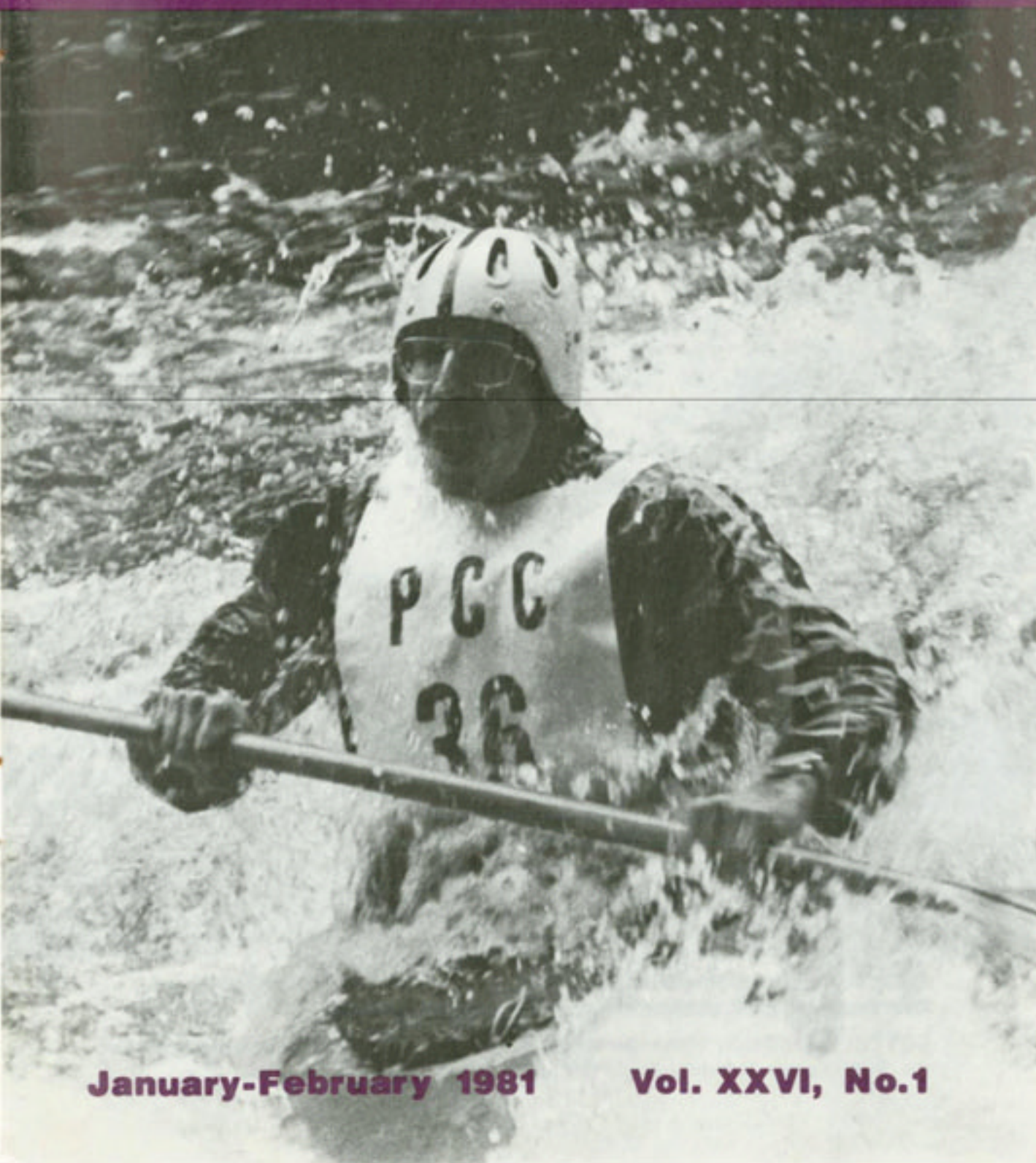


American

WHITEWATER

The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation



January-February 1981

Vol. XXVI, No.1



ABOVE: Winter clad Ron Dann pivots below a drop in the Ripogennus Gorge on the West Branch of the Penobscot in Maine. (Jamey Elledge photo).

COVER: Racer Bobby Alexander churns his way open-mouthed through the Savage at the 79 Nationals. (Linda Harrison photo).

WHITEWATER

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How to Write to AMERICAN WHITEWATER:

- Send articles, photos, **cartoons**, poems and drawings to AWA Editor.
- * Send all membership **forms** and payments to Membership Chairman.
- * Send advertising matter and payments to Advertising Chairman.
- Send questions of AWA Policy to Board President.
- * Obtain membership forms and all other information from AWA Secretary.
- * Obtain AWA products from Membership Chairman.
- Obtain **AWA Safety Codes** from Dave Smallwood, Box 1261, Jefferson City, MO 65102

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American Whitewater is mailed to all members of the **American Whitewater Affiliation**, an affiliation of boating clubs and individuals interested in whitewater paddle sport. Membership is open to interested individuals at \$10.00 per year and to clubs at \$12.00 per year. Business & may affiliate at the rate of \$20.00 each year. Clubs and business affiliate names will be listed periodically in the Journal.

The Staff and Directors 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**, © 1981 American Whitewater Affiliation. All rights reserved.

Editor's Soapbox

RESCUE – THE TACIT RESPONSIBILITY

Boaters take care of their own. We've all witnessed it. A paddler gets in trouble on river, or just takes a mild swim, and the rescue of him and his craft instantly becomes the entire group's concern. Anyone who can paddle to the victim; ropes shoot out from boats and the bank. Once the man's ashore, the trip stops. Duct tape, dry clothes, first aid kits, whatever is necessary is quickly supplied. (If, as happened once to this editor, it is your sixth swim of the day, those tender looks of concern may be replaced with snarls of disgust.) But still, major injuries are few, and almost never can they be blamed on lack of rescuer effort.

Oh yes, we look so sharp and safe, charging around the scene of a rescue like a rhinoceros with a harpoon in its liver. But for all too many of us, rescue is strictly an on-river item, and the responsibility of helping any boater in trouble is one we shed as soon as we hit the takeout. Unfortunately, on-river eagerness is not the sole criterion for effective rescue, and there are some other steps needed to make our attempts work, and our trips safer.

Packing it. When you paddle with others, you are committed to them, and you should load your boat accordingly. Yet have you ever noticed how it seems to be the same people, trip after trip, who carry the safety supplies. The throw line, the extra wool hat, sweater or a change of clothes, a compact but well-planned first aid kit, a deck-cutting knife in covered-boat parties, a tad extra quick-energy food for a hypothermia victim, and a knowledge of how to hike out are all things that each boater owes it to his comrades to carry. Leaving it to Joe for safety gear every trip is unwise as well as discourteous.

Another unlooked after facet is rescue education. Most of us were spoonfed proper safety practices along with our initial instruction, and these continue to be passed along to novices rather effectively.

But there is an enormous difference between safety practice and rescue techniques – about which most paddlers know very little. In certain small sectors of the boating community the knowledge of how to rescue a paddler in trouble has actually kept pace with the recent explosion of stroke technique that put him there.

Unfortunately, this knowledge is known by a pitiful few, and the attempts to broadcast it are infrequent. What to do on a rescue scene should be something as pre-formulated as the eskimo roll, an ender maneuver, or hole surfing. All boaters of all levels owe it to themselves and their group to learn the step-by-step options on how to get a man to shore, free a boat, and handle a pinning situation. An increased number of clubs are setting aside winter weekends, which, along with the partying and slide shows, include long sessions on rescue technique. This we heartily applaud.

