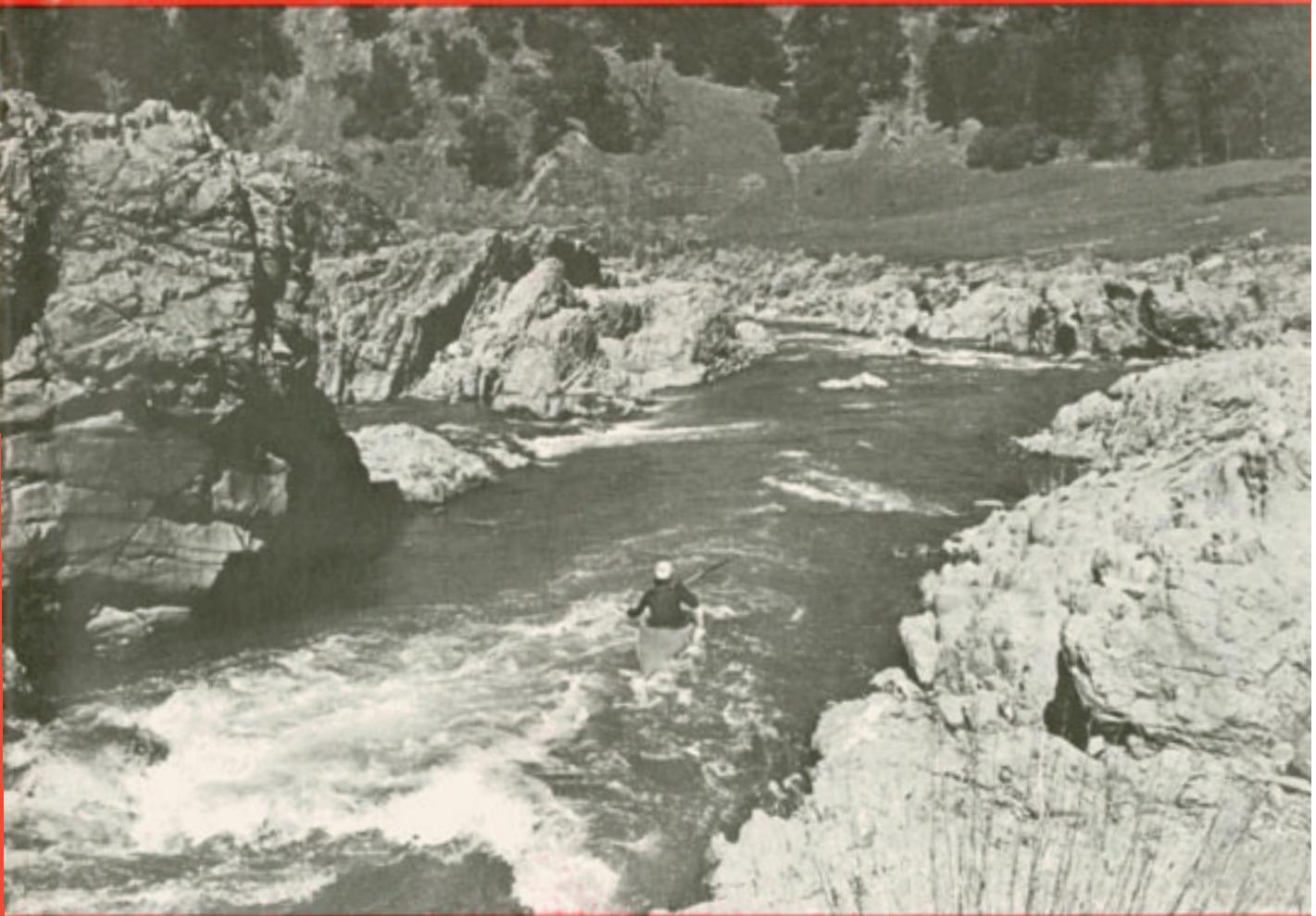


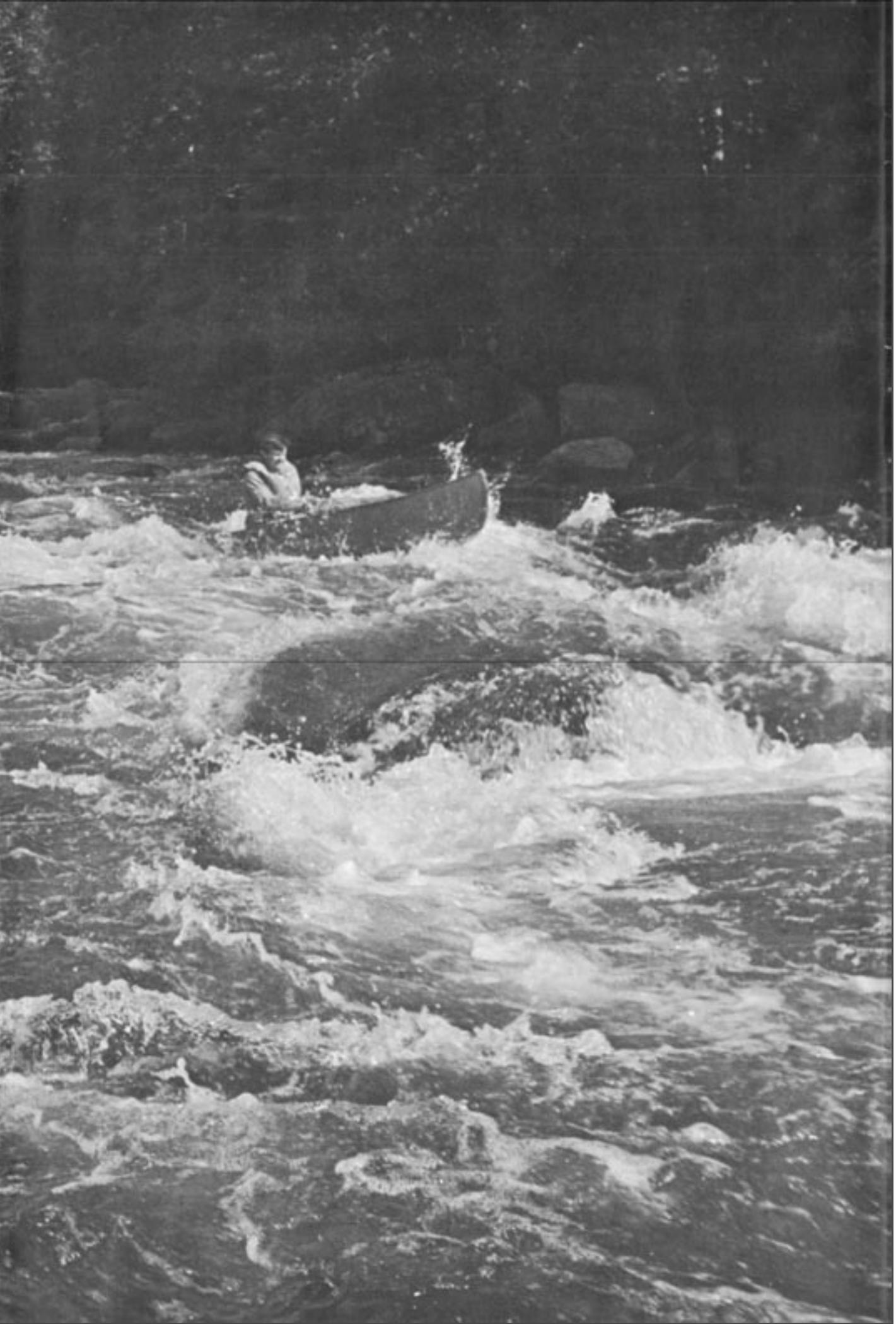
American
WHITEWATER

the Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation



AUTUMN, 1972

Vol. XVII, No. 3



A . WHITEWATER

Sponsored by The American Whitewater Affiliation

AUTUMN 1972

Vol. XVII, No. 3



The American Whitewater Affiliation

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How to Write to American Whitewater

Deadlines for all material, including advertising, are the 15th of January, April, July and October for the Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter issues respectively.

Send Race Schedules and results to the Racing Editor, Ray Gahler.

Send membership/subscription payments, changes of address, non-receipt of copies to the Circulation Manager, Geo. Larsen.

Send Advertising copy, proofs and requests for information to the Advertising Manager, Karen Gebe

Send Payments for Advertising and Club Affiliation dues to the Business Manager, Charles Smith.

American Whitewater is mailed to all members of the American Whitewater Affiliation, an affiliation of boating clubs and individuals interested in whitewater paddle sport. Membership is open to interested individuals at \$3.50 per year and to clubs at \$8.00 per year. Club membership includes listing in the Journal.

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The Staff and committee members listed above are unpaid Whitewater enthusiasts who volunteer their time and efforts to bring affiliate/member subscribers this journal. Your contribution of articles, letters, race results and schedules, photos and drawings are essential for their continued efforts and the timely publication of the American Whitewater Journal.

COVER: The beginning of the "Rock Section" of the Eel River (see story on page 114).

Photo by Joe Bauer. Nikonos 35 mm.

AT LEFT: Clyde Smith on the Rapid River in Maine, July 1968. Photo by John P. Wilson.

Letters from Readers

Tribute to "Zee" Grant

Dear Editor:

May 12, 1972

Alexander G. Grant, Jr., a pioneer in promoting modern whitewater sport, died in December 1971 at the age of 57. Zee Grant was a leader in organizing the Annual National Whitewater Championships on the Rapid River in Maine in 1940 and 1941. After the second race he suggested that a national association be formed to foster the sport; the one-page duplicated announcement started off:

**"PLANS FOR A NATIONAL
WHITEWATER ASSOCIATION —
(RIVER RATS OF AMERICA)**

"Up to the present time there has been no comprehensive organization of persons interested in whitewater boating. The benefits of such an association, embracing all aspects of the sport, in canoes, foldboats, cataract boats, sweep scows, inflated rubber boats and such other craft as may be developed, and suggestions for its formation are outlined below."

Apparently World War II, in which Zee served as a Naval Reserve Officer, ended this first attempt at a national organization.

Zee participated actively in the group of ski and foldboat enthusiasts who gave our sport a boost in the late 1930s and early 1940s—boat trains to shoot the rapids of the Housatonic, ventures out West, and early races. In the group were well-known skiers, mountaineers, and canoeists such as Alexander Bright, W. B. Van Claussen, Eugene DuBois, Lawrence I. Grinnell, Kenneth Henderson, Marjorie Hurd, and Roland Palmedo.

In July 1941 Zee successfully ran the rapids of the Grand Canyon in a foldboat rigged with inflated rubber sponsons along the sides. This was one of the first ventures through the Grand Canyon in a kayak-type of craft. According to Kissner's book, "Foldboat Holidays," a French party of three, in-

cluding a woman, made a 900-mile voyage in 16-foot foldboats from Green River, Wyo. to a point 200 miles above Boulder Dam, where they had to take out because the river was frozen. The year is not given, but the book was published in 1940.

The same book contains an entertaining chapter by Zee describing his trips down parts of the Salmon and Green Rivers in his foldboat, "Archduchy of Montenegro," whose name suggests the light-hearted spirit that permeated all of his activities.

Hal Leich
5606 Vernon Place
Bethesda, MD 20034

SIMPLE BUOYANCY CHECK

May 26, 1972

Dear Jim and Iris,

Good review by Carl [Trost: see "Lifejackets?" in Spring, 1972 issue of American Whitewater] but a tough way for a novice sans diving board and full pool to check buoyancy of his own vest. A simple way we have used is to fill a plastic waste basket with water to brim and weigh on a bathroom scale—then dunk life jacket completely to overflow water enough to submerge your jacket and reread scale—the difference is the number of pounds it will hold above water if it is fully submerged.

I note Exhibit 4, P and A both have shoulder line about the same level but the big jacket A was not fully submerged as was P and thus had a large safety factor which was lacking in the lesser vest. If you're planning to swim in Hair wear 33 lbs. of buoyancy or more.

Dr. Walt Blackadar
P. O. Box 1110
Salmon, ID 83467

HUDSON RIVER GAUGE

June 15, 1972

Dear Editor:

Starting early in May, the telephone number for the Telemark gauge in the Hudson River at North Creek gave you

a recording of an operator's voice saying the number was no longer in service. . . . The gauge is now on a new number which apparently is not being given out to curious canoeists. Nevertheless canoeists are still curious, so here is how we have been getting the information.

We call the special weather service at the Albany airport, (518) 869-7891. First you get a recording telling you to call another number for the current weather forecast. Then you are told to stay on the line for 30 seconds if you want something else. Usually a live person does answer the phone shortly. You then ask for the height of the Hudson at North Creek. Ask when the reading was taken. They can call and get a new one while you are on the phone and sometimes do without being asked. This number can be used successfully at such odd hours as Saturday evening. For us this is a local phone call. Perhaps others will find they can also get this information on a local basis.

Betty Lou Bailey
Schenectady, N. Y.

