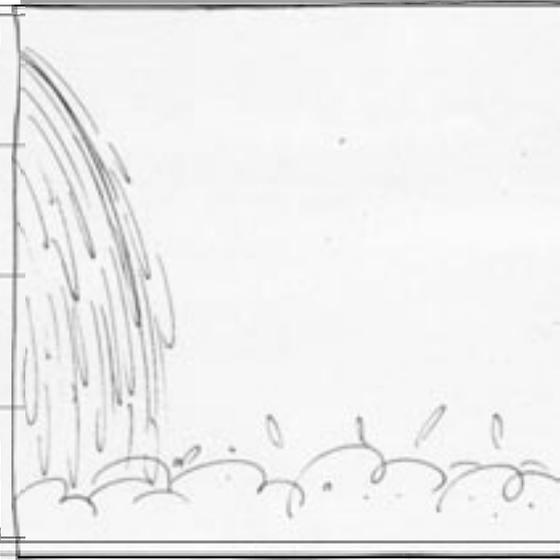
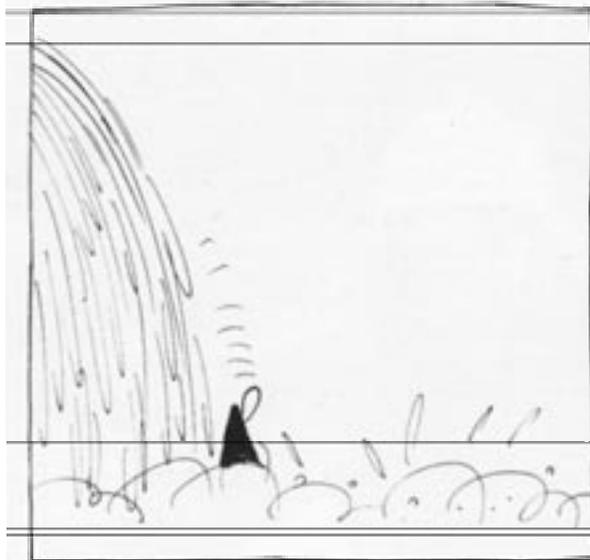


AMERICAN  
WHITEWATER  
23/4

# HOTDOG

BY DEAN NORMAN



# American **WHITEWATER**

Sponsored by The American Whitewater Affiliation

**JULY/AUGUST 1978**

**Vol. XXIII, No. 4**



## The America'n Whitewater Affiliation

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Send Race Schedules and results to the Editor.

Send membership subscription payments, changes of address, non-receipt of copies to Circulation manager, Phil Vogel, PO Box 1483, Hagerstown, MD 21740

Send advertising copy and proofs to the Ad Manager.

Send Payments for Advertising and requests for advertising information to the Advertising Manager, Joel Freund.

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

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COVER: Kent Ford, a leading **C-1** racer, shows the mental control necessary to become a winner. See Eric Evan's story on page 138. Photo by Bill Kirby.

the

# FLUVIAL

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## **Marathon Technique Clinic**

"There's always room for improvement," was the keynote of a paddling clinic hosted recently by Lincoln Canoe Company of Waldoboro, Maine.

Demonstrating paddling technique and leading the discussion at the clinic was Al Camp of Oswego, New York. Al, a professional racer and paddle builder, pointed out the benefits of the bent paddle. It allows the paddler a longer power stroke before he has to end the stroke to avoid lifting water.

Forty racers, many of them trophy holders from past National White Water Open Canoe Championships, had their strokes analysed by Camp, who suggested many ways of improving efficiency. He also demonstrated two variations of his own stroke, and spoke of the value of 'being able to vary muscle groups used without having to forfeit speed. A paddler's conditioning program in addition to developing strength, skill and endurance, should also develop knowledge about his own body: how it will react to four or more hours of hard paddling; what foods and liquids are necessary to keep it going; what

pains and cramps can be paddled through and what ones cannot.

The seats in Al's canoes, which he builds and sells, can be adjusted fore and aft by the paddlers while the canoe is in motion. As the canoe approaches a shallow area, both paddlers can shift forward to counteract the tendency of the stern to drop, causing the canoe to wallow.

Al envied the host, Lincoln owner Fred Taska, the site of the clinic—the Taska residence on a tidal reach of the Sheepscot River. No stern drop there; the water is deep, the supply is dependable, and the current is predictable.

## **Trails and Scenic Rivers Transferred to Park Service**

As of January 25 of this year, the administration of the National Trail System and the nation's Wild and Scenic Rivers was transferred to the National Park Service from the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, which has ceased to exist. A former BOR employee, Robert L. Eastman, will head up the NPS unit responsible

# NEWS

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for wild and scenic rivers; national trails and water recreation.

This shift in administration promises to provide a more comprehensive approach to the wild and scenic rivers program, according to Park Service sources. The attitude of the new administrators toward whitewater sport is unclear at the present time.

## **Water Releases in the Central Appalachians**

Eastern boaters looking for good fall action will be pleased to note the following water release schedules:

Gauley River—Releases from Summersville Reservoir will begin on the 3rd weekend in September and continue through the month of October. The Corps plans to empty the reservoir this fall to inspect a possible defect in the reservoir.

Russell Fork—Releases will be made on the weekends of September 30 and October 14. These are the weekends immediately before and after the Gauley River Wildwater Race.

## **EQUIPMENT QUALITY REVIEW**

As advertised in the earlier issue of the Journal, AWA Staff is looking for equipment quality reviewers. Since both safety and enjoyment of our sport depends on the assurance of quality products, we have been soliciting willing volunteers to carry on this important task. The Staff has received letters of interest from several well qualified individuals who wish to help implement a review program. The Staff is presently reviewing their proposal for various programs and will announce the plan in the near future.

In conjunction with this effort, the Staff wishes to solicit complaints about equipment to better plan our program.

Please send complaints about the quality or performance of equipment you have used and found to be inadequate to the following people: (please specify model, purchase dates, type of useage, type of failures, and conditions at the time of failure)

West of the Mississippi River:  
Mr. P.B. Cornelison

the

# FLUVIAL NEWS

---

1152 Hines Street, S.E.  
Salem, Oregon 97302  
East of the Mississippi River  
Mr. Carl Lundgren  
C/o Young—Rochester Corp.  
620 Meigs Street  
Rochester, N.Y. 14620

We plan to use these responses to generate the necessary programs. Depending on the kind of response we receive from readers, we will try to obtain fair recompense by the manufacturers where justified.

## **RIVER USE ENHANCEMENT MANAGER POST ESTABLISHED**

Enjoyment of the whitewater sport depends on two important considerations: availability of water for rapids and the quality of the river experience. Although the Staff has recognized the importance of these considerations to AWA members, until recently we have been unable to find a suitable candidate to function as a national leader to enhance the use of our rivers. Tom Daniel, the well known Cruising Chairman of KCCNY, has just offered to assume the responsibilities of this important post.

Tom Daniel has been setting up the KCCNY river trips for the last

4 years and has boated on rivers throughout the East. He works for NAGRA tape recorder company in New York City as the chief troubleshooter for technical problems with their products. His famous homemade Kevlar cruising boat has been seen as far away as TOGO Africa!

Tom plans to assist regional water release managers for AWA affiliates obtain convenient water releases from reservoirs across the country and to educate reservoir managers on innovative strategies for water management. Where necessary he will use the clout of AWA's national organization to obtain the desired result. Tom's experience with public speaking, governmental regulations, and political wrangling will make him a powerful voice as an advocate for our sport. He will help and guide AWA members arrange and publicize water releases from existing reservoirs, and obtain new river access points, Tom will review complaints by boaters about unfair user day allotments for our major rivers, help in the development of alternative use proposals and guide efforts to implement such changes.

The Staff of AWA welcomes Tom's efforts and looks forward

to improvements in the availability of rivers for our members.

### New Boat from Lincoln

In 1979, Lincoln Canoe Company of Waldoboro, Maine, will be featuring a new cruising canoe, the "Down East 5.3." Up to date in every way, from bow to stern to name (5.3 meters — 17'4"), this Bill Stearns-designed fiberglass canoe offers a fine blend of cruisability and stability.

