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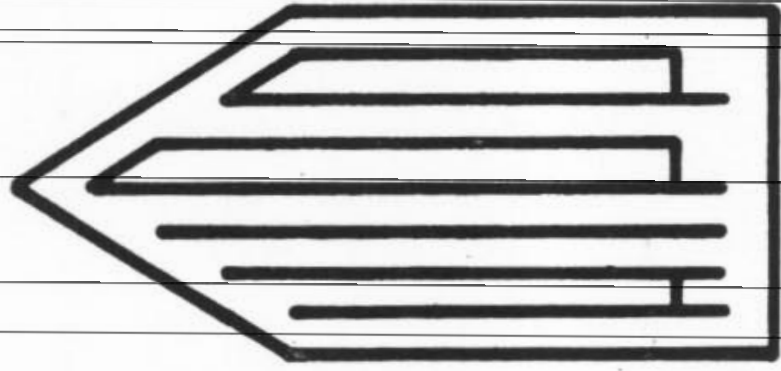
# WHITE WATER

*the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation*

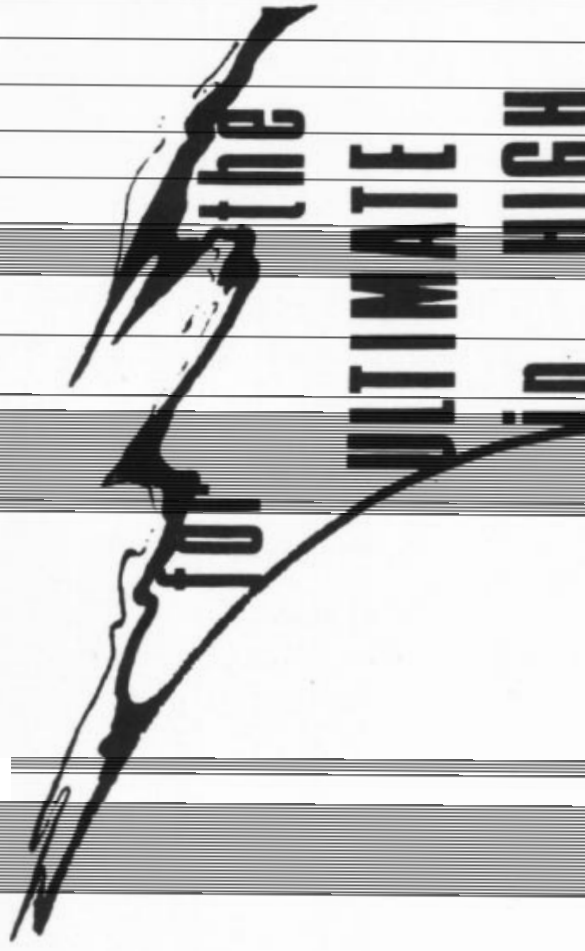


**AUTUMN, 1969**

**Vol. XV, No. 2**



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# A \* WHITE WATER

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AUTUMN, 1969

Vol. XV, No. 2



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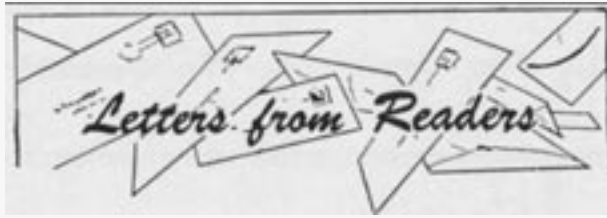
The magazine welcomes contributions of articles, photographs and  
drawings, but assumes no responsibility for them. Address all editorial  
material to the Managing Editor or to the nearest Regional Editor.  
Correspondence regarding the Affiliation or boating information should  
be sent to any member of the Board of Directors.

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Cover: Warren Houghton and Carol Pilaar running Power Line Rapids on the Pike R., Wisconsin

Photo by Carl Bennett



November 4, 1969

Mr. Edgar Alexander, President  
American Whitewater Affiliation  
Dear Ed:

Right now I'm working with others in an effort to bring the proposed **Potomac National River** to hearings, both in the House and the Senate. As you probably know, the Potomac National River would make a green sheath stretching 185 miles from Washington, D.C. to Cumberland, Md. It is an attempt to provide an entire river environment in as near a natural state as possible—a very bold and magnificent plan. If it can be realized, it will be the single largest step toward preserving what scenic rivers we have left. Unfortunately, it seems hard to get support moving. The present administration isn't doing anything in the way of spending money for park acquisition. They have indicated to Congress that not much, if any, funding will become available.

Despite this background, I think that conservationists, particularly the boaters, should persist in demonstrating strong support for the Potomac National River. I've enclosed a copy of a petition Lucille and I are sending out for signatures. If we get enough names, we will take them to Congress, the Dept. of Interior or wherever to indicate that people care. If you like this please make additional copies to your heart's content. Send, or have sent, to us all the names you can.

Rest regards,

Bob

[Robert E. Harrigan]

5113 Wehawken Rd.

Washington, D.C. 20016

*(The Potomac has been one of the long-standing concerns of your Affiliation. It is constantly threatened by the Army Corps of Engineers, who want to "tame" it, by freeway*

*builders, industrial waste and municipal pollution. Bob Harrigan needs letters and petition signatures in support.)*



December 6, 1969

Dear Pete:

We are getting ready for a great conservation effort here. We will use the initiative, i.e., we need 5 per cent of the voters for 64,000 signatures to put our Missouri Scenic Rivers Bill on the ballot. We think we have the strength to get the signatures. Just think, the Scenic Rivers Bill as we want it. Most important, it becomes law with no amendments if voted in. It looks better than trying it through the Legislature where it always gets tied up and vetoed by the rural state representatives. We almost have the bill rewritten and will send you dope on this as the battle continues. This is really a new step here, and can prove interesting, if nothing else.

Sincerely,

Al Beletz

3636 Oxford Blvd.

Maplewood, Mo. 63143

Missouri Scenic

River Affiliation



November 26, 1969

Dear Mr. Whitney:

Recently at the Chicagoland Canoe Base a visitor from Waverly, Iowa, Vern Shields, dropped in and announced he was planning an unusual canoe expedition in 1970. He is going to attempt a voyage from Repulse Bay, Hudson Bay, to the Gulf of Mexico. He hopes to accomplish this in about 3 months time with the aid of a motor and two companions. There is one place



---

## From Your Editor

The lateness of the current issue has to be explained. It has proved difficult for three straight years now for the Nominating Committee to prepare a slate within months of the time specified in the **Contsitution**, which says the nomination (ten of them) must be printed in the Autumn issue.

This time, the problem was compounded by the sad death of one of **AWA's** sterling figures, former Executive Secretary Roland W. "Prof" Davis, just at press time.

The nominations will be deferred until the "Winter" issue, in which we hope also to have an appreciation of "Prof."  
P.D.W.

---

in North America where this can be done with a short portage of about a mile (and paved at that) across the Continental Divide. The route will run as follows: up the Gods River to Lake Winnipeg, up the Red River of the North to the height of land, portage into into the Minnesota River, and down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. It is roughly 3000 miles.

Vern Shields is looking for a stalwart companion for this expedition which will begin about July 15. He needs someone who is well versed in white water, poling, lining, tracking, and other wilderness skills. Anyone interested in this expedition should drop a line to me, Ralph Frese, (address below). All correspondence will be immediately forwarded to Mr. Shields.

Sincerely,

Ralph C. Frese  
The Chicagoland Canoe Base  
4019 N. Narragansett Ave.  
Chicago Illinois 60634



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# Running Rivers in Costa Rica

By Gerald H. Meral

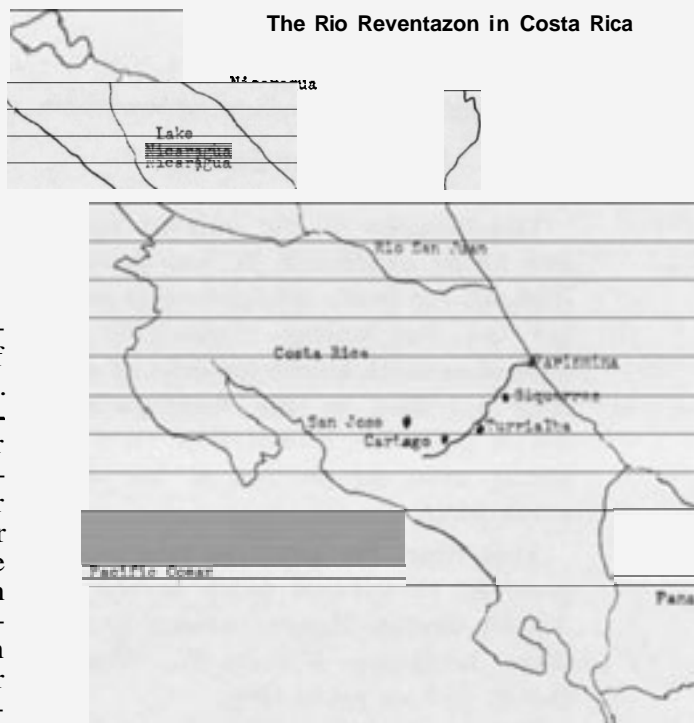
The Rio Reventazon rises in the Central Cordillera (mountain range) of Costa Rica as the Rio Grande de Orosi. This river flows into a large reservoir-power plant, and then most of the water bypasses (via a power tunnel) a magnificent canyon to re-enter the river bed in a deep gorge at Congo (Howler Monkey) power plant. From here the river flows through rugged mountain country to the college town of Turrialba, entering in a deceptively smooth stretch winding its way through sugar cane fields. It was at the town of Turrialba that I put in January 25, 1969.

