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the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation



November 1961



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WHITE WATER

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The
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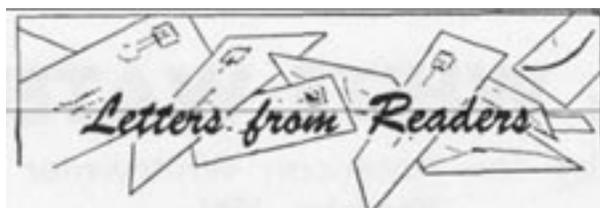
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Sept. 9, 1961

Dear Mr. Bombay:

Re your article on setting up classifications for water skill in boats, I'd like to put in a small two cents worth that you've no doubt heard before.

This compulsion of the Sierra Club to classify everything makes one wonder if many of its members aren't in the wrong trade — they are born taxonomists. But one has to admit there is a certain need. Outside of the technical requirements I hope it will be possible to: Keep the self-important bureaucratic types out of the testing department. Keep the results and classification of individuals a matter of record only, at the very most on a card as you suggest. Do not allow badges of any kind with the individual's rating on it — this sets up the basis for more petty snobbery.

Sincerely,

TOM MORLEY,

Botany Dept., Univ. of Minn.
Minneapolis 14, Minn.

Dear John Bombay:

You have certainly achieved something positive already by your article "Safety as We See It" (August issue): you have probably frightened off that once expectant but now anxious and self-conscious "couple from Chicago" who wanted so much to join that Feather River run. I am sure you will be able to classify the answers to your article very easily: only a novice **sans** serious intentions and full appreciation for all aspects of the sport could resent an article designed to improve water safety procedures.

Unfortunately (and these truisms must be repeated often, it seems), participants in a challenging sport are inclined to feel that certain "call" unaccompanied by an awareness of the element of the "unexpected." In short, they have no sense of proportion, and

they are quite sure that the desire alone is sufficient to overcome all obstacles. Perhaps my uninhibited response will help convince these unbelievers of the necessity for heeding those who would take the time to help them in the transformation from a water-pounding ugly duckling to a knowledgeable and reliable paddler.

We are all familiar with the clinical psychologist's observation that persons bent on ending it all generally seek out the largest and most attentive audience for their final performance; what better place than the middle position of a canoe club outing where all eyes are focused on a solo passage down a particularly treacherous rapid? It is very unkind of the inconsiderate chap who pushes responsibility on a group of strangers and their trip leader; to expect a group with whom you are hardly acquainted to just "pick you up" for an outing after you dropped into town while on vacation amounts to the most practiced and exacting arrogance and effrontery. Did this person never hear of unwanted relatives?

But there are more serious implications in your article which require clarification. I refer to the mere hint of an insidious tendency toward exclusiveness among major organizations within the sport. Taken in this light, your article could be interpreted as a slightly disguised warning. Well, if people who come for the weekend haven't the good sense to leave before Tuesday, perhaps they do need a harsh word or two. But the fact is that large, well-known clubs have gained wide prominence and beginners look first to these clubs for guidance and information; indeed, since the fledgling cannot survive — literally — without some kind of concentration on a training program, the experts within the sport can well expect a knock on the door. Fortunately, most club members are more than willing to

give freely of their time to assist the newcomer, and this is a great credit to the sport as a whole.

As to the other "implication," I believe you are either adopting or representing an extremist point of view, Mr. Bombay, when you insist on some sort of licensing. Perhaps the Coast Guard Merchant Marine Inspection and Documentation Division should take over this new aspect; they have been certificating and licensing for a long time now. Doesn't this extreme attitude reflect one aspect of "over-organization"? As things are now, that "couple from Chicago" will probably arrange some kind of informal introduction to the host club; a friendly exchange will determine their level of proficiency. I would add here that it is a comfort to know that if carding and classification must come it will be handled by those experts now residing in "clubland." There is obviously no final say on the matter. There is a sound argument for standardizing procedures, but certificating is, at best, a dog-tagging and even humiliating process which can only lead to a dehumanization of the now friendly relations among clubs and independent paddlers.

But here is a bright parting note: when the spurned self-invited paddler, with brows knitted and shoulders hunched in revengeful pose, turns his heel on the launching site and shrinks from the outraised arms and choruses of "Go!" he will probably trot right home and form his own club and then we will have another prospect for the Affiliation.

GORDON LINDSTRAND
3 Buena Vista Ct.
Urbana, Illinois

(Ed. Note: Remembering well how we disliked classification programs when we first encountered them in the AMC-NY four years ago, we're not surprised at the grumblings from the Midwest area. Agreeing with Tom Morley's two points, we must add that the Sierra Club doesn't stand out, in our experience, as a group addicted to classification. The idea, in fact, is of old standing in Europe, particularly in mountaineering. In Britain, kayakers compete in different skill classifications or "divisions.")

(Doubtless when the idea of handicapping golfers first was broached, it caused a lot of barumpling at the 19th hole. But it is now all but universal.)

(There is nothing in John Bombay's August article advocating actual licensing, or even mentioning it. But out here in California and in Colorado, such proposals for licensing — even for banning of white-water sport — have been made by those outside the sport. A grading program by ourselves will obviate much of this.)

September 18, 1961

Dear Mr. Whitney:

How about republishing the article on classification of rapids? It is most frustrating to read about Class II rapids and not know the basis for or methods of classification. I suspect there are many who share my bewilderment.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN M. GOOD,

Acting North District Manager
Yellowstone National Park
Yellowstone Park, Wyoming

(Ed. Note: See Page 25.)

Sept. 3, 1961

Dear Editor,

I wish to commend you for the excellence of our publication, and especially the article on the Eskimo kayak by John Heath in the August issue. This was a fascinating scholarly presentation of a subject about which, I would imagine, relatively little is readily available. I vote for this as about the most interesting and informative article in many wonderful issues of AWW.

Incidentally, I think it would be of interest to include as a footnote to the articles appearing in the magazine a few lines of information about the writers, his occupation, address, background, etc., particularly when the writer is not a frequent contributor.

Keep up the good work.

HAL SUNDIN

Rte. 1, Box 492

Crystal Lake, Ill.

(Ed. Note: John Heath is a mechanical engineer, a member of the Washington Fold-boat Club, is 38 and is married (wife and son are paddlers). He does little river paddling, but takes long, narrow kayaks out on salt water. Address: 4919 53rd Ave. So., Seattle 18, Wash.)



John Berry and the banana boat at Spandau Station

—Photo by Bob Harrigan

The U.S. Team in East Germany

By BOB HARRIGAN

It still seems incredible that I had planned and saved and trained for months to make the journey to the World's Championship Slalom and White-Water Races in Dresden in East Germany, only to see the opportunity dissolve when I finally arrived at my destination.

As National Slalom Chairman for the American Canoe Association I had devised a program for the selection of what appeared to be our best American boaters on the basis of 2 years' performance at our most widely attended events. These included the Brandywine Slalom at Wilmington, Del., the West River Slalom at Jamaica, Vt., the CWWA Slalom and downriver races at Glenwood Springs, Colo., and Fibark's slalom and downriver races at Salida, Colo.

It is understandably difficult to raise money for travel expenses, for ours is a

small sport and hasn't received much public attention. However, the American Canoe Association, the Klepper Corporation and the Old Town Canoe Company contributed significant amounts. Still, this was only a small portion of the total cost and most of us paid most of our own expenses.

Two Kayaks, Two Canoes

Of those selected only Ted Young (F-1), Richard Schaner (F-1), Conrad Swenson and Bob Worrell (C-2) and John Berry and I (C-2) decided to enter. Brigitte Schaner, learning that there were no American women entering, asked and received permission to enter the F-1 women's class in the downriver race.

As the members of what comprised the American team were spread all over the U. S. and since almost everyone had plans to visit other places in Europe, none of us met until arrival at Dresden.

I'm sure that all had their minor adventures on the journey but I thought that John Berry and I had more than our share. Before leaving the States we had made arrangements to purchase a slalom canoe from a manufacturer in Stuttgart, West Germany, who was to ship the boat to Spandau—a Berlin suburb. After a somewhat wild and sleepless trip via boat and train from Copenhagen, we approached Berlin. Suddenly deciding that we ought to leave the train at a suburban stop, I hastily gathered canoe paddles, luggage, motion picture camera, etc., etc., and started to leave, only to find that the train was again in motion. I saw John Berry on the platform looking anxiously about for me. Neither of us spoke German and I feared that if we became separated now there would be two C-1s wandering through Germany in search of a partner. As anxious hands clutched at my coattails trying to restrain an apparently suicidal maniac, I hurled my luggage from the moving train, clutched the movie camera to my breast and leaped, trying to hit the platform with my legs propelling me 25 miles per hour. I managed to come to a screeching halt just before running out of platform and landing on the tracks below. An astonished English-speaking bystander, still shaking his head at these wild antics, gave us directions to the boat club where we were to pick up our racing craft.

Our Surprising Canoe

As we looked at the rounded hull of this narrow craft (barely over 30" wide) we wondered what prevented it from rolling over in the slight breeze that was blowing. This was not like **anything** we had ever seen before. Apparently only the West Germans use this design for we never saw anything like it again.

We learned at this point that the West German team had decided not to participate, probably because of the impending peace treaty between the East Germans and the U.S.S.R. This was disappointing news, and along with the continuously cloudy weather, helped to create a gloomy atmosphere.

Time was running short. It was early afternoon of the 20th of July and John

and I had to be in Dresden on the 21st for the practice runs for the races starting on the 22nd. The people at the canoe club in Spandau had no suggestions to offer regarding the transportation of the boat to the East Berlin train station so we called the U. S. Military Mission for assistance. We were assured that a motor vehicle would be sent for this purpose. At 5:00 p.m. we were wringing our hands, for the train for Dresden left at 6:15 and we figured that the East Berlin station was a good 40-minute ride away. Still no sign of the promised military vehicle.

Finally a car drove up and two very determined looking civilians got out and identified themselves as Army C. I. D. agents. No, they were not here to help us with our transportation and what the hell were we doing going into East Germany — hadn't we been reading the newspapers? — etc., etc. We had counted on trouble with the Communists, but this well meaning delay on the part of our fellow-countrymen had us floored. We did some frantic explaining about our mission, showed our East German visas, and managed to get some sympathy but no transportation for our boat. The situation seemed grim, but suddenly the owner of the boat club came to life and made some phone calls which resulted in the appearance of a three-wheeled motor-driven perambulator with a driver who thought he could get us into East Berlin without a permit. We tossed the boat on the "truck" and putt-putted off at a maddening tortoise-like pace.

A Race to the Race

As we passed into the East German sector at Brandenburg Gate we shouted to the Volkspolizei (people's police) "Weltmeisterschaften — Canoe Race!!" and pointed to our watches and then to the general direction of the train station. Somehow the message got across, for there was no rain of bullets as we putt-putted on. We traveled down Leninallee and Stalinallee, showplaces of East Berlin, and were struck by the virtual absence of people on the sidewalks in front of the luxury apartments and expensive-looking shops. Very attractive buildings lined the broad boulevards but just behind them lay much



Where we stayed

of the rubble and bombed-out buildings of World War II which still remain to be cleaned up by a city whose population is decreasing every day. The reports from refugee camps in West Berlin during the week we were in the area showed 9,000 East Germans asking for asylum in the West, with 2,000 fleeing the Communist Zone in a single day.

I was aghast when the truck finally pulled up in front of the East Berlin station, for our watches read 6:13 and our train was due to depart 2 minutes later from a platform unknown to us. Unlashing the canoe and racing into the station, we stormed up the first flight of stairs we saw. Our frenzied spastic motions in maneuvering our banana-shaped canoe around tight turns made us look as though we were afflicted with some pathological condition of the nervous system. Here we saw why there weren't any people on the streets. Obviously they were all in the station. Rushing through the crowds of travelers, officials and pretzel vendors we came upon the train for Dresden, jammed like a sardine tin. I heard voices demanding permits as we charged down the loading area toward the baggage car, but there wasn't time. Finding the door to the baggage car open, we hurled the canoe into its dark depths like some giant spear. This brought forth a startled squawk and the appearance of a pop-eyed attendant who only glimpsed our backs as we galloped back for our Luggage. Fortunately our driver had carried our bags up for us and we quickly thrust paddles, bags, packs, etc. into the arms of curious but cooperative pas-

sengers as the train began to move. (It took us an hour of maneuvering through the sardine tin to collect our belongings which in this fashion we had distributed throughout most of the train.) John and I hope we remembered to pay that truck driver who had braved the journey without permit and had carried our baggage to the train. Leaping aboard as the train gathered speed, we began our 4-hour ride over the 150 miles to Dresden.

A Communist Train

As near as I could tell there was only one track the entire distance except for certain spots where we waited while a train passed in the opposite direction. An army of police, soldiers, customs officers and railroad officials began going through the train checking passports, visas, etc. and looking for the owners of the missile-like object which had been deposited so mysteriously in the baggage car. At the Schonefeld station just outside of East Berlin Russian soldiers boarded to check the papers of any Soviet citizens aboard. It was a chilling experience to press against the wall of the passageway as the hard-looking unsmiling men armed with machine guns brushed past us. Their manner was coldly efficient, their uniforms spotless and freshly pressed and their boots glistened with polish. I likened them to our Marines and had the feeling they would be as tough and dedicated to carry out their orders.

