Grim-visaged John Burton pokes his deck into Double Trouble on Tennessee's Ocoee River. (Slim Ray photo)
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Cover: With deft moves, grace, and sheer terror, a passel of rafters shoot the Chatooga’s Seven-Foot Falls. (Slim Ray photo)
The other night a dear, non-paddling friend dropped by for a visit. With glass in hand and feet against the wood stove he asked about early spring paddling.

"Ah hah!" thinks I. "This is the man I have been trying to seduce to the ways of whitewater for over a year. At last here's my chance."

Vigorous I frothed on about the beauties of the river, orchestrating the powerful current, the thrill of the challenge—all of the hackneyed malarkey.

"Hold it, Turkey", my friend interrupted. "You swallow a travel guide? I want to know how it really goes on these weekends—now tell me, honestly."

His frankness stunned me and for some perverse reason I poured out the whole saga of Mid-Atlantic river running in late February.

"Well," I droned, "it all begins early in the morning when it's pitch black. The ponds are still frozen a foot thick, snow lies all around, and you're loading boats on your car.

"Now, amid all this winter's drear, you head north—toward New England—the place Mark Twain claimed would still be uninhabited had not the Pilgrims landed on it. On the road the only other cars you see have skis on top and sensible people inside. After four hours, you arrive at the put-in—that riverbank where huddle an equally strange assortment of folk and vehicles.

"Next comes the Ritual Viewing. Abandoning your heated car, you trudge to the water's edge along with the other fanatics. This is the one piece of water with enough snowmelt and power to blast through Winter's icy chains and flow free. You look down and see 500 cfs jammed tight and swarming over a graveyard of rocks. You wince. Ice is in the eddies and it all looks so grey and cold. Your jaw goes slack and you want to be home. BUT, you are a devotee. Summoning all the macho you felt at last month's paddling club party, you turn to your now-sober cohort and say, 'Looks O.K. Let's go for it.' (What the hell, maybe it won't be all that bad.)

"The Viewing done, the boats come off, the cars shuttle off, and you're left shivering in a 25° wind next to a 35° river. You begin what for paddlers is the obvious next move: you take off all your clothes. The reason for this display is to undulate your frame into your wetsuit—that neoprene rubber sauna designed for minimum warmth and maximum discomfort. (In fact the whole reason you didn't put the contraption on in your nice warm house is that it's such a pain in the various organs to wear.)

Slowly you add the layers: paddling jacket, PFD, wool hat, helmet, pogies and stand about like a stuffed panda waiting for the shuttle to return while your body temperature drops to near hypothermic and those $&% take their own sweet time. At last they arrive, you slide your boat into the water and you are ready for currents of great pitch and moment."

Once in the water, I recovered somewhat and really waxed poetic describing the glories of hands-only surfing, perfect enders, and unrivaled scenery. Ranting eagerly, I began to feel my friend's conversion was sure. But he was sly and knew all the right questions. From under comforter now wrapped around his hunching shoulders, my friend asked, "What about night—where do you stay?"

He had me. I slumped back into veracity. "Well, paddlers by nature are too rough, tough, lean, and, above all, cheap to stay anywhere civilized. We normally huddle under small nylon shelters and cook unsavory gruel over little stoves." By now I was over edge. I even explained how the next day one reclambered into the same icy wetsuit—a thrill akin to phyton cuddling; pitifully
trying to retrieve myself with "but it's really all worth it" and "but you don't even notice that". However, at this point, my friend had gotten up and, as he headed for the door, mumbled something about spending the rest of his life in a ski lodge. I had lost. Like the missionary gone native, I had started out to convert and ended up being converted. I don't know what will happen come spring, but right now, as I wrap that comforter around my shoulders by the wood stove, basketball and checkers seem like awfully good sports to me.

Just Kiddin',

Bart Jackson

Letters from Readers:

Write the AWA Editor today at 7 Holland Lane, Cranbury, N.J. 08512. If any or all of your letter is not for publication, please specify.

RIVER RECLASSIFICATION

Dear Editor,

Thanks very much for covering the beginnings of my study of river classification. I had not intended to go head to head with O.K. Goodwin, but to gather more information for an ongoing evaluation of the problem. The international system is widely known and like Mr. Goodwin, I am not anxious to change it unless evidence for such a move is quite compelling. To date I have found no such evidence. The results of my study will be made and presented to Journal readers as soon as they are available.

The study has developed into an extensive look at how rivers in different parts of the country compare to one another, and how people from different areas "draw the line" between levels of difficulty. I need more input, especially from the Pacific Northwest. If you have wide experience in different areas, please drop me a line and ask for a questionnaire.

Sincerely,
Charlie Walbridge
ACA Safety Chairman
230 Penllyn Pike
Penllyn, PA 19422

THE DEATH OF HERB SMITH

Dear Editor,

If I were a lawyer I would not take the case.

If I were a judge I would find the manufacturer not guilty.

Your "You Be The Judge" (Fluvial News, AWA July-Aug. 82) stated that Herb Smith was an experienced canoeist. The PFD was evidently not new and did not fail structurally. If Herb had considered that a PFD with leg straps was necessary, he had opportunity to either buy one or modify the one he had. An experienced boater would not expect that such precautions would be necessary for Class I-II water.

Some risk is there, of course, and Herb, in full knowledge of that risk, accepted the risk as his own responsibility when he paddled off alone. It is nodifferent for
runners who agree in writing that race sponsors are not responsible if the runners are hurt while running. Herb, as an expert, was alone accountable for estimating the level of risk of the endeavor and for judging the quality of the equipment necessary for the type of paddling he intended to do.

Nothing was mentioned about a helmet. Was his body found with the helmet on or off? Did Herb routinely use a helmet in these training sessions? Did he get flipped from time to time while playing the surfing wave? It is understood by experienced boaters that playing a wave involves a different and greatly increased level of risk than simply shooting through a line of waves in Class I-I or any other class water.

Herb Smith drowned and was found with no life jacket on. The odds are that if it had been a hot day and Herb wanted the jacket off he would have unzipped it rather than just inverting it over his head. The jacket was therefore probably stripped off his body by the force of the water. In order for that to happen, Herb must have been unconscious (limp). If Herb's blood was on the jacket Herb must have had some superficial wounds. Was the blood on the inside or the outside of the jacket? Herb probably did not loose consciousness due to some internal medical crisis such as a stroke, heart attack or seizure. Most likely he was hit on the head either by a rock when the boat went violently over or by the boat itself propelled in a flip by the force of the water. Who among us is not aware of the suddenness with which a flip can occur while playing a normally friendly wave? Such a whack on the head would have resulted in bleeding and the blood would have smeared on the outside of the jacket as it inverted over his head, no doubt further limiting his ability to get air. It would seem that Herb probably was not wearing a helmet. There must have been some kind of abrasion on his head. Was there any blood or hair stuck on the gunnel of the boat?

Herb Smith made some serious mistakes. He didn't wear a helmet (presumably). He must not have had the life jacket belt tightened properly. He went out alone. Is this the fault of the manufacturer of the PFD? I assume the PFD met Coast Guard specs - which doesn't include the need for leg straps. It was Herb Smith who set the odds for that Saturday outing. He was an experienced paddler. In going alone he accepted the risks as his own.

