



Fall 1958

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN WHITE WATER AFFILIATION

WHITE WATER

American



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AMERICAN WHITE WATER

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Number 3

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EDITOR.....Dave Stacey

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American WHITE WATER is mailed to all members of the American White Water Affiliation in May, August, November and February. Membership is open to **all** who are interested in river sport, for the sum of \$2.50 per year.

The magazine welcomes contributions of articles and photographs, but assumes no responsibility for them. Address all editorial material to: Martin Vanderveen, 7703 S. Green St., Chicago 20, Ill. Correspondence concerning the Affiliation or boating information should be sent to the secretary, Dr. Oscar Hawksley, Central Missouri State College, Warrensburg, Mo.

Printed in the United States of America

COVER—Paddle practice  swimming. A Sierra Club trip on the Feather River. In the water are Marion Vranna and Bryce Whitmore. In the boats are Dave Woods, Dave Horowitz, someone we can't identify. Photo by Merwyn 

The American White Water Affiliation

We are many individuals who wish to promote river touring, and to keep informed about wilderness waterways and the ways of white water.

We are an affiliation of outdoor groups, outing associations, canoe clubs, ski clubs, hiking groups, all interested in river touring for our members. Our groups range from the Appalachian Mountain Club in Boston, to the Washington Foldboat Club in Seattle. These groups have pioneered in developing river know-how. They are the local sources from which flow the currents tributary to our growing sport. Through group representatives, the knowledge of all is made available to all.

We are a non-profit organization. Our organizational simplicity permits all dues to go directly to the building of our magazine and services.

OUR PURPOSE

To encourage exploration and enjoyment of wilderness waterways; to foster research, development, and teaching of improved techniques and equipment designs for safely negotiating white water; to protect the wilderness character of our waterways for the growing number who are discovering the rewards awaiting the river tourist.

OUR PUBLICATION

All members receive our quarterly magazine "American WHITE WATER," which is a voice for all American boatmen. You are urged to contribute articles, pictures, cartoons, information and ideas (ideas to increase the fun of our sport and ideas for improving our services to you).

MEMBERSHIP

Membership is on an annual basis with the new year starting in *March*.

Tell your friends who might enjoy canoeing or canyoneering about the AWWA. Their \$2.50 will help faster enjoyment of wilderness water and bring each into the boating fraternity through the pages of American WHITE WATER magazine.

COUNT ME IN

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Type of boat preferred: _____

Boating club membership: _____

Suggested articles: _____

Mail to: American White Water Affiliation, 2019 Addison St., Chicago 18, Ill.

New Magazine Staff

After three years of service, a number of us are retiring in favor of a new team. For magazine affairs, write directly to the member nearest you. For general information and Affiliation business, write the Secretary, Dr. Oscar Hawksley, Central Missouri State College, Warrensburg, Mo.

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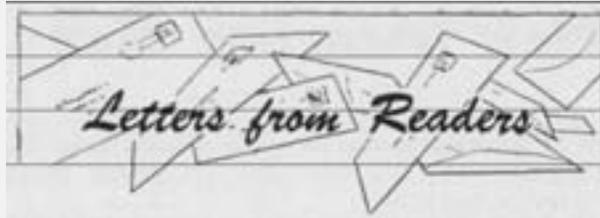
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Letters from Readers

209 N. Ridgeland
Oak Park, Illinois
September 21, 1958

Mr. Harold Kiehm
2019 W. Addison
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Deacon,

For a long time, I have been promising to write some material about white water, which might be of interest to the American White Water Magazine. This will prove, Deacon, that I am a man of my word, if not a man of great haste.

The last issue described a bit about Shooting the Rapids of the Hozu River near Kyoto in Japan. Late last April, my wife, Martha, and I were in Japan and sure enough we took the Hozu Rapids trip which might be described as follows:

Rapids running is a big business in Japan. About 15 miles from Kyoto, in southern Honshu, the Katsura River flows into the picturesque, beautiful Hozu Gorge. This gorge is about 9 miles in length and has many exciting rapids. In several, it is necessary to navigate around some tricky boulders, requiring considerable skill.

A good size 4 story building near Kameoka houses the hundreds of Sunday visitors, of all ages, and from all over the world, who come to make this excursion. Approximately 55 big wooden boats operate these excursions.

The boats are about 35' long and 8' wide. A crew of 5 men operate the boat, one steering with a big sweep rudder, another standing at the bow pushing away from rocks with a long pole, 2 men rowing, and 1 man acting as a counterbal-

ance, moving from one side of the boat to the other, as necessary in the rough water. These boats also carry 9 or 10 passengers, usually dressed in their Sunday best.

Although the water is fast and deep in places, no one is issued a life jacket. A capsizing in one of the bigger rapids could easily cause loss of life, something apparently not of great concern.

At any rate, it is a thoroughly enjoyable and beautiful 2½ hour trip and was one of the highlights in our visit to Japan. Enclosed is a card showing the Hozu Rapids. I would appreciate having it back when you are finished with it.

With best wishes.

Cordially,
Hob Atherton

Reed College
Portland, Oregon
September 20, 1958

Mr. Dave Stacey
601 Baseline Road
Boulder, Colorado

Dear Mr. Stacey:

This summer, while visiting Japan as leader of a group of college-age people for the Experiment in International Living, we took the Hozu Rapids river run, about which you had a brief note in the Summer issue of American WHITE WATER.

There is a good account of the run in the Japan Travel Bureau publication, JAPAN, A TRAVEL GUIDE, complete with a map. We were in Kyoto in early August, when the water was rather low following a rather hot, dry period so that the rapids were at their least exciting.

The boatmen use both oars and sweeps, plus a couple of bamboo poles, since the river is such that a little power is needed to speed up between rapids and to scrape over a couple of shallows as well as to

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keep on course in white water. The trip didn't seem plush to me—after all, ki-mono-clad girls are the norm in country eateries. For someone who has seen movies of runs on such rivers as the Snake or Colorado, the Hozu is mild indeed, and of course the wooden Hozu boats are quite a contrast to a kayak or canoe, either of which would have a much more exciting time of it.

Sincerely,
Leslie H. Squier, Ph.D.
Dean of Students

212-77 16th Avenue
Bayside 60, N. Y.
15 July 1958

American White Water Association
Boulder, Colorado

Gentlemen:

On July 5 I was folboating with my family on the Delaware above Port Jervis. There I met a Mr. Tyrolf of Plainfield, N. J. who is a member of your organization. In the course of three miles paddling together he told me about your organization and suggested that perhaps I should join it.

I have been a folboater since 1942 when I began my first trip down the Housatonic. I have run the Shepang and the Farmingdale, the Esopus, the Modena, the International Rapids on the St. Lawrence (now part of a lake), as well as the Androscoggin in Maine and the Saco in New Hampshire.

After the war I took a trip out west. I lost my first boat on the Roaring Fork just below Aspen. Later in Oregon, I tried out my new boat on the Willamette and the MacKenzie in Oregon. Later I returned to the New York area. While I have never done any really big streams, I have been in enough rapids to be able to tell the waves from the rocks.

Mr. Tyrolf told me that you have a branch or chapter in this area too. I am particularly interested in that. Until five or six years ago there was a group of us that used to go boating together, but now they have drifted away to wives and families or jobs in other places.

Please let me know in more detail

American WHITE WATER

about your organization, publications and activities in the New York area.

Sincerely,
Walter W. Johnston

P.S. By coincidence my boats have been named WHITEWATER I and WHITEWATER II.

5606 Vernon Pl.
Rethesda, Maryland
September 21, 1958

Dear Dave:

I was interested in reading John Burkom's letter about using two pontoons as "water skis" with a double-bladed paddle, and hope that he will write an article on this subject.

Rack in the 'thirties, some articles on this type of white-water navigation appeared in "Fluss und Zelt," a German magazine similar to yours published in Munich. (I believe the editor was Carl Luther, who published the skiing magazine "Der Winter" for many years.)

As I remember it, the pontoons were developed by Austrian ski and foldboat enthusiasts and were also used by customs or other guards in patrolling the Danube.

With best wishes for the continued success of AMERICAN WHITE WATER.

Sincerely,
Hal Leich

32 Dartmouth Circle
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

Dear Dave

The possible prohibition of white water canoeing in Placer County, California is of great concern to all white water boaters. We believe in teaching safety rather than legislating against an activity. If the officials realized that skill can make it safe they might not consider a blanket prohibition. I am sure that Jamaica, Vermont, North Creek, New York, Wilmington, Delaware and other sites of public slaloms would never consider such action. Perhaps this is an unforeseen reason for slalom races. It suggests that they should be publicly announced in advance so that many people, among them the local leaders, can learn that river running is based on skill, not on reckless bravado.

Bob McNair

1185 Park Ave.
New York, N. Y.
July 17, 1958

Mr. Dave Stacey
Boulder, Colorado

Dear Dave:

In my article about the need for a National River Patrol which you published in your (excellent) Spring Issue, I predicted that, unless something were done along these lines it was likely that, among other things, the white water sport would get a bad reputation among the public and that official reaction would be adverse and hamper free development.

Confirmation of this has come all too quickly. I have been trying to persuade the editor of Vermont Life magazine to do a story on white water in Vermont. This morning I had a letter from him saying in part: "Another aspect of it is the danger, of course, which certain agencies here in the state are concerned about. Particularly as it might relate to trying to promote the sport among a public which was not adequately prepared and informed."

There was a fatal accident to a canoeist on the West River, in Vermont, last year.

I hope some white-waterist with initiative and energy will pick this idea up.

Sincerely,
Roland Palmedo

An Apology

We have received a letter from Deutscher Kanu-Verband E.V. They call our attention to the fact that there actually are two "Kanu-Sport" magazines. One is published in West Germany and one in East Germany. Unfortunately, our magazine editor did not know that two existed and arbitrarily chose one address to list. This turned out to be the one in the Communist or East German zone.

We certainly had no intention of slighting our very good friends in West Germany. We hope our readers will correct their magazines and note that their address is: Wuppertal-Barmen, Gewerbeschulstrasse 33-35, Germany.

The writer, Mr. Albrecht Dethlefsen also calls our attention to the fact that

we omitted the Austrian magazine "Paddelsport." If any reader has the address of this magazine we would like to include it in our list.

Banksville Rd.
Bedford, New York
July 7, 1958

Mr. Dave Stacey
American White Water Affiliation
601 Baseline Rd.
Houlder, Colo.

Dear Dave:

I understand that the proposal to name the lake backed up by Glen Canyon Dam "Lake Nevills" is about to be discussed in our magazine.

It is appropriate that there be a controversy on the subject, because such is the nature of the history of the Colorado.

I only hope that both sides may be fairly reported, and that those who knew Norm Nevills well are consulted.

My own reaction is that Norm would have liked it very well. He and I often talked of the tremendous recreational possibilities of a lake above the dam, which has been planned for about thirty years. He had thoughts of applying for the steamer concession for sightseeing.

All who know the river make a very sharp delineation between the now defunct Echo Park Dam which would have blighted its surroundings in many ways and the Glen Canyon Dam which will soon be an accomplished fact whose advantages, in the opinion of many of us far outweigh its disadvantages.

Before we urge the possible taking away from Norman Nevills of a chance of having his ~~name~~ so well preserved for future generations, I think we should consider carefully the opinions of those who knew him well on the Kiver.

Sincerely,
"Zee" Grant

Remember

After this issue, please send your letters to the editor nearest you. They are: Eliot DuBois, Sandy Pond Rd. Lincoln, Mass. Martin Vanderveen, 7703 S. Green St. Chicago 20, Ill. Robert Hawley, 1925 Hopkins St., Berkeley, Calif.