I must have made the long journey to the baggage car a half dozen times to be confronted with the canoe and some official who obviously had some questions on his mind. About all I could do was point at the boat and then at myself and say "Yah! Yah!" I'm not sure that I ever convinced anyone that it wasn't a missile or the latest version of the U-2.

I could see the church spires and clock towers silhouetted against the faint glow of light thrown up by the dimly lit city as we pulled into Dresden. The city looked dreary and lonely and tired as if it were painful to stay alive. The destruction of life and property during World War II had been tremendous — some say worse than in any other city in Europe.

A German woman we met on the train who spoke English phoned the teachers' college where we were to be quartered during the races and within 15 minutes a taxi arrived to take us where we might at long last get some sleep. The railroad officials were delighted to get the "missile" off the train and had carried it to the baggage room.

During the short drive to the Institute we glimpsed the Zwinger Museum and then crossed the Elbe on a large stone arched bridge. I was sorry we never did get to see the Museum for at one time it was as renowned for its art treasures as are the Louvre in Paris and the Uffizi in Florence. The race organizers kept us on a busy schedule from daybreak to late at night so that we never did see much of Dresden.

Our quarters were very modern, extremely clean and attractive. The building in which we were housed looked like a typical new dormitory found on any large American university campus. Each bedroom had bunks for 5 or 6 and the rooms had been marked with the national flags of the participating nations. As we searched for the American flag marking our room we noticed those of Britain, France, Denmark, Luxembourg, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Switzerland, Belgium, Austria, Italy and Yugoslavia.

We Meet Friends

When we got to our room we found Ted Young, Bob Worrell and Conrad Swenson already in bed. Naturally this started a bull session lasting several hours. When we finally settled down at 2:00 a.m. Dick Schaner arrived and the greetings began again.

It was a sleepy crew that greeted Heinz Dohnel, our guide and interpreter, the next morning at 6:00. Each morning after we had dressed and washed, large Skoda buses made in Czechoslovakia took us to the enormous dining hall of the Institute where we were served a very ample breakfast usually consisting of fruit, cheese, meat, eggs and bread. Dinners were also served here and lunch was brought to us in paper bags at the race site. Heinz took great pleasure in pointing out that there was plenty of food and other good things in East Germany and that all of



Our interpreter, Heinz Dohnel

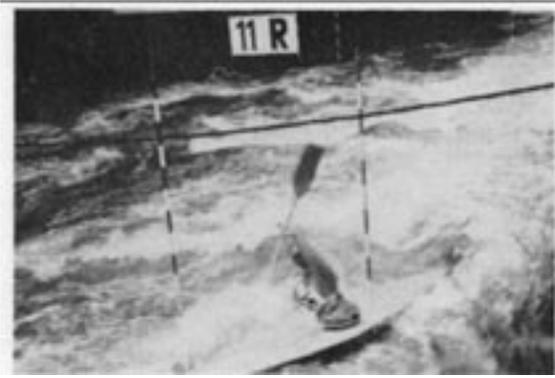
the stories we heard in the capitalist world about shortages were just not so. I thought to myself that this might be true for a clever, cooperative and competent lawyer like Dr. Heinz Dohnel or the East German team members who went along with the party system, but I couldn't help thinking of those people I saw in the streets and railroads with the look of drudgery about them and those that swarmed across the border to West Germany, and wondered if they would agree.

We couldn't help liking our guide. He was cheerful, had a good sense of humor and was always extremely helpful. He was a man of about medium height and build with thinning dark hair combed straight back from his high forehead. I guessed him to be about 45. It was surprising how he managed to get around so easily as he had a wooden leg as a result of an automobile accident when he was 9 years old.

Heinz was confronted with a great many problems by this bunch of independent Americans who apparently couldn't get the hang of getting along in a police state. We were often late, missed buses, lost our visas, photographed things we shouldn't have, argued with guards, etc. We came to call our guide our "chaplain." At first he seemed puzzled about this designation, but one morning he announced with great pride and gusto "Today I am knowing what is chaplain!"

First View of the River

After breakfast we were all driven by buses in a great caravan led by motorcycle police from Dresden through the town of Hainsberg to the small vil-



Ted Young makes gate 11

(Same gate shows in picture on Page 10.)

lage of Rabenau. Along the entire distance, some 15 miles, every building — store, house or government office — was decked with flags of the participating nations, signs greeting the world's best canoeists, huge photographs of boaters in action — and signs calling for world peace. At Rabenau we found our canoes next to the mountain stream called Rote Weisseritz where the slalom and wildwater races were being held.

The stream's water is controlled from a dam several miles upstream and as we looked at this millrace of water we estimated the flow to be between 10 and 15 m.p.h. It was about 2 miles down to the slalom start and we walked along to see what the water conditions were like. Other than a few flooded mountain streams I had run in West Virginia this was the fastest water I had encountered. There were no places where the current even seemed to slow down and the serpentine course of the stream bed piled water up into large waves near the rocky shoreline. We agreed that it would be a challenge just to run the stream safely, let alone attempt to negotiate any obstacles placed upon it. Walking back to our canoe, we watched the other boaters flashing down the stream, bouncing, rolling and pitching, fighting to control the position of their craft.

It was a shame that it was so cloudy during the race period as the countryside is very beautiful — low forested mountains of deciduous and conifer trees with rocky prominences. Fern, shrubs and wildflowers covered the forest floor and the stream that scarred

out this rugged ravine gave it all a sense of movement and constant change and force. But in the dim light that penetrated the leafy canopy from heavily overcast skies, the stream had an ominous and foreboding appearance, especially when we were thinking of our forthcoming ride upon the tiger's back. For if you turned over you had a long and rough ride before you could get ashore.

We Try Our Canoe

As we got into the canoe I was surprised at how close the cockpits were to the bow and stern. I suppose this makes for faster turning action when the paddlers are 20 lbs. lighter than John and I, but we didn't like the feel of the boat as we turned out from the bank into the stream. It seemed extremely tippy and sluggish to swing about. Whether this was because of our unfamiliarity with the boat design or the fact that we were probably heavier than the paddlers for which it had been designed, we never discovered. We had to work continuously to keep the canoe balanced and we were afraid to take our paddles out of the water. After a few eddy turns we both felt tired just trying to keep upright.

Seconds after starting out, it seemed, we were down on the slalom course. The lines had been strung across the stream but no poles had been suspended. We watched the teams of other nations taking their practice runs before us and were completely amazed at their skill in the water. Watching these boaters one would be almost ready to accept the Lamarckian theory of the origin of species. I had to jar my tired head hard with my hand for paddles were beginning to look like fins and the glistening hulls of boats and protective headgear of the paddlers shone like the thickened skins of marine mammals. To my imagination such constant and vigorous activity in this environment seemed to bring about a metamorphosis.

Communist "Amateurs"

The East German team seemed particularly at home in the white water. I learned soon that their boaters are supported by the government and their training is virtually a part of their jobs.

During the boating season they may participate in as many as twenty expert slaloms. In the States we are lucky if we can enter four intermediate contests. Still, we couldn't help marveling at their ability to be so at ease in such adverse water conditions. The water was rushing along at great force, cascading over nasty-looking boulders, pounding up in large waves and vicious back curlers. Yet here were single canoes turning over and rolling back up, almost effortlessly. Two-man canoes were pirouetting on the tops of waves that we only charged head-on while tightly braced. Kayaks and canoes were driving their bows into the flumes and jets of water rushing over 5- and 6-foot-high weirs so that their sterns were lifted clean out of the water; then boat and paddler would shoot straight back as if catapulted out of a gun. As I stood there watching this white-water circus the words of warning of our Swiss friend, Paul Bruhin, came back to me: "You will see!" Paul had said this on several occasions when I had expressed my doubt about the difficulty of European slaloms. I knew now" what he meant.

As John and I walked back to the start to make our practice run we saw Ted Young shoot over the top of one of the weirs and make an eddy turn just off the edge. He looked good, and my hopes rose that maybe Ted, having been boating in Europe for about a month, might have a feel for this extremely fast and wild water. He moved out into the current and went on downstream and then suddenly overturned, but almost as quickly rolled up to the surface again. This is a trick you see many boaters do in the safe confines of a swimming pool, but to do it in the rock-strewn boiling torrent of a stream like this is quite another thing.

A Tough Weir

Hanging on to our teeth, John and I started down cautiously, making an eddy turn here and there and then pulling in just above where a series of dams had been constructed part way out into the stream. While the drop was probably not more than 6 feet over a distance of 24 feet, the water was a jumbled maze of waves and confusing

currents that looked as if they could easily pitch your boat over if you weren't really well braced. To some this apparently wasn't tough enough for we had noticed that more than a few were maneuvering their boats down this chute backwards. I had a suspicion that there were boaters who knew a lot more about what the course was going to be than we did and that this was probably the entrance to a reverse gate. This later proved to be the case. There was a footbridge just below the chute and then the stream swept around a bend to the left. It looked advisable to swing your boat around to a bow-forward direction as soon after you left the chute as was possible so as to maneuver around the turn, but I hated the thought of getting partially swung about and then smashing broadside against the bridge piling. It was an awful sight later to see several boats wrapped U-shaped around this obstacle. Fortunately we wobbled by, half full of water, just making it in time. Our spray covers were a poor fit and water poured in every time a wave hit us.

Bob Worrell and Conrad Swenson had less luck and turned over before making the turn, but missed the bridge piling and were quickly pulled out of the water as was their boat. Other than a few bruises and some scrapes, neither the canoe nor the paddlers suffered any damage. We continued on downstream for a few miles after reaching the end of the slalom area until we reached the camping grounds and town of Hainsberg where our canoe was left for measurement. Resting there about an hour until 3:00 p.m. we returned to the slalom course where we watched the plating of the gates and running of the course by a boat of each class to determine that all the gates are negotiable. It was hard to believe, but they had erected 28 gates. Many of them seemed impossible—to make and as I watched the test boats running them successfully they still seemed impossible. The skill of all these boaters was enough to win any American slalom, yet they weren't good enough to make one of the four places in each class on the East German team. Even so, every one of them turned over with the exception of the



The official train

C-2 team. They were all able to roll back up.

To Run or Not to Run

Riding back in the bus to Dresden, John and I debated as to what to do. Should we take a chance and try to run this canoe we couldn't control too well through the course? Originally we had planned to use the boat in the race and then bring it back with us to the United States. Now we realized it was a design too radical for our taste and one which we doubted was superior to "Serendipity," a canoe we had recently made ourselves. We hadn't paid for the German boat as yet and if we brought it back to the boat club in Berlin without damage there was a good chance we wouldn't have to pay for it at all. The boat cost \$230 and this was a factor we had to consider. Although we had received some financial help most of the cost of coming to the World's Championship had been paid by us alone.

It turned out that all this discussion was unnecessary, for when we came into the dining hall that evening we learned that our canoe had been measured and was found to be almost one inch narrower than the International Canoe Federation rules permitted. We could not use the boat and have our run count in the race.

There was the possibility that we might be able to borrow a canoe from one of the other teams. We realized, however, that there was a good chance that it might be damaged and no one seemed particularly anxious to lend us one. Besides all of the boats are fitted

out with leg braces and toe blocks and hip boards to fit the form of the particular paddler. Swenson and Worrell had arrived a day or two before us without any boat and had made arrangements with the East Germans to borrow one which was equipped for them with toe and leg braces. Talking to them, we learned that they only planned to enter the slalom and not the down-river race. That meant we could at least use their boat for the wildwater race and it could be outfitted properly for us in time. With this plan in mind we decided to devote our energies during the slalom to obtaining still photographs and 16mm movies which we could bring back to the States to show our people the techniques and equipment used by the European experts.

Troubles with Photography

Even this task proved to be extremely difficult as there never was but the barest minimum of light and only our telephoto lens on the movie camera had an F-stop low enough to shoot with Kodachrome. The slalom course was laid out over a distance of 800 meters and the stream bed twisted so that it was impossible to see more than a small portion of it at one spot. The path that followed the stream on the left bank was impossible to walk along as there were between 15 and 20 thousand spectators crowded along the banks. Naturally they were packed deepest at the most exciting places. The right bank was our only possibility. Here were stationed most of the gate watchers on little platforms built out from the banks. A small single-track railroad ran along the bank overlooking the stream and a number of flat cars had been brought in and outfitted with seats for race officials, dignitaries and certain privileged spectators. One car was packed with television cameras and other communication equipment. There were even spots where you could watch a television set and see the progress of a boater along the entire course.

It was apparent that the government of the German Democratic Republic was fully behind this event. No stone had been left unturned to see to its efficient operation and the area teemed with police in green uniforms ("Vo-

pos"), black uniforms, navy blue uniforms and grey uniforms to see that things were kept in order. These police were particularly sensitive about people walking along the railroad track and were reluctant to let even the contestants come along that side. The only reason I could pass with immunity was because I wore a special badge marked "Member of the Jury." (Every national team present was supposed to have an official delegate to the Jury which would decide on any protest and I had been designated as the American member.) Still the police never looked happy to see me coming as I was loaded with cameras. I remember Heinz telling me that I was not to photograph any bridges "for reasons of strategy."