CLODMINDED BOATERS

July 19, 1972

Gerald Meral
Environmental Defense Fund
2728 Durant Ave.
Berkeley, Calif. 94704

Dear Mr. Meral:

I have just finished reading your article "On Whitewater Growth" in the spring issue of **American Whitewater**. . . . The only thing in [it] that I really take issue with and the real reason for this letter is concerning the statement that the "clodminded" boater is a straw man. Not in West Virginia—he is here now. Some streams noted for their fishing and comparative ease, e.g., the Caca-poon (which has been featured in past issue of **American Whitewater**), are paddled increasingly by more and more "boaters" who have atrocious outdoor manners. They throw their beer cans in the river, they camp where they aren't supposed to, and they make unreasonable demands of farmers for transportation as they don't even bother to set up their own shuttle. Canoeists are be-

coming more and more unpopular there and we are all getting a bad name. Many of our streams are also prime trout fishing streams and whitewater paddlers are not popular on these either. Good paddlers who don't think screw up a fine hole by barging right through it without taking a courteous route around the angler. This problem will only grow. Some paddlers are very careless about not asking for permission for access to rivers for take outs and put ins. Organized paddlers are very careful about this, but not the clodminds. We all suffer because the public can't tell a clodmind from a responsible boater and when he sees a canoe he says, "get out." As our sport and our club get more publicity, we invariably attract clodminds to our ranks and policing their behavior is distasteful and not why we got organized.

The West Virginia Highlands Conservancy has been quite active in trying to achieve Wilderness Act protection for three areas within the state. One of these, Otter Creek, has stimulated a good deal of publicity because, among other things, we sought and were granted an injunction against no less personages as the U. S. Forest Service and a very big coal company (don't forget coal is king in W. Va.) to prevent them from tearing up the whole basin for the purposes of prospecting. We have published a guide book for the entire area and we can't even keep it in print. People from all over the East have been attracted to this lovely area to see it and hike in its primitive grandeur. Thousands have heard of it. So what? It has been a hollow victory. Too many people come. The trails are crowded. The few camping sites full. Even the goddamned motor cycle clubs think it's a groovy place for meets much to the glee of the Forest Service who won't lift a finger a keep them out. What have we accomplished by bigness? It's a two-edged sword, my friend, and one which all conservationists, professional and amateur, should think about very carefully.

You go ahead and get big and let me know how it works out, meanwhile the sentiment here is increasing for the

construction of a big barbed wire fence around the state, an absurd extreme of course, but you can readily see how such sentiment is stimulated.

If I can be a source of information concerning the conservation of any stream in West Virginia, I will be glad to respond immediately.

Sincerely,
Bob Burrell
1412 Western Ave.
Morgantown, W. Va. 36505

SWITCHING TO KAYAK

August 10, 1972

Dear Editor:

Dean Norman just wrote my canoeing history in his article "Dean Norman in a Kayak?" (American Whitewater, Summer, 1972). I don't know Dean's age, but I started whitewater canoeing in open canoes at age 36 before wet suits and have, after 12 years, progressed or regressed to the kayak via C-2's and C-1's. I was afraid to give up the stability of canoes for the "unstable" kayak, but having fractured my knee cap and developed a permanent bursitis in that knee, it was kayaks or nothing. Believe me, going from C-1 to a kayak can be made with ease and skill in one season. Everything you learned to do in a C-1 carries over to a kayak with the added bonuses of greater maneuverability and braces on both sides. If you can roll a C-1, a kayak is a snap. The only horror I had the first few runs was when I caught myself doing a cross draw. By the way, the "flushing technique" in rocky New England rivers breaks up too many boats and bones.

Sincerely,
Bill Miner
33 Dartmouth St., Suite 221
Malden, MA 02148

WHITewater BOOKS

Whitewater Sport by Peter Whitney, \$5.50 plus 25¢ postage; Fundamentals of Kayaking by Jay Evans, \$3.00; The Exploration of the Colorado River, Major Powell's diaries., \$4.75 plus 25¢ postage. Send order and check to AWA Guidebooks Committee, Ed Alexander, 6 Winslow Ave., East Brunswick, N. J. 08816

OLYMPIC CANOESPORT SPECIAL

'Olympic Canoesport'—a special 80-page report, featuring the whole of the Olympic Canoesport events in Germany, is to be published by Canoeing Press, England. Eighty pages of canoe-sport commentary and photographs by Mike Clark — Britain's leading canoe-sport photographer — will make this special souvenir report a publication not to be missed. Olympic Canoe Slalom in Augsburg, Sprint Canoe and Kayak Regatta in Munich, all results from heats, repechages and finals, plus results from past Olympics and all World Championships of both Salem and Sprint Racing—a publication of the Canoesport Champions.

Canoeing Press expect 'Olympic Canoesport' to be ready by late October but only a limited number will be run on the first printing. Price, including postage, is 2 dollars in U. S. A. (75p U. K.) The issue is separate from the normal subscription to 'Canoeing Magazine,' so order your copy now and be sure of getting this 'one-off' issue.

Orders should be sent to: Canoeing Press, 25 Featherbed Lane, Croydon, CRO 9AE, England (enclosing international money order or personal check).

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A typical campsite on the river with a view, firewood and dry ground. Hal is doing dishes.
Photo by Vern Coats

500 MILES ON CANADIAN WILDERNESS WATERS

Jean Bennett, 606A Essex Circle, China Lake, CA 93555

The Beaver float plane taxied to the end of the lake, turned around, revved up its powerful engine, and roared past us in curtains of flying spray. It was soon a black speck in the sky and we were alone in the deep silence of the back country, standing on the shore of an unnamed lake with our gear piled beside us. This moment was the culmination of months of planning following our decision to run the Macmillan, a wilderness river flowing through a remote part of the Yukon Territory. It had been suggested to us by Alan Innes-Taylor, a remarkable old-timer with a wealth of information on rivers and wilderness areas in western Canada. We were three—my husband, Hal Bennett, and myself, both scientists, and Vern Coats, a mechanical engineer, all employed at the Naval Weapons Center, China Lake, California. Hal and I

had been on many other rivers previously, including the Yukon River in 1966, but Vern was an enthusiastic recent convert to river touring.

In planning the trip from topographic maps, I had noted that there was a lake with an outlet stream that emptied into the upper South Macmillan near its headwaters on the western slope of the Continental Divide. However, when we flew over the area preparatory to landing, we found that the outlet stream was steep, rocky, and too shallow to boat. Our bush pilot had then obligingly picked out another lake near the river and had landed us there instead.

The task now facing us, since our lake had no outlet, was to locate a route to the river and then backpack our two 17-foot Klepper Aerius fold-boats (in bags) and all the gear for a three-week trip through the forest and

across muskeg swamps to the river. We started up a forested hill carpeted with spongy reindeer moss and soon came to the edge of a marsh. Jumping from one hummock to another had its drawbacks as Vern discovered when he slipped from one into the icy ooze up to his armpits and was still sinking when Hal, who fortunately was nearby pulled him out. Airline tickets, travelers checks, money, and clean clothes alike were coated with slimy mud. Hal and Vern then bridged that section with saplings and, once the river was located about a half mile away, we set up a shuttle and followed Hal's blazed trail around and across muskeg swamps, and up and down steep, forested hillsides. As the fellows carried the heavy bags over the new log bridge and across the rough terrain, they were thankful we had brought collapsible boats instead of the rigid canoes that many people use for river touring. Night fell before our shuttle was hardly begun and we made camp in the woods above the lake. I slept like the proverbial log in our cheery orange tent which Hal pitched in the soft, spongy reindeer moss.

Unlike the clear, sunny day of our flight in, the next day dawned cold, cloudy, and rainy, a weather condition which would remain with us for the next week. By midafternoon we had the shuttle completed and set to work assembling the framework for the blue, rubberized canvas, Klepper two-seater kayaks. It was difficult to fit together the many wooden pieces while sloshing around in wet, swampy grass, but finally both boats were assembled and loaded, and we shoved off. Hal, who was by himself, carried the light, bulky equipment while Vern and I carried the all-important food and other heavy gear. The shores looked too marshy and the river seemed too placid as we paddled past mother ducks protecting broods of ducklings. After about a mile, we had an unpleasant surprise—we had come to a dead end! Another fork also ended abruptly. We were now really concerned as we turned around and found there was no current to buck paddling upstream. A short distance beyond the original launch site, the river again terminated. Was our three-week

river trip going to end on a river-shaped lake in the Canadian wilderness? This region wasn't on my topo maps since it was on the next quadrangle from our intended put-in point on Fuller Lake. Fortunately, Hal's sharp ears detected a trickle of water and, by following a moose trail along a nearly hidden brook, he came to the **real** river complete with **current!** (We had been paddling on a *rincon*, an old river channel that had become separated from the main stream years ago when the river changed its course). Daylight in the Yukon lasts late into the evening in August, so we had time to unload and portage the empty boats and gear. The gravel bar campsite around the bend from the put-in point on the **real** river was very welcome, and supper and bed felt especially good that night.

Imagine my surprise when I awoke late next morning to find a coating of snow covering the boats and tents, and the thermometer reading a chilly 37°. (The water was warmer—38°!) I was tempted to snuggle back into my sleeping bag and wait for another day, but Hal's bonfire warmed my toes and spirits. Vern looked a little drowsy and I learned that he had not had such a comfortable night. His new tent had collapsed and three times he had to crawl out of his warm sleeping bag into the snow to set it up again. (After this experience, he made an engineering study of the problem and overdesigned the supports to such an extent that I am sure that not even a 50-knot wind would have bothered his tent!)

Once in my wet suit, full of breakfast, and in the boat, the gray day seemed brighter. Then rocks and riffles began to appear and we played "follow the leader" with Hal picking the best channel through the rock garden and Vern and I following. Although I later learned that this stretch was only about 10 miles long, it seemed much longer, especially since we stopped to look over some of the less obvious rapids. At one place we started through an innocuous-looking riffle which developed into a boulder patch with no clear channel. Somehow both boats bumped down without overturning, but it was touch, back off, and try again for

awhile. After that, the rapids changed from a series of continuous riffles to shorter, splashier stretches separated by relatively calm water. We looked over some of the rapids and had no difficulty until we came to one number III. Vern and I made a tactical error and found ourselves capsized on the offshore rocks at the head of the rapid. After we had swum the boat through the icy water to shore, uprighted it and bailed it out, we really appreciated the chance to thaw ourselves out over a blazing fire.

That afternoon we came to the only sign of human habitation we would find in our first 90 miles of river — the bridge on the Canol Road. The Canol Project dated from World War II when oil was piped nearly 600 miles across virgin wilderness from Norman Wells on the Mackenzie River to Whitehorse. We found truck carcasses, half tracks, and debris from the Project liberally scattered around the crossing and for several miles downstream. Even 25 years later this litter still marred what had once been virgin wilderness.

Our campsite that evening was one of the most scenic of the entire trip. From the wide gravel bar at the tip of an island, we had an unrestricted view of Itsi Peak from whose dazzling snow-covered crown glaciers flowed down in every direction. Mountains on the other side of the valley were equally striking. The setting sun painted the snowy peaks crimson, creating an inspiring view of nature untouched by the destructive forces of civilization.

There were snow flurries in the air the next morning as Hal and Vern loaded the boats while standing in ankle-deep ice water. Chivalry is not dead; I got a piggy-back ride to the boat and thus could enjoy the luxury of dry feet. In this section the river was swift but with no rapids. We drifted along around one bend after another, admiring the beautiful rippling water and the heavily timbered banks. Our afternoon shower was particularly heavy this day, but by the time we made camp that evening the rain had stopped, so I planned an elaborate dinner — freeze dried pork chops, applesauce, hash brown potatoes, freeze dried green

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beans, and cocoa and cheese cake for desert. When I was half way through cooking, the rain began again, harder than ever, and I thought how nice it would be to have a dry lean-to as a cook tent. (From then on we had one every night.) Hal and Vern kept busy this night bringing wood and feeding the fire so the rain would not put it out, and at last, in spite of the elements, we had our somewhat dampened feast. I must admit it did taste good and both my critics pronounced it excellent.

The river scenery continued to be outstanding and we drifted and paddled mile after mile with the swift current. However, I was beginning to miss the excitement and suspense of discovering a new set of rapids around each bend. Then it happened. We suddenly came face to face with a strapping bull moose, grazing on a grassy bank directly ahead of us, and at the same time saw the river making a sharp left turn and funneling through a steep slot in a massive rock dike. This was our first view of a moose, and as he eyed us curiously Hal pressed his eye to the viewfinder and concentrated on steadying the Beaulieu movie camera to get some good telephoto wildlife footage. He started to drift stern first toward the falls, could not see how close he was coming and only recovered at the last moment when Vern quietly suggested that he might like to stop photographing and start paddling! The falls themselves were spectacular but not difficult when run through bow first. But the movies we took of the boats splashing through the waves were excellent.

The river now entered a canyon where we encountered several minor rapids. Hearing an ominous roar ahead, we landed to investigate. The river here made a short but steep vertical fall on a right-hand bend which was followed by a twisting course among huge granite boulders and then a second, higher, split falls at the bottom. We rated it a V and might have tried to run it if we had had empty boats and cars waiting at the bottom. However, since we were over 250 river miles from the nearest road (downstream), we decided to portage. While carrying loads of gear along

the shore, Hal noticed some curiously shaped, heavy rock nodules, some as large as 3 inches in diameter. Inside they appeared silvery and sparkled in the afternoon sunshine. Although the boats were already heavily loaded, we could not resist collecting a few specimens. (One of our mineralogist friends at the lab later identified these as marcasite or white iron pyrites, a form of iron sulfide.) Since it was getting late in the afternoon, we made camp at the base of the falls, and thus had a striking backdrop for our evening meal.

