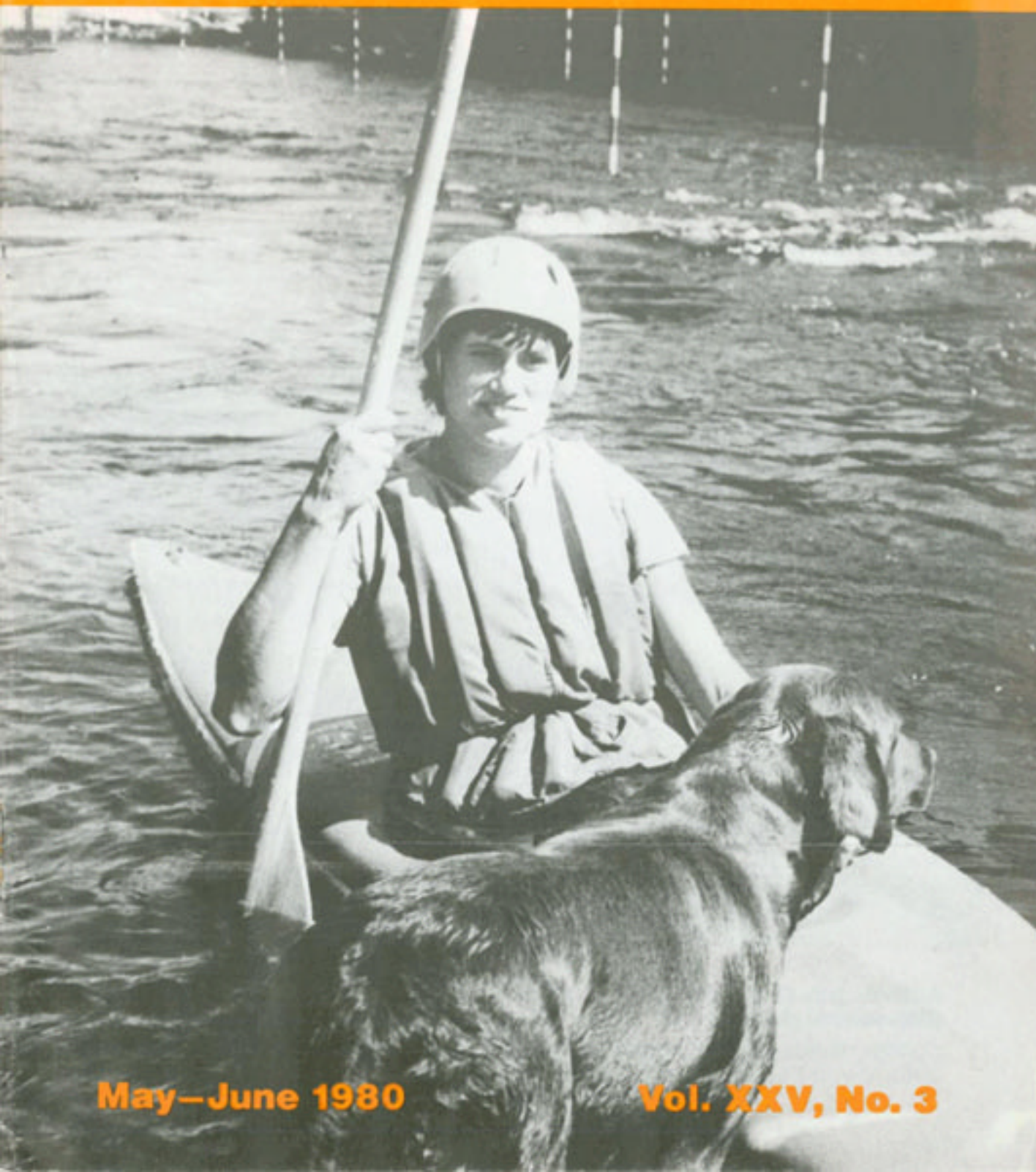


American

WHITEWATER

The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation



May—June 1980

Vol. XXV, No. 3



ABOVE: John Barry buries self and craft in a hungry hole on New York's Moose River. (Edie Shiebler photo)

COVER: National women's kayak champ Linda Harrison and friend rest from a hard day's instruction at Madawaska Kanu Camp. See article, page 12. (Rita Tessman photo)

WHITEWATER

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The American Whitewater Affiliation

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How to Write to AMERICAN WHITEWATER:

- Send articles, photos, **cartoons**, **poems** and drawings to AWA Editor.
- Send all **membership forms** and **payments** to **Membership Chairman**.
- Send advertising matter 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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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 are essential for their continued efforts and the timely publication of the American **Whitewater** Journal.

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Editor's Soapbox

WHITEWATER

BEWARE "PROTECTION"

Unfortunately, saving a river seldom ends with Wild & Scenic designation.

"O.K., it's settled then: We'll run a spur in from the interstate, right by the three new riverside visitors' centers. Then we can cut a motorboat landing right between the River Runners' Motel and the concessionaries row — 'soon as we get that farmer out of there." The voices of the Army Corps at work? No, this is the National Park Service sketching out its "protection" plan for a river newly designated Wild & Scenic.

This was the river you busted your hump to save: the endless and costly phone calls, that massive letter writing campaign, those sacrificed weekends spent testifying at public hearings. Now at last you've won — or have you? The Wild & Scenic designation was achieved, but the managing agency is planning a building uglification program that makes the TVA look like pikers. You'd like to halt the mess, but the groups have disbanded.

Slowly, the lesson comes home: Wild & Scenic is not a river-saving panacea. It is a piece of mere legislation designed to keep the water flowing and cut the ruin and run boys out of the picture. The intent of the act was to maintain the status quo — to keep rivers and the surrounding bank area in the same state that made us enjoy and fight for them in the first place.

But we have been irresponsible and foolish. You can't just pass legislation and then walk away from it. With scores of clamouring interest groups and the enormous funds of the Park Service and other managing agencies, misinterpretation springs invariable. And the tropism is strongly toward construction and away from leaving well enough alone.

The same canoe and raft livery that initially fought for the W & S designation now will push with equal vigor for a super highway to the water's edge. Plus, a surprising number of park rangers would

rather supervise a huge new visitors' center/campground than an unpeopled wilderness. Conversely, the long-time riverside inhabitants may have been keeping the land just fine. You don't mind cruising by long stretches of winter wheat, you merely fear the owner will sell out and grow a crop of development houses.

As the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act gains momentum, this over-construction becomes a greater problem. Oregon's Rogue River has been victim in some areas of the W & S edifice complex and of too restrictive scenic easements in others, causing enmity twixt landowners and paddlers. In the East, the newly-designated Delaware faces an unprecedented and unnecessary building boom to attract and pack more visitors into this already over-peopled stream.

The solution to this problem holds the attraction of a horse pill: more effort. Yes, it's a mammoth task to get a river on the study list, see it through the hearings, and line up the final Wild & Scenic designation votes. But you can't go home yet. The year following designation, the selected agency hammers out a management plan. This plan must run the full public process of scheduled hearings, etc. It is vital that paddlers have an active hand in this most boring, but most important aspect of river preservation. If ever a group realized you do not need to own or alter a watershed to appreciate it, it is the paddling community. Thus it really behooves us to add the voice of reason to the planning sessions.

A couple of hints:

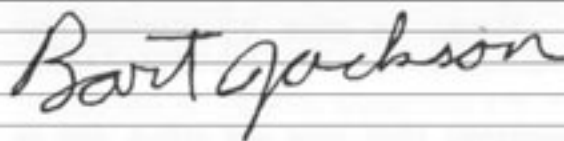
1. Re-align your allies. Assemble as many status-quo oriented groups on your side as possible. Don't assume that just because someone was against or for designation, that he wants to see the river as you do.
2. Present your own plan to the managing

agency. i.e. you may need to buy put-in and takeout strips. But the rest of the land can be maintained with scenic easements or county zoning. (If the agency purchases the land, they can build on it, with an easement, no one can.)

3. If you believe the management program violates Wild & Scenic intent, write the Secretary of the Interior. Legally, it is even possible to sue the Secretary

and have him slap an injunction on a destructive plan.

There is no denying this eternal vigilance is a pain. But after all the effort to gain Wild & Scenic protection, it would be a shame to loose it due to poor follow through.



Letters from Readers:

A WA wants to year your comments, complaints, and news. Why not write the AWA Editor today at 7 Holland Lane, Cranbury, N.J. 08512. If any or all of your letter is not for publication, please specify.

Club insurance?

Dear AWA:

Some members of our local canoe club are concerned about the liability of trip leaders if canoeing accidents occur. It is my understanding that, through incorporation, a club protects its officers as a group, but not as an individual member accused of negligence. Is there a reasonably priced insurance that would cover such individuals? To protect the individual members, do any clubs have trip participants sign waivers; if so, have the waivers ever been tested and proved legally binding? Finally—and perhaps this should have been the first question—are canoeing accident lawsuits common or uncommon?

I suspect that there may be other canoe clubs wondering about these same questions. If any AWA member has the answers, it would be greatly appreciated if he or she would put them in a letter or short article to be printed in *Whitewater*.

Fern Stearns

Penobscot Paddle and Chowder Society

Unfortunately, in this age when cash cures all, questions of accident lawsuits and club responsibility become of prime importance. AWA is currently gathering information on this subject for an upcoming article. A club's legal responsibilities are generally hazy and variable, affording no pat protection formula. There probably doesn't exist the one true, legal solution. In its stead, we can answer your questions in accord with a legal consensus. 1) Accident lawsuits are quite rare and the odds of their going to court even rarer. However, they have happened and it behooves clubs to be aware of this possibility. 2) A negligence lawsuit will usually be filed against the trip leader and/or the club, (whoever has the most money). Officers in an incorporated club are personally immune, but the trip leader is definitely not. 3) A couple of the larger clubs have obtained blanket liability policies for all members for all scheduled trips. (Not guests, not bootleg trips). The American Canoe Association is currently working on an insurance program providing coverage for clubs and trip leaders, and hope to have a policy ready soon. 4) Waivers have been found effective in court, particularly in borderline cases. But remember: a person cannot sign away his legal rights; and negligence suits are based on state law and state precedents. Thus it would be wise to

Norman Malin

(continued)

have a lawyer check the waivers effectiveness potential and set its wording.

