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the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation



Spring 1963

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SPRING 1963

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The American Whitewater Affiliation

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Cover: Al Zob in Cottonwood, June, 1962

Photo by Art Kidder





Dear Peter:

I intended to write you earlier to tell you how much I liked your [Summer] article on rivers and their valleys; I believe it is the best conservation article I have read. I am afraid that the multiple use idea is going to ruin us if we are not ruined by the Gummint engineers. Missouri's otherwise excellent conservation department seems to go along with the idea of the greatest amount of playgrounds for the greatest number, which of course means dams. Some of the editors of the larger Arkansas papers are against dams and multiple use.

We appreciate your efforts in the cause of conservation and we know that you get discouraged like we do but you keep trying. It ain't easy.

Regards,
Jim McAlister
5040 Glenside Drive,
Kansas City 29, Missouri

Dear Peter,

You can imagine my son Dave's and my surprise, after working furtively for four years, to have George Siposs discover an almost identical principle (hull breathing device: AWW, Autumn, 1962) and publicize it before we fulfilled a long-standing dream: to capsize at a water safety exhibition and remain under for 5 or 10 minutes before rolling up!

Oh well, we still might find some one who doesn't read AWW.

Best regards,
John D. Heath
4919 53rd Ave. South
Seattle 18, Wash.

Ed. Note: See drawings on Pages 24, 25.

Dear Peter,

Not to belabor the discussion, but to clarify the record, the photo of Bob

Waind (AWW Autumn 1962, p. 21) is printed upside down . . . I have personally seen Bob roll up at least six times in Cottonwood Rapids. I have seen him make two complete recoveries in a single passage . . . I have seen him recover with half a paddle. Many other successful rolls have been made in Cottonwood by Bob, Ron Bohlender, Ted Young and other local as well as foreign kayakers.

Art Kidder,
1374 South Race St.
Denver 10, Colo.

Dear Mr. Whitney:

In the [Winter] issue of AWW I was interested in the reference to canoe paddles in John Berry's review. I'd thought the instructions I'd been receiving were up-to-date, yet I've been taught recently that solid maple is the best choice. It seems to me that an authoritative discussion of all aspects of paddles would be welcomed by other readers as well as by myself. (If an authoritative discussion isn't available a controversial discussion would also be welcome.)

I've been re-reading old issues of AWW this winter and find them very interesting and helpful.

Sincerely yours,
Carleton Sperati
107 Wayland Road,
Sedgeley Farms
Wilmington 7, Delaware

Ed. Note: Let's hear the pros and cons of maple, spruce, plastic, laminated wood, what-have you?

Dear Peter,

I have been interested in the AWW discussion of feathered and unfeathered kayak paddles. There has been no mention of paddles feathered at **less** than 90 degrees. I would be interested

to know if there is any advantage to this, as I can set them at any desired angle with equal ease. Barbara Wright tells me that it is preferred by some, but is not common.

Stewart T. Coffin
103 Hillside Ave.
Arlington 74, Mass.

AWA Trips

Good news! Oz Hawksley and Jack Reynolds are going back into the summer trip business, albeit in a limited way. The old glorious days of de luxe conducted raft trips down the sporting rivers of Idaho are not going to dawn again this year. But in their place there will be a type of trip more obviously aimed at the AWA boater.

"There will be more participation in planning and trip work," Oz writes, "and quite possibly this would also reduce costs a little too.

"We plan to run rivers in N. E. Wisconsin from about May 27 through June 3. All are good white-water streams — in fact, best in Wisconsin: the upper Menominee, the upper Peshtigo, the

Wolf and the Pike. The Wolf is a favorite of the more advanced paddlers from the Chicago area.

"We will leave Aug. 17 for western Montana to run and explore S. and Mid. Forks of the Flathead (water willing) and/or such streams as the accessible parts of lower Selway, Clearwater, Salmon, etc. We may return via Dinosaur in early September and run some of it by paddle boats, as the water will be low and rafts should not be needed.

"We are due back Sept. 7, so we will actually be on the rivers from about Aug. 21 till Sept. 5 or 6.

"We'll welcome fellow paddlers willing to take come-what-may in the water line, and some folks are already tentatively planning. I'll answer details by correspondence."

Oz's address: Route 5, Warrensburg, Mo.

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(Read Walter Kirschbaum's account of his Kayak Class in this issue.)

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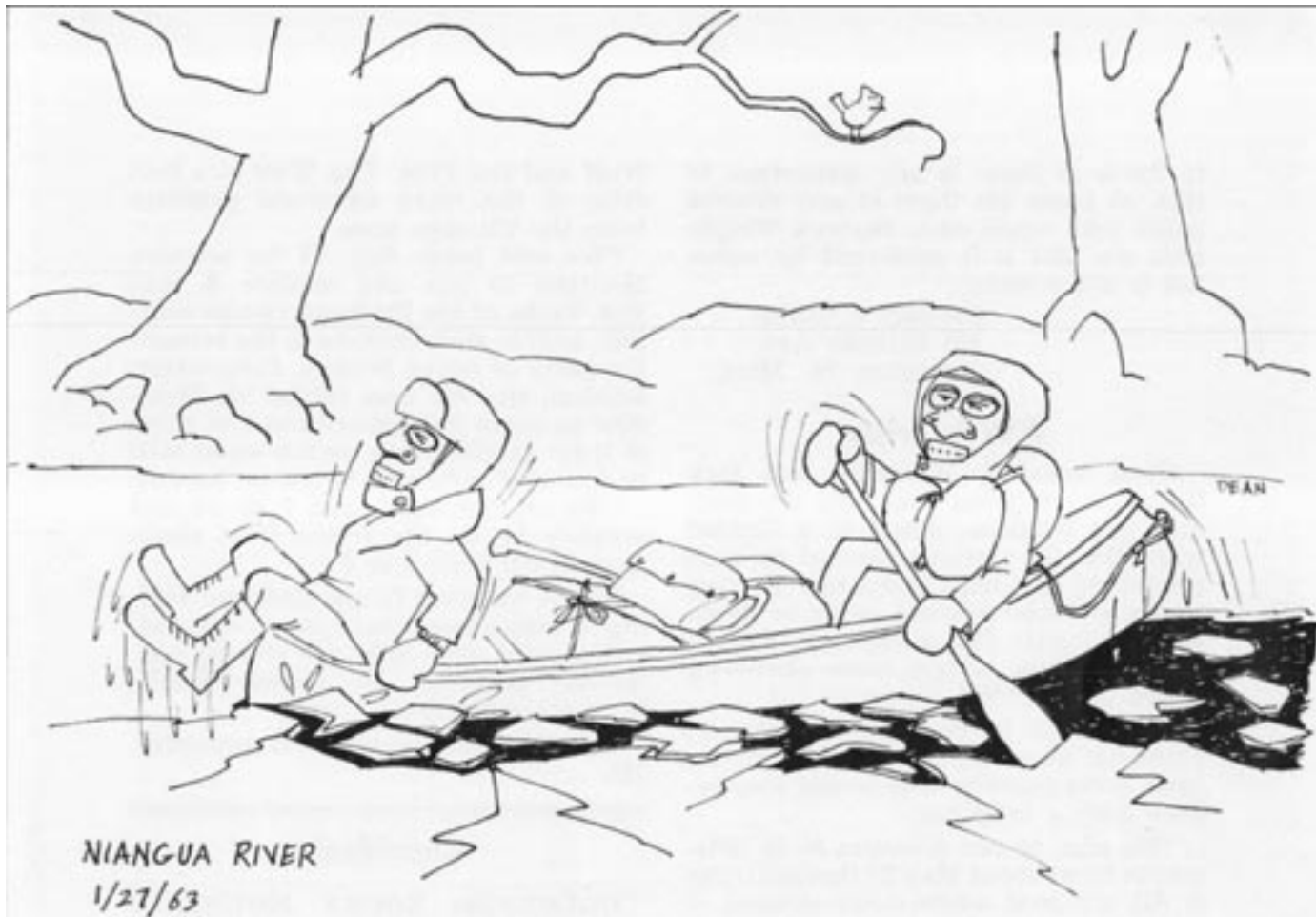
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We Never Portage In the Ozarks

By Dean Norman

Some people thought the river was probably frozen, others thought it wasn't. We decided to float it and find out.

Two nights ago the temperature had dropped to 20 degrees below zero, and it hadn't been above freezing since. But the Niangua river is one of Missouri's Ozark streams with natural anti-freeze. During the winter most of the water comes from Bennet Spring, and there are several smaller springs helping to keep the water above freezing point.

We planned to put in 10 miles below Bennet Spring and float another 20 miles to Mill Creek. The river was open at our put-in and take-out points, but

we couldn't get any definite information about the in between.

Another consideration was the weather. It was snowing—and I had been wanting to float the Niangua during a snow for a long time.

We Launch on Ice

So at noon on January 26th Ken Landes and I shoved our canoe off a shelf of ice along the bank and started downstream. Sam Stark headed for his home at Mill Creek with our station wagon, and we were committed to get there one way or another. There were several points downstream where we could get out from the river on a road, and there were some long stretches where we couldn't.

The snow had already blanketed the hills and it was still falling. Wherever a rock or branch touched the river surface a platter of ice had formed around it, and the snow piled on top of the ice. The blue-green river channel was neatly edged in white by a shelf of ice that had formed one to three feet from the banks. Sometimes the sunshine would filter through the falling snow.

The massive, twisted branches of sycamores leaned over the channel. The whiteness of the branches looked creamy or ivory when backgrounded against snow. These ivory towers were decorated with cardinals.

Robins and juncos hopped along the shelf of bank ice and appeared to be eating snow.

"Maybe the wind has blown down some weed seeds," Ken suggested.

It's May in January!

We paddled close and saw insects scattered on the snow. They looked like mosquitos but without stingers. There were some on the water too, and a few of these were moving.

My trout-fishing friends call these "midges" or "mayflies." The larva form lives in water, the adult form hatches and flies about for a few hours to mate and lay eggs. Then the insect falls in the water and fulfills the divine plan of feeding trout. Evidently they serve other purposes as well, because there were no trout in the Niangua until the state began stocking Bennet Spring.

Anyway, these mayflies hatching during a snowstorm in freezing weather was almost unbelievable. We tried to see some flying, but couldn't tell them from snowflakes if they were. But the evidence on the ice shelf was indisputable. They had to be hatching now because the falling snow would cover them in a few minutes.

Bennet Spring is a spring in more than one sense of the word. It sends a ribbon of spring weather flowing through the frozen hills, and living things come to it — song birds, ducks, mayflies and canoeists.

A Sandwich of Seasons

The north wind blew the warmth out of our cheeks and the snow accumulated in dry piles on our packs. Our paddles dipped in spring and we rode in

winter. Two seasons separated by the surface film of the water. Ice formed on the paddles on the recovery, and melted off again on the next stroke.