Continuing through the canyon next day, we encountered more rapids, but proceeded until the river swept into a rock wall and disappeared. From shore, we found that it made a sharp left bend, then a right, then threaded its way through a jumble of rocks and continued in a similar manner for about a half mile. We took our time looking over this area, and on the way back to the boats, I overheard Vern muttering a litany to himself, "left, right, hard right, center, watch rock, log overhang, center into the hole," etc. The adrenalin in Vern's system helped power our boat safely through this obstacle course, but Hal could not cut his way across the swift current and had to take an alternate, much less desirable route. I was much relieved to see him at the bottom still right side up!

But the day was not yet over. We negotiated many more rapids and Hal recorded a particularly scenic one on film as Vern and I ran our boat through. As Hal came through, I was unhappy to discover that, as might be predicted, my film ran out just as he entered the splashiest part of the rapid. Later in the afternoon, both boats went over an ominously smooth fall and barely scraped the extreme tips of their sterns. Hal's boat immediately started to fill with water, and after beaching and unloading it, he found two 4-inch-long tears near the stern. Vern's boat also had a small cut in the same place. Since the boat skins are extremely tough, the cutting object must have been razor sharp, and I suspect it may have been a culvert washed 35 miles down from the Canol Road.

After the boat repairs were completed, we continued downstream through minor rapids. Just at dusk, a mountain caribou with a full rack of antlers stepped into the water, crossed, and swam downriver ahead of us — a beautiful sight. Hal had to interrupt his movie taking intermittently and make rapid adjustments of the boat's course to avoid hitting rocks.

Next day dawned bright and sunny; with the rapids and over 70 miles of river behind us, we drifted swiftly through beautiful country. That afternoon a young grizzly spotted the boats, came rushing over, jumped in the river, and swam toward us, trying to catch the strange blue "fishes!" He was just curious, but I was happy that our boats were swifter than he, and that he soon turned back to his half-eaten salmon on shore. Grizzlies are a vanishing species, but we had found one of their last retreats and soon spotted another who, fortunately, was not so curious. That night our gravel bar campsite was covered with bear tracks, and next morning we heard bearlike noises in the nearby bushes. We weren't visited, but as a precaution Hal waited until the last moment to pack our 308 Remington

which had been brought along "just in case."

As we paddled downstream, large birds, probably eagles, flew ahead of the boats. They were extremely shy and did not permit any portraits at close range. We did start to see and photograph Canadian geese, however, in ever-increasing numbers, and also many loons. Families of adolescent ducks — too young to fly — skittered over the water ahead of us and hid in the bushes. Far downstream, a dog-sized animal stood on a gravel bar; on closer approach we could see that it was a large crippled, white wolf. He was very curious and limped along the shore beside us for a considerable distance. Three days later, a family of wolves greeted us with howls. I had never heard a wolf howl before and it was a spine-tingling experience, reminding me of one of the stanzas from the poem, "The Land God Forgot" written by the northland poet, Robert Service:

"So gaunt against the gibbous moon,
Piercing the silence velvet-piled,
A lone wolf howls his ancient rune —
The fell arch-spirit of the Wild."

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AMERICAN WHITEWATER

BOX 1584

SAN BRUNO, CALIF. 94066

We now began to see evidence of man—an old abandoned Indian camp and then a new hunting lodge some guide had built as a place to bring wealthy trophy hunters. The river bank was thick with wild currant bushes and we gathered handfuls of the fat, red berries to cook for topping for breakfast pancakes. That night we stopped on a gravel bar covered with "beaver bones," 2-foot-long, 2-inch-diameter sticks from which the bark had been stripped, just the right size for campfire wood. I started to collect these while Hal and Vern were constructing a frame for a lean-to (it was going to be pleasant to have a dry kitchen). However, our preparations were interrupted when the "landlord" came to inspect his new "tenants." The beaver swam upstream, stood up on his hind legs and sniffed, swam to a closer vantage point, and stood up again. At last, after inspecting us thoroughly, he seized a fresh stick, waddled back to the river, and swam off to his lodge on the other shore. We saw tangible evidence of one of his relatives a couple of days later. As we were eating lunch on shore, a large tree unexpectedly crashed to the ground nearby and I found it had been chewed through by a beaver. I thought I would surely see him, but he had gone by the time I reached his chopping ground.

Abandoned cabins were appearing along the river with increasing frequency. No one lived there now and it was hard to believe that 50 years ago this river was a bustling thoroughfare. The camp at Russell Landing was typical of the early settlements. Log cabins housed the Indians, the trader and his family; a store adjoining the trader's cabin contained traps, food, and other necessary items. Newspapers tacked to the walls dated one cabin as being built shortly after the turn of the century, but evidences of a woman's touch still remained—baby pictures on the walls, large washtubs outside, and pieces of a sink, hand pump, ironing board, and even a sewing machine run by a foot treadle strewn on the ground. The cabins were abandoned now, the roofs were falling in, walls crumbling, and

soon vegetation would cover over the last signs of man's intrusion.

As the days passed, I noted nearly imperceptible but steady changes. The river was widening and slowing, banks were undercut and trees on them were ready to tumble in; tremendous log jams in the river and on gravel bars remained from floods of previous years. The craggy, snow-covered mountains had given way to lower, rounded hills, and where the river had cut through a hill, sculptured mud cliffs were in evidence. The abundant game we were accustomed to seeing was thinning, and the Macmillan was nearing the end of its course—it would soon join the larger Pelly which we would then follow to the Yukon.

One morning while I was preparing breakfast, we heard the sound of a motor. We had been out nearly two weeks, had covered almost 250 miles, and were reveling in our solitude, so it was with mixed feelings that we greeted the occupants of the outboard motor-powered barge that came chugging upstream. The two men were trappers on their way to catch martin and lynx and could stop for only a brief chat, but told us that their father was back at camp and would welcome visitors.

At the boat landing for the cabin, a spry, gray-haired man greeted us with: "Are you coming up?" And thus we met J. C. Wilkinson, grandson of the founder of the English firm famous for Wilkinson Sword Blades and son of an early Mormon settler. He had just shot a moose and was drying the meat on a rack outside the cabin. Every piece of the animal was being used; even the antlers, which were still in velvet, served as dog candy. With true north-land hospitality, he invited us into his snug cabin and served steaming hot coffee brewed on the Yukon stove (made from an oil drum). As we chatted we learned with surprise that he was in his 83rd year, had grown up on a farm near a small Utah town, run away from home at 12 to run cattle and ride in rodeos in Mexico. He seemed to have been everywhere but had chosen to live in the North during most of his adult life and was now "retired." At



An 83-year-old trapper, Mr. Wilkinson, at one of his cabins along the Pelly R. The moose he's recently killed is drying on the rack at right. Photo by Vern Coats

my request he introduced us to the husky dogs staked cut back, whose barks had announced our arrival. I found that they were just as friendly and eager for attention as were our beagles back home. One dog, in fact, lay down and asked to have its tummy rubbed! We also found the homemade dog sleds quite interesting. Their turned-up noses allowed them to break through snow drifts, and their long, narrow shape made it possible to carry large loads without requiring a wide trail. All too soon we reluctantly said good-bye, but not before Mr. Wilkinson generously gave us a large piece of fresh moose liver (considered a choice delicacy) and a chunk of moose steak. Our offering of dried apples and pop tarts seemed insignificant in comparison.

Many more adventures were in store for us on the remaining 250 miles of river. We would stop at Pelly Crossing where the present has locked horns with the past, luring the Indians from their trap lines to the beer parlors. We would visit Pelly Farms run by the Bradley brothers, who are raising cat-

tle, chickens, barley, vegetables, fruit, and flowers on the only operating farm in the entire Yukon Territory and one of the farthest north farms in Canada. We would renew acquaintances with Abbie and Danny Roberts, Indian caretakers at historic Fort Selkirk on the Yukon, and would visit again with the Burians, a modern-day pioneer family living at Stewart River. And our point of debarkation was to be the gold rush town of Dawson, still living in the past with its memories of miners, gold, excitement, saloons, painted ladies, . . .

But all this was yet to come and somehow 83-year-old Mr. Wilkinson living with his two grown sons in cabins along the Macmillan and Pelly Rivers symbolized to us the true feeling of the northland. This man, who had been everywhere, chose this remote area to bring his young bride and raise three children. His life was nearly over, but others pursuing different goals would come after him. And, just as it lured them, the spell of the northland would lure us back, again and again.

1972-73 Winter Canoe Camp In Texas

The fourth Joint Winter Canoe Camp will be held on the Guadalupe River below Canyon Dam near New Braunfels, Texas, from 23 December 1972 to 1 January 1973. Members of the American Canoe Association, the American Whitewater Affiliation, and the United States Canot Association and their families are invited to attend.

The base camp will be at Camp Beans, which has a nominal fee, 11 miles northwest of New Braunfels at 3rd river bridge on Guadalupe River Road, or six miles below Canyon Dam. There are several fine motels in New Braunfels for those who do not like to rough it. New Braunfels is a pretty German town in the Texas hill country with several fine German restaurants. Historic beautiful San Antonio is only a short drive away.

The Guadalupe River is the most popular whitewater stream in Texas with numerous good rapids. If there is

sufficient interest slalom gates will be set up for a slalom clinic. Trips are being planned on the Guadalupe River both above and below Canyon Dam. There will be other trips on the beautiful spring-fed San Marcos River 30 miles away. Trips on LBJ's lovely Pedernales River are also being considered. Another activity will be a marathon paddling clinic which will be conducted on Canyon Lake. Also, kayak surfers should know that the gulf is only about a three hour drive away.

There will be a registration fee of \$2 for individuals or \$4 for families. Persons under 21 must be accompanied by a parent or guardian. Contact Jerry F. Jagers, 421 Darlene Lane, Arlington, Texas 76010 (home phone (817) 261-1317) for information and registration. Please state the number of people in your party and type of boats. Include the registration fee and indicate membership (ACA, AWA, or USCA).

MYSTERY PHOTO: Can anyone tell us where, when, or whom and by whom this photo was taken?



"Leaders" of Our Youth Program— *Where Are They Leading?*

O. K. Goodwin, AWA Safety Chairman, 1240 Moyer Rd., Newport News, VA 23602

The Scoutmaster or Explorer Advisor develops into a "jack of all trades." He must learn and be prepared to instruct in not only the Scouting program, but also in areas of special interests which may be selected by the membership in his unit. The success he has in doing this will depend on his personal approach to the subject, the time allotted to learning the skills involved, and the caliber of the help he has in passing these skills along to the boys.

All too frequently he comes up short in all three categories, and provides a cursory treatment of a subject which may result in a potentially serious situation. As the adage goes — "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

It is human nature to explore new fields. It is also true that we in the United States are an adventuresome lot that frequently do just that. Speaking from personal experience as an ex-Scoutmaster, ex-Advisor, the program for my units involved some way-out activities such as:

- Spelunking
- Mountain climbing
- Herpetology
- Scuba diving
- Whitewater canoeing

In each of these, the aid of qualified people was enlisted (where it was available), a planned program was developed to ensure that members who participated were properly instructed in all aspects of the activity, and the level of the activity was carefully controlled to match the level of competence of the group. It was true, nevertheless, that due to the nature of the activities and the inherent dangers unique to each one, we were treading on shaky ground at best. Accidents could, and did, happen. None of these was serious, the worst being the loss (demolishment) of one canoe in rapids.

The point is, that even when the conditions are ideal, hazards exist which

put the Scout Leader, the coordinator of the activity, in a position where he may be responsible for the serious injury or death of one of his charges.

Already this year, three such accidents have been called to my attention. Each resulted in the loss of life for a Scout after capsizing a canoe in rapids. As Safety Chairman, I am much disturbed that such accidents occur. It seems that the great majority are caused by inexperience in the more demanding situations. It is a large step from the completion of the Merit Badge in Canoeing to the safe handling of a canoe in whitewater and yet many of the accidents lead you to believe that this was attempted. Indeed, there must also be a question of the victim's swimming ability!

I don't know that there is a single answer to absolutely prevent recur-

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rence of such accidents. Whitewater canoeing, as well as the other activities mentioned, has inherent danger and accidents do happen, even to the more proficient paddlers. Legislation will not prevent these accidents without undesirable stifling of the sport. Restricting the use of the waters is unrealistic due to the change of character of most streams at different water levels. Licensing the boat operators is ridiculous on two counts: (1) extreme difficulty in administration and (2) resulting discrimination to all canoeists. Education is called for and control seems necessary but the former cannot be enforced and the latter seems a form of encroachment on individual freedom.

I hereby invite our readers to comment on the problem "What Should Be Done to Minimize the Possibility of Injury, Loss of Equipment or Loss of Life in a Canoeing Accident."

In the meantime, may I suggest that:

(1) All clubs and competent individual paddlers extend their assistance to the newcomers of our sport, and that the clubs publicize the desirability of participating in such activities in controlled conditions and group organization.

(2) That safety personnel of the canoeing organizations at all levels publicize the hazards of the sport and means of obtaining information and instruction.

