

American

WHITEWATER

The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation



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The American Whitewater Affiliation

Executive Director
JAMES C. SINDELAR
264 East Side Dr.
Concord, NH 03301

Board of Directors

1976-78

Scott Arighi
19697 S. Falcon Drive
Oregon City, OR 97045

Robert Burrell
1412 Western Ave.
Morgantown, WV 26505

O.K. Goodwin
1240 Moyer Rd.
Newport News, VA 23602

George Larsen
456 Hawthorne Ave.
San Bruno, CA 94066

1977-80

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1425 Perry Ave.
Salt Lake City, UT 84103

Mary Kaye Hession
3304 Iowa, Apt. 5
Anchorage, AK 99503

Murray M. Johnson
310 Brockford Rd.
Heflin, AL 36264

Peter N. Skinner
Rm. 4772, #2, W.T.C.
New York, NY 10047

Treasurer

Rose Mary Gabler
10 Boulder Rd.
Lexington,
MA 02173

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Editorial Chairman and Editor: Iris Sindelar. P.O. Box 321. Concord, NH 03301
 Editorial Committee: Ed Alexander, O. K. Goodwin, Rose Mary Gabler, Geo. Larsen, Ray Gabler, Bob Lantz, Fred Dietz, Kerry Heidenis, Joel Freund, Joe Bauer
 Business Manager: Rose Mary Gabler, 10 Boulder Rd., Lexington, MA 02173
 Circulation **Manager**: Kerry Heidenis, P.O. Box 51, Wallingford, CT 06492
 Membership **Chairman**: Geo. Larsen, Box 1584, San Bruno, CA 94066
 Midwest Membership **Chairman**: Fred Dietz, 1590 Sleepy Hollow, Coshocton, OH 43812
 Advertising Chairman: Joel Freund, 440 Mission Blvd, Fayetteville, AR 72701
 Conservation Chairman: Robert Lantz, Sunbright, TN 37872
 Safety Chairman: O. K. Goodwin, 1240 Moyer Rd., Newport News, VA 23602
 Racing Editor: Ray Gabler, 10 Boulder Rd., Lexington, MA 02173
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The Staff and committee members listed above are unpaid Whitewater enthusiasts who volunteer their time and efforts to bring affiliate/member subscribers this journal. Your contribution of articles, letters, race results and schedules, photos and drawings are essential for their continued efforts and the timely publication of the American Whitewater Journal.

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COVER: Dick Schwind of Los Gatos, CA, rows his dory "The Ouzel" with passengers including Mina (Mrs. Joe) Bauer on the Rogue R., Oregon, in May of 1976. Photo by Joe Bauer. ABOVE LEFT: Tom Daniel (Closter, NJ, descends un-named falls on the Upper Middle Branch of the Sacandaga R. in New York. Photo by Maria Scott. BELOW LEFT: David Jaquette runs "Old Snaggletooth" on the Dolores in an inflatable. See story, p.46.

Letters from Readers

Editor:

The Gauley Downriver Race, although not a well-attended race, does attract some of the best racers in the country, and offers an interesting course with more big water rapids than many other downriver races in the East. More paddlers should take advantage of an opportunity to race in bigger water, especially since the World Championships this summer will be held on heavier water. Credit should be given to racers who go to the effort and expense of attending good races like the Gauley. On page 194 or *American Whitewater*, Vol. XXI, No. 6 (NOV/DEC 1976), the results should have included: C-2M (1 boat), Paul Singley and Elizabeth Wilkinson, 35:28; and K-1W (1 boat), Donna Berglund, 33:43.

Dr. Donna Berglund
Chemistry Dept.
College of Wooster
Wooster, OH 44691

Dear Iris:

I read with interest the statements of the nominees for AWA directorships and will accept your invitation to comment also. I am in 100% agreement with *all* the candidates — the AWA Journal is tops.

Only one nominee, however, addressed the issue with which I have the most concern — and which is much more serious than most paddlers realize (ask any custom boat designer and/or builder) — that is, governmental regulation, i.e. level flotation, 8" freeboard, carrying of distress signals, etc. While I agree that there are other important issues, the fact remains that, if the Coast Guard and the NBSAC have their way, we will not *have* a manageable boat to paddle or it will be so cluttered with PFDs, signaling devices, and other as yet unproposed items, that it will be rendered useless for any pad-

dling purposes whatsoever. The AWA should be concerned with safety, to be sure. On the other hand, as a representative of the whitewater fraternity, it should also point out that, as with many activities, the sport it represents can be dangerous and that all risk cannot be eliminated. Nor is it desirable that it *be* entirely "safe." This would make it a completely artificial situation, and a pretty darn dull one at that. The stress *should be* on common sense and self-reliance, on improving paddling skills and techniques — *not* the "bandaid" approach of the Coast Guard.

I have been quite disturbed — and angered — by the growing trend to criticize photographs and ads with paddlers without PFDs. The use of PFDs is one issue that has, to my way of thinking, gotten completely out of hand. I have no argument with recommending or requiring them for whitewater use. I find a great deal of argument with recommending them for flat water use because some SO-CALLED "expert" says that is the *only* way. What is right for me may be all wrong for someone else. If we intend to maintain individualism and freedom, we should not be so dictatorial in saying what others ought to do. As for the ads . . . well, ads are ads, as every TV viewer in the country knows even if some paddlers do not. In the December 1976 issue of *Canoe*, one finds a letter in which the occupants of a canoe (in an ad) are criticized for their apparent lack of grace (they are football players). Does this type of criticism advance anything? Is it constructive? Is the critic so graceful on the football field? Frankly, I believe we have far more important and serious issues to address and I do not feel that this type of criticism serves to unite paddlers or in fact to serve any useful purpose at all. Our only impact will come as a cohesive group paddling together towards the same objectives.

One other concern that is perhaps a bit more personal is that whitewater paddling as is done by organized groups in New England offer results in a seemingly endless parade of shuttles up and down the highway. We cannot plead conservation on the one hand and justification for using up gallons of gasoline for our own selfish pleasure on the other. I was at a race site recently and witnessed the *same* car travel up and down the road six times from put-in to take-out and back. (This was not the only one to be sure). Shouldn't we show *some* measure of responsibility in working out one and/or two day whitewater trips in an effort to conserve our energy resources? Surely it is possible to cut the number of shuttles to one or two by a more judicious (if not quite so exciting) use of the river being run. Multiply that 6 by the actual number of cars participating in the shuttle (not to mention the amount of fuel used to get to the site in the first place) for two days. Conservation and responsibility?

Though I receive the impression that I am *not* one of your typical members, whitewater being only about 1/5th the amount of my total paddling, I do feel that the problems addressed by the nominees are important and warrant the support of *all* paddlers. Actually many are just as important to non-whitewater paddlers. It is incumbent upon us all to pull together to try to resolve the issues at stake no matter what our boating interest.

Keep up the good work!!

Carol E. Storz
405 Washington St.
Westwood, MA 02090

Paddler Registry Explication

Dear Iris:

I'd like to comment on John Varhola's letter to the editor, which expresses the complaints that many people have about the National Paddler Registry. I sympathize, but I'm not yet ready to trade my paddle for a tennis racket!

At the beginning of last year, it be-

came evident that races were not paying their own way. The National Slalom Chairman had put out several hundred dollars of her own money doing necessary administrative work, and the paddler rankings, which were once "slipped in" on a university computer, were now sucking up over \$600 of USISCA funds. The feeling was then that the experienced racer (someone who wishes to race in AB races, or try out for the team) should pay for these services. That was the beginning of the paddler registry.

Through an unfortunate misunderstanding, a letter went out making it sound as though this registration was mandatory for CD racers. It is not, for just the reason that John mentions: the cost of the registry, plus ACA membership, plus entry fees, would discourage new people from trying the sport. CD paddlers with aspirations are certainly "encouraged" to subscribe, but this is not mandatory. However, the KCCNY, which runs the Esopus slalom, decided for their own reasons to make it mandatory for their CD classes. As I understand it, this was not the intent of the registry, but it is within the prerogatives of the organizers.

John's comments about the costs of the registry are somewhat misleading. ACA membership has ~~long~~ been required for major races, and this costs \$10 (\$20 ~~family~~). The registry is an additional \$5, ~~\$3~~ of which covers the newsletter. The ACA is trying to evolve into a national organization capable of representing all canoeists to the government and lobbying for our interests, and as such is worthy of support. As for the additional \$5, all I can say is that if you plan to race more than once a year in the A or B division, you ought to get it. If not, you're just asking someone to subsidize your racing, and that just isn't fair.

By the way, have you priced tennis rackets, or even the price of a full tank of gasoline lately?

Charlie Walbridge
Pentlyn, PA 19422

Mailgram to:

February 15, 1977

President Jimmy Carter
White House
Washington, DC 20500

The American Whitewater Affiliation, representing 150 canoe clubs with members in all 50 states asks in the name of Economy, Conservation and River Canoeing that the Meramec Reservoir Project in Missouri be removed from the budget and permanently killed.

James C. Sindelar
Executive Director
American Whitewater
Affiliation

VOICE YOUR APPROVAL

Are you in favor of President Carter's cutbacks of "pork-barrel" dam projects? Then you should LET HIM KNOW IT. Enormous pressures are being brought upon him to rescind the cutbacks, and he will need as much support as possible to withstand these pressures. Mobilize your club to flood the White House with telegrams, letters, phone calls. If we don't verbalize our support of his action, how will the President know that he has it? If "the squeaky wheel gets the grease," then let's squeak good and loud!

GOOD CATALOG

If you haven't sent for the Northwest River Supplies catalog, you should. One of the best we've seen because all the products listed are evaluated by knowledgeable people. See the ad in this issue.

USISCA FUND APPEAL

EDITOR:

The USISCA fund-raising appeal appearing in this magazine is one I hope many of your readers will answer.

USISCA has helped many whitewater athletes attend the world championships over the years. As a former U.S. Whitewater Team member, I have had the opportunity to appreciate that help. We were provided with coaches and a manager who supervised the logistics of transporting, housing and feeding us all. In addition, a part of my personal expenses were refunded by USISCA.

In the face of the competitive pressure at the World Championships, the athletes attend the world championships maintaining their conditioning and "psych," without hassling over living conditions. USISCA has steadily helped to improve those conditions, and with that improvement has come our increased stature on the international scene.

I feel I am fortunate in having found a "fun sport" whose direct governing bodies have worked hard and fairly for the paddlers themselves. I'm proud that when I read of other sports marked by stories of favoritism and bickering among their rulers, that I don't have to overlook such shoddiness in my own sport. Whitewater sport may yet be poor financially, and it may no longer be small, and some may mourn the passing of the informality by its earlier days, but we can still work to improve our sport while trying to maintain our "closeness," where being a "paddler" means you're a friend. I hope all paddlers will support the "finest of the finest" and give to USISCA.

Elizabeth Watson
1975 U.S. Team,
K-1 W Slalom

Editor:

On behalf of the 1977 U.S. Team, I would like to thank those who have al-

ready (and many times past) supported the U.S. Team's efforts at the World Championships. And, I would like to appeal to those who have not already, to give their tax deductible contribution to USISCA.

1977 could be our best year ever, with the youngest and strongest team ever representing us at Spittal. There is fierce competition in every class, and I think there is World Championship medal potential in nearly every class. In order to reach that potential, we need financial support, just for the basics of housing, food, and transportation. If we are freed from worry about those very important details, we can concentrate on the race and on the competition, and we can do our best. The readers of the AWA Journal can help.

