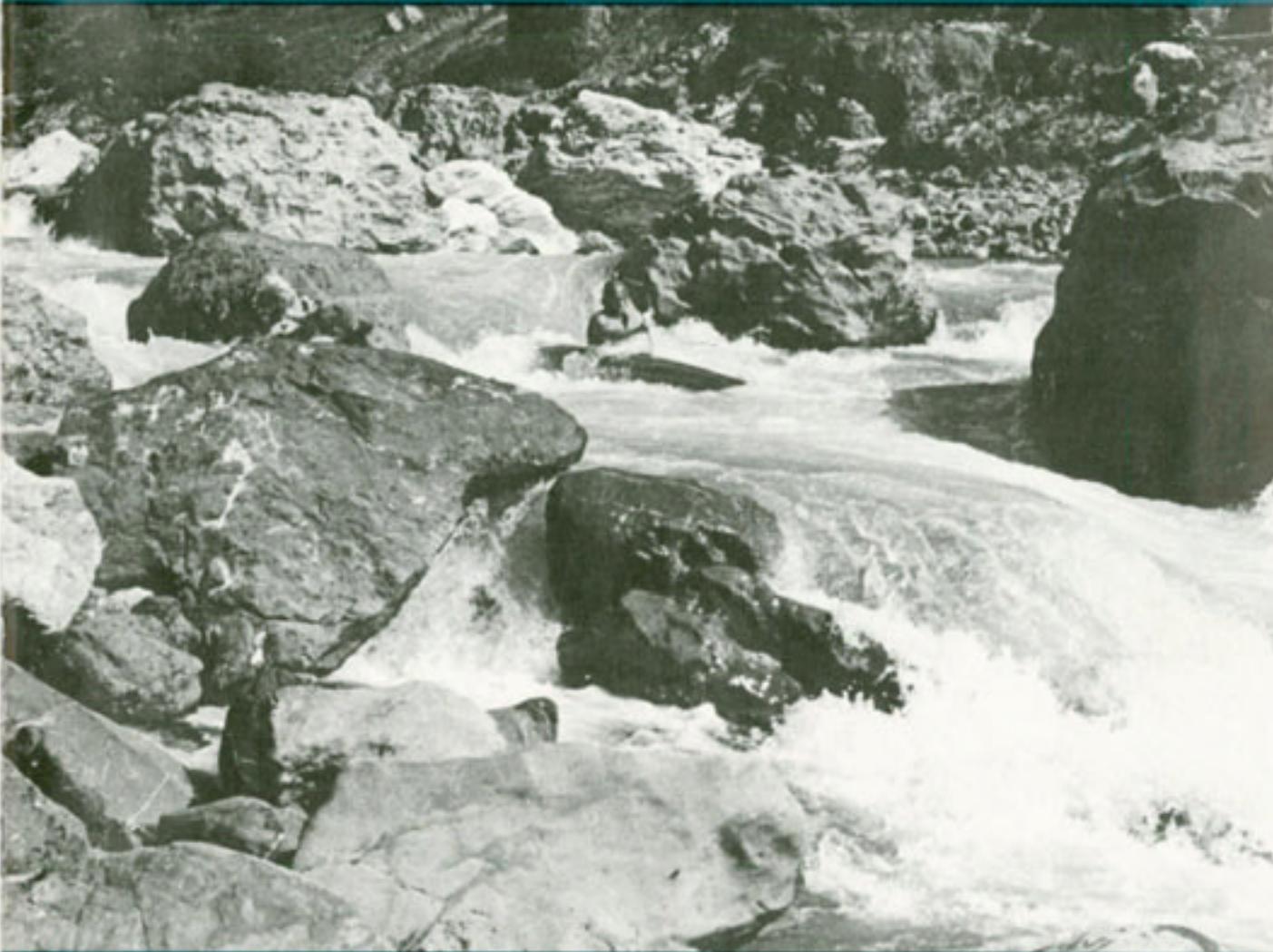


American

WHITEWATER

the Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation



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The American Whitewater Affiliation

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COVER: Sid Eschenbach runs a series of big drops on the North Fork of the Eel below Split Rock. **AT LEFT:** This 300-foot spire dominated the landscape for a number of portages. Photos by Joe Bauer. See story, p. 128.

Letters from Readers

April 27

Dear Iris,

Last weekend on a trip to the Cossatot River in Arkansas, a fellow kayaker suffered a dislocated shoulder.

I have learned a thing or two from that experience that other boaters might find useful.

The crux of any dislocation incident is not how or why the accident happened, it is rather the decision whether any immediate attempt should be made to relocate ("reduce") the dislocation.

First aid motions necessary to produce "reduction" of a dislocation are fairly simple, and have been described in American Whitewater.

But boaters may not be fully aware that on-the-spot first aid carries a potential that the artery that supplies blood to the arm may become pinched into the relocated joint, with subsequent total and permanent loss of function in that arm.

According to doctors who advised me not to do field reductions of dislocated shoulders except under the most compelling circumstances, the potential of cutting off circulation to the arm is real, and it has happened to trained personnel working under controlled conditions.

I am also advised that it is a *half truth* that there is great advantage in performing an immediate, versus delayed reduction of any dislocation.

The half truth is this: If the reduction is performed in five to ten minutes of the dislocation, recovery may be as swift as 48 hours.

But I am told that the disadvantage of postponing the relocation for one hour, or for six hours, is negligible, amounting to an increase of the recovery period of only about two weeks — a full recovery occurring in either circumstance.

Any medical treatment, and especially first aid, must weigh all the **possible** hazards against guaranteed benefits.

I conclude that where the benefit is only a slight reduction in convalescence, and a real and present hazard is total loss of the arm, other alternatives must be given the highest possible priority.

The legal plight of a first aidman who begins with a simple dislocation and singlehandedly produces an amputee (or the equivalent), is bizarre.

No verbal statement of the victim, giving riverside permission, will greatly reduce liability or mitigate the eventual judgement.

No one who hasn't seen firsthand the agony of a shoulder dislocation, can begin to appreciate its extent.

Any manipulation of the affected arm produces a level of pain that risks putting the victim into a severe condition of shock even *before* the aidman has the arm in position to begin the reduction.

The problem of shock is considerable, because it can move rapidly into death. The greatest enemy to a person in shock is the loss of body heat. River mishaps routinely involve the elements that can produce severe shock.

If an aidman finds it necessary to perform a reduction, his next immediate step must be to find a pulse somewhere in the affected arm, to assure himself that all is well. If there is no pulse, his options are to whistle Dixie, or to consider the possibility of re-dislocating the arm — the technique for which only a physician would know, and the shock from which could kill the victim. Furthermore, many people are incapable of correctly taking another person's pulse — much less the pulse of an injured, shocked, chilled extremity.

The correct amateur treatment of a dislocation may in fact be to make the victim as comfortable as possible on the streambank. If he remains stationary, his pain should stabilize at a just-bearable level. Shock is still a problem, so he must be kept warm, especially the shoulder area. If a decision is made to have the victim walk out under his own

power, watch him closely for the appearance of shock symptoms — increasingly frequent rest stops, pallor, clammy forehead, loss of coordination, idle, or "loose" talking — and stop the hike before things get worse.

If you are "miles from anywhere" the correct alternative may still be to depend on outside help, sending a man out to get a rescue party, a doctor, or helicopter. Even if your field reduction is letter perfect, the victim will not be able to paddle and will continue to suffer pain. He would not be able to swim.

The correct "tools" that make reduction of a dislocation simple and safe are 1) a drug to relieve the victim of pain, and 2) a drug to relax spasmed muscles in the affected area, and 3) a stethoscope to catch the victim's arm pulse afterward, and 4) knowledge of the method — because not all dislocation are alike, and 5) subsequent X-Ray of the shoulder joint.

If you waive your access to all that, and go ahead with ill-fated do-it-yourself treatment, you should plan on explaining why you chose that course of action to a jury.

Judd Smith
4070 Cedarbrush
Dallas, TX 75229

(Any comments from our numerous M.D. members?—Ed.)

FULL-FACE HELMET

Editor:

I've only been paddling on six different rivers since I began kayaking this spring, but I've experienced a lot of whitewater . . . Each trip I average about five spills but my roll brings me back up all the time. I've upset in some pretty shallow areas and bounced my head and shoulders off of a lot of rocks. But I haven't been at all worried because I kayak with a full face motorcycle helmet (chin guard is part of

helmet). It is acceptably comfortable after the padding on the chin guard is ripped out, and the drainage problem isn't all that bad. I picked it up used at a motorcycle shop for \$15. Considering the number of eye and forehead injuries I've seen and been told of, I think this type of complete protection deserves consideration by any serious paddler.

Steve Manz
Cincinnati, OH

(Is the face completely enclosed by a plastic bubble, or are there bars across the face? Is hearing impaired by such a helmet? How hard is it to look over one's shoulder? Just curious—Ed.)

