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TIME LIMIT

The EDDY LINE

GEORGIA CANOEING ASSOCIATION INC.

POST OFFICE BOX 7023 • ATLANTA, GA 30357 Vol. 19, No. 7 July, 1984

Deadline for material for the next newsletter is the 15th. Submit material to Gary DeBacher, CRM, 1441 Clifton Rd. NE, Atlanta, GA 30322. DO NOT SEND DUES, ADDRESS CHANGES, OR SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS TO THIS ADDRESS. All subscription matters should be addressed to GCA, P.O. Box 7023, Atlanta GA 30357. Please type articles 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 and conservation clippings are also welcome.

NEXT EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING WILL BE THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH AT 7:30 PM, AT THE GEORGIA CONSERVANCY HEADQUARTERS, 3110 Maple Drive NE in Atlanta, near the intersection of Piedmont and Peachtree. Members and interested persons are welcome to attend. However, if you wish to submit any matters for discussion or vote, please call the president or vice president before the meeting so they can plan time on the agenda.

July	1	Chattooga III	3-4, advanced	Jim Farr	634-2272
	1	Cartecay or Nantahala	2-3, sr. interm.	Louis Jacobs	633-3452
	3-6	ACC Whitewater Open Canoe Championships. For info on helping with the race, call Nantahala Outdoor Center, (704) 488-2175			
	7	Chattooga III (Sandy Ford- Woodall Shoals)	3-4, advanced	David Ashley	633-7296
	7	Upper Hooch	2-3, senior intermediate	Dennis Crain	955-5647
	8	Ocoee	3-4+, advanced/expert	Mark & Susan Levine	926-8683
	11	Executive Board Meeting (Note change from usual date to the second Wednesday of July.)			
	14-15	Beginning Kayak Clinic	call Wayne Gentry, 296-5196		
	14	Nantahala	2-3, senior intermediate	Jerry Holladay	688-1842
	14	Upper Hooch	2-3, sr. interm. Trip leader needed, call Marc @ 876-7970		
	15	Wild Card	class 2-3 intermediate	Andy Warshaw	471-8831
	19	(Thursday) Wild Card, class 2 intermediate		Ben Fouts	1-532-3523
	21-22	Beginning Canoe Clinic	call Ron Towe, 435-0903		
	21	Upper Hooch	2-3, senior intermediate	Oreon Mann	522-3469
	22	Nantahala	2-3, " "	" "	
	28	Wild Card	class 3, sr. intermediate	Steve Hoberg	321-3234
	28	Hiwassee	class 2, jr. intermediate	Roger Shepherd	493-7630
	29	Chattooga III	3-4, advanced	Lee Miles	487-8362
	29	Nantahala	2-3, sr. int.	Ben Fouts	1-532-3523

August 4-5 Gala Canoeing Affair. See June Eddy Line for details, or call Mary Miller, H: 371-1897, W: 377-0494. Trips will be run on Chattooga II, III and IV each day. Trip leaders will be listed in the next issue.

HOW TO GET YOUR VEHICLE TOWED AND LOSE $85: Just leave it in a no parking zone near the hwy 115 bridge. White County will have it towed for $30, and will slap you with a $55 parking ticket. Since the dirt parking lot was gated off, parking at 115 is really tight on both sides of the bridge. Try to car- pool if possible, and to leave only one vehicle at the top. I've noticed that the constabulary are checking more often at the takeout for drunks and scalawags. Let's not make their job harder by creating parking and traffic problems at the put-in.

OFF AT THE RACES. Attendance was off, that's what. Everything was run smoothly enough, but for no clear reason, race entries at the GCA-sponsored Southeastern Races were astoundingly low on all three days. On Friday, there were fewer decked boat slalom competitors running the course than there were officials on the bank. Saturday was more satisfying, as there were a few more boats overall, including several national- caliber slalom open competitors. Several present or past GCA members performed very well on the course. Mark Warren made a beautiful run in a Blue Hole OCA to top the standard canoe division. Nolan Whitsell paddled one of his new ABS boats. It was fast and ran dry as Nolan covered the course rapidly, but he picked up too many 10's for clipping one or another pole. Various combinations of Sparks and Georges competed effectively in the tandem classes.

