



Post Office Box 7023
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THE EDDY LINE

Special Points of Interest:

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- *Last of the Old Rivermen—page 8*

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DO YOU MISS YOUR PADDLING BUDS?

by Gina Johnson

Are you lonely? Do you miss your paddling buds? Come Join us! The GCA Recreation Committee is sponsoring Thursday evening dinner get-togethers at restaurants in different locations around North Georgia. We are looking for restaurants that have a back room or corner where we can gather, eat, drink, tell river stories, and plan adventures. This will give new members a chance to see us in street clothes! We thought Thursday night sounds promising because the traffic might be better, the restaurant less crowded and it gives us time to pack for the river! This is open to friends and family as well.

We will post the locations and the times on the GCA calendar on the www.gapaddle.com website. If you don't have access to the website, call me at 404-512-0832 and I will give you the schedule. We are currently planning outings in Athens, Gainesville, Decatur, Cumming, Marietta and Peachtree City. Please call or email me if you have a restaurant that you would like us to try. My email is gjohnson@nortoncommercial.com

GCA HOLLIDAY PARTY A SUCCESS

by Lamar Philips

A huge thanks to Sabrina and Hank Klausman for once again hosting our annual GCA Holiday Party! Forty happy paddlers enjoyed fried turkey breast, ham, a bountiful supply of a terrific variety of side dishes, and a variety of festive beverages.

Long-time members and newbies alike shared stories of paddling adventures. Hank shared some of his collection of wonderful paddling videos, We also discussed plans for some interesting paddles in 2010. Don't be left out of future events. It's a great opportunity to meet new friends and you'll certainly enjoy sharing your paddling adventures!

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EDISTO RIVER TRIP REPORT

by Vincent Payne

In late November a half dozen intrepid paddlers journeyed to South Carolina from Georgia to paddle the Edisto River Canoe Trail. This is a very pretty black water river with a very good current. We met up Friday night at Givhens Ferry State Park. We had talked about a short run Friday, but by the time most of us arrived and recovered from the long drive we opted for a different adventure.

Robert Harris, our trip coordinator, asked me if I had the coordinates of any geocaches in the area. Why yes I do. So the five of us with two GPS units began our hike to find a couple of geocaches. David B. and Wayne had been Geocaching before. Darlene H was new to the sport. Essentially people find things in the woods and then share the coordinates and some clues with fellow cachers. The object is to find what they have hidden, usually a container with a log book and a bunch of trinkets. We found the first one after a rambling hike. We all signed the log but took nothing as we didn't have anything to trade.

The second cache eluded us. As we were milling about, a couple with their dog approached us and asked if we were caching. Then told us they had not been able to find this one after several attempts. So Wayne led us unerringly by dead reckoning through the woods back to camp. We picked up firewood on the way.

Brannen P, stuck at work, probably had not yet left Atlanta when we finished our supper of hotdogs and kraut. We planned to get up at six A.M. to be on the river by eight. Day one was 21 to 23 miles depending on whose count you believed. We took a night hike back to the park entrance to see if Brannen was stuck at the gate since it closes at 6PM. After a quick vote we acknowledged that he was, in fact, mostly grown and could take care of himself.

Waking up at six, we were pleased to see that Brannen had arrived sometime during the night. We built a fire, drank coffee, ate cereal and rounded up our gear. We did not have to set a shuttle because we were paddling into camp in the afternoon.

The launch went off without a hitch and everyone was warmly dressed on this cold day. We launched at the boat ramp across from Colleton State Park. There are duck house that mark the miles along the river. I am not sure if they mark river miles or straight miles. Seems some are closer together than others. We saw some wildlife including a four foot long snake that was swimming the river on a cold day. David and I spooked a six point buck that was lying on the bank amongst the willows. I think he would have watched us pass by had I not pointed him out to David.

The river was high and there were very few sand bars to be seen. Quite a few big cypresses can be seen but like in most places those old ones generally are missing the tops. That is why the loggers spared them. There are some very interesting bluffs on the river here as well. We arrived back at Givhens Ferry about 4:30. The current and a bit of paddling will net you a respectable 4 mph. We drug the boats onto the shore and locked them to a big tree with cable locks. Tomorrow morning this would be the put in.

