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The EDDY LINE

POST OFFICE BOX 7023 • ATLANTA, GA 30357

VOLUME 28 NO. 10 (404)421-9729 October 1993

The Apalachee River "By The Book"

by Dan Roper

I love Otey's "Northern Georgia Canoeing". The pages of my copy are tattered from frequent use, and have come loose from the binding. But occasionally I find it misleading. This may lead to unexpected pleasures. The Hudson River (section E to F), for example, defies its bland description with numerous shoals, mild rapids, and pretty scenery. I recently discovered the flip-side on the Apalachee River near Madison, Georgia.

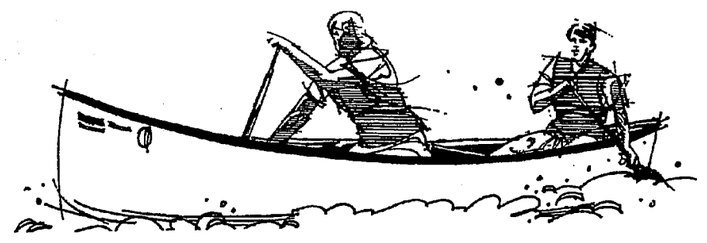
Due to the dry weather, I was looking for a large river, and section O to R of the Apalachee seemed to fit the bill. According to Otey, the Apalachee is runnable year round, and I could expect to encounter class II rapids in the first mile, and a mild gradient of five feet per mile for the remaining five miles.

The initial two miles lived up to their reputation. The rapids, beginning at the railroad trestle, are scenic and enjoyable. There are two drops of five or six feet. The first on the extreme left and the second just left of center. At lower water levels, these are class II, but at higher levels, they should rate a solid class IV.

After the rapids, the river narrows and becomes more shallow, meandering around curves and numerous sand bars. This tranquility is misleading. Below access point P, the gentle, scenic river apparently enters the impenetrable Oconee River floodplain, fanning out, dividing, sub-dividing, and re-dividing until the paddler is faced with little more than trickles of water in tiny channels clogged with deadfalls.

For most of the last three miles, I was forced to drag my canoe, pulling it over, around and under dozens of log jams. It was hot. I thought of the Nantahala and the Cartecay. I seriously considered abandoning my canoe and striking out on foot for the nearest help. Did Otey REALLY float this section?

Just before the take-out, a few of the channels merge to provide sufficient water to paddle. Thus the river appears form this vantage point to be navigable. Don't be fooled! Unless you enjoy punishment of this sort, don't plan a trip for section P to R of the Apalachee River.



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"Allnut was acquiring a taste for riverine dangers -- rapid running can become as insidious a habit as morphine-taking..."
-From C. S. Forrester's "The African Queen", submitted by Dan Roper.

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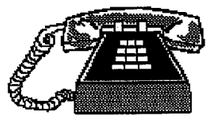
Who Ya Gonna Call?



The following list is provided for your convenience:

For general information about the club - Call the club telephone number, 421-9729, and leave a message. Someone will get back to you.

To volunteer to help with club business - Call President Jim Silavent at 587-1172 or contact the committee chairperson for your area of interest.

For information on payment of dues or membership status - Call Treasurer Ed Schultz at 266-3734.

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

To sign up to lead a club trip - Call Cruisemaster Adrian Freeman at 995-9023.

For change of address or for Eddy Line subscription information - Call Ed Schultz at 266-3734 or Scott Wilhelm at 449-3835.

If you didn't receive your Eddy Line - Call Ed Schultz at 266-3734 or Scott Wilhelm at 449-3835.

For information on GCA clinics - Call the clinic coordinator listed on the clinic schedule, or call Canoe Training Directors Barney and Sherry Spurr at 461-8760, or Kayak Training Director John Bell at 404-345-5504.

For information on roll practice - Call Roll Practice Coordinator Mark Brown at 448-4636 (H) or 992-3200 (W).

For information on placing want ads in the Eddy Line - Call Newsletter Editor Allen Hedden at 426-4318, or see "To place an ad" in the Want Ad section of the Eddy Line.

For information on commercial ads - Call Advertising Director Barry Hahn at 252-9538.

For water level information - Call the number for the particular river listed in the back of the GCA Directory, or call the TVA Water Resources Line at 800-238-2264.

Board Meetings

Georgia Canoeing Association Board of Directors meetings are held on the first Thursday of each month. All members are encouraged to attend. The meetings are held at the Atlanta Jewish Community Center on Peachtree Street at Brookwood Station beginning at 7:30 P.M. Ask at the front desk for the room location, as it varies from month to month. If you have an item for discussion, please call President Jim Silavent at 587-1172 so he can add your item to the agenda. Attending Board meetings is a great way to become more involved with the GCA.

GCA Officers

President	Jim Silavent
Vice President	Evelyn Hopkins
Secretary	David Newbern
Treasurer	Ed Schultz
Cruisemaster	Adrian Freeman
Newsletter Editor	Allen Hedden
Membership Director	Scott Wilhelm
Kayak Training Director	John Bell
Canoe Training Directors	Barney & Sherry Spurr

Submitting EDDY LINE Material

Deadline for material to be submitted for publication in the next EDDY LINE is the fifth of the month, i.e., for the January issue, material should be submitted no later than December fifth. The editor must receive all articles, trip reports and classified ads by the deadline or they WILL NOT be published in the next issue. If you have access to a computer, please submit articles or trip reports on a 5-1/4 or 3-1/2 inch IBM/DOS formatted disk as an ASCII file labeled with a ".txt" file extension, or as a text file on a 3-1/2 inch high density MacIntosh formatted disk, and include a printed copy (Disks will be returned only if specifically requested). We can also accept Word Perfect version 5.0, 5.1, and 5.2, and Microsoft Word for Windows files in IBM/DOS format, as well as some other word processing program files. Contact Newsletter Editor Allen Hedden at 426-4318 for specifics. TO SUBMIT ARTICLES VIA MODEM, Call Allen at 426-4318 for instructions. Our modem supports most transmission speeds and protocols. All classified ads will be run for two months unless otherwise requested. Send all material to: Allen Hedden, 2923 Piedmont Drive, Marietta, Ga. 30066. Hand-written or phoned in material CANNOT be accepted. Your cooperation is deeply appreciated.

THE EDDY LINE is a publication of the Georgia Canoeing Association, Inc. Views and opinions expressed in articles and editorials are those of the writer and do not necessarily represent the official views and policies of the club. Articles and trip reports are edited only for grammar, punctuation, spelling, vulgar or obscene language, and to fit in allocated space. No substantive changes are made in any material published herein. THE EDDY LINE is not copyrighted, and all material published herein and not individually designated as copyrighted may freely be copied, reprinted, republished or otherwise disseminated to any other paddling organization. Credit is appreciated.

CLASSIFIED ADS

TO PLACE AN AD - Want ads are free to dues-paid GCA members. Send your type-written ad to: Allen Hedden, 2923 Piedmont Dr., Marietta, Ga. 30066. NO PHONED-IN OR HAND-WRITTEN ADS. All ads will be run for two issues unless otherwise requested.

FOR SALE - Ladies 19" UNIVEGA 18sp touring bike, great condition, many extras, cost over $500, sell for $150. Also accessories: hard shell helmet, $20; trunk mount rack, $15; panniers, $25/pair; low-rider front pannier rack, $10. Call Kitty, 604-9112 (h) or 885-3193 (w).

