

American

WHITE WATER

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN WHITE WATER AFFILIATION



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WINTER 1959



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AMERICAN WHITE WATER

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Winter 1959

Volume 4

Number 4

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

The magazine welcomes contributions of articles and photographs, but assumes no responsibility for them. Address all editorial material to the Managing Editor or to the nearest Regional Editor. Correspondence regarding the Affiliation or boating information should be sent to the Executive Secretary, Maurice Posada, 417 Riverside Drive, New York 25, N.Y.

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COVER—Photograph reprinted from the Prairie Club Bulletin.

from which flow the currents tributary to our growing sport. Through group representatives, the knowledge of all is made available to all.

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

OUR PURPOSE

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

OUR PUBLICATION

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

MEMBERSHIP

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

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

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Sometimes a number of letters fit together to cover a subject neatly. The subject covered now is "Splash covers for canoes, and what can be done without them." First comes an exchange of letters between L. N. Soudois and Bob McNair. Mr. Soudois is well known in international white water circles, and publishes a canoeing newsletter. Bob McNair, [redacted] needs no introduction, has been handling most of the AWA's overseas correspondence.

Toulouse, France
Sept. 30, 1958

Dear Mr. McNair:

I have just received the Summer issue of "American White Water," which I always read with interest and curiosity because our sport is practiced so differently in the USA and in Europe.

In this number there is a photograph of a rapid on the Nautahala River in North Carolina. The style of the paddler is perfect and is classical as regards both the position of the body in the boat, called in France "position of security," and the position of arms and paddle. But what astonishes me is to see a boat descending a rapid with large waves without any splash covers. Covers of canvas with funnels for the paddlers are used by all participants in France.

Much friendliness to you,
L. N. Soudois

Dear Mr. Soudois:

I thank you for your very interesting letter.

In the eastern states (and in Canada too) splash covers are just coming into use. There are still those who believe that part of the challenge is to be able to take an open canoe through rapids. Also on many of our rocky Eastern rivers the freedom to leap out and push the boat off a rock may save the boat. Nevertheless, splash covers are a tremendous safety factor when the

rivers are high.

It is always a great pleasure to hear from you.

Sincerely yours,
Robert E. McNair

While this exchange was in process, your Eastern Editor was tracking down a certain photograph. When the photograph arrived, together with the following letter, it represented a fine opportunity to increase Mr. Soudois' astonishment. Murray Spear, shown in the "position of confidence," is a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and a long-time canoeist with the New York Chapter white water group.

711 Valley Road
Mahwah, N. J.
Jan. 2, 1959

Dear Eliot:

Our mutual friend, Helen Fair, tells me that you would be interested in the accompanying picture.

The story is merely that this fall had long challenged me. "Lovers' Leap," now flooded out, was on the Housatonic River near New Milford, Conn. I believed it could be successfully run. On a scheduled trip of the New York Appalachians in 1942 I read the water as being the most nearly perfect for the attempt that I had seen. My wife showed remarkable confidence when she concurred in taking the calculated risk to the canoe, a 17 ft. Oldtown, 15 years old at the time. I devised as reasonable safety precautions as I could; Helen Fair was stationed on a high rock nearby pointing with a long stick at the spot I hoped to hit the brink, for an error of a foot or two either way would have been disastrous, and Eric Olsen was placed afoot in the foam below ready to swim or heave a line if need be. There was also a second canoe poised below but above the very heavy rapids which follow.

In going down the fall my keel touched sticky rock on the hump at the midway point for one agonizing moment, but I lurched forward and came through with but one inboard splash of about a pint!

So far as I was ever able to determine no other canoe or kayak ever made this leap successfully although numerous attempts were made and the boats generally smashed. One determined aspirant lost two foldboats.

A series of still pictures were taken consecutively. This one was snapped by Paul L. Rittenhouse. Paul is around the world somewhere at the moment and I don't have his data, other than that he used a Leica camera.

Sincerely yours,
Murray deCamp Spear



How high are the falls? At least ten feet, but to verify it today would require skin diving equipment. For a shot of an unsuccessful attempt to run the falls, this time by pioneer foldboatist Eugene "Duby" DuBois, see the frontisiece of Jack Kissner's "Foldboat Holidays." This isn't put in to stir up a foldboat-canoe controversy, nor do we wish to discourage the use of spray decks. Bob Harrigan's excellent design appears elsewhere in this issue and AWW will print more designs. Spray decks, much the same as life jackets, increase the margin of safety, and safety comes close to the top of our list of objectives. Still, the open canoe represents a special challenge, and skillful canoeists have accomplished remarkable feats with this equipment.

Mr. Eliot DuBois
Eastern Editor, "American White Water"

Dear Eliot:

Walter Burmeister's letter on river guide

publications, printed in the Fall issue of American WHITE WATER, must certainly provoke some soul-searching, and, it is to be hoped, the expression of some helpful ideas among its readers. As one of those fortunate enough to posses one of the mimeographed sections of Burmeister's "White Water Boating," I feel deeply indebted to him, since my most rewarding river cruising experiences have been a direct result of the intelligence contained in his pioneering descriptions. I am sure that other Eastern boatmen must share a similar sense of obligation.

I believe that the wider circulation of this unique and outstanding work, published in its complete form, would be a real contribution toward the healthy growth of our white water sport. The chief problem, as Mr. Burmeister so eloquently points out, is the expense of publication. As an AWA member, the very least I can do is to pledge, as suggested in his letter, the purchase of the book when published. A few such individual pledges, however, are hardly sufficient. A further, and I trust, a more substantial belief is that our parent organization, the AWA itself, should offer a helping hand in this matter. This could be done in at least two ways:

First, by means of a reader poll solicited in American WHITE WATER, some idea of the pre-publication pledges from members could be gained. In addition, affiliate clubs of the AWA could be asked to solicit pledges from their membership through club representatives.

Second, I think that the club affiliates located near areas where the benefits of Mr. Burmeister's immense effort are most enjoyed should take it upon themselves, collectively and through the offices of the AWA, to contribute toward the initial publication costs.

As Mr. Burmeister states in his letter: "Let's get into the fast water. . ." on these valuable river guides. I think it should be up to the AWA to lead the way on Mr. Burmeister's manuscript, a monumental and unselfish sixteen year effort for the benefit of all of us. How about the rest of you?

Sincerely,
John L. Berry

John's letter is certainly a strong call for action. One of his suggestions is easy to set

American WHITE WATER

in motion. That's the poll of members. Here it is: ALL MEMBERS, THIS IS A POLL. IF YOU ARE WILLING TO PLEDGE THAT YOU WILL PURCHASE WALTER BURMEISTER'S "WHITE WATER BOATING" WHEN PUBLISHED (approximately \$3.00) PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH JOHN BERRY. Another way in which you can help the guidebook situation is to volunteer to work on the Guidebook Committee. Volunteers should write to Maurice Posada. Finally, get out the last issue and reread Walter Burmeister's letter on page 20. Don't beat your head against the wall, but do, something about guide hooks.

December 4, 1958
Seattle, Wash.
901 Broadway

Dear Van:

The Fall issue of AWW contained a letter from Zee Grant that was so astounding that I feel that I must answer it. Mr. Grant implied that "all who know the river" opposed the Echo Park Dam proposal, but that those who know the Colorado best are looking forward to a wonderful recreational lake behind the Glen Canyon Dam which is about to get underway after a couple of years of preliminaries.

Actually, nearly everyone who knows Glen Canyon well considers its approaching loss one of the great conservation tragedies of all time. Silt and quicksand deposits will be tremendous within the 200 foot zone of fluctuation, far worse than they would ever have been in Dinosaur. Just as at Lake Mead, the beautiful side canyons will all be blocked, and even Rainbow Bridge National Monument is seriously threatened, even despite the protection supposedly given it in the act authorizing the construction of this dam. In Salt Lake City newspapers, a number of items have expressed the fear that after a very few years it will be wholly impossible to launch a boat anywhere on the reservoir.

It is almost impossible to describe river conditions in the slickrock country to anyone who has never been there. A very slight idea can be obtained from the Sierra Club movie "Two Yosemite," showing similar damage at Hetch Hetchy, if multiplied by one hundred for Glen Canyon.

Cordially,
Bill Halliday

From Your Editor

Greetings! I already know many of you in person and many more by correspondence. Before my term as editor is completed I hope to be much better acquainted with many more of you.

With this issue I am stepping into a man-sized job—taking over the editorship and trying to maintain the high standards set by my predecessor, Dave Stacey. With the fine staff we have working on the magazine *and with the cooperation of the membership*, it should be possible to make the grade. Keep my mailbox filled with articles, letters, pictures, suggestions, criticisms—in short, with the material it takes to make up a lively and interesting publication. There's a wealth of good material on boating that has never been written up, and we depend on ~~you~~ to get it in to us.

Not being unduly egotistical, I expect to make mistakes. In fact I am sure I will make some. Let me know about it. Don't pull your punches; I won't know how you feel unless you tell me. I expect to publish some material that may be construed as controversial. Our sport is still new enough that there are conflicting opinions on many aspects of it. Again, let's know if you disagree. By airing our differences of opinion we may be able to arrive at some better answers.

Two things will go far to help build a better magazine. The first is membership. The larger our circulation the better job we can do. Do you have friends who are interested in boating? Get them to join! The second thing is advertising. Our advertisers have done a lot to help support the Affiliation. When you're in the market for equipment buy from our advertisers, and let them know you saw their ad in American White Water.

Your editor is rather excited over AWA's forthcoming wilderness trip in the Clearwater area [see story on page 7]. It not only looks like very worth-while "first" for the organization, but it also gives every promise of being a thoroughly enjoyable vacation for those of us who are able to go. I'm planning on making the trip, and I'm looking forward to meeting a great many of you out there.

Martin Vanderveen
Editor

New Kayak Imported to U.S.

The famous Chauveau foldboat, known to a small group of American paddlers who acquired their boats in France, is now being offered on the American market.

These boats are designed by Jean Chauveau of Paris, an early enthusiast of white water who translated his experience into a simple and ingenious design — extremely rigid.

Rigidity in a kayak, oddly enough, has been belatedly recognized as a virtue. Early foldboat publicity in the United States stressed flexibility, and it is only with the advent of the fiberglass boat that the advantages of rigidity have become apparent. The Chauveau kayak has been designed for integral responsiveness, once assembled, and its manufacturer believes it can compete on equal terms with the non-collapsible boats.

The Chauveau kayak comes with numerous options, and if the paddler is willing to wait for delivery from Paris, thigh and foot braces can be made to measure. American agent is Peter D. Whitney, 25 Parade Place, Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

1959 EASTERN RACING SCHEDULE

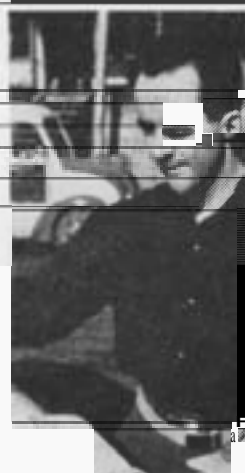
- April 11, 12; Brandywine Slalom, Brandywine River, Wilmington Del. Sponsored by the Buck Ridge Ski Club.
- April 25 ; Champlain Centennial Downriver Race, West River, Jamaica Vt. Roland Palmedo — Chairman.
- April 25, 26; Eastern Championship Slalom, West River, Jamaica, Vt. Sponsored by AMC and Buck Ridge Ski Club. Bob Field, 110 Haverhill St., N. Reading, Mass.
- May 3 ; Potomac River White-Water Race, Washington D.C. Sponsored by Canoe Cruisers Association and other clubs. Bob Harrigan, 1923 35th Pl. N.W., Washington 7, D.C.
- May 9, 10; ; Hudson River White-Water Derby, North Creek, N.Y. Sponsored by the people of North Creek.