After we ran shuttle, those that wanted to grabbed a shower. I met a couple from Minnesota, Carl and Jan, noting a canoe on their van. They were looking to paddle a lake a few towns away. We extended a bit a southern hospitality in the form of an invite to come along with us tomorrow. From our camp we rounded up the paddlers to drive to a nearby town to an all you can eat BBQ place that was scored six thumbs up (In SC they serve "hash" with BBQ. It is similar to Brunswick stew). With full tummies and sore backs we returned to our lounge chairs and camp fire. I don't know what happened thereafter as I slept in my chair by the fire for a while then got up and crawled into my sleeping bags.



Six A.M. again. We kicked the fire and made coffee. Then a brief flurry of rain drops got everyone breaking camp like mad people. Carl and Jan dropped by to say they wanted to paddle with us so I told them where to drop their gear at our put in. Once camp was packed we went to the put in and packed our boats. We set shuttle and took most vehicles to the take out. Wayne and Robert had paddled tandem yesterday but chose to paddle solo boats today.

Everyone got rain gear? Okay let's launch. Carl and Jan belong to a canoe club in Minnesota where they live on Lake Superior. They were a nice addition to the trip. They joked that our 45 degree and drizzling weather was like a summer day to them. It must be true because they seemed pleased with the adventure.

We did not see much wild life on this day unless you count the yellow lab that followed us by swimming for several hundred yards. Or the locals who were shooting skeet over the river, they stopped to let us pass. Or the strange guy we met at a boat ramp who claimed he was following drug runners.

There are no miles marking duck boxes on this stretch of the river so we were still estimating that we were making 4mph. The boat ramp is on a Long Creek on river right. It is not on the Edisto River but on a tributary. Once you get to it, it is easy to find. The sign is a good clue. But until you actually get there every meander and tributary looks like a possible route to the Long Creek boat ramp. No one had bothered to mark the boat ramp in their GPS unit. Brannen gets a platinum at-a-boy for locating the take out. And that's all I got say about that.

We loaded our gear onto the waiting vehicles and returned to Givhens Ferry in the pouring rain. I injured my foot at one of the boat ramps and I'd like thank my fellow paddlers for helping me get Big Red on top of my truck. At Givhens we tried our best to make sure all the gear found its rightful owner. With handshakes and wet ponchos, we all headed for home, another great river adventure shared with a great group of paddlers.





THE EDDY LINE

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

by Vincent Payne

Connie Hagler had asked me back in 2000 if I knew any group that was interested in putting together a dragon boat team. Seems that during the '96 Olympics, Lake Lanier Canoe and Kayak Club had received a set of Dragon Boats from the Hong Kong Association. They hold races every year. I tried to put a team together where I was working, but I got only few people interested. Five years ago I changed jobs and I began seeding the idea at my new employer. Last year I got enough interest and enough people for a team but the race conflicted with our Family Day Event.



But this year everything came together. The volunteers, the funding, the date and we had a team to join in the race. I became the coach. I had never been in a dragon boat. While I have paddled many other vessels, four people were the most I had ever shared a boat with. My ace in the hole was a friend, Michael An, who had been on a dragon boat team once. I called Mike right away and he was very excited for the team

and for me. The best advice he gave me was to practice paddling in unison poolside.



We held two poolside practices on consecutive Saturdays in August at the pool of our team manager Christina. We took all the chaises and lined them along the side of the pool. I positioned the team as I would have in the dragon boat for one side only. The small paddlers go in front and the biggest ones go in the middle. It is actually harder to paddle in the pool than the lake. No matter how hard you paddle that chaise won't move an inch.



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TRIP SCHEDULE

| | | | |
|---------|---|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1/15/10 | Florida Panhandle Weekend - 3 Florida Rivers | Smooth | Lamar Philips 404-229-2939 |
| 1/16/10 | MLK Holiday Weekend - 3 Florida Rivers | Smooth | Lisa Haskell 678-858-2012 |
| 1/18/10 | Little River Canyon - Upper 2 (3-4) or Chairlift Sections (+3) | Int. & Adv. | Dane White 256-435-3827 |
| 2/2/10 | Groundhog Day Etowah Tunnel | Intermediate * | Vincent Payne 770-834-8263 |
| 2/13/10 | Fundraiser- Wounded Warrior Project - Ocala FL | Smooth | Jamie Higgins 678-595-6154 |
| 2/15/10 | Town Creek in Alabama | Intermediate 3 | Dane White 256-435-3827 |
| 2/27/10 | Etowah Below Allatoona | Beginner | Vincent Payne 770-8348263 |
| 3/13/10 | Chattooga Section 3 | Intermediate 3 | Mark Holmberg 678-234-5681 |
| 3/20/10 | Lower Conasauga | Intermediate +2 * | Dan MacIntyre |
| 3/27/10 | Flint River - Sprewell Bluff to PoBiddy | Beginner | Vincent Payne 770-834-8263 |

* Difficulty upgraded for potential low temperature.

