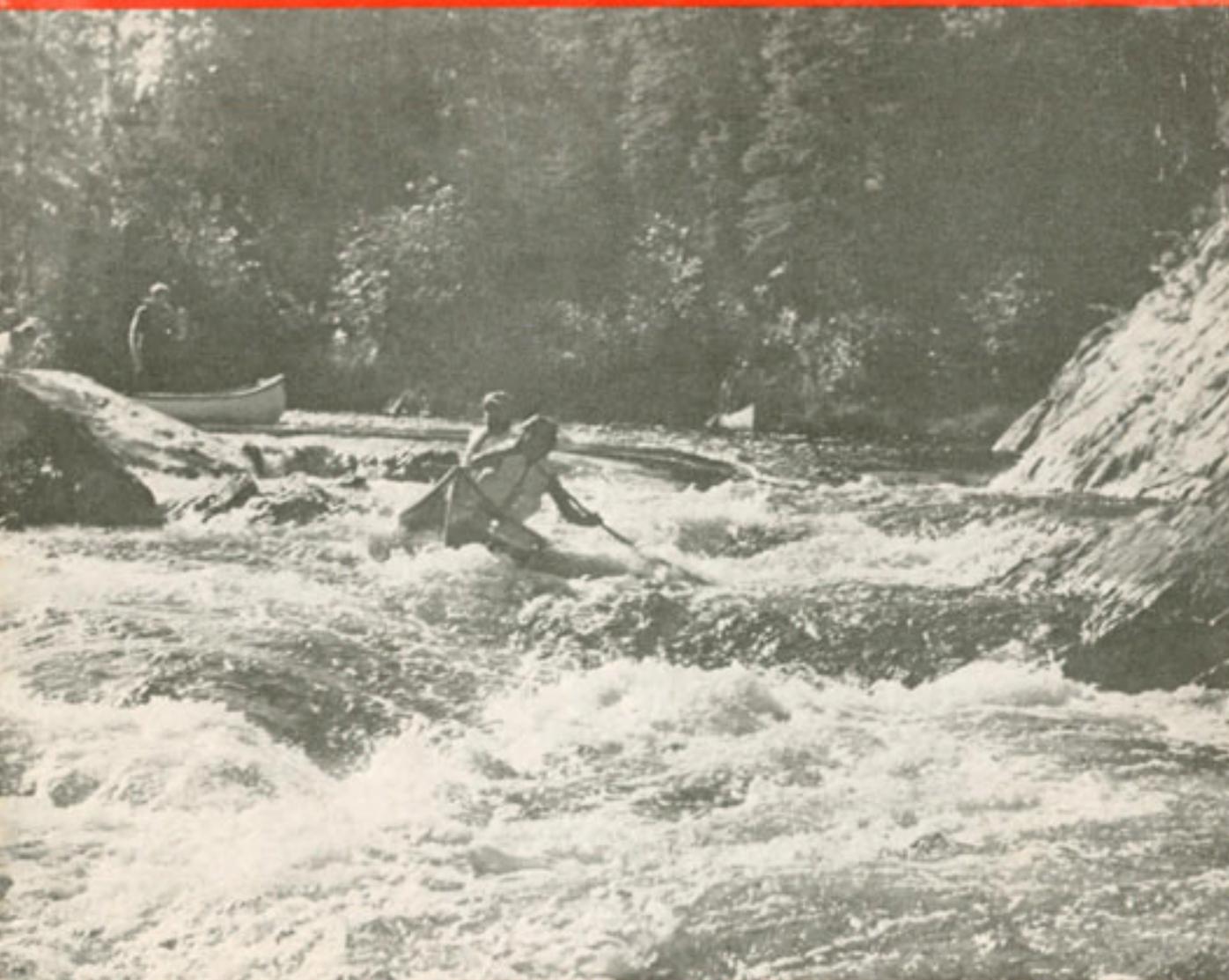


*American*

# WHITewater

*the Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation*



**FALL, 1971**

**Vol. XVI, No. 3**

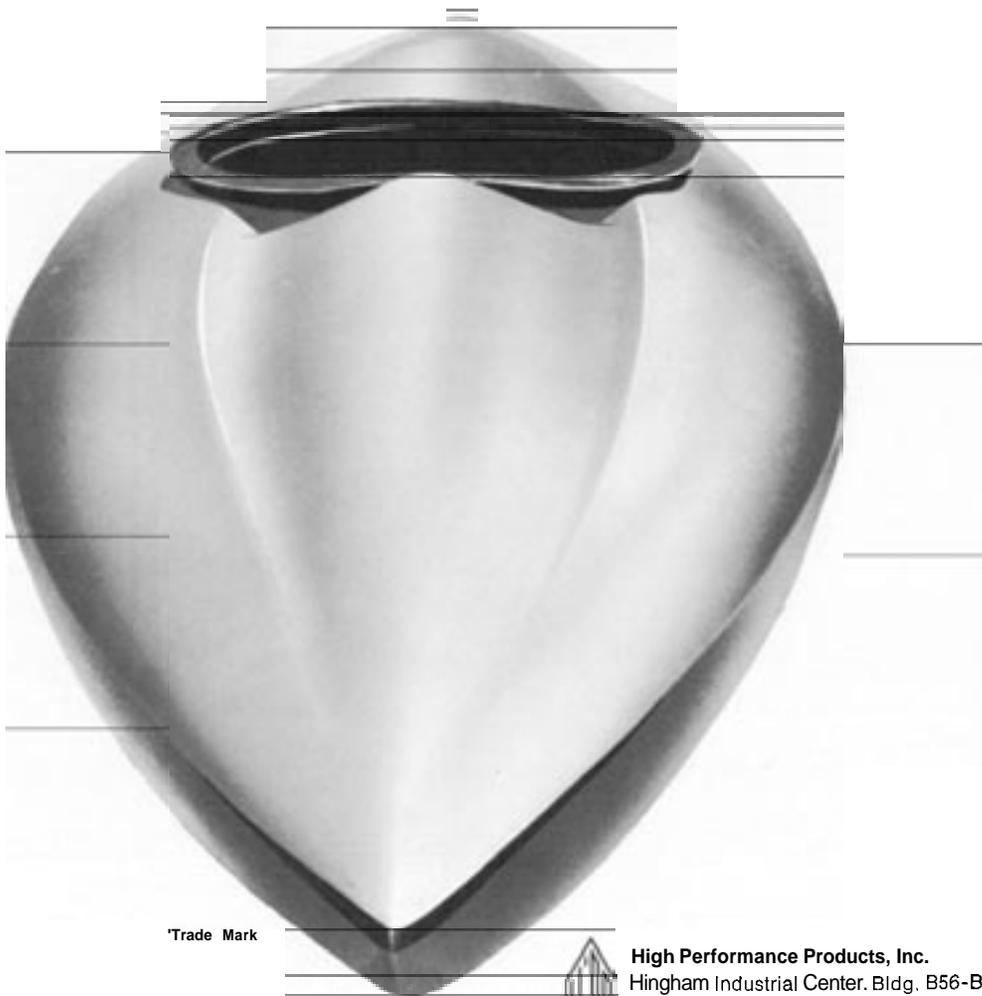
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# American WHITEWATER

Sponsored by The American Whitewater Affiliation

FALL, 1971

Vol. XVI, No. 3



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Editorial Chairman and Editor: Iris Sindelar, 264 East Side Dr., Concord, N. H. 03301

Editorial Committee: Ed Alexander, Dave Binger, O. K. Goodwin, Bob Alexander, Charles Smith, Henri Eble, Geo. Larsen

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How to Write to American Whitewater

Deadlines for all material, including advertising, are the 15th of January, April, July and October for the Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter issues respectively.

Send Editorial material and photos to the Editorial Chairman.

Send membership/subscription payments, changes of address, non-receipt of copies to the Circulation Manager, Geo. Larsen.

Send Race Schedules and results to the Racing Editor, Bob Alexander.  
Send Advertising copy, proofs and requests for information to the Advertising Manager, Henri Eble.

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American Whitewater is mailed to all members of the American Whitewater Affiliation, an affiliation of boating clubs and individuals interested in whitewater paddle sport. Membership is open to interested individuals at \$3.50 per year and to clubs at \$8.00 per year. Club membership includes listing in the Journal.

Publication is planned at 4 times yearly. Single copies, \$1.00 each. Surplus copies are available at reduced prices. Write the Circulation Manager for details.

The Staff and committee members listed above are unpaid Whitewater enthusiasts who volunteer their time and efforts to bring affiliate/member subscribers this journal. Your contribution of articles, letters, race results and schedules, photos and drawings are essential for their continued efforts and the timely publication of the American Whitewater Journal.

Cover: Bill and Fern **Stearns** running Telos Cut on Spencer Stream in northern Maine. This trip was taken by Henry David Thoreau and is described in his book "In the Maine Woods." However, on this section of the Spencer Stream Thoreau and his Indian guide carried their canoes around.

# ON STAYING SMALL—A MINORITY VIEW

By Bob Burrell

At the outset let me state that I am a native American, am not now nor have I ever been connected with any organization plotting to overthrow the government, and have never been convicted or even accused of any subversive activity. With that off my chest, let me offer some heretical and un-American thoughts on the future of whitewater paddling in the United States.

Articles in the last few issues of the AWA Journal, notably by Bob McNair (Vol. XVI, No. 1) and Jay Evans (Vol. XIV, No. 2), as well as the general ambience in paddling circles, seem to accept as an article of faith the tenet that to grow and get big is good like in biology. After all, it's the American way! America is known for the tallest skyscraper, the biggest canyon, the most baseball teams, the longest railroad track, the most this, the greatest that, and so on. Conspicuous by its absence among these Barnum and Bailey superlatives, is the quality "best." National leaders are concerned if not preoccupied with our Gross National Product (GNP). If it expands, we are supposed to be in good shape. Dow-Jones averages are the barometers of how things are going in beautiful downtown Wall Street. Chambers of Commerce point with pride at how many buildings have been completed and how many miles of ground have been paved (similar to the Army Engineers boasting of the acre-feet of water impounded).

American organizations judge their effectiveness and greatness not by what beneficial programs they initiate, but by how many members are attracted to their banners. Whether you belong to the United Auto Workers, the American Medical Association, or the Audubon Society, you have a touch of imperialism in your soul, i.e., the unquenchable desire to have more of your kind marching to your drums. Schol-

arships, apprentice training programs, and vigorous recruitment activities are the earmarks of organizations interested in making more embalmers, plumbers, or bacteriologists. Alas, in their zeal to increase their kind, too often little attention is paid to comparable increases in quality.

McNair argues that we need vast numbers of dues-paying members to support a national office staffed by national officers whose duties among other things would presumably be to gather new members into the fold. Individuals in the boat building business want their designs somehow protected from having molds lifted from them. They argue that until this is done, industry will not get into the manufacturing of quality whitewater boats, and if there is no industry, there will be



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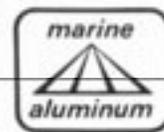
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no capital to support competition, especially in international events, e.g., the Olympics.

It seems that it is in the nature of man that when he invents some activity, even one intended primarily for pleasure and relaxation, it isn't long before he is trying to do it faster, longer, or better than anyone else.

