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NATIONAL CANOE SAFETY PATROL

In the early '70's Canoeing as a recreational sport began to flourish and unfortunately, so did accidents and sometimes tragedies. Local canoe clubs, long aware of the need for training and safety, became increasingly concerned, so that by the Spring of 1979 the National Canoe Safety Patrol was formed and had the first trained patrols ready to assist on the Upper Delaware.

The National Park Service assumed jurisdiction over the Upper Delaware in 1980, thru the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. At that time, the NCSP was asked to aid and assist the Rangers and to coordinate our efforts with theirs. Our aim is to be unobtrusive, but available, when the situation warrants.

In addition to active patrolling, our members hold American Red Cross training sessions, conduct informal riverbank "seminars", and have hosted evening fireside programs. Many members have chosen to join the National Park Service as "VIP" members (Volunteers in Parks). It is for all these forms of involvement that the NCSP has received formal recognition from the Park Service for our efforts.

Our members contribute their time to patrol rivers for safety, ready to AID, INSTRUCT, ADVISE OR RESCUE inexperienced paddlers—whenever the situation warrants. We ask our members to give one weekend per month in April, May and June when water levels are high and water temperature is cold.

The Patrol now has 53 members and is looking for more. The club in no way detracts from a member "home" club—it becomes a melting pot where members of many clubs come together for a weekend of service.

Presently the Patrol is made up of four "squads"; Long Island, N.Y.C., New Jersey and Pennsylvania. For more information contact, Chris Nielsen, 11 Overlook Drive, Long Valley, N.J. 07853.

NATIONAL RIVER RECREATION SYMPOSIUM TO BE HELD

A National River Recreation Symposium will be held at Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana from October 31 to November 3, 1984. The purpose of this symposium is to assemble key representatives of various groups concerned with protection and recreational use of the Nation's free flowing rivers. Planners, managers and administrators; outfitters, river manufacturers, researchers, educators, members of outdoor recreation and conservation organizations, and private citizens will be in attendance. Interaction among participants will provide an improved understanding of changes in river protection and recreation activity over the past several decades, as well as insight into the future.

The School of Landscape Architects and the College of Design at Louisiana State University will host the symposium. The symposium will include the following: formal presentations addressing rivers as resources; concurrent workshops focusing on key planning and management problems and water recreation programs; poster session featuring recent planning, management and research accomplishments; exhibits and demonstrations by nationally known outfitters and manufacturers; field trips to rivers in Louisiana. A Proceeding will be published.
For further information about specific symposium activities, registration, lodging, and transportation write: SHORT COURSES AND CONFERENCES, LSU, Baton Rouge, LA 70803, (504) 388-6621.

MONTANA COURTS OKAY FLOATING

The Montana courts ruled in favor of recreational floating several weeks ago. The Montana Supreme Court stated that the public has the right to float through private land as long as the floaters step upon the stream bed or banks only to avoid barriers.

The case involved the Dearborn River and has been pending for several years. Montana state chairman for WRGA, Craig Madson, said "This is a landmark case on navigability and should clear the way for river outfitters and private boaters to enjoy the rivers of the state."

The court ruled that the area between high water marks of the rivers as being open to the public.

Wyoming has ruled on a similar case, Day vs. Armstrong. Boaters may also get out of the boats in case of emergency and to move boats around blockages in the rivers.

Colorado appears to be headed in the same direction with an opinion from the Colorado Attorney General, Duane Woodard. In 1983, Colorado outfitters worked with the Department of Natural Resources to clarify floating through private land. Although the opinion did favor floaters, the state legislature has declared anyone who makes contact with the banks of the river or stream bed to be in criminal trespass.

Several authorities feel that one more test case will resolve this matter in Colorado. The professional river outfitters in the state are well armed with potential legal artillery plus they consider that the opportunity to call a public referendum will favor recreational use of the rivers.

NORTH BRANCH TO FLOW AGAIN THIS SUMMER

Paddlers will once again have the opportunity to take advantage of special water quality management releases from the Bloomington Dam on the North Branch Potomac River, in western Maryland. Scheduled releases of between 700cfs and 1200cfs are to take place on Fridays, Aug 3, Aug 24, and Sept 14, and Columbus Day Monday, Oct 8. Peak flow should be reached by 10:00 AM and run until early the following morning. Also there will probably be minimal releases on the Savage River, but the exact volume has not been announced yet.

This clear, cool, intermediate white-water run, timed during those miserable dog days of August and September, speaks for itself. Nevertheless, paddlers are further encouraged to come and paddle here to show the Corps of Engineers of our keen interest in securing future special recreational releases, and to impress the nearby communities that river recreation will bring precious tourist dollars. Be a floating goodwill ambassador.

With the construction of a new bridge at Bloomington, we anticipate congestion to be a problem at the take-out. Paddlers are encouraged to only park on the shoulder of Rte. 135 and not by the old bridge. We have also located a good take-out on private land in Bloomington,
but once again, there is no parking there. We will further describe this later. Finally, there is a possibility that River and Trail Outfitters will offer a shuttle bus service.

Novices should enjoy this release also. A challenging novice whitewater run is to be had from Bloomington to Keyser. And with the long release, the mellow but beautiful stretch from Keyser to Pinto, can now be enjoyed. Mark your calendar. If you desire additional info., call Ed Certler at 301-588-2688.

HYDRA DEVELOPING KAYAK FOR DISABLED BOATERS

Ken Horwitz, Marketing Director for Plastics Industries, Hydra Division, brought a group of special consultants, knowledgeable in kayaking and dealing with disabilities, together in Athens, Tennessee, in November, 1983. With their help, Hydra hopes to design and develop a kayak that will allow paraplegics or amputees to forget about their disability and enjoy kayaking. The focus of the symposium was to address the two main problems that face the disabled boater: (1) allowing the disabled kayaker to exit quickly in an emergency but still keeping the kayaker’s legs and body firmly held in place should he choose not to exit, and (2) developing a seat which alleviates pressure points yet maintains stability and balance point.

John Galland, a 32-year-old Salt Lake City resident, who was paralyzed from the waist down 12 years ago in a skiing accident in Colorado, has been named consultant for the new boat.

Along with Galland other consultants included Fletcher Anderson, Glenwood Springs, Colorado; Jack O’Neill, from W.O.L.F., Sandia Park, New Mexico; Mark Andrews, Recreation Therapist, University of Virginia Medical Center; John Maxwell, CCA, Mainstream Canoeists, Washington, D.C.; Juanita Gunn, Blue Hole Canoe, Sunbright, Tennessee; Scott Ewing, Production Manager, Hydra; and Bill Dvorak, Partners River Program Coordinator, Denver, Colorado.

NATIONAL BANK SOUTH BEND SLALOM POSTPONED

SOUTH BEND (June 20, 1984)—Due to continuing construction difficulties on South Bend’s new East Race Waterway, officials of the National Bank South Bend Slalom decided today to postpone the whitewater competition originally scheduled for July 7 and 8.