The "Down East 5.3" has the asymmetric design of the modern racing canoes, but softer lines to be more forgiving. Her fine waterline (32" wide at the 4" waterline) and underbody guarantee fast and responsive handling, yet a full upperbody (14" deep, 35" wide at the 8" waterline) provides good stability and reserve buoyancy.

This new Lincoln canoe will be topped off with a traditional touch-wood gunwales and thwarts, and caned seats. The parts all add up to a craft that the experienced paddler will appreciate and that the traditionalist will admire.

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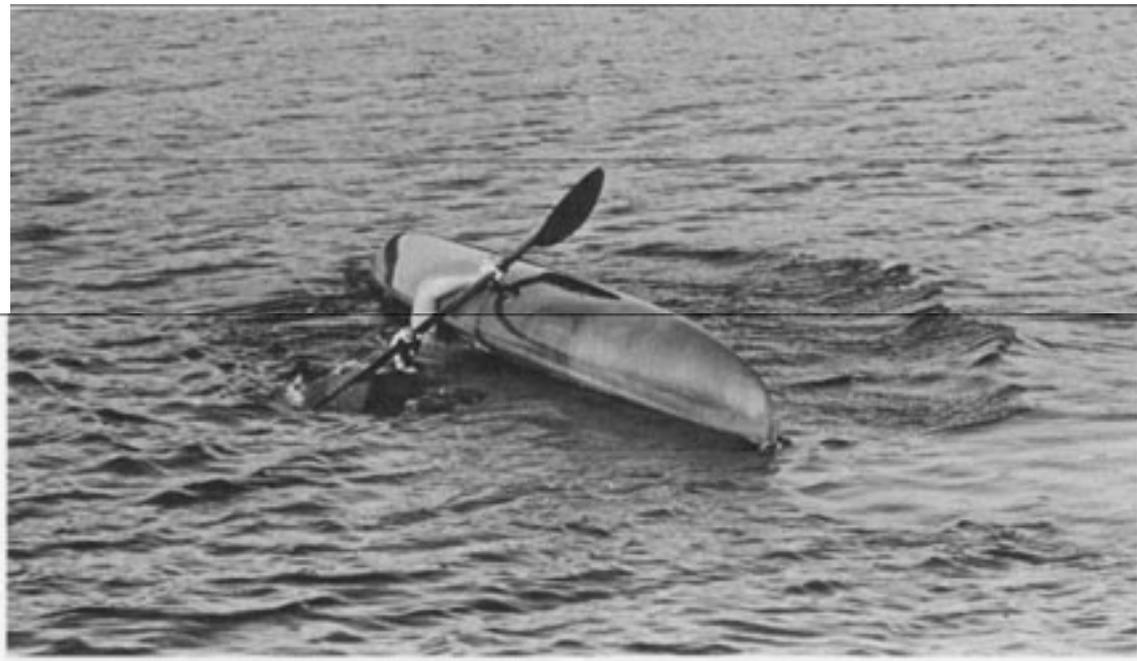
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The Eskimo Roll

# A GOURMETS DELIGHT



Photos by Mina Bauer

by Robert Lafore

*Members of the Tomales Bay Kayak Club run rivers all over northern California, but they generally learn to roll at home in Tomales Bay, off the sandy shore of Chicken Ranch Beach. This is one beginner's story.*

It is a cold December afternoon: not much wind, but gray clouds hanging low over the hills. Someone—a late-season tourist or perhaps a birdwatcher—is walking briskly along Sir Francis Drake, north from the Boatel. He stops overlooking Chicken Ranch beach and rubs his hands together, trying to restore the circulation. Exhaling, he is surprised to see his breath steaming before his face. Temperate maritime climate indeed, he thinks.

A handful of gulls, poking slowly along the water's edge, take flight and wheel up into the clouds, leaving the sand deserted. The spectator is about to walk on when he notices something in the water, not far from the beach. It is a small boat, sharp-ended and narrow, with a single figure protruding from the center cockpit. The spectator recognizes it as a kayak. Fellow must be quite a masochist, he thinks to himself, out paddling around in this kind of weather. He watches for a moment, expecting the kayaker to go somewhere, but the boat is motionless, the paddle held lengthwise along the deck. Odd, the spectator thinks.

Suddenly the kayak is upside down.. It happens so quickly the spectator hardly believes it. He blinks—yes, the kayak really has capsized. It floats there belly-up in the cold green water. The paddler has vanished underneath.

"My God," the spectator says out loud. What should he do? He imagines running down to the beach, swimming out to the boat, pulling the hapless boater to shore. With mouth-to-mouth resuscitation he might be saved. But the water looks so cold. The spectator shudders. Perhaps better run to the Boatel and phone for the Coast Guard.

As he stands—motionless with indecision—he sees a paddleblade break the surface of the water alongside the kayak. It wiggles about tentatively. He's still alive, the spectator thinks. He's trying to signal for help.

Then, with a great heave, the boat starts to turn upright. The spectator has a glimpse of the black-suited boatman thrusting down with his paddle, trying to right himself. For a moment the boat is balanced on its edge and it seems that he will succeed; but the attempt is in vain. The kayak turns back over with a splash and the kayaker disappears from view. What a magnificent, doomed, gallant effort, the spectator thinks. I'm witnessing a man's last moments.

But to his amazement the paddle

again breaks the surface. Again the kayaker tries desperately to lever the boat upright. Again he fails and the boat flops back upside down. But this time the paddler's head, streaming with water, surfaces alongside the kayak.

"", he says. The expletive carries clearly in the cold air. He stands up and begins to pull the boat through the shallow water toward shore.

The spectator walks on, muttering to himself about how there are getting to be more crazies every day.

But is the kayaker really so crazy?

Well, yes, of course, in a way—but there's more to it than that. Given the right circumstances anyone could find themselves out in the cold water deliberately capsizing in a small boat on a cold December day. Even you.

Let us imagine it is six months ago: June, and a high sun. You are lying on a towel on the beach wondering whether you are hot enough yet to go swimming, when you see someone carrying a kayak down to the water's edge. He slides into the cockpit and paddles away. How simple, you say to yourself. Instant boat. You sit up and watch the kayaker cutting cleanly through the small waves. The boat is so small and so close to the water that the paddler appears to be part of it: a sort of mermaid.

You are intrigued and when the kayaker returns you ask him some

questions. Sure, he says. We're doing a river run next week. Want to come along? Why not, you say.

Somehow you scare up a boat and equipment and at the designated time you find yourself on the river, nervous about your lack of paddling skill and wondering how many kayakers drown each year.

"As soon as you can," one of the experienced boaters tells you, "you want to learn the Eskimo roll. With a roll, a capsize is a minor mishap. Without it a gross inconvenience at best and maybe the beginning of a disaster. It's no fun to come out of your boat and find yourself being swept down a rapid, holding on to the boat with one hand and the paddle with the other, and trying to swim and fend off rocks with your feet. Watch."

He turns his boat over and rolls back up. The motion seems effortless: a graceful brace on the paddle, a swing of the hips, and he is upright.

"That's fine," you say, "but suppose I don't roll up? How do I get out of the boat?"

"No problem," he tells you.

"I'll try it," you say. You check your sprayskirt to see that it is securely fastened. You check your helmet strap. You brush a speck of mud off one paddle blade. You seem to be taking a long time. Finally you realize everyone is watching and you can't stall anymore and you lean over farther and farther and suddenly, without really meaning to, you start to go

over and then the river water closes around you.

The higher centers of your brain, the intellectual, verbal, theoretical centers, are saying "a big sweep with the right hand, keep the blade at a planing angle, get set up first," and so on. But the lower centers, those concerned with primitive gut reactions, find themselves upside down, underwater, stuck in a confining place. Their analysis is brief: "OUT!" Without further thought you find yourself free of the boat and surfacing alongside.

"Darn," you say. "I really meant to roll."

"Umm," say the experienced kayakers as you swim to shore, towing the boat with a notable lack of grace.

Well, you make it down the river with only three more swims. The rapids are exciting and the river beautiful and your fellow boaters friendly and helpful, and on the ride back home you realize you love kayaking.

But I better work on that roll, you tell yourself. So the next day there you are at Chicken Ranch, paddling out in the hot sun and then turning the boat over.