FOR SALE - Canoes/kayak: Mohawk XL14 canoe, solo/tandem paddling thwarts, solo air bags, $500. Old Town Discovery 158 canoe, $350. 14 ft. Kevlar canoe, $100. Perception Dancer XS kayak, air bags, spray skirt, used twice, $450. Dennis Crain 633-6487.

FOR SALE - Canoe, solo, Mohawk XL-13, air bags, pedestal seat, thigh straps and ankle supports. Excellent condition. $600. Barbara of Rick: 448-9245.

FOR SALE - Canoe, 1992 Dagger Encore solo white water canoe. Wood gunwales. Fully outfitted. Skid plates. Great white water canoe. $650. 404-531-9369.

FOR SALE - Canoe: Dagger Genesis solo white water canoe, excellent condition, professional outfitting, including Perception saddle, Yakima pegs, nylon floatation, $595. If no answer, please leave message on answering machine and I will call back. 706-232-3726.

FOR SALE - Canoe, Dagger Impulse - teal with yellow air bags, Dagger pedestal, Perception thigh straps, Yakima foot braces, well practiced roll. $550. Scott 4441-0008.

FOR SALE - Need a good, basic computer? Motorola 286 with 20meg hard drive, 1.2 meg floppy, 1 meg ram, graphics package, mouse, expanded keyboard, b/w monitor, dos, lotus. Cost lots, sell for $300 obo. Call Kitty, 604-9112 (h) or 885-3193 (w).

FOR SALE - Kayaks (2): red Perception Reflex (plastic) with spray skirt, air bags and custom back pad. Hand-painted Santa Fe deck-art. $400. Clear Phoenix Slipper (fiberglass) in good condition, $150. All boats stored indoors. Also: Harmony K-1 spray skirt for small cockpit (Dancer, etc.), like new, $50. Jeff Lankford - Dallas 214-321-7447 (home). Will transport (somehow).

FOR SALE - Kayak, Jedi. Recently outfitted, great condition! $450 firm. 850-1888 (h) 604-3940 (w). Andy.

FOR SALE - Kayak: Prijon T-Canyon. Very good condition. $500. James Gathany 404-370-1233 evenings, 404-639-3471 days.

FOR SALE - Kayak: Perception Mirage, Sea-1 paddle, air bags, skirt, helmet, PFD, cockpit cover/gear bag, paddling jacket, waterproof bag, extra paddle. All excellent condition. $325. Call Tim Kelly or Bill Leonard, 572-6914.

FOR SALE - Kayak, Prijon T-Slalom, $300. Have float bags, spray skirt and cockpit cover. Also, Dagger wood paddle - $100. Hank Klausman 587-0499.

FOR SALE - Yakima tower rack with locks, fits cars with rain gutters. Almost new. $85. Yakima kayak saddle and straps, never used, $100 value, $50. Perception Harmony paddle, 196cm, used 4 times, $95. NOC skirt (small), fits Dancer and other small cockpit boats. Patagonia paddling jacket, grey, (medium), $25. Call Kitty, 604-9112 (h) or 885-3193 (w).

FOR SALE - Avita Rowing Machine. Stay in shape cheap and easy! Cost over $300, sell for $75. Precor stair stepper, cost over $300, sell for $125. Everything in good condition. Call Kitty, 604-9112 (h) or 885-3193 (w).

FOR SALE - Water purifiers, NSA, below wholesale. Countertop model - paid $120, retails for $190, will sell for $75. Under sink model - paid $140, retails for $209, will sell for $95. Brand new, still in boxes with three year guarantee. Call David or Kathy Holcomb 404-942-0549 Douglasville, Ga.

FOUND - Throw Bag. On the Nantahala River on July 10th. Call and describe if you think it is yours. Adrian Freeman 995-9023.

HELP WANTED - Yes, the GCA needs your help. We need volunteers to serve on committees, do data entry, label and mail newsletters, etc. Call 421-9729 and leave a message.

STOLEN BOAT - Kayak, yellow Lazer stolen from rack at Go With The Flow on April 9 - locking cable cut. "For Instruction Only" stamped in hull. Serial no. WSP00022E989B (located under rear grab loop). If you have any information on this boat, please contact the Roswell Police Department, or call Mark Brown at Go With The Flow 992-3200, or Elaine Jensen at 404-479-6209. REWARD.

WANTED - Canoe, Old Town Tripper or equivalent. 704-526-4093, day or eve.

WANTED - Kayak, small size suitable for a youth to learn on. My 11 year old daughter wants to try white water. Call Wayne Robertson at 378-8722 evenings or 881-9880 days.

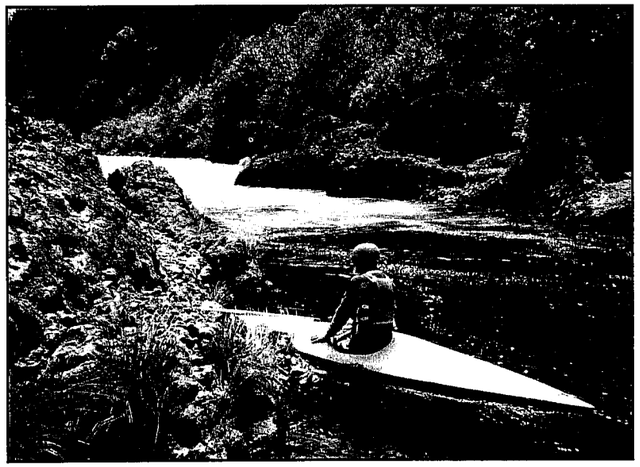
WANTED - Looking for places to hold social events for club that will hold 50-150 people. Call Karla Bowman with ideas at 923-0954.

Roaring River Rapid and Hole-In-the-Wall. Both offered crash-into-the-left-head wall options, which I declined by snaking down the boulder mazes in the center. Then past lovely class 2s, onto a flat under some bridges, and past Fisk Creek to an island splitting the stream.

The guidebook said run either way, but watch for a bad hole at bottom center of the left channel. I found the right channel too low, but the left still had super waves. Instead of a hole at the bottom, there was a jagged rock, almost head high, splitting the current, which I scrambled to dodge.

I came around the bend to the whopping big ledge above Carters Bridge, took the safe left channel route, and got a super ride. Taking out below the bridge to review the photo board of the major rapids, I finally ran into two local kayakers. They had just taken out, because after a run the day before, they felt the rapids below were too bony to be worthwhile.

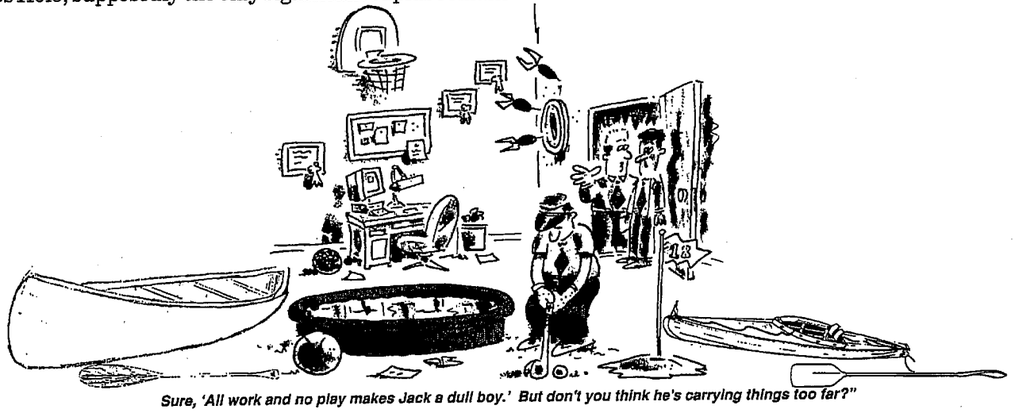
I felt that just running this river, alone, was worth trucking the damn boat 3000 miles, even missing some runs on the way. They advised me on Toilet Bowl and Bobs Hole, supposedly the only significant rapids remaining. This wasn't exactly the case. There were big waves in a number of rapids, and a few nasty holes, even if they were just super 2s. The river valley was opening and changing character a little, with less exposed lava and more banks of heavy gravel and soil.



