

American **WHITEWATER**

7 DAY
ARCTIC-CIRCLE RACE



The Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation

\$1.95

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1983



GREAT MOMENTS IN BOATING:

The last oomph before you know it's all over

High above the Arctic Circle, Finnish C-2 racers Ahola and Massala plunge upward but not necessarily onward in the first annual Arctic Canoe Race. Bowman Ahola's magnificently demonstrated sky brace and his partner's equally unsuccessful last ditch lurch were executed amidst the foam of Kukkola Rapid, a broad but tricky stretch of Finland's Kemijoki River which claimed several of the racers during their 520 kilometer whitewater marathon.

It is moves such as these that impress upon us just how truly international is the special flavor of boating. Being lunched and hypothermic knows no national borders. For this reason AWA selects Veli-Markus Halonen's fine photograph as our first presentation in AWA's Great moments in boating series. (If you'd like to see your great moment in boating published, send the photo to the AWA Editor. Photos will be returned.)

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AWA Journal
Editor-in-Chief
Jackson
7 Holland Lane
Cranbury, NJ 08512
(609) 448-8639

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AWA STAFF

Editor: Bart Jackson, 7 Holland Lane, Cranbury, NJ 08512
 Racing Editor: Barb McKee, 1167 Millstone River Rd., Hillsboro, NJ 08876
Regional Editors:
 Rocky Mts: Ed Sibert **California:** Rich Bangs Northeast: Mike Rodgers
 Idaho: Rob Lesser **Midwest:** Fred Young **Alaska:** Jack Allen
 Membership Director Phil Vogel, Box 1483, Hagerstown, MD 21741-1483
 Advertising Director: Peter Skinner, RD #1, West Sand Lake, NY 12196
 Conservation: Bob Lantz Safety: O K Goodwin
 Affiliate Coordinator: Rob Forker **Printing** Consultant Jim Muhlhahn
 Address Changes and Missing Journals: Contact Peter Skinner,
 RD 1, West Sand Lake, NY 12196
 AWA Products: Fred Young, Box 246, Roscoe, IL 61073
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COVER: Siberian explorer Sasha Chudnovsky hauls on the tiller of his homemade raft which took six down Quebec's Gorge River. See page 28 for story. (Rita Tessman photo)

Editor's Soapbox

The King is Dead Long Live...?

By now everyone has hoisted at least one toast to the glorious demises of our vainglorious Secretary of the Interior, James Watt. He was a bad man who wanted to destroy rather than protect the environment with which he was entrusted. Very few readers of this Journal will feel that Watt's resignation, whether Reagan-inspired or not, is a cause for weeping and gnashing of teeth. The celebrations in my own club have been something akin to VJ Day.

But before we laugh through our beers and heave too great a sigh of relief, allow me to bear these unglad tidings: the war is not over and the enemy is now less well defined. One of the few nice things about this villain was that he always wore a black hat. He was always on the wrong side, always championing the causes of land and river rape, and democratically battled every faction of environmentalist, regardless of what flora, fauna, or hunk of land they especially loved.

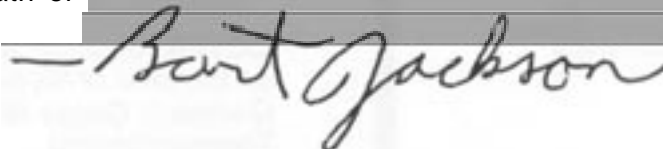
It became simple. Sir James drew us all together and the factions vanished: fishermen no longer battled boaters, wildlife preservationists no longer fought hikers. We were unified under one banner—if Watt be against us, all men shall stand at our side. The press, without intention, gave great aid to our cause. Journalists love a highly placed ass and they hadn't had such an enjoyable target since Spiro Agnew. Every month a new Wattism would hit the media and give our causes more national attention than had previously been hoped for.

But unfortunately, with the death of

the ass went his braying and environmentalists' biggest negative rallying point in decades died with it. The same administration that appointed this man is still empowered and is daily enhancing its own public opinion and reelection odds. While all those specific plans we read with horror truly came from Watt himself, the philosophy behind them was backed and oftenshaped by the Reagan administration. It now becomes the President's duty to appoint a less flamboyant but equally fanatical Secretary of the Interior. William Clark appears just that and only to happy to trek Watt's ruinous route.

The real temptation with loosing the man we love to hate is that every branch of environmental users and preservers will again tend to split up into the old inefficient squabbling factions that kill each other before they ever reach the enemy. The administration is not stupid. They have learned their lesson with Watt. From now on all new environmental officials in every department will learn to mouth the right nature-loving platitudes, he (if male) will sport a lush outdoorsy beard, and be seen in endless al fresco poses. And, odds are, he will be more insidious as his than his predecessor.

Thus it behooves us all to learn a lesson from this enemy who drove us together. Fishermen, boaters, hunters, all of us must stay united and study the actions and records of all future officials. The villains may no longer wear black hats, but they are still out there working.



—Bart Jackson

Letters from Readers:



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

CLUB FOUNDING

Dear Bart:

Several years ago, a group of friends and I got together and started paddling the area's rivers on a regular basis. We are now interested in forming a club and sharing our experiences with others who enjoy whitewater paddling. We are also interested in teaching beginners and promoting safety.

Would you please furnish us with some basic guidelines for initiating a canoeing and kayaking club?

Mike Rodgers
New Milford, CT

There are many steps that can be taken which will, with determination, transform a bunch of paddling buddies into a club. Depending on how totally you want to become involved, some of these include the initiation of regular monthly meetings publicized in the local paper and posted in the libraries and colleges in the area; establishing of a monthly newsletter, however small; setting up a definite trip schedule with leaders to contact; devoting one or two weekends a year to training and safety sessions to try and attract newcomers. Details on these and many other ideas will be explained in AWA's Jan.-Feb. issue in which we will publish a special article on forming your own whitewater club. Watch for it.—Ed.

AMATEURISM

Dear Bart,

I've thought a great deal about the pros and cons of amateurism and last

night I finally had a brain storm which has me convinced that the subject is really much ado about nothing. My inspiration was my own career as a soprano, which I had followed both as an amateur and as a professional.

When it all comes down to the best way to live, people shouldn't do anything, if they can help it, just for the money. They should get involved and be able to earn a living doing things that they enjoy. I no longer see that much distinction in our world between amateurism and professionalism when the occupation is performed with great love and enthusiasm. And I don't feel getting paid for doing something makes one less idealistic. In fact, it enables the person to be less selfish, less dependent on others, and more able to be a contributing member of his family or society.

It is not the money athletes get that takes the 'amateur' out of them—it's what they have to do to get the money. If they have to make advertisements for products they don't believe in, if they have to change their training schedule to suit public relations and media people, then the sponsorship can actually interfere with rather than help the athlete.

What we need is more genuine volunteer contributions from people and corporations who want to assist young people in healthy, inspiring activities. They can publicize their contributions with their own professional staffs, without severely imposing on the athletes, if they wish to contribute from advertising funds; or they can take advantage of the tax deductibility of such contributions, and that can be incentive enough to make the donations. Some corporations may even help athletes by offering them

Letters

part time jobs and leave time that will give them the time needed to train and race.

In sum, I believe professionalism and amateurism should ideally be combined, not considered as opposites. The professional amateur would be one who loves his work, puts in the time necessary to become highly proficient at it, and can support himself so that he is not a burden to anyone, but rather contributes to his society in every way.

Abigail B. Endicott
Trustee
U.S. Team Fund

Along the same line, Abbie Endicott was recently interviewed by New York Times writer Neil Amdur in a long article in the Sept. 11th Sunday Times. In the article, Abbie noted that last May when the athletes who had made the U.S. Team were asked to each submit a \$100 check to confirm hotel reservations in Merano, Italy, a handful of the checks bounced. This fact proves the claim that many Team members had hit rock bottom long before the Worlds ever came.

The article (Section C, page 1) stated several other points which further depict the blurring of 'amateur' as a legal criterion for sports participation. Technically, the qualifying amateur is "anyone who abides by the eligibility rules of the International Amateur Athletics Federation." But where that line is drawn, applied, and how the rules have been circumvented, have all allowed an incredible disparity between competitors in different sports.

Six-gold-medal winner John Lugbill and the rest of the U.S. Whitewater Team considered themselves lucky to draw \$725 each for expenses from the \$10,000 team fund. The men's track and field 'developmental' budget totaled \$943,800. More importantly, however, top track 'amateurs' such as Sebastian Coe or Steve Ovett of Britain or Alberto Salazar of the U.S. could each easily earn \$250,000 each from sanctioned permit races, under the table appearance fees, and assorted commercial endorse-

ments. (The sanctioned permit race is a little gem of legalistic gimmickery where the race sponsor receives special permission from the sport's governing federation to drop all the amateur rules for this race only.)

Neither whitewater nor archery stars, however, will glean many bucks from their status or achievements while they are still competing. They will find what patrons they can and squeeze in what jobs they can to fit training.

The disparity is enormous. And even the International Olympic Committee (IOC) has somewhat relegated the amateur question to the individual sport councils. Current eligibility rule 26 of the IOC states that the athlete must abide by all existing amateur requirements of the IOC and those of his own sports federation—even if the federation's rules are stricter. Thus the vagueness of the laws have led in all sports to a multitude of abuses. Many, including IOC President William E. Simon are crying for a single rule to be designed and enforced by the Olympic Committee and all governing sports federations.

The starving athlete approach of whitewater and archery when compared to the blatantly corrupting methods of college football and track and field makes it impossible to believe that these men and women fall into the same athletic category of 'amateur.' Some rule and enforcement changes must be made. Before we ask what should be a new law be, we might better ask, what should be the ethic behind them. -Ed

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WHITEWATER

""FLUVIAL

MIKE McCORMIC TO EDIT ATHLETES' EXCHANGE

The Athletes' Exchange is a far too unknown, little newsletter written by paddling athletes, for themselves. It was designed a couple of years ago to be an informal information swap that would act as a sort of locker room bull session in print. No, we do not mean it discusses graphic details of local cuties. Rather, paddlers share with each other tips on boating technique, diet, training, boat design, psyching up—what works, what doesn't.