Worrell-Swenson Bid

The C-2s were the first class to start and Worrell and Swenson were #13. Numbers 11 and 12, a Swiss and a Czech team, both turned over before reaching Gate 8 where the first weir was located and where trouble was expected. This was a 5 ft. drop with little slope and you had to come down at an angle in order to make an eddy turn on the left bank and then come upstream through the gate, driving your bow into the jet coming off the weir and cross to the other side. There, with no delay, you had to line up for gate 9 which was a reverse gate, and then in about a boat length you had to come about for a straight-through gate, turning stern first again after this for another reverse gate.

The gates above these were not as difficult but they were far from what you would call easy, and already 2 expert canoes had spilled. We were thrilled to see Worrell and Swenson upright and much to our surprise they popped over the weir and turned into the eddy. I raced on downstream with them getting a shot where I could. Although they missed a number of gates they were staying upright and making many of them. You have to remember that this was the toughest slalom course in the world and these boys were competing in a borrowed canoe unlike anything they had ever used before. The course was set up so that you repeatedly had to position your boat broad-

side to the current, turn in waves and near rocks that could upset you in a second, maneuver downstream backwards through channels that you would question to take head on. The current difference in some of the eddies that you had to turn into was so great that you could see the bodies of the paddlers snap to the side as they made the sudden change in direction. When I saw Worrell and Swenson swing in above gate 22, the reverse gate which was placed halfway down the 6-foot-high weir, I wondered if they had any strength left. Quite a number of boats were to spill later at this gate. Not only was it rocky going, but the paddlers were tired at this point. If you did turn over there was the piling on the foot bridge that you might wrap around. I am sure that Worrell and Swenson, having turned over at this point the day before, had a moment of great anxiety as they sailed off backwards down the weir. They had no problem this time, making it as clean as a whistle. They flayed their way on down through 6 more gates to the finish where the Red Cross was waiting with blankets and hot tea.

We noticed that many of the European canoe paddlers used a short choppy stroke in fast repetition to power and maneuver their canoes. In the States our stroke is longer and more sustained except where we are going upstream against the current. This is a technique we plan to try ourselves. The foldboaters mostly used spoon blades instead of flat, mastering the handling of these tricky blades to get the extra power.

Like clockwork the C-2, C-1, C-2M and F-1 ladies were run through the course. Even the many spills took very little time as all along the course were daredevil rescuers in bathing suits who would leap into the water to assist struggling paddlers, and men with throwing lines to help snag and guide canoes into shore.

Now It's Ted's Turn

Finally the F-1 men's class started and we anxiously waited for Ted Young to start down. Racing along the banks following his progress we were heartened by his speed and the few penalties

he was accumulating. Everything was going fine until he reached gate 18 and then suddenly he was over. You could see the overturned boat wriggling and writhing as Ted attempted to roll back but the water was too fast and rough and he finally had to come up for air. He and his boat were quickly brought to safety by a rescue team.

The next day at breakfast both Worrell and Swenson felt as if their bodies had been pounded with clubs. Their every muscle was sore and aching. It probably wasn't until they got into their canoe and started down again that they were able to forget the punishment they had taken in their efforts the day before. This time they were doing much better, making some of the gates they had missed the day before and moving along at a good speed. By the time they were down to gate 22, the famous reverse gate over the weir, John and I were excited at their prospects. They had only to cut into an eddy above this gate and take an upstream gate, #21, and then back down into the weir through gate 22.

But the course-setters hadn't planned to make this a simple thing. The current was swift above gate 22 and it was necessary to cross from bank to bank in order to make gate 21. Agonizingly Worrell and Swenson swung their canoe over to make this gate but as I watched I could see that they weren't going to make it. They rolled up over the top of the weir on the far side of the chute. Half the canoe teetered dangerously over the edge and Swenson, the sternman, had nothing under him but a 5-foot drop to a pool of debris-laden water. If Worrell got out of his bow seat now, Swenson was on his way. It seemed like an eternity that they hung there before, with some assistance from shore, they were able to get out of their predicament. We breathed a sigh of relief, but it was discouraging to see them lose out on this run when they were doing so well.

Ted Is Successful

We only saw a part of Ted Young's second run, but he looked much more skillful than the day before and we learned that he had finished the course successfully.

That evening after dinner we were driven to the town of Hainsberg where each team lined up in their uniforms behind a young girl who carried the flag of their nation. It was too cold for the Americans to wear our wet basketball-type uniforms so we simply wore what ordinary casual clothes we had. It looked as though the East Germans had pumped this event into something far more grandiose than it was, taking every opportunity to let their people see the glories of the German Democratic Republic and I was glad we didn't look too official. It was interesting to note, however, that we seemed to get a special round of applause as we moved along the crowds. Children ran alongside us holding our hands, pressing their names and addresses into them. I couldn't tell whether this was because we looked so pathetic or if America and Americans warrant a special sort of affection here.

When the band started playing we all marched through the town into a large stadium and paraded before a reviewing stand crowded with dignitaries. The speeches by ICF officials and East German organizers were in French, German or English. While I don't recall much political propaganda this time, at the ceremonies opening the World's Championship which had been performed in a similar fashion, much ado was made over the West Germans' refusal to participate and the fact that once the impending peace treaty with Russia was signed, the divided parts of Germany would be brought together peacefully and such things wouldn't happen again. Special mention had been made about the Americans attending, but fortunately the remarks were in good taste and without any political implications.

Communists Take All

Five of the eight World Championships were won by the East Germans, the other three by the Czechs. One can see that the nations of the Western world have not built up the techniques, equipment and number of skilled boaters to anything like what the Iron Curtain nations have. France, Austria and Yugoslavia, however, had boaters who

placed among the first 3 in some classes. downriver and slalom.

Another stroke of bad luck had hit us earlier that day. The East Germans had totally demolished one of their canoes in the slalom and needed the canoe that Worrell and Swenson had used, the one we had planned to use in the wildwater race. They offered to build up the sides of the canoe we had brought with us so that it would meet the width dimensions required by the ICF but since we didn't want to keep the canoe and pay for it we decided not to do this. Already greatly disappointed at not participating in the slalom, the event we had been most anxious to enter, we left Dresden the following morning, returning the too narrow "banana boat" to the manufacturer's agent in Berlin on our way home.

We later learned that Worrell and Swenson had taken 21st place in the C-2 slalom and Ted Young 36th place in the F-1 slalom. In the downriver race Dick Schaner, F-1, was 37th and Ted Young 35th. This may seem fairly far down the line, but it should be remembered that some of the world's best boaters capsized before completing the courses.

U. S. in Future Races

Having suffered such a major disappointment, it's hard to feel that the trip was worthwhile. However we have learned a great deal about the caliber of European boatmen, their techniques and equipment which can be of value in promoting competitive boating in this country. We must face the question of whether or not we want to approach competitive boating in an almost professional manner as do the Iron Curtain countries in order to make a showing in world's championship races.

For myself, I don't feel that we should feel under any compulsion to try to change the character of our sport and violate the spirit if not the letter of amateur principles just to prove that Americans can be as good as anyone else if they are supported so they can train several hours every day. Unquestionably as the sport grows in this country we will produce more and better boaters who will want to test themselves against those from other nations.

To my way of thinking wide participation and the development of a high degree of skill in a truly amateur sport is a much more valuable undertaking than trying to imitate totalitarian methods of developing boaters so they can glorify the state. I hope to see more participation by Americans in international events in the coming years, both for the sheer fun of doing so and to exchange ideas about equipment and techniques. I would hope to see wider recognition for white-water boating as a sport in this country, perhaps its adoption as a collegiate sport in certain conveniently located universities. But let's not feel that the Communists must force us into something that's not a part of our natural development.

A Kayakist's Lament

My hip-braces 

Tight and yare

I stay up by leaning on my paddle.

Why do I sit

Fuming here?

Became I've got an ant in my—saddle.



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How to Read the Weather

By Tim Trull

Spending much of our time out in the open as we do, an understanding of the weather is desirable. This article is intended to be a concise basic introduction to meteorology.

All weather takes place in the lowest part of the earth's atmosphere, which is known as the troposphere. Like the rest of the atmosphere this layer is mobile horizontally and vertically. It can expand and contract. Its temperature decreases with increasing altitude. It contains water vapor.

Above the troposphere is the stratosphere. The narrow boundary between these two layers is known as the tropopause. The tropopause varies from about eleven miles high over the equator to about five over the poles. Breaks in the tropopause cause the jet streams that we hear so much about nowadays.

Winds

The primary cause for the natural movement of air is a pressure difference. Air flows from regions of high to regions of lower pressure — but, due to the rotation of the earth, this movement of air is swung to the right (in the northern hemisphere) with the result that it finally flows parallel to the isobars (lines joining points of equal pressure). This resultant is called the geostrophic wind. In the northern hemisphere these winds flow clockwise around areas of high pressure and counter-clockwise around areas of low pressure. Thus it will be seen that their velocity will be determined by the pressure gradient force, i.e., the closer the isobars, the stronger the wind.

The surface winds due to the friction of the earth however will tend to be less than geostrophic and their direction will tend to deviate even more towards the center of lower pressure. Other factors such as local effects should also be taken into consideration. For example, surface winds will tend to follow valley contours; they will be stronger when flowing through a mountain pass (funnel effect) parallel to a mountain range (barrier effect) or in

the form of katabatic winds which are a down-the-mountain flow.

The wind's direction is conventionally that from which it blows. A wind which is said to have "backed" has moved in a counter-clockwise direction (veering clockwise). In the northern hemisphere standing with your back to the wind (local effects excluded) the area of low pressure will be to your left.

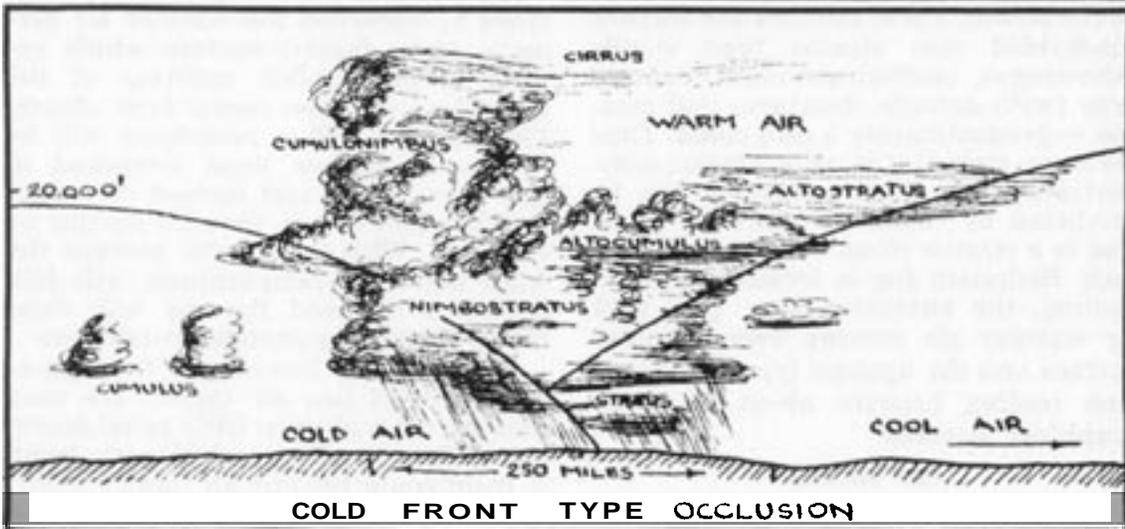
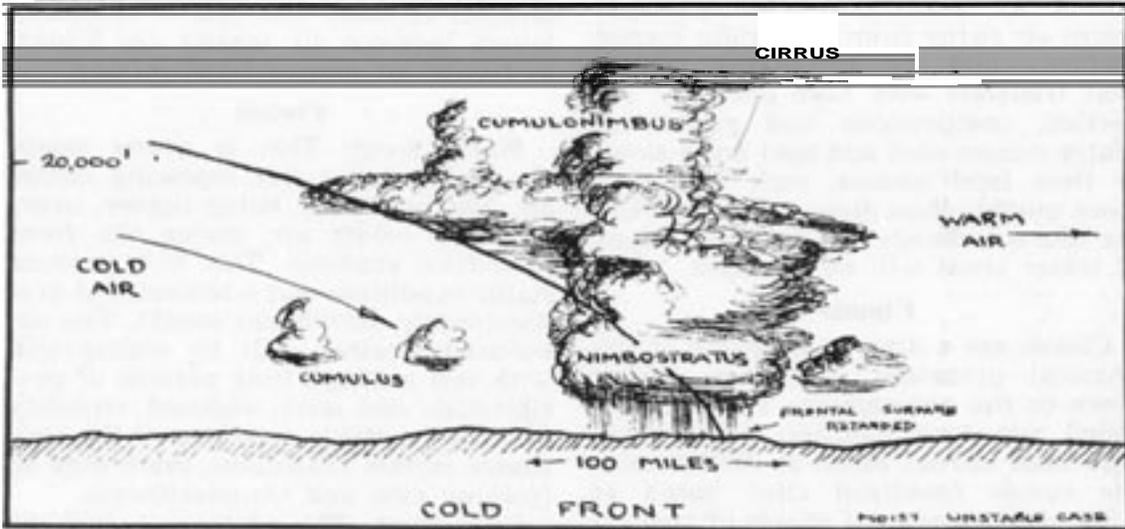
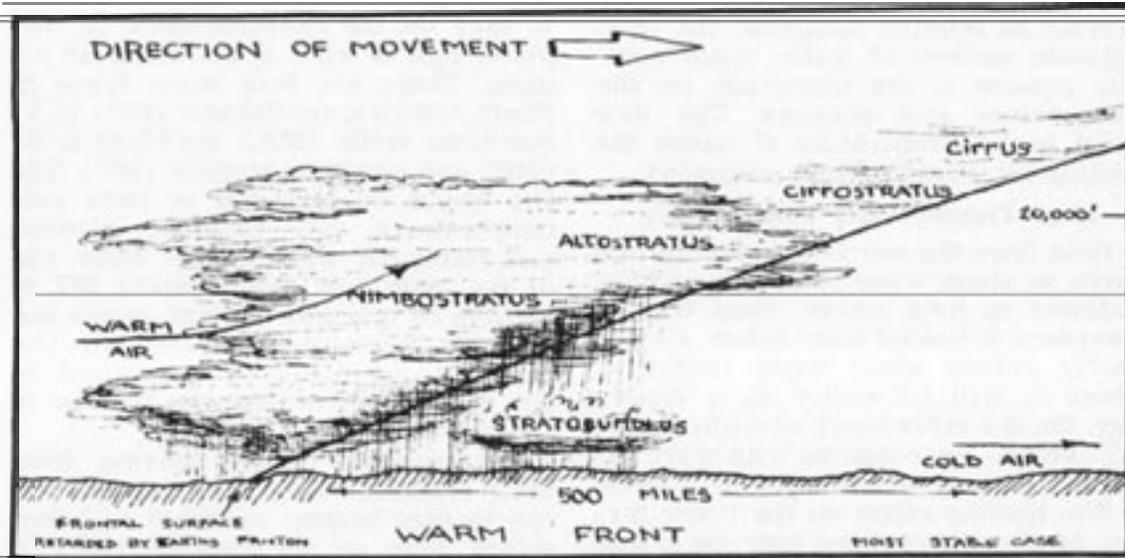
Pressure