Although city officials expect to be able to refill the waterway in time for the dedication ceremonies the weekend before the scheduled race, slalom and city personnel felt there would be inadequate time to test the facility prior to the competition. Since whitewater kayakers from all over the country were to participate, extra time was needed to notify them of the latest developments.

New dates for this first major competitive event on the East Raceway have not yet been finished.

In making the announcement, National Bank vice president, Terry Warning, said, “Naturally we’re all disappointed that we couldn’t bring this exciting sporting event to town at this time, but we had to be sensitive to the needs and welfare of our participants and the concerns of the city administration. We are confident that the Slalom can be rescheduled for later in the year and we
have already set July 6 and 7, as our dates for next year’s slalom.”

The delay in completing the East Race Waterway developed when unknown water currents caused a portion of concrete slab to be uplifted. South Bend Parks and Recreation Department Superintendent, Jim Seitz, said today that although the source of the unanticipated hydrostatic pressure has not been clearly identified, officials have added another four inches of concrete in the waterway and taken over preventative steps to eliminate the problem.

Despite the postponement, American Canoe Association officials expect the event to draw whitewater enthusiasts from throughout the country due to the fact that the East Race Waterway is the only one of its kind in North America. The slalom is being organized by the St. Joseph Valley Canoe and Kayak Club.

CORP PROJECT ON GAULEY RIVER IS FIRST IN NATION TO BE OPERATED TO ENHANCE WHITEWATER RECREATION

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers recently announced plans to operate the Summersville Dam to enhance whitewater recreation on a 24 mile section of the Gauley River. The plan calls for a minimum of 20 scheduled days at 2400 cubic feet per second each Fall. In dry years the plan will include the option of peaking flows from the dam for a few hours each day in an effort to preserve the recreation season. According to the Corps, Summersville is the first project in the nation to be specifically operated for the enhancement of whitewater recreation.

The final plan approved by the Corps will provide advance public notice of Fall Gauley releases. As well, the peaking operation will enhance the reliability of the Fall season. Based on 52 years of hydrological data, it was estimated that that Fall Gauley season would have been jeopardized for one of every five years without the special peaking operations.

In the past years recreationists were uncertain about the release dates until a few days or weeks prior to the actual season. In some cases the Corps released water at night and then cut the season short because of "dry conditions". The Corps had argued that whitewater recreation was not a project purpose, so the Fall flood control draw-down of the Summersville Lake could not be managed to enhance whitewater recreation.

Armed with technical data, legal briefs, and political support, CFGR took the case to Congress and top Corps officials in Washington. Congress passed legislation (H.R. 5653) authorizing whitewater operations. In the meantime the Huntington District reviewed its policy and decided that the questions could be performed without interfering with other project purposes.

For more information contact: CFGR, P.O. Box 722, Oak Hill, WV 25901

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE IDENTIFIES ADDITIONAL RIVER PUBLIC PUT-IN

Jim Carrico, Superintendent of New River Gorge National Park, announced today that an agreement has been reached with Mr. Orville Ayers of McCreery, West Virginia to allow the National Park Service to identify a public
access point to the New River on Mr. Ayers' property in McCreery.

The put-in is located on the riverside of State Route 41, across the road from the McCreery Packette. River users may park in the store parking lot and carry their craft down railroad tie stairs to the river launching area or drive a vehicle over a short one-lane dirt road to unload their craft at the water's edge.

"National Park Service involvement in working out this agreement with Mr. Ayers was precipitated by the objections of local residents to the launching of river craft through a small McCreery residential area which has been used over the years for launching, but has outgrown its capacity to adequately accommodate the increased number of visitors," Carrico said. "We have provided two portable toilets and a trash dumpster to accommodate visitors' needs and we are indebted to Mr. Ayers for his helping to relieve a major congestion problem through the use of his put-in at no charge to the public," he said.

New River Gorge National River was added to the National Park System in November, 1978 and has been in a major planning phase for the past few years. The park operates two visitor contact stations, one at the southern end of the park in Hinton, Summers County and the other at the northern end of the New River Gorge Bridge in Fayette County. The park has initiated river ranger patrols for the first time, and its land base will increase sharply in the near future through implementation of its recently approved Land Protection Plan. River put-in/take-out sites will be acquired to provide additional access points to the river for our visitors, Carrico concluded.

THE CONTROVERSY

IN SUMMARY

Ranked with the Allagash and the St. John as one of Maine's three most outstanding rivers, the West Branch of the Penobscot River lies in the shadow of northern Maine's famed Mount Katahdin. The river's outstanding natural values include:

- Ripogenus Gorge — qualified as a National Natural Landmark
- The most productive landlocked salmon fishery in the United States
- One-half of all the wildwater in New England and the longest river boating season east of the Mississippi River
- Ideal habitat for species that include bald eagles, osprey, moose, black bear, and deer with unusual opportunities for wildlife sightings.
- Ecological sites for several rare plants
- Unparalleled scenery
- Easy access for the public

Great Northern Paper Company has applied for a license to construct a 40 megawatt hydropower dam that would create a four mile long lake flooding Ripogenus Gorge, the world famous Big Eddy salmon grounds, critical wildlife habitat, and nationally significant rapids including the Cribworks, the Exterminator, and Big Ambejackmockamus.

Great Northern states that the project is essential to its current and future profitability and implies that the 4000 jobs its Millinocket-based employees depend on may hinge on the dam's construction. The company argues that the dam would reduce its consumption of oil by 438,000 barrels of oil per year and thus result in substantial energy cost savings.

Continued on page 30.

Vol. XXIX, No. 5
Headwaters

From the highest places come the headwaters. They are the beginnings — not only the sources of every stream and river, slides or rock where the water trickles out and pockets of grass and trees that stand along the highest ridges, but the very trees themselves holding these headwaters in tension keeping the water at their root-tips drinking them only as they need them, until that day when the tree has had enough growth for a year and lets the water slide down the mountainside just in time so others may drink it.

It is a delicate balance in such a family that has evolved over epochs. Take away the rocks and the water; the soil, the trees fall away. Take away the trees, and the water has nothing to drink it up and goes washing away, the soil slides with it, and there’s nothing to hold the rocks there either; they fall on their faces.

Take away the headwaters, and you take away the source of any community. They are the last hope for a regained balance — in the watershed below, and in all the lands spreading out and curling away from them.

Headwaters is an association for the preservation of critical watersheds, well springs, and the “earth households” below.

A community of clouds, rocks, trees, herbs, lichen, reptiles, mammals and mushrooms, not to mention birds and all the other creatures, that have lived together for eons, so know how to take care of their world, they have had to know, or it would have been desolate long ago.

Black earth drinks, and the tree drinks her. Trees pump water, and the sky drinks it back. The mountains milk it, the sky lets fall, and the rivers roar.

