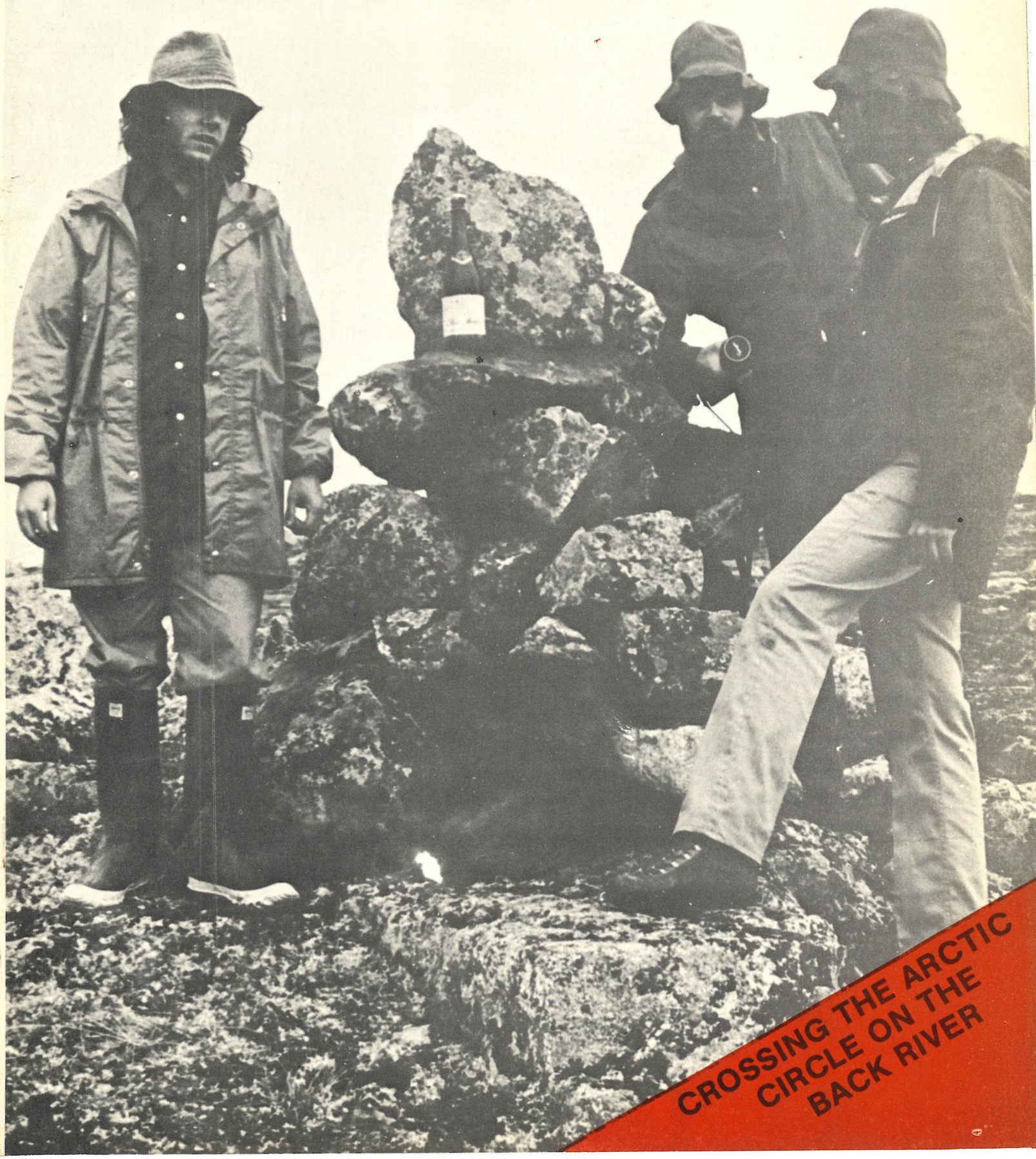
CANOEING IN THE MIDWEST

NOVEMBER 1973

MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION

HUT!



CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE ON THE BACK RIVER

THE FIFTH EXPEDITION 1
by Bob O'Hara

ST. CROIX '73 6
by Steve Parsons

KANU-WELTMEISTERSCHAFT/1973 8
by Joe Conrad

HUNTER'S ISLAND FELLOWSHIP 12
by Roy K. Thomas, Jr.

RIVER LEGISLATION IN MINNESOTA 13
by Mike Priesnitz

1973 BUILDER'S CONTEST 15

JENSEN HANDICAP 15

LOWER ST. CROIXMASTER PLAN 15
by Al Buchholz

BOOK REVIEWS 16
by Lyn Snell

HUT! Magazine is published every other month starting in January by the Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc. a nonprofit organization, and is distributed to more than 1800 members, and numerous friends of the MCA across the nation. Our purpose is to distribute information about canoe sports and canoe camping, to preserve and promote wild rivers, to effect conservation of canoeable waterways, and to encourage canoeing as family recreation.

Pictures (glossies), cartoons, art work, announcements, letters, and articles of all kinds which serve to promote the purposes of the MCA are cordially invited. Contributions should be typewritten, preferably double-spaced, and should be in the hands of the editor by the 5TH DAY OF THE PREVIOUS MONTH, AD COPY BY THE 17TH. We regret that only token compensation can be paid for photographs, and that no compensation can be paid for literary copy, however, byline credit will be extended to all contributions. Contributions cannot be acknowledged and will be returned — usually within eight weeks — ONLY when requested and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Please DO NOT send documents. Address: HUT! 5804 Tracy Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. 55436.

Statement of Policy: The Minnesota Canoe Association, Inc. cannot assume responsibility for the accuracy of the material presented by authors of the articles in the magazine. The pages of HUT! are offered as a clearing house of information and a forum for exchange of opinions, experiences, and ideas. The individual reader must evaluate this material for himself and use it as he sees fit. Every effort is made to present material of wide interest that will be of help to the majority.

Likewise, we cannot guarantee or endorse any product offered through our advertising. We invite constructive criticism and welcome any report of inferior merchandise obtained through our advertising, so that corrective measures can be taken.

HUT! STAFF
EDITOR
JOHN WYMORE
5804 Tracy Ave.
Minneapolis 55436
Tele. 925-3583

BUSINESS MANAGER
MARGIE JOHNS
2936 N. Simpson
St. Paul 55113
Tele. 633-6734

ADVERTISING SALES
BOB SCHUETZLER
1509 Champlin Rd.
Champlin 55316
Tele. 421-6883

NEWSLETTER EDITOR
JACKIE SCHUETZLER
1509 Champlin Rd.
Champlin 55316
Tele. 421-6883

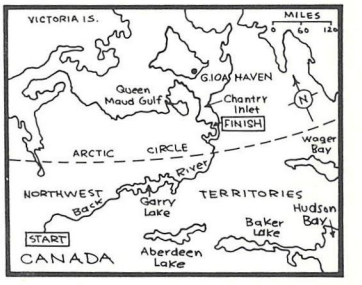


Tuktu or Caribou, as seen from the canoe in sand flats arra.

The 5th Expedition

by Bob O'Hara

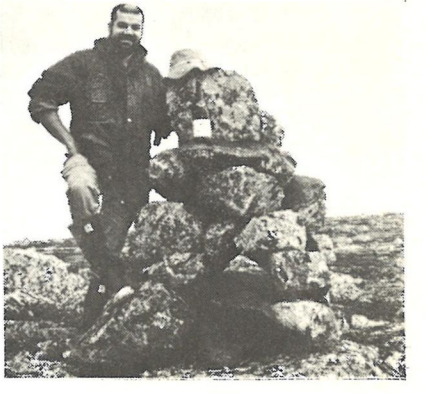
BACK RIVER PHOTOS BY BOB O'HARA, JR.



Thlew-ee-cho-desseth is what the Chipewyan Indians call the river that runs to the sea. Great Fish River is a more common name and equally descriptive. This is truly a river of great fish – enormous trout and char and the small but fierce grayling. Today the river has a simpler name, the Back River, named after the British Navyman George Back, who saw service in the arctic. In his descent of the river, Back was in search of the missing Ross Expedition.

The English knew little about the arctic. The British Navy in search of the fabled Northwest Passage had spent decades outfitting expeditions with men and equipment. The British never succeeded, but they did make a significant contribution toward expanding the geographical knowledge of the North.

British officers were anything but arctic explorers, often suffering from cold, hunger and scurvy, while their native guides seldom got sick. They came in true English tradition with pomp, ridiculous clothes, individual silverware and a trunk load of gentlemen's junk. George Back was one of these. Serving under John Franklin, he made two trips into the arctic, both near disasters. Commissioned by public subscription to find Ross he took a crew of Englishmen mixed with Canadian Voyageurs. He built a boat of solid wood thirty feet in length that weighed two tons. This he and his crew of ten, rowed, pushed, pulled and dragged to the sea. To a canoeman of North America this certainly was not the proper manner of travel. Therefore the journal of George Back is hardly a canoeing guide to the river, for the perils to which his crew was exposed were percipitated by Back's



Expedition leader Bob O'Hara at cairn built by source of the Back River. Champagne bottle houses message to future travelers and data about the Expedition.

Bob O'Hara is a Director of the MCA, and teaches Biology at Armstrong High School. A veteran of arctic rivers including the Coppermine, Kazan, Thelon and Back, he is a member of numerous professional and conservation organizations and conducts workshops for the State Department of Education on Outdoor Education for the Classroom. This is O'Hara's fifth arctic expedition.

limited knowledge and the equipment, especially the boat.