I spent last winter doing field work on territorial behavior in fish in Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and of course when I drove down I had to have my boat with me (C-1). I had heard of the Reventazon earlier from other travelers to Costa Rica. In the summer of 1968 I had seen it, but only briefly. This time I was determined to try it, even though I had to go it alone when some planned-for raft support fell through. The Reventazon is Costa Rica's largest river, carrying up to 1500 cfs on the average year round, and much more during the rainy season. My trip was designed to catch some of the rainy season water, but not too much.

Mark Brinson, a Peace Corps volunteer in Turrialba had offered to drive my car down the road 21 miles to Siqueres, the takeout. I planned to take two days, sleeping in a town along the way. A railroad parallels the river for most of the trip.

## Cheers for Doom?

After putting in to the cheers of some local townspeople, most of whom probably never expected to see me again (several people are killed on the river each year in boats, rafts, and other ill-designed craft), I was off. After about a half-mile of pleasant class II-III I was already deep in the canyon, which in this region has no road access. Cliffs



rose from 100 to 300 feet above me, covered with rich forest, festooned with lianas and decorated with colorful birds.

However, I was soon too involved to pay much attention to the scenery. This part of the river, which drops at about 70 feet per mile, was beginning to pick up speed. Quite soon I found myself at a bounding rapids which disappeared around a corner and kept on going with only a small pool in the corner. After stopping in this pool I scouted: no way through looked too good, so a small carry was in order around a rock fall. Much to my disgust, once back in the water I found that the opposite side offered a neat class V passage. But bigger and better things were ahead, calling for a 200-yard scout and a lovely run.

## One Last Dash

By this time, an hour and a half and only a mile down river, I decided that discretion was the better part of valor and that the last available takeout by road, at the Rio Turrialba was going to be put to good use. However one little rapids, reminiscent of High Falls on the Cheat, still waited. I took out on the right. "No hay via" (no way through). Tried the left. Ditto. I was almost resigned to a rather uncomfortable looking carry when a further bit of scouting showed that a particular bamboo

pole in the middle of one part of the rapids marked a possible passage, as long as I didn't mind going through the biggest hole in the rapids. I made it through at the cost of a popped off spray deck, and floated down to the take out, only three miles from the start. The time 2.5 hours; the weather, perfect; the water temperature 75 degrees; the trip, one of the most enjoyable ever.

I spent the rest of the day scouting the Rio Pacuare over in the next drainage, during which I managed to catch a 6-foot boa constrictor which happened to be crossing the road.

Since I hadn't run the rest of the river I scouted it very carefully from the train the next time I took it from San Jose (the capital) to Limon, the Caribbean terminus. I was able to see most of the part I didn't run, both above and below Turrialba. It is probably one of the best potential white-water rivers in the world. For over thirty miles it never is less than class II except for one small flat stretch already mentioned. It often reaches into the class V range. I suspect that one part (168 feet per mile) for about 1/4 mile may be unrunnable, but another 168-foot part certainly is runnable. The scenery in the upper parts is especially magnificent, and in the lower parts, although much of the run is through sugar cane and banana plantations, much of the river is still bounded by forests and cliffs which rise up to 400 feet above the river. The Northern railway company will pick up boats at any of their many stops for a small fee, and there is also a road to the end of the white-water run at Siquerres. The adventuring boater could continue on to the isolated Caribbean town of Parismina in a rented dugout canoe, leaving the canoe there to fly back (two flights weekly).

### Other Rivers

A word about other Costa Rican rivers. The Pacuare runs through almost complete wilderness, a commodity which is getting quite scarce in Costa Rica. It is almost as large as the Reventazon, with a gradient a little less than the Reventazon's 60-70 feet per mile average. The Reventazon's source, the



Reventazon from train

Rio Grande de Orosi would also be a good II to IV run. I also scouted numerous small streams and some other larger rivers, and ran two of the latter.

I plan on being in Costa Rica again this winter, and I would like to hear from anyone who would like to try to explore the Reventazon with me then, or at any other time: I have complete topographic maps and water flow and rainfall information. **"Experts only"** for the Reventazon, but others welcome for some other runs. Getting down there is no problem: about \$250 round-trip air fare from New York. It only cost me about \$300 to drive round trip from San Francisco. The trip can be made in five days, if necessary.

Costa Rica offers a lot of other attractions, not the least of which are three active volcanoes, two of which I have climbed down into. Let me know if you're interested: **Gerald H. Meral, Dept. of Biology, Life Sciences Building, University of California, Berkeley, California 94720.**

# One Tough Takeout

By Ann Schafer


Much has been written on running a river, but the technique of pulling off, the Chicken-Out, has been neglected. There may be other timid souls in the sport who wish to compare experiences on how to bug out with ease and dignity.

A few years ago the Valley Canoe Club of Southern California ran the Snake River through the Jackson Hole country. The Snake was high, pouring over the dam at Jackson Lake, but when the leader, Art Vitarelli, who had run all the way down to Alpine Lake, said it was tippy and he was leaving gear and camera behind, plans were hurriedly changed. We ran empty, with only safety equipment and food.

About half way down the river, sometime after lunch, I had an unremitting compulsion to get off the river. It was a totally overwhelming premonition, one I've experienced only three times before. Twice on a curving one-way road I've known beyond doubt that a car was speeding toward me, and pulled over to the side to see a car race past the wrong way. The third occurred when I was galloping a horse at a four foot hurdle and felt compelled to pull him up and dismount. I did so, feeling more than foolish, but the saddle came off with me, the girth dangling where it had broken in two.

## Shoulder Injury

At the lunch stop I strained my shoulder painfully, and trying to maneuver the foldboat through and around snags and fast, tight channels was less than fun. I was still confused about making eddy turns and inevitably paddled on the wrong side with interesting, and one might even say, exciting results.

At a bush break I glimpsed the  map and saw we were near the last spot where the road approached the river, the last easy takeout for miles. I said nothing to Don, knowing it would be better to take him by sur-

prise with the blow that we were leaving the river. A man can make a decision like that and be thought masterful, but a wife who ruins a marvelously scenic trip is something else again.

At lunch a fleet of about 30 Explorer scouts, minus life preservers, had passed our island rest. We heard them far upstream, a metallic "thump-thump-clank" resounding through the wilderness as they paddled two strokes then switched sides scattering osprey and moose. Our canoeists had yet to learn how to strike the boat with each stroke, so we had to watch all the Wyoming wildlife feeding ahead of us. I suppose the noise is an old Indian trick of clearing the right of way. We followed their trail of trash down the river. We admire and support scouting, but this patricular group was bad news. As we swept round yet another bend we saw the scouts resting on a narrow beach below a bluff, on the highway side of the river.

"Don, pull in. I have to stop."

"What, again? You've got a problem," he groaned.

"You don't know the half of it," I muttered. Then I broke the news. He took it well (i.e. he didn't thrash me with his paddle,) and called to the gang that we were pulling off. I was surprised to learn that others were tempted to join us, but they decided to stick it out at the last minute. Besides, Art had their car keys. The scouts were flaked out on the beach reading pocket books while the incomparable Grand Tetons ranged before them across the river. Those early French trappers must have known some remarkable woman. . . .

## A Long Bone-Strewn Trail

We hauled the boat up on the beach and climbed the 30-foot ridge. I offered to hike across the half-mile of antelope flats to the road and hitchhike down to our car at Moose. Don has a wooden leg and walking any





distance is painful, but the thought of what I would do to the transmission of the Corvette was even more painful. We lugged the loose gear with us, paddles, life preservers, and lunch sack. It was an interesting walk to the road for there were traces of an ancient cabin foundation and bits of harness and bones scattered on the ground. There was also ample evidence that this was where the antelope play. They browse on the brush, and had worn meandering trails through the chamise and gullies. It was considerably farther than it looked to the road.

"Do you remember what Art said yesterday, after he'd run the canyon above the lake?" Don asked.

"He said he'd never been so scared in his life." Two drunken cowboys had picked him up and given him a lift back to his camper, and Art hadn't thought he'd survive that ride.

"You can't hitch-hike; go back to the boat where you'll be safe from any passer-by. There're some pretty tough

looking characters around here." He stepped out on the road, wearing his life preserver and clutching a paddle, as credentials of respectability, to differentiate him from the hobo his clothes suggested. He wasn't pleased to see one driver glance at him, then thoughtfully lock his door. Two park ranger trucks passed without slowing. Perhaps 50 cars went by. Finally I decided to try my luck, and Don sat down in the ditch on a wooden fence. With paddle and life preserver I stood at the side of the road, and by jingo, the very first car stopped.

