

American

WHITE WATER

the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation



AUTUMN, 1968

Vol. XIV, No. 2



Nancy Southworth, Mascoma Slalom, 1968 Photo by Bart Hawthaway



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A * WHITE WATER

Sponsored by The American Whitewater Affiliation

AUTUMN, 1968

Vol. XIV, No. 2

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1968-69

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Please send only editorial matter to the Editors.

Send all **subscriptions**, checks, 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.

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

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Bill Heinzerling and Rowan Osborne, 1966 Esopus Slalom. Photo by Bart Hawthaway



December 27, 1968

Dear Mr. Whitney,

[In the Summer Issue] you request some indications from members about AWA undertaking to sponsor a U.S. River Guide. I would favor such activity as it appears to be urgently needed.

Donald Tall
100 Braemar Drive
Cheshire, Conn. 06410

(Ed. Note: Thank you for your support. The original proposal assumed that the River Guides would be done separately, by individual states, and would be coordinated and standardized with AWA inspiration, following International Touring specifications.)

December 17, 1968

Peter D. Whitney:

Re: Your note in the Summer Journal. Standard symbols would be great. However diversity of format, etc. leads to new ideas for future guide editors and this leads to better guides in the future. Let's not stifle ingenuity.

Bruce Sundquist
Canoe Guide Editor
Pittsburgh Council, AYH
6300 Fifth Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15232

(Ed. Note: Standardization is a perennial foe of originality, unless creative persons find it possible to work within standardized system. e.g., the alphabet.)

Dear Peter:

I think there is a need for an article which explains why it would be better to start kids in a proper boat. Who could write such an article? Someone who knows more about boat design and training than I, that's for sure. I can certainly say, from just our spring "white-water school" here that I much prefer to have beginners in properly designed boats. Progress and develop-

ing of confidence is much faster. I remember what Walter Kirschbaum once said: "When you begin, you want the boat to hold you up, but soon you hold up the boat."

My Missouri [river] guidebook is going into a third edition (very little change except for some corrections and additions) which will bring the number of copies printed up to 30,000. It is obvious that there is a demand for guidebooks and I think your suggestion that AWA get behind and coordinate a nation-wide guidebook project is a timely one. We certainly should be the ones to do it but we will have to act fast if we are going to have any effect. Many states have already come out with them including Illinois, Indiana, Iowa in addition to those you mentioned.

Peekna's guide is better than the state publication for Wisconsin even though it does not cover a lot of the rivers. Kentucky is doing a guide (Ray Mischon); Arkansas has a guidebook project going (farmed out to many Ozark Society members) under the leadership of Ken Smith who wrote "Buffalo River Country" and he has them using mine as a sort of pattern; I hear Texas is also working on one and God knows how many other states. Is it time that we have an inventory of these again and publish it in AWA? We need a guidebook chairman.

I'm not really sure we can adopt international symbols, though, except for white-water streams with rather detailed maps. I wanted to do that with my guidebook, and did use several of the symbols, but for various reasons they did not work out, and the Conservation Dept. had to change them on our rather small-scale maps. I **did** use

international stream ratings, and hopefully others will follow on that.

Sincerely, Oz Hawksley
Route 5, Warrensburg, Mo.

January 7, 1969

Dear Pete:

By means of this letter I would like to express my sincere thanks and gratitude to all of you in the American Whitewater Affiliation who have been so helpful over the past four years in white-water sport. As National Slalom Chairman it was my privilege to work with many members of AWA, and together we have observed the exciting growth of white-water sport in the '60s. Personally it has been a privilege for me to serve the needs of this growing sport and I'm proud to have been a part of its development.

This past fall Mark Fawcett of Chadds Ford, Pa., was duly elected as my successor as ACA National Slalom Chairman. Mark has been active in white-water racing for many years and brings to the sport a wealth of experience and enthusiasm necessary to move this sport ahead in the next decade. I would like to call upon all members of

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Bookseller's profit goes to the Affiliation's fund for projects like Guidebooks, etc.

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"White-Water Sport,"
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ED ALEXANDER

6 Winslow Ave
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Books will be sent Postpaid. No COD's.

AWA Training Film

The AWA training film will be circulated henceforth by Ronald Shafer, Chatsworth, Ill. 60921. This 16 mm. color film with tape sound is primarily for canoeists but has interest for all beginning white-water paddlers. It makes a good feature for club meetings.

Donations of film or funds to make films for future training, should be sent to Business Manager Charles Smith, 1760 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94709. Meanwhile Walt Harvest, former National Slalom K-1 Champion, will be production boss for new instructional films.

the AWA to support Mark in every way possible. Those of us who agree to take on volunteer jobs find out very quickly the frustrations, disappointments, and inertia necessary for us to overcome. His job won't be easy, but I'm sure all of us in the AWA will be glad to pitch in and help.

Sincerely, (Jay)
JAY EVANS
Assistant Director of
Admissions
Dartmouth, College
Hanover, N.H. 03755

(Ed. Note: Sorry we are to lose Jay whose term as Chairman and Editor has been truly brilliant. But we welcome aboard a fine competitor in Mark Fawcett).



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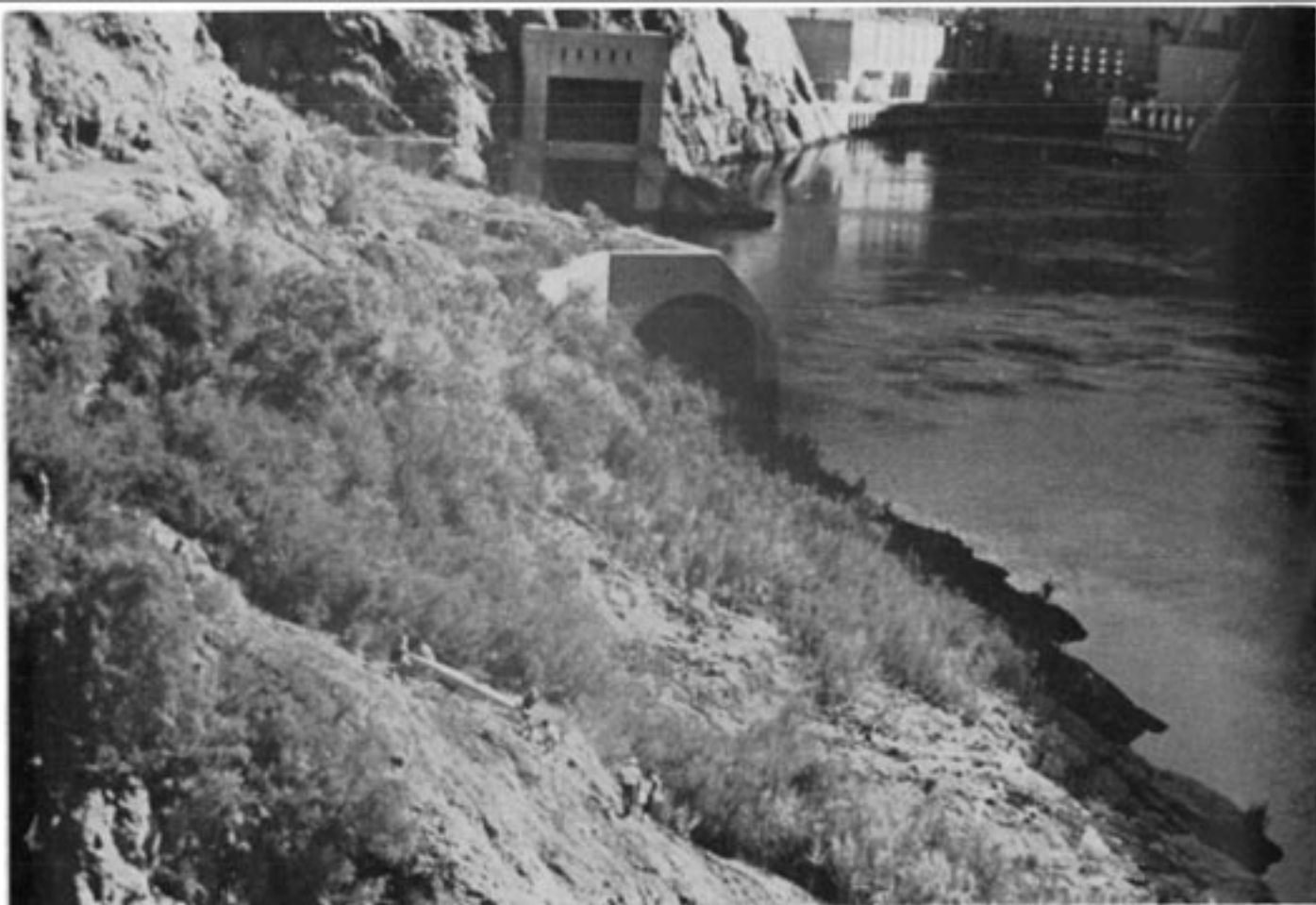
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Skidding the boats down among snakes, scorpions. Photos by Don and Ann Schafer

The Colorado Below Hoover Dam

By Ann Schafer

Most of our paddling involves a 650-mile round trip to the Colorado, although our local river has an interesting drop of some 900 feet in its 40-mile course and an average flow of 35,000 cfs. One must admit, however, that this average flow is based on the five days a year when the Los Angeles river has water. The other 360 days we bicycle in the river, because a dry concrete channel, no matter how tastefully decorated with storm drains, is not kind to tender foldboat bottoms.

Valley Canoe Club paddlers are nothing if not devoted. On Friday nights a hardy band of the faithful will leave the metropolis to fight the sybaritic Las Vegas-bound traffic for 305 miles to Boulder Beach Campground, near Hoover Dam. The monotonous freeway is enlivened by frequent accidents. There is something about that long,

straight, wide highway through the empty desert that brings out the racing drivers in the gambling set. Perhaps they are merely impatient to take advantage of the cultural benefits of "Lost Wages," as it is known locally. Some of our gang do stop there briefly, usually for the buffet, not gaming, tables which are abundant, delicious, and cheap, qualities dear to the heart of the paddler. Art Vitarelli and Bob Hariston once paused in Las Vegas long enough to visit each of the dozen or so Strip hotels—by swimming across their pools, strolling through the gardens to the next hotel, and repeating the procedure all the way down the Strip.

