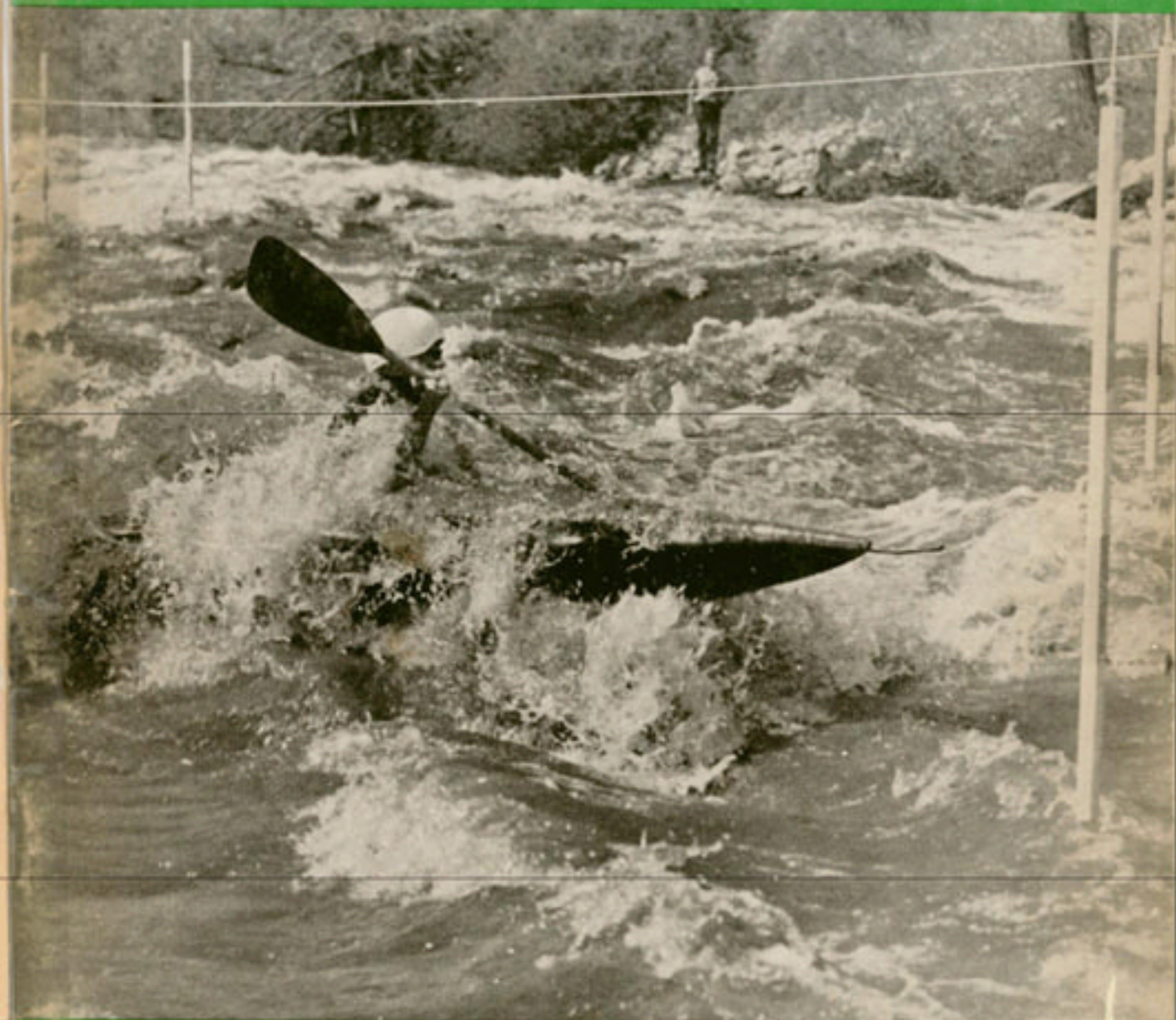


American

WHITE WATER



AUTUMN, 1965

Vol. XI, No. 2

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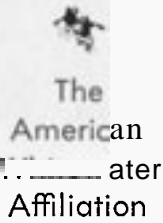


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Send all subscriptions, checks, changes of address and queries
al out non-receipt of copies to the Circulation Manager (address below).
Send advertising matter and payments to the Business Manager,
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- Editor: Peter D. Whitney, 1544 La Loma, Berkeley, Calif., 94708
- Midwest Editor: Nancy C. Jack, 805 Sandusky Ave., Kansas City 1, Kans.
- Racing Editor: David A. Kurtz, 623 W. College Ave., State College, Pa.
- Business Manager: Charles Smith, 1760 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94709
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- Eastern Advertising: Mark Fawcett, Chadds Ford, Pa.
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American WHITE WATER is mailed to all members of the American
Whitewater Affiliation in June, September, December and March. Mem-
bership is open to all who are interested in river sport, for the sum of
\$2.50 per year.
The magazine welcomes contributions of articles, photographs and
drawings, but assumes no responsibility for them. Address all editorial
material to the Managing Editor or to the nearest Regional Editor.
Correspondence regarding the Affiliation or boating information should
be sent to the Executive Secretary, Robert G. Field, Haverhill St., No.
Reading, Mass. 01864.
Deadline for insertion of copy or advertising—first of month prior to
month of issue.

Printed in the United States of America

Cover: Bill Clayton, 1965 Colorado Rocky Mt. School Slalom
Photo by Art Kidder



Dear Peter:

Our sport is so small that the Canadians and anyone else should be welcome in our national competition.

I believe that a North American championship alternated between Canada and the United States, as well as Eastern and Western sections, should be instituted.

As you know, our upper Arkansas River will be lost in a few years. This will impede seriously the development of white water boating in Colorado and may even mark the end of the sport in our state. I believe that every effort should be made to dramatize the loss. A "National Boating Week" featuring the finest boaters from the United States and Canada would do much to publicize this tragedy. The excellent water conditions of the Arkansas from Pine Creek Canyon to about ten miles upstream from Salida could provide the finest downriver and slalom race ever held in this country. For this reason, I think every effort should be made to bring about a first-class National Championship here in 1967.

I do not believe that any limitation of class of boats would provide a worthwhile race. In other words, if a concession is made to bring the Kayak Nationals (alone) to the Arkansas . . . I for one would not be interested.

Dave Morrissey
419 South Alkire
Denver, Colorado 80228

Dear Mr. Whitney:

I am opposed to intersectional rivalries. I would like to feel that all white-water racers in the United States could be united behind a common goal, that of furthering the sport in this country. However, you seem to be asking for it in your derisive little editorial, decep-

tively titled "A Correction," Summer 1965.

I assume you are concerned solely with the selection of the men's K-1 representatives on the U. S. Slalom Team. If so, it appears that you are unhappy with the fact that two team places out of our quota of four were held by Easterners, and that you do not approve of the method of their selection. Let us examine the background leading up to this selection.

The Spring Racing Report stated that Roger Paris had been elected Captain of the 1965 U. S. Team by the ACA Slalom Committee, and that Dave Kurtz, National Slalom Chairman, was to be Associate Captain. It further stated that Kurtz, acting as National Slalom Chairman, had appointed Paris to be in charge of selecting the K-1 team, and that this would be done on the basis of a training camp to be held in Colorado in June. Insofar as this was not done, your correction stands correct. I object, however, to your allegations of underhandedness in the final selection, and to your decrial of Eastern kayakists in the closing paragraph.

The original method had little chance for success from the outset. Besides short notice and an inconvenient date, it is a long trip to Colorado, and coming in a World Championship year it would put a terrific burden on both finances and vacation time to go to both Colorado and Europe. Yet without this gathering, and with no other basis for comparison, what could be more fair than a two-two split? Such an apportionment is in accord with my understanding of an agreement reached by Paris and Kurtz when it became obvious that it would not be possible to bring all the competitors together in Colorado. It is also my understanding that this agreement was kept in-

formal simply because there was no need to formalize it. Paris was in charge of the selections; if he was willing to delegate selection of half the team to the East, then there is no reason why he should not have done so. It was possibly a fairer method anyway. Selection by a Westerner at a Western-based training camp could easily have developed a Western bias—probably unintentionally, but the result would be the same regardless. In addition, any number of K-1 alternates could have been sent; the West was not limited to one.

Indeed, no Easterner has held the U. S. K-1 title in over five years. Similarly, K-1 Nationals have not been held in the East in over five years. It's a long way from the East coast to Colorado, and a very long way indeed to California. Few Easterners have made the trip, and few Westerners have made the reverse trip. Would Westerners dominate a K-1 Nationals held in the East? I doubt it.

Interest is already running strong among a number of top Eastern kayakers to go west in '66. I hope they do. I personally would like to see the K-1 Nationals held at Buena Vista next year, and would especially like to see a strong Eastern team sweep the class (viewed from the comparative safety of my trusty C-1, of course!). It should be a memorable event.

Very sincerely,

John R. Sweet
118 S. Buckhout St.
State College, Pa., 16801
3 December, 1965

(A great many things might be said in answer to John Sweet's letter. Perhaps the fairest and most chivalrous is to say "Welcome" to Eastern claimants willing to come and fight for the championship. From what the grapevine tells us, they will be loaded for bear.—Ed.)

(P.S.—Why opposed to sectional rivalries? I think they're great.)

Dear Mr. Whitney:

I have been subscribing to AWW for four years and thoroughly enjoy and benefit from it. I have attended many canoe schools and read many articles on canoeing where reference is made

to information in AWW. I would like to suggest that specific articles on safety, equipment, directions for making items such as knee straps, decking, etc., be reprinted every five years in condensed form. Many of the articles are referred to and if one had only subscribed a year or two it would be difficult to get them. From the number of new people in lake and river canoeing schools, there must be a substantial group of people who don't have access to the cumulative index or know they can buy back issues.

I feel many publications pertaining to a specific sport such as canoeing, skiing, hiking, etc. tend to forget there are new people coming into the sport all the time who do not have access to basic and very important information which may have been in print a few years earlier. . . .

Very truly yours,
Robert A. Markley
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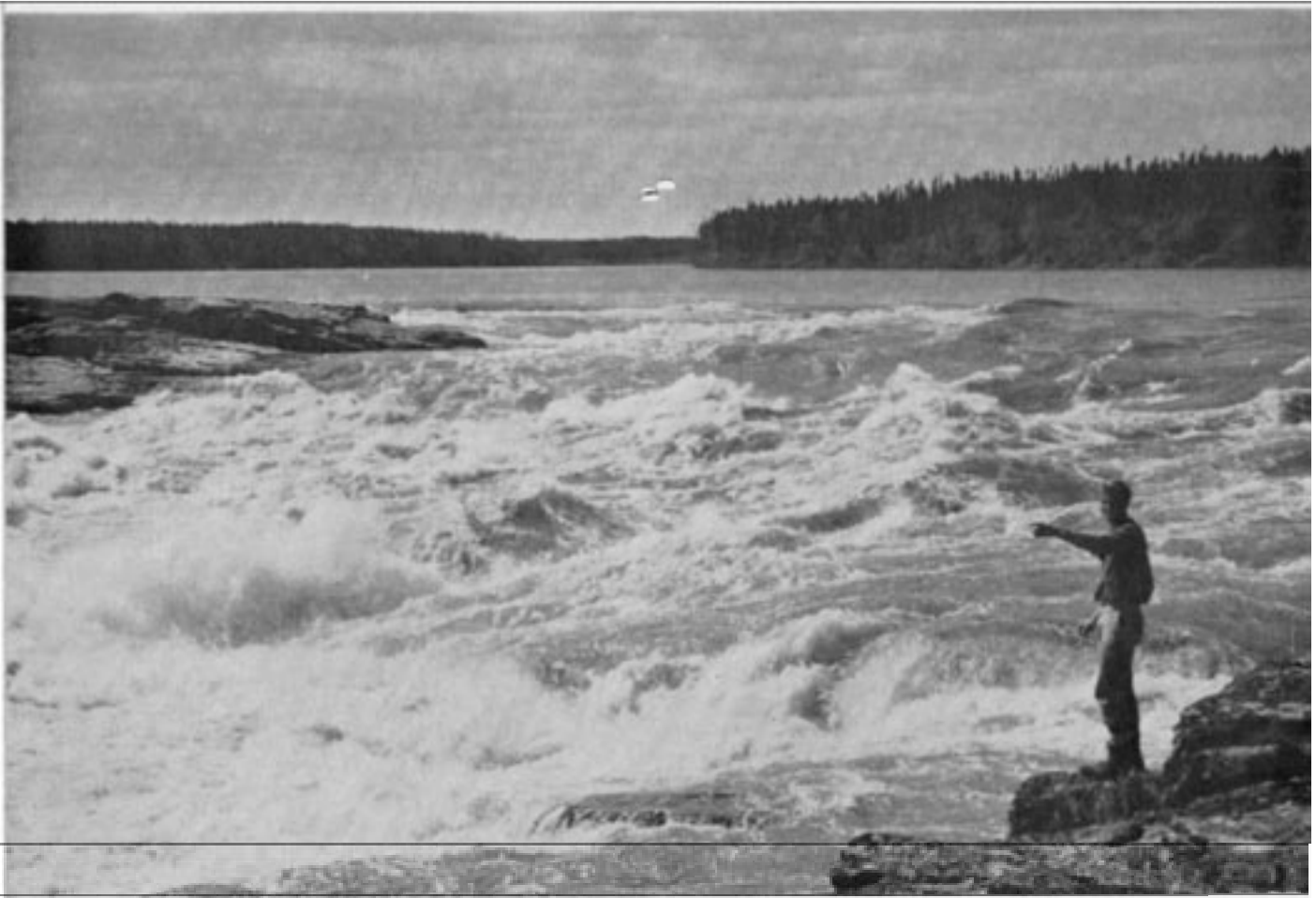
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"We were speechless for awhile . . ." Iroquois Chute on the Nottaway

