



Winter Roll Practice

Indoor pool roll sessions begin the first Monday in January and run through the last Monday in March, with the exception of the MLK holiday. Plan to take advantage of this great service provided by your club. Whether you want to learn to roll, practice your roll to stay sharp, teach a fellow paddler to roll, or work on other techniques such as wet exits, hand rolls, deep water re-entries, etc., the indoor heated pool is THE best place to hone these skills in the middle of the winter.

The location for winter roll practice: We will once again be at the Warren / Holifield Boys' & Girls' Club at the corner of Berne & Marion Streets near Grant Park

A hearty "Thanks!!" to Revel Freeman for his many years of coordinating this event, and for continuing to do so this year. We appreciate all you do, Revel!

For complete roll practice details, see the announcement in the December issue of *The Eddy Line*. ✂



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GCA Holiday Party and Board Meeting

The Annual GCA Holiday Party has a new time and location. We are having the party December 7, 2003, at Haynes and Gina Johnson's house at 340 Clear Springs Court, Marietta. In conjunction with the party, the quarterly Board of Directors meeting will be held immediately preceding the party.

The party will start at 5:00 PM and end around 8:00 PM. The Board meeting at will begin at 3:00 PM. All members are invited to join us for the Board meeting before the party. The GCA will provide ham and turkey, soft drinks and coffee. If your birthday is before July 1, please bring a vegetable or salad. If your birthday is after July 1, please bring a dessert. BYOB please!

There will be entertainment at the party, details of which will be published in next month's newsletter.

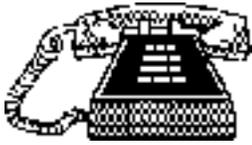
Directions to Haynes and Gina's: Take I-75 north to the South 120 Marietta Loop (next exit after Delk Road) and take the exit east towards Roswell. Go to the second traffic light and turn right on Lower Roswell Road. Go to the first traffic light and turn left (Old Sewell Road). Go to the next traffic light and turn left (Holt Road). Take the next left on Willow Glenn into the Weatherstone subdivision. Go through the two stop signs and take the third street to the left (Clear Spring Court). We're 2/3's up the street on the right! Our home number is 770.971.1542.

See you there!! ✂

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!



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Who Ya Gonna Call?

The following list is provided for your convenience:

For general information about the club - Call the club telephone

number, 770.421.9729, and leave a message. Someone will get back to you.

To volunteer to help with club activities - Call President Gina Johnson at 770.971.1542 or contact the committee chairperson for your area of interest.

For information on payment of dues or membership status - Call Treasurer Ed Schultz at 404.266.3734.

To sign up for a club trip - Call the trip coordinator at the number listed on the activity list.

To sign up to lead a club trip - Call Cruisemaster Mike Winchester at 770.319.8969.

For change of address or for *Eddy Line* subscription

information - Call Ed Schultz at 404.266.3734.

If you didn't receive your *Eddy Line* - Call Ed Schultz at 404.266.3734.

For information on GCA clinics - Call the clinic coordinator listed on the clinic schedule, or call Training Director Jim Albert at 770.414.1521.

For information on winter roll practice - Call Revel Freeman at 404.261.8572.

For information on placing want ads in *The Eddy Line* - Call Newsletter Editor Allen Hedden at 770.426.4318, or see "To place an ad" in the Want Ad section of *The Eddy Line*.

For information on commercial ads - Call Advertising Director Geoff Kohl at 404.457.3517 or Newsletter Editor Allen Hedden at 770.426.4318.

For information on videos and books available from the GCA Library - Call GCA Librarian Denise Colquitt at 770.854.6636. ✂

Board of Directors Meetings

The Georgia Canoeing Association Board of Directors meetings are held quarterly on the first Thursday of the last month of the quarter (March, June, September, December) from 7:00 to 9:00 PM at the Atlanta Botanical Garden, located on Piedmont Road at the Prado, next to Piedmont Park. All members are encouraged to attend. If you have an item for discussion, please call GCA President Gina Johnson at 770.971.1542 so she can add your item to the agenda. Attending Board meetings is a great way to become more involved with the GCA. ✂

GCA Executive Committee

President	Gina Johnson
Vice President	Dick Hurd
Secretary	Tom Bishop
Treasurer	Ed Schultz
Member Services Chair	Gabriella Schlidt
Recreation Chair	Gretchen Mallins
Resource Development Chair	Cameron Pach
River Protection Chair	Lindsay Meeks
Training Chair	Jim Albert

Submitting *Eddy Line* Material

Deadline for material to be submitted for publication in the next *Eddy Line* is the fifth of the month, i.e., for the January issue, material should be submitted no later than December fifth. The editor must receive all articles, trip reports and want ads by the deadline or they MAY NOT be published in the next issue. To submit material via EMAIL, send to gacanoe@mindspring.com. The text of an article can be placed in the body of a message, and photo images can be attached to the message as attached files. To submit material via COMPUTER DISK submit articles or trip reports on a 3-1/2 inch IBM/DOS formatted disk as an ASCII text file labeled with a ".txt" file extension, or as a text file on a 3-1/2 inch high density MacIntosh formatted disk, and include a printed copy (Disks returned only if requested). To submit material via U.S. MAIL, send to: **Allen Hedden, 2923 Piedmont Drive, Marietta, GA 30066**. All classified ads will be run for two months unless otherwise requested. Hand-written or phoned in material CANNOT be accepted. Contact Newsletter Editor **Allen Hedden at 770.426.4318** for questions. Thanks for your cooperation. ✂

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UPCOMING ACTIVITIES

November

1	Leader's Choice (Note 1)	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Roger Nott	770.536.6923
2	Upper Chattahoochee	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Oreon Mann	404.522.3469
8	Upper Chattahoochee	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Oreon Mann	404.522.3469
15	Upper Little Tennessee	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Roger Nott	770.536.6923
15	Upper Chattahoochee	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Brannen Proctor	770.664.7384
22	Broad	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Connie Venuso	404.633.8038
22	Chattooga Section 3-1/2	Class 3-4 Advanced	Jodi Kaufmann	706.207.0755
29	Upper Amicalola (Note 2)	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Gina Johnson	770.971.1542

December

6	Toccoa (to lake)	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Roger Nott	770.536.6923
7	Holiday Party and Board of Directors Meeting — President's residence —		Gina Johnson	404.971.1542
13	Chattooga Section 3-1/2	Class 3-4 Advanced	Jodi Kaufmann	706.207.0755

January

17	Florida	Smooth Water	Morris Friedman &/or Gina Johnson	
19	Little River Canyon Chairlift (AL)	Class 3-4 Advanced	Dane White	256.435.3827

Note 1: Tallulah Gorge spectator before paddling class 2-3 Intermediate.

Note 2: May actually rate class 2-3 because of strainers due to storm damage.

I WOULD LIKE TO ADD A SPECIAL NOTE OF THANKS TO WILLIAM GATLING FOR HIS ASSISTANCE WITH THE CRUISE MASTER JOB! MANY THANKS ALSO TO THOSE WHO HAVE SIGNED UP TO COORDINATE TRIPS! - *Mike Winchester.*

Your Trip Could Be Listed in This Space — Call the Cruise Master and Sign Up Now!!

Signing Up: Call the trip coordinator listed to sign up for trips. Most trip coordinators will move a trip to an alternate venue if the water levels and conditions for a particular trip are not favorable. Call early in the week to ensure you get a spot on the trip, and in consideration for the coordinators, PLEASE avoid calling late in the evening.

Training Trips are a combination of recreation and training designed to attract those boaters who have completed a formal training clinic and would like some on-the-river time with instructors practicing what was learned in the clinic and expanding skill levels.

To Volunteer To Lead Trips: Call the Cruisemaster, Mike Winchester, at 770.319.8969. As usual, we need trip coordinators for all types of trips, from flat water to class 5 white water. Our excellent trip schedule depends on the efforts of volunteers, so get involved and sign up to coordinate a trip on your favorite river today! The GCA needs YOU!

Chattooga Trips are limited to 12 boats on ANY section on ANY trip, club trip or private (USFS regulation). Your cooperation in protecting this National Wild and Scenic River is appreciated.

GCA Library Items

The GCA Library has many videotapes and books available to any GCA member. All you have to do is call GCA Librarian Denise Colquitt at 770.854.6636 to find out what is available. The cost is \$3.00 per tape or book for postage and handling.

Any / all donations or loans to the library are welcome. (Please, no bootleg video copies.) Send them to:

Denise Colquitt
3794 Glenloch Road
Franklin, GA 30217

The following items are currently available:

Videos:

Canoes by Whitesell
Cold, Wet & Alive
Expedition Earth
Faultline (Will Reeves)
First Descents (North Fork Payette)
Grace Under Pressure (learning the kayak roll)
I Said Left, Stupid: A Video Guide to the Chattooga River (Sect. 2 & 3)
In the Surf
Introduction to Canoeing
Mohawk Canoes (promotional w/detailed boat outfitting instructions)
Mohawk Whitewater Canoes (promotional w/detailed outfitting instructions)
Only Nolan (Promotional, Canoe Technique)
Path of the Paddle: Quiet Water
Path of the Paddle: White Water
Performance Sea Kayaking (the basics & beyond)
Play Daze
Retendo

Solo Playboating!
The C-1 Challenge
The Middle Fork of the Salmon River (Idaho) — by Photographic Expeditions
Trailside: White Water Canoeing the Chattooga River
Vortex -- low cost storm water sampler
Waterwalker (Bill Mason)
Whitewater Self Defense

Books:

A Canoeing and Kayaking Guide to the Streams of Florida
A Canoeing & Kayaking Guide to the Streams of Kentucky
A Canoeing and Kayaking Guide to the Streams of Ohio, Vols I & II
A Canoeing & Kayaking Guide to the Streams of Tennessee-Vol I & II
A Hiking Guide to the Trails of Florida
A Paddler's Guide to the Obed Emory Watershed
ACA Canoeing & Kayaking Instructors Guide
Alabama Canoe Rides
AMC White Water Handbook
American Red Cross Canoeing & Kayaking
Arkansas information (assorted)
Basic River Canoeing
Brown's Guide to Georgia
Buyer's Guide 1993 (Canoe Magazine)
Buyer's Guide 1994 (Paddler Magazine)
Buyer's Guide 1996 (Paddler Magazine)
California Whitewater - A Guide to the Rivers
Canoe Racing (Marathon & Down River)
Canoeing Wild Rivers
Carolina Whitewater (Western Carolina)
Endangered Rivers & the Conservation Movement
Florida information (assorted)

Georgia Mountains
Godforsaken Sea: Racing the World's Most Dangerous Waters
Happy Isles of Oceana: Paddling the Pacific Homelands: Kayaking the Inside Passage
Idaho Whitewater
Indiana Canoeing Guide
Kentucky Wild Rivers
Missouri Ozark Waterways
Northern Georgia Canoe Guide
Ohio County Maps & Recreational Guide
Paddle America (Guide to trips & outfitters)
Paddle to the Amazon - The World's Longest Canoe Trip
Paddling SC-Palmetto State River Trails
Path of the Paddle
People Protecting Rivers
Pole, Paddle & Portage
River Rescue
River Safety Anthology
River's End (Stories)
Sea Kayaking Canada's West Coast
Song of the Paddle
Southeastern Whitewater
Southern Georgia Canoeing
The Georgia Conservancy Guide to the North
The Lower Canyons of the Rio Grande
The Mighty Mulberry-A Canoeing Guide
They Shoot Canoes, Don't they?
White Water Tales of Terror
WhiteWaterTrips (British Columbia & Washington)
Wildwater (Sierra Club Guide)
WildwaterWestVirginia
Youghiogeny-Appalachian River
Maps:
The Big South Fork

Announcements

GCA Email List

The GCA email list has at this printing about 300 subscribers. Here's how the list works:

By sending an email to "gcalist@yahoogroups.com" you automatically reach all subscribers to the list with the message. Only those subscribed to the list can send email to the list.

