

*American*

# WHITEWATER

*the Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation*



SUMMER, 1973 Vol. XVIII, No. 2

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(Cont. on Back Cover)

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Vol. XVIII, No. 2



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## Letters from Readers

March 11, 1973

Dear Iris,

Just read twice "From Sea to Shining Sea . . ." (American Whitewater, Winter, 1972). Can't make up my mind whether it's a put-on or not. I alternate between laughter at the cleverness of the article, if it's a put-on, and indignation at the comments of Gen. Thwackem about the environmentalists.

Please let me know before I make an ass of myself by writing letters to the Editors of major newspapers regarding the irresponsible comments of "Brute" Thwackem!

Sincerely yours,  
Henri de Marne  
RFD Box 139 B  
Waitsfield, VT 05673

*(The article by Jonathan Ela, who is the Sierra Club's Midwest Rep., is indeed a satire, but you weren't the only one who wasn't sure it was a put-on— we heard that after it appeared in the Sierra Club Bulletin, several people wrote to their congressmen about the 'Go-Con Canal Plan.' Our apologies to anyone among our readers who did likewise. Perhaps we should have made it clear that it was satire.— Ed.)*

March 13, 1973

Dear Editor:

The enclosed few paragraphs from Alaska magazine, Feb. 1973, indicate that it might be interesting to see an article about the Susitna River in Alaska.

I find I am a bit puzzled by the reference to (Walt) Blackadar as "the solo conqueror of the Alsek River." . . . Publicity on others doing the Alsek has appeared in the article "Running the Alsek" by Richard D. Tero in the Mar. 1971 issue of Alaska, with many nice color photos. This was reprinted in the Dec. 15, 1972 issue of Appalachia, using fewer photos in black and white. Amazingly the photos are not the same although the captions are! In the original article, the captions always make sense.

In this article it was stated that the

first trip on the Alsek was in 1961 by Clem Rawert and John Dawson. Rawert led the 1970 trip which is described in detail in the article. This party of six did not run Turnback Canyon. Instead, they did a ten-mile portage across Tweedsmuir Glacier since the canyon was "14 miles of rapids without pullout possibilities, more difficult than the Grand Canyon." Possibly Dr. Blackadar has run this section.

Alaska magazine usually has two or three nice articles on canoe trips each year. The state of Alaska publishes a folder on canoe trips, with diagrams showing put-in and take-out points. The rapids are graded on the International scale.

Betty Lou Bailey  
Schuyler 16  
Netherlands Village  
Schenectady, NY 12308

*(Dr. Walt Blackadar's experiences running Turnback Canyon on the Alsek are the subject of his article which appeared in the August, 1972 Sports Illustrated. This was a solo run, which probably accounts for the "solo conqueror" reference.— Ed.)*

March 19, 1973

Dear Iris,

. . . About the USFS map that you included with the article ("Spelunkers on the Chattooga, American **White**-water, Winter, 1972)—I am glad that you included it. Section IV on the map includes both Section II and Section III as they are known to the local canoeists. . . . Section III on the USFS map is definitely not the easy Section II I referred to. Let me clarify how the Southeasterners, both fishermen and canoeists, divide the river up. The conventional division is based upon access points to the river.


Section 0 begins near Cashiers, NC, where it is accessible by way of a USFS road and goes to Burl's Ford near the NC, SC, GA border. Section I goes from Burl's Ford to the Highway 28 bridge. Section II goes from there to Earl's Ford. Section III goes from there to

the Highway 76 bridge. Section IV goes from the Hwy. bridge to the Tugaloo Reservoir. Since the USFS map is posted in several places along the river, their nomenclature will probably prevail in the end. I really believe that this river should be called "Class X" because I am in complete agreement with Carl Trost's article ("This River Is Rated 'X'," **American Whitewater**, Winter, 1972). The difficulty of this river varies greatly with water level, and to classify with any accuracy any of the major rapids requires the inclusion of so many **caveats** as to negate the value of classification. I don't know the answer to the question of rapid classification, because I tend to be rather subjective about it myself. When I try to discuss the subject with any of my "heavy water" boating friends, everything they do is Class V—if it's not Class V, then it's only Class II. This makes describing their experience rather useless to a novice. I am glad that you printed an article on this subject, because any discussion on the topic is certainly a healthy thing.

About the movie "Deliverance"—Bull Sluice did not appear in the movie because it would be next to impossible to run it, even at a favorable water level, in an open canoe with two people in it. I certainly enjoyed the movie because of my acquaintance with the river. However, there was one thing I did object to—when they shot the movie, they would shoot rapid running sequences until the canoe swamped or wiped out. Then they would empty the canoe and do some more, etc. Then they spliced together the good footage showing the running of "continuous" whitewater in an open boat, with two people in it, and without swamping. This, I am sure, gave the general impression that it could be done. Other than that little nit-pick, I thought the movie was fantastic. One thing you might find of interest was the spectacular scene where the wooden canoe broached and was cut into by the Grumman. Remember the scene? That took place in the Narrows, at least it started out there. It finished up with everyone being washed over a waterfall that is located about 25 miles away

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over in the Tallulah Gorge. Artistic license!

Donal Myrick  
3506 Conger Rd. SW  
Huntsville, AL 35805

April 10, 1973

Dear Jim and Iris,

I just wanted to write you and tell you how I made out with my "Feather Kayak Paddle" featured in the Fall, 1971 **American Whitewater**. In a word, it is fantastic. Before that I would literally break a paddle every time I went out. A good way to lose friends, when you borrow the paddle in the first place. Well, the Feather paddle is indestructible and for weight and balance it is right near the top too! However, I think the blade could be widened a little more with no harm done, and that's what I'll try this winter. The tapered shape is really easy to control in boiling, bubbling water though, never catching the way my old lollypop-shaped one did.

One thing though, instead of dismembering some old appliance for a molding surface we just covered some plywood with two layers of waxed paper which worked perfectly.

I just joined the AWA but I've been following the "growth" controversy via your back issues. Well, it's too bad but the sport will grow so instead of burying one's head in the sand perhaps it is time for all the various organizations and affiliations to get together and give us some "paddle power" to stop the dam builders and legislators from doing any more harm. As for the clod-minded boaters, I don't really know but perhaps they can be shamed into a more intelligent style of boating if the rest of us are vocal enough in our censure of their actions. After all, it's up to us.

Thanks,  
Skip Snaith  
Electronic Pet Shop  
P. O. Box 229  
Bantam, CN 06750

P.S. I think **American Whitewater** is really great but I would really love a **monthly** magazine devoted to kayaking too, and if I had the bread I would start one, with color photos and the

works. It would probably take off like wildfire. Don't you think it would be best for canoeists in general, and their organization, to be behind such a venture rather than some Madison-Avenue money-grubbing exploiter?

*(Well, if we had the bread . . . Glad you like the Feather Paddle. For a strong, athletic person, we recommend a blade one inch wider — same shape. For a weaker person, the original dimensions adding a grip of some kind for the control hand — the shape of the grip should tell you precisely what your blade angle is without moving your hand or taking a "test stroke.")*

#### THANKS, DON

Readers are probably wondering who "DE" is, who drew the great cartoon which adorned the back cover of the Winter, 1972 issue. He is Don Elmore of Kent, Washington, a member of the Washington Kayak Club. Special thanks are due Don for allowing AWA to make use of the cartoon for membership recruiting purposes.

#### WATERVILLE VALLEY WHITE MT. WORKSHOPS OFFERED

The Waterville Valley Associates of Waterville Valley, NH, and Plymouth State College are offering a series of 2-week courses in whitewater boating and mountaineering this summer. The courses are coed and are offered to young people aged 14 to 21, with 3 college credits being granted to high school seniors and students at Plymouth State College upon completion of the two-week session. Dates for the workshops are: June 9-23; July 21-Aug. 3; and August 9-23, 1973. They will cover all aspects of open canoe and kayak paddling in whitewater, and learning about the river environment. During the first week, students will be introduced to equipment and safety in whitewater, paddling strokes and rolling, river physics and ecology, and kayak building. The second week will involve advanced whitewater work, covered canoe and kayak techniques in heavy water, river camping, I.C.F. slalom competition and downriver pack trips. For more information contact Don McCabe, Waterville Valley, NH 03223. Tel. (603) 236-8311.

American WHITEWATER

# KUTUK TO INIAKUK BY KAYAK

By Jim Hunter, Box 463, Fairbanks, AK

Alaska has some of the greatest whitewater in the world (The Susitna, Alsek, and Nenana Rivers to name just three) but this account is of a gentle trip in Alaska's arctic.

There is a quiet majesty and mystery to the Brooks Range of Alaska. No roads connect these mountains to civilization. They are solid white and cold during the eight-month winter, and then suddenly turn soft brown, yellow-red-and-green, then into winter again.

The middle Alatna River is adjacent the Arrigetch Peaks area of the Brooks Range. These Alaskan Peaks, which are the only giant granite upthrusts in the Brooks Range, rival Yosemite in dramatic value.

Although I now use a Klepper, it was myself and a small folbot which were dropped off up the Alatna in June of 1972. Ray Bane of Hughes Village

flew me up the Alatna River in his float plane and landed in the swift and treacherous current.

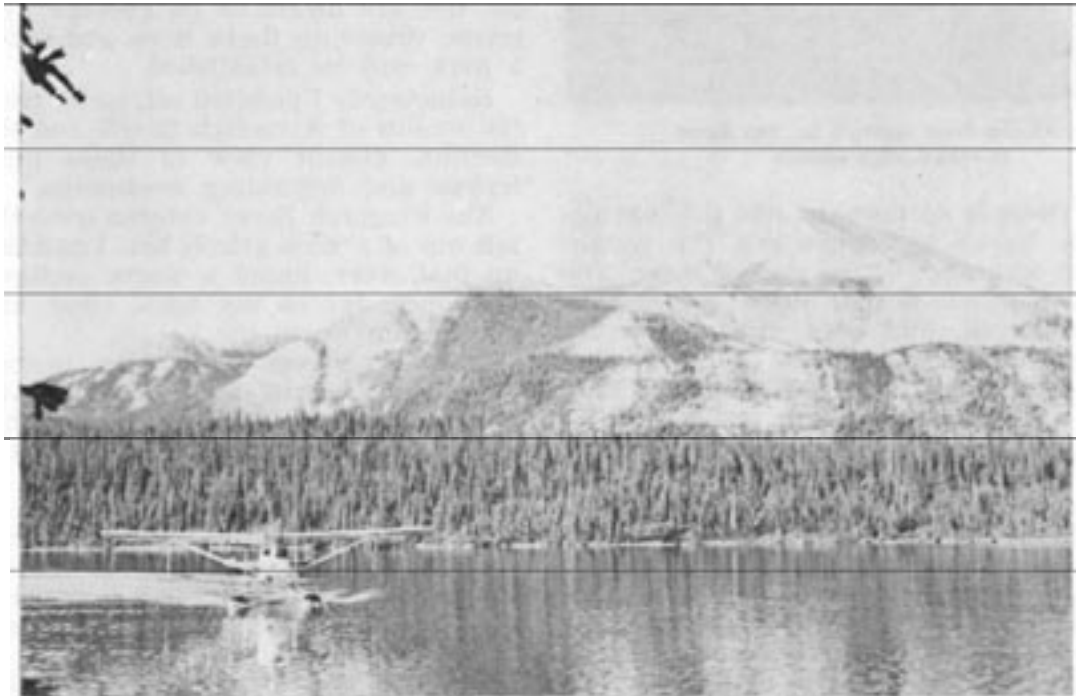
I had gear and grub for five days and was due to be picked up at Iniakuk Lake. Pronounced (in-you-kuk).

The mountains at Kutuk River are high, are near the divide between the north and south slopes, and that day they were hot and mosquito filled.

Spruce trees grow on the south slope of the Brooks Range and the valleys are broad and wide on the major drainages. Feeder streams, like the North Fork of the Koyukuk, have roaring deep canyons which, at the present, have not been run.

I was alone on the Alatna after Ray took off and cautioned myself to go slow. I had an orange one-man draw-tight tent, five pounds of dried food, french bread, cheese, salami, dcwn bag, poly pad (this was great as a seat), ax

Ray Bane landing for Aight up Alatna River.



(next to matches the most important), minimum utensils, and a bell pepper.

I looked around the valley and observed the small spruce, the low brush, the hummock and tussock tundra over which hiking is misery, and felt good about being on a river trail.

