American Whitewater
The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

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Tim Elledge shoots for an ender at staircase rapids (top) and above runs the rest of the Swift Gorge. (photos by Jamey Elledge)

Cover: U.S. C-1 at Jonquiere World Championships. (photo by John Miller)
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How to Write to AMERICAN WHITENWATER:
• Send articles, photos, cartoons, poems and drawings to AWA Editor.
• Send all membership forms and payments to Membership Chairman.
• Send advertising material and payments to Advertising Chairman.
• Send questions of AWA Policy to Board President.
• Obtain membership forms and all other information from AWA Secretary.
• Obtain AWA products from Membership Chairman.
• Obtain AWA Safety Codes from Dave Smallwood, Box 1261, Jefferson City, MO 65102

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AWA INFORMATION

How to Write for American Whitewater: Deadlines for all material, including advertising, are the 25th of Dec., Feb., Apr., June, Aug., and Oct., for Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 respectively. Publication is planned at 6 times yearly. Single copies $1.50 each. Surplus back copies at reduced prices. Write to the Membership Chairman.

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 $10.00 per year and to clubs at $12.00 per year. Businesses may affiliate at the rate of $20.00 each year. Clubs and business affiliate names will be listed periodically in the Journal.

The Staff and Directors 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 is essential for their continued efforts and the timely publication of the American Whitewater Journal.

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President’s Soapbox

Everyone expounds the lack of cooperation between the various U.S. paddling organizations. But few unification attempts have met with any success. In fact, the organization list grows longer, though the total number of paddlers remains roughly the same. Currently, American paddlers are represented by five splintered, struggling organizations; all independent, overlapping, and dispiriting leadership and energies.

Originally, there was the American Canoe Association, (ACA). Then 25 years ago, a group of hardy paddlers, interested purely in whitewater cruising and racing, started AWA. They wanted their own journal, and a looser, more responsive organizational structure than ACA. In the same way, the United States Canoe Association (USCA), headed by Armand Basset of Rochester, New York, developed as an offshoot of ACA. More recently, the American Rafting Association (ARA), headed by Larry Patrick of Atlanta, Georgia, was formed to represent private rafters. The latest is the National Organization for River Sports, under Eric Leaper in Colorado.

Each of these organizations is fiercely proud of its accomplishments, however small, obtained with a skeleton staff and meager budget. But this pride could limit the cooperation we so desperately need to have a greater impact in so many areas. Even the most intrepid boaters learn that the only way to survive difficult waters is through teamwork. And with the juggernaut of river destruction facing us, paddlers have never been in more troubled waters. The time has come to re-unify.

In the Spring of 1979, as AWA Board President, I wrote all the above organizations, hoping to arrange a meeting at ARCC’s Annual Dam Fighters’ Conference in Washington, D.C. For a variety of reasons, the meeting never materialized. But the effort continues.

In November, 1979, at the ACA National Congress in Fayetteville, Arkansas, another initiative will be underway. Joel Freund, the Journal’s advertising manager, will be representing AWA in discussions with ACA in hopes of finding common grounds for cooperation between at least two of these major paddling institutions. It is our fervent hope progress can be made there, and discussions can than be widened to other organizations.

AWA is taking the lead in this, because we believe cooperation amongst all these groups is a worthy and necessary goal. It is equally necessary that any arrangements must provide some degree of autonomy and specialty sought by the original organizers of the groups.

But beyond this caveat, lies a fruitful region of common interests: river conservation and access, river safety assessments, race arrangements, product evaluation, expedition support, instructor certification, and numerous others. The paddlers’ voice can be heard, but we must all be shouting together.

- Pete Skinner
warm & cooking with my Kero-Sun.

The Kero-Sun Omni 15 is the perfect kerosene heater to take the "rough" out of "roughing it", because an Omni 15 not only keeps you warm, (up to 9,000 BTU's per hour) but it has a great cooktop. Heat up anything from morning coffee to a supper stew!

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Affiliates, send your newsletters to our Editor to help AWA stay current with your club’s activities and concerns.

"MOUNT BLACKADAR" PROCLAIMED

Bob Blackadar, the good Doctor’s son, writes AWA and tells us that in February of 1979, Mr. Dan Pearson, British Columbia Representative of the Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names, proclaimed the 6000 foot mountain peak which overlooks the east side of the Alsek’s formidable Turnback Canyon, Mount Blackadar.

Dr. Blackadar went down the canyon by kayak in 1971 to become the first and only person to achieve such a distinction. His kayaking feat was later written up in an incredible article in "Sports Illustrated". Since then a glacier has moved in making it impossible to go through.

The mountain is located in the St. Elias range. The Alsek empties into the ocean in Southern Alaska.

Klaus Streckmann of Vancouver, on behalf of the Whitewater Canoeing Association of British Columbia, had proposed that this honor be accorded Dr. Walt Blackadar.

Kay Swanson, Klaus Streckmann and others paddled the Alsek to the start of Turnback Canyon in August ’78. There they constructed a cairn of rocks and left a memorial paddle. They climbed the mountain and portaged via Detour Creek and Range Creek to the Tatshenshini River where they resumed paddling to Dry Bay.

Bob went on to say: "This is a tremendous honor and our hearts pour out to those who brought it all about. I plan to visit Mount Blackadar in the near future and inquiries as to participation are welcome. With a feeling of deep appreciation and pride we want to announce this great honor to the boating fellowship."

AWA GAINS TAX EXEMPT STATUS:
GOOD FOR US — GOOD FOR YOU

Thanks to a carefully prepared application by Dave Dobbins and AWA Director Art Block, the Internal Revenue Service determined that as of April 27, 1979, AWA is a non-profit organization under section 501 (C) (3).

For us, this means a corporate tax exemption, and virtual assurance of a third class bulk mailing permit. It will also help the affiliation obtain grants and donations in the future.

For you there is also a benefit. Anyone donating money, goods, or valuable services to AWA has the
opportunity to claim this gift as a tax deduction. This means if you write articles, and/or donate pictures to the Journal, the cost of your time and expense can be partially retrieved from Uncle Sam. So as of now all contributions to American Whitewater will be doubly rewarded.

THE GREAT PLATE DEBATE

Paddling may soon gain another shot of publicity from the Idaho state license plate. Instead of solving the strip mine problem, or saving rivers, Idaho politicians have turned their attention to something really important: the state motto for automobile license plates. Aggrieved with the old "Famous Potatoes", the public demanded a state wide contest. The more than 700 entries were boiled down to six "favorite of favorites". Heading the ballot is Governor John Evans own contribution: "Whitewater Country". The Idaho Statesman is currently handling the vital election.

DON'T TOUCH THAT TRANSISTOR ON THE BOTTOM OF THE STREAM

If you happen to see what looks like a black transistor radio on the bottom of one of Colorado's rivers—don't touch it! This is an old technique being revived by the Colorado Division of Wildlife to provide an artificial egg spawning nest for some sexy but disappointed trout tired of having only 15% of their eggs hatch. The black boxes, called Vibert Boxes can increase the survival rate to 80 to 90%—great for proud parents and hungry fishermen. Approximately 75 of these boxes have been placed in various creeks and rivers around Colorado. Each is black in color and most will have a float marking their location.