To subscribe to the list, send an email to "gcalist-subscribe@yahoogroups.com". You will receive a verification that you are subscribed and a welcome message with instructions on how to unsubscribe and various other commands available through the service. Be sure to save this information for future reference.

All GCA announcements and forwarded email from other sources concerning new river access issues, late



breaking news items of interest to the paddling community, etc., will be sent out via the GCA email list at gcalist@yahoogroups.com. If you want to receive any of this information, please subscribe to the list using the above instructions. Also, don't be shy about using the list to send out or to request information about paddling related topics, rivers you're interested in, etc.

By the way, should you change or lose your email ID, please take a minute to "unsubscribe" your old ID and/or to "subscribe" your new one. ✂

GCA Web Page

Check it out at <http://www.georgiacanoe.org>. We are continually adding information and links of value to paddlers. Send your ideas for updates to Web Master Allen Siquefield by using the e-mail link for WebGuy at the site. Membership applications, GCA waivers and other forms for use by members are posted on the site. ✂

Mail Failure Notices

Each month the *Electronic Eddy Line* receives numerous mail failure notices against members' email IDs. If your email address comes back with a mail failure notice, you will be deleted from the recipient list for the *Electronic Eddy Line* until we get a request to be added back with a current email address.

Also, if we get a number of mail failure notices against an email ID on the GCA Email List, that ID is automatically unsubscribed by the listserve software. It is the subscriber's responsibility to maintain the subscription with the current email ID. Your cooperation is appreciated — it makes less work for our all volunteer staff. ✂

Support Our GCA Supporters

The GCA web site now features a GCA Supporters web page with links to the companies that support GCA financially by advertising with us. Help out those who help us out — patronize our financial supporters!!

Thanks! ✂

Upcoming Events of Interest

December 6 — NRC Jiffy Slalom Race — Tuckaseegee River, Bryson City, NC, Nantahala Racing Club, 828.488.2176 ext. 108, email: rhino@main.nc.us.

December 7 — NRC Wild Water Race — Tuckaseegee Gorge, NC, Nantahala Racing Club, 828.488.2176 ext. 108, email: rhino@main.nc.us.

January 1, 2004 — Cartecay Chili Run — Cartecay River, Ellijay, GA, Jay Srymanske, 706.635.2524. ✂

Weekday Paddlers

Did you know that GCA has a list of paddlers available to paddle during the week? We now have 70+ entries on the weekday paddlers list, including members who are retired persons, those with variable or non-standard work schedules, those available to paddle weekdays when school is out (students and teachers), and even those who have a lot of vacation time to burn and want to take vacation days for paddling. The list includes members who paddle smooth water as well as all classes of white water.

If you would like to be included in the list, please call Allen Hedden at 770.426.4318 and leave your name, phone number, days of the week you are available to paddle, and class of water (flat, I thru V) that you are interested in paddling. You will then receive an up-to-date copy of the

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Email canoeist@mindspring.com

list. The list will be re-published quarterly (January, April, July, October).

Updates are available by request through the GCA phone line. If you received your copy of the list more than 3 months ago, you should request an updated copy. There have been considerable changes to the list. To receive an up-to-date copy, call the GCA phone line at 770.421.9729 and leave your name and address with a request for the updated list. ✂

Cruise Master Help Urgently Needed

by Mike Winchester

A note to all members: My tenure as Cruise Master ends December 31st. I would like to give my thanks to everyone that has coordinated a trip in the last 2 years. This said, the club needs volunteers to help with the Cruise Master position in 2004, the more volunteers, the easier it is for everyone. Even if you can only help for a month or two, or for several months, you will be appreciated.

Our intent is to break the job into several parts to make it less daunting. We would like one person (THE Cruise Master) to coordinate it all and put it together for the newsletter, and a group of other members, some rotating, some semi-permanent, to help in soliciting trip coordinators for specific types of trips.

If any of this is up your alley, please contact Mike Winchester at 770.319.8969, email mike@artplumbing.com, or Gina Johnson at 770.971.1542, email gwminc@mindspring.com. Thank you!!! ✂



2004 Officers Elected

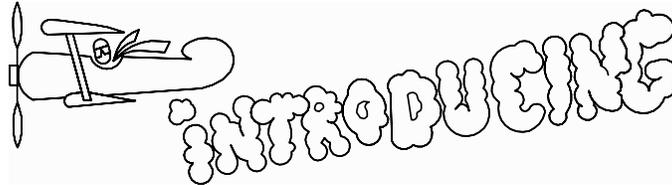
Election of officers was held at the Fall General Membership Meeting and Pizza Dinner on Sunday, October 19. The following GCA officers for the 2004 year were elected:

President Gina Johnson
Vice President Dick Hurd

Secretary
Treasurer

Tom Bishop
Ed Schultz

The new leadership team will be looking for a lot of help in ensuring that the club continues to provide opportunities and services to its members. If you can help out in any way, please contact Gina Johnson at 770.971.1542 or email gwminc@mindspring.com. Your help will be much appreciated! ✂



Welcome New Members — Directory Additions

The following is a list of all members who have joined the club since the last update. We will try to include this information on an on-going basis so you can add new members to your Directory. New members are the life blood and the future of the club. Thank you for joining us!!

Bannister, Julie & Bill
1085 Bookhout Drive
Cumming GA 30041
H: 770-886-5471
O: 770-998-7979
O: 678-485-1783
Email: kbannister@att.net
Email: juliebannister@yahoo.com

Box, Stacey
150 Honey Tree Drive
Athens GA 30605
H: 706-546-4907
O: 404-656-7802
Email: shbox@att.net

Dery, John A.
3824 Maple Court
Marietta GA 30066
H: 770-565-5633
O: 770-494-2127
O: 770-859-1400
Email: jpancake@bellsouth.net
Email: john.dery@dcaa.mil

Fatheree, Charles R.
1905 Treeridge Pkwy
Alpharetta GA 30022
H: 770-518-1200

O: 404-992-1981
Email: crfmusket39@msn.com

Foster, John
2540 Stonevalley Lane
Cumming GA 30041
H: 770-886-6415
O: 770-364-5166
Email: johnny_tsunami@msn.com
Email: jfoster@safetech.com

Guinn, Kimberly & Frank
89 Poplar Springs Court
Dallas GA 30157
H: 770-222-7445
O: 678-878-8134
Email: guinnf@bellsouth.net
Email: kimberly.guinn@cobb.k12.org

Leutenegger, Jim
490 Rapids Court
Norcross, GA 30092
H: 770-582-1871
O: 404-213-3240
Email: jleute@hotmail.com

Moore, Jim & Kaye
5025 Huntmaster Trail
Wake Forest NC 27587

H: 919-556-0095
O: 919-872-5115
O: 919-467-4747
Email: wkm@mindspring.com
Email: kmoore@rameykemp.com

Russell, Linda
2291 Burnt Creek Road
Decatur GA 30033
H: 404-634-3730
O: 404-232-7503
Email: linda.russell@dol.state.ga.w

Shackelford, Kin
PO Box 13251
Macon GA 31208
H: 478-475-0380
O: 478-745-2120
Email: realshack@mindspring.com

Sims, Lynn R.
2882 Royal Bluff
Decatur GA 30030
H: 404-288-1912
O: 404-657-3718
Email: lyncsoccer@earthlink.net

Strehle, Alan & Janet
3109 Fork Road

Gainesville GA 30506
H: 770-536-9554
Email: a_strehle@yahoo.com

Waggle, Doug & Susan
1852 Floyd Springs Road
Armuchee GA 30105
H: 706-295-3489
O: 706-290-2681
Email: dougwaggle@yahoo.com ✂

River Hazards

I was on the upper hooch this past week and there is a huge tree down on river left on the first ledge. My group went down the slide on river right (near the wood debris), and we looked back and noticed the tree down. It appeared to be right in the middle of the rapid and we couldn't tell if you could maneuver around it.

Just wanted to inform you all about it.

- Reported by Jamie Higgins ✂



Wilko's Paddling Gear Tips — Part 2

by Wilko van den Bergh

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Paddling shoes / booties

For shoes, in the beginning I just bought two pairs of really cheap boat shoes in which I wore some el cheapo synthetic socks. Needless to say, they were inadequate for the freezing temperatures, but having a nice dry pair of shoes and socks for the second day of paddling did have its advantage.

Seeing how I hurt my feet while running across a

rocky beach trying to rescue another newbie, I changed the shoes. I bought rough linen ones with thick soles and good traction, which I used until I bought my Quadro. Play boats and big heavy shoes just don't mix... So I've started to wear neoprene booties instead, with the cheap synthetic socks inside, which helps keep my feet warmer and it also seems to help my booties from smelling as badly as those of my buddies. They're not ideal, but the best solution that I can come up with so far. In my new Salto creek boat I will be able to wear the thick soled shoes again, though.

Paddling mittens / gloves / pogies

The problem with pogies is that they usually either require teeth or the help of someone else to get your hands



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in them. If you do get your hands in them easily, so will the water... Pogies are of no use when you need to scout a rapid, as they stay attached to a paddle. I also find that when I need to get my hands out to grab someone or something, they get so cold so quickly that I lose some of the control in that hand. It's also not easy to get your hand back into them if you need to get your hand back in the middle of a rapid.

I have a pair of Walmart neoprene hunting gloves, but they are only used for when I hand paddle in the winter. The fingers are encased separately, keeping them less warm. The fingers cannot touch the paddle, making you involuntarily grip your paddle harder, tiring your fingers.

If you use gloves that don't have pre-bent fingers, you're also forcing your fingers to push against the neoprene even more, trying to keep them around the paddle shaft. I also find that with gloves I can't feel the buttons on my waterproof camera, which results in pictures not being taken. Plenty of reason for me not to use gloves when paddling with a normal paddle.

Pre-bent open palm mittens circumvent the problems of both gloves as well as pogies:

You keep all your fingers together, keeping them warmer. You keep in direct touch with your paddle, keeping better control, and not having to squeeze extra hard to keep hold of your paddle. You get to keep your hands warm, even if you go for a swim, lose your paddle or when you're scouting a rapid. You don't have to fight against the straight glove fingers keeping your fingers around the paddle shaft. It's also easy to pull one or more of your fingers free of the end of the mittens, so that taking pictures is rather easy.