(3) That council officials monitor the programs of the units of their council to urge full preparation for such hazardous activities. This is applicable to Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, A.R.C., YMCA, other youth groups and to the canoeing clubs themselves.

(4) That leaders of units in all the above organizations be encouraged to become proficient themselves before attempting to instruct their members and/or to obtain the help of those who are.

(5) That parents monitor the whole group: their children, their children's leaders, the clubs and the instructors to satisfy themselves of the efforts to provide safety along with the challenge of the activity.

It is my sincere hope that the beginners and novices will seek and readily

find help, that we can reduce the numbers of accidents through this cooperative program of education, that Scout (and other) leaders will never cease helping to provide a challenging program and that legislation and all other governmental control will remain minimal.

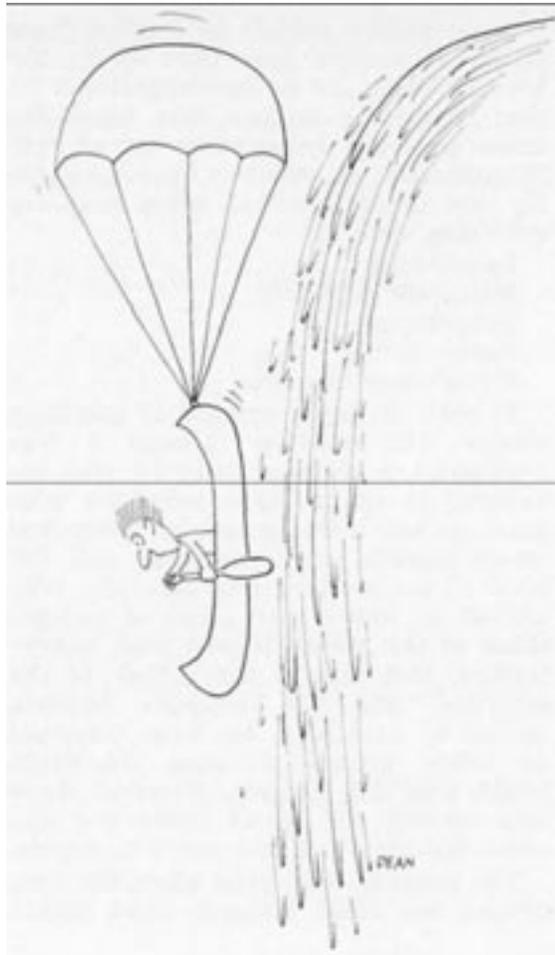
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American WHITEWATER



1972 U.S. OLYMPIC WHITEWATER SLALOM TEAM. Standing, left to right: Wick Walker (Mass.), C-1; Jamie McEwan (Md.), C-1; John Holland (Calif.), K-1; Sandy Morrison (Minn.), C-1; John Burton (Pa.), C-2; Sandy Campbell (Mass.), K-1; Russ Nichols (N.Y.), C-2; John Evans (Calif.), C-2; "Doc" Dodson (Texas), U.S. Olympic Trainer. Seated: Eric Evans (N.H.), K-1; Tom Johnson (Calif.), Team Manager; Cindi Goodwin (Va.), Louise Holcombe (Md.), Lyn Ashton (Md.), K-1W; Jay Evans (N.H.), Team Coach; Tom Southworth (Pa.), C-2.

REFLECTIONS ON THE OLYMPIC TRIALS

A personal statement by Jay Evans, U. S. Olympic Slalom Coact

An extraordinary thing happened to Whitewater Slalom during the last week in July of 1972. The seeds of this 'happening' had been planted many, many months before.

First, two men, Mark Fawcett and Tom Southworth had sat down over a year ago to figure out an equitable Olympic Team Selection Method. Neither man had ever been to an Olympic trials of any sort, and Whitewater Slalom itself could give them nothing to fall back on to use as a guide. Undaunted, they put together a totally original selection method which — in

theory at least — seemed to be a logical and fair way in which to choose U. S. A.'s finest for Munich.

Secondly, a group of people somewhere in the back country west of Washington, D. C. had formed a whitewater club called A.R.R.F.! Over the past two or three years this group had run some excellent slaloms on the Savage River and had then put in a bid to host the Olympic Whitewater Trials.

Both the Selection Method and the A.R.R.F.! bid were presented to the U. S. Olympic Kayak and Canoe Committee and approved. Word went out all

across the country and the wheels began to turn. Plans forged ahead—in spite of a crippling flood that swept through sections of the Middle Atlantic states in early July. As the qualifiers drove into the area a few days ahead they saw huge posters in store windows and a large welcome sign stretched across the highway. It became obvious from the very start that A.R.R.F.! had done its homework well. State, federal, and local organizations had all been welded together in an unprecedented effort to present a really fine and well-run set of races. There were concession stands, first aid stations, portable toilets, information booths, press headquarters, a bus shuttle service, a barbecue, the crowning of a whitewater queen, a local street carnival and a host of other services and courtesies including all night parking on either side of the street and even a proclamation from the governor of Maryland. In terms of support our athletes couldn't possibly have asked for more.

And now the intense drama of the four-day Olympic Trials began to unfold. No one really knew the Selection Method would work, but all parties from all corners of the United States came to lend a hand. With the superb leadership of Joe Monahan and Mark Fawcett the trials got under way. Ted Young, our National Slalom Chairman, came all the way from Seattle, others came from Oregon, California, the Midwest and Georgia. Tom Cooper, the A.C.A. Commodore from Denver flew in. Former champions of yesteryear like Bill Bickham, John Berry, Ted Altenecker, and Bill Clayton appeared along the river bank. A truly national event. Legions of volunteer gate judges willingly pitched in to help.

To deny an air of tension present at the trials would be simply to misrepresent the spirit of the day. Tension there was and plenty of it, and it mounted as each day's results were posted. But it was tension totally devoid of petty bickering and friction. Everybody was pulling together.

With the exception of one class (C-1, where the first two slots were pretty well conceded) all the places were up

for grabs and there was no clear-cut favorite. Any one of ten boaters could make it in K-1, any one of 7 in K-1W, and the C-2 class had four almost indistinguishable crews fighting for only 2 spots.

Owing to the intense competition, and the reward at stake I felt that for the very first time in the United States a race was conducted that compared favorably in intensity and ferocity of competition with a European International Slalom.

The Age of Augsburg came to the United States in late July, and thanks to the efforts of A.R.R.F.! and a well-conceived selection method our Olympic Trials of 1972 became a high mark in the history of American whitewater racing.

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McEWAN EARNS OLYMPIC BRONZE

In spite of its fledgling status in the Olympics, whitewater slalom (photo-genic sport that it is) received admirable coverage on TV and how exciting it was that the first event to be presented resulted in a medal for the U. S. A., the first individual medal ever for us in world competition! Jamie McEwan, bronze medal winner in C-1 slalom, is 19 and a member of the Canoe Cruisers of the Washington, D. C. area. He is also the current U. S. C-1 champion. Eric Evans of Ledyard Canoe Club, Dartmouth, also made a spectacular showing with his 7th place in K-1.

The C-2 competition was perhaps most exciting to watch—it is interesting that of the twenty boats in this class, eight did not finish one run and one of these did not finish either run. John Burton and Tom Southworth of the U. S. gave these unfortunates a little lesson in rolling; however, they apparently knew the TV camera was on them so they threw in a little added suspense by waiting until the second attempt to come all the way up.



Jamie McEwan



Eric Evans



Lynn Ashton, K-1W



John Evans (stern) and Russ Nichols (bow)
Photos by Art Vitarelli

1972 OLYMPIC WHITEWATER SLALOM RESULTS

Following the list of results is an analysis of the competition by Jay Evans, U. S. Olympic Whitewater Slalom coach. Note that the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) took all four gold medals—TIME magazine reported that the East Germans sent

specialists to Augsburg to study the course and then built a replica of it on the Pleisse River for their athletes to train on. (In Jay Evans' Olympic Report in the Summer, 1972 **American Whitewater**, he jokingly predicted that the Russians might do that very thing.)

C-1 August 28, 1972	Pen	Time	Score
1. Eiben, Reinhard, GDR	30	285.84	315.84
2. Kauder, Reinhold, GER	20	307.89	327.89
3. McEwan, Jamie, USA	40	295.95	335.95
4. Foerster, Jochen, GDR	70	284.42	354.42
5. Peters, Wolfgang, GER	70	286.25	356.25
6. Koehler, Juergen, GDR	60	312.88	372.88
7. Tresnak, Karel, TCH	70	315.07	385.07
8. Sodonka, Petr, TCH	90	401.11	391.11
9. Pulec, Zbynek, TCH	60	331.38	391.38
10. Morrison, Angus, USA	100	293.77	393.77
11. Walker, Wickliffe, USA	30	369.76	399.76
12. Tranchant, Michel, FRA	80	325.98	405.98
13. Albert, John, GER	110	328.40	439.40
14. Hocevar, Tone, YUG	80	365.40	445.40
15. Baux, Claude, FRA	140	323.16	463.16
16. Heinemann, Bernhard, GER	90	377.41	467.41
17. Prelovsek, Damjan, YUG	160	323.85	483.85
18. Bonnet, Francots, FRA	199	336.17	526.17
19. Griffith, William, CAN	190	340.64	530.64
20. Caborne, Rowan, GBR	210	351.12	561.12
21. Dinsdale, Geoffrey, GBR	190	386.72	576.72
22. Paul, Edi, SUI	150	392.50	642.50

K-1W August 30, 1972	Pen	Time	Score
1. Bahmann, Annelika, GDR	60	304.50	364.50
2. Grothaus, Gisela, GER	60	338.15	398.15
3. Wunderlich, M., GER	60	340.50	400.50
4. Cwierniewicz, M., POL	90	342.30	432.30
5. Godawska, K., POL	60	381.05	441.05
6. Brown, Victoria, GBR	90	353.71	443.71
7. Deppe, Ulrike, GER	90	366.44	456.44
8. Kapplova, Bohumila, TCH	100	360.16	460.16
9. Ashton, Lyn, USA	90	386.41	476.41
10. Falke, Martina, GDR	80	402.20	482.20
11. Boedecker, Sybille, GDR	100	382.88	482.88
12. Kamber, Danielle, SUI	150	371.81	521.81
13. Goodman, Heather, GBR	170	357.50	527.50
14. Goodwin, Cynthia, USA	200	328.50	528.50
15. Holcombe, Louise, USA	120	412.30	532.30
16. Polesna, Ludmila, TCH	110	427.47	537.47
17. Roland, Rosine, BEL	170	382.03	552.03
18. Sattler, Barbara, AUT	170	387.67	557.57
19. Khertseva-Khertsberga, B. URS	220	394.42	614.42
20. Kaeser, Elisabeth, SUI	260	372.88	632.88
21. Squires-Goodwin, P., GBR	300	373.60	673.60
22. Novotna, Ruzena, TCH	150	529.80	679.80

K-1 August 28, 1972	Pen	Time	Score
1. Horn, Siegbert, GDR	10	258.56	268.56
2. Sattler, Norbert, AUT	10	260.78	270.78
3. Gimpel, Harald, GDR	20	257.95	277.95
4. Peters, Ulrich, GER	30	252.82	282.82
5. Baum, Alfred, GER	30	258.01	288.01
6. Havlicek, Marian, TCH	40	249.56	289.56
7. Evans, Eric, USA	30	266.34	306.34
8. Bremer, Juergen, GDR	40	263.15	303.15
9. Spasovski, Mile, YUG	20	286.91	306.71
10. Presslmayr, Kurt, AUT	20	291.86	311.86
11. Maccari, Patrick, FRA	50	261.40	311.40
12. D'Angelo, Roberto, ITA	30	284.21	314.21
13. Heiz, Edi, SUI	60	256.74	316.74
14. Stanuch, Jerzy, POL	40	277.09	317.09
15. Schlecht, Hans, AUT	40	279.60	319.60
16. Koechlin, Eric, FRA	50	280.87	330.87
17. Di Stazio, Mario, ITA	50	286.04	336.04
18. D'Angelo, Giuseppe, ITA	30	307.49	337.49
19. Holland, John, USA	60	277.82	337.82
20. Ourednik, Vlastimil, TCH	70	263.70	338.70
21. Colombe, Alain, FRA	50	289.54	339.54
22. Mitchell, David, GBR	60	283.02	343.02
23. Gawronski, Wojciech, POL	50	293.10	343.10
24. Collins, Gerard, IRL	50	297.95	347.95
25. Dubravko, Matakovic, YUG	40	311.06	351.06
26. Gerlach, Juergen, GER	110	251.10	361.10
27. Baeni, Peter, SUI	100	277.41	377.41
28. Campbell, Sandy, USA	70	311.99	381.99
29. Ibramimbegovic, Z., YUG	140	250.07	390.07
30. MacLeod, John, GBR	120	278.99	398.99
31. Naskidashvili, G., URS	90	314.36	404.36
32. Calverley, Raymond, GBR	130	280.80	410.80
33. Hasler, Hanspeter, SUI	100	323.95	423.95
34. Munshaw, Eric, CAN	130	304.08	434.08
35. Poenn, Heinz, CAN	140	310.28	450.28
36. Okada, Shoken, JPN	130	366.78	496.78
37. Kerckhoff, Hermann, CAN	290	305.46	595.46

C-2 August 30, 1972	Pen	Time	Score
1. Hoffmann/Rolf, GDR	40	270.68	310.68
2. Schumacher/Baues, GER	20	291.90	311.90
3. Olry/Olry, FRA	10	305.10	315.10
(The names of the rest of the competitors were illegible on the copy we received.)			
4. GDR	30	299.57	329.57
5. POL	40	326.21	366.21
6. YUG	50	318.01	368.01
7. GER	70	301.86	371.86
8. AUT	10	365.14	375.14
9. GER	80	306.67	386.67
10. TCH	80	308.88	388.88
11. TCH	80	322.30	402.30
12. Southworth/Burton, USA	90	317.55	407.55
13. POL	50	366.10	416.10
14. Nichols/Evans, USA	130	310.06	440.06
15. GER	80	367.08	447.08
16. TCH	130	319.10	449.10
17. POL	160	295.70	455.70
18. GDR	200	368.44	568.44
19. YUG	260	328.55	588.55
GBR			DNF

Legend:
 GDR—German Democratic Republic (East Germany)
 GER—West Germany S 11—Switzerland
 FRA—France ITA—Italy
 POL—Poland IRL—Ireland
 YUG—Yugoslavia CAN—Canada
 AUT—Austria JPN—Japan
 TCH—Czechoslovakia BEL—Belgium
 GBR—Great Britain URS—Soviet Union



OLYMPIC REPORT

Jay Evans, U. S. Olympic Whitewater Slalom Coach

If someone had said the night before the race that at the end of the first day's competition the U. S. A. White-water Team would have earned as many medals as the West Germans, and that our team—by the end of the competition—would beat at least one East German boat in every class I think we all would have agreed that this person must be deranged.

