

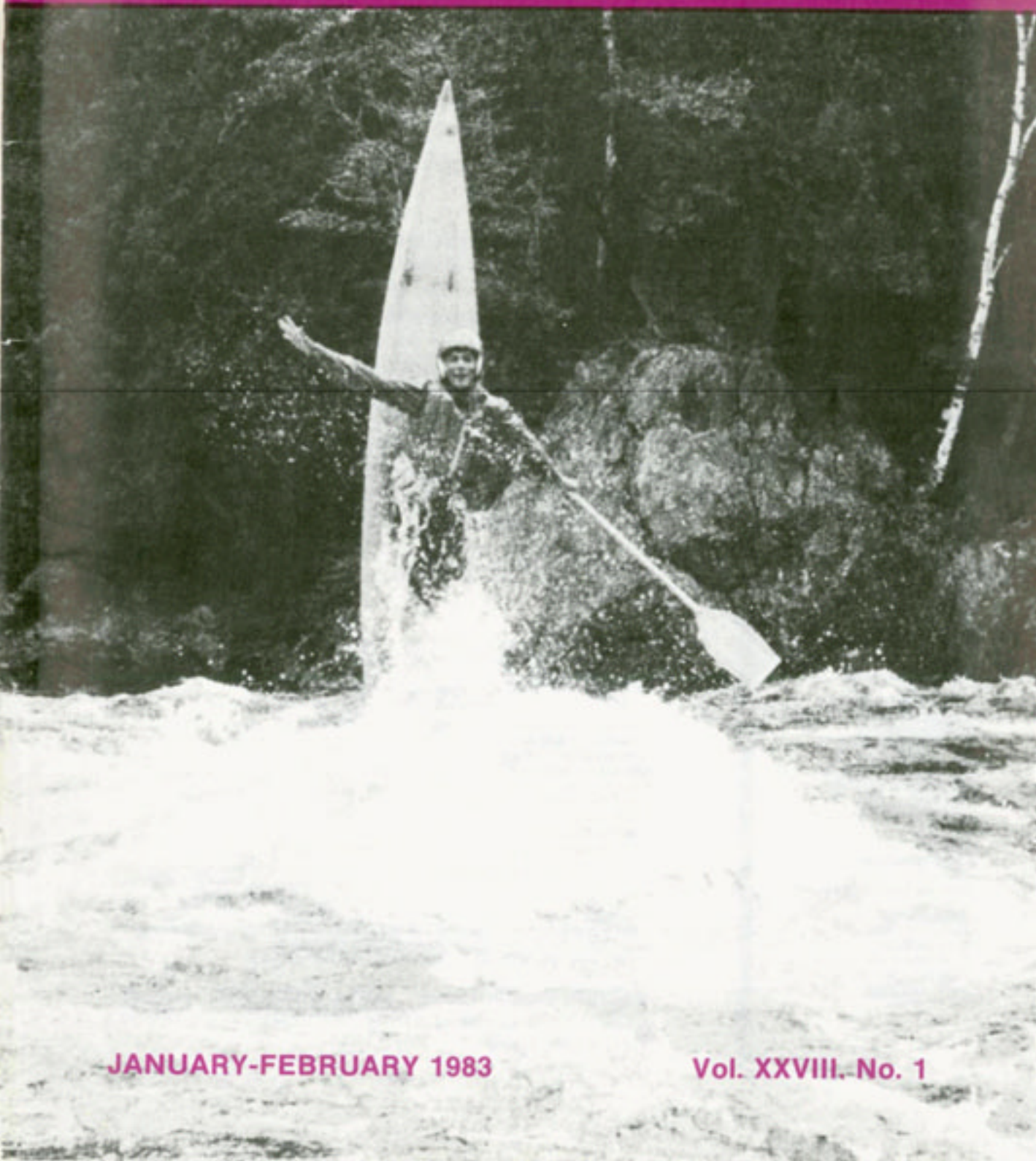
American

WHITEWATER

SCIENTIFIC
TRAINING
FOR CRUISERS & RACERS

The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

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COVER: Herald Lewis' camera catches Eric Jackson executing a kayak *relève* with enthusiasm on Maine's Kennebec River.



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 If any or all of your letter is not for publication, please specify.

PERMIT PLAGUES

I feel compelled to present a different viewpoint on "permit plagues" as expressed in recent letters. Perhaps I can also suggest some practical solutions. Our club (Arnold Whitewater) has had its share of disappointments but we have also had an ample selection of trips to choose from each year. Our members have invariably made several trips requiring permits each year and have also turned back permits they could not use. The only method used in doing this has been the obvious one: up to a dozen persons interested in going on the rivers applied for a variety (perhaps two or three each) according to their interests. As soon as a desirable permit has been obtained, the parties able to go have been determined and then any other permits received by those persons have been immediately turned back so others might have them.

Commercial vs. private allotments on some runs, such as the Grand Canyon, are obviously unfair. However, this is not the case with all rivers; certainly not the Selway. It is the Selway I want to comment on particularly since Bruce Mason (May-June '82) and Peter Raventos (July-Aug. '82) both mentioned it. I have a special interest in that river since Jack Reynolds and I did the initial scouting on it, provided Les Jones with notes for maps, named rapids and led the first organization trips (AWA) on it. We were also instrumental in getting it included in the Wild and Scenic Rivers System. But now that there is a good manage-

ment plan, I have to take my turn, just like anyone else, to get a permit and I don't resent it. I am grateful that the Forest Service is maintaining standards and not allowing the river to be flooded with boaters as that would degrade the whole experience of running it. Incidentally, the man who was Forest Supervisor at the time the Selway management plan was conceived was not some bureaucrat who knew nothing about boating. He was a canoeist who learned his basics as a boy with me in the Ozarks!

Both of the previous writers left the impression that unlimited commercial outfitters can run unlimited numbers of people any time they wish. That is certainly not true on the Selway. First of all, outfitters on the Selway are limited to four, and each of them is allowed only four launch dates per season. They must pick their dates ahead, just as we do, hoping that there will be sufficient water and not too much of it. They often have to cancel because of dangerous conditions and when they do, they lose a run with consequent financial loss. One reason that Bruce and Peter found openings on commercial trips is that the overhead (and thus the trip cost) is high and not every customer can go when the outfitter gets a date. The outfitters are also limited to the same size launch party as private trips.

For the Selway dates I chose this year, I drew waiting list places ranging from 49 to 135, but another member of our group got lucky after five years of applying and 11 of us were able to enjoy eight days on the Selway in mid-July. The traffic we saw on the river at that time was enough. I would not want to see the numbers increase to the point where the wildness and isolation one feels disappear.

Letters

There are several ways one can get on the Selway even with a high number on the waiting list. I know people who have camped at the put-in and been on the spot when a cancellation came. Cancellations tend not to be filed otherwise, because of the time and distance factors when short notice is given to the Forest Service. Blame thoughtless boaters for this, not the agency. Another way to get on is to ask to join a party of less than 15 (the limit) either by advance correspondence or on the spot at the put-in. The Forest Service has been very lenient about this (though technically it is not the letter of the law) and has also allowed the extra persons to separate from the group once on the river. A permit holder is more apt to agree under these circumstances. Still another way to beat the permit problem is to launch before or after the permit season. Water levels can be essentially the same, sometimes even better, depending on what you want and can handle.