American WHITE WATER

Dear Editor:

As a fellow-editor who got out a club publication for nearly 25 years, I can sympathize with you on the troubles which you have mentioned so lightly; in fact, I could remind you of many gripes and burdens which you have had the grace to omit. You've been putting out a swell book with a real professional finish, and I hope you can find some chap with stars in his eyes, devotion to the sport and an itch for ink to take on from here. I'll say this: It's a wonderful way for an intending writer to get his feet on the ground.

Probably you have already heard from Mr. W. F. Craig, 438 West 116th Street, New York city, that he is not "better known by his pen name, Sparse Grey Hackle." It has been mine since 1931 and I urge you to print a correction, not for my sake but for Mr. Craig's.

You see, most of the fishermen who know me refer to me as "that old b." (or "that white-headed s.o.b." Sparse Grey Hackle. I wouldn't want Mr. Craig to get a bop in the countenance that he doesn't deserve, just because you identified him falsely.

I'd appreciate it if you didn't publish my real name, since I want as few people as possible to connect me with Sparse Grey Hackle; I don't want any more bops than I can help, either.

Best wishes to the new editor who will take over from you, and thanks to you for your fascinating and inspiring issues.

Sparse Grey Hackle

Your Editor really pulled a blooper on this one. At this point, he can't even remember how he made the mistake. In any case, many apologies to both Mr. Craig and Mr. S. G. Hackle. (Smile, please.)

Man With a Point

In answer to a mimeographed letter reminding people they had not renewed, we received the following gem.

De-emphasize the sport. You're causing it to be a crowded pastime. I'm leaving it. Thank God I did my paddling before it got to be like skiing.

(Signed H.F.G.)

P.S. You're a bunch of do-gooders—as reprehensible as a Speleologist, rock climbers, etc.

FROM YOUR EDITOR

With this issue, your present editor finishes three years of service. It has been work, but it has brought a sense of accomplishment. I have enjoyed helping build our informal organization, and have met many fine people in the process.

There have been several who helped carry the load. My wife Joan, my aunt Mrs. Cressler, and my secretary, Mary Babcock, all worked many hours here in Boulder to help get out the magazine. In Denver, Clyde Jones has earned a well deserved rest. For each issue of the magazine, the Jones called in their friends for a "mailing party". Without them, there would have been no American White Water.

The new team involves both old and new members. The lineup is given on page 3. You will note that the duties are spread more widely than before, thus lightening the load and giving better regional representation.

The magazine is the most tangible connection of the individual member with the Affiliation. But one should never forget that behind the printed word, the Secretary and the members of the various committees are working hard to provide service to all who enjoy the sport. They deserve your support as well as your appreciation.

The Affiliation and its magazine had a hard time getting started. There was a time when we could afford only a mimeographed booklet, turned out laboriously by a few men and their wives. Now we have a going publication which can afford to pay its bills. Our membership has grown astonishingly, including members not only in the states, but also in Austria, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, Yugoslavia and Scotland.

Where do we go from here? The new editors have a wide range to choose from. The magazine can grow in size and quality. The emphasis can be shifted to suit the desires of the membership. The format can certainly be improved.

In building for the future, I hope they enjoy it as much as I did.

Dave Stacey,
Editor Emeritus

THE HOP-OUT

Written and Illustrated by Eliot DuBois

Our Eastern Editor discusses a vital technique.

WHILE you deep water experts are practicing Duffek turns (Figs. 1 & 2), let all good shallow water canoeists gather round for discussion of the "hop-but." Foldboatists may be able to benefit from this, but the maneuver is primarily useful for canoes in shallow, rocky, steep rivers. Under such conditions it is impossible to avoid grounding on rocks and ledges. The hop-out provides a means of getting out of trouble and of getting hownstream with the least effort and the least damage to the canoe. It is the hop-out that allows a canoe to grow old gracefully, gathering a patina of minor dents and scratches. The too-late and poorly executed hop-out has unpleasant consequences (Fig. 3).



In its simplest form, the hop-out is a means of lightening the load so that the canoe will float over small rocks or other obstructions. Row and stern paddlers climb out and guide the canoe by hand. There is no particular danger to the canoe, but the hop-out stretches the legs, cools the feet, and gets the canoeists downstream.

In other situations, a prompt hop-out may get the canoe out of a potentially dangerous situation. Take the example of a canoe, carrying two persons, which grounds on a rock so that the rock winds up under the keel forward of amidships (Fig. 4). This raises the bow, puts the stern in, and the canoe has a tendency



to swing around like a weathervane. Before this can happen, the stern-man hops out. If possible, he moves forward in the canoe and gets out amidships. Putting one foot overboard may be enough (Fig. 5). At any rate, the bow drops down, there is no tendency to swing, and the canoe can be lifted off the rock.



I have assumed that the stern-man has a place to hop to. One of the prime rules of the hop-out is that the hopping-place be a rock above water or at least just under-water. If you hop into deep water, you may be swept off your feet, under the canoe, and into real danger.

Now let us consider the situation in which the hop-out is vital: When a canoe strikes a rock broadside to the current, the pressure on the upstream bilge forces the upstream gunwale down, the water pours in, the boat rolls over with its bottom against the rock, and there is a sickening rending of canvas, aluminum, or birchbark, depending on the equipment used. Before all this happens, the wise canoeist executes the hop-out. He stows his paddle, grabs the gunwales, and keeping his weight low, he steps or hops out. The very fact that he is out of the boat improves matters instantly because the canoe rides higher and has less tendency to roll down.

Getting back to the question of hopping-place, where should he go? If there is good firm footing on the upstream side of the boat, he may elect to hop there, in which case he is in a good position to hold up the upstream gunwale and ease the canoe off the rock. Unfortunately, an up stream hopping place must have been passed over by the canoe and therefore is under water. Also, it's difficult to get out on the upstream side without pushing down the upstream gunwale. Hence it's usually best to choose the downstream direction and hop out onto the rock that is threatening to split the canoe asunder.

The canoeist hops quickly, keeping his weight on the downstream gunwale (Fig. 6). This anchors the bilge on the rock and the canoe tends to roll up, out of danger. Moving fast, the canoeist crouches on the rock and shoves down on the

downstream gunwale, at the same time pushing the canoe off the rock and to one side. If the canoe is loaded or the current particularly strong, he may have to reach across the canoe and pull up on a thwart as near to the opposite gunwale as possible (Fig. 7). Once he has freed the canoe from the grip of the current and the rock, he shoves the canoe sideways so that it no longer straddles the rock. The current will then swing the canoe around beside the rock, and the canoeist is ready to climb back in.



If the canoeist finds that the above system doesn't work, and the upstream gunwale is dropping alarmingly, he may reverse his tactics. He suddenly hauls the canoe up on the rock with him (Fig. 8) and then pivots it around (Fig. 9) and drops it into the water beside and clown-stream from the rock. The thing to avoid in this maneuver is getting caught between the canoe and the rock.



The above description is for one man running single. If two people are in the canoe, the bow man is usually in the poorer position for hopping out. It is difficult for him to work back to the amidships rock, and there may not be room for him. If there is a good hopping-out rock near the bow, he can climb onto it and help free the canoe. An alternative is to shift weight onto the downstream gunwale and hang on. His weight will do some good by dropping the bow into the current beside the rock. However, if water is actually on the point of spilling into the canoe, the Bowman should hop, even though he selects a second-best hopping-place.*

After using one of these methods to free his canoe, the canoeist must be sure to hang onto his craft. Otherwise, he may have to make a standing broad-jump from his rock into the canoe. This may be in keeping with the general anthropoid char-



acter of the hop-out (Fig. 10), but it is difficult to perform. The canoeist should hang on, either to the boat or the painter. Before he gets back in, he may choose to survey the jumble of rocks waiting for him downstream and to choose a course where the chance of hop-out will be minimized.

* # *

"Schlechterhiipfenplatz" to the F-1 boys.

BOOK REVIEW

WHITE WATER, Vivian Breck, Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, N. Y., 1958.

This is the story of a teen-age girl who took up foldboating after a skiing accident damaged her leg. The book has many characteristics which make it a good novel for any teen-ager. Andy, like many other girls, felt stiff and uncomfortable around boys. She was a tomboy without the dainty charms of her musical sister. Many young people will be able to identify themselves with Andy in her clumsiness and awkward speechlessness around the opposite sex. The surmounting of her physical handicap by becoming an excellent foldboater has a special appeal for young people who gather courage from reading of other people's triumphs. Excitement and adventure are there also. And finally there is a boy with whom Andy can feel comfortable.

Of special interest to the readers of AWW is the happy quality of sound factual background. The author must have known the Dinosaur area of the Green River. Her knowledge of Ladore Canyon

could not have come from an encyclopedia. References to plants and animals of the area are brief but accurate. The cedars and spruce grow in the right places! The animals seen and looked for are those which any one making the trip might well see or hope to see. The freedom loving, conservation-conscious kind of people who make up river runners are there and they represent a remarkably typical cross section of the interests, backgrounds and occupations found among the members of many a white-water group. Bus Hatch—with a different name—rows the raft and barbeques a lamb. A European foldboater, a professional who could not participate in the Arkansas races except as a pacer, accompanies the group and becomes Andy's rescuer. Foldboating techniques and vocabulary are introduced without detriment to the story. Perhaps most important of all, the concern of the river runners for wilderness preservation unobtrusively emphasizes that need.

Reviewed by Janet Hawksley

American WHITE WATER

The River Rats Return

by Alexander G. Grant, Jr.

Reprinted with thanks from the December, 1940 issue of Appalachia.

FROM the snowclad peaks of the Sawtooth Mountains, some eighty miles northwest of Sun Valley, Idaho, foaming cascades and tiny brooks unite to form two large streams, Bear Valley Creek and Marsh Creek. In serpentine wanderings the two streams find their way through the alpine meadows, lakes, and marshes of a great plateau some seven thousand feet above sea level. After many miles they leave the upland, descend through canyons on either side of Cape Horn Mountain, and merge to form the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. Through unspoiled wilderness this river flows one hundred and twelve miles in a general northerly direction until it meets the Salmon River, with which it shares the foreboding designation of "The River of No Return."

Few people have undertaken to prove that this title is unfounded. The reputation of the Middle Fork, as being the toughest boat ride in the United States,¹ whetted my appetite. Conversations with famous river runners such as Dr. ~~Frazier~~ Amos Burg³ and Buzz Holstrom⁴ strengthened my determination to attempt the trip in a rubber foldboat. I had done some foldboating on the Isar River in southern Germany in 1987; and the following summer found me shooting down a short stretch of the main Salmon River, through Shotgun Rapids. This is one of the most thrilling runs on that turbulent stream, although it does not compare with the raging Middle Fork. Though brief, this successful attempt convinced me that a foldboat made of replaceable wooden parts and covered with an extremely tough and durable rubber hull was ideally suited to this type of river. But there were those who were familiar with the great rapids of the Middle Fork, United States Forest Rangers and Sun Valley guides, who firmly maintained that no small boats such as ours could survive such swirling waters. Discouraging, too,

were their tales of professional boatmen who on four occasions attempted the trip with parties of adventurers; twice to find themselves afoot and without equipment, and twice to be successful only after very narrow escapes. I was finally prevailed upon to abandon my nearly completed plans for an expedition in 1939. Instead, in company with Stewart Gardner, of Salt Lake City, I went down the Green River, in Utah and Colorado, through Lodore Canyon, acknowledged to be one of the most difficult parts of the extended Colorado River trip.