Whatever you chose to go paddling with, make sure that you can still find and use the panic loop of your spray deck with them! BT Regular David Mackintosh got very close to dying in the spring of 2002 when he got stuck upside down in a nasty hole and he couldn't pull his spray deck with his surfer's mittens.

Paddling helmets

After seeing some people get hurt while wearing the flimsy ACE helmets, and having planned a trip on class IV stuff in Italy the first summer, I bought a Romer white water helmet.

That was quite difficult, since I have a rather large head (62cm), and very few helmet makers build helmets for bigger heads (at least ones that still have enough padding inside). The metal rings in it rusted through after one paddling trip, so I had to exchange it for a less sturdy Romer model, which at least offered good protection to the back of my head.

After using that helmet for a year, I got to see some people getting hurt in the face, especially on the forehead, so I decided that I wanted more protection for my forehead and face. I bought a Prijon Corsica helmet with integral chin guard, to which I added a canoe polo face guard.

I didn't like the straps and plastic on that helmet, so I first added a strap to the rear of the head, and then another one around the back of the neck, so that the helmet won't tilt backwards any more. Because the plastic on the Prijon helmet started to crack all over the place, I bought a Kevlar Shred Ready Full Mental Jacket (which I never used, due to the strap system not keeping it well in place on my head and it fitting badly, despite all the work I put into outfitting it).

Finally, last September at the Gauley Fest I added a composite Grateful Heads Dropzone helmet to my list of helmets. It has a good all around coverage, and it's designed to hold a faceguard. I added the faceguard, but I'm not sure about adding a chin guard as well. Another project is adding a sun visor of some kind. It helps keep snow, sun, as well as big splashes out of my eyes while paddling, a big bonus for a contact lens wearer like me.

One more thing about helmets in general: get one which protects your head well. Not only do you have just one head, but bad injuries can cause problems for the rest of your life (losing teeth, breaking bones and getting horrible scars on your pretty face). Worst of all, it might force you not to paddle for a while, as you recover from your wounds!

Don't worry about looking "cool" to the play boating crowd, if your buddies respect you, that will not change when you wear a full coverage helmet with a faceguard. Some of the best creek boaters start thinking about wearing faceguards, and ever more full coverage helmets are available nowadays, so hopefully common sense prevails and I will see less bloody faces on the river in the future.

Helmets come in versions with and without "drainage" holes. Besides the holes weakening the outer shell, think about why you want to have holes in it. They let in water and they will let the heat from your head disappear more rapidly on cold days. If the helmet has foam all over the inside, touching your head where the helmet covers it, what room is there for any water to gather inside anyway? Get a helmet without the "drainage holes"!

Elbow Pads

After breaking the end of both of my elbows, just a little tap against a rock can hurt for several weeks. On top of that, it's pretty common to have your elbow in front of your head in the tucked up position. Instead of my elbow having to take some blows directly, I'd rather have my elbow pads take some of the force of the blow and most of

the damage.

I started out buying a pair of Lotus elbow pads, which offer a decent amount of protection. They are basically made of a hard shell, with soft foam on the inside. One of the pieces cups your elbow, the other protects some of your lower arm. The main disadvantage of them is that the elastic straps are put in the wrong position, i.e. at the ends. That ensures that the strap over your biceps slides down, taking the entire elbow pad with it.

That's what happened to me when I flipped powerfully at the bottom of Gorilla (Green Narrows, U.S.), and got whacked into a rock with my elbow twice. The first hit moved the elbow pad, the second broke the end of my elbow. The problem can be alleviated by adding a third strap at the elbow, which keeps the elbow pads in place. I have added them to both elbow pads and they stay well in place now.

A nice side effect of those Lotus elbow pads is that they also keep your arms warm, which is great for winter paddling.

I recently bought a pair of Stohlquist elbow pads. They offer far less protection, there is no cup that envelops your elbow on the inside and outside, and the lower arm protection is rather crude. They do have a better strap system, with Velcro on elastic straps, but I want to see how well they stay in place after taking hits.

Swimming vest / PFD / BA

Get one which fits you well. A swimming vest only helps if it stays on you, so check this before buying one. For river running I prefer the kind of vest which has an adjustable waist strap below the rib cage that prevents the swimming vest from riding up too far.

Make sure that it's got enough buoyancy for your weight range, and dependant upon the kind of paddling that you do, get either a rodeo style with most of the buoyancy around the waist, or a rescue style vest with plenty of padding everywhere. I prefer vests with side padding, because I've had a bunch of newbies trying to spear me.

When going for a new vest, I look for enough pockets to store my camera, five carabiners, a folding knife, with clasps or a sheath to attach paramedic's shears, and at least one closable pocket for a car key, rescue whistle and little bottle of detergent (to put on the camera's lens).

For the last couple of years, I've run into only one swimming vest that I really liked, the Wild Water Explorer Leader.

I've recently bought a second one for when this one wears out (and I've found that manufacturers usually stop making a model of gear that I like, just after I have discovered it!). I like it because:

- It has sufficient floatation even for someone my weight (~100kg's/220 lbs),
 - Excellent padding all around (helps when you get pummeled while swimming, or when someone spears you),
 - It's easy to put on with the zipper,
 - It has an extra strap around the waist to make sure that it doesn't ride up,
 - It has a quick-release belt that is attached to one side of the PFD, so that you don't risk losing it after releasing the cow tail,
 - The cow tail D-ring is kept from moving sideways by two straps, so that you can keep your tow under better control,
 - It has several pockets: One big one with Velcro closure in the front in which I keep my 'biners, a smaller one with zipper as well as Velcro closure in which I keep my car key, whistle, folding knife, extra roll of film etc, a throw bag-sized one on the back, in which I sometimes store a 15 metre / 50 ft. throw bag,
 - It has several plastic strap attachment points in the front, to which I have strapped a small mesh pouch for my camera, but you could also attach a knife sheath or paramedic's scissors to it,
 - It has a knife sheath with Velcro closure near the left shoulder, in which I carry paramedic's shears. There is also a small plastic D-ring to attach a thin (breakable by brute force) line to, which would keep a knife or shears from dropping away,
 - It is reinforced all over with a strong strap harness, ensuring that you can be lifted by your PFD without any important part ripping, letting you plummet into wherever you don't want to be...
 - It comes in sizes up to XXL,
 - It comes in bright colors (red, yellow etc.), making me more visible.
- See the December issue for Part 3 in this series. ✂



Instruction / Training

From the Pool Roll to the Combat Roll

by Joe Greiner

"Yeah! I've got an almost bombproof roll in the pool.... but I'm still waiting for that first 'combat' roll."

I have had a lot of questions about this over the years. And I think I've got something to say that may help folks. So here goes my philosophy. I think this applies to any roll you do, whether it is the C to C or the twisting sweep roll or some other present or future version of a kayak roll.

I am writing this for people who are working on their first or second version of their kayak roll or for experienced folks who may be having to roll up on the second try more often than they care to and want to roll up on the first try. These folks are still "working their way up the ladder" or polishing existing skills.

This is not meant for the expert who can hand-roll five different ways and who rolls without thinking just by feeling what is going on. Those individuals may (will?) break some (a lot?) of the general principles below and that is their prerogative. After all, nothing new would happen or get learned if we did not have those test pilot folks exploring and feeling and trying new stuff. But if you are in the group that is trying to get a more bombproof white water roll, these ideas might help.

In the C to C roll video "Grace Under Pressure", Kathy Bolin says, "Every time you are upside down in white water, just concentrate on doing a good quality roll. And some time between the first and the thousandth time you are upside down, you'll get your first combat roll."

OK... but how does one go about "concentrating on a good quality roll" and how can I increase the odds of doing a good one in white water before the thousandth time?

First, be sure you know what a "good quality roll" is. There are a number of video and magazine article and personal instructors available for the two classic rolls. A good quality roll is one which requires only a little effort, feels smooth, and finishes with your body upright (not laid back on the deck) and your hands in front of your body plane.

Body upright: Yes, there are a number of folks and situations where people sometimes do a roll that has them arched way out over the back deck with their face exposed. But that is generally not a good idea for the sometimes roller. After all, if that roll fails and the bottom is rocky, the face is exposed as the boat tips back over.

Hands in front of the body plane: Picture a piece of

plywood growing out both sides of your body so that your body, facing forward, becomes part of a plywood wall. Be sure the hands finish in front of that wall. If one hand gets behind that wall (try it gently), you can start to feel the pull on the shoulder. To avoid that evil and weaker shoulder position, finish with the hands in front of the wall. Note that the wall twists as the torso rotates.

Smooth and requiring little effort: Two good videos "Grace Under Pressure" for the C to C roll and "The Kayak Roll" for the twisting sweep roll are classic and effective video aids. A good instructor can be even more help. Whichever roll you choose, it should be smooth and require little effort if you have learned (been taught) it correctly. And if you have learned it correctly, you will feel the smoothness and ease. If that is not happening, find your local kayak roll specialist(s) and try a little roll therapy.

To get to that good quality roll, I would recommend practicing on a lake, in a pool, or some other comfortable spot where the focus can be on the roll technique without the distraction of white water, rocks and rafts,

OK, so now you've got a pool or lake roll that is smooth, fairly effortless, finishes with the body upright and the hands in front of the body plane. Now what?

Let's take a little detour to other sports. When a person is at the top of a sport such as golf or baseball or gymnastics or shooting free throws, they will sometimes reach that rare state when it seems they can do no wrong. For most of us, these moments of high performance are too rare. Why is it that sometimes you can fire on all cylinders and at other times you can't even start the engine? IMHO, it is because your distracted mind gets in the way.

What does that mean? Here is an example from an article I just read in the September 2003 Reader's Digest.

Tom Anberry, 80, shoots free throws at a gym near his home in California and often sinks 500 in a row. Instead of worrying about whether the ball will go through the hoop, or how many in a row he has already made, or whether anybody is watching, Anberry shifts his attention.

He checks to be sure his shoulders and feet are properly lined up. Then he bounces the ball exactly three times, never taking his eyes off the ball's black inflation hole. He makes sure his fingers line up on the ball the same way before each shot. Finally, he looks at the basket and shoots.

He teaches pro players how to shoot and has produced an instructional video and book. The key, he says, is to become mentally and physically absorbed in a physical routine which clears the head of negative ideas, such as missing the shot.

Imagine a basketball game with the crowd scream-

ing, ten seconds to go, and the score tied. It's on national TV with Dick Vitale announcing and a lot of other distractions. If a player allows the distractions to enter his mind, then he will be unfocused away from his keys and his routine. That greatly increases the odds of missing a free throw. On the other hand, if he focuses his mind on his keys and executes his routine, then that will greatly increase the odds of making the free throw.

You've probably got my next point already. Let's do the same with our rolls.