Finally, we think it's appalling that trip leaders must face this kind of threat in this suit-happy society, for merely volunteering their time and effort. But as long as law is designed to reward people for their own mistakes, clubs will have to seek protection. —Ed.

MEKP — how lethal?

Dear Sir,

This letter is in regards to an article in the October-December 1979 *American Whitewater*. (Let me first say I loved your picture on page two.)

I make reference to the article on page 29. ["Catalyst vs. Your Eyes"]. Enclosed, you will find many articles to rebuff your "facts" of the danger to the eye from MEKP. There is no question that MEKP or anything else but distilled water put on the eye of humans will cause damage. The extent is in question.

In the Los Angeles area and others, the above problem seemed to crop up in 1978. After seeing the reports, I began to do research into the matter, as my students use 10 gallons of MEKP a year. The included information is part of my research . . .

I would like to sum up my findings on MEKP as follows: MEKP, used with polyester resin since 1942, has never caused the loss of any eyes according to the National Society for the Prevention of the Blind, the Norac Co. (one of the largest producers), and the Society of the Plastics Industry. 8,000,000 pounds of MEKP are produced annually in the U.S., and one reported loss of an eye in 38 years is not exactly scientific proof of the grave dangers in the use of MEKP.

Caution is needed in the handling of MEKP, from the standpoint of eye safety, ingestion, and fire, equally. But there is no need to scare people.

Sincerely,
Norman Malin
Plastics Teacher
Walter Reed Jr. High School
North Hollywood, CA

Below are some excerpts from Mr. Malin's research, forwarded to AWA.

▲ "Methyl ethyl ketone peroxide has been in use for 35 years as (a catalyst for) polyester resin . . . A review of our Workman's Compensation accident files back to 1967 did not show a single person being sent to our ophthalmologists because of MEKP-eye contact, when indeed many employees have had MEKP in their eyes . . . (our company rule is to flush for 15 minutes in an eyewash with someone else acting as time keeper.) — Donald E. Rees, Head Chemist & Dr. McCloskey, Technical Director, the Norac Co., Inc.

▲ Dr. Smith (source for the accident reported in AWA) based on a series of one case, tells us that one eye was irrevocably lost over a period of eight years. To me, this seems a little hard to believe, but far be it from me to refute his experience, if that be the case. You simply cannot draw any conclusions from one bad case against a hundred mild cases. Both can be correct." —Dr. Jerome T. Pearlman, Professor of Ophthalmology, University of California.

AWA applauds both your concern and the thoroughness of your research. There does appear to be substantial dispute on the exact danger of MEKP, and our intent was certainly not to frighten boaters from its use. However, we still urge all readers to follow the prevention techniques and exposure treatment listed on page 29 of AWA XXIV/5-6. No odds are discountable and no injury "mild" when it's your eyes. If you want to gamble, go to the track.

—Ed.



Jay Doub
7 Foot Falls
Chattooga River
South Carolina

The Sage, when Your Experience demands more than an open canoe!

The SAGE, a rotational molded decked canoe designed as a medium volume river cruiser. Made of tough cross linked Marlex™ Polyethylene the Sage lets you experience the strength and durability of our Quest K-1 in a C-1.

The Sage, the only boat of its kind in the world! But could you expect less from PERCEPTION!

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AWA AFFILIATE NOTES

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

FAKE RIVER OFFERS FAKE THRILLS

In the great battle to take whitewater out of the outdoors, AstroWorld has won a colossal, sickening victory. From the city that brought you the first indoor ballpark, Houston, Texas now presents AstroWorld, a giant amusement park, which sometime in 1980 plans to spawn "Thunder River" — the world's most sterile whitewater imitation.

Thunder River is planned to be a 1200 by 20 foot circular waterway, etched out of a concrete slab, where specially designed rafts will slide down a ramp into the water through a course of carefully engineered rapids. According to AstroWorld, "the ride simulates the actual thrill of rafting down an unruly river and encountering swelling rapids and the magnetism of whitewater. (My, my) . . . Its main appeal is that it puts man in touch with nature and also with his own sense of adventure." (Maybe they'll plant a palm nearby for the nature part.) You'll be equally happy to hear that a miniature golf course will be nearby (to challenge, presumably, your sense of adventure).

Local whitewater outfitter Don Greene has been hired to help design the course. He claims that the "percolating waters and screaming turns" will be "realistic enough for professional kayak races and

classes." Thanks, Don, but we doubt if even we amateurs could run Thunder River without taint.

The old joke used to be that if you loved whitewater boating, but hated the cold, hated the long travel, and feared the heavy water, you had one choice: quit. Now there's another choice of equal thrill: ride the Thunder River.

PRESIDENTIAL SPORTS AWARD

"I salute the Presidential Sports Award program for encouraging older youth and adults to keep physically fit and physically active . . . Not all of us can be champions, but each of us can be a winner. I invite more Americans to take part in this worthwhile endeavor."—Jimmy Carter.

The Presidential Sports Award is a program designed to encourage people to enter, on a regular basis, any one of 43 qualifying sports, of which canoe/kayak paddling is one. The aim of the program, sponsored by the President's Council on Physical Fitness, is participatory, not competitive. Each applicant is required to fill out an activity log stating the date and activity specifics. For paddling, the award requirements are:

1. Paddle a minimum of 200 miles.
2. No more than seven miles in any one day may be credited toward the total.
3. Requirements must be completed within four months.

Please note, all you bulging-bicep, wild-water racers, you cannot go out and grab this award in one weekend.

NEWS

WHITewater

Upon qualifying, you will receive a Presidential Certificate, patch, lapel pin and membership card. You can earn awards in as many sports as you want. Logs are available free upon request, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Presidential Sports Award, Box 5214, FDR Post Office, NYC 10022.

KAYAKS FOUND – CULPRIT JAILED

The last issue of Whitewater's Fluvial News asked Alabamans to keep an eye peeled for two kayaks belonging to Chicago paddlers John O'Kane and Gerry Achtenberg. From them, for all AWA readers, we have some good news: they have been found. Recently, the Fort Payne, Alabama Sheriff's Office called and reported that the thief had been apprehended and jailed and that all the gear, except for some camera items were recovered.

Unfortunately, this good news serves only to balance out some more bad news along the same line. Two more boats have been stolen, this time from around Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. We ask all AWA readers to check the classified ad on page 11 and keep your eyes open.

Again, AWA reiterates its offer to place an ad free for any boater having his/her equipment stolen. Send all information to AWA Editor and please include with item description, the place and date of theft, contact person, and reward if any.

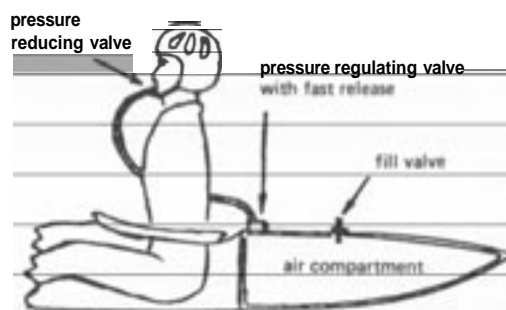
—Thanks to Chicago Whitewater Association's Gradient.

AWA's RUBE GOLDBERG AWARD—EUROPEAN DIVISION

Leave it to the West Germans. Now,

for the paddler who spends more time under the water than he does floating on top of it, we offer the Kayak Scuba Tank. This real invention was recently put into production by a German manufacturer to aid in the training of rolls and survival in ultra-heavy water. Kanu-Sport, official publication of the DKV, Deutscher Kanu Verein, (West German equivalent of AWA), described this kayak accoutrement in its April issue. A roughly translated summary appears below:

"Just in time for the new paddling season . . . a new piece of equipment which may well revolutionize whitewater paddling. By closing off the stern of the kayak, an airtight space which can hold compressed air up to about 35 psi is created. For an added weight of about four and a half pounds, the stern is made considerably stiffer, which will be of considerable benefit to heavy water paddlers. Deck collapse . . . is eliminated.



K-1 Underwater Tank

Now even a beginner can practice rolls without panic, loss of orientation, or lack of air. The air supply lasts about a half hour of intensive practice. The advantages for a heavy water paddler . . . are obvious.

But the best part is a special, flexible pressure hose and mouthpiece with pressure reducing valve, affording the paddler

a limited supply of air. Limited because a pressure regulating valve maintains a minimum 18.5 pressure at all times.

For safety's sake, two weak spots are built into (the hose) so the paddler does not get in trouble or strangled." If you are really interested in one of these things, write the Cruise Chairman of the Wurtemberg Canoe Club, Mr. Arthur Eierman, 7100 Heilbronn, Schutzbarstrasse 1, West Germany.

AWA offers special thanks to KCCNY's Ted Steinway for submitting and translating this article. We also gratefully acknowledge Kanu-Sport magazine for allowing us to reprint their article. Any AWA reader interested in subscribing to Kanu-Sport, may write the Journal editor for information.

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.

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Sociologists call it the gender grouping urge. But folks of common sense know that it just pays to get off once in a while with only your own and to have a relaxing, hair-down good time. Traditionally, it has been a lot easier for guys than gals to find one-gender paddling trips. There are just more men in the sport.

But now, out on northern California's Klamath River, Osprey River Trips, along with the Outdoor Education Association

are offering women their chance. Osprey, run by President Anna M. Alden, has offered several women-only trips, three of which are:

1. Women in the Outdoors. July 9-13; August 18-22. A five day course on the Klamath River to teach whitewater and camping skills. Adults \$279; Youth \$251.
2. Women's Dream Workshop. July 30-August 3. A self awareness workshop held on the Klamath River; Adults \$279; Youth \$251.
3. Women's Basic Whitewater School. August 11-15. Learn paddling and rescue skills on the Klamath. Adults \$299, Youth \$269.

If you are interested in attending (or in sending your wife) write Osprey River Trips, Inc., 6109 Fish Hatchery Rd., Grants Pass, OR 97526.

