GCA
GEORGIA CANOEING ASSOCIATION
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THE EDDY LINE

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FATHER AND SON TALLULAH PFDS!

By David Peek, Sr.

PHOTOS BY DAVID PEEK, SR. AND RICK THOMPSON

Paddlers: Jill Van Cott, Lee Harris, Nick Lilly, David Peek Sr., David Peek Jr. (age 12)

November 16, 2013 started off cool and as we drove to the put in, David Jr. was still video scouting Tallulah Gorge. We made it to the put-in with time to spare, filled out our waivers and got ready for a epic day of whitewater boating and father and son personal first descents of the Tallulah River.

The 600 stairs weren't as bad as I had imagined, so we got down to the last platform and the excitement built as we got ready. After a boof of the last stair, we loosened up a bit in the eddy as Nick described the line though Entrance Rapid. We peeled out and headed into Entrance. David Jr. flipped on the boof rock, but rolled up and finished the rapid. Tanner's Boof was fun.

We pulled up to Oceana and both took the far right line that is definitely a class V portage. We watched Jill make her first decent of Oceana and made our way downstream with Nick leading the way, describing the lines. Getting to watch my son run his first class V rapid (Bridal Veil) and stomping the boof at Road to Aintry rapid was amazing.

What a wonderful day, father and son personal first descents of the Tallulah River!

Nantahala Ice Breaker January 18-19, 2014 TRIP REPORT BY JIMMY JONES

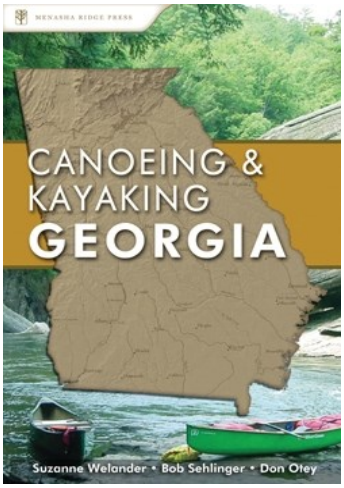
Friday night I drove up after a good day at work and enjoyed getting to see Atlanta at a leisurely 20 mph pace on I 75. I did get to see a Tesla in the lane next to me, which was pretty sweet. As I turned on Hwy 64 in North Carolina, I saw a few small flurries of snow. Pretty soon I had to hit the scan button on the radio as all my presets were static and the only station I could pick up was playing 80's and 90's love songs. Finally after a Michael Bolton song, I had to turn the radio off. I stopped at the Patton's Run overlook and got out and listened to what sounded like a class 5 waterfall since it was dark and I couldn't see anything but frothiness in the river below. I got back in my car and it was really snowing then. I felt like I was piloting the Millennium Falcon as it hit light speed with the snow in my headlights that looked like the stars in that scene. After a few minutes of spirited driving, I passed by the NOC and stopped to look at directions. A Ford Ranger pulled up and asked who I was. He introduced himself as Adam Arrington, and said I could follow him and his navigator. After a few miles on a mountain road we arrived at the cabin that Chris Nadine had coordinated. After some fun conversation and hanging out, we went to bed. After waking up the next morning and eating a good breakfast, we met up with the rest of the group at the NOC parking lot. We had a brief safety meeting in the parking lot and went to the top. Some of our group chose to put in below Patton's, so we waited on the rest of the group to run it. After a combat roll which ended up in a Nanty Smoky-Eye make up swim session, we enjoyed some splashy cold water fun and admired all the ice on the side of the river and even on the wood right above the water level. As we ran Whirlpool, Jenny Taylor got her first combat roll and many joyous noises were heard. After the end of the run I noticed that my skirt was starting to freeze and by the time that we rode back to the cabin my grab loop was frozen solid. We enjoyed another nice evening of food and conversation and went to sleep. We decided to run the Tuck the next day and so we met up and set shuttle. A few ran the Dam Rapid and met the rest of us at the more tame put in. After we got going, John Roberts started us out with his history lessons. We rounded the bend and some people played at the Trestle Hole then we went on down further. We got a great demonstration on rescuing yourself and your gear from one member of the group. There were cries of "What day is it?" and the answer "Boofday!" from Brett Russell and myself as we hit some baby boof rocks. At one point I got just a little ahead of the group so I caught an eddy that I swore would only hold one boat. Andrea Dover followed in behind me and then Mark Powell joined us. John Roberts then crowded in and started yelling "everyone eddy out here, it's like a VW" Then he named the eddy Clown Car eddy because all 11 people in the group ended up in it. As we approached the end I heard cries of "let's make Jimmy Jones swim", from David Bazemore, Randy Barfield and John. Cornered up, I pulled Randy's skirt and that was the end of that game. There was a random game of kayaker ball right at the end. After the paddle, 'Manriques,' which means Club Boater Steakhouse in Spanish, was suggested, so we had a Class 4+ drive across the border (GA/NC) to the restaurant. We enjoyed good food and John decided to create a new game, Guess that Bald spot! Afterwards a few went to see Bull Sluice while the rest drove to the house dreaming about our next adventures with good friends and the river!

