ABOVE: A lone paddler strokes toward the sunset on the North Fork of California's Feziver. (Joe Bauer photo)

COVER: Rafters ply both sweeps and paddles to line up Tor Blossom Bar rapid a pushy, congested drop on Rogue River, Oregon. (Joe Bauer photo)
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How to Write to AMERICAN WHITEWATER:

1. Send articles, photos, cartoons, poems and drawings to AWA Editor.
2. Send all membership forms and payments to Membership Chairman.
3. Send advertising matter and payments to Advertising Chairman.
4. Send questions of AWA Policy to Board President.
5. Obtain membership forms and all other information from AWA Secretary.
6. Obtain AWA products from Membership Chairman.
7. Obtain AWA Safety Codes from Dave Smallwood, Box 1261, Jefferson City, MO 65102

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Northeast: Dave Barnhart, 111 N. Bdwv., Irvington-on-Hudson, NY 10533

AWA INFORMATION

How to Submit Articles: Deadlines for all material, including advertising, are the 25th of Dec., Feb., Apr., June, Aug., and Oct., for Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 respectively.

Publication is planned at 6 times yearly. Single copies $1.50. Surplus back copies are available at reduced prices. Write to the Membership Chairman.

American Whitewater is mailed to all members of the American Whitewater Affiliation, an affiliation of boating clubs and individuals interested in whitewater paddle sport. Membership is open to interested individuals at $10.00 per year and to clubs at $12.00 per year. Businesses may affiliate at the rate of $20.00 each year. Clubs and business affiliate names are listed periodically in the Journal.

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

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TUBING SAFETY

Great efforts and preachments of boating safety have been made to the entire paddling community within the past few years. ACA, the Red Cross, AWA, along with countless other organizations and individual clubs have made concerted, costly efforts to educate not just their own members, but all boaters using the whitewater rivers in their areas.

Virtually all of these attempts have been good, and, at least to some degree, effective. But there exists one group of river runners who have traditionally slipped underneath all the nets of our safety/education programs: the tubers. While not a boater per se, the individual floating unconcernedly downstream in a truck inner tube faces all the same risks and dangers of the kayaker, and is seldom armed with the same protective equipment or knowledge.

The reasons for this lack of training, equipment, and safety techniques are obvious. First, inner tubes are not boats. Thus their handlers are not subject to any of the state or federal sponsored safety programs or regulations. Secondly, they are not, for the most part, unified into any club or organization which could represent and instruct their community as a whole. Tubing is the quick and easy shot at whitewater for the untrained. Anybody can buy a tube for a few bucks, or rent one from a gas station which will point you in the direction of the nearest water, and pick you up at the end — if you make it.

The result of such irresponsible river-running and tube renting were hammered home on the Esopus river, during the Open Boat Whitewater Nationals. One tuber, sans tube, was rescued from an overhanging tree branch, by two downriver contestants training for the next day's race. He was nearly hypothermic. A girl tuber was found unconscious, floating in an eddy, by another set of downriver contestants. The paddlers revived her and she was rushed via ambulance to a hospital. Fortunately, she survived. Practically every boater has heard of similar horror stories.

Most of us would nod our heads righteously that tubers should, as a group, exhibit more common sense on the river. But it is darn tough to exhibit this "common" river sense, when they have never heard of it in the first place. Tubers won't wear PFD's if someone does not inform them it is a wise idea, and why it is wise. They will not keep their feet up and downstream, or know what water is unnrunnable. Paddlers cannot expect tubers to know by some magic instinct what they themselves had to learn through decades of experience. I do not believe that regulations on tubing will add to any great measure to tubing safety. But I do believe that all paddling clubs and organizations can help improve the safety record of tubing by a concerted effort to share with them the information we have already learned.

Bart Jackson
Dear Bart,

It might be of interest to your readers . . . (that) I handle the requests for water releases from the Corps of Army Engineer Dams in New England. I have to have the requests by January 1, 1981 for all 1981 releases. The Boston AMC (Appalachian Mountain Club) has been handling requests and filing the paper forms for some number of years now and we do it for all organizations or groups who request water releases. However, the number of actual releases is very limited.

We also handle the release requests for the Upper Farmington River at New Boston, Mass. from the Massachusetts Department of Forests and Parks.

In New Hampshire, send requests to: Edward S. Acton, Box 308, Freedom, N.H. 03836. (603) 539-6398.

In Massachusetts, send to Edward S. Acton, Box 2451, Woburn, Mass. 01888. (617) 935-4567.

Sincerely,
Ted Acton
Woburn, Mass.

Chilean Impressions Questioned

Dear AWA,

I was very upset about the paragraph in your last Chile article (Chilean Impressions – Part II, Vol. XXIV, No. 3-4, by Pete Skinner.) about the "daring aerial attack" that killed Allende, etc. . . . Let me just mention a few basic facts that are undisputed (after lengthy Senate hearings into ITT, the CIA, Dita Beard; and after the Letelier murder on the streets of Washington):

1. Until that "daring aerial attack" Chile was the oldest democracy in Latin America.
2. Allende was the elected President, notwithstanding heavy U.S. intervention against him in the electoral process.
3. The chaos in the Chilean economy was orchestrated by the CIA and U.S. corporations.
4. The Pinochet government has committed mass murder; mass torture; has assassinated, exiled national leaders (like Letelier) in foreign countries; and has some real live ex-Nazis helping to run its secret police.

Regards,
Art Block

American Whitewater forwarded a copy of this letter to Pete Skinner, author of "Chilean Impressions" who, below, makes the following reply:

Dear Art,

You and several others have expressed strong concern about certain political aspects of the "Chilean Impressions" series. Your comments arise from well-documented evidence about the autocratic rule of Chile’s present government, plus U.S. illicit economic intervention in Chilean affairs under the Nixon administration.

I sympathize fully with your concerns. We all loathe foreign intervention or autocratic rule in Chile or anywhere. I, like you, dream of international relations marked by ethical conduct from all countries. However, until that time, we should not reject the country’s populace or unique social and recreational resources.
based on action taken by those out of the populace's control.