The Western racing schedule was received too late for inclusion in this issue.

MEET YOUR SECRETARY

Maurice Posada, AWA's new Executive Secretary, supplies the following biography:

The new Secretary's canoeing experience began at the age of 8 when he got into a canoe which insisted on going in circles — the way Indians' ca-



noes in the movies didn't. Not knowing anybody who could

do what Indians did, he went back to rowboats until he was 14 when he found himself fishing on a river in France where the fishing wasn't good but the canoeing was, what with beautiful scenery, graceful all-wood canoes and a deft and effortless technique with which they were handled —

the way Indians' canoes in the movies were.

He fell in love with canoes (and with many of the girls in them, too). In the U.S. he tried to find others who liked canoeing and hoped to run rapids with them — the way Indians in the movies do — but had no luck until he was put on the track of the American Canoe Association, of the "Red Ridge College of Canoeing Knowledge" conducted by the Buck Ridge Ski Club and the American Red Cross, and — finally — of the AWA, which at first he refused to join. Those "Count-Me-In" cards set up too much sales resistance in him, but after six months he decided he was missing a good thing, so he joined.

Although he was born in Colombia, South America, it wasn't until last summer that he got to paddle a dugout which, he says, may be all right for bananas and coconuts but not for fun. He prefers the northwoods of the Adirondaks, Maine, Minnesota, and Canada, where he has paddled and portaged — the way real Indians don't, because nowadays they use outboards. Around New York he has met other canoeing enthusiasts through the AYH and joined them in search of white-water weekends in the Spring. By way of family, the Secretary has one bow paddler but no ballast amidships yet.

First AWA Wilderness Outing

This is to announce a brand new adventure for the AWA—a wilderness trip in what is probably America's largest remaining primitive area. It will be a joint venture sponsored by the Sierra Club and the AWA, an arrangement that should insure a successful, enjoyable wilderness experience for members of both organizations. It will be held August 5 through 12.

It will be a base camp trip so located that runs can be made on the Selway, Lochsa, Middle Fork and North Fork of the Clearwater. For those who would like to see the remote headwater regions, a pack trip may take them into what has been described as "honest-to-goodness elk country, the best wild country left." In the opinion of experts there are few places that compare with this Selway country for abun-

dance of wildlife. This trip will accommodate boaters of various degrees of experience. If you have a foldboat or canoe, you will probably want to bring it. If river running is new to you, you may wish to ride in the neoprene rafts which will be available.

This outing is a cooperative enterprise and each person assumes his share of the responsibilities, both financial and for help on the trip. Each person is expected to volunteer part of his time and skills to help make the trip "go." Although there will be a commissary crew, they are not expected to perform all the tasks for the group.

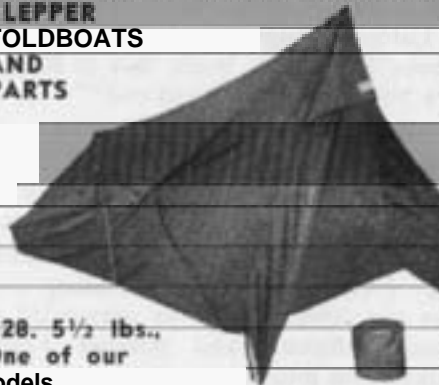
Early reservations will help us—and you. A \$6.00 reservation fee per person will hold your place until July 1st, at which time the

(Continued on Page 30)

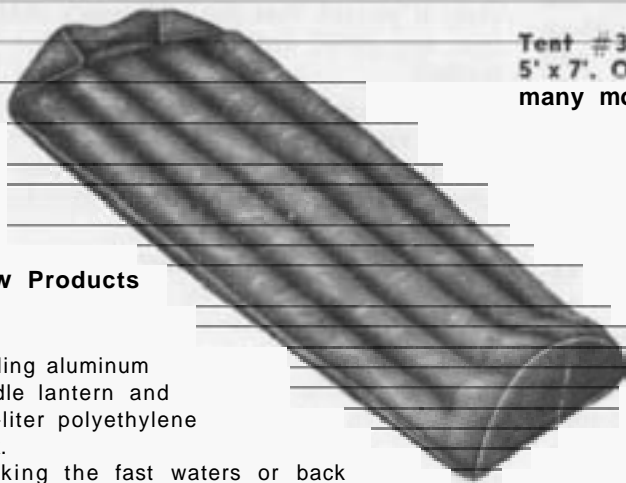
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NO DAM WHITE MAN Ever Came Down This River Alive*

by Vern Rupp

About two years ago Frank, Bud and I were camping on the Chilliwack River. As we sat around the fire, the sound of rapids, the fresh breeze and the crackling of the campfire brought back memories. Bud, an old-time canoeist, was telling us about a 250 mile trip he and his wife had made. He said the trip led from Pemberton down the Lillooet River, across the two Lillooet lakes, and down to Harrison Lake. This, he said, is a nice, easy trip, partly in swift current. He forgot to mention that he traveled fifty or sixty miles down to Harrison Lake riding a logging truck!

We were interested in this trip, and on our return to town talked to others about it.

Late in August last year I received a phone call. "Hi, Vern, this is Kurt. What are you doing next weekend?"

"Haven't planned anything," I said, looking out the window and not feeling too happy about the rain and cold weather.

"How about the Lillooet River? We don't have too much work and I could take a day off. I heard it's a nice cruising river and not too difficult." I was persuaded without much difficulty and phoned Frank and talked him into joining the party. The three of us were out for an adventure—and we had one!

We took the train to Pemberton. At the station were a crown of mountaineers, some soldiers, and a prospector or two. After going along the shore of the Pacific we entered Squamish where we left the sea and started to climb the rugged mountains of the British Columbia Coast Range. At Garibaldi Station most of the mountaineers left us. The train followed the Chikamus river, and it didn't look bad for boating. We entered glacier country, passed an Indian village, and stopped at a lake where more mountaineers got off. Finally we reached Pemberton, a former boom town

which now consists of one hotel and a few houses.

An old-timer drove us six miles to the river. He told us that in the last fifty years about four parties went down the river, but none of them made it. He claimed that after the second lake the river was impossible. Two experts from the States had tried to run it in an aluminum canoe. One was found semi-conscious on the river bank, and the other was never seen again. According to his version there is one rapids after another for thirty or forty miles. Towards the lake outlet there is an enormous suction, a thirty MPH current, and a steep drop. "Nobody ever made it alive and all you can do is portage and rope your boats down." We asked if there was a road by the river and were told that a logging road ran down to Harrison Lake.

We decided to go down the river as long as it looked good. We could always take to the road if the going got too tough. We knew from experience that information given by natives is usually exaggerated. However, it proved that the old man's description was good, and his story not too far-fetched.

The kayaks were built up in a jiffy, but the packing took time. We told Kurt to tie everything on securely, but he took our advice only half-way and paid later for his carelessness.

We looked at the Lillooet, and its color was the cold milky gray of glacier water. This river drains some of British Columbia's largest glaciers.

At two in the afternoon a couple of Indian women on the banks wished us good luck and we started on the fifteen miles of river leading to the first lake. Frank took the lead, Kurt was in the middle, and I was "watch dog." The weather was cold and an icy breeze came down from the mountains.

* *These were the exact words spoken to us by an Indian living in a small settlement on the shores of the Lillooet River.*



I put my hand in the water and discovered it was not far from the freezing point.

A nice current led us through beautiful landscapes. We passed through a green valley surrounded by mountains, and then into forest country. I took a deep breath of fresh air scented with pine. The river had a fair amount of water with no big waves or bad spots. There were a lot of small harmless eddies on a flat surface, and plenty of bends in the river to keep us wondering what we might see next. We traveled through wonderful primitive wilderness.

The river became broader and shallower with a number of sandbanks which required full time attention to navigation. The boats scattered, each trying to find a safe channel. Kurt, behind me, called "Frank is in trouble!" I ferried ashore and ran upstream with the safety line. Frank was grounded. He couldn't paddle off, and when he tried to lift out with his disassembled paddles they sank in the soft mud. Just as we started rescue operations a quirk of the current freed him, and the fleet was off again.

The river narrowed and the water became deeper, with nearly twice the current. At the entrance to the lake there was an enormous delta with more sandbank than water. Where we entered the lake there was a

strong current with large back eddies. On the first lake we really enjoyed the silence of the wilderness. The lake was flat and smooth. Nobody talked and all we could hear was a regular tip...tip...tip from the paddle blades. It was towards evening and we were ready for camp.

Up at sunrise the next morning, we planned to paddle both lakes. The one we were on was surrounded by mountains. Two log cabins were the only reminder of civilization. As we left the lake by a narrow river we saw the wreck of an odd shaped ship which apparently had served in the gold rush days. The current increased, and by the time Frank waved us ashore it was up to about fifteen MPH. We climbed up and discovered the second lake. The mountains were lower and there was a forest with big timber. On the shore were three canoes and a couple of log buildings, an Indian homestead. We shot through the turbulence at the river outlet and into a slow current. We crossed the lake to where it overflowed into the "murderous rapids" described by the old-timer in Pemberton. There was a big "V" shaped steep drop into the boiling river. Two more short drops completed the rapids. Frank and I checked our gear and ran it, winding up in a back



eddy where we waited for Kurt who decided to line through. The old man had said this was the worst rapids. He was wrong! Had we known what was ahead we might have quit right then. We entered another grade 3 rapids and from this point on it was one rapids after another, going from bad to worse. I kept shouting at Kurt; Go right! Go left! Ferry right! Paddle brace! He followed orders and came through well.

In one stretch there were rapids from two rivers of about the same volume and speed, meeting at a 140° angle, and here the river made a 90° right turn. I steered to the right to catch the "nose" of the big eddy where Frank was waiting. I caught the eddy all right, but there was a monstrous suction pulling on my stern and I made it to safety an inch at a time. Kurt followed a lot closer to shore and even hopped over a few rocks. This river would have given us splendid white water pictures, but we were too excited to think of cameras. The ups and downs continued, grade 4 and 4-5 rapids. Then the current slowed and the waves became smaller. We decided that either this was the end of the rapids or the river was dammed up with a really bad rapids below. Our second guess was right.

A water edge across the river was the first sign. Ahead I could see the dark silhouette of Frank's head bouncing up and down over the waves. The waves increased in height to about nine feet and at this point another river entered from the right, stirring things up. There was no water for a paddle brace—nothing but deep holes on either side. Then the river turned sharply to the left, bouncing off a horseshoe shaped cliff. My friends were waiting in the eddy opposite the cliff. This was about a grade 5-6 rapids.

