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WHITEWATER

the Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation



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EXTRA FAT BONUS ISSUE

Vol. XVII, No. 4



The American Whitewater Affiliation

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

Send Race Schedules and results to the Racing Editor, Ray Galler.

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

Send Advertising copy, proofs and requests for information to the Advertising Manager, Karen Gehe

Send Payments for Advertising and Club Affiliation dues to the Business Manager, Charles Smith.

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

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

COVER: Jim Byrne running "Red Horse Rapid" on the South Fork of the Salmon.

Photo by J. Calvin Giddings

AT LEFT: Peter Wilson doing eddy turn below the Long Falls on the Dead River, August 1969.

Photo by John P. Wilson

Letters from Readers

September 13, 1972

To the editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank sincerely all readers of American Whitewater who have contributed to the Olympic movement this past year.

You all will be pleased to know that your contributions were deeply appreciated, and were put to good use. Our whitewater slalom team was superbly equipped in every way. Through the remarkable efficiency of the U. S. Olympic Committee our clothing, housing, transportation, personnel, medical, publicity and various other needs were taken care of in a manner which certainly exceeded our fondest expectations.

This type of support did much to raise our morale for the tough competition ahead and at the same time made all our team members constantly mindful of the responsibility each of us owed to each of you who helped to make our event the success it was.

Again, heartfelt thanks for your support.

Jay Evans
U. S. Olympic Coach
Whitewater Slalom



Oct. 13, 1972

Iris:

I would highly recommend the movie "Deliverance" for anyone interested in whitewater canoeing. I couldn't see anything wrong from a paddler's point of view—it's just the sort of thing that a bunch of overconfident beginners could get into on a river—assuming they ran into a couple of perverts in the woods which I am happy has never happened to me yet.

The philosophy of river preservation, and the excitement of wilderness whitewater paddling is also very well presented in the long beginning of the movie — even though this is only a minor theme to the main plot. It re-

minded me of my early exploratory trips in Arkansas. I made a trip on the Mulberry River with a guy that looked like, and thought like, the character named Lewis in the movie. Jay Pritchett is now a biology teacher in Spokane, and so far as I can tell has not tempered his fanatical love for wilderness. Last summer he led a trip of college students on the Thelon River in the NW Territories. That river is on my list for the future, but it takes a lot of time and a bit of money for bush pilots.

Dean Norman
3336 W. 99th St.,
Cleveland, OH 44102



RIVER USE SURVEY

Stephen Page, an avid whitewater touring enthusiast and a graduate student in land use planning (in particular, outdoor recreation planning) at the University of Vermont, would like to hear paddlers' opinions on the following points:

1) Is there, in general, adequate access to good rivers in New England? If not, what should the criteria be (other than the obvious—proximity to a road) in planning for and realizing additional put in/take out points?

2) Would there be a demand for campsites accessible only from the river?

3) What would be the best policy to follow regarding stream flow control as it relates to canoeing and kayaking (both touring and racing)? Any information on this point would be welcome. Please send comments and information to:

Stephen Page
Grand Isle, VT 05458

AWA EMBLEMS FOR MEMBERS

Shoulder patches \$1.00 ea; decals 3 for \$1.00. Send order and check to American Whitewater Affiliation, "Deacon" Kiehn, 2019 Addison St., Chicago, Ill. 60618.

"Grand" Adventure

By Walter Kirschbaum

In tribute to Walter Kirschbaum, one of the great men of whitewater sport, we are reprinting the following article which first appeared in the Nov. 1960 (Vol. VI No. 3) issue of **American Whitewater**. The following is a quote from May, 1972 *SPRAY*, newsletter of the Colorado White Water Association:

"CWWA members were saddened to hear of the death of former member, Walter Kirschbaum. Walter died an accidental death at his home in Los Alamos in early May.

"Walter was a pioneer in whitewater boating in Colorado, and had many firsts to his credit; including the Grand Canyon, the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, and many others.

"Before he came to Colorado, Walter was German National Champion several times, and was World Champion in 1953. Boating was his life, and his main interest was in teaching others. He initiated the kayak training programs which still continue at Colorado Academy and at Colo. Rocky Mountain School.

"Walter leaves four boys, ages 5-12. The Walter Kirschbaum Memorial Fund has been started at the First Nat'l Bank of Glenwood (Colo.) for the benefit of their education."



Modern people, nowadays, use airliners across continents in the most relaxed manner and think flight the greatest fun on earth. I found myself trembling when my family flew to Europe this summer. To me it is terrifying to have to depend on a craft that is so extensively exposed. Modern people think it is suicidal to run the Grand Canyon in a cockleshell: "Gamblers" would do such a thing: "Screwballs."

Throughout the West the sight of my kayak aroused amazement. No one seems to understand that, so equipped, I am not interested in fishing. "What lake are you headed for?" Whenever I

sincerely disclosed my plans and occasionally found people with an unspoiled approach and a little similar experience, they were hardly able to conceal their horror; they did not generally call me crazy, yet their opinions were obvious. As one Arizona State Officer put it, "You will never make it!"

One's approach seems to be the decisive factor; success is probably impossible without respect for the river, and respect again is impossible without due preparation, skills, and appropriate equipment. A lack of respect is bound to meet failure.

I have been fortunate. I learned to use a narrow kayak when I was 14, and in the succeeding 20 years have never omitted an opportunity to ride my kayak in good water. It was natural, as my skill increased, to attempt more and more difficult stretches. A number of spills and the loss of a foldboat taught me to be careful in seating arrangements and in the arrangement of safety lines. Caution made me wear a crash helmet. Theo Bock from Munich, one of the greatest canyoneers, taught me a great deal. When I first left Europe for the race in Salida in 1955, I had run essentially all of the canyons of reputation in the old country; there are still some that nobody else has tackled. In the bad summer flood of 1957 I lost another foldboat while exploring the upper Arkansas between Leadville and Canon City, and I learned a lot again. I began to enjoy exploring remote rivers more than racing. I found wilderness canyons so attractive that all the success I had had in slalom and downriver races of national and international level faded in importance compared to the deep impulses experienced on my excursions. The Kayak Slalom World Championship I had won in 1953 is, to be sure, something I am very proud of, but I believe that successful canyon expeditions give far more and deeper satisfaction.

With such a background it is certainly not amazing that I consider a cockleshell kayak in rapids a safer craft than an automobile on today's roads, frail and exposed a craft as a kayak may seem to the uninitiate. But with all this background my planning was bound to arrive at the "Problem" trip—Grand Canyon. I studied the reports of the undertaking of Major Powell and other river pioneers (including "Zee" Grant's, of course) and listened closely to the hair-raising account that such superb canyoneers as Tyson Dines, Jr., gave of their experiences with the ill-reputed river. Tyson, after he had seen me operate in canyons, encouraged and invited me to join his party in running the "Grand" in June, 1960.

Obtaining a government permit required rather rugged methods. After my written request to be admitted with my kayak had been coldly turned down by the Park Service, it happened that the then Assistant Park Manager, Dan Davis, a most proficient river rat himself, crossed my path on a San Juan trip. Following, right at the river, was the most vital exchange of arguments I had ever heard. Ty Dines, speaking in my behalf, employed all his brilliance as an attorney in convincing Dan of my boating abilities. Dan, of course, had to be concerned with Park rules and the prevention of a huge rescue action which he feared inevitable if anybody entered the Grand Canyon in so frail a craft. Ty won after a violent sounding half hour. Dan had promised to obtain permission for me to join Ty's party of a pontoon and a 22-foot Peterborough Canadian freight canoe **provided** I first proved myself by running Cataract Canyon successfully, and, if possible, other canyons of similar difficulty.

Cataract Canyon, between Moab and Hite, Utah, two weeks later, proved to contain the roughest 30-mile stretch of water I had ever run. As a matter of fact at a probable water flow of 20,000 second feet, two long rapids require more skill in dodging rocks than any rapid in the Grand Canyon at 40,000 second feet (of course, Grand Canyon rapids necessitate more strength, wider experience and much greater consistency than Cataract Canyon in general).

Although I spent approximately 90 minutes above the greatest drop in Cataract Canyon before I decided to run it and how to run it, I conquered everything without a spill. Also, in line of my preparations for the Grand in this summer of 1959, I joined Ty in travelling through Hell's Canyon of the Snake River at a stage of 20,000 second feet of water flowing, a circumstance which made the Snake's rapids rather formidable. On this trip, I spilled in Buck Creek, had to roll up four times in Granite Creek and skipped Wild Sheep altogether. Ty ran it alone in his freight canoe and was tossed out while coming down through Granite Creek's first wave. The empty craft, with its motor running at high speed, rushed on down the river past me, and only eddies prevented its escape. While I was trying to get alongside in order to enter it and get it under control, I ended up being driven around sideways and in circles by its bow that sat behind me on my deck. The impact with a cliff finally broke the motor handle, enabling us to recover the canoe.

With all this experience duly reported to Dan Davis, I finally obtained my permit for the Grand Canyon in late fall of 1959 and spent spring weekends on the upper Colorado, in Black Canyon of the Gunnison River and in lakes, practicing the Eskimo roll.

After a little road incident with a gusty wind that carried two kayaks plus rack from my car and about 20 yards into Arizona's desert, and due repair hours, we finally left Lee's Ferry late one June afternoon, to spend six wonderfully exciting days (a total of 30 hours in the boat) with this mighty companion river. Ty was steering his new freight canoe with an 18 HP motor and three experienced river men to lend a hand. Ted Hatch from Hatch River Expeditions captained a pontoon with six selected passengers. Hand-propelled, I left camp ahead of them most of the time in order not to delay them, but waited for their company at major rapids.

The large holes in Badger Creek Rapid were not too hard to avoid by sneaking down close to the right bank, and Soap Creek allowed me easily to

cut from the center of the tongue, out through the waves that come in at an angle to funnel into the tail waves. While "Zee" Grant called Badger Creek a typical Grand Canyon rapid when he ran it at 20,000 second feet (what he called "high water"), its features seem to differ thoroughly at 40,000 second feet and 20 years later, I would tend to describe Soap Creek as being typical in structure: the V-shaped tongue, swiftly but smoothly gliding down the drop with the tail waves beginning where diagonal waves meet to form the V. Some effort is necessary to cut through these diagonal waves and out to the side, in order to avoid greater exposure that would come with riding out the tail waves. A considerable number of Grand Canyon rapids follow this pattern while they are mostly more powerful than Soap Creek. When I was a little younger, I considered the practice of avoiding the "big stuff" to be cowardly; I don't anymore; and now know of no experienced kayaker who would not attempt to outsmart heavy waves. It would amount to unnecessary exposure. Besides, I think that avoiding it brings more satisfaction. In the Grand, it is not always easy to stay out of heavy waves, and yet to stay close enough to get the benefit of the downstream current that comes with them. Sometimes I was unable to prevent being spun around and was then, at a stage of minimum speed and consequently minimum stability, forced to regain some of the downriver current. Back currents, at points, are too powerful to be fought efficiently and one is taken way upstream before arrival at the right channel.

After a very pleasant camp on a large sand beach in Marble Canyon, the river was, on our second day, accompanied by a strong upstream wind which could have wreaked havoc with an unfeathered paddle. It did not stop us, however, from going 40 miles in 4 hours, with relatively few rapids. The sight of the incredible color of the copper-laden Little Colorado, at first, made me think of an extremely poor reproduction of blue skies in a badly colored movie, but we all enjoyed swimming in and hiking around it.

The Secret Paddling Magazine?

Is the AMERICAN **WHITEWATER** Journal a secret magazine for selected paddlers? Of course not, but sometimes it seems that way, as inquiries come in daily from paddlers and would-be paddlers who have discovered the existence of AMERICAN **WHITEWATER**.

There are thousands of paddlers, and many more interested in the whitewater sport who have never heard of the American Whitewater Affiliation and its Journal.

We need your help to reach these potential subscribers; those seriously interested in whitewater adventure, wild river conservation, racing and all the other aspects of the whitewater sport.

We're not interested in a flood of "Curiosity seeking" or free information seeking inquiries such as result from American Whitewater publicity in popular high circulation publications. Answering such inquiries, at considerable time and expense, results in very few return memberships.

WILL YOU HELP US GET MORE AWA MEMBERS?. . . Send your circulation manager, Geo. Larsen, names and addresses of clubs, libraries, schools, businesses and individuals who have a serious interest in the whitewater sport. Send copies, or addresses, of publications that reach readers most likely to be interested in our sport and efforts. For instance, advertising in the Sierra Club's News letters has been fruitful here in the West.

WE **WILL SEND** to those who inquire or to those you recommend a recent copy of AMERICAN **WHITEWATER** and a membership/subscription form. If they decide to join we ask them to return the membership fee plus \$1.00 for the sample issue. If they're not interested we suggest that they keep or give away the sample copy. We've used this method for over a year with considerable success, but it only works on a high-quality-potential list.

HELP THE AMERICAN **WHITEWATER** AFFILIATION increase its membership, its influence, its budget so it can better serve you, the whitewater sport, and the wild river preservation effort.

PLEASE SEND NAMES, PUBLICATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS to:

AMERICAN **WHITEWATER**

c/o Geo. Larsen, Circulation Mgr.