You specifically complained about implications in my articles venerating the present regime and the architects of the Allende assassination. Veneration was not my goal, rather it was to describe the country's citizens, attitudes, and economy — from rural campesino to urban intelligentsia. I believe there can be no surrogate for being in a place to report on conditions there.

Also, while we all reject our government's past dismal interference with Chile, we must not let it unnecessarily destroy a more healthy interaction between the peoples of our two countries. In this way, athletics and tourism, which AWA stands for, may be the best way to rekindle ethical government and real personal freedom in all countries.

Finally, I am, like you, intensely concerned about Chileans' personal freedom and civil rights. They are, in the main, a wonderful, warm people, deserving all the democratic rights we enjoy. It is sad, indeed, that these very same rights, currently part of American law, recently freed Letelier's murderers. However, it is hard for me to accept the notion that we must avoid travel to a peaceful populace and spectacular place just because a despotic government lives there.

Sincerely,

Pete Skinner

APOLOGIA

Dear Readers,

By receipt of this issue, you are probably wondering whether the summer's long delay between issues of the AWA Journal was merely a holding back of the floodgates so we could deluge readers with a bi-weekly publication in the fall, of this bi-monthly magazine.

The entire AWA staff apologizes for the long delay in getting our readers their copies of the May-June issue (Vol. XXV #3). And we regret that this has caused us to send issue four and issue five (this current one) so quickly on the heels of one another. Certain editorial and mailing/distribution problems, now rectified, originated the delay and forced us into this tight scheduling to make sure our readers received all their 1980 issues within 1980.

The next issue of The Journal (Vol. XXV #6, November-December) will be following this one fairly closely, and depending on the holiday mails, should be arriving at your door somewhere between Christmas and New Years Day.

We of AWA beg our readers' forgiveness for this delay, but we also ask for your cooperation on this one point. When you move or change your address, you must let Executive Director Phil Vogel know. Write him at P.O. Box 1483, Hagerstown, MD 21740, or call collect (206) 839-3573. Magazines are not forwarded through the mails automatically. Well over three fourths of the "Where is my issue?" queries are from readers who have moved and never let us know. This especially includes AWA Club Affiliates, who change officers annually, but never let us know the new officer and address with the renewal.

Again we thank you for your patience and cooperation,

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

Not without difficulty. Unless, of course, the kayak has a cockpit tailored to fit a guy whose sport coats are 46 long. Most don't. Which one reason big guys take up football instead of kayaking. So Old Town has introduced the 231 poundman into 3 a 3 pound kayak. Five pounds and eight extra inches of opening, the cockpit will go around the legs and a linebacker. Those extra inches make a kayak Old Town our daft. And with eight extra inches of opening the hull will go around a river in a hurry. 

Young of their sport), work under anyone principle, it's that kayak designs must have more than one side. The side you see on TV. In which the world class athlete plummets straight down a wall of water. To win medals with his Lettmann Hydro 80 or Prijon Dolphin. And the side you don't see on TV. In which the guy next door rides a playful stream like a feather rides a breeze. And would rather have his Lettmann Mark IV or Prijon 420 than own the Queen Mary. 

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

Old Town. The Old Masters.
Old Town Canoe Co., Dept. W
Old Town, ME 04468.
(207) 827-5513.

If our designers, Klaus Lettmann and Toni Prijon (the Young of their sport), work under anyone principle, it's that kayak designs must have more than one side. 

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Old Town Canoe Co., Dept. W
Old Town, ME 04468.
(207) 827-5513.
Affiliates, send your newsletters to our Editor to help AWA stay current with your club's activities and concerns.

RENT-A-CANOY GUIDES AVAILABLE

If you are a canoeist who wants to paddle a river somewhere across the country but doesn't necessarily relish the idea of carting your boat all the way out there, renting a boat from a local livery may be your answer. Currently, there are two new nationwide guides to help you find an available livery — and the best thing about them is that they're both free for the asking.

1. The National Guide of accredited canoe livery and outfitters
   Available from: The National Association of Canoe Livery and Outfitters P.O. Box 515, Big Rapids, Mich. 49307
2. The Rent-A-Canoe Directory
   Available from: Grumman Boats, Marathon, N.Y. 13803

Neither of these guides is, or claims to be, complete, but together, they offer the most comprehensive information on renting available.

ICF RIVERSIDE SIGNALS

The International Canoe Federation's Touring Committee has recently developed a set of eight international river signs, shown below. Similar to the international road signs, they are designed for use at danger points on popular rivers. AWA asks all affiliates to publish these signs in their next newsletter and place a poster of them in their club house. We also ask that trip leaders post these signs where needed. Knowing what's around the next bend before you get there can be a real life-saver.

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INTERNATIONAL CANOE FEDERATION
International River Signalisation for Canoeists

- Danger in General
- Unnavigable
- Perhaps Navigable
- Unshooatable
- Piles
- Power Station
- Cable
- No Navigation

-- Thanks to Conewago Canoe Club's "Paddle Talk" for this chart.
**THE BERATING OF A PRESIDENT**

