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Winter, 196211963

the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation



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WHITE WATER

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Cover: Roger Paris, Klamath River, Calif., 1961

Photo by Peter Whitney, Leica IIIC, Nikkor 35 mm; Adox KB17; f.8, 1/200

ters from

Betcha a chewed-up paddle, Commodore Whitney, that you'll never see it made that way again, but I have an idea the make-up man added tremendously to Bob Waind's terrific battle in Cottonwood.

Anyway, it's intriguing, and so is the whole autumn issue.

Smooth sailing.

Allan Boz 3852 N. Oakley Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Dear Peter:

Let me suggest to your readers of AWW Autumn 1962 that for correct viewing of photograph on Page 21 they turn the magazine upside-down. Or, if they prefer, they might try standing on their heads approximately the way Bob Waind was doing in Cottonwood when the picture was shot.

Art Kidder

1374 South Race St. Denver 10, Colo.

Ed Note: It certainly was an ingenious way to get the impression across, wasn't it?

Dear Peter,

This most interesting letter (about a visit by Duffek in 1964) from George Topol should be seen by all our Affiliates.

For years we have dreamed of AWA white-water schools. Until now it has been impractical because it requires both an outstanding river and outstanding instructors to draw qualified paddlers from all across the country. The closest we have come to the ideal is the "Red Ridge College" weekend white-water course for Pennsylvania and surrounding states. A visit by Milo Duffek could spark a series of weeklong schools in both Canada and the States. To some, 1964 is a long way off. I think it is just right. Fur students to be worthy of instruction from Milo our clubs should push their training programs in 1963. The planning should start immediately, first the club programs, then the regional schools for 1964 with Milo.

Perhaps George Topol would be kind enough to coordinate all this. It is time for the clubs to propose river sites and to say whether they would organize a school for other clubs and individuals in their area.

It is a wonderful opportunity to welcome Milo Duffek to this continent.

Sincerely,

Bob McNair 32 Dartmouth Circle Swarthmore, Pa.

Ed. Note: See the Secretary's Soapbox for further details. Clubs should begin to make their proposals this spring.

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The William River

North for Uranium

By Donald A. W. Blake

In Northern Saskatchewan prospectors and mining concerns had confined their search for uranium deposits to the region north of Lake Athabaska, completely ignoring the land to the south on the grounds that there only flat-lying, economically uninteresting sandstone was to be found.

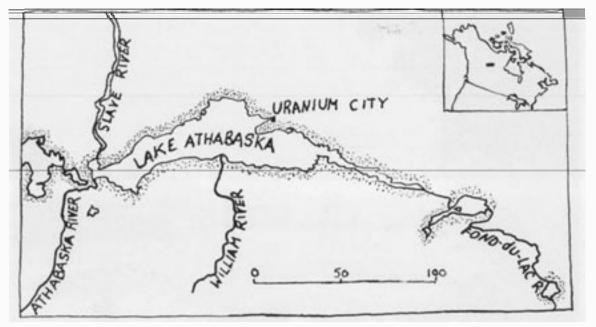
But was this region actually underlain only by sandstone? A review of the literature indicated that practically nothing was known and certainly it was possible that many rocks of different ages outcropped there, and was the Athabaska sandstone really so economically uninteresting? The uranium men were no longer certain for an enterprising prospector, ignoring the beliefs of others, found a deposit of a rare but valuable type of uranium at the base of this sandstone series. Thus I was to investigate this lonely land to the south of Lake Athabaska, comprising 25,000 uninhabited square miles, and to write

a report on its geology and economic possibilities.

The following extracts are taken from an account of our explorations during the summer of 1952 to illustrate some of the difficulties encountered by geologists working in little-known and uninhabited areas.

The Fond-Du-Lac

1. "We approached the (Fond-du-Lac) river's last rapid, examined it as best we could from above, and decided it was safe to run in the middle. Accordingly we entered white water, guiding our canoe expertly, as we thought, when suddenly we appeared at the brink of a waterfall and were hurled over it into a mass of churning waves. Our canoe reeled and tipped, throwing us into the icy rapids, and we were swept downstream, clinging grimly to our overturned canoe. Using our feet which occasionally touched on the rocky bottom, we tried to push the canoe to-



The area where the author sought uranium.

ward shore, but it must have been nearly a half hour before we were able to do so. Paul had turned nearly blue from the cold and, with shaking hands, extracted a match from his waterproof container and started a fire which we soon built to a roaring inferno. In the light of the fire we strung up our sleeping bags and clothes and examined our equipment and food supply."

Lake Athabaska

2. "The journey along the south shore of Lake Athabaska, although uneventful, was made difficult by two factors, fierce headwinds and shallow water. The wind blew constantly, forcing us to advance only at half speed, continually fighting and bucking the waves that splashed their miserable water upon us.

"Wind and waves were certainly our biggest problems as we traveled around Lake Athabaska in our canoes. They were our constant antagonists, working always against us, no matter what our direction. We could meet the small waves head on and bump from crest to crest, but when they grew larger, I found it best to ride them obliquely, rolling up one side and sliding down the other. The greatest threats to our safety, however, were whitecaps, and if one should suddenly form in our path, it was best to nose directly into

it, rather than be walloped and possibly swamped by a broadside encounter. Often the lake was a mass of whitecaps and the wind so strong that we were forced to seek refuge behind an island or a point of land until it partly abated.

"Our second problem, of shallow water, was unexpected. It was impossible actually to reach the beach that stretched for over a hundred miles with hardly a break, for our canoes continually grounded at least a quarter of a mile offshore."

The William River

3. "Leaving Paul at Goldfields to repair the slightly battered freighter canoe, Peter and I, with the small canoe, flew south across Lake Athabaska and far inland to the head waters of the William River. There on a small lake we untied the canoe, paddled ashore, and sadly watched the plane disappear over the horizon. An Indian at Chipewyan who had traveled it twice had shaken his head, saying it was a very bad and swift river. From the air we had followed its course, and in the stream bed I had seen innumerable stretches of white water and a few cascades. This river was, however, the only one of any size that crossed the territory for which I was responsible, and I was therefore determined to paddle

down it. Before his departure I had asked the pilot to meet us at the river's mouth in seven days and if we should not be there to return two days later for a second look. If we had not arrived by that time, he was to search the river for us.

"The river meandered through a beautiful meadowland, and we paddled quickly around its many bends. After ten miles of easy paddling we heard a faint sound of moving water that increased to a roar as we approached our first rapid. We shot this one with ease and continued on only to find another rapid, and then another and another. Our river was certainly a swift one for it seemed to be an endless succession of rapids separated by stretches of swift water. As we flew down the river. Peter and I perfected our rapidshooting technique. It was, of course, imperative that we miss the boulders which appeared all too frequently in our path, and to do this I kept shouting to Pete from my seat in the stern, 'Bow left, bow right, bow left,' and each time Pete would force the bow in the indicated direction, narrowly escaping another boulder.

"One time we were not quite fast enough, and we struck a nearly submerged rock in the middle of a very bad rapid which, although not tipping or smashing us, spun us around so that we continued down the raging water backward. In an instant we both wheeled around on our knees, nearly falling out doing so, and navigated the canoe stern first to the calm water ahead. An accident could have meant a nine-day wait without supplies or an almost impossible 200-mile walk to the nearest settlement. From morning to night we paddled constantly and fought our way through rapid after rapid, stopping only to examine the few rock outcrops or to make tea and eat lunch.

Campfire Strategy

"Each night at dusk, though exhausted, we sat around the dwindling flames of the supper fire and discussed our progress before crawling into our sleeping bags. After four days of the most strenuous work we had paddled 140 miles, navigated 75 rapids, and portaged around five waterfalls.

"On the fifth day the river, having changed its character, became broad and sluggish as it spread over soggy sand flats. We could find no continuous channel and were confronted every few hundred yards by a sand bar over which we had to drag our canoe. Exasperated, we continued for ten miles in this manner before we reached the lake where we were rewarded by a cool onshore wind. Two days later at the time and place specified, our plane came for us, landing some distance offshore where it waited, gently idling in the waves. As we brought our canoe alongside, the pilot looked out and said, 'Boy, was I worried about you.' "



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The sectional canoe in its heyday.

