GCA
GEORGIA CANOEING ASSOCIATION
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THE EDDY LINE

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Special Points of Interest:

- *Oculmulgee Blueway—page 2*
- *Spring Extravaganza—page 15*

THE NARROWS OF THE TOXAWAY RIVER

by Roger Nott, GCA Historian

In the early days of the GCA regular trips were held on sections of several rivers which are now inundated. Among these are parts of the Coosawattee, Savannah, Oconee, Dog, Yahoola and Toxaway. Though Class V+ upstream sections of the Toxaway River in North Carolina are still runnable to expert decked boaters, the once popular "Narrows" section of the river in South Carolina beginning near the North Carolina border is now covered by Lake Jocassee, which was filled in 1973.

Claude Terry led a GCA trip on October 12, 1968, on this "four-hour," lower section of the Toxaway and wrote it up in the November 1968 issue of *The Eddy Line*, which was sent out to GCA's 66 family members. On the trip were an illustrious group of GCA founders and early leaders: co-founder Bill Crawford, Clyde Woolsey; and GCA founding members Roy and Roy Reid Adams, Payson and Aurelia Kennedy, and Claude Terry.

Bill Crawford was GCA's first President in 1966 and 1967. He passed the gavel to Payson Kennedy in 1968, to Claude Terry in 1969, and to Clyde Woolsey in 1970 and 1971. In 1972, *Deliverance* stunt man Payson Kennedy and GCA co-founder Horace Holden, Sr., founded the Nantahala Outdoor Center. The following year the other two *Deliverance* stunt men, Claude Terry and Doug Woodward, a GCA member since 1969, founded Southeastern Expeditions. Roy Adams was the club's newsletter editor in 1968 and 1969. Here is Claude Terry's article:

"October 12 was a fine autumn day, perfect for a drive in the mountains. Seven of our stalwart members drove to the N. C. – S. C. border to run the Toxaway River before it goes under the backwaters of the dam. (One group had a slight delay due to the problems of Bill Crawford, whose car was "mislaid.") The drive in to the river *(on a very primitive road)* was through an extensive forest, which was quite primeval. Despite the remoteness of the river, several groups of people were trout fishing at the put-in. The first series of rapids begins, almost immediately, with Devil's Chute. There are four (depending on how one separates them) good class 3 or 4 rapids, all of which can be portaged readily. Some of our party had trouble with Devil's Chute. They wound up sharing lunches. All part of the fun! The rest of the run is class 1 and 2, so most of the members could run the river if they portaged the first couple of rapids.

"The Toxaway has to be one of the cleanest streams in the country, with the bottom either sand or pebbles and visible in several feet of water. The gorge is pretty, with wildlife (beavers in particular) abundant and apparent. At the end, one rounds a bend, and there are the scalped mountains in preparation for the dam site. Enough to make a

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conservationist of anyone!"

The Toxaway was popular with several nearby children's summer camps which pioneered running many whitewater streams in the Southeast: Camps High Rocks, Merrie Woode, Mondamin and Green Cove. The latter two were founded by Frank Bell, Sr., shown paddling "Satan's Gut" in an accompanying picture provided by his grandson, Will Leverette. There are several more pictures of the Toxaway Narrows in Will's very interesting book, *A History of Whitewater Paddling in Western North Carolina* (The History Press, Charleston, SC, 2008), which is available at most local paddling shops.

GCA co-founder Bill Crawford is currently the Business Manager for Upper Chattahoochee Riverkeeper and also assists with their newsletter, water monitoring, canoe patrols, and annual Back to the River Race. From 1972 to 1992 he was co-owner and camp director of High Meadows Camp in Roswell. He wrote to me recently of his Toxaway trip: "I remember that October day in 1968. What a beautiful river! I also remember my little car, a blue Morris Minor. I had parked it at the head of my driveway, and during the night some teenagers turned my car over in the ditch, and all I saw was four wheels…. Frank Bell was known for being an outstanding camp director. Our early years on the rivers with Payson, Claude, Clyde, Horace and others were wonderful times."

