

American

WHITE WATER

the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation



SUMMER, 1964

Vol. X, No. 1

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SUMMER, 1964

Vol. X, No. 1



The American Whitewater Affiliation

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American WHITE WATER is mailed to all members of the American Whitewater Affiliation in June, September, December and March. Membership is open to all who are interested in river sport, for the sum of \$2.50 per year.

The magazine welcomes contributions of articles, photographs and drawings, but assumes no responsibility for them. Address all editorial material to the Managing Editor or to the nearest Regional Editor. Correspondence regarding the Affiliation or boating information should be sent to the Executive Secretary, Roland W. Davis, 14 Norwood Ave., Berkeley 7, Calif. 94707.

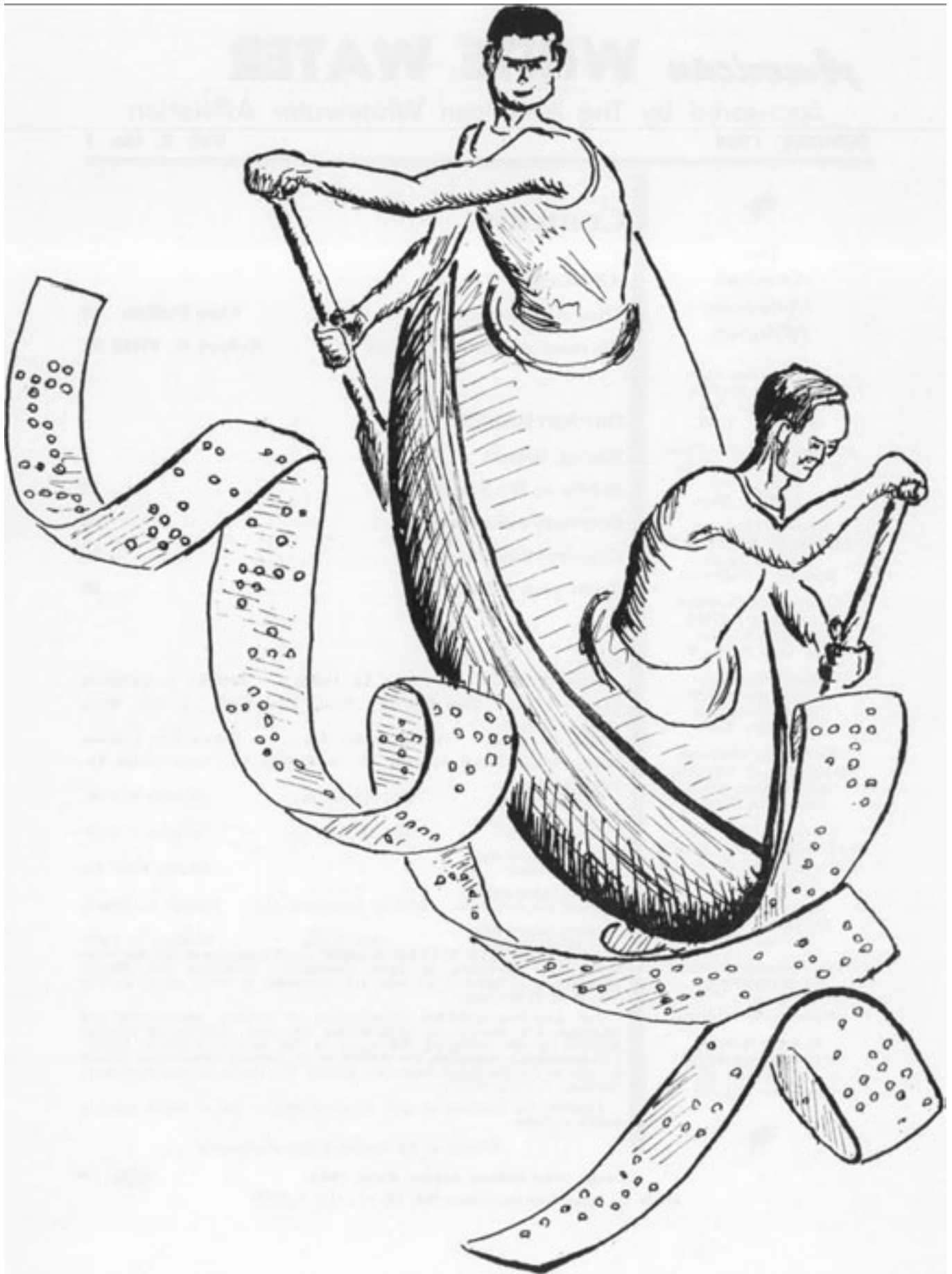
Deadline for insertion of copy or advertising — first of month prior to month of issue.

Printed in the United States of America

Cover: **Noel DeBord**, Feather River, 1964

Photo by Peter Whitney, Leica M3; KB 17; f11, 1/250

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"... Nor Any Waters Flow"

By Eliot DuBois

By last Thursday evening I was thoroughly worn out. I had spent three weeks putting together a complicated system, mechanical, optical, hydraulic, all controlled by punched tape. Nothing had gone easily. Nothing had worked the first time, nor the second, though by Thursday I was beginning to appreciate the potential of the system. To get past the potential stage, I'd decided I'd have to work through the week-end. That was an annoying decision, because it meant missing a good canoe trip.

In order to unwind a bit and to shake off the problems of the day, I was reading some poetry. Two or three anthologies lay on the table beside my chair. As is my custom, I started with the early English poets, Chaucer and Anonymous, and I worked forward in time, reading poems that I knew and like well. With each century I grew more relaxed. By the time I got to the modern Irish poets, I was pretty drowsy, and when I finally came to one of my favorites, "The Herons," by Francis Ledwidge, my eyes were closed and I mumbled the words from memory:

"As I was climbing Ardan Mor
From the shore of Sheelan Lake,
I met the herons coming down
Before the waters wake.
And they were talking in their
flight
Of dreamy ways the herons go
When all the hills are withered
up,
Nor any waters flow."

"Where shall we do our white-water canoeing when 'Nor any waters flow,?'" I asked, but my words were hardly coherent.

A Journey in Time

Then I was aware of standing in darkness, and of hearing a voice in the

distance. I felt a cold drizzle of rain on my face. The voice said "Mr. DuBois?" with a polite, rising inflection. I turned in the direction of the voice and could see the doorway of a large and very modern building. A spotlight illuminated block letters above the door "Ardan Mor White-Water Center." The Club seal was on the left with the AWA emblem on the right. The man who had spoken to me stood silhouetted in the half-open doorway. He was wearing swimming trunks, and as I didn't want to keep him out in the cold, I hurried up the few broad steps and across the terrace. I extended my hand, we shook, and as I stepped in he said:

"I received your question, and I'm so glad you could come here tonight. I'm Peter Burns, the Canoeing Chairman in these parts."

I was puzzled and stopped to try to get my thoughts in order, but Peter urged me along:

"We'll have to hurry. We're running the lower Millers right now, and at ten thirty we'll run the Hudson from Blue Ledge to just below the Sour, Strainer."

"But how can you do that?" I asked. "Those rivers are hundreds of miles apart."

"No, we have them both," said my host.

Inside White Water

Burns steered me through a wide lobby and then across an even larger room. Our path lay between two pools. In and around one was a group of people engaged in a beginners' class in eskimo roll. In the other pool, a young man in a K-1 was steaming through an English gate. I would have liked to watch, but my host moved me on and through a door.

"Here's a locker room. You'll find a

suit in number twenty-four."

A bell rang in the distance. "Tipover," said Peter, "I'll be back." He hurried out through a door at the far end of the room.

The locker room was furnished like no other locker room I'd seen before. In fact everything about the building had struck me as unusual in design. I was perplexed, but then I saw a calendar on the wall and got my answer, an answer that nearly knocked me off my feet. The month was correct, but the year was wrong, a good half century wrong. Who Believes in the possibility of time travel? I don't, but there I was. I could think of nothing better to do about it than to open locker twenty-four and get into the bathing trunks. Presently, Peter Burns came back.

"The tipover tripped automatic instant millpond," he said, holding open the door at the far end of the room, "but they're about to start again."

The Programmed River

Even before I reach the door I could hear the rapids, and when I stepped through, I found myself on a balcony, looking down on a river. Then I looked up and saw that the river was completely enclosed in a room. The room was perhaps two hundred feet long, a hundred feet wide, and fifty high. Balconies ran around all sides, and at one place there were seats for several hundred spectators. The seats were empty although there were a few people on the balconies. We were on the topmost balcony at one end. Below us, starting at the far end and flowing the length of the room, there was a section of river. There was a good current. Rocks stuck up through the surface, and the water eddied past them. The river was not as wide as the full room width because it was restricted by irregular walls, simulating banks. At the far, high end, there was a small pool with a platform convenient for putting boats in the water. Two men were launching a canoe; another canoe rested on the platform; in the pool a girl in a K-1 was doing Eskimo rolls. At the near end of the room, at the foot of the rapids, there was another pool, with a taking-out platform. I could see where the water slid through a grate under this plat-

form, and by listening carefully I could hear pumps, which I knew must be down underneath the whole thing, moving the water up to the pool at the top.

I was about to comment that it was a pretty short run, when a voice came over a nearby loudspeaker:

"All set Peter. Start the river."

I judged that the speaker was the man in the stern of a canoe just entering the rapids from the upper pool. He was waving to Peter Burns, who was standing beside me, and I could see that the man in the canoe had something around his neck, probably a throat mike. When the lead boat was about halfway through the rapids, and the last boat had just started, Burns pushed a button on a console which stood at the edge of the balcony.

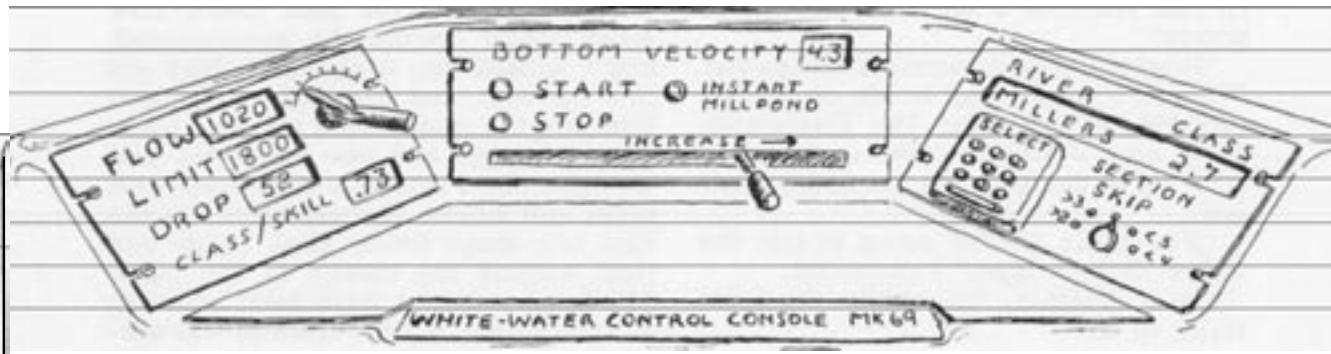
It's the Millers

Then the river began to move. The rocks, the waves, all the configurations of the rapids that I had been looking at, moved upstream and disappeared into the upper pool. New rapids appeared out of the bottom pool to take their place. It was a continuous process. The banks moved too, weaving in and out, each undulation moving toward the far end of the room in step with the bottom features of the rapids. I squinted my eyes and could imagine myself in a helicopter, moving along a river, always keeping ahead of a party of two canoes and a kayak. Opening my eyes wide, I could see that the boats were holding more or less to the same position, while the river, the simulated river was moving past them.

