GEORGIA CANOEING ASSOCIATION, INC.

P. O. Box 7023, Atlanta, Georgia 303

August, 1980 NEWSLETTER Vol. 15, No.8

Deadline for material for the next newsletter is the 15th. Submit material to Gary DeBacher, CRM, 1441 Clifton Rd. NE, Atlanta, GA 30322. PLEASE TYPE BORDER TO BORDER (ZERO MARGINS) WITH INDENTED PARAGRAPHS AND NO VERTICAL SPACING BETWEEN PARAGRAPHS. This format makes it much easier for me to lay out the newsletter. Good, high contrast photos are also welcome, as well as conservation clippings.

NEXT EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING WILL BE THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF AUGUST AT 7:30 PM. CALL NORM REYNOLDS FOR LOCATION.

TRIPS FOR AUGUST

August 2	Broad class I-II	Russ Koester	233-4093
2	Ocoee class II-IV	Hank Klausman	255-7420
3	Wild card class II or III	Roger Nott	1-536-6923
	(May be Mountaintown, Fightingtown or Coosawattee if water levels permit.)		
3	Nantahala class II-III	Hugh Stubbs	952-4926
9	Training session on Metro Chattahoochee		
10	See announcement below		
16	Nantahala class II-III	Alan Bradford	H 636-1565; W 586-4153
16	Cartecay class II-III	Britt Harris	H 255-5977; W 252-3370
17	Toccoa class I-II	David Schwab	938-1513
23	Upper Hooch class II-III	Ralph Sikes	457-4433
24	Wild card trip, possibly Ocoee	John Shumaker	874-6716
30	Etowah class I-II	TJ Jorgenson	H 458-4884; W 952-4835
31	Hiwassee class I-II+	Mike & Wendy Fraser	996-2940
31	Ocoee class III-IV	John Shumaker	874-6716

AMICALOLA PURCHASE AGREEMENT. As many of you will be aware from the recent article in the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, everybody's dream seems about to become reality as the State of Georgia has come to an agreement to purchase the entire tract of land around Amicalola River owned by Mr. Harrington and Mr. Ward. It had long been Mr. Harrington's intention that the land be preserved in this way, and he bore the property taxes for many years while waiting for some plan to take shape for public purchase. Rumor has it that he is accepting several hundred thousand dollars less than he could have received by selling to interested private developers. The public owes him a deep debt of gratitude. It would be impossible for me to list the names of the many people, in and out of state government, who had some part to play in bringing all this to a final culmination, even if I knew them all. After seeing the river this spring, Governor Busbee played an important role in finding funds necessary for the purchase. When he first took office, we "conservationists" were expecting somewhat of a comedown after Jimmy Carter's strongly expressed environmental stands. But three major land acquisitions have taken place under Governor Busbee's administration: Ossawbaw Island, Pigeon Mountain, and now Amicalola. Governor Busbee has helped work out funding in each case, notwithstanding his generally prudent and conservative fiscal management of the state budget.

Amicalola will be managed as a state park, but few decisions have been made as yet as to the details. The planners will be able to draw on the experiences of the U.S. Forest Service in managing the Chattooga, of the State of Alabama in managing Little River Canyon, and of the State of Georgia's own efforts in managing Sweetwater Creek State Park and the Metro Chattahoochee, before the latter came under NPS jurisdiction. After some basic options have been set forth, the time will come for public response and input. Besides planning to mitigate the impact of an increasing number of visitors on the wilderness values of Amicalola, planners must also consider whether there are ways to share the river equitably between fisherman and boaters, and how to promote safety amongst boaters and those who are clambering around the rocks and banks at Edge of the World. We can all await further developments with interest. --Ed.

AUGUST TRAINING SESSION. We have received relatively few inquiries as yet concerning the training session which will take place on August 9/10 on the Metro Chattahoochee. If you intend to avail yourself of this opportunity, call Norm Reynolds (455-3498) as soon as possible so we can figure out how many instructors to round up. A volunteer kayak instructor would also be welcome. ---Ed.

STOLEN CANOE-- RED KEVLAR MAD RIVER EXPLORER. Ash gunwales, white patch on bottom under stern, grey ABS decks. Does not have "Kevlar 49" or "Mad River" logos on side, but has pipe- smoking rabbit emblems on sides of bow. $100 REWARD. CONTACT HIGH COUNTRY AT 874-4323.

CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS. Ha ha, I just read the GCA bylaws, and certain club officers, amongst them the NEWSLETTER EDITOR are not allowed to hold office more than two years running. That should keep you constitution freaks busy until election time. ---Ed.

CANOE ORIENTEERING - A reminder to paddlers interested in learning to orienteer that there will be a meet on the lake behind Morgan Falls Dam August 3, 1980. Starting location and free instruction will be near the Chattahoochee Nature Center off Roswell Road with the action starting at 9:00 A.M. Compasses will be available for borrowing. (Bring your own canoe.)

Doug Fortenberry 378-4159

CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER: The Corps of Engineers has been working with Ga. Environmental Protection Division, US EPA, and Atlanta Regional Commission for the past several years to develop a plan to supply water to Atlanta in the future. Three alternatives are the final result: build a reregulation dam 6.3 miles below Buford dam, change the operation of Buford from generating peak electric power to supplying water, or dredge behind Morgan falls so that reservoir can be used for reregulating. Power interests, water supply people, and some land owners along the Chattahoochee have expressed support for the reregulation dam. (When Buford is generating peak power, the flow through the dam is between 8,000 and 10,000 cfs normally; when power is not being generated there is only about 600 cfs released. These drastic changes in flow rate are called "surges" and cause severe erosion of the river bank. It may be significant that the signs of the surges decrease drastically with distance from the dam so that 10-15 miles downriver the prime signs are of water marks rather than trees along the banks and that over 6 miles of the most severely eroded areas would be under water and subject to 8 ft water level fluctuations during a week's time.)

Most people don't seem to be giving much serious consideration to the second alternative: releasing water when there is a need for the water rather than when there is a need for the electricity that the water can generate. This is the least environmentally damaging to the River, but there are power considerations.

The third alternative, dredging behind Morgan Falls, became much more attractive about the middle of June when the Corps got sample results from sediment analyses. The sediment is essentially high quality sand with essentially no toxic materials. A commercial dredger has indicated that a profit could be made and only a few acres (two or three) would be needed for dewatering. That compares with the Corps' assumption that there would be a cost to dredge, to remove the material after it was dry, and that 105 (yes, over a hundred) acres would be needed for dewatering.

Current plans are to have public hearings about September and final recommendations made about November. The Environmental Impact Statement should be available about August. For more information call Nancy Wylie 256-1172 or write to her at 4245 Rickenbacker Way, Atlanta, Ga. 30342.