Don rose from his rest in the weeds, "Sir, would you mind giving me a lift?"

### **I Fold the Double**

An hour after we landed, the gum-chewing scouts were still at the river-side, having finished another page in their thrillers. A thunder and lightning storm was spectacularly engaging the Tetons, and heading our way. While Don was after the car, the least I could do was get the boat over to the road.

It weighed 70 pounds to my 103, so I couldn't heave it up the hill, and I wrenched my other shoulder in the attempt. Then I tried to dismantle it (boat not shoulder), but couldn't budge the coaming stern piece, the essential key to taking apart the boat. The reclining scouts abandoned their books to watch me. Thirty minutes, ten broken fingernails, and some unladylike language later, I approached the scout leader (ten feet away) and asked if they would mind doing a good deed by helping me carry the boat to the top of the bluff.



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"Well, gee, lady, we're pretty tired. It's hard work canoeing."

I apologized, and went back to struggling with the coaming. Eventually four of them came over and the five of us carried the boat 50 paces to the plateau. I thanked them gratefully, and they shifted their gum and shuffled back down to their canoes.

A chill wind rustled the sage and heavy black clouds gathered ominously. The mountains disappeared in a rain squall. The storm boomed and crackled across the river. There wasn't a tree or shelter for miles. Sacrilegiously, I attacked the fitting with a rock and it finally released its death grip on the coaming. I hurriedly tore down the boat, carefully stacking the pieces. It would be an unforgivable sin to lose any of the forty-odd parts in the ocean of sage. I decided to leave the hull till last, for I could always shelter under it when the rain hit.

Meanwhile, back on the river, the gang decided we had perished in the mire of the moose marshes, and Art gloated, "I get their car."

### **A Lone Cowboy**

I carried the first armload of longerons and ribs over to the ditch by the road. Unfortunately the boat bags were in the car. With the slickers. I trudged back and crouched in the underbrush, working on the boat. Suddenly from out of the West — where else? — a cowboy materialized, driving three loose horses. He wore a rain poncho, and from the easy way he worked the loose stock and sat his cutting saddle I knew he was the real thing, complete with latigo chaps, Stetson, carbine in a scabbard, and work gloves. The horses leaped a gulch, and he effortlessly reined his bay gelding and loped up to me. I stared covetously at his exceptional quarter horse. Then I looked up at him. A lone female, scantily clad, miles from another person, feels just a trifle uneasy when a rough and rugged cowboy comes galloping up from the lone prairie. I swallowed nervously. He looked down at me.

"Whatcha doin'?"

I explained I had kayaked the river and was carrying it over to the road.



"Whatcha say?" He was 99 and 44/100ths deaf. He also didn't know what a kayak was. The wind whipped my hair and lightning crashed. I tried to explain, carefully, slowly, and very loudly.

"Oh, like skiin'? Whatcha carryin'?"

"This - is - the - boat." He squinted at the armload of sticks I held, then frowned down at me. There was clearly a lack of communication here. The Code of the West seemed to indicate that he help me, although he obviously hadn't the slightest idea of what I was doing, other than probably escaping from the Happy Farm. I wished he'd ride off so I could get on with the business at hand before I was drenched and frozen. He thrashed about in the brush, then dismounted and took out some heavy leather straps. No one could see us from the highway, and his behavior was now very strange indeed. Was he going to take me in custody?

It developed he had dropped his glove, and there was nothing to tie his horse to, he was going to hobble

him and look for his glove. I suggested he remount his horse so he would have a better view in the thigh-high brush, and then we both looked for the glove. There was no sign of Don; he had probably stopped off somewhere for a beer or another wife. The air was heavier and heavier and crackling with thunder and lightning. I was more than anxious to get to the road, but for the next half hour I hunted for his dirty old glove and finally found it, while he wheeled his splendid mount back and forth through the sagebrush and across the boat carcass. The gelding wasn't about to participate in a portage by packing kayak parts, so my pal started messing around with the hobbles again. I shouted to him that I could manage fine, the thunder boomed, and wind hissed and tore at us. Finally, in desperation, I started for the highway, carrying the keelfork, the most clublike item handy, and he disappeared.

Don timed his arrival quite nicely; as I suddenly staggered over with the last load he drove up.

# The Wonderful First Time on White Water

By Carl D. Bennett

Sometimes we tend to forget what it was like to run white water for the first time, but your memory can easily be jarred if you take part in introducing someone new to this fascinating sport of running white water. The introduction can be fun for everyone through the choosing of the correct river. On a July vacation in 1969 our tenderfoot, Warren Houghton of Kalamazoo, and the Pike River of Wisconsin came together for the first time and the following is a happy account of how they received each other.

My son Mike and I were the first to arrive at Amberg's Veterans Memorial Park where we were to camp and meet the rest of our canoeing party. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Houghton and their two daughters came in the next evening

and our group was complete when Carol Pilaar arrived early the following morning (Friday). Carol, who is very adept at canoeing, brought along her slalom kayak instead, to gain more experience with it. We made an easy, short run Friday morning, taking the stretch just above Dave's Falls. Pamela Houghton paddled with her dad in a canoe while Mike, Carol, and I were in our kayaks. In the afternoon Warren's wife Betty, who was just a little apprehensive about this rough water bit, teamed with Warren on the section of the river below Dave's Falls. This runs from the U. S. 141 bridge down to K bridge and has no rapids of consequence except, at the very beginning, Power-line Rapids. These are easily recognized from the high-tension wires at their head. Here Betty watched while Warren paddled with Carol, avoiding all but one rock in the fast and tricky 50-yard chute. On a couple of other rapids Warren soloed through while Betty watched.

The next day was the really big one for our tenderfoot. We ran from where we stopped the day before to Yellow Bridge Rapids. This section drops at the rate of 18% feet per mile in the last part as compared to six feet per mile yesterday. Betty and her girls sat this one out, leaving Warren to paddle alone in his open canoe and relieving him of any extra responsibility. The fairly short rapids that we encountered were of the boulder-bed type common to this area. I think Horse-shoe Ledge gave Warren his biggest thrill. He missed the tongue just a trifle and his canoe was tossed out of the main water and run aground on the right bank with such force it took him a while to become waterborne again. If Warren was a little scared it was well covered with a grin that he carried with him all the way to Yellow Bridge Rapids.

The rapids Warren encountered were the toughest he had ever been in, but he was able to cope with them and with that experience under his belt you can bet he will be back for more.



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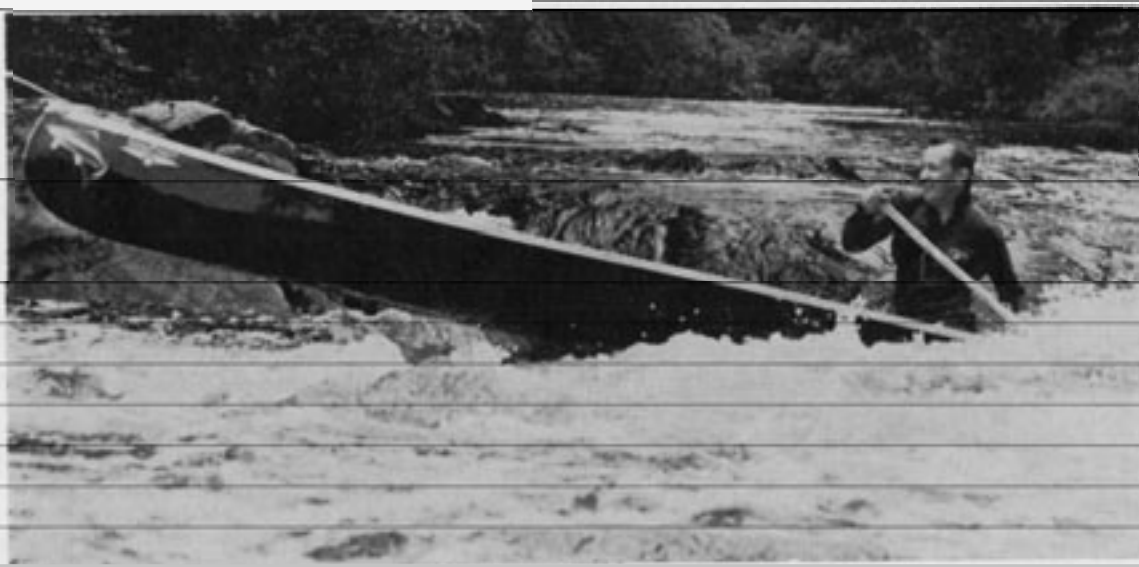
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. . . how the eddy will cross you up and drydock you?



But were we all so cheerful about it?