—Charles Sutherland
Tuckahoe, NY

AWA APPLAUDS
Tom Easley
WINNER OF
Perception's
1982 Conservation Award

Strictly unpaid, on his own time, Tom Easley, a chef from Steamboat Springs, Colorado was instrumental in forming the Northwest Rivers Alliance, which pushed to get Wild & Scenic designation for northwestern Colorado rivers. Easley wrote brochures, raised funds, wrote legislation, and lobbied in Washington D.C. The effort he initiated to help preserve our free-flowing rivers are an inspiration to us all.
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JOE BAUER PASSES

Just before we went to press, AWA received a letter from John Bauer announcing that his brother Joe after a long bout with a brain tumor died on November 7, 1982. For many years Joe Bauer was The Journal's Northwest Editor who continually contributed fine articles and countless photos of the rivers in California, Oregon, and Washington. From his home in Inverness, California, Joe constantly explored new streams and tributaries, turning up new runs in all parts of the Rockies' western slope. AWA readers will remember his six articles on California's Eel river system, the last one of which (AWA, Jan.-Feb. 1980) told of his exploring the North Fork—the third descent ever.

Unfortunately, Joe spent most of his trips on the other side of the camera and we were unable to find a picture of him on this short notice. However, we offer above one of the many pictures Joe took for AWA, showing brother John running the Long Rapids on their beloved Russian River.

EARTHWATCH REMINDER

As previously announced, all AWA Affiliates will receive a free copy of Earthwatch Magazine's 1983 Winter issue. Earthwatch offers its members the full array of scientific expeditions currently seeking volunteers to join the hunt. American Whitewater has been working with them to develop and offer a series of expeditions that would enhance the scientific quest and demand the paddler's own special talents. So look for the upcoming copy of Earthwatch and find out about a whole new world of exploration that you can share with your paddling club.

AWA OPEN DIRECTORS MEETING

Come air your gripes and ideas for a better American Whitewater Affiliation. On February 11th at 7 PM the AWA Board of Directors will meet and all concerned members are invited to come and participate. The meeting will take place at 5519 S. Hyde Park Blvd. in Chicago during the National Sporting Goods Show at McCormick Place. It's a good chance to see the show and find out what your paddling organization has in store for you. For further information contact Marge Cline, 1343 North Portage, Palatine, IL 60067, (312) 359-5047.
UPPER YOUGH

The shooting has stopped at the Upper Yough. A court order is keeping landowners off boaters backs (and decks!) and the main trouble maker has passed away. Boaters should be discreet, however, in Sang Run, which is still known to be unfriendly. The "new" put-in is by a path at river's edge, not far upstream from the old bridge put-in. Drive across a field next to the Sang Run park. A shuttle driver is a must. Cars have been vandalized in the Sang Run area. Friendsville is still friendly, however. Park cars across the road from the Riverside Inn on the west side of the river, upstream side of the town bridge. Take out just downstream of the bridge, behind the tavern and carry across their parking lot to the road. Shuttle drivers are readily available at $5/vehicle. Inquire at one of the two river outfitters in town. Don't miss the new restaurant located a block from the main part of town, behind the post office. All the food is home made on the spot. Great for a pre-cruise breakfast!

IDEA OF THE MONTH

The Mason-Dixon Canoe Cruisers centering around Hagerstown, Maryland have designed a "paddlers without partners" program which is simplicity itself. Club member John Drummond, (301) 791-4881, compiles all the names of people with a boat and no regular partner, people needing boat space, people with a trip in mind, but no comrades, and potential paddling comrades, seeking some place to boat. He simply takes the calls and acts as a clearinghouse to get club members on the right river, in the right boat, with the right people. This plan, a local version of AWA's Expedition Clearinghouse, expands club paddling beyond the standard trip schedule and offers members a great service.

CONSERVATION NOTES

SLUDGE STOPPER

Remember that last time you cruised past a pipe that was sucking sewage from a local plant into your favorite river? Well now you can do more than rant and curse. Call the National Response Center (800) 434-8802, toll free, 24 hours any day. This Coast Guard manned agency takes your claim and reports it to the proper enforcement agency for swift action: the Coast Guard on major navigable waterways and coastlines, or the EPA elsewhere. This is a link between public and federal enforcement that really works. For more info write to Commandant (G—TGC—2), 40 7th St. SW, Rm. 7402, Washington, D.C. 20590.

REAGAN REVAMPS W&S WATCH OUT!

In 1968 The Wild & Scenic Rivers Act became law. For the first time national policy recognized that in our free-flowing streams lay certain scenic, recreational, natural and geologic values that must be treasured and preserved from the endless march of hydro power and other development. The "Instant Eight" rivers came immediately under protection. Several more trickled in each year. Under President Carter, a National Rivers Inventory was taken and the ranks swelled to 61 rivers protected and 88 more under study, including 26 through the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act of 1980.

Then came Reagan and Watt—the destructo boys. Not one river has come into the W & S fold under their regime. Now Ronnie & Jimmy have sent Congress a set of sly amendments to the Wild and Scenic Act in a temptingly
delightful package. The frosting is the addition of the eight river segments, totaling 245 miles, to W & S protection. These include Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone River, WY—21½ miles in Shoshone Nat'l. Forest; Snake River, WY—13 miles in Bridger-Teton Nat'l. Forest; Elk River, CO—29 miles in Route Nat'l. Forest; Conejos River, CO—36.8 miles in Rio Grande Nat'l. Forest; Piedra River, CO—28.4 miles in San Juan Nat'l. Forest; Los Pinos River, CO—54 miles in Weminuche Wilderness; Verde River, AZ—39.5 miles in Tonto, Cocino, and Prescott Nat'l. Forests; Au Sable River, MI—23 miles in Huron-Manistee Nat'l. Forest. The Obed, Dosewallips, Snake below Hells Canyon, and others were rejected.

However, inside this frosting of new protected rivers lies a hard stone. Any river in the Wild and Scenic system which had entered federal protection via state vote and then been O.K.'d by the Secretary of the Interior, could now be removed by the legislature of any state through which that river flows. In other words in a political spat, New Jersey could remove from W & S protection a stream that New York had voted to protect previously. This could empty the entire Wild and Scenic system faster than we could fill it up.

NO DAMS FOR MAINE

For the first time in any state administration, Maine's Governor Joseph E. Brennan has issued an executive order protecting 16 of the state's rivers from any new hydropower projects. This order protects over 1500 of Maine's 32,000 miles of free-flowing rivers and tributaries including: The Allagash, Aroostook, Dead, Dennys, East Machias, Kennebec, Machias, Moose, Narraguagus, Penobscot, Pleasant, West Branch Pleasant, Saco, St. Croix, St. John, and Sheepscot. Until now, all these streams, except the Allagash, has been open to the power beavers.

In 1981, the state, along with the National Park System inventoried all Maine's rivers and found her to possess more free-flowing river miles than any other state in the nation. From this survey various conservation and recreation groups, including paddlers, helped developed an "A List" of rivers desperately needing salvation. (Ten of the A List river stretches support the only natural populations of Atlantic Salmon left today.) Governor Brennan happily signed the preservation order announcing that it is in his state's best interest to protect these high-value rivers.

Now for the bad news. The Big A (Ambejackmockamus) Falls area of the West Branch of the Penobscot was conspicuously absent from the list, giving a tacit O.K. to the Great Northern Paper Company dam proposed there. And, while the Governor's proclamation does oppose the Cold Stream dam on the Kennebec and the Masardis dam on the Aroostook, it is not necessarily binding on the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. FERC can license what it wants, but builders must still obtain a state permit, and these can be denied. When the state Office of Energy Resources new hydropower study is submitted to FERC, along with this order, there is an excellent chance of putting the lid on hydro development in Maine.

CHATTahooOoCHEE SLASHED

What Congress has preserved, the National Park Service (NPS) seeks to put asunder. In 1978, Congress authorized the Chattahoochee River National Recreation Area. In 1981, the NPS held hearings to draft a general management plan. They preferred a 12,000-acre park as "best meeting the requirements". And even though Congress would have accepted that, the park, on its own recommended cutting the park to 6,300 acres because of "current economic conditions".