If you look back at the rolls you missed on white water, you can probably remember thinking or feeling or envisioning everything except the physical routine of rolling. Where am I? Where is my buddy? How deep is it? Where is that rock? Am I stuck in this hole? Will I roll up? My girl (boy) friend is watching! It's cold! Are they filming this? Will the bottom of my boat be on the next cover of the newsletter? Or worse, will my head bobbing next to the bottom of my boat be on the next cover?

That distracted thinking is natural and human. We've all done it. We all do it.

So what is my prescription? During practice on the lake or pool, once you've got a good quality roll, start to develop your keys and your routine to your roll. Anberry, the free throw shooter, has a 5 step routine: body position, 3 bounces looking at the black hole, finger position, look, and shoot. That is all he does when he shoots free throws.

I think that a 5 key routine is probably too many for the kayak roll, but somewhere around 1 to 3 keys would be about right. On the lake, you can start to figure out those keys as you experiment with and tune your rolls. Once you have those keys, every time you roll on flat water, in the lake or in the pool, have the discipline to immediately focus on those keys and that routine.

The idea is that when you are unexpectedly upside down in current, your mind will again and automatically go to those keys and that routine. That leaves no room and no time for your mind to be thinking about the 100 things that distract you from doing a good roll. In other words, you have got your wandering mind out of the way by focusing it on your keys and your routine.

Implant in your mind, while practicing good quality rolls, the keys and the routine, so that in white water, your mind will be trained to go to those keys and your body will execute the routine.

For each person there will probably be a different set of keys. For some, only one key is necessary. For others, it may be 2-3 keys. When I teach the twisting sweep roll, there is a point where it is obvious that the student is starting to get it and feel it. At that point, I ask them, "What is making the difference? What are you thinking

about or feeling or visualizing?" They'll answer. That's when I tell them "Those are YOUR keys!"

Notice that I ask about thoughts or feelings or visions. Some people key on a vision or a feel of a body part doing something instead of thinking about it. That's all good. For example, an alternate set of free throw keys and routine might be: check body position, feel balanced, bounce 3 times, feel the ball on the fingertips, look at the basket, envision the ball passing just over the front rim, shoot. That set of keys involves keys that are thought about, felt, and envisioned. And those keys lead to the execution of the routine.

Here are some possible examples of keys for the twisting sweep roll.

1. All thinking keys - twist to setup, move my head first, look in front of the blade.
2. Or a mixture of feeling and thinking keys - feel back hand position, move head first.
3. Or a combo of thinking, envisioning and feeling keys - back hand near hip, envision the body moving the paddle, feel for and shed resistance.

The number of keys you have and what they are is of little consequence as long as they are not conducive to ineffective or unsafe positions or motions. It also makes little difference whether you think about them, feel them, or envision them or some combination of thinking, feeling, envisioning AS LONG AS THEY ARE THE SAME EVERY TIME.

Of course, over time, some keys may no longer be necessary or you may reword or re-envision one of your keys. That's all good. Just be sure you have consistency in practice so that you will have automatic recall under pressure of being upside down.

Eric Jackson has written a post on Boatertalk about bomb proofing your roll. I think there is a lot of good stuff in there. My suggestion would be to first develop your roll and your keys and routine. Then go to this article for ideas about attitude and useful games to play in the pool. This way you can continue your focused mind training with games that simulate more closely actual river situations.

Link for the article with illustrations: <http://www.paddletsra.org/Training/Rolling/Bombproof%20roll.htm>. Link for the original article: <http://boatertalk.com/forum/Necky/235242>.

If you acquire a good quality roll, teach yourself your keys and have the discipline to use those keys on all your practice rolls, you'll develop your routine. Maybe you (like Anberry routinely hitting 500 free throws in a row) will make 500 combat rolls in a row by getting your distracted mind out of the way and focusing instead on your keys and your routine.

Be safe and have fun out there.
- From the Carolina Canoe Club email list.



Post Script to Pool Roll Article

by Russ Condrey

Since I have been known to have a few thoughts on this topic ;-) I think I will interject them here.

If you are upside down, and you can breathe, then YOU ARE NOT UPSIDE DOWN or you are the most flexible person in the world. Form, smoothness, grace, minimal effort are all components of a great roll! And these are things you should be working on the lake, because it builds the proper motion into your muscles and improves your odds on the river. BUT THE #1 OBJECTIVE IN COMBAT SITUATIONS IS TO BE UPRIGHT AND BREATHING.

If you are in 6 inches of water — put your paddle on the bottom, hip snap and go on! If someone sticks a boat in your hand, grab it and roll up. If your form is not good, or you finish with a climbing blade angle, or you have to skull once or twice, so be it! You are upright and your friends are not chasing your crap down the river! Go back to the lake and work on your form. But let me assure you,

ANY COMBAT ROLL THAT ENDS UP IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION IS A GOOD ONE!!!

Joe's article is right on, he just doesn't ram this last point home. So I will!

I personally believe for your roll to be solid, you must practice, practice, practice, and practice some more. And practice does not mean going to the lake and sitting around talking to your friends and socializing for an hour or so, doing 5 rolls and going home. Go to the lake and do 30 to 40 rolls minimum over an hour or so. That is getting closer to practice. Heck, 5 rolls aren't worth getting wet for!

When you walk up a set of stairs, do you think about each step, or are you doing other things, or are you thinking about other things? You are thinking about other things — you have walked up the stairs many times and your body does it naturally

Well, when you are sitting in your boat and your hair is wet, and you don't remember rolling because your body did it automatically, then you have a solid roll. The motion is locked into muscle memory. You accomplish this with hundreds and hundreds of practice rolls. Not watching others roll several hundred times, but rolling several hundred times. I know that some people learn by watching.... but your roll becomes solid by DOING!

- From the Carolina Canoe Club email list.



36th Annual Southeastern Races

by Gina Johnson

Hi All! As many of you know, I've been Race Master for the last two years. It is time to 'pass the torch' to someone else. I will still be involved as Assistant Race Master to do whatever helping and hand-holding is needed.

You don't need to be an expert on the races to do this. I knew absolutely nothing about it when I took the job two years ago. Everything that needs to be done, who



Race Watch

to call and when, what to bring to the races, etc., is all on a spreadsheet. If you can operate a telephone and send an e-mail, then you can do this!

There are two great benefits: 1) on Race weekend, the Race Master gets to 'manage by walking around' and 2) the club picks up your hotel bill while you are at the Race. We need a new Race Master in place as soon as possible. Please call me at 404.512.0832 or e-mail me at gwminc@

mindspring.com with any questions you might have. Thank you!!



River Access

Toccoa River NO TRESPASSING

Went down the Toccoa River last Saturday (Oct. 11); first time in a while. We put in on FS 69, just downstream of Deep Hole Campground. About the time we lost sight of Georgia 60 and entered pastureland, we paddled under a line running across the river loaded with signs ranging from "NO TRESPASSING" to "STOP : PRIVATE PROPERTY". A few hundred yards further downstream was a sign that said, "This section closed to public access after 1/

1/05".

I'm sure you've probably heard of this, but was just wondering what was up and if there were any new rulings coming up to prevent us from paddling this section of river.

- From a posting by D. Brown on the GCA email list. If anyone out there knows any more about what is going on, please contact Dan MacIntyre, 404.870.2295.



"You've got to be careful if you don't know where you're going, because you might not get there."

- Lawrence Peter (Yogi) Berra

Sea Kayaking

Trip Report: Dobbs Ferry — Piermont

by Jeff Hoyer



9/30/03. Five of us met at Dobbs Ferry early yesterday morning (10:30). The plan was to launch from the train station, cross the Hudson to the marsh beneath Tallman Mountain, stop for lunch at Piermont, and return. After serious contemplation, we decided that launching from the beach would be better, as the trains are difficult to avoid in the morning.

As we anxiously observed the deceptively placid water, there was extensive discussion about how best to cope with the deceptively placid conditions. Finally, it was decided that it would be best to paddle in a deceptively straight line.

Several (large) ducks swam by at very high speed kicking up 3 inch wake waves that came crashing down on our decks just as we were fastening our spray skirts. It was a sobering reminder of the dangers inherent to this sort of extreme activity.

As we left the safety of the shore, I glanced nervously at the sky to observe that there were now at least 3 clouds racing in from the west on the 5 knot winds. We hoped to complete the trip before the fourth cloud appeared.

Although the 6 inch chop was tricky, everything seemed to be going well until we made it to mid-river. Then disaster struck! Steve was overwhelmed by the view of the New York City skyline in the distance, but had stowed his camera behind the sea-sock. (How many folding kayakers have fallen prey to this mistake I can only imagine.) My heart began to race as I watched him lay down his paddle to struggle with the stubborn sea-sock. I arrived at his stern just in time to prevent him from ripping off his cockpit coaming in frustration.

After this near disaster, it was decided that we should paddle more closely together and that Steve should leave his camera on deck in a dry bag, despite the risk of incurring the wrath of his wife should he lose it.

We continued in silence as the ominous screech of the gulls mocked the excruciatingly benign conditions. At one point, Russ thought he saw vultures circling above, but the rest of us were afraid to look up for fear of becoming disoriented.

After what we all later agreed was the longest hour of our lives (62 minutes), we finally reached the other side. Frantically we searched for shelter. But we were in New Jersey territorial waters and not quite certain how to

behave. We looked to Steve for guidance since he lives in Staten Island.

None of us had thought to bring proper documentation, so we decided to paddle north to take shelter in the marsh, which appeared to be in New York waters. There was a collective

sigh of relief (intermingled with some coughing) when we finally crossed the border.

After the longest 5-minutes of our lives (6 minutes) we were able to find an entrance into the marsh and were instantly engulfed in the primeval darkness. Although we were sheltered from the raging cauldron that was the Hudson, it soon became clear that other dangers awaited.

As the marsh grass began to close in around us, I had the eerie sensation we were being watched by a thousand pairs of eyes. Jerry (a savvy part-time Floridian) knowingly warned us that we were likely surrounded by "gazillions" of sleeping mosquitoes. We reduced our conversation to a whisper and began to slip our blades silently into the water so as not to wake them.