Frank and Kurt were gone and I started to join them. I was in the middle of the waves when the water dammed up against the cliff released itself and caused a whirl which caught my bow. I flipped my boat to the left and was forced into a 180° turn, bow down and stern up in the air! I made it back to the eddy and watched the entire act repeat itself. At the second attempt my timing was better and I made it through. I saw Kurt going ashore to the right, but did not see Frank. I supposed Kurt intended to rope down since I had seen rapids ahead. The water flowed towards a cliff and was forced to the left. Every few seconds the waves seemed to jump up and fall over each other. I watched this play carefully and timed myself to shoot through when the water seemed to relax. Just below that part (which was about grade 5) were two finger shaped rocks sticking up out of the water. I got in the back eddy and waited for Kurt; then I realized there was no sign of Frank downstream. I began to worry, thinking I might have missed them on my way down as the waves were very high and the speed was enormous.

After a while Kurt showed up. His boat stood nearly straight up, turned on its axis, fell and disappeared. So did the captain, and for a minute he was out of sight. Then he came shooting around the cliff, riding the waves and clinging to the rear of his Klepper. As he came closer I ferried over to him, pointed my stern at him, and told him to hang on. "How do you feel? Comfortable?" (The water temperature was about 390.) Then I saw Frank following Kurt's example, desperately grasping for air. Having Kurt near shore I ordered him to tie on to a rock as fast as possible. I turned downstream and headed for Frank, just in time. My bow nosed over a three foot drop, giving me a little extra speed to catch him. He was exhausted and just about to let his boat go and get out of that cold water. I made the same maneuver with Frank as with Kurt and got him and his boat ashore. The whole rescue operation took about ten minutes.

With Frank and Kurt ashore we emptied both kayaks and built a fire. Since I was the only one who had waterproof bags I had to supply them with dry clothes. I gave them all I had to make them feel comfortable, and then it started to rain! While the

two were trying to warm themselves I climbed the hill to look for a campsite, but no soap! I carried the bad news back to chiefs "Catch-a-Crab" and "Fire Bug," both of the "Wet Sack" tribe, and after a brief pow-wow we decided to cross the river to find a place for the wigwam on the other side. Up again went a big fire and the laundry. For supper we ate soggy bread, macaroni and oats, which we carefully took out of the water and sorted from the dirt.

We had run the river from the lake outlet to here, about 35 miles, in two hours. Our total mileage for the day, including the lakes, was 60 miles.

Frank told about his capsizing. "I hit the rapids at the worst time. A rolling wave came from the right side and stirred up the ten-foot-high waves, forming them into pyramids. I was sitting on top of one and on either side there was a deep hole so I couldn't brace myself. When I capsized I hung onto the front of the boat and it kept me under water by pushing me through the waves. On top of that my lifejacket, which I had under my windbreaker, forced the collar of the windbreaker up and nearly strangled me."

Frank decided henceforth he would wear his life jacket on the top of all other clothes, and in the event of a capsizing would hold onto the rear of the boat rather than the front. Kurt lost his only pair of shoes, two boat bags, a paddle, and a hat. Frank lost only a hat.

We slept the sleep of exhaustion, troubled only by the mosquitoes and the roar of another rapids which sounded bad. In the morning, however, we found the rapids no worse than those we had gone through. Everybody made it and stayed dry. The river settled down to grade 2 to 3, and we thought we had left the tough part behind us. Again we were wrong. After a couple of miles Frank waded ashore. Just around a bend was an enormous drop which caused a big roller eddy and a little further down the river was blocked by a natural dam which had two narrow openings on the right. To the left the water went over a 5' fall. Below the dam the river still dropped, turned sharply to the left, and then swung into a 180° bend to the right. Below this there was a marvelous display of waves, the end of a grade 6 rapids.

We agreed to rope the boats down to the

natural dam and portage from there. This part of the river was the most beautiful and romantic western scenic I have ever viewed. Looking down-river towards the dam the river became narrower and entered a canyon-like area of hundred foot high rock walls. Atop the canyon a cable spanned the river. On the cable was a narrow wooden box in which an Indian was standing and pulling himself across. He came over to check his fishing nets, which were hanging from thirty foot poles at a side eddy. One Indian looking down from above and seeing us line our boats hollered, "Ride 'em cowboy!"

An old Indian told us the river was bad for another ten miles and further down entered a canyon which had the last and worst of all the rapids--one we would have to run since there was no way to portage. After this it would be easy. We asked him if he had any transportation and he said a relative of his had a pick-up truck. His price was \$10.00 or a bottle of whiskey. I noticed Kurt was still walking around with no shoes. We were all tired, our reactions were slowed, and we decided wisdom was the better part of valor. Not having the whiskey we pooled our meagre resources to raise the price of the ride.

The old man came back with a young brave carrying a two foot long trout, the largest I have ever seen. The younger man didn't like our boats compared with his dugouts. He told us several stories of white men who had tried to run the river and been drowned. Several lives, he said, had been lost in the rapids where we had our misfortune, and in the one we lined. He said emphatically, "No dam white man ever came down this river alive!"

A third man who now joined us was the



owner of the truck. I talked to [redacted] about canoeing and techniques, and he seemed to know what he was talking about. However, I couldn't see a canoe in this entire area.

We carried our kayaks and equipment up a steep hill where an old wreck of a truck was waiting. The driver asked if we would mind if he took us through the village first. We agreed, and he drove through "town," a double row of shacks lining the road. He slowed to five miles an hour and blew his horn madly. We were on exhibition, the palefaces who didn't have the guts to run the entire river. It was an isolated village and I guess they needed the recreation.

The truck was driven by two men. The "pilot's" job was to navigate and operate the hand brake since he had no foot brake. The "co-pilot" handled the gear-shift lever and operated a wooden pole stuck through

the floor for an auxiliary brake.

Below our ten-mile portage the remainder of the river was relatively mild with a few easy rapids. The bends became more gradual and the forest turned into bush country. A seal stuck his brown nose out of the water, and then another. This was a sure sign we were near Harrison Lake. My boat developed a leak and I could feel the ice cold water. Before long we entered the lake and paddled over to a logging camp, where we had an excellent supper. They took us for prospectors and were a little surprised when we told them we go canoeing for the sport and joy of it. That evening we crossed the 60 mile long lake on a water taxi where we met a fisherman from Vancouver who was kind enough to give us a lift to town.

At 3:00 A.M. we were home, and were we beat!



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A New Perspective in the National Parks Association

by D. K. Bradley
AWA Conservation Chairman

For some time now many of us have been dismayed at the increasing tendency of the National Park Service to go in for big "projects" such as parkways, housing developments and other "improvements" within our national parks which may cater to the masses of unthinking visitors but which are not only out of character but actually destructive of park values.

Examples are the modernistic outlook tower which is to be built in Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The Park Service says that it will have the sweeping lines of modern architecture. It will have a ramp some 300 or 400 feet long, leading to a tower where people can see the beauties of the Ridges. In other words, there will be a modernistic mountain perched on top of a natural mountain, and we can well wonder whether actual impairment of park values is not seriously involved. An even more horrible example is the new Tioga Road in Yosemite National Park. This new highway breaks the peaceful beauty of Tenaya Lake, shatters the glacially polished mountainside in Tenaya Canyon, and eventually climbs to high overlooks cut into the mountains of the Sierra in such manner as to break the original primeval charm entirely.

As one of our leaders wrote me not long ago: "I think of the Park Service as nearly an anti-conservationist agency at present. Somehow they caught the empire building fever and have become too involved in politics and pork barrels. They have lost sight of original philosophies and need to be shaken up and brought back to their senses."

Many of us will certainly agree—but who is to do the shaking up? Various outdoor organizations have raised their voices in protest over this or that project, most notably the powerful Sierra Club, but they are essentially regional groups. The one national organization specializing in this field is

the National Parks Association. Founded in 1919 for the purpose of aiding the Service in its work, it soon realized that if it was to protect the parks themselves, it must on occasion be critical of the Service, while at other times supporting the policies of the Service. But for some years now NPA, in the opinion of many observers, has not been as effective in its work as it should have been. As a medium of responsible critical appraisal of public education, it has left a good deal to be desired.

With the appointment last August of Anthony Wayne Smith as Executive Secretary, a reorganization has been completed, and it is quite clear that with the recent issues of the magazine a new day has indeed dawned for the National Parks Association. On one major issue after another—Rainbow Bridge, C & O Canal, the Yosemite highway—the magazine has stated the case (frequently in the form of a consensus of experts involved) and it has taken a vigorous stand in defense of park values.

In a recent conversation, Mr. Smith set forth some of his ideas and plans for the future.

"We are going into monthly publication and we are enlarging the format of our magazine to standard size, partly to invite more advertising, but also to simplify layout and processing to make a more attractive concern not only with national parks now existing, but also in areas that ought to be parks, and in the development of other recreational areas that will help filter off the heaviest mass use of our national parks. We are going to need material for our magazine, and we should especially welcome articles on river cruising in these areas."

Tony Smith has been an attorney for many years in New York and Washington, and he has been actively interested in Conservation ever since he served as secretary to the grand old man who started it all,

Tony ~~immediately~~ ~~made~~ clear the position of his organization in relation to the National Park Service. "We will not engage in personal feuds, nor will we criticize all improvements as desecrations. Rather we will stress the special qualities and beauties to be found in our National Parks which should be preserved unimpaired." The NPA will continue to criticize the construction of ski tows in the parks, for instance, but it will lay an even heavier stress on the greater value and personal satisfaction to be found in using your own feet—wherefore the recent articles on the glories of ski-touring and snowshoeing.

"We will work with the Park Service staff as much as possible," Tony continued, "but we will not hesitate to appeal to the Secretary of Interior when we feel the situation warrants." He cited a recent inspection of the controversial Tioga Road in Yosemite in company with the Park Superintendent and a representative of the Secretary, which resulted in a compromise route less destructive of park values.

Tony dwelt at some length on the growing feeling among conservationists that activity in the legislative field is important, particularly in matters of appropriations. He pointed out that National Parks Association, like many other conservation groups, is an educational and scientific organization, which does not engage to any substantial extent in efforts to influence legislation. However, there are organizations in existence which work on these problems in a forthright manner. These organizations discuss conservation issues with Congressmen in Washington and also in their home districts when they are there on vacation or campaigning. Ultimately, it is in Congress where many basic decisions are made—whether government money, for example, will be spent on big roads in parks, or on educational work explaining the significance of the parks to great numbers of people.

spreading their telling but essentially materialistic arguments. Against them we have only our voices—and our votes. If we hope to hold onto the few wild rivers and other wild areas that still remain, for ourselves and for those who follow us—who will need them even more—we must coordinate our efforts and work with our representatives in the national capital. It does little good to hold conservation meetings and pass fine-sounding resolutions in the off-season. Each of our affiliates should have a conservation chairman and a going year-round conservation activity. It is the leaders of the National Parks Association, the Wilderness Society, the Izaak Walton League, and similar national organizations, who are doing the dogged day-to-day legwork in our behalf. It would seem that the least we can do is to organize an effective, coordinated grassroots support of their efforts at the club level.

