



American

WHITE WATER

the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation

SPRING, 1966

Vol. XI, No. 4

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• *John L. Berry in his 16' Old Town, "Traveller IV," on the Canyon section of the Cheat River below Albright, West Virginia. Photo by Bob Harrigan.*



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SPRING 1966

Vol. XI, No. 4



The American Whitewater Affiliation

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How to Write to American White Water

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Send all subscriptions, checks, changes of address and queries
about non-receipt of copies to the Circulation Manager (address below).
Send advertising matter and payments to the Business Manager,
or to the Advertising Manager nearest you (address below).
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American WHITE WATER is mailed to all members of the American
Whitewater Affiliation in June, September, December and March. Mem-
bership is open to all who are interested in river sport, for the sum of
\$2.50 per year.

The magazine welcomes contributions of articles, photograph? and
drawings, but assumes no responsibility for them. Address all editorial
material to the Managing Editor or to the nearest Regional Editor.
Correspondence regarding the Affiliation or boating information should
be sent to the Executive Secretary, Robert T. Simmonds, R.D. 2, One-
onta, N. Y. 13820.

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

Printed in the United States of America

Cover: Cal Giddings in narrow chute, Turnover Rapid, Cross Mountain Canyon (see page 4)

Photo by Alexis Kelner

Letters from Readers



Dear Peter:

The 35 mm slide enclosed is a picture of a bronze bookend. The design is derived from a New Guinea Canoe God, the original of which is in one of the German museums. It could well be one of our "gods" too. Its mission is to protect the canoe from shoals, and is normally mounted on the front of the canoe, just above the water. It is so potent that it usually protects my canoe, even though it remains on the bookshelf at home (providing I make appropriate incantations before embarking).

Keep braced,

LeRoy Dodson
RD2, Wellsville, N.Y. 14895
255 Proctor Road

* * *

Dear Peter:

In the two issues of AWW appearing since the World Championships last summer, a great deal has been said about and by kayak competitors, but very little concerning our C1 class. This is an oversight, in view of Tom Southworth's outstanding performance.

The course in Spittal was by no means designed for canoes . . . in fact, gates had to be eliminated for the C1 class (as well as for C2, C2M and K1W). The three boaters that foreran the course and adjusted the gates before the race were all kayakists (no protest was made to my knowledge). As usual in a really tough course, for very obvious reasons, top scores in the C1 class were higher than in the K1 class.

Of the top U. S. competitors in each class, Southworth's placing was by far the best, he finishing 11th out of a class of 29 (Knight was 29/50 [K1] Shipley and Fawcett 19/28 [C2] and I was 12/23 [K1W]). He was the **only** American clearly in the top half of his class, and, also clearly, one of the most modest members of the U. S. team.

Barbara Wright
Huntington Laboratory
Mass. General Hospital
Boston 14, Mass.

* * *

Several members of our club here think that a new policy for the printing of race results might be worth considering, since the result issues have devoted so much space to information which is of interest to few readers. We would propose either:

1. That AWW give a short description of each race, but print results only for three or four big ones.

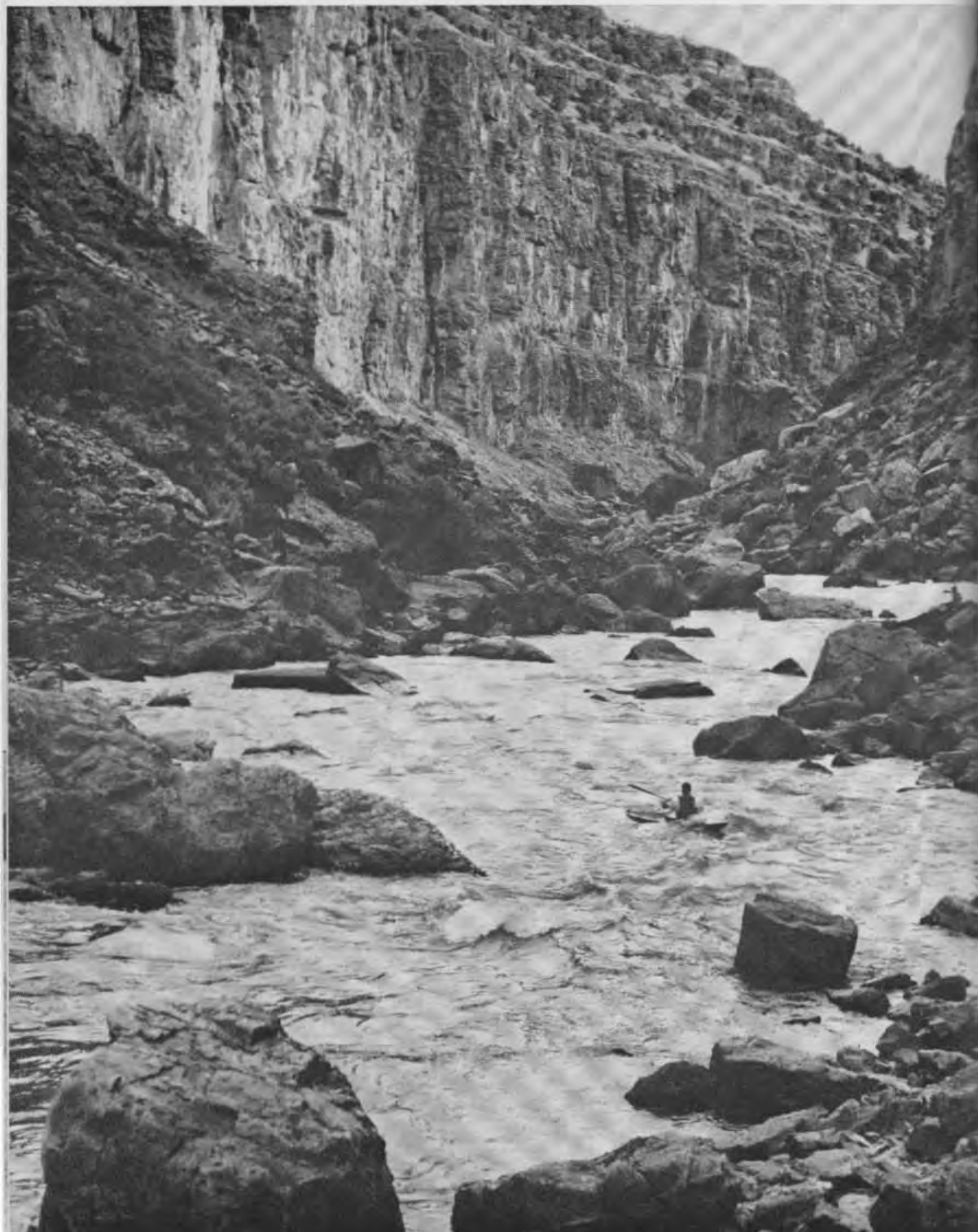
2. AWW give a short description of each race and include the results in fine print and in paragraph form.

The second method seems to me to be the best compromise. It is used successfully by several European canoeing journals. I would not like to see coverage reduced . . .

Dwight Gibb
Wisconsin Hoofers

Prague boaters are fortunate. This picture is a regular commercial postcard, showing Prague Castle looming above the Moldau River. It was sent to us by Karel Novak, Czech C-2 champ. If you look carefully you'll see the slalom gates, permanently installed, where Czech boaters practice.







The author in a boulder-studded rapid. Facing page: Typical view of the canyon.

Cross Mountain Conquered

By J. Calvin Giddings

(Photos by Alex Kelner)

My interest in Cross Mountain Canyon had grown steadily for a decade. It was that long ago, beginning my first raft trip through Dinosaur National Monument, that this enigmatic canyon was brought to my attention. Our river guide looked back up the Yampa to Cross Mountain, where a tongue of water was emitting from a giant cleft, and muttered almost inaudibly that no one had ever run it.

Five years later Bruce Christensen and I began planning an exploratory trip to Cross Mountain every year. Each time the trip fell through. Both our interest and our awe were reinforced by reports that the canyon was impossible. The word impossible, for reasons I will explain, haunted us until the very moment we started.

The credentials of Cross Mountain

Canyon are indeed impressive. It has less than three miles of rapids but makes up for this by dropping water 180 vertical feet through a narrow channel studded with enormous blocks. The first mile of white water drops 80 feet. From there on it loses almost 60 feet per mile. During spring runoff, when more than ten thousand c.f.s. are often forced down this boulder-choked channel, the canyon must be a scene of unimaginable fury.

Low Water Preferred

Our strategy had long been to risk the boulder-fields of low water in preference to the turbulence of high. In retrospect this choice proved sound due to the narrowness of the river bed (making low water feasible) and the enormity of the boulders (making high water difficult). After hearing that the



Bill Manwaring lassoes an errant craft.

river was still flowing a thousand cubic feet per second on Wednesday, August 4, 1965, we moved forward with our plan for the following week end.

One always has nagging doubts about the sanity of such a venture and when Paul Schettler flew over the canyon preceding a rendezvous in Vernal, Utah, we were again rather stunned by the report that the canyon was impassable—that Lodore Canyon looked anemic by comparison and that Grand and Cataract Canyons had looked much easier from the air several weeks earlier. At this stage our resolve had diminished to the point of simply wanting to walk along the shore and look at the rapids.

We reached the top of the canyon on Sunday afternoon via a jeep road from a little place on Highway 40 called

Cross Mountain. From a high bluff we could see nearly a half-mile of river. It was a beautiful sight, with the high canyon walls converging on a narrow ribbon of rock-filled water. We have always had a weakness for the thrills of boulder dodging and this looked like the canyon **par excellence** for such activity. With this temptation lying before us we abandoned at once the walking idea and put our boats on the river. Paul, Bruce and I proceeded in kayaks while Alexis Kelnes, Bill Manwaring and Mike Terry advanced on foot to take pictures and help gather up the expected new debris.