DON'T TOUCH—GAWK BUT DON'T TOUCH!

Conservation Notes

FIRST THE BAD NEWS...

July 1979, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers has completed its river rape outline. The Preliminary Inventory of Hydropower Resources was published as part of the National Hydroelectric Power Resources Study of the Water Development Act.

This six-volume tome lists over 11,000 existing and new power sites under investigation. That doesn't even include pump storage sites. Some of these proposed dam sites are on rivers listed as Wild and Scenic.

What about an analysis of social and environmental constraints? What about studying these rivers to see if they are already protected by
federal, state, or local law? "That", quoth the Corps, "comes later."

In Pennsylvania alone, they identify 251 new hydropower projects. 163 involve existing damsites. But 88 are new dams, with 26 showing a capacity of more than 25 mega-watts. They plan three for the Youghiogheny, eight for the Juniata, and 10 for the Susquehanna and its branches.

American Rivers Conservation Council’s David Conrad is monitoring this situation. "Right now," he states, "The Senate is frantic to sacrifice anything, including our land and rivers, to the energy god. By publishing this study, the Army Corps is trying to offer its own false panacea. They have killed flood control as dam building excuse, so now it’s energy. In addition, this will keep the Corps and private dam builders alive, making a larger bureaucracy and fatter pork barrels, at the expense of America’s rivers."

...NOW FOR THE GOOD NEWS

A massive, nationwide river-saving opportunity has just come our way. The National Parks and Insular Affairs subcommittee (of the House Interior Committee) will meet in January - February 1980, to design a national rivers and trails protection package. Chairman Phillip Burton (D-Calif.) states the system will be developed around President Carter’s August, 1978 recreation recommendations.

Part of the package will place eight new rivers under Wild and Scenic Act protection:

1. Gunnison – Col.
2. Encampment – Col.
6. Delores – Col.
7. Upper Mississippi – Minn.

But the main part of this plan will be a nationwide program protecting hundreds of free-flowing rivers. And YOU, the paddling community, must choose which rivers are to be saved. Representative Burton has asked all conservation groups "for everything they've got." Although your local Congressman will be the final arbiter, if your river isn't on the list, it won't even be considered for Wild and Scenic protection.

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO:
1. Make a list – any size – of the rivers worth protection in your area. (Don't assume they are already taken care of just because it's in parkland.)
2. Send it to the AWA Editor or to:
   Dave Conrad
   American Rivers Conservation Council
   317 Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E.
   Washington, D.C. 20003
   (202) 547-6900

   Our thanks to Dave Conrad for bringing this to our attention. Let's hope all AWA Affiliates pitch in and take advantage of this all-too-rare opportunity to save our free-flowing rivers. – Ed.
FLUVIAL NEWS

WILD AND SCENIC DESIGNATION PROPOSED FOR PARTS OF GREEN AND YAMPA RIVERS

The National Park Service has released a study report and draft environmental impact statement recommending the portions of the Green and Yampa rivers lying within the boundaries of the Dinosaur National Monument in Northwest Colorado be designated as Wild and Scenic rivers. A 45 day review period closed September 10, 1979 and the service reported receiving primarily favorable public comments from residents of the area. It is expected that the congressional subcommittees will hold public hearings while the matter is up for consideration in Congress.

Upcoming Expeditions

If you or your club are seeking members for an expedition, send specifics to AWA. Please include registrar’s address, mandatory skill level, location, and approximate trip dates. If possible, list the number of available places and estimated cost.

CHILE – BIO BIO RIVER
Class IV – V. Jan. 16 – early Feb., 1980. An adventure you’ll talk about for the rest of your life. AWA is sponsoring a repeat of the “Chilean Impressions” trip described in this and the previous issues of the Journal. You’ll paddle through the Andes, climb snow covered volcanoes, and experience the hospitality of an amazing people.

For the first 10 days, we’ll paddle and camp along the Bio Bio, a magnificent river that starts slow, and works up to hairy, class V fun. Then we’ll head north and run several rivers for the next week. You will have the choice of running Class III-IV, or V-VI stretches every day.

There won't be a next year for the Bio Bio; dam blasting has already begun. So come now and make a great escape into the Chilean summer. 6-8 paddling spots available and aprox. four on the support raft. If interested, contact: Bart Jackson, 38 Windswept Dr., Hamilton Square, N.J. 08690.

QUEBEC – MAGPIE RIVER
Class V – VI. June 1980 and Sept. 1980. The Magpie’s 35,000 cfs cascade off the Labrador plateau, making continuous class V with some class VI rapids. Big, turbulent, and technical it is one of the most difficult rivers in North America.

This remote river has been paddled only twice before and never during spring runoff. (The Sept. trip will have about 10,000 cfs level, but will still hold all the hair you can handle.) Come paddle or raft through a wilderness filled with caribou and black bear, where no one has ever logged or built roads; and where only a few Indian trappers have set foot until 1978.

Expedition members will meet in Sept Iles Quebec and fly in bush planes 150 miles north to the put-in.

(continued on page 35)
FALTBOOTING MIT SIMULIUM

by A.B. Duel Jr.

(with apologies to Longfellow's Hiawatha)

Back in 1952, when there were more foldboats than fiberglass, and more boaters wore neckties than neoprene, Ted Steinway, an obscure New York piano maker, gathered a small group of paddlers to run the upper Hudson. A.B. Duel's resulting epic of this expedition shows that though boating styles and equipment evolve through the decades, Adirondack black flies are with us forever.

SHOULD YOU ASK ME how this started,
I should answer, I should tell you –
From the mystic inner longings
Of some five quite different persons.
Each one searching, deeply seeking
A Nirvana of his choosing;
Far away from city dwelling,
Quite remote from city living.
Far from asphalt and the bus lines,
From the stink of noxious gases.
From the IRT and pavement,
From Con Ed and telephone.

So they planned with hearts aglowing
Two whole days of lazy floating
Down the mighty HUDSON river,
Where it rises from the forest,
In the ADIRONDACK mountains,
Where the river starts its journey
From a mountain to the sea.

This Big Idea had its conception
In an Oriental setting;
While anticipating pleasures
Of a gustatory nature."
With LEDOUX as inspiration,
And Ted STEINWAY, Commodore.
He's the One who chose the river,
Knew the way and how to get there.
He insisted on the Hudson,
On the mighty Hudson river,
With its churning, boiling waters
Bashing wildly down the mountain;
Had the maps and the descriptions
Of the flora and the fauna.
So decided we to go there,
   On the weekend June the Seventh.
Sixteen days of journey into
   Zodiacal constellation
Number Three . . . Castor and Pollux
   Lit the sable sky that night.
On that fateful eve we started,
   Towards a rendezvous at North Creek.

The Ledoux’s all ready — waiting
   At their summer home in Cornwall,
For their friends the DUELS coming
   En retard, as always — immer.
Came they with majestic progress,
   Toujours unperturbed pace.
For the rendezvous at Cornwall
   JOAN Ledoux serenely waited
By the roadside with her searchlight
   Skyward pointing; like a statue.
Then with station wagon loaded,
   This quirumvirate departed
Toward the waters — toward the fountain
   of the mighty Hudson river.