REGISTRATION LEGISLATION

In the June, 1976 *Lookout*, newsletter of the National Boating Federation, is a report that the Pennsylvania legislature will be asked by the Fish Commission to begin requiring registration and numbering of sailboats and manually propelled craft exceeding seven feet in length. These craft would be charged \$3.00 per year to register. The Pennsylvania Boating Assoc. is inclined to support such legislation, since "these boats benefit from the state program, including safety surveillance and launching ramps; thus it is only fair that they should share the costs."

A similar bill, advanced by the Connecticut Marine Trades Assoc., to require registration of all types of boats six feet and over, was not brought before the Connecticut legislature this year after all, apparently because "canoeists were especially vehement against being required to register for the first time," according to the Outboard Boating Club of America's *Legislative Ledger* (May, 1976).

What's going on in YOUR state? Keep informed!

READERS' SOAPBOX

Was Jay Evans So Wrong?*

Perhaps in our haste to defend the undeniable skill many fine open boat canoeists display on the Dead River, the Chattooga, and other Class IV and even Class V rivers, we may have overlooked the basic point I believe Jay may have been making. What we increasingly encounter is more and more groups of less and less experienced canoeists that come charging down not only relatively safe Class I and Class II rivers but also Class III and even Class IV drops.

While I will defend to my last breath the kayaker's right to run any waterfall, dive into any hole or otherwise flirt with annihilation, it is quite another matter to have youngsters, or even older canoeists, drown wedged between a rock and a water-filled canoe or caught in the branches beneath a log — innocent looking, but very real dangers that experienced paddlers instantly recognize and instinctively avoid.

Avoidable drownings of inexperienced canoeists are on the increase. It is only a question of time before a cry for regulation will be heard in our land.

Our local OGRCC Paddling Club scheduled a weekend training session for Greenwich Council scout leaders planning on leading groups of 15 to 30 scouts on 20 to 100 mile river trips this Spring and Summer. These scout leaders were introduced to and trained in basic ferrying, eddy turning, peeling out and river-running on Class II water. Little more could be accomplished in a single weekend. In any white water club, these "leaders" would now be limited to early Class III water and

then, only when with groups of experienced canoeists. Nevertheless their brief training is all that is likely to be found in the 10 to 20 canoes they will be leading and it is 100% more than the leaders of many groups display on rivers and drops that experienced paddlers might well avoid.

There is trouble ahead and it may not be too long before it comes with a great hue and cry. What can we do? Many of the local scout canoe leaders did not feel they needed the training our club offered. Those that did left with new respect for the power of a simple rapids and an appreciation for the basic skills so fundamental to safe river canoeing. Other clubs offer intensive training that would be useful to canoe group leaders but only a small percentage of scout canoe trip leaders and other leaders have yet taken advantage of such training.

Certainly new suggestions and new approaches are needed. I do believe that Jay's original comments were intended to stimulate discussion on the problem of canoe group leadership. Let us consider this matter and act before mounting tragedies and stifling regulations by national, state and local authorities take the initiative from us.

A. H. Tuthill
Riverside, Conn.

**MOVING?
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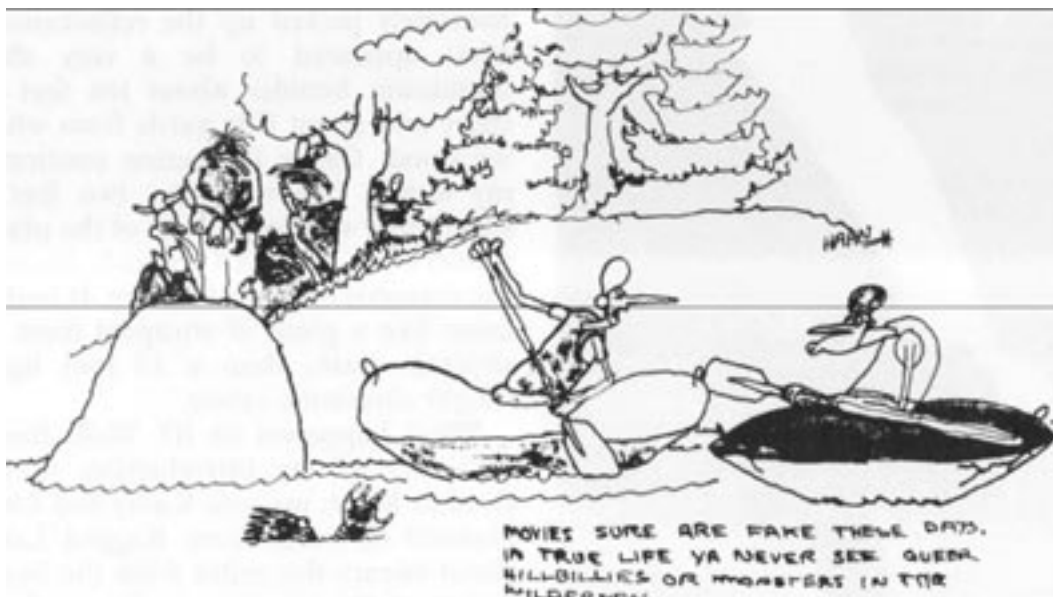
GET THE WHOLE PICTURE

of American river conservation developments in the monthly ARCC newsletter and support national conservation efforts at the same time. Send \$10 or more to:

American Rivers Conservation Council
324 C St. S. E.
Washington, DC 20003

*Refers to a letter to the editor in the SEP/OCT 1975 AWA Journal, and replies printed in subsequent issues, concerning the use of open boats in whitewater. — Ed.

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Last portage for a once-riverworthy canoe.

THRILL OF THE GOULAIS

*text and photographs by
Stephen A. Lyons*

It was mid May and there was a chill in the early morning air as Dave and I hiked up the rough dirt road. A mile from where we parked the van, we left the road and headed due east into the woods. Our boots disturbed the fine feathery layer of frost on the grasses and rocks as we picked our way through the birch, pine and maple. Here and there lay patches of ice and snow that hadn't gotten around to melting yet.

Soon, through a low growth of young poplar trees we could see the sparkling reflections on the dark blue water of the Goulais River — our destination. We had come to the river just below a long

stretch of boulder-filled whitewater. It widened at the end of this stretch and was fairly calm directly in front of us.

I scanned the river. My eyes immediately picked up the reflections of what appeared to be a very shiny aluminum boulder about ten feet off shore and about fifty yards from where we stood. Closer inspection confirmed my hunch. There it was, two feet of silvery bow sticking up out of the placid waters of an eddy. An icy wade brought the mangled remains to shore. It looked more like a piece of shrapnel from an airplane crash, than a 15 foot light-weight aluminum canoe.

What happened to it? Well, here's the story of my introduction to the Goulais River: my wife Kathy and I had planned to canoe from Ragged Lake, about twenty-five miles from the headwaters of the Goulais, in the northern part of the Sault Saint Marie District of southern Central Ontario, to the village of Searchmont, a distance of about forty wilderness miles.

South of Ragged Lake the river moves thru scenic and varied country. As we paddled our way into Tepee Lake, on our first afternoon, we entered an area which had been devastated by the Cowie Lake forest fire in 1967. The low, waist high growth of new trees and bushes was in full fall regalia. Combined with the charred, still standing skeletons of burned pines towering overhead, the scenery was magnificent, although sometimes ominous, especially when silhouetted by dark rain clouds. On our second afternoon, Kath and I succumbed to the temptation of one particularly high rock bluff overlooking the river in this burned over section. Our climb was well rewarded by a breathtaking panoramic view of the Goulais and surrounding valley.

Further down the river we portaged around cascading waterfalls and turbulent rapids, over trails strewn with

multicolored leaves. The advantage of having a lightweight canoe was really appreciated on these portages which ranged from 50 to 450 yards in length. We were soon to learn one major disadvantage.

On our third day out, we came upon a tortuous two mile stretch with Grade II rapids, abrupt rocky drops and small falls, all of which are extremely difficult to navigate in an open boat in high water. Since it had been raining almost daily during the two weeks previous to our trip, high water conditions prevailed. We made it through this section by lining the canoe around boulders and fallen trees, and making short portages . . . All this in drizzling rain and under overcast skies.

We camped at a falls, below which lay a three-quarter-mile-long rock garden, the last potential hazard on this stretch of the river. Some of our gear was wet from the rain, not to mention our clothes which were soaked. It was a chilly night.

The next day, our third wedding anniversary, was spent drying out, taking pictures and just generally relaxing in camp. The weather didn't seem to know what to do with itself. It would rain for a while, clear up and then rain some more. Rain tapped on the roof of the tent as we drifted off to sleep that night.

A clear morning greeted us when we zipped down the rain flap. After a good night's sleep, we were ready for anything. We looked at the river and decided to run the rapids.

The speed of the river and the numerous rocks, eddies and chutes demanded that we constantly change course. We were doing a good job of picking our way around the ubiquitous boulders in this Grade III rapids and were about a half mile through when it happened: aiming for a chute between two closely-spaced rocks, we did not have enough time to gain proper align-



Kathy takes paddle break below Ragged Lake.

ment, and hit the edge of the boulder amidship. As the canoe hung up, the force of the river swept it across the face of the rock and broadside to the current. The upstream gunwale dipped and the boat started to fill with water. All this happened in just seconds. Immediately, we both jumped out and found footing in the rushing water. I tried to lift the submerged gunwale enough to stop the water from filling the boat. Too late! I couldn't even budge it. The aluminum in front of me was already starting to bend under the force of the tons of water flowing into it. Kath was struggling with the wicker pack containing our food and cooking equipment, and fighting to keep from being swept downriver. I grabbed the other pack and headed over to give her a hand. Together we managed to make our way to shore.