As boat inspector, I was acutely aware of the low entry, and had much less to do than usual. I slept out on the course Thursday and Friday night to guard the slalom gates, but either I got there too late after dark on Thursday, or woke too late on Friday morning, because when I checked the course at 6:50 AM, the first five gates had been cut from the roadside bank. Fortunately several folks rousted themselves out of bed immediately when warned, and we had all gates back up by 8:30 AM, in plenty of time to greet the small contingent of decked boat competitors. I arrived at dusk Friday evening with a powerful flashlight and patrolled with aggressive absurdity until after midnight, but of course nothing happened.

I'm sure Roger Nott will type up a note of specific appreciation for the many GCA members who helped with the event. I'll just say that Roger worked hardest of all and deserves much applause.

I'm sure we will not run the race again unless we can reasonably expect more competitors. There was no significant change in our pattern of advertizing the race. While we were left off the national ACA race calendar because of their very early deadline, this is a 16 year old event which is surely part of everyone's mental expectations for mid- June. One factor I noticed is that we no longer attracted large entries from Georgia State and Georgia Tech. There has been a steady decline in the entries from these schools over the past four races. Another factor is that there are not as many serious decked boat competitors spending summer near the Nantahala this year. So possibly this year's low entry is not so much a statistical abberation as the expression of gradual loss of interest amongst several paddling constituencies. Anyone with serious racing interests is encouraged to contact me or the GCA Executive Board on this matter. ---Ed.

Summer paddling season is here, and it might be a good idea to re-read your guidebook on river safety suggestions. If you do not have a guidebook (the book that describes the rivers in the state, and gives the club by-laws), please contact us; every member is entitled to one free.

THE GCA REQUIRES A LIFE JACKET TO BE WORN ON CLUB SPONSORED TRIPS. On private trips, do what you like. But on a club trip, wear the life jacket!

GCA bylaws require that a first aid kit and a throw rope be present on every club sponsored trip. It is the trip leader's responsibility to insure this. If you do not have them, you can borrow the club's.

The trip leader's decisions are FINAL. He/she may refuse to allow a person on the trip if they have improper equipment, are drunk, etc. GCA members should not litter, or trespass on posted property, and we should be polite to fishermen and try not to get tangled up in their lines.

If we try to follow these guidelines of safety and courtesy, we should all have a good season of paddling in 1984.

.....

Congratulations to our Conservation chairman, Marcia Bansley, for being named Water Conservationist of the Year by the Georgia Wildlife Federation.

.....

Women's Open Canoe Clinic, June 2,3

I had anticipated that with such a specialized clinic we would have a small turn-out, but such was not the case. We had an enthusiastic and eager group of four tandems and eight solos.

The group convened at the Decatur Recreation Center Friday night for preliminary discussion and whitewater films. Saturday morning was spent on Lake Jackson practicing strokes and manuevers. That afternoon we paddled the Alcovy River, putting in at Henderson Mill and taking out at Factory Shoals Bridge. The Broad River became our playground Sunday as various paddlers practiced the necessary aspects of canoeing - eddyturns, peelouts, ferries, surfing, and swimming. The clinic participants showed a mastery of new skills and proved to be enthusiastic and willing canoeists. Those participating were Barbara Williams, Joanie Cathey, Alice Chelton, Phyllis Wolfe, Betty Davenport, Brenda Manning, Kay Boring, Susan Lilly, Geneva Nelson, Salena Lynch, Sandra Towe, Priscilla Stone, Diane Coggins, Betty DeFreese, Carmel Modica, and Sandy Adams.

My special thanks and appreciation go to all the instructors that helped to make the clinic a success: Nancy Barker, Mary Miller, Helen Sparks, Bronwyn Fowlkes, and Polly Heywood. An extra thank you goes to Mary Miller for providing the Recreation Center Friday night. I also would like to thank Mr. & Mrs. Ray Bryant for allowing us to put in on their property Saturday afternoon and the FFA-FHA camp for providing us with lake access Saturday morn.