The folbot had gone together well on a damp little sandbar and it was carefully loaded with my gear. It sat now in a small eddy. To me it looked anxious to take someone down the river.



On Alatna River waiting for Ray Bane to return with paddle

There is no moment like the leaving. The kayak is caught and the weight and assurance of the gear is there. The river muscle is felt, tested, joined with the kayak, and man, boat and river move forward quietly.

Near the Kutuk the Alatna is fifty to a hundred feet wide, about three to eight feet deep, braided and shallow in the flats, but occasionally joins at turns and bends to cut steep banks.

There are no sweepers and no dangerous rapids, but there is the clear, blue water (except after a rain), the steady, fast fall, and enough big rocks and fast water to keep an experienced kayaker busy if not in danger. During

the inbetween moments the high mountains demand attention for on their slopes are white dall sheep and grizzly bear.

Eagles circle the valleys and sometimes a landslide off the rocky slopes makes a frightening rumble. The sun makes a big circle in the sky overhead and does not set.

There is an orange dawn time and pink sunset time, but it is never full dark. There is no intrusion there yet by man and cabins on the bank are rare.

Bud Helmerick's Kutuk Cabin came into view on a low bluff over the Alatna River across from the entrance of the Kutuk into the Alatna. Landing was poor at this point and the tug of the river was strong so that I passed up a chance to explore that cabin.

Not much later I came around a bend in the river and was confronted with the Arrigetch Peaks, then five miles away, to my right and up the narrow valley of the Arrigetch Creek.

They were crags and pointed peaks completely different from the rest of the Brooks Range. I watched them for an hour and rested. No one who sees the Arrigetch peaks ever forgets them.

There are plans to make the area a National Park, and it should be, but too few are aware of its geologic and scenic values, so there is no guarantee a park will be established.

Reluctantly I paddled off, away from the mouth of Arrigetch Creek and the fleeting, distant view of those mysterious and forbidding mountains.

The Pingaluk River entered from the left out of a wide gravel bar. I paddled up that river, found a warm sandbar, ate lunch, lay on my back, slept, and let the sun warm me.

Standing waves about one to two feet high do occur on this stretch and some channels are too shallow so that turns must be carefully picked and water selected to avoid overturning.

Mosquitoes are no problem if you have spray and don't let them bother you. Talking to them as fellow travelers helps. Although I carry a net into the Brooks for emergency purposes I rarely use one.

I passed one other cabin that day





At Arrigetch Peaks on Alatna River

and by 8 p.m. I was at Takahula Lake. It is a quarter-mile away from the Alatna over a little ridge. I camped on the shore of the Alatna and hiked over to Takahula and caught dinner. That was a twenty-inch, pink fleshed, lake trout.

Two waterfalls had been off to the right the first day out. One was wide and striking, rumbling, and it seemed so lonely and quiet and unreal on the Alatna that I half expected to see Lewis and Clark somewhere in the vicinity of that waterfall.

The other was higher, 200 feet perhaps, thin, wispy, and dropped without thunder toward the Alatna. Unfortunately there was no time to explore either the creeks or the waterfalls.

At 5 a.m. the next morning a black wind and heavy rain was beating my tent. I could have sat it out and read but decided to break camp and push on.

With the current I was able to move into the storm and keep progress going down stream. But about a mile below Takahula the Alatna suddenly gets deeper, becomes one large channel, begins to meander and twist back on itself, and has an almost total absence of fast water and rapids.

The wind was blowing between ten and twenty knots upstream and unless I paddled the kayak weather-cocked and turned sideways to the river I was blown back upstream against the current.

I paddled continually that day, sometimes resting in the lee of a bend, until I hit great buffeting winds about 8 p.m. by the site of an old mining camp, Rapid City. There was no sign of the old place, but the bend on the river had been explained to me.

I made a wet and dreary camp, ate inside the tent, spent a lot of time getting firewood, trying to make the wet fire burn, and alternately getting my feet stuck in the mucky sandbar and myself wet in thrashing through the wet underbrush.

The morning of the third day was misty but promised warmth. Some geese were squabbling on the opposite bank and then a fight started after some newcomers landed. Two moose broke through a willow thicket and came to drink. They eyed me cautiously.

It became hot later that day and I dozed on the long slow turns of the Alatna. I looked at one mountain four hours from four different angles and



**Camp near Takahula Lake on Alatna River**

didn't progress more than two miles in a straight line.

Later that afternoon a big wind and light rain ruined the tranquility. It was push-pull and gut straining paddling again, a repeat of the past day.

At times I wondered if I had missed the Alatna Malemute Fork. I intended to paddle up it and then to turn off at the Iniakuk Lake outlet and rope up into the lake.

By chance and good fortune I met Bob and Cora Maquire of Allakaket Village at the Malemute Fork. I am sure I was the only one on the middle Alatna for three days and was quite surprised to see another human being.

Bob, who is a teacher at Allakaket, and his wife Cora, had come up the Alatna in their riverboat powered by an 18-horse kicker.

I tried paddling up the Malemute and found the current, even by locating eddies, more than I could handle. Bob offered to pull me to Iniakuk Outlet if I would help him rope his big boat into Iniakuk Lake.

Later I accused Bob of having a forty-foot boat and 5,000 pounds of gear, but in fact he had several hundred pounds of gear and a 23-foot boat.

Up the Malemute pulling the kayak was no problem. Getting up the feisty little torrent that poured for five miles out of the big lake was something else again.

We had the kayak tied to the rear of the river boat and Bob and I each had a rope up front. We pulled from the center of the creek since pulling from the shore was out of the question.

We lost the boat several times and it would get sideways to the current and I had thoughts of river-boat, kayak, and gear, all drifting clear to the ocean when the ropes broke or we stumbled and fell and lost the whole thing.

Black clouds of mosquitoes were on Bob's back and I assumed the same number were on mine. Cora worked at poling and keeping the bow away from shore. Later I told anyone who would believe me that Cora beat us with the pole to keep us moving. At several points that was about all that would have worked anyway.

The little torrent had a rocky, uneven bottom, with some big holes, had a temperature I am sure was below freezing (the ice had just gone out of Iniakuk Lake), and resisted consistently.

Within three miles my feet had gone from cold, to painful, to complete numbness, to walking on stumps, to fear of frostbite in June, to disbelief, when at last Bob called a halt.

We built the friendliest twig fire I will ever know, warmed our pink, cold feet, and ate Nabob Blackberry jelly on large hunks of french bread. What heaven.

Off again a large lake trout shot by my feet. We stumbled into the lake a short while later, hard put to appreciate its giant stillness and loneliness, its vast, calm surface at 10 p.m. and the utter, complete absence of other humans.

Next morning Cora made sourdough pancakes on the small yukon stove which fits inside their canvas tent. Before Bob and I had finished wiping up the last of the syrup Cora had quietly disappeared from the tent and flipped a lure out into the lake.

She caught two large trout and pulled them in, right between the beached kayak and the riverboat.

Looking out over Iniakuk in the morning one is impressed by the stillness. A great, sharp pointed peak stands guard over the lake, and low hills ring it on both sides. A small stream flows in from the northwest and a small stream runs out in the southeast. It has sand and gravel beaches all around its roughly rectangular shape and is about four miles long and one mile wide.

I paddled that last day, around the lake, and fished, and watched the clear bottom, and gave much thought to the great and disappearing privilege of being the only person a great lake.

I gave a lot of thought to what Lake Tahoe must have looked like to those who first paddled its waters.

Ray Bane flew in the next day and snatched me from the lake and the quiet. I slept in Hughes Village that night and then flew Wien Airlines from there to Galena to home, and within hours was locked again into a pavement and alarm clock existence.

But now I had the friendship of the Alutna, won in strong debate with her, the vital memories of fighting winds,

warm sandbars, the freezing and smart little outlet stream, and the clear, wide, undamaged expanse of Iniakuk Lake with the pyramid-like peak overlooking it all.

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# The Heaving Line Rescue

By O. K. Goodwin, AWA Safety Chairman

A successful whitewater heaving line starts with the selection of the line to be used. A good choice is  $\frac{3}{8}$ " .Angola Polycord, a product of Plymouth Cordage. It is good for the following reasons:

1. It has excellent strength and elastic characteristics.
2. The braided construction can be coiled neatly and quickly; it does not kink or hockle.
3. It floats.
4. It is easy on the hands of the rescuer and the rescuee: it does not have loose or coarse fibers and has less tendency to produce a friction burn when sliding through your hands.
5. It does not retain soil and is easily cleaned.
6. It is not affected by temperature.
7. The size ( $\frac{3}{8}$ " ) is large enough that it can be gripped and small enough that a 70 ft. coil, even when wet, can be extended the full 70 feet. Anything smaller would be difficult to hold; a larger size would be heavier and would limit the distance that could be covered.

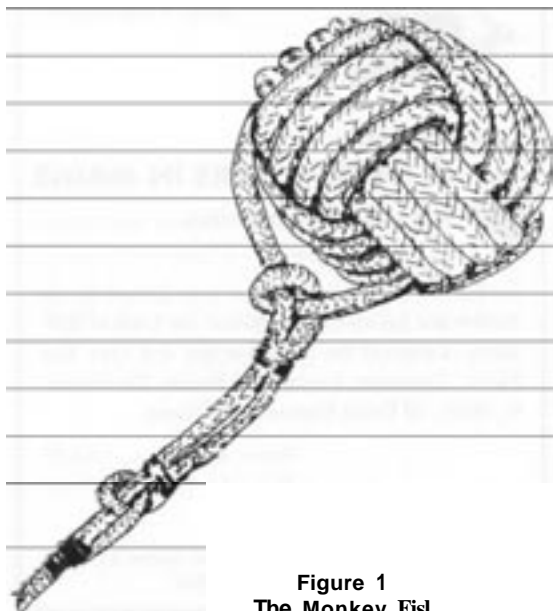


Figure 1  
The Monkey Fist

Since the monkey fist knot requires about ten feet of this line, a completed 70 ft. heaving line, with monkey fist: requires about 80 ft. of line.

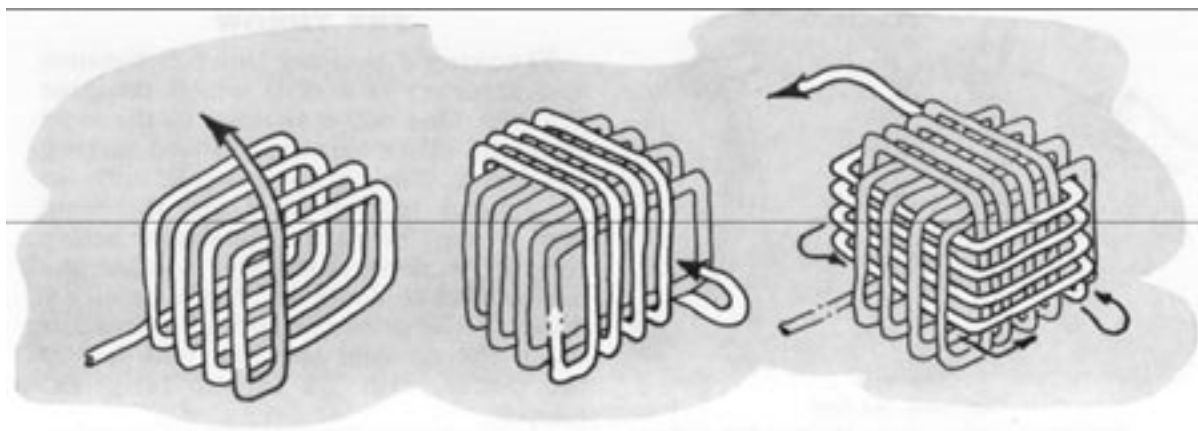
To date, we have seen this particular line available in white only. Since our usage is in rapids or whitewater, where the visibility of the line in the water is reduced, it would be more effective if the line had a bright color (red, yellow or blue) to make it easier for the swimmer to see.

Tying the monkey fist knot is easier than it looks. Basically, it is an arrangement of three coils of the line tightened so that they are interlocked. The first and second coils are just that: coils. The third must be worked through the first two, weaving in and out to form them all into a unit. While forming the knot, the coils are left somewhat loose. The strands are pulled up "snug" only after adding the "load" to the center. Then the free end is secured by knotting, whipping and/or taping to help prevent it becoming the cause of entanglement.

