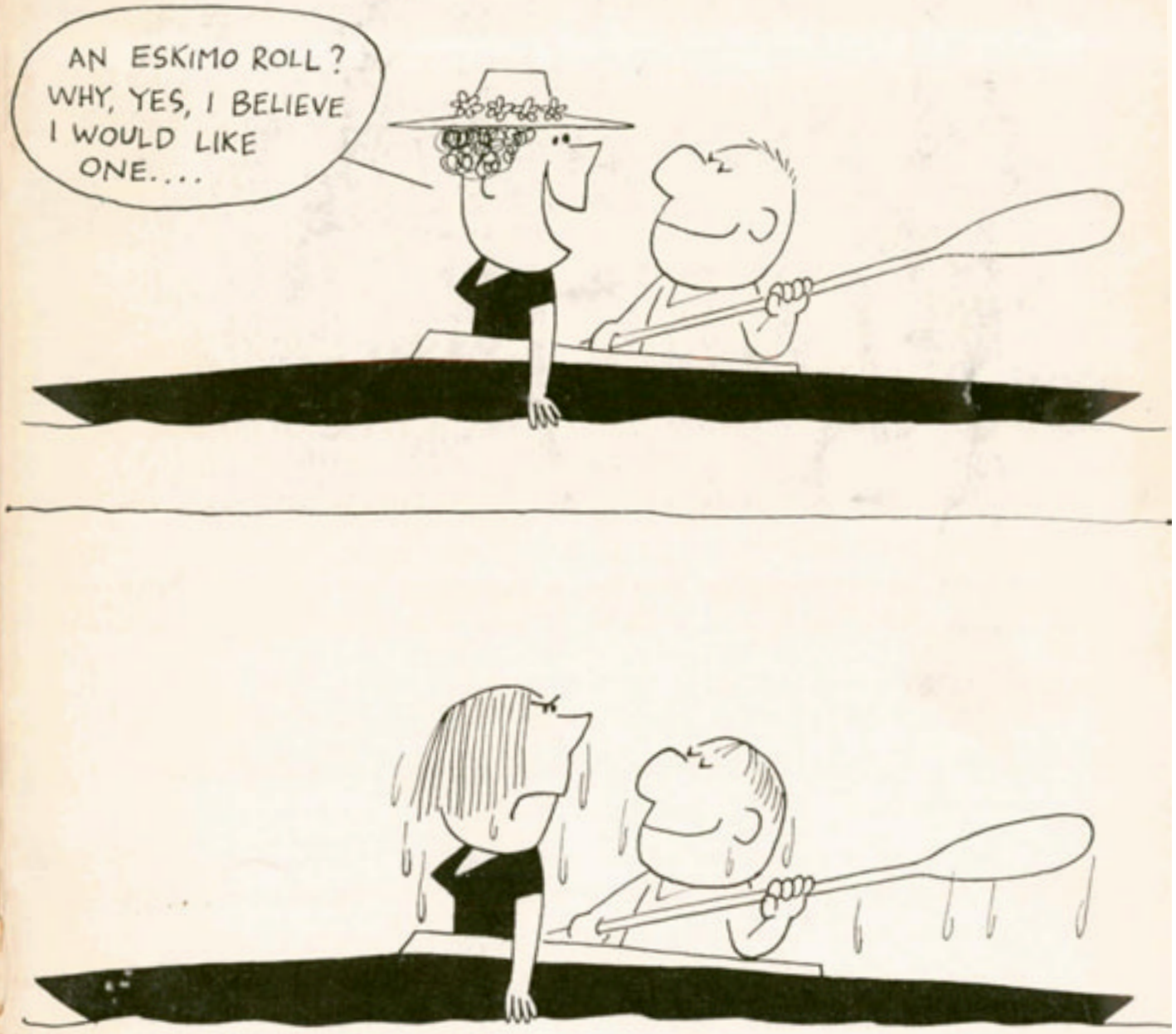
American WHITE WATER



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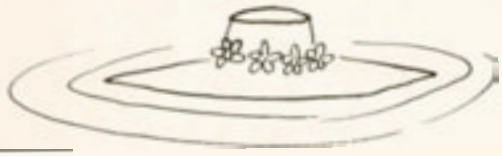

Summer 1962

the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation

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SUMMER, 1962 (May) **Vol. VIII, No. 1**

The American Whitewater Affiliation

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Campsite Number Two: here the river rose at night.

Following Thoreau on the Merrimack

By Jay Evans

On August 31, 1839, Henry David Thoreau and his older brother left Concord, Mass., by boat for a holiday excursion to the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Thoreau kept a diary of his trip and several years later in a hut near Walden pond he rewrote this journal into his first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."

On the last day of August, 1960, exactly 121 years later, I embarked from the same spot in Concord to retrace the journey of Thoreau and his brother John. As I shoved off near the stone bridge the river spread out before me. It was a historic waterway, one which had once been a main artery to the interior for the Indian; a stream which had heard some of the first shots fired in the American Revolution; and beyond lay the Merrimack River which had borne a young nation's commerce between its banks, and which had seen the phenomenal rise and fall of some of the world's largest industries.

In the spring of 1839 Thoreau had spent a week building his boat. It was shaped something like a fisherman's dory, 15 feet long and 3½ feet wide. He painted it green below the water line and blue above—symbolic of the river and the sky. He christened his boat the Musketaquid, after the Indian name for the Concord River. It was large enough to hold two persons and their supplies comfortably.

Poles and Wheels

For equipment he collected two sets of oars, several setting poles, a pair of wheels for transporting his boat around rapids, two masts--one to be used for a tent pole—two guns, and a cotton cloth which doubled as a tent at night and as a sail in the daytime. He also stowed away two buffalo skins to sleep in, a blanket, a lantern and a kettle for cooking and boiling water.

For food he took only enough to last a day or so, for he felt he could moor his boat on the banks of the river

almost anywhere and purchase from nearby farmhouses as he went along. From his own garden he brought potatoes and melons, and also carried bread, sugar, cocoa and rice.

The boat chosen for the trip over a century later was a home-made 10 foot, 46-lb. kayak christened Tuzzer II. It had been designed specifically for rough usage. The stringers were made of solid oak ½-inch square and covered with extra-heavy duty canvas. A thick oaken keel had already been worn smooth demonstrating to the world the owner's inability to stay clear of submerged rocks.

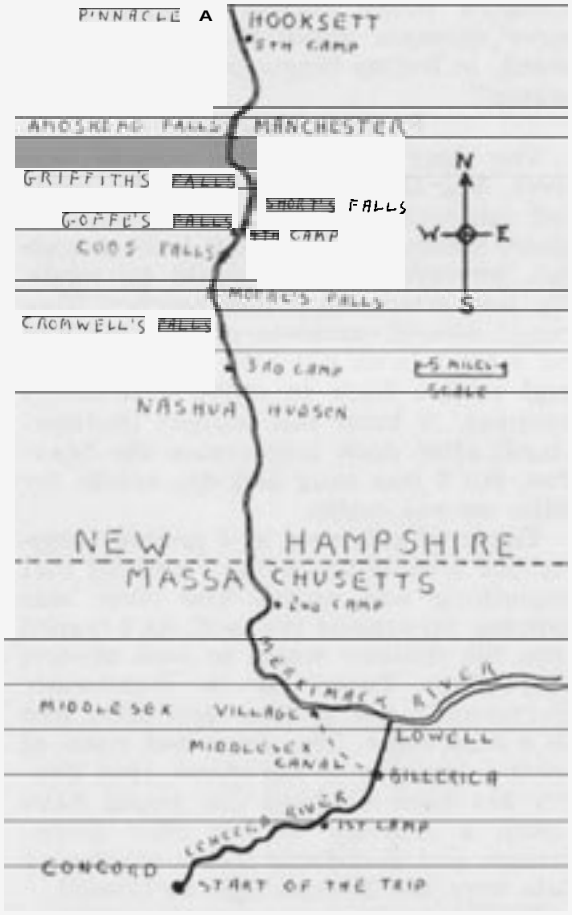
For equipment I took advantage of modern technology to the extent of using a sleeping bag and air mattress instead of a buffalo skin; a Primus stove, flashlight, camera and insect bomb—all of which were unknown to Thoreau.

The First Day

The first day's journey was an easy 7-mile paddle from Concord, Mass., downstream on the Concord River to Thoreau's first campsite in the township of Billerica. Over the years the river had not really changed much. Since his time the old Concord North Bridge of Revolutionary War fame had been reconstructed. Curious tourists stood near the railing as Tuzzer II glided serenely underneath. Other bridges had been modernized, and part of the land through which the stream so leisurely passed had been set aside as a wild-life sanctuary. Jet aircraft taking off from the nearby Bedford Air Force Base constantly reminded me of the modern age even while paddling on a quiet section of the river where few other signs of civilization were evident.

Thoreau's first campsite was not hard to find, but it took considerable time to unload Tuzzer for invariably what I needed first was stashed in the farthest corner. But what was time? There was plenty of it to spare.

After a comfortable first night the second day's journey took me 4 more miles down the Concord River to the dam at Billerica. Here in 1839 Thoreau had been able to enter the Middlesex Canal and cross six miles to the Merrimack River. For me, it meant a portage because the iron horse had spelled the doom of the canal as long ago as 1853.



I was met at 9:00 A.M. in Billerica by my good wife in our venerable Chevy station wagon. Tuzzer was firmly secured to the car rack and transported around by highway to Middlesex Village while I, map in hand, plunged into the woods trying to retrace the faint remains of what had once been a main artery of New England commerce. Much of the canal bed could be seen and some old names in the neighborhood were revealing: Canal Avenue, Canal St.; and Baldwin St.—named after the engineer in charge of constructing the canal.

Finally, after 2 hours of scouting I emerged from the woods at Middlesex Village, rendezvoused with Tuzzer and launched myself upon the Merrimack. What a contrast! This was real water. Just above Lowell the river is almost a quarter of a mile wide. It looked like a lake in comparison with the

Concord River. However, lakes don't have currents while the word Merrimack, in Indian language, means "swift water."

Pushing Upstream

The easy part of the voyage was over. For the next 60 miles the route led upstream, yet by keeping close to shore where the current is least powerful, forward progress could be made. By late afternoon I had reached Thoreau's second campsite, pitched my tent on a sand bank near the water's edge, and settled back to enjoy a leisurely evening. A brief but violent thunderstorm after dark tore across the heavens, but I was snug and dry inside my little canvas castle.

The next morning, as I peered sleepily out toward the water I noticed that something was amiss. The river was lapping up against my tent. As I leaped into the shallow water to look around there was Tuzzer II in midstream. Fortunately her painter had been tied to a tent stake. The river had risen at least a foot due to the storm. Had Tuzzer not been hobbled she would have taken a journey of her own downstream and inevitably met a shattering fate over the 30-foot falls at Lowell.

While paddling ever northward toward the New Hampshire state line I had the entire river to myself. The Merrimack belonged to me: she was mine to enjoy on this crystal-bright day. The Concord River had been close, busy, cozy and folksy. The Merrimack was designed on a grander scale. It moved in a big, broad and impressive way.