Bettina George, clinic coordinator

FOR SALE: Red Blue Hole, OCA 3817, outfitted with floatation. Includes Norse Paddles and Harishok life jackets. All for $600. Call Gus Elliott at 942-0499 after 5.

FOR SALE: HI-PRO Lettman Mark IV KAYAK, with Kober paddle, spray skirt, float bags, helmet, life jacket. This is a high-volume boat, very well-suited for even the larger paddler. Boat and accessories in excellent condition. $500. Call 921-3479 evenings.

FOR SALE: Mohawk Whitewater, ABS Canoe. Outfitted with Perception saddle. Very good condition - $550.00 John Oakley, 939-9061

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Nacoochee Section of Upper Chattahoochee, Sunday June 3.

Just three tandems made this perfect- conditions run in laurel season, Ellie and me in the Tripper, Ron Tansell and friend Wilson (or was it Watson?) in a smaller Old Town, and Jim Watson (or was it Wilson?) and son Mike in an Explorer. We put in as high as possible on Sautee Creek and enjoyed every foot of the way on down. There are, unfortunately, a few new second homes on the Nacoochee, and a new mid-run bridge which probably belongs to a private development. However, we had high, clear water (the 115 gauge was 3.4) and clear blue skies, so when we reached hwy 255, Ellie volunteered to shuttle down to 115 so we could paddle the Smith Island section.

It's been so many years since my few runs at Smith Island that everything seemed different. Some things sure are different, like the house up the left bank with the field below stripped of natural vegetation. I cautioned the others that the swimmers on the left bank might include the fellow who gets so upset when folks scout on "his" island, so that if anyone took on water, we would need to bail or rescue downstream. We made the run without any unusual clumsiness, however, and the island itself looked as grand as ever. Ellie had staked out a reading rock and was disappointed to see us so soon, so we poked on down to 115, ran shuttle and fought the boats up the banks. Next year again, perhaps?

---Gary DeBacher

USFS BUREAUCRACY TALKS TURKEY. You will gather from a USFS letter published in this issue that the Forest Service wants organized groups to apply in advance for permits to run the Chattooga. Whether GCA trips qualify as organized is open to question, but even more debatable is the need for restricting use of the Chattooga, and the question of the extent to which river traffic should be reduced even on peak weekends.

As for the Nantahala, probably most would agree that summer weekend use creates parking, traffic and access problems which may need alleviation. But the arrangement proposed by USFS officials at a recent meetingat NOC was that organized groups like GCA would have to obtain an $800 permit each year! You read it right, $800, from clubs with budgets that are, at most, a few thousand. And such clubs would still be forbidden to run the river on most summer Saturdays. (About Sundays I'm not so sure.)

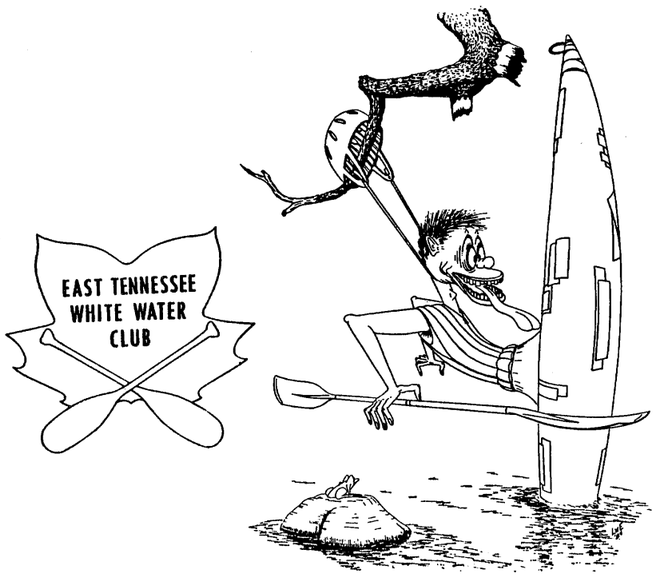
Under such circumstances GCA would surely quit running club trips on the Nantahala, and possibly on the Chattooga also. Would that mean fewer paddlers? No, but it would probably cause less car-pooling, and lower safety levels on the rivers, especially for our less-experienced paddlers. There are plenty of ways to evade such regulations, but the better course is to have our elected representatives bend the political ear of the Forest Service so they listen to reason.