"How in the name of thunder do you do that?" I asked.

Peter smiled and pointed behind us to a row of rack-mounted electronic equipment. The spools of a large reader were turning slowly, and it occurred to me that the tape was controlling the river.

"We program the river bottom and bank contours," Peter explained, "And we control the pumps with a serve system. When we stop the rapids, we have to pump the water up through ducts. At the rate the bottom is moving now, the eddies do most of the pumping from the bottom to top. When we speed



the tape up, as in a down-river race, we actually have to pump water from the top to the bottom."

"And you've got to adjust the levels of the end pools to take care of variations in gradient?" I asked.

"That's on the tape," said Peter.

High and Low Water

"What about current?" I asked, "Can you run a river under high water conditions at one time, and low water conditions another?"

"Yes, we can control that," said Peter, "but within limits. The limit is determined by a simple computer that accepts a code from the river tape, information from the performance record of each canoeist and general instructions from the minutes of meetings of the Committee on White-Water Canoeing. All of that information is in the memory bank of the computer."

"That's just an extension of the old safety interlock circuit," I commented.

"Precisely."

"Now, how about those rocks? You must have a moving belt to form the bottom of the river, but how do you manage to stud it with rocks at just the right places?"

"We can carry illusion only so far," said Peter, "Those rocks are like blisters on the belt. We blow them up pneumatically."

"That must be a big help if you get a canoe wrapped around a rock. You can stop the river, let the air out of the rock, and float the boat off."

Peter smiled, "We haven't wrapped a canoe in ten years, not since we installed ARC; that's Automatic Rock Collapse."

Down below, the rapids were coming slowly to a halt. The canoeists

swung their boats into eddies and allowed themselves to be drawn upstream and into the upper pool. A steep chute emerged from the lower pool and pushed upward. At the same time, the upper pool rose as on an elevator. Finally, all the features of bank and bottom came to a stop.

"There, do you recognize that?" Peter asked.

"That's the 'Funnel' on the lower Millers," I said, "although there's a little twist at the bottom you haven't quite squeezed into the room."

"Correct," said Peter.

Inspector in 2014

The canoeists were now on the lowest balcony, making a quick inspection of the drop. They trotted down a ramp, climbed into their boats, and keeping a fairly close interval, entered the Funnel. They ran it exactly as I had seen the real Funnel run many times and I had run it myself. Peter pushed the "Start" button on the console in time to bring the last curling wave into the room before the canoeists reached it. The three boats slid into the bottom pool where the girl did an eskimo roll. Then the party landed at the platform and took their boats out.

"Hey," I said, "there are more rapids below the Funnel."

"We've already run them," said Peter. "We thought the Funnel made a good ending, so we changed the order of the rapids. Splicing tape is easy."

Peter extracted the Millers tape spool, showed me a splice and explained some of the details of the tape code.

"Fine," I said. "I think I have a general understanding of the control functions, and I can visualize the hydraulic and mechanical equipment, but doesn't

all this consume a fantastic amount of power?"

"Power!" Peter sounded surprised. "This is a dandy way to use up a little off-peak power from the Stellarator. Now, how would you like to give it a try? We're going to run the upper Hudson."

"You mean, you're going to run the upper Hudson tape," I corrected.

Peter laughed, "It's really the same thing to us."

Blue Ledge Start

We stepped onto a moving platform which brought us to the far end of the room. When we arrived at the upper pool, Peter introduced me to the group I was joining. The trip leader was a sturdy fellow, named Max.

"You'll be putting in at Blue Ledge," said Peter. "Do you remember how the rapids go after that?"

"Yes," I said, and then, "There used to be an eagle's nest at Blue Ledge." Unconsciously, I looked up at the balconies. The other members of the party were silent as though I'd said something embarrassing.

Peter talked with Max about how much water should be programmed, and I settled into a nice K-1. Max got into his boat, and presently I followed him into the rapids. In a moment I forgot the room, and the balconies, and the tape, and I was only concerned with rocks and waves. We went through the first two drops below Blue Ledge and then around the corner to the right. The bend may not have been as sharp as the original, but the illusion was adequate. I remembered to stay to the right going around the corner, and to work out a bit in the long chute which followed. At the bottom of the pitch, Max spun into an eddy to catch his breath and I did the same. Two banana boats and another kayak came through and held up. I hardly noticed that we were slowly moving toward the upper pool. Then we started off again and had a wild run without stopping all the way to O.K. Slip. Off again, and in a few minutes we were plunging into the Soup Strainer, following the channel down the left bank. I negotiated the big drop alright but ran smack into one of the finger rocks that stick up be-

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low it. The rock went "plop." I realized that ARC was at work, and I felt more than a little sheepish as I slid into the pool below the rapids. Peter was on the take-out platform.

"That was great," I said. "Many thanks."

"Do you want us to run anything else? How about a Class V Synthetic?"

Slalom by Push-button

"What do you do about slalom?"

"We'll show you," said Peter. "We'll run a slalom tape."

The river collapsed to a millpond. Max and I paddled to the starting pool, which then rose. I found myself looking down through a slalom course, poles and all. Max started off, and did well. Then I started, and did not do so well. When I reached the bottom, Peter was again on the platform.

"Hey," I said, "That was Jamaica, 1963. You must have a tremendous tape library."

Peter grinned. "We do. We've been exchanging tapes with other clubs for years. We've got just about every decent white-water river in the United States, and a good many foreign ones as well. Of course, we can't do justice to the bigger rivers, but the AWA puts out some nice condensations of the big ones, like the Brahmaputra, the Indus and the Blue Nile. With a big system, such as the one owned by the Colorado White Water Association, it's possible to program full scale. The last time I was in Denver they were running Hell's Half Mile, complete."

"What about the real Hell's Half Mile," I asked. "Does anybody ever run that?"

Submarine Check

"That's been under water for years," said Peter. "Recently the AWA submarine had a look at it and found that the tapes were in error. We use that submarine a great deal, checking old river bottoms all over the country. You can get only just so much from the old slides and lope maps."

To me, this was a gloomy picture, but Peter was enthusiastic about his tape library.

"Look," he said. "You pick the river. Pick the greatest white-water thrill you

ever had. I bet we have it on tape. We'll run it, and you can experience it all over again.

I thought back, a long time back to a rough scramble up a talus slope below a cliff. I remember working my way to a place where I could look down. The river swept to the right in a wide arc, then narrowed and plunged. On the crest, on the left side of the drop there was a black rock that skimmed off a spume of water the way a lathe tool spins off a turning of bright metal. Then the river inclined down, then rose again in a great pyramidal wave to be followed by another and another in a long train running symmetrically between the furious upstream counter currents close to the bank.

Peter undoubtedly had it on tape, or more likely, an abridged version, and he'd be delighted to run it for me. I decided I didn't want to see it, run it, or have any part of it with balconies, polyurethane banks, and Automatic Rock Collapse. I had been sitting in the kayak, but now I bridged my paddle behind me and climbed out on the landing platform.

"Peter," I asked, "Aren't there any real white-water rivers left?"

"'Real white-water rivers?'" he sounded incredulous. "No, I don't think so. They're all behind dams or in pipe. White-water rivers are fundamentally wasteful."

"Wasteful of power?"

"Power isn't so important. The problem is that a real white-water river would represent a disorderly distribution of resources, and we can't tolerate that."

"Do you mean that in this whole world there's not one river left on which I could launch a canoe or kayak and float through some real rapids that don't come out of a roll of tape?"

One Little Lost River

Peter looked doubtful. Max, who was sitting in his kayak nearby, spoke up.

"Peter," he said, "Don't you remember that about five years ago the Canoe Cruisers had a committee looking for a real river."

"That's right," said Peter. "I'd forgotten, but I remember now. They did

find one, didn't they?"

"Where is it?" I asked.

"New Guinea," said Max. "In a remote valley. The committee reported that there were a few cities and some suburbs in the area, but the natives were only just getting their highway system in order. They hadn't done anything about the river. The place was quite primitive."

"Like around Boston in the 1960's?" I asked.

"That's where I'm going," I shouted.

Peter's astonished face faded from in front of me, and I found that I was standing in my own living room. I had jumped out of my chair, spilling books on the floor.

"Where are you going?" asked Barbara.

"A remote valley in New Guinea. It's just like the Boston suburbs in the mid-1960's, if you can imagine anything so primitive; and they have a real river."

"Alright, I'll go with you."

But she did look at me in a very peculiar way.

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CLASSIC RIVER TRIPS

PARTIAL LIST FOR 1964

Middle Fork Salmon: June 28, July 5, 11, 19—6 days.

Main Salmon: June 30, July 7, 14, 21, 28, August 4, 11—5 days.

Dinosaur National Monument (Yampa-Green rivers): Every Thursday—June, July, August; also private trips—4 days.

Cataract Canyon: May 4, 11, 25, June 8, 15.

Grand Canyon: (Pending water releases by Glen Canyon Dam).