It's a tiresome six-hour drive in constant traffic from Los Angeles to the campground at Lake Mead, which is perpetually filled to capacity. The Hoover Dam run was our first river

trip two years ago, although we had some experience on saltwater; and Don—my husband—and I were eager to try a river. We pulled in about 2:30 a.m. and finally found a cluster of canoe- and kayak-laden cars parked in front of the restrooms, a convenient if not quite esthetic location. We collapsed near other semi-comatose bodies scattered hither and yon amongst the cactus and boulders. If one is sufficiently tired one conveniently forgets about the snakes, scorpions, vinegarroons, and centipedes. They were quite welcome to our travel-weary bodies.

Fierce Sunrise

The brilliant desert sun leaped over the purple Arizona mountains across Lake Mead at a sacrilegious hour. There was no question of lingering a little longer in a cozy sleeping bag when that desert sun appeared. Instantly it was hot, and the light and heat penetrated the nether regions of the bag.

We met at 7, the traditional hour, at the parking lot at the dam on the Nevada side. Security guards in a truck led us to a locked gate barring an inconspicuous road about 1½ miles west of the dam. Speed in unloading and good brakes were said to be essential, and we soon found out why. Our convoy hurtled down the Nevada version of the Burma Road, an engineering marvel dropping too many hundred feet into the Black Canyon Gorge. The engineering marvels do not extend to superfluous touches such as guard rails. The road terminated in a bridge to a locked tunnel in the cliffs giving access to the turbines. The guards wore side-arms, but did not inspect our equipment for bombs and explosives. This road is quite wide enough for an experienced midget car driver to reverse on. We literally tossed our gear and boats from the cars with all haste.

Before we could put our boats on the historic waters of the Colorado there was the little detail of getting them down there. Everything had to be lowered about 35 feet from the bridge to a very steep slope, then carried by beaver line down that slope several hundred yards to the river's edge, which consisted of jagged rocks and

no beach. The geological formation was volcanic, andesite breccia, which was another way of saying darn hard rock. The easiest way down was by the time-honored method of bottom bouncing, but unfortunately this was not compatible with carrying a boat and gear. The indigenous population included rattlers and scorpions, so we watched our steps.

Lining Down

Our leader had two lengths of ½" x 50' manila or nylon line and an 8' x 8' heavy tarp for the lowering operation. The gear was packed in large sturdy bags with no loose odds and ends. Theoretically, happiness was few bags to lower and lug. Happiness was also not belonging to the red canoe that was dropped from the bridge. Everyone was expected to do his share, as this was very strenuous and hot work, and no one felt slighted. Children were carried down piggyback. Sadly enough, this courtesy was not extended to wives with tired blood.

The women drove the 45-mile shuttle to Willow Beach, Arizona, as every man was needed for portage duty. The second time I ever drove our stick-shift sports car was up this nightmare road. There were tears in Don's eyes as I lurched off, forgetting as usual about the clutch. I don't think the tears were for me. The Grand Prix de Colorado roared across the dam and along highway 93/466 in Arizona, crossing the dry arroyos cutting down to the river, which was occasionally visible below in its deep canyon.

The Spaniards called the river red for the silt it carried, but below Hoover Dam it was deep blue and beautiful. Fifteen miles from the dam we turned right on the side road to Willow Beach, in a National Recreation area. This is a favorite resort for fishermen and power boaters, being situated at the upper, narrow end of Lake Mojave, formed by Davis Dam, 67 miles below Hoover Dam. There is a clean campground with a store, cafe, and other facilities. It is advisable to lock everything in the cars, including removable racks, if possible.

Be Kind to the Guards

We picked up the guard again at the dam, who escorted us back to the bridge, then followed our driver to the



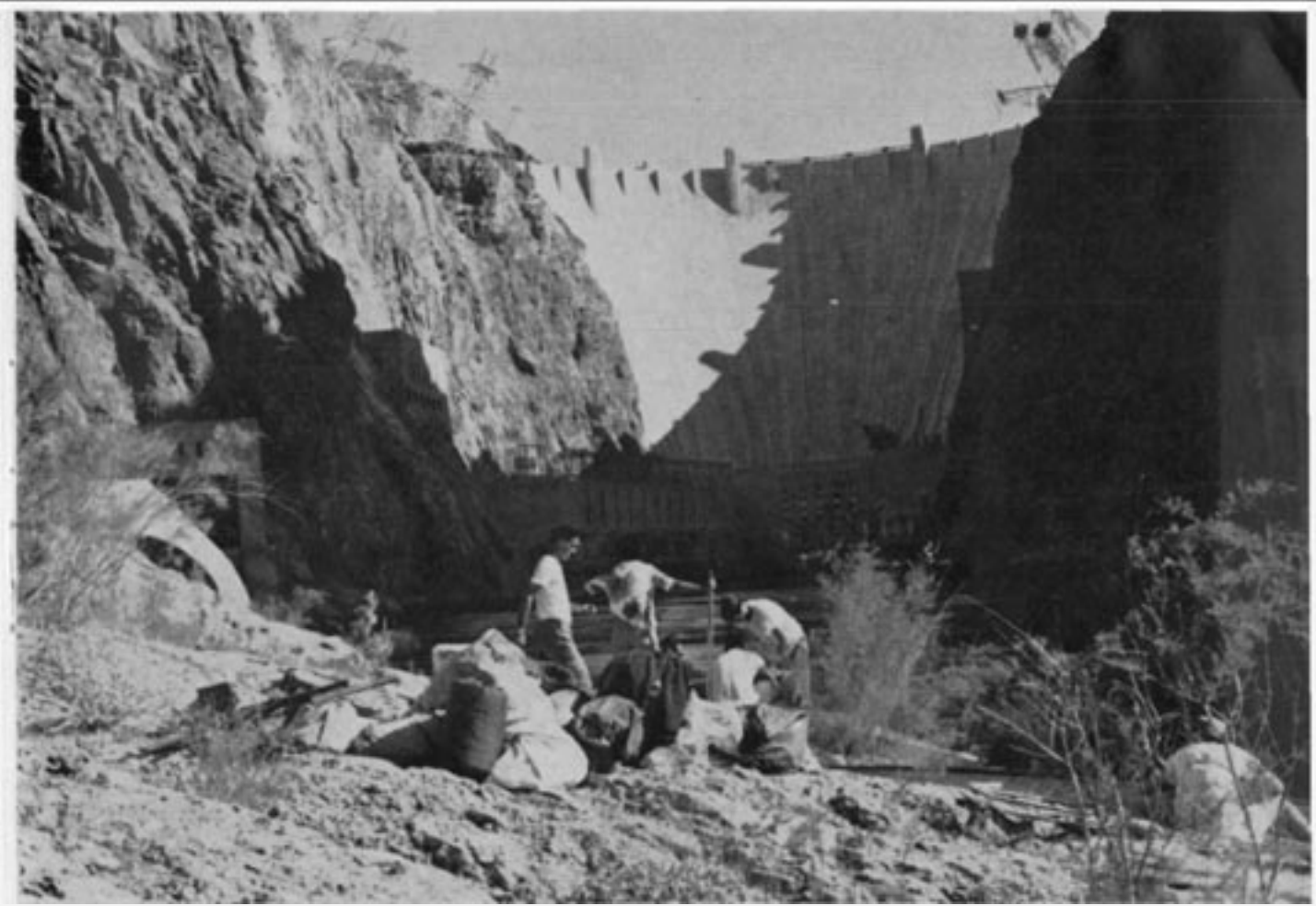
Letting the gear down from the bridge.

dam parking lot where he left his car, and then drove him back down to the bridge. (Permission to launch in the Restricted Area just below the dam must be secured in advance from the Project Manager, Bureau of Reclamation, Boulder Canyon Project, Boulder City, Nevada 89005. We appreciate the privilege of launching at the dam, and the special efforts involved, and try to cooperate fully with the officials. Be prompt, polite, don't litter, don't waste their time, and don't wander around in the Restricted Area. Safety equipment is inspected and must include approved life preservers or cushions, and lights. We are undoubtedly a nuisance to the dam officials, so we are careful to play fair with them to insure future runs through this magnificent canyon.)

The shuttle took over an hour, which was about the time required to get the gear down to the river. Everyone suffered from Paddlers' Neurosis—the fear of being the last boat on the water. The

dam, seen closely from below, was a rare sight. It rose 726 feet from bedrock in an immense white sweep with huge spindly towers tilting at crazy angles from sheer black cliffs, ugly but impressive. The river was 100 yards wide, very deep, clear and cold, with a swift current.

The first landing was less than a mile downstream, on the right or Nevada side, and was easy to miss, as most landing spots were cramped. A dry creek bed led up to a hot spring with fragile mineral formations which had been protected until recent political pressure opened this area to power boats coming up from Willow Beach. Two men in a canoe missed this landing and were unable to overcome the current and paddle back up, so they landed at the next gulch downstream and indulged in some rock climbing to get back to the group, most of which was collapsed on the sand. The heat was not exactly dissipated by the towering dark



The view of the dam from below.

cliffs. The summer temperature in the canyon can reach 125 degrees, so this stretch is run from September through June. It's really not hotter in July and August, but it makes our psychiatrists feel better. The heat was intense; the river level must have dropped from our constant consumption. As one man dryly said, "I've never drunk more and gone less."

We drank water straight out of the river until we passed the first power boat, then thoughtfully added a purifier to the canteens. Special equipment suggested for this run included sunglasses, brimmed hats, iced-tea mixes even without ice, and long sleeved white shirts, worn soaking wet. Mary Perkins wore a bikini, as her husband Bruce claimed he needed all available room for his cameras.

This was a mini-trip, 11 miles in all, extended into a two-day run by the arduous put-in, and much exploration and resting. It has been run in less than two hours by some of the more restless souls, however. Resting was a fine art,

involving a race to the shadiest spot in a canyon, reclining on life preserver cushions against the banks until everyone was scorching in the full sun, then coming on to the next side canyon downstream.

Someone had neglected to tell us about Ringbolt Rapids. The river more than exceeded our expectations, and just as Don and I were renouncing harbor paddling, an ominous rumbling from downstream reached our ears. The group landed on a cobble beach on the Arizona side, at White Rock Canyon. The inexperienced paddlers in canoes lined down the rapids, but after our leader, Art Vitarelli, assured us the Klepper could manage the rapids sideways, we decided it was the only way to go. There were no rocks or problems, just perfect, regular waves, an ideal introduction to white water. Art passed us, paddling back **up** the rapids, which made us feel rather less intrepid. Two open canoes shipped water and went over, causing us an anxious moment, for we knew nothing about rescue pro-



A cold river in a hot canyon.

cedure, but several experienced paddlers were on the spot, and the only loss was a sneaker.