BOX 1584

SAN BRUNO, CALIF. 94066

My experiencing the Grand Canyon in a kayak would have remained incomplete, I believe, had I not turned over. I spilled in running Hance Rapid on our third day. I had entered at its extreme right and attempted to cross its entire width diagonally towards the backwater at the left. My spill may have been caused by lack of strength or an underestimation of the current's power or both. I ended up sideways in the formidable tail waves. Able to lean efficiently against the first two, it was only the third that tipped me and the picture my friends took show that in the course of another hundred yards I tried twice to recover, but failed due to the sweeping power of these haystacks. A giant's fist, then, it seemed, dragged me out of my kayak. I regained the craft, braced on it and found myself being whirled around in circles, my paddle encircling me at a distance. As soon as I began, in the ordinary manner, to push my boat towards shore and swim after it, in short spells, I was pulled under and had to struggle to recover and reach my boat. A second attempt ended the same way: my life jacket seemed to have no effect at all and then I realized that the whirlpools were working strongly toward the center of the river bed, making it impossible to get ashore the orthodox way. I was clinging to my kayak, bow and stern of which are sprayed full with floating foam, and tried to figure out a way ashore. The whirlpools never seemed to end, and when one of them released me another one was waiting to take over. The water was pleasantly warm, one great advantage, but I did not mean to swim through another rapid; and yet the sheer cliffs did not offer a place to land, even if I had been able to reach shore.

Finally, I thought of the spare paddle that I always keep on my rear deck, assembled, feathered, and ready to be used. I pulled it off, rode and paddled my boat ashore as it was, upside down. I found a tiny beach, got back into the kayak, closed the spray cover and rushed downstream after my original paddle, catching it after another two rapids, and went ashore to wait for the big boats. This incident taught me

about features of a river that were new to me, but it left me quite relaxed and eager to go on.

Sockdolager Rapid is unique in structure and a most pleasant rapid to run in any boat. A quarter mile of huge, but long and soft haystacks could not be avoided because they cover the entire width of the narrow river bed. Running Sockdolager was a strange and impressive experience and to me it resembled the peculiar feeling that a hot shower brings to a man who spent the last 12 hours in a sticky airliner.

This third day of our trip, with about 50 miles of river to cover, offers a great deal of delightful and exciting news, for the Granite Gorge above Bright Angel brings a quick succession of remarkable and steep drops, and the first larger whirlpools; these whirlpools which started out as a sort of a frisky turbulence accompanying the lower end of most minor rapids, had been mentioned by "Zee" Grant, and the Hatches had warned me of them more than of the Canyon's rapids. Consequently and luckily I had built my kayak long enough (16'8") and I spanned most of them. Once, however, upon shooting down at high speed from the last wave of a smaller rapid, I ended right in the funnel of such a monster, without the slightest chance of outsmarting it; it "had" me, and the only choice left for me, while in the water up to my throat, was to keep upside up and wait. Two seconds perhaps, and the pool released me, bow upstream. These fierce, circular currents with funnels that were sometimes larger than my cockpit did indeed require more skill and sound reactions than any of the steps or ledges. It might well be that a kayak with a wider beam than mine (19") would not be sucked under so easily.

Once, in the lower Granite Gorge, I tried a passage between the current of a little rapid and a cliff and, for no apparent reason except for some turbulence, my kayak was suddenly sucked under with only the cockpit left above water and held there for what may have been ten seconds or more. Throughout such wearing and tearing forces, my 35-pound kayak which consists of a fibre glass hull and an ordinary canvas

deck (glass cockpit plate, however) suffered not the slightest damage and I was very happy to see the primitive craft last throughout this heavily silt-laden and tremendously powerful river.

On this trip I greatly failed to supply my own food which I usually carry in my own boat. This was simply because I was eating three times the quantities I had expected to, and I ran out of everything good on the third day (I don't go for powderized meals). Ty Dines admitted me to his commissary roll for the rest of these marvelous days and then I had the kind of meals I appreciate. At Random Ranch, I enjoyed a "civilized" sandwich, but this was all the civilization I cared for, anxious as I was to enjoy more of the Canyon, and curious, above all, to see Lava Falls.

Dan Davis had asked me very kindly to portage Lava Falls, at least, if not some others of the "big ones." There are big ones, not all of them adequately named (numbered only), and Lava Falls is certainly the biggest of them, in drop, power and formidableness. The subject "Lava Falls" was steadily gaining priority in conversation as we got closer. Despite the fact that in a kayak one is unable to see the channel he has chosen but must estimate by the distance from the bank, despite the tremendous tension that lay upon all of us, I had an easier run through Lava Falls than through many another rapid in the Grand. Quite fortunately, in a last minute decision, I had given more consideration to the possible draft toward that horrifying hole and so managed to follow the route I had thought out, a little left of center. Georgie White, whom we had caught up with on our fourth day, ran Lava Falls twenty minutes later with some 30 passengers in three linked pontoons of 30' length. She rode right through the Falls' worst section where a kayak would definitely be lost. One of the pontoons was thrown up and turned over to a point 45 degrees past vertical so that this boat's passengers were hanging head down over the heads of their companions in the center pontoon, for a split second. (To me, this was the greatest spectacle I had ever seen and I must

have screamed with fear, watching it from the shore). At this point, and due to a special device in the linking of the pontoons, the boat was flung back to its normal position. No one fell out. I understand that the weight of the pontoon which is turned up has a tremendous stabilizing effect on the center section of the combination craft. I failed to comprehend how elderly people in particular managed to remain seated.

A 19"-wide kayak with an (around its beam) half-circle shaped hull offers only a fractional portion of what the large flat hull of a pontoon offers in resistance to the tipping tendencies of waves. So, used in proper place, this kayak hull is capable of consuming relatively wilder power of the water. The weight of a craft, then, appears to me of minor importance.

The rest of my story is told in a minute: because of the nightmare-like stories of various parties' impressions, Lava Falls is the climax of the trip, and, after you have run it, you tend to feel all relaxed. This is dangerous, however. You are still above a long and narrow, awe-inspiring gorge that "Zee" aptly describes a "nest of whirlpools." Indeed, they tend to be an obsession, and the small rapids with more or less clear-cut current conditions with which they alternate, are a rather welcome change. All alertness is needed to comprehend in time the steadily changing situation in order to adapt the balance; this particularly when the sun is low ahead in the late afternoon. Here it is impossible for even a powered craft to maintain a steady course and more than once was Ty's canoe suddenly turned and headed toward a cliff. Violent impacts were avoided by an efficient bowman who used an oar against the obstacles. My kayak changed directions very frequently and I hustled to escape the numerous and strong currents which are headed upstream. A few very tight and mean rapids in the Lower Grand Canyon, like "Mile 234½," confronted me as a surprise. This one does not offer much of a choice of approaches, the narrowness of the canyon concentrates the rapid and it seemed to me that evening that this obstacle was as

tough as any of them in the entire 235 miles.

Shortly below, I was nearly swept by the mouth of a tiny creek in which my companions had pitched a beautiful camp and were awaiting me cheerfully. The sixth and last day on the flowing river was my hardest; it had begun with Lava Falls and there were 58 wonderfully rough miles since. I welcomed the hearty drink I was offered at my arrival and we spent our most charming evening there with accordion music and Western songs.

Everybody was sad when we slid into Lake Meade. I gave up paddling after 10 miles, retiring on the pontoon which carried kayak and me to Pierce's Ferry where I mounted the canoe and enjoyed a refined night trip to Temple Bar.

This was certainly my greatest boating adventure; it was "grand," and I will most probably remain attracted by the "Grand" for the rest of my days. When I return, I plan to spend more time on it, especially exploring the Havasu region. This time, I first passed the mouth of Havasu creek par hazard, and so had to paddle upstream for a quarter of a mile to a point from which I was able to hike and climb into the creek's gorge. I would also like to see more of the wild jackasses which were of such importance to Major Powell's expeditions, and I would like to watch more of those strange catfish, one of whom, within the reach of my hand, made a curious appearance, staring at me with large eyes as if admiring the eighth world wonder.

Both the canoe and the pontoon captains were skilled enough to have accomplished perfect passages throughout the Canyon, a fact that naturally contributed endlessly to my welfare.

SHARE WITH YOUR FRIENDS . . . Have you found a good and reliable source of materials and/or equipment related to boating? Your fellow boaters are in need of just such sources. Please send the company's name and address to our Advertising Manager, Ms. Karen Gebe, Six Flags, Campton, NH 03223 and she will inform them of the possibilities of advertising in the **American Whitewater Journal**.

GUIDEBOOKS

A CANOE TRIP GUIDE FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA, 3rd ed., April 1972. Publ. by Canoe B.C., 1606 W. Broadway, Vancouver 9, B.C. We reviewed the 2nd ed. of this fine guidebook in the Spring, 1972 issue of **American Whitewater**. The book is still a fantastic bargain at \$2.75. This is more than the 2nd edition cost, but the new ed. contains more information and has a more professional appearance, so this isn't just inflation at work. In addition, new trips are being assembled and will be available by Feb. for a small fee. Details available on request.

MISSOURI OZARK WATERWAYS, by Oz Hawksley. Rev. ed. 1972. Publ. by Missouri Conservation Commission, Jefferson City, MO. 114 pp. with maps. Price \$1. Those contemplating a paddling trip in the Ozarks will be glad to know that Dr. Hawksley's excellent guidebook is in print again. But you'd better hurry; these will go fast.

NORTHERN ONTARIO CANOE ROUTES, 2nd ed. Provides general information and further sources of information on the 125 separate routes described. Detailed descriptions for each individual route are available at no cost. Price 50¢, check or money order payable to Treasurer of Ontario. Map Office, 6th Floor, Whitney Block, Queen's Park, Toronto 182, Ontario.

FREE FOREST SERVICE PUBLICATIONS AVAILABLE: "Canoeist suggestions for stream management in the Manistee National Forest of Michigan." 10 pp., illus. USDA For. Serv. Res. Pap. NC-77. "Large Groups in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area — Their Numbers, Characteristics, and Impact." 4 pp. USDA For. Serv. Res. Pap. NC-142. Write to North Central Forest Experiment Station, Forest Service — U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Folwell Ave., St. Paul, MN 55101.

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Joe Sedivec (bow) and Ben Parks (stern) in downriver C-2, Feather River Wildwater Race, Calif., 1970. Photo by Jerry Switzer

An Efficient System For Timing Downriver Races

by Jerry Rosegger, MG Car Club, Lake Erie Centre
and Chuck Tummonds, MG Car Club, Keel-Haulers Canoe Club

From what we have been able to observe in the last few years of attendance at downriver canoe races, the timing of such events leaves something to be desired. The underlying philosophy of a good timing system should be that contestants are entitled to receive the most accurate and speediest set of results possible. We were struck by the fact that many races don't conform to either of these requirements. Timing was subject to errors, inherent in either the equipment used or the people manning it, and most annoying of all, there were endless delays before final times and standings could be announced.

Thus it occurred to us that the timing methods which have been developed to a very high state of perfection in sports car rallying should be applicable without too much change to the sport of downriver racing. To test this theory, we developed a timing system which was applied successfully in the 8-mile Vermilion River Race of the Keel-Haulers Canoe Club and which received the praises of all officials and the 134 contestants involved.

To make the main point first: The actual elapsed time for each boat was known by the time the crew had pulled the craft out of the water and arrived

at the finish control to inquire about their times! Times were then posted on individual cards at the result posting center. When all the results in a class were in, these cards simply had to be arranged in sequence to show all placings.

The essential aspect of the timing system is that each boat is started on an even minute, with its time recorded on a timing slip; then, each boat's arrival time at the finish is once again recorded. The difference between the two times is the elapsed time for the race.

To do this job accurately and speedily, the following equipment is essential:

Two shortwave radios capable of receiving the time signals of either the National Bureau of Standards station, WWV, at 2.5, 5.0 and 10 megacycles, or the Canadian National Observatory time signal station, CHU, at 3330, 7335 and 14,670 kilocycles. They give an exact, announced indication of the time of day every minute. With the help of a length of wire for an antenna, these quite strong signals can be received even in rather inaccessible locations. One of the radios is used at the start to make sure that each contestant leaves precisely on an even minute, and the other is at the finish line so that precise finish times can be recorded for each contestant.

Two split-action stop watches such as Heuer* or Hanhardt, synchronized with the radio time signals, for the timers at the finish line (an additional watch is desirable for backup). The characteristic of these watches is that they have two second hands, one of which can be stopped, read, and then made to catch up again with the other. Most of these watches can be read in hundredths of a minute instead of seconds, which is a big help in computing lapsed times.

Timing slips for each boat, on which the starter (or his assistant) records the contestant's departure time. The timing slip is most easily incorporated into the entry form for the race. Aside from whatever other information is needed on this form, it must incorporate space

*Heuer Timer Corp., 441 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017.

for the class and starting number of the contestant, and the following items:

- A. Time in 2:39.68
- B. Time out 1:34.00
- C. Elapsed time 1:05.68

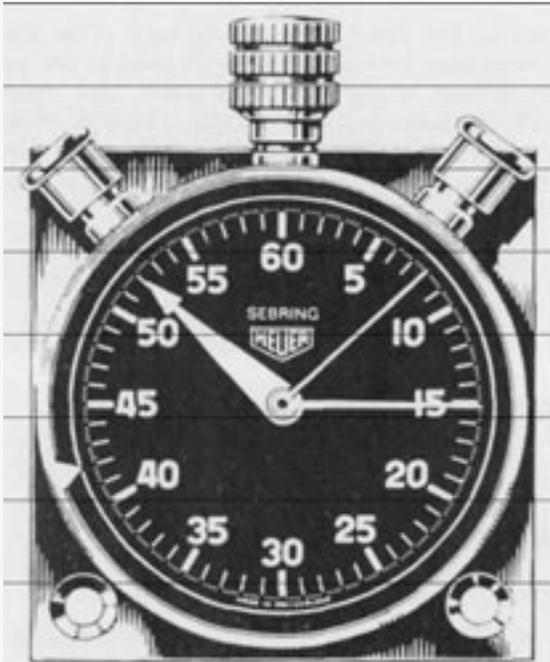
Ideally, when there exist good communications between start and finish, a car or motorcycle can take these slips to the finish line after every thirty or so contestants have left the start, typically arriving there well before the contestants themselves. If this is not possible, all the slips can be taken to the finish as quickly as possible after the event.