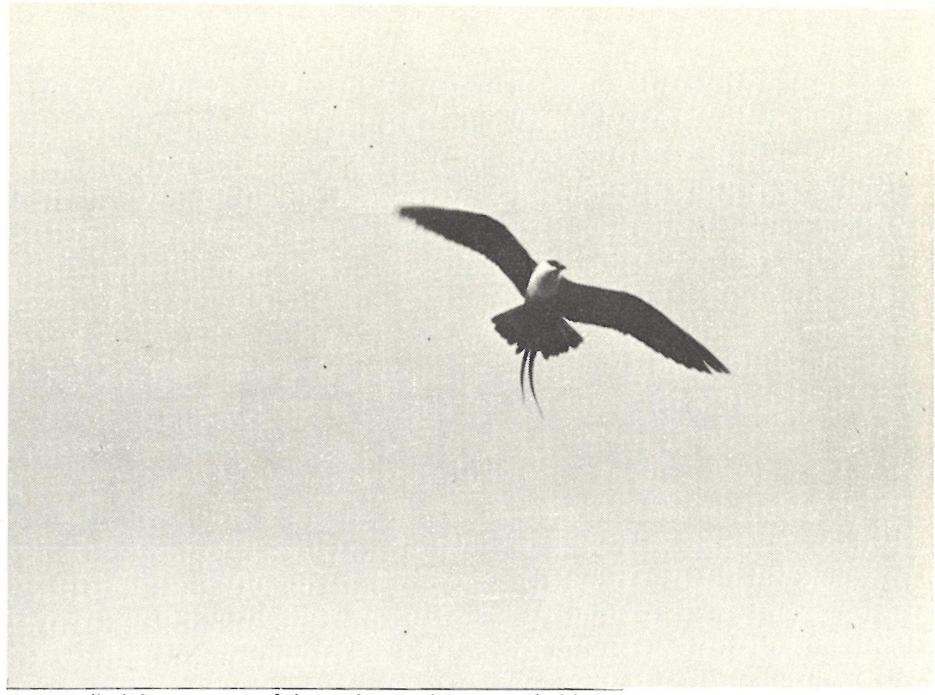
I recall an old axiom: Prevention is the best Cure. How true this is. Never before have I undertaken a trip with more planning, experience, research and minute preparation. I can therefore announce with great enthusiasm, nothing exciting happened! Now don't get me wrong. Being in the tundra is extremely exciting. However everyone I meet inquires as to how the trip went. When I reply fine, no trouble at all, they give me that obvious look of disappointment. Why is it that trips to the North are expected to be hair raising accounts of life or death, of rapids that swallow canoes, wild creatures silently stalking you, a wind that will blow you to the unknown and a sun that bakes you to all degrees of torture? Why does the public show interest when you come home more dead than alive with a tale so deep the mind can't begin to comprehend the awesome proportions? Probably because history has set it that way, and people like George Back are partially the reason. The English in their lack of practical travel methods were too often sick, starving, getting lost or escaping from some rapid that in turn they would name Escape Rapids. It gives me great pleasure to announce that the age of British Exploration blunders died over a century ago! We are in the age of the thinking man who with planning can prevent the majority of ills that have been borne by those in the past.



Flag Day at the sand flats: Front left, Expedition Leader Bob O'Hara, right, Jay Berne. Back left, Bill George, right John Jambeck.

As we fly out over the tundra with our 18-foot canoes inside, our twelve duluth packs crammed full of gear, our assorted camera packs, my three companions as super excited as I, it all begins to creep inside of me. That same old familiar feeling. The further out the plane flies the more the feeling of freedom, of adventure of excitement, of challenge and of peace creeps into my soul. Upon touchdown I could have cried out with the enthusiasm of an evangelist, TUNDRA! – I am home.

Our crew consists of Bill George, presently a teacher, and also long time acquaintance. We met when he was a student and I just beginning teaching. A canoe builder and traveler, Bill brings much experience to the crew. His physique is more that of a bull, but his dexterity with the paddle is that of a gentle ballerina.



Long tailed Jaeger, one of the major predatory arctic birds.

John Jambeck, another teacher, joined the group through our mutual interest in swimming. John and I met years ago when I was coaching. We now officiate together. John grew up paddling whitewater. His familiarity with water, his draw stroke in the bow and cool head gives the Jambeck-George team a keen edge in rapids. Jay Berne is the resident specialist in equipment. Jay grew up selling and using camping, canoeing and backpacking equipment. He paddled the Kazan with me and again this year guides my bow. Our mutual interest in photography is heightened with the interchangeability of our equipment.

Lake 1311 is historical. It is here the Back River begins its 700 mile flow to the Arctic Ocean. Yet, no other Back River canoeists knows of it. Neither did Back himself. Being the first it is only fitting that we camp and spend the night here. Our California champagne tops the evening toasts, and in the morning we will deposit the bottle with our messages in the cairn built to mark the occasion.

Headwaters are always an interesting place, the Back being no exception. Our greatest surprise, in addition to the extremely small size of the river, is to discover a section that is completely frozen! It has to be the most unique paddle ever, walking down the river of ice, tow rope in hand with one big yellow canoe sliding behind. Needless to say we have a cold drink of lemonade for lunch today. Lunch by the way is always a delight. If nothing more than to sit and relax to the usual fare of peanut butter, jam, pilot biscuits, soybeans or sunflower seeds, candy and a glass of fruit drink. Not only is the meal well balanced in nutrition but provides a most generous amount of fuel for the afternoon paddle.

Having commenced our canoe journey by water on the 4th of July, we are but a few days into the trip and already the log book reads of snow buntings, nest and young; pintail and young; jaegers, loons, semi-palmated plovers, ptarmigan, kirtland's warbler, and herring gulls. Trout are seen swimming in 30 feet of crystal water.

The word is out, keep on the alert for musk ox. A large object appears on the left shore. Paddling hard we hit the beach, set up cameras and begin the stalk. A closer look indicates a false alarm. It's only a large rock. But looking across the lake we spot another one, and this time it moves. Back to the canoes and the chase is on. The animal is eating its way over a hill and disappears. We head down wind and sneak up carefully. Hiking inland, we are rewarded with shots of two musk ox and a bonus shot of ptarmigan adults and family. With the wind at our back, we cross the remaining part of Sussex Lake on high rollers, exerting great care in our balance as we surf our way to the evening camp on an esker.

More walking and hard paddling into the wind. Headwater travel is not easy and the walking is measured in miles not rods. There are rewards, for wildlife is easily spotted. We see an arctic wolf approaching and watch while he continues on his prowl. What a fine beast. Sad that he must bare the traditional reputation so ill put forth in Little Red Riding Hood.

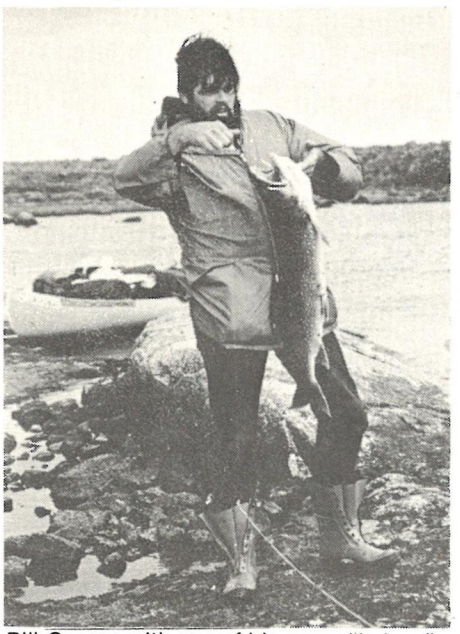
The cry goes out, Musk Ox! This time it is the lake, not the animal. From here the traveling is easier. It is our first major lake and with it a decent flow of water. It is here that those before us have usually begun their trip, and it was slightly above

here that George Back entered the river.

Under ideal paddling conditions, we speed down the lake with a brief stop at Icy River, another of the frozen streams. Paddling flat water is not common and we make the most of it. There are drawbacks to no wind however, the biggest being the bugs. In fact they have a real field day with my head, investigating the nose, eyes, ears and mouth, not to mention any small opening in my shirt or pants. Nothing provides relief except to stay far out on the water.

Musk Ox rapids is really a series of riffles. Due to many combinations of low water, heavy canoes, fast rapids, rocks and better hindsight than foresight, I manage to wedge my canoe between two rocks. No tip over but I take on a canoe load of water. Waterproof camera bags are the best prevention I know of to protect cameras, but one has to have them secured and of course mine isn't at this time. So the water runs all the way in, to the very inside of the cameras. Well, I guess even the well disciplined have their weak moments.

More rapids, rock gardens and lots of adventure. Catching a rock here, going down backwards there, filling two thirds of the canoe with water, yet all comes out safe. We spot yellow billed loons and see more musk ox. Fish are added to the larder. Our trout is cooked either as chowder or fried. What a succulent meal! More birds are sighted and lots of bugs. Some rapids have small portions that require lining, others we run in their entirety and occasionally we walk down, canoes in tow. Malley rapids is exciting. We run on the center right, Jay and I drawing so hard we pull the right gunwhale under, but come through upright and afloat. In this early part of the trip, rapids are the rule of the day, some fast and deep, others a masterpiece of rock gardens, always with good current.



Bill George with one of his many "Lakers" (Trout).

On to Beechey Lake and a really slow paddle in the hot still air. Not a ripple on the water. Across Beechey we enter upon the Cascades, a series of spectacular drops over two miles. No doubt we will portage – the only long one for the entire trip. Distance roundtrip is three miles and the number of carries per man is five. It takes us all day, part of the night and into the next morning. Why so long? Bugs man, bugs! Jillions of bugs and they love to see me sweat. What a torture. In writing the *Inferno,* Dante missed the worst punishment of all, the torture of the BUGS!