The "load" may be any of numerous materials. Its purpose is to add weight (and in this case, flotation) to the monkey fist. A closed-cell, resilient plastic foam, such as the Dow Chemical Co. "Ethafoam," works well. It is formed into a ball about the size of a baseball and inserted into the center of the loose coils.

In tightening the monkey fist it is best to pull each strand "away" from the short, free end. If you left enough length to tie the free end securely, this length would not be altered in the tightening process. A small fid, prickawl or screwdriver will prove invaluable in pulling the strands snug.

It is possible to tie a monkey fist in several ways; the method shown is simple and reliable. The intentional interlock of strands between coils will help



**Figure 2**  
**Steps in Tying the Monkey Fist**

provide a smooth knot that will not deform or unravel and it will wear more evenly.

One objection that is given to the use of a knot on the end of a heaving line is that in the whitewater situation the knot may hang-up in the rocks or bushes and make retrieval of the line difficult. The smoothness of the monkey fist and the added flotation material, however, reduce this possibility and, if the site where the line is to be used is carefully selected, this problem may be avoided. Sometimes a slight clearing of tree branches or "chinking" of rock crevices is all that is necessary.

If a line does get hung in the rocks or bush, try this: Slack off slightly on the line, let the force of the water work on the floating ball, "whip" the line slightly from side-to-side or "roll" a loop of line from your handhold toward the hang-up. With a little practice the monkey fist can be made to do tricks that may free it. If all else fails, then go after the hang-up. This is the only time that a line should be tied to shore. It can be used to steady you in the current while you reach the snag and free it.

### **THE COIL**

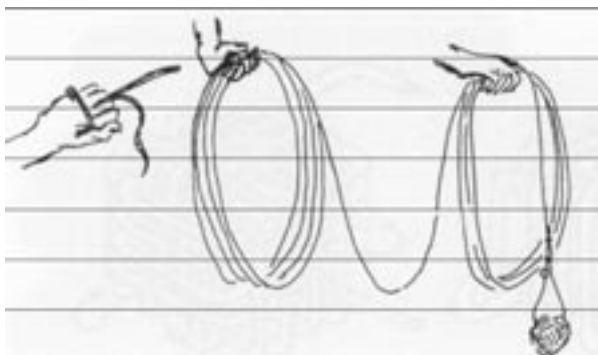
Coiling a heaving line so that it will throw well requires one simple trick. As you reach out for a new length of line to form a loop, grasp it with thumb and fingers so that it can be rolled between them. (Figure 3.) By applying this roll you will find that the loop

you add to your coil can be formed without any twist or tendency to twist. The flat coil that results will feed from your hands more freely and be less likely to snarl.

With the line lying in the water, practice making your coil rapidly, forming the loops as you haul the line in. This quick recovery will help you to be prepared to render assistance and may, on occasion, allow you a second



**Figure 3**  
**The Finger Roll Helps to Produce a Flat Coil**



**Figure 4**  
**Splitting the Coil**

Note the position of the Monkey Fist and the releasable un-knotted hand hold.

throw after you have flubbed the first one.

A neatly made coil is easy to "split" into two coils. (Figure 4.) The throwing hand should hold  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  the total. The monkey fist should be hanging just slightly below the bottom of the loops to avoid causing an entanglement as you throw.

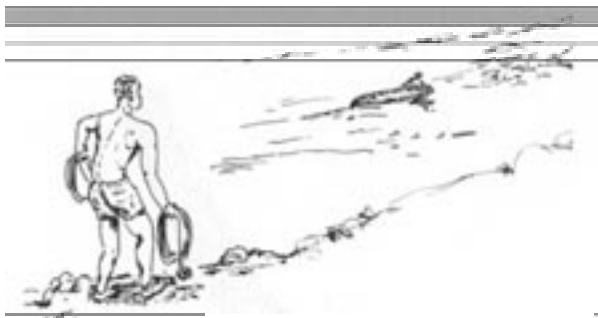
## THE THROW

Throwing a heaving line for distance and accuracy is a skill which requires practice. One coil is thrown as the rope from the other hand is allowed to feed out freely. The throw is made with an underhand motion and the throwing arm is kept straight; the whole action should be done smoothly to give the line a chance to flow. When properly done, the loops of the coil will straighten in the air and the line will fall to the water with its length fully extended.

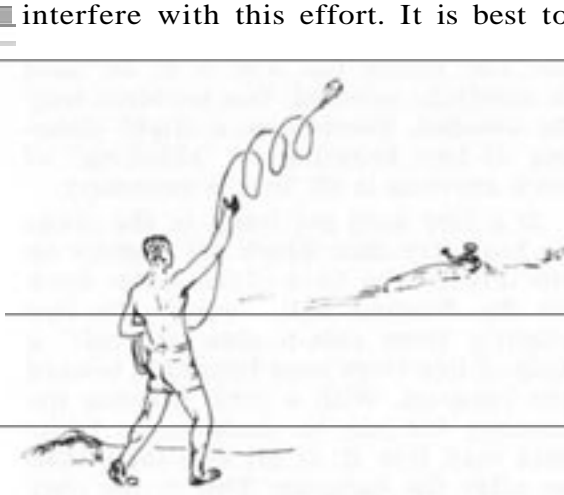
When this is further complicated by adding a moving target, then you must learn to "lead" it, aiming not directly at your target but at the spot where the target **will** be when the line falls to the water.

## WHEN TO THROW

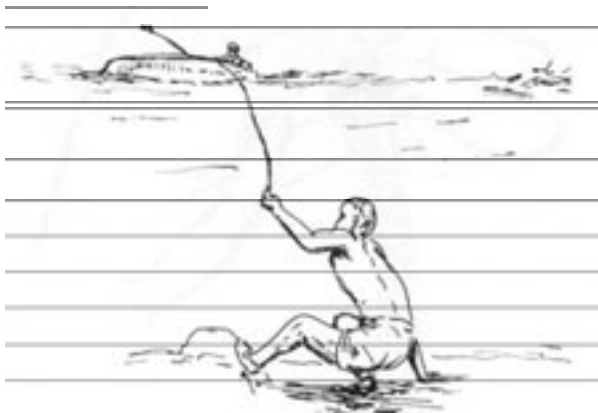
The thrower must exercise great restraint; he should **not** throw until he is sure that a rescue is needed. After a capsized paddler may attempt to roll his boat and the line should not interfere with this effort. It is best to



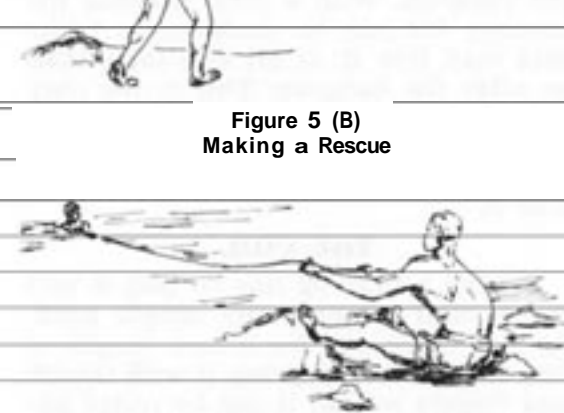
**Figure 5 (A)**  
**Making a Rescue**



**Figure 5 (B)**  
**Making a Rescue**



**Figure 5 (C)**  
**Making a Rescue**



**Figure 5 (D)**  
**Making a Rescue**





**Figure 6**  
**Accuracy Is Important**

delay until the paddler has left the cockpit of his boat. In the case of a C-2, sometimes one paddler will still roll the boat after the other has vacated. In this event the throw may be made to the swimmer if it is obvious that he wants it. Interference with any further attempt to roll should still be avoided.

If both paddlers of a C-2 team are swimming, their rescue becomes an exercise in strength. Two swimmers and a boat on the other end of a heaving line exert an unbelievable pull. This situation usually requires that the safety man have immediate assistance or—he may end up swimming himself!

To reach a swimmer most effectively, the thrower should deliver the line to a point in front of him and within his reach. (Figure 6.) If his "swimming" technique is proper, he will be facing downstream and the line should fall on his downstream side. If it lands behind him (upstream side) he probably will not see it. If time allows, the swimmer's chances for making contact will be improved by alerting him that help is imminent.

After the throw—Brace Yourself!

### **THE SAFETY STATION**

Picking the right spot for a safety station where a heaving line is to be used is important to the effectiveness of the safety effort. There are two approaches to this choice. The site should be located either just downstream of a point where upsets are likely to occur or upstream of any hazardous water, the swimming of which might be undesirable. Several stations may be required to provide good safety coverage for a given race.

The site should provide clear, unobstructed space in which to make a throw. This is made difficult by rocks, trees, bush, people and gate wires. It should be located where needed after a roll attempt and as close as possible to the path a swimmer might follow as he flushes by. It should have space to "swing" a swimmer into safer water without additional hazard and without crossing the main current.

The site should not cause interference with gate judging or other efforts of race officials. It should not be any higher above the water than necessary for a good throw. It should not be subject to invasion by photographers or spectators.

Since the line is less visible in turbulent whitewater than in calmer water, the swimmer is more subject to entanglement there. As the degree of turbulence increases, so also should the care with which the site for the safety station is selected.

### **A WORD TO THE COMPETITOR**

If you should ever need the help of a safety line, you should know several things:

1. The location of the safety station(s).
2. A line will not be thrown until you have left your cockpit.
3. If the line lands just beyond your reach, don't expect the current to bring it any closer. Swim quickly to it or it will escape you.
4. The line and water will exert a very strong pull on your arms. Be prepared. This pull can be eased somewhat by body surfing.
5. Take a deep breath and hold it; the current may cause a wave to cover your head.
6. Avoid entanglement.
7. Avoid rope burn. Hold the line at the monkey fist. Do not let the rope slide through your hands after you feel the initial shock. Grip it tightly. But do not wrap it around your hand or wrist!
8. If you have the strength and opportunity, you may be able to save your boat too. Hold the loop of your boat and the line, together, if possible.



"One-handing" the line is more difficult.

9. Once you reach shallow water, use the line to steady you as you walk to shore.

### **AWA SAFETY CODE**

Again available to Affiliate Clubs and others wishing to distribute copies of the AWA Safety Code as part of their canoe-and/or kayak-handling seminars, for \$8 per hundred, postpaid.

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## WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

(The photos on the cover and at left look like the culmination of the classic boater's nightmare — missing that last eddy above "the falls." You saw it in "Deliverance" and here it is in real life! Actually, Martin Begun is doing it for the fun of it, but the excited reader definitely should NOT run out and try it on the local waterfall because the structure of the falls pictured is a unique combination of features, as Martin explains below. — Ed.)

The vertical drop from the lip of Potter's Falls (on Crooked Fork Creek in East Tennessee) is 15 feet, and as far as we know this is quite a bit higher than anyone runs regularly. Members of our club (East Tenn. Whitewater Club of Oak Ridge, Tenn.) have been eyeing this falls for several years and thinking it was impossible. However, in January, 1973 one of our more insane members tried it. Much to our surprise there was nothing to it, and now everybody is doing it. It's even a lot of fun backwards! The falls is undercut (you can paddle a boat behind the face), so at normal levels there is no problem with a hydraulic. The pool below is at least 15 feet deep. The foam acts as a cushion to absorb the shock of impact, and so far we have landed in just about every position (upside down, sideways, etc.) with no injury to boats or boaters. The photos were taken Feb. 17 by my brother Wayne, using a twin lens reflex camera and Plus-X Pan 120 film except for the lower photo at left, where Tri-X Pan 120 was used. The weather was rather cold, as can be seen from the icicles under the falls in the cover photo. The paddler (me) is wearing a wet suit. The guardrail in two of the photos is part of a small bridge above the falls. The mess of gray tape on the back of the boat is holding on a grunch pad (a piece of fiberglass taped to the boat under which is a sheet of neoprene to protect the stern from rocks).

Martin Begun  
106 Colby Rd.  
Oak Ridge, TN 37830



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# Press Relations

By Peter C. Bennett, 36 Clayton Ave., Cortland, N. Y. 13045

As a former newspaperman it has been my observation that many public-spirited organizations that **do** things in a community lack a basic understanding of what news media want (indeed, **need**) in the way of news releases.

Generally speaking, newsmen are delighted to receive well written communications about events of interest in their circulation or **listening/viewing** areas. It helps them immeasurably since it cuts down the amount of research they have to do to put the news together.

The controlling word here, however, is **NEWS**. A legitimate announcement of plans, an article dealing with work in process, a photograph of a development—these are items of news. Mere repetition of dates and times is not necessarily news and an editor might well say, "That is advertising and should be paid for."