A minute log at the start and finish. The **starting line minute log** is simply a list of the minutes as they pass by, each accompanied by the number of the contestant starting at this minute. This log merely serves as a double check and backup for the timing slips in case of questions. The **finish line minute log**, maintained by the timekeeper, looks as follows:

Hour	Minute	Hundredths	Contestant No.
2:	35	—	
	36	26	2
		49	1
	37	—	
	38	59	4
	39	68	5

As each minute signal is announced on the radio, the timekeeper says out loud to the timers: "We're in the —th minute" and writes down that minute in the space on the left. Then, if a contestant arrives during that minute, he writes down the exact hundredths in the space on the right, together with the contestant's starting number (it is useful to circle this, to avoid any confusion). If two or more contestants arrive on the same minute, he writes down all the hundredths and numbers, one below the other, before writing down the next minute as it comes up. (You will note that all of this can actually be done just with the watches, but the radio serves as an audible reminder and assures continuous accuracy over prolonged periods, when watches might slip a bit one way or the other.)

A continuity log at the finish, in which are recorded the numbers of the contestants in the order in which they



Illustrated here is the **SEBRING STANDARD** split-action stop-watch; the **SEBRING DECIMAL** is identical except for being demarcated into hundredths of a minute instead of seconds.

actually arrive. This once again serves as a foolproof backup record, should there be any later questions about the timing.

To man this equipment effectively, you will need seven or eight workers:

One starter (and, if possible, an assistant) at the starting line, to record the departure time on the contestants' timing slip and in the starting line minute log.

Two timers at the finish line with their split-action stop watches backed up

by the radio time signals. As each boat crosses the finish line, the split-second hand of one watch is stopped, the time read off to the timekeeper, and the split-second hand reset. Two watches assure that even when boats closely follow each other, a time can be obtained for each. In fact, it is no problem at all to time three or four boats arriving on the same minute by means of this method.

One timekeeper at the finish, to record in the finish line minute log the exact time of day, in hours, minutes and hundredths of minutes, when each boat crosses the finish line.

One continuity-log keeper at the finish line.

One scorer, who transfers times from the finish line minute log to the timing slips as soon as they arrive from the starting line, and calculates elapsed times.

One results poster, who makes out display cards for each contestant with the starting number, name and class (this can be done as the contestants are on the course). The elapsed times are filled in as soon as they are available and the display cards can then be thumbtacked onto a scoreboard and arranged in order of times to establish final results for each class.

If you don't feel up to all this, or if you find it difficult to scrounge up the required radios and timepieces, there's bound to be an active sports car club in your area whose members would be glad to help out with advice and/or equipment. In fact, they'll be pleased at how easy it is to time boats at their

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leisurely pace, instead of cars whizzing by at 40-plus miles an hour.

We believe that this system for timing races holds great promise for greater accuracy and speediness in getting to the stage everyone is looking forward to—the distribution of trophies. And even those who didn't win any awards will be pleased by how quickly they found out their times and standings.

If you have any questions about the system, contact Chuck Tummonds, c/o Sports Equipment Inc., P. O. Box T, Mantua, OH 44255.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the event that split-action stop watches are not available, we have found that the major advantages of the above system of timing can still be realized using regular stop watches and water soluble fine-tip brush pens such as the "Flair." In this case one starts the synchronized stop watches as before, and lets them run without stopping until all the boats have finished. Instead of stopping the extra "split-action" second hand when a boat crosses the line, one simply makes a hash on the crystal over the position of the regular second hand at that time. If two boats cross in close sequence, you will have two hash marks on the crystal. These marks will stay in place

so that the finish time ~~may~~ be read off to the timekeeper without error or forgetting, just as in the case of the split-action watch. The "split action" feature of the regular watch is then reset when you get a breather by wiping the hashes off the crystal with your finger in preparation for the next wave of boaters.



CLODMINDS IN THE NEWS

From the Sporting Goods Dealer, Oct. 1972.

Michigan Anglers Seek Restrictions on Canoes

Canoeists and fishermen are waging an environmental battle in Michigan.

The angler, regarding canoeists as junketing litterbugs who pitch beverage cans into streams and trample shrubs on the banks, want certain river areas put off limits to the whitewater buffs. Barring that, they want the state to require permits for those who paddle the waters on weekends and holidays.

BELOW: Marge Arighi on the Middle Fork of the Salmon



A COLD RAIN ON THE SAINT

by **Jim McAlister**, 224 N. Atlantic Place, Boise, ID 83704

In the first place we should not have gone fishing. However, this forest road leads to a mountain lake where fat, red finned rainbows will take the correct fly and snow drifts still melt beside the tumbling creeks in late July. So we fished and released until dark at 2200 hours.

Naturally it rained during the night so we baked more trout and tossed flies until the tent dried. The second night out we camped in the pines on the crest between the Clearwater and St. Joe watersheds. Wind and rain combined with cold caused the old problem of breakfast and breaking camp in horizontal rain.

We do not pretend to know the St. Joe River any more than a man who has taken a charming girl canoeing in a cold rain, knows that if she remains beautiful, enchanting and delightful in such circumstances, he will be smart to love, honor and cherish. No many may step twice in the same river.

We had an advantage, this time, over other trips. Terry Johnson, U. S. Forest Service, is making a detailed study, shall we say in depth?, of the Saint Joe River and watershed. Terry gave us a marked map and pointed out the dangerous canyons and hairier rapids and waterfalls. This saved the usual anxiety that goes with cruising a strange river by canoe.

The good people in Saint Maries, Idaho put out an attractive folder that says, among other things, that the Saint is the highest navigable river in the world. They must mean for steamboats as we have canoed several rivers that top it by thousands of feet in altitude. What they should say is that this rather unique stream runs downhill for one hundred miles and uphill for thirty. What is almost unbelievable in this time is that of 134 miles of river, one hundred and thirty are beautiful and unspoiled. This is in spite of the fact that much of the river is paralleled by a road and a railroad. The river has remained unspoiled, not because of any



"Cool, clear water" on the St. Joe
U.S. Forest Service photo by T. Johnson

excess brains in the road and railroad builders, but by the peculiar terrain through which it flows.

Consider the picture: The lower thirty miles of the Joe River is slack water, deep, narrow and shaded by trees. It moves almost imperceptibly, protected by low boggy flood plain to where it slowly slips bordered by narrow, natural tree-covered dikes between Lake Chatcolet and Round Lake until it merges with the non-polluted end of Lake Coeur d'Alene. Naturally this slack water is used by tugs pulling rafts of logs, by houseboats, motorboats and fishermen. Above the slack water is 66 miles of clear, fast canoe water ranging from long easy runs for the novice to challenging stretches for accomplished canoeists. Twenty-four miles are kayak or C-1 water, definitely not for open canoes. In addition to these goodies, the river is paralleled by thirty miles of trail through forest and mountain meadows.

Saint Joe River water is clear like mountain air was before progress, re-



sembling spring-fed Ozark streams, back when one would step out of a canoe into what looked like a foot of water and have to swim after his hat. The mountainous terrane (not terrain dammit) includes much stratified rock of varied colors full of brilliant shreds. Because the gravel stream bottom has not yet been fouled by silt, these sparkling varicolored stones are perfectly visible in water from two to twelve feet deep as the canoe glides swiftly along.

Enough granite exists to form boulders and cliffs giving character to the rapids and preventing boredom. The canoe run above Skookum Canyon drops about twenty feet a mile and provides enough velocity for canoe cruising.



St. Joe National Forest seems some different from other woods in the arid West. Magnificent western cedars are dominant trees, yet are mixed with spruce and other evergreens. Enough aspen has sprung up after old burns to provide plenty of fall color.

The under story of the forest sends us. Six-foot ferns are topped by deep blue delphinium. Masses of pink and rose mountain hollyhock vied with fireweed for space while blazing red and yellow monkey flowers marked mountain springs. Syringa still bloomed in late July beside the ripe service berries we picked for breakfast.

We could forget those down-filled jackets hanging in our closet back in Boise, until dusk we could.

The Case for Protection



The U. S. Forest Service, Idaho Fish and Game Department and the State Attorney General aided by a new law giving some control of dredge mining and stream pollution have, so far, been able to halt dredge mining on the St. Joe River and its tributaries. This grieves the State's Bureau of Mines who believe bulldozers and drag lines im-

TOP PHOTO: Terry Johnson on the St. Joe. U. S. Forest Service photo by C. Bloke. MIDDLE PHOTO: Dick Held going over Tumbledown on the St. Joe. U. S. Forest Service photo by T. Johnson.

BOTTOM PHOTO: T. Johnson on Skookum Canyon, St. Joe R. U. S. Forest Service photo by C. Blake.

prove a river. Miners have hard words for environmentalists.

The river is now afforded some protection by being included in the study group for Wild and Scenic Rivers. It needs complete protection even if this results in more canoeists, kayakers and fishermen using the river. Without protection, proliferation of resorts, cabins, summer homes and taverns will be exponential with the resulting pollution of septic tank drainage, siltation and solid wastes.

We are not going to keep slobs and litterbugs away from the Saint in any case because we non-slobs are outnumbered 1000 to 1. However, at present the Clearwater and Lochsa Rivers to the south and large natural lakes to the north in Idaho take off some of the pressure.

Recreational, Scenic and Wild

Many people, including some who are considered conservationists and damn near all property owners along Idaho Rivers have not studied and therefore misunderstand the provisions of the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. Our organization worked successfully to get CLASSIFICATION OF RIVERS included in the Act. Therefore the Saintly River qualifies for Wild River status from the Road Head at Spruce Tree Camp to its source at Lake St. Joe. It rates Scenic River protection from Spruce Tree Camp to Marble Creek and Recreational River Status from Marble Creek down to its mouth in Lake Coeur D'Alene.

We urge that anyone who chances to read this, who values a crystalline running river, take time to write his or her Senator and Congressman and ask that the Saint Joe be placed in the Wild and Scenic Rivers. The MAN will pay you no mind unless you can convince him that you know whereof you write. That is why we are giving you the word.

One reason the Saint Joe is lovely is that the road along the river is typical of Idaho's back country. By the third day of our exploration steady rain had rock slides dropping onto the mud-slick road from the cliffs above and out from under the road into the canyons. As Idaho indigenes think nothing of driving off cliffs into oblivion this is not

enough protection. However, it does thin out the crowds. What thins them out more is that the downhill hundred miles of the river is, generally, too shallow for power boats but just right for spawning trout.

This road is cut out of the hillsides so as to be generally invisible from the river but it allows frequent glimpses of the river from the road. Instead of herds of logging trucks many of the logs are carried by the railroad which is another plus and at Avery the Railroad takes off up the North Fork toward Montana, leaving a more beautiful stretch of stream from Avery to the source.

Because the writer dislikes to risk his wife on a strange river and we had no time to find a driver, a stretch of the stream above Skookum Creek Canyon was run solo. Wind and rain were a bother causing the 17-foot open canoe to spin in a couple of minor rapids. We make it a habit to run a few hairy rapids each year and have a set phrase for difficult spots as follows: "Look chum. You are a canoeist."

A canoeist who runs strange rivers does not learn how to read water, he knows how to read water. We did not live to grow this long white beard by trusting other men's description of rivers. Neither would we have explored many rivers by being spooked at the wild accounts of local citizens. So—we are trying a new technique in our declining years. This is running rivers without the expenditure of energy. Thus far we have learned how to get into a rapids without effort but have had to do a bit of canoeing to get through. A couple of new tricks with a paddle and we have it made.

Finding a river like the St. Joe makes it worthwhile to live and canoe for another ten years. We think we go back.

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RACE RESULTS

BRANDYWINE SLALOM, April 15-16, 1972. Wilmington, Del.

Time Pen Score			Time Pen Score			
C-1 (21 boats)			C-2W (5 boats)			
1. E. Gertler	291.0	30	321.0	1. A. Schuster/M. Stein	381.0 190 571.0	
2. P. Liebman	286.6	60	328.6	2. E. McNair/S. McNair	655.0 340 995.0	
3. D. Knight	263.8	80	343.8	3. L. Wright/P. Ganser	670.4 340 1010.4	
C-1W (3 boats)			C-2 Open (7 boats)			
1. C. Knight	444.0	220	664.0	1. T. Newlon/C. Newlon	434.8 350 734.8	
K-1 (35 boats)			C-2M Open (3 boats)			
1. W. Witucki	228.2	0	228.2	2. F. Daspit/D. Besom	371.5 610 981.5	
2. S. Martin	253.8	20	273.8	1. M. McNair/S. McNair	327.2 500 827.2	
3. M. Fawcett	278.5	80	358.5	2. D. McNair/N. Dodson	336.4 490 876.4	
K-1W (8 boats)			C-2W Open (3 boats)			
1. L. Wright	302.6	100	402.6	3. W. Daub III/ J. Daub III	484.9 570 1054.9	
2. N. Wiest	286.4	270	556.4	1. J. Daub/J. Schuhl	298.5 740 1038.5	
2. M. Stein	351.4	220	571.4	2. S. McNair/P. Hasbrouck	129.1 910 1039.1	
C-2 (10 boats)			3. B. Moll/M. Malcolm			622.2 670 1111.3
1. L. Giannone/S. Giannone	283.8	130	413.8			
2. P. Klabune/K. Klabune	399.8	320	719.8			
3. E. Schuster/R. Olen	460.5	280	740.5			
C-2M (11 boats)						
1. D. Knight/C. Knight	257.2	60	317.2			
2. P. Liebman/L. Mela	279.9	60	339.9			
3. M. Fawcett/G. Fawcett	336.2	160	496.2			

1973 Brandywine Slalom: April 14-15. Race chmn.: Jim Naylor, 121 Fennerton Rd., Paoli, PA 19301.

MIDWEST DIV. WILDWATER CHAMPIONSHIPS, April 22-23, 1972. Peshtigo, R., Wis.