Ringbolt is named from the old iron ringbolts driven into the canyon walls generations ago when a few poled rafts came up the river to the Mormon settlements on the virgin river. They had to warp up past the rapids. Crosscurrent Rapids, Big Sandbar, Horseshoe, Crane's Nest, and Indian rapids show on the charts, but they have long since been submerged by the waters of Lake Mojave.

Depending on the water level, there is an eddy and a big white rock to consider when landing at Ringbolt Camp, Arizona, just below the rapids on the left. Green willows and tamarisk mark this good beach and "unimproved" camp. Boats were tied to large rocks well above the water, as the level fluctuated.

City Power Demands

This was the week end of the World Series in Los Angeles, and the river went up and down as the TV sets in

Southern California went on and off. Two couples chose the seclusion of a narrow little beach just below the main camp and awoke in the middle of the night with cold, wet legs.

We set up camp and helped wring out wet sleeping bags—apparently the girls in the two canoes were conscientious objectors to waterproof coverings for their bags. The other paddlers seemed to have disappeared, but we doubted they had evaporated in the extreme heat as we could hear faint sounds of merriment up the nearly dry creek, so we clambered up its narrow bed. This is no place to be in a flash flood. Some distance up the steep path we came upon a scene of Bacchanalian revelry. The hot spring at the top of a fall had been dug out, and delightfully warm water showered down the cliff to drop into a twenty-foot-wide shallow pool, where approximately twenty bodies were lying like so many friendly sardines. We promptly joined them, removing our shoes to use as pillows. It was extremely relaxing to lie limply in

the warm pool, and some of the gang even fell asleep. Ladies: you won't float away if you put a big rock on your chest. (The men seemed to have no difficulty staying put.)

The camp cooled off when the sun slid behind the Nevada mountains across the river. Bats flitted out of innumerable holes in the cliffs above the camp, and at sundown we saw two desert bighorn sheep silhouetted against the golden sky on the ridge just upstream. They frisked down a nearly vertical trail, apparently to water near White Rock Canyon.

Desert stars are justly famous for their brilliance, and we lay on top of our heat-radiating down bags admiring the Milky Way, and thinking about the 45,000 lbs. per square foot pressure on the base of the dam. The comforting murmurs of the rapids lulled us to sleep. Those murmurs are always more comforting when they're upstream.

It was strangely quiet when we awoke at dawn, then we realized the river was up several feet and the rapids were drowned riffles. They are usually covered in the spring months during high water. This area is a desert's desert, too rocky, hot and arid to sup-

port more than a few token cacti, but food scraps we had put out the night before were gone in the morning.

We Reach Lake Mojave

The second day was slow and relaxed, with more canyons to explore, bird-watching, swimming, and no shortage of peaks to climb. Two very low flying jets from Nellis AFB near Las Vegas screamed overhead, just above the cliffs, and after they passed coyotes on the rimrock howled in protest.

The current slowed down and finally was lost in the deep waters of Lake Mojave, so the last few miles were lake paddling. There were several water caves to explore, and a high catwalk clinging to the cliffs near the gaging station, on the Arizona side, invited climbing. Black Canyon Gorge gave way to more open country as we approached our takeout, and we could now see the desolate Eldorado Mountains of Nevada and Malpais Mesa, geographically dissimilar, on the Arizona side. It had been a short but beautiful and unique trip.

As always on the Colorado, one could not help but think of Major Powell's lonely trip. This country, rugged as it was, must have seemed tame indeed after emerging from the greater canyons upstream.



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Nominations, 1969-70 Board of Directors

American Whitewater Affiliation

The following ten AWA members have been nominated for the four vacancies on the Board of Directors of the American Whitewater Affiliation for 1969-70.

Please follow the voting instructions on the separate ballot enclosed with this copy of "American White Water." Only paid-up members may vote; paid-up affiliate clubs cast two votes.

The order in which the biographical sketches are printed below was determined by lot. On the ballot, they are printed in reverse order.

Your ballots must reach the Elections Secretary before February 15, 1969.

Tom Cooper, Denver, Colo.

Active C-2 canoeist who has recently also taken up kayaking. Served two years as Pres. of Colo. White Water Assoc.; 1968 Regional Slalom Chairman for ACA. Owner of plastics plant in Denver. Has many friends in boating circles both east and west. Has encouraged new groups in Santa Fe, Aspen, Los Alamos. Entire family active in cruising, camping, racing. Wife is C-2 partner; three children all competent in canoes and kayaks. Wife first woman canoeist to run Royal Gorge and family plans river trip in mountains of Mexico's west central coast. Is convinced that best thing for the sport is to effect a cohesive friendship among various clubs.

Donald A. Bodley, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Co-founder & Pres. of Tennessee Valley Canoe Club, a new AWA affiliate oriented to family recreational paddling. Pres. of Tenn. Scenic Rivers Assoc, which contributed to enactment of both the State Scenic Rivers Bill and the national Scenic Rivers Bill in 1968. Member Smokey Mts. Hiking Club. Past Chmn. White Water canoeing Committee of Am. Youth Hostels (N.Y.C., 1960). Operates small, part-time canoe outfitting business. Automotive engineer employed by TVA. Member Soc. Automotive Engineers, on SAE national Transportation and Maintenance Activity Comm. and current chmn. SAE national Transportation and Maintenance Technical Comm. Age 34. Fa-

vorite river pastime is floating Class II and III water in an open canoe.

Dean Norman, Bloomfield, Iowa

AWA member since 1960. Has written articles and drawn cartoons for American White Water (Dean's Cartoon) and various newspapers and magazines. Member of affiliate OW-WC; Wilderness Society, Audubon Society, American Museum Natural History, Cleveland Natural Science Museum. Has lived in Missouri, N. Dakota, Ohio and Iowa and paddled on rivers from Pennsylvania to Idaho and from Arkansas to Manitoba. Now devoting full time to free lance writing, cartooning and lecturing on canoeing. Trained in ecology, he is especially active in an effort to save the upper Missouri, and a number of other wild rivers.

Bart Hawthaway, Weston, Mass.

Incumbent Director, AWA; former exec. Sec.; co-founder KCCB; Vice Commodore Cochituate Canoe Club; Member KCCNY, ACA, AM; member U. S. team, competing at 1965 World Championships; Eastern Div. Slalom chmn. 1967 U. S. Team Fund chmn.; ex. comm., ACA Photographer & contrib. AWW jrnal.; boat & paddle maker.

Edgar Alexander, East Brunswick, N. J.

Incumbent director & Secy. AWA: Guidebook Chairman, AWA. Charter member & former pres. KCCNY; 1st recipient Jack Goldstein Award for distinguished contrib. to KCCNY; Editor KCCNY Newsletter; Chief

Gate Judge for several National Slaloms; Race Secretary Esopus Slalom 5 cons. yrs.; Chief Scorer, '68 & '69 West River Races; rep. of KCCNY at Eastern Whitewater Clubs Conf. '68. With wife Miriam, active boaters and administrators. Children Audrey & Robert have grown up with KCCNY, are strong junior competitors. Traffic manager, importer; has helped import AWA members' boats and ship boats to Europe for U. S. team at World Championships.

Eric Olsen, Madison, Wisconsin

Avid cruiser and regular competitor in all classes of white-water craft. Secretary, ACA Western Div. Slalom Comm.; Director of National Slalom Training Center No. 4 (midwest). Racing chmn. Hoofers Outing Club; recent chmn. Wolf River Slalom & slalom training clinics. Past Pres. U. Wis. Outing Club; past V. P. of Hoofers General Club. Has presented continuing series of conservation-oriented films and talks with Hoofers Conservation Group. Favors union of the three major national canoeing groups (AWA, ACA, USCA) to promote & standardize competitive events and present a united front against further destruction of the natural environment. Biologist, candidate for Ph.D. in Limnology.

Bob Harrigan, Washington, D. C.

Incumbent director AWA. Founding member Canoe Cruisers Association (currently on steering committee) & West Virginia Highlands Conservancy; organizer Potomac River White Water Race. Former director C & O Canal Ass'n.; officer Citizens Council for a Clean Potomac. Pioneer C-2 slalomist & cruiser in difficult rapids. Has paddled stern for national notables, e.g., Secretary of Interior Udall; organizer of Robert F. Kennedy trip down upper Hudson. Recently appointed to Ad Hoc Congressional Advisory Committee on the Environment. Zoologist; Vice President, Fisher Scientific Co.

John Bombay, Oakland, California

Former AWA Safety Chairman & Pres. Sierra Club RTS. Has explored and run many rivers in California, Idaho and in the Smokies. Co-

founder, Pacific Invitational Slalom, Feather River. Co-founder East Tennessee White Water Club, Oak Ridge, which explored many rivers never before run and pioneered efforts to conserve them. Coordinated AWA training film program. Electrical engineer with Kaiser Engineers. Born Holland, emigrated U. S. 1956. Founder of canoe club of 70 members, Tillburg, Holland. As an engineer, is convinced that nearly all the presently proposed dams are not economically justified and that the AWA can be an extremely successful instrument in the preservation of our natural rivers.

Andres Peekna, Omro, Wis.

Incumbent director, AWA; Safety Chairman, Wisconsin Hoofers, 1962-63. Author, "Guide to White Water in the Wisconsin Area," which has been through 4 editions and still being expanded; instrumental in launching Wolf River Slalom and Downriver Races, 1964 (course-setter). Started white-water canoeing 1960, switched to kayak and decked C-1 in 1964. Born Estonia, 1937; naturalized U. S., 1958 Teacher physics at Wisconsin State University at Oshkosh. Served the short term on AWA Board in '68 and as V. P. of Board.