One final note: there seems to be a new trend of non-interference springing up among several of the most experienced boating groups. The charge to rescue has been replaced by the wait and see attitude. "Maybe he'll roll up, work his way out, and get himself to shore. After all, he's a real expert, like me, and he's above all this fuss. Frankly, this stinks. It is an excuse for the worst kind of selfishness and laziness. No expert is so good that he doesn't ever need help, and no amount of training takes one beyond the risk of hypothermia. When a person swims, it is the job of his group and any others nearby to get out of their precious playing holes and lend a hand. On or off the river, rescue is that tacit responsibility which each boater assumes when he joins others in this sport. It is not a sideline, but an inherent part of paddling, each boater must learn about and prepare for.



Letters from Readers:

AWA wants to hear your comments, complaints, and news. Why not write the AWA Editor today at 7 Holland Lane, Cranbury, N.J. 08512. If any or all of your letter is not for publication, please specify.

Hypothermia Thermometers

Dear Bart:

Thermometers for the proper treatment of hypothermia are hard to get! I recently wrote to the National Ski Patrol to purchase the Zeal Subnormal Thermometer mentioned in Mary Ginsberg's *Report No. 3 on Hypothermia*, appearing in Vol. XXV, No. 5. A prompt reply was sent stating that the cost of this special thermometer is \$3.95 each and it is available *only* to persons belonging to the National Ski Patrol. Not a member of the Patrol, I investigated the possibilities of obtaining subnormal thermometers elsewhere and uncovered the following information which will prove helpful to the readers of *American Whitewater* interested in hypothermia treatment.

To obtain a B-D subnormal thermometer (registers temperatures to 90° F.) in a plastic travel case for \$3.99 each, order direct from Early Winters, Ltd., 110 Prefontaine Place South, Seattle, Washington 98104. The stock number is 6805 and appears in the company's catalog on page 44. I have a few of these thermometers and they are accurate.

Also, I am told, the Zeal Subnormal Thermometer is available through Dr. Charles Houston, 88 Ledge Road, Burlington, Vermont 05401. Price is unknown (probably \$4.00 each), so I would recommend that one write Dr. Houston directly.

I trust this updates the information for those interested in hypothermia treatment and care.

Tom Minchin
Brooklyn, New York

DECK COLLAPSE FORUM

Dear AWA:

Perception, (the South Carolina kayak manufacturer), would like to offer our feelings on the article featuring the K-1 Deck Collapse on an Old Town kayak purchased by Arnold Reif. This article was published on page 27 of the July-August 1980 AWA Journal.

First of all, Perception, Inc. feels totally qualified to add discussion to this situation as we have established ourselves as the company leading the entire United States market in kayak sales. We have taken this type of situation very seriously and scrutinized the arguments that this gentleman has presented.

Obviously, the arguments about the sport being an assumed risk activity are prevalent. Anyone participating in hang gliding, climbing, unpatrolled wilderness skiing, or whitewater activity seems to understand this. All of these activities require an awareness of the natural laws governing the energy one is capturing in the activity whether it is wind currents, gravitational vectors, snow crystal metamorphosis or fluid hydraulics. Any individual capable of safely participating in such a wilderness sport is one who will obviously come to know the medium through which he or she is experiencing the environment. This is true of a hang glider's sail, the climber's rope, the wilderness skier's avalanche beacon, and the kayaker's boat.

Letters (continued)

WHITewater

It is reasonable to say that all kayakers should realize the importance of interior support in their boats and should always utilize full length pillars (not end them past the footbraces as Mr. Reif suggests) and always use split flotation bags in fully inflated capacity.

Now then, you are faced with manufacturers trying to offer kayaks at reasonable prices in the face of skyrocketing costs. Since most boaters have the awareness I have previously described, are used to do-it-yourself repairs, and customizations of the boats, etc., it seems very reasonable that Old Town would offer its kayak as was originally purchased, leaving it up to the consumer to make any modifications he or she would like. In all seriousness, an additional 25 or 30 dollar charge for what the consumer felt he could do himself will not be tolerated at the retail level and sales from any manufacturer will drop. At the other end of the spectrum, you have a master of the art, making what amounts to custom glass boats, like Natural Designs, installing to every last detail an excellent pillar system and warning sticker about assumed risks in the sport. Where you have such a product, and this company demanding a premium for the product, the consumer will pay for the pillar installation since it is virtually one of the terms of sale in order to get a product of such high quality and reputation.

So there you have two different levels of pricing-acceptance or refusal for the final consumer to accept. A manufacturer trying to purvey boats to the general boating public has to watch their final retail price continually. Education to river awareness is the answer and not development of a Ralph Nader Kayak.

I think a letter we recently received from one of our customers summed it up quite accurately:

“ . . . Of course, in the final analysis, a

paddler must satisfy himself that a particular boat can withstand the limits to which he will push it. At the same time, he must realize that EVERYTHING, ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING made by man has limitations. It is part of the judgement that a paddler must possess that prevents him from pushing himself or his craft past the limit of either his or her boats capabilities . . . ”

– Wesley Welsh, Lake Forest, Illinois,

If we ever allow the kayak industry to be regulated by any government agency, the next step will be relinquishment of our freedom on the wild rivers. What will you do when you someday pull into an eddy above a fabulous rapid only to be told by a uniformed official that you cannot run this rapid because of the type of craft you are using?

Thanks for the opportunity for us to add our opinions.

Ken Horwitz,
Marketing Director
Perception, Inc.

CALLING CHRIS HART

Hi Bart,

I was wondering if you could put a notice in American Whitewater for us? While in Ocoee last May, we photographed a young man named Chris Hart from, I believe, Huntsville, Alabama. We have slides, black and white prints, and Super Eight footage of him going into Power House Hole and eventually rolling up. Would like to send him the stuff.

We are going to eastern L.I. (Long Island) and up to the West Point Area of New York next July – would like to know where we can go to do some paddling. Our four and six year olds will be with us, so we are hoping for some kiddy stuff.

Margret & Mike Bogan
Hollywood, Fla.

**Let's hope Chris Hart spots your gen-
(Continued on page 28)**



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AWA AFFILIATE NOTES

Affiliates, send your newsletters to our Editor to help AWA stay current with your club's activities and concerns.

GUIDES FEEL GOVERNMENT PINCH

The Western River Guides Association is on the move. In a recent letter WRGA President Patrick Conley stated, "There is a growing consensus among western river outfitters and guides that their profession is endangered by a bureaucratic, anti-business bias, incompetence in river management, and the rush for "energy independence." In self-defense, the WRGA members present in Grand Junction November 7 & 8, 1980 unanimously endorsed a program to increase dues, hire an Executive Secretary, and actively work for a greatly expanded membership.

There are presently **109** outfitter members. A large general membership they feel would give WRGA a solid financial and political base.

— *Thanks to W.R.G.A. Bulletin*

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO CONGRESSMEN

1. Letters do not have to be typewritten; legible handwriting is just as effective.
2. Be brief: state your support or opposition clearly, giving concise reasons.
3. If you have specific expertise on an issue, or specific knowledge of a river, be sure to elaborate, but make your position known early in the letter.
4. Sending copies to other officials not only spreads the message further, but

lets the addressee know that you are informing others of the problem.

5. Be polite. Use the proper forms of address: To a Senator, Dear Senator Doe; to a Representative, Dear Mr.(s) Doe; Dear Mr. President; Dear Secretary Doe.

The Honorable _____
U.S. Senate
Washington, DC **20510**

The Honorable _____
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, DC **20515**

The President
The White House
Washington, DC **20500**

Mailgrams of up to **100** words cost only **\$2** — Phone **(800) 257-2211**.