American WHITE WATER

Look **Out, Russia!** America Has Perfected The First Sectional Canoe

By Dean Norman

When the President said ". . . Ask what you can do for your country!", I decided to take a trip across the country to see what needed doing. Naturally, I took my 18-foot fiberglass canoe with me.

Since most of our country has already had plenty done for it, I chose to visit the Selway-Bitterroot wilderness in northern Idaho as a likely spot where something needed doing. I was right. The Selway River, a virgin tributary of the Columbia River system, needed some fools to paddle a canoe through its furious rapids, to take some trout from its clear, drinking-pure pools, and to sleep on its clean, white sand bars.

However, what started out to be merely a routine, hair-raising whitewater river trip, resulted in the invention of the first three-piece "sectional" canoe. Perhaps the best way to unfold the dramatic events which made this startling break-through possible is to explain it as it was explained to the railroad agent in Tremonton, Utah.

In the Railroad Station

It was a sunny day in late July of 1961 when I drove into Tremonton with my canoe on the car top. I stopped at the railroad station, and asked the agent inside if I could ship a canoe by railway express from this station.

"Yes, you can," he replied pleasantly. Then, opening a book of railroad regulations, he asked, "How long is your canoe?"

"It's ... uh ... well, it **was** ... no, I guess it still is in a technical sort of way about 18 feet long," I stammered. "But from another point of view it's not actually that long. Maybe you had better come look at it."

We walked out onto the platform beside the parking area. The only object in the lot was my dusty, dented, tarspattered Volkswagen sedan with a canoe on top. The middle of the canoe was tied to the car top bars in the usual way.

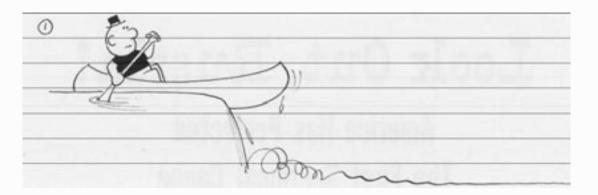
However, about 6 feet had been cut off each end of the canoe, partitioning it into three equal length pieces. One end piece was tied on top of the middle section with the pointed end forward. The other end piece was resting on the rear bumper and leaning against the top load.

The railroad agent viewed this conglomeration for a minute and asked, "Is this it?"

"Yes," I replied. Then for further clarification I added, "The canoe is the thing on top. That is, most of what is on top is the canoe. There's also a lot of rope up there, and a duffle bag, and some carrier bars which are not actually part of the canoe. But that chunk on the back bumper is another piece of the canoe."

Time **for** Reflection

The agent considered this information thoughtfully and stared silently. It was a bright, sunny day with a strong breeze blowing up dust eddies from the dry ground. From our vantage point on the railroad platform, or from any vantage point in Tremonton for that matter, one could see for miles across rolling sage-brush hills. Beyond that was the purple edge of a distant mountain range.



"What happened to it?" the agent inquired politely.

"You mean the canoe?"

"Yes. Why is it in three pieces?"

"I cut it apart with a saw." He paused a moment. "Any special reason why you did that?"

"It was the only way I could fly it out from the Selway Lodge.

"Fly a canoe?"

"Yes. You see the landing field near the Selway Lodge is too small for large airplanes to use."

"But large enough for canoes?"

"Oh, I didn't mean I flew the canoe. What I meant is I had to cut the canoe into three pieces to fit it into the cargo space of a single-engined plane. Even then it took two trips. My partner and myself, and our equipment, and one third of the canoe went in one trip. The pilot was in there too, of course, and it was pretty crowded. Then he brought the other two thirds of the canoe in a second trip."

"That sounds like a lot of trouble to transport a canoe," the agent remarked.

Troubles Begin Early

"It was a lot of trouble, but nothing compared to the trouble I had getting the canoe to the Selway Lodge in the first place. I started about three weeks ago from Kansas City with the canoe on top of my car, but before I got out of Missouri I skidded into the ditch and broke the canoe in half. I skidded on fresh road oil. You can see a lot of it splattered on the sides and hubcaps of my car."

"Yes, I can see it," the agent observed. "But if your canoe was broken in half, why did you take it to the Selway Lodge?"

"I went back home and patched the canoe first. Fiberglass is pretty handy material. You can repair almost any damage to a fiberglass canoe if you save the pieces."

"Can you repair this," he pointed at the three pieces of canoe in my car.

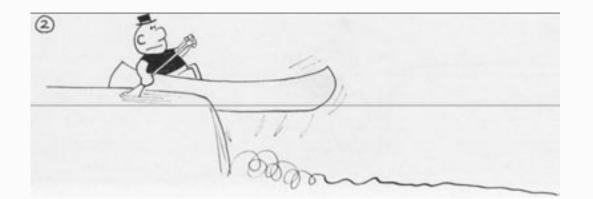
"I hope so. I thought I would ship it from here to the manufacturer in Pilot Grove, Missouri. He can lay the pieces back into the mold and make a smoother joint than I can."

"Wouldn't it have been easier to drive the canoe from the Selway Lodge rather than cut it apart and fly it out?" the agent persisted in trying to make sense of the situation.

"Sure, it would have been easier if there were any roads to the Selway Lodge. But the only way in or out is over 18 miles of pack trails or 15 miles of flying. It's in the middle of the Selway-Bitterroot Primitive Area in northern Idaho. This area will probably be classified a National Forest Wilderness soon which will give it better protection against the inroads of civilization."

He reflected on this explanation for a moment, and I could tell that there was something still bothering him. "Did you fly your canoe in to the Selway Lodge, too?" he asked.

"Oh no. I paddled it there down the Selway River. I didn't mention that way to get to the Selway Lodge before, because the Selway is not considered a navigable stream. My partner, Stan Miller, and I came down the river with an American White Water Associationsponsored trip. There were four rubber rafts carrying passengers and equipment, and us in my canoe. A little way upstream from the Selway Lodge we



tipped over, and the rapids bruised me so much that I couldn't continue paddling. There wasn't room for Stan and me on the rafts, so we stayed at the Selway Lodge for a few days. Then we flew out to Kooskia, Idaho, got the car, and drove here."

Stan Stayed in Boise

"What happened to your partner?" he wondered.

"He stayed in Boise, Idaho, on business. He helped me get the canoe pieces tied on the car, and I thought we had it fixed so it would stay. Anyway, I drove over 400 miles without any trouble. But this morning the wind started blowing against me, and you can see the canoe isn't very streamlined in its present condition. About ten miles west of here I was coming down a long hill when a gust of wind tore the whole bundle, carrier bars and all, off the car and dropped it into the sagebrush. The canoe wasn't hurt much, just one more little crack, and it stayed tied together all right. But I almost lost a packsack I had been carrying under the canoe. It rolled under a little clump of sagebrush, and it took me fifteen minutes to find it."

"You mean that happened this morning near here?" he asked dubiously.

"Yes, just a few miles up the road." "How did you ever tie it back on by

"How did you ever tie it back on by yourself?"

"I don't know. I couldn't possibly tie it on the same way we did in Kooskia, because it took three people that time. But I just picked up the pieces and started stacking them up. It's tied on pretty solidly now, but I'm afraid that piece in back might block the air flow to the engine cooling vents. And the whole business might blow off again anyway, so I'd just like to ship it the rest of the way to Missouri if it doesn't cost too much."

According to Regulations . . .

The agent took another long, unbelieving look at the canoe and we walked inside the station. He opened a book of railroad regulations and searched for several minutes. Then I saw his finger tracing over the words of one paragraph several times. He looked up and asked, "Is that a sectional canoe?"

I was completely stumped for thoughts and could only say that I didn't know if it was or not, but by the way, what was a sectional canoe?

He read from the book, "Sectional or folding boats or canoes may be shipped at one and one half times first class rate. Ordinary boats or canoes may be shipped at four times first class rate."

I had no idea what the first class rate was, but I was beginning to strongly suspect that my canoe had better be a sectional canoe. I had counted my travelers checks, added up the cost of salvage so far, and decided that I could go no higher than \$40.00 to ship the canoe.

"Is that a sectional canoe?" the agent asked again.

"Well, I guess you **could** call it a sectional canoe, in a way. It wasn't meant to be that way at first, but I sectioned it apart with a cross cut saw, and when I get it home it will be stuck together again. Of course, I wouldn't want to take it apart like that on every trip, but right now it **does** sort of seem like a sectional canoe to me. What do you think?"