I hope that AWA boaters will not be tempted to try the civil disobedience approach. We saw a case of that on the Selway. A small group started at 10 pm above the put-in in order to pass the river ranger in the dark. This was foolhardy, to say the least. The river above Whitecap is hairy enough to provide some excitement while waiting for a cancellation (daytime runs) but very dangerous after dark. The party was seen next morning by Forest Service personnel and apprehended.

Although our group has been lucky so far, none of us can expect, with the increased demand for prime boating experience, to get a permit on a wilderness river every year. We need to utilize some of the less used, non-permit rivers. There are still many of them that provide good water, good scenery and less access problem, in most of the western states.

Oz Hawksley
Warrensburg, MO

During the past five years, Hawksley's Arnold Canoe Club has obtained per-

mits on the Grand Canyon (twice), Salmon and *Yampa* several times, *Ladore* Canyon, Gray Desolation, Delores (thrice), San Juan (twice), Hell's Canyon, the Selway, and many others. They must be doing something right. — Ed.

THE NEGLECTED TECHNIQUE

Morley *Hewins* directs and instructs at his Clinton River Canoeing School in Warren, Michigan. A veteran paddler and instructor in both open and closed boats, he has seen boating technique change dramatically. But, Morley asks, is every change an improvement?

What has happened to the Eddy Turn Pry? Once a standby, it is now neglected in all, or at least most, whitewater schools. (I refer to tandem open canoe courses.) Some instructors don't even know what an eddy turn pry is.

Bob McNair's classic book *Basic River Canoeing* favors the pry exclusively. So does Bill Mason in his excellent and more current *Path of the Paddle*. Bill suggests both bow and stern paddlers switch hands if they don't know the eddy turn pry, then use the high brace. John Burton, in his book *Whitewater Racing*, actually favors the pry, but also mentions side switching, the crossdraw, and the sweep.

Recently, I visited Stan and Emma Chladek, former International World Champions in C-2 Wildwater, at their home in Bloomfield Hills, MI. I asked Emma if she ever cross drew into eddies. She replied, "Oh my no, my paddle never crossed over the bow. I used the pry or sweep exclusively when paddling on the off side."

At our school, we issue the McNair *Basic River Canoeing* to each student in our basic class. In the past, we used to issue John T. Urban's *Whitewater Handbook* to all our intermediate class students, but this book is now out of print. In Wally William's revision of this book under the same title, there is no mention of the eddy turn pry. (William's *Whitewater Handbook* was reviewed in AWA #5—1981.)

This coming season, we are planning to buy the best intermediate whitewater instruction book which we can buy at a reasonable price. This we will distribute and add to it a separate xeroxed sheet explaining the eddy turn pry and showing it in two photos.

In fast water, the eddy turn pry is the safest, fastest, and most spectacular paddle stroke that can be made in tandem open canoeing and we hate to see it pushed into oblivion. What do readers of American Whitewater think?

- Is, in your opinion, the eddy turn pry an obsolete stroke—or just neglected?
- Is there any stroke or stroke combination that AWA boaters have found superior to the eddy turn pry for an offside turn for the bow?
- Is there any intermediate instruction

book that adequately covers the eddy turn pry?

— Has the eddy turn pry become less popular due to changes in open and closed boat design?

Sincerely, Morley Hewins

The only drawback (sic) that this editor has ever heard of using the eddy turn pry for an eddy turn is that the balance can become tricky as you cross the eddy line and face changing current directions. If you pry from the bow offside as the stern swings around and pushes you into an eddy, it is very easy to end up prying yourself upstream—and over. Also, it should be noted that though the pry and sweep both provide an offside push, the former is a momentum killer while the later is a momentum enhancer. Each has its purpose and should be learned. What do our readers say?—Ed.

Let AWA Renew You

As a Member of the American Whitewater Affiliation, dedicated to the sport and adventure of whitewater paddling and to saving wild, free-flowing rivers, I will receive six, bimonthly issues of the **American Whitewater Journal**. My options are checked off below and check or money order enclosed.

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'''FLUVIAL

SHENANDOAH WW RACE

Registration is now being taken for the Greater Baltimore Canoe Club's Shenandoah Downriver Race this coming May 14th. The seven-mile downriver race will take place at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. So keep up your training and contact Paul Kiefner, 2741 Strathmore Ave., Baltimore, MD for more information.

NATIONAL RIVER CONFAB

The eighth annual National Conference on Rivers, Dams and National Water Policy will be held April 8-10, 1983, in Washington, D.C. This year's conference will address alternatives for river preservation, as well as be a forum for the most up to date information on tools for saving rivers.

The conference is sponsored jointly by the River Conservation Fund, American Rivers Conservation Council and Environmental Policy Institute. Registration for the conference is \$35, which includes two full days of workshops and materials. If interested contact ARCC, 323 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C. 20003; (202) 547-6900.

ULTIMATE CANOE CHALLENGE

Verlen Kruger and Steve Landick have rounded the Baja and, by the time this issue reaches our readers' hands, they will have conquered most of the Baja's east coast and be very close to, or at, Yuma, Arizona and the mouth of the Colorado River.

To recap, this Fall the two intrepid 28,000-meters worked their way down the west coast of the U.S. and the Baja peninsula. But unfortunately with Autumn came a great tragedy to the

Landick family. When Steve and his father-in-law Verlen arrived in Long Beach, California, they learned that Steve's two-and-a-half month old baby daughter Saba on September 25th had died in her crib. Steve and Verlen immediately flew back home just outside Lansing, Michigan and were joined by his wife Sarah. Later, Steve traveled back to Fairbanks, Alaska with Sarah, at that point unsure whether he would continue the journey.

Meanwhile, since the 500+ miles from San Francisco Bay to Long Beach had gone by in a speedy 11 days, Verlen was a bit ahead of schedule and so after the funeral, he and wife Jenny flew back to Los Angeles for a three week vacation. Finally, at the start of November, time pressure forbade Verlen's waiting any longer, so he was forced to start down the Baja's west coast without his partner. Steve was to follow about a week later on November eighth.

Verlen started off this leg of the Ultimate Canoe Challenge accompanied by Valerie Fons of the Washington Canoe Club who had been paddling with the boys off and on since their arrival in Washington state. Valerie is paddling the new Monarch boat which Verlen had shipped out to Oregon and planned to use when he lost his original Loon in rough Pacific seas. But a \$2000 reward offered by DuPont, Inc. led to the craft's recovery off the coast of California by local fishermen. So Verlen is able to continue his dream of making the entire 28,000 miles in the original boat and Valerie has an excellent craft in which to join him for this leg of the trip.

Steve, as planned, started off just a few days behind his father-in-law with Ed Gillitt, a California boater. About midway down the Baja, Steve and Ed passed Verlen and Valerie and all agreed to travel the same route close, but at their own paces. So just six days after Christmas, Steve Landick and Ed landed

NEWS

What's Flowing in
The Boating Community

WHITEWATER

in Cabo San Lucas—the very tip of the Baja. Verlen and Valerie came in just a few days later.

Right now they are churning their way up the eastern side of this rocky desert peninsula. As of January 15th both teams will hopefully be at or past La Paz and well on their way toward the February eighth goal of Yuma. From Yuma, both Verlen and Steve will take a break and fly to Chicago for the Chicago National Sporting Goods Show. Best wishes and best of luck to the Ultimate team.