Atmospheric pressure is defined as the weight of the atmosphere per unit area. At sea level under I.S.A. (international standard atmosphere) conditions it is 29.92" of mercury. Pressure decreases with altitude. This decrease will be greater in cold because cold air is heavier than warm. We have already seen how pressure gradient causes wind. On weather forecast maps the isobars are plotted. These maps look similar to contour maps and from them the forecaster can predict the future weather picture. These maps carry such familiar names as ridges of high pressure, troughs of low pressure and just plain low and high (anti-cyclone) areas etc.

Generally speaking areas of low pressure are associated with bad weather because their centers are marked by ascending currents of air which carry moisture aloft, bringing cloudiness and unsettled weather, whereas the centers of high-pressure areas are formed by air at higher levels descending and spreading out.

Moisture

Water vapor is present in the air in a gaseous form. How much water vapor can be carried at any given time is a function of the temperature. For example if air is progressively cooled it will become saturated (that is, holding its maximum water vapor for that temperature). If it is cooled even further it will have more water vapor than it can hold and a change of state — condensation — will result, producing clouds, rain, sleet, hail or snow. The



degree of saturation is sometimes expressed as relative humidity: the ratio between amount of water vapor actually present to the maximum for the temperature and pressure. The dew point is the temperature at which the cooling air would become saturated.

Heat Transfer and Temperature

Heat from the sun is absorbed by the earth as short wave radiation and re-radiated as long waves. Thus the atmosphere is heated from below. Clouds partly reflect short wave radiation; hence it will be cooler on a cloudy day. On the other hand, at night clouds will absorb the outgoing long-wave radiation and re-radiate some of it back.

The heating effect on the lower layers of the atmosphere may be transmitted by convection — for example warm air rising from a strongly heated surface — and by turbulence. Other heat transfers may take place by advection, compression and expansion. Water masses cool and heat more slowly than land masses, rock and sand more quickly than grass areas etc. Thus the diurnal change (24 hour variation) of water areas will be the least.

Clouds

Clouds are a direct expression of the physical processes which are taking place in the atmosphere. They are divided into four families: high clouds (prefixed cirrus) based at 20,000', middle clouds (prefixed alto) based at 6,500', low clouds and clouds of vertical development. These families are further subdivided into stratus type clouds (showing no uniform structure) cumulo type (with definite structure) and nimbus — predominantly a rain cloud. Thus we have: cirrostratus, altocumulus, nimbostratus, etc. What processes can be predicted by them, we shall see later. Fog is a stratus cloud based at the surface. Radiation fog is formed by night cooling, the advection type (sea fog) by warmer air moving over a colder surface and the upslope type by expansion cooling brought about by topographical features.

Air Masses

If any portion of the atmosphere has been stagnant over any one place for

any length of time it can be expected to take on the characteristics of that place. This is what is known as an air mass. There are four main types in North America: continental arctic (CA) maritime arctic (MA) maritime polar (MP) and maritime tropical (MT). The CA would be expected to have cold temperatures, low moisture content, and stable air while at the other end of the scale you would expect MT to be high on moisture content, warm and unstable. When the forecaster tells you that your locality is to be covered by CA air you know that you will be in for some cold clear weather!

However air masses moving from their original source over new terrain can in time become modified and they slowly take on the characteristics of another air mass. The narrow boundary layers between air masses are known as fronts: air masses resist mixing.

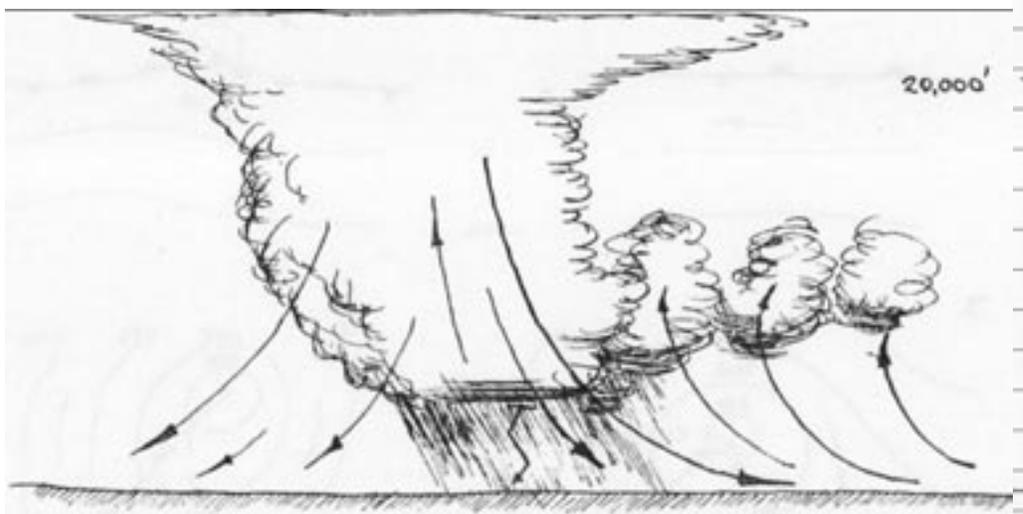
Fronts

Warm front: This is where warm air is advancing and replacing colder air. The warm air, being lighter, overruns the colder air, giving the front a shallow gradient. This will produce stable conditions and a sequence of predominantly stratoform clouds. The associated weather will be widespread, with low ceilings, long periods of precipitation and often reduced visibility (due to the stable condition of the air). Under certain conditions, there may be freezing rain and thunderstorms.

Cold front: The advancing cold air tends to underrun the warmer air giving a steep frontal surface which results in pronounced uplifting of the warm air and causes cumuliform clouds. The weather with a cold front will be in a very narrow band compared to the warm front, and instead of steady precipitation heavy showers should be expected. With the frontal passage the wind will veer, temperatures will fall, pressures rise and the sky will clear in the succeeding unstable conditions.

Other fronts: Sometimes the opposing forces of two air masses are such that a front will show little or no movement. This is called a stationary front. A front could become an "upper front" — an example of this would be a cold front running over even colder air on

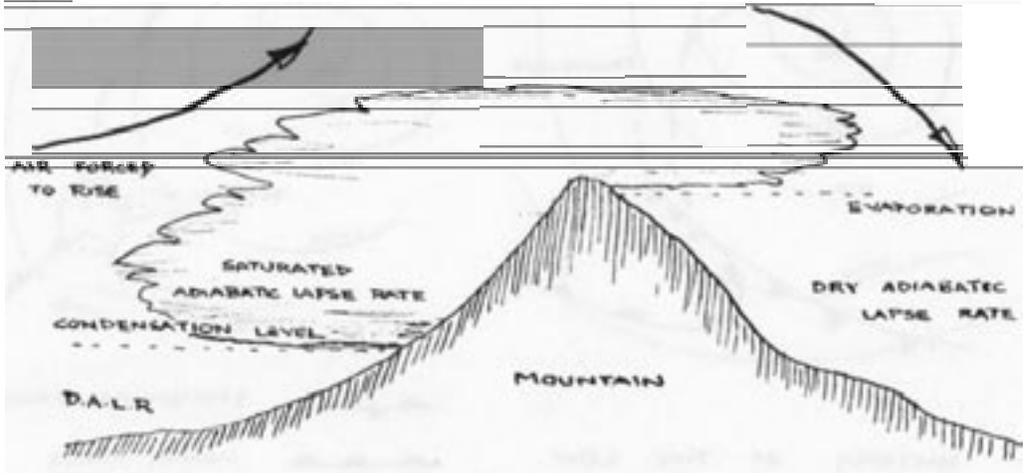
DIRECTION OF MOVEMENT



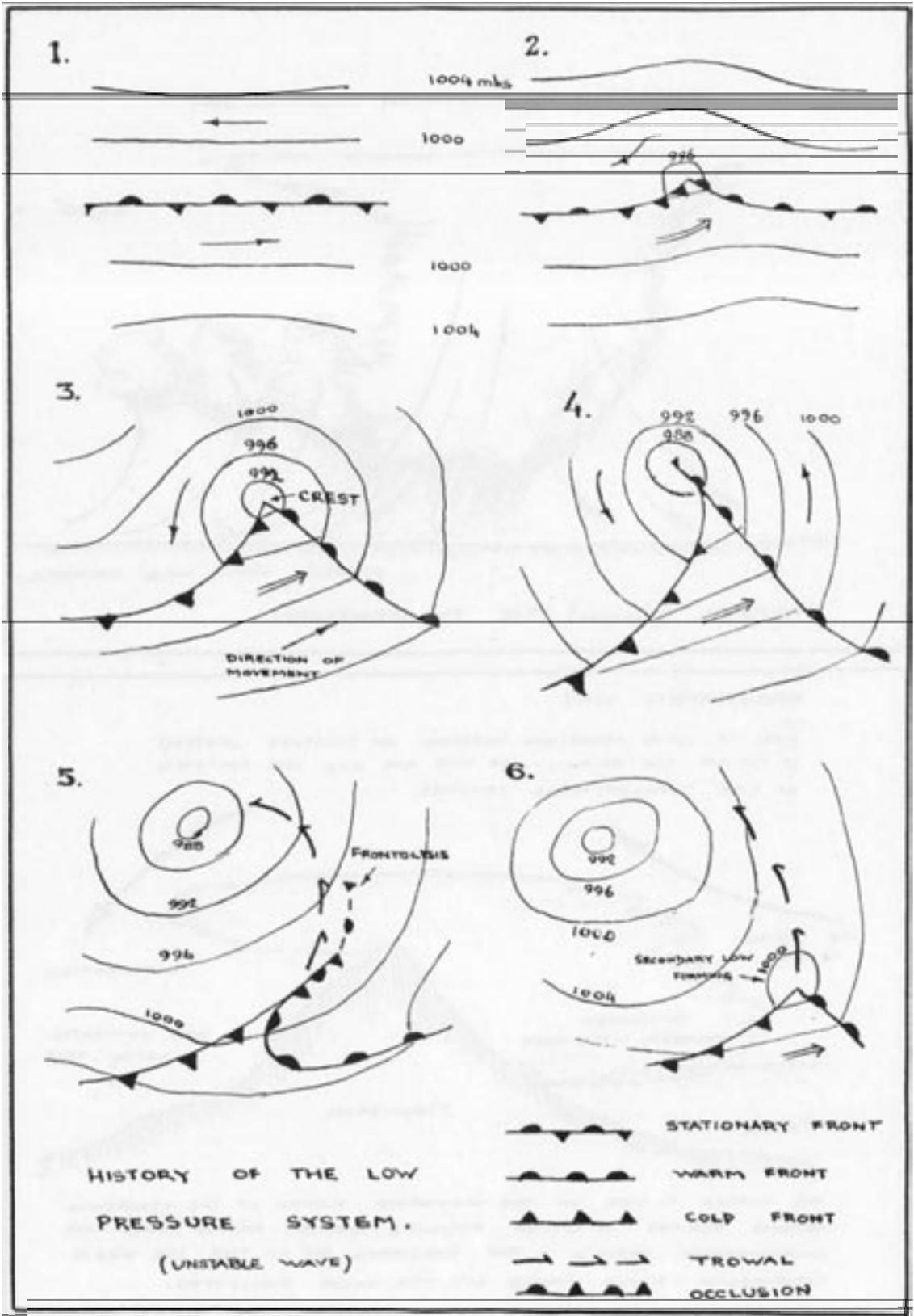
THERMAL (summer) TYPE THUNDERSTORM

OROGRAPHIC LIFT

TYPE OF CLOUD FORMATION DEPENDS ON MOISTURE CONTENT OF THE AIR, THE STABILITY OF THE AIR AND THE NATURE OF THE TOPOGRAPHICAL FEATURE -



AIR FORCED TO RISE ON THE WINDWARD SLOPES OF THE MOUNTAIN REACHES REGIONS OF LOWER PRESSURE, EXPANDS - HENCE COOLS AND CONDENSATION RESULTS - THE SUBSIDING AIR ON THE LEE SIDE IS COMPRESSED - HENCE HEATED AND THE CLOUD DISSIPATES.



the lee of a mountain range. At other times as in the low pressure system the cold front will catch up with the warm front to form what is known as an occlusion. This can be either a warm or a cold occlusion. If however the advancing cold air becomes similar to the cooler air which it is overtaking you are then left with a trough of warm air aloft or as it is known—a trowal.