He silently read the paragraph again and asked, "Have you ever heard of a sectional canoe before?"

"No, but there are several companies that make folding kayaks. And this canoe is sort of like a kayak, because it was fitted with a spray deck to make it waterproof from the top as well as the bottom. There are two cockpits in the deck with waist skirts that fit tightly around the paddlers' waists, so you can't possibly swamp the canoe unless you tip over like we did. I'll have to admit I never heard of a sectional canoe before, but if there **is** such a thing my canoe must be the first one."

And So We Pioneer!

The agent again studied the book intently for a few moments, and then in a manner that indicated he had made his decision he spoke, "I have never heard of a sectional canoe before." Then he added quietly, "So your canoe must be the first sectional canoe."

He did some figuring on scratch paper and said, "It will cost \$23.42." I could tell by his solemn expression that he referred to the Book of Mormon on his desk as well as the book of railway express regulations to decide that my canoe was a sectional canoe. He was now hoping that I had \$23.42 in my pocket.

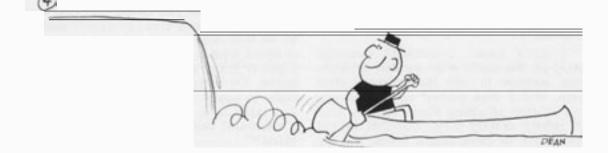
I said that would be fine. He wrote up the ticket, collected the fee, and we walked outside to carry in the pieces of the canoe.

"Do you want me to tie it all into one bundle?" I asked helpfully.

"No, I believe it will be easier to handle this way," he answered as he stuck a label and tag on each piece.

I thanked him for his trouble and left the station feeling like a man who had just escaped the gallows. I stopped in downtown Tremonton to mail a picture postcard to the canoe manufacturer, Norman Frazee, in Pilot Grove, Missouri. I explained as much as I could on the back of the postcard about what he was going to receive in a few days, and could he please put it back together again.

Weeks and months went by and I began to worry that perhaps my canoe could not be repaired, and therefore was not really a sectional canoe. But finally one chilly Sunday in November Mr. Frazee drove to Kansas City with a solid, 18-foot canoe to deliver to me. Still pasted on the seats were shipping labels from Tremonton, Utah. "One Sectional Canoe — 3 parts."



American WHITE WATER



Guided by Webb, Swann finds way through Lunch-Stop Ledge.

The Joys of the Staircase

By Walter D. Foster

Since there is no doubt whatsoever that the Staircase on the Shenandoah is a vastly superior run to the Brookmont on the Potomac by way of challenge, interest, complexity, and variety, and because it is closer to Frederick, the Intrepid Webb* and I decided to run the Staircase on August 20. It wasn't exactly a pretty day with the overcast skies and low-hanging clouds, but we were eager for the adventure since neither had been canoeing for several weeks. Our interest was heightened considerably with the discovery that the water level of the Shenandoah at the Shenandoah Bridge was .35 feet, the lowest reading in our experience of running the Staircase. For this trip would be a continuation of last year's project which we had pursued intensively: To find **the** low water passage through the Staircase. Our investigations thus far had resulted in an aerial photographic mosaic, a tentative but discontinuous route, many notes, and vivid memories.

Putting in at the gauging station, we employed the useful stratagem of paddling tandem through the slack water, towing the second canoe until we reached the white-water sections which we would negotiate solo. It was a wonderful day for watching the water birds: egrets, Great Blue herons and green herons abounded in large numbers along the banks between put-in and the upper rapids at Bull Falls. We were so engrossed in our study of these beautiful and graceful flyers that we scarcely noticed a second pair of canoes following us at a considerable distance. But our experienced eyes did catch the fact that while the trim on the lead canoe was neat and balanced, the second canoe whose paddler was seated far astern had its bow pointed towards the tree tops. Now we are not

^{&#}x27;Alfred M. Webb, experienced canoeist, distinguished scientist, daring skier, eminent **spele**oloqist, avid aviarian, gentleman and scholar.



A precise maneuver through Upper Bull Falls

prone to draw quick conclusions about canoeists from single observations, and we went back to our exhilarating study of the birds.

They Take the Other Course

At the beginning of the Bull Falls upper rapids, we abandoned the tandem arrangement to go solo, noticing at the same time that the canoeists following us had decided to negotiate the extreme right hand side at these rapids. Such a course at higher water provides an interesting pattern, but at low water is virtually solid rock. So their decision to stay right instead of seeking the better water route on the left in addition to the tree-pointing canoe led us to conjecture that their experience needed augmenting. Moments later we were surer of our postulate, for the second canoeist proceeded to stand up as he entered the initial ledge, apparently an irrational gesture of indecision.

But just as the pileated woodpecker betrays himself by his habit of folding his wings in flight every third or fourth beat, so the second canoeist in his upright stance on second thought was easily identifiable to us even though the distance between us was still too great for recognition: it was canoedom's foremost explorer and white-water wizard, the well-known and well-liked Randy Carter! And, as we met below the upper rapids, his companion turned out to be our first introduction to the acknowledged mentor of Randy Carter, Ray Eaton. You may be well assured that Al Webb and I were most happy to meet them, especially on the Staircase run, in order that we might gain something of their experience on this run. And this process of edification began at once: Randy, the confirmed soloist, the confirmed 17 footer, was paddling a 15-foot canoe! Aluminum, of course, if you know Randy.

The Thrill of Bull Falls

But it was Ray Eaton who led us through Bull Falls. At high water, low water, water in between, Bull Falls is always a challenge and a thrill. I still remember from earlier this year Bob Belton and his 16 mm. camera at Bull Falls waiting to record an interesting ride, but when there came a spectacular upset, he rushed away from the camera to the edge of the rock to watch helplessly—but that is another story. Chute number 3 was Ray's choice and he threaded through the exposed rocks at the entrance for a perfect ride in the accelerated current below, carefully avoiding the ledge to the right.

"Lunch-stop Ledge" perhaps has another name, but at any rate it is well known as the very tricky spot just after



The Shenandoah

which a stop for lunch is usually in hind a huge boulder on the right and negotiating a very narrow chute of

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A typical cross-chute on the Staircase.

some 30 yards filled with cross-currents of all descriptions. This course was Randy's choice where for the first time in my life I saw Randy "scramble," that is, become a windmill with a paddle. For Randy (and if you haven't guessed, I've got a bad case of heroworship here) is always the placid canoeist: the more difficult the run, the more poised he becomes. But he descended to mortal level in this chute and really had the paddle flying. Ray Eaton did the impossible by essaying the open field of ledges and pillows to the left of the chute and by successfully finding a virtually non-existent sluice, through which he made a neat exit. For me, despite my many, many trips through this chute and intensive scouting of its cross-currents, I managed to hang up on the 20-yard stripe.

Both Al and I were pleased that we could participate in the exchange of information on this day. One contribution may not be at all well known: it is the existence of a surprisingly high waterfall and a very pretty one too on the right hand (Virginia) shore at the small feeder dam. (This is the dam which runs diagonally across the Shenandoah whose function used to be to supply water to the race for the Hall Rifle Works on Virginius Island.) There is no path up to this falls and one must find it by instinct; however, it can be heard when the water levels are up. It is no



more than a quarter of a mile, mostly just up, hiding behind some mammoth boulders half way up the slope. It disappears, of course, in dry weather. A second suggestion is better known. This is the canoeable chute at the very end of the dam on the left hand side, and a favorite spot for fisherman.

Everybody Wins

When we asked Randy for his recommendation for the best LWP through the Upper Staircase, he said we were on our own. By definition here, the Upper Staircase is that portion immediately above the Shenandoah Bridge for some 200 yards; the Lower Staircase is the portion below the bridge. So each of the four of us set out on his own path. And rather incredibly, each of us as we congregated at the bridge stanchion reported a passable route. To Al and me, this kind of conclusion was disheartening, for we were hoping for something more definitive by which we could chart and record the LWP. But on second thought, Randy's philosophy here is the better one: since there are obviously so many ways even at low water, let the canoeist enjoy the sport of trying a new one each time.

The ledge just under the Shenandoah Bridge, which is usually run about in the middle of the river, becomes quite tricky at low water. But it was no challenge to Ray Eaton whose 15' aluminum canoe on that day must have had a beam of not an inch more than 18", else who could he have possibly squeezed through some of those places? However, the Intrepid Webb was able to talk Randy into trying his own discovery—a narrow chute on the far left side between a bush on the left and a back of rock on the right—as an alternative to the one in the middle. As the ledge here is also diagonal, this particular chute is somewhat downstream from the bridge.