— *Thanks to American Rivers Conservation Council*

TIPS FOR WINTER CANOEING:

1. Consider each river to be one grade above its summertime rating. The cold leaves much less margin for error.
2. Choice of clothing is critical. Wear wool or better yet, a wet suit, with a paddle jacket over it. For hands, the best combination I have found is Pogies® over a pair of playtex gloves.
3. Don't overextend yourself physically. Take shorter trips. Allow for breaks to warm hands and take a bite of chocolate.
4. An emergency kit with matches, kindling and dry clothes may save a life. Hypothermia works very quickly when you are wet.

NEWS

5. Always travel in a group. Cold water can sap your strength and leave you helpless in minutes, making self rescue almost impossible.

For those of you "hard-core" enough to put these tips into action, you'll enter a time of solitude and beauty. Rivers are devoid of other paddlers, fishermen, and bugs. Ice and snow impart a fairytale look to familiar scenes. And a big thermos of hot tea waiting at the end of a run is sooo good!

– Thanks to Bluegrass Wildwater Assn.

ULTIMATE CANOE CHALLENGE PROGRESS REPORT

From Camden, Maine, Steve Landick and Verlen Kruger have paddled the Atlantic Seaboard leg of their 28,000 mile odyssey and hope to reach Florida in time for Christmas. 70 mile per hour gales have slowed them somewhat. The following are quotes from Steve taken from their #5 newsletter:

"We rounded West Quoddy Head, the most Easterly point in the continental US . . . although windy every day, our mileage increases as we become accustomed to the ocean. If it gets too rough, we drop our seats or hook together, catamaran style . . . the limiting factor is our spray covers . . . we took as much as an inch of water rounding a rough point or making a traverse . . . it is clear that we need a fiberglass deck to cover the 7' cockpits for the Pacific . . ."

In mid-January, the boys rounded the tip of Florida and were sighted by paddlers within the Everglades. They took four days to paddle the 100 mile Wilderness Waterway, against tides, in an open canoe.

The ongoing newsletter detailing this

remarkable paddling journey (scheduled to finish in 1982) costs \$10 and is available from Mike Reynolds, 617 S. 94th St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53214.

Upcoming Expeditions

If you or your club are seeking members for an expedition, send specifics to AWA. Please include registrar's address, mandatory skill level, location, and approximate trip dates. If possible, list the number of available places and estimated cost.

NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER IDAHO TRIP

Where: Main Salmon, North Fork to Salmon, ID

When: Thursday, Sept. 10 –
Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1981

Cost: \$825 for boaters; \$925 for rafters
\$100 deposit required.

Participants: The trip is limited to 20 boaters of intermediate or better ability. Rolling ability is recommended for decked boaters. Include a brief statement of qualifications when applying.

This is a twelve day wilderness river expedition on a 150 mile stretch of wild river. Pace of trip will allow ample time for exploration, playing, and enjoyment of

**MOVING?
LET US KNOW!**

the magnificent scenery of the area. Trip is completely self-contained, with a re-supply on day six. Temperatures will be seasonably warm: 80's in the daytime; 40's at night. Water level will be 2,000 – 6,000 cfs; rapids are generally wide-open Class II-III's. Major Class III and IV drops can be lined or carried if desired. Frequent eddies and playful waves characterize the run.

Contact: Nantahala Outdoor Center
Star Rt., Box 68
Bryson City, NC 28713
(704) 488-2173
Attn: Idaho Trip

PRIVATE RAFT TRIPS: WHERE TO WRITE

1. Colorado River/Grand Canyon
Inner Canyon Manager
Grand Canyon National Park
Grand Canyon, AZ 86023
2. Snake River/Hells Canyon
U.S. Forest Service
Hells Canyon Float Trips
Pine District
Halfway, OR 97834
(503) 742-2361
3. Salmon River/Middle Fork
Middle Fork Ranger District
Challis National Forest
Challis, ID 83326
(208) 265-2382
4. Salmon River/Main
North Fork District Ranger
Salmon National Forest
North Fork, ID 83466
(208) 265-2382
5. Selway River
District Ranger
West Fork Ranger Station
Darby, Montana 59829
(406) 821-3236
6. Bruneau/Jarbridge/Upper Owyhee
Boise District Office
Bureau of Land Management
230 Collins Rd.

Boise, ID 83702
(208) 384-1582

7. Lower Owyhee River (below Three Forks)
Vale District
Bureau of Land Management
Box 700
Vale, OR 97918
(503) 473-3144
8. Rouge River
Sisiyu National Forest Headquarters
Box 440
Grants Pass, OR 97526

Send a postcard requesting information packet. Be sure to include your address. Time is of the essence; in many cases the drawing dates for permits have already passed for this year. The waiting list in the Grand Canyon is now 4 years summer; 1 year off-season.

– *Thanks to Washington Kayak Club*

FAR FLUNG ADVENTURES RAFTING SCHOOL

Where: Rio Grande Gorge and Rio Chama, New Mexico
When: May 20-26; June 9-15;
June 17-23, 1981.
Cost: \$400 per person; \$100 deposit required.

This is a seven-day intensive course covering the basics of oar-powered river rafting: equipment, safety, technique, strategy, and water-reading skills. Format calls for 3 instructors, four boats, and nine students giving all an opportunity for substantial on-the-water experience. River segments range from Grade II-IV in difficulty. Most students have not had substantial prior river experience, and over 75% become skilled oarsmen. Course includes transportation and all but three meals, which will be eaten at local restaurants.

Contact: Far Flung Adventures
Box 31
Terilingua, Texas 79852

CLASSIFIED

STOLEN BOAT: Tye I kayak, white hull, light blue deck, yellow tow line, with two fishing pole holders attached with rivets, ahead and behind the cockpit. Stolen with paddles, float bags, and equipment. Call Jeanne (206) SH7-1144.

TRIP GUIDES WANTED

Wilderness Tours is looking for managers, trip leaders, and guides for our whitewater raft trips on the Ottawa River in Eastern Ontario. Applicants should have extensive experience leading raft trips. Excellent salary, good working environment and great Canadian whitewater. Call (613) 238-2361 or write Wilderness Tours, 145 Riverdale Ave., Ottawa, Ont. K1S 1R1.

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AWA Book Reviews

LATER

SOME POSSIBLE ADDITIONS TO YOUR BOATING BOOKSHELF

AWA is constantly on the lookout for new books and films on boating, the environment, and generally related topics. We welcome outside reviews from interested readers. If you would like a book or film reviewed, just send a copy to the AWA Editor. (If not elsewhere listed, please include book price and a few author biography notes.)

THE LAST WILDERNESS

by Peter Browning

116 pages, 8" x 8½", b&w photos, \$3.95

Available from Chronicle Books, 870 Market St., Suite 915, San Francisco, CA 94102; 1975.

"WANTED: PARTNER TO PADDLE 600 MILES OF CANADIAN ARCTIC WILDERNESS. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. CONTACT JOHN."

Would you answer an ad like this? Well the author did, and the experience he had might well dissuade you from ever considering the same.

What possibly would prompt one, who is totally without experience or qualification, to attempt a difficult wilderness canoe trip? Whatever, it would seem that miles of upriver wading in freezing water, lack of food, cold, being lost, wind, interminable miles of portages and other hardships would certainly be the cure from ever doing it again. But in the end, I doubt it.

The book reads like a diary of endless misery of all types. This repetition of agonies gets old after awhile, yet you are likely to read on to find out how, or even if, the travelers survived. The black-and-white photos are adequate and add to the story being told. But this is far from being

a high point in the annals of canoeing. How could two people do so much wrong! It's certainly not a how-to-do-it book for wilderness tripping, unless you do everything exactly the opposite of these guys.

Yet they had the sense to survive and, in a way, that in itself is important and maybe makes the book worth reading for someone who is really seriously interested in deep wilderness trips. There are many lessons which may be learned, and a book of this kind can serve to teach them nearly as well as the journal of a well-conceived and executed trip. So don't expect great literature, a great story or high adventure, but, if you should decide to read this book, you can distill out the important principles which should go into the making of a wilderness trip.