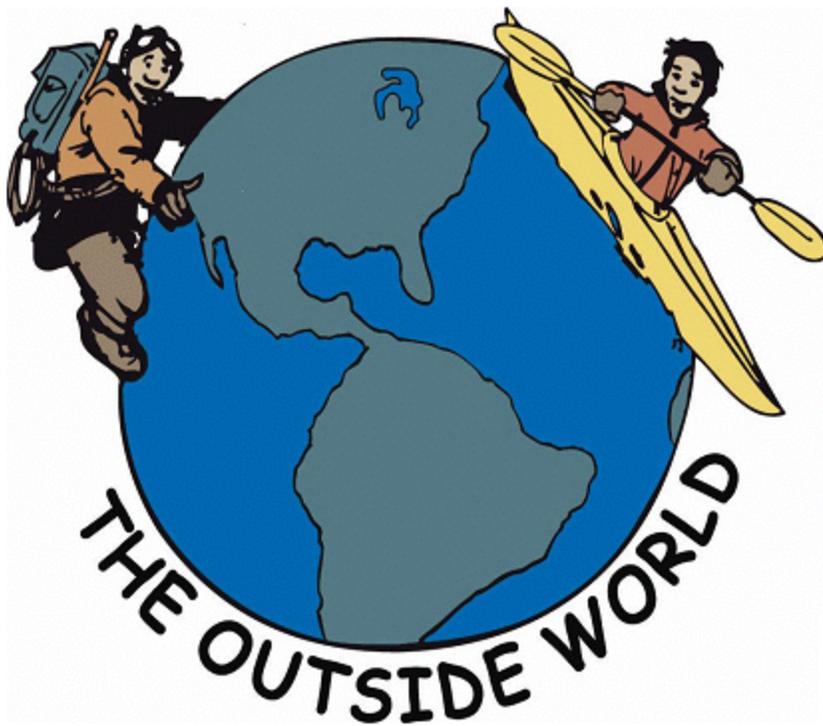
Suddenly, without warning, Russ was attacked by several clumps of giant marsh grass. (I never before realized that marsh grass mounted coordinated attacks.) The more he struggled, the more tightly ensnared he became. Just as he was about to be capsized into the clutches of whatever lurked below, he miraculously freed himself with a world-famous Brooklyn war cry and a deftly-placed off-side marsh grass sweep.

After three left-hand circles around the exact same location in the marsh and much discussion, we eventually arrived at a solution to our navigational predicament (turn right) and found ourselves once again in the perilous open water. The only salvation was to paddle to the relative civility of a Piermont lunch.

Desperately hungry and in need of "relief," we negotiated the swirling eddy and 9 inch breakers to make daring surf landings, much to the awe of the locals who had gathered at the waterside cafes in anticipation of our arrival.

After a bit of skirt-lifting, there was an intense dialog concerning the safety of our gear, considering our proximity to the New Jersey border. It was finally decided that Jerry would bring his kayak to lunch on a cart. The thinking was that in case of tidal surge or nefarious activity by local street gangs, he would be able to perform his patented high velocity pier launch to quickly intercede.

We decided to lunch for no more than an hour as there were now no less than 6 clouds in the sky and we had great concern for our safety on the return trip. It was the longest hour-long lunch our of lives (2 hours).



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Although the pasta was good, we were appalled to learn that the "California," wine was from Oregon. But handling unexpected adversity is the hallmark of the true adventurer. Unfortunately, as we returned to the launch, Jerry received a moving violation for "dragging a kayak on a city street while confused."

As we paddled back to the eastern shore of the Hudson, the waves and wind became increasingly threatening. The 9 inch chop was so dense that, try as I might, it was impossible to find a space between the waves in which to comfortably paddle.

I had no idea how to proceed, and decided to call Feathercraft customer service on my cell phone. Their knowledgeable and ever-friendly support staff assured me that the Kahuna was certified for over-wave paddling and suggested that I simply proceed in a straight line toward the shore. Bolstered with this newly acquired knowledge, I struggled to catch up with the rest of the group.

We did our best to hide our nervousness at the

terrifying 1 foot dumpers scouring the landing. Dogs barked, women cried and the commuters were disinterested as, one by one, we were thrown onto the terra firma in a crashing froth. It was my first successful 45-degree, cross-rib-first, inverted deck-bag landing of the season and I was very proud. It had been the longest two-hour trip of our lives (5-hours).

Afterward, we all agreed that the sum of our collective skills was on the brink of achieving BCU level 0.5 (capable of remaining consciously upright in a moving kayak for 15 seconds).

As I sat in my cubicle today contemplating this life-changing experience, my clients remarked that I had amazingly good color for someone who had been so desperately ill only the day before. I smiled knowingly to myself as I explained that the line outside the emergency room had been so long that I was forced to stand in the sun for hours before receiving treatment.

- From the NYCKayaker email list. 

Coosawattee River

by Dave Chaney

September 7th, 2003. Today's trip was originally planned for the Upper Amicalola River but the rains just didn't cooperate. As Sunday approached we kept watching the Paddlers Channel (AKA Weather Channel) holding the Metro Chattahoochee as our backup river if all else failed. Finally on Thursday there was a localized storm that gave us enough water to run the Coosawattee.

A nice river with class I-II rapids that are generally more technical than the Toccoa, but not as difficult as the Cartecay, the Coosawattee is a typical north Georgia drop and pool river with a recovery area below most rapids. The Coosawattee is one of my favorite rivers and is runnable most of the year and we were happy it had water for a Sunday outing.

We met at the Ellijay McDonald's at 10:00. All together we had 14 boaters, including Laurel Martin, Jim Martin, Susan Kyle, Bryan Kyle, Tracy Wadsworth, Rose Nathan, Salena Lynch, Walter Lynch, and Becca Brown. Tom Martin and Derry Johnson were to meet us on the river later in the day. I was happy to see some new faces on the trip as well as some old friends. Salena Lynch was the instructor on my very first GCA trained beginner course way back when I first started (I hadn't seen the light back then and paddled a canoe).

The day was supposed to be sunny and very mild and everyone was ready to get started. Unfortunately I always



misjudge the shuttle time for this river by 30 or 45 minutes and so we didn't actually get on the water until about 11:30. The weather was mild, but we did get rain for about half of the day, one of those nice mild summer rains that just cools things down some. The river was running at about 2.2', a good level that isn't very pushy and covers many of the rocks.

Derry lives close to the river and had paddled about half of the Coosawattee dozens of times but only Tom Martin and I had paddled all of the Coosawattee. We had planned for about 3 hours on the river, but everyone stopped to play at every opportunity (a good problem to have on a trip). No one had any problems and we didn't have any swims; obviously they didn't play hard enough.

This was a great way to spend a Sunday — on a river with a nice group of people. A great day. 

Etowah River,

by Dick Hurd

Saturday, October 11, 2003. This trip was advertised as a New Member Special, so I was surprised that not a single new member called to sign up. In fact, interest in the trip was so modest, that we were only 3 canoes. Too bad, because this lovely river, from Highway 9 to Castleberry Bridge, is a wonderful section for the novice paddler to hone their skills.

The day was not promising, and a steady drizzle persisted until we put on the river. Thereafter, the day was overcast but dry, and we had a pleasant and leisurely paddle, stopping for lunch at the Falls. The water was

remarkably clear, and the falling leaves that had settled to the bottom looked like golden coins. Participants included Lynda Dinter, William Gatling, Tom Martin, and myself. 

Ogeechee River Ordeal

by Dan Roper

On October 9 and 10, I paddled a 15-mile stretch of the Ogeechee River from Coleman's Lake to Herndon (Otey & Sehlinger access points E to G). The trip turned out to be much more difficult than anticipated. First, some basic information for GCA archives and those contemplating a trip on the Ogeechee.

The upper stretch of the river has suffered an epidemic number of deadfalls. Locals report that the unusual number of down trees is due to flood waters earlier this year followed by summer storms. Local fishermen have done a tremendous job cutting passage ways through the deadfalls, but the going remains arduous, especially for inexperienced paddlers unable to line up an approach to the narrow passages through the deadfalls.

The stretch between Midville (access point F) and Herndon (G) was especially bad. I estimate 50 to 75 deadfalls in this 9-mile stretch of the river. It was possible to scrape over or under, or drag through, with relatively little effort, most of these obstacles, but one or two required portaging and many others required stepping onto the tree trunks and pulling our canoes over. In addition, some of the passages were guarded by large wasp or hornet nests (we avoided these thank goodness) and others by poison ivy-covered tree trunks.

Experienced canoeists should be able to handle these obstacles far easier than the inexperienced (as you will see below), but the going is still far tougher than most paddlers willingly undertake.

This stretch of the river is mostly swampland with few good spots for camping. At low water levels there is a nice sandbar on river left an hour or two downstream from Midville and a partially cleared area on river right about half-way to Herndon makes an excellent campsite (even if the water is high). It appears that there is access to this place from a local road and the camp site might be occasionally used by locals.

This stretch of the Ogeechee is remote, flanked mostly by willow thickets and relatively small cypress and swamp tupelo. Timber companies own most of the land beside the river and quite a bit has been recently logged. There are some magnificent, gray-barked, moss-festooned cypress trees on this stretch and plenty of wildlife (Allan Wadsworth, who paddled point, sighted numerous alliga-

tors while the rest of us saw one). For the most part, however, the scenery is rather dismal.

There is secure parking at Coleman's Lake (E) and Herndon (G) where private landowners own the boat ramps and charge a nominal fee for parking or putting in (\$2 at Coleman's and \$1 at Herndon). There is excellent public access at Midville (F), Millen (I), Scarboro (J) and Rocky Ford (K) and other points further downstream. These places, however, are not "secure" parking for overnight trips.

In addition to the stretch we did, Allan paddled the section from Scarboro to Rocky Ford on October 12 (with George Reeves and another gent) and reported that the river was wider, there were far fewer deadfalls, and good sand bars for camping.

Now, for those of you who enjoy reading comprehensive accounts of canoe trip mishaps, this is how our ordeal unfolded:

In 1986, I paddled 125 miles of the Ogeechee with two college friends. We encountered only a few deadfalls and the main hazard was getting lost since the water was high and there were many false channels.

Early this year I told my youngsters about that trip and they were anxious to give it a try. After careful consideration and a lot of planning, I agreed to take my 9- and 6-year-old sons (John and Jackson) and my father-in-law on a three-night trip. We scheduled the trip in October knowing that the water would be low, the main channel more obvious, the chance of rain relatively slight, and fewer bugs.

I told my boys about the threat of poisonous snakes, wasp and hornet nests, coming around turns to be suddenly confronted by deadfalls, and how to brace. I felt like the risks were relatively small and I was reassured by Allan's presence (adults outnumbered children). What I didn't know was that the recent profusion of deadfalls had created an intricate and difficult maze suitable for intermediate or advanced paddlers rather than novices and youngsters.

We handled the modest number of deadfalls the first day and actually made good time from Coleman's Lake to Midville (5.6 miles in about 2 hours). Just 20 minutes or so downstream from Midville bridge, however, the going got tough. Three hours later, at 5 p.m., we figured we had made another 4.5 miles downstream, but in retrospect it was probably only 2 or 3 miles. There were dozens of

deadfalls on this stretch and the going was tough.

With sunset approaching, we selected a rather dreary little sandbar on river left to camp. We tried fishing (no luck), set up our tents, cooked dinner, swatted mosquitoes, admired the rising full moon, and listened to owls (barred and great horned) hoot and great blue herons "craaaaank!" We were in bed by 8:30 and all slept well (twice during the night I enjoyed the rumble and roar of approaching freight trains on tracks which parallel the river perhaps a half-mile away).

We awoke the next morning at 7:15, ate breakfast, broke camp, and put back on the river at 8:55 a.m. expecting to reach Herndon bridge before lunch. The first 15 or 20 minutes was serene and beautiful with no obstacles barring the way. I crossed my fingers and hoped we had cleared the region of log jams.