Now, less than a year later, the NPS wants to cut the park in half again from the size they "preferred" before. This
Fluvial News

would make the park almost onequarter of its original proposed size. The current proposal would trade off 700 acres for a few put-in and takeout parking lots downstream. It would intensify commercial river traffic downstream of Morgan Falls and totally cut away surrounding hiking trails.

Local citizens state that the three-year planning effort by Congress itself should and had already determined whether there was money enough and the NPS should not arbitrarily cut off its own lands or funds. The Georgia Canoeing Association is keeping abreast of this situation and wants us all to make our views known to the NPS. So now write Robert M. Baker, NPS, 75 Spring St., SW, Atlanta, GA 30303 and then send a copy to your Congressman.

—Thanks to Georgia Canoeing Association, Inc.

VICTORY IN SOUTH CAROLINA

On June 1st, the South Carolina Electric & Gas company announced that its plans for a second dam below Murray Lake on the Saluda River had proved "economically unfeasible". The original Murray Lake dam, and the downstream flowage easements owned by the utility, have kept the Saluda’s banks green and undeveloped, creating a natural urban park for Columbia, South Carolina’s capitol city. This means that a mile from the state house—flows a pure cold trout stream and the only whitewater in that area of the state.

S.C.E. & G.’s second dam would have destroyed this whitewater and the entire unique urban resource. Fortunately, local citizens under the leadership of Guy Jones and Stuart Greeter banded together to form “Save Our Saluda” and along with ARCC, several state agencies, and the utility itself were able to work out a solution that saved the river.

The strategy employed by SOS proved as fascinating as the all-too-rare victory. The initial plan to seek legal intervention against the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) permit soon proved futile and was quickly abandon. Instead the SOS committee investigated the project and found both its Dower and profit to be marginal. They immediately launched a massive public-support campaign and costed out the potential tax shelter that keeping such a greenbelt urban park would provide the power company. They presented these figures to S.C.E. & G. who, after negotiation, decided that keeping the Saluda as is was a benefit both to their public image and their pocket book. Our congratulations to all the folks involved in the Save Our Saluda campaign.

OCOEE UPDATE

Running a half year behind and three million dollars over budget has recently brought the Tennessee Valley Authority’s No. 2 Hydro Project on the Ocoee river under a scrutiny from which it may never recover. U.S. Rep. Robin Beard (R-TN) has questioned the need for the entire renovation project and last month asked the General Accounting Office to audit it. The request is based on a report by Washington energy consultant Steve Taylor who indicates that with its current 20% overrun, the Ocoee project will never have any annual benefit.

The 19 megawatt TVA diversion project would by 1984 dry up completely one of Tennessee’s best runs which before the end of the year will attract over 90,000 recreation visits. But with this new auditing, it looks like preservation is still very possible. To keep informed, or add your support, contact The Ocoee River Council, Route 1, Ocoee, TN 37361; (615) 338-8619.

YOU WON'T GET YOUR JOURNAL

. . . if you move and don’t send us a change of address. Third class mail is NOT forwarded and we can’t afford to send it any other way.

Phil Vogel
AWA Circulation Mgr.
Box 1483
Hagerstown, MD 21740
AWA BOOK REVIEWS
SOME POSSIBLE ADDITIONS TO YOUR BOATING BOOKSHELF

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

CANOEING CENTRAL NEW YORK
by William P. Ehling
171 pages, 9 x 7½", paperback, b&w photos, $8.95.

The more we get "into" paddling, the more we immerse ourselves in its code and lingo. With this comes the tendency to judge authors and their works by how much lingo and knowledge of the paddling scene is displayed. To do this with Canoeing Central New York would be a sad mistake. Mr. Ehling has done admirably just what the title proposes: given us a thorough and accurate guide to the flat and gentler streams of an area he obviously knows well.

This area is a 75-mile-radius circle around Syracuse, bordering on Waterloo in the north, Little Falls in the east, Binghamton in the south, and Rochester in the west. From the area's five major watersheds, the author describes 26 rivers, each divided by its access points into several runnable stretches. The hand-sketched maps showing the rivers, shuttle points and roads, and local towns allow the boater to extend or shorten the run in the writeup. Drop and gradient, approximate running time, water conditions, obstacles, and the necessary USGS maps are all listed for each section.

Each writeup starts off with some charming historical or natural story of the area. The shuttling directions are easy and exact. "The River" and "The Trip"; unnecessarily split into two separate sections of the writeup, I felt, do provide an ample, if not overly spirited view of what the paddler may expect. You can get to and run any of Ehling's rivers with his book alone.

It is only outside the bounds of his streams the author seems to cruise into problems. The AWA Class I—VI have been redefined to fit his area's needs (all the book's streams range from Class I—III). This is followed with a Class I—V rating of paddlers with such definitions as: Class IV "One who has the ability to run difficult-Class IV rapids." — a useless and misleading tautology. The kayak, C-1, or C-2 are never mentioned in the text or index, nor do they appear in any of the photos. But never is the reader lured into water above his capacities.

In short, while not an expert on the state of the art, William Ehling is an expert on his region and his book reflects that.

—Reviewed by Bart Jackson

THE WHITE-WATER RIVER BOOK
by Ron Watters
204 pages, 10¾" x 8", paperback, b&w photos, $12.95.

"A Guide to Techniques, Equipment, Camping, and Safety" is the subtitle of Ron Watters' well-thought out volume. With it, the question comes instantly to mind—Do we really need another book that attempts to cram everything there is to know about whitewater into a single volume? For those already involved in the sport, the answer is probably no. But for the youngster browsing through the school library or the armchair viewer aching to give it a try, this book would serve as a valuable tool.

Excellently organized and broken down into short, readable segments, each aptly headlined, this large print book is easy to read and continually...
lures the reader to browse on and on. The author starts out with a solid chapter on getting started, then naturally progresses through the types of boats and rafts, camping on the river, rafting and kayak technique, rescue, hazards, planning multi-day trips (including how to get the permit), and even an innovative section on river cuisine. Each chapter consists of short sections of a few paragraphs, with a title which makes the entire book very handy for reference.

Most of the advice is well interspersed with Watters own personal tales, most of them interesting, which keeps the book from stretching into an endless lecture. However, the author has one really tedious habit which unfortunately pervades the entire volume: with every bit of advice he adds the backup claim of some local expert. In describing the roll, the author says “Payson Kennedy of Nantahala Outdoor Center emphasizes working with a hip flick...” “Dick Held of Whitewater Boats Cedar City Utah suggests,..." (something else) "...Pete Skinner of the American Whitewater Affiliation (West Sand Lake, New York) and Rob Lesser, also of AWA and a well-known kayaker, believe the key to an effective roll is...” and so it goes. The names and their authority really clutter the fine advice of this book.

But overall the advice is good, thorough and innovative. For once it is good to see rafting get its fair share of the technique and rescue chapters. Rafting is a separate skill which can stand being publicized. The canoe, decked and open, were really left out in the cold. Watters' comments on the canoe are cursory at best and in his chart which compared the C-1 with the K-1, I was truly offended at seeing the C-1 described as "a good transition boat".

Nonetheless, there is a lot to be learned from this book (Do you know how to make a riverside sauna out of a tarp?) and I would recommend it as one of the better guides for the uninitiated.

—Reviewed by Bart Jackson

The German speaking market: Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and border regions, find large numbers of seriously concerned individuals willing to purchase comparatively expensive, high quality books. Below are two superb examples.

WILDWASSERFAHREN HEUTE

by van Erschel/Kopp

39.60 DM (about $17), two volumes, published by Bruckman, Munich, Ger.

Beyond introductory matter, such as equipment—new German kayaks, etc., the books describe 31 Alpine streams. Each description incorporates a tailored hand-drawn map and outstanding photographs that illustrate all difficult drops. It is done in such an exemplary fashion that the books are superior to anything we have available on our streams. All who buy these volumes, even if they do not read German, will be delighted. The approach is so professional it seems impossible to improve on the style. The authors operate a white-water school and respond to real requirements.