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

Your Trip Could Be Listed in This Space — Call Cruisemaster William Gatling at 770.529.7103!

KEY TO GCA SKILL LEVELS

Flat Water - no current will be encountered; safe for new paddlers.

Beginner - mild current, occasional Class 1 ripples; new paddlers can learn basic river techniques.

Trained Beginner - moving water with Class 1-2 rapids; basic strokes and bracing skills needed.

Intermediate - rapids up to Class 3; eddying and ferrying skills needed; kayakers need solid roll.

Advanced - rapids up to Class 4; excellent boat control and self-rescue skills required.

For more about "class" ratings of rapids, see <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Whitewater>.

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

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

Canoe Camping Trips are multi-day trips, generally on flat or mild water, with at least one night of camping. For details on a scheduled trip, call the trip coordinator. To arrange a trip, call Vincent Payne at 770.834.8263.

To Volunteer To Lead Trips: Call Cruisemaster William Gatling at 770.529.7103. As usual, we need trip coordinators for all types of trips, from flatwater to Class 5 whitewater. Our excellent trip schedule depends on the efforts of volunteers, so get involved and sign up to coordinate a trip on your favorite river today! The GCA needs YOU!

Chattooga Trips are limited to 12 boats on ANY section on ANY trip, club trip or private (USFS regulation). Boating is prohibited above the Highway 28 bridge. Your cooperation in protecting this National Wild and Scenic River is appreciated.

Roll Practice: see Page 6.



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The third weekend we did not practice, but the following weekend we actually got to practice in the dragon boat. We had 18 people show up and practice with us. LCKC provided the steersman. The coach was impressed with our timing for a team on its first day out and that we knew the commands. We practiced several exercises and our two hours flew by. When we headed back to shore everyone was losing steam, but we still tried to beat another team back to the docks.



Next came the weekend of the race. We were able to seat a full team of twenty paddlers and one drummer for each of three races. We won our first heat, a race of four boats to determine our ranking in the next round of heats. Winning a heat is fun, but the actual times are used to determine the finals.



We did not place this year, but we will be back next year. It is not a canoe or a kayak like I paddle most days, but it is paddling on a grand scale. We all had a grand time. It is truly a paddle sport. I highly recommend attending a race and joining a team if the opportunity presents itself to you.

Keeping In Touch

To contact GCA, write Georgia Canoeing Association, Inc., P.O. Box 7023, Atlanta, GA 30357, leave a message at 770.421.9729 or call/email one of the folks listed above.

Groupmail: GCA maintains a group email list to help members share information of general interest. To sign up, go to gcalist-subscribe@yahoo.com.

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



WEBB FAMILY PRESERVES LAND ALONG HIAWASSEE

by Tricia King, Land Trust for Tennessee

A paddling trip down the Hiwassee River is not complete without going to the legendary Webb Brothers General Store. In the future, your children and grandchildren can enjoy this as well, because the Webb family has conserved some 68 acres of prime agricultural land along the southern banks of the Hiwassee by signing a permanent conservation agreement with The Land Trust for Tennessee. TSRA and the USDA's Tennessee Agricultural Enhancement Program helped secure the conservation agreement on the Webb tract.

The agreement will prevent residential development along nearly a mile of the Hiwassee, a state scenic river. Currently, Webb properties include the family rafting business, the General Store, and a working family farm in the historic Reliance district. These acres, farmed by the Webb family since the 1880s, consist of prime agricultural farmland and riparian corridor important to protecting a "high-priority" habitat for aquatic species.

Webb's General Store was founded in 1936 by brothers Oliver and Harold Webb when they were unable to find work during the Great Depression. A trust set up in the family name consists of three siblings, including Harold Webb Jr., son of founder Harold Webb. "This area is one of the state's great assets, and I made a promise to the Webb brothers, including my father, to keep it as farmland," said Webb. "I supported the Scenic Rivers program in college and have been looking for 25 years for a program that fit our needs to protect our land. I am pleased to have the opportunity to work with The Land Trust for Tennessee and keep this area as it is

today for years to come."