Gary DeBacher resting his C-1, Phlipper, in an eddy at The Narrows on the Clakamas River, Oregon.

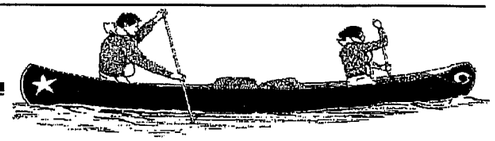
In spite of the kayaker's instructions, I missed the center drop into Toilet Bowl, and had to slip down the side. The waves were still big enough to flush me down. Then past Bob's Hole, which I declined to surf, and a quick stretch on the left bank before searching for the takeout. The rapids still had strength and force near the tops, then became spread out and bony.

Before long I saw El standing at the bank. This was an impressive river, perhaps underrated nationally because Easterners don't often get to it. The scenery is every bit the equal of other roadside runs such as Idaho's Lochsa, or Colorado's Cache de la Poudre. The lava rocks, the huge trees, Douglas fir, western red cedar, hemlock, grand fir, maple... these forests remind us of what we have lost in the east, and what we have to lose in the west.
-Next episode — THE WHITE SALMON and other fish stories.



Sure, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.' But don't you think he's carrying things too far?"

UPCOMING ACTIVITIES



October

2	Lower Toccoa	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Roger Nott	404-536-6923
2	Nantahala	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Fred Chumley	924-4928
2	Ocoee	Class 3-4 Advanced	Jim Jones	509-0728
6	**Board of Directors Meeting**	**Atlanta Jewish Community Center**		
9	Etowah	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Nancy Barker	874-8897
9	Broad - Children with Parents	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Jeff Engel	706-548-5015
10	Upper Hooch	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Ed Bouvette	478-1268
11	Ocoee	Class 3-4 Advanced	Louie Reynolds	404-227-0039
16	Toccoa	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Margo Booth	487-8084
16	Hiawassee	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Michael Bridges	924-0006
16	Chattooga Section II	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Robin Coan	607-9885
16	Chattooga Hike - Opossum Creek Trail to Five Falls		Adrian Freeman	995-9023
17	Upper Hooch	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Ed Bouvette	478-1268
23	Toccoa	Class 1-2 Trained Beginner	Dan & Elise MacIntyre	252-9513
23	Chattooga Section IV	Class 3-5 Advanced	Roger Nott	404-536-6923
23	**Fall Membership Meeting (See Announcement)**		**Karla Bowman**	**923-0954**

November

4	**Board of Directors Meeting**	**Atlanta Jewish Community Center**		
6	Nantahala	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Pat Wolfer	404-967-6589
6	Tellico	Class 3-4 Advanced	Francis & Julie Cheung	939-0202
6	Chattooga Section III	Class 3-4 Advanced	Louie Reynolds	404-227-0039
13	Upper Hooch	Class 2-3 Intermediate	Nancy Barker	874-8897

To volunteer to lead flat water trips, call Phillip Warren at 751-7123

THURSDAY EVENING METRO HOOCH RUNS: Impromptu trips are run on the Metro Hooch each Thursday evening during the Summer and early Fall, usually from Power's Island to Highway 41. Groups meet around 6-6:30.
WEDNESDAY EVENING ROLL PRACTICE: 6:00 p.m. until dark at the lake at Stone Mountain Park. For information, call Mark Brown of Go With The Flow at 992-3200.
FOR INFORMATION ON CURRENT WATER LEVELS OR IMPROMPTU TRIPS: Call John Upchurch or Mark Brown of Go With The Flow at 992-3200.
TO VOLUNTEER TO LEAD TRIPS: Call the Cruisemaster Adrian Freeman at 995-9023. As usual, we need trip coordinators for all types of trips, from flat water to class 5 white water. Our excellent trip schedule depends on the efforts of volunteers, so get involved and sign up to coordinate a trip on your favorite river today! The GCA needs YOU!
CHATTOOGA TRIPS are limited to 12 boats on ANY section on ANY trip, club trip or private (USFS regulation). Your cooperation in protecting this National Wild and Scenic River is appreciated.

Announcements

Annual NOC Guest Appreciation Festival and Used Equipment Sale

The Nantahala Outdoor Center has announced the 11th annual Guest Appreciation Festival and Used Equipment Sale is to be held at the NOC on October 29-31, featuring an entire weekend full of free activities and entertainment.

Friday evening will feature viewing of the used equipment and live entertainment at the raft rental building. Saturday will feature the Used Equipment Sale starting at 11:00 a.m. at he raft rental building. The Outfitters Store (temporarily located on river left) will feature sale prices on many items.

There will be a white water flea market on river right near the NOC Motel open to individuals selling used recreational products. Please use this area to sell your used equipment rather than the highway for safety reasons.

For more information, call the Nantahala Outdoor Center at 704-488-6737. ✂

Fall General Membership Meeting and Pot Luck Supper

The GCA's Fall General Membership Meeting and Pot Luck Supper will be held at the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of Atlanta on Saturday, October 23. The program will include a social hour, a covered dish dinner, election of officers, a short business meeting, and of course an entertainment program. See the flyer in this month's Eddy Line for complete details. ✂

New Ways to Submit Articles

You can now send articles, trip reports and news items to the Eddy Line via modem. To transfer a file, call Newsletter Editor Allen Hedden at 426-4318 for instructions. Of course we still take information on IBM format disks, both 3-1/2 in. and 5-1/4 in. ASCII text is easiest for us to work with, but we can take Word Perfect, Word for Windows, and several other types of word processing files. Call Allen for specifics. We are also able to take text files in MacIntosh format on 3-1/2 in. high density disks (1.4 meg) only.

Open Boats in the Fourth Annual Potomac River Great Falls Race

Race Watch

by Will Reeves

At 5:30 a.m., the sky was cool and dark at Great Falls Park, Virginia. Kayakers and C-boaters from all over the country were beginning to arrive for the Fourth Great Falls River Race. One dedicated open-boater, Will Reeves, represented the GCA. I was the first open-boater to enter the Great Falls Race. According to local sources, only Nolan Whitesell had previously run the falls in an open boat, in 1986. As race registration began, it became apparent that only two of the 53 entrants would paddle open boats; me, in a Mad River Fantasy, and David "Psycho" Simpson, in a Mohawk Viper-11.

The race comprises a mad dash over three class V/VI rapids, ending in a 26 foot drop, the Spout. Since it is illegal to put in above the falls, the racers must ferry to Maryland, portage over a huge rock peninsula, ferry again across fast current to a huge mid-river rock scarp. A final quarter-mile portage, climbing seventy some feet of jagged rock and overhangs (popular with local rock climbers), leads to the start line.