John G. Burton
 Member, 1967, 1969, 1971
 U.S. Teams
 Member, 1972 Olympic
 Team
 Coach, 1973 U.S. Team

Editor:

1977 is the year in which the American whitewater boaters will win in the World Championships. The team is funded solely through donations to USISCA. These funds cover basic needs of a dry place to live, warm dinners, and transportation along the road adjacent to the Lieser River in Spittal, Austria. These are necessities if we are to perform our best.

Jean Schley Campbell
 U.S. Team, '73, '75

Editor:

I would like to thank all of your readers for their past support of the U.S. Whitewater Team, through their tax-exempt USISCA contributions. Those

contributions constitute a major portion of the money raised by USISCA.

In a few months the team will make its biannual attempt to bring some medals home from the World Championships. The cost to race in Spittal will be about \$1000 per person. This money will pay for such luxuries as: sleeping under a roof, hot meals eaten in restaurants, the inevitable plane flight, shuttling to races and practice in VW buses. These expenses are necessary ones for a world class effort.

There are many paddlers throughout the country who have spent many thousand hours since Skopje, training for an opportunity to be part of the team in Spittal. Any support these paddlers could get from your readers will ease the financial burden for each team member.

Stephen B. Draper

DIRECTORS ELECTION

We'd like to thank all those who troubled to vote, as well as those who consented to nomination for the recent election. We received many comments on the over-all excellence of the slate, and the voter turnout, though not large, was greater than in previous elections. Here is the vote tally:

1977-80 Directors

Murray M. Johnson	120
J. Calvin Giddings	119
Peter N. Skinner	95
Mary Kaye Hession	93



Betty Lou Bailey	88
Edward S. Acton	86
Ohio Knox III	84
Joe Bauer	77
Ron Watters	56

Close, wasn't it? We look forward to working with all the new directors, and hope that the runners-up can be persuaded to lend AWA a hand in various capacities.

BALLOT NOTES

"Prefer AWA to remain independent—no ACA merger. Magazine to cover all aspects of whitewater—recreation, competition, conservation, "how-to" articles. 'Stuff-Bag Throw Rope' article was typical of useful info—I've made one with good results and plan to do more." ... Doug Woodward.

"My vote was biased heavily toward those urging vigorous defense of our rights vs the "takeover" of rivers by commercial interests; also the pursuit of recognition of AWA's safety program and expertise as we become further regulated by paid "professionals," whose credentials on paper allow them to regulate and "save" us, while ignoring the true experts of whitewater

safety and technique because they usually do something else for a living, hence are "amateurs," *i.e.* ignorant and unreliable." ... Pat Kingman.

"AWA's function: conservation, legislation. Growth: through encouraging existing boaters, NOT through promoting the sport. Do not agree with A.C.A. stand encouraging regimentation in our sport (*i.e.* paddler certification, requirements for racing."

Rogue Permits Required

The Oregon State Marine Board adopted rules on Rogue River use from Grave Creek to Watson Creek as scheduled at its open meeting in Portland on January 18. The regulations govern the period from the Friday preceding Memorial Day to Labor Day, and go into effect this year.

Non-commercial boaters will be required to have permits issued by the Marine Board, but our interpretation is that these can be obtained when registering at Grave Creek. The only limitation in 1977 will be a maximum party size of 24.

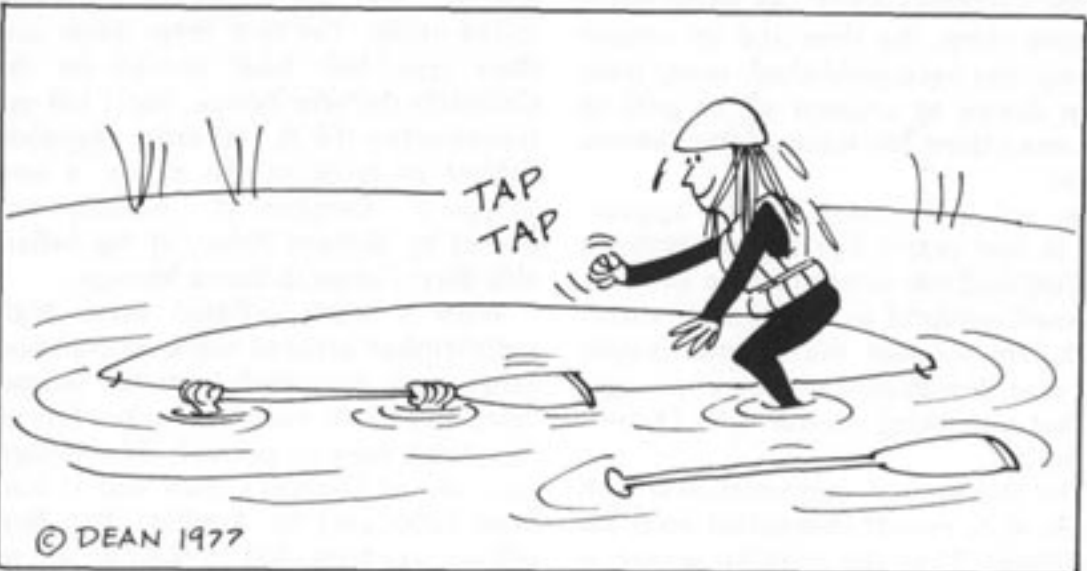
However, a Marine Board press release warns the public that in 1978 commercial and non-commercial users will be limited to a total of 120 people starting down the river each day (12,240 users during the 102-day season), with at least half of that quota allocated to non-commercial boaters. An advance registration system will be set up for non-commercial applicants by January 1, 1978.

Commercial outfitters, restricted to the same number of trips as they made in 1974, took 4,510 people down the Rogue in 1976. Non-commercial use was 3,000 in 1976 and would reach 4,300 in 1978 if the steady growth exhibited over the past four years continues.

Carl Trost

JAN AND DAN BOONDOCK

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CATALOG

THE DOLORES RIVER 1976

By

David Jaquette

624 23rd St., Santa Monica Ca. 90402

For longer than man can remember, the Dolores River has been bringing melting snow from the San Juan Mountains in South West Colorado down to the Colorado River. Until recent man began using this flow for irrigation about the turn of the century, the Dolores was one of the Colorado's major tributaries. In May 1948 a small group of adventurers headed by O. Dock Marsten made a trip down the river from the town of Dolores to the junction at the Colorado River. As more information about the river and its unique beauty has been published, many have been drawn to attempt all or part of the more than 200 miles of the Dolores River.

An article by David Sumner appearing in last year's Sierra Club Bulletin precipitated our interest in the Dolores. A small group of us had made a three-week trip through the Grand Canyon last year. Needless to say, we were eager to find something similar. The Dolores fit the bill.

The Dolores is a snow melt river with much of its runoff channelled away for irrigation. Thus the running season is relatively short. We chose the second half of May for our trip to be reasonably well assured of sufficient flow.

A week with the long Memorial Day weekend thrown in gave us ten days for the nearly 800-mile drive to and from Los Angeles and the 170-plus trip from the put-in near Cahone about 25 river miles below Dolores. The trip plan called for twenty miles per day. As it turned out, we made twenty-five miles a day and took out at Moab, over 200 miles away. Such a schedule is not desirable if relaxing, exploring, and hik-

ing are on the menu but on our trip there, we were constrained to 8 days on the river and wanted to see the whole canyon.

The group consisted of five people in four inflatable boats: two 12-foot PVC boats from Sears, a 14-foot 8-man "Hypalon" and an inflatable two-man canoe. Because my wife could not make the trip this year, I had looked around for something capable of carrying a week's supplies, yet maneuverable and reliable, and not requiring advanced kayak skills. The first three boats and their crew had been proven on the Colorado the year before, but I left my trustworthy 16-ft. 10-man Hypalon behind in favor of the canoe, a new Semperit "Dolphin II" recently imported by Helmut Peters at the Inflatable Boat Center in Santa Monica.

With a stiffly inflated floor, high multi-ribbed inflated sides, an enclosed cargo area, converted from the second seat, and thick neoprene-nylon fabric, this boat seemed perfect. The design was one of Helmut's own and it had been fabricated in Austria. The first edition was airmailed to Helmut just in time for my trip.

We found several sources of information on the trip. Les Jones in Heber City, Utah makes a scroll map covering the entire run. Rapid ratings and a river gradient were supplied on the sections cut from USGS survey maps. Articles by Sumner on the Dolores have appeared recently in the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, *Colorado*, and *Living Wilderness*. Marston's original article appears in the *Colorado* magazine of 1948.

On the way to the put-in we stopped at Tag-along Tours in Moab to pick up



The "Yellow Peril" with gear for an 8-day trip.

a driver to shuttle the truck back into town. There we chatted with the rivermen about the type of river we could expect. Hot muggy weather had been turning into thunderstorms on and off all week, and we were unsure whether this would increase or decrease the river flow. We were encouraged to know that others had made it through the week before and that our trip schedule was not impossible to meet. We pulled out for the 120-mile drive to Cahone at about 5:00 P.M. with rain and thunder highlighting the beauty of the canyonlands area.

We unloaded our equipment quickly at the put-in at mile 171 so that the driver could get back to Moab. The number of cars and trucks indicated a number of trips were already down river. The weather cleared and temperature dropped quickly as the sun set. We sat around a fire eating and preparing ourselves for the unknown river while a pack of coyotes howled late into the night.

Early morning frost was heavy so we took our time rigging the boats for our departure. I put about three psi pressure in each of the three main chambers of the canoe. This made a semi-rigid boat compared to the rafts which seemed relatively soft at about 1 psi. For me it was a challenge to fit over a week's supplies into the inflatable canoe. I did persuade my companions to carry my extra paddles and some of the canned goods but this left me with about fifteen gallons of volume and 75 pounds of weight. That was distributed mostly to the back under the cargo compartment.

A wet suit was definitely called for with the snow melt 45° water and cooler air temperature at our 6500 ft. elevation. Our put-in was about 9:00 A.M. as the sun finally reached down into the frosty canyon. I felt just comfortable in my wet suit. We always seem extra nervous as we leave civilization behind. The swift current carried us along under the bridge off into the Dolores



Though heavily loaded, the inflatable rides high.

Canyon.

The water is cold, muddy and swift with no single rapids of major size. The river just keeps rolling along at about 15 feet per mile gradient at first and later up above **30 ft./mi.** Ponderosas, scrub-oaks, cedar, and firs are among the trees that live in the canyon bottom on the river benches. Up on the walls the lack of precipitation reduces the vegetation to the smaller shrubs, sage brush and cactus. The canyon walls are neither high nor steep by Grand Canyon standards. The talus slopes are more rounded and covered with lower vegetation. The blue sky above, red canyon walls, and tall trees along the muddy brown river heighten the river experience.

The inflatable "Dolphin" took some getting used to in the continual minor rapids. None of us thought this part of the river was technically challenging but it provided me with experience in balancing and maneuvering the sleek

craft. Small amounts of water continually spray in over the bow and must be emptied regularly. I plan to design a spray shield before my next trip.

We visited Indian ruins up along the cliffs at Wild Sheep Point later in the afternoon. We were dropping quickly in elevation in this part of the river but the river was just rolling along in continual descent. A few miles further on, a road comes in on the left at mile 152 at the Dove Creek pumping station. A number of campers drinking beer and taking rifle practice encouraged us to drift on down about five miles to a sandy beach on the right bank. There was no evidence that anyone had ever camped there before.

We drank the water only after boiling or treating with water purification tablets because there had been a number of ripe livestock who had chosen the river bed as their final resting place. Some river runners we met carried their water in from civilization while others drank

the river water apparently with no ill effects.