OCMULGEE BLUEWAY—HAWKINSVILLE, GA

by Lamar Phillips

What a wonderful experience all you GCA paddlers who did not join us for the May 1st and 2nd paddler-camp-in at Hawkinsville missed! Hawkinsville and Pulaski County folks really rolled out the red carpet to welcome us in helping celebrate the Ocmulgee Blueway Project, a work in progress of partners Bleckley, Houston, Twiggs and Pulaski Counties in developing a Blueway of approximately 54 miles on the Ocmulgee as it flows through the four counties. Hopefully the canoe trail will eventually reach from Macon on the Ocmulgee to Darien at the mouth of the Altamaha as it reaches the Atlantic Ocean.

It seems there were dozens of folks helping us organize and make the weekend a success. The City of Hawkinsville and Pulaski County furnished the Park and shuttle bus. Pulaski Rivers Alive furnished an extra toilet, firewood, grill, and pontoon boats both days to assist with safety if needed. Many locals were on hand each day to assist in anyway needed. We are hesitant to mention names of contributors for fear of leaving someone out, but we must give a big thanks to Chuck Southerland of the Hawkinsville Dispatch and News, Karen Hunt who inspired us to plan this trip, Karen Bailey, Commissioner Brooks Bailey, and the City Manager Jerry Murkerson kindly opened the Opera House for us to explore on Sunday after the Paddle.

A special thanks to the families of David and Donald Johnson, and Barry Martin who allowed 63 paddlers and several volunteers to use their private boat landings. They even trimmed bushes and scraped the road to make our shuttle more convenient.

Several GCA members arrived on Friday about noon to set up camp and welcome paddle-campers. We enjoyed some great Hawkinsville barbecue with Chuck and Sherry and then drove to both Johnson and Martin Landings so we would be familiar with them for our paddles on Saturday and Sunday.

On Saturday morning paddlers, and volunteers started

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arriving around 8:00 AM, and we were please to sign in about 37 paddlers. After thanking Hawkinsville for making this weekend possible, introducing the GCA members, and holding our safety meeting, we launched our boats from the Mile Branch Landing right there at the Park.

The weather was cool and cloudy, and we soon found that we were going to be facing a really stiff head wind all day. Since the Ocmulgee was about 8 feet above normal and running very fast, the head wind was not much of a problem and was really a welcome relief as the temperature inched toward 90 degrees.

Most of us who had never paddled the Ocmulgee before were really taken with its beauty. Even though the water always looks stained and muddy, it seemed to be very clean. There was hardly any trash along the banks and the few homes that you could see from the river were well kept. Even though the sand bars were covered, the scenery was beautiful with a variety of foliage. I especially enjoy seeing the Cyprus knees at the edge of the river.

Although the paddle was about 9 miles, we finished in about 3 hours including our lunch break. With the current moving so fast, we didn't have to paddle hard. We took out at Martin's landing and the happy paddlers assisted in getting everyone off the water safely and boats loaded.

Several of us had dinner at another good restaurant and headed back to the Park for some tall tales around the campfire. This is always some of the most enjoyable time spent on any trip, Tom Hunt, one of the volunteers spent time telling us how Hawkinsville has been able to accomplish so much in promoting the town and river.

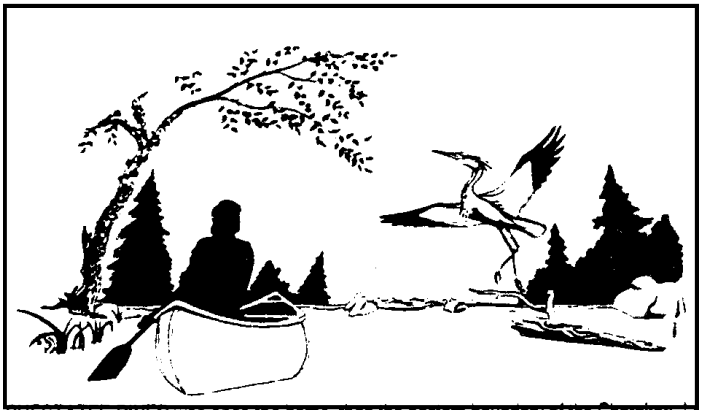
After a quiet night, we started breaking camp and getting ready for the Sunday paddlers. We had several new paddlers for Sunday, and there were several Saturday paddlers who were not able to join us Sunday. However, we still had well over 30 paddlers. We paddled from Johnson Landing to the Mile Branch Park We launched our boats in a really swift river and were on our way. If possible, this section of the river was even more beautiful than the section we paddled on Saturday.

