American White Water
The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

Bob and Bruce Burleson at the mouth of San Francisco Canyon. Photo by Bill Thompson

SUMMER 1967

VOLUME XIII, NO. 1
Herman Carlson—Old Town Canoes
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LETTERS

American Whitewater Affiliation
Dear Mrs. McAlistier:

You requested that we tally the ballots received in your referendum offered individual members of the American Whitewater Affiliation in the spring issue of American White Water regarding this question:

"Would you like to have a vote in AWA elections and policies?"

One hundred and eighty-two members, or 71.4% of those replying, voted "yes." Fifty-two members, or 20% of those replying, voted "no." Nineteen members, or 7.5% of those replying, did not mark their ballots. Two members, or 7% of those replying, wrote on their ballots that "they didn't care." A total of 255 ballots were tallied.

Very truly yours,

Hull Anderson & Kuehn
Howard D. Hull, Jr.

American White Water

The Spring issue editorial on AWA survival until dues can be raised in 1968 was no surprise. Many of us have realized for some time that AWA could not continue a quarterly journal at the ridiculous price of $2.50. What it amounts to is that a member is not even paying his own way for the coming year at that rate. Dues will certainly have to be raised to $5, so why not begin a year early on a voluntary basis? I don't know if any conservation organization with dues of less than $5 and most of them don't provide me with something as fine as American White Water.

Enclosed is my check for $5 for 1967 dues. Hope others will make voluntary contributions this year. Elbert Devis told me a while back that a fellow he knew said he "would pay $2.00 per year if he could be sure of receiving each issue." With the magazine coming regularly, I hope he sees this and makes good on that!

Sincerely,

Oz Hawkins

Ed. Great Conway and Cecil Barnes have also contributed.

A Tunnel of Gates, Mascoma, 1967, by Foss

The Editor requests that original articles only be submitted for publication in AWW with the understanding that they are for exclusive use of the Journal.

4-16-67, Milwaukee, Wis., 53211

Dear Officers of AWA:

I read about the money shortness in the last AWW. I feel all the extra time and work is worth more than only $2.50 a year. You also should charge $40 or $50 more for anybody who makes with the paddling a little money as a sideline—as I do. I have no store and a regular job. All the boat dealers would be in line for an extra charge. AWA member or not? They sell canoes! Thank you for all your fine work.

Erich Feenheit
3322 N. Downer Ave.

Ed. We are grateful for your contribution of $17.50 and hope it will help save a river.

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Published in Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A.

The Journal takes this opportunity to welcome 7 new members in England, signed up by Maurice Rothwell, British Canoe Union, Manchester, a member of 'Deacon's' Committee.

With the signing of the following new affiliates since the Spring Issue, the official count is now 90 Affiliated Clubs.

BULLETINS

Your Membership Chairman, "Deacon" Kuehn, has sent in so many new members that Ruby, who handles circulation, has been unable to pull the address plates of unpaid members. Sorry about that. We dislike the hard sell, however, if you still want to belong to AWA, there is another chance to renew this next quarter. Look at your check book to see if you are paid for 1967. If not, please fill out renewal notice on the cover and mail to AWA, 5040 Glenside Drive, Kansas City, Mo. 64129. Do it now.

American White Water is published quarterly and mailed to all members of AWA in Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall Issues. DEADLINES for insertion of copy and advertising are Nov. 15, Feb. 15, May 15, and Aug. 15.

Conservation Chairman's Report

AWA was ably represented at the Senate Hearings on S. 119 and S. 1092 by Grant Conway. Others responded with written statements. In my efforts to build a nationwide Department, many contacts with individuals have been made. We now have Bob Burlew, Box 844, Temple, Tex. 76501; Davis Bragg, Box 758, Killeen, Tex.; Cecil Barnes, 130 Rover Blvd., White Rock, Las Alamos, N.M. 87544; Grant Conway, 6052 Broad St., Washington, D.C. 20016; Robert M. Gordon, Box 1116, Dodge City, Ks. 67801; Dwight Gibbs, 715 Woodland Ave., Oshkosh, Wis. 54901; Oz Hawksley, Route 5, Warrensburg, Mo. 64093; Duane B. Kelly, 2501 Van Brunt, Kansas City, Mo. 64127; Bill Kugle, P.O. Box 152, Athens, Tex. 77517; Dean Norman, 657 Fair St., Berea, Ohio 44017; Len Rothfeld, 610 Shoreacres Blvd., La Porte, Tex. 77557; Vern Rumpp, 721 Poplar St. Corp., New Westminster, B.C., Canada.

Jim McAlister.

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THE ROARING MATTAWIN
by GEORGE W. SEARS, JR.

We wanted a wilderness white water canoe trip — not too remote, canoeable — but still with plenty of excitement and an element of the unknown in it. From the maps, the Mattawin River in Quebec seemed to fill the bill and with a large dose of the unknown. We couldn't find anyone who had ever heard of it. Finally, two replies to our mailed inquiries came.

R. E. Kirkpatrick of the Consolidated Paper Co. stated that the river was entirely dam controlled, canoeing would be impossible when the dam is closed, and large quantities of pulpwood logs are released every time the dam is opened. He concluded his letter with the very grave statement "The canoeists should note the rather numerous classes along the river and govern themselves accordingly!"

Don Breese of the St. Maurice Valley Chronicle wrote — "The Mattawin River from Tautau Dam east to the St. Maurice River is truly a wilderness. It's tough, rough, and a killer! About 20% of the entire distance of 60 miles is portaging due to the rapids, chutes, and falls. It's a tremendous trip, difficult as they come, but lots of fun!"

These vivid comments left us apprehensive, but convinced that we would have to see it for ourselves. We were six — Marvin Thornton and his son, Charlie; Bob Rusher, Hans Buchler, my son Harold and I, all members of the Buck Ridge Ski Club. We went in three Gramman canoes, two of them splash-covered, carrying camping gear and a week's supply of food — mostly freeze-dried.

At the town of Mattawin, north of Trois Rivieres, we left one car, and the six of us with all our gear drove the 165 mile shuttle to the Tautau Dam in the other car. This was quite a ride in itself, especially the last 25 miles over a narrow dirt road through Consolidated Paper Co. forest. Even with our three canoes thoroughly lashed down, at one point they threatened to slide right down over the hood of the car.