The first step is to hang there, underwater. You appear motionless, but you are very busy. You are reasoning with your lower brain centers.

"Out!" they scream.

"No," you say, trying to sound firm. "Wait. Keep calm."

"Oh, please, out, oh sweet Mary save me," they wail, clutching at

your sleeve.

"Back," you tell them. "Where's your self-respect?"

At last they get the upper hand and you eject and float to the surface, but you have been under water an immensely long five seconds. You pat yourself on the back.

After a couple of weeks of this the lower centers have been disciplined to the point where they will give you enough time to try the paddle stroke that is supposed to turn you upright. You lean forward and feel with the paddle for the surface. Then you reach out and with all your strength sweep the paddle down (or is it up?).

Nothing. The boat turns somewhat, but not even enough for your head to break the surface. You escape from the boat, tow it to shore (which at Chicken Ranch is a long tow), empty it out, get back in, fasten down your sprayskirt, paddle back out, and try it again. And again. And again.

For a week.

Still nothing.

You do another river trip, and another few days at the beach, working on the roll. And then, with complete unexpectedness, in the middle of an attempt just like all the others, you find, to your total amazement, that you are upright! You don't believe it. You don't even need to swim. You are still in the boat. You shake your head and the water flies off in all directions and the hills across the bay have never looked so handsome.

You paddle ashore and tell everyone on the beach,, total strangers included, "I did my first Eskimo roll!" That evening there is champagne and feasting and you are quite insufferable.

Well, it would be nice if that were the end of the story, but it isn't. You make your next six roll attempts and then you miss one. An aberration, you think. The exception that proves the rule. But you miss the next one, and the next. You miss them all, two days in a row, and you realize you have lost it.

Late at night, in bed, you think about rolls. What I should do, you think, is give it a little more *uh*, with the hips, and a little less *uff*, with the paddle blade—no, that's not it. And you realize that thinking about it doesn't have any relevance at all. There is something about the sequence of motions that defies rational analysis. It's the lower centers that either do the roll or don't do it. All right, you think, it's up to you, lower centers. I won't give it another thought. But as you fall asleep you find yourself doing a sweep and your lady-friend leaps up rubbing her nose and crying "What did I do?"

A week later it's back, as mysteriously as it left. You can roll again, roll like a barrel. You don't know what you're doing different, but you can roll.

And then, out on the river in the rapids, you learn another truth: rolling in the calm water of the bay is not the same, and is indeed only a

distant first cousin of rolling in fast moving white-water.

"Rocks!" scream the lower centers.

"Doesn't matter," you try to tell them.

"We're going over a waterfall," they shout. "OUT!"

And there you are again, swimming, as if you never learned to roll at all.

You have to practice more, practice until the roll reflex is so automatic that the lower centers forget about the rocks and bring you upright no matter what appalling situation you've gone over in. And some rapids can be pretty appalling: standing waves you can't see over, holes as big as basements.

So you practice. By this time the summer is over and most of the fall, but you know you've got a long way to go before your roll is really solid. That's why you're down on the beach on a cold December day, causing alarm in the hearts of passing birdwatchers. It's not so crazy when you know why you're there, is it?

Well, is it?

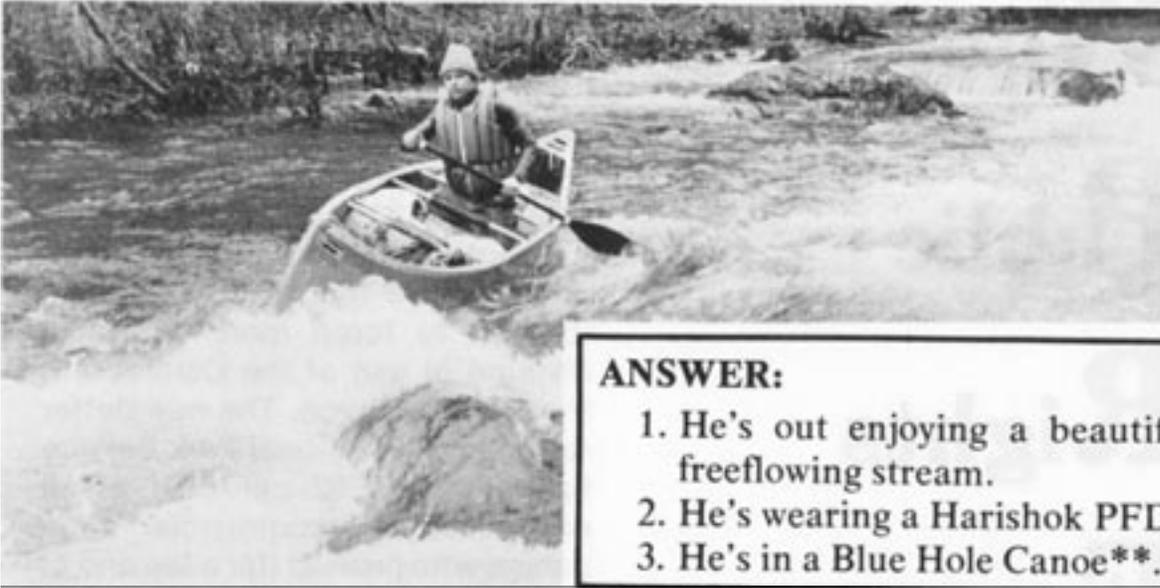
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Sunbright, Tennessee 37872

# the Wilderness Public Rights Fund

by **Steve LaPrade**

The Wilderness Public Rights Fund is engaged in a David and Goliath struggle to break the monopoly commercial guides and their group parties have an access to wilderness rivers.

But the WPRF, judging from its newsletter, is the David trying to fight with a tattered slingshot and an inadequate rock. It is my opinion the WPRF desperately needs money and doesn't want to offend by seeming to beg us for funds.

I heard of WPRF first in the 1978 catalog of Northwest River Supplies of Moscow, Idaho. The listing, one of several boating

groups mentioned, stated, "Founded in 1974 to attempt, through administrative/legal action, to change the present allocation of river use in the Grand Canyon. It is WPRF's contention that qualified noncommercial river runners must by law be given priority. Contributions needed—please write WPRF, P.O. Box 308, Orinda, California 94563."

I sent for the newsletter. I learned that WPRF lost the first round in its suit to force more equitable division of use of the Colorado in the Grand Canyon. The newsletter reported the National Park Service had allocated 92 per cent of all user days to "commercial companies who provide (for a fee and at a profit) a guide service for tourists wishing to visit this unique scenic wonder." The flyer from whence that quote came, is headlined, "WHAT DO YOU SAY, JOHN MUIR? Would You Have Wanted To Pay a Commercial Guide in Order to Walk the High Sierra?"

Having lost the first round in federal court, the WPRF has filed an 85-page opening brief in its appeal in the U.S. Ninth circuit Court of Appeals.

The thing to keep in mind is this paragraph from the newsletter: "If the Appeals Court decides in favor of WPRF, it will mean the case would be remanded back to the District Court for trial. The decision will still be in doubt, but there'll be an opportunity to call witnesses, subpoena data and to present our reasoning in thorough

fashion. If the Appeals Court rules in favor of the government's position, WPRF's only remaining legal option will be the U.S. Supreme Court, a most expensive and complex matter."

What the WPRF is trying to say is that money is desperately needed. The newsletter states "WPRF needs your help and it needs it urgently to raise funds to support this expensive action."

How expensive will that be? The New York Times was reported to have spent a million dollars in legal fees on the case where it fought to publish the Pentagon Papers. A lawyer in Amarillo told me that even a court-appointed attorney in a routine federal criminal case receives \$150 A DAY for his appearance in court. A transcript, the complete record of all arguments and testimony made for a case in court (and a requirement for any appeal) can cost, by itself, thousands of dollars. And court reporters won't make transcripts unless they are paid.

And remember, the federal government has giant legal staffs at its disposal. WPRF does not.

So money is needed for the WPRF fight—our fight.

If the imbalance by the National Park Service and other federal groups for commercial craft and against non-commercial users can be corrected, we can benefit. As the WPRF noted in its newsletter, the Department of Interior is considering changing the 92-8 ratio to 62-38. Who knows how much in-

fluences the mere appearance of the WPRF suit may be having?