In July, 1940, following the National white-water Championships on the Rapid River, Maine, and despite many warnings, I went ahead with my plans for running the Middle Fork of the Salmon River.

Two companions, Rodney Aller, of Lakeville, Connecticut, and Colman T. Nimick, of Rye, New York, joined me on the trip. Aller is in his last year of Yale Law School, and besides being an accomplished skier he is well known as one of the most expert "river rats" in the east. Nimick had had practically no previous river experience.

On Sunday, August eleventh, we met at Sun Valley. The day was occupied with countless last minute preparations. To supplement information already given by U. H. Reid, of Los Angeles, who had run part of the river in 1939, we went over our maps carefully with the most experienced guides, noting the few ranger stations and ranches along the river, and learning the locations of the worst rapids. There was a trial setup of the boats in front of the Challenger Inn at Sun Valley, for the purpose of photography and to make certain that everything was in readiness. The flagship "Sawtooth Flyer," the "Archduchy of Montenegro" and Rodney Aller's "No Name" made a pretty picture with their gay blue decks contrasted against the green grass. Alongside

was an ungainly pile of old inner tubes, for the bow and stern of each boat, to make them unsinkable. Next morning ~~we~~ loaded a yellow Sun Valley station wagon high with boats, gear, personal belongings and supplies, and at ten o'clock we were on our way to Bear Valley Creek, headwaters of the Middle Fork.

The weather was perfect, warm, with a clear sky studded with puffy white clouds. In fact, throughout our entire trip we were favored with perfect weather, although at night the thermometer often dropped far below freezing. On the first four days, when we camped at high altitudes, there ~~were~~ heavy frosts.

We reached our jumping-off point at Bear Valley Creek about sunset. On our arrival we sighted a fine buck, but before we could photograph him he was off to tell his wild brothers that their sanctuary, the Middle Fork, was about to be invaded. Boats were set up, camp was made, and "Izaak Walter" Aller soon was knee-deep in the stream with his rod and creel, but the first night's catch, though fairly numerous, was mostly small fish, since we were far upstream and still within reach of the automobile fisherman.

On the morning of August thirteenth, after a good night's sleep under the pines, we packed our equipment in waterproof duffle bags which we stowed away in the bow and stern of each boat. These were then covered with air mattresses, which were tucked away under the deck, tied down securely, and then inflated. With such an arrangement all our cargo was safe from loss in case of mishap. On top of everything, rubber spray decks were placed in position and tied down, ready to ~~be~~ pulled about our waists with the drawstring which we held in our teeth when plowing through the heaviest water. The boats were heavily loaded, each with more than one hundred fifty pounds of baggage. They made a strange spectacle in the river, their great red sponson tubes standing out along the sides like overgrown sausages.

We estimated that the five-mile paddle down Bear Valley Creek to its junction with Marsh Creek, where the Middle Fork started, would be completed before lunch; but we had not counted on the many places where the river spread out

on a rocky bed, flowing from side to side, and where we were compelled to get out and push our boats across the shallows. Before the morning was over our backs ached, and we realized that we should have started at least two or three weeks earlier ~~when~~ the water would have been higher. In the steeper pitches the river generally flowed between narrow banks and was deep enough to give us sporty runs.

At half past two, when there was still no sign of Marsh Creek, we lunched on a rock overlooking the river. Before us were the remnants of one of Dr. Frazier's boats, lost in 1937 or 1938. A few battered pieces of the hull were all that was left of this double-planked, steel-sheeted boat of the Colorado type.

A little later we reached Marsh Creek, and more water. There was still some wading to be done, but from here on the chief problem was rocky rapids. The greatest drop per mile in the whole Middle Fork occurs in the first fifteen miles below Marsh Creek. There is no quiet water. Rapid after rapid required careful investigation since ~~at~~ such low water there was seldom more than one channel between the rocks. In many steep pitches it was necessary for one of us to get out of his boat to free it from obstructions.

At six o'clock Aller and I, who were paddling ahead, picked a campsite on the west bank. The shore was rocky, but a pine glade in the background promised a good place to bed down. We waited a while for Nimick, whom we had last seen a short distance upstream. When he failed to appear, we hurried back and found his boat capsized. We helped him ashore with his equipment, which we laid out to dry. Our plans had not anticipated so early a spill, but we were thankful that the "Archduchy of Montenegro" was undamaged. The evening was pleasant, with an abundance of food and a warm campfire. Coley Nimick found it very warm, indeed, when he placed his hand on one of the rocks of our oven and burned his palm severely.

Our start the next morning, August fourteenth, was greatly delayed. There was much repacking to be done, and many small adjustments of equipment. During the night our campfire, which we had un-



"River Rat" Aller running a "tail twister" near Pistol Creek.

wittingly built on top of a bed of dry wood, broke loose. It nearly reached the proportions of a forest fire, and we lost some sleep before finally extinguishing it. After lunch we put in for a short clay's run. In a long shallow stretch of river Rod Aller, who, I fear, had not yet had his quota of sleep, had an argument with a rock, capsized and was obliged to spend the better part of the afternoon making his boat and equipment seaworthy.

During the day we were amazed to see many huge chinook salmon whose last run we thought had been completed some time before. We cast longing eyes at these finny monsters shooting across the stream bed like bolts of lightning, but our fishing tackle was entirely inadequate for catching them, and we could keep them only as a memory. Just before five o'clock we found the most ideal camp spot of our entire trip.

On August fifteenth we made another late start. It was hard to get up early. The nights were cold, and the sun rose late from behind the mountains. There was always camp to be cleaned up, and it took time to patch the boats. Not until

the fifth day of our trip did we achieve a start before twelve o'clock. However, this day was distinguished as the first one without mishap. After running downstream only five miles we passed through steep, sharp rapids, under a Forest Service bridge, the first sign of civilization so far on the river, and came upon the great falls of the Middle Fork, at Dagger Creek. Here the river drops more than thirty-five feet in two sharp cascades. No one has ever run these in any type of boat. At high water they could be lined down, but at low water a portage is necessary, and this occupied the rest of our afternoon. Camp was made at a much-used spot on the west bank of the river.

Here we had our first and only encounter with pack rats. During the night we could hear the tinkle of silverware. We flashed our lights in the direction of our burned-out campfire, but could see nothing. Next morning we found that the rats had been playing games with our cooking outfit. Living up to their reputation as "fair trade" rats, they had taken many things from their places, and whenever they had removed a spoon or fork

they had replaced it with an old belt buckle or tin-can top. These large rats are very honest, and in the final accounting there was only one spoon actually lost, in return for which we had been given an old tube of toothpaste.

We were off again at noon on August sixteenth. The river was deeper and wading was unnecessary, but the rapids were more difficult than ever. Nimick was rapidly acquiring skill, but on several occasions his boat was caught in the rocks in the shallow parts of the river. When a boat is on the shallow side of the rapids it is frequently necessary to line it through, that is, let it float downstream on the end of a long rope. This is quite an art and one with which every white-water man should be familiar. The beginner hesitates to push an empty boat into a swirling mass of water cascading between boulders, but the expert knows that this method seldom causes trouble.

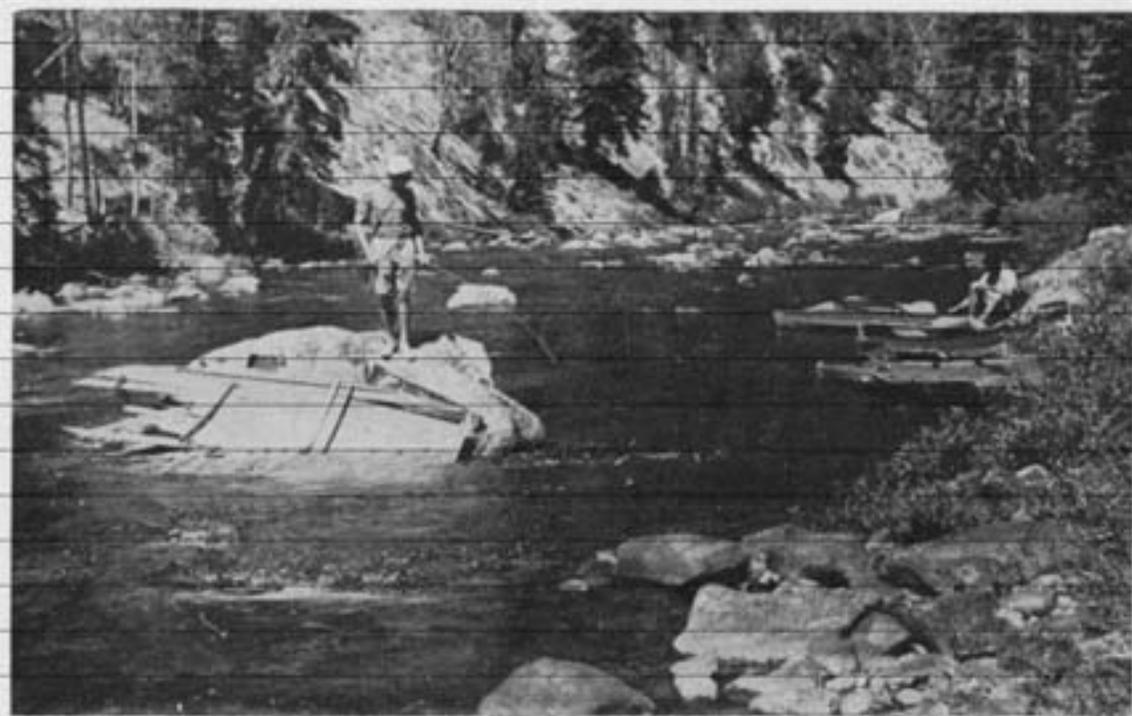
As we were eating lunch beside a deep pool, a large black bear loped down the opposite bank. There was much debate as to whether we should shoot him with our thirty-two automatic. The idea was discarded because of the danger involved.

Besides, there was no room in the boats for a pelt as large as his.

Our first serious mishap came within half an hour after lunch. Nimick capsized in a heavy rapid. His boat was caught by the current and wrapped around a rock. Every rib and cross frame in the center section was smashed to bits, and bow and stern, folded together, had filled with the rushing water. We met Coley on the shore beside his boat. He thought the voyage in his own boat was over, and that he would have to continue with Aller or me in one of our boats. However, we were prepared for such an emergency, and had replacements for practically every one of the broken parts. Since the indestructible rubber hull was undamaged, the boat could be completely repaired. In two hours Coley was once more on his way downstream. From now on, adhesive tape began to make its appearance as an integral part of the "Archduchy of Montenegro." Before we reached the end of the river we had used over fifty yards of this indispensable material, as well as quantities of wire, nails, rubber cement and tire patches.

Our run that day was six miles. Camp was made on the east bank, just above a

"Izaak Walton" Aller fishing in Bear Valley Creek. Note wreckage of Colorado type boat lost by Dr. Frazier's expedition. Photo by Zee Grant



sharp right bend in the river. It was in the middle of the first easy stretch of river we had encountered, a mile or more of pleasant riffles.