Now that the more trivial elections have been held, many paddling clubs will be making that all important decision: what poor sucker will be conned into being president this year. AWA realizes that no job offers more work with less honor and nil remuneration, than presiding over a boating club. Thus with candidates so numerous, we offer our readership a 1981 club officers' candidates' checklist. Just quiz your candidate and score him the appropriate number of points for each category:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Score 4</th>
<th>Score 3</th>
<th>Score 2</th>
<th>Score 1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>SCOUTING</strong></td>
<td>Can describe river hazards in detail.</td>
<td>Psyches out self. Lies around campfire.</td>
<td>Tells lies around campfire.</td>
<td>Falls into campfire.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LEADERSHIP</strong></td>
<td>Well organized as trip leader.</td>
<td>On-river organization is loose.</td>
<td>Loses organization on river.</td>
<td>Loses river.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BOAT CONTROL</strong></td>
<td>Boats well over falls.</td>
<td>Follows boat down falls.</td>
<td>Falls Out under boat.</td>
<td>Falls down at put-in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>READING ABILITY</strong></td>
<td>Reads currents on first try.</td>
<td>Tries to read current events.</td>
<td>Reads comics first.</td>
<td>Illiterate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>STAMINA</strong></td>
<td>Runs three miles a day.</td>
<td>Runs a mile a day.</td>
<td>Runs a while, calls it a day.</td>
<td>Has the runs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ROPE THROWING</strong></td>
<td>Hits target with bitter end.</td>
<td>Hits target with both ends.</td>
<td>Hits both trees.</td>
<td>No better at end.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>EQUIPMENT</strong></td>
<td>Uses full spray cover.</td>
<td>Covers bow only.</td>
<td>Covers eyes.</td>
<td>Hides under covers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HEAVY WATER ABILITY</strong></td>
<td>Handles heaviest turbulence.</td>
<td>Passes by in quieter water.</td>
<td>Passes water.</td>
<td>Passes out.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SHUTTLE ABILITY</strong></td>
<td>Makes run with all drivers.</td>
<td>Makes run with some drivers.</td>
<td>Makes drivers run.</td>
<td>Runs over drivers.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Thanks to KCCNY's Newsletter
CONSERVATION NOTES

ENERGY INFO —
BY PHONE

The Office of Energy Information Services has developed the National Energy Information Center (NEIC), which is currently offering a public hotline to answer any and all energy questions. Just call NEIC Monday through Friday, 8 am to 5:30 pm at (202) 252-8800.

Since this service is aimed to serve not only the general public, but state, federal, and local agencies, as well as the academic community, the range of data available is quite broad. AWA has tried this service and found them not only cooperative, but able to answer many questions and provide statistics about existing and planned dams.

Also, the Energy Information Administration has over 350 publications which will be mailed to you upon request. These include the EIA’s bi-weekly news release (by subscription), the EIA Referral Directory, plus FEDEX — a computerized bibliographic search file providing quick research for just about anything in the Department of Energy.


WILD & SCENIC
A BIT OF PROGRESS

On September 22nd, the latest installment of the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act passed by a strong majority through the House of Representatives and is now on its way to the Senate. This installment is part of the Wild & Scenic Amendment for 1980, a package put together by Rep. Phillip Burton (D-Calif.), Chairman of the House Interior subcommittee on National Parks and Insular Affairs, entitled Bill #HR 8096.

This recently padded segment places 14 new rivers under study for Wild and Scenic designation, and puts four others under immediate designation. They are:

- lower American River (all the way into Sacramento, Calif.)
- North Umpqua River
- Illinois River
- Dosewallips River (Wash.)

It should be remembered that these studies and designations have only passed the House. This makes it easier, but the Senate is no rubber stamp. It will take individual boaters and their clubs pushing their senators to get behind this bill.

The Hand of ARCC was quite strong in getting the bill passed this far. American Rivers Conservation Council’s Dave Conrad gives most of the credit to several nationwide boating groups who joined with a coalition of sport fishing groups, which he united back in November, 1978. The coalition includes The American League of Anglers; The National Wildlife Federation; The Isaac Walton League; The Federation of Fly Fishermen; The Theodore Gordon Fly Fishers Association; and The Wilderness Society.

For this reason, many of the newly protected streams have high fishing qualities, as well as long stretches of runnable white and flat water. “Many of these fishing groups,” stated Conrad “have a very strong lobby power, which we can really use. One of ARCC’s major jobs is to coordinate all the river-saving groups into an active, large river conservation force. It is a continual building and uniting effort.”
QUOTAS AT WOLF’S DOOR AS CRUD ACQUIRES

The Wolf River, one of Wisconsin’s most boated and rafted streams, now faces the problems and potential restrictions of over-use. Innumerable boating clubs, who have long counted the Wolf as an old standby, now share it with thousands of trout fishermen, campers, and $300,000 worth of commercial rafting annually. With this popularity has come mounds of litter and charges of illegal camping, wood cutting, and trespassing.

On August 14th, the Greenbay Gazette published a second article protesting public misuse of the Wolf with heavy implications that commercial raft customers and private boaters are solely responsible. (it always amazes AWA how anyone who floats on anything automatically assumes the sins of any other floating group.)

The Gazette article boosts one prime solution to the problems: restricted use. The Natural Resources Board’s master plan allows such limits and Dept. of Natural Resources officials claim that limits would preserve the Wolf’s wild areas for those “willing to make an effort to get there.”

Private boaters, however, are less enthralled about the prospect of restricted use. They claim, sensibly, that if quotas are established, virtually all slots will go to the rafting companies and their $300,000 a year business. Whereas the non-spending private boater will be left on the bank. Already, private boat discrimination has been charged: local deputies assigned to check for and confiscate cans and other litterables have virtually Gestapoed private boaters while totally ignoring raft inspection.

Many officials claim, says boater Tom Thalmann, “that we boaters are littering the river banks, not the darling, money-spending rafters . . . (but) you have only to paddle the river to know where the garbage is coming from.”

STOLEN BOAT

Stolen on July 19th. from the Holiday Inn at Columbus, Ohio: a one of a kind kayak built by Hank Hayes. Be on the lookout.

It has an Augsburg II high-volume hull, tan with a dark brown outside seam and dark brown cockpit rim. It was an S-glass and Kevlar hull with transverse reinforcing ribs at 15-inch centers. It has bolt-in Yakima foot braces, ethafoam walls and ethafoam seat. If found, there is a reward. Contact: Bob Lee, 501 Lapin Lane, West Lafayette, Ind. 47096. (317) 743-6334.

If you come upon the culprits, please mail them to the above address—one limb at a time.