Personally, I think that GCA schedules too many summer trips on the Chattooga and Nantahala--- maybe on the Upper Hooch and Ocoee also. I think that as groups and individuals, we need to recognize that these rivers are over-used on summer weekends, and act accordingly. Some of us have the sort of jobs where we can paddle on weekdays and work Saturdays. I think we should approach the USFS and work out some voluntary restrictions on summer club trips. But I don't think we should have to ask permission months in advance, or buy costly permits. Pushing the experienced club organizations off these rivers will only increase the anarchy on the rivers.

And while we're on the subject of the Chattooga, there has been a rash of drunken parties on the banks of the river with some incidents of rock- throwing and firing rifles over the heads of paddlers. Part of this problem is caused by the continued failure of USFS to close approach roads on the Georgia side. They excuse themselves from this legislatively mandated responsibility because they say these scabby jeep tracks are Rabun County roads which the County refuses to cede to the Forest Service. The real reason*is that locals set some forest fires when USFS originally tried to gate some roads. Since then, the USFS people have directed all their regulatory attention at the paddlers.

Think about these things, members, and get ready to bang on doors and write letters. --Ed.

*Retraction: USFS has gated all roads except those controlled by Rabun County. The County has refused to deed these roads over to the Forest Service, although USFS has requested this on several occasions. -Ed.



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GCA PRESIDENTIAL SERIES*

LETTER I

Dear Anna Belle: 5/29/84

Today I have finally found time to answer your request for recollections of my year as President of the GCA. I began by reading the GCA newsletters from the first two years. It was fun to be reminded of old paddling friends and the good times we had together on those early trips.

In 1967 with Bill Crawford as President, we organized as a club with a constitution, by-laws, a newsletter and our first club trips. In 1968 I became President and the process continued. We put out fatter and more regular newsletters edited by none other than Anna Belle Close. The rivers we paddled included the various sections of the Chattahoochee, the Etowah, Chattooga, Nantahala, Toxaway, Broad, Green, Little Tennessee and Oconee. We conducted training courses at Camp Chattahoochee and the Stone Mountain Lake. By the end of '68 we had 66 members paying annual dues of $3 each.

Several impressions come to mind in thinking about those years. Perhaps the most obvious is the extent to which paddling skills and knowledge have improved since then--at least, in part, I think, as a product of the training programs, mutual encouragement and shared experiences provided by the GCA. In 1968 the preferred boat was the Grumman shoe keel and no one had thought of adding extra flotation. We had seen a few Folboats but no rigid kayaks. One of our members, Ben Palmlen, did paddle an early version of the Royalex ABS boat. Many of our members had learned to paddle in wood and canvas boats and consequently had a dread of hitting rocks that is unknown today. The newsletter warned prospective trip participants that the Nantahala and section 2 of the Chattooga were for advanced paddlers and that if the water level on the Chattooga was above 1.25' the trip would be cancelled. The Nantahala was listed as class 4-5. Some of us, though, were already running section 4 of the Chattooga on unofficial trips with just the most experienced of our paddlers. It is interesting that although we regularly portaged Bull Sluice and Corkscrew and ran the sneak chute at Seven-Foot, we often ran Woodall Shoals, Jawbone and Crack-in-the-Rock and some even attempted Soc-em-Dog on our first section 4 trip. In reading accounts of those trips, I'm impressed with how quickly the water has worn away the rock at some rapids in the last fifteen years so that the drops are not nearly as high as they used to be.