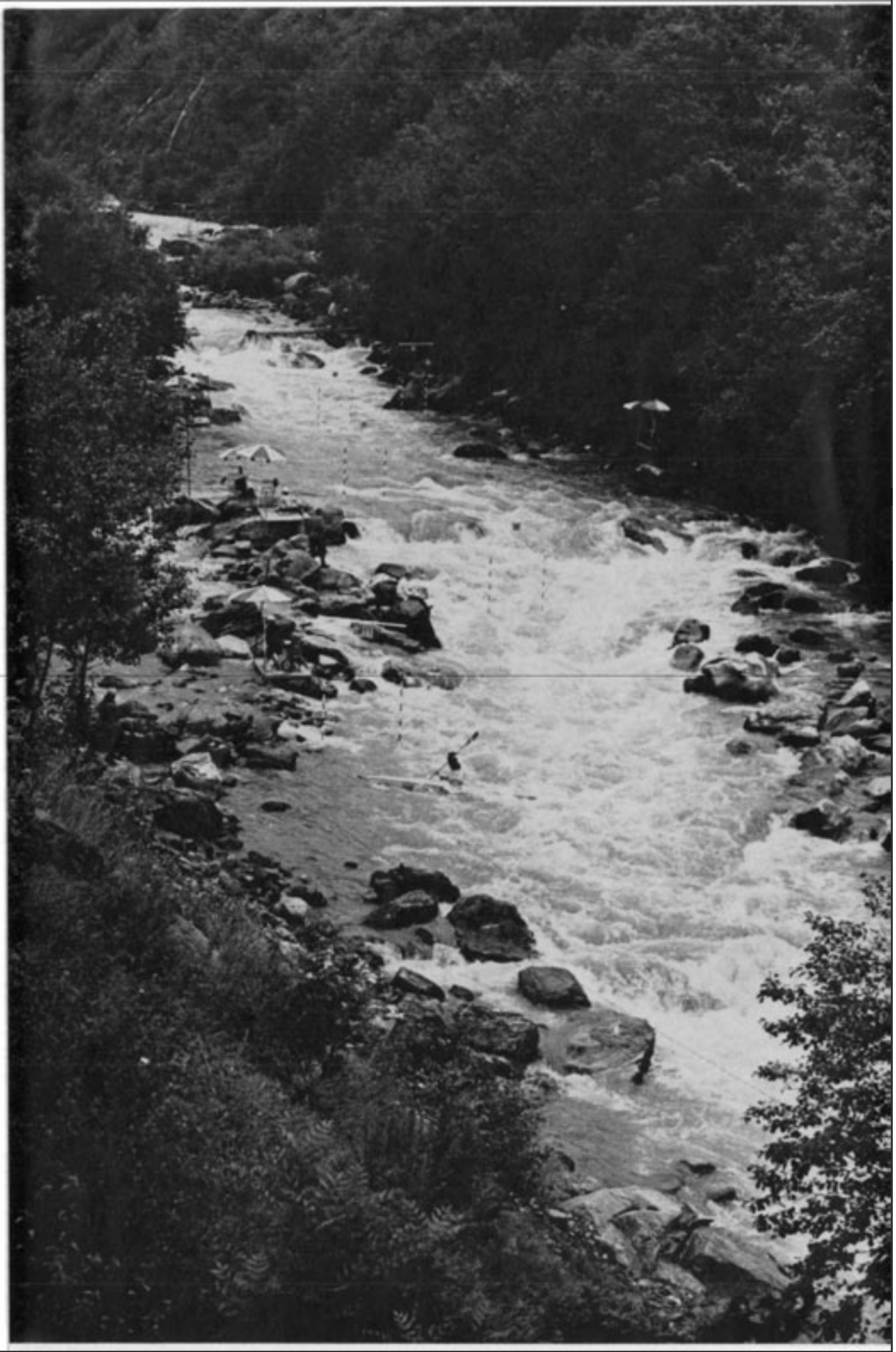
Liz Hull, Suffield, Conn.

Chairman AMC Interchapter Canoe Committee; Co-chairman AMC Conn. Chapter Canoe Committee; Member: AWA, ACA. Author of canoeing article "Sacandaga Saga" in Appalachia Magazine. Worked with Conn. River Watershed Council on narration for white water film. For five years has been continuously involved in white water novice instruction programs, cruising, slalom and wildwater racing, and wilderness canoe travel. Illustrator for The Herb Grower Press. Age 38, with two sons, one a slalom racer; and a cruising husband.

Dues for 1968-69

\$3.50

If you are not now a member, send in \$3.50 with ballot; your vote will be counted.





Competing on the Isere, 1968. This year's course may be the hardest ever. Photos by Ted Young.

RACING REPORT

The 1969 World Championship Course

By Ted Young

You can have it one of two ways, or any place in between. Either you like cruising on a quiet river enjoying the scenery or you can't keep away from competition — against rivers, people, anything. If you go to Bourg Saint Maurice to race in the World Championships in Slalom and Wildwater in 1969 you should prefer the latter. We went to both last year and this (1967 and 1968) to size up the river and the competition to see if they were up to our mettle. They were. In the process we learned a few things about the course which we can pass on to the aspirants to the 1969 U.S. Kayak Team.

The Place

Bourg Saint Maurice lies at the foot of the Petit Saint Bernard Pass leading to Italy via the beautiful and antique

Val d'Aoste. The village itself is the center of skiing and mountaineering activity in the Tarentaise region of the French Alps. The ski slopes of Val d'Isere, where the French ski team trains in the summer, are just minutes away. It is only a short walk from the village to the slalom site, which is convenient if you prefer to stay in a hotel or pension rather than to camp. Camping is available (free in the past) either along the river or on the meadows just above. It is much more convenient and pleasant than the camping sites for the 1967 World Championships in Czechoslovakia.

The Slalom

An International Slalom and Wildwater Race was held on the Isere River at Bourg Saint Maurice in early Aug-

ust, just following the French Championships which were held on a shorter, easier version of the International course. Thus, the French had two weeks of training on the stretch of river to be used for the next year's World Championships. These are scheduled from July 27 to August 4, 1969, with conditions expected to be very similar to those at this year's International Races.

Teams representing all of the countries expected for the World Championships were present with the exception of Canada. I was the sole U.S. representative. Most of the teams had been training on the river during the French National Championships the preceding week, and were already very familiar with the river.

The slalom course was considerably more difficult than 1967's, both technically and in the grade of water, a matter accomplished simply by moving the start upstream about 200 yards, and damming the river in one place to make a short, steep drop. In 1967 several of us commented on what a fantastic slalom those two hundred yards would make. We may have to eat our words in 1969! The upper part of the course was characterized by traverses through heavy water into very small eddies which, if missed, were gone forever. Big boats with lots of buoyancy seemed, in general, to be the most manageable, although some of the West Germans in their Bone Mini-Slalom did very well. The English team especially seemed at home in their very buoyant KW boats. The boats with more volume, besides handling better in the heavy water, seemed faster and came out of eddies more quickly than the smaller boats, such as by Mendest 401, which tend to become submarines in heavy water.

The river, regulated by a dam, was flowing at 600 cubic feet per second for the slalom, not a large volume, but the drop of the river over the 800 meter, 25 gate course I estimated at about 20 feet, most of which is in the upper third of the race. Because of the speed of the river and the numerous drops, a misjudged gate was lost. That is, the eddies had to be entered high, right next to the gate, if they were to be made at all. This also meant that the river had to be known extremely well,

Group Flights to Europe, 1969

Again in 1969 group air flights to Europe will be arranged for those interested in competing in and watching the World Slalom Championships. However, anyone may go regardless of his European travel plans.

There will be two flights, both round trip New York to Zurich, Switzerland. The six-week flight (44 days) will leave June 23 and return from Zurich on August 6. Those on this flight will be able to take in the International Slalom at Tacen, Yugoslavia, site of the 1971 World Championships.

The four-week flight (30 days) will leave New York on July 7 and return from Zurich on August 6.

Fare for the round trip flight will be \$283 (50 persons) or \$360 (25 persons) plus a tax-deductible contribution of \$10 to the U.S. Team fund. Children 2-12 are accepted at half fare for both items.

For information call or write the flight organizer, David A. Kurtz, 623 W. College Ave., State College, Penna. 16801, Area 314-237-7727 (night) and Area 314-237-1496 (day).

since with the gates hung close together as they were, you had to think two gates ahead just to stay even. The Swiss Touring and River Sport magazine said it would be the most difficult World Championship Slalom yet run. I believe them.

The Wildwater Race

This race course is very different from that set for the World Championships in Czechoslovakia at Splinderuv Mlyn in 1967. There the race was won in the men's K1 class in about ten minutes. The course at Bourg Saint Maurice was won this year in about forty minutes, is 5.6 miles long, and is more consistently difficult, with several long stretches of Class V water. The course for the women and C-2M teams is 3.7 miles long. A good comparison might be the Upper North Fork of the Feather River in Northern California, from the dam down to the site of the slalom. I never thought I would want to race on

that stretch of river in a downriver racing boat! The flow rate for the downriver was nearly doubled compared to the slalom, to 1000 cubic feet per second.

Training, Anyone?

What does this mean for the U.S. Team and its training methods? If we can glean something from these scattered observations, the first and most important thing is to come to the site of the Championships well in advance of the races and train there on our own slalom course, and on the wildwater course, from say July 12 to July 20. This, I feel, would be much more likely to put everyone in his top form, both physically and psychologically, than driving all over Europe to compete in other races. The time allowed for training (one timed run) on the official slalom course is never enough to allow a competitor to familiarize himself so that he feels really comfortable on that stretch of river. For this reason teams come from all over Europe to the site of the next year's World Championships to achieve exactly that familiarization which is impossible for most American competitors to gain. The only way at present to reduce this handicap is to practice at the site of the course several weeks in advance of the Championships. This is not always possible, as it was not in Czechoslovakia in 1967 or in Dresden in 1961, but it certainly should be next year at Bourg Saint Maurice.

Whether held on the Isere or elsewhere in Europe next summer, the training should be well organized, in contrast to past chaotic attempts. As a minimum there should be three people present to aid the competitors in this regard, only one of whom should be a competitor himself. First, there should be a coach, appointed by the National Slalom Committee; second a team manager, the function capably handled by Bill Riley in 1967; and third, there should be a team captain, elected by the entire team, not selected by administrative fiat. This is not meant to cast any aspersions on past team captains, notably Tom Southworth who performed such an admirable job in 1967, but only to make his job easier and

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give his mandates a broader support. In practice, of course, the coach should in the future have more of the duties carried out by the Team Captain, since the latter is and should be a competitor. The coach should be conversant with the language of the host country, if at all possible. However, it is more important that he be a good coach than an excellent diplomat.

Under the direction of the coach and team captain, and with the aid of the team manager, the competitors should train hard for a week or ten days before the Championships, ending about four days before the latter. The training should be through courses equal in length and difficulty to the courses used in the Championships. That is 25 gates and 3.5-4 minutes for the slalom, and 6 miles long for the wildwater. The slalom training should be timed (part of the 1969 team funds could be used to buy stopwatches for this purpose) and recorded, so that each racer can check his progress from day to day. The emphasis throughout should be on speed, precision being learned at top speed, not in slow motion. After the mornings of slalom training, the afternoons should be used for training on the wildwater course. There should be two runs: the first to limber up and become accustomed to the downriver boat, the second against the watch. Specialists in one event should help time the other. The training could include another International race, but only as part of the overall training program, and not as an end in itself. Particularly good this summer were the International Slalom and Wildwater races on the Muota River in Switzerland.