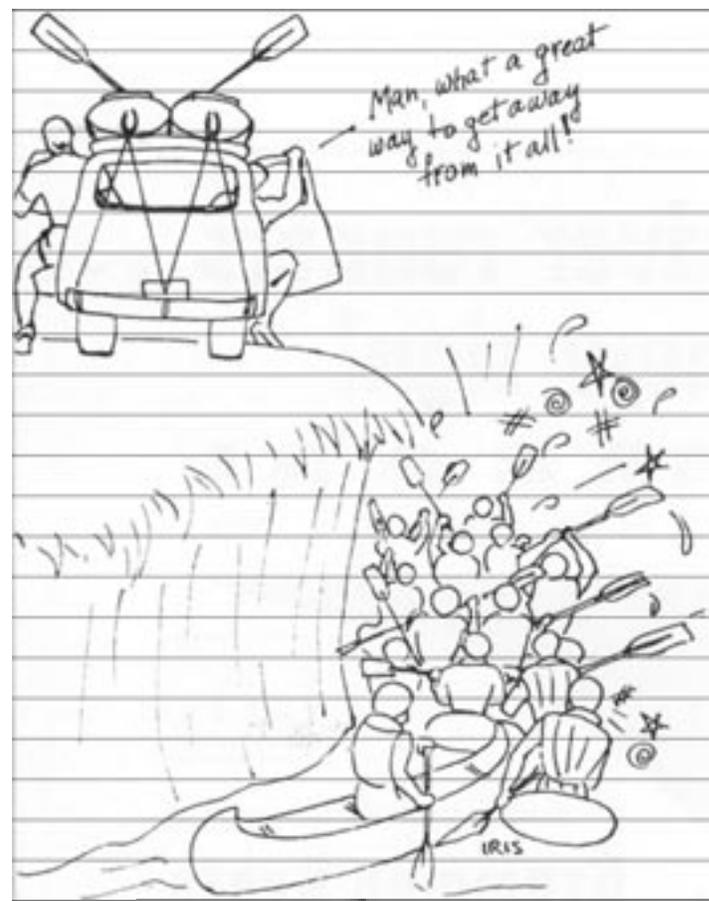
He embarks on training programs, sets up an organization to hold competitive meets, and fills his mantle with the hardware of his efforts, medals and trophies. Gone is doing something for the sheer unadulterated hell of it.

Let me be the first to acknowledge the tremendous contributions competitors have made to our sport. They have given us equipment and taught us skills to enable us to safely run rivers which we wouldn't have dreamed of paddling a few years ago. Slalom skills never hurt anyone. On the contrary, they come in quite handy when you don't make it through a gasser like on the Cheat and you find yourself pointed

upstream with the worst part of the rapids behind and below you.

But the American paddler should be becoming concerned. The signs are on the waters now. More and more commercial firms are invading wilderness rivers with raft trips. The rocks near the surfaces of more and more rivers are too well marked by epoxy and aluminum. When one travels great distances to his favorite river, he is startled to find that many, many other paddlers have converged on the same spot with the same idea—to get away from it all. I am not exaggerating when I say that the prime whitewater river in western Pennsylvania and northern Appalachia, the Youghigheny, is literally wall to wall rafts and boats on summer weekends. If you want to play in a fun rapids like Cucumber, you actually have to get in line! And this is too much like having to reserve a tee time a week in advance on a metropolitan golf course.

Traditionally, as McNair has acknowledged, the whitewater paddler is



a loner. The sport's main appeal is that it is something he can do that few other people can. It gets him into areas where few other people are capable of entering. He sees things that most people never lay eyes upon. His equipment is often homemade thus lending an additional do-it-yourself charm to the activity. The various oddball (to the public) qualities of the sport are probably what attracted him to it in the first place. Paddlers are remarkably resourceful and independent. They enjoy doing their thing, but alone and in their own way. Among the most independent whitewater paddlers in the east is a group in the Coastal Canoeists who still prefer soloing Class IV water in open Grumman's despite the availability and convenience of modern lightweight whitewater craft. I am tempted to say, "May their tribe increase!"—but that is what this article is against. Let me say instead, "Hooray for chaque a **son gout**!"\*

The organization man is creeping into our sport. He and his companion,

\*each to his own taste

the gadgeteering huckster, have already ruined camping and skiing. Remember the days when you went camping and could leave your camera hanging outside your tent without fear of having it stolen? Remember when you were about the only one in the camp ground and you chopped firewood, cooked your breakfast over the open fire, listened to the birds, and just enjoyed the peace and quiet? Try it today. Just as soon as you get set up, in moves a clodminded jerk who pulls his 24' trailer up to a yard from your tent. He turns the dog loose, sets up his gasoline generator to power his portable TV, and lifts his motorcycle off the front bumper so his imbecilic children can better enjoy the great out of doors by racing up and down the camp road all day. Is this the kind of person we want to help swell our ranks?

I have already compared the future of whitewater paddling with modern skiing in an earlier effort (Vol. XIV, No. 4). Where in the U.S. can you ski today without being victimized by a mob of other skiers, profiteers, and assorted types not primarily interested in the sport? It is no accident that cross-country skiing is becoming more popular. It has all of the attractions that whitewater paddling used to have. The winter sports buff can do his thing in comparative isolation and leave the crowded ski slopes behind.

Can't we paddlers learn something from this? What is wrong with only 2,000 paddlers in the entire country. Who needs 100,000? Must our unique sport go the way of all other worthwhile activities that have been ruined by the bigness syndrome? Let us be reminded that there is a finite limit to everything, even whitewater paddling. That each range (or river) has its own herd-carrying capacity.

Organize, yes—especially to repulse the river rapers: Chambers of Commerce, the Army Engineers and the electric utility people pouring concrete into our rivers and running power lines across our wilderness areas in America's headlong pursuit of growth, bigness and moreness. The sport couldn't exist without such organization, but let's not fall into the trap of equating



## MEL SCHNELLER

We just received word that our friend, Mel Schneller of Marysville, Calif., will no longer be paddling with us, having died of natural causes during a kayak outing to the Trinity River over Labor Day weekend. In the past years, Mel has done a great deal for boating, and established the Feather River Kayak Club with his motto of "No dues, No bylaws, No gripes, JUST FUN." His distinctive, slender-ended kayaks have found their way to most all corners of the country, and the Feather Paddle in this issue is his design, described using his information which, as always, was generously supplied. Typically, the results of his work were free to friends and those who came in humility — to others, not for sale at any price.

With his passing, the AWA has lost a supporter, affiliate, and contributor. Boating has lost a designer, teacher, and philosopher. And boaters everywhere have lost a valued friend. Our deepest sympathy to the Schneller family.

organization with doubling our numbers. Does making a strong and effective AWA mean emulating the Chambers of Commerce, Corps of Engineers, and power companies, the very antithesis of the whitewater paddler?

And let's not make the sport so easy that the clodminds like the campers described above ruin our sport. Another appeal of whitewater paddling is the wonderful people you meet and paddle with. Make it difficult for prospective members to join your club. In that way, only the sincere and determined paddler becomes a part of our sport. What is wrong with AWA having the smallest damned whitewater club in the world as long as it is composed of the finest damned people in the world?

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# FOLDBOATS IN GRAND CANYON? RIDICULOUS!

By Jean Bennett, 606A Essex Circle, China Lake, Calif. 93555

Our friends said we were crazy when we told them of our plans to take our two seater folding kayaks down the lower part of Grand Canyon this spring. Even though we had had experience on numerous other rivers, they said we would find the Grand much more difficult, and besides, the only way people go down it is by raft. But we wanted to spend more time than would have been possible with a commercial party, and get a feel for the moods of the canyon—from the bottom. To get a permit from the Park Service, we had to give the experience of all boatmen in the party, type of boats, equipment, proposed campsites, etc. The instructions accompanying the forms stated that kayaks required a raft escort. (The Park Service was thinking of the smaller single-seater variety which are generally paddled "empty".) However, a bit of friendly persuasion in the form of letters and phone calls finally produced a permit without the raft requirements, so we were free to stop and look over rapids, explore side canyons, and botanize without holding up a commercial party.

The next problem was how to get the foldboats down to the mouth of Havasu Creek. A good horse trail connects Hualpai Hilltop with the Indian village of Supai and then continues down Havasu Canyon as far as the top of Mooney Falls. From there down to the Colorado River, the "trail" winds up and down rocky cliffs, traverses high narrow ledges, and crosses and recrosses rocky Havasu Creek. It was no wonder that I couldn't arouse any enthusiasm for the fellows to backpack our food, gear, and 65 lb. foldboats down that way! Instead we persuaded the packers that take supplies down to Phantom Ranch by muleback to carry our boats (in bags) down also. From there Ken Sleight of Wonderland Expeditions would take me and the folded foldboats on his raft from Phantom

Ranch to the mouth of Havasu Creek. The rest was easy. We just had to figure out how to make the cars end up at the right places and get the people and boats together at the same time.

After suitable shenanigans I got down to the raft, and five fellows (Hal Bennett, Bill Norris, Vern Coats, and Al Hard from China Lake, and Carl Park from Bakersfield) arrived at remote Hualpai Hilltop at the head of the Havasu Canyon trail. It was late afternoon, so they went only part way down that evening, making camp above Supai. Next day they reached the three spectacular waterfalls where dozens of bikini-clad coeds and their boy friends (who had also hiked down the trail) were swimming and sunbathing. Reluctantly the fellows finally shouldered their packs and left the pretty girls behind. The canyon was hot, and after 6 miles of fording and scrambling they

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were ready for a good rest and supper at the junction with the Colorado.

Next morning the suspense was broken when the foldboats and I arrived, all intact. It was another demonstration that, for some happy reason, our impossibly complicated arrangements usually do work out. The boats were assembled and loaded in record time and we were off, feeling the splash of waves in our faces as we bounced through Havasu Rapids. Vern and Carl insisted on testing the water more closely. Coming out of the eddy, they hit the current off balance and turned over 30 seconds after they started out on the river, and at the head of the rapids at that. Fortunately everything was well packed in waterproof bags so no harm was done—except to their egos!

Below Havasu the river flows swiftly but without rapids for awhile. Tuckup Canyon proved to be an interesting spot, a narrow winding canyon with curious ridges in the rock strata comprising its walls. The lower part of the canyon ended abruptly in a cool shady glen topped by a huge boulder which blocked further progress. Continuing downstream, we picked the immense sand bar at the mouth of Fern Glen Canyon as a campsite. It was a beautiful spot, as was Fern Glen Canyon which we explored the next morning. A luxuriant growth of ferns were kept moistened by water trickling over a large rock, and made a delightful green spot in the narrow, water-sculptured canyon.

Other side canyons along our route that morning had provocative names: Stairway, Gateway, Cove, . . . but we didn't stop. We were eager to look at Lava Falls, the most famous rapid on the river and rated a 10+ in a rating scheme going from 0 to 10. True to its reputation, it looked like a foaming mass of churning water, clearly unrunnable by any type of craft. Ken Sleight's party had preceded us and Cross Tours arrived shortly afterward, so we all looked over the falls together. We had planned to portage Lava Falls, but the more we looked at it, the more we wondered how a foldboat would do

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Jean and Hal Bennett headed upstream in the center of Lava Falls.

in the turbulent water. . . . About that time Ken Sleight took his raft through, making an exciting subject for movies from shore. He landed a short distance downstream, letting his passengers walk up to watch the other raft go through. By this time Hal and I had screwed up our courage and decided to try our luck in Lava. All our gear was carried to the bottom of the falls. Bill and Al took Vern's empty boat out in the eddy below the rapid to fish us out if necessary, and Hal and I prepared for a dunking. We paddled out to the center of the river, lined the boat up on the tongue, and held our breaths. The smooth tongue carried us over the brink into a tremendous hole. While at the bottom of the river, we seemed to be knocked about by some giant throwing watery punches. Upon surfacing, we found, amazingly, that we were still upright but the boat was heading **upstream!** Somehow Hal got

us turned around as we bucked stupendous waves in the lower part of the rapids and emerged unscathed. Bill and Al thought they would like to try it too, so we changed places. After what seemed like an eternity they appeared, still upright, almost touching the huge rock at the base of the rapid. They had taken a route to the right of ours through even heavier water, and had still made it.