The race began at 7:30, with a boater leaving every minute. They sent me off as the sixth racer. I peeled-out above the entrance rapid and ran far right for the ten foot drop at Neal's Leap. The hole at the bottom looked like it might back-ender the boat, but I never found out, since my boat hit a rock, stood on end, then fell over. I rolled instantly and ran down to the next class five drop. S-turn, the hardest rapid on the race, includes a huge truck-sized stopper-wave guarding a three-foot wave/hole and followed by a right angle left turn and bottom hole. I ferried to river left, jumped on top of the wave, surfed across, spun 180 degrees, and hit the pillow. This put me into the bottom hole backwards and set my brace on the right side.

A pool of fast current, and Spout, a class VI, 26 foot vertical drop, came next. My boat was full of water but there was no reason to empty-out since a refill was imminent. I hit the falls on the left and disappeared into the hole at the bottom. My boat dove so deep that no light penetrated the yellow Potomac water. It took about as long to surface as it did to drop, and I tried to roll while still in the hole. Unable to roll, I punched, grabbed a breath, remounted the upside-down boat under water, and rolled back up. Then I was up again and passing the finish line as the first open boat to run the Great Falls Race. ✂

The Oregon Trail

Sampling White Water in the Pacific Northwest

by Gary DeBacher

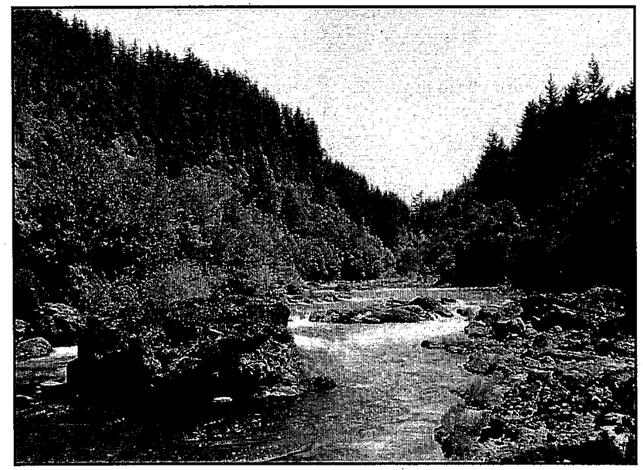
Another family reunion, this time not in Colorado, which is borderline Midwest, but the true west, Oregon. For traveling peace, we flew the kids and drove to the Rockies in two days.

I scouted rivers from the Rockies to the Cascades. The Cache, near Ft. Collins, looked great, but I felt sick and had to take a Poudre. I had no guidebook for Utah's Weber, which looked promising as it ran along I-84. In drought stricken Idaho, the mighty Murtaugh Gorge on the Snake was empty, its water held back for irrigation. Near Boise, the Payette's North Fork was viciously low and rocky. The South Fork was too low to bother. The Grande Ronde in east central Oregon is a spring run, so I wasn't surprised to find it low.

On to the Columbia. A huge river plied by grain barges, stilled by dams, it runs past dry grass and sagebrush, then down between treeless basalt cliffs. We stopped at the park at the mouth of the Deschutes, a medium sized river which offers long trips with 2-3++ rapids. It was pretty bony that day, though.

Driving again, we watched for our old friend, Mt. Hood. We saw her, swathed in clouds, as we neared Hood River, wind surfing capital of the universe. Trees appeared along the slopes as we left the rain shadow thrown by the Cascades. Clouds of sail boards raced across the river like water bugs.

Farther into Columbia Gorge, the trees grow in size and number. Moss, vines and undergrowth testify to heavier rains. Spectacular waterfalls cascade off basalt cliffs. There are long hikes up narrow side canyons, and on the Washington side, white water runs on the Washougal, the Wind, the Klickitat, and the White Salmon, about which more later.



The Clakamas River, Oregon.

We lived in Portland in 70-72, very happy years, though boatless, except for a rental row around Crater Lake and a jet boat run up the lower Rogue. The Pacific Northwest is so spectacular, winter rains notwithstanding, that ex-residents have a Shangri-La complex. Giant volcanoes, huge trees, outstanding seacoast, and miles of white water, which I had seen from road or trail, storing possibilities in mind.

Twenty years later, I had little time to spare from our family reunion. The best bet was the Clackamas, a large river flowing westward from the Cascades to join the Willamette in Portland. I chose the 10 mile section from Three Lynx power station to North Reservoir, a strong 2-3 run, mostly pool-drop, with a 40 ft. gradient. This section runs in a V-shaped forested canyon cut down through lava bedrock.

In excellent weather, we scouted "name" rapids from the road, stopping by Carters Bridge Rapid to read the river info posted for this state scenic river. I located the dreaded Hole-In-the-Wall, which includes an escape ladder next to a terminal left eddy. It looked too low to be dangerous. Then on to the top, and somebody to run with? Nobody. I put on alone in my C-boat.

The Oregon Soggy Sneaker Guide says this section can be run at 750 cfs and up. I think I had about 850. The water was crystal clear, slightly on the green side of blue. Perhaps it was the trees towering overhead. Things opened with class 2s, snaking chutes past rocks, and then soon down to the Narrows. "Significant" rapids on the Clack often start with a boulder pile at the head of a structural narrowing, and this was a fancy example. The bulk of the water smashed off leftward into a lava head wall, but I chickened down the center. The Narrows were slotted deep into a lava flow. Some snorkelers were amusing themselves diving to scout steelhead for the fishermen. El was there also, and helped me to get some pictures.

We parted again, and I soon came to an intricate rapid with vertical and horizontal lava structures, easier to see and appreciate in low water. Then on to find

Tangles in the Tandem

Straightening out Relationships in the Rapids

by Carol MacHendrie, MSW

"Don't tell me what to do. I know what I'm doing," she assertively screamed from the bow to the stern.

"Pry harder" he yelled over the roar of the rapid. Co-dependently, she gave in, doubting her skill. Of course he knew better. He's been running rivers for years. Hit the hole, flip in the rapid. She knew through her doubt it should have been "Draw harder." Draw blood. Eddy out; it's a meltdown.

Ah, tandem canoeing... the perfect vehicle for couples to refine their relationship, or end it. Any couple that has tried it knows that issues on land magnify going downstream. Power and control issues can become bigger than life. Gaps in communication become glaring, and an argument that began in Espanola continues being played out in the boat.

Like any sport, the opportunity to transform the foibles of daily life exist aplenty. A couple can learn communication skills that get bogged down at home. The ambiguous roles that cause so many difficulties at home dissipate in the simplicity of bow and stern. An atmosphere of playfulness can diffuse tensions, and an area of common interest and experience can replace river widowhood.

The same rules for communication apply whether wet, dry, or in-between. Here is a quick review.

1) Don't make assumptions! No matter how often you play together, because you "always" (see #4) do it a certain way doesn't mean you'll do it the same way today.

2) Use "I" statements. "I want to... I need to (eat, pee)... I feel (angry, happy, cold, etc.)." Stay away from "you don't" statements ("you don't know what you are doing," in particular).

3) Stay away from commando language. Omit the following words from your river vocabulary: "have to, should, must, got to, ought to." These words are "mustabaters" and are extremely hazardous.

4) Stay away from extremes (in language only). "Never" and "always" are guaranteed to get your partner to stop listening and think of the one exception that does not apply.