The First Tough Test

For two blocks the rapids were an extremely pleasant class III. Then came a turbulent chute followed by several rock problems. This first serious rapid

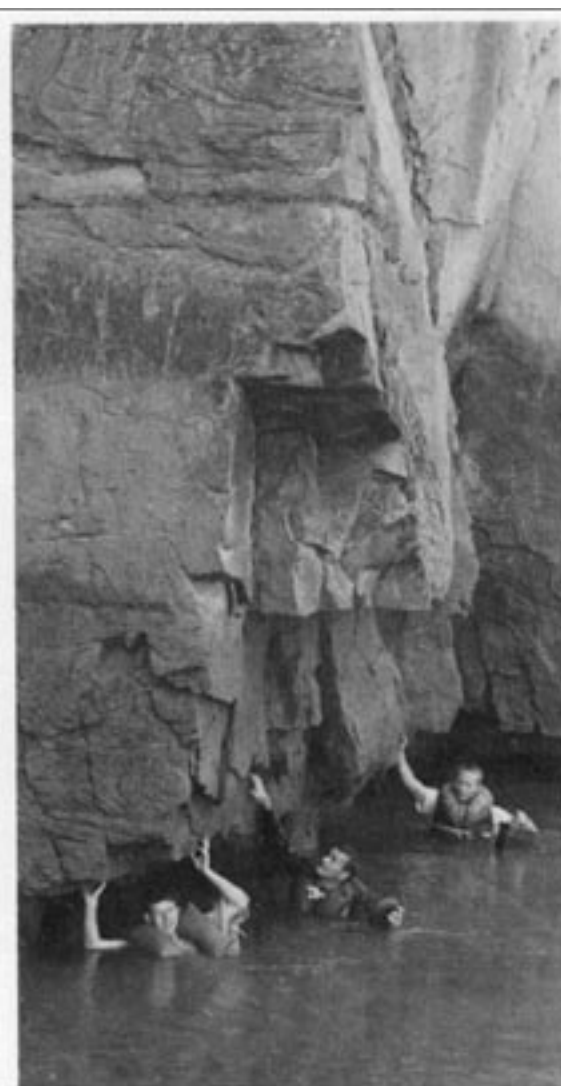
capsized Paul before he had really warmed to the river. A dead ringer over his head by our now famous innertube thrower, Bill Manwaring, brought Paul to shore. I made three attempts to force his boat to the side, but it slipped away into the next rapids where it was badly damaged. As both sunlight and morale were diminishing with unexpected haste, we left the kayaks in the canyon and made a retreat to the campsite.

Next morning we walked up through the canyon from its lower end. Four of us chose, wrongly, the south shore. This alone was an exciting experience, filled as it was with wading, swimming and even rappelling episodes. (Note: the north side is not so obstructed.) This expedition, with numerous scouting stops, consumed the morning. We started back down at high noon with two healthy kayaks and a crippled one. Alas, the latter was lost irretrievably during a lining operation and is now fastened around a rock in Cross Mountain Canyon, forming an additional obstruction to flow and making navigation even more hazardous!

Later Bruce's boat was nearly lost. It too escaped while being lined and became delicately lodged between two boulders in mid-channel. I was able to work behind it and secure it temporarily. A beautifully guided innertube pitch by Bill snared the bow of my kayak (in the flush of Bill's success, no one was so picayunish as to mention that the wrong boat had been lassoed). After the line was tied to Bruce's boat the latter was carefully pulled to shore.

White-Water Paradise

The entire afternoon in Cross Mountain was spent passing through a white-water paradise. To the extent that boundaries between rapids could be differentiated, we counted a total of nine major and sometimes lengthy rapids of class IV or higher (see accompanying table), and numerous lesser challenges. Almost every rapid was rescouted because of the enormous complexity of the river bed. All but three rapids were run directly, without capsize, by at least one kayak (there are very few "sneak" passages). These three, two of class VI and one of V,

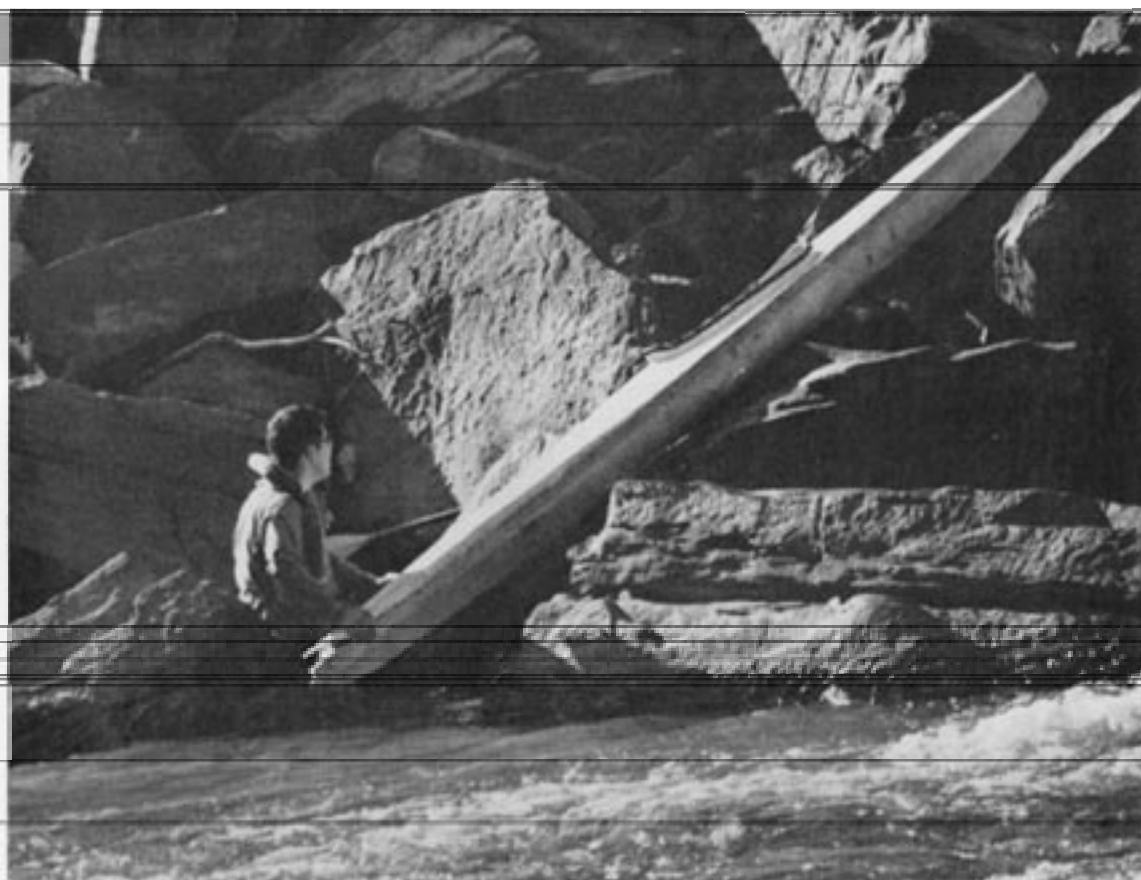


Hiking upstream—on the wrong side of the river.

involved portages of about one hundred yards each.

The beauty of Cross Mountain Canyon resides in its enormous boulders. One is not bothered a great deal by small hidden rocks—most of them are far from subtle. In a majority of rapids it is necessary to make quick lateral traverses as the current from one channel smashed into rocks downstream. In some of these cases, interesting eddy turns are helpful. On occasion, too, one can find thrilling passages through narrow gateways little wider than a kayak.

The Cross Mountain trip ended on a note of anxiety when we found—not a fierce rapid—but a Bureau of Reclamation (sometimes spelled "Wrecklama-



Paul Schettler salvaging his damaged kayak

tion”) marker near the exit. I have since heard rumors of a power plant at the bottom of this canyon. Whether true or not you can get that the Bureau has not failed to recognize the power potential of the mighty Yampa dropping 180 feet, in a conveniently short distance. I have made initial inquiries about extending the Eastern boundary of Dinosaur National Monument up through the canyon — a possibility I would like to hear comments on. This canyon is altogether too marvelous to let it disappear in exchange for kilowatts.

Not a Raft River

As I mentioned earlier, our trip was preceded by the myth that Cross Mountain Canyon was not navigable. This point of view can be easily explained. All the early attempts were made by men accustomed to large rafts. The neoprene rafts, particularly, can be taken through some of our most for-

midable western canyons. All that is required is water high enough to cover a majority of rocks and which will leave a reasonably unobstructed channel. The abundance and impressive size of Cross Mountain's boulders would make the finding of such a channel difficult even in high water. If water of sufficient magnitude to cover the main obstructions were to flow down from the Colorado Mountains and plains, its race down this inclined gorge would certainly frighten the most courageous of our great river men!

Cross Mountain Canyon seems designed almost exclusively for the modern maneuverable kayak. I can heartily recommend this canyon to groups of experienced boaters visiting the Dinosaur area of western Colorado and eastern Utah. I would suggest the following precautions, at least the first time through. First, despite an unimpressive three-mile length, most of the day may be required for a run. Second, the party

Major Rapids (Class IV or Higher)
In Cross Mountain Canyon

Rapid No.	Class	River Miles (approx.)	Name (suggested)	Character
1	V	58.5	Turnover	Turbulent chute followed by obstructing boulders
2*	V	58.3	Devil's Crisscross	Powerful current, lack of clear channel
3*	VI	58.1	Big Badwater	Tight network of boulders followed by difficult chute.
4	IV	57.9	Littlerock	Small boulders, good drop with turbulence
5	IV	57.7	Paradise	Beautiful boulder-studded channel
6*	VI	57.3	Halfway Falls	Severe rapids with small falls in center
7	IV	57.0	The Maze	Another excellent boulder-studded channel
8	IV	56.8	Log Sifter	Boulder-studded; narrow passages
9	IV	56.3	Purgatory Lane	Long boulder-studded channel, one fairly large drop

*Portaged or lined.