Again, we had a very strong wind blowing in our face, but I heard no complaints because the temperature was up to 90 again.

I had been told that one of the young paddlers had been threatening the group with a water gun, so in the interest of protecting the other paddlers, I had purchased a water gun on Saturday night since I felt a strong duty to protect the other paddlers. Unfortunately, after seeing our innocent paddlers attacked by this armed assailant, I discovered that my water gun was defective. By this time, I saw that several of the paddlers were also armed and there was a real battle going on. This continued on down the river and for once most of the adults were attacking the youngster, but he handled himself well. The water fights really helped cool us off and we really had a good time.

Again, we had a fast paddle and all too soon were back at camp. Folks had a great time and we hope to make another trip on the Ocmulgee Blueway. The local folks made this one of the most pleasant trips I have ever made. Thanks to the twenty Georgia Canoeing Association paddlers who joined us. We had 63 paddlers from 24 different cities! Let's do it again!

Jamie Higgins will be posting a video on www.riverratweekend.org in a few weeks, so be sure to look for it.



23 SECONDS UNDER LAVA, 1980

by Jeffe Aronson

A brief story about fear at Lava:

This huge black basalt boulder is hotter than hell, baking in the searing desert sun. None of us notices that part, much, as this small spot on planet earth is significant for other reasons.

We've been here for over an hour. We sweat in front of a huge cliff, also black, its relentless radiation doubling the temperature. Mostly we listen to the freight-train roar emanating from Lava Falls as we scout our preferred passage through that maelstrom, pretending not to notice our rumbling bowels. Pretending we have some say in our immediate future.

Some of us, me included, hate long scouts. Tension builds, the challenge beckons, the indifferent rapid crashes and roars, unchanging. Read it and run it, for crissake.

Half the crew has arranged themselves, unconsciously, to Wanda's left, half to the right. We sweat in our shorts and t-shirts, wishing we could just get in our boats and get it over with. The group to her left lean in and offer encouragement, of a sort.

"You don't have to run it if you don't want to. Don't let them try and force you."

The group to her right responds by bellowing "GO GIRL! GO!... WHOOHOOO…"

Wanda is a novice kayaker. We had the usual river romance going, until Havasu, yesterday. But that's another story. She's been dreaming about, talking about, agonizing about Lava Falls since we put in at Lees Ferry, sixteen days and about a hundred rapids ago. She wants it, really, really bad. At the moment, she is also, regrettably, paralyzed with fear.

She's got a good Eskimo roll—impressed the hell out of me. But she gets psyched out in moving water, loses the whole show, ends up swimming, lonely kayak bobbing somewhere nearby. Not fun. Not to mention ego deflating and somewhat dangerous. During the course of the trip, she's managed to improve a bit, getting a roll in the tail waves. Still, if she turns over in the middle of a rapid, she panics, pulls out, swims, cries and stamps her foot when she reaches the safety of shore or the wooden deck of her rescue raft. Patience is critical when upside down in a kayak in a rapid. She has lots of qualities. Patience is not one of them.

She's been sitting on the traditional Lava scout rock for over an hour, sobbing. We all want to get on with it, whatever the hell Wanda ends up doing, time for action.

"So, uh, Wanda…how long can you hold your breath?"

All fall silent, turning to me, puzzled. I'm sitting like Buddha on a knob of hard rock just above them all, legs crossed. I hadn't participated until now, enjoying the show. This being my third time down, I'm the old-timer expert on this private trip. My belly's still healing from the last two surgeries, so I'm trying to take it easy, just be a passenger, glad to just be down here. Being down here means I'm still alive.