It is my impression after watching the Americans in 1967, and the Europeans in 1967 and 1968, that in the men's K1 and C1 classes in slalom there is not a great deal of difference between the technical ability of the best Americans and the best Europeans, the Europeans having the edge in precision and concentration while paddling hard in difficult water. However, in all the canoe classes, in women's K1, and in all classes in wildwater, the Europeans are clearly technically better than we are. This simply means we have to train harder in these

events; study the techniques of the Germans and Czechs, coax our girls into training in more difficult water at home, and gain more experience in canoes in heavy water.

Getting There

The most convenient way to get to Bourg Saint Maurice from the U.S. is to fly to Geneva, Switzerland, and then rent a car and drive the 80 miles from Geneva to the site. We are spending two years in Geneva; anyone who is stopping over there is welcome to come and camp in our orchard for the night. Just write us at: Le Tilleul, Bardonnex, Switzerland.



The Fish-Pole Slalom Gate



Gate details

By Jay Evans

One of the major problems in constructing a course for white-water slalom is the setting of gates. To extend a rope or wire across a hundred yards of roaring rapids is no mean feat. Usually the river is too wide simply to throw the line across — cowboy style. And ferrying a line over by kayak, if not done with great caution, can be dangerous. In some areas special marine 'line-guns' may be used this spring to shoot a light line across which could then be used to pull the wire over. But line-guns are expensive, and I suspect your

colleague waiting on the far shore will hope that your aim is not **too** accurate.

In many instances a "fish-pole gate" can be used effectively with a minimum of fuss, bother, and expense.

For the fifth annual Frostbite Slalom for beginners, held on the White River in Vermont last September, members of Dartmouth's Ledyard Canoe Club devised a fishpole gate that worked very well.

Earlier in the summer six 30-foot alder bushes were cut down, debarked and allowed to dry in the sun. Removing the bark and moisture reduced the weight of these alder sticks by almost 50%. Three metal screw eyes were attached near the light end of the stick, through which cord could be run to hold the individual slalom poles in place. By using three screw eyes it was possible to devise either a narrow or a wide gate.

Halfway down the length of the stick, on either side, two more screw eyes were placed opposite each other for the cord to run through so it would ride up and out of the way of the paddler. Finally, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way toward the butt end of the alder stick two more screw eyes were placed to act as anchors for the cord. In every case these screw eyes were placed so that a gate watcher could, without even getting his feet wet, make a perfect adjustment on either slalom pole.

A dozen shorter ski slalom poles of bamboo were set up in pairs as supporting legs, fastened by rope to the six alder sticks. The butt end of the alder sticks was wedged between rocks along the shore, or, in one case held down by a rope tied to a piton driven into a crack in a ledge.

Erection of the fish-pole gate is ordinarily accomplished by two people — one to hold the 30-foot alder stick in place, and the second person to slide the bamboo A-frame under and fasten it. Finally the poles are hooked and adjusted for height.

At the Frostbite Slalom last year racers who arrived early on Sunday morning wondered where the course was. Nothing had been set up. Finally, about an hour before the scheduled race time, three two-man crews from the Ledyard Canoe Club arrived. One



The Frostbite course

crew suspended six gates from a bridge in regular fashion while the other two set up the fish-pole gates to complete a twelve-gate beginners' course. In a mere 43 minutes, everything was ready to start on time. It was a good thing it was, too, because over 100 racers came to the Frostbite Slalom that day.



Zoar's Gap Training Camp

National Slalom Training Centers No. 1 and 2 got together and held a training camp for kayakists in northwestern Mass. in late June. A week of heavy rains preceding the training session made the upper Deerfield River at Zoar's Gap a challenge to the 25 paddlers on hand. Emphasis was on improving technique during the initial day of the in-boat training session held under the able coaching of Jay Evans, Bart Hawthaway and Guy Newhall.

Starting at the verge of non-navigability the course eased slightly as 12 gates were strung down the river to provide training opportunity for the varying skills of the paddlers. Most found that a reliable Eskimo Roll was useful (if not essential) during the week end. Some neophytes relied on the one-armed sidestroke while clutching paddle and bow line.

The more advanced boaters used the upper part of the course in strong class III water under Jay Evans' watchful

eye. Here they completed a number of 4-5 gate sequences and were constantly exposed to the merciless stopwatch. Below, Buy and Bart worked with the less experienced boaters and concentrated on fundamentals.

A fireside bull-session in the forest Saturday night served to air a variety of organizational problems of the sport and, hopefully, solutions to match. Liniment was applied internally and externally, as age and inclination indicated, under the hospitable spread of Holyoke Whitney's exclusive, split-

level, two-toned pavilion.

Sunday's 14-gate 4-run practice slalom was divided into groups A and B. Selection of the latter was determined on the basis of some mystical Hawthaway formula related to the degree of flutter in a paddler's posterior. The "A" group consisted of those who dared to challenge the class III water of the upper course. The results were significant in terms of competitive championship, enthusiasm and skills learned. Zoar's Gap proved to be lots of fun as well.

—Rod Aller

Race Results

Fifth Annual Frostbite Slalom

October 6, 1968

K-1 Beginner

(Field of 43)

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| Tom Hyer | 105 |
| Charles Porges | 110 |
| Don Wertz | 114 |

K-1 Intermediate

(Field of 19)

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| Dennis McAllister | 103 |
| Bill Riley | 104 |
| Peik Larson | 105 |

C-1 Beginner

(Field of 10)

| | |
|------------------|-----|
| Eric Mink | 110 |
| Jeff Bock | 150 |
| Chuck Bent | 154 |

C-2 Intermediate

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| Andrews & Wilson | 163 |
| Gebe & Wear | 222 |
| Wilson & Woulfe | 329 |

C-2M Intermediate

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| Dugan & Wright | 175 |
| Green & Gebe | 216 |
| Bonney & Bonney | 267 |

K-1W Beginner

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| Sue Ballam | 176 |
| Judy Sandick | 188 |
| Nan Ashley | 198 |

Salmon La Sac Slalom

July, 1968

K-1

| | |
|------------------------|-------|
| Harry Burlingame | 198.6 |
| Al Zob | 218.5 |
| Ron Bohlender | 226.0 |

C-1

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| Rick Rigg | 351 |
| Al Zob | 575 |
| Scott Alright | 730 |

Salmon La Sac Wildwater Race

K-1

| | |
|---------------------|-------|
| Ron Bohlender | 21.46 |
| Peter Hales | 22.29 |
| Scott Patrick | 23.03 |

Loyalsock Scout Junior Slalom

Worlds End Park, Pa.

April 6-7, 1968

K-1

| | |
|------------------|-------|
| B. Younkin | 70.7 |
| S. Draper | 74.1 |
| S. Bortree | 120.3 |

K-1W

| | |
|-----------------|------|
| L. Ashton | 83.3 |
|-----------------|------|

C-2

| | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| Draper-Bortree | 91.6 |
| Armstrong-Burgess | 151.3 |
| Younkin-Lehman | 163.3 |

C-2M

| | |
|----------------------|-------|
| Alters-Gordon | 111.6 |
| Shirey-Draper | 130.8 |
| Abrams-Bortree | 176.7 |

St. Francis Slalom

St. Francis River, Missouri

March 23, 24, 1968

K-1

| | |
|--------------------|-------|
| Will Provine | 552.5 |
| Peter Carey | 660.5 |
| Eric Olsen | 855.0 |

K-1W

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Marie Provine | 571.3 |
| Marty Funderburgh | 590.3 |
| Cindy Woodside | 1013.9 |

C-1

| | |
|--------------------|--------|
| Joe Conrad | 812.6 |
| Eric Olsen | 825.7 |
| Ian Richards | 1345.3 |



Norman Holcombe. Penn State Outing Club. West River. 1968. Photo by Roland Palmedo

C-2

| | |
|-----------------------|--------|
| Haug-Conrad | 839.2 |
| Olsen-Ransburgh | 912.2 |
| Schevers-Riek | 2154.2 |

C-2M

| | |
|----------------------|--------|
| Olsen-Woodside | 864.7 |
| Conrad-Longtin | 1001.8 |
| Withers-Wallis | 1135.0 |

New England Intercollegiate Indoor Slalom (M.I.T. White Water Club) Feb. 10, 1968

K-1

| | T. | P. | Tot. |
|----------------------|------|----|------|
| Tom Wilson | 60.1 | 0 | 60.1 |
| Bart Hauthaway | 67.1 | 0 | 67.1 |
| Bill Carson | 75.3 | 0 | 75.3 |

K-1W

| | | | |
|---------------------|-------|----|-------|
| Earle Hanson | 107.0 | 30 | 137.0 |
| Sonja Kalckar | 106.5 | 60 | 166.5 |

C-1

| | | | |
|---------------------|-------|----|-------|
| Tom Wilson | 90.1 | 0 | 90.1 |
| Chuck Kaufman | 113.0 | 0 | 113.9 |
| J. Braquemond | 101.9 | 30 | 131.9 |

Team

1. M.I.T.
2. Rhode Island
3. Harvard

Dartmouth Indoor Slalom

March 9, 1968

K-1 Expert

| | |
|-------------------|------|
| Jo Knight | 76.9 |
| Eric Evans | 82.0 |
| John Burton | 94.3 |

K-1 Intermediate

| | |
|---------------------|-------|
| Ted Rhodes | 98.0 |
| Put Blodgett | 113.8 |
| T. Southworth | 114.4 |

C-1

| | |
|----------------------|------|
| Tom Southworth | 88.6 |
| John Burton | 89.0 |
| Wick Walker | 97.8 |

K-1W

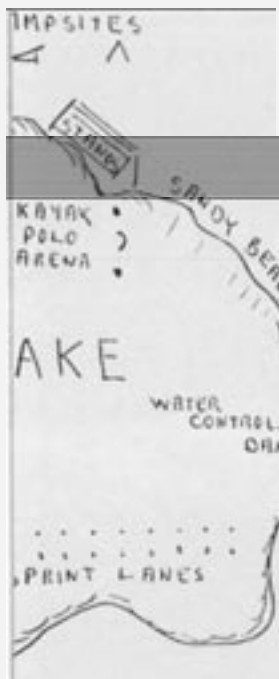
| | |
|---------------------|-------|
| Lucile McKee | 103.6 |
| N. Southworth | 110.0 |
| Peggy Nutt | 146.2 |

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A White-Water Park

By Jay Evans
Retiring Racing Editor

Suppose money was no problem; let the imagination run wild. What would be the greatest way to develop white-water sport and, at the same time, train white-water racers for international competition?