RICHARD B. RUSSELL PROJECT: The Richard B. Russell Project on the Savannah River, Georgia and South Carolina, was the subject of preliminary meetings between the Coprs and the Fish and Wildlife Service with regard to the Corps formulating a proposal for mitigating losses of fish and wildlife resources caused by construction of the dam. A mitigation proposal should be developed by the Savannah District for public review and comment within the next month. This proposal will eventually form the basis for a request to Congress for authorization and funding to establish mitigation features. And what that all means is that there may be some money to help pay for the Amicalola OR the Corps may decide to declare some wildlife area at some other location (like Clark Hill?) surplus and then use that for mitigation. It is a situation that bears close watching since the Corps isn't too fond of ... I guess I better stop there. ---Nancy Wylie

(Actually, no mitigation funds will be used in the purchase of Amicalola. ---Ed.)

APALACHICOLA-CHATTAHOOCHEE-FLINT RIVERS: The A-C-F River System is rapidly becomming a major water resources development issue on several fronts. In Florida, the Department of Environmental Regulation is presently considering proposed five-year permits for maintenance dredging and disposal of the material from the navigation channel. Some problems have developed over use of certain sites due to significant fish and wildlife values. The Corps is also exploring alternative maintenance techniques including disposal of material in deep holes of the river and removal of rock ledges below Jim Woodruff Dam, both of which could pose significant environmental impacts.

The states of Florida, Alabama, and Georgia have jointly submitted a Proposal to Study to the US Water Resources Council for a Comprehensive Land and Water Resource Management Study of the Apalachicola-Chattahoochee-Flint (ACF) River System. The contents of the proposal do not have the unanimous concurrence of the three states, with Florida disagreeing with the study's direction in terms of its lack of objectivity and balance in certain parts, the emphasis of the study on treating navigation as a focal point as opposed to evaluating all modes of transportation, and the phasing of the study which would solidify study direction and objective setting before involving other groups such as Federal agencies of the general public. ---Nancy Wylie

GUIDEBOOKS ARE OUT: All guidebooks have been mailed. If you paid your dues before the first of June and you haven't received a guidebook, call Nancy Wylie 256-1172 or write to her at the P. O. Box and she will send one to you.

LONG SWAMP CREEK (Exploration trip?), June 7, 1980:

Five of us set out from Knoxville to meet Roger Nott and his band of merry men at Dawsonville. Damaris Olsen, Anne Phillips and I were supposed to meet at Jim and Bucky Conklin's house at 6:00. I got there on time, and Damaris showed up ten minutes later but had forgotten the lock key, so she had to return home to get the key so she could get the boat off her car. Anne showed up at 6:30, having misunderstood the meeting time. At any rate we got away about 45 minutes late. As we proceeded South on I-75 with four open boats and a kayak, five people and assorted equipment in one car, we were forced to stop several times to adjust the racks, which would come off every time a truck passed. Finally, at Chattanooga, one rack broke. Jim, Bucky and Damaris stayed with the canoes on the roadside, while Anne and I went to Canoeist Headquarters and got some new racks.

We finally got to Tate, Ga. at noon and thought we might still catch up to the GCA crew if we put in at the Hwy 53 bridge and hurried downriver. Roger had told me that there was construction on the bridge, so we proceeded East on 53 and before long came to a bridge under construction with a swiftly flowing stream under it. We quickly put in and raced downriver to find the class IV rapid that Roger had advertised. About a mile later I realized that this was not the Amicalola. Not only was there no class IV rapid; there were no rapids at all.

It was obviously too late to do anything but continue downriver, and I reasoned that whatever we were on would eventually run into the Amicalola, and perhaps we would still intercept the GCA. Such was not to be the case, and we gave it up at the first paved road we came across. We estimate that we paddled about seven miles. In that stretch we came across one classII rapid (it was the remains of a bridge or old dam). The rest was strictly class I. It was not a float trip, but we would recommed it for families and novices. The stream is heavily wooded and narrow. It almost seems like a jungle. InThe first two miles there are huge marble cubes from adjacent quarries that have been tossed into the stream and create narrow places and small chutes. After that there are numerous strainers where trees have fallen into and across the river. Most we were able to pick our way through, but some required pulling the boats across. This would actually be a swell creek for poling. The current is persistent but not difficult to paddle against. Water quality appeared poor although, with the 90 degree heat, we all swam.

Finally we came across a local, fishing, and asked him what the name of the stream was. All we could understand was Long ____. He had more tobacco than teeth in his mouth. By this time, we were naming the stream ourselves. Anne came up with Cholera Creek and Damaris contributed Wrong Prong. Someone thought up Janzen's Joyride which I didn't appreciate.

At the impromptu takeout, I got up to the road and hitched. After walking about four miles, a kind man finally took pity on me and gave me a rike all the way to the car even though it was out of his way. He also gave me a cold beer. Amazingly the car was still there, so I went East on 53 in search of the elusive Amicalola and found it about 11 miles later. The rest of the trip was uneventful.

The man who gave me the ride identified the stream we had paddled as Long Swamp. A word about the takeout - it's class V (V stands for vertical). Maybe someday we'll run the lower Amicalola. Roger, you owe me one! - Tom Janzen

(Gary DeBacher ran Long Swamp Creek a few years ago & found it, I believe, a little underwhelming. Actually the creek from the Bent Tree road to Hwy 53 holds a little more promise to would be paddlers/explorers for a few more rapids, runnable at spring levels - Roger Nott, Exploration)

Chattooga III, Saturday, June 28

On this hot day the water level stood at an easy 1.75 and a reasonably sized flotilla appeared: Co-1- Mark Levine, Kerry Schmidt, Jim Farr; C-1- Doug Fortenberry; Co-2- Bob Tritt and Steve Isaf, Ted Maloof and Lou Isaf, Tom and Vince Graham, Bettina and Don George.

Spills were few (at least until the Bull) although swims were frequent due to heat. At Second Ledge Tom and Vince's Grumman grabbed a rock and despite the fact that Tom was half out of the boat they still managed to remain right side up. Mark Levine had an excellent day and no one would have guessed it was his first time on the river. He did refuse to run the Bull though, something about the fact that he was paddling Susan's boat? Bob and Steve took on a bit of water at the top drop of the Bull, braced well, hit the bottom drop, took on more water, at which time their flotation decided to exit, leaving them with the only submarine on the river. Lou had a good solo run and Bettina and Don had a successful tandem run. Kerry elected to run the slide instead of the double drop and did a good job of maneuvering his Grumman down the rocks. The remainder asked to remain nameless in regard to the Bull.