A voluntary conservation agreement, or conservation easement, is a contract between a landowner and a land trust, government agency, or another qualified organization. The owner places permanent restriction on the future uses of some or all of the property, which protects important historic, scenic, wildlife, open space or agricultural resources. These agreements are specifically tailored to meet important conservation purposes and the individual needs of the owner. The landowner still owns the property and can use it, sell it or leave it to their heirs; however, the restriction of the easement will stay with the land forever.

The Land Trust works with landowners to find ways to preserve forever the historic, scenic and natural values of their land -- they've preserved 33,000 acres in Tennessee. The U.S. Department of Agriculture's Farm and Ranch Lands Protection Program and the Tennessee Heritage Conservation Trust Fund also provided significant resources for protecting the Webb property.

- From "The Watershed" -- newsletter of the Tennessee Scenic Rivers Association.





THE EDDY LINE

LAST OF THE OLD REVERMEN

from The Patomic River Paddlers Web site

The message that I recently received was short and to the point. Frank died. That was all that I was told. Two words. Those two words, however, spoke volumes to me, and they sent my mind reeling back in time, and I thought of what Frank meant for me and for thousands of other paddlers throughout the nation. I came to realize, with those two words, that that man made not only a powerful impression on my soul, but gave my life direction when I needed it most. He stood for what I wanted my life to be. A riverman.

Yes, Frank Baxter died. His obituary is in the Washington Post, but one only sees dates therein, and that is not what Frank was all about.

Frank was the owner and operator of Jack's Boats, a kayak cabana (I dare not call it an outfitter) under the Key Bridge, located smack in the middle of downtown Washington, D.C. in the Georgetown area of our nation's capital. Yes, just walking distance from the infamous Georgetown steps seen in the Exorcist. Now, before I talk about my own experience of Jack's Boats, please allow me to provide some history behind that oasis in the city.

Like all stories, it is best to begin at the beginning.

In 1945, Jack Baxter was a DC policeman. He was married to a woman called Lee. The area he patrolled was Georgetown, along the banks of the Potomac River. One fine day, while working his beat, Jack stumbled across a stretch of land along the river bank beneath a bridge, and it made quite an impression on him. The next day, he turned in his badge and his gun, quit his job, bought the land from the District of Columbia, and began building a boathouse. Just like that. Jack built a one-room shed and dock, known as the cabana, on a pile of dirt, with his bare hands, at the bottom of a river bank. He opened Jack's Boats as a place for fishermen to rent canoes and rowboats and venture unto the river. This was the antithesis of what would in some circles be called a marina. It was a place where the poor man could use the river. The philosophy of Jack's

Boats has not changed since then.

Jack unfortunately died in 1999, but his wife Lee and son Frank determined to keep the operation going. Over the years, as word spread throughout the D.C. metro area, Jack's became a landmark. Celebrities began visiting its dock. As Frank would say to us, "When I was in junior high school, Jackie Kennedy came by with a basket and said that she wanted to have a picnic. So I rowed her out to Roosevelt Island. Her entire security detail, too." The rowboat that carried Camelot's first family to a picnic on nearby Roosevelt Island is still tied to the wooden dock, its patchwork hull attesting to years of hard use and frequent repair. If you had asked Frank about the boat, he would have told you, "It's the last boat my dad built; I've got to keep it going."

And Lee, the wife of the late Jack Baxter, used to sit on the dock, and watch the river. She would tell you how Jack once brought her down to the river and showed her where they would build a boathouse for all people. And she would tell you of the love and work that went into it for half a century. And how she kept it going after so many years. And you would wonder about the empty chair right next to Lee, and a picture Jack on the cabana wall, with a calm smile on his face, and then you would understand.

I knew, but I did not understand. It took a death for me to understand a life.

More than 20 years ago, in my wild whitewater days, I used to lead kayaking trips on the Upper Potomac River, and all was well with those. The trips were good, but it was more of an adrenaline rush than a scenic adventure. My life had hit many rocks along the way during that period, and I felt I needed something new. I let it be known that I wanted to expand my horizons, and do flat water trips as well. So, one day, through the informal word-of-mouth method of communication that the paddling community was noted for, I was asked to come down to Jack's Boats and help out. Miss Lee and her son Frank ran a kayaking business, and they needed some help. I was told that they would meet me at the cabana under the Key Bridge across from Roosevelt Island. I thought they were making it all up. I