As of November, National K-1 Champ Bruce Swomley will hand over the reins to Grand Prix Champ Mike McCormic. First thing, Mike claims, will be to put the Exchange on a regular schedule. The first issue will come out in January 1984, continuing with 10 monthly publications, combining April-May and June-July. The cost will be \$10 per year, \$1 per issue.

Another goal of Mike's is to expand the newsletter beyond whitewater slalom. "We are trying to help all paddlers—not just elite racers," says Mike. "The dedicated cruiser and up-and-coming racer can both benefit from the things we discuss."

If you have an article you would like to contribute to The Athletes' Exchange or wish to subscribe, contact Mike McCormic, 8049 Tuckerman Lane, Potomac, MD 20854.

OCOEE FESTIVAL MAYBE MAY

Plans are already underway for a Tennessee State-sponsored whitewater festival sometime around mid-May. The Ocoee River Council has recently met with Governor Alexander Lemar to put together a festival that would help preserve this continually threatened stream. Rumors have it that several big-name country and western stars will perform.

THE WORLDS '89 — IN USA?

For the first time since the biannual competition began, the International Championships of Whitewater Paddling may be held in the United States. Traditionally a European hosted event, the Worlds has shuttled back and forth between a rather small number of sites. But now, as America has become the ones to beat, a strong European contingent wants to come to the U.S. and see just what kind of water these Yanks are training on.

By the end of this summer's Worlds, West Germany had again agreed to host the '85 competition at the artificial course in Augsburg. The French had spoken for '87 in their own country. But 1989 was open. Yugoslavia had thought of making a bid, but the real hope in everyone's mind was that the United States would become the first time hosts for that year.

Obviously, this would be a magnificent opportunity, but like all opportunities it entails a lot of work and several problems. A formal bid would have to be made by The American Canoe Association by next spring, so there is ample time. The biggest problem is where? Selecting a course site is no mean task and involves several criteria.

First and primary, of course, is the water. The chosen river must offer a solid, totally dependable challenging slalom course and a wildwater course—that means of minimum of five miles. It must also be thoroughly accessible, not just for the judges and scorers but for the 10 to 20 thousand spectators the event will draw. Secondly, there must be ample lodging for the 250 competitors, 100 judges, press, medical facilities, and the spectators. A knowledgeable committee backed by several hundred dedicated volunteers is mandatory to bring such an enormous event off. An inestimable amount of personal time,

NEWS

White Water Flowing Community

WHITEWATER

monies, endless meetings must be sacrificed, and the area clubs must commit themselves for at least a year to the Worlds as their only major project. Finally, but not to be minimized, the site must have a fair array of cultural activities. Part of being a host is displaying our country to our foreign guests.

Possible Sites. Several potential sites have been under discussion.

1. Tarriffville. In southern Mass., this river offers good water for slalom, but no really good wildwater course. Location and accessibility are good.

2. Wasau. Site of the '83 Nationals, this artificial channel of the Wisconsin River in Wisconsin offers flow on demand for slalom all year and a good local town. Wildwater race capabilities are questionable, however.

3. Savage. This Maryland-Pennsylvania stream has a good, dam controlled flow over an excellent slalom and wildwater course, but accessibility is terrible and as for cultural advantages—oh, my gawd.

It's obvious that none of these sites is ideal. But considerations are far from over. Where is that Western hospitality that always offers a warm hand and boasts of its magnificent streams? Let's hear from you.

STEVE TAYLOR

One of the most gratifying events at the September 24th West Virginia Whitewater Festival was the presentation by Joe Pulliam of Perception, Inc.'s Conservationist of the Year award to Steve Taylor. Steve, a member of the Canoe Cruisers Association, has devoted countless hours for the past year in helping preserve the Gauley River. He, as much as any individual, is responsible for the recent shelving of the long tunnel project. All of us at AWA give Steve Taylor our heartiest congratulations for his magnificent and successful effort.

GRAVITY HITS THE ROAD

Unfortunately, by the time this issue reaches your hands, many of you will have already missed the third annual Gravity Sports Film Festival held at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. But have no fear, Gravity Promoter Rocky Rossi is planning to take many of these amazing outdoor films on a Western tour throughout December, January, and February. Among these will be the films awarded the prize for "Best Whitewater," "Best Ski," "Best Mountaineering," and "Best Film of a Competitive Event." Some of the cities tentatively slated for showing are Aspen, Keystone, Sun Valley, Vail, Boise, Missoula, Portland and Seattle. The firm also rents individual films for club meetings. For further details, contact Gravity Sports Films, Inc., 2171 East 3300 South, Salt Lake City, UT 84109; (801) 485-3702.

ICF PONDS BOAT CHANGES

If certain forces in the International Canoe Federation have their way, the boat you paddle next season may be bigger and the World Championship Team a little smaller. Under rainy skies in Merano, Italy this past summer, flatwater and slalom ICF big-wigs sat and reviewed the Whitewater Worlds and came up with a hatful of possible changes, the three biggest of which could definitely harpoon America's current competitive edge. Officials discussed:

- A weight restriction on all boats. A low-weight limit, it is believed, would de-emphasize competitive construction and focus the competition back to the paddler's skill. (An admirable principle, but one that apparently does not apply to flatwater racing.)

- Eliminate the pointy ends of boats. Under the suggested new ruling, bow and stern ends of each boat would have to measure at least two inches wide and one-half inch thick at the end. This

Fluvial News

not-too-drastic a change in design would probably involve only minor adaptation of current molds. Apparently, ICF officials were worried about spectators, swimmers and cruising partners amid rescue being bayoneted by needle nose prows in conditions much less controlled than a race.

- Three instead of four competitors per event, per country at the Worlds. The basic goal of reducing the teams by 25 percent is to shorten the length of the biannual World Championship competition. The bad side effect would be to dramatically reduce the number of athletes who get a taste of world class competition.

Asked to comment on these suggestions, U.S. Team Coach Bill Endicott said, "They are really going to hurt the United States most of all. Some might even say they were suspicious. We now have a real edge in boat construction which most other countries are well aware they are unable to match. If these suggestions are officially proposed to the ICF, and if they pass, it could change the shape of every boat that anyone paddles.

"As for reducing the teams, that has been officially proposed to the ICF, unlike the boat changes which are just being bruited about. It would really hurt us and all countries dedicated enough to send a full team to the Worlds. In the end the sport would suffer."

GAULEY: LONG TUNNEL DIES

The Festival. On September 24th, over 800 people from 25 states gathered along the banks of the Gauley River for the West Virginia Whitewater Festival. Hordes surged along the Burnwood Campground put-in, bands played, an incredible array of whitewater equipment was raffled off, Will Sommers and Elizabeth Hayman chaired a slalom at the rapid below the dam which was won by Jon Luginbill in C-1 and Mike McCormick in K-1, films were shown, tales told, and a fabulous time was had by all.

As a result, Citizens for the Gauley, headed by Dave Brown, which sponsored the Festival received substantial financial support in their fight against the then-threatening long tunnel diversion project and any other incursions against the river.

An interesting footnote to the Festival was the Army Corps' total refusal to release one drop of water for the 24th. It was "physically impossible." Fortunately, however, a telegram from West Virginia's Governor recinded the law of physics and water flowed.

The Victory. Just one week later, on September 30th, the Army Corps of Engineers officially dropped their plans for the long tunnel diversion project for the Gauley's Summersville dam, which would have totally destroyed three miles of the East's most valuable and exciting whitewater. The Corps' project clearinghouse, The Board of Engineers of Rivers and Harbors "were embarrassed over the lack of the project's proponents." In other words, no one supported it and they couldn't find one darn soul to buy its potential power.

This past year, the Corps policy of ignoring whitewater boater requests accelerated into deliberate withholding in an effort to gain project support. Refusing requests for peak flows all fall, they dumped all the normal drawdown water in one shot: Friday night through Sunday night. The result was a whopping \$1.5 million loss in tourist revenues to the state. Congressman Bob Wise (WV-D) was furious and demanded that the Corps "pay more attention to the other resources of the area" in the future, including whitewater recreational boating.

The Fight Goes On. Now the bad news. First, nothing ever 'dies' in the Corps. C.F.G.R. Director Dave Brown and Congressman Wise warn that Huntington District is already looking for ways to ameliorate boaters and probably the project plan will resurface in a few years. Second, and worse, the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission

has approved NOAH Corporation's application for a license to install hydro-power in the Summersville dam. NOAH faces several hurdles before the actual license to construct is granted, not the least of which is gaining Corps cooperation for their project, given the Corps' own plans.

Thus the Citizens For Gauley River will still be in there pitching and still needs your support. Write "Your Senator," U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510 and "Your Congressman," U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515: protest the licensing of NOAH's hydro project and ask them to

consult Congressmen Wise and Rahall about preserving whitewater flows on the Gauley River. For more information, write Citizens For Gauley River, Box 722, Oak Hill, WV 25901; (304) 465-1412.

Also, contributions are desperately needed to keep the C.F.G.R. financially afloat. To help them continue the battle, American Whitewater is establishing a Save the Gauley Fund which will support C.F.G.R. in her non-lobbying efforts by means of your tax-deductible contributions. We ask you to look at the coupon below and aid in saving this magnificent stretch of whitewater.

Yelp

Help

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Your tax-deductible contribution to the American Whitewater Affiliation's Save the Gauley Fund will support the C.F.G.R. in its continuing fight to prevent hydropower incursions and to gain adequate recreational releases on one of America's premier stretches of whitewater. Your gift will be used to help Citizens for Gauley River with its non-lobbying expenses related to their efforts.

So put a little 3-in-1 on your pocketbook and show the hydro beavers that Paddling Power has muscle.

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- Yes. I want to help save the Gauley River, my check is enclosed.
- Please help me keep up to date and put me on the Citizens For Gauley River mailing list. My name and address are:

name _____

address _____

- I will gladly volunteer time for the C.F.G.R.

THE TORNIO 530

by Steve Bowles
Race Chairman



The Most Civilized Race Above the Arctic Circle

Kilpisjärvi—a strange name and a strange town for the first-ever competitors coming to the Arctic Canoe Race (ACR-83), but to make everyone feel at home, the rain was ready and a wet welcome was had by all 101 racers from seven nations. It was a warm August for northern Finland—50 degrees F. But a quick dip in the icy Kemijoki River made you realize you were above the Arctic Circle. While racers huddled and wondered why they'd come at all, officials began measuring the K-1's and WW Canadians—the only two race classes.