— Thanks to Lyn Capon

W & S WINS IN TEXAS

Under the current anti-environment administration there has been several

attempts to hamstring Wild and Scenic protection for American rivers. One of the strongest came from Rep. Tom Loeffler's (R-Tx) bill which would have removed the Rio Grande from W & S, even though it was already designated. But fortunately the Loeffler bill has just died in committee.

However, the fact remains that no funding has as of now been authorized to acquire land along the Rio Grande east of Big Bend National Park. While no immediate threat to this pristine 60-mile stretch of continuous canyon is perceived, much of the land remains in the hands of developers. Anyone interested in helping or keeping posted on land acquisition for the "protected" Rio, contact The Rio Grande Guides Association, Box 58, Terlingua, TX 79852.

— Thanks to Far Flung Adventures

EAST RACES RAPIDLY

While most governmental construction sags into the cost-plus, late-schedule arena, work on South Bend, Indiana's East Race Project, which includes a whitewater course, is running well ahead of its time. On June 25, 1982 ground was broken for the 3.5 million dollar, 52-acre project which will transform a crumbling industrial eyesore along South Bend's St. Joseph River into East Run Urban Park and create America's first artificial whitewater race course.

Mr. James Seitz, head of the South Bend Parks Department announced that as of January concrete is being laid in the north end of the project—something that wasn't expected to take place until spring. This advance progress made possible by unprecedented good weather means that the project may be completed by the end of 1983. This would mean that the 1900-foot long, 35-foot wide sculpted whitewater canal would see kayaks by early 1984.

— Thanks to Russ Oldfather
St. Joe Valley Canoe & Kayak Club



Fluvial News

ARGUING YOUR CASE

What do you say about a stream to a Senator? Every time you answer conservation's call and take the time to write your Congressman or some public official, you naturally want your letter to be effective. But what can you put in a letter that will save a river? To answer that question, Bob Rohwer past Conservation Chairman of Monocacy Canoe Club recently published some excellent guidelines which, in shortened form, we pass on to you.

General Rules

— Don't assume that the recipient is a) a jerk; b) against you; c) too busy to be swayed by anything "little you" could write. The majority of Congressmen crave more constituent input than they ever get. Write as you would to a sympathetic equal.

— Keep your letter single-issue (e.g. talk of just the river you want saved and just the dam you want stopped).

— Keep it BRIEF. From all the items listed below choose just the few, most poignant to your case. Endless diatribes tend to instill only loathing for the author.

Flatwater Recreation Figures are always mentioned as a side benefit to a dam. These figures are often highly inflated.

— These claims must be balanced against loss of use for boaters, fishermen, hikers, etc.

— Wildly fluctuating water levels create muddy shorelines and detract from recreational use.

— Countless examples of unplanned and unexpected siltation and stagnation have ruined recreational use in hundreds of other dam impoundments. With the record so poor, how can the builder guarantee he'll guess right?

— If the impoundment is to serve as a reservoir, recreational use will be limited to a very few, if any.

— Reservoir recreation is virtually limited to motorboats, which due to their greater cost than canoes, constitute an

elitist, cash-exclusive group.

— Realities of climate may shorten projected recreation season, particularly for power boaters.

Cost Benefit Analysis. Water projects, due to their concentrated, enormous expense have been the sacrosanct mainstay of the porkbarrel system. Any analysis can juggle away hidden costs to make a dam appear worthwhile.

— Most of the obvious and effective waterway improvements had already seen completion by mid-century.

— Perhaps this project benefits only one small community or special interest group at tremendous expense to everyone else.

— Why not require beneficiaries to share in the up front cost of development (be it for flood control, navigation, irrigation) by user fees. Precedents exist and if the project is sound, it should need no government subsidy.

— Is this just another Army Corp's project inspired solely by possibility rather than need?

— Locals may not even want the desired benefits; including such "benefits" as inundating fertile farms and displacing residents (an uncostable item).

— The Corps of Engineers have traditionally mispredicted post-project siltation and recreational appeal.

— A recent Corps engendered survey indicates many dams to be unsafe and in need of removal or restoration.

Wilderness Destruction. Most rivers can provide a wilderness experience (as opposed to merely recreational) at a cost of merely leaving them undeveloped. It is a benefit uncalucable to both young and old. The U.S.A. has a long history of wild river use for navigation. The canoe and kayak both originated on this continent and the canoe at least played a very important role in its exploration and development. Many of the original canoe trails still exist to this day.

More Fluvial on page 26

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AWA BOOK REVIEWS

*Want a book or film reviewed?
Send a copy to the AWA Editor.*

KAYAKS TO HELL by William Nealy

Available via mail order from Kayaks to Hell, Chicago Whitewater Association, 1343 N. Portage, Palatine, IL 60067; \$5.

Let me begin with an indulgence to my love of Spoonerisms. This book has one which, by itself, justifies the purchase price. Halfway through the book, he shows a group of young female persons ending in unison in a river-wide hole, with this caption: "A cunning array of stunts".

However, the book has much more to offer, as it covers a wide range of activities related to boating. A sample of the topics include a genuinely unique dedication, an interface with Carl Sagan's Universe, a paean to duct tape, punk kayakers, a typical paddling weekend (part II), a different sort of river supply catalog house, recipes for river camping, an obligatory potshot at C-boaters, and much, much more!

If enough people read the book, we might be able to add some of his new river hand signals which are both graphic and humorous.

Finally, as a service to those who might be artistically illiterate, Picasso's "Guernica" is a cubist rendition of the painter's impressions of the Nazi bombing of the village of the same name during the Spanish Civil War, showing dismembered bodies, wailing mothers with dead children, etc. Munch's (it is pronounced Moonk, alas) "The Scream" is a stark line drawing of a person howling in what appears to be unspeakable agony.

—Reviewed by John Mundt

(Our thanks to CWA's *Gradient* for this review)

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THE HEIGHT OF STUPIDITY

A Tale of Ineptitude, a New Boat, a Near-Miss Incident
Told by the Wild Bear of the Northwoods

To all the new wave of ocean coastal paddlers: you had best take heed. This is the honest to God truth.

It was one of those rare warm-cold winter days. Warm for us folks that like winter— cold weather for sure for those flatlanders. Temperature: 15 to 20° above zero Fahrenheit.

I had just gotten my brand spanking new Olympic MK 1, a Schaeffer Wildwasser "S" paddle, and a quarter-inch wetsuit. My helmet and lifejacket were still on their way in the mail from California's very best shop for paddling gear.

Since I was teaching full time at the high school and community college, I did not have a lot of spare time. Immediately after the kayak arrived from a camping goods store, I wanted to prove I too could be an Eskimo. (I bought the boat from a guy who owned a bunch of sporting shops and would have needed a king-size fitted sheet with a hole in it for a spray skirt—or maybe he could have just squeezed gently into a regular kayak without any sprayskirt whatsoever, just a little sealing glue.)

At any rate, I was ready to strut my stuff. I lashed the be-Jesus boat onto my humble Ford pickup truck and decided to drive about 75 miles to see my old college girl friend, Kathy Mouseburger. I knew that she had a Polaroid camera and that she loved me so much that she would count out the money through the long wave of her long blond hair and buy the film for it. So, I left my Nikon at home and let her take the photos.

Being the shy bear that I am, I looked for hours for a real private place to launch my new boat. Actually, I needed a channel between the mini-ice burgers. At last I found one. (In truth, there is no such thing as a mini-ice burger, they are all big. And they all can kill ya.)