According to my map no major navigational difficulties should occur before Nashua, N.H. After spending the third night out a few miles above the city I looked forward eagerly to the long series of rapids which lay ahead.

The Ruined Locks

The first was Cromwell's Falls, a truly beautiful spot, isolated, wild, yet serene. These rapids had been named after a man who had established an Indian trading post there in the 17th century. Thoreau had made it easily around these falls by means of canal locks. Luckily for me water still ran through the ruined locks— enough so that Tuzzer II could proceed along the entire way without once running aground.

Beyond Cromwell's Falls lurked an angry quarter-mile of white water called Moore's Falls. Here, no sign of the ancient canal locks appeared so Tuzzer was alternately pushed, then towed through with a long nylon cord. Twice I almost lost the kayak, once when I slipped on the wet rocks near shore and dropped the line; then later when the painter link broke. At long last Tuzzer emerged triumphant above the rapids, battered, somewhat bruised, and sporting far less yellow paint—but still whole and anxious to move forward.

After Moore's Falls, Coos Falls gnashed its foamy jaws and lay in wait for the unwary. This was the last obstacle before Thoreau's 4th evening bivouac. Here traces of the old locks were still visible on the east side of the river, but in not nearly as good condition as the previous ones. Nevertheless, I followed this rocky route and moved cautiously up between the tumbled-down granite blocks until a totally impassable spot appeared about 40 feet in length.

After a short portage I dragged onto a sand bar close to where Thoreau had spent his 4th night out. Hot chili cooked over a reliable little Primus stove was devoured greedily as I sank back into a nerveless sleep.

So far the weather had been ideal— the same as Thoreau had experienced, but he had been rained out on his 6th day. For me, the rain came one day early. I awoke to a heavy overcast sky. The day's route covered 3 small rapids, a two-mile portage around the Amoskeag Falls at Manchester, N. H., and then a 6-mile pull upstream to Hooksett—Thoreau's last camping place.

The rain began, hesitantly at first, then in earnest. With a rain hat, splash apron and waterproof jacket on I paddled quietly through the heavy downpour completely dry on the inside, warm and comfortable.

The three small rapids south of Manchester were easily negotiated by paddling along the sides of them, taking advantage of the eddies, towing some,

and occasionally making a short portage. The map revealed clear paddling to Manchester but I noticed a quickening of the current which made it difficult to maintain headway.

At long last the railroad bridge came into view through the dismal day. Armweary and depressed by the overwhelming pollution of the water south of the city I pulled out under the bridge to meet the Chevy station wagon waiting to transfer Tuzzer II to the north end of Manchester.

The Falls at Amoskeag have played a distinct role in history. Since ancient times the Indians used them as a great place for catching fish. The white man neglected the fish, but utilized the power to build the largest cotton-manufacturing industry in the world. Many of the long red brick factory buildings, five stories high and a quarter of a mile long, can still be seen along the banks of the Merrimack. In Thoreau's time the factories were just beginning and a series of locks provided a smooth way around the falls. I put in just above the falls across from General Stark's house.

The worst was over. No more rapids, only six more miles of easy upstream paddling to locate the spot where Thoreau camped on the east side of the river where a tiny brook afforded a sheltered harbor for his boat. Fortunately, a southern breeze sprang up chasing the rain clouds away.

Vanished Indian Village

Arriving at the final campsite I hurried up the steep bank and searched diligently around, but found no traces of any one ever being there before. Yet I knew from research that this was the exact location of a former Indian village. Perhaps a plow turning over the sod would have revealed the secrets of the red man or something Thoreau might have left behind.

It was at this spot that Thoreau decided against further upriver travel. In the pouring rain he stored his boat in a farmer's barn, then traveled by foot and by coach to the White Mountains.

I awoke to a golden September morning at this last campground and so decided to paddle upstream about a mile, beach Tuzzer and then climb to the top of Hooksett Pinnacle, a sharp granite-slabbed hill which afforded marvelous views.

From here I could look back upon the route I had followed. Never again shall I be apprehensive about an upstream river trip. If you set your mind to it and don't attempt too many miles per day (I averaged only 12), it is not at all strenuous. Also, picking one's way upstream through a rapids can be as interesting and fully as absorbing as racing down through them. Finally, I learned that even after 121 years, Thoreau's route on the two rivers was still a venturesome trip well worth taking. Hardly outside the boundaries of the great Eastern megalopolis these two streams lie waiting to be used and enjoyed.

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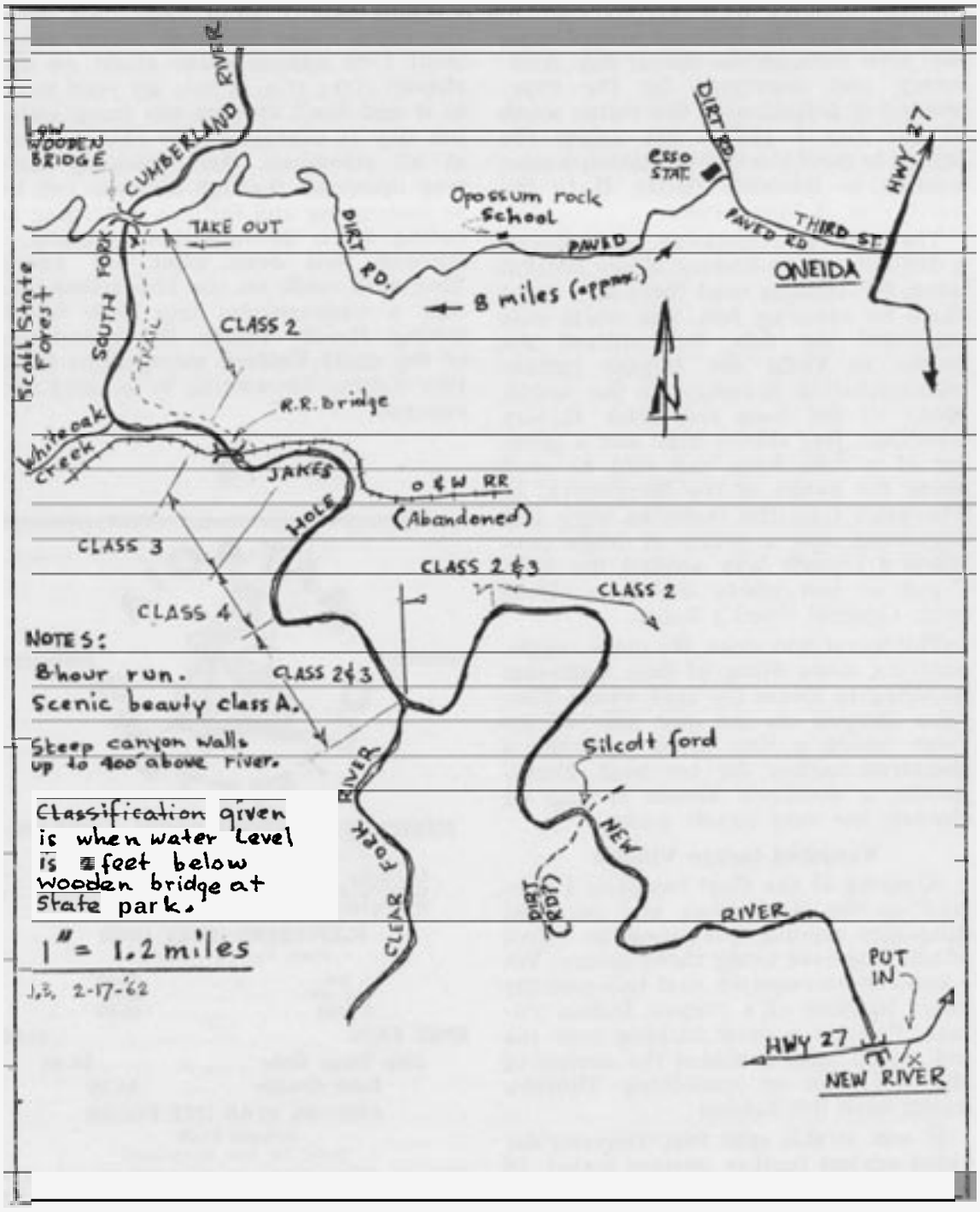


The Cumberland River South Fork.

Pioneering a Tennessee River

By John Bombay

Since man's earliest existence, his curiosity has always driven him from his homestead to explore the unknown. It was this drive that made some members of our newly formed 'East Tennessee White Water Club' explore the South Fork of the Cumberland River in Tennessee.

Some canoe enthusiasts in Oak Ridge invited me to their exploration trip of the Cumberland River. The trip's course would pass through deep canyons for about 16 miles. Since an average drop of 20 feet per mile was indicated on survey maps, class II and III river stretches, with possibly some class IV rapids, could be expected.

On February 17, 1962, Gene Hoffman, Bill Werner, and I put in at the town of New River, where the river is accessible; the New River in turn empties into the South Fork of the Cumberland, 9 miles downstream. This was our only way to reach the boatable section of the South Fork.

A Remote Paradise

New River winds through a beautiful remote canyon with high steep hills along both sides; civilization is miles away from this wilderness. It flows leisurely without much drop except near the end, where a few class II and III rapids are encountered.

We had lunch at the confluence of the New and the South Fork of the Cumberland. If the New River valley was beautiful, then the Cumberland River valley was magnificent. Sheer cliffs of sandstone rose from the water, and lush vegetation covered the shores and grew up the slopes till the rock walls became too steep. This virgin valley would be a scented Garden of Eden when the dogwoods bloomed a few weeks hence.

A much greater flow and volume of water than in the New River indicated that some good-sized rapids must be ahead of us. They quickly appeared, and followed in quick succession, mcstly class II and III. Nearly all of them had a sharp drop over a ledge, culminating in a set of fine haystacks. The open canoe had a rough time here, and a few times its occupants were reminded of the home scene: their offspring forgetting to turn off the bathtub faucet!

The Heart of the Matter

Halfway down the Cumberland River stretch we reached "Jake's Hole," and most of the river drop proved to be concentrated here. Here the river, 100 feet wide, 6 feet deep, and pacing along at approximately 2 miles per hour, forced itself through a mass of huge granite boulders. The roar and tumult was quite noticeable as we approached, sending shudders through the weary canoeists with their open boat—but delighting me in my little kayak.

The rapids which followed in this mile-long canyon all approached class IV. The steep 3' to 6' drops, tall diagonal combing waves, holes, and fast side chutes bursting into the main chute, made these rapids one foaming and throbbing turmoil of water. Invariably, Jake's Hole rapids had big boulders in the runout. The undecked canoe portaged or lined these rapids, some of which might have been run if the canoe had had a deck. I made some exciting runs through the class III rapids and skipped the class IV ones because of lack of support in case of accident. I still wonder which hazard is the most dangerous: Lugging a canoe over a pile of slippery sharp rocks, or running a

wild but relatively open rapid with an almost certain chance of capsizing.