The robins ate quick-frozen bugs off the snow, and then ran to the edge of the ice to drink. The cardinals wore bright spring plumage, but had winter voices. A woodpecker knocked politely. The riffles splashed. The pools were clear, perfectly clear. I put a sample of water in a bottle and watched to see the tiniest speck of sediment settle out, but there wasn't any.

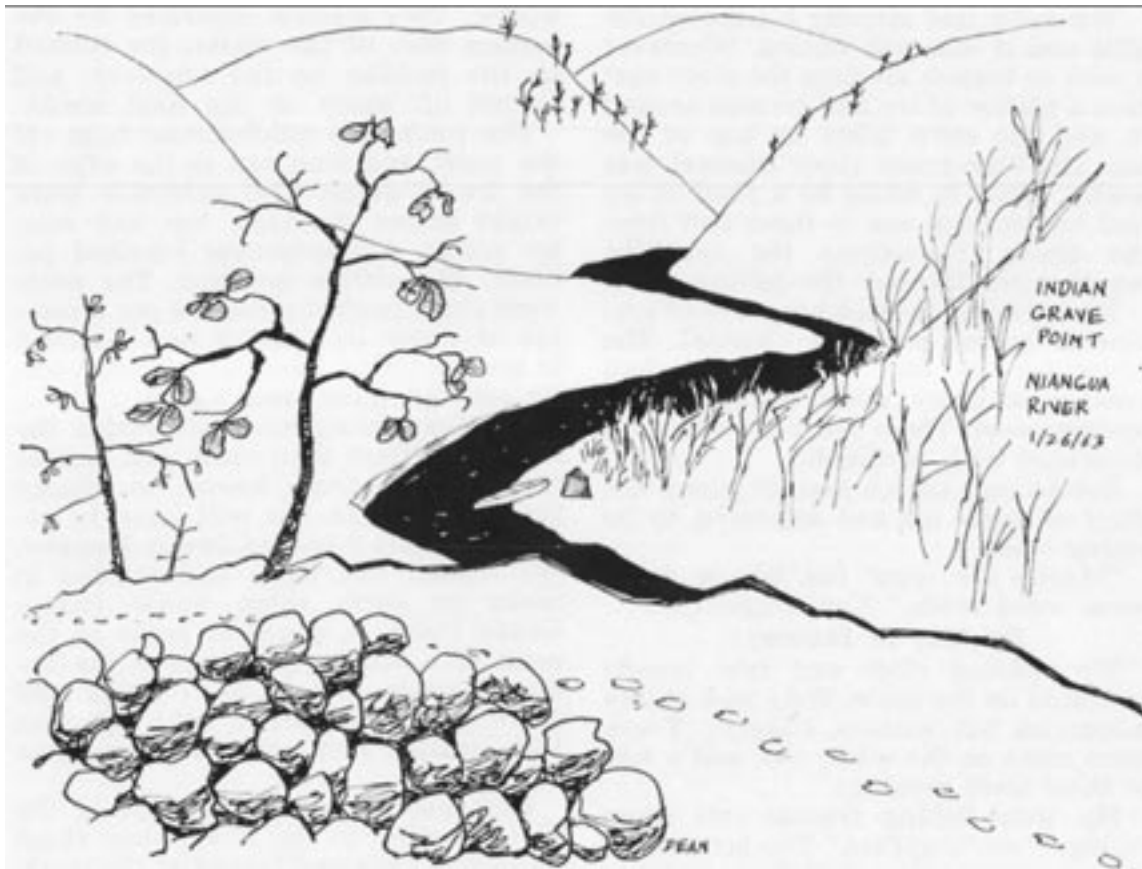
The first spring rain will muddy the river, and from then until next winter it will vary from brown to cloudy green. And then we will have to remember what it looked like in January. We floated five miles and decided to make an early camp under Indian Grave Point. A circle of rocks at the peak of a bluff marks where the Indians' bones used to lie. ("Folks said there was gold buried with him, but there wasn't. Just some bones and arra heads.")

Ken and I climbed the slope of the bluff parallel to the river, then stood on the rockpile and looked at the slack, blue rope of the river that lay between the hills. The north wind was getting colder. It rattled the dry leaves on the scrub oak. We turned our backs to it, and walked back down the slope to get our cooking fire going.

The Owner's Welcome

Floyd Holman owns the gravel bar we were camped on, and he visited us that evening. "This river hasn't froze over in the 45 years that I've lived here," Floyd told us. "Old-timers say it froze in the pools back in 1915 and 1903. But it takes 6 to 8 below-zero nights to do that, so you don't have to worry about the river freezing on you. Come and camp here anytime. Folks are always welcome on my place."

We thanked Floyd, and went to bed much relieved to know the river could not freeze. The snow stopped, the wind kept blowing and the temperature dropped somewhere below zero. "Twenty below at my place," Sam Stark would tell us later. We had no thermometer to worry us; we just stoked a tent stove every two hours.



By 5:30 we had all the sleep we wanted, but we didn't want to stand outside in the cold and dark to eat breakfast. I brought the food box in, and we cooked on the tent stove. The food box had sat near the outside fire, but one egg had been a little too far from the warm end of the box. It sat like a ball in the bubbling bacon grease and gradually melted down and cooked.

We took this as a hint that it must be damn cold outside, and put on extra layers of clothes before crawling out to see the sunrise.

A Winter Splendor

The morning was clear, cold and magnificent. Mist swirled from the river, hoar frost coated the willow branches, frost feathers were scattered on a narrow shelf of new ice. The sunlight climbed slowly down from the tree tops, and when it struck the willows and spread onto the new snow, ice crystals reflected needle points of blue, green, purple, yellow, red and silver.

We couldn't see that any significant amount of new ice had formed over-

night, so we quickly broke camp and pushed off downstream.

The willows dazzled, the cardinals were in the sycamores again, the ducks on the water, and a low mist continued to swirl where the air and water temperatures clashed. A bald eagle soared by a bluff. The north wind forced us to put on face masks. Ice formed on our paddle throats until it was $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick.

We stopped to scout the rapids at Guthrie Bluff. We were wearing most of our clothing and couldn't risk getting wet. But the rapids was too pretty not to run. Anyway, I have a superstition that nothing bad will happen while the sun is shining, so we ran Guthrie rapids.

When the day was about half gone we still had more than half the distance ahead of us, so we decided to set a steady pace to be sure of reaching Mill Creek before dark.

There is a long, quiet pool beside the heron rookery—fifty to seventy Great Blue heron nests in the tops of

sycamores. In mid-summer, the young birds stand on the limbs and scream bloody murder each time a parent bird circles in with a fish. Upstream from the rookery the herons fly away from approaching boats, and you never get a very good look at them. But once past the rookery the herons flush close by and fly upstream — sometimes directly overhead — with their long, orange legs hanging behind.

"Looks like ice ahead," my bowman said.

"You mean across the channel?"

"Yes."

"Where does it look the softest?"

I ruddered the canoe toward the spot Ken indicated, and then we got up speed to ram through 30 feet of fragile ice. After a short distance of open water we rammed through another patch of slightly stiffer ice. Ahead of this we saw a white river. Snow on top of the ice meant it had formed before yesterday.

"Where does it look the softest, Ken?"

"It looks the same everywhere."

"Let's hit it in the middle then."

We did and the canoe stopped. This seemed like a good time to use Standard OWWC Crisis Procedure. We got out the camera.

I took a picture of Ken chopping ice with a shovel, and he took one of me shoving broken ice with a paddle. Then we buttoned the camera back into its waterproof bag and tried our system. The shovel wouldn't break the ice.

"I'll try standing on it," Ken said. He slid onto the bow deck, straddled the canoe and stood up. The ice broke, and as he fell back onto the bow deck I shoved the canoe forward.

Long Pools Ahead

We continued through 75 to 100 yards of ice before reaching open water again. While we rode the current through a series of riffles we discussed the long pools that lay between us and Mill Creek. We didn't have time to break through or carry around them. (Besides, the voyageurs never penetrated to the Ozark rivers and the word "portage" is almost unknown here. We will wade, chop, saw, curse, swamp and dunk before we will suffer the humiliation of taking a canoe out of the water

and carrying it around an obstacle. And since we don't plan on portaging, our canoes are loaded to the extent that almost anything is easier than portaging. It's sort of a circular philosophy that justifies itself in practice.)

Rather than worry about the future we decided to stop at Blue Spring Ranch and say hello to our friends, Al and Opal Viola.

"You boys stay for dinner?"

We protested once but not twice.

An hour later we were too full to consider paddling, let alone chopping or portaging.

"It's 20 miles to a telephone where you could get a call through to your driver, Sam Stark," Mr. Viola told us. "But I can haul you 18 miles to the river across from Sam's place."

Sam was standing on the bank when we pulled our canoe across the frozen backwater at Mill Creek. "Right after I put you fellers in I met somebody who said the river is froze hard at Callison Eddy. How did you make it through?" he asked.

"Just one 18-mile portage, Sam." v

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By Kayak Through Darkest Maine

By J. Raymond Hodgkinson

Ed. Note: The writer is possibly the only Englishman (or Briton) extant who does not call a kayak a "canoe." To the great loss of Her Majesty's realm, he has immigrated to the U. S.

Last summer I had the great good fortune to travel 135 miles by kayak in the United States and Canada. The opportunity arose from attending a scientific conference in northern New York State. The canoe and tent could be taken free on the transatlantic steamer and afforded an economical means of travel and accommodation in an expensive country. Above all, in traveling by river one escapes the frenzy of the cities and the commercialism and artificiality of the well-worn tourist routes, and has the chance to come closer to the essence of a land and its people. Who has not rediscovered his own country when he began to travel its rivers, lakes and coasts by water, to come upon scenes and people un-awares?

At first, I intended to canoe the Fulton chain of lakes in the Adirondack Mountains. In the end, however, I joined friends in the U. S. Geological Survey working for the summer in Maine. On a day of typical English summer weather — cold, grey and raining heavily — their jeep dropped me in the wilderness of northern Maine at a point where the East Branch of the Penobscot River is crossed by a dirt road just below Grand Lake.

Dismal Beginning

I dispiritedly set up my tent and my folding kayak, my only company the unseen bears, raccoons, mink and moose in the surrounding forest, and went to bed. The next day brought sunshine to clear the morning mist on the river, and the 5 days' canoeing down to South Lincoln, 75 miles away, proceeded on smiling water fringed by the rich green of the forest under a blue sky. Before starting I climbed Horse Mountain for a wonderful view over Grand Lake with its blue water, forested shores and

tree-clad islands, with rolling, wooded hills stretching to the horizon in all directions. Diminutive red sea-planes could sometimes be seen flitting cheekily between the many lakes and ponds. They provide the only transport in large areas of northern Maine.