I put the boat in the water, gave Kathy a kiss and started my non-eventful and

lucky sojourn, in the icy water. Paddling out there was fun. If I had capsized, a roll would have been difficult in those broken chunks of ice. It would have been hard to position the paddle correctly. But, of course I didn't know how to roll; so I didn't worry about it.

I am an excellent swimmer and I have taught swimming and worked for two years at a private club as head lifeguard. I figured I knew what I was doing. As a Vietnam era veteran, I figured I knew how to rate a calculated risk using the the born computer at the top of my shoulders.

But swimming would not have worked as a self rescue. Icecrawling would have been the no-choice necessity. Knowing nothing about wet suits or icecrawling, I was head-strong to keep the boat upright. It worked. The Water Gods were good to me that day.

At the time, I had never heard of the words "Throw Bag".

So there I stroked— full of luck, full of unfounded confidence, and devoid of experience or any support or rescue systems. There was an excellent chance that Kathy's film could have captured my

Wild Bear & New K-1—(The boat is on the left).





The Bottleneck—before the crunch.

last moments, scrambling over the crashing ice.

Then suddenly as I played around, the ice came slamming together—fast. (The above photos may not look like much, but it does not take a whole heck of a lot of crashing ice to kill you.) The innocent-looking gap clamped shut before me incredibly fast, in less than a second. I scrambled for the shore and made it—alive. All this on a day with only five mph winds.

About 30 seconds after I shored both self and kayak, the ice started to crunch into shore everywhere. As I unzipped my wetsuit to let cool air in, I stared out over the frozen water that could have crunched me like an eggshell. In the background, Kathy was griping about the camera and how she'd missed that great ice crash. Then out of nowhere about 20 people came to stare dumbfounded as it slowly sunk in on me how close I came to buying it on this little pleasure cruise.

The moral to this tale is obvious. But before we all dismiss it as something that happens only to the untrained, I'd like AWA readers to ponder this story a bit. I've been paddling for over two decades, but I almost died that day. I want to increase the dialogue about river and open water safety. For this reason, I ask readers to contact either me or AWA with any "near-miss incidents" of their own. Please write me at:

*The Wild Bear of the Northwoods
Box 21*

Green Valley, WI 54127

(Letters from single ladies who think they know from what shore these shots were made, should also contact me personally. Your letters will be greatly studied and appreciated.)

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Releasing Your Water

Ken Horwitz reveals—both The Velvet Glove and The Iron Hand at your disposal in gaining Water Releases

Widely published outdoor writer Ken Horwitz besides being a veteran paddler, climber, and skier, is a Class VI expert in conservation. While running a sports store in Idaho, he wrote and lobbied for the cross-country skiers' bill to provide self-sustaining facilities. In this store the *Idaho* Whitewater Association was formed. From there Ken moved into national conservation efforts including developing national *mail/incentive* campaigns to save the Ocoee, Yampa, and Gauley. Ken's experience in conservation negotiations has been vast and his record of success makes this plan of action well worth emulating.

The continual battle to regain some percentages of natural stream flows for recreation purposes, in rivers controlled by utility companies or the Army Corps of Engineers, is not without a history. Too often, well meaning persons gather together for their high charged push, but ignore many of the positive lessons to be learned from similar efforts in other parts of the country. Just as often, paddlers or rafters quickly don the white hats of the "good guy" and automatically crown their local utility with the black hat. When you get right down to it, most paddlers do not live in teepees without energy for heat or light, nor do they use corn cobs instead of toilet paper when relieving themselves. Before they make their approach to gain water releases, paddlers must realize that they too are users of energy. Once the local group realizes this, a mature, calm approach of cooperation and compromise has a substantial chance of making its way.

The classic approach that is repeated often by well meaning individuals is a blast at the utility through the television,

newspaper of community, without any warning. The utility is caught totally unaware that there was even a problem to begin with, and immediately goes into a 100% defensive and uncompromising position. Once the utility has been estranged, the chances are gone of ever getting additional water releases or a schedule that will work towards the paddlers' advantage. Paddlers must never assume that the key individuals involved in the utility are totally maligned against them from the start. In fact, many of the personnel in the critical places are of the same educative level and often, similar recreational backgrounds as those that mistakenly assume too soon that they are the "enemy". The classic communication breakdown leads to the "pros" and "cons" which the press and media will exploit to the limit, whereas a simple phone call or letter could have lead to a solution at the start.

Step 1: Diplomacy & Discussion

Let's examine two methods to accomplish the goal of gaining recreational river releases. The first method assumes the utility may be workable. The second method is a result of blatant obstinancy and demands much more severe measures.

- **Intro Meeting.** Within the community are a plethora of folks that enjoy the same stretch of river that the paddler may be interested in. This selection of people could include photographers, hikers, and even such sedentary persons as picnickers. The largest selection of river users who are prominent in the community are the fishermen. Today's fishermen come from attorney's offices, medical practices and important civil service jobs, to mention but a few. All are interested in increased water flows for the sake of their specific activity. And, most importantly, these people contri-

*Their combined voice was so strong at the
BLM hearing that the embarrassed applicant
apologized and withdrew his application.*

bute an important part to the well being of the community and its tax base. So, you have established a pool of "constituents".

The paddler(s) should approach several representatives from each group and ask if they would be interested in getting together informally for the purpose of discussing increased water flows that would benefit their group as well as yours. This meeting should be low keyed and not publicized. At this point, the press should not be advised nor should the word get around and possibly leak to the utility of what your intentions are. Invite each person to bring some slides of some of their better outings on the river. At the informal gathering, present a well balanced slide show with only a percentage depicting whitewater and a proportionate amount of time devoted to the other activities. Lead into your presentation to approach the utility for increased releases. Illustrate your slide show with visuals of the river at bank full width and of minimal flows. Emphasize fishing deterioration repeatedly.

- **Second Meeting.** At the end of the presentation, make an appeal for a representative of each of the several groups to meet with you for a second meeting within a week, write a letter cooperatively to the proper official with a formal request for increased or more timely releases. Be sure to ask your group to refrain from publicizing your intent until a formal letter has been mailed to the utility. **DO NOT SIMULTANEOUSLY PUBLISH YOUR LETTER IN THE LOCAL PAPER.** The company would feel intimidated.

- **Meeting the Utility.** There is a good chance that someone in your first meeting will know a key individual in the utility and could possibly introduce your committee to him personally with lots of smiles and endearments. At this time, the formal request could be submitted

along with a brief visual presentation. Support the utility's position by emphasizing your recognition that you too are a consumer that needs the company's product, however, show how the utility's position in the community could be enhanced with favorable press, and internal community relations. (This means the next time a rate increase comes around, the population will not be so negative at the public utility hearing meetings.) Then, sit back and wait for the response with a phone call each week in a friendly inviting manner.

The method just described has many times far exceeded the paddler's expectations and may even lead to the utility company's building of boat ramps, picnic areas, widening the access roads, etc. It all comes about as a result of a positive first approach in a responsible manner. Most utility companies today suffer from a negative public image problem due to high rates or cost overruns that have to be passed on to the consumer. They are eager to right this image in a manner that causes them minor inconvenience. A cooperative program with the community gaining benefits simply as a result of coordinating release schedules, so that good recreational water isn't released at night or during the "off season", can be picked up by the utility in its company advertising.

