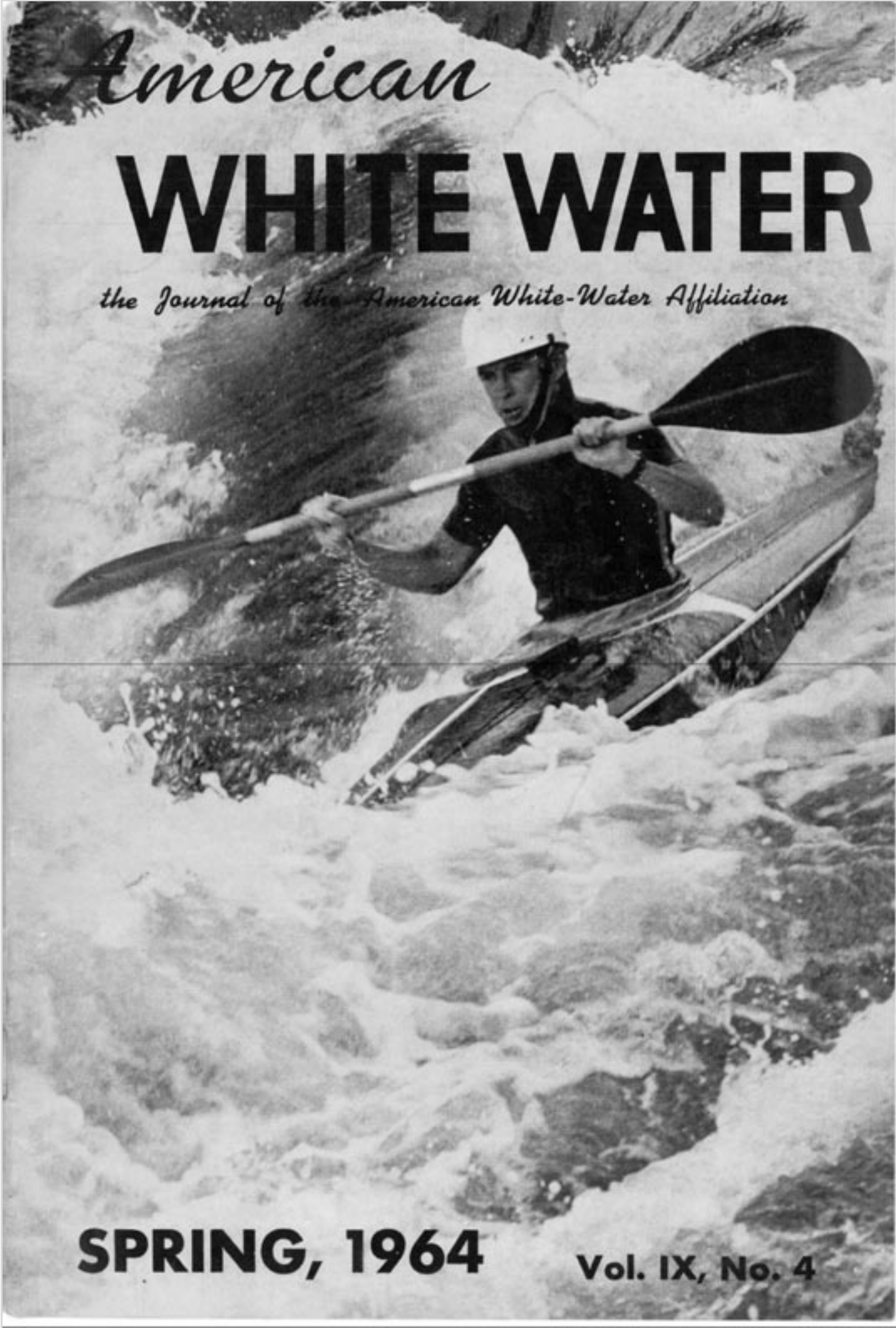
American
WHITE WATER
the Journal of the American White-Water Affiliation
SPRING, 1964
Vol. IX, No. 4

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American WHITE WATER

Sponsored by The American Whitewater Affiliation

SPRING, 1964 Vol. IX, No. 4

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ARTICLES

DEPARTMENTS

Editor:
Peter D. Whitney, 1544 La Loma, Berkeley 8, California
Eastern Editor: Eliot DuBois, Sandy Pond Road, Lincoln, Mass.
Midwest Editor:
Nancy C. Jack, 805 Sandusky Ave., Kansas City 1, Kans.
Racing Editor: David A. Kurtz, 623 W. College Ave., State College, Pa.
Business Manager:
Charles Smith, 1760 Walnut St., Berkeley 9, Calif.
Circulation Manager:
Robert Hawley, 1925 Hopkins St.. Berkeley 7, Calif.
Eastern Advertising:
Mark Fawcett Chadds Ford, Pa.
Midwest Advertising:
Harry Kurshenbaum, 6719 N. Greenview Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois
Western Advertising:
Douglas Simpson, 1015 Keith, Berkeley 8, Calif.

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Photo by Bart Hauthaway, Marniya Profession; Tri-X; D-76

Dear Mr. Whitney:

I've been wondering how many never get their AWW Journal unless they write for it? Third Class (called junk mail by the Post Office) is poorly handled. If even a street is misspelled they'd just as soon throw it out (I know, as I've worked in a Class One post office).

I'd just as soon pay a little extra to have the Journal sent Second Class (almost all publications are sent this way) and receive it instead of not getting it most of the time. I'd like to hear the feelings of other AWWA's on this.

Sincerely,

Rolf U. Engelfried
147 Hillcrest Ave.
Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.

(Ed. Note: We are pleased to have first-hand testimony about the difficulties involved in Third Class mail. We've made this explanation many times to exasperated subscribers. What do other members think? Bear in mind that Second Class imposes certain obligations on the mailer — for example, he has to bundle and label his publication for each separate train or aircraft, and meet that schedule to the hour, which would make professional mailing assistance almost mandatory.)

March 3, 1964

Dear Harold [Kiehm]

Thank you for your warm letter of welcome to the AWWA!

I think I've been "one of you" for quite some time but, believe it or not, never heard of the Affiliation or the magazine until recently. This was mainly due to the fact that I did my canoeing as a "loner" or at least without being affiliated with a club.

I am subscribing primarily to further my personal knowledge and participation in white water canoeing and secondarily to broaden my reference library.

I have been extremely happy with the magazine and eagerly await the arrival of each issue. I have been amazed at the high caliber of the photography, editorial and layout work it contains, particularly since it is an "amateur" production done by non-paid committees. I commend the people responsible since I appreciate the work involved.

Thanks again for your interest in my subscription. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Lloyd J. ["Bud"] Vye
Camping Specialist
Dept. of Recreation
City of Philadelphia

New Circulation Manager

Robert Hawley of 1925 Hopkins St., Berkeley 7, Calif., is the new Circulation Manager of "American White Water." Send him your membership renewal forms and checks; also address changes (the Post Office has a very good card for this). Also send Bob your circulation complaints, if any.

Classified

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P.S. Will deliver for another $100 anywhere!

A little ballast helps pass through rapids in a dignified way

— Cartoon by Dean Norman

The Well-Furnished Canoe

Do Not Use Your Living-Room Furniture — It's Not Rugged Enough; Serve Your Wines At the Right Temperature; Paddle (Some)

By Jim McAlister

It has been suggested that I explain the difference between the canoe trip as described by Mr. John Berry [AWW, Autumn 19631 and a McAlister-type camping trip. It is simple. Mr. Berry goes to the river to canoe; we canoe to go to the river.

I appreciate the way John has planned so that obtaining food and shelter does not cut into his canoe time. We probably spend more time in camp than we do on the water. (Unless the weather picture changes we will not have any water. Last June on the Buffalo River in Arkansas, Dean Norman dipped up a bucket of water for coffee and had to walk nine miles over Gaither Mountain to the nearest farmhouse because the river stopped running.)

Now I must correct a misconception. The OWWC does not use household furniture on canoe trips. It is not waterproof or sturdy enough to survive Ozark weather. I doubt if it would fit into the canoe. Fitting gear into the canoe is a challenge. Marion Edwards, chairman of our Equipment Committee. weighed his tent, poles and stakes and came up with 100 pounds. That is dry weight. A wet camp would add a few pounds.

The Basic Kit

I designed our tables to fit the canoe and built them out of marine plywood, sturdy enough to carve a steak without spilling my wine. The kitchen cabinet and the wine box are varnished exterior plywood. However, they have sur-

vived floods, ice and bears, have been used for seats and sawhorses these many years. I took ordinary wood folding chairs, gave them a coat of spar varnish, and replaced the canvas with nylon. Ruby and I are not too old to sit on the ground; getting up is the problem.

The load includes grill, saw, axe and ice box. Frozen beer is a good refrigerant. Bring the empties back out! After all, we are not savages — or slobs. The entire load is enclosed in a large tarp with an envelope fold. This folded tarp will keep the gear dry when the canoe plunges through standing waves, as a furnished canoe will do.

Because we must drive from 250 to 300 miles to find water, when we have water, I usually try to start Friday morning and return Monday evening. This means we need enough food and drink for four days. Do not think I am downgrading restaurants. We like both French and Chinese restaurants, neither of which is available along Ozark streams. Sometimes on the way home we will stop in a town for a couple of hamburgers and a bowl of beer.

I enjoy reading about the stalwarts who fearlessly dip their blades into the roaring flood and who trot over portages carrying two or three ninety-pound packs. White water scares hell out of me. I detest portages. However, a canoe is the only transportation that will take me away from the mechanized slobs. A river needs to be a bit hairy to strain out the type of paddle-boater who spreads trash.

The Pristine Glories

It was not always this way. As Crazy Horse said, "Once Manitou looked down on plains dark with buffalo."

So — once the McAlisters would load their gear, a case of French wine, bottle of olive oil and a box of home-grown tomatoes into the car. Up in the White River area (southern Missouri) we would stop by a country store for a sack of potatoes, onions and a slab of bacon. The fly fishing was excellent. A few hours walk in the woods or fields provided the game for dinner. Watercress is available all over the Ozarks.

Ruby has a talent for, as I have an appreciation of, continental cooking. We do not go into the land of the wild duck, quail, dove, squirrel and rabbit to ignore these gifts. I have a fondness for grilled trout or filet of black bass with a sound Rhine or Moselle. In fact I know more about white wine than white water, due to a greater familiarity. We try not to contribute to the drouth.

It happens that certain trout or bass rivers have stretches of white water. This tends to be habit-forming. We considered Swan Creek a fine bass stream until we found it had sixteen miles of the prettiest canoe water in the Ozarks. We have not carried a fishing rod on Swan since we first ran it in a canoe. It is fuzzy enough to be free of litterbugs.