The dam was closed when we arrived, and they were right — there was no water to canoe in. However, the dam keeper said he was to open it at 6 P.M. He assured us, though — in French — that we'd never make it beyond the first rapid — just around the first corner. With this cheerless note, he opened the dam, letting out a five foot by twenty-five foot wall of water, and we began to think he could possibly be right. The whole basin filled up with wildly churning frothing water, and we could feel the vibration in the rocky walls. Conversation near the dam was drowned out by the roar of the water.

No decision could be made that night, but early Sunday morning, Hans and I carried a canoe from our camp down the quarter mile trail to the river and paddled down to see this first rapid. We had decided if it looked passable, we'd go. It looked passable — on the far left near the shore and away from the main flow where we would not have swamped us. We hurried back with the news. Smiles broke out, and we quickly ate the breakfast Bob and Harold had prepared. We broke camp, hauled the gear down to the water, loaded up and were off.

Sure enough, the first rapid — "Empty Barrel" — was runnable, even with the open canoe, though Bob and Hans were more concerned with the big waves than the rest of us. The dam-keeper's son-in-law and his family had bushwhacked down to see us go through, probably figuring to help haul us ashore at the bottom of the rapid. We waved goodbye and went on, feeling that we had now truly left civilization.

Four more rapids and a short quiet stretch down river, and we suddenly came upon a well-kept log cabin. Maybe we weren't so far from civilization after all. The cabin was empty and the grounds were open and flat — an ideal camping spot. We had spent the whole day on the first five and a half miles, and decided this was just the place for us. A swim, a good dinner, and some sleep, and we'd be ready to tackle whatever lay around the corner.

The next morning, the river had dropped about 18 inches. The dam had been closed down to two feet, which was to hold at least till mid week. This gave us all considerably more confidence. The river drops an average of 15 feet per mile over its entire length with 11 miles averaging 30-55 feet per mile. Even with a two foot opening at the dam, the river was slow and powerful.

Rounding our first corner, we came upon the Otsebow Rapid. The first hundred yards or so was a gentle rock garden terminated by a 3-4 foot ledge crossing the entire river, and followed by two or three hundred yards of heavy rapids containing two more ledges at least as formidable as the first. After carefully scouting the left bank for a way to line the canoes down, we finally decided to ferry back across the river and carry the boats fully loaded along the right bank, floating them where possible, until we could safely ride the remaining part of the rapid.

Since we had two movie cameras and two still cameras among us, each carry would involve four or five of us wresting a loaded boat over the rocks and stranded pulpwood logs along the shore, while a cameraman would be on the side-lines recording the activity.

Big Price rapids started out fairly mild — several drops of a foot and a half or so each with rock gardens in between. Here we had our first casualty. The Thorons ran aground halfway over one of these drops. Marvin quickly stepped out to give the boat a push. Unfortunately the water was at least five feet deep, and as he went down, the boat came over with him. What a shame we couldn't record the surprise on his face! Harold and I collected a paddle and loose jacket as the boat floated down, and we thought no damage had been done. It wasn't until much later that Marvin discovered that his wallet was no longer with him. Over a hundred dollars in cash and several traveler's checks plus all his personal cards had gone down.

We judged the latter part of Big Price River to be at least Class V and definitely out of our class. We had to carry the loaded canoes around three large drops, put in again and carried on a half mile or so to Little Price rapids. Here there were no tricky drops but a long series of large waves, no problem for the covered boats but, finally, too much for the open one. Each wave added a little water to the hold until the boat quickly gave up and went under—and over. More scrambling for paddles, sponges, loose clothes, etc. Nothing was lost, but unfortunately, Bob's camera was loosely tied in a rubberized bag, and when he picked it up, water ran out. We hung it up in the sun, but even after it dried out, the shutter wouldn't work. Well, we had too many cameramen anyway.

Our camp was in the wilderness that night. Bushes had to be cut to make room for the tents. We'd made only 15 miles in two days and should have made 20. Still we couldn't have done better. As it was, upper dishes had to be done by the light of a carbide lamp.

The next day — Tuesday — we had five miles of quiet water, then the Rapide du Petit Chien and just below the Rapide du Gros Chien, a mile and a half of Class III and Class IV water—complete with two spills. All these rapids, at least at their more difficult spots, were scouted on land, routes carefully debated and decided on, and then we'd go through one at a time. Our judgment was not always perfect.

Shortly below these rapids, the road, largely impassable and with sections abandoned, crosses the Mattawin on an
old Bailey bridge. Here we heard a road crew working back in the woods, and knowing that they frequently drove back and forth on the section of road near to the bridge, we stopped and tossed a small uprooted pine tree across the road. As we were getting into our canoes again, sure enough a large truck roared into view. They saw the little tree and slowed down wondering how that had gotten there. Then just as they were entering the woods again, they spotted us. The truck screeched to a halt and backed up into view. They looked—we waved—they looked some more, and then drove off with not a sign of expression. We canoed on down the river feeling that somehow, that wasn't quite what we had expected.

Quiet water on the Mattawin comes in rather short sections for the most part, and soon we were at Les Rapides de l'Atrachis. From the topo map, we expected this to be the meanest rapid of them all. It showed as alternate short sections of very narrow then wide pools as though the river would rapidly drop in a rocky gorge then level out, then drop again. We weren't disappointed! We ran the first half having to portage around only one of the worst in a series of ledges. However, it was almost five-thirty when we arrived at a quiet section in the middle of the rapid. We stopped on the right bank, but could find enough flat ground for only two tents, and neither of the sites was particularly enticing. Ferrying to the other side, we finally found three reasonable though widely scattered tent sites, and used the rocky shore as usual to put up our kitchen. It was well after dark when we finally finished dinner, and we were lulled to sleep by the steady roar of the rapid downstream.

The next morning we saw what was making the rumble in the distance. Most of the river ran through a narrow chasm on the right, dropping 10-20 feet in some really awesome waves. We were able to skirt this caucac in a small side channel with only two or three short carries. As we worked our way down, we could look over the central island at the main channel seeing the waves and spray repeatedly thrown high in the air. Although we saw no evidence, this was certainly the number one candidate for a cross on the river bank!