Long they journeyed — ever northward,
   With their spirits high ascending.
Swiftly borne on rugged tires,
   PIERRE Ledoux on constant vigil,
Through the moonlight and the starlight
   Past the Glen where Steinway slumbered
In his sleeping bag enveloped;
   Experiencing encounters
With Muscidae Simulium —
   Indefatigable BLACK FLY!

Venemous dipteral insect,
   Of which this tale is all about.

We finessed one night of torture
   Through our powers of intuition.
Sensed accumulating nimbus
   Would unloose torrential showers.
So took refuge in a Hotel.
   How we found it? Well, I’ll tell you.
Sent there by the “Hand of God” . . . uhh . . .
   (Inebriated Innkeeper).
Came the morrow, came Ted Steinway,  
Commodore of Expedition,  
All bedecked with huge sumbrero.

MIGHTY WERE THE PREPARATIONS!  
Hatchet, maps, and victuals,  
Bandages in contemplation  
Of sprains and broken bones in plenty.
Batteries and fly repellent,  
Steaks and wine and beer and cheeses,  
Wurst and fruit and eggs and canned stuff.  
Mighty were the preparations.

Then at last with Faltboots loaded  
(By one — the Commodore’s — held just  
Our Leader and one can of Spam).
Out into the stream we darted!  
Paddles flashing!  
Sinews straining!  
Eager faces searching southward  
Down the river — bound for Gooley.
Our Commodore went on before  
With his trusty ersatz rations.

Roaring turbulence approaching!  
Whitewater there! All keep a lookout!  
Alack a day! Complete dismay!  
The Hudson’s shrunk down to a puttering brook.

Our Commodore, well swathed in kerchief,  
Floated o’er the hidden boulders.
Not so lucky were the Ledoux’s  
Not so either were the Duels.
Picture all of them as toiling  
Belly deep in rushing waters,  
Dragging Faltboots through the rapids,  
Tearing, scraping, ripping rubber  
From the bottom of their Faltboots.

COULD I TELL YOU our adventures,  
I would fill your mind with Black Flies.  
The Muscidae Simulium –  
Thirsty carnivorous insect –  
Set upon us from all angles,  
Set upon our necks and ear lobes.  
Feasted on our ruby life’s blood  
As we paddled down the Hudson.
But with eventide approaching  
We made our camp beside the river,  
Rested there, and patched our bottoms;  
Gooped ourselves with fly repellent.  
And miracle of miracles!  
The Black Fly gave us welcome respite,  
Vanished for a full nine hours!  
Our spirits then rose high within us  
As we sipped from Wassail Bowl,  
Concoction of our Commodore.

Joan Ledoux won highest honors  
With juicy steaks, cooked to perfection.  
Happily we slept that night  
Beside the flickering firelight.

But sleep was not to be continued...  
Dawn had not quite yet appeared  
Before our Nemesis returned.  
To torment us with stinging bites  
Which scarred the flesh and warped the soul,  
We struggled up and started forth,  
Quintumvirate of bloody clots,  
With leaky bottoms Gooley bound.

By the shores of Gooley,  
By a fast bend in the river,  
Lifted paddles from the water.

While we waited for our Leader  
To return with transportation,  
We amused ourselves by toting  
All the Faltboots up the hillside.  
Fitted them into their cases.  
Said Au Revoir until the next time.

SHOULD YOU WISH to boat the Hudson;  
Paddle down the mighty river;  
LISTEN to our words of wisdom –  
And heed well our chant of warning –

JUST MAKE CERTAIN Zodiacal Constellation is of Taurus;  
Cause Gemini is for the FLIES!
"Why do I do this?" "Why am I here?" A boater ponders. "I was eaten alive the last time I tried to run this thing. And here I go about to run it again."

In stark contrast to these thoughts he listens to the conversations of boaters around him:

"I'm telling you, this river is really getting boring."

"Man, that's it exactly. I know every rapid like the back of my hand."

"Yeah," several nod, "No surprises left."

They all seem to agree. They miss the old adrenalin high from fear. No fear — no fun.

Our worried paddler thinks incredulously, "I guess these fellas aren't scared at all."

Some of these boaters may not be scared. Here. Some are just talking. But all feel fear sometime.

The last paddler who told me he was never afraid, gaily paddled out to play the rapids below Summersville Dam, dumped, and swam. He remained plastered against a rock, below the surface, for a full minute. After finally emerging, he readily admitted to the emotion.

Respect for the river is certainly healthy. Fear may even be necessary. But along with its heightened excitement and alertness, fear brings problems for some boaters. It hinders your attitude in the face of a challenge, and your muscles in the midst of it.

THE FACES OF FEAR

Often fear starts as a general apprehension about the possibility of a miserable shock to the body in cold water. It may stay at this level, or it may grow to a real emotional aversion to being drowned, crushed, or battered to death.

The nervous one remembers some paddler who has broached and been folded into a collapsing kayak, against a fallen tree. He recalls those who have failed a roll and smashed into rocks, which blackened an eye or broke a bone. The campfire horror stories of exploding haystacks and overwhelming suckholes all return. He realizes and dreads that feeling of helplessness against the powers confronting him.

Dogging the heels of this fear of death and injury is an additional, subconscious dragon: fear of public failure. The paddler pictures himself reaping ridicule, threatening his companions' safety, becoming a burden, and loosing his skill-based social standing. The problem can be real or imagined: He may actually have weaker muscles and less skill than his companions. Or he may just be less confident in his abilities. Either way, the hinderance to per-
formance caused by this fear of humiliation, is very real.

Some aspect of fear comes to just about all of us sometimes. And while it is not predictable, there are definite places and times that enhance its coming. Most paddlers agree they feel more confident on a sunny day than a rainy one; and when their companions appear skilled and/or confident. Fear probability is heightened, however, by weariness, cold, a long day's run.

With fear comes stress. Both are inherent parts of paddling, as is the constant fight against being overwhelmed by it. One top slalom racer told me he was so frightened that he had to keep getting out of his boat to go to the bathroom.

About to get into her boat for the first time that year, a woman told me, "I'm so scared, I feel weak all over." These feelings are as unpleasant as they are common. So the question arises: Why do they do it?

One young man told me he's a stress addict. He kayaks and climbs mountains because he likes the stress. He feels it teaches him something about himself. Others gain the lesson from stress, without enjoying it. I know a woman who keeps forcing herself to go because, as she says, "I guess I just feel I shouldn't be afraid."

Roderick Nash in his Preface to Verne Huser's book, River Running, (Chicago, 1975), says, "Running big water . . . adds a unique dimension of finality, of ultimate commitment. . . . I think the key force drawing men to whitewater is fear. There are few occasions in any life in which your future is on the line the way it is at the head of a big drop. For some people, pressure like this paralyzes. But for those who are energized by fear, rapids are compulsive."