The sea drinks torrents, and the sun the sea, and the moon the sun — The moon flies over my head, myself also wishing to drink.

Jeff Brown

Drawing by Diane Poslowsky.
by Lynda Matusek

Last fall brought a new twist to the sport of paddling. On one weekend in October about three hundred people gathered together in a barn in Lexington, Kentucky, and ran miles and miles of river. They went down the Rio Bio Bio in Chile. They tried racing the clock on a slalom course. They did nders in Colorado and handsurfed in Tennessee. They sae the wonder of the Grand Canyon, with its big-water rapids and verdant side canyons. All of these experiences were part of the First National Paddling Film Festival. Entries on film, video tapes, and slides brought the world to that barn.

The idea of the festival had begun to germinate many months before. Members of the Bluegrass Wildwater Association (based in Lexington) had been taking boating trips and taking movies of those trips for a long time: they’d been rolling film almost as long as they’d been rolling their kayaks. Several high quality programs had developed, celebrating the beauty and excitement of river running.

If so much talent was apparent in just one club, they reasoned, a nationwide competition ought to yield an excellent collection of shows. The film festival was organized to identify, promote, and encourage presentations on boating. The BWA (and co-sponsor Menasha Ridge Press) not only wanted to collect shows about paddling in order to share and exchange ideas, but with a hope to developing a source of programs for clubs to present. The impetus of a contest with prizes would be added motivation. It would encourage the creation and improvement of boating films. Besides, it would be a lot of fun.

The festival was an ambitious venture. It took a lot of work to organize; to co-ordinate publicity and arrange for judges, facilities, and equipment. Realizing that it was all done by volunteer paddlers (who wanted to be out paddling), it’s amazing that the project got off the ground at all. In fact, the event went very well, and was deemed worthwhile by all who were involved.

The competition was broken up into several categories: Recreational/Scenic, Racing, Humor, Safety/Instructional, and Hair Boating, as well as by media. There were a total of twenty-three entries with an overall high level of quality and creativity. It was obvious that much care went into the projects. There was wide range of style, making a diverse collection of works for the spectators to enjoy.

A tongue-in-cheek view of rafting showed the dreams that a professional guide might have. A slide show on hypothermia presented valuable information in an interesting concise way. "El Horrendo", showing a hair rundown the Russell Fork in Kentucky had a wonderful soundtrack that included "Pomp and Circumstance" as the victorious paddlers made it off the river. An instructional film on basic kayaking...
The following slide presentation brought the house down.

The technique starred a horse instead of a kayak, and brought down the house with its ferry and roll.

After the long day enjoying the entires on the screen, the spectators jumped into the action at the party on Saturday night, which lived up to the high standards boaters maintain. A special performance of the BWA's own "Women in Rubber" seemed to be a big hit. They performed their versions of several songs dressed in alluring outfits of fishnet stockings, sprayskirts, and PFDs. Visitors to the Lexington area were (wet) suitably impressed.

On Sunday morning the winners were announced and the entries replayed. The prizes in each division were awarded (they included Norse paddles and Extrasport lifevests), leading up to the grand prize, which was winner's choice of any boat from Phoenix. The festival broke up in time for a quick run down a local creek by all the "Real Boaters" who either didn't have a hangover or didn't care.

This fall an even better festival is planned with improved (i.e. heated) facilities at the University of Kentucky campus. Entries for the Second National Paddling Film Festival are now being solicited from river runners across the country — This Means You! The subject categories are the same as last year, but the media will be mixed with film, video, and slides competing against competing against each other. The complete rules, criteria for judging, and entry forms are available from the Bluegrass Wildwater Association, P.O. Box 4231, Lexington, Kentucky, 40504.

The Second National Paddling Film Festival is sure to be a highlight of the fall boating season. Plan to enter — put together some of your best shots and add a soundtrack, develop a new idea, or cover an event such as a whitewater rodeo. Plan to attend — enjoy Kentucky hospitality and the best paddling films ever gathered in one place.
Consensus  
and  
Cataract Canyon  
by Peter Skinner

Hotter than those jalapeno peppers we sampled the night before . . . which have a way of returning to haunt you late the next day. Hotter than the hinges of H____. Hotter than a furnace. Get the picture of Utah’s Canyonlands National Park yet? Well, however hot it really was, my booties were so hot, no amount of sweat could begin to cool my poor feet.

The Cataract Canyon section of the Colorado River runs from Moab, Utah to Hite, some 30 miles down on Lake Powell. Only 12 of the 112 miles sport whitewater and so a search for a better put-in began in earnest.

Consultation with locals, park rangers and USGS quadrangle maps finally produced a “new” route down to the river. “You’re nuts” said one ranger to whom I proposed our intended route. Two miles of blistering hot Entrada sandstone, silent but steep arroyos, and a final cliff into the river was all that would await us if we tried . . . most felt.

But the roaring siren’s song of Cataract’s rapids “Little Niagara”, “Mile Long” and “Satan’s Cut” beckoned us. As Major Powell described it in 1869, “Among these rocks, in chutes, whirlpools, and great waves, with rushing breakers and foam, the water finds it’s way.” So if we could find our own way, we would be able to savor the power of 57,000 c.f.s.
Paddling with twelve headstrong individuals, five cars, and several different agendas can be just as challenging off the river as on it. John's lady might shuttle, but they haven't been seen for two days. Joe is hesitant about the run and Alan can't decide. Bob, once hot to paddle, wants to go home. Peter and Tom have commitments that conflict with the schedule. Robin can think of nothing but eating, sleeping, and river. To a man, they are skeptical about a one day run on Cataract. Play.

As the idea man, amateur motivator and inarticulate arbitrator, I practice a kind of Aztec two step shuttle diplomacy to somehow get everyone to the Needles Ranger station on time. We have been blessed with a shuttle by Margie and a boat tow across Lake Powell through the auspices of Hite Marina. On top of it all, everyone is hot to ride the big waves! "Wonders never cease" said I to myself. It sounded good, anyway.
Loaded like a local Mexican collective, Peter's super shuttle truck sported ten passengers and nine boats. Four miles out on the bumpy, but passable Colorado Overlook road, we pass the hidden but obvious precipice known as the Lower Jump. Atop the next hill, the road turns and a barely discernable jeep trail takes off to the north and west.

Down come the boats and the groaning begins. "Where's the water you said you'd bring?" "This is the trail?" "It can't be this hot!" "What idiot said dry heat is comfortable?"

The desert refuses to answer. Nothing moves or calls out. Only silence and the disconcerting circling of black vultures not too far above us. We make the only noise: grunts, curses, and the scrape and dull thud of plastic against sand and stone. To a non-paddler the weary sweating entourage must have looked as out of place as snowmobiles on New York's Fifth Avenue.