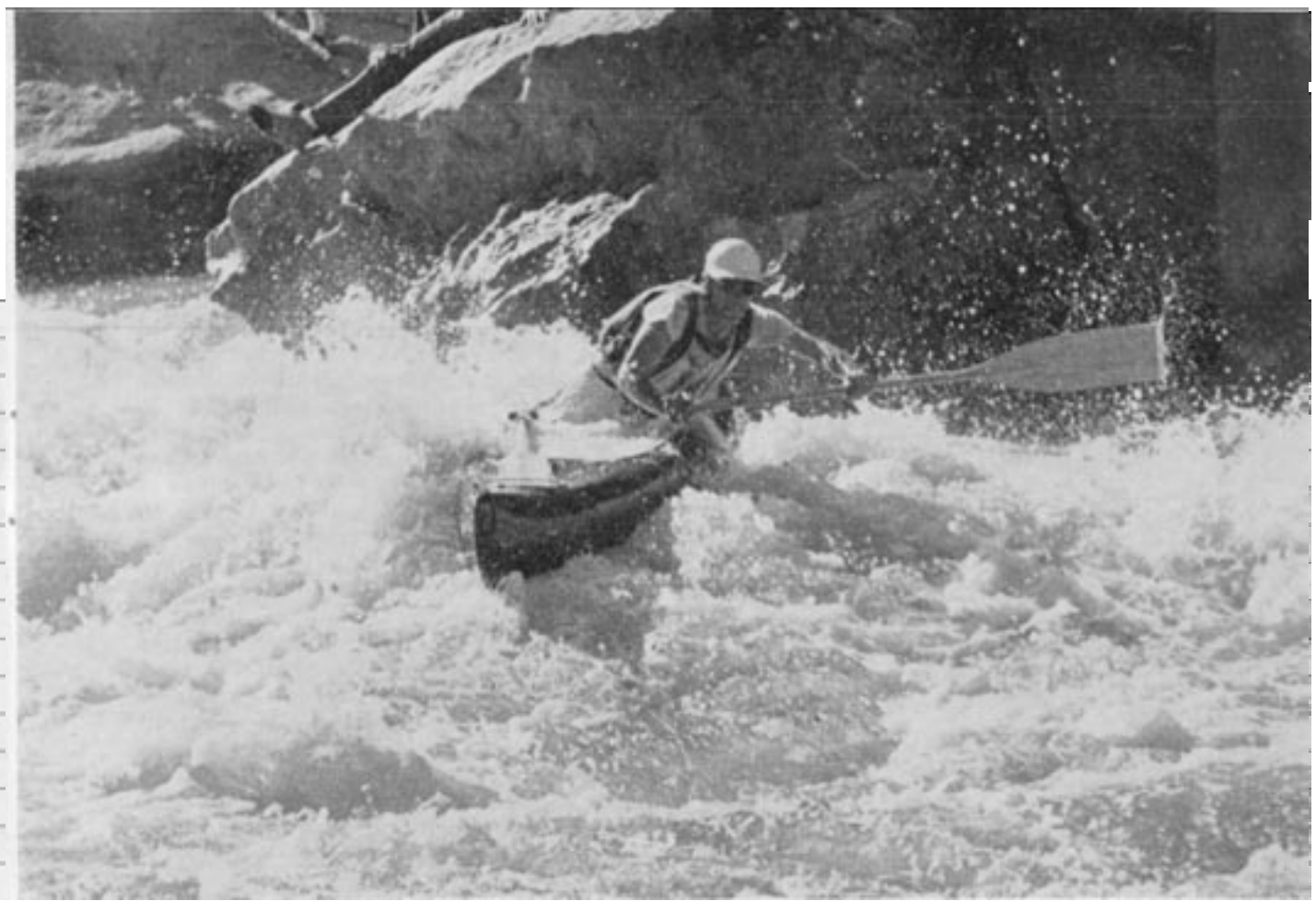
British Columbia: Columbia River—small group to choose date in August.

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Dave Kurtz in Cottonwood, 1964 Arkansas Downriver Race

—Photo by Art Kidder

RACING REPORT

By David A. Kurtz
AWA Racing Editor

Between the Eastern and Western races we have now crowned the paddling champions of 1964. Thus with a summer and fall interlude we can begin thinking of the 1965 year.

The racing scene in 1964 saw expansion on several fronts. First, the East saw its first major effort in wildwater races. Second, both the West and East blossomed forth in some truly tough slalom races. Special innovations have come about. Finally, the takeover, new especially in the East, of special racing equipment has been almost complete.

The Potomac White Water Race, the long-standing favorite down Washington, D. C., way, has finally been joined by several other eastern wildwater races: First, the Petersburg, W. Va., race of 14 miles, the latter half in class IV water. Next were three easier races,

all 6 miles long: Credit River, Ontario, Kishacoquillas (Class 11), and Loyalsock (Class III).

The Petersburg race was set to dramatize the rugged beauty of the North Fork of the South Branch of the Potomac River in an effort to prevent its being dammed there. The Kish race had a few interesting parts including a plywood chute over a three-foot dam, and it pointed out what must be done with many urban streams: bank and vista cleanup programs. The Loyalsock, designated this year as the Eastern Wildwater Championships, proved the breathtaking beauty of part of the Pennsylvania scene.

This brings up the topic of race length. We have now had wild water of many lengths. From the 6-mile quippy to the granddaddy of them all,

the Arkansas Race in Colorado of 26 miles, we have a wide variety in choice. It has been observed that although some like a marathon length, Europeans tend to favor shorter races, say 6-8 miles. Where will the future take us on this question?

Some truly tough slalom courses have now been set in all parts of the U. S. Joining the Feather River Slalom we now have three other races of major toughness: Buena Vista, Loyalsock, and West River. Toughness is referred here not to muscle toughness but rather technical toughness. A slalom can be said to be technically tough if there exists only one spot in the current and waves where a boat can go and where only the most precise judgment on the part of the paddler will prevent a 50-100 point penalty. This judgment will be both in his paddling stroke positions and his comparison of current vs. personal strength. It seems the tendency on the part of slalom sponsors where easy (Class II-II+) water is used, to resort to muscle toughness to make it more difficult. There is a place for both types but it

is a good thing that we are now having some technically difficult slaloms that will better prepare us for world championship competition.

Eskimo Roll Rule

Special innovations have now appeared in our races. Most notable of these is the Eskimo roll requirement. At last fall's Cohasset slalom complete rolls were required on both sides in each of four runs. It was quite a skill and is appreciated more by Americans than Europeans. Another innovation is the restricted entry slalom—partly in the usual sense but also in a novel sense, that of limiting entry to the not-so-good. The Canoe Cruisers Slalom in Connecticut had this type of limitation where it limited the entries to open canoes of conventional lake design. Such a slalom serves a definite purpose in getting the not-so-intent paddlers into the limelight as well as bringing along new paddlers. While such innovations are a definite part of the sport, strong efforts are being made to assure that a basic number of slaloms conform to ICF regulations.

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The special racing equipment take-over has now gained considerable momentum. While the kayak has never had to make such an adjustment, the canoe, because of its past history, has. Conversion from open canoe designed for lake or Olympic paddling to a slalom design is for practical purposes complete. Several commercial and numerous clubs now make fiberglass canoes which are used by all the top boaters. Fiberglass paddles are now made commercially in at least two places. "T" grip paddles are now in common use (the writer saw nothing but "T" grip paddles at last year's World Championships). Crash helmets are now becoming commonplace. However, conspicuous in their absence in the East are wildwater racing boats, both canoe and kayak.

The Future: One possibility that boaters can be interested in is placing a slalom below an existing dam. Here either regulated water can be used or the wildwater season can be extended into the summer and fall. The West River and Icebreaker slaloms as well as Credit River and Peterborough take advantage of this. Look around you in your local areas for suitable spots and attempt to make inquiries—even if obstacles seem insurmountable. And here's a new tack: Find a good slalom site first and then convince the Corps of Engineers to build a dam above it! Don't laugh . . . it will come about.

Flash! Kayak team selection. Roger Paris has suggested, and agreed to run, a week's training program August 23-30, 1964, at Buena Vista, Colorado (Class IV-V water) for the unofficial purpose of helping to select K-1 and K-1W participants for the 1965 U. S. Team. The point system will be used to determine the objective selection for the 1965 team. How much an effect this training week will have on the subjective portion of the selection is not known except that due to lateness it will not be large. However, top kayakists are invited to come and learn by a planned program of racing techniques. Both slalom and wildwater. Both kayaks and also canoes, men and women.

In future years (if this plan develops) travel scholarships could be given to

1964 CHAMPIONS

Slalom

C-1 Tom Southworth
 C-2 Southworth-Guss
 C-2M Wright-Bickham
 C-2W Franz-Bodine
 K-1 Roger Paris
 K-1W Barbara Wright

Downriver

C-1 Not awarded
 C-2 Roberts-Zacharias
 K-1 Ted Makris

the top boaters in all areas to come and earn their way to the U. S. Team. For the present to test the idea you (who are interested) pay your own way there and your own living expenses. Roger's services are free. Write immediately to Roger Paris, Colorado Rocky Mountain School, Carbondale, Colorado.

Note: Slalom and wildwater race sponsors can have better publicity in this magazine if they send a story on their races immediately after them to the racing editor. Without them the editor must rely on personal experience and hearsay. So . . . get your publicity man to write a story . . . and send pictures directly to The Editor, Peter Whitney, 1544 La Loma, Berkeley, California 94708.

Results:

Seneca Slalom March 21-22, 1964 Potomac River, Drainsville, Va.

C-1

	Time	Pen.	Total
1. Bill Bickham	381	70	451
2. John Berry	382	100	482
3. Jim Raleigh	413	80	493

C-1 Novice

1. Cris Turner	217	270	487
2. Bob Sloper	344	220	564

C-2

1. Raleigh-Connet	362	30	392
2. Harrigan-Berry	378	40	418
3. R. Bridge-J. Bridge	395	60	455

C-2M

1. J. Bridge-K. St'ph'ns	419	50	469
2. J. Berry-K. Berry	441	160	601
3. C. Bridge-T. Franz	401	230	631

C-2W			
1. Franz-Modine	511	190	701
2. Berry-Yano	512	220	732
3. Ikari-Stephens	436	300	736

C-2 Novice			
1. More-Nance	330	380	710

K-1			
1. Brad Dewey	321	90	411
2. Charles Bridge	366	90	456
3. Bob Harrigan	331	130	461

K-1 Novice			
1. H. Weinberg	394	220	614

K-1W			
1. Marion Hardy	520	140	660
2. Panalee Ikari	466	260	726
3. Nancy Abrams	416	620	936

**A.M.C. Canoe Cruisers Slalom
April 11-12, 1964
Salmon River, Conn.**

C-1			
	Time	Pen.	Total
1. Woody Hedden	168.8	40	208.6
2. Gardner Moulton	213.6	60	273.6
3. Donald Smith	191.4	100	291.4

C-2			
1. Wiley-Hanna	166	0	166
2. Estey-Estey	180.6	20	200.6
3. Field-Booth	193	30	223

C-2M			
1. Wiley-Wiley	177.6	30	207.6
2. Moulton-Moulton	221	20	241
3. Field-Field	203.4	40	243.4

C-2W			
1. Wiley-Wilkensen	234.9	40	274.9
2. Field-Davis	237.6	50	287.6
3. DuBois-Guice	337	190	527

C-2G (two generations)			
1. Hedden-Hedden	174.6	0	174.6
2. DuBois-DuBois	220.8	40	260.8
3. Richardsons	225	80	305

**Mascoma Slalom
April 11, 1964
Mascoma River at Lebanon, N. H.**

K-1			
	Time	Pen.	Total
1. Jay Evans	226	110	336
2. Brad Dewey	241	110	351
3. Chris Knight	310	100	410
4. Bart Hawthaway	312	110	422
5. Joe Knight	369	130	499

**Kishacoquillas Slalom
April 11-12, 1964**

C-1			
	Time	Pen.	Total
1. Bill Bickham	243.8	0	243.8
2. Tom Southworth	264.0	0	264.0

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- OREGON** . . . Rogue river
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3. Dave Kurtz	246.4	50	296.4
4. Dave Guss	291.2	40	331.2
5. Les Bechdel	281.0	130	411.0