A final note in the first method described: do not underestimate the power of the fisherman! The sheer numbers of fishermen compared to the whitewater crowd are staggering. They are older, more entrenched and often much more respected than the whitewater crowd. And they will add clout to your presentation and demand respect when you are responded to by the utility or Army Corp of Engineers. (In Idaho, we had a situation where a dredge mining permit had been applied for on the South Fork of the Boise River. We enjoined the kayakers

with the fly fishermen. The combined defense of the river was so strong at the BLM hearing that the embarrassed applicant apologized and withdrew his application.)

Step II: Getting Tougher

So now what happens if the formal and polite suggestions of cooperation become ignored or cast aside as a non-pertinent matter by the utility?

While we can all learn to handle explosives a la "Heyduke" fashion, it would seem that there would be ways to get tough that will still get the community and media behind the effort.

The trick is a fully developed written plan which can be implemented by an executive director of your "board" or a coalition of several members who can devote some high energy to the cause. Try to incorporate the group as a non-profit council or advisory board in order to carry more merit and media attention.

In formulating this written plan, structure several goals to accomplish, all of which, when completed, will result in the major objective of getting recreational water releases. For example, here is a Major Goal, followed by the Ob-

jectives which need to be completed in order to achieve it:

GOAL: To Gain Recreational Water Releases on the Guadalupe

Objectives:

1. Gain Community Involvement
2. Obtain Favorable and Supportive Media Coverage
3. Gain Political Support
4. Appoint Professional Director
5. Conduct Fund Raising Activities to Support Project
6. Gain Legal Council
7. Expand Issue Statewide and Nationally
8. Seek Legal Orders/Injunctions through Legal Council *and/or* Court Precedents
9. Seek Public Referendum

Each of the objectives appear to be massive and insurmountable. They will be, unless approached in smaller organized steps that allow daily "check-off" type goals to be attained.

Take every objective and explode it

Continued on page 27

The Ocoee. A river enjoyed annually by thousands and kept flowing by the magnificently orchestrated efforts of every concerned outdoor group.



Utah Adventure

Part II

by J. Calvin Giddings

Paddling San Rafael's Black Box Canyons Beneath the Desert

Last issue we left Cal, son Steve, and friend Les Jones stroking, portaging, belaying, and flotsam-clambering their way downriver between the 700-foot sheer walls of the San Rafael Canyon. In this concluding segment, we pick them up as they come to Mexican *Mountain*—the end of the scouted section. From here on out, it is luck, ingenuity, and fast reactions.

Around noon, we paddled out of the gorge proper and began a giant circle around the lofty red butte of Mexican Mountain. We had one more black box to enter and survive in this colorful desert wilderness. All I remembered from our previous trip (which ended here) were a lot of rapids, each with high rocks alongside for portaging. We anticipated no trouble and hoped we could finish late that day.

Shortly after one pm, low walls reared out of the tamarisk flats to embrace the river and drive shadows across her face. The far vistas of Mexican Mountain and the endless horizon of red buttes hanging out of a shimmering sky suddenly

Steve Giddings and Les Jones at the start of the San Rafael and a great adventure (C.G. photo)

became pale sandstone looming so close you could touch it with a paddle.

Around the first bend, the pale walls converged overhead, leaving only a 10-foot slot at the rim. There, a hundred feet straight up, an ancient livestock bridge sagged across the chasm, its thin timbers cracked and bleached. But once, no bridge spanned there and only the bravest of cowboys galloped their horses toward the rim and leapt across the frightening gap. First to do it was local Syd Swaysey nearly a hundred years ago. He did it on a bet and won half a herd of sheep. Once over was enough; he declined to leap back to win the other half a herd.

The spot has since been known as Swaysey's leap. Folklore has it that Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch later escaped over the same fracture leaving the posse behind afraid to jump, swearing into the empty wind. The gorge lies quiet and abandoned now; even the river whispers as it snakes beneath the skeleton of a dream.

But below Swaysey's the water gathers momentum and rushes dead on a 15-foot rock fallen into the canyon. Slack-jawed we went with the current. Upon hitting the blockage the river squirmed left, rumbling us and self under a cottonwood log stranded 10 feet above by a former flood; then over another rock, across a vicious hole, and onto a narrow band of rocks where we could scout.

Suddenly, the box took on a serious appearance. Before us the river flowed in relative flood. All scouting rocks were overwashed. Immediately below, the river expanded to full channel—wall to wall; tumbling and roaring toward some final drop which noised around the bend, in total mystery.

A shiver shook me in the canyon heat. This was sober business, deadly if we chose wrong.





Swaysey's Leap—The now bridged gap that once won a half herd of sheep for its namesake and freedom for the Wild Bunch. (C.G. Photo)



Steve in "Innerbox Canyon."

"We've got a new river." I said to Les. "We can't assume its passable around the bend. Suppose we could work back up here if it blocks us out?"

"I dunno," Les replied soberly. "We might paddle back up to the foot of the rapid, but from there it looks tough."

"Maybe we could worm up on those sloping shelves on the left and get back," I said. We agreed to push on.

Mystery Bend

The foot of the rapid beyond our rocky haven was cut up with rocks and tricky side currents. We all got in our boats at the same time so if anyone had trouble the others were ready to help. If someone capsized and didn't roll, there would be no place to land and climb back in. It would be a swim to destiny.

We fought through the rapid then relaxed, releasing ourselves to the current. We drifted down the channel, around the hidden bend, and admired the walls, awaiting the verdict of the canyon. Another cluster of boulders loomed ahead almost blocking the gorge. The water surged left and plunged by them. We angled right to a small beach. From atop the foremost boulder, we looked down on a scene of chaotic water and uncertain prospects.

The passage would be difficult by water or shore. The left chute was a wild drop, partly obstructed at the top. Below our rock was another boulder of equally great size, separated from us by a jet of

water hurtling across logs and branches jammed between the two hulking forms. To the right a precipitous drop into a thrashing pool blocked our way down the wall.

The big problem, however, was what we couldn't see down in the recesses of the gorge. Below us the labyrinth led to another rockfall, another plunge, and then our view was blocked by those impenetrable sandstone walls. And once we passed the blockage on which we stood, there would be no return, no option, no direction but with the ageless flow.

A long thoughtful silence ensued as we stared into the emptiness of the canyon.

Proper adventuring, in my mind, is using skill and judgment to outwit problems, using forethought to give yourself long odds. It is not blindly pursuing danger; not Russian roulette against blanks of knowledge. And that is what we faced.

"I think we better try going back up," I said at last.

"Agreed." Les added. "Too many uncertainties down there."

Steve nodded approval.

We began paddling upstream through the calm above the rapid, but the smooth surface hid a powerful current. We hugged the left wall where swirls broke the unrelenting force of the water. Paddles struck the sandstone at our elbow, spilling momentum, but we



Les shoots a black box slide.

couldn't move away or the current would sweep us back. It was awkward, tiring business, and exhaustion gradually caught up with progress.

About halfway up, almost at a standstill, Les inexplicably vaulted out of his boat. I expected to see him flounder helplessly back down the channel toward the rapid, but instead he had sensed waist deep water near the wall and he now leaned into the current and fought his way upstream on foot. Steve and I followed suit, towing our boats, slowly up around the bend.