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Movie-Making on the Cheat River

by JOHN BERRY

Back in the winter of **1958**, five members of the Canoe Cruisers Association of Washington, D.C. began discussing the possibilities of making our amateur conception of a real production-type white-water film of the Grand Canyon of the Cheat River which is located in a rugged mountain section of northwest West Virginia. Each of us had been tremendously impressed with the remote grandeur and wild beauty of this savage stretch of river on a low water trip in May of the preceding year. We now felt from the comfort and vantage of easy chairs—that a carefully planned filming expedition through this ultimate in large-sized eastern white-water rivers would be both feasible, and, if not financially rewarding, at least a source of great personal satisfaction.

The group was led by Bob Harrigan, **1958 C-1 National Slalom Champion**, who initiated the idea, and was enthusiastically joined by Dick Bridge, Todd Miles, Earl Mosburg and the writer. Each of us was (and quite possibly still is) notably deficient in movie-making know-how. We decided to concentrate our efforts on the run from the Canyon entrance, just below Albright, West Virginia to the half-way, and only point of access to and from civilization within the steep twenty-one mile gorge—the picturesque and little used Canyon bridge at Jenkintown. Within this ten mile section, the powerful Cheat drops a tumultuous 330 feet over a twisting course liberally studded with fantastic midstream boulders. There are some **28** major rapids of which a number are now known to our little group by such names as "Berry's Disaster", "Bridge and Mosburg's Fiasco", "**Harrigan's Folly**", and "**B a c k w a r d s Chute**", the latter in memory of an embarrassing albeit successful maneuver executed by member Miles.

Getting back to the proposed film, it was decided, primarily out of consideration for our very limited budget, to try for a 20-30 minute movie. On the recommendation of our technical advisor, Charley Ward, an experienced amateur movie-maker and neighbor of the writer, we determined to

use 16 mm. Kodachrome single perf (to permit later application of sound track for music background, narration, and sound effects) and to arrange for the rental of two Bolex **H-16** three lens cameras for the actual shooting. On the theory that at least half of our film would end up in the scrap heap, our initial purchase was for **22** 100-foot rolls of film—enough for about one hour's running time.

With this much settled, there began a series of evening meetings in which we hashed over movie-making techniques (derived from reading assignments passed out by eager slave-driver Harrigan, and from lectures given by our advisor, Charley Ward). We became familiar with the workings of the Bolex, agreed upon a general outline for our story, discussed the other types of equipment we would need, and swore solemnly, on Charley's admonishment, to use a tripod for all shots regardless of the difficulties of doing so. We recognized that several trips might be necessary to carry the project to completion, so it was also decided to wait until late spring (when all foliage would be in bloom and the background would remain the same for several months) before considering a start.

The two most essential conditions for the movie-making venture were good film-



ing weather and clear water at a favorable level. To secure information on the latter Harrigan and I had several months earlier during the Fall 1957 drought conditions, painted four numbered water level marks one foot apart on the Cheat Bridge support at Albright. (See A WWA Winter 1958, p. 12). From our previous Cheat trip, at an estimated level of $1\frac{1}{2}$, we concluded that $2\frac{1}{2}$ -3 presented ideal water. In view of the increase in water velocity combined with the known necessity for many sharp turns, a 3-4 level was considered very risky, while anything higher than 4, in our opinion, was too dangerous to attempt for any purpose. With the kind cooperation of a garage owner who could see our marks from his place of business, we received a daily card giving us the water level and the local weather conditions.

For days and weeks through April and early May, our cards from Albright read: "Water high above last mark . . . rain, rain and more rain." Then, finally, about the middle of May the highest mark (#4) became visible. By the 22nd it was down to 3, clear, and the weather outlook was promising. We made frantic haste to begin putting our carefully laid plans into immediate action.

Now we are on our way for our first attempt at filming the Cheat. Three 15-foot solo canoes for Harrigan, Miles and myself—each equipped with a half spray deck of Harrigan's design, and proven practical in several preliminary heavy water runs—while Bridge and Mosburg paddle tandem in an 18 foot Grumman also outfitted with a partial decking arrangement. Our duffel consists of 3 waterproof rubber bags per man (U.S. Navy surplus) to contain camping gear, clothes, food and cameras, plus one waterproof 50 cal. ammo box per man (also U.S. surplus—and you'd better test it at home before using it!) for rolls of film, note pad and pencil, first-aid kit, patching materials and other small articles which might be needed in a hurry. Life jackets, canteens, throwing lines, spare paddles, and inflated air-mattresses and inner tubes for extra flotation are tied onto body and canoe. Travelling in two station wagons each having a double tier of extra wide racks for carrying four canoes, we make the 200 mile drive from Washington, D. C. to Albright on Friday night, leaving

one car at the Canyon Bridge for our shuttle.

Much to the impatience of a small assemblage of curious local people gathered to see us off, we are more than two hours pattering around getting equipment loaded and in filming our arrival in Albright and our preparations for departure. Our director, (he's bigger and younger than any of the rest of us), Bob Harrigan, rules two takes of everything which we must have in order to put our story together. This is excellent policy as things turn out—but at this early stage, the tedium involved already has us asking ourselves whether any of us will be speaking to the others by the trip's end.

Paddling through swift smooth water for nearly a mile below Albright, we see the sudden precipitous rise of the shore on each side, and hear the ominous roar of the entrance rapid to the Cheat gorge. We pull over on the right side (maintaining continuity of screen direction poses a serious problem for river movies), unload the Bolexes from their rubber packs—each of us becomes an expert in the unravelling and the re-rolling of these bags—untie the tripods and begin the time-consuming task of scouting the rapid. Our scouting must seek out not only the most feasible way through but the one providing the best possible movie-taking angle as well. The two are not always compatible, as we discover.

The entrance rapid consists of a long, steep staircase formation presenting the prospect of one difficult turn and exceptionally heavy water for half-open canoes. On all rapids considered worthy of filming, we have worked out a turn-taking arrangement, whereby one or more canoes appears in each such run. By virtue of the alphabet and a bright red canoe, I am designated first through the introductory one. We agree on the course through in relation to camera positions, and scramble back up over the house-sized shore line boulders to wait, interminably it seems, for the whistle blast which signals that the cameras are set up and ready for me.

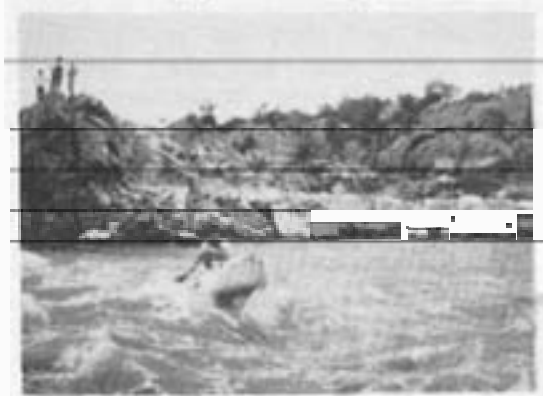
Each of us suffers this experience many times on this and on two subsequent filming trips to the Cheat. You die the proverbial thousand deaths—waiting-waiting-waiting. The camera (or cameras if two

are being used) must be levelled on the tripod now maybe it should be moved over here — what's the light meter say? — set the f stop — check distance focus — depth of field — second frame counter and footage readings — shoot at 24 or 32 frames per second? — wait for the light to get to f 5.6 as a cloud passes over — camera fully wound? — it seems to go on forever.

Too much time for thought. Now I'm no longer certain of my course. All of the rocks, waves, troughs, and tongues are beginning to look alike. I can't see the second half of the rapid from my starting point. Do I cut across before or after that big black job? Is that tongue on the right or left of the second. or maybe it's the third submerged rock? At last the whistle blows, and with a peculiar tightness in the abdominal regions, I'm off.

I dip over the first drop and the canoe suddenly becomes a leaping, living thing. Our stock movie joke—"Say cheese"^m—is frozen deep in my throat and the grin turns into a grimace. No thought of hamming it up for the camera now. The pre-selected route through appears rapidly—too rapidly! In quick flashes of boiling foam and spray the huge boulders loom ahead and as quickly are left behind. I draw madly and just squeak by a big one. Water thumps heavily into my open stern, but rolls off my bow deck in harmless sheets. I drop sharply over a final ledge and turn easily into a side eddy. Safe! A long sigh of relief, a weak smile of triumph, and now it's my turn to be cameraman and whistle blower for the next nervously waiting canoeist.

We pack up again and head the boats downstream—which, in fact, is the only possible direction they can be headed in the Cheat Canyon. Each rapid must abso-



lutely be scouted in advance of a run. This is good sense under any circumstances, and essential in our case, since we cannot afford the loss of any canoes or equipment. We all share in this venture equally. Loss of one canoe would write the finish to our movie expedition. Experience from our last year's trip plus Army aerial photo maps we have along, remind us that at this water level the entire run is almost one continuous streak of white. The respite pools between rapids are few and short. We cannot stop to film at every rapid, and the choice becomes difficult as time creeps up on us.

This first trip is devoted altogether to the white-water running portion of our movie. The other scenes necessary to tell our story—such things as camping shots, flower and wildlife scenes, and the many scenic beauties along the canyon walls—must wait for a later week-end. Right now, we have the water where we want it—clear and medium high. We may not be so lucky again this year.

We make camp on a rock ledge only 3½ miles below our start, and just above what we call Half-mile Rapid, a long vicious monster which is really three major rapids strung together in the form of a twisting double "S". You can clearly see the steep down hill gradient of the river bed as the frothing water pounds furiously toward the giant boulders concealing the first sharp bend. We spend half of the next day filming with two cameras, moving constantly down the length of this tremendous rapid, all of our canoes at one point or another making runs through each of the three major segments. A helicopter and a motor-driven camera would be ideal for such work, as continuity of action is impossible to achieve in a rapid so long. So much climbing and hiking back and forth along the topsy-turvy shore convinces us that we have left a path in the solid stone.

Proceeding on down river, now omitting, for both reasons of limited time and sheer exhaustion, the filming of many otherwise excellent rapids, we camp again after making another 3 or 4 miles for our day's effort. A good camp-site within the confines of the Cheat gorge, as anyone who has experienced it will readily affirm may be described as any reasonably flat

surface of 2x6" or larger—if you can find it. This night, fairly typical of the others spent here, finds us individually perched on high and somewhat sloping boulders, like five sodden vultures surveying our domains. Loud now are the praises sung for the inventor of the air mattress!

Early on our third day, having been filmed going through an especially heavy and difficult rapid requiring two quick right angle turns in fast turbulent water. Harrigan and I are kneeling in our respective canoes in an eddy at the foot of the last drop waiting to see Bridge and Mosburg (who are not on the film schedule here) bring their tandem canoe down. We are busy rolling up the camera bags when, looking up, we see the two-man canoe dangerously far over to execute the final turn in time. We stare, transfixed and helpless, as the big canoe, despite heroic last ditch draws and pry-aways by the paddlers, is slammed hard against a projecting rock and swiftly capsized. We remain momentarily mesmerized (our later excuse, and a good one I thought, was that we had to finish securing the cameras) as the upturned boat and the bobbing heads sweep past us. Fortunately, Miles, who is waiting in an eddy further down, rescues both canoe and swimmers by means of a long throwing line.

Through some minor miracle nothing is lost or damaged. While Bridge and Mosburg dry out a bit and try to recover their normal aplomb, Harrigan and I rend the air with curses and laments for failing to capture the dramatic spectacle on film. It might be added that we do not get much sympathy from our tandem pair at this moment.