As the vultures circled lower, the collared lizards slithered, and patience ran low, Rommel and his desert/river warriors trudged downward to the last bench 500 feet above the Colorado's brown water at "the Loop", six river miles above the river's confluence with the Green. Skepticism gave way to sizzling anger as some of the party failed to find the hidden under-cliff passage way to the river bottom, afforded for-tuitously by millenia of erosion into the brown Navajo sandstone. Anger gave way to celebration, however, as fried booties hit the cool Colorado. I knew then, just how Columbus must have felt nearly five hundred years ago!

Floating (as they call paddling out West) the Cataract section has challenges other than the short cut put-in. Permits must be obtained (if available) through a demonstration of river prowess and equipment readiness. Based in Moab, the NPS office generally checks
out the group and determines its conformity with the myriad rules and guidance. Here, the park service staff, unlike on some river sections, went out of their way to expedite the process and issue the permit.

So it was with renewed vigor and anticipation that we paddle, ah yesfloat, down to Spanish Bottom, where a lone and winsome park rangerette, Barbara, holds court below the majestic rim rock spires a thousand feet above the river. Just as we arrive, so does a rainless thunderstorm. Blasts of hot and cold wind pelt us with sand and debris. Shocked at this once a month weather aberration attending our visit, Barb checks our permit and sends us packing and paddling - uh, floating.

The wind, however, is not so charitable. As we enter the first rapids, wave tops shear off to join blowing sand, beating us about the blades and blowing our balance askew.

Just as the weather lets up and blue skies peak around canyon minerets, "Mile Long" rapid is upon us - or should I say we are upon it! Humongous waves and breaking crests make a roller coaster seem tame stuff. On its head comes more great stuff - huge eddies - wide and violent eddy lines - and ever present monster waves. Big water neophytes fight for boat control as the more experienced dig for golden waves and surfs in this fluvial mother lode.

All too soon, it's 4 p.m., our appointed Lake Powell pick up. "No problem!" some say confidently; "He'll wait. So scouting begins high on the talus above "Little Niagara" and "Satan's Gut". Gibbs and Robin run first - both with flawless runs on the exploding entrance waves and tortured big water boils and exploding turbulence which make up the next half mile. But...they did kind of look like toothpicks in a toilet . . .
My turn . . . “Jeez, what the H i s that humongous wave above the crashing hole doing there??” . . . that was just nothing from the shore. "Oh my God" I thought. If the first wave is this big, the hole must be the end.

Once safe in the eddy, Bob screams above the din "know what a ton of bricks feels like?" "Yup" I say respectfully. Just then Alan comes down the entry, stops on the crest for 5-10 seconds, enders in the next trough and crest and rolls! The kid sure is catching on I think to myself.

Lake Powell is much more quiet than we thought it should have been at 5:00 p.m. . . . Too bad, he didn't wait. We wait at Gypsum Bar, hypothesizing all kinds of doom for the boat, Margie, our shuttle driver, and ourselves with little food left and no bedding for a night on the lake.

Survive we did, thanks in part to all-night paddling by Robin and Tom. After a rattlesnake chase and a six a.m. stretch, we set out on the silent river/lake, walled in by awesome canyon rock, echoing each stroke and call.

After several miles of flatwater, a sympathetic park ranger's description of Lake Powell became abundantly clear.

"Glen Canyon Dam" he said "is the ultimate environmental obscenity."

Gone for our lifetime anyway are 25 miles of thunderous rapids and canyon walls towering above them. Here to stay are silt banks and nine trillion gallons of dead water, one more brown lake where once a great, living river cut its way deep in the heart of Utah.

Gibbs Johnson looks at a Bighorn Sheep (circled) in Cataract Canyon. Photo by Doug Wheat.

WRITERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS:
We need your stories and black and white photos. Contact the AWA editor. Call (503) 447-6293 evenings. Hope to hear from you. — Ed.

SAVE THE GAULEY & TUOLUMNE
With a tax free contribution to AWA's River Funds — Claire Gesalman, 6301 Hillcrest PI., Alexandria, VA 22312.
Running the New River Gorge at High Water

Richard B. Day

March, West Virginia, bare trees, patches of dirty snow, slashes of surface mines, small white houses with piles of old tires, dusk, drizzle, dreary—a penlight, the road atlas, Smoot, Montcoal, Sandstone, Rockcave....but Thurmond? We, Peter Cogan and I, decided to shoot for Beckly; Beckly appeared to be near where Thurmond should be. Thurmond is the starting point for the New River Gorge. We got off the highway and twisted down a county road....quiet, drizzle, a coal train rumbling in the distance, the dampness biting into the bone, contracting the scalp, the acrid smell of coal smoke everywhere. Nearly vertical hillsides plunged out of the gloom...faith...promises of those days: surfing, sparkling waves, friends, "boomin and zoomin".

We made Beckly which was illuminated by one street light. Peering out from under our hoods, we walked up to the three or four buildings looking for a rafting company to call the next morning for information. As luck would have it, John Bullock, upon seeing our kayaks, ambled over. John, as it turned out, was one of the nicest guys in the world. He opened up his boaters hostel to us (Fatty Lipcombs) and invited us up to his house for showers and river talk.

My first impression of the New was crossing it to get to Thurmond. We followed John's tail lights as they disappeared around hairpin turns, then up an embankment by silhouettes of hovels, by some sort of Danger or Men Working sigh then out onto a railroad trestle. John's tail lights stopped. We stopped...I thought to myself; what in the world were we doing out on this thing? John got out; so I followed his lead, but as I stopped out of the car, I had to grip the door handle. Below the metal grate, a massive rush of water hurtled by at an ungodly speed. I felt weightless. The trestle seemed to be plummeting with the current. A roar filled the air, and a floodlight showed that the river was well over its banks and up in the trees (up in the top most branches!) We all concurred that we would have plenty of water. The New River Gorge usually is run somewhere around four to six feet as indicated at the Fayette Station gauge. John, several days before, had made the run at nine feet. He mentioned that he had never put in above nine feet, and he had not heard of anyone doing so. He wasn't sure what the gauge read that night, but we all agreed that it was pretty high, that the river was above nine feet.

Thurmond, which was on the other side of the trestle, was a cluster of small houses hanging precariously on a steep hillside. We again followed John's tail lights which at one point appeared directly above my head. The road was so narrow that we nearly drove up onto front steps, and upon making a switchback, I could look down between the tightly nestled houses onto the rooftops of those below.

A tingle of our nervousness touched the atmosphere of the deserted hostel, but mostly, we were soothed by the soft drizzle. And, the rush of the river in the trees was quieting; we were then distant...
from its true force. I made dinner, and our epicurean delight (Dinty Moore Beef Stew) was tinted with the stench of a kerosene heater which kept out the damp air. The hostel was next to the railroad tracks. And, if, when standing by the front door, a coal train came by, you had to step back to let it pass. The trains could first be heard way down in the valley as a high pitched whine. Then the headlight would shine through the windows and dance on the walls. Next, the panes would start to rattle, and finally the engines would pass in a roar. But these regular interruptions of the silence and drizzle became familiar. It was somehow comforting to feel America's industrial might nearly shake the house apart every hour or so. Since we hadn't run the river before, we read through a bunch of guidebooks and took meticulous notes; we figured we might be moving pretty fast, and we should know where things were. We even slept peacefully.