— Reviewed by Tom McCloud

A CANOEING AND KAYAKING GUIDE TO THE STREAMS OF TENNESSEE

Bob Sehlinger and Bob Lantz

350 pages, 8" x 11½" hardbound, maps, photos, \$12.95.

Available from Thomas Press, Box 2210, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Rich as Tennessee is in canoeing streams it is amazing that a river guide has not been published years ago, but here it finally is. This book tries to cover the entire state of Tennessee, from the Smokeys to the Mississippi, and with such knowledgeable author-paddlers as Sehlinger and Lantz (Blue Hole Canoe Company and Tennessee Scenic Rivers Association), one would expect a superb job. However, it falls just a bit short. In a couple of cases, copied sections of maps which cover the area around the river have cut off necessary shuttle roads. (Just try to find your

way through Erwin on the Nolichucky shuttle without any directions if you think this doesn't matter.)

Some sections of rivers have been omitted. For example, nothing is mentioned of the upper Tellico above Kared's Knee, an excellent run, even occasionally done in open canoes. Not mentioned are the Bald River and North River tributaries of the Tellico, nor several miles above Elkmont on the Little, which is boated frequently.

In some cases the book's gage information could use a little more accuracy. We all recognize the value of having the TVA telephone number to call for gage info. But many of the state's most popular runs are not adequately measured by any of these usual, easily-obtainable sources of gage information. A prime example of this is the Elkmont run on the Little. The book suggests the Maryville gage as the best reference; but this gage lies 35 miles downriver, and a lot can happen to a river's flow in that distance. The book also lists 400 cfs as the minimum flow for this run. WRONG! On the Maryville gage, it would be rare for the Little at Elkmont to be runnable with less than 700 cfs. But had they listed the Townsend gage, located just inside the park boundary, below the confluence of the Middle Fork of the Little, their information would be correct. The whole point is that there are many useful gaging stations, which, though not telemetered, should not be excluded from a river guide covering their area.

It might be argued that the format is less readable than some other river guides. For example, a letter may be placed on a map without any name or indications, and it could take some time to figure out what it is there for. We liked the inclusion of both International scale as well as points ratings for the rivers. Also there are a number of creeks and streams listed which we had not heard of before and maybe when the waters' up, we'll have a chance to paddle them. For those many rivers and lakes

where flow and gradient are not so important, the maps and descriptions will prove quite adequate. In the appendices are listed river outfitters, places to buy maps, canoeing organizations, and campgrounds.

So when you go about deciding whether to part with \$12.95 you'll have to weigh all the portions of the book. It contains a great deal of useful and accurate information and it is unlikely that a better Tennessee river guide will be published soon, unless this one is updated. But it does have its shortcomings. It may just prove that even two excellent river paddlers can't hope to know every scrap of info about every river in their state.

— Reviewed by Tom McCloud

TENNESSEE WHITEWATER

Michael W. Mayfield

73 pages, 6" x 9" spiral bound, maps, photos, \$4.50.

Available from Southern Brochure and Book Press, Knoxville, Tenn.; 1979.

No sooner had I reviewed one guidebook about Tennessee canoeing than two more suddenly turn up. Well, if you're serious about exploring the whitewater streams of east Tennessee, this book will be a welcome addition to your library. It is written in a spartan style with only brief river descriptions and little in the way of river lore. Consequently, don't expect to be entertained. But it does list parts of some 22 whitewater rivers, shuttles, gages, gradient, rating, and the other basics. Judging from personal experience, his ratings and descriptions are about accurate, but on the other hand it's just not possible to do justice to the Little in just a page and a half. Likewise, the upper Tellico has been shortchanged, and Citico Creek omitted entirely.

It's not a bad book and for the price is probably worth purchasing.

— Reviewed by Tom McCloud

The Anniversary Gift

by **MIKE & MARGRETOGAN**



FOR ORDINARY FOLK, IT'S SILVER. BUT FOR PADDLERS, WOOD IS THE TRULY TREASURED GIFT.

*Mike and Margret Bogan are veteran Florida flatwater paddlers who have recently converted the entire clan to **white-water**. Their two children, ages four and six, claim two and-a-half years each experience in boats, both on rivers and Florida's coastal surf. In fact, Mike has just built an eight foot downriver kayak, which his six year old son will be trying on more northern waters this summer.*

In this article, Margret and Mike tell step-by-step how they crafted a pair of light, tough wooden paddles from raw lumber – and then presented them to a lucky paddling couple celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary. A true labor of love.

A 25th wedding anniversary is a once in a lifetime event. When it is that of acquaintances who have fast become friends through months of guiding you through the intricacies of kayaking and introducing you to the challenge of the river, the occasion calls for a special remembrance! As ardent paddlers and residents of South Florida's flat water country, the most ap-

propriate gift seemed a pair of flat water canoe paddles. We therefore set out to manufacture a pair of laminated wood blades.

With anticipated enthusiasm we studied our Clements, the king of flat water paddles. Their construction seemed straight forward. They consisted of a three-piece laminate shaft with a sandwiched laminated blade. Obstacles seemed to be of a minor nature.

Perusing our tool chest we carefully removed one medium plane, a saber saw, a drill, a dremmel tool with bits, one bastard cut wood rasp, and two, seven-inch C-clamps. Tools in hand, we hied to the lumber yard.

Lumber. To buy ash, maple, or hickory for the center spline of the shaft would have demanded an expedition to Tennessee! Instead we lucked into a misshipment of eight x eight x quarter-inch oak and decided to use it. For the main shaft we purchased eight foot x two x two inch spruce. Mahogany veneer, clear red cedar and white fir were selected for the paddle blades. After buying a gallon of Elmer's, reams of sandpaper, and Steelflex for the

" . . . (then) came the first gnawing of doubt. Do we really have a good enough friendship with these people to give away all this work?"

finishing touch, we were ready to commence our work.

Our kitchen table was designated as the official workbench. The spruce two x two's were sawn in half and an oak spline was laminated into the center between each piece. This gluing was easily accomplished, after we had borrowed clamps from everyone in the neighborhood. Each joint was clamped for 24 hours, when the shafts had dried, rounding them became the next order of business. This was all done by hand with a plane. With the long hours of handwork and the mountains of wood curls (our living room looked like a litter box for a giant hamster) came the first gnawing of doubt. Do we really have a good enough friendship with these people to give away all of this work?

The cedar and fir were sliced into eight x three-quarter x twenty-four inch strips. Paddle blades required matching the wood thickness, grain, and color of each of these eight-inch strips. The strips were partially planed and sanded before being glued to a mahogany sandwich. Then they were clamped for 24 hours. After the glue dried the blades were cut to shape, planed smooth, and rough sanded. That gnawing doubt about our friends and that ultimate separation from part of ourselves was becoming more pronounced as we watched our labors turning into real things. These pieces of wood were being endowed with personalities of their own entwined with part of ourselves. Could we really part with them?

Joining the shafts with the blades was the most traumatic step. Making the first cut into the shaft had our stomachs in knots. Once cut, and the die cast, so to speak, the rest of the operation of cutting and gluing the blades into the shafts went smoothly . . . and . . . our paddles were born!

The final shaping and sanding of OUR paddles seemed to increase our attachment to them. The hours of hand work, sculpturing and shaping gradually yielded the desired product. A silken sheen and a satiny feel on each paddle demanded that they be caressed and fondled. They were now ready for the last touches and finishing.