The next morning, August seventeenth, the river became almost too easy. We found, to our surprise, that we were paddling through a small lake about a half mile long, not shown on the maps. The reason for this became obvious when, at the lower end of the lake, we came upon a great landslide which had torn loose from a cliff and dammed up the river. Through this the river has cut a rocky sluice, down which the water caroms between boulders, dropping more than thirty feet. This pitch could be run at high water, but the danger from the uncovered rocks seemed too great to warrant our attempting it. It was also too hazardous for lining down, so a short portage was decided upon. Early in the afternoon, in current which was very rapid, we came upon a series of deep, sharp turns, worthy of the name "tail-twisters." Sitting high on the deck of my boat in order to see the rocks, without a spray cover on, I soon learned a lesson: that this was no position in which to be caught in a tailtwister. The centrifugal force whipped me over before I knew what had happened. I beached the "Sawtooth Flyer" and dumped her quickly, but my movie camera was wet, as were most of my Leica films, so now I had a lot of movie film with no camera in which to use it, and a fine snapshot camera with no film to use in it. With a little more care all the film and cameras could have been kept dry. Luckily, however, two films were left undamaged, from which came a few good pictures. A more serious loss, it seemed at first, was that of our strip map of the river marked with the locations of all the most difficult rapids. We searched more than an hour for it before giving up. We still had Forest Service sheets showing the general course of the river and the location of points of assistance. Later, we were almost glad that we had lost the map. Better not to know the dangers ahead, we agreed, for they would have caused us too much worry, and the information on the maps helped very little in the negotiation of the bad spots.

We camped just below Velvet Creek. Our talk centered on Pistol Creek, which we had expected to reach three days earlier. Now, surely, we should make it by the next evening. For thirty miles below Pistol Creek, we had been given to understand, the river was easy, a change which would be most welcome.

August eighteenth saw us off at eleven-thirty, an early start for us. All efforts were concentrated on reaching Pistol Creek, but once more the difficulty of the river made this impossible, though we went fifteen miles, our best day's run so far. We encountered considerable stretches of river without great hazards, but in a two-mile series of rapids, just above Soldier Creek, we met the wildest water of the upper river. A steep, rocky pitch, with a narrow chute below it, cut through a landslide in which the water rushed madly at nearly twenty miles per hour. This was followed by rocky rapids, a powerful tailtwister, and a log jam. The latter might have been serious in high water, but in low water our three foldboats came through safely. For most of the afternoon we stopped at a Ranger Station, from which we sent our first messages to the outside world. Aller fished and came back with fantastic stories—and some real trout to prove them. Late in the afternoon we paddled seven easy miles to Indian Creek, where we camped for the night.

Tuesday, August twentieth, was the longest day's run of the trip. Starting early, we rolled off nearly twenty miles in the morning on a gently sloping river, clear as crystal. For the first time we could really appreciate the magnificent scenery. Along the banks were occasional traces of gold mining, both past and present. The Middle Fork region is rich in gold, but it has small commercial value because of its inaccessibility and because it generally occurs in small pockets. At noon we came to McCall's Ranch near Thomas Creek. Mr. and Mrs. McCall gave us a grand reception and a real chicken dinner. They have plans for the grandest place ever known on the Middle Fork, even including a swimming pool. Mr. McCall usually flies in, since there is a field not far away where planes can land. We left hastily after lunch in the hope of reaching the Old Mormon Ranch for the

night, where we had been given to understand, we might find a party from Sun Valley. As usual, however, the river was longer than we expected, and at dusk, just after ~~some~~ tough rapids, we camped on an island. During the night a forest fire blazed in the towering crags above us. The flames lit up the entire sky like the fire from some pre-historic volcano, and presented an awe-inspiring spectacle. Three-thousand-foot cliffs and a favoring wind protected us from the blaze, which burned itself out before morning.

Next day, August twenty-first, we left at ten, passed Loon Creek. Camas Creek a little later, and ran some very mean spots. Here the river, greatly enlarged, flowed smoothly through a ~~narrow~~ broad canyon, not heavily wooded as on the upper part of the river valley, but more scenic, and with spectacular colors on the rocks of the high canyon walls. We passed the Mormon Ranch, the early inhabitants of which, together with some Federal soldiers, were massacred by Indians at Rig Creek. No one was there, so we went a mile farther down to Crandall's Ranch, home of Mrs. Eva Crandall, "sweetheart" of all Middle Fork voyagers. In a grove of trees a little way back from the river we saw ~~the~~ tiny ranch house. Mrs. Crandall was there and greeted us joyfully. Never had we met anyone who seemed so glad to see us. "Come in, boys," she said, "I've been worried about ~~you~~ and I have never let my eyes leave the river since I heard you were coming, and now I am so glad to see you! The bears have pulled my plum tree all to pieces, but won't you try some of my applesauce while I fix up something hot." After eating, we listened to Mrs. Crandall's life story. Slim, wiry, wrinkled like an apple in the sun, but with a heart of gold, she has led a life that few women have ever experienced. One night she had heard a noise in the house. Her husband told her to get up and let the dog out. Mrs. Crandall said, "That's no dog, that's a bear." Her husband refused to move, so Mrs. Crandall took a ~~broom~~ and chased the bear away from her applesauce and right out of the kitchen and across the garden. Another time, when Mrs. Crandall was talking with a stranger, he took her pocketbook. "Just looking it over," he said. But Mrs.

Crandall got her gun out, forced him to return the purse, and then began firing at his feet. The man ran, and Mrs. Crandall thinks he is probably "still traveling," for he never even stopped at the river, just "swam right across."

In the middle of the afternoon we waved farewell to Mrs. Crandall. We had no maps at all for the lower part of the river, only the ~~knowledge~~ that not far ahead was the Impassable Canyon, one of the deepest gorges on the surface of the earth. Through it ~~the~~ river drops at an average of fifty feet per mile. With far more water than in ~~the~~ upper rapids this surely meant trouble. There is no trail through the Impassable Canyon, and it has been seen by but few white men. Since we had figured that it was probably twenty or twenty-five miles to the conclusion of our river journey, we had decided to push on, although we knew that it would be nearly dark before we could possibly reach the end. All that afternoon we encountered increasingly menacing rapids in constant succession. The river became a series of pools with cataracts between. Up to ~~now~~ there had been a more or less steady drop, but as we approached the canyon the river became more like a staircase. We did not care for the pools, because of the paddling necessary in the slow water. The pitches below were always terrifying, the more so because we had no opportunity for looking them over. Nimick capsized, but there was no time to stop and dry out his stuff if we hoped to finish that night. As his spray cover had been lost long since, his open boat again and again filled with water.

At five o'clock we reached Big Creek, where the trail along the river, our last contact with civilization, comes to an end. Here the Impassable Canyon begins. We were already fifteen miles below the Crandall Ranch, and were convinced that it would be but a short run through the canyon rapids. I remembered having heard somewhere that the gorge was nine miles long, a figure which we later learned was less than half the actual distance. As we kept going, the rapids became even heavier than above. It did not seem possible that these torrents could ever be run successfully in such small boats as ours, yet we passed through Por-



Nimick—First experience in white water. The start of the Middle Fork of the Junction of Bear Valley Creek and Marsh Creek. Photo by Zee Grant.

cupine and Redside rapids and many others without serious trouble. The scenery was indescribably beautiful. Great red cliffs towered above us toward an azure sky, their formation similar to those found in Zion National Park, and fully as inspiring.

As our tiny boats pounded down the canyon, we scarcely noticed the lengthening shadows creeping up the canyon walls. Soon we were shooting the rapids in twilight, and then in murky gloom, always certain that the river's end lay just around the corner. On this darkest of moonless nights we dropped twenty-seven feet through the most terrifying cataract of the canyon, Hancock Rapids. In the quiet pools above the white-water, we would listen and try to place our boats in the deepest part of the stream, farthest away from the rocks. Slipping down the dark "V" above the storming rapids, we would flash our lights on the combers ahead. "Keep her bow pointed downstream and pray"—that's about the only way to get through this type of water at

night. It was fortunate, indeed, that in none of the great rapids did we get caught upon a rock. We just ploughed through. As a matter of fact, in the heaviest rapids it is difficult to see much even in broad daylight, for the waves frequently break over one's head, and so the night's passage did not place us at too great a disadvantage.

At ten o'clock, just when we were positive that at last our objective was at hand, a campfire gleamed on the east bank, so we quickly beached our boats and hailed it. Hut no answer came in reply. Aller left his boat and walked up to the fire. At first, he could not find its maker, but shortly he sighted an old man quivering behind a rock. The man did not speak until Aller strode over and touched him. "Hello! Hello! Hello! Who are you?" The poor man surely thought that Aller was a river ghost. In ten years, he might have seen other men four or five times in the Impassable Canyon. Now, here was someone coming up out of the river itself; in the middle of the night. During

this brief conversation the old man never stopped shaking. He told Rodney of five rattlesnakes he kept there, which, we later learned, was a story he had told before to others that he might be rid of them. There are very few snakes in the canyon, and we never saw one. Although it was difficult to get any information from the terrified old man, we did learn that the junction of the Middle Fork with the main stream of the Salmon was still six or eight miles away, and so we decided to camp at the next available spot. We discovered later that the man to whom we had given the scare of his life was Earl K. Parrot, famous hermit of the Middle Fork, who has lived there for years, eking out a meager existence by placer mining.

We planned to camp as soon as possible, but not so quickly as we did. About half a mile down, in a moderate but rocky bit of rapids, Nimick's boat wrapped itself around a rock in the worst crash yet. There were anxious moments before we located him and his foldboat, and we were obliged to camp that night on a rocky shelf under a cliff. We did not mind, since we were near success. In the morning it took three hours to fix Nimick's boat. There were no more spare parts, so the old pieces had to be put together with splints and adhesive. Finally we got it so that it would float, but it could not have been carried out of the water, because then it would have broken in two. Nimick's load was transferred to the other two boats.

The morning's run was exciting, but anticipation of reaching a successful conclusion to our trip remained foremost in our minds. Along the bank of the river, in a deep side canyon, we saw a herd of wild horses, beautiful creatures with long manes, cavorting about with the freedom of animals that have never known the hand of man.

Early in the afternoon we rounded a bend and saw, entering from the east, the turbid waters of the Salmon River. On the farther side was an automobile road. Our rejoicing yodels re-echoed from wall to wall of the canyon. For a few minutes we ran along with the clear water of the Middle Fork on our left, and on our right the muddy waters of the Salmon polluted by placer mining. Then, beach-

ing our boats by the road, we disembarked; the long voyage was over. After two days, during which Gus Peebles, a former sea captain, and boatman on the Yukon, entertained us with fine meals and with stories of his adventures, we were picked up by Taylor Williams, chief guide at Sun Valley, and returned to Challenger Inn.

Here we celebrated a trip that none of us will ever forget. For ten days we had passed through some of the most scenic and untouched country that is left in America. We had seen hundreds of wild creatures: deer, elk, bighorn sheep, mountain goat and bear. We had fished waters seldom reached by man. In one hundred and twelve miles we had brought men and boats down through rapids a vertical distance of four thousand feet. We had done what they had said we could not do. The "River Rats" had returned!

COMPARISON OF CANYONS

Canyon Length Greatest Depth Descent
Middle Fork of Salmon River:

First 30 miles--Deep valley between	
10,000 foot peaks rising 4,000 feet	
above river	1700 feet
Impassable Canyon--20 miles	4,000 feet
	1000 feet

Green and Colorado Rivers:

Lodore--20 miles--	3,000 feet--	425 feet
Cataract--41 miles--	3,000 feet--	430 feet
Marble--65 miles--	3,500 feet--	480 feet
Grand--217 miles--	6,000 feet--	1850 feet

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JOURNEY'S END—Left to right: Coleman J. Nimick, Rodney Aller, Alexander G. Grant Jr. The shortness of Aller's Paddle is due to two breaks. Self-timed photo by Zee Grant.

Campaign. Idaho Historical Society, 1926.