The next morning John ran our shuttle, but he had to do so before he went to work. So in the predawn murk, bundled up and with flashlights in hand, we tried in vain to read the gauge at Fayette Station. Upon arriving back at the hostel, we tried calling for c.f.s. readings but none were available. We even called our kayaking mentor in New Hampshire, Doctor Belson. He thought that above nine feet it could just be a whole lot of big fun waves, but he had run it at three feet...so much for seers.

Well, what was it actually like? First, getting out onto the river was a chore. The water was nearly up to the railroad tracks in front of the hostel; so we had to make our way in the rushing current through the trees (numerous pinning and swimming possibilities abounded!) Emerging out onto the river was like being propelled on a stadium size field of hurtling mass. Peter, having reached the mainstream before me, was immediately a dot in the middle (I think his last words were "let's stay together"). The New that day was like some sort of primordial beast. It was cold out, and the sky was overcast. The river appeared as a straight spine with dark bristles of bare trees lining its sides; a primeval cliffband guarded its top and was complete with circling vultures.

I finally caught up with Peter, and then seven miles later (and fifteen minutes later) we passed under a railroad bridge. There was a house size hydraulic on the left and some big funny swirly sort of things in the center; that was it. Period. (Railroad Rapid?) Next, the horizon dropped off...all the way off. We decided (thank God) to scout. It took at least a hundred feet to make a left side eddy because there was so much water moving so fast. In the eddy I was conscious of gripping my paddle—a huge hydraulic, which could have held a boxcar, spanned the river except for two corridors on either side. The paralysis factor was high! We could see it all from our boats.
We could see the hole. We could see the sneak... We just went (if we hadn't we may never of gotten in a boat again!).
You had to work a little to keep from being pushed toward the hydraulic as boils exploded off the rocks by the shore, but it went ok. We were by...but, I got flipped, somehow. The water just folded over the boat. It took about three good attempts to come upright: it was hard to find the surface because there was so much folding and boiling. Had we just passed Surprise Rapid?

Next, as we hurtled along, the horizon dropped off once more. Again it took a major effort to make a river left eddy. We circulated around in this huge backwash, in the icy brown water, with the rest of the debris. We could see waves kicking up below; so we figured it was ok. Peter pulled out. My last impression of him did not make sense. All at once the waves below the drop were huge and kicking up spray high in the air in slow motion. The mass moving by me was in slow motion too, but the shoreline revealed the true dizzying speed. Peter raised his paddle as a huge wave came from nowhere and loomed. Then he disappeared. I was already in motion, when I reached the same spot, there was nothing there. A little further and waves towered on all sides only to vanish. The waves were actually huge folds exploding upwards. Next, I was sucked, grabbed and thrown every-which-way at once. My paddle slapped foolishly and my boat?...a mere plastic toy.

Finally, I neared the end of the rapid. And there was Peter, in another huge eddy. He was ok. No problem. I was ok. There was Peter. There was the eddy. There was the rapid easing out before me. I'll just move left. I'll make the eddy. We'll laugh. We'll dump out and stretch and maybe scout the next drop. Maybe we'll even make sense, bow to the river gods, admit that we were boneheads for being there. But, the water in front of me rose out of nowhere. The stern sucked under. I was backendered and spun around. Ok, no problem, now I'm under, but I could feel pressure all around the boat. My torso was twisted. I extended on the paddle, sculled to the surface... and rolled...still partially submerged. I rolled again...air...a breath...wham, folded under again. Finally, all of the pressures just let go. I rolled up easily as if in a pool. I was in the eddy. Peter had thought I was going to swim. He had tried to paddle up and break the eddyline, but he couldn't. The reverse current was too powerful. He couldn't reach the eddyline.

We didn't exactly know where we were (the Keenies?), and it was cold, and there was just the two of us and well....the horizon dropped off again and well...I just couldn't bring myself to go over another drop; so we decided to pull out. After all, we hadn't come that far (ha!).

We started carrying back to Thurmond on the railroad tracks. We carried, then dragged, then carried, then dragged, for quite a while (I guess it was that far). Finally, a railroad service cart came rolling along, and the fellow informed us that it was quite a ways to Thurmond, but that Fayette Station was just down the line, in his direction. I convinced him that it would be honorable to give two heros (kayak scum) a ride. So we strapped our boats on the tiny two man vehicle. They stuck out about five feet at either end, and we all jammed in while going clickidy clack down the tracks. Sure enough, around the next bend from where we had pulled out the majestic arcing bridge and Fayette Station appeared. The railroad fellow let us out so he wouldn't get in trouble. We got back in our boats and floated over what was probably Double Z and Greyhound Bus Stopper rapids. At the takeout, the gauge read fourteen feet. I believe the top was nineteen feet.

Well, we dried off and concluded that West Virginia certainly was an interesting place to paddle, and that the New, although quite attractive and stimulating at this level, at this time of year, might best be run after all with less water. Maybe we could come back in the summer, in the sun. Maybe there would be some beautiful women boaters to join us?
Tom Foster (stern) and author in their winning run for the C-2 Masters event.

Whitewater Open Canoe National Championship Competition Held at Nantahala
by Ray McLain

Open Canoeing and heavy whitewater tend to be at different ends of the spectrum. However, over the years, an increasing number of paddlers have demonstrated that big whitewater can be paddled in open canoes. The Whitewater Open Canoe (WWOC) Committee of the American Canoe Association sponsors competition in many of the Divisions of the ACA, and annually, holds National Championships in Slalom and Downriver.

My own interest in whitewater open canoeing competition goes back several years. 1984 is the third year that I have personally gone to the Nationals. My first WWOC Nationals race was in 1970 on the Dead River in Maine, where my partner and I managed a second place in the downriver race using a borrowed Grumman canoe (our first race together!). My second WWOC Nationals was in 1983 on the Yough in Pennsylvania (where I entered a large number of classes and was fortunate enough to win the masters solo competition in Slalom).
1984 was my third year to participate and compete.

The race and the sport has advanced a lot in 15 years. Where in 1970 an aluminum canoe was a competitive racer, there were no aluminum canoes in 1984. The top downriver people are using modified marathon racing machines built of Kevlar, and the top slalom people are using hulls built up from winning decked slalom designs, also built of Kevlar. The newest "high tech" racing boats are lightweight and just tough enough to endure the challenges of the river. Despite being open canoes, the boats will handle big whitewater with little shipping of water.