Yet, somehow, miraculously, these things did happen, and other good things as well.

WHAT WE WERE UP AGAINST

In attempting to improve our position in international competition we found ourselves faced with three disadvantages right at the start.

A. Most of the other nations (being more sensitive about a poor showing at the Olympics) sent only those boaters they thought had a fair crack at a medal. As a result, the bottom half of a normal world championship list in C-1, K-1W, and C-2 was totally missing, and only one-third of the K-1 class was present—the top third. Specifically this meant that our best previous American effort in C-2 (19th out of 38 at Merano) would—if equalled at the Olympics—bring the U. S. A. in next to last in an Olympic field of 20! The fact that our brand new C-2 team of Burton and Southworth, who had never raced before together internationally nor had ever raced on the Olympic site before were to place an impressive 12th must stand as one of the most significant personal triumphs at Augsburg this year.

B. Our second disadvantage was our lack of truly supervised training in contrast to the highly structured programs available in Europe. Modest training camps were held at Tarrifville, Kernville, Mascoma, and at the Eis Kanal in May and again in June. But it wasn't until our formal training camp at Augsburg in the final two weeks prior to the Olympics that we discovered to the dis-

may of our coaching staff that there were some paddlers still not in sufficient physical condition, nor strong enough and what was worse—through unstructured training—had developed bad or sloppy habits.

C. Our third disadvantage was our lack of opportunity to become as accustomed to the unique Augsburg course as most of the major countries we were competing against. Almost half of the West German team lived right in Augsburg and, in addition to 5 weeks of training camps, were able to practice there twice a week over the past year. In addition they held their national championship there last year and a week of final Olympic Trials there this year. In contrast seven of our team members had not raced on the course at all before.

HOW WE TRAINED

It was clear that the U. S. A. White-water Team, upon its arrival at the Olympic site two weeks before the event, had to play 'catch up ball' if it hoped to make a respectable showing during the Olympic Games. Earlier, the team members had been asked to submit suggestions on how the team could best prepare during the final two weeks. From these suggestions a general plan evolved which consisted of three major thrusts:

A. Detailed, section by section mastery of parts of the Eis Kanal gradually combining them into full-scale non-stop training.

B. Flat water training and general conditioning such as soccer, weight work and running.

C. Time trials on the course itself.

It was also decided to stay at Augsburg for the first half of the training period (as many of the other nations did), take a break and then move into the hurly burly of the Olympic Village. In retrospect this was a wise decision. After careful work for a week we faced our first time trials on the course. The

results were shattering. One C-2 was not able to complete the course either time, and the other C-2 completed only one of three attempts. Only 2 K-1W's ran and only one was able to finish the course. In all there were 4 DNF's and 4 DNR's and only four runs were registered which had less than 60 penalty points.

By contrast at the West German Trials the West German boaters had runs of 0, 10, 20 and 30 penalty points. In fact one boater had a clean run and still wasn't fast enough to make the team. Our first time trials proved clearly that we still had a long way to go in some classes and our deficiency in strength and endurance wasn't helping us at all in those classes. Nevertheless we kept after it and with each succeeding time trials our results improved.

THE MENTAL ASPECTS

The Olympic Competitors' Guidebook cautions coaches about the unusually intense anxiety a racer faces when he competes in the Olympics, but it does not mention the 'Making The Team Syndrome.' This can best be described as an emotional letdown after learning that one has actually 'made the Olympic team' while believing simultaneously that one's chances for a medal are so remote that it really isn't worth the effort.

Fortunately, most members of our team were highly motivated and had lots of pride. They were eager to train and prepare the best they could and they were a pleasure to work with. Only a small minority suffered from the 'Making the Team Syndrome,' content that their primary goal had been realized and therefore appeared late for practice—or not at all or simply made a few half-hearted attempts per day on the course and did little in the way of other kinds of conditioning. Fortunately, the 'I came here to play, not to work' philosophy was in the distinct minority.

THE RACE ITSELF

It certainly exceeded our fondest expectations. With two brand new, inexperienced C-2's, one placing 12th and the other 14th we improved over our

best previous American effort of 19th in that class. In the two heats there were a total of 9 DNFs which gives an indication of the difficulty of the course for the C-2 class.

In C-1 for the first time all three of our boats placed in the top half of the class (3rd, 10th and 11th). Particularly satisfying was Jamie McEwan's 3rd place bronze medal which was met with wild jubilation. The Augsburg newspaper called it a 'sensation.'

In K-1 our previous best showing was 10th place. This year Eric Evans placed 7th in the most competitive class (a personal high for him), John Holland 19th, and Sandy Campbell 28th.

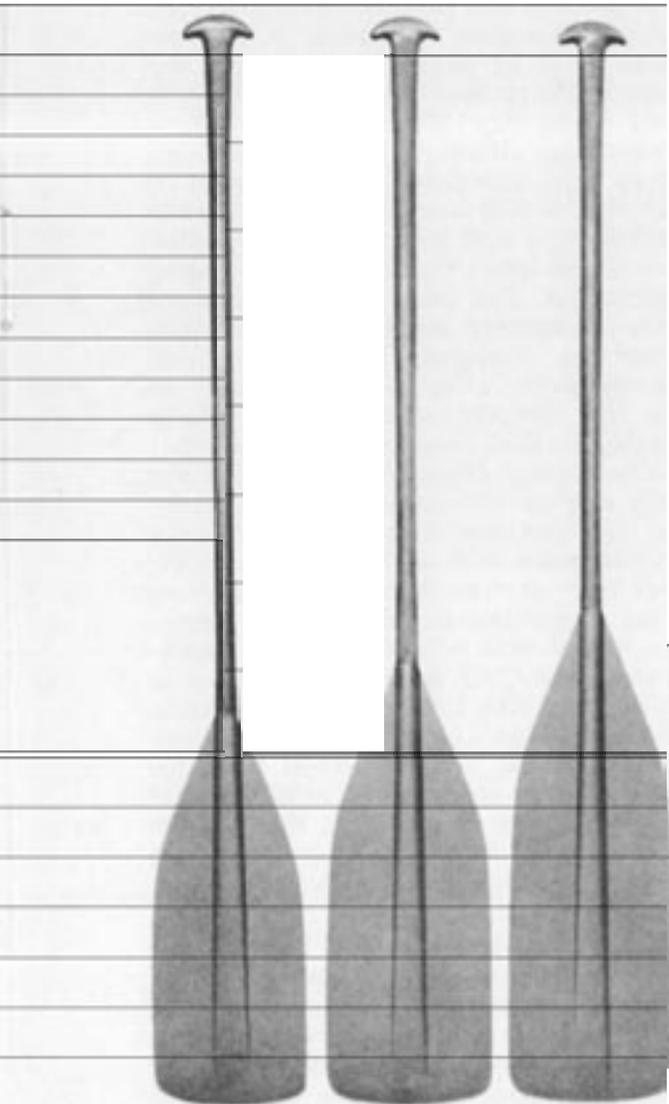
THOSE TO WHOM WE ARE IN DEBT

Some people said we were just plain lucky, and perhaps we were. Certainly we upset the oddsmakers. Nevertheless for any one person, club or training camp to take credit for the success of the team is simply an absurd posture to assume. Too many people had a hand in it over too long a period of time: those who remained back home who had helped us with our training; those who worked at the Olympic Trials; those who devised the Selection Method; those who helped to raise money; those who helped with publicity; especially those six Americans (Alexander, Koliivas, Webster, Meyer and Bill and Abbie Endicott) who, at their own expense, came over to form our coaching staff; the High Performance Products Company which supplied our boats and Sam Galpin; and not the least was the United States Olympic Committee which generously gave us team development and preparation funds a year ago as well as transportation and an opportunity to train at Augsburg, a full-time trainer, and numerous other courtesies.

Hopefully, our over-all results on the scoreboard are in some small measure a token of the team's appreciation and gratitude for all the help-it received.

Jewelry for Paddlers—pins, charms, tie tacks, etc., etc. from the ACA National Paddling Committee. Profits go to promote racing. For ordering information write NPC Jewelry, Rt. 1, Box 83, Buchanan, Mich. 49107

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CONCEPT

The line of Iliad canoe paddles has been designed and engineered to apply advanced techniques and quality aerospace material to the requirements of the serious canoeist. The grip and shaft fall eagerly to hand for precise control and comfort. Blade size may be chosen to suit the individual paddler's preference or requirements.

Superior strength and durability are attained through the proper choice of plastics systems and aluminum alloy; yet the weight is no greater than that of most wooden paddles of similar size. This light weight plus generous blade area and a hydraulic efficiency generated by the thin blade give the canoeist greater power and control with less effort, whether paddling whitewater or flatwater.

CONSTRUCTION

Iliad canoe paddles have as a backbone a continuous piece of high-strength, corrosion resistant, aluminum alloy tubing that extends from within the grip to within 3" of the tip of the blade. It is flattened to a taper within the blade for streamlining, and ovoided at the grip and throat for comfort. A nylon/epoxy covering is applied to the shaft to insulate the hands from the cold aluminum and to provide a secure wet grip. The blade, of high density fiberglass and carefully compounded epoxy, is molded directly onto the shaft, as is the grip. A continuous structure of high strength to weight ratio results, eliminating breakage so often attributed to both fiberglass and wooden construction. A minimum of color is added to the blade to reduce transparency without weakening the epoxy.

SPECIFICATIONS

Blade:	22", 25", 28" long, 8 1/4" to 9" wide. 22" is 0.065" thick, 25" and 28" are 0.075" thick with last 3" at tip 0.095" thick for wear resistance. Color is off-white.
Blade Area:	22", 162 sq. in.; 25", 190 sq. in.; 28", 220 sq. in.
Shaft:	Heavy duty aluminum standard. Lightweight shaft standard on 22" paddles under 60" and on request for 22" paddles over 60".
Shaft Color:	Red standard, blue on request.
Shaft Length:	(Overall) 51", 54", 57", 60", 63", 66", 69", 72". Other lengths 52.00 extra.
Shaft Size:	1-5/16", ovoided at throat grip.
Grip:	Comfortable modified T, cast directly onto shaft.
Weight-Typical:	22" lightweight, 1.8* 22" standard, 2.1*, 25"-2.5*, 28"-2.6*.
Price:	\$24.00 plus shipping costs. Massachusetts Residents add 3% sales tax.
Shipping Costs:	Single paddle East of Mississippi, 52.00. Single paddle West of Mississippi, 53.00.

The Great Bosque Rip-off

David Foreman, River Defense, P. O. Box 496, Corrales, NM 87048

The bosque is the riparian community of cottonwoods, willows, salt cedars, and Russian olives found in the bottom lands along Southwestern river valleys. The bosque is one of the most beautiful and integral features that make up the geographical and natural environment of New Mexico. In addition, it is an irreplaceable part of New Mexico's unique cultural heritage. But, unfortunately, nature and the American economic machine are all too often incompatible.

For example, the sheep industry does not believe it can co-exist with the coyote, so the coyote must be extirpated from its natural range. Los Angeles' soaring power needs must be met somewhere, and the Four Corners Power plant is the answer—to the detriment of New Mexico's air and New Mexico's health. So it is that the already-fat-through - government - subsidies cotton growers of southern New Mexico must have their insatiable thirst for water quenched somehow.

Water is a rare and precious commodity in New Mexico. And this is where the bosque comes into conflict with the American economic machine. The Bureau of Reclamation does not consider the vegetation of the bosque to be **trees**, providing pleasing contrast to the plains and desert and where the birds and animals may lodge, but as **phreatophytes**, long-rooted plants obtaining their moisture from the water table. In other words, the bosque uses water, water the cotton growers want—and need to grow fatter.