This is what I propose:

First, an indoor training facility consisting of two large pools 50 meters long by 50 meters wide with several adjoining smaller pools. No need for any of these pools to be more than five feet deep at any point. The smaller pools (minimum size 15 meters by 10 meters) are to be used for teaching beginners the Eskimo Roll and the English Gate.

One large pool is reserved for gate sequence practice in which a variety of gates (perhaps 8-12) are permanently strung across the pool. Each gate is electronically sensitive and connected to an electric scoreboard which includes a large timing device. Whenever a racer completes a gate sequence he looks up at the scoreboard to find out his time, number of penalties and final score. The scoreboard compiles cumulative scores in rank order per class and has them printed out for each racer to take home with him to study after the practice session.

Down at poolside a life size video tape screen automatically records from several angles each racer's run and re-

plays it (in slow motion, if desired) with a stop action camera. Thus, after every run, the racer and his coach may go over the performance in minute detail. This pool is also equipped with soft rubber bumpers along the edges and several high pressure adjustable underwater hoses to create a variety of currents, boils, and eddies. Movable cherry picker cranes also extend out over the pool for direct overhead observation.

Dry-land Facilities

A seating capacity of 1500 would be ideal for an indoor slalom and under the stands space will be available for both men's and women's shower rooms, locker rooms, saunas, training tables, video tape library and projection room, reception room, boat storage, repair shop, weight training room, and a snack bar.

The second large pool is designed specifically for Kayak Polo. It, too, has rubber bumpers along the edges of the pool, a goal at each end and stands for spectators right close to the action. If money **is** a problem just one large pool could do for slalom and polo.

A "modest facility" such as this shouldn't cost more than a million dollars to build and could be run with a staff of 6-8 people including coaches, assistants, technicians, riggers, janitor

and a secretary. It could operate on a total yearly budget of \$100,000 or perhaps less. But, after all, it is as Mr. J. P. Morgan said, "If you ask the cost of a yacht, you can't afford one."

If it were located near a college or university, a constant supply of young talent would be available for training in the basic fundamentals during the off-season months prior to the outdoor racing season. Several such establishments in various parts of the country would broaden the sport's base even more.

A White-Water Park

The second facility is a little more complex. Basically, it is a white-water park complete with a large lake alive with landlocked salmon, a water-control dam, with a three-mile stretch of rapids below.

The drainage basin into the lake would have to be sufficient to assure enough water in the lake during the summer so that as much as 2,000 c.f.s. could be released at regular intervals down the rapids.

The park itself is primarily a campground with tent sites, lean-tos, washing and toilet facilities, and a sandy beach. The lake area near the beach is measured off in lanes of various distances for flat water sprints. A flat water slalom course is also permanently set up there. Outdoor English Gate stations in adjoining coves, and a kayak polo arena complete with out-of-bound markers, goals, and stands for spectators complete the upper section of the park.

Now, for the race course itself:

Below the dam all brush is cleared away on either side for the three-mile stretch of rapids. Permanent gate lines are placed across the river. Every rock or obstacle of any size in the river receives a thick coating of protective rubber, and, at strategic points down the course, special multi-shaped hard rubber expandable pneumatic tubes, anchored in the river bed, could be pumped up to create "variety" in the rapids. Telephone lines are run along either bank with outlets at 100-yard intervals, and three foot-bridges span the river at equal intervals down the course.

TV Again — and Reruns!

Wooden gate-judge platforms extend out over the water—each with a video tape camera connected to a central control unit, and command posts (first aid stations located underneath) would be built at the start, half way down, and at the finish.

On one side of the river a sightseeing electric (no smog) trolley departs at periodic intervals down the river on race days, while on the other side of the river a Boatmobile on a track returns the racer, accompanied by his boat, to the start. The day of the "boat-lift" is coming! Make 30 runs a day instead of five. Overhead lights, of course, for night racing as well.

With a three-mile stretch of rapids available an almost limitless variety of individual slalom courses could be set up from beginner to expert, as well as an excellent wildwater race course. By using the expandable pneumatic tubes in the river bed it is possible to create a new, different and challenging course every weekend.

Thus, with both an indoor facility such as the one described and an outdoor training area, white-water sport could truly become a safe and exciting new development open to thousands. Our racers could be superbly trained and a world championship title would most assuredly follow.

In 1984? or before—

(Ed. note: See also Eliot DuBois' dream of paddling in the far future — "Nor Any Waters Flow"—Vol X, No. 1).



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It is no secret that a large number of the amateur monocoque jobs have been taken directly off the designs of commercial firms, small and large. Baschin, Mendesta, Klepper, and the smaller manufacturers such as Paris, Hauthaway, Coffin, have all been pirated. The current Sierra Club RTS mold, now a gun-blown travesty of chopped fiber, was blithely lifted off the earliest Klepper SL. The Baschin that knew its parent was rare indeed by the banks of the nation's slalom courses, five years ago.

So the firm of Klepper, original manufacturers of the foldboat, deserves more than usual credit for sticking to the thankless job of offering higher-priced, but meticulously manufactured fiberglass rigids. Klepper bought out Baschin some years ago.

Without losing its cool, Klepper has yearly offered new refinements for the sporting elite. Thanks to the firm's persistence, it appears possible that our sport will have the equivalent of Head skis, fine Italian climbing boots, Swiss ice-axes, etc.

Here are the latest Klepper designs in action. In addition, as we mentioned in the last issue, there is a new kayak, the "Minor," for youngsters 7-13 years of age.



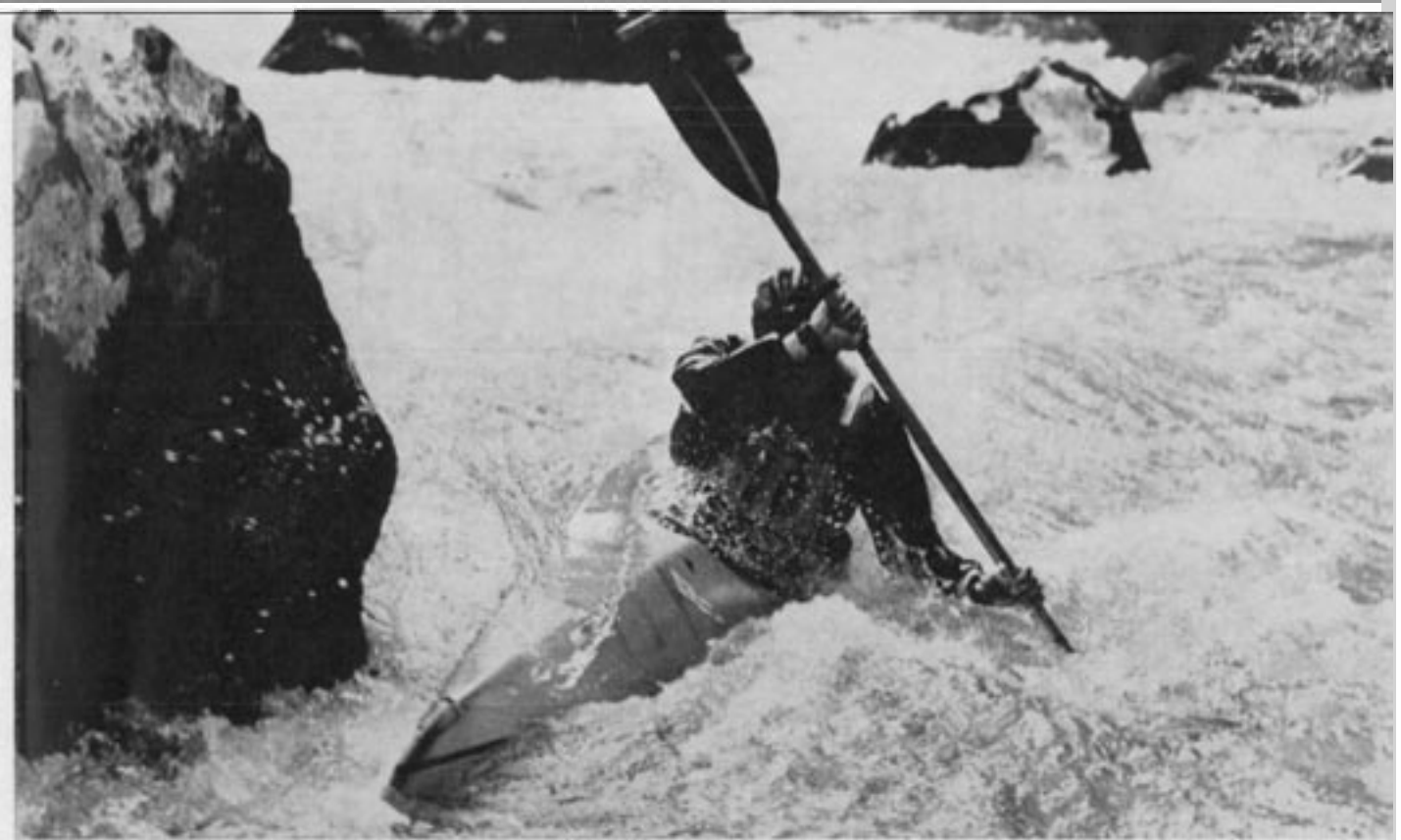
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Above, the "Fighter," latest downriver ~~FOOT~~ below, the specialists' Slalom 8. Note low freeboard.

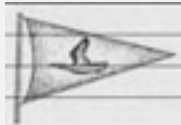


PRESIDENT'S SOAP BOX

A Report from the Nominating Committee

By OZ HAWKSLEY

Pres. pro tern, AWA



The Nominating Committee is supposed to have nearly a year in which to do its work but because the board year in 1968 was only about five months, the committee had only about two months to select board candidates. There was no time to publish the names of the members of the Nominating Committee and no opportunity (other than the Editor's column) to request suggestions from members. In 1969 this situation should be rectified.