"Do we really need spraydecks?"

"Yes."

"Must we have helmets for a marathon race?"

"Yes. Get to the end of the queue."

"Where is your grab loop?"

"Use your rudder. Join the end of the queue when your grab loop is finished."

In short, it was a race like any other race, with the usual greetings, hassles and fears with all the old feelings—only this one was so darn far north.

DAY 1

At 4:00 a.m., all of Kilpisjärvi awoke to a horrible series of noises. It was racetime. After a hearty breakfast and the usual gear fussings and preparations, the paddlers lined up in such an orderly way for the gang start: long time friends together, each one a gentleman and each one secretly wishing he were back in bed.

The first 14 Kilometers (K) ran through two flat lakes and soon split the pack in a predictable way, with the first casualty being retired due to heart condition. By the time of the initial Class II rapid, the kayakers had churned well ahead, affording England's Rod Kinch time to demonstrate the stern-first technique of rapid running. This spot was to see many fine Canadian boats condemned for scrap.

By now the open canoes had given up trying to sprint after the kayakers, while Belgium's Greeff and Claeys and England's Campbell and Belcher were leading with a power and skill that allowed



Vell-Markus Halonen

The Finnish C-2 Crews prepare for start.

them to avoid the 20-minute portage penalty. But could they survive the upcoming rocky shoals?

Thesecond major rapid at the 50K mark brought about a wincing number of swims and breakages. The plastic pig rescue kayaks would happily paddle out at the foot of the rapids, pick up the remains, and chalk another rescue mark on their hulls. One by one the German competitors: Toni Prijon, Jackel, then Grothaus glanced and ran the rapid, a bit unsure, but unwilling to take the portage penalty. Running interspersed came the British with stiff upper lips and bows—Taylor, Doodey, Swadling, Davis and Kevane all surviving well.

A couple of hours of mild river paddling then brought the first competitors to the feared Pattikkakoski Cruncher. This deceptive drop, marking about two-thirds of the first day's run, splits into bouldery channels and is capable of holding craft and viciously banging swimmers. Some meters above the entrance, competitors began pulling over for a mandatory 20-minute rest stop. Back up crews fed and rubbed

chilled paddlers, taped their boats and brought brief, welcome relief to those racing in the rain and cold.

After soup and bread and some hard warning talk, Campbell and Greeff both took the rapid with some determination. Campbell looked good in his K-1 and his strong whitewater experience clearly showed. Greeff, who had clearly been at home throughout hit a rock and somehow remained upright to carry on paddling, all the while cutting his foot on his footrest on impact.

Brothaus, right behind took what appeared a quicker route and found out all too quickly his mistake. Somehow surviving a treacherous Class V variation, he rolled back up again and carried on as before. Other swims in this rapid were not so lucky and most of the Canadian canoes, who were by this time well back, took the 20-minute penalty with only the undaunted British pair Carter and Morgan being able to survive the first day's fun without a penalty portage or disastrous swim.

This first day's stage was slowly proving to be a grinding hard test of skill

Each gave their last ounce of drive and after 100 kilometers finished in an exact tie.

and survival. By the next morning's Call to Race, 10 percent of the paddlers were to drop out and collapse. I was very glad that as a committee we had broken this 530K (318 miles) race into a six-day festival with five racing days and one for water polo and layover. I know there are many competitions that would plan this distance in one, straight, gut-busting shot. But not up here. It's too dangerous and just no fun.

With the final kilometers of river giving them a little help, kayakists Greeff, Campbell, and Claeys stroked across the finish line in that order. Just behind came Belcher and another, younger Jaris Claeys: just two minutes in space, but carrying a 20-minute penalty each had opted for at Pattikkakoski. It was a decision they were both to think a lot about in coming days. Toni Prijon, exchanging his normal slalom colors for marathon, came tearing in just ahead of "The German Jackel" and the next three places staunchly belonged to Great Britain.

Feminists gave a great cheer as France's lovely Dominique Arudin in an example of pure achievement finished the 137 kilometers of the day's run in 17 hours—two hours before the last man K-1, and just slightly behind British Carter and Morgan, the winning OC-2 of the day.

One by one, in they came to the shore, slumped over their decks, jaws slack, scarcely holding their paddles. The first kayak had crossed the 137K line in nearly 10-and-a-half hours. The first OC-2, more than five hours later. The final survivors straggled after a full day, all shivering and wet. Each in turn stepped gladly onto the muddy shores of little Karesuvanto village, secured his boat and gear, then trudged off to the warmth of a night's food and lodging.

It was a long day.

DAY II

Another 100K day—just to make sure the first day's jaunt wasn't too easy. The Call to Race blew and the remaining

competitors finished their final preparations under a refreshingly clear sky. Hauling their boats into the water, they all lined up for the gang start, somewhat orderly. Dominique still lovely and still smiling started off with just the vaguest hint of fatigue.

Shortly downstream the river widened out and the strain of yesterday's hours began to quickly show. Along this spot the river often left the road, making it impossible for racers to glean any food or rescue aid from their ever-hustling back up crews. Though the rapids were mild, fatigue and cold again forced a high number to drop out and fling themselves exhaustedly on the shore.

This day was a clash of favorites. Belgium's Greeff edged a one boat-length lead early and was determined to keep it. He kept churning solidly without let up. He broke into endless sprints, but always...always damn it, they were there. Belcher riding one wake, Kinch on the other. Those English just wouldn't shake loose. "What keeps those guys up...I just can't haul it any faster... Oh god...at last there's Mounio—and the finish...Gotta lose 'em now."

Upon seeing the large river-wide banner, Greeff charged and felt he was gaining a little advantage. He crossed the finish line, after a 100K of slow water, in seven hours, 47 minutes, and 50 seconds. The crowds roared and loved it. But before Greeff could even turn to look over his shoulder, England's Belcher swung right to his side—just 13 seconds behind. Numb, with a small smile, Greeff watched his other nemesis, the Britisher Kinch sprint across the line, 21 seconds behind his countryman.

Then came the rest. McKillen of Northern Ireland spent 12 hours and 18 minutes pushing his slow 'Everest' slalom kayak into Muonio, only to find the flower-helmeted Dominique waiting for him. She had arrived more than an hour ago, an achievement he attributed to her sleek, curved-prowed K-1 with the eskimo lines, but which the crowd claimed was superior paddling.

Carter and Morgan again took the top OC-2 honors in a 10:27:28 run, but Dooher and Broadway, also Britishers, had recovered from a disastrous first day and ended just 15 minutes behind. But the real C-2 drama came about an hour later when two Finnish teams, Ahola/Massala and Jalaja/Peltonen each gave their last ounce of drive across the line and finished 100K in an exact tie!



Rob Kinch up to his armpits in Kukkola Rapid. (Halonen photo)

DAY III

Call to Race. Ah yes, another 100K day. (Ain't it fun?)

A fine set of entrance rapids made the race committee opt for a slalom start at 30-second intervals. Spectators crowded the shores and gleefully cheered as several competitors spilled and swam. The highlight, however, came when photographer Chris Hakesworth in an attempt to get close to the action gathered self and gear in a rubber raft and gently drifted down into a stopper as he knelt perched right over the very front of his raft.

Once at the bottom of the rapid, each of the favorites made his recovery and worked his way into a more rhythmic stroking, picking out the most favorable currents. Campbell looked ahead and saw the old rivals Greeff and Kinch fighting it out within boat lengths of each other. He had started back in the slalom start seedings and had scarcely distinguished himself through the Class II entrance drops. He flailed his arms and torso into a higher pace stroke than seemed wise. Yesterday had left him 10 minutes out of first, and he had to make it up—somehow.

Meanwhile, just within sight ahead, Greeff, victor of both day's runs, was playing the back and forth game with Rod Kinch. They took turns riding each other's wake and draining precious energy playing the old psychological games. Greeff was the steady paddler of the two, the pace setter; Kinch the crafty sprint and ride strategist. Neither could shake the other, but maybe, just maybe, the other was wearing out.

Midway through the day, an exhausted Campbell pulled into a rest point.

Immediately his back up team led by McQueen ran up, yanked off his skirt, and eased him up onto the bank while a hand poured hot soup into him from a styrofoam cup. He slumped onto a stool provided by an aide and blankly watched McQueen sponging out his boat. He looked terrible. Kinch, about to leave, noted his fatigue. A good sign. One less—maybe. But he had raced Campbell before.

The afternoon ground on achingly. German Greeff and Britisher Kinch kept in front dogging and see-sawing each other. Campbell was back in the water and despite warnings from his back up and coach McQueen was raising his stroke rate to an even higher, desperation rate. He'd never keep it up. Far back out of sight due to a late-seeded start, Belcher, third of this stern-nudging trilogy, was stroking his own pace, trying to imagine where his competition might be.

Finally, after a long flat pull, Kolari and the finish banner greeted the paddlers. Kinch who had just achieved several boat-lengths lead saw his chance and took it. He tore across the line in an impressive sprint amidst a thousand

Mark Attenburrow rescues South African DeRauville from Pattikkakoski Cruncher. (Halonen photo)





England's Carter & Morgan on their final day.

Halonen

hollers and saw "6 hr. 49 min. 30 sec." chalked on the board. One minute, one second later Greeff came in. His monopoly of wins was broken. "But gawd, look at Campbell, I could have sworn he was further back than that. And where's Belcher, you can never trust his time—let's get to the score board." After the usual nervous minutes, the scores of the favorites came in. McQueen went and told an unmoving Campbell that he had nudged out Kinch and won the day by six seconds. The victor slept.

DAY IV

The 85K from Kolari to Pello was the last race before the rest day. The river was getting wider, but the volume of water increased greatly from the confluence of the Tornio River, which flowed into the Kemijoki from the high Swedish mountains. Few rapids were present now, with only one that could be classed as II, all of which looked as if it would further widen the gap between the kayaks and the OC-2's. But this was not to be.* In fact, the gap actually shortened toward the end of the race.

**Verlen* Kruger, Ultimate Canoe Challenger and veteran marathoner claims that the canoe stroke is a 'more human' motion and the kayak stroke demands a too fast repetition for the longhaul. Thus given enough time, Kruger states, the canoeist will eventually ~~pass~~ the kayak.