GEORGIA PADDLING GUIDEBOOK TO BE UPDATED

Canoeing & Kayaking Georgia, the guidebook covering thousands of miles of floatable streams in Georgia, is being updated this year. Corrections, recommendations for new waterways to include, photos, and other suggested improvements are encouraged and welcomed.

Submit your content or suggestions before the end of the summer by contacting Suzanne Welander at suzannewelander@gmail.com.

The updated edition will be available from Menasha Ridge Press in Spring 2015.



Exploring Small Streams: Upper Sections of the North Oconee and Apalachee Rivers and Turner and Little Tesnatee Creeks

Reports and photos by Roger Nott,
GCA Exploration Chairman

I love to run the "less-traveled" streams of Georgia, particularly the small ones where the scenery changes every second and maneuvering, even in flat water, can be as challenging as on whitewater. Wildlife sightings are more frequent than on most of our more paddled runs. When there is available little or no online or published descriptions of a run and you are running the stream for the first time, you never know what you will discover. On these three fine trips I paddled alone on mild winter days and had moderate water levels, enough to avoid scraping but not so much as to make dealing with frequent deadfalls dangerous. The water quality was very good, though these streams are often silt-laden after heavy rains. I often use a pole on predominantly flatwater Piedmont streams, initially poling upstream for about 60% of the time I want to spend on the river and paddling back to my put-in spot, thus saving the time and trouble of shuttling. On the following trips I shuttled with a bicycle, using a lock and chain to secure my boat, gear and the bike at the take-out. I paddled my flat-bottomed 16-foot Buffalo open canoe, which has good initial stability and thus is easy to exit and enter to pull over deadfalls. In most cases I could paddle around or under them. On these trips I had to step out of the canoe an average of about 3 times every 2 miles. This was easy in this type of open canoe but would have been an aggravation in a decked boat.

North Oconee River *in Hall County, Broome Road to Gillsville Hwy. 323, 16 Feb. 2014, 767 cfs. at Athens USGS gauge*

I did an exploration trip report on about 30 miles of the North Oconee which was published in *The Eddy Line* issue for March 1991 (pp. 10-11). This time I put in about 15 miles upstream of access point A in the 1980 Edition of *Northern Georgia Canoeing*. Here the river runs through rolling hills and occasional bottoms, more frequent in the last few miles. There were occasional class I rapids and this 5-foot steep drop. shortly after I passed under East Hall Road, about 3 miles into the 7 ½ mile run.

EXPLORING SMALL STREAMS, Cont'd

Apalachee River *along the Barrow and Walton County line, GA Hwys. 81 to 11, 19 Feb. 2014, 252 cfs. at Bostwick USGS gauge*

This trip corresponds to *Northern Georgia Canoeing's* run from Access Points A to D. The first 3 miles to the old Tanner's Bridge (Access B) was a challenge to navigate and required 9 haul-overs. In contrast the last 4 miles was relatively open, requiring my stepping out of the canoe only twice. Tanner's Bridge can be accessed now only from the south from Walton County. Access Point C was the site of the old Kilgore Mill Covered Bridge, which was destroyed by teenage arsonists in 1993. The road there is now closed on the north from Barrow County. 180 year-old ruins of the mill are visible on the right bank here, just downstream of a turbulent four-foot class II rapid at the site of the old bridge and mill dam. There is another picturesque old dam and mill about 100 yards downstream of my put-in at Hwy. 81. The stone dam is easily portaged on the left, where much of the flow tumbles through trees growing in the wreckage of the mill machinery. Both mill sites offer good photo ops.

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Fight for the Chattahoochee River

A river's-eye view of the South's surprising water crisis
Part 2 of 2

By: Charli Kerns / Posted on November 22, 2013 on www.canoekayak.com
Photos by Michael Hanson and David Hanson

I tuck into my sleeping bag on McDaniel's living room couch while his wife watches midnight TV across the room. I think about Carter's fight against the Flint dam in the '70s. It was not just an aesthetic battle to save the natural river valley. Scientists also knew that evaporation from a reservoir's vast surface area, especially during hot droughts, robs the overall system of its water. Unfortunately, few people outside of vocal organizations such as the Chattahoochee and Flint Riverkeepers are talking seriously about conservation and modernizing infrastructure in Atlanta's leaky water system. Dams are the reflex solution, a Band-Aid to engineer more water from an overtaxed system. Through the open window, above the TV din, I can barely make out the sound of the Flint, a slight rumble as it falls toward the coastal plain.

In the morning, I get through Yellow Jacket after an hour of conservative paddling down the bank-side sneaks and a few awkward drags between tight, bony chutes. Below the Fall Line, the river enters a new world. Cypress trees dangle moss-bearded branches over the banks. Vines twist into chaotic, dark forests. The river seems to move faster without the shoal-pool routine of higher up. The rain-swollen flow pulls me around sharp bends, past logjams and long tongues of sand.