After a wet summer the river was full and the rapids well covered. The first day required three exhausting portages, averaging $\frac{1}{2}$ mile each round the gorges confining Spencer Rips, Grand Pitch and Bowlin Falls. As I dragged my heavy boat I reflected on the only advantage of folding kayaks being that they fold, and on the appropriateness in relation to such craft of the American term for rapids — "rips."

With distance the river broadened and the rapids, always well-covered, lengthened — up to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long in some cases. Whetstone Falls consists of a series of 1 foot ledges spaced about 20 feet, extending for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and with boulders, and I began the run down before realizing the hazard. Getting out and lining across 20 yards to the bank in the fast, deep water where not a single foot-hold could be lost or mistake made gave me a tense hour I shall not soon forget.

The Twist at Medway

Otherwise obstacles were few. Interesting rapids alternated with lovely, deep, still pools and a panorama of wooded mountain-tops slipped by behind the forest fringe. After three days of solitude I came upon the small town of Medway with an open-air Saturday night teenagers' twisting session that looked like a scene from a pop-musical film and provided the best sample of Americana in all my travels. Here also I took a day ashore to visit idyllic Millinocket Lake with Maine's highest mountain, Katahdin, 5,267 feet, brooding mistily behind it like Fuji-Yama over a Japanese landscape.

Now the river was broad and deep, reminiscent of the upper Thames, and entrancing with its mirror surface in

the still weather, alike in the mist of morning, the shimmer of noon, or the delicacy of starlight. The mountains were no more, but instead white-painted wooden farms and villages could be seen through clearings in the trees. Less entrancing was the cabbage-like smell of the effluent from the paper pulp mills on the banks.

At South Lincoln, about 50 miles above Bangor, Maine, mentioned in the song "Riding Down From Bangor," I hitch-hiked 90 miles east over the Canadian border into New Brunswick province. My foldboat and camping equipment presented no problem to the average-size American car which gave me my first ride, and soon I was transferred to an empty timber lorry 60 feet long which tore through the countryside like an express locomotive until it set me down, with a dramatic screech of brakes and storm of dust, at a bridge over the Magaguadavic River, a few miles below its source.

A Fellow Mancunian

The next day it rained heavily, but I was on the land of an old trapper and huntsman who had emigrated from my native city of Manchester, England, 50 years ago. He took me in until the next day and entertained me with stories of rod and gun and days gone by which I am sure lost nothing in the telling.

The Magaguadavic was a smaller, gentler, more intimate river than the Penobscot, but the 60 river-miles down to tidal water at Saint George took four days. The first day gave a continuous succession of delightful easy rapids with forest scenery; the second day, lazy serpentine meanderings through farmland. The light green of meadows contrasted with the dark spruce forest, graceful deer came out to drink at evening, the wooden houses and farms were painted prettily in light, gay and varied colors. The third day there was forest again and a dozen ledge falls and rapids which had to be lined down, also a dam.

The End of the Journey

On the last day, after a portage round Second Falls and a diversion up a tributary to Lake Utopia, whose curved sandy beaches backed by trees evoked a Pacific island, I camped on the quay

of the sawmill at Saint George, my journey being over.

Old white wooden frame houses, many from the most elegant period of Colonial domestic architecture, spoke of the importance and prosperity of the town in bygone days. Beyond lay the Bay of Fundy with some of the highest tides, coldest seas and most beautiful islands in the world.

I left the foldboat, crossed to Deer Island by ferry, and made my last camp in scenery rivaling that of the islands of Greece in its beauty, its poetry and its power to take possession of the soul. Green spruce-clad islands with rocky shores skirted by extensive fringes of dark seaweed exposed by the 40-foot tides were set in blue sky and sea. Only 200 yards from my tent swirled the second largest whirlpool in the world, throwing off strange patterns of eddies. Sharks plunged in the water, thousands of gulls screamed and drifted with the tide, sunset was deep and red and satisfying, the reflection of a crescent moon shimmered silvery on the purple waters.

America at Its Best

What I had seen was as much North America as is the "American Way of Life" now on sale in Europe. It is a great country for the open air life: the Penobscot, though the size of the Thames, is only one river among many. The Adirondack Park equals the whole of Wales in area. Summer is really summer and winter, winter. The extensive forest park areas are well provided with camping areas with tables, benches, fireplaces and sometimes sanitation and open sleeping shelters, and one is also free to camp anywhere in the wilderness.

Yet it was surprising to find, in what Europeans consider a pioneer country, how few people were prepared to take recreation which involved walking

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more than 10 yards from their cars, and still less recreation which involved propelling a boat by one's own muscles or by wind, rather than by motor. When taking walks along the road, one is frequently offered lifts.

Some Small Misunderstandings

Kayaks seem to be very little used in North America, where the open Canadian canoe predominates. Canoeing is regarded less as an end in itself than as a means of transport for fishing or hunting expeditions, for which purpose the Canadian canoe, usually with motor attached, is preferred. Shopping, for the British canoeist, has its amusing moments. The village stores stock a wider variety of goods, of super-market style, than in England, but one must accept bread and cheese in packaged, processed and denatured form. Methylated-spirit stoves seem to be unknown and "meths" [denatured alcohol.—Ed.] is not on sale in any case. However, I

have successfully burned cleaning solvent and also rubbing liniment in my stove, though when I ventured to use them for their specified purposes they were a complete failure.

Toward the foreign visitor, the rural American is curious but unfailingly helpful. America is opening her gates to the conventional tourist, but I hope that more young people may be enabled to travel in the way I was able to: they will be far more impressed than by the Statue of Liberty, Niagara Falls, the Empire State Building or Broadway.

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A White-Water Education

By Walter Kirschbaum

Whenever, in the past, I have been approached by people ambitious to learn white-water kayaking in a half-hour, the way they learned to ride a bike, I would usually tell them they were too optimistic if they expected it to happen as fast as that. They should have more respect for our art — "it can't be done that way," I would say. After all, I had spent 20 years developing my own skills before I considered myself fit to tackle Grand Canyon; yet there were those who wanted to join me after they had spent five hours with a kayak.

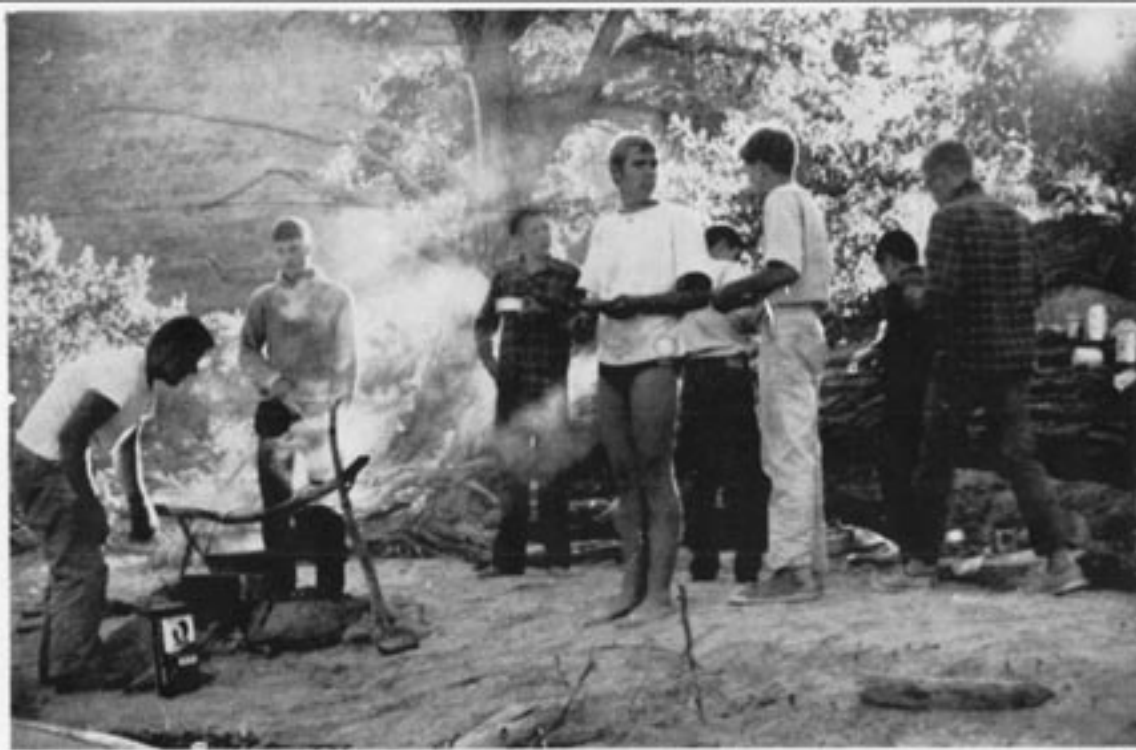
So when John Holden, headmaster of the Colorado Rocky Mountain School at Carbondale, Colorado, urged me to try to conduct an intensive kayak school there, as sideline to my job of summertime teacher of French and German, I was hesitant. The candidates were seven boys, aged 14 to 17, one of whom had been introduced by his father as being extremely fond of water sports; all the others knew how to

swim. But that was probably the only thing they all had in common, having just arrived from the most extremely different backgrounds.

Not a Dream

Here is my report, and as I write it, I myself am hesitant to believe that it isn't just a story I dreamed up, but the truth. After only six weeks of practicing on school pond and rivers for two afternoons and one weekend each, I took them all through Desolation and Gray Canyons of the Green River in Utah, a 6-day tour through extreme wilderness and many a rough rapid. They all paddled their own, very tippy, very light, fiberglass-hull, canvas-deck single-seaters, and did not portage once. They all carried their share of food and, while the care necessary to prevent its waste was news to them, we managed **without loss**.

All except one tipped over — usually **not** in the roughest stretches — and not all of these **tipovers** ended properly in a recovery; but nobody was injured:



Dinner in Gray Canyon

nobody even got sick. And there was a tremendous amount of justified pride and accomplishment when the most difficult rapids—some of them strong IVs, conservatively rated—were successfully run. Their deepest impression finally was the emergence from wilderness: our arrival in Green River City with all the indulgence in ice cream, juke-box music, people, etc.

During the training sessions and during the final trip on the Green I was supported by Ulrich Martins, who is staying on after the Arkansas for our 1963 Summer School, and by Jack Snobble, known from the U. S. Air Force Survival School and as a Peace Corps Instructor.

High Standards

Since I am not one who wants to be admired for taking chances, my preparations for the Green trip, as well as the standards of discipline necessary in such surroundings, were not always met with enthusiasm; some of them weren't even understood at the time. In the end, it may well be that the greater part of enjoyment of and appreciation for this wilderness trip came to the

boys only after they had finished it, or even later. Yet the long-run values as well as the immediate results of the undertaking in the eyes of all—especially the parents—proved well worth the efforts and the strain.

Here is what may have been the key to the boys' efficiency.

The very first objective of our sessions in the pond, within the minute of their first sitting in the kayak, was to tip over on purpose, and to recover. There were some that did it, after proper instructions, on their **first** try. (This taught me a lesson—me, who took hours, weeks, months toward the same end, 21% years ago.)