asked around about the existence of a cabana located downtown in our nation's capital, and I was sternly told by some old timers that it was true, and that was Jack's Boats. And, I was further told, that albeit the boathouse was physically located in D.C. at the present time, that place was really an oasis from another time and another place. Sure, I said. . . . Still, it almost sounded like a dare. I nonetheless hesitated when I was told that it would be right in the middle of Georgetown, which had the worst traffic in a city already notorious for terrible traffic. But, like I said, it sounded like a dare. I therefore called Frank, hoping that I would be given an excuse for not coming, and I was simply told that I needed to come down and get healed. Now, if these seemingly trite words were spoken by any other man, I would have hung up right then and there. However, Frank sounded so sincere, so sure of his statement, without a note of sarcasm in his voice, that it just seemed surreal to me. Healing was something I desperately needed, but how could that be? Thus I went down that fateful Saturday, and what I found there was amazing. I really felt as if I had come on the set of the African Queen. Words fail to give it justice; please look at the photos I have placed in a folder in the Photos section of our web site entitled "Jack's Boats" for a visual description of the place.

As I've said, I was then going through a real rough period in my life, and what I needed within first had to come from without. The healing I needed was at the river.

And so, I would come down each weekend, and, while Frank sat at his outdoor office counting that day's trip requests, I sat on the floating dock with Miss Lee, with the empty chair next to her, where she told everyone and no one in particular that Jack sat there and he would look out to the river with her.

I eventually found out that Miss Lee loved roast beef, so I would stop at a deli and bring her a half pound of roast beef when I visited her. She would bless me to no end, peeking out from under her homemade hat. She would tell me that Jack was happy that I brought her roast beef. I looked up at that old picture of Jack on the cabana wall, and I felt that that smile was just for me. Miss Lee did not drive, so one fine morning Frank asked to leave early and

bring her to her house and then to come back to the boathouse. It sounded like it would take no time at all.

Well, Miss Lee's sense of direction was abysmal. We headed north, into Maryland, and when she saw a beltway sign that said the Virginia entrance was up ahead, she started yelling that she not be taken to Virginia under any condition. It had something to do with her singular understanding of the Civil War and of whom she believed really won that war. I told her we were not going to Virginia, but that we would stay in the Free State, and she was comforted that I spoke of Maryland using such an old term. She then told me to turn right and then left and then right and then we entered a county park. She jumped out of her car, wearing a large hat she made out of tree branches, and said that this was where she lived. I pulled her back in, and took off just as a park ranger was coming around the corner to see what all the commotion was about.

After the second hour into our 20 minute drive, I stopped at a 7-11 somewhere along the way and asked the clerk for a map. While I was looking up her street, Miss Lee came running in the store and proclaimed that Jack did not want her to be late. The clerk asked me who Jack was, and I said it was her husband, who had been dead for several years. The clerk just looked at me.

Then Miss Lee pointed her finger at me and said, you promised me you were not taking me to Virginia, and I said that was correct, and I sheepishly told the clerk that she just thinks the Civil War went a different way than it went. The clerk kept looking at me.

Eventually, I found her street, and I got Miss Lee back in the car, even though she was convinced there was roast beef somewhere in that 7-11. So she told the clerk she had enough roast beef. The clerk looked at her. As we sped off, in the rear view mirror, I could see that clerk standing in the doorway, looking at me. He experienced Miss Lee.

When I finally got her home, I headed back to the cabana on the river, and this time it took me 20 minutes using a direct route. But I had to admit it was not as exciting as the

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THE EDDY LINE

(Continued from page 9)

prior two hour trip was.

At the boathouse, I got to work, as I had organized a special paddle that evening, with a salsa band on a pontoon boat and with approximately 100 kayaks and canoes all floating around the pontoon. We used to do such an event weekly, and I understand that it has never been done again since. People were standing up in their boats and dancing. And falling in the water. My job was to ensure that they remained with the living, and that an equal number of people departed for home as had arrived for the event. So I would shoot around in between myriads of boats and also nudge boats away from the rear of the pontoon boat when it was time to move to another location farther upriver. Like I've said, since that time, never again had there been Latin dancing in kayaks with live floating musicians in the middle of the People's River. Drivers going over the Key Bridge would slow down, look underneath them, and call in amazing reports of people dancing on the river – I am sure they got much advice from the emergency dispatcher about the hazards of drinking and driving. Once, the Spirit of Washington got too close to our group, so I carefully approached that cruise ship, got next to its hull, and yelled up to the dinner guests aboard that they were going to be boarded by kayaking pirates unless they gave up their booty and backed away. A champagne bottle was lowered to me with a rope, and, laughingly, they waved to the kayakers, as the large ship backed away downriver again. Through it all, Frank and Miss Lee would be sitting in their wooden chairs beside the cabana, along with Jack's empty chair, and I will always treasure those nights and those precious memories.