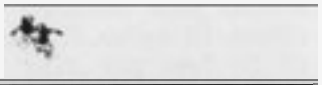
The Broadside

About four miles from our destination, the canoe swamped in a class II rapid and became pinned sideways against a 4-by-5 foot rock. The next moment one could see three wet and cold boaters standing on that rock heaving and pushing on a stubborn canoe which we finally freed just when it started to buckle. After Jake's Hole, the rapids were numerous but all of class II and approaching class III until we reached the old abandoned railroad bridge. After the bridge, the river drop was less and only a few class II riffles were encountered.

We took out at the low wooden bridge at Scott State Forest near Oneida, Tennessee. Besides having discovered an exciting and near-classic wilderness river, the canoeists acquired great respect for that "flimsy" little kayak. Their enthusiasm is such that they are now contemplating procuring a kayak rather than decking their canoe. They plan to use the latter only for calmer touring trips.

Another trip is planned for the remainder of this beautiful wilderness canyon from the bridge at Scott State Forest to near Stearn in Kentucky, a total distance of nearly 30 miles. The drop is 10' per mile and the trip should be a pleasant class II with the possibility of running into some class III rapids. We plan to spend about 2½ days on the river and camp out of our boats.

If any neighborhood clubs wish to join us, or wish to plan a trip on this river, please contact our club secretary, John Cathcart, 515 Robertsville Road, Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and we will gladly go with you down the river, or send you any information needed.



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Needed: A Technique for the Chicken-Out

By Jim McAlister

There have been articles in this publication on how to build spray decks, how to eat weeds, and how to do the Eskimo roll. All such articles are evidently aimed at the brave, the intrepid and the skilled among the members. It is apparent that another type of article is needed for those of us who lack the above qualifications. The writer is especially in need of such an article.

This came about because Ruby and I spent a couple of days on the Ouachita River in October. The Ouachita winds slowly among pine forests and hills blazing with the yellow and crimson of sweet gum and the deep red of fall dogwood. If one likes a particular riffle it is possible to paddle back upstream and do it again. The river also has plenty of smallmouth bass. This was duly reported to the club, which was unwise. We were asked to form a Waterways Committee for the purpose of finding new water for the O.W.W.C. to canoe.

Now O.W.W.C. is supposed to mean Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club, not Oh What a Wet Camp. However, as you scholarly types no doubt know, the Ozarks are not mountains but merely the bottom of a misplaced sea that went dry two hundred million years ago, give or take a few days. As for wilderness we have some National Forests in the Ozarks which are made up of burned-over third-growth timber. As most of the people moved out of the roughest Ozarks some thirty yeras ago, it is actually going back to wilderness except where the multiple-use fiends get in with their bulldozers.

The question we faced was where to find new water in the birthplace of the float trip and the John boat. Our committee ordered a bale of topo maps. We studied. The Illinois River, which rises in the Highlands west of Fayetteville, Arkansas, and flows northwest into Oklahoma, looked good. Inquiries revealed there were commercial floats on it in Oklahoma. The Arkansas portion looked better on the map because of a steeper gradient.

The Chairmen drove to Arkansas and looked at the Illinois. It looked big enough to us but the people who lived on the river said nobody floated it—too shallow or something. With visions of finding another beautiful Ozark stream we obtained a driver and put in at Savoy, Arkansas. The first five miles were nice except for the usual rain. Then we came to a large tree com-

pletely across the river between a high cut bank and a willow thicket.

Because of the nature of the usual Ozark float, we in the OWWC habitually carry large tents with heavy steel stakes, tables, chairs, kitchens, refrigerators, tarpaulins, rugs and other household furniture in the canoe. Therefore we camped at the tree. Next morning the Chairman took the axe and cut a trail through the willows, while the Co-chairman built a fire and cooked breakfast. Then we floated on and watched a white-tailed deer trotting along the shore. About coffee-break time a much larger tree blocked the river. Our gear is not designed for portaging. About noon there was a really impressive log-jam in the drink. The McAlisters are not designed for portaging.

Slalom Among the Cottonmouths

Instead of riffles the Illinois divides up into two or more long crooked chutes some of which are blocked and all of which are full of snags and root-wads. We need an article explaining how to recognize a blocked channel from the top without fighting through a hundred yards of willow jungle and antagonizing the cottonmouth moccasins. We mounted the AWA article on the Slalom in front of each paddler. That kept us from looking at the scenery, which was dismal. In the afternoon our usual weekend tornado began to build up and the tall softwood trees would crash here and there along the shore. If you have ever camped near a tornado system you will understand why we did not stop. If you do not know, don't learn.

This, by the way, was in March so it began to get dark early. We came to a waterfall. Now any damfool knows there are no waterfalls on Ozark rivers. We are not any damfools, we are special damfools, we find waterfalls. Legend has it that virgins can find unicorns. Who knows? This particular cascade only dropped about seven feet in ten feet and looked like a true fun run. A 60-foot tree was lodged exactly at the bottom of the only place the falls could have been shot.

Of course the tornado missed us—it

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usually does. We have carried insurance since the first one hit our camp. (Note: Since this was written we got into another tornado and the company cancelled our policy.)

So we discovered why people do not float the Illinois in Arkansas.

The Beautiful Bostons

Our Committee is made up of young men chosen to do the exploring while the Chairmen get the credit. These outdoor types planned a trip on the Mulberry River in the Boston range of the Ozarks, east of Fort Smith, Arkansas. The Bostons are only 2400 to 2800 feet high. They break off sheer into the Arkansas River valley which is just over 300 feet above sea level. There may be a more beautiful place than the Boston range of the Ozarks. People who know compare them with the Great Smokies. We do not compare. We admire and enjoy.

The Chairmen approved the trip. "You," we said, "will have fun."

"You too," quoth the Committee.

"No," we uh-uhed. "We are scared of this river. It runs downhill."

"What do you expect of a river?" asked the Committee.

"Beer cans," said the Chairmen, "long smooth riffles, white gravel bars littered with broken glass and rusting bean tins. There are no beer cans, there is no gravel on the Mulberry. Contour lines cross it. We CHICKEN OUT."

"You cannot chicken out," ruled the Committee. "There has been no article on it in American White Water. There is no Standard Operating Procedure."

Running Contour Lines

The Mulberry flows through flat pools surrounded by lovely scenery until it comes to a contour line; then it gets to hell-and-gone down to the next level and makes like a sleepy lagoon again. This is tough enough in the section covered by the later topographic map where the contour interval is twenty feet. When the river gets onto the old map where the contour interval is fifty feet the lines are just as numerous. However, it is mostly downhill. Most of the contour lines feature rocks. These are noisy but as one cannot see over the lip of the pools the canoeist is spared the knowledge of where he is going until he is there. This is not, in all cases, a comfort.

The last contour line features a tree across a narrow chute at a blind turn. The Chairmen aluminum-plated this tree. A tentative plan to explore the Caddo River in the Ouachita Mountains was shelved because our gear was in a mess and the Grumman looked sad even after being worked over with a boot. We returned to Taney County, Missouri, and rented a cabin to fish, dry out and untangle gear.

One morning we were awakened by rain on the roof.

"Listen," said the Co-chairman.

"Good," I said, "we have tea and trout, we have bacon and bass, we have beer and bourbon. We can rest."

"We can run Bull Run," announced the Co-chairman. "No one has run Bull Run."

Bull Run drops out of the south edge of the plateau known as the Springfield plain and is, of course, south of Springfield, Missouri. It tarries not.

"What I need," I groaned, "is a Standard Operating Procedure on the CHICKEN-OUT. Who needs Bull Run?"

You know what? There is a waterfall on Bull Run.

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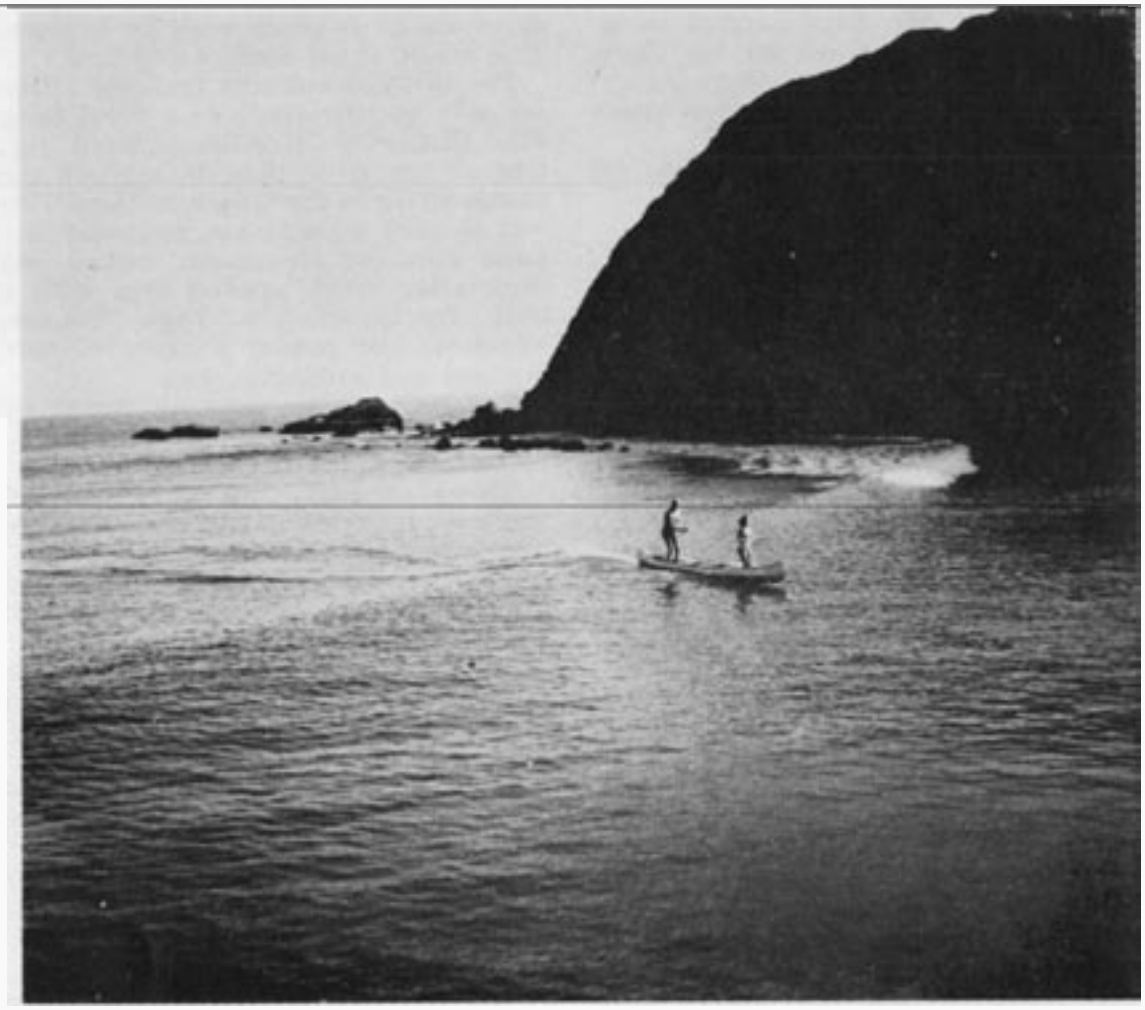


Surf canoeing—Ron Drummond's specialty—at Dana Point.