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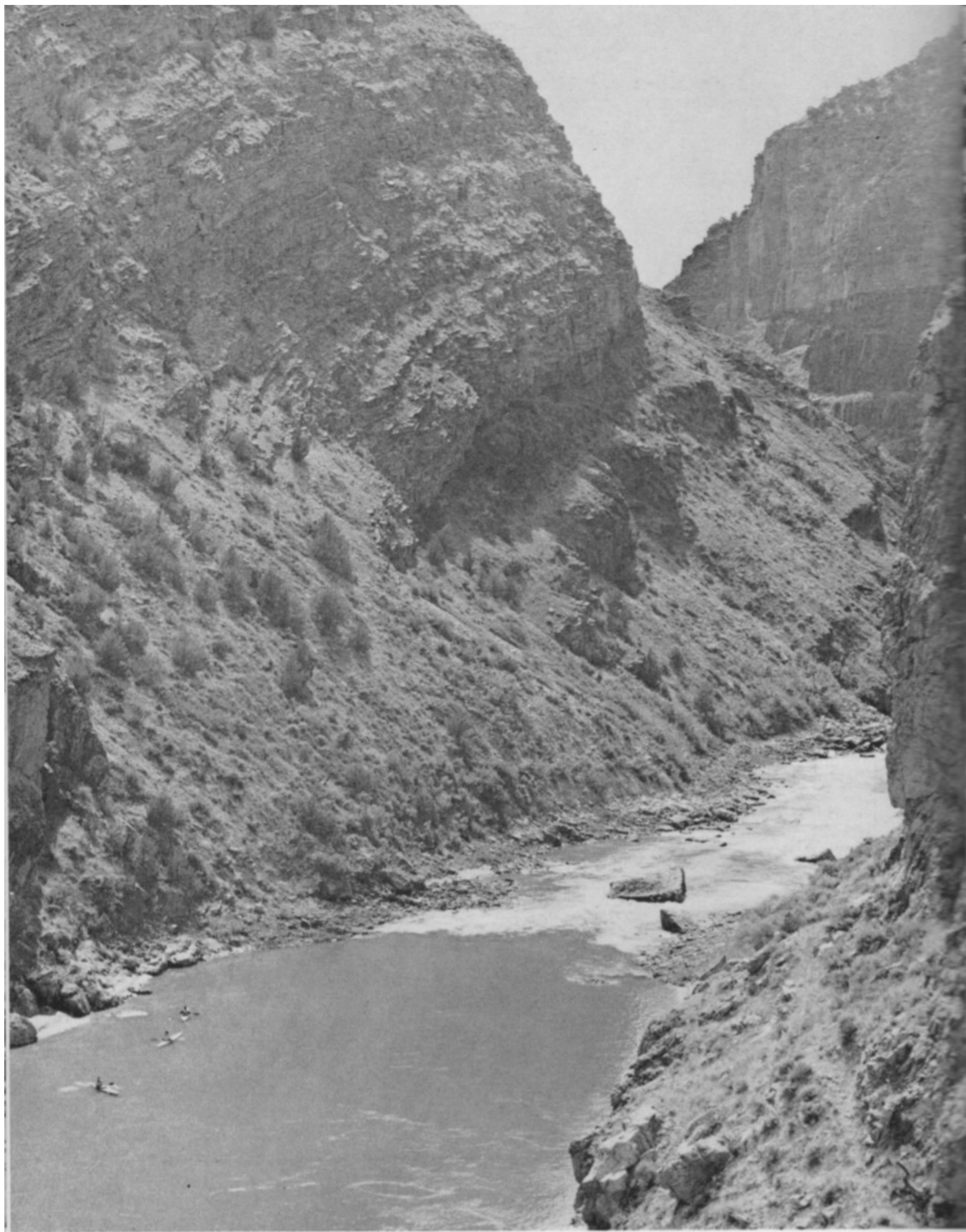
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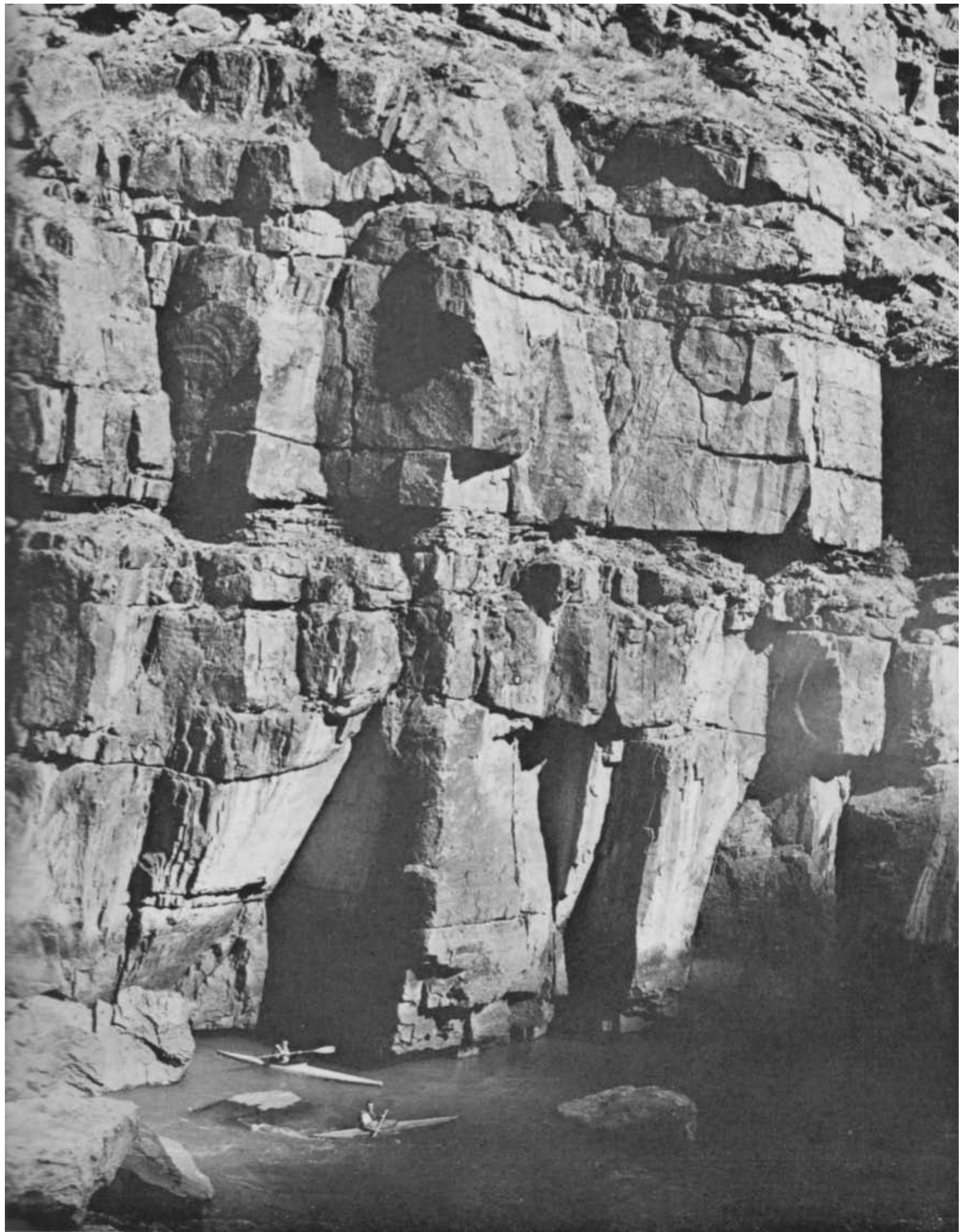
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should not only be skillful on water but agile on land—the scoutings and portages take place on boulder-laden shores. Third, unless scouted first (a good idea anyway), the canyon should be avoided in high water. While I have not actually seen Spring runoff here (a deficiency I hope to remedy some time from shore), the canyon gives all indications of being extremely dangerous for any kind of craft. I tentatively recommend runs at flows from 400-1600 c.f.s.—a highly skilled group might go as high as 2-3000 c.f.s. Since the Yampa flow drops very rapidly in midsummer (this year was an exception), Cross Mountain Canyon has a very short and undependable season. In a typical year the 400-1600 range might exist only the first two weeks in July (except for parts of March and April). You can check in advance with the Water Resources Branch of the Bureau of Reclamation, Grand Junction, Colorado, telephone number 303-242-8621.

Some notes on previous attempts: So far as I can determine, no prior group has successfully navigated Cross Moun-

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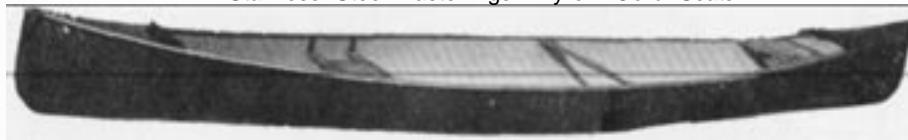
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Rock-dodging in Cross Mountain Canyon

tain Canyon. Interesting data on earlier attempts and plans were obtained from several river guides in Salt Lake City (especially Don Hatch), from the Superintendent of Dinosaur National Monument (Daniel Tobin), and from two of Colorado's most knowledgeable kayakers (Clyde Jones and Walter Kirschbaum). I am grateful to all of these individuals for their comments.

Left out, of course, are the early trappers who no doubt entered this canyon as they did others of the West. Their fate is not known.

The first recognized attempt to run Cross Mountain was apparently made in high water by Bus Hatch and companions in 1938 or 1942. They used a wooden Galloway type boat and, according to Daniel Tobin, "They successfully navigated the first two falls, the first of which was described as having a terrible backlash, but lost their craft in the third one. After much difficulty they were able to work their way back upstream to safety."