Photos by Carl Bennett



# 1970 Racing Schedule

(March through July)

## March

- 14-15—Yahara Ice-Breaker Slalom, Madison, Wis.  
Univ. of Wisconsin Hoofers Outing Club  
U. W. Memorial Union, Madison, Wis.
- 22—Stony Creek Wildwater, Johnstown, Pa.  
Mrs. Ann Yearick, Box 93, RD 3, Bellefonte, Pa.
- 22—Salmon River Slalom, Colchester, Conn.  
Guy Newhall, 99 Dudley Road, Cochrane, Mass. 01778
- 21-28—King's River Training Camp,  
Kirsh Flat, Cal.  
Tom Johnson, 675, Kernville, Cal.
- 28—Red Moshannon Wildwater, State College, Pa.  
John Sweet, 118 S. Buckhout St., State College, Pa.
- 18-29—St. Francis Slalom, Fredricktown, Mo.  
Duane Woltjen, 617 Marcel Drive,  
Manchester, Mo. 63011
- 29—Manitowoc Slalom, Manitowoc, Wis.  
Harlan Leiken, 1004A S. 10th St.  
Manitowoc, Wis. 54220

## April

- 4-5—Petersburg Whitewater Weekend  
Petersburg, W. Va.  
Frank Daspit (Slalom) 1000 Otis St. NE,  
Washington, D. C.  
Joe Monahan (WW), P. O. Box 1291  
Cumberland, Md. 21501
- 4-5—Farmington River Slalom, Otis, Mass.  
George Thomas, 24 Barnard Drive, Oakland, N.J.
- 5—Westfield River Wildwater, Mass.  
H. T. West, P. O. Box 196, Otis, Mass.
- 11-12—Tariffville Slalom, Tariffville, Conn.  
Guy Newhall, 99 Dudley Rd., Cochrane, Mass.
- 11-12—Kishacoquillas Slalom, Reedsville, Pa.  
Mrs. Ann Yearick, Box 93, RD 3, Bellefonte, Pa.
- 18—MASCOMA, EASTERN WILDWATER  
KAYAK CHAMPS), Hanover, N. H.
- 19—Mascoma Team Race (Slalom),  
Hanover, N. H.  
Jay Evans, 201 McNutt Hall, Hanover, N. H.
- 18-19—Brandywine Slalom, Wilmington, Del.  
Peter Heller, 14 Featherbed Lane  
RD 2, Glen Mills, Pa.
- 18-19—Cedar River Slalom and Wildwater  
Dwight Gibb, 14253 4th NE, Seattle, Wash. 98125
- 25-26—Kernville Races, Kernville, Cal.  
Tom Johnson, Box 675, Kernville, Cal.
- 25-26—LOYALSOCK INTERNATIONAL  
SLALOM, Forkville, Pa.  
Mrs. Ann Yearick, Box 93, RD 3, Bellefonte, Pa.

## May

- 2—Seneca Slalom, Washington, D. C.  
Mav McEwan, 1600 E. Randolph Rd.  
Silver Springs, Md.
- 3—Potomac River Wildwater, Washington, D. C.  
Gorman P. Young, 5187 Watson St. NW  
Washington, D. C. 20016
- 2-3—Kettle River Wildwater, Sandstone, Minn.  
Harold Beecroft, 1403 4th St., SE,  
Minneapolis, Minn. 55414
- 2-3—McKenzie River Slalom  
Lane, 874 Sunnyside Drive  
Eugene, Ore. 97401
- 2-3—Kencluskag Slalom & Marathon, Bangor, Me.  
Stearns, Box 121, Stillwater, Me. 04489
- 2-3—Hudson River Derby, North Creek, S. Y.  
Sterling Goodspeed, North Creek, N. Y.
- 9-10—WEST RIVER (NAT'L CANOE  
SLALOM CHAMPS): also wildwater,  
Jamaica, Vt.
- 16-17—Wolf River Wildwater, White Lake, Wis.  
Wolf River Whitewater Races, Inc.  
White Lake, Wis. 54491
- 16-17—SAVAGE RIVER (NAT'L CASOE  
WW CHAMPS), Cumberland, Md.  
Joe Monahan, P. O. Box 1291  
Cumberland, Md. 21502

- 16-17—Capilano Slalom & Wildwater,  
Vancouver, B. C.  
Brian Creer, 4022 W 27th Ave., Vancouver 8, B.C.
- 23-24—Saco Slalom & Wildwater,  
North Conway, N. H.  
Kim Perkins, North Conway, N. H.
- 23-24—Sauk River Slalom & Wildwater  
Bill Griffith, 1120 NE 23rd, Apt. 210  
Seattle, Wash. 98105
- 23-24—Wolf River Slalom, White Lake, Wis.  
U.W. Hoofers Outing Club  
U.W. Memorial Union, Madison, Wis. 53706
- 23-11—crystal River Slalom & Wildwater,  
Carbondale, Col.  
Roger Paris, C.R.M.S., Carbondale, Col. 81623
- 24—Rio Grande Wildwater  
Stretch Fretwell, 4091 Trinity Drive  
Los Alamos, N. M. 87511
- 29-31—King's River Slalom & Wildwater,  
Kirsh Flat, Cal.  
Bert Huges, 11 Marina Drive, Seal Beach, Calif.
- 30-31—River Wildwater, White Lake, Wis.  
George Steed, Jr., P. O. Box 297, Neenah, Wis.
- 30—Cache La Poudre Slalom  
Bob Waind, 111 E. 16th Ave., Denver, Col. 80218

## June

- 6-7—Esopus Slalom, Phoenicia, N. Y.  
Ed Alexander, 6 Winslow Ave.  
East Brunswick, N. J.
- 6-7—Salmon La Sac Slalom & Wildwater  
Jim Baker, 8623 106th Ave., Renton, Wash. 98107
- 13—Bear Creek Slalom, Salida, Colo.  
Danny Makris, P. O. Box 762, Salida, Colo. 81201
- 13-14—Merano Slalom & Wildwater, Merano, Italy
- 19-21—Salida Slalom & Wildwater  
Danny Makris, P. O. Box 762, Salida, Colo. 81201
- 20-21—Muotatal Slalom & Wildwater, Switzerland
- 20-21—PESITIGO (WESTERN DIV, WILD-  
WATER CHAMPS, Athelstane, Wis.  
U.W. Hoofers Outing Club  
C.W. Memorial Union, Madison, Wis. 53706
- 27-28—Tacen Slalom, Yugoslavia
- 27-28—Tariffville Slalom, Tariffville, Conn.  
Guy Newhall, 99 Dudley Road, Cochrane, Mass.

## July

- 3-4—Kantahala Slalom & Wildwater, Wesser, N. C.  
William Crawford, 4288 Bishop Lake Rd.  
Marietta, Georgia 30060
- 4-5—Lieser Slalom & Wildwater, Austria
- 3-5—Independence Day Slalom Clinic and Race  
Taylor's Falls, Minn.  
Denny Withers, 2806 Xerxes Ave. So.,  
Minneapolis, Minn. 55401
- 11-12—Lipno Slalom & Wildwater, Czechoslovakia
- 11-12—WENATCHEE RIVER (NAT'L KAYAK  
SLALOM CHAMPS), also Wildwater,  
Leavenworth  
Sondra Zob, 1818 125th Ave. SE, Bellevue, Wash.
- 18-19—FEATHER RIVER SLALOM & KAYAK  
KAYAK WW CHAMPS), North Fork,  
Feather River, California  
Harry Neal, 15246 Via Lomita,  
Monte Sereno, Cal. 95030
- 18-19—Androscoggin Canoe Weekend, Errol, N. H.  
John Wilson, Lancaster, N. H.
- 18-19—Augshurg Slalom, Augshurg, Germany
- 19—CHILLIWOCK RIVER (CANADIAN  
SAT'L WW CHAMPS), British Columbia
- Brian Creer, 4022 W. 27th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.
- 25—Delaware River Slalom, Lambertville, N. J.  
Charles LoPinto  
6 Canary Road, Levittown, Pa. 19057



Dave Nutt competing in the Errol Slalom September, 1969. Nutt placed second behind Herman Kerckhoff, Canadian national champion. The kayak gates were located on the left side of picture; they are gates 2, 4, 5 and 6. The open canoe gates are on the right. (Photo by John P. Wilson)

## Racing Helps Conservation

By John P. Wilson

As more and more water today is being consumed or polluted and the demand for energy grows, more and more pressure is forthcoming to dam up the few remaining stretches of wild water in America.

A few years ago those who loved free-flowing streams felt the answer was in nuclear energy and in the desalination of salt water. Now it appears that questions are being asked as to the safety of massive nuclear developments and our favorite rapids are being threatened all the more. Of course, the ultimate answer lies in restricting our national growth, both in people and in the consumption of material things. Even the elimination of wars would

help save our rivers by reducing the need for electrical energy and water consumed or polluted in manufacturing.

However, the immediate answer for canoeists is that we must become more effective in fighting to preserve the remaining stretches of wild water in America. One problem is that, compared to other interest groups, we are small and have not organized ourselves as well as they have, whether they be hikers or power interests. One way to increase the number of participants in our sport is to run well-publicized canoe and kayak races which attract a wide variety of contestants and plenty of spectators.

We have found in the Androscoggin

Canoe and Kayak Club that usually, scheduled trips draw a predictable faithful few, seldom more than ten boats. But our races have drawn as many as 150 contestants and 3,000 spectators. It is possible with the right water in one event to have a selection of races from beginner through expert. Often the last few miles of a downriver race can be the site of a beginner race with little additional effort by the organizers. Also a slalom can be run on the same course for expert and beginner, with the elimination of certain gates.