A change in federal policy on the Colorado River might be felt elsewhere. As John Garren noted in the Nov./Dec. 1977 issue of American Whitewater, unfair allocation of river access has affected the Rogue River in Oregon and the Hells Canyon stretch of the Snake River.

In addition to money, other help can be offered WPRF. The newsletter needs exact information, including names and places, "wherein citizens are being denied free access to public lands anywhere so as to benefit or protect concessionaries."

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# A SYSTEM of RIVER

"Standardization of emergency signals among whitewater boaters is long overdue. Each

## HISTORY

Work on this system started as a result of a letter written by Fred Hartline, then of Seattle, Washington (published in the "Letters" section of the Nov./Dec. 1976 issue of American Whitewater Journal) which detailed the need for standardized signals used by river runners and made initial suggestions on system considerations and signal requirements. Subsequently, excellent letters on the subject were received from Tom McCloud of Raleigh, N.C., and from the late Dr. Walt Blackadar of Salmon, Idaho. A committee was then formed to attempt to agree upon, and formalize such a system. Additional committee members consisted of Bev Hartline of Washington State, AWA Safety Chairman O.K. Goodwin of Virginia, ACA Safety Chairman Charlie Walbridge of Pennsylvania, and Jim Sindelar of New Hampshire as committee chairman.

Dr. Blackadar's initial letter on the subject read in part:

of our groups have different sets of signals and these are frequently not worked out well even in our own groups. Many years ago I witnessed an entrapment on the far bank directly in front of me and had tremendous difficulty calling boaters on the opposite side down the river where rescue would have been very simple. The boater finally freed himself before any help came even though several boaters were in plain view of me witnessing my frantic gyrations."

All of us who have boated with different groups and in different sections of the country are aware of the confused collections of signals that are presently being used and of the danger inherent in

this situation. As a boater who had run rivers in more parts of the country (and the world), and with more different boaters and groups than perhaps anyone else, Walt Balckadar was acutely aware of the need for the standardization which he hoped our committee work would accomplish. After a great deal of communication, consideration, and compromise, the committee's work is complete. The signals

from the rest of that party. A possible source of confusion was eliminated by following the Blackadar axiom, "Never point to danger—signals always indicate possible runs". Careful scrutiny established the need for the following major signals.

- 1) HELP, EMERGENCY
- 2) STOP; Hold present position until ALL CLEAR signal, or until you scout.
- 3) ALL CLEAR
- 4) RUN RIGHT/RUN LEFT
- 5) ATTENTION (audible signal only, no visual equivalent)

The most important signal was seen to be that indicating the need

# SIGNALS

by

have been tested, and they work well. The committee hopes that they will be quickly accepted and widely used by river runners everywhere.

## SYSTEM CONSIDERATIONS

The number of signals is to be kept to the absolute minimum necessary to convey the essential information. These signals should be visible and their meaning unmistakable even at extreme range. This indicated signals involving paddle, oar, or whole arm(s). It is important that all signals can be executed with or without paddle or other equipment, in or out of the boat, and facing toward or away

for help in an emergency, and it was further noted that the presence of obstacles *and/or* lack of attention by others in the party may render visual signals useless in some cases. This led to the conclusion that the HELP, EMERGENCY signals would best be given with a police whistle which is inexpensive, easy to carry, and can be heard over the roar of rapids. The

## The AWA River Signals Committee

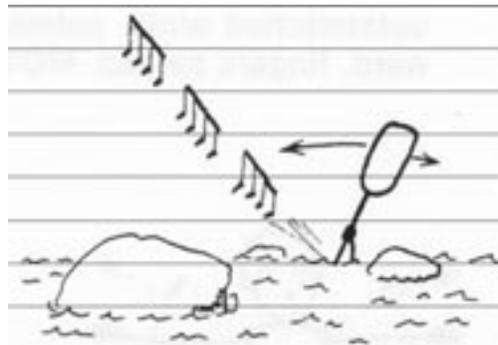
obvious objections to the whistle were considered, but the number of accidents and near misses involving victims who were out of the line of sight or just not noticed convinced us that the best way for a boater to protect himself is to buy and carry a police whistle. It can be tied to the life vest with a short length of nylon cord through the zipper handle or around the shoulder strap. It must be clearly understood that **THE WHISTLE SIGNAL MUST BE USED ONLY WHEN ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY** so that unlike Peter's cry of wolf, it retains its effect of alerting all around to an immediate need of assistance. In case no whistle is available, a secondary signal is provided.

After **HELP**, the most important signal is clearly **STOP**, and an important consideration for this signal is that it can be given by the leader immediately upon detecting potential danger without first-catching an eddy, and without the need to depart far from paddling position. The time available for the leader to grab an eddy may be limited, and upriver visibility from the safe eddy may be poor. For the **STOP** signal, it is particularly important that 1) all boaters see it, and 2) the leader knows his signal has been seen. Therefore any boater seeing this signal should immediately **REPEAT THE SIGNAL** to acknowledge he has seen it, and then pass it on to the other boaters. Additionally, if the leader had limited time to give the signal

and there is any question as to whether it was seen, he should certainly repeat it from the eddy until it is acknowledged. One final point; once a boater has seen the signal and stopped, he is not to proceed until either the leader has signaled **ALL CLEAR**, or he has scouted for himself and made his own decision. The absence of an **ALL CLEAR** signal from the leader clearly means that he does not care to decide that **YOU** should run and that you had better check it out yourself before proceeding.

The **ATTENTION** signal is given with the police whistle and is for use in situations where no emergency exists, but the need to communicate is obvious and visual signals are impossible or impractical. One such use would be to tighten up a trip that had gotten too strung out, or where people are scattered up and down the banks, in the woods, etc. due to tipovers and rescues. Another would be to call attention to a capsized boater who is in no immediate danger, or to a paddle floating unnoticed down the river. This signal should not be given too casually, as indiscriminate whistle blowing is undesirable for many reasons. Upon hearing this signal, one should look for swimming paddlers in no trouble, check for drifting equipment, then check with the group to see what is going on before proceeding down the river, and thus automatically tighten up the group in the process.

## THE SIGNALS



### 1. **Help, Emergency.**

The primary HELP signal is THREE LOUD BLASTS FROM A POLICEMAN'S WHISTLE, and it should be repeated at intervals until people's attention is directed and help is on the way. Note that this is a universal distress signal which might also bring in help from outside

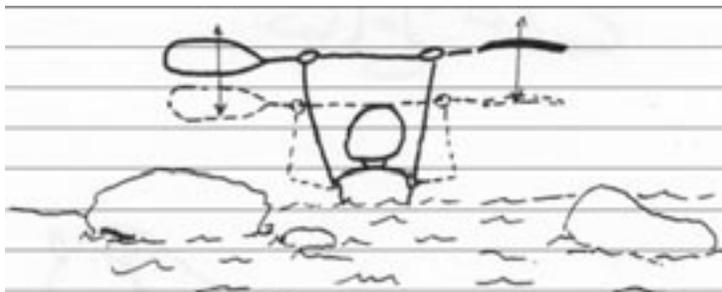
sources if anyone else is nearby.

The secondary HELP signal, used in conjunction with the whistle signal or by itself, is to hold paddle or arm (preferably with bright object such as helmet or lifejacket in hand) high above head and wave it frantically back and forth.

**2. STOP. Hold present position until ALL CLEAR signal, or until you scout.**

The STOP signal is a horizontal bar across the river made with paddle held high above the head, or with horizontal outstretched arms, palms forward, fingers spread. MOTION

can be added to attract attention by rapidly pumping the horizontal paddle up and down above your head or moving arms up and down in a flying motion. Any boater seeing this signal should immediately REPEAT THE SIGNAL to acknowledge it and pass it back to the others in the party.