Everything about today set it up as a turning point. It was a shorter run than any before, the water though slower had a good constant current which could really move a boat without any worry about heavy water. Tomorrow they could rest, but today each man had to go all out and gain that competitive edge which would so help in the two short race days to follow.

Another gang start and the small coterie of kayakists shot ahead. Greeff, again fast and steady literally nosed ahead, setting a pace which probably couldn't last for the full day. The Limey Elite, as they had come to be known, churned right behind, nosing in his wake: the quick Kinch, victorious Campbell, and the more cautious Belcher. Always off to the side, but right up there was E. Clarey, the annoying Belgian youth who invariably took the strangest routes—and they worked.

Even the rest of the pack was usually within sight. It's a fact of competition that a man alone will pick the fastest pace he can handle, but when the group decides the pace, they will inevitably choose and maintain a rate just slightly above what the fastest among them could survive. Somehow it happens and that is how it worked on the fourth day of this Artic Race '83. The pack never separated. Nerves grew raw, arms

Continued on page 36

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AWA'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS ELECTION

—Marge Cline, President



This is a story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody

There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about it, because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended **up** that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.

...Borrowed from the Washington Canoe Club's newsletter, The Log, this paragraph illustrates what can happen in any organization. An all volunteer organization, such as AWA, depends on its

volunteers...you! We don't function without them. Decisions made for AWA are made by our Board of Directors; hence, these positions and the people who fill them are what keeps AWA afloat. The following people have been nominated, not to be "everybody, somebody, anybody, or nobody," but to stand for election to AWA's Board, and help serve you, the nation's whitewater paddling community.

Five positions on the Board are now open. The people elected to fill these vacancies will help direct the future of the AWA, the Journal, and related activities for four years, 1984-88. All have previously filled positions of responsibility in other whitewater organizations and each offers their expertise to ours. All have expressed the desire to serve, and are willing to devote the time necessary to do a good job. My sincere thanks to each of them for their willingness to serve.

All members and affiliates are eligible to vote, so please speak up and add your voice to the tally. Also, please feel free to add comments about AWA activities in the space provided on the ballot. Vote for no more than 5 candidates, and send in your ballots by February 28, 1984. Ballots received after that will not be counted. Don't be "everybody, somebody, anybody, or nobody." Vote!!!

AWA BOARD OF DIRECTORS CANDIDATES

1. JOHN BARTON hails from Little Rock, Arkansas and is a member of the Arkansas Canoe Club, for which he serves as editor of the club newsletter. He is 29 years old and works as a territorial manager for a heating and air conditioning distributor.

"I am interested in being more active in AWA through membership on the AWA Board because only through organizations like AWA can the whitewater community achieve its goals of river preservation and the promotion of whitewater boating. Having paddled most of the major Eastern rivers and some in Colorado and California, I feel I have a good overview of boating across the country. We have a large whitewater

AWA CANDIDATES *(Continued from page 19)*

community in Arkansas, and I serve as editor of one of our club's two newsletters. I also regularly provide articles and trip reports for our newsletters and would certainly be willing to contribute to the AWA Journal."

2. KEITH THOMPSON is an Ohioan transplanted to Wyoming who began paddling 20 years ago in a homemade canoe. Working as a hydrogeologist, Keith was introduced to whitewater while doing geologic work in the Grand Canyon in 1976, and admits to quickly becoming an addicted fanatic.

"I am now a hydrogeologist in Billings, Montana and from that have gained knowledge of river hydrology and geology, and have been exposed to regulatory and environmental issues. As a member of the Board of Directors, I genuinely feel I would be able to donate more than enough time and energy to further the endeavors and the goals of the American Whitewater Affiliation. I would like to see the AWA take a more aggressive stance toward river preservation: one of the most important issues facing us today. With the current surge in hydroelectric development, we need to become a unified, national voice for our riparian heritage. The interests of paddlers from all parts of the country should also be represented, both to the AWA and to other similar organizations. I would hope to do that. In short, I relish the opportunity to put my knowledge and experience to work in a way that would benefit other paddlers."

3. RON REARDON, living in Pelham, Alabama has been paddling open canoes since 1971, until 1979, and kayak ■ the present. He has been the editor of the Birmingham Canoe Club's newsletter, Afloat, and continues to act as a contributing editor at the present time. He is an active member of several other Southeastern paddling clubs and contributes his time and efforts in training new paddlers, conducting races, and other club events.

"I would like to see more timely issuance of the AWA Journal; more articles on local canoe clubs would also be a definite plus. River guides (a chart showing major rapids and the river mile-marker with a brief description) such as those produced by NORS would be a great addition. Also, articles on river-playing would be beneficial, as would basic instructional articles. An aggressive membership building campaign should be launched by mailing to non-AWA member clubs. Perhaps we could bribe the club bulletin editors into inserting an AWA membership application into their newsletter. Anyway, put my name in the hat."

4. STEVE HARRIS puts "people and rivers together" conducting his business, Far Flung Adventures out of Terlingua, Texas. He regularly travels to BLM and guide association meetings.

"I am willing to serve on the AWA Board as I feel very loyal to AWA because of its commitment to river conservation. I am interested in helping to evolve ways to get more boaters involved in saving their local streams. We need to break down the feeling of isolation that local groups sometimes feel. My

AWA CANDIDATES *(Continued from page 20)*

own work in this direction has been with the baffling problems of the Big Bend's Rio Grande: designated Wild and Scenic, but without the usual mechanisms of protection, and with the local Congressman's rabid opposition to protection. What else would I like to see for AWA? Some more action from this far-flung corner of the country!"

5. MIKE BEARD from Little Rock, Arkansas, competently paddles kayak, C-1, C-2, open boat and rafts. A well-known local paddler, he enjoys both racing and cruising and has held positions in the Arkansas Canoe Club at both chapter and state levels. He currently serves as President of the state organization, has participated in instructional canoe schools, and recently organized a river safety seminar for club members.

"As an active paddler for 15 years, an Arkansas Canoe Club officer for the past six (including two terms as president), and having participated in countless races, schools, clinics, and other activities both as an instructor, participant, and organizer, I feel that I have established myself as a devoted and enthusiastic paddler in addition to attaining a good deal of experience with organized activities and club related projects. I would like to have an opportunity to use this experience in a way that will benefit more paddlers, particularly in my part of the country. I feel like the AWA Board position will be a great way to accomplish that goal. I have long felt that an organized group carries more weight than an equal number of individuals, whether the goals are purchasing power, negotiating power, or just the ability to mobilize efficiently. With this philosophy in mind, I think I can be helpful to the AWA and its membership."

6. TOM McCLOUD, a frequent contributor to canoe club newsletters, is a biochemist from West Lafayette, Indiana. A hard-core open boater, he has run rivers both East and West with the Carolina Canoe Club, Coastal Canoeists, Viking Canoe Club, and the Purdue Canoe Club. He is a former newsletter editor, past president of Carolina Canoe Club, and an American Red Cross Small Craft Instructor. Tom is interested in a wide range of canoeing activities including boatbuilding, history and wilderness expeditions.

"Whitewater paddling is more than just running rapids. It includes the enjoyment of pleasant surroundings, clean water, unspoiled scenery, and, of course, good companionship. But, in addition, it is an interesting sport because we don't know everything! Boat designs and construction materials change and improve yearly; new paddling strategies develop; rescue techniques are devised for new emergency situations; and many other areas are changing and developing at a terrific pace. The AWA serves as the link among whitewater paddlers to exchange information and as the forum where the concerns of all paddlers can be discussed. This in itself is a useful purpose, and we should continue to build on it, channeling some of the diverse interests of our membership into specific problem areas. Let's make an effort to broaden our support of groups having some of our concerns for clean water and free-flowing rivers and certainly the appreciation for whitewater will grow. And finally, I promise never to let the politickin' to get in the way of my paddling!"

AWA CANDIDATES (Continued from page 21)

7. JIM STOHLQUIST of Buena Vista, Colorado has been paddling for 15 years. As founder and owner of Colorado Kayak Supply, he has always found whitewater experiences to be both mentally and spiritually rejuvenating. Early years spent growing up in Northern Illinois, where little backyard whitewater existed, were forsaken after one paddling trip to Colorado.

"15 years of paddling and the personal involvement and endearment of whitewater sport continues to grow. Each new year of involvement opens new horizons of development and enrichment. While I attended CSU, the Outing Club grew to be the largest social club on campus under my leadership and enthusiasm. It was a lot of work, but "building the fleet" helped pave the way to graduation and a dream that is now a reality. The dream is living near some of the world's best whitewater, a kayak school, a mail order business, a hardware and software manufacturing business, a whitewater research and design facility, a book called *Colorado Whitewater*, and the largest whitewater specialty shop in the West. AWA has always had a Dart in this. AWA has kept the enthusiasm high, even in the cold winter months when boating opportunities get *slimmer*. I've always looked upon AWA as one organization effectively representing my interests in whitewater sports. I would be pleased to contribute to AWA as a board member. Perhaps my professional background could be an asset to the AWA. I'd like to give it a try."

8. FRED YOUNG of Roscoe, Illinois, currently serving as an AWA Board member, and AWA product manager, is seeking re-election. A paddler of both open and decked canoes for more than 22 years, he has led and organized boating trips, including many exploratory first runs all over the country. He has been a member of the United States Olympic Canoe and Kayak Committee, served as National Secretary of the American Canoe Association, has also served as a member of the ACA National Council, and continues to serve as a Midwest Delegate.

"An an activist in two of the three major boating organizations and former member of the United States Canoe Association, as well as belonging to numerous canoe clubs, I am intimately acquainted with the aims of all the major boating groups. My personal view is that it is ludicrous to have multiple groups vying with each other, duplicating efforts in such diverse areas as conservation, safety, competition and education. I believe paddlers would be better served by focusing energy for our common interest through one umbrella organization. Since the ACA is the oldest, largest, and best organized it makes sense to coordinate efforts under its framework. AWA currently really only publishes a Journal primarily devoted to whitewater sport. To preserve our identity as a whitewater group, I propose continued publication of our Journal with the same general content and direction. To make our operations efficient and timely, I suggest the ACA staff be contracted to handle our membership functions, dispense AWA products, and coordinate national efforts for conservation and preservation of our rivers. I believe we have not achieved these ends efficiently and pledge to continue my efforts in that direction if re-elected to the AWA Board."