The Third Annual Androscoggin Whitewater Weekend held in Errol, N. H. last September had an intermediate downriver race and an expert wild-water race and three different slalom races: a beginner course, a cruising canoe course and a covered boat course. The slalom was held in the morning of each day, the downriver races in the afternoon. In order to encourage all types of boats and contestants, we had fourteen classes: five kayak, seven cruising canoe and two covered canoe

classes. Included were two junior (under 14) and two beginner classes.

A week before the race a single course was set but it was soon determined the water was too heavy for open boats and additional gates were hung to make an easier course for them. The open canoe gates were hung on the inside of the curve, while the gates for the covered boats were placed in the heavy water on the outside of the curve. When finally completed, the cruising canoe course had eight gates that were the same as the covered boat course, five that were different. Everyone who ran in cruising canoes completed the course without capsizing or swamping. If the course had not been changed there would have been many unhappy swampers in open canoes with the reaction: "This race is just for covered boats."

The beginner race started at gate 7 and went to the end of the course through gate 13. This was not an easy course for beginners, but the location of the gates made for a safer course and a less tiring one.

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Though this type of race is bringing new people into the canoeing world, most of them are family groups. Even though we have junior classes, participants are almost always children of adult contestants. The old blood is doing a good job at reproduction, but there still is a shortage of young new blood, or young people whose parents do not canoe.

Last Labor Day we tried a different type of race—a free-for-all in the Shelburne, N. H. section of the Androscoggin River. This section contains good current but no difficult rapids and is fairly wide. The race was about ten miles long. There were no restrictions as to type of boats, women and children were given a head start, everybody else started together. The first boat across the finish line won the race.

To our surprise, the event drew many competitors from the local area in open canoes. We had eighty-five competitors. The same contestants had never competed before and did not compete afterwards in the more difficult white-water races held in the upper Androscoggin River later in September. The mass start, plus the ability to spot the winner at the finish, made an excellent spectacle and attracted about 1,000 spectators. We plan to hold a free-for-all next July and are interested to see what the participation will be.

Though it is not easy to run a race which accommodates all types of paddlers, I believe it is worth the effort to encourage this type of racing. If we make canoe and kayak racing too difficult we will discourage mass participation in this sport. In these days of politics and environmental control, mass participation is needed.

*(Ed. Note: This is a valuable point of view, from a sponsor who has demonstrated his ability to make it work in action. But there isn't any substitute in the long run for up-grading skills in the crucible of expert competition. For instance, snow-bunnies long ago learned to appreciate the protection of skilled skiers, and the same applies to white water. In Britain, races are run in rigorously separated divisions, segregated according to skill. It may be that we should make such a classification a major project for national supervising bodies like AWA and even ACA).*

## AWA-ACA WINTER CANOE CAMP

A winter canoe camp, jointly sponsored by the American White Water Affiliation and the American Canoe Association, will be held at Big Bend National Park in Texas from February 14 to 23, 1970.

The camp will feature cruises on the easy water of the Rio Grande through spectacular sheer-walled canyons including Mariscal, Boquillas, and Santa Elena. [See **American White Water, Winter and Spring, 1966 (Vol. XI, 3 and 4).**] The weather at that time of year is usually warm and pleasant.

For further information contact Cecil Carnes, 130 Rover Blvd., White Park, Los Alamos, N. M. 87544.

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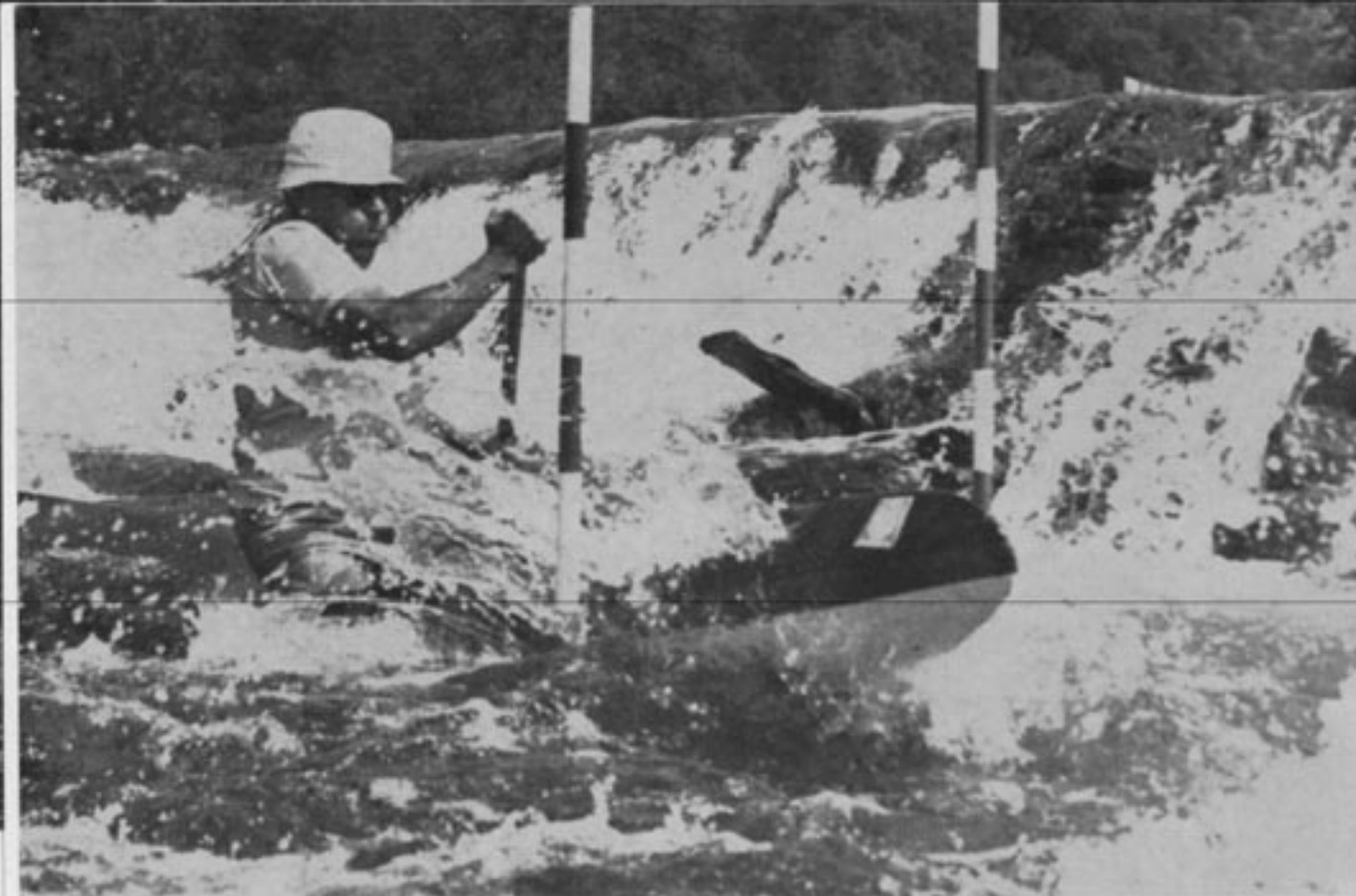
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Syl Beletz, North Fork Slalom. Missouri 1969

## Race Results

U.S. National Wildwater  
Championships  
Salida. Colo. June 22

### K-1

Manfred Pock*	2:15.36.6
Art Vitarelli	2:24:10.4
Ted Makris	2:28: 8.2
Tom Johnson	2:28:56.7

*\*International Champion, Runner-up was  
U. S. champion.*

Rapid River Training Camp  
August 29-Sept. 1  
Slalom (Lower Course)

### K-1 Int.

1. Seth Gray	137.1
2. Dave Sellers	149.8
3. Peter Bennett	199.2

### K-1W

1. Rosa D'Entremont	181.2
2. Debbie Bennett	222.7
3. Pat Maden	251.0

Upper Course

### K-1 Expert

1. Bob Alexander	343.5
2. Corning Townsend	360.6
3. Walter Blank	397.2

### C-2 Expert

1. Ryan-Young	807.2
---------------	-------

### K-1 Novice

1. Charlie Ohl Jr.	116.0
2. John Kaufman	230.1
3. Benson Gray	251.1

### C-2

1. Hamill-Hamill	215.0
2. Hill-Rider	343.0

Cache la Poudre R. Slalom, Colorado  
May 31, 1969

	T	P	Total
R. Paris	193.5	30	223.5
E. Merrit	271.3	80	351.3
W. Winn	313.7	40	353.7