Emphasis is, however, on a comparatively limited Alpine area of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. To do anything of similar scope for our Eastern rivers would demand something in the neighborhood of 100 volumes and cost correspondingly.

WILDWASSERTOUREN IN DEN ALPEN

by Robert Steidle

54 DM (about $23), published by BLV Verlagsgesellschaft, Munchen, Wien, Zurich

This large format picture guidebook combination describes 50 whitewater courses in gorgeous color, located in Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Italy,
Utah Adventure
by J. Calvin Giddings
Paddling San Rafael's Black Box Canyons Beneath the Desert

For most of us, the kayak is more than a piece of sports equipment. It is a tool for shedding the confines of civilization and a vehicle to experiences untold. But for Cal Giddings, professor of chemistry at the University of Utah, the boat and gear comprise just one of many sets of skills and tools required to answer the challenges of a real (and oft bizarre) adventure.

My feet slipped on wet rock and the rope from above pulled me into the waterfall. A tumbling brown torrent hit me in the chest and began to wash over my face, smothering me with dense spray.

"Slack!" I cried, "Let me down!" The rope uncoiled and I plunged deep into the churn and boil of the river. A big cushion of water pushed me right toward the main stream and I fought for the opposite left wall. Finally a streamer of current focused me like an arrow at a thin slot between the wall and a rock. From the madness of the pool, I felt myself whipped through the tight sandstone faces. The writhing snake of water swallowed my body. Suddenly I burst out the other side like a champagne cork, and felt solid rock at my foot. I groped for a place to stand and pulled my dripping frame out on a gently sloping platform of pink rock.

"Yah-hoo!" My ecstatic shout echoed 700 feet up the shadowed walls of the desert gorge. From a big uncertainty, to success—in an instant. That feeling swept over me like an ocean wave: I was infinitely happy, at life—success—and the sweet desert air lapping brown water from my city-white body. I yanked up my rope, strode to the top of the rock and called back over the tumult of water, "Let's have a boat!"

**Kayak adventuring** is a term I use to describe unorthodox, adventuresome passages down a river: facing a tough canyon, a terrain problem or some obstacle requiring more strategy and wit than just running a series of separate rapids. It may require special tools and skills outside of kayaking, fending off icebergs, or crocodiles. I won't try to define its whole limits. I will just say it is something more than kayaking, something less than exploration, something with a special challenge that can scare your wits out, or float your soul to heaven.

Narrow gorges hold some of the best kayak adventuring. Plummeting walls fall straight into the water, leaving no place to portage. It can be dangerous business unless you know something of the rapids and the escape routes and the paths of retreat. And something about hanging on to life no matter what.

In the West's **redrock** you find such gorges. Across this sage and pinyon land, ripped by wind, a giant knife cuts far down the cool, shadowed walls, cuts down at the very heart of the world. Nowhere lies a more magnificent place to shed civilization's cocoon and become a man again, to see through an ancestor's eye, to mobilize brain and muscle against challenge, for a survival deserving the name.

Utah has such gorges: Zion Narrows on the Virgin River, the Muddy River's Chute below Hondoo Arch, the canyons of the Escalante. And the queen, the San Rafael.

These rivers course through desert land, nurtured by mountain snows. Their moment of glory is brief, usually in late May or June, when the snowpack liquifies beneath the sun. You take what is left over from irrigators and cooling towers.

**Zion Narrows** shows pure gorge spectacle, a long slit canyon entombed...
Caught at night in the canyon
I snuggled to my eight year old son...worth all the furnaces in the world.

beneath incandescent rims. In late summer backpackers follow this trickling stream. But in May and June it floods and clogs with wayward logs wall to wall, forming deadly traps. Zion National Park forbids boats on its waters. In May 1975 we ran it by special permit—to study it the paper said—and gloried and shivered within its vaults.

The Muddy River. Your mind's eye sees a turbid stream, tamarisk banks, and alkali flats beyond. But only if you have never seen the splendor of the gorge below Hondoo. In May 1975, we dragged boats down its shallow waters and got caught at night in its recesses. We ignited driftwood but the increasing cold penetrated our bones. I snuggled with my eight-year old son Mike for warmth, finding him worth all the furnaces in the world. Go see it! Its watercourse is gentle. Its cliffs, 10 feet apart, are spellbinding.

The Escalante, unlike the Muddy, is a name of honor, titled after one of the earliest explorers of the West, Father Escalante. It has color, cliffs, arches and Ed Abbey to write it into fame. But, what most people don't see are some fair rapids when the water booms.

Les Jones, J. Dewell, his son John, my son Steve, and I ran it in June '75. We cooked in the fiery heat of the desert one day and froze in cold rain the next. To get out of the canyon we roped our boats over the low cliffs of Coyote Gulch and shouldered them up the inclined expanse of the Sand Bank.

Escalante walls are steep but they are not drawn tight over the river like those of the other canyons. It is an adventure, but it will never be a San Rafael.

The San Rafael. Born in the Wasatch Plateau snowfields at 11,000 feet; tumbling down Cottonwood, Ferron, and Huntington Creeks, the San Rafael is soaked up by the fields of the lovely Castle Valley and into Electric Lake with its ugly new power station. What's left flows into the San Rafael Swell.

The Swell is a 30 by 70 mile upthrust of colored rock west of Green River, Utah. Sixty five million years of erosion have carved it into buttes and pinnacles and layercakes of strata. And deep in its heart runs the slotted cut of the San Rafael River.

Lanky Pete Movingh, biochemist and desert rat first told me about San Rafael. Dinosaur bones, big red cliffs, and fast water, he said. He had rafted down to its main crossing at the San Rafael campground in 1969. A year later, I found it just as spectacular.

Then, around a campfire one night, Jim Byrne added an element of madness to the San Rafael.

"I'd like to try the Black Box," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

"The black what?" I asked.

"The Black Box. A deep gorge. Below the campground. I hiked up from the bottom a ways when it was dry. No problems."

Jim poked at the fire, added wood, sat down, and we listened to crickets.

At length he added rather flatly, "Of course, I couldn't see the upper part. Too narrow to look around the bends. Not sure what's up there. Shouldn't be too bad though."

"Oh sure," I thought.

Jim Byrne, a wiry nuclear engineer plastered with red hair and beard, is infectious with dry humor. But put to the test in a canyon, Jim is much more: he is an analytical thinker, fixer of broken paddles, a solver of tough strategic problems. In short, if you had your choice of one thing to take adventuring with you, Jim would be a wise choice.

We go for it

June 13, 1971. Jim, J. Dewell, Roger Turnes and I unloaded boats in the shade of a cottonwood grove beneath shimmering buttes. We launched in low water, headed for Mexican Mountain. It was a late start—2 p.m.—but we felt we
The river rolled in silence through its 
Sanctuary—color, color, color 
is the sacred ingredient of this land.
We nosedived down throbbing ramps of water buried in the froth of pools below.

We battled rapids an hour then lunched beneath a cottonwood tree, and napped awhile in its leafy shade.

Back in water, rapids came thick and fast, broken only by short pools where we could get a breath and scout. (Most of this scouting could be done in-boat.)

Now the water's fury grew, twisting ever tighter around the giant rocks, pulsing and falling through narrowing stone gaps. We nosedived down throbbing ramps of water, close to rock, and buried in the froth of pools below, only to be forced tightly left or quickly right past subsequent obstacles.

The shallowness and appearance of the water compounded our difficulties. More than just silty, it was flecked with foam; it felt slippery likesudsy dishwater and looked thick as bean soup. These patches of foam and the opaqueness hid the shallow brown rocks, forcing us through shoaly mazes even as we twisted among the big boulders. It was tough going, but we did okay until about five o'clock.