TUKTU! Sure enough, lying on the sand near the waters edge is a caribou. These animals have the same bug problem we humans do, and in searching for relief, they will frequent the sand flats. Caribou will be observed every day for the next three weeks.

The heavy water is now upon us with imposing names like Rock Rapids, Escape Rapids, Sandhill Rapids, Sinclair Falls, Franklin Falls and many unnamed ones. The Escape takes the longest. To navigate it, we must use every trick of canoeing. We scout the rapids but due to its length we scout in sections. We begin by running, switch to lining, transfer to a short carry over and finally run the remainder. Total time consumed is four hours, plus wet feet and a very tired crew. Sinclair Falls is to me the most spectacular scene on the river. The Falls itself is wide with a moderate drop. The setting is ideal and the fishing so fabulous it is beyond description. Truly the only fish hole where you can exclaim "you should have seen the one that got away". We camp on the high bluff overlooking the falls with a scenic view both upstream and the continuation of rapids downstream. I could spend my whole summer here.



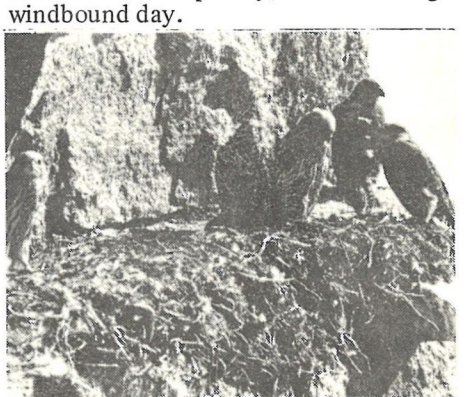
Walking through a shallow stretch of sand flats.

ZOOM! and I instinctively duck. It sounds like a jet plane, but it's a falcon diving on a tern. A thrill to see this endangered bird, the Peregrine Falcon. We will be even more fortunate later in our travels to discover a nest with young.

More rapids, some with interesting names, all from George Back. At Hawk rapids, we sight rough legged hawks, in the grey phase of their plummage. Upon investigation, the nest is located. Many Hawk nests are sighted with one containing five young. Eskimo tent rings are observed overlooking a rapids. Later many more rings are seen and even some old food caches. The Eskimo of the Back river are gone today, the last major groups moving out about 15 years ago. They have wandered to the larger permanent settlements springing up across the arctic.

Garry Lake, the largest flat water obstacle in our course. To everyone's surprise, it is calm, and we cross it in two days paddle. At the entrance to the lake is the old mission. Since the disappearance of its resident priest, Fr. Buliard, in 1956 it has been abandoned. The structure is in very good condition and inside hang the tea mugs waiting to be used again.

Whirlpool Rapids lets us into Franklin Lake, the last large body of water before tidewater on the Arctic Coast. In what has to be the most amazing summer in the North we find it, too, is flat-out calm. Never before have I experienced a summer of such gentle weather and favorable winds. Not once in the course of our journey have we lost a days travel due to weather. Some afternoons the wind has driven us to camp early, but not a single windbound day.



Nest on ledge of five rough legged hawks.

Beyond Franklin Lake we encounter the last major Eskimo site. We find a very nice contrast here. First there is the ancient site with fish traps of rock, hunting blinds, old graves and meat caches. Slightly further downstream is the summer camp of modern Eskimos, which was not occupied this season. In it we find fish spears, hand carved lures, dogteam sled, old caribou furs and much bone. Truly a fitting end to our journey.

Moving the last few miles to tidewater, I have to reflect back upon the summer and its treasures. We observed every arctic mammal except the arctic fox. Captured on film are sis-sic or ground squirrels, lemmings, wolf, musk ox and caribou. We caught and consumed three species of fish: trout, char and grayling. Birds of prey were numerous and exciting to watch. We witnessed the flight of eagles, hawks, gyrfalcons and peregrine falcons. Geese, ducks and sandhill cranes were equally numerous not to mention the three species of loons. It was especially exciting for me to observe yellow billed and red throated loons in addition to the familiar common loon of our own canoe country. Jaegers of two species, plovers, longspurs, and snow buntings were with us most of the trip. Not to be forgotten is the perennial and continuous battle between the terns and gulls, with the gulls always on the losing side. It certainly brings one off the cloud of Jonathan Livingston and down to the reality that the life of a scavenger gull is certainly a hard one.

Reaching tidewater we troop our way to the cairn built by previous explorer adventurers. In it are messages of the first Canadian crew to paddle the Back in 1972, mention of the first American team and also first of this century, in 1962. Also is mention of the ill fated Canadian crew that drowned two out of a party of three. We add our message and are proud to note that the Minnesota Back River Expedition of 1973 is the first in history to descend the Great Fish River of George Back from source to mouth. It may sound extremely simple or unmeaningful to you, but to me and the crew, it is a very important moment, one that certainly will not fade from memory.

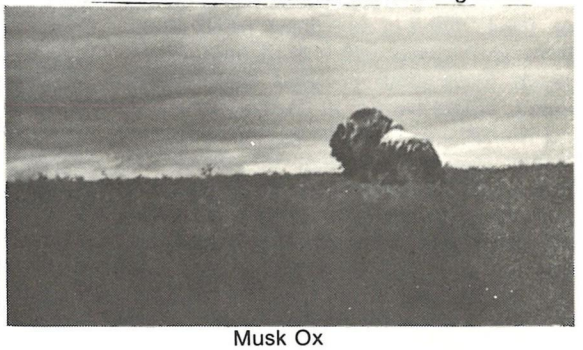
Our ears catch the drone of a motor and soon the twin Beech sets down upon the water to take us home. Already we have the feeling of civilization as we meet our pilot, the first person seen since the departure of the plane that brought us to this great land back in early July. Already well into August, we can observe from above the low levels of water and in some streams the dry bottom. Winging our way home is a happy but sad occasion. Happy to have conquered the river, sad to be leaving. We will be back, for the land is too compelling, too demanding, too much of an adventure to forget. For 1973 it was a good year – a good crew and a good river. Our life is that much more richer thanks to the Thlew-ee-cho-desseth.



John Jambeck cleans fish for the evening meal.



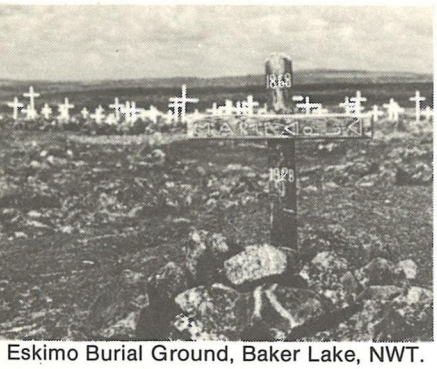
Young Peregrine Falcons.



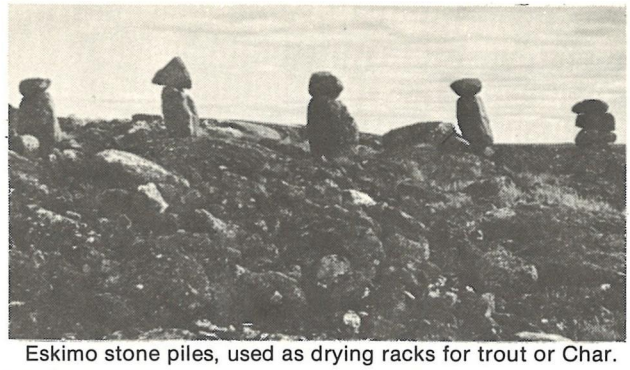
Musk Ox

Tuktu. Water Spots from damaged cameras.





Eskimo Burial Ground, Baker Lake, NWT.



Eskimo stone piles, used as drying racks for trout or Char.



Putting gear back into canoe after lifting over the rock ledge, referred to as a "lethal liftover". Bill George, left; John Jambeck, right.

Plumes of arctic Cotton Grass.



Juvenile Gyrfalcon on nest. Dead Sic-Sic (artic ground squirrel) can also be seen.



st. croix '73 and other slaloms

(Impressions of a Beginner)

by Steve Parsons



Canoeists, when preparing for major competition, are like any other athletes. They're faced with a lot of work – getting in shape, improving their technique, and getting themselves psyched up. But in many cases, they must also plan and organize the event, set up the course, and even judge the competition themselves. The work then becomes monumental and concentration gets spread pretty thin.

Steve Parsons is an attorney for the Minneapolis Legal Aid Society. He calls himself a beginner and so he is, inasmuch as this was his first season of whitewater competition. But what a beginner! Look for Steve to join the growing list of World Class paddlers from Minnesota in another year or two.

"The object of slalom competition," as stated in the 1973 Whitewater Racing Program of the American Canoe Association, "is to negotiate a course in rapids, defined in gates, without fault, in the shortest possible time." The course must have a maximum length of 800 meters and contain at least 25 (although many have one or two less) and not more than 30 gates, at least 4 of which are reverse gates and only 1 a team gate. Each gate consists of two poles, one of which is painted in green and white horizontal stripes and the other in red and white stripes, hanging from cross pieces suspended over the rapid on wires. The gates are numbered in the sequence and the direction in which they are to be run (an "R" sign indicates a reverse gate). The green pole must always be to the right and the red pole to the left of the paddler as the gate is negotiated. A faultless or "clean" negotiation of a gate occurs if boat, body (bodies in the case of a C-2) and paddle(s) pass between the gate poles in the proper direction, in an upright position and without touching the poles. If the body(ies) of the competitor(s) fails to pass through a gate in the proper direction, a penalty is added to the competitor's score by adding 50 seconds to the total time of the run. Ten second penalties are incurred for each gate pole touched by boat, body or paddle during a directionally proper run through a gate.

