a member of the 1967 Czech Team.

Her debut in American waters began at the Ledyard Canoe Club's training site on Vermont's White River. This sharp descent with strong eddies under the iron bridge at West Hartford provides an ideal training ground against

a bucolic backdrop of rolling hills in rural Vermont. Here, a half dozen or so poles can be lowered quickly and easily from the bridge thus offering ample opportunity for sustained gate work under turbulent conditions. The club provided her with a Czechoslovakian Vertex Slalom boat, and Mother Nature, apparently forewarned of her imminent arrival, conveniently drenched the entire White River valley for the week prior.

Ledyard members present at the training site included Eric Evans, 3rd ranking slalomist in the East in 1967,

In addition, Wick Walker, Dave and Peggy Nutt and Jay Evans had all used this training site with (save for the senior Evans) an eye toward competing in the Kayak Slalom National Championships to be held at Buena Vista, Colorado, in mid-July. Lida added an international flavor to the training that

week when she matched Eric stroke-for-stroke as they raced against the stopwatch over and over again weaving their way through the intricate six-gate sequences. Each competitor was allowed three runs per sequence of gates. At the end of each sequence a "coach," waiting his turn to race, cheerfully called out the time in seconds not hesitating to add points for poles touched plus gratuitous comment about possible improvement. Competition was friendly, but keen.

As soon as all boaters had completed a given sequence three times, a new and more tortuous route was devised to test their skill. The racers vied with one another in attempting to create more and more difficult sequences. The

Ledyard training group worked on ten different sequences, each done three times for a total of 180 gates. This provided a good, stiff workout for approximately two hours—averaging better than a gate a minute per paddler

One of the many recommendations brought back from the World Championships by the 1967 U.S. Whitewater Team was for the need for an International Racing Exchange Program whereby topflight European paddlers could be invited to come to the United States in the "off year." The Ledyard Canoe Club has taken a step in this direction by inviting Lida this year, and, if her first appearance is any indication then it looks as if things are off to a mighty fine start.

## Fantastics on the Farmington

By Bart Hawthaway

April 27, 28. New England Slalom (Intermediate). So read the schedule, but it was a week end when the best laid plans of mice and men favored the cats.

As originally scheduled, the New England Slalom was to be held on the West River, Vermont, but two weeks before race-time the river held a bare trickle of water; a hasty conference with the Corps of Engineers revealed that due to extreme forest-fire danger, the existing pool would have to be held and no water could be promised.

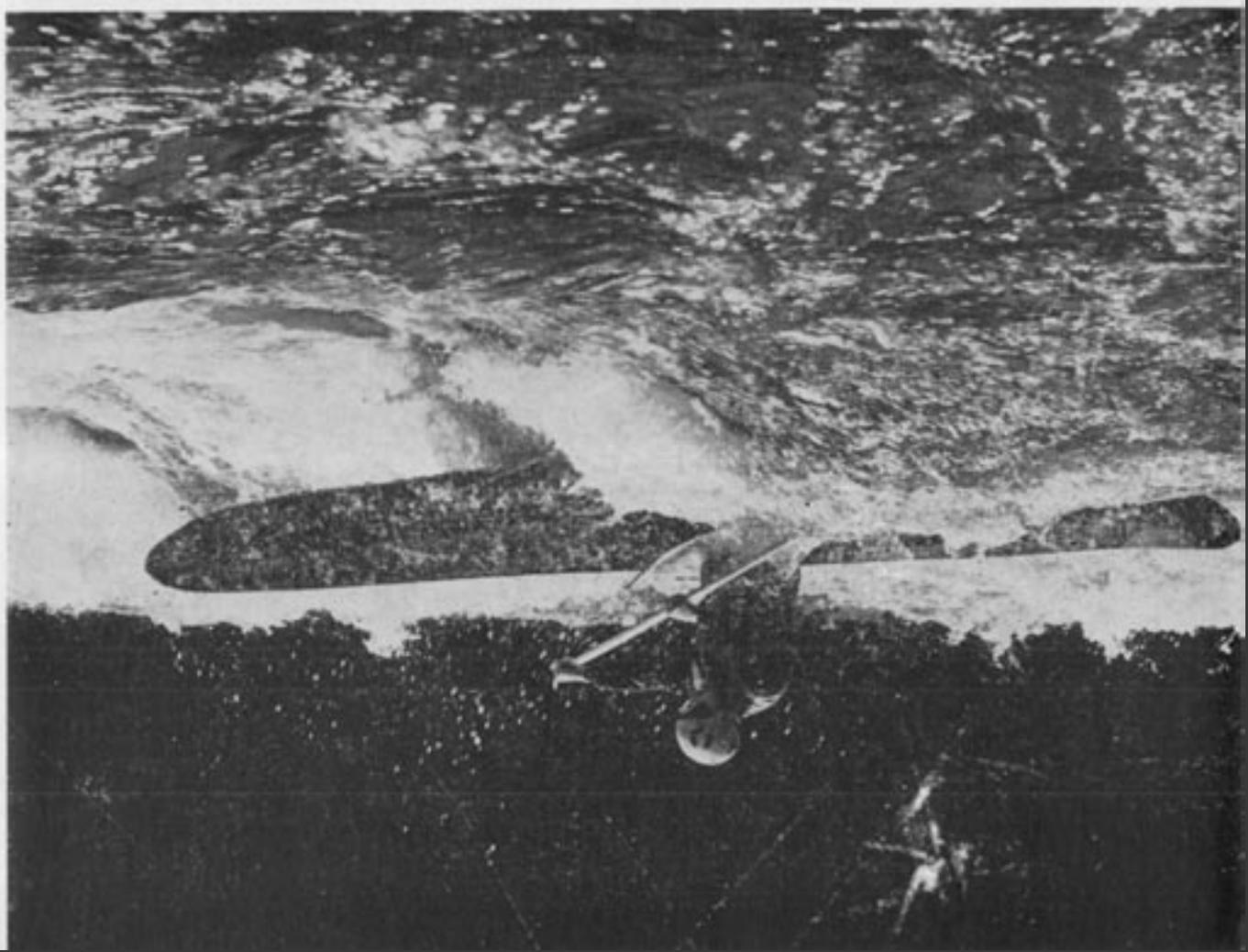
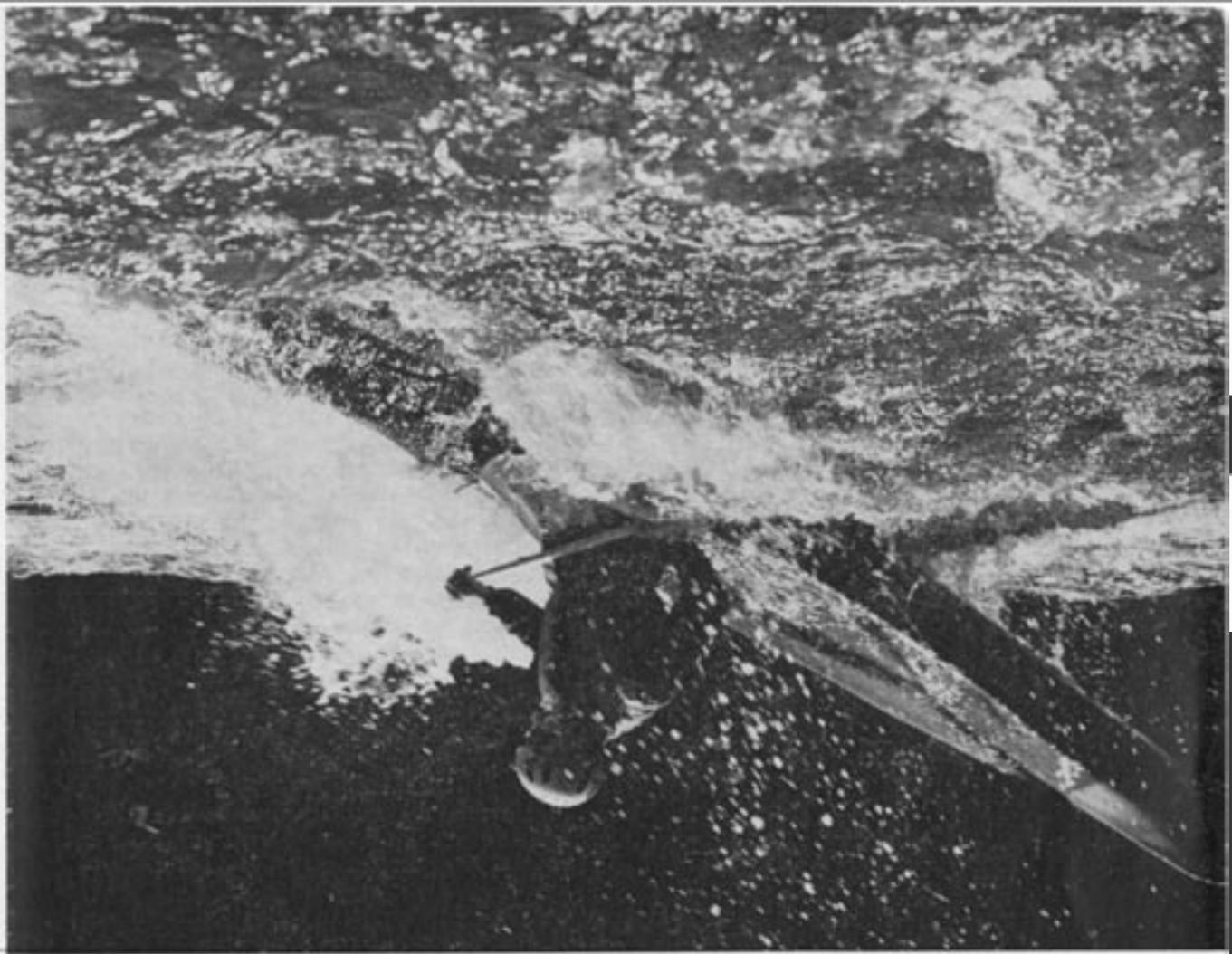
A scouting trip to the White River, Vermont, showed ample water and a good location for an intermediate slalom, and plans were tentatively scheduled for this location. However these were ultimately scrapped in favor of the Farmington River, at Tariffville, Connecticut. In the meantime, heavy rains flooded the West River with ample water, but too late for another reversal in race plans.