They Went Nottaway

(An *interview with Al Zob and Jim Vanderleck*, by Cecil Wilkins of the *Ontario Voyagers' News*. The Nottaway flows from northern Quebec to Rupert House on James Bay.)

Q: When and why did you first start planning definitely for the trip?

A. [Zob]: I have always been fascinated by the idea of traveling through a wilderness. The Nottaway River flows through some rather rugged country, which may not be the wildest in Canada, but is certainly a good start for a beginner like myself.

Although I am quite experienced in river running, I had never spent more than three days away from civilized country before this trip. Yet my interest has often been focussed on the far north. Whether it was due to reading a

Gray Owl story or the history of Canada's exploration, the effect was always the same. I felt an urge to go and see the true northern wilderness. Who knows how much longer it will remain undisturbed by the advancing signs of our atomic age?

When I discovered that Jim Vanderleck had similar interests, it took no time before we started to make tentative plans about a canoe trip. His many years of experience of traveling in the north, combined with my knowledge of rapids and rivers, gave us the confidence required for such an undertaking. As far as we know, no one had ever travelled on the Nottaway River down to the sea for pleasure. It was considered to be a formidable river, requir-



The waves were large beyond the previous experience of the party.

ing a great deal of experience and caution from any canoeist.

Yet the more we learned about this river, the more challenging the idea of running it became. So our early plans soon grew into final decisions. Later Austin Hoyt and Terry Townsend decided to join us. Their presence was to add a lot to the value of the trip and to reduce considerably the amount of risk we had to take.

The Nottaway

Q: Why did you choose the Nottaway River in northern Quebec?

A: The Nottaway River flows up from the sea, the land rises fairly steeply, unlike most of northern Ontario where the Hudson Bay lowlands lie. This constant slope throughout the course of the river assured us of good rapids and of steady flow, both of which are preferable to waterfalls where portaging is necessary. Maps showed only two waterfalls, representing a drop of 100 feet only, while the rest of the 700-foot drop was shown only as rapids. So the Nottaway River promised lots of excitement without having to exert ourselves by innumerable and difficult portages.

Aerial photographs of the river

showed rocky gorges, numerous islands and varying shorelines, the presence of which would improve the scenery. Even though it is possible to reach a branch of the river by car, the Nottaway itself is completely untouched by civilization. There are no roads or settlements anywhere nearby, and once on the river the chance of seeing another man would be slight. To us that was an attraction, as we wanted to enjoy nature in her true, undisturbed state.

Q: Were you able to get reasonably good information about the river?

A: Most of the information we had, had little practical value. We know, for example, that someone by the name of N. Choquette drowned in the Toreau Rapids in 1951, and that in 1956 a skeleton was found further down the river, believed to be one of two American boys who attempted to run the river the year before. A party was sent to survey the river valley for a possible railway in 1912, a venture that ended in complete failure and loss of several lives in the rapids.

The only person ever to navigate the river successfully, as far as we could find out, was a Hudson's Bay

Company man, who in 1791 canoed down the river with a party of Indians. He recommended against using the Nottaway as a route for the fur-trading brigades, which, no doubt, was a wise choice.

However, we were able to obtain some accurate maps of the entire 200-mile course, and even a river profile. This was of great value to us, as now we could estimate the length of the difficult sections we would encounter. In addition, we had some aerial photographs, which, however, did not prove to be as helpful as we had hoped. It is hard to judge the size of a rapid even from the most detailed aerial photographs, and often we underestimated the difficulty of the rapids.

Boats: Slalom C-2s

Q: What type of craft did you choose, and why? Did you modify them?

A: Anticipating many difficult rapids and heavy white water, we ruled out the possibility of using open canoes. The Nottaway has an average flow of 30,000 cfs in August, which is about ten times as great as the Cattaraugus Creek in early April, and almost one-third of the flow of water over the Niagara Falls in the fall. The Mohawk type covered slalom canoe seemed to be a better choice, even though we found it a rather low boat.

Both canoes were equipped with two bulkheads each, the purpose of which is twofold. First, we wanted to keep our luggage dry, even in case of a capsize, by completely isolating the luggage compartment in the center. Second, by preventing the boat from flooding even when turned over, it could be dragged to the shore more easily. Actually, this idea worked very well. Once Jim and I capsized in some big rapids, and we managed to turn the boat back up and climbed in to paddle ashore. In this operation we shipped only about 10 gallons of water, and the center compartment remained completely dry.

Survival

Q: Was each boat self-sufficient in food and camping equipment?

A: Yes . . . even the complete loss of one boat would not have been a disaster.

Q: Did you have special equipment for cold, wet and flies? Satisfactory?

A: Yes, we had, although I must admit the weather was much worse than what we anticipated. During the second week of our trip we had rain every day but one, and the temperature was usually in the low 40s. This, combined with strong northerly winds, was more than what our equipment and clothing were designed for.

There were days when most of our clothing was wet and we found it difficult to keep warm. Often we had two campfires, one for the sole purpose of drying wet clothing. At times we were forced to camp in the bush because the wind was too strong to be comfortable in an open area.

This bad weather had one advantage: there were no flies. But even on warmer days the flies were quite tolerable. I suffered less from the flies there than I had many times on our own week-end kayak trips.

Food

Q: Did you take the right kind of food, and enough of it?

A: We were well satisfied with the kind of food we took, although we wished we had more. We had lots of variety in dehydrated and dried products such as meat, vegetables, eggs, fruit, soup, milk and wheat products. Our daily ration was 50 per cent above a normal camper's diet of 2½ pounds per man per day. A larger ration could have been readily consumed. We always managed to eat three solid meals a day even in difficult circumstances.

The Teams

Q: How did you select the three other members of the expedition? Would you describe them, showing how they were suitable to take part? Were your estimates of their suitability changed during the trip?

A: Jim is an amazingly energetic man, with a great deal of endurance and courage. His enthusiasm could not be dampened even in the most difficult and frustrating moments. I have always admired him for these qualities and my admiration only grew during the trip.

We did a lot of white-water training together, and often paddled for hours in the evening in Lake Ontario to be in

shape for this trip, which often demanded 25 to 30 miles of paddling a day. This was quite a distance in our slow canoes.

Austin and Terry . . . were both experienced paddlers. Austin's record was especially impressive: he is the only man who has successfully navigated both the South Nahanni River in northern British Columbia and the Back River in the Arctic.

Terry is an excellent photographer, and thanks to him, today we have hundreds of beautiful colored slides of our trip. Jim and Austin took care of the cooking, and did a splendid job, I must say.

[Vanderleck] I would like to add that the four-man group soon performed as a team, which was essential to the success of the trip. Each person had special traits and skills which proved invaluable. The benefit of each person's previous experience was clearly evident. I am not being dramatic when I say that our lives were in the hands of Al Zob, whose judgment on runnable and impassable rapids was outstanding.

The success of the trip depended more on Al's skill than any other single factor.

The Start

Q: When and how did you get into Lake Mattagami to start?

A: From Amas, Quebec, a recently built gravel road leads north to the mining town of Mattagami. The total distance from Toronto is about 600 miles. From this town we took the Bell River to Lake Mattagami, which is drained by the Nottaway River.

Q: How did you and the others feel on pushing off?

A: It was a pretty exciting moment. We started just above some rapids, quite tricky ones, and a group of people, including Terry's parents, were watching us. It would have been terrible to capsize there, at the very beginning, and yet we did not want to start portaging five minutes after the beginning of the trip. But we got through all right, and the tension that had built up in us during the last days of hurried preparation suddenly vanished. **(To be continued)**

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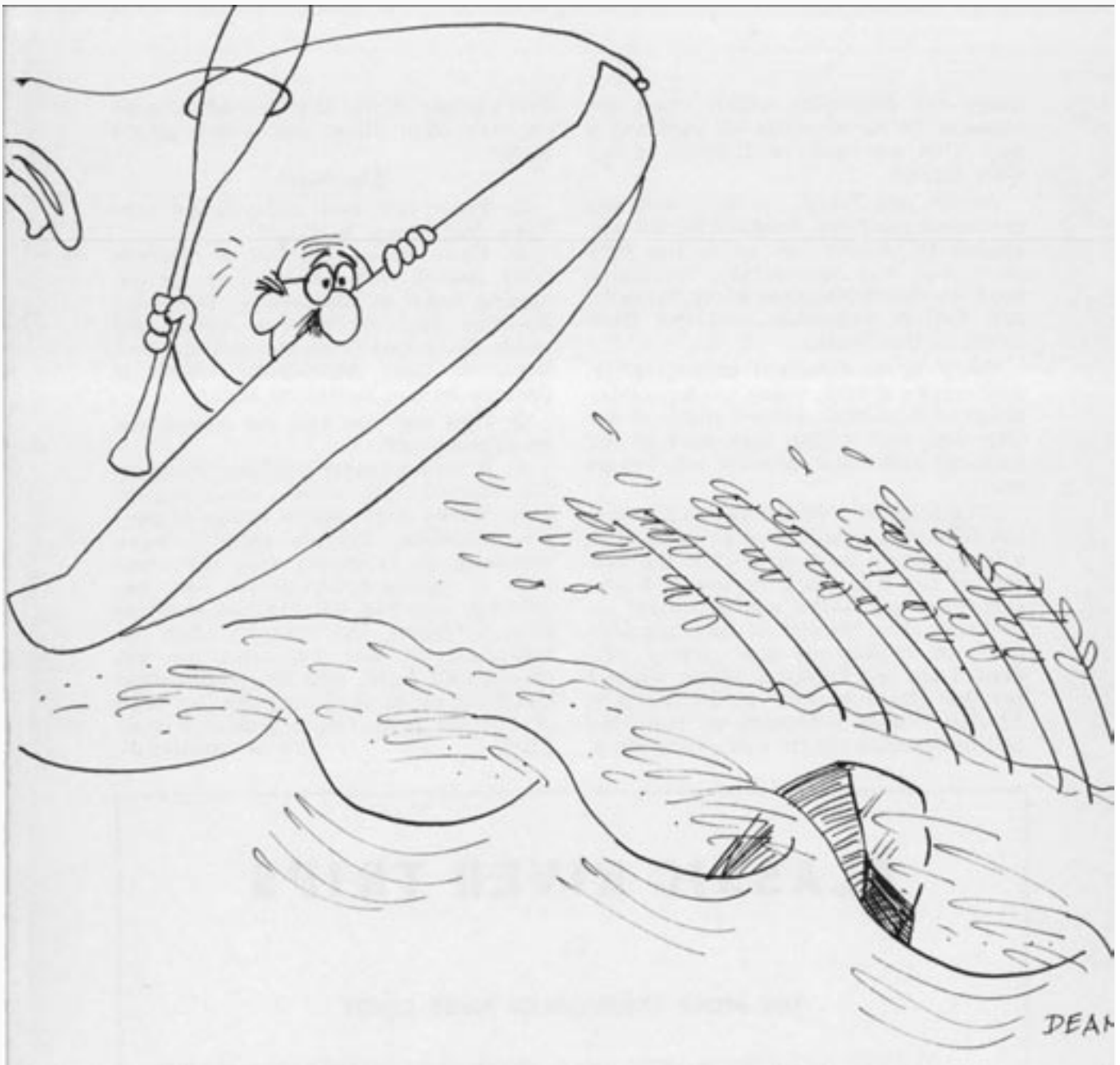
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The Breeze and I

By Jim McAlister

Having read that adventure is the effort to extricate oneself from a situation that no sensible person would have entered I begin to understand the attitude of my fellow club members. They believe I am crazy. I concur. A crowd cannot make a mistake. A member of the group cannot feel responsible for the actions of the mob although he may identify with group

triumphs. The human animal is gregarious like the buffalo and the peccary. It is the cat that walks by himself.