The "news release" is your stock-in-trade in communicating with the media. It should be basically in the following form:

In the upper left-hand corner should appear the name of the organization issuing the release and the person (with address and 'phone number) the editor can contact for further information. Beneath that should appear a statement of the release date (generally "For Immediate Release" if no specific date is necessary or "For Release after (date)" if there is some **good** reason for delay).

Beneath that and centered comes a statement in "headline" form of what is to be discussed in the release. This need not be in full sentence form, but should have a subject and a verb as in:

## **Volunteer Firemen Plan Canoe Slalom Race**

Next, and perhaps most important, comes the "lead" a paragraph that contains the simplified basic information to be discussed at greater length in the body of the release. Information con-

tained in the lead should answer all of the following questions:

**WHO, WHAT, WHERE,  
WHEN and WHY?**

Then follows the main body of the release in which you flesh out the bare bones of the Five W's above. As a matter of style you will note in reading most newspaper articles that seldom does a paragraph run more than one sentence in length until you get well down into the explanatory material towards the end of the story.

## **ADDITIONAL TIPS:**

All releases should be typed and double spaced.

**Don't** send carbon copies—it makes the recipient feel that his news organization is only second most important in your public relations campaign. Make electrostatic copies—that way everyone receives readable copy.

Make sure all releases get mailed or hand delivered the same day to all media you intend to use. Don't forget the weekly papers, the R&R radio station or the college newspaper just because you never run into them in your daily life.

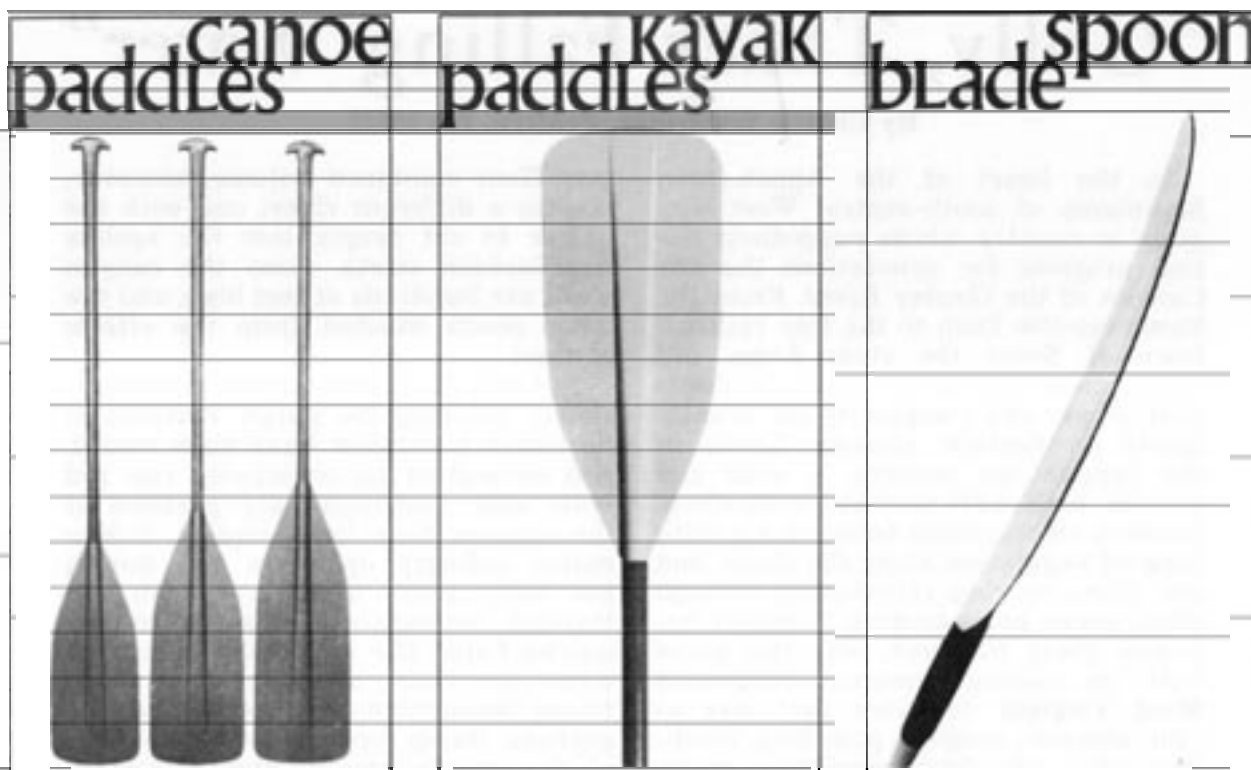
**Don't** favor one news agency over others—hard feelings develop fast.

**Do** get your race results to all news media just as fast as you can after your race is over—with radio and TV stations the importance of this can be measured in minutes. Remember, they have been very good to you, now you help them out.

**Don't** use the news release to try out your life-long dream of becoming the Great American Novelist. Keep the florid phrases for love poems to your sweetheart, and the twenty-five cent words for the lexicographer.

**Do** keep it simple and straightforward and newsy and I think you will be surprised at the help your news media will be to you.

My best wishes to you for good public relations and good paddling.



Iliad paddles are the only paddles that combine the large blade area, high strength and durability of composite aluminum, fiberglass and epoxy construction with the light weight and ease of handling formerly found only in the finest wooden paddles.

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# "Golly, That's Falling Water"

By Charlie Walbridge, Penllyn, PA 19422

In the heart of the Appalachian Mountains of south-central West Virginia in country whose ruggedness defied progress for generations lies the Canyon of the Gauley River. From the Summersville Dam to the tiny railroad town of Swiss the river drops and twists between house sized boulders with power and complexity not usually found on Eastern streams. Down in the canyon the scenery is wild and remote; high cliffs alternate with steep, forested slopes; huge boulders vie with tangled vegetation along the shore, and the river, moving relentlessly through deep, green pools to drop furiously between giant boulders, sets the scene with its roaring presence. **Wildwater West Virginia** describes the river as "the absolute surging, pounding, crashing end . . . the East's qualifying cruise for the title of expert boater . . . complex and challenging beyond description . . . dangerous . . . intoxicating!"

Despite these superlatives, the Gauley is a fairly recent discovery. Before the Summersville Dam was built the canyon stretched unbroken for over fifty miles in country where roads were poor and access limited. The earliest explorers, looking for a way West past the New River Gorge, came up against this smaller, but equally rugged, defile. The river is supposedly named for the French traders who first explored the area; however, wildwater boaters have another theory. The Indians called the river Tokebeloke, which translates freely as "Gol-lee, that's falling water!" They called it Gauley for short.

Much of the river's isolation is due to the ruggedness of the place. The Gauley begins as four separate trout streams which drain the western slope of the Monongahela National Forest, an area noted for having the highest annual rainfall in the Central Appalachians. The Cherry, Cranberry, Williams, and Upper Gauley all contain good whitewater, but each has been visited by the strip miner and the log-

ger. Their combined volume, however, creates a different river; one with the power to cut deeply into the ageless Appalachian strata. Soon the canyon walls are hundreds of feet high, and the river seems isolated from the effects of man.

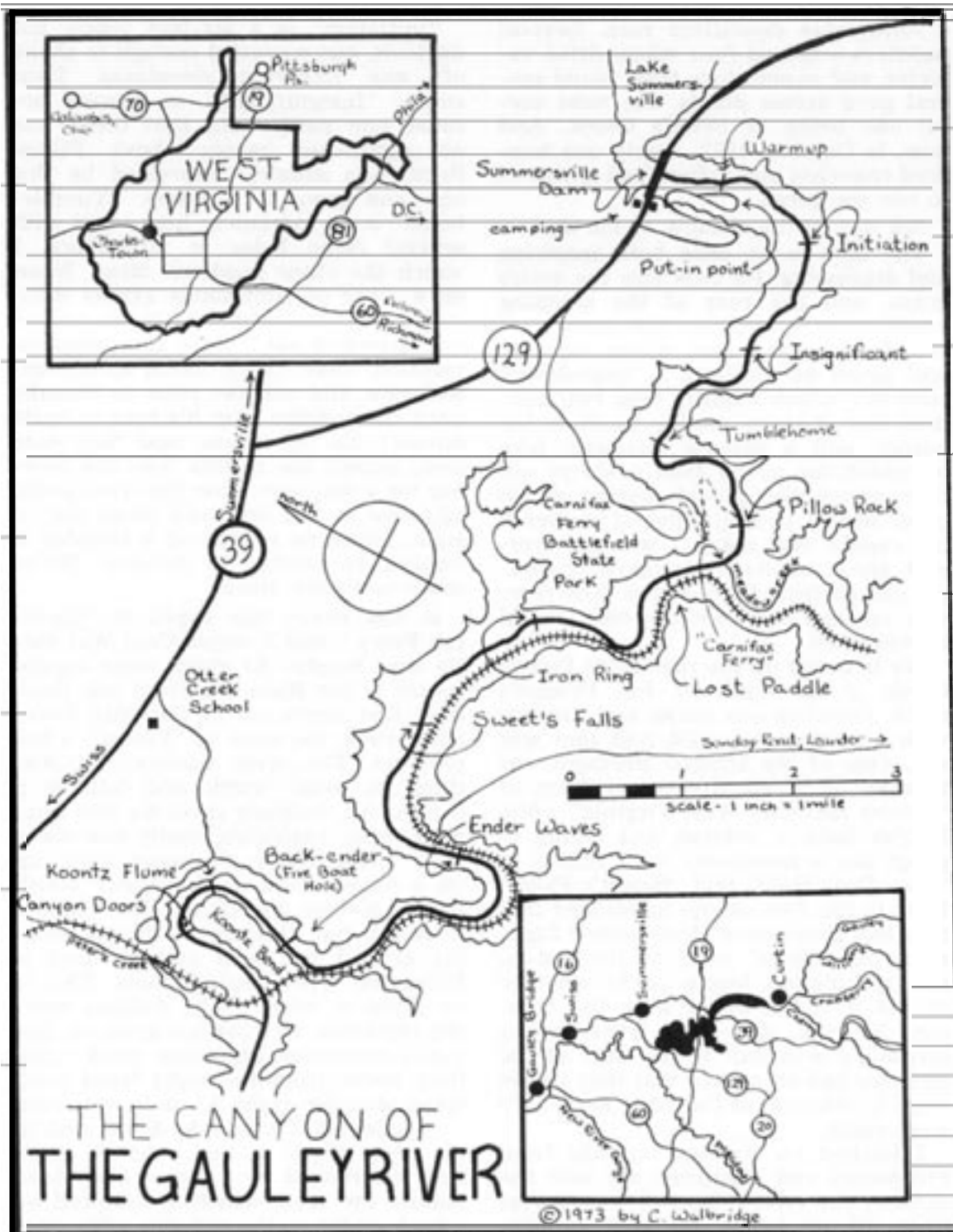
But despite this protection, progress is slowly entering the gorge. Portions of its lower watershed have been mined, and several of its tributaries run red with acid. Although only portions of the canyon have been logged, it is a major industry upstream and during the early 1900's log drives were run through the canyon to the mill at Kanawha Falls. The area is honeycombed with jeep trails, abandoned autos are found throughout the woods, and one garbage dump extends over the edge of the canyon into the river one thousand feet below. The railroad, which was pushed through a portion of the canyon at great expense in the 1920's, put an end to the log drives and the massive jams which occurred at Iron Ring Falls. The tracks are not used much nowadays, and offer good access to the inner canyon.

And then there is the dam.

Before the dam was built, few people entertained thoughts of running the river. It had been described by Burmeister, but the length of the canyon and widely fluctuating water levels made any trip into the gorge an expedition, not a "spur of the moment" cruise. In 1961 Sayre Rodman, who pioneered several of the state's most difficult runs in a four man raft, ran the entire canyon from Curtin to Swiss. While his first run had to be aborted because of an unusually high water level (10,000 cfs), the second try made it to Swiss. The party told of high ledges, long, turbulent rapids, and an undercut rock which almost swallowed their rafts. At the time, no decked boaters were ready for that challenge.

In 1968 John Sweet led a group of the country's most expert paddlers into





the Gorge. By this time the Summersville Dam provided access, but they were still faced with a 21-mile run. They spent the day racing the sun on a river which surpassed all expectations. The word began to spread. Jim

Stuart, one of the members of the original trip, began leading members of the Canoe Cruiser's Association down the canyon, and Dave Hartung began telling anyone who would listen that the river offered real possibilities for

a formidable downriver race. Several paddlers acquired four wheel drive vehicles, and exploratory trips found several good access points, the most useful one being at Peter's Creek. And now, in October, 1972, nearly one hundred canoeists and rafters had gathered to run the gorge.