It also means I don't have the stress of being responsible for my own craft.

Wanda wipes her tears with her sleeve, says "Oh, I don't know. Why?"

"Come on. Let's see." I push a button on my watch, for all to notice. Wanda starts to hold her breath.

"Pretty good, fifty seconds."

"I could have held it a lot longer." Pause. "Why?"

"Well, this rapid is exactly twenty three seconds long, top to bottom." I point upstream. "Even if you turned over in that tiny eddy fence in the top of the tongue, in twenty three seconds you'd be in the tail waves and could roll up."

Mouth set, she rises wordlessly, turns briskly on her heel, and strides back down the trail, in the general direction of her kayak.

All eyes follow her, and then turn back to me, demanding.

I just shrug, smiling my most angelic smile. We watch and wait for Wanda.

Soon, her lone, tiny craft floats into sight from behind the tamarisk trees lining the bank, drifting directly into the right run–the infamous V-Wave, the dreadful Black Rock.

She hits that previously noted upstream eddy fence, and turns over in a flash. Everyone on shore spontaneously, unconsciously begins to count. "ONE-one thousand, TWO-one thousand, THREE…"

Wanda, meanwhile, proceeds into the first huge diagonal, careens over and into the next few merely big waves, slams into the V-Wave, buries then reappears through the bottom of it, floats directly into the biggest waves of all just left of the Black Rock, all upside-down.

"Twenty-THREE-thousand…" our tribe intones simultaneously from the relative safety of our perch.

In that same instant, Wanda, in the tail waves, rolls upright.

The applause and rowdy whistling adds to the general din. My trademark cackle lightens the mood for our own upstream progress towards our frail craft and fate.

Wanda walks her boat all the way back up the rocky, steep trail and runs it again, saying not a word, might ruin the spell. She makes it to the V-Wave this time before going over, rolls again in the tail.

At the beach called Fat City that evening, like so many others before and since, spirits flowed and soared.

NIGHT FLOAT TALES, don't start too early or else!

by Brady Black

Author's Note: This story begins January 26th, 2010 at the end of a 280 mile, 23 day trip on the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon.

We made our last official camp at Separation Canyon, 40 miles from our take-out at Pearce Ferry. We stayed in camp all day, a layover of sorts, and soaked up the sun. There was some debate as to whether the sun would duck behind the ridge directly across the river from us, but miraculously it just skimmed the top of it. The sun is always a factor in the desert. During the summer it is hot and unrelenting and you long for the smallest bit of shade, but during our trip in January, the sun was a blessing. We had just been through 5 days of rain, so every precious moment in the sunshine had been well appreciated and our spirits were high.

The 40 miles it would take us to get to our take-out is flat water with no rapids, but with lots of current. Naturally uncommon, but due to the power of man and concrete, this is what the end of the canyon now holds. The small bit of information from the guidebook on the section we were about to float reads like this: "After multiple years of drought beginning in 2000, Lake Mead's elevation has dropped to 1108 feet by May 2008 and further declines were predicted. At such low water, strong current was flowing from river mile 237 to river mile 292.5. Nevertheless, sediment deposited in this reach of the river has buried the original rapids and altered the river's gradient."

Brady (our outfitter) had told us it would take 11 hours to float to mile 275. We had previously pushed on our longest day just to go 20 miles in 7 hours so it was hard to imagine floating an extra 15 miles in 4 hours. Billy was the only person on our trip that had ever floated this section before, and their trip had a motor, and he was drunk the whole time and did not remember it, so we really had no way to judge. We could only trust Brady and the guidebook.

We decided not to cook lunch, just to graze on the snacks and leftovers, and to have an early dinner. That way we could pack up the kitchen and have the boats ready before it was dark. We were all excited about the night float. We had assembled the boats in a party barge several times already on our trip and it was a great way

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to bring the group together. We took off from shore at about 5:15 p.m. and strapped the boats, 3 in the front and 2 in the back, and began our journey into the night. We joked about setting up the blaster like a fire, because this would be the first night in 21 days without a campfire, and we joked about waking up in the morning in an eddy, only 2 miles downstream of our departure point.