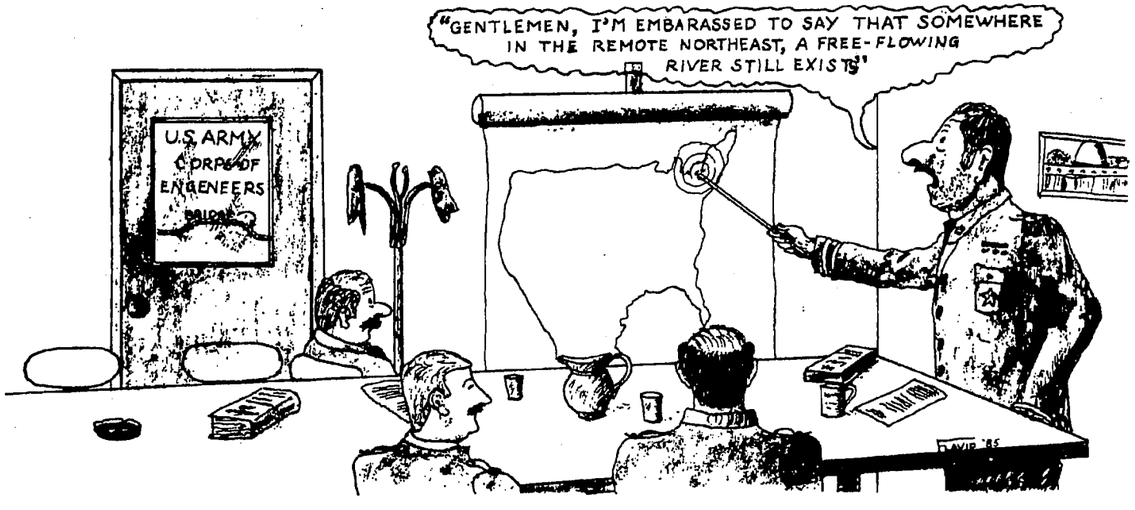
5) Resolve any arguments that began earlier in the day BEFORE you get in the boat.

6) Miscellaneous: Keep your sense of humor, respect your partner, eat protein, drink plenty of fluids, bring adequate amounts of dry clothes. A cold, hungry, dehydrated partner is a grumpy, testy partner.

Canoeing, like dancing or sex, is a form of couple communication. When you and your partner are in synch, it can bring another element of ecstasy to your relationship. Spring, after all, is the time for lovers and runoff.

- Carol is a psychotherapist who specializes in couples and can be seen in tandem with her husband Will.

- From "Flip Line", newsletter of the Adobe Whitewater Club of New Mexico.



Safety

Hiwassee Incident

by Pat Hagan

August 8, 1993. After having paddled the Nantahala for the past few weekends, Charles Clark, Joyce Hagan and I decided to take a more "relaxing" trip down the Hiwassee. At the put-in we met Bruce Bishop, Bill Kelley, Bonnie Poland and several others with whom we decided to paddle. It was a beautiful, clear, hot day and very relaxing -- until the near drowning!

The facts are simple and they are classic. This story is being told in the hope that it will remind us that even "relaxing" river running has an element of risk, and to share some lessons learned.

While the group was playing in and around Funnel Rapid, I ferried to river left to scout the rapids where the rafters and tubers were going through. I happened to notice what appeared to be something in a strainer about 100-150 yards downstream on river left. My first instinct was to ignore the rafters/tubers "horsing around" in the trees. Then I noticed an empty, yellow tube floating about 10 feet past the tree. Something did not look right.

Although I hated to leave my play spot in the rapids, I decided to go downstream and have a better look. As I approached closer and closer, I noticed two people in the water -- they were no longer having fun.

I immediately blew my whistle, three long blasts, to attract attention as I paddled into a good eddy just in front of the trees. Remembering what I learned in the GCA Safety and Rescue Clinic, I took a few moments (seemed like an eternity) to assess the situation and decide what to do. Very quickly I realized that a man was struggling to hang onto a tree branch with one hand and onto his companion to keep her head above water and to keep her from being swept under the tree. Both wore life jackets, shorts, and T-shirts. The water, as usual was very cold, and the current was about 5 mph. They were facing upstream and both looked terrified.

I tried to make eye contact with our group back at the rapids and wave a signal as I gave another long blast on the whistle. I then decided I didn't have any more time to "blow." I felt I didn't even have time to secure my canoe. Grabbing my rope I jumped into the eddy and climbed onto the tree and out toward the victims, trying to be extra careful lest I join them. My first attempt to help was to throw them the end of the rope so that we could secure the woman's head above water. I instantly knew this was not going to work, since the man would not be able to tie on the woman without letting go of her, at which point she would have immediately been swept under the tree.

I was able to inch myself further out on the tree limb, reach down, and with both hands, pull the female victim up onto the tree branch where she was safe. Getting her out of the water was somewhat difficult because the woman was either too cold and/or too in shock to help in her rescue. The woman seemed very sluggish and unable to respond to my commands. She clung tightly to her plastic sun visor and refused to grab the tree. She was shaking uncontrollably. She was of average weight, but had she been much heavier I would have needed assistance to pull her out.

After determining that the male victim could now hold onto the tree with both hands and was out of immediate danger of drowning, I held onto the woman securely until she began to calm down and respond to my instructions.

Other members of our group had arrived by this time to lend assistance. Bruce Bishop climbed onto the tree and helped the female victim to shore. With a little assistance the man was able to climb onto the tree and out also. The woman complained of being extremely cold and was shivering uncontrollably for 5-10 minutes after arriving on shore. Others provided assistance (calming and warming) to the victims, after which they walked out along the railroad tracks.

The male victim told me later that his wife had gone under once, and he did not think he could have held onto her much longer. They had been in the water only a couple of minutes. They could not go under or around the tree. There was no way out except to climb into the tree, and they could not do so without assistance. It is highly likely they would have drowned without help. Several rafters/tubers floated by and waved their greetings before help arrived! The couple were celebrating their first wedding anniversary and this was the wife's first tubing trip.

This tree seems to have come down only recently (i.e. it still had plenty of green leaves). It is in a very dangerous spot for rafters and tubers on the river. Since they run Funnel Rapid on extreme river left, they are easily swept into the tree. Indeed I felt that we would be having company soon during the rescue. This tree should be removed if at all possible.

Thanks to Joyce Hagan for responding to my whistle and for relaying the message to the others.

Thanks to Bruce Bishop, Joyce Hagan, Charles Clark, and the others who realized I was not trying to signal the group that it was time to move on down the river, and answered to my call for help and gave me moral support.

Thanks to the group member who had a space

blanket to give to the female victim on a day when the temperature was 85 degrees.

Thanks to the GCA for the excellent training at the Safety and Rescue Clinics, which taught me to play the "what if" game, and to always be attentive and observant.

And thanks to everyone in the group who remembered that we paddle in groups not only so that someone can help us, but also so that we can reciprocate and help others if necessary. That is why we ALL carry a whistle on our life jackets, a rope, a first aid kit, and why we all have some safety and rescue training.

And last but not least, HAPPY ANNIVERSARY to the couple from Signal Mountain, Tennessee. As anniversary gifts I would suggest his and hers, matching whistles, solo open canoes, and a lifetime membership in the Georgia Canoeing Association. ✂

Pinned!

by Terry Dempsey

Sunday, July 25, 1993. Although I have been paddling the Nantahala for six or seven years now, today the Nanty gave me yet another unique and exciting personal experience which I would like to share with you. Possibly by sharing this, we all will be reminded to always paddle with safety in mind.

Being only an intermediate level kayaker who, on the Nanty, catches eddies, practices rolls, and surfs a few waves (when I get the chance), I am eternally grateful to get through the Falls still intact with my unit. On this day, I had done all those things in addition to getting in a little rope packin' practice below the Falls.