The thunderstorms we'd watched on television the night before catch me just before dusk as I near the GA Road 137 overpass, the only solid structure for 12 river miles. I reach the bridge just as the rain turns sideways and lightning breaks the gray twilight. From my tent setup on a dry patch beside a graffitied, trash-strewn bridge rampart, I pour a whiskey and call Michael. He too is in the thick of the storm, hunkered under a campground shelter 50 miles west, near Columbus. I can hear the tornado sirens through the phone. Our dad has been relaying weather updates to us from home in Atlanta. He used to sit proudly in the stands at baseball games, cheering for his sons in the routine of a normal suburban family. Before our cell service cuts out, Michael and I laugh, wondering if our parents ever imagined their grown sons would be simultaneously huddled beside two separate rivers somewhere in the middle of a Georgia tornado.

The Lower Flint River flows atop a Swiss-cheese geology of porous limestone filled with layers of ancient aquifers. The murky sapphire water of the Floridian aquifer, which provides water to the state's panhandle, emerges from the lowland forest throughout the Lower Flint. When I spotted a stream of blue water dissolving into the Flint's brown body, I turned the canoe and paddled up the narrow tributary, through swarms of mosquitos and beneath vines hanging like stiff clotheslines. When the trickle was too narrow to float my canoe, I left it and walked an ATV road to Miller Spring, a "blue hole" the size of an Olympic swimming pool.

Again, I've entered a new world, this one defined by an underwater labyrinth of aquifers. Only occasionally, as at Miller Spring, does a surface-water tributary enter the Flint. The majority of the water now moves below ground. Little is known about the hydrology of this area, but researchers at the nearby Jones Ecological Research Center are tracing the flows, trying to understand the connections between surface water and aquifer recharge. The hard science can hopefully inform EPA administrators as to when to declare drought in the basin. The farmers want to know, too. This is farm country, and farmers, better than any others in the watershed, know the importance of water.

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Keeping In Touch

To contact the GCA, write Georgia Canoeing Association, Inc., P.O. Box 7023, Atlanta, GA 30357.

Groupmail: GCA maintains a group email list to help members share information of general interest. To sign up, send an e-mail to gcalist-subscribe@yahoogroups.com.

Website: Information about GCA, forms (including membership application and GCA waiver form), a link to the GCA Store and links to *Eddy Line* advertisers are all at http://www.gapaddle.com.

Facebook: Visit the GCA Facebook page for photos, video, trip reports, or to join an upcoming impromptu trip.

FIGHT FOR THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER CONT'D

Most everyone in Mitchell County knows everyone else. When I ask a man near the river if he knows any farmers I might talk to about water use he tells me that as a matter of fact, a group of local farmers is meeting with the Georgia EPA the next day at the Stripling Irrigation Research Park. Then he offers to drive me there.

At the meeting, more than two-dozen farmers of all ages sit in a conference room. After a lunch of cold cut sandwiches, Gail Cowie of the Georgia EPA discusses a proposed aquifer recharge project. Cowie outlined a complex system of pipes and wells designed to divert river

"We're talking a lot about changing practices here, but are we talking about changing policies up in Atlanta, too?"

water into the aquifers during periods of high flow. During drought, water would be pumped out of these aquifer reservoirs for irrigation and to maintain healthy flows for sensitive aquatic species. The plan would alleviate the issue of evaporation from surface reservoirs, but would be extremely costly. There's also a chance that minerals in the sub-surface aquifers could contaminate the stored river water.

The farmers are polite, though clearly unimpressed. A young farmer asks haltingly if the plan is yet another expensive way to engineer more water out of thin air. A classic big city-small town dynamic takes shape in the room. The farmers work the land every day. They read weather patterns and spend sleepless nights worrying about water. Many have begun using more efficient center -pivot irrigation systems. A couple of farms in the Lower Flint are participating in a project to measure soil moisture with high-tech sensors to more accurately gauge irrigation timing and duration, potentially saving millions of gallons of water. They seem skeptical of the big-city administrator using the majority of the water in the system.

An older farmer in the back of the room voices what many seem to be thinking. "We're talking a lot about changing practices here, but are we talking about changing policies up in Atlanta, too?"

The Apalachicola River immediately feels primitive. Within a mile from the Jim Woodruff Dam, the last impoundment in the ACF Basin, we spy a nine-foot gator sunning itself on a sandy bank. As we glide past, Michael and I now back in the same canoe, the old dinosaur thrashes violently into the flow. The brown surface swallows her and quickly smoothes again to a deceptively innocent reflection of blue sky and fluffy clouds.

People down here seem a little more wild, too. At Ocheesee Landing, a handful of homemade houseboats float in a giant eddy, thick ropes anchoring them to nearby oaks. John and Patricia Wallace recognize me from my first float down in 2009, when I'd tied up to their floating porch and shared a few beers. Now Patricia fries catfish on the porch. She hands the chunks to us on a bed of grease-darkened newspaper. She and John hunt deer and hog and catch fish, making occasional runs to the grocery store for beer, cornmeal, oil, water, and the odd vegetable. They don't plan on leaving Ocheesee. No one bothers them there.