We met in the shadow of the dam.

The dam is at once both inspiring and depressing. Its bulk fills the entire gorge, and the roar of the escaping waters seems to shake the ground. It is a flood control dam whose capacity will never be realized, a "drawdown" reservoir which exposes over two hundred feet of steep, muddy banks in the winter, and a narrow mountain lake on which the power boat cowboys can roar across the placid waters which cover nearly twenty miles of challenging rapids. But today I was not worried about habitats destroyed or people chased from their homes. The river was up, and for now the dam would be tolerated.

We bounced up the road from Peter's Creek in the back of Jon Dragan's truck, covering our backs and behinds with anything we could find that was soft. One of the Dragan Brothers was treating us to an off-key rendition of "Almost Heaven—West Virginia" while further back a veteran was trying to psych out a newcomer with stories of "Five Boat Hole" and "Sweet's Falls." Next to me, two people mentioned that they had seen one of those yellow Japanese "Kamakazi" rafts at the put-in, and speculation began as to whether or not it would make it to the take-out. By the time the truck began screaming downhill to the base of the dam, we had all agreed that they would want to take out at Carnifax Ferry. We were right.

I latched on to some friends from Pittsburgh and suggested we beat the rafts to the river. There is a powerful Class III jet below the dam suitable for warming up. We did pop-ups and spins on the waves while above us the multitudes began to stir. In a few minutes we were hitting boats, and the eddies were filling up fast. So we peeled off downriver, and the canyon walls closed in behind.

"Initiation" is a six-foot ledge; not difficult, but powerful enough to shake off any lingering sleepiness. Then comes "Insignificant," so named because one party, told that there was no significant rapids above Pillow Rock, was suitably impressed by this one and gave it a name. "Tumble-home" is an extremely long rapid with several large holes in attendance. I watch the other paddlers' faces. When on a river of continuous expert difficulty it is not uncommon to see people get "psyched out." Once this happens, reaction times slows, skills slowly deteriorate, and mistake piles on mistake until the paddler loses his boat or hurts himself. No one seems near that state now, except the rafters who are looking for a way out. Now the river pools, squeezes to the left, and drops out of sight. Someone on top of a boulder is cussing reverently to himself. We've come to Pillow Rock.

It was below this rapid, at "Carnifax Ferry," that a major Civil War battle was fought. At stake were supply routes to the Midwest. From one thousand feet above us, at Carnifax Ferry State Park, the view of "Pillow" is impressive. The river narrows to one-third its usual width and falls in a continuous, foaming sheet for two hundred yards, exploding madly past sheer rock walls before throwing itself up on a huge, house-sized boulder which evenly divides the current. I'm tempted to scout, but Dragan's rafts are coming around the bend and the pool is filling up with decked boats. This is no rapid in which to be dodging moving obstacles, so I headed down on last year's memories. Start left, work right. Stay away from the right hand wall. Keep driving right to miss the rock . . . suddenly I'm upside down, and in the same place as last year. A quick roll is followed by a smart eddy turn behind the rock, which is followed by a back-ender on the opposite eddy line! Whew!

We took turns doing pop-ups at the eddy line and watching the rafts get tossed around in the rapids above. Paddlers came flying by in various stages of deterioration: backwards, sideways, upside down . . . some preceded by

their boat and paddle. A couple of paddlers in downriver boats stroked calmly past, gazing quizzically at all the confusion. Meanwhile, back at the eddyline, Mark Kuskie does a reverse pop-up with a full twist in the psych position; the currents are really wild behind the rock! It was almost too good to leave, but the sight of five more members of the Pillow Rock Wildwater Swim Team racing their boats down the rapid made us anxious to leave before we spent the rest of the day rescuing boats. I plucked one apoplectic kayaker out of the water, took him to shore, and continued downriver, paddling with a vengeance to get ahead of Dragan's Rafts.

What a day! The sun was out, the water was warm, and the river was ...interesting. An adrenaline-induced sense of humor prevailed. We paddled past the mouth of the nasty Meadow River, which cascades down into the gorge in a marginally runnable fashion. A year earlier seven of the most competent and daring boaters in the area had reported the ratio of carrying to paddling "disappointing," but the hiking was apparently spectacular. Now


down the "lost paddle" sequence, which exacted its usual toll for passage by stealing several canoe paddles. By this time the tension was beginning to rise, and several people asked me if I could identify the lead-in to Iron Ring. I assured them that I could.

They didn't have to worry. The left bank was crowded with paddlers who had stopped there for lunch to watch the spectacle which would unfold. Most people would hustle their boats through the crazy jumble of house-sized boulders to the base of the drop, but a few lone figures sat perched on boulders, watching the water. We landed beside the impressive iron ring imbedded in the shore.

Iron Ring Falls is not really more difficult than other Gauley rapids; its course is obvious and fairly straightforward. Unlike the others, however, it is unforgiving. The river pinches right, necks down to about ten yards, and roars around a peculiar, scalloped, undercut rock. The only safe place to run is up against the steep-walled right side, but this involves dropping into a deep hole which is much more powerful than it looks. This drop is frighten-

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ing because it is at the same time obviously runnable and terribly dangerous. I walk up to a crowd which is listening to someone tell, between bites of kippered herring, how a year ago someone threw a 6" diameter log into the rock and watched it float out in two pieces. Two kayakists work their way up the shore together. They are going to run.

Jim Snyder runs first. He has probably run as much class VI stuff as anyone, and his run is cool, fast, and clean. Mark Kuskie follows. His approach is shaky, but precise enough. Dave Demaree comes cruising down, looks it over, and threads a precise course between the hole and the rock in a down-river C-1, only to flip and roll in the final run-out. I watch the water; it looks OK but I am still feeling the effects of a nine-hour drive. I carry around, ignoring the tasteless comment of one of the spectators. At the base of the drop, a friend tells me he would have run if I had. I paddle up to the rock, and am suitably impressed when I can't break through the eddy line.

When Jim Stuart first began leading trips into the canyon, he was concerned about the "Class VI Bandwagon" which seems to form here each year. Paddler follows paddler until people with no business in the rapid try it and go for a swim. He also noticed that other paddlers would try to entice others to run, and that the worst offenders in this respect were usually the first to carry. The challenge of a class VI is so unique, and the response to it so terribly personal, that these intrusions are unwelcome and unwise.

But this is not the only response to Iron Ring's challenge. The iron ring is what remains of an early effort to blast out the undercut rock, which created massive log jams during the 1900's. Several paddlers have suggested that the job be completed. At stake is more than just a brutal carry, but a philosophy for living in wild places. So much of what passes for a "wilderness experience" is counterfeit; the challenge of the rock is not. The ones who want to remove it are probably not lazy, but they are no less insecure than the stereotyped army engineer who can't

stand the sight of running water. True confrontations between man and nature are both frightening and rare; that's why they should stay. Iron Ring has much to teach us about ourselves.

Sweet's Falls is an eight-foot ledge with a tricky sneak passage on the left. Not a few people wobble nervously in the crucial eddy, but I don't feel like sticking around to see who takes the direct route into the huge, angular hydraulic at the bottom. The river begins to turn sharply right, then left. The walls steepen, and the railroad plunges into the mountain. This loop is Koontz's Bend.

The first biggie is variously called Back Ender and Five Boat Hole. A year ago I watched several successive back-end-overs in the last of three huge holes, so I opted for a twisting route around the action and let other people tickle their adrenals by submarining down the center. It was a smart move; the last hole was occupied. I stuck around until a kayak was evicted vertically. I looked down into the guts of the thing and decided I wasn't interested. So we tooled on down to Koontz's Flume, a high ledge with the right hand passage overhung by a house-sized boulder. After running, we found good surfing below. One unlucky fellow couldn't get out of a hole and stayed put as one of Dragan's rafts flew out over the edge and blasted him out. It was getting late. We hustled out the Canyon Doors to Peter's Creek, where we left our boats and hiked out the tracks to cars and food. Later on, a few of us hiked back in to watch the moon play on the water.

After a night at Peter's Creek, when tiredness and ginger brandy lubricated the imagination and calmed the nerves, we went back into the gorge to complete the run. Compared to the upper canyon, the lower third is much easier. There are no sixes, and only a few easy fives. Most of the run is class IV wave and hole action; a good ride with fine playing. A few people, wrung out from their "survival run" of the previous day, are able to relax; others eagerly question Jack Wright about his run down the canyon at 6000 cfs, more than double our flow. ("It was differ-

ent.") The last mile is pretty flat, but it moves quickly through unspoiled canyonlands. The take-out is at the "Omega" railroad siding; a fitting end to a classic trip.

As we pulled out there was the usual exuberant wisecracking. Someone reported that Dick Holcombe and May McEwan, both first generation boaters and parents of top-ranked paddlers, had done their first end-overs at an insignificant eddyline somewhere above. Someone suggested holding the National Open Canoe Championships here (you get on the tracks, grab your boat, and run like hell) and there was talk of a slalom at Pillow Rock (you give the trophies to the survivors). But despite the warm sun and good company there was a shadow on the proceedings. The shadow of a dam.

No, I'm not talking about the Summersville Dam; I've learned to like that one. I'm talking about the eight hundred and seventy-five-foot monster that is going to be built where we stood sunning ourselves and whose flood waters will reach all the way back to Summersville. The engineers are excited; it will be the highest in the world; four feet higher than the latest Russian record holder. It will generate power in an underpopulated area, offer "recreation" within a twenty-minute drive of Lake Summersville, and serve as a "flush box" for the horribly polluted Kanawha River downstream.

A "flush box," for those of you who don't know, is a method of augmenting low flows on stagnant industrial rivers with pure water from an undamaged watershed. Surprisingly, many polluting industries require relatively clean water to function. When the water gets too disgusting in times of drought, they have to close. Rather than force the industries to clean up the mess with their money, the government would rather build dams with ours. This is not the only example of this madness (the Savage River Dam, which provides control over the Savage River Olympic Trials site, is a flush box); however, it will be of no use to white-water paddlers or anyone else, for that matter. Perhaps the power boat cowboy can experience some of the thrill

of running a river, perhaps not. In either case, he has plenty of room on Lake Summersville.

Recently it was learned that paddlers may be getting a reprieve. Preliminary studies showed that old mines in and around Swiss had weakened the canyon walls so that they might not be able to support the dam. So while the engineers retire to work on their proposal it is time for those of us who know the Gauley to spread the word before it's too late.

The weekend of Sept. 22-23, 1973, we will celebrate the existence of this unique natural treasure. The Corps will give us 2500 cfs of water, and guides will be on hand to take "first timers" down the river. The Upper Canyon from Summersville Dam to Peter's Creek is Class IV-V, suitable for expert paddlers only. The lower portion is mostly Class IV, but it is more difficult than the Lower Yough. It is suitable for competent advanced paddlers. If you are anxious about your ability, run the lower canyon first. If we get enough people we can throw the Corp's cost-benefit ratio into a cocked hat and give environmentalists the ammunition they need to fight this boondoggle.

On Monday morning we will run a downriver race on the Peter's Creek section of the river. Slalom boats only will be allowed to compete for the National Downriver Cruising Championships; however, for those who want to preview what is sure to be the site of a future national championships, there will be an "Expert" class for downriver boats.

For information on this weekend, please write me or Bryan Bills, 3329 River Avenue, Charleston, West Virginia 25705. Some of you may want to stay longer to justify the long drive; if you do, the New River Gorge is always up at this time of year. A guidebook for all West Virginia rivers is available from Bob Burrell, 1412 Western Avenue, Morgantown, for \$5. Hikers and rock climbers are especially welcome, as the canyon's possibilities for these sports are virtually untapped.



## *Mid-Fork Salmon Dam Completed*

Riggins, Idaho—April 1—Ceremonies dedicating the completion of the last link in Idaho's multi-dam complex, a joint venture of the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation, were held in the town park today. Governor Smith declared that Idaho's full recreational potential, long known to the rugged few that had ventured into its wilderness areas, was now available to the millions of Americans that could journey to Idaho in their campers. "Formerly remote wilderness canyons can now be visited by motorboat on Lake Salmon and Lake Salway. Clearwater Campground is one of the most modern in the nation, with a mobile-home park, supermarket, all trails and camping areas blacktopped, and a capacity for 15,000 people," the governor declared.