TVA’s RIVER TOLLGATE

Tennessee’s Ocoee River, which for the past couple of years has provided Class III+ boating to thousands, has always flowed with a Damaclesian insecurity, under the sword of the TVA. The Ocoee, as most of us now know, came into existence when the flume which diverted water for power generation broke, filling the nearly dry bed. There have always been threats to rebuild the flume; now the Tennessee Valley Authority is doing it.

The TVA did promise, however, what seemed a reasonable number of recreational water release days. But here’s the rub: the releases would only be provided if they paid the power company for the potential revenue lost by not diverting the water and running it through the turbines.

So the TVA suggested that Congress appropriate funds to pay them to allow water to flow in the Ocoee. –(sort of an extra fee for acting in the public interest.) Not to be outdone, the House Appropriations Committee suggested releases be made, no funds appropriated, but user fees be charged by river runners to recompense the TVA. No word from Senate Appropriations or TVA’s response as yet, but AWA will keep you informed.
AWA Book Reviews

SOME POSSIBLE ADDITIONS TO YOUR BOATING BOOKSHELF

AWA is constantly on the lookout for new books and films on boating, the environment, and generally related topics. We welcome outside reviews from interested readers. If you would like a book or film reviewed, just send a copy to the AWA Editor. (If not elsewhere listed, please include book price and a few author biography notes.)

A GUIDE TO BIG WATER CANOEING

David Alan Herzog

130 pages, 5” x 8”, $4.95

There is a lovely color photo of a canoe at sunset on a lake gracing the cover. From there on it’s all downhill. Legends were omitted from some diagrams, a portion of a sentence turns up two pages from where it is supposed to be, and the illustrations are at best confusing. The black-and-white photos are all borrowed, either from Old Town or the Canada Travel Bureau and are often inappropriate and add nothing to the story. If the author spends as much time fixing his boat as he does writing about fixing it, ’tis no wonder he has gained nothing from personal experience to contribute to the canoeing world.

As far as the title goes, there is big water canoeing, as in large volume rivers, and then there is BIG water canoeing, as in Hudson’s Bay, and neither of these is discussed. It is easy to suggest some topics which should have been in a book with this title: paddling on the changing tide, onshore and offshore winds, navigating the “rattles”, stabilizing and additional flotation for an offshore canoe; but none of these is mentioned. Very few pages indeed are devoted to the topic stated by the title.

If this isn’t enough, can you picture teaching the bow-rudder as an advanced stroke?! And the sweep stroke is explained wrong! Why anyone with so little to offer would attempt to write a book about canoeing, I do not know. But if this one turns up on your local booksellers’ shelf, leave your wallet in your pocket.

— Reviewed by Tom McCloud

THE OBED/EMORY WATERSHED

Monte D. Smith

155 pages, paperback, 22 full-page photos, $7.95 postpaid.
Available from Rocker Associates, Box 212335, Nashville, Tenn. 37212.

One of the most recent whitewater guides to roll off the press is one of the most detailed and best. This volume zeroes in on the 142 exciting miles of East Tennessee’s Obed/Emory watershed, describing 18 well-documented trips, ranging from Class II to V. It’s a step-by-step guide whose six-by-eight-and-a-half inch size makes it an easy reference book to ride along in your dry bag.

Monte D. Smith, professor at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, and former President of the Tennessee Scenic Rivers Association, spent five years paddling every rapid that he writes about — except, of course, the ones he swam.

The book’s watershed gathers momentum atop East Central Tennessee’s Cumberland plateau between Nashville and Knoxville — an area described as “possibly the last great wilderness recreation area in the Eastern United States.” (Wilderness Camping). The water tumbles off that
sylvan escarpmet in a wild rampage through dramatic gorges that open up at the end of whitewater runs into peaceful, pastoral valleys.

One of the great problems in boating the Obed/Emory system is determining the flow which can vary between 100,000 cfs in spring flood, down to zilch in summer. In this volume, Monte gives a recommended range for each of the 18 sections, based on the telemetric gauge readings at Oakdale on the Emory River. With it, he details suggested skill levels, gradient, and rapid categories, so that after obtaining the flow for the day, the prospective paddler can determine what runs are suitable. (Flow data is available from a TVA 24-hour recording by calling (615) 525-5751; or toll free within business hours: (800) 362-9250 within Tennessee; (800) 251-9242 from outside. General boating range is between 14,000 - 300 cfs for most sections.)

Smith's classification of rapids is not only accurate, but presents some interesting extra features to experienced paddlers of the area. Some samples of what the author deems Class III are Nantahala Falls, Entrance on Chattooga IV, and the Obed's Omigod! at 2000 cfs. Some Class IV's on Monte's list are Sock-emdog on Chattooga IV and Frank Bell's Rapid on the French Broad. For Class V, he names Body Snatcher on the Doe River gorge and The S's on the Obed.

But beyond the traditional I-VI, Smith also classifies stream difficulty with a larger numerical rating: from 35 (Lower Island Creek at 7,500 cfs) to 4 (Harpeth River narrows). This second rating takes in whole river sections at various levels and gives the reader a better comparative idea of how one section stacks up against another.

What makes the book extremely entertaining in addition to being informative is the number of anecdotes blended into trip descriptions, e.g. when describing the Obed's fearsome Rock Garden he includes:

"... Dick Wooten attempted this rapid and overturned just above the most turbulent spot: a funnel-shaped undercut crevice. An alert safety person on one of the river right rocks snatched Wooten from the water to safety, but his canoe had disappeared.

"There was no sign, no trace of a 16-foot canoe! Anybody but the dauntless Dick Wooten would have been looking for a hiking trail out of the gorge, and indeed without hesitation Wooten headed into the brush while his companions wondered if he knew the trail out. But as suddenly as he departed, he returned brandishing a nine-foot log with which he began to poke and pry in the vicinity of where his boat disappeared,..."

For the surprising end to that story you'll have to read the book, which for this tale's end and much valuable boating information, make it well worth the price.