K-1 Wildwater (7 boats)		C-1 Cruising (3 boats)		C-2 Wildwater (3 boats)	
1. Dave Reker	31:33.1	1. Walt Brummond	34:03.5	1. F. Young/S. Rock	31:24.6
2. John Laing	32:03.2	2. Fred Young	38:36.7	2. B. Weber/	
3. Bruce Campbell	32:23.8	3. Charles Steed	57:07.0	B. Campbell	31:42.7
K-1 Cruising (2 boats)				3. E. Olson/	
1. Steve Rock	33:44.2			S. Ransburg	34:53.2
2. Bill Leja	38:30.1			C-2M Wildwater (2 boats)	
C-1 Wildwater (4 boats)				1. W. Brummond/	
1. Al Button	30:26.7			M. Uhalde	47:40.6
2. Bruce Weber	33:33.0			2. A. Button/	
3. Steve Ransburg	33:56.1			B. Wonson	51:37.5

LOYALSOCK SLALOM, April 22-23, 1972

Time Pen Score			Time Pen Score		
K-1 (44 boats)			C-2 (14 boats)		
1. Dave Benham	135	20	155	1. T. Braman/C. Braman	180 40 220
2. John Fisher	153	20	173	2. A. Harris/B. Benham	174 50 224
3. John Manifold	159	20	179	3. G. Thomas/P. Hesselgrave	226 100 326
C-1 (38 boats)			C-2M (8 boats)		
1. John Sweet	178	10	188	1. N. Holcombe/B. Holcombe	196 30 226
2. Frank Schulz	198	30	228	2. J. Looker/L. Braman	229 100 329
3. Norm Holcomb	181	60	241	3. G. Thomas/M. Hesselgrave	225 130 355
K-1W (12 boats)					
1. Louise Wright	185	120	305		
2. Kim Goertner	227	150	377		
3. Mimi Hayman	218	180	398		

NEW ENGLAND SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIPS, May 6, 1972. Campton, NH

Time Pen Score			Time Pen Score			
K-1 (26 boats)			C-1 (4 boats)			
1. Eric Evans	206.5	10	216.5	1. Wick Walker	215.0 20 235.0	
2. David Mitchell	212.4	40	252.4	2. Randal Spencer	251.7 110 361.7	
3. Steve Ruhle	211.4	110	261.4	3. Drew Hunter	350.8 260 610.8	
K-1W (7 boats)			C-2 (2 boats)			
1. Peggy Nutt	236.0	90	326.0	1. A. Chardon/S. Chardon	440.5 360 800.5	
2. Candy Clark	355.2	150	405.2	2. A. Moulton/S. Eneguess	173.8 860 1033.8	
3. Linda Hibbard	297.1	180	477.1	C-2M (2 boats)		
			1. J. Sindelar/I. Sindelar			636.8
			2. K. Gebe/D. Hammond			217.0 630 1047.0

PEMIGEWASSET WILDWATER RACE, May 7, 1972. Lincoln, NH.

K-1 Long (5 boats)		OC-1 (2 boats)		K-1 Short (11 boats)	
1. Erick Evans	34:25	1. Bob Osthuus	28:35	1. Doug Hughes	36:41
2. John Stevens	37:57	K-1 Bgr. (5 boats)		2. Penff Estabrook	37:38
3. Benson Gray	38:09	1. Erick Bleicken	24:28	3. Paul Berry	37:47
K-1W (2 boats)		2. John Butler, Jr.	24:30	C-1 (2 boats)	
1. Candy Clark	37:17	3. Jeffrey Bryant	24:50	1. Don Joffray	37:03
2. Sara Gray	37:17			2. Todd Spencer	47:37
G2 (3 boats)				OC-2 Short (4 boats)	
1. A. Chardon/S. Chardon	42:15			1. D. Baxter/G. Walsh	28:08
2. D. Siek/J. Cripps	45:42			2. R. Duffy/W. Duffy	29:08
OC-2 Long (3 boats)				3. D. Thun/R. Bates	30:05
1. H. Baxter/D. Luce	27:15			OC-2 Fam. (3 boats)	
2. E. Saulnier/R. DeGrace	31:44			1. J. Moulton/A. Moulton	30:02
3. J. Davies/T. Stepp	37:31			2. P. Wilson/J. Wilson	31:16

- OC-2M** (3 boats)
1. K. Gebe/D. Hammond
 2. J. Griffin/B. Corcoran
 3. A. Rose/L. Peltz

29:13
29:39
33:25
42:45
43:44

- C-2M** (3 boats)
1. D. Moreland/K. Spencer
 2. B. Newhall/G. Newhall

OC-2 Bsr. (18 boats)

1. D. Dux/C. Walsh
2. J. Benzing/ T. Henry
3. P. Wishinski/G. Feichtinger

24:04
24:16
24:29

WOLF RIVER WILDWATER, May 21, 1972. Wolf River, Wisconsin

- K-1 Wildwater** (7 boats)
1. Charles Cowan 49:30
 2. Les Bechdel 50:00
 3. Denny Withers 51:50

- K-1W Wildwater** (3 boats)
1. Bonnie Losick 59:30
 2. Marge Uhalde 63:03
 3. Lucky Honula 70:05

- K-1 Cruising** (4 boats)
1. Bob Obst 58:19
 2. Robert Artus 59:16
 3. Dennis Johnson 62:16

- C-1** (5 boats)
1. Allan Button 55:35
 2. Harold Beecroft 57:30
 3. Fred Young 71:12

- C-2** (3 boats)
1. F. Brazelton/B. Sievert 55:25
 2. E. Olsen/S. Ransberg 56:40
 3. F. Young/S. Rock 59:31

- C-2 Open** (4 boats)
1. B. Sievert/F. Brazelton 79:47
 2. M. Smith/ R. Speger 86:48
 3. E. Schluter/D. David 89:04

- C-2M** (3 boats)
1. E. Olsen/B. Losick 58:45
 2. F. and M. Hesselgrave 61:15
 3. M. Smith/V. Smith 76:50

COLORADO WHITE WATER ASSOC. REGIONAL SLALOM CUP, July 16, 1972. Buena Vista, Colo.

- K-1** (26 boats)
- | | Time | Pen | Score |
|--------------------|------|-----|-------|
| 1. John McCandless | 181 | 0 | 181 |
| 2. John Holland | 182 | 10 | 192 |
| 3. Ron Mason | 193 | 10 | 203 |

C-2 (3 boats)

1. B. Wonson/
A. Button (C-2M) 313.6 140 453.6
2. B. Campbell/B. Weber 341 270 611

C-1 (3 boats)

- | | Tie | Pen | Score |
|----------------|-------|-----|-------|
| 1. Al Button | 261.8 | 100 | 361.8 |
| 2. Fred Young | 362.2 | 200 | 562.2 |
| 3. Bruce Weber | 324 | 410 | 734 |

COLORADO WHITE WATER ASSOC. NATIONAL DOWNRNER RACES, July 15, 1972. Buena Vista, Colo.

- K-1** (15 boats)
1. Eric Evans 25:32.5
 2. John McCandless 26: 1.7
 3. John Holland 26: 6.5

- K-1W** (3 boats)
1. Carol Fisher 29: 8.3
 2. Candi Clark 29:10.3

- C-1** (2 boats)
1. Al Button 30:14.4
 2. Fred Young 36:26.5

GILMORE'S MISTAKE TRAINING CLINIC SLALOM, Aug. 13, 1972. Wolf River, Wisconsin

- C-2** (2 boats)
- | | Time | Pen | Score |
|----------------------|-------|-----|-------|
| 1. S. Rock/F. Young | 139.4 | 20 | 159.4 |
| 2. G. Steed/C. Steed | 155.2 | 110 | 265.2 |

K-1 (6 boats)

- | | Time | Pen | Score |
|-----------------|-------|-----|-------|
| 1. Steve Rock | 90.3 | 0 | 90.3 |
| 2. Allan Button | 93.4 | 40 | 133.4 |
| 3. George Steed | 108.5 | 30 | 139.5 |

C-2M (2 boats)

- | | Time | Pen | Score |
|---------------------|-------|-----|-------|
| 1. J. Artz/F. Young | 142.6 | 100 | 242.6 |
| 2. C. Leja/M. Smith | 217.0 | 170 | 387.0 |

NATIONAL POLING CHAMPIONSHIPS, September 1972. Times Beach, MO

Senior Men's Championship:

- Top Ten**
1. Ron Kloepper 235.6
 2. Ralph Brown 252.5
 3. Jack Held 255.4
 4. Mike Guenther 278.0
 5. Bob Fuchs 309.8
 6. Syl Beletz 319.6
 7. Marty Guenther 373.4
 8. Art Lutz III 383.5
 9. Al Beletz 401.4
 10. Ben Lemons 421.5

Women's Championship

1. Susan Kloepper
2. Evelyn Mooers
3. Diana Barhorst

Intermediate

1. Marty Guenther
2. Art Lutz III
3. Ben Lemons

ANDROSCOGGIN WHITEWATER WEEKEND, September 9-10, 1972, New Hampshire.

- K-1 Long** (23 boats)
1. Doug Bushnell 13:52
 2. David Hartuna 14:21
 3. Les Bechdel 14:22

Wildwater Race

- K-1W Long** (3 boats)
1. Linda Hibbard 16:03
 2. Barbara Newhall 17:30

C-1 (2 boats)

- | |
|-----------------------|
| 1. John Berry 17:22 |
| 2. Allyn Choate 19:41 |

- K-1 Short** (28 boats)
1. Earl Baldwin, Jr. 15:23
 2. Robert M. Smith 15:38
 3. Larrv Merrill 15:43

K-1W Short (14 boats)

1. Wanda Baxter 17:00
2. Jean Ederly 17:10
3. Lynne Arnault 17:11

OC-1 (12 boats)

- | |
|-------------------------|
| 1. Neils Phillips 16:35 |
| 2. Eugene Loring 17:12 |
| 3. Arthur Brunt 17:21 |

- C-2M** (4 boats)
- | |
|------------------------------|
| 1. P. Weeks/S. Chardon 16:07 |
| 2. R. Smith/C. Smith 17:01 |
| 3. K. Gebe/D. Hammond 17:56 |

OC-2M (10 boats)

- | |
|----------------------------------|
| 1. F. Stearns/B. Stearns 15:31 |
| 2. K. Henry/J. Henry 15:45 |
| 3. K. Enequess/S. Enequess 16:22 |

- OC-2 Long** (13 boats)
1. H. Baxter/D. Baxter 15:17
 2. G. Walsh/B. Locke 15:29
 3. R. Peacock/F. Hattlee 15:37

- C-2** (3 boats)
- | |
|-------------------------------|
| 1. V. Wolmer/H. Burnham 15:02 |
| 2. G. Lhota/O. Dittrich 15:47 |
| 3. J. McColl/M. Chardon 16:58 |

- OC-2 Short** (13 boats)
1. A. Moulton/I. Moulton 16:51
 2. R. Leonard/S. Leonard 16:54
 3. A. Sis/P. Donovan 17:13

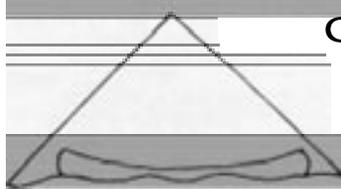
Downriver Race

K-1 Long (17 boats)		C-1		K-1W Long (1 boat)	
1. Doug Bushnell	38:11	1. John Berry	49:58	1. Jennifer Green	53:37
2. David Hartung	38:28	C-2M		K-1W Short (11 boats)	
3. Putnam Blodgett	40:15	1. K. Hunter/T. Hunter	49:28	1. Phoebe Perry	49:16
K-1 Short (20 boats)		OC-1 (7 boats)		2. Lyme Arnault	49:29
1. Robert M. Smith	43:01	1. Neils Phillips	47:11	3. Jean Edgerly	49:54
2. Paul Petruski	43:15	2. Eugene Loring	47:47		
3. Larry Merrill	44:24	3. Edward McColl	50:02		
C-2 (3 boats)				OC-2 Short (8 boats)	
1. R. Coulombe/H. Coulombe	46:21	1. M. Frenette/B. Frenette			47:20
2. J. McColl/M. Chardon	46:43	2. J. Moulton/A. Moulton			47:58
3. J. Barnes/ R. Faulkner	53:59	3. J. Leonard/R. Leonard			48:08
OC-2 Long (16 boats)				OC-2M (13 boats)	
1. R. Waddle/M. Waddle	40:57	1. F. Stearns/ B. Stearns			43:31
2. G. Walsh/B. Locke	41:14	2. K. Henry/ J. Henry			44:15
3. V. Wolmer: H. Burnham	41:46	3. L. St. Amant/ A. Belanger			47:10
		Slalom			
K-1 Expert (14 boats)		C-1 (2 boats)		K-1W Int. (6 boats)	
1. Les Bechdel	130.0	1. Jim McColl	335.3	1. Lynne Arnault	282.2
2. Doug Bushnell	186.8	2. Jim Fredericks	512.5	2. Kathie Stam	442.4
3. Skip Oftis	194.5	K-1W Expert (1 boat)		3. Phoebe Perry	485.9
K-1 Intermediate (29 boats)		1. Linda Hibbard	199.8	OC-1 (7 boats)	
1. Paul Petruski	216.0			1. John Berry	275.5
2. Ned McSherry	261.2			2. Jim Henry	343.1
3. Joseph B. Dodse	301.2			3. John Tompkins	356.8
C-2 (4 boats)				OC-2 (9 boats)	
1. S. Chardon/M. Chardon	301.5	1. D. Baxter/H. Baxter			249.9
2. H. Burnham/V. Wolmer	370.2	2. D. King/R. Proper			389.2
3. B. Aldrich/J. Harvey	516.7	3. H. Coulombe/R. Coulombe			428.2
C-2M (3 boats)				OC-2M (3 boats)	
1. M. Frenette/B. Frenette	419.1	1. S. Wyman/B. Wyman			361.1
2. S. Smith/C. Smith	676.7	2. K. Henry/D. Eneguess			368.1
3. J. McColl/T. McColl	744.2	3. K. Eneguess/S. Eneguess			369.9

It should be mentioned that 84-year-old Dr. Homer L. Dodge, grand old man of Eastern boating, was on hand for this race and beat someone in two of the three races he entered (OC-1, which he paddles with a kayak paddle). Three cheers for Dr. Dodge! Among other things, he is the author of "Running the Big Sauff in an Open Canoe," a good, hairy story which appeared in the Spring, 1959 issue of **American Whitewater**.