We also received our initiation into whitewater competition in 1967. The Closes, Terrys and Kennedys travelled together to the Angel Falls-Devil's Jump Canoe Race. This was a 30-mile race on the South Fork of the Cumberland that was the USCA national championship race in 1968. Although the serious racers in their 18'6" boats with their seated switching-style paddling went by so fast that we hardly had time to observe their technique, Aurelia and I won the aluminum boat C2-M class. We were hooked and began talking about a race on the Nantahala. The following July the GCA sponsored the first Nantahala Race.

One other impression is the extent to which the GCA was truly a family club. On most trips many entire families participated. Often there were non-paddling activities for family members. On the Etowah trip we did gold panning at Blackburn State Park and had a slide show by the Ranger as well as a group sing. On easy trips we often took even the younger children along in the canoes. With no extra flotation, it was easier to carry an extra person, and we even had to warn new participants not to plan to paddle with three persons in the canoes on more difficult trips. On the more difficult trips a few adults often stayed around camp to take care of the younger children.

It may be of interest to currently active members with children to know that the early introduction and heavy involvement has stimulated a continuing interest in paddling and outdoor activities for the Kenneday children. All four of our children have remained active paddlers as adults. Cathy is married to an NOC veteran guide Jim Holcombe and is raising two future paddlers and guiding whenever she can get a day off from training them. Frances and her husband are in the landscaping business in Raleigh, own a canoe and paddle frequently on vacations. John, after a few years of intense whitewater training and competition, has settled down as manager of the NOC Ocoee Outpost. After a few years when he didn't want to paddle, Stewart has now become one of our strong NOC guides and spends most of his time at the Chattooga.

Best regards,

/s/ Payson Kennedy

* The GCA Board expressed an interest in hearing from former members, so the Historian has contacted a number of the early GCA Presidents, asking them to let us have a word or two from them regarding their memories, achievements and present activities. John Payson Kennedy has been the first to respond to the request and has done so in the form of a letter to the Historian.

Exploration Report--- Crossing Metro Atlanta by Canoe.

If there is one stream which can be most truly said to cross Atlanta, it is South Peachtree Creek. It zigzags in from Clarkston under Stone Mountain Expressway, ducks below North DeKalb Mall and through the Medlock neighborhood north of Decatur. It then crosses through Emory University and into Atlanta's city limits, meandering under I-85 to be joined by North Peachtree. Wide by then if not always deep, it runs west to join the Chattahoochee just below the Atlanta Water Works.

I work at Emory and live upstream near Medlock Park. Although I knew that a Piedmont stream with the average flow of South Peachtree would typically be quite unrunnable, I had seen how the storm surges running off suburban roofs and pavements could fill this creek and flush it clear of most obstacles. Timing would be critical, since there was at most a two or three hour time interval following heavy rain when the creek passed from being too high to too low.

Several times in '83 and the spring of '84, I found the creek filled to the right level but at the wrong time of day. Since I did not know how many portages and dragovers would be needed, I wanted at least 7 hours of daylight to deal with all obstacles and reach the Chattahoochee. I had little information other than what I could see from the bridges. I knew from lower Peachtree residents that canoes were seen there on occasion, and I was sure someone must have paddled South Peachtree from Emory, perhaps Claude Terry, who used to be on the microbiology faculty years ago. But I'd forgotten to ask Claude on the few occasions we ran into one another, so the only paddler with specific information was Stan Landers, who put in on the North Fork at LaVista Road several years ago and crossed the city to Moores Mill.

Finally in late May we had a good overnight rain, too good in fact, since the creek was right up under the Clairmont Road bridges when I checked it in the morning. So I put in half a day at work and checked again after lunch. Enough water but dropping fast. This might be the last chance in '84, so I went home and loaded my thirteen foot Mad River Compatriot.