Because of our schizophrenic approach our plans have evolved not on how light we could go but on what the canoe would carry. This has the expected result as items we do, or might, need are added without discarding non-essentials. When the stern paddler must stand to see over the load it is time to reduce the gear. This is not an auspicious time to learn about an overload because it is always at the start of a three-day trip down a low river. The result is bumping down riffles that would be fun to run with a light load, and handling unnecessary gear some dozen times.

The obvious solution is to make a check list of exactly what you will need and leave everything else at home. We tried this on a walking pack trip and it actually worked. So did we. Because we forded icy creeks some ten times in two days we walked in tennis shoes while carrying our leather boots on our packs. I decided that if I was going to have wet feet anyway I might as well ride; in the furnished canoe.

Ballast Helps

The furnished canoe has a stability not found in the empty or semi-empty craft. I have seen a canoe thrown into the air by a high transverse wave. It came down beside the canoeists. This does not happen with the heavy load which wallows up to the top of the wave, pauses for an agonizing moment on the crest and descends with violence.

This either submerges the craft or bangs the bottom of the boat on the rocks in the river. Such impact knocks holes in wood, canvas or fiberglass canoes but the Grumman assumes a shape we call the reverse rocker. As the assortment of dents gradually blends into one or two large depressions the interior takes on the shape of a relief map of the Rocky Mountains. During this time the keel is hammered up into the bottom so that the ends and sides of the craft draw the most water. In this way the canoeists are actually riding on air until a slalom turn lets the bubble escape with a resounding burp.

The advantage of the reverse rocker is that the canoe may be turned upside down in camp and the bottom used as a wash basin or as a sink for dishes. There are also disadvantages.

I assume that it is possible to go light and comfortable. We must try it one day. Such rivers as the Current, Eleven Point and White may be floated even in low water with a heavy load without damaging the canoe. Our trouble is not matching the load to the river. For instance, we explored the Big Piney in Arkansas. This is a spectacularly beautiful stream entirely within the Ozark National Forest. We found the perfect campsite — smooth gravel, huge boulders, flaming sweet gums. The place was magnificent. We also found that the combination of low water, heavy load and rock garden rapids was kicking the bottom out of our canoe. By the afternoon of the second day our self-confidence was so low that we portaged the best cascade on the river. In September '63 we were assured by the inhabitants that the Snake River in Teton Park would rip the bottom of our Grumman. So — we ran it empty, found plenty of water and had to pass up elegant places to camp.

The Joys of Camp

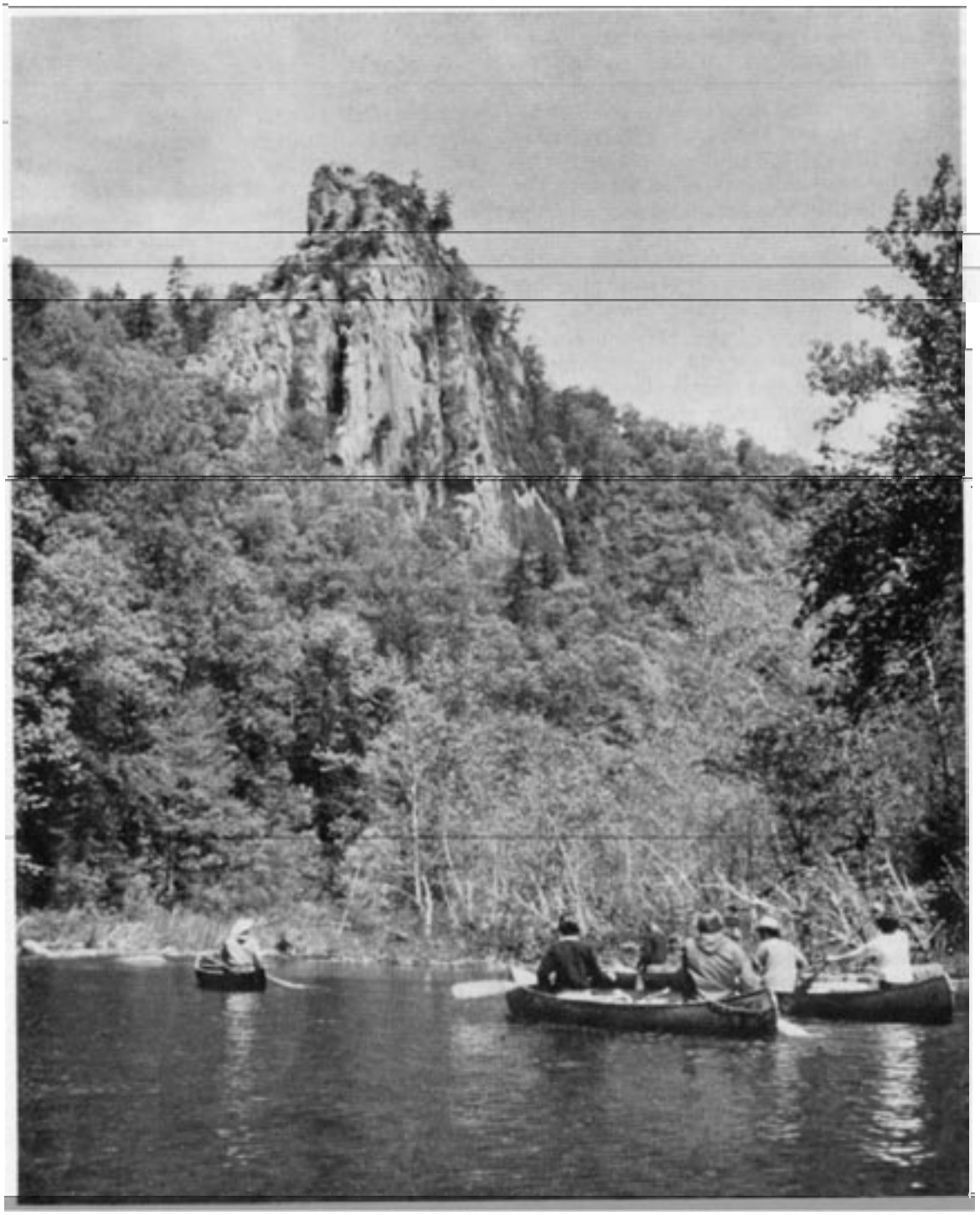
The camp is a large part of our canoe trip. We have no objection to making camp at two in the afternoon. We have on occasion broken camp reluctantly at 2 p.m. We like a small camp fire that warms the back while we sit quietly and watch the night. I like to hear the owls talk it up in the woods; foxes and the occasional coyote are symphony music. A few wolves survive in the forest and enough bobcats so that we hear one sound off near camp sometimes.

A single, leisurely canoe will glide close to animals that vacate the valley during club floats. Who else could see the alert, intelligent expression of a red fox watching UNAFRAID as we floated quietly past? Mink, squirrel and muskrats are commonplace sights. Deer and beaver appear just often enough to be exciting. We see many bald eagles on winter floats, sometimes quite close.

Animals will sometimes share our camp such as the grey squirrels that shucked green walnuts over our dinner table. We learned that a mouse shredding paper towels for a nest under the air mattress makes more noise than a moose munching marsh grass a few yards from the tent, even though the moose is larger. In a willow grove on the North Platte River near Saratoga, Wyo., we had a fine, restful camp. A skunk came along busily hunting rodents and shared our supper but not our tent.

Our large tent allows us to sit in chairs for dinner or breakfast during the inevitable rains, usually the only rains. Since discovering Armour's freeze-dried foods we can stay out for a week and dine well every evening without killing any game. Chicken or beef stew or chicken/rice with wild mushrooms and a slug of Fino (dry sherry) added just before serving is as fine a dinner as anyone could wish. For winter camping the stews are ideal because they will stay hot.

I have only one tip for winter camping. As soon as the tent is up, wood gathered, gear secured and fire built, get out of your sweaty clothes and into dry insulating garments. When the sun drops back of the hill the temperature dives. Then we sit with insulated boots, thick pants and warm jackets while the night closes in around us. This is a good time to have a drink while the stew bubbles and the wine warms beside the fire. And a good night to you — one and all.



Caudv's Castle, the famous sight on the Great Cacapon

—Photo by Bill Vetter

The Great Cacapon

By Lamarr Knapp
Canoe Cruisers Association

This 2-day, 21-mile trip started at Capon Bridge, West Va. one cold morning in May on the Cacapon River, about 19 miles from Winchester, Va. This is one of the few remaining white-water streams in the East and one of the Nation's 64 proposed wild waterways. [See Conservation Comment, page 20.1 The stream is so clear that one can see the bottom in depths of 12 feet. It is mostly shallow, with ledges of black rock running across the sandy bottom, and during the spring runoff one can get quite a fast ride upon it when a more favorable water level reading exists.

A brisk wind greeted us as we surveyed the level, so with marks starting at 4 feet and ranging downward we could look forward to plenty of leading and lifting of our six canoes and two kayaks when our leader, Henri de Marne, a Potomac, Md., remodeling contractor, announced a four-inch level. He had told us of seeing wild goats on the stream for the past 5 years and that we might see them on the second day near a cave high over the river on a tree-covered ledge. The location is very inaccessible and can be seen only from the river.

In hot, dry weather even canoeing is not possible on the Cacapon. (Incidentally, the river starts out as Lost River, runs underground and emerges as the Cacapon — but this is many miles upstream from where we started.) We decided to go ahead and the autos were shuttled to the campsite at Caudy's Castle. This is a rocky cliff, to which in the early 1700's a settler named Caudy retreated when pursued by Indians. He backed out on a ledge and had the Indians come to him one at a time and wrestled the entire war party over the ledge (so legend has it). George Washington stopped at Caudy's in 1748 during his surveying days. You can now drive up a dusty road from Rt. 45 to a lot where a 10-minute climb will bring you to the "top of the Castle."

The Start

After waving "goodbye" to the friendly storekeeper whom we can telephone to ascertain the water level, we were off — then on — the rocks, for it was quite shallow and each small ledge and rapid had its share of rocks to try to avoid. One must constantly read the water for the open paths.

The mountain scenery changes very often and ranges from meadowland with green banks to high limestone and sandstone cliffs with lichens and evergreens climbing to them. Flowers of red, purple and white were scattered along the way. The blue sky, with occasional puffs of marshmallow clouds, reflected in the sparkling water and the only sounds heard, in addition to the rush of the rapids, were the chattering of many varieties of birds and the swish of the paddle blades. We spotted many hawks, herons and buzzards.

Suddenly, across our bows flitted a brown duck, which appeared to be hurt for it was skimming along without rising. Henri explained that this was the mother duck doing her act to draw attention away from her brood and, sure enough, on the opposite bank swam three babies so we swung wide so as not to alarm them. The next treasure revealed to us was known as "Bubbling Spring" which comes cascading from moss covered rocks and falls in many strands and has a bridal veil effect. Here was our chance to exchange our "city" water and everyone could fill his container at the same time.