The river's up right now. Weekly thunderstorms throughout the watershed have ensured regular dam releases, so the Apalachicola slides silently into the cypress and tupelo swamps bordering its main channel. The whole place feels weighted down beneath the heavy accumulation of so much water. Too soon we reach the marshes, the forests spreading away from the river like a curtain drawn back from a stage. The river is meeting the ocean and everything slows.

We land on the broad, deserted white beach of St. Vincent Island under blue skies and popcorn clouds. There's not much to say; Michael and my combined and separate journeys are best left in our own heads for now. We toast each other with cheap whiskey and run into the Gulf of Mexico, letting the sea absorb us as it does the river. And that's it. No more single direction to follow. No more gravitational pull. The river flows, bullheaded, into the ocean, as indifferent to us now as it was on Day One. Anyone who claims to own that water has obviously never spent much time moving with the stubborn, old-man river.

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FIGHT FOR THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER CONT'D

Oysters don't lie. They can only sit there and take what comes to them. Schoelles used to pull in 12 to 15 60-pound bags of oysters a day. Now he gets 10 or 11. Many of the few remaining oystermen on the Bay rake only three or four bags.

We spend our last night camped beside a two-story-high pile of oyster shells at Buddy Ward Seafood's 13 Mile oyster house. We wake before dawn and meet Kendall Schoelles at a small dock shrouded in marsh grasses. Schoelles grew up less than a mile from here, in a small house under the arrow-straight pines. His family has leased the same oyster beds since the late 1800s. We sit on the shell fragments and oyster patina of Schoelles's long wooden skiff. He steers from the stern, inside a handmade wood box that acts as cockpit within reach of the outboard motor. I can barely make out Schoelles's face through the box's small rectangular opening. He looks past me into a gauzy darkness as he weaves between shallow oyster beds he knows by heart.

Schoelles is one of the last oystermen still working the Bay for Buddy Ward Seafood. These days, he packs a pistol. After years of reduced freshwater from the river, the oyster beds have been dying, preyed upon by saltwater-loving conch and bacteria that thrive without regular freshwater flushing. The oyster business has grown desperate in this federally designated fishery disaster area. Kendall occasionally interrupts poachers scraping bivalves, often the baby ones, from his leases. Schoelles is a soft-spoken, mild-mannered guy who just wants to make a living from the water. The gun gives him a voice that matters out in the darkness of Apalachicola Bay.

Oysters don't lie. They can only sit there and take what comes to them. Schoelles used to pull in 12 to 15 60-pound bags of oysters a day. Now he gets 10 or 11. Many of the few remaining oystermen on the Bay rake only three or four bags. This far downriver, there are few more honest indicators of a river system's health than how many bags of oysters come out of the Bay. With all the dams and intake stations and perfectly manicured lawns upstream, we've all wrestled the river out of the ebb and flow of nature. For better or worse, we now own the water.

The Flint and Chattahoochee run parallel to one another, and they end up together, beneath Schoelles's boat. Their water drips off the oyster tongs, soaking into the splintered wood floor beneath our feet. We rock on an easterly chop. "Nature does a pretty good job of keeping it balanced," Schoelles says. It's hard to tell if he really believes that anymore, sitting on the bow of his boat, culling oysters and tossing the small ones back into the water, hoping the upstream owners will let the freshwater reach them.

PADDLING THE GEORGIA COAST SALTWATER PADDLE TRAIL (part 2 of 3)

Story and photos by Nancy Guthrie

We reached the Fort at low tide and the high retaining wall made it clear that stopping while in a kayak at low tide was impossible. We found Christmas Tree Island just as the sun was setting and set up camp in the dark. We were glad it was such a cold night because we could convince ourselves it was too cold for snakes or alligators to be concerned about who was visiting their island.

Day 4. Darien. Christmas Tree Island to Darien (14 miles)

On our way from Christmas Tree Island to Darien, which is the second oldest city in Georgia and located only 1 mile from I-95, we paddled along the Altamaha River and saw our first alligators, including a really large one that made us move a little away from shore to give them room to jump in as we passed. In Darien we met Dan who owns Altamaha Outfitter and got a shower, an indoor sleeping spot and a delicious dinner at Skippers Fish Camp. Dan was very informative, giving us locations of possible camping spots and knowledge of the rivers in the area from his 15 years of running a guide service. It's amazing what good hospitality, a shower and a wonderful dinner can do for you even though this definitely took energy and time away from paddling.