Colorado Rocky Mt. School Slalom  
Crystal R., Colo., May 24, 1969

### K-1 Sr.

R. Paris	218.5
Aitken	561.0

### K-1 Jr.

Lovett	250.2
Weddle	303.4
Holland	320



**Downriver, May 25. 1969****K-1 Sr.**

Paris .....	24:57
Aitmen .....	26:55
Baillie .....	27:15

**K-1W**

Colgate .....	50:29
---------------	-------

**K-1 Jr.**

Holland .....	25:56
Bistline .....	26:59
Lovett .....	28:22

**Frostbite Slalom  
White River. Vermont****Sept. 28. 1969****K-1 Beginner**

C. Murdoch .....	116.0
T. Canning .....	119.0
D. Clement .....	133.0

**K-1W Beginner**

Sara Gray .....	169.0
Sally Newhall .....	169.1
V. McLellan .....	181.0

**C-1 Beginner**

C. Callaghan .....	159.0
M. Baumgold .....	178.0
J. Roberts .....	178.1

**C-2 Beginner**

Cahill-Blanchard .....	201.0
------------------------	-------

**C-2 Beginner**

Roberts-Idler .....	179.0
Freedman-Baller .....	235.0

**K-1 Novice**

R. Aller .....	92.0
P. Wilson .....	97.0
B. Nutt .....	102.0

**K-1W Novice**

B. Newhall .....	127.0
D. Bennet .....	165.0
L. Hibbard .....	165.1

**C-1 Novice**

J. Gleason .....	138.0
R. Joffray .....	155.0
T. Jose .....	DRN

**C-2 Novice**

Slingerland-Devlin .....	170.0
Hill-Ryder .....	175.0
Jose-Jose .....	182.0

**C2-M Novice**

Andrews-D'Entremont .....	182.0
McGrail-Trotter .....	185.0
Frenette-Frenette .....	223.0

**Loyalsock Wildwater Race****March 30, 1969****K-1**

Eric Evans .....	29:30
Herman Kerckhoff .....	30:48
Emil Maschek ... ..	32:53

**C-2**

N. Holcombe-Brad Hager .....	33:26
John Hummel-John Bryson .....	35:23
Richard Church-Ed Bliss .....	35:27

**C-2M**

Mark-Gay Fawcett .....	35:07
Louise Wright-Paul Liebman .....	35:12
Tom-Nancy Southworth .....	35:30

**C-1**

John Evans .....	33:46
John Burton .....	34:38
Al Chase .....	35:22

**K-1W**

Lucille McKee .....	37:25
Barbara McLean .....	41:02



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### Yough Training Slalom

March 29, 1969

#### K-1

Eric Evans ..... 179.4  
Dave Nutt ..... 232.8  
Sandy Cambell .. 233.2

#### C-1

Tom Southworth ..... 326.0  
John Burton ..... 366.0  
Rowan Osborn ... 382.4

#### C-2M

Fawcett-Fawcett ..... 522.7

#### C-2

John Evans- Ben Parks ..... 495.4  
O'Neil-Rogachenko ..... 799.2

#### K-1W

Peggy Nutt ..... 435.7  
Lucille McKee ..... 534.6

### Westfield River Whitewater Race

March 30, 1969

#### Expert C2

Jennings-Hixson ..... 1:13:52  
Brightman-Rogers ..... 1:16:38  
Smith-Wiggins ..... 1:16:58

#### Expert K-1

Paul Berry ..... 1:14:19  
Charles Ohl ..... 1:14:43  
Charles Richardson ..... 1:16:42

#### Novice C2

David Southworth-C. Stevens ..... 48:59  
Martindate-Kamb ..... 49:50  
Lone-Ford ..... 49:52

### Red Moshannon Wildwater Race

April 5, 1969

#### K-1

H. Kerckhoff ..... 48:21  
E. Maschek ..... 51:47  
G. Hemmersbach ..... 55:07

#### C-2

J. Bryson-J. Hummel ..... 62:36  
K. Johnson-B. Johnson ..... 63:45  
K. Burgess-R. Bargainnier ..... 66:37

#### C-2M

G. Johnson-L. Johnson ..... 68:01  
J. McColl-J. McColl ..... 68:30

#### C-1

E. Shuster ..... 65:03  
T. Martin ..... 72:03  
L. Martin ..... ~~74:49~~

#### K-1W

A. Shuster ..... 66:14

#### Cruising Classes

#### C-2

E. Monkman-E. Munding — 65:02  
L. High-K. Hoy ..... 67:00  
T. Snyder-G. Pennett ..... 68:29

American WHITE WATER

<b>C-2M</b>	
M. Teeter-R. Stein .....	68:12
B. Marks-H. Shapiro .....	68:46
C. Dufton-S. Shumaker .....	74:01

<b>C-1</b>	
J. McColl .....	71:56
H. Haugh .....	73:56

#### **Kish Junior Slalom**

**April 6, 1969**

#### **K-1**

John Fisher .....	105
Frank Shultz .....	124
Bill Lehman .....	135

#### **C-1 Novice**

Bill Lehman .....	119
John Fisher .....	143
John Yearick .....	230

#### **C-2 Novice**

J. Lehman-F. Shultz .....	118
B. Lehman-S. Shultz .....	127

<b>C-2W Novice</b>	
D.-L. Geisler .....	238
A. Austin-S. Hunter .....	266
P. Draper-Bastusck .....	267

<b>C-2 Expert</b>	
F. Shultz-B. Gordon .....	228
S. Draper-J. Fisher .....	324
J. Yearick-B. Perts .....	516

<b>C-1 Expert</b>	
Frank Shultz .....	317
B. Gordon .....	478

<b>K-1 Expert</b>	
Steve Draper .....	262

<b>C-2M Expert</b>	
L. Alters-B. Gordon .....	402
D. Giesler-F. Shultz .....	524



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## Book Review

**America's Camping Book**, by Paul Cardwell, Jr. New York; Scribner's; 591 pp. illus.; \$10.00

This is a remarkably good book on all the kinds of camping that might conceivably lie within the reach and the interest of enterprising American families. Many of the books produced about recreation these days are pot-boiled quickies that leave the knowing reader with the sick feeling that their writers have never been very near their subjects. Not so with Paul Cardwell's encyclopedic, intelligent and — in the best sense of the word — **useful** volume.

It is possible that this reviewer has been unduly influenced by the fact that Mr. Cardwell treats our Affiliation with great courtesy, our sport of white water with unusual enthusiasm and understanding; in his bibliographical indexes he has even been kind to books written by AWA members, including the Editor.

But if you are doubtful, inspect "**America's Camping Book**" in a bookstore: turn to Page 338 where, under

"Surfing," Mr. Cardwell gives one of the best simple introductions to the use of the kayak in surf that I have ever seen. Perhaps others of you, like me, have scanned the pages of the surfing magazines in vain for any friendly mention of the use of paddled craft, and will find this more than refreshing!

— P.D.W.

## Safety Notes

It is obvious that those who are continually plugging lifejackets and their compulsory wearing, are just plain frightened of water.

I do not care who wears lifejackets — every other canoeist can do so if that is what they want — but I do not want to and also I wish to be able to please myself. You bet I will wear one when conditions dictate but it is the conditions which should dictate.

Anyone who needs the psychological advantage of a lifejacket should not be canoeing. I am not saying he must not canoe — that is his business, just as wearing a lifejacket or not is mine.

I may say I think capsizing is part of the fun of canoeing and it provides an excuse for a swim. Coming out at a weir and being carried along under water yards downstream until being ejected up is a wonderful feeling. Also I can tell you that if I come out in the vicinity of power boats I like to be able to dive down and avoid them. lifejacket. I felt as if I was in a straight jacket — unable to get from under my canoe to which I seemed to be pinned.

Yours sincerely,

M. Hoad, Richmond CC.

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# Weather Bureau Helps You Read Rivers

Re your "Six Beeps a Go-Go River" in the Summer '69 issue (Vol. XV, No. 17), since I've had several years' experience listening to the beeps and buzzes of various telemetered river gauges, I may be of some assistance.

First of all, since these gadgets usually require batteries to operate and can run down from overuse, it is best to get permission from the agency that owns the instrument—and then use it sparingly.

The majority of these telemetered gauges are owned and maintained by the U. S. Geological Survey. The remainder are owned by the U. S. Weather Bureau, Corps of Engineers, various state water agencies and, in the West, the Bureau of Reclamation.

The gauges fall into two basic types—plus several variations. The North Creek gauge described in "Six Beeps" is an L&S Telemark. These usually read to four places—tens, units, tenths, and hundredths of a foot (not inches, Dave). A zero is indicated by a long buzz. If you hold on long enough, it will read through again.

However, most of the new telemeter gauges are of another type made by the Fischer and Porter Co. These beep and don't buzz. They also lack the introductor bell series of the Telemark. They generally read to three places (the very newest read to four): usually tens, units and tenths of a foot . . . but they may be set to read in units, tenths and hundredths instead. The count beeps are preceded and interspersed by long tones. Some gauges read through twice—some give you one reading and slam the receiver in your ear.

Here is an example of a reading of 3.3 ft. at Port Jervis, N. Y. (Delaware River):

If this sounds a little complicated—it is. The easy way, and probably the best way to find out how the river is, is to call your nearest U. S. Weather Bureau River District Officer. Specific Weather Bureau offices are charged with collecting river readings each day from the automatic gauges in their districts. The Bureau also maintains a network of gauges read manually, each by volunteer observers.