The sun soon went down and the canyon was lit only by the light of the moon. It was about 3/4 full and provided enough light to make out basic shapes and shadows along the walls of the canyon. Looking downstream, Danny brought to our attention a dark object in the river coming towards us. It was a huge rock! Dave wanted to row around it but we all wanted to see what would happen after all, we would soon be asleep and needed to know how our party barge would handle floating into an immovable object. We were approaching somewhat to the right of it.

"We're gonna miss it."

"I don't know I think we're gonna hit it."

"Here it comes!"

Smack! The boats jolt and shudder and we spin to the right of the rock. "Well, that wasn't so bad." All is well and we have a laugh. It is a strange feeling to not take control of your boat when you see something to be avoided like an imminent collision with a rock. It is a lack of control that is contrary to what whitewater guides learn in the first few days of experience, but you must let go and see what the water can teach you.

3 miles after Separation Canyon the river makes a sharp bend to the southwest. The flotilla of course, continues it's previous northwesterly direction and we have another encounter with the canyon wall. The collision is jarring and noisy but bearable. After a while we come to a place where the canyon opens up and a large side canyon comes in from the southwest. The air is noticeably cooler as we pass the mouth of the canyon and a slight breeze sweeps across the river. To the left, rock black as night veined with bright white towers 100 feet out of the water. This must be Lava Cliff. Before the dam and before the lake, this was one of the most technical rapids in the Grand Canyon but now, the silt from Lake Mead has completely filled in the rapid and it has been reduced to the tiniest ripple (not even worthy of being called a riffle) but with just enough constriction and flow to form a long languid eddy along the left bank. An eddy which we found ourselves in.

It was actually a few minutes before anyone ever noticed. The shapes and the shadows so hardly perceptible in the dim light, that we were inches from the wall before I realized we were moving upstream. The wall was sheer and blocky, maybe limestone, who could tell. With only moon light and shadow there existed a lack of color and definition which fooled the eyes into seeing a wall of faces. Just as you would pick out statues in the clouds like a dragon or a Pegasus, there was an Indian warrior, characteristic profile of the natives, fully adorned headdress of feathers, and a scarf around the neck. Then 2 more, facing each other, brows, noses and mouths pressed against one another. Must be lovers.

Dave hasn't noticed the eddy yet. "Everything looks the same, look at that rock." Pointing to the lava outcrop. "I feel like we've seen that rock already."

"We have. We're in an eddy."

"Maybe we should row out of it."

"Nah, it'll kick us out eventually."

The oars are tantalizingly perched in the chocked position and it's hard not to take a stroke to help the boats out. But we leave it up to the river, it knows the way. The front of the boats begin to enter the faster current, it catches the ridges of the floor, spins us around and we think we might make it out, but no, not this time. We circle back around for another ride around the eddy and a chance to examine the cliff faces again. We circle a second time then on the third time, the current catches enough of us and we continue our downstream journey again.

The sky is beginning to look ominous with clouds moving in covering the moon. I feel a few drops of rain on my face. Oh please god, no more rain! Although we came well prepared for it, 5 days of rain had felt like enough for a lifetime. Liz and a few others break out their tarps so they might remain semi-dry throughout the night if the sky did begin to cry on us. "This is when it becomes

epic." she says. I grab my tarp too, reluctantly, because the sound of crinkling is doing nothing to augment my wilderness experience at this moment. But once we have the tarps ready the sky clears a bit and the heavier clouds move on. The epicness of the trip has moved on too, at least for now.

Everyone is pretty quiet, watching the shapes, sipping our beers, some have crawled into their sleeping bags already and are attempting to sleep. We are several hours into the float and I know I should try to get some rest but I don't think I sleep, the world around me is too fascinating. I'm watching Danny stand on his drop, looking up, watching. I follow his silhouette, dark and beautifully maned and bearded, still against the mountains and sky moving behind him. I'm so glad we did this.