This had taken a fair amount of time, and we were able to manage only two more rapids—both runnable after very brief scouting—before lunch. After about a mile of quiet water, we came to Red Pine rapids. As far as we could see, it was drop after drop, three to five feet each, narrow and fast and definitely no place for us. The banks were steep with impassable cliffs, and there seemed no way to portage along the banks as we had always done before. Luckily we saw a portage sign on the left bank just above the rapid—the first one we'd seen on the entire trip. Some people might have made this in a single trip, but it was all we could do to handle it in two. We loaded up with gear and set off down the trail. The trail? It wasn't bad at the start, though narrow, and we noticed a heavy-gauge galvanized wire running alongside it. Soon the trail faded away, and there was just the wire left—running over down-falls and through the brush. A real shin-scraper! It was about this time that we began to feel that there were probably better ways to spend a vacation. The wire did lead back to the river, and we were ultimately almost again. But that had been a hard half mile!

Consistent with almost the entire trip, we didn't ride much farther until we came to the next rapid—another French one. Le Rapide du Gable. The top part was impossible and we carried along the right bank. The short middle section we could handle, but near the end the whole river bottom broadened but tilted sharply and as Bob commented, looked like a giant football field, tilted full of jumping water. Not being football players, we portaged this too—on the left.

Here was one of the few places we could make good use of our constant companions, the pulp-wood logs. They had been on all the banks, lodged on top of all the rocks, and quietly floating in most of the eddies. Fortunately, active logging had been stopped and relatively few competed with us for the passable channels. Here at Gable, we had at least a hundred yards of smooth rocky ledge to carry the heavy boats over. So we
lined up a path and rolled the boats through almost as fast as we could run.

This operation ended the day. It was well after five o'clock; it looked like rain, we had only come four and a half miles. As we set up camp on a rocky point, we noticed a bluff across the river a large wooden cross standing much just below the bottom of the rapid. One Arthur Charette had died there in June 1921, no doubt, a faithful paddle brace—or possibly a logging accident.

It did rain that evening as Marvin and Charlie were cooling supper. It rained again as they were fixing breakfast. The mosquitoes and No-see-ums had been merciless in the evening and at night. There were a few glum looks in the morning, not so much as Charles' At one point, Bob said to Charlie, "Remember Charlie, you're having fun!"

Although the rest of us laughed, Charlie didn't look as though he was convinced.

This morning we managed a full two miles before the roaring ahead announced that we'd soon be walking. Rapide du Crapeau was similar to Red Pine—too heavy to canoe, having no shelving banks which would permit carrying around the worst drops, but sporting a portage sign. This portage 'trail' also followed a heavy wire—or vice versa—and it was indeed fortunate that it did. Soon after the start, the wire was all that was visible, and it went right through a couple of ravines that would have been more suitable for a mountain goat. About half way along, we decided to cut down to the river and see if we couldn't somehow follow along, carrying, lining, paddling. Almost anything would be better than this. The worst was indeed over, and we were able to paddle the rest of the way with only two short carries.

Our topo map showed the Chute de la Grand Mere to be a half mile ahead, and sure enough, in the distance, were constant rapids between us—a plume of mist rising from the river pointed out to us Grandmother's Falls. We approached slowly, canoeing, lining, and carrying where necessary to find a 30-35 foot fall between steep rocky banks. Not a sign of a portage trail could we find. Finally Bob suggested we drop the boats over the cliff right beside the falls. There was plenty of foot room at the top and a rock to four foot ledge at the bottom almost at the water's edge. At first this seemed a crazy idea, but it gradually caught on and promised to be quite an exercise and change of pace. Once decided, we wasted no time getting started. First, Bob and Hans were belayed over on a throwing line, then canoes and gear followed, one load after another until all was safely stashed well below the falls.

A quick but late lunch followed—just before the rain started. It had been cloudy all morning but mercifully held off till after our exercises at the falls. Although the map indicated two more rapids and another falls in the next two miles, we found only more or less continuous mild rapids needing no scouting. The following six miles were flat, it rained all the way, and we pushed on pretty well catching up with our original schedule. The rain continued intermittently while we set up camp, our kitchen and dining room an overturned canoe under a large tarp. Harold crawled into the sack shortly after dinner and a little later came loud complaints from the tent. He had let his arm slide off the air mattress and it went splash! I looked in with a flashlight, Harold was in the middle of a small lake with small streams couring down the sides of the tent. Well, this didn't seem like the way to spend a night, so we moved the canoe out of the kitchen and repitched the tent in under the tarp. I resolved then and there to get a complete fly for the tent before the next trip.

Well, nine miles yet to go and a day and a half maximum to do them in. A couple of little rapids and then five miles of Rapides des Cing. The topo map showed a narrow, rather even channel dropping at a steady rate of 45-50 feet per mile. We'd better be able to canoe most of it or we'd be late. Waves and fast water showed up right on schedule, Bob and Hans went down to just above the first bend and landed. They waved us on and Marvin and Charlie approached the bend. Hans began frantically to wave at them. Marvin thought he meant to stay away from the inside of the bend but suddenly realized Hans had been trying to get him to land on the inside. Only by the most frantic paddling did they manage to avoid a huge sewer hole right at the corner. When we had all landed at this bend, we noticed for the first time a white cross on the opposite shore telling its mere story of what happened to some earlier unfortunate person. We weren't about to try to cross the river at this point so never learned any of the details sure to be on the cross.

The next four miles none of us will soon forget. It started out well enough, with more or less continuous Class III rapids. A lot of fun rolling over the waves, rock and log dodging with no scouting necessary. Then in the space of a mile or so, we had four spills. The first two were self rescues with nothing lost. Then since Harold and I were at the moment in the lead canoe, we stopped to take movies of Bob and Hans coming down a very nice stretch. Just as I started, with their boat about a hundred yards upstream, they suddenly turned over. I hated to give up on the pictures but felt they might take a dim view of my just standing there grinning away as they swept past. So I put the camera on a flat rock, jumped in the canoe with Harold, and we ferried out to try to intercept them. Before we could establish ourselves in an eddy below a large rock, they bounched on down past us. We could keep up with them but couldn't do more than keep ourselves out of danger until they lodged somewhere. Finally they did lodge and Hans got ashore with a bruised knee and sprained finger. We worked a pack or two ashore, along with Bob, when the
canoe dislodged and went on its merry way. Bob couldn't stand to see his canoe and gear floating off alone, and with a shout he jumped back in grabbing the upstream painter as he did so. Harold and I leaped in our canoe again following him down until finally Bob straddled a large rock and was able to swing the canoe ashore. At this point he was so exhausted he could hardly stand.