Another young kayak racer agreed: "People like the satisfaction of doing something they were afraid of. They want to do something that they know if they do the wrong thing, they'll be in big trouble. They need that adrenalin, the way our civilization is now." Obviously then, for at least many boaters, fear and

Adrenalin translates to tense concentration as novice attacks the Madawaska's Palmer Rapids. (photo by Rita Tessmann)
the resulting stress is part of the 
alure, not just an unfortunate boating by-product. There is the mental 
satisfaction, of course; but there is 
also a rush of adrenalin.

This made me curious to find out 
just what adrenalin does to make it so desirable. Modern Home Medical 
Adviser (Dr. Morris Fishbein editor, 
New York) stated that adrenalin engenders ". . . increases in heart rate, in breathing, in blood pressure, 
in amount of sugar in the blood, in 
speed with which blood will clot in 
a cut, and in the strength which can 
be exerted in the muscles." All that 
would give anybody a high – and 
increase their effectiveness in a stress 
situation.

My doctor, a veteran hunter, illus - 
trated the effect of adrenalin with 
this story, about a charging cape 
buffalo. Both he and his guide hit 
and mortally wounded the animal 
many times, and yet it continued to run at them. Although it should 
have been dead, the animal kept running over a great distance, finally 
dropping, just twenty feet away.

This same hormone, adrenalin, 
has gotten me through many rapids. 
It carried me through Lunch Coun - 
ter on the Snake River. As a result, 
I felt good – physically and men - 
tally because I had made it. In ad - 
tion to just feeling good, many 
boaters like the way an adrenalin 
high sharpens their reflexes and pre - 
pares them for the challenge. One 
person told me he is scared stiff 
before he runs a river, but feels 
totally relaxed by the time he gets 
into the whitewater.

Psychologists have claimed kay - 
aking when you're afraid can be a 
form of overcompensation: strug - 
gling to be extra good at this sport 
to make up for previous inferiority 
in that, or some other realm of one's 
life. This idea is part of psychologist 
Alfred Alder's theory about man's 
drive for superiority.

Even though the experienced paddler may continue to be fearful, he 
has usually turned from desperate 
acts to learned body responses. It's 
a valuable life lesson.

Adrenalin produced by fear may 
also allow you to perform unusual 
feats, beyond normal capabilities. 
There may be a sense of "Look, Ma, 
I can do it!" or there may be simply 
a feeling of quiet pride and satis - 
faction.

If our fear is of death, we might 
consider Earl Perry's statement, 

(continued on page 34)
Having survived the rapids of the Bio Bio (See part 1 of this three part series Vol. XXIV, 2-3) the five Chilean expeditionaries return briefly to civilization, then trek off in search of new water. Enlisting the local aid, they virtually hijack a bus and make getting there half the fun.

For those tantalized by this incredible land and its water, AWA is sponsoring a repeat expedition on the Bio Bio and other rivers, on January, 1980. See the ad in this issue and write AWA Editor, Bart Jackson for information.

It took both bottles of Chilean wine, downed in Santa Barbra, to swathe me in sleep as the mufflerless 1955 Chevy van bounced us along the dusty road from our takeout to Chillan. Wedged between sea and precipitous Andean Cordillra, this town rests on central Chile’s flat, dry but fertile strip. That night we luxuriated in the Grand Hotel Isabel Riqueline — the best house in town. Here, the entire group would eat a civilized, final banquet, shop for local goodies, and then go our separate ways.

Chillan was completely leveled by an earthquake in the ‘40’s, killing tens of thousands of citizens. But since then, the church and surrounding farmers’ market have been rebuilt and the town thrives. The next morning, after my hour in the shower, (a-a-ah), I explored the hundreds of booths in the market next door. As we gringos bought mounds of belts, carved wood stirrups, and silver spurs, we attracted a wiggling entourage of Chilean kids, all excitedly asking questions.

A new attitude of calm has descended over Chile. And Uta, a lovely Chilean girl who attended our Sobek ceremonial going away dinner, explained why. Four years earlier, the chaos of Allende’s dictatorship had torn the country. Inflation had been as high as 1000% a year and so many feuding political parties existed that no decision could be reached on anything. Allende was finally assassinated by a daring aerial bomb attack through his second story office window in the Plaza de Armes in downtown Santiago. The turmoil is pretty
much repaired, and we can all vouch that the citizenry is happy.

IN SEARCH OF NEW WATER

The next day, Dave Shore of Sobek waved good-bye and we were on our own. Several commercial passengers and boatmen joined the original five kayakers. None of us spoke Spanish fluently, but undaunted, we made tracks for the railroad to Talca and the Rio Maule. At 8000 feet above sea level, the Maule drains a huge watershed and drops as much as 500 feet per mile. Let's go!

From Chillan, an ancient, smoke-belching locomotive carried us 70 miles north to Talca: a town 125 miles south of the capital, Santiago. The Maule, just a bit south, cuts Chile's length in two nearly equal halves. The trip is used up strategizing how to get boats and people up to the put-in on this remote river.

Upon arrival, we connected with Talca's marvelous Senora Alvarez. Although nothing short of flabbergasted by our transportation requests, she did some amazing finagling and conned the local Mayor into lending us a local school bus and driver, Viva Senora Alvarez!

After a lovely night in the local hotel and picnics in courtyard, we piled into the lime green bus and headed off, quite proud of our new found facility with Spanish.

The dusty road wound into the mountains, past wineries (necessitating a stop for supplies, of course) and small ranches irrigated by Rio Maule diversions. Finally, there it was in all its glory...Class II???

"Who the hell was supposed to read the map?" someone asked. The bus groaned onward, up a steady 2% grade into the mountains. Still Class II...or so it appeared.

At last we arrived at the gates of ENDESA - the power company who operates a plant near the confluence of the Rio Maule and Rio Cipresses. And behold, the Maule gets super steep...but dry. Momentarily disappointed, we turn toward the Cipresses and see this tributary tumbling sparkling white out of the Chile's second most enjoyable form of travel. (photo by Bernuth)
mountains; the only put-in being inside the plant compound.

A disbelieving gate keeper squared off against this lime green school bus, probably hijacked, filled with a weirdly dressed bunch of gringos and gringitas, and loaded with the strangest boats he’s ever seen. After much argument, he called the Jefe (boss): ENDESA Chief Engineer Pedro Schmol. A symbol of Chilean hospitality, Pedro provided us a free house, shuttle transportation, and river information throughout Chile.

**IV+ CIPRESSES**

The whole town turned out to see us run this crystal clear, Class IV+ river lined with succulent blackberries. Fred Young, took a flying C-1 leap off a rock into the river, much to the crowd’s delight. And Don Wasson, intentionally so he says, performed a broach just at the put-in. Broad and swift, the river cut a wide swath between high rock walls. There was plenty of room to play, and the Bio Bio had sharpened our reflexes for this fast-dropping current. Our display so pleased the townspeople, that for the next few days we were feted out in local homes and talked at endlessly. A hot cave in the mountains almost boiled Fred and John, and an all night Chilean party nearly ruined me.