Randy countered with some ideas of his own as we continued downstream. First was a narrow, almost invisible chute just to the right of the middle and below the bridge by some 20 yards. Then he and Ray teamed up to demonstrate a continuing passage through the rest of the Lower Staircase which Al and I had long ago considered impas-



Webb leads: Upper Staircase.

sable except at moderate water levels (.7 to 1.5). This is almost a straight-line route down river some 20 yards out from the right-hand shore. I have seen many a novice try this route even at considerably higher water than we had that day and come to disastrous consequences, i. e., dents, beaching, capsizing, etc., but Randy and Ray, those wizards of the ways, picked as clean a passage as you ever saw.

It was a remarkable revelation to Al and me, for we had been concentrating on the middle-to-left side in this vicinity. (And we still insist that the LWP of our research will be here.) I cannot describe their passage in detail because of the difficulty in identifying each ledge. But suffice it to repeat what a beautiful job of reading the water and split-second timing they put on. And Randy and Ray were real gentlemen when they sympathized with me instead of laughing when I came down one ledge broadside, bumping and scraping all the way.

The Grand Finale

The final anecdote in this somewhat overlong story is the grand finale. Passing by Chimney Rock pointing high up into the sky on the right at the confluence with the Potomac, we proceeded towards Whitehorse, that wellknown rapid of heavy water and strong cross-currents. The section preceding Whitehorse is always a thrill, introducing the themes of powerful currents, barely recognizable pillows, swiftly changing filaments, the surge and ebb of invisible tides whose volume and self-determined direction seem to dwarf the frail little canoe craft in its sway. Ray Eaton led an immaculate course, easily mastering the whims of the river as if he were the giant and the river the dwarf. His conquest of Whitehorse was poised, cool, and successful.

But Randy, having made his approach through the swirling eddies and currents to the entrance to Whitehorse, once again resorted to that posture for which he is famous. He stood up, obviously looking ahead and scouting the length of the long and heavy rapids. Even after he was committed to the passage and the current was carrying him swiftly down the initial portions, he continued to stand, impassive and strong, casually stroking a bit here, a bit there. As he came rapidly to the bottom of the chute where the waves leap high with their foam-covered crests and the cross-currents lurk in deadly wait for the unwary canoeist he continued to stand, apparently in complete apathy to the raging tide around him. And to my complete consternation and disbelief, Randy Carter had stood up through the entire course of Whitehorse rapids! He did! I saw it!

And after some minute or so as Al and I came through in the customary kneeling position, there was Randy, sitting in the stern with the bow pointing towards the tree-tops, with a huge ear-to-ear grin all over his happy face.

That's Randy Carter! And that's the Staircase.





White-Water Camera

By Martin Vanderveen

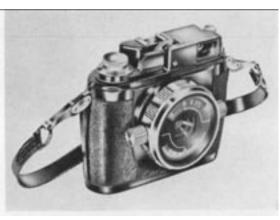
Ever dream idly of designing a camera that would take a dunking without damage, be easy to use and still do fine work? I have and like you I've been deterred by lack of capital, lack of technical ability and just plain lack of knowledge. What a pleasure, then, to find that two men undeterred by these problems have actually designed and marketed such a camera. Famed diver Captain Cousteau and optical engineer Jean De Wouters have developed the "Calypso" 35-millimeter camera which withstands immersion to a depth of 180 feet without any additional protection.

The Calypso

I had a chance to try the "Calypso" and it was a delight to use. It is compact, lightweight, and precision-made; the controls are conveniently placed. Both shutter speed (1/30 to 1/1000) and aperture controls are easy to get at without fumbling and the calibrations are large enough so they can be set and read in a hurry. The viewfinder is satisfactory. The lens, by Berthiot, is extremely sharp. If you get the camera dirty all you have to do is wash it off under running water. Best of all, it's extremely rugged!

The "calypso" is not unalloyed joy for the white-water photographer. It has a few minor drawbacks. The carrying strap is plastic; this may be ideal for diving, but I recall equipping my waterproof watch with a plastic strap that broke after only a few months of boating use. This is minor, howevera metal or leather replacement strap can be attached easily. The gasketed plate that protects the front of the lens is also plastic; again, this may be ideal for underwater use, but I suspect that the mud and dust of riverbank use might play havoc with its optical quality. I would like to explore the possibility of replacing it with a more durable glass plate.

The third feature in question is the 35-millimeter focal length of the lens. This gives us great depth of field and eliminates the need for a rangefinder.



The Calypso underwater camera

It permits us to cover a wide area. It even permits us to get in close and make the picture more dramatic by emphasizing the size of the hydraulics. However, when we are forced to shoot from a good distance away from the action this wide-angle effect may shrink the important part of the subject below acceptable dimensions. Since the lens is removable I have queried the distributors as to the possible future availablity of other lenses but have received no definite answer to date.

The \$160.00 price tag may seem high for a camera with an f/3.5 lens and no rangefinder, but after testing one and examining and inspecting it critically I feel it is definitely a good value. This camera is available through Scuba shops, which order from U. S. Divers Co.; or through camera shops, which can get it from American Camera and Supply Co. While it is not perfect, it is the best thing that has happened yet to white-water still photography.

Waterproof Movies

There's good news for the 8 millimeter fan too. While nobody has yet come up with an underwater movie camera, there is one that has a lightweight, compact and —best of all—moderately priced underwater housing available. Made by Nikon, famed for outstanding lens quality, the "Nikkorex 8" is priced at \$79.95. The underwater housing at \$69.95 brings the total

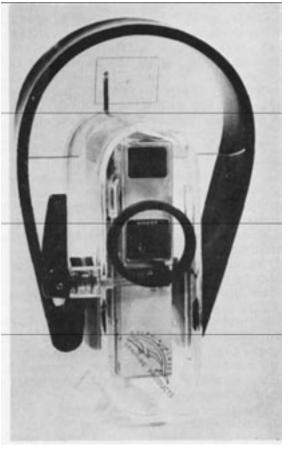


The Nikkorex 8

price to \$149.90, considerably lower than other outfits I have seen. The camera itself has much to recommend it. To begin with, it is one of the most compact of the movie cameras, actually small enough to fit into a jacket or overcoat pocket. The housing fits the camera snugly, making a compact and easily handled package.

The camera is an electric eye model, but is provided with an override to permit manual control. It is battery driven, minimizing the possibility of running down in the middle of an exciting sequence. The electric eye (which also functions as a readable exposure meter for manual use) is of the new photoresistor type with a high degree of sensitivity and accuracy. Although I have tested the camera and found it excellent, I have not yet been able to get my hands on one of the underwater housings, so there are a few questions which must remain unanswered for the present.

The "Nikkorex 8" is equipped with a semi-wide-angle lens, with the same advantages and disadvantages as the "Calypso." However, there is available a telephoto accessory lens to provide a longer focal length and consequently larger image. (I have not yet been able to test the telephoto, nor have I learned whether the housing will accept the camera with telephoto attached.) Being electrically driven, the camera can be operated by a remote control cord, immediately suggesting the idea of setting it up on a tripod near the action and operating it from a dry vantage point on shore. Again, the preliminary information does not indicate whether the remote control functions in conjunction with the waterproof housing.



Bell & Howell housing.

American WHITE WATER

All in all, this looks like a practical rig for the white-water boater.

Not to be left out of the parade, Bell and Howell now offer a \$99.50 underwater housing for the cameras of their popular "Director" series. For those who own these cameras it looks like a good buy.

Is It a Trend?

Why devote an entire column to underwater camera equipment? It's simple! One of the major headaches of our sport has been protecting fine photographic equipment from water damage. When we get a good waterproof case for our camera it's usually either too heavy or too bulky or both. When we have the camera well waterproofed in a conventional case we have to struggle and fumble to get it out, with the result that many a good picture has been lost. Underwater equipment, which would allow us to keep our cameras on hand all the time, has in the past been heavy, bulky, and extremely expenssive. Perhaps the appearance of the equipment described above marks the beginning of a trend. Let's hope so.

KAYAK PADDLES

Because of the increased demand for our new fiberglass kayak paddles, we have found it necessary to discontinue the manufacture of custom models for individuals, and concentrate on the production of one standard design.