To provide water for downstream users, the Bureau of Reclamation has contrived the Rio Grande Water Salvage Project, which is the euphemism for the devastation of the bosque. Under this plan, about 19,000 acres of the bosque would be denuded of its trees in the hopes of salvaging 33,000 acre-feet of water annually.

Several groups are opposing this travesty, foremost among them, River

Defense, which is a New Mexico-based group dedicated to the preservation of Western rivers. River Defense bases its objection to the plan on five principal points. The first of which is that no water will be saved by stripping the bosque. Forty thousand acres of bottom land along the Pecos River in New Mexico has already been cleared. Engineers from the Bureau of Reclamation and the United States Geodetic Survey looked high and low and were unable to find evidence that one drop of water was saved. The same results occurred after a similar project on the Gila River in Arizona. Why, then, will phreatophyte clearing save water on the Rio Grande, when it has totally failed on other Southwestern rivers?

The second objection deals with the high cost of the project. Initial clearing will cost over \$3 million and yearly maintenance will be \$130,000, or a 10-year total of over \$5 million paid by us—the American taxpayers. The benefits, if any, will go only to a few downstream users. An acre-foot of water is presently worth \$7.50 in the Rio Grande Valley, so that even if all the water planned to be saved is saved (and we have already seen that it is likely that no water will be saved), the project would barely break even, mounting up to an extra Federal subsidy to the cotton growers.

Thirdly, clearing of the bosque will cause extreme destruction of prime wildlife habitat and attendant loss of wildlife. In an arid state like New Mexico, a lush woodland such as the bosque with permanent water has a rich and valuable wildlife population. Ducks, geese, cranes, herons, and myriad other birds winter there or live year round. Transforming the bosque into levelled sand and the Rio Grande into a ruler straight channel with artificial sides will cause the disappearance of this wildlife resource.

The fourth objection deals with the fact that much of the clearing will be

done with herbicides. The Bureau of Reclamation received national notoriety last summer and fall for its negligent and possibly criminal use of highly toxic poisons along the Rio Grande. Last July a helicopter under contract to the Bureau sprayed the land of two small New Mexico ranchers with Silvex or 2,4,5-TP, an exceedingly virulent herbicide banned from use as a defoliant in Vietnam. The Bureau had given no warning of the spraying operation nor had it asked permission from either rancher. Over one hundred of their cattle have died from the Silvex spraying and one of the ranchers' daughters was also sprayed and she has been sick ever since. The case is presently in litigation. If such an accident can occur from just a pilot spraying program, what will happen under the full-blown Rio Grande Water Salvage Project? How many cattle will die? How many small ranchers and farmers will be ruined? How many children will be made ill?

River Defense's fifth objection is to the increase of bureaucratic control and the corresponding waste of tax dollars. The land to be cleared is mostly public land (our land) and several state agencies oppose the plan, but the Federal

Bureaucracy is where the power is and where our tax money goes. The welfare of the public evidently does not count.

My major personal objection to the project, however, is that it is another of the innumerable major and minor rapes of our natural environment. It is time that we look at the bosque and see, not the economic wasting of water, but an integral part of the nature of which we are, though some may cringe to admit it, also a part. The Rio Grande Water Salvage Project is but one example of the prevailing hubristic philosophy of the time, the philosophy considering man apart from nature and nature as something to be dominated and exploited, the philosophy that will soon drown us all in our own excrement.

* * *

If you would care for some more information on the Great Bosque Rip-Off or to find out what you can do to prevent it; or for any information on the conservation and protection of our great Western rivers, please write to River Defense, P. O. Box 496, Corrales, New Mexico 87048.

FILMS AVAILABLE

Tuolumne River 1969: California downriver run, a fantastic whitewater challenge (Class IV-V), showcase of modern paddling technique. Filmed by John Googins and Jim Sindelar. Super 8mm, color, silent, 16 min. Rental fee \$3.50. Specify date wanted; write 30 days in advance to Sierra Club RTS, c/o John L. Googins, 3072 Lynde St., Oakland, CA 94601.

USOC film: **Whitewater**, by Jon Fauer. Portrays in 16mm the thrill, excitement and pageantry of the U. S. Whitewater Team in slalom at the World Championships in Merano, Italy, June, 1971. With narration, 26 min. U. S. Olympic Committee, 37 Park Ave., New York, NY 10040.

AWA Whitewater Training Film: whitewater canoeing with emphasis on training and safety. Appropriate as a

training aid for beginners and intermediates or as an introductory film of general interest. 16mm, with narration, 30 min. Rental fee: \$10.00 plus return postage and insurance. Shafer's Agency, Chatsworth, IL 60921.

The following four films are available free of charge from Tom Wilson, High Performance Products, Inc., 349 Lincoln St., Bldg. 56-H Hingham, MA 02043. Phone (617) 749-5374, 5375, 5499.

1971 U. S. Whitewater Team, by Kemex Corp. 30-minute film for television. 16mm, color, with narration.

Kayaks, by Len Aitken. 16mm, color, sound (no narration), 13 min.

Merano 1971, by Sam Galpin. Super 8mm, color. Sequences of U.S. and top European competitors — Excellent training film.

DOWN THE WILD RIVERS . . .

Did He, or Didn't He?

DOWN THE WILD RIVERS: a guide to the streams of California, by Thomas Harris, Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 207 pp. \$4.95.

Here is a very professional production in an attractive, soft cover describing twenty of the streams in California's vast river system. The vivid descriptions bring so much realism to the runs that it is difficult to believe that possibly the author, an environmental journalist and open canoeist, hasn't made every run. Yet the question in experienced boating groups is not whether all the runs were made, but how many. If there is suspicion among those who frequent popular rivers, there is little doubt among those few that have spent days scouting streams that cannot be run.

The author makes no claim to having run any of the streams described except to the extent that his personal adventures enter into the accounts of some of the runs. However, the book cover implies that this is a first-hand, detailed account of each run, with "everything needed by the novice and expert alike"—which it certainly isn't.

Rifling through the pages to see what rivers were included, we were startled by a caption for a truly incredible run on the American River: "South Fork—Kyburz to Folsom Lake (35 miles, Class I-V, Running Time 12 hours)." In the forward the book stated it made no apologies for rivers "talked of only fleetingly." This has to be the classic cop-out. Apparently no apology is being made for not telling "expert" kayakers of a treacherous rapid and a diversion dam just below Kyburz, an inaccessible canyon into which the river drops at the ungodly rate of 200 feet per mile, a 230-foot-high dam, a vertical-walled canyon with a blind turn plunging into an unrunable gorge, and a 100-foot dam. The actual mileage to this point is already 38 miles (experts have managed to run only 8 of these miles), with 20

miles of standard runs yet to go before we reach the take-out point at Folsom Lake. (The **actual** mileage on this so-called "Run" is 58 miles.)

The book is replete with maps that seemingly detail each run, but a close examination shows that, with rare exception, the hundreds of miles of rivers in this book are devoid of information on unusual rapids, features, hazards, or falls, as in the foregoing example.

There are two sections of the Cosumnes River that have never been run and rarely considered by club experts because of their severe gradients (150 and 120 feet per mile). Yet the book suggests that one part "might be exciting" for rafts (we first learned of this section through an obituary column), but that others should scout it first (good advice!). On the other stretch, labeled Class IV-V, the detailed account of the first two miles (apparently as far as the river can be scouted easily) leads the reader to believe that this is a proved, though difficult run.

By curious coincidence, both this book and an earlier description of a former run use the caption, "Box Canyon Dam," and this time we have a relatively recent dam that is on the map! What is more remarkable is that the book fails to attach any significance to its own caption. If there is any practical way to get past the 200-foot sheer concrete face of the dam and into the vertical-walled canyon, the book fails to mention that the problem even exists.

Admittedly, the book is designed for the average, weekend boater. What it fails to appreciate is how quickly any person with a checklist of rivers can become an "expert." A Class III one day, an easy or over-rated IV at ideal water levels the next, and the "expert" is ready for one of the above runs.

Even on the easier rivers there are suspicious errors, omissions, and bad advice that suggest that some of the

runs either are not first-hand accounts or are very poor ones based on limited experience. There are put-ins and take-outs on private property, including a run into a reservoir on which canoes and kayaks have always been prohibited. A deceptively beautiful description of the Eel River fails to give specifics on the river, not even Island Mountain Falls and several other bug-bears which open canoes would have to portage even if they ran a month later than the dreadful date given in the book. On a popular river, no mention is made of a power dam whose sudden releases can play hob with intermediate boaters in mid run. Understandably, San Juan rapid could be overlooked by a competent canoeist, perhaps at low water, but it is often portaged by beginners; the alleged safety of another river is touted instead of its notorious, boat-eating "tank traps"—sorry omissions for two of the most heavily used beginners' rivers in a book that caters more toward this group.

And on it goes. The most crucial matter of water level and running season likewise runs the gamut from good, to vague, superficial, misleading, and wrong.

This is all very sad. California has long needed a book that would help the novice to reach those few remaining precious and remote rivers where one can still take an extended vacation by canoe, a book that speaks enticingly to the outsider about the joys of river touring, that describes eloquently the beauty of our streams, and calls out against the destruction of our rivers (even if it doesn't quite understand where the dams are). Perhaps it has done an adequate job on many of the easier runs, particularly those that are described in detail, where one could hardly be expected to go far wrong. But many boaters have learned that even the most innocent-appearing stream is not really known until some reliable person has run every inch. The book tried for too many rivers, it reached too far upstream, and in the process it shattered its own credibility. The experienced boater doesn't need

this book to find water. The boating public needs a more trustworthy book.

Carl Trost
San Francisco Bay Area River
Touring Section, Sierra Club

Additional Comments:

I also reviewed this guidebook, and certainly can corroborate the numerous inaccuracies, omissions, and bad observations and advice relative to the runs with which I am familiar. It is unfortunate that the author did not limit his coverage to those easier streams for which he could give a first-hand account. One further comment pertains to the reference pictures of various classes of whitewater in the introductory section of the book, where the "class V" picture shows two people in an undecked "rubber ducky" with no apparent life jackets. I can only say that if this is the author's idea of river safety in class V water, it is just as well that he did not run the steeper rivers!

Jim Sindelar

OTHER GUIDE BOOKS

WILD WATER WEST VIRGINIA, a paddler's guide to the whitewater rivers of the mountain state, by Bob Burrell and Paul Davidson. Copyright 1972. Paperback. 159 pp. \$5.00 plus 25¢ postage and handling. Order from Bob Burrell, 1412 Western Ave., Morgantown W. Va. 26505.

Our compliments to the authors for one of the best river guides we've seen recently. Perhaps a bit high-priced for its size, but probably well worth it to those boaters at whom it is directed—intermediate to advanced whitewater paddlers in closed boats—for the careful and detailed descriptions of the numerous exciting runs to be found in that state. We unfortunately can't really judge how accurate the descriptions are, not ever having seen or run any of the rivers ourselves, but after having read the guide we'd like to correct that situation! However, to our knowledge the authors are responsible and reliable River Rats who are obvi-

ously well acquainted with the rivers discussed in their guide.

The informative and entertaining introduction defines the class rating system used and includes helpful hints on finding one's way around the state. The Glossary is apparently intended to be more humorous than useful but we felt the reliable character of the rest of the book was belied by the overly droll tone of the glosses (example: "pillow"—see "padded boulder"; "Padded boulder"—see "pillow"). The guide proper is broken down by watershed, with first a colorful description of the area, including entertaining historical background and environmental analysis. Then each river in the watershed is divided into standard runs for discussion. For each run is given: class (based on the international classification system of 1-6), gradient, volume, scenery rating, estimated time (conservative) required for the trip, and the lowest and highest levels at which the run has been made. Then follows a general description of the run, detailed analysis of difficulties to be encountered, and shuttle and gauge information. Several maps are included, and the river index is handily situated on the back cover.

CANOE MANUAL FOR THE OZARK NATIONAL SCENIC WATERWAY, Current and Jacksfork Rivers, by Raymond A. Palmer. Copyright 1972. 34 pp. \$1.31. Order from Expedition Press, 933 Sandra St., Arcadia, CA 91006.

The first 28 pages of this booklet consist simply of an elementary manual of canoeing technique directed primarily toward those with very limited river canoeing and tripping experience. Contents include suggestions for clothing and equipment, basic paddle strokes and maneuvering, reading the river, safety precautions, emergency procedures, and a section on conservation practices to help preserve the natural appearance of the park.

Following this is a list of references (both on the area and on additional canoeing and tripping technique) such as pertinent topographic and other

maps, area guidebooks, etc. along with the price and source of each. There is also a small map of the park area giving name and general location of points of interest, and a list of concessionaires in the vicinity, listing facilities and services available from each.—ILS

CANOEING WATERS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, by Ann Dyer (Reviewed by Geo. Larsen)

In this first volume, 37 pages, Ann orients her guide towards the Novice canoeist with excellent advice as to getting started canoeing, safety requirements, canoe rentals and trips, canoe and equipment purchasing and canoeing instruction books.