Ellie dropped me off in Medlock Park, where the creek was running opaque brown in a channel not much wider than the boat was long. It was overcast and cool with a brisk northwest breeze. Once down the muddy bank and in the boat, I found there was just enough water to maneuver around bushes and logs. Within sight of the Willivee Road bridge was the first portage, a logjam where a tree had spanned the creek. Then I entered a wooded and rocky area with occasional bumpy rapids and some giant sewer-line footbridges. Some beaver crashed out of their bankside burrow and into the water. I passed between the southern boundary of Mason Mill Park and some luxury home lots at the north end of Superior Road. Some city maps show those homesites as part of the park, and I hope DeKalb County was not stupid enough to sell it.

Creeks from north and south increased the flow, but I had a couple of drag-over logjams in a river-bottom section before crossing under Clairmont and into the Emory President's Grounds. I would have liked to take a turn around Candler Lake, but couldn't spare the time. There were a few daytime joggers and walkers on the paved trails, but not expecting to see someone in a canoe, they looked right past me.

The section from Emory down to Johnson Road has the best scenery on South Peachtree, with plenty of old-growth forest, rocky outcrops, a good current and occasional small rapids. Of course the biggest drops are hidden by the Houston Mill dam, a 15 foot drop that I portaged left along the track of the millrace. Once past Clifton, Briarcliff and Johnson Road bridges, the gradient slackened and the creek began to meander between high banks and sandbars. Past Lenox Rd. the logjams were more frequent. Most I was able to sneak because the creek was just low enough to enable a slow approach and then a final hard stroke before diving low in the stern behind the ethafoam kneeling block. The forest was wide on both sides: this patch of floodplain had so far discouraged development. Progress seemed slow because South Peachtree meandered so incredibly. I could hear the heavy traffic on Cheshire Bridge long before I finally reached it. Past the bridge was a low, rocky rapid and then quieter water. The left bank had been built high in a landfill operation, for the little industrial park off Faulkner Road. Cunningham Printers, who handled our club newsletter for so many years before going out of business, was located up there. Soon the forest built up again on both sides, and just as I drew within earshot of I-85, I saw some folks camped in backpacking tents up on a landspur.

Moreland and DOT had built up a spacious artificial channel with banks of fist-sized rocks under I-85; it will probably remain safe even when the natural channel is too high to run. The creek and I were joined by the North Fork, and more beaver cannonballed into the water as I paddled into a defile above Piedmont Road which deserves to be named Kudzu Kanyon. Must have been after 4 because I could see rush-hour traffic flowing north. A block below the bridge was the one really substantial rapid on the trip, a five-foot drop across the river with boiling water slanting down a channel from right bank to center. A Compatriot fills pretty easily, and breaks too, but I managed to run without swamping as a fisherman watched anxiously from the bank.

The section between Piedmont and Peachtree was generally the least interesting part of the trip, notwithstanding the one rapid and some impressive stands of bamboo. Urban runoff had stripped a wide, shallow river bed between high sandy banks. I made good time in spite of a headwind. Past Peachtree the scene improved again, with the Bobby Jones golf course and the large trees of Atlanta Memorial Park. Expensive homes started appearing on both banks. Then after a passsage under an I-75 bridge rumbling with rush-hour traffic, wilder patches of old-growth forest appeared.

I had no problem with logjams down here, but a couple of small, older sewer lines just above water level provided difficult pullovers. A little green heron found me worrisome and kept fleeing downstream in hopes I would go away. Nancy Creek entered from the right, so I knew the trip would soon be over. The sun was out again, the forest was magnificent, and I was not in any hurry to reach the Chattahoochee and deal with the take-out problem. Once there, I saw that the Atlanta Water Works had provided a small boat dock just upstream. In spite of high water, a stiff current and headwind, I reached it and tied up immediately.

The elderly caretaker let me use the phone and helped me explain to Ellie how to find the Waterworks. I portaged the boat and gear up many steps in two trips and tried to find a place out in the sun but out of the breeze. There were a few slalom gates hung down on the river, and the caretaker said that David Jones often came down in the evening to train in his kayak. He then invited me inside where it was warm, and we listened to the Braves game on the radio as he talked about his years at the Waterworks and his impending retirement. Ellie appeared sooner than expected, and I was soon on my way home.