After a short rest, I headed back out to retrieve the tent, spare paddle, and waterproof camera bag, which were still in the canoe. By the time I got there the canoe had bent so much that the tent was wedged between the mid thwart and the bottom. A good yank and it was out. The water was very cold and I was beginning to feel the effects on my coordination. I grabbed the camera bag from beneath the bow seat, cut the string securing the spare paddle and headed back.

On shore I shook so much that when I looked around it was as though I was looking at images projected by a movie projector that has been misthreaded. Everything looked blurred and jerky. Luckily it was the warmest and sunniest day of our whole trip, The fire Kath had built and the relatively dry clothes from the pack returned our body heat quickly.

Before shouldering our packs and heading west toward the **Weldwood Road**, we took one last look at our canoe. What a sight! It was wrapped right around the rock, whitewater curling over bow and stern. . . .

Well, that's how it looked when Kath and I left it last fall. A winter in the river hadn't improved its condition. The twisted piece of aluminum that now lay before David and me was torn, tattered, bent, frayed and gouged. Just looking at it gives one an appreciation of the force of that river.

After "portaging" the remains through the woods and back to the van, we drove a mile south to the bridge at mile 17 on the **Weldwood Road**, parked the van and make ready our camping gear. I had decided last fall that I would finish the trip to Searchmont when the opportunity arose, and now, accompanied by my brother Dave, an adventurous outdoor enthusiast, launched my other canoe, a 16 ft. **wood-and-fiberglass** craft, into the rippling

current below the bridge.

The water was very high and swift due to the spring runoff, and before long we encountered whitewater with lots of standing waves. We canoed through the first series without incident but on the second series we dove through some rather large waves, took in a lot of water and had to beach quickly for fear of capsizing.

The boat emptied, we restowed our gear, tied our drenched boots to the thwarts and pushed off into the swift water. We immediately hit more whitewater, and a mile down river repeated our first experience. Having twice come very close to capsizing we didn't want to **push** our luck further. Something had to be done to lighten the load. The fifty pounds of camping gear had to go. Dave suggested we take the camping gear back to the van and canoe the remaining **13** miles to **Searchmont** that day instead of camping along the way as planned. Sounded good.

I hiked out to the logging road, got a ride to the **bridge** from some fishermen, and was soon back. The change in load made quite a difference. The canoe rode high enough so that we took in no water.

Soon the river calmed a little. The current was still fast but the **standing** waves were behind us. We could relax now and take in the scenery. The sun was shining and the blue sky had practically no trace of clouds. Beaver signs were numerous: along the banks, freshly felled poplar trees hung leaves down into the water and bright white wood chips lay scattered on the ground. Two blue kingfishers flow low over the water to our left and paralleled our course before lighting in a dead tree over-hanging the river.

Roaring from the falls alerted us to the danger even before we saw the pulley wire, which marks the portage,



Rapids below old logging dam on the Goulais.



Dave surveys rapids below Whitman Dam.

crossing the river up ahead. The river description we had obtained from the Ministry of Natural Resources cautioned that under no circumstances should a canoe pass under this cable. We weren't about to contest their advice and pulled to shore to portage the 570 yds around the falls.

Below this falls the river widened and was easy going. Occasionally we hit rifles and few short easy rapids. Coming around a bend we spotted the V-shaped wake of an animal swimming across the current. A mink! It dove as we approached, surfaced closer to the canoe, dove again and resurfaced near shore. Gracefully the sleek brown body disappeared into the brush.

There are two portages around the old Whitman Dam. We took the longer, less rocky and less obstructed one. The shorter trail which runs closer to the

river has several tight spots between trees and rock walls, and between the outcropping rocks and the river. It also has one very abrupt drop of about five feet with scanty footing available.

With the sun in the West, we enjoyed a leisurely paddle on the final stretch. As dusk approached, fish began to jump in the calmer water. We rounded the last bend and saw ahead the steel bridge in Searchmont, marking the end of our trip.

It was with a sigh that we pulled our canoe from this exciting and memorable river.

A trip down the Goulais should not be taken without a formal river description listing portages, falls and rapids. Such a description, which includes a map, may be obtained by writing to the Ministry of Natural Resources; P.O. Box 130, 69 Church St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada.

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TUOLUMNE BATTLE EXPLODES IN CALIFORNIA

By Bob Hackamack

Dam proponents decided in May, 1976 to seek licenses for three dams on the Tuolumne River. The following day, the Sierra Club charged a \$10.7 million swindle was involved in the hydroelectric benefits claimed for the dams.

These events hint at the root and solution to the report that pressure from the Federal Power Commission (FPC) had influenced the outcome of the federal Wild River Study now in progress.

The Board of Directors of the Modesto and Turlock irrigation districts voted without public hearing or notice in late April to seek preliminary permits from the FPC at once so that detailed engineering studies can be made in the canyons between Don Pedro Reservoir and Yosemite National Park. San Francisco's Public Utilities Commission quietly voted the same action. Applications will be made for two dams on the Tuolumne River, 1 mile above Wards Ferry Bridge and 26 miles farther up at the confluence with Cherry Creek. One dam is planned seven miles up the Clavey River, a tributary of the Tuolumne.

This 28-mile stretch of class IV to VI water on the Tuolumne is presently enjoyed by whitewater boaters and stream fishermen. The Districts and the power brokers of San Francisco are attracted by the same 1400 foot fall that the boaters now use (average fall 50 feet per mile).

Plans appear to be to proceed with dam construction with disregard for the Wild River Study classification given this stretch by Congress last year. A federal study team is now seeking input of data and opinion on values the river provides. These will be used in

preparing a recommendation to Congress on whether this portion of the Tuolumne should be added to the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System or not. Congress is expected to take action in 1980. The dams, if built, would destroy all the river values that are now available.

A bookkeeping swindle of \$10.7 million a year has been uncovered by this reporter in the benefits reported by the dam project proponents. The effect is to reduce the benefit to cost ratio (BC ratio) from 1.64 to 1.35 based on their figures (which are also faulty). A reasonable fish release would further reduce the BC ratio to 1.21. The errors all work to the advantage of San Francisco. Modesto and Turlock electric ratepayers are the losers. These calculations were made in response to a story printed in the April, 1976 Sierra Club *Paddlers' News Bulletin* saying the federal Study Team was being influenced to decide in favor of dams by input from the FPC. Study Team co-managers Carl Rust and Kelly Cash each strongly denied that any influence from FPC, dam builders (or boaters) will influence their recommendation on preserving or developing these canyons.

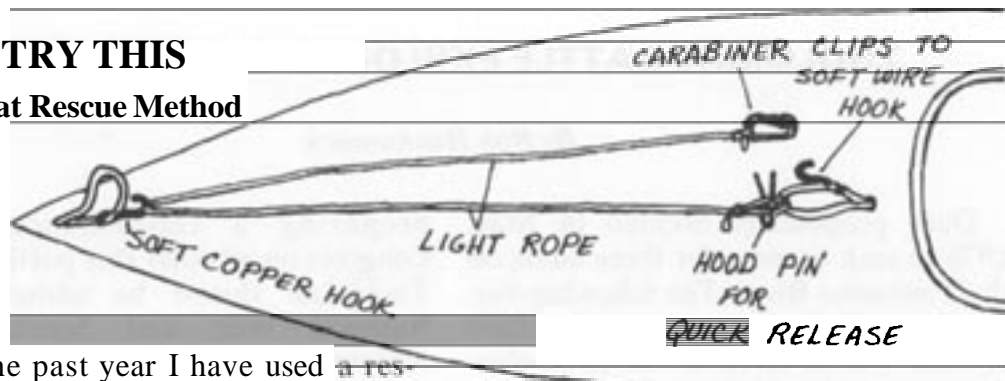
To be sure the team is able to make the best decision, boaters must be sure to put in all data favorable to preservation and to look for error and omission in the input of the dam builders.

Your comments and river data should be sent to Tuolumne Wild River Study, PO Box 90, Groveland, CA 95321.

(From the June, 1976 Sierra Club Paddlers' News Bulletin, Dan Bruno, CA.)

TRY THIS

Boat Rescue Method



Over the past year I have used a rescue rope on the back of my kayak that has worked extremely well and fast for rescuing boats in Grade 3+ water (rock gardens, etc.). It requires a third deck loop behind the cockpit, a thin line twice as long as the back deck, two soft (copper) wire hooks, a mountaineer's carabiner and a large automotive hood pin for the safety release.

To rescue a boat, pull the carabiner free of the soft wire retainer, snap it to

the grab loop of the afflicted boat, and paddle. Even a boat full of water can be handled this way as it allows good maneuverability. If it becomes necessary to separate the boats, just pull the hood pin. I have tried the safety release a 300-lb. static load and it still works easily.