Jim Farr

Upper Chattahoochee, Sunday, June 22

It hadn't rained in over 20 days, so as we expected the river was quite low. The Hwy 115 gauge read 2.15. Nevertheless, 10 open canoes put in at the 255 bridge for a run to Duncan Bridge. Paddling tandem was Bill Moore and Dan Wilson, Mike and Wendy Fraser, Hank and John Miles, and Doug Fortenberry and Camille Ayash. Among the solo paddlers were Susan Levine, Bran Proctor, John Krickle, Lee Miles, Hugh Skelton and myself. Although the day was hot and the water low, I think all will agree that this was a most enjoyable day!

Mark Levine

Cartecay trip June 29 Alan Simons

This was to be a day of many surprises, the first of which was a very acceptable water level of 2.3 considering the dry spell prior to the trip. Three days of rain the week before the trip sure did help.

The next surprise came when I arrived at the meeting place. A large group was expected but I was not prepared for the armada that showed up. There were 20 boats and about 15 cars. Boats were shuffled between cars so that there would be enough parking at the put in without angering neighboring landowners. We then slpit up into two groups with Hugh Stubbs leading the first group of eight boats down the river. After allowing the first group a sufficient head start (quite ample since we never met up again) the rest of us got underway.

Surprises number 3 and 4 were the weather. The forecast of hot and sunny didn't appear until we were loading up at the take out. The weather was cloudy with a comfortably warm temperature. Just after the last major rapid and the beginning of flat water, the sky darkened instantly and let loose with a real downpour. Everyone started to race downriver but quickly headed for shore when lightning appeared. The ran, however, did not last long and everyone soon got underway to finish the trip under clearing skies.

One of the highlights of the day was a party of two so-called rafts (one looked like a foam mattress and the other was two inner tubes with a piece of plywood tied on top). Although no paddles or life jackets were present, they managed to negotiate the entire river successfully.

Although several paddlers were newcomers to the Cartecay, everyone paddled expertly and had a enjoyable time. Paddling C-1 was James Lucas. K-1 paddlers were Dennis Abernathy, Hugh Stubbs, David Stubbs, Ben Fout's son, and Bill (not knowing your last name is lousy thanks for running sweep). C-1 open paddlers were Hugh Skelton (in a new HD-1), Ben Fouts, Michael Collier, Hank Miles, Lee Miles, Dennis Maxwell, Russ Custer, and an unknown paddler. C-2 open paddlers were Ron and Jean Skelton, Michael and Wendy Frasier, Levonne Taylor and Glen Gilmore, Tom Graham and wife, and me and my wife Debbi.

ETOWAH - Sunday, June 28 We were pleased to find the river at normal level after the long dry spell in June. I was afraid we would be dragging over rocks most of the way, but there was no problem. Getting on just ahead of a large group of young girls, we kept an easy pace that allowed us to seemingly have the river to ourselves. The sky was overcast most of the day, which helped keep the heat down. We had a smooth run with only one spill and most paddlers gained confidence and skill during the trip with noticable improvement by the end. Even the heavy rain shower at the take-out failed to dampen spirits and everyone enjoyed the Sunday endeavor. The group was interesting and diverse consisting of Linda Birchmore, Buddy Simmons, Mary Nell McLaughlin, Bud Bland, and Clint Wirick in C1-open; Lori and Richard Cole in C2-open; and Linda Crabtree and myself in K1.

Shelton Sawyer

NOTE: This was the first trip I've lead for GCA and it proved very enjoyable. I highly recommend that those of you who mainly paddle the Ocoee and Section IV share your level of experience with some of the many GCA members who are developing their skills on more casual rivers. It will provide good leadership experience for yourself as well as serve a much needed function for GCA.

SAVANNAH RIVER WATER QUALITY: The state of Georgia is considering a reevaluation of the water use classification of the Savannah River between I-95 and US Highway 17. If approved this could open the area to industrial devleopment and attendant impacts onthe Savannah National Wildlife Refuge and adjacent marshes. Ga. Dot is considering alternatives for replacing the US 17 bridges over the Savannah, Middle, and Back Rivers with structures that would permit passage of large ocean going vessels and also enhance the opportunities for development of the area for industrial-dommercial purposes. ---Nancy Wylie (Meanwhile, DOT's extension of GA 400 and GA 365 makes driving to rivers easier, but puts a lot of silt in them also. --Ed.)

FOR SALE: KAYAK - Translucent Quest in real good condition! Float bags included for $225
Shelton Sawyer H: 435-1925 O:432-0048

Edge of the World

Surfing Hole

Lap Rapid

AMICALOLA RIVER, Lower Section, Saturday, June 7, 1980 - Wild turkey nesting season being over, we took advantage of the opening of the north gate of the Dawson County Forest to take out at Hubbard Bridge Ford and thus avoid most of the flat water at the end of the Amicalola and on the Etowah. We ran a total of about 9½ miles from Devil's Elbow and thus had over 3 miles warm-up before attempting Edge of the World, where there were many fine runs and a few anxious moments and where we lunched. We played and swam frequently and took a leisurely pace on this beautiful, cool stream on a day which reached the high 90s in the city. The Hwy 53 gauge read .76, a low medium and quite ample level. We found the take-out road recently scraped and bumpy; nevertheless it was negotiated without a great deal of trouble by all our high clearance 2 and 4 wheel drive vehicles. Enjoying a fine day were: Brian Schott and Bill Hanson in kayaks; James Lucas, C-1; Stan Landers & Judy Huckabee, OC-2; David Bitler, Don Ford, Bob Howell, Forte Rabb, John Lucas (sweep) and I in OC-1s. We were sorry to miss several no-shows, including a party which came from Knoxville and put in on Long Swamp Creek by mistake! - Roger Nott

EXPLORATION TRIP: Upper, Upper Chauga revisited; Sun., May 18, 1980 - Refer to the April, 1980 Newsletter for my original trip on the Chauga above the Gorge. (Copies are available from Gary DeBacher for those of us in the middle of the alphabet who didn't receive this issue, which also had an exploration report on Yahoola Creek.) Beth & I, Forte Rabb, Paul Mitchell & Bruce Oliver paddled from Verner Mill Rd. Br. to Cassidy Br. & found many class II-III sliding ledges, from 5 to 15 feet in drop, on the first 2½ miles, as well as on the first part of the section described in April. Gauge readings: 3.1 falling to 2.6 at the 76 Chattooga;3" above 0 at the end of the day at Cassidy Br. These would be minimums, & the river could be run at much higher levels. Directions to put-in: go N. from Whetstone a few mi. past 2 churches together. Take next paved rt. to river. Roger Nott, Exploration Chairman

TESNATEE CREEK/MIDDLE CHESTATEE RIVER, Sunday, May 25, 1980 - The banks of Tesnatee Creek have more and pinker mountain laurel than those of any stream I know. It was gloriously in bloom on this warm, hazy day. Ours was the first GCA trip to paddle the full 6.1 miles of Tesnatee Creek from its confluence with Little Tesnatee Creek. The old upstream gauge at Hwy 52 has washed away, so that we had to rely on the new one on the right upstream bridge pier, which is very difficult to read. It read 2.1 this day, probably equivalent to 2.4 or 2.5 on the old gauge referred to in the Guidebook. 1.9 on the new gauge is probably a minimum for Tesnatee.