I was on the creek about five hours without any lengthy delays, so I would guess the mileage from Medlock Park to the Chattahoochee to be somewhere between twelve and fifteen miles. I enjoyed the trip and will probably do it again sometime. While it does not require a lot of whitewater-type skills, it does call for well-developed judgement about water levels (note that I did not run the stream in flood), extreme care around obstacles like sewer lines and logjams, and some strength and resourcefulness for pullovers and portages. Atlanta metro creeks are definitely not for inexperienced paddlers. However, I do not feel in the least guilty about doing things like this alone; in fact I would never want more than three boats under such circumstances, because you just spend a lot of time waiting for one another. But I should apologise for not calling a couple of people who had previously expressed interest in South Peachtree; I just didn't know until the last minute that this weekday lark would be feasible. ---Gary DeBacher

TALKING ROCK CREEK MAY 5-6, 1984

The creek ran Georgia red, and the water level was higher than our trips of the last two years. The bump and grind shoals were covered with ample flow, and our first day was a brisk-paced jaunt down easy class I rapids. The air temperature was warm, and the sun shone brightly at intervals. Blooming rhodedendron and dogwood lined the canyon walls - purple violets of several varities added a splash of ground color.

We arrived at Cave Bluff shortly after lunch, and secured the excellent campsite there. This site offers a variety of activities - good rapids for ferrying, practicing eddy turns and peel-outs, and at this water level, a monster hole to surf just below the bluff, where Dan MacIntyre and Wayne Trowell impressed us all. Anyone who paddles this stream should plan to take the short, but steep, trail to the top of the bluff. The view is one of the most spectacular in North Georgia.

Sunday morning started at the relaxed, deliberate pace which canoe camping allows. The section below Cave Bluff is very different from that upstream; the gradient and difficulty of the rapids increase significantly. High water gave this section a different character than we had experienced on previous trips. Almost every rapid increased in difficulty by one class, and two-foot-plus waves were frequent. About one mile below Cave Bluff there is a long, quiet pool which marks the entrance to Zig-Zag, a 150 yard long rapid which, at normal water levels, is a very technical class II series of ledges requiring a lot of maneuvering just to avoid the pillowed rocks. High water made this a class III+, and we took to the bank below the initial drop to scout the ledges that followed. The lower right side has two Volkswagen size boulders and a BIG hole beneath - not exactly the perfect route for a 16 foot canoe with 150 pounds of camping gear. Everyone managed to avoid this except Carey and Bryan Becker, who took the only spill of the trip. Camping gear, coolers, boats and swimmers were quickly recovered with no more than bruises, thanks to the excellent cooperation of the group. The stream continued with several class II ledges, and more class I rapids than usual.

This is the second GCA trip we have led, and it certainly won't be the last. The opportuinty to meet new friends who share an enthusiasm for paddling, an appreciation for the natural beauty of places like Talking Rock Creek and whose pleasant companionship made the trip most rewarding, is one that we welcome.

Paddling OC-1 were Paul Barr and Wayne Trowell; tandem were Carey and Bryan Becker, Robb Kerr and Allison Winters, Dan and Elise MacIntyre, and the trip leaders Doug and Brenda Bridges.

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FOR SALE: PERCEPTION C-1 PADDLE, 58", EXCELLENT CONDITION, $45.00. NORSE K-1 PADDLE, 84", RIGHT HAND CONTROL, VERY GOOD CONDITION, $39.00. HANK MILES, (404) 487-8362.

FOR SALE: PHOENIX C-1, FIBRELASTIC, good condition. Walbridge sprayskirt, 56" Perception paddle. $300 Call JIMMY DUNCAN (404) 998-1896 (home) (404) 447-4433 (work)