Now we were all by ourselves, as both raft parties had continued on, making many more miles that day. We went only as far as Whitmore Wash, another 9 miles, before stopping to admire the inverted Devil's Postpile formation of octagonal basalt columns. Some of us followed the trail to the cliff top, and thought of Chet Bundy who led the refueling operation for Dock Marston's 1960 upriver run in jet-boats. The 1800 foot long plastic pipeline hanging down from the plateau

was a mute reminder of that earlier trip.

From Whitmore down to Parashont Wash the going was easy with only a few riffles to keep us cooled off. The Wash was blazing hot, but apparently the cactus enjoyed it. Several were in full bloom—circles of yellow flowers on the barrels and rare lavender blooms on the fishhooks. While the photographers were taking closeups, the rest of us lounged in the shade of a rock ledge.

Later that afternoon we stopped to look over the rapid at Mile 205 Creek, the first major one since Lava Falls. On our river map it was rated 3 to 6 with no problem except for a large hole at the tip of the tongue. Bill's and Vern's boats made it look easy. (We learned later that Vern's spraycover collapsed, filling the boat full of water.) As Hal and I handed over the cameras to Al and prepared to take our boat through, I remarked, "Watch closely. We are going to do something different!" And we did. We followed the same route down the tongue as had the other two boats, but at the bottom of the hole a wave from the side flipped us. Nothing was lost and we enjoyed the cooling afternoon swim. Granite Park Rapids, rated 3 to 5, came later that afternoon. It had immense roller coaster waves which made spectacular movies as the boats seemed to jump out of the water like flying fish.

When we arrived at the mouth of Three Springs Canyon, the only possible campsite was a narrow sandbar on the opposite shore inhabited by a small pink rattlesnake. He slid into a rocky cave and we walled up the entrance (we released him the next morning), but Vern wasn't satisfied. He built himself a snake fence with the three boats and piles of sand. Apparently this fortress was successful at keeping out the snake, but he said it also kept in all sorts of little crawly things which amused him all night.

After a good breakfast of pancakes, we went across the river to investigate Three Springs Canyon, which Dock Marston had remarked "has its interests." It did and we found them—lots

of Indian chippings, the springs, and several large, healthy pink rattlers. These are very rare and are only found in Grand Canyon, but we can now tell the herpetologists where in the canyon they are concentrated!

Further downriver we found that 217 Mile Rapid (rated 4 to 5) made good pictures, and Granite Spring Rapid at Mile 220.5 was good for even more splashes. It was well over 100 in the shade at Diamond Creek, but there wasn't much shade. Vern and Carl had considered taking out there. However, the water seemed cooler than the canyon so they decided to continue. Travertine Canyon a few miles further was a little gem. Landing there was difficult so only Hal and I got to explore it, but it was well worth the stop.

Below Travertine came 231 and 232 Mile Rapids, which according to Dock Marston had caused more accidents than any others on the river. In 1928

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Bessie and Glen Hyde, a young couple on their honeymoon, probably drowned in 232 Mile Rapid. We promptly dubbed it "Bride and Groom Rapid." Looking over 231 Mile Rapid from a vantage point far upstream, all we could see was a mass of high waves. Bill and Al went first followed by Vern and Carl, with Hal's and my boat in the rear. Their boats rode the mountainous waves in fine style, but when they looked back for Hal and me, all that showed was a silvery hull and two bobbing heads. Fishing out the overturned boat was a nontrivial operation since the swift current stretched from wall to wall in this narrow portion of the canyon and eddies were few. We made shore just at the head of 232 Mile Rapids.

It was now late afternoon, time to look for a campsite, but none were at hand. A careful inspection of Mile 232 Rapid indicated it was runnable so we gave it a try. The waves were **tremendous**, the highest we had ever seen, but somehow all boats came through safely. Spotting a minute sandbar on the right bank, we gratefully made camp among the boulders. The jumping catfish seemed to like the cheese on Bill's fishhook, so we had delicious fried fish as a welcome addition to our dinner.

Breakfast was completed in the nick of time the next morning. The river level, which is controlled by Glen Canyon Dam, suddenly rose more than six feet completely flooding the sandbar where most of us had been sleeping. Fortunately the boats were tied and we moved the rest of the gear to higher ground.

I had hoped to explore Bridge Canyon and Gneiss Canyon, but with the heavy rapids and swift current we shot by them before we knew it. The waves in these lower rapids were huge, but the boats rode them easily.

Suddenly the rapids were over and we came to what appeared to be an abandoned mine site where there had been several large buildings. This was what remained of Canyon City where engineers had lived while studying the feasibility of damming the Colorado

near the mouth of Bridge Canyon. Separation Canyon soon followed, but the fearsome Separation Rapid that encouraged three of Powell's men to desert had silted in and was only a riffle. We looked for the bronze plaque that was supposed to be somewhere near the canyon's mouth, but it eluded us.

Further along we were traveling on the swift current flowing into Lake Mead and passed places with exotic names: Surprise Canyon, Lost Creek, Burnt Canyon, Quartermaster Canyon, and Tincanebitts Canyon. After a 35 mile day we finally stopped just downstream from Bat Cave, situated on a steep hillside high above the river. Hal and Al scrambled up in search of bat guano while the rest of us snoozed and looked over the junk that had collected at river level below the cave. In the process, Carl discovered a rattlesnake and quickly took to the water to elude him. We set up a campsite while we could still see, and there was a hot dinner waiting for the climbers when they returned at dusk — tired and smelly.

The last 14 miles of paddling on Lake Mead were broken by two interesting stops. One, at Emery Falls, showed us a delightful, nearly hidden spot where a tiny stream of water fell 50 feet or so down a smooth rock cliff and splashed into a clear pool below. Rampart Cave, high up on the cliff wall, required perseverance to reach. The sun was hot and the trail steep, but those who got there were rewarded with a glimpse of 10,000 year old sloth dung that still smelled! This cave had been the home of giant ground sloths, and they certainly had a wonderful view from its entrance.

Our takeout point, Pierce's Ferry, was hot, humid, and left its mark on all of us in the form of sticky mud on boats, paddles, and shoes. In retrospect, our trip through the lower Grand Canyon was a memorable one, and we hope to return next year to see more of the canyon.

### Statistics

Discharge at Glen Canyon Dam: 9,370-16,500 cu. ft./sec. during the period of the trip.

May 31 PM: launch at Havasu Creek, Mile 157

May 31 eve: camp at Fern Glen Canyon, Mile 168

June 1 eve: camp just below Whitmore Wash, Mile 188.5

June 2 eve: camp opposite Three Springs Canyon, Mile 215.5

June 3 eve: camp on right bank below Mile 231.5 Rapid

June 4 eve: camp below Bat Cave, Mile 267

June 5, PM: take out at Pierce's Ferry

Participants: Hal Bennett, Jean Bennett, Bill Norris, and Vern Coats—physicist, physicist, chemist, and mechanical engineer, respectively at Naval Weapons Center, China Lake, California; Al Hard — management analyst on leave from NWC to attend Univ. of Southern Calif.; Carl Park—microwave engineer employed by Kern County, Bakersfield, California.

Boats: Three 2-seater Klepper Aerius foldboats, 17 ft. long, 33 in. wide, weighing 65 lbs. empty and equipped with spraycovers.

*(Among most American whitewater boaters, the K-2 or two-place kayak has fallen into disfavor in recent years, primarily because of its lack of maneuverability and because of the difficulty encountered in developing a dependable Eskimo roll. As this account shows, they are not to be sold short; with a low center of gravity and a double brace on both sides, they are very stable, and on a large river where the rocks are mostly buried, the maneuverability may be quite sufficient. However we do feel very strongly that for a small group, on a huge Class IV wilderness river where self-rescue by swimming may be nearly impossible (see "Grand Adventure" by Walter Kirschbaum, "American Whitewater," Vol. VI, No. 3, Nov. 1960), a dependable Eskimo roll by each boat in the party should be considered essential.—Ed.)*

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## Old Town Contest Winner Announced

Old Town Canoe Co. had a good response to the Eskimo Roll contest it sponsored as announced in Physics Today; approximately 50 entries were received from all over the U.S. The winner was announced at the Seven Islands Slalom in Errol, N.H. July 10, 1971, since he—none other than Jim Sindelar—happened to be on hand to show his movies. According to Bart Hauthaway, spokesman for Old Town, Jim's was not the most succinct description of the Eskimo Roll, that honor being claimed by a three-word composition: "You paddle up." However, that particular entry failed to meet some of the other criteria for the contest.

The winning paper will be published in American Whitewater in the near future—but it won't necessarily tell you how to roll, merely why it works. The prize, of course, was a beautiful new Old Town slalom kayak.

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# SEDUCED

Don D'Entrement, Billerica, Mass.

*(In "Wives of Whitewater Boaters," Vol. XV, No. 4, I was guilty of discrimination in implying that it is only wives of whitewater boaters who have to adjust when their formerly normal spouses turn into boating fends. The following should set the record straight! —ILS)*

A message of encouragement is due **all** DSOWBs (Discombobbled Spouses of Whitewater Boaters). How can a person in or approaching middle age cope with such a powerful rival as whitewater enthusiasm when the rivalry is a come-lately fascination neither partner was addicted to at the outset of their marriage? Perhaps there are good guidelines to be drawn from the example of someone who for almost four years stayed out of all boats because of a Strong Loathing of Being Wet-and-Cold. Now the same person lugs his canoe to beginners' races all over New England and is learning whitewater cruising from boaters of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Next thing you know both he and she may be paddling together on suitable occasions!

What happened? Does he after all like the wet and cold? NO. Was he pressured by friends of the family boater? NO. Seduced? YES. By whom? Not by whom, but by what—by the sport and its total environment (in spite of the wet and cold). It was a very gradual conversion.

The first step to becoming **included** in the whitewater world is to consider the **possibility** of total involvement to be remote—not impossible, but remote; give yourself time to evolve. Then find an excuse not to be left behind all the time. Perhaps doing photography, talking to people or driving the car to be helpful would squelch the tag-along feeling. Then really watch the people on the river and listen to them talk about it afterward. Notice what they feel good about—moments of plain old fun (you can recapture the sense if

you've lost it), even entire runs of good control or good judgment and good luck! Finally with that much encouragement remember that the human body is a heat engine which thrives on burning calories. It is really the mind, not the body, which refuses physical effort.

Now when the weather turns out good and the boaters are near a piece of quiet water, try paddling on the flatwater—just once in a while but at least half a dozen times in one summer. Get paddling advice when you **want** it and from more than just one person. Someone with a fresh approach to you often can answer paddling riddles more clearly than someone who "knows you too well."

Finally it will come time to join some beginner's event. Don't pretend to be brave and ambitious—just be curious and a little scared; let everyone know it's **JUST AN EXPERIMENT**. (Promise them nothing but give moving water a chance to thrill you.) If you can get yourself to go onto moving water a second time you ought to become an addict within a season.

What is it like to be an addict? The young man this article is modeled after reports a good sense of accomplishment after any part of a run which has been favorable. He also reports a sense of enjoyment on the part of the **other** boater in the family, a disposition to plenty of sleep during the week, and a markedly increased disposition to laughter and relaxation among boaters all during the trips and on social occasions including boaters. You might call it a very satisfying sense of adventure and of belonging, an intriguing blend of freedom and security.

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# DOWN THE DELAWARE

By Hal Leich, 5606 Vernon Place, Bethesda, Md. 20034

At Trenton's bridge a light burns  
bright  
Where roaring trains speed through  
the night,  
Reflecting in a silver glare  
The riffles of the Delaware.

A sleepy traveler's wandering glance,  
Arrested by the water's dance,  
Awakens recollections fair  
Of voyages down the Delaware.