At five, Steve was forced off-route by a patch of the small brown devils. He dug in hard to get past the face of an elephant-size rock and back in the channel, but too late. Water slammed him against the face full force, and tipped him upstream. He began to bury in the water, and it looked like his boat might collapse around him pinning him beneath the surface. I leapt out of my boat and thrust it to shore. I stumbled through the buried, bruising rocks toward the surprised boater.

I must explain that Steve, though barely 16 years old, was a strapping young man, a good boater, accomplished rock and ice climber, a budding mountaineer. While young and erratic in mood, he usually was thoughtful and helpful. He was clearly pointed toward a bright, science career—if we got him off this rock.

As I battered my shins racing through the hidden riverbed, Steve found a corner of rock to hold onto. Pulling with all his strength toward the edge, the boat slowly inched forward. Then suddenly it broke free, spun around the edge of the monolith and washed into the current on its side. Steve casually braced himself upright. I stopped still in the middle of the swirling water, my mind relieved at his recovery, and suddenly became cognizant of my son's transition to a man.

The sun disappeared behind the high walls, but still blazed on the rim. We pushed on through relentless rapids, tired, each finally capsizing upon collision with a rock or cliff. Each time we recovered with no harm done.

By eight o'clock the walls began to close ahead. An exaggerated darkness fell into the depth of the canyon, gloomy against the ribbon of azure sky that arched above our heads. We camped.

Dinner. Reminiscences. Crickets and water sounds. The ribbon of sky turned to a ribbon of stars then melted into dreams.

We arose early next morning, and by 7:30 were surging into a closing canyon. Trees disappeared from the banks, banks became occasional sand spits, and spits melted into black cliffs. We were deep in the glory of the San Rafael. 250 million year old Coconino sandstone welled up around us to sun streaked canyon tops.

Suddenly, house-size blocks loomed ahead, filling the blackened gorge from wall to wall. The river burrowed left and we clambered up broken fragments on the right to scout. Tunneling beneath some great pieces, climbing over others, we at last dropped down to a patch of shore where we could launch. Returning, we formed a human chain and passed our boats from one to another ultimately down to the beach. Putting in again, we aimed for the crux of the canyon.
Uncountable years ago erosion pried a monstrous block from the gorge wall and sent it thundering down between the cliffs into the water. The San Rafael dammed by the rubble, backed up behind, and eventually cascaded over the far right side and through a break near the center. Plunging 15 feet into a caged pool, the water frothed from wall to wall and broke over rocks below. No beach, no ledge, no stepping stones. Nothing but wild, pulsing water and endless blank walls.

From the dam’s pinnacle rock we stared down over 25 feet of stone face into the swirling water. A diabolical barrier, a cut in our time line that partitioned off our future into something mysterious and totally uncivilized.

We couldn’t climb down the falls anywhere. We couldn’t find a landing. We couldn’t find a ledge or even a crack leading us around the pool to the side.

But we could swim.

We began to set up an approach. I edged toward the lip of the falls with a loop of climbing rope in my hand, something I could release instantly so I wouldn’t be pinned down there and drown like a rat in a flooded hole. Steve belayed me from above.

I dropped down slowly, awash in brown water, then slid into the heaving pool. My feet reached down but couldn’t touch bottom anywhere. We needed to know the depth, for the last man would plunge in unsupported, alone.

Then came the wild swim which I described at this article’s beginning. Soon 80 feet of rope arched from the top of the waterfall down across the brown water to my island rock. With one end of the strand Steve and Les lowered each of the boats into the pool with its cockpit cover tied closed to keep it dry inside.

With my end, I guided each craft into the narrow channel alongside my rock. As each bobbed by I grabbed it and pulled it up beside me.

Steve dropped into the pool and swam down. Then Les. We coiled our ropes, organized our gear, and soon the roar and then the echo of the waterfall receded behind us.

Ahead of us now we saw the high rim between sky and rock swoop down.

Ahead of us now we saw the high rim between sky and rock swoop down on the riverbed dissolving the last remnants of the Black Box’s deep caverns. But before it died the walls choked tight on the river, forcing the water through a 12-foot wide stone throat. In this narrow a cottonwood log had jammed some time ago. Others piled up behind. Everything that floated was finally caught, and rounding a bend we suddenly confronted a 50-feet island of logs and branches and scum, so old that three-inch grass sprouts had taken root.

“Watch out!” Les called, as he saw me drift onto the island—another piece of canyon debris. But the current was mild and I dragged my boat onto the topmost log. Les and Steve followed. Logs rolled and sunk beneath our feet, we slipped into the slime. Some voids developed which we bridged with Les’ boat. Moving gingerly across the uneven formation, we finally arrived at the primordial cottonwood log that had stuck sideways between the walls to dam the river and catch its ugly flotsom.

"Phew! This canyon’s got everything!" Les remarked in amazement. "Scenery, rapids, gorges, waterfalls, and now this. Too bad its about over."

It was, indeed, fine adventuring, but it was not about over.

For author Cal Giddings, his son Steve and their friend Les Jones, the San Rafael adventure had far from ended. Below Mexican Mountain, paddling beneath Butch Cassidy’s famed leap, this wildbunch faced inpenatrable talus, upstream backtracks, sheer cliff climbs with boats, and a lot more exploration all of which will regale you in Utah Adventure Part II, in our next issue of AWA.
THE SLALOM

A lot of nerves and standing for two two-minute runs

The exhilaration of precision and an awful lot of fun
Endless theorizing of the Great Equipment Race

Hoping you can sneak it & glean one inch's grace
Listening to the countdown—re-choreographing strokes

It's nice your foe's the river—not these other folks
Shoulda cleaned gate 10—tote board gave me five

Damn—get it next run—really show those guys
Fellowship. Fitness. Fun. These are the objectives of the Asheville YMCA Kayak Club, located in the mountains of western North Carolina. Now in its fifth year, the club follows the Y's guidelines and procedures. "We have a spot on the YMCA Board of Directors," says club leader Will Pruett, "and we work diligently to fit into the Y's programming philosophies, rather than operating on our own."

Pruett, 45, who has been running rivers for more than a decade, is currently the club's representative on the Board of Directors. He is also one of five volunteer kayaking instructors. The Y conducts three or four kayaking courses annually, tailoring them to whatever seems of interest to people in the Asheville community. Beginning and intermediate courses, racing instruction, river safety seminars, even kayak instructor clinics, are all available. One such clinic, held in 1980, attracted instructors from seven states.

"We were aided by the experts from the nearby Nantahala Outdoor Center when we put our paddling program together in 1977 and 1978," declares Chuck Hines, 49, "and we still work with the NOC professionals occasionally. They've been very helpful to us."

Since '77, the Asheville YMCA has taught over 200 people, ages 11 to 55, how to kayak, and the Asheville curriculum which includes pool and classroom instruction as well as river cruising has been adopted by many Ys across the country.

The club conducts weekend cruises each year from March through June and regularly visits the Nantahala, Nolichucky, Chattooga, Tuckaseigee, Little Tennessee, Toe, Oconaluftee, Raven Fork, Big Laurel, French Broad, Pigeon, Green, and Snowbird, all within a two-hour drive, and the Ocoee, a four-hour drive from Asheville. Longer trips are taken to the New, Cheat, Youghiogheny, and Savage in the east and to the Arkansas, Snake, Salmon and Colorado (Grand Canyon) out West.

"We have plenty of big water boaters on our roster," states Pruett, "such as Nancy and Ellis Alexander, Chuck Baker, Mary Ann and Kent Davidson, Sean Devereux, Jim Goldsmith, Ed Hay, Rich Isaac, Rob Kern, Kathy Koon, Ed Krause, Jim Maynor, Rocky Meadows, Jerry Mills, Ed Scott, Anne Terrell and Charles White, but we have at least twice as many Class II-III participants, and we make a real effort to schedule cruises that the majority can enjoy. We also conduct cruises for younger paddlers."