With time running out on us, we are reminded of one highly desired feature of our movie story—the achievement of which we had confidently discussed from the comfort of our armchairs during the evening meetings over the past winter—an upset in rough water. Now that we are actually here, no one in his right mind, including our lunatic contingent, would purposely go over in this frightful, white-streaked rock garden. To do so effectively would more than likely result in extensive damage to canoe, or worse, to carcass. To try it in a hand-picked "safe" stretch would appear obviously posed and be worse than



nothing at all. Our scouting, choice of routes and execution on the filmed rapids has thus far been good enough to avoid such disasters. Here is a real dilemma!

Well, to get ahead of and out of this story for a moment, our problem was solved in spectacular and in unscheduled fashion on a later trip when the water level rose suddenly to an estimated 6 or 7 on our bridge marking system, and we hadn't the sense to get off the river.

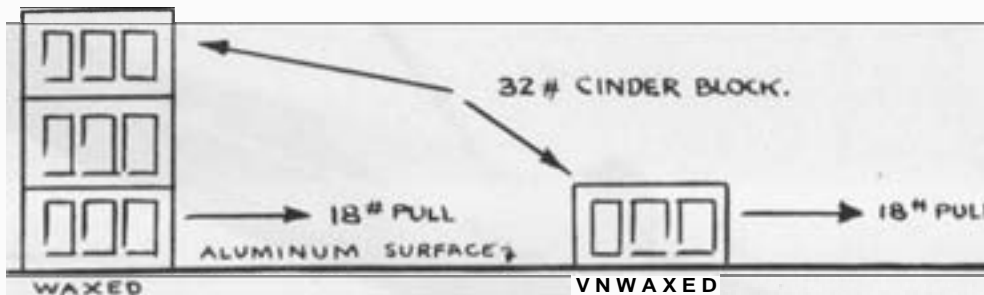
Our expedition continues this third and final day in the usual spastic tenor of stopping, scouting, waiting, filming, and running until finally, with darkness closing in, the high canyon bridge at Jenkintown (the latter consisting of three ancient summer shacks) is reached. Weary and jubilant we load the gear, the four canoes—none too much the worse for wear for their experience—and our 1400 feet of hard-gained and priceless film onto the shuttle car and begin the long drive home.

As indicated several times in this rambling account, we have since made two additional three-day filming trips back to the Cheat, and have shot up at last our original 2200 feet of film. Now it is fall, and picture if you will, the current spectacle of five single-minded egomaniacs glued to projector, screen and clipboard arguing about which scenes must go, which must be shortened, which must be transposed, etc., etc., in order to transform this project into a viewable 25-minute movie.

Harrigan, our worthy director, is as yet unlynched, and surprisingly we all remain on cheerful, if sometimes guarded speaking terms. We hope soon to offer the finished work around the canoe-club circuit as an example of white-water canoeing on a beautiful and difficult rock garden river so typical of our mountainous east.

Effect of Waxing Aluminum Canoes

By Randy Carter



The above diagrams show the great difference in the "slipperiness" of an aluminum canoe coated with wax and without any wax at all.

Everyone who has done any white water canoeing knows that an aluminum canoe will stick on a rock like it was glued to it. Many times we have wished for an old wooden canoe that would "ooze" through the rocky bed of a shallow river. In fact, I have heard more cussing from people hung on rocks in aluminum canoes than from any other canoeing difficulty.

In recent tests, to overcome this great drawback to the aluminum canoe, I have found that the application of Johnson's "J. Wax," as per instructions on the can, will do wonders. You will slip over rocks and slide off them without that sudden stop and tenacious hanging on you have been cussing about.

The application of a hard glazing coat of wax lubricates the shell of the canoe and you get along through rocky sections with one-third of the difficulty you have formerly encountered.

These tests were made with a cinder-block, which is very abrasive, and with heavy sharp surfaced rocks heavy enough to cut into the aluminum. It was found that the harder the surface the more good the wax did. And the sharp or pointed surfaces made no difference.

The wax helped while dragging over soft materials like wood and grass, but not as much as on rocks. It also appeared that a wet surface, of most any kind had about 5% more friction than a dry surface, but the difference was slight.

In further tests it was found that waxing

the surface of a canvas covered canoe made practically no difference in its slipperiness over rocks.

It was further found that unpainted Fiberglass was just as slippery in its natural state as when waxed.

Canoes of plywood, due to their heavy varnish coat, are only slightly improved by waxing.

According to the Johnson wax people, there is no harmful effect from waxing aluminum.

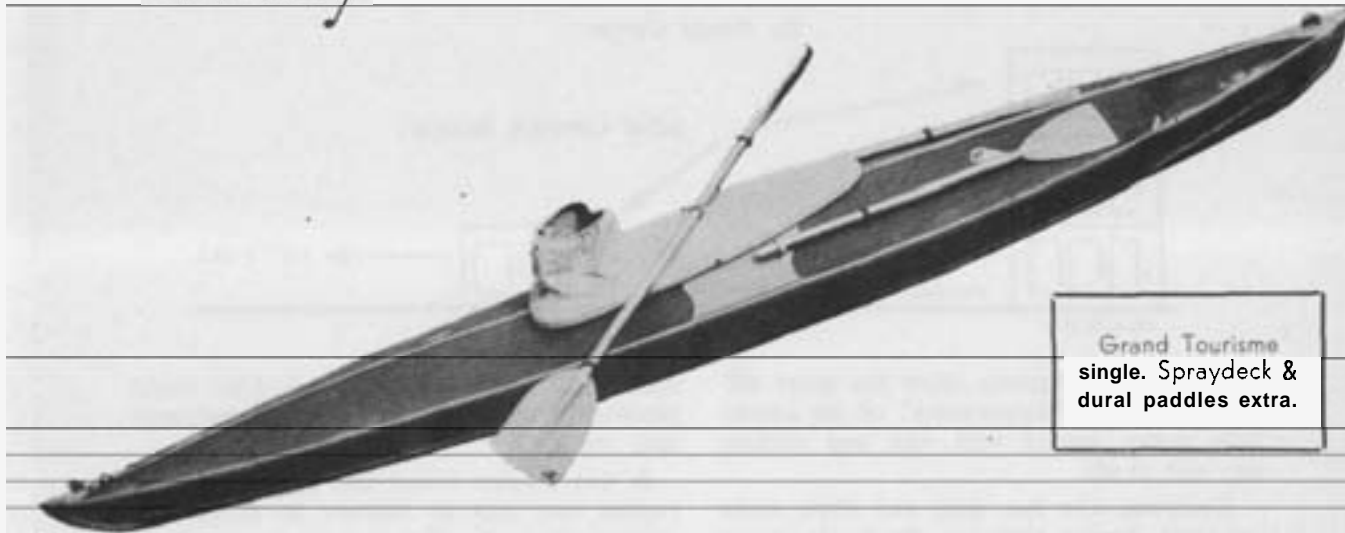
As might be expected, the waxed surface is not scratched up as much as the unwaxed aluminum. Wax that has hardened for a few days is better than fresh wax.

The waxed canoes were put on the river and run through the Kelly's Ford Rapids on the Rappahannock, with water as low as possible. They were also tested in low water over the Staircase at Harper's Ferry. The results were wonderful! You could wiggle over and around rocks that used to hang you up.

Your Dues Are Due

Memberships expire in March, and your next year's dues are now payable. Clip the coupon on Page 2 and send it in. Or, if you don't want to cut up your magazine just write your name and address on a piece of paper and send it in with your check for \$2.50. We'll know what it's for.

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single. Spraydeck &
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THE IDEA of superlative quality in a white-water kayak is beginning to gain acceptance in the United States. The sport thus follows the pattern of skiing, which moved from the era of barrel-staves and straps to the present fine metal skis, hand-made boots, and precision bindings.

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Although the Chauveau kayak commands a premium price in Europe, it is

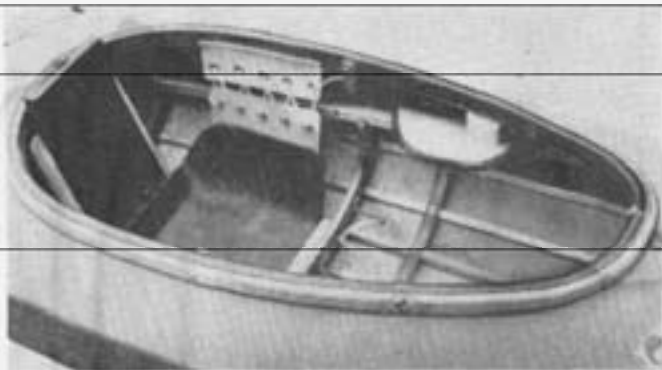
offered to Americans at a total cost completely competitive with all other imported brands. Boats will be shipped direct from Paris or from New York, by land freight or air.

¶ *Grand Tourisme, Slalom-Tourisme, and Competition single-seaters.*

¶ *Double-seaters, with and without air sponsons. Sailing rigs. Motor mounting brackets.*

¶ *Dinghies and barques.*

¶ *Accessories: Duralumin paddles for rocky rivers; spraydecks, waterproof bags, portage wagons.*



Cockpit of "Competition" single-seater, showing special bucket seat (available on order) and thigh-braces.

JEAN CHAUVEAU

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MORE ABOUT THE DUFFEK

by Walter Kirshbaum

In response to requests for more details on the new Duffek stroke, Walter Kirshbaum submits additional description and diagrams.

Since the subject has never been written about I must admit I had to do some unusual scrutinizing and observing of what I was actually doing.

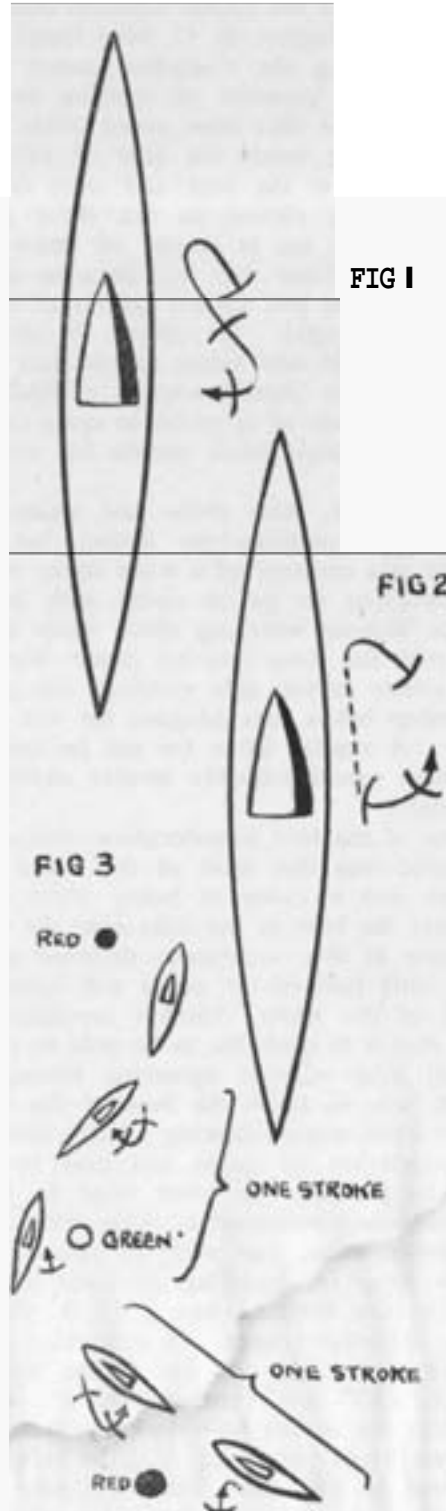
Let me state again that speed is necessary to enable you to lean out on your almost vertical blade. Speed in combination with your draw stroke gives you the basis to brace on.

