

FROM THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

CANOE-CRUIISING has occupied my summers for the past five years, giving me some ten thousand miles—from Lübeck in the north to Les Saintes-Maries on the Mediterranean and Kotor on the Adriatic, and from Budapest in the east to Nantes ; and even within this area there must be another two thousand miles of worth-while waterways, to say nothing of Poland and Greece and Scandinavia and Finland, that canoer's paradise.

I say "canoe-cruising" deliberately, rather than "canoeing", because to me the canoe is more a perfect means of travel than a sport in itself. For this reason, my rivers have very rarely been the difficult ones, although such exist, and in abundance, for those who want that side of canoeing. In fact, one of the outstanding advantages of the sport is the enormous variety it offers, from rivers like the Lech or Enns, which are as dangerous as many mountain peaks, to "arm-chair" rivers like the majority of mine, where one is safer than on the average high-road to-day.

This to answer in advance criticism by readers who like "real sport"; and to assure them that they can get it from canoeing.

Again, many people like to use the canoe as an accessory; to camp somewhere, preferably in the wilds, to cook, and perhaps even to hunt, their own food, canoeing around the central fixed camp and returning there every night. Given the suitable area this must be superb, but such areas are rare in Europe, and cash has not yet allowed me to try elsewhere, in New Zealand or North America for instance. Personally, I prefer to move on every day, to "cruise" in fact, eating and sleeping at riverside inns rather than camping and cooking, especially in Central Europe where the foods are excitingly unknown and where