Ben Lemke
6230 Walker Ave.
Burnaby, B.C., Canada

Our river-running sport is only as viable as the supply of our rivers. Yet, every year, new rivers are buried in reservoirs, channeled, polluted, or drained of water. Most of us feel remorseful and helpless as the bureaucracy grinds on and our rivers go under. But that needn't be.

Membership in the American Rivers Conservation Council (ARCC) will help save rivers. The Staff of ARCC is in the business of fighting pork-barrel bureaucrats and river-raiders. It is a David and Goliath contest. ARCC is understaffed, underpaid, and undersupported. They need help. It is our rivers, and our children's that hang in the balance with each difficult confrontation that ARCC makes in Washington. It is our quality of life, and it is worth a lot more than the few dollars it requires to support ARCC.

Besides the obvious pragmatism of supporting ARCC to fight for our rivers, AWA members deserve to have a special, fatherly pride in ARCC. Three enthusiastic AWA members — Oz

Hawksley, Jerry Meral, and myself — were present at the Denver meeting a few years back at which ARCC was founded. We helped formulate its goals. They are goals that any river runner can applaud. They are goals that all river runners should financially support. They are aimed totally at saving our free-flowing rivers.

A river, once destroyed, is lost to our age of mankind. Many are already gone. Others await their turn on the despoiler's charts. Let's get together today, every one of us, and show the profiteers that we are not going to step aside while they systematically decimate the rest of our rivers. Joining ARCC is the quickest way to thrust at the heart of this disgraceful — and to us tragic — destruction of our most precious heritage. Join ARCC now. Please! Membership, \$10.00 a year. Please send your check to ARCC — 324 C Street S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

J. Calvin Giddings, President
AWA Board of Directors

**ROSE MARY GABLER
JOINS STAFF**

Alert readers will already have noticed a new name on the AWA masthead: Rose Mary Gabler, our new business manager. Rose Mary, who lives in Lexington, MA with her husband Ray (our very capable Racing Editor), works full time as a technical representative for National CFS, a computer company. Her background is in math, and favorite occupations include traveling, opera, music and bridge. Rose Mary says rather apologetically that whitewater boating is not one of her main interests — she does have a kayak, however, and occasionally paddles C-2 with Ray — but that's all right; if she spent all her spare time running rivers (like some folks we know), she wouldn't have been able to volunteer her badly needed services to AWA. We're delighted to welcome Rose Mary to our staff.

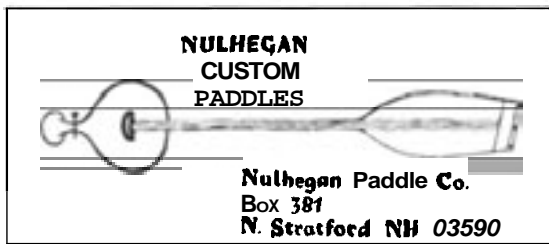


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CANOE — ACROSTIC

By

John R. Sweet

Penn State Outing Club

University Park, Pa. 16802

Have you ever worked a Double-Croscopic puzzle? I used to do them frequently with my parents when I was little, as they appeared weekly in the New York Times, the Saturday Review, and probably elsewhere. More recently I have done them only occasionally when forced to bed by the flu or some such ailment that deactivates the body but not the mind. Last time around I decided to turn the tables and make one up rather than trying to solve one.

Here's how it works. First, fill in as many of the "words" as you can, based on the "clues" given, one letter for each numbered space. Then transfer the letters to the corresponding numbered spaces in the diagram; black spaces separate words. When the diagram is partially filled in you can

"guess backwards" to fill in some of the letters in the words you couldn't get. Call into play as many grammatical and spelling rules as you can. For example, a single-space word will almost certainly be , while a three letter word " h ," is very likely to be "the." Work back and forth until the diagram is filled in, whereupon it can be read as a quotation. Furthermore, the first letters of the filled in words, reading down, identify the author and either the subject or the source of the quotation. For example, the first letters of the words might read. "JRSWEETAWAJOURNAL."

In the case of my puzzle, the subject is canoeing, so I call it a Canoe-Acroscopic. The quotation and about 80% of the words deal in some way with boating. It has something of a Pennsylvania bias, and I apologize for that. It was not as hard to make up as I feared it would be. It would be a lot tougher if I tried to use mostly longer words as the pro's do; two and three letter words make it much easier to design, possibly harder to solve. So give it a try, and good luck!

(Solution in next issue.)

C L U E S

W O R D S

A. Truly superlative, slang

33 72 60 12 39 104 77 97 1

B. D N F

21 83 65 19 4

C. One thing you get from high water

103 7 32 75

D. One thing you take in high water

15 56 37 70

E. Time from Maine to Indiana, abbr.

59 108 24

F. No one wants **it** in a race

35 14 57 99

G. How you get your boat on your car

100 10 46 79

H. What makes the Big Muddy muddy

64 90 18 50

I. New National Scenic River candidate (Pa) S.B. 1004

40 82 106 51 23 34

J. We follow one into a rapid

105

K. Wizard of

29 89

	1 A	2 Q	3 M	4 B	5 P	6 I	7 C	8 N	9 X		10 G	11 M		12 A	13 X	
14 F	15 D	16 U		17 W	18 H	19 B	20 M	21 B	22 O	23 I	24 E	25 Q	26 T		27 Q	28 M
29 K	30 U	31 P	32 C		33 A	34 I		35 F	36 N	37 D	38 T		39 A	40 I	41 O	
42 S	43 N	44 W	45 P		46 G	47 H	48 L	49 W		50 H	51 W	52 T	53 I	54 O		55 M
56 D	57 F	58 S	59 E	60 A		61 X	62 O	63 Q	64 H		65 B	66 V	67 I	68 M	69 U	
70 D	71 P	72 A	73 S	74 R	75 C	76 X		77 A	78 R	79 G		80 S	81 M	82 I		83 B
84 M	85 W	86 T		87 X	88 L	89 K		90 H	91 O	92 U	93 N	94 S		95 V	96 I	97 A
98 T	99 F	100 G	101 M		102 L	103 C	104 A	105 J	106 I	107 P	108 E					

JRS

- L. First name of 2 A-ranked slalom kayakists 102 48 88
- M. Pass in Washington 11 68 28 20 3 84 47 55 81 101
- N. A type of boat 36 93 43 8
- O. _____ Paddle Co. 91 62 41 54 22
- P. One end of a boat 45 5 31 107 71
- Q. The easiest part of a roll is the first _____ 2 63 25 27
- R. England, et al, abbr. 78 74
- S. 3 of 4 affected governors don't want this dam (NJ) 94 42 58
- T. An appointment to meet 38 52 26 86 98
- U. "_____ Go," champion C-1, retired 30 92 16 69
- V. Sugar _____, abbr. 66 95
- W. "Neat" 85 51 17 49 44
- X. _____ Canyon 9 61 87 13 76

WHITEWATER SLALOM RACING RULES

*National Slalom and Wildwater Committee
of the American Canoe Association*

For the past two years, a group of experienced competitors and officials under the chairmanship of John Sweet have worked on a set of comprehensive rules and regulations to cover slalom competition. These rules were prepared to cover the U.S., but they are based on the International Canoe Federation rules. The adaptations are mainly with respect to race organization rather than to the mechanics of gate judging, although this area is elaborated upon also. The purpose is to outline a set of rules that would permit uniformity from race to race and also to help insure fairness to the competitor. By having organizers working under this set of regulations, boaters will be more assured of being treated fairly wherever a race is held. A copy of the rules can be obtained by writing the National Slalom Committee, Box 45, Elwyn, PA 19063. The cost is \$1.00/copy. The rules themselves cover 27 pages, and the highlights of a few sections will be briefly summarized below.

—Ray Gabler, AWA Racing *Chairman*

Articles 6—Categories

In addition to the usual categories, C-1W and C-2W (women) will be offered where at least three boats can participate in each category. Special classes may be formed at non-championship races at the discretion of the organizers. A junior is defined as one who has not reached a 17th birthday as of Jan. 1 of the current year, and a master has reached a 40th birthday.

Article 7—Officials

A list of 14 race officials is given along with their function and responsibilities. Hopefully, persons with identical titles will be performing the same

tasks at different races throughout the country.

Article 14—Practice

If circumstances permit, each competitor shall be allowed one training run over the course with the gates in position for each category entered. All runs are to be nonstop with each gate being done only once.

Article 16—Safety Measures

All boats must be made unsinkable. Doubtful boats will undergo flotation testing. Handholds must be fitted at the bow and stern. Loops may be taped or fastened so as to prevent them from swinging and possibly touching gates, but this fastening must be ~~minimal~~ and in no way prevent their ready accessibility when needed. Organizers are advised to make spot checks of the buoyancy of life jackets. Unless the organizers decide otherwise, each competitor shall wear a safety helmet and a life jacket with a minimum buoyancy of 6 Kg. Three boats must remain at the end of the course at all times for safety. In all cases, competitors participate at their own risk.