Ann gives specific directions for reaching and paddling scenic and interesting tidewater areas, lakes and rivers that can be readily navigated by open canoe. Her maps are carefully detailed and easy to read. She details the put-in and take-out points, driving time from Marin County, paddling distance and time required, water temperature and months for the best paddling water. She describes the paddling area as to points of interest and camping availability.

Many accomplished whitewater paddlers neglect easy but delightful wild-water areas for the challenging excitement of turbulent hydraulics; however as mates and families are acquired togetherness on easy paddling waters becomes an important growing experience. Ann points the way to delightful "togetherness" paddling on water she's carefully researched as well as paddled herself.

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OCEAN CITY WIPEOUT

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George Larsen's account of surf kayaking in the Summer '71 issue of American Whitewater brought back memories of many surfing experiences I have had—but with canoes.

First, there were the days I tried it in open canoes on the beaches of the Normandy coast in France in the late '30's with haphazard results.

Then there was the dark, cold November day that Heinz Weinberg, in his slalom kayak, and I, in my Yugo C-1, spent at Ocean City, Maryland, four or five years ago. We were fully wet-suited and met with a strange and different surf from any we had encountered before. The waves were two to three feet high, choppy, short and very close to each other. The wind was strong.

We flipped several times each but never abandoned our boats as we always rolled back up. After two hours we were exhausted and happy to stop.

But my most mind-boggling surfing experience was the following fall when Heinz, Dr. John Newdrop (his first time out surfing), Peter Brown—all three in their kayaks—and I, in my Czech C-1, went to the DelMarVa coast again.

We started out at Indian River Inlet. The waves were small—two feet high or so and not very regular or exciting.

After awhile we decided to try something more exciting and drove south to

Ocean City near the Carousel Hotel where the waves always seemed better.

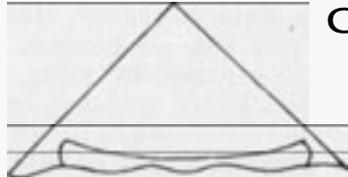
We looked the surf over for a few minutes. It was big, and the waves were coming one right after the other in close succession, whipped by some distant wind. We estimated the biggest waves at eight feet. Peter Brown had gone home after the Inlet, so John, Heinz and I strapped ourselves in our boats with some trepidation and started out.

That in itself was an enormous task as the shore sweeps were eight inches to a foot high and made it extremely difficult to free our hands to fasten our skirts. We had to help steady each other and the boats.

I paddled furiously out, and that is quite a job in a canoe; each wave stopped me cold, lifting the bow of the canoe almost straight up, then slapping the tail up, causing the boat to flatten right out, floating in the air and slamming right down on the back of each wave with a fan splash on each side.

I crossed several biggies this way and was beginning to wonder how I would turn around and catch these high waves, so close together and breaking so quickly when the whole dilemma came, in a split second, to a violent conclusion.

In a moment of sheer horror, the like of which I hadn't experienced since the time I was caught suddenly in a thirty-foot whirlpool in the Potomac Great Falls Gorge, I saw the last wave to



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cross before being in the "flat" at sea, rise to a huge crescendo, straight up, way above my head. I felt so small, humble, helpless!

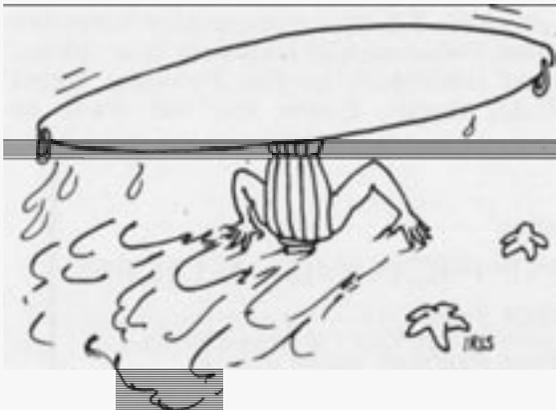
The bow of the canoe followed the wall of the wave—straight up, and I rolled end over end, bow up.

Now, I have done my share of enders by choice, bow down, at a selected spot, but this was a wholly different game!

I waited for the force of the water to slacken and I rolled up—only to be flipped right back over by the next wave. This went on four times in succession. My skirt popped out; my boat filled with water. I decided to hang on 'til shore with a low brace oceanward, praying for the sandy bottom to materialize soon.

But I had one more surprise!

The next wave spun me around and over as the water in the boat shifted and the boat fell on top of me. As the receding waters dug the sand out from under me and I was able to breathe, I got out of the boat frantically after pushing it away with a mighty thrust of the legs. I grabbed the loop and kept it from washing to sea; the next shore sweep helped me beach it.



I looked out to see how my friends were faring. Heinz was already on shore after suffering defeat.

John Newdrop had apparently been delayed at the start. I watched him

paddle bravely out. His kayak pierced through the waves until he reached the last one out, a big, big monster similar to the one which got me.

The boat went right through but the power of the wave took his paddle from his hand, right over his head.

John emerged on the ocean side of the wave only to face the next one looming over him.

When he reappeared, he was, miraculously, heading for shore sculling with his hands, one on each side. I exploded with excitement at seeing such plucky control. Alas, it was of short duration. He, too, broached and was rolled over and over 'til he reached shore. Heinz and I raced to his rescue and grabbed the boat.

I haven't quite gotten up the nerve to go surfing since. True, the opportunity hasn't presented itself, but I am not looking very hard.

Lamar Knapp had come along to film us but all he got was buxom girls walking the beach in bikinis. Some sport he was!

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Canoeing Whitewater River Guide by Randy Carter. \$4.75 ppd. Waterproof packs \$5.00 fob. Boats and Accessories. Appalachian Outfitters, P.O. Box 248, Oakton, VA 22124; 703-281-4324

Stearns Canoe-Kayak Vest now Coast Guard approved. Free movement with comfort and safety. Chain catch and zipper. \$23.00 pp. (NY add sales tax.) Vern Mauk Art and Sports, 269 East Orvis St., Massena, NY 13662. (315) 769-8691.

Suzy **Repair Tape** \$6 for 60'; Neorene **Paddling Vest** \$15, send chest, waist, height. 1/8" Neoprene, 40" wide, 12 yd., **Wetsuit Glue** \$2 for 1/2 quart, Instructions for making wetsuits, sprayskirts, \$1, Blue Ripstop Nylon Paddle Jackets \$7/Westerners add 50¢, all other orders postpaid. Wildwater Designs, Charles Walbridge, Penllyn Pike & Morris Rd., Penllyn, PA 19422.

Classified Ad Rates, **Am.** Whitewater Journal, 20¢ per word; send ad and check to Ad Mgr

RACE RESULTS

WESTFIELD RIVER WILDWATER RACE, April, 1972. Westfield, Mass.

Open C-2 Expert (19 boats)

1. M. Smith/L. Wiggin	01:07:48
2. W. O'Brien/W. Shea	01:13:17
3. B. ██████████ Spencer	01:14:36

Covered C 2 Expert (3 boats)

1. V. Wolmer/ H. Burnham	35:57
2. C. Braman/T. Braman	39:51
3. R. Fuller/ B. Pankow	43:46

K-1 Expert (10 boats)

1. S. Campbell	33:38
2. L. Bechdel	35:26
3. P. Petruski	38:24

Open C-2M Novice (7 boats)

1. B. Seehorst/N. Baker	44:25
2. D. Taylor/G. Taylor	44:35
3. D. Plumley/M. Plumley	44:57

Covered C-1 Novice (2 boats)

1. D. Thompson	52:48
2. D. Tall	66:44

K.1 Novice (2 boats)

1. M. Steele	41:23
2. S. Wass	47:49

Open C-1 Expert (6 boats)

1. R. Osthues	41:19
2. T. Foster	42:29
3. H. Mason	43:16

Covered C-1 Expert (6 boats)

1. D. Joffray	36:06
2. S. Feldman	37:28
3. A. Cairns	38:21

Open C-2 Novice (13 boats)

1. J. Wood/D. Johnson	41:48
2. B. Towns/D. Planley	41:51
3. H. West/B. West	42:08

Covered C-2 Novice (2 boats)

1. W. Haynes/J. Kawalec	46:42
2. W. Witzgerald/R. Puzzo	57:39

1973 Westfield River Wildwater Race date: Sunday, April 1.

PESHTIGO RIVER WILDWATER RACE (Midwest Div. Wildwater Championships) Wisconsin, April 22-23, 1972. Heavy Class IV water, air and water temperatures in the thirties, 6 inches of new snow.

K-1 Wildwater 17 boats)

1. Dave Reker	31:33.1
2. Bruce Campbell	32:23.8
2. John Lainq	32:03.2

C-1 Wildwater 14 boats)

1. Al Button	30:26.7
2. Bruce Weber	33:33.0
3. Steve Ransburq	33:56.1

C-2 Wildwater (3 boats)

1. F. Young/S. Rock	31:24.6
2. B. Weber/B. Campbdl	31:42.7
3. E. Olsen/S. Ransburq	34:53.2

C-2M Wildwater (2 boats)

1. W. Brummund/M. Uhalde	47:40.6
2. A. Button/B. Wonson	51:37.5

K-1 Cruising (2 boats)

1. Steve Rock	31:44.2
2. Bill Leja	38:30.1

C-1 Cruising (3 boats)

1. Walt Brummund	34:03.5
2. Fred Young	38:38.7
3. Charles Steed	57:07.0

YOUGHIOGHENY WILDWATER RACE (National Canoe. Wildwater Championships) May 7, 1972

K-1 Wildwater 115 boats)

1. Tom McEwan	32:08.2
2. Keith Backlund	33:01.6
3. David Hartunq	33:05.9

C-1 Wildwater (7 boats)

1. John Sweet	34:49.2
2. Allan Button	35:14.6
3. Norman Holcombe	37:02.9

K-1W Wildwater 15 boats)

1. Claire Martin	37:20.2
2. Donna Berglund	37:21.2
3. Barbara Brown	38:40.9

C-2 Wildwater (3 boats)

1. S. Lenkerd/S. Piccolo	35:23.7
2. D. Demaree/F. Birdsonq	36:36.8
3. V. Wolmer/H. Burnham	44:13.2

C2M Wildwater (4 boats)

1. D. Knight/C. Knight	34:12.4
2. P. Liebman/L. Mela	35:21.2
3. D. Woodward/M. Tucker	36:40.0

K-1 Cruising (6 boats)

1. Joe Stahl	35:42.3
2. Mark Kuskie	37:06.6
3. Tom Annable	39:23.0

C-1 Cruising (6 boats)

1. Tom Irwin	36:17.2
2. Charles Walbridqe	39:37.3
3. Donald Frve	39:47.5

C-2M Cruising

1. J. Goeftner/J. Goertner	45:14.5
2. P. Stahl/J. Burnard, Sr.	56:49.7

EASTERN REGIONAL CANOE 6 SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIPS.

West R., Jamaica, Vt. May 13-14, 1972

C-1 (29 boats)

	Time	Pen	Score
1. R. Spencer	229.3	0	229.3
2. J. Sweet	209.8	20	279.8
3. S. Morrison	205.3	30	235.3

K-1 (44 boats)

	Time	Pen	Score
1. D. Nutt	181.3	10	191.3
2. S. Campbell	192.9	0	192.9
3. B. Nutt	183.2	10	193.2

C-2M (6 boats)..

1. C. Knight/D. Knight	291.8	70	361.8
2. P. Liebman/L. Mela	269.2	180	449.2
3. M. Hesselgrave/ G. Thomas	220.7	660	880.7

K-1W (13 boats)

1. P. Nutt	221.7	30	251.7
2. C. Clark	254.3	20	274.3
3. L. Hibbard	239.6	90	329.6

C-2 (8 boats)

1. T. Southworth/ J. Burton	233.5	30	263.5
2. B. Hager/B. Endicott	224.7	50	274.7
3. Benham/Harris	236.7	70	306.2

BOATING IN THE GRAND CANYON—WHAT NEXT?

Scott Holzhauser, 516 W. Cherry, No. 7, Flagstaff, AZ 86001

The conquest of the Grand Canyon was surely one of the epics of man against nature. The strength of man's will was pitted against the wild and untamed fury of a mighty river. For a while, the two fought to a standoff. Some men won, some lost, and some died. Two factors changed this.

The first was the evolution of the pontoon boat. These large boats are unsinkable and have a way of covering up a boatman's mistakes and allowing him to make others. It was not always this way. The bones and wooden boats of many good men scattered along the river are evidence of this.

The second was the taming of the river by the Bureau of Reclamation. No longer do the spring floods rush through the canyon with up to 300,000 cfs. The cleansing effect of this annual spring purge is gone. The river no longer has the ability to change the character of a rapid by "cleaning it out" in a spring flood.

And so over the years, helped by better boats and the Bureau, the professional river runner evolved into a semi-permanent resident (perennial transient?) of the canyon community. The numbers of his clients grew and grew.

What happened to the canyon? It became crowded, noisy, and dirty. Let's consider these problems one at a time.

First, the noise problem. The vastness of the canyon has a way of hushing noises made by us humans. But the noise of boat engines is another matter. When there were few trips, the passengers paid their money, and part of the trip was listening to the motor most of the way. This was OK until there began to be many rafts, nearly all with motors. It is disconcerting, after running the river all morning, to stop at a quiet place for lunch, and have other rafts cruise by with their engines wide open. It seems strange at first, but it is the interaction between boats that makes

the noise problem much worse. It seems listening to your own engine is OK, but having to listen to someone else's, is an imposition!