While teaching and cruising occupy most of the club's time, some members also have been successful at river racing. Jim Maynor, 37, is a good example. He graduated from the Y's kayak course in 1978 and has since won the Carolina Cup K-1 downriver championship twice, the Southeastern downriver title once, and many lesser races. Another graduate, Kathy Koon, 24, wears the K-1W Southeastern downriver crown. Pruett and Hines, the club's oldest competitors, have been Southeastern "Masters" champions in downriver and slalom, respectively.

Many of the Y's younger paddlers have been consistent race winners. Brent Lawson, 17, has won slalom races on the Nantahala and Chattahoochee. Doug Baker, 17, and Amy Pruett, 17, have won downriver races on the French Broad and Mayo. Curtis Bull, as a 13-year-old, won a Nantahala novice slalom.

Continued on page 32

Chuck Hines
Retreat Upstream
As We Move from Low Heads to Headwaters
A New Paddling World Awaits
by Walter F. Burmeister

No one paddles in the East very long without hearing of Walter Burmeister and his exhaustive Appalachian Waters Guide series. In these five enormous tomes are covered every rill and trickle shedding from the Appalachian range from New England and Ohio, down through the entire Southeast. Before most of us ever clutched a paddle, veteran foldboater Burmeister had mapped out thoroughly every major eastern river and all of their branches from source to confluence.

Recently, shorter popular guides have eclipsed these monumental works. But now with power beavers gobbling rivers up as fast as we find them, the need for an all encompassing reference work grows more important. In this article, Burmeister explains how the Total Guidebook concept aids in the continuing new river exploration we must have to keep our sport alive.

It all starts with conservation.

Conservation
Nature and particularly river conservation efforts are tragically subjected to powerful unilateral interest groups: industry, business and, to a degree, the Corps of Engineers—which canoeists simply cannot challenge. While still naive enough to imagine true nature lovers had a fighting chance, I fought, lectured, talked, wrote, and so on, but did not realize I was addressing a stone wall.

Let’s be realistic, conservation in our society means anything that happens to be left over (e.g. Nature), which no one else wants, and has graciously left nature lovers to fight over. Preservation lasts until such time as someone discovers something exploitable, of possible profit, has been overlooked and then the battle begins all over again. This purely materialistic stance vis-a-vis idealistic, well meaning people is bone-grindingly devastating. It has its roots in the old bromide that national resources are infinite; perpetuated by a very inadequate education system that fails to arouse love for nature in the average child at an early age; if ever. Flag waving, saluting, singing of the national anthem, baseball, football, and rock and roll just won’t do the job. So, it turns out to be a self-perpetuating, loose fight.

Instead of joining for battle against the insensitive, various so-called “nature-oriented” groups incite against each other. Self interests, limited horizons, and what have you, cloud every issue. There really is no room for hope. We live in a selfish, money oriented time and the profit motive is eating away at the more precious aspects of humanity. To survive—with respect to whitewater boating—we must become flexible. River cruising groups must select the best remaining courses and concentrate on these as long as possible. Highly skilled, experienced kayakers can increasingly seek out the small, remote headwater torrents, offering exciting sport in rugged settings. The more experienced, the more selective paddlers can be.

Europeans, plagued by the same sterile industrial outlook on rivers as our own humanistically blind leaders have, seem to clamor for whitewater parks, reserved for paddlers. Visionary concepts embrace particularly choice headwater feeders, still unencumbered or regulated by man’s thoughtlessness, literally set aside with a narrow strip of adjoining topography, for paddlers alone. In my books of the Appalachian Waters series there is special emphasis on the innumerable smaller system tributaries because these are the most picturesque and the most challenging, they are also the only remaining hope due to their remote locations.
Concepts & Equipment

But if we must keep moving and find new sites, our sport is ready for it. Currently, there are two new trends in boating today. First an increasing popularization of river cruisers—wanderers who tour large courses affording extended enjoyment. This is the domain of the foldboat and the Canadian canoe which has undergone an enormous proliferation of design. It was these craft that gave an initial impetus to the wish of countless paddlers to explore rivers all over the land at a time when most of the appealing routes were little spoiled.

The second trend is that of increased discovery and range of paddling which actually started with the birth of our modern kayak. Its light weight, superior design and rigidity, and optimum performance on extremely difficult white-water runs, opened the doors to seemingly unlimited potentials. With it, we were able to consider for the first time a radical advance into what the Europeans call Alpine canoeing. In these more challenging spheres, Canadian canoes and foldboats, regardless of previous accomplishments, simply cannot compete. While this in no way interferes with enjoyable cruising, carried on by the majority of whitewater sport enthusiasts, it does afford many the opportunity to challenge aquatic situations which only recently were considered impossible.

More important, this improved design and skill has interjected a new appreciation of the small mountain streams, permitting revolutionary comprehension of actual potentials. Obviously, it elevates the sport into something much more meaningful than previously. The ability of individuals, always in terms of small cooperating groups, to probe magnificent hidden recesses of mysterious, gorge-bound streams seems infinite. The key to it all is, of course, meaningful schooling. The sport has come of age.

Total Guides—Old & New

My current guidebooks are deliberately keyed into this evolving trend by way of thorough basin treatment of every river covered.

I do not merely present a few select runs, specifying permissible canoeing routes but, instead, discuss all feeders of a given stem, and establish their physical potential with respect to the sport, without getting involved with legality or preference of each. This I leave to the reader. In this way it has been possible to give attention to lesser tributaries which, in the future, may be all that will remain for the paddler.

In any case, total coverage affords great flexibility of choice, both for the conventional river wanderer and the more elitist specialist, Alpine kayakers. As horizons shrink, due to uncontrolled exploitation of our rivers by often unscrupulous manipulators, the only escape is entrenchment into spheres not yet threatened. There awaits an enormous whitewater world, especially inviting to the knowledgeable paddler equipped and trained with kayak or C-1. My books point out most of these golden opportunities.

A lifetime of effort has gone into creating hydrographic biographies of our eastern rivers. During the last nine years, continuous—seven days a week—writing, collating, research and study have been necessary to document the historical and geological cognizance as well as aesthetic appreciation of America's river systems. If I do say so, the volumes represent outstanding value, range, scope, and quality.

But these are the kind of total-river references that boating now needs.

*Walter Burmeister's Appalachian Water Series
I. The Delaware and its Tributaries
II. The Hudson and its Tributaries
III. The Susquehanna and its Tributaries
IV. The Southeastern Rivers
V. The Upper Ohio and its Tributaries

All volumes of this series are published by and available from Appalachian Books, Oakton, VA.
Because of this need, and because of my love of the subject, I have 13 additional manuscripts sitting on my desk awaiting a publisher. Unfortunately, publishers now shy away from something that does not promise a big, immediate profit, but the knowledge is recorded and the volumes include:

1. Kentucky Canoeing Waters, 1,022 pages — including complete Cumberland River system (being considered by publisher at this time).


3. Tennessee River Basin Canoeing, 775 pages — complete system treatment (being considered by publisher at this time).

4. The Paddler's St. Lawrence River World, 175 pages (being considered by publisher at this time).


6. Northern and Western Adirondack Canoeing, 670 pages — items 5 and 6 in addition to the already published Hudson River And Its Tributaries (Appalachian Waters 2) constitute a complete treatment of the Adirondacks (New York State).

7. Northcentral and Northwestern New York State Canoeing Routes, 538 pages — this covers everything, including the choice Genesee and Niagara River runs.