ST. CROIX SLALOM, Sept. 16-17, 1972. Taylor's Falls, Minn.

	Time	Pen	Score		Time	Pen	Score
C-1 Expert (9 boats)				C-2 Int. (3 boats)			
1. Allan Button	272	50	322	1. G. Steed/C. Steed	100		231
2. Steve Ransburg	307	110	417	2. T. Johns/L. Johns	236	220	456
3. Eric Olsen	328	130	458	3. R. Gustafson/Kraemer	190	330	520
C-1 Int. (3 boats)				C-2M (3 boats)			
1. Larry Smith	118	210	328	1. S. Rowe/A. Button	166	110	276
2. Robert Landry	172	180	352	2. J. Fisher/B. Fisher	194	130	324
K-1 (15 boats)				3. J. Artz/F. Young	139	210	349
1. Peter Cary	253	50	303	K-1 Int. (13 boats)			
2. Steve Rock	246	70	316	1. John Weinert	138	80	218
3. Jeff Chamber	269	70	339	2. Ralph Beer	118	120	238
K-1W Int. (2 boats)				3. Brad Warner	136	120	256
1. Joanne Artz	135	370	435	C-2 Exp. (4 boats)			
				1. P. Cary/A. Button	266	130	396
				2. S. Ransburg/E. Olsen	281	200	481
				3. S. Rock/F. Young	286	250	536



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by Carl Trost, 257 Pacheco St., San Francisco, CA 94116

The best that can be said for our difficulty rating system is that it is in universal use throughout Europe and North America (except for the 10-grade system used by raftsmen on some Arizona and Idaho rivers) and it works reasonably well for the highly experienced boater that can sidestep its shortcomings. The worst about it is that many people really believe that there are six well-defined, nicely spaced grades of difficulty into which rivers or individual rapids can be placed.

The beginner fails to appreciate how subjective the definitions are . . . he can't comprehend that there are still bigger waves and greater difficulties than those of his first dramatic encounter. The expert may be in the better position, looking down the scale, to divide rapids into the proper categories. Then, again, he may fail to see any difficulty in anything less than class IV. Consider, also, that even a correctly rated II requiring elementary (for the advanced boater) maneuvers may be the upper limit or even the ultimate disaster for an open canoeist.

At Class IV the scale goes askew. In IV we may find rapids that seem a bit too tough to be called III's, the IV's of our early days, continuous III's that might have unpleasant consequences for a tip-over, and the tough IV's of the expert. (The definition of class IV states that the rapid must be looked over on the first run. Even an easy rapid may have to be looked over if it drops from sight, and some long, difficult IV's can be run from eddy to eddy without climbing out to check.)

The first mile of the Stanislaus just below Camp Nine powerhouse is a good example of early-day IV that familiarity or expert technique may downgrade to III. Rating it as a III would mislead boaters progressing up the scale from a Class II river. Yet if it is called IV, the trainee fails to appreciate what a jump there is from these easy, forgiving IV's

to the tricky, unremitting IV's of the North American, or the long, powerful IV's of the Tuolumne.

Class V is reserved for a very few rapids of exceptional difficulty or IV's at unfavorably high water. Beyond this, there are rapids that would be foolhardy to attempt and which no one bothers to rate, and rapids that are obviously unrunable. As far as I'm concerned, Class VI is purely academic. Peter Whitney is fond of relating that there are some speculative VI's in Europe, but whenever an expert conquers one, it is immediately downgraded to V by virtue of the fact that it can be run.

There are rapids that don't fit into the categories. For example, at higher water a river possibly might become easier . . . provided you are a "big-water" boater with a flawless Eskimo roll. How do you classify such a run? Do you downgrade it, or call it a "giant III," or upgrade it to warn away those that are not quite up to it? If a marginal boater successfully attempts a river upgraded to IV, he is headed for trouble on a real IV. The answer is that you call it what it is, "big water," and forget the system.

Each rapid has its own personality. We all have our favorites and an occasional nemesis, regardless of difficulty. Our rating system is, at best, an abbreviated aid. With all due apologies to Charlie Chan, numbering rapids is about as descriptive as numbering one's children.

(Sierra Club RTS *Bulletin*, Sept. 1972, Modest~CA)

WHITEWATER BOOKS

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

Spelunkers on the Chattooga River

by Donal R. Myrick, 3506 Conger Rd. SW, Huntsville, AL 35805

We had planned to make a rather ordinary scenic cruise down Section II of the Chattooga River,* but when we arrived at the camp site by the 76 bridge late Friday night we noted that the river was way down. Jim Johnston and Ray Moulton were already there when Jeannie and I arrived—they had come to the Chattooga from Huntsville the fast way. Pete and Joyce Pryor didn't arrive until later at about 12:30 a.m. We are all members of the Huntsville Grotto of the National Speleological Society, who, apart from spelunking, also enjoy whitewater canoeing.

After getting our tents and tarps set up, we held an early morning pow-wow to decide on tomorrow's run. Jeannie Giles was a complete novice at whitewater kayaking. Her total experience

in a kayak consisted of an afternoon of paddling about in Smith Lake. I knew that Jeannie was a quick learner, an able swimmer, and game to try almost anything, so I urged that we should do Section III† instead of Section II. Now Section III is a 15-mile stretch of Class III water through some of the most beautiful forest in the Southeast. The run begins at Earl's Ford and ends at the highway 76 bridge. Near the end of the run, just a couple of hundred yards upstream from the camp ground, is Bull Sluice—a canoe-eating, washing machine, river-troll hangout, Class IV+ rapid that will awe even the most daring whitewater enthusiasts. Numerous people have drowned in this rapid, so it is normally portaged.

Jim, Ray and I had done Section III

*The Chattooga River is featured in the movie "Deliverance," discussed by Dean Norman in "Letters to the Editor" of this issue.

†This section is actually Section IV on the following map, which is put out by the U. S. Forest Service.



previously, and we anticipated about a 7-hour trip. I was paddling a High Performance Kayak, and Jim was paddling his battleship — a fiberglass Herters canoe with ample flotation and spray skirts. The rest of the group, ie., Ray, Jeannie, Pete, and Joyce were going to paddle the newly developed ABS Sabots.* Now the Sabots look like a kayak, except they are wider and flatter. They are very stable in the water, but when flipped, they are more difficult to roll than a kayak. They are also very durable boats, and possess the characteristics that when wiped out, they are generally easy to repair, even in the field.

When morning came, we were all anxious to get up, especially me. They finally dragged me out of my cuddly down sleeping bag about 9:30 a.m. with severe admonitions about how we would all be paddling down Bull Sluice at 10:00 that night if I didn't get a move on. Feeling chastized, I arose, ate breakfast and prepared for the river. We arrived at Earl's Ford around 11:00 a.m., and were amazed at the number of cars there. There must have been 30 boats ahead of us on the river that day. We finally got started down stream at about 12:00. I figured that if we paddled fast and didn't mess around too much we would get back to camp in time for supper that evening. It doesn't get dark until about 7.30, so I wasn't worried.

We started off downstream setting a good pace trying to get warmed up and the stiffness out of our bones. All went well until the first rapid. Here the river narrowed down with a large portion of the water going through a narrow trough. In the middle of the trough at the bottom is a boulder that splits the stream sending a large curler of water to both the right and left. I charged off into the rapid without a glance and immediately found myself broadside the boulder, and a split second later I was banging across the rocks upside down. I tried to roll back up,

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but I was practically out of my boat and couldn't get into position. So, disgusted, I came out of my boat, righted it, and beached it on some boulders in midstream. I then warned the others of the problem and directed them down through the rapid. Everyone else except Jeannie came through the rapid like experts. Now, keep in mind that this was her first rapid! Jeannie paddled off into the rapid and stopped paddling. Needless to say she broadsided the boulder and flipped. A rather traumatic start for her whitewater career, but she came out of her boat and rode it on down through the rapid without displaying any overt signs of terror.

During the next couple of miles we ran some nice little Class I rapids and negotiated some fairly difficult shoals. The water level was so low that it was difficult to avoid getting stuck on the rocks in the shoals. It is in this kind of water that the ABS Sabots really shine. It appears that if the rocks are wet, then the Sabots can get over them. Jim and I in our fiberglass boats banged and crunched our way downriver.

After a while we came to one of the most beautiful spots on the river and incidentally one of the most difficult rapids on the river to negotiate. It is not a dangerous rapid, but just a difficult one. It's called the Stairsteps. The fall of the river here is about six to seven feet — practically all at once except in one place where the fall goes down in a series of ledges. The fall extends across the entire river which is nearly 200 feet wide at this point. What makes this place so beautiful is the spectacular sliding waterfall of the feeder stream which joins the Chattooga at this point. This waterfall cascades down a sloping rock face in several paralleled white streams. This waterfall is about 40 to 50 feet high, and is most striking during high water.

The only place the Stairsteps can be run is along the ledges. Here it is desirable to follow a clear tongue into the fall, make an abrupt right turn across strong swirling currents, head down through a trough by surfing through a wicked looking curler, make an abrupt left turn and proceed on out to the calm

water along another ledge. If you miss the turn at the top, you get swept over a ledge and dropped into a boat-eating trough that will stand your hair on end before spitting you out. Ray and I decided to run this rapid while Jim, Joyce, and Jeannie portaged near shore, and Pete from a point near mid-stream. Pete made his portage just fine, but he got rolled under and eaten up as he tried to get back in his boat in the swift water near the middle of the river. Ray missed the turn at the top of the rapid and just missed getting dropped into the boat-eating trough. He somehow or other managed to get out of his boat, climb over boulders and wade back upstream pulling his boat behind to make another try. On his second try, he missed the turn again. got washed up and over the ledge and dropped into the boat-eating trough, which then promptly spit him out without further ado. It all happened so fast and so smoothly that it almost appeared as though he had intended to run the rapid in just that fashion. I then ran the rapid in exactly the proper fashion, thereby demonstrating my excess of luck.

We proceeded on downstream. We had to portage a sheer drop that was unrunnable due to the low water level. The other rapids we ran, and when possible, we surfed in the back curlers. All the while I was noticing that Jeannie was becoming more and more skillful at handling her boat. Her balance had improved, her stroke had become more efficient, she did not "S" so badly in slack water, and she had learned to make eddy turns. We were over half-way down the river, and she had turned over only twice—a truly good performance as a first timer.

As we approached the Narrows, I told Jeannie, Pete and Joyce about just what to expect. Here the river turns to the left and starts dropping rapidly, and then back to the right and drops over a couple of 2-foot ledges, and then necks down into a narrow sheer-walled canyon. At this point it is possible to eddy out of the current and catch your breath. I told them to watch the path I took, and that I would wait for them

down in the Narrows. I went down and Jeannie followed. She negotiated the sequence of rapids perfectly, but when she got to the seemingly calm water of the Narrows, she relaxed. The strong current in the Narrows swept her against the walls and flipped her. I quickly paddled out, got her paddle, grabbed the painter and towed Jeannie and her boat back into an eddy. She was most disgusted with herself. We bailed out the boats, caught our breaths, and proceeded onward. At the bottom of the Narrows, the river necks down even further, whips against a large suck rock, makes an abrupt right turn followed by a left turn all through a narrow slot with swift unsteady currents. We were all concerned about the suck-rock, but after studying the situation, we decided we could negotiate safely if we hugged the upstream wall and moved swiftly through the slot. I went through first and noted that it wasn't as bad as it looked—provided of course that one didn't spill and come out of his boat. Ray followed, and we stood ready to aid as the others came through. I had an uneasy moment as Jeannie came through, but she managed with no problems.

We had passed several feeder streams, and the drop of the river had increased slightly. This coupled with the fact that the river had narrowed down some made the water swifter and heavier. We were scraping less often, and the rapids and standing waves were larger and more fun. However, we were getting tired, and we had not been making as good time as we had anticipated we should. It was getting late, and we had a long way to go, and I was thinking of Bull Sluice. The problem with Bull Sluice is that you can get committed to the rapids that lead into it before you realize just what lies ahead. Bull Sluice has eaten many a boat because of this, and I felt that it was just waiting down there for us.

Just about dark, we found some people camped on the side of the river. We went over to talk with them to find out just how much farther to the bridge. They gave us the alarming news that the bridge was still two more miles downstream—at least! I had that sick

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feeling that we had been had, because nobody wants or dares to be caught on a whitewater river like the Chattooga after dark. To make matters worse, the sky was completely overcast so as to deprive us of any benefit from the moonlight. So there we were, about to go spelunking on the Chattooga River sans lights!

Like fools, none of us had come prepared to spend the night camped on the side of the river so we pressed on as fast as we could. I am still amazed at how fast it got dark! At first it just became increasingly difficult to read the river. Then it became impossible. We hit every rock that could be hit. The fireflies and glowworms marked the banks of the river. White flashes denoted where the large standing waves and curlers were, and the roar of the water told us when we were coming to a major rapid. We hugged the right bank of the river as much as we could, because when we got to Bull Sluice, we would have to beach the boats and portage on the right-hand side.