As my party, consisting of Pat and Joyce Hagan and Inge Webb, peeled out of an eddy below the falls to end another glorious day on the river, a solo canoeist skidded over the ledge at the Falls and, with his canoe, gracefully performed the 'Oh, Parting-Is-Such-Sweet-Sorrow' (O-PISSS) water dance into the Hole. Forever the stylist, I thought. He headed for the eddy; his boat, along with one bailer, two paddles, and a half-eaten Snickers, headed for the sons of Tsali's graves.

Without a second thought, I raced away to head off the canoe and capture the Snickers bar. Happily, I paddled over and immediately focused on the task at hand, oblivious to my changing surroundings while whistlin' to myself "nothin' could be finer than to be in Caroliner..." Until... mere seconds later, I noticed just downstream a militant, and obviously grumpy, rock sneaking upstream to spoil my balance of peace and harmony by contributing to the impending chaos. Lacking the quick instincts of a rocket scientist, I finally perceived the potential pin.

That's when I first noticed the time warp. Some events skittered to slow-motion, while others jumped to fast-forward. My heart jack-hammered along with the beat of a hummingbird's wing, while my respiration faded to that of a cold-blooded reptile. I forgot to breathe. Since I've never been accused of being the 'Bravest Man Alive', I became terribly excited, to the point I thought I might just pop out of my kayak! My head spun. My mind raced. So many options; so little time.

If I did nothing, the rock would eat the canoe, freeing the canoe to eat me. With the vigor of a three-toed sloth, I tried to paddle away. Too late. The rock bit into the canoe and hastily spit it out like it was a long, green persimmon. Then it beckoned unto me like a sexy, white water mermaid singing her forlorn, sweet song of seduction. Suffice it to say, I was hopelessly attracted to that flat-faced rock like a 'possum to a North Georgia blacktop.

Undaunted, I set my hysterical paddle free and clung to the silent river sentinel. Daunted, I watched as the Nanty playfully piled up on the edge of my boat and my hands began to slip on the rock. Obligingly, I turned over and presented the broad top-deck of my kayak to the current, so as to allow a firmer bond between me and the rock. (I've heard people speak of bonding, but I don't think this is what they had in mind) That accomplished, the on-rushing current insisted that I lie flat against the rear deck of my boat beneath the surface, where I reflected, "So, this is what a pin feels like."

I popped my spray skirt and struggled to wet exit. But I wasn't allowed to bend forward. In short order, I realized something wasn't exactly right! I know. I could use a little air. At my insistence, I was allowed by my benevolent captor to briefly get my face just above the water. With indescribable relief, I saw Joyce closing in. My face was tugged beneath the surface again. It occurred to me that this party would soon be over, but the memory would last a lifetime. Just in case I might sleep through the last act of this little drama, I wondered, "Does Joyce or Inge or Pat know CPR?"

Reaching beneath the boat, I pushed against the rock with all my strength. I felt the boat move a couple of inches, then settle on the rock again. Repositioning my hands, I pushed again, harder. Out of the blue, for some reason, possibly boredom, the rock released me and raced upstream to lie in wait for another careless paddler.

Once again united with my friends and caretakers, I discovered I had paid a cheap price for a valuable lesson. For the small price of a case of the shakes the Nanty firmly reminded me: always paddle with someone, always stay together, and always be constantly alert to the dangers of your changing surroundings. I know I will. See y'all on

"women" loosely, since he considered any girl over the age of ten to be fair game. Needless to say this did not endear him, or boaters in general, to the local citizenry.

Ironically, the support of those very citizens is now being courted by the West Virginia Rivers Coalition in their efforts to have several local rivers designated Wild and Scenic. I hope those girls' parents are either very forgiving or very forgetful.

In this era of river access problems and misguided river development, we need all the allies we can get. That's why how we represent ourselves... how we look... to the rest of the world is so important.

-From "American Whitewater", Journal of the American Whitewater Affiliation. The AWA is the only national paddlers' organization dedicated to protecting and enhancing the recreational enjoyment of white water sports. GCA is an affiliate club of AWA. To join the AWA, write AWA, P.O. Box 85, Phoenicia, NY 12464. The dues are $20.00/ year, and the benefits to your sport are enormous. ✂

The Great Flood of '93

"The problem is not just that it has been raining a lot. This summer's devastating flooding along the Mississippi River is an act of nature made severely worse by more than 100 years of environmental tampering and by public officials who have ignored the river's natural cycle."

-Kevin J. Coyle, American Rivers President, in "USA Today", July 14.

"It is time the Congress and this administration looked at whether the Corps of Engineers designed and operate the flood control system with the best interests of flood control. We can't keep putting billions of dollars into systems that don't work."

-Dale Pontius, American Rivers Vice-President for Conservation Programs on "ABC World News Tonight, July 19.

"The challenge will be for the Congress to say to the Corps of Engineers, 'You must start using the flood plain as an ally in your flood-control efforts,'" said Kevin J. Coyle, President of American Rivers, a twenty-year-old river conservation group in Washington. "They need two arrows in their quiver, engineering and nature. The nature part has been sadly missing."

Mr. Coyle and other advocates of the new approach [calling for levees to be moved farther from the river's edge or dismantled] are urging the Federal Government and the states to restore wetlands, develop new riverside parks, establish wildlife refuges and take other measures to develop uninhabited regions in the flood plain to restore some of the Mississippi River Valley's natural capacity to absorb huge amounts of water and diminish flooding.

-From "New York Times", July 18.

What You See is Not What You Get

by Sonja Short

Looks can be deceiving... at least that is the case with two restaurants that we have found recently. Both of these eating establishments offer variety from the usual after-paddling routine and they are worth the time to check out. The Dutch Hutch Restaurant in Hayesville, North Carolina, and the Tellicafe in Tellico Plains, Tennessee, are special treats after a long day on the river.

The Dutch Hutch is located on Highway 64 in Hayesville. Turn on 64 in Murphy (just past the McDonalds) and drive 15-20 miles. It is worth the drive if you are in the vicinity of the Nantahala or the Ocoee. Run by two Germans, John and Lena Miller, it offers a variety of entrees ranging from German wiener schnitzel to delectable seafood dishes. My favorite is a combination of crab, bay scallops, and shrimp in a light white sauce served over homemade pasta. Prime rib, several chicken dishes, and authentic German dishes are also available.

Dinners include soup, salad, fresh muffins (the house specialty), and the main course. The muffins are brought at the beginning of the meal and throughout it. We are usually given a bag to take home for breakfast, too! Desserts are sinful. My favorite is an original apple pie recipe from Germany with a cream cheese filling that is covered by roasted almonds. Cost for all entrees is $9.95 (this is the only dinner on the menu and includes your drink). The only down side is the atmosphere.... tacky describes it best. Be prepared to wait if you don't have reservations. The phone number is 704-389-3016.

Our other treasure is the Tellicafe in Tellico Plains. It is located across from Hardees on old Highway 68. Again, this is not a place that you would likely stop. From the outside, it looks like an old Dairy Queen. Inside, we got a pleasant surprise. We found white wood walls, trimmed in a dark green with a burlap ceiling! There is also a piano for live evening entertainment. We were met buy a French waiter... yes, in Tellico Plains!