Five voyagers in bright canoes  
Joined with him for a springtime  
cruise,  
Determined in their aim to dare  
The rapids of the Delaware.

At Hancock by the mountains' feet  
The East and West Branch waters  
meet.  
Two surging currents mingle there  
And merge into the Delaware.

Beneath a clear and azure sky  
The western wind went roaring by  
To comb the green and silvery hair  
Of oak above the Delaware.

Ray Eaton poised his double blade;  
His mighty sun-tanned shoulders  
swayed;  
His blue canoe he headed fair—  
Straight down the rock-strewn  
Delaware.

A foaming rapid curved ahead  
Where ledges ripped the river's bed.  
Ray dipped and curtsied through the  
snare  
And plunged on down the Delaware.

Through many a riffle's sunlit wave  
The gravelly bed beneath them gave  
A gleam of green as they would tear  
A-racing down the Delaware.

Through many a chute and rapid swift  
They saw their bows sink down and  
lift  
In plunging rhythm that would bare  
Their keels above the Delaware.

And all day long the banks slid past;  
The green and sparkling current fast  
That bore them onward charged no  
fare—  
They rode free down the Delaware.

But wait—they almost paid a toll  
In wood and canvas when a roll  
Hurled our traveler, clutching air,  
Into the flowing Delaware.

His empty boat paused on the brink  
Where glassy waves began to sink  
Into a roaring rapid where  
A ledge churned up the Delaware.

Then like quicksilver Ray's canoe  
Edged near the boat until he drew  
Where he could grasp her gunnel's flare  
And towed her up the Delaware.

\* \* \*

The sleepy traveler nods his head  
And mourns the days of glory sped.  
But hark—a liquid voice speaks there—  
The Foam Nymph of the Delaware:

"Yet still the combers curl and prance  
And still the foam-flecked eddies dance  
Where rocky dale and wooded lair  
Await you down the Delaware."

(Written while returning home on shore leave during World War II. The paddler named is Ramone S. Eaton, now Senior Vice President of the American National Red Cross, who has devoted a large portion of his career to water safety and whitewater sport. Last two stanzas suggested by Frank Lillie Pollock's "The Recall.")

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# The Feather Kayak Paddle

By Jim Sindelar

With commercial kayak paddles ranging in price from 15 to 30 dollars, many paddlers may be interested in making their own for a fraction of this amount. The design to be described was developed by the Feather River Kayak Club of California, and has a number of virtues. In addition to being a good paddle, it is inexpensive and easy to make. It requires no mold, and no special equipment, and would therefore make a very good "first" fiberglass project.

This paddle is neither flat, nor spooned. The blade itself is a plane surface, but it is set at a slight angle with the paddle shaft, which gives some of the increased "bite" of a spoon; the angle keeps the blade more nearly perpendicular to the applied force as it moves through the water. (See Fig. 1) However this paddle is easier to handle than a spoon, having less tendency to crab, or twist unexpectedly in the paddler's grip. One other unusual feature of this design is the ridge which runs down the power or working face of the blade; this practically eliminates paddle flutter, the side-to-side fish lure effect that some paddles exhibit as they are drawn through the water.

For materials, you will need about 7 feet of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  or  $1\frac{3}{8}$  inch dia. closet pole (fir or sitka spruce—available at most lumber yards for about 30¢ per foot), a couple square yards of 8 or 10 oz. fiberglass cloth at about \$1.25 per yd., a quart of polyester resin with appropriate catalyst (plenty for one paddle, might even make two), at about \$2.00 per quart, and a square yard of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 oz. fiberglass mat at about \$1.25 per yd. Some white or yellow pigment is worthwhile, since unpigmented fiberglass is hard to find in a river. You also need a small, cheap paintbrush (2 to 3 inch) and some acetone to clean out the resin before it sets.

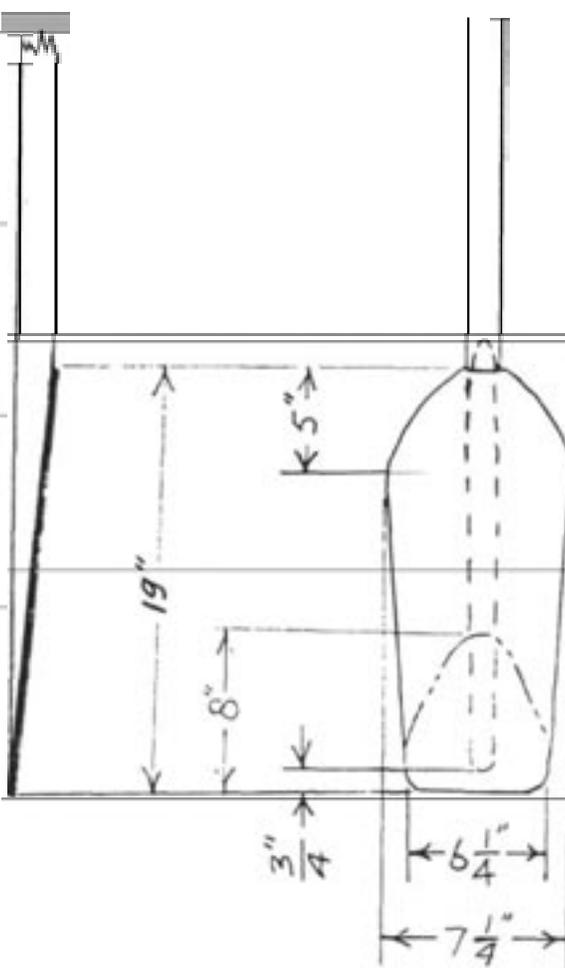


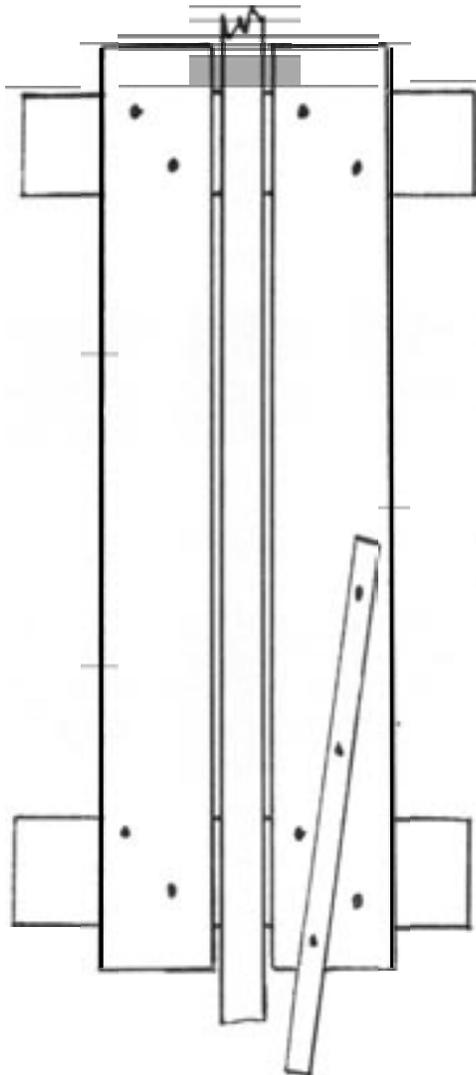
Fig. 1. The approximate shape and placement of the mat tip reinforcement is shown by the irregularly spaced broken line (— · - - -).

If you don't have your own ideas about paddle length, try 83 inches for a six foot person, and add or subtract 3 inches of paddle length for every 10 inches of body height above or below 6 feet. Thus a person 5 ft. 7 inches tall (5 inches less than 6 feet) would make a paddle  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches less than 83 inches, or 81½ inches long. Or, he might make an 82 inch paddle and an 80 inch paddle, try them both, and keep the one he likes least for a spare. This formula has been used successfully for a person as short as 52 inches with good results.

The closet pole should be straight grained, and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches shorter than the finished paddle length. (The finished paddle blade will extend about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch beyond each end of the pole.) The first step is to cut the ends of the pole in a long bevel which is most easily done using a simple jig to hold the pole at the correct angle, and a table saw. I have also seen a very nice

job done using a slightly more complicated jig (took ten minutes to make using scrap lumber—see Fig. 2) and a handheld skill saw. The bevel cuts should be 20 inches long, set at right angles to each other if the paddle is to be feathered, and should taper to zero thickness at each end of the pole. Note that the version of this paddle required for a right handed person will be different than that for a left handed person; also, note carefully that once both cuts have been made, the version you will get has already been determined. Therefore I would cut the bevel in one end, and check about three times before making the second cut. After making the first cut, hold the pole in front of you in paddling position, with the bevel on the RIGHT end facing UP. For a right handed paddle, the bevel

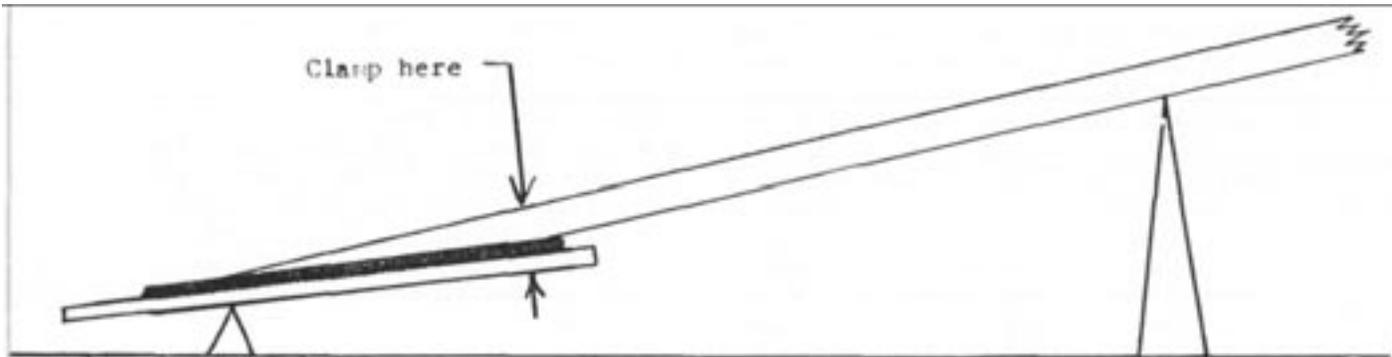
Fig 2. Top view of jig for cutting bevels in pole using handheld skill saw. The pole is shown, held in place by the 2 by 4's. The small, angled slat serves as a rip fence to guide the saw.



on the other (left) end must be cut on the side of the pole facing FRONT, or AWAY from you. For a left handed version, cut the bevel on the side of the pole facing TOWARD you when the pole is held in the position described. If you are among the paddlers who favor feathering their paddles at a little less than 90 degrees, I leave it to you to compensate accordingly, and good luck.

To lay up the fiberglass blades, you need a smooth molding surface a little larger than the finished paddle blade—a piece of formica covered plywood is perhaps best, but a piece of glass, the porcelain side panel from an old appliance, or anything similar which will not be affected by mold release and resin should work. The actual dimensions of the blades are not extremely critical — the shape and dimensions shown in Fig. 1 are those favored by the Feather River Kayakers. The blades are trimmed to size after the paddle is completed using a saber, jig, or band saw, and another virtue of this design is that you can easily change the size and shape to suit yourself if you prefer.