Eventually the silence is broken by what sounds like a large rock falling into the river, about 20 feet away. Those who were attempting to sleep are now wide awake as we search for the source of the sound. There it is again, coming from the same spot. Headlamps are just a cruel joke as you can't really see past the end of the boats. After some debate, we determine it must have been a beaver letting us know that we were not welcome in his home. Where they were once diurnal and curious creatures, the beavers are now nocturnal and ever weary of an unfamiliar presence. They have been this way since the boom of the fur trade in the early 1800's, another example of human impact on even the most primitive wilderness. I decide I have to get some sleep. I lay in my bag and close my eyes and it's surprisingly easy once I shut off my mind and listen to the sounds of the water and it rocks me to sleep.

I woke with a jolt, don't know how long I've been asleep, could be minutes or hours. We've run into the bank again. I look around and try to get my bearings. It is still cloudy, the moon covered, but some light. The left bank looks low, all the water is pushing to the right. Probably a side canyon and debris fan on the left. The right is a tall rocky bank (the one we ran into) and a large, debris catching eddy before that. The river runs into the rocky bank and diverts to the left. It might be a bit harder to get out of this eddy. We'll have to be just right to fit the boats through the small channel leading out past the rocky bank.

I try looking at the map to locate our position. There are a few side canyons in this reach and I study each one. I finally decide on Reference Point Creek, 13 miles downstream from our departure point at Separation Canyon. Positive identification however, cannot be achieved with just a map, and without the aids of sunlight, a watch, or a compass. (I now believe we were at Quartermaster Canyon, 20 miles from Separation.) A GPS device would have been a perfect tool for this float however, 10 days earlier my GPS had taken a swim along with my journal, toothbrush and solar charger, aided by a raven who was seeking the 2 day old salami at the bottom of my dry bag. Trust when anyone tells you to secure your belongings from those crafty ravens.

We're floating back upstream in the eddy and I spot a downed tree in the water, gnarled branches sticking out a few feet above the surface. The trees are what worry me. We already had an encounter with a large branch that almost stole Adana's pelican case and threatened Tim's sleeping head with it's protruding member. The boats scrape against the branches and I hear the wood pop and crack under the pressure. I hope a branch doesn't snag anything important. The current catches us again and we slam into the rocky bank. Thomas is awake, sitting up and watching the show. I wonder if anyone else is awake. Could you sleep through the crash of the boats against the bank and the scrape of the tree? No member of our group stirs as the cadence is repeated. Crash, wall; swish, upstream; scrape, crack, tree; squeak, whoosh, current; crash, wall. The barge circles 6 or 7 times before it finally gets it just right and slowly spins off the wall to the left, downstream once again.

I feel comforted, although naively, by the fact that at

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Keeping In Touch

To contact GCA, write Georgia Canoeing Association, Inc., P.O. Box 7023, Atlanta, GA 30357 or leave a message at 770.421.9729.

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

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

TRIP SCHEDULE

Date	Canoeing / Kayaking Trips	Difficulty / Class	Coordinator	Phone
May				
05-09	Sweetwater Creek State Park - Lake	Beginner to Adv	Marie Short	404-202-9546
05-14	**Spring Extravaganza**	Beginner to Adv		
05-14	Upper Toccoa	Trained Beginner	Buddy Goolsby	770-402-2174
05-14	Nantahala	Intermediate	Paul Smith	770 852-1106
05-15	George L Smith St.Park	Beginner to Adv	Marie Short	404-202-9546
05-15	Little Tennessee or Tuckaseegee	Trained Beginner	Vincent Payne	678-343-5292
05-15	Tuckaseegee	Trained Beginner	Karen Saunders	678-372-2849
05-15	Pigeon River	Intermediate 3+	Mark Holmberg	678-234-5681
05-15	Toccoa	Trained Beginner	Vincent Payne	678-343-5292
05-16	Magnolia Springs State Park Paddle	Beginner to Adv	Marie Short	404-202-9546
05-16	Nantahala	Intermediate	Lisa Haskell	678 858-2012
05-21	Upper Chattahoochee	Intermediate	William Gatling	770-529-7103
05-22	Leaders Choice- Upper & Middle Occoee or Cheoah	Advanced	Duncan Cottrell	404-289-6960
05-22	Essentials of River Safety Class	Beginner	Gina Johnson	404-512-0832
05-29	Sea Kayak Basics	Beginner	Steve Cramer	706-540-3379

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.