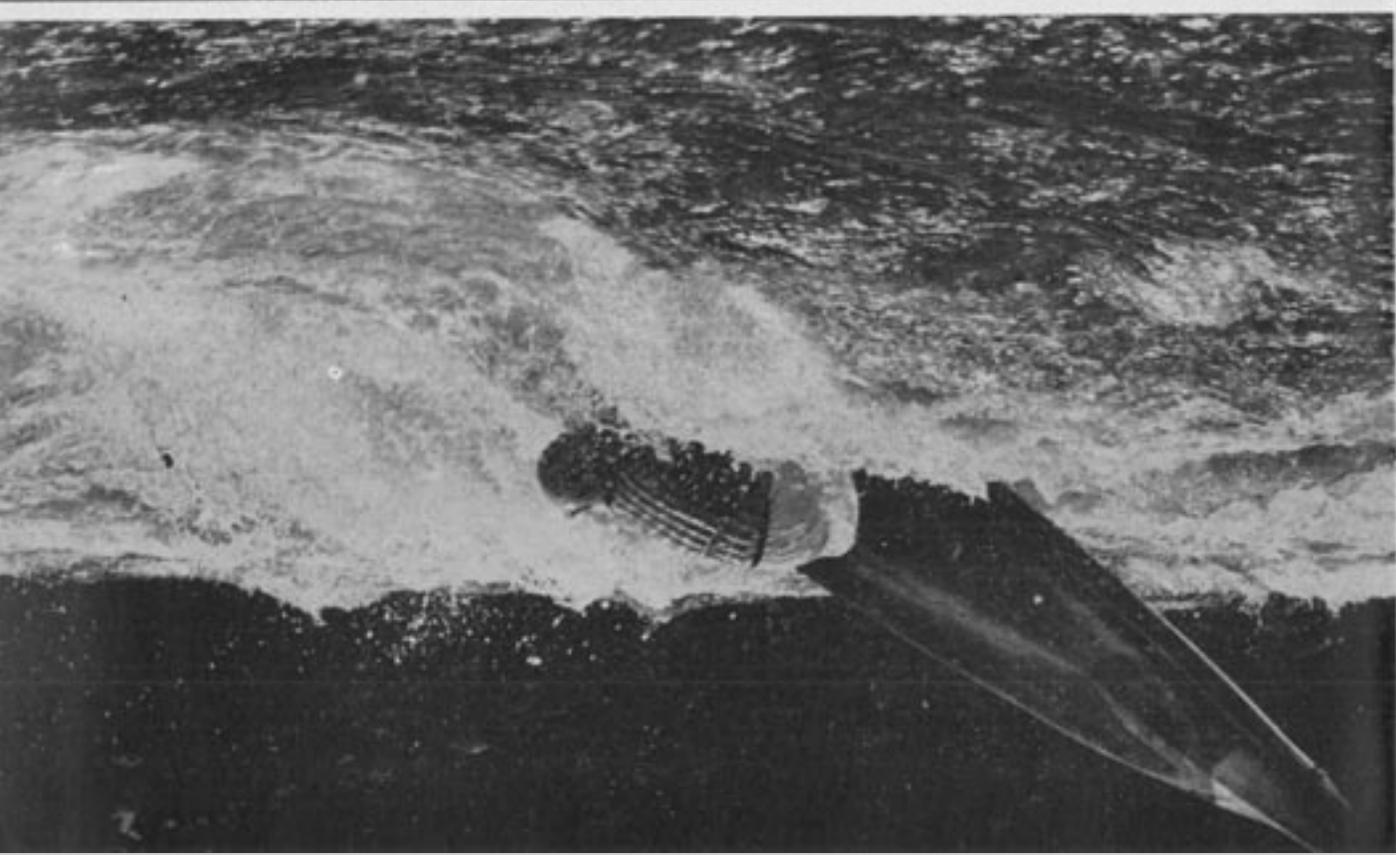
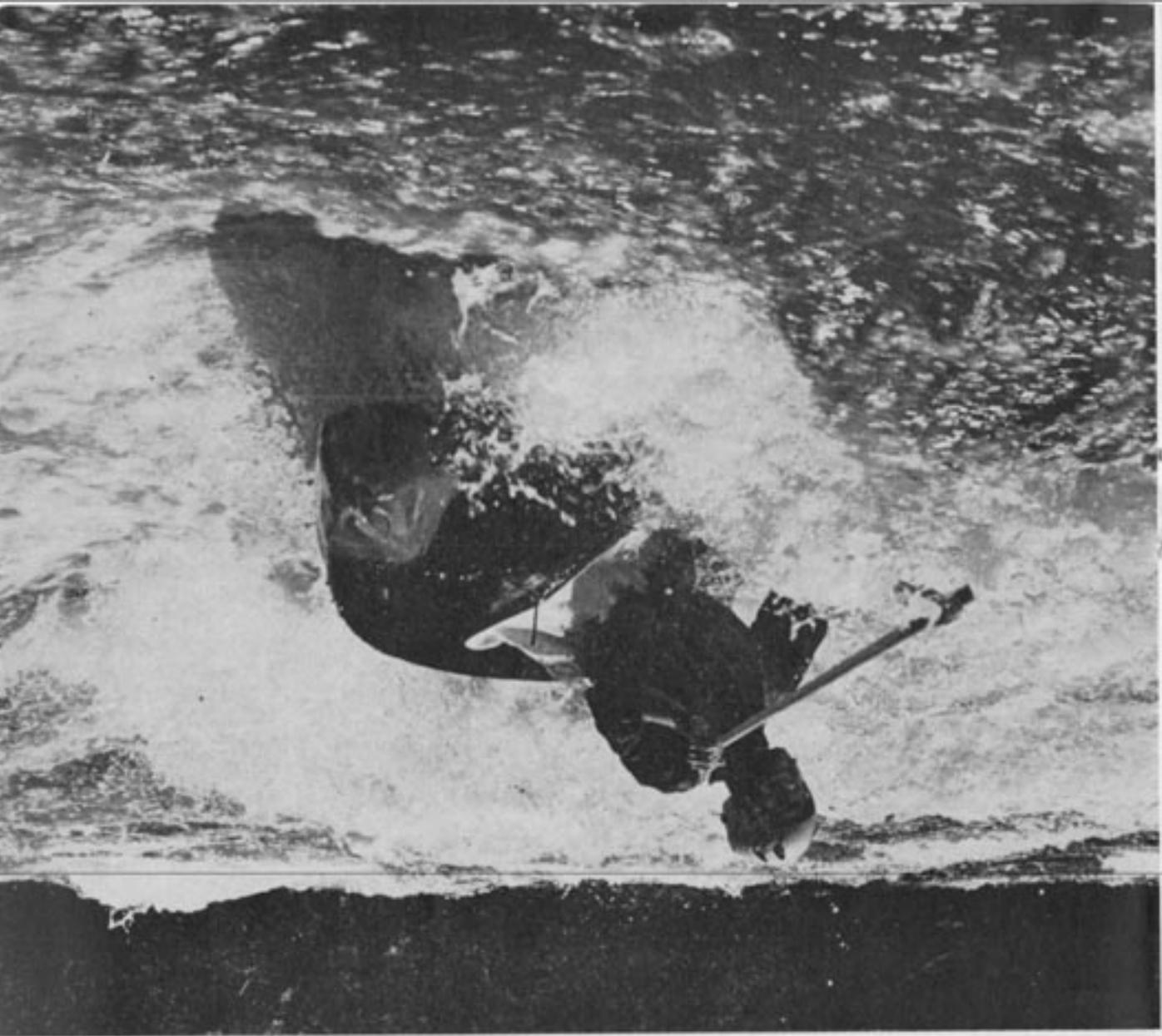
The same rains, however, created too much water at Tariffville; a succession of three huge holes proved too much for even the best paddlers. Several attempted to punch through the middle of the race course, but none escaped without being chewed up and spit out, hardly the proper situation for an intermediate slalom, so on the spot plans were made to move the course upriver