To Save a Beautiful Surfing Beach

By Ron Drummond

White-water enthusiasts of the river variety aren't the only ones who are bitterly opposed to the many unnecessary "improvements" that permanently do away with beautiful natural areas and opportunities to enjoy wholesome sport. Our best surfing spots along the Southern California coast have been sacrificed to such "progress."

The surf beside the old Corona del Mar jetty at the mouth of Newport Harbor was becoming world famous, but the surfers were only a very small minority, and it was unnecessarily sacrificed to yachting. Now, with the invention of light foam surfboards, surfing is growing just like skin-diving, and there aren't nearly enough good surfing areas for the thousands upon thousands of Southern California surfers. .

It is only because nobody hitherto has fought for surfers' rights that we are about to lose Dana Cove which, when the waves are at their best, offers probably the finest surf in the continental United States.

I have presented to the United States Army Corps of Engineers a plan to change the alignment of the proposed Dana Yacht Harbor so as to leave the cove open to the sea. My plan should

The Dana Cove cliffs are held to be among the world's most beautiful.

actually improve surfing, but it will not take any of the usable yacht harbor area. Because our Orange County Harbor Manager is impatient to see construction work started — judging from his remarks in the newspapers— he apparently doesn't want to consider the wishes of surfers, skin divers, fishermen and students of seashore zoology. But the State of California and our Federal Government are also helping to finance the harbor breakwater, so they also have an influence on design.

Senator Thomas H. Kuchel (California) and the California Division of Small Craft Harbors, which represent the State of California, have written letters showing interest in my plan.

Canoe, kayak and surfboard surfing are in my opinion just as exciting and worthwhile as river white-water sport. Having traveled many hundreds of miles by canoe in northern Canada as a field scout for the Nipissing Mining Company, I know both.

It will be very much appreciated if fellow members of the AWA will help our minority group by writing short letters to Senator Thomas H. Kuchel, Senate Office Building, Washington 25, D. C.; Governor Edmund G. Brown, Sacramento, California; and The Orange County Board of Supervisors, Santa Ana, California, and tell them that you approve the plan of the "Citizens Committee to Preserve Recreation at Doheny Beach State Park and Dana Point" to preserve Dana Cove and improve recreation. Senator Kuchel suggests writing "without delay."

Those Wasteful Rivers

By Peter D. Whitney

It is a common thing for engineers and politicians — who have much in common—to say that a natural river, flowing unhampered to the sea, is "wasted." Particularly is this true in my native state of California, where water is precious because of its regionally unequal distribution, and because large numbers of people like the climate that goes with desert while coveting the water supply of the forested North.

Nothing makes me madder than that word "wasted," whether it's applied to the water itself or to the energy dissipated in that water's tumbling and eddying on its journey to the sea.

But I hadn't thought the thing through completely until one recent night when, kept sleepless by the drumming of the rain on the roof, I took the whole subject by the scruff of the neck. I was aided in this by Bob Simmonds's very good article on "Rivers: Their Rise and Fall," in the Spring 1962 AWW—also by Wolf Bauer's fine series of articles on moving water in earlier issues.*

The idea of "waste" in this context is, of course, strictly man-centered. It is a concept based not on nature but on the demand of one spoiled and talented species. The selfish ego at the center of it is not all of mankind at that, but urban man, with his growing demand for things that are there for the pressing of a button, the turning-on of a tap.

Who Is the Waster?

For how can a river, pouring down its channel in the midst of a fertile valley, just as it has been doing for aeons, be called "wasting"? Not only the channel but the valley, **with** its fertility, are the creation of the river itself! Had the engineers been there from the beginning, damming and dyking and tunneling, curbing the **waste** of winter floods, there would have been no deep black soil in California's Central Valley, no birthplaces of civilization on the Euphrates and the Nile!

Not to mention no San Francisco Bay, New York Harbor, Great Lakes, Grand Canyon, Delaware River mouth —none, in short, of the features that we take for granted in our geography, to which we attach our passionate loves and loyalties ranging from crude boosterism to deep patriotism.

It rather looks, in that larger context, as if the rivers were creators and the egotistic urban man were more waster than anything else.

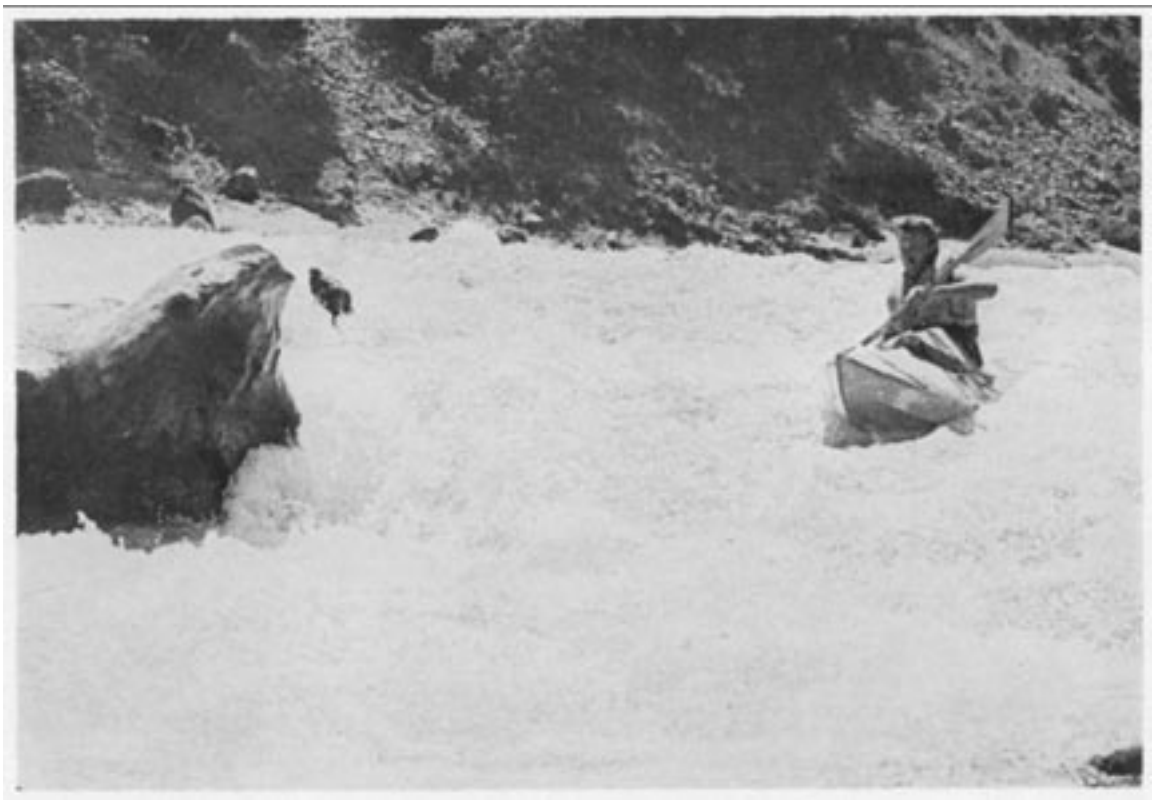
These ideas are no doubt remote and lofty, and may be vulnerable to the idea that "you can't stop progress"—that man has recently learned enough to justify his playing at God, reshaping the biosphere of Nature into a noosphere of completely man-controlled environment.

One Lonely River

But I wonder . . . let's look at a river that we of the white-water brotherhood have learned to love—California's Eel. It rises in the State's older, more rounded Coast Range, rather than the young, craggy Sierras: it gathers its waters in three main basins, puts together two of them at Dos Rios ("two rivers") and invites a river-runner to join it for a fine, exhilarating four-day cruise while it loses a thousand feet or so of altitude.

Only a few hundred people live in

* I:3; II:1; II:2; II:4; III:1; III:2; III:3; III:4; IV:1; V:2.



Dr. Quentin Johnson in an Eel River rapid.

this valley less than 200 miles from San Francisco. Most of them are sheep-ranchers, lumbermen, and employes of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad. Only a few thousand people now alive have ever **been** in that valley, now that the railroad has abandoned passenger service from the San Francisco Bay region. If you are a rail fan, and care to make the effort, you may ride the every-other-day diesel-propelled car from Willits to Eureka, traveling with a few ranchers, school children, and employes of the railroad.

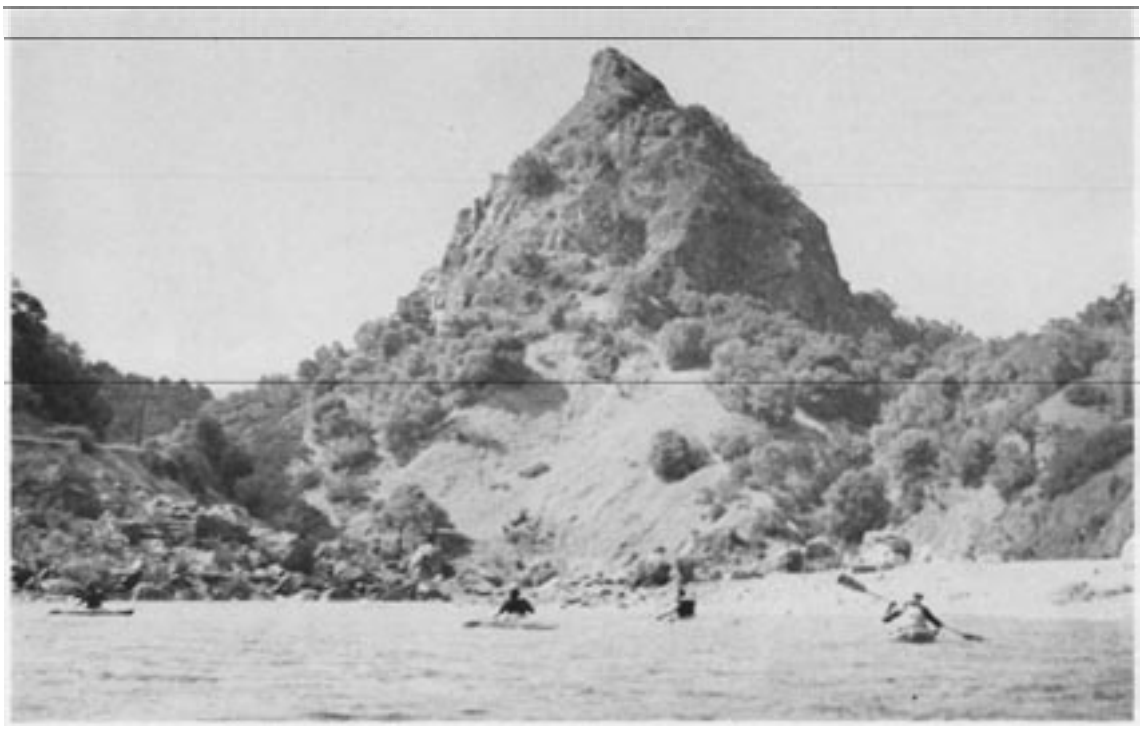
It is a fastness. Once, the white man established a reservation there for the Klamath, Modoc and kindred tribes that had been harried from their sometime homes. But the Federal Government more recently has pharisaically connived in the breakup of the reservations and of tribal life, so that many of the holdings in the Round Valley Reservation have reportedly been sold to white men and companies.