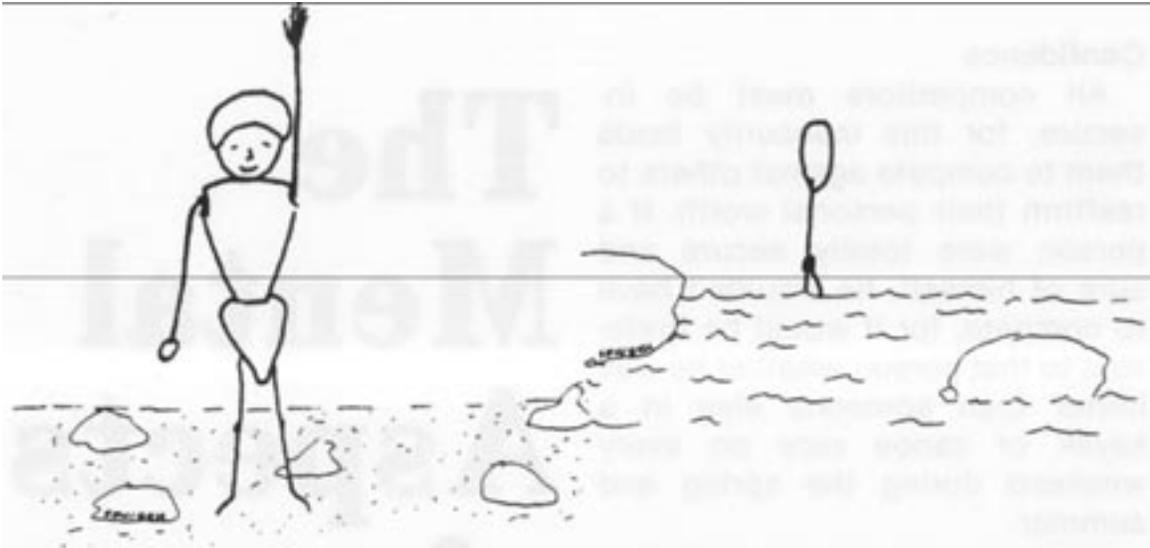


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**3. ALL CLEAR and (in absence of additional signal) RUN DOWN CENTER.**

The ALL CLEAR signal is a vertical bar, made with the paddle or one arm held high above your head. If done with paddle, blade should be turned for

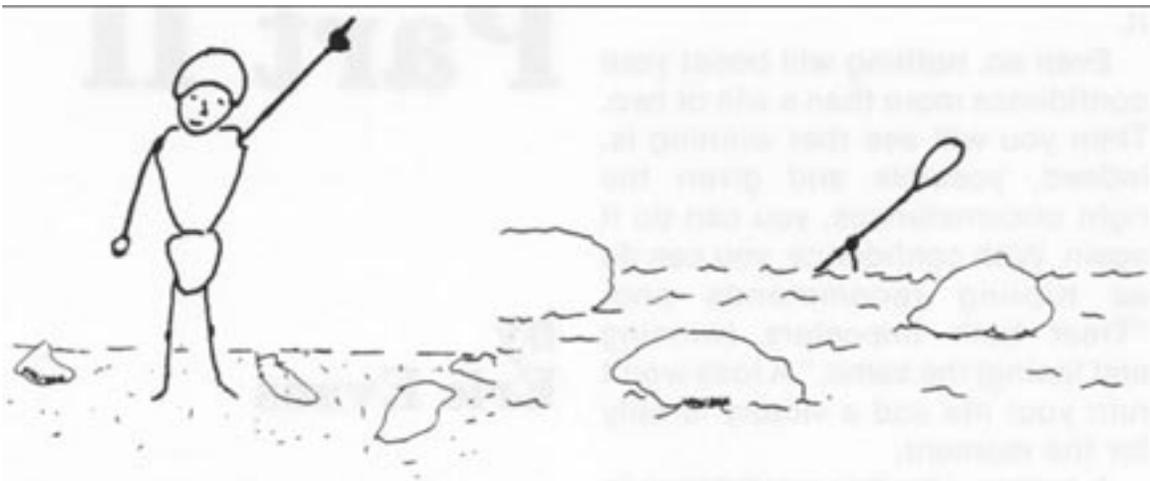
maximum visibility, (show them the surface, not an edge). If done without paddle, hold one arm straight up, palm forward, fingers spread. If additional signal is not given, this also means RUN DOWN CENTER.



**4. RUN RIGHT, RUN LEFT.**

If there is a preferred side, so signal by lowering the previously given vertical ALL

CLEAR signal to about 45 degrees, inclined toward side of river where preferred route is located.



**5. ATTENTION:** IF YOU DO NOT SEE SWIMMERS, LOOSE EQUIPMENT, OR ANYTHING ELSE OBVIOUS, COMMUNICATE WITH THE PERSON WHO SIGNALLED TO FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG.

A series of short "chirps" on

the whistle. (Use the tongue to say "tic tic tic tic..." into the whistle. If trip is too strung out, this signal should be **passed forward** by each boater so that front boaters will get the message.

## **Confidence**

All competitors must be insecure, for this insecurity leads them to compete against others to reaffirm their personal worth. If a person were totally secure and sure of himself, he wouldn't have to compete, for it would be irrelevant to that person whether he was better than someone else in a kayak or canoe race on every weekend during the spring and summer.

However, there are relative degrees of confidence and self-assurance, and those folks who have a firm sense of who they are and where they are going will be able to concentrate more thoroughly during racing and training and will be a lot happier doing it.

Even so, nothing will boost your confidence more than a win or two. Then you will see that winning is, indeed, possible and given the right circumstances, you can do it again. With confidence, you can do as Kipling recommends and, "Treat both imposters (winning and losing) the same." A loss won't ruin your life and a victory is only for the moment.

A person who has confidence in himself is a wise and wily competitor, indeed. This person may lose the early spring races because he is using them as springboard to the more important summer races—and early season losses will run off him like water off a duck. A secure person will work on his weak points in training and not

# **The Mental Aspects of Racing Part II**

**by  
Eric Evans**

be concerned about winning the workout. Such a racer isn't easily upset by sudden changes on race day such as water level, wind and cold.

### **Psyched Out and Psyching Out**

Being psyched out is another term for fear of failure. A person who is psyched out by Gate 3 is actually afraid of doing poorly on it. In just about every case, more familiarity and experience with the situations which psyche you out (rough wildwater courses, upstream gates, etc.) and not worrying about the results of your actions will overcome your fears.

I have never tried deliberately to psyche out anyone and wouldn't know how to go about it. My biggest worry is me; the person I fear most is myself. I have enough trouble trying to control myself without worrying about influencing someone else's actions. Trying to psyche someone out is a waste of time and will probably backfire.

### **Personalities I Have Known**

I thought it would be fun to analyze certain personality traits I have witnessed while training and competing. In this way we can see how people react to fear of failure, lack of confidence and poor concentration. The idea here is not to criticize others for the sake of criticism, but to learn from these people and experiences so that you can improve yourself and be aware of mental pitfalls so as to

avoid them. Any similarity between the characters mentioned here and real people is intentional, and I hope they can laugh along. After all, if you can't laugh at yourself, who can you laugh at?

1. Mr. "I can't paddle fast on flat, easy, wildwater courses." Might as well start with someone I know very well, yours truly.

Mr. Flat believes he can only do well in wildwater racing when the race is contested on difficult rapids where skill, balance and water reading are just as important as paddling hard. On the flat stretches of a particular course, or on easy courses, he feels he has no chance to do well. People have told him that his stroke is poor, and he is constantly beaten in flatwater workouts. During the flat sections of a race, he says to himself, "Uh oh, another flat section. This is where I lose time. Feel how slowly I'm going. Feel how sluggish my boat is. My stroke is terrible. Whimper, whimper, whimper..." The fact that he doesn't have to concentrate on water reading as much during the flat sections gives him an opportunity to think about his aching body, his problems, etc.

Mr. Flat is probably no slower than anyone else on the flat. But he thinks he is, and thereby places a limit on his capabilities. He also should realize that being beaten in flatwater sprints does not preclude him from winning wildwater races. Mr. Flat would be better off accepting the fact that flat stretches

are a part of the game and that everyone feels slow and tired on these sections.

2. Mr. "I must win every workout."

Mr. Training Champ (TC) is a real tiger during practice, especially when others are working with him. He sees training as a test, and will put his all into winning every gate sequence, or every sprint. In fact, his day is ruined if someone beats him in a workout, and his mood belies his daily performance. To ensure a workout win, Mr. TC likes to have all the odds in his favor and will work with others only on facets of paddling in which he is good. For sprints, he always lines up in the fastest water. For wildwater runs, he always starts last to have people to chase.