Reclamation Commissioner Roger Hominy chided "preservationists" for delaying the project. A coalition group calling themselves "The Taxpayers of America" had obtained an injunction blocking construction of the Lochsa diversion tunnel when ninety percent of the appropriations for the tunnel had already been expended and the tunnel had been almost ten percent completed. The group claimed that their rights as a minority had been ignored. "Our dam business is none of your damn business," the commissioner reminded the taxpayers. "We simply can't afford to waste water when it is available."

An added highlight of the program came when American White Water and Canoe Association racing chairman Fred Jenkins unveiled a model of the national slalom course to be constructed in centrally located Lincoln, Nebraska. The Corps of Engineers had agreed to the project to ameliorate the loss of a popular white-water run due to the Pistol Rapids Penstock now bypassing the Middle Fork between Dagger Falls Forebay Dam and Middle Fork Reservoir.

"This is a giant step forward for our sport," enthused Jenkins. "Kayakers can now devote more time to training,

now that they no longer have to make a 200-mile car shuttle at Dagger Falls." Jenkins admitted that he had no actual assurance from the Corps that revenue from the thousand-megawatt hydroelectric plant at Riggins could be used to finance the slalom, and that a Sierra Club critic had even questioned whether revenue from the Riggins Public Utility District (population 130) would finance the hydroelectric plant. Jenkins suggested that in the interim kayakers should try and find some remaining local stream where they might practice. "Dodging rocks and boulders on rivers is an excellent way to develop technique for the real thing," Jenkins stated.

Colonel M. Q. Sullivan said the Corps was optimistic that they would be able to fulfill all of their promises to mitigate the adverse effects of the network of giant reservoirs. He estimated that the projected population growth of Riggins would justify the project and construction of the ten-million-dollar practice slalom could begin prior to the 2012 Olympics in Red China. (However, this reporter learned that the Corps had already allocated 20 million dollars for a feasibility study of the Riggins-Lincoln supply line and 5 million dollars to prepare a statement of the environmental impact of the slalom on downtown Lincoln). To conservationists concerned by lack of action on the Corps' promise to re-locate wildlife displaced by the massive inundation, Colonel Sullivan announced that tentative plans had been completed for the 2-million-dollar Riggins Roadside Zoo.

While the ceremonies were in progress in the town park, demonstrators in black rubber suits marched around a pyre of burning paddles in the middle of highway 95 in front of Riggins Cafe chanting "Concrete rivers have no trees!" Salmon National Forest Supervisor George Thompson stated that as long as the demonstrators were orderly, they were within their rights. "They obtained a campfire permit from me this morning," he noted.



Ms. Iris Sternperson, spokesperson for the demonstrators, explained that they were members of the River Running, Paddling, Drifting, and Drinking Society, an organization for people who believed that non-competitive fellowship and the sheer enjoyment of the natural surroundings were an integral part of their sport. "RRPDDS (pronounced 'rapids') is a splinter group that formed when AWA merged with ACA to form a 1,000-person super racing organization, the AWW & CA of USA, and left 50,000 canoeists, kayakers, raftpersons, and other assorted floaters and drifters with no one to represent our interests," Ms. Sternperson explained. While Ms. Sternperson claimed the group was not anti-racing, she admitted to a personal opinion that mixed-double competition was destroying family life. "It wasn't the continuous disagreement about whether the red or green pole should be on the left or right, it was the post-race, gate-by-gate, WHOSE-FAULT bickering about penalty points."

The demonstration continued without incident until someone, reportedly a disgruntled local man, joined the protest by throwing his yellow raft onto the fire. Just as Commissioner Hominy launched into his now famous speech used to justify BuRec projects in California, Washington and Tennessee — "What's good for Idaho is good for America" — the audience dispersed because of the stench. —C.T.

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# FOG

By Tom Findlan, 1008 Liberty St., Franklin, PA 16323

March 3rd arrived and so did the kayak season for 1973. The temperature was a damp 39 degrees as the four of us stood on Breakneck Bridge overlooking the Slippery Rock Creek in Western Pennsylvania eager to begin. Only I had been down this 3-mile section of the stream before. That had been in my kayak during The Western Pennsylvania Whitewater School the previous May. At that time, I had felt that this would be a very nice stretch of the Slippery Rock to bring my brother and friends down in open canoes. I had remembered four rapids which I felt could be run by good men in open canoes.

My companions for this day's run were my brother Joe, John Mahaffey, and Walt Pilewski. Joe and Walt were in our 17-foot aluminum canoe and Mahaf was solo in his 17-footer. Joe and Mahaf have had considerable experience in whitewater, but Walt was new at it although he has done much canoeing on quieter streams in this section of Pennsylvania.

Ten months had elapsed since I had been here and my memory of the stream was a bit foggy. Unfortunately, once on the water and down into the gorge, we all realized that my memory was not the only foggy thing that day. Over the stream hovered a fog which was so thick that the visibility was no more than 90 feet. On a stream with which we were familiar, this would have been only a minor problem. However, on this unfamiliar stream, it created more serious problems. Before starting that morning, and without knowing about the fog, we had decided that we would scout everything in order to completely eliminate the possibility of being washed into a tree or some other obstacle at a narrow part of the stream. Upstream, we had seen a situation like this where a large tree completely blocked a narrow chute. The tree had been washed down by

Hurricane Agnes, the storm which hit the East last June.

With that thought in mind, we ran under Breakneck and through the first few sets of riffles. As we emptied the water from Joe and Walt's canoe, we realized we were going to have a very unusual and very tense day. We peered at the fog, trying to cut through it, around it, anywhere, to no avail. We tried listening to the sound of the rifles and rapids, but found the noises to be grossly deceiving. The stream just flowed into the enveloping shroud of fog and we had to follow. Several times we did go to the shore and scout ahead and it was a relief to know exactly what we were approaching. After about ten minutes, I looked ahead and things seemed very right for rapids. Upon walking the shore line for a hundred yards, we came to our first Class III. This may not sound like much, but with the fog and a relative unfamiliarity with the stream, we all preferred caution. Once scouting the rapid, Mahaf decided to run. I took movies from a nearby rock as he swept through the whitewater beautifully. Joe and Walt left the throw line below and ran next. They too did well and I was last in my kayak. I was glad we looked it over. Coming upon water like that in the fog with only a moderate idea of the stream could be very disconcerting.

After this rapid, we reached a calmer stretch although we were constantly imagining dancing water just at the edge of our visibility. It was like scuba-diving in slightly murky water—exciting but nerve-wracking. Our imaginations ran wild. Cautiously, we inched our way downstream with numerous little walks along the shoreline which usually meant climbing over mossy boulders, under fallen trees and through underbrush. Finally, ahead we heard a loud roar and felt sure we were at the second rapids. A short walk revealed we were. They were beautiful, nestled

deep in that foggy paradise. I stood and looked at them and could not understand why more people do not participate in this sport I love so dearly. Joe and Walt ran first, and although they took water, came through very well.




Mahaf had been on the throw line and I had the camera. I went to the top and ran next and it was a delightful shot through the two sets of Class III's. Mahaf followed and then we began picking our way along again. We worked our way into the third set which weren't bad and came through very easily.

A few minutes later we reached the fourth set which I recognized by a large rock in the center of the stream. This was one I definitely wanted to scout. As we walked along the bank looking at the surging water, we came face to face with some people out for a walk. We didn't see them until we were eighty feet apart and they were quite surprised to find anyone down in the gorge on this very bleary, rainy day. We exchanged greetings and as we walked on downstream to check the lower end of the rapid, one of the men hollered, "Have you guys seen **Deliverance?**" We laughed.

Walt walked to the lower end of the rapid and I asked him to check downstream to see how it looked. He came back and said it was just a bit turbulent in the middle. Because of his report and since the hikers had told us it was quiet water from there to the bridge, we assumed it was just a short, easy stretch. In addition, I had remembered four rapids on my previous trip and this was the fourth we were now scouting.

Mahaf ran down first and other than catching his keel on a rock at one point, made it through very well. I followed in the kayak with not much difficulty and pulled in behind one of the huge rocks so common on the Slippery Rock to wait for Joe and Walt. They didn't come and didn't come, and didn't come. Just as I was about to go up to see what happened, they shot out from behind the rock with a boatful of water. They had gone aground in the middle of the rapids and swung around as they washed off. Joe said he felt like he was

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on a teeter-totter for awhile, but once moving they were okay.

We bailed the water from our boats and prepared for the five-minute run to the bridge. Joe and Walt pulled out and I followed. John was eighty feet behind, somewhere in the fog. All at once the quiet water changed to pretty fast water which changed to nice sized waves which changed to even bigger stuff. We just had to keep going, directly into that ominous cloud of fog. Joe and Walt were in front shipping water and wondering when all this was going to end. I went past them trying to look for quieter water, but there was none.

On we went for nearly another full minute when I was finally able to get into an eddy. Joe and Walt feebly tried to follow, but with a boat full of water, the going was tough. They got washed out again into the current and I thought they were going over with all that water sloshing inside their canoe. However, they finally managed to get into shore about fifty feet downstream. Mahaf pulled in out of the fog about fifteen seconds later.

We were tired and I commented to Walt about "that little bit of turbulence in the middle." Of course, my foggy memory had forgotten about the fifth rapid. I was helping Joe bail out his canoe and wondering how much further we had to go when I looked up and there was the bridge about 120 feet downstream. It was covered by the fog, but being high was much easier to see. We were done; it was different, but nevertheless a fun day. We felt that with our caution, constant scouting, and throw lines at the rapids, it really had not been anywhere near as dangerous as we had imagined while trying to see through that damnable fog.

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By Alain Chardon, Box 93, RFD 1, Jefferson, NH 03583

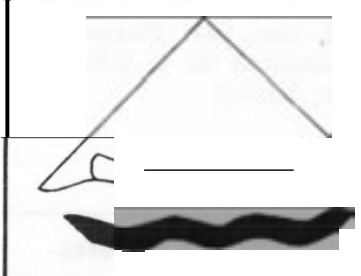
Many articles have been written and printed in **American Whitewater** publications: articles covering trips, Olympics, regulations, boat building, training, strokes, eddy hopping; photographs of kayaks and canoes splashing, piercing, plowing around, over and into rocks, or through foam, chutes, and haystacks; drawings of boat dimensions, paddles, and rolling techniques. Much work, experience, and enjoyment went into the production of these numerous pictorial and verbal passages—and much enjoyment was reaped by the reader who hopefully put to good use any and all tid-bits gathered from the publications. I, for one, eagerly look forward to each new booklet as I am a whitewater nut who delights especially in running the white stuff. The word whitewater triggers my adrenalin.

It seems to me, however, that there is another aspect concerning kayaking and canoeing that should be discussed in detail. Possibly due to my marital vows and state of parenthood, I have a decided prejudice—or possibly due to these same vows I have observed a side of boating that not all members of this new exciting sport are in a position to appreciate. In any case, Phoebe and I have a family of three young 'uns—Marc, 17; Stephen, 15; and Jennifer, 14. We have found that whitewater boating (or flatwater for that matter, although we seem to be par-

tial to that white froth) has afforded us a grand opportunity for family fun and frolic. It has been a definite stepping stone for personal, as well as family, development; plus a substantial addition to our family togetherness. It should also be mentioned that the canine of our household, Nip, accompanies us occasionally depending on the outing. (We don't want her to "borrow" someone else's lunch permanently, and so we neglect to throw her into the car on excursions involving many outside of our immediate family.)

Boating in whitewater builds a personality trait that is fundamental to our human (supposedly civilized) world. Be it adult or off-spring, whitewater is challenging and produces conditions that require spontaneity and alertness for the safety of all people in the party. Each and every one of us can find ourselves in certain predicaments that were not envisioned in advance. That's when each individual must be ready to assist—people, boats, paddles, etc. Developing this ability of instantaneously responding to an adverse situation is something every person will profit from throughout their entire lives. We, as a family, have been on both the receiving and giving end of this spectrum. Each one of us feels that great benefits are achieved from such occurrences for they are bound to make one a more complete being.