My first concern was the camera, on the other bank and upstream a quarter of a mile. After much sign language to Marvin who had landed on the other bank, he finally set off upstream on foot eventually finding the camera. Then we had to patch up a hole punched in the side of the canoe, using heavy adhesive tape, and pound out the worst dents. Ultimately all was collected except for an axe and a jacket and we were off.

Marv and Charlie led off and we soon rounded the corner. When we caught up to them, Charlie was pulling himself out of the water, and Marv was standing on a large rock looking down into the water. No canoe was to be seen. We soon saw it though, below Marvin, completely submerged, on its side and lodged squarely against the large rock. This looked like the classical case of the lost canoe! Nobody said much, but we set to work to try to fish out a painter. The bow was only a couple of feet out, but we couldn't begin to stand against the current. We tried to reach the painter with a paddle handle, but it was swept by too fast to hook anything. Finally Harold suggested we tie a rock on a throwing line, toss it beyond the canoe, and quickly reel it in before it could sweep too far down. Our third try did the trick. Now we had the painter, but when we pulled on it, nothing happened. We tried to raise the upstream end but couldn't get a good hold. Then it happened to push down on it with a paddle handle, and the boat sank several inches! While we were trying to figure this out and not paying much attention to the boat, all of a sudden it was caught by the current and swung free of the rock. Since we still had the downstream painter, the boat swung neatly to shore and lay holding in the water! It had a big dent in the bottom and the splash cover was torn in several places, otherwise nothing was amiss. This seemed quite adequate proof that we had all been living clean upstream lives.

As can be imagined, none of us were the least bit interested in taking any further chances. We lined the tough spots, stayed out of the heavy water where possible, and in general played it very cool 'til last we came on a river gauging station and flat area that looked just right for camping. An evening exploration showed us that indeed the mouth of the river was just around the corner, and we had made it—a little battered, a little bruised, definitely tired of rapids, of portages, of rainy nights and insects, but still more than a little pleased with ourselves for having accomplished the trip. It was rough and tough, but somebody was dead or even close to it, and we had not portaged anything like a fifth of the trip. As we look back on it—now many months away—it was a tremendous trip, and a lot of fun!

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AMERICAN WHITE WATER, SUMMER 1967, PAGE 7
RIVER PROTECTIVE LEGISLATION NOW OR NEVER

by Oz Hawksley

Wild or scenic river legislation is on the move at both state and national levels. Mr. Aspinall held up river legislation last year by not scheduling hearings in the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. This was fortunate since the "Wild Rivers Bill" (Sen. Church) which had passed the Senate was introduced. Now Senate hearings have been held on the bill and a new "administration" bill (S. 1092) which, though improved, still has serious flaws. But the development which demands that all river conservationists go into action at once is the news that Mr. Aspinall has introduced his own bill (H.R. 8416) for a National Scenic Rivers System. This means that hearings on that bill and others, notably H. R. 90 (Saylor) and H. R. 6166 (Reus—the "administration" bill in the House) will likely be scheduled soon. Therefore, the next few weeks are the most strategic time for your voice to be heard by your representatives in Congress. Whatever is going to be done to save rivers now or in the future will be decided now and any legislative mistakes which are made will be difficult or impossible to correct.

Naturally all this comes during the boating season when we least want to stay in and write letters. But it won't take you long to do your part if AMERICAN WHITE WATER synthesizes the important features of the many bills, thus sparing you the many hours needed to obtain and compare them all. Don't underestimate the power of your individual letters. Let me give you one small example. Early "wild rivers" bills did not include the upper (most scenic) part of the Eleven Point River in Missouri. One person began to mention in letters that this should be changed. Several other people picked up the idea and did the same. Now bills in the Missouri Legislature, S. 1092 and H.R. 8416 all include the upper section of this river.

Space in this issue will only allow comparison and discussion of the most important points of the bills being presented at the national level, but perhaps points discussed will be helpful to those who are also trying to promote sound river legislation at state level. It will be impossible to discuss, or even mention, all the rivers included in the various bills (the Saylor Bill names 81), but a short note to any one of your representatives in Congress asking for copies of the specific bills by number as given below, will allow you to look each one over personally to see how it affects your area. DON'T do this in the same letter in which you write asking for support of some specific bill or suggesting modifications. Keep your letters simple. Deal with one thing at a time if you want to be effective.

SENATE BILLS. S. 119 (Church) is the same bill passed by a 71 to 1 margin last year by the Senate, but S. 1092 (Jackson and Nelson), recommended by the Secretary of the Interior, is stronger and more desirable. The most serious weakness in both bills is lack of definite provision for a classification system which will protect the truly wild streams from infringements on their watersheds that will detract from their "wilderness" character. Without such a system, truly wild rivers are thrown into the same category with developed rivers, which is bound to result in the downgrading and overdevelopment of the high quality wild streams. A case in point is the Clearwater in Idaho. Its middle fork has roads, businesses, developed public use areas and dwellings along it. The Lochsa, since the completion of a highway along it, falls into much the same category. These are both fine and beautiful rivers and should be preserved without further development, but they are not in the same category at all with the Selway from Selway Falls up in its origin. The Selway rates as one of the finest wild rivers in the whole continent and it deserves more rigorous protection than other segments of the Clearwater, although the extension of protection upstream to its "origin" in S. 1092 is an improvement over S. 119. Without the vital factor of classification, I fear that "scenic" or "wild" river bills will merely result in exploitation of the named rivers with resultant loss of their real value. This would be ironic indeed.