It is only when you are alone that you can have the feeling of involvement, that you can say, "Nobody but an idiot could have gotten into a mess like this. Now, let's see if you can get the hell out."

Usually an active sense of fear serves to avoid adventures. It is easier to come by than good sense. The wind frightened me off the Madison River in Montana twice. The upper Gallatin scared me so badly that I put in way down at Manhattan, Montana.

But Not Gentle Swan

However, no one would be afraid of Swan Creek. Swan is lovely; our canoe, Le Cygne, is named for Swan Creek. That is why, even though the wind was howling, I thought Le Cygne and Swan would take me from Dickens to Forsythe with no trouble. I had never run Swan solo.

Knee pads were forgotten in the excitement of the put-in. Beauty always excites me; the white water and deep blue eddy below the slab were bordered by a cloud of plum blossoms and a service berry tree in full flower stood over the run.

A gust hit as I shoved off and I missed the slot in the slab by three feet. Now was the time to cancel out but the wind was pushing Le Cygne into the bluff while the current was trying to slam it into a ten-foot boulder. After spinning twice in the eddy below the rock the canoe entered first Dickens rapids on the right (wrong) side bow first and rode it bow first all the way through the chute into the second rapids. Note: Why did I ever call that a riffle? A gust caught the Grumman as we crossed the wave at the head of the second rapids and slammed us into the willows.

Willows Reject Us

Wind in the willows is for poets. The willows bent, recoiled and pitched us back into the channel. I tried sitting on my heels crouched low in the canoe and of course my legs cramped. Ahead were three down trees complete with root wads in a swift drop. This would have been difficult on a calm day but with no control over the canoe I had only a curiosity as to what might happen. As we tried to pass the first rootwad on the left, the wind shoved us violently to the right where the canoe bounced off the bushes and into the jet without touching a root. I noticed a dry brassy taste in my mouth and saw Le Cygne was in the slick entering Colorado Rapids. I named this the first

time we ran Swan because it looks like a Colorado stream should look. The water is blue-white while the stream bottom appears to be brilliant sky-blue. The waves which would normally be about three feet high were whipped into a froth so it was hard to judge.

After a sharp drop about fifty feet in length the creek turns left and gallops over rocks for some ninety yards.

As the Grumman hit the big wave at the turn the bow lifted, was caught by the wind and kept climbing. My hard maple paddle was in deep so I jerked the grip across in a violent pryaway and we flopped back in the trough, headed upstream but upright. The canoe and I spun down the rapids without taking much water and didn't touch a rock.

Big Roller was Altered

One of the prettiest rapids on Swan is a straight run down the left side of an island. It is not on the map because it presents no problems. The colors are magnificent. We rode during a lovely 20-second lull in the wind. I worked Le Cygne down the wide shallow approach to Big Roller rapids by digging at the solid rock bottom with the glass tip of my paddle only to find that some vandal has bulldozed a dam of boulders across the entrance of Big Roller and only a trickle gets through.

I pulled the canoe up on the gravel to look and deplore — so the wind pitched it back into the drink. I caught it.

The new channel bypasses about 150 yards of what was fine white water, then cascades into the top of the stairs. As I hit the top wave the wind hit me and dumped about 20 gallons of water into the tub. Now I had waves inside and outside the canoe which did not improve stability. I wallowed ashore and dumped the water.

Why didn't I sit down and rest or wait for the wind to die? Why is a canoeist? I was wet, tired, frustrated and MAD enough to push Le Cygne down the Swan in spite of the wind. In that frame of mind we made the second and third flights of stairs, passed Blue Eddy, the chimneys and into the pool above steel bridge—the only still below Dickens. All it took to get through the pool was straight

hard paddling. A shoe-keel Grumman is responsive: to the paddle, the wind but not to the water. It will skitter across the surface like a dry sycamore leaf because it is a two-man craft made for easy maneuvering in white water.

The slalom run below the bridge became a problem. Water plumed up on the snags about 10 inches. I worked down the chute. A gust hit us, the craft turned sideways and we went back up the chute. I had no influence on the canoe. The thought occurred that turning the canoe upside down would lessen the wind resistance. This seemed imminent but slightly impractical. Finally the stern hooked a root-wad while the bow continued upstream. I jumped over the middle thwart, drove Le Cygne into the bank, and pulled us downstream by the willow branches.

Some Rock Ballast

When I bumped into Pine Bluff I grabbed the biggest rock liftable and

rolled it into the bottom of the canoe. There is no big stuff below Pine Bluff. It was possible to get through the Pine Bluff Slalom, the Gravel Mine and the rocks merely by shifting my weight and ruddering. Of course Le Cygne spun out of control several times but lost no paint.

Ruby was waiting with the car at the park. I dumped the rock, water and dead leaves. We picked up the craft and took one step forward. My arms and legs collapsed, the canoe fell on my head and I fell forward onto the rocky bank. The rocks felt soft.



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The Singing Loons

By J. M. Vanderleck

Illustrations by Maxine Morse

People who have never threaded their way through wilderness lakes and their connecting rivers could not know of the affinity between the wilderness paddler and the loons that greet him on his travels. Present-day wilderness voyageurs who cruise summer after summer through the myriad of lakes of the Canadian Shield always look forward to the company of the loons. This is because loons, unlike most wild animals, take an interest in a paddler and often swim over to see him better and perhaps serenade him with the well-known laughing call.

The lakes are not well populated with loons and sometimes you can pass right through a lake without seeing any. However, if you stop to camp for the night, before long a pair of loons will likely pay you a visit and perhaps produce some harmony by voicing in unison the laughing tremolo call. On such occasions you can speak back to them and they will likely reply with more of their musical talk. When "talking" to humans the loons speak nothing but tremolo, and I like to think this is their welcome to the canoe man who has chosen their lake for an overnight stop.

Four Different Songs

When loons call to each other, they appear to use four additional distinct calls, each with several variations. The yodel is a shrill call which is believed to be the danger signal. The yodel rises in pitch in three steps to a shrill crescendo, and then fades in two descending steps. Often one of the ascending steps is left out.

Another call is the wail which sounds more like the last agonizing cry of a dying spirit from out of this world than the call of a loon. The wail starts up high and descends gradually in pitch and finally tapers off low in pitch and

volume. It is used when a mate is calling for relief from its brooding on the nest, but I have heard the wail from loons who are no longer nesting.

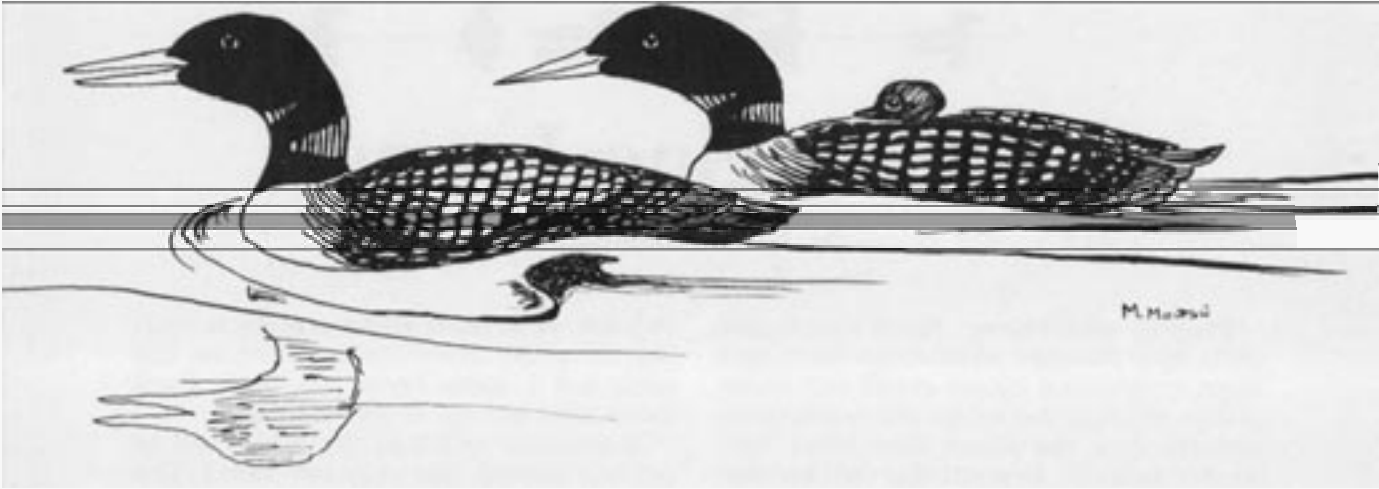
A common call that is simple, and as yet not named, has only two notes. The first is short and is followed by a long-drawn-out higher note. When the loons are flying I have heard them use this call but with a variation where the second note gradually falls in pitch and the call is repeated three to six times without a break. These calls are probably the least conspicuous selections of a loon's repertoire.

The most shrill and the most spectacular vocal display may be termed "the whooping call" for lack of a better name. When five or ten loons are sporting themselves far out in the lake you will often see and hear them whooping it up. At such times the whooping call is a favorite. The first note is followed by a high short shrill whoop or "whip" which is immediately followed by two notes in descending pitch. This is often voiced three times in sequence without a break.

Play Them in Hi-Fi

Nowadays the wilderness paddler need not wait for summer to renew his acquaintance with the music of his friends the loons, because most of these calls are on a popular disc. This can be heard any time he wants to turn on his record player. However, the record scarcely gives an inkling of the music produced by the singing loons of Minniss Lake for the sole benefit of Doris and myself.

We were travelling in the upper reaches of the Albany River watershed, working our way up the Minniss River from Lake St. Joseph. After a busy day of paddling upstream, portaging around rapids, and navigating past tempting



but false water courses, we came to a large beautiful lake. This was Minniss Lake of which we were the sole human occupants. As we paddled up the bay leading to the main body of water six loons swimming abreast came to meet us. Two started the laughing call in unison and then their companions joined in. The harmony produced by the sextet was unbelievable. It seemed that one sang tenor and another soprano, with the others harmonizing appropriately. The six loons kept their positions abreast and facing us as they continued their concert without interruption. When we eased off on our paddling, the loons knew they had an appreciative audience and they continued their music unabated. As we slowly glided through the water, the loons kept turning to face us. Eventually we began to leave them behind and the concert stopped. They had kept the program going for almost five minutes.

Some say that the best loon music is at dusk when a large gathering of loons makes a lake echo and re-echo with their laughing calls. Perhaps this is so, but to me the harmony of the singing loons of Minniss Lake cannot be excelled by any other performance.

An hour later we found a perfect island for a campsite that looked as if we were the first humans to ever stop there. While exploring the shores we found two olive-brown loon's eggs the size of goose eggs. In time we realized that these cold eggs had been abandoned by the parents, perhaps because the nest of dry grass and stones was too

close to the water when an unexpected flood had occurred. We cracked one egg by accident and found a well-preserved embryo chick inside. We wondered if the pair had built a new nest to attempt another hatching. It was probably too late in the season since freeze-up would come early in this latitude.