Airmen's Misadventure

I gather from Clyde Jones and Don Hatch that the next attempt was made by some airmen from Lowry Air Force Base in 1951 or 1952. Their craft was a converted belly tank or metal pontoon structure about 20 feet in length (both Clyde and Don observed the

wreckage--Clyde still has photos of it). According to Clyde they got only as far as the first or second drop. They, too, apparently made their exit back out the top.

Don also tells of a raft float, using oil cans, which was wrecked in the canyon.

Daniel Tobin relates an incident as recently as 1963 in which two U.S.G.S. employees entered the canyon in a yellow Japanese rubber boat. They lost control, boat and men coming out below safely but separately.

Tobin further relates that two men went through the canyon in the fall of 1964 with a Geza kayak. "They considered the trip unsuccessful, because they had to carry the boat more than they paddled it." Judging by the time of year, the difficulties may have been due to the impossible combination of extremely low water and a very light foldboat.

The unusual procession of craft entering Cross Mountain Canyon is emphasized by a comment from Don Hatch. The canyon reminds him of Niagara Falls. As he puts it, "Some strange things have tried to go through."



Tales from the Wilderness of Northern Canada

(Note by Cecil Wilkins, editor of the Ontario Voyageurs' News: We present a series of accounts and impressions of that other world of Canada, north of "civilization." It is a world where the drama of the northern lights often thrills the night with waves of white or green or blue light that restlessly advance and retreat while the heavens are filled with a mysterious sound of rustling—an urgent, portentous whispering—that fascinates and awes the lonely little figures that roam under these strangely different skies.

But not only the skies are fascinating by night and by day. The innumerable lakes and rivers are as amazing as one paddles them as they are on the map. (Just read their incredible names on the map!) They twist and turn, changing character mile by mile—sometimes serene and seductive, but then suddenly flinging their foaming waters in brauling abandon over rocks and ledges, or seething angrily through a confining canyon. In this little-known part of the country, every day and every night and sometimes every hour brings its fresh surprises. Like Cleopatra's seductive beauty, much of its lure is found in its "infinite variety." Many of our voyageurs have felt this allure).

Free Trader

By J. M. Vanderleck

Hughie Mackenzie is a white man and a free trader in the remote wilderness of northern Ontario. He lives in an old log cabin with his huge Indian wife Emily, and an adopted daughter, Rebecca. His address is Slate Falls, but the place is an unorganized settlement of twelve Indian families on the shores of Bamaji Lake. No tourists visit this area. Thus we saw how one white man and a small band of Indians could make a living without the "prosperity" and problems resulting from contact with hordes of white people from the towns and cities.

The map marks the settlement "Hudson's Bay Co. (Abandoned)." The Com-

pany left this site about 40 years ago when the fur-bearing animals almost vanished. But the Indians remained, and free traders supplied the Indians as best they could. Hughie Mackenzie had not been a free trader all his life. He had worked in cities, worked in mines, and had been a trapper himself. Now he is over 70 years of age and well adjusted to his life in the bush, where the only white people he sees are transient missionaries and bush pilots.

We were traveling down the Cat River which connects a chain of lakes comprising the headwaters of the Albany River when we came to Slate Falls and Hughie Mackenzie's place. Harry Moore, the manager of the Hudson's Bay Post at Cat Lake had told us we would find Hughie 60 miles farther on, and that he would be the only white man we would find between Cat Lake and the outposts of civilization to the south.

Easy Rapids

First we had to pass the falls themselves, which turned out to be some runnable rapids with a drop of three feet. As we rounded a bend where the river opens up into Bamaji Lake, we saw scattered log cabins on the shore. Most of the Indian occupants were away at various summer camping grounds, but not old Joseph Loon who spoke no English. From our canoe floating in the lake we shouted our inquiry for Hughie Mackenzie's place. Joseph's gestures pointed us down the shoreline. Around the next point we saw more cabins and there was a white man, obviously Hughie Mackenzie. We were welcomed ashore by both Hughie and the smiling, toothless, barefoot, Emily, his wife.

Before we left we were well acquainted with the problems of a free trader and his Indian friends and cus-

tomers. With few furs and a meagre income from commercial fishing, life was tough. Nevertheless these people preferred life here, where they were on their own and at home, to life amongst the whites. Some day tourists will find the place and then the economy will get a "shot in the arm." But we wondered as we paddled away and across Bamaji Lake, whether the lot of the Slate Falls band would be better or not, when that time came.

A Night Out

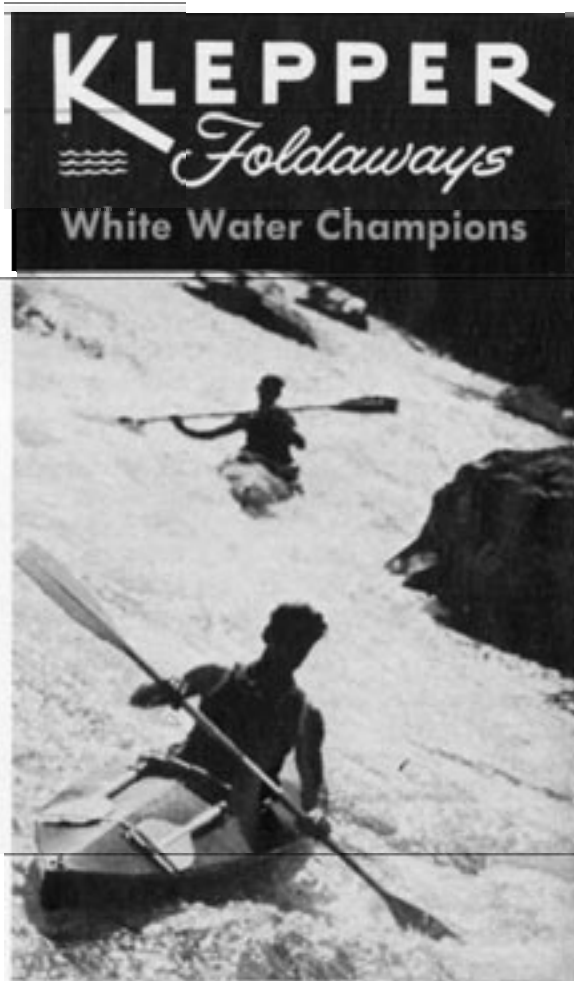
Doris and I had not planned to spend a night out away from home, which was a 7-foot-square tent on a 60-by-120-foot island in the middle of a lake dimensioned in miles. A break in the bad weather showed us the pale sun this day, and suddenly we felt an urge to take a little pad'dle to see the south end of the lake about 6 miles away. If we did not see it then, we would never see it, as our route the next day would lead us in the opposite direction.

On the spur of the moment we threw into the canoe the tea kettle, some tea bags, and a few biscuits. The fishing rod always went with us, and luckily, this time I took the axe.

It was good to be paddling again after being confined to the little island by bad weather. The fact that a pleasant north wind helped us on our way did not worry us, because it was obviously blowing itself out. We were alone on De Lesseps Lake, and had seen no one for 50 miles, since leaving Lake St. Joseph, which is at the head of the Albany River. The fact that there was no one within 50 miles, and our only companions were loons and squirrels, made the lake all the more enjoyable. Then the wind and the rain came!

Shelter and Fire

Still we did not mind. As is our habit, under such circumstances, we found a protected attractive shore and built a large fire. There we set in our rain-wear, enjoying our tea and reading our paperback books. Four hours later, though, we had had enough, and we pushed off to battle the wind and the waves. We soon found that a headwind



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with gusts of 40 mph and the huge rollers that went with it were too much for our muscles. We beat a hasty retreat and lost in a minute what we had gained in 10 minutes of hard paddling.

With an hour of daylight left, we prepared for an unwelcome night out. A good supply of firewood was cut to last the whole night. A new fire was made, and fish were caught for supper. These were cooked on the end of a stick and eaten without salt. Two tea bags and 10 thin biscuits were saved for an uncertain future. How long could the wind blow?

The temperature dropped as darkness fell but the fire kept us warm. Time seemed to pass all too slowly, as we counted the hours looking forward to daylight. In the middle of the night the clouds broke, the stars came out and the wind dropped. We probed experimentally out in the lake and found the north wind tolerable. Eagerly we paddled north, depending on the north star to guide us. Now the problem was to find our little island in the middle of a big lake in the starlight. Two other, large islands were easy to find; each confirmed our position and gave us some respite from the cold headwind. Finally, we set a course by the stars and waited for our little island to show up.

Haven at Last

We did not see it until we were within 100 yards, but that was sufficient. When we landed we felt exactly as if we had returned to all the comfort of civilization after days of hardship. In no time, hot coffee and toast were warming our insides and a hot water bottle was warming up one cold paddler snug in a sleeping bag in the tent. Here we were, home and comfortable at last, in a 7x7 tent on a 60x120-foot island in the remote wilderness. It never occurred to us that anywhere else could we be better off. After the

mental strain of an unwelcome night out, no other place could have been more attractive.



Survival in the Wilderness

By Cecil Wilkins

Last year I pushed off on what I had planned to be my longest wilderness trip across the north of the province on a fantastic network of rivers and lakes from the Severn system to James Bay. But my plans miscarried more than somewhat. I inadvertently bounced down a zig-zag rapids at Critchell Lake, on the McInnis River (a rather mild little river). I was able to jam my kayak into the bank and hold it there, just above the last drop. My maps were swept away and my kayak damaged, but I scrambled up the bank and hauled the boat and contents to safety.