YUKON TERRITORY & ALASKA

If you are intrigued by the thought of paddling from the interior of the Yukon down and out to Alaska's glacial coast, and you'd like the trip enlivened by a little whitewater, but not continuous Class IV - VI, here is your trip. In the southwest corner of the Yukon, about 110 miles north of Haines, Alaska, the Tatsushini River flows south past Dalton Post and joins the Alsek River. From this junction, the Alsek continues south at an average speed of seven miles per hour winding through spectacular mountain and glacial scenery, and emptying out into Dry Bay, just north of Glacier Bay National Monument, in the Gulf of Alaska.

A support raft can take a small number of passengers, as well as the full complement of C-1, C-2's and K-1 paddlers. Temperature will be maybe-wetsuits, maybe not. But the scenery on this trip is unique and it may be your one chance to nudge an iceberg. If interested in this August 1980, 200 mile trip, immediately call Jack Nichol, 1035 O'Malley Drive, Billings, MO 59102. (406) 248-6987.

CONSERVATION NOTES

STANISLAUS UPDATE

Now is the time for Stanislaus enthusiasts to hop to and write your representative in support of Bill HR 4223, which would place this threatened California stream under study for Wild & Scenic designation. The one-to-two year study period would postpone the planned inundation, and if W & S designation follows, protection would be permanent.

Currently, the Water and Power Resources Service is pleading with Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andress for a permit to test its highly oversized generators. This would involve filling the reservoir to the 585 foot mark and back-flooding miles of free flowing river. While an enjoyable project for engineers, this ruinous experiment finds no basis in need. The Chairman of the Public Utilities Commission of California has written Secretary Andress, saying that if enlarging generator capacity is "based on fear of not enough electricity, this is false information."

HR 4223 already has a dozen co-sponsors, thanks to a nationwide effort of paddling and other outdoor groups who have pushed their representatives to sign. In addition, administrative scuttlebutt in Washington, D.C. says that a negative decision on the Water and Power permit request will be forthcoming this summer. Here's hoping.

MULBERRY FLOATING SAVED "NAVIGABILITY" DEFINED

The Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club of Kansas City and the Ozark Society have battled and won an Arkansas Supreme Court decision that has saved boating not only on the Mulberry River, but on virtually all Arkansas streams. In a nationally significant decision, the state's Supreme Court overturned a lower court ruling, which upheld a property owners right to deny public access to recreational streams.

Originally, an injunction was sought by landowner Wm. McIlroy, to keep paddlers off his land. Since he owned both sides, this would have prevented boaters from walking on the banks or even floating over the riverbed there. He claimed this stream segment's non-navigability voided the public's right to use it. The defense argued that navigability depends on the usefulness of the stream to its population — that recreational use, not just the ability to carry commercial goods, can and should determine navigability.

The Mulberry is one of the prime Ozark whitewater streams. With a good rain, it can swell to a nice Class III — a bit of a rarity in the Midwest that makes it a real favorite. But this victory saved not only the Mulberry. By setting recreational boating streams under the protection of navigable streams public access rights, all Arkansas streams should remain open to boaters. It also offers a precedent that can be used by other states in boater-use bat-

(continued on page 32)


CLASSIFIED

BOATS STOLEN:

Stolen from the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania area:

Max C-1: very low volume, red deck and yellow hull. Hardly used and outfitted with a continuous front-to-rear-wall seat system. Kevlar and S-glass layup with Kevlar outside seams.

also brand new DK-5 Kayak: medium volume, red deck with yellow hull and a distinctive DK-5 emblem on right front deck at knee area. Kevlar and Vynlester resin with E-glass and carbon fiber ribbing.

These are not the first boats stolen from Harrisburg and rewards will be paid for information. Contact Pete Zurflieh, 266 Verbeke St., Harrisburg, Pa. 17102. (717) 238-5667; or Nolan Tucker, 2609 Market St., Camp Hill, Pa.  7) 761-6901.

ETHAFOAM PLANKS — 13" x 4" x 54". Mailable. \$15.00 plus freight. Mountain Sports, RD #2, Center Road, Frankfort, New York 13340. (315) 733-5458.

"Ich

Bin Der Beste"

By Rita Tessmann

WHAT TO EXPECT FROM A CANOE CAMP

The paddling clinic/camps throughout the continent offer boaters of all levels a maximum of training with a minimum of regimen. Recently, Wyoming kayakist Rita Tessman made the pilgrimage 180 miles above Toronto to Madawaska Kanu Camp. For one intensive week, she experienced excitement, fear, humiliation, elation, exhaustion, fun, and above all, learning. Rita survived, and along with her vastly sharpened skills, she carried away an unforgettable memory which she here relates.

They poured in on Sunday like unknown tributaries joining the main stream: professor, lawyer, dentist, laborer, and students. All were congenial, and anxious. Cautious expectancy cushions the chatter this first day each week at Madawaska Kanu Camp in Ontario, Canada. Coming here is a little like baring the bottom to a nurse with a needle. Benefits are expected, but so is pain. The hopeful paddler isn't sure. He might suffer helmet-crushing fail-

ure. He might become fairly good. Or he might attain soul-soaring success that would send him forth, a la Ali, making the rapids cringe with shouts of "I am the greatest!"

Eager as young rookies, we headed for the main building: an unpretentious A-frame ringed by woods, many campsites, and a couple of smaller buildings. Dormitories were upstairs and downstairs lay the kitchen and two big eating and meeting rooms, one with a fireplace. Both rooms had huge comfortable bean bags where one could slouch down to read or sleep. Lunch is served in a giant, screened-in gazebo with a hooded fireplace in the center.

After getting settled in the dormitories, or surrounding campsites, the new arrivals set out to scan the water. Crossing a dirt road and 100 yards down a wooded slope, we stood before the Madawaska River: sparkling, clean, rocky, and a surprising 70° warm. The varied rapids opposite the

Tina, Kerckhoffs' youngest, cum bare feet and high hopes, studies Madawaska's intermediate slalom course. (Rita Tessman photo)





Staircase Rapids (above). The most difficult section used regularly for lessons at Madawaska. (Rita Tessman photo)

camp are hung with permanent gates. Below, a few riffles and the notable Gravel Pit Suckhole, flow toward Lake Kamani-skeg, a ways downstream. Above, runs Staircase, the camp's most difficult white-water. This entire stretch lies a short ways below a dam, which provides regular daily releases — just enough water and enough time for ample morning and afternoon lessons.

In the main house, we gathered and got acquainted. I remember one girl in particular who listened attentively and was very friendly about expressing interest in each person's experience. She finally let a few seconds of thoughtful silence pass and then offered this account of her expertise concerning the noble kayak: "I saw one once. It was in a Walt Disney movie."

Experience levels range from this point, up. Our week's most advanced were classed as intermediates though often there is an expert class. All the instructors were good; many ranked racers. We were lucky enough to have national champion Linda Harrison teaching during our term. Most paddlers are kayakers, but C-1 and C-2 instruction is also offered.

The camp is owned and operated by

Canadian champion paddlers Hermann Kerckhoff and his wife Christa. Christa supervises the kitchen and paperwork while Herman oversees the paddling in a firm, but congenial manner. Herman is unforgettable — both masterful and accommodating at the same time. He offers challenge and fun. But he is best remembered for his delightful German accent and a few penetratingly pronounced words. Every morning and afternoon, he begins the lessons by clanging a cowbell and shouting "Boating!" in a cross between "booting" and "boughting". In the evening, the bell rings again with his shout of "Moovies".

(Once when wearing my Madawaska T-shirt in Ohiopyle, Pa., I was greeted by a stranger shouting from across the parking lot "Boating!" in Hermann's special accent. It's like a secret handshake among Madawaska alumni.)

First Morning on the river allays fears. Classes go to separate areas and practice rescue techniques. Beginners go to the lower lake and, after safety lessons, are taught how to roll. By the end of the day, they are bubbling over with talk about rolling difficulties and successes. Inter-

"morning and afternoon (Hermann) begins the lessons by clanging a cowbell and shouting 'Boating'. . . It's like a secret handshake among Madawaska alumni."

mediates rescue each other in slow-moving water, demonstrate their rolls, and go on to basic strokes.

As our week progressed, all classes learned to perfect their strokes and use them while running gates. Hermann believes the gates help teach precision maneuvering and are of value even to those who never intend to race. Intermediates moved on up the river to the faster white-water gates and eddies. They practiced catching eddies in Staircase, which was quite a challenge. The youngest student, a boy about 14, eventually caught all the eddies and was the only one to qualify for an expert rating by the end of the week.

We had one day of video taping. Hermann took pictures of our running gates on flat water and simultaneously commented into the sound track. We could hear him say, "Good forward stroke . . . there's the 45° angle . . . there's the 'sweep' . . . but that was **no Duffek!**". (Hermann insists on a smart Duffek turn, with blade completely submerged, preceeded by a strong forward sweep from the bow. Even the beginners learned this.)

In the evening, Hermann showed these tapes on T.V. and added more comments. It is uniquely illuminating to see oneself and hear the critique.

There were also other films: movies of slalom races; difficult runs such as the Ottawa, Upper Youghiogheny, and Grand Canyon; as well as clips of past students going through their lessons. In fact, it was

seeing these films that finally taught me to conquer my personal nemesis: Eddy #6.

Luckily, the Madawaska has fairly easy paths for carrying boats back up. These I trod and shot for Eddy #6 over and over and missed. Finally, I eddied into this slot and, with elation, envisioned the sign seen in the movie "Welcome to Eddy #6". But alas, it was there no longer.

All the meals were huge, tasty, and very congenial. Since most paddlers had paid for the complete package of lessons, room, and board, the tendency was to bolt down your money's worth. Exhausted paddlers dragged into the lunch gazebo and gobbled soup, bread, sandwiches, fruit, dessert, coffee, and more. They then smiled contentedly, talked, and thought of how nice it would be to take a nap. But too soon, the harsh clang and "Boating" rang out again, and off we all went to the river.

After the afternoon lesson, it was possible to practice more paddling, but few did. For most, relaxation and our personal hordes of beer and soda usually won favor.