Mr. TC demonstrates a lack of confidence in himself as he must constantly reassure himself with every workout. (Why wait until the weekend when you can get an ego boost every day?) You are only as strong as your weakest point, but Mr. TC never works on his weak points during practice because someone might beat him.

Mr. TC fails to realize that the purpose of a training session is to *improve* a particular aspect of paddling; not *demonstrate* your skill in that area. Mr. TC also runs the risk of losing his mental enthusiasm for the important races because there are only so many times you can "put your number on" before your well of enthusiasm starts to dry up.

3. Ms. "Did you see the ridiculous place they put gate 17?"

Highly visible before a slalom event, Ms. Snit is always upset by the placement of one or more gates on the race course which she feels are positioned stupidly or unfairly. She dances a little jig in frustration on the bank in view of others analyzing the course. She might even proclaim loudly to those present that if the race committee persists in keeping the gate, then she will refuse to run it!

There's a bit of Ms. Snit in all of us, for we all need something to complain about. After all, if everything were perfect, the results would have been mailed to us prior to the race and our names (naturally) would be at the top of the list.

But extreme cases of Ms. Snit show a lack of confidence and a fear of failure. Her loud protestations over a gate gives her an "out" in case she misses the gate (of course she missed it, it was stupidly positioned). In the back of her mind is the haunting fear that someone might be able to do the crazy gate and she won't.

On the other hand, beware the wily competitor who doesn't care where or how the gates are hung. He realizes that everybody has to run the same gates and feels that he can run them better than anyone else—no matter where they are. Little matter that the gate is set up on the road; he quietly prepares to get his boat up the bank in the shortest time possible!

4. Ms. "I haven't trained at all for this race."

Ms. Ill-Prepared bounces out of the car at the race site with this startling news. She is extremely anxious to tell everyone, particularly her competition, about her lack of preparation for this event. By doing so, she has given herself the perfect "out" in case she does lose.

If she wins, it must be because of her tremendous natural ability (after all, she won with no training!) If she loses, it's because she hasn't trained (of course, she told you so). Rare is the person who can say to himself, "I have trained as hard and as well as possible for this event. If I fail, it is because other people were better, and I am willing to live with the fact that I may never be as good as someone else. Period."

The most dangerous person to have as a rock climbing partner is the person who is never afraid. The most dangerous opponent you can face is the person who has nothing to lose.

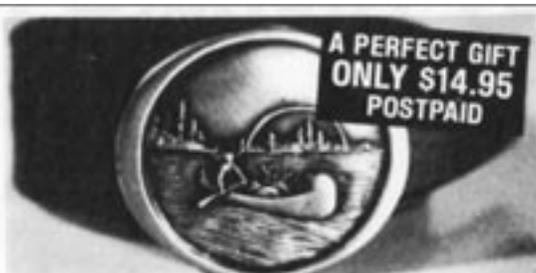
5. Mr. "The wind is blowing, therefore, I have no chance to win."

Mr. Outside Factors is using the elements as a crutch in case of failure. In other words, if he fails it is due to factors outside his control, such as wind, low hanging gates or a higher than normal water level. Mr. OF somehow thinks that these factors affect only him.

Yet, be danged if the wind doesn't blow for everybody, and it will blow a gate away from you just

as many times as it will blow it into you for a penalty. Irregular outside factors add more variables to the game. The more variables, the more interesting the game, and the more you must fall back on talents you can't train for—resourcefulness, natural instincts.

Everyone has to face the outside factors, and if everyone is going to think of them as *disadvantages*, you might as well think of them as *advantages*.



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# Remembering

# BLACKADAR

by Richard Furman

His license plate read KAYAK.

Just a week before he died, we would sit at the kitchen table until twelve or one in the morning talking surgery and kayaking. It was becoming a yearly visit for him to work with me in surgery for a week or two. Weekends, we would kayak the New or the Gauley or the Cranberry or the Nolichucky, or the Chatooga. That last week we worked together, we talked of the fun of kayaking, the danger of it, and the safety of it. We talked of his ranch and my farm, of our lives and how glad we were that his wife, Shirley, had come with him this time. He promised he would bring her from now on. He talked of his memories of the Alsec. He described almost

drowning on Dagger Falls when he was young. His descriptions were vivid. He told of things that went through his mind when he got in tight situations. When Don Wilson called me that dreaded day and said Walt was gone, "NO" was all I could say. I felt for Shirley and his son, Bob, and his girls. I also felt for myself and all the boaters Walt kayaked with. There would be no Walt on ABC television running the Yampa this summer as was planned by that network. There would be no Middle Fork trip next summer with Walt as planned. No return visits. No familiar smile again. Then all these conversations of the week before started coming back to me. Favored ex-

pressions like "YOU BET" and "RIGHT NOW" and "THAT'S ALRIGHT, IT DOESN'T MATTER", kept coming up. So, I wrote the following as well as I could remember conversations with the greatest big water kayaker we will ever know: Walt Blackadar.

One night after discussing a patient we had in the hospital who had terminal cancer, Walt sort of stared at the table and started talking, "If I had terminal cancer, I would run Niagra. I mean if there wasn't any possible way to beat the cancer, I'd run Niagra Falls. I'd find just the spot that would push me out beyond the rest of the falls and head right for it . . . I've done it twice before and rolled both times." He looked up from the table at this time to see my bewildered look and then smiled that ever-familiar grin and continued with " . . . in my dreams, of course."

Walt was a competent individual at anything he tackled, whether it be surgery, kayaking or ranching. "I can teach ANYBODY how to kayak. I took my daughter on the Grand. She had never been in a kayak before we put in at Lee's Ferry. I am going to take a blind man down the Middle Fork this summer. I can talk him through it. I took a paralytic through last year. All you've got to do is have a roll."

In discussing our time off, Walt talked as if he had six days off every two weeks. yet, he worked ten days during those two weeks, and this is how he figured it. "I

work ten days and off four. Really I'm off six because I travel to and from the river at night. Don't laugh. If the river is a day away, and you can get someone to drive through the night while you sleep, you save a day both ways. You bet. Shirley will drive me all night long. (Smiling), she's a good girl."

He talked a lot about his ranch, "Yes, I'm going to build this year, I think. I put the house up for sale. You remember the place I showed you up there on top? Got good water. Best in Salmon. Just bought me a road scraper. HAD TOO. I like to get out there and work. You can forget everything working on the ranch. I've got a dump truck and a back hoe. Shirley's afraid I'll buy a bulldozer. I told her I wouldn't. If I got one, it would be a small one. You know, just to piddle with."

Walt talked about his getting older and his stamina not quite what it was ten years ago, and his roll not quite what it was ten years ago. He talked about his future boating. "I'm getting me an ocean kayak. I think that would be something to do exciting. No, I don't plan to cross the Atlantic; that would get too boring." I had discussed this possibility with him at his home two years ago.

"I won't slow down. If I lose my roll, I'll quit. Just like skiing, when I slowed down, I quit. He discussed the psychology of kayaking. "Half of it's in your head. If you have your head screwed on right, you can stay with it and roll up.

"If you lose your roll, you lose

your nerve. You've got to have nerve in this big water."

While talking about right-handed rolls, left-handed rolls, whether to come forward or lay back at the end of the roll, Walt had this comment, "At one time, I had as good a roll as anybody. If I went over I KNEW I was coming back up; there was no doubt in my mind. I've gone into holes knowing they were going to eat me, but I also knew that they would let me through and then I would roll up EVERYTIME. EVERYTIME! I did that on the Alsec. I spent three hours one morning hunting a way out of the canyon and trying to decide if I could run that big hole. I decided not to climb out of the canyon. I decided I couldn't run it clean, but I could run it and roll after it chewed me up. Boy, you've got to have a roll."

He continued to speak of his famous *Sports Illustrated* run in Alaska. "There were icebergs on the Alsec as big as this kitchen. I didn't pay much attention to them at first, but I started hitting them in the rapids. It sounded just like hitting a rock. Bears were there too. Their heads were as big as a bushel basket. That's alright though. I had a magnum I slipped in under my seat. It probably wouldn't have killed them, but he would know I was there... there's no way you can outrun one."