The Campsite

Toward evening, the column with such names as "Ice Mountain," "Blitz," and "End-Over-End" (this name acquired when the canoe cartwheeled without crew through a big rapid) approached the campsite at foot of the

"End Over End" had earned its title by now

—Photo by Bill Vetter

Castle. We arrived none too soon for at the last ledge one of the young ladies broke a hole in her wooden canoe and water was pouring in and her big toe was not enough to stem the flow. (Repairs were made next morning.) After a quarter-mile climb up a steep trail to get the camping gear there was time left before dark to set up tents and start a fire on the sandy beach for dinner and warmth and to observe the changing face of the Castle as the sun set. A pine tree was noted; it first appeared to bear the marks of a hatchet-happy person but closer inspection revealed the teeth marks of a beaver.

After sundown we gathered around the fire to enjoy the lost art of conversation. A warm sleeping bag is a necessity and it is the one item that you dare not get wet. After zipping in, the starlit sky provided the only light and the lonely call of the owl could be heard. The temperature dipped below 40° and as dawn broke, a mist arose from the water which had become warmer than the air. A hearty breakfast provided us with the energy needed to climb back up to the cars laden with the gear. Then, after dousing the fire and burning or burying the rubbish, we shuttled our cars forward again and climbed the peak for the view and photographs.

On the second day we soon reached the point where the North River joins the Cacapon, which gave us more water under keel but the shallows, with swift currents, were challenging and hang-ups were frequent. After lunch on a pebbly beach we continued winding around bends and marveling at the scenery. A group of five startled deer broke from the river's edge and bound-

ed to a ridge high above us. As we approached the goats' lair excitement mounted and we all vied to be the lead boat in hopes of a glimpse of them.

The Goats Are Seen

Henri shouted: "There is the cave, see it among the trees." We saw it and made some noise by thumping on the canoes to bring out the curious creatures. Silence greeted us. A shrill whistle echoed through the canyon but still nothing. Disappointed, we floated on and about 100 yards ahead Henri shouted: "There they are, four of them; last year there were two." All eyes swept up to the ledge and there bounding along in dignified style were four white goats, probably of the Swiss Saanen breed. They were making for the safety of the cave.

We do not know whether these animals have run away and became wild or whether they are domesticated in an area remote from other habitation; but isn't the imagination a wonderful thing? Certainly these majestic animals should not be molested. This made all the effort worth while; a feeling similar to climbing the Rockies in the West to see a Rocky Mountain goat.

These are a few reflections on a Canoe Cruisers Association trip and one which many of us want to repeat when we again ease our canoes into the cold Cacapon. Of such things are memories made for we learn self-reliance and skill, and observe nature in its true state, gaining a perspective not found in the rush and routine of the big cities. Too often, and in too many places in America, the onward rush of "civilization" overwhelms such beautiful gems of nature. While there is yet time the Nation's wild waterways must be preserved for generations to come.

—Lamarr V. Knapp

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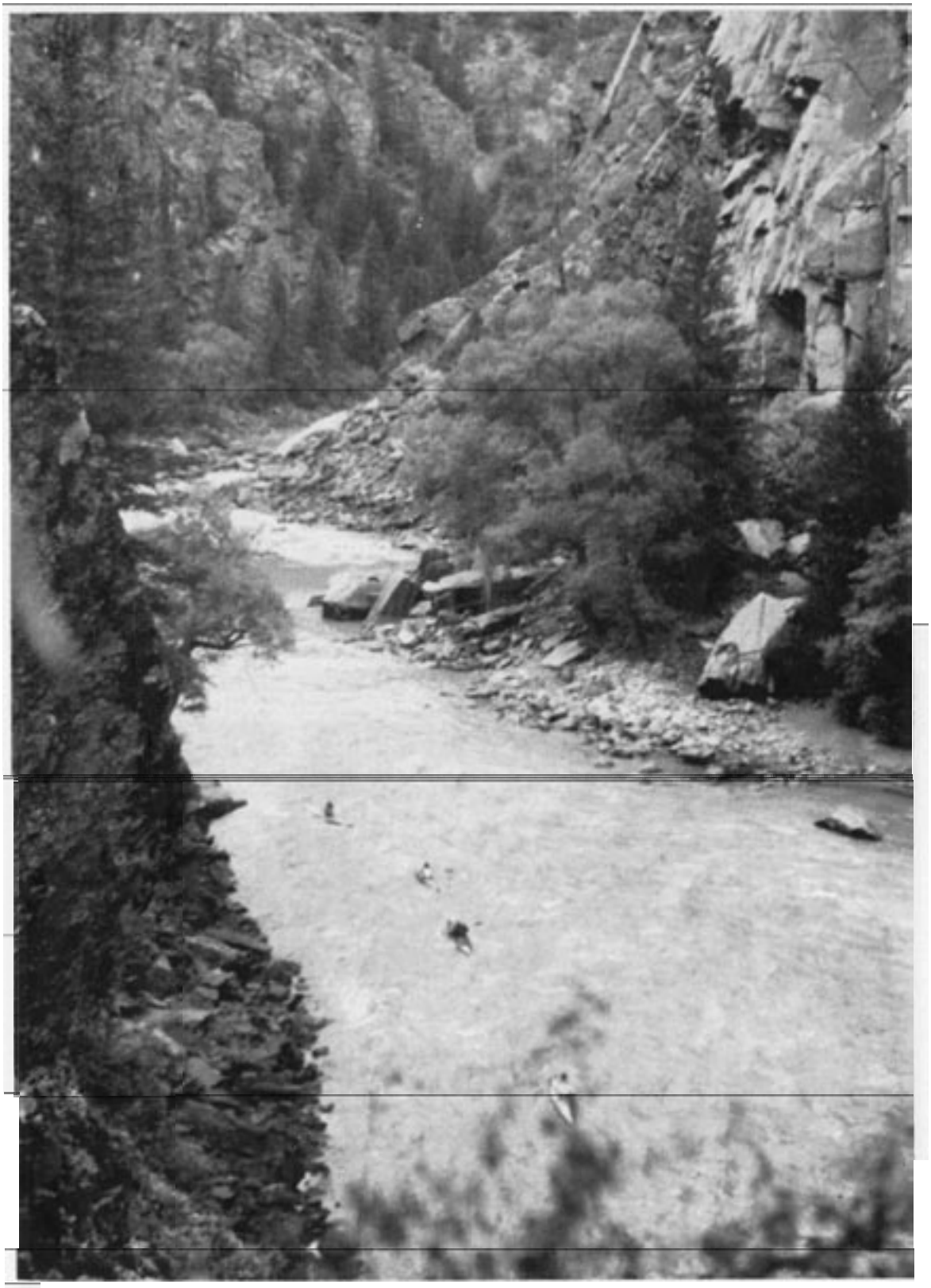

Black **Canyon of** the **Gunnison River**

—Photo by Ulrich Martins

White-Water Education (II)

By Walter Kirschbaum

If you spent just a little time over the results of the Peterborough Slalom it must have struck you that the time of John Bean, the winner of the Junior Class, was second to none but Al Zob's. The Colorado Rocky Mountain School takes a little credit for that, because John hadn't ever touched a kayak prior to his eight summer weeks here. He was only one of nine boys and two girls whom we prepared toward running Western canyons. One practice slalom course served as a means to that end. He who knows Cataract Canyon of the Colorado River at 3000 second-feet is probably more impressed by this accomplishment than by John's slalom time; such a canyon measures a few traits of a boatman that a kayak slalom does not measure.

Encouraged by the performance of our group in Gray and Desolation Canyons the previous summer [AWW, Autumn, 1963] and with the coaching experience that resulted from it, I set the goal higher in 1963: We took on such tough obstacles as the Taylor River and Cu-recanti Falls of the Gunnison on our third weekend, so that Glenwood Canyon, one week later, appeared almost like a playground. Certainly, there were many spills, but after all the preparation in the pond and on the Roaring Fork they had a good enough idea of how to handle themselves, or help each other, in a maximum of safety.

The idea of teamwork was heavily stressed. In the eight miles from Cimarron to East Portal of the Black Canyon (Gunnison River) at 1500 second-feet they skipped only "The Falls" — Ulrich Martins and I ran their kayaks down. I overexposed myself on the fourth run — and here was the coach in need of team help! It was rewarding to find John Bean observing so well my own rescue instructions in fishing me up!

Cataract Canyon posed another close call. Its third rapid is virtually non-existent at higher water but a boulder stood up this time which made it necessary to pull out of the jet at a sharp angle. My signals were understood, but followed in too relaxed, or lighthearted, a manner by Peter and Greg. (Nancy tipped over for other reasons). None could right himself. While the girl was swept through the rapid very promptly and reached the shore with her boat right away, the two boys, plus their kayaks, were caught in the violent eddy behind the boulder and tossed about as if in a huge mixing bowl. The two heads popped up alternately and the kayaks appeared in a variety of positions; one of them, measuring 16'8" and weighing over forty pounds, was once ejected clear into the air, vertically. Time to be ill at ease, for one could do nothing but remain alert! I did wish the boys had been wearing quick-deflating life jackets, because there is little doubt in my mind that it is the lifejacket which, in this particular situation, prevents a prompt underwater expulsion from the eddy.

Greg's kayak and paddle were released first, followed by exhausted Greg and Peter's kayak, all easily recoverable. Peter, however, had disappeared. My head felt as if it were housing a hurricane for an endlessly long three or four minutes, until his dark-haired head finally did pop up. He, too, was uninjured, but he didn't speak much for the remainder of the day.

Extra Precautions

From then on, we took extra precautions: Either Ulrich or I would run a rapid completely, then signal with precision to each other before any second boat entered. Very frequently, whenever there was the slightest doubt, we would meet on the bank and confer

about details. Eventually the confidence revived, the frightening incident being diluted by the more recent positive events.

The morale was especially high when we glided into the calm stretch between Gypsum and Clearwater Canyons, and everybody relaxed; some started to play around, singing and yodeling. We had the tightest succession of cataract-rapids behind us; that would be it for the day: the pool in Clearwater Canyon was waiting to cool our frayed limbs in leisure . . . suddenly: zoom! Kam-t-t-t!: Greg had overlooked a midstream rock as he was horsing around backward; the rear half with his gear sank right away; all else recovered (rock unharmed).

Well, we would eat anyway; let's build a fire. No one spoke; Greg's head almost touched the ground. Ulrich began to construct an unconvincing contraption of one-half kayak and an air-mattress — "What's coming around the corner?" somebody asked. We looked up: two little rubber rafts! As they approached and landed, two badly beaten up young men, college students from California, almost had to be pulled ashore. They were as happy to find us as we were over their appearance. As they shivered themselves warm at the fire, drinking tea, we learned of their whim decision to float down the Green, although inexperienced with such water. Everything they still owned was soakingly wet, matches, too.

Well, the combination seemed fair: Greg, joining them on the rafts, along with food and matches, would be their coach and helper at dodging rocks for the way out to Hite.

Question: How many rafts traverse Cataract Canyon per summer?