Taking an active part in whitewater



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slalom, wildwater, and downriver racing events have proven to be another rung up the development ladder. The hanging up of an actual slalom course must be considered an accomplishment when installation teams efficiently complete the course. Working closely with fellow team members allows the younger set to work with other people and to achieve success away from their family and yet within it, so to speak. Once more, it develops each person individually and gives them an occasion to sprout out on their own. Coordinated group effort in relation to "time pressures" materializes while gatekeeping, starting, timing, gate scoring, finishing, and computing race results. Areas of responsibility are inevitably delegated and it is challenging and rewarding to execute these duties. The conversations on the drive home from a race always bring to the surface mind-stimulating pow-wows which explored possible methods of increasing race running efficiency. Where were the inequities? Where were the bottlenecks? What could have been altered to produce a better course? To what extent did the competitors enjoy the course? And to what extent were paddlers challenged on the course? Many viewpoints pop up and are aired verbally. Obviously benefits are gained from such contributions.

I feel the "en famille" approach to life whether it be square dancing, skiing, barn building, or what have you is healthy and wholesome. Canoeing and kayaking have enriched our lives by allowing us to join in on a happening that we all can discuss and review at a later time or date. Communication is a very vital part of life and any common denominator acts as a catalyst to communication. I am always thankful and grateful for opportunities such as whitewatering that allow us to explore, as a family, new areas of interest and their composite components—be they physical exercise, personal development, mental parleys, or anything else.

During the past several seasons, another rewarding portion of canoeing has appeared—that is passing on to others some of the knowledge and

knowhow that was received or that was developed since first joining this fabulous sport in 1967. We find it exhilarating to share episodes with friends. Many times this turns out to be the ingredient that enables them to participate in this wonderful healthy outdoor activity.

Further involvement introduces boat repairing, fiberglassing, technical discussions about customizing canoes for more efficient handling (in or out of a race) and the actual work of creating styrofoam seats, specific length paddles, etc. Tackling this segment of whitewatering with vigor allows one to begin to understand the intricate facets of specializing a canoe. This automatically leads us into another new cycle—new discussions materialize, new friends are met, new challenges are presented—all of which expands the horizons one more step.

Last, but by no means least, possibly the greatest reward has been getting to meet other families who have travelled down the whitewater road. All of them are very different and yet all are much alike. All are so sincere and vivacious—so obviously happy to be part of such splendor. Nowhere have I witnessed people exhibiting a more spontaneous inner self-release.

For all of these reasons and many more, I am truly thankful for what whitewater means to Phoebe and me as parents (as well as individuals). For it has provided up with a medium by which we can prepare our children for a better and fuller life. I hope that this article will bring to some other parents the chance of realizing the dividends of participating in this magnificent activity. I know that it has been a very vital part of our life. Pursue it, for you will be amazed as to what it will mean to your family.



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## WHERE IS WALTER BURMEISTER?

American Whitewater recently received the following letter:

George E. Larsen  
P. O. Box 1584

San Bruno, CA 94066

Dear Mr. Larsen,

We have been interested in the possibility of updating and republishing the guide "Appalachian Water" which was originally published by the Canoe Cruisers Association in cooperation with Walter Kirschbaum who was or is guidebook chairman of your group. To date, I have been unsuccessful in locating Walter Kirschbaum and hoped you might be able to supply information and/or addresses.

Thank you,  
Moor & Mountain  
67 Main Street  
Concord, Mass. 01742

*Unfortunately, as many of you know, Walter Kirschbaum died last year (see Winter, 1972 issue of AMERICAN WHITEWATER). We have no information on Walter Burmeister's whereabouts; if anyone has any pertinent information, please send it to the above address.*

Joe Bauer, whitewater photographer whose work has been featured in recent issues of American Whitewater, on the other side of the lens, East Fork, Russian R. (Calif.) Photo by Jim Bauer

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# Deliverance... Flambeau Style

## *{or, A Sturgeon's Eye View of **Beaver** Dam}*

By Gary E. Myers, 28W136 Hillview Drive, Naperville, IL 60540

By now, most readers of **American Whitewater** have probably seen "Deliverance"—and if, like me, they saw it in the dead of winter, they probably found their hands automatically clutching for a paddle during the whitewater scenes. In addition, I was struck with an almost incredible **deja vu**, as if it had been written about me (canoeing-wise **only**: the good folk of the Flambeau region have, thankfully, less imaginative forms of recreation than are practiced on the banks of the Cahulawassee). It was a few years ago, and I was the proud owner of a new fifteen-foot Grumman . . .

Don and I rolled into Ladysmith, Wisconsin just before sunrise on a cold, rainy September morning. There, in the glow of neon from the cafe on Route 27, was Ken's car. We met Ken and Dave inside and had breakfast before starting out.

While waiting to pay our bill, I asked an old-timer for directions to the Flambeau Lodge. He told me, then asked: "Been on this river before?"

I shook my head and he looked up one side and down the other before continuing, "Water's up a foot or more. Been raining for two weeks. Better stay away from the rapids. Real mean."

We dropped Ken's car at the Lodge and set out in the rain for Oxbow, to pick up the second canoe. "Better stay away from the rapids. Real mean," Dave mimicked. We all laughed—what did the old guy think we'd driven 350 miles for? "You guys are going to love this," I said.

We received warnings at the Oxbow, where we rented the canoe, and at Nine-Mile Tavern, where we put in. I assured Ken and Dave that they had nothing to worry about, even though neither of them had been in a canoe before. I had canoed extensively (but

only on a large, placid Illinois river, and not for the past ten years), and Don had . . . well, he'd been in a canoe before: we'd show them how. Besides, we had good maps, according to which we started off with a long stretch of quiet water where they could practice. No sweat.

In a magnanimous gesture, I offered to carry most of the gear in our canoe. After all, we were the experienced crew. Unfortunately, we were also the heavyweights: at that time, Don and I both tipped the scale at close to 200 pounds, and in a fifteen-foot canoe with all that extra gear, we ended up with only a few inches of freeboard.

Ken and Dave covered the first few hundred yards stern-first, and then executed some maneuvers that would have been dazzling if they'd been planned. We all had a good laugh over it, and soon they were working together reasonably well. I was happily oblivious to the fact that there was more of our canoe under the water than above it.

We camped the first night just below Oxbow, in the rain (it hadn't stopped) and without a tent. I had no sleeping bag, only a plastic ground tarp and an old blanket. Tent? Sleeping bag? Who needs them when it's above freezing? I was **tough**.

The next morning I crawled out from under the canoe, convinced that I'd suddenly contracted terminal arthritis. I hadn't slept more than a few hours, and every movable portion of my anatomy was suffused with dull pain and cold. As I stood in the rain trying to figure out how to get a fire started, it occurred to me that if I didn't keep moving I'd freeze to death, just like the character in that Jack London short story. I felt very superior to my neighbors back in Suburbia.

We hit the first of the big rapids on the North Fork that day. Wannigan Rapids was big and mean, the swollen Flambeau tumbling and roaring over the rocks. We bulled our way through the standing waves, shipping surprisingly little water over our low-riding gunwales. We were high on adrenalin, and we lost no time congratulating each other on a job well done . . . extremely well done. We saw Ken and Dave hit the first pitch, and suddenly they were in trouble.

They had been handling the canoe very competently on this, their second day, but they hit the first set of waves just wrong, and shipped a lot of water. They floundered into the second pitch, frantically trying to maneuver the logy canoe and somehow, with a timely combination of skill and luck, they made it through the second wall of standing waves. We paddled over to meet them at shore and were amazed at the amount of water in their canoe—at least five inches. It had taken a lot of muscle to get it through.

The rain continued, and it got even colder (I'd guess it was no more than forty degrees). Don took the stern and guided us through Flambeau Falls. The drop was exhilarating, even though it's a fairly straightforward rapid. Ken and Dave followed us through uneventfully, and we made camp at the Forks.

That night we built a tent out of paddles and spare ground tarps and managed to stay dry, if very, very cold. I slept even less that night than I had the night before . . . and the night before **that**, I had driven all night to get there. By morning I was more like a vegetable than a voyageur.

We stopped above Cedar Rapids to look it over, since it's fairly complex: there's a very narrow chute through a rock ledge that runs from a small island to shore; the current then rockets into a very large boulder and ricochets into the second pitch, a well-defined but narrow flume-like chute between the boulder and the island. The trick, of course, is to get from the first chute to the second without either being smashed against the Volkswagen-sized rock, or entering said chute in any orientation other than bow-first.



Cedar Rapids at Low Summer level.

Photo by J. Aspnes.

Ken and Dave watched from shore as we paddled toward that tiny, tiny opening in the ledge that was the first chute. Palms sweating, not speaking, we moved ponderously through the oily-looking slick. The tension built in my mind as I saw a point of land crawl by at the edge of my vision: we were now irrevocably committed. Don said something, but his words were lost in the roar.

Suddenly the bow dropped, and I felt the acceleration: we were in it! Water crashed over the bow and into Don's lap. The bow rose and crashed again, and as we came up I yelled to Don to paddle on the left, for the boulder was looming ahead of us. We bossed the overloaded craft cross-current and straightened her, just in time. We blasted into the second chute and the boulder shot past us, inches on the left, as we slammed into and through

the second wall of water. I felt very, very competent.

Ken and Dave made it through, too; however, they got hung up on a rock below the second pitch and Don and I had a good laugh watching them weathervane helplessly for a few minutes. They failed to see any humor in it at all.

As my heartbeat returned to normal, I became excruciatingly weary. I hadn't had more than a few hours of fitful sleep for three days, and the cold was sapping my remaining strength. The others had had more sleep, since they had sleeping bags (though they did claim that the chattering of my teeth kept them awake, I didn't believe them). All I could think about was getting back to the car. Beaver Dam was next, but I didn't need it—I had already proved I could beat this river.

We paddled on and the others edged ahead of us. Nature had been calling for some time, and we finally decided to answer her. I yelled at Ken and Dave, but the wind had come up and they didn't hear. The rain was coming in earnest now, and it was COLD.

We examined the map before starting out again, and agreed that we had a long way to go before Beaver Dam. The other canoe was long gone, out of sight, and we paddled in silence, dreaming of warm blankets and hot buttered rum. We rounded a bend and ahead, through the mist, we could see the flip-flip of whitewater.

I studied the map. "This can't be it," I said finally. "And I'm too tired to get out and look it over. We'll read our way through." I couldn't really see anything through the rain, and we could barely hear each other because of the wind in our faces. I steered to the right of center and we paddled wearily on. Gradually, I became aware that this was no mere riffle—I still couldn't see or hear much, but something wasn't right. "This can't be it," I muttered. Abruptly, Don dropped to his knees and began gesturing wildly to his left.

The next thing I knew, he was literally hanging in space ahead of me as the river plummeted from under us. I had a glimpse of churning, boiling

water below us and my mind reeled dizzily as I heard Don, as if from afar, yell, "Holy —, this is IT!" We plunged over and the roar, strangely inaudible until now, seemed to physically swallow us in sheer noise. We lurched down like a rocket out of control, at frightening speed. In the split second that it took for us to reach the bottom of the hole, I decided that we might just make it: I was keeping us upright—and it wasn't as if I'd never run whitewater before.

I had, however, reckoned without our heavy and poorly-distributed load, and that standing wave at the bottom must have been four or five feet high. We had picked the worst possible spot to run it, particularly with the river at all but flood stage. When we reached the bottom of the hole, the canoe continued on, knifelike, and sank.

Helpless, we bobbed through the maelstrom of spray and spume, bouyed up like corks by our life jackets. The canoe, completely submerged, was being carried sideways into some large boulders. Without thinking, I hooked my elbows over the gunwhales and kicked at the nearest rock. The canoe smashed me into it with stunning force and I felt a sharp, shooting pain in my leg; then nothing. Miraculously, the canoe slid through the boulders without getting wrapped around any of them, and I had time to consider, foggily, the import of being in this sort of predicament with a broken leg.

Another couple of hundred yards of extremely fast and rocky water bounced us off a few more boulders, and we finally began working toward shore. Ken and Dave rushed out to help us. They'd made it over in fine shape and had been waiting for us. "You picked the worst possible place to run it," Ken said as he pulled the canoe ashore. I didn't answer as I tentatively stood up in the shallow water and found, to my great relief, that I could stand on my leg. It hurt like the devil, but it wasn't broken. My pride was in much worse shape.

I've been back to the Flambeau several times since then, once during similar high water, and it never ceases to amaze me that we didn't drown, or at

least demolish the canoe. And anyone who's stupid enough to purposely place his body between a sunken canoe and a boulder, in water like that, really deserves more than a sprained knee.