We tried to stay close together, but

my white kayak and Jim's white spray skirt were the only things that were at all visible. We yelled and hollered back and forth so as to maintain contact as much as we could, but the swift water and rocky shoals invariably separated us. We had to stop every so often and regroup. Our situation was worsened each time we broke a paddle. In all, we broke three kayak paddles. I had one spare kayak paddle, and Jim had two spare canoe paddles. We broke one paddle before it got dark, and Jim and Ray traded off paddling one of the Sabots as a C-1. When the second kayak paddle broke, it became necessary to paddle one of the Sabots as a C-1. Long after it was dark, Jeannie broke her kayak paddle. This made the situation pretty grim. I finally decided to tie Jeannie's painter to the back of my boat, and gave her the remaining canoe paddle. We made our way on downstream in this tandem fashion which worked surprisingly well. Jeannie was very tired by now, so the tow was a welcome relief. We went over several rapids by Braille—bumping and scrap-

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ing, sometimes forwards and sometimes backwards. But we made them all. All but Bull Sluice that is. Every time we would hear the roar of a rapid ahead, and we knew it would be Bull Sluice, and we would approach it with as much care as is possible in total darkness and with as much trepidation as is unavoidable in total darkness. Our adrenalin, needless to say, was running pretty high.

And then suddenly, as though it had happened all at once, we found ourselves paddling along in calm water. In our state of mind, we were reminded of the lull before the storm, and in this case, we were right! This was the calm water backed up behind the river obstruction that made Bull Sluice. We were lulled by the calm water and the quiet of the night. We knew that Bull Sluice was just ahead, but were a bit confused because we couldn't hear a loud roar that one normally associates with a major rapid. We paddled on quickly through the welcome calm water, and as we proceeded we began to hear the murmur of a rapid ahead. Jim and Ray were leading. Suddenly, large boulders loomed up in the darkness, and the speed of the current quickly began to increase. Jim and Ray shouted that this was it! We all made a dash for the shore. Since I still had Jeannie in tow, I found it rather difficult to dash. I was tired, and every time I tried to turn towards shore, I felt a tug on my stern which pointed me back into the quickly gathering current. I shouted to Jeannie to paddle, and I backpaddled so as to get some slack in the tow line so that I could turn. We were rapidly being swept toward the point of no return—the point at which we would be committed to going over Bull Sluice in tandem, in the dark, tired out, and with only one good paddle between us. The thought inspired me, and with some effort, I indeed did dash towards shore! The portage around Bull Sluice in the dark was not easy, but it was accomplished without incident. We were all greatly relieved that the trip was now nearly over.

We were greeted back at our camp by our baby sitter and by Lee Rhoads and

Henry Fail who had just arrived from Huntsville. Everyone was completely amazed to see us appear one by one from the darkness of the river. Diane, our babysitter, had been told that no one ever paddles on the river after dark and that we therefore must have made camp upstream. Lee and Henry had not yet had time to panic or call the rescue squad.

After discussing our voyage and bemoaning our scratches, bruises and blisters, we cooked supper and retired to our most welcome sleeping bags.

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Pointing Toward Augsburg

by Eric Evans, 5 Sanborn Rd., Hanover, NH 03755

Now that the Olympic slalom is history, I thought it would be helpful to other paddlers in this country to analyze my training and racing during the past year. Hopefully someone will learn from my planning and efforts so that they can prepare themselves for the upcoming World Championships at Muota next June. One must remember that this program was entirely personal, and based on what has worked for me since 1965. Any racer's program must be prepared with regard to his age, fitness, international racing experience, and personal weaknesses. One must keep in mind that the goal in this program was to be at my racing best on August 28.

The "year" actually started after the World Championships in June, 1971.

Why did Siegbert Horn of East Germany win, and what must I do in the next 15 months to beat him? Horn is a very quick athlete with great technique, but the real separating factors were his fitness, and his mental toughness and response in a pressure situation. Whereas I was able to maintain a high rate of speed between the gates on the Merano course, Horn was to constantly accelerate throughout his run. He was also quite accustomed to being "under the gun."

The training plan took shape with these factors in mind. The real physical work necessary for Augsburg did not start until mid-October. The important thing at this time (August-October) was to race against the top men again and again in order to become accus-

tomed to racing in pressure situations. In this way I would come to see them not as Mr. X from the DDR who looks frighteningly unbeatable, but rather as a human being with a name who has his own problems and worries just like myself. I raced at nine different locations in West Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and England and came to know every top K-1 paddler on a personal level. My racing nine times in ten weeks was not conducive to good results, but was more for psychological reasons than for physical improvement.

When I returned home in mid-October I knew there would be no need to race in Europe next year prior to the Olympics. Now came the long process of physical preparation. I was a member of the Cross Country Ski Team at Dartmouth, and their Fall training program was in full swing by the time of my return from England. This involved much running on the golf course and in the nearby hills. This daily training was under direct supervision and done in a group. My diary shows that during this period from October 20 until snow came in December we were involved in distance runs of 10-12 miles, interval work (3 to 10-minute loops on the golf course), 5-mile road races, and long bicycle workouts.

At the same time, usually in the evening, I was working three times a week on the Universal Gym Machine on which a variety of weight lifting exercises can be performed. From October until well into the winter I concentrated on lifting heavy weights with few repetitions. It was not until January that I was to get in a boat.

By the middle of December the cross-country ski racing season started in earnest. Remember that this was not **touring**, but organized racing on a highly competitive level. Fortunately, I qualified to race in the Olympic trials for cross-country skiing which proved very strenuous. Daily practices were very demanding, and I competed in twenty races ranging in distance from ten kilometers to thirty kilometers. As the winter progressed I changed over from working with heavy weights to working with lighter weights with

more repetitions. From January to mid-March I was also working one night a week in a slalom boat in a large indoor pool. We would hang about six gates in the pool, and worked on a variety of timed sequences. We also had a stationary paddleboard* in operation, where a person could sit and paddle with a modified blade and yet not move. During the winter I was to use this 2 or 3 mornings a week in thirty-minute sessions.

Winter was an active time, and frequently I was working three separate times a day. My rested pulse dropped to below 50, and my weight dropped 5-7 pounds below the level of Merano the previous year.

The end of March saw the beginning of the whitewater season in the East. It is a shame that the whitewater races, dependent on the spring runoff, start so soon after the long winter. A really thorough base of flat water distance paddling and gate work would be ideal

"See "Pool Training Techniques" by Jay Evans, American *Whitewater*, Vol. XV, No. 4, Winter, 1970.

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before entering the swollen streams for racing. This first racing "season" from April until mid-May had to be kept in perspective. The Trials were a long way off, and getting up mentally for every small race during this period was not conducive to the over-all buildup in late July. Yet the two top English paddlers came, and the excitement of seeing who's who brought many of the top paddlers to these early races with fierce determination. Many people worked themselves into a frenzy over penalties they did or did not receive, and results were pored over with a micrometer. Who beat who at the local "Appie" slalom became very important to many people. But the year was still young, and would the stars of April and May be the victors in August?

I was consistently edged in this early period; not only by the Englishmen, but by some Americans as well. There was much rust that had to be worked out. The last two weeks in May brought an end to this early season, and now the real work began: the work of converting that winter-acquired strength and fitness into real paddling fitness. Whereas many of the other competitors were emotionally spent by the races of April and May, I was now really hungry, and had the sting of some defeats to drive me on.

From mid-May until July 1 I had only one week away from Hanover and hard flat water training. From June 11-June 18 I was in Augsburg for training with gates on the course. The training at home was a surprise to many slalomists. Eighty per cent of my boat work was done in a Hunter flat water boat. Five days a week I was in the Hunter doing distance work, intervals (5 1000 meter), and sprints (10 or 12 60 seconds). Dave and Bill Nutt joined me, and we would paddle together for 5 miles and then turn around and race the same distance back to the clubhouse. I was still working with the weights, and running three or four times a week usually doing 3 or 4 5-minute loops on the golf course. Twice a week there was a 3-mile cross-country race held at night which I attended. On most days my schedule included work in the Hunter in the morning,

weights in the afternoon, and a cross-country run at night.

Twice a week in this period I got in a slalom boat for hard timed gate work. We have nine permanent gates hung on flat water in front of the clubhouse. A course would be designed that took 60-70 seconds to complete, and then we would do ten of them with a minute's rest between each of them. The workout would be finished off with some sprinting. Over the past six weeks, with this training, my base was solidified.

I spent the first two weeks of July at the Canadian Slalom and Wildwater Championships in Alberta, and in Colorado preparing for, and racing in, the National Wildwater Championships and The Rocky Mountain Cup Slalom. The time spent in Canada was a good low-key way of preparing for the trials, of bringing back that little racing edge which may have been dulled by the preceding six weeks. I won both of the Canadian races, but felt sloppy and erratic. The training in Colorado with John McCandless was to remedy these problems. We worked on slalom gates and non-stops in the morning and wildwater non-stops in the afternoon at full speed, but the National Wildwater Championships was our immediate goal.

The race proved my fitness because I was thirty seconds ahead of the rest of the field. Physically, I was ready for Siegbert Horn. The slalom the next day was a disaster for me, but Roger Paris comforted me by saying that I had put in so much for the wildwater race, that racing in a local slalom the next day would prove to be too demanding mentally and physically. He was right, but at the time I had some real doubts.

There were now ten days until the Trials began, and time enough for some hard work in Hanover. The Hunter was still used but the concentration was more on slalom work together with foot running and light weight lifting which had been neglected in the two weeks out west.

During the Trials I paddled cautiously for three runs, and had my first clean run of the season. It was not until my final run on Sunday that I decided to really test myself. The last run was

satisfyingly fast. I now had to hold that edge until Aug. 28.

I spent the next week in Hanover working on flat water, and kept up my running. We then had four days in Washington during which I was in a boat only once, but did some running and weight training every day. The team then traveled to Augsburg two weeks prior to the race. Due to proper eating habits and training I was able to hold my strength during this period. There was no progress physically, yet nothing was lost from the high point of the Buena Vista nationals. I have found that while traveling to races in Europe, I race at the physical level which I had upon leaving the States. Due to different food, lodging, and the demands of travel, it is difficult to raise one's physical level.

We had time trials on the canal, and flat water gates were available. Two workouts a day was the rule, but the real buildup now was mental. There had to grow an eagerness for racing, a longing to do battle and let the results speak for themselves. Too many people were afraid of defeat, of doing poorly in the race.

The race itself proved somewhat surprising in that there were no clean runs on either day of competition, which gave an indication of the difficulty of the course. The East Germans were brilliant under pressure, whereas many other competitors succumbed to the tension of the Olympics. My ten-week competitive experience in Europe the previous Fall held me in good stead. Nevertheless, Siegbert Horn proved himself to be the best in the world on his second run. Personally, the race went well and based on this past year's training program, and the encouraging result at Augsburg I look forward to challenging the best boaters at the World Championships next June.

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AUGSBURG AT CINCINNATI?

Man-made Whitewater Course Being Considered Near Cincinnati

Boaters in the Cincinnati area have proposed that a whitewater slalom course be built around an Ohio River navigational dam.

The idea for a man-made whitewater facility on the Ohio was stimulated by the Olympic whitewater course in Augsburg, West Germany. The Augsburg facility is a half mile long and was converted from an industrial canal. Water is supplied by a man-made lake formed by a dam on the River Lech. The elevation drop at Augsburg is about 16 feet from the lake to the end of the whitewater course.

A canoeist from the Cincinnati area contacted Senator Robert Taft, Jr., of Ohio about a slalom course. Taft referred the question to the Corps of Engineers for comments on September 5. On September 14, Taft reported a preliminary response which indicated the idea was "extremely interesting," and the Corps was proceeding with an "engineering evaluation and economic study."

Tentative plans are to locate the facility on the south end of the Meldahl navigational dam 30 miles east of Cincinnati. The elevation drop available is twice that at Augsburg, and adequate water is available from the Ohio River.

Public land adjacent to the dam is available which could be utilized for a whitewater course.

The steps which will be required include: 1) Congressional funding for a Corps of Engineers' detailed design and feasibility study, 2) reporting back from the Corps 3) Congressional funding of the project, and 4) construction.

Boaters and the public who wish to encourage construction of a Whitewater facility are asked to write their Congressmen and Senators, Senator Taft (care of the Cincinnati, Ohio Post Office), and Ray McLain, (Miami Group Sierra Club, 25 Elm Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215).

FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA

Or Through the Rockies at 31 Knots

by Jonathan Ela

Conservationists are expressing concern over a proposal just announced to construct a Cross-Continent Barge Canal linking Boston with San Diego. The joint project of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers and the Atomic Energy Commission would be the largest public work ever constructed in the United States, and would utilize the technology recently perfected by the AEC in its Cannikin explosion on Amchitka Island in Alaska.

The Cro-Con Canal is officially described as "a multiple use project in the highest sense of the term," but it is generally understood in Washington that the major justification for the project is to aid movement of aircraft carriers. Pentagon sources point out that the Panama Canal is too narrow to handle the newer carriers, necessitating enormously expensive and time-consuming voyages around Cape Horn. Plans to construct a new, sea-level canal across Panama have been blocked by Panamanian nationalists and by aroused environmentalists in the United States who have pointed out the possibly disastrous effects on the mating and migrating patterns of certain endangered species.

Supposed benefits of the Cro-Con proposal are spelled out in the Corps of Engineers' "Preliminary Framework Analysis," a 640-page document released on May 18th of this year. These include: enhanced capacity to transport coal from the fields of Kentucky and southern Ohio; creation of deepwater ports for such cities as Cincinnati, Louisville, Tulsa, and Aspen; flood control and water supply; and water-oriented recreational activity of a linear nature. The corps indicated that the Cro-Con Canal has a projected benefit-cost ratio of 1.001:1, "thus more than justifying the substantial public funds that will go into the project."