Still, from time to time you may see the copper-skinned, hawk-nosed original Americans, wearing jeans and cowboy hats and riding magnificent horses, by the banks of that lonely river. Overhead, hawks and buzzards wheel; the deer browse the hillsides more numerous than cattle; the big sky glares down on the impetuous water; between the rapids, the silence is such that the sigh of the wind becomes a clangor.

To paddle down that river, to battle its rapids and to fight its winds, to find overnight refuge on its banks, to hear its noises, smell its smells, shrivel under its glaring heat or endure its wind-driven rain, is an elemental experience.

The "Greatest" Good

Now, I suppose that if the utilitarian principle of the greatest good for the greatest number were one's God, there would be no argument at all: a series of dams to hold back that free water, to rationalize its flow, would be almost automatic. Even though the purpose was only to fill the swimming pools, wash the cars, and water the lawns of the smoggy suburbia sprawling around Los Angeles.



Spy Rock, a striking Eel River feature that signals some tough rapids ahead.

For that is the predestined fate of our Eel water. It will be tunneled through one mountain range, channeled six hundred miles southward, pumped over another range, and spilled on the thirsty land that the Lord in His providence made arid.

Looking at the equation—Los Angeles's flushing, sprinkling, rinsing and irrigating millions against the tiny band of river boaters and the somewhat larger band of fishermen—it's impossible to offer even an argument.

Unless there is something wrong with Jeremy Bentham's "sacred truth" about the "greatest good."

Slogan of Mediocrity

The utilitarian dogma of the greatest good (or happiness) of the greatest number has always been attacked, and rightly, on grounds of its bias toward mere mass, rather than quality. (What is the greatest good, or happiness, how will you measure it, to whom is it good or pleasurable, etc.?) The maxim works with a perverted, but nowadays irresistible, logic toward mediocrity, the bland average, permissiveness, softness in thought and feeling. It smothers, for one thing, the development of exceptional men of leadership stature, pioneers, creators. And—no coincidence I suppose—it abets those who merely seek profit.

But there's not much use in combatting it on those grounds. The thing is too deeply embedded into our mass democratic culture. To bring it into control is a long-term affair, and meanwhile those dams will be bulldozed across the Eel. Already this summer we of the Sierra Club are losing our finest late-year run because of the remorseless advance of such an earth-fill dam on the Feather River.

Probably most of us in the American Whitewater Affiliation feel instinctively that there is an argument somewhere that would justify opposing these dams—or at least some of them. And not for our selfish pleasure merely. A greater thing is at stake, the relationship with which is the true source of our delight in river running.

Shrines and Fastnesses

Our pagan ancestors and our Indian predecessors on this land would have had little difficulty here. Certain groves, streams, caves, mountains, des-

erts were simply sacred. There could be no argument; to desecrate them was to court destruction. It was the unquestioned duty of all to preserve and cultivate, and worship through love and fear, these holies of holies.

Speaking for myself, I have no great difficulty in adopting this intuitive, pre-judgmental (if not prejudiced) system of values. To me, a stream of running water in its natural banks **is** sacred, and I mourn the loss of every rill. This somewhat extreme-seeming position **can** be squared with my pleasure in a well-filled bathtub, a well-watered garden, a well-flushed toilet—but only by diligent spiritual exercise, which I can't recommend to everybody. And, as the old votary said over his prayer-wheel, now and Zen I make a mistake.

What it boils down to is a constant concern that nature not be needlessly and indefinitely violated; that the repair of damage be put in the forefront of the engineers' calculations; that not **all** the natural resources of an area be ruthlessly sacrificed—and perhaps that last is the seed of the argument we have been seeking for.

Particularly in our conflicts with the other, less austere types of recreationists—the outboarders, fishermen, riders of Tote-Gotes, jeep-borne deer hunters, helicopterites, etc.—we need a scaled value system. Some of our fellow boaters have a weakness—regrettable but not to be ignored—for mechanical aids in their water-skiing and snow-skiing. There is a similar inclination among ourselves to welcome the parallel road that makes the shuttle more convenient. No doubt about it, the four-day Eel—or the one-week Selway trip in Idaho—is a peak experience, one which only a few will ever achieve. No doubt about it, there is a need for many shorter and more accessible runs.

The Ultimate Sets the Scale

But it follows almost as the night the day that the peak experience is the one that gives the lesser experiences their quality and meaning. Though the city schlemiel who camps from his station wagon in a State-prepared campsite may never consciously recognize it, his flabby exploit is given scale by the achievements of Sir Edmund Hilary on Everest.

The whole of our outdoor recreation is a pyramid, of which the rare, dangerous, skilled, remote, aristocratic experience is the summit or spire. We have a right to insist that the whole gamut be considered, when planners and thruway-builders and dammers hunch down over the drawing boards. Some few mountains must remain remote, some valleys inviolate, some rivers free. Even though it may sometimes mean detouring a freeway, "wasting" some winter runoff, keeping some areas innocent of the harsh pop-pop of the two-cycle motor.

And these areas should not always be the remote ones. Alaska needs urbanization; California and New York need to be protected from it. Saving the Eel would do a thousand times more for sanity than saving the Yukon. For one thing, our softened, spoiled, delinquent younger generation needs the challenge of real Nature nearby.

It is later than you think, for this mission of saving waterways. The President's Outdoor Recreation Review Commission has just reported: the section on rivers was partly the work of those members of the Affiliation who sent in detailed descriptions from all over the country. And the report lists **only** twenty-five rivers classified as "wilderness or semi-wilderness" in the whole United States! In order to do so, it has many duplications—the Colorado River system is listed under five or six headings, the Rio Grande under three, the tributaries of the Snake get four entries, etc.

There are threats to the Allagash; the Selway trip is being diminished; the Clearwater in Idaho has been ruined by a high-speed road even as we of the Affiliation discovered it; the Middle Fork of the Feather has just been earmarked for a series of irrigation dams. And there is the crying scandal of Rainbow Bridge, to show how little we can trust the promises of the Bureau of Reclamation.

So let us agree that this is a fight worth making, however thin our numbers now and how small our voice.

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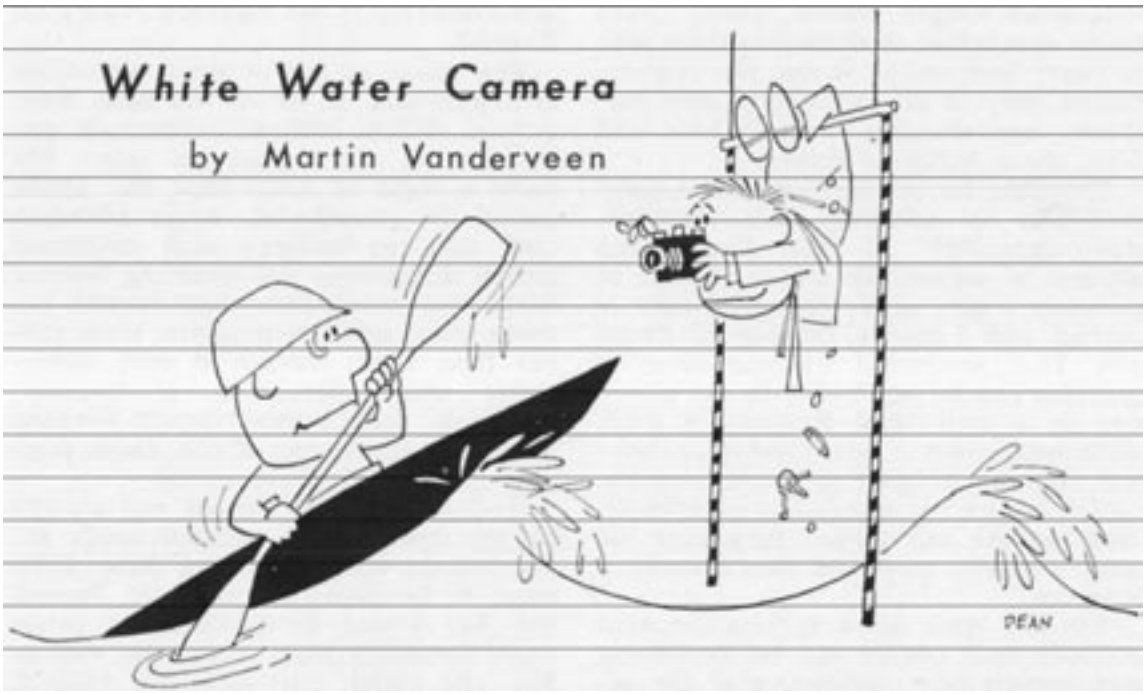


Sometimes we photographic enthusiasts overlook a valid point such as the one made in the last issue by Dean Norman's article "How to Not Take Pictures." Let's face it—not everybody is interested in taking pictures. A corollary thought is that if we **are** going to take pictures we should learn enough technique to make the results worthwhile. Manufacturers in recent years have been guilty of building up the concept of "You push the button and the camera does the rest." They have been producing cameras that allegedly think for you; you invest some money in one of these magic boxes and you are automatically a skilled photographer.

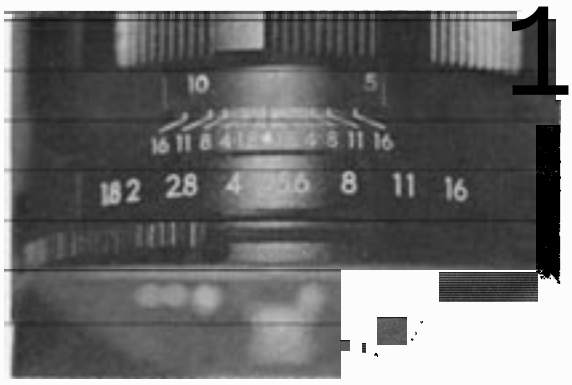
The only thing wrong with this concept is that it just ain't so! Perhaps it's all right for a snapshot on the front lawn where everybody's happy if they can recognize the slightly blurred features of little Mary and Aunt Susie as they stare hypnotically at the lens, but a tricky subject like white-water photography allows no substitute for the skilled hand and mind of a photographer who is in control of his equipment rather than at its mercy. And yet anybody who is interested can readily acquire the necessary skills.

The reader response to our last column was inconclusive. Some liked the idea of basic photo information and some felt that it was a waste of valuable AWW pages to present information that can be found elsewhere. A compromise seems to be in order. In this issue we'll discuss basic questions once more, and future columns will be devoted to the specific problems of white-water photography.

* * *

In our discussion of film and cameras we glossed lightly over the two important controls that determine exposure. The **shutter,** of course, is fairly easy to understand. It is a device that allows light to pass for a predetermined fraction of a second. Modern shutters are usually calibrated in a so-called linear scale; i.e., 1/000 second, 1/500, 1/250, 1/125, 1/60, 1/30, etc. In each step from the one setting to the next, the exposure time is approximately doubled.