About 50 yards from the foot of the upper rapid, the water deepened along the wall and brought us to a grudging standstill. We stood just 25 yards from the ledges on the opposite wall; but from here, we could not tow or paddle another foot.

At this point, an idea hit: how about without a boat? I asked Les to hold my kayak while I gathered up several lengths of rope. I gained a few more feet along the side, then plunged across the chasm to a weakness on the other wall. Again I found deep footing, but by clinging to small cracks, I inched up toward the ledges.

Finally, I hauled myself out onto the lower most ledge, uncoiled my ropes, tied them together, and sent an end down the river. Steve and Les fished it out, tied it to the lead boat, tied the boats together, and soon I was pulling a chain of kayaks and kayakers upriver.

With the coils of rope over my shoulder, I worked up across the sloping ledges above the water while Les and Steve held the boats at the wall. The ledges soon melted away into the vertical sweep of the cliffs and further progress there was impossible. Below roared the rapid. Rock and water together had finally formed an impassable barrier. But nature offered a one-in-a-thousand chance of escape. That derelict cottonwood log, swept down here in some past flood, had come to rest a span the rapid, the root end clinging to the vanishing ledge, the branch stubs lying heavily on the great rock in the gorge center. I walked to safety on a path of cottonwood bark 10 feet above the reach of angry water.

Again the boat was let down and I began hauling a boat through the heart of the rapid. Les clung to one end of the kayak to guide it while the water force increased unbearably and I could pull it no further. My hands grew red from rope abrasion and Les and the boat dangled statically like a fish and float on a line. Les saw he would have to let go.

With a great kick, he thrust the boat halfway up the drop. Frantically I reeled in and got it over the lip still afloat. Les, meanwhile, swam down to ready the next one. Soon all the boats were gathered at the rock.

Wading the shallow rapid above, we soon passed again beneath the ghostly bridge. Steve and I grabbed a rope and climbed out of the canyon for recon-

naissance. The Lower Black Box snakes through a terraced desert, hot and dry. The final remnant of spring flowers smiled their last beneath the incessant sun.

For hours we climbed up, down, and along the stony benches in an effort to study the river. When at last we worked back down into the canyon, Les was pacing the sandbar, awaiting our findings. We bubbled forth our story.

Options & Opportunities

"Les, we could run down from here. What we saw looks survivable, but we couldn't see the top bend. Or, we could carry our boats up to the rim, walk along a flat bench we found. Also, we could shortcut south toward the foot of the gorge.

"But what really looks exciting", I continued, "is a gully slicing down from rim to river at the second bend. Steve checked it. It's sheer, but we have enough rope to drop in. The canyon below is straight and narrow a long way, then she widens. All the rapids I could see looked passable." I thought. "I guess a 95% chance we could make it without a climb out."

Les's eyes began to sparkle and a broad smile crept over his face. These difficulties were not obstacles—they were opportunities.

"Let's get back to the head of the gorge and camp" he suggested. "I'm

rested so while you get a fire going, I'll start carrying boats up to the rim."

That evening we filled our containers with the turbid water of the river to settle overnight. The sun would blaze on the rim tomorrow and we would be stalked by thirst.

The next morning we arose early and raced the sun up the canyon side. We stayed in shadows until 8:30 or so, then staggered beneath our burden of boats and gear across the blazing high bench, watching the sun drive the shadows out of the land's folds.

Soon we began a gentle descent into one of the high branches of the gully. We followed a shallow watercourse worn in sandstone by ages of desert floods. The ancient rill trails gathered and deepened, eventually cutting beneath a giant choke stone which spanned the whole width of the gully, right near the river confluence. Here we loaded the gear in our boats, tied the cockpits closed, and began to rope them down.

We first dropped to a broken bench wide enough for us all. The next drop ended on a smooth platform, precariously steep. Here Steve gathered his slings, carabiners and chocks, and climbed down; but endless frustration and searching found no new anchor. Finally, too far to the side, he found a hint of a splint and jammed in his chocks. Shortly he waved for boats.

One by one, we lowered them down

"One by one we lowered them down—then followed ourselves."



the rock face to Steve who caught and anchored them against the butress with nylon leashes. There they clustered like tiny tilted rockets, so graceful, so out of their element, so hilarious.

The drop below was the bottom cliff in the canyon, which we had not been able to inspect. I hoped we could climb down because a rappel from the far angle of our anchor looked like a maneuver to avoid.

With Steve belaying, I diagonaled down across the ramp and dropped over the lip. Via a few handholds, I lowered myself to a narrow ledge. I then worked on down the face and dropped onto the giant rubble pile beside the gully floods. From here I could walk to the river.


Just below my companions, I saw cut in the wall some sand-filled recesses, ideal for lowering boats. I shouted up the news and soon a dark orange boat scraped over the lip of pale sandstone, tipped on its end, then spun free on the rope and descended to the sand by the river.

With all three boats on the riverbank, looking in their proper place again, Les climbed down the cliff belayed by Steve. Now it was Steve's turn. Like a father, I worried about my son descending the cliff without a belay. I watched him gather the gear from the cracks, pick his way down the sloping ramp and inspect a rounded rock at the bottom for a possible rappel anchor. It looked unsafe, like the rope might slip off. I questioned him about it.

"Sure, I can do it." he said, full of the ebullience of youth. Then, like a spider on a silver web, he lowered himself carefully over the edge and spun down to join us for the next stage of the adventure.

On to the end of the San Rafael, queen of the redrock gorges. What more can I tell. I could detail the tough rapids in the depths of the final black box, or describe the plush pink walls. Paragraphs are possible on the great horseshoe bend where the river cuts through San Rafael Reef. But superlatives are redundant and commonplace. There is not more I can or care to add.

A million people will glimpse the

buttes from the surrounding highways and a thousand will walk the rims and the dried up canyons for every ten who challenge the water of the black boxes of the San Rafael. Those ten will scrape their boats on rocks, carry some tough portages, worry a little, and maybe get killed if they are not careful. They will experience an awesome canyon as nature intended it, roaring and grinding itself deeper into one of the supreme slots of the world. They will experience an incredible land, and inside feel challenge enough to make their blood race and remember forever. They will find adventure, I guarantee it. 

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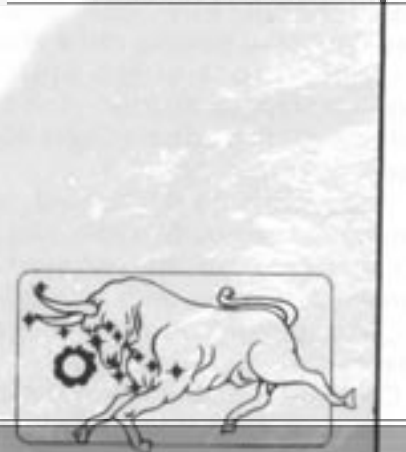
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TRAINING

Part I — Basic Principles

Ron Byrd, Roy Gentry & Jim Simmons

Show What It Takes To Build
Whitewater Brawn

Traditionally, the maxim runs: the more serious the boater, the more she trains. Seldom, however, are these massive doses of will power accompanied by a scientific plan or even common sense. "Training" like "repair" is a general term and the serious racer or cruiser needs specialized forms. Authors Ron Byrd, Roy Gentry, and Jim Simmons are three uniquely qualified paddling colleagues who offer this three part series that sets up a scientific, step-by-step training program for the paddler.