If through modification of an air mass it begins to take on the characteristics of the adjacent air mass we have frontolysis taking place. Frontogenesis is the converse. Generally, the faster moving the front, the greater the up-lifting of air and the more active the weather that can be expected, but this is also dependent on the stability of the air and its moisture content.

Low Pressure Areas

As a rule low pressure areas originate from a stationary front. If there were to be a local fall of pressure at some point on such a front, it would create a cyclonic circulation. Around this point a wave would develop and would travel

along the front in much the same way as a wave may be flicked along a piece of rope. The wave as it travels increases in amplitude and an occlusion will form at the wave crest. The type of occlusion will depend on the relative temperatures of the two sections of the cold air masses. Finally a trowal will appear and frontolysis will start with the result that a continuous cyclonic circulation has developed beneath the trough of warm air. The pressure will start to rise at the center of the low which will slowly cause it to fill and decrease in speed.

Sometimes you may hear of cold lows. These are low-pressure areas of cold air, but because they are almost stationary their movements are difficult to predict. Hence a warm low is one that is making a track; on the other hand a warm high is stationary whereas a cold high is one that is moving!

Armed with this knowledge you should now be able to understand why it is raining on your trip when the forecast called for sunny weather!

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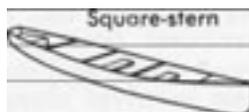
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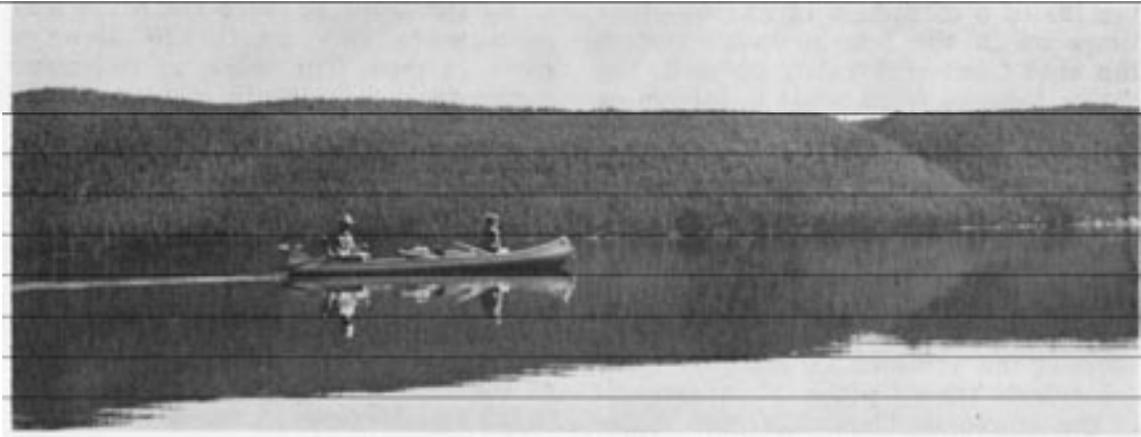
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The Hawksleys take it easy on Shoshone

A Yellowstone Idyl

By JOHN M. GOOD

Acting North District Manager, Yellowstone National Park

Does true wilderness — powerboat-free wilderness — appeal to you? How about a geyser basin on a wilderness lake? Could you choke down a mess of brook trout or some lake trout fillets, swim on lonely sand beaches or explore meadows and coves for moose and Canada geese?

If your answer to any or all of these questions is yes, but you can't afford to fly to Canada's bush or Alaska — just keep reading. The wilderness begins an easy hour's paddle from a paved road, and the geyser basin is but 13.2 scenic miles from the same road in Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming.

It sounds fantastic that the nation's first national park, vacationland for hundreds of thousands of Americans, should boast such high quality wilderness so close to civilization. I am sure Oz Hawksley had his doubts about my glowing descriptions of Shoshone Lake and probably some still lingered as our little party set out on August 19 to see what Shoshone had to offer.

I had written him in early March about the lake, its wonderful scenery and fishing, and the Shoshone Geyser Basin at its extreme southwest end. I wondered if there might not be some AWA members who would like to explore this quiet wilderness with their families.

Our party also included Dorothy Hawksley, Jack and Shirley Reynolds and their daughter Leslie, 2½ years old. Oz and Dorothy took one canoe, Shirley and I took Leslie in another, while Jack paddled circles around us in a 13-foot-kayak.

Goodbye, Outboards

We put our canoes in the water at Lewis Lake Campground, loaded the gear and set out across Lewis Lake. After an hour's leisurely paddle we reached Lewis Lake Channel. There stood a sign advising one and all that only hand-propelled craft were allowed beyond. As we paddled on we saw a boy pull a nice lake trout from the channel after a brief struggle.

The lower half of the channel is deep quiet water with no perceptible current. As we loafed along we watched the dim green depths for dark shapes of trout but saw none. We ourselves were under the constant and noisy surveillance of sentinel pine squirrels who scolded us with stuttering barks and passed on to equally indignant cousins upstream. The channel is popular with water birds, too. American mergansers arrowed over our heads and golden-eyed ducks and buffleheads sat motionless in coves along shore as we passed by.

Gradually the waterway narrowed and appeared to end in a shallow water stand of spatterdock lilies, but as we drew nearer we could see the channel take a sharp left turn between jutting ridges of obsidian. As we passed through the portal Oz remarked that stream piracy probably caused this strange configuration. Here the current became noticeable and we also saw our first campsite.

Camp Beckons

We had planned to go to Shoshone for our first night, but the inviting grove of trees, the surrounding meadow, and the warm sunlight drew us to shore. In a trice the tents were up, wood was gathered, and Jack Reynolds was practicing eskimo rolls while the others swam. With evening came the tantalizing tail slaps and heavy splashes of feeding fish but only Shirley hooked one.

Next morning we moved upstream to the rapids where shallow water forced us to drag our canoes a mile to Shoshone. As we moved out on the lake it began to rain, gently at first, then harder. We paddled the length of Shoshone Lake guided by a plume of steam issuing from one of the many thermal features of the Shoshone Geyser Basin, our destination. After making camp we hurried off to look at geysers.

The Shoshone Geyser Basin is quite different from others in the park. Most conspicuous is the lack of people. It can be reached only by a long, primitive trail from Old Faithful or by paddling. So the quiet is amazing. You become aware of the faint sounds and delicate odors so easily lost in the crowds around Old Faithful: the gentle hiss of a steam vent, the plopping mud pots, and the gurgling splash of a playing geyser. Once more the master of time, you can gaze into the blue heart of a hot spring or watch the shadowy trout in Shoshone Creek for as long as you wish without feeling the urgency of the crowd. No visitor to this wilderness thermal area is immune to its charm; none can forget it.

A Foggy Awakening

Next morning I awoke early to find our campsite wrapped in a fog so dense



The Geyser Basin

the pines above my bed were topless. A white, muffled world full of intriguing sounds coaxed me from my sleeping bag and sent me, binoculars in hand, to a low hill beside the lake. Shadowy forms materialized into a family of mergansers patrolling the shallows for a fish breakfast. Like children in face masks they paddled along with eyes below the surface until the prey was seen. The whole family swung into frantic action; wings flashed, water splashed as they zeroed in on the hapless fish and dived upon them. The waters calmed, the ducks surfaced, regrouped, and dissolved into the mist; the show was over.

That day we had boiled eggs for breakfast. Oz could see no reason for frying them with so much hot water around so he dunked them in a convenient hot spring. It took a total of 15 minutes and I think something went wrong because many of the yolks were hard while the whites were still pretty runny.

We spent that morning with the geysers and wished we could have remained the whole day. But an exploring party such as ours had to move on, so we loaded our canoes and headed northwest, the direction from which we had come. It was a wonderful day. The sky was so blue it hurt, and sprinkled with loafing cumulus clouds. Half paddling, half drifting before the gentle south wind, we cruised along a shoreline of low obsidian cliffs and green meadows.

Every cliff face tells of its eventful past. Here the rock is a mass of almond-shaped stony pellets set in black



A wilderness camp on Shoshone Lake

glass; once bubbles of gas in a frothy lava, the cavities were slowly filled with stone by ground water seepage. There the rock layers are contorted in tight folds or stand in vertical blades caused by unequal pressures in the turgid molten lava that once lay beneath a brittle crust. At the base of many cliffs lie house-size boulders pried from parent stone by pounding storm waves, by ice jams, and by the imperceptible picking of individual ice crystals as they freeze and thaw in spring and autumn days. Slowly these great boulders are reduced to cobbles, then gravel, and ultimately obsidian sand which moves into intricate ripple-marked patterns at the whim of wavelets too small to rock a canoe.

Our Final Camp

In mid-afternoon we made our last camp and, fittingly enough, it was our favorite. We found a level bench of

obsidian sand where we set up camp against a screen of pines near a small stream that flowed into the lake. Our tents faced east and when evening came we watched the shadows wash up and over Mt. Sheridan, 13 miles away. As the sky darkened we saw a tiny light twinkling on the crest of the peak. Binoculars revealed it to be the fire lookout's lamp and we wondered if that lonely man had his glasses trained on our campfire. We looked at a pock-marked three-quarter moon and speculated upon a pinprick of light far to the right of Jupiter. Was it a third moon or a star? Probably a moon, we agreed, and having reached that weighty decision went to bed. As the tent flaps dropped the silence was broken by the yapping cry of a distant coyote.

Morning came quickly, clear and calm. As we built the breakfast fire Oz waded out to the larder canoe which

was moored in waist deep water as an anti-bear measure. We had made a practice of keeping food offshore at night and had no bear trouble on the trip. In fact we never saw a bear. This is often the case in Yellowstone's back country, and the bears you do see are usually in high gear for distant parts. Wild bears have a healthy respect for mankind.

We loaded slowly that morning; I don't think any of us wanted to leave the wilderness for the civilization we had to face. As if to remind us of what we were leaving a loon called twice from across the lake, and I heard the muted, stuttering voice of a sandhill crane.

The lake was dead calm as we paddled away. Our canoes seemed to hang suspended in green air, their shadows flickered across patches of weeds and sand sending huge trout scooting to safety. Oz lowered a spinning lure and announced the water was 30 feet deep — it didn't seem half that. A moment later Dorothy got a solid strike while trolling only to have the heavy fish escape after a brief battle.

Our return to Lewis Lake was uneventful. We floated through most of the rapids in the channel and crossed the lake before the wind rose. Both the Hawksleys and the Reynoldses were enthusiastic. Oz returned to Missouri with the hope of scheduling an AWA Shoshone Lake trip for family groups or anyone else whose objective would be scenery and leisurely wilderness travel.

A Possible Itinerary

The prospect of a 7-day trip is intriguing. Travel would be accomplished in short stages before afternoon's rising winds made paddling a chore. A two-night stay at Shoshone Geyser Basin would be just right, and there would be plenty of time for swimming, fishing, and the kind of aimless exploring that Shoshone invites.

Furthermore, the wilderness traveler on Shoshone Lake is helping preserve the wilderness he sees. After a bitter battle the National Park Service zoned Shoshone for use by hand-propelled craft only, but the powerboat fraternity is pushing for relaxation of the zoning.

If canoeists and wilderness lovers don't use Shoshone Lake, we can bet pressures on the Service will rise.