So much for a short technical course in whitewater slalom racing. What does all this mean?

A whitewater slalom race is a very special thing. As M.C.A. member Jim Rada puts it, "When you get up in the morning and see those poles hanging over the river – it's just like Christmas."

Having just completed my first season of whitewater competition, I agree with Jim. I love whitewater canoeing, both cruising and racing. There is a power and energy in whitewater that is unique. I want to pick up on as much of that power and energy as possible. The river is a challenge, but a race adds an extra challenge of making you negotiate a rapid in a way that you might not ordinarily do it. Fred Young, Midwest Division Slalom Chairman of the American Canoe Association, says that "Lots of people don't like slalom racing because it makes them do things they're not good at." I don't think there's any question about the fact that racing makes people better cruisers. When I cruise I want to enjoy everything that the river will give me. For me, slalom racing is an ideal way of "forcing" myself to learn those moves which will allow me to better enjoy the river. There is also that extra "something" in racing. I also enjoy putting out the energy necessary for a winning effort. It's a very satisfying exchange of energy with the river.

A race also has a festive atmosphere that adds to the fun. A race provides a forum for people from several states to get together and enjoy a river, make new friendships and renew old ones. They can also exchange information and learn new or better paddling technique. And there's always the fun of doing something as well as you possibly can.

Of course, the magic of a slalom doesn't just happen. It takes a lot of work by a lot of good people. Just ask Bob Schutzler, chairman of the 1973 St. Croix Whitewater Weekend. Bob lost 15 pounds during the week of the race – and it wasn't from paddling. Work on St. Croix '73 began seven weeks in advance with the printing and mailing of race entry forms to past competitors, other whitewater clubs and every whitewater paddler who has any sort of connection with the MCA. This type of work begins much earlier with the "bigger" eastern races. The registration forms urge that they be returned two weeks before the race in order to avoid a late entry fee. There's a good reason for that. Pre-registration cuts down the confusion at the beginning of the race. It also allows the organizers to coordinate work assignments for the competitors. There are rarely enough non-competitors at a race to do the work – so the competitors must fill some of their spare time with activities such as gate judging, timing, scoring, etc. That stuff has got to be done or the race doesn't go. Race organizers take work assignments seriously. At some races, failure to complete a work assignment is grounds for disqualification.

But most of the tough work is done before the race. It begins with the stringing across the river of wires or cables from which the gates will be hung. At the

St. Croix this is a grueling task. The river is so wide at the Taylors Falls slalom site that the wires must be anywhere between 350 feet and 150 feet in length. In the upper part of the course the river is very wide and the banks low. The wire or cable must be "pulled" from one bank to the other by attaching it to a long piece of light plastic twine, half of which has been strung across the river and half of which still remains on the bank from which the wire is being extended. The wire is attached to the pull-rope and the folks on the far side of the river begin pulling it out while the folks on the near side reel out the other half of the pull-rope and the wire. The problem is that 350 feet of wire is fairly heavy and wants to sag as it is extended. When the people on either side of the river are no more than ten to fifteen feet above the water the wire tends to sag so much that it touches the water. Then it really gets heavy! The amount of pull a river has on that wire is enormous. Situations such as this usually provoke a variety of curses from the people on the wires. The wire dare not be dropped or it will sink and snag on a rock on the river bed and become unrecoverable junk in the river. This is ecologically unpleasing – and expensive. Friendships have been known to have become strained over the avoidable dropping of a wire into the river.

We used 2750 feet of aircraft cable at St. Croix '73. Al Button says that wire-stringing used to be even harder back in the days when the MCA didn't have any spools or reels for the wire and the stuff wanted to kink and tangle while it was being pulled across the river. "If we were still hanging the course the way we did seven years ago I'd probably be out of the business," he says.

Wirestringing isn't generally as difficult as it is at the St. Croix. At the opposite end of the spectrum are Maryland's Savage River, site of the 1973 U.S. World Championship Trials, and the Nantahala River in North Carolina, site of the 1973 Southeastern U.S. Canoe and Kayak Championships. Those rivers are narrow and totally dam-controlled. The river can be "turned on" while the course designers figure out gate and wire positions and then turned off. The wire is walked across a virtually dry streambed and attached to the other side. This is really a convenience, but one that I can do without. Too many whitewater rivers have been destroyed by dams to make me very comfortable about them.

Eventually the wires are strung out (hopefully before the workers are) and the gates positioned. It is race morning – Christmas – mass confusion. Slalom races never seem to start on time. Competitors are out warming up on the course and ignoring calls for a competitors' meeting. The race registrar(s) is going insane because nobody seems to have pre-registered. The call goes out repeatedly – "We do not have enough people signed up to be gate judges. THE RACE WILL NOT START UNTIL WE HAVE ENOUGH JUDGES!!" (This isn't a problem where enough people have pre-registered so as to pre-assign judging assignments.)

Eventually the work assignments are coordinated, the communication system between gate judging stations and Central Scoring established, final gate adjustments made and the fun begins.

The St. Croix Slalom is unique in that the high cliffs on either side of the short, wide race course give it a stadium-like quality. It is possible for spectators at almost any point on the cliffs to watch the entire race course. That is simply not possible at most courses – which are anywhere from a quarter to a half-mile long. The St. Croix is about 150 yards long. My personal advice is, however, that spectators wishing to get a real feel for the action on the river pick a spot as close to river level as possible. The panoramic view is lost but you really get to see the size of the waves, the speed of the current and the forces with which the paddlers are dealing.

Even if spectators at the St. Croix give up the wide-screen view, they have been fortunate in the last few years to have the announcing of George Steed of the Wolf River Canoe Club over the PA system. George combines his superb knowledge and experience in whitewater (he finished second to his son, Charlie, in the C-1 expert class at this year's Last Ditch Slalom on the Wolf River) with his unique wit to provide an enjoyable and educational narrative of the race.

As a result of George's announcing, this year's spectators grew to appreciate the importance of catching the "surfing wave" under the Highway 8 bridge. Long surfing maneuvers are not particularly common to slalom races, so it's always interesting when we have some.

Whitewater surfing occurs when a boat rides the upstream face of a wave and breaks free from the hold of the current – through the force of gravity and some good technique on the part of the paddler. Once the boat breaks free it skitters "on top" of the water and holds its position on the upstream face of the wave while the current shoots by at high speed. If the paddler angles the boat toward one or the other side of the river while surfing, the current will shoot the boat in the direction it is pointed while keeping it on the upstream face of the wave. Little or no paddling is necessary when this maneuver is executed properly, and it's about the fastest way of moving laterally across the river. Only the true expert paddlers were successful in catching the surfing wave at St. Croix '73. It cut about 40 to 60 seconds off a paddler's time.

It was particularly exciting when the two K-1 teams were catching the wave. Team races are usually afterthoughts at slaloms (they are run if time permits) but when done well they are one of the most exciting events. A team consists of three boats. The penalties of all the boats are combined and added to the time it took the team to negotiate the course. The "team gate" mentioned at the beginning of the article must be negotiated by all three boats within 15 seconds or the team incurs a 50-second penalty. A team race is most exciting when the boats maintain as tight a formation as possible. There is rarely enough room in the eddies for all the boats, so a tight team race means that the boats will be criss-crossing each other's paths and dancing all over the race course. The boats usually gather in an eddy to do the team gate and then they're off again.

We had three team races at St. Croix '73 and two where there was actual competition. The K-1 teams were the treat – at times achieving a rhythm characteristic of team runs by the best international competitors. The K-1's really looked sharp as they shot across the wave, looped through an upstream gate and then peeled off diagonally downstream just in front of or just after another team member coming across on the surfing wave.

But the races eventually end and the awards given out. Thankfully, the gates and wires can be taken down faster than they are put up, so the whole affair disassembles much faster than it goes up – when enough people stay around to help. It's always sad to see the course come down and the competitors, workers and spectators leave, but there's always the anticipation of seeing them at the next race.

I hope to see more people at St. Croix '74 and all the races in the midwest next year. I also salute the St. Croix '73 competitors whose names appear in the November newsletter and the people who worked at the race but did not compete.

There's nothing like a whitewater race.



Kanu-Weltmeisterschaft 1973

Muotathal, Switzerland

by Joe Conrad



Last June the World Canoe Championships were held in Muotathal, Switzerland. Four members of the U.S. Team were from the Twin Cities and MCA members – Al Button, Joe Conrad, Sandy Morrison, and Doug Peterson. Here are some of Joe's memories and impressions.

"Hup Suisse!, Hup Suisse!, Hup Suisse!"...The chant sounds above the roar of the water. The paddler strives against the river and the gate is reached, then passed. The current whips the kayak around and the paddle bites deep to grip the water. Waves and current jets hurl the woman and her boat toward the rocks. She leans, then body, boat and paddle mold to the water and pass smoothly by disaster. Another gate, another deft dash across the turbulence. The partisan chant ripples down the slalom course. Life and breath contest the rocks and water. The last gate is passed. Seven strokes and six waves throw the craft across the finish line.

"Elsbeth Käser, Schweiz, 330.3 points". The hometown crowd of Swiss villagers and sports fans hopes for a medal, but when the results are final, Sybille Spindler of East Germany has the gold for K-1 women. Others have silver and bronze, but Elsbeth has a still respectable eighth place.

The U.S.A. strikes gold–and silver–in the next class, C-2 mixed. Four Pennsylvanians, David and Carol Knight (gold), Norm and Barb Holcombe (silver), win the first such medals in slalom for the U.S.A. in the history of the World Championships.