Dinners include rainbow trout, steaks, broiled rosemary chicken (a house specialty) and others. The food is excellent. There is also a variety of hot beverages including espresso, capuccino, and chocolate capuccino. Prices on the dinner menu range from $5.25 to $9.75. We enjoyed a wonderful lunch consisting of chicken pot pie, fresh broccoli, yeast rolls and tea for $3.85. Dessert specialties include a frozen chocolate mousse cake and key lime pie.

Stop in and give these restaurants a try if you are in the vicinity. We think you will be pleased.

- From "Paddle Georgia", newsletter of the Central Georgia River Runners. ✂

I AM THE RIVER

I am the River in my little white water boat
It goes where I go as long as I tote
it to the river's edge
We go over drops and we go over rocks
We almost defy the laws of nature as downstream and upstream we go
We sit sideways in moving water as it runs so swift by
We go down like a submarine and then we fly
back up into the air.

I am the River in my little white water boat
We go many places together so beautiful and remote
We see together what few others dare
What others see on T.V. we can say, "We've been there."
We see in nature less touched by man
bigger trees, more colorful blooms, and our native land
We go to gorges so resplendent steep and deep
light dare only visit but for a short peep.

I am the River in my little white water boat
We go where fear, the test, and the rewards are our host
We go where peace and fulfillment fill our veins, apart from a
world where our work seems so vain
We are one with the River so free and new,
Ever changing and different our challenge is renewed.

I am the River in my little white water boat
Even when I'm too tired, my mind still elopes
in fantasy to the drops I wish to dare
As life's problems envelope me I still can go there
To the crashing white water that helps my mind clear
and puts me in the places I hold so dear.

I am the River in my little white water boat
The River is what I really want to be as it is hope
for the peace I long for in God's grand land
It had flowed almost forever and shall again,
no matter what man's wayward ways plan
I am the River in my little white water boat.

- Adrian Freeman

Up On the Roof

by Bob Gedekoh

I don't know about you, but when I'm on the road and I spot another vehicle with a canoe or kayak on the roof, I always honk and wave. Sometimes this makes me feel a bit adolescent, but I rationalize my behavior with the argument that, since I've been boating a long time, and since the number of white water enthusiasts around home is relatively small, odds are I know some of those folks in that car or truck.

Of course, it is hard to use that justification when I'm boating out west or down south. But what the hell, I honk just the same. And, most of the time, the occupants of the other vehicle honk and wave right back. But my interest in the other boaters I spot on the highway goes beyond that. Sometimes I flag them down and see if they want to set shuttle. Or I pump them for information about local boating conditions.

And anytime I see a vehicle hauling boats pulled over onto the berm of the road, I stop to see if help is needed. On a few occasions I have been on the receiving end of such assistance offered by other boaters.

Driving with a boat on the roof identifies one as a member of a special brother/sisterhood. One that entails not only benefits, but obligations. A canoe or a kayak is a very visible badge of membership. And how you behave in and around your boat-bedecked vehicle ultimately reflects directly on the entire boating community.

That means that you probably shouldn't pass that lollygagging old granny on the double yellow line. Or flip the bird to that old pappy who pulled out in front of you, driving at a snail's pace.

It means you shouldn't speed through residential areas full of small children. And it goes without saying that you shouldn't toss trash out the window. Or change your clothes in someone's back yard, or park inconsiderately on private property at the put-in or take-out.

Winding the windows down and blaring raucous rap or rock or country or new age or classical music is another form of unacceptable behavior. These days everyone has a radio or tape deck; if they wanted to listen to Ice T or Sonic Youth or the Dead or even John Denver, God forbid, they could. Most folks just don't want or need other drivers to entertain them.

Of course, there are a hundred different forms of inappropriate behavior that reflect poorly on the boating community. Over the years I've witnessed my share. One eccentric kayaker of my acquaintance used to proposition young women as he drove through the small Appalachian towns near our favorite rivers. Actually, I use the word

the river. P.S. Thanks Pat, Joyce, and Inge for making sure that in all the excitement, I didn't get carried away... literally!

A Cautionary Tale

By Dave Sutton

After driving all the way to the Nolichucky, it just didn't seem reasonable to not put on the river, even though I just did not feel up to it. I've had this feeling before and it usually goes away after the first rapid if I just force myself.

I'll not go into the details of my swim, but I did decide to take off the river after the first rapid. My friend Julia, who had also had all the thrills she wanted for one day, decided to take off with me (I think it was just to keep me from feeling bad).

After the troops helped us get our boats up to the rail bed, we watched as they ran Bounce-Off Rock and we were left alone with only the roar of the river to keep us company. I taught Julia the art of rail dragging, a little-known talent I had picked up on the Hiwassee a few weeks earlier, and before long we were back up to the railroad trestle, the L-O-N-G trestle that lets the rails swap sides of the river gorge.

With one of my rare bright thoughts, I threw my boat to one side and went to help Julia drag her boat over fast, telling her first that we would have to hurry across, because I didn't know if people and a train could occupy the bridge at the same time. I had heard stories of people being killed on his bridge.

As we passed the halfway point, I thought I heard a rumble, and we increased our pace. I looked ahead and the light of a speeding train whipped around the mountain bluff just past the end of the bridge. I do not think that even if we had abandoned the boat and run for it that we would have made it. Quickly we pulled the boat up on its side and pressed as close as we could to the head-high steel banister. Julia tucked in as tight as she could in a fetal position. I watched as the train rumbled closer. The engineer was hanging out, motioning with his hands that he was going to hit us, that we needed to draw in another six inches (I think that steel wall will have a dent in it from now on because I definitely tried to comply).

Time seemed to slow down as the gap of the bridge filled with the huge black locomotive. I remember the sun was so bright that the rails seemed to glitter as the space narrowed and the blackness enveloped us. The engineer was right. There wasn't enough room. The cow catcher struck the end of the canoe with a staggering blow, but somehow I was able to hold on. The boat buckled and then sprang back as the locomotive roared past. Each of the boxcars had a ladder that hung down and when the ladders were straight they gave us about 1/2 inch clearance (most of them were bent).

The engineer was finally able to stop the train. We were pinned in with no way to get out, but safe. I signaled him to go ahead. Then began the long ordeal of staying tucked away from the train, pulling on the boat with all our strength, and trying not to panic. I didn't know they made freight trains that long — it seemed like hours.

Every once in a while one of the crooked ladders would bang the boat as it went by. I pictured in my mind what would happen to me if one of them caught the boat and dragged it over me as it carried it down the track. Looking down I could see the foam of the river some 50 feet below, and with only the 1/2 inch clearance between us and the train it seemed as though we were in some weird type of tunnel or cave. I did remember about here that I'm afraid of heights and am very claustrophobic!

Well, all good things must come to an end and, I can admit the sun behind the shadow of the train looked mighty fine! When we got the boat over to safe ground I told Julia that I didn't think Dave or Nita would mind — I needed a hug!!

- From TVCC, newsletter of the Tennessee Valley Canoe Club.

Whose Life Is It, Anyway?

by Slim Ray

Yours, of course. Why do I ask? Because some people seem to think it's someone else's, at least to judge by how they act. Consider this scenario: a couple of swimmers floating downstream, doing nothing, looking expectantly at the banks, waiting to be rescued. We've all seen it. Today we live in the "911 society", where the helicopter and the rescue squad are only a few minutes away. Sometimes, at least. Rescuing you can be difficult, dangerous, and expensive. Someone may even die doing it. What are your responsibilities as a paddler, both for yourself and others?