Canoeing in Wilderness Quebec

An interesting trip was made in September 1963 by Peter Dohrendorf and myself on the Megiscane River in northern Quebec. Here is the trip report:

We left Morin Heights, Que., early Sunday morning on the long trip to Senneterre. We had in mind to paddle one of the northern rivers and at the same time do some moose-hunting. Peter had been in the area of Senneterre a year before and he was very enthusiastic about the Megiscane River. The part we wanted to paddle was from Lake Faillon to the Bell River.

After eight hours driving we arrived in Senneterre quite tired around 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At the amphibian air base, we were lucky to get a plane right away. It was an old beaver bush plane. One hour later we were standing at the shore of Lake Faillon and our pilot was taking off for his flight back. And for us the adventure started right there.

We camped near an old wrecked boat which must have been lying there for years. Scouting our surroundings, we found plenty of moose and bear tracks. It was a funny feeling for a moment, to be transplanted so suddenly from civilization into the wilderness.

Next morning we started out for the 180 miles of the river. The day before we had seen from the air some rapids which looked quite easy and possible to paddle. It proved otherwise! It took us five hours to portage two miles of difficult chutes. After this test of endurance the river got quite easy and we enjoyed the beautiful scenery. We saw plenty of fresh moose tracks, but no moose.

The second night we camped on a small island right above some rapids. The sound of the rushing waters put us soundly to sleep. When we woke up in the morning, our tent was white with

snow but the sun soon melted it away and we continued to explore the river. The rapids which we now encountered were possible to run and it was great fun. It was very interesting to watch the small game. We could have shot at least twenty ducks. Beavers were very active, as we could tell from the trees they had marked.

The third day we had a nice experience. Just as we were making camp for the night, we heard a big roar nearby. Startled, we saw a big bull and two cows standing 500 yards away. We dropped everything, reached for our rifles and tried to approach to a closer shooting range. We fought our way through a swamp and came to a beaver-made lake which stopped us, and there on the other side the three beasts were standing. But it was already too dark to shoot and we wanted to try our luck the next morning. But I think the moose were smarter. We did not see thm again.

The next day we came to a point where the northern railroad was crossing the river. There we had to make the decision, either to paddle on for fifty more miles, or to walk out along the railroad for ten miles and get a plane to fly the equipment out. As our time was running out, we did the latter. The hiking was up to me; Peter stayed behind with the boat. Arriving in Senneterre after 2 hours march, I was lucky enough to get a plane right away.

The pilot was not sure if he could land on the stretch of the river where Peter was waiting but he wanted to try. Circling the railroad bridge several times, he nosed the old bush plane gently down and made a safe landing. Our red canoe and Peter standing beside it looked just like a toy — but a pretty one — from the bird's-eye view. Ten minutes later we were back in Senneterre and civilization.

—R. Weiler, from Viking Ski Club News Letter.

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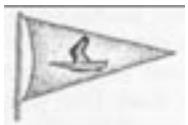
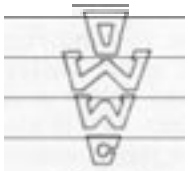
SECRETARY'S SOAP BOX





By Martin Vanderveen
Retiring AWA Secretary

This will be a brief Soapbox. I didn't achieve all my goals during my term as Executive Secretary, but I believe we did make some concrete progress. I was fortunate in having a fine team of officers and committee chairmen backing me up, and it was only with their help that I was able to get the job done. My thanks to all those who have done so much.

I have enjoyed my term of office for several reasons. It has given me a new insight into our sport: I have been gratified at being able to contribute in some small measure to the development of our sport; and it has been most enjoyable to work with the people throughout the continent who are interested in our sport.

Our new Executive Secretary, Roland "Prof" Davis, has worked closely with me during the past year, and is thus exceptionally well qualified for leadership in 1964. He is a capable man, and I look forward to great things in the coming year. Needless to say, I am sure he can count on the same fine cooperation I enjoyed last year.

f f f

Canada Organizes for Slalom

On November 14, 1963, the Canadian Whitewater Affiliation was born. Representatives of the Canadian Canoe Association, Ontario Voyageurs Kayak and Canoe Club, the Mohawk Rod and Gun Club, and the 4th Weston Scouts met to begin formally the long overdue movement for slalom recognition in Canada.

The aim of this affiliation is "To promote and foster amateur white-water and cruising activities both competitive and non-competitive and to affiliate all clubs interested in these activities throughout Canada." Membership shall be open to all amateur paddling groups in Canada and each group shall assign two of its members to act as representatives to the affiliation.

f f f

Separate Slalom Group: The redoubtable Canoe Cruisers Association of Washington, D. C., has reproduced by fission. That is to say, a new Slalom Division has been formed within the CCA, whose declared primary interests are: "advancing white-water skills through slalom practice and the use of specialized craft and equipment, by means of selected, small-group trips on both difficult and seldom-explored streams."

The extra costs of these activities — and others that may evolve from them — will be covered by an extra assessment.

Is this our first affiliate to set up an inner competitors' elite, and is its example likely to be widely imitated? Obviously, it is a method well suited to some clubs whose general membership is not primarily interested in boating, or is otherwise hesitant to support the expense of competition.

Incidentally, we are informed, the Slalom Division will make AWA membership integral, as for so long has the KCCNY. Thank you!

—P. D. W.

AWA Summer Trips

By Oscar Hawksley

AWA Trip Planning Chairman

The purpose of this letter is to let you know about the trips we tentatively plan for this summer and to give you an opportunity to let us know if you'd be interested in joining in any of them.

As many of you know, for several summers we had some fine AWA wilderness river trips, mainly in Idaho, which were open to paddle-boaters and some rafters. These were pretty luxurious trips at a relatively low price because of their non-profit nature, and everyone who went always seemed to want to go again. But there were a couple of problems:

1. The Idaho Guides organization didn't seem to understand that we were trying to promote something which would help **them,** and they gave us quite a bit of static.
2. The trips required tremendous physical and mental effort for the few people who volunteered to take the summers off to run them; yet these people got in practically no canoeing or kayaking themselves.

So we looked around for a new approach which would overcome these problems and produce good trips at equal or less cost. I think we've found a solution. It will not appeal to many of the rafters, but I think that it may make trips possible for more paddle-boaters and their families than before, largely because it provides the cheapest and most flexible plan one could expect. We've tried it out, so we know it works.

Last summer, co-op trips were tried in Wisconsin in early June and in Idaho in August. A dozen or more AWA members from various parts of the country participated in each trip. Rivers run included the Menominee, Pike, Peshtigo and Wolf in Wisconsin and the North Fork of the Clearwater and the Main Salmon in Idaho. These were primarily leisurely, base-camped trips on which each family provided its own camping equipment, meals, boats and transportation. At times it was advantageous to combine efforts on shopping, meals, and transportation or to trade around on paddling partners. The latter helps us learn new techniques.

Of course, "Happy Hour" was almost always a community affair as were campfires. In Wisconsin, some of the non-boaters helped with car shuttles. In Idaho, the non-paddlers enjoyed running a 1.0-man raft which stayed right with the small boats, and before the trip was over, most of these folks got in some paddling too. Both trips convinced the participants that it was a pleasant way to get together, and that the plan could be extended, with modifications, to include some wilderness trips in 1964. It seemed to satisfy some needs for both families and hard-core boaters.

Here's the basic plan for the coming summer.

Dorothy and I plan to leave home about the 1st of June taking our Dodge Carry-all and a trailer equipped with two 10-man neoprene rafts, rowing rigs, enough company cooking gear, waterproof boxes, lifejackets and other such gear for the wilderness runs. We'll also be toting our own fiberglass canoes which we plan to **use.** Though most people who run rivers have their own personal gear, the heavier items are seldom owned by individual boaters and it is best, if running Western wilderness streams, to have raft support. The AWA "trip committee" will provide this, and of course, organize things and lend a guiding hand on the rivers that are unknown to other members of the party. In addition, the committee will try to provide a boatman or two to help run the rafts on trips where this would be needed, but such persons would be participants in the trips like everyone else.

What will the responsibilities of the participants be?

For trips where car camping or base camping will be involved, each family will provide its own meals and cooking

equipment for that part of the trip. Each person should provide his own life jacket. A few rental jackets will be available, but only if reserved ahead. For wilderness trips, food planning will be worked out on a co-op basis with participants sharing in the shopping, packing, preparation and cost. On such trips, "company" equipment will be used for cooking and rubber bags and other essential group equipment will be provided.

Costs, other than food, which are essential for each trip, will also be shared. Such items will include the cost of transporting rafts and other company equipment, a small amount for depreciation and maintenance of the equipment, hired drivers, gifts or tips to boatmen when applicable (none will be salaried), car storage, camping fees and flying costs when encountered.

What trips are proposed or possible?

The sky is the limit, as far as we are concerned. One trip we definitely want to make ourselves this summer (we've been thwarted about three times now) is an exploration of the Middle and South Forks of the Flathead in Montana. There are already a few other persons interested in this trip for late June and early July but that is as definite as our planning is to date. However, to have some basis on which to project some planning, I'll set up a list of **suggested** (possible) trips below. If there is interest in any of them, fine. If not, we'll use alternate rivers and times which are suggested by those who write in. Dates below approximate.

June 3-11. Northwestern Wisconsin.

Car camping and/or short (2-4 day) wilderness runs. Rivers definitely in mind are the **Bois Brule** and the **Flambeau.** Both have easy to moderately exciting rapids and some beautiful scenery. The Brule is without doubt one of the most beautiful small rivers on the continent. One could join this trip at almost any time during the period.

June 22-27. Glacier Park Area of Montana.

This will probably be a fly-in trip to Schafer Meadow on the **Middle Fork of the Flathead** but the cost for flying is low compared to horse packing and is not great when shared by a group. The Middle Fork is one of the rivers currently being studied by the joint Interior-Agriculture Wild River Study Team. The trip would include 4-5 days of running on the wilderness section of this stream. Foldboats would be no problem to get in and even rigids can probably be flown in if a DC-2 (necessary for the 10-man rafts also) is used. Passengers would go in by Cessna.

June 30 to July 5 or 6. Bob Marshall Wilderness Area, Montana.

Since the **South Fork of the Flathead** is in wilderness, a combination of flying in (to save time) and packing in (planes not allowed in wilderness area) might have to be used. This would be a go-light trip for folding boats and small rafts but should be a great experience for those willing to try it. A Montana boater who wants to go is investigating a relatively easy approach from Seely Lake, northeast of Missoula.

July 8-16. Northern Idaho.

A wilderness run down the **Selway River** or an alternate trip on the **North Fork of the Clearwater** which would be mainly base (car) camped but could include a wilderness run of 2-3 days on

its middle section. Both these rivers are favorites with AWA boaters. Which was chosen would depend on the type of party and the water conditions. Both are grade III and IV.

July 20-28. Idaho Primitive Area.