A number of ABS boats were on the scene at the Nationals, and although durable and whitewater-worthy, ABS canoes are heavy and therefore harder to maneuver quickly. Rarely does an ABS boat fare well in competition. I expect that both cruisers and racers will find their enjoyment of paddling increasing as the improved handling and whitewater-worthy light-weight racing designs are more readily available.

Dozens of events are held at the Nationals. Racing categories included events for junior, master, and "all-age" categories, men and women, solo and tandem, and for different open boat lengths for slalom, downriver, and "combined slalom and downriver" classes.

The 1984 WWOC Nationals were held on the Nantahala River in the Smokey Mountains in North Carolina, and were hosted/sponsored by the Nantahala Outdoor Center and Record Bar. The races were run efficiently by volunteers and by staff members of the Nantahala Outdoor Center. Awards of gift certificates were given to winners by Record Bar.

The racing was held during the July 2-5 timeframe. Downriver races were held on Tuesday and Friday mornings, prior to the raft herds hitting the river. The Downriver races started near the dam on the Nantahala River, passed through the National Forest, through the whitewater section of the Nantahala, had a mandatory portage around Wesser Falls below the NOC facility, and ended with a paddle across Fontana Lake below Wesser Falls.
Bunny Johns and Carrie Ashton making their winning run in the Women's C-2 category. They made 17 gates without hitting a pole.

Slalom races were held in the Nantahala Falls section of the river, just above the NOC facility. Slalom races were run early Wednesday and Thursday mornings to avoid the raft and cruiser traffic.

The only mar of the event was a cloudburst which cut short an outdoor band concert on Thursday evening.

Kent Ford, a member of the decked canoe national slalom team won the honors as best C-1 slalom paddler, with the best time down the slalom course using a newly designed boat called "Spindry". Kent capped his honor with a win of best freestyle paddler in the hot-dog contest, winning an Old Town Otter canoe for his effort.

Other slalom winners were Carrie Ashton as best woman, Carrie and Bunny Johns as best women tandem, and Steve Scarborough and Annie Kenyon as best mixed tandem. David Benner won best medium boat solo,
Michael Seco de Lucena and Keech LeClair won best junior/senior. In the masters category, Ray McLain won the solo event, and Ray and Tom Foster won the tandem event. Scott Smalley won the Junior event.

Below are shown the top 3 winners in each of the Downriver events:

**Open C-2 Men** (16 entered)
1. Randy Drake/Norman Hecker 1:24:09.2
2. Dean Crockler/Eric McNett 1:27:14.9
3. Ralph Vincent/Court McDermott 1:27:21.0

**Open C-2 Women** (6 entered)
1. Mary Ellen Thacher/Sandra Andrews 1:36:41.7
2. Nancy Shelhorse/Lillie Gilbert 1:37:13.5
3. Michelle Lavigne/Debbie Shelton 1:37:50.2

**Open C-1 Master** (13 entered)
1. George Stockman 1:38:06.7
2. Frank Stasz 1:38:57.8
3. Bob Shelton 1:39:17.0

**Open C-2 Men Short** (8 entered)
1. John MacDonald/Peter Reed 1:35:16.7
2. Mark Clarke/Dave Paton 1:35:30.5

**Open C-1 Men** (27 entered)
1. Angus Morrison 1:30:10.5
2. Daniel Tracy 1:32:40.0
3. Bill Baxter 1:33:15.5

The author is a Delta 1 C-1 competing in the C-1 slalom event.
In the Downriver event, Angus Morrison led the way with the fastest solo time. The best tandem mens team (long boat) was Randy Drake and Norman Hecker, the best short boat was John MacDonald and Peter Reed, the best mixed team was Randy Drake and Nancy Shelhorse, and the best womens team was Mary Ellen Thacher and Sandra Andrews. The masters solo event was won by George Stockman, the masters tandem event was won by George Stockman, the masters tandem event was won by Frank Stasz and George Stockman. The junior/senior event was won by Roland and Eric Muhlen.

The Combined Event was taken by David Benner as best solo paddler, Michael Kiser and Barbara Judd-Wing as best mixed, and John Kennedy and Payson Kennedy as best men.

Below are listed the top three winners of each of the slalom events:

**Open C-2 Mixed** (16 entered)
1. Steve Scarborough/
   Annie Kenyon 252.2
2. Chuck Harris/
   Debbie Meyers 252.7
3. Angus Morrison/
   Carrie Ashton 258.0

**Open C-1W Short** (6 entered)
1. Carrie Ashton 258.6
2. Perrie Lee Prouty 362.0
3. Belissa Russell 528.9

**Open C-2 Junior/Senior** (5 entered)
1. Michael Seco de Lucena/
   Keech LeClair 335.8
2. Scott Smalley/
   Tom Sedgewick 365.8
3. Dennis McLane/
   Jennifer McLane 427.2

**Open C-1 Men Short** (27 entered)
1. Kent Ford 198.5
2. David Paton 208.7
3. Frankie Hubbard 218.4

**Open C-2 Men** (12 entered)
1. Mark R. Clarke/Dave Paton 223.4
2. Dave Benner/
   Steve Scarborough 238.0
3. Tom Blue/Dennis Kerrigan 266.2

**Open C-2 Women** (5 entered)
1. Carrie Ashton/Bunny Johns 255.2
2. Holly Carr/Lee Prouty 347.7
3. Hellen Sparks/Bettina George 398.5

**Open C-1 Master** (4 entered)
1. Ray McLain 298.6
2. Keech LeClair 345.8
3. Reid Gryder 408.9

**Open C-1 Mens Medium** (18 entered)
1. David Benner 250.0
2. Fritz Orr 269.1
3. Dave Moccia 272.6

Keech and Ann LeClair on their 2nd place finish for the C-2 category.
Open C-1 Junior Short (3 entered)
1. Scott Smalley 247.5
2. William Dickson 452.4
3. Jeff McLane 644.5

Open C-2 Masters (3 entered)
1. Frank Stasz/
   George Stockman 1:31:15.4
2. Bob Shelton/
   Neil Phillips 1:35:30.1
3. Dave Wellington/
   Hank Leonard 1:56:24.0

Open C-2 Masters (5 entered)
1. Ray McLain/Tom Foster 274.5
2. Ann LeClair/
   Keech LeClair 305.3
3. Jeff McLane 644.5

Open C-2 Junior/Senior (8 entered)
1. Roland Muhlen/
   Eric Muhlen 1:34:23.8
2. Don Littlefield/
   Dan Littlefield 1:34:40.4
3. Len McPhee/
   Lenny McPhee 1:36:12.8

Below are shown the top 3 winners in the Combined Event (combining slalom and downriver scores in a special competition requiring use of the same boat in both events):

Open C-1 Combined (14 entered)
1. David Benner
2. Rand Perkins
3. Fritz Orr

Open C-2 Mixed Combined (4 entered)
1. Michael Kiser/Barbara Judd-Wing
2. Janice Penrod/Bruce Penrod
3. Rob Center/Kay Henry

Open C-2 Men Combined (10 entered)
1. John Kennedy/Payson Kennedy
2. Mark R. Clarke/Dave Paton
3. Dan Hammock/Karl Walker

River Rescue Systems
by Les Bechdel
of Nantahala Outdoor Center

This article marks the start of a regularly scheduled feature of the NOC Newsletter. In it, we hope to share ideas on river safety, methods of rescue, and means of unpinning boats that we have developed in our staff training and modified in actual use on the river. We also hope that this feature will serve as a clearinghouse for ideas from you, the white-water paddler.