- Reviewed by Henry Wallace

GOODBYE TO A RIVER

John Graves

306 pages, 5½" x 8", $3.95

Available from University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, NE; 1959, reprinted 1977.

North Texas is dry country, and it is hard to argue against the building of water reservoirs. But that does not erase the emotional pain for the author and numerous other residents. John Graves grew up along the Brazos River and spent his youth paddling it. Now it is to be permanently drowned. This book is not about white-water, nor is it a riverguide or expedition report. Rather, it recounts the history, anecdotes and adventures of the residents along that rather short stretch of the Brazos which is about to become a lake.

Some stories are of fun times, some of hardship, some recent events and some early pioneer deeds. Not all is pleasant: he described in details the cruelties of Com-shifted (continued on page 29)
Cully Erdman grew up in Dorset, Vermont, where his folks ran a motel: Erdman's Eyrie, on the shores of Emerald Lake and under the shadow of Dorset Peak. His outdoor upbringing has made Cully a ski racer and trainer, as well as one of the most adventurous and televised kayakers in the country. Cully's constant and fearless companion, Jojo Suchowejko, has provided AWA with these magnificent photos of this spectacular country and its water.

More and more, the kayak has become a popular way for the adventurous to explore the world. Within the past few years, boating expeditions have probed Latin America, Australia, Africa, and Asia—nearly remote areas only open to the paddler. Within recent years, Himalayan rivers have felt the touch of European blades, but until now few Americans have had the chance to boat here.

Recently, kayaking has been given fantastic exposure on ABC television's "American Sportsman", thanks to producer John Wilcox and director Roger Brown. Then, early in 1979, came the ultimate: ABC gave the green light for a climb of 22,500-foot Mount Ama Dablam (near Everest) and a first run by kayak of the Arun River, flowing through the Himalayas in Eastern Nepal. To our overwhelming elation John Wasson, Tom Ruwitch and myself were chosen as the team to attempt the run. A fantasy come true.

The Arun River

The Arun valley has historically been a major transportation route between the Indian subcontinent and the Tibetan plateau. Long before the Himalayas ever uplifted and long before the Indus and Brahmaputra were mere trickles, the Arun ran its current course. As a result, this river has carved one of the few canyons that bisect the Himalayan massif. When the geological uplift came, the canyons rose around the Arun, while the revered Indus made thousand-mile detours around the rising peaks.

Because the gorge affords one of the few routes through the world's tallest mountain range, civilizations have used and guarded it for thousands of years. Currently, this gateway has become sensitive as it lies on the borders of Communist China. Nepal itself has only been open to outside visitors since 1950, and only recently have they felt the political situation stable enough for such an expedition.
secure enough to allow Western visitors into the valley.

Making its headwaters high in Tibet, behind Everest, the Arun gathers volume and plunges straight into the Himalayan heartland, carving a stupendous gorge, 20 miles wide and 18,500 feet deep. It was here we would search for our run. As boaters, we were expected to participate as support crew for the climb, leaving little time to research the Arun's whitewater. Consequently, when we arrived in Kathmandu, we had little to go on, other than the river's location on some very vague maps. Frantic questioning of locals revealed little more before leaving on the Ama Dablam climb.

From what information we did gain, we selected a 30-mile stretch in the foothills, just below the massif and its canyon of cataracts. Here, the whitewater would be exciting, but reasonable, and the support logistics possible.

Kayaks Down the Arun

We didn't make a mile before the first bad rapid, which Phil wisely portaged. Neither Tom nor I had boated with the good doctor before, but teamwork came swiftly and necessarily among us. The first swim was Phil's and with much luck cum effort we rescued both boat and Phil just before we plunged into the next unscouted rapid – a close call. From there, heavy Class V rapids became standard and we made only six miles that day, along with six major portages.

Our map exaggerated, but all agreed the river dropped a minimum of 100 feet per mile. The rapids' incredible power required strong, accurate maneuvers – very difficult in 70 pound, loaded boats. Out here, running marginal lines would be insanely risky; so we portaged some drops that might have been run with empty boats on familiar water. (Thank Gawd for the Hollowforms that could be portaged by simply dragging them over rocks.)

The Second Day's Paddle greeted us with the heaviest drop yet encountered: a waterfall with 6-8000 cfs falling vertically over a 10-foot ledge. It was the first of the day's many portages. It was an exhausting day. I took a nasty swim when my boat pinned briefly on the bottom of a steep chute. Phil swam, only a last-second hustle recovered boat and gear.

"[We had] spectacular views ranging from intensely cultivated, terraced foothills to high peaks towering 20,000 vertical feet above us."
Clearly, we were pushing our luck. Less than 10 miles progress had been made that day and 12-15 remained. We were running low on food and Dr. Phil diagnosed Tom's growing stomach disorder as dysentery. Hopes for finishing the run on schedule looked dismal.

We studied the Class VI hole just down-stream and the riverside path which had just joined us, and opted to walk on the latter. The prospect of carting 70 pounds of gear each over 15 miles in this heat was crushing. But it was solved by waving a $100 Nepalese bill before some passing local farmers who had stopped to view this strange behavior. They dropped what they were doing and helped us prepare for a 15 mile portage to the takeout.

The Arun River Area

Scouting – Himalayan Style

Tom Ruwitch, Dr. Phil Freedman, and I left the climb a week early to scout the proposed run by boat before the bulk of the party arrived. Along with seeking out the best rapids, we were to find routes for cameramen and porters. Our plan was to fly to Tumlingtar and climb right from the airstrip up the Arun valley. However, a slight preview of the upcoming monsoon season forced our pilot to make a detour landing in a Nepal/Indian border town close to Bangladesh.

The rickshaw ride into town from the airport, I will never forget: dodging everything from plodding oxcarts to speeding buses. Scenes of lush gardens contrasted sights of horrifying poverty and malnutrition so common to the area.