A wilderness run on either the **Middle Fork of the Salmon** or the **Main Salmon.** Both are classic runs. The Middle Fork has some of the most spectacular and varied scenery of any river in the U. S. Both have heavy water and are plenty exciting but perfectly runnable by boaters who are experienced in grade III and IV water.

August — mid or second half. Utah.

Trip through either the **Yampa-Green** canyons of Dinosaur National Monument or through Grey and Desolation Canyons lower down on the **Green.** This would be a low-water trip with some side canyon hiking.

* * *

Trips and dates will shift from tentative status to definite status as we hear from folks who'd like to go. Naturally, trips will have to be built around the times and places desired by those who write in earliest.

Write: Oz Hawksley, Route 5, Warrensburg, Mo.

Classified

Meet Your Secretary

The Iceman Cometh. But don't be alarmed. It's a very genial, warm and responsible specimen, quite unlikely to be found in a Eugene O'Neill cast.

He's Roland W. "Prof" Davis of Berkeley, Calif., executive of a company that vends industrial ice as well as party-pack cubes. Prof is the new Executive Secretary of your Affiliation.

A modest man, Prof has given us no photograph and very little biography. Here it is:

"Have enjoyed a boat of some kind most of my life — row, sail, motor, canoe, ice-boat and kayak. Used a canoe — and later a small motor boat running an afternoon and week-end trap line — making enough money to put me through last two years of high school and first two of college.

"Met Oz Hawksley on a river trip down through Flaming Gorge and Dinosaur National Park — on the Green River. During the nine-day trip I managed to keep busy packing water for camp use, washing dishes, building fires and being a general roustabout which, apparently impressed Oz as he later told me that if I kept this up I might qualify for membership in AWA. Which I did and am.

"Have been on most of the big rivers, and their toughest stretches, in the West—plus some of the smaller streams. Own three kayaks, a small rubber raft and miscellaneous odds and ends.

"At present represent the River section of the Sierra Club on the Club Council; am a member of AWA, National Parks Ass'n., Wilderness Society, Audubon Society, Save-the-Redwoods League; American Forestry Ass'n., California Academy of Science. Also, at the present time, am Vice-president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, and, President of the "Enjoy the Great Outdoors" foundation.

"Hobbies? Most anything to do with the outdoors. Plus: oil painting, photography, making and designing furniture, conservation and such."

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An AMC-NY canoe at Shohola Falls, Delaware River. Rose Tricarico cross-bow drawing.

—Photo by Peter D. Whitney

1964 RACING SCHEDULE

April 11-12: AMC Canoe Cruisers Slalom, Salmon River, Conn. Write: Bob Field, Haverhill St., N. Reading, Mass. 01864

April 11-12: Black Moshannon Slalom. Write: Bill Bickham, 107 S. Allen St., State College, Pa.

April 18-19: Brandywine Slalom, Wilmington, Del. Write: Mrs. Donald R. Rupp, 6 Springton Lake Rd., Media, Pa. 19063

April 25-26: Icebreaker Slalom, Oneonta, N. Y. Write: Bob Simmonds, RFD No. 2, Oneonta, N. Y.

May 2-3: Loyalsock Slalom, World's End Park, Pa. Write: Dave Kurtz, 623 W. College Ave., State College, Pa.

May 9-10: Hudson River Giant Slalom & White-Water Derby, North Creek, N. Y. Write: Charles Severance, Johnsburg Fish & Game Club, North Creek, N. Y.

May 16-17: National Canoe Championships, West River, Jamaica, Vt. Write: John Berry, 5914 Greenlawn Dr., Bethesda 14, Md.

June 6-7: Esopus Giant Slalom, Phoenicia, N. Y. Write: Thomas E. Asher, 131 Demarest Ave., Englewood, N. J.

June 13: Men's National Kayak Championships and Women's Slalom, Buena Vista, Colo. Write: Eliot Coleman, Box 4268, Colorado Academy, Denver 9, Colo.

June 14: Salida River Race. Write FIBARK, Salida, Colo.

June 27-28: Pacific Invitational Slalom, North Fork Feather River, Caribou, Calif. Write: Peter Whitney, 1544 La Loma, Berkeley 8, Calif.

July 3-5: Cheat River Slalom, West Virginia. Write: Dick Bridge, 8A Ridge Rd., Greenbelt, Md.

Conservation Comment

By Bill Prime

AWA Conservation Chairman

The late John F. Kennedy was the proponent of a "third wave of conservation," following in the footsteps of the two Roosevelts. Some of the fruits of the Kennedy administration's labors were:

The establishment of three new National Seashores — Cape Cod, Point Reyes, Calif., and Padre Island, Texas;

Creation of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation within the Interior Department, which has been engaged in the current Wild Rivers Study;

Strengthening the Federal water pollution control programs;

A crash program of wildlands acquisition for duck-breeding grounds;

The accelerated setting aside of Wilderness Areas within the National Forests, despite the failure of Congress to pass the Administration-supported Wilderness Bill.

President Johnson is pledged to carry on these programs.

Wild River Study

In early 1961, the Senate Select Committee on Natural Water Resources recommended that "certain streams be preserved in their free-flowing condition because their natural scenic, scientific, aesthetic and recreational values outweigh their value for water development and control purposes now and in the future."

Early last summer the Secretaries of Interior and Agriculture announced the appointment of a five-man team to study this situation. The team's final report isn't due for a year, but sections of twelve rivers have been selected for detailed study. These include three forks of the Flathead in Montana, the Skagit in its Sauk and Suiattle tributaries in Washington, the Rogue in Oregon, the Klamath in California, the Rio Grande in New Mexico, the Upper Green in Wyoming, the Niobrara in Nebraska, the St. Croix and Namegakon in Minnesota and Wisconsin, the North Branch of the Susquehanna in New York and Pennsylvania, the upper Hudson in New York, the Big South Fork of the Cumberland in Kentucky and Tennessee, and the headwaters of the Savannah in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

Several rivers already included in similar or previous studies include the Salmon and Clearwater in Idaho, the Middle Fork of the Feather in California, the Suwannee in Florida, the upper Missouri in Montana, the Current in Missouri, the Buffalo in Arkansas, and the Allagash in Maine.

The happy result of all this work could be a nation-wide system of free-flowing, wild and protected rivers.

The Allagash Riverway

The National Park Service has already proposed that two rivers be added to the National Park System — 128 miles of the Buffalo River in the scenic Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, and a 192,000-acre area on Maine's famous Allagash River.

Under this proposal, the Allagash will be maintained as a National Riverway in the wild, free-flowing state. Canoeists, fishermen, hunters, and others engaging in the more primitive forms of outdoor recreation would have access

to the area. The Allagash region, threatened with inundation by prior proposals to develop the hydroelectric potentials of the Upper St. John River, would be saved under a new program to develop the power resources of Maine at the Passamaquoddy-Dickey sites, endorsed by President Kennedy on July 17. That the Passamaquoddy project may be a political boondoggle there is no doubt, but a fine river and wild area may be saved in the process.

But those of us who would like to keep the nation's finest natural streams free from man's "improvements" have their work cut out for them. The Federal Government has spent some $3.5 billion since 1958 on 383 Corps of Engineers and Bureau of Reclamation projects. A project for seventeen dams is underway in the Delaware Basin, and plans for sixteen dams in the Potomac Basin (including a high dam at Seneca) may spell the end of another fine river.

The Corps even has plans for a high dam (Rampart Dam) on the Yukon in Alaska that will create a lake twice the size of Lake Erie to the great detriment of tremendous duck, salmon and moose populations.

Congress Has Done Little

The 88th Congress has been a do-nothing group in the field of conservation as in other areas, but there are some significant new proposals:

Wilderness Preservation — areas recommended by the President and his Executive agencies could be incorporated into the National Wilderness Preservation System only by Act of Congress. **[Ed Note: This is, on the whole, a bad proposal, designed to hamstring the Wilderness Bill.]**

Land and Water Conservation Funds — would provide between $1.5 and $2 billion over the next ten years for State and Federal outdoor recreation programs.

If you have news of interest to AWA conservationists, please communicate with your Conservation Chairman, Bill Prime, at 300 East 71st St., New York 21, N. Y.

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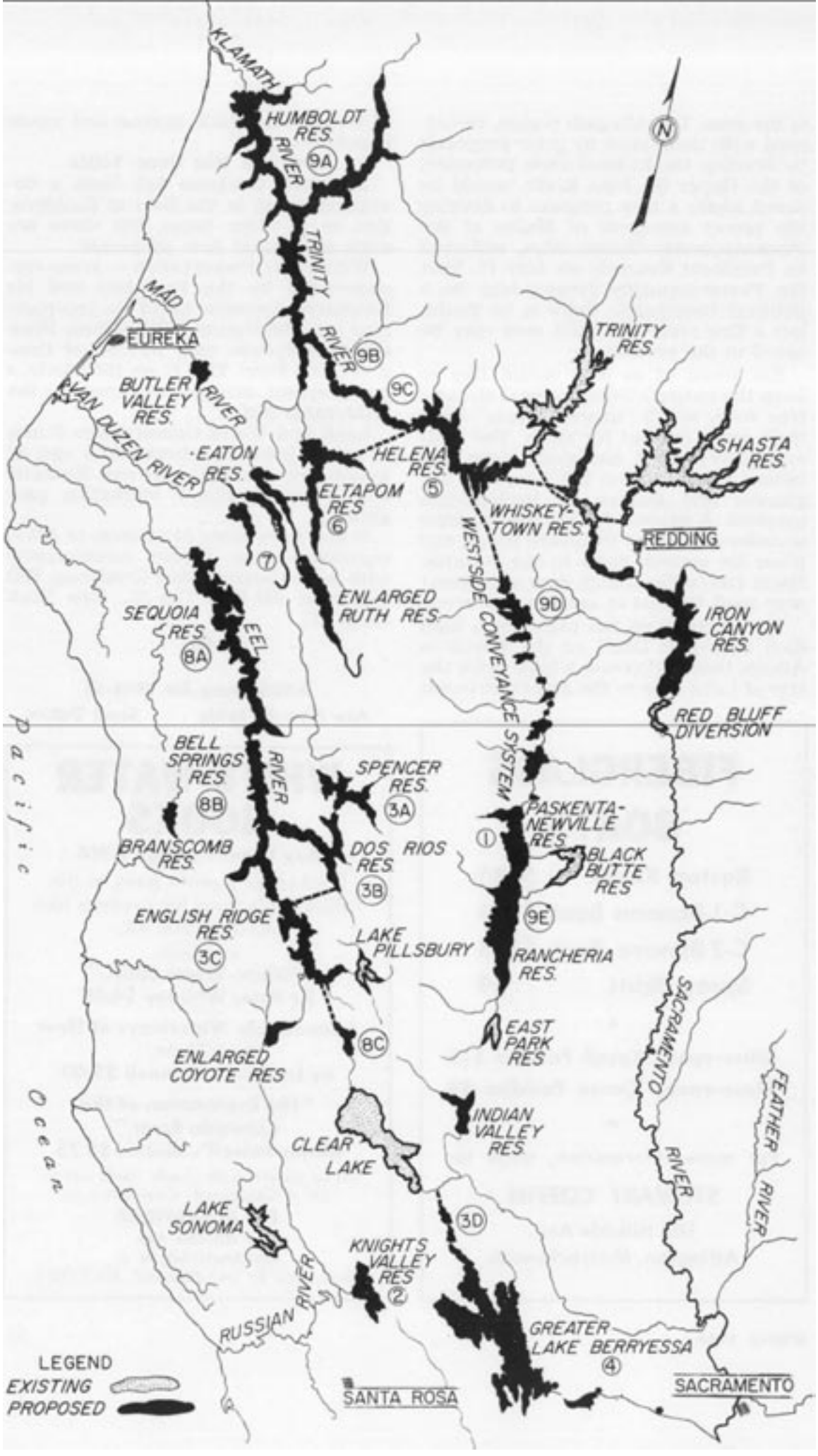
KLAMATH
HUMBOLDT RES.
9A
RIVER
TRINITY
RIVER
9B
9C
MAD
EUREKA
BUTLER VALLEY RES.
RIVER
VAN DUZEN RIVER
EATON RES.
HELENA RES.
5
ELTAPOM RES.
6
7
TRINITY RES.
SHASTA RES.
WHISKEY-TOWN RES.
REDDING
WESTSIDE CONVEYANCE SYSTEM
ENLARGED RUTH RES.
9D
IRON CANYON RES.
SEQUOIA RES.
8A
EEL
RED BLUFF DIVERSION
Pacific
BELL SPRINGS RES.
8B
RIVER
SPENCER RES.
3A
PASKENTA-NEWVILLE RES.
1
BRANSCOMB RES.
DOS RIOS RES.
3B
BLACK BUTTE RES.
9E
ENGLISH RIDGE RES.
3C
LAKE PILLSBURY
RANCHERIA RES.
EAST PARK RES.
8C
ENLARGED COYOTE RES.
SACRAMENTO
FEATHER
RIVER
INDIAN VALLEY RES.
Ocean
CLEAR LAKE
LAKE SONOMA
3D
KNIGHTS VALLEY RES.
2
RUSSIAN RIVER
GREATER LAKE BERRYESSA
4
LEGEND
EXISTING
PROPOSED
SANTA ROSA
SACRAMENTO