Heroics and heartbreaks are at every stroke. A paddler makes a slight misjudgement and is thrown thru a gate sideways. Another makes the same maneuver look like child's play. Indeed, the top ten boats in each class make almost no mistakes, but some are faster than others. In particular, the West Germans and East Germans are faster. Of a total of 57 medals awarded in ten wildwater (down river) events and nine slalom events, the East Germans win 10 in slalom alone. (They are not entered in the wildwater events). The West Germans win 14 in wildwater and three in slalom.

But other countries win medals also–Czechoslovakia six, U.S.A. and France five each, Switzerland four, Belgium, Austria and Poland three each, and Holland one. Paddlers from Great Britain, Italy, Yugoslavia, Ireland, Canada, Australia and even New Zealand go home empty-handed of medals, but rich with experiences.

The foregoing is more of a spectator's view of the races. What's it like to be a competitor there? Tough, I'll say–tough on the body and tough on the nerves. The 42 person U. S. team was determined to win something this year. We ran before breakfast and in the afternoon, up and down Swiss hills, along roads and through the town. We paddled whenever the practice schedule would permit.

In the ten days there before the actual races began, our group of four C-1 wildwater paddlers became a well-knit team. Tom Irwin from Pennsylvania, Al Button (MCA) from St. Paul, Russ Nichols from New York and I walked the river, discussed channels and paddle technique, and raced in time trials against each other. We practiced for the three boat team race–all four boats charging down the river at once, sometimes right on top of each other. We played all sorts of games with "Muota Rock", a 15-foot wide knob stuck smack-dab in the middle of the biggest chute on the Muota River. You could go to either side of it with equal strain, amid equal





The MCA's Sandy Morrison (Wayzata, Minn.) circles around to drive thru an upstream gate. (Sandy placed 7th — the highest American in his class.)



A Czech C-2 team drives across the current in a run for a silver medal.

turbulence. The left side was reputedly the fastest, though Al tried going directly over on one run. On another, I tried the left but found myself riding the enormous upstream pillow around to the right. I prayed and was delivered safely. Tom's favorite trick was to roll somewhere in the passage. My specialty was striking the smaller rock to the left of Muota Rock very firmly with my bow. (I was not alone in this among the American paddlers. That rock became known as "American Rock.") Russ Nichols, after his experiences in the washing machine–spin dry–zoom flume of the 1972 Olympic slalom course in Augsburg, seemed least bothered by the rock and chided us all that we simply weren't aattacking it.

Our living quarters were up the river about a mile from our dining hall so we had ample time to observe the Swiss in the valley. In the early morning (4:00-5:00 A.M.) one began to hear ding-a-ding, dong-a-dong, klunk-a-klunk–the rhythmic cacaphony of cowbells carried by every bovine in the valley. Sometimes the sound came softly from the distance, growing to a cresendo of clanging, clonging and klunking as a herd passed, with the beating of bell clappers finally dying away into the dawn. One morning as I lay drowzing in the light, I imagined the racket to be caused by a band of primitive religious fanatics, passing in an age old pilgrimage to an ancient shrine, intent on impressing their god by their zeal in beating on metallic objects.

The cowbells became a favorite souvenir of the Americans. Some weighed 16 pounds and were made in a local smithy. There was a local wood worker, an old gentleman who turned out wooden clogs for the high mountain farmers, wooden sledges for hauling jobs and other utilitarian wooden objects. He didn't seem to have an apprentice. His trade may well die with him as the valley becomes more modern. Other impressions–old men sunning themselves, each with his favorite pipe; Swiss army reservists in civilian clothes riding a bicycle thru the town to a rendezvous point, automatic rifle slung over one shoulder; whole families out pitching and turning hay to hasten the drying of it; several new buildings indicating the coming changes for the little lumber and furniture making town in the middle of a dairying valley.

Paul Imhoff. How can I forget him? He's a wonderful Swiss, who had grown up many years ago in the valley, lived in California for five years and returned. Paul loaned our team doctor an electric hot pad which I needed for a very painful muscle spasm. He also took several Americans to visit small cheese making farms far up in the mountains where people lived as they had 50 years ago. One night he brought to our dining hall two accordion players (one was "the best in the valley") so that we would know what real Swiss music was like. All this because Americans in California had treated him so well, and he was eager and delighted to return the favors.

At the dining hall, the Americans had two tables and the Czechs, Poles and Yugoslavs one each. Here we could look over some of the opposition—like bald-headed World Champion C-1 paddler, Petr Sodomka, who always quaffed a half quart of beer after dinner; or the beautiful Czech girl K-1 paddler who struck up a romance with Doug Peterson (k-1 wildwater), a Blake School graduate now at Dartmouth and one of the four Twin Citians on the U.S. team.

Around the race site here and there were other figures on the international racing scene. A group of paddlers were gathered around the new Kobar Brand paddle display. I walked over with my lightest Buzz Peterson made paddle with extra large epoxy—glass bubbles grip I had added to it. Herr Kobar himself reached over to look at it very calmly, but his eyes lit up in surprise at its light weight and he exclaimed in English "Aha! Professional!" All the more a compliment to its maker, since I had reinforced the shaft and blade edges with fiberglass and epoxy.

After a long transatlantic flight to Zürich, Switzerland and ten days of paddling practice and running, and tending to our boats and gear the race days finally came. Simultaneously in the mountains came a snowstorm with higher, colder water and cool overcast weather. We had our route down the river picked, the Muota Rock mastered at last, and timers to give us "splits" on our opposition.

My time slot was very late afternoon. Al, Tom, Russ all started even later. Three minutes into the race I had grip and forearm cramps from nerves and cold water. Surely they would loosen up in the flat mid-section of the 20 minute race. They didn't! I passed some foam boat pads in the river; after passing Muota Rock, I saw the Englishman who started ahead of me emptying his boat near shore. He was one of two people I beat in a most disappointing race. At the finish line Al and Russ arrived with the same cramps problem.

Afterwards I stood on the bank, amid mixed feelings. It was so anticlimatic, so empty, yet relieving. The suspense *was* over. When I had first arrived in that beautiful valley, I had thought how out of place we seemed among the townspeople, the farmers, the lumber workers and other valley residents. Now I recalled a hike we had taken far up to the timberline. How tiny the river had looked from there. The boats had seemed even tinier little dots gone insignificant in the totality of the valley and the vast mountains surrounding it. It is only a small valley on a small planet, on which the activity of man, so hugely important to himself, is completely insignificant to the rest of the universe. These thoughts comforted me after my 26th place finish so I did not committ Hari Kari.

Instead, I sat in steady rain all the next day watching the three boat team races and yelling time splits to the U.S. teams. Sodomka came by, taking several strokes then yelling over his shoulder to his teammates. They were on their way to a silver medal. Tom, Al and Russ came by (12th, 15th and 17th respectively in the individual runs) on their way to fourth, just eight seconds away from a bronze medal.

Next came the slalom races. I amused myself by taking "disaster shots" with my camera at gate number nine where, if a small eddy was missed, the current washed the unfortunates over some formidable rocks. The rain continued, and on Saturday afternoon, when the second runs were held, it was a meaningless comparison to the morning runs (best one of two runs counts) and the placings of the first run held for the winners. Sandy Morrison (MCA and Blake school—now at Williams College) and Jamie McEwan, 1971 World Championship veterans, members of the 1972 Olympic Slalom team and outstanding paddlers, had come to get medals, but the rain and the mud washed away their hopes. They were in the top ten after the first run, but had no chance of bettering their first run scores in the swollen, chocolate brown torrent the Muota had become. Jamie had the best run of any competitor in the second heat, but all the first run scores were better.

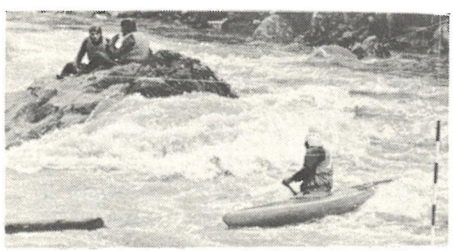
Later, I was watching the team races near the end of the course and anticipated some exciting shots of Morrison, McKewan and their team-mate Randy Spencer. I looked up ready to cheer them on and was suddenly aware that the crowd was silent. Then around the corner, drifting listlessly with the current, came Sandy and Jamie, their faces quiet and frustrated. They bobbed on past in the silence—their last chance at a medal washed under. The third man, Randy Spencer had upset and in rolling back upright had torn shoulder ligaments.

Then came the happiest event for the U.S.A. team. The K-1 girls from the U.S.A., Lyn Ashton and Louise Holcombe of Maryland and Candy Clark from California suddenly paddled off with a GOLD medal in the three boat team event—a nearly incredible occurrence, and so very welcome.

That evening there was a medal awarding ceremony—much lifting of flags,



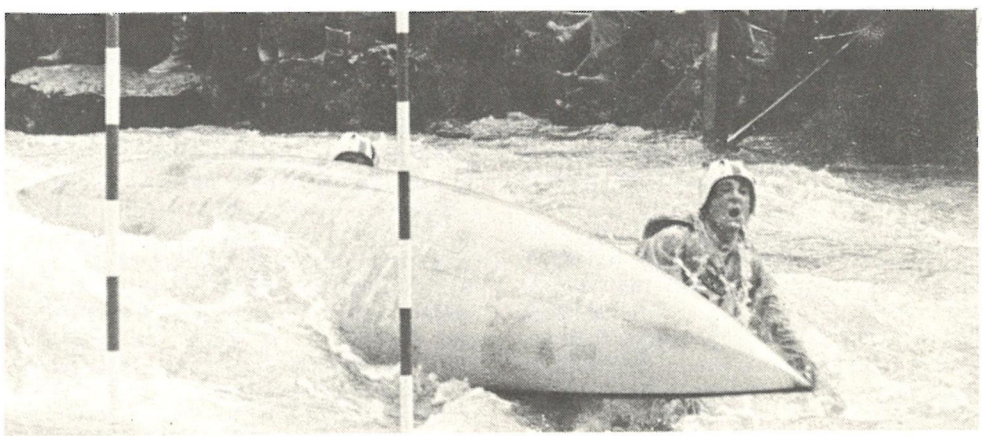
Everyone (including the camera) was a little out of focus at the big party after the races. Doug Peterson gets it on with one of the Czech women.