to New Boston. It was a Comedy of Errors and the Keystone Cops rolled up in one, with notices posted on trees at campsites and cars loaded with boats careening past each other in opposite directions. Nearly everyone succeeded in getting mad at someone, and to complete the confusion, New Boston had no water, so back to Tariffville, passing more new arrivals with more boats headed for New Boston!

Once all plans of holding a race were scrapped and tempers settled down, Wick Walker and Eric Evans coolly demonstrated the fine art of planned boat busting and near suicide doing "ends for ends" in the stoppers at Tariffville; Walker succeeded in an end-for-end with a half flip in mid-air to land right side up—but Walker is calm, cool and crazy. Evans stood in his bow in the holes as if K-1's were designed for nothing else. Others tried to duplicate these maneuvers with varying degrees of success and considerable boat damage. Yours truly made several half-hearted attempts at an end-for-end while the sideline audience made sounds like a chicken laying an egg. Their derision subsequently proved completely unjustified: a check of the boat after emerging showed there were no eggs in it at all!

(Now see the photos of Wick Walker on the next two pages and the cover!)







Kent Taylor at Jamaica, Vt. Canoe Nationals. Photo by Roland Palmedo

## Race Results

### National Kayak Slalom Championships Buena Vista, Colorado

July 13-14, 1968

#### K-1

Roger Paris .....	185.6
Eric Evans .....	186.2
Sandy Campbell .....	205.9

#### K-1W

Gail Minnick .....	209.8
Nancy Southworth .....	219.7
Peggy Nutt .....	221.0

### Northwest Division (ACA) Slalom Championship

Sauk River, July 13-14, 1968

#### K-1 Expert

	T.	P.	Tot.
Al Zob .....	116.4	20	136.4
Ulrich Ganz .....	145.8	10	155.8
Ron Bohlender .....	146.5	40	186.5

#### K-1 Intermediate

Terry Lawrence .....	144.6	20	164.6
Erich Kozak .....	190.5	10	200.5
Clark Peterson .....	171.2	40	211.2

#### C-1

Al Zob .....	172.5	120	292.5
Rick Rigg .....	217.6	90	307.6
Ulrich Ganz .....	253.8	300	553.8

#### C-2

Hales & Zob .....	151.4	30	181.4
Rigg & Rigg .....	200.8	160	360.8
Greer & Vegh .....	236.0	610	846.0

### Salmon La Sac Race

#### C-1 Expert

	T.	P.	Tot.
Rick Rigg .....	201	150	351
Al Zob .....	225	350	575
Scott Arighi .....	310	420	730

#### K-1 Expert

Harry Burlingame .....	178.6	20	198.6
Al Zob .....	138.5	80	218.5
Ron Bohlender .....	196	30	226

#### Downriver

Ron Bohlender .....	21.46
Peter Hales .....	22.29
Scott Patrick .....	23.03

**Androscoggin Slalom**  
**September 14-15, 1968**

**C-1**

Dr. Homer Dodge .....	414.0
William Stearns .....	418.0
Wayne Gilman .....	457.4

**C-2FAM**

Wilson, J. and P. ....	433.3
Rasmussen, R. and B. ....	550.6

**C-2**

Hohman-Feldman .....	296
Feldman-Wareham .....	348.8
Podhora-Podhora .....	400

**C-1**

Arthur Hohman .....	320.3
Sidney Feldman .....	368.6
Richard Siegfried .....	422.8

**K-1**

Eric Evans .....	199.2
Dave Nutt .....	201.8
Dave Newhall .....	248.0

**K-1W**

Peggy Nutt .....	294.6
Kay Henry .....	480.6
Josiane Lubenee .....	500.9

**K-1J**

Steve Newhall .....	474.7
Barbara Newhall .....	751.0
Charles Ohl, Jr. ....	888.4

**Open Canoes**

**C-2**

Wiggin-Siegfried .....	333.6
Hodgkins-Titcomb .....	452.0
Bonney-Souther .....	476.2

**Pontook Wildwater Race**  
**Androscoggin River, Dummer, N.H.**  
**September 15, 1968**

**K-1**

Dave Nutt .....	14:04
Eric Evans .....	14:40
Dave Newhall ..	14:44

**Open**

**C-2**

Hixson-Smith .....	16:27
Hodgkins-Titcomb .....	16:46
Andrews-Lemelin .....	16:56

**K-1W**

Peggy Nutt .....	17:04
Kay Henry .....	18:08
Jean Edgerly .....	18:19

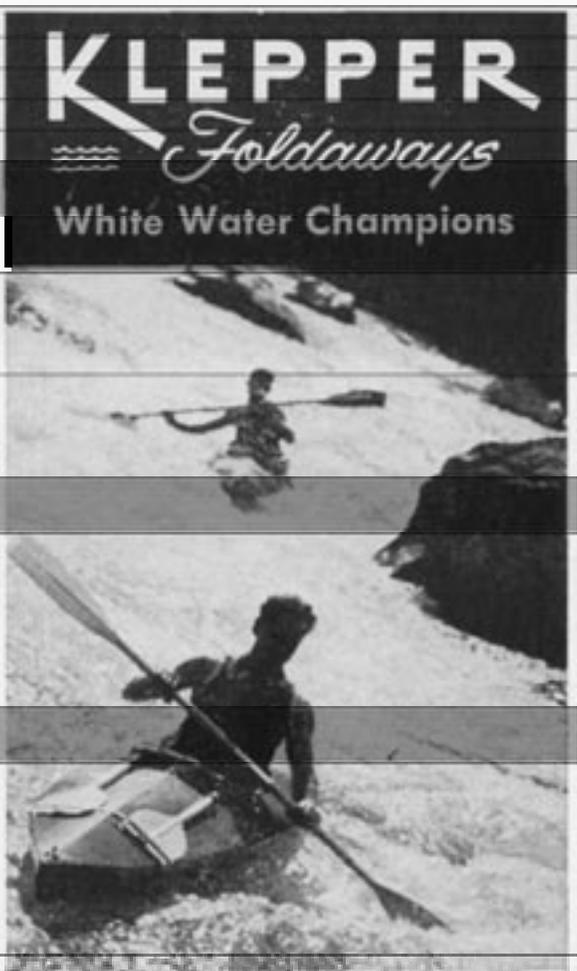
**Truckee, Tahoe City, Calif.**  
**August 24, 25, 1968**

**K-1M**

Stein Buer .....	175
Sam Powers .....	177
Lynn Gaylor .....	234

**K-1—Novice**

Lee Harrison .....	269
--------------------	-----



For years Klepper has been headquarters for the nation's most complete selections of white-water kayaks — both fibre glass and Foldaway types. . .