Article 19—The Course

A general description of the course is given. It shall have a maximum length of 800 meters containing at least 25 gates and not more than 30, of which at least 4 are reverse gates. No gate shall be closer than 25 meters to the finish line. The final approach and negotiation of a gate must not be unduly hindered by a rock or other obstruction.

Article 21—Negotiation of Gates

Describes exactly what it means to negotiate a gate, when the negotiation starts, ends, etc.

Article 22—Judging

Details the penalty system along with

the interpretation of penalties in unclear situations.

Article 25— Timing

If stopwatches are used for timing, only those with 60 sec. sweep hands are allowed.

Article 32, 33— Protest and Appeal

Describes under what circumstances and how a protest is to be filed, or how an appeal is to be made. All protests must be lodged with the Jury Chairman in writing with a fee set by the organizers (not more than \$5.00). A competitor has the right of appeal to the NSC against a decision of the Jury.

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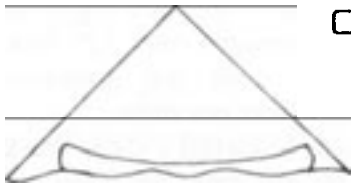
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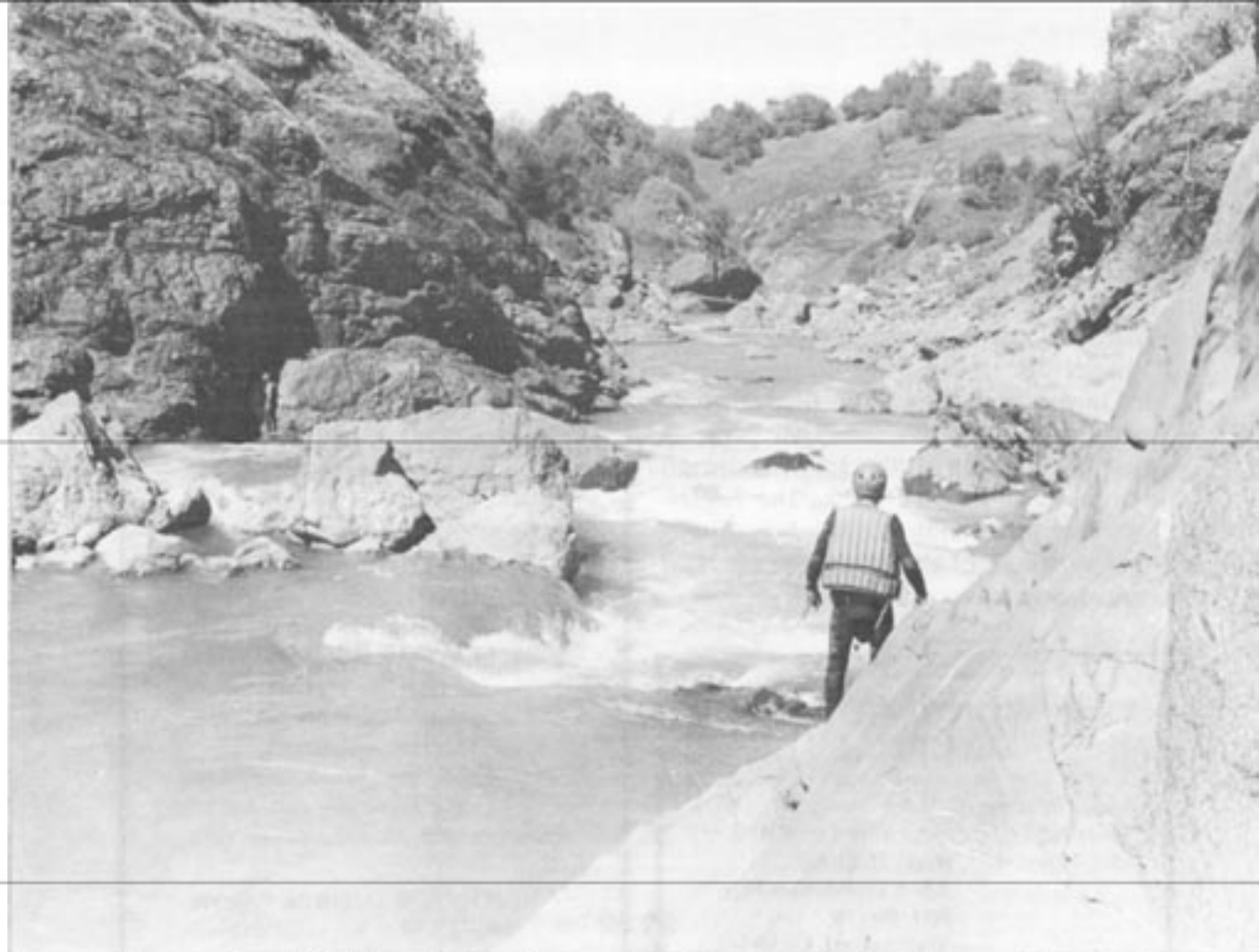
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Emerging from Split Rock, the landscape begins to open up, but the river continues to fall at a high rate.

THE SPLIT ROCK RUN North Fork of the Eel River

*by Joe and John Bauer;
photos by Joe Bauer*

JOHN: The North Fork of the Eel flows into the Main Eel north of Covelo, California. It drains low mountains in the middle of the Coastal Range, a near-wilderness area with few roads and sparse population.

Very little kayaking has been done on this river because of its short boatable season and difficult, long shuttles. Part of the river runs through the Round Valley Indian Reservation. The river can be broken down into three sections. The two upper sections were pioneered by Dick Schwind and are described in

his guide book, *West Coast River Touring*. The takeout for the second of these runs is at the Mina bridge on the Covelo-Zeina road, which is the only bridge across this stream.

Between this bridge and the main Eel is a six-mile stretch that had remained unexplored until the spring of 1975. It looked very difficult on the maps, with a steep section of 2½ miles right in the middle that averages over 125 feet per mile gradient, with two quarter-mile sections of 180 feet per mile.

JOE: It was Schwind's idea. We knew as well as he did what we were getting into. But I don't think we would ever have run that section of the Eel if Dick hadn't said, "Let's do it this weekend." I had been thinking about this run for a couple of years and I know Dick had been considering it even longer.

It's only six miles. But besides the steep gradient, the canyon seems to get very narrow on the topographic maps, and at the confluence there would still be 26 miles on the Main Eel, which would have a pretty large flow when there was enough water to navigate the North Fork.

Being an Eel River enthusiast and having run most of the system, I couldn't put the Split Rock run out of my mind. My brother John and I had even hiked in a few miles on each end at low water, but hadn't gotten to the steep part. We were dying to see first hand what was in the canyon.

The plan was to take overnight gear, running the North Fork the first day, camping at the confluence and running the 26 miles to Alder point the next day. John and I and the Eschenbach brothers, Sid and Mike, went up a day early. On the way to the North Fork, we stopped and ran a section of the Main Eel above Dos Rios, a pleasant class III. When we got to the North Fork, we found it running at about 700 cfs. We had hoped for no more than 400. But the water was clear, 46.5°F, and the weather was warm. Dick arrived late that night with another group of kayakers who were going to run the upper North Fork, a beautiful class IV, and then leave John's truck for us at Alderpoint.

We got a relatively late start in the morning. By the time we had breakfast, loaded our boats and got into the river, it was about 9:30. The first mile and a half was mellow, with spaced mild rapids. We stopped to talk to a fisherman who warned us that the river wasn't passable ahead. We told him that we figured as much and continued on toward Split Rock with strangely light spirits.

Split Rock is one of those freaks of Nature where the river seems to have picked the highest point in the ridge to

cut through. The result is a narrow gorge with almost perpendicular walls on each side of the river. Approaching Split Rock we encountered a class IV rapid that we ran by eddy-scouting. This was followed by a hard class V. The drop wasn't that great, but there was a strainer below the runnable chute. Thus our portages began with an easy short one.

Shortly below here we came upon what was probably the biggest single drop on the river — a long wild rapid which ended in a sort of waterfall into a beautiful pool which disappeared around a sharp bend to the right. There were some Indians fishing in the pool from a little gravel bar across the river. The only possible portage was down the rocks by the face of the falls and put in right at the base of the rapid in some pretty squirrely water. But we didn't know what was around the corner — maybe another falls! So John and Mike made a somewhat hairy climb up the canyon to scout around the corner. "Doesn't look runnable, but we can probably portage." If worse comes to worst we can always walk out the way the Indians got in, we figure. So we portage to the base of the falls and paddle across the pool to where the Indians are fishing.

Below here we were faced with a sheer rock wall on our side of the river and a simple class III drop to ferry to the other side before the river plunged over an obviously unrunnable drop and roared around the corner to the right and out of sight. This turned out to be the type of boating we would be doing most of the day —fairly routine class III boating in front of class VI and VII*

*Class VII is an invention of Charles Martin, described in his *Sierra Whitewater* as "Death trap. Class VI conditions (or waterfalls) with no possible portage and no way out of the canyon."

drops. One mistake and you get to run the big one. So there was constant pressure as we made our way from portage to portage. One place in particular had almost sheer walls on each side of a pool about 75 feet long. The only place to take out of the pool downstream was right at the top of the next unrunnable rapid. This was the closest we came to being completely stopped. Another 100 cfs in the river and it would have been impassable. We would have had to leave our boats to climb out and return for them at a later date. We ended up lining the boats, passing the lines from man to man as we clung to the rocks.