There are three low level class III shoals on the Tesnatee, and each, as well as the spectacular Coppermine rapid, dunked one or two of our party. We had lunch on the rocks next to the powerhouse for the Dugas' Gold Mine, which is being renovated for renewed hydroelectric generation. Because of the repairs to the dam more of the river flows over the main chute of the 20' sliding falls below the dam. Our fearless leader took this opportunity to demonstate the correct method of running the falls backwards, as he was too lazy to negotiate the 140' portage, which is now, because of the renovations, shorter and easier.

We continued on the Middle Chestatee to take out on Crusher Rd., a short distance past Jagged Rocks, which all ran well. Our total trip was just over 12 miles & lasted 6 hours, including stops for lunch, swimming and sight-seeing (e.g. Grindle Shoals). This is a great run which we all seemed to greatly enjoy!

Participants: Allen Lewis and James Lucas in C-1s; LeVonne Taylor & Glenn Gilmore and Ben and Carolyn Whitehill in OC-2s; Grant and Arabelle Luckhardt, Bud Bland and I in OC-1s. Also on Tesnatee Creek this day was a large party of GCA friends who put in after us and shared with some of us at dinner in Dahlonega later that evening their fine time on the river. Among this group was a pretty, enthusiastic young kayaker named Lisa Sebacher, who drowned 2 weeks later in the Left Crack on Section IV, in an accident almost identical to that which robbed us of the life of our Vice-President, Bob Goeke, 6 years earlier! Let us learn from our mistakes and teach them to new paddlers!!! Roger Nott

MIDDLE CHESTATEE-- SATURDAY, JULY 12. About 11 boats turned out on this scorching hot day to sample all the swimming holes between Coppermine Rapid (photo at left, Roger Nott demonstrating) and hwy 52. Only Russ Koester and I had run this section before, so we started with an inspection of the gigantic mine tunnel just south of the old bridge. It was nice and cool, but kind of smelly; in fact, the whole put-in area has taken a real beating from the public this year. Although the gauge reading was just around 1.0, we picked our way on down river without great difficulty. The only swim was taken by a couple in a Grumman after I stupidly neglected to tell them about the canoe- eating rock in the funny diagonal rapid just above Blasted Rocks. The boat was pinned momentarily, but was released unharmed. At Blasted Rocks, several solo boaters demonstrated an optional class III route successfully. Most ran down the center and made a futile effort at the left turn above the island. I turned right instead; then Davis Peacock helped me clear the rocks out of the rest of the "northwest passage" around the lower island. Canoes ran to extremes. Betty O'Berry was learning solo in Dave Shields' little 12' wood/canvas, while I was poling my 18 1/2' Moore to save my knee. Dave Shields was in his Lincoln, Larry Gayle had a 15' Coleman, and Hugh Skelton was paddling his 13' HD-1. Also in solo opens were Russ Koester, Mark Levine, and Davis Peacock. Paddling tandem were Jean and Ron Skelton, and Bob Bradbury and Milne Bail. ---Gary DeBacher

GRAND CANYON WHITEWATER by Hank Klausman
(continued from July issue)

THURSDAY - Mile 74 to Mile 114

Thursday, September 13, 1979 becomes one of the most exciting days of my life. Because we must keep up with the rafts who have our food and gear, we must paddle 40 miles today. This is about twice what we consider a comfortable distance. But the distance is not what bothers us, as the current is swift and we are all in good shape. The scary part is this section contains every major rapid except Lava Falls. There are 20 named rapids between Mile 75 and Mile 114. To add a little spice, the water is high and rising. We estimate over 20,000 cubic per second for today, so the river should be really kicking.

Because this day is so long and full of rapids, some of which we cannot even scout due to sheer walls on either side, my recollection of several runs is just a blur. However, there are some rapids which are indelibly stamped in my mind. Here is my recollection of the major rapids:

I believe we are able to scout Nevills Rapid, rated 7, on the left. There is a group of rafters camping above the rapid and it seems most of the members are young ladies. Several wave and run down to see us battle the river gods. We are so concerned with the whitewater, we don't even bother to talk with these girls - a definite sign we are worried and preoccupied. Everyone runs this upright and uptight, but it is a good warm up.

Hance Rapid, with an 8 rating, is next and we get out to scout it carefully. This is probably the most technical rapid on the river. It is so long you can't see all of the whitewater as it curves right, then left out of sight. There is a huge hole at top center which must be avoided at all costs, usually on the right. But, if you get too close to the bank, there are large rocks and holes. This one will require a lot of skill to miss the rocks and holes, then cut back against the current to get center for the last section. Eric and Bill go first and work down about a third of the way to an eddy on river right. I follow next, and about 10 yards above them, I run into a hole on my right. I brace hard downstream on my left side and hope it will surf me out. No luck, I flip upstream, but get washed out immediately. I set up to roll, but float into another hydraulic and have a tremendous wrestling match for my paddle. This scares me so much, my roll is poorly executed and I don't quite make it up. I try again, but am so psyched out, I keep picking up my head, so I can't get up. I kick out of my boat and look up to see Eric right beside me. I hook my little finger through his front grab loop and he backs us into the eddy. It was a quick swim, so I am OK except for a sore little finger. Eric wants to know why I didn't get a better hold on his grab loop. I explain that once I got a death grip with my little finger on anything, I had no intention of letting go. We still have most of this rapid to run, so while I dump my boat, Steve paddles down to our eddy. We charge out of the eddy and I remind myself how much trouble it is to swim. Not 100 yards lower, I flip in some big wave, but take my time and roll up fine. Then, after another 100 yards, I flip again, but remain calm and roll up once more. Will this rapid never end? The map shows Hance is 3/8 of a mile long, but I am sure I hold the record for the most flips at three.

The next two rapids, Sockdolager and Grapevine, are both rated 7. Grapevine got its name because, when viewed from the air, there are so many holes, it looks like a bunch of grapes. The approach is just the opposite on each. One has a hole to the right of tongue and the other on the left. Eric and Bill say no need to scout, just be sure to miss the holes. Great advice, so I follow Eric and Bill and hope they respect these holes.

Next is 83 Mile Rapid, rated at 6, but I don't even remember it. We hit some flat water and flow under the Kaibab Suspension Bridge. This foot bridge is the only bridge across the river and it goes to Phantom Ranch which is the only civilization in the Canyon. A few hikers are on the bridge and we yell up, "Is this the way to Aintry?" No answer. They must not have seen the movie DELIVERANCE, so we ask, "How far to Flagstaff?" They just look at us like we are crazy, and we paddle on. No time to visit Phantom Ranch where the rafters replenish their supplies of beer and suntan lotion.