No such luck. By 9:30 a.m. we were back in a stretch with deadfalls at nearly every turn and spent the next three-and-one-half hours fighting our way downstream. The drudgery took its toll, especially on my father-in-law and 9-year-old John who struggled far more than did Allan (paddling a Mohawk solo) and I (in an Old Town Discovery with my six-year-old at the bow).

Sometime after 1 p.m., we came to a tight bend where the river makes a U-turn (the mouth of the U facing left). At the bend, a large tree had fallen perpendicularly across the river. Limbs and branches obstructed most of the channel and the only way through was a narrow (3 foot wide) keyhole between the treetop, the steep river bank, and the trunk itself (lying perhaps 2 feet above the water). The current sweeping through the little keyhole was strong and, to make matters more difficult, a stub of a branch that had been sawn off angled down off the trunk making the passageway even tighter.

By the time I rounded the curve and saw the keyhole passageway, Allan had already maneuvered through without difficulty. I turned my boat around so that I could pull myself through backwards. When I was about halfway through, my father-in-law and 9-year-old rounded the bend upstream, began to turn their canoe around, struck an underwater limb, and promptly capsized.

Both popped up quickly. My father-in-law regained his footing, standing waist-deep on an underwater limb, and tried to keep hold of the canoe despite the strong current. John had his arms securely around his grandfather's waist.

I paddled back upstream and began rescue and recovery efforts. There was no apparent way for my father-in-law to self-rescue due to the steepness of the bank, depth of the water, and strength of the current. Gear began emerging from underneath his canoe includ-

ing a forlorn bag of paper towels which promptly sank from view along with a fishing pole I accidentally knocked out of my canoe.

John climbed onto the capsized canoe and then into the bow of my canoe beside his younger brother. Both boys then scrambled up the bank using roots and cypress knees for handholds. They were safely ashore, which was a relief.

I retrieved as much gear as possible from the water and from under the capsized canoe and pulled it into my boat. Then my father-in-law and I tried unsuccessfully to pick up and turn over his boat, but neither of us could get secure grips under the conditions we were working in.

Next I paddled a short distance upstream and tried to pull my canoe up onto land, but the bank was too steep and the canoe was filled with heavy, wet gear. I started pulling gear out and had to grab hold of the canoe several times as it began to slide back down the bank. Finally, I got it unloaded and pulled it securely ashore.

My father-in-law was still doing his best to hold onto his canoe in the rushing current. By now he had been in the water for ten or fifteen minutes and was growing weary. Allan had rejoined us and for several minutes we worked to get the canoe out of the water or turned right-side up. No luck. There simply was no place to stand and no way to get a good grip or leverage on the canoe.

At this point, the limb my father-in-law had been holding onto with one hand broke. He let go of the canoe, which floated a few feet downstream into a tangle of limbs, and swam to shore, exhausted.

I finally decided that the only way to extricate the canoe was to get it downstream through the keyhole into quieter water. This was a job for daddy so I pulled off my shirt and scrambled down the bank into the murky yet surprisingly refreshing water. I worked the canoe free from the tangle of limbs, but then it got hung up on another submerged limb in the keyhole.

Now the canoe was almost completely under water, the bow seemed to be sinking deeper, and I seemed to be losing the battle. At this point, I thought the odds of losing the canoe were 50-50. I found firm footing on the limb submerged beneath the keyhole, however, and after working the canoe back and forth, trying to raise it over the obstruction, I finally got it free and pushed and pulled it through the keyhole into the unobstructed water downstream.

I set my sights on a sandbar on river left, but thought I would not be able to maneuver the heavy, cumbersome craft over to shore quickly enough. The shallow water extended beyond the sandbar to midstream, however, and just a few seconds later I found secure footing. Relieved,

I pulled the canoe into shallow water and flipped it over.

The crisis had passed. I got in and guided the canoe downstream with my hands, making for the opposite bank, where Allan had earlier parked his Mohawk on the muddy shore.

Then we shuttled all the gear downstream and began to assess the damage inflicted by our misadventure. We had lost three fishing poles and a few other miscellaneous items of gear. Much of our food was wet, as was nearly all our clothing and my father-in-law's sleeping bag.

About then, two fishermen in a john-boat pattered upstream. They informed us that the channel downstream to Herndon was mostly clear but that we were still 5 miles from the bridge we had expected to reach before lunch! I took their report with a grain of salt since boaters using motors are notorious for overestimating distances, but even so I did not relish the idea of facing more hazards downstream.

After hours of battling deadfalls, the capsizing, and realization that we were far behind schedule and unlikely to reach our rendezvous point still 30-miles downstream,

it was apparent that morale was low. We therefore elected to pull out at the next bridge, ending our trip two days ahead of schedule.

The final "five-mile" stretch of river turned out to be less than two-miles, with only a couple of obstructions that we cleared without difficulty. We pulled up to the ramp at Herndon at 3 p.m. and, luckily, found a homeowner willing to drive us back to our vehicles at Coleman's Lake. An hour later we parted ways with Allan (who remained in the area to paddle on Sunday). The rest of us headed toward home and, on the way, enjoyed dinner at Heavy's Barbecue in Crawfordville.

I believe this is the only canoeing trip I have cut short in twenty years of paddling, but I feel sure it was the right thing to do under the circumstances. My father-in-law certainly didn't express any reservations. The next evening, while watching Georgia whip Tennessee, he exclaimed, "I believe it was worth getting thrown in the river to come back and watch this." I had a generous slice of key lime pie, so how could I disagree?

- *From the GCA Email List.*



North Shore Superior — 2001

by Gary DeBacher

We left on Monday and reached Finlay, Ohio south of Toledo. Our Mad River Synergy was riding tight and smooth on top of the Accord. Tuesday we drove Highway 23 past Flint to Thunder Bay, and decided to drive along the eastern edge of lower Michigan to see Lake Huron. There were some parks with rocky beaches, some lighthouses. Toward dusk we got a motel room by a small beach, with a good view of the Mackinac Bridge crossing to the Upper Peninsula.

Wednesday we drove over the bridge in excellent weather, and through into the Canadian version of Sault Ste. Marie. Picking up a little Canadian money (1.45 C. then = 1.0 US), we drove north on the Trans Canada Highway 17 to Batchawana Bay. At a lunch stop we found Chippewyan Falls, and hiked north of the complex drops to see the Chippewa river approaching over a sloping boulder field. This was to the pattern for many rivers entering the Big Lake: a boulder strewn approach and then a series of high, rough drops. Most of the north shore of Lake Superior is rugged and even mountainous, unlike the south shore where there are many low, sandy sections.

We passed up Batchawana, Pancake Bay, and Montreal River Provincial Parks, being anxious to get to the huge Lake Superior Provincial Park. We checked out the Agawa Bay campground, where there were plenty of good sites, some with lake views. Clear green, choppy

waves were driven onto the beach by strong wind under bright sun. We decided against camping because the night temperature was forecast to be about 6 degrees centigrade. (They never mention Fahrenheit in Canada, and all distances are kilometers.)

Next we drove a few miles along this stunning coast highway to the Pinguisibi Trail, along the series of waterfalls near the mouth of the Sand River. The Sand is often canoed earlier in the season, to a final take-out above these falls. We stopped again soon at Katherine Cove, hiking along the beach and out onto a rocky promontory. Ellie was hounding rocks, and there were so many interesting rocks that our Honda might soon lose all ground clearance.

The day was wearing on, and we drove north through the remainder of this huge park. The highway was spectacular even when it left the shore, climbing through boreal (mainly spruce-fir) forest and past lakes of many sizes. It briefly touched the big lake at Old Woman Bay, where the wind blew harder than ever, crashing waves against cliffs to the south.

By the mouth of the Michipicoten River, we found a room at the White Fang Motel. It was spiffed up under new management by a Polish couple. They assured me that they did not turn the entire bed to change the sheets. We then drove north into Wawa for dinner at a Fully Licensed restaurant, saving almost half a pizza for lunch. Exploring locally near sunset, we found stunning waterfalls near the mouth of the Magpie River, and a fine sandy beach at Sandy Beach. All this was on Thursday, our first day in

Canada.

The next morning we drove south through the park again to do the Orphan Lake Trail. This climbed through woods where many delicate wildflowers were still blooming, one of the commonest being the carpets of bunchberry. We knew these from Oregon, but not in such numbers. They are a tiny dogwood relative, with a white dogwood blossom against four familiar green leaves. The edible berries which ensue are a favorite grouse food, and we saw a mother grouse with some chicks scurrying nearby. Before long we came to a cliff over the south end of Orphan Lake, with Superior visible in the distance.

The trail dropped to follow the west shore of Orphan Lake, and then climbed through a burned section to a high ridge view of Superior. Then the trail dropped way down through woods to a beach, part multicolored round cobbles, part sand, and wound in around two wood bridges over the Baldhead River, onto a spectacular rocky point. Another often seen flower blooming here was the wild rose, *Rosa rugosa*.

Of course there were multi-step, multi-path waterfalls near the mouth of the Baldhead River, followed by a climb back to the north end of Orphan Lake, and then up through the woods to the car. We agreed that this was one of the most varied and beautiful hikes we had ever done.

Next we drove north and turned west on the Gargantua Road, which leads past several inland lakes to Gargantua Harbor. Or Harbour, in Canadian. The chilly wind was still kicking up whitecaps on Lake Superior, leaving waves frothing against cliffs to the south. To the northwest was a sandy cove behind a point, sheltering a few powerboats. This was once the site of a small fishing port.

We walked along the sand, passing occasional campsites. If we had more time and energy, we could have followed the Coastal Trail northwest to its current terminus near Devil's Chair and Chalfont Cove. The Coastal Trail also runs south to the Agawa Campground near the south end of the provincial park.

Late in this long summer day, we drove north, briefly visiting Old Woman Bay again, finally dining at a restaurant with continental pretensions next door to the White Fang. I rested, but Ellie never gets enough scenery, and drove to see Magpie Falls nearby.

One could easily spend several vacations in and around Lake Superior Provincial Park, but we left the next morning. We first drove east on Highway 101 to Potholes Provincial Park, where glacial flow had carved giant potholes in granitic rock. Below were ponds with reeds and yellow-blossomed water lilies. On the way back to Wawa and Highway 17, we saw canoeists running riffles

on the Michepicoten River. There is also easy summer paddling on the Magpie River nearby.

After Michepicoten and Wawa, Trans Canada Highway 17 cuts well inland for quite a distance, not approaching Lake Superior again until Marathon. Even though the highway, for practical engineering reasons, was routed to avoid rough country, river crossings, and inland lakes, this just isn't that feasible in Ontario, so the scenery was often quite spectacular.

We stopped for lunch at Obatanga Provincial Park where there were some interconnected lakes amidst young forest. There were ABS canoes for rent, as was the case at some of the other large provincial parks. This was also close to the embarkation point for trips on the Dog River, which has a fair number of runnable rapids, some big falls, and a terminus on Lake Superior not too far west of Michipicoten. The Dog must be run earlier in the season to have good water. Perhaps the biggest draw in Obatanga Park itself is that the lakes eventually get warm enough for comfortable swimming, which certainly can't be said for Lake Superior.