New Rapids, New Rivers

Several sessions were actually river trips. We would be driven up to the dam and paddle down to camp, or start at camp and paddle down to Lake Kamani-skeg. In addition, the camp, just east of Algonquin Park, uses the Petawawa and Ottawa Rivers. Truly, M.K.C. has its own ideal river world. **(continued on page 35)**

At Jonquiere World Championships where she placed fifth, July '79, Claudia, Kerckhoff's eldest battles a mound of pushy foam. (Rita Tessman photo)





RAMONE EATON

A TRIBUTE

By HENRY WALLACE

*On April 28th, over a hundred paddlers and friends gathered on the edge of the Nantahala River to pay final tribute to one of the boating community's finest and most unique men: **Ramone Eaton**. Pioneer of countless southeastern streams, instructor of thousands of paddlers, Executive Director of the Red Cross, and a guiding force in the founding of the Nantahala Outdoor Center, he was one of those special people who inspired all around him. Attending the ceremony was Henry Wallace who recalls **Ramone's** individual character and achievements,*

Morning mist was lifting from the rushing water at Sandy Ford on Section III of the Chattooga River in North Carolina as he walked to the edge of the clear, swift stream surrounded by a dozen novice canoeists.

Standing tall and trim amidst the group, **Ramone S. Eaton** spoke in a calm, reassuring voice that carried clearly above the murmur of the riffles. "Just around the bend is the Narrows. It is not a very difficult rapid and you are ready for it, but you must bring into play the things you have learned during the past week on the Green and other less challenging rivers."

Visible relief appeared on the faces of the assembled boaters of a Camp Monda-min canoe clinic. If this silver-haired veteran of over a hundred rivers told them they were ready, then they must be ready. The legendary trolls lurking in the Narrows drops and chutes would not gobble them up after all — at least not completely.

"Just pull into the eddy before the approach. John Burton will tell you how to run it and I'll be midstream if **you** need me."



Stately and graceful, **Ramone** noses his Grumman over Nantahala Falls, 1974. (Photo courtesy of Henry Wallace)

With that, **Ramone**, paddle in hand, and a twinkle in his penetrating blue eyes, stepped lightly into his battered, vintage 15-foot Grumman. Then, with a grace once described as "poetry in action", he sluiced through the turbulent Narrows and swung effortlessly into a mid-stream eddy where he could command a view of the entire rapid. From this favorite vantage point of his favorite rapid on his favorite river, he comforted, coaxed, and coached his fledgling flock into the rapid.

Ramone Eaton, oft called the father of modern canoeing, was doing what he liked best – teaching others the excitement and beauty of whitewater. His canoeing began decades before: first in fragile, cedar-strip masterpieces, then in wood-canvas, then into aluminum in the late forties. Now, in this eddy, he watched and reflected as his pupils bounced over rocks in ABS.

Born in Alexandria, Virginia, **Ramone** received his formal education there and in Washington, and learned his canoeing on the Potomac and its tributaries. For the next half century, he was never far from this river, either in spirit or in person, despite the worldwide travels of his life-saving work.

Undergraduate studies at Georgetown University and University of Georgia were

followed by graduate work at Georgia and Columbia. And each weekend found him on the trail or river, in the days before lifejackets, extra flotation, or pre-made put-ins. Completing school, **Ramone** coached swimming at Georgia Tech., and for a time was a physical education director in Washington, D.C. During this period, he held the record for the longest underwater swim – an enviable attribute for a whitewater boater.

While still in his teens, **Ramone** worked with the Red Cross volunteer disaster relief, and aided in the rescue effort following the great Florida hurricane of 1926. It was here he was to find his life's work. For the next 40 years, **Ramone** served the Red Cross, rising to its highest administrative post: Executive Vice President.

As a Red Cross official, **Ramone** took a leading role in humanitarian endeavors. At home and around the world, he supervised relief and rescue from floods, droughts, and explosions. In the aftermath of World War II, he worked closely with General George G. Marshall in the European rehabilitation, and later became head of Red Cross International Affairs.

In this role, **Ramone** traveled to Indo-China, interceding on behalf of American POW's in North Vietnam. Also, in Havana, he worked out a medicine-for-prisoners

"The locale of this [riverside] tribute seemed especially appropriate, since Ramone pioneered the Nantahala over a quarter century ago . . ."

deal, following the Bay of Pigs fiasco.

As a moderator, Ramone Eaton had few peers. But it was at a paddling clinic in the Great Smokies, I finally saw him stonewalled. We'd planned to put-in on the Oconolufte River in the town of Cherokee, but an Indian official ordered us off the river, courteously, but firmly. Ramone disappeared into the headquarters for a pow-wow. Indian fishing rights won out and a half hour later Ramone reappeared, shaking his head, 'We'll have to take out. Those Indians are tougher negotiators than the Vietcong.'

A paddler serene and expert

From the social parlors of Washington's high echelon to world wide distressed areas of unbelievable squalor, Ramone pursued his career, and yet always managed to return to the river, his greatest love. Like his close friend and paddling buddy, Randy Carter, he was one of the outstanding pioneers of boating, not only in the Southeast, but throughout the nation.

On the river, he was a symphony of coordination: calm, assured, precise. He seemed never to hurry, and moved with never a wasted motion or stroke. Ramone's smooth paddling style expressed a man who neither feared or battled whitewater, but loved and worked with it. His phenomenal boat control and uncanny water reading made him oft called "the best boater." Around the campfire, Ramone was a fascinating raconteur — an urbane Virginia gentleman of great charm with a quick wit and ready sense of humor.

Although he canoed streams from California to New England, his favorite rivers were in his adopted western North Carolina. As counsellor and instructor at Merriewood, High Rocks, and Mondamin camps, Ramone imbued thousands of boys and girls with boating skills and his sincere love of the wilderness. Some of his stu-

dents have developed into A-ranked national competitors.

As a member of the American Canoe Association Council and Chairman of ACA's Whitewater Open Canoe Committee, Ramone attended national meetings where both his advice and his moderating abilities were held in high esteem. He was also a member of the Canoe Cruisers Association of Washington and an honorary life member of the Georgia Canoeing Association.

A close friend of Payson and Aurelia Kennedy for a quarter century, Ramone encouraged them in their founding of the Nantahala Outdoor Center in 1972. Later, he became one of its stockholders and directors and recently headed the center's safety program as staff instructor.

But his greatest gift to the Center was the advice and inspiration he gave the founders. Ramone was viewed as N.O.C.'s elder statesman, aiding all and often acting as father confessor to its staff, many of whom looked to him for solutions to problems, both in their work and personal lives.

In early April, 1980, Ramone suffered a ruptured esophagus, resulting in pneumonia. Despite surgery and two weeks intensive care at an Asheville hospital, his long, abundant life came to an end. With him in his final moments were Elaine Way and Lyndle Smith, two daughters from his first marriage. Also beside him was his bride of one year, Eve Hammett Eaton, a kayaker and N.O.C. staff member. Ramone and Eve met at Camp Merriewood six years ago and remained constant companions since. Six grandchildren also survive.

According to his wishes, Ramone's body was cremated. After a streamside ceremony near the put-in of the Nantahala River attended by family members, friends, and admirers from the N.O.C. staff and

(continued on page 36)

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ALASKA'S

SUSITNA – Kayaking's

Part I – Devil Canyon

Ten years ago, in August 1970, the first two kayaks explored the Susitna. Since then only a mere handful of the very best have attempted it – most portaging and/or swimming the difficult Devil Canyon. Today, just to mention this river among knowledgeable heavy water boaters presents the ultimate challenge. Unfortunately, there is now the additional challenge to all boaters to help keep the Susitna alive and prevent its inundation for hydroelectric use.

In this first in a series of three articles, Jack Allen tells of a current attempt on Devil Canyon in light of the initial, exploratory runs. Jack is a kayaker and lawyer with the U.S. Department of the Interior, formerly in Washington, D.C., now in Anchorage, Alaska.

July 29, 1979 – We have spent a good two hours trudging the two miles from High Lake down to the Susitna River. The moose trails on the ridges peter out inexplicably as if the moose sprouted wings in the thickest of thickets, leaving us to slog

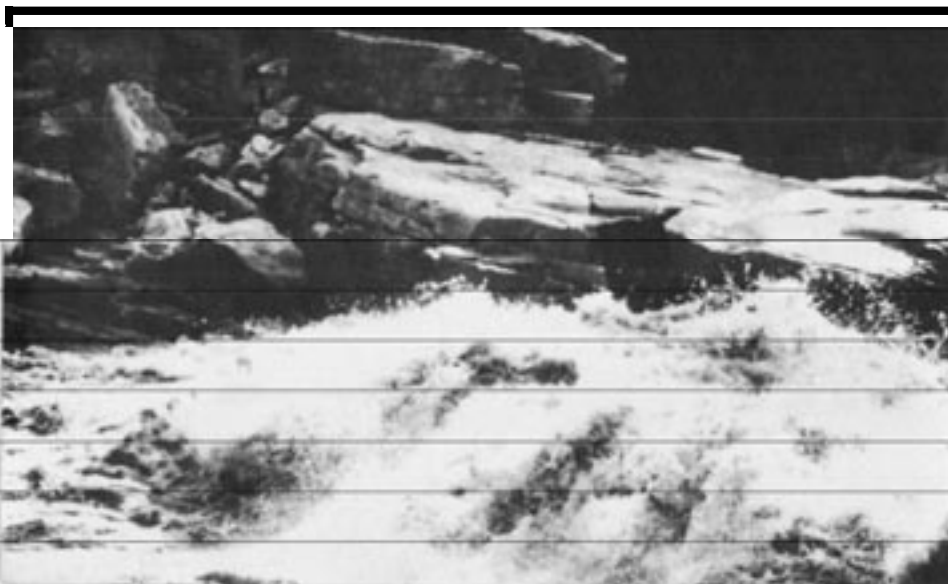
through ankle-deep tundra bogs, dense alder and Devils Club, and the ever-present swarms of mosquitoes.