This was a situation I had often visualized: it seemed almost familiar! First I must find a clearing for a campsite. There was a good one about 50 yards obliquely up the bank; so I hauled everything, including the kayak, through the dense growth and spread them out, emptying kit-bags and ruck-sacks. The rain had stopped, and the sun was smiling weakly. My camera around my neck had been dunked, but I hoped, not damaged. The clearing filled with little heaps of my wet gear looked like an open-air trading post; so I took two pictures of it. Another clearing close by was big enough for my pup-tent, which was soon up.

Successful Waterproofing

I was cheered to find that the double waterproof kit-bag had kept my clothes, maps, and sleeping bag dry. After starting a fire (with my usual waxed matches) and taking two more pictures of my cosy domestic scene, I went hunting for my lost maps. As they were in a zippered plastic case with a bright red fishing float tied to a corner with a short length of fishline, I thought I should soon find them, wet but undamaged. But they never turned up.

I have always carried about two weeks' basic supplies (food) in case of sickness or injury. But as I left Ball Lake a week ago, Barney Lamm had

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given me a "survival box" with fish-lures, hooks, line, knife, and spare matches. Now I thought it would be well to see if there were any willing fish. Selecting the lure I felt was most appetizing, I attached it to my own monofilament line and dropped it into the water at my feet. A sudden swirl of water, and a very large rude pike was off with my lure. Here's supper, I thought. But before I could unsnarl my line the pike had broken it and disappeared with my lure.

Gentle Country

As I sat down with a good cup of tea after my supper, I realized that I could not only survive, but thrive here all summer. Every afternoon about four I caught a big bass or pike, cleaned it, and ate half for supper and half for breakfast. This was not strictly fishing, because the fish always leaped at the

lure and caught themselves. The blueberries were just ripening, and there seemed an endless supply of them. And for holiday meals I thought I could, by skillful casting, get a partridge: there was a family of fearless fat ones close to my camp. They would walk out and look at me as I prepared distress signals in case a plane should come past.

Often during the next fortnight, as I worked busily at repairing the kayak, or doing my chores, I remembered the pilot who had taken me for a look at the country from the air. I remarked that it looked like a paradise. He said, "It's a gentle country." When I asked what he meant he said, "It's kind to you. You could be lost down there for a long time, but you wouldn't starve; the country would feed you."

Survival in such a country is not a battle; it is an acceptance.

RACING REPORT

By Jay Evans
AWA Racing Editor

I am pleased to report on a couple of major developments in white water racing. First, the A.C.A. National Slalom Committee voted and approved a new Rotation Plan for National Championship White-Water Slalom and Wildwater races. The Rotation Plan supersedes the Bohlender Plan III which has been in effect since 1963. The new plan works as follows:

K-1, K-1W National Championships

	Slalom	Wildwater
Rocky Mt. Div	_____	1966
Pacific Coast Div.	1966	1967
East	1967	1968
Rocky Mt. Div.	1968	1969

The various canoe classes will remain, for the time being, in the East but will be phased into the rotation as soon as there is adequate canoe representation in the other areas.

Secondly, a 1967 U. S. Team Selection Method has been drawn up, in brief, as follows:

1. For K-1 and K-1W Slalom and Wildwater: A.C.A. Divisional Chairmen will study their own regional race results in 1966 and 1967 and rank order

the top ten racers in each class, in both slalom and wildwater, in their areas. Eastern, Atlantic, Middle States, and Central Division Chairmen (Dixie and Western Divisions may also be included) will study eastern results and decide the top ten in each class by a majority vote with the National Chairman acting as voting moderator. Rocky Mt. and Pacific Coast Division Chairmen will, by joint consent, rank order the top ten racers in each class west of the Mississippi River. The top three from each class in both slalom and wildwater in both areas (East and West) will be named by the National Chairman as members of the U. S. Team, and will train and compete in Europe together in late June and July of 1967. In the event any of the top three is not available the National Chairman will pick the next ranked racer. Just before the World Championships the U. S. Team Captain will pick the best four to represent each class for both slalom and wildwater; the remaining two in each class will be alternates.

2. For C-1, C-2, C-2M: The Eastern, Atlantic, Central, and Middle States Division Chairmen (Dixie and Western Divisions may also be included) will rank order the top ten canoeists (or teams) in each canoe class for both slalom and wildwater. Directly after the National Canoe Championships in the spring of 1967 the National Slalom Chairman will call a meeting of the Divisional Chairmen to compare seedings, and, by majority vote, make a final rank order of the top ten in each class for both slalom and wildwater. The top four canoeists (or teams) in each class (except for C-2W which is not an international class) will be named to the U. S. Team and the next two on the list will be alternates. In the event any of those picked are not available the National Chairman will pick the next ranked competitor or teams.

Right of Appeal: Any racer, anywhere in the United States, in either the kayak or canoe classes who is passed over may appeal to the whole Slalom Committee. By majority vote the National Slalom Committee may add such a competitor to the team but may not displace anyone.

Guidelines for Ranking:

A. **Availability—would** go if named to the team. Anyone trying for the team should save \$1,000 by June of 1967. Although a major fund-raising campaign will be launched, past efforts have netted each team member less than 10 per cent of the actual cost of the trip.

B. **Each Division Chairman** may work out a point system if he wishes, but mathematics alone should not dictate his rankings.

C. **Important considerations** should include: The number of slaloms and/or wildwater races entered, placing in each, quality of the competition met as well as the degree of difficulty of the races.

D. **The racer's dedication** to the sport as well as his over-all white water experience.

E. **Special circumstances:** Altitude, climate, temporary disability, etc.

F. **The impression** a racer is likely to make as a representative of the United States in a foreign country.

G. **A racer's future** contributing potential to white water sport as a racer, organizer, administrator, teacher, writer, photographer, editor, etc.

Race Results

National White-Water Canoe Championships Eastern White-Water Slalom Championships Jamaica, Vermont May 15-16, 1966

K-1

1. Poenn	243.2
2. Zob	295.2
3. Bechdel	324.8
4. Hauthaway	332.2
5. Stanley	370.8

C-1

1. Southworth	247.6
2. Walker	268.2
3. Kurtz	276
4. Parsons	315.2
5. J. Bridge	322.4

C-2

1. Kurtz-Bechdel	276.0
2. Raleigh-Connet	325.6
3. Bridge-Bridge	347.6
4. Heinzerling-Osborne	453.0
5. Daniel-Scott	558.0

C-2M

1. Southworth-Abrams	377.6
2. Parsons-Parsons	405.2
3. Bickham-Wright	424.2
4. Feldman-Simmonds	476.6
5. Lewis-Turner	495.0

K-1W

1. Wright	408.4
2. Abrams	626.6
3. Franz	635.2
4. Binger	732.8
5. Modine	767.6

National Kayak Slalom Championships and

Pacific White-Water Championships North Fork, Feather River, Calif. June 25-26, 1966

Slalom

K-1

Roger Paris	313
Bill Clayton	314
Claud Burk	337
David Nutt	359
Fletcher Anderson	368

K-1W	
Kay Harvest	702
Jackie Paris	726
Elizabeth Wheelwright	991

C-1	
Rick Riggs	790
Dick Shipley	903
Tom Johnson	948

Downriver	
Roger Paris	29:03
Claud Burk	30:57
Noel DeBord	33:02

**4th Annual Mascoma Slalom and
Wild-Water Races
April 16-17, 1966**

Wild-Water K-1	
1. Campbell	23:22
2. Hauthaway	23:34
3. M. Stanley	23:39

K-1W	
1. Wright	25:02
2. Binger	25:02
3. Abrams	30:37

C-1	
1. Walker	24:38
2. Bickham	24:54
3. Burton	25:26

1. Whitney-Ohl	33:40
----------------------	-------

Slalom K-1 Expert	
1. Evans	329
2. Bechdel	344
3. Campbell	355

K-1 Intermediate	
1. McKibben	540
2. Galpin	603
3. Richards	681

K-1W	
1. Wright	416
2. Abrams	712
3. Binger	728

C-1	
1. Kurtz	376
2. Walker	389
3. Southworth	423

**Loyal Sock Slalom
World's End State Park, Pa.
April 23-24, 1966**

K-1	
1. Bechdel	137.7
2. Poenn	148.6
3. Daniel	157.7

C-1	
1. Southworth	144.0
2. Bickham	145.3

3. Parsons	161.1
------------------	-------

K-1W	
1. Franz	321.4
2. Abrams	364.7
3. Wick	403.9

C-2	
1. Raleigh-Connet	179.1
2. Bechdel-Kurtz	194.7
3. Guss-Southworth	210.9

C-2W	
1. Wick-Gruss	373.5
2. Berry-Modine	407.3
3. Franz-Abrams	503.8

C-2M	
1. Abrams-Southworth	176.1
2. Franz-Bechdel	221.5
3. Berry-Raleigh	235.7

**Esopus White-Water Race
Phoenicia, New York
June 4-5, 1966**

C-1			
	T.	P.	Tot.
1. Bickham	229.7	40	269.7
2. Sweet	216.3	70	286.3
3. Heinzerling	254.5	60	314.5

K-1			
1. Evans	181.0	0	181.0
2. Stanley	210.5	10	220.5
3. Bechdel	183.0	50	233.0

K-1W			
1. Wright	226.0	40	266.0
2. Binger	224.0	200	444.0
3. Stanley	251.0	410	661.0

C-2			
1. Raleigh-Connett ..	208.0	50	258.0
2. Bickham-Sweet	238.0	30	268.0
3. Heinzerling- Osborne	237.0	60	297.0

**Truckee River Races
August 21, 1966
River Ranch, Tahoe City, Calif.**

Slalom K-1			
	T.	P.	Tot.
Walter Harvest	119	10	129
Steve Cochrane	147	10	157
Bert Wythe	156	20	176

K-1W			
Kay Harvest	164	40	204
Gail Minnick	168	110	278

C-1			
Walter Harvest	189	60	249
Tom Johnson	217	40	257
Steve Cochrane	231	150	391

C-2M			
Walt & Kay Harvest ..	155	150	305

Continued on Page 22



Photos by Adrian Bouchard

A Two-Second Roll

Two new rolls to try during the off season! Jo Knight demonstrates (above) the "Speed Roll" which is done in a pool and timed under the following

conditions: at the start the kayak must be flat on the water in a normal position and the paddle must rest across the coaming perpendicular to the direc-



tion in which the kayak is pointed. The kayaker must have both hands on his paddle in the normal grip position. A timer with a stopwatch gives him a countdown. At the word "Go" the kayaker commences his roll and the stopwatch is punched as soon as the boat is righted **and** the paddle is again resting on the coaming as it was before the start.