The blades are pressure-molded glass-epoxy laminate, which is about twice as tough (and expensive) as conventional fiberglass. They are $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, 20 inches long, conventional oval shape, and not spooned. The shaft is tempered aluminum alloy tubing, covered with epoxy-impregnated fiberglass. The grip is oval, $4\frac{1}{8}$ inches in circumference. The paddle is available in any length, feathered or unfeathered. The shaft is light gray, with a textured finish for minimum glare and sure grip. Blades are bright red or salmon pink. Both colors show well in the water, and the paddle floats easily. Typical weight is 48 ounces.

The rather large blades and extremely light weight have made this paddle the first choice for slalom and cruising, while the unbreakable construction makes it tops for heavy water running. The price is \$15 f.o.b. Boston. Quantity orders (all same color) at slightly lower price. For more information, write to:

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CLASSIC RIVER TRIPS PARTIAL LIST FOR 1963 Yampa & Green Rivers: 1 to 6-day Columbia River, B. C.: 6 days, Aug. private trips. Or group 4-day 17. trips every Thursday. June and Cataract Canyon: Probably the final first week of July, water permityear! 5 days, April 21, May 20, ting. June 18. Middle Fork Salmon: Weekly 6-day trips: June 30, July 7, 13, 21. Glen Canyon: Also a "last chance." June 2, June 10. Main Salmon: August 3, 6 days. Don't Travel Second Class — Join HATCH RIVER EXPEDITIONS 411 E. 2nd North Vernal, Utah



SECRETARY'S SOAP ROX By George G. Siposs,

Retiring AWA Secretary

I imagine by now the excitement has settled down somewhat after George Topol's announcement about the possibility of bringing Milo Duffek to this continent. Instruction, on a large scale, by Duffek is every canoeist's and kayakist's dream and it seems that we will be able to avail ourselves of the services of this worldrenowned sportsman.

It would make no sense to let him teach beginners. In George Topol's opinion the instruction should be for future instructors. Thus white-water knowledge could be disseminated most effectively and we could hope to be able to catch up with Europe's best. One form of instruction could be visualized thusly: each interested club would start a concentrated program towards developing a nucleus of potential instructors, say, starting this winter. Indoor sessions, blackboard and feltboard demonstrations, movies and discussions within each club would be great to pave the way for physically and mentally prepared groups of pupils for Duffek to teach.

When he arrived, he would stay with each group for seven days, presumably camping near a white-water river. Thus costs could be kept at a minimum. At the end of the week each club would provide transportation for "The Master" to get him to the next site.

A nominal fee should be charged the participants to cover part of Duffek's fare from Europe. There is no reason why all eager white-water boaters could not take part in this scheme. George Topol has generously consented to coordinate our plans with those of Duffek when he arrives. The next step is up to us. . . .

Club representatives: write to George today for details of a never-to-be-forgotten course in white-water science. Address: 1557 Main St. W., Hamilton, Ont.

A most hearty welcome goes out to out to our new affiliate clubs: Sierra Club Mother Lode Chapter, the Blue Ridge Voyageurs in Maryland, and the B.C.K.&C.C., Victoria Chapter. Our affiliate membership is increasing month by month. However, you may notice some familiar club names missing from the list. This is a result of our get-tough policy of not carrying clubs that do not keep their membership up to date with AWA. With the cost of producing this magazine constantly rising we cannot carry anyone who it not interested enough to keep dues up to date.

The Kayak and Canoe Club of New York organized an interclub boating and hiking trip to the Rapid River in Maine. The Rapid River was the site of the first U. S. Whitewater Championships in 1940 and 1941. It is very rough country with plenty of exciting rapids. We are interested to see the outcome of the trip hoping that this will be an annual affair for East Coast and Canadian boaters.

"Rudder" magazine carried an article about canoeing in the U. S., in the Spring issue. At the end of the article there was the address of our affiliation for those interested in white-water canoeing to write in. The resulting "fan mail" proved that our sport has many followers, mostly unattached to any boating club.

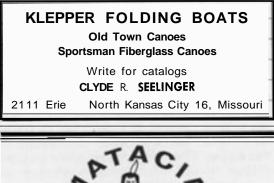
One of the most interesting inquiries came from "down under," Australia. Mr. R. A. Bryson writes: "I am a mem-ber of the Indooroopilly Small Craft & Canoe Club in Brisbane. (Beat that for a long name: Ex. Sec.) As the main occupation of this club is concerned with white water canoeing I would like to obtain copies of your magazine . . . Perhaps an exchange of photos and stories of various trips could be made" Anyone interested write to Mr. Bryson, c/o Commercial Bank of Australia, Ltd. Post Office Box 1099, Cairns Old, Queensland, Australia. We hope that this will be the beginning of a long and lasting white-water friendship with our "cousins" . . .

The Canadian Government Physical Fitness Program for all ages started up with a big bang with the "Fitness Festival" on Labor Day; the parade and demonstrations by the various sport clubs (including canoeing and kayaking) certainly were very impressive. With Government backing (to a certain extent), we hope that paddle-powered boats will experience a rebirth in this land of the original kayak.

.

There has been an increasing number of complaints about lateness of arrival of (y)our magazine. This could easily be blamed on the Membership and Circulation Committees if one wanted to pass a snap judgment. Very few of us realize the tremendous amount of hard work that goes into processing the 1000odd members and mailing out just as many magazines. A check with the respective committees proved that the late magazines were due to one or more of the following: Being in arrears in membership fees (our year starts in February, therefore all fees should be paid up by that date); not reporting change of address (sometimes a magazine is mailed three times, sometimes it is not even returned if the new address is unknown); we use third class mailing and this is about the slowest way of mailing anything (it gets the slowest treatment). The "Form **3547** Requested" does not require the mailman to return it if the addressee has moved. So **all members**, please make sure that you are paid up, that your address is correctly listed and that you notify the Membership and Circulation Departments if you plan to move. So long now, happy swimming pool sessions. . . .







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RACING REPORT Clorox Bottle Slalom

By Jay Evans

As director of the waterfront for a small co-ed camp in New Hampshire I was faced with the problem of providing some kind of advanced boating program for our older campers (ages 12-15), most of whom had already fulfilled their American Red Cross canoeing requirements. We chose to introduce kayaking by having the campers, insofar as was practical, fiberglass their own hulls and build the superstructure using aluminum tubing and light waterproof cloth.

Four kayaks were constructed during the course of the summer. One was designated for general camp use for campers who were not in a position to build their own but still were interested in kayaking. The other three were put together in our own camp workshop as a regular activity with the campers paying for the cost of the materials and then being allowed to take them home as their own at the end of the summer.

All four kayaks were slalom models with custom-made cockpits, braces, and spray covers. We also had the campers construct their own paddles.

Fundamentals First

The first six weeks of camp the kayakists concentrated on fundamentals in flat water on the lake. The 7th week was devoted to learning how to handle their craft in swift-moving water at a small chute at the outlet of the lake.

The climax to the boating season came when we held the camp's "First White-Water Slalom Championship." A six-gate course was set up at the chute, using appropriately painted clorox bottles attached by rope to rock anchors and 'plopped' into place in the river. We had neither the time nor the wherewithal to string wire across the river and construct a regular series of gates with suspended poles. Using the clorox bottles it took us less than 10 minutes to tie on the rocks and throw in the six gates. Except for the terribly swift water right at the chute itself the bottles remained remarkably stable, easy to see and to adjust. They did not sway in the wind, nor did they swing out of position noticeably when struck by a passing boat on the course.

We simplified regular slalom rules to the extent of awarding only one penalty: 10 points for not getting the bow and/or the kayakist's body between the bottles. If the gate was missed entirely (and several were), it was still only ten points. No penalty points were added if the boat touched the bottles. This simplified gate-watching, which was necessary for us since absolutely no one on the staff, except for the waterfront director, had ever seen a whitewater slalom before.

The Results Were Good

There were ten entries ranging from age 12 to 17, not including the forerunner. A couple of the canoeing counselors, for the fun of it, and without previous practice, tried their hand at it and did well. Due to intensive pre-race training none of the campers capsized although the camp's assistant chef (age 17) who was not able to participate in the prior week's training, did flip three times to the amusement of all.