Chatooga Section III, Saturday, May 12, 1984, Gauge Reading 2.4: This is the first time I've run Section III at this level. I've run it many times under 2 and once at 3, but this was a real exploratory trip. Our party consisted of Jay Kessler, C-1; Andy Yonce, Tal Dryman, Bruce Williams, Dave Lambeth, Kitty Kock and Skip Kock, K-1; and myself, ME. The weather was wonderful. The water was very interesting. We put in at Sandy Ford. The Narrows was no harder than normal, but there was not the usual big pool at the bottom. A wipe out would have resulted in a longer swim. The hole at the bottom of Second Ledge was much bigger. One could not drop over sideways as can sometimes be done. The one boat that tried it was eaten. The water was bigger but the river was not significantly harder or different until you got to the Bull. In addition to the normal run, there was a single drop going over Decapitation Rock. None of the boats in our party, or any others seen, attempted the double drop. The hole at the bottom of the first drop was very impressive and we all immediately realized that we wanted nothing to do with it. The tongue going over Decap was not hard to catch, but a big hole awaited at the bottom. It was not nasty looking like the one on the first drop of the normal run but big. It was too much for my ME, but we saw a Blue Hole, with the paddler sitting way to the rear, run it with no problems. Some of the decked boats ran it clean; others were stopped as if they ran into a wall, requiring good braces, rolls or swims. I believe all of the decked boaters in our party who attempted it made it. Some expressed extreme joy (waving paddles and screaming) after clearing the hole. A very good trip.
----Jerry W. Holladay.

Chattooga II at 1.9.....Sat May 20....

We had beautiful sunburny skies, garlands of blooming mountain laurel, and clouds of hungry gnats for this trip. We also had a few traffic jams on the river. There were a number of clinics being taught. We had an early lunch stop at Turn Hole to let some of the groups get ahead of us, but caught up with them at Big Shoals, where we had to wait awhile in an eddy up-river until there was room enough to pull out on the scouting rock. Several members of our group were testing new equipment or skills. Cora Mick had recently switched from tandem canoe to kayak, and this was her first trip on anything other than a swimming pool. After a shakey start, she had a clean run of Big Shoals and did fine the rest of the trip. Mark Nagy came up from Augusta to attempt something more difficult than the Savannah, and he also had a good run. The ¼ mile takeout was the hardest part of the trip, but our progress was slow enough to admire some lovely stands of Ladies' Slippers growing right by the trail.
Trip participants were: tandem canoe: Bruce Oliver & his sister, Havis Johnson & Peggy Miller, Hank & Madeline Dearborn and their dog (who wore a life jacket), Larry & Gail Thompson, and Bill Smith & his wife. Kayakers were Mark Nagy, Cora Mick, Pete Van Veld, and myself, Laura Jordon.

Chattooga III, May 20.
The level was 1.8. Skies were clear. Everything was just about perfect. We had a small group, and no one felt compelled to hurry this fine afternoon. Consequently it was a leisurely 6 hour trip from Sandyfjord to the Bull. All had ample time to exercise their water skills and soak up the sun. But still, ignorance reared its ugly and incomprehensible head. Somewhere in the flat badlands before Painted Rock, the Vocal Yocal Incident occurred. We honestly were minding our own business when some locals, who were illegally camped and cooking on the Georgia bank, greeted Andy with a storm of rocks and abuse when he parked in an eddy near their beach. Two young men luxuriously insulted our lineage and our boats. They were as drunk as a five- eyed goat. Our space age armor got us through the hailstorm of stones. All paddlers take heed: Beware staggering natives. Despite the black mark on the afternoon, we still had a good time.

The five man K-1 crew consisted of Glen Clemments, Andy Yonce, Jeff Langford, Leon Couey and myself. Thanks, guys, for keeping cool.

Happy trails--- Lee Miles

Editor's note: Lee, your spelling is great, but you need a new typewriter ribbon. I spoke with John Hicks of Southeastern Expeditions this morning about these incidents. He stresses that the Forest Service is most anxious to have you call them and report such happenings. They are unable to patrol the entire river, but they will check trouble spots which become the temporary favorite haunts of Yahoos. John says the particular access road to the river where these incidents occurred has already been gated off. Supposedly the only non- gated roads on section III are the ones to Sandy Ford and Earls Ford, which belong to Rabun County. If incidents are reported very promptly, the rangers may be able to get to the scene before the drunks stagger away.