Tentative Trip Schedule

Oz Hawksley supplies the following dates of next year's summer trips as a basis for planning. They may well be changed, but it's worth writing to him now to indicate your interest in individual trips and dates. Your interest may influence the planning. Oscar F. Hawksley, Route 5, Warrensburg, Mo.

June 10-16—Dinosaur Trip on Yampa.

\$60 to \$80. Intermediate for decked boats.

July 3-9—Selway No. 1.

July 12-18—Selway No. 2. This was the classic of last year, through the Selway-Bitterroot wilderness. For skilled and expert boaters.

July 22-26: Open dates for a possible "charter trip" by an affiliate or other group. Middle or Main Salmon are possibilities. Another possibility: A pioneering trip on the Middle Fork of the Flathead in Montana.

August 5-11—Shoshone Lake, Yellowstone. See John Good's article. Only \$30 for adults.

Sierra Club Trips

Lou Elliott lists the following tentative trip schedule for the main Sierra Club. Write to Lou in care of River Outings Committee, Sierra Club, Mills Tower, San Francisco 4, Calif.

Easter week, Apr. 15—Glen Canyon No. 1.

June 12-18—Glen Canyon No. 2.

June 18-26—Yampa-Green: Dinosaur, Lodore.

June 20-26—Glen Canyon No. 3.

June 28-July 6—Glen Canyon No. 4.

July 8-17—Grand Canyon.

June 11-16—Rogue No. 1

June 18-23—Rogue No. 2

June 25-30—Rogue No. 3

July 4-10—Selway.

July 12-18—Middle Fork Salmon.

July 19-26—Main Salmon.

July 9-17—Puget Sound.

July 28-August—Shoshone Lake, Yellowstone.

August 9-16—Canoe River, B.C.

August 17-23—Columbia River, B.C.

A Plea for a Guidebook

By WALTER KIRSCHBAUM

AWA Guidebook Chairman

Since guidebooks are not written overnight, and so many of you might be deeply involved in preparing one of your own, let me say again that I would be very happy to receive your product in order to fit it into the over-all picture. The guidebook committee's work, as I see it, is to seek mature grounds on which our standards of evaluation, created in 1956 under Jeff Wilhoyte, can be applied toward safety and success in our great sport.

The average white-water hero prefers to spend his free time in his boat rather than at a desk. My helpers are, therefore, rather rare. Yet a nearly solid band of common interpretation of our grading system connects the boys from the Feather with those of the Delaware. Elsa Bailey has promised to work on some more Californian rivers and the information should be available through me before the year is over. I am going to try a brief description of Gray and Desolation Canyons of the Green River. Thus we are attempting to complete our mosaic which in the end should enable — let's say — Roland Palmedo to know beforehand what extent of exposure he is going to face before he departs from N. Y. for a canyon in Utah.

The jewel in our mosaic of guidebooks is Walter Burmeister's "The Appalachians." It is a treasure of practical information that covers every river in the Appalachians, combined with a range of other values which address any outdoorsman of caliber in a most convincing manner. As a matter of fact, be he geographically inclined or a bird watcher or a botanist, he will treasure this masterpiece as well as any boater who wants to be reliably guided, or simply anyone who enjoys writing style. There is no product of similar quality, thoroughness or beauty in the world.

Walter has, on some 1200 typewritten pages, made use of our grading system, compiled at the head of each river chap-

ter the most important information, to be grasped in a minute. The reading of his descriptions, then, is sheer delight. In short, since Walter practically gave his book to the AWA, I think nothing better could possibly have happened to us.

"The Appalachians" in short is the model of a guidebook, and should be published as soon as possible. Arrangements have been made for printing. The Klepper Company may decide to help finance it if allowed to appear as a co-publisher. Common sense requires the AWA publicly to support the project and contribute a share toward printing costs. The book could then be printed for sale, through AWA and Klepper channels, for about \$6.00 or \$7.00 the copy.

Let me therefore make this suggestion: Each affiliate either obtain individual pledges from its members or, as a club, put up as much as \$50, in form of a check made out to "AWA Guidebook (Burmeister)," and mail to the Colorado State Bank, Denver, Colo.

I could then consolidate the sum, forward it, and thereby convince Klepper of the AWA's interest.

Could we make such an effort? I am almost certain that not a single contributor would ever regret his step. Is there enough "esprit de corps" in our Affiliation? I cannot think of anything more worthwhile for the AWA to organize. Please let's hear from you.

**All members of each affiliate
should join AWA**

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Safety as We See It

By JOHN BOMBAY
AWA Safety Chairman

A lot of letters were produced by my column last time on classification of paddlers, instructional programs, and other measures aimed at increasing and standardizing our skills. Aside from the two Midwest and one Yellowstone responses printed in the Letters column, here's a selection:

Dr. Wm. W. Ornduff, U. of Oregon Medical School, Portland, Ore., writes:

"Your article should be a boost to white-water safety through its set of standards, its appeal for uniformity, and its training program.

"Where can I get the instruction that you recommend? I live in Portland, can get to Seattle week-ends, could probably take a week of my vacation to enter such a program."

Need for a New Affiliate

Dr. Ornduff is in a great unorganized area, so far as the AWA is concerned. Sierra Club to the south of him, Washington Foldboat Club to the north of him, great Western distances between. We don't know why Oregon, which has

magnificent rivers, heavy rainfall, varied scenery, has lagged in white-water organization.

With his foldboat, Dr. Ornduff could fly either to San Francisco or Seattle for a weekend trip or a series of them. Then, we hope, he would organize a white-water club in Oregon!

Hal Sundin of Rte. 1, Box 492, Crystal Lake, Ill., writes:

"In your article . . . no references were made to any available instructional movies. I wonder if you have any suggestions in this regard, both for kayak and canoe. If so, I would like to pass the information along as a suggestion to the program chairman for the Prairie Club Canoeists for showing at the fall or spring get-together.

"There is no substitute for personal instruction, but visual aids certainly bring to life the information extracted from a text."

The Film Project

The answer is that the Sierra Club is considering an instructional film, and

International River Classification (Alliance Internationale de Tourisme)

I. Very Easy

Waves small, regular; passages clear; sandbanks, artificial difficulties like bridge piers; riffles.

II. Easy

Rapids of medium difficulty, with passages clear and wide; low ledges; spraydeck useful.

III. Medium

Waves numerous, high, irregular; rocks; eddies; rapids with passages that are clear though narrow, requiring expertise in maneuver; inspection usually needed; spraydeck needed.

IV. Difficult

Long rapids, waves powerful, irregular; dangerous rocks; boiling eddies; passages difficult to reconnoiter; inspection mandatory first time; powerful and precise maneuvering required; spraydeck essential.

V. Very Difficult

Extremely difficult, long and very violent rapids, following each other almost without interruption; riverbed extremely obstructed; big drops, violent current; very steep gradient; reconnoitering essential but difficult.

VI. Extraordinarily Difficult.

Difficulties of Class V carried to the extreme of navigability. Nearly impossible and very dangerous. For teams of experts only, at favorable water levels and after close study with all precautions.

(Ed. Note: The above is the Editor's own translation from diverse sources. The authentic text of the A.I.T. was not available.

(In 1956 Jeff Wilhoyte worked out a table of points to go with this grading system. See AWW for Spring 1958.)

that it may be produced in the next few months. It will then be available for rental to sister clubs. Hal Sundin is a progressive influence and his inquiry will itself advance the project, which depends now chiefly on financing and the diligence of individuals.

Incidentally, those clubs interested in contributing to the film — either by sending in strips of good footage or by subscription for a copy of their own — might well write to Glenn Gaumer, 6316 Colby St., Oakland 18, Calif. In particular, since the Sierra Club is primarily a kayak group, contributions of canoe footage might be most welcome.

Some rather old-fashioned English instructional film loops on Eskimo rolling and other facets of our sport are available. If interested, write me at my new address for details.

An interesting letter from Stew Coffin of the Boston Appalachian Mountain Club is too long to quote in detail; Stew says the Appies have been classifying their members longer than any other group in the country, and have a five-slice system, ranging from Beginner to Leader.

My own suggestion was addressed to the New York chapter of the Appies and to the Ontario Voyageurs who have followed them in adopting a four-grade system. I thought we should equate these four grades with the International Classes I to IV, which are the kinds of rivers we ordinarily run, while leaving the Classes V and VI to the super-experts who are "beyond class."

Standardization Failure

Stew however says that to date the Chapters of the Appalachian Mountain Club have failed in standardizing their grades of competence among themselves. Maybe that is an argument for relating such standards to an outside system such as I have suggested.

Note that the Editor has printed here a free translation of the standard European river classifications. Stew writes "I am strongly of the opinion that, although a uniform system of canoeists' classification will be a fine thing . . . it will not be possible until we have a uniform classification of **rivers** first." I agree! and that is why we are again advocating the International system.

Walter Kirschbaum (see his remarks elsewhere in this issue) is working on river guides that will make use of this classification system. Walter Burmeister uses it in his Appalachian guide.

One piece of advice in interpreting the European system: do not overrate your rivers! As the grades were written up some years ago, when Europeans were less competent than they now are, the words seem pallid when compared to the river conditions they now actually represent.

For example: Little Falls, at Washington D. C., is usually a Class III rapid, rising to IV in high water and V in flood.

The Covered Bridge rapid at West Cornwall, Conn., is Class II, except in vicious high water.

The "graveyard" on the (California) Russian River at Squaw Rock is Class III. The Upper and Lower Gorges of the Feather River, Class II in low water, III in high.

We felt that the Selway in Idaho, which we ran with some New York Appies last summer, was substantially Class II/III, with a few rapids of Class IV and at least one Class V (Jim's Creek).

Our Colorado colleagues could give some parallel instances in rivers we are not familiar with. Even Cottonwood, we gather, is only a high IV most of the time.

Tipover Techniques

George A. Robe, 81 Central Ave., Montclair, N. J., writes to raise an interesting question about the behavior of water in rapids. George is a pioneer canoe explorer of many famous streams, including the upper Hudson.

He notes Peter Whitney's statement in May that "surf is different from river white water in that the current doesn't quickly take you near to land."

George says this "may be true in a majority of cases, but in extremely fast rapids or on rivers in extremely high flood, the river piles high in the center! It is very difficult to get out of this high center!

"On the Long Sault Rapids of the Ottawa River at Hawkesbury, Que., I upset near the start of the rapids. It was not until I had floated through the

entire rapid down to relatively quiet water that I was able to get my heavily loaded 17-foot Grumman to shore.

"On the Moodna in extremely high flood in April, quite a number of years ago, my H. W. Class Old Town took on so much water dodging rocks that it sank under me. I had to paddle myself buoyed up on two inflated sections of my Mae West to get out of the arched-up center. I retained attachment to my Old Town with a 40-foot rope. After I got **out of the center** I was able to stop the canoe."

Here is another reminder of the powerful force of water, the element we play in.

When to Let Go?

Dean Norman, 7219 Edgewood Blvd., Shawnee, Kans., writes similarly of the need for an article "about techniques for riding through rapids after you tip over in them." In a recent canoe spill, Dean and his co-paddler "are sure we did the wrong thing . . . we hung onto the gunnels and took a constant beating from the underwater rocks which we couldn't see ahead because of the canoe riding more or less in front of us.

"Eventually we were exhausted and had to let go of the canoe anyway. In hindsight it seems we would have been better off to let the boat go immediately in such a long, rocky rapids and concentrate on sliding over and around rocks with a minimum of bruising."

Dean, who is our brilliant AWW cartoonist, should re-read Elsa Bailey's letter, in the May issue, criticizing the all-too-rigid safety rule to "stick to your boat."

The Training Program

Now, for the critics and questioners of our proposal for a nation-wide training program. Tom Morley warns us of a tendency to become a "taxonomist," which does sound pretty habit-forming. I trust that, by prayer and upbeat thinking, we can abstain from this evil. I agree with Tom that the classifications — at least the lower ones — should not be externalized in the form of a badge or dog-tag, yet I believe that an experts' badge, perhaps that of the River Patrol that Roland Palmedo and Red Fancher have been urging, would be a

good mark of distinction and give everybody a goal to aim at.

Such a River Patrol would, we think, be a help out West or wherever there are occasional stirrings of a move to ban river-running as too dangerous. Patrol members could be listed at sheriffs' and highway police offices, as ready to undertake flood rescue work, to advise on the rescue of stranded river parties, etc. Such a gesture would, we believe, forestall much of the criticism of our sport.

I myself will start this winter to draft an instruction outline — a pamphlet that's as brief as possible and meant only to be a guide for instruction carried out by the various clubs.

I am myself unexpectedly translated from California for at least 18 months, and, here in Tennessee, will be out of reach of most of the affiliated clubs. But I look forward eagerly to running some of the Appalachian rivers and will welcome invitations to meet you Eastern boaters.

(Ed. Note: John's address is c/o Kaiser Engineers, Box 956, Oak Ridge, Tenn.)