C-2

1. Guss-S'worth, T.	233.0	20	253.0
2. Bickham-Kaufman	241.0	20	261.0
3. Kurtz-S'worth, H.	249.0	60	309.0

C-2W

1. Ikari-Stephens	393.0	320	713.0
2. Modine-Franz	345.9	480	825.9
3. Gruss-Helwig	355.6	730	1085.6

C-2M

1. Abrams-S'worth, T.	306.5	90	396.5
2. Wick-Shipley	302.0	110	412.0
3. Stephens-Bridge, J.	316.0	140	456.0

K-1

1. Jack Frost	262.0	50	312.0
2. Les Bechdel	285.2	130	415.2
3. Mark Fawcett	316.2	150	466.2

K-1W

1. Nancy Abrams	335.0	350	685.0
2. Terry Franz	371.0	350	721.0
3. Panalee Ikari	399.0	450	849.0

**Brandywine Slalom
April 18-19, 1964
Wilmington, Del.**

K-1

	Time	Pen.	Total
1. Dan Sullivan	247	30	277
2. Bart Hawthaway	269	30	289
3. Tom Asher	231	80	311

C-1

1. Bill Bickham	230	40	270
2. Dave Guss	278	30	308
3. Tom Southworth	283	40	323

C-2

1. S'worth, T.-Guss	230	0	230
2. Heinzerling-K'fman	253	50	303
3. Connet-Raleigh	229	100	329

C-2M

1. Wright-Bickham	242	0	242
2. Stephens-Bridge, J.	270	100	370
3. Wick-Shipley	295	90	385

C-2W

1. Rupp-Wick	359	170	529
2. Berry-Yano	335	230	565
3. Abrams-Hardy	309	320	629

K-1W

1. Barb Wright	303	20	323
2. Marion Hardy	293	250	543
3. Jan Binger	380	190	570
4. Nancy Abrams	324	260	584
5. Jean Simmonds	484	160	644

Team

1. Southworth-Guss- Kurtz	318	160	478
2. Hawthaway-Wright-Hoiberg	333	200	533

3. Prime-Stanley-Wisner	268	310	578
4. Daniel-Poenn-Anderson	367	360	727
5. Sullivan-Elkins-Harrigan	298	460	758

**Icebreaker Whitewater Slalom
April 25-26, 1964
East Sidney, N. Y.**

K-1

	Total
1. E. Rapin	406
2. A. Hoiberg	606
3. B. Crawford	623

K-1W

1. J. Simmonds	1138
2. L. Brady	1158

C-1

1. B. Heinzerling	487
2. D. Kurtz	495
3. M. Fawcett	600

C-2

1. Kurtz-Hokanson	470
2. Riley-Hoyt	563
3. Mayers-Hoiberg	874

C-2M

1. Fawcett-Love	642
2. Rupp-Rupp	778
3. Brennan-Tyrrel	910

**South Platte Race Weekend
May 2-3, 1964
South Blatte River, Colorado**

K-1

	Time	Pen.	Total
1. E. Coleman	254.3	10	264.3
2. Dave Morrissey	251.3	30	281.3
3. Hostetter	272.4	30	302.4

C-2

1. Cooper-Cooper	291.0	210	501.0
------------------	-------	-----	-------

**Loyalsock Slalom
May 2-3, 1964
World's End State Park
Williamsport, Penna.**

C-1

	Time	Pen.	Total
1. Dave Kurtz	333.0	80	413.0
2. Bill Bickham	312.0	150	462.0
3. Dave Guss	406.0	210	616.0

6-2

1. Guss-Southworth T.	370.6	50	420.6
2. Bridge, J.-Bridge, C.	430.8	190	620.8
3. Berry-Harrigan	355.0	340	695.0

C-2M

1. Wright-Bickham	351.2	200	551.2
2. Abrams-S'hw'th, T.	495.5	190	685.5
3. Stephens-Guss	489.5	320	809.5

C-2W			
1.	Yano-Berry	319.8	870 1189.8
2.	Modine-Franz	350.0	1170 1520.0
3.	Simmonds-Ziegler	116.0	1410 1526.0

K-1			
1.	Heinz Poenn	383.4	30 413.4
2.	Manfred Baur	307.0	230 537.0
3.	Pack Frost	410.0	150 560.0

K-1W			
1.	Barbara Wright	388.1	180 568.1
2.	Marion Hardy	335.3	590 925.3
3.	Panalee Ikari	306.0	1030 1336.0

**Colo. Rocky Mt. School Races
May 16-17, 1964**

K-1			
		Time	Pen. Total
1.	Coleman	295.3	10 305.3
2.	Brailsford	282.6	30 312.6
3.	Amstutz	315.0	20 335.0

K-1 (Boys)			
1.	Clayton	288.0	20 308.0
2.	Anderson	293.6	40 333.6
3.	Davis	310.1	60 370.1

K-1W			
1.	Showacre	371.2	40 411.2

C-2			
1.	Cooper and Powers	526.5	150 676.5
2.	Powers-Powers	481.0	210 691.0

**West River Races
National Championships for all Canoe
Classes and K-1W
Eastern Championships for K-1
May 16-17, 1964**

C-1			
1.	Tom Southworth	368	
2.	Bill Bickham	390	
3.	Dave Guss	414	
4.	Dave Kurtz	472	
5.	Chuck Kaufman	582	

C-2			
1.	Southworth, T.-Guss	251	
2.	Shipley-Fawcett	334	
3.	Raleigh-Connet	347	
4.	Southworth, H.-Kurtz	516	
5.	Kaufman-Heinzerling	525	

C-2M			
1.	Wright-Bickham	399	
2.	Wick-Shipley	469	
3.	Stephens-Bridge, J.	619	
4.	Franz-Bridge, C.	635	
5.	Berry-Southworth, H.	664	

C-2W			
1.	Franz-Modine	1023	
2.	Berry-Yano	1132	
3.	Simmonds-Ziegler	1462	

K-1W			
1.	Barbara Wright	474	
2.	Marion Hardy	634	

3.	Jan Binger	708	
4.	Nancy Abrams	916	
5.	Georgie Stanley	1001	

Eastern Championships

K-1			
1.	Bill Prime	268	
2.	Joe Knight	269	
3.	Heinz Poenn	272	
4.	Jay Evans	335	
5.	Mike Stanley	360	

K-1 Team			
1.	Prime-Stanley-Wisner	794	
2.	Wright-Hauthaway-Knight, J.	813	
3.	Zob-Baur-Poenn	903	
4.	Evans-Knight, C.-Dewey	929	
5.	Sullivan-Harrigan-Bridge, C.	1213	

Canoe Team			
1.	Southworth-Guss-Kurtz	884	
2.	Bickham-Raleigh-Heinzerling	931	
3.	Bridge/Abrams-Bridge/ Stephens-Shipley/Wick	1484	
4.	Parsons-Brigley-Durfey	2129	
5.	Sweet-Williams-Kaufman	2049	

**Petersburg Downriver Race
April 4, 1964
North Fork. South Branch Potomac**

K-1			
1.	Dan Sullivan	1:48:42	
2.	Michael Stanley	1:49:17	
3.	William Prime	1:49:36	
4.	Bart Hauthaway	1:52:26	
5.	Les Bechdel	1:53:05	

K-1W			
1.	Barbara Wright	2:03:37	
2.	Marion Hardy	2:11:34	

C-2			
1.	Berry-Harrigan	1:54:55	
2.	Turner-Lewis	1:55:45	
3.	Kurtz-Southworth, H.	1:59:05	
4.	Belton-Hugill	2:02:37	
5.	Shipley-Fawcett	2:04:47	

C-2M			
1.	Abrams-Southworth, T.	2:01:36	
2.	Ikari-Guss	2:03:04	
3.	Franz-Bridge, C.	2:04:12	
4.	Stephens-Bridge, J.	2:04:41	
5.	Connet-Connet	2:15:09	

C-1			
1.	Bill Bickham	2:02:42	
2.	Ralph Netterstrom	2:31:38	
3.	Doug Armstrong	2:42:14	
4.	John Hokanson	2:46:03	

**Kishacoquillas Wildwater Race
April 12, 1964**

K-1			
1.	Les Bechdel	54:04	

2. Jack Frost 56:45
3. Bob Horlacher 57:42

C-2

1. H. Southworth-D. Kurtz 57:56
2. R. Shipley-M. Fawcett 58:05
3. R. Osborne-J. Dougherty 59:06

C-2M

1. Ikari-P. Brown 63:57

C-1

1. Bill Bickham 59:33
2. Tom Southworth 60:56
3. Dave Guss 61:53

**Loyalsock Spout
(Eastern Downriver Championships)
May 3, 1964**

C-2

No contest due to timing problems.

Those who were timed:

- John Connet-Jim Raleigh 48:10
 Bill Heinzerling-Chuck Kaufman 48:14
 Dick Siegfried-Leon Wiggin 53:15

K-1

1. Manfred Baur OVKC 40:00
2. Al Zob OVKC 42:00
3. Tom Lyle OVKC 43:55
4. Ekhart Rapin OVKC 44:35
5. Heinz Poenn OVKC 45:30

C-2M

1. K. Stephens-J. Bridge ... CCA 50:05
2. B. Wright-C. Bridge ... KCCB 51:02
3. P. Ikari-P. Brown CCA 51:12
4. G. Gruss-M. Mueller.... PSOC 52:10

C-1

1. Bill Bickham PSOC 49:19
2. John Sweet PSOC 50:41
3. Roger Parsons 52:20
4. R. A. Shaffer MHCC 55:25
5. Tom Williams WBC 57:10

**South Platte Wildwater Race
May 3, 1964**

K-1

1. E. Coleman 28:43
2. N. Amstutz 31:29
3. M. Hostetter 31:43
3. D. Morrissey 31:43
5. D. Chappell 32:38

C-2

1. Cooper-Zuk 34:34
2. Roberts-? 35:05
3. Carnes-Carnes 37:21

**Colo. Rocky Mt. School
Wildwater Race
May 17, 1964**

K-1

1. Coleman 41:21
2. Waind 41:55
3. Amstutz 43:15
4. Bennett 44:27
5. Allen 45:52

K-1 (Boys)

1. Davis 43:50
2. Chapin 44:16
3. Clayton 45:05
4. Anderson 45:07
5. Etchepare 45:25

K-1W

1. Delaney 48:26

**Arkansas River White Water Race
(National Downriver Championships)
June 14, 1964**

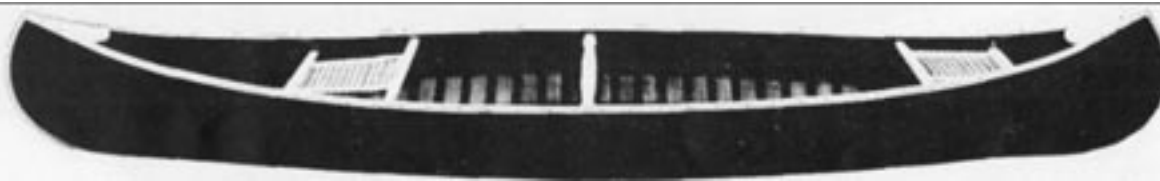
International R-1

1. S. Guenzenberger, W. Ger. 2:20:35.7
 2. Dr. Marcel Beaujean, Belg. 2:23:46.2
 3. Michael Neudecker, Austria 2:24:21.7
- (Continued on page 18)

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Above: Walt Harvest winning the downriver race. Below: Tom Johnson in practice.