The next day we continued downriver, continually expecting at any bend the notorious "Old Snaggletooth" rapid. There are a number of Class III rapids in this stretch, including a good III-IV one just $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile above Snaggletooth. There was no mistaking Snaggletooth when we arrived. A skull high on a dead limb marked the landing. From above it didn't look bad but by walking down the adjacent old road bed we all saw the unavoidable chute near the bottom. After an hour of contemplation we all decided to portage. Then friends from Las Vegas following us down the river showed up. Finally, Steve, who had come in from Boston to join our trip, put on his wet suit and made a run. He was followed quickly by one of the Las Vegas crew. The runs were perfect. The chute had no back boil at this flow and flushed the boats through. Of course, getting into the per-

fect place for the chute took careful maneuvering in the upper $\frac{3}{4}$ of the rapid. A mistake there left uncorrected could be compounded if you didn't make the chute.

Then it was my turn. I added swim fins and a wet suit as a safety precaution. I got too fancy at the top and wrapped the canoe about a submerged rock. I had to climb out into the current and pull the canoe free. I lunged at it as it swept past. Miraculously, I was able to board it in the deep moving water with the help of the fins. I got in two strokes before I was tossed out again. I considered abandoning my boat and making it alone but didn't want to hit the chute solo. I got back in just in time to grab the paddle for balance as we hit the chute perfectly, went through the soup and then out into the clear. I turned to wave to the fans and filmmakers ashore—and went over a ledge sideways. I struggled ashore quickly by using the swim fins and pull-

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ing the canoe as the paddle was now lost.

Everyone made it safely and we ate a late lunch. It had taken us about three hours.

From here on (mile 143) the river continues a rapid descent for several miles and then calms down. This time of year river vegetation is lush and green. The river is cold and clearer in this part of the canyon. Evidence of many mining activities appear occasionally along the river. We chose to camp early at about mile 139 on the right bank. Here we started to hear the sounds of beaver "kerplunk," the sounds they made as they submerged, particularly at night.

We were behind schedule, and an early start and good hard current got us off quickly. Soon the canyon started to open as we left Dolores Canyon and the river current slowed. It wasn't as pretty there and we finally passed a syrupy brown creek, muddy with recent rain runoff from Disappointment Valley. The weather had turned threatening. We got to Slick Rock about 1:00 P.M. and had lunch but did not go into the small town. We all wanted to get away from the mining activity, the old car bodies abandoned as bank protection, and other evidence of civilization as quickly as possible.

The canyon was more open from here on down, the current gentle but steady. We could see lightning in the hills and dark clouds threatened to soak us. We pushed on to about mile 111, hoping all the while to find some cave to sleep in. Eventually, we chose a wooded area on the right bank. The beavers were particularly active this night.

By morning the clouds had cleared up. Chuck (the bird watcher on our trip) had found a long-eared owl's nest occupied by two fledglings. We walked about a quarter of a mile through the woods and enjoyed a close look at two

huge babies and even larger parents.

We passed through the end of Big Gypsum Valley early in the morning and reached the Gates of Slick Rock Canyon before noon. Here the narrow gorge that is over 30 miles long begins. The river zigs and zags, turning back on itself like the cuts from a jigsaw puzzle. The gradient here is 11 feet per mile, less than the average 15 feet for the river.

We stopped at Spring Canyon for some fresh clear water and hike upstream. It was pleasant to bathe in the warm stream. We relaxed for a few hours here talking with other boaters on the river. The stop here was in one of the more pleasant side canyons and we would have liked to hike further up.

The camp was made late in the afternoon at the Mule Shoe Bend at mile 85. We had come twenty-six miles. Our friends from Vegas parted with us to find a better spot. We climbed over the low saddle to watch them pass and considered sneaking past them by a quick portage over the saddle. The two miles around the bend are slow and we gave up watching in the growing darkness.

Bedrock was not far away and we arrived here to buy beer and ice cream and make phone calls at about 9:00 A.M. We didn't linger because we had six miles of absolutely flat water to traverse out in the middle of Paradox Valley and the wind was still calm. Mountains to the northwest are over 12,000 feet and were covered with snow. We rowed hard in the open valley to make it for lunch at the head of Paradox Canyon.

The river moves quickly through Paradox Canyon, all II-III rapids. Suddenly, the San Miguel River appeared adding perhaps 600 cubic feet per second. By now the total flow of the Dolores was about 2,000 cubic feet/second, having dropped steadily. We marvelled at the remains of a flume bolted

high up on the East wall which continued for miles. The river was relaxed in here with a steady gradient. We made camp at about mile 55, a run of thirty miles.

On our sixth day we were on toward Gateway, stopping at Maverick Canyon for lunch. Three miles up here in the canyon's north branch is Juanita Arch. We will have to check this site out on the next trip. I was told by my Las Vegas friends that it is worth the trip. We stopped at Gateway for a garbage dump, ice cream, and beer. The locals had hairy tales of watching rafts and boats through the "narrows" just down the river. Sumner describes them as "nasty," and Les Jones' maps showing unrunnable sections increased our anxiety. We continued on late in the afternoon to mile 27. After dinner we hiked up on the bank across the dirt ranch road and up the hillside where we could get a commanding view of the wide open valley and the towering Palisade Mesa back toward Gateway. The river seemed to come in from the side of the valley and had to drop considerably to get to the canyon floor. It seemed most peculiar to have the river above the valley.

The narrows came upon us suddenly the next morning. We started off with a three-foot waterfall that extended across the river and appeared to be an old diversion dam. Other rafters and kayakers were putting in just below. Before we knew it we were each totally involved with just keeping afloat. A series of drops came upon us. We got separated, some going right around islands, others going left. The roller coaster continued bouncing down. I had to stop often and **dump water**. The others were occasionally hanging up in shallows and then being carried into chutes. The gradient is over 50 feet per mile for a brief stretch. We each kept waiting for someone to find a stopping



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place to check out the rapids ahead. Suddenly we seemed to regroup as we headed into a drop somewhere in the steepest area near mile 22. The 8-man Hypalon went down the shallow right hand side but, with no depth for the oars to bite the water, was swept into the main channel with momentum which carried the raft too far left. The water was piling up against a boulder on the left bank. The raft flipped and wrapped upside down against it.

The two on board floated free. I was too scared to stop and went right down the tongue avoiding the shallow right bank and banked off the wave made by raft and rock. It was here that I really noticed the advantage of being full of water in the canoe when you shoot the drop. The momentum adds stability and, while maneuvering is almost impossible, once you get into proper position, you can knife on through the rough stuff.

We used old lumber to pry, we pushed and pulled and finally the waterlogged raft was swept free. Pride, an oar, and a few odds and ends were all that were lost. We regrouped and suddenly realized that the narrows were not really very narrow, and we were already through the worst. We ate at Beaver Creek and negotiated some rock slaloms further on down. These rapids all were in the IV category. As we **contin-**

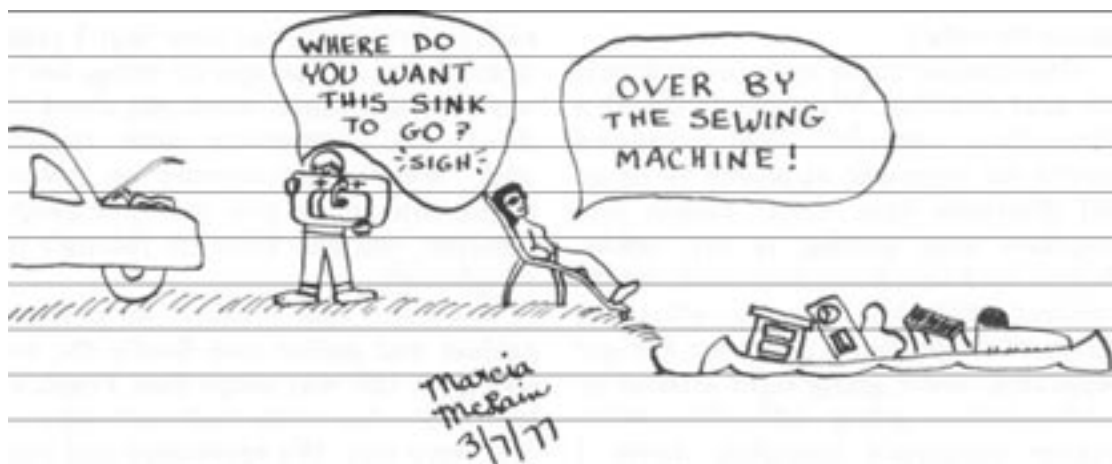
ued, the canyon narrowed and river gradient held steadier. Here we could relax as we had the major rapids behind us. As we got further down, the canyon started opening and the badlands appeared. The water was warmer and seemed to be dropping. We even swam. We pushed on, gliding round winding bends, now starting to see ranches. We camped at mile 1 just shy of the Colorado. Mosquitoes and flies that night were an indication of the increasing human activity.

Our eighth day broke to overcast and, as we hit the confluence, a brief rain started. We pushed on downstream as we knew the gradient on the Colorado was very small—around 3 feet/mile. Clouds hung on the distant snow peaks. Blue sky occasionally managed to appear. The water here was deep and powerful. I was flipped several times in the rapids along this stretch. It's about thirty miles of slow massive water broken by six or so Colorado-type rapids—mostly heavy hydraulics. We

stopped at a camp-ground ten miles up from Moab, just in time to miss a heavy gusty up-canyon wind.

We had come almost 200 miles in 8 days. The weather had been unexpectedly unsettled, but not uncomfortable. The river had been a little lower than we had hoped. We all had enjoyed the trip. The Semperit Dolphin canoe had been flipped maybe a half dozen times on the Dolores (three of these in Snaggletooth) and several times on the Colorado. In eight days, I added air once to increase the craft's rigidity in the narrows section.

When I returned the canoe to Helmut Peters, we looked it over. We could not see any damage: In fact, it looked hardly worn at all. He had to ship it to various dealers and so I placed my order for a new one. I'm looking forward to getting on some California rivers in the spring if we have more decent snowfall this winter. I'd like to try maneuvering without those seventy-five pounds of supplies.



"GETTING BACK TO NATURE IN A CANOE"

PROGRESS REPORT: GRAND CANYON LAWSUIT

Our first hearing in court cleared away a bunch of legal brush such as exhaustion of agency remedies, the legal "standing" of WPRF to represent its members, and the proper jurisdiction of the court in this matter, etc. etc. All this came out in our favor. The government moved to dismiss the case and the court denied that motion.

WPRF had moved for an injunction to stop Interior from renewing the concessioner contracts for more than one year pending disposition of the case. The court denied that motion inasmuch as Interior had introduced into evidence the text of the new permits to the concessioners, which states that such permits may be cancelled at any time and without recourse by the concessioners, and also that the allocations of user days may be changed at any time . . . also without recourse. That more or less made the injunction request moot. WPRF will publicize the details of the court interpretation of the new contracts between Interior and the river concessioners in its upcoming Newsletter. Those details are markedly different from the old permits for concessioners; so, to that extent, WPRF is pleased that its move for an injunction had a beneficial effect even though not granted.

Interior then moved for a Summary Judgement in their favor (*i.e.* a decision without a trial) and much to our surprise and disappointment the Judge granted their motion. We feel the court did not fully grasp the issues . . . probably because we spent so much time and thought initially on some of the procedural and jurisdictional points that our argument on the central issue of degree of necessity of commercial concessioners may have gotten slighted. In any event, we have asked the court to reconsider that decision. If that request is denied, the scene will move up to the Appeals Court. So this is just the beginning.

We are deeply into the legal battle now and are *much* in need of whatever financial help we can get.