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Conservation Comment

By HAROLD E. ALEXANDER
Arkansas Game and Fish Commission

(The following excerpts from a monograph presented at the 25th North American Wildlife Conference give eloquent and authoritative expression to some ideas which are shared probably by all of us in the AWA. Mr. Alexander is one of the leaders in efforts to organize a wild-river preservation panel discussion, to develop criteria of evaluation and some organizational means whereby conservationists can anticipate the dam builders and get to our remaining wild rivers first. — Dan K. Bradley)

We have considered some of the problems which result from our management of water; some of which management has been premised on questionable objectives which drive us to achieve an apparently higher standard of living. In the course of striving toward these objectives, we have ignored many of the physical, spiritual, and emotional needs essential to our existence. We wish to confine this discussion to the problems which have arisen in our "management" of streams. These problems are crucial and demand our concerted and immediate attention, since the stream developments that have been effected, or are in the planning stage, will impose drastic alterations on most of our rivers, changing their character and nature, and destroying many values which we believe are worthy of preservation. . . .

Many of these developments have resulted in losses of economic recreational and aesthetic values which were inherent in the streams they covered up. We have carried this program of stream "management" to a point of diminishing returns, where what we have left is, in a great many instances, more valuable

than what we can gain by further developments. . . .

We can state, without reservation, that unaltered and "undeveloped" streams have material values. . . . But when we attempt to balance their economic worth against developments which would produce immediate monetary gains, we consistently come out second best. In assigning values to natural streams, we must emphasize intangible values, the significance of which defies the application of any monetary standards to define their worth. The intangible values . . . are real and are identical with those we attribute to good music, the arts and architecture, which command high prices in the market place. They include the concept of our democracy, our family relationships, and spiritual values. These things have not been and cannot be calculated in dollar terms. The values we attach to the preservation of streams must include a complete recognition of the high worth of these intangibles. . . .

That we are in the process of losing many of our streams, to which we assign values, and that we will lose most of them in the future unless actions are taken to preserve them, is all too apparent. . . . Ben East, writing about Western streams, commented, "You name the stream; somebody has plans for it." [An Oregon conservationist] commented, "Somebody has plans for almost every bit of flowing water." . . .

If we would save some of our natural streams, [our people] must be made aware of what is happening, we must recognize as real values and defend

those intangibles we have defined, and we must take action. We haven't much time. If we don't do these things, most of our clear streams will, finally, be sacrificed on the altar of our technological developments. . . .

What Can Be Done

Those who replied to the questions submitted to the conservation agencies [of the 48 states] recognized the acute need for immediate and direct actions to preserve streams and stream values in this country, and suggested the following courses of action.

Attention was called to the great "apathy" among state conservation agencies and national organizations, while other groups are "actively shaping state water laws to their own liking." A report commented, **"We all claim to be interested in multiple use planning, but I suspect that most agencies have their own definitions of multiple use: one which places their particular use at the top of the list."**

It was suggested that conservation groups "coordinate" their efforts in a concerted effort to save streams. It is obvious that we too often operate as "splinter" groups and do not combine our efforts with others who feel and believe as we do with regard to these matters. Outright purchase or easements on streams with high recreational values was suggested. However, one state said, "The group most intimately affected must bear the brunt of any action . . . {and should not} rely on other interests."

Another state recommended "education of the public" as to what was happening and to enable them to recognize the worth of intangible values. A Western state said, "The greatest problem is keeping the public informed of what is happening to . . . areas of high aesthetic and scenic value, and what the need for recreational areas will be in the future."

"Zoning" or classification of recreational areas and streams with recognized values was suggested. As an example, the province of Ontario, Canada, has set up land use designations, to include wilderness areas, lakes and rivers which will not be developed, and which will retain their natural qualities . . .

Legislation to "strictly prohibit" pollution was considered essential. It has been estimated that 50 million pounds of sewage solids are dumped, each day, into our flowing waters. Synthetic compounds, poisons and atomic wastes have further polluted our rivers, to eventually turn up in our drinking water, since we have not found ways to remove these substances dangerous to our existence.

Evaluation of the "worth" of fish and wildlife resources, to give accurate data on which to base recommendations, was proposed as a primary need.

Legislative action to set aside and reserve certain streams **now** for recreational use . . . was another recommendation. . . .

Conclusions

We are carrying a wide variety of water management programs under the jurisdiction of numerous governmental agencies, whose separate activities are limited by their authorities, and which fail to consider many important uses of water.

There is an acute awareness that we are rapidly losing our high quality streams, and that a positive program is needed to save the values they have for us in a natural state. So far there has been no nationally organized effort to protect clearwater streams, only sporadic efforts.

There is a recognition that natural stream values will increase in ratio to their relative scarcity.

The natural scientist, with notable exceptions, has given most of his attention to material considerations, and has failed to consider criteria by which intangibles could be recognized and which would lead to an understanding of the significance of these values.

In managing water resources we have applied the slogan "the greatest good for the greatest number of people," without clearly understanding what this doctrine might imply, or recognizing our diverse and changing needs, now and in the future **[or human fallibility and shortsightedness—DKB]**.

We should realize that we are taking courses of action in water management which are irreversible. The hour is late.

RACING REPORT

By GEORGE SIPOSS

Racing Editor

Since we could not afford to have our friends from across Canada with us, we were not able to call our Peterborough race the "**Canadian** Slalom Championships." However, it was good to know that there are so many whitewater paddlers in Ontario.

Notices about the race were sent out well ahead of time, but on Friday preceding the race we had less than 20 entries. It seems that paddlers are the worst writers—they come with paddle in hand instead.

By 2 p.m. on Saturday when we had the course set, we thought we could sit down to take a breather—but every few minutes a new group would arrive and report to the Registration Clerk Inge Wagner. By Saturday night the entries had increased to 45 and by Sunday to 52.

International Slalom rules were broken for the sake of those who were skeptical about pitting their skill against such a powerful river. Everyone was allowed a practice run and a slide down the 14-foot spillway. Those who capsized found it hard to swim downstream as the powerful eddy (really a giant whirlpool) kept pulling them upstream again and again, but the safety patrol was always on hand with a rope and a couple of strong swimmers to pull them out. The bark was worse than the bite—nobody was hurt. In fact, we all had a ball; the water was so nice and warm!

Sunday morning we pulled up some sagging ropes and opened a dam to provide more downward flow to counteract the giant eddy. This is one of the advantages of the course—we have full control over the water.

After a short meeting of the competitors, the race got under way at noon. There were about 70 boats starting—competitors raced in more than one class. Eventually it looked more and more like an assembly line. Each boat was given the "go" signal as soon as the boat ahead had cleared Gate No. 10 thus allowing two boats on the



The Peterborough Slalom

—Photo by George Siposs

course. The safety boys were quick in removing capsized competitors and their boats from the course. Timing was done from one position and the results were telephoned in as soon as the boat had passed the judges.

George Topol, his leg in a cast, was judging no less than nine gates by himself. Other judges had smaller assignments. It was a very good set-up: scoreboard, sandwiches, coffee in a thermos, bottles cooling in the swift current below (hung from a rope) and a portable radio which was turned down when the telephone rang from Central Control.

To start 70 boats in two heats is no small job. Instead of the four-hour race we had planned, we finally finished at 8:30 p.m. The podium for the winners was quickly set up a la Olympics and the crowning event of the day took place at 9 o'clock. Our American friends succeeded in taking the team trophy (and we thought we had it sewed up!). But we now have Ontario Whitewater Champions and have gained a lot of valuable experience.

All competitors wore lifejackets but some were not tied on properly. A life-

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2. KLEPPER "SL-61" —for White Water Slalom . . . Weight: 42 lbs. (19 kg); length: 13 ft. **9"** (408 cm); width: 24" (60 cm) . . . Comparable model: Klepper Folding "Slalom **59"**".

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Margie Umberger displays style — and assets too — in Pennsylvania's Wet-Shirt Slalom
 —Photo by Naton Bernot

jacket should be tied on **tight** and between the legs so that it will support you in the water rather than float on the surface while you are trying to disentangle the straps. A lifejacket should hold you up high so that you do not have to swim and can devote yourself to saving the boat.

Our members still don't seem to realize that slalom races are won by inches rather than seconds. For example — if the bow misses going through a gate, 50 seconds are added to your time. A simple touch adds 10 seconds. Taking an average time of four minutes per run (240 seconds) and 16 gates, the time spent between gates is approx. 12-15 seconds. If you paddle 10 per cent faster (which is quite a bit) you may gain a second between each gate, or, say, 20 seconds on the course. But in so doing you could easily lose control of the boat and get a couple of 10 point penalties, and 50 points as well.

In other words, 70 seconds would be added to your time for a mere 20 seconds gained.

Peterborough Slalom Race and Ontario Whitewater Slalom Championships
August 27, 1961

C-1

- | | | |
|------------------|-------|-----|
| 1. R. Bickham | _____ | 302 |
| 2. T. Southworth | | 336 |
| 3. D. Kurtz | ... | 444 |

C-2

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------|-----|
| 1. Southworth-Guss | | 288 |
| 2. Bickham-Kurtz | | 313 |
| 3. Hokanson-Heebner | | 368 |

K-1

- | | | |
|---------------|-------|-----|
| 1. G. Siposs | _____ | 288 |
| 2. H. Poenn | | 308 |
| 3. H. Rosteck | — | 331 |

K-1 Novice

- | | | |
|---------------|-------|-----|
| 1. N. Riley | | 303 |
| 2. E. Maschek | | 323 |
| 3. A. Zob | | 344 |

Team Trophy (donated by Klepper Co.): State College, Pa.

National Slalom Championships
Salida, Colo., July 1-2

F-1

- | | | |
|--------------|-------|-------|
| Eric Frazee | _____ | 252 |
| Jim Burk | _____ | 254.7 |
| Erich Seidel | | 264.3 |



Bill Bickham, Wet-Shirt Slalom. Note the thigh braces.

—Photo by Naton Bernot

R-1

Dave Morrissey	244
Claude Burk	269.5
Ron Bohlander	281.7

C-1

Bill Bickham	324.3
Phil Hugill	490.7
Dick Bridge	647.6

C-2

Bickham-Bridge	322.9
Worrell-Swenson	343.7
Wright-Hugill	454.1

K-1 W

Barbara Wright	560.6
Barbara Krebs	1161.8
Joby Jenkins	1222

Tentative Race Schedule

1962

Brandywine Slalom — Last weekend in April.

Potomac White Water Race — First weekend in May.

Hudson River White Water Derby — Second weekend in May.

West River Slalom — Third weekend in May.

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Is a Life Sentence Justified?

Can anyone enter a slalom? Does he have to be a member of the BCU? Not for Div. IV, at any rate. But anyone? Meet Clyde Jones, Colorado, U.S.A. Nothing Clyde would like better than simply to enter a slalom. But he can't. He's a w.-w. man. Physically fit, attends 3-4 slaloms a year, as a spectator. But he cannot enter a slalom. He's a naughty professional. Does he make a living manufacturing canoes? No! Selling canoes? No! But during 1950-54 Clyde entered the Arkansas River Race, and won money. Lucky guy? Not quite as lucky as those who entered and failed to win money. The ACA kindly forgave those. Clyde, together with Bob Ehrman, was not forgiven.

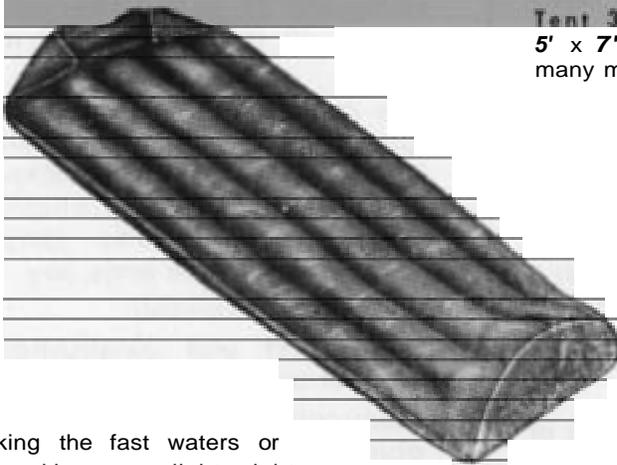
Continental taking part in these

races got off much more lightly. Some had no action taken against them by their respective national bodies. The Germans handed out a year's disqualification, a not unreasonable spanking. But for Bob and Clyde, a lifer. Clyde, a five-year-long W.-W. reader, says he had never heard of the ACA amateur rules when he entered the Arkansas Races. This seems quite possible. I myself had heard nothing of our amateur rules when I won and proudly accepted 5/- for a cross country run in a small village carnival. That would however have debarred me from winning any event under the AAA auspices. Happily the AAA never heard of it and I still have a couple of County medals. Unless of course somebody shops me.

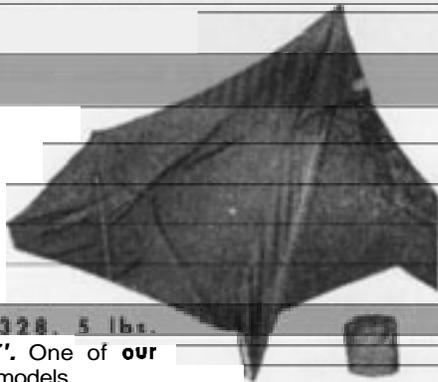
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There is of course some merit in trying to keep some types from amateur sport. Jack Spuhler says for instance that he would hate to see someone turn up at each slalom with a stock of boats so light that he needed a new one for each run. That seems fair enough. But anyone with sufficient lolly could do that anyway. No, all in all, we have nothing to quibble about here. I suppose the Klepper boys on the Continent came as near as possible to the idea of the "Professional." The boat salesman can spend as much time on the water demonstrating as he likes. Presumably he also has a stock of boats. But none of us feels any hostility towards them. For these lads put far more into slalom than they take out. Look for instance how much we owe to Erich Seidel, and to Sigi Holzbauer.