Our next run was the Rio Maule below Cipresses: that little "Class II" we’d seen from the bus. Our mild expectations were shattered when we turned the corner from the put-in. Huge crystal clear waves and holes appeared out of this constant-gradient gravel trough. Our fearless Sobek leader Dave Shore caught up with us one day and succeeded in making his way down the 20 miles, rolling at least a hundred times. His only swim consumed a mile despite efforts of three people, all in this river that flowed about 15 mph.

We gathered the last day at a tiny stone hotel/restaurant at the take-out of the Rio Maule to toast our Sobek friends and prepare to return to Santiago to fly home (that is, we thought!) Shaded from the intense late summer sun by green grape leaves, we guzzled cervesas (local beer), ate meat pies, and talked of our adventures. Solemn vows were made that we all would return next year. Little did we know that when we would arrive in Santiago, ASA airlines would have postponed their flight to the U.S.A. for 5 more days. Aw, shucks. Guess we will just have to stay! But that’s Part III. . . Next issue.
America at Jonquiere

or, "Your Majesty, there is no second" *

photos by John Miller

*(Spoken at the 1st America's Cup Race when our sailboat led England like our Slalom C-1 Team.)*
Few doubted we would do well. But no one predicted the U.S. Team's amazing sweep of the Wildwater and Slalom World Championships in Desbiens and Jonquiere, Quebec in July '79. In addition to 5 gold medals, 2 silver, and 2 bronze, America brought home the International Canoe Federation trophies in both slalom and wildwater, for the most team points overall.

Individually and as a team, our paddlers delivered the most spectacular performance in America's whitewater history. And in five short, incredibly intense days of competition, the era of measuring ourselves against European superiors came to an end.

Individual accomplishments were many. Cathy Hearn mounted the winners' platform for every K-1W event: individual, team wildwater, team slalom. A marvelous three-for-three triumph. Jon Lugbill brought home the
orner two gotas, by winning C-1 slalom individual and team. Chris McCor-
mick just a scant eight seconds from a win, gleaned fifth in K-1, a new
high for a U.S. Racer in that event.

Chuck Lyda, just 37 seconds out of first, powered his way into fourth
in C-1 Wildwater. Becky Judd, paddling in her first World Championships,
took eighth in K-1W. And for Steve and Michael Garvis, it was just four
penalty touches that dropped them from second to twelfth place.

But just as impressive, and more important were our victories as a team.
The C-1 Slalom was the sole property of the U.S. First, second, third and fifth
place went to Jon Lugbill, Dave Hearn, Bob Robison, and Ron Lugbill, in
the individuals. And as a team, Lugbill, Hearn, and Robison finished an
incredible 74 seconds in front of the second place English. The C-1 Wild-
water team of Chuck Lyda, Kent Ford, and John Evans finished one little
second behind the first place French. Woman's kayak was an equal success
West Germany's Champion
Norbert Sattler buries himself
beneath a gate (top left), while
a bored lifesaver listlessly awaits
the call (bottom left).

Eric Evans powers his way
down the course (right) and
(below) an unidentified K-1
makes a last struggle to hang
on a brace. (all photos by
John Miller)

with Fisher, Klien and Hearn winning Wildwater, and Hearn, Harrison, and
Judd taking the first in slalom. Even the C-2's finished a very respectable
fourth in Wildwater and fifth in Slalom.

All these statistics can be translated into the climax of a long, hard up-
ward struggle for American whitewater racers. In 1965, Tom Southworth
won an eleventh in C-1 Slalom at the Spital Internationals, and American
paddlers considered it a triumph. Since then, we have made a steady, if
disappointingly slow drive upwards. Each World Championships has found
us placing a little better, with the gap twixt us and the Europeans dwin-
dling in most events. But this year, with the Worlds on our home turf, we
lept from "just another power to be reckoned with", to "the ones to beat."

AWA congratulates and thanks all the members of the United States
Team, not only for their individual and group victories, but for all the
endless effort and dedication that brought them to this zenith.
WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

RACE RESULTS

Below are listed some selected results of the International Competition this past July at Jonquiere and Desbiens. We have listed the top three, and any other American paddlers in the event.

SLALOM

K-1 (61 contestants)  P  Time  Score
1. Peter Fauster  AUT  0  209.08  209.08
2. Eduard Wolhardt  AUT  0  211.09  211.09
3. Richard Fox  GBR  0  211.47  211.47
5. Chris McCormick  USA  0  216.57  216.57
16. Eric Evans  USA  0  222.66  222.66
27. Dan Isbister  USA  0  223.23  223.23
46. Tom McGowan  USA  70  212.14  282.14

C-1 (30)  Time
1. Jon Lugbill  USA  0  238.49  238.49
2. David Hearn  USA  0  242.85  242.85
3. Bob Robison  USA  0  255.62  255.62
4. J. Schnitzerling  BRD  0  256.79  256.79
5. Ron Lugbill  USA  0  293.41  353.41

C-2 (24)  Time
1. Dieter Welsink  BRD  0  260.67  260.67
2. Pierre Calori  FRA  0  275.43  275.43
3. Jerzy Jez  POL  0  277.11  277.11
12. Stephen Garvis  USA  40  271.50  311.50
15. Steven Fulton  USA  30  295.54  325.54
16. Carl Gutschick  USA  30  304.20  334.20

K-1W (29)  Time
1. Cathy Hearn  USA  10  243.30  253.30
2. Liz Sharman  GBR  0  253.86  253.86
3. Linda Harrison  USA  10  247.74  257.74
8. Becky Judd  USA  20  275.22  295.22
17. Jean Campbell  USA  60  293.41  353.41

K-1W (23)  Time
1. Dominique Gardette  FRA  19:38.67
2. Gisela Grothaus  BRD  19:47.68
3. Renate Prijon  USA  20:00.17
4. Carol Fisher  USA  20:04.23
8. Leslie Klein  USA  20:19.79
13. Cathy Hearn  USA  20:47.08
20. Laurie Walters  USA  21:19.90

C-1 (28)  Time
1. Luc Verger  FRA  20:39.07
2. Gilles Zok  FRA  20:49.64
3. Rene Paul  SUI  21:11.94
4. Chuck Lyda  USA  21:16.36
8. Kent Ford  USA  21:30.29
11. John Evans  USA  21:53.20
12. John Butler  USA  21:54.68

C-2 (24)  Time
1. Michel Doux  FRA  19:51.38
2. Peter Bunichon  SUI  19:53.68
3. Hardy Kuenzi  USA  20:02.52
4. Daniel Jacquet  USA  20:32.60
8. Benjamin Carr  USA  20:48.35
10. Joseph Stahl  USA  20:50.81
11. Ron Lugbill  USA  20:54.52
13. Leroy Cooley  USA  20:54.52

WILDDWATER

K-1 (42 contestants)  Time
1. Jean Pierre Burney  BEL  18:06.29
2. Bob Campbell  GBR  18:18.08
3. Claude Benezet  FRA  18:18.15
8. Dan Schnurrenberger  USA  18:29.53
15. Daniel Johnson  USA  18:42.54
17. Robert Alexander  USA  18:46.48
18. William Nutt  USA  18:47.06