For one who has never used Steelflex before, an experience all its own awaits you. Parts 1 and 2 must first be mixed in a 2:1 ratio. Once properly stirred, this mixture is brushed onto the object to be coated, in this case our paddles. The mixture flowed like Karo syrup, and quickly covered both paddles. However, upon contacting the wood, this Karo syrup-like coating turned into the consistency of water and dripped for hours. This necessitated rotating both paddles every 10 to 15 minutes for eight hours.

When the finish was finally tacky enough not to run, the paddles were left to dry completely. The next morning we awoke to a vision more beautiful than we had ever expected. The paddles were smooth as silk to the touch, the blades were radiant red and white striped, and the shafts felt strong and sturdy in our grip. We had created out of wood and love an expression of affection that "Really left us dumbfounded – it was so thoughtful of you and we know how much work went into that little project. Believe me, we will treasure them (the paddles) as long as we can canoe and after that will entrust them only to descendants who really shape up!"

HAPPY CANOEING, HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

Author's Note: Under the strictest supervision we are allowed to paddle for short intervals with these objects du canoe.



A STERN LAMENT

by W.R.



*There are those who think the C-2 is the watercraft sublime
Whether cruising down the river or spinning on a dime.
You can play in holes fantastic, and a brace you'll never lack,
But it's quite another story to the guy who sits in back
... shovelin' coal.*

*You can blast on through a stopper and defeat hydraulic flow,
Then swing into an eddy, or surf the waves below.
The brace is strong and sure, giving extra peace of mind,
But ~~it's~~ still another matter to the guy who sits behind
... shovelin' coal.*

*Consider the advantages – the power to command;
No matter what the problem, there's a downstream brace at hand.
No worry now of "off" or "on": no chore to paddle straight;
But from the bowman's course the stern can never deviate
... shovelin' coal.*

*His view ahead is blank, and to peek would be to poach;
The stern must blindly follow, or risk a horrid broach.
And if the boat should go aground, the man who shoves her clear
Is not the bow who did it, but the guy who's in the rear
... shovelin' coal.*

*The man who sits up front is always in the saddle,
The stern can only curse and wish he'd choose which side to paddle.
A cross-draw on the eddy line – a lurch where lean should be;
It's the sternman's steady brace that averts catastrophe
... shovelin' coal.*



*When driving through a hole, if the bow should hesitate,
 No frantic stroke will spare the stern his predetermined fate.
 The bow gets the excitement as he rises in the air
 While the stern sinks ever deeper into Davy Jones's lair
 . . . shovelin' coal.*

*And if the bow rolls up with his paddle on the right
 The stern must switch and follow, and never try to fight;
 For if he fails to do so, they'll just equilibrate
 And remain submerged forever as they meet their final fate
 . . . shovelin' coal.*

*Yet there will be retribution on some future day in Hell,
 When the fiberglass is melted and the bowmen turn to yell.
 In agony they writhe, and some mercy they request
 But the sternmen just keep doing the thing they've done the best
 . . . shovelin' coal.*

AWA appreciates and is impressed by the feeling and heart of this stern-paddling poet, Unfortunately, we received work sans cover letter or any form of identification so we are unable to credit the author for his work. Thus if you are, or if you know, the mystery poet, please step forward and tell us who "W.R." is, so we may give this devil his due.

Kayak New Zealand

by *PAT MUELLER*



"Kayak New Zealand" – the trip of a lifetime to the rivers of this beautiful and exotic land. It was all put together by Whit Deschner of Seattle. It included Ron Burds of Iowa, Tom Atkins of Idaho, Nathan Depper of California, Hans Hasche, and "Opossum" Pipes, from Alabama. The latter member of the party got his name from winning opossum races, in which the person who chases his opossum down the track the fastest is declared the winner.

Our host was Clyde Cook, former New Zealand kayak champion. After a 16-hour plane ride we found ourselves in a land populated by three million people and fifty million sheep. Here men are men and sheep are nervous. Water goes down the drain the opposite of here (clockwise); eddies and whirlpools are less predictable. The sky is different; the Southern Cross is visible; the man in the moon is upside down and looks like a rabbit. In true British fashion, everyone drives on the left hand side of the road. "On" is down on light switches instead of up. But although the country is upside-down and quite English-sounding, it is very Americanized. They even listen to the same rock groups we do.

FEBRUARY 3

Still suffering from jetlag, we visit a nature preserve to catch a glance of a Kiwi,

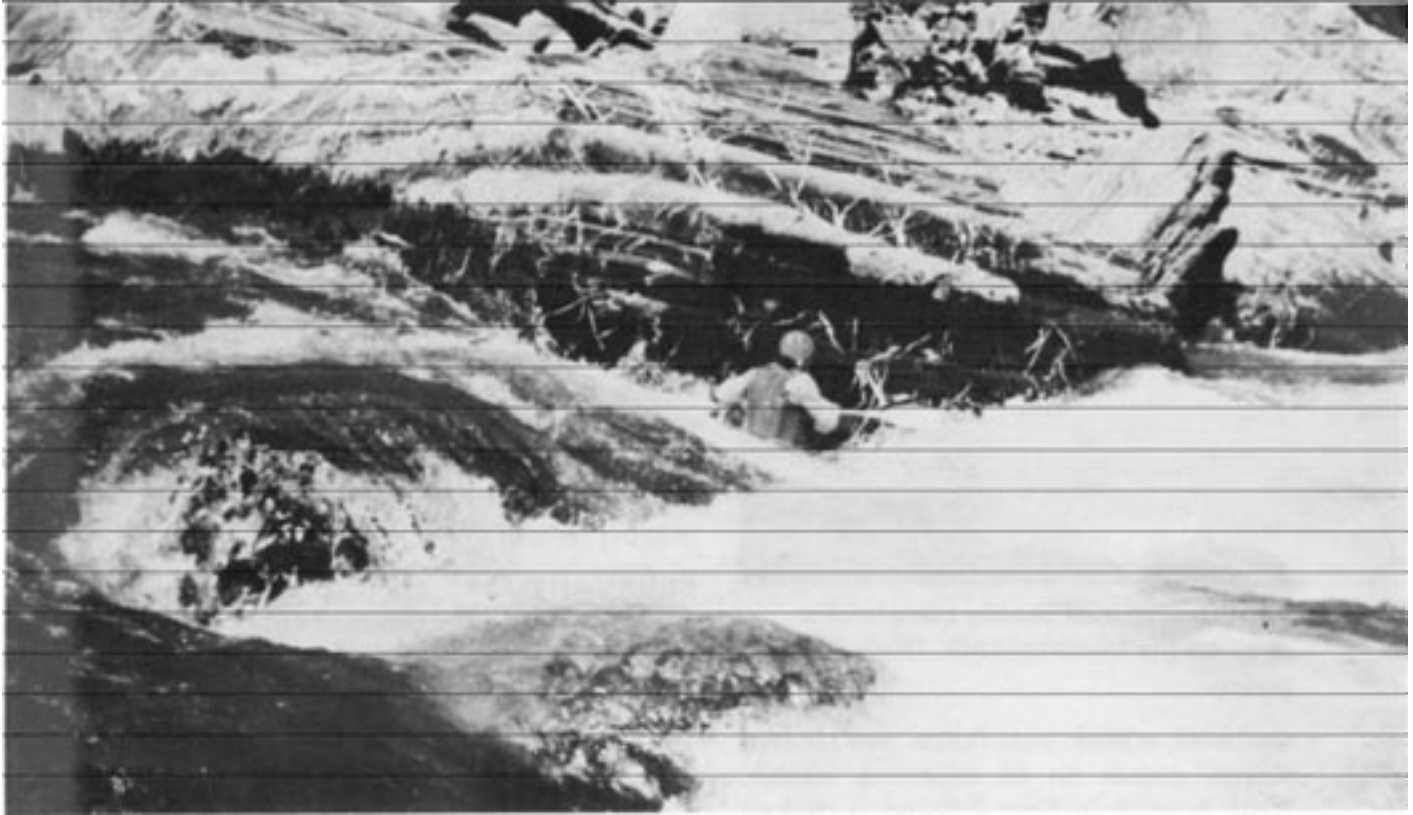
the national bird, and take a trip to the boiling thermal pools, which supply 8% of the country's electricity geothermally. The day was topped off with roll practice in a heated pool into which we smuggled a kayak. We had two glorious hours before they threw us out! That night we went to look at Huka Falls, a quarter mile Grade X rapid with a keeper hole at the bottom. We were told that a woman tried to commit suicide twice by jumping in at the top and each time was flushed out alive. Thoroughly intimidated, we slept fitfully that night.