There are other improvements in S. 1092 over S. 119. It substitutes the wording "appropriately developed" for "and make accessible". If true wilderness rivers were made accessible to all, they would soon be destroyed. It includes the Eleven Point, Cacapon, Shenandoah, Saint Croix, Namekagon and Wolf Rivers. The Cacapon's qualities and the long struggle to save it should be well known to AWA members. Although the Namekagon is less well known than the St. Croix, it has a wilderness in certain sections which would be hard to duplicate today in many areas. The Wolf attracts whitewater boaters from all sections of the country and is considered a classic of its type by them as well as by other sportsmen. With the addition of the Wolf, nobody seems to have proposed for protection is the principal whitewater attraction in the state of Wisconsin. S. 1092 gives specific direction to indicate that primary management emphasis shall be on the protection of aesthetic and scenic features, which S. 119 does not.

Most bills introduced in either house have included three categories of rivers: those which would make up the initial "System", those named for federal-state planning or additions to the "System", and those which would be considered, perhaps further in the future, under "Planning for Additional National Scenic River Areas". Under the latter category, S. 1092 lists a generally good selection of rivers but notably omits the French Broad in North Carolina and Tennessee. S. 119 makes nothing specific in this third category. To make the section on additional Scenic Rivers more realistic, S. 1092 should shorten the timetable for completion of studies of these rivers from 10 to 5 years. Rapid development along rivers is resulting in rises in real estate values. New interest in a river, based on inclusion in a bill brings attention to and almost immediate attempts at commercialization of a river, recommended studies and legislation should be accomplished as quickly as possible to keep the bill from being self-defeating.

Although hearings have already been held on these bills, and S. 119 is now being considered in Executive Session, if you write to your Senator about them at once, he will have your views in mind when they come to the floor.

HOUSE BILLS. H.R. 90 (Saylor) has been modified and improved over last year's version which was shelved in committee. It might be considered a conservationist's bill introduced by a conservationist. As such, it presents an "ideal" view of what river legislation might be, with fewer loopholes in it than most river bills. Although we would wish to see this bill passed and must try to support its most important features, we must also keep a sense of proportion and realize that, for reasons of strategy, some modifications will have to be accepted. An active letter writing campaign from AWA members alone, if enough participate, could prevent crippling changes in a good bill or the acceptance of an inferior bill. In order to have a basis for comparison, some of the most important provisions of H.R. 90 are listed below:

1. Defines a "scenic river area" as possessing "unique water conservation, scenic, fish, wildlife and outdoor recreation values in addition to being free flowing.

2. Provides for a system of classifying the rivers as to quality and intended uses. This system is based on the original recommendations offered
by John and Frank Craighead, noted biologists, wilderness authorities and dedicated river men.

3. Initial "System" would consist of 16 rivers.

4. Under "Federal-State Planning for Additions to System", 16 other rivers are listed. One of these, the Buffalo in Arkansas, has now been proposed as a National River (S. 704).

5. An additional 49 rivers are mentioned for review under "River Basin Planning for Additions to Systems" during the next 10 years.

6. There are restrictions as to lumbering, roads and grazing.

7. No dams may be constructed by any government agency except by act of Congress.

8. Basic ecological information needed for evaluation and management would be provided by "trained fishery and wildlife biologists, ecologists and other appropriately trained scientists."

9. The Secretaries of Interior and Agriculture must classify the rivers included in the initial System within one year.

H.R. 6166 (Reuss) is the same as S. 1992 and not to be confused with H.R. 5936 introduced earlier in the session by Reuss. Presumably the more recent bill supersedes the other and it is better. Both it and its Senate counterpart are patterned after the Wilderness Act.

H.R. 8416 (Aspinall) deserves our careful consideration. Essentially, it is enabling legislation which would set up a National Scenic Rivers System and establish "methods by which and standards according to which additional components may be added."

The statement of policy is similar to that in H.R. 90 but adds "geologic . . . historic, cultural values to the definition.

It classifies rivers into: (1) Wild Rivers which would be within the wilderness preservation system or within de facto wilderness areas, (2) Natural Environment Rivers which have been little changed by man but to which public access is facilitated and along which compatible resource uses may be permitted, (3) Pastoral Rivers which are primarily devoted to agriculture and should remain essentially unchanged through "acquisition of conservation easements", (4) Historic and Cultural Rivers which would include "reservoirs, canals and other man-made structures", presumably like the C & O Canal. Also allowable as supplements to the scenic rivers would be: (1) Unique Natural and Historic River Areas and (2) High-Density-Use Areas along or near rivers. The latter would require

some vigilance by conservationists so that it not be missed.

The initial system would include only the first four rivers included in other bills: Rogue River, Oregon; Rio Grande, New Mexico; Salmon and Clearwater Rivers, Idaho. Although this may seem modest, it may result in fewer opponents of the bill and faster passage of the basic bill. I suspect that rivers such as the Wolf in Wisconsin and the Eleven Point in Missouri may be added at the request of Representatives from those states. Twenty other rivers (not including the Wolf) are mentioned "without prejudice to other eligible candidates" for inclusion in the system.

Another notable feature of H.R. 8416 is the placing of primary responsibility for river studies, recommendations for additions, and administration in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior rather than splitting administrative responsibility. However the Secretary may not approve or disapprove any inclusion for the system without submitting the proposal to the Secretary of Agriculture, Secretary of the Army and the Federal Power Commission. On the other hand, detailed restrictions are provided to deter damming, pollution, mining or other alterations of rivers included in the System.

Lands to which conservation easements are donated as charitable contributions could be acquired by the government if heirs violated the terms of agreement. Terms such as "free flowing", "river" and "conservation easement" are adequately defined.

It would have been better for the drafters of this bill to have left designation of the classification of the rivers in the initial System to competent agencies (as in item 9 above under H.R. 90). Errors in judgment on this important feature could defeat the purpose of the classification. For example, in H.R. 8416 the whole Clearwater system discussed earlier in this article would be preserved as a "wild river". The Selway section is and should be "wild", the Lochsa section qualifies only as "natural environment" and the Middle Fork might be rated as low as "pastoral". The bill ranks the Salmon as "wild" which is true of its Middle Fork and the main stem below Shoup, but
HELMETS FOR WHITE WATER CANOEING

Eric S. Jacobson

Last fall we of the Wisconsin Hoofers Outing Club decided to obtain helmets for rapid canoeing. We were very impressed by a local sporting goods store's offer of plastic hockey helmets at $5-14 apiece, but decided first to determine the requirements for a helmet for use on rivers of grade III-IV difficulty, and then to make our selection. The results of the inquiry represented a great enlightenment, and we hope that they will be of general interest.