K-1W (27)  Time
1. Dominique Gardette  FRA  19:38.67
2. Gisela Grothaus  BRD  19:47.68
3. Renate Prijon  USA  20:00.17
4. Carol Fisher  USA  20:04.23
8. Leslie Klein  USA  20:19.79
13. Cathy Hearn  USA  20:47.08
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C-2 (24)  Time
1. Michel Doux  FRA  19:51.38
2. Peter Bunichon  SUI  19:53.68
3. Hardy Kuenzi  USA  20:02.52
4. Daniel Jacquet  USA  20:32.60
8. Benjamin Carr  USA  20:48.35
10. Joseph Stahl  USA  20:50.81
11. Ron Lugbill  USA  20:54.52
13. Leroy Cooley  USA  20:54.52
SLALOM

K-1 Team (15 contestants)  P  Time  Score
1. GBR  0 235.36  235.36
2. AUT 10 233.28  243.28
3. SUI  0 245.48  245.48
4. McCormick Evans McGowan

K-1W Team (7)
1. Hearn USA 60 324.07  384.07
2. BRD 40 345.81  385.81
3. SUI 70 339.91  409.91

C-1 Team (8)
1. Lugbill Hearn Robinson
2. BRD 30 323.17  353.17
3. TCH 70 414.88

C-2 Team (6)
1. Garvis-Garvis Burton-Grant Fulton-Holmes

WILDWATER

K-1 Team (10 contestants)  Time
1. BRD 18:25.09
2. FRA 18:26.22
3. GBR 18:26.29
4. Schnurrenberger Johnson Alexander

K-1W Team (7)
1. Fisher Klein Hearn
2. BRD 20:14.00
3. GBR 20:31.88

C-1 Team (7)
1. Lyda Ford Evans
2. BRD 21:25.80

C-2 Team (6)
1. Cass-Stahl Huey-Grabow Lugbill-Hearn

POINT STANDINGS

In the I.C.F. point trophy each competitor receives points based on class size and standing. The winner of K-1 wildwater event earns 42 points, 2nd place 41 and so on. It favors nations with the full four boats per class: Canada, France, Switzerland and the U.S. Thus even though we claimed only the second greatest number of medals, as a national team we placed first.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Team Size</th>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Wildwater</th>
<th>Slalom</th>
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<td>USA</td>
<td>312</td>
<td>431</td>
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<td>32</td>
<td>West Germany</td>
<td>310</td>
<td>412</td>
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<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>France</td>
<td>304</td>
<td>373</td>
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<td>28</td>
<td>Great Britain</td>
<td>245</td>
<td>306</td>
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<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Switzerland</td>
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<th>Silver</th>
<th>Bronze</th>
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</thead>
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<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>USA / USA</td>
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<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRD / West Germany</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GBR / Great Britain</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AUT / Austria</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POL / Poland</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<td>0</td>
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<tr>
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<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
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</tr>
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<td>SUI / Switzerland</td>
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<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>TCH / Czechoslovakia</td>
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INTERVIEW WITH

JON LUGBILL

A CONVERSATION WITH ONE OF OUR NEW WORLD CHAMPS.

At 18 years, Jon Lugbill is the world champion C-1 slalom paddler. His victory at the Jonquiere Internationals and those of his team members have placed America squarely on top of the paddling pyramid. But for both the U.S. and Jon Lugbill, it was a triumph a long time coming.

Jon, along with his brother Ron, Dave and Cathy Hearn, and Bob Robison have been known for years as "those C.C.A. kids" who swept away racing's old guard and helped totally transform the style and performance of American racing. But here is no Johnny-come-lately, out-of-nowhere champion. Lugbill started actively paddling in 1972, at age 10 and started racing seriously in '74. His world victory comes after six intense years of twice-daily workouts, hundreds of race weekends, and two previous world championship attempts.

In addition to this almost monastic training effort, Jon devoted a constant study of strokes and equipment. Aided by Canoe Cruiser Association cohorts, he designed and often built his own boats. He was also greatly responsible for the popularity of the shorter-length, higher-rate C-1 stroke introduced a few years back.

AWA contacted Jon at the University of Tampa where he is now a Freshman. He talked candidly about Jonquiere, what it took to get there, and where American paddling goes from here. As always, we found him modest, helpful, and a true gentleman.

AWA: Obviously, Jonquiere was a great success, not only for you personally, but the entire American team. But victories aside, how do you now rank us internationally?

Lugbill: I can only speak for C-1, but I think we're the best. There's no doubt of it... It wasn't just a win, and I think the Europeans know it.

AWA: What country do you see giving us the greatest competition in the future?

Lugbill: In C-1, I'd say England. Unless they decide to make slalom an Olympic sport (again). Then East Germany.

AWA: What difference would the Olympics make?

Lugbill: Right now, the Germans are only supporting their old paddlers. But if it goes to the Olympics, they'll start pumping the money in and develop new paddlers.

AWA: Lets talk about Jonquiere a bit. Tell us about your practice schedule the days before the race.

Lugbill: Bill Endicott set that up. It was really a loose schedule. He
planned about two workouts a day, morning and afternoon. I usually attended one of them. He (Bill) didn't force us to do a lot. Everyone knew what they had to do, or they wouldn't have been there.

AWA: Was the pre-race pressure crushing, and how did you handle it?

Lugbill: Oh, yeah, there was a lot of stress. But I was lucky, Bob Robison, Chris McCormick, and I rented a house on a lake just 10 minutes from the course. Between workouts we could get away. We brought our stereo up there and would just lie around and paddle on the lake a bit. It really helped.

AWA: Who did you foresee as your main competitor in C-1 slalom?

Lugbill: Aside from our own team, Martin Hedges scared me a little. He's been so fast. But as it turned out, he couldn't get it all together, and he finished way down.

AWA: Everyone makes pre-race predictions. What were yours for yourself and for the C-1 team?

Lugbill: Speaking just for the C-l's, we knew we were the best, before the race. Even during our practice runs, the spectators, and I think even the Europeans, knew we'd be on top.

AWA: Did you design your own C-1 for the race?

Lugbill: Bob Robison, Dave Hearn, and I designed our boats. It was a lot like our Max II, used in '77 (World Championships). But in the bow end of the hull we took out a lot of volume. And we took out some in the stern. It gave more rocker and a faster spin . . . We also flattened the deck and put some ridges in . . . for strength.

AWA: Did you build it?

Lugbill: No. We gave the design to Owen Peters who made it. My C-1 weighed 19 pounds, made of Kevlar and S-glass.

AWA: Do you see any new equipment coming out of the '79 Internationals?

Lugbill: No. Well, the only thing I see is a combination skirt and life
jacket. Harishok gave some of the English girls a neoprene skirt, with large pieces of foam front and back. It has the full flotation and the piece in front is supposed to somehow help float you face up. I hope they'll soon make something like that for C-1 skirts. With that, you could paddle in just a T-shirt . . . or paddling jacket.

AWA: Americans and Canadians are patting each other on the back for a superbly run race. How did you feel?