Joe Munroe, Sec./Treas.
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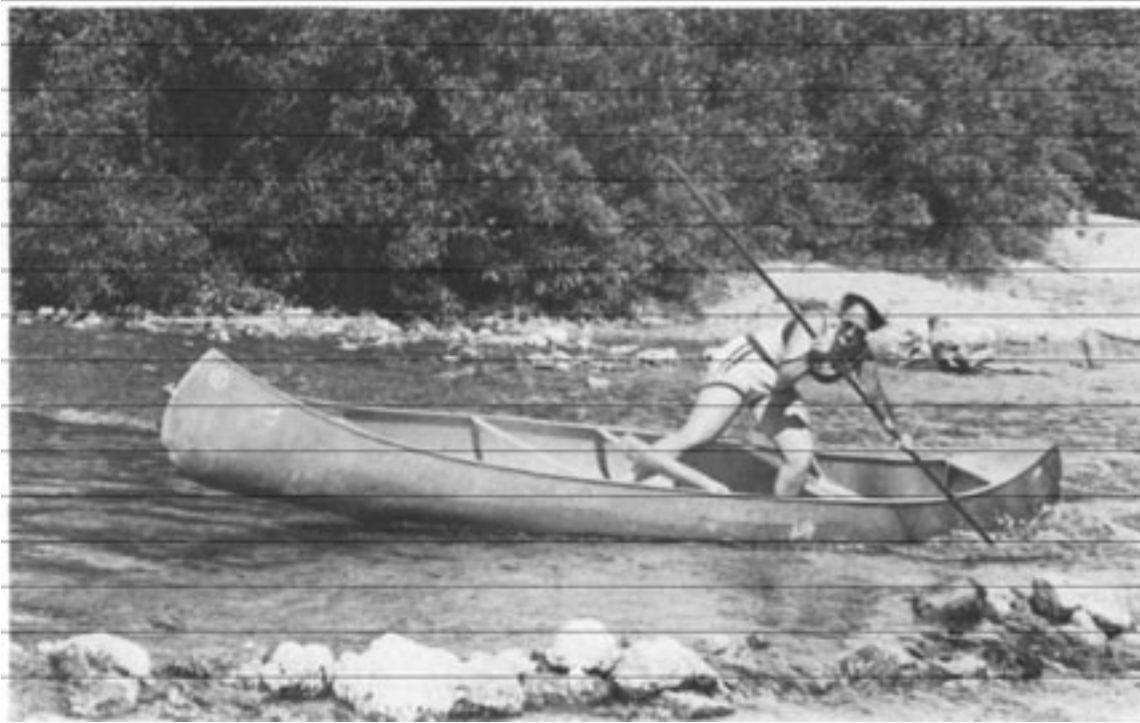
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GRAND CANYON PROTEST TRIP PLANNED

J. R. Hertzler and Michael St. Clair of Tempe, Arizona are planning a protest trip down the Grand Canyon in July of 1977, to focus public attention on the problems encountered by boaters wishing to run private trips down the Grand Canyon. According to Hertzler and St. Clair, of 425 permit applications from qualified boaters to conduct private trips in 1976, only 34 were granted (by lottery).

Hertzler and St. Clair also were planning to bring suit against the Park Service policy (along the same lines, we presume, of the Wilderness Public Rights Fund suit outlined in Vol. XXII, No. 1 of this Journal, p. 21, and updated in this issue).

For more information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Grand Canyon Protest Trip, 3819 S. Roosevelt. Tempe, AZ 85282, or call (602) 996-4774.



Mary Shaw from Pittsburgh, PA practicing on the Black River prior to the 1976 National Poling Championships. She put on an amazing display of quick turns, sudden stops, leaning braces, quick jabs and reverses that gave her a close second in the Open Class (yes, that's right, against the MEN) in the National Poling Championship for the Poling Cup. Photo by Sylvester Beletz.

WILDERNESS SPORT PHOTO CONTEST

Mariah Magazine is sponsoring a nationwide photographic competition that will offer \$4,500 in Nikon photo equipment, plus a wilderness expedition, to the prizewinners. The contest is open from now until September 1, 1977.

The Wilderness Sport Photo Contest will honor the most outstanding color photographs taken during the year of wilderness sports such as climbing, sailing, backcountry skiing, whitewater canoeing and kayaking, scuba diving and hang gliding. Color photos that best depict the drama, action and beauty of these and other self-propelled outdoor sports are eligible for prizes. (No black-and-white photos will be considered.)

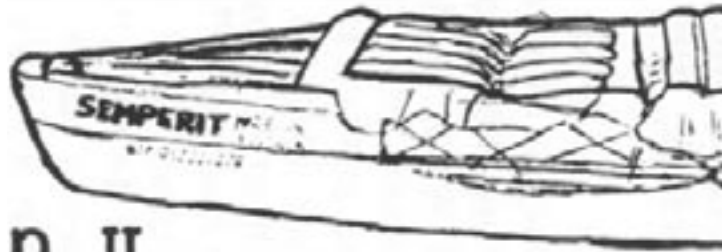
The first prize winner will choose from \$2,000 in Nikon photo equipment, and cover a wilderness expedition for potential publication in the magazine. Second prize is \$1,500 in Nikon camera gear. Third prize is \$1,000 in Nikon equipment. A number of runner-up awards of \$25 cash each will also be awarded.

All contest entries must be accompanied by the "Official Entry Form" found inside the Spring 1977 issue of *Mariah*. Entry forms and complete contest rules are also available by writing: *Mariah* Photo Contest, 3401 W. Division St., Chicago, IL 60651. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with all contest inquiries. *Mariah* plans to publish the prize-winning photos in its Winter 1977 issue that appears in December.

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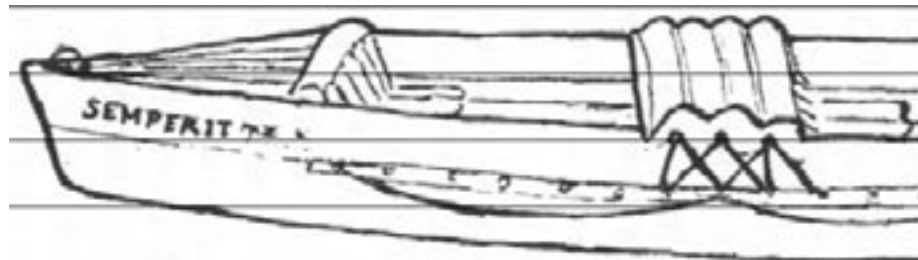
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READERS' SOAPBOX

Channeling Whitewater Growth

From time to time I come across people arguing on the pages of this journal about whether the sport ought to grow. That's kind of like arguing whether the sun is going to rise at high noon! Face it — the sport has already grown. It's grown to the point where we have to admit to ourselves that we're not a part of some ecologically-sensitive elite. We're in it for a good time; rivers are fun, and the secret is out. The question is not whether or not we're going to grow, but how to channel the growth so that all these newcomers don't ruin our reputation.

With all these new people, there are two ways of handling things — education or regulation. Unless we want the bureaucrats to tell us how to run rivers, we'd better start educating! There are too many paddlers whose only concern is running the maximum amount of white water, and to hell with helping anyone else. Well, that just won't wash. We've got to get the turkeys into clubs where we can keep an eye on them and teach them some manners. We've got to find ways of communicating river skills and of making sure that landowners are treated with courtesy and respect. In short, every club in this country ought to be on a membership drive, welcoming these people into canoeing. If we don't, commercial interests and the government will, and the results will be pretty hard to stomach.

It's about time we put our money where our boats are . . . in the river; and devoted some time to something more important than getting on the water every weekend. How many people do you know who pay hundreds of dollars to get themselves outfitted, but who won't go for a doubling of club dues to allow for the purchase of put-ins and take-outs? How many people spend hours to drive to the rivers, but won't write a letter or attend a hearing to save them? People, if we don't do it, nobody else will. Politics is a bore, but it's too

important to be left to the politicians. We need people who are going to hang in there and do some research and see that our interests are protected. Otherwise, the dam-builders, the powerboat jockeys, and fishermen are going to have their way while we curse about the system and wonder how soon before the next river gets ruined.

We need more paddlers who will actively work to improve the sport, not rugged individualists who distrust organizations and who won't cooperate with anyone. We need people to organize clubs, not to play with "power," but because everything has to start at the local level. We need to be organized in force to be represented at hearings, to buy put-ins and take-outs, to do research, to deal with landowners, to clean up rivers, to teach rudimentary skills. The people who are doing this now are overworked and under-appreciated. They need help, and you'd better pitch in. If you don't, and the sport degenerates into a littering mass of shiftless clods, don't say it wasn't your fault.

We've got to think about ways to stop the senseless desecration of private land by disorganized canoeists. We've got to find ways to get more people properly trained so they won't get into trouble. The answer is not to hide the sport and say that we shouldn't grow and to bitch at the guidebook writers for showing the way. The sport is stronger and richer now because of its numbers and diversity than it was when I started seven years ago. We have problems, but we have strengths. Let's use them, and stop wasting trouble arguing over facts.

Charlie Walbridge

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FRIENDS OF THE RIVER

From HEADWATERS official publication of Friends of the River, comes this item:

"Barbara Blum, original founder of Friends of the River in Georgia, has become head of President Carter's transition office in Washington, DC. Barbara began her association with Carter in the struggle to save the Flint and Chattahoochee Rivers."

Friends of the River is a political, education and research organization dedicated to the protection and preservation of our remaining magnificent free-flowing rivers and to the conservation of our water and energy resources. It is an all-volunteer organization that is heavily into legislation — which is expensive. Based in Sacramento, CA, the organization has a California slant but the newsletter covers national conservation developments as well. We suspect that FOR will have its hands full with drought-stricken Californians possibly more willing to listen to arguments in favor of dams and water diversion.

We urge all member of AWA to support (financially!) as many river conservation groups, on as many levels as possible (local, state, national). The more voices we can raise, the better our chances of being heard. If you haven't made a contribution to organizations like the American Rivers Conservation Council, Friends of the River, the Sierra Club, etc., please do so now. The opportunities for their success may never again be so great as now, and they need your support to function.

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FROM THE DANUBE TO THE RAPID

(But really some memories of the Second Annual National Whitewater Championships in 1941 on the Rapid River in Maine) by Ted Acton, P.O. Box 280. W. Lynn. MA 01905.

A story has to start somewhere, and this one did start in 1937 on the Ziller, a small tributary of the Inn River in Austria near Innsbruck. Having bought a German foldboat which we named SPRAY at Trier on the Moselle, my brother Charles and I set off to see the Moselle valley, which was done in great style, eating at village inns, sleeping in guest rooms or in hay lofts, and enjoying the great Moselle wines in the evening with the local people who were most friendly and cordial.

Of course we did not expect any whitewater excitement on this part of the trip, and except for the wake of an occasional barge, we had easy going. After Koblenz, we shipped our boat to the Ziller area and a few weeks later caught up to it at Mayerhofen. The trip down the Ziller was exhilarating for us after the Moselle but except for a few bridge piers it was mostly very fast

water and we were soon into the Inn; somewhere on the Ziller we lost the "A" in SPRAY and our boat became SPRY which was rather fitting by that time. As we neared the Salzburg area, we took a train over to that city, and a day or two later launched on the Salzach, again heading for the Inn River, with a heavy current pushing us along. Some distance into the Inn River we noticed people waving at us on the opposite bank. It seems we had just gone by the German customs. Too late! We kept going and were soon back into Austria on-the Danube and missed that customs office also. By then it was just as well, since our boat had lost another letter and we were now SPY.