In the next unnamed rapid below the Kaibab Bridge, I take my second, and last, swim. At the end of many rapids the water boils up and forms huge swirls which often turn into whirlpools. They form quickly out of nothing and if you don't paddle hard, they can spin you around. I am talking to Steve when a whirlpool forms under my boat. I am spun around and flipped before I can take a stroke. It surprises me so much, I miss several rolls and come out of my boat again. Bill and Eric take turns trying to tow me to shore, but we are in a large recirculating eddy, and it takes three tries before I get to shore. This swim really tires me out and I resolve not to swim again. In the flat water below, I practice some rolls and the guys coach me.

Here comes Horn Creek Rapid, rated at 9. This is the biggest rapid so far, but we can't scout it easily. Eric says just stay in the middle, but warns these are the biggest waves yet. He isn't kidding! The vertical drop from trough to the top of the wave must be at least 15 feet. I stall out on about the third house-sized wave and slide back down. The wave behind me catches the stern and flips me backward. I very carefully set up and roll with no problem. But, my left eye is blurred, so I think I have lost my left contact lens. Maybe it is just off center, so, as I slide down a wave, I reach up to check. The lens is perched on my eyelash. I grab it and pop it into my mouth, then brace into the next monster wave. Bill is sitting in an eddy at the end really getting off on the excitement. He shouts, "Wasn't that fantastic?" I mumble something, paddle over to the beach and get out. Bill wants to know what I am doing. "I'm putting my contact lens back on," I reply. Bill asks, "Where was it?" "In my mouth," I say. "How did it get in your mouth?", Bill wants to know. "Never mind," I say, "You wouldn't believe it".

Granite Rapid, rated at 8, is another very technical run. Bill takes the only other swim of the trip here. He tries to surf a very big breaking wave which flips him. Just as he sets up to roll on one side, another hole rips him the other way and pulls him right out of his boat. Bill and his paddle head for an eddy on the right, but his boat keeps going. Fortunately, Eric is below and herds his boat into another eddy about 200 yards downstream. Steve and I run down to where Bill sits and we take turns towing him to his boat. We find the best technique is for the swimmer to alligator up on the stern of your boat and hold on to the cockpit. This gets most of the weight out of the water and reduces drag. The only extra gear we did not bring was another boat and we are relieved that Bill's boat has not floated all the way to Lake Mead. Next time we plan to bring an extra boat.

About a mile below Granite Rapid, we come to the biggest waves on the river. Hermit Rapid is only rated 8, but it has the granddaddy waves. It is not a very technical or dangerous rapid, so the rating is lower. But, it has 7 of the nicest rollercoaster waves in the world. The middle waves have to be at least 30 feet high and you get the feeling of rolling up and down large green hills. The water level is high and we get the rides of our lives. Just wish we had more time so we could portage back up and run again. Eric and Bill said they ran it about four times last year. Even the rafts look tiny on these waves. A 33 foot long raft just barely covers half of the wave as it climbs to the top.

After running Boucher Rapid, rated at 5, which I don't remember at all, we come to the first class 10 - Crystal. In addition to the deafening roar, one sure sign of an approaching rapid is the presence of side canyons where floods wash rock into the river. Crystal Rapid is the perfect example. An actual photo of this rapid taken in 1890, shows small waves with no holes or exposed rocks. In 1966, a flash flood tumbled huge boulders from Crystal Creek almost choking the Colorado. Overnight, Crystal becomes a most dangerous rapid and well deserves its Class 10 rating. There is no easy way through, but it seems the far right has smaller holes and rocks. But, the current is constantly pushing left as the river cuts sharply right. The main currents flow into a nasty hole on the left bank, then an exploding wave bit off the left bank. Further down is a bad hole in the center. This leaves two routes through. The safer route, which the rafts use, is to just stay right all the way. Steve and I decide on the safer route and we run first to set up safety at the bottom. Steve runs clean, as always. But, I misjudge the force of the water and get pushed too far left about half way down. I have to blast through the bottom hole and it seems like I surf in there for days before I finally get lifted over and out. Eric and Bill elect to run just right of the two top holes, then left of the bottom hole. Eric says he may test the middle hole which is a huge exploding wave. Bill says he will watch this test before deciding if he wants to visit there. Eric bravely charges this exploding hole. He cartwheels several times and says he had a huge battle for his paddle. His spray skirt is blown off by the violence of the water and his boat fills with water. Finally, he gets washed out and rolls up with a half swamped boat. He labors into an eddy with us, looks down and sees his helmet floating past. He has no recollection of having his helmet torn off. Bill decides not to further test this hell hole, but has a beautiful run just skirting the holes with great finesse.

We still have eight more named rapids which are rated from 5 to 7. We are getting tired and the flat water has so many side currents, it is hard to make much headway. So, the rafts rig up some tow ropes and drag us along in the flat water. After running a few more class 5 rapids, I am so tired, I put my boat in the raft and join it. The other guys run Waltenberg Rapid, class 7, without me. I am too tired to get back into my boat and have had enough excitement for one day. We camp at Mile 114, below Waltenberg Rapid, and have steak for supper. Steve is so hungry he eats three of these cowboy sized sirloins all by himself.

FRIDAY - Mile 114 to Mile 137

We are all a bit tired from the ordeal of 20 major rapids on Thursday, and there are no major rapids for most of the day. So, all are very willing to ride in the raft with the tourists this morning. After just a few miles, we come to Elves Chasm where our guides say there is a beautiful but difficult climb. The small creek forms beautiful waterfalls and pools for us to swim. The climb is difficult, often hand to hand, and we have to post stronger men at the top and bottom to help. But, the gals are spunky and keep going. We more experienced rock climbers know that the down climb is going to be even harder, but make no comment. Near the top, our guides say this is sacred ground and there can be no more talking until we return from the top. We come to a large turquoise pool surrounded by sheer cliffs and can climb no higher. We sit for a while to contemplate and take pictures, then begin the long downclimb. Upon our return, Bob tells of a wedding he attended in Elves Chasm for a river guide and his lady. After the ceremony, the bride and groom spent the night at the top of Elves Chasm.

The only big rapid today is at the end. Dubendorff is rated 8. Steve and I take the right side so we can just skirt the holes. Bill and Eric blast right through the holes. Later, we enter the Granite Narrows where the river can't be more than 20 yards wide. The rock is mainly jet black schist with pink veins of granite which rise several hundred yards straight out of the water. On the right we see a tremendous cave about 100 feet above the water with a flat roof at least several hundred feet across. There is a place to take out, so we paddle over to climb up. Inside the cave is an area the size of a football stadium with a ceiling about 50 to 100 feet high. The cave was formed by the seepage of water from the harder rock above which dissolved the salt rock to form the cave. A half mile below salt cave is Deer Creek Falls which Major Powell described in his journal, "Just after dinner, we pass a stream on the right, which leaps into the Colorado by a direct fall of more than 100 feet, forming a beautiful cascade. On the rocks in the cavelike chamber are ferns, with delicate fronds and enameled stalks." We camp right below Deer Creek Falls at Mile 137.