At last reaching the river, we join about 20 others already assembled there. They, as we, have come to this remote and difficult spot in central Alaska to watch four kayakers run a three hundred yard section of river, called Devil Creek Rapid – the first rapid in Devil Canyon.

We are the last spectators to arrive and are glad we're in time. The four paddlers, Barney Griffith, Mike Malone, Bob Wallace, and Gary Galbraith, stand on the opposite side of the river, scouting; still black figures in wetsuits. We are told they have been on that hillside an hour, and they do not look impatient to get started.

The spectators, mostly friends, are in no hurry either. They are more appreciative than anxious. Shirts are stripped off, a bottle of Gallo passed, and camera tripods positioned on the chutes they expect to be run.

The first kayakers to set boat on the "Big Su" did not know, when they put in



Left: a miniscule helmet pokes through an exploding curler in Devil Canyon. (Jack Allen photo)

Mount Everest

By JACK ALLEN

100 miles upstream at the Denali Highway that there was Class VI whitewater between them and the take-out. In early August of 1970, Jack Hession, now the Sierra Club representative in Alaska, and Dave Christie, now a high school ski and tennis coach in Anchorage, put in from the Denali Highway for a river-level look at Devil Canyon. They had been unable to find anyone who had been down the river.

On the third day, the two paddlers came to a big, clean, Class III-IV rapid which, after scouting, they proceeded cautiously to negotiate. But Dave flipped in a hole while lining up for a slot, and swam. He then grabbed Jack's stern grab-loop, and they made for shore. Again and again huge boulders and the holes behind them at intervals along the bank forced Jack to back off as they swept further downstream. Rounding a bend, Jack became aware of a new noise, looked downstream and saw the beginning of Devil Creek rapid. Awe-struck by the sight and nearly exhausted by the effort to make the bank, he yelled to Dave to let go of

the boat they were towing. Dave did and they paddled and swam for their lives. Jack got the bow of his boat up on a small ledge jutting out from the bank at the very last possible point. It was starting to slip off as Dave scrambled ashore and hauled the boat to secure ground.

Nine years later the picture is still vivid in Jack's memory. "Had I missed that last little shelf, I might well not be here now," he said. "We were both totally exhausted." He dragged his boat up into the trees on the bank and left it there. They took his gear and began bush-whacking downstream where they found half of Christie's boat with some of his gear still in it. Four hungry days later they reached Gold Creek.

Looking across the river, below where the four kayakers are standing, we can barely make out a white object in the trees. It is Hession's kayak, still there after nine years, waiting for someone to come along and paddle it out.

(to be continued next issue)

Right: Barney Griffith pulls out of a dark eddy into a horrendous main current.

(Jack Allen photo)





AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION NEWS

The American Canoe Association is very pleased to be embarking on a cooperative program with the AWA. Members will be receiving complimentary copies of our newsletter, The American Canoeist, which we hope you will enjoy.

In addition, we are making available to AWA members the same discount on books and maps through the ACA Bookservice that we offer to our members. Please be sure to indicate that you are an AWA member when you take advantage of this offer.

1980 marks the 100th Anniversary of the American Canoe Association. We invite you all to participate in the commemorative activities taking place this summer in Lake George and Clayton, New York, and on our island in the St. Lawrence River, Sugar. Look for details in The American Canoeist, or write to The American Canoe Association, P.O. Box 248, Lorton, Virginia 22079.

Joyce Malone, Office Manager

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AWJ 80/3

Prudella Saintly's Bow-Stern Etiquette

WHITEWATER

A guide to polite C-2 paddling conversation on and off the river.

by Prudella Saintly

The longer I paddle, the more I realize that the art of gracious bow-stern dialogue is fast going out of our lives. Each of us owes it to the pristine purity of the outdoors to eschew invective and inject polite charm into our inter-craft communication.

Now I realize tense moments invite lapses into terse, almost stern comments, but as my third late husband used to say, "Prudella, without formality, what are you?" Therefore, with this firmly in mind, I tender to AWA readers this small glossary of proper responses for C-2 partners in various situations.

Prior to Paddling

I. *Driving to the put-in, the driver may say:*

Ah, perhaps dear, your Yokelsville 'shortcut' was a tad inadvisable this time, considering we must now wait for their entire Potato Harvest parade to pass.

The Navigator should properly reply:

Oh, my pet*, you are so talented at such decisions, perhaps you should take the map as well as the wheel and exhibit your boundless skill unhampered.

Try to avoid:

Well, if you hadn't used the driving directions as tinder for that wood burning stove you insisted on buying . . .

II. *Unloading at the put-in, the bowperson may say:*

I'm so glad you scouted the put-in so thoroughly. It afforded me time to cart the boat and all our gear down to the water, single-handed.

The stern shall then say:

I hate to see you carry loads that heavy alone. From now on make two trips.

Try to avoid:

I'd be happy to help if you weren't so cotton-pickin' persnickidy and screamed every time I touched your precious stuff.

"Some of the forms of address are specifically designed for husband and wife teams. Of course, if your partner is not your spouse, just use a simple, friendly term. Try to avoid names which call to question your partner's parentage.

At her own beligerant insistance, Prudella and her twisted sense of propriety will be appearing as a column in forthcoming issues. She will gleefully field all questions of proper boating etiquette and behavior. If you have a problem, feel free to ask Prudella. Send all correspondence to Ms. Saintly, c/o AWA Editor, 7 Holland Lane, Cranbury, N.J. 08512

On the River



Stern Mouth Muff



Bow Ear Muff

I.

Remember, those little dress "extras" help make your trip a social success.

II.

Having broadsided and wrapped around a blatant boulder, the bowperson may say:

Did you notice how nicely *my* half of the canoe got past that rock?

The stern should then reply:

Oh, don't worry, my end will soon be touching yours; it's the middle section still pinned upstream that I'm worried about.

Try to avoid:

Cleaving the bow's head from his (her) shoulders with your blade.

III.

As the sweep boat fades to a tiny dot downstream, the stern partner may say:

Have you noticed how swiftly the others are running ahead – I wonder if that might possibly correlate with your relaxed paddling style and stroke rate.

The bow may then reply:

Or perhaps it's our muscle to weight ratio. You know, I'll have to move my seat forward again this season to keep our boat in trim.

Try to avoid:

Listen Lardbucket, my half of the boat is going fast enough. It would take a bull moose to haul your... (or) you can shove your half downstream at any pace. . .

IV.

You have just maneuvered a drop with the grace of a high scoring pinball and landed in the pool amidst the smirks of fellow boaters. One partner may boldly announce:

Great stroking partner, these moves will really help us in next week's slalom.

Then, with shoulders hunched in seething relish, he will mutter:

\$%''!*)(&%\$†'' – (herein is reviewed each specific flaw of the partner's previous moves.

While this diatribe may not be fully acquitted in this lifetime, at first pause, the partner should comment:

Oh, do forgive me, we both know how magnificently you would have handled it If I had left you alone – and since it's such a lovely day, I think I'll walk.

Try to avoid:

an objective evaluation of your partner's abilities in equivalent invective.

V.

Racing downstream, you suddenly snap into an eddy, flip and both eject, The stern, while treading water, may say:

I believe, dear, you may want to try reversing your lean a bit earlier when entering future eddies.



The bow should then reply:

Had you joined me in the pool sessions this winter, my love, perhaps your comments would now be made from a wet, but upright position.

Try to avoid:

Lookie here, Rhino butt, my lean doesn't make a dent in the tilt of your aft.

- VI. *You and your open boat have just swept through a long line of haystacks, into a calm pool where, 3/4 full, both quietly swamp from sight. The bow may glub:*
My, how powerfully you ploughed us through each wavecrest. All my back-paddling proved useless against your forward drive.

The stern should then reply:

It wasn't easy. You almost stalled us dead when I was trying to paddle out of that last hole.

Try to avoid:

What in gawd's name were you trying to do? Shorten the canoe?

At Lunch

- I. *Squatting in the snow, your partner may say:*
What a shame that your three extra sweaters left no room in the pack for lunch.
You should properly reply:
I always find that exercise in cold weather spoils my appetite, don't you?
The first partner should avoid:
Forgot lunch again, eh Stupid? Look Butterarms, for the amount of work I've put in pushing you downstream, I need two lunches.. . etc.

At the Takeout

- I. *Upon tying down the boat, one partner may comment:*
Thank you for re-tying all my knots. I was so afraid none of them would hold.
The partner should then reply:
Forgive my boldness, but I feared your rope tying and boat handling were in the same league.
Try to avoid:
You're lucky we've anything left to tie down, after your exhibition on the river.
- II. *Upon parting, one partner should say:*
Thank you for a truly unique paddling experience. One so seldom on this class water meets a paddler with a style so individual and so low key.
The other partner should reply:
The experience was all mine. Literally. I'm rather surprised that a person with your talents hasn't moved on to a single boat.
- III. *But regardless of the language used on the weekend, on Monday night, one partner shall invariably call up the other and say:*
Hey partner, want to go paddling this weekend?
And incredibly, the answer will always be:
My gosh, I thought you'd never call. I'm half packed now.

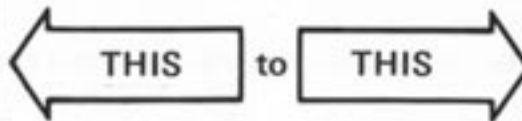


DOCTOR of OPEN HULL SURGERY

by Charlie Walbridge



In six hours, David Brown
will transform



Here's what he does, and how he does it.

Monday Morning. Your eyes fall on the twisted remains of your aluminum canoe as you walk out the front door. The sleepy haze clears, as you recall the fateful encounter: there was your canoe, swamped and floundering in the current. Helpless, you watched it sweep downstream, slam

against a rock, pin fast, and wrap. An hour of tugging on ropes finally freed the hulk before you. Numbly, you decided to take it home, enduring the snickers of truck drivers and gas station attendants all the way. At breakfast, your daughter asked if she could take it to the recycling center.

But you know how much a new one will cost and hold out for now. Yet what will you do?

Growing numbers of paddlers in tidewater Virginia and neighboring states have an answer: David Brown. In the field of repairing aluminum canoes, Dave is an expert with few peers.