11. New England Coastal Streams, 540 pages — all of the smaller feeders from New York State north to Maine.


Throughout this entire project of cataloging our nation watersheds, few have been the accolades, numerous the criticisms. What started out as a labor of love, became a monstrous responsibility. If I am fortunate enough to find a responsible publisher, I shall complete the remaining, originally planned, Eastern sectors involving Maine, and parts of Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. The raw material is all collected, I have only to turn it into manuscript. If unsuccessful, I shall box the years of labor and forget it. At last, I shall give myself a breathing space to enter other fields of writing again and exit from the somewhat thankless task of wrestling with the Appalachian Waters.

MOVING?
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Vol. XXVII, No. 6
The Eskimo roll is one of those virtual paddling necessities that has always been tough to teach, tougher to learn, and near impossible to describe. But instructors of the Central Pennsylvania Kayak school have worked out a system that is bringing remarkable success.

Even people who've never seen a kayak charge through heavy waves somehow know about the Eskimo Roll. Our students—true beginners—know zilch about eddy turns, braces, bows or sterns. They've never even sat in a kayak or clutched a paddle, but they're all gung-ho on learning the magic of the Eskimo Roll.

In our school, The Kayak School of Central Pennsylvania, we've found that the better we teach the mechanics of the roll, breaking the whole into small, very specific steps—the more easily our students learn.

It's not unusual for us to have most of the students close to rolling after one pool session with at least one student learning the roll in every class. What's really satisfying, and often surprising, is to find students setting up to roll during their first day on moving water after only one pool session!

The biggest problem students have in learning to roll is trying to use too much muscle. This "strength syndrome" seems particularly to afflict men. Oh well. The most obvious symptom of this malady is pushing up on the paddle with the arms, trying to bully up for air. It can be seen easily and pointed out even by other students, because the head and shoulders come up first; and the boat never does. To compensate, we stress, right from the beginning, that arms, and muscle, do not a roll make. Quoth our teachers, "The hip snap is what energizes the roll and brings the boat and you out of the water!"

The paddle should be minimized as a source of power. "The paddle," we stress, "is a stabilizer. It stays at the surface of the water to help balance the paddler, but it doesn't provide thrust."

By stressing hips and de-emphasizing the paddle, most people will not develop the bad habit of pushing with the arms, which only sends the paddle down to the depths.

To make it comprehensible, we have broken the roll into three primary steps. Each step is first demonstrated, then practiced by the students, each with his own individual instructor standing by. It is a great technique that students can use later to help each other.
I. The Hip Snap. Each student lines up alongside the pool edge or beside another person standing beside him. He braces his paddle on the edge or in the hands of the person at his side. For the right-handed roll, of course, we start snapping on the right.

The student holds the paddle with both hands spread comfortably apart. He places the blade parallel to the boat, just at the water’s surface. He leans over the paddle, touching the water with their heads at a 90° angle to the boat. The boat will fall over, almost upside down.

Meanwhile, the instructor is talking to the student saying, "Try to keep your head on the paddle until you can bring the boat at least 80% right side up. Use your knees to snap when that feels comfortable, rock the boat back and forth with your knees, upside down to right side up, keeping the head on the water, maintaining the 90° angle with your body."

Before proceeding students must have a good feel for this snap, making sure they stretch those side torso muscles, keeping the head as low as possible until the boat pops upright. The instructor's role here is vital. She must continually encourage and instruct on every attempt. She must tell the student to, "put as little weight as possible on the paddle. Don't push the blade, remember it is only a stabilizer. Push with the knees—use that snap."

II. The Sweep. (While we teach this step second, we explain it is actually the final motion of the roll.) The instructor stands on the right side of the boat. The student sets up his paddle by laying it parallel to the boat, on the left side of the deck with wrist cocked so that the front blade is facing upward and lies flat against the deck.

The student falls over to the right side as the instructor holds his shoulders so he is partly in the water but able to see what movements he is making. He turns his wrist, keeping the paddle on top of the water with the front blade parallel to the water.

Then he sweeps out with the front blade, keeping the head on the shoulder, "watching the blade" to make sure the head rotates. When the paddle is out at a 90° angle to the boat, with the blade flat against the water, the student snaps his hips and comes up.

- We do not stress throwing yourself back against the deck in the rear. A 90°
angle provides ample leverage and power yet protects the face if the roll is unsuccessful.

- While holding the shoulder, students are urged to focus on 1. Wrist position to insure that the front blade is flat on the water’s surface, 2. Sweeping out to a full 90° angle, and 3. Keeping the head down while snapping the hips—no muscle!

At this point, instructors can see bad habits developing and take corrective measures. If the head is coming up, we go back to hip snaps, emphasizing hips, not arms.

III. Skyward Reach. This is the first time the student actually turns over, a full 180° in the boat. The student sets the paddle on the deck and rolls upside down with these instructions, “Put your head on the deck, then reach for the sky with the paddle, pushing it up along the side of the boat and out of the water until you feel air on both hands.” The higher the hands, the more stretch, the more chance of having the paddle on the water’s surface.

At this step, we have the student reach the paddle out of the water while upside and then relax. The instructor positions the wrists to flatten the front blade on the water, then the instructor sweeps the paddle out, keeping it at the water’s surface. At the 90° angle, students snap. In moving the paddle while the student hangs onto it, his first experience upside down is not so disorienting. He has a positive, correct, experience, because the paddle was set in position for him.

We continue this step until the student feels comfortable and understands all the steps involved, such as rotating the body with the paddle, watching the blade, snapping the hips and keeping the head down. If students are progressing without major mistakes, we let them try it on their own, while we stand at the stern, ready to help with the “almosts”.

One final note—we always have students practice wet exits before trying to learn the roll. This boosts student’s confidence, belays fears, and will result in their more quickly mastering the basic skills.

Author Leann Diehl supports shoulder of Andy Hill, winner of 1982 Pennsylvania Cup K-1, as they go through sweep. Note far reach out, head down, paddle parallel to water. (John Schreiner photo)
There is music in the spheres, Shakespeare tells us. Few are the poets whose brooks don't babble. But for the solitary paddler, the voice from the river can be not only romantic, but disturbingly real. Few men would be more attuned to the language and harmonies of flowing waters than Ted Steinway — veteran kayker, piano maker and man of unique sensibility. Is the voice imagined? Real? Here what he found.

You ask if rivers talk, and if so how...of course they do! I do think that your hypothetical "overnight camper on the river" did indeed hear voices, but also that he only imagined them to be voices. It is clearly a psychological phenomenon.

The first river that spoke to me was the Yampa, in northwestern Colorado, about thirty-five years ago now. Shortly after sundown I was standing quietly at the head of Cross Mountain Canyon, where the river abandons its peaceful mode and plunges into a sharp rocky descent with some considerable hurleyburley. It was midsummer, and the water was at a low medium stage. I became aware of a continuous murmured conversation between two fishermen a short bit down the canyon, and tried to hear what they were saying, but could not. It took a good few minutes of full attention, and a short hike down to where I could see down to the next bend, to convince me that there were no people there. The river itself was talking to me...extraordinary!

Then one evening in the latespring of 1964 on the San Juan, then at flood, it happened again; although I knew what it was, the illusion wascompelling.

The late Preston Walker of Colorado, latter-day pioneer in the navigation of Western river canyons, once told me that he had experienced this several times, about as I did, and mostly on smaller rivers. Pres was a man of unusual sensitivity and perception.
And others have recorded their experiences. Freya Stark, the renowned English lady Arabist and traveller, wrote of the South Teigh in Devon in 1907 that “I first noticed here how the sound of water is like the talk of human voices, and would sometimes wake in the night and listen, thinking that a crowd of people were coming through the woods, like Comus and his crew.” The impression lasted—years later (she must have been in her sixties) she wasabed, sleepless, in a town on a left bank tributary of the Tigris, drained emotionally by “anger... the monstrosity of bureaucracy...with nostalgia that hurt like pain I thought of England; perhaps it was the singing of the waters in the night that brought her so poignantly before me.”