Prepare the molding surface by waxing it with a couple coats of paste wax, and applying PVA mold release if you have some (not really necessary). Cut two layers of cloth slightly larger than the intended blade, and mix up a small (3-4 oz.) fairly fast (10-15 min.) batch of resin according to the directions, adding pigment if desired. If you use pigment, note that only the outside layers really need to be colored, but the simplest procedure is probably to pigment all the resin you expect to use at one time (½ to 1 quart, depending on how efficient you are). In that way, you only have to worry about mixing in the catalyst as you use the numerous small batches required, and it will all be the same shade. Lay out the first layer of cloth on the molding surface, and use the brush to saturate it well with resin. Then add the second layer and saturate it also; if you run out of resin, mix another small batch to finish the job, and then allow the resin to



**Fig. 3. Clamping arrangement for glueing pole to laminate. The laminate is shown, clamped between the pole and the molding surface. The assembly is supported at two points as shown, and the weight of the clamp and paddle hold the surfaces in contact. The two support points can be as simple as the ground and a car bumper.**

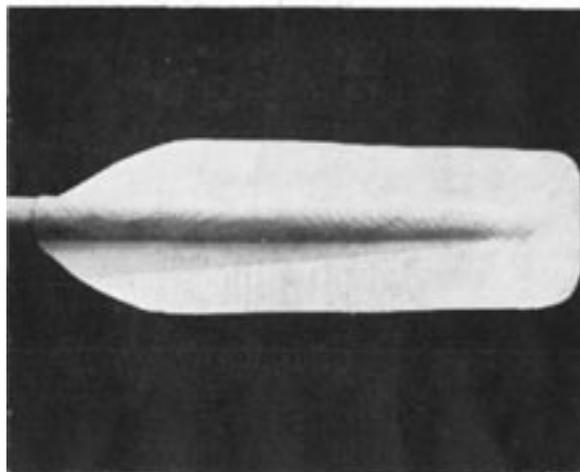
set up. After the resin has set up (we don't want the pole to soak resin out of the laminate and leave it porous) the pole is glued on by mixing more resin and wetting the bevel on one end of the pole and the appropriate area on the laminate. Soak the bevel up as well as you can and clamp the pole to the laminate. An elegant method of clamping which uses only one clamp and applies uniform pressure over the entire joint is shown in Fig. 3. (The laminate remains on the molding surface, which is clamped also.) Again let it set up.

With the pole glued in place, you can complete the layup of the first blade. The remaining layers are (in order, from the pole to the outside surface): 8 inch mat tip reinforcement, full layer of mat, and outside layer of cloth. The approximate outline of the piece of mat referred to as the 8 inch tip reinforcement is shown in Fig. 1.

Remove the clamp, and lay the molding surface (with the laminate and pole still in contact with it) back down in the original horizontal position, bracing up the pole as necessary. Mix up some more resin, lay the mat tip reinforcement in place over the pole, and saturate it, using the brush to push it into close contact with the pole. Then lay a full layer of mat on top, and saturate it, taking particular pains to get the mat down tight to the pole around the shaft. Lastly, add a full layer of cloth, and work it with the

brush. You probably won't have to add much more resin, since the cloth will soak excess out of the mat from below. When you are content that the laminate is well saturated and all layers are in close contact with the pole, set the assembly aside to harden. Note that the side facing up (the side with the pole ridge and cloth texture showing) is the working, or power face of this paddle, and the smooth side next to the molding surface is the non-power face, used only for low braces and backpaddling.

When the first blade has set up, lay up the second blade in like manner. When both blades are thoroughly set up (overnight, or at least several hours) mark the desired paddle out-



**Power Face of Finished Paddle Blade**

Photo by J<sup>2</sup> Aspnes

line on the blades, trim to size (I used a saber saw), and sand or file edges smooth. The pole (the appropriate designation is actually "paddle shaft" now) should be sealed with several coats of linseed oil or some other sealer to protect it. If you would like a design on the blades, a very professional looking job can be done by using masking tape to outline the desired pattern, sanding the surface lightly in the area to be painted, and using epoxy paint. It is very durable, goes on easily, and leaves no brush marks.

The layup, again, starting from the molding surface and working up is: full layer cloth, full layer cloth, pole, mat tip reinforcement, full layer mat, full layer cloth. Or, if you prefer, you could use all cloth, in which case the layup would be identical up to the pole. Then add (in this order) an 8 inch piece of cloth, a 10 inch piece, a 14 inch piece, a 16 inch piece, and a final full layer of cloth; all layers come out to the tip of the blade, and the blade gets successively thinner toward the shaft end, where the stress is less.

Let us know how you make out, and good paddling!

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## BOOK REVIEW

**River of the Sacred Monkey**, by Dimitar Krustev, 58 pp, many illustrations, sketch map. By mail from Wilderness Holidays, Box 7097, Charleston, South Carolina 29405, Paperback, \$2.

The Rio Lacanja flows southeastward through the rain forests of Chiapas, the southernmost state of Mexico, and joins the Lacantun, which flows generally northeastwards and soon combines with other streams coming down from the highlands of Guatemala to form the Usumacinta. This great river of southern Mexico finds its way northwestward to the Caribbean at Frontera. It is wild country—sparsely settled, except near the coast, little explored, and almost completely untouristed. Here is a valuable account of a pioneering descent of the Lacanja, and of trips on the upper and lower Usumacinta, all in an American-made two-seater folding boat.

The Lacanja seems to have been all but unknown until 1946. In that year Giles Healey, an American journalist traveling on behalf of the United Fruit Company, was led to a hitherto unknown Maya ruin there by Charles Frey, an American living with the Lacandon Indians in Chiapas. The ruin was Bonampak — The City of the Painted Walls — so called because a temple there has three rooms with unique painted frescos which reveal a good deal about the life of the Mayas in their Old Kingdom in Chiapas, before they moved to Yucatan and built their better-known New Kingdom cities. It was a most important archeological discovery, and the Mexican government has cared for it well, providing caretakers and an airstrip for visitors.

The author was thus able to fly in to the river, where he stayed with the local group of Lacandons, who are descendants of the old Maya. He is a former Bulgarian Army officer, now an artist in Des Moines, and was able to make good contact with these quiet, attractive people. They are charmingly described, particularly a twelve-year-

old boy who became Krustev's friend and guide to the Lacandon culture and their jungle environment. His paintings and photographs of them are most attractive.

A Mexican expedition had previously made an attempt to descend the Lacanja — two men guided by Charles Frey. They progressed only about five miles before Frey and one of the Mexicans were drowned in an upset. Krustev determined to make the trip, and arranged for two local Indians to accompany him in a dugout canoe. It took them over three weeks to reach the Lacantun—with Herculean difficulties in overcoming 350 rapids, cataracts, and actual falls. The dugout was lost, and at the end all three rode in the folding boat.

It is a good story, honestly told, and in the best tradition of kayak travel—use of the man-powered boat to go where only a boat can get you, with utter self-reliance and responsibility for survival. Krustev appreciates the "absolute Landschaft," as Herbert Rittlinger, the great German Kayak traveler and writer has called it—the quintessential experience of a countryside, and of its people, through involving one's self completely and humbly with it, on one's own. It is more than refreshing to see this survive in these days of emphasis on competition and technique.

Before the Lacanja trip Krustev descended the Usumacinta from Tenosique, where the railroad crosses the river, to the sea. For part of the way he had an American companion. It is evidently a mature, flattish stretch of river, perhaps like the Mississippi approaching its delta, or the Danube at its mouth. His description of life along the river is most readable.

After the Lacanja trip, he descended the upper Usumacinta, this time with a Mexican companion. Air strips now give access to the river, but it is still rough country — few settlements, and known mostly to sporadic visitors such as alligator hunters, recently timber cruisers looking for tropical hardwoods, and of course chicleros—these seekers after chicle whose chief effect seems to

have been the introduction of murder, rape, theft and disease to the peaceful inhabitants. Krustev's descriptions are not over-detailed, but general effect of heavy rapids, wild country, and the culminating canyon passage just above Tenosique is impressive.

The many illustrations, both photographs and paintings, are in color and are excellent. The style of writing is a bit loose and overblown, striving for emotional effect more than for objective communication. Those who read German and would enjoy a superb account of this country, or of an even more untouched group of Lacandons, or simply of the classic difficulties and delights of kayak travel in a tropical jungle, should pick up Rittlinger's *Ins Land der Lacadonen*, Brockhaus 1959. Rittlinger explored upper tributaries of the Lacantun, west of the Lacanja, and found Maya temple ruins on an island in a lake said to be the core of the old Maya civilization before Spaniards drove the inhabitants away, or murdered them, about 250 years ago.

We are indebted for the publication of this book to Mr. J. Kissner, the kayak manufacturer of Charleston, South Carolina. For many years—since 1936—Kissner has unselfishly given of himself to promote our sport in this country, and this latest contribution is most appreciated. It is a good acquisition for any kayaker's or traveler's library. — tcb

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# 1971 RACE RESULTS II

If you do not see results from your race in this issue and would like to see them in the next issue of AWA please send them to: Bob Alexander, 6 Winslow Ave., East Brunswick, New Jersey 08816. That is the ONLY way you will see them in the AWA magazine.

## Stony Creek Wildwater Race (Penna.)—March 28, 1971

<b>K-1 (WW boats)</b>		<b>K-1 (Cruising)</b>		<b>K-1W</b>	
1. D. Nutt	28.38	1. J. Holland	35.23	1. C. Goodwin	34.44 (WW)
2. C. Townsend	30.06	2. D. Guskey	35.42	2. L. Holcombe	34.57 (WW)
3. B. Funk	31.06	3. B. Seiler	36.48	3. L. Ashton	37.21
<b>C-2 (WW boats)</b>				<b>C-2M</b>	
1. Hager/Endicott	31.48	1. Southworth/Southworth	35.14 (WW)		
2. Benham/Benham	33.18	2. Holcombe/Holcombe	35.22 (WW)		
3. Liebman/Rogachenko	33.54	3. Bridge/Goertner	39.44		
<b>C-1 (WW boats)</b>				<b>C-1 (Cruising)</b>	
1. A. Button	34.16	1. T. Irwin	36.53		
2. J. Sweet	34.55	2. S. Morrison	37.28		
3. J. Holcombe	36.24	3. J. Yearick, Jr.	38.03		

## Kish Slalom (Penna.)—April 3-4, 1971 Division C Slalom, Int. (20 gates, Class II)

<b>C-1</b>		<b>K-1</b>		<b>C-1</b>	
1. B. Lehman	205	1. B. Lehman	165	1. Perts/Perts	191
2. S. Umberger	219	2. R. Carsey	220	2. Looker/Whitley	274
3. J. Hummel	230	3. K. Dunkelbarger	267	3. Sproul/Yearick	304

## Division D, Nov. (11 gates, Class I)

<b>K-1</b>				<b>C-2M</b>	
1. A. Quant	164	1. N. Draper/Barger	425		
2. D. Miller	167	2. Shaffer/Dunkelbarger	470		
3. D. Siebert	313	3. N. Draper/B. Draper	616		

## Farmington Slalom (Mass.)—April 3-4, 1971 (15 gates, Class II)

<b>C-1</b>		<b>K-1</b>		<b>K-1W</b>	
1. W. Walker	127.8	1. E. Evans	107.4	1. P. Nutt	133.8
2. D. Joffray	136.6	2. D. Nutt	113.8	2. L. Hibbard	148.0
3. R. Spencer	145.4	3. S. Campbell	115.2	3. C. Fisher	196.4
<b>C-2</b>				<b>C-2M</b>	
1. Hager/Endicott	118.8	1. Knight/Knight	201.8		
2. Benham/Benham	124.8	2. Feldman/Braman	237.6		
3. Braman/Braman	166.0	3. Yeisley/Yeisley	276.8		