Day 5. Campsites. Darien to Creighton Island (18 miles)

"That's pretty far for one day" - outfitter cautioning us about how few camping sites there were for the next 18 miles

The major failing of this trail is the lack of campsites. Looking back at what was published, we were able to spend only one night at a campsite on the published Paddle Trail (Little Wahoo Island). There are 10 identified camping sites for the 200 mile trail, but several of them are miles from the main trail, making them less appealing and practical; others were spaced so that we would have had really short or really long days. We relied on local knowledge from outfitters and fishermen to tell us where there was high ground. You literally can paddle for 10-15 miles and find nowhere dry to step out of your boat. If you arrive at a site at low tide, you have mud and oyster shells as your welcome mat. Developing more camping opportunities through agreements with private landowners or building platforms as is frequently done on other paddling trails would greatly enhance this trail. Throughout this trip we were dependent on the good will of private marina and land owners. A few times we were told we could not stop and camp. In the end, Dawn and I were fortunate to run into the right people at the right time who helped us out. Day five from Darien gave us the opportunity to stop after 9 miles or to continue another 9 miles to Creighton Island. Conditions that day were the best we had during the trip, so we happily paddled another 18 mile day and put ourselves ahead of schedule.

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GEORGIA COAST SALTWATER PADDLE TRAIL, continued

Day 6. Miles and miles and miles of salt marsh. Creighton Island to Little Wahoo Island (14 miles)

"Wahoo!" - Dawn and Nancy after reaching Little Wahoo Island early enough to relax and enjoy the sunshine and appreciate the wilderness

When we had time to sit and think about it, it really was an amazing environment we were in. On the surface it seemed very barren, with endless salt marsh that started to look the same. However, we saw incredible oyster beds and shrimp boats and enjoyed both the oysters and wild GA shrimp from these waters at Skipper's restaurant in Darien; on the way to Little Wahoo Island we had a large pod of dolphins playing and feeding very near our boats; other days we saw wood storks, gulls, pelicans, fiddler crabs, raccoons and evidence of wild pigs and cattle in a few high spots. Salt marsh plays a huge role in the aquatic food web, delivering nutrients to coastal waters. It's one of the most biologically diverse habitats on earth – you just have to remember and recognize where the life is and what it is – mostly macroinvertebrates and other organisms that humans don't see, providing the base of the food to support the marine world.

Day 7. Kilkenny Marina. Wahoo Island to Kilkenny Marina (24 miles)

"You didn't know we had a new pope?!" - Kilkenny Marina owner enjoying the fact we were so out of touch with what was happening in the world

Paddling a trail this isolated is not without aches and pains. The distance from Little Wahoo Island to Kilkenny Marina was our longest day at 24 miles and included crossing the Medway River at St. Catherine's Sound. The last several miles were working against the tide on Bear Creek with a quartering wind, making it lumpy and long. This was a day I took ibuprofen for the last few miles and told Dawn I was prepared to start crying or faking a medical condition if the owners of Kilkenny Marina said "no" to our stopping for the night. It turned out this was a great stop; we had beer, Cheetos, and microwave cheeseburgers for dinner and were able to do laundry and take a shower. The next morning the owner was very nice to let us linger in the marina, drinking coffee and tea, reading the paper, and even seeing a little news on a television (when we learned the world had a new pope 5 or 6 days after the fact), as we let rain showers pass before heading to Egg Island/Ossabaw Island. Just goes to show you never know where you'll find a little slice of heaven.

NOONTOOTLA CREEK TRIP REPORT

By Robert Butera and Todd McGinnis

Noontootla Creek - the creek less paddled

Noontootla Creek is a trout fishing tributary to the Toccoa and runs roadside along FS58. I have been eyeing this for years; my family has gone on many hikes in this area. It looks like a blast and Will Reeves wrote a brief description of his trip 20 years ago, which can be found by a search of the GCA website. The Toccoa River had peaked at 2400 cfs at 5pm on January 11 and was holding steady at 1200 cfs when Todd McGinnis met me at the Toccoa the morning of January 12. Since it was just the two of us, I said "want to scout/try something new?" I had not heard of anyone previously paddling Noontootla.

Short version: 1 hour of road scouting, almost three hours of river time to paddle three river miles, nine portages (all due to deadfalls, not rapids).

We put in at campsite F and took out at campsite B — these are among the several unimproved campsites along the forest service road. We could have put in even further up river, but this seemed like a safe distance given the time of day and expectations of deadfalls.

According to online data, we dropped 382 vertical feet in those three miles. It might be an overestimation, but looking at a USGS topo map with contour lines, it was certainly 300+. I have never paddled continual gradient like this. Despite the portages, this is the most fun I've had on a river in a long time! I am not a creek boater, but now know why it is addictive. The upper stretches had numerous 3-7 foot drops and slides, some sketchy, lots of moves to be made - I found it thrilling! I now appreciate the value of a good boof, had two drops (one sideways, one backwards) with some hold time at the bottom of said drops, but still wound up with a dry hair day. I don't usually paddle stuff like this, but it was a blast!