The Canadian writer Lawrence Burpee reports as of 1926 that the upper Athabaska sounded at night like “voices in drowsy conversation”. And Elizabeth Yates writes in 1973 that while relaxing during a hike along the Bearcamp in New Hampshire “the sound was murmurous, like people talking together. I could not get away from the feeling that it was the sound of lovers talking...a tender sound as if all that there was to be said would never be said as long as time lasted”.

The overnight camper is in a good position. It seems to me that people who hear a river talk must be somehow outside themselves, in tune with their surroundings, not engaged in any attention-demanding task. Thus it happens mostly after sundown, and often while relaxing from physical or emotional stress.

Acoustically it seems to me that this river talk is basically in a relatively low frequency range, perhaps 300 Herz or less, but with a strong admixture of randomly recurring low harmonics in considerable amplitude. The tempo is rather sedate, say moderato. This is in some contrast to poets and others who write of their “babbling brooks”. And the best present information describes the sound of moving water as broad band in the audio range, with most of the energy at 1500 Hz upwards. Perhaps rivers murmur, brooks babble, and other agitated waters sing or swish or hiss or what have you.

All this seems to be distinct from other river sounds perceived as communication, such as the rumble of cobbles being bumped along a river bed by a strong flow of water; Burpeesays this “is like the growls of bears from afar”. Or the cyclic 15-20 minute crescendo of a train of sand waves on a river carrying a high silt-sand load like the San Juan, building up gradually from a swift but quiet flow through whispers to an actual roar of breaking waves, and then precipitously declining to silence again. Particularly effective entertainment at night when one is trying to sleep!

And there is the fainter high frequency hiss of sand against one’s hull on similar rivers. Herbert Rittlinger, the late enormously talented German kayak paddler and writer wrote of this in 1932 in an account of his lonely and difficult descent of the Bistritza in the eastern Carpathians. After a week or so of rain, and rapids and awesome floods, he was, so to say, spewed out onto the Moldavian plains just as the weather finally cleared. Despite the warm sun he was melancholy, and emotionally and physically exhausted. By now he disliked the river, but as he drifted downstream through the slow swells, the rustle of current-born sand on his kayak hull, and the gurgle of occasional whirlpools, mended his spirits and put him in touch again with the world. He wrote that the river actually talked to him.

The Big Horn is said to have been a great talker in its passage through the mountains in northern Wyoming, in a canyon now alas drowned out by a dam. The Crow and the Souix avoided the canyon because of “une earthy sounds”, which were believed to be the voice of an
unkillable demon who ate people. Later parties on the river reported noises "like some enormous animal", and some which "rose and fell like a siren". And the Polpar Rapids on Peace River, towards the head of the canyon where it cuts through the Rocky Mountains (alas again, now also drowned out) were so named precisely because they did not talk—"parle pas" to the voyagers, who were accustomed to more voluble rapids.

Perhaps the most apt characterization of river talk is that of Tim Cahill, describing his climb to the plateau-like summit of Mount Roraima in southeastern Venezuela. Constant rains had made him feel empty and stupid; but when the sun came out, and the wind dropped, he relaxed and listened to the only sound there was—water running down the canyon there. He wrote that "water over rock has the sound of muffled voices. It was as if hidden beings on the balconies below were conversing across their gardens, speaking in some alien liquid language."

Enough! What say, musicians? poets? accousticians? psychologists? paddlers? Anyone to further this perhaps trivial inquiry?

### Paddlers' Calendars
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**Continued from page 23** race over opponents twice his age. Ten other Y youngsters have pulled off a 1st or 2nd somewhere along the line in river racing.

"We don't spend much time sitting around talking," chuckles Maynor. In fact, the club used to meet monthly but now meets just quarterly, enjoying a spring, summer, autumn and winter family potluck supper. Guests are welcomed, films and slides are shown, cruises are planned, races are announced, and a good time is had by all, even by the canoeists in attendance.


"Actually," explains Hines, "we call it a kayak club only because the YMCA teaches kayaking and not canoeing leaving canoes to the local Red Cross) and we feel a need to identify with what the Y teaches." In return, the YMCA helps underwrite the cost of a bimonthly newsletter which goes out to the 700 or 80 Ashevilleans who are club participants and to another 100 or so paddlers from coast to coast.

The Asheville YMCA Kayak Club is a member of the American Whitewater Affiliation, American Canoe Association, American Rivers Conservation Council and United States Canoe Association and can be contacted C/O Asheville YMCA, 30 Woodfin St., Asheville, NC 28801.

**AWA** offers this Club Profile series to help publicize the continuing efforts and contributions made by **AWA** affiliates toward our sport, its instruction and its safety. We invite all affiliates to take advantage of this chance and tell the rest of the boating community how you operate and where you're headed. Why not tell us about your club?
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LOAFER'S LACES

Most of us have succumbed in some way to the Velcro revolution—paddling jackets, chin straps, watch bands, even our wallets whisper open and shut with those little hooks and catches. But SHOE LACES? Come on. Well, yes it's really true; they're really here; and, in their own fashion, they really work.

For the past two months, I have been dealing with them on both my running and paddling shoes. On dry land they seem to function as well as any other shoe lace—no better or worse, quicker or slower. (My mother taught me how to avoid double knots in my shoes at a very early age.) But the other weekend, when my cold-knarled fingers were struggling to undress after a long day on the river, the Velcro revolution seemed to make an awful lot of sense: To find the nearest retailer contact Nu-lace, Ltd., 6500 Rock Spring Dr., Bethesda, MD 20817.

BOATBUILDER'S HULL SAVER

You've just squeegeied out the last drop of resin from that beautiful new kevlar and S-glass layup. But you mixed a little hotter batch than you thought and now your hull lies in the mold, untrimmed and hard as a rock. A hacksaw would rip up the mold flange so instead you reach for this reversible back saw.

This little gem of a tool is angled to make absolutely flush cuts without damaging the outside surface. The 9¾-inch German steel blade features a tight 12½ teeth to the inch for a fine, exact cut. The adjustable, stiff back allows a smooth, one-handed operation. Available from Brookstone Company, 678 Vose Farm Rd., Peterborough, NH 03458; (603) 924-7181, for $8.95 it sure beats sneaking back with a battered mold and hoping the owner won't notice.
Book Reviews

Continued from page 13

Switzerland, and France. The color photographs alone are worth the price. Once again, you need not speak German to comprehend the wonders of these choice streams; clearly marked as to difficulty and characteristics. Anyone interested in acquiring this exceptional book, as well as the one mentioned above, can write to Herrn Klaus Stolte, Bergbuchhandlung Rudolf Rother, Abholfach, 8000 Munchen 19, West Germany. You will never see finer examples both with respect to photography and coverage of whitewater delicacies.

SOON TO BE RELEASED

Survival & River Rescue

Nye Simons of Mobile, Alabama is currently putting together a program for the Nantahala Outdoor Center workshop which will cover rescuing victims and surviving as a victim in the event of whitewater accidents. It is based on a program given earlier at the Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico but is being re-tailored to more advanced white-water situations. The program will be reviewed in an upcoming issue of AWA.

Saving a River Handbook

While the art of fighting hydroelectric projects has been pretty much reduced to a science, the methods of initiating protection for a river is a befuddling and overwhelming chore. The American Rivers Conservation Council (ARCC), the most knowledgeable source of such information is currently planning a looseleaf How to Save Your River Workbook. The workbook would be split into four major sections: 1) Determining what the conservation and recreation values are for this stream, 2) What are the protection/management needs, 3) How to raise public support, 4) Determining constitutional base and engendering legislative action. Though just barely underway now, when finished, this volume will be a must for every club and environmental group library.

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