Thus began a week of drifting and paddling down the Danube to Vienna, but no whitewater. In Germany we had noted many foldboats and tent campers on the Moselle, and from the maps we picked up at Innsbruck we found that even then, many of the rivers in the Alps were well charted for whitewater use; I still have a good set of these maps. And so it was that the long trip on the Danube built up a craving to get into some real whitewater back home. We had done lots of canoe cruising and



canoe portaging in Quebec where we grew up, but running rapids there was rather risky when you were a long way from help. The chance for a good white-water run came in 1941.

That winter Alex (Zee) Grant had given a talk to the Schenectady Winter Sports Club and afterwards had told some of the club officers about the 1940 whitewater races on the Rapid River in Maine, which he had won. There was to be a second race on the July 4th 1941 weekend, and wouldn't some of the members like to come up and help out? Liz Kruesi (now Mrs. Warren Joyce) volunteered and later told my wife, Elizabeth, and me about it. She met us Friday in Cambridge, Mass. where we lived then and we took off for South Arm, Maine, arriving in the late afternoon, taking my SPY foldboat along.

Downriver racing was something new and the Rapid River looked about as challenging to me, a former Quebec

ski schusser, as trying to schuss the headwall in Tuckerman's Ravine. (A couple of years earlier in 1938, I had tried the headwall straight from the top, but this attempt ended when I became airborne and lost contact with the ground!)

All the racers, spectators and officials stayed at Coburn's, now Lakewood Camps, at Middle Dam, where the races began. People were there from all over the East, as well as a crew from Fox Movie Tone News, who had been sent up to get movies for their weekly newsreel releases (no TV then!). After supper on Friday, everyone assembled out in front and was told about the race details. Special races on Saturday would be held for open canoes, single foldboats, and double foldboats. Ralph Rich would portage boats back up the trail from the finish, using his Model A Ford and a trailer rig. (See Louise Dickinson Rich's book, *We Took To the*

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Woods; she goes into quite a bit of detail about the movies and conversations that Saturday evening.) On Sunday, there would be an open championship race for all types of boats.

Liz was sent down to be a timer at the finish line. I went down and looked at the first big drop and a few other places and said "Wow!" I do not recall seeing any boats in that section of the river, probably because the casualty rate on Saturday was very high, and I missed the few that made it. I did get a good photo of Alex Grant running the sluice at Lower Dam (now removed) in his Folbot (which had been specially built for him by Mr. Kissner, the head of that company). The photo was snapped just as he hit the curler at the bottom of the Chute, and the only thing visible was a paddle tip. Alex Grant left about noon that same day for Colorado, where he was the first person to run the Grand Canyon in a Kayak. (Later in the year he showed us movies that the Union Pacific Railroad had made of that trip, showing the tremendous waves he encountered, some up to 20 feet high.)

Before supper on Saturday evening, the front lawn was covered with smashed wooden canoes. Some were almost flat, and a few of the canoe contestants were trying to patch and repair what was left. The word was that none of them ever made it to **Pond-in-the-Woods**. But the foldboats with their covered cockpits were another story, and they got down to Pond-in-the-River and into the first big drop without too much trouble. At supper that evening, Liz said she had waited and waited, and no signs of any boats. Finally after hours of waiting, a paddle floated by the finish, which was just below the long "S-turn." About 10 minutes later a seat cushion came along, then a paddle from another boat. Another fifteen minutes and an empty

foldboat floated by. All of these were duly timed and recorded. Finally a single Folbot came gliding by. It was paddled by J. Kissner, the owner of the company that made the boat, and he won that race. I do not recall what other single boats made it, but no doubles did on Saturday.

While watching the river for racers and riding with Ralph, I met Corinne Ingrahm from New York who was also watching the races with a friend. She had a foldboat along and it was ribbed with extra rubber strips for rough usage (mine was not). She seemed eager to try the river on Sunday and I volunteered to paddle with her. We decided that her friend would do the upper, easier stretch from Middle Dam to Lower Dam with me, and Corinne would take her place at Lower Dam. The Race Committee said we could run, but not as an official entry if we changed at Lower Dam.

We made it down to Lower Dam with no problems, carried around the dam, and Corinne got in the bow. We took off full of excitement and anticipation.

This lower section is Class II or III until one gets to the first big drop, which is approached around a bend to the right. One is not aware of what is ahead until he is almost in it. After **36** years, I can still vividly remember the first wave that went right over us, but we were paddling furiously and went right on down, up, and down, riding the big long waves and plowing into some head on. There are three big pitches in this section of the Rapid, the first being the longest. Each has quiet water at the bottom and at the last of the three, there is Smooth Ledge, a popular spot today for surfing or playing the hole there, and for lunches. This is followed by a long sweeping drop bending to the right around a near island, then curving abruptly to the left and dropping

through big standing waves into a quiet section. This is known as the S-turn, and has several real "Stopper" holes in it. Somewhere after the First Big Drop we landed on a rock, perched there momentarily, almost flipped over on the right, and then came loose. The next wave slammed my paddle down hard on the cockpit and broke off the wood retaining rim which held the spray cover in place, and we started shipping water. I managed to get the cover back in place before the next wave hit, but it would not stay. We went on past the newsreel cameras and found a spot to land and dump out the water. There was no way to hold the cover on for long, so we paddled fast to get around bad spots and slowed up to ride over the bigger waves. Somehow we got down to the S-turn intact, dumped water once more, and took off again. More water came in but we stayed upright and crossed the finish line. Apparently no one else had made it through in a double boat, and later we were told ours was the first successful double passage of the Rapid River. (See Committee's letter at the end.) J. Kissner in a single had the fastest run of all the boats and was the official winner.

We have run the Rapid many times since then, starting again in 1965 in a covered Grumman, and later in a K-1.

It is a grand river, always challenging and exciting, although somewhat difficult to reach, requiring a three-day weekend. Last summer I walked down to the First Big Drop and had a long look at it as the sun was setting. The river was higher than I had ever seen it, but that first big hole was right there waiting, little different than it was when I first saw it during the race in 1941.



LETTER OF COMMENDATION

Presented to E. S. Acton, who with Corinne Ingrahm made the first successful double passage of the heaviest pitches of the Rapid River in a fold boat.

(Signed)

The Committee

Second Annual National White Water Championships on Rapid River, Middledam, Maine

July 5th and 6th, 1941

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The Southeastern U.S. Canoe & Kayak Championships will be held June 25-26, 1977 on the Nantahala River, in Wesser, NC. Slalom on Saturday will include all championship classes and novice and open boat classes. Wildwater races on Sunday will include championship and cruising classes. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for application to Ken McAmis, Race Chairman, 2870 Twin Brooks Dr., N.E., Apt. 3, Atlanta, GA 30319.

NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER WINTER RACES

January 8 & 9, 1977

SLALOM

K-1W (4 boats)	Pen	Time	Score
1. Carrie Ashton	20	256	276
2. Kathy Boly	70	295	365
3. Mikki Piras	100	308	408

K-1 (15 boats)			
1. Les Bechdel	0	234	234
2. John Holland	10	236	236
3. Vladimir Vanha	10	248	258

K-1 Jr. (4 boats)			
1. Eddy Parker	240	371	611
2. Roger Falkenberry	270	345	615

C-1 (9 boats)			
1. John Burton	30	256	286
2. Gordon Grant	30	269	299
3. David Dauphine	60	273	333

C-2 (3 boats)			
1. Burton/Grant	20	269	289
2. Eustin/Dauphine	90	261	351
3. Hardy/Underwood	140	290	430

C-2M (3 boats)			
1. Lhota/Piras	90	314	404
2. Eustin/Ashton	140	271	411
3. Barbour/Johns	140	27R	41R

C-2W (2 boats)			
1. Johns/Ashton	60	258	31R
2. Piras/Boly	170	372	542

WILDWATER

K-1 (13 boats)	Time
1. Ken Strickland	21:22
2. David Jones	21:49
3. Brian Palmer	21:58

K-1W	Time
1. Kathy Boly	23:36

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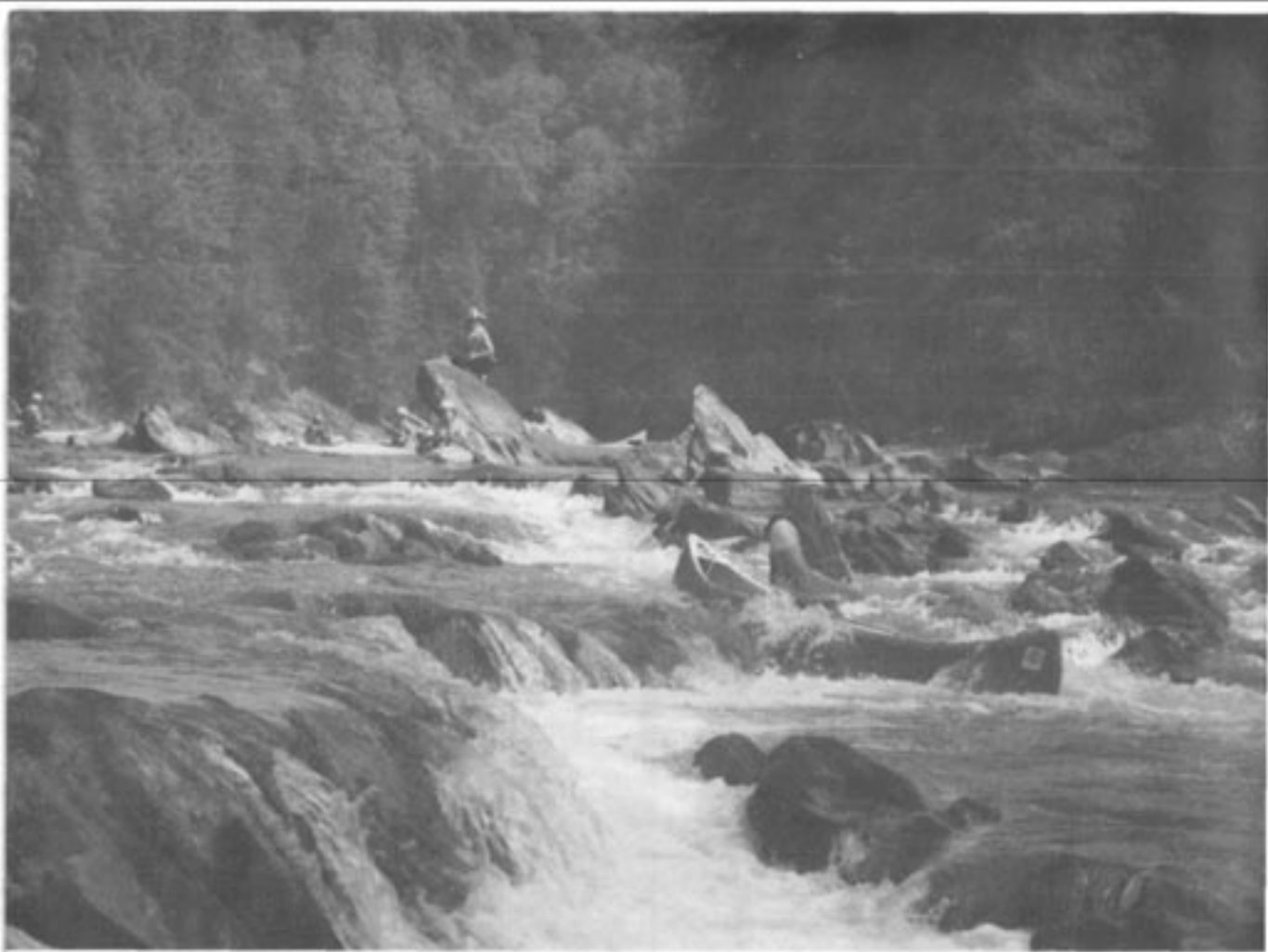
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Members of the Tennessee Valley Canoe Club of Chattanooga thread their way through a rock garden dominated by huge slabs that were background for several scenes in "Deliverance."