05-29	Hiwassee River - Memorial Day Weekend	Trained Beg. 1-2	Brannon Proctor	770-664-7384
05-30	Chattahoochee- Nancochee - Smith Island	Trained Beg. 1	Dick Hurd	770-664-4770
05-30	Hiwassee River - Memorial Day Weekend	Trained Beg. 1-2	Jack Taylor	770-998-0350
June				
06-05	Little River of Tennessee - Sinks Section	Advanced	Duncan Cottrell	404-289-6960
06-12	Sea Kayak Rescue Benefit Class	Beginner	Steve Cramer	706-540-3379
06-12	Nantahala	Intermediate	Brannen Proctor	770-664-7384
06-13	Nantahala - Ferebee	Intermediate	Brannen Proctor	770-664-7384
06-14	Ocoee	Advanced	Allen Hedden	770-426-4318
06-18	Canoe, Kayak, & Recreational Kayak Classes	Various Levels	Gina Johnson	404-512-0832
01-26	Duckie Day - Inflatable, Sit-on-top Class	Beginner	Gina Johnson	404-512-0832
July				
07-03	Hiwassee	Trained Beginner	Brannen Proctor	770-664-7384
07-04	Hiwassee	Trained Beginner	Jack Taylor	770-998-0350
07-15	Ocoee	Advanced	Allen Hedden	770-426-4318
07-16	Canoe, Kayak & Recreational Kayak Classes	Various Levels	Gina Johnson	404-512-0832
07-23	Ocoee	Advanced	Allen Hedden	770-426-4318
07-31	Hiwassee	Trained Beginner	Brannen Proctor	770-664-7384
Aug				
08-01	Hiwassee	Trained Beginner	Jack Taylor	770-998-0350
08-07	Sea Kayak Strokes Class		Steve Cramer	706-540-3379
08-13	Canoe, Kayak, & Recreational Kayak Classess	Various Levels	Gina Johnson	404-512-0832
08-17	Lower Ocoee	Beginner	Allen Hedden	770-426-4318
08-21	Hiwassee - Chick Paddle	Trained Beginner	Karen Saunders	678-372-2849
08-21	Nantahala	Intermediate	Brannen Proctor	770-664-7384
08-22	Nantahala - Ferebee	Intermediate	Brannen Proctor	770-664-7384
Sept				
09-04	Hiwassee	Trained Beginner	Brannen Proctor	770-664-7384
09-05	Hiwassee	Trained Beginner	Jack Taylor	770-998-0350
09-18	**Fall Gala**	Various Levels		
09-18	Sea Kayak Basics Class - Charleston SC		Steve Cramer	706-540-3379

Upcoming Races for 2010

Date	Day	Name of Race	Distance	Boat Classes	Location	Contact Details
June 12	Saturday	Back to the Chattahoochee Race and Festival	8 & 10 miles	All Classes	Atlanta, Ga.	Tammy Bates 404-352-9828 ext.12 www.chattahoochee.org
21-Aug	Saturday	Savannah Paddlefest	8.5 miles	All Classes	Augusta, Ga.	Andy Weed 706-826-8991 aweed@savanahkeeper.org
October 9	Saturday	Suwannee Race Challenge and Marathon	26 & 52 miles	All Classes	White Springs, Fl.	Rod Price407-227-5606 rodbprice@hotmail.com www.aca1.com

(Continued from page 7)

least one person of our crew has been awake whenever I open my eyes to peek at our progress. I don't want to get too far downstream and drift past the take out or even worse, into the nightmare of a 10 man sleeping barge, the rushing water and deadly holes of Pearce Ferry Rapid. Someone will be awake, I'm sure of that as I close my eyes for another stint of sleep.

"We're on the lake"

"Where are we?"