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The Essence of Slalom

by Bill Endicott
U.S. Team Coach

I know it's risky to make sweeping generalities and try to reduce something as complex as slalom to a few pages. Many are the exceptions and much has been left out. But I have listed these thoughts as an aid to someone setting out to get good.

EQUIPMENT

1. Know your Boat Well. The best boaters don't sit in their boats, they wear them like clothing. It takes years to learn how your boat will react in all situations, so don't constantly change designs. Stick with one line. Small changes within a line are O.K., but the change from, say, a Premier to Prijon is radical and demands time to re-learn. By the same token, if you're going to race a light boat, train in one. Light boats perform differently than heavy ones. The best paddlers know their equipment extremely well and can predict accurately what the water will do in a given situation. They also know, without thinking, precisely what the effects of a particular stroke will be. Like as not, top paddlers helped design their boat or actually made the original design themselves. Best boaters, like surgeons know their tools extremely well.

2. All Boats should have Thin Ends. By that I mean from a sideview. It used to be thought that in slalom there was a trade-off between turning ability and speed in a straight line: the more turning ability you wanted, the more rocker you had to have and thus the less forward speed you would have. I don't think this is true. Thin ends offer minimum resistance to the water when turning, thus, you can keep the waterline long (for speed) while maintaining great turnability.

3. Proper Boat Balance. Many a good design has been discarded simply because the seat was not in the right place and the boater didn't realize it. This applies to K-1s and C-1s as well as C-2s.

TECHNIQUE

1. The Track. Gates on a slalom course should be viewed as mere way stations on an invisible track running down the river. There is only one track and the object of the game is to go as fast as you can without falling off it. In other words, you have to have proper boat positioning all the way down the course—not just in the gates. Many boaters, however, look upon a slalom course as consisting of merely 30 obstacles—the gates. They deal with one gate at a time, they don't pay enough attention to water formations, and they don't stress the proper overall trajectory that the boat should take down the course for optimum speed. Consequently, while they may negotiate all 30 gates fine and have a clean run, they will be too slow to win. To do it right, you must constantly think

Gettin' Better is a new AWA department designed, as far as words and paper can, to help you improve your paddling skills. This issue, Coach Endicott tells what it takes for slalom finesse. Next time he moves *from* the general to the very specific and thoroughly discusses that oft-missed Upstream Gate.

Far from being a racer's notebook, however, **Gettin' Better** will explore techniques needed by the cruiser, hot-dogger and every boater. Upcoming features will include "Big Stuff Survival"; "Coordinating a C-2", and "Enderability." In addition, if you have a specific technique problem you'd like discussed, write us.

*Slalom skill has many variables
You just have to be good at some.*

ahead two or three gates, setting up for one gate or sequence of gates while you are in the preceding ones.

Running a slalom course properly means negotiating more than 30 gates; it's more like 90. What goes on in between the gates is every bit as important as what goes on in them. This is what boat positioning is all about. The biggest opportunities for falling off the track are, in order of importance, the upstream gate, the reverse gate, and offset gates, and most technique work involves dealing with variations of these three moves.

2. At Home on Whitewater. The crux of whitewater technique is being at home on whitewater. Lots of river running, enders, handsrolls and playing are extremely important for balance and boat control. You have to constantly press yourself to do new things on the water. Learn to be very aggressive. This means that to get good, you have to find plenty of opportunities to be on whitewater. If you are unsure in a rapid, it will be difficult to concentrate on proper technique. Don't get so caught up in gate training that you fail to get in a lot of river running.

3. Blade Control. Another foundation block of good technique is the ability to slice the blade through the water fore and aft very quickly and accurately, while changing directions slightly during the slice. Many slalom moves require a series of strokes blended together through some kind of accurate feathering. If you can feather quickly, the move will go faster and take less time to learn.

This is the problem when a good river runner transfers to slalom. He's got the balance, but he's used to operating in a two-foot tolerance instead of a half-inch tolerance and can't feather his blade well. No one is more dexterous with a blade than a C-1er. I think anyone striving to get good K-1, K-1W, C-2 or C-2M should do little drills using the blade as a C-1 would. C-2 partners should

train some in C-1s; kayakers should attempt small courses entirely on one blade: one blade reverse, one blade on cross draw, and (if you're really good) one blade on cross draw in reverse. Such drills will sharpen your blade dexterity, just as enders and handsrolls enhance your feeling at home in whitewater.

4. Turning Moves. Reverses, especially upstreams are where the best boaters make up their time, not in straight ahead paddling. Work on turning moves first. Only after mastering those should you reduce time between gates. The key is to avoid sharp, jerky changes of direction, instead substitute smoother, sometimes more gradual ones which better maintain momentum. For instance sometimes it pays to enter an upstream gate a bit low so you can power around the turn and not have to worry so much about hitting the poles.

5. It's Easier to make a Fast Boater Clean than a Clean Boater Fast. Most top boaters got fast first, then spent years cleaning it up at high speed. This means speed must be a conscious part of training, and training under the watch is the quickest way to get fast.

6. Study where the Head and Arms Stop Moving. To train for speed, watch where a racer's head and blades stop moving forward. Where they stop or slow, ask why. There can be good reasons, but more often it's a spot where time can be gained by churning forward longer.

7. Avoid Backstrokes. Ideally, all strokes should propel you towards the finish line. When you catch yourself using a backstroke, ask yourself if some kind of forward stroke can't replace it. For example, learn to do pivot turns off of draw strokes and not reverse sweeps. Also avoid prolonged feather strokes, replacing them with forward strokes. Upstream gates are the crucial exception here; it is often better to glide along a feather/draw.

8. Decide Where the Boat Should Be.

Before choosing a technique, first decide where the boat should be in every phase of the sequence. Then pick the most efficient and economical number of strokes to put it there. Particularly strive for a fast gate exit. Look for ways to make the water work for you.

9. Eliminate Unnecessary Strokes.

Practice a sequence, then hunt for moves to eliminate.

10. Work on Quick Acceleration.

The best boaters are fast partially because they can accelerate the boat either through one or two strokes (in a tight course), or through high stroke rate (in an open one). Key bursts of power are faster than even pacing.

TRAINING

1. Time in the Boat—As Much As Possible.

Within some limits, how you train is not important as long as you do a great deal of hard paddling in gates. There's room for innovation: many successful boaters use quite different methods.

Slalom consists of a high number of variables. If you are good at just some of them, say technique and balance or, say, unusual fitness and speed, you can do very well. There's no need to be good at all things—just some.

2. Specificity in Training.

This means train a lot on whitewater gates. Flatwater training provides good, but slower progress because your only whitewater experience is at races. Also, I think a certain amount of recyclable, Class II gate training is vital because it builds speed and strength. If you train only on big water, you will lose basic speed.

3. Short, Intense Workouts

(45 minutes) are generally better than long, less intense ones. It's difficult to maintain quality after 45-60 minutes, and you do not want to spend time practicing poorly. Better two or more short workouts a day, than one long one.

4. Hard Work & Appropriate Rest.

Realizing this blend is crucial. Many eager boaters do not factor in enough rest and overtrain. Generally, figure on

one rest day after four or five days of very hard training. This rest day, however, does not have to mean a cessation of paddling—perhaps an easy technique session on flatwater plus studying films.

5. Train in Groups.

I believe competitive workouts produce the fastest results. I don't mean every workout should be competitive or against the watch, but a lot of them should. Few people can motivate themselves, alone, enough to win the Worlds, most of us need a group setting. Ideally, try to train with those of the same ability. Otherwise some get more out of it than others.

6. Variety in Training Modes and Sites.

The notion of doing all your work in one place is unwise. Move around and keep your interest sharp.

7. Five Year Plan.

Generally, it takes about five years of really hard training to reach the top, not just five years of paddling total. Most people give up too soon. After several years of general boating, it means five years of one or more training sessions every day, with no major breaks. Interestingly, I don't think the age you start matters to such a degree. Starting at age 13, you can expect top results by 18. If you start around age 20, you can expect them around age 25.

8. No Other Large Emotional Commitments.

To get to the top, paddling must become a lifestyle and you gear everything else around the training. This doesn't mean doing nothing besides paddling; it simply means that paddling is what's most important to you. This, of course, has a severe impact on your career opportunities. If you devote many years to paddling, there will be certain other skills that you cannot develop as well as you would like.