Klepper has also specialized in racing boats of **extreme** design — for advanced white-water competition. These include the latest championship models, such as SL 5, Mick and Spider. . .

Write for FREE Color Catalog WW3

**HANS KLEPPER CORP.**

35 Union Square West,  
 New York, N. Y., 10003

Gene Ice .....	309
T. Evans .....	338

**K-1W**

Nancy Lemmon .....	382
India Fleming .....	420
Gail Minnick .....	500

**C-2 and C-2M**

Sidelar-Harvest .....	339
Harvest-Harvest .....	361
Lyda-Parks .....	374

**C-1**

Tom Johnson .....	372
Walt Harvest .....	508
Jim Sindelar .....	620



**FLOTHERCHOC**

French type life jackets in all sizes with or without collars have extra flotation added to them. White Water Plastic Helmets adjustable to any head size in 3 models, also elbow pads.

**KLEPPER** boats and tents

**SPORTS & CYCLES**

**International**

3181 Wilson Boulevard  
Arlington, Virginia 22201  
Phone 703 525-41 15

Flotherchoc life jacket recommended by AWA Safety Chairman, John Bombay.

**Mollidgewock Slalom  
Androscoggin River**

**July 20, 1968**

**K-1**

Dave Newhall .....	218.9
Dave Nutt .....	224.6
Eric Evans .....	233.2

**C-1**

Tom Southworth .....	264.7
Don Keiser .....	346.1

**C-2M**

Keiser-Wells .....	423.0
--------------------	-------

**K-1W**

Nancy Southworth .....	286.9
Cathy Dugan .....	289.4
Josianne Lubenec .....	347.7

**C-2**

Moratel-Raboni .....	314.6
Camp-Meyer .....	448.0

**Pontook Wildwater Race  
Androscoggin River**

**July 21, 1968**

Dave Nutt .....	11.46
Eric Evans .....	12.31
Dave Newhall .....	13.01

**K-1W**

Cathy Dugan .....	16.23
Josianne Lubenec .....	16.52

**A.C.A. National Slalom Training  
Center, Nos. 1, 2**

**Zoar's Gap, Mass., June 29-30**

**Class "A"—(Best run of four)**

Bart Hawthaway .....	243
Bob Taylor .....	265
Jay Evans .....	284

**Class "B"—(Best run of four)**

Rod Aller .....	276
Polly Longworth .....	303
Steve Newhall .....	322

**Erratum**

The C-1 slalom paddler on the cover of the Winter issue was Al Chase of Bend, Ore., placing first in his class on the Feather River, 1967. The Editor apologizes to Al and also to Rick Rigg, mistakenly named in the caption.

**Grand Canyon Expeditions**  
**River and Trail Trips**  
**P. O. Box 261(A)**  
**Park City, Utah 84060**

# Conservation Comment

By **Oscar** Hawksley

The SCENIC RIVERS BILT (H.R. 18260) finally passed the House on Sept. 12 after some rocky moments caused by its defeat in July under "suspension of the rules" which did not permit amendments. The defeat in July would not have occurred if the Governor of Pennsylvania had not been misinformed about one aspect of the bill. This points up the importance of keeping our governors and legislators well informed. We could have lost the whole shebang if the House Committee on Rules had not allowed an "open rule" so that the bill could be re-introduced with limited debate and amendments.

The bill, which passed by a vote of 265 to 7, establishes a scenic river system comprising parts of the following rivers: Middle Fork of Salmon and Middle Fork of Clearwater including Lochsa and Selway; Rio Grande in New Mexico including lower four miles of the Red; Rogue River, Oregon; Wolf River in Wisconsin and St. Croix in Wisconsin and Minnesota including its tributary the Namekagon.

The bill originally named 28 other rivers as potential additions to the system but some fine rivers included in this "study" category were eliminated at the last moment upon request of local Representatives. These included the South Fork of the Cumberland in Kentucky and its Clear Fork branch (Devil's Jump Dam, opposed by conservationists and boaters, is planned for that area), segments of the Susquehanna in New York and Pennsylvania, some tributaries of the Little Miami in Ohio and portions of the Niobrara and a tributary in Nebraska. Other amendments placed a two-year limitation,



rather than five, on studies of the Suwannee in Georgia and Florida and the Upper Iowa in Iowa.

Since the Senate had passed a bill (S. 119) some time ago, the House vacated H.R. 18260 and passed S. 119 after amending it to include the House language. Then on Sept. 18, Senate-House conferees agreed upon a compromise version. The conferees added two additional rivers to the "immediate establishment" list, the Eleven Point in Missouri and the Middle Fork of the Feather in California. In addition, they added to the study category part of the Allegheny and the Youghioghny in Pennsylvania and the Little Beaver and Maumee in Ohio.

The President signed the bill on October 2 and it now becomes Public Law 90-542, "The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act."

\* \* \*

The Colorado River bill (Central Arizona Project, S. 1004 and H.R. 3300) was passed by the House without dams in the Grand Canyon or adjoining sections. The bill returned to the Senate for review but since the Senate also passed its bill earlier without dams, no trouble was anticipated and it looks as though the Grand Canyon is safe for a while.

# PRESIDENT'S SOAP BOX

A Report on the Present Status of AWA

By OZ HAWKSLEY

Pres. pro tem, AWA

Our Affiliation **should** soon move confidently out into the mainstream of paddling activity and involvement again. But can it? Will it? If it does, and if AWA survives and grows, it will take more than the efforts of a hard-working Editorial Staff and a handful of Directors. Although I have no desire to sound gloomy, this is no time for AWA members to be complacent so I'll "tell it like it is."

**We've made some real progress** in the past year. We presented a new Constitution and By-laws to the membership, got it adopted, set up an "initial nominating committee" and elected a Board of Directors. Since the Directors were announced, in the last issue, the Board has been organized, officers have been elected and the Board has begun to conduct Affiliation business. At this writing, we are in the process of selecting an Executive Director and appointing a cross-sectional Nominating Committee to nominate a slate for the four Directors which must be elected for the 1969-1970 term. The "year" for this first Board will total only five months so one of its main objectives has been to get operations back on schedule. We think we will come close to doing that.

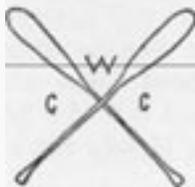
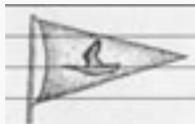
But don't sit back in your comfortable chair quite yet! We have some tough problems and we must deal with them. If we do not, there is doubt that AWA can be perpetuated.

**The biggest problem** is finding **members who will accept a**

**job**, even a small one, do it well and **on time**. This sounds like a lot to ask of volunteers. I don't really think it is. There is more to membership in an organization than **paying** dues, receiving a publication and taking advantage of whatever services the organization offers. One should join an organization because he believes in its objectives. In our case, that means promotion and development of the sport, and preservation of the streams so necessary for the sport. We can't achieve these objectives without a national organization, and such an organization cannot exist without contributions of time and effort from those who subscribe to its objectives. At present, the time and effort are coming from too few people.

**This leads to the really critical questions.** Just how busy are you? Busy doing what? Is a good portion of your free time being spent in enjoying the sport the volunteers have helped promote, develop and preserve? Do you care enough about the sport to help make sure that the resources and organizations which make it possible are still in existence ten years from now? If the answer to the last question is yes, what have you contributed in terms of time and effort? What **will** you contribute during the next few critical years, which are going to determine the future of recreational paddling?

In one way or another **most of you do care** or you wouldn't be members of AWA. The trouble is really one of identifica-



tion. Officers and chairmen have difficulty in identifying the people who would be willing to take on a share of the work. Most of us are reluctant to volunteer but we're going to have to overcome that reluctance if we want an AWA. So, let's start some communication, some identification of leadership, some volunteering. If you are the timid type about volunteering, use the old "buddy system" and suggest the name of a friend. We won't tell! I suppose there are some who are reluctant to offer their services because they feel that those who are in positions of leadership are "big shots" whom they cannot approach. Since 1954, when I first became involved in AWA, I have never met a "big shot" or "stuffed shirt" in our organization. I assure you that all of us are pretty earthy, approachable people. So, approach! Let us know your interests; where you could comfortably serve.