Dr. and Mrs. Karel Novak of Czechoslovakia in their fabulous exhibition run.

Photos by Peter D. Whitney

Feather River Races

West Coast contestants returned from Buena Vista with the report that their Colorado rivals had set a slalom course that was a stemwinder. Not to be outdone, the Sierra Club sponsors threw in some upstream and reverse gates that forced strenuous re-entry and traversing problems. With his double victory — even surpassing in slalom the enormously skillful C-2M team of Novak-Novakova — Walt Harvest came into his own as a competitor. Foxy veteran Ted Young methodically carved out second place for himself. The Novaks' fabulous technique was an eye-opener to the West Coast, which sees little of good canoe work. —P.D.W.

Pacific Invitational Slalom North Fork Feather River June 27-28, 1964

	Time	Pen.	Total
1. Walter Harvest	335	50	385
2. Ted Young	347	80	427
3. Noel DeBord	402	90	492
4. Larry Larson	458	220	678
5. Maynard Munger	419	310	729

Exhibition C-2M

Novak-Novakova	346.5	70	416.5
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K-1W

Kay Harvest	339	410	749
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Pacific Invitational Downriver June 28, 1964

1. Walter Harvest	26:35
2. Noel DeBord	27:13
3. Ted Young	29:07
4. Larry Larson	29:42

Arkansas Results

(Continued from page 15)

4. Ted Makris, USA 2:25:22.2
5. Dan Makris, USA 2:28:08.7

USA R-1

1. Ted Makris 2:25:22.2
2. Dan Makris 2:28:08.7
3. Noel DeBord 2:31:30.2
4. Bob Waind 2:31:53.2
5. Chuck Campton 2:33:59.7

International C-2

1. Novak-Novakova, Czech. 2:55:16.0
2. Glen Roberts-Jim Zacharias 2:57:19.0
3. How'd Bachman-D. Donley 3:17:08.3
4. Nelson Tyrrel-Bet. Brennan 3:20:22.4

USA C-2

1. Roberts-Zacharias
2. Bachman-Donley
3. Tyrrel-Brennan

C-1

1. Tom Southworth 2:57:44.0
2. David Kurtz 3:06:16.1

National Men's Kayak Slalom

Championships

Buena Vista, Colo.

June 13, 1964

K-1

	Time	Pen.	Total
1. Roner Paris	205.8	70	275.9
2. Dave Morrissey ..	252.6	160	412.6
3. Bill Clayton	256.1	210	466.1
4. Jerry Klug	266.3	260	526.3
5. Walter Harvest	234.9	310	544.9

K-1W

1. Jackie Paris	194.0	520	714.0
2. Kay Harvest	255.0	660	915.0

C-1

1. Tom Southworth ..	289.4	180	469.4
2. Dave Kurtz	284.4	190	474.4

Exhibition K-1

Karl Heinz Englet	181.1	0	181.1
AI Zob	253.3	100	353.3
Siegi Guenzenberger ..	191.8	190	381.8

Exhibition C-2

Novak-Novakova	267.2	140	407.2
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Team

Paris-Harvest-DeB'rd	262.0	590	852.3
Kurtz-Southw'th-Zob	462.7	530	892.7

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FORTHCOMING SLALOMS

Peterborough Slalom

August 22-23, 1964: Trent River at Lock 22, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada. Class II, Regular Slalom, with 14-foot drop at 45 degree angle over spillway of dam. Covered Boats almost required.

Classes offered: K-1, C-1, C-2, C-2M, and others if received by August 15.

Entry of \$2.00 received by August 15 by Mr. Fred Lang of 106 Helena Ave., Toronto 4, Canada.

White River Invitational Slalom

September 27, 1964, at Hartford, Vt. Class II-III, Special Slalom (by invitation only).

Classes offered: K-1, K-IN.

Entry of \$1.50 received by September 27 by Jay Evans, 201 McNutt Hall, Hanover, N. H.

Cohasset Invitational

October 3-4, 1964. Mill Rapids at Cohasset (Boston), Mass. Class III-IV, Special Slalom (by invitation and rolls required).

Classes offered: K-1, C-1, also both in junior, senior.

Entry of \$3 adults, and \$2 kids received by September 15 by Dr. Barbara Wright or Bart Hauthaway.

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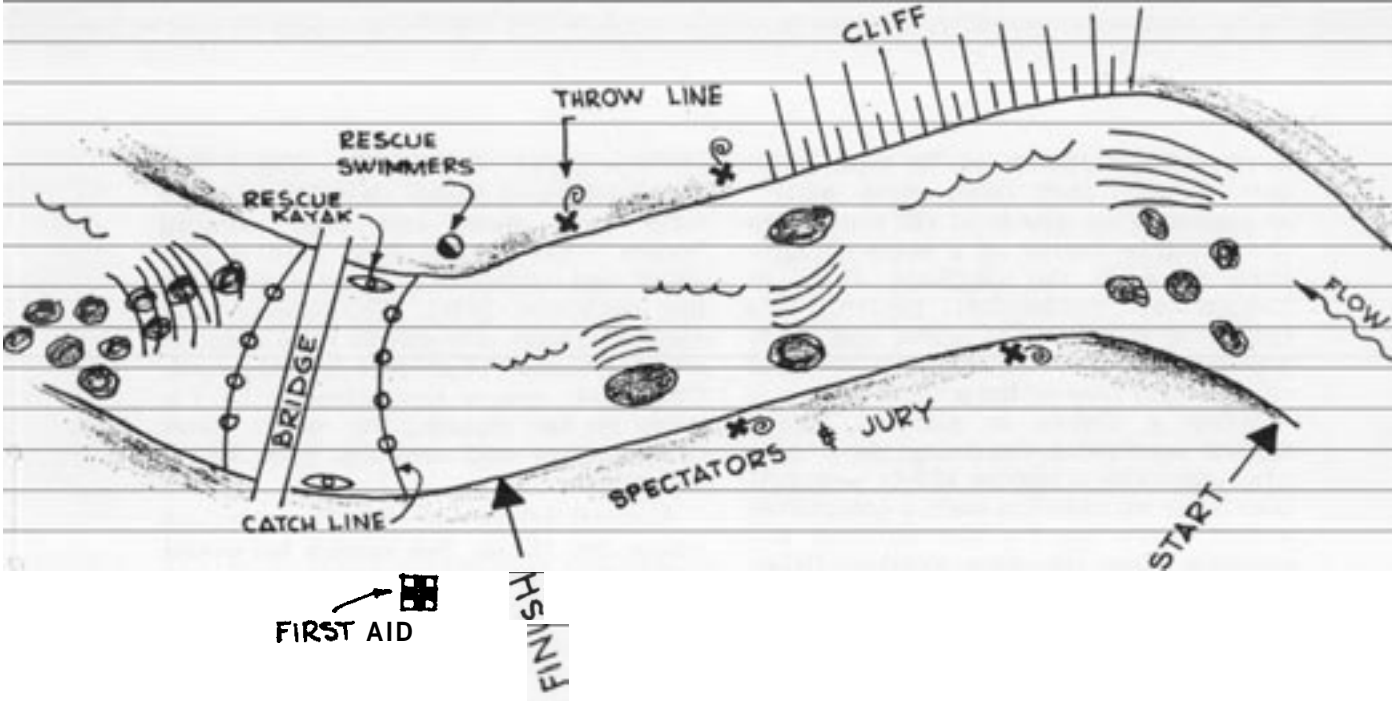
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The Feather Course

Safety as We See It

By John Bombay
AWA Safety Chairman

Is white water racing safe?

Excitement, tension, exuberance, and compassion makes us so spellbound that the roar of the rapids at our feet is not even noticed because all our attention is demanded by the fascinating skills of the white-water slalom racers. Few do realize, however, that the absence of any serious accidents is to be attributed to the skills of the competitors and the safety precautions taken by the organizers.

To the white-water fan who enjoys the exploratory touring of our wild, remote rivers, skill is a necessity unless he wishes to strand in some wilderness canyon, with no roads to hike out on because he has lost his means of transportation in a rough rapid. These skills he acquired on these trips, he now wishes to show to his fellow boaters, and to the public, in a slalom race. He also wishes to know how good his skills are and to find out what new strokes have been developed by others. Slalom and downriver competition is therefore a very welcome opportunity to our conscientious touring boaters, because it provides them with free instructions in skill, safer boating through their

skill, as well as the fun of competition in itself.

While touring our wild and remote rivers, our AWA members have available as a safety aid their own skill and the support of their buddy river rats. But at slalom and down river races team work or buddy support is not possible because each individual is judged solely on his own skills.

Does this make slalom racing unsafe? How can we assure ourselves that these races are safe in fact—and in the process, reassure the public that watches in disbelieving, unsophisticated admiration?

The Key is Knowledge

To the outsider who has no conception of what is a treacherous rapid and what is not, any boater in a rapid is risking life and limb. But to the boater who knows the forces and powers of the water, these very same rapids are safer than the highway, and a lot more fun and rewarding than the highway is to the drowsy Sunday driver.

However, some governmental offices have become concerned about this "crazy" sport and are worried about its safety, although they let cars drive on

a one-lane highway at 70 mph, with cars passing each other close as 12" at approaching speeds of 140 mph, with the possible horror of a head-on anytime at even the slightest error in human or mechanical control. We therefore will have to prove and show anyone how safe our slaloms are and can be, and how to **keep** them safe.

When a slalom is planned, every slalom committee chairman, as if natural, appoints a slalom safety committee. I was involved in such a committee a few years ago for the difficult but exciting class 111—plus Feather River slalom in California. I will describe this course and the precautions that were (and still are) taken, and the results, to set an example of what should be done and can be accomplished.

The slalom was held on one of the two most difficult courses in the country. The river dropped 50' to the mile. The river bed was deep enough to allow eskimo rolling in the rapids but rocks were protruding at several places. At the end of the very fast and extremely turbulent course there was first a short fast "pool" and then a very

shallow rapid of class II+. Below this rapid followed many class III+ rapids with very short and fast running "pools." The course had only a few small fast eddies which were used for the upstream gates. The course was approximately one-eighth mile long, in which distance 18 gates were crammed. One bank was a near shear cliff for most of the course, the other bank rather steep and covered with brush and trees.

A small bridge crossed the river just below the finish. **See sketch for detail and rescue locations.**

The First Problem

Our first concern was the shallow rapid below the course. We did not wish to see an unfortunate competitor be swept past this rapid into the "no return" part of the river below. We therefore strung two 3/4" manila ropes over the water's surface and kept these afloat with inner tubes, one rope above, one below the bridge. Any swimmer with a life jacket would thus automatically float into this "catch" if not rescued before or if he or she did not

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reach the shore by himself earlier.