The public "Framework Analysis"

fails to give a detailed route for the canal beyond the Charles River at Watertown, Mass., but a member of the Sierra Club's Washington staff has procured a Xerox of a sketch map through the good offices of a disgruntled associate of Jack Anderson. Corps of Engineers' sources warn that the leaked route map is a "rough guesstimate" and that details will be worked out after construction starts.

Early critics of Cro-Con contend that the corps has not sufficiently taken into account the scarcity of water in the arid western states. Corps Public Relations Director Lt. Gen. B. R. "Brute" Thwackem disputes this point, saying that the Corps can generate more than enough water to float even the largest aircraft carriers that the nation is likely to construct. Revival of the dormant NAWAPA water plan will bring enormous quantities of Canadian water into the arid areas, where it can be stored in specially constructed reservoirs. To avoid problems of evaporation, these reservoirs will be located in underground cavities created by detonation of five-megaton nuclear devices in the style of Cannikin.

It is now conceded in Washington that Cro-Con was the real reason for the Cannikin test, and for the earlier Project Rulson explosion in Colorado. Environmentalists in the Midwest also speculate that Project Old Oaken Bucket in Kentucky is a related feasibility study. This project, now one-third completed, consists of filling Mammoth Cave with water diverted from the Red River in eastern Kentucky. The explained justification of Old Oaken Bucket has always been to meet the water supply needs of Cub Run, Kentucky, but local conservationists have never been completely satisfied by this explanation.

Environmental groups have been alarmed that evidently no Environ-

mental Impact Statement, as required under Section 101(2)(c) of the National Environmental Policy Act, is to be issued for the Cro-Con Project. General Thwackem has given three reasons for this. First, it is argued that there is no conceivable way in which significant environmental damage could occur. Second, corps personnel take the position that NEPA is non-retroactive and that Cro-Con is simply a routine departmental updating of Albert Gallatin's April, 1808 report on proposed domestic improvements, including canals. The corps' argument is that since Gallatin did not have to write an impact statement, neither should they. Finally, the corps argues that the only slight risk of environmental damage would be from the AEC's still novel means of excavation through the use of nuclear devices. The corps feels that for this reason the impact statement is out of its jurisdiction, and should be prepared, if at all, by the AEC. Attempts to reach an AEC official associated with Cro-Con were unsuccessful (although more than 2,000 are said to be employed on the project) but one contact within the AEC's sprawling Germantown, Maryland, headquarters indicated that there are "compelling reasons" for not issuing an impact statement, although he could not divulge them "because of national security considerations."

Conservationists appear to have an ally within the Nixon Administration in the President's Council on Environmental Quality. The CEQ takes the position that it should have been consulted, and is agitating within the Administration to have alternatives considered. The Council finds that some impact from the Cro-Con is likely, and has quickly brought forward a different route. CEQ suggests improving the Intracoastal Waterway along the East Coast, constructing the Ochlawaha (Cross-Florida) Canal, developing the Intracoastal along the Gulf Coast, dredging up the Rio Grande as far as Alamosa, Colorado, cutting due west to Lake Powell, and following the corps proposal from that point. The Council points out that its proposal involves far less construction in areas that do not

currently have rivers, and that the portion of the Rocky Mountains that would have to be leveled by nuclear explosions is "much less valuable, esthetic wise."

The corps rejects the council's alternative for three reasons. First, it would expose the aircraft carriers to enemy submarines. Second, the CEQ route would have less value for movement of coal, development of inland ports, flood control, mid-continental water sports, and other benefits. Third, the corps proposal is so designed that a branch canal could be extended to Seattle, using basically the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, thus aiding the movement of supertankers from Puget Sound refineries to northeastern markets.

Environmentalists have greeted the Cro-Con announcement with mixed feelings. Some, such as the Sierra Club, have shown initial skepticism, based largely on potential damage to the Grand Canyon. Others, such as the East Birdseye (Indiana) Rod and Gun Club, tend to view the project with favor, as they accept corps ecologists' predictions that the fish will grow fatter in the slack water "because they don't have to work as hard."

It is clearly too early for environmentalists to voice a unified opinion on the Cro-Con Canal, as the facts are not yet all in. Yet the corps has already accused the Sierra Club of "irresponsibility" in "raising baseless questions." "These environmentalists want us to return to the Stone Age," says General Thwackem. "National Security and economic prosperity demand a canal. They've blocked us in Panama and now they want to block us here. But here in the Corps we believe in Cro-Con, just as we believe in America, and no posy-plucker is going to tell us how to run our shop."

With due respect to the General's patriotism and to the desirability of hearing both sides of the question, it nevertheless seems to many environmentalists that the Cross-Continent Canal is a project that bears watching.

(Reprinted from the June, 1972 *Sierra Club Bulletin*, courtesy of the Sierra Club, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco, CA 94104.)

AWA MANMADE SLALOM COURSE COMMITTEE FORMED

Jim Sindelar

It has come to my attention that in (at least two) parts of the United States whitewater boaters have been actively promoting artificial slalom courses modeled after the spectacular course constructed by the West Germans for use in the Olympic Games this past year. From the standpoint of our organization, this has several facets. Few among us could deny that such a course would be welcome, particularly during the dry season and/or in the dry, flat parts of the country. Construction of such courses might also be among the less environmentally destructive projects toward which the Army Corps of Engineers could direct their talents (assuming the necessary dam already exists). However it is not difficult to imagine a difference of opinion developing between various factions of boaters regarding the desirability of at least some of the possible sites from an environmental standpoint.

Recognizing this, I think it is important that AWA become involved, evaluate potential slalom sites relative to environmental impact and over-all desirability, and work closely with local groups wishing to promote such facilities. To this end I have asked Ray McLain to form and chair an "AWA Manmade Slalom Course Committee." Ray is an active whitewater boater who has been a member of AWA for several years (he was nominated for AWA Board of Directors and missed being elected by two votes) and is presently the chairman of the Miami chapter of the Sierra Club. Ray is presently working closely with the Army Corps of Engineers in the planning of such a facility near Cincinnati, Ohio (see article, page 151 this issue). Interested parties should contact A. R. (Ray) McLain, 25 Elm Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45215.

FILMS AVAILABLE

Tuolumne River 1969: California downriver run, a fantastic whitewater challenge (Class IV-V), showcase of modern paddling technique. Filmed by John Googins and Jim Sindelar. Super 8mm, color, silent, 16 min. Rental fee \$3.50. Specify date wanted; write 30 days in advance to Sierra Club RTS, c/o John L. Googins, 3072 Lynde St., Oakland, CA 94601.

USOC film: Whitewater, by Jon Fauer. Portrays in 16mm the thrill, excitement and pageantry of the U. S. Whitewater Team in slalom at the World Championships in Merano, Italy, June, 1971. With narration, 26 min. U. S. Olympic Committee, 37 Park Ave., New York, NY 10040.

AWA Whitewater Training Film is no longer available; the original has disappeared and the copy is in very

poor condition. If anyone knows of the whereabouts of the original of this film, please contact us. We would also be interested to hear whether any of our readers are considering making such a training film.—Ed.

The following four films are available free of charge from Tom Wilson, High Performance Products, Inc., 349 Lincoln St., Bldg. 56-H Hingham, MA 02043. Phone (617) 749-5374, 5375, 5499.

1971 U. S. Whitewater Team, by Kemex Corp. 30-minute film for television. 16mm, color, with narration.

Kayaks, by Len Aitken. 16mm, color, sound (no narration), 13 min.

Merano 1971, by Sam Galpin. Super 8mm, color. Sequences of **U.S.** and top European competitors—Excellent training film.

SIERRA CLUB PLANS RIVER SAFETY

TRAINING FOR 1973

The Miami Group of the Sierra Club has for the last several years been operating a river canoeing safety training program. For the last two years 200 students per year have participated in the weekend program.

For 1973, the Chairman of the River Safety Training Program is Ray Cartier, 10274 Lochcrest, Cincinnati, Ohio 45231.

The school for 1973 will consist of two parts—an elementary level instruction which will take students with little or no river canoeing experience or formal training, and an advanced wild-water instruction for students who are experienced river canoeists and who have had river canoeing training. Both sessions will be two-day weekend training experiences.

The elementary level training will be held on the Whitewater River in Indiana in late March or early April. The cost will be about \$14 for the weekend plus canoe rental if the student does not have a canoe. Students will be supplied food, lodging, and training materials. Students will be expected to supply life jackets and paddles for their own use.

The advanced level instruction will be for kayaks, decked canoes, and open canoes. The training will be for a limited number of participants and will consist of a trip down the Red River Gorge in Kentucky under tutelage of experienced whitewater boaters. Training will include tactics and techniques of river canoeing, instruction on strokes and maneuvers, equipment needed for river canoeing, safety practices and rescue techniques. Instruction will be primarily in subgroups of 10 students and 2 instructors on the river. There will be some classroom-type instruction to complement the on-the-river training.

Individuals desiring to enroll are advised to write early to obtain application forms. In the past two years, over 100 applicants each year were unable to be admitted because of the limit of facilities.

There is a 13-year age minimum for students of the canoe school; the demanding nature of the school requires strength and stamina which makes the age limit a necessity.

Cartier, a student in the first of these schools in 1969, was an instructor in the second school, and was in charge of enrollment for the 1972 school. Cartier's canoeing experience includes wildwater canoeing and downriver Marathon racing. In 1972, he won the Fort Ancient 13-mile canoe race for aluminum canoes.

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C-2M--Who Takes the Bow?

by Iris Sindelar, 264 East Side Dr., Concord, NH 03301

(The following represents the views of the author only, except where otherwise stated, and is not intended to be the last word on canoeing position. So readers should feel free to write and attack anything they disagree with. Any resemblance between the hypothetical couple featured below and people in your acquaintance is purely coincidental.)

The term C-2M means a man-woman team paddling a canoe, and this treatise is directed mainly toward those teams which began, almost as a matter of course, by putting the woman in the bow and the man in the stern, and who never got around to trying it any other way even though, perhaps, one or both partners are not completely happy with their roles. A couple of years ago when I first began considering this question, I asked a number of C-2M paddlers their views on who should paddle where and the best answer I got was from Sid Feldman (then of Brown University), who claimed that for a man,

the stern position is a virility symbol; he gets to sit back there and observe all his partner's mistakes and yell at her, while any mistakes HE might make (God forbid!) are invisible to his partner's eyes. This made a lot of sense to me and I had to admit that Sid was certainly an honest man. But obviously there has to be more to it than that, because when a fellow puts a girl in the bow and she wonders why she is there rather than in the stern, he has to come up with more valid reasons.

The main consideration in paddler placement should be the amount of paddling experience each has. This means not only paddle expertise but also river-reading ability. Let us consider a hypothetical case where the man has been paddling for some time and is trying to interest a girl in his favorite activity. She has never held a paddle in her hands before, let alone navigated a river. He teaches her some of the

basic paddling techniques and explains to her that she is in the bow because he, in the stern, can maintain more control over the whole boat from that position and besides, they will be going on a relatively easy river with quite a bit of flatwater. Thus she, in the bow, just has to worry about paddling ahead while the sternman does his fancy "J-stroke" which is necessary to keep the boat traveling in a straight line. He lets her prove this point to herself by letting her take the stern for awhile on the lake and sure enough, the boat's course described a series of circles in the water. She vows to be a bowman (excuse me, bowperson) all her life.

But alas, paddling in the bow is not all that straightforward. The bow paddler is also expected to pick a reasonable course through a rapid and this is difficult at first. The experienced sternman realizes the distress this responsi-

bility is causing his bowperson and takes it upon himself to chart his own course. She, not realizing this turn of events, strikes out on her own course to the right of the boulder ahead, while he paddles with equal assurance and greater strength to the left. At the conclusion of such an exercise, as any paddler knows, it must be established WHOSE FAULT it was. If the couple happens to be married, the sternman (who has the best observation point, after all) usually doesn't hesitate to assign the blame. (When Walt and Kay Harvest first started paddling C-2M, they named their boat "The Divorce Court.") The unmarried male tends to be more chivalrous and gently lets the bowperson reach her own conclusion ("Obviously, since I'm the novice and he's the expert, it was all my fault").

After a couple of seasons of boating, our hypothetical couple has progressed

The author with husband Jim on the Mad River, N. H. As you can plainly see, the sternperson has all the fun. Photo by Scott Nelson, Campton, NH.



to the point where they can handle some pretty decent whitewater. The bowperson has mastered most of the paddle strokes but is still unsure of her water-reading abilities, especially since the couple are now husband-and-wife, which, as mentioned above, gives the sternman more freedom in stating WHOSE FAULT it was. It is decided to let the bowperson practice handling a single boat in order to develop water-reading skills without the fear of dunking her mate every time she misjudges a channel, and also to give her a clear idea of exactly what her paddle strokes are accomplishing. It works like a charm! Suddenly the bowperson is oozing confidence and power—but wait! She is also beginning to challenge her partner's right to the Sternseat. "With your greater strength in the bow," she hints, "we'd be more likely to reach the spot we're aiming for; all I'd have to do would be to keep the stern behind you." The Fearless Leader image begins to take shape in the mind's eye of the sternman, and he starts to pay attention. "And with your greater weight in front (since we hardly ever paddle flat water any more) it will be easier to catch those eddies, especially in slaloms!" His mind's eye warms to the subject and flashes a snappy eddy turn onto the cranial screen. "Best of all, you'll get to crash through all those standing waves you always thought looked so small from the stern!" Ah, ecstasy! But the happy smile fades . . . a bowperson can't possibly paddle stern because the boat will go around in circles. And besides, what if she starts

yelling at HIM? She gently reminds him that, after all, she can paddle a C-1 in a straight line, "and anyway, with your superior water-reading ability"—crafty old bowperson!—"I'm not likely to challenge your choice of course through a rapid, so we won't broadside and there won't be that problem of deciding WHOSE FAULT it was."