JOHN: It took us nearly an hour to get past the falls and around the corner. This was just the beginning. The river dropped out of sight through class VI rapids separated by class V drops. A typical rapid would start out with a three-foot drop, then tricky maneuvering through holes and rocks to another steep drop or two. And just about the time you started thinking about running it you would discover an unrunnable 7- or 8-foot drop onto sharp rocks just below. To portage these rapids required searching both banks for possible routes. Then the loaded boats had to be carried around and over the huge boulders.

By one o'clock we had come only $\frac{3}{4}$ mile past Split Rock. We got out the map because we could not believe we had only come that short distance. There had been more portaging than river running. Dick was beginning to feel ill and we were all quite tired. I kept thinking that the action would let up. We were through Split Rock and the first steep section, and I expected that we would find some river to run. Not so. After a short lunch and a little rest, we were off again. Very little was runnable. The pools were short and the portages were short — for a while. Some of the drops that we carried could have been

run except that they were followed by obviously unrunnable horrors. It became more and more tempting to run up to the very brink of disaster to avoid having to climb over a jumble of Mack Truck-sized boulders.

JOE: But what a beautiful place we had gotten ourselves into. Huge rock formations and the river cascading over multicolored boulders. There were some runnable sections, but the ratio of runnable river to difficult portages was ridiculous. After we cleared the Split Rock area the landscape opened up and softened into grassy hills with scattered trees and rocks, and the river continued with large drops through giant boulders. At one point we left the river bed for quite a way, carrying our heavily loaded boats overland.

JOHN: This long portage up onto the steep hillside must have taken most on an hour and covered nearly a quarter-mile. While working our way down to the river again we had to cross a mud slide that I sank into past my knees and nearly lost my shoes.

JOE: Then came a nice stretch of good, runnable whitewater before we got into the portages again. I think that it was in this section that John almost got it.

He turned over just above an as-yet unscouted but obviously wild rapid. By the time he rolled up he was on the brink and no amount of wild desperate paddling could save him. Over he went out of sight.

Dick and I got out of our boats as fast as possible and hurried down the right bank. Sid and Mike were already on the left bank scouting. I had the rope — I just hoped we'd get a chance to use it. As I climbed I wondered what had happened to John. It was now obvious that the rapid was not runnable — huge staggered drops. Those moments will have to forever rate as some of my lowest. About halfway down the rapid



Sid and Mike carefully scout the first drop of a long rapid.

we met John coming back up, climbing over the big rocks. He was smiling. His notes read like this:

Class III — brace in hole — go over — roll as fast as I can — at the brink — back paddle — can't stop — creep forward — loaded boat — hack end swings — jams in — lunge for rock — slips from grasp — over drop — clean at bottom (expected blows) — come up swimming in right direction — grab rock — safe — UNHURT!

JOHN: Mike had found a spot downstream and waited for whatever would come down. It was my wet suit which I had taken off after overheating on the portages. But Mike hadn't noticed that I had taken it off, and thought it had been ripped from my body. The only thing that got away was the seat from my boat. Sid dove into the river and grabbed it but had to let it go to avoid being swept over still another awful drop.

JOE: So John was O.K. — but where was his boat? We soon found it underwater, jammed below the second drop. After a bit of doing, we retrieved it only to find that it was broken in half. Only a strip on the bottom held the two halves together — a kind of hinge. Obviously not patchable.

JOHN: It was 4:30 and we were one boat short. Dick volunteered to walk out. We loaded him with as much as we could tape and tie to him. We tore the map in half where we decided we were and waved goodbye.

JOE: Back in the river, the next section was the most runnable of the day. I don't know how long it was, but it was a joy. But soon we came to more portages and it was my turn to blow it.

We had stopped at the top of a rapid where large boulders blocked the downstream view. John and Sid scouted on the right and decided not to attempt it while I waited in my boat. The portage

appeared to be on the left. so we had to ferry across in fairly fast current above the rapid. No big deal. We had made similar maneuvers a dozen times that day. Mike and John made it nicely. Then it was my turn. Maybe it was the loaded boat or just that I was tired, but when I entered the current, it grabbed my bow and before I knew what had happened I was turned and facing downstream into this rapid I hadn't even looked at. There was nothing else to do, so I paddled into it, taking the first small drop and frantically searching for an eddy to stop in. Sid was yelling instructions from the bank, but I never heard him as I entered a small pool with fast current running through it, around big boulders and down out of sight. I desperately tried to catch a tiny non-eddy on the left. It was enough to turn me facing back upstream, but I couldn't hold it. I slipped out backwards and over probably the largest

drop I've ever run. Hitting the wave at the bottom, I threw my paddle into it and pulled hard and landed — plop — in a calm eddy at the bottom. I had run the only possible chute backwards, completely clean — hadn't even touched a rock! I may not be a great boater, but I am lucky.

The rest of the guys made the portage and we continued. But I was shaken to my soul. There is nothing quite like finding yourself committed to a really wild rapid that you haven't scouted. It's not so bad at the time, because it happens so fast. But reliving it over and over in your mind afterwards can be almost like torture.

I don't remember the next section too clearly — more portages and some runnable and one particularly difficult portage around a spectacular double falls, one right after the other. But I was getting too exhausted to appreciate it. Finally we came to another huge pile of

The 725 cfs level was good for the runnable sections, but less water would have given more room for portages.




boulders. Upon scouting we discovered that it went-on and on around the corner and we started looking for a campsite.

The right bank was open, but not very level. Finally Sid found a nice spot high on the left bank. I didn't want to get back in my boat, but we had to make one last ferry across the river. It was great to get out of my wet suit and into dry clothes. We carried our camping gear up to a beautiful ledge about a hundred feet above the river and fixed dinner while examining our position on the topo map and discussing our situation. It soon became clear that one more long portage would get us past the last of the steep section, and tired but reassured, we went to sleep. I have always felt that one of the greatest joys of kayaking is getting way out into the seldom-traveled areas. This campsite was profoundly peaceful.

In the morning we explored the area a bit and again crossed the river, this time by running a nice class III rapid. The portage wasn't too bad. We were fresh, our boats were a little lighter because of the two meals we had consumed and we teamed up on the kayaks. One man carried two bows, another the sterns. Small sticks through the grab loops made comfortable handles. It was a carry of about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile through pretty open country.

The run down to the Main Eel was uneventful with occasional class II rapids. We stopped at the confluence to celebrate.

The Main Eel was running about 4000 cfs and was another kind of boating entirely. For the most part the class III rapids were washed out with some big waves. We made good time concentrating on steady paddling and the grand Eel River scenery, which included a small herd of white deer. It took only four hours to make the 26 miles  Alderpoint, in contrast to

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about 10 hours for the 2%-mile section on the North Fork.

When we reached Alderpoint, John went into town to look for his truck. but after we had been there only a few minutes, it magically appeared with Dick at the wheel and a kayak on the rack. "Whose boat is that?" I thought. "Maybe one of the other kayakers'." But as he got closer I could see that it was John's boat that we had left for dead in the wilds of the North Fork.

After hiking out the day before, Dick had spent the night at John's truck and then walked back in the morning and carried out John's broken boat. It was necessary to tape it together to keep the two halves from flapping. Later, when we got home, John and Mike cut out the shattered parts of the hull, put the boat back into the mold and relaid up the missing sections. A new seat and some patching and it was almost as good as new. A little heavier. but John's still paddling it today, over a year later.



The last of the steep section as seen from our campsite.

On the way home that night, we went over what had happened and figured out elaborate rescue procedures and equipment that would be useful on trips like this.

For me it was a very important trip and I'm glad we did it.

JOHN: I can't say that I will never attempt a run with as much gradient as the Split Rock run again. But if I do, there are several things that I would do differently. First of all I would not try it with a loaded boat. If a camp out is required, I will forget the whole thing. With an empty boat I may have been able to avoid going over that drop. The portaging would have been much less tiring and my paddling sharper.

Second, 725 cfs was too much water for such a run, especially for the first descent. With less water the portages would have been easier, and there would have been less force pushing us over the brinks.

Such exploratory runs should be approached with extreme caution. All members of the party should be in top physical condition. I will certainly go into training before I attempt anything similar.

We should have gotten started at the crack of dawn, giving ourselves all possible daylight. Such a run should not be underestimated. Before making the run I kept thinking, "It's only 2½ miles of steep." 2½ miles can be an incredible distance over boulders and up and down cliffs. All members of the party should be part of a team and rescue procedures should be worked out in advance.

It was an incredible experience. After it was over, we all agreed that it had been one of the highest times of our lives. Nonetheless, I cannot recommend the run to anyone. Split Rock is a fantastic place to take a hike, but very questionable as a boat ride.