The point here, I want to explain, is not to do a 360-degree Eskimo-roll-proper, but merely a recovery on the same side; with all of the paddle extended.

No one was allowed to go on the river before he accomplished nine out of ten such recoveries. Having practiced it often enough, they soon reacted promptly even when capsized by accident. (As I write this, I feel not unproud of having very recently taught



Ulrich Martins runs a rapid

a 65-year-old gentleman this very same recovery; admittedly he is unusually able-bodied and ambitious.)

An instructor is in the best correcting and assisting position as he stands immediately behind a trainee's back. There are only three imperatives to be observed toward such a recovery:

(1) Lean forward (toward the bow) as far as you can; and pivot your **chest** to the side, so that it faces the water.

(2) Get the **near** blade entirely into the water before you fall over; this is done by stretching the arm in charge of it clear across the cockpit.

(3) Make sure the **far** blade is clear of the water at the time at which you push down on it to recover.

(4) **Again, don't forget to lean forward.**

On the river, then, hardly anyone panicked upon a turnover. And that, I think, was the justification of this whole primary skirmish.

Who Needs the Roll?

Once you are able to recover this way, there isn't much of a step left to-

ward a "real" Eskimo roll. (To open your eyes while you're down there seems to help a lot.) I wonder, however, what the advantage of a "real Eskimo roll" may be over this much easier way of ending up upside-up. **As a matter of fact**, whenever under live conditions (i. e., after having turned over other than on purpose) I treasure a mere recovery more than an all-out Eskimo roll. Reasons: Less time under water; less exposure to rocks and other possible obstacles to a good recovery.

On such a basis, I was able to take most of my groups on the Colorado, the only river in the world for which Lloyds of London does not offer insurance coverage (the only **place** in the world, as a matter of fact), from Radium to State Bridge, Colorado, after one week of practicing, despite a higher-than-average June run-off. The only previous river experience they had had was a two-hour drill session "leaning out" (to the inside of the curve) upon entering a current from backwater, as well as entering backwater from a cur-



We played the rapids after running them

rent. "**Stromstrich**" is what I mean when I say "current," but "current" equals "**Stromung,**" not "**Stromstrich**" so maybe someone has to create an English equivalent.

Ed. Note: "Jet" seems to be the nearest equivalent.

As each learned how much trouble it is to swim his abandoned kayak ashore whenever he failed to recover, he would voluntarily spend an extra hour practicing it, next day.

Discretion Is Learned

It was on these trips, as they found themselves in predicaments like being pinned against a cliff by the current, that they learned to respect the value of skill, the value of tactical advice, e. g., at what angle a rapid on a bend must be entered for safe passage. It seemed to me that a tremendous idea of responsibility was growing as they sensed, and physically felt, the gradual increase of exposure. They learned how important it is to develop and cultivate a skill, how foolish and dangerous to take a chance. They learned how to look out for themselves, and

not to forget the fellow in the nearest boat, because he might, eventually, be a helper in need.

Usually we would not merely "run" rapids, but "play" them, in a sense that, years ago, Dave Stacey pointed out in this journal.

After two such weekends we spent three days on a tough slalom course close by our school, on the Roaring Fork. Here was held a race open to everyone. Art Kidder from Denver won it. Since we allowed practicing on the course for a full day prior to the race our boys benefited outstandingly from watching and imitating experienced Colorado slalomers tackle the gates. This event contributed tremendously toward their performance on the following river trips. It appeared to me all in all that our way of preparing utter beginners not only panned out very well on our big trip on the Green, but proved that, while five hours of preparation are not quite enough, twenty years are not absolutely necessary for good solid river running.



Farewell to Glen Canyon

One of our nation's magnificent river canyons, without peer or parallel, will soon be measured in acre-feet of water storage and miles of shoreline, instead of those ephemeral values so long associated with the Colorado's Glen Canyon by those who have known and loved it. Once more status quo vanishes beneath the stride of preemption, as the waters rise behind concrete blocks which already tower nearly 600 feet above riverbed.

Doubtless many persons have gazed on the alcoved and tapestried walls without sensing their majesty, have wakened to the canyon wren's call and watched a canyon sunset without a stirring of the pulse, have droned heedlessly by the treasures of antiquity and geological quirk — but for every one of these there have passed a hundred who took Glen Canyon to their hearts.

Since 1869, when Major John Wesley Powell piloted his survey party through this canyon, explored and named it, a growing stream of river travelers have followed their lead. Prior to construction of the great downstream dams, this was the only segment of the Colorado River which was much frequented by white men. All were seekers. Some, as Father Escalante and the Mormon settlers from Utah's "Dixie," viewed the river crossing only as a major obstacle to their distant quests. Others, notably Bert Loper and Cass Hite, made their solitary homes on the banks of the Colorado. The "Glen Canyon gold rush" of the '90's brought a flood of prospectors to the sandbars and established the only permanent settlement in the Canyon. Not a few took temporary refuge from the law within these walls. Guides, explorers, surveyors and scientists have used the river as a two-way avenue to remote areas for many a decade.

Most numerous, however, have been seekers of adventure. It is they who can remember long lazy days in the shimmering sunshine, the slowly unfolded panorama of great salmon-pink cliffs and towering thunderhead, Music Tem-

ple and the old wagon route at Hole-in-the-Rock, Indian ruins and pictographs, and above all the memorable approach to Rainbow Bridges via the narrow corridor of Aztec and Bridge Canyons, with their crystal pools and cathedral-like bastions.

"Float" trips already belong to history. The powerboat phase, with all its connotations, has begun. We are offered the prospect of a "vacationist's paradise in the most scenic and fantastic country in the world." A vast amount of scientific data has been collected regarding the flooded areas, to be stored in local as well as national archives. Though some may feel the loss has been compensated, for a good many of us it remains a sad, nostalgic farewell — to Glen Canyon.

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SECRETARY'S SOAP BOX

By George G. Siposs,
Retiring AWA Secretary

One of the most eventful and rewarding years of my life has come to an end. Having corresponded with just about every notable canoeist or influential person who can do something for our sport, I have gained an excellent insight into what makes up our organization. We are in the second phase of our development: the "first" generation AWA founders such as Bob McNair, Eliot DuBois, Bruce Grant, Dave Stacey being more or less on the sidelines, a new era has arrived. Bob, Eliot and the original founders are busy promoting the sport in their respective areas besides being busy with their jobs. (Quite a few of them are engineers and some are working on defense projects so they are busy.)

The new generation consists of slalom enthusiasts, avid conservation workers, and newcomers to the river sport. I have no doubt that they will do an excellent job in carrying on AWA. Let me quote Abraham Lincoln: "If we could first know where we are and whither we are heading, we could then judge what to do and how to do it." We do know where we are. The groundwork has been laid. Most outdoor organizations on this continent know about AWA; as a matter of fact, many clubs on other continents are in active contact with us. Our affiliate club membership has grown considerably.

All in all, ~~we~~ could be in a very enviable position if our individual members supported

the magazine. The AWA magazine is well known in canoeing and kayaking circles the world over. The high level of its contents can only be maintained if our members realize that it is written of the members (some of us), by the members, for the members (all of us). I therefore strongly urge every one of you to contribute articles, if possible with pictures, and to serve on committees wholeheartedly whenever possible.

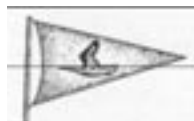
(Y)our next Executive Secretary, Martin Vanderveen, is well known to most of us. He will need all the support that we can give him. Do your share in helping AWA grow to a position it justly deserves by lending a hand to Van and his assistants.

To all people who so generously helped me to do my job I say: "Thanks, fellows . . . see you on the river."

By Martin Vanderveen
AWA Secretary

A warm welcome to our latest affiliate, **Andover** Outing Club. When white-water men move from one locale to another they look around for a boating club; if they can't find one they organize a new one. John B. Reid, formerly affiliate representative for Gahonga's Elite, started teaching at Andover. He promptly showed a white-water movie to get things going; the club is in the middle of a construction project making 40 fiberglass singles. That's real progress.

Another Canadian province



will soon be represented among the AWA affiliates. Up in Quebec members of the **Viking Ski Club** who had been river touring decided to organize a Canoe and Kayak Section. Nearly fifty people turned out for the first meeting; they have already applied for AWA affiliation, and are beginning to think in terms of white-water racing as well as cruising.

* * *

Your new Executive Secretary on taking office queried the Affiliate Representatives on ideas for improvement of the AWA. Many worthwhile ideas came in and are now under consideration by the General Committee. Watch the next issue of AWW for the announcement of some new and valuable activities.

* * *

John Bombay, our AWA Safety Chairman, has launched a program for producing a white-water training film for both canoe and kayak. Each club has been asked to photograph a portion of the movie on color film, probably 16 mm. The film will be assembled and duplicated and then will be available to white-water groups for their training. Possibly some individuals have or are willing to take some of the scenes. Get in touch with John Bombay, 404 W. Outer Drive, Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

* * *

Affiliate News

Ozark Wilderness Waterways

Club has set up its cruising schedule for 1963 and is adhering to its past policy of having at least one cruise every month in the year. How about that, you fair-weather paddlers? **Colorado White Water Associa-**

tion is utilizing the winter season for training sessions in the swimming pool, boat building lessons and club social affairs. **Prairie Club Canoeists** report that their annual Canoeists' Jamboree drew a record-breaking 130 participants, bulging the seams of the lodge. **Kayak and Canoe Club of New York** is holding a trip-leaders' clinic to acquaint prospective leaders with their duties and responsibilities. This might be a good idea for getting some of those undecided people to volunteer as leaders. **Ontario Voyageurs Kayak Club** is still studying the question of rating paddlers. It's a controversial subject, and the findings of the Voyageurs should be of value to other clubs in making their decisions.

* * *

Volume One of Walter Burmeister's guidebook "Appalachian Water" has finally been published. It took years to get it out, but it's worth waiting for. To anybody cruising these waters the book will be priceless. I got a great deal of pleasure just browsing through it. Our hearty thanks to Walter for his patient persistence. Thanks also to those supporters who made the publication possible.

An attempt at guidebook publishing on a different level is being made by Vern Rupp. Vern is planning to put out individual guides for the rivers in British Columbia, and thinks he may be able to get official support if he can show sufficient demand for the work. A sheaf of correspondence showing interest in British Columbia river guides would be most helpful. How about writing today to Vern Rupp, P. O. Box 2237, Vancouver, B. C.



RACING REPORT

1963 Racing Schedule

April — First or second weekend:
Credit River Slalom. Toronto, Canada.

Write: Willie Gansser, RR #2, Box 7, Group K, Hamilton, Ont.

April 20-21: Tenth Annual Brandywine Canoe Slalom, Wilmington, Del.

Write: Mrs. Ruth. D. Gillingham, 110 Harvard Rd., Haverford, Pa.