At strategic places (near the difficult gates) we stationed people with throw-lines.

At the "catch" lines we stationed certified lifeguards, excellent swimmers, and a few rescue kayaks.

A first aid post was planned at the finish line, staffed with Red Cross diploma holders. We were fortunate to have the local Sea Scout group assist.

One in Four Tipped

Out of every 4 competitors one turned over at each run, the water being very rough. Because of the fast water many did not reach the shore in time and were rescued only at the catch line. All capsized boats were rescued at the catch lines. They would have been a total loss if it had not been for these lines. I noticed, however, the difference in the number of swimmers that came to the rescue of pretty girls versus the number that plunged in the water to haul out a fine young man!

All boats were hauled to shore at the catch line where the swimmers held on to the line and passed the boats on to shore. Most competitors made it to shore on their own either swimming or via the catch line. The rescue kayaks were more of a psychological support than of practical worth. The throw lines did good work but the turbulent water made their effectiveness questionable; throw lines should not be omitted however.

The first aid crew kept itself busy mainly with supplying cold drinking water, band-aids for scratches, and aid to those afflicted with mild heat strokes.

The mandatory life jacket prevented anyone passing under the catch lines, and the helmets worn by many provided safe eskimo rolling in the rapids. No accidents were encountered, even when we let some brave class II newcomers have a try at the course after the race was over. That the rescue troupe nearly got exhausted at that time, and I lost my loaned-out boat, shows that skill is a requirement for such an event, and proves that a well organized race is safe.

Swimming Less Important

Few of the competitors were excellent swimmers, but their knowledge of the currents and forces of water made them proficient in reaching the

shore by themselves.

Since the race was held in a National Forest the Foresters volunteered to supply help and rescue equipment to assure absolute safety. They stationed several trucks with throw lines, oxygen bottles, etc., at the end of the run. Our own efficiency proved itself so well that in the afternoon they decided to regulate the traffic on the narrow canyon road instead. Since this was our first big race, we greatly appreciated their interest, availability, and generous cooperation, and were glad to be able to prove that our sport is safe in the hands of our own organizations.

At the end of the race, none of the public questioned us any longer about our death rate, but were all very impressed by the performance of strong, brave, and skilful sportsmen and women. It is important that we always inform and demonstrate to the public the safety precautions that are taken if only to build up our public relations image. It is also important that we show and prove to any inquiring governmental office that we can handle our races safely, to avoid any future interference with our freedom. If we can show such inquiring officials our plans and equipment they most likely will not so interfere or place restrictions on our races.

Before the race we informed all the competitors of the safety measures taken by us, and of their requirements: to have life jackets, ample flotation in their boats, and helmets if they wished to eskimo roll.

It is important to inform the contestants of the hazards of the course as: shallow places, depth of the water in the rapids, condition of the river below the course, and submerged obstacles like tree stumps, etc.

Slaloms are most instructive for every contestant and river-rat spectator in the methods of rescue, since here one sees this rescue performed from the shore, a place from which they rarely see it. They are also very instructive for the display of the many new and old boating techniques, adding thereby to the observer's safety if he applies these newly learned skills during his future river trips. Since self-reliance counts most, a skilled boater is the safest boater.

SECRETARY'S SOAP BOX

By **Roland W. "Prof" Davis**
AWA Secretary



A great AWA-sponsored event has begun to unfold, for on June 28, Milo Duffek and his wife Irmgard flew into New York from Switzerland. Their arrival set off a chain of events which will eventually land them in Seattle about the middle of August. From Seattle they return by air to New York and thence home to Switzerland.

All this, the result of a fine idea by George Topol of Hamilton, Ontario, to invite the Duffeks to come to North America; their willingness to pay their way across the Atlantic both ways if necessary; the willingness of our larger affiliates to sponsor training sessions; the willingness of certain key members to organize and supervise these training sessions, and the backing of the American Whitewater Affiliation—all combined to make this grand trip possible.

The Duffeks were met by Bill Prime of the Kayak and Canoe Club of New York. After a short sightseeing trip around that great city, Bill saw them off to Washington, D. C. that afternoon.

John Lentz of the Canoe Cruisers Association met them there and, after some sightseeing, took them to the Little Falls area for the first session in Advanced Paddling Techniques. The CCA is planning on three classes a day—two hours each—with at least five participants in each class.

On July 5th the Duffeks fly to Portland, Maine, where Bill Prime and the KCCNY gang will take them to Andover and the Rapid River, where the

training sessions will be held. Camp will be set up on the lake near the dam. Next morning about twenty members will take to their boats for a great experience.

On Sunday, July 12th, the Duffeks fly to Toronto where they will be met by George Topol and the great gang from the Ontario Voyageurs Club—then, a drive to the Madawaska River between Barke and Kaninskeg Lakes. Here, a campsite will be prepared near the rapids—Class 3—with the flow controlled by a dam. At least thirty participants are expected; so two five-day sessions will be held—two classes a day. When the sessions are over, the Duffeks will be taken on a sightseeing tour of Toronto, Niagara Falls and vicinity.

On July 29th, Allen Bennett and the potent Colorado White Water Association gang will meet the Duffeks in Denver. After some sightseeing, the group will converge upon the Roaring Fork River where, on August 1st, training will begin. Some AWA members from mid-western cities, plus a sizable group from the Albuquerque Whitewater Club, will join with the CWA for the great event.

On August 8th the Duffeks will fly to San Francisco where they will be met by Peter Whitney and other members of the River Touring Section of the Sierra Club. After some sightseeing—and a possible fling at surfing with a kayak on some California beaches—all will head for the North Fork of the Feather River—the locale of the 1962 and next

year's National Men's Kayak Championships. A sizable turnout is expected. On August 16 the Duffeks will wing their way to Seattle where they will be guests of Wolf Bauer and the fine group in the Washington Foldboat Club. After some sightseeing, they will head for a nearby river for the training sessions. A delegation from the neighboring British Columbia Canoe and Kayak Club is expected to cross the border and join in the fun.

From Seattle the Duffeks will fly back to New York and then to Switzerland.

Quite an undertaking! And **WHATFINE PEOPLE MILO AND IRMGARD MUST BE TO DIG INTO THEIR POCKETS FOR A MAJOR SHARE OF THE EXPENSE OF THE TRIP. AND TO SPEND SOME EIGHT WEEKS OF THEIR SUMMER VACATION IN TRAINING OUR MEMBERS TO BECOME MORE SKILLED PADDLERS AND RIVER RUNNERS. ALL OF THIS WITHOUT ONE CENT OF PAY!**

When planning this trip, AWA agreed to pay the Duffek's expenses while in the United States and Canada. We also agreed that if we had any money left over, after paying these expenses, we would turn the surplus over to the Duffeks to help them defray their flight expenses from Switzerland to the U. S. and back. For this reason, each sponsoring group was asked to make an advance payment of \$100 to our able AWA Treasurer, Charlie Smith. Each person taking part in the training sessions is to pay \$15—if a member of AWA—or \$17.50 if a non-member. These fees are to be collected in advance and held by the Chairman of each sponsoring group until local expenses of the training course have been paid. The balance left over—less the \$100—is to be forwarded to our Treasurer

who will accumulate it for paying the return air fare from Seattle to New York, and to help the Duffeks defray part of their flight costs from and to Europe.

The Chairman of each sponsoring group is to keep a complete record of receipts and disbursements and forward any balance to the AWA Treasurer as soon after each training session is completed as possible.

In addition, each sponsoring group is to supply boats and sleeping accommodations—including a tent, if necessary—for the Duffeks. It will also be appreciated if sponsoring groups will take care of meals and incidental expenses of the Duffeks.

Since there is no saving in purchasing a round-trip ticket—New York to Seattle and return—compared to purchasing tickets for trips between the various cities—it will also be the responsibility of each sponsoring group to purchase the air tickets to the next city on the schedule. This cost is to be deducted from the training fees. Please be sure to notify the next sponsor of the day, airline, flight number, and time of arrival of the Duffeks.

Milo is working hard on his English, but it might be a good idea to have someone handy who can speak German or French.

For additional information, write to:

Kayak & Canoe Club of N. Y.
Bill Prime
300 East 71st Street
New York 21, N. Y.

Canoe Cruisers Association
John Lent
2907 Olive Avenue
Washington, D. C.

Ontario Voyageurs Kayak Club
George Topol
65 Charlton Ave., West, Apt. 601
Hamilton, Ontario



Colorado White Water Association

Allen Bennett
465 Allison Street
Denver 26, Colorado

Bay Chapter RTS, Sierra Club

Peter Whitney
1544 La Lorna Avenue
Berkeley 8, California

Washington Foldboat Club

Wolf Bauer
5622 Seaview Ave., N.W.
Seattle 7, Washington

Let's all get behind this fine program and really make it a huge success. And how about giving the Duffeks a rousing welcome when they fly into our respective cities . . . and make their stay a most enjoyable experience for them both. I KNOW you will do this for although I have made many river trips—including the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—I have never yet met a dud on the rivers.

In closing, I wish to give a special pat on the back to George Topol for his fine work in organizing this tour,

and to Bill Prime, John Lentz, Allen Eennett, Peter Whitney, and Wolf Bauer for organizing and taking care of local details—and to Van Vanderveen for his background help.

You are a wonderful group and I feel sure the Duffeks' tour will be a great success.



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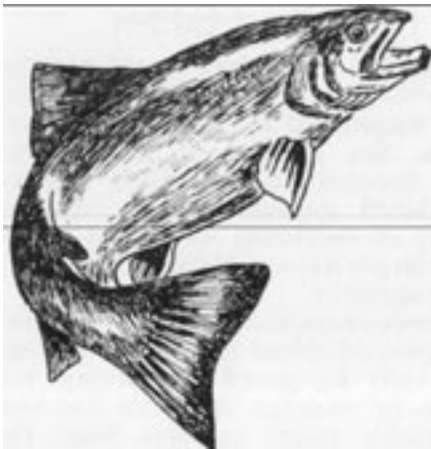
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Conservation Comment

The following letter has been circulated to 65 or more fishing, outdoor and other conservation-minded clubs by the enterprising Dave Binger of KCCNY. This effort looks toward formation of a federation of persons interested in **water wilderness** and naturally flowing rivers.

It coincides with plans now being worked on by Northern California affiliates for the formation of a Save-the-Rivers League, on the model of the famed Save-the-Redwoods League that has done so much in the forestry field. East, meet West!

"I am a member of the Kayak and Canoe Club of New York. With my fellow members, I spend spring weekends running the white-water rapids of certain rivers in the Northeast. We consider ourselves fortunate to have discovered this exhilarating sport and to be able to leave the accoutrements of modern life behind us on our wild trips down our favorite, unspoiled streams.