Some boat companies have offered oar-powered trips on rafts recently for the first time. The trip takes longer. Is it worth it? I say definitely. Should the motor-powered trips be banned? The Park Service has been wrestling with this one for some time. Unfortunately, the only way to complete the trip within a one-week vacation is on a motor-powered tour. So, yes, it has its place, although I would hope motorless boats eventually come into the majority.

The Park Service feels garbage is a major problem, yet the canyon is admirably clean. Backpackers and boaters are now required to carry out all garbage except human waste. This includes combustible substances. On commercial river trips, chemical toilets are used and the waste is buried. There seems to be no bacteriological problem with this, although the chemicals might affect the environment. The Park Service is now running experiments on this in their environmental chamber which simulates inner canyon conditions. Everyone hopes that chemical toilets will be the ultimate solution as no one wants to carry septic tanks!

Keeping the beaches and camps clean is a responsibility that has recently passed from the Park Service to the commercial operators. Each operator is now responsible for a twenty-mile section of the canyon. Whether this is better than Park Service maintenance still remains to be seen.

Overcrowding is a different subject entirely. It has two main effects: a semipermanent change in the sometimes fragile ecology of the canyon, and the interaction between people and between boat parties that tends to diminish the sense of solitude some seek in the canyon. The second is most notice-

able when looking for campsites in the inner gorge. They are few and boat parties are many. No amount of services can solve this problem. It remains probably the largest reason that the number of people taking river trips must be limited. And they must, without question. In 1969 there were 6,000 people going through the canyon on river trips. In 1970 this jumped to 10,000. Ninety-three per cent were commercial and the rest were private. In 1971, limits were first established on commercial passengers, and usage increased only six per cent over 1970. The canyon can only take so much, and it is quickly reaching its limit.

The ecology of the canyon can easily be disturbed. Consider Vasey's Paradise, a place where water gushes out of vertical cliffs and tumbles down into the river. Beneath these springs, a lush microecology of bright green plants has sprung up. If people from river trips started picking leaves from the plants, they soon would have destroyed the tiny area. They soon would have poison ivy, too, as much of the verdant green vegetation there is quite revengeful! Nature seems to have foreseen this particular problem, and solved it before it began, but in other places the result could easily be very different.

The Park Service has thought long and hard about these problems. The Grand Canyon had 2 million visitors in 1970, and expects 4 million by 1980. One of the things that has been done is the preparation of a wilderness study. This proposal would make portions of Grand Canyon National Park, Grand Canyon National Monument, and Marble Canyon National Monument a part of a giant wilderness area. The Colorado River has been excluded from the present proposal primarily to permit motor-powered river trips. At the time of this writing, summer 1972, the wilderness proposal is somewhere in the legislative process. Its effect on river trips will be minimal as the Park Service in the past two or three years has already implemented most of the necessary regulations on boating.

So in the future we can expect regulations to be nearly the same as they are now, which is quite different from

two years ago. Properly qualified private parties may obtain permits by writing to

Bob Yearout
River Unit Manager
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EEL RIVER—HEARST TO OUTLET CREEK

Joe Bauer, Tomales Bay Kayak Club, Box 394, Inverness, CA 94937

We left Inverness mid-Sunday morning, March 26, 1972 and drove the 150 miles to the confluence of the Eel and Outlet Creek (the takeout point). Outlet Creek was medium low and a little muddy. The Eel also seemed low, but the water was clear and beautiful. Since it was still early afternoon, we decided to drive the eight miles to Dos Rics to check the Middle Fork which was medium high with a strange greyish color to the water. Must be snow runoff.

Back to Outlet Creek, leave a truck and on to the put-in at Hearst where we found a beautiful campsite next to the river. There were still a few hours of sunlight left so we put our boats in and paddled a few miles upstream playing in the rapids and portaging when

the current was too strong to paddle against.

Monday morning we're up early, leaving our truck with the friendly people who live in the old Hearst Hotel and off on an 18-mile, two-day trip on what is reported to be a class $2\frac{1}{2}$, very scenic, no-roads river.

The first two miles offer a few rock gardens and gravel bars, but nothing very exciting. Then the river enters an area of large rock formations on each side which constrict it and make some interesting rapids. It was here that we ran into our greatest obstacle. It wasn't whitewater or rocks, but came in the form of an irate property owner. We had been warned by some Sierra Club people to beware of the Ramseys. Mrs.

Ramsey Rapids. Photo by Joe Bauer. Nikonos 35mm.





There were some tricky side currents here. Photo by Joe Bauer. Nikonos 35mm.

Ramsey was outraged at us for standing on the rocks next to the river while we scouted the rapids. It seems that she owns both sides of the river and is somewhat up tight about property rights. We tried our best to soothe her and moved on down the river. She was the last human we saw for the next two days.

The large gray rocks continued for about 6 or 7 miles, getting grander all the while. This is the most beautiful and unusual stretch of river I've ever seen. It has a magical quality to it that defies description.

After lunch we found a nice friendly rapid with some medium-sized standing waves and played for a couple of hours.

We camped at Fish Creek which is a little over half way and easily finished the remaining eight miles the next day, stopping whenever a particular rapid caught our imagination. The high point came the morning of the second day when we saw a brown bear by the

river's edge. We also saw many deer and hawks and a few turtles.

This is truly a beautiful stretch of river with the rapids spaced very nicely throughout the trip. Most of them are straight through, but some take a bit of maneuvering. The water level was a little lower than we would have liked, but it was still challenging and we all turned over at least once, either trying to negotiate the rapids or just playing around asking for it, but with wet suits it was all in fun.

**SAVE THE
STANISLAUS —
WRITE TO
PRESIDENT NIXON**

Conservation Commentary

by Gerald Meral, AWA Conservation Chairman

Although agencies such as the Bureau of Reclamation and the Soil Conservation Service have done more than their share to destroy and mutilate the river resources of our country, the leader in the field is the Corps of Engineers. In California alone they are working on or have completed 102 river and stream projects. But their real home is in the Southeast, where their reservoirs have blotted out too many wild rivers to count.

The Corps refuses to build about half of the projects that Congress authorizes, but the other half more than make up for these. Until recently, the only way to stop a Corps project was to appeal to Congress. But since the local congressman had wanted the project in the first place, getting it killed was usually impossible.

Now there is a new way in which Corps projects are being affected. It is the lawsuit, and many conservation organizations are rushing to put it to use. Foremost among them is the Environmental Defense Fund. I must hasten to say that I am the staff scientist of the EDF West Coast office. One of my main jobs is investigating the California Water Plan, a scheme to dam up **all** of the remaining free-flowing rivers in the State.

EDF's involvement with the Corps of Engineers projects began with two in the Southeast: The Cross Florida Barge Canal and the Cossatot River. In both cases concerned local citizens organized to fight the projects, but did not have the political muscle or legal knowledge to do much, at least at first.

For the Cossatot, EDF hired a Texarkana attorney, Richard Arnold, who soon showed a special genius in environmental litigation. Using the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, which required an environmental impact statement (EIS) on all federal projects, he obtained a permanent in-

junction against the dam, although the project was almost entirely built! While the battle is not yet over, the precedent established by EDF in this case has now been used extensively around the country, not only against dams, but also against other federal projects.

EDF also obtained an injunction against the Cross-Florida Barge Canal, undoubtedly a factor in President Nixon's decision to stop the project permanently. Inspired by its success, EDF has subsequently attacked a number of other Corps of Engineers projects. These include dams on the Tennessee, Tombigbee, Duck, and other rivers. Other Corps projects under active investigation which could lead to a lawsuit are the Oakley Dam on the scenic Sangamon River in Illinois and the highly controversial Tock's Island Dam at the Water Gap on the Delaware River. The New Melones Project on the Stanislaus is also being considered. Also under active consideration is a suit against the whole concept of a very low interest rate on Corps and other projects, which makes it possible for these projects to be built.

EDF's method, which differs somewhat from other conservation groups, is that it tries to put to use scientific knowledge which is often hidden away in the minds of university and other scientists. It is the testimony of these scientists that is most influential in the courtroom. A 700-member Scientific Advisory Committee works for the sake of the environment with the small EDF staff of four scientists and seven attorneys. There are also over 25,000 members whose tax-deductible contributions enable EDF to carry out its work. You can join them by sending ten dollars or more (five dollars for students) to Environmental Defense Fund, 162 Old Town Road, East Setauket, New York 11733.

ELECTION RESULTS

Ballots for the election of a new Board of Directors and for two amendments to the Constitution have been counted with the following results:

Amendment of Article 10, to increase terms of Directors from two to four years: For, 235; Against, 14; Abstaining, 18.

Amendment to Article 12, to change finance section to conform to certain IRS rules for non-profit organizations: For, 243; Against, 8; Abstaining, 16.

Candidates elected to four (4) year terms with number of votes received by each are: Ann Schafer, 258; Gerald H. Meral, 219; Paul Davidson, 210; David O. Cooney, 205; J. Calvin Giddings, 204.

Candidates elected to two (2) year terms with number of votes: Dean Norman, 202; Duane Woltjen, 197; Don Bodley, 178; Phillip Allender, 171.

The remaining candidates with their votes are: Ray McLain, 169; Joe Monahan, 168.

Two hundred and sixty-seven ballots were counted, of which only one was invalid by reason of voting for more than the correct number of candidates.

Respectfully submitted,

Oz Hawksley, Election Secretary.

FROM THE EDITOR

We apologize for the lateness of this issue, which was held up to enable us to include the election results as well as the Olympic whitewater slalom coverage. We would like to thank those who took the time to vote in the Board of Directors election but must confess that we were disappointed in the small turnout. One wonders if this is the result of simple apathy, or just that members are generally satisfied with things as they are now. It should be pointed out that the American Whitewater Affiliation can and should be more than just a Journal, and the Board of Direc-

tors are the ones who will determine in what direction we should move. That is quite a large responsibility, yet only 15% of our membership participated in the choosing of these people.

In any case, we would like to welcome the new Board members and express our hope that the other two candidates (who were "out of it" by only two and three votes respectively) will contribute their services as committee heads. We feel fortunate that we were able to present such a capable slate to our members.

Several of the ballots received included comments, many of which may be of interest to our membership, so we are planning to print these (accompanied by an answer where appropriate) in the Winter issue.

For those who had not already noticed, as of the Summer issue we have a new **advertising manager**, Karen Gebe, Six Flags, Campton, NH 03223. Karen opened a whitewater-oriented sports shop ("Whitewater Wilderness") in the Waterville Valley area this summer. We are glad to welcome her to the staff. Another new staff member as of this issue is our **racing editor**, Ray Gabler, 151 Jensen Circle, Springfield, MA 01089. Your editor (who had to take care of this department for the Spring and Summer issues) is especially grateful to him for volunteering for this position. Lynn Wilson, 25 Hickory Place, Apt. H-Y, Chatham, NJ 07928, our new Correspondence Chairman, is the one to write to if you have questions about our organization or the sport in general. While we are on the subject of staff members, there's room for more! In particular, we need a salesman-type person who can make our presence known to the many people who are making whitewater boating one of the fastest-growing sports in the U.S. In addition we could use an assistant circulation manager, preferably in the Midwest. Also any budding regional editors might make their aspirations known to us. (No pay, but lots of prestige. . .)

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Explorer Post 425
B. M. Lett, 708 Mercedes
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Boy Scout Troop 51
Tom Sloan, Scoutmaster
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Midland, Texas 79701

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Salt Lake City, Utah 84108

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Northern Vermont
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Hopewell, Va. 23860
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Box 101X, Newcomb Hall Sta.
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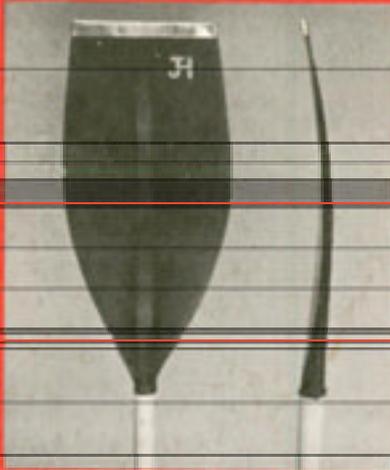
Wisconsin Hoofers
Outing Club
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Indooroopilly 4068, Australia

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JH Jon Hyland Kayak Paddles

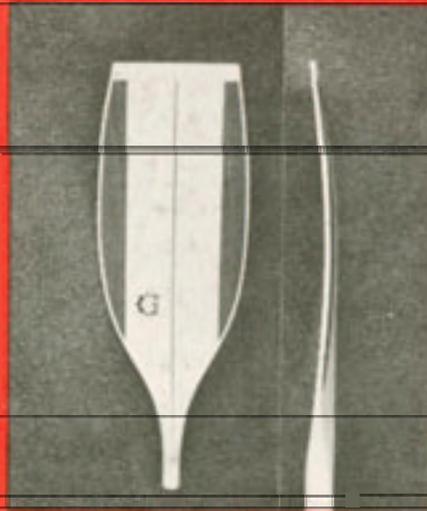
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Dealers are invited to write for detailed information.

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