Loons are never numerous because they produce very few eggs each year, and these are eagerly sought by predators such as mink, crows, and muskrats. It is a good thing that loons are unpalatable to man and are protected all year round by the hunting regulations. As long as man leaves the birds alone, they will likely survive the depredations of their enemies and continue to entertain the wilderness voyageur with their unique antics and music.

Comment by Cecil Wilkins

(The preceding reminiscence by Jim Vanderleck illustrates the concluding remarks of Dr. W. W. H. Gunn in regard to the loon's calls in his L.P. record, "A Day in Algonquin Park." He says, "We pause one final time to drink in the loon's wild rolling sound as it echoes off the rocky shore. It is a sound to store away in memory against the long winter, until the time when we can once again hear the loons in their own land.")

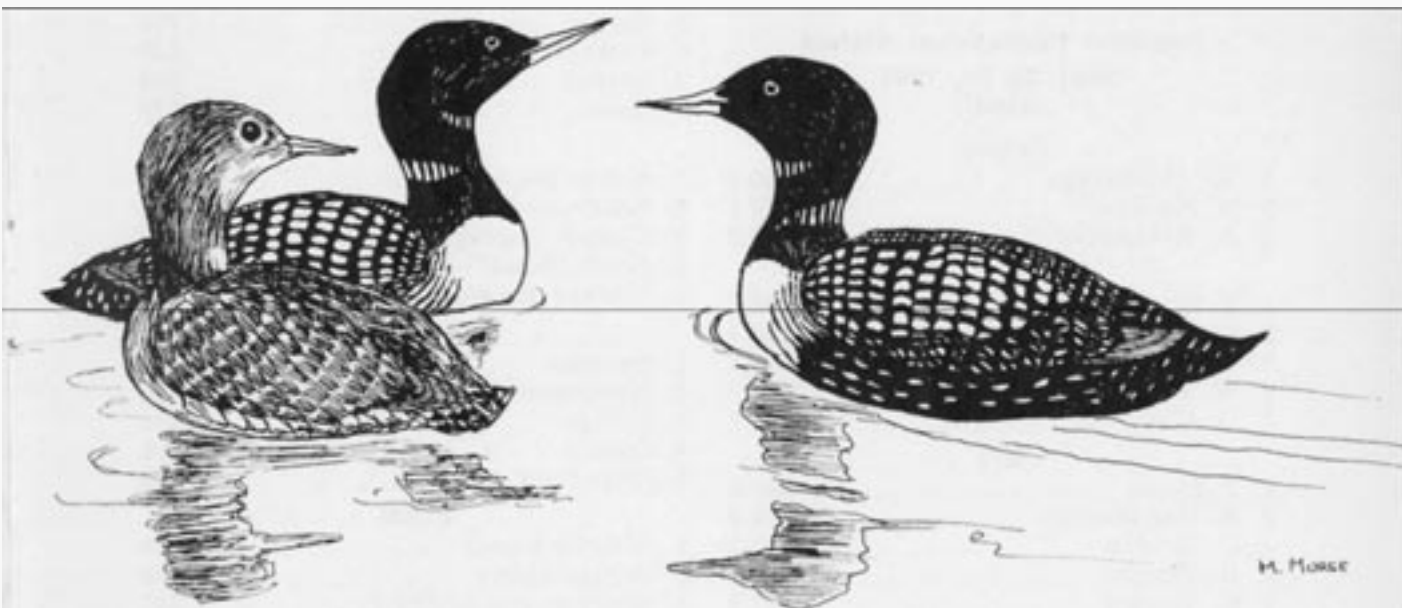
Jim has shrewdly hit the spot. I think we all treasure memories of loons as symbols of the haunting beauty and loneliness of the north country. Their

"demoniacal laughter" is brotherly greeting, not mockery. I remember paddling in my lone fashion between Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods on a series of waterways. I passed through Loonhaunt Lake (isn't that a wonderful name?) and was just coming to the bare rocky points at the entrance to Pipestone Lake. Here I was greeted by the most deafening loon "welcome" I had ever heard. Farther out in the lake there was a great crowd of loons, possibly half a hundred of them—younger ones in the center and older ones on the fringe. It seemed that they were all practicing yelling. I skirted the shore as far as possible from the uproar, and for a long time enjoyed the diminishing clamor—the laughter and the whooping call Jim mentions.

Loonhaunt Lake by the way provided another sample of unexpected beauty. I was watching some bass deep down in the crystal-clear water at the base of a cliff on the west side of the narrows. I shifted my camera out to take a picture of the bass, but they slipped away. Instead I took a picture of a strikingly richly colored rock on the face of the cliff. As I mooched on, I suddenly realized that this was no ordinary rock. Sure enough it was an example of Indian rock-painting, beautifully reflected in the water. The color transparencies still bring exclamations of delight from interested voyagers.

Another loon experience I shall never forget. I had paddled across Wanapitei Lake, portaged into the waterways leading roughly eastward, and was caught (as usual) by the evening closing in before I had found a spot to put my pup tent. As I was weary I went ashore on a rather quiet bay with a flat reedy shore facing the sunset. Half an hour later as I made my supper in front of the tent I watched an incredible performance. There were about six loons altogether on the little lake, expressing themselves with great abandon, but the two just opposite me were giving the best performance. They probably could not see me behind the green reeds, but perhaps they didn't care.

Suddenly there was an echoing silence. I looked for the loons, but they had disappeared. Then where they had been, what I took for two fish jumped straight up, clear of water to their tails, bellies touching. When they fell back to the surface, I realized that they were the loons! Their wild calling resumed as they swam in circles then they disappeared again, and again shot up like fish, their white bellies touching. Circling, they moved off to their own music and left me sipping tea, as I watched the glory of the sunset to the accompaniment of some mighty bullfrogs' chorus, "**more-rum, more-rum, more-rum.**" —From the Voyageurs' News,



RACING REPORT

Peterboro Slalom
Peterboro, Ontario
August 28-29, 1965

K-1

1. Heinz Poenn	262	40	302
2. Charlie Bridge	227	80	307
3. Les Bechdel	242	70	312

K-1W

1. Dr. Barbara Wright	286	70	356
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C-1

1. Roger Parsons	256	50	306
2. Dave Guss	275	40	315
3. John Sweet	276	40	316

C-1 Jr.

1. Alan Ratcliff	—	—	489
2. John Hummel	371	130	501
3. Gordon Wyld	—	—	709

C-2

1. R. Parsons-R. Durfey	267	50	317
2. D. Guss-A. Zob	324	80	404
3. L. Bechdel-D. Kurtz	275	150	425

C-2 Jr.

1. B. Daniels-A. Ratcliff	402	440	842
2. D. Klaus-B. Younkin	226	680	906
3. S. Bortree - Umberger	287	720	1007

C-2M

1. C. and R. Parsons	339	70	409
2. K. Modine-J. Sweet	332	210	542
3. B. Wright-W. Bickham	330	230	560

Cohasset Invitational Slalom

Sept. 25, 26, 1965
(Tidal)

Junior:

1. W. Burbridge	630.1
2. N. Kalckar	672.1
3. A. Alexander	979.3

C-1

1. T. Southworth	788.2
2. D. Kurtz	859.4
3. W. Bickham	1012.8
4. W. Walker	1116.7
5. D. Guss	1165.9

K-1

1. J. Evans	664.8
2. B. Hawthaway	678.3
3. C. Bridge	810.2
4. B. Wright	831.1
5. K. Daniel	887.3

White River Slalom
Oct. 3, 1965

Expert:

	Score
1. Wick Walker (C-1)	169
2. Jay Evans (K-1)	187
3. Sandy Campbell (K-1)	203

Novice:

1. James Henry (K-1)	170
2. Dan Sheehan (K-1)	194
3. John McDonnell (K-1)	219

Beginner:

1. Hans Carroll (K-1)	219
2. Marjorie Burbridge (K-1)	221
3. Bill Burbridge (K-1)	232

Icebreaker Slalom

Oct. 9-10, 1965

The third edition of the Icebreaker, held in conjunction with the organizational meeting for the 1966 canoe Nationals, had the most (86 runs each day and team race) and the best (10 members of American national team). Controlled flow by the Corps of Engineers permitted a course run cleanly by only one canoe—the mixed team of Pat and John Connet.

C-1

1. Walker	210
2. Kurtz	216
3. Fawcett	220
4. Sweet	223
5. Guss	229

C-2

1. Kurtz-Bechdel	197
2. Southworth Guss	213
3. Connet-Raleigh	222
4. Scott-Daniel	252
5. Walker-Keiser	261

K-1

1. Bechdel	195
2. Hawthaway	200
3. Bridge	211
4. Daniel	214
5. Crawford	222

C-2M

1. Wright-Kurtz	223
2. Bridge-Berry	239
3. Southworth-Abrams	247

4. Sweet-Modine 250
5. Feldman-Gildersleeve 258

Women

1. Wright (K-1) KCCB 186
2. Abrams (K-1) WBC 259
3. Modine-Franz (C-2) 1800-281

A team race was won by "The Sugar-pops," a K-1 aggregation of Bechdel, Daniel and Bridge.

The club trophy went to Wildwater Boating Club by a wide margin.

**AMC Canoe Cruisers Slalom
Salmon River, Conn.**

April 10-11, 1965

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C-2

1. Estey-Estey 180.0 10 190.0
2. Smith-Bailey 186.6 20 206.6
3. Booth-Estey 192.0 30 222.0

C-2G

1. Richardson and son 235.0 70 305.0
2. Clark and son 282.7 80 362.7
3. Scharf and son ... 342.0 50 392.0

C-1

1. Pratt 202.0 30 232.0
2. Smith 201.6 30 241.6
3. Bailey 217.2 50 267.2

C-1W

- Wiley 267.6 200 476.6

C-2M

1. Pratt-Pratt 200.8 20 220.8
2. Wiley-Wiley 220.8 30 250.8
3. Moulton-Moulton 211.8 40 251.8

C-2w

1. Smith-Hull 308.2 50 358.2
2. Moulton-Pratt 238.0 280 518.0
3. Lock-Moulton 246.0 360 606.0

Loyalsock Slalom

May 2, 1965

Heavy Water Run Results

C-1

1. Tom Southworth ... 219.3 100 319.3
2. John Bridge 251.4 200 451.4
3. Bill Bickham ... 335.0 130 465.0

K-1

1. Charlie Bridge 260.1 70 330.1
2. Keith Daniel 232.3 100 332.3
3. Joe Knight .. 223.4 130 353.4

K-1W

1. Barbara Wright 278.0 390 668.0
2. Jan Binger 248.4 530 778.4
3. Marion Hardy 304.3 490 794.3

Nosedive!



Ted Young, practicing at last summer's Feather River downriver site, dropped over a fabulous chute and stood at attention for several seconds as he fought for balance. The aerated water beat him.