May 5 — Potomac White-Water Race, near Washington, D.C. Sponsored by Canoe Cruisers Association.

Write: Robert R. Belton, M.D., 1601 Argonne Pl., Washington 9, D. C.

May 11-12: Hudson River White-Water Derby, North Creek, N. Y.

Write: Johnsbury Fish & Game Club, North Creek, N. Y.

May 18-19: Eastern White-Water Slalom Championships (Nationals?)

Write: John Berry, 5914 Greenlawn Dr., Bethesda 14, Md.

June 28-30 (probable): Pacific Invitational Slalom, Feather River near Belden, Calif.

Write: Peter D. Whitney, 1544 La Loma, Berkeley 8, Calif.



An announcement from Ron Bohlender, National Slalom Chairman of the American Canoe Association:

"The following men and women have been selected by the ACA to represent the United States at the World Championship Slalom and Wild Water events to be held August 10-14, 1963, at Spittal, Austria. The selection of these competitors was made on the basis of Past Slalom Chairman Bob Harrigan's point system of 1961. Two events in the East (the Brandywine and the West River races) for the Eastern contestants, the Salida race and the CWWA race on the Colorado & Clear Creek rivers for the West. This year the National Kayak Championships were held in California on the Feather River so this event was necessarily included in the point-earning races. As was seen previously in 1961, this point selection system does not necessarily place the contestants in 'perfect order,' but positively does name the top seven boaters who have been actively competing.

Slalom — Men's K-1

Place	Name	Points
1	Claud Burk	10
	Ron Bohlender	10

2	Eric Frazee	8
	Bill Prime	8
	Ken Wisner	8
3	Dave Morrissey	6
4	Dan Sullivan	5
5	Robert Harrigan	4
6	Jim Burk	3
	Michael Stanley	3
7	Erich Seidel	2

Slalom — Women's K-1

1	Barbara Wright	7
2	Liz Wheelwright	4
3	Barbara Krebs	3
4	Joby Jenkins	2
	Jane Showacre	2
5	Anita Schalle	1

Downriver — Men's K-1

1	Dan Makris	12
2	Ron Bohlender	9
3	Ted Young	6
4	Claud Burk	5
5	Ben Campton	4
6	Ted Makris	3
7	Bob Waing	2

Slalom — Men's C-1

1	Bill Bickham	17
2	Phil Hugill	9
3	Tom Southworth	6



Bill Prime, KCCNY, winning third place in the National Slalom, Feather River, 1962
Photo by Art Kidder

- 4 Dick Bridge 3
- Dave Guss 3
- David Kurtz 3
- 5 Bill Heinzerling 1

Slalom — Men's C-2

- 1 Bickham & Heinzerling 9
- 2 Bickham & Bridge 7
- 3 Harrigan & Berry 6
- 4 Worrell & Swenson 5
- Guss & Southworth 5
- 5 Bridge & Bridge 4
- 6 Bickham & Newell 2

Slalom — Women's C-2

- 1 Wright & Showacre
- 2 Davis & Arnold
- 3 Ikari & Riedel

Slalom — C-2 Mixed

- 1 Bridge & Showacre 5
- 2 Bickham & Trimble 4
- 3 Minault & Wright 3
- Hugill & Wright 3
- Heinzerling & Heinzerling 3
- 4 McNair & McNair 2
- Shipley & Littler 2
- Heddon & Davis 2

"All entries in these World Championship events must reach Europe by June 1. Please inform Ronald Bohlender, 172 W. Maple Ave., Denver, and the A.C.A. Team Captain, Bill Bickham, 107 S. Allen St., State College, Pa., by March 1st (**deadline**) if you intend to represent the ACA in your selected class. If you intend to forfeit your position, please notify Ron as soon as possible so the next competitor can step up one place."

Ron's notice adds, we are glad to see, that a better system of selecting our National Championship race sites is being worked up by the ACA. At press time, the venue of **this year's** Nationals was still in doubt.

Your AWW Editor cannot refrain from editorializing in public—as he did at length in private at the time—that, though Bob Harrigan's point system was a good rough guide in picking out those who were sufficiently dedicated to make good competitive material for a U. S. team, it discriminated against the West Coast. We had to fight to get the kayak Nationals last year, and the placement of Liz Wheelwright was one concrete result of that. There are going to have to be smoother and more equitable means of picking the contestants, which do not penalize regions with thousand-mile distances between clubs.

But much more critical in practice is the willingness and financial ability of our good paddlers to make the trip at all. Clubs, what about some pledges of support?

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2. KLEPPER "SL" —for White Water Slalom . . . Weight: 42 **lbs.** (19 kg ; length: 13 ft. 9" (408 cm); width: 24" (60 cm) . . . Comparable model: Klepper Folding "Slalom **59"**.

Both boats have been designed by recognized expert—White Water champions of Europe. Quality built by Klepper craftsmen to international racing specifications, they provide supreme performance and utmost strength. With sleek styling and beautiful finish they're as smart as they are rugged. Select "Quirl" or "SL"—you'll find it the finest kayak you have ever seen.

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RACE REPORTS

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

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

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Safety as We See It

By John Bombay
Safety Chairman

An article in the American Canoeist magazine of October, 1962, prompts me to write about bow-lines. The article recommended tying a paddle to the boat with a fishline or the like, so the boater could hang on to the paddle and not be swept away from his boat. The article even suggested tying the boater to the boat.

It is already questionable whether it is so good to hang on to your boat under all circumstances, but the line, as recommended, together with the bow and stern lines and the throw-ropes, all create a great danger of entangling the boater when in the water or even in the boat.

It is hard to believe, but evidently it's true that there are still many boaters in the U.S.A. who cannot visualize the hazard of loose lines in a capsized boat.

What Happens

When a boat capsizes, its contents, if not tied down, fall out—and that includes **lines and the boater**. The lines will either float or be in a weightless state under water and be twisted and turned about by the turbulent water. The boater, who is swimming, is more than likely to be snagged in these loose

lines. If a line wraps around his legs, his swimming abilities will be impaired; if it wraps around his neck, **he will have had it**.

We can take two approaches to remove this hazard:

1. Remove all lines; or
2. Fasten lines to a boat in such a fashion that the lines will not come free by themselves to float about.

Bitter Experience

I myself was once caught by such a loose bow-line which snagged my legs and as a result I was towed by my kayak through two rough rapids on the Klamath River in Northern California. Luckily, I could free myself before the

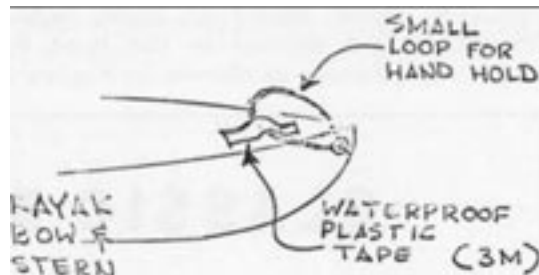


FIG. 1.

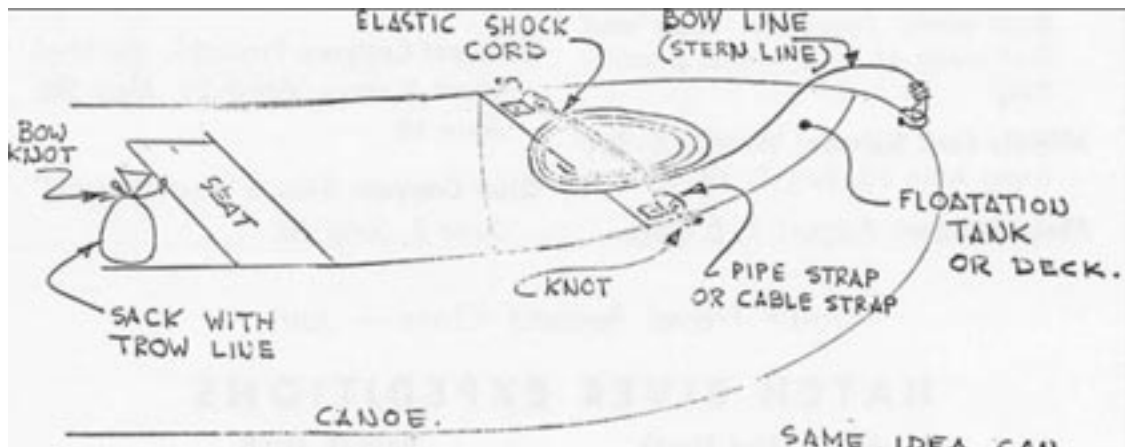


FIG. 2.

SAME IDEA CAN BE USED FOR KAYAKS.

boat dragged me into the remains of a bridge that had collapsed into the river. I was scared into a near shock condition and my legs were badly lacerated by the sharp rocks in the rapids. Since then, I have cut all lines from my kayak. Two more people in my club had experienced this evil and I have received similar reports from other clubs.

Experience has shown me that bow and stern lines on kayaks are not a necessity. Kayaks can be pushed to shore by a swimmer or another boat very readily. A short piece of rope in the form of a loop at either end provides a hand hold for a person rescued and should be sufficient (See Fig. 1). Longer lines **can** be used but should be pinned down as shown in Figure 2.

Canoes Are Different

For canoes I would take a different approach. Big in comparison to a kayak, they will be harder to handle when full of water (**one ton** minimum weight) and a line is a must to get a canoe to shore. However, lines should be coiled and pinned to the boat by some such device as shown in Figure 2,

so that they will not wash out of the capsized boat. To free such a line, one needs only to give it a good tug.

It is advisable to keep all lines as short as possible, preferably 8', with 15' as a maximum. Long lines are harder to keep shipshape and harder to secure. If one wishes a longer line for lining through rapids or to tie the boat to a car, one can use the throw rope. Throw ropes should be kept in a sack which should be tied to the boat in an accessible place.

The A.W.A. issue, **Autumn, 1962**, shows a canoe on the cover with the bow line coil taped to the deck with waterproof medical tape. A very good method that can be used when other methods are not available.



CLASSIC RIVER TRIPS

PARTIAL LIST FOR 1963

Yampa & Green Rivers: 1 to 6-day private trips. Or group 4-day trips every Thursday. June and first ~~week~~ of ~~July~~ water permitting.

Middle Fork Salmon: Weekly 6-day trips: June 30, July 7, 13, 21.

Main Salmon: August 3, 6 days.

Columbia River, B. C.: 6 days, Aug. 17.

Cataract Canyon: Probably the final year! 5 days, April 21, May 20, June 18.

Glen Canyon: Also a "last chance." June 2, June 10.

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HATCH RIVER EXPEDITIONS

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Vernal, Utah

Meet Your New AWA Secretary



Martin Vanderveen

Some years ago while casually strolling through the Chicago boat show Martin Vanderveen was intrigued by a foldboat, which he bought forthwith. As soon as he learned that Pat wasn't going to divorce him for this rash expenditure the two of them took up boating. They tried lake paddling and sailing long enough to discover that they were river people.