Muota Rock beckons, but Jamie McEwan, U.S. National Champion, may simply ride the huge "pillow" wave safely around it.

Wolfgang Peters of West Germany using a big reverse sweep to spin for a reverse gate.





Disaster and disappointment for an unidentified C-2 team at Gate 32.

draping of medals, national anthems, speeches in German, French and English. Then came the Big party. A blow-out of a sort I had not anticipated, yet will remember as a wonderful tonic for two weeks of tension, hard work, pain and emotional ups and downs. At the party/dance I bought Petr Sodomka three beers and each time I presented him one, his teammates would roar with laughter, and he would hide his face in his hands in mock embarassment.

I walked home after the party with Sodomka and Karel Tresnak who along with Petr had accounted for several of Czechoslovakia's medals. Karel spoke some English and he told me of his desire for the U.S.A. to host the World Championships, "Because, you see, we would never be able to visit your country otherwise." We talked of the beauty of the Swiss valley and of rivers in general. He had heard of our pollution of our rivers and hoped that we could clean them up. He hoped that I could always have clean rivers to paddle on. I wished the same to him. Goodnight Karel, Goodbye Sodomka, Goodbye Muotathal. May we meet again!



Petr Sodomka (World Champion 1971 in C-1 Wildwater) bends his paddle driving upstream.

Tension and concentration are the watch words for this young French C-2 mixed team during pre-race workouts.

This poem was written for the occasion of an annual "afterglow" get-together of all participants as a tribute to a swell bunch of appreciative humans who have made these trips for many years. And also as a tribute to a great guy, Helge Grotte, of Cornell, Wisconsin, whose eye-twinkling, cornerstone, home-spun philosophies and charismatic leadership have inspired this group to keep coming back.

Eight or nine men have made each trip – all veteran volunteer Boy Scout leaders who have had a close association with Scouting for many years (some with over 45 years).

Though time keeps running on (four are now "retirees", 2 of the others have heart conditions, one is a diabetic) their average age was 56 in 1972. A doctor, a minister, a veterinarian, a forester, an office supply owner, a food locker plant operator, an insurance man, a production engineer, and a city water superintendant make up the party. Age and health haven't held them back.

Hunters' Island is that portion of the Quentico Provincial Park in Ontario, Canada, which is one continuous water system with portages around falls and rapids. Bounded on the north and east by the Maligne River (Sturgeon, Kawuipi, "Falls" Chain) and on the west and south by the Basswood River (Lac La Croix, Crooked, Basswood, and Knife lakes), it is often printed as "Hunters' Island" in bold letters on maps of the Quetico. It is a beautiful and rugged area.

The author has spent the last 25 years in Scouting – professionally as member of the Chippewa Valley Council (Eau Claire, Wisconsin) the Blackhawk Area Council (Rockford, Illinois) and the Viking Council (Minneapolis, Minnesota). As a youth, he spent his summers "tripping" in the Temagami Forest Reserve in northern Ontario.

HUNTERS ISLAND FELLOWSHIP

by Roy K. Thomas, Jr.

It's a fellowship of sweat and toil while portaging and paddling,
Swapping laughs and measuring fish, and with the bugs a-battling.

Bathing, swimming, and washing clothes-hoping they will dry,
Beaching canoes, covering food, as thunder – lightning shakes the sky

Splitting wood, building the fire, cooking meals and cakes,
Washin' pots 'n pans 'n ware – and eating 'til your belly aches

Setting up tents and a tarp (in a rush – especially when it rains)
Are the elements of life "in the Bush" that balance-off those portaging pains.

The fishermen beach as dusk is reached, and filleting becomes nightly ritual.
Their stories don't jube, nor there expressions hide, as their lies become habitual.

The loons are calling and the old moon's enthral ing, as you sit 'round the fire, just relating
The deeds of the day and events replay, as drowsiness begins its sedating.

As you head for bed with sleep in your head, and think ho you'll outwit the mosquitoes,
You suddenly see the netting zipper is free, and you're greeted by swarms of the "banditoes".

When the sun comes peeping, it's the end of your sleeping, for Canadian Jays are a-"yacking".

Loading canoes and breaking camp, getting ready for a day of journeying,

Soon the others arise and look to the skies to determine how soon we'll be packing.

breaking camp, getting ready for a day of journeying,

You look over the site and wonder a mite, if in its use, you applied all your learning.

Will you leave that site, exactly right – like it was "in the beginning"?
For each little scar or debris that will mar, will quicken its demise, and that's sinning!

Yes, it is a fellowship of sweat and toil, while portaging and paddling,
Swapping laughs and measuring fish, and with the bugs a-battling.

Yes, these are the elements of life "in the bush", including the winds and the rains.
For the beauty that God placed deep in the wild – balances-off those portaging pains.

Yes, these trips are the medicines for living anew and alert to what God has made,
But it's teamwork and fellowship amongst the whole crew, that make up for the price you have paid.

So it's off we go, every other year or so, doing everything that strains the body,
To the Quetico and the land unspent – with wonderful friends, like Grotte.



River Legislation in Minnesota

by Mike Priesnitz

Mike Priesnitz, Rivers Coordinator for the DNR Division of Parks and Recreation

In 1963, the Minnesota Legislature designated four rivers as Canoe and Boating Route Rivers. In 1967, 12 other rivers were designated under this system. This Canoe and Boating Route Legislation was an initial step in the development of river legislation in that it first recognized the recreational amenities of Minnesota's rivers.

However, this Act gave the DNR power only to sign portages, dams, campsites and the like and to establish river campsites.

In 1971, the first appropriation for river planning, protection and development was made to the DNR. The next step in the development of a rivers system came in 1973, with the passage of Minnesota's Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. This Act represents the culmination of legislative intent to provide a statewide rivers system. It recognizes not only recreational values, but natural, scenic, scientific, historic and other values as well.

Minnesota Wild and Scenic Rivers Act

The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act goes beyond mere recognition to the establishment of a legal framework to protect certain rivers in Minnesota.

The Minnesota Wild and Scenic Rivers Act is similar to the Federal Act in that both provide a tripartite system of classification for a river or portion of river. This tripartite system includes classifications as Wild, Scenic or Recreational.

The Minnesota Act defines each of these classifications in the following way:

1. "Wild rivers are those rivers that exist in a free-flowing state, with excellent water quality, and with lands that are essentially primitive."

2. "Scenic rivers are those rivers that exist in a free-flowing state and with adjacent lands that are largely undeveloped."

3. "Recreational rivers are those rivers that may have undergone some impoundment or diversion in the past and may have adjacent shorelands that are considerably developed, but that are still capable of being managed so as to further the purposes of this Act."

This Act sets forth general criteria for the designation of certain outstanding rivers in the Wild and Scenic Rivers System. This then allows the Commissioner of Natural Resources to adopt particular management regulations, standards and criteria for particular rivers or portions of rivers.

Under this Act, the Department of Natural Resources is designated as the agency responsible for administering the Wild and Scenic Rivers program.

DNR Responsibilities

The specific duties and responsibilities of the Commissioner of Natural Resources in administering this program include:

1. Developing criteria for classification and designation of rivers (portions of rivers);

2. Preparation of Management plans;
3. Designating rivers for inclusion within the system;
4. Managing the components of the system; and
5. Establishing regulations with respect to the statewide system and each river within it.

Before any rivers can be proposed for inclusion in the Wild and Scenic Rivers system, a public hearing will be held on the proposed statewide rules and regulations. Once the public hearing process has established the content of the statewide rules and regulations, the Department of Natural Resources will prepare management plans for specific candidates to be included within the system. The Act requires the preparation of a management plan for each river to be included as a component of the system. The management plan will include such things as:

1. The proposed river classification as either Wild, Scenic or Recreational.
2. The management area along each river or river segment. This management area is to include not more that 320 acres per river mile on both sides of the river. This 320 acre limit describes an average management area of 1,320 feet on both sides of the river, if taken to its maximum over each river mile.
3. Proposed regulations regarding the management and use of public lands and waters within the designated area. These regulations may differ from statewide standards to the degree necessary to take into account particular considerations for any river or river segment.
4. Proposed standards and criteria for local land use controls that may differ from statewide standards and criteria in order to account for particular amenities of the management area.
5. Proposed acquisition, operation maintenance, development plans, and project financing recommendations.

Once the management plan has been prepared for a particular river or river segment, the Commissioner of Natural Resources is required to make the proposed management plan available to affected local units of government, shoreland owners, conservations groups, and the general public.

Within 60 days after making the management plan available, a public hearing will be held in the county seat of each affected county concerning the proposed management plan. Following the public hearing and any additional hearings as are necessary, the Commissioner of Natural Resources may designate it as a component of the system. The affected local units of government are thereby required to enact or amend their local land use ordinances within six months to comply with the statewide standards and the management plan. If a local unit of government is unable to do so, the Commissioner of Natural Resources is empowered under this Act to adopt such standards, rules and regulations to the local units of government.