SATURDAY - Mile 137 to Mile 183

A lot of flat water today, so we start out in the rafts. The rafts stop at Havasu Creek for lunch and a hike part way up. The creek forms pools and small falls which are very photogenic and enticing places to skinny dip. We meet some hikers from the top who say it is almost 15 miles from top to river. They describe Mooney Falls which plunges over 100 feet into a turquoise pool, but this is 5 miles from the river and we don't have time to go this far. After Mile 149, we approach Upset Rapid, class 8. I elect to stay in the raft to take movies if Bob can maneuver the raft close to the big hole at the bottom. This is the hydraulic which flipped the U. S. Geological Survey party in 1923 and earned the name "Upset". Bob heads straight for the hole, planning to turn away at the last minute and give me a good shot of the inside of this house-sized hydraulic. But, the motor is not powerful enough to miss the hole, and the back of the raft where I am sitting hits the wave with a tremendous shock. I am sitting on one pontoon with camera in one hand and holding on to a safety rope with the other. The shock knocks the raft about 30 feet to the right and kicks me at least 6 feet in the air. Only my grip on the rope keeps me from swimming. The movies turn out to be frantic shots of the sky and the bottom of the raft. I notice Bob and Mary Bender both look scared, so I guess we came very close to flipping. Later, Bob explained that flipping a raft this size is very serious. He points to a mess kit plate nailed to a rock high above Upset Rapid in memory of the only guide who was killed on the river. His life jacket got tangled in the raft when it flipped in Upset Rapid. All guides are now required to carry knives when on the river. Once a raft flips, it has to be unloaded, then deflated to turn over. This takes a day or more since the deflated rafts weigh almost 1000 pounds alone and get up to 5000 pounds with gear, etc.

The last rapid of the day and of the trip is Lava Falls. With a class 10 rating, it is the epitome of big water rapids and the most notorious of all whitewater runs. A whole story could be written about this rapid in general, and our experience in particular. About 10 million years ago a volcano on the right bank erupted and a torrent of lava actually blocked the canyon here. Over millions of years, the water eroded this natural dam, but a violent cataract remains. The Powell Report gives a good description, "Great quantities of lava are seen on either side; and then we come to an abrupt cataract. Just over the fall a cinder cone, or extinct volcano, stands on the very brink of the canyon. What a conflict of water and fire there must have been here! Just imagine, a river of molten rock running down into a river of melted snow. What a seething and boiling of the waters; what clouds of steam rolled into the heavens!"

From a paddlers viewpoint, Lava Falls is both technical and big. At higher levels, the bottom waves are monsters and break back on themselves. The last big wave at the bottom, which banks off a ramp shaped megachunk of lava can form one of the most fearsome looking exploding waves anywhere. It is possible to miss this last wave, but even when it is breaking back, it does not seem to be a keeper, and it will flush you out after awhile. Fortunately, it is the last big part of the rapid, so you can roll up or swim for shore, as the case may be. You tend to get mesmerized looking at the bottom hole, but you have to worry about getting through all the stuff before this. The rapid is long, over 300 yards. It drops about 50 feet over this distance and the current gets up to 35 miles per hour, so it is the fastest navigable rapid known. It takes only 18 seconds to flush through, even if you flip at the top, but this assumes you miss all the keeper hydraulics and eddies. At the top of the rapid is a 50 foot wide ledge forming a hydraulic which absolutely must be avoided. Large rafts caught here have had the bottoms torn out and I don't know how a small craft or swimmer could get out. The current has to part for this top ledge, but it comes back together with a vengence about 50 feet below, with 8 to 10 foot breaking waves crashing together at 45 degree angles. We first get out on river left to scout this side which is considered the safer route. At least you can avoid the big bottom hole, but this is an extremely technical route through a boulder field with nasty holes and too many places to mess up and get hurt. We paddle to river right to scout this side and climb onto a large lava cliff to watch the rafts run first. They skirt the top ledge on the right, then bounce over the diagonal breakers and caterpillar over the big waves at the bottom. The water level is relatively low, below 10,000 cubic feet, so the bottom wave is not breaking back. Thus, my main concern is the violent breaking waves below the top ledge which are crashing together like cymbals. These waves bounced the 5,000 pound rafts out of the water and I imagine one knocking me silly. Steve and I have about decided to take our chances on the left side, but we stay to watch Eric, then Bill, try the right side. Eric barely skirts the top hole and heads straight for a breaking diagonal wave coming in from the left. He completely disappears, then pops up beyond still upright, and finishes the run in fine style. Bill comes flying past the top ledge, but is a little farther right on the tongue. His first shock is a breaking wave from the right which he surfs to the left into more breakers, but he manages to stay up and ride the current through the big rollers at the end. IT IS MY TURN. After watching Eric and Bill make the right side, I decide to go for it there. After all, this is the last rapid of the trip. Besides, they are taking movies below.

As I approach the top ledge, the water piles up so high I can't see anything beyond, so I am having trouble knowing where I am. On the down side, as I pass the top ledge, I can feel the boat accelerate. I am too far left and start drawing right to meet the first breaker on the right. It is much larger than I expected, at least 8 feet high, and I have to reach up as high as I can to brace. A violent shock on the right. Then quick left brace to catch the opposing breaker from the left. Immediately back to a right brace which almost rips my paddle away. I get over the top, but am dead in the water. I paddle forward furiously to get some momentum. Any boat going slower than current speed is at the mercy of the water and has no chance of clearing the big waves. The last waves appear as big green, snow capped hills, and I really dig in. The last wave is huge and I almost stall out before I lurch over into the clear. I paddle over to the eddy to rest. My heart is pounding and my whole body shaking. As I climb up the rocks to watch Steve, I feel like I am floating and find myself laughing out loud. Steve appears to still plan to run on the left side because he crosses the river and sets up in an eddy above the top ledge. He comes out of the eddy into the tongue and tries to catch another eddy on the left about level with the top hole. But, he hits a rock and although he makes this eddy, we can tell he is in trouble and unsure. After sitting in this eddy a while, he wisely decides to portage Lava Falls and he carries down the left side. No shame in this decision, as Steve is the only one of us who has paddled the entire rest of the river (180 miles) without even one flip. He later confides to me that he had decided not to run Lava Falls even before we left home, so he was not really mentally prepared to try this.