The **diaphragm** (also known as aperture, f/stop, or lens opening) is a series of overlapping curved blades that adjust to form an approximately circular opening of variable diameter. Those cryptic numbers on the diaphragm setting ring express a simple ratio. At f/2, for example, the diameter of the circular opening is exactly half the meas-



Typical focusing and depth-of-field scales on a camera. Dot in the center is the index. Figure in upper scale in line with dot is the principal focus and in lower scale is the aperture. Note in center scale that aperture settings are repeated on both sides of the dot. Camera is shown focused at 7'. With aperture set at f/4 everything from about 6½' to 8' will be in sharp focus. Stopping down to f/16 will enable us to get sharp focus from slightly over 5' to about 11'.

urement of the distance from the lens to the film plane; at f/4 the diameter is one fourth the distance from lens to film. The larger the number the smaller the opening. Standard aperture settings are f/1.4, 2, 2.8, 4, 5.6, 8, 11, 16 and 22. Each, progressively higher, transmits exactly half as much light as the previous one.

So far we have two means of controlling the amount of light reaching the film. Since each can be controlled independently, it follows that more than one combination can be used to admit the same amount of light. Thus 1/250 at f/8 will transmit exactly the same amount of light as 1/25 at f/11, and so on with a whole series of shutter-aperture combinations. In the example above we have halved the volume of light by reducing the aperture from f/8 to f/11 and doubled the amount of light time from 1/250 second to 1/125. An easy-to-grasp comparison is a water faucet. If we open the faucet to half-volume for two minutes we will get exactly the same amount of water as we would if we opened it to full volume for only one minute.

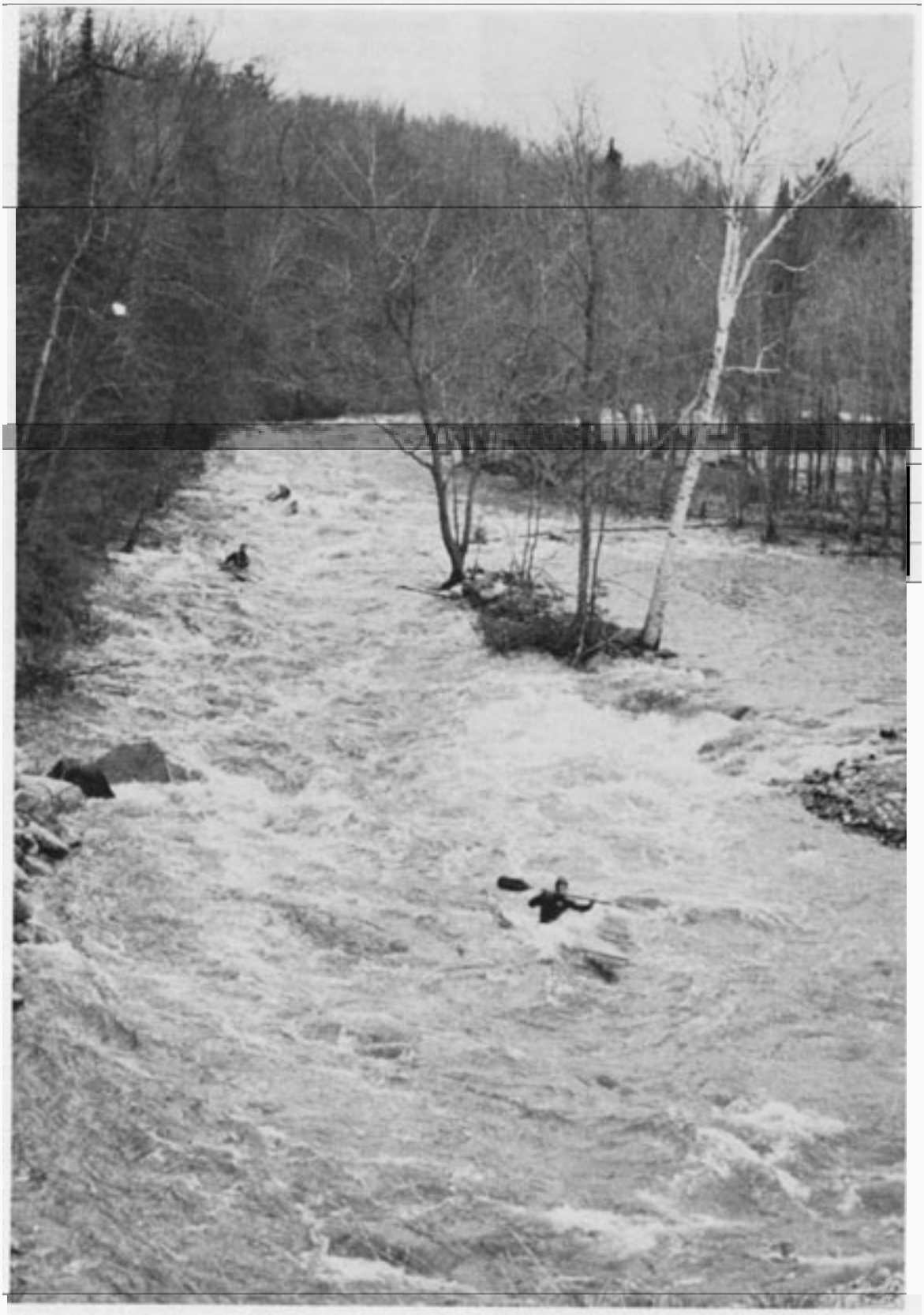
The Depth of Field

At this point we may begin to wonder why there are two means of controlling light. Wouldn't one be enough? It would, if not for the fact that the diaphragm has a second function known as **depth of field.** When we focus on a specific distance we will have a zone of sharp focus that extends from a little in front of the principal plane to a little behind it. Anything closer or farther away than the limits of this zone will be fuzzy. A smaller lens opening gives us a dccpcr zone of sharpness (or depth of field). A glance at the illustration and accompanying text will make this clear.

Now we begin to see the choices that confront the photographer. If we have objects of interests at different distances from the camera we will have to choose an aperture small enough to keep both the closest and the farthest objects within the depth of field. Or, conversely, we may have an interesting foreground object and a cluttered background, in which case it may be advisable to open our diaphragm as wide as possible in order to subdue the background by throwing it out of focus. In either case we will have to correlate the shutter speed with the aperture in order to get correct over-all exposure. On the other hand, when shooting action we will have to use a shutter speed fast enough to prevent blur (1/200 or faster in the case of white-water) and make the best of whatever depth of field we can get. In some cases the choice of aperture and shutter speed is virtually dictated by the subject matter, while in other cases the photographer has latitude to make his camera serve as a tool for expression rather than a mere recording instrument.

* * *

We are entering into the season of high rivers as well as the racing season. If your camera has been in hibernation for the winter, it's a good idea to get it out as early as possible. Check the shutter operation, the rangefinder, focusing and film transport. If you don't know how to check it yourself, almost any camera dealer will do this without charge. **Don't** wait till you are on the river and then find that you are missing good pictures because of an inoperative camera. A camera is a delicate mechanism and is more likely to go bad while sitting idle than it is when in regular use.



The Root River Race: most challenging course?

RACING REPORT

By Robert *G.* Field Racing Editor

Now that the racing season is upon us in earnest I would like to bring up a problem that has faced the organizers of slalom races all over. That is how we can provide the quality and quantity of judges for the races. For example, at the Eastern Slalom in Vermont we have had to beg bystanders at the very last minute to be judges.

One way of helping the situation has been proposed by George Siposs. "Have the judges attend a school of instruction in slalom judging given by a club. An examination would be given in which a person would have to pass with at least 95% accuracy and also be a judge at at least two slalom races. After this a certificate would be given to the person saying that Mr. ..... has attended a course and has served as a judge at several races. The particular club would certify that he is a competent slalom judge."

It should be possible for each club to use a standard examination which would help to insure a more complete understanding of slalom rules. Why doesn't each affiliate club send a list of questions they think should be included on the examination. From these a composite examination would be made up for use by all the clubs. I believe this merits some serious thought on the part of slalom organizers around the country. Let's hear your comments or other suggestions to help solve this problem.

ROOT RIVER RACE
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
April, **1962**
By John **Anthoine**

The Root River means a lot to me. I must have been the first man to enjoy this beautiful downhill torrent. For years I visualized boat after boat corning around the bend, down the foaming water, among boulders and standing waves. Last year only two of us made the finish line. But this year for the first time we had a race, a real race, not because our local entries were so numerous, but because for the first time, we had those precious out-of-town guests.

You have to be a pioneer, I guess, to feel the deep satisfaction of watching things happen just the way, for years, you have been dreaming they would happen; thousands of spectators! And a river so beautiful. Entries from all over—the champs from Toronto; George Siposs, our friend Gerry from Sarnia, Joe Steuer from Sudbury and surely I would not believe it but there he was from Chicago, Ernest Heinke.

What a strong feeling of really running an International event, the prelude of a big competitive North American downriver championship.

I thought that I must have been dreaming, but all these boys were there and this was no dreaming. Yes, they were there with their beautiful boats and fancy wet suits.

To hear George Siposs say that our river was the most challenging river they ever raced was of all the things that pleased me, certainly the most satisfying statement ever heard.

No need saying these voyagers took all the glory, finishing lst, 2nd, 3rd and 4th. Poor Fred Lang must curse a tree that I know as well as a good dozen others.

I even felt like running the spectacular and did what no one else accomplished that day, a perfect capsize at the most spectacular part of the race. No one can say that we did not do all in our power to thrill the crowd.

The beautiful boat handling of the voyagers will leave a long lasting impression on the memory of the ones who were watching that Sunday. We can only hope that in the next few years we will improve our technique and get new young members to give Heinz, George and the other boys a keen competition.

In the meantime, we know that we have a good thing and it is up to us

to make the best of it.

Results:

Place	Name	Time
	K1	
1	Heinz Poenn	27:36
2	George Siposs	28:17
3	Manfred Baur	28:29
	C2	
1	Gaudin & Pratt	32:22
	Novice K1	
1	W. Tostevin	13:44
2	D. Buchanan	14:03
	Novice C2	
1	Laverne & Thompson	12:24
2	Forbes & Black	15:25
3	Payne & McLarty	27:23

CREDIT RIVER DERBY & SLALOM
April 8, 1962
Credit River, near Toronto

The river bed had been changed substantially this year by the Credit River Conservation Commission. Three 3-foot flood control dams have been built also. It was therefore necessary to construct wooden chutes, each 13 feet long and 6 feet wide, to let the boats down safely. The Commission, with real sportsmanlike spirit, agreed to build the chutes to our specifications free of charge. The downriver course was slightly shorter than for the past three years. At the end of the downriver race the boats were lined up on the banks ready for the start of the slalom after lunch, which helped to streamline the race.

Water conditions were excellent. There were 62 boats registered, quite a few starting on a whitewater race for the first time.