Death of a River System

The illustration on the facing page is the State of California's official map of the system of dams and aqueducts by which virtually all of the rivers of Northwestern California will be harnessed by the end of the century. Most of the river valleys from the Bay Area north to the State border will contain still, deep reservoirs.

By this process, white-water boating will be ended on two or three of the finest rivers in the United States. The steelhead and salmon fishing that now furnishes the finest rod-and-reel sport your Editor has ever enjoyed will also be wiped out. The motorboating and water skiing that will take its place will be inferior because the reservoirs will fluctuate wildly, their main purpose being to serve as catch basins for the export of water — **in many cases by upstream pumping** at fabulous cost.

As an act of spoliation of an entire region, the California water plan has few parallels in history. For Northwest California, which is now a sparsely populated lumbering region but has great promise as a recreational resource, is to be turned into a kind of watery desert — a large part of its alluvial soil drowned by floodwaters, its communications disrupted, even its climate affected.

All this for the purpose of making it possible for areas that now are actually deserts to be suburbanized, with lawns, swimming pools and flush-toilets. Many of the communities that are to be watered from the Eel, Trinity and Feather Rivers are now windblown alkali waste, whose only visible development value derives from the fact that they are flat, and wtihin two hours' driving time of Los Angeles.

Thus will be repeated on a grand scale the act of legalized vandalism by which, in the early decades of this century, Los Angeles dried up the blossoming Owens Valley behind the Sierras, in order to spill Owens Valley water on the dry lands close to the ambitious city. Great fortunes in real estate naturally resulted — and the Owens Valley reverted to a thinly populated strip of grazing in the middle of waste.

The marginal communities that will be created, in Arizona and Southern California, will of course be like melons on a long stalk, existing at the mercy of earthquake or atom bomb. And in the watering of their lawns and swimming pools, not to mention the miles of desert-ringed aqueducts that will bring the water to them, the evaporation and seepage loss can be conservatively estimated at 25 per cent — a full-sized river's flow in itself.

All this in the name of ending Nature's waste of water that goes free-flowing to the sea!

California's boaters, fishermen and conservationists are preparing to say a sorrowful goodbye to the Eel, Trinity, Mad, and even perhaps the Klamath River very soon, because Governor Brown has speeded up the Water Plan by at least a decade. The first Eel dams are due in only four or five years. Hail and farewell! **—P.D.W.**

Posters Ready for Affiliates

A recruiting poster for the American Whitewater Affiliation is available, and has already been mailed to a number of affiliates. When you get yours, please see that it is prominently displayed at slaloms, meetings, and at clubrooms. Designate a membership recruiting secretary, to collect funds and take an accurate record of names and addresses. These should be sent to the new Circulation Manager, Bob Hawley, 1925 Hopkins St., Berkeley 7, Calif. **Use Zip Numbers!**

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Safety as We See It

By John Bombay
AWA Safety Chairman

I do not like to dwell on the subject of accidents, especially the few accidents that have happened in our sport. I prefer to use the information that I receive as a base for instructions rather than using the negative approach of showing, by example, the mishaps that **should not** occur. It is very heartening to me, and for all of us, that a fatal accident occurs very rarely on our AWA member club outings.

But, reluctantly, I wish just to mention a few of the sad reports that reached me to emphasize that neglect of skill, overconfidence, or plain ignorance lead to fatal mishaps which could have been easily avoided if only these people had seriously contacted the AWA group.

In the Pacific area, two boys had to be rescued by a helicopter from the San Francisco bay; they had just bought a two-seater kayak that day.

In Australia, an outdoor class of a college obtained some 11-foot narrow beam "canoes," placed a trainer in charge with **arctic** "experience." This trainer placed two men plus gear in each little craft and managed to drown half his class when the wind whipped only two-foot-high waves over the estuary.

In the Southeast of this country, another school bought a shipment of kayaks (the only time they had seen such things before was in a catalogue); several "instructors" and pupils drowned the first day of the "try-out" on a nearby little lake because they did not know how to rescue each other, and victims in the water overturned the other boats.

Two Midwest couples, after a club instruction meeting, went out next weekend on a flooded river and drowned after hitting bridge piers and brush.

Chief Causes of Trouble

The accidents that do occur happen mainly to **beginning** boaters and under the following conditions, in order of importance:

1. On Class I rivers in flood stage.
2. By non-AWA-organized boaters who venture out alone in a canoe, often on lakes or ocean.
3. In keeled touring canoes.
4. In overloaded canoes.

As one can easily observe, the above facts are all closely related. The beginning boater cannot navigate nor understand the very swift flood currents to avoid the fast appearing bridge piers, low dams, debris and half-submerged trees. Nearly all boats collided with the obstacles broadside, supporting the presumption that they had not had the benefit of the training instructions given by our AWA organizations. The keel on the canoes worsens the steering problem as does the lack of team co-ordination of the canoeists.

Cold Water, Inexperience

The floods happen in the springtime when the water is ice-cold. The boaters have no idea of self- or team-rescue, and become a ready victim of the impairing chill during the prolonged immersion. An AWA boater is prepared and aware of rescue procedures and equipment.

The canoes were often overloaded, with heavy or waterlogged gear and up to two additional passengers to the normal crew of two. The AWA objects to more than two persons in a canoe for the obvious safety reason that an overloaded canoe is just not maneuverable enough on fast water.

No reports on fatal mishaps by AWA-trained canoeists or kayakists have reached me; neither have I received reports on mishaps in difficult or dangerous rapids of any class, which indicates that good maneuvering and understanding of currents and knowledge through AWA or other instruction is a definite step toward safe boating. A boater who knows what he is doing, thus is skilled, is about the safest boater one can find, even when running a tumultuous, fierce Class IV rapid. Quite a contrast to the beginner who drowned in a Class I river just because he did not even know how to steer a canoe free from a pier.

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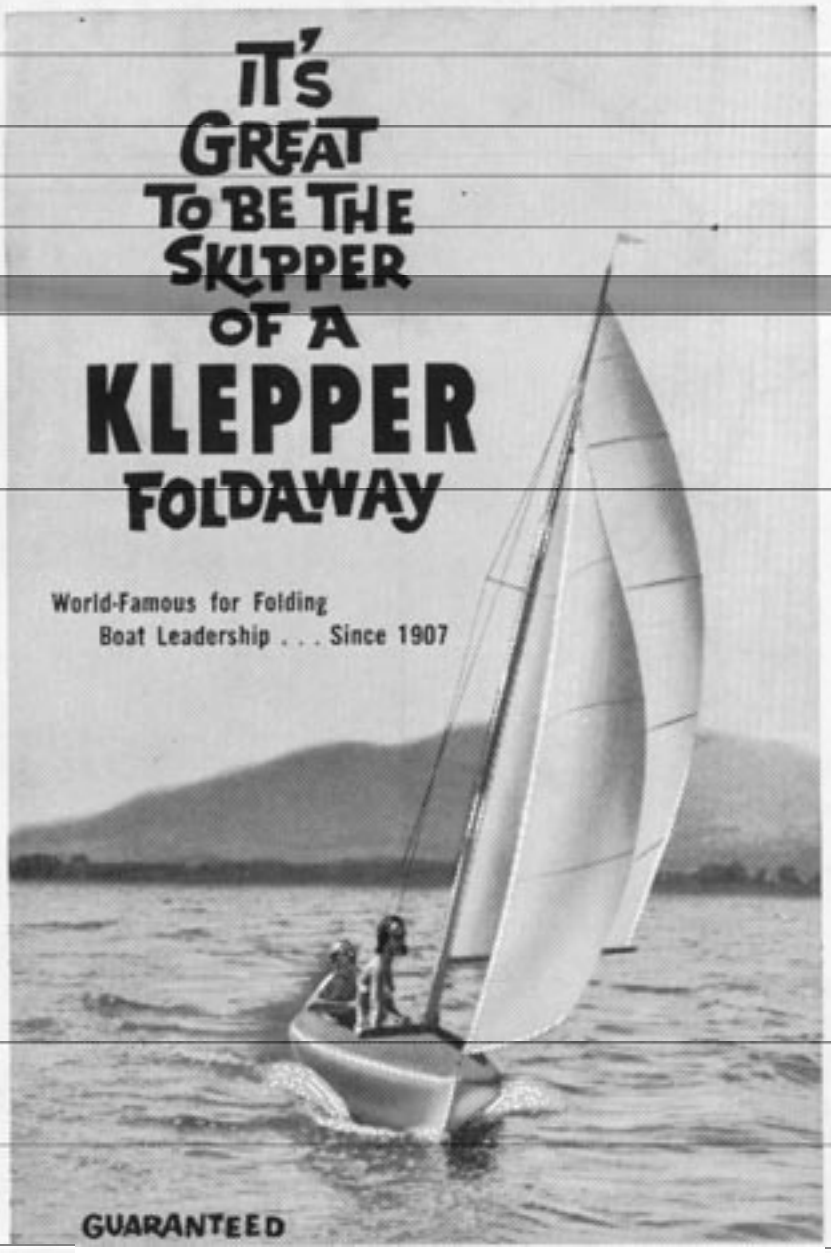