Lugbill: It was smoothly run. I really liked the course; I felt it was my kind of water. But I think it was run more for the press and spectators than competitors. There was too much fanfare and ceremony.

Everyone had trouble scouting the course after there was a rock-slide on the far bank. They kept us off that side and the near bank was so crowded with spectators you couldn't see the course.

AWA: Do you feel this press emphasis was the North American influence?

Lugbill: Oh yes. In Europe, the athletes come first. Here and Canada, I think they're more used to us, and the press seems more important. There was a really slack feeling among the competitors.

AWA: I realize that winning is due to myriad factors, but can you site one or two main reasons for the United States' victory?

Lugbill: We were two to three years ahead of everyone in training, in C-1 anyway. We trained harder, and had better (training) techniques than any of the Europeans. Particularly for the last two years; our whole method of training has improved. Once you get the training, the paddling technique will come.

AWA: Flatwater racers have always boasted that they train harder, with better methods. How does our training stand against them now.

Lugbill: The two types are so different. But I think whitewater training is harder. We work out a minimum of seven times a week all year round. I know we couldn't train any harder. There are only five or six guys in flatwater who work that hard . . . though flatwater has more guts training and a little more technique work at the start.

. . . We were two or three years ahead of everyone in training . . . We train a minimum of seven times a week.

AWA: How's our training compared to major Olympic sport contenders?

Lugbill: A ways back yet. Most of those guys are steadily working out twice a day. We only do that part of the year. We're not there yet, but we'll be there eventually.

AWA: About your training, Jon: most people have heard of the Washington test tanks you work out in. Could you describe them?

Lugbill: You mean the David Taylor Model Boat Basin. There were two tanks, actually. One was 250 yards long, by 50, by 20 deep, curving to a J. We hung about 10 gates there. It was always 70°. The second was about 500 meters; we'd do distance and sprints there.
A WA: Did you use the turbines to create your own whitewater?

Lugbill: No. They cost $8000 per hour. They use 'em to test ship hulls and subs; to measure vibrations. . . They were first used in '72 for Olympic training by flat and white-water. Now C.C.A. (Canoe Cruisers Association of Washington, D.C.) lets its 30 most dedicated paddlers train there.

A WA: Could you describe for us your daily training schedule?

Lugbill: Well, we (Jon and brother Ron) would get up at 5:30, drive to the pool, and be on the water by about 6-6:30. We would then work for about an hour. We'd alternate days running gates and doing distance and sprint work. We had to be out of the pool by 7:30. Then we'd go to school.

Then at night we'd go back, about 7 (pm) and work 'till about 8. Four nights a week, Bill Endicott gave us distance and sprint workouts in the 500 meter pool.

On weekends, we would work as long as they'd let us.

A WA: Was that fairly standard all year long?

Lugbill: Sort of. In January and February, we'd be in the water 30 times a month. I'd ski a lot on the weekends. By March, we'd move out to the feeder canal beside the Potomac. I'd paddle there twice a day, or on the lake by my house. Sometimes, we paddle in the rapids below Great Falls.

A WA: Who was training with you in these workouts?

Lugbill: Most of the time, it was Bob Robison, my brother Ron, Dave Heam, Kent Ford, and Chris and Mike McCormick.

A WA: Did Bill Endicott set up these training schedules for all of you?

Lugbill: Most of us set up our own. (continued on page 36)
Psychologists Gordon and Kostes continue their research into the full range of boating practices. By collecting acts and situations which continually correlate with boating accidents, they hope to develop an accident predictability yardstick which will make our sport a lot safer for all of us.

Sponsored by AWA, in conjunction with the Coast Guard and Ohio University, this safety enhancement project is now well staffed and underway. In this second report, Drs. Kotses and Gordon tell of their initial modus observation and how it worked at the Nantahala Outdoor Center.

If you have any helpful ideas or thoughts for this safe boating study, send them to the Editor or Drs. Harry Kotses & Don Gordon, Psychology Department, Porter Hall, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio 45701.

The grant period began April 10, 1979. Organization became our initial task: We set up bookkeeping procedures with Ohio University, developed research methods, and began to acquire supplies and equipment for the project. During April and May, we made three trips to rivers in W. Va. and one in Ohio to work on our measures and to begin training our research assistants.

But before we could train these researchers, we had to determine what kind of whitewater boating behavior could be reliably observed and recorded. Both of the principal investigators, Don Gordon and myself, would make runs past observers, demonstrating various maneuvers and paddling strokes to see if these could be detected by the observer. With the finesse that comes only with experience, we also demonstrated various accidents: spills, broaches, swamps, strained maneuvers, and other unsafe practices, in addition to proper and improper rescue techniques.

All of these moves and mishaps were performed in both kayak and canoe; and most blunders, though not all, were performed intentionally.

Through these exercises, we determined which measures were practical and readily discriminable, and revised our observation list accordingly. Both of us felt, however, that we could not base the entire list of observable traits on just our own tests and experience. We needed additional input from veteran experts: longtime respected paddlers knowledgeable in safety, instruction, and rescue, as well as technique.

For this and other reasons, we selected the Nantahala Outdoor Center (N.O.C.) near Bryson City, N.C.
as the main field research station for the project. From May 31 to June 5, Don Gordon and myself visited the center.

There, we met with various boating and safety experts, outlined our goals and methods, and received their cooperation and suggestions. Ramone Eaton, our principal consultant to the project, was most helpful. Ramone has worked for the American Red Cross for over 40 years and has devoted much of his career to whitewater boating safety. He and other N.O.C. consultants John Burton, Bunny Johns, and Payson Kennedy advised us on several additional aspects of boating behavior. (Actually, we were a bit surprised at how much our ideas and theirs overlapped.)

A few examples of the traits we wanted to observe and collect are:

1. Overall paddling aggressiveness
2. General paddling techniques used
3. Safety rating
4. Skill rating
5. Perceived anxiety
   a) as seen by observer
   b) as seen in self
6. Locus of control
7. Type and extent of paddling training
8. General demographics (age, education, etc.)

Obviously, not all these aspects can be answered by observations. Written forms would have to be devised.

During this first trip to the Nantahala River, we received open canoe and kayak instruction in order to better distinguish safe from unsafe practices. All four of the N.O.C. consultants felt our observers should receive this training as well. (We later opted for only the canoe instruction because of the time and money limitations.) The final day was spent selecting and mapping rapids where we would place our observers.

Now that we had a concrete list of measurable points, and a place to observe them, we returned to Ohio University to gather observers and prepare the forms.

Ten volunteers, mostly departmental graduate students, answered the call; and on June 19 we trooped back to Nantahala with research assistants, canoes, forms and A.W.A.R.E. T-shirts.

During the first two days there, our assistants (observers) received canoe instruction, while we met with Ramone Eaton to go over all of our forms in detail, and make a few revisions. On Friday, June 22, we put the team into place and ran through the procedure for a "dig run" with several paddlers.