Six months after delivery of their first boat Pat and Van took a wilderness paddling trip on their own and came home thoroughly entranced with the new world this boat had opened up for them. They discovered the Prairie Club Canoeists who introduced them to white water.

Within their first year of paddling they made their first Western river trip (down the Yampa and Green) and fell in love with the desert river canyons which were to become an important part of their life. They have made sim-

ilar trips almost every year since then.

With the passage of time the enchantment of river boating and specifically of white water increased its hold on the couple, culminating in a move to Denver last summer for the sake of more and better white water.

Your new Executive Secretary is primarily a cruiser. He has entered only one white-water race in his career, and took a first in that by accident. However, he approves of racing as an important aspect of the sport.

Van has served for two years as Chairman of the Prairie Club Canoeists and for an additional two years he was editor of **American White Water**. Currently in addition to being Executive Secretary of AWA he is serving as Executive Vice President of the Colorado White Water Association.



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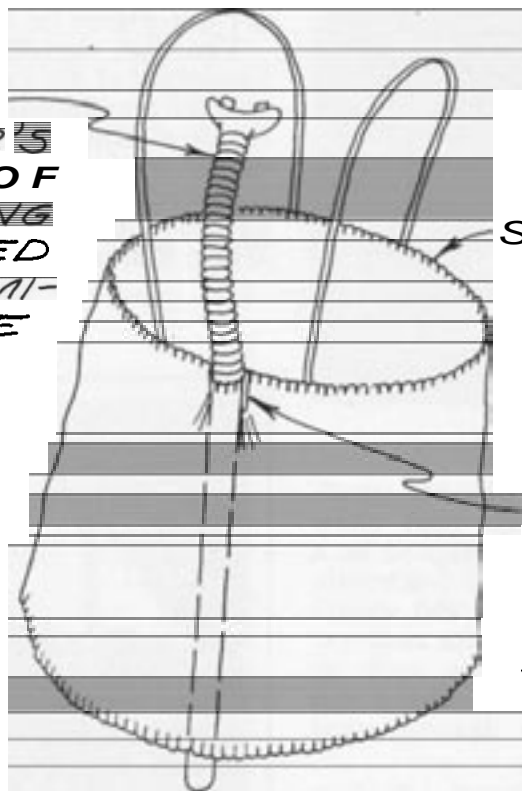
8517 N. 48th St., Milwaukee 23, Wis.

HULL BREATHING DEVICES

BY JOHN D. AND DAVID HEATH

A KAYAK SNORKEL (FOR BREATHING HULL AIR AFTER A CAPSIZE) WAS DESCRIBED IN THE AUTUMN, 1962 ISSUE OF AWW BY GEORGE SIPOSS. WE DEVELOPED A SIMILAR CONCEPT IN 1958. TWO VERSIONS ARE SHOWN BELOW :

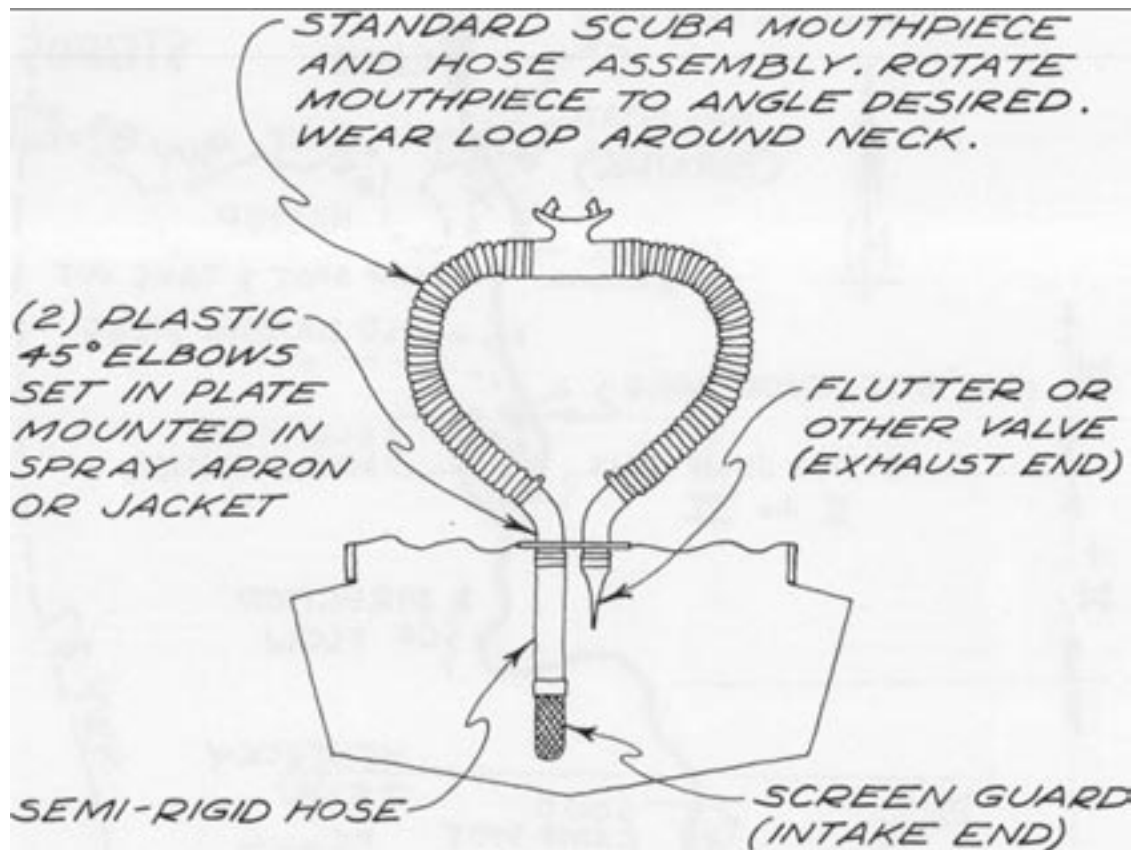
STANDARD
SKIN DIVER'S
SNORKEL OF
TYPE HAVING
CORRUGATED
HOSE & SEMI-
RIGID TUBE



SPRAY APRON

STRONG CLIP
OR CLOTHES-
PIN ALLOWS
SNORKEL TO
BE REMOVED
AS DESIRED

PLACE SNORKEL INSIDE SPRAY APRON AS SHOWN. GATHER TOP EDGE (ONLY) OF APRON AROUND TUBE AND FASTEN WITH A CLIP. TUCK MOUTHPIECE UNDER A SHOULDER STRAP WHEN NOT IN USE. WE PREFER TO ATTACH HULL BREATHING DEVICES TO THE SPRAY APRON RATHER THAN T-T. KAYAK.

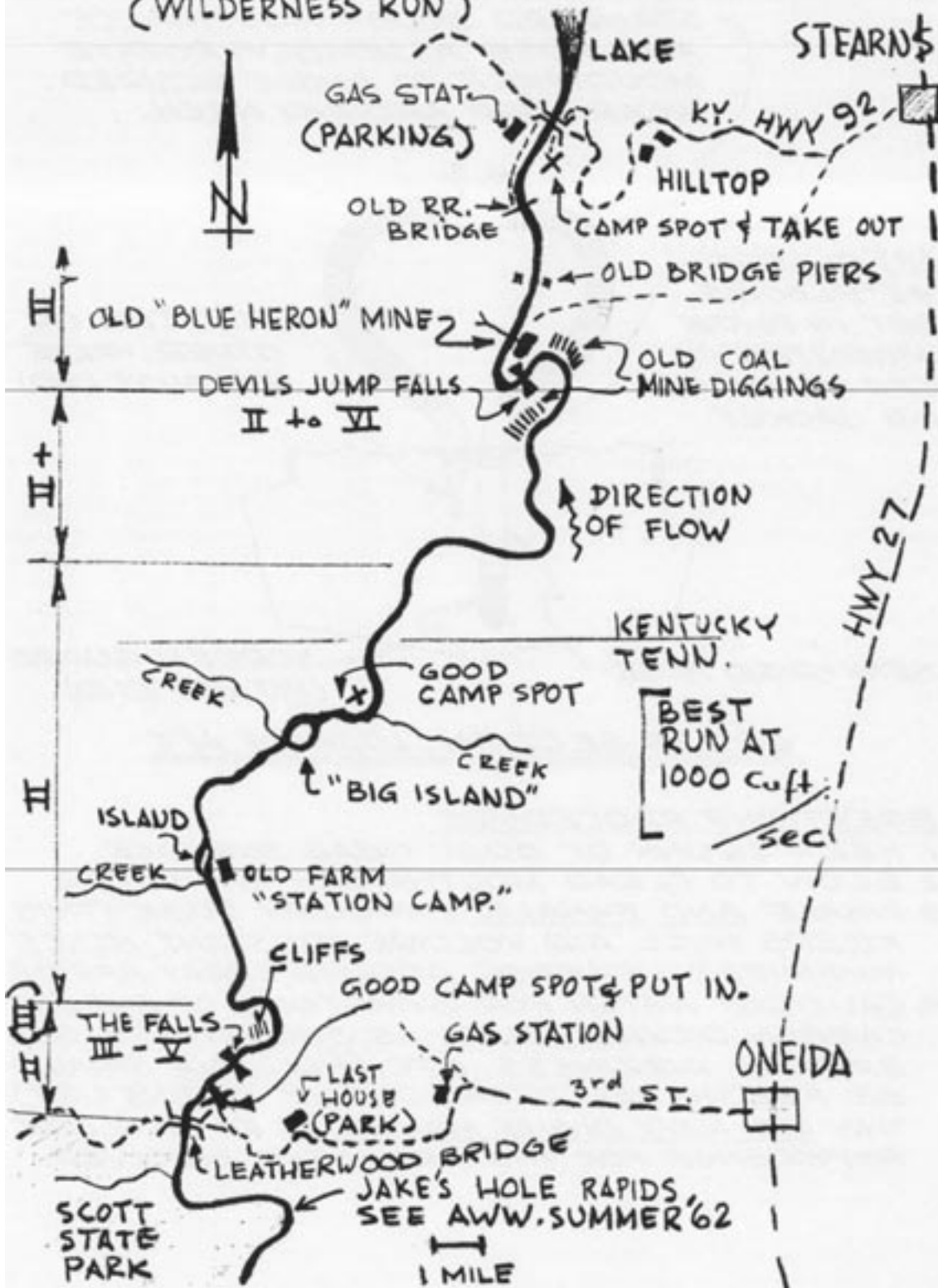


CROSS SECTION, LOOKING AFT

BREATHING PROCEDURE:

1. KEEP TRUNK OF BODY NEAR SURFACE
2. BLOW TO CLEAR MOUTHPIECE OF WATER
3. INHALE AND EXHALE THROUGH TUBE (THIS KEEPS HULL AIR VOLUME CONSTANT, HENCE MINIMIZES LEAKAGE AROUND SPRAY APRON)
4. CAUTION: WATCH FOR SYMPTOMS OF EXCESS CARBON DIOXIDE, SUCH AS SHORTNESS OF BREATH, DIZZINESS, ETC. (HULL AIR SHOULD BE FRESHENED OCCASIONALLY DURING USE). THE U.S. NAVY DIVING MANUAL IS AN EXCELLENT REFERENCE FOR THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED.