Once, a developer had an idea of building a large floating restaurant on the Potomac River, between Jack's Boats and the Kennedy Center. It would have blocked much of the river to paddlers, but there was big money behind the idea. Somehow, the government gave the concept a preliminary approval, even though no one knew how customers were going to get to the restaurant from the roadway or where they would have parked their vehicles. It was harebrained, but big money said it must go on. Well, several kayakers started talking about a protest, then various paddling groups said they would support such a protest. A day was decided on to be on the river. Kayakers coming from

several states were told to meet at Jack's Boats. Well, it was the most disorganized organized group that ever met in the middle of the river. There were hundreds upon hundreds of kayaks, canoes, rowboats, and motor boats. Even hiking groups and bird watching groups gave their support from the land. A huge multi-colored flotilla made its way down the river. The national media reported it. In the end, embarrassed government representatives pulled back the approval in government fashion, by saying that it was not denied but a study would be done before it was finally approved. Twenty years have come and gone, and we're still waiting for that special study.

Later, in a tragic moment in our nation's history, our country suffered a terrorist attack, and that part of the river was never the same. Regular patrols by coast guard fast boats were carried out, and restricted zones came to be on the river. However, on September 11, 2002, when a one-year memorial celebration was going to take place at the Pentagon, given by the President himself, I decided to paddle therein. The Pentagon was right by the Potomac River, I logically explained. Frank, however, told me that the river was closed to all motor boat traffic due to security, but I said that I was not going to use a motor boat, so it did not include me. He just ambled away, mumbling something about all the darn half-baked ideas he ever heard. So, in a sea kayak with an American flag tied to a broom handle that was duck taped to my plastic boat, I headed out on my personal odyssey to show my support for the survivors of the attack on the Pentagon. I left at 8 AM that morning, and paddled upriver in a gusty wind. Frank came out of his river shack where he lived, next to the cabana, and sat on the floating wooden dock just watching me. I should note that Frank never had running water at his home on the river, but just electricity. There was no one else on the river, anywhere. It was very quiet, as I continued paddling, until I heard the crescendo of a distant rotor. All of the sudden, a large black helicopter came around the trees by Roosevelt Island. I had never seen one of these new helicopters before, albeit I heard of them. Its side doors were open, and 50 caliber machine guns were sticking out at a sharp downward angle. It hovered eight over me, pushing me lower and lower in the water. It was a strange feeling, watching the river get higher



all around me although it was actually I who was going lower from the force of the pushed air. I wanted to reach down and hold on to the sides of the seat, but an inner voice told me to keep my hands visible. That part of the river was not as deep as it was farther up (many people do not know that the deepest part of the river is by Three Sisters Island, just upriver from Jack's Boats, deeper even than the mouth of the river), yet even 20 feet is pretty deep. I was laughing nervously, thinking that I would be the first person to touch the river's bottom without getting wet – yeah, for a little bit, that is..... Yes, it was scary to be pushed straight down into the river, but after what seemed like an eternity yet was really only a few seconds the helicopter went up and away. They wanted to see inside my cockpit. Then, two orange-hulled coast guard fastboats came upriver and went by me, and the crew just eyeballed me, as I bounced over their wake. They must have decided that I posed no threat to others (I certainly did appear to pose a threat to myself, though).

All that time, Frank just sat upriver on his wooden dock, staring at my progress, shaking his head. I finally got to go where I wanted to go in my little paddleboat, and then turned back. When I returned, exhausted, hours later, Frank asked me if it was worth it, and I honestly said, yes, it was. And he smiled, saying he thought so, as it always is. I did not really know then what that meant then.

That same flag I used on my kayak is now taped on my fifth floor office window, in Silver Spring, Maryland, right beside the train tracks leading into D.C. so that if anyone looks up they can see our flag.

Years went by, I moved farther north, and I eventually let younger guys (and gals) help out at Jack's Boats, but I continued paddling upriver, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah Rivers. Yes, I decided that I would stay with flat water paddling.

One day, Frank told me that his mother, Miss Lee, had passed away, and I felt a powerful wave of sorrow wash over me. But since Frank seemed to hold up to the loss, and he said he would continue running the cabana, I did not feel as bad.

Now, I have been told that Frank has died, a man who lived on the river all his life. The only running water he ever knew was the river itself.

There is a memorial service for Frank planned on the river in the spring. Yes, on the river. Jack would have wanted it that way.