Research participants deftly demonstrate an unrecommended technique for AWARE's Catalog of Blunders.
COLLECTING THE DATA

Our "laboratory" consisted of five stations set up along the Nantahala River. At the first station, the put-in, our assistants approached boaters preparing to launch their canoes and kayaks into the river. They explained the project in general and solicited their consent to participate. The cooperation was amazing: to date, only three out of 234 subjects declined to participate.

These volunteers were regular Saturday boaters who had come to run the Nantahala. They knew they were being observed, but they were not performing a run just for us. Subjects then filled out some initial forms about their boating experience and training, and put into the river. Numbers were taped to their craft for identification by our observers down river.

The run was relatively short, including three varying size drops where, we predicted, accidents were likely to occur. At each drop, Stations Two, Three, and Four, observers recorded skill and safety aspects of boaters' performance. In addition, several expert paddlers provided experienced eyes, rating subjects at each station. It was this combining of trained researchers and trained paddler observations that blended scientific data with experience's wisdom.

The fifth station, located at the takeout, was manned by three to six staff interviewers (additional interviewers were obtained from Emory University in Atlanta and drove up to the river for the weekends). At this station, the interviewers gathered self and peer evaluations of boating safety measures of various attitudes, equipment and technical skills checklists, a safety knowledge questionnaire, and an interview about the boater's trip down the river.

On that weekend alone, we collected data from 90 subjects.

The entire operation was repeated July 19-22 using the same stations on the Nantahala. On this occasion, we collected data from approximately 140 subjects, despite heavy continuous rainfall. During this session, John Bernhartsen reviewed our entire procedure and lent a guiding hand.

At the end of each trip, we returned to Ohio and began coding data for entry into our computers. I would like to note to AWA readers, that the computer, in this study, is merely a tool for correlating statistics. It does not "produce facts" or make decisions. Our final results and recommendations will be based on this data and the wealth of comments, judgements, and advice from experienced paddlers nationwide.

At this writing, we are planning to collect similar data in other parts of the country. Don Gordon will be going out to the west coast, and we will be going to the Delaware River in the East.

Editor's Note: If you don't like the way this survey is being conducted, complain/suggest publicly in AWA or write privately to the Authors. We seek your help and wisdom. But if you don't lend a hand now, you will have no voice in the results.
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"... the real pleasure of kayaking is in having a chance to be killed in beautiful and noble surroundings." Fear is probably part of the learning experience Perry describes when he says, "... at the intersection of life and death, there is certainly strength and possibly meaning to be found..." (Whitewater!, 1976).

Though you may not want to eliminate fear, you will undoubtedly want to overcome it enough to enjoy paddling. Here are some suggestions:

WAYS TO OVERCOME FEAR

1. Improve your capabilities by learning more about the techniques of maneuvering.
2. Learn to roll; practice until it's dependable. Practice a few at the trip's outset.
3. Strengthen your muscles and stamina.
4. At the beginning of a trip get out in the river right away and loosen up with some paddling maneuvers.
5. Deal with each wave, and maneuver as it comes along; don't think so far ahead you are fretting about the whole river at once.
6. When you feel very nervous, give yourself some tasks to perform. Develop your own routine lessons and drills.
7. Give yourself successes by going back and paddling easier rivers now and then.
8. Get as much experience as possible.
10. Paddle only when you feel good, not when you're tired.
11. When you're exceptionally tense, get into an eddy and breathe deeply letting the tension dribble out your finger tips.
12. Study your favorite paddler.
13. Don't fight the river. As Sam Curtis says in Whitewater!, "You aren't an alien intruder bent on conquering a wild force; you're part of that force."
14. Smile!

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Lugbill

(continued from page 29)

If you asked him, he would have set one up for you, but mostly he just helped us with them; and coached us.

AWA: What about other forms of training?

Lugbill: Oh, nothing official. I didn't run much; I did some. Some weightlifting. A lot of upper body stuff — pull-ups, bench press, that kind of stuff.

AWA: Did you control your diet specially?

Lugbill: I ate what my Mom cooked, mostly. Here (at the University of Tampa) the food is lousy — all potatoes and junk.

AWA: You've been training and competing for six years now. Have you seen any major changes in racing?

Lugbill: The sport has totally changed in the past few years. It is much more aggressive now. It used to be, a clean run would almost assure a win. Now clean runs are common, and it's all speed . . . The fast run wins it now.

AWA: Shortly after you started competing, you and several Washington racers introduced an entirely new C-1 stroke. Where'd it come from?

Lugbill: Back then, Jack Brosius was coaching us. We ignored all the old whitewater experts and looked hard at flatwater style.

AWA: And what developed?

Lugbill: We came up with a shorter stroke. The arms straight at the first part, and we never brought the paddle behind our waist. We added a lot more body rotation and a greater speed. It was a very high stroke rate. Beyond that, it gets kind of technical.

AWA: Obviously, U.S. racing has and will become ever more competitive. Are we still at the point where training alone can take you to the top. Or is victory reserved now for those with natural ability?

Lugbill: I'd like to say beginners do have a chance to make it. C-1 takes a lot of skill . . . Natural ability plays a big part. But not as much as other sports, like track. If you looked at some of the guys (current top racers) when they started, you'd have said they could have done nothing but study the rest of their lives.

AWA: If a starting racer is skilled and devoted, how long might he expect to spend working his way through the ranks?

Lugbill: Oh it's all different. But if you're good, two to three years before you can break in once or twice. Then it'll take another one or two years before you can put it together and place consistently.

AWA: What American paddlers do you see up and coming for '81?

Lugbill: Well I'm a bit prejudiced here. I've been coaching the Canoe
Cruisers' "C-Cats". They're a group of young racers that are really working hard. We have about 15 kids aged 12 to 16. Philadelphia (The Philadelphia Canoe Club) also has a good core of racers.

AWA: Was your Second at the Savage Nationals this past September a let-down coming on the heels of your World Championship win?

Lugbill: Yeah, well... Heh, for the past season it's been either me or Dave Hearn. Usually I was a little faster and had a penalty. But consistency is the important thing. Like Steve Holmes. He's good, and sometimes breaks into the top, but he's not consistent yet.

AWA: You've probably heard the race site resentment chorus, "Of course those Washington Kids win. Look at all those special facilities they've got." How do you answer it?

Lugbill: Well we have the basin, the feeder canal nearby, and sometimes the Great Falls rapids. I'd guess you'd call that our "special facilities". But C.C.A. is the strongest club in the U.S. That and our training does it.

AWA: Another potshot Jon. What do you answer those who say racers can't handle the really heavy hair?

Lugbill: That's (not so). Racers have better strength and control. Show me anyone who can move better than a racer. Maybe a racer can't rattle off the big names of hair he's run. But whenever they have the opportunity, they handle it well. Look at Eric Evans... Maybe some of them (hair runners) have more guts than some racers, and more years, but they aren't any better.

AWA: Now that you're away from Washington and studying at Tampa, what are your paddling plans?

Lugbill: I'm training now as hard as I ever have. My dorm is 20 feet from the boathouse on the Hillsboro River. I workout there. My finals come in mid April and it may be tough before that. But afterwards, I can make all the races.

AWA: Jon, thanks so much for your time. We appreciate it and best of luck in the upcoming season.
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