## Red Moshannon Wildwater Race (Penna.)—April 10, 1971 (7 miles, Class II)

<b>K-1 (Racing)</b>		<b>K-1W (Racing)</b>		<b>C-1 (Racing)</b>	
1. J. Nelson	3129	1. M. Hesselgrave	3445	1. R. Rigg	3370
2. J. Brosius	3187	2. C. Newdorp	3490	2. J. Yearick, Sr.	3610
3. D. Martin	3221	3. B. Henry	3612	3. J. Looker	3631
<b>C-2-C-2M (Racing)</b>				<b>K-1 (Cruising)</b>	
1. Sweet/Shuster	3192	1. S. Martin	3144		
2. Irwin/Clark	3248	2. K. Backlund	3350		
3. Sundin/Sundin	3322	3. F. Hesselgrave	3352		
<b>C-2 (Cruising)</b>				<b>C-2M (Cruising)</b>	
1. Clark/Rankinen	3286	1. Martin/Madigan	3634		
2. T. Martin/Monahan	3314	2. Jones/McCluskey	3669		
3. Mundinger/Selby	3316	3. Biggs/Haugh	3756		

## \*Mascoma Wildwater Race (N.H.)—April 17, 1971 (approx. 4 miles, Class II-IV)

<b>K-1</b>		<b>K-1W</b>		<b>C-1</b>	
1. D. Nutt	18:26	1. P. Nutt	20:28	1. A. Button	20:49
2. S. Rühle	19:25	2. C. Goodwin	21:34	2. D. Joffray	21:34
3. B. Nutt	19:26	3. L. Holcombe	22:14	3. R. Nichols	21:35
<b>C-2</b>				<b>C-2M</b>	
1. Hager/Endicott	19:49	1. Southworth/Southworth	21:06		
2. Liebman/Rogachenko	20:50	2. N. Holcombe/B. Holcombe	21:09		
3. Heinzerling/Feldman	21:11				

## \*Mascoma Slalom (N.H.)—April 18, 1971 (27 gates, Class II-IV)

<b>K-1</b>		<b>K-1W</b>		<b>C-1</b>	
1. D. Nutt	222.0	1. P. Nutt	296.6	1. S. Morrison	292.7
2. E. Evans	229.6	2. L. Hibbard	308.9	2. R. Spencer	306.2
3. S. Campbell	251.4	3. L. Holcombe	357.7	3. J. McEwan	306.8
<b>C-2</b>				<b>C-2M</b>	
1. Shultz/Draper	266.9	1. N. Holcombe/B. Holcombe	321.8		
2. Hager/Endicott	276.4	2. Southworth/Southworth	340.8		
3. Benham/Benham	291.2				

These two races were invitational only to those on the Preliminary Squad Roster for the 1971 team.

Loyalsock International Slalom (Penna.)—April 24-25, 1971 (30 gates, Class II)†

<b>K-1</b>			<b>K-1W</b>			<b>C-1</b>		
1. E. Evans	330		1. P. Nutt	406		1. J. Sweet	394	
2. S. Campbell	379		2. L. Holcombe	436		2. J. Burton	419	
3. H. Kerchhoff	384		3. L. Hibbard	476		3. T. Irwin	433	

<b>C-2</b>			<b>C-2M</b>		
1. Benham/Benham	395		1. Sweet/Shuster	443	
2. Hager/Endicott	411		2. J. Yearick, Jr./L. Holcombe	469	
3. Shultz/Draper	414		3. N. Holcombe/B. Holcombe	475	

†Unfavorable water conditions made a normally Class III race into a II. This canceled the Eastern Slalom Championships which were to be held here.

Savage River—May 1-2, 1971—30 Gates—1000 CFS  
National Canoe Slalom Championships. Savage River Slalom

<b>C-2</b>			<b>C-2M</b>		
1. Steve Draper/Frank Schultz	50	291 341	1. Norm Holcombe/ Barb Holcombe	30	325 355
2. Rill Endicott/Brad Hager	50	294 344	2. Anne Shuster/John Sweet	30	333 363
3. Dave Benham/Bob Renham	50	296 346	3. Louise Holcombe/John Yearick, Jr.	90	354 444

<b>C-1 (Team)</b>			<b>C-1</b>		
1. John Burton/Tim Schell/ Wick Walker	280	373 653	1. John Rurton	10	304 314
2. John Sweet/Rick Rigg/ Tom Irwin	260	426 686	2. John Sweet	20	332 352
3. John Evans/ Jamie McEwan/ Jim Holcombe	350	364 714	3. Jamie McEwan	30	324 354

<b>C-2 Team (Also C-2M)</b>			<b>K-1 Team</b>		
1. Connet/Bliss Benham/Benham Heinzerling/Feldman	130	348 478	1. Evans/Nutt/Campbell	140	269 409
2. Knight/Knight Southworth/Southworth			2. Fisher/Nelson/Alexander	150	342 492
3. Leibman/Mela	530	423 953	3. Poenn/Munshats/Kerckhoff	450	341 791

<b>K-1W Team</b>			<b>K-1</b>		
1. Nutt/Nutt/Hibbard	410	410 820	1. Eric Evans	10	239 249
2. Goodwin/Ashton/Holcombe	490	392 882	2. Dave Nutt	20	241 261
			3. Hermann Hierckhoff	30	262 292

Savage River National Wildwater Championships and Savage River Wildwater—May 9, 1971  
4.9-mile Course—1000 CFS

<b>C-2</b>			<b>C-2M</b>		
1. Brent Lewis/Kevin Lewis	27:04		1. Norm Holcombe/Barb Holcombe	27:24	
2. Steve Piccolo/Stin Lenkerd	28:27		2. Stan Chladek/Ema Chladek	28:20	
3. Steve Draper/Frank Schultz	28:32		3. Louise Wright/Dave Kurtz	28:28	

<b>K-1</b>			<b>K-1W</b>			<b>C-1</b>		
1. Dick Sunderland	25:52		1. Peggy Xutt	27:46		1. John Sweet	27:45	
2. Rill Funk	26:05		2. Louise Holcombe	29:02		2. Kuss Nichols	28:05	
3. Jim Stuart	26:24		3. Cindi Goodwin	29:06		3. John Burton	28:06	

<b>C-2M (Cruising)</b>			<b>K-1 (Cruising)</b>			<b>C-1 (Cruising)</b>		
1. Leibman/Mela	30:08		1. Gregg Green	27:38		1. Tom Irwin	29:02	
2. Bridge/Goertner	63:38		2. John Fisher	27:58		2. John Yearick, Jr.	29:34	
			3. Tom Johnson	28:26		3. Kick Rigg	30:33	

<b>C-1 Team</b>			<b>K-1 Team</b>		
1. Button/Conrad/Nichols	27:42		1. Nelson/Fisher/Lederle	-17:22	
2. J. Evans/McEwan/J. Holcombe	28:10		2. Campbell/Ruhle/Idler	28:40	
3. Rigg/Yearick/Schultz	28:11		Only teams finished		

<b>C-2 Team</b>			<b>C-2M Team</b>		
1. Lenkerd/Piccolo, Birdsong/Demaree, Lewis/Lewis	31:51		1. Southworth/Southworth, Irwin/Clark, Holcombe/Holcombe	33:30	
Only team finished			Only team finished		

Pilar Slalom—May 15, 1971 (Rio Grande, New Mexico)

<b>K-1 Senior</b>			<b>K-1 Junior</b>			<b>K-1W</b>		
1. R. Paris	142.0		1. D. Thomson	162.0		1. J. Fox	301.7	
2. J. McCandless	144.3		2. N. Cooper	213.8		2. S. O'Brien	394.4	
3. R. Mason	154.1		3. J. Siegel	226.2		3. K. Johnson	425.5	

Crystal River Slalom (Cola.)-May 22, 1971

<b>K-1 Seniors</b>			<b>K-1 Juniors</b>			<b>K-1W</b>		
1. J. McCandless	207.3		1. N. Cooper	218.3		1. J. Fox	404.7	
2. R. Mason	210.6		2. D. Thomson	243.3		2. K. Johnson	565.9	
3. U. Martins	221.7		3. E. Leeper	295.1		3. N. Morrissey	602.3	
Postrun: R. Paris	180.9							

Kings River Slalom (Calif.)—May 29-31, 1971  
Pacific Division Championships

<b>K-1</b>			<b>C-2</b>		
1. D. Kelsey	282		1. Sedivec/Parks	306	
2. C. Martin	287		2. Kelsey/Martin	621	
3. B. Ueltzen	324		3. Langley/Langley	723	

Kings River Wildwater Race (Calif.)—May 29-31, 1971  
Pacific Division Championships

<b>K-1 (WW boats)</b>		<b>K-1 (Cruising)</b>		<b>K-1W</b>	
1. A. Vitarelli	40:07	1. M. Johnson	41:38	1. L. Morehouse	17:53
2. G. Hemmersbach	40:21	2. D. Kelsey	41:52	2. A. Linder	18:01
3. C. Martin	40:30	3. T. Johnson	42:29	3. B. Campbell	18:06

**Esopus Slalom (N.Y.)**—June 5-6, 1971 (25 gates, Class III)

<b>K-1</b>		<b>K-1W</b>		<b>C-1</b>	
1. E. Evans	223.6	1. C. Goodwin	468.8	1. T. Irwin	409.0
2. B. Alexander	327.4	2. M. Hesselgrave	553.8	2. J. Yearick, Jr.	429.2
3. J. Nelson	329.0	3. L. Wriaht	568.4	3. E. Gertler	455.6

<b>C-2</b>		<b>C-2M</b>	
1. Lewis/Lewis	460.8	1. Fawcett/Wright	435.4
2. Perts/Perts	494.2	2. Knight/Knight	547.2
3. Smith/Wiggin	548.6	3. Clark/Irwin	556.0

Poudre River Slalom—June 6, 1971

<b>K-1 Seniors</b>		<b>K-1 Juniors</b>		<b>K-1W</b>	
1. J. McCandless	202.4	1. G. Valenzuela	273.7	1. L. Seaman	311.6
2. R. Mason	212.5	2. N. Cooper	326.9	2. J. Fox	449.3
3. C. Seaman	235.0	3. J. Lawrence	713.7	3. S. O'Brien	878.2

Bear Creek Slalom (Colo.)—June 13, 1971

<b>K-1</b>		<b>K-1W</b>		<b>K-1 Juniors</b>	
1. D. Morrissey	209	1. L. Seaman	308	1. N. Cooper	257
2. C. Seaman	217	2. S. O'Brien	623	2. C. Hammel	384
3. U. Martins	218	3. E. Chang	709	3. B. Herrick	406

**Guidebook . . . KAYAK AND CANOE TRIPS IN WASHINGTON, by Werner Furrer. (1971)**

A 31-page publication, printed on waterproof paper, and giving detailed information on 15 or so good paddleboat trips in Washington—primarily in the Seattle area. Contains information on put-ins, take-outs, mileage, travel time, gradient, and possible camp sites, as well as a map of each trip. Valuable to beginners, it contains a brief introduction to boat types, trip equipment, river techniques, and river dangers; also the AWA Safety Code, and a listing of local and national paddleboat clubs and associations. The author is a well known local kayaker, and the trips range in difficulty from class I to III, using the well known international rating system.

\$2.00 from Signpost Publications, 16812 36th Avenue West, Lynnwood, Washington 98036.

**Guidebook . . . BLUE RIDGE VOYAGES, by Corbett and Matacia. (1968)**

A 68-page booklet with detailed information on 10 one and two day river trips in Maryland, Virginia, and W. Virginia. Has maps of the trips, and also contains listing of canoeing books and clubs, along with tips on equipment, numerous pictures, and boating anecdotes.

\$2.50 in paperback from Blue Ridge Voyageurs, P.O. Box 32, Oakton, Va. 22124.

**OTHER CANOE GUIDEBOOKS NOT PREVIOUSLY LISTED**

CANOE ROUTES, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Dept. of Forest and Waters, Harrisburg, Pa.

CANOEING GUIDE TO WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA/NORTHERN WEST VIRGINIA, Ed. III, Pittsburg Council, A.Y.H., 6300 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. 15232

CANOEING ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, Vermont State Board of Recreation and Water Resources, Montpelier, Vt.