Now, when I get a person who wants to get into paddling, full of excitement and apprehension, and asks a truckload of questions about kayaking, with twice as many reasons why it probably is not a good idea to ever come close to the water, I just say to calm down and come down to the river and get healed.

Words fail to give it justice; please look at the photos section of our Web site entitled Boats for a visual description of the place.
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Potomac_River_Paddlers/

Bob Cianflone
BCianflone@yahoo.com



*If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed,
if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed*

-- Mark Twain



THE EDDY LINE

WELCOME

These members have recently joined GCA. New members are the life blood and future of the club — call one near you and arrange to paddle together.

Fuller, Jennifer
3131 N. Druid Hills Apt 10104
Decatur GA 30033
H: 404-573-7566
Email: jennif57@gmail.com

Hoesel, Brian
7-7 White Rock Court
Suwanee GA 30024
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W: 770-296-8235
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Lankford, Isabelle
9720 Emery Drive
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Email: isabellelankford@yahoo.com
Email: isabelle.lankford6@gmail.com

Melton, Mark & Megan
704 Spring Heights Lane
Smyrna GA 30080
H: 216-544-9187
Email: mmelton001@yahoo.com

Northrup, Adele
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Atlanta GA 30306
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Email: adele@virginiahighlandbb.com

Westerfield, Augie & Betsy
139 River Run Road
Calhoun TN 37309
H: 423-336-8406
Email: augieandbetsy@yahoo.com

Steward, David & Christensen, Linda
754 Gardenside Circle
Marietta GA 30067
H: 770-714-2698
Email: davidgsteward@bellsouth.net
Email: lchristensen@bellsouth.net

Tharp, Shirley
4685 Clifden Ave.
Grovetown GA 30813
H: 706-364-1132
Email: sand7644@knology.net

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VOLUME 45, NO. 1

WINTER ROLL PRACTICE

Indoor pool roll sessions are Mondays from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. on January 4, 11 and 25; February 1, 8 and 22 and March 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29 at the Warren/Holyfield Boys' and Girls' Club at Berne and Marion Streets near Grant Park.

This is your opportunity to learn to roll, practice your roll to stay sharp, teach a fellow paddler to roll or work on other techniques such as wet exits, hand rolls, deep water reentries, etc. The indoor heated pool is a great place to hone these skills during the cold winter months.

Directions: Exit I-20 at the Boulevard/Grant Park/Cyclorama exit. Go south about 1/2 mile to the light at Berne Street and turn left. Go another 1/2 mile and you'll see the facility, a large brick building on the left.

Turn left on Marion Street. The pool entrance is in the back - enter via the gate at the far end of the building to unload boats. Boats must be cleaned before entering the pool.

Fees: \$7.00 per session to cover heated pool rental, plus some form of ACA insurance, this may be:

- GCA members can join ACA for \$30 Individual or \$45 Family
- Non-GCA members can join ACA for \$40 Individual or \$60 Family
- There is a one time introductory ACA membership, six months for \$10 available to people who have not taken advantage of this before.
- And there is the option to pay \$5.00 for an "ACA event membership" for each session.

GCA Membership is appreciated.

ACA membership is required for insurance.

To help encourage attendance instead of paying \$7 each week GCA/ACA members can pay the non refundable "season rate" of \$63.00 (like getting two sessions free) and not have scrounge up seven bucks each Monday night.

The "season rate" for Winter Roll Practice is not refundable and not available to people choosing the ACA event membership. Trying to keep it simple.



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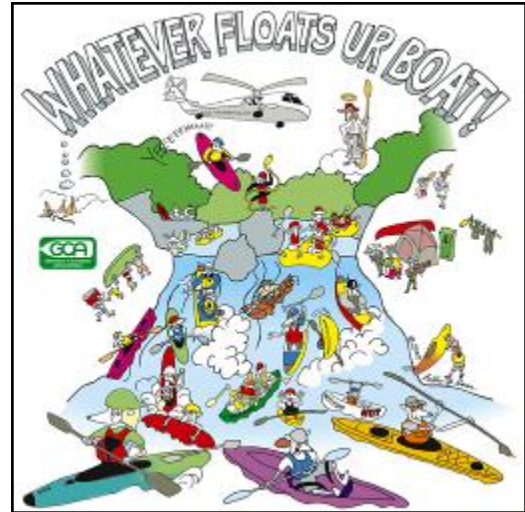

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THE EDDY LINE

KEEP YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS CURRENT

Each month numerous "copies" of the pdf version of *The Eddy Line* bounce back due to bad or outdated email addresses. If email to you bounces back, you will be deleted from the recipient list until we get an updated email address. When GCA receives a mail failure notice in response to an email to you on the GCA email list, you will be automatically unsubscribed by the listserve software. If your email changes, please "unsubscribe" and re-subscribe with your new address. Thank you.