**What's to do?** Our most pressing need is an editor and he will need helpers in his area as well as staff members in other regions. Peter Whitney accepted the editorship on a temporary basis to help us through the transition period in AWA re-organization. He has served the Affiliation long and well and cannot be asked to go on indefinitely. Whoever becomes our next editor will need help from the membership immediately. He will not be able to get out issues on time unless members contribute material. We have often heard complaints about the irregularity of publication in our type of organization, but an editor can't write a 32-page magazine by himself. If you can't contribute something for the journal, you might drop him a postcard giving him a lead on an article that might be contributed by someone

else.

The Board for this stub-end year has not attempted to make new committee appointments. Places on all committees and in all departments are open. If you have an interest in any of them, e.g., Editorial, Conservation, Membership, Safety, Guidebook, speak up. I'll correspond at the drop of a postcard and see that the new Board is aware of your special interest.

To sum it all up, we need assistance with the recruitment of talent. We particularly need more of the "under 30" crowd. If you don't feel that you can take on an AWA job right now, you can make a valuable contribution by sending us the name and address of someone that you think we have overlooked or never discovered. A postcard will do, but do it today!

**This is not an editorial. It is an appeal for help, now, before it is too late.**

---



---

**No Dues, No Magazine,  
Members and Affiliates!**

**This first issue of the 1968-69 membership year is being mailed ONLY to those individuals and those affiliated clubs that have PAID THEIR DUES! (\$3.50 & \$8.00)**

**Giving them the benefit of the doubt, we are continuing to list delinquent affiliates in the roster on the inside and outside back covers for this issue only. We will drop the names of those clubs that do not qualify from the next issue (Vol. XIV, No. 2).**

**Your club should be a supporting member of the only nation-wide organization that represents white-water boaters exclusively! Let your club officers know you want to be part of the American White-water Affiliation!**

---



---





The aluminum kayak after cut-out and after part welding, with author-designer-welder Les Jones.

# Making Aluminum Kayaks

By Leslie A. Jones

I am far from a top orthodox marine designer. My design approach, techniques and terminology — while often quite original, appearing quite crude to those with more marine education and better ships—have accomplished my objectives very well to date.

Mathematically, flat analysis of complicated three-dimensional boat hulls to accuracy of  $1/128$ " or less at sections cut every 6" along the keel (to butt-weld the cut aluminum with minimum of warping by misfit) will be the same hard work, no matter the adjectives (sometimes strong) and approach.

Saw-cutting to  $1/32$ " accuracy and filing smooth will still be necessary—short of Henry Ford type cooky-cutters and press moulding—for flat pattern aluminum.

## Bending, Welding

Eight-foot-long bends of complicated, inter-related nature will require either a long wood, angle and screw breaker—like the one I made—or the largest and most versatile commercial bender in town. Breaking must be located accurately to  $1/32$ " and angles to a few degrees with tapers involved.

Welding  $1/32$ " hard aluminum—64T6—edge-to-edge by sewing (high-angle butts only), holding with ballpeen, tacking, hammering even, seam welding, hammering and finishing will always be highly skilled heliarc work involving about eight hours for two fast men. Flat butt-welding joining two halves amidship will require more than skill with clamping, running-hand-clamp-bar tacking and then seaming.

Tube-bending, tube-welding at the cockpit and hatch, welding outrigger and lock and fitting a safe, quick-release hatch, take more time, tools and supplies. Two solid, shockproof, sealed bulkheads with no welds or bolts to hull require more time.

The sealed, jerk-away, skirt type cockpit cover construction is a more familiar but nevertheless difficult problem—and more so because I require my boats to have longer cockpits you can roll out of with no hands, taking the deck and not catching extended knees. These spray covers must be more flexible for rowing, and the cockpit must be as low-decked as possible. Less than these requirements will not allow exit in emergency or upset without hands or wetting your head. My design also allows easy re-entry while in mid-stream. Less than this creates a death trap for all but the expert—eski-mo roll or no—and is an unnecessary hazard even to him, for he could have his roll and a safer cockpit too. Thus, comparatively, most single-kayak cockpits are potential death traps, no matter their fine looks. And I am not inclined to speak unnecessarily against these predominantly fine craft.

Thus we are led into the even more difficult phase involving form and feature selection—basic design of a new craft—really quite wide in selection, while retaining basic requirements mentioned above and below.

#### Why Aluminum

Since approximate time for a single kayak to be constructed is about 80 to 100 hours in a properly stocked and outfitted shop plus a minimum of eight hours heliarc, why do I stay predominantly with aluminum (having also a few glass and plastic boats for special purposes)?

It is nice to be able to throw them on the rack for all-weather storage for a year or two with no deterioration in sun, rain or snow. This freedom is worth money. It is nice to take them anytime, anywhere with complete assurance of their ultimate dependability. Ease in handling without damage, complete lack of upkeep, solid metal anchorage for any innovations, ease of making temporary repairs and later

welding as-good-as-new (in case you lose it off a cartop). I've only repaired one faulty weld.

A fiberglass boat, once cracked, can only be patched—not welded. Patches destroy the original flexibility balance until eventually the boat also becomes exposure-brittle and is discarded.

But glass and plastic foam—heat formable—is something I asked Goodrich for years ago and Plyfoam now has the material available. I am experimenting with it—have definite need for it for salt-water-and-slalom boats. Aluminum makes a lifetime freshwater boat.

Approximate cost of aluminum kayak materials is \$80.

#### Safety Factor

The best slaloms I have seen were in 1964 on the Buena Vista Bridge rapids of the Arkansas. However three fine fiberglass kayaks were lost by sinking and/or breaking up because of momentum of their weight of water on the rocks. I jumped into the rapid to try to pull one of them out during the race. I could have saved it if it had had two cubic feet of plastic tank or equal flotation—which should have been an entrance requirement. This negligence of racing officiating not only sets a bad safety example, but does not satisfy the needs and desires of the majority of paddlers who hate to lose all that work and expense, and are forced to go along with the gang in order to have equal opportunity at minimum weight.

I will willingly demonstrate, anywhere within 700 miles of Salt Lake: in a slalom equal to Buena Vista Bridge rapid I will enter with any of my aluminum kayaks, pin it crossways of a boulder under water so the ends form boils, roll out without wetting my hair (maybe), swing and lift it free and re-enter the boat or swim guiding the upstream end through the rapids almost as safely as though I were in it.

## CANOE & KAYAK PADDLES

STEWART T. COFFIN

RFD 1, Old Sudbury Rd.

Lincoln, Mass. 01773

# Safety as We See It

By Vern Rupp  
AWA Safety Chairman



Danger in general

I have received many letter with helpful safety suggestions, and I wish to acknowledge my appreciation for your lively display "of interest.

The numerous accident reports forwarded to me I consider of vital importance, since they provide a basis to establish statistics on safety progress and required improvements. By passing on such information, perhaps we can save a life in the future.

In the first half of 1968 I received reports of 13 fatal accidents. Most of them happened in rubber rafts despite the fact that these are considered ideally safe for white water. Three accidents occurred in canoes and one in a single kayak. The latter involved a 13-year-old boy, equipped with life vest, crash helmet, etc., who had some basic training. He was running a class III river alone. This was the case in all but one of the other accident reports. Summarizing: the principal factor and cause of fatalities was boating alone! In all cases this gross error was reinforced by inexperience.

Despite our efforts to prevent accidents by publicizing the AWA and its affiliates that will provide training in safety and skill, there remain people who behave as if they deliberately wanted to give the sport the worst publicity possible, ignoring our free information service.

## River Guides

In the issue before last (Winter, 1967/68) we advocated and illustrated an international code of river warning signs. River guide books could be an additional safety aid on rivers, particularly if they conformed to the international code for nautical guides and maps, as established by the Commission of Nautical Tourism of the AIT.

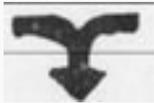
This long established code of symbols is already known by many on this side of the Atlantic. While others have offered different systems (I have seen several here) and it may be argued



Waterfall



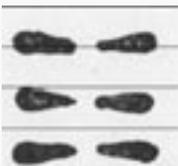
Reconnoitring necessary



Mouth into, junction with



Water gauge



Cliff



Camping

that they are better, we must accept the fact that the established international code is known by a majority and also offers little or no language barrier to European tourists traveling our waterways. The tourist bureaus may even sponsor publications of such river guides, as they do in Europe. We further must consider the financial cost and time to establish a new "American system" and the confusion while it is debated. I therefore hope that the international code will be accepted in place of other individual codes being used.