"The worst part? There was one part I knew there was no way through without flipping. I knew if I didn't roll, I would never get out of there alive. It did. That hole pin-

wheeled me two or three times and I just held on. I KNEW I had to roll. It almost tore me out of the boat. I had good thigh braces in my boat and knew I wasn't going to let it pull me out of there. I just held on and it pulled this way and that way and pulled and jerked me that way and I thought my legs would pull out from those thigh braces, but I just held on and waited. When I felt it let go of me, I rolled left and it didn't come up. I must have rolled eight times left but couldn't get quite up. BUT I COULD GET A BREATH. I finally got a good breath and went back over and just sat there upside down. I had to get things straight in my head. I decided to try the other side. I came right up but my boat was full of water. My thigh brace hadn't broken, but the whole left, top side of the boat had. It had pulled me so hard in there, the deck broke right up to the cockpit. I barely made it to shore. I liked to never got the resin to set up that night in the rain. I just had a ledge no wider than the kayak to sleep on. The next morning, it was still a little tacky. You know, when you touch it, still a little sticky. I wasn't waiting. I was going to get on down the river. It held too; never did leak."

He liked his boat a certain way and he liked his paddle a certain way. "Big blade. All these hotshots are using the small, cupped blades. They are good, but I want something I can lean on; something I can slide through the

water with. I float; I don't paddle; I float and when I get knocked down, I have that big blade to help me back up."

"Sure, I'm losing some of it, but I'm a lot older now." We would frequently discuss the boating of Julie Wilson. She was boating with Walt and got caught under a log in a rapid and there was nothing Walt could do. That haunted his memory ever since. "Julie never had a chance. She got wedged on a tree. Her life jacket came off. I saw it float by; just a split second, I saw it. Just under the water, something orange floated by. I hoped Julie was in it but knew she wasn't. I tried to get her to wear two. It takes a lot out of you.

"You see, that's the problem with boating big water with some boaters. I'm not talking about you, but I feel responsible for whoever I take boating. I may tell them they are on their own, but I know I am still responsible. Sometimes, they get into trouble and there's nothing you can do. Like Julie."

Walt and I had seen a movie called "The Hiding Place" last year which was a movie presented by the Billy Graham Organization. We touched on this subject. "You don't have to worry about me; I'm a Christian. I know where I'm going." We talked on kayaking, skydiving and hang-gliding. "Kayaking's a safe sport, especially when you take into account the thrills you get out of it compared to the risks. There's no comparison to it when you look at hang-gliding and climb-

ing."

On that weekend, we headed for West Virginia and the New River. Just the year before, we had boated with Bob Taylor, who later got trapped under a log and drowned. "Every feeling heading for the New this year. Bob boated this run with us the last time we got together. He caught a log just like Julie."

After checking into a motel in West Virginia, we discussed as we sat in his room that evening, running the Gauley River just a few years earlier: Walt, Al Parker, and myself. It was at flood level of 7,500 cfs. Al Parker had later crashed a small plane while scouting a river for kayaking purposes. I told him that losing a close paddlin' buddy sure took a lot of fun out of it. "Sure it takes a lot out of you. I remember when Julie drowned. There for awhile, I didn't know if I would ever paddle again. It takes a lot out of you."

The next morning we found that the New River Gorge was running 50,000 cubic feet per second. There were eight of us deciding whether to run the Gorge or some other run. "You run what you want to. Don't let me talk you into anything, but I'm going to run the big one." Walt's wife, Shirley drove Walt, Lee Miller and myself to the put in. There was so much excitement with the river running at 50,000 as we drove up to the put in that I told Walt I thought I would be okay if I didn't vomit before we got started. His response was simple,

"Oh, if the river ever gets one of us, it won't be on anything big or great . . . it will be some freak thing like the log that got Bob on the Gauley. There's some big ones here. If it looks like you're going into one, just keep paddlin' toward the side. Don't ever give up on a big hole. Lots of times it will turn you over but spit you out on the end. Then, just wait and wait, wait (smiling), get ready for it, wait for it to quit jerking you; then roll: RIGHT NOW." he envisioned each hole as he talked, just as if he were in it. At a table, you would be doing back braces with your elbow, he described it so well.

As we started to get our wetsuits on and our floatation bags blown up; "Better wear two jackets in this stuff." I responded that I didn't think so because two jackets would hamper my roll. "Do what you like, but that's the same thing Julie told me the day she drowned." I put on two jackets.

As he picked up his big, flat-bladed Iliad; "I like a big paddle. I just ride up to the top, reach over and tap the other side. Just reach over and tap; reach over and tap; reach over and barely tap. I just float that big stuff." He was smiling big now as he grabbed his boat up with one hand and headed toward the water.

Just after pushing off from shore, Walt reminded me that he would let me know if he got into a place that I shouldn't follow him. I told him to be sure to point with his paddle toward the way I should go, rather than the way I should not go.

"Oh, I would never point TOWARD danger. Point AWAY from danger."

After Greyhound rapid, Walt pulled into an eddy to catch his breath. I pulled in behind him and he gave me a big smile even though he was a little worn down. "It's harder to have it and lose it than to never have it." We made it through the gorge.

He and Shirley headed for Idaho and I headed for North Carolina. "YOU BET. I'll bring Shirley with me again next year."

Walt wrote me a letter stating he was leaving to go paddling. That was the day he drowned. I received his letter almost a week later. There was a sentence towards the end: "We sure made some good memories while I was down there."

We all made good memories whenever we boated with Walt Blackadar.

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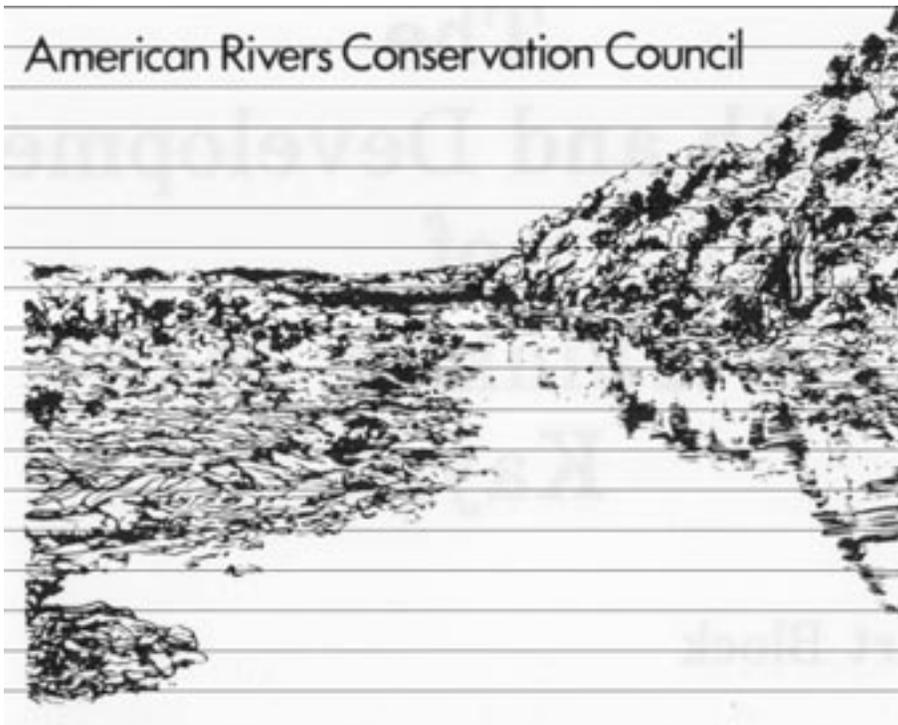
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# The Growth and Development of The Thinking Man's Kayak

by **Art Block**

I recently attended a secret summit meeting of kayak building specialists. It was an historic moment in the growth of whitewater boating. The following is a transcript of the proceedings. To preserve the identities of the participants, I am using the following randomly chosen letter pairs: PS, CW, JW, and BC. Any similarity between these letters and the initials of persons in the boating community is purely coincidental. (Subsequent conversations with every kayaker in the nation, including Rete Skinner, Charlie Walbridge, Jack Wright and Bill Clarke confirmed this fact. Ed.) (Scene: Windowless sub-basement meeting room under 2 World Trade Center.)