It was a valuable experience, though . . . perhaps the most valuable of my canoeing life: it taught me many things about preparedness and the proper way to approach an unknown rapid; but most of all, it taught me firsthand how big and tough a river like the Flambeau can be, and how utterly powerless mere flesh is against that awesome force. I learned that you never beat a river — you may **think** you're beating it, but you're just fooling yourself: when you make it through a rapid, it's because you've learned, either consciously or subconsciously, to work **with** the river, to cooperate. If you start thinking in terms of victory, you're in trouble.

A lot of whitewater has passed under the keel of my trusty Grumman since then, and I haven't dumped her since (knock on wood). I attribute this as much to the respect for water that I learned in those few seconds on the Flambeau, as I do to any skill gained in all the years since. Respect for whitewater is nothing to be ashamed of. Besides, running rapids is no fun unless you're a **little** scared.

*(The Flambeau was the scene of your editor's very first whitewater trip too, but fortunately it was at a low summer level and the sternman of our banana boat — Jim Sindelar — was well familiar with the river and an experienced whitewater paddler to boot. So only happy memories remain of that trip. — Ed)*

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Is it possible that you are still using those expandable and stretchable sun-baked rubber straps for tie-downs? Or have you convinced yourself that a good piece of stout rope, properly applied, is your ideal tie-down material?

Let us all remember that state laws are not written until the legislature sees a need to control a situation. This could be disastrous for our sport. It is known that some states have enacted laws which prohibit carrying any kind of boat on top of automobiles or trucks.

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## BOOK REVIEW

**FLOW EAST: A Look at Our North Atlantic Rivers**, by John M. Kauffman. N.Y., McGraw-Hill, 1973. \$7.95. 284 pp. Author's background: "Mr. Kauffman has served as Special Assistant to the Director, National Park Service, and was Chief of Potomac Planning Staff for the National Park Service. At present he is with the Alaska Task Force, and has Anchorage as his home base. He has written extensively for publications of the U.S. Dept. of the Interior as well as for **National Geographic Magazine**." While this volume is probably aimed at persons less knowledgeable about rivers than whitewater paddlers generally are, a book of its caliber deserves to be read by anyone who cares about rivers. River conservationists are often accused of being overemotional about their cause, and although the author obviously is emotional about rivers, he has packed an enormous amount of factual information about rivers in general, and Northeastern rivers in particular, into this work. A brief cultural as well as geological history of each river system is entertainingly presented, and the gradual destruction of far too many of the rivers is detailed and deplored. Anyone who has been asked how strip mining, damming, poor timbering practice or sewage dumping can destroy a river, or what a "wild" or "scenic" river is, and found himself or herself giving a vague, unsatisfactory answer, will definitely profit from reading **FLOW EAST**. Although the book is conservation-oriented, it explores every facet of the river in its natural state and that includes whitewater boating and racing, to which subjects Mr. Kauffman devotes an entire lengthy chapter. With the thoroughness he demonstrates throughout the book, he gives the background of kayaking and canoeing and of the sport of slalom racing; he attended several slaloms (West R., Brandywine, Loyalsock, Esopus, Tariffville, etc.) and talked with many top-notch boaters, and as far as we can tell, his information is complete and accurate, as well as enthusiastic.

The book concludes with a discussion of the progress made and setbacks

encountered by those working to establish a national system of scenic rivers. The author feels that three items are basic to river preservation: **public ownership** (and attendant careful administration) of river parks; **regulation** of river use; and perhaps most important of all, **education** of the public from childhood on, to "bring about a reverence for the earth." Mr. Kauffman discusses quite frankly the obstacles in the way of accomplishing these things: for instance, in the case of acquiring privately-owned property for public parks, the disgruntled property-owner is likely to see it as "a scheme to let one man roast weenies on what was another man's private property." His conclusions are undoubtedly controversial but the arguments are worth reading if only to gain an understanding of the magnitude of the problem.

This is an excellent book on what rivers have been, are, and could be; we feel it would be a valuable addition to the river-runner's library.—ILS

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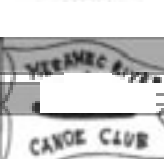
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# PRESIDENT'S SOAP BOX

## — GROWTH, QUALITY BOATING AND AWA

By J. Calvin Giddings

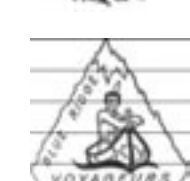
The explosive growth in whitewater boating will affect us all. Without organization and a sense of direction, we will face a spiraling increase in crowded rivers, streamside litter, restrictive laws, and no-trespassing signs — all to go along with our dwindling supply of free-flowing water. On the other hand if we work together, we may slow down the dam builders, clean up our rivers, counter stifling laws, improve the general level of boating technique and safety, and learn to treat one another and riverside landowners with consideration. In short, growth provides some opportunities, but if we do not act in concert to seize them, we can expect a rapid deterioration in quality boating.

It is imperative that AWA exert an increasing effort to channelize growth into its most constructive form. This will ultimately help us all, but its achievement depends upon volunteer help in both large and small units. If successful, a number of important advances can be expected, including: 1) expanded AWA Journal under Jim Sindelar's superb editorship, providing us with an increased coverage of boating safety, technique, equipment, conservation, and where-to-go information; 2) An intensified effort to preserve whitewater streams throughout this country; 3) A lobby against unwise legislation on life preservers, equipment, and use restrictions; 4) A national trips program to help us learn about whitewater in other regions; and 5) Developments in other

miscellaneous areas such as guide book promotion and standards, films, and books.

Lofty goals like the above are fine, but someone must do the work and pay the bills. Wide participation is essential; I urge each and every reader to help in some small (or large) way. Among other things, you can: 1) Urge one or two boating friends to join AWA, thus providing an economic base for better journal coverage and expanded conservation work; 2) Contribute a few extra dollars to AWA earmarked for the conservation fund; 3) Offer help to your local AWA affiliate in organizing a national AWA trip or encampment in your area (see below); 4) Volunteer to help AWA or one of its committees (write to our able executive director, Jim Sindelar, or to me with details of your interest and available time); 5) Send us your comments on AWA and the roles you think it should play (or not play) in whitewater boating.

I will mention briefly one new program that will likely be initiated in the summer of 1974 if we get enough participation and help. This is a program of national AWA trips and encampments, organized primarily by our AWA affiliates. I hope each affiliate member and representative will begin thinking about possible locations and scheduling in his area. Uniform guidelines are being worked up for these events. If this program is successful it should help weld the whitewater community together in advancing techniques and facing common problems.





# AWA Affiliates, *continued*

## NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque Whitewater Club  
Glenn A. Fowler, Rep.  
804 Warm Sands Dr. S.E.  
Albuquerque, NM 87123

## NEW YORK

Adirondack Mt. Club  
Genesee Valley Chapter  
Doug. Smith, Rep.  
769 John Glenn Blvd.  
Webster, NY 14580

Adirondack Center For  
Outdoor Education  
Rist Bonnefond  
Glenburnie Rd.  
Putnam Station, NY 12861

Appalachian Mt. Club  
New York Chapter  
John Meirs  
Midlane Rd., Box 1956  
Syosset, NY 11791

Ka-Na-Wa-Ke Canoe Club  
Arthur Miller  
407 Beattie Street  
Syracuse, NY 13224

Adirondack Mt. Club  
Schenectady Chapter  
Betty Lou Bailey  
Schuyler 16,  
Netherlands Village  
Schenectady, NY 12308

Niagara Gorge Kayak Club  
Michael McGee  
53 N. Willow  
E. Aurora, NY 14052

The Boulder Bashers Canoe Club  
Robert Evans  
353 Seneca Rd.  
Hornell, NY 14843

## NORTH CAROLINA

Carolina Canoe Club  
Bob Stehling, Box 9011  
Greensboro, NC 27408

## OHIO

Cuyahoga Canoe Cruising Club  
Chas. A. Tummonds  
10465 SR 44, Box T  
Mantua, OH 44255

Keel-Haulers Canoe Club  
John A. Kobak, Rep.  
1649 Allen Dr.  
Westlake, OH 44145

The Madhatters Canoe  
Club, Inc.  
Christ Wolf  
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Perry, OH 44081

Wilderness Adventures  
Charles Comer  
17 Lonsdale Ave.  
Dayton, OH 44519

## OREGON

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## PENNSYLVANIA

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Buck Ridge Ski Club  
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1155 Schoolhouse Lane  
West Chester, PA 19380

Penn State Outing Club  
John R. Sweet  
118 S. Buckhout St.  
State College, PA 16801

Philadelphia Canoe Club  
Dr. David Knight  
4900 Ridge Ave.  
Philadelphia, PA 19128

Sylvan Canoe Club  
Donald Huecker  
Arch Street  
Verona, PA 15147

Wildwater Boating Club  
Robert L. Martin  
LD 179  
Bellefonte, PA 16823

Canoe, Kayak & Sailing Craft  
Douglass Ettinger  
701 Wood Street  
Wilkesburg, PA 15221

Wilderness Voyageurs  
Lance Martin  
Box 97  
Ohiopyle, PA 15470

Endless Mountain Voyageurs  
Louis Hopf  
285 Short Hill Dr.  
Clarks Green, PA 18411

Appalachian Mt. Club,  
De Leware Valley Chap.  
Don H. Pitkin  
923 Springwood Dr.  
West Chester, PA 19380

## TENNESSEE

Carbide Canoe Club  
Herbert Pomerance  
104 Ulena Lane  
Oak Ridge, TN 37830

Bluff City Canoe Club  
Jim Goad  
Box 4523  
Memphis, TN 38104

East Tennessee White Water Club  
Rbt. G. Humphries, Jr.  
119 Alger Rd.  
Oak Ridge, TN 37830

Tennessee Valley Canoe Club  
Geo. M. Marterre  
Box 11125  
Chattanooga, TN 37401

UT Canoe Club  
Wm. A. Kruger  
Rt. 6, Canton Hollow Rd.  
Concord, TN 37720

Sewanee Skiing & Outing Club  
Catherine Perry  
University of the South  
Sewanee, TN 37375

Tennessee Scenic Rivers  
Association  
Box 3104  
Nashville, TN 37219

## TEXAS

Texas Explorers Club  
Bob Burleson, Rep.  
Box 844  
Temple, TX 76501

Explorer Post 425  
B. Millett, 708 Mercedes  
Fort Worth, TX 76126

Boy Scout Troop 51  
Tom Sloan, Scoutmaster  
2008 Bedford  
Midland, TX 79701

## UTAH

Wasatch Mountain Club, Inc.  
J. Calvin Giddings, Rep.  
1425 Perry Ave  
Salt Lake City, UT 84103

## VERMONT

Canoe Cruisers of  
Northern Vermont  
Mrs. Bruce C. Hodgman  
100 MacDonough Dr.  
Vergennes, VT 05491  
Tabbard Inn  
Dave Butsch  
Moretown, VT 05660

## VIRGINIA

Explorer Post 999  
R. Steve Thomas, Jr.  
3509 N. Colonial Dr.  
Hopewell, VA 23860

Blue Ridge Voyageurs  
Ralph T. Smith, Rep.  
8119 Hill Crest Dr.  
Manassas, VA 22110

University of Virginia  
Outing Club  
Box 101X, Newcomb Hall Sta.  
Charlottesville, VA 22901

## WASHINGTON

Western Washington State  
College Outdoor Program  
Jeff Davis  
Vu 304—WWSC  
Bellingham, WA 98225

Washington Kayak Club  
Al Winters, Rep.  
8519 California Ave. S.W.  
Seattle, WA 98116

U of W Canoe Club  
IMA Bldg.  
University of Washington  
Seattle, WA 98105

## WEST VIRGINIA

West Virginia Wildwater Assn.  
Idair Smookler, Rep.  
2737 Daniels Avenue  
South Charleston, WV 25303

## WISCONSIN

Wisconsin Hoofers  
Outing Club  
Steve Ransburg, Rep.  
3009 Hermina St.  
Madison, WI 53714

Sierra Club  
John Muir Chapter  
Jim Senn  
10261 N. Sunnycrest Dr.  
Mequon, WI 53092

## CANADA

B. C. Kayak & Canoe Club  
Judy Mingoth  
995 E. 49th Ave.  
Vancouver 15, Canada

North West Voyageurs  
Canadian Youth Hostels Assn.  
10922 - 88th Ave.  
Edmonton, Alberta T6C-021

## AUSTRALIA

Indooroopilly Canoe Club  
Box 36, Indooroopilly,  
Queensland, Australia