BOOK REVIEWS

WHITEWATER CANOEING.
William O. Sandreuter Winchester
Press, 205 East 42nd Street, New York,
New York 10017. \$8.95 208 pp.

It seems as though everyone is getting into whitewater, and, of course, they are all experts. Mr. Sandreuter's book is another example of a book which has a smooth flowing narrative, but is full of misinformation and apparent distortions about whitewater. Promoted as being a complete book on whitewater canoeing, Mr. Sandreuter has touched only superficially on all the major topics concerning whitewater. Instead of clear and concise instruction about the sport as is demonstrated in McNair's *Basic River Canoeing* the author presents a slightly rambling narrative. Despite the great number of photographs in support of the text, they tend to be of the eye-catching type and not very instructive.

As I read through the book it became obvious that the author could not confine his thoughts to the subject at hand, but would plunge into other topics. In his section on paddling strokes he ventures into river reading and river maneuvers instead of placing this material in its proper chapter later. Although I understand his use of unique terms for the various strokes, I feel that no useful purpose has been served by doing so, especially when he implies that his terms are the commonly accepted ones. As an example he uses the term "draw glide" in place of forward stroke or bow stroke.

The author also manages to present misinformation about the sport of competitive whitewater. He ignores downriver and marathon competition (the most popular in open canoes) and provides incorrect information about the slalom rules. He also makes no distinction between decked boat com-

petition and open boats.

Mr. Sandreuter's greatest error has been to encourage people to venture into whitewater beyond their ability. Although this has not been his intent, he has accomplished this by completely distorting the river classification system. The author presents a rating scale for the Delaware River, but never makes clear that the Delaware has its own rating system independent of any other. He later expands upon this "number" 0 through 6 classification scale implying that it is the accepted system. The description provided for each "number" is totally inappropriate and impractical for the paddler. He talks the reader through a stretch of water from "number" 0 through 5 and maybe even 6 in an open canoe! Yet, nowhere does he mention the International River Classification Scale of I through VI under which it is generally considered impossible to run beyond class IV in an open canoe. To distort and completely confuse and misrepresent this single most important tool in whitewater safety is totally unforgivable! I cannot believe that the author is a journalist who makes his living by writing, nor can I accept that he has 35 years of canoeing experience which includes teaching others to paddle.

The advertisement in *Canoe* describes this book as "everything the whitewater enthusiast needs to know to canoe the river safely and enjoyably." I can only hope that the public will ignore this book despite the very appealing cover photograph, for Mr. Sandreuter has not demonstrated that he has the ability to communicate the basic safety skills and knowledge that are demanded on a river.

Donald R. Jarrell, Chairman
Middle States Open Canoe
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American Canoe Association

Youghiogheny River Guide (1975), Cost (?). Rich Designs, 481 S. Ashburton, Columbus, Ohio 43213. Reviewed by John R. Sweet, Penn State Outing Club, University Park, Pa 16802.

This guide is in the form of a map on a single sheet 38" x 25" showing the Youghiogheny River from Confluence to Connellsville in southwestern Pennsylvania. Arranged around the map are a rapid-by-rapid description of the river, 15 diagrams showing routes through the major rapids, seven small photos, and a few words on safety, difficulty ratings, and the region around the river. Phone numbers are given to obtain gage levels, but there is considerable confusion as to what gage is referred to and what it means. To set the record straight, the guide seems to have been written for about 1.2 to 2.0 feet at Ohioyle (typical summer levels), which translates to about 2.0 to 2.8 feet at Confluence, or a flow of about 700 to 1500 cfs.

The descriptions of the rapids are quite good, and should allow anyone to know where he is on the river, and give some feel for what is ahead. The photos, though small, are helpful in developing this feeling, especially the two aerial shots of the river. The highly stylized diagrams are the least effective part of the guide. Despite well over 100 trips on the river, I find it difficult to recognize some of the rapids from the diagrams. Only a few of the best contain information not readily obtained from the description.

My largest complaint is in the nomenclature for the rapids. The river was first explored in the late 50's and early 60's, and many of the rapids were named at that time. Commercial rafting enterprises began in the middle and late 60's, and the rest of the rapids were named and several others *renamed* at that time. There are now two sets of names used by the river runners. but

only the newer names appear on the guide. As a traditionalist, I regret the loss of the original names, though I have no quarrel with the descriptiveness of some of the new ones. Camel & Walrus Rapid was known as Kaufman's Rock after one of the early river runners. River's End Rapid is otherwise known as Pipe Rapid, and Stairstep is also called Last Chance Rapid. Dimple's Rock is incorrectly indicated as it is actually the small rock a bit to the right of the large one marked on the map. Finally, care should be exercised in crossing the "old railroad siding" at the takeout, as it is the mainline of the B & O between Cumberland and Pittsburgh!

Despite these few shortcomings, the guide is overall well done, with good descriptions and realistic ratings. It would be worthwhile reading for any potential Yough runner.

John R. Sweet. May 1976

PRODUCT REVIEW

KAYAK FOOTRESTS from **Yakima Industries**, 724 N. 34th Ave., Yakima, WA 98902.

These must be seen to be believed. The design is beautiful, the execution impeccable, and the price about half that of some inferior designs on the market. These pedal-type footbraces slide up and down on extruded aluminum channel pieces in 1/4-inch increments (click!). The standard model (9 inches long) allows 6 1/4 inches of adjustment, with other models offering more adjustment and smaller increments. They may be fastened into the boat using fiberglass cloth in the conventional way, or by using small bolts through the hull. Adjustment is done by pressing a spring-loaded trigger which is hidden behind the pedal — and this can easily be operated with one's toes without getting out of the boat! So

much fun to play with that you may want a spare for your desk. Fine German craftsmanship at a bargain-basement price, the standard model is \$7.50 plus postage as of January, 1976. The man behind Yakima Industries is a 77-year-old kayaker named Otto Lagervall, who just returned from a paddling vacation with his wife in Canada.

CARTOP CARRIER, Yakima Industries, see above.

Another high-quality product, this strong, extremely lightweight set of carriers is made to be set up easily for boats, skis or a luggage tray, depending on what components one specifies. Each of the two carrier bars consists of round aluminum tubing clamped to a pair of brackets that transfer the weight to the car roof via four 3-inch rubber-covered metal pads. The carriers are then held down by metal cables, which clamp to the underside of the rain gutters if your car has them. For gutterless cars, a set of four small plates can be fastened

to the car with sheet metal screws, and the carrier can then be clamped to these. The fact that the tubing is round almost requires "saddle pieces" for each boat, and these are available. The potential problem with this support system is that with a heavy load, a sharp bump might cause the roof to buckle in like an oil can and thus allow enough slack in the cables to let them come unhooked. However, if the ends of the boats are tied to the bumpers as they should be, the load would still be secure.

Yakima has taken exceptional care in looking after small details in this system. Assorted hardware for tying down, such as bumper hooks and rubber straps, are available at very reasonable prices, as are the metal plates for gutterless cars.

The price of the basic carrier bars is \$14.00. Kayak saddles are \$4.50 per set, and it costs 75c to hold down a pair of skis (all prices F.O.B. Washington).

—Jim Sindelar

The Makings of a Great Whitewater Canoe - - - ABS ROYALEX HULL - - - ALUMINUM UPPER STRUCTURE - - - DESIGN INNOVATIONS

... (On the Chattooga River, Section 4)