The first four items listed above contain some reference to the little known Middle Fork of the Salmon River. The type of country is well described in the Underhill articles. The last book deals with the Indian wars along the Middle Fork in 1879.

The Middle Fork is shown on United States Forest Service maps of the Salmon and Challis National Forests, on the back of which is printed a good description and history of the territory.

The Union Pacific Railroad and the State publicity department in Boise publish pamphlets describing the Idaho primitive area. References to the Middle Fork country can be found in literature of Sun Valley, Idaho.

FOOTNOTES

¹See "At 83 He's an Explorer," by Charles Kelly. *Saturday Evening Post*, May 6, 1939.

²Dr. Russell G. Frazier, Bingham Canyon, Utah (now with Admiral Ryrd at South Pole). After several attempts, Dr.

Frazier made a successful trip down the Middle Fork in 1939 with a party of seven in four boats. They used keel-less, fairly flat-bottomed boats of the Colorado River type, made of green wood, decked over and steel sheathed, with air-tight compartments bow and stern.

³Amos Burg is a true river expert, having done the greatest rivers in North and South America. A member of Frazier's 1939 party, he used a special Goodyear blow-up boat, extremely tough and seaworthy, costing \$1500. Although very clumsy, it is the only type of boat in which to take a passenger.

⁴Buzz Holstrom started with a garage in Coquille, Oregon, but got the white-water "bug." Building himself a strong, keel-less, steel-sheathed rowboat, with watertight compartments (but better designed than other Colorado boats), he ran the Colorado River alone all the way. He is now engaged by the United States Department of Reclamation to pilot government engineers down the Colorado to look for dam sites. His greatest ambition is to run the Middle Fork.

* * *

BURMEISTER ON GUIDEBOOKS

Here is a timely letter from one who knows. Let's get going on this business.

Dear Dave:

The Summer 1958 edition of American White Water is indeed most stimulating and interesting. I would like to reply to the article "Ideas For River Maps" by Peter D. Whitney for it introduces aspects of guide book preparation probably unknown to most of your readers. However, these facets of appropriate literature production, once more generally known, will undoubtedly answer the numerous questions in the minds of many white water friends.

I wonder if Mr. Whitney or any of the members of the AWWA have any real idea about the planning, effort, sacrifices, compromises, discouragement and disillusion that are a part of river guidebook preparation. Naturally, my references are purely personal observations, but, I know that Lawrence Grinnell has had more than a normal share of the various difficulties I have faced.

When I began to formulate the concept of preparing a river guide or white water guide for canoeists and foldboaters of the eastern United States, I had elaborate plans for hundreds of photographs and detailed maps. Every river was to have a carefully drawn large scale map showing not only significant terrain features, contour lines, but also falls, rapids, and all of the vital hazards to which Peter Whitney refers. I envisaged a magnificent publication leaving nothing to be desired. Yet, I neglected to be realistic. This is not a question of competency or good will, unfortunately, it boils down to a matter of demand and financing. For about 15 years I struggled with the divers problems of scouting unknown white water areas, some rough running, writing of numerous descriptions, studying of maps, doing photography, and of course risking my neck and losing several foldboats. However, these were not the major problems. Contacting prospective publishers was the real test. They all liked the material but could not visualize a large enough

market. Further, I contacted foldboat manufacturers and distributors of foldboats such as Klepper. The interest was purely commercial; no interest to help in the development of white water boating.

It would be senseless to go into the numerous efforts. After several years of this I threw in the towel. The only positive assistance came from the Buckridgers of Pennsylvania. These realistic and sincere people prepared a section of my manuscript and mimeographed 200 copies which were sold for a small amount. The effort worked quite satisfactorily and the price of each book paid for the material and also brought me a small return of around \$30.00. Although this sum was only a minute return of the immense outlays of my project, it was gratifying to see that the material did have a market.

I have gone into this problem in some detail merely to illustrate why the production of maps in addition to guides is as yet a wonderful dream. In Europe where white water boating is as popular a sport as water skiing is in this country, the production of any river guide or map is no financial gamble. It is a foregone conclusion that it will be a profitable enterprise. When the German inventor of the foldboat desired to make the idea pay he entered the literary field and prepared guide books.

How can we overcome this handicap in the USA? Peter Whitney mentions some of the possible solutions. In order to produce maps as appropriate as those prepared in Austria, Germany, Italy or France, we must tackle the problem systematically. Perhaps we should make use of this new organization we have; the AWA. Let us search out how many members are willing to support a more elaborate publishing project by pledging that they will purchase any and every guide book prepared by members. Secondly, the various manufacturers and importers of boats must be interested in giving finan-

cial support. Properly explained these people must realize that the sport cannot be developed without adequate guide material. The writers are all idealists because there is no commensurate financial return; even if there certainly should be. My own manuscript is collecting dust. Lawrence Grinnel had his guide published at personal cost. This is the real output picture of guidebook production in the East. We must mature not only in the sport sense but also in the literary sense. Only if several books are made available will we be able to develop and improve the quality of the material. Right now we are in the midst of a stagnant pool. Let's get into the swift water.

Sincerely yours,
 Walter F. Burmeister
 P.O. Box 381
 Shrewsbury, New Jersey
 29 September 1958

Ice Water Special

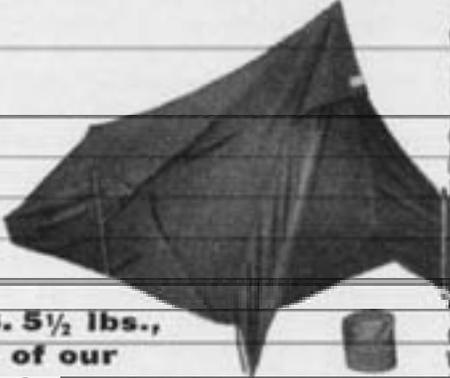
We hear from Don Kupp via Hob Mc Nair, that the Sierra Club boaters are using wet suits. These are the things that skin divers use to keep them warm in frigid water. Basically, it is a suit made of foam rubber insulation in a shape resembling that of long woolen underwear. No attempt is made to keep the water out—but what little comes in is quickly warmed by the body.

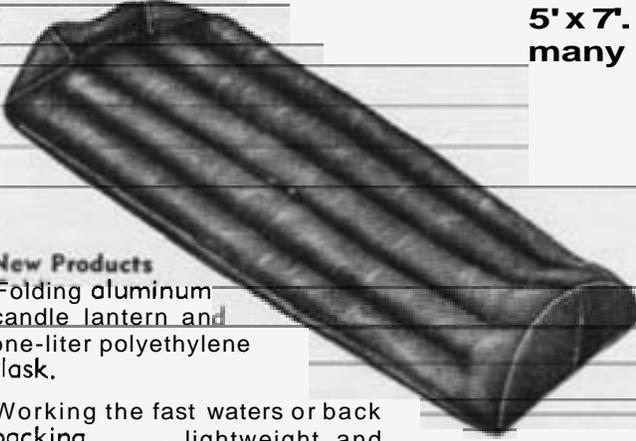
For those who do serious boating on cold streams, this sort of thing might make the difference between life and death. Let's hear more about it from those who know.

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We made these pictures in a lake so you could trace the motion of the paddle and the boat in the water. In a river, you can make use of eddy currents. To the left, Walter shouts us the characteristic appearance of the Duffek. Note the hand over the head, the active blade far away from the hull and the climbing angle of the blade. To the immediate right, he starts a turn by bringing the paddle from the stern. To the right, we see the lean which is characteristic of higher speeds or sharper turns.

Photos by Dave Stacey

LET'S DO THE

Written and demonstrated

Walter, a former World's Champion, tells us how. It's good for

w

THE "New Stroke" hit the Slalom World like a revolution! It was at the 1953 World Championships in Merano, Italy, when both the Czech and East German teams, carefully prepared in many months of seclusion, meant to throw over the domination of the Austrian slalomers. Miroslav Duffek, former Czech Canoe Champion, had first mastered this latest stroke to be used efficiently in a kayak. Accordingly, he had coached both teams to use this new accomplishment. He himself had a conspicuous command over this new kayak stroke—so impressive that, at Merano, all we conventionalists stood by and gasped with our mouths wide open. What he performed was something absolutely new and unknown. Something that, seemingly, was twice as effective a way of maneuvering a kayak through and around gates. Among us, watching him run the first heat of the famous course which is still considered the best natural one for a Slalom, spread a thorough perception of the importance of this new style as well as a consciousness of defeat for anyone not using this "Duffek-Stroke." Although we had to give him all the credit and recognition for his tremendous, outstanding, artistic way of handling his kayak, we naturally were quite desperate. This was the revolution of white water kayaking. It was the first and most basic change of the paddling technique since men conquered white water.

In our second heat in Merano, we tried to fight it. We attempted, without conferring about it (because we were too impressed), we attempted as hard as we could, to prove it was not true. We did not want it to be true.

In Merano, we were lucky. It was due to only a little tiny lack of control, for a hundredth of a second, maybe, on the part of that Czech boy, that we did not succumb. It was only due to that accident that Miroslav, who right after this event fled into Switzerland where he still lives, did not win that Championship "by ages."

The "new stroke" needs complete command, in its completest sense. At gate No. 14, Duffek's bow missed the pole by approximately 2 inches. That equalled 100 penalties and he came out 27th! If it had not been for that, he would have won the title of World's Champion at a time of 310.1 seconds, while the then Champion, conforming to the standardized technique, arrived at 330.1, followed 333.5 (second), 333.5 (third), and 337.3 (fourth). These figures ought to clarify more than anything else the importance of the "New Stroke." Also, they make obvious that a profound familiarity with it is imperative for a boatsman to be efficient.

One year later only, at Geneva, Duffek owned this perfection and won the weighty International Slalom by four seconds ahead of the next few contestants



DUFFEK!

by Walter Kirschbaum

winning races, impressing the opposite sex, and just plain fun.

who were even more crowded together in their positions.

To-day, no slalom race can be ~~run~~ without proper command over the Duffek stroke.

Here, now, is my attempt to describe what it is: Conventional technique offers nothing but a forward and a back stroke for maneuvering your kayak. As is true for most any invention after it is completed, the idea of the Duffek stroke appears strikingly simple. To apply it in any situation, is not easy, however: You want to move your kayak sideways. OK, so why don't you just reach out to the side and pull yourself over? Lean out for effectiveness, at the same time. Or, you want to turn the boat around a 360 slalom pole without sliding downriver. The old backstroke accounted for some being taken downstream. And, it's apparent why. That back stroke inevitably brought about that your stern got caught by the current and was carried down. **Now**, approaching a green 360. e.g., you insert your blade as far to the right and forward as possible, then *pull*: Your blade is your rudder and momentum changer; you adjust its position progressively, using a little more or a little less angle in the stroke. But you can (provided that you have enough speed to work on) arrive between pole and bank by means of *one single stroke*. In order to accomplish this the orthodox way, it took you at least three of them.

Next, with your new stroke, you might leave that same right blade in the water, turn it there, move it to the bow again, adjusting and adjusting the position of your kayak at the same time and end up with your blade at the place from which you start another powerful stroke. By that time, you will have encircled the 360 and be ready to move to the next gate.

Naturally, it is not an overnight's job to acquire skill and feeling necessary to be efficient. It took me three months of almost daily practice to learn and know how to do it. Today's wiggle-gates and the regulations that go with them require full knowledge and experience with the ~~new~~ stroke. Once familiar with it, however, it offers you all the scale from turning the boat on the spot, to moving sideways—and everything in between. **It** all depends on the angle your blade is applied against the water; together with the extent you lean out. Approaching a straight forward gate too much off the line, you insert the applicable blade as far diagonally and outward as possible, pull your bow over first by making the blade's inside face the bow. Then, within this one stroke, change direction and pull a straight forward.