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PETAWAWA RIVER 1962

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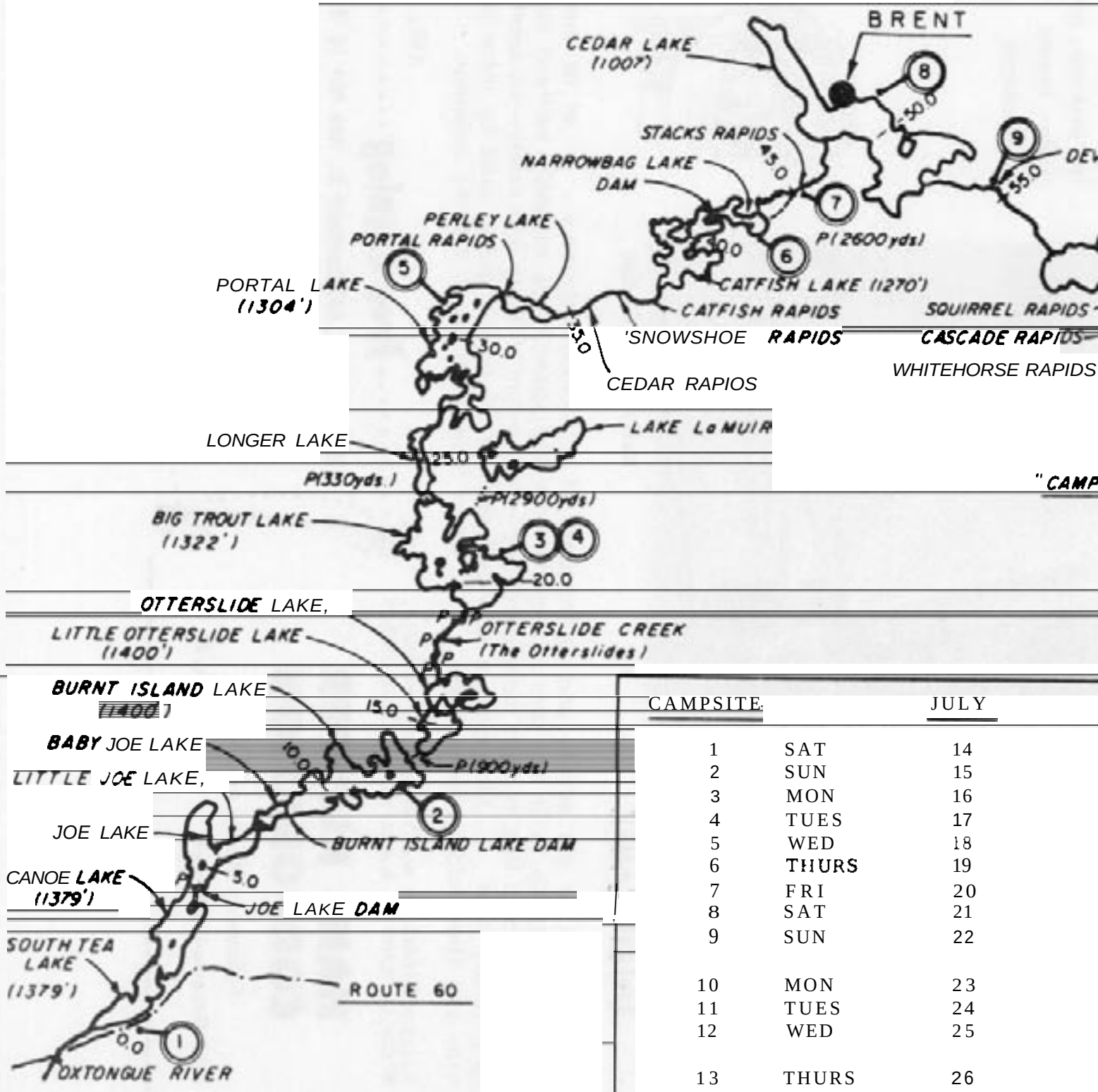

CAMPSITE		JULY
1	SAT	14
2	SUN	15
3	MON	16
4	TUES	17
5	WED	18
6	THURS	19
7	FRI	20
8	SAT	21
9	SUN	22
10	MON	23
11	TUES	24
12	WED	25
13	THURS	26
14	FRI	27
15	SAT	28

Barbara Wright runs the outlet [illegible]

—Photo by Bob Field

Thirteen on the Petawawa

By Robert *G.* Field

In August, 1961, the Moultons, Fields, and Smiths started thinking and planning for a two-week white-water wilderness trip on the Petawawa River in Algonquin Provincial Park, Ontario, Canada. Gardner Moulton, a veteran of three previous one-week wilderness trips, planned the trip in detail and undertook its leadership. We knew of several parties who had run the Cedar Lake-to-Ottawa River portion, so Gardner decided that we would try to do the entire river from the top of the drainage basin to the mouth.

The trip was broken up into two one-week sections. The following eight canoeists went for the entire two weeks; Gardner and Carol Moulton, South Windsor, Conn.; Lee Estey, North Reading, Mass.; Arnold Hoiberg, Montville, N. J.; Ark Tillson, Hartsdale, N. Y.; Barbara Wright, Milton, Mass.; Jane Showacre, Washington, D. C., and myself. Midway through the trip five more canoeists joined us at the town of Brent on Cedar Lake. They were Don and Nancy Smith, East Hartford, Conn.; Marge Hanna, Chittenden, Vt.; John Tuckerman, Auburndale, Mass.; and Sarge Janes, South Lincoln, Mass.

The following is an account of the experiences of thirteen of the best canoeists who have ever joined together for a wilderness trip.

Five of the first week's party left my house in North Reading around seven-thirty p.m., Friday, July **13.** They were Carol and Gardner, Barbara, Lee and myself.

The VW bus was well loaded for the six-hundred-mile ride to the South Tea Lake Campground in Algonquin Pro-

vincial Park. Besides the five people and their gear for two weeks, there were two canoes, one rigid kayak, and food for eight people for the first week. After leaving Gardner's car and my foldboat at Sarge Janes's in South Lincoln we were finally on our way.

A Menacing Knock

Everything about the trip up was uneventful until around four a.m. Saturday morning. While Gardner was driving the car it began to knock and lose most of its power. When it was evident that we were not going to get anywhere at the reduced rate of speed we decided to hold up at the next likely-looking garage. We stopped at a garage in the small country town of Copenhagen, N. Y. at four-thirty a.m.

After sleeping until six-thirty and having breakfast, we were informed that the only experienced mechanic in town wouldn't be at work until eight. The five canoeists, having resigned themselves to the wait, undertook another first — the game of hop-scotch in Copenhagen.

Finally getting the car moving again, we limped into Watertown. We learned at a VW garage that the car was operating on only two cylinders. While Gardner made arrangements for Don Smith's party to pick up the car the following Saturday, I went to Syracuse for a rented station wagon. We arrived at South Tea Lake Campground around eight p.m. After a well-deserved meal, Arnold and I shuttled the rental car into Breakbridge, Ont., to dispose of it and returned around one-thirty a.m., Sunday morning to a much-needed rest.

After a large, quick breakfast, the group went quickly to work packing the boats. They were never going to be neater on any other day than they were then. Everyone was in a hurry to get on the water. We couldn't believe that we were actually going to make it after all we had been through.

Finally at nine-thirty the three canoes and two kayaks started up South Tea Lake. The day was overcast, cold and threatened rain, but realization that we had made it was enough to make the day quite cheerful.

Between South Tea Lake and Canoe Lake we canoed on a short stretch of the Oxtongue River. Canoe Lake is the usual starting point for such trips into Algonquin Park. When we made the short portage around Joe Lake Dam, we very quickly left civilization behind. With now a little sun and the cool air we were just getting into stride when we stopped for lunch at mile 7.7 (All miles will be measured from the South Tea Lake Campground.)

The Basic

This was where ever
except Gardner and
quainted for the fir:
Moulton Special. This
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lunch, which when ei
time doesn't seem en
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and more desirable
consists of approximal
items; three double
container of jam, two
apricots, one candy
balls," two spoonsfuls of mixed nuts, and one piece of meat or two pieces of cheese. One hundred and forty-seven of these were assembled and wrapped in individual plastic bags. This was only a part of the many hours the Moultons spent preplanning and working for this trip.

We continued upstream, towards the dam at Burnt Island Lake. Where it wasn't deep enough to paddle we waded, pulling the canoes. This went very well and we didn't have to make any actual portages. The last hundred yards below Burnt Island Lake Dam is fairly steep and even though the water was quite low we were able to push and pull the boats up to the dam at which point we "portaged" the remaining fifty feet. Gardner decided that we would look for a campsite on the second or easterly arm of Burnt Island Lake. The wind had picked up and the next two miles were with a crosswind. The canoeists immediately put up their "sails" but found that this was just wishful thinking and quickly returned to their paddles.

Spotting an island ahead we were all eager to camp on it but found it was occupied by a tent. We headed for the north shore and a point of land just opposite the portage which would be tackled first thing Monday morning.

Burnt Island Lake is the third largest of the twenty-four lakes that we were going to see before the trip was completed. The fishing in Burnt Island Lake was, as far as Arnold and I could find out, non-existent and we were quite eager to get to Big Trout Lake and the others that we had heard about. We had made a deal with the rest of the group: if we could get to Big Trout Lake by Monday evening and then have the day off on Tuesday for fishing, we would catch them some fish. They didn't believe us but agreed to the bargain.

Monday morning dawned with heavy mist rising from the lake, but by the time Arnold and I had prepared the group's breakfast, it was burning off. After an early start we tackled without too much effort the nine-hundred-yard portage from Burnt Island Lake to Otterslide. Several canoe parties were traveling from the boys' and girls' camps on Canoe Lake. They sent out several dozen of these canoe parties a week. They traveled very fast, three persons to a fourteen-foot canoe, and very light. The majority didn't venture beyond Big Trout Lake.

Portaging the Otterslide

It took us three or four hours to make the five portages down Otterslide Creek and to push the canoes through low water in the swamps. After the first three portages we had lunch, and the owners of the tent we had seen on the island passed us on their return. They encouraged Arnold and me about fishing, as they had caught several trout in Big Trout Lake.