Here are some of the Weather Bureau River District offices and their drainages:

Hartford, Conn.—Most of New England.

Burlington, Vt.—Champlain Drainage  
Albany, N. Y.—Mohawk & Hudson

Binghamton, N. Y.—Upper Susquehanna

Trenton, N. J.—Delaware River (including Lackawaxen, Lehigh & Schuylkill) and New Jersey streams.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Central and Lower Susquehanna

Washington, D. C.—Potomac and James Rivers.

Billings, Monk—Yellowstone and Big Horn Rivers

Helena, Mont.—Missouri River and tributaries

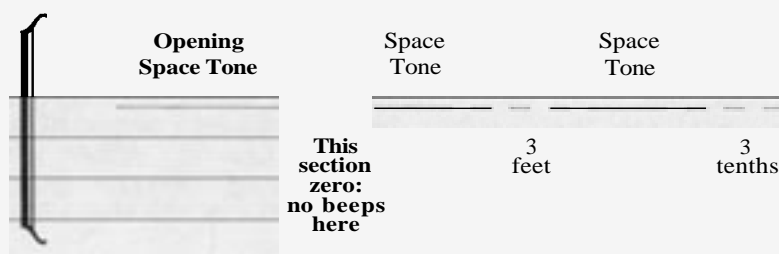
Portland, Ore.—Forecast Center for the Columbia drainage

Medford, Ore.—Rogue and upper Klamath

Eureka, Calif.—Coastal rivers from San Francisco to the Oregon border

Sacramento, Cal.—Rivers of the interior valley.

Robert W. Thomas  
River Network Supervisor  
U. S. Weather Bureau Office  
Trenton, N. J. 08608





# PRESIDENT'S SOAP BOX

By Edgar Alexander  
President, AWA Directors

It is now the second year that I have been privileged to serve on the board of directors of the American Whitewater Affiliation. It has been an honor to be delegated to work in as worthwhile and dedicated an organization as ours.

There have been several issues confronting our affiliation, and a few in particular must be brought to the attention of the membership. I am taking this opportunity to enlist the help of every member towards building a bigger and stronger AWA, and to advance white-water sport so as to gain and maintain the respect it deserves.

The Affiliation published an effective Safety Code more than ten years ago, and reviewed and revised it a few years later. Based on its accepted concepts we have furthered and maintained a relatively safe pursuit of the sport both in cruising and in racing.

The advance of boating techniques, however, has outsped the updating of our Safety Code. The fact that esquimautage has become an integral part of the average boaters' techniques has tended to retard the observance of other safety aspects. Only too often has it been observed that the safety standards at some important races has left much to be desired.

My appeal is to all boaters to review their own safety concepts, and to all race officials to evaluate their safety operating procedures, their rescue stations and the equipment and personnel; the latter's ca-

pabilities as well as basic and continuous training.

The time has come to define the requirements of safety as they will pertain to all phases of our sport on rivers, in the surf, on moving and still waters, with special attention given to the race-courses, both slalom and wild water.

You, each individual member and friend, are invited to participate in the rewriting of our Safety Code. Submit your suggestions, support them by your accounts of experiences on safety or the lack thereof in cruising or racing or just playing around.

O. K. Goodwin of Newport News, Virginia whom I consider, the foremost white-water safety expert in the East, has graciously consented to review the Safety Code, and with your help and suggestions will assist to compile a publication on safety which should reach far beyond the scope of our own organization.

**Please send your suggestions and accounts to either me or to O. K. Goodwin directly at 1240 Moyer Road, Newport News, Va. 23602.**

Another aspect to consider, as we progress to build a strong and meaningful organization, is the administration as set forth in our constitution. We have come a long way by electing our own officers. The officers you have elected must now follow your mandate. You, the individual member, have assumed a responsibility in the future of AWA which you should exercise by voice and letter to the board of directors.



The question also comes to my mind, however, that makes me wonder whether a two-year overlapping term for board members is truly an effective one for our organization. Economically speaking, we are poor: it is not feasible for the board of directors to convene at meetings several times a year. We must conduct all our business by correspondence—a tedious and time-consuming effort. Under these circumstances it appears that we are forever training our board members, and by the time they have learned, another election has rolled around to put effective directors into a "lame duck" situation. Perhaps it would be more realistic to elect officers on a four-year basis with two years between elections.

It would give the magazine the opportunity to curtail its election coverage, pre- and post, from 3 out of 4 issues now to 3 issues out of 8.

Longer terms of office would allow a better development of policies and more effective administration.

I shall ask our executive director, Bob Burleson, to look into the feasibility of such constitutional amendment, to voice his suggestion and report his findings in the next issue.



### AWA Film Report

November 19, 1969

Mr. Charles Smith

A.W.A. Treasurer

Dear Charles:

This is the first time that I have corresponded with you since becoming the A.W.A. film distributor last fall.

The film was shipped to ten clubs located in ten different states. Fees collected were nine at \$10.00 and one at \$2.00 for \$92.00. Expenses were \$10.00 for postage and insurance, \$3.05

telephone and \$16.59 for one return and air-mail expense necessitated by late mail delivery. Net income is \$62.36, which I am enclosing herewith.

The film was shipped to:

Montana Kayak and Canoe Club, c/o Jack Nichol.

Central Missouri State College Outing, c/o Oz Hawsley.

Feather River Kayaks, c/o David Scott.

Explorer Scouts c/o Leland P. Scott.

Ohio Chapter of Sierra Club, c/o A. R. McLain.

The Lodge Inc. River & Trails Summer Camp, c/o Ev Woodward.

West Virginia Wildwater Assn., c/o Idair Snookler.

Keel-Haulers Canoe Club, c/o Henry C. Annable.

A. Y. H. Detroit Club, c/o Louis Partch.

Shenango Valley Canoe Club, c/o Ed K. Holloway.

I had inquiries from an additional seven groups but was either unable to schedule on specified date or they were not interested in paying the \$10.00 fee.

As you can see, the film was really in demand from all corners of the U. S.

The last user returned the film to me about two weeks ago and advised that the film and sound tape were still in good condition.

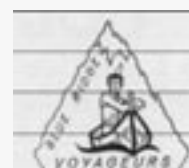
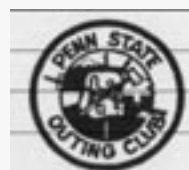
Can someone tell me if we have another copy of this film available in case this one is lost or damaged?

Yours truly,

Ronald Shafer

Chatsworth, Ill. 60921

*(There is a master print of the AWA canoeing instruction film, ably put together by John Bombay a few years ago. But to reproduce it is costly, so borrowers please handle with care and insure print for the amount requested!)*



# AWA Affiliates

Adirondack Mt. Club  
**Genesee Valley Chapter**  
 Doug. Smith, Rep.  
 769 John Glenn Blvd.  
 Webster, N.Y. 14580  
 Adventure Unlimited  
 Homer Hicks, Rep.  
 Box 186  
 Belvidere, N. J. 07823  
 Albuquerque **Whitewater** Club  
 Glenn A. Fowler, Rep.  
 804 Warm Sands Dr. S.E.  
 Albuquerque, N. Mex 87112  
 American Camping **Ass'n.**  
 Ernest F. Schmidt, Rep.  
 Bradford Woods  
 Martinsville, Ind. 46151  
 American Youth Hostels, Inc.  
 Columbus, Ohio, Council  
 Charles H. Pace  
 651 Noe-Bixby Rd.  
 Columbus Ohio 43213  
 American Youth Hostels, Inc.  
 Pittsburgh Council  
 John Henry, Rep.  
 6300 55th Ave.  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. 15232  
 American Youth Hostels, Inc.  
 Ozark Area Council  
 P. O. Box 13099  
 St. Louis, Missouri 63119  
 Appalachian Mountain Club,  
 Boston  
 Edward S. Acton, Rep.  
 20 Towne Lane  
 Topsfield, Mass. 01983  
 Appalachian Mountain Club  
 Connecticut Chapter  
 Bob and Liz Hull  
 315 Remington St.  
 Suffield, Conn. 06078

Appalachian Mountain Club  
 New York Chapter  
 George Barth, Rep.  
 111-05 110th St.  
 Ozone Park, N.Y. 11420  
 B. C. Kayak & Canoe Club  
 Erich Kozak, Rep.  
 P. O. Box 2237  
 Vancouver 3, B. C.  
 Blue Ridge Voyageurs  
 Ralph T. Smith, Rep.  
 129 Hill Crest Dr.  
 Manassas, Va. 23110  
 Boy Scouts of America  
 National Council  
 Mart Bushnell, Rep.  
 New Bruuswick, N. J. 08903  
 Buck Ridge Ski Club  
 Hans Buehler, Rep.  
 1155 Schoolhouse Lane  
 West Chester, Pa. 19380  
 Bluff City Canoe Club  
 Malcolm O. Williams, Rep.  
 728 E. Brookhaven Circle  
 Memphis, Tenn. 38117  
 Canoe Club of Milan, Italy  
 Ederico Maccone, Rep.  
 Via Sammartini 5  
 Milano, Italy  
 Canoe Cruisers Association  
 Edwin A. Richmond, Rep.  
 7105 Benjamin St.  
 McLean, Va. 22101  
 Canoe Cruisers of  
 Northern Vermont  
 George Killen, Rep.  
 148 Laurel Drive  
 South Burlington, Vt. 05401