I am not a serious creeker, but this was more fun and technical than my day on the Upper Upper Hooch a few years ago. This is a solid class III run in the upper reaches - complex rapids, and a few spots with must-make moves. Todd thinks some require class IV skills (see his comments below). We saw the weirdest undercut rock I have ever seen (water swirled around the top and flowed back towards upstream, over the undercuts.

At this point, I will insert comments from Todd McGinnis. I will note that I think Will Reeves paddled only one mile of river, as described in his Eddy Line article from the early 90s, and likely the more downstream section of what we paddled.

Advice for anyone else considering doing this run: 1) Level - our water was getting low by the end. Don't go just by what I stated the Toccoa was running at - I think what is more important is how high the Toccoa got the day before, which is a measure of how hard hit the area was with rain. It likely helped that the ground up there is pretty soaked and holding a lot of water.

2) Be careful. Scout a lot, both by road and boat. There were at least two spots that we saw by car that we would not have seen (or necessarily considered scouting) by boat. We marked these spots so we could note them when paddling. While we had nine portages (six were short "walk around the tree", three were longer and involved some bushwhacking). There were many others where we had to scoot, duck, or choose a suboptimal line to get down.

3) Be nice to the trout fishermen. This is a very popular trout fishing creek. We saw quite a few while scouting, though none by the time we ran it. They were all nice to us, and we were nice to them.

Finally, some comments from Todd McGinnis, from his Facebook posts:

"This was a great day. It was a tight run with a good number of portages. Will Reeves writes it up as a class II-III creek run and while I do not deny there are definitely some class IIs in there it is not a class II level creek. IF you want to run this you need to bring your Class III/IV skills. Hard to compare as each run has its own characteristics and unique attributes (big word score). That said the drops are characteristic of the Upper Nanty but in some cases much tighter as you are making your approach in

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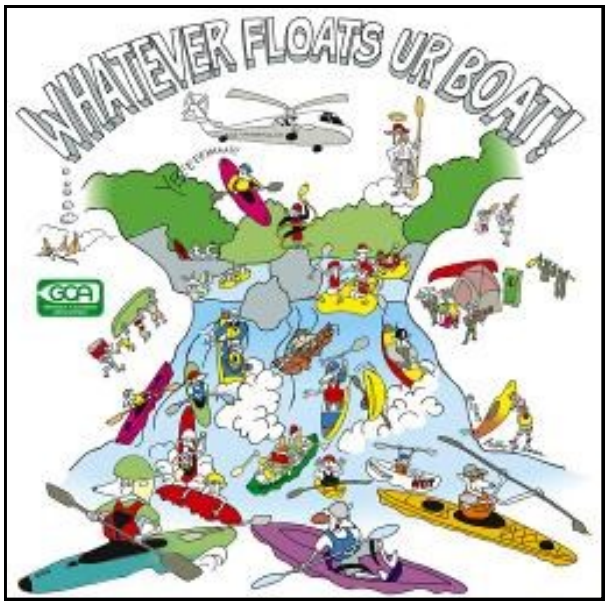
NOONTOOTLA, CONTINUED

and setting yourself up in sections that may not be any wider than 10 feet. It is a gem of a run because it is hidden much like Fires Creek.

There was one section that had three blind turns and at one of them we heard something so we decided to get out and take a walk to see what the noise was all about. We found the source of the noise. The water was pushing through a narrow section over about an 8' drop. The river right side was a slide right into a little low head but could be easliy punched. The only issue was if you messed up you would either be surfed right into a strainer and your exit river left was a pile of rocks. So the middle line had a good flow but you would have to boof right between two butt-cracking rocks (not Shiva friendly) but it looked doable. As we left to get back in the boats we noticed a nice clean left line that missed all that other junk and had a nice out flow. That was to be our line! Well back in the boats we go. As I make my way to the rapid I notice that the far left line is not there - it does not exist from the top - so plan "B" . I yell to Rob there is no left line -- middle boof. I take the boof and grab a small bit of the ass cracker but still nice landing into an eddy to wait for Rob, who heard me and threw down a sweet boof."



MARCH 1, 2014 OCMULGEE TRIP REPORT

BY JIMMY JONES

I woke up and looked at the river gauge and was worried when I saw the dam was off at Lake Jackson, and the level at Dames was dropping. They turned the dam on a little while later. Benjamin Howard, Larry Tomlinson, Bobby Batchelor and myself met at Popes Ferry and put on the river and started paddling down.

The level started out around 1050 cfs and rose to 1500 cfs during our run. We played our way through River Mist Shoals and then headed down to Ejection Seat which was a little flat but still fun. We surfed some random waves and had fun at Random rapid which was fun then paddled over to Training wheels which is a nice wavetrain that is really deep with no rocks. I attempted a roll and my skirt popped and I got a T-rescue. Ben, Bobby, and Larry spent some time surfing and then we headed downriver where we found a nice chute and spent some time doing attainments then hitting the top eddy, ferrying across then attaining again.