SOUTH FORK CUMBERLAND RIVER (WILDERNESS RUN)



River Reports: Cumberland So. Fk

By John Bombay

The South Fork of the Cumberland River, from Leatherwood Bridge (Scott State Park) near Oneida, Tennessee, to Stearns, Kentucky.

The river flows through a canyon 300 to 400 feet deep with steep sandstone cliffs. The shores are thickly covered with hardwood and pine trees. Camping places are plentiful and fishing for smallmouth bass is excellent when the water is clear — that is, if it has not rained for a few days. The canyon is remote from civilization and only a few farmers enter it to fish by hiking down along creeks that flow into the river. Last fall, I spent 4 days leisurely floating and fishing down the river. The fall colors were so magnificent that I am unable to describe the beauty of that colorful tapestry that hung from the canyon walls. You **can** do this trip in two days.

At the put-in, at Leatherwood Bridge, you leave your car at the last house on the right when coming from Oneida. The family is very friendly and does not charge you for this service; but at least bring candy bars for the children. At the take-out, you leave your car at the gas station at Hill Top Bridge (or Kroger Spring Bridge) on highway 92 (Ky.). The owner will also gladly shuttle your car for you but I suppose he would have to charge you. We pay him one dollar for parking **or** buy his gas. He also knows the canyon very well.

There are old Indian cliff dwellings in the canyon which you may wish to explore for relics. You need to bring mountain-climbing gear for that, however, since the canyon walls are very steep — often overhanging.

Optimum River Flow

The river is best boatable with a flow of between 1000 and 2000 cubic feet per second. More than 2000 c.f.s. will make the river muddy and will flood out most riffles.

Two and one-half miles downstream from Leatherwood Bridge, our put-in

spot, you will find "the Falls." This rapid consists of a huge pile-up of massive boulders through which the river is sieved to strain out odd items like canoes and kayaks. This rapid can be run on the extreme left side at 1500 cu. ft., at which level she is a beastly Class IV. Brace on the left side to counteract the violent eddy current, then brace forward to prevent the souse-hole from swallowing you — and **then** either brace elsewhere, or roll, or swim when you are in the throbbing and boiling run-out with fast side chutes! I braced on the right, which was wrong. Since this is the only big rapid this day, and since you still have dry camping gear, you may decide to portage — I wouldn't blame you.

The rest of the river consists of occasional Class II rapids and mostly riffles, and many slow-moving flat stretches and deep clear pools for good fishing. When you reach "Big Island" which sits like a big round turtle smack-dab in the middle of the river, you know you are practically half-way down the river and it is time to look for a camping spot. We always camp about two miles past Big Island where the river makes a sharp left turn.

Devil's Jump Fall

At approximately five miles before the take-out at Hill Top Bridge, you will notice old coal mine diggings (strip mining) and one mile farther downstream, **you** will find "Devil's Jump" falls. With a 700 cu. ft. flow, there is a narrow chute at the extreme right between the tremendous boulders. Draw right when you go through, unless you wish to bust the huge boulder in the run-out. When the river level is more than 2500 cu. ft., this clogged-up place is a witches' kettle, full of hissing foam and spray. Looking down from an airplane, I judged it to be at least a Class V; I have not yet observed it at ground level with such water flow. I

did run it pleasantly at 700 and 200 cu. ft.; 200 cu. ft. is a little low.

Sometimes the lake backs up to the bottom of Devil's Jump which means four miles of flat-water paddling to the take-out. If the lake is low, you have still a few pleasant little rapids to go through. Just below Devil's Jump, stop and turn around to take in the majestic view of the steep cliff walls all around you.

Local senators and politicians are trying to get a dam built across Devil's Jump Falls. The lake thus formed would fill the valley all the way back to near New River. This in spite of the fact that there is not enough water to keep the existing lake **below** Devil's Jump filled. I can just visualize how beautiful this new lake will look. It is all a pork-barrel project to attract votes for the politicians. Let us all raise our voices to save this river and its wilderness valley.

In normal summers (not dry ones) this section is boatable all year long. A few shallows should not be too objectionable.

KAYAK PADDLES

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

The blades are pressure-molded glass-epoxy laminate, which is about twice as tough (and expensive) as conventional fiberglass. They are 8½ inches wide, 20 inches long, conventional oval shape, and not spooned. The shaft is tempered aluminum alloy tubing, covered with epoxy-impregnated fiberglass. The grip is oval, 4⅛ inches in circumference. The paddle is available in any length, feathered or unfeathered. The shaft is light arav. with a textured finish for minimum glare and sure grip. Blades are bright red or salmon pink. Both colors show well in the water, and the paddle floats easily. Typical weight is 48 ounces.

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

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(Described in the Autumn 1962 AWA Article on Canoe Design)

Beam 33" Depth 12" Weight 66 lbs.

Fiberglass C-M-Cloth construction. Ash Gunwales. No Ribs.

All Stainless Steel Fastenings. Nylon Cord Seats.



Also available in 17'3" and 18'6" lengths

NORTHWAY Fiberglass Canoes

13½' to 20'

From \$171.25

CANOE RENTAL

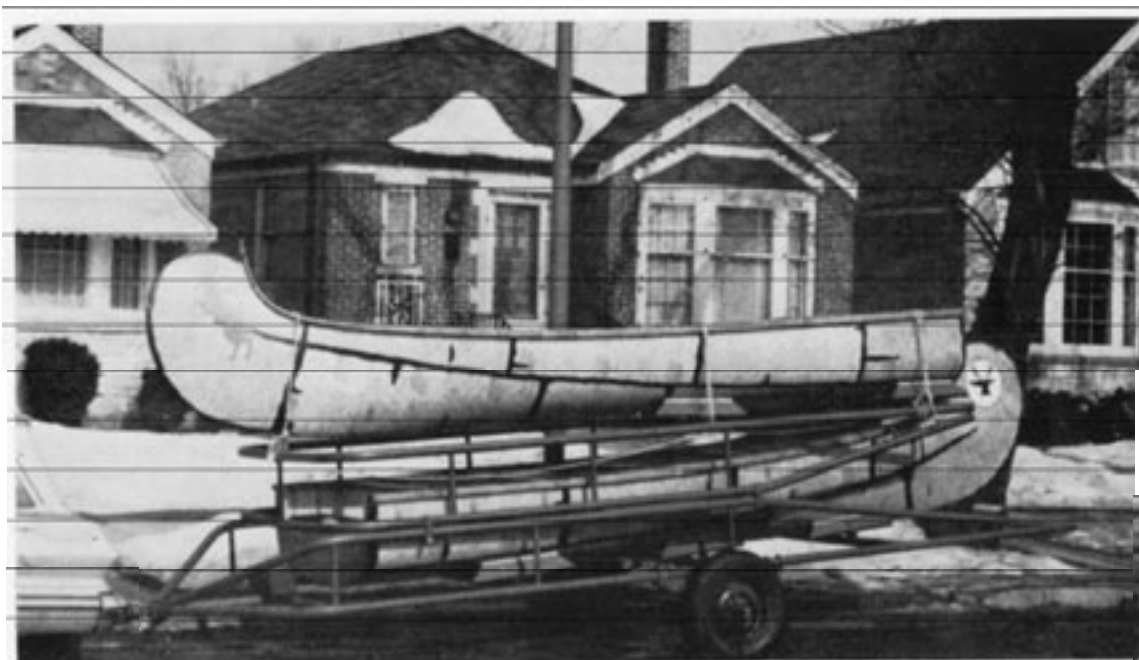
Chicago Area Canoeing Information

THE CHICAGOLAND CANOE BASE

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America's Sectional Super-Canoe

I noted with amusement Dean Norman's claim of having America's first sectional canoe. I imagine Peterborough's three-piece square stern wouldn't count, being Canadian. However, I think we paddlers in the Chicago area can say that we have the **largest** sectional canoe perhaps in the world. Put together it measures **34** feet in length, 60 inches in beam and 24 inches in depth amidship. To facilitate hauling it from river to river, the two halves are

loaded on a double-decked trailer. Set up for a crew of sixteen that the historic "Montreal" canoes had, it has, on occasion, carried thirty people. Am enclosing photographs of it to prove it isn't just a figment of my imagination. (Which is how the thing started anyhow!)

Also, thoroughly enjoyed John Berry's delightful book review. We had many a laugh discussing it with other paddlers.
Ralph C. Frese



Appalachian River Guide Now Ready

Volume I of Walter Burmeister's comprehensive river guide (covering the New England states, N. Y., Pa. and Del.) is now completed and ready for distribution. Volume II (describing canoeable rivers from Pa. south to Florida), will be ready, we hope, within several weeks.

We are going ahead with mailings on Vol. I now, because many have already waited a long time for visible evidence to support generously made advance pledges. The very size of each volume (275 pages apiece) also makes two mailings more convenient.

We must now ask your help once again to insure our getting this outstanding and invaluable work in the hands of boaters just as quickly as possible. The price of the two-volume set (to be sold only as a set) is, as you know, \$5.00 postpaid. There will be only 1,000 sets printed, of which 200 are subscribed for in advance.