(Photo by Peter Whitney)

C-2

1. Kurtz-Bechdel 266.3 140 406.3
2. Guss-Southworth 267.3 170 437.3
3. Parsons-Anderson . 250.1 190 440.1

C-2M

1. Lewis-Turner 192.1 300 492.1
2. Franz-Bridge 253.2 320 573.2
3. Wright-Bickham .. 367.3 220 587.3

C-2W

1. Yano-Berry 327.2 460 787.2
2. Franz-Modine 299.1 500 799.1
3. Crickton-Nance 57.0 1050 1107.0

Team

1. Poenn-Daniel-Zob 293.4 440 733.4
2. Kurtz-Guss-Southworth 349.0 510 859.0
3. Raleigh-Connet, Shipley-Fawcett, Osb'ne-Heinzerling 388.1 570 958.1



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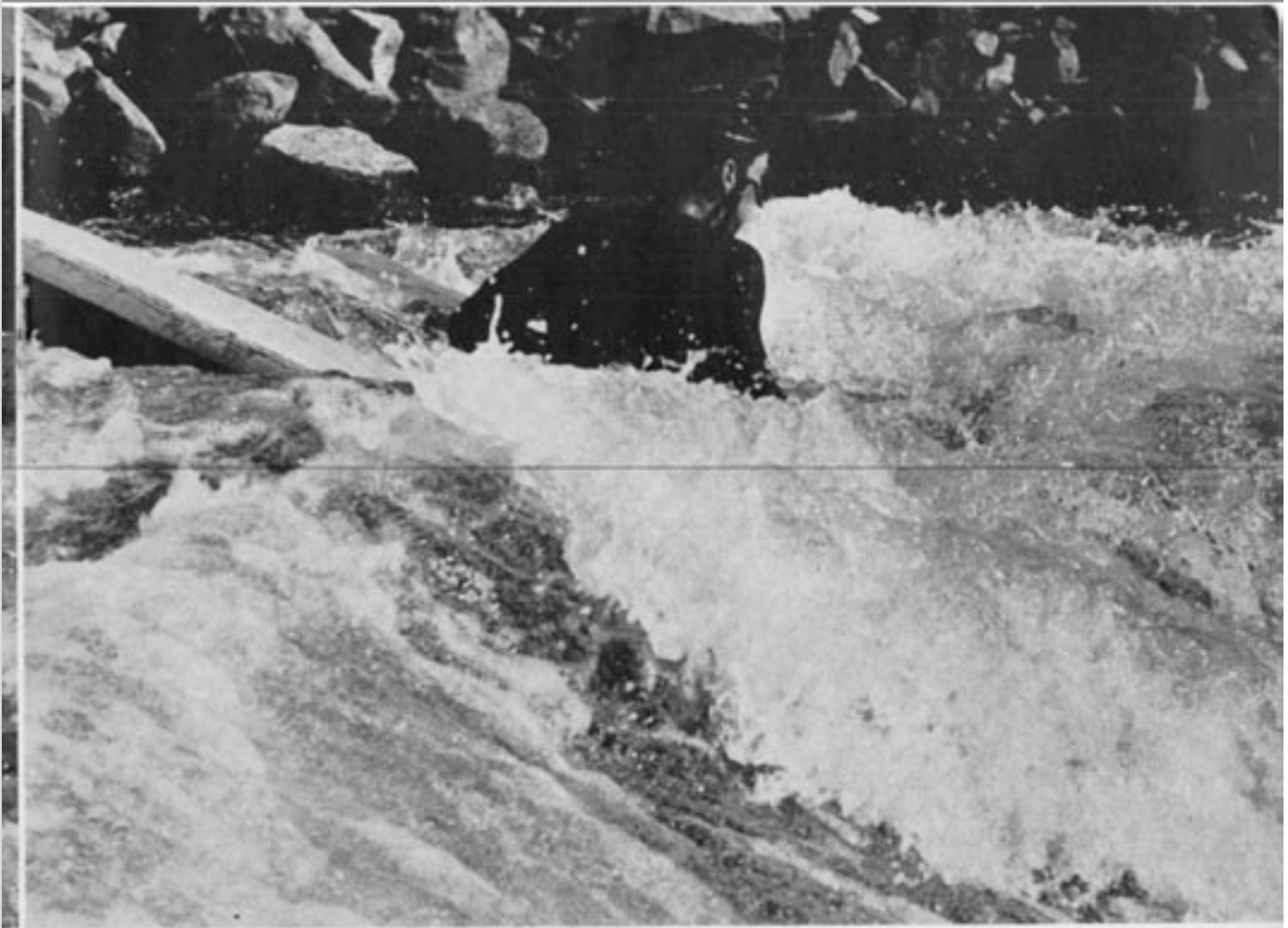
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Ted Young lining up for a tremendous Feather River drop.





He thought he had it, but oops! Ted didn't give up easily.



The Lessons of Spittal, 1965

Following are impressions of the 1965 World White-Water Championships at Spittal, Austria, American and Canadian competitors. Although, as they make plain, North America—the home continent of the kayak and

the canoe—is still a long way from winning in slalom or downriver, the teams this time showed enormous improvement (results published in Summer edition.). The 1967 Championships are to be at Spindel, Czechoslovakia.

By Mark Fawcett

It is difficult to be completely objective in evaluating a race in which one was a competitor. However, I would like to put forth my impressions in the hope that they may help to round out the picture being contributed by the other members of the American team and help to provide some measure of guidance for the immediate future. My comments are largely concerned with the C-2 class since others are better qualified to deal with the classes in which they competed.

First, in a comparison of the Americans versus the European paddlers, it is my opinion that the skill gap is perhaps not as great as would be indicated by our showing at Spittal. Though there is no question that we are still well short of the capability of winning a world championship, the shortcoming lies more in the need for greater experience and seasoning in races of this caliber than in a basic deficiency in techniques. I do not see a need for any great breakthrough in paddling skills but primarily a need to master and polish the skills now used extensively in this country. Certainly we can still learn much from European paddlers, particularly from the East Germans and Czechs, but I do not think it necessary that we blindly imitate their every move. It appears to me that at least some of the European countries may let nationalistic pride in the development of their paddling techniques inhibit their willingness to evaluate newer ideas. At any rate, I believe we ought to take a look at each of the styles and try to extract the best parts of each, and from this evolve our own system as it suits our needs.

It would seem to me that our greatest problem lies in our almost total lack of experience in racing upon rivers of

power and speed comparable to the Lieser. To my way of thinking, no single gate on the World Championship course was technically more difficult than would be found in some of our better races, nor did any gate call for skills which we did not possess. However, the opportunity for error was constantly at hand and with it the knowledge that commission of any error would be costly. Rivers such as the Lieser are not benevolent and forgiving.

To avoid committing these costly errors calls for supreme confidence and considerable experience in such water. European paddlers have acquired this experience and the confidence to match this: therein lies their major advantage over us, in my opinion. They have the opportunity to compete on such rivers many times a year whereas we have had one chance every two years. Our races have progressed in degree of difficulty as the skill of our competitions has increased and it is to be hoped that in the near future we will be in a position to overcome this obstacle.

Could Have Done Better

I will stick my neck way out and venture the statement that both Dick Shipley and I felt that we were capable of a much better showing than we demonstrated. There were several contributing factors to this, but to me the most important reason was the need for the greater confidence which could have been generated with perhaps just a little more exposure to this type of race. Both of us left the course after our second run voicing the opinion that we could have shown considerable improvement with just one or two more runs. This is certainly a moot point but an important one. To score well in such a slalom, one must attack the river

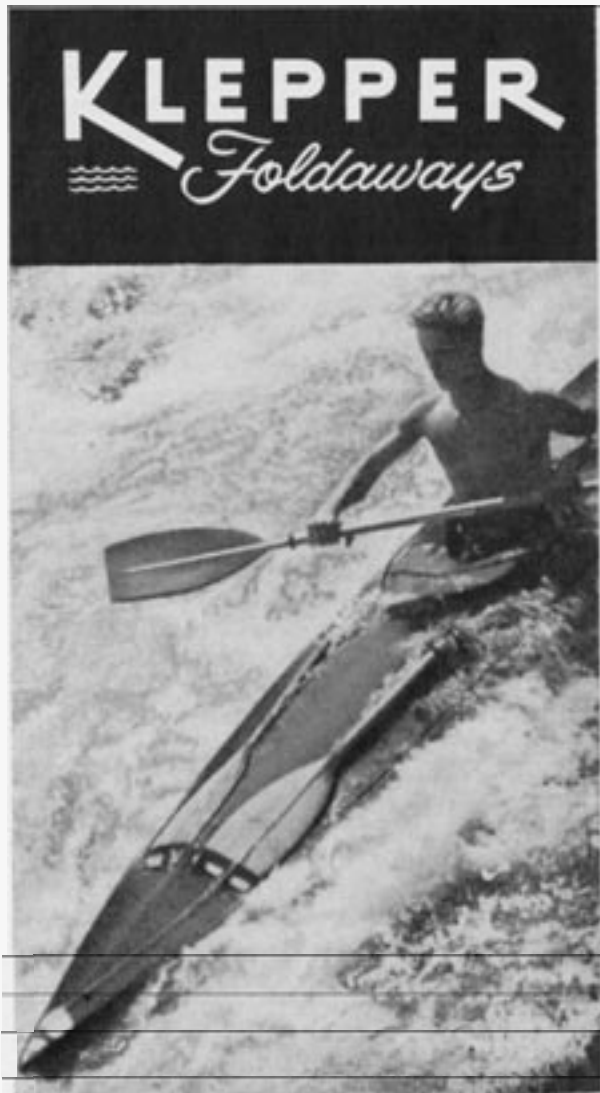
and paddle aggressively, since to hang back and attempt to maneuver cautiously is an invitation to disaster.

I do not believe that the equipment used by the various nations and competitors is an important factor. Though there are obvious differences in boats and in paddles, I consider these of relatively minor importance. The differences are related to some extent to the differences in techniques utilized by various nations, but it does not seem realistic to attribute major importance to these.

I did not have much opportunity to observe or discuss training techniques used by other nations and so cannot deal at length with these. However, one or two points do seem relevant. It would appear that the Europeans place more emphasis on practice on flat water. This should be kept in mind since many of our paddlers are handicapped by lack of availability of good white-water practice areas during much of the year. Secondly, because of our comparative youth in this sport, we lack for the most part the experienced, seasoned competitors who have retired from active competition to serve as coaches. We must of necessity coach and train ourselves until such time as we may have available such people able and willing to serve in this capacity. Attention should be focused on this need; recognition, and a degree of authority and responsibility should be given such coaches when they become available. Obviously, we cannot expect to match in this respect those countries whose teams are trained on a full-time basis for several months of the year, but a start would be helpful.

Strength in Numbers

Somewhat related to this is the question of team strength versus individual strength. Some countries such as Switzerland, Austria and France have isolated individuals capable of winning in certain classes, but having no real team strength. Although such an individual may be as capable as any in the race, when faced with four strong competitors from such countries as East Germany and Czechoslovakia, his chances are statistically slight. To have a really strong opportunity of winning any



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given class, it is necessary to field as many top-level competitors as possible.

Downriver races have a status in Europe equivalent to slalom races whereas in the United States they are clearly a distant second. Whereas we have used slalom boats and techniques in such downriver races as have been held, in Europe many of the paddlers have chosen to specialize in this event and do not suffer in status. We are clearly far behind in the field of downriver racing. To have any hope of improving this situation, we must recognize downriver racing as a first class sport and encourage people to work at upgrading our level of competency in this aspect of the sport. Such competitors must obtain downriver boats and practice downriver techniques, not as a mere adjunct to slalom.

The clearest demonstration of this to my mind was the fact that Dick and I were not unduly tired at the end of our downriver run—simply because we did not have the skill and technique to paddle a downriver boat efficiently at full speed for the length of the course. We were simply not **able** to put forth our maximum physical effort so that physical strength and conditioning were not the limiting factor as I believe should be the case for top competitors.

Finally, for what they are worth, I would like to put forth several recommendations which from my point of view might be helpful to those who will comprise the American team in the 1967 World Championships in Czechoslovakia:

1. Efforts should be made to send at

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least one or two **qualified** coaches who can devote full time to on-the-spot coaching for the competitors. Such a coach would not necessarily have to be superior in skill to the competitors: coaches in many sports have come from the ranks of mediocre athletes. But he must be capable of understanding the boating technique and situations encountered and analyze problems which the competitor cannot see for himself. Sufficient importance must be attached to this position since the respect and cooperation of the competitors must be gained to permit such coaches to operate effectively.

2. The maximum number of qualified competitors in each class should be actively encouraged to enter the competition.

3. All competitors should strive to spend the maximum time possible in Europe training for the World Championships.

4. Competitors should give serious consideration to using their own boats though this does pose some serious problems in transportation. It is desirable to be able to have your boat fitted and rigged to your specific requirements so that it is not necessary to spend valuable training time working on boats upon arrival or to compromise on having your boat and equipment exactly as you would like to have them.

5. Serious consideration should also be given to specializing in either slalom or downriver.

By Dr. Barbara Wright

The World Championship slalom last summer had interesting water, to put it mildly, but relatively few interesting gates. There were six forward gates in virtually dead dead water (1, 2, 19, 22, 24, 25; perhaps 12). Two simple reverse gates were in fast but easy water with ample distance to prepare for their negotiation (5 and 23). A number of downstream gates in heavier water were wide and presented no particular problem in the approach (6, 8, 13, 14, 21). Relatively few gates or gate combinations could be characterized as predominantly technical, i.e., not requiring undue exertion yet set in or after tricky differential currents, thus re-

quiring precise water reading (gates 3, 9, 15; combinations 2-3 and 3-4).