A four-second roll for beginners is not uncommon, and after a little practice a three-second roll is as easy as

brushing your teeth. Anything under 2.5 requires pin-point accuracy on the part of the timer. Jo was once clocked by a very sober timer at 1.9 which currently stands as the official Dartmouth Pool Record. As soon as Jo can do it with a lighted cigar we'll let you know.

Far more practical is the "Wild Roll." Many people learn to roll easily and well, but when confronted with an unexpected upset in ice-cold rapids their natural animal instinct for survival takes over and they involuntarily ex-

plode out of the boat before giving the Eskimo Roll a try. A person's reflexes can be easily trained, however, to prevent this sort of ignominious event from occurring. Here is what you must do: Zip around the pool several times until you are quite winded. Then, without stopping, sprint half the length of the pool. As you reach the half-way point suddenly capsize as violently as you can, **keeping only one hand on the paddle.**

You'll find yourself out of breath, upside down, usually with a nose full

of water and the paddle hopelessly out of position for a recovery. Re-orient yourself and the paddle—and roll back up! Simple? It is not quite as simple as it sounds—especially if you're really going at top speed and are out of breath. Real daredevils may wish to abandon their paddles entirely — attempt to recover by looking for the paddle under water—and if unable to locate it, do a hands-only roll to right themselves.

Either way it's good training for the real thing.
Jay Evans

Racing Results (cont.)

T. Johnson-G. Minnick	192	170	263
Don & Lucky Hansen	196	370	466
T. McCollom-S. Johnson	126	620	746

Downriver

Walt Harvest	13.07
Steve Cochrane	14.18
Maynard Munger	14.33

Eastern Slalom Clinic

Grand Final Slalom Results

Total of the best three runs out of four
Rapid River, Maine
June 17, 1966

K-1

1. Eric Evans	399
2. Jo Knight	400
3. Sandy Campbell	401

C-1

1. Wick Walker	442
2. Tom Southworth	462
3. John Bridge	501

K-1W

1. Terry Franz	865
2. Jan Binger	947
3. Barb Wright	1008

Wolf River White-Water Slalom and Downriver Races

May 21, 22, 1966

Slalom

C-2

	T.	P.	Tot.
1. J. Conrad-P. Cary	270	130	400
2. B. Hock-M. Hanson	301	130	431
3. Kussokavitch-Sindelar	270	170	440

C-2M

1. T. & B. Spennetta	340	110	450
2. P. Cary-N. Carlson	323	250	573
3. B. & K. Geitner	354	220	574

C-1

1. Andres Peekna	269	100	369
2. Joe Conrad	322	90	412
3. Gordon Grunden	325	200	525

C-1W

1. June Weinstock	448	480	928
-------------------	-----	-----	-----

K-1

1. Pete Korb	217	10	227
2. Andres Peekna	204	30	234
3. Dick Bend	253	30	283

Downriver

2½ MI.

C-2

1. Ken and Don Kosci	
2. Lowell Alexander-Joel Olinsky	
3. Steve and Ribert Mulder	

C-2M

1. Pete Cary-Nancy Carlson	
2. Bill and Kottie Geitner	
3. Tom and Mary Ann O'Rourke	

K-1

1. Pete Korb	
2. Al Vosylus	

9½ MI.

C-2

1. Hock-Hanson	
2. Flaghtanz-Roginski	
3. Ian Richards-Gordon Grunden	

K-1

1. Will Provine	
2. Pete Korb	
3. Dick Bessel	

2½ MI. Rubber Raft

1. John Conn-Bill Gamble	
2. Curtis Clement-Rudolph Schmidt, Jr.	
3. Mrs. Herbert Buttner- Mrs. Rudy Blatecky	

Conservation Comment

by Jim McAlister

AWA Conservation Chairman



(The following letter, written by our old friend Jim McAlister to Rep. Bolling and Senator Stuart Symington, is self-explanatory. Letters like this should be sent to your Representative.)

The Conservation and the Waterways Committees of the Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club have received a copy of the so-called "Wild Rivers" bill. I studied the bill with curiosity, wondering where the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation had obtained their information regarding wild rivers. Since we first heard of the proposal to study rivers our group has offered help and information to the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation and in each case have been either ignored or brushed off. My correspondence with John Bombay of American Whitewater Affiliation, who explores and reports on the rivers of the Great Smokies, indicates that his experience has been equally frustrating.

The proposed Wild Rivers bill demonstrates the phobia its authors have toward information. The vital proposal of Doctor John Craighead of Montana regarding river classification was ignored. No provision has been made to protect the few remaining free-flowing rivers in the United States as advocated by Stewart Brandborg of the Wilderness Society.

Publicity the proposed bill has received has set off treasury raiders on a frantic campaign to destroy the few remaining rivers before they can be

protected. I refer to the new offensives against the Eleven Point and Buffalo Rivers in Arkansas.

The BOR suggested we give any information we have to our State Representatives. As you and your staff know, we do that. We believe that if it had not been for you and Senator Symington, the Eleven Point River would now be a mudhole surrounded by dead trees instead of one of the nation's most beautiful streams. We both know it can be destroyed at any time. Reference: the Chief of Engineers overruled the de-authorization of the dam on the Eleven Point. Any question of what a dam in Arkansas would do to the Eleven Point in Missouri can be answered by viewing the James at Galena or Beaver Creek at Kisse Mill Bridge.

This is my position: We need a bill to protect some of the rivers in the United States. The American Whitewater Affiliation has on file and available more accurate information on the rivers of the United States than all the myths and hearsay outdoor writers and guides could dredge up out of all the morgues of all the newspapers and magazines of these same United States. Our information is of now instead of being a reprint of a reprint of what some editor once thought his readers would like to hear.

May I suggest that men who know rivers be consulted regarding any bill to protect rivers and that should include Doctor Oscar Hawksley, Central

Missouri State, Warrensburg, Missouri, Doctor John J. Craighead, Montana State, Montana, Stewart M. Brandborg of the Wilderness Society, Peter D. Whitney, 1544 La Loma, Berkeley, California, and John Bombay. . . .

I offer these suggestions because I be-

lieve you are interested in saving our rivers and are in a position to do something about it.

Best regards to you and to your staff

Jim McAlister

5040 Glenside Drive

Kansas City Missouri 64129

Dams Sometimes Cause Floods

(Ed. Note: Hardly any comment from us is needed on the two following items. We've been noticing for a long time that the worst flood damage is caused by dams that go out. A similar sudden opening of penstocks at a threatened dam caused most of the 1964 damage along the Klamath River in California.)

Homes Damaged by Waters Released From Lake Tahoe

TAHOE CITY December 2, 1965 -- High water damage to some summer homes and threats to others along the Truckee River was reported today.

The Tahoe-Carson Irrigation District, which serves the federal government as flood control agent, said its releases from Lake Tahoe have been stepped up to 1,700 cubic feet per second.

The Placer County Sheriff's office here said it has received numerous complaints about the high river level, but no reports of homes being flooded.

However, Daryl Dewalt, who operates the lake release gates, said "the water got up to a few of them."

Dewalt said the 1,700 CFS releases will be continued for 10 to 12 days to

lower the lake level to 6,228 feet elevation and gain 1.10 feet of flood control storage below the legal maximum surface level of 6,229.10 feet.

We've had complaints about the high water and that a couple of bridges have gone out," the Sheriff's office reported. "People began complaining about the low river level at a time when the lake was higher than at any time since 1902.

"Now they're complaining that the district waited until after the first snow and the water's coming down in a raging torrent." —San Francisco Examiner

Save Dams, Hurt a City

Not many of fast-growing Phoenix' 447,415 residents have personal reason to regard the Salt River as much more than a dry ditch that splits their desert city. Only 2 out of 15 of them were even around 24 years ago when the Salt River last looked like a full-fledged river. Possibly that's why so many persons disregarded an unusual recent announcement that the Salt River was about to flood. And flood it did, causing extensive damage and human mis-

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ery that some say could have been avoided.

The Salt flooded because the gates on seven irrigation and power dams upstream in the Mazatzal Mountains, which normally bottle up the Salt's water before it reaches the desert, were opened deliberately at the same time. Water so precious to desert residents had suddenly become too abundant. Abnormally heavy rain and snow had filled the dam reservoirs. There was fear that the dams could collapse.

So, after a 24-hour notice to downstream residents, the gates were opened simultaneously for the first time in a quarter-century, and 540,000 gallons of water per second soon roared through Phoenix, causing a flood along what had been the dry bed of the Salt.

Thousands Forced to Flee

It had been dry or nearly dry for so long that houses and businesses had been built all along the river bed. The water that occasionally flowed down the bed after a flash summer thunderstorm or from the opening of an individual dam's gates seldom created any problems. But this time the fast-rising water forced nearly 8,000 persons from their homes. One person was drowned.

Phoenix city officials estimated damage to public property alone at \$1,000,000. And last week the city attorney was looking up law to see if it seemed feasible to attempt to establish a legal determination that the flooding, at least in part, was man-made.

The dams on the Salt and its tributary river, the Verde, are operated by the Salt River Project, an association of farmers and home owners in the Phoenix area. Water stored behind the dams is carefully rationed for the irrigation of farms and lawns on the desert below the mountains.