We specified, of course, that the helmet be reasonably light and compact, and that it protect the wearer in impacts of up to ten mph. (This is the approximate speed of a roughing grade IV rapid, in Wisconsin.) Now, headgear can give two different modes of protection. On the one hand, it can provide a hard shell which protects against surface injuries. Thus a hockey helmet will prevent a hockey stick from causing a gash, or may even prevent a fracture. On the other hand, a better helmet can absorb the energy of accelerations which would otherwise cause deep injuries to the brain and its surrounding membranes. And indeed, Dr. George Snively, of the Snell Research Foundation, Davis, California, has found that most serious head injuries are due to massive accelerations imparted to the brain within the skull, when the head is too suddenly arrested. The results can be a concussion or fatal intracranial bleeding, even though the skull has not been fractured. Thus a helmet, in order to provide a significant degree of protection, must have an energy absorbing liner.

There are three types of helmet linings in use: sling suspension, elastic foam, and crushable foam. The last is much the best, for it will buffer a violent blow, holding the impacted force to no more than half the amount which is able to crush the liner, until the liner is completely squashed. By contrast, an elastic liner does most of its yielding at trivial forces; the severe blow causes it to quickly bottom.

(Its force versus displacement curve does not plateau, as does that of the crushable liner.) Good quality helmets contain a small amount of elastic foam rubber for comfort, but this is not part of the energy absorbing system.

The table below gives a very concise summary of the situation. It tabulates Dr. Snively's estimates of the maximum speeds at which a head can be traveling if it is to escape serious injury on being stopped squarely by a task.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of Protection</th>
<th>Speed of Impact</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Barreledhead</td>
<td>67 mph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sling Suspension hat</td>
<td>95 mph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Climbing helmet with crushable liner (as Bell-Topex Malibu)</td>
<td>190 mph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bell-Topex Malibu</td>
<td>240 mph</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Best Car Racing Helmet 240 mph

This table appeared in a very interesting article in Summit Magazine, April, 1966.

Several things must be kept in mind as one peruses this table. In the first place, these values represent upper limits for avoiding serious injury, but the white-water boater must be much more cautious; he will not even want to be momentarily stunned. Secondly, the tolerance of the sling suspension hat is estimated for a downward blow at the crown. For impacts near the brim it will be of little more use than a hard shell. Thirdly, individuals vary greatly in their tolerance for head injuries. If one plans only to receive glancing blows then less protection is necessary, but an impact on a surface which is as much as sixty degrees removed from the perpendicular will still be reduced by only half, as any high school physics student can calculate. A thin plastic helmet will of course be better than nothing, but it is obvious from the above that a helmet without an energy absorbing lining will be completely inadequate for impact protection. The Snell Foundation has set standards for performance of headgear, and these have revolutionized the helmet industry.

For a better description of these standards the reader is referred to The Magazine of Standards, vol. 37, no. 9.) The following helmets have been tested for ski helmets and ought to be suitable for 10 mph rapids. The list does not pretend to be complete, but these models will probably be the most interesting to white water boaters:

Bell-Topex Malibu (designed for skiing.) Lined with 1/16" of crushable foam. Harness ought to be stronger. Weight—1 lb, $13. Obtainable from Alpine Hat, 4725 38th Ave. N. E. Seattle, Wash., or Seattle Co-op, 1325 11th Ave.

Bell-Topex Ski helmet. Harness is much more complete and may or
RACING REPORT
by Jay Evans
Winter Activities

Who said white water racing is a spring sport? Even the casual observer would never have noticed considerable activity from January 1 on this year. Surprises looked on the faces of people driving northward into New England with skis on their cars. Were they not uncommon as kayakers with kayaks on their cars headed south in February and March to compete at the indoor slaloms held at M.I.T. in Cambridge and at the Hayden Recreation Center in Lexington, Massachusetts. Suddenly, like Topsy a "Winter Racing Circuit" materialized with indoor slaloms being held in several places in the East including Cornell and Penn State prior to the grandaddy of all indoor slaloms—the Dartmouth Slam which was held in mid-March.

Competition was hot and keen among the various New England boating groups highlighted by the rapid increase of interest in the sport at M.I.T. under the capable leadership of grad student Tom Wilson. Tom claims an active white water group of twenty-five dues paying members. Each of the races was unique in itself. The M.I.T. course was right, tricky, and short, consisting of eleven gates. By way of contrast the Hayden course contained only six gates but these were negotiated three times each thus making for a longer race where endurance paid off.

Taking advantage of the Olympic sized pool the Dartmouth course, set by C-1 Expert John Burton, consisted of sixteen gates which included two Eskimo Rolls. This race was advertised as a fund raising activity to help support the U.S. Whitewater Team Fund, but unfortunately it was scheduled the same day as the World Cup Ski Championships at Cannon Mountain in Franconia, New Hampshire. Nevertheless, many Hanoverites managed to squeeze in both events, and the World Cup forerunner dished back in time to help as a gate watcher. By charging a fifty-cent admission (twenty-five cents for children) the Dartmouth Indoor Slalom still managed to turn $216 over to Bart Hauhaway, Chairman of the fund raising program.

Top honors in the winter racing circuit went this year to Ledyard Canoe Club’s Sandy Campbell for winning both the M.I.T. Race and the Dartmouth Slalom. He was edged at Hayden by veteran racer Jay Evans. Campbell was later named "Athlete of the Week" by the student newspaper, The Daily Dartmouth.

Early Spring Activity
The spring racing season got off to an early start with wild water and slalom races on the Westfield and Farmington Rivers in western Massachusetts. Contestants at both races reported large crowds of spectators, and in some cases, severe traffic jams on the highways bordering the race course.

In New Hampshire, a new and strange tongue has been heard along the banks of the streams. It can be said with considerable amount of truthfulness that the entire slalom course at the Eastern Championships at Mascoma was set up by people speaking Czech! No, the Czech team is not here practicing, but several of the Dartmouth team candidates signed up for a special spring term foreign language seminar in the Czech language specialized in the dialect used by the natives in and around Lipno where the World Championships are being held this summer. If all goes well and these hopefuls find themselves members of the U.S. Team then no interpreter will be needed this year, and the boys should be able to hold their own at the protest committee table.