Ron is a Professor and Exercise Physiologist at Louisiana State University; **Roy** is an Associate Professor and Exercise Physiologist at Northwestern State University of Louisiana; and **Jim**, also an NSU Associate Professor teaches Physical Education and Recreation. All are whitewater instructors.

"Being physically fit will lead to fewer injuries, improved safety, better performance, and more overall enjoyment of whitewater boating." Sounds good, right? Yet, while most folks readily accept this statement as undeniably true, countless numbers set forth on weekend outings with little or no preparation in terms of fitness.

Too often they return exhausted because of poor endurance, bruised from not enough strength to make that draw stroke necessary to stay out of trouble, and painfully aware of their physical inadequacy on the water. Experiences like this do little toward developing an appreciation of canoeing. "I don't like that stuff," they say, as if the sport itself were somehow flawed.

So training becomes the obvious answer. But those other paddlers—the ones who either began in a more athletic state or who realized the importance of strength and stamina, generally train by

procedures they learned in some other sport. Or they simply condition themselves on an intuitive basis: doing what feels good and correct. Ofttimes this works out well enough to assure a measure of success and protection. Usually, though, such an approach is relatively ineffective since every sport requires very specific kinds of fitness. It is inefficient in terms of investment and return to use a haphazard and less than scientific approach to proper fitness.

Whitewater Demands

Overload. In order to bring about the desired adaptations, the systems to be trained must be overloaded on a regular basis. An overload is any sort of physical stress to which the system in question is unaccustomed. Basically, in order to develop strength, speed, and power, we must overload with higher than usual intensities. Lifting weights or high intensity paddling will accomplish this.

To effect gains in endurance, we overload muscular endurance of the abdominals, or jog, or paddle long distances for cardiovascular improvements. Analysis of characteristics of world class canoeists and kayakers reveals that these components—strength, speed, power, muscular endurance, and cardiovascular endurance — are important to success, but the weighting varies with the distance and type of paddling (wildwater or flat).

Progression. A fact not generally well understood is that for continued improvements in fitness, progression in overloading is absolutely necessary. For example, if a person lifts 100 pounds for three sets of six repetitions each, an increase in strength will occur, levelling off after a few weeks. When the plateau occurs, unless additional overloading by more weight, more sets, or more

Despite Nautilus propagandists weight training is no paddler's panacea.

repetitions per set occurs, no further gains in fitness will occur.

Interestingly, a typical comment from joggers is, "I've been running two miles every day for three years and don't seem to be improving at all!" Small wonder, since he should have topped out by the first four months. Of course, specificity in progressive overloading is necessary, e.g. higher intensities (more weight) are better for strength while more repetitions produce more endurance.

Regularity was mentioned earlier. Isolated exercise sessions do nothing for fitness. The "weekend athlete" might be enjoying his activity, but is kidding himself if he thinks he's getting in shape. Exercise physiologists have established that a minimum of three days a week, alternating a day of training with a day of rest, is necessary for significant gains in fitness.

Once adapted to this pattern, a fourth day, and then later on a fifth day might well be added. Past five days a week, one is at the point of diminishing returns. In fact, two days of rest each week, preferably not consecutive, will for most people be better than additional work days. This is the basic reason for work on on odd days at the outset of training; the body profits from properly planned rest.

The first step in understanding the physiology of training for paddling is recognition of the amazing adaptability of the human body. Our systems will very nicely adjust to whatever demands are made on them. It is axiomatic that "what you don't use, you lose". If we fail to require our bodies to exert regularly in terms of strength or endurance, then we can expect to lose some of our present capacities. We see an everyday application of this as we grow older. What most people think of as losses due to aging are really decrements more due to disuse. On the other hand, the body's systems will adapt in a positive manner to regularly imposed exercise sessions.

The extent of these changes is certainly subject to genetic limitations, but is basically determined by the type, intensity, duration, and frequency of exercise.

Physiologic changes related to fitness are very specific to the type of training procedures. It is obvious to most people that one runs long distances to train for marathons while another will lift heavy weights to develop strength. Despite the claims by some strength development equipment companies (e.g. Nautilus), it is foolish to expect weight training to be a panacea. It is true that there is a slight general effect from any form of training in very sedentary people, but for those fit enough to be on the water, training must be specific to the task.


David Jones, in the February, 1977 issue of Down River, did an excellent job of presenting this case. He strongly criticized Nautilus propagandists who claim that "high intensity paddling and hard on-the-water workouts should not be done" and that no training for cardiovascular fitness beyond Nautilus workouts are necessary for canoeists. While Jones' ridicule of these statements was well taken, he failed to equally debunk Nautilus' insistence that all work be done slowly. If paddling were a slow, almost isometric movement, this would be logical. But paddling is a quick-power demand sport and its training should mimic that desired end as nearly as possible. Only this way can optimal sub-cellular adaptations occur. This may not be as important to the casual recreational paddler, but to the competitor who seeks his ultimate, every advantage must be taken of scientific knowledge.

Many fitness components, both variable and predictable contribute to success in different sports. Shot putters require power (strength and speed), wrestlers need muscular endurance, and the primary requisites of soccer players are agility and cardiovascular fitness. By the same token, whitewater boating also demands its own specific

brand of fitness and with study it is quite possible to scientifically plan efficient and effective training programs.

While understanding these basic principles will provide the foundation for proceeding into a fitness regimen, it is absolutely necessary for most people to take one additional very important step. Keeping a diary of what, when, and how workouts were done accomplishes several things. One, there is no problem in ensuring that overload and progression are being applied; the evidence is there. Second, when exceptionally good or bad outcomes occur, hard data is avail-

able for correlation and subsequent adjustments. Third, a diary, which might also include graphs, tables, listings, etc. is a strong motivator in maintaining regular workouts. Missed workouts nag at you by the absence of entries, making it less easy to skip a day here and there.

Systematic application of these procedures and principles will produce higher levels of fitness that will make canoeing safer and more pleasurable as well as improving performance. For the more serious paddler, further details will appear in the next issue. 

IN DEFENSE OF THE KAYAK

Rebuttal by **Rich Lewis**

Quite taken aback by Mr. Walbridge's article, "In Defense of the C-1" (May-June '82), I felt compelled to answer his defamation of kayaks. His defensive posture concerning his choice of river craft typifies the attitude of most canoeists. The article's title alone suggests that the author has been the subject of numerous public and publicized attacks on his riparian sagacity. However, many might claim that this is just standard single-bladed paranoia.

To save Mr. Walbridge from ever again being accused of defensiveness without published cause, I offer this rhyme in response in his rhetoric:



There once was a boater of skill,
One blade, he thought, was a thrill
But he got tired of dying
Without even trying
In water that was totally still.



So together two paddles he teathered
The blades at an angle were feathered
He paddled Class VI
With those two-bladed sticks
And the rapids he easily weathered.



The moral is simple and clear:
Leave one-bladed boats to the queer;
To be a real boater
And not just a floater,
Try kayak—the boat has no peer!



Fluvial News (Cont. from page 6)

CONGRATS TO CCA

Washington, D.C.'s Canoe Cruisers Association November Newsletter, The Cruiser, announced that the three year study of the Upper Youghiogheny had lapsed as of Oct. 2, 1982. Such a lapse means this valuable, oft-run stretch of whitewater, though still designated as a Maryland Wild and Scenic River, is not under national W & S protection. Any federal hydropower project could now ruin it.