The next morning, we landed at Tumlingtar, met our porters, and headed out, plodding along in the overpowering heat through crowds of curious locals. Our route followed a ridgeline paralleling the Arun valley as we slowly clambered up “foothills” as large as the Rocky Mountains. We eventually lost sight of the river, which was flat here, and decided to scout downriver. From the ridge, we caught brief glimpses of the river, 3000 feet below – a
only six miles that day, along with six major portages." (All photos, J. Suchowiejko)

not-too-safe but typically Himalayan way to scout an unknown run. (What we did see later turned out to be the easier stretches.)

The going was easy on this main path, and our crestview vantage point provided spectacular views, ranging from intensely cultivated, terraced foothills, to the high peaks towering 20,000 vertical feet above us. Soon, we reached the dump of our supplies and Hollowforms, which had been carried up to a town along the path a week before.

Transporting the five kayaks from Los Angeles to this remote ridge-crest is an incredible task, which is a story in itself. But now our porters faced much the same problem: how to cart a K-1 over 20 miles of rough terrain. Only after trying every other method, did they consent to our pleas to carry them inverted on their heads.

The Second Night out, we camped our highest on the ridge. The population had thinned and the first patches of jungle appeared. Although still the dry season, we awoke next morn with several leeches who had crept through the gap where tent zippers met. Porters assured us that during monsoon season they proliferate to the point where they drop from the trees like rain.

At last the path dropped down to the river again and the water didn’t look too bad. 5,800 cfs flowed over a reasonable gradient. To the total amazement of our porters, we put in -- few Nepalese can swim and thus water holds a special terror for them. Packing each boat with two days food, camping gear, and spare paddle,

(continued on page 29)

**Boating in Nepal:**

- Boats and equipment are available from *Mountain Travel* in Katmandu. They will organize a river expedition for you, with full raft support and travel logistics. They also have full knowledge of what rivers are best.

- Time: Fall is the high water season: September to November. Summer brings the monsoons and makes river camping undesirable. Spring (March - May) is the dry season, with many rivers too low. However, the larger rivers are often too high to run unless at a low stage, and this is an excellent time for many trips.
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Report No. 3 on

HYPOTHERMIA

TREATING IT—ON RIVER & OFF

by MARY GINSBURG

Mary Ginsburg is a biology graduate student who canoes with the Appalachian Mountain Club, New York Chapter. She has recently attended two international conferences on hypothermia and cold water survival, and is summarizing the results for AWA. In this final article of the three-part series, Mary explains how to detect the various stages of hypothermia, and how to treat the victim in each stage.

The literature on hypothermia treatment is voluminous. Any club or individual wishing a short bibliography of the most current, succinct information, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Mary Ginsburg, 1810 Haight Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. 10461.

Yes, hypothermia can be easily prevented—usually. Proper care, as described in the previous issue (Vol. XXV No. 4) greatly reduces it as a boating hazard. But hypothermia does occur and it is just plain foolish for every boater not to be totally aware of its treatment procedures, and to carry the necessary equipment on every trip.

The first step, is to know when to suspect hypothermia. Boaters should be especially alert for hypothermia signs when finding:

▲ an inadequately clothed paddler, e.g. one with no jacket and hat on a cold, rainy, or snowy day.
▲ a paddler who has had a long swim, whether well clothed or not.
▲ a paddler who has had an injury or has a physical condition, such as diabetes, high blood pressure, or a thyroid problem which may predispose him to hypothermia.
▲ a capsized paddler not of your group, whom you have just encountered and rescued.
▲ a boater with any of the symptoms listed on the chart on the next page.

Just determining that it is hypothermia, is not enough. You must also judge the extent, for the degree of hypothermia determines the treatment. If the victim is mildly hypothermic he can still rewarm himself spontaneously if the heat loss is promptly arrested. Thus field treatment is fairly straightforward. However, severe hypothermia requires intensive, competent medical care for survival, whose treatment, both in field and hospital, is considered a controversial topic. The crossover line between mild and severe is a body temperature of about $91^\circ F$, varying somewhat with individuals. Therefore, the next step is to determine the extent of body cooling.

Body core temperature is best measured rectally, by fresh urine temperature, or by other equally inconvenient field methods. Oral temperature is not reliable. (Though alarmingly scarce in this country, a Zeal Subnormal Thermometer can be obtained for your first aid kit, for three dollars, from National Ski Patrol System, Inc., 2901 Sheridan Blvd., Denver, Col. 80214.) In the absence of such a thermometer, the victim's temperature must be evaluated from his physical symptoms. The chart below is a symptomatic guide, but individual variations must be kept in mind.
# The Stages of Hypothermia

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<th>Core Temperature</th>
<th>Physical Symptoms</th>
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Before slathering the victim with aid, you should also determine whether hypothermia is chronic or acute. When acute, (the most probable type encountered on the river) body temperature drops suddenly and the physiology and biochemistry remain stable except for processes immediately affected by the cold. When chronic, the body has cooled slowly, perhaps several days, with its functions attempting to compensate. Here, the victim is a "metabolic icebox" where sudden rewarming could upset the biochemistry and cause death.

MILD HYPOTHERMIA TREATMENT

Here, since the victim can rewarm himself spontaneously, the goal is to get him into a warm environment and help him conserve his remaining body heat. Of course, trip conditions limit feasibility of first aid techniques, but as many as possible should be tried.

1. Give him hot liquids, preferably sweet and non-caffeine, definitely non-alcoholic. Feed him high energy foods.
2. Get him into warm, dry clothes, and out of the wind. Wrap him in a wool blanket and/or space blanket, preferably both. If the group has a blanket or sleeping bag, prewarm it, either by a fire or by body heat of a warm paddler: before an insulating wrap can conserve body heat, its surface must be raised to body temperature, which the hypothermic victim may be unable to do. Remember to give him a warm dry hat, and to insulate him from the ground if he sits or lies down.
3. Use buddy warming techniques: form a huddle around him; breathe your warm air where it will warm the air he breathes; put a warm, unclothed paddler into a sleeping bag with him if it seems necessary and possible, leaving his limbs exposed and warming only his torso to avoid sending cold blood back from the extremities to the heart.
4. Build a fire, but urge him to use it judiciously; he should NOT warm his extremities first.
5. Immersion: rapid external warming by immersing only the torso in warm water (about 110°F, but never over 115°F) is safe for the mild-to-moderate hypothermia victim. The tub can be obtained from a friendly, riverside homeowner. Possible substitutes are clothes soaked in warm water or filled with canteens applied to the torso.