To help offset the above undesirable and, we hope, unusual situation, the Board of Directors gave careful thought to the selection of the non-members of the Board who would serve on the committee. They pretty well complemented the regional representation furnished by the Board members on the committee so that we had wide distribution of committee members over the United States. The members of the Nominating Committee were: Oz Hawksley, Missouri; Bill Bickham, Pennsylvania; Peter H. Richardson, Massachusetts; Ron Mason, Colorado; S. Henry Hall, Tennessee; George Laren, California; Andre ~Peekna, Wisconsin; Ed Alexander, New Jersey; Bob Burlison, Texas; Peter D. Whitney, California.

Many things were learned by the committee as it worked. One notable lesson was that it expedites the work of the committee if an active and responsive Circulation Manager is on

it. Suggested nominees must be checked to see if they are currently members and he is the man with the most up-to-date information on that. You'd be surprised how many people who are no longer members or who have never been members are suggested as nominees for the Board!

You will note that the four incumbent Board members appear on the ballot. This was not, as a few might fear, an attempt by the Board to perpetuate itself. These men had served for only five months due to the late start on the 1968 "board year" caused by reorganization. Whether or not they are re-elected is up to the membership, but it was felt that they should at least have a chance to be re-elected.

There was considerable discussion as to whether a Canadian should be nominated. It is optional and may be done "if the size of Canadian membership makes this seem desirable." While all agreed that keeping close ties with Canada through Board representation was desirable, since Canadian membership hovers around 30 and since there are areas in the U. S. with considerably more members which are not represented, e.g., the whole Southeast and Southwest, a Canadian was not nominated this time.

This brings up a possible situation on which we should keep an eye, namely balance of representation on the Board.

American WHITE WATER

Dean's Cartoon



DEAN

"BEAVERS.....LIKE ARMY ENGINEERS.....HAVE A BLIND, INSTINCTIVE URGE TO STOP THE FLOW OF RUNNING WATER."

The Constitution provides that there shall be at least one but not more than two **nominees** from each of the six major membership areas in the country but it is not mandatory that the Board show equal regional spread. The broad regions are not specifically defined because membership constantly changes in them. A Nominating Committee can usually obtain recent figures on the number of members in each region but it is harder for the membership to be

informed on this. It might be quite useful to publish a short tally of members by regions from time to time.

As things now stand, it is the responsibility of the individual member to see that regional balance is achieved on the Board. Before voting, he will have to look at the make-up of the Board (page 1 of each journal) and give thought to the rounding out of regional representation as he votes.



By Oz Hawksley

In April, Tennessee became the first state to have a Scenic Rivers Act. Although it is merely an enabling act, with no funds for implementation the first year, it is basically a good bill which classifies rivers into Natural, Pastoral and Developed categories. A total of nine rivers, or parts thereof, are included in the initial act. The bill should be useful as a model for other state groups wishing to promote such a bill. The Tennessee Scenic Rivers Association, P.O. Box 3104, Nashville, Tenn. 37219, was formed to promote the bill. I believe this group and the Tennessee Citizens for Wilderness Planning are still active because they now have to promote funds for scenic easements. Correspondence with them for advice (also see **American White Water** for Winter '67-'68, page 26) should prove useful to other state committees or associations. If your state doesn't have such, better get busy. Tennessee has proven that **it can be done!**

On July 15, President Johnson signed the Land and Water Fund Bill (Public Law 90-401) which supplements income to the Land and Water Conservation Fund. The law will allow the allocation of \$200,000,000 per year for five years for outdoor recreation programs financed by the Fund. If regular sources of income to the Fund do not provide \$200 million, receipts from the Outer Continental Shelf may be used. Originally, this bill provided that most of the supplementary funds should come from the Outer Continental Shelf but states bordering those oil-producing

Conservation Comment

areas have an eye on this revenue for their own uses, and threatened to sabotage the bill in that form. At least there should now be money to supplement the completely inadequate funds obtained through the Golden Passport recreation fee system.

The significance of all this to scenic rivers is that the Land and Water Conservation Fund provides allotments to the states, and that money may be used for purchasing scenic easements along rivers, buying land in fee for river access points and camping facilities and many other uses. **How much** of your state's allotment goes for rivers will depend on how much "noise" you and your local boating groups can make. The "public recreation" crowd will be right in there promoting funds for every conceivable type of development from lakes down to playgrounds, some of which may even be detrimental to wilderness values. The next few years will not be a time to sit back. We'll have to fight for every foot of wild or scenic river that we get from now on, but at least Land and Water Conservation Fund money is one answer we can give legislators when they ask their standard question, "Where is the money coming from?"

The news is not so good, however, on developments concerning Kentucky's Red River Gorge. A House-Senate conference committee has decided that the upstream site which would destroy the gorge is the best location for construction of the Red River Dam. However, the committee asked for a re-study of the project's storage requirements and directed the Chief of Engineers to review the plans in light of preserving "to the maximum extent feasible, the Red River Gorge." The Chief of Engineers was also directed to limit construction to such work as would not be affected by changes in the reservoir size.

Help in Buying Eastern Slalom Course

(Ed. Note: We commented recently on a KCCNY project to buy a stretch of Neversink River rapids. We report an even more ambitious purchase, this time the acquisition by a non-profit society of a substantial part of the famous Jamaica, Vt. slalom course. Affiliates interested in key river stretches might well turn to foundations for "matching money" or holding loans. The Journal and the AWA Conservation Committee would be an ideal clearing house for such proposals, even if the actual funds have to be locally raised.)

An excerpt from "The Conserver", publication of The Conservation Society of Southern Vermont.

Last Fall, the Society rescued a choice piece of West River property between the upper and lower Salmon Holes near Jamaica. The property has become famous as the site of the National White Water Kayak and Canoe Championships. Because the property is downstream from Ball Mountain Dam, the level of water can be controlled to the great advantage of the White Water Racers, and also, to the trout, which have grown uncommonly fat and sassy. These brown trout benefit as well from the fact that during the hot summer months, water flows from a level well below the surface of the lake upstream and is therefore much cooler than is found elsewhere on the West River.

The State of Vermont had agreed to purchase the 279 acres but at the last minute could not. Bart Jacobs, President of Vermont Ventures, Inc., the owner, was forced to place it on the open market. Bidding was brisk from the start. Aware of Mr. Jacob's interest — to preserve the property as a recreational preserve — and aware of the unique value of the property for outdoor recreation — the Society offered its services.

Accordingly it was purchased under favorable terms becoming the Society's first land acquisition. To complete the purchase, it was necessary to borrow \$27,000 from the Vermont Bank and Trust Company of Brattleboro. Any help that can be offered to meet this obligation would be appreciated.

The land will be held in public trust and all are invited to take advantage

of its spectacular scenery and excellent fishing. Park at the lower Salmon Hole, now a State Park, and walk upstream along the old railroad bed.

West River Watershed Project

In cooperation with the U.S. Corps of Engineers, (who control the Townsend and Ball Mt. Dams and rights to the banks of the West River), and private property owners along the entire watershed, the Society is hoping this Summer to begin a program of river and stream improvement under the expert guidance of State biologists and noted university authorities.

The work will involve every phase of modern stream improvement and management technique, from the construction of holding pools and the channelling of stretches of presently shallow flow, to purification and beautification.

It is hoped that volunteer labor will be employed wherever possible to keep costs down and generous offers have already been received. The West River Watershed Project will entail years of summertime work and should provide participants in the Stratton Conservation School with a unique educational project.

Before long, it is hoped, the West River system above Jamaica will be suitable for extensive stocking of game fish.

(The address is Stratton Conservation Society, Bondville, Vermont 05340. Contributions are tax deductible for the following classifications:

Founder, \$100; Patron, \$50; Sustainer, \$25; Fellow, \$10.

(KCCNY has led the way by taking an organization membership.

(Executive secretary of the society is John Stevens, president of the Vermont Guide Service.)

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Safety as We See It

By John S. Young

Reprinted from *Canoeing* (England)

(Ed. Note: *This British rescue method appears to be a refinement on one used by Sierra Club RTS at the Feather River slaloms and probably by many other clubs. The "H" method has been shown in canoeing manuals, principally as a method for dumping water from swamped boats.*)

I have never been convinced that the "H" method of rescue is suitable in rough conditions. This doubt was largely based on the fact that I, and my kayak, were thrown bodily onto the fore deck of the starters' double at an S.C.A. championship on Lac de Lomond. The lesson I learned from this was, "never get one boat at right angles to another in rough conditions."

The "Young" rescue has been demonstrated before the public with great success and everyone who has seen or used it has declared it to be better than the "H" method.

I shall be delighted to hear of criticisms or developments from the basic method.

The "Young" method or if we must stick to alphabetical symbols "YY".

(1) The upturned kayaker should hold onto the stern of his own boat and his paddle.

(2) The two rescue craft should come along either side, preferably facing in different directions.

(3) The subject of the rescue should pass his paddle to one of the rescuers, then hold onto one rescuer's bow with arm and legs and the stern of his own boat with one hand.

(4) The rescuers place all three paddles across their outside shoulders and lean on them with one arm.

(5) The rescuers grip the upturned cockpit and lift.

(6) The subject can help by lifting and lowering the stern of his own kayak. If there is a considerable amount of water it may be necessary for him to keep the stern up while the others lift.

(7) The rescuers turn over the kayak by one raising and one lowering his hand.

(8) The rescue is completed by the subject climbing into his kayak by vaulting in with one hand on the bottom of his own boat and one on the deck of the adjoining one. He then receives his paddle from the shoulders of his rescuers

Advantages

At no time is there ever a sense of insecurity since the kayaks are closely knit into a raft.

They are not likely to drift away from the capsized boater since he need not at any time take his hand off his own kayak.

The person in the water acts as a sea-anchor and keeps the boats end-on into the wind or tide.

It is possible for the rescuers to take a rest by resting the upturned kayak on their decks.

The person in the water only has to move half the length of his own boat.

The time taken (this is most important) is less than 3 minutes.

It is possible for the rescued person to aid the lifting by putting his head inside his own cockpit and his hands on the decks of the other kayaks. This might be necessary if the overturned kayak was heavy, or the rescuers weak.

Note: It is not necessary for the rescuers to face each other, nor for the rescued to hold his stern, but this, to my mind, is the ideal situation.