And so let us leave our hypothetical couple with perfect harmony only an eddy turn or two away ("Whoops, forgot to tell you that the sternperson has to lean . . ."). While I don't expect their example to initiate an overwhelming reversal of roles among C-2M paddlers, I hope that those who have stuck to either bow or stern throughout their paddling careers will at least consider trying out their partner's position. Even if you decide not to switch permanently, it will give each of you a better understanding of what you can and can't expect of your partner.

OBITUARIES

Walter Kirschbaum, see "Grand Adventure," p. 125 this issue.

Hank Condon, Sept. 23, 1972, fatal heart attack while paddling the American River in California. A charter member of the Loma Prieta Paddlers of the South San Francisco Bay Area, Hank devoted a great deal of time and energy to introducing people to the sport. He participated in a number of "first runs" on northern California rivers and creeks and left the LPP a legacy of detailed annotated maps of most of the rivers in the area. He will be sorely missed.

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Something New at Camp Ponacka

by Andrea Bernolak, 2308 Hillary Ave., Ottawa, Ontario K1H 7J5, Canada

It was a brilliant, sunny summer day as I was driving from Ottawa to Lake Baptiste to bring my son home from camp. The road was winding, dipping down, then climbing up again. There were hills all around me; sparkling lakes and rivers glimmered between dark green foliage. This is rugged country, the Madawaska Valley. It harbours some of the East's best whitewater.

Dr. Bruno Morawetz, the owner and director of Camp Ponacka, had written to me that they now have six kayaks I might like to see. I was more than interested, but just what will the good doctor call kayak paddling? Maybe, I will see little kids sitting in big barges straining themselves, or even worse, heaven forbid, they will be "flushed down" on some rapids, the very thought of which made my blood curdle.

By now I was nearing Lake Baptiste. The road was less winding, and there were beautiful meadows on both sides with a multitude of wild flowers. The air was tangy with the smell of hay. This area has attracted Canada's best landscape artists and one of them, David Milne, spent his final years in a log cabin on the shores of Lake Baptiste.

Suddenly I was going through the camp gates. Camp Ponacka is situated on a peninsula, overlooking the lake, with many handsome buildings in Alpine style. After having met my son, we started out towards the lake. We arrived at a lovely lookout and what a view! But never mind that, I just heard someone say "you'll never roll up that way." There they were right below me, six shiny new slalom kayaks. Their happy occupants were paddling them back and forth, leaning and turning, occasionally flipping. I was soon invited to join in the fun. After two hours and countless paddle braces, both the low and high variety, and after many rolls, I was getting tired. I stopped to watch the kids. Now they were playing with the boats like toys. Bailing out, getting into them in deep water, swimming

them to shore—towing a swimmer was so natural to them. Indeed, "you should be fully familiar with your boat," says just about every authority on kayaking. "Don't go into whitewater until you have mastered the roll" is another widely accepted point of view. Yet we all know that river running clubs do very little to enforce these good rules.

My congratulations to Dr. Morawetz for introducing his lucky campers to kayaking the right way. These youngsters have an excellent chance to develop into whitewater paddlers the safe and happy way. There will be, quite possibly, no need to "rehabilitate" any of them.

(Mrs. Bernolak, a former Olympic silver medalist for Hungary in figure skating is now an enthusiastic kayak paddler. She is secretary to the newly formed Ottawa Whitewater Canoe and Kayak Club and a member of the Rideau Canoe Club.)

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BALLOT NOTES

ON CONSERVATION

■ Please have more articles concerning threatened rivers and list legislators who pass harmful laws.

■ I'd like to see our group seek presidential candidates' views on scenic rivers, parks and wilderness areas, and publish the results in the Journal.

■ Most pleased to note coordination of conservation efforts on behalf of AWA, ACA and USCA. Here's one member in favor of further unification to prevent duplication and to strengthen canoeing in all its aspects throughout the U. S. Perhaps it might be wise to sample the AWA membership as to its feelings.

■ I would like to see more organized efforts to save rivers like the Payette and Bruneau in Idaho and the American in California. Use some mass muscle on the "dam idiots."

■ I believe conservation of our wild and scenic rivers and stopping the dam builders to be our No. 1 goal and No. 2, promote cruising on whitewater, to savor it instead of just racing through it.

o The Sierra Club is O.K. but too many people follow it blindly. Keep it separate from AWA. State facts for AWA members and let them act upon them.

(AWA has as much responsibility to assist an effort by the Sierra Club as we have toward any other affiliate.—Ed.)

• Suggest Dean Norman's cartoons be reproduced on notepaper (postcards, too) for sale to benefit whitewater river conservation.

(Dean says he would be agreeable to this if it turns out to be a practical proposition. Are there any paddling publishers in our Affiliation who would be able to help us out on such a project?)

ON THE FUTURE OF AWA:

• Important that AWA, ACA, USCA merge—or at least merge magazines.

■ Sure think AWA should combine publication with ACA and have one good canoe magazine.

■ Keep up the great work! Do you accept stories from anyone? I favor working closely with ACA, etc. in as many areas as possible.

(Yes, we accept stories from anyone, provided they are well written and likely to be of interest to a good portion of our readers.)

• I think the AWA Journal is great. Keep up the good work.

(Ahh, music to our ears . . .)

• I hope you consider the winding up and dissolution of this corporation, only in the far, far future.

ON CANDIDATES AND ISSUES:

Eleven candidates for nine vacancies? What a put up! 82 per cent are guaranteed election regardless . . .

(The Nominating Committee expended a great deal of time, postage and long distance phone calls to get even eleven. The number of candidates from any geographic area is limited by the Constitution, and there simply were not enough nominees forthcoming from some areas. A request for additional nominees appeared in the Journal but elicited no response.—Ed.)

• One woman in eleven nominees! I hope you're hearing about this from others besides myself. The organization and its membership suffer from this kind of shortsightedness.

• Find more women for the Board (unless our committed female constituency is really only one in eleven!). (signed) a male member.

(Several women were approached as potential nominees by the Nominating Committee, but Ann Schafer was the only one who accepted the nomination. We tried, really we did.)

■ Why are all the nominees (with only two exceptions) from the West or Midwest? How can they be aware of special problems of Eastern rivers? (New Haven, Conn.)

(The definitions of "East" and "West" seem to be fairly subjective; Californians, we find, consider any state east of the Mississippi as being "Eastern" and might well ask how nominees from

Pennsylvania, Tennessee, New York, West Virginia, Ohio (2) and Maryland could be cognizant of the problems facing Midwestern and Western boaters.)

- I do not see how I can fairly or intelligently vote on this matter. I never heard of any of the nominees. Never saw the AWA Constitution.

(We tried to avoid this problem by printing resumes for the nominees and an explication of the two proposed amendments in as conspicuous a position as possible in the issue of American Whitewater which accompanied the ballot.)

- Being a new subscriber to White-water and not familiar with the candidates, I found it a big help having a rundown on the nominees.

- I would like to see someone from New Hampshire on the ballot next time. (Port Jefferson, N. Y.)

- I support the election of David Cooney to provide representation cognizant of the Adirondack area of New York State and in particular the Upper Hudson River, which is an outstanding whitewater cruising resource (I am

writing from Schenectady, N. Y. and am not personally acquainted with Mr. Cooney.)

- I think the two amendments to the Constitution will increase the effectiveness of AWA substantially.

- I would suggest at least one biannual central board meeting be called with great advance notice.

(It is our hope that once the new Board of Directors gets itself organized, this suggestion will be realized.)

- The most wonderful thing which could happen would be seeing active officers on the job supported by a staff of active committees.

MISCELLANEOUS:

- We of the Belleville Whitewater Club, believe there is a need for more representation, "**unobjectively**," in Illinois, i.e., Belleville, at Eastern and Western Nationals. Think about it!

- As a registered Maine guide I hope to see (in the AWA Journal) more material on open canoes and whitewater.

(We hope so too, but someone has to send it to us!)

Beginners at the Frost Bite Slalom conducted by Ledyard Canoe Club, October 1972, White River, Vt.



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American River Touring Assoc.
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Concord, CA 94520

YMCA Whitewater Club
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Feather River Kayak Club
Mike Schneller
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Marysville, Calif. 95901

Sierra Club
Loma Prieta Paddlers

Sierra Club
Mother Lode Chapter
Sam Gardali
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Modesto, Cal. 95350

Sierra Club
River Conservation Committee
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Sierra Club
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Idlewild Yacht Club
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Connecticut Chapter
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Explorer Post #99
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American Adventures Club
Horace P. Holden
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Idaho Alpine Club
Dean Hagmann
1953 Melobu
Idaho Falls, Id. 83401

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Linda Seaman, Rep.

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Prairie Club Canoeists
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Chicago, Ill. 60632

Illinois Paddling Council
Phil Vierling, 5949 Ohio St.
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Martinsville, Ind. 46151

Kekionga Voyageurs
E. Heinz Wahl, Rep.
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KANSAS

Johnson County Canoe Club
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Canoe Cruisers Association
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Meramec River Canoe Club
Mick McValley
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Ozark Wilderness
Waterways Club
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2209 W. 104th Street
Leawood, Kansas 66206

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Mad Pemi Canoe Club, Inc.
Dennis F. Keating
93 Realty
Campton, N. H. 03223

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Belvedere, NJ 07827
Kayak and Canoe Club
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Mohawk Canoe Club
Gerald B. Pidcock, Rep.
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Jobstown, New Tersev 08041
Murray Hill Canoe Club
W. J. Schreiheis
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Murray Hill, N. J. 07974
Rutgers Outdoor Club
Robert Markley
RPO-2913-Rutgers
New Brunswick, N. J. 08903

NEW MEXICO

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804 Warm Sands Dr. S.E.
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1200 W. Broadway
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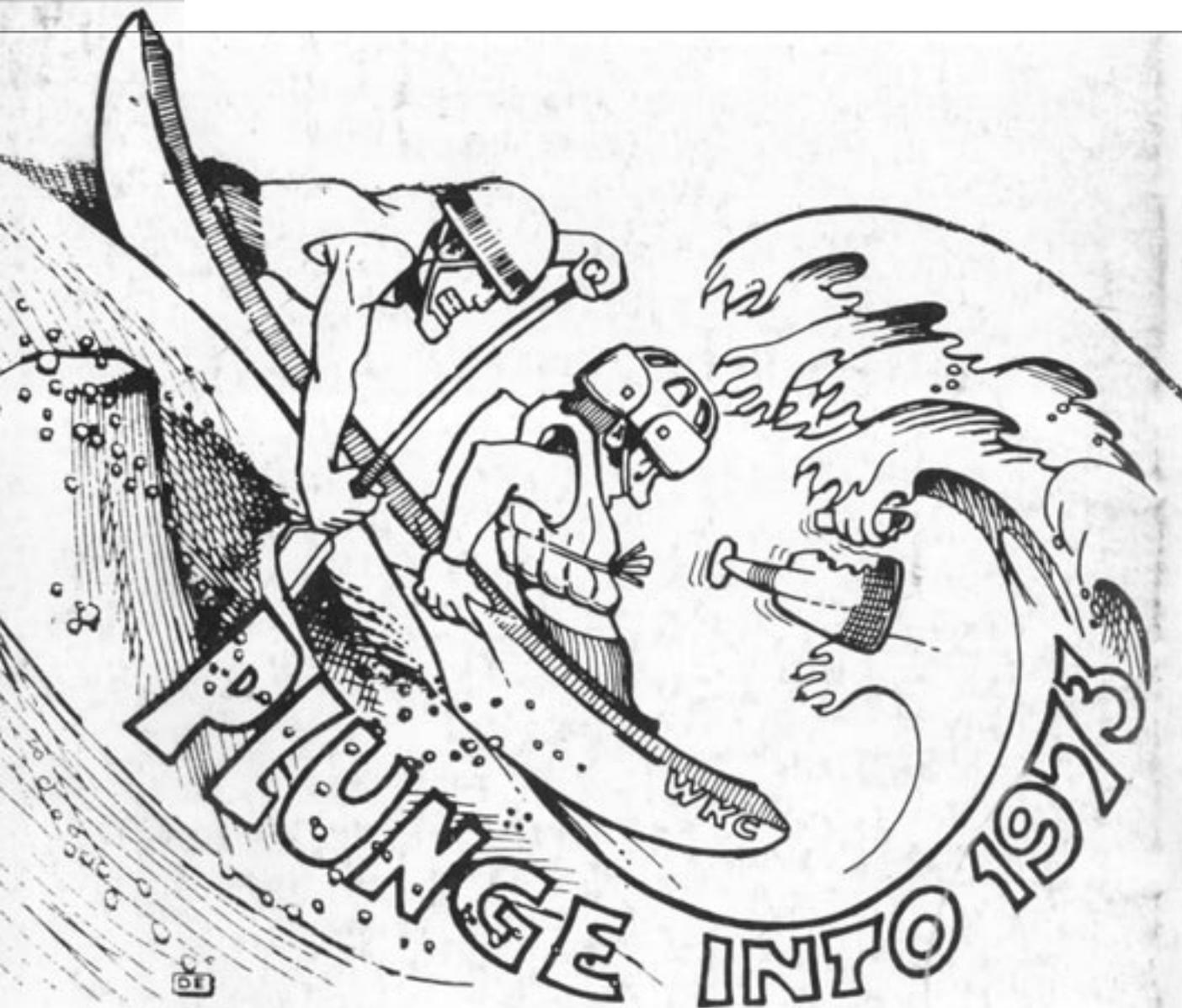
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This **marvelous** cartoon comes from the Jan. 1971 Washington Kayak Club Bulletin. We updated it because we felt it deserved to be immortalized somehow!

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