Take the time to assure that the victim has begun to rewarm himself, but without endangering others in the group. (Make sure that they stay warm.) Once rewarming has begun and fatigue has been rever-
sed, exercise will aid the victim's heat generation, but he should be watched carefully during the rest of the trip.

**SEVERE HYPOTHERMIA TREATMENT**

There is much medical controversy, but all agree the severe hypothermic victim is in an extremely fragile state, where heart can easily go into ventricular fibrillation (fine, rapid twiching of the individual muscles of the lower heart chambers, this replaces regular contractions and does not pump blood through the body). Extreme gentleness of handling is essential to prevent this, and survival depends on swift delivery to a competent medical facility. Thus the goal is to stop further heat loss as gently as possible and to send for professional help.

1. Immediately, insulation from the environment is necessary; but without the victim's movement or warming his extremities. The wet suit should be cut off, rather than struggling to remove it normally.

2. Mouth-to-mouth or proximity breathing should be applied. If available, and someone knows how to operate it, use of a mechanical air warmer is an optimum method.

From here on, the debates begin. There seems no definitive answer for the hypothermic victim who appears pulseless. Some say CPR should be administered before evacuation to a hospital; some say not. In any event, an open airway should be constantly maintained. (Cold water drowning, of course, is a different matter: see article in AWA Journal Vol. XXV No. 2, "Cold Water Survival").

There is agreement, however, on the need for great gentleness of handling. This must be kept in mind with all decisions concerning first aid and evacuation in the difficult circumstances possible on many canoe trips.

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ENTRAPMENT
on the
KAATERSKILL

Being trapped inside a boat, under the water is about the greatest horror a paddler can face. Yet it is an ever-increasing danger whose possibility and rescue technique must be planned for. This is the story of a kayak entrapment as viewed by the victim (Chuck Rollins) and rescuer (Pete Skinner).

Chuck Rollins is living proof that naught can daunt the devoted paddler. Within the past year, he has endured accident, fire, and theft, plus all the normal whitewater inhibitors, and still kept paddling. On an early 1980 trip, the backstrap in Chuck’s Quest kayak ripped out, leaving him without a roll and causing a weekend of numerous swims. Later, his trusty VW bus was engulfed in blazing conflagration destroying three kayaks and all his paddling gear. This was soon followed by a midnight parking lot raid in which Chuck’s one remaining kayak was stolen. So when I asked Chuck to paddle the Catskill and Kaaterskill creeks one spring Sunday, his answer was a re-sounding, “Of course.”

Catskill Creek flows out of New York state’s Catskill mountains. We put in at Leeds, N.Y. and ran this traditional, Class III run several miles to the Thruway. The 2000 cfs of water were icy cold—as Chuck assured us while emptying out his boat after the first drop.

With this warmup, we took out, loaded up the boats, and headed for the treacherous and never-run gorge of the Kaaterskill.

We had chosen to start at a large falls and run to Palenville—three short, but oh-so-sweet miles. The rocky slit was carrying only 300 cfs of brown, icy water, but that was plenty. Precipitous drops over jagged ledges kept adrenalin pumping. We had one swim when the kayak bridged and bent, but otherwise drop after drop went well.

We continued to plunge and paddle down this tight stream, carrying two trashy falls, until we came to the outskirts of the town. And there it stood, between the first riverside houses: a rickety suspension bridge spanning a spectacular 12-foot falls. A challenge just begging for Chuck to de-virginize it.

Chuck studied the drop. A low ledge funneled most of the river through a two-foot slot, onto a flat, slab-like shelf, then over the 12-foot falls into a calm pool below. He then maneuvered his boat to slide effortlessly over the break in the low ledge, while the rest of us looked on.

Chuck Rollins, when not in surgery as New York’s famed pothole doctor or fulfilling duties as the Kayak and Canoe Club of New York’s Safety Chairman, spends his time enthusiastically plunging down whitewater defiles. Pete Skinner, AWA’s own Chairman and hotdogger par excellence, can be found challenging any stream barely within human limits—or just a slight bit beyond.
CHUCK’S VIEW OF THE FALL

Paddling across the flat pool, I lined up for a broken slot which would define the straight shot over the 10-foot falls below. It seemed so easy: hit the slightly frothing slot, cross a shallow platform, then straight whoopie time.

I stroked with the flow through the first slot. The boat began to find its own way — then DAMIT! Everything jerked to a stop. The slack in my posture disappears... the bow buries and the stern sinks down in the slot. Water sweeps up the stern deck — up my back — and over my head.

The simple had grown complex. Still, no great concern, yet. I’m in a water envelope: I can still breathe, visibility is good, and I even see Larry Osgood taking pictures.

The water was very cold. I’d been in a full wetsuit all day, but was really missing my pogies now. I flailed my paddle, but the water was too foamy to give resistance. Momentary panic jabbed me as the kayak wavered and sank against the bottom of the slot. Now real concern set in and I began to consider my options.

Some paddle probing revealed I was stable — very stable. The idea of a quick jump out of the cockpit was abandoned since I would have to give up my paddle and the boat would probably fold on my legs before I cleared the cockpit.

I thought. Those guys on shore must be very busy; I hadn’t seen or heard anything. My confidence was absolute. But then came something strange... “What the hell?” My paddle was yanked out of my hands by some stater... I groped... panic blade came back. The boat w I hear Kevin’s voice yelling... ling”.

I yell back to Kevin to pull, but not too hard — I’m already balance to the right. He pull first joint effort results in a flip. Now my concern beca and real. The rotation had side down, head underwater stuck in the slot with tremen sure against my back and thing was pushing me forward exit prospects seemed slim.