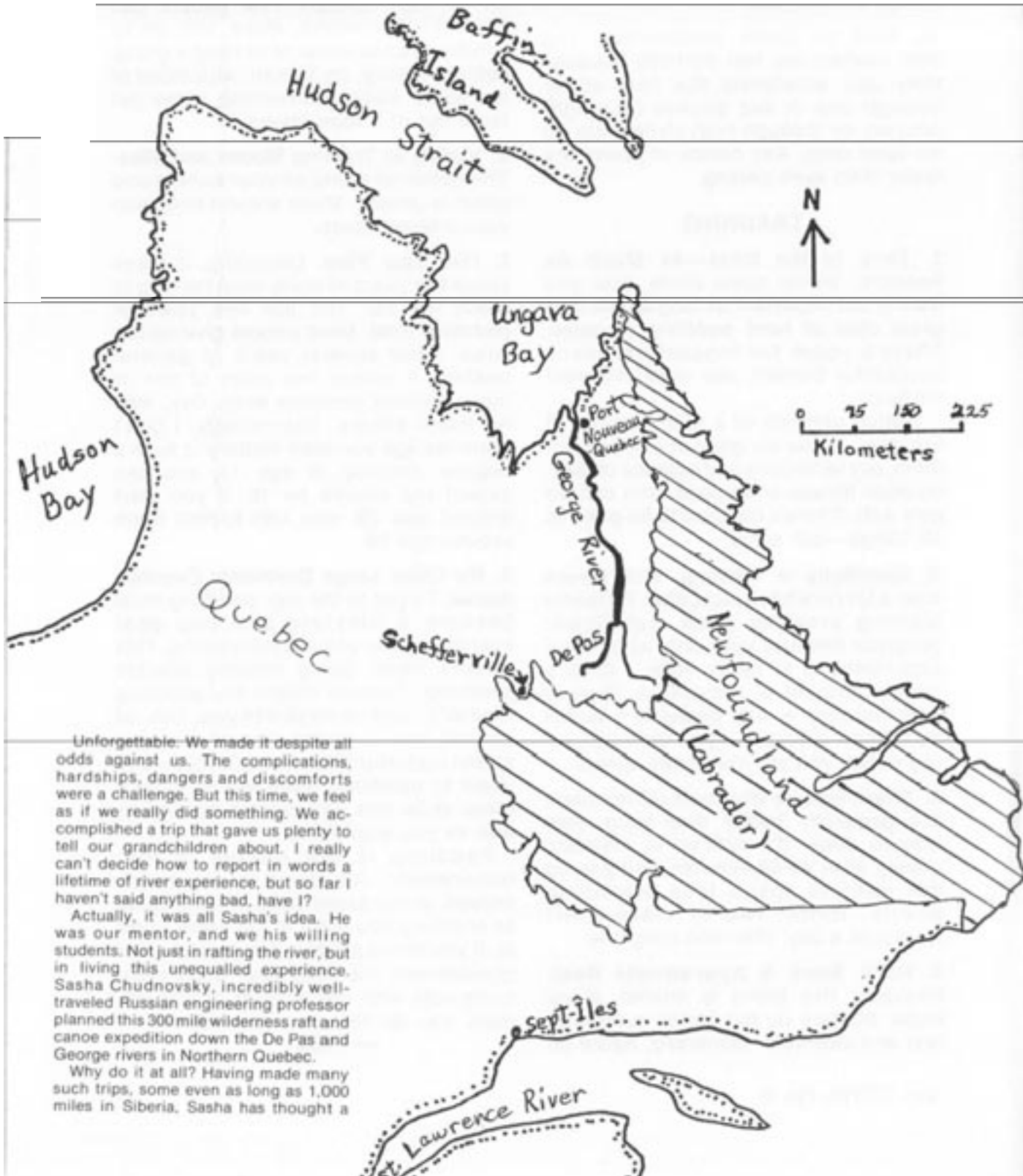
Paddling is not unique in this requirement. It's same in any sport. Indeed, in my experience, it's the same as anything you want to get really good at. If you're not prepared to make such a commitment, the keep your goals commensurate with the amount of commitment you do feel you can make.



To Ungava Bay By George

Follow an ancient Russian mariner
to the Frozen North
Build a Raft—then Float to Adventure

by Rita Tessman



Unforgettable. We made it despite all odds against us. The complications, hardships, dangers and discomforts were a challenge. But this time, we feel as if we really did something. We accomplished a trip that gave us plenty to tell our grandchildren about. I really can't decide how to report in words a lifetime of river experience, but so far I haven't said anything bad, have I?

Actually, it was all Sasha's idea. He was our mentor, and we his willing students. Not just in rafting the river, but in living this unequalled experience. Sasha Chudnovsky, incredibly well-traveled Russian engineering professor planned this 300 mile wilderness raft and canoe expedition down the De Pas and George rivers in Northern Quebec.

Why do it at all? Having made many such trips, some even as long as 1,000 miles in Siberia, Sasha has thought a



Sasha & author Rita Tessman ply the oars while Mark Kachanov supervises amid mounds of gear. Such rapids were a blessing compared with the back aching flat water.
Chuck Annable

great deal about his philosophy on the subject. He has his answers. One reply is to quote a song he has translated from Russian. In part it says, "I need long ways to go...To live by the miles, not square feet." It ends with "I pity the people at home..." and alludes to seduction by a goddess in forests and mountains.

"Excitement on whitewater" and "challenge of wilderness" are two of the objectives Sasha names when asked what he's looking for. In whitewater he wants something "a little more difficult than usual." In wilderness he especially likes the feeling of being far away from civilization, far enough that he knows the need to use careful judgement. "It's not wise to take risks," he says and notes that in such a situation you portage more.

It all started off when the bush pilot dropped us on the De Pas River not far from the Labrador border and 70 miles from Schefferville, Quebec. We ran to Port Nouveau-Quebec, an Eskimo village near Ungava Bay on the Hudson Strait.

Five paddlers made up our raft and canoe party: Hank Annable, Chuck

Annable, Mark Kachanov, Sasha and myself, Rita Tessmann. Once at the put-in our crew set to work. Under Sasha's direction we constructed the 20- by eight-foot raft out of PVC pipe, truck inner tubes, a few pieces of lumber and a lot of spruce sapplings. We used two fifteen-foot sapplings to hold the rudders at each end of the raft and the rest (shorter ones) to form the deck. The canoe was Annables' 17-foot Grumman. A bit of tradition — a bit of metal.

Once we had finished the raft that was to be our home for this adventure, we began loading the boats. Among our other equipment were items we were testing for various firms. We wore Sierra West Gore-Tex rainsuits almost every day of our three-week trip, and they held up well against drizzle, driving rain, whitewater spray and wind. They remained waterproof, and perspiration didn't cause discomfort inside. We put Norse paddles through many demanding tests and found them to be tough, durable and superior in performance. Our only complaint was that the paint came off on hands that were smeared with DEET insect repellent.

We were allowed wholesale prices on

The Making of a Raft

Updating the Traditional

Concerning our mode of transportation, Sasha makes a good case for the raft, but he doesn't eliminate all others from consideration. He has done trips by canoe and K-2. "It's good to experience all kinds," he says. He prefers the raft if there's a steady current, judging it safer than a canoe. A kayak has less space for gear. "You should scout and decide," he says. "But for a raft, you should be sure that the water runs."

Despite the extensive flat water we opted to raft the George. We wanted to experience a new way to go, and we used a raft in the same way that people do in Siberia. It was a mistake, Sasha noted, because the southeast part of Siberia (Altay, Sayan Mountains) does not have these winds, and rivers run down from the mountains fast. These differences gave us no end of trouble. "Nevertheless," he adds, "In spite of this it was an unforgettable experience."

He didn't have as many choices in Russia as he does in America; there just aren't many kinds of boats, nor this lovely equipment. The raft, however, has its advantages: it gives room to carry gear and time to observe, hunt and fish. It is a much safer craft, something particularly important in Siberia. "In Siberia," Sasha states, "you go 1,000 miles without meeting any people; you feel deeply that you're outside of civilization."

A professor in an engineering school, Sasha designed our George River raft. We built a PVC pipe frame with a size of eight by 20 feet with inner tubes for flotation. To the frame we tied the rudder support, which sticks up. The rudder blade was made out of half-inch plywood about two-and-a-half by one-and-a-half feet. "Including the spruce sappling deck, there were about 300 joints tied," he stated.

The deck floated about ten inches above the water.

But what, Sasha, is it like on the water?

"It is very stable and has good flotation. It's flexible, and for this reason, it is not easy to tip over. The raft is probably the most resistant against tipping over.

"We had rudder support sticking out from the raft. This afforded us some room for living space on board, and for maneuvering, the raft had a larger size. Due to the heavy and long rudders, we could control the lateral direction with respect to current. This is what is necessary for maneuvering. We cannot slow down other than through making maneuvers by catching rocks or eddies.

"Since the raft does not have positive or negative speed with respect to the water, the choice of a proper, correct way through rapids is very crucial. For this reason it creates more challenge for navigation. The raft requires careful reading of the water and some predictions, which are definitely more crucial than in a canoe or kayak.

"At the same time it's quite obvious that this structure is designed for good current in rapids but not for calm water or for headwinds."

Upon pondering the difficulties with flat water and winds on the George River, our leader noted, "I'm glad that what happened, happened: we faced some obstacles we did not expect, and it required from us certain efforts to overcome, basically to overcome ourselves. Sometimes we got exhausted—especially with those terrible bugs. So it looks like we challenged ourselves on purpose," he concluded. "I'm glad we made it, that we fought it, that we did not give up."



And when the rapids and wind die, it's Towing Time. Above, Sasha trudges waist deep in the icy George River while Mark handles the rudder.

Rita Tessman

Mountain House freeze dry foods, which helped to cut down on our duffel weight and on time spent preparing meals. Our favorite was shrimp cocktail. Perception, Inc. gave us two Dry-tek bags, which stayed dry inside and held up even on the drenched deck of our raft.

Even at low water the rivers were fairly big and, in all but a few instances, plenty deep enough. The De Pas runs about as wide as the Cheat, and the George rivaled the Potomac in width. Many of the rapids on the De Pas were downright interesting. Several offered some lovely holes and a few boulders here and there—challenging Class III-V. Most of the rapids on the George were just plain fun, fast and wavy—Class II-III sleigh rides. One George River rapid enticed us with waves at least five feet high, a real rocking horse ride. Helen Falls, actually a cascade, was a mine field, and among its many holes swirled one massive enough to swallow two Greyhound buses.

Wisdom prevented our running Helen

Falls, but the raft had maneuvered so well through other rapids that we actually considered it. Even in the biggest waves as water surged up through the deck, the raft gave a smooth ride without causing any bucking effects. By working the rudders we could steer around holes and rocks. However, Helen Falls would have been too much of a gamble.

In flat water the raft was slow and hard work to move. We had plenty of time to admire the beautiful subarctic scenery. Semi-barren tundra, glacially rounded hills, spruce and tamarack trees, dark rock cliffs and waterfalls all filled us with that exhilaration and yet tranquility one finds in wilderness. Chuck caught trout while the rest of us watched wildlife. Then there was always the arduous labor at the rudder, and we were only able to sail two days.

Furthermore, the wind blew against us at least three-fourths of the time. As a result, Mark and Sasha took turns towing the raft by walking along shore with a rope. Sometimes they waded and sometimes they bushwhacked. During these

tows, two persons had to keep pushing the rudders to maintain distance from the shore and to avoid rocks out in the water. We made about fifty miles this way, but we still kept getting behind schedule.

To add to our joys, the bugs were awful. Hank and I had swollen legs from toxic reaction to the black flies. Mosquitoes were bad, too, but the black flies were the worst I've ever known, anywhere.

Finally, because of the headwinds and our slow progress, we needed help. For two days, on 58-mile long Indian House Lake we lay windbound. Many little lakes and flat sections of both rivers gave us trouble, too. Fortunately, in almost every corner, help was at hand—from guides, Indians, Eskimos, outfitters and even a geological survey crew. They towed us, fed us, and even gave us rides in their motorboats.