In the downriver race in the hotly contested K-1 class, George Siposs squeezed ahead of 18-year-old Manfred Baur by a mere 12 seconds. Heinz Poenn was third, five seconds behind Baur.

In the ladies' K-1 class Irmgard Halbrichter, the blonde speedster, took first place with a time of 26 minutes and 21 seconds.

Canoe singles was won by Tom Jamieson, former Ottawa speedpaddler who now resides in Port Credit, near Toronto. Second place went to Roger Parsons of the Mohawk Rod and Gun Club.

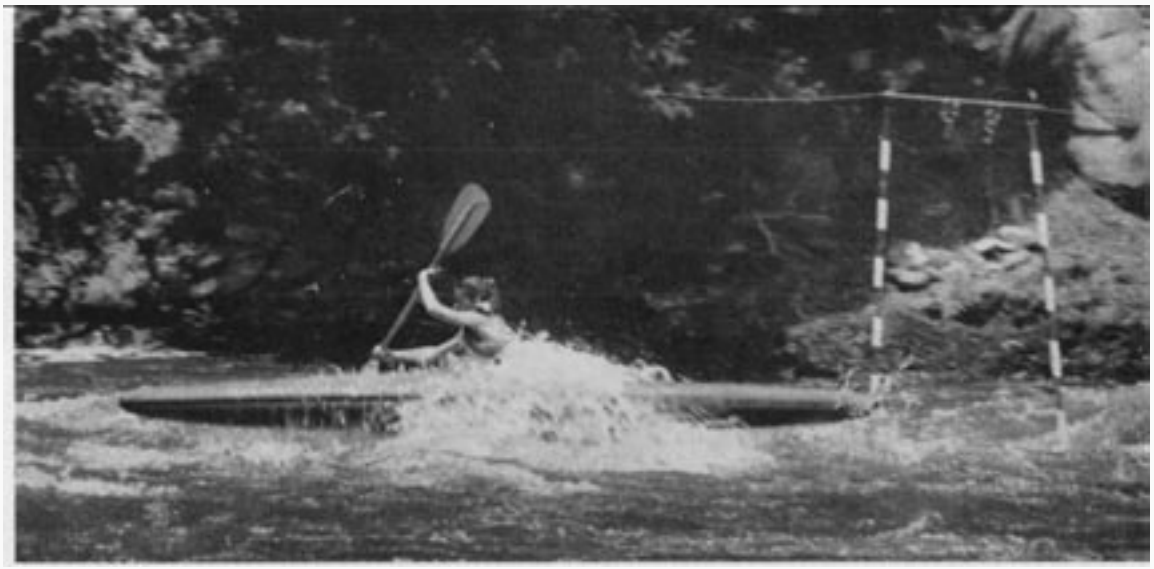
In the C-2 class, two Sault Ste. Marie paddlers churned their way to victory in 27:04. This was the first time that a Northern Ontario team had taken top honors at a Credit River Race.

The afternoon slalom race was very smoothly run, with instant results and times marked on a huge board. The contest was close and hard fought all the way. The style of the paddlers reflected a whole winter of indoor practice both in kayaks and in canoes.

In C-2, Fred Perry and Roger Parsons took first place, while in C-1 Roger Parsons clearly outclassed all his rivals. The ladies finished in the same order as in the downriver race.

Results

	DOWNRIVER	
	K-1	
1	George Siposs	24:47
2	Manfred Baur	24:59
3	Heinz Poenn	25:04
	C-1	
1	Tom Jamieson	28:08
2	Roger Parsons	28:11
3	Tom Williams	30:05
	C-2	
1	Pratt-Saudin	27:04
2	Mocking-Grell	28:36
3	Easton-MacLachlan	28:47
	K-1 Women	
1	Irmgard Halbrichter	26:21
2	Ursula Nickel	28:02
3	Hilda Duplitza	30:47
	K-1 Novice	
1	Duane Buchanan	27:27
	K-2 Novice	
1	Bevan-Treseder	28:01
	SLALOM	
	K-1	
1	Heinz Poenn	241.0
2	George Siposs	246.7
3	Al Zob	298.0
	C-1	
1	Roger Parsons	384.8
2	Art Bodin	749.2
3	S. MacLachlan	796.0
	C-2	
1	R. Parsons-F. Perry	558.9
2	P. Mocking-Hans Grell	564.4
3	K. Comyn-G. Kirkptrk	596.0
	K-1W	
1	Irmgard Halbrichter	687.0
2	Ursula Nickel	776.0
3	Hilda Duplitza	969.0
	K-1 Novice	
1	Keith Daniel	543.2



—photo by Elizabeth Whitney

Jackie Paris, 1961 Pacific Invitational Slalom.

National Canoe Slalom Championships
Eastern Kayak Slalom Championships
Jamaica, Vt., May 19-20

Separated from the kayak event for the first time so that the Pacific Coast kayakers could play host to the championships in their specialty, the Canoe event unfolded on its traditional course on the West River.

Results:

C-1

1.	Bickham	306.2
2.	Southworth	597.9
3.	Kurtz	385.0

C-1W

1.	Wilford	1118.4
2.	Ikari	1239.8

C-2

1.	Heinzerling-Bickham	282.2
2.	Bridge-Bridge	359.0
3.	Guss-Southworth	368.8

C-2M

1.	Bickham-Trimble	387.8
2.	Heinzerlings	426.9
3.	Hedden-Davis	511.0

C-2W

1.	Wright-Showacre	610.8
2.	Davis-Arnold	721.6
3.	Ikari-Riedel	650.0

EASTERN KAYAK SLALOM

K-1

1.	Siposs	319.0
2.	Sullivan	320.0
3.	Wisner	323.4

K-1W

1.	Wright	491.8
2.	Showacre	597.2
3.	Schalle	675.8

Pontoons

1.	Burkham	715.0

Constructional features include laminated plastic crass frames and adjustable bucket seat. Skin either of 7-ply lightweight rubberised fabric, specially manufactured for this purpose, or standard 5-ply heavy duty fabric.

Dimensions . . . . . 13' 9" x 2' 0"
Cockpit . . . . . 2' 8" x 1' 4"
Weight, with lightweight skin 34 lb.

MIDLAND MARINE IMPORTS
P. O. Box 20
Midland, Michigan

2 NEW White Water Boats by KLEPPER

1. KLEPPER **"QUIRL"**—for White Water down-river . . . Weight: 44 lbs. (20 kg); length: 15 ft. (450 cm); width: **25-1/5"** (63 cm) . . . Comparable model: Klepper Folding "T-67".

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

Both boats have been designed by recognized experts — White Water champions of Europe. Quality built by Klepper craftsmen to international racing specifications, they provide supreme performance and utmost strength. With sleek styling and beautiful finish they're as smart as they are rugged. Select **"Quirl"** or **"SL"—you'll** find it the finest kayak you have ever seen.

MATERIALS . . . Hull: 2 matts (300 g/qm) plus 1 layer fabric fibreglass (450 **g/qm).** Deck: 2 matts **(300g/qm).** Binding Agent: Polyester-resin.

COLORS . . . Hull: ivory; deck: flamingo-red.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT . . . Seat, backrest, and hipboards: molded fibreglass. Footrest: Fibreglass and Finnish plywood; adjustable . . . Kneebraces: molded fibreglass; foam-rubber-covered . . . Flotation: Styrofoam in bow and stern.

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Conservation Comment

By Harry S. Kurshenbaum
AWA Conservation Chairman

With this issue, AWA Conservation Comment has a new editor. For years predecessor Dan Bradley has exhorted and directed our membership to carry the message of conservation everywhere. His efforts have been unusually effective, as is borne out by the widespread interest in his articles and AWA's increased stature among outdoor organizations. Your new editor cannot hope to fill Dan's giant boots, but will humbly attempt to follow the trail he has blazed.

River Monuments—A New Concept. In many respects 1962 looks to be auspicious for conservationists. Secretary of Interior Udall's recommendation to establish the Ozark Rivers National Monument, officially supported by President Kennedy in his conservation message to Congress, represents a new concept in waterway preservation. Not only does it afford river enthusiasts a chance to preserve, through Monument designation, the matchless Current River and its adjoining areas in their natural beauty, but it also gives beleaguered AWA members a strong point in requesting reciprocal effort from land conservation organizations to place additional waters under River Monument status.

Briefly, the Ozark Rivers National Monument bill designates 113,000 acres, including the Current River, 190 miles long, and its tributaries, Jack's Fork and Eleven Point. The U.S. Geological Survey has described the Current as, "The most beautiful small river in America." This waterway, with its innumerable caves, archeological sites, gigantic springs, boiling rapids, cliffs, virgin timber, offers superb all-season canoeing and exploring.

President's Conservation Message to Congress. Embattled conservationists got new support from our Chief Executive, thus quickening the tempo for Congressional activity in this field. He announced or urged:

1. Appointment of an Outdoor Recreation Advisory Council responsible for recreational development.
2. Bureau of Outdoor Recreation to plan and assist the Park Service, and to administer matching grants to states for developing outdoor recreation programs.
3. Land Conservation Fund to provide for the above needs through collected fees.
4. Legislation to establish Point Reyes (Calif.) and Padre Island (Texas) National Seashores; Great Basin National Park (Nevada); Canyon Lands National Park (Utah); Prairie National Park (Kansas); Sleeping Bear Dunes (Michigan); Indiana Sand Dunes National Lakeshore (Indiana); Ozark Rivers National Monument (Missouri); and Ice Age National Scientific Reserve (Wisconsin).

Details of bills to enact these proposals will be described in future issues of American White Water and in letters to affiliates urging appropriate action.

Canyons Lands National Park. Senate Bill S 2387, as recommended by Sec. Udall, begins the implementation of the President's conservation message. It affects river boatmen as well as land

enthusiasts, thus deserves special support from us. About 320,000 acres of spectacular canyons, spires and arches surrounding the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers near Moab in Southeastern Utah comprise the designated area. The plan places emphasis on avoiding spanning of rivers and canyons so as not to despoil scenic values.

Save-the-Dunes Bill. Illinois Senator Douglas' bill, S 1797, to create a Dunes National Park, is an inspiring example of an almost lost cause retrieved, with potential victory in sight. The rallying of supporters—notably by Lil Lasch, our Prairie Club Conservation Chairman—focused national attention on the significance of this rare recreational and aesthetic oasis in the industrial wasteland of Lake Michigan's southern shore. The bill would add 9,000 acres of lakeshore dunes land, including, as originally proposed by your editor, the Little 'Cal' River, to the existing 2,000 acres of Indiana Dunes States Park.

Opponents of the bill have gone on the defensive, resorting to the Army Engineer Corps to front for them with a farcical recommendation for a port, instead of a park. By this masterly move they would put millions of taxpayers' dollars to the service of one steel mill, while destroying forever a unique natural wonderland loved by millions of botanists, ornithologists, artists, canoeists, hikers, and just plain people.

We will undoubtedly have occasion to refer in future to the dubious role of the Army Engineer Corps. Enjoying the status of a "Sacred Cow," they have gone merrily on an oft-misguided way, building dams neither wisely nor too well, for the benefit of no one but political hacks and their sponsors. We know a number of canoeists who can document this from personal knowledge, as well as some pretty reputable civil engineers who unfortunately feel job pressures prevent their protesting publicly.