"There are, however, certain groups of people who may put an end to our sport. And to yours too, if you are a duck hunter, a fly-fisherman, a lake sailor, or are in any other way dependent on unspoiled bodies of water for your recreation. These people are road-builders, dam-builders, the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, public utilities, commercial sources of stream pollution, wetlands-drainers and sprayers and certain Federal and State Agencies. . . . In short, persons who, for reasons not always in the best interest of the outdoor-loving segment of the public, adversely affect the nature of waterways,

moving or standing, and their surroundings.

"In order to stand up for the rights of our rivers we have formed a conservation committee, of which I am chairman. Ours is a small club, however, and although we protest mightily when waterways which we regard as important are threatened, our voices are often lost in the winds of Capitol Hill.

"Therefore we are forming a supra-organization, as yet unnamed, whose purpose is to strive for the protection of wild and semi-wild creeks, streams, rivers, lakes and ponds and their environs. It is hoped that we will be able to enlist many clubs and organizations whose members are dedicated to outdoor sport, to nature study, to conservation and to appreciation of what remains of unspoiled America. We believe that through strength of numbers we will be able to act as an effective lobby in our defense of our unspoiled waterways. Ours will be a federation of many organizations for whom the only common interest may be concern for water and its denizens. In time, it will be national in scope, with chapters spread strategically across the country.

"Time, of course, is of the essence. I believe that we should be actively engaged in the job at hand even while we are organizing. At this moment, for instance, the Department of Public Works of the State of New York is planning an encroachment on the Beaverkill River which is tantamount to execution of that world-famed trout stream. In order to build a highway (of extremely questionable value), in the Beaverkill valley, the state will erect twelve bridges in twenty-nine miles. The introduction of revetments, pilings, artificial fill, etc., required for these bridges will result in ecological murder in the Beaverkill.

"Similarly, the Consolidated Edison

Company of New York plans to put a hydroelectric plant at the base of Storm King Mountain in the Hudson River 'Highlands,' thereby destroying forever the beauty of this magnificent stretch of landscape.

"These are the sort of challenges with which we must cope. I am convinced that we can make a real impact given the proper ammunition, which will consist of the following: The political leverage of a great number of vociferous, articulate people with a common cause; the political impact of a highly organized campaign of speeches, press releases, articles and word-of-mouth persuasion; money to pay for these things.

"If you are at all interested in our idea, would you please be kind enough to so inform me at Box 328, RFD 2, Mount Kisco, New York, or if by telephone, at 914-MO-6-7372. If you **are** interested, I would welcome suggestions of any sort, as well as information concerning your own organization, such as number of members, amount of financial assistance you might give us, other help in the form of publicity, letter-writing campaigns, etc., forthcoming. Also, since the Beaverkill problem is very much on our agenda at the moment, may we list the name of your club or organization with ours and others on letters of protest?

"When answers to this letter have been received and tabulated, I shall send you more specific details concerning incorporation, name, officers, and so forth. In the meanwhile, hopefully awaiting your favorable reply, I am

Sincerely,
David G. Binger
Conservation Chairman
Kayak and Canoe Club of N.Y.
Member, Amer. White-Water
Affiliation, Affiliate National
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From Your Editor

Mailing the magazine: Many persons have written in response to the letter of Rolf Engelfried in the last (Spring) issue on the subject of Third-Class versus Second-Class mailing. Some have related experiences of repeated difficulty in receiving American White Water; others have said their magazines arrive regularly.

One misconception should be corrected. Second Class mailing is advantageous only for speed of delivery, not for financial reasons. It would not cost substantially more or less than the present Third Class bulk classification we now use.

But the Second Class privilege is intended for magazines and newspapers of high time value, and consequently it is jealously guarded by the Post Office. In order to qualify the applicant has to answer a long questionnaire about circulation, advertising, ownership, etc.; upon granting of the privilege, he must sort copies in relation to train schedules and must meet these schedules.

Since many contributors to this magazine delay submitting their material for long periods, and since all the non-printing work is done by volunteers, it is virtually impossible for us to meet schedules in this manner.

If you have a legitimate complaint, send it to the Circulation Manager, Bob Hawley, 1925 Hopkins St., Berkeley, Calif. 94707. Before you do so, however, examine the label on the envelope in which your magazine arrives (if it does). As Rolf Engelfried warned, postal people will not forward or search if the address is not accurate. They only notify us in a fraction of the cases (by returning the magazine "postage due,"). And thus we may never know that your magazine is going astray, or have any opportunity to redirect it.

Bob Hawley is using a commercial computer to maintain the circulation records, which may smooth out the operation. But the only information in the computer is what gets fed into it; so be sure you give your accurate name and address — and PLEASE START USING THE ZIP CODE! — P.D.W.





Thirteen on the Petawawa (II)

By Robert G. Field

Our worst weather of the trip started after we went to bed Friday night and stopped before we got up in the morning. A very nice way to arrange it. After supper we went to look at what is called Stacks Rapids. It consists of a cascading falls, which drops thirty to forty feet in a distance of about two hundred feet. Along the side of this "rapid" is the remains of a chute that was used to bypass the logs around these falls. It is in very good condition for such a structure and was the most noteworthy relic that we saw of the tremendous logging operations that took place on the upper Petawawa River in the 1800's.

Saturday's Portage

With the weather still threatening we got started early Saturday morning. Portaging around Stacks Rapids, we very quickly came to the last set of the rapids before entering Cedar Lake. This consisted of another falls and then several hundred yards of very severe rap-

ids only the center portion of which looked runnable. However the effort needed to run that part would not make it worthwhile so we portaged the entire seven hundred yards. We arrived at Cedar Lake around eleven that morning.

We decided to eat lunch at the railroad town of Brent, directly across the lake. It took three-quarters of an hour paddling into the wind, to make the mile and a half. This was the only time during the first week that we put decks on the canoes.

After lunch and stopping at the small store in town we made camp on a rocky point just east of the Department of Lands and Forests Ranger Station. In logging days the town was supported by a substantial sawmill using the timber that was brought down the Petawawa and other streams leading into Cedar Lake.

Several heavy rain squalls hit us in the afternoon as we set up camp and tried to clean up a little, but no one

seemed to be concerned as the weather was gradually clearing.

The Second Group Joins

Brent (population 70) is a small railroad maintenance stop on the transcontinental line of the Canadian National Railroad. It can also be reached by car over a twenty-seven-mile dirt road from Deux Rivieres on Route 7.

Don Smith's group was undertaking the shuttling of cars and placement of them at the end of the trip; they would come into Brent by train around five a.m. Gardner, Carol and I met them right on time at the railroad station. After all food, boats and gear were accounted for we led five sleepy canoeists back to camp for breakfast.

While the three of us were waiting at the railroad station we had heard the trainmen and conductors discussing how the eleven p.m. eastbound train had been stopped by a bonfire on the tracks. They said that it had been set by another canoeing group, one of which had broken his neck. The Smith contingent, hearing the same news at their starting point, had almost immediately and unanimously concluded that it must be I. When the train arrived and they helped the fellow off, they were somewhat relieved to find that it was a Boy Scout. He had fallen portaging a canoe and had sprained his neck quite severely. He was in deep pain and had been transported in a canoe.

Start of Second Week

After eating and repacking the food and community gear the three kayaks (I was now in my Klepper foldboat) set off down Cedar Lake ahead of the five canoes to scout the outlet and the rapids immediately below. There was plenty of water, but the remains of a log boom completely blocked off the stream so that no one would try it. After the canoes arrived Barbara slid down a rock ledge on the right side in her kayak into the main stream with successful results. Lee did the same thing without a boat.

Just below the rock ledges at the dam there was a two-hundred-yard rapid around which the canoeists carried one load of gear and then had an easy run in low water. The next short rapid looked easy from the top and after a

short look from the bank by several of us, the kayaks set off. I really ripped up the bottom of my foldboat by sitting on a rock in the middle of the rapid; to avoid turning over I pushed the boat over the rock and off the other side. Everyone else also found this a delightful run.

At the bottom of this rapid we all ate lunch on the rocks. The five new boaters were quite tired as they had had very little sleep since Friday night. Gardner decided that we would go only as far as the railroad bridge above Devil's Chute and give them a chance to sleep.

Before reaching the bridge we had to portage the gear around and then run a small gorge which was quite difficult canoeing in these water conditions. It was done successfully. The last three hundred feet consisted of too many boulders and too little water so consequently it had to be lined and portaged by everyone.

Sunday night's campsite was almost on top of the railroad tracks at the beginning of the portage trail around Devil's Chute. The tents were located fifty feet above the cooking area. It was a delightful and almost bug-free spot. The country now was of a very rough rocky terrain covered with red and white pine. The river was about twice as large as it was the first week, the valley deeper.

Since we had read and heard conflicting reports about Devil's Chute we made it a point after supper to scout the entire three-quarters of a mile below the railroad bridge quite carefully. We were glad we did because the river divides a short distance down from the bridge. The left channel contains Devil's Chute. The right channel was shallow but could be run with partially unloaded canoes. If you were not watching for the place and took the right channel you would miss and be unaware of a drop which has a most deserved name. Even after a close examination Sunday night and again on Monday morning we all agreed that Devil's Chute with its eight-foot drop, uphill eddy, tremendous cross wave and a very deep hole, all of which could not be avoided because of the location of ledge outcrops, would not

be tried by our party.

Right after breakfast, Monday, everyone carried a load down the portage trail, most of which is on the railroad right of way. We ran the unloaded boats down the right channel and proceeded on to Radiant Lake.

The wind was blowing quite strongly upriver. The crossing of Radiant was made directly into the wind without as much difficulty as expected—since the southern third of the lake is only about two feet deep the waves didn't build up a great deal. From Radiant Lake to our Monday night campsite at mile 66.9 all of the rapids were run without scouting. Battery Rapids was the only interesting one, about one half mile long and dropping about twenty feet. In high water it would have had some very heavy waves.

We camped Monday night on a small island in the middle of a small rapid. After twelve miles of paddling into the wind the whole party was exhausted and didn't want to travel further. We knew that the next day was taking us into the steepest portion of the valley and that to get to Lake Traverse the next day we were going to have to work harder than we had been doing. The lake was only five miles away but some two-hundred feet below where we were now.

Some Runnable Ledges

Having a good night's sleep and a breakfast which included a good catch of whitefish, we set off down the river. It was a perfect day, bright sun and no wind. Soon we were at the remains of a dam below which we saw ledge drop after ledge drop. Carrying the gear about a half mile down the track we returned to the boats scouting the drops on the way. We were able to run all but two of the eight or ten ledges that we encountered before reaching the railroad bridge where we had lunch.

We were in one of the most beautiful river valleys that any of us had seen for canoeing. With ledge drop after ledge drop being followed by large pools to recover in, we were able to canoe down a stream which was dropping anywhere from sixty to eighty feet to the mile. The drops were so numerous that I will not try to separate one from another but would like

to point out the following observations. When running this portion of the Peta-wawa a party should plan to spend at least a good portion of two days running the last three miles of river above Lake Traverse. This would include camping at least one night in this beautiful ledge country.