I am pretty sure that I speak for all of us when I say that as far as we are

concerned we should not stop anyone having a bash at slalom. . . . But are we not taking things too seriously when we deny a man for life. Dammit, even a murderer gets remission for good conduct. It's perishing well foreign to the idea of sport.

Personally, from my knowledge of our American WW readers, I am baffled that they could let anyone do it to Bob and Clyde.

Somewhere, somehow, someone has blundered. Someone ought to put it right. Someone in authority ought to send Clyde and Bob a slalom entry form, and right now, too.

—BILL HORSMAN

(from *British WHITE WATER*)

(See ACA rules for amateurs on next page.)



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ACA Rules on Amateurism

(Ed. Note: We reprint these rules for the guidance of AWA members ~~who~~ may never have seen them.)

Definition of an Amateur

An amateur canoeist is one whose participation in canoeing is — and always has been — solely for pleasure and for the physical, mental or social benefits he derives therefrom, and to whom canoeing is nothing more than recreation without material gain of any kind, direct or indirect.

The following specific rules are presented as an elaboration of the above "Definition of an Amateur" for application to American Canoe Association competition.

1. A professional canoeist is one who teaches, trains, prepares, participates, or agrees to participate in any canoeing activity (or any closely associated activity) for money or pecuniary reward of any nature. Excepted from the first part of this rule are those whose normal duties as teachers include elementary instruction in physical education or sport, provided that this is not their principal occupation.

2. Anyone who, knowingly, competes with (or against) professional canoeists in a bona fide event will be considered a professional canoeist.

3. Anyone who is declared a professional canoeist may not become an amateur canoeist again. Anyone who is declared a professional in any one branch of canoeing (paddling, sailing, slalom or cruising) automatically becomes a professional in all branches.

4. An amateur canoeist may receive fair and reasonable compensation for traveling expenses (to include fare, lodging and meals) during an accredited athletic trip or tour. On trips to foreign countries — which are made in collaboration with the International Canoe Federation, the Pan-American Union, or the United States or International Olympic Committees — the American Canoe Association will abide by the rules of the latter organizations pertaining to trip expenses and other matters.

5. An amateur canoeist may not accept any money for traveling expenses as a trainer, massagist, friend or relative. Any traveling expenses paid to the trainer cannot be claimed by the trainer or the competitor.

6. An amateur canoeist may not compete in canoeing activities as a representative of a corporation or business in which he is employed, unless he has a minimum of five (5) years of service and the canoeing (or closely allied) activity is purely amateur in nature. Neither may he receive compensation (directly or indirectly) for salary or time losses because of training, assisting, or engaging in canoeing activities. Moreover, he may not, at any time, receive recompense (directly or indirectly) for joining or participating with a club or organization engaged in canoeing activities.

7. An amateur canoeist may not exploit his canoeing fame for money, salary, gifts, gratuities, or other compensation, or by such acts as taking part in canoeing activities which, in some way, constitute propaganda of a commercial nature, or by presenting himself in the sponsored time of any radio station, etc., that announces or makes propaganda of any commercial nature, or by giving public notice of the use or preference of a commercial product or service.

8. An amateur canoeist may not write or publish articles on canoeing, or engage in artistic endeavor relating to the sport, for money or other pecuniary gain, particularly when it can be assumed that the distribution of his handiwork will be increased, or his compensation enhanced, as a result of the reputation or knowledge he has gained in canoeing activities.

9. An amateur canoeist may not bet or risk money on canoeing events.

10. An amateur canoeist may not compete for a medal or a prize made of precious metal on which it is not possible to engrave or inscribe an inscription commemorating the event.

11. An amateur canoeist may not enter or compete under any name that is not his own, or the one he has taken permanently and is registered and accepted by the American Canoe Association.

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SECRETARY'S SOAP BOX

By Dave Morrissey
AWA Secretary

With autumn bringing a close to our boating activities most of the affiliates as well as the AWA are beginning their re-organization activities, electing new officers, and planning programs for the years ahead. This brings to mind a topic that has been discussed over the years and seems to be gaining increased attention and support, i. e., the coordination of the activities of the American Canoe Association with those of the American Whitewater Affiliation.

Your secretary is not attempting to commit heresy or bring on the wrath of the membership, but rather to point out some of the weaknesses of our present organization. In the first place, the AWA is a firmly established organization; it is no longer struggling for existence and is enjoying a period of expansion. On the other hand, the ACA seems to have been stimulated by the activities of the AWA and it is improving its program. Since the activities of the ACA have been closely associated with racing while the AWA has emphasized the cruising aspects of white-water boating, it would seem logical for the two organizations to continue as distinct entities. However, a number of the affiliates are finding that cruising and racing are not at cross purposes, especially when it comes to handling difficult white water.

Briefly, some of the advan-

tages of a unified organization are as follows:

- 1) A single membership; at present some members are paying ~~two~~ to both organizations;
- 2) A much larger membership with its resulting advantages financially; and as an attraction to advertisers supporting the AWA journal;
- 4) A stronger organization to work in areas of conservation; and
- 5) Solving problems unilaterally rather than by working at cross purposes.

The primary reason for the shift of attitude regarding some sort of unification is that both organizations have achieved substantial support and each has something to contribute to the other. The journal of the AWA is probably the finest of its kind and could provide the backbone for a unified organization. The ACA has the tradition and the acceptance of the I.C.F., A.A.U., and the Olympic Committee to assist in the promotion of our sport.

Last fall, Clyde Jones had a very difficult time finding a volunteer for the executive secretary's job with unfortunate results. The affiliates owe it to themselves to nominate one of their membership who is interested and willing to do the job. It is my hope that our neighbors to the North take over the leadership of the AWA. How about it you Ontario Voyageurs, Cormorant Kayakers, or B. C. Kayak and Canoe Club?





"...THEN WHEN YOU ARE DIRECTLY OVER THE FUNNEL, BRACE CLOCKWISE TO COUNTERACT THE COUNTER-CLOCKWISE CURRENT, AND THEN...."

Our New Roster

The membership roster, an annual feature of our Affiliation, is in your hands with this issue in an improved format. It is probably more accurate and up-to-date than any hitherto, thanks to the hard and efficient work of our Membership Chairman, Deacon Kiehm. We also owe a big vote of thanks to Art Midouhas, Buck Ridger, who had the printing done for us.

If you are not accurately listed, chances are good that you forgot to send the Deacon your change-of-address

card when you moved . . . these cards are furnished by the Post Office and are handy to use.

Note the years "58," "59," and "60" before some names. These are members who haven't yet paid their more recent dues; somebody less polite than we might call them delinquents. It takes the AWA and the Deacon a long time to give up hope for a soul.

Help him by getting in touch with such of those members as you know; see if you can't persuade them to get into a state of grace.

FROM YOUR EDITOR

We flatter ourselves that this is an uncommonly interesting issue. Take Bob Harrigan's long story of his and John Berry's disillusioning journey to Dresden. Bob and John are habitual winners in C-2 in this country. Whiskey advertisers fight for their work as models; they are good at photography, writing, and boat construction as well as paddling.

Knowing them reasonably well, we believe they went through real hell having to drop out of the World Championships. And we believe, too, that their sobering verdict on the kind of sport that is practiced behind the Iron Curtain deserves to be weighed in all seriousness by all of us who love white-water boating and the river.

One aspect of this is the pure skill of the Europeans. But this, in time, Americans might catch up with, given equal conditions. The fact is that, thanks to Communist training methods, conditions are not equal.

Is competition on these terms worthwhile? Is it worth even the pro forma effort to take part, knowing one will usually lose against intensely trained totalitarians? Is the gesture of sportsmanlike losing sufficiently endearing, for example, to console the Iron Curtain kids who run alongside pressing the hands of the doggedly amateur Americans?

You tell us. The question is too important, though, to be left to the likes of the sports journalists. We mean, for example, the magazine that calls itself *Sports Illustrated*, which (August 7) ran a superb photograph of a C-2 pair fighting to regain their balance in the Dresden races (perhaps at Gate 22 as described by Bob). The caption beneath this tremendous action shot was a rancid example of collegiate witticism at its worst. Nowhere in the caption, or elsewhere in the magazine, was there a word as to the results of the race, fate of U.S. participants, or anything to suggest appreciation of what white-water sport means. The caption doesn't even name the two canoeists who are fighting for control.

Sports Illustrated once printed a pic-

ture story about an Eastern slalom and, another time, a photograph of the Salida Race. Then, one day, a rancorous old New York sports editor accused it of getting excited about "canoe races." Since then, even the results of our competitions haven't been eligible for the "Coming Events" column or for the "For the Record" department after they are over.

Poor show. Just as well Claire Boothe Luce doesn't paddle a kayak instead of skin-diving all over the Caribbean. We'd have a hard time fighting off the Leica-clad Lifemen* *

No offense intended to Leica. We use Leicas ourself. Those of you who have access to it will be interested to see the latest issue of "Leica Fotografie," (the edition prepared for Europe and Britain as distinguished from the U.S. "Leica Photography.") It contains an article with pictures on foldboat touring in Europe. * * *

Dave Morrissey, in his farewell "Soapbox" as Executive Secretary, raises a question that may absorb much AWA attention during the coming year: whether to unify, affiliate, or otherwise ally ourselves with the American Canoe Association.

It sounds mean and tough, but the Editor is opposed to any precipitate amalgamation, or even abandonment of our rivalry, with the American Canoe Association.

Mainly, this is because almost everybody agrees that the rivalry has been fruitful, rather than wasteful. The organization of the AWA has stimulated the ACA; the existence of the older body has been a constant challenge to ours. We think there is still time — and reason — to differ creatively.

Then there is the organizational fact that we in AWA are an affiliation of highly individual clubs, many of them having wider interests like the Sierra Club, Appies, Detroit Sportsmen's Congress, etc. The ACA is a single-sport body, with some of the organizational characteristics of a club itself. The Affiliation, with its looser constitution,

would stand to lose in a marriage with the more tightly knit ACA.

Finally, there is the fact that we are devoted to a specialty within canoeing — white water being different from canoe sailing or flat water competition, even requiring different types of craft.

Thus how would the alliance be brought about? Would the Affiliation turn itself into a white-water section of the ACA? And if so, would it have control of white-water competition, or would competition remain a separate department? And what would become of our all-purpose affiliates, not to mention the little local canoe clubs that have made such a distinct contribution to our character?

So we say let the ACA become one of our affiliates, like the Sierra Club, KCCNY, or the Appies. Better still, let each ACA division affiliate, just as do the different Sierra Club and Appie chapters.

We certainly think some of the ACA's amateur rules, which govern us all, are too strict, and perhaps you will too after reading the reprint from our British contemporary, "White Water," along with the rules themselves on Page 36.

We are a believer in the amateur spirit, and scornful of the cheap attacks that are currently being made on the Amateur Athletic Union by grasping coaches and the sports writers who toady to them. But there has occurred a curious transvaluation of the meaning of the very words "amateur" and "professional" that bears some examination.

In French originally, and in France to this day, to proclaim yourself an "amateur" does not mean you're a complete schlemiel or washout, as it does in English. It means essentially a dedicated person, one who does what he does for the love of it — because "amateur" is derived from "amo," Latin for "I love." An amateur is often a most brilliant and creative performer in the arts or sport.

When we try, in modern America, to get the same value-concept across to an outsider, we often say "he's a pro." We mean by that one who stays in the trenches, fights in all weathers, rides through defeat as well as victory, is an intense but non-rancorous competitor.

Maybe the difference reflects back on us modern Americans and our baffled, cynical culture, rather than on any poor paddler who succumbed to the temptation to take a Chamber of Commerce prize. At all events, we think the AWA should fight to get the rules moderated at least to the extent where they're not more puritanical than the ones for sports, like skiing, where a man really can make money from his fame and skill.

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Your Editor has acquired a dry-mounting press and is offering waterproof maps laminated in mylar. This process heightens the brilliance of a GS quad and makes it almost indestructible. If you prefer, send your own maps, trimmed and marked, for embalming. —P.D.W.

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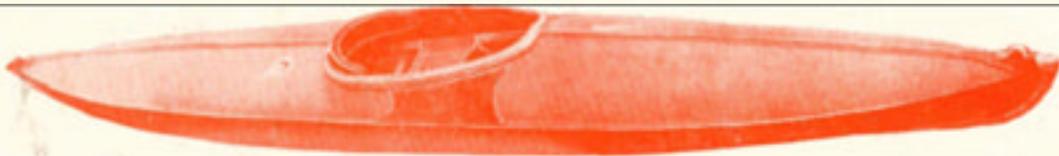
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