Dave came upon his skills in a roundabout way. A professional musician, he once played drums for Mary Travers of Peter, Paul, and Mary. Tiring of the constant travel, he tried stints as a telephone repairman, dental equipment serviceman, and air traffic controller, interspersed with occasional drumming gigs. Eventually, a course at Fischer Body School led to a career in auto body repair. An expert canoeist, Dave soon found other outlets for his percussive skills, and what began as a profitable sideline now occupies the bulk of his time in the warm months. In the past few years, he figures to have salvaged over six hundred hulks including those of a woman who ran over her boyfriend's canoe with a camper; a man whose chimney came loose during a windstorm and fell on his craft; and a gentleman who was chopping his boat out of a frozen pond and got carried away.

Having met Dave many times during my backcountry travels in search of moving water, it was with some pleasure that I finally met him at his shop — a concrete block structure seemingly bypassed by Washington's urban sprawl. Here, he show-

ed me the tools of his trade as he prepared for work: the hydraulic jacks, the air chisels, the pneumatic riveting tool. One shelf contains a full assortment of dollies and mallets; a large box is crammed with pieces of rib, gunwale, and keel from the Grumman factory in Marathon, New York.

Experience has made Dave an unabashed admirer of Grumman. "They're the only people who are doing aircraft-quality work", he says as he hauls in a recent victim of the river to begin work. "Believe me, it shows. Some of those other boats aren't even worth repairing. Untempered aluminum . . . rounded rivets . . . you might as well throw them away." Dave is also a firm believer in the shoe keel. "Never seen a shoe keel break on a Grumman, but the standard keel will snap if you bend it badly enough." It is this sort of severe damage that this unique "boat doctor" excels in fixing. With the possible exception of the Grumman factory itself, There is nowhere else to go for such extensive repairs.

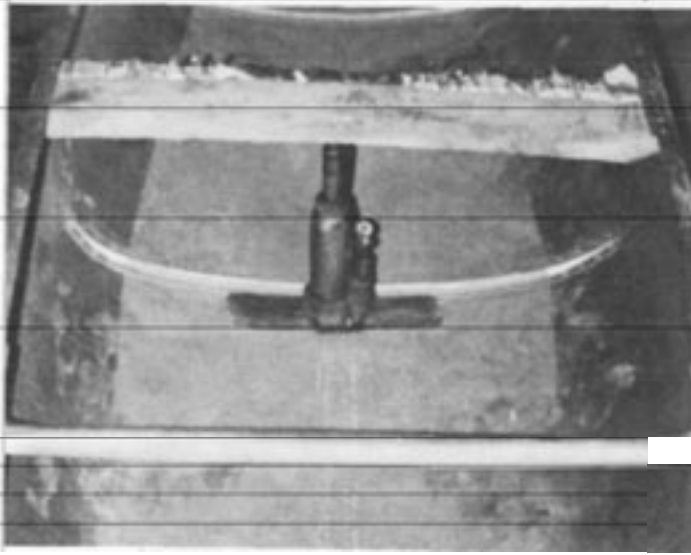
The above canoe had broached and pancaked against a rock. The owner straightened it out as best he could on site and paddled it out, with constant bailing. Next day, it arrived at Dave's shop. Below is the metamorphosis from battered hulk to river ready canoe.

I. Straightening the keel is the first step in any major repair. Dave's homemade rig (opposite photo) uses a three-ton car jack, a length of 318-inch chain, two automotive fender clamps, and a length of one and onequarter-inch steel pipe with a "T" fitting at the end. The advantage of this tool is that it pulls up on the gunwales while pushing down on the keel for optimum effect. Once restored to its original shape, Dave goes over the entire hull with a mallet, backed up with a small hand-held anvil, or "dolly". The dolly keeps the metal from being stretched by the mallet blows. This shaping process removes stresses caused by the accident, so when the straightening rig is removed, the canoe will retain its carefully adjusted shape.

Step I.

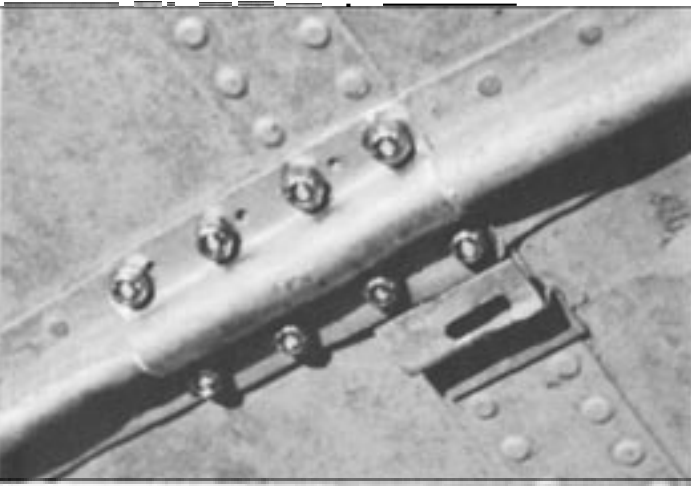


Step II.



II. Hammering dents. The next step is to correct minor dents in the keel. Note how both ends of the jack are padded with boards to minimize the possibility of damage to the boat. This procedure is one which anyone with a car jack and a little patience may want to try.

Step III.



III. Repair for a broken keel: a splice made from a length of new keel bolted in place. For a simple break, Dave will use a five-inch length hammered in place with a fiber mallet for a tight fit. The splice will be attached with 3/16-inch stainless steel truss head screws, installed head out, through the original rivet holes. (A 3/16-inch drill removes rivets if needed.) The rounded heads wear extremely well, and will not cause the canoe to hang up. The entire area between the patch and the hull is coated with silicon rubber which serves as a sealant. Available in tubes at most hardware stores, this is great for marine patching applications.

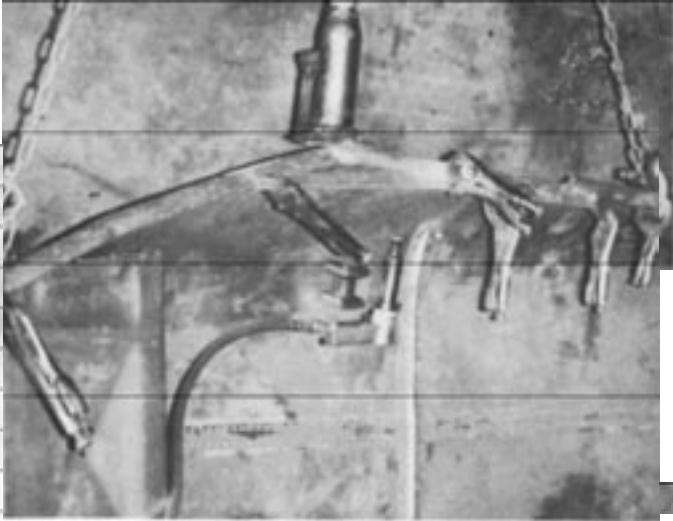
Step IV-A.



IV. Gunwale breaks though common, are extremely difficult to repair. The opposite photo shows how David's straightening rig is used to realign a horribly mangled section of gunwale. The setup inside the boat is a one-ton "comealong" wrapped around the hull. The internal wood braces allows any imbalance in the hull cross section to be trued out.

As the gunwale is straightened a foot-long, heavy aluminum angle iron is slipped into place and held there with vicegrips, (Photo IVB).

The angle iron splice is attached by numerous flush rivets set with an air hammer. In tight places Dave uses 3/16 closed-end stainless steel pop-rivets. He warns, though, that these rivets require a top quality industrial pop-riveter costing over \$100, and boaters will be dissatisfied if they make do with cheaper equipment.



Step IV-B.

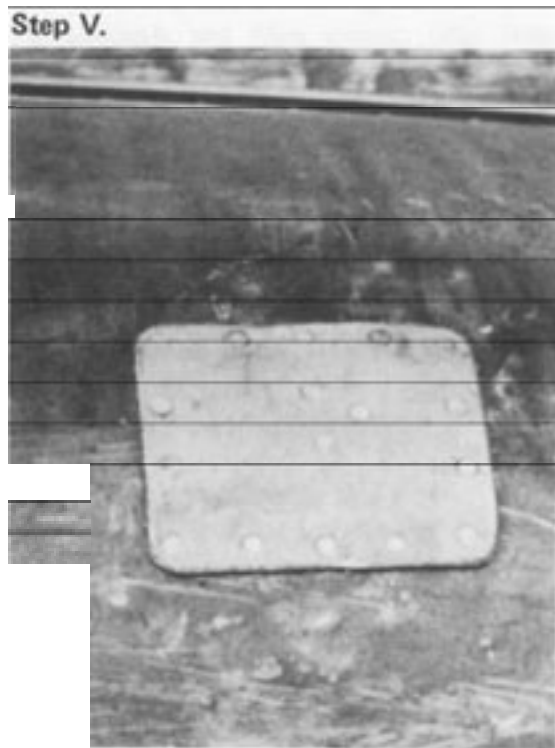


Step IV-C.

V. Patching. Now he's ready to repair holes or cracks in the metal. Dave cautions against welding, which destroys the T-6 temper of the aluminum hull and makes even larger breaks almost certain in the future. A flat work surface is essential here. If parts of the canoe are horribly mangled, he'll cut them out with an air chisel. Patches are made from .040-.050-inch sheet aluminum at a T-6 temper. (Irreparably damaged canoes are an ideal source of this material, but you can also deal with Grumman Canoes or try to pick some up in scrapyards.) The patch should be at least one and one-half inch larger than the tear in all directions. It is bent to shape, then attached with a tool called a wedge-loc (used by aircraft mechanics) which holds it in place while the rivets are applied. The space between the outside of the hull and the patch is smeared with silicon rubber to prevent leaks. Dave once repaired a canoe which was perforated with twenty-five bullet holes; the owner was able to get it on the water at a price well under that of today's models. Opposite is the final patch.

VI. Dave finishes off each job by grinding down all rough edges and tightening all the rivets in the canoe, loosened as a result of the accident.

This job took Dave six hours and cost the customer \$100. A new boat would have cost at least four times that. And while you might perform several of the above repairs yourself, don't expect to do them anywhere near that quickly.