Shortly after we had started we came to a drop of about six feet in height which most of the canoes lined. However, Lee wanted to try it. Marge agreed saying that since it was a very sharp dropoff into a hole, the stern probably would have a little trouble. When they went over and then down, the plunging water hit Lee and the stern of the canoe with such force that Marge and the forward two-thirds of the canoe shot up into the air so fast that Marge was almost pushed through the bottom of the canoe. No one in the group could believe that it was possible for a canoe to come out of such a twisting flight still floating.

A Two-Hour Rapid

About a mile below the railroad bridge we came to a double ledge drop into a small gorge. After carrying our gear to the bottom we decided that the second drop and the turn were possible. We agreed that this was as far as we would go. The rest of the afternoon could be spent in trying the drop with no concern about hurrying on to some other place. It was well that we made this decision since it took us over two hours to run this rapid.

The rapid can best be described as a sliding, turning plunge into a boiling and quite unstable mass of fast-moving white water. All of the canoes made it look quite easy, which it wasn't. Barbara did an excellent bit of heavy water kayaking. Jane was on her way to a good start when she found herself upside down in the elbow of the rapid. She separated herself from the kayak and I pulled her out on the left bank with a rope after carefully recording her tip-over on movie film. Gardner retrieved her kayak very nicely on the right bank.

We camped at the foot of this gorge, on the smooth ledges that run back from the stream all along this part of the valley. The swimming in the rapids was delightful. With plenty of blueberries on the bank and a good catch

of fourteen bass and whitefish, we had an enjoyable supper and breakfast at "Campsite Rapids."

The next morning we portaged and lined around the long cascade below camp. The cascade was between two diagonal rock crib dikes used to guide logs and appeared to be a little too long and complicated to be handled on this trip. We ran the next seven ledge drops without any difficulty to any of the boats except for Arnold and Ark.

As some of us had proceeded on to scout another drop we realized that the last boat over the preceding drop was in trouble. Scurrying back up river we found Arnold's canoe was submerged upright in the middle of the drop that they had been running. It seems that the bow man and stern man had tried to go on opposite sides of a rock when they realized that they had better go down the same side. It was too late to take the right and desired one so they went down the left and straight into a large boulder on the left bank. The canoe stopped and the stern went under the falling water and sank to the bottom. The canoe filled up where it was. Both Arnold and Ark simply climbed out of the canoe onto the rock at the bow. A very neat job of self-rescue.

With five ropes attached to the canoe, a very efficient extraction of the submerged boat was achieved. Because of the deck on the canoe we were able to break the force of the water and roll the canoe against a big rock on the shore. The only damage was to the deck when we slid the boat over the rocks.

Lunchtime Scouting

After a couple of more drops we returned to the spot where we had portaged our gear and decided to eat lunch. Since we could not quite see the runoff of the next couple of drops I volunteered to scout and bring back word to the group as to whether they should load up their gear and run the drops to the flat water we could see down below or lug the gear around.

Bringing back word to load up and use the left hand channel I went down to bottom for a rest on the rocks until the group caught up. I had lain down and closed my eyes for a few minutes when I decided to look up and see if

anyone was coming. Jane was between the first and second drop. I had told the kayak girls that if they wanted to get a small thrill to try the right and main channel. Through the movie lens I watched Jane go over the three or four-foot drop. plunge deep into the hole and without enough speed to climb out and over the wave, slide back into the falling water and there capsize broadside to the falls. She tried to do an eskimo roll but finding nothing but air in the water, quickly separated from the kayak and drifted towards me. With most of the action over I put down the camera and proceeded to rescue Jane for the second time in two days. A few minutes later we caught the kayak as it followed her downstream.

Approaching the Lake

A half mile of flat water brought us to the head of the last portage before coming to Lake Traverse. Knowing that we had some forty or fifty feet more to descend in the next one-third of a mile we immediately portaged a load to the end of the trail where we found ourselves at the logging road at the head of Lake Traverse. Thinking that we could find some runnable water in the portion of the river we started running the boats down only to find that we would have to line most of the way past the cascades.

Having descended over two hundred feet in the last three miles of river, in some of the best white-water canoeing country we all felt it would be worthwhile to come back some day and take a week to go just from Cedar Lake to Traverse Lake (23 miles).

We wanted to get down Lake Traverse as far as we could Wednesday afternoon. As we turned the corner and headed down the lake we found that we had a beautiful tailwind. The canoeists quickly put up their sails and found delightful sailing conditions. It wasn't quite so easy for the kayaks as the waves kept building up the farther downwind we went. It wasn't long before we could actually "surf."

A repair party was organized after supper to repair Jane's kayak. It had been damaged during the day and seven cracks had appeared in the fiberglass hull.

Thursday dawned cloudy and very

cool. However, it was just the kind of day we needed to put miles behind us. While the kayak girls and I were in the lead we spotted a black bear swimming across the river ahead of us and then watched it amble up the bank. This was the second bear of the trip. After carrying around Thompson Dam we ran Little Thompson and Grillage Rapids without any concern.

A Run of Crooked Chute

Gardner had led a trip down the Petawawa from Lake Traverse in 1960. He said that the water level was down several feet. Regardless of this fact he didn't want to get caught in the problems of Crooked Chute. He was very cautious, with good reason in his approach to the chute. We were able to canoe within one hundred feet of the rock cut that he had used as a portage trail on the previous trip. When he saw the chute he couldn't believe what he saw. In 1960 the long right hand turn, which made up Crooked Chute, had been for a distance of five hundred feet one continuous mass of foam. Now he was of the opinion that it could be run and that if anyone was going to do it first it would be Carol and he. We had not heard of any other party running the whole of Crooked Chute before and therefore were anxious to add it to our list.

After eating lunch, huddled down behind the rocks to get out of the cold winds, we set up the safety lines, and prepared to run the rapid. Since this run contained many places in which you could get into trouble, four safety ropes were placed, one on the left bank and three on the right bank. With cameras grinding and ropes waiting Gardner and Carol made a perfect negotiation of Crook Chute. This run was considered to be the perfect one by all. We hoped that this demonstration of teamwork in canoeing wouldn't be topped by anyone in the party.

Barbara was next in her kayak. In sliding over the second drop the current pushed her too far to the left and she gave us an exhibition of kayaking. Taking the two holes, which she had wanted to avoid, on a diagonal she plunged almost out of sight on both occasions. Arnold and Don teamed up and ran both their boats; Ark and Nancy had declined to try it. Marge and Lee,

John and Sarge also had no trouble. Both Jane and I decided not to run.

Pushing on we made camp just above the portage trail that led around Rollway Rapids. Tents were set up in a planting of red pine, some twenty feet above the cooking area that we built out of the sandy bank of the river. The cooking area was complete with twin bench fireplaces and a stone patio.

Scouting Rollway

After supper the group, all except Lee, Marge, Nancy and I, went down to scout Rollway Rapids. They discovered an aluminum canoe draped around a rock midway down the three-quarters of a mile long rapids. Upon returning to camp, Arnold, Ark, Sarge, John and Don were all fired up to go back with ropes and a block and tackle to try to retrieve the canoe from the grasp of Rollway. After John swam out to the canoe to attach ropes they hauled away on the block and tackle. Unfortunately a knot kept slipping and they were unable to do anything more than wiggle the canoe. Since it was now quite dark they returned to camp.

They got up before breakfast and went down to remove the ropes. The boat was a rental and whoever had lost it must have paid for it.

After portaging a load of gear around Rollway we proceeded to run rapids in a wide-open fashion. The waves were quite high and we all managed to get wet but the river was big enough to make the run easy. This could be considered a class IV rapid for open canoes, but by this time with our decked canoes even this was just plain fun.

Traveling on down we were able to run all of the rest of the rapids, the Natch, Schooner Rapids and Five Mile Rapids, without stopping and without concern. Also with the wind now at our backs, we sailed on any flat water.

This was the completion of a white-water wilderness canoe trip in which we had traveled over one hundred and four miles and descended about nine hundred feet. The canoe country of Algonquin Provincial Park contains many canoe routes. The trip down the entire length of the Petawawa River is demanding. However, an experienced white-water group should have little trouble in finding its way and enjoying the rapids in the process.

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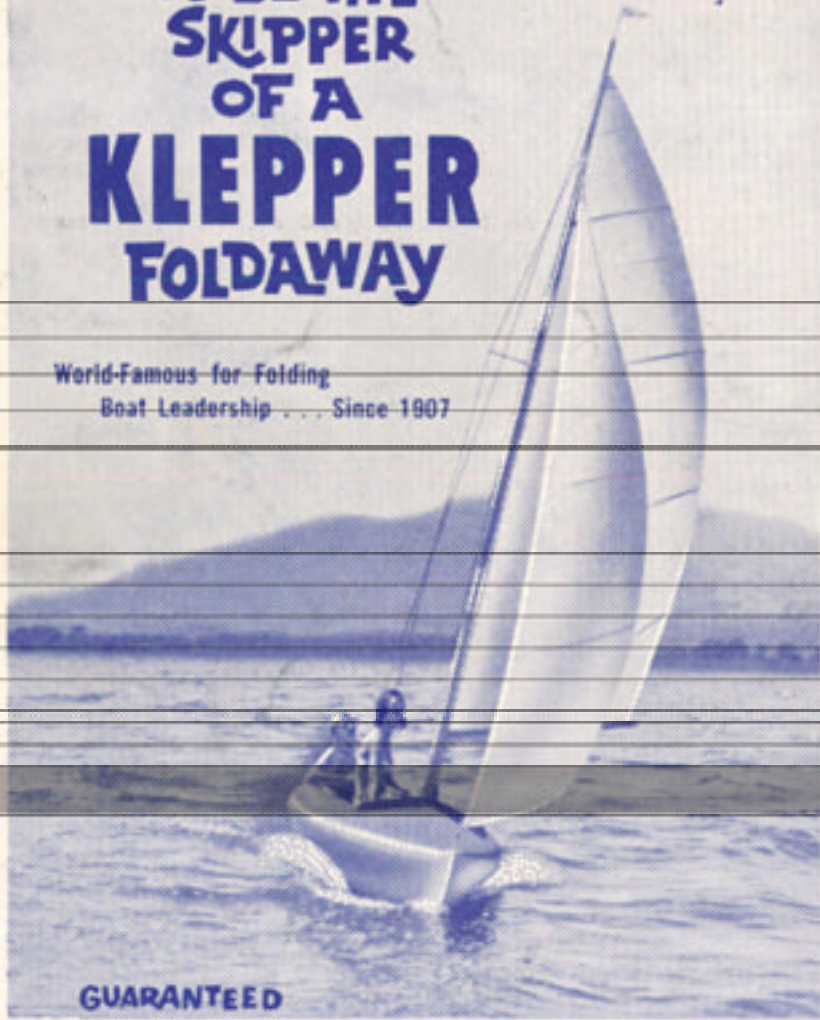


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