Take Action to Get Action. We propose that each affiliate select a Conservation Chairman to act as liaison with this department. As conservation issues arise anywhere, the affiliate chairman should communicate with us. We will relay the message to all other affiliates to supply the specific help needed.

In addition, affiliate chairmen. after consultation with this department, will act as AWA's spokesman in regional legislative hearings.

Attempts will be directed toward stepped-up activity to make our collective voice heard effectively in the nation's legislatures. The 'Poor Man's Lobby' (postcards, letters, telegrams, petitions) is our most potent weapon. Tell your "Dear Senator (or Congressman) ————" that you want his support of a particular measure. Where practical, try to incorporate at least one good reason. Address Senators and Congressmen individually at the Senate Office Building and House Office Building, respectively, Washington, D.C.

Let's make 1962 the year not just to save, but to expand, our heritage of the natural resources with which the "American Earth" is so uniquely endowed.

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Safety as We See It

By John Bombay,
AWA Safety Chairman

John Bombay, Eel River, California.

I am a kayakist and I have often wondered what the problems, in respect to safety, were for the canoeist. Now that I am in the East and have become acquainted with canoeists, I am beginning to form a good idea of their problems and of the rivers they run. Although I am not an expert on the subject, I feel competent to make a few comments.

The people I have met so far are mainly beginning canoeists with little boating experience and are thus the ones that have most need for our safety column.

The rivers in the East are run chiefly by canoes and mainly in early springtime. The result is that the boaters have to be prepared for: Heavy water, big haystacks and fast currents; flooded banks, brush and submerged tree stumps and debris; rain and icy water; chilled boaters.

Heavy water requires a good deal of skill; even granted that, it will cause an undecked canoe to swamp frequently. A canoe filled with 2500 lbs. (1½ tons or 400 gallons) of water, is not the most maneuverable boat to run a river in! It will bring the boater to certain peril if he drifts into the next rapid.

I discovered that most canoeists out here in Tennessee had never heard of a decked canoe!

If the swamped canoe gets near shore it still has to maneuver between the brush and tree stumps on the flooded banks. I am still surprised that we did not have more people crushed between these swamped boats and the trees, or lost boats which became folded around these trees, or even worse—more people lost by being hooked on submerged

broken branches with their life jackets and clothing.

Cold Water

But now our No. 1 enemy, the numbing cold water. The open undecked canoe might not have swamped yet, but the bow paddler—who has the very important task of drawing the boat away from obstacles—has been sprayed and is soaked with cold water since he sits only 2 feet from the bow. If the sun is not out and warm, and if he has no adequate raingear, he will be pretty miserable after a very short time. The poor shivering paddler will discover that the chill paralyzes his thinking power, his skill, his reactions, his safety precautions. If he knew where to get a good spray deck or even a raincoat, he would gladly pay a small fortune for it now.

Then the big haystacks are encountered and the tricky side-currents; his reactions already slow because of his previous chilling, the boater will find himself all of a sudden sitting in a canoe filled with 2500 lbs. of icy water; water cold enough to mix an enjoyable highball but not suitable for a canoeist in a boat. They tip over, hang on to their boat, try to get the monster to shore, and are lucky if they make it. CRAZY.

The *Right Equipment*

All the above can be avoided. The canoeist could enjoy himself regardless of the weather or water conditions, if he only would take the time and money to prepare and outfit himself properly. A canoe deck can be easily constructed—see AWW issue Vol. VI, No. 4 (February) for details. An excellent canoe raincoat can be obtained from Walter Kirschbaum, Route 1, Box

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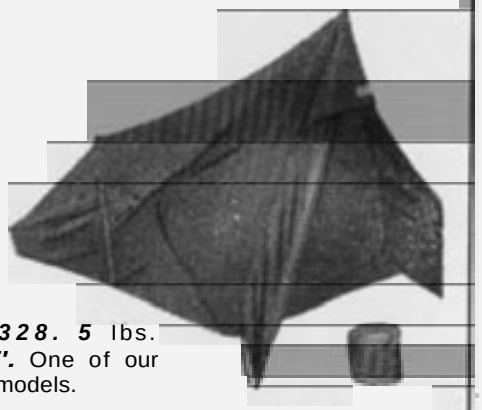

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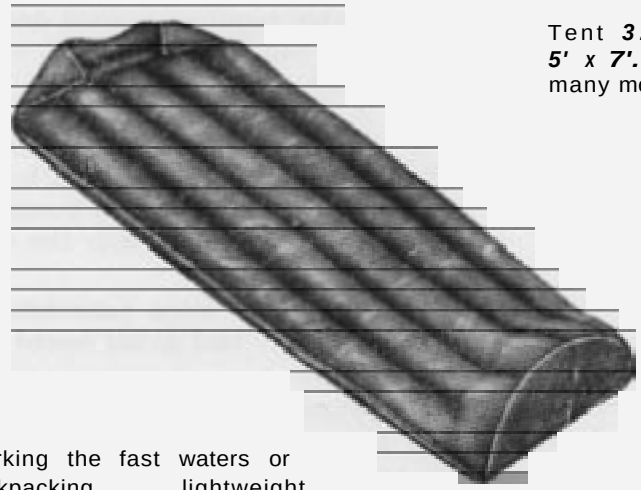

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522, Morrison, Colorado. A good spray-deck can be obtained from any fold-boat dealer: Chauveau has a good big one very suitable for a canoe cockpit.

Then a wet-suit can be made or bought—see our AWW magazine Vol. V., No. 4 (February). Technique can be learned by contacting good boaters in your neighborhood or by buying a good book like "White-Water Sport" by Peter Whitney.

Why, for heaven's sake, do we boat unprepared? I know people who are informed about these requirements and who still do not obtain the proper equipment. We check our cars for good tires, brakes, window wipers, safety belts, snow chains, etc. and spend a fortune on it, but when it comes to a few dollars for good canoe equipment, we are not home! Please, canoeing friends, let's enjoy ourselves on our trips with the proper gear safely! A kayak has a deck and a spray cover, and the boater sits 6 feet back from the bow.

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From Your Editor

Since the November issue, in which we raised the question of our relationship with the American Canoe Association, we have been experiencing a spate (Class IV) of letters on the subject. Nary a one is pro-ACA.

Many of the letters are vitriolic, more are wide-eyed with astonishment at the prudishness of the amateur rules, some are idiosyncratic if not eccentric. What it boils down to is the general feeling that white-water people want to stay aloof from the politics of flat-water canoeing.

Since we have failed to get a real, two-sided debate, may we leave it at that? Call it censorship if you will, or call it a thrifty unwillingness to spend precious space on a one-sided controversy. Those of you who wrote should if possible be philosophical, remembering that even a home-run makes little difference in a 16-0 ball game.

Obituary

The well-known Swiss slalom kayakist and canoeist, Henry Kadrnka, has been murdered by bandits in Ethiopia in January. With his companion Dr. Stanley Walter, also of the Geneva Canoe Club, Kadrnka had almost completed an exploration trip on the Blue Nile from Gojjan to Siogali. In their last camp, on a small island, they were attacked and killed.

Kadrnka was a refugee from Communist Czechoslovakia.

* * *

Great Britain's most promising flat-water kayak racer, Ron Rhodes, was killed in a road accident in January, aged 20. He placed 5th in the 1960 Olympic Games 1,000-meter event. His death recalls the similar loss of Paul Farrant, Britain's unique Slalom World Champion.

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AWA Summer Trips

After three great years of conducting the American Whitewater Affiliation trips into Idaho's wilderness, Oz Hawksley has had to call a halt. The sacrifices — physical, financial, and spiritual — were great, and it has become necessary for Oz to remember that he is a career professor of zoology, too.

So the AWA trips, of which your Editor was a lucky participant for three years, will be returned to the professionals who keep going steadily, year after year, and who have done as much as any of us to popularize our sport and the rivers.

Oz has referred some applicants specifically to Don Hatch; others to the Sierra Club. Other friends of the AWA who deserve mention in connection with your summer plans are Kenny Ross of Bluff City, Utah, and Bob Pruitt of 1002 S.E. "N" St., Grant's Pass, Ore.

Jack Reynolds, Oz Hawksley's erstwhile partner, will be boating for Hatch.

Raft-escorted small-boat trips are one of the finest ways there is to enjoy the wilderness, and it would be a pity if our pioneering should go to waste.

Idaho's Folly

One of the main reasons Oz decided he had to give up the leadership was the effect of Idaho's new guide licensing law. It provides that out-of-state guides and outfitters must pay a $100 fee, and bond themselves for $2500 for performance of their promises to clients.

When we were in the state last year, local people told us this had been made necessary by a number of incidents of abuse and downright cheating by fly-by-night guides. The obvious targets, though — it seemed to us — were the out-of-state guide and the "do-it-yourselfer." The Idaho guide has to pay only $10 per year. It looked as if the foolish and self-defeating experience of Maine, which once had such a discriminatory, mandatory guide law, was about to be repeated.

If there were a lot of money in guiding, and if the skills involved were those taught in schools like those of medicine and law, if the abuses were flagrant and continuous, if life was at stake, and if the outsiders were "moving in" on a helpless huddle of innocent Idahoans, it would perhaps make some sense to resort to discriminatory licensing.

But the facts are that Idaho, a poor and underpopulated state, is just be-

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ginning to get the kind of tourist business its magnificent scenery deserves. This outside money is coming in partly because outsider guides and promoters have seen and appreciated the state's resources, and have done something about it. On a modest scale, of course, we of the AWA were doing just that. Not any more, O lawmakers of Boise!

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The Baschin rigid fiberglass-and-plastic kayak has swiftly earned a great reputation in Europe. Now it is being imported into this country by Banton Corp., known to our readers as the representative for Hammer Foldboats.

The Baschins that were shown to a Sierra Club Boat Show this spring were a slalom and a downriver boat; their most striking obvious characteristics were the two deck bulges that some irreverent onlookers described as "crocodile eyes." They actually serve as very powerful and reliable knee-braces.

In addition, these boats have removable bucket seats and an internal "chaussette" or paddling bag which prevents the boats from filling with water when it tips. Both boats sell at $210, F.O.B. San Francisco.

The powerful laminated paddles that are imported with this line are noteworthy. They are the first single-piece slalom (symmetrical) paddle we have seen. At $16.50, they are a best buy.

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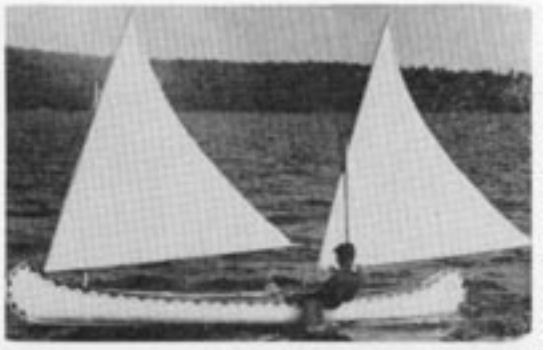

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