About to enter a gate, you insert your blade ahead and, depending on the necessity of adjusting the kayak, apply either more or less power in the direction desired, to gain any position that you deem advisable in order to pass the gate without penalty—and quickly. One stroke, a



Partway through the turn, the stern has started to skid. Note the combination of climbing and drawing on the paddle.

little diverted—changed maybe three times while being performed toward bow or stern—close or way off the bat—does it all. Commanding the Duffek stroke is like suddenly discovering a new dimension, like when multiplying was first discovered after only adding had been known.

With the orthodox method, you had to, by means of a backstroke, turn your kayak to the desired direction first, before you could proceed and dodge an obstacle. Now proceed directly without losing any of your relative speed, which, in white water, is vital for your maneuverability. Often enough your time and space margin of safety above dangerous rocks would be about wasted by the necessity of applying an extra stroke to turn the boat first, and turn it, only. *Thus, this is not only a technicality for slalom specialists.* Its advantages become most obvious in a slalom, however, since such a contest is based on inches.

Running a swift rocky stream, it happens not too seldom that you notice a submerged obstacle only a moment before the dreaded impact. Here, your new stroke comes in quite handy, even if only applied in a passive, defensive sense:

You lean out, tip your kayak on its side, bracing on your vertically applied blade while your paddle shaft is standing almost upright, the emerged blade being away from the boat—and in this way avoid underwater collision that might cut your hull. The stroke in question is even more important when trying to get away from overhanging bushes because this technique prevents your inactive blade from getting caught in the branches.

After you have acquired a sound command over it, you will find this stroke helpful in so many other ways in your everyday river experience (in kayak polo, naturally, just as well) and you will experience the great sensation of being the real master of your boat.

Now let us talk about practicability of equipment.

The kayak should be narrow for best effectiveness. In fact, the present I.C.F. limitation of minimum width (60 cm) is, I think, not very modern, nor sporty. I don't see why one should not be allowed to use a kayak as narrow as he likes. It takes a while to get used to a narrow boat, but, whoever has not experienced one, does not know what he is missing. For the new stroke you won't need any hip boards or bladders against your hips when riding a narrow boat in order to accomplish a good body contact with the craft. This contact is imperative for a good performance.

For the paddle, there are certain products, the shape of whose blades cause the paddle to flutter when used for the Duffek stroke. That is what caused several manufacturers to produce a straight and evenly formed blade.

Talking about details, there are many versions of the technique, just about as many as there are differences in individual ways of using your paddle. Personal application of individual advantages form a thousand different realizations of this one, great, basic, new idea.



Note the track in the water. One stroke has given about 110 degrees of rotation and can easily provide the rest. To avoid the pole, the paddle must either be lifted or brought close to the hull (quite tricky).



*Bob Downs and Bud Van Lint run the lower end of Spruce Mountain Rapids
Photo by T. Leonard.*

First Annual Hudson River Derby

by Roland Palmedo

NORTHEASTERN weather is well-known for its fickleness—quick changes and unpredictability. The water level of the streams is almost as uncertain. While August is normally a dry month, we have had disastrous floods then; in early May the streams are usually medium-high, but last year we had to cancel our Eastern Slalom scheduled for May 12 because of low water.

Eastern canoeists must have accumulated some credit with the Powers-That-He, for all our competitive events were favored with fine weather and good water—Brandywine, Potomac, National Slalom on the West, and Hudson River Derby.

The latter, on May 11, was a new fixture, and turned out to be a great success on all scores. It is a down-river race, on a course about eight miles in length. In the first six miles, short constricted rapids alternate with fast-flowing or smooth stretches. Then comes a mile of fast water through scattered boulders, and finally a half mile in which remaining energies can be expended in a finish sprint. It is on the whole a very good course for the purpose.

The rescue arrangements and the organization by the Race Committee at North Creek were excellent, especially

considering that it was their first effort. About a thousand spectators watched the lower end of the race. It was especially good to see our friends from the Ontario Voyageurs, of Canada, with us again.

Next year it is hoped to run an experimental giant slalom the day before the race on the river above North Creek, on a course perhaps three or four miles long. As the river is too wide to string lines across, it is proposed to anchor beach-halls to mark the gates.

The leading finishers:

C-2—1st Peter and Paul Oliver, HRSC	1:06:23
2nd M. L. Hunt and H. Hand	1:07:17
F-1—1st Kobert F. Field, AMC-C	1:04:39
2nd Charles Grabner, OV	1:05:27
C-2M—1st Mr. and Mrs. Robert McNair, HKSC	1:07:11
2nd Geo. Rentoumis and I. Davis, AMC-NY	1:09:29
F-2—1st Geza Roray and Harry Voegel, OV	1:06:56
2nd Bukojensky and Maziar	1:09:13

In the over-all race, the two leading F-1's came in first and second, with the Oliver's C-2 third.

THE JONES ROLL"

by Clyde Jones
*So named by your editor.

DURING the winter months the Colorado White Water Association is forced indoors into the swimming pools. It pool sessions we spend quite a bit of the time learning how to do rolls and also trying to develop new turns, rolls, etc. This winter I developed what I thought was an entirely new technique for rolling.

This new method is so easy that it can be done with one arm. It requires little practice to become 100% successful. And most important, it presents little danger of dislocations or muscle strains as do some other methods.

This roll can be done in series (linked—up-around-down, up-around-etc.) ten to twenty times with much greater ease than any other. This technique undoubtedly requires the least degree of timing and coordination of any roll and women should have no difficulty in learning it as very little strength is required. Once a person has learned the procedure as outlined, he may progress to the stage that when upset accidentally he will go directly to position three and then roll up.

When I had perfected this method I sent letters to rollers in other clubs asking their opinions about my "new" method. As you have already guessed, from the West Coast came a letter saying, "That was the first method I saw in a movie about eskimos." And from the East Coast, "That method is the one that Raymond Zubiri from France showed us." Well, my balloon was deflated, but as I cannot find any description of this method in any literature, I am describing it herewith. This procedure should be the easiest method for beginners to learn, and it is quite likely to be adaptable to canoes.

Step 1. Push the paddle to the left side of the boat, grab the blade with the left hand. Lean to right and upset.

Step 2. Still holding blade with left hand, reach up with right hand and grasp shaft. (knuckles to stern)



Step 3. Release blade (left hand), reach across boat and put left next to right hand on shaft (left outside right and knuckles to stern).



Step 4. Pull down as if chinning oneself.

Step 5. Continue pulling and then pushing until in upright position.

The theory behind this roll and the reason it is better than any other method known to the author is that the boater uses both arms to apply torque. One arm does not have to be the paddle fulcrum working against the other. Roughly the strength required for this method is about half that for any other.

The entry described is best adapted to calm water. However, the method can be varied to cover upsets in wild water. Drop us a line on how you like it.



Clyde shows us how.





CONSERVATION COMMENT

Dan Bradley, Chairman
13 West 82nd St., New York 24, N. Y.

A very considerable amount of general conservation legislation was passed by the 85th Congress in areas outside our immediate interests.

As previously noted in this space, Congress has established the Outdoor Recreational Resources Review Commission to make an overall survey of our resources in this field and probable demands upon them by the year 1975 and 2000. Members of Congress appointed to the Commission include Senators Neuberger (Ore.), Watkins (Utah), Barrett (Wyo.), and Anderson (Ariz.), and Representatives Gracie Pfof (Idaho), Ullman (Ore.), Rhodes (Ariz.), and Saylor (Pa.). The seven citizen members have not yet been named. This evaluation of what we have and its intangible as well as material value to our people is very much needed and will greatly help in the defense of our remaining wilderness areas.

Land gabs for military reservations (frequently at the expense of public domain) of over 5,000 acres must now be approved by Congress, and state hunting and fishing regulations must be observed therein, as a result of legislation sponsored by Representative Engle of California and passed by Congress early this year.

Also passed by Congress: Amendments to the Duck Stamp Act providing ample funds for acquisition and maintenance of sufficient wetlands habitat to assure perpetuation of migratory wildfowl popula-

tions; amendments to the Coordination Act of -1946 by which the Fish and Wildlife Service will have a more effective voice in water resources development and management.

Rut Congress failed to pass the Wilderness Preservation bill, which was vigorously opposed by Sens. Watkins and Bennett of Utah and Barrett of Wyoming and, at their insistence, was held over for field hearings in four western regions.

Riverwise, however, the 85th Congress was a dud. It passed two separate appropriations totalling \$1.7 million for detailed engineering plans for the Bruce Eddy dam on the North Fork of the Clearwater River in Idaho.

Congress failed to pass the C. & O. Canal National Historical Park bill, which was introduced in the House by Congressman Hyde of Maryland early in the first session, but subcommittee hearings were not held until late in the second session, and the bill died in committee. It has become quite clear that the fight over the C. & O. Canal Park is in reality the battle for the whole Potomac Valley, with hundreds of organizations pledged to preserve the incalculable outdoor values of the area against the Army Engineers and public power interests who hope to flood out half the valley, history, scenery, recreation and all.

We missed a decision of the U. S. Supreme Court last June concerning a fine white-water river in the Northwest. The

Cowlitz flows into the Columbia from the Washington side, and the city of Tacoma had sought, and secured, a federal license for two dams for power and flood control. The State of Washington complained the city had no right to flood out state property, and in its contentions it was supported by sportsmen and conservationists. The Supreme Court of course could not do otherwise than hold, as a matter of law, that the order of an agency of the federal government takes precedence over state laws. Opponents of the dams are now expected to take the issue into the state legislature with a popular "initiative" requiring over 90,000 signatures by the first of the year. Washington members will please note and bestir themselves!

In the East, efforts to preserve the wilderness values of the Allagash River in Northern Maine are coming to a head. A proposed dam at Rankin Rapids on the St. John River would flood out much of the tributary Allagash, and both rivers are fine canoeing wilderness. The Department of the Interior is working closely with state officials "to determine to what extent measures may be needed to preserve Allagash wilderness values," according to Asst. Secretary Roger Ernst. It may be that an official designation of some sort will result.

From Nature Conservancy comes a comment by Dr. John Craighead of Montana State University on the subject of preservation of wild rivers. In discussing recreational vs. economic values of wilderness watersheds, Dr. Craighead notes how fragile is the wild quality of a river (compared to that of mountains and forests), and remarks that conservationists are thrown on the defense by the lack of data comparable to that of the engineers and thus placed in the unhappy position of being obstructionists. He stressed the need for conservationists to develop a positive evaluation of wilderness values with which to secure recognition by engineers and work out with them a program of economic development of certain rivers while certain others are left undisturbed, since the two concepts are utterly incompatible. Dr. Craighead's statement is a reprint from the Proceedings of the Second Annual Water Re-

sources Conference in Missoula last June, and those interested in this urgent problem may secure a copy from the Western Office of Nature Conservancy, 1711 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif.

I was a mite surprised to read Hallan Marsh's letter in the last issue. True, we had exchanged letters on the subject of dams: he expressed the belief that neither Glen Canyon nor Hells Canyon dams were "economically sound," and I replied at some length that each dam must be judged on its own merits and Hells Canyon was a very different kettle of fish from Glen Canyon. I quoted from David Coyle's book on Conservation same figures showing that the federal high dam was not only a much better bargain but that the license for the private dams was admittedly based on political rather than economic considerations. Moreover, three little dams producing half the power (at three times the cost!) make necessary the construction of other dams, such as those proposed on the Clearwater, which will be gravely destructive to scenic and wildlife values. If we are "agin' dams," one big one seems better than half a dozen—and in this instance better Conservation as well.