The international code of not less than 75 symbols exists! Used with discrimination, they can describe a river in considerable detail. Many of the symbols serve tourist convenience rather than safety. However, a reproduction of the international code should be made available to all clubs, so they have the full variety of symbols available. After all, "convenience" signs that encouraged inexperienced boaters to try white-water rivers would directly involve safety questions too.

#### Criteria for Guides

Depending on the difficulty of a river, more or fewer details are required, and the scale, accordingly, may be much more magnified for an extremely difficult river section. Two inches to the mile or more may be required. An easy river with few difficulties can be mapped at 5 miles or more to an inch.

The mileage between rapids, canyons, weirs, towns, bridges or trails, etc., must be given and is of importance. The size of a River Guide should be pocket book size, approximately 7¼x 5¼ inches.

(See the sample maps on pages 31 and 32, which represent a non-existent river.)

(a) General information; characteristic of river, its source and elevation, scenery, sources (glacier, lake, reservoir or rain-fed), best time of the year to navigate, etc. (navigable stretches, and of course, those which are non-navigable).

(b) Flow rates. Annual average c.f.s. Monthly average c.f.s., particularly in vacation months.

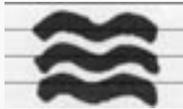
(c) Favorable water gauge readings:



Impracticable



Rapid



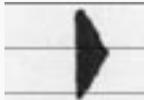
Long rapid



Gorge



Bridge



Right bank



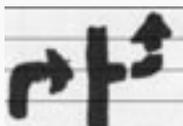
Left bank



Land



Embark



Portage

Most favorable, .... feet; minimum, .... feet; maximum (danger), .... feet.

#### Mapping

(a) General map with difficulty classifications for entire navigable distance (see illustration).

(b) Sectional mapping, indicating mileage between points and navigational details, access, etc. (see illustration).

#### References

(a) International degrees of difficulty (I-VI).

(b) Legend of code signs used in guide.

*(Ed. Note: There have been a number of U.S. river guides in book or pamphlet form; among them, "Missouri Ozark Waterways," by our President pro tem Oz Hawksley, \$1.00 from Missouri Conservation Commission, Div. of Commerce Industrial Development, Jefferson City, Mo.; "Michigan Canoe Trails," Michigan Tourist Council; "Wisconsin Water Trails," Wisconsin Conservation Dept., Madison 1, Wis.; "Canoeing White Water" (Va., W.Va., Great Smokies), \$4.75 from Randy Carter, 158 Winchester St., Warrenton, Va. 22186; the encyclopedic "A.M.C. New England Canoeing Guide," \$5.00, from Appalachian Mountain Club, 5 Joy St., Boston, Mass. Also, out of print, "Canoeable Waterways of New York State," by Lawrence Grinnell; "The Little Rivers of New Jersey," by James and Margaret Cawley (Princeton); and Walter Burmeister's epic "White Water Boating" (Buck Ridge, 1956).*

*All these guides suffer from lack of uniformity in format and in the criteria of difficulty, scenic value, etc., which their authors express. None of them uses the International system of symbols on its maps (not all of them have maps!).*

*Your Editorial Chairman would be interested to receive correspondence from members indicating how much you all would like to see a major U.S. River Guide project stimulated by your Affiliation and other boating groups—financed in part, no doubt, by individual States, but conforming to some recognizable common standard. Write: Peter D. Whitney, Box 37, Inverness, Calif. 94937.*

**KLEPPER FOLDING BOATS**   
**OLD TOWN CANOES**   
**KAYAKS**  **SAIL BOATS**

Write for catalogs

**CLYDE R. SEELINGER**

Dept. AW, 2111 Erie, North K. C., Mo. 64116

## BOOK REVIEW

"Basic River Canoeing." The Buck Ridge Ski Club; \$1.25.

Reviewed by Eliot DuBois

The Buck Ridge Ski Club has had a white-water program for about 20 years, and throughout that time they have been a learning and teaching organization as much as a recreational club. The Buck Riders have always sought out new techniques, and in turn they have been more than generous in spreading their own knowledge. They helped start the AWA, they pioneered slalom in this country, and since 1955 they have conducted an annual white-water training course open to groups and individuals outside their own club.

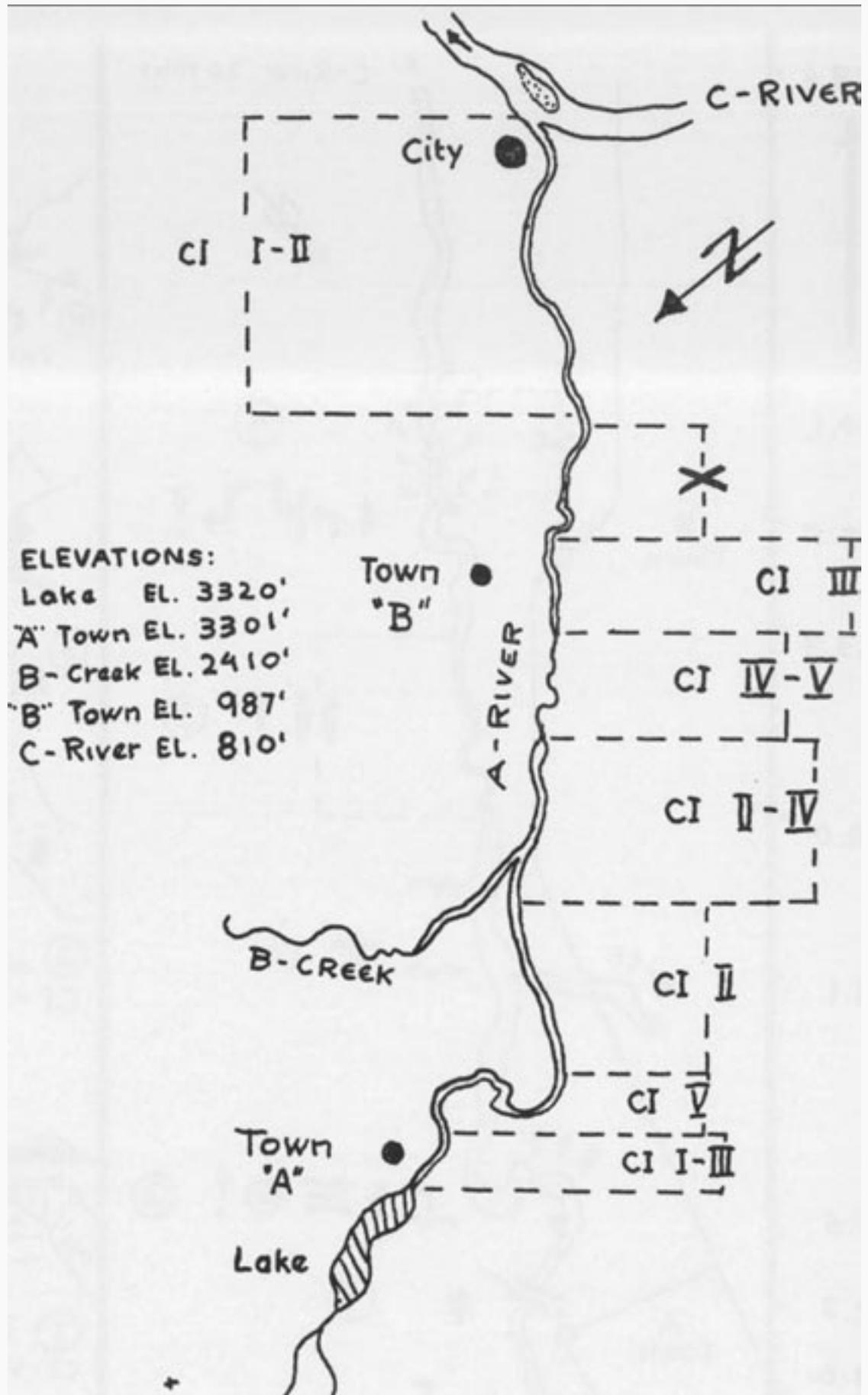
They have now put the essence of their experience in book form. "Basic River Canoeing," of which Bob McNair is the principal author, is a very comprehensive manual. It deals thoroughly with such topics as equipment, boat-handling techniques, river tactics, safety, rescue, rolls, etc. There is a chapter on a trip down a hypothetical river. This conveys very sound advice on how a group should be coordinated on a river. There is also a section on teaching.