U. S. Team Suffers Setback
On the debit side, a serious blow was struck the U.S. Team when Dartmouth's Joe Knight suffered a compound fracture of both bones in his right leg in an automobile accident. Joe, a member of the 1965 Team and highest placed American in K-1 in 1965, had just won the Petersburg Wildwater Race for the third year in a row and was pointing eagerly toward the upcoming Eastern Kayak Championships which were scheduled in his own backyard on the Mascoma River. Joe's unfortunate accident knocked him out of contention (he'll be lucky to be out of the cast by July 1), and completely scrambles the K-1 situation.

Dartmouth's Jay Evans.

Photo by Foss

Easterns Ran at Mascoma for First Time

Under the current Rotation Plan which has been approved by the National Slalom Committee of the American Canoe Association, the eastern part of the United States will host the National Whitewater Slalom Championships at Jamaica, Vermont this year. This necessitated the moving of the Eastern Regionals to a different location. Two different sites were chosen. The Eastern Canoe Slalom Championships were awarded to the Wildwater Boat Club of Pennsylvania who chose to run the race on the Loyalsock Slalom Course. The Eastern Kayak Slalom Championships were awarded to the Ledyard Canoe Club of Dartmouth which chose the Mascoma River. Helped by a late spring, and heavy rains the preceding week, the Mascoma River was swollen and provided an extremely challenging course for the Championships. A three-gate course was planned, but owing to the severe cold, and intermittent snow, the course was reduced to twenty-three gates which turned out to be more than enough for most of the contestants.

By charging $100 extra on the entry for a total of $80.00 was turned over to the U.S. Team fund.

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BOATING ON THE BORDER

By Bill Kugle

It is a long way from Athens to the Black Gap Wildlife bunkhouse in the Big Bend. We left home at noon on Wednesday and arrived at 2:00 A. M. the following morning, our trip elongated by a dip to the south to gather up Kandy Kugle at San Marcos. My station wagon groaned under the weight of seven passengers, a ton or so of gear and a canoe on top. The others were already there but everybody was awake at the bunkhouse. Retired Texas Ranger Forrest Hardin, with whom I have corresponded for a year, but only met on this occasion, was there and had taken charge of the group. Ranger Hardin undoubtedly knows more about the incredibly remote stretch of the Rio Grande which we proposed to explore than any man alive and he was indispensable to our trip in that he led us into the river at the mouth of Maravallis Creek and met us four days later 105 miles down. Without him two more days would have been required in shuttling vehicles, not to mention the attendant risk of the vehicles entering Mexico part by part if left unguarded on the river.

Ranger Ben Krueger alleges that Forrest Hardin is only partially civilized. According to Krueger, Hardin will spread his bedroll and sleep under a tree a mile from home rather than sleep indoors. On the occasion of our expedition he allowed us two hours sleep before roasting us out of the bunks to start the seventeen mile, one and a half hour grind, to the river. He proposed that we proceed immediately to the river and cook breakfast on the bank. We rebelled long enough to cook on the butane stove at the bunkhouse knowing that we would be cooking on the river for four days. Nevertheless, we arrived at the river just before gray dawn and were underway at 7:15.

As we started loading gear at the bunkhouse about 5 A.M. something was happening in the sky which made us think the world was coming to an end. Hundreds of stars were falling. Finally someone remembered reading that a meteor bombardment was to occur on this night, the last such event having occurred a hundred or so years ago. It was better than a Fourth of July fire works display. I was almost glad I was up to see it.

The air in this part of the world is so clean and clear that stars are bright. On every occasion that I have camped on the riverbank on the Rio Grande I have seen a satellite and this time was no exception. On the second night Elizabeth spotted what she first thought was a falling star and directed my attention to it. After a long minute it became obvious that its path was deliberate and calculated.

Our group numbered fifteen, in seven canoes. For the first time girl types were among the explorers; my two daughters, Kandy and Cherry and two H C J C coeds, Elizabeth Ayers and Tanya Lavelle. I began the trip with Kandy and Elizabeth forward in my canoe. Neither of this group had ever been close to a canoe before this minute and I sustained several coronaries as we began to encounter rapids. To the credit of the girls it must be said that they retained their cool—they did not panic. Blithely they would steer straight into a submerged boulder, but panic they did not. Guiding a canoe through boils in a boulder strewn rapids is a tricky proposition requiring some skill and experience. My own credentials as a canoeist are dubious, my first canoe trip having occurred less than a year ago. Accordingly, it was a nerve wrecking experience to hit the white water with the women aboard.

In the land of blind people, a one-eyed man is king however, and I was leader of our expedition by default, none of the others excepting Neil Caldwell having had any experience.

Aside from brother, Don Kugle, the four girls and Neil Caldwell, Jim Wren and Dick Darr from Athens joined us as neophyte explorers. The rest which I call the Kennard group hailed from Fort Worth and were namely, Senator Don Kennard, Bill O'Grady, Frank Croy, Lawrence Curtis, Jack Hendrickson and Walt Hendrickson.

At the last minute Senator Yarbrough advised that he could only go if we could have him back in Austin on Saturday. This was obviously impossible so he missed the trip. While I would like for him to see this wonderful run of the river for possible inclusion in the pending "Wild Rivers" bill, I am afraid that the repeated soakings to which we were all subjected would have convinced him that the whole trip was a Republican plot.

Jack Hendrickson is Vice-president of Chaplin Oil Company and a petroleum engineer. He assured us that he could read the maps we had and keep us advised as to our position along the way. I doubted it remembering our experience of a year ago. For the first two days Jack was absolutely certain where we were at all times. According to his calculations we were within five miles of our destination at the end of the second day. Accordingly, we should have reached the end by mid morning of the third day. We reached the end at noon of the fourth day. Jack is still bewildered. This is no reflection on his ability. The maps show no topography on the Mexican side and it is practically impossible to relate the map to the geographical features on the ground.