Much of the protection provided for in the Rivers Act is, therefore, intended to be accomplished through local land use ordinances. However, the DNR is also authorized under this law to "acquire the title, scenic easements or other interests in land by purchase, grant, gift, devise, exchange, lease and other lawful means" within the established river management area. Land acquisition will be used to

protect unique areas which are capable of being preserved only by public ownership and management.

A river designated as a component of the Minnesota system may be included in the Federal Wild and Scenic Rivers System if this is so desired; and if it meets the Federal standards and criteria.

No rivers were initially established as a part of the Minnesota Wild and Scenic Rivers System since the DNR has not yet prepared the necessary statewide standards, criteria, regulations and management plans; nor have the necessary public hearings been conducted.

However, the DNR is currently drafting the statewide standards and regulations; and public hearings will be held on these in the near future. In addition, the Department is preparing the management plans for the Kettle and North Fork-Crow Rivers. Other rivers or river segments that will be studied for inclusion in the Minnesota system are the Mississippi, Big Fork, Snake, Rum, Root, St. Louis, Cloquet, Little Fork, Red Lake, Crow Wing, Cannon and Des Moines Rivers.

NOTE: Additional information concerning the Act is contained in an illustrated brochure entitled "Minnesota Wild and Scenic Rivers Act". This brochure was prepared by the Department of Natural Resources. It is available to the public at no charge and may be obtained by writing to:

Department of Natural Resources
Centennial Office Building
St. Paul, Minnesota 55155

or Telephone

296-2773
or
296-4783

RELATED LEGISLATION

The 1973 Legislature passed a number of Bills relating either directly or indirectly to Minnesota's rivers, their adjacent shorelands, and use of them. The following review is not intended as an in-depth analysis of all water resource legislation, but rather a brief review of those laws which are most applicable to Minnesota's rivers program.

Chapter 246 - Lower St. Croix

This Act acknowledges and provides for the implementation of the Lower St. Croix River Act of 1972 (P.L. 92-560). P.L. 92-560 designated the Lower St. Croix as a component of the Federal Wild and Scenic Rivers System. The Lower St. Croix was so designated by the Congress in October, 1972.

The Lower St. Croix Bill passed by the Minnesota Legislature authorizes the Commissioner of Natural Resources and local units of government to take certain actions in order to implement the Legislative intent of P.L. 92-560. This Act contains the policy to preserve the Lower St. Croix River between Taylors Falls and its confluence with the Mississippi River. This Act also directs the Commissioner to work with the State of Minnesota (DNR) and the Department of the Interior in preparing a master plan for the management of the river and its adjacent lands.

Finally, the Act empowers the Commissioner of Natural Resources to acquire land, scenic easements, or other interests in lands by "other lawful means". This Act allows the Commissioner of Natural Resources to acquire easements by eminent domain. The Commissioner is also authorized to prepare standards and guidelines concerning land use. Municipalities along the river are erquired to enact ordinances which are consistent with the Commis n-er's standards and guidelines.

Chapter 315 - Water Resources Mangement

This Act redefines portions of existing water resource law contained in Minnesota Statutes, Chapter 105, 1971. It provides for a more comprehensive approach to water resource management by the DNR.

The Act contains many provisions and sub-divisions; some of the requirements of the Act state that:

1. A majority of riparian owners are needed to request authority from the Commissioner of Natural Resources to establish and/or maintain levels of public waters.
2. Requires the preparation of an environmental impact statement on certain permit applications, if the Commissioner determines one is necessary.
3. Provides that the Commissioner, with or without a hearing, may order an applicant to restore any public waters or beds thereof, to the pre-existing conditions if unauthorized activities were carried out before a permit was applied for, or granted.

Chapter 379 - Shoreland Management

This bill was an amendment to the Shoreland Management Act to include application to municipalities. The Department of Natural Resources is required to formulate standards and criteria relating to the use and development of municipal shoreland. The DNR is required to formulate standards and criteria by April 1, 1974.

Each municipality having shoreland must subit its ordinance to the DNR for review, to determine if the ordinance is essentially in compliance with statewide standards and criteria.

Those municipalities with no shoreland standards must adopt an ordinance by July 1, 1975, that is consistent with the statewide standards.

If a municipality does not adopt an ordinance that is in compliance with statewide standards by July 1, 1975, the Commissioner may "sit" as a municipal council to insure the adoption of such an ordinance.

This Act does allow municipalities to adopt standards which are more restrictive than the state requirements.

Chapter 351 - Floodplain Management

This Act provides additional policy emphasizing a non-structural approach to floodplain management. The bill calls for the justification of immediate flood control measures based on a comprehensive flood emergency program. Under the provisions of this Act, all local areas (governments) subject to recurrent flooding will be required to participate in the national flood insurance program. The Commissioner will publish a list of local governmental units with jurisdiction over areas "subject to recurrent flooding".

Chapter 567 - St, Croix Wild River State Park

Although this bill does not directly affect the rivers program as a whole, it is worth noting in that it designates a new state park in Chisago County; and is a significant addition to the Upper St. Croix Riverway. It has an established statutory boundary of not more than 6,000 acres.

Chapter 557 - St. Croix River-Surface Water Use Zoning

This Act allows the Commissioner of Natural Resources to limit or prohibit the use of motorboats on the St. Croix River, above the confluence with the Snake River.

If local units of government don't exercise their powers as set forth in the Surface Water Use Law by October 1, 1974, the Commissioner of Natural Resources may regulate the use of watercraft between its confluence with the Snake River and the end of the nine-foot channel (Mile 24.5).

Any rules proposed by the Commissioner of Natural Resources are subject to approval by the State of Wisconsin and/or the U.S. Department of the Interior.

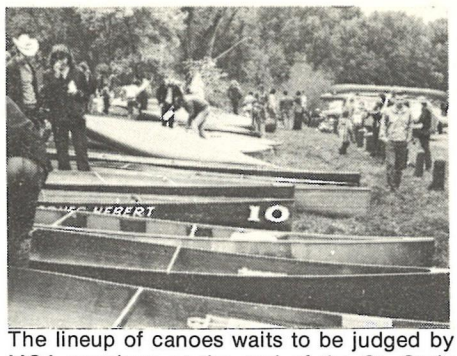
Chapter 434 - Stream Maintenance

This Act establishes a policy for the removal of debris from stream beds and floodplains. It provides for cost sharing of maintenance between the county and state. The Act establishes that the state will pay 75% and the county will pay 25%.

If further information is desired concerning either the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act or other Legislation not reviewed in this article, it may be obtained by writing to the Department of Natural Resources.







The lineup of canoes waits to be judged by MCA members at the end of the St. Croix cruise. Racing canoes are in the foreground, Whitewater boats next then cruising canoes.



Joe Conrad, builder's contest chairman, scrutinizes a lightweight racer at O'Brien State Park.

1973 building contest

1973 Building Contest winners: Ron Burley, kneeling with his 18½ USCA racer; Joerg Steinbach holding his slalom kayak; and Jim Malek cruising canoe winner.

jensen handicap

RUM RIVER OCT. 21

Leading the first lap of the 1973 Jensen Handicap is Gary Neddermeyer (stern) and George Arimond. Riding their stern wave is Larry Peterson (bow) and Bill Pool while Eugene Jenson and Kenn Ketter (stern) come up on the side. Foxy Gene and Kenn won with Peterson — Pool second, Neddermeyer — Arimond third.



LOWER ST. CROIX MASTER PLAN

by Al Buchholz

An informal public meeting was held on July 26 at Stillwater, Minnesota, High School to present the proposed Master Plan for the Lower St. Croix Scenic Riverway. The Lower St. Croix, from Taylors Falls, Minnesota, to Prescott, Wisconsin, was designated as part of the national system of Wild and Scenic Rivers by act of Congress in October, 1972. The meeting was sponsored by the joint Federal-State Planning Team in cooperation with the Minnesota-Wisconsin Boundary Area Commission. About 300 people were in attendance.

The upper 27 miles of the riverway, from Taylors Falls to Stillwater, is to be administered by the National Park Service, while the lower 25 miles is to be administered jointly by the Minnesota and Wisconsin Departments of Natural Resources.

The Master Planning Team, which consists of representatives of each of these agencies, discussed the proposed Plan.

The primary emphasis of the Plan is the preservation rather than the development of the riverway. Only minimal improvements are proposed in the Federal sector. These include interpretive nature trails in the Peasley Lake area north of Osceola, Wisconsin, a visitor contact and information center, a picnic area and landing on the Minnesota side of the river near the Arcola High Bridge, and a boat launching facility on the Wisconsin side of the river at the same location. No hiking trails, campsites or other such development are proposed at this time.

In the State Administered sector, the only anticipated improvements at this time include the acquisition of several sites along the river for boater waysides. Access to these sites would be from the river only.

A major disappointment is the obvious inadequacy of funding provided for Plan implementation. Only 10 miles of the Federal sector of the riverway (the section designated as "scenic") will be protected by fee acquisition of land adjacent to the river. The remaining 17 miles will have to be protected solely by local zoning. In the State segment, scenic easements will be acquired to preserve lands on either side of the river in the vicinity of Afton and Kinnickinnic State Parks. The remainder of the riverway will rely on local zoning for protection.

It is apparent that more funding will be required at both Federal and State levels if the river is to be protected as intended in the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. Indications are that the Governors of both Minnesota and Wisconsin are in the process of appealing to Congress to provide additional funding for the riverway.

This is the only public meeting that will be held to discuss the Master Plan itself. A public hearing will be scheduled to present the Environmental Impact Statement required for the Plan following adoption of the Plan by Congress. The law requires that Congress adopt the Master Plan prior to October 15, 1973.