It is times like this that the ology of survival begins to ass actualy recall considering jus I would have to bend my kn other direction, without break to get out. At last it worked a ped up beside Kevin and Pete.

Swiftly, Kevin grabbed my Peter’s, who was trying to grip pery cold ledge. That arm couldn’t last long, so I studied just below and yelled to Ke me go. Lined up in the main l swept easily over the falls ar ed Kevin plop right behind swam to the left shore where quickly joined by Larry and P.

The knees were severely str not broken. Two weeks of p bed rest coincided very neatly NYC subway strike, and were by six weeks of progressively less hobbling around. A fair ending considering the event.
The Pin Above The Falls

Chuck's water reading was right, his paddling accurate; but the river holds endless, undetectable tricks. No sooner had the boat slipped down the tongue, than the kayak abruptly stopped, pinned against a hidden something, on the shelf, above the falls. That something turned out to be a small depression in the slab itself, hollowed by the relentless Kaaterskill pouring through the small slot. With the nose pinned, the kayak sank into the slot, trapping Chuck underneath a rooster-tail of swift brown water, his paddle sticking out on both sides.

Chuck's "Rescue". On shore, we soon realized Chuck needed outside help NOW. the power of the tongue, the weight of the water on his stern, and the shape of the rocks made any effort on his part futile. Not only was the boat pinned fast, Chuck was trapped tightly in it — a strong jet slamming his back prevented any sternward escape movement.

Kevin Hanrahan and I started running towards Chuck across the ankledeep, flat shelf. Splashing to within two feet of the pinned boat, we suddenly sank to our waists. The flat shelf we thought continuous, hid an insidious hollow.

From here on, our mistakes began. Without thinking, Kevin and I pulled vigorously on Chuck's outstretched paddle, trying to dislodge both boat and occupant. When nothing happened, we yanked again; this time so hard the paddle jerked out of Chuck's hands. Realizing the foolishness of this attempt and the danger to Chuck, we sheepishly pushed the paddle back into Chuck's watery cacoon for his use.

A minute elapsed and we felt things were getting very serious. Somewhat panicked, Kevin and I urged on the paddle again and disaster struck. Help seemed to come from Chuck, but instead of the boat dislodging, it rolled upside down, still stuck fast in the icy vice. Kevin and I lept for the boat to wrestle it free. Just then, Chuck managed to squirm out of the cockpit as his boat folded in half.

Three very relieved boaters clambered to a perch atop the falls. But before we could gain a solid seat, Kevin and Chuck were washed over the brink, followed right behind by the still unfolding kayak, into the pool below.

The Error of Our Ways

With the benefit of hindsight, we now realize our rescue attempt was unplanned and multi-flawed. It also proved that an improper rescue attempt often enhances, rather than eliminates danger. First, two basic laws of paddling Class IV-V rivers were disregarded:

I. Make adequate reconnaissance of each drop. Any questionable drop demands scouting. Waterfalls, like the one involved here, require soundings below each ledge and slot, to detect hidden snags and shallows. Such paddle probing on our part might have revealed the entrapment hollow in the shelf. We could have chosen another route and avoided this unfortunate pin.

II. Plan rescue methods — before and during trip. Each rapid has its individual formations, offering boaters a unique set of dangers. Ideally, we should have postulated each possible trouble spot and planned an appropriate response. Such mental preparation would have made our actions swifter and avoided our panic response.

But our main flaw was that we ran before we planned a rescue strategy. A moment's thought would have caused us to realize:

1. Chuck could have survived in his initial position without injury for 10 to 20 minutes.

2. Given this amount of time, we could deploy everyone at the site for the optimum rescue attempt.

3. Pulling on Chuck's paddle would only rotate the boat upside down.
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Pack up an Omni 15 for your next trip and that night, have dinner on Kero-Sun!

Puts the WARM where you want it!
ENTRAPMENT

(continued from page 27)

4. Pulling laterally along the boat’s mid-section would never succeed in dislodging it from the slot.

The Two Proper Solutions to Chuck’s pin are embarrassingly simple. First, a rope slung beneath the stern above the slot could have lifted boat and paddler out of danger. Second, a strong pull on either grab loop (both were accessible) would have dislodged the nose, allowing it to float up with Chuck still in his boat.

No one can deny that whitewater’s skill level has increased amazingly in the past few years. Today’s paddlers are pointing their boat over routes that just a short while ago were deemed unpaddleable. But though skills change, the rules of safety still apply. And failure to follow them can lead to the same tragic consequences.

All of us left the Kaaterskill a little the worse for wear – but a lot wiser. Hard knocks have taught us that a badly planned or executed rescue attempt can endanger the victim beyond the original trouble. In the future, we will remember to:

Be Calm...
Be Prepared...
Be Analytical...
and paddle with care.

BOOK REVIEWS

Goodbye to a River

(continued from page 13)

anchee raiding parties as his canoe floats past the spot where it occurred.

On the lighter side there is much nostalgia as he recounts his days as a boy in the region. Traveling on a swollen river in winter with only a dachshund puppy for a traveling companion, Mr. Graves completes his pilgrimage in a few weeks, thus satisfying his inner urge to see the river just one more time before it is gone. He is not a dedicated canoist, that is clear. But he is an author who feels the same things toward this river that we do, when one is lost. The book is quite readable, certainly recommended if you have a strong interest in history. But it is not a whitewater thrill book designed for popular entertainment.

– Reviewed by Tom McCloud

IN THE GIANT’S SHADOW

(continued from page 17)

we sped off. Our goal was to meet the rest of our party two days and thirty river miles later. Before us stretched a completely unknown river without even a riverside path. We were very much on our own.

In the next issue, our Himalayan paddlers join the entire ABC crew downstream, and do their first kayaking for the camera. They experience Class VI, their first taste of a monsoon, and sights, both natural and cultural found nowhere else in the world.
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