On the other hand, many gate combinations demanded a great deal of strength in simply getting from one place to another, and forcing the boat into position the last second (6-7, 9-19, 10-11, 15-16, 17-18, 19,20, and 23-24). The water was very heavy, and the course actually longer than the legal limit. Very few competitors had sufficient stamina to negotiate the last gates with the desired speed and precision. Thus the over-all emphasis of the course was on strength and the ability to handle heavy water, rather than on technique. In fact the most successful boats were designed for stability and for turning in heavy water, rather than for leaning and taking advantage of differential water.

Clearly, general physical conditioning was of utmost importance in preparing for this type of European competition. Water reading was not of such prime importance, since all competitors knew almost exactly where the gates would be placed while practicing on the course beforehand. Furthermore, for some two hours the evening before the slalom we watched three expert forerunners exhaust themselves running and rerunning all the gate combinations. In the future, all competitors will even have a practice run on the actual course. This is unfortunate, in my opinion, since water reading before and during the first run on a new course is certainly one of the most intriguing aspects of our sport.

Dam-controlled water should be required for all important competitions—certainly for a world championship. It would then be possible to design a course which equally challenged the boaters' ability to master technical gates as well as heavy water. From what I understand, we may look forward to such a slalom at the 1967 championships at Spindel, Czechoslovakia.

By Jo Knight

The greatest obstacle which stands between American enthusiasm for white water and success in European competition is our inability to accept the fact that what is in America a diverting, entertaining, low-pressure hobby is in

Europe a consuming, hard-fought sport. And the difference between hobby and sport is nothing but conditioning and organized training.

This year at the World Championships although many of us had been "training" with Milo Duffek or independently for more than a month, we found ourselves too tired to paddle well before the course was half over. Admittedly the course was 900 meters long, with a water level that was twice as high as it was two years ago, but the fact remains that at gate 20 when Germans and Czechs were beginning their sprints to the finish—which brought them across the line with times like 276 seconds and no penalties—the best American was hardly able to paddle, much less sprint, and came across the line at 348 seconds with 80 penalties.

The difference is conditioning, not skill. Every American who raced was able to make all the gates clean at one time or another in practice, when we could rest occasionally and catch our breath. The gates were not impossible. We didn't place well because we lacked the stamina necessary to approach gates in the second half of the course with the same freshness as those in the first.

Not at Our Peak

Our K-1 training in Europe consisted primarily of practice on slalom courses in Geneva and Bremgarten. While we were paddling every day for three to five hours, with gates hung in good water, we did not arrive at the World Championships in peak physical condition, and the reason for this is that we had no coach. I have come to the conclusion that except for the most fanatical athletes, it is impossible for a competitor to train himself for slalom. There must be a stopwatch recording the time for practice runs and then critical comment on gate and paddle technique.

I found this summer that I was able to push myself well and hard on some days, but that on others I just wasn't up for a strenuous workout. And that, in the course of a single workout, I could start out with a great deal of energy, but find myself toward the end of the practice justifying all sorts of rests and thinking up very sound rea-

sons why not to do the whole exercise I had been working on, but just the first part, or excusing a touched pole to myself because I was too tired to do it right. Had there been a bullhorn-equipped, sadistic coach on the shore with clipboard and watches timing everything, this would not have happened.

My recommendations for the '67 World Championship team, and any other seriously competitive boaters, are as follows:

Daily sprint workouts similar to those used by short-distance runners. 1. Consecutive sprint workouts of one minute each with one-minute rests. About ten of these preferably to be done on flat water over a fixed distance against another racer. Several variations on the sprints can be used. Another is to do series of short sprints, say three 30-second sprints, three of 45 seconds, three of 1 minute, and then back down again to 30 seconds. What is important is a set of full-spud, all-out exercises to build the racer's ability to exert himself completely for the duration of a race. 2. Occasional workouts in very

heavy water to keep reflexes sharp and encourage the boater to feel relaxed and at ease in the biggest rapids. 3. Workouts on a slalom course in light water to be done against the clock in series of three, preferably with criticism at the end of each series. These runs should be arranged so that they are approximately equal to the length of the World Championship Course.

In conclusion, the next American team must train very seriously if it wishes to fulfill its outlined goal—a man in the Top Ten in the World. To do this, they should have a full-time coach to help them arrive before the race in peak physical condition, and must be willing to follow, under his instruction, a rigorous program of flat-water, slalom, and heavy-water workouts.

By Roger Parsons

We were a little tired and one-half hour late as the runway lights fell away below us. Just 45 minutes ago we had shook hands and said good-bye to a crowd of friends and well-wishers who had taken the trouble to see that their Team got a good send-off. Mark Fawcett and his C-2 partner Dick Shipley of the U. S. team were on board with us.

The moon was full and in its reflection we could see the outline of the St. Lawrence River, Anticosti Island and Newfoundland. Then sleep or the lack of it caught up to us.

As we approached Frankfurt Airport, I got my first view of the European countryside with its little clusters of villages. The pilot suggested moving our watches ahead 5 hours; at 11:30 a.m. we landed. Irmgard Duffek was there to meet us with the Volkswagen bus, Heinz Poenn's family were at the airport too. After wiring our wives that we were safe and to put the insurance policies away, we loaded the bus and started the long trip down the Autobahn to Switzerland. As we crossed the Swiss border it started to rain, and it rained 18 of the next 20 days. On arriving at our campsite in Bremgarten we found our tent already up and we were soon rolled out and asleep.

Heavy Boats—and Unready

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of bad news—the boats were not finished. The workmanship was terrible and they were heavy. We started to work on them but had to quit because of the rain. After a large shed was located about 10 miles away, everything was loaded on a Land Rover; off we went. Three days and many beerglass batches later we finally got on the water. Nothing seemed to work right and it was a couple of more days before the boats were fixed to our liking.

In Bremgarten we camped on the bank of the Peuss River which is 400 feet wide, flat and moving at 6 to 7 m.p.h. A quarter-mile downstream it is split by a dam which turns two-thirds of the Peuss over a wire and rapids section which is used for slalom. As the water passes over the weir it produces a 200-foot-wide wave. To get on this to go to the other side one must paddle over a big boil and between haystack and a treacherous hole. If you made it onto the wave you had a nice ride; if not you usually spilled. Coming out of the boat usually meant a half-mile trip before making shore.

The day of the Bremgarten Slalom, the river rose so high during the first half of the competition that second runs were cancelled. I waited at the starting area above the weir for almost an hour. By the time I got on the course the water had risen 4 to 6 inches and everything had changed. In the team event several gates had to be removed. The 30-foot rescue boat was kept very busy below the course area.

On to Spittal

From Bremgarten we headed south and east through the Swiss Alps to Merano, Italy, a beautiful trip of about 315 km. But traveling is so slow, it took up about 12 hours. We camped in an already overcrowded camping park and left next morning for Spittal, Austria. It was late and raining heavily when we got there.

The weather in the morning wasn't much better and the Lieser River was closed to practice by the racing officials because it was too dangerous.

The Mull River, where the Austrian National Downriver Championships were held, is about 150 feet wide, with not too many rocks but very heavy

water. I think that our placing sixth in this event was the best showing we made while in Europe. It might be noted here that my time using a downriver C-1 was only 30 seconds longer than that of Heinz Poenn in his downriver kayak on the six-mile run. In the C-1 team event we placed third out of four teams. The boats are started a mile upstream and then restarted at the official start. This gives one a good chance to warm up.

Two days before the World Championships in Spittal, we marched in their all-nations parade. Ross Durfey and I marched in our Canadian Scout uniforms; Manfred Baur and Heinz wore Maroon blazers, and walked between us. In front was a boy carrying a sign spelling KANADA and a young girl walked on each side of him. It gave one a very warm feeling to hear the applause, to listen to them shout, "Brava Kanada," as we walked along. The two of us wearing Scout uniforms presented the first change in dress they had seen in the parade in several years—and that Canada looked really good! It was nice to have something go well, as I had completely wrecked my downriver canoe in the morning and my camera had broken in the afternoon.

The Vehicles Were Loaded

Transportation to and around these competitions was solved by: the use of the Volkswagen bus and boat trailer which would carry 5 boats; the bus carried two on top; the Land Rover carried 15 boats on top and at times as many as 17 people inside. (One thing about it is to smell worse than the people with you and then you can't smell them.) Three days before the competition the officials allowed practice on the last half of the slalom section (no gates of course), but this was almost hopeless with so many boats on the water at one time, in the class IV river.

The day before the competition the water dropped to the "safe" maximum for the competition, 135 cm. (in the 1963 competition it was 80 cm.). Each country was given a time slot of one hour in the area of the complete slalom course. It should be noted here that most countries had been practicing on

the river for several weeks prior to our coming; some iron-curtain countries started at Easter.

. On the day of the slalom, C-1s ran first. I was unlucky enough to get No. 7 spot which eliminated any chance of seeing anyone go down the river. Although we got to all the gates we picked up too many penalties to give us a good score. Many spilled in the turbulent water, but even though some of us tipped, we rolled back up and all made the finish line. Of the four U.S.A. C-2s entered only one ever finished. In the downriver practice, we had run about two-thirds of the river once; whereas most of the European countries had run it twenty to thirty times. The first time we ran the whole thing was during the actual race. Since the last third, the canyon section, is some of the worst, trying to read the water in this class of river and make good time with just slalom boats is almost hopeless. Under these conditions I feel we did well. Heinz and Manfred had repaired, and were able to use, their downriver kayaks. A lot of this unintentionally may sound like sour grapes but it is not. We do want the people of Canada to know just what we were up against.

What We Learned

The next time Canada sends a team, they will benefit by our mistakes (and I hope get some Government support). We brought back loads of ideas, sketches, books, pictures, paddles, techniques and two new boats which we will only be too glad to pass on to all interested parties. To those who helped us, your investment was good. Someone had to be first. The next team won't have to waste time, repeating our mistakes.

After the competitions were finished, Heinz and Manfred went to Germany. Meanwhile, we loaded all the boats and gear to return to Geneva by a very scenic route, through Austria and Switzerland with the Duffeks and three of the U. S. team. We got only about 40 miles when the clutch in the VW bus went and we had to stay overnight in Hellingsblut. Next morning with a beautiful sky overhead, we headed up through the Grossglockner Pass. Here we had a chance to walk on the glacier

and do a little mountain climbing. On the way down the mountain the frame of the caravan trailer snapped, causing another delay. We spent the day in Innsbruck sightseeing until it was fixed. The following day we crossed back into Switzerland and camped at St. Moritz. In the morning we enjoyed our first trip in a cable car to the top of the mountain; the weather for a change was perfect. From 10,000 feet you command quite a view.

Once again we packed and started on the last leg to Geneva, but our bad luck was still with us. We came to a tunnel on a one-lane road that the Land Rover couldn't get through, so we took the top layer of boats off, tied them on the already overloaded trailer, then cut two feet off the top of rack on the Rover and then we could just get through. Taking the boats off the top proved the worst job as the road verge dropped vertically at the edge of the pavement for 800 feet.

At last we reached Geneva with its grapevines and apricot orchards.

Conclusions: Small Groups Better

For our first venture in so important a competition we wanted to be properly equipped and trained, so we accepted Milo Duffek's package training camp which sounded like it would cover everything. It is my feeling that he got more paddlers than he could handle (20-22) and the camp turned more into a boarding and transportation camp. I think also that the Duffeks did the best they could under the circumstances.

A small group of say three to four boats traveling from slalom to slalom course would be far better.

Stay in the Youth Hostels where possible and not in tents. A warm shower after a day on the river is certainly better than a damp tent.

We must find far heavier water to train on, and instead of paddling long distances, concentrate on paddling 150-200 feet full out, resting a few seconds and then repeating it again 25 to 30 times, gradually shortening the resting period between each spurt. But it must be full tilt.



Safety as We See It

By John Bombay
AWA Safety Chairman

More on the wetsuit: I've received the results of a Washington Foldboat Club experiment, summarized in the W.F.C. Newsletter of October, 1964. Such a magnificent job of research and representation on the flotation properties of a wet suit deserves to be reprinted here to complement my attempt on the same subject in the last (Winter 64/65) issue.