In order to bind the additional 500 Vol. I's, as well as to finish all of Vol. II, we must move fast on the sale of the 500 books of Vol. I, now ready. **Therefore, will all of you** receiving these

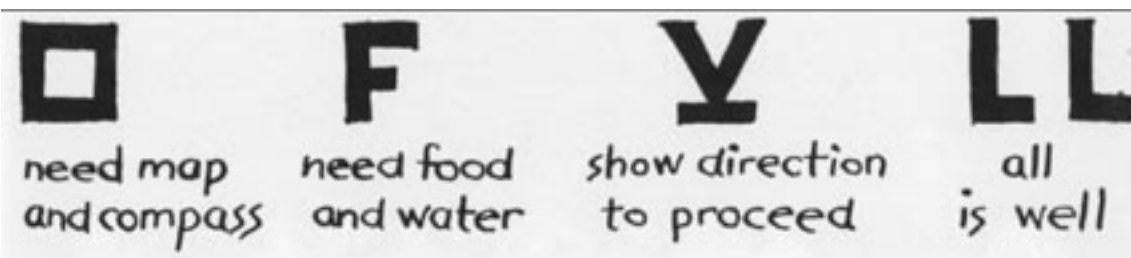
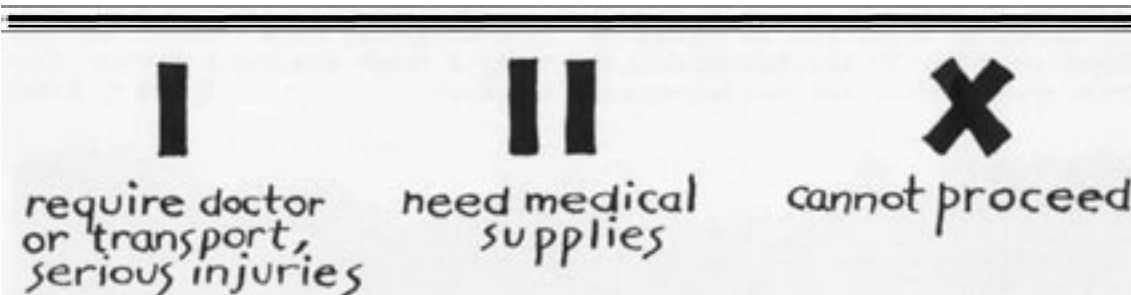
books **immediately urge** all of your boating friends and fellow club members to mail their checks (payable to John Berry, 5914 Greenlawn Drive, Bethesda, Md.) in amount of \$5.00 **now?** They will receive their copy of Vol. I right away, and shipment of Vol. II will follow just as soon as it can be finished.
John Berry

Obituary

Bill Willemin, one of the most active members of the Washington Foldboat Club, passed away on September 16, 1962. He is survived by his wife, Mary, and two sons, Jimmy and Robby.

Bill was seldom absent from any club activity, and he was interested in all facets of white-water sport. He made many contributions to the sport through his work in maps, equipment, and careful compilation of boating information.

It was once said of Bill: "I feel secure when he is along on a trip, because I know he would stand by me in an emergency." Pleasant memories of a quiet, affable, and dependable companion remain with all who knew Bill Willemin.



These signs could save you. They are the **official** code, known by most aviators, by which you can signal to search aircraft when lost or otherwise in need of rescue. Preferably lay these out in bright-colored panels — lifejackets, for example; or stamp them in the snow, dig them in the sand . . . Make each sign at least ten feet high.

FROM YOUR EDITOR

We are pleased to announce that the Affiliation has swept across the 1,000 mark in total paid membership. This has been a long-sought goal, which has eluded us in past years by some heart-breakingly narrow margins. Red and Ruth Cockerline proudly informed us the other day that the subscription list was marching toward 1,100 as of the present issue; the growth in the past year has been better than twenty-five per cent.

With this achievement a word of caution is necessary. The whole membership structure of the Affiliation has to be reconstructed every year at this time. All those who did not subscribe ahead, beyond 1962-63, are about to have their AWW subscriptions expire. The number of this issue is Volume VIII, No. 4, indicating this melancholy fact. Next issue will start anew with Volume IX, No. 1. The founding fathers of the AWA, with the wisdom of serpents, saw to it that the dividing line would come in the spring when, surely, all of you are anticipating with high hearts the familiar roar of the S-turn on the Moodna, the bash and brawl of the Indian Springs rapid on the Main Eel, the tawny challenge of the Roaring Fork, and the fearsome problems of Little Falls of the Potomac.

You surely cannot expect to run these famous rapids with safety, much less grace, unless you are a member of the Affiliation and read this magazine.

Actually, there were over 150 of you who did subscribe for more than one year, so that the membership never quite drops to zero. Those of you who are forgetful may confirm your status by a look at the envelope this magazine came in. If there's a figure 63 (or higher), you're one of the in-group. If it says 62, and if there's a big rubber-stamped message on the envelope saying "This is Your Last Copy," better reach for your checkbook. Unlike commercial magazines, we do not send issues to those who are delinquent.

Only exceptions may be those who have quite recently renewed. Their la-

bels may not have been brought up-to-date.

Let us appeal to you for prompt renewals . . . aside from the fact that we can always use the money, it's a burden on the circulation staff to have to keep patching in late arrivals. And it costs the Affiliation extra postage when your magazine has to be mailed outside the regular bulk all-at-once shipment.

Don't hesitate to renew for more than one year . . . it will guarantee you against any future rise in subscription rates, for example. The price of a subscription hasn't gone up since 1958 . . . a statement that's not likely to remain true forever. * * *

The fight to preserve our rivers continues, and no one can say that optimism is justified by the way things are going. The Sierra Club is mounting an expedition to the Allagash this autumn to dramatize the need for national interest in that famous run through what once was wilderness, but now is merely beautiful second-growth forest. The threat comes from downstream dam-builders who would flood out the whole trip that has meant so much to generations of New England canoeists. The way I have always heard it, no male Bostonian was considered to have qualified as a man unless he had done the Allagash.

In Tennessee, John Bombay is up in arms at a man who in other respects is a pretty good Senator — Estes Kefauver. The ex-Rhodes Scholar with the coonskin cap is advocating a dam on the South Fork of the Cumberland River, which John has adopted for his own.

The threat to Rainbow Bridge from the Glen Canyon dam is now acute, the Supreme Court having refused to order Secretary of Interior Udall to keep the dam open until a protective structure can be built.

In California the Eel is every year closer to being tamed by the English Ridge dam project; the dam survey marks are already on the rocks over which we scramble for photography of

a fine Class III rapid. In Idaho, funds for the Bruce's Eddy dam on the Clearwater were included in the latest Rivers and Harbors budget.

There are many of these losing battles. One protest that seems to have made a little progress is the campaign to save the Middle Fork of the Feather in Northern California from an irrigation-power dam system that would have ruined perhaps the only true wilderness river canyon left in the state. There is no telling whether the Save-the-Middle-Fork fight will ultimately prevail. There are some things on the side of the opposition, though, that are not usually available in such battles: thus, the proposed dams are **upstream** of the big Feather River Project dam at Oroville, which is to feed the water needs of Los Angeles. It would thus divert water from the state's biggest and greediest bloc of voters, who can make their weight felt through their overwhelming Metropolitan Water District. And also, for a change, the conservationists find themselves in a state of unity. Even the Sierra Club and the Forest Service are pulling in harness on this one. The fishermen — usually too short-sighted to organize or fight for anything — are in full cry, and have drawn in the resort operators and the Board of Supervisors of Plumas County.

An article in the magazine "Field and Stream" for September 1962 gave the background on the fight. For whitewater men, the Middle Fork is so far almost untouched country. The few adventurers who have floated it in the past have told some tall tales. So do the ~~topo~~ maps, which show stretches of river dropping at over 120 feet per mile. The Sierra Club River Touring Section has its eyes on this as a pioneering run for hardy souls.

* * *

You may wonder at the implication above, that it is unusual for two such outstanding organizations as the Sierra Club and the U. S. Forest Service to be in unanimity. Alas, if so you are out of touch. For years now, the biggest and most uncompromising conservation club has been lashing the foresters, for what appear to us to be understandable reasons. Boiled down to utter sim-

licity, the Sierra Club is for a real Wilderness Bill; the Forest Service is against it. The Service has its merits, but one of them definitely is not a purist attitude toward the use of those areas of our national wild land that are under their custody. "Multiple use" is their slogan: it means exploitation under license.

The AWA knows well that the perfidy of Forest Service minions, when bureaucratic loyalty requires, can go pretty far. Foresters along the Clearwater in Idaho solemnly assured us in 1959 that there were no plans to extend the 45-mile-an-hour scenery-blighting road along the banks of that once-beautiful river. But the next year, when we returned, the contractors' camps were spilling filth into the stream and the forest shuddered to the sound of their blasting. The local foresters unblushingly said they had just happened to find a little money available in the budget.

So bitter is the Forest Service against the Sierra Club that when, last summer, I was chairman of the National Slaloms on the Feather River, the public relations bureaucrat who was deputed to get in touch with me tried to get me to say that the race was "sponsored" by, the American Canoe Association. "No," I insisted. "It's sponsored by the River Touring Section of the Bay Chapter of the Sierra Club. It's only **sanctioned** by the ACA.." The fellow refused to take my word as final, returned to the attack. I held my ground.

Yet when this civil servant's press release appeared, it made no mention of the Sierra Club and said the race was sponsored by the ACA . . . Which is a laugh, considering how utterly negative was the influence of the latter when the race came to be held. See **AWW for Autumn 1962.**)

Classified

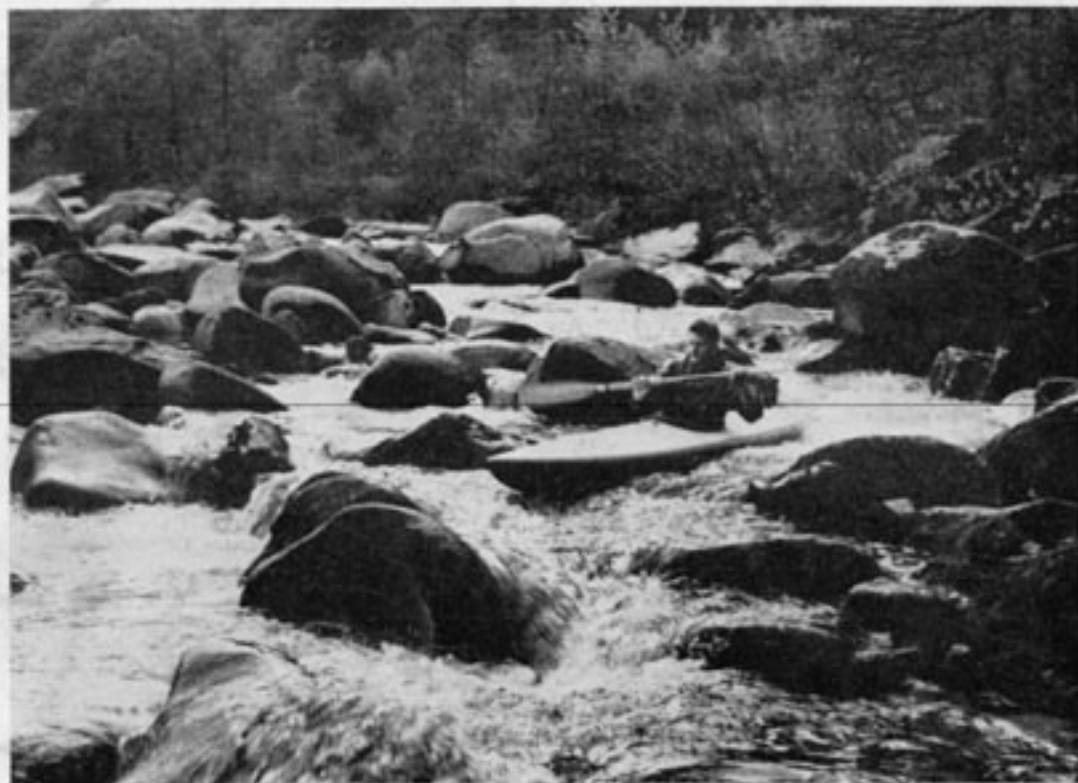
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