We went through a few hundred feet of random surf waves, ledges and eddies, then paddled down and took a break at lunch rock. After eating we paddled past the gas line and proceeded to run the drop at Arkwright in the center and then Bobby and I got out and walked up and ran the right side chute. After that we surfed and headed to the take out. Was an awesome day on the river and possibly the best 5 hours I have had this week!

GCA Spring Extravaganza

May 16-18 , 2014

Smokey Mountain Meadows Campground
755 E Alarka Rd, Bryson City, NC 28713

Call for site reservations—(828) 488-3672

Food, festivities, and three days of paddling for all skill levels.

TRIP AND EVENT SCHEDULE

3/24	Spring Meeting/Chattahoochee	Everyone	William Gatling	770-529-7103
3/30	Broad River	Trained beginner	Dan MacIntyre	404-252-9513
3/30	Metro Hooch	Everyone	Todd McGinnis	paddlin@bellsouth.net
4/12	Toccoa River	Trained beginner	Jack Taylor	770-998-0350
4/19	Toccoa River	Trained beginner	Jack Taylor	770-998-0350
4/26	Cartecay River (to DNR)	Trained beginner	Jack Taylor	770-998-0350
5/16-18	Spring Extravaganza-Nantahala Gorge	Everyone	Shirley Tharpe	706-814-0207
5/24	Hiawassee River	Trained beginner	Brannen Proctor	770-664-7384
5/25	Hiawassee River	Trained beginner	Jack Taylor	770-998-0350

2014 Heartland Rivers of Georgia Paddle Series Submitted by Bryan Schroeder

3/28—3/30	Altamaha River to Sea Paddle in Darien
4/25—4/27	Three Rivers Paddle at Towns Bluff in Hazlehurst
5/16—5/18	Ogeechee River Paddle and Ossabaw Island Tour
6/21	Historic Augusta Canal
7/19	Chattahoochee NOW Day Paddle at River view Landing
8/09	Georgia Conservancy Whitewater Day in Columbus
9/6-9/7	Upper Flint River Adventure
10/17—10/19	Chattahoochee NOW Paddling and Camping Trip at Chattahoochee Bend State Park
11/7 —11/9	Ocmulgee Water Trails Camping Weekend

Flatwater Paddling With The Georgia Conservancy

Registration for The Georgia Conservancy's Heartland Rivers of Georgia Paddle Series has begun! The 2014 *Heartland Rivers of Georgia Paddle Series* introduces people to Georgia's Altamaha, Chattahoochee, Flint, Ocmulgee, Ogeechee, Satilla and Savannah rivers and includes stops in more than 15 Georgia counties, running through or nearby Savannah, Darien, Thomaston, Hazlehurst, Hawkinsville, Columbus and Augusta. An estimated 500 people, ranging from expert to novice, will join the paddle series - making it the largest trips program in the Conservancy's history. Many of the paddle programs are hosted over a full weekend and include the opportunity for camping, hiking and live music. Georgia-based musicians Sailing to Denver, City Mouse, and the Little County Giants have pledged to lend their musical skills to the campfire setting.

Check the calendar on the GCA website at http://www.gapaddle.com for additional trips, social events, safety classes, and more.

Your Trip Could Be Listed in This Space — Call Cruisemaster Robert Iseley at 678-325-8630!

KEY TO GCA SKILL LEVELS
Flat Water - no current will be encountered; safe for new paddlers.
Beginner - mild current, occasional Class 1 ripples; new paddlers can learn basic river techniques.
Trained Beginner - moving water with Class 1-2 rapids; basic strokes and bracing skills needed.
Intermediate - rapids up to Class 3; eddying and ferrying skills needed; kayakers need solid roll.
Advanced - rapids up to Class 4; excellent boat control and self-rescue skills required.

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 for 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.
Canoe Camping Trips are multi-day trips, generally on flat or mild water, with at least one night of camping. For details on a scheduled trip, call the trip coordinator. To arrange a trip, call Vincent Payne at 770.834.8263.
To Volunteer To Lead Trips: Call Cruisemaster Robert Iseley at 678-325-8630. As usual, we need trip coordinators for all types of trips, from flatwater to Class 5 whitewater. 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). Boating is prohibited above the Highway 28 bridge. Your cooperation in protecting this National Wild and Scenic River is appreciated.
Roll Practice: see gapaddle.com for information

EXPLORING SMALL STREAMS, Cont'd

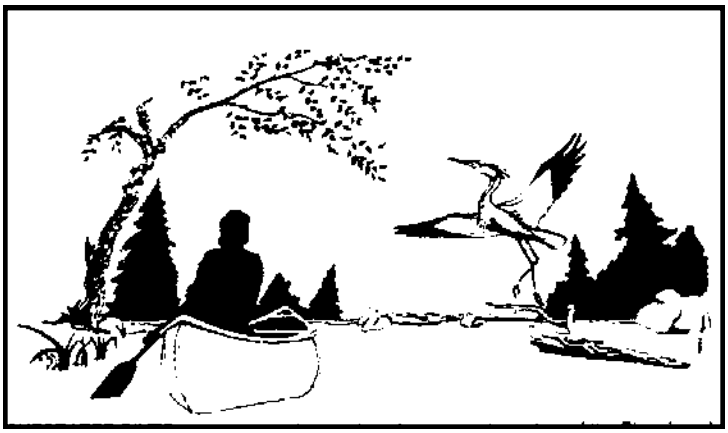
Turner and Little Tesnatee Creeks, *US Hwy. 129 to Town Creek Rd., 17 March 2013, 1.84 on Chestatee USGS gauge near Dahlonega.*