As for my political orientation—well, heaven help us, there were those who labeled Senator Taft a Socialist, and Earl Browder was tossed out of the Communist party for being too far to the right. Such labels have little meaning—least of all in Conservation. Our political activity (for that is what it is) is concerned with the administration of our natural resources and the tangible projects thereof, especially as they affect the wild riverways which are our immediate concern. We support those that advance important scenic, recreational and wildlife values, and oppose those that destroy or impair such values. The political labels of legislative sponsors or executive administrators are irrelevant and are not referred to in Conservation discussions.

What Mr. Marsh's objection comes down to is that he disagrees with a position taken on a specific issue (and in private correspondence at that). That of course is his privilege, and I really welcome the expression of divergent opinion and weigh it carefully—it is enlivening

and salutary. I am a firm believer in the value of controversy, for no one of us knows everything (least of all this novice in the field), and the wisest policy can be derived only through the exchange of divergent ideas. In a democratic society controversy—responsible, informed controversy—is the very breath of life. But to make disagreement on one issue cause for quitting us seems to me somewhat akin to losing the battle for want of a shoenail. Conservation is only one aspect of the total AWA activity, and I could wish that Mr. Marsh would continue to share our white water sport with us, even if, of necessity, his enjoyment must be vicarious. Whether or not one agrees with everything in it, each issue of our journal is exhilarating reading.

There are not least two sides to every issue, especially Conservation. If you disagree with Dan, be sure to stand up for what you think is right. Drop him a line at 13 W. 82nd St., New York 24, N. Y.

Classic for Sale

■ In these days of rubber elephants, outboard motors and Chris Crafts, it is interesting to note that there are still a few of the classic Colorado River boats still around. We take pleasure in presenting an ad for the sale of one of these great designs.

"16 ft. Cataract boat, Galloway type, excellent condition, proven on Colorado, Green and Snake, latest design, also heavy duty trailer to fit. Fred Speyer, 5772 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City 17, Utah."

Rivers of the World

From the United Nations one can obtain, in either English or French, the following maps: Figure 1, "Major Drainage Areas of the World" and Figure 2, "International River Basins." Individual basins are listed in a legend which is keyed by numbers to the appropriate locations on the map. The maps are on sheets 11 by 22 inches at a 1:80,000,000 scale.

Bruce Grant

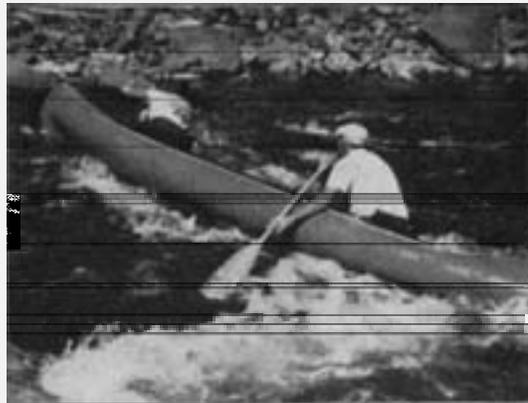
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SIERRA CLUB RIVER OUTINGS

by KED COCKERLINE

THE year 1958 has seen a further increase in the number of boats getting out on the rivers. Movies from this year's trips compared with footage taken in earlier years reveal marked improvements in the average performance of our paddlers.

The Ray Chapter River Touring Section, with Bryce Whitmore as Chairman, started the season with a lecture type training program followed by swimming pool sessions to teach paddle bracing and the Eskimo roll. Through the summer there have been many week end trips to rivers throughout Northern California following a schedule coordinated by Trip Chairman Glen Gaumer.

The most ambitious trip undertaken by the KTS was organized by Jim Thor on the Rogue River in Oregon. This trip was in two parts. Seven advanced paddlers started from Grants Pass with Hob Pruitt operating a Mackenzie River boat as their guide. Everything was run by the kayaks including the right hand fish ladder at Kainey Falls where the Mackenzie boats had to be lined down. The scenery ranged from steep timbered mountains to precipitous rock walls. Bob Pruitt's Camp Solitude provided an idyllic setting for a layover day in midtrip. After four days of paddling the group reached Schneider's Lodge at Illahe, where they said goodbye to Rob Pruitt.

At Schneiders Lodge, by prearrangement, a group of beginning kayakers were waiting to join the group for the lower river run to Gold Beach. Everyone enjoyed the overnight stop at Copper Canyon and the trip ended at Lobster Creek on July 6.

The major river outings operated by the Sierra Club were the most ambitious ever. These trips range in size from thirty to seventy participants most of whom ride the large rubber rafts rowed by professional boatmen. This year the Outing Program was organized by Lou Elliott, who managed also to lead most of the

trips, thus probably qualifying for the "most miles of whitewater award."

Forty Sierra Clubbers, four pontoons, and three foldboats put in at Lily Park to follow the Yampa and Green Rivers through Dinosaur National Monument. The rising mountains of this region have been cut by the meandering Yampa to provide magnificent exposures of colorful and varied geologic formations, sculptured by the waters into unusual forms. There is so much to absorb that anyone planning a trip here would do well to read "This is Dinosaur" by Stegner, "Geology of Dinosaur National Monument" by Unterman before leaving home.

There is plenty of opportunity to swim from the rafts and at campsites. The water temperatures are inviting and the river is still wide and deep in mid June.

A highlight of the trip was running the newly formed Warm Springs rapid which resulted from a section of cliff dropping into the river this Spring. The climax of this and all Dinosaur river trips is the dash through Split Mountain gorge on the last day. Foldboaters Ray Simpson and Red Cockerline completed the run without upset.

The next two outings were entirely on the Green River, following Major Powell's route through Lodore Canyon. On the first trip there were forty-two Sierra Clubbers, while the second trip carried sixty-nine members.

The river mileage on the Green is shorter than on the Yampa trip, allowing more time for hiking up side canyons, shooting riffles on air mattresses, fishing, swimming, etc. This trip is exciting all the way, with major rapids to be shot on five of the six days.

Highlight of the second Lodore trip was Koger Paris skirting the big hole at Hell's Half Mile in a slalom single foldboat and making it look easy (but not too easy). Foldboaters Ray Simpson, Dave Horowitz, Jackie Voltz and Red Cockerline were content to portage this one.



Red Cockerline is jet propelled on the Feather River. Photo by Merwin Krahm.

Each of the principle campsites on both the Yampa and the Green is equipped with benches, fireplaces, and restrooms installed by Bus Hatch cooperating with the National Park Service. These camping places are usually in "holes" (wide and comparatively level places adjacent to the river but within the confines of the main canyon).

This year, for the first time, we offered a trip on Idaho's Salmon River. The response was so great that two eight-day trips were required to accommodate 120 club members.

The put in was below the confluence of the Middle Fork with the main Salmon. [redacted] followed a barbecue organized by the citizens of Salmon City. Don Hatch was head boatman with seven pontoons. The several kayakers were skittering about like water skippers, providing entertainment for the raft passengers.

The foldboaters on both trips found the river a real challenge. They had prepared for the trip through active participation in week-end outings, and tip-overs were held to two or three per man per trip. Only one of [redacted] kayakers went all the way without an upset.

Experience on these trips suggests that [redacted] rescue of dunkers is [redacted] effectively performed by other kayakers than by rafts, the rafts rarely being in the right place

at the right time and [redacted] sufficiently maneuverable to get there. Rescues were usually performed with one boater assisting the dunker while one or two others pressed the overturned kayak to shore by pushing against it with their bows. An alternate method was to pull the overturned boat ashore with its bow or stern line.

The Rupp brothers (Buck Ridge Ski Club) were on the first Salmon trip in their double Canadian canoe. Dr. Lawrence Grinnell and wife (Ithaca, New York and AWA Executive Committee member) were passengers on one of the rafts. Roger Paris, working as a boatman for the Hatches, had his kayak in the front end of his raft [redacted] found many opportunities to land the raft and play a rapid in his kayak, to the great delight of the photographers. His style is spectacular and shows up well in movies.

Next year it is planned to have a Sierra Club trip on the Middle Fork of the Salmon and a good many are looking forward to this already.

The final outing was with Georgie White through Glen Canyon. Sixty-eight members enjoyed this magnificent canyon which, all too soon, will be gone forever below the waters which will back up behind the dam now building.

1 ■ 1

NEWS ABOUT BOATS

For ~~members~~ who are interested in folding boats, we present some information on ~~new~~ distributors

Tyne Foldboats

There is a new foldboat on the American market. It is the well-known TYNE, which is manufactured in Great Britain.

The American distributor is Midland Marine Imports (Ritchey O. Newman, Jr., A.W.A. member), P. O. Rox 20, Midland, Michigan.

Ritch has an interesting idea that will be of interest to those who build rigid kayaks. The wooden structure for these boats is available in kit form at a very reasonable price. The home builder can cover the structure with fiberglass and end up with a good boat for very little money. Write him for more details.

Pioneer Folding Boats

A new distributor has been appointed for the well-known Pioneer folding boat. Members interested in obtaining either catalog, boat or accessories, should write Mr. John Rronner, Pioneer Folding Boats, 206 East 86th Street, New York 28, N. Y. Members of A.W.W.A. are entitled to a 5% discount.

For more information, write them today.

Klepper Foldboats

Foldboating fans throughout the country will be pleased to know that the Klepper Company of Kosenheim, Germany has re-organized their distribution and service facilities in the United States and Canada. Recently completed plans now make ~~possible~~ fast and efficient service to the thousands of Klepper Boat owners in all parts of the country.

Long recognized as one the top folding boats in the world, Klepper products have been handled on an agency basis in the United States for the past several years. Now the new Hans Klepper Corporation, with offices at 820 Greenwich Street, New

York 14, New York, is set up to handle sales and service promptly through their own organization. The new company plans distribution through franchised dealers in key cities. These dealers will have exclusive sales rights to the Klepper products and will be able to offer local sales and service to their customers. Interested dealers should contact the New York ~~office~~.

Complete stocks of all boat models, parts, accessories, and a repair service on Klepper products will be available on short notice from the New York warehouse, as well as through the various exclusive dealers. A complete library of European and American films will be available to clubs everywhere from the New York Headquarters.

The new importing and distributing company will be directed by William F. Russell, who is a white water enthusiast well known to many boaters in the Rocky Mountain area as well as in many other parts of the country. Hill started river running on the wilderness waters of Northern New England before the war. He has taken part in many trips on the rivers of the west during the years he has lived in Denver. He brings to the new Hans Klepper Corporation a knowledge of the needs of river boaters from first ~~hand~~ experience.

Assisting in the big job of overhauling Klepper distribution in the United States will be Dieter Stiller, formerly from Munich and now a citizen of this country. Dieter knows the Klepper story from experience in the factory at Rosenheim as well as in Klepper's main retail store in Munich. Having worked under Dr. Hans Seidel, director of the Munich branch, Dieter is well equipped to handle Klepper problems wherever they may arise. A big part of Dieter's job will include conducting demonstrations and film showings at White Water Club meetings

from coast to coast. Many of our members will be meeting him soon.