As long as costs rise and rocks stud rivers, Dave foresees continued good business for his repair shop. And while he now does some ABS and fiberglass repair, he still considers aluminum the durability champ. Those interested either in repair services or his proposed Fall seminar on aluminum canoe repair should contact him at 10318 Geranium Avenue, Adelphi, MD 20783 (301) 434-6349. Getting the boats to the shop is the responsibility of the owner, and if distances are vast, try approaching your local autobody mechanic or airplane mechanic (for riveting) with a copy of this article and see what you can work out.

Report No. 1 – The Physiology of

HYPOTHERMIA

There's ice in the eddies, the haystacks measure 34" and the air is about 209
Short of staying home, just how does your body battle that?

by Mary Ginsburg

Mary Ginsburg is a biology graduate student who canoes with the Appalachian Mountain Club, New York Chapter. She has recently attended two international conferences on hypothermia and cold water survival, and is summerizing the results for AWA. In this the second in a series of four articles, Mary covers the physiology of hypothermia, why it hurts when you get cold, just what's happening inside, and what the body does to prevent it. In future articles, Mary will deal with hypothermia prevention and treatment.

"...and it was so cold my spare paddle froze to the deck of my C-1..." How many times have we bludgeoned novice paddlers or fellow workers with this or some similar thrice-told tale, just to impress them that we are indeed nuts? Undeniably, cold water and cold air are integral parts of whitewater boating in almost all parts of the country. We watch all winter, secretly praying for a large snow buildup in the mountains, then rejoice if it melts at the right time and at a good rate to fill the rivers. But this snowmelt that forms our most favored rapids is scarcely above freezing and the accompanying early Spring air is usually well below. Despite it all, we wince once or twice at the thought of the cold, don our warmest gear, and drive to the rivers, on the way waving to skiers headed in the same direction.

All of this makes a great topic of conversation *after* the trip. But while waiting for the shuttle, it can make you pretty

miserable, and on the river, the combination of cold air and cold water can pose a threat to life in the form of hypothermia.

Hypothermia is basically the lowering of the body's inner (core) temperature below its normal 98.6° F. It occurs when the body is subjected to sufficient cold to drain away more heat than is produced. When this heat drain is severe enough, for long enough, it can pull the core temperature down below 78° and cause death.

For the whitewater boater, this heat loss is a special caveat. The body loses heat 30 times as quickly in cold water as cold air. In addition, the normal wind chill factor is enhanced several times by constant splashing. And finally, when a paddler does totally submerge and swim, he usually faces hours more of paddling in cold weather before he can rewarm in front of a fireplace. All this gives us probably the world's coldest sport and points out our need to understand the dangers of cold exposure.

Heat buildup – heat loss

To understand hypothermia, it is easiest to view the body as a stove – a heat producing source. Heat is produced within the body by burning food or storage depots of fat, either directly or through muscular work. This muscle-engendered heat production (thermogenesis) is the result of plain old paddle pushing or of the involuntary coordinated muscle activity known as shivering. Either way, much of your muscle energy is dissipated as heat.

“... the body has a limited amount of fuel . . . every calorie spent keeping yourself warm, is that much less energy you can put behind your paddle.”

But remember, the body has a limited amount of fuel for this heat-energy production. Thus every calorie spent keeping yourself warm on river is that much less energy you can put behind your paddle.

Since biochemical reactions of warm-blooded animals are so strongly temperature dependent, body heat production must be constant. Although skin (or shell) temperature may fluctuate by 10° either way, any change in the internal temperature disrupts the delicate balance among the organs and their function. Thus to keep the core temperature unvarying, several body regulatory mechanisms will allow, even encourage heat loss through the skin by convection, conduction, or radiation.

The body's greatest heat-loss comes from areas where blood circulation is heaviest and closest to the skin: the head, chest, groin, and neck. Exposed to the lower skin temperature, the surface blood cools and is pumped along back toward the heart, causing both conductive and convective heat loss. In addition, even on the coldest of trips, we face a strong evaporative heat loss as body water from sweat glands and respiratory tract vaporizes into the air.

When you get cold . . .

When the cold receptors in the skin, spinal cord, and brain sense a temperature drop, they trigger several heat conservation and production activities. These are coordinated by the hypothalamus, an area of the brain which receives temperature signals and sends out appropriate neural and hormonal responses.

1. The first response is constriction of the veins. This minimizes blood flow to the colder extremities and skin.

2. Shivering is the next response. At its maximum, shivering can increase total heat production up to five times. As long as a person is shivering, he is producing his own heat and not dangerously hypothermic.

3. The third reaction is behavioral – the body feels cold. This automatically prompts the sufferer to act, i.e. flex muscles, insulate himself, get out of the cold, and wonder just why in heck he's out on this dumb river anyway.

4. The final response is actually an ongoing extension of the first. The body shuts down the blood flow to extremities and skin to keep the core alive and pumping. The arms and legs are sacrificed, while blood is preferentially shunted to the head,



"Shivering can increase body heat up to five times (but) the body loses heat 30 times as quickly in cold water as cold air."

heart and several vital organs. (This can be, in some cases a set-up for the mammalian diving reflex. See AWA XXV-2.)

Somewhere between the third and fourth step, dangerous hypothermia begins. The body has lost the ability to produce its own heat. The slow-down or shut-down of arms and legs makes boat control increasingly sloppy and the possibility of self-rescue, virtually nil.

The sufferer can still be rescued and rewarmed. But if not, his body will continue on a temperature downslate. The air and water chills his blood. No heat combats this cold. Physiological responses begin to fail and the muscles run out of energy. Biochemical reactions slow in response to lowered cellular temperature: the heart and nervous systems slow their functions. Toxic cellular wastes begin to accumulate and no blood flow removes them.

Hypothermic death may result from any or all of these factors, but usually it comes with the slowing and failure of normal heart rhythm.

In the face of all this grim detail, it is important to remember that even advanced

hypothermia is reverseable. But also, beyond a certain point, it is progressive. Once past this point (an edge where almost all cold-water boaters have teetered), the body will not heal itself. It must be actively rewarmed.

As we shall see in the upcoming articles, treatment of advanced hypothermia is difficult, but prevention is completely possible and fairly simple.

References:

The topic of temperature regulation is complex and has been simplified here; more detailed and technical treatments may be found in these sources.

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FLUVIAL NEWS *(continued from page 11)*

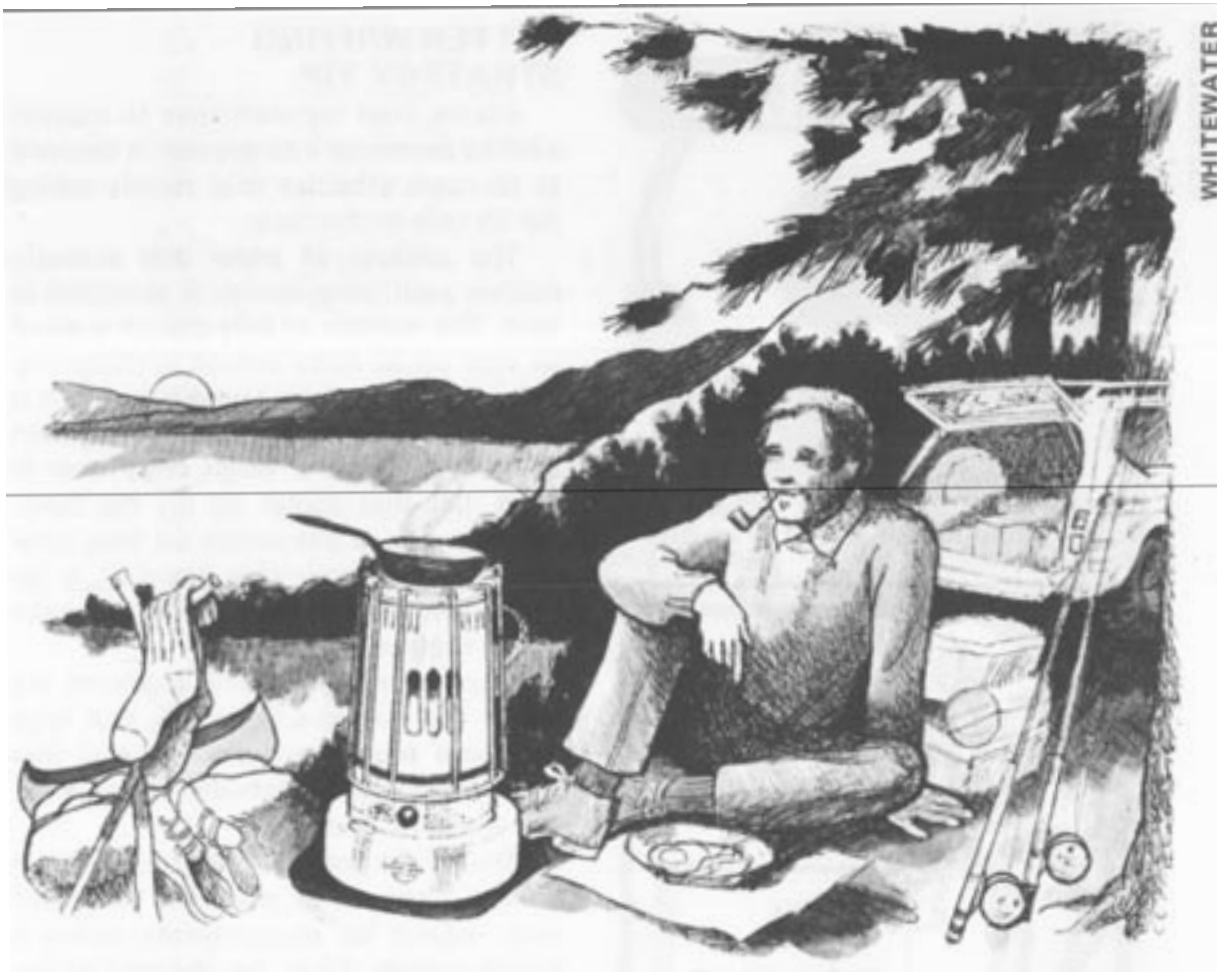
tles. This decision does not, however, allow boaters to cross private land without permission to get to the river; it merely allows them to paddle down it.