THE DELAWARE . . . AND OUTDOOR RECREATION (10 detail maps of the Delaware River), Delaware River Basin Commission, 25 Scotch Plains Rd., Trenton, N.J.

CANOE ROUTES IN NORTHERN ONTARIO, Ontario Dept. of Lands and Forests, Toronto, Canada



Bill Endicott and Brad Hager, both of Amherst, Mass., turning in a back eddy at Merano.

Photo by John P. Wilson

## OFFICIAL REPORT: WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1971

by Jay Evans, Hanover, N. H., U. S. Whitewater Team Coach

As Monsieur Besson of the I.C.F. said, "You Americans—you continue to improve!"

The 1971 World Whitewater Championships are now history and the American effort this year was a remarkable one in a number of ways. With a large squad of 34 athletes, 15 of whom had never raced in Europe before, we still managed to exceed our best efforts of previous years in eleven categories.

In 1969 we had 28 boaters who competed in 16 out of 20 possible events. This year with a squad of 34 boaters we competed in 18 events. Instead of 15 countries competing as in 1969 the World Championships drew a total field of 22 countries which included the German Democratic Republic, Po-

land, Russia and Hungary. In addition, we learned that for some countries this World Championships was a qualifying race for making their own country's Olympic team. What surprised Americans the most, though, was not the increased number of nations involved but the sharp increase in the quality of slalom—particularly in the C-2 and the K-1 classes. For example, in K-1, the pre-race favorite finished 23rd and the 1969 World Champion placed 15th. As one American boater said, "It is the most awesome display of skill in slalom that any of us have ever seen."

As the final day of the World Championships drew to a close we could look back upon the following improvement over previous American efforts:

1. For the first time the United

- States won a bronze medal in the C-1 team wildwater race.
2. Our K-1W wildwater team came within .51 of a second of winning a bronze medal—settling for 4th place.
  3. In K-1 slalom the top American placed 10th out of a field of 74 boaters in what was considered the most competitive class.
  - 4-5. In K-1W we placed 7th out of 32 in slalom and 7th out of 21 in wildwater.
  6. In C-1 slalom we placed 3 out of our 4 boats in the top half for the first time (39 boats were entered).
  7. In C-2 slalom we not only placed a boat in the top half of the class for the first time but our other two boats also placed higher in the rankings than before in a field that was larger than ever before (36 boats).
  8. In C-2 wildwater we improved from 17th out of 27 in 1969 to 9th out of 27 in 1971.
  9. In C-2M slalom we took 4th—only 23 seconds from a bronze medal.

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#### WHITEWATER BOOKS

**Whitewater Sport** by Peter Whitney, \$5.50 plus 25¢ postage; **Fundamentals of Kayaking** by Jay Evans, \$3.00; **The Exploration of the Colorado River, Major Powell's diaries.**, \$4.75 plus 25¢ postage. Send order and check to AWA Guidebooks Committee, Ed Alexander, 6 Winslow Ave., East Brunswick, N. J. 08816

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#### CANOE NEWS QUARTERLY

Official publication of the United States Canoe Assoc., Inc. Issued quarterly. Spring Issue, 1971 has extensive Canoe Mfg's Directory including specifications and prices. Membership/subscription \$4.00 a year. Send application and check to: E. Heinz Wahl, 1818 Kensington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Ind.

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10. In the C-1 team slalom instead of placing next to last—as we did in 1969—we placed 6th out of 11.
11. Our K-1W slalom team improved its performance over 1967. (We did not field a K-1W slalom team in 1969.)

We maintained our relative position in K-1 wildwater, C-1 wildwater, and K-1 team slalom. We entered a team in the C-2 slalom race with which we had no previous comparison. We lost ground in the C-2M class and in K-1 wildwater team. In the C-2M class we had one crew which had been in training for only the past few weeks and another with a minor health problem. In the K-1 wildwater team race one of our boats burst a seam early in the course and had to pull over to shore 4 times to bail out. One of our strongest C-2 teams was sidelined by injury.

To a large extent credit must be given for this continued upward trend in our status as a Whitewater nation to the recommendations for the future that were made in 1969:

1. **Training Camps:** We held training camps at Wenatchee in 1970, at Yough in 1970 and 1971, and at Tariffville in 1971.
2. **European Racing:** 13 Americans raced in Europe in 1970. Nine of them made the 1971 team!
3. **Team Physician:** No one will ever again question the wisdom of having a team doctor. With an emphasis on prevention rather than cure we were able to field healthy boaters in practically every class. Our team physician held over 200 individual consultations in a 15 day period. In addition he made himself available to all team assistants (we had 20 in all) and to the English Team which, unfortunately, was without a doctor. Ten of the 22 countries present brought team doctors—and these ten included most of the leading whitewater nations.
4. **Team Rigger:** This year the U. S. Team was unusually fortunate in having both Tom Wilson and Sam Galpin of High Performance Products (Hingham, Mass.) available

with boats, supplies and repair equipment. Through their herculean efforts it was possible for each competitor to have two boats and keep them in repair.

5. **Living Conditions:** Through an Olympic grant the U. S. Team was housed at an informal and friendly pension where 3 meals a day were served. Fortunately the pension was located within easy walking distance of the slalom site and the town itself. Thus the team had a convenient meeting place; ate and slept regular hours; and were assured of dry clothing.

**Medal Distribution:** How did the other countries fare as opposed to 1969? Last time 8 countries out of 15 won medals. This year 7 countries out of 22 won medals. Both England and Switzerland which had each won a medal in 1969 went away empty handed this time. Belgium won a single gold medal in 1969 and 2 bronze medals in 1971. Austria won a gold, silver and bronze in wildwater last time. This year the Austrians won a gold in slalom and wildwater, and 3 silver medals in wildwater.

The French, who gathered in a total of 17 medals in 1969, including 8 in slalom, were totally wiped out in slalom this year and got only 2 gold, 1 silver and 2 bronze medals in the wildwater events which they emphasize. The Czechs also slipped back from 11 slalom medals in 1969 to 8, and from 7 medals in wildwater to 5 in 1971.

A disappointment to the West Germans was their showing in slalom. After garnering 4 gold medals in slalom in 1969 the West Germans received only 1 this time. However, the West Germans showed significant improvement over 1969 in wildwater.

Much of this shifting around of medal distribution is due to the return of the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) in 1971. The G.D.R. has chosen to concentrate principally on slalom—not entering the wildwater events at all. After not competing in 1969 the East Germans did their homework well in preparation for 1971. As

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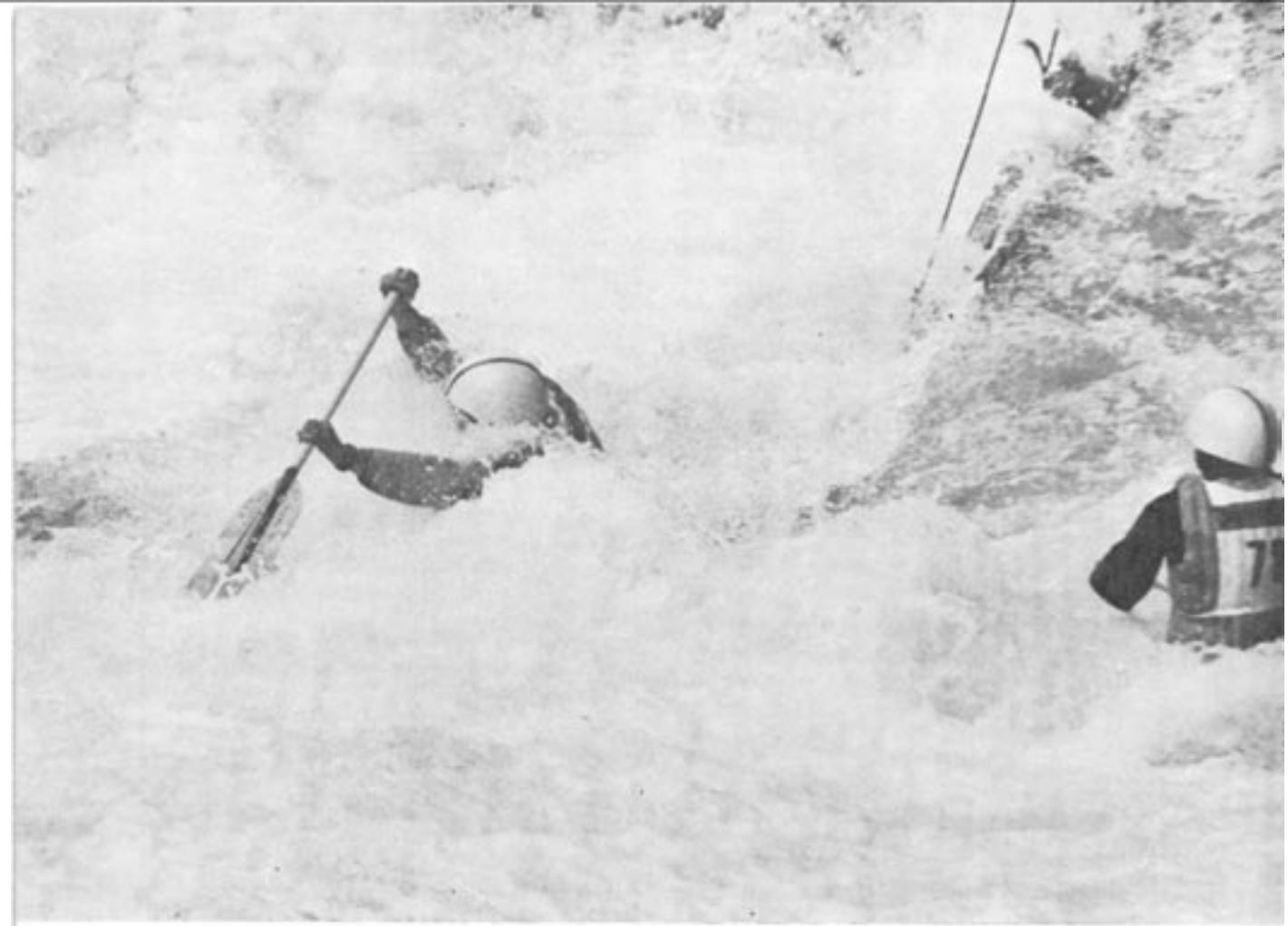
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a result out of the 9 slalom events scheduled, East German paddlers won gold medals in six of them! In addition they walked off with four silver and two bronze medals. The G.D.R. clearly established itself as the team to beat in the future.

### Recommendations for the Future

The year 1973 will come hard on the heels of the 1972 Olympics. Therefore the A.C.A. should begin **now** to plan for the next World Championships. Based upon my experience as coach at the last two World Championships I would like to offer the following suggestions to the A.C.A. and to my successor as coach in 1973:

1. The 1969 recommendations were faithfully carried out and proved to be valid. Therefore, serious boaters must continue to race as often as possible in Europe—that's where the competition is; we must continue with training camps; we must have a team physician; a group of team riggers; a press officer, and decent living conditions.



Barbara and Norm Holcombe of Bellefonte, Pa. crossing the wave below the dam at Merano.

Photo by John P. Wilson

2. We must make it financially possible for some of the world's best boaters to come to America for a couple weeks each spring to train and race with our best boaters.
3. Eventually we must become serious—really serious about significantly improving the physical condition of each of our racers. We are nowhere near our potential in this area. Weekend boating, a couple sets of tennis and a few daily pushups are woefully inadequate for world class boating. For the most part American boaters were not even in adequate physical condition for this year's race.
4. When arrangements are made in 1973 for board and room we should insist on up to 5,000 calories per day via an American cuisine. The typical European

tourist cuisine is simply not sufficient.