THE OTHER CHATTOOGA

Photos and text by Henry Wallace. Prospect, KY 40059

Chattooga! The name can thrill or chill, or both. It can conjure up visions of a raging, foam-flecked torrent roaring down a precipitous canyon between isolated green mountains, uprooting trees, tearing at banks, carrying drift on its tossing crests.

More sinister, it can call to memory a combination of history and legend that tells of stark tragedy in its rock-bound gorges, of those who died from exposure on its cold roadless shores while awaiting help that came too late, or of others who disappeared in its swirling cross-currents, never to be seen alive again.

All too tragically the documented facts show that this giant of Southern whitewater has claimed some 18 lives in the five years since "Deliverance" attracted to its waters hordes of rafters, tubers and hard boaters, many of whom were woefully unprepared to survive its challenge.

This is the Chattooga of Burt Reynolds and meticulously staged terror scenes, the Chattooga in flood or the Chattooga too early in the spring or too late in the fall, when cold weather tells the prudent boater that a hike in its near-wilderness surroundings makes more sense than a possible swim in its

frigid currents.

But this isn't the Chattooga I want to write about, partly because too much has been written already, but mostly because some fact and a lot of fantasy have built an image of this great river that gives the uninformed the impression of something much more ominous and hazardous than a closer look justifies. This is a story of sunny summer days, sparkling clear water and canoe clubs by the dozens from all over the Eastern part of the country enjoying a reasonably safe, very exciting wilderness boating experience on a truly magnificent stream. In a word, the "other" Chattooga.

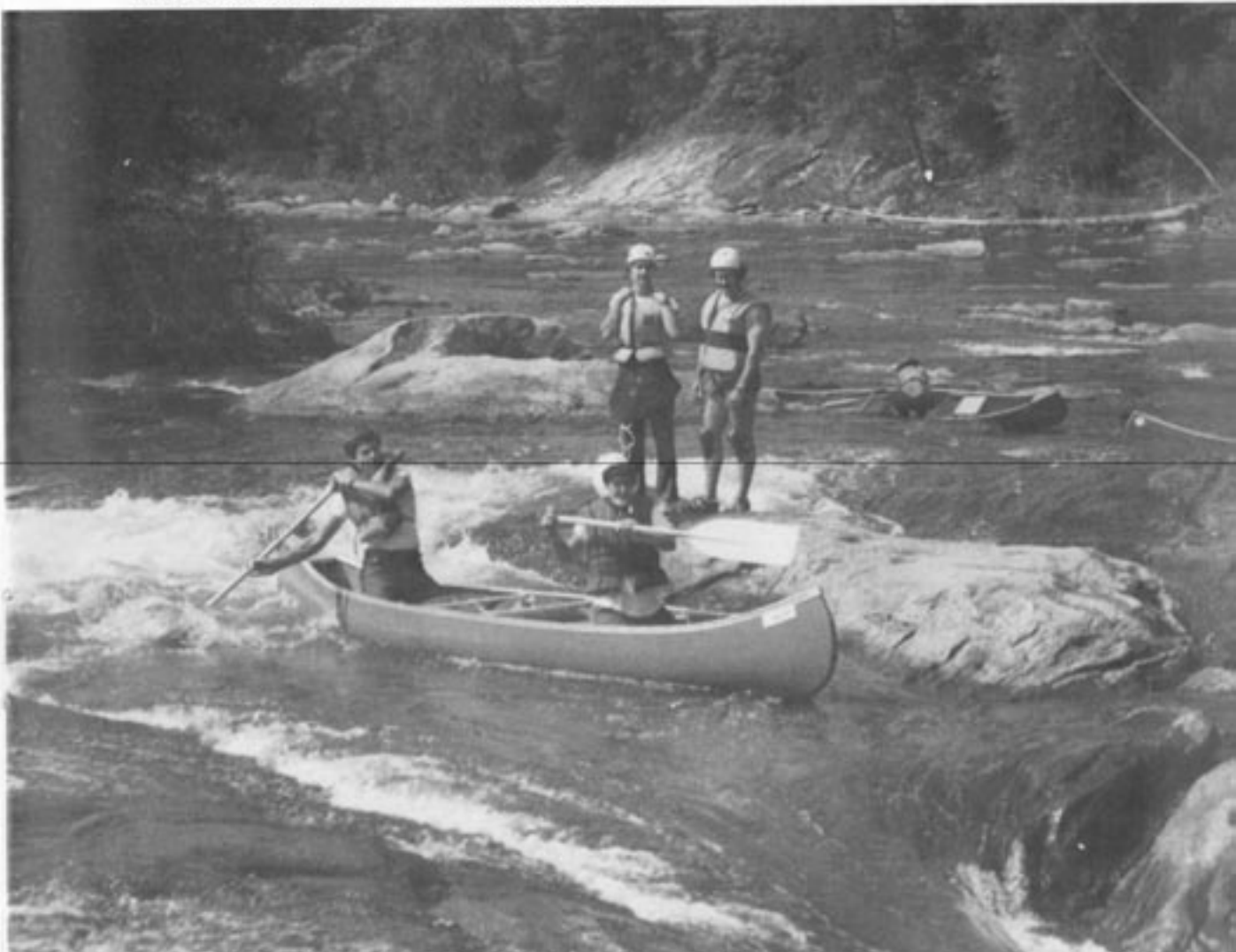
Born in the shadows of Whiteside Mountain in the high country of North Carolina from the tumbling overflow of two small lakes, the Chattooga flows

some 50 miles, mostly through spectacularly rugged country, to its ignominious demise in Lake Tugaloo. For 40 miles it is the South Carolina-Georgia border.

Bob Benner, whose *Carolina White-water* is the standard guide to Western North Carolina's boatable streams, devotes eight pages to taking his readers down the river rapid by rapid. He notes that it drops 2,469 feet, for an average of 49.3 feet per mile, a steep gradient for a relatively large river.

Such a gradient, in fact sounds formidable to the average canoeist, but much of it is in Section I and Section IV, the first a daredevil run when runnable at all, the second for rafters, decked boaters or advanced open canoeists only. So that leaves two sections, a total of about 20 miles, for the inter-

Joyce and Hayes Hunter of Concord, TN, having dropped into slot at Dick's Creek Ledge, head for second part of "S" via a turbulent chute.



mediate boater, a group that comprises the vast majority of whitewater paddlers.

Section II is suitable for novices and is attractive to more experienced paddlers who enjoy quiet, limpid pools, easy ledges, one low Class III drop and the sylvan beauty of myriad tall pines, hemlocks and poplars.

Section III begins at Earl's Ford and flows 12 miles to the take-out under Route 76, which connects South Carolina and Georgia. This section is the intermediate's delight, although it is by no means confined to this category. Advanced and expert boaters, open and closed, are there by the score on most any balmy weekend. There is sufficient challenge in a dozen named rapids for the average boater, and best of all, at levels of two feet and under on the gauge at the 76 bridge, these are

forgiving rapids for those who make mistakes and swim. (Rarely is the flow too low for an enjoyable run.)

With intermediate know-how, a strong group under a leader familiar with the river, adequate throw-ropes and rescue technique, a boater (open or decked) can count on enjoying one of the best whitewater runs to be found anywhere, on a river that has been preserved for posterity under the National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act.

Second Ledge

Second Ledge is a strikingly beautiful river-wide rock formation. On the right is a boulder strainer generally considered impractical at most levels, but on the far left is a special treat for the daring in the form of an eight-foot waterfall that plummets into a wide

With enough flotation in his Blue Hole to float him through even if he swamps, an unidentified canoeist heads for the second sharp turn of Dick's Creek Ledge.





Mark Evans, 11, in mid-air as father Murray guides their C-2 over eight-foot Second Ledge.

pool with no dangerous reversal.

At first inspection this vertical falls might look unrunnable or hazardous, but it is quite suitable for both decked and open boats, and probably less dangerous than most Class III drops. As you go over, half your boat extends into mid-air over the brink, then its entirety plunges almost straight down. There is a sensation of a surprising soft landing, and before you realize what has happened, you are paddling out of the pool. Of course if you don't go over aligned with the current, which is often the case, you swim out or roll up, as the case may be, unless you have an automatic low brace not always found in the repertoire of less experienced boaters.

As an alternative, Second Ledge offers a steep slide at the right of the

falls which leads to the same pool. It is a tricky run, and you can get an argument on the spot whether it is easier than going straight over. Best try both ways, as the lift-up for a second run is easy.

Look back at the Second Ledge scene as you paddle away. The view is sensational, the coloring of sky, water and mirrored tall trees a magnificent wilderness blend. Looking back up the Chattooga in many spots reveals a symphony of natural beauty only a comparative few are privileged to witness.

Bull Sluice

At moderate levels Bull Sluice would get a Class IV rating. Benner calls it a V, and not too many intermediate



Tom Tucker of Birmingham reaches for solid water as he goes over the first drop in Bull Sluice at the end of Section III.

boaters would argue with him. The Forest Service (over)rates it a VI, noting that there have been a couple of fatalities. Once there was a warning sign advising portage, but it was removed or washed away several years ago.

Ervin Jackson, Jr., in his illustrated "River Runners Guide to the Chattooga," gives it a V rating and suggests that the best way to handle it is to carry around. He recommends a helmet and a rabbit's foot if you feel you must run. Certainly a helmet should be mandatory.

But despite dire warnings of the ferocity of the Bull, I see no reason why good intermediates in either decked or open boats shouldn't give it a whirl, or let it give them a whirl, at least at levels up to 1.8 ft. It is much more difficult

tandem than solo because it involves two heavy-water drops of about five feet each that can put a lot of water in an open boat.

With Bull Sluice behind you either by boat, feet or swim, only a few hundred yards of rock-strewn whitecaps remain to the Route 76 bridge. It's a fitting end to one of America's great intermediate whitewater runs.

To check on river conditions for the Chattooga and other area rivers, call Payson Kennedy's Nantahala Outdoor Center at Wesser, NC, (704)488-6407.

**MOVING?
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Let's Hear It for the Crazyies!

MEADOW RIVER — Corridor L Bridge to the Confluence with the Gauley River — 5 Miles — Gauge 5.84 Feet — 1340 cfs — Saturday, October 2, 1976 — 7 Hours — Bob Taylor.

I was so eager with anticipation on Friday after about a week of heavy rain that I couldn't sleep very well that evening even though I didn't have any idea what we might be running on Saturday. After a summer on the New with a few Gauley trips thrown in to keep one's interest up, anything for a change would be an improvement.

I met Ward Eister, Dave and Don Beyer, Bill Shelander, and Carl Lundgren (from New York) on Saturday morning and suggested we try either the Upper Meadow from Rainelle to Russellville or spend the day carrying our boats around the rapids on the lower kamikaze section of the Meadow. Since the Lower Meadow had never been successfully run (or maybe even attempted) at this level (1300 CFS plus), the vote was unanimous — do the Lower Meadow.

Since the run was only 5 miles, we figured we could run it to the Gauley and paddle 6 miles down the Gauley River to Woods Ferry before taking out. That should make for an interesting day—the best of the Meadow and the best of the Gauley.

Just in case something went haywire, however, we also elected to place the car at the top of the mountain leading into the mouth of the Meadow.