FEBRUARY 4

We try out our new, tippy Lettman Mark V kayaks in the Full James Rapids, downstream of the above-mentioned Huka Falls of the Waikato River. The drop was reminiscent of Middle Keany on the New or the Ottawa's Black Chute. The current was incredible; even the eddies had eddies. During a swim I was caught in some under-current versus eddy effect which would not let me surface; it was like being in a hole. Properly chastened, I returned to the eddy's eddy for some roll practice. If this was typical of New Zealand water, we were in for it!

FEBRUARY 5

Today we recover on the Mohaka River, a Grade II stream with Grade IV scenery.



Clyde Cook, former New Zealand K-1 champ and our host demonstrates how to run the Landsborough. (Hans Hasche photo)

It was a great place to get used to our tippy boats. This idyllic journey was followed by an evening at a posh coastal hotel, including native foods such as marrow (something like a cucumber), chopped parsnips and carrots, Pania Reef Paua (a seafood soup), and Passion Fruit Yogurt.

FEBRUARY 6

We spent the day ocean surfing and learning how to wind surf. The waves are big enough to ride (and trash you some of the time). Great high brace practice.

FEBRUARY 7

We ran the lower Tongariro River, a Grade II-III run. The New Zealanders call it a II, no danger to life, limb, or boat; I'm in horror of what they'll call a IV! We paddled the easier section first, and Opossum and I ran it twice. The river is not quite as beautiful as the Mohaka, but has many more and somewhat harder rapids with no more than quarter-city block of flatwater between any of them. The others who ran the harder Grade II part had a few advantages. Clyde, when spearing Nathan in the groin while he was helplessly pinned on a rock, was heard to advise, "Keep calm Yank – pry off that rock!"

There were a few swims and we'll have to have a boat patching session tomorrow.

FEBRUARY 8

Today we hit the Rangatiki River, a fast moving stream which courses through a beautiful canyon. Rivers "down under" seem to have a common pattern; they curve sharply and bounce off of the outside wall. Also, the eddies seem turbulent, or my boat is less stable, I'm not sure which. After this idyllic day, we relaxed in a pub with lots of Leopard and Lion beer, much better than anything in the states.

FEBRUARY 9

We entered a slalom race on an easy rapids on the Manowatu River, labeled "food for swimming, perfect for even the most hopeless canoeist." Whit and Clyde instigated a wager with Opossum that the loser in combined C-1 and K-1 runs would come to the Palmerson Canoe Club party that evening clad only in a spray skirt. The wager misfired and Whit wound up in the sprayskirt at what turned out to be an outrageous costume ball. He was more appropriately dressed than any of us. The Palmerson Canoe Club has many



Whit Deschner of Seattle completes a drop on the Landsborough. (Hans Hasche photo)

members, a posh boat house, and its own slalom course on an adjoining lagoon. Most boating in New Zealand is decked boating, open canoes being the exception and called "Canadians" by the natives.

FEBRUARY 10 & 11

These days have been spent in transit to the South Island, beginning with a beautiful, but windy ferry ride and yacht and car trip to a scenic hotel location on one of the many lagoons. We watched the sun set, and got bitten by sand flies – even heaven can't be perfect. This morning we drove inland amid big mountains and huge fern and pine forests. North Island's lumps were mostly hills by comparison.

FEBRUARY 12

As I entered the first big rapid on the Butler River, already notable for its size and speed, I kept muttering to myself an incantation, "You never swam on the Ottawa" and a little voice, which got louder as I was spun backwards, was saying, "One of these waves is going to get you!" The voice was right, toward the end of the good stuff, I toppled into a hole and made a frantic flailing effort to roll and fled. I felt a little more comfortable seeing Tom swimming by as well. Of the seven who ran, four flipped. But the others rolled. And this was only the beginning! The day before we'd seen and

been terrified by the one at the end, "Upthrust", so named because an earthquake had lifted part of the river bed 12 feet up to form a big falls. No one ran "Upthrust" (or Upchuck as we had renamed it). One of our leaders then suggested another Grade II river, the Crooked, and we all gleefully jumped in the van to ride off. But the farmer with the key to the put in was not at home, so we watched a cow milking instead.

FEBRUARY 13

Today we ran the Crooked River which has the most beautiful rock formations I have ever seen. The cliffs along the river rise high overhead and almost interlock. With hanging ferns and creepers, a grotto is created for almost a block – with bits of rapids running evenly through it. Afterwards we retired to the elegant Hotel Franz Joseph, where the very fashionable people stroll and dine in the shadow of the Franz Joseph Glacier. We littered their lawn with kayaks and gear while we had an elegant "last supper" while nervously anticipating the morrow, when we and our kayaks were scheduled to be flown into the wilderness. Dinner conversation was the usual – violent deaths we have known.

FEBRUARY 14, 15, 16

At breakfast we shared our dreams of death, dismemberment, and other misfortunes, and then proceeded to the helicopter port making lots of potty stops to relieve our anxiety. The helicopter could only take two people to the kayaks at a time. I was struck by the grandeur of kayaks rising high into the sky, as well as the terror of waiting my turn. There was no other way back from this, we ran the river or starved! We rose up through the sky to go through high mountain passes, passing by glaciers and forbidding rocky crags, a true land of supernatural horrors, only to be swooping down on the most lush featherbed of a meadow I could imagine. Once landed, all the fear left; what could happen in such a setting?

Once we got to the river, however, fear returned. In the first rapids, Oppossum got pinned on a rock with his feet caught under his seat and needed rescue. Then strange things began happening to the river that Whit didn't remember. (He was the only one who had run it before, and this was only the third kayak expedition down it.) We began scouting and ultimately portaging a long series of Grade V drops sandwiched in between huge avalanche boulder fields. As we were mountain climbing with our kayaks, Whit apologized for having us dropped too far upstream. He didn't know exactly how far upstream he had been off, but fortunately it turned out to be only about a mile. But that mile took most of the day. We then began running the stuff above the dreaded gorge that Whit had said was Class II. It was Class III-IV and on the topo map had a gradient of 70 ft/mi. The Gorge with only 40 ft/mi was starting to look good.

The end of the world seemed just a wee bit downstream. The guidebook said that there were 50 major rapids. Whit was trying to reduce the panic we felt by telling us "around the next bend it flattens out", but since it never did, he lost credibility. Though there were two harder rapids in the Gorge (which I walked), generally that part was easier. Our campsites were picture perfect: featherbed meadows next to pine woods and streams. Paths there had been made by deer, not man. We saw no evidence of other people ever having been in the area. Probably the only other visitors to the area have been deer hunters or trappers. Deer in New Zealand are looked upon as vermin, because they were introduced to New Zealand and have no natural enemies, and eat enough in places to cause soil erosion. When it was all over Whit admitted that the river was "better than he'd ever remembered it" and Clyde admitted that he'd been "scared."