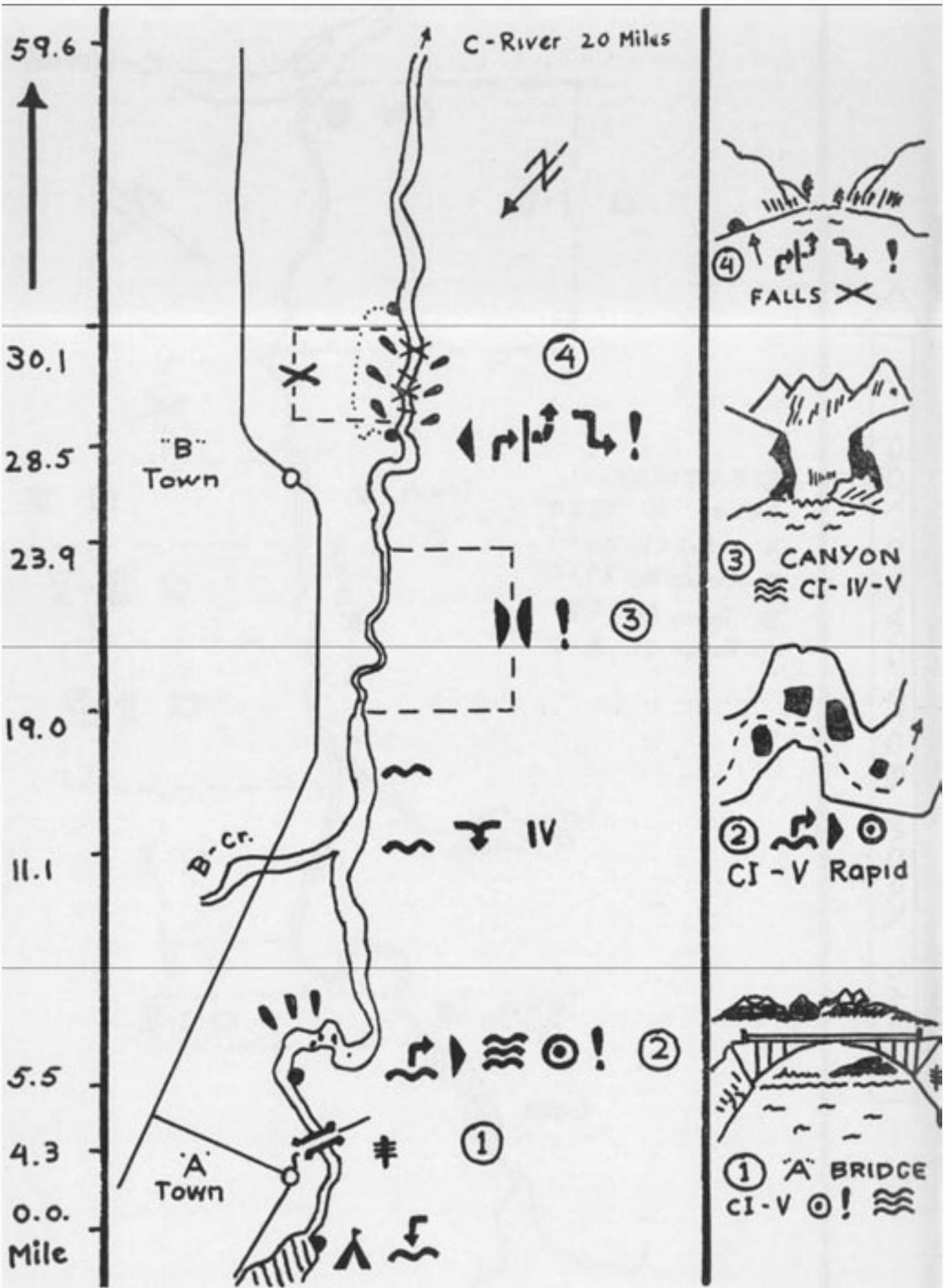
Slalom, wilderness travel, and kayaking are given minimum attention, but remember that this is a manual of "Basic River Canoeing." The appendix tells you where to get further information, contains slalom rules and other useful material.

Any club with an active canoe training program would do well to make this book the standard text, with all members owning a copy. It would certainly save time in bringing all participants to a high level of competence. For the more experienced canoeist, it is a useful reference.

There are 86 pages of text and illustrations. The line drawings, by the way, are excellent, conveying information with great economy of line. The cover of the book is red, so that it won't be left on a river bank. The price is \$1.25, The Buck Ridge Ski Club, 32 Dartmouth Circle, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

↑  
READ FROM BOTTOM TO TOP





---

---

# AWA Affiliates

- Adventure Unlimited  
Homer Hicks, Rep.  
Box 186  
Belvidere, N. J. 07823
- Albuquerque Whitewater Club  
Glen A. Fowler, Rep.  
804 Warm Sands Dr. S.E.  
Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87122
- American **Camping** Ass'n.  
Ernest F. Schmidt, Rep.  
Bradford Woods  
Martinsville, Ind. 46151
- American Indian Center  
Canoe Club  
Leroy Wesaw, Rep.  
2209 N. Campbell Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois 60647
- American Youth Hostels, Inc.  
Chicago Council  
Dennis D. Withers, Rep.  
2727 N. Pine Grove, Apt. 402  
Chicago, Ill. 60614
- American Youth Hostels, Inc.  
Columbus, Ohio, Council  
Charles H. Pace  
651 Noe-Bixby Rd.  
Columbus Ohio 43213
- American Youth Hostels, Inc.  
Pittsburgh Council  
Bruce E. Sundquist, Rep.  
2060 Township Rd.  
Monroeville, Pa. 15146
- American Youth Hostels, Inc.  
Ozark Area Council  
P. O. Box 13099  
St. Louis, Missouri 63119
- Appalachian Mountain Club.  
Boston  
Michael A. Benfield, Rep.  
5 Joy St.  
Boston, Mass. 02108
- Appalachian Mountain Club  
Connecticut Chapter  
Bob and Liz Hull  
315 Remington St.  
Suffield, Conn. 06078
- Appalachian Mountain Club  
Narragansett Chapter  
Charles W. Livingston, Rep.  
1331 New London Ave.  
Cranston, R. I. 02910
- Appalachian Mountain Club  
New York Chapter  
John Nankivell, Rep.  
30 Riverside Dr.  
Florham Park, N. J. 07932
- B. C. Kayak & Canoe Club  
Erich Kozak, Rep.  
P. O. Box 2237  
Vancouver 3, B. C.
- Boy Scouts of America  
National Council  
Mart Bushnell, Rep.  
New Brunswick, N. J. 08903
- Boy Scouts of America  
Troop 708  
Glenn Miller, Rep.  
10138 Overest Street  
Whittier, California 90605
- Boy Scouts of America  
Camp No-Be-Bo-Sc  
John Fahey, Dir.-Rep.  
1060 Main Street  
Riveredge, N. J. 07661
- Buck Ridge Ski Club  
Mark S. Fawcett  
P.O. Box 203  
Chadds Ford, Pa. 19317
- Bluff **City** Canoe Club  
Seward H. Hall, Rep.  
2789 Sky Lake Cove  
Memphis, Tenn. 38127
- Canoe Club of Milan, **Italy**  
Eederico Maccone, Rep.  
Via Sammartini 5  
Milano, Italy
- Canoe Cruisers Association  
Ned Caveney, Sec.  
9201 Quintana Dr.  
Bethesda, Md. 20034
- Canoe **Cruisers** of  
Northern Vermont  
Dr. Walter W. Burnett, Rep.  
10 Alfred St.  
Burlington, Vt. 05401
- Central Missouri State College  
Outing Club  
Dr. O. Hawksley, Rep.  
Central Missouri State College  
Science Dept.  
Warrensburg, Missouri 84093
- Central Ski Club of **Philadelphia**  
Paul A. Liebman, Rep.  
345 S. 18th St.  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103
- Coastal Canoeists  
R. I. Sterling, Rep.  
309 Mimosa Drive  
Newport News, Virginia 23606
- Cochituate Canoe Club, Inc.  
Guy F. Newhall, Rep.  
99 Dudley Rd.  
Cochituate, Mass.
- Colorado White Water Association  
Ron Mason, Rep.  
325 S. Corona  
Denver, Colo. 80209
- Cornell Outing Club**  
Susan Bechtold, Rep.  
Willard Straight Hall  
Cornell University  
Ithaca, N. Y. 14850
- Delaware Canoe Club  
Wm. Woodruff, Rep.  
14 S. 14th Street  
Easton, Penn. 18042
- Delaware Canoe Club of  
Bucks County  
Michael J. Hoy, Rep.  
62 Christopher Drive  
Holland, Pa. 18966
- East Tennessee White Water Club  
Richard E. Reed, Rep.  
100 West Newcomb Rd.  
Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37830
- Explorer Post 20  
J. H. Fietwell, Rep.  
4091 Trinity Drive  
Los Alamos, N. M. 87544
- Exploror Post 32  
David A. Kurtz, Rep.  
623 W. College Ave.  
State College, Pa. 16801
- Exploror Post 55X**  
Terry Moore, Rep.  
9257 Wedgewood  
Temple City, Calif. 91780
- Exolorer Post 111  
Andrew McClaine, Rep.  
17 Hillside Road  
Wellesley, Mass.
- Exolorer Post 757  
Mike Smith, Rep.  
Glengel, Maryland 21737
- Feather River Kayak Club  
Mel Schmitter, Rep.  
1773 Broadway Street  
Marysville, Calif. 95901
- FibArk** Boat Races, Inc.  
X. Wuerfmansdobler, Rep.  
P. O. Box 253  
Salida, Colorado 81201
- Fourth **Weston** Scout Troop  
Roger Parsons, Rep.  
15 Langside Avenue  
Weston, Ontario
- Gahonga's Elite  
Howard S. Bass, Rep.  
1387 E. Valley Rd.  
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93103
- Genesee** Downriver Paddlers  
Raymond J. Allen, Rep.  
27 West State Street  
Wellsville, N. Y. 14895
- Georgia Canoeing Association  
John P. Kennedy, Rep.  
1308 Valley View Road  
Dunwoody, Georgia 30043
- Girl Scouts of **America**  
Mariner Scout Ship 1000  
Miss Carolyn Nance, Rep.  
4813 Flanders Ave.  
Kensington, Md. 20795
- Haystackers Whitewater Club  
Gail Minnick, Rep.  
907 N. Vista  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90446
- Indiana Canoe Racing Council  
Robert H. St. Walley, Jr., Rep.  
RFD 6  
Crawfordsville, Ind. 47933
- Indooroopilly** Canoe Club  
G. Gardner  
287 Swanu Road  
St. Lucia 4067  
Queensland, Australia
- Ka Na Wa Ke Canoe Club  
Chuck Berg, Rep.  
2877 Amber Rd., R. No. 1  
Marietta, N. Y. 13110
- Kayak & Canoe Club of Boston  
John Urban, Rep.  
55 Jason St.  
Arlington, Mass. 02174
- Kayak & Canoe Club of  
**Cooperstown**  
Agnes H. Jones, Rep.  
"Riverbrink"  
Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326
- Kayak and Canoe Club  
of New York  
Ed Alexander, Rep.  
6 Winslow Ave.  
East Brunswick, N. J. 08816
- Kekionga Voyageurs  
E. Heinz Wahl, Rep.  
1818 Kensington Blvd.  
Fort Wayne, Indiana 46805