By way of a brief description of the lower Meadow River, I offer the following: The Meadow River is one of the major tributaries of the Gauley River system and flows generally north from U.S. Route 60 near Rainelle, W. Va. until it joins with the Gauley River

near Carnifex Ferry State Park south of Summersville, W. Va. Beginning at the Corridor L bridge (U.S. Route 19) over the Meadow south of Summersville, W. Va., the entire run, until the Meadow's confluence with the Gauley, is 5 miles in length. Just beyond the Corridor L bridge, the river changes character with a winding Class 4 cascade and picks up from there. Rapids become boulder piles, eddies disappear into narrow chutes over high ledges and bubble up from under monstrous boulders. Almost every rapid has a death trap and undercut rocks abound. In three miles of the low section, there are 17 rapids, all of Class 5 or 6 variety. The mid-lower section drops 250 feet in 2 miles, while the average gradient of the 5 mile run is approx. 94 feet/mile.* It is unquestionably the most difficult run in W. Va.

The put-in was at 11:00 a.m. beneath the Corridor L Bridge in nice 60° October weather—a definite plus. Five minutes later, we were on the bank scouting the first rapid (the one you can see from the bridge).

This drop is marked by a technical entrance to a boulder garden culminating in a narrow chute at which the entire river slams into and *under* a huge undercut rock angled downriver from left to right. To the right and a little upstream of the angled rock is a large rounded boulder. The river pillows left off this boulder forcing the river even more strongly into the *un-*
**Wildwater West Virginia — Bob Burrell and Paul Davidsorz*



Don Beyer checks out underwater contours of one of the earlier (and easier) rapids, still within sight of the Corridor L bridge. (Yes, he made his roll.) Photo by Bob Taylor.

dercut rock. Immediately below here, the river bends left forcing a majority of the river into another boulder patch that could cause an unsuspecting boater some concern. We scouted from the right bank, decided to attempt to catch the eddy behind the boulder on the right, and then slip out of this eddy downstream thereby sneaking the undercut rock on the left. This worked out well for most of us except for Bill; he blew it, was upside down against the rock, flushed into the current, and was heading towards the next boulder patch upside down. A wet exit and a quick swim into the eddy was in order. His plastic fantastic wasn't so lucky and wrapped completely double around one of the rocks before flushing off. We rescued it a few hundred feet downstream. Except for a few wrinkles and a completely ripped loose seat (the pop rivets had been torn out), the boat was okay. A few, hasty repairs and we were once again on our way.

The next drop a few hundred feet downstream was a completely blind

drop through a maze of huge house-size boulders into a pool. We scouted from the left bank, and a few of us elected a Class-4 sneak down the left bank which required a sharp and difficult right turn at the bottom to avoid broaching. Carl, Dave, and Don elected the middle of the river maze which turned out to be easier than it looked and was most certainly more exciting.

The next drop, again a few hundred feet downstream, was a steep 8- to 10-foot drop along the left bank into and along a rock wall at the bottom. We scouted left and ran the tongue; it looked hairy, but was not too difficult.

Now the river began to get serious. The huge house-size boulders completely obstructed the view. The entrance to this rapid is through a maze of boulders, and the majority of the river gradually works its way to the right before beginning a steep left-to-right drop into a rock that splits the current equally. The right split boils down into a 3-sided, 20-foot walled canyon and disappears—the worst deathtrap I've

ever seen on a river. The left split continues dropping irregularly for another 10 vertical feet through numerous large holes before culminating in a fast short pool. I scouted from the right and decided there was no possible way I would run it; the chance of terminating in the 3-walled canyon, in my opinion, was better than 50%. Ward and I carried on the right bank via use of an old railroad bed 30 feet up from the river. Don, Dave, Carl, and Bill scouted from the left bank and picked at least a Class-5 sneak route which all of them ran successfully. An indication of the difficulty of this rapid was that we spent better than one hour scouting it.

Immediately below here the river picks up for about one-quarter to one-half mile, although it is considerably more open. The entrance to the next drop is on the right over a blind sloping ledge into a hole immediately followed by a complex series of holes, ledges, and, in general, difficult rapids. Bill took another swim here after being

abused for a few seconds in the hole at the bottom of the slide. His roll failed him, and, once again, he was being pushed into a boulder patch upside down. Again, a wet exit was in order. We chased his boat for a good ways and were lucky to catch it; it eddied out by itself. We had to scout another drop before going on after his boat. The same entrance rapid completely collapsed the deck of Don's boat, and we spent 30 minutes or more getting back together from this episode. Of course Bill was on the opposite bank from his boat, and there was absolutely no way to get his boat to him, so he had to come to us. They don't call him Super Duck for nothing—he dove in and swam across this mess which was really quite nasty even for a man *in* his boat.

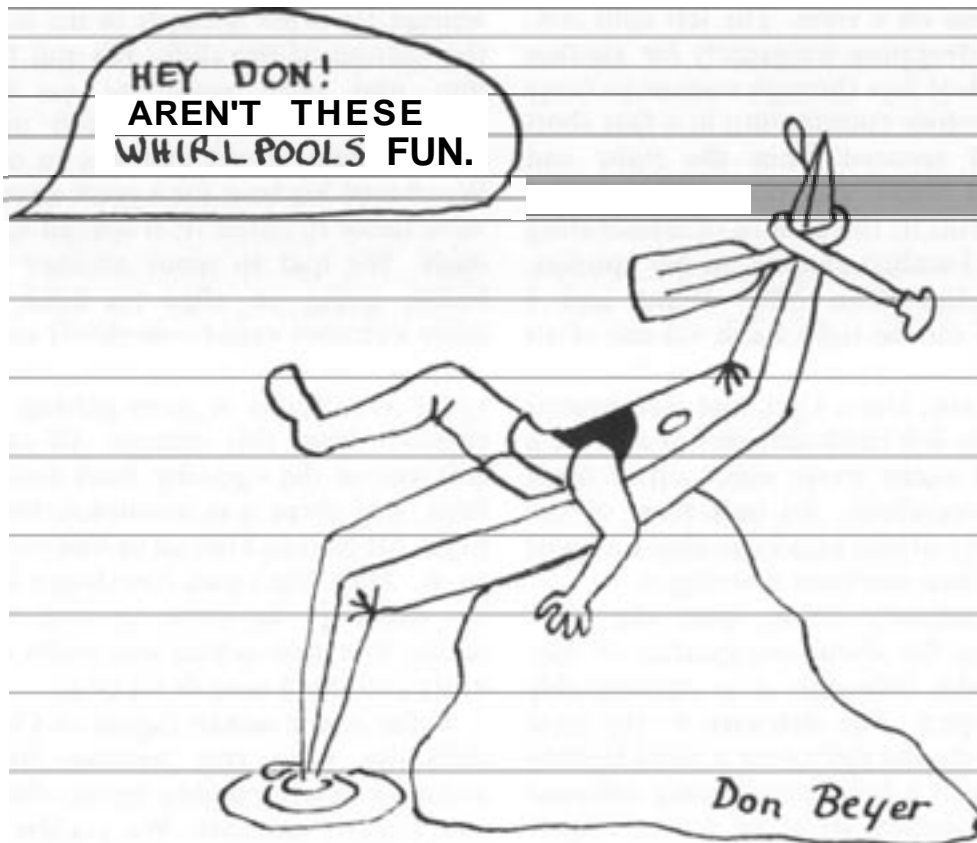
A few more minor rapids of Class-4 difficulty were run without further scouting before coming up to what I'll call Eister's nemesis. We couldn't see the bottom of this drop from above, but there was a pool about 5 feet below with

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more than adequate room to eddy out. Dave dropped out of sight and reappeared in the pool below. Ward was next but didn't reappear. I waited upstream for a few more moments and then saw him swimming. At the bottom of this innocent-looking drop was a God-awful hole that literally had eaten **Ward**. After spending some time in the hole, the force of the water doubled the aluminum shaft on his paddle leaving him (excuse the pun) "up the creek without a paddle." The violence of the hole injured his shoulder such that his arm was pretty much useless.

His boat was pinned in the rock garden immediately below the pool following the hole. This rock garden preceded a complex "S" turn, at the bottom of which the river boiled into a huge rock and dropped 5 feet over either side into a pool (sort of like the pillowed boulder at the bottom of

Pillow Rock on the Gauley at 3500 CFS plus).

Well, it took us (Dave **Beyer**) better than an hour to rescue Ward's boat. Dave ran his boat up on a rock a few yards from Ward's boat and then dove towards the boat, scrambling to catch hold of a rock, boat, or something to escape the dubious pleasure of being washed through the mess just described. Eventually he got to Ward's boat, worked it loose, and it flushed through the "S" mess into the pool where we rescued it on the opposite side of the river from Ward (naturally). We used a rope to ferry his boat and my take-apart paddle across. Even though the pool was relatively calm, Ward had some difficulty in using his shoulder to negotiate it.

He couldn't paddle any further and began the long trek back out of the canyon. It took him **3** hours to walk out,

one hour of which was necessary just to get his boat from the river to the railroad tracks about 300 feet vertically above us. Incidentally, the hole that Ward was caught in could be snuck on the right (if you knew the hole was there).

The next drop I remember was on the right after the river split twice around two islands. The river was curving right to left down through a series of steep drops when all of the sudden it disappeared. Eddies were a little tight, but we managed to get out on the left to scout. The river dropped pretty much vertically 4 feet or so over and around a huge rock, to the right of which the river went up against and somewhat under another large rock. Immediately below here following a fast 30-foot pool, the river disappeared again. The plan: run the upper drop on the left of the boulder into the fast pool and eddy out left on the island. Everyone except me did okay; I misjudged the force of the water and dropped right over the boulder into the hole at the bottom and up against the partially undercut rock. I surfed out and flipped in the pool but rolled (thank goodness). Immediately below this pool is a 6-foot vertical drop into a horrible rocky mess. After scouting, I said, "No thank you," carried across the tip of the island, and ran down a less formidable drop.

The rest of the crew spent a considerable amount of time determining how (and psyching up) to run this defile while I waited in the pool below. Everyone except Bill dropped it okay; Bill however back-ended, pirouetted for a few seconds before falling back into the hole, out of which he negotiated his third swim. Very spectacular aerobatics indeed! •

Immediately below here was another very steep 10-foot sliding drop into what looked to me like a "keeper" hole.

The right side was unrunnable, and we scouted and ran on the left. However, a few feet to the right of a scrappy sneak route where everyone else ran successfully, the river backended me with such force that it actually hurt my back. Luckily, I came up downstream of the hole and again rolled up.

The next drop I remember of consequence is adjacent to the upstream side of the railroad tunnel (and 300 feet vertically down from the tracks). A technical Class-4 entrance into a chute ploughing into a vertical boulder on river left is immediately followed by a short pool, after which is the ugliest rapid of the entire run. I flipped in the entrance and was bruised about as I scraped along the vertical rock wall before flushing into the pool to roll up. A swim here could be the last thing you ever did!! The river drops vertically 5 feet into a hole and washes immediately upon a large rock, flows right into another rock, and then left and partially under another rock, altogether a very difficult double "S" turn. The width at any one place was less than the length of the boat.

Carl and I eddied out left onto a large rock that was completely damming the left side of the river. We carried to the top, balanced our boats, climbed in, and dropped vertically 15 feet plus into the pool below. This exercise was similar to dropping off a bridge or diving board into a river or pool; quite exciting, but not dangerous.

Bill took what I called the most exciting sneak of the day. Right above the double "S" was a balanced rock under which one-quarter of the river flowed. The clearance between the river and the top of the rock was about 3 feet and provided a fairly straight shot into the bottom of the "S" and hence into the pool. He pushed out from the bank, lined up, ducked his head, and flushed

through without incident.

Dave and Don, however, paddled out and onto the rock ledge to the right of the current above the "S". They rocked their boats over the ledge into the hole, surfed the hole to the right, and then out into the narrow chute into the waiting pool below. It worked, but I wouldn't recommend it for the weak of heart.