We stopped again at White Lake Provincial Park. This is a common entry point for canoe trips down the White River, a relatively large stream which runs SSW to enter the Big Lake near the SW corner of Pukaskwa National Park. The White River has a much longer season than the Dog, but we settled for a nature hike around some smaller lakes. Beaver lodges, seldom seen in the southeastern US, are common in the north, and there were several in the lakes and ponds.

The sky was clouding over, so we left White Lake and proceeded to the town of Marathon. "The James River Pulp Mill and the fabulous Hemlo Gold Fields (among the largest in the world) are the roots of Marathon's success." But things have slowed enough that they're glad to see tourists. We found a motel just out of town with a distant view of a rocky bay on Superior. Then we bought subs to carry for dinner and scrambled west of town on Highway 17 to visit Neys Provincial Park.

Neys is a rocky headland opposite some islands, and was often the subject of painters in the "group of seven." (No connection to the "Gang of Four.") Prints of works by these painters are offered at many shops in Ontario, and many of the works are quite striking. Neys Provincial Park lies partly on sands washed out of the Little Pic River, and the park has a large number of campsites within an easy walk from the beach. We spent most of our time by the mouth of the Little Pic, where it was windy, cold, and finally rainy.

Superior's cold waters make fog a frequent summer companion around the northeast end of the lake. You can

see this from the heavy moss and lichen growth on the pines, firs, and cedars. We woke next day to a thick fog, but decided to drive east into Pukaskwa National Park.

The road led over some First Nation settlements, over the fairly large, smooth Pic River (not to be confused with the aforementioned Little Pic) and through the woods to park headquarters at Hattie Cove. The cove is a lake perhaps a mile long and a quarter mile across, connected to Lake Superior by a narrow rocky gateway at the western end.

We first tried a trail leading along the north and eastern shores of the lake. Ellie photographed a clump of about ten pink lady slippers. Usually we saw these only in ones and twos.

At the east end of the cove, the trail crossed a marshy area on a boardwalk. This trail leads eventually to a suspension bridge over the White River, and to some falls, but to do that would have taken the whole day and exhausted us. We later learned that this hike can be cut in half by arranging for a "tug" to pick us up at the mouth of the White.

Returning to park headquarters, we next took the South Headland trail, which climbs the rocky prominence west of the Hattie Cove entrance to provide spectacular views of islands and inlets as far as could be seen. The fog had mostly blown off and the sun broke through. Faulted cliffs fell away; ancient rocks were colored by bright orange or green lichens. Superior's clear green-cast water rolled against the rocks.

We continued over the log strewn beach in Little Horseshoe Bay, and picked up the Beach Trail over the neck of a huge promontory. I found an unofficial trail onto the promontory which brought us to a sharp, deep fracture across the whole structure. It could be jumped, and there was enough talus to climb over, but we decided to turn back to the main trail.

We reached a long beach from which we should have seen large sand dunes at the mouth of the Pic River. The fog and clouds had returned, driven by a chill wind, and we saw nothing at any distance. We cut back inland, following trails and roadway back to our car.

For our next trick, we took the Synergy off the car and dropped it in Hattie Cove. The Synergy tracks reluctantly when paddled tandem, and is a poor sort of lake boat, but Lake Superior was running only a gentle swell and an easy west wind, so we paddled bravely out through the Hattie Cove inlet. We circled some rocky islands, cruised beneath cliffs, poked into narrow inlets, and then returned to the safety of the cove. We explored the rockier south shore of the cove which we had not seen from the trail.

When we beached again at headquarters, we met a

couple of women who had canoed down the White River in a rented canoe. They had chosen this route somewhat on impulse. About a day in, one woman sprained her ankle, which left a somewhat uneven division of labor over 29 portages.

Once down to the Big Lake, they didn't have much trouble with waves or wind, but they overshot Hattie Cove. Fortunately it is harder to miss the mouth of the Pic River, so they had not gone too far out of their way. They seemed to be in the "it could have been worse" stage of processing their adventure.

Then, it being our 33rd anniversary, we drove back to Marathon, scouted the restaurants, and finally settled for a place which was a cross between Steak and Ale and the L. L. Bean store. Outside there was fog, and then it rained.

Next day we skipped a second visit to Neys and drove west to Terrace Bay. We found a great hike along Aguabason Falls and Gorge, really two gorges in succession, down to a view of more rocks and rapids running into Superior. This is not a provincial park, and so access is free.

Driving west, we got more free views of the big lake, missed the entrance to Rainbow Falls Provincial Park, but ate lunch in the companion Rosspoint Provincial Park. It had one of the most beautiful lakefront campsites we had seen, empty but unfortunately reserved.

So we cut back to hike at Rainbow Falls, which begins where Whitesand River drops suddenly out of a very large lake. There follows a multi-step, multi-channel series of drops, with lots of exposed rock everywhere to let folks try for different camera angles.

After more miles with Superior views, we turned north on Highway 11 to grab a look at Lake Nipigon. After going a ways between long, narrow Lake Helen on the left and high cliffs on the right, we drove up through hills and encountered evidence of a massive forest fire.

We were looking for signs to Lake Nipigon Provincial Park, which promised black sand beaches eroded from diabase rocks. And sheer cliffs. The diabase is a key element in the cliffs we were seeing everywhere, because it is cap rock, created by lava flows long ago. The hard diabase layer protects softer rock underneath, which breaks away to leave cliffs.

But we never saw any signs to that park, so I stopped and asked at a gas station. The woman said that the huge fire two years before had destroyed all the buildings at the provincial park, so the Province took down the signs and left it closed. She suggested we go to a lakefront park maintained by the town of Beardmore.

This turned out to be a reasonable deal. Though crowded with campers, the park afforded excellent westward views of Lake Nipigon and some of the big islands

scattered therein. Ellie made a late lunch which we ate on a rocky spit. Then we saw an amazing sight out on the lake, an apparent pair of loons, one diving and rising, the other with close to 20 even-sized chicks paddling behind in close formation. We watched them for some time, until the little flotilla disappeared behind another point.

The size of the brood was astounding in itself, but one other thing didn't make sense. Loons typically have two or three chicks. When I got back to Atlanta, I found a web site devoted to loons, and E-mailed them to ask what was going on. They told me that I was almost certainly seeing merganser ducks.

From a distance, mergansers look and act kind of like loons. Mergansers dive deep to catch water insects or perhaps tadpoles and small fish. The web source said that merganser broods can range up to 15, which is at least in range of what we saw.

I suspect that one reason the male was diving frequently may have been to scout for northern pike or muskies, which can take ducklings two at a mouthful. Loons deal with that problem by letting their two or three chicks climb on mama's back as she swims. Mergansers just paddle hard.

We got back to Nipigon the town in time to find a cheap motel away from the highway before sunset, and we ate at a local pizza bar. Next morning we drove southeast and inland to Ouimet Canyon Provincial Park. This is a spectacular canyon cut down through cap diabase, floored with jumbled rock covering semi-perpetual ice. Visitors are confined to the rim to protect the rare ecosystem at the bottom of the canyon.

Well, that saved me a lot of steps down and back up. One theory is that the canyon began through spreading and faulting, followed by erosion. Another theory was advanced on TV in relation to history of the Great Lakes, that a huge lake was dammed by receding glaciers until it broke through and cut out scars including Ouimet Canyon.

Next we headed toward Sleeping Giant Provincial Park, stopping for lunch at Karen's Kountry Kitchen, where the entrees and desserts were not Kountry at all, but quite sophisticated. Then we drove out onto the Sleeping Giant Peninsula, where we wasted some time arguing about whether to camp (in my view the good sites were gone) before driving to the SE corner of the peninsula.

There we hiked a trail to beautiful bays facing quiet waters. We thought we could see Isle Royale on the horizon. As we hiked back to the car, it rained and thundered a bit.

On the back roads, we saw deer and bear. We drove to the town of Silver Islet on the extreme end of the

peninsula, but found little to do except buy food in a sort of general store and stare at the scenery again. The town is named for a tiny island offshore where large quantities of silver were mined years ago.

We then drove back up the peninsula and across its midsection on gravel roads. This brought us eventually to a spectacular overlook on cliffs high over a bay where we could see across to the mainland. On the way back out, I saw what looked like a fur cap perched atop a Keep Right sign. As I brought the car to a stop, we saw it was a porcupine who was eating the plywood sign away. I said to Ellie, what are the odds of seeing a retiring animal like a porcupine? So a mile later, we found another porcupine licking up road salt from depressions in the blacktop.

It was evening, time to look for a place to eat and sleep. We eventually found an efficiency motel in Thunder Bay, run by a retiring school teacher and a registered nurse. They visited while Ellie fixed dinner, and we compared both school teaching experiences (fairly similar) and American and Canadian health care (fairly different). The regional nursing association had just gotten provincial authorities to back down by threatening a strike over cuts in health care the nurses saw as both abusive and dangerous to patients.

The next morning we stopped at a park by the harbor, where we could see the profile of the Sleeping Giant formed by the cliffs on the distant peninsula. Then we located a Finnish neighborhood full of artsy shops, but didn't buy much. Finally we drove inland to Kakebeka Falls Provincial Park.

The Kakabeka River was the original route for voyageurs passing between Lake Superior and western Canada. It involved a massive portage around Kakabeka Falls, and other portages which voyageurs regarded as a nuisance.

Voyageurs didn't like to change position. They wanted to be either in their canoes chucking along at 60+ strokes a minute, or walking under 150 lb. packs on a nice steep trail. Apparently it was loading and unloading boats they hated.

So someone discovered an easier route to the south, a nice, short, nine mile portage up to the Pigeon River, and most of the commercial traffic switched to the Grand Portage route. Then after the American-Canadian border was settled, leaving the Grand Portage on the American side, the US government got small about the portage issue, and British-Canadian traders had to revert to the Kakabeka route.

Kakabeka is a high falls on a rather big river, dropping into a gorge which looked fairly runnable. But we didn't stay long, heading for the Pigeon River, which

forms the Canadian-US border near Lake Superior.

When we reached the middle unit of the Pigeon River Provincial Park, it had been closed, apparently to save Canadian dollars. The river itself was quite low, too low to make paddling worthwhile. Just upstream we found the spectacular Middle Falls, with some interesting approach rapids. We tried a trail running downstream, but it petered out.

Down within shouting distance of Canadian and American Customs was a trail up the lower end of the Pigeon, leading to the spectacular Lower Falls. I could discern a portage route over the rocks, and there were a few interesting rapids in the short gorge before it emptied into a series of small lakes and channels leading to Lake Superior.

Recrossing the border was no problem on either side, which surprised me because when we reentered back in 1972, the American customs agent acted like we were long haired hippies hiding drugs. Aging may have advantages.