Gate watchers were assigned as was a safety patrol on each bank, and each contestant was required to wear a life preserver. Visual communication between the starter and the finish line was possible due to the shortness of the course (150 yards), and the times plus the penalties were posted **before** the contestant was out of the water at the end of his run. Only one boat was on the course at a time.

Most of the spectators sat on the riverbank about half-way down the course. Next time, we hope to set up on the opposite bank, facing the majority of spectators, a giant clock which would record the "unofficial" time as each



Ken Wisner, 1962 Eastern Slalom.

contestant wove his way through the course. That way the audience can tell whether a particular boat is getting close to the course record.

As we were setting up the course we disturbed the musings of a friendly fisherman who was understandably puzzled by our feverish activity with the clorox bottles. Intrigued, he put away his tackle, disappeared into the woods, then shortly returned with his lunch and a big cigar. He perched on a rock in the sun and watched the whole race from start to finish. I met him again afterwards as we were pick-ing up. He said, "Your clorox bottle slalom was great fun. I don't know when I've enjoyed an afternoon so much."

AGE CLASS	CONTESTANT	POINTS

15	K-1	Bob Blinn	41
37*	K-1	Jay Evans	
		(fore-runner)	42
12	K-1	Eric Evans	43
13	K-1	Martin Agnew	49
15	K-1	Mike O'Hara	51
14	K-1	Fay Hartog	55
17	<u>K-</u> 1	Leslie Merrill	67

'This number may be somewhat unreliable.

-Photo by John Blaiklock

18 19		55 66				
1,		60				
	Brandywine Slalom					
	April 28-29, 1962					
	C-2					
1.	Bill Bickman-Bill Heinzerling	221				
2.	Tom Southworth-Dave Guss	245				
	Dave Kurtz-Bob Hokanson	253				
	C-2 Mixed					
	Barbara Wright-Brian Minault	315				
	Meridith Littler-Dick Shipley					
3.	Virginia Rusher-Bob Rusher	372				
	C-1					
	Dave Guss	232				
2.	Tom Southworth	235				
3.	David Kurtz	237				
	K-1					
	Bill Prime	214				
	Ken Wisner	_235				
3.		-246				
	K-1W					
	Barbara Wright	255				
2.	Jane Showacre	272				
3.	Anita Schalle	481				
	C-2 Novice					
	Harry Southworth-Ron Bertree					
	Gerald Seidel-Robert Herlacher .					
3.	Ernest Thorn-Harry Thorn	277				

C-2M Novice

1. Kay Moore-Jim Hurst 489 C-2W Novice

1. Barbara Snyder-Liz Geiger 218

- 2. Peggy Elliot-Jeanne Topping ... 242

Team Race

1. CCA-Harrigan-Sullivan-Wright

Peterborough Slalom

This year's race was marked by the high level of performance of competitors. All the boats were of the highperformance slalom variety, including the new C-1 boats of the State College teams and the C-2 round gunwale slalom boats of the Mohawk Rod and Gun Club. At least a dozen Eskimo-rolls were performed during the actual race, indicating the high degree of preparedness of the competitors. Even the girls had to and did the rolls.

The water is always warm, deep and clean in the Peterborough so the occasional dunkings did not hurt the competitors or the boats. Self rescue was very efficient, unlike the 10-minute rescue jobs of two years ago. All boats without exception had spraycovers. Paddle technique showed evidence of tedious training sessions: Duffek and draw strokes were seen in abundance.

This year's race was sponsored by the Ontario Voyageurs and the Mohawk Rod and Gun Club in cooperation with the Peterborough Chamber of Commerce who so generously provided the trophies.

Dr. Barbara Wright, the petite speedster from Boston, Mass., took first place in K-1W, then she teamed up with Bill Bickham to take first place in C-2. Thus a mixed C-2 team just edged out Explorer Scouts D. Guss and Southworth from State College, Pa. The highly coveted K-1 trophy went to Al Zob; Tom Southworth won in C-1 class. The very exciting team race was won by the combined team of Coleman, Hathaway and Wright, over the Ontario Voyageurs "A" team. It was thrilling to see three boats slide down the 14-foot chute one after the other as they started down the treacherous course, set up by George Topol. Willi Gansser, Race Chairman O.V.K.C., ran the race very smoothly and finished the 127 runs in slightly under 7 hours of racing. It is

also noteworthy that there was hardly any complaining about one of the most important but oft-forgotten aspect of slalom: timekeeping and judging.

It seems that the best way to prepare a boat and its crew for whitewater runs is by slalom training and racing. Skill and efficiency won over the rough water again.

Results:

Peterborough Slalom

K-1

1.	Al Zob	 268.8
2.	G. Siposs	 278.8
•		a a a a

3. E. Coleman 292.4 **C-1**

1. T. Southworth 298.4 2. B. Bickham 309.0 3. D. Guss 353.0

C-2

- 1. B. Bickham-B. Wright
 304.4

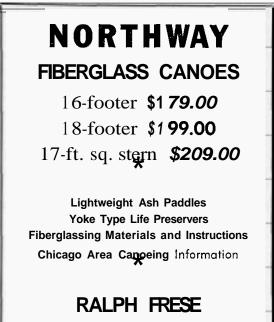
 2. D. Guss-T. Southworth
 307.0

K-1W

Team Race

Coleman-Hathaway-Wright

A.M.C. (Bost) 441.2



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American WHITE WATER

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Slalom . . . Weight: 42 lbs. (19 kg ; length:
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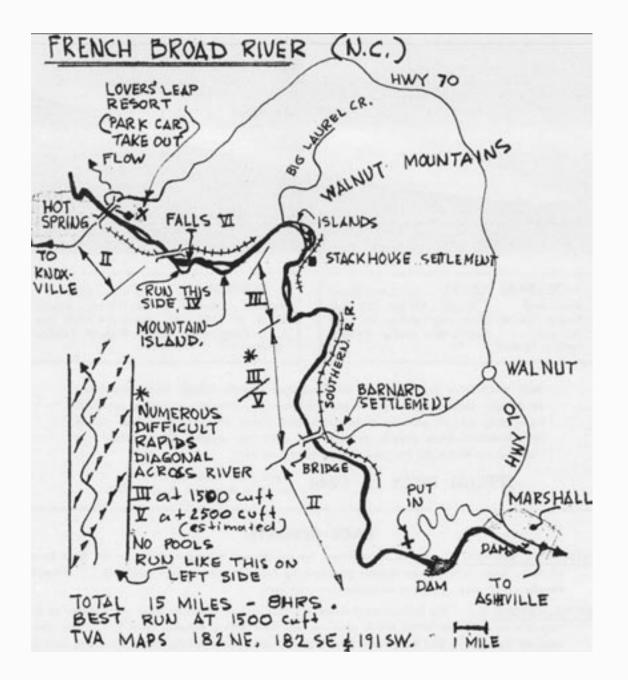
RACE REPORTS

WEST RIVER. VERMONT ... In the White Water Slalom (Eastern Championships) on the West River, Vt. there were more Klepper Kayaks participating than all other makes combined ... Klepper Kayaks — 15 runs ... Total, other makes — 14 runs.

SALIDA, COLORADO ... The International downriver race on the Arkansas River — regarded as the "world's most difficult White Water race" — was won wifh a Klepper Quirl R ... The International Slalom race and the International Slalom Team race at Salida, Colo., were also won by Klepper Quirl and Klepper T-67.

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American WHITE WATER

River Reports: The French Broad

Beautiful Though Polluted

By John Bombay

The French Broad is a river with a history. The river controlled the past and still controls the future of the land it flows through. Its rugged shores served as hunting grounds for the Cherokee Indians in peacetime. The river served as a waterway to transport timber during the disastrous logging period and an effort was even made to make it navigable for a paddle-wheeler. Imagine — the river here drops well over 13 feet per mile! The paddlewheeler crashed on the rocks and the jetties that had been installed washed out. Some remains of the jetties are still visible near "Stackhouse"; watch out for them. The Southern Railroad carved a rugged winding track along the river's steep canyon walls.

The French Broad displays a wide range of moods, from the idyllic character of its wide valley with slow-moving water that flows along lush pasture land between rolling hills and thick hardwood groves, to the steep solemn canyons where the rock rises abruptly from the shores, hundreds of feet high. In these latter, the water thunders along the rapids; trees and plants cling as if desperately to the steep walls. Here, wildlife has survived man's poaching; wild boar, deer and wildcat can be tracked. Every turn of the river opens up a new view, in front and behind us, of the magnificent Smoky Mountain range through which it forces itself with unrelenting constraint.