Rod McMullin, the project general manager, made one distinction clear in

responding to complaints about the flood. The Salt River Project, he said at a meeting is concerned with irrigation, not flood control. Its primary interest, he said, is in conserving all the water it can. Another project spokesman, asked where he thought responsibility for the flooding lay, said, "We don't feel we have a responsibility to answer that question."

Bob Evans, a partner in a construction company located near the river bed, which lost materials valued at \$75,000, was one of those who thought the flooding could have been avoided or reduced. He noted that some dam gates had been opened briefly several weeks ago to release a much smaller volume of water and that he had requested that they be left open because of a predicted storm. Mr. Evans said he was told by the project managers that the water loss inherent in such a procedure could not be risked because the run-off from the storm might not offset it.

"I think they made a mistake," said Mr. Evans.

—Dennis Farrel

The National Observer

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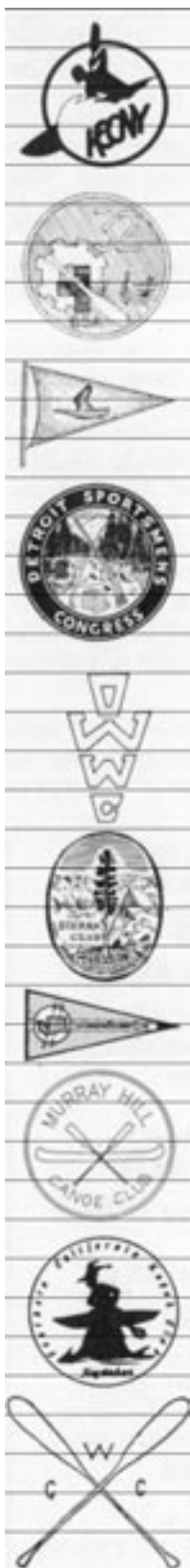
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SECRETARY'S SOAP BOX

By **BOB SIMMONDS**
AWA Secretary

Probably the most important choice facing the affiliation in 1966 is that between continuing our recent movement toward the slalom-oriented European point of view and a return to our earlier primary concern with river cruising, whether wilderness or not.

It has become a cliché in our sport to say that there is no conflict between racing and cruising; that slalom merely sharpens the skills needed for river touring. To a great extent this is no longer true. Slaloms are no longer won, indeed are rarely even entered, in traditional cruising canoes. The modern slalom canoe is most emphatically not a touring model. It has little cargo space, all of it sealed by spray-skirts which are mandatory even on flat water because of the low freeboard, and the inflexible paddling position requires frequent breaks to restore circulation to the lower limbs.

By contrast, the Grumman or Old Town is a magnificent cruising vehicle, permitting changes of position while paddling from kneeling to sitting, to standing; capable of transporting vast volumes of gear; and allowing easy access to camera, canteen, or mosquito repellent. Its major disadvantages are its relative non-maneuverability and a disconcerting tendency to fill up and sink in heavy water. After experiencing the heady thrills of slashing through the big stuff

in a slalom boat it is hard to return to the less exciting cruisers.

Even the attitudes of cruisers and racers have diverged. Our most successful International slalomist, queried about the fabled beauties of Pennsylvania's Pine Creek, dismissed it as "the kind of water where you can watch birds," and in this very journal, another racer suggested that we find good slalom sites and encourage the Corps of Engineers to build dams there.

Once we accept the fact that the dichotomy exists, we are faced with our choice. Shall we concentrate on slalom, with cruising considered worthwhile only on the toughest rivers, thus restricting ourselves to a relatively small but highly dedicated group, or shall we serve the tens of thousands of paddlers on the small placid streams; the ones who fish, picnic, and photograph birds and flowers, but who are not really interested in organization, competition, Milo Duffek, or Selecting the American Team.

It is not the purpose of this column to mandate, or even to influence, the choice the affiliation makes. Your Secretary has had a reasonably long and almost totally unsuccessful career in slalom, runs one himself, and would give his eyeteeth for a chance to risk life and limb in Czechoslovakia in 1967, so the racers need not clamor for his blood. On the

other hand, it would seem foolish to visit Europe without paddling such easy but fascinating streams as the Moselle, the Rhine, and the Danube, or paddle the Clearwater without taking time to study her birds, beasts, and flowers as well as her rapids.

Let us hear from the membership on this topic, either directly to the Executive Secretary, or as letters to the Editor of this Journal.

From Your Editor

A funny thing has happened to the calendar . . . June in January has nothing on Spring in September. Your Editor owes all hands an apology, which is here humbly rendered. The Spring issue was moving toward the press in late March when a long-threatening lawsuit broke and was followed by other crises, which need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say that the production of this magazine does require some hours of labor, preferably serene ones.

Your Editor has been on the river only twice this year, as well, which gives some idea of the deprivation involved.

We will see how fast two more issues can be assembled, to get back in swing.

* * *

Meanwhile a most important plea, often made here and never adequately answered, must be strongly renewed! We need an advertising director, preferably one stationed in or near New York, who has the selfless devotion to go out and sell ads in American White Water, to service our existing advertisers, and to relieve the Editor of the task, which is inappropriate and almost unethical. For anyone who enjoys the outdoor life, contacts with the multitude of camping-goods suppliers, marine and outdoor

manufacturers should be stimulating. Advertisers need to be wooed and made to feel wanted; if they are not, they eventually fade away and no others come to replace them.

* * *

We intend to comment, next issue, on the "Soap Box" of our new AWA Secretary, Bob Simmonds. Do our readers agree, by and large, with his premonition of a growing split between slalom boaters and cruisers? We would like to have a heavy "Letters" column on this, next time. For the present, suffice it to say that this dilemma has been previously known in other nations, other sports, and in other canoeing organizations.

So far as the make-up of this magazine is concerned, we are often amused by the charge made by the cruising element that our editorial policy favors the competitors. Such critics, we feel, have not laid a ruler on the space devoted to each: if they will do so, we think they will be abashed. Great stories of cruises in Canada, the Southwest, Midwest, Northwest and Northeast have appeared in recent issues; our present issue has no less than three such features. We've sometimes wondered if our real imbalance wasn't in the direction of cruising, rather than racing or technique.

As for the suggestion that we print race results in smaller type, to conserve space, your Editor would plead that he already has to have two pairs of glasses.

This whole subject obviously must remain an open one, and no doubt controversy will rage on about it long after the present generation of boaters is navigating the Styx. (Do you suppose the Styx is Class Six?)

—P. D. W.





Justice Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court, with camera, on a Canyon voyage.

Running the Rio Grande (II)

By Bob Burleson

Unlike the exit of Santa Elena, you are not likely to see any tourists at all at either end of Mariscal Canyon. It is the southernmost portion of the Big Bend of the Rio Grande, and is extremely remote.

The published information of the National Park Service says that the Mariscal Canyon "access roads are in very poor condition and not recommended for travel," and the sign where you leave the pavement says "dangerous desert road, do not enter." This is an irresistible combination for river runners, and we have found that by driving slowly and with reasonable care you can take almost any station wagon or passenger car safely over all these roads.

Mariscal is one of the most photogenic and beautiful sheer-walled canyons you could ask for. With an early start the trip can be made in one day, with a limited amount of time to ex-

plore and photograph. Better spend the night, though, and really give the canyon a chance to get in your blood.

Care in Your Shuttle

The Rangers will mark your quad-range map for you, showing you the route to the embarkation point of Panterra and the take-out point of Solis (both being abandoned ranches of other years). Go first down to Solis, and walk down to the river. Get a good mental impression of the way the place looks from the river, and tie a couple of white handkerchiefs to the willows to mark the spot in case you come out late.

Then I suggest parking your shuttle car back from the river, in the mesquite flats about one-fourth to one-half mile back down the road. Lock it securely. This reduces the chance of some of your property making an entry into Mexico while you are gone!

From Solis the road winds through a

painted desert of sand, gravel and volcanic tuff, all wildly eroded, as you make your way slowly around the entire perimeter of Mariscal Mountain. At the northern end of the mountain, you will come upon some abandoned buildings, and looking up on the hillside you will see the shafts and ruins of mines. This is Lindsey's Mine, where Mexican and Indian laborers worked naked in the incredibly narrow tunnels, extracting cinnabar from underground veins. Stop and look around, but be careful of open shafts. A dramatic view of the Chisos Mountains can be had from the hilltop above the mine shelter.

Another few miles brings you down the opposite side of Mariscal Mountain, to the point where the Castolon road goes ahead, and you turn left on the Talley road. These are marked (usually) by small wooden signs. Go down the Talley road until it clearly forks, then go right on an unmarked road which will lead you to the sand dunes of Panterra.

Fight Your Wheel

You will know when you are near Panterra, for you will hit drifted sand, with deep wheel ruts. If you keep up good speed and fight the wheel you will be able to handle the first sand dunes easily, but they get deeper. Sometimes it is best to simply bust off through the greasewood and make a new road, as the surface of the sand is pretty firm. Bear to the right through the sand dunes, as the road will eventually drop down onto a small shelf of sand, with a high cutbank to the flood plain below. At this "end of the trail" there is a good camping spot, and a cut has been worn in the sandbank that makes it fairly easy to get gear and boats to the water. Camp here for the night.

Mariscal is worth exploring. The en-

trance to the canyon is dramatic and clearly defined, as the river lunges left, right, left and then slides into the portals of the canyon. The earlier you get there, the better your chances of getting good pictures of the entrance.

As you slip into Mariscal, there is no unusual sound or disturbance of the water such as at Santa Elena—the river seems glad to be in Mariscal. Bear to the left (Texas) side of the river here, because the first obstacle in the canyon is very quickly reached after the entrance.