FEBRUARY 18

We had quite an experience on the Shotover River, beginning with the ride to



The Landsborough River Portage – a long and our last haul before heading home. (Tom Atkins photo)

it over "Skipper's Road", a narrow dirt road barely clinging to the side of the cliff. The Grade II-III river passes through a canyon, and has one Grade IV rapid – "Mother's Rapids". It started out as a lovely ride; then we hit the scouting stretch and found that recent rains had caused a landslide which upgraded the rapids to a V. It looked horrendous and we all opted for the Grace VI portage over shale shingles and boulders. Wonderful people carried my boat; I had all I could do to carry me! After that portage, the river got beautiful again. We saw mountain goats, sea gulls, and heron. Suddenly the river splits, and Whit is sitting at the mouth of a tunnel, motioning to me with a funny leer. I followed him into the tunnel for the most unique ride I've ever had. We'd been told there was a tunnel on the river, but hadn't been told that it was 750 feet long, and about one and one-half boat widths wide, very dark, and had a bubbly Grade II rapid running its entire length. There was also a "wee one", a Grade IV surprise at the end! There was a big hole at the bottom of Surprise in which I managed to get stuck in sideways, until Tom came pouring through behind me, completely out of control, and went right under me to knock me out of the hole. Again I found some excuse not to roll – it was the end of the trip anyway.

(Continued on page 28)

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PERSONAL PROFILE

Corny King

A talk with one of whitewater's pioneers who explored Hell's Canyon and the Salmon in 1950, and recalls Glen Canyon, before it became Lake Powell.

If you boat with the Appalachian Mountain Club or anywhere around New York, you may be fortunate enough to paddle alongside a quiet, modest gentleman by the name of Corny King. He'll be easy enough to spot. Heavy black shoe laces drooping from his baggy corduroys tying in all his pocket gear, kneeling erect and nearly motionless in a battered Grumman, he'll be the one using two flicks of his blade to maneuver that Class IV stretch that just exhausted you.

But Corny's skill is nothing to be jealous of, he has spent over 40 years acquiring it and passing along what he knows to thousands of novices in the middle states. He is one of whitewater's most fascinating ole timers. He started paddling before World War II and soon became one of this neophyte sport's top experts. His experiences pre-date aluminum, fiberglass, life jackets, and Boulder Dam.

In the early '50s, Corny was one of a half dozen top New York area paddlers who launched on a series of expeditions to try out whitewater all around the country. It was originally our intent to just talk about his trip on the Salmon River. But after hearing a string of incidents from all over, we decided to broaden the interview and share more of his travels with our readers.

AWA: Corny, you paddled the main branch of Idaho's Salmon River back in 1950. Were you the first?

King: Oh, heavens no. But it was then about the biggest water anyone ever thought of canoeing. You have to remember the whole sport's skills have changed with years and our experience.

AWA: Well, it's still considered a darn tough river. Did you run it when the water was high?

King: Fairly. It was in early June . . . we put-in around the confluence with the Middle Fork and headed down to a take-out just before Riggins. There were 10 of us paddling. Louise Davis, Ruth Walker, Helen Fair, and I came out from the East and joined with some Western foldboaters. We ran with Bud Hatch, now of Hatch Expeditions. He did all the cooking and his two big bridge pontoon rafts provided river support. He'd taken passengers down, but I don't think he'd ever sheperded canoes down.

AWA: What kind of boats did you use?

King: Six of us used Grummans. They were marvelous boats — so steady when you needed it. Louise (Davis) invented the most fascinating decks and with Ruth Walker sewed them together. They consisted of hard plastic cockpits which fitted tightly over the fore and aft. Then covering the long center section between them (each cockpit) was a piece of canvass that fitted over the gunwales and snapped to the side of the boat. The whole affair was pulled by steel rods sewn into sections of the can-



Corny in stern and Ruth Walker wend a stretch of the Salmon in their **1950** run. Note the waist-belt **PFD's**. (Helen Fair photo)

vass center. The gals also put in a huge C-shaped zipper so you could portage the boat without removing the deck.

AWA: That seems like quite a bit of effort.
King: Well, we needed them and there was no design you could buy. Besides we all looked lovely in our red mini-spray skirts.

AWA: How was the water?

King: Oh, it was huge. But the canoes faired better than the foldboats. Our keels were a great aid. We would start down a slick tongue toward absolutely fearful haystacks, and because of the keels, we could make a right-angle back ferry and get into the nice little rollers about the size of sleeping bags. But the foldboats couldn't make that kind of a ferry. They had to run a lot of the things right down the middle. I'll never forget this vision of Liz and Nat: their boat bridged two haystacks and they were lifted two thirds out of the water looking as out of place as a house on a highway.

AWA: Did you run into many other people along the bank or on the river?

King: Well, just at the end we stopped at a town called Riggins. It held about 250

people in it and they all claimed our were the first canoes they'd seen in 20 years. They were so impressed that anyone'd be fool enough to run the river, the whole town turned out and threw us a watermelon feast. I remember the town was set high up on the bank and it was a steep trek up to it. Ruth Walker, scarcely over four feet, came trudging up carrying two huge packs and towing a canoe behind. One old rancher looked at her, shook his head, and said 'Gawd, I wouldn't load a mule like that!' Ruth, by the way, was the only one who didn't upset the entire trip.

AWA: What about paddlers, meet any others?

King: Not on the Salmon. Of course there were a few ranches along the way and they were supplied by this motorboat team we ran into. It was quite a sight. These two men piloted a big red dory held together with heavy steel straps and powered by two, 35 horsepower motors. They would power this boat full of freight upstream until they came to a substantial rapid they would pull over and portage all the freight and the boat, around it. It was incredible.

AWA: They must have been giants.

King: Oh, they were. We stopped to help them with one portage. One of these fellas hoisted the motor end of this 35 horsepower thing, while I tagged behind carrying the propeller end. He ran with it until I was exhausted. Finally, I asked him how he got so strong. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a plug of chewing tobacco and said, "Here, you ought to take a chew on this stuff."

AWA: Was it that same summer you explored the Snake River's Hells Canyon?

King: Yes. Hatch had never run the Snake and wanted to scout it for commercial raft possibilities. We didn't know what was

Glen Canyon from the rim, before Boulder Dam.

there, so we got a reduced rate for tagging along in the rafts.

AWA: So none of you paddled?

King: Well, yes and no. We were accompanied by a fella and his wife who had rigged up a decked Grumman with oars in the center. You see, this was their honeymoon. He would sit in the middle of the boat, facing the stern, where his wife sat. She would use a paddle as a rudder and tell her husband how to turn the boat. On some of the rapids, he let me run his boat alone. Of course, I faced forward, and it was great fun.

AWA: Did you have any trouble?

King: I didn't, no. But on the really big stuff, this fella would put his wife ashore and go it alone – primarily because of weight. I remember his running one hole which stretched across the entire river and had already swallowed up a six-man raft. He rowed his Grumman into it with all his might, slammed into the back roller, and just couldn't punch through. He tried three times, and on the third try, we saw his oar snap just as he was on the crest. The boat flipped and he wound up swimming just downstream of the hole. But within 30 seconds he was back in the boat, had spare oars locked in, and was stroking away.

AWA: Sounds like a true paddlers' honeymoon. You paddled a lot of Colorado water around that time didn't you?

King: Oh yes, we spent a couple of summers hopping around the state; we did the Yampa, the Green, the Arkansas, the Gunnison. But by far the most beautiful was the Colorado River's Glen Canyon.

AWA: Isn't that where Lake Powell is now?

King: Yes, they plugged it up with Boulder Dam in 1956, I think. You know, I've always thought it was a sin to name that dammed lake after John Wesley Powell. He would have wept to see what they've done in his name.