The new distributing company will carry the complete line of folding boats, tents, parts, and accessories so enthusiastically endorsed by champions and novices everywhere. There are six models in the line. The slalom model has won many major river events since the sport began over 50 years ago. For the racer who wants a little more room and stability, the T-66 is the answer. The standard single and double seaters are known as T-6 and T-8. For the touring fan who wants the ultimate in large, stable fold boats, the unsinkable "Aerius" with built-in sponsons is the last word. The Aerius was the craft used by Dr. Hans Lindemann last year in his fabulous crossing of the Atlantic Ocean in 72 days. A new addition to the line is the Master, a folding dinghy, available with complete sloop rig. The Master is an excellent utility boat for the fisherman or hunter. It can be used as a sporty sailer or quickly converted to use with an outboard motor for water skiing. The Master also features the unsinkable sponsons so popular in the Aerius.

Balsa and Plastic Construction

The March, 1958 issue of the Swiss Aero Review carried an article on a plastic sailplane. The wings and fuselage were made of a sandwich construction with balsa in the center and fiberglass cloth on the outside, bonded by polyester resin. This development is of interest to boaters, because both boats and sailplanes have the requirement of high strength combined with light weight.

Sandwich construction is becoming more and more popular. The basic principle is the use of a light, relatively weak material inside and a strong material on the outside, where the high stresses appear. The use of balsa wood allows one to make any desired shape out of an easily carved material. Then, the outer coating of glass and plastic is easily applied.

Your editor has been experimenting with kayak paddles made of aluminum tubing, with blades made of balsa covered with fiberglass cloth. The intention and

principles are the same in this case as in the sailplane. Preliminary results have been very good with only two weaknesses appearing. The tips of the paddle require approximately three layers of cloth, if one is to pry on rocks as much as your editor does. Also, there is a concentration of stress at the end of the aluminum tube. Here, at least two layers of cloth are required in comparison to the one layer of cloth used on the rest of the blade. When the experiments are finished they will be reported in the magazine.

In this sandwich construction of balsa and fiberglass, we have an important new medium for the construction of our boats. If any of our readers have constructed craft of this material, we would like very much to hear from them.

Poem for a Slalomer

We are always amused by the motto on the rear cover of WHITE WATER (British). It is very appropriate for those of us who can't run a slalom without hitting half the poles on the course.
It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

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Club Activities



How Not To Become Extinct

THIS may sound like a strange title, but it has a very direct application to the transition which the American White-water Affiliation is now undergoing. It is widely accepted in biological circles that when living organisms fail to adapt to change, they decline and finally become extinct. This is also very true of organizations. They also must evolve.

The Affiliation began with a very informal alliance between a few outing and boating clubs which began to share their interests and information through an Executive Secretary. Soon a small Executive Committee, of devoted boatmen who could represent rather large areas, was formed and our Journal, AMERICAN WHITE WATER, was born. With the advent of the Journal, the Affiliation initiated the individual membership which included a subscription to the magazine. As membership grew, new members were invited to join the Executive Committee. This group and the committees connected with it did the work of keeping the Affiliation alive and functioning. But, with the increased size of the Executive Committee, communications by means of multiple carbons of letters became less effective. A change to duplicated communications was made but these lacked the personal demand to be answered that the old letters had. We began to see that growth would require changes in the organization scheme of the Affiliation if we were to prevent stagnation and eventual extinction. For one thing, many of the old "war horses" on Executive and Service committees were beginning to grow weary. Yet, when replacements were needed, they were difficult to find. This indicated that not enough "new blood" was being brought into the operations circle of the Affiliation. Thus, it was evident that

when a more "formal" organization plan was devised, it must make provision for bringing more members into direct contact with the inner workings of the Affiliation.

However, those entrusted with the preliminary study for an organization plan felt that such a plan should avoid as much red tape and over-organization as possible. It was realized that people who like the outing sports usually have an aversion to "stuffy" organization. The plan should be simple and flexible, yet set forth some guiding principles of operation for the Affiliation.

Just such a plan, in the form of a Constitution and By-laws, is now nearing completion. It is expected that it will be ready to present to the membership in the next issue of WHITE WATER. The heart of Affiliation government will be a General Committee made up of Representatives from the affiliated clubs. Other members of the General Committee will be the chairman of the Service Committees (Safety, Conservation, Membership, Editorial, etc.) and members of an Advisory Committee made up of four past Executive Secretaries and two elected members. At present, this would make a General Committee of about 32 persons. It might seem, at first glance, that such a large "committee" would be unwieldy. However, one of its main functions will be to elect the Executive Secretary (and other officers when needed) and this may be done by mailed ballot. On the other hand, a large General Committee brings numerous persons, from widely distributed membership areas, into more intimate contact with the work of the Affiliation and should help to insure a more steady flow of leadership at the "national" level.

There is one catch in this. *Affiliated*

clubs please note! New chairmen and other leaders should be discovered among the General Committee Representatives, provided that the Affiliates elect or appoint some AWA member *other* than the Affiliate's boating unit Chairman, who, ordinarily, has his hands full "right at home."

In order to get the new organization plan into operation, an "interim" General Committee is now being set up. This group should ratify the Constitution and elect the 1959 Secretary. Then new Representatives would be elected for the year beginning March 1, 1959. If you are a member of an Affiliated club, please keep the purpose of the new organization plan in mind when selecting your Representative. Keep Affiliation leadership strong. Let's not become extinct!

Oz Hawksley
Executive Secretary, 1958

Chicagoland News

So Oz Hawksley had to come up and start counting our canoeists in order to get Chicagoland news into the AWW. THANKS OZ.

We have been so enthused reading and reliving those trips with the big water boys that we just never got around to mentioning our own little pastimes. True we must take our thrills in smaller and more infrequent doses, but then perhaps that makes them more endearing to us.

One of these days we must get around to rating our own "BAD WATERS" by AWA standards. Certainly worthy of ratings would be the Pestigo and Wolf rivers of Wisconsin and perhaps Indian Creek and the Vermillion river of Illinois. Spring high waters can make the latter two most interesting, although most of the year there is not enough water to protect a minnow from sunburn.

After thirty years our most active cruiser, "Deacon" Kiehm, still finds new streams to explore. Last September it was the White Pigeon in eastern Indiana that he explored. Seven hours to travel sixteen miles of stream? Deacon what happened? Oh, just too many down trees and log

jams plus three rain squalls. Oh well, they can't all be good.

Jim Carnahan, A.R.C. Chicago, deserves great credit for the way he has continued to promote our Scout Canoeing regatta. Thirteen years ago when we revived this annual sport an entry of twenty boys was considered good. Returning to assist in the officiating this year after a ten year lapse, it was most interesting to find 425 entrees in the thirteen events. Even more interesting was the ratio of six girl entrees for every five boy entrees. Look them over boys—some mighty fine canoeing partners for the coming generation.

Many of the contestants had enjoyed Canadian cruises this summer, so it is safe to say that the power age has not claimed all of our youth.

It was truly a Chicagoland regatta as competitors were there from Beloit, Wisconsin and the following towns of Illinois; Park Ridge, Calumet City, Blue Island, Lombard, LaSalle and Peru.

Also heard—Lombard will soon have its own canoe club, and the Peoria Yacht Club is also reactivating its canoe program after a long absence from the field.

Ked Fancher

The logo for TYNE Folding Boats Ltd. features the word "TYNE" in a bold, stylized, sans-serif font. The letters are slightly slanted and have a thick, blocky appearance. The "Y" is particularly prominent, with a wide base and a sharp point at the top. The letters are enclosed within a pair of large, stylized angle brackets (< and >) that also have a thick, blocky appearance.

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August 25, 1958

Notice of Change In Committee Chairman

by OZ HAWKSLEY, Secretary

"Behind the scenes" in AFFILIATION activities there is no end of interesting action and to be a participator in the affairs of the AFFILIATION is to awaken to a new sense of satisfaction not only in accomplishment but in the knowledge of "doing something" for the Sport; it is miraculous how, when just a little effort is PUT IN to helping along the Affiliation, it seems YOU GET so much more OUT OF IT!

No greater examples are there, attesting to this, than Dave Stacey of Boulder, Colorado, who performed magnificently as Editor of our AWA JOURNAL for several years, and his team-mate Clyde Jones of Denver, whose enthusiastic efforts are largely responsible for today's wide-spread acceptance of the Affiliation.

Both these boys have earned the heartfelt thanks of the entire organization for unstintingly having given of their time and talents, and while they may enjoy a temporary respite from the responsibilities they so well discharged, it goes without saying that their interest will never flag for a moment!

This is the "Fall, 1958" number of our AWW Journal and all our annual memberships continue through February, 1959 and we shall all receive the "Winter, 1959" number, and that is when our membership fees will be due and payable for next year. A new Membership Committee Chairman has been chosen to receive your membership fees. He is Harold G. "Deacon" Kiehm of Chicago, formerly Executive Secretary of our Affiliation (in 1957). So Clyde Jones' mailman won't get the notion Clyde suddenly lost all his friends, you correspond with Clyde anyway, but send your \$2.50 to Harold at 2019 Addison Street, Chicago 18, Illinois, when the time comes. Okay?

British Publications

There are a number of excellent British publications which apply to our sport. These are available through Don Rupp (3766 Woodland Avenue, Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania) who handles these matters for A.W.W.A.

Mr. Dave Stacey
American White Water Affiliation
601 Baseline Road
Boulder, Colorado

Dear Dave:

I have been thinking that we could add to the camaraderie of our sport if we could arrange joint trips with other canoeing groups in this general area. The ideal arrangement would be for two clubs to arrange to paddle together on a river more or less half-way between their two headquarters.

Here's an invitation. I would like to hear from any group who can get to a river within a couple of hundred miles of Chicago. The Prairie Club Canoeists would like very much to arrange joint trips with any such groups. If you will let me know what rivers you would like to paddle, we can arrange a definite date and work it into our schedule for next year (we always do our scheduling during the cold winter months when the rivers are iced over).

Speaking of invitations, if any of the gang is passing through Chicago between early Spring and late Fall, we usually have a trip going 'most every week-end, and we'll be glad to have you join us. If you don't have a boat along, we can probably take care of that detail too.

Cordially,

Martin Vanderveen, Chairman
The Prairie Club Canoeists
7703 S. Green St.
Chicago 20, Ill.

This missed the August issue, but we may assume it applies to every year.

Western Ad Manager

After several years of service, Elsa Bailey is retiring as Western Advertising Manager. We appreciate her efforts and generous contribution of time.

The new Western Advertising Manager is Carl Trost, 257 Pacheco Street, San Francisco 16, California. Let's all support him and help find advertisements for our magazine.

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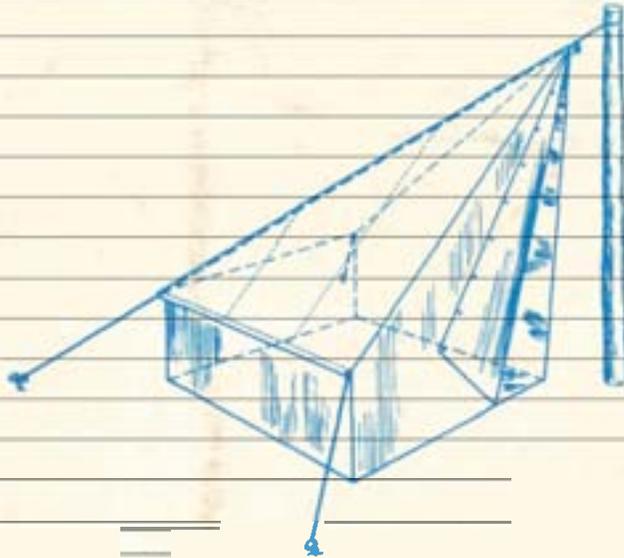
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