The Joys of the River

Through this beautiful valley, remote from civilization, the canoeist can sometimes relax and drink in the splendor of this oldest mountain range in the eastern United States, but at others he needs all his wits and skill to play the many surging rapids.

Try to float this river at about 2500 cubic feet per second: then she is at her best. Do not travel at 5000 c.f.s. or more unless you are a Class IV boater,

since the river becomes a fury at that rate of flow. Just below Bernard, for instance, the rapids are not at right angles to the river bank but at a diagonal of 15° or less. The result is that where one rapid ends, the next one has already been in progress for some distance, and the kayakist or canoeist will have a fight on his hands. And there are just no resting pools.

When approaching Hot Springs, the roar of a cascading waterfall will become noticeable. The drop here is approximately 20 feet over a distance of 50 feet in 4 irregular stages. I studied this fall and found it could be run by a **very** expert boater — some worldchampion white-water rat. I decided to "sneak" the little channel at left where the drop is spread out over three times that distance — still solid Class III rapid however.

Watch Your Car

Shortly after passing under the railroad bridge, you will land at the little picnic grounds of the resort called Lover's Leap where a plump and jovial proprietor will welcome you and where a cool soft drink, candy or food can be bought. Leave your car with him before you start the trip. The sheriff in this county likes to pick up "abandoned" cars and it cost \$20.00 to get mine back.

Fishing is not good in this river. Repeated pollution by paper and other factories has killed all the fish except the hardy carp and some catfish. Topo maps of the area can be obtained from TVA, 701 Union Bldg., Knoxville, Tennessee, at 30 cents per map; so can river flow information. The telephone number of TVA is 522-7181, Extension 684. Ask for the flow rate at Marshall, North Carolina, or Newport, Tennessee.

I wish here to express my gratitude to Professors Maxwell, **McTucker** and Holland of the University of Tennessee for their invitation to join them on the exploration trip.

Safety as W e See It

By John Bombay Safety Chairman

"Skill is by far the most important factor of all in safety on fast water. Skill cannot be set down in print: It can be acquired only through instruction and experience."

The above is taken from our 1959 Safety Bulletin and it still is so very true, and applicable to each one of us. I had the above idea in my mind when I made a plug for grading of our boaters a year ago. I was of the opinion that many of our boaters neglect the skill required to run their rivers safely. The only way I could imagine to make them realize their need for proper skill was to expose them to a system that would show their ability without bias or prejudice. That system was to subject the boater to some simple test which would clearly tell him if he was up to a Class II or III river or not.

I also speculated that many, on realizing their shortcomings, would improve their skill.

They also would enjoy their trips better once they knew, being assured by such a test, that they could safely manage the river without having to rely on others for rescue or support. Remember, the rescuer sometimes risks his own limb or life to help you out of your predicament. I am sure no one would like to become the cause of someone else's misfortune because he did not train himself properly!

The Ontario Voyageurs are now contemplating the abandonment of their boater classification program because of pressure put on club officers by the members. I wonder if this came to pass because too many felt hurt in their pride or too many did not wish to put forth the effort to improve themselves. I wonder too if the club trip leaders still are content to proceed to fish these people out of the cold river at the risk of their own safety just because the participant did not wish to improve his skill.

Of course this (Canada too!) is a free country and if anybody wants to go over his head on a river he can do so. However that person will put a black mark on our sport when he hurts himself and will most probably have exposed his companions to danger while they tried to help him.

The late Dr. Peter Marshall, Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, said the following so truly: "Freedom is not the right to do as one pleases, but rather, freedom is the opportunity to please to do what is right."

Acquiring your skill to boat safely is right towards yourself, your family, and your companions.

P. S.: May I ask you to give me an answer with the above article in mind: "Shall we forget our safety and skill requirements and just boat for fun or shall we boat for the fun of mastering the boating skill and having its companion **Safety** at the same time on our side?"

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American WHITE WATER

BOOK REVIEWS

Young Sportsman's Guide to Canoeing, by Raymond R. Camp. Young Sportsman's Library Series, Thos. Nelson & Sons, 1962. 96 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by John L. Berry

In this booklet, one of a "quickie" series of how-to-do-it sports topics, embracing, among others, works on archery, hunting, sailing, tennis, etc., author Camp displays a complete and abysmal ignorance of white-water boating in particular, and of canoeing in general. Miscast by his publisher as an acknowledged expert," (by whom, we wonder?), Camp's work, if it can be so dignified, is nothing more than a slapdash plagiarism of outdated Boy Scout manuals, of blurbs from over-enthusiastic manufacturers' advertising literature, all added to a liberal sprinkling of misguided personal opinions and observations.

For a former New York Times Outdoors Editor, this seems absolutely inexcusable, since there is a fair amount of competently written existing material available on the subject. One of the best, in finished book form, White-Water Sport, is even authored by a fellow Times alumnus, Peter D. Whitney. A little time spent glancing through this book, or through one of several American Canoeist supplements, or issues of American White Water, or even a conversation or a cruise with experienced members from any of a dozen Eastern canoeing clubs, would have provided Camp with some semblance of useful knowledge. Instead, as is all too obvious, this book merely serves to plug a title gap in the publisher's list of sports subjects. The quality of the verbiage with which it is filled is clearly of secondary importance.

It is both maddening and sickening to the informed canoeist and kayaker, and a shame for the unsuspecting public, to have such a useless work foisted upon the book market. If this indictment seems severe, one has only to note the following few and more flagrant examples of writer Camp's "authoritative" comments, or, still worse, read the whole ghastly thing for yourself, in order to become convinced that the foregoing conclusion, if anything, is too charitable.

Eighteen or Nineteen

Beginning in conventional fashion with a brief history of canoes and canoeing (including a photo of an 18-foot Grumman canoe, identified here and throughout as a 19-foot), Camp next launches into a chapter on canoe selection. Here, among other things, he terms the well-known tendency of aluminum craft to stick on rocks, as an inability to "slide," leaving the reader, (and probably the author as well), to wonder whether this means over land, across water, or what. He all but rules out fiberglass as a suitable canoe material, stating that it is "heavy and hard to repair." In a chapter on "fundamentals," Camp selects a solid maple paddle as being the best choice . . . making no mention of the stronger, lighter, and far superior spruce laminated blades, or of the nearly indestructible, non-warping fiberglass paddles now being made. All through this book, in fact, the omission of pertinent and essential facts is as glaring and as damaging as are the many misstatements. There is no discussion of blade shape, width, type of grip, and that concerning length is the tired old saw about up to the chin for the bow, and up to the eyebrow for the stern . . . all of which ignores specific usages. A paragraph of complex instructions on entering the canoe eventually finds the paddlers seated, but no mention is made of kneeling as the preferred position. Other serious omissions are lack of any information on canoe designs for appropriate uses, canoe decks, foot and thigh braces, bow and stern painters, and just about everything of importance to a river cruiser.

Camp eliminates the C-1 by remarking that "full enjoyment of canoeing is only attained when shared," while he speaks also of loading one's solo canoe with rocks to weight down the bow for a river run! He comments too that "3-4 foot drops that would spell disaster for a canoe . . . can be run with ease in a 'folboat' "; and that the "lighter draft of the 'folboat' enables it to pass over obstructions that would damage a canoe." Proceeding along in this breezy, informative tenor, Camp admiringly describes the teamwork of a Canadian C-2 he once saw in an "obstacle" (slalom?) race, where "they seemed to avoid obstructions by a fraction of an inch, but never grazed one." Then, in the next breath, he advises river cruisers to avoid rocks by "at least 4-5 feet on either side," lest they be swung into the eddy below. As an illustration of poor technique, there appears an unauthorized photo of this reviewer, lifted from an Old Town Canoe Co. ad, with the caption: "This canoeist came too close to the rock on his left." (Actually, it is the use or misuse of this photo which occasions this review). Without knowing what obstacles had to be cleared above (and there were some), or of those to be dodged immediately below, Camp's statement is pure stupidity.