BOOK REVIEWS

by Lyn Snell

Lyn, in addition to being a full time legel secretary, is organizing the Wind River Trading Company which will include the publishing of her own magazine. We wish her success.

Yellowstone: A Century of the Wilderness Idea, *by Ann and Myron Sutton.* The Macmillan Company; 219 pages; $25.00; hardcover.

There are those of us who are addicted to the American West. The appeal of Yellowstone National Park has been reduced in proportion to the increase of its paved parking lots and "visitor facilities." But the greater part of the Park remains largely unvisited, for which we who love its immense grandeur are profoundly grateful.

Ann Sutton is a geologist; her husband Myron is a botanist and former National Park Service naturalist. Together with over thirty photographers they have produced a gorgeous book which will delight anyone who has ever visited Yellowstone. For those unfortunate souls who have never entered the Park, it represents a promise of wonders to be experienced.

If you don't want to spend twenty-five dollars, at least borrow this book from your library. Those spectacular photographs are well worth your time.

Canoeing with the Cree, by Eric Sevareid. Minnesota Historical Society (reprinted from original edition published by The Macmillan Company); 206 pages; $4.50; hardcover.

In 1930 two young men from Minneapolis, Arnold Eric Sevareid, 17, and Walter C. Port, 19, put an 18-foot canvas canoe in the Minnesota River at Fort Snelling. Nothing remarkable about that – except their destination. Fourteen weeks and 2,250 paddled miles later, they arrived at York Factory on Hudson Bay.

This is one of the very few published accounts of a twentieth-century canoe trip over the watery route of an earlier day's voyageurs. The fact that it was written by an 18-year-old fresh from the finest adventure of his young life is a piece of good luck for the reader. The author lets his excitement and pride of accomplishment come through.

This tale is the sort of thing that's bound to make at least one canoeist get out the maps and start planning. Rediscover this little volume... and enjoy.

(Editor's Note: Surely everyone knows that this is the same Eric Sevreid of CBS fame).

The Mother Earth News Almanac; A Guide Through The Seasons, by the Staff of the Mother Earth News. Bantam Books: 361 pages; $1.95; paperback.

MOTHER may never surpass Poor Richard, but she's gettin' there. You don't have to be a back-to-the-land homesteader to profit by owning a copy of the *Almanac.* For sheer volume of advice on everything from tying knots to removing splinters, MOTHER excels; the realization that her counsel is wise comes later, after you've discovered that crazy-sounding suggestion really *does* work.

The *Almanac* is fun reading for nearly anybody, with its folksy, down-home lore. No need for an almanac? The next time you bend a nail double trying to drive it into hard wood, remember I told you so. MOTHER knows a better way.

One Man's Wilderness, *by Warren Page.* Holt, Rinehart and Winston; 256 pages; hardcover.

Warren Page's life has for years been that enviable compromise between the good life every hunting buff dreams of, and the practical requirement of making a living. As an "outdoor writer," Mr. Page has managed to hunt big game and get paid for telling his favorite hunting stories. You can't beat that.

And a might good spinner of tales he is, too. *One Man's Wilderness* covers hunts from Alaska to New Zealand, critters from bongo to "a muzzle of meese," professional hunters, outfitters and guides – everything from horses to Land Rovers. There are a few apt observations on firearms and ammo, some deft suggestions on technique. And throughout the book are sprinkled humor and that certain sensitivity to all things wild that the true outdoorsman seems to possess.

For the nimrod who enjoys reliving the thrills of the hunt – are there any who don't? – this book is hard to beat. As for the author: anyone who gives the credit for a successful Honduras jaguar hunt to a big red hound can't be all bad.

The Complete Snow Camper's Guide, *by Raymond Bridge.* Charles Scribner's Sons; 390 pages; $10.00 hardcover; available in paperback.

Last winter several newspapers featured articles on a supposed new winter sport: whooshing down the ski slope in a canoe. Although we conservatives still prefer our white water in liquid form, winter need not send us into hibernation.

The new *Snow Camper's Guide* is novice-oriented, but, like most similar handbooks, offers something to even the most experienced outdoorsman. The chapter on cold-weather clothing is extensive, and the section dealing with the use of a compass is very complete. The appendices cover suggestions for the budget-minded lover of winter who wishes to make some of his own equipment; a somewhat restricted list of related books; a good list of suppliers of equipment for the outdoorsman; and a "what to take" checklist that will probably be useful only to its author.

The book has its shortcomings. The photos and diagrams are in many cases barely adequate, and it does seem that the author has slighted care of equipment in favor of suggestions on purchasing. The index may or may not help the reader find specific information in a hurry.

But as a comprehehsive, introductory reference for the Minnesotan who is beginning to suspect there's more to winter than gas line freeze-up, the *Snow Camper's Guide* can provide a good bit of knowledge, as well as added enthusiasm. The final chapter, "A Plea for Wild Places," is an eloquent appeal for the preservation of wild country in general, and should be reread occasionally. This volume would be welcome and appropriate under the Christmas tree.



'73-'74 BOARD OF DIRECTORS
MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION, INC.

President	**Joe Conrad** 1431 Englewood Ave. St. Paul, Mn. 55104	**645-8365**
Vice President	**Jim Jahnke** 1804 Sargent Ave. St. Paul, Mn. 55105	**699-8053**
Secretary	**Mary Reinhart** 1632 Edmund Ave. St. Paul, Mn. 55104	**644-2933**
Treasurer	**Dave Judd** 2306 Garfield Ave. N.E. Minneapolis, Mn. 55418	**789-2984**
3 yr. Director ('76)	**Larry Johns** 2936 N. Simpson St. Paul, Mn. 55113	**633-6734**
3 yr. Director ('75)	**Bob O'Hara, Jr.** 10717A 10th Ave. N (B-3) Minneapolis, Mn. 55427	**545-0748**
3 yr. Director ('74)	**John Arver** 2467 Cohansey St. Paul, Mn. 55113	**484-5484**
1 yr. Director	**Karl N. Ketter** 1025 Van Buren St. Shakopee, Mn. 55379	**445-6471**
1 yr. Director	**Dick Van Reyper** 1531 North Birch Lake Blvd. White Bear Lake, Mn. 55110	**429-1127** **Office 484-2571**

for office use only
(please do not cut off)

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

Make checks payable to, and send payment to the Minnesota Canoe Association, P.O. Box 14177, University Station, Minneapolis 55414

Name _____
(last name first)

Address _____

City and State _____

Zip Code _____ Telephone _____
(Our publications will not reach you without zip code.)

Age _____ Sex _____ No. of years canoeing _____

Occupation _____

Own canoe? _____ Type _____

How many others in your family canoe? _____

Status (check one): ☐ New membership ☐ Renewal

Type of membership (check one): ☐ Reg ☐ Assoc ☐ Jr ☐ Life

CLASSIFICATION OF MEMBERSHIPS

(See other side for more complete explanation.)

Regular — new $7; renew $5
Junior — new $5; renew $3
Associate — $4
Life — $100

MAILING DATA

Name _____
Address _____
City and State _____
Zip Code _____ R A J L N R
Telephone _____

MINNESOTA CANOE ASSOCIATION inc.
P.O. Box 14177, University Station
Mpls., Mn. 55414

Bulk Rate
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 615
Minneapolis, Minn.

Address correction requested:

SAWYER CANOES

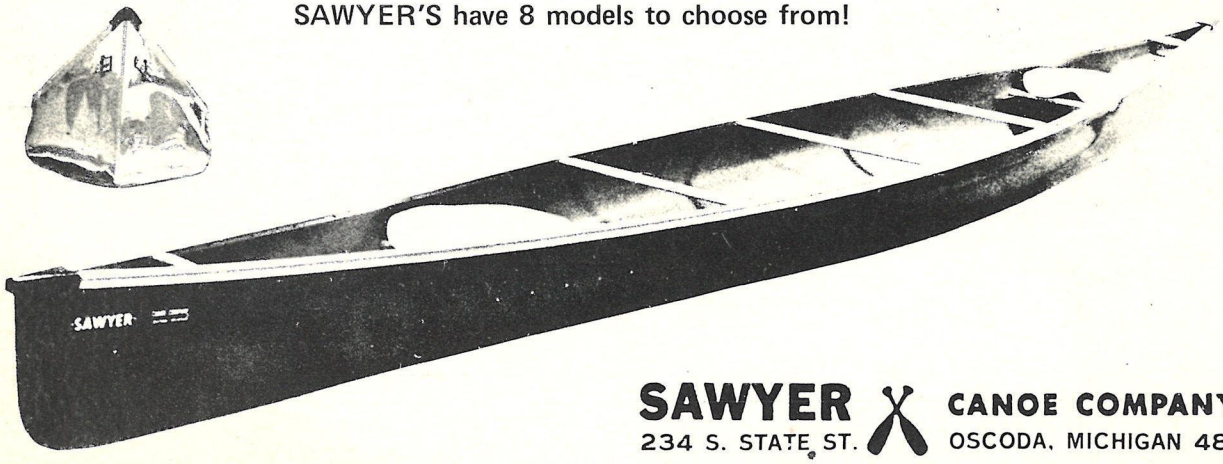
HAND-CRAFTED FIBERGLASS
LIGHTER THAN ALUMINUM

Preferred by Canoeists Since 1957

It costs so little to have the finest

This is the Sawyer CHAMPION, winner of the
1972 U.S.C.A. Sr. Men's National Championship

SAWYER'S have 8 models to choose from!



SAWYER CANOE COMPANY
234 S. STATE ST. OSCODA, MICHIGAN 48750