We reach Big Trout Lake about three p.m. As we headed across it we spotted an ideal campsite above a sloping ledge on the largest island that would serve as a base for two nights. Having covered eight miles and six portages (2540 yards) everyone was ready to make camp, prepare supper and hit the sack early for a well-deserved rest.

After canoeing and portaging around streams with very little water in them, we had become concerned about the water levels that we would encounter below Big Trout Lake where the Petawawa River becomes a fact. Would we see a river when we left camp on Wednesday?

Fishing Interlude

After breakfast Tuesday the final decision to make it a rest day was agreed upon. Arnold and I took off on our fishing trip. Carol and Gardner repaired their canoe and explored the lake. Jane and Barbara practiced rigging a sailing catamaran out of their kayaks, while Lee and Ark explored all the islands of the lake.

Arnold had been told at the outfitting store at Canoe Lake of several places where the lake trout fishing was supposed to be good. One was Lake La Muir which could be reached from Big Trout Lake by portaging twenty-nine hundred yards. With a light canoe and no packs we didn't expect any difficulty. We quickly arrived at the portage. I picked up the canoe, Arnold the fishing gear, and we started off. We had gone about a quarter-mile when we jumped two magnificent bucks from a beaver flow. They were still in velvet and had racks of about ten points. Even when we set down the canoe to change loads, the bucks still watched us from less than fifty yards off. Unfortunately we had no cameras, since we had wanted to travel light.

A half-mile later we came to our second beaver dam. Arnold spotted what he thought was the trail on the other side; we paddled across to it and dragged the canoe up the steep bank but very quickly realized that the trails on this side had been made by animals. The trail was quite apparent when we reached the other bank.

At Lake La Muir, we quickly launched and went to the center of the lake before getting our tackle ready. Spotting an island ahead, we planned to have lunch on it. However, the closer we came to the island the closer a seagull came in diving at us, missing us by less than a paddle-length. Just when the gull was at its closest, Arnold exclaimed

Arnold's big trout

that a fish had struck. Sure enough, after cranking in two or three hundred feet of steel line, a nice two-pound lake trout was his.

Landing on the island for lunch, we were delighted to find large quantities of blueberries to add to our meal. The trees kept the seagulls off our backs, even though we discovered that the island was their nesting ground. After lunch we trolled; the wind was picking up and whitecaps were beginning to form. We had just about decided to quit when another trout struck Arnold's spoon. This really felt like a big one. I reeled in my line and got ready to handle the fish as soon as he brought it to surface since the lake was really becoming rough. It was a large one, twenty-six inches long and about seven pounds. It was the largest fresh-water fish either of us had had a hand in catching.

The fish were a welcomed addition to our evening meal. The nine pounds of trout were treated as an extra dessert and disappeared without any trouble.

Wednesday: First Rapids

On the way down Big Trout Lake Wednesday morning Arnold landed another lake trout, of about five pounds.

The outlet of Big Trout Lake didn't look passable due to a massive log jam: we used the short portage trail to Longer Lake. There was a very strong headwind the entire three miles of this lake, so at the next portage we were more than ready for lunch. It was at this lunch spot that I caught my first fish of the trip. We were getting into warmer water and other fish besides lake trout were now showing up, such as the whitefish that I caught.

After lunch we ran the first rapid of the trip. It was a very short one which everyone ran without even touching a rock — except our esteemed leader and his wife. The Moultons found one of the few and "stopped" for a moment.

We camped on an island just outside Whistle Bay on Portal Lake. After supper we had a demonstration of Eskimo rolling in kayaks by Jane and Barbara. Ark later went for a solo canoe trip exploring Whistle Bay and an abandoned lumber camp on Whistle Lake. He was able to get within a hundred feet of a greedy bear feasting on raspberries. Later that evening all eight of us piled into two canoes for a two-hour moonlight ride down Portal Lake and back. We were serenaded by Carol and her uke. On the return trip we heard what we thought were wolves howling at the moon. They are known to eixst in the park.

Thursday: The Tempo Rises

It was cloudy when we left the campsite the next morning. With practically no wind we were able to travel very quickly down Portal Lake, through Portal Rapids and into Perly Lake. The three rapids that followed were very easy, and very shortly after lunch we arrived at Catfish Lake.

The dam at the outlet of Catfish had a log chute in the center of it. We were able to run the boats most of the way down it, but before we got to the bottom the water disappeared between the

Carol Moulton runs a ledge

logs and we were left high and dry. We arrived at the end of Narrowbag Lake around two p.m. after having covered twelve and one-half miles.

The five men decided to scout on foot the next two miles of river which showed on the map as a series of eight rapids and falls. Just before we started down we spotted a three- or four-foot-long fish in the river which we decided was a sturgeon. For two hours we waded, swam, and climbed through and around one of the wildest pieces of river that most of us had seen. The river drops over eighty feet in this two-mile stretch, mostly over ledges, of which some showed promise of being runnable.

On the way back along the portage trail we met a family of four going to Catfish Lake for fishing. They were trying to portage their gear and a canoe using two bicycle wheels. After observing their troubles on both Thursday and again on Friday we decided that the best and only means of portaging was when you depended on your own backs.

The Friday Rapids

After returning to where the girls were waiting, we made camp. Gardner decided — since the next two miles were probably the best white-water we would see the first week — to take most of Friday and really enjoy it. Early Friday morning we all portaged a load directly to the end of the run. There we cached the gear and food in a tree. The round trip of three miles only took about an hour and a half. The sky was overcast and it was threatening rain but the knowledge that some real white-water lay ahead caused the spirit of the party to pick up.

In very short order we were ready to run the remains of the old logging dam at the outlet of Narrowbag Lake. It was perhaps only a about a three-foot drop with a slight twist in the middle but, it being the first real hint of possible trouble, all precautions were taken, Everyone ran it with great success and the nervousness that was evident in the party began to drop away. A few hundred feet downstream the river

turned sharply to the right and we ran a couple of small drops. Just after that we landed on the right bank just above a steep drop that we had located the previous afternoon.

The ledge is on a slight right-hand bend in the river and drops about six feet. In the middle of the drop was a very bad cross wave from the right and another just below it from the left. After looking it over for several minutes I took my canoe through single and made a successful run except for slamming the bow down very hard as I came over the top of the ledge. This we discovered later put a hole in the canoe and the leak plagued us for several days until we discovered it. Arnold ran the drop very well going single in his own canoe. Barbara was the only other to try it. She did a good job in the kayak but it wasn't as easy as going in a canoe. This ledge drop and several small ones below were run with complete freedom because there was in each case a safe pool below for recovery in case of a spill.

A Tough One

It was a different story on the next difficult rapid that we tried. It was about three hundred feet long with a sharp drop near the beginning. Instead of a pool below there was a fifteen-foot fall which would scare even the most experienced. Gardner decided the rapid could only be attempted if we made quite certain that no canoe, upright or capsized, could get past a certain point which was selected a good distance upstream from the falls. Several of the men stationed themselves in the river at that point to stop the canoes in case of trouble.

Everyone made the descent of the rapid without any notable difficulty and also landed in plenty of time above the fall. The rapid can be recognized by the rock crib dike on the right bank used to guide logs in the old logging days. Below the dike the river bends to the right and then left over the falls.

We carried around the falls on the right bank and lowered the boats down over the ledges to the base of the falls. Beyond this it was a short run to a drop which, on our scouting trip the day before, we had hoped would be a pure pleasure to run. It was an eight-foot drop over a smooth ledge into a large pool. During lunch at this spot -ve saw a spotted fawn cross the river below US.

Even though this was one of the highest drops that anyone of us had run, we all had a turn at it. Carol even tried it single in the Moulton canoe and did a wonderful job, though she said that this was only the second time that she had tried to canoe single. It had begun to sprinkle and our next efforts were concentrated on getting all the way down these rapids to our gear before it began to rain in earnest.

One That Stopped Us

After running another small series of rapids we came to the second falls, twelve feet high, below which was another five-foot drop. The second drop might have been runnable except that there was a nasty looking rock in the middle and it was over two hundred feet downstream to the nearest pool. We carried the boats around these two obstacles, using the dike on the left bank and also going through the woods. The remaining half-mile to the end of the portage trail was a very gentle run through easy rapids with very few pools. Hurriedly towing our gear we set off downriver to look for a place to set up camp before it began to rain.

It had taken us over five hours to run the two miles of rapids, but we all felt as though we had put in a full day. As far as we can determine we are one of the few parties to have run or even attempted this portion of the Petawawa River. Certainly the level of the river had a lot to do with it: if the water had been higher we might not have tried it. I certainly recommend that no one commit themselves to this area without thoroughly scouting the river and portaging all the gear they can.

(To Be Continued)

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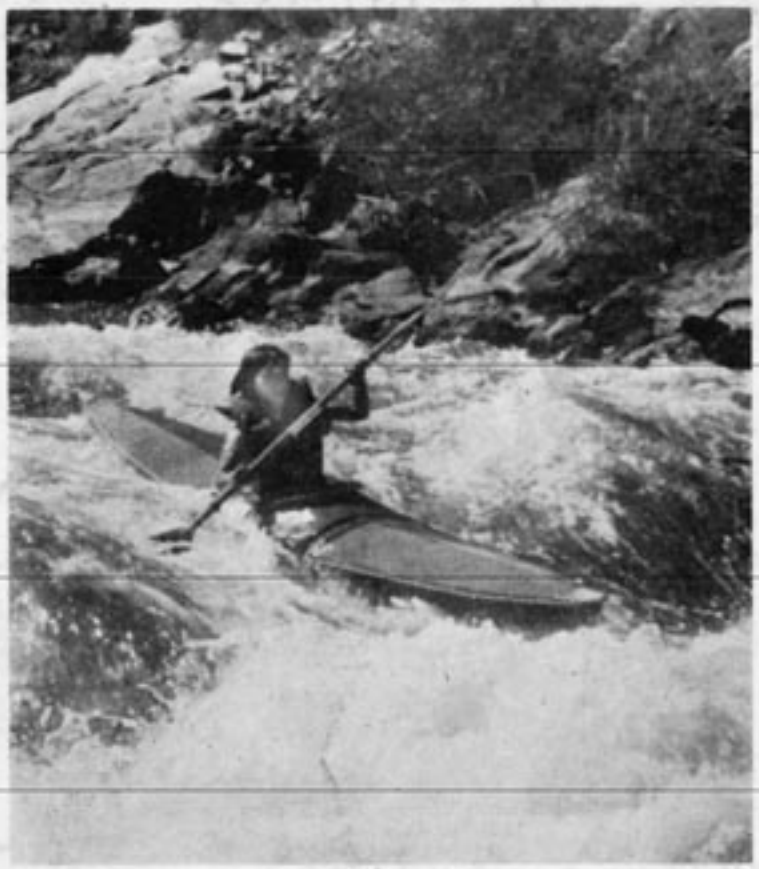

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