My only comment here about Harry Burlingame's article is that I feel he really intended to refer to an upper class **III** rapid instead of an upper class **II**. A class **II** rapid just does not have aerated water if we follow our international river classification as printed on the back of our safety code. Here is the article:

The Air-Breathing Kayakist

QUESTION: Does a wet suit alone, or a portion thereof, provide adequate flotation for use in upper class **II** and higher rivers?

Several boaters have drifted (unintentionally) through some of our aerated class **III** and **IV** rapids with a wet suit jacket on. Although they remained warm in the cold water, they have remarked that they spent a good portion of the trip **underwater!** Sad, indeed, since man is normally an air-breathing creature.

Last winter, several people got together at a nice warm pool with a heap of all the usual devices worn by boaters on rivers. Measurements were made of the buoyancy of each, in hopes that the results would be useful to boaters who prefer to breathe air. The results were as follows:

1. The average John Q. Kayakist, nude or clad in swim trunks, can vary buoyancy from a floating plus-4 pounds (lungs full of air) to a **sinking** minus-3 pounds (lungs empty).

2. A **full 1/4-inch wet suit** provides about 22 pounds of buoyancy, but the buoyancy is distributed over the whole

body making swimming somewhat difficult in aerated water. Also, it is difficult to get the feet downstream and slightly underwater for use as a protective "bumper" for boulders, snags, etc.

3. The inflatable British Air Force lifejacket inflated full provides **18** pounds buoyancy up at the head end of the body. It tends to keep you face up and allows you to swim, keeping the legs downstream for "bumpers." Inflated partially (comfortably), it provides 14 pounds buoyancy.

4. Kapok-filled (USCG approved) **vests** are supposed to provide 22 to 25 pounds buoyancy—again at the head.

5. A **1/4-inch wet suit top, long-sleeved**, provides about 9 pounds buoyancy. **Short-sleeved**, **Y4-inch**, provides 7 pounds. A **3/16-inch, short-sleeved** top provides **4 1/2** pounds while **3/16-inch** pants provide **6 1/2** pounds.

6. "**Paddle jackets**" made of **3/16-inch** material provide about 4 pounds buoyancy. Tyee neoprene spray decks provide about 5 pounds buoyancy when they come off the boat with the boater.

7. Of further interest to boat-flotation minded kayakists, a **7x7x12-inch** surplus "black bag" provides 21 pounds of flotation, if empty.

Conclusions: draw your own, depending on your swimming skill, the river difficulty, your ability to roll, etc., but the following recommendations are offered.

For the easier rivers and for surfing any of the wet suit combinations provide warmth and adequate flotation should a tipover occur. When aerated rapids of upper class **II** or higher are anticipated, **wear** your lifejacket — which you carry in the boat at all times anyway! It does not degrade from your boating ability to wear the lifejacket. In fact, it shows good sense. . . .

Unless, of course, you have adapted to breathing water . . . !

—Harry Burlingame

Conservation Comment

By Dan Bradley

AWA Conservation Chairman

The big news for river paddlers these days is the Wild Rivers Bill, S.1446 and H.R.8630. Introduced by Sen. Frank Church (Idaho) and Rep. John Race (Wisc.), this legislation would establish a National Wild Rivers System somewhat in the pattern of the National Wilderness System, but with certain differences. Most important of these is that the Rivers System includes not only true wild rivers but also rural and populated rivers, as well as rivers which are in various parts of all three. The only concrete definition in the Bill is that they shall be "free-flowing." Shore areas of varying depth may lie in federal or state ownership, or may be purchased from private owners. Wild River areas "will be administered for the purposes of water conservation, scenic, fish, wildlife, and outdoor recreation values contributing to public enjoyment, but without limitation on other uses, including timber harvest and livestock grazing, that are harmonious with these purposes." (Are they ever? Opinions differ! The same applies to highways.) "Subject to regulations needed to safeguard wild river values . . . the present authorities regarding mining, mineral leasing and public land withdrawals remain unchanged." (Quotes are from Secretary Udall's letter of transmittal.)

Rivers to be immediately included in the system are: Salmon, from North Fork to Riggins, and the entire Middle Fork; Clearwater, from Kooskia to Powell on the Lochsa and to Thompson Flat* on the Selway; Rogue, from

For those personally concerned with the Selway, Thompson's Flat is some eight miles south of Margruder, 20 miles south of Paradise. Tributaries of the Selway are not included in the bill.



Grants Pass to the Pacific; Eleven Point, from Greer Springs to Hwy. 142; and part of the upper Rio Grande. Nine other rivers are recommended for inclusion after consultation with the states involved, among them the Caca-pon (W.Va.), upper Hudson (N.Y.), Skagit (Wash.), Susquehanna (N.Y.-Pa.), and Wolf (Wisc.), and ample provision is made for further additions.

It is clear that this comprehensive legislation takes in quite a lot of territory, figuratively as well as geographically. The national wild river concept is of course terrific: it is what we have all been praying for all these decades that have seen one river after another go to the dogs. But it is equally clear that if all rivers—wild, rural, and recreational—are dumped into the same bag with little effective limitation on "other uses," our truly wild and semi-wild rivers are not going to remain such for very long. Only the nostalgic purists will insist that the NWRS shall include nothing but wilderness rivers: we all enjoy paddling the scenic rural rivers also, and the best of them should be protected from industrial development. NWRS may be a misnomer, but a N.W., S-W., S.R., & R.R.S. is just preposterous. It therefore seems necessary to include in the legislation more specific definitions of river classifications—something like Wild, Semi-Wild, Scenic Rural, and

Recreational—with the types of "other uses" compatible (or not compatible) with each, including highways, powerboats and scooters as well as those mentioned by the Secretary. A given river, such as the Clearwater-Lochs-Selway system, might well encompass several classifications, and should be zoned and administered accordingly.

This is only the beginning. Much work needs to be done on this legislation before definitive action by either house of Congress is possible. A hearing was held last April by the Senate Interior Committee, but the chairman of the House Interior Committee has been quoted as saying that there seems to be little interest in this bill among House members. There will probably be a hearing on Mr. Race's bill early next year, which gives us time to formulate a consensus—the fashion nowadays!—that will truly reflect the thinking of our membership. Toward that end, comments from members are cordially invited.

* * *

"A joint report of the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior . . . printed with private funds."

Coincidental with the introduction of the Wild Rivers Bill last spring, the Departments published "Wild Rivers," using a private donation, a quietly beautiful booklet illuminating the varied aspects and the indefinable qualities of Wild Rivers which the pending legislation seeks to preserve. The hundred-odd photographs, half of them in color, cover all aspects of natural river pleasure—fishing, swimming, camping, and floating by johnboat, canoe and kayak in smooth and wild water—including, on page 4, a nice color shot of CCA's Bob Harrigan splashing through (I would guess) the Potomac Gorge, where in May 1961 he introduced Secretary Udall to the joys of wildwater canoeing. The accompanying text elaborates on the objectives of the BOR Wild River Studies, and includes quotations from writers and poets who express, much more eloquently than any of us can, the challenge, the serenity of spirit, the many deep satisfactions which we find in natural recreation on natural wild rivers. Thus:

"Swift or smooth, broad or narrow . . . every river is a world of its own, unique in pattern and personality. Each mile on a river will take you further from home than a hundred miles on a road." (Paul Brooks)

* * *

In marked contrast is a publication of the Bureau of Reclamation, printed at taxpayers' expense (for which Rep. John P. Saylor promptly cited the Commissioner to the Department of Justice for misuse of appropriations). The personal creation of Commissioner Floyd Dominy, it is highly colored in both photography and text, a breezy rhapsody on the exciting joys of synthetic recreation on a synthetic lake. It shows a great array of beauty spots where, speeding about in your high-powered outboard cruiser, you may stop for lunch (and listen to the reverberating canyons). He doesn't mention that most of the points pictured will be under water by now—if the water supply holds out. Included is propaganda for more dams in the Grand Canyon, and on the back cover is a color photo of a Colorado waterline turned up on end in a kind of totem pole, which seems to me remarkably symbolic of Mr. Dominy's mental concepts. The creation of these monstrosities gives the Commissioner a feeling of being closer to God. He's entitled to his own odd notions, I guess, but others may suspect that here is a sawdust Caesar that needs to be skewered.

Guidebooks aren't this department's normal concern, but one of current vintage has a conservation overtone. Oz Hawksley, Wilderness Trips Chairman, and one of AWA's liveliest members, has brought 12 years' work to fruition with the publication last spring of his guide to "Missouri Ozark Waterways" by the Missouri Conservation Commission. It is a beauty in every way. It is clearly printed and easy to read; the descriptions are quite detailed, mile by mile, with subsections on notable tributaries; most important of all, each river description is accompanied by a clear, two-color map (the river in blue) showing all points of practical as well as aesthetic interest.

What is of interest here is that the

10,000 copies printed in the spring were expected to last two years, but actually over 7000 have been sold in the first six months, and it has turned out to be the most popular publication in the Commission's history. Which suggests that, given an attractive natural environment, wild river recreation isn't exactly peanuts. In fact, we rather wonder if the attractive publication may not result in overuse of the somewhat fragile environment.



The Water Quality Act, recently passed by Congress and no doubt signed by the President before this appears in print, removes the administration of pollution control from the Public Health Service and places it under a new Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare—and this is all to the good. The Senate version established federal criteria of water quality, but the House insisted that this should be left to the several states. The final law therefore gives the states until June 30, 1967, to set up their own quality criteria, which shall be acceptable to the federal Administrator, with provision for further delay in event of non-compliance. After quality criteria have been established, the Secretary is required to allow violators six months after notification for hearings to secure voluntary compliance. The Secretary must then take the violator to federal court, which thereafter has unlimited jurisdiction as to what public interest and equities of the case may require. All this, along with appeal to higher courts, could go on for years and years before any effective pollution control is obtained.

It is absurd to expect the individual states to enact effective pollution control. The attraction of more and more industry is a life-and-death matter for state governments. Pollution control is exceedingly expensive, and no state is going to impose such burdens on its industry as long as it can simply pick up its marbles and move across the state line to control-free territory. Only the federal government can knock heads together and impose pollution control on all states at the same time. This is what the Senate had in mind, and this is what the House broke up.

An excellent example of the futility of state pollution control is the Hudson River in New York. For decades the state government has been rumbling about investigations, plans, bond issues, and all, but nothing much has been accomplished. Now Rep. Ottinger of Westchester, Senator Kennedy, Secretary Udall, and HEW Secretary Gardner are developing definite plans for pollution abatement, but the Governor insists that it is a state matter and should be handled by a state commission—with federal funds, please. New Yorkers are not overly enthusiastic at this approach.

Justice Douglas Visits At Kayakers' Campfire

JUSTICE DOUGLAS AT SKAGIT RIVER TRIP: Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court visited the campfire of Washington Foldboat Club and other Pacific Coast kayakers Saturday evening, August 21 and seriously discussed proposals for conservation of Northwest and other wild rivers. The event was the Pacific Division Invitational Trip on the upper Skagit River and its tributaries. Some 30 American and Canadian kayakers were camping at Bacon Creek when the Justice arrived, at the invitation of Bob Spring, noted outdoor photographer and member of Washington Foldboat Club.

Woodsy and relaxed, Justice Douglas asked countless pertinent questions about Northwest kayaking activities, the scores of Northwest river runs and the conservation activities of the Club. He revealed an intimate knowledge of the Wild Rivers Bill and its present status in Washington, D. C.

The upper Skagit River and its major tributaries are currently proposed to be included in a wild rivers group to be protected for posterity. Saturday had seen a run of the fabulous upper Skagit and its tricky S-bend where the men were separated from the capsized. Sunday the party broke into several groups, running everything from Class I to Class IV, including a Class III combination kayak and fishing trip, all under the capable leadership of Linc Hales. —Ted Houk



View of Grand Canyon from the trail.