Figure 1 shows the pattern paddle makes when you want to move your kayak sideways. Insert paddle at a climbing angle as far away from the hull as possible with the paddle palm drawing towards the bow. This will bring the bow over. Now turn your blade and swing into a draw stroke that curves away from the hull and then turns back toward your body. This brings the stern over and the kayak resumes its original direction.

Figure 2 shows the pattern your paddle makes when doing a 360° turn. The first movement is the same as in Figure 1. Your draw stroke in this case may be vital or it may be only a means to bring the paddle back to body level; in any case perform it close to the hull. Then your hand swings toward the back, turning the paddle palm away from the hull and going into a back stroke which is strongly curved away from the hull. Lean out and brace on the blade, reaching out as far as possible from the hull, paddle palm now facing forward. If the 360° is not yet completed, the stroke can be repeated without taking the blade from the water.

Insert any variations that will serve to get you where you want. The basic idea is to eliminate delay by leaving the blade in the water and performing the stroke in one sweeping movement.

Figure 3 shows a materialization of Figure 1 for the purpose of clearing a wiggly gate with only two strokes.



A Wave Cover for Solo Canoeists

by BOB HARRIGAN

Members of the Canoe Cruisers Association in Washington, D. C. have found that paddlers using the Canadian canoe miss some of the pleasure of running heavier rapids because they must avoid water with high standing waves for fear of shipping too much over the bow and sides of the boat. If they choose to run these areas anyway, they are in danger of swamping. At the very least they will have to go to shore to dump out several gallons of water after each rapid. Of course, it can be argued that if one wants to run this type of water one should acquire a foldboat. However, many of us prefer to use a canoe, and like a single blade paddle for maneuvering.

The writer, who owns and enjoys an aluminum Canadian-type canoe, has designed and constructed a wave cover which enables him to go on rivers with heavy rapids without worrying about water pouring over the sides into his canoe. Because the author prefers solo paddling, the cover described below was designed for that purpose. (A similar cover for use by tandem paddlers would probably involve additional expense.)

One of the first considerations that came to mind was that most of the water that comes into a canoe in heavy water does so over the bow or the sides near the bow. Because of this, a properly designed cover over only half of the canoe will keep out most of the water. Another consideration was that it is desirable to be able to reach stored gear without squeezing through a small hole to reach the bow of the boat. Since white-water canoeing usually involves transportation of canoe and gear by car and by portage, the cover must be light, portable and removeable. Also, there may be times when you wish to remove the wave cover for paddling on quiet water.

The boat covered was a 15 ft. Gruman aluminum canoe. An oak ridge pole, round on the top and flat on the bottom, 1½ x 2 x 65" was connected to the overhanging lip of the bow deck by means of a door hinge permitting it to be raised or lowered at will. With the ridge pole connected to the bow the far end reached to

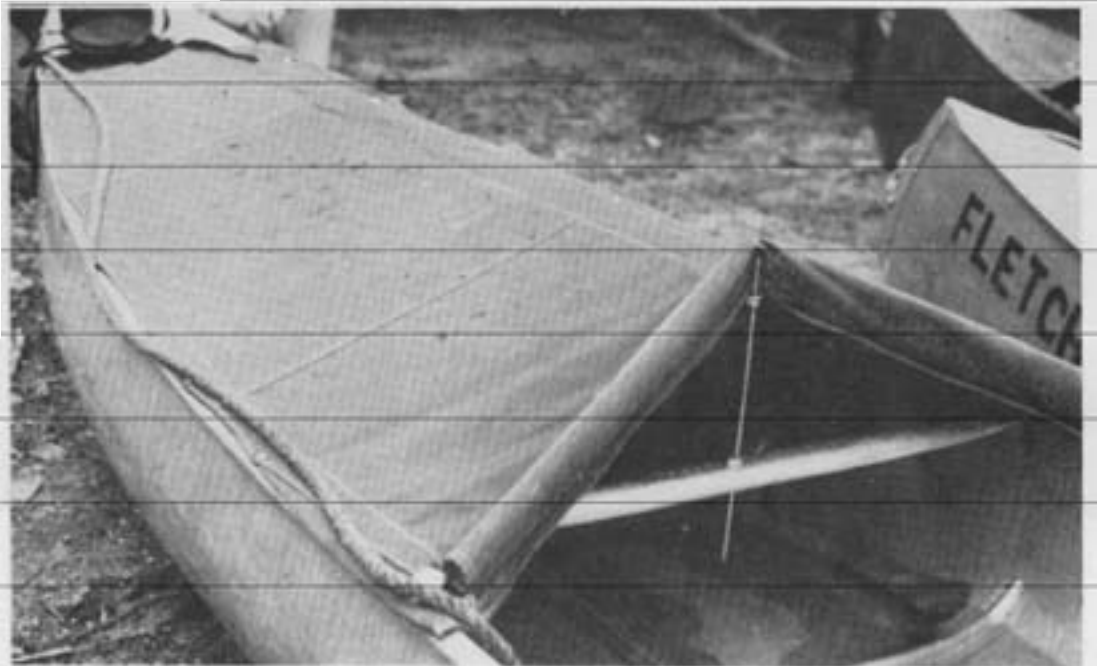
the center thwart.

A ¼" brass rod 10" long, threaded on both ends was attached to the center thwart by placing one end through a hole drilled in the thwart and securing it with a thumb nut. The free end of the ridge pole was connected to the brass rod with an eye screw. Thumbnuts were placed on the threaded brass rod above and below the eyescrew of the ridgepole. This type of connection allows the paddler to adjust the degree of incline of the ridge pole. Since the ridge pole is fairly long, the arc described at the free end is small enough so that the eye screw slides freely up and down and does not pull at the brass rod. Studs of the type to take glove snaps were bolted to the narrow gunwale and overhanging bow deck at convenient intervals. (These studs are sold by manufacturers of convertible car tops and are used for fastening the covering boot when the convertible top is down.) The studs are the only parts of the spray deck which are permanently attached to the canoe.

Two plywood boards ½ x 18 x 2" were each beveled at one end to form a splash board when placed together and positioned near the center thwart.

After completing this portion of the work, the professional services of a commercial boat cover maker were needed. The canoe and the wave cover framework were taken to a local canvas fabricator and a simple canvas cover was shaped to fit over the framework. Glovesnaps were attached to the canvas at points corresponding to the studs bolted to the canoe. A narrow canvas sleeve was sewed on the top side of the cover at the end stretched across the center of the canoe. The two boards which make the splash board were then inserted into the open end of the sleeve on each side. Snap fasteners on the open ends of the sleeve prevent the boards from sliding out. This arrangement permits removal of the boards when the canvas is to be folded and stored away.

The upward slope of the spray cover, from a point level with the deck at the bow, to a point approximately 7" above the level of the gunwale at the center



thwart, causes the water which is shipped to go uphill before it can reach the paddler. Since the sides of the spray cover are sloped downward from the ridge pole to the gunwales, the water falls harmlessly back into the river as it loses its forward momentum. Any water which does manage to roll back to the paddler will be deflected to the side by the splashboard. Since the splash board tapers toward the stern the water runs off easily rather than spraying up into the face of the startled canoeist.

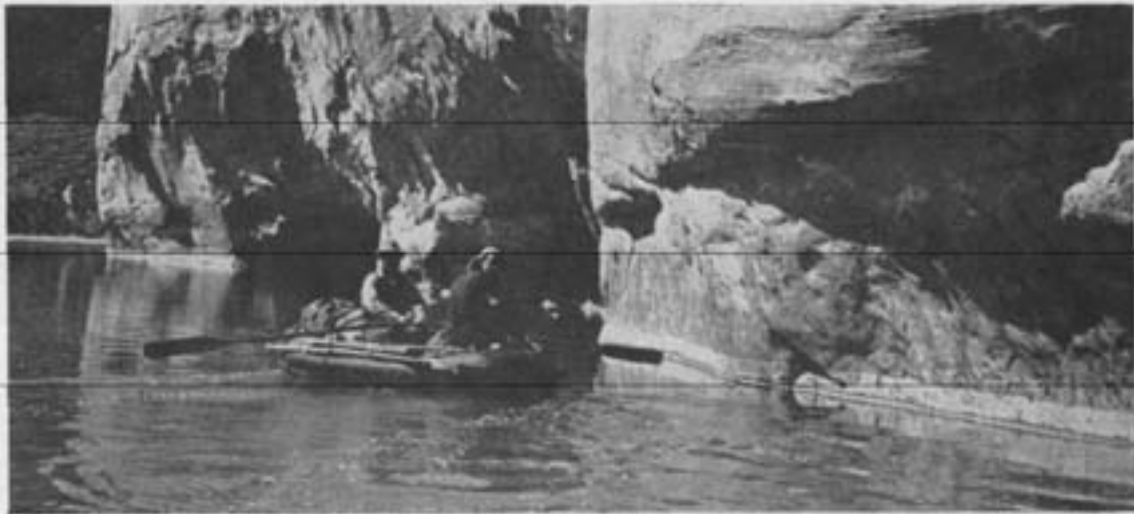
A week after the wave cover was completed it was tested at Little Falls on the Potomac River. The river at this point drops approximately 32 feet in a distance of 1.5 miles. Over most of the distance there are high standing waves and at certain places the river is forced into close turns which require turning maneuvers during which it is not possible to keep the canoe headed directly into the waves. The canoe was deliberately plunged into the waves to force plenty of water over the bow (although in many instances this was not necessary). While some water was taken in, very little, if any, went past the splash board. Almost all of it came over

the stern and in no case were there more than a few quarts in the canoe, even after crashing through some of the largest waves.

The spray cover was also tested on the Cheat River between Rowlesburg and Albert. W. Va. with similar success. (Burmeister in "White Water Boating" rates this stretch of river with a difficulty up to 5.)

With the exception of the canvas cover, with attached glovesnaps, all the labor can be performed at home with the simplest of tools. The material for the framework amounted to only a few dollars. The canvas cover with glovesnaps cost \$25.00. However, the cover has proved to be so successful that it seems well worth the expense. With some shrewd shopping or possibly making the canvas cover yourself, the expense might be reduced.

In summary, the design presented here offers a cover which, (1) prevents 80 to 90% of the water that comes over the canoe from entering, (2) allows easy access to things stored under the cover, since the glovesnaps are easily undone or connected, (3) may be quickly and easily installed or removed, (4) is inexpensive to make and, (5) is light and portable.



CONSERVATION COMMENT

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

There was, you will recall, an election a while back which appreciably changed the aspect of our national legislature. While we should take nothing for granted, it would seem probable that a more liberal Congress would be more favorably inclined toward the public interest in matters of conservation of national parks, forests, wilderness, waterways, and of natural resources generally. A good deal hangs on the rules fight now sizzling (as this is written) in both House and Senate: if the traditional rules of parliamentary procedure are retained, the Old Guard in both political parties will be able to maintain considerable power to squelch the liberal upstarts.