Below here to the confluence with the Gauley, the river calms down to a good solid Class 4 (the gradient is only 60 feet/mile) and can be scouted from the boat by carefully eddy-hopping one's way down. It's still a very respectable river, however.

That about sums it up. The carry-up the mountain via jeep road took 40 minutes nonstop walking and was one pleasure all of us would have gladly foregone.

Incidentally, the carry-out is along a road off the mountain a few miles east of the Woods Ferry put in and more or less follows the Meadow River. This carry is at the end of W. Va. 24 which comes thru Mt. Lookout from U.S. 19 four miles north of the put-in.

A few words of caution to those of you who may elect an attempt on this river.

- 1) Water level (either lower or higher) could change the character of this river very quickly.
- 2) It must be scouted. The complexity of the rapids, in my opinion, will never lend itself to blind running even though one may become familiar with the river.
- 3) Don't attempt it unless you're very confident of your abilities and your roll. Bill was lucky in the swims he took in that rescue of him and his boat were accomplished without much difficulty. If Bill had had a fiberglass boat in two of his swims, it unquestionably would have been

destroyed.

- 4) Only attempt the run in clement weather. It took us 7 hours, much of which was in scouting. I definitely wouldn't make the run when the air temperature was much below 60° F.

It is interesting to note that every single drop in the river was negotiated by boat although not all of them were done by yours truly; I'm a little weaker of heart than the rest of the crew.

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Camp **Merrie-Wood**
3245 Nancy Creek Rd. N.W.
Atlanta. GA 30327

IDAHO

Northwest River Supplies
Bill Parks
P.O. Box 9243
Moscow. ID 83843

ILLINOIS

Chicago **Whitewater Assoc.**
Pamela Allen
5460 S. Ridgewood Ct.
Chicago. IL 60629

Belleville Whitewater Club
Linda Seaman Tansil, Rep.
No. 3 Oakwood
Belleville. IL 62223

Wildcountry Wilderness Outfitters
516 N. Main St.
Bloomington. IL 61701

INDIANA

Hoosier Canoe Club
Don Halper
Crittendon Dr.
Indianapolis, IN 46224

KENTUCKY

The **Viking** Canoe Club
Halsey Sanford
622 Maryhill La.
Louisville. KY 40207

SAGE—School of Outdoors
209E High St.
Lexington. KY 40507

LOUISIANA

Bayou Haystackers
Susie Latham
1829 Casa Calvo
New Orleans. LA 70114

MAINE

Penobsmt Paddle & Chowder Society
William F. Stearns
Box 121
Stillwater. ME 04489

MARYLAND

Terrapin Trail Club
Bx. 18 Student Union Bldg.
U. of Maryland
College Park. MD 20742

Potomac River Paddlers
Sea Scout 1775
Jim Hill
18505 Kingshill Rd.
Germantown. MD 20767

Monocacy Canoe Club
Box 1083
Frederick. MD 21701

Mason-Dixon Canoe Cruisers
Ron Shanholtr
222 Pheasant Tr.
Hagerstown. MD 21740

MASSACHUSETTS

Experiment with Travel Inc.
Box 2452
281 Franklin St.
Springfield. MA 01101

Appalachian Mountain Club
Boston Chapter
5 Joy St.
Boston. MA 02108

Kayak & Canoe Club of Boston
Phil Temple
Bolton Rd.
Harvard. MA 01451

MICHIGAN

Raw Strength & Courage
Kayakers
Jerry Gluck
2185 Mershon Dr.
Ann Arbor. MI 48103

MINNESOTA

BIG Water Associates — North
Ralph Beer
565 W. Sandhurst Dr.
Roseville. MN 55113

BIG Water Associates — South
Rick Gustafson
10009 Oxborough Rd.
Bloomington. MN 55437

Cascaders Canoe & Kayak Club
Linda Jensen
4925 Emerson Ave. So.
Minneapolis. MN 55409

MISSOURI

Arnold Whitewater Assoc.
John J. Schuh. Pres.
490 Pine Ct.
Arnold. MO 63010

Central Missouri State University
Outing Club
Dr. O. Hawksley, Rep.
Warrensburg. MO 64093

Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club
P.O. Box 16032
Kansas City. MO 64119

MONTANA

Studies in Recreation
Joel Meier
Dept. of HPER
University of Montana
Missoula. MT 59801

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Ledyard Canoe Club
Steve Ruhle
Robinson Hall
Hanover. NH 03755

Coos County **Cruisers**
Pete Riviere
Box 421
Lancaster. NH 03584

Nulhegan Paddle Co.
David Hawkins
Box 381
N. Stratford. NH 03590

NEW JERSEY

Murray **Hill** Canoe Club
V. E. Benes
Bell Labs. Rm. 2C-360
Murray Hill. NJ 07974

Mohawk Canoe Club
Dartery Lewis
455 W. State St.
Trenton. NJ 08618

NEW JERSEY

(Cont.)

Rutgers University Outdoor Club
RPO 2913
New Brunswick, NJ 08903

NEW YORK

**Appalachian Mt. Club
New York Chapter**
Emilie Pentz
145 Sheridan Ave.
Roselle Park, NJ 07204

Kayak and Canoe Club of New York
Ed Alexander, Rep.
6 Winslow Ave.
East Brunswick, NJ 08816

N. Y. Whitewater Club
Roy G. Mercer
110 Bleecker St.
New York, NY 10012

Sport Rites Club Inc.
K. T. LeClair
Brayton Park
Ossining, NY 10562

**Adirondack Mt. Club
Schenectady Chapter**
Betty Lou Bailey
Schuyler 16, Netherlands Village
Schenectady, NY 12308

Niagara Gorge Kayak Club
Doug Bushnell
41-17th St.
Buffalo, NY 14213

**Adirondack Mt. Club
Genesee Valley Chapter**
John A. Robertson, Jr.
581 Lake Rd.
Webster, NY 14580

NORTH CAROLINA

Carolina Canoe Club
Tom Erikson
Box 9011
Greensboro, NC 27408

Watauga Whitewater Club
Richard Furman, M.D.
State Farm Rd.
Boone, NC 28607

Haw River Paddle Shop
211 E. Main St.
Carrboro, NC 27510

River Runners' Emporium
3535 Hillsboro Rd.
Durham, NC 27705

OHIO

Columbus Council, AYH
Joe Feiertag
1421 Inglis Ave.
Columbus, OH 43212

Keel-Haulers Canoe Club
John A. Kobak, Rep.
1649 Allen Dr.
Westlake, OH 44145

Cuyahoga Canoe Club
Chuck A. Tummonds
Box T
Mantua, OH 44255

OREGON

Oregon Kayak & Canoe Club
Box 692
Portland, OR 97201

Southern Oregon Kayak Club
Chuck Schlumpberger
8890 Rogue River Way
Rogue River, OR 97537

PENNSYLVANIA

Slippery Rock State College
L. H. Heddleston, Director
Student Activities & Recreation
Slippery Rock, PA 16057

Allegheny Canoe Club
Walter Pilewski
755 W. Spring St.
Titusville, PA 16354

PENNSYLVANIA

(Cont.)

Penn State Outing Club
John R. Sweet
118 S. Buckhout St.
State College, PA 16801

Eastern River Touring Assoc.
Greg Derco
P.O. Box 451
State College, PA 16802

Harrisburg Area Whitewater Club
P.O. Box 2525
Harrisburg, PA 17105

Conewago Canoe Club
George F. Figdore
2267 Willow Rd.
York, PA 17404

Allentown Hiking Club
Bill Bevan
124 S. 16th St.
Allentown, PA 18102

Appalachian Trail Outfitters
29 S. Main St.
Doylestown, PA 18091

**Appalachian Mt. Club
Delaware Valley Chapter**
Fred Cox
476 Kerr La.
Springfield, PA 19064

Dauber Canoe & Kayak
Walter Daub
Box 59
Washington Crossing, PA 18977

TENNESSEE

Tennessee Scenic Rivers Assoc.
Box 3104
Nashville, TN 37219

Sewanee Ski & Outing Club
Doug Cameron
University of the South
Sewanee, TN 37375

The Baylor School
Chattanooga, TN 37401

Tennessee Valley Canoe Club
Geo. M. Marterre
Box 11125
Chattanooga, TN 37401

Footsloggers
P.O. Box 3865 CR5
2220 N. Roan St.
Johnson City, TN 37601

E. Tenn. WW Club
Mike Holland
P.O. Box 3074
Oak Ridge, TN 37830

Chota Canoe Club
Box 8270 University Sta.
Knoxville, TN 37916

Bluff City Canoe Club
P.O. Box 4523
Memphis, TN 38104

TEXAS

Texas Explorers Club
Bob Burleson, Rep.
Box 844
Temple, TX 76501

Explorer Post 425
A. B. Millett
708 Mercedes
Ft. Worth, TX 76126

Kayaks Limited
Larry A. Dailey
4110 Markham St.
Houston, TX 77027

Whole Earth Provision Co.
2410 San Antonio
Austin, TX 78705

Texas Whitewater Association
Thomas B. Cowden
P.O. Box 5264
Austin, TX 78763

UTAH

Wasatch Whitewater Assoc.
Chris Arthur Spelius
161 South 11 East
Salt Lake City, UT 84102

Wasatch Mountain Club
Jim Mason
511 S. 9th E.
Salt Lake City, UT 84102

VERMONT

Marlboro College Outdoor Program
Malcom Moore
Marlboro, VT 05344

Johnson Whitewater Club
Pamela C. Peckham
Box 649
Johnson State College
Johnson, VT 05656

Brattleboro Outing Club
Donald L. Kinley
1 Dragon Pl.
Brattleboro, VT 05301

VIRGINIA

Coastal Canoeists, Inc.
Larry & Hope Gross
P.O. Box 566
Richmond, VA 23204

Explorer Post 999
R. Steve Thomas, Jr.
3509 N. Colonial Dr.
Hopewell, VA 23860

Blue Ridge Voyageurs
Harry W. Patch Jr.
1610 Woodmoor La.
McLean, VA 22101

WASHINGTON

Washington Kayak Club
Dave Hamilton
17318 30th Ave. S., #M2
Seattle, WA 98188

Pacific Water Sports
Lee A. Moyer
1273 S. 188th
Seattle, WA 98148

University of Washington Canoe
Intramural Activity Bldg.
Seattle, WA 98195

White Water Sports
Larry Jamieson
6820 Roosevelt Way N.E.
Seattle, WA 98115

The Tacoma Mountaineers
Kayak & Canoe Comm.
Bob Hammond
3512 Crystal Spg.
Tacoma, WA 98466

Desert Kayak & Canoe Club
Larry E. Thomas
450 Mateo Ct., Richland, WA 99352

WEST VIRGINIA

Wildwater Expeditions Unlimited, Inc.
P.O. Box 55
Thurmond, WV 25936

WISCONSIN

**Sierra Club
John Muir Chapter**
Rosemary & David Wehnes
2604 N. Murray Ave., #107
Milwaukee, WI 53211

Wisconsin Whitewater River Runners
Dennis Slater, Jr.
5530 W. Cold Spring Rd.
Milwaukee, WI 53220

Fond Du Lac Voyageurs Canoe Club
114 Harrison Pl.
Fond Du Lac, WI 54935

CANADA

Edmonton Whitewater Paddlers
P.O. Box 4117 S. Edmonton P.O.
Edmonton, Alberta
Canada T6E-458

Ontario Voyageurs Kayak Club
J. G. Shragge
116 St. Germain Ave.
Ontario, Canada M5M 1W1