Fortunately we were back in the States just too late to visit inside the Grand Portage National Monument fort re-creation. The authentically clothed re-enactors were leaving for home. Well, OK, my wife was disappointed. But we took a quick look between the fort logs, and out over the lake, and then hit the road southwestward to find a place to stay.

We found a motel facing the lakefront near Croftville, and then drove into Grand Marais to scout places to eat. Grand Marais is a touristy town, partly because behind it, Route 12 is the Gunflint entry point to the BWCA. (I don't have to spell that out, do I?) So in Grand Marais, the outfitters offered both sea kayak and canoe outfitting. We found excellent food at the Gunflint Saloon, as well as a good selection of microbrews and foreign beers. Where were all those little microbrewers hiding all these years?

The next day we had several Minnesota State Parks to hit. First was Judge C. R. Magney State Park, which lies on the Brule River halfway back to Grand Portage. A trail climbed away from the river to a ridge top overlook of (you guessed it) a large, slanting waterfall.

We followed the trail past that falls to a split drop, the right half of which disappeared entirely into a rock cauldron. The outlet was hard to discern. The Brule is sometimes run in rainy periods, with some obvious mandatory portages. We visited a smaller slanting drop on a side trail before returning to the car.

Next we drove back through Grand Marais to Cascade River State Park. There were forested trails on both sides of a complex series of waterfalls stretching over perhaps half a mile. After sampling both sides and shooting off a lot of film, we hit a few beach sites and then

drove back into Grand Marais to the Gunflint Saloon. People there praised the town for its "mild" winter climate. The depths of Lake Superior keep it from freezing over and hold temperatures ten or fifteen degrees higher than inland. Or so they say.

We drove northeast to the motel, and then on a hunch, went looking for Kodorice River State Wayside, literally just a short walk out along the highway. The Kodorice looked more like a glorified creek, but there was a trail which climbed up along the rim where the stream had cut a miniature gorge into the sedimentary rock layers. The stream had undercut the rock walls substantially where it meandered from side to side.

Soon we heard hollow echoes of shouting below us. Some guide was leading a mass of youth, wading upstream below us. They came to a small, slanting falls where they had some difficulty, but were able to ascend, and eventually they encountered us upstream where the stream had not yet cut its gorge. What intrigued me was that this little gem looked like it would be runnable in spring water.

The next day we drove SW through Grand Marais one more time and reached Temperance River State Park by mid morning. Here we found an even more insufferable series of boring waterfalls and mini-gorges cut through resistant igneous rock. And often there were forested trails on both sides, so we had to take almost twice as much time seeing things. Upstream of the 3/4 mile of falls, the river ran fairly level through boulder fields. Up there it looked runnable. Through the series of falls? You go first.

We were so sick of waterfalls that we passed up Caribou Falls State Wayside and George Crosby Manitou State Park, turning inland to follow Highway 1 NW to Ely, to spend the night with my aunt and uncle in their little three level lakeside cabin. The next morning we started our southward journey, stopping on the way out of Ely to look at all the Kevlar canoes at Piragis. We followed Highway 53 down to Duluth, picking up Interstate 35 and later turning east into Wisconsin on Highway 70.

Here we crossed the St. Croix River, one of the original wild/scenic rivers designated in 1968. The St. Croix was once a connecting portage and trade route with the Bois Brule, leading between the Mississippi and Lake Superior. I had run the Bois Brule at our previous Superior foray a couple of years earlier. It was a small, intimate river, while the St. Croix is quite large, and is still plied by small steamboats in the smoother waters below St. Croix Falls.

I was hoping to run about 8 miles of the St. Croix which included some class I and easy II rapids. The Park Service maintains a large number of access points on both sides of the river. I would put in at Nelson Landing and

take out at Soderbeck Landing, both on the Wisconsin side.

In theory, if I put in or took out on the Minnesota side, I could be ticketed for not having my Synergy registered in Minnesota. They have this real cute law such that if I came from a state like Ohio, where I would have to register all of my boats and put big letters and numbers on the bow of each one, then I could come to Minnesota and enjoy "reciprocity," avoiding having to register in Minnesota. But if I come from a state like Georgia, where Minnesotans can come and paddle free anytime, I don't get reciprocity. I have to register. I have no idea how firmly the law is enforced, but Minnesota distributes warning flyers and posts signs everywhere canoes are seen.

Anyway, it was a beautiful afternoon on the Wisconsin side, and I put onto a long, flat pool of clear water. Large pearly shells were scattered on the bottom. The Park Service said no collecting.

There were low forested bluffs on both sides of the river. Two young women were setting off in inner tubes; this was the first warm water river I had encountered on the trip. At the end of the pool was the first rapid, a minor drop over broken ledges and scattered rocks. I then turned right to go around two islands.

Here came the big wildlife surprise of the day. Starting to cross the channel from the Minnesota shore to one of the islands was a bobcat! He got almost halfway across when he saw me floating silently toward him. Or maybe he heard the motor on my camera. He got a disgusted look on his face and turned around, finally scrambling into the shore side weeds before I could get really close. I hope I can enlarge one of the shots enough to document my sighting.

I encountered occasional easy rapids. The river was low and it required some care to avoid hanging up. The Park Service maintains primitive campsites on some of the islands, but I would not want to be paddling tandem with a load of gear at this water level. I saw an otter, some baby mergansers, and in the shallow channel between the huge islands, some deer were wading and browsing on water weeds.

I passed the mouth of the Kettle River, a very scenic Minnesota river which is said to have some interesting rapids upstream. It was way too low to run in July. This was followed by Lower Kettle Rapids on the St. Croix, a short placid interval, and then August Olson Rapids where the right and left channels rejoined.

This rapid offered the most excitement of the day, some chutes with interesting eddies and some small waves I might have surfed in a shorter boat. Some canoeists camped at the bottom end of the big island watched me

thread down the rapid.

Then it was just easy threading through scattered small islands down to Soderbeck Landing. Opposite Soderbeck, the Snake River enters, another Minnesota Wild River. Like the Kettle, it was way too low, but it had a few waves and a good eddy line where it entered the St. Croix. Ellie was waiting at the picnic ground at Soderbeck Landing. While I ate, I told her how unexpectedly warm the water was, and she was in like a shot.

The next day we visited Interstate State Park below the town of St. Croix Falls. Here the river had cut down into a sandstone gorge. We ran into the only recognizable white water boater we'd seen the entire trip. He was going to paddle his rodeo C-boat upstream to a surfing wave near the run out from a big dam at St. Croix Falls.

He said the wave was fairly popular because at this time of the year, one might have to drive as far as the St. Louis River near Minneapolis to get better play waves. We hiked the trails up over the cliffs, seeing a small tourist paddle-wheeler parked by the Minnesota shore, and the surfing wave upstream in the distance.

My relatives in Madison and Chicago had all gone into hiding after hearing we were in the area, so we drove down through Illinois and Indiana, visiting the Great Falls of the Ohio from Clarksville, Indiana, opposite Louisville. This huge rapid, capped by a low dam and bypassed by locks, is formed by a huge limestone reef chock full of fossils. I saw some play spots upstream, but no boaters. And that's all, folks.

Advice: If you take this trip, and don't camp in the parks, get a \$60C season Ontario provincial park pass. It will be cheaper than paying by the park or by the day. Charges for individual parks run from two to six Canadian dollars per day. There are little charge boxes at park lots, which even read your credit card. A day pass or a camping pass at one park will get you free entry at nearby parks. But the season pass is a great convenience. ✂

Spellings!

Aoccdrnig to rsceerah at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it deosn't mttair in waht oredr the ltteers in a wrod are, the olny iprmoatnt tihng is taht the frist and the lsat ltteer of taht wrod is at the rghit pclae. The rset cloud be a toatl mses and you can sitll raed it wouthit any porbelm. Tihs is bcuseae we do not raed ervey lteter by itslef, but the wrod as a wlohe!! Amzaniq huh?

- Stolen from the Internet.

CLASSIFIED ADS

TO PLACE AN AD - Want ads of a non-business nature are free to dues-paid GCA members. Business-related and non-member ads are \$5.00 for up to 50 words, \$10.00 for larger. Send your type-written ad to: Allen Hedden, 2923 Piedmont Dr., Marietta, Ga. 30066, or email to gacanoes@mindspring.com. PLEASE, NO PHONED-IN OR HAND-WRITTEN ADS. All ads will be run for two issues unless otherwise requested.

FOR SALE - Equipment. 1) Stern kayak float bags (two) 48 inches for full size kayak. Excellent condition. New cost \$40, asking \$20. 2) Patagonia Lotus river shoes (high top play boots). Men's size 10. Hardly ever used as my new kayak is too small to wear shoes. New cost \$75. Asking \$30. Contact Hank Klausman 770.587.0499.

FOR SALE - Kayak, Dagger Centrifuge - Great condition. Will sell with

PFD and skirt. \$300. Call Frank at 770.855.0502.

FOR SALE - Kayak, Dagger CFS, excellent condition, \$500. In addition, life Jacket, wet suit, and spray skirt for sale - \$200, will sell separately. Call Frank at 770.855.0502, leave message if no answer.

FOR SALE - Paddle. Black carbon-fiber, Whetstone WW kayak paddle, 200 cm, left hand control. Excellent condition. \$100 or best offer. Contact Sharon at sstrocc@emory.edu, or call 404.296.7847 evenings.

HELP WANTED - Yes, the GCA needs your help. We need members to serve on committees, label and mail newsletters, etc. Call 770.421.9729, leave a message.

WANTED - Canoe, Mohawk 14' Odyssey. Please contact Paul Therrien at Dvalin@msn.com or call 770.513.4986.

WANTED - Kayak, Dagger Animas.

Should be in reasonably good condition. It will find a good home and be watered often. Call Bill at 864.281.8626 (work) or 864.292.2627 (home).



On the Serious Side

by Ted Gearing

Suddenly, everything went black. I fought to stay calm. I thought of my family and friends. Words I'd forgotten to say. Plans I had never carried out.

I held my breath. Seconds seemed like an eternity. What am I doing here? Why me? I had chosen boating over rock climbing because I thought it was safer. Once again, hindsight reared its ugly head.

I could hear laughter — or maybe it was just in my mind. Angel or Devil — I could not be sure.

I cursed my buddies, lungs burning. Why had they deserted me? Was it their laughter I heard? I prayed — brain on fire. Heart pounding. Dimly, I saw a light. Whether the atmospheric light of life or the light of oblivion — I couldn't tell — but I had to find out. I clawed my way to the light and just as I thought my lungs would surely burst — my head popped out into the sweetness of a spring day.

A moment that I will never forget. And I maintain to this very day.... there has got to be a better way to get into a paddling jacket.

- From the "Ozark Paddler".

THIS SIDE UP



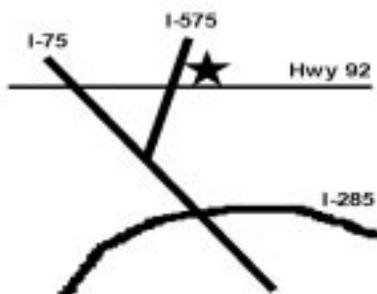


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