We set up our last camp at Mile 183, below Lava Falls, and the crew of each raft puts on a skit about the trip. The Master of Ceremonies wears a real business suit complete with bow tie, but remains barefoot, naturally. Then, we have a sing-a-long, before we Kayakers review our trip together. We are all pleased with the trip basically, but wish we had not been as rushed, so we could run some rapids several times and take more hikes. We present a Kayak T-shirt to our guide, Jim, for his bravery in trying to Kayak and enshrine him in the Upside Down Boat Club. The paddling record shows I have the most swims (2) and rolls (several). Bill has one swim and a few rolls. Eric has no swims and a few rolls. Steve didn't flip once, which has to be some sort of record.

Eric has to stay with the raft for the next 100 miles to the take out at Pierce Ferry where our van is parked. Bill decides to stay because there is more white water for the next 20 miles, plus some good scenery and hiking. Steve and I elect to take the helicopter out Sunday morning. It is a fitting way to get a final look at this magnificent place. The chopper slowly rises up along the canyon walls and we pass over Lava Falls and Vulcan's Throne for a last look. Twenty four hours later, we are back home and the trip seems like a magic dream.

In summary, I can best express my feelings by quoting Martin Litton, owner of Grand Canyon Dories, "Few things in this world are really beyond description, but it is safe to say that the exhilaration attendant upon entering and running a big Grand Canyon rapid in a small boat is one of them."

One day I plan to return and relive the beauty of the scenery, the tranquility of the Canyon and the challenge of the whitewater. Until then, I have the afterglow to console me.

TWO INCIDENTS

Earle B. Self

In barely more than four weeks, I have witnessed a near-fatality from hypothermia on the Ocoee River and a drowning death on the Chatooga River.

This report is a "think-piece" to make other persons in the paddling community aware of the facts surrounding these two incidents and to stimulate thought and discussion towards solutions. Not everyone will agree with all of my ideas, but I do not ask agreement. I only ask that the problems not be ignored.

The hypothermia incident occurred on May 17th on the Ocoee River on a day during which the air temperature was probably in the high 50's, with the water temperature a few degrees warmer. It was overcast and windy, and the water was moderately high, around 2500 C.F.S. Several kayakers, Huntsville Canoe Club members, were rafting the river in a borrowed raft to provide a member's wife a first look at the river. Above the last rapid before Powerhouse Rapid, we encountered an empty raft. There was another raft nearby, still occupied. Paddling hard, we passed the occupied raft and saw some of the former occupants of the empty raft scrambling to shore on river left. As we passed the occupied raft, I noticed a man sitting on the floor of the raft, apparently unconscious, his head and body being tossed back and forth by the motion of the water. Our immediate concern, however, was a woman remaining in the water who was floating limply downstream head first over the drops. The occupants of the other raft were not being effective in efforts to reach her, nor, indeed, paddling with any real exertion at all. It took a great deal of angry, shouted encouragement from us to move them to paddle hard enough to make an eddy on river right. When all did reach shore, both the swimming woman and the man sitting in the bottom of the raft were taken up the bank and quickly covered, the man with two nude bodies and as much cover as we could commandeer, since it was quickly evident that he was much the worse off of the two. The woman recovered quickly and was laughing about the incident within fifteen minutes. She had an ample pad of body fat. The man, who was very lean, was initially unconscious, or semi-conscious, but shortly began to moan. His shivering was violent enough to visibly bounce the two individuals on top of him. He had been in the water since Tablesaw Rapid.

Although all of us knew the basics of hypothermia rescue, we were fortunate in that Carol Watts, one of the occupants of our raft, was a medical doctor. Shortly, Carol Wright arrived with the van and the victim was taken to the Ocoee Ranger Station, where Carol Watts started a glucose IV. Subsequent inquiry showed that the man was discharged in good condition after a two hour stay at the Bradley County Hospital Emergency Room.

To my surprise, there was a guide in the raft with the occupants. Since he said virtually nothing throughout the entire procedure, except to advise the customers as to where they should pile their equipment, I do not know whether or not he knew anything whatsoever about hypothermia rescue. However, I have been told by the other outfitters that the company involved will rent a raft and equipment to anybody, with or without guide, to float the river at any level, with rudimentary or nonexistent safety instruction. All I can state of my own personal knowledge is that their guides certainly seemed to exhibit no competent leadership in a situation in which one would expect a trained professional to come to the fore.

So much for happy endings. On June 8, I was paddling section IV of the Chatooga River, having gone there to visit my daughter, who is an employee of Southeastern Expeditions, a rafting outfitter. After having had a fairly good day down to Jawbone Rapid, I missed eddy number four in Jawbone and found myself slipping backwards towards Decapitation Rock, where Rick Bernard had drowned the previous October. Having had the benefit of reading the report concerning his death, I had previously decided that, if I found myself in that situation, I would never go under the rock in my boat, and so, when the boat broached against the rock, I exited the boat before it was even completely upside down. I then went under the rock, and the boat, lightened now, went partially around the end, and partially under the rock. I came up downstream of Decap, immediately looking to see where I was in relationship to Hydroelectric Rock. It appeared to me that I would pass safely to the left of the rock, so I reached over and reclaimed my boat, now floating beside me. I missed the first South Carolina rope. When I started down the drop beside Hydro, it became obvious to me that I was going to go under the left overhang of this rock also, so I let go of my boat again. After a long, dark passage and four or five full, breast strokes to get back to the surface, I came up below Hydro and snagged my bow loop once again. Immediately, a rope snaked out from the South Carolina side. Gratefully, I accepted the rope and wished my boat bon voyage over Sock 'Em Dog.

In the pool below, I reclaimed my boat, portaged it back up and ran Sock 'Em Dog without incident. While we were sitting in the pool below, a Hollowform kayak and paddle came floating down and was immediately made the butt of several jokes, since, as regular Chatooga paddlers know, this is a fairly common occurrence in the Five Falls area. After several minutes, I glanced uneasily again at the boat and paddle, which Robert Harrison had recovered with his canoe and wondered why the swimmer hadn't shown up.

Although I was unaware of it at the moment, at the time I

was taking my swim, Lisa Seabacher, of Atlanta was drowning above at Crack in the Rock Rapid, or had started the sequence of events leading to her death.

After several minutes more, a girl did indeed appear on the opposite shore and motioned frantically for the boat. Robert started over with the boat, only to detour back to the South Carolina bank when there was, finally, a call for help from above. Since I was not present during the initial few moments of the rescue attempt nor, of course, during the drowning itself, I must rely largely for part of this account upon those closer to the events.