Sooner or later, all whitewater paddlers are faced with the misfortune of pinning a boat, whether it be a raft, kayak or canoe. After counting your blessings that you aren't in the pinned craft, your first concern should be whether this pinned craft is blockading a drop in such a manner that it is creating a hazard to other paddlers. You may have to position one of your party to forewarn other boaters.

A group decision should determine the best means of unpinning the boat without jeopardizing the safety of any party members. This may prove to be as simple as lifting one end of the boat to free it, or it could involve more elaborate arrangements of ropes and pulleys in what is known as a mechanical rescue system.

Often half the battle of freeing a boat is getting a haul line attached to it in the first place. If the current is strong enough to pin the craft aggressively, then it is probably too strong to stand in. Frequently, the pinned craft will create an eddy by itself, which might allow an experienced paddler to eddy out to fasten the haul line. If the pinned craft lies under fast water a paddler will have trouble stopping mid-stream and may have to clip a carabiner (a climber's "snaplink" which has been pre-tied to the end of a haul line) to the grab loop while on the fly. It is usually best to attach the rope to the boat by encircling it rather than stressing a single attachment point.

There is inevitably some risk in trying to stand in fast moving water, either above or below the pinned boat. Be very careful of possible entrapments and of the danger when the boat moves for the first time. It can be unpredictable and very dangerous for the rescuer standing nearby. Safety ropes for the rescuers should be kept ready.

The Z-Drag

Developed by rock climbers to haul bivouac gear, the Z-Drag system gives you a 2:1 mechanical advantage. Pulleys work best, but carabiners will do the job, are easy to carry and are versatile for river use.

An anchor point must be found for the haul line. This can be a tree, a boulder or a heavy log. The direction of the pull is critical and will determine the anchor point. In general, you will have to pull the boat sideways and slightly upstream (see diagram) to disengage it. Experience in reading whitewater will help.

As seen from the diagram, the haul line passes from the boat to anchored pulley (or carabiner) and back to a second pulley attached to a pre-tied loop in the haul line. The force is then applied directly away...
from the canoe and as parallel as possible to the Z-Drag system. As force is applied to the haul line the secondary pulley will travel toward the anchor pulley. Additional loops may have to be tied to the haul line if inadequate space is allowed. These loops should be tied with an easily untied knot such as a butterfly or double figure of eight. It may prove necessary to have a backup belay line to check the progress of the craft if the traveling pulley has to be switched over to another loop that is nearer the pinned craft.

A variation of this system can be done without the pre-tied loops if a smaller diameter rope is available five to six feet in length. The ends of this rope can be tied together to form a "prussik." Using this prussik knot (see a climber's instruction book) can be tied to the load line to which a pulley or carabiner is attached through which the load line will pass. The prussik now will grip the load line when in tension but will loosen and slide when unloaded.

At first glance the Z-Drag system of mechanical rescue seems complicated, but it really isn't, and can be set up quickly with some practice. Besides, it works well if your car gets stuck on the takeout road.

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SOLO CLINICS

by Lower Columbia Canoe Club

There will be other solo clinics, maybe this year and maybe in future years. Here are ways to get your canoe ready.

1. Leave the center thwart alone. If you take it out to rig a saddle in the center of the canoe, or bolt in one of those Perception saddles, you cannot carry the canoe on your shoulders. Then just taking the boat from the car down to the water or portaging around a falls will take three times as long. Three times — because instead of walking one time with the boat on your shoulders, two people carry one canoe, then walk back up, then bring the second person’s boat.

2. Secure a bailer. A loose bailer will disappear on your first capsize, days later to reappear as litter. A bailer on a long, strong cord may tangle your legs at any time. So use a weak, stretchy cord or tie a spring clip to the bailer with a short cord, then clip the bailer to a short cord on a thwart or to a D-ring.

3. Leave a place to bail. It’s most comfortable to scoop right in front of your seat, so a fair area there should be free of D-rings, gear and flotation.

4. Put in lots of flotation. Then put more in. One boat on the clinic’s second day had a big float bag at one end and a small one at the other. After one spill, the end with less flotation suffered a broken ash gunnel and a 15” rip in the ABS. Flotation at the ends of a canoe keeps it from submarining when going over ledges with or without the paddler; flotation along the sides helps the boat to float upside down.
Float bags cost some money, but white-water canoes cost $800.

5. Test the flotation to make sure it stays in. Yank on the fasteners or the float bags: the currents rough enough to capsize you will not be gently with flotation. Use a separate fasteners for each tie-down point. Swamp the boat in a pond and notice whether the bags bubble up above the gunnels. D-rings from Andy & Bax or (cheaper) molded fasteners from Pacific Water Sports can be glued to the bottom of the boat to hold the bags so they stay within the gunnels after a dumping.

6. Reduce your gear for day trips to a few items stored near the center of the boat. Weight at the ends makes the boat hard to turn. Large parcels of gear complete with float bags for the space in the boat.

7. Bring a throw-rope and a carabiner. Sometimes it's your turn to rescue someone else.

8. Install a solo seat and knee straps. Opinions differ on what's best. I prefer to kneel jamming my knees under a padded centerthwart. Others like to sit farther behind the center of the canoe, and to use thigh straps. A solid pillar of foam firmly fastened under two thwarts might prevent the hull from trapping you by collapsing toward the thwarts if the boat is pinned with you in it. A seat hanging from the thwarts if the boat is pinned with you in it. A seat hanging from the thwarts saves weight and makes room for gear storage underneath.

9. Glue in knee pads. Ethafoam is excellent. With no pads, most people suffer sore knees. The pads you strap to your legs cramp and chafe.

10. Install painters and shock cords to stuff them under so they don't come loose until they are demanded.

OK, that's the canoe. Now, for those who can't wait for the clinics, here is how to begin ahead of time.

1. Get somebody to check your low brace. Remember, the blade should be nearly flat on the water.
the paddle shaft should reach backwards at a 30-degree angle from the boat, your wrist nearer the blade should be directly above the paddle shaft, and your palm at the grip should face up.

2. To paddle forward, use a C-stroke. Begin by reaching forward and doing a draw, then blend into a forward stroke and culminate in a J. The face of the blade which faces back and applies power during the forward stroke phase must face away from the canoe and apply power during the J phase or you will lose too much time and power ruddering.