Little Tesnatee Creek joins Tesnatee Creek just upstream of Town Creek Rd., the usual put-in for runs of Tesnatee Creek, which begins a mile upstream at the confluence of Town and Jenny creeks. See my article on a 6 mile class II-III run of Town Creek in the December 1995 issue of *The Eddy Line*. Little Tesnatee Creek crosses US 129 under Roy Head Bridge about a mile west of Cleveland, GA. I put in on the upstream end of Earl Nix Bridge about a half mile further west on Turner Creek opposite the water intakes for the City of Cleveland, where the access and parking was better than at Head Bridge. *Northern Georgia Canoeing*'s map of Tesnatee Creek shows my entire five mile run and my bike shuttle route. At the confluence of Turner and Little Tesnatee creeks, about three quarters of a mile downstream, both creeks are about the same size. In another three quarters of a mile Cleveland returns clear and odorless treated sewage to the creek. However drainage from several nearby farms was more fetid. The shallow creek flows through a broad valley most of the way along farmed or recently farmed fields, which are the source most of Tesnatee's characteristic turbidity following heavy rain. However the banks were pleasantly shaded for most of my 5 mile trip. There were no homes and only a few farms and commercial building visible from the water. I enjoyed a moderate current but only a couple of short class I rapids. Of note I encountered two herons, several ducks and a large, 50 foot high stand of bamboo.

KEEP YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS CURRENT

Each month numerous "copies" of the pdf version of *The Eddy Line* bounce back due to bad or outdated email addresses. If an email to you bounces back, you will be deleted from the recipient list until we get an updated email address.

When the GCA receives a mail failure notice in response to an email to you on the GCA email list, you will be automatically unsubscribed by the listserve software. If your email changes, please "unsubscribe" and re-subscribe with your new address.



ALL ABOUT THE EDDY LINE

The Eddy Line, the official GCA newsletter, is available in print or pdf format. To subscribe, contact Ed Schultz at 404.266.3734 or heloeddy@mindspring.com, or mail your request to P.O. Box 7023, Atlanta, GA 30357.

Submissions/Advertising: All submissions and advertising should be sent to *The Eddy Line*, at: **the_eddyline@yahoo.com**.

Deadline: The deadline for all submissions, classified ads and commercial ads is the 15th of the previous month (e.g. August 15 for the September/October issue).

ROLL PRACTICE SCHEDULE

EVENT	COORDINATOR	CONTACT INFO	LOCATION	ADDRESS	DAY AND DATES	TIMES	BASIC COST*
East Side Roll Practice (Stone Mountain)	Bryant Smith, Betsy Richards	404-428-9177; Bryantsmith24@gmail.com	Wade Walker YMCA	5605 Rockbridge Road, Stone Mountain, Georgia 30088	Sundays 5-Jan Feb 2 2-Mar Wednesdays 22-Jan 19-Feb 19-Mar	dinner socials following 5 pm - 7 pm 7pm - 9 pm	$5 members $10 non members
Atlanta Roll Practice	Louis Boulanger	404-987-2724 louis.boulanger@me.gatech.edu	Warren Boys & Girls Club	Address: 790 Berne St SE, Atlanta, GA 30312 Phone: (404) 622-1358	Mondays starting January 13	7pm - 9 pm	$7 members $10 non members
Macon Roll Practice	Jimmy Jones	jjmaster-tech@yahoo.com (478) 747 8610	Macon Health Club	389 First Street, Macon Ga 31211	Thursdays starting Jan 2	5 pm - 7 pm	$5 members, $7 non-mem-

Plus $5 for ACA insurance if not an ACA member
Plus $4 for ACA insurance if not a GCA member

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THE EDDY LINE

GEORGIA CANOEING ASSOCIATION, INC.

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WE'RE ON THE WEB:
www.gapaddle.com

The purpose of the GCA is to have fun and promote safety while paddling.

GCA is a member-operated paddling club with over 500 family and corporate memberships comprising more than 1500 Individuals. Canoeists and Kayakers of all ages and paddling abilities are equally welcome. Some of our mutual interests include whitewater river running, creeking and playboating, river and lake touring, sea kayaking, paddle camp outs and competition and racing activities. We espouse conservation, environmental and river access issues as well as boating safety and skills development. Group paddling, training and social activities of all kinds are conducted throughout the year thanks to the volunteer efforts of our many members and friends. Membership is NOT limited to Georgia residents.