According to one of Lisa's paddling companions, she had not paddled the Five Falls area before, although she had paddled the remainder of Section Four and portaged the Five Falls area. She had paddled Section Three a number of times. Lisa's paddling companions have since said, I understand, that she was encouraged not to attempt the Five Falls run that day. Apparently, in this case, there was no peer pressure upon her to try something which was "over her head". According to them she flipped in Corkscrew and apparently panicked. She had hold of her boat, and refused to let go of it even after taking a safety rope thrown to her. The boat continued to drag her downstream, and she lost the safety rope. A canoe reached her immediately above Crack and, once again, she was implored to let her boat go. She refused. Events then began to speed up. She went over Left Crack and disappeared. The canoe and its occupant went through Middle Crack and survived. It was shortly discovered that Lisa was pinned up under the undercut ledge in Left Crack, in the same spot where Bob Goeke drowned six years ago.

In the very few minutes between the time Robert had started back up the South Carolina side and I and several others arrived, after renewed calls for more help, Robert had already broached a canoe across the crack and, on belay from Pat Nolen, above, on the rock between middle and left crack, had succeeded in reaching Lisa, although he was not able to get a sufficient pressure on her hand to move her. As it turned out, it required so much force (about ten people) to pull her free, even with the canoe and then also a kayak broached in the slot, Robert would not have been able to hold onto her hand with sufficient strength to transfer our pulling force to her body. Although I did not know it at the time, I have learned since that there is an undercut rock facing upstream just below the surface at the bottom of Left Crack, under which Lisa's body was wedged. Like many others, I only knew that Left Crack was extremely dangerous and that there were rocks in the bottom of the falls. Also, the configuration of the rock in the bottom means that her body could only be freed by pulling her straight upstream. This, Robert knew from having witnessed Bob Goeke's drowning, and this special knowledge made him fast and effective under the circumstances.

There then started long hours of both frustration and courage. The ordeal of applying CPR and mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for hours, while attempting to transport Lisa's bruised and cyanotic body down the bank on the Corkscrew backboard and across Lake Tugaloo was numbing. There's probably nothing to be learned by recounting the details of that journey. I will note, however, that, although I had split off from the main rescue party at Shoulderbone Rapid with my kayak, since there were a sufficient number of persons available to paddle the raft across the lake, and made a lengthy stop at Possum Creek to write notes in the sand to the rescue squad, if they came down to the river that way, I was startled to find when I arrived at the parking lot at the Lake Tugaloo takeout, that my daughter, Debbie Self, Mary Brochman and Betsy Shank were still applying CPR and the ambulance had not yet arrived. I do not yet know the details of why the ambulance took so long.

Now the story of my swim at Jawbone, which I have set out above, is pertinent to this report for two reasons only. First, because I had the benefit of having read an exact and detailed account of Rick Bernard's drowning at Decapitation Rock, I had predetermined that I would not go under the end of the rock in my boat. At no time did I feel truly endangered, because I believed that I was to the left and downstream of the log location, but, in my opinion, no one who has read the detailed account of Rick's drowning, and who is in his right mind, would willingly go under the end of Decapitation Rock in his boat. Hence I hope that this account, and other accounts of Lisa's drowning, will provide other paddlers with the detailed knowledge which they might need to protect themselves. Second, although my boat remained near me throughout my swim, neither safety rope thrown to me hit close enough for me to reach the rope without letting go of the boat. When the last South Carolina rope came towards me, I was fully prepared to leave my boat behind and swim for the rope. Within moments of when I was accepting the rope and leaving my boat, Lisa, above me, was refusing to let go of her boat. The blanket philosophy of "take care of your own equipment - don't inconvenience the other guy", must be exposed for what it is: bum, macho philosophy! People have choked to death at the dinner table, rather than reveal their predicament because they were embarrassed. It is altogether possible that Lisa's death was caused by a combination of panic and embarrassment at having run the rapid against advice, and she simply wanted to avoid the further embarrassment of inconveniencing her paddling partners by making them rescue her equipment.

In my opinion, the beginner and novice should be encouraged to abandon his equipment if he or she feels endangered in the slightest. No one of us experienced paddlers should second guess those individuals and tell them they should have stayed with their equipment. Certainly I have been inconvenienced on some days by persons repeatedly abandoning equipment. I have also informed people that if they did not leave the river by the shortest route, I would not again pick up their equipment. However, after Sunday, June 8th, 1980, I will never again complain. On the other hand, I will not endanger my own life to rescue other people's equipment, and I think that that must be the corollary rule that is taught to beginning paddlers along with the rule that they should not endanger themselves for the sake of equipment.

Next, I feel that more specific safety countermeasures must be taken in known trouble areas. I feel that all outfitters should require their guides to carry carabiners, sturdy knives and whistles readily accessible for emergency signaling. I feel also that all conscientious paddlers who paddle areas such as the Five Falls area regularly should carry the same. Now that the angle of pull required to rescue a victim at Crack in the Rock and some other places is well known, additional pitons must be driven at areas such as Crack, Decapitation Rock and Hydroelectric Rock so that force can be exerted in the proper line. With the use of these pitons and, with several carabiners available for immediate use, the mechanical advantage for pulling can be quickly and easily raised to a factor of four.

Private paddlers should be encouraged to signal for help, particularly to the professional outfitters, who are frequently present near the scene, particularly in the Five Falls area. In Lisa's case, precious minutes were lost while her companions attempted to free her, both by lowering themselves on ropes and, I understand, by their jumping in the eddy above Crack and duplicating her swim in order to attempt to reach her. Meanwhile, immediately down river sat several people who had detailed knowledge of exactly what it would require to extract a victim from that particular spot.

There is planned, in the near future, a symposium or a forum, areawide in nature, which will include the outfitters and the private paddlers who frequent the demanding rivers in the area to discuss ideas and to pool thoughts. The resulting ideas should be published, with the cooperation of the regional canoe club newsletters. Perhaps even the national publications could be involved in this.

Although I understand the Forest Service and TVA's reluctance to act under the circumstances, the outfitters on the Ocoee should be regulated more closely, and they should welcome this regulation. And, although it would not have helped in the hypothermia incident detailed above, I believe that, in particular, the indiscriminate renting of guideless rafts to the general public by establishments in the immediate vicinity of the Ocoee, should be prohibited. This could be done by denying any outfitter, who disobeys this injunction, the use of the river for guided trips. All guides on all rivers in the area should be required to have an annually updated CPR certificate. This is true in some areas with some outfitters, but it is far from uniform. If neither the Forest Service nor the TVA feel inclined to mandate these changes then both the authority and the responsibility should be imposed by legislation. In addition, every concerned paddler who paddles demanding water owes it to himself and his paddling mates to take a CPR course.

Finally, many who read this report will retort that there is no way to make white water recreation totally safe. No one knows that better than I. However, I know of no one who has viewed a drowning victim who is complacent about attempting to make it safer.

FOR SALE: Hollowform kayak, spray skirt, Norse paddle, all for $350. Please write Hoppy Eager, P.O. Box 551, Dahlonega, GA 30533

(It occurs to me that some may mistakenly assume that this is the same boat that was lost by the victim in the above story. Such is not the case. ---Ed.)