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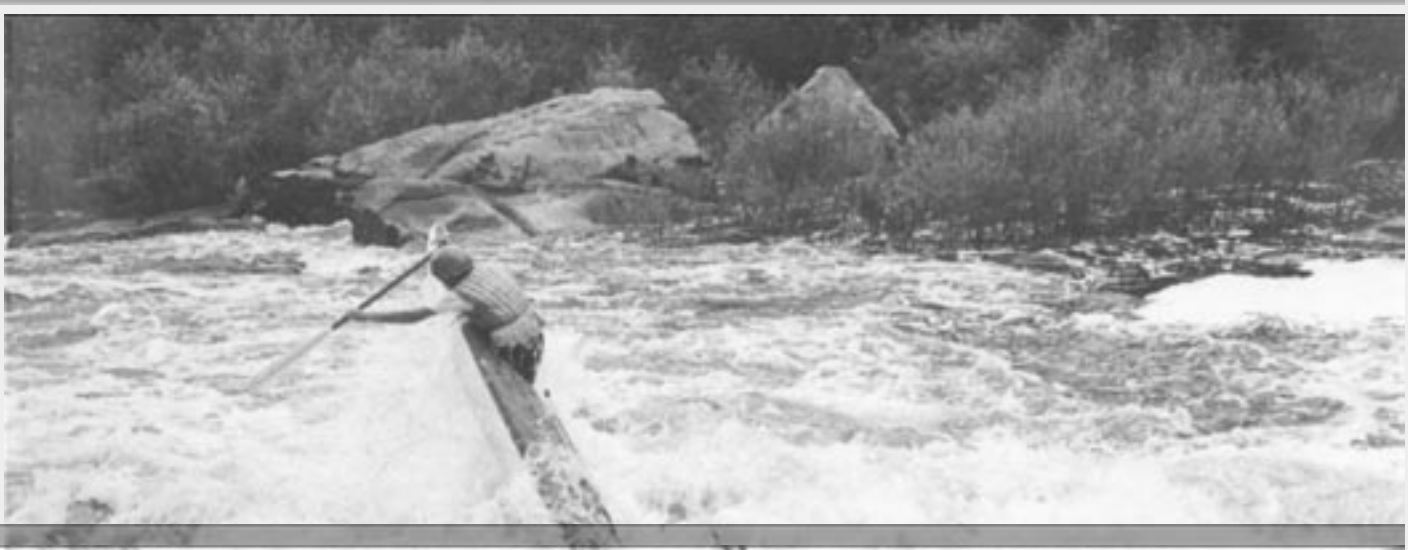
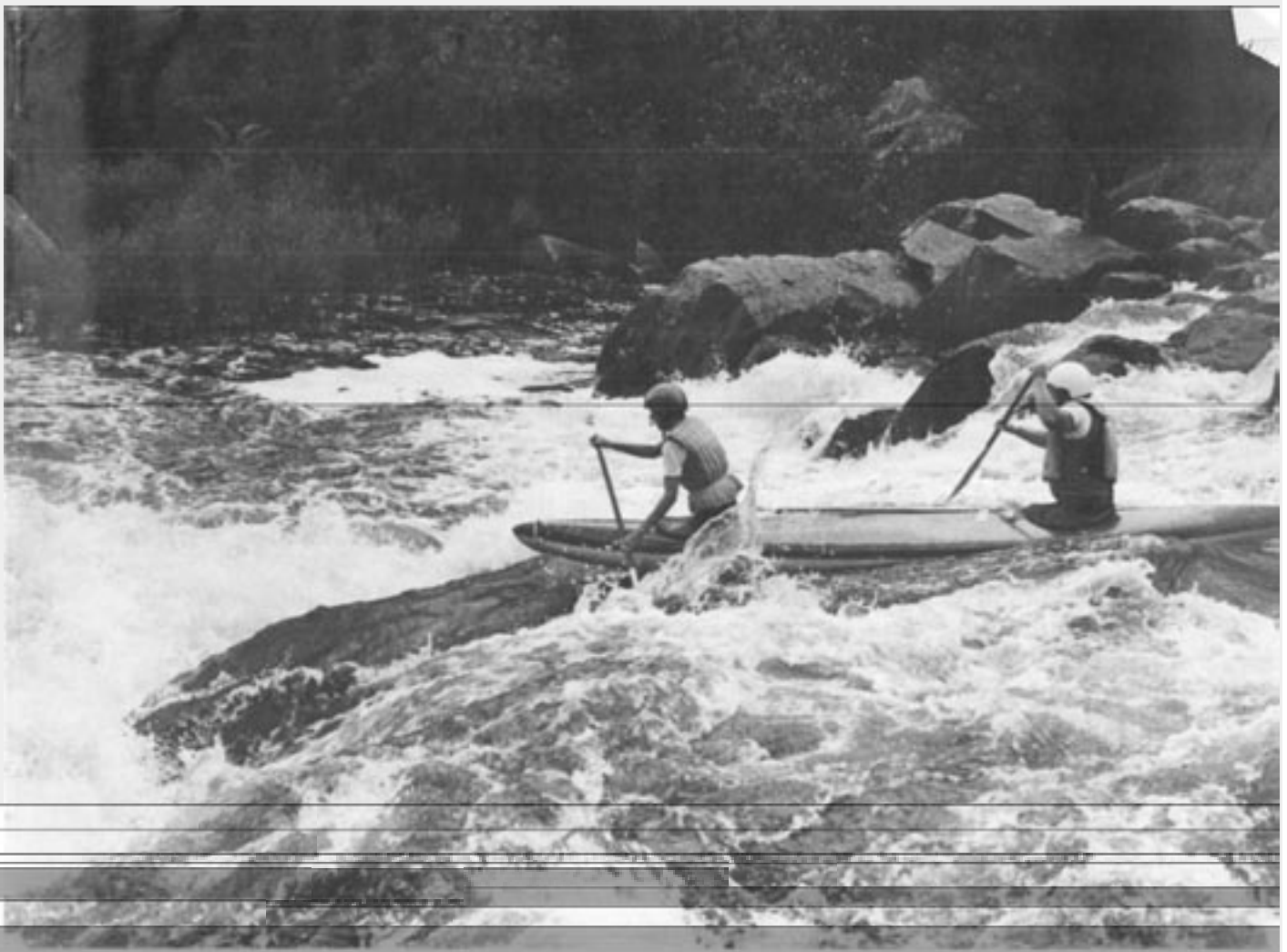
... (On the Chattooga River, Section 4)



PHOTO GALLERY

ABOVE: *From Daniel Platt of Hollywood, Florida (where rivers have alligators instead of whitewater):* Running **Woodall** Shoals on the Chattooga, a notoriously dangerous rapid. Its rather innocent appearance is deceptive; the reversal at the bottom reaches out about 15 feet and can pull paddler and boat back into its jaws. Kayaks, rafts and people have been seen to circulate in this reversal for up to 30 minutes, and at least five people have drowned there, the latest reportedly being a swimming instructor who should have known better. The paddler pictured above has wisely improved the odds in his favor by arranging for shore support.

AT RIGHT: *From Paul Krombholz, Madison, Wisconsin:* Photos of Grandfathers Falls on the Wisconsin River above Merrill, Wis., taken last summer (**1975**) when the penstocks of the Grandfather Falls power station were being rebuilt (see "River Renaissance" by Andy **Westerhaus**, **JAN/FEB** 1976). Dave Wehnes (bow) and John Fahrner (stern) are pictured not quite making it. Their boat stood on end and rotated clockwise before coming to rest upside down.



LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE STERNPERSON!

I feel that it's about time that the sternpeople of the MCC unite in an effort to expose to the canoeing world the frustrations, insults, and yes, friends and neighbors, even injuries suffered at the hands of the most notoriously dangerous creature on the water — the Bowperson!

Yes, Sternmen, if you will send me your application forms along with your \$10 initiation fee, I will organize an unending fight to wipe out the antics of this hazardous creature.

Note: When submitting your applications enclose photos of any unusual scars, dislocated joints or fractured members, attesting to the authenticity of being an authorized, initiated

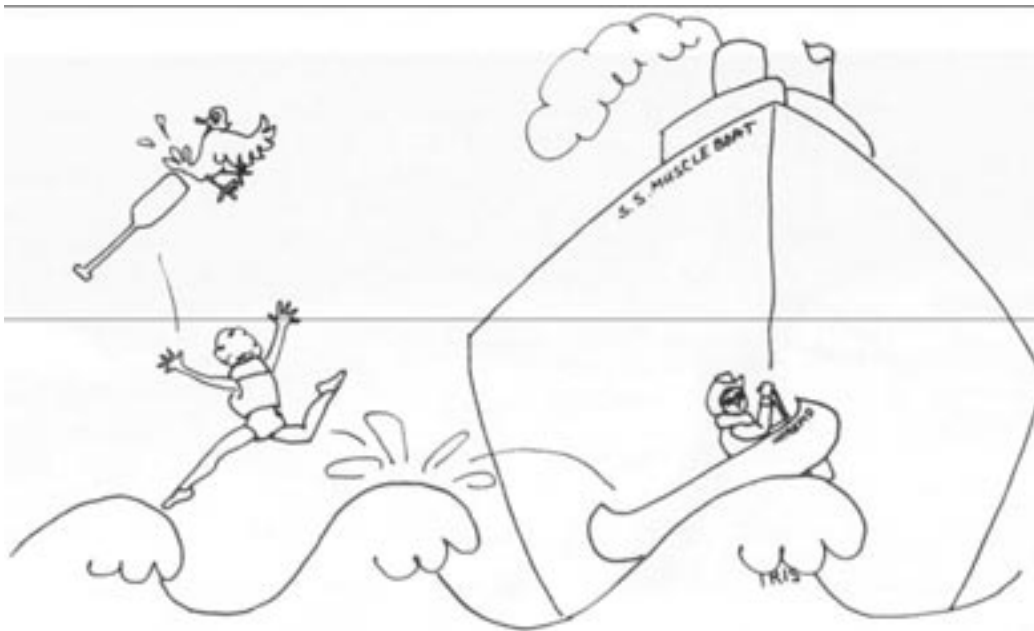
and much maligned sternman. A psychiatrist's report may be substituted for the above mentioned photographs.

Your fee entitles you to monthly newsletters covering such educational articles as "Offensive and Defensive Paddle Strokes," "Emergency Evacuation Procedures," etc.

Also included is a set of earplugs, a year's supply of ace bandages, 200 No-Doz tablets (for the long drive home from the river) and 200 tranquilizers (to relax you enough to sleep after a trying day on the river).

So join now! Submit your applications and send your money to me in care of the *Smoke Signal*.

Tom Kramer
(From the *Smoke Signal*, newsletter of the Monocacy Canoe Club, P.O. Box 1083, Frederick, MD 21701.)



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