3. When running rapids, don't align the boat with the current. Angle it slightly (10 to 30 degrees) to one side, and paddle on the downstream side. If there is an obstacle to avoid, either (1) draw to pass downstream of it, or (2) drive forward to pass upstream of it, then turn back to the original running angle, if necessary, by doing a backstroke.

4. Always be ready to lean downstream in case you hit a wave or a rock, low-bracing on the downstream side for stability. Therefore, don't use crossover strokes like the cross-bow draw (for turning) or the cross-draw (for sideslipping). When going over a drop, lean your weight so as to tilt the boat slightly to the side you're paddling on. Then you can't tip over to the paddle side because of your champion low brace, and you can't tip over to the other side because of your lean.

5. Don't backferry. To be sure, you may backferry a little in the slow water before a drop to position yourself, and you might throw in a backstroke before hitting a wave, but usually in rapids you do more important things like dodge rocks and holes. Besides, most strokes for keeping the boat straight while backferrying leave you ill placed for a quick downstream lean and low brace.

6. In order not to change sides in the middle of a rapid, plan which paddling side lets you most comfortably execute the most difficult maneuver in the rapid. So as always to be paddling on the downstream side, paddle on the side to the outside of a curve, or start your descent off to one side of a rapid and work across it. Good luck.

— Craig Colby

THE CONTROVERSY IN SUMMARY

Continued from page 8.

The feel this argument is particularly compelling because Great Northern has alternatives available to it that would provide low cost energy and other benefits as well.

Perhaps the most valuable alternative would be the construction of a wood-fired power plant to produce both steam and electricity. Wood currently provides more than half the energy consumed by the pulp and paper industry, nationwide. A system similar to that recently constructed by the S.D. Warren Paper Company in Westbrook, for example, would cost less to construct; would displace 60 percent more oil; would produce 20 percent more electricity and, in addition, would provide 650,000 pounds per hour of steam needed for pulp and paper making. Moreover, the operation of the wood-fired system would create 250 new jobs in the Millinocket area while allowing for the continued economic development that is dependent on the river.

The people of Maine have already ceded 19 dams that collectively produce 750,000 megawatts of power to Great Northern. Now the company has asked the people to provide a further subsidy by allowing the construction of the Big A Dam.

The boiling controversy promises to be one of the nation's most significant river battles fought in this century.
MARSYANDI—
The Elusive River of Annapurna
by Alan Barber

This is the story of the British Canoe expedition to the Himalayas of Nepal in 1980. It begins, appropriately enough, with a short section on the selection of the 17 paddlers and other support personnel who were on the trip, and progresses through the trials and tribulations of planning, financing and transportation to the Far East. Once there, as the author explains, the 'trekking' is so much a part of the river trip that a good bit of text is given over to that activity. So after 56 pages we get to the Marsyandi, which is described in piecemeal fashion due in part to the division of the paddlers into 3 groups, each tackling different sections of the river. A good bit of description is given to the difficult topography of the region and canyon-like banks of the river itself, which sometimes necessitated rope-work. Although the river is often referred to as 'big' there is no estimate of cfs, and rarely a guess as to gradient. There are several accounts of the difficult situations, and sometime humorous ones, the paddlers found themselves in as they progressed downstream. But after a mere 30 pages the Marsyandi has been completed and the trip home begun.

For anyone contemplating an expedition to Nepal the 30 pages devoted to the river systems of the Himalayas will be most valuable, including locations of villages, sections considered runnable, unrunnable and virgin territory.

The best feature of this little book is the inclusion of over 30 excellent quality color photographs. There are some shots of the mountains and of the porters carrying boats along the path, and also shots of kayaks enclosed by great white sheets of water, this being the best evidence by far of the degree of difficulty of the river.

Ironically, trips which go smoothly; no major injuries, lost boats, banditos, intramural brawls, etc., seem to make less interesting reading. Lacking those elements of high excitement, the text is a bit "plain vanilla". Nonetheless, for anyone interested in high class whitewater and expedition paddling at the top of the world this book will be a must.

Among the support crew were photographers with a 16 mm camera, so out there somewhere is undoubtedly a movie about this expedition. I can look forward to seeing it having read MARSYANDI!

review by Tom McCloud

COLD SUMMER WIND
by Clayton Klein

Kazan, Elk, Thelon, Backs & Cochrane, the big rivers of the barren grounds in Canada's far north. For most canoeists these are only a dream; some vision concocted in the mind, but to the father and son team of Clayton and Darrell Klein, they became a real life adventure, paddling over 3,000 miles. Over a period of several years on different trips, mostly by themselves in a single aluminum canoe, with a plastic dry box and 2-burner Coleman stove, they managed to experience the wilderness at its best and worst.

There were warm and sunny days when the fish were biting and wildlife close at hand, but seemingly many more days when the ice was thick, the wind strong and cold, and the prime consideration was survival itself. Interesting reading for anyone contemplating a far-north expedition, and containing useful information regarding the rapids, portages and conditions to be encountered along the rivers mentioned above. In addition there are sprinkled among the text little tidbits of trivia on weather, geology and ecology plus a healthy dose of history. Some 30 pages are devoted to the story of the Garry Lake Mission. There is a nice little bibliography for anyone interested in pursuing additional reading.

review by Tom McCloud
SIMA INTRODUCES AUTO FOCUS CAMERASHIELD

Neither rain or snow nor sleet nor sand will stop the avid adventurer/vacationer from snapping away. That's because Auto Focus CameraShield, by SIMA Products Corporation, will let your auto focus camera get there and back safely.

SIMA's Auto Focus CameraShield is a revolutionary, clear vinyl pouch that accommodates a full-sized auto focus camera, an extra roll of film and the camera’s strap and enables you to take pictures while the camera is still in the bag.

According to Kathleen Devine, marketing director of SIMA—known worldwide for their innovative camera accessories—CameraShield was specifically designed for auto focus camera owners who like to take pictures wherever they are without damaging their camera equipment.

Devine explains:

"Auto Focus CameraShield was created because some environments are not safe for photographic equipment; people need protective gear for their cameras. CameraShield allows auto focus camera owners to protect their equipment while they are shooting pictures. There is no other product like it on the market."

To use CameraShield, simply place the loaded auto focus camera—and an extra roll of film, if desired—into the pouch and secure the pinch seal closure tightly from end to end. Once sealed, the camera is completely protected from the elements. And because CameraShield is made of a tough, but flexible, clear vinyl plastic, photographers can operate the camera's shutter button through the pouch itself.

The Auto Focus CameraShield is specially molded to fit snuggly around the lens of any full-sized auto focus camera. This resilient, fitted lens shield keeps the camera in place while shooting. A crystal clear surface covers the camera's electronic sensor panel, and allows the camera to operate normally and precisely.

Measuring 9¾" x 6", the SIMA Auto Focus CameraShield comes with its own neckstrap and retails for $14.95; CameraShield is available at camera stores across the country.
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