But CCA did more than announce. They inserted in the Cruiser a pre-printed letter for each club member to sign and send to Secretary of Natural

Resources James B. Coulter. It explained the situation and urged Coulter to write Maryland's Senators and Congressman Byron, requesting their support for a study extension. For this effort AWA happily grants CCA our Idea of the Month Award. Any reader wanting to add her voice should also write James B. Coulter, Secretary, Department of Natural Resources, Tawes State Office Building, Annapolis, MD 21401.

In addition, AWA applauds Keith Edmonson, Ann Schiefer, and Bill Delanoy who this Fall ran the Violet's Lock—Great Falls section of the Potomac and picked up six bags of trash and three 55-gallon drums in the process.



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Water Releases

Continued from page 15

into the step by step tasks that when completed, would achieve the objective. Be sure each task is a complete separate idea in itself and not compounded. Every objective must have a Task List.

Sit down with your group and say, "Okay, let's take Objective 3: Gain Political Support. What smaller independent acts do we need to accomplish

to gain political support?" Example, Objective: Gain Political Support—The **Task List is:**

1. Make a list of influential local political figures who have clout. (Should be non-partisan)
2. Make a list of influential state or federal representatives who have clout in your region.

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3. Personally invite each member and their families on your list, (one at a time) to ride a raft or canoe down the river with you to experience and share the spirit of what you are trying to gain. (Be sure you approach them personally without being waylaid by office secretaries, etc.)

4. Invite the press to photograph and ride with the political figure down the river while you explain the situation you are trying to seek his or her support for.

5. Have press releases prepared for the media to be passed out before and after the river trip.

6. Ask for the politician's direct help at the end of the trip if he or she enjoys it.

7. Consider holding a picnic and gathering in the later afternoon after the float with music, etc. Be sure press is on hand for coverage.

8. Assemble a list of politicians so informed who will be supportive of your efforts should it arise for legal confrontations. Use this list in all future articles published on the matter or in the media.

Try to write your tasks so they don't exceed about ten independent acts. Now you have completed a "checklist" of smaller more attainable goals that people can probably accomplish in voluntary time until a full time executive director is hired. Bi-weekly meetings between the volunteers will expedite and allow for progress reports. A steady meticulous campaign with many brains contributing to the course of action, but one so laid out that smaller goals are quickly achieved, will lead to the ob-

jective being won.

There are many sources for plans of action that do work. Solicit their input and experience and incorporate their successful methods into your task checklists. Write to:

California Water Protection Council
401 San Miguel Way
Sacramento, CA 95819

Friends of the Yampa River
1405 Arapahoe Avenue
Boulder, CO 80302

American Rivers Conservation Council
323 Pennsylvania Avenue S.E.
Washington, D.C. 20003

Ocoee River Council
Box 238
Ocoee, TN 37361

Most recently, the Green River in North Carolina was the focus of gaining increased or more timely releases. For more information contact:

Carolina Canoe Club
P.O. Box 9011
Greensboro, N.C. 27408

Remember, you are never alone. Willing and working supporters surge within your area from undreamed-of quarters. Advice and solid information are available from dozens who have fought through it all before and won. Gird your cause with the reason and energies of these many. They are much more powerful than the passions of a few.



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Seattle, WA 98188

Keystone Raft & Kayak Adventures
Box 1486
Valdez. AK 98686

Lower Columbia Canoe Club
Box 40210
Portland, OR 97240

Natural Designs
c/o Dan Ruuska
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Seattle. WA 98103

Oregon Kayaking
& Canoe Club
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Outdoor Recreation Centre
c/o Dixon Centre
Oregon State University
Corvallis. Oregon 97331

Washington Kayak Club
P.O. Box 24264
Seattle, WA 98124

Whitewater Rafting Expeditions
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Condon, OR 97823

Williamette Kavak and
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Corvallis. OR 97331

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Orange. CA 92667

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San Francisco, CA 94102

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c/o 12814 Arminta St.
North Hollywood. CA 91605

Outdoors Unlimited
Millberry Union Recreation
Department
500 Parnassus
San Francisco. CA 94143

Paddler's News Bulletin
Sierra Club
Box 584
San Bruno, CA 94066

Sierra Club, **Loma Prieta**
Chapter
c/o David Kim
3309 Oxford Lane
San Jose. CA 95117

Voyageur Canoe & Kayak
c/o Leon Hannah
12814 Arminta St.
N. Hollywood, CA 91605

Western Mountaineering
550 S. First St.
San Jose. CA

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Great Falls, MT 59405

Colorado Kayak Club
University of Colorado
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Boulder. CO 80309

Colorado Whitewater Association
4260 E. Evans Ave.
Denver, CO 80222

Eastern Montana **College**
Recreational Activities
Box 570
Billings, MT 59101

Idaho Alpine Club
Whitewater Coordinator
Box 2885
Idaho Falls. ID 83201

Idaho State University
Outdoor Program
c/o Ron Watters
P.O. Box 8118, ISU
Pocatello, ID 83209

Idaho Whitewater Association
c/o Rob Lesser
1812 N. 21st
Boise. ID 83702

Nat'l Org. for River Sports
314 No. 20th St.
Colorado Springs. CO 80904

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PE Dept. Antioch College
Yellow Springs, OH 45387

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3 Oakland
Belleville. IL 62223

Boat Busters Anonymous
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St. Paul. MN 55119

Cascaders Canoe & **Kayak** Club
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Minneapolis. MN 55405

Central Illinois Whitewater
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Pekin, IL 61554

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Marge Cline
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Palatine. IL 60067

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7360 Aracoma Forest Dr.
Cincinnati, OH 45237

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1300 Presidential Dr. #207
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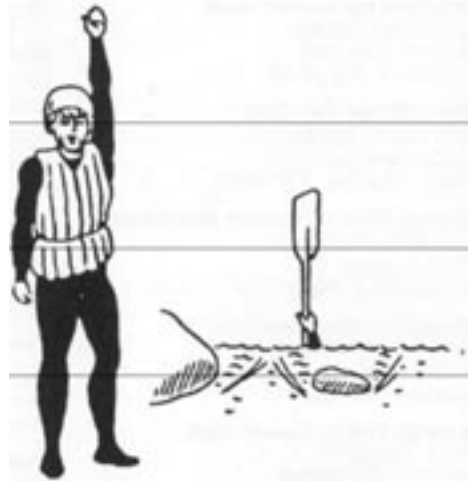
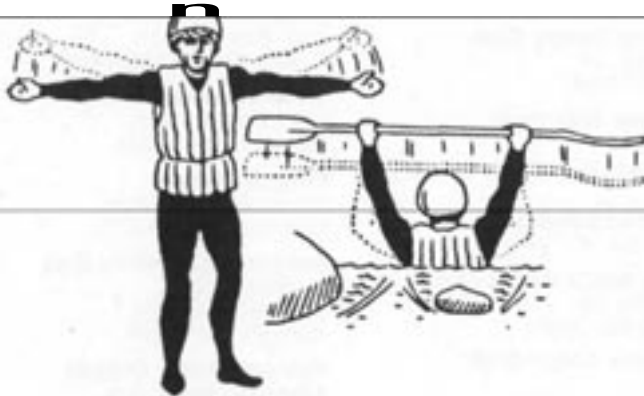
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Wascana Institute
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