A Smaller Rockslide

Mariscal has only two places that could give a boater trouble. The rockslide area is the first of the two. It is not anywhere near as extensive as the Santa Elena fall, and not anywhere near as dangerous—in fact, it is almost foolproof. There are clear but twisty channels down the center, and down the Texas side. There is almost always a sand bar on the Texas side just upstream of the rockslide, where you can pull over and take a look. Near the downstream end of the sand bar, the agile photographer can climb up about six feet into a notch, and get clear pictures of other boaters running through the slide area.

Downstream from the rockslide, perhaps a mile on down, there is a place we call the "tight squeeze." Here a couple of huge slabs of rock have fallen into the river, leaving only a four-foot gap on the Texas side and a ten-foot one on the Mexican side. Go Mexican,

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as there are frequently sharp snags of beaver-cut logs jammed in the smaller opening.

Mariscal is split in two sections by a "break" in the middle. Here an ancient Indian trail crosses the river and runs to the top of Mariscal Mountain. This is the only place the canyon can be crossed on foot or by horse, and the only place where there are any signs of human beings.

There is a mild rapid at the downstream end of the break, where a stream comes in from Mexico. Look on the Mexican side, and in the west bank of the creek you will find two or three huge boulders. These boulders have grinder holes (where mesquite beans were pounded by Indian women) in them, and there are petroglyphs pecked into the stone. You can recognize a turtle, centipede, and many others if you look carefully.

Up the Mexican creek, in a terrace above the west bank, you can find several abandoned dugouts. There is also a candelilla wax camp here, and you may see evidence of the dried stems of the wax plants, and of the pits where the cooking fires were built. The break is where we usually lunch.

Downstream from the break the canyon again becomes narrow and sheer. Make no mistake about it, these are genuine canyons of the first order. Mariscal and Santa Elena are deeper and narrower than the famed Granite Gorge of the Grand Canyon, and have much more varied formations. Mariscal is particularly well blessed with intri-

cate carvings and formations of limestone and other rocks. You will be awed by the sculptures left by the river as it gradually reduces huge white boulders to river gravel. They are also fun to climb on!

You leave Mariscal abruptly, and from a long way back up the stream you can see the desert coming toward you through the narrow canyon exit. A few miles of floating or paddling brings you to the landing bar at Solis, which you spot by looking for your white rags and piles of rock.

Boquillas Canyon

Boquillas is the longest canyon on the Rio Grande, and the trip through it covers about 30 miles in two days. So rugged is the terrain through which it cuts that it is more than 100 miles by road from put-in to take-out.

To drop your shuttle cars, go back out of Big Bend National Park by the road to Marathon, Texas, and go a few miles north of the park boundary. You will then see a road cutting off at an acute angle to the southeast (your right), which will be marked as the road to the Black Gap Wildlife Management Area of the State of Texas. From there you have some thirty miles more through extremely tough country, including some nice lava flows, ending at the U. J. Adams Ranch at Stillwell Crossing.

Ask at the ranch for permission to park your car in their front yard. Mrs. Adams or her sons are always glad to see you. You might also walk down to the old crossing, and perhaps even walk across the cable that spans the Rio Grande, although your courage may fail you when you look downstream into Heath Canyon, waiting for you just below in case you fall.

For the Boquillas run, put your boats in at the ford, or river crossing, to Boquillas, Mexico. This ford is just upstream from the Boquillas Ranger Station. The river forks here, so paddle upstream far enough to swing out and go down the wider channel near the Mexican shore.

Village of Two Pleasures

You will float down past the interesting village of Boquillas, where the only available pleasures are cheap

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liquor and many burros to ride. Just past the town, you get the first clear glimpse of the Del Carmen range, surmounted by Schott Tower, a wonderful peak that will gaze down on you throughout your next two days.

I presume you got an early start, because you will need it. This is the basic rule of Rio Grande canyoneers; start early and stop before dark. An early start puts you at the entrance in early morning hours, with nearly a full day of canyon exploration ahead of you.

The entrance to Boquillas is more obvious, much wider, and less impressive than the other canyons, until you suddenly realize that your river is taking you through a whole mountain range instead of just a mesa. The Del Carmens rise in successive sheer stages above you both in Texas and Mexico, and the Rio Grande has made its peace with them and cuts away at the bottom in reasonable balance with the rockfalls from above. When you get to the entrance, stop and explore the cave and tremendous sandslide on the Texas side.

An AWA Friend Joins Us

At the start of our last Boquillas run we were joined by an AWA member from near Seattle, Washington. We were taking Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas on his second trip with the Texas Explorers Club, and were just about to shove off for the canyon when a Volkswagen with two kayakers on top came wheeling up. Neal Jacques stepped out, mentioned AWA, and was an immediate blood-brother. He quickly accepted the invitation that he had hoped to receive, and went back to the campground to load his kayak and paddle down to join us.

Neal is a bachelor, and having money to burn as a result of his lack of a wife, spends loads of it on gear. When he came paddling around the bend in his genuine wetsuit (which none of us had ever seen in the flesh before), in his Klepper fiberglass kayak, with his Coffin epoxy one-piece paddle, and with neat hand loops at bow and stern right out of "Safety As We See It," we were really snowed.

We asked him where his gear was, and he said it was in the boat with him. We figured right then that he must

also be one of these survival specialists who live off the land, because we knew darned well he had legs in that boat, and there could not be room for anything else!

It turned out, however, that he was not a survival specialist, but a mere magician. That night he pulled out of the kayak not only his full-sized legs but also a two-man tent, three waterproof bags, a sleeping bag, a kerosene primus stove, an air mattress, a complete change of clothing, food, water, a 35 mm. camera, a 16 mm. Bolex movie camera and a cowboy hat!

Canyon of Old Civilizations

Boquillas is a canyon where ancient people lived, and it has an entirely different quality from its upstream rivals. The beginning and end are sheer and narrow, but the large central section is much more open, giving vistas of desert mountains, glimpses of ancient Indian and game trails. If you know where to look, you can see the caves and walled-up rock shelters where families lived against all odds of survival. To walk for a day or two, and spend a night in this thorny, relentless country will awaken an admiration in any man for the Indians who managed to adapt to it so well. How long did it take them to discover its secrets, its waterholes, springs, hidden canyons and game trails? They eventually found them all, and you can still find their flint chips and burned rocks, their works of art pecked into stone, and most of all you can feel their spirits in the canyons early in the morning.

Like all the others, Boquillas spills its waters into the desert, where ranchers graze lands that were really never intended by nature to bear the load of domestic livestock, and where each year finds less grass and less soil. It brings home to you the value of the national parks, where at least some effort is made to let nature work out its own way with the native life of the region.

When you come to the end of the canyon, you are not at the end of your trip. Several miles of floating through fairly open desert are in store for you. If the evening is falling, if your feet are wet, and the air is getting chill,

you wish that you had purchased one of those expensive 4-wheel drive vehicles to ride over the rugged road that runs from Adams Ranch to the very exit of the canyon. But most folks who

run rivers are always in a financial strain and such vehicles are usually beyond the budget. Neal Jacques probably has one by now, so let's borrow his next time!

The Good Old Days

I am enclosing a copy of a letter written in 1939 to a friend of mine who was one of the early explorers of Santa Elena Canyon.

Bob Burleson

augst. 3. 39.

mr. roy l. swift.

deair sir i reseveb yours thinks.

30 yeairs ago 3 of us wint throw the st helena canon on rio grande river. wee bilt our bots about 300 miles up the river from the cannon. wee wer jest a bunch of old trappers which have trapped all over the western pairt of texas & old mexico. i am not a writer jest a old trapper. i traped the rio grande river that winter to brondvill texas. i was on the river 3 month mecken the trip. i wint from cordell okla to merk the tripe. wee weir trafen for bevers. i still live heair but i am some older than i was then. i am 74 now. i wont mehk that tripe iney more down the river. well for the tripe throw the canyon. we camped at the mouth one nite. we roulden see very fair the river so wee talked about whats wee would do. wee seen that thir had bin a u. s pairtey wint thrown the canyon about 5 yeairs before. theair dates was on the stones. so we sed if uthers could go throw we could do it too. so wee started in but when wee gott a bot a mile down the river wee come to a rock drift that was 2 or 300 feet hy the river run under it. wee unloded our bots & started to packen our camp outfite over the drift. This takern up 2 days to gitt our bots over. wee had to take rops & pull our bots over the top of that rick pile which was 300 feet abuve the water. it was some haird job but wee wer haird trappers. the sides of the bluf was about 2000 feet hy on either side. wee coulden go back up the river as it was to swift. the onley thing we could do was to go down stream & that we diden knowe just wheir that wint weither it wint under the mouneten or stoped somewhere els but we wer

jest a going with the water. we hade none to tell us how fair it was throw it or howe ruff it was or howe meney rock drifts was in there to clime over. but we had to go. well we hade to go over som mitey ruff falls. we had to put ropes on our bots & warke them a round the age of thos falls. i think that there was probley 8 or 10 of them. we had to unlode at ech fall & pack our stuff around the falls. we coulden see see the son onley for about 2 ours ech day. it was shore dark down in that hole but the wind shore blode throwe their lack a stove pipe. we camped in their 3 nites. we lost one of our bots. it wint under a larg rock i think about 30 feet. we tide a rope to hit that nite & tide it to a rock with plenty of slack in the rope. the next morning it had worked its way under the rock & come out. when we seen it whot a yell we put up. but we wer short 2 winchesters wich wint under with the bote & some traps. also the biges part of our flour & coffee. well we were shore tired when we gott out. i dont knowe how fair it is throwe but we thote it was about 15 miles throw it. it taken us most of 4 days to git thrown that hole. thire isen iney liven thing in theair but huney beses. no fish no bevers no trees & not much lite. it ant much pleasher to go throw that canyon but lotes of hard work. i think that my trip throw it is my last trip.

P. S. IF YOU PRINT THIS PLEAS SIND ME A COPPEY.

JEST A OLD TRAPPER.

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