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One final consideration: Wm. McIlroy originally initiated the injunction because of a tremendous amount of littering and property damage. The extent of this is open to argument, but it reiterates the need for boaters to be exquisitely careful and considerate in all uses of others land. It's courteous to them and beneficial to us.

Special thanks to Oz Hawksley of O.W. W.C. for his reporting this and his help in the fight.



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, (upto 9,000BTU's per hour) but it has a great cooktop. Heat up anything from morning coffee to a supper stew!

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Pack up an Omni 15 for your next trip and that night, have dinner on Kero-Sun!.

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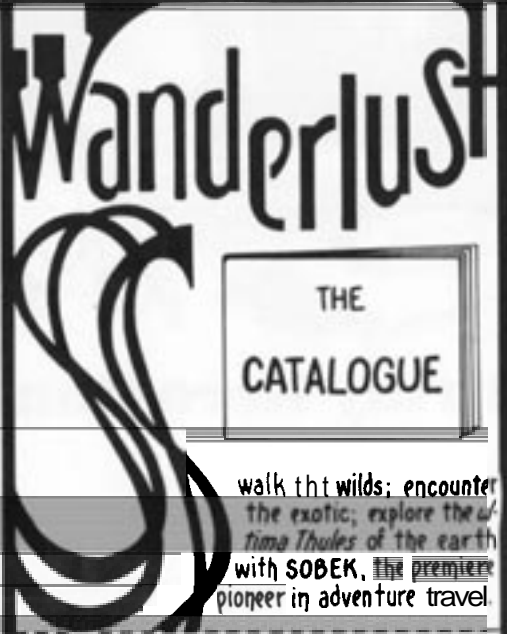
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LETTER WRITING STRATEGY TIP

Asking your representative to support a bill by **becoming a co-sponsor** is destined to be more effective than merely asking for his vote on the floor.

The amount of paper that annually reaches each congressman is measured in tons. The number of bills that he is asked to vote on in every session is staggering. Thus, no matter how pure his intent, it is virtually impossible for your congressman to be aware of and weigh every issue in every bill that comes up on the floor. S.O.P., when a bill comes up that your representative never even heard of, is for him to ask his buddies about it and make a snap decision.

Since most river-saving segments are minor tack-ons to a larger bill, that issue you have fought so hard for, and that your representative actually agrees with, will sweep by unnoticed.

That is the way the wheels turn, like it or not. Congress is just darn busy. But your request for co-sponsorship makes a louder squeak. First, for the sake of improved image potential, if nothing else, the congressman is more likely to have his staff seek out the bill and study it. Secondly, if he agrees to put his name on the sponsor line, you'd best believe he'll be on the floor and aware of the contents when that bill comes up for a vote.

It is amazing how many legislators will vote for our side — if we can only help them find when and where the vote is.

Special thanks to ARCC's Dave Conrad for this tip.

You won't get your journal . . .

. . . if you move and don't send us a change of address. Third class mail is NOT forwarded and we can't afford to send it any other way.

AWA Circulation Manager
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Canoe Camp

Continued from page 14

**"The demands of gaining skill played a fuge on individual feelings . . .
I saw two girls cry . . . and two men looking like they'd like to."**

One day, we ran an entirely new stretch of the Madawaska starting at Palmer Rapids. Here, as on all trips, our instructors taught and urged us to catch eddies, play in holes, and surf waves. And whenever a paddler got into trouble and swam, he could feel justly confident that his classmates were well-honed for the rescue.

But not all the experiences collected that week were gems of joy. I saw two girls cry in frustration and two men looking like they'd like to. One young man bruised his face on rocks when he failed a roll. Another, broke two paddles and swam a lot. A few chose to skip some lessons due to exhaustion. The demands of gaining skill played a fuge on individual feelings.

However, the group struck a chord of comraderie, and all boosted those who felt down. On the river, students praised each others successes. A roll was good for a cheer and intermediates applauded beginners running Staircase for the first time. In the evenings, they'd gather in the A-frame, or on the porch and socialize. Frisbees, skateboards, and games were put to use. Tapes were played and puzzles grew into pictures. On the last night, almost the whole crowd went out to a dance spot a few miles away.

But the main emphasis was on boating. Like a stud gathering mares, the paddler was getting his skills together. Near the

end of the week, most students took a test judged by Hermann himself. Each paddler was awarded points that put him in a category of novice, advanced novice, intermediate or expert. It was exciting but not too serious. There was some disappointment but mostly smiles. Certificates were given out. One person received a certificate congratulating him on surviving the course. No one was left out. A few of the best paddlers are occasionally awarded Madawaska's equivalent of knighthood: a chance to paddle the Ottawa with Hermann and Christa.

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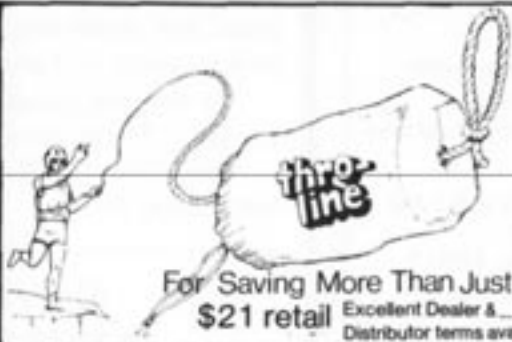
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WRITE OR CALL FOR MORE INFORMATION

Although our session saw no one receiving Hermann's most famous award, we all heard about it. We even saw on the wall a display of the honored names. In the center of the display were the German words "*Ich bin der Beste*" (I am the best). To receive the award and the coveted twirler T-shirt, each of those named had balanced his kayak in a qualifying hole, such as Gravel-Pit Suckhole, and while twirling paddle with one hand had shouted three times, "*Ich bin der Beste!*" I don't know who thought of the idea first, Muhammad Ali or Hermann Kerckhoff, but it sounds like the perfect, the greatest way to end a week at kayak camp.

Ramone Eaton (cont. from page 17)

management, and others from as far away as California, his widow scattered his ashes on the sparkling waters of the approach to one of his favorite rapids: Nantahala's Patton's Run.

The locale of this tribute seemed especially appropriate, for Ramone pioneered the Nantahala nearly a quarter century ago when it was a barely known fishing stream. In the bow of his canoe for that exploratory run was Aurelia Kennedy, then 19.

In a final gesture marking the end of the ceremony, flowers distributed among the nearly 100 persons in attendance were tossed into the fast-flowing stream. They swept around the nearby bend that marks the entrance to Patton's Run and finally disappeared in its turbulent whitewater.

Perhaps the feeling of many who knew Ramone was best expressed by Aurelia after the ceremony. She said, "We still had so much to learn from him."

To me, his passing recalls the Biblical phrase, "There were giants in those days ..." and certainly Ramone S. Eaton stood tall among them.

**MOVING?
LET US KNOW!**

How do you squeeze a 231 pound man into a 31 pound kayak?

Not without difficulty.

Unless, of course, the kayak has a cockpit tailored to fit a guy whose sport coats are a 46 long.

Most don't. Which may be one reason big guys take up football instead of kayaking.

So Old Town has introduced an all-around kayak called the



President. At just over 14 feet and 31 pounds, the hull will go around a river in a hurry. And with

eight extra inches of opening, the cockpit will go around the legs and hips of a linebacker.

Those extra inches say something about every kayak Old Town makes. Because it's our daft notion that cruising around in a kayak is such plain darn fun nobody in the whole land should miss it. And that maybe we can turn kayaking into as much of a national pastime as paddling an Old Town canoe—if we try.

So we try. We build kayaks that fit the needs—and the bodies—of Americans. Never ceasing to wonder at manufacturers who do just the opposite. Who ask Americans to fit the needs and bodies of *the* kayaks.

If our designers, Klaus Lettmann and Toni Prijon (the Ty Cobb and Cy

Young of their sport), work under any one principle, it's that kayak designs must have more than one side.

The side you see on TV. In which the world class athlete plummets straight down a wall of water. To win medals with his Lettmann Hydro 80 or Prijon Dolphin.

And the side you don't see on TV. In which the guy next door rides a playful stream like a feather rides a breeze. And would rather have his Lettmann Mark IV or Prijon 420 than own the Queen Mary.

Tell your Old Town dealer which side is for you, and he'll suggest the kayak. Write for his name and a catalog, which has facts about our I-beam support system, expedition layups, and quality accessories.

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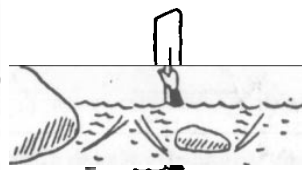
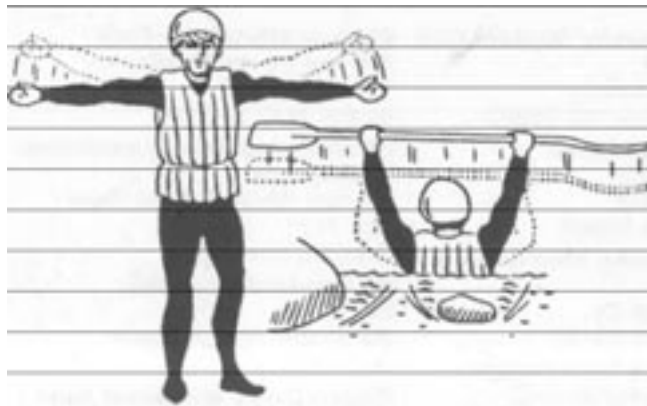
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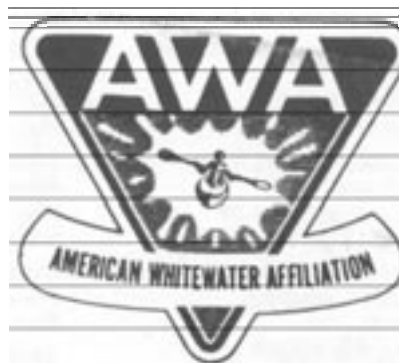


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