Prior to embarking on this journey Lawrence Curtis, who is a Zoo keeper by trade, and Frank Croy could lay claim to extensive knowledge of canoes, having each read "Hiwawah" as boys. They were paired together in a canoe and it was not readily apparent that their canoeing intelligence had been updated. They aggregated 475 pounds exclusive of gear. From the first day they spent so much time in the water that it appeared that the canoe was a burden to them insomuch as they were forever trying to catch up to it or let it catch up to them. Among the Fort Worth zoo personnel Curtis is partial above all to "Paddles", the porpoise. The Freudian identity between Paddles and his boss became graphic after four days of submerging down the Rio Grande by the latter.

On our mountain climb last May, Curtis unveiled several ramblerites. He has a way with animals. On the third day on the river he surprised a young vulture from the rear and took the bird into his
canoe. The vulture’s bouquet was so overwhelming that we thereafter affoxted the Curtis-Croy canoe a large segment of the river. Croy just got sick. One man’s poison is another man’s dessert and Curtis and the bird established an immediate rapport. While Curtis’ tastes by other standards are bizarre, I am inclined to discount as apocryphal the legend that he fashions his cigars from droppings in the lion cage. When the Curtis-Croy canoe hit rapids and the white water would boil up over the gunnels the vulture would flap his (her?) wings and raise a foot or so above the torrent and then settle down when the canoe emerged into calm water. Usually however Curtis-Croy and the bird were separated from the canoe. On one occasion I intercepted the upside down canoe below a bad stretch of rapids. I beached the canoe, righted it, and waited for the bodies to float out. Finally, I spotted a head which I tentatively identified as belonging to Curtis. Beside the Curtis head was another head, this one black and bald belonging to the bird which was riding on Curtis’ shoulder. His canoe and paddles were gone but his vulture was intact.

Sadly, the vulture expired before the trip ended, whether from fright or repeated inundation I cannot say.

On last December I made substantially the same trip. On that occasion I was tolerated along, the other explorers being veteran members of the Texas Explorers Club. It was a very business like serious trip. It was a mad scramble every morning for Caldwell and me to get our gear into the canoe in time to avoid being left. We paddled like the devil for seven hours or so and thereafter collapsed in our sleeping bags. On the present trip the spirit of carnival prevailed. The weather was delightful. We all went swimming on purpose the first afternoon. Never did we get away in the morning before 9:00 A. M. and usually later. Nighttime was party time. I propose a book to be entitled “Exploring Can Be Fun Fun Fun”. Those persons who have only seen the Rio Grande at the points of entry into Mexico cannot imagine the breathtaking beauty of the river in the canyon country. I know of only one other expedition which has gone the full length of the river. Even Ranger Hardin has seen the full stretch only from an airplane. We passed through one canyon which is at least 40 miles long. This canyon is generally called Reagan’s Canyon after the Reagan Brothers who ranched in this area before 1900. From our point of entry to the end of our trip there is no way in or out of the river. There is no other area in Texas so remote. We saw no signs of human life over the whole run. This is a good trip—in my opinion the best in Texas for a man who loves a flowing stream.

I would like to think that I am improving as a canoeist. My canoe capsized only twice in four days even with my pigtail crew. The first dumping occurred when we hit a submerged boulder on the second day. Kandy was holding a box of dried peaches as the canoe went over. As we were swept down the rapids I got my head above water long enough to hear Kandy shouting. I thought she was saying “hit the beaches” and concluded that the poor child was delirious from striking her head on a rock. Finally, I discovered she was screaming “get the peaches”. At this moment the peaches swirled by and I saved them at the cost of a paddle which we later rescued.

We made our camp on the Mexican side each night. There is a bit of a thrill to bedding down on foreign soil without a passport. Because beavers abound on
the Rio Grande, firewood is rarely a problem, even on the narrow beaches on which we sometimes camped in the canyon. About noon time of the second day we stopped at a hot spring on the Mexican side and all bathed in the hot water. The spring boils up out of the ground about thirty feet from the bank and the water created a basin so that half a dozen people can sit in it up to their chins and enjoy the Jacuzzi effect. Kennard calls this place the Spa. Curtis discovered minnows in the hot water and concluded that they were rare exotic minnows. He and Cherry wrapped five of them in a T-shirt and upon Curtis appropriated a bottle of medicinal rum from me to preserve the minnows. Since the bottle was half full and the minnows were still alive, we carried them and we did not see them any more that day. We paddled until almost dark looking for a suitable camping place. After dark we assumed that Curtis and I were dead as they were not with us. We cannot imagine anything more dangerous than being on the river after dark, and I could not believe they were still in the canoe. Eventually they floated around the bend, making considerable noise. That is to say that the vulture and Curtis were making noise, but Curtis appeared to be dead. Curtis crawled up the bank and barked me the tequila. It was empty. Fortunately, someone took Curtis' pulse before we buried him. The pulse, though weak, was there. They put him in the sleeping bag, and he came back to life in about ten hours.

On the last morning our attention was directed to the top of the cliff on which we camped the night before by large rocks rolling from the cliff. We looked up to see a large herd of goats numbering several hundred on the perpendicular wall about a thousand feet up. As they would jump from one place to another they would dislodge rocks which rolled down the wall. If I hadn't seen it I wouldn't have believed it. A large rock or anything else could have moved along the canyon wall without falling into the river. It was truly a magnificent sight.

While this chronicle of the trip makes the adventure sound more like fun than a circus it should be emphasized that many weeks of careful preparation preceded it. Waterproof cases for sleeping bags, food and other gear are indispensable, as are good life jackets. The river is not all rapids but the rapids occur frequently. Rapids exist where rocks have washed or fallen into the river leaving no clear path around the boulders. Some of the rapids are obviously impassable and the canoes and gear must be portaged. This is no fun but the portages are short. The worst portage occurring on the second day took an hour to complete. I recall three portages in four days.

By way of summing up, it should be emphasized that this trip could be disastrous without adequate preparation and proper equipment. I have often thought of the bad situation which could result if someone broke a leg. There would be no way to get an injured person out other than float out over a period of several days. It would be extremely difficult to float an injured person out in a canoe without capsizing several times. The discomfort attendant upon being thrown into the rapids with a crudely splinted broken leg can hardly be described. For this reason, I gave strict instructions to the members of the expedition before leaving. "Don't break no legs," I said.

NOTE: Specific information about this trip and other canoe runs on the Texas Rio Grande can be obtained free of charge by writing Bob Barlemon, Texas Explorers Club, Box 844, Temple, Texas.

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