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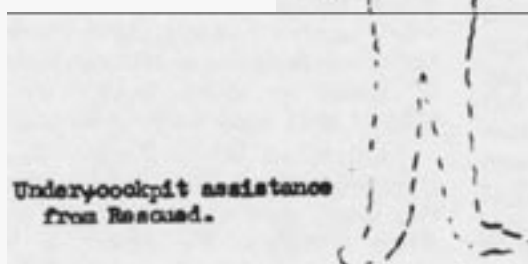
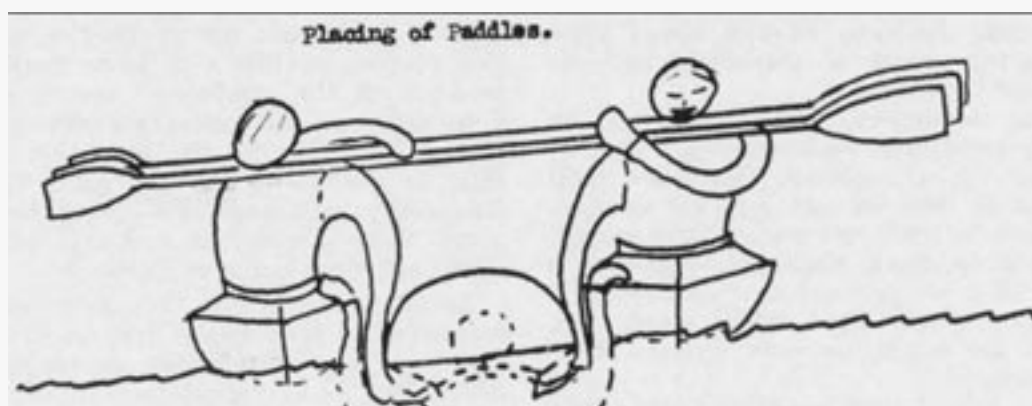
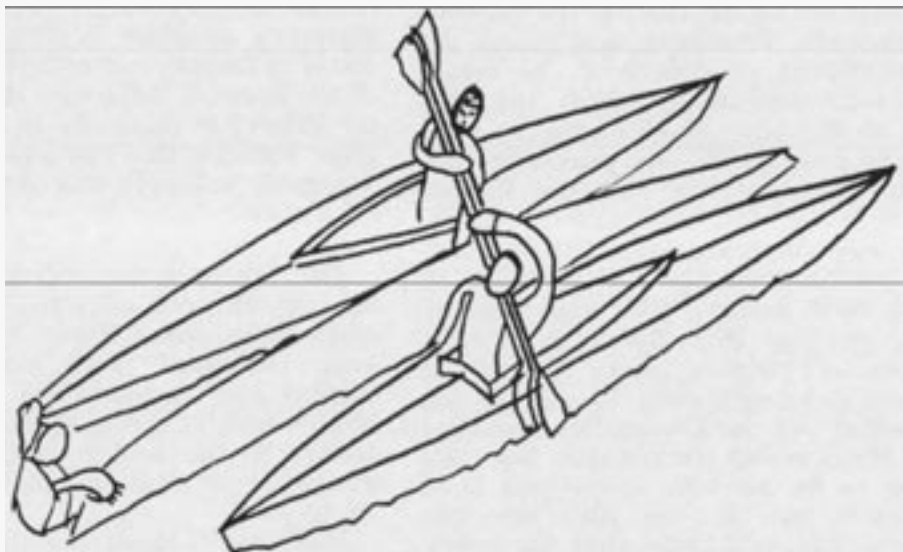
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From Your Editor

Once again, a slate of nominations is presented to you—and once again, a Nominations Chairman, our hard-working pro-tem. President, has found the constitutional procedure to be somewhat time-consuming. Result: the lateness of the issue that ought to have been in your hands one season earlier.

The magazine ran into the Christmas mail rush last time, and there may have been further delays. The Post Office has curtailed the rail services, on which bulk mailing like ours depend.

It's obvious that the new circumstances will mean a heavy flow of inquiries and complaints to add to the harassment of our Circulation Manager and Membership Chairman. You are asked to be patient, to refrain from complaint until a reasonable time has elapsed, and to assume that the couriers are making their appointed rounds—**only** at a more leisurely pace than they did of yore. **(This is progress?)**

If you do have to ask about your magazine, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope!

And remember, too, that it will be more important than ever for you to notify the Circulation Manager **well ahead of time** of any address change. It costs us ten cents every time we get a magazine back, plus eight cents more to send it out to your new address in a new envelope. This is all dead loss, since the magazine only breaks even financially.

The Post Office supplies little cards for notifying publications of your address change. If you can clip out and paste on the label from your last magazine, it will be a help. Our professional mailers can more easily find and lift your old plate, and punch a new one.

For non-permanent absences from home, we urge that you instruct your mailman to hold your magazines, or even forward them. To be sure, you'll pay the forwarding fees, but since it costs us 14 cents every time an address is changed, the Affiliation will be the healthier for it.

And use Zip-Code!

*

An interesting provision in the new

By-Laws is for a special Washington chairman for conservation. This post can be of the greatest importance. The activities of some Washington white-water enthusiasts in enlisting Secretary of the Interior Udall and the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy in the cause of river conservation have probably been the most valuable this Affiliation has ever seen.

* * *

The winter issue upcoming depends on contributions of articles, drawings, and photographs! Please look through your negatives from last summer's cruises and competitions, and let us have a look at some of your writings—Letters to the Editor would be highly acceptable, if nothing longer comes easily to you.

Perhaps it's necessary also to remark that, even in times of shortage, submissions don't always get printed, and some of them sit in the ice-box for quite a few issues before they're used. The reason for this may have nothing to do with the quality of the article. Sometimes, on the contrary a piece may be too good for the slot available and thus be saved for another time. Most frequently, an article is so good that it ought to be illustrated, and the Editor sends out for photos or cartoons.

Another cause for the deep-freeze treatment is frequently that an article is untimely — duplicates or parallels something else recently printed; or overly regional — doesn't take into account things going on elsewhere in the white-water Nation. And often too, an article is promising but obviously could be made so much better by revision that it gets sent back with suggestions.

"American White Water" is going on fourteen years now, and naturally all the easy, gee-whiz articles were long since written. We know a lot more about boating now, and the kind of water that is run routinely today would have been the preserve of experts, mostly European, back in the epoch of Vol. I, No. 3.

(That issue was one of the two, that first year, that had to be printed by

mimeograph for economy reasons, and it is long since out of print. It contained an article on designing a "superboat" by our friend Eliot DuBois, another on a "Revolutionary Fiberglass Canoe" by Larry Moninger and Roy Kerswill, and a brief lexicon of "Boating Terminology" by Wolf Bauer.)

Writers in these more sophisticated days have to dig deeper for material, but probably the rise in standards of photography has been even more spectacular. It is hard to make the blase reader even slow down for any but the

most spectacular feats of derring-do, in perfect focus and with beautiful print gradation. That is why pictures like those by Bart Hawthaway, particularly in the last two issues, are so outstanding. His photos are also tough pace-setters for the other photographers.

We particularly need cruising photos in black-and-white. Competition is obviously much easier to photograph—there are cameras on every rock during a slalom. Cruisers, however, have to dig their cameras laboriously out from waterproof bags, persuade their impatient comrades to wait while they get set at some spectacular chute, and then as likely or not they will just miss the greatest picture by snapping too early or late.

Finally, of course, most cruisers are loaded with color film, which seldom can be turned into acceptable black-and-white.

If you do take Kodachromes, however, or Kodacolor, have black-white prints made to send in. The Editor hates to be responsible for transparencies.

A good cruising picture, or better a set, should have a story with it. A fairly short "story caption" will do very well. Don't forget to identify all paddlers by name, and caption every picture! Write on the back gently with **soft** pencil or use the professional paste-on caption than can easily be detached for the printer.

Action shots are preferred for American White Water! Beautiful scenery is fine, but try to get a canoe or a kayak into the foreground.

At their best, cruising photos are better than those taken at competition, for the latter get stereotyped very quickly.

—P. D. W.



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



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The New River of West Virginia

By Gerhard Mueller

When you are looking for some challenge for your boating ability and for your guts—pick the New River in West Virginia some time in summer or fall when boating is fun.

Our boating trip started at Thurmond, a very small town 6 miles off route 21, under the leadership of CAA's Swede Turner and Carolee Lewis. There we met the guys with the boaters' know-how, viz, Bickham, Sweet, Sullivan, Fawcett and many new faces, some of whom were real experts and daredevils as well as many other so-so's like myself, the first time on the New.

The trip was over 15 miles, had quite a few long pools and enough nice rapids, formed by eroded ledges, almost all of them well covered with enough water so that bottom scraping was no problem. The riverbed is deep and carries plenty of water, and is about as wide as the Delaware at the Mongaup Rapids.

That Thrilling Roar

The roar ahead warns you of approaching rapids. You aim for the places where you can see the white water in front of you, avoiding the mirror-clear calm stretch where the water is held back by wide rock ledges, forming water-covered steps descending several feet, and which are rarely appraisable from the upper level.

Every such drop is followed by plenty of aerated white water and deep souseholes with high haystacks behind, making for real stoppers which try to suck your boat back. The high standing waves remind me of being in the outer ocean surf, the water high over your head—and practically no danger of any rocks ahead. These high waves give everyone a real western rodeo-ride on a bull.

About two-thirds of the way down are two severe drops. A big roar and the inability to see what is ahead make scouting necessary. The first drop forms one solid step over the entire width of the river with, on top, a protruding

nose-like rock covered by water and thus not fully revealing its size. We all passed this nose on its right and dropped down ten feet or so into a featherbed of white water.

The second drop after this is a real doozy. The river is confined to half its width and forms a 45-degree downgrade for about 60 feet with big boulders on the left and one shallow, barely covered rock on the right, and in the middle the biggest haystack or rooster-tail I have ever seen—a sure stopper, if it were not for the fast downgrade providing such great speed. While we were still scouting, Bickham ran it just right of that big haystack and still left of the barely covered rock; he got himself a rough long rodeo-ride. After some good paddle strokes he wiggled himself out of the ups and downs holding the paddle over his head.

Follow the Leader

It was amazing how nicely every boater followed his trail and how well they all paddled. When the big wave was passed there was no more real danger—high surf, big water to play in, nice and warm, sparkling like champagne.

There are more respectable rapids ahead, but you do feel great having conquered Class V water for the first time.

On Sunday most of us ran the same stretch again while some boaters explored the river section above Thurmond which reached grade III water. On each day we had some flips and not all, especially the C-2's, made the roll.

We enjoyed our perfect week end and had more than 20 boats on the river. Boaters came from Penn State, Buck Ridge, CCA, KCCNY.

Next year I hope to get more of you down to the New—and what about the trip out to the west? Running western rivers—going by school bus day and night—but go! Please think of it and plan ahead—even if people call you a fool—GO!

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