All About The Eddy Line

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

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

Deadline: The deadline for all submissions, classified ads and commercial ads is the 5th of the previous month (e.g. August 5 for the September/October issue).

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. Material not individually designated as copyrighted may be disseminated **only** by paddling organizations having a newsletter exchange agreement with GCA: proper credit should be given. Publication of paid advertisements does not constitute an endorsement of the products or services advertised.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Non-business ads are free to dues-paid GCA members. Business and non-member ads are \$5 for up to 50 words, \$10 for larger. **Ads must be received by the fifth of the month to be published in the following month's issue.** Mail ads to *The Eddy Line*, 458 Windsor Drive Marietta, GA 30064 or email to the_eddyline@yahoo.com. Please, no phone-in or hand-written ads.

For Sale: vintage Mad River Explorer, good condition. At 15 1/2' this is versatile craft, good for solo or tandem, flat water or white water. Styrofoam flotation block. \$300.
Contact Dick Hurd at 770 664 4770,
or alphahurd@mindspring.com

Wanted: whitewater kayak for beginner/intermediate paddler. Looking for a used Diesel 65 or Pyranha H3 245. Will consider Pyranha Burn or Dagger Mamba. Roswell GA area. Contact Patty at 770-640-4020 or pdurand@bellsouth.net.

For Sale: Pyranha InaZone 242 -- Winner of the Kayak Design of the Decade award. This is my favorite river-runner of all time. For paddlers between 175lbs & 220lbs this is the squirt-turn boat that lets you ferry across fast water to catch that itty bitty eddy river right at the top of "Screaming Left Turn" then play all the way down "The Rock Garden". Used two seasons this boat is red & yellow and includes air bags. \$450

Nekey Blunt - THE planing hull creek boat. Very hard to find, this boat was a special order. This boat nails the line and boofs on command. Equally at home on everything from super technical low volume steep creeks to huge hydraulics, a serious creekin tool. This boat is in great conditions never pitoned or pinned. Used one season this boat is red & yellow and includes air bags. \$450. Lots of paddling stuff: paddles, large dry top, poggies, pants, dry bags,...Dave Chaney 770-992-0700 or eMail Dave@TheTechPlace.com



Spring Membership Meeting:

Our Spring membership meeting for 2010 is going to be on Sunday, March 28, 2010 at 1:00pm. We will meet at the Pavilion at the Paces Mill Parking area (the area where we usually park for the put in when running the Metro Hooch). We will have a members meeting and a covered dish meal, after which we will run the mighty Hooch (the Metro Hooch that is - suitable for all paddling levels!). Please bring a covered dish with you to share (we will need main dishes, side dishes and desserts). We will have paper products and drinks on hand. Be sure to bring your boat and paddling gear so you can join us for our run down the river after the meeting. If you have any questions you may contact me at bkaskell@comcast.net or call me at (678) 858-2012.

Spring Extravaganza:

Our Spring Extravaganza is planned for the weekend of May 14-16, 2010. This event is still in the planning stages but the location is tentatively set as Smokey Mountain Meadows Campground. We anticipate being able to offer trips on the Tuckaseegee and the Nantahala both days and depending on water levels and volunteers we hope to be able to offer additional trips as well. Keep watching the Eddy Line and the website for more details!

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS

The GCA web site now features a "GCA Supporters" web page with links to those who support GCA financially by advertising in *The Eddy Line*. Help those who help us — patronize our advertisers. And when you do, let them know you saw their *Eddy Line* ad and appreciate their support. Thanks!



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

GCA is a member-operated paddling club with over 800 family and corporate memberships comprising more than 2000 Individuals. Canoeists and Kayakers of all ages and paddling abilities are equally welcome. Some of our mutual interests include whitewater river running, creeking and playboating, river and lake touring, sea kayaking, paddle camp outs and competition and racing activities. We espouse conservation, environmental and river access issues as well as boating safety and skills development. Group paddling, training and social activities of all kinds are conducted throughout the year thanks to the volunteer efforts of our many members and friends. Membership is NOT limited to Georgia residents.