Eventually, however, even all these were not enough. Upon arriving at Helen

Falls we found ourselves two days overdue for our airline reservations to Montreal, and still about 45 flat miles from the takeout, part of it tidal water. In the end we were forced to portage our gear and the canoe. We asked some fishermen for help in getting to a fishing camp two miles downstream. There we hired an Eskimo to take us in his motor boat to Port Nouveau-Quebec where we caught a plane to Fort Chimo, the beginning of our trip home.

Perhaps some will think this was a regrettable trip. I don't feel that way. At times I was exhausted, but at others I was delighted at the kindness of people we met. I was miserable with the black flies, but I enjoyed our tastes of wild mushrooms, porcupine, trout and berries. Although the group's worries about time schedule and food supplies upset me, the stark beauties of Ungava Plateau entranced me.

I'd do it again—with a few modifications.



Song of the Wilderness



You keep repeating, don't go;
See shimmer of sunset at home.
Our window no less sunrise shows;
It glows for you here. Please don't go.



But I, I need long ways to go,
A difficult way like a dare,
And songs to accompany my soul;
I need them as breath from the air.



To live by the miles, not square feet,
See sky tints, not gallery art,
I'd push and feel real weariness,
Not age with an unchallenged heart.



I pity the people at home
Not me in the wilderness loose.
Tree limbs, Venus' thighs—I'm seduced
By the touch of a goddess of spruce.



Rita Tessmann
(based on a Russian song)
translated by Sasha Chudnovsky

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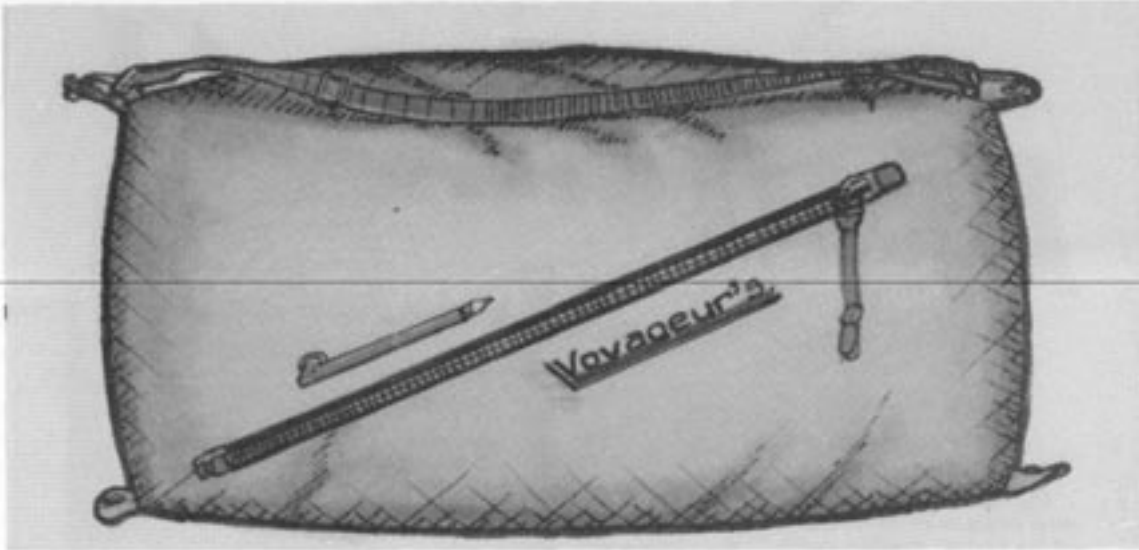
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THE BOAT SHOP



THE CABOOSE

More than one weary boater has commented at the end of a long trip that the main reason for switching from canoe to kayak, is to trade aching knees for an aching back. Now Voyageur has come up with something to put all that behind you. Their brand new Caboose is an inflatable gear sack cylinder designed to fit right between the kayakers lumbar and the foam wall, giving him support where he craves it most.

An inflater tube helps you fill the water and air proof nylon sack to the desired firmness. At maximum, the 12 oz. pack inflates to a rough cylinder of 23 x 10 x 7 inches. The standard model (#01550) has a fold down closure which costs \$38.50 for the 400 denier nylon and \$34.50 for 200 denier. But now they have a special innovation.

The Silver Zipper is a Voyageur original which allows you to quickly get into the Caboose with just a flick of a zipper, but at the same time keeps the pack totally waterproof. (No more rolling, folding, and fussing.) It's a beautiful rubberized design with only one drawback: the Silver Zipper Caboose will cost \$82.95. The convenience is great, but so is the price. The top of the line always is. If interested, contact Voyageur's, Box 409, Gardner, KS 66030.

AWA River Test. After trying out

Voyager's Caboose with the silver zipper, AWA finds it lives up to all the manufacturer's claims. The bag is sturdy, and properly shaped to fit behind most non-back-supported kayak seats. The inflatable tube and the silver zipper closure both proved durable and virtually leakproof over long periods, under all conditions. When inflated fully and crammed tightly into the bow space of a C-1, the bag had not lost more than a breathful of air by the end of the day. After repeated, long period dunkings, no water seeped into the bag.

The heavy duty nylon (400 denier) with the handy grommets in each corner just is not going to puncture unless you attack it deliberately. The innovative silver zipper proved very smooth and dependable, provided the lubricating wax (which comes with it) is applied every 30-40 closures. And oh, what a convenience it is to get at your gear within three seconds. Our only problem with this bag was the too-tiny clip on the nylon-web strap which often took a little fussing to get off and on the grommet. It's a minor point, but for this price, we feel everything should be perfect. Generally, we feel the Voyager Caboose is the state of the art in dry bags and if you're willing to pay the price, you won't be disappointed.



Guards made of high density, closed cell foam sewn in conjunction with Dupont Lycra® spandex. They come in a variety of colors: blue, maroon, green, you name it.

About the size and configuration of a baseball catcher's shinguards, these flexible foam pads offer full length protection in front, and the stretchy nylon in back makes them fit like a sock. In addition to saving your skin, they add some small, but aptly placed flotation and covering to your legs during a rough swim. \$30 sent to Bill Jenkins, Canoe House, 520 South Green Bay Ave., Gillett, WI 54124; (414) 855-6358 will bring you a pair for your very own.

RELIEVING DEFEAT

For decades now the throb in the canoeist's knees was thought to be inherent in the sport. It was even considered a gutsy aspect—that mystical linking of raw flesh with raw courage. Well, along has come Bill Jenkins of Gillett, Wisconsin to explode the macho myth. To protect his (and your) hamburger knees, Bill has developed Leg-

CONNECTICUT SEMINAR

An involved group of paddlers will be presenting a whitewater safety and introduction seminar in the second week in February. Films will include Paddling to the Olympics and The Uncalculated Risk. Admission will be free. A great chance to meet some new paddlers and find some new New England rivers. Contact Mike Rodgers for further details (203) 354-7644.

TRUTH IN TOWING

Apparently there are a lot of Thomases and Thomissinas who doubt Chuck Paulson's tail and the possibilities of safely motorcycling yourself and boat to the riverside, (AWA, July-August, '83, **Motorcycle Boat Trailer**). Just to prove to our skeptics that such a contraption is both built and used, we offer this picture of Chuck taken just after he had arrived at the Esopus River, two-and-a-half hours north of his New York City apartment. Chuck ran the shuttle, ran the river, and very safely, thank you, returned to his home, no more fatigued than any of the trip's auto drivers. For those interested, Chuck's always looking for passengers to share the ride and gas costs.



Arctic Race

Continued from page 16

weary, hands incredibly blistered, but at Pello, six hours and 49 minutes later, a tight little group of six boats exploded across the finish line. Greeff 6:49:31; Belcher, one second later; Campbell and Claeys, the next second, in a dead tie; Kinch, 15 seconds behind them; and a younger Claeys, 17 seconds away from his brother.

Nobody moved. They just drifted there together enjoying those sacred seconds of it being over. Rest—all tonight and tomorrow. The pain would come shortly, but for now it was blessed.

Two minutes later, they watched the very unexpected Davis sprint across the line far ahead of the second pack. He claimed his magnificent day's run was spurred by anger at his pal Doodey's awarding him the previous night with the 'Ugliest Competitor Prize.' A dubious honor indeed. Doodey came in nine-and-a-half hours later that day.

DAY V

Ah, the bliss of a layover day. Racers lounged and huge crowds milled. The highlight came with the Finns, Germans, Swedes, and British split into teams and defended their national honor in fiercely fought games of canoe polo. Even the English and Finnish rescue teams had a go at the sport.

DAY VI

The refreshed competitors woke to a foul and unfriendly wind which would be in their faces for all 61K of this second to last day. Carter and Morgan, the favored OC-2 team had developed bloody blisters and were forced to drop out. This left the remaining top three teams in a close bid.

In the K-1's the psychological pressure was building and competitive anger manifested itself in a plethora of racer's tricks, most of which were halted by the scorers. Even the second pack racers were feeling the crush: five kayakists remained within seconds of each other.

The day ended with a tight finish and an open race. Greeff, Belcher, and Claeys came in first, within three seconds of each other. The second pack of

five, all within one minute. To race over four hours and end one second behind. Pressure.

That evening saw it all loosen up. Blistered hands and invalided arms clasped on the local dance floor and the girls of Aavasaksa learned the latest foreign steps. The elder, but magnificently muscled Jack DeRauville displayed his special training diet and exercises.

FINAL DAY

Today was the day. It was anybody's race and between the racers and the final stood 75K filled with three major Class III-IV rapids that could totally change the cumulative order. Campbell, an expected favorite for this stage, faced it with a severe upset stomach.

In the second rapid, Belcher took a tough risk and plunged with the fast main flow that could easily suck him into a nasty stopper. He went for it and made it unscathed—only to meet Greeff who had just cut out of the slowerwater into a fast tongue in the center stream. Two fine displays that gave Greeff the lead with Belcher just behind him.

Campbell, meanwhile, was showing great expertise, but not enough to overcome Rod Kinch who moved up on him with every rapid. At last, the final line: the city of Tornio and the end of 520 greuling, cold kilometers of river. In the final results, Greeff took first place for the cumulative days' runs. with ~~Campbell~~, Belcher, Claeys and Kinch all 'in that order, all within an hour after six days.