Central Missouri State College  
 Outing Club  
 Dr. O. Hawksley, Rep.  
 Central Missouri State College  
 Science Dept.  
 Warrensburg, Missouri 84093  
 Central Ski Club of Philadelphia  
 Paul A. Liebman, Rep.  
 345 S. 18th St.  
 Philadelphia, Pa. 19103  
 Coastal Canoeists  
 R. L. Sterling, Rep.  
 309 Mimosa Drive  
 Newport News, Virginia 23606  
 Colorado White Water Association  
 Ira Lee  
 Rt. 1, Box 76  
 Beverly Hills Estates  
 Castle Rock, Colo. 80104  
 East Tennessee White Water Club  
 Don Jared, Rep.  
 P. O. Box 3074  
 Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37830  
 Endless Mt. **Voyageurs**  
 Louis Hopf, Rep.  
 285 Short Hill Dr.  
 Clarks Green, Pa. 18411  
**Explorer** Post 20  
 J. H. Fretwell, Rep.  
 4091 Trinity Drive  
 Los Alamos, N. M. 87544  
 Explorer Post 757  
 Mike Smith, Rep.  
 Glenelg, Maryland 21737  
**Explorer** Post 999  
 Nat Hamner, Rep.  
 521 Central Tr.  
 Hopewell, Va. 23860

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 December and March. Here is my \$3.50.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation: \_\_\_\_\_ Type of Boat: \_\_\_\_\_ Club: \_\_\_\_\_

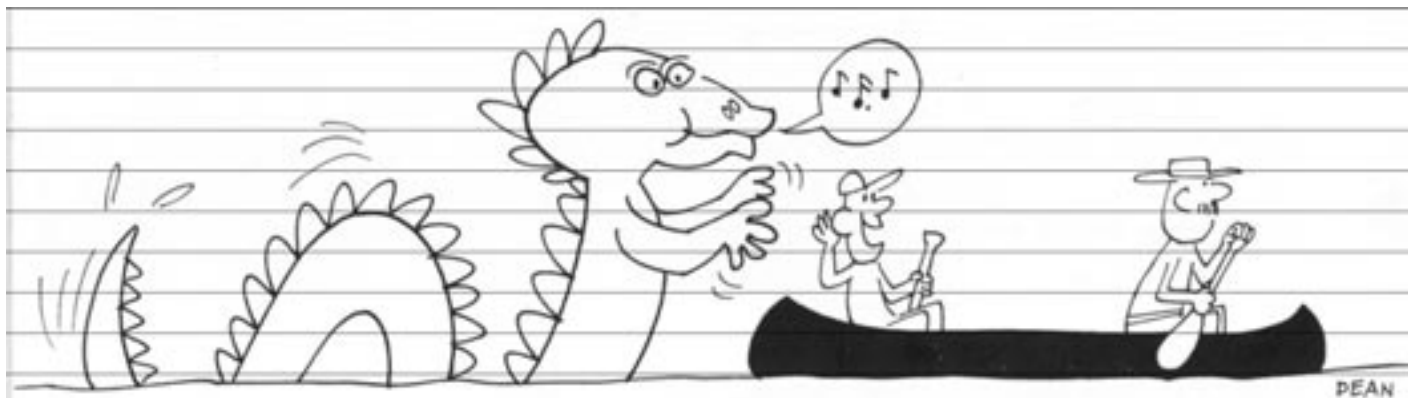
Committee I'd like to volunteer for: \_\_\_\_\_

Suggested articles: \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Amer. Whitewater Affil., P. O. Box 1584, San Bruno, Calif. 94066



# Dean's Cartoon



"Hark! I think I hear a Tennessee warbler."

## AWA Affiliates, *continued*

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| Feather River Kayak Club<br>Mel Schneller, Rep.<br>1773 Broadway Street<br>Marysville, Calif. 95901               | <b>Ledyard</b> Canoe Club<br>Jay Evans, Rep.<br>201 McNutt Hall<br>Hanover, N. H. 03755                                      | Sierra Club<br>Mother Lode Chapter<br>David Scott, Rep.<br>5401 Valhalla Dr.<br>Carmichael, Calif. 95609                     |
| <b>FibArk</b> Boat Races, Inc.<br>X. Wuerfmannsdobler, Rep.<br>P. O. Box 253<br>Salida, Colorado 81201            | Meramec River Canoe Club<br>Al Beletz, Rep.<br>3636 Oxford Blvd.<br>Maplewood, Mo. 63143                                     | Sierra Club<br>River Touring Committee<br>Roland W. Davis, Rep.<br>14 Norwood Ave.<br>Berkeley, Calif. 94707                 |
| <b>Genesee</b> Downriver Paddlers<br>Raymond J. Allen, Rep.<br>27 West State Street<br>Wellsville, N. Y. 14895    | Minnesota Canoe Assoc.<br>Joseph R. Conrad, Rep.<br>101 79th Ave. N.<br>Minneapolis, Minn. 55430                             | Sierra Club<br>San Francisco Chap.<br>River Touring Section<br>John Googins, Rep.<br>2145 Donald Dr.<br>Moraga, Calif. 94556 |
| Georgia <b>Canoeing</b> Association<br>Dr. Claude E. Terry, Rep.<br>1317 University Dr., NE<br>Atlanta, Ga. 30306 | Montreal Voyageurs<br>Rene Bureaud, Rep.<br>360 Barberry Place<br>Dollard des Ormeaux<br>Montreal 960, Quebec, Canada        | Sylvan Canoe Club<br>Terry D. Sanders, Rep.<br>420 Lamar St.<br>Pittsburgh, Pa. 15221  |
| <b>Indooroopilly</b> Canoe Club<br>G. Gardner<br>287 Swann Road<br>St. Lucia 4067<br>Queensland, Australia        | <b>Monocacy</b> Canoe Club<br>Lawrence Swann, Rep.<br>Rt. 1. Wakersville. Md. 21793  | Tennessee Valley Canoe Club<br>Jean Dolan, Rep.<br>Box 24<br>Signal Mountain, Tenn. 37377                                    |
| Kalamazoo Downstreamers<br>Carl D. Bennett, Rep.<br>1529 Hamelink Dr.<br>Kalamazoo, Mich. 49002                   | Murray Hill Canoe Club<br>Al Halm<br>RD 1, Dutch Lane Rd.<br>Freehold, N.J. 07728  | Texas Explorers Club<br>Bob Burleson, Rep.<br>Box 844<br>Temple, Texas 76501   |
| Ka Na Wa Ke Canoe Club<br>Chuck Berg, Rep.<br>2877 Amber Rd., R. No. 1<br>Marietta, N. Y. 13110                   | <b>Norwich</b> University Outing Club<br>L. J. Hurley, Rep.<br>Northfield, Vermont 05663                                     | Washington Kayak Club<br>Robert Hurd, Rep.<br>2013 N.W. 96th St.<br>Seattle, Wash. 98107                                     |
| <b>Kayak &amp;</b> Canoe Club of Boston<br>John Urban, Rep.<br>55 Jason St.<br>Arlington, Mass. 02174             | <b>Ozark</b> Wilderness<br>Waterways Club<br>Milton Noltensmyer, Rep.<br>3305 W. 50th Terr.<br>Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66205 | West <b>Virginia</b> Wildwater Assn.<br>Idair Smookler, Rep.<br>2737 Daniels Avenue<br>South Charleston, W. Va. 25303        |
| Kayak and Canoe Club<br>of New York<br>Ed Alexander, Rep.<br>6 Winslow Ave.<br>East Brunswick, N. J. 08816        | Penn State Outing Club<br>John R. Sweet, Rep.<br>118 S. Buckhout St.<br>State College, Pa. 16801                             | Wildwater Boating Club<br>Richard S. Brown, Rep.<br>P. O. Box 77<br>Pine Grove Mills, Pa. 16868                              |
| Keel-Haulers Canoe Club<br>Warren R. Morgan, Rep.<br>3089 Overdale Dr.<br>West Richfield, Ohio 44286              | Prairie Club Canoeists<br>Sneakin Deacon Kiehm, Rep.<br>2019 Addison Street<br>Chicago, Ill. 60618                           | Wisconsin Hoofers<br>Outing Club<br>Steve Kanshurg, Rep.<br>Memorial Union<br>800 Langdon St.<br>Madison, Wisconsin 53706    |
| Kekionna Voyageurs<br>E. Heinz Wahl, Rep.<br>1818 Kensington Blvd.<br>Fort Wayne, Indiana 46805                   | Sierra Club<br>John Muir Chapter<br>William Walker, Rep.<br>38 E. 14th St.<br>Clintonville, Wis. 54929                       |  |



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Write for literature on all four Old Town Kayaks; for wildwater, slalom, touring and for juniors under 100 pounds.

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*Designed by Bart Hawthorn*

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