Anyway, the paddle through Glen Canyon was unmatched. The water wasn't much more than a few riffles with only one big rapid, but the scenery took all our time. We did 165 miles in 14 days. We would paddle one day, camp, and hike up a side canyon the next.


Have you ever stood on a bank so undercut that if you dropped a pebble off, it would land on the other side? Well, there was a formation called the Cathedral in the Desert that did this twice. I remember we walked along the sidestream under these tiers of vaulted arches 100 feet overhead. In front of us, a lone ray of sunlight fell on a waterfall like a shining stain glass window. And the white stone walls were lined with cracks, which all sprouted hanging green vines of some sort, fed by the trickles. It was just beautiful. Now they have inundated the entire thing.

There was so much there, we saw the Natural Bridge, but now that's virtually flooded out too.

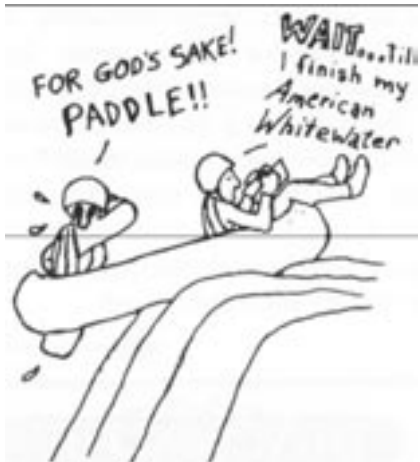
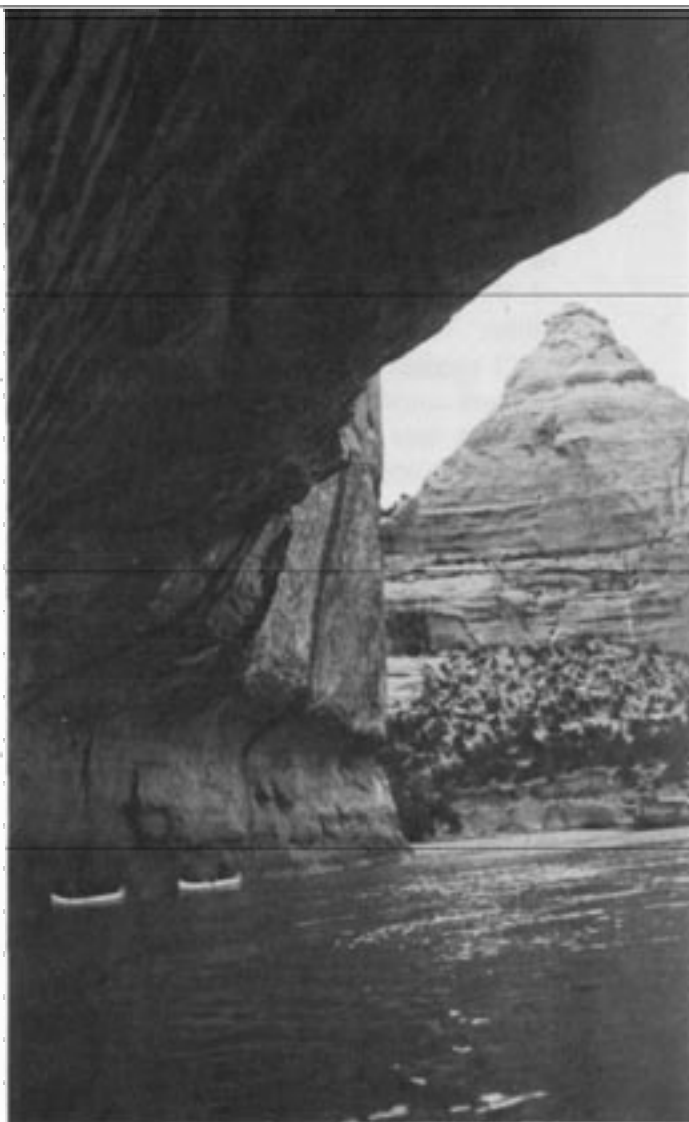
AWA: Corny, I don't mean to make you

sound like a codger in a wheel chair, but do you think paddling has changed much over your years as a paddler?

King: Oh, in a lot of ways. I mean when I first started, we never used to wear life jackets, and of course the boats are faster and skills are better. Also, I think things are easier. I remember when Louise Davis wrapped her Grumman around a bridge, that evening at camp she spent riveting in a patch with an egg-beater drill and rivets. Probably we did more inventing then. But actually, the sport as a whole, except for the details, is much the same.

AWA: Well, few have contributed to it as much as you have. Thanks a lot for your time and for filling us in on some fascinating whitewater history. 

Glen Canyon from below, before Boulder Dam.



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Letters

CALLING CHRIS HART

(Continued from page 6)

erous offer in this issue. There are several summer running streams in the lower New York area as well as an endless network of surprisingly scenic streams in the southern New Jersey Pine Barrens, just two hours from Manhattan. We are sending off to you a list of knowledgeable people you can contact, along with the addresses of some area clubs, whose members may offer you lodging and/or paddling company on your stay. — Ed.

The Wide-Eyed Rescuer

Dear Bart,

Apropos of my earlier submission on the self-rescuer of boats (published in Vol. XXV No. 6), it has been pointed out that if the permanent cord flips over the gunwale, into the boat, someone could catch his foot in it if he were unlucky. Therefore, I have added a sentence for the end of the description to correct this possibility:

"I suggest that the cord be secured to the hull under the gunwale with masking tape, in two places on each side, to prevent its flipping, unwanted, over the gunwale which could be a hazard."

The tape is light enough to rip out when hauled on, but will hold the cord securely at all other times.

Sincerely,
Bill Atkinson

We are terribly sorry, Bill, that your addendum did not arrive in time for us to include it with the body of your article in the previous issue. However, we thank you for this afterthought which improves an already valuable rescue system for open boats. — Ed.

NEW ZEALAND

(Continued from page 21)

Our adventures of the day were not quite over however, as someone had locked the gate on the takeout road and we had to break it to get to dinner. Then, back to Queenstown, where Opossum said he could catch a duck in the lagoon for \$1.00. Someone put up the buck and he dove right in on top of the unsuspecting duck and surfaced with the disgruntled but unharmed duck in his arms. The duck sped away in a colossal huff once released.

FEBRUARY 21

The Pukaki today was (alas) our last river, a high volume, powerful one like the Buller. Two of our group elected not to run, but decided to watch and take pictures. Though all the way to the river, I hoped it might not be turned on and I'd be saved in the nick of time, once waterborne it was fun.

FEBRUARY 22, 23

We wound up the trip with a big dinner party at Clyde's home featuring Kiwi liquor, wonderful roast lamb, kumaras (New Zealand sweet potatoes), and Pavlova for dessert (a traditional beaten egg white and whipped cream dessert, topped off by kiwi berries); commemorative T-shirts; a topographic map of the Landsborough River; and the usual duel with water pistols and squirt guns.



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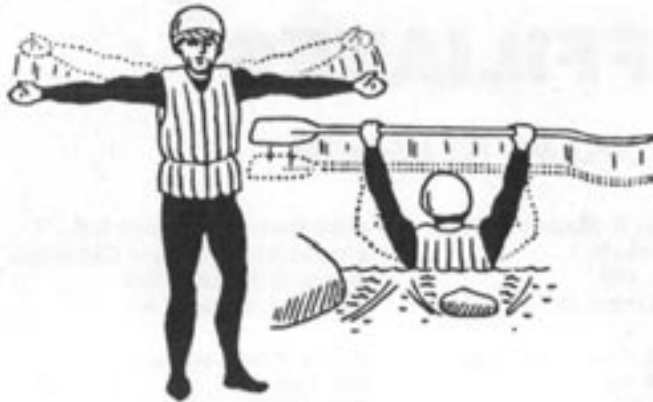
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