First, stay out of trouble. Accidents can happen to anyone, but you owe it to the rest of us to try to minimize the possibilities. On the river, this means matching your skill level to the rivers you're on. There are people who say they've paddled the Upper Gauley when they really mean that they swam it. Do your homework and don't jump blindly on a run because someone told you it was "only class IV". Scout when you need to, and sometimes even if you don't. Avoid flooded rivers. Screen your paddling companions. Use common sense. Minimize the risk where you can.

Second, learn self rescue, so that if you get into

trouble, you can get yourself out. Self rescue can be very simple, like having a strong roll, or it might involve knowing how to swim over a strainer. Knowledge — and practice — makes everybody's life easier. Learn to rescue your gear as well.

Third, learn to rescue others, within your capabilities. Do I really need to do this? After all, won't Chris and Monty do it? And I never paddle anything hard. Maybe. You could be the only one there. You can help if hands are scarce. The more you know, the more useful you'll be. Practice your rescue techniques: swimming (swallow your pride, hair boaters, you will need this skill sometime!), throw bags, and knots. Accidents happen, even on easy rivers. Take a rescue course sometime.

Now let's consider some priorities in a typical accident scenario.

First (and always): SAVE YOURSELF. If you are the one in danger, use every means available to rescue yourself. If you are a rescuer, your safety comes first. You won't benefit anyone if you get killed or seriously injured. That only adds to the tragedy. If you are not in danger, don't put yourself in harm's way unless absolutely necessary. Second, consider the safety of your fellow rescuers. Back them up and try to keep them out of trouble, too. Finally — if possible and without unreasonably endangering yourself or others — save the victim. He's last. Sorry, but that's how its got to be. Your first goal in any accident is to not make things any worse than they already are by creating more victims.

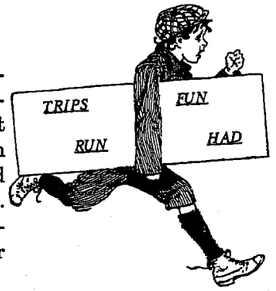
Whew! Sounds like a lot, doesn't it? It's not really, if you just remember that it's your life — and your responsibility.

- From "Messing About", newsletter of the Western Carolina Paddlers.

Nantahala River

by Pat Hagan, Trip Coordinator

July 24, 1993. This trip was very balanced — four K-1s and four OC-1s. The temperature was high and the water was a bit low. Nevertheless, we had a good time, with lots of time to play and weave our way in and out of the "floating obstacles" (i.e.. rafts). Getting through Patton's and the Falls without getting crunched was the challenge for the day.



Watching the rafters try to self-destruct at Delebar's provided the entertainment over lunch. We put on at about 10:20 and took out at about 4:20 using the NOC 4:30 shuttle to retrieve the cars. Running shuttle at the end of the trip seems to be working fairly well, but the take out at Rivers End restaurant is very congested. There were two swims — one of which was yours truly in his "hand-me-down" Impulse — at the falls. Thanks for Charles Clark and Barry Hahn's great rope throws. Also thanks to Barry Hahn for running sweep.

Participants included in K-1s: Kevin Price, Inge Webb, Brent Wilson, Terry Dempsey; and in OC-1s: Pat Hagan, Joyce Hagan (in her new Viper 11), Barry Hahn, Joe Winters.

PS. Several of us paddled together again on Sunday as a group of "common adventurers." About 100 yards below the Falls, while trying to rescue someone's equipment that had become separated from its owner at the Falls, one of our kayak paddlers lost his paddle and got pinned head down on a small innocuous looking rock. The first two attempts to roll were unsuccessful, as was the wet exit. Fortunately, just before help arrived, he managed to roll up on the third try, and dislodge from the rock. Key lessons are: keep an eye on each-other until back on "terra firma"; accidents usually happen when least expected; be extra careful when retrieving equipment and don't put yourself at risk — the equipment is not worth it.

Nantahala River

by Pat Hagan, Trip Coordinator

August 7, 1993. The scheduled coordinator for this trip was ill, so I substituted. We had a great turn out -- four K-1s and six OC-1s. This trip was experimental in that we met at 9:15 and put on at 10:00. The objective was to get ahead of the first wave of rafts that would be clogging up Patton's from about 10:15 am until 3:00 pm. Although there were a few rafts, the experiment seems to have worked. However, while getting up one hour earlier Saturday morning for the drive to the put-in, the experiment seemed doomed to failure. Meeting earlier was my idea, and I suspect this is what caused the normally scheduled trip coordinator to call in sick.

As usual it was hot, but fortunately no afternoon thunderstorms. They say if you don't swim occasionally, you are not trying hard enough and not learning. Four of us learned a lot with swims at Quarry Rapids, the Ledges, Truck Stop, and the Falls.

Barry Hahn was in rare form, heckling the rafters pretty much the entire day. Barry spread the word that one particular rafting company was offering free drinks and sandwiches at their stand along the river. When we got there Barry waited in a long line to buy a drink.

Thanks for the iced tea Barry.

One person had never run the Falls and another had only run it once —unsuccessfully. After setting ropes at the bottom, we put a more experienced person in Billboard eddy and one in Truck Stop to provide moral support. This worked well — the first timer had a good run into Truck Stop and almost made the Falls; the second timer ran the Falls successfully. The "more experienced" paddler flipped her new used Viper into Truck Stop but did a beautiful high brace through the Falls.

Thanks to Brent Wilson for running lead and Dick Hurd for a great job as sweep. Trip participants were in K-1s: Tom Montgomery, Terry Dempsey, John Roberts, Brent Wilson. In OC-1s: Pat Hagan, Joyce Hagan, Barry Hahn, Dick Hurd, Arvin Uagendott, and Bill Convis.

October Story

Sing with me of falling leaves
Red and brown and yellow.
Sing of breezes in the trees,
Pumpkins round and mellow.

Sing of footballs in the air,
Of boys in paddling gear
And girls among the boaters there
Who yell for water dear.

Sing of October races,
Gay in all their glory.
Sing of children — their faces.
That's October's story!

- Anonymous

- From "Paddle Talk", newsletter of the Conewago Canoe Club, York, Pennsylvania.

Ask the Oracle

Dear Oracle,

I am a newcomer to this area and recently heard about the Georgia Canoeing Association. I've never paddled before and cannot help but wonder if paddling is the right sport for me. I understand there is a substantial up-front investment in a boat and equipment. Do you have any advice on how I might find out how well I would like the sport before making such an investment?

Curious in Buckhead

Dear Curious,

You've come to the right person for help with such a weighty, life-changing decision. Before you take out a second mortgage on your house to buy a boat, you may want to consider the following questions:

1. Do you enjoy the smell of Aquaseal and epoxy fumes?
2. Do you enjoy a two day growth of mold between your toes?
3. Do you consider the invention of duct tape to be the crowning achievement of modern technology?
4. Do you consider the so-called Protestant work ethic a myth used to frighten small children?
5. Have you ever fantasized about seeing that special someone in a neoprene wet suit?
6. Would you ever think of being stuck upside-down in a washing machine full of water operating at high speed as a totally pleasurable experience?

If you answered yes to two or more of these questions, you definitely have the potential to enjoy paddling. We will be happy to send you a membership application and a do-it-yourself will kit. If you answered yes to as many as four of these questions, you have the potential to become a real hair boater. We will be happy to send you a membership application and the phone number for an excellent shrink. If you answered yes to ALL of these questions, and you are female, call The Oracle at 1-800-I-ORACLE for further consultation.

Oracle

-Adapted from a piece by W. Montifore Wooten, IV, in "Messing About", newsletter of the Western Carolina Paddlers.