Nothing on Technique

There is a complete void on river techniques, use of eddies, leap-frogging, paddle-bracing, ferrying; nor is anything said about river guidebooks, of organized racing, of national canoeing organizations, of regional clubs, of Olympic-type canoeing, or of other literary sources of information. The pictures used, "illustrated with original photos," according to the book cover, are lifted out of advertising literature, apparently, for no credits are given, and they are most assuredly not original!

Other canoeing-section gems from the pen of this self-styled white-water oracle include: "for almost any kind of white water run, the man in the stern should use a pole"; and, "the stern must set the course, and is always in charge." (We would like to challenge Camp to make one of our club cruises on the New, Cheat, N. Br. Potomac, or Youghiogheny Rivers, using a pole . . . in his own canoe, of course!) A long section on packing gear into the canoe neglects any reference to the surplus rubber waterproof packs which are about the only reasonably priced water-tight bags available, to uses of plastic tape for emergency repairs, to proper attire for cold weather canoeing, to wet suits, and to a whole host of other basics, common knowledge to any experienced river canoeist.

In the final three chapters on kayaks, Camp's appalling ignorance transcends even the sublime. "There are only two types," says our expert, doubtless quoting faithfully from a catalog of ancient vintage, "the 15', 32" beam, 54 Ib. sin-gle; and the $17\frac{1}{2}$ ', 37" beam, 74 lb. double." "Paddles," he advises, "should be 8-10 feet long." The only ones shown or discussed are non-feathered, narrowbladed spoons. There is nothing said about rigids, and all comments made were obviously derived from the Folbot brochure. Camp even uses the brand name Folbot as a generic term for all folding kayaks. His section on kayak techniques would be comic parody were it not that this trash might serve as a guide for the naive, book-buying, beginning paddler. "In many competitions," enthuses Camp, in writing about the all-but-extinct and practically nonmaneuverable F-2 class, "the bowman doesn't have a paddle . . ." He stands, and directs the stern with hand signals!

Closing with this pearl of white-water wisdom, this reviewer looks forward with rapt anticipation to the entry of both author and publisher in next year's Arkansas, Colorado, Feather, Credit, or West River races as an F-2 class, in the bow attitude described above.



Classified

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FROM YOUR EDITOR

Seeing Ourselves as Others See Us

Congratulations to our friend and Canoe Cruisers leader, Bob Harrigan, whose photograph adorns Sports Illustrated for December 24, as sternman in a canoe bashing through Little Falls of the Potomac. The picture is one of a portfolio from the supposedly risky sports, illustrating an article about "The Bold American" by Catherine Drinker Bowen.

It's nice to know that Sports Illustrated has white water classified as something that takes nerve. We'll not offer an argument, remembering well the hammering of the heartbeat as the current quickens toward the drop-off. There's no question but that the thrill of mastering one's own fear and indecision is a large part of the appeal of our sport.

And there's no doubt that Little Falls of the Potomac is a doozy. Walter Burmeister calls it Class IV or V, depending on level; in Randy Carter's guide, John Berry gives it III-VI.

What we do regret somewhat is that being so singled out by the sports magazine leaves untold the other reasons for white-water boating, which are equally important for most of us. The beauty of the river itself; the tranquillity of river courses that provide a silver thread of near-wilderness even through civilized districts; the flight of disturbed Great Blue herons and the scurry of ducklings; the extra joy of startling a salmon on his upstream run. These joys are preserved for us by the rapids, which keep the outboarder, the trolling fisherman and all lazy men away.

And then another main motive for river running is the pleasure in acquiring skill in the use of a paddle — often without any real danger at all.

We don't want to be unduly publicrelations-conscious, but the daredevil aspect of our sports steals the play in the papers — the little publicity that we do get is all of the gee-whiz variety. Sports Illustrated itself has touched on our activities four or five times during its career, and every time the reader has been encouraged to feel that the whole exercise is little different from being shot from a cannon. The saddest example was the use of a magnificent picture of two canoe contestants tipping over in the 1961 World Championships at Dresden, with a heavily jocose caption that did not say who they were, who had won the race or whether any Americans had so much as participated.

How about a magazine article some day that explained what is self-evident to most of us: that white-water sport is more difficult than dangerous; that the difficulties are mastered by skill, acquired through practice and intelligence; that the sport's underlying philosophy is one of self-mastery and selfdiscipline in the presence of great natural forces?

It wouldn't be commercial, we guess.

. .

It is only here, in "American White Water," that you are going to get that kind of treatment for our sport. And it is time to remind you that this is the season for thinking of renewing your membership subscription. The present issue is not the last of the white-water year — it's No. 3 of Volume VIII: No. 4 is still due. But you'll do the Membership Secretary and the Circulation Manager a big favor by renewing now send your check for \$2.50 to Frank Cockerline, 193 Skyview Way, San Francisco 27, Calif.

One of our leading white-water men, who shall be nameless, blew off steam a while ago in a letter of complaint to the Advisory Committee. He said that the Affiliation was losing its pristine spirit and becoming indifferent to the needs of both individual members and affiliate clubs. Some of his criticisms centered on this magazine, which he felt had become too "professional" and insufficiently responsive to these local needs.

We don't intend to go onto the defensive, but perhaps the membership is entitled to an explanation of the problems of bringing out a magazine like this. We know that many of you feel that individual races, cruises, personalities get slighted, and many writers of articles do not understand why their works aren't used for long periods of time.

Ours is a magazine put out by sparetime volunteers. Its revenues barely cover its expenses, so that it is constantly at the mercy of financial upsand-downs. It is also a quarterly, which goes to press far ahead of publication date. Its delivery is by third-class mail, in many ways the least satisfactory of the Post Office's varied services. It is the sole communication among a small handful of dedicated people scattered over two nations in an enormous continent.

Thus it is not the handiest medium in the world for giving publicity to individual races and events. For a race, for example, we need the articles and photographs well in advance— or at the very least, we need a letter saying that the material is coming, that it will of a certain length, that the photo will be horizontal or vertical, etc. Race news should be sent to the Racing Editor, who puts the picture together.

And you need also to remember that the editor of a publication like this must balance out the material as best he can — giving adequate attention to East and West, canoe and kayak, racer and tourer, Canada and U. S. — to name a few of the dichotomies we are always faced with.

The best way of getting adequate publicity in this magazine is to have a live-wire publicity chairman and a fine photographer who are in touch with Bob Field, Racing Editor, and with the Managing Editor. Don't get discouraged, either, if queries produce no immediate response — all that means is that the Editor is sucking his thumb, hoping for inspiration. Better that than an instant "No."

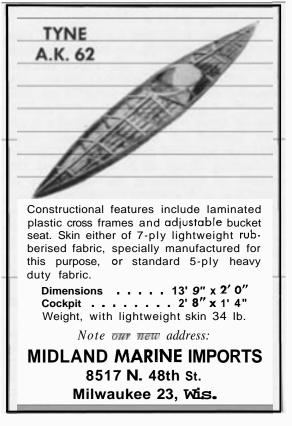
As a professional writer, it is perhaps appropriate for the Editor to remark that the mastheads of virtually all commercial magazines state that they will not be responsible for unsolicited MSS. What is the reason for that? From painful experience, publishers have learned that writers do not understand the editing process. There is no way known to man of explaining to an irate talent why his brain-child has not found favor, and at once.

If that is true among professionals, it is doubly so for us volunteers.

. . .

As for our critical friend's remarks about the Affiliation, its spirit and its future, we will turn the debate over to you. Do you find that the spirit has gone out of AWA? Is the sport itself losing its impetus? Have all the basic discoveries been made, so that what we're doing now is just going over old ground? Let us have your opinions for the Letters page! Or write a fullfledged article.





American WHITE WATER

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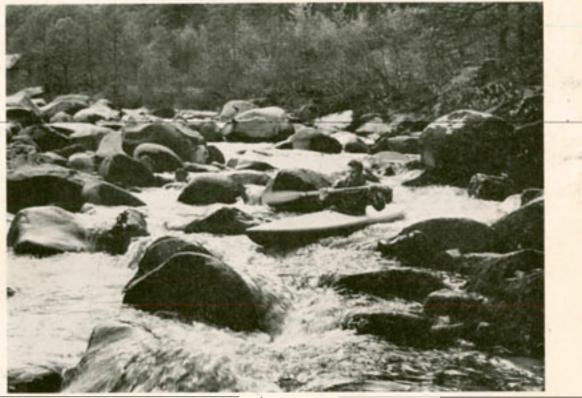
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