One of the notable results of the election was the savage mauling of the team of Rarrett of Wyoming and Bennett and Watkins of Utah, three senators who have consistently favored exploitation rather than conservation of our natural resources and who have vigorously obstructed action on the Wilderness Bill. Only Bennett is left.

Another result of some consequence was the election of Mr. Clair Engle as Senator from California. As one of the conservationist stalwarts in the House, he was responsible for much beneficial legislation, most notably the Military Lands Withdraw-

al Act in the last session. His elevation to the Senate leaves the chairmanship of the House Interior Committee to the next ranking Democrat, Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, a gentleman of distinctly uncertain temper.

* *

At this writing, there are three Conservation issues of primary concern to us river rats: 1) Bruces Eddy dam and the Clearwater River valley in Idaho; 2) the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and the preservation of the Potomac watershed, and above all, 3) the Wilderness Bill.

Contrary to previous comment in this space, the last Congress *authorized* \$1,200,000—but actually *appropriated* only up to \$500,000—for detailed engineering plans for the Bruces Eddy dam on the Clearwater North Fork. The dam itself has not yet been authorized. Sen. Dworshak of Idaho will without doubt campaign the length and breadth of the Senate cloakroom in an effort to clear this project. Only the organized muster of vigorous public *opinion*—meaning, dear reader, you—will save the exceptional scenery and wildlife of this fine wilderness riverway from destruction.

Legislation to establish national historical park status for the C. & O. Canal from Great Falls to Cumberland, Md., will be

re-introduced early in the session. It faces tough sledding in the House, where the Army Engineers with their big dam projects wield great influence. Yet it is not too much to say that the character of the whole Potomac valley hangs on this proposal. If it is passed into law, dams on the Potomac main stem are less likely; if it fails, a lot of fine, historic scenery may well be flooded out. It has the enthusiastic support of the people of the valley and some 300 local and national organizations headed by the Douglas hikers under AWWAer Grant Conway. They need all the support from "out yonder" that we can possibly give them.

And finally the Wilderness Preservation Act. At the four field hearings in the West this fall, the majority of the witnesses appearing at the hearings in Oregon and California supported the Bill, whereas opponents had the edge in Utah and New Mexico. The astonishing aspect of the hearings, however, was the heavy volume of over 1100 written statements sent in for the record by those who could not afford care and time off to attend in person. These communications favored the Wilderness Bill by *fifty to one!*

In browsing through the record of the Interior Committee hearings in Washington last April, I was struck by the recurrent theme of "multiple use." The Forestry Service representatives cite the many uses of wilderness: recreational, scientific (i.e., ecological and biological), watershed protection, forage and wildlife values, among others. Then they, and many other opposition witnesses, complain that wilderness is restricted to the single use of the very few who can penetrate these inaccessible areas. Apparently to these people it isn't "multiple use" unless exploitation for profit is included! They all claim to support the wilderness idea, but they want highways and accommodations to make the wilderness accessible to the masses of family vacationers driving about in cars--and they would thereby destroy the essential character of the wilderness.

Another frequent complaint of local Chambers of Commerce and business interests is the threat of great changes under the proposed legislation. Have they read the bill? Administrative agencies and procedures remain exactly as heretofore: the Park Service runs the national parks, For-

estry the national forests, and each handles the respective wilderness areas therein. Nor does the bill alter any boundaries. The primary purpose of the Wilderness Bill is to confirm existing wilderness preservation practices as a policy of Congress (rather than of the administrative agencies of the Executive), and to establish procedures by which these areas shall be protected against attrition by private exploitation. It also seeks to set up, in the Wilderness Council, a central repository of scientific wilderness information, rather than leave such valuable data scattered among the several agencies. If any of our members wish to see for themselves what the Wilderness Bill provides, I have a few very readable copies (not Congressional Record reprints!) available. This Wilderness Preservation Act, above all, requires our strongest support.

I happened to wander into the back room where I work just in time to hear, over the radio, one of the more resounding platitudes in the President's State of the Union message: "We can afford anything we need, but we cannot afford one cent for waste!" 'Tis a fine sentiment indeed and one of the most devastating forms of waste is budget slashing. "Experience has shown," comments the Wildlife Management Institute, "that when the economy axe swings, the natural resources agencies...are among the first to feel its bite. ...Budget slashes that mutilate the muscles of the natural resources agencies, that upset and delay necessary programs, and prevent effective restoration and management practices, undermine national wealth, productivity, and security."

The Institute goes on to cite some surprising figures of cash returns to the U.S. Treasury from the operations of some of these agencies, notably Forestry and Land Management. Not reflected in these cash returns are the enormous effects of the resources agencies' activities on the nation's third major industry, recreational tourism. "No resources are destroyed, yet these (outdoor) participation sports generate business which adds billions annually to the national economy.

"Productive forests, clean water, attractive scenery—all are impossible without proper management," concludes the Institute. "Only by receiving adequate appro-

priations can the Federal agencies properly discharge their legal responsibilities. Natural resources management is a recognized science, and the money that it takes to conduct essential programs constitutes an important investment in both the present and the future.

"Economy in government is a commendable objective, but...economy for economy's sake alone results in wanton waste, misuse and abuse of precious resources. No nation dares to squander the basis of its greatness."

The volume of your Congressman's mail plays a very considerable part in determining his attitude toward specific budget cuts and appropriations. Business interests, you may be sure, make their wishes known in no uncertain terms—how about *you*, the non-consuming recreational public?



From the Bureau of Business and Economic Research of the University of Maryland comes a timely study on desalination of salt water for general consumption. It may come as a surprise to many of us that this process is well developed, with many plants already in operation in various arid parts of the world. All of the 18-odd processes in current use are costly, but continued research is constantly reducing these costs to what may soon become acceptable levels for our coastal cities. Our fantastically increasing population is placing a severe strain on our water resources for public and industrial consumption (quite aside from power supply). The development of economically practical desalination processes is of some little interest to us river rats: what with atomic plants for power, and desalination plants for water supply, the Army Engineers might be hard put to it for excuses to chop up our fine river valleys!



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Proposed Constitution and By-laws of the AWA

The American White-water Affiliation is five years old, and to date has existed without benefit of formal constitution and by-laws. This is not an accident. The people who started the AWA avoided picking a ready-made constitution, and chose instead to, let organizational structure evolve slowly. This was explained in more detail by Oz Hawksley in his "How Not to Become Extinct" article in the last issue. We recommend that you dig out this article and reread it. In the article, Oz explained that finally the AWA had arrived at a point in its development when it needed some organizational changes and a slightly more formalized structure. He promised that a Constitution and a set of By-laws would be presented to the membership in the next issue, and here they are. Oz and the retiring Executive Committee, and all who worked on these documents do not pretend that they have solved all the problems or used all the best choice of words. But the Constitution and By-laws presented below represent the effort and opinion of a group that knows the AWA and knows the AWA's needs.

During the early part of this year, Maurice Posada, the new Executive Secretary, will seek a ratification by the "Interim General Committee." In the meantime, all members are invited to contribute their opinions and suggestions to, their affiliate representatives or directly to Maurice.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE AMERICAN WHITE-WATER AFFILIATION

Constitution

1. Name

The name of this organization is the American White-water Affiliation. The initials are AWA.

2. Purpose

The purpose of the American White-water Affiliation is to:

- a. encourage the exploration, enjoyment, and preservation of American recreational waterways for man-powered craft;
- b. protect the wilderness character of waterways through conservation of water, forests, parks, wildlife, and related resources;
- c. promote safety and proficiency in all aspects of white-water activities such as the navigation of moving water, teaching, teamwork, leadership, and equipment design by publishing and demonstrating developments in these and related fields;
- d. weld a unity among our widely scattered members through sharing information and experiences;
- e. promote appreciation for the recreational values of wilderness cruising and of white-water sports.

3. Membership

Opportunity for membership in this Affiliation is open to all individuals interested in the recreational use of American waterways who will subscribe to the above Purpose.

4. Affiliated Clubs

All clubs which share the above Purpose are invited to affiliate as member clubs. Professional boating organizations may also be accepted as affiliates.

5. General Committee

Each affiliated group will appoint or elect one AWA member to the General Committee. The members of, the Operating Committee and Advisory Committee will also be members of the General Committee, even if not already members as club representatives. The Executive Secretary will serve as chairman of the General Committee. Functions of the General Committee will be primary responsibility for the formulation of Affiliation policies and election of the Executive Secretary and such other officers as become necessary.

6. Advisory Committee

The Advisory Committee will consist of seven members; the incumbent Executive Secretary, the preceding four Executive Secretaries, and two members elected from the membership-at-large by the above mentioned five. One member will represent the unaffiliated membership.

This committee will consider the long range welfare of our sport and organization and will make recommendations to the General and Operating Committees.

7. Operating Committee and Service Committees

The Operating Committee will be composed of the Executive Secretary and the chairmen of the Service Committees and shall have the primary responsibility for execution of policies and administration of the Affiliation.

Committees to perform specific duties will have the chairmen appointed by the Executive Secretary from the membership-at-large and will be known as Service Committees. An appointed chairman may choose other members to serve with him on his committee. Committee chairmen should report to the Executive Secretary on a quarterly basis.

8. Officers

The Executive Secretary will be elected by the General Committee from the membership-at-large. It will be his duty, with the help of the Operating Committee, to assign responsibilities and to coordinate all efforts toward attainment of the Purpose.

9. Finance

This Affiliation will be a non-profit organization

10. Amendments

Amendments to this Constitution may be made by a two-thirds favorable vote by a quorum of the General Committee. Proposed amendments must be presented to the membership-at-large at least one month previous to the time of voting.

By-laws

1. Membership

Membership will be granted upon application accompanied by \$2.50 dues. Renewal dues are payable March 1. Members who have not paid renewal dues by June 1 will be dropped.

2. Affiliation

Bona fide boating clubs wishing to affiliate may do so by applying to the Executive Secretary and by paying \$5.00 annual dues. Affiliate clubs shall appoint an AWA member to the General Committee and may also request representation on Service Committees of their choice. Affiliate dues are payable March 1.

3. Elections

Nomination for Executive Secretary shall be made in October by members of the Advisory Committee and be submitted to the Chairman of the General Committee. Election will take place in November.

Following this, the Executive Secretary-elect and his four (4) immediate predecessors will elect the two remaining members of the Advisory Committee. The complete incoming Advisory Committee will elect a chairman before December 31. Should a vacancy occur on the Advisory Committee during the year, members of that committee shall elect a replacement as soon as possible.

4. voting

All elections may be by letter ballot. Provisions for write-ins shall be made. Three-fourths of the members of the General Committee constitute a quorum. Five members of the Operating Committee will be a quorum. Six members of the Advisory Committee will be a quorum.

5. Service Committees

The chairmen of the Service Committees will be appointed in December from the membership-at-large by the newly elected Executive Secretary.

The Chairman of the *Editorial Committee* will be responsible for editing, publishing and circulating the official publication. The Managing Editor will serve as Chairman and appoint assistants, regional editors, advertising managers, and business managers as required. He will set policies for the publication, subject to the approval of the General Committee.