Continued on Back Cover

---

---

## AWA Affiliates, *continued*

- Ledyard Canoe Club  
Jay Evans, Rep.  
201 McNutt Hall  
Hanover, N. H. 03755
- Meramec ~~River~~ Canoe Club  
Al Beletz, Rep.  
3636 Oxford Blvd.  
Maplewood, Mo. 63143
- Meramec River Patrol  
Raymond R. Wallace, Rep.  
1890 Curtis Ct.  
Florissant, Mo. 63031
- Minnesota Canoe Assoc.  
Joseph R. Conrad, Rep.  
101 79th Ave. N.  
Minneapolis, Minn. 55430
- Mohawk Rod & Gun Club  
John Grell, Jr., Rep.  
11 Rosemount Ave.  
Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada
- Montreal **Whitewater** Clpb  
Martin H. Siegeman, Rep.  
15 Jasper St.  
Town of Mt. Royal  
Montreal 16, Quebec, Canada
- Monocacy** Canoe Club  
Lawrence Swann, Rep.  
Rt. 1, Wakersville, Md. 21793
- Mountainlair **Outing** Club  
C. Daniel O'Sullivan, Rep.  
West Virginia University  
Morgantown, W. Va. 26506
- Murray **Hill** Canoe' Club  
Al Hahn  
RD 1, Dutch Lane Rd.  
Freehold, N. J. 07728
- Norwich** University **Outing** Club  
L. J. Hurley, Rep.  
Northfield, Vermont 05663
- Oneonta State College** Outing Club  
Dick Siegfried, Rep.  
Speech & Theater Dept.  
State College  
Oneonta, N. Y. 13820
- Ontario Canoe Cruisers  
Keith Daniel, Rep.  
105 W. Lodge Ave., Apt. 702-A  
Toronto 3, Ontario, Canada
- Ontario Voyagenrs Kayak Club  
Sandy Burke, Rep.  
122 Fenelon Dr.  
Don Mills, Ontario, Canada
- Ozark** Wilderness  
Waterways Club  
Milton Noltensmyer, Rep.  
3305 W. 50th Terr.  
Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66205
- Penn State Outing Club  
John R. Sweet, Rep.  
118 S. Buckhout St.  
State College, Pa. 16801
- Prairie Club Canoeists  
Sneakin Deacon Kiehm, Rep.  
2019 Addison Street  
Chicago, Ill. 60618
- Prairie Voyageurs **Canoe** Club  
Don Charvat, Rep.  
2311 N. Arkansas  
Wichita, Kansas 67211
- Sierra** Club  
Wesley Noble, Rep.  
1050 Mills Tower  
San Francisco, Calif. 94104
- Sierra** Club  
John Muir Chapter  
Wm. H. Geitner, Rep.  
1833 Underwood Ave.  
Wauwatosa, Wis. 53213
- Sierra** Club  
Mother Lode Chapter  
Bill Weber, Rep.  
9013 **Talisman Dr.**  
Sacramento, Calif. 95826
- Sierra** Club  
River **Touring** Committee  
Roland W. Davis, Rep.  
14 Norwood Ave.  
Berkeley, Calif. 94707
- Sierra** Club  
San Francisco Chap.  
Kivei **Touring Section**  
Walter R. Harvest, Rep.  
3976 East Ave.  
Hayward, Calif. 94542
- Southern **California** Canoe Assoc.  
Ben Parks, Rep.  
2520 Colorado Ave.  
Santa Monica, Calif. 90406
- Sylvan** Canoe Club  
Terry D. Sanders, Rep.  
420 Lamar St.  
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15221
- Texas **Explorers** Club  
Bob Burleson, Rep.  
Box 844  
Temple, Texas 76501
- Univ. of Chicago Outing Club  
Harold W. Lucas  
1212 E. 59th Street  
Chicago, Ill. 60637
- Univ. of Virginia Outing Club  
John Ponton, Rep.  
Box 101 X, Newcomb Station  
Charlottesville, Va. 22901
- Washington Kayak Club  
Woli Bauer, Rep.  
5622 Seaview Ave. N. W.  
Seattle, Washington 98107
- Waterford Canoe Club  
Ralph Clark, Rep.  
P. O. Box 111  
Waterford, Conn. 06385
- West Virginia Wildwater Assn.  
Idair Smookler, Rep.  
2737 Daniels Avenue  
South Charleston, W. Va. 25303
- Wildwater** Boating Club  
of State College  
Les Bechdel, Rep.  
834 W. Fairmont Ave.  
State College, Pa. 16801
- Wisconsin Hoofers  
Bill Waters, Rep.  
3477 Hargrove  
Madison, Wis. 53714

## COUNT ME IN

as a member of the American White-water Affiliation. As a member, I will receive American WHITE WATER magazine issued in June, September, December and March. Here is my \$3.50.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip code: \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation: \_\_\_\_\_ Type of Boat: \_\_\_\_\_ Club: \_\_\_\_\_

Committee I'd like to volunteer for: \_\_\_\_\_

Suggested articles: \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Amer. Whitewater Affil., 456 Hawthorne, San Bruno, Calif. 94066