P.S.       Wherever I go to advocate the preservation of

wilderness rivers our opponents hold up our cause to ridicule by pointing out that our preaching of naturalness is contradicted by our obsession with building kayaks out of exotic and sophisticated man-made materials. Last year I assembled a team of botanists and zoologists who were charged with the task of resolving this contradiction between nature and artifice. We now need your help in the culminating phase of the project. Yes, with your assistance we will soon be able to introduce to the world the ultimate whitewater craft— The Organic Kayak..

In our secret greenhouse we are now breeding prototypes of a hybrid plant biogenetically engineered from a combination of a banana plant (chosen on the basis of the hydrodynamic properties of its fruit); and a mahogany tree (selected for hardness and beauty). The fruit of this miracle plant is a medium volume biodegradable kayak.

C.W. But is it safe?

P.S. Our product safety test committee says it is incredibly strong, and that any boater concerned about entrapment should simply carry a paring knife while boating. This will allow him to dice his way out of any tough situation. The only dissenting vote in the committee was cast by a member—now *dis-*membered—who was paddling an organic kayak in the Everglades until an alligator had it for lunch.

B.C. But won't it rot? Are preservatives added?

P.S. There is no artificial anything after about a year. At room temperature, the kayak over-ripens and begins losing its strength. But there are warning signs—your storage area will smell like rotten bananas and will be filled with fruit flies. If you catch

just the right moment, it makes a delicious organic bread. By putting the kayak into a winter freeze you can extend its useful life to 3-5 boating seasons.

J.W. Can you really trust it on a wilderness trip? Is it durable? Can it be repaired?

P.S. **YES YES YES!!** And more! Last month I parachuted with two friends and three organic kayaks into the Amazon jungle at the headwater of a mighty cataract. One kayak's parachute didn't open but it crash-landed without taking a scratch. Unfortunately, two nights later I parked my kayak near an ant hill and it was 50% eaten by morning. In the pre-organic era, with a boat in that condition, I would have had to walk out, and may have run out of food on the way. But instead I took out my emergency seed package and planted a kayak tree in the fertile jungle soil. During the two weeks it took to sprout and bear fruit we live off the remains of my first boat—we had fried kayak, boiled kayak, kayak au gratin, chile con kayak, kayak a la freeze dried hamburger, avocado salad with sweet and sour kayak sauce, etc. We finished our trip two

weeks later, but we came out in the peak of health with a set of great recipes for the whitewater camping cuisine of the future. (Watch for them in the new *AWA Journal* cooking section, entitled "Iris' Kitchen".)

C.W. This is revolutionary! The 1979 edition of my manual for do-it-yourself kayak makers will fit on a postcard. It will be three words long—"Just add water." My next projects will be producing a mail-order seed catalogue and learning about gardening.

J.W. Will the organic kayak burn?

P.S. NO!

C.W. And you did say it is biodegradable?

P.S. YES.

J.W. So, to take a purely hypothetical situation; if a person totaled his organic kayak in the Grand Canyon and hiked out to get a new one leaving the remains of the first in the hands of people envious of his boating ability, people who were looking for an excuse to burn his boat (as if burning the boater in effigy), they wouldn't have the excuse of needing to destroy the boat for conservation reasons, and in any case it wouldn't burn. Right?

P.S. Right. But, on the other

hand, they might convert the wreckage into organic kayak mousse and cannibalize the boater in effigy.

J.W. Rats!

B.C. I have a question. [Chemical formula or computer language]

P.S. [Chemical Formula or computer language]

P.S. Gentlemen—Are we now agreed that developing the Organic Kayak (let's call it "OK" for short) is a priority goal for our sport?

C.W., J.W., B.C. (In Unison) Yes!

P.S. Good. The reason you're here is because there is one major bug in the project, and I need to pick your brains for a solution.

C.W., J.W., B.C. (In Unison) We're the right people!

P.S. I'm glad to hear you say that. This is the hang-up. The OK's we've harvested so far are very erratic in design. After studying the problem, our scientific team concluded that to achieve design quality control our hybrid plant strain needs a further modification, an infusion of grey matter from the brain of a Master Kayak Builder.

C.W., J.W., B.C. (In Unison) "Gulp."

P.S. So I am not going to pick your brains in the metaphorical sense, but to pick one of your brains in the figurative sense. [In

background sound of doors to the sub-basement room slamming shut and being bolted.] —

C.W. Well you can eliminate me from the start. I'm not a master boat designer, I'm just a collector of information — a teacher and a critic. Taking my brain, when you have J.W. and B.C. at hand, would be like selecting Judith Crist to direct a movie when you could have Orson Wells or Otto Preminger instead.

J.W. You've got to count out my brain too. The boats I build are flimsy as hell. Once I accidentally dropped one of my best off the top of my truck and it cracked into a dozen pieces even though it landed on a pile of hay.

C.W. I hope you remember you said that, J.W., the next time you are about to put a price tag of \$695 on one of your "flimsy" boats.

Be That as it may, I think there is no doubt that the greatest mind here belongs to B.C.

B.C. I cannot tell a lie. Actually, the innovations in kayak design and building that are associated with my name were not products of my brain at all. They were thought up by my pet IBM 8000 computer. All these years I've merely been a

front for a machine.

P.S. Gentlemen, your outpouring of modesty is truly extraordinary. But it is not unexpected. I have arranged a simple procedure for selecting the organ donor. [A curtain is drawn at the left of the room, revealing three kayaks and three two-by-fours.]

You see here one boat made by each of you. Each of you now will now attempt to destroy the boat you constructed. The last person to finish is obviously the best boat-builder and therefore the optimal brain. Gentlemen, start your pounding.

Scene: J.W., C.W. and B.C. rush to the boats. J.W. seizes a 2 x 4 and begins alternately pounding on and jumping on the deck. C.W., scornfully passing by his 2 x 4, picks up his kayak and locks his arms around it—squeezing it in a bear hug. His large frame tenses, strains and bulges until suddenly there is a sound like an explosion and his boat has become a pile of dust.

B.C. lays his hands neither on his club nor on his kayak. Instead he takes a lotus position, gazes at the boat intensely, and incants a mantra which sounds like this; [chemical

formula for Sulfuric Acid] His kayak gradually dissolves.

With 2 boats destroyed, all eyes turn to J.W. He is extremely agitated. His face is flushed and he is hunched over his kayak with sweat dripping off his chin and forming small puddles in the hollows of the deck. His club has been reduced to a few frail splinters but his kayak still is unscratched.

J.W. Curse my luck! The last time I did this to one of my boats it cracked immediately!

P.S. You might as well save your breath, J.W., you are clearly the winner.

(P.S. motions to three large security guards who seize J.W., and start dragging him toward a door marked "Operating Room")

J.W. "Stop, Stop—You can't do this to me! I am a married man now! And my brain is my second favorite organ! HELP!!

P.S. Well, C.W. and B.C., I'm sorry about the damage to your boats, but in a couple of weeks I will be happy to replace them with the latest breed of organic kayak. Then you will be the first of many boaters to cruise the wild rivers of the world with the reassurance that a little piece of J.W. is riding with you.

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## Sadness of the Gorges

Above the gorges, one thread of  
sky:

Cascades in the gorges twine a  
thousand cords.

High up, the slant of splintered  
sunlight, moonlight:

Beneath, curbs to the wild heave  
of the waves.

The shock of a gleam, and then  
another,

In depths of shadow frozen for  
centuries:

The rays between the gorges do  
not halt at noon;

Where the straits are perilous,  
hungry spittle.

Trees lock their roots in rotten  
coffins

And the ~~twisted~~ skeletons hang  
tilted upright:

Branches weep as the frost  
perches

Mournful cadences, remote and  
clear.

A spurned exile's shrivelled guts  
Scald and seethe in the water  
and fire he walks through.

A lifetime's like a fine-spun  
thread,

The road goes up by the rope at  
the edge.

When he pours his libation of  
tears to the ghosts in the  
stream

The ghosts gather, a shimmer on  
the waves.

Meng Chiao (751-814 A.D.)

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