The Chairman of the *Conservation Committee* will be responsible for determining a conservation policy with the approval of the General Committee, for informing the members of conservation issues relating to our sport, for cooperating with other organizations working toward the same goals, and for notifying proper officials of our stand on controversial issues.

The Chairman of the *Safety Committee* will be responsible for maintaining and disseminating an official Safety Code, for cooperating with public bodies in matters affecting safety, for collecting and disseminating information conducive to safety (including accident surveys), and for other matters relating to safety in our sport.

The Chairman of the *Membership Committee* will be responsible for building the membership of the Affiliation. He will keep the membership list, with changes of address, up-to-date at all times and furnish copies as needed to the Managing Editor, Operating Committee and others within the Affiliation who need this list. The membership list and the addresses of affiliated clubs should be published and sent out to the entire membership at least once a year.

The Chairman of the *Guidebook Committee* will be responsible for the maintenance of standard river difficulty classifications and of standard mapping conventions. He will be responsible for encouraging, advising and helping local groups in the collecting, writing, publishing, and distributing of data on waterways.

Other committees may be established or dissolved as required to best fulfill the Purpose of the Affiliation.

6. Fiscal and Electoral Years

The fiscal year, for budget, membership purposes, and affiliate dues will be from March 1 to February 28. The books are to be audited in April.

The electoral year for affiliate club representatives is also March 1 to February 28. The electoral year for all other officers, chairmen and committees will run from January 1 to December 31.

7. Amendments

Amendments to these By-laws may be made by a majority vote of the General Committee. Proposed amendments must be presented to the membership-at-large at least one month previous to the vote.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO TRAVELLING CHALLENGERS OF HYDRAULIC PHENOMENA

The State of Oregon celebrates its centennial during the entire year of 1959. Of special interest to white water lovers will be the **McKenzie River White Water Parade**, which will be held four times during 1959: on a Saturday and Sunday just preceding the fishing season in mid-April, and what will be billed as the Centennial Special on the 20th and 21st of June.

The parade is run and thoroughly enjoyed by people in wet suits and fins, others in thirty foot moose boats, and by nearly all craft in between except conventional uncovered canoes. It is a fine ride in a spray-decked foldboat.

All runs start in mid-morning, and will be finished by mid-afternoon each day. There are opportunities for picture-taking along the route for non-boaters and families, and the camping in the nearby State Parks is enjoyable. There is no registration

for any of these events — just bring boat and/or camera and have fun. For further information, contact Rich Chambers, Acorn Lane, Salem, Oregon.

First **AWA Wilderness Outing**

(Continued from Page 7)

trip fee of \$65.00 (in addition to reservation fee) will be due. Notify us promptly of any change in your plans. When making reservations, include names and addresses of all persons for whom reservations are made, and ages of those under 18. AWA members should send their reservations to the trip leader, Dr. Oscar Hawksley, Route 5, Warrensburg, Missouri. Reservations for members of the Sierra Club will be handled by Lou Elliott, Chairman of the River Touring Committee, and should be mailed direct to the Club office, 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco, California.

The "Marlboro Man" in the **HAMMER "Champion"** runs the rapids of the turbulent **Feather River** in California.



The "Marlboro Man" Courtesy Universal Pictures

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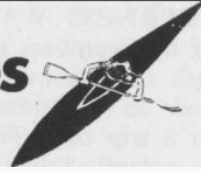
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Dealerships still available in some States.



Club Activities



News of affiliated club activities is often lacking and the Executive Secretary has had to fill the pages of this department with some message of his own. However, this quarter the clubs have done quite well at providing news of their activities and you will be spared a "message" from the retiring Secretary.

From Peter Whitney comes the word that a Kayak and Canoe Club has been formed for the New York Area, and has begun to schedule river trips for the Spring white-water season.

Membership is open to those interested in white-water activities, subject to approval by a membership committee. Particularly at the beginning the club will emphasize kayak skills and techniques, but it will be open to interested canoeists who are able to transport their own boats.

The club intends to maintain a river level information service similar to the snow information services maintained by ski clubs. It will have an officer on duty to answer telephone inquiries from those desiring companions on informal trips.

The new club has applied for AWA affiliation. Chairman is Peter D. Whitney; treasurer is Marianne Goldstein. Members of the Executive Committee are Walter F. Burmeister, Jean Godat, Walter Hamilton, Jack Goldstein, Roland Palmedo, and Murray Spear. Membership inquiries should be addressed to Jack Goldstein, 2078 Matthews Ave., Bronx 62, N.Y.

PENN STATE OUTING CLUB—Bill Bickham, Canoe Chairman of the club, sent in some very interesting facts about the Outing Club. It seems that the interest of the club in white-water was stimulated by the interests along that line of their faculty sponsor, Tom Smyth, who was during his college days, and still is, a member of A. M. C.-Boston. The Penn State Outing Club now has about 950 members and is thus "probably the largest college outing club in the country." (How about that, Wisconsin Hoofers?) Canoeing is now a part of one of the five club divisions—Field and Stream

—but the canoeists hope to see the formation of a separate "Canoe Division." There are several club-owned canoes, including one fiberglass. Central Pennsylvania streams, most of them not above Class III, are run on regular club trips. The amazing, and commendable, thing is that the club sponsored 19 trips last Spring! This should indeed help to educate outdoorsmen in the paddling sport.

OUTING CLUB OF THE WISCONSIN HOOFERS—The Hoofers is another large and composite outdoor club. The division which does canoeing is the Outing Club and it is affiliated with AWA. A good group of Hoofers was at the Prairie Club Canoe Jamboree in Chicago last November and showed motion pictures of some of their trips on the rougher Wisconsin streams. They had ordered one of the Waterways Unlimited fiberglass canoes and were looking forward to its arrival so they could practice with it in a pool this winter. We made an attempt to describe to them the ease and beauty of handling of such a canoe, but it is something which one has to experience to appreciate. We know that the Hoofers will get a great deal of enjoyment from this fine canoe which is designed especially for white-water.

B.C. KAYAK AND CANOE CLUB, VANCOUVER—This new club has become the first Canadian affiliate of the AWA! We are very happy about this because AWA has always been thought of by its founders as an American rather than as merely a national group. Most of our news of the club has come from Werner Rupp, who we know was instrumental in the formation of the club. Good work, Werner. The group had its first outing last Spring with about eight boats out. Other trips during the Spring included a "long weekend" trip in May. Summer brought a number of weekend trips, trips to offshore islands, and inter-club trips with boaters from Seattle. The club was formally founded on July 30, 1958 with Erich Schneider as Chairman. If you get to the Vancouver area, don't forget to contact this fine group of paddlers.

OZARK WILDERNESS WATERWAYS CLUB—Some of the members of this club, which floats Ozark streams every month of the year, realized an ambition by being "snowed out" on a trip over Thanksgiving. The trip was to central Arkansas to float rivers in the Ouachita National Forest area. Margaret Hedges writes about it: "My dream came true and it was so beautiful that I got up at 3:40 A.M. just to wander around the camp ground... We had a lovely freezing rain most of the night so that the trees got a generous coating of ice before the snow glorified it with a blanket a pretty as any I've seen. The pines and holly were the most beautiful of all and I suppose I'll never see anything to equal it again as it took six years of winter canoeing to see it once."

For the past five or six years, the OWWC group has had a New Year float. It was held this year on the Current River, which Missouri boaters hope may become the first National River (similar in status to a National Park) in the United States.

This will be my last opportunity to write this page for our Journal so I will review the ~~year~~ 1958 briefly. During the past year, AWA has made a great deal of progress. The number of our affiliated clubs has increased from a little over a dozen to 21. A constitution and By-laws have been developed for the Affiliation and a governing body, representative of the affiliated clubs, has been put into action. Final ratification of the Constitution should be accomplished by the affiliates soon. Changes in the editorial staff of our Journal have been made to keep pace with the growth of the Affiliation and we may look forward to a Journal which will continue to improve. The Safety Committee is now close to its goal of a completed Safety Code for the Affiliation, and the Conservation Committee is continually increasing its effectiveness. The next few years should see real progress of a *positive* sort in wilderness river preservation. The latter should certainly continue to be one of the major objectives of AWA.

Our new Executive Secretary for the year 1959 is Maurice Posada. Maurice has worked with the executive group of AWA for several years and has contributed much to the recent developments in the Affiliation as well as aiding in organizing affiliates. Those of us who know him feel that we are

very fortunate to have him at the head of our Affiliation for the coming year and we look forward to a year of continued progress and growth. Club news during 1959 should be sent to him.

Serving as 1958 Secretary has been a pleasant experience because so many members and clubs have contributed unselfishly to the many efforts which make the American White-Water Affiliation possible. May I extend my thanks to you all with the hope that you will continue to give your support to your new Secretary. Best wishes for 1959 on the water.

Oz Hawksley
Exec. Secretary, 1958
3852 N. Oakley Ave.
Chicago 18, Ill.
January 5, 1959

An Open Letter to Red Fancher
c/o American WHITE WATER

How come you forgot about us, Red?

Of course, you couldn't include all **Chicagoland** canoeing groups in your resume on Club Activities (AWW Fall issue) **but**, since you dip an occasional blade with them, you can't be unaware of the **Prairie Club** canoeists, one of the Midwest's largest and most active enthusiasts.

As a group, they may not have mastered the unlimited techniques of Thousand And One Strokes Fancher, but they do rate a Well Done! among the streams hereabouts (including Wisconsin's turbulent Peshtigo and Wolf). Not counting many an informal cruise by the group, our 1958 official log included 17 events ranging from white water trips to moonlight cruise and sail meet. Total attendance was over 600, and more than 100 attended our annual November Jamboree, where hundred-mile pins and grand mileage award were given. Our members paddled in practically all the 48 States, and even the **49th!**

While discussing Midwest paddling activities, let's also remember those relatively young salts, the Chicago Chapter canoeists of the American Youth Hostels. And there must be other groups; so, let's sound off and get acquainted—that's one of the advantages of being affiliated with AWWA.

Cordially,
Allan Boz

P.S.—What happened to the AWWA monograms all hands were designing 'way back in 1957?

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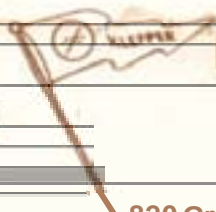


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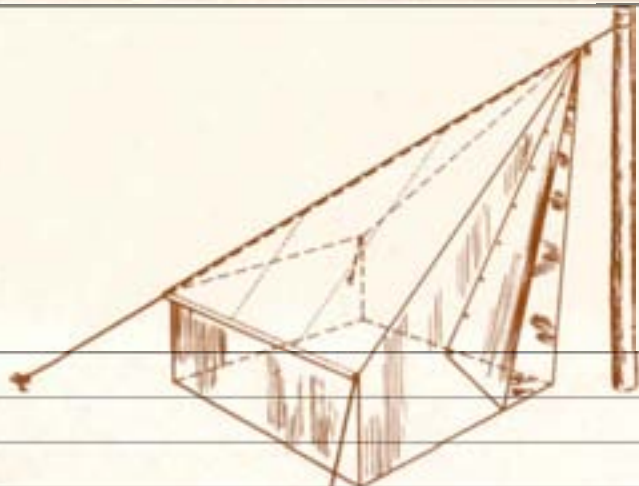


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