5. The old U. S. Team Selection Method featuring geographic quotas—although useful in the 1960's—is no longer viable. The serious boater can and must engage in inter-area competition. We must have national selection races. This is something for the A.C.A. National Slalom Committee to work on.
6. Specialize or both ways? This problem was evident in 1969 but was left unresolved. In view of the fact that wildwater is now more specialized than before together with the general increase in the quality of slalom I believe that Americans who wish to move into the top echelons of this sport can no longer afford to go both ways. Of the 12 Americans who

competed in both slalom and wild-water, not one did a really good job in both events. And in only two instances did they do a really fine piece of work in one of the classes. It is very difficult to "get up" for two big races in less than a week, to say nothing of the problems of needing double the amount of equipment.

7. The effectiveness of a coach is diminished in reverse ratio to the size of the team. This year the coach was able to spend only  $\frac{1}{34}$ th of his available coaching time with each athlete. Needless to say this was an intolerable situation.

For 1973 the National Slalom Committee must do one of two things: reduce the size of the team to only the truly qualified boaters, or continue with the large team concept but provide a **large** staff of well trained coaches. In skiing, for example, one person can **coach** 5 athletes, he can do **something** with 7, but he can only **look after** 10 or more.

The only thing that prevented complete chaos this year was the welcome presence of 20 Americans who descended upon the American team (at their own expense) to offer their services full time throughout the duration of the championships. As a result most of our logistical problems were kept to a minimum. People were available to help repair boats, help with boat shuttling, timing, conducting flat water drills, setting up splits, a communications network, typing, assisting with gate sequence drills, etc. This was an unusual display of loyalty and dedication without which this year's team would have wallowed around like a lame dinosaur.

Even with this "informal" assistance, however, it became painfully apparent that a squad numbering 34 athletes was

far too much for one coach to handle. The function of a coach at the World Championships is to see that the athlete realizes his maximum potential from the starting gate to the finish line. Precious little of this was done. Each athlete needs careful, individual handling if he is to perform at the outermost level of his ability.

With **34** squad members we had 16 who were slalom specialists, 7 wild-water specialists, an alternate in slalom, and 12 people who went both ways. Also, the World Championships this year had a definite emphasis on the Olympic slalom events. As a result wildwater continued its role as second banana. Surely, when the U. S. Team is chosen for 1973, thought must be given to the selection of a competent wildwater coaching staff. I am, quite frankly, embarrassed to think of how little time I was able to spend this year with wildwater.

How does the National Slalom Committee resolve the dilemma of the large team vs. the small team?

I can see three alternatives:

- A. Mount a big and ambitious program, raise a lot of money, and send a big team over in 1973 with **ample** logistical, administrative and coaching support. This could be done for not less than \$60,000. (The West German annual budget exceeds \$250,000). Anything less is a fraud and unfair to the athlete.
- B. Apply a selection rule that by his previous racing record an American boater shows promise of placing in the top half of his class in world championship competition. Had that rule applied this year our team would have consisted of 14 really dedicated athletes with great team spirit who could have done ever so much better without the diluted coaching and inadequate administrative support that was the curse of the large team concept this year.
- C. Follow the lead of the German Democratic Republic and the Russians by sharpening our focus to concentrate exclusively on the

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Olympic slalom classes. This would have given us a 20 man team this year. It is hard to argue against the success that G.D.R. has had in slalom. And the Russians, in their initial debut, looked a lot better than we did when we started in the early 1960's.

Of the three alternatives the most realistic one and perhaps the fairest for the entire sport in both wildwater and slalom is alternative B. In terms of team size it is open ended and it will assure our selection of truly qualified boaters who can best represent our country. What is important—it will require our boaters to race in Europe before being selected for the team.

The temptation is to rationalize toward the large team and then not provide adequate support. But we've been burned badly twice now in the past two World Championships and we can no longer afford this type of folly.

### **A Call for New Leadership**

We now have the manpower and the knowhow to go to the top in this sport. What we need in the next two years is

the emergence of new leaders in various critical areas of our sport:

- A. **Coaching:** We have a solid core of older racers who are veterans of three or more World Championship competitions. Several of them would make excellent coaches. The National Slalom Committee should seek them out, encourage them and start early to build a coaching staff for 1973.
- B. **Managership:** As Bill Riley, our manager for the last three World Championships, moves on to other important duties as our American delegate on the I.C.F. we'll need someone to fill his shoes for 1973.
- C. **U.S.I.S.C.A.:** Fund raising is essential to successful team effort. So far we have been operating on a shoestring. We must have a person interested and willing to head up the U.S.I.S.C.A. who can also develop a core of assistants for this important task.
- D. **Race Organization:** One of the best races in the United States (The West River Slalom) fell by

the wayside this year because a chairman could not be found to head it up. The continuance of this race (and others) is essential to the future of whitewater sport.

**E. Public Relations:** This is one area where our sport is notoriously weak. John Wilson, our press officer for 1971, did an excellent job in providing U.P.I. in Rome with a daily news release and action photos. Yet whitewater is still pretty much an "undiscovered sport" as far as the media are concerned. The National Slalom Committee should concentrate hard in this area.

**F. Communication:** At the present time we have at least three canoeing magazines with a circulation of less than 2,000 which are issued only four times a year or so. In a country as large as ours the need is critical for the transmittal of up to date information from one end of America to the other on a regular monthly basis. Perhaps the most significant single advance to be made in canoeing at this time is the desperately needed emergence of a reliable **monthly** canoeing magazine.

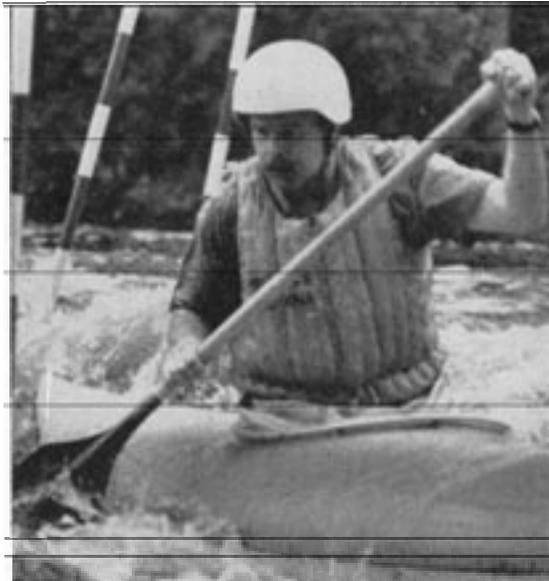
#### Summary

In spite of an increase in the number of nations involved, the return of perennially powerful G.D.R. to the World Championships, the Olympic fever which is sweeping the continent; and in spite of an inadequate coaching and administrative arrangement the United States Whitewater Team improved its standing in 11 out of the 18 events it entered and held its ground in three more events.

If we can put our own house in order and give our qualified athletes the full support they deserve we could go to the top in 1973. As coach I am tired of the United States being only the 6th best slalom nation in the world. It is time to move up!

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# PRESIDENT'S SOAP BOX

By Ed Alexander, President, AWA Board of Directors

It was a privilege for AWA to be able to publish a special bulletin with the results of the World Whitewater Championships which were held in June at Merano, Italy. I am sure you all are sharing our pleasure in the results which once again proved that the United States Teams are steadily improving and moving into strong contention to challenge the more experienced European paddlers.

Several years ago, it was our aim and desire to place within the "TOP TEN." Now, it appears, we have securely met that challenge by returning, for the second time, with a bronze medal (a third place), and also a fourth, a seventh, and a tenth place. With additional intensified training, a more diversified coaching staff as well as more experienced administration our chances for the Olympic Games in 1972 and the next World Championships in 1973 should be greatly enhanced.

In reviewing our team effort, our thanks and appreciation is once again extended to Jay Evans and his staff. For several World Championships now Jay has been coach and chief executive of our teams. You will find his report elsewhere in this issue.

In retrospect to the recent World Championship participation, let us look objectively at all sides. As pointed out, we have made big strides ahead in general, but also find shortcomings which we should aim to correct. Our teams represent competitors from throughout the country, and their training must be intensified, unified and supervised. Over the years Jay Evans has done a yeoman's

job in getting the individuals ready, but the question remains, whether it is fair to burden one man with the responsibility of coaching all classes nor can he remain effective as our efforts enlarge.

A more intensified and strong fund raising organization should be built to work continuously throughout the years in order to aid all competitors regardless of their own financial status. Financial support must be made available to obtain and maintain a strong coaching and administrative staff.

The time has also come when we must seriously consider separate coaches for kayaks and canoes, and possibly even further detail their respective responsibilities into C-1's and C-2's as well as K-1's and K-1W's.

A point of difficulty experienced by this year's team has been the fact that each member was obliged to arrange his or her own transportation, that the actual team effort did not start until each competitor reported to the training camp in Europe. It is felt that it could and should have been made easier for each representative to be aided by group discount rates which with proper administration could have been made available.

Let us invite sporting goods and other businesses to more effectively support our efforts and also consider the feasibility of employing professional fund-raising administrators.

\* \* \*

Despite my repeated appeals for nominations for directors and an executive secretary to relieve the present board of di-



rectors and instill new blood and ideas into the administration of our organization, to this date only two names have been submitted. I thus must make a decision shortly which I trust will be in the best interest of the American Whitewater Affiliation.

Through personal contacts I intend to approach men and women who have constantly shown active interest in our work, and recruit their talents. With their consent I plan to appoint them to serve on the board of directors for one term. This should give the membership at large the opportunity to get to know people who may be future candidates for office, their respective interests, ability to serve and the performance of their efforts. Thus in years to come we have a choice of candidates who have proven themselves and are known to the membership for action rather than as Names in the News.

I invite the membership at large to join with me in our continuous effort to further the American Whitewater Affiliation, its purposes and its aims.



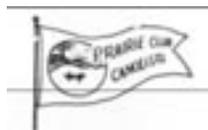
### THIRD ANNUAL AWA-ACA-USCA JOINT WINTER CANOE CAMP

We received a writeup of the Second Joint Winter Canoe Camp from Donald DuBois too late, unfortunately, for it to be included in this issue, but we will present some of the information contained in it here to give readers an idea of what the previous camps have been like. Hopefully we will be able to present Don's very entertaining manuscript in its entirety in the near future.

Both previous Joint Winter Canoe Camps were held on the Rio Grande River in Big Bend

National Park, Texas, and were skillfully organized and coordinated by Cecil Carnes, Jr. of Los Alamos, N. M., National Conservation Chairman of the American Canoe Association. The first camp, in February of 1970, was attended by 30 boating enthusiasts. The second, from Dec. 27, 1970 to Jan. 2, 1971, attracted over 100 participants from twelve states. Trips were run in spectacular canyons, sometimes with sheer walls rising a thousand feet or more straight up from the river. An added attraction was a wax smugglers' camp along the river. The combination of good boating, warm, sunny weather, spectacular scenery and the company of lots of fellow boaters (a notoriously friendly bunch) all contributed to a very successful and enjoyable outing.

The Third Joint Winter Canoe Camp will be held a little further east—in Florida—and will be coordinated by Mr. Noble Enge, 5654 Windermere Dr., Jacksonville, Fla. 32211. According to our latest information it is scheduled for Jan. 15-22, 1972, at Alexander Springs in the Ocala National Forest (north-central Florida). Those interested should contact Mr. Enge for specifics. Florida topography does not lend itself to whitewater (isn't the highest point in Florida a pile of oyster shells?) but Mr. Enge promises some interesting trips to be made on the spring runs. No wax smugglers, but maybe an alligator poacher or two for added spice. And any boating AT ALL at that time of year sounds pretty nice—here in New Hampshire, the only "white water" to be found in the middle of January is likely to be in solid form. Let's have a good turnout for this Third Joint Winter Canoe Camp!



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