But once on shore place time blended into party while each racer was presented with his certificate, prizes were awarded, and Jack DeRauville led the entire crew in a huge sing along which, aided by the wits of Northern Ireland, lasted all night. Such exuberation after pure exhaustion could only come from paddlers, on up here in the Artic. Sound like fun? Remember, Arctic Race 84 is only a year away. Come on along.

Interested in the
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The Tuolumne

*One of California's Last Remaining Stretches of Free-Flowing River
is Under Attack and You Can Help*

by Bart Jackson

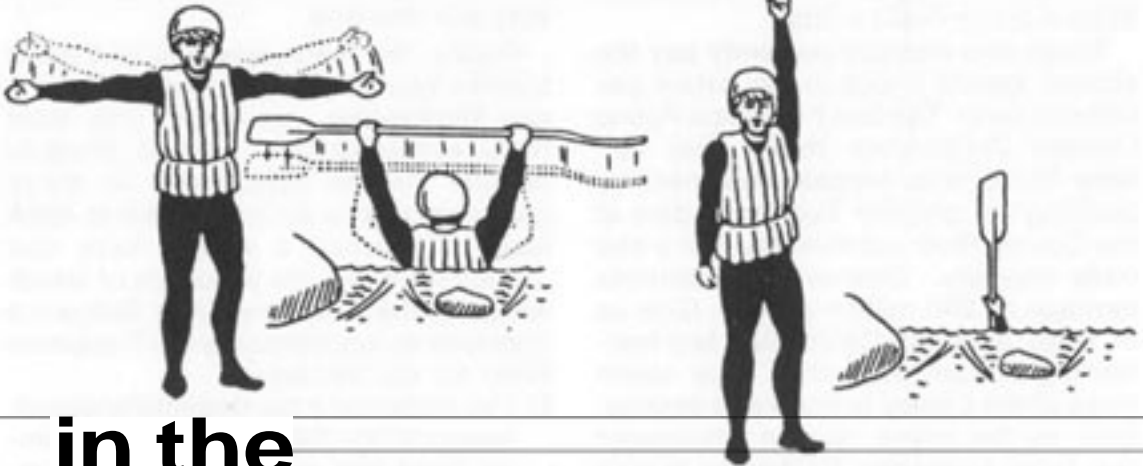
She forms from the drops of a melting glacier high at the top of Mount Lyell in Yosemite National Park. From there she plunges and carves through 158 miles of Sierra Nevada granite to her marriage with the San Joaquin River near Modest~California. She is the Tuolumne whose valley and current over 200,000 people every year see and enjoy.

Now, again, this powerful lady is being attacked, and the attacker, though feeble in comparison, may just destroy her. Though she feeds and benefits millions, she can claim no standing in the courts; and indeed her past record of

defense is not good. Even John Muir, the great and far-sighted conservationist was not able to protect her when in 1913 Congress voted to destroy her flow and flood the Hetch Hetchy Valley.

Today, the Tuolumne's westward course is additionally hobbled by the Don Pedro Reservoir. But above those backwaters, 92 miles still rush through the magnificent canyons. In 1975, Congress, learning slowly since '13, mandated that this 92-mile segment be evaluated for inclusion on the Wild and Scenic Rivers system which would protect it from all further destruction.

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Later, 83 of those miles were found to fit the bill, and in 1979 President Carter agreed and recommended Wild and Scenic protection for this deserving river.

In January, 1983, Senator Alan Cranston introduced the bill that would include it on the Wild and Scenic list—S142. There is also in the House a similar bill, HR2474, with many co-sponsors, which would provide the same protection. So far, so good. The wheels of justice, if grinding 70 years late and with agonizing slowness, do grind and it appears the remains can be salvaged.

Unfortunately, however, the forces of ruination thrust quickly and hard and are now working overtime. In March '83, two public agencies: the Modesto and Turlock irrigation districts obtained a preliminary permit from the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission allowing a detailed feasibility study for the Clavey/Wards Ferry Project. This one billion dollar non-necessity is based on the Wattsian theory of the environment: Rape a lot to Profit a little.

These two districts currently pay the second lowest prices in the nation per kilowatt hour. The San Francisco Public Utilities Corporation thinks they can keep these rates bargain basement by building yet another Tuolumne dam at the Clavey River confluence. Not a bad trade they say, "Give us the wilderness heritage of 250 million people. Give us 27 miles of one of California's last free-flowing stream segments, plus seven miles of the Clavey to flood and destroy. Give us the prime 18-mile whitewater run from Lumsden Bridge to Wards Ferry to turn into a troutless pond. And we will give you cheap power for 250,000." Such a deal.

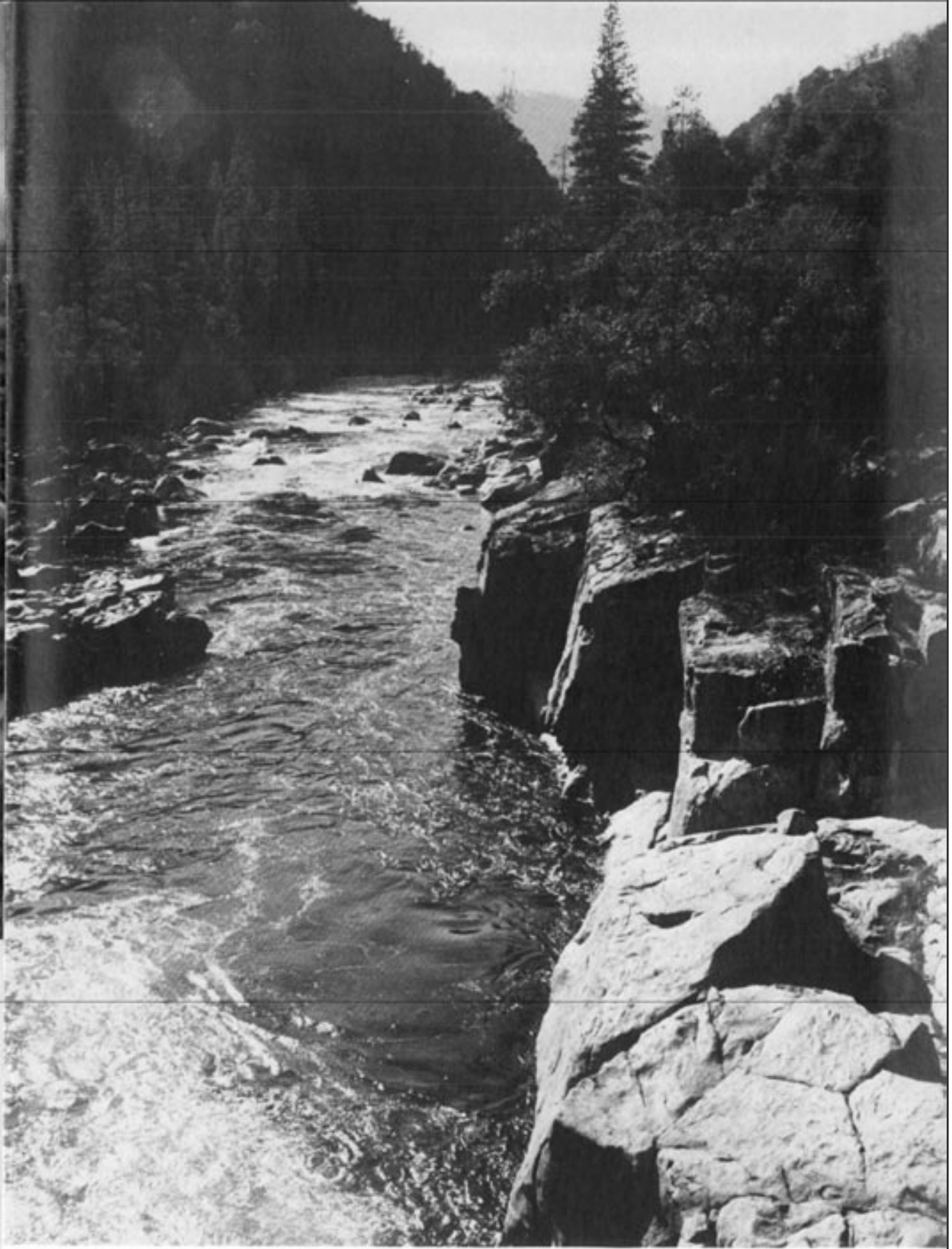
The worth of this swap has recently come under scrutiny. The San Francisco Planning and Research Association's study could find absolutely no need for this "excess power" for the rest of this century. Even California Public Utilities Commission President John Bryson admits that this dam's goal is profit, not power. Also, no flood control benefits can be gleaned from any source. Yet the enemy is entrenched and not alone.

Others besides San Francisco Public Utilities think five dams and five powerhouses are not enough for one river. They have plans of their own.

But does the Tuolumne have any friends? Yes. And they are legion. In fact, they outnumber the enemy many times. In 1981, fishermen, naturalists, boaters, and many others united to form the Tuolumne River Preservation Trust aimed at preserving the recreational and natural resources of this mighty river. Under their leadership Tuolumne supporters have grown to vast numbers and they have spearheaded an undeniable political thrust. California's freshman Senator Pete Wilson, as yet uncommitted on the issue, is receiving an avalanche of over 2,000 letters weekly asking him to vote the Tuolumne into Wild and Scenic protection. "It's the number one issue we're getting letters on — more than the nuclear freeze," Wilson says. It appears as if saving the grand old lady will become the environmental issue of the 1980s. Muir's heirs may win this one.

Finally, the Tuolumne has one more friend—You. If you are reading American Whitewater, assuredly, you want these waters to flow. AWA is going to provide you an opportunity to marry your concern to an action. We at AWA have established a special Save Our Tuolumne Fund, the proceeds of which will go to the Tuolumne Trust. Below is a checklist as you help save the Tuolumne River for our heritage.

- I've made out a tax-deductible contribution to the AWA Save Our Tuolumne Fund and mailed it to AWA Tuolumne Fund, Claire Gesalman, 6301 Hillcrest Pl., Alexandria, VA 22312.
- I have written the Tuolumne River Preservation Trust, Fort Mason Center, Building C, San Francisco, CA 94123; (415) 411-8778 and asked to get on their mailing list. I even volunteered some of my own time.
- I have written my Senator and Senator Pete Wilson asking them to support S142.
- I have written my Congressman asking him to support HR2474.



Brian Fessenden

The Tuolumne

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