The Colorado at Low Water

(Conclusion)

Low Rations: The Dangerous Mud of Lake Mead

Saturday, 12th October: Two hours of exploring the fern-clad splendors of Elves' Chasm and we are off running hard and long. Fossil (6) and Forster (7) and two (8's) in a row and I upset in Spectre Canyon Rapid—rolling off a rock to prevent pinning. Remounting in midstream we continue to Duebendorf—a good (9). I line and photograph Ulrich running. Beneath a shore rock we see a long thin snake disappear with brilliant black and white bands some 2' long—black snake.

No time for Thunder River Falls up Tapeats Creek. I broach on a rock amidst Tapeats and push off, remounting below en route. Broke an oar here last year and slammed a rock. Beyond the showers of Deer Creek Falls over the right rim, we camp below Fishtail (7) on right, mile 139. Last vegetables. Tonight we realize I misunderstood Ulrich. He has two weeks supply for one

person, not two, and we quit living high unless he catches a trout at Havasu tomorrow. We calculate our food will about come out even with the end of the canyon—too close. But we can well make out without trouble by starving a couple of days. Mighty inconvenient in white-water wilderness. Should have kept all of my food (gave part to the gauger), I guess. Forty-four rough rapids today. Clouds building up southward.

Sunday, 13th October: We run hard with photos of Ulrich running upset and catching fish in labyrinthine pools of Havasu. To combine remaining flavors, we eat scaled fish soup with bones in our idyllic camp on right below Fern Glen, mile 168. Thirty-one rapids today—some rough. Clear and quiet.

Monday, 14th October: Off early, we find Lava Falls (10) paved from the left to the rapid's center by August



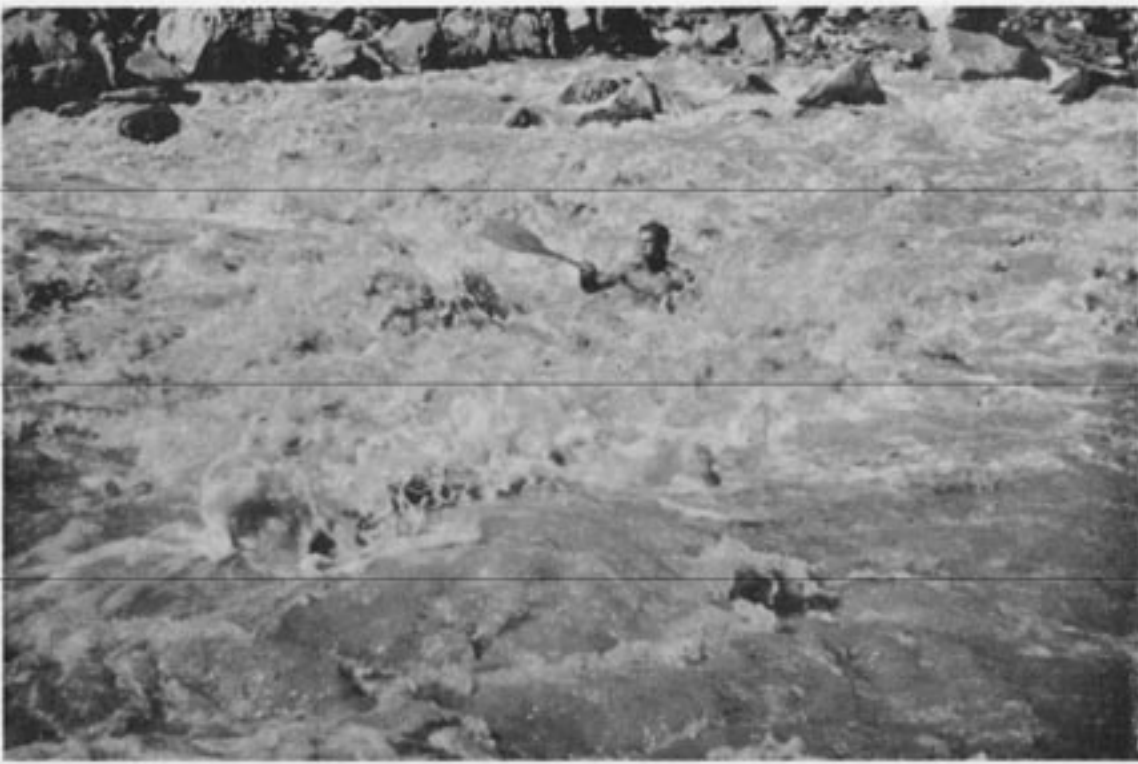
Ulrich in Upset Rapid, Oct. 13

floods, so we make an easy 10-minute portage, stopping to bend the final excellence into my new oarlock. Beneath the fern and stalactite-hung hot springs Ulrich runs his kayak and I shoot photos. A little further along my old buddy gets sleepy I guess, and wakes up upside down on the only little wave in the canyon for miles. Sort of thing is so good on a long hot day that we make M. 200 for camp on the right. Fifty-three rapids today. Mostly small. We see a full-curl desert ram close up at the mouth of a side canyon this evening. A mighty electric storm rages southward through the night. The lower Granite from Lava Falls to Lake Mead is the most idyllic of kayak runs and Bridge C. Dam coupled with Marble (which it looks like is going in), would complete the ruin of this run and the Grand.

Tuesday, 15th October: Off at 8:30 we run all to an ideal camp on the left above Bridge Canyon Rapid, mile 255 I. At 205-Mile Rapid I hook and roll off a shore rock, bumping out o.k. on my knees. Ulrich asks me how deep those rocks are. I say "About 9". Then, after

running and hitting them he says: "How come you told me they were so deep?" I pass on that one. But I think he decoys me (not really) into a sheer rock washboard fall amid 217-Mile Rapid (6). Those currents trap me until in pulling across above the falls I broach sideways on a rock. Swinging back downstream I pull, hardly daring to look, straight down the rock pile—sliding over rocks all the way to the bottom with no serious difficulty. One (9) rapid the way I run. A great day it has been! Ulrich gives me that sardonic Nordic smile from under my spare U. S. helmet liner. He says he had never figured to wear a U. S. Army helmet. We glide through the dusk to camp. We see one full-curl desert ram close in a side canyon and wild burros. Ulrich's diary for today says "burros, mountain sheep, last pea soup!" Thirty-two rough rapids today. This brilliant starry night is our last in the last Granite Gorge. The canyon here is stately in its grandeur.

Wednesday, 16th October: At two-Mile 231 Rapid (5) and (8), we stop for photography above the lower falls.



Ulrich at Mile  Oct. 15

After lunch & a hike I set up & photo Ulrich in a dramatic run of its lower falls. The course is set by Ulrich in 232-Mile Rapid (6), I kind of straighten it out, running a fall between huge boulders. With good control and locks things go fine. We have to make the most of the (6), (4), (4), (7), (7) series below. They are our last rapids—and we do riding high and wild. Hoping for my dreamed-of run through the long buried Lava Cliff—the Grand's most difficult—we find the S-curve and find we are on Lake Mead's silted river. It remains buried. (Now in this fall of 1964, long spells of low water should have the sand out of it again, as it did in Separation and others above. Anyone want to go up from Lake Mead with me this fall and try running it? Maybe the last chance for many, many more years).

Landing at mile 252½ we eat, and use Ulrich's last fiberglass. Pulling hard and changing lead often, it gets dark. Ulrich says "Just follow me—I will protect you, Les." Fine, but when we can't see our hands in the cloudy night exuberance changes when I hear and make a bull's eye on a fresh-water

creek. Ulrich elects to dig into the willow-clad mudbank and camp. So I erect a boat-tent and carve out a sleeping ledge. Ulrich makes thin soup of our last bite of corned beef with carob and coconut flavoring and we dine like kings. There is no more. His daily log reads, "Separation, paddling in dark night, last corned beef . . ." last food. Rain through the night. Our feet hang over the river, but we are sheltered. Ulrich's half-challenging smile mocks me all day today from beneath that silver helmet as we face each other (I row mostly facing upstream)—Occasionally a knee would stand out of his cockpit to relieve strained muscles and I would shift from the roller bearing on one buttocks to the other. That's my buddy. Too bad we part so soon. I would like to continue through a few more canyons just to know him better.

Thursday, 17th October: On a thin hot drink we embark, trusting to Jones good fortune—it never fails when I need it, and we are hungry. We have no way to our cars. Moving fast we are fortunate to find Ed Hall, who just arrived by helicopter heading explora-

tion of the bat caves for a new owner at mile 264. Vast improvements in our diet are provided. He may fly one of us out, but said Government surveyors, who are just making camp two miles below, may do so sooner by seaplane. We are there at 11 a.m. and I can't refuse a hearty dinner. The seaplane lands at 12:00. I ask them to fly Ulrich to the bus at their Boulder City base, since they offer to take me. He is off for his car to pick up me and the boats tomorrow at Pierce's Ferry.

I don't tell him what I am in for, but I know. The 13 miles of grand scenery to mile 279 and Pierce's Ferry go quickly and the fun begins. A mile of mud and swamp must be crossed to the south. For 100 yards I slip to my waist and slide my boats through the blue mud slime with volcanic spouts of gas. Then it gets real bad. If I let go of the boats I go down over my head—worse than quicksand. So I pull the boats by me (behind mine is tied Ulrich's), and walk the length of it. After a dozen rounds I see forever is just ahead full of mud, which by now I can hardly see out of. And darkness is coming. 300 yards more to a clear M-mile lake. Then 20 yards of slime ending in a sheer precipice of caked mud I must pull the boats up. So I sit down and start rowing, bending the oars with all my strength, lifting me clear out of the seat each pull. I clear the 300 yards at one foot per stroke or 900 pulls. Every oar-stroke remains beside the boat trail for the next rain to erase. On the lake it is dark and a great wind is blowing.

And there comes Ed Hall barreling down the canyon in his helicopter, searching for this side canyon. I signal him with my flashlight. As he lowers toward me I desperately wave it toward the landing field. One in my situation is enough. Crossing the slime border and pulling those boats up the outcropping of mud is rough. The dried mud is nearly rock. It does not break. Water slopped into my boats is all I have. Scouring with it leaves a thin scum on all including me. My clothes are hopeless and I lock them in the hold. (My wife gave up after 4 rounds through the washer). Next morning the scum dries, peeling back at times and

taking off all my aluminum paint that had survived the Grand. (The remaining scum survived torrential rains to Salt Lake City unchanged.)

Friday, 18th October: My new canned rations were converted into energy last evening. No person or food is left at the heliport and I can't eat a helicopter. The mechanic returns briefly, having told Ulrich about my muddy trip.

Ulrich arrives as I place the last boat by the road at 2 p.m. He goes straight to the cliff to see my oars' prints across the mud, saying: "It is hard to believe but there are your tracks. I had no idea it was like this . . ." "I reckon those oarlocks are proven powerful enough now.

We camped that night at the Kaibab mule barns in driving rain, after picking up Tisha and reporting to Jim Randall.

Saturday, 19th October: Picking up car and my spare boat from our friend at Lees Ferry, Ulrich and I bid goodbye to each other and the Grand Canyon in the rain at the Navajo Bridge. Ulrich says: "Les, who can I depend on now to pull my old car, if it won't run?" Ulrich's fortune is good. His old car took him via San Francisco to New York with only minor troubles before collapsing in a heap.

His address is Wehneitrstrasse 2, Erlangen, Germany. He is the first to have paddled a kayak through the Grand Canyon unescorted by a larger craft.

Looking down the canyon he would not look back as I said goodbye. I know why. It was hard to leave this canyon we had learned to become so much a part of, so colorful and alive in the rain . . . and I like to think it was as hard for him to leave a friendship welded forever in the Grand Canyon, as it is for me.

Classified

KAYAK, CANOE BUILDING—220 p. illustrated book (returnable) \$3.50, plans catalogue 10c. Bruce Clark, AW; 115 McGavock Pike, Nashville, Tenn. 37214.

New England Canoeing Guide—\$5.00 ppd. Stewart Coffin, Old Sudbury Rd., R.F.D. 1, Lincoln, Mass. 01773



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Maplewood, Mo. 63117

Michigan Canoe Racing Assn.
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Rt. S, 6181 E. Price Rd.
St. Johns, Michigan

Minnesota Kayak Club
Neale Haskell
1323 Oliver Avenue, North
Minneapolis, Minnesota 554

Minnesota Outward Bound Society
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P. O. Box 450
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Mohawk Rod & Gun Club
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