"Oh my god, I hear a rapid, wake up David"

Several members of the group are talking as I open my eyes. It is still dark and I try to get my senses about me in the early morning sleepy haze that is on my brain. The sound of the water enters my ears, travels through the proper channels and flips the right switch. Rapids! A big one! Yes, I know which one, I can hear it clearly now.

"Hey everybody, let's get the hell out of here!" I say loud enough to wake anyone still asleep.

I grab my oar, sit up on the seat, and still in my sleeping bag attempt to get the barge to the shore. I'm the only one rowing so we're just going in circles.

"Which side is the take out on?"

'River left"

"Which side is left?"

"I can't see the bank."

We are not coordinated or awake enough to get anywhere yet. Where is my PFD I wonder? That was stupid I don't even have it at arm's reach and we could get swept into this rapid. I think about all my gear that is not secured to the boat.

"Danny grab your oar and let's go back."

"Should we unhook?"

"I don't know I'm just going to row." We're still going in circles. I'm pulling and Danny is pushing, both of us sleepy eyed and confused about which direction we need to go.

"There's the bank in front of us, go forward."

We finally get it together enough to go in one direction. "Keep going we're almost there." Liz, always the encouragement when we need it most.

Tim grabs the oar and I throw on my ditch boots. Billy is at the front, ready with a rope to tie the barge up.

"I'm not going to be able to hold the boats, somebody needs to help."

"I got it Billy!" I make haste to a bow line and jump out, not close enough to the bank yet, my feet sink and my boots fill with water. I slosh to the bank and Billy and I hold tight to the ropes and pull the barge to the sand looking for something to tie to, anything.

"Get some sand stakes."

"Hold this rope while I find a tree." The barge -- boats, gear, people -- weighs several thousand pounds, and the current is swift. We have to get it tied up good. A couple of sand stakes and a few brushy tamarisk trees hold all 5 bow lines to the bank and the barge is finally secured. I dump the water out of my boots and wring my socks out. Adana's watch alarm starts to beep.

"What time is it?"

"5:45."

"Is that Pearce Ferry Rapid?"

"It has to be, it sounds big." I lay back down in my bag to get some more sleep before the sun comes up. It is surprisingly easy, knowing that we are safe tied up to the bank.

The first rays of sunlight peek through a crack in my eyelids and I check out my surroundings. The river flows under my boat with a determined destination, the current is fast. We're parked on a small sandy beach on river right and both upstream and downstream of us, cliffs of muddy, crumbling lake silt rise 20 to 30 feet out of the river. The same silt cliff on river left. How did we manage to pull over here, the only possible place to tie this beast up? Call it luck or God but there we were. Then upstream of us, on the opposite bank I see what looks to be a ramp. It is. It's our take out and

we're a good ways past it, on the other side of the river. I have to laugh at this situation. Well, at least we're here a day early. We don't have to leave until tomorrow morning and we'll have all day to get the boats upstream on the other shore.

Some folks take a walk to get a glimpse of the rapid that could have been our demise and some grab the 'day groover' to take care of their morning business. Thomas and Tim return from their scout and declare the rapid unrunnable. From the pictures I had looked at, taken a few months earlier the rapid looked bad, but still runnable with a wide tongue on the left pushing all the current into the left wall and a steep pour-over on the right. Now apparently, the declining lake level had turned the tongue on the left into a hole that stretched from left bank to a mid channel island and the pour-over on the right was steeper, leaving no safely navigable line through the rapid. If we would have drifted into there tied together in our sleeping bags, we would have certainly lost gear and had some injuries and it is very likely that someone could have drowned. But we'll ponder those thoughts later, we still have to get the boats to the takeout.

We put our heads together and devise a system for lining the boats upstream far enough to ferry across. The lining is slow. The bank is extremely steep, muddy and unstable. It goes something like this: Unhook a boat from the bank and the barge. Pull it along the bank, sloshing and sinking in the mud, struggling against the current and kicking it away from the bank every few inches. Get to the point where you can go no further and attach to a rope bag floating in the water. 1 person will pull you up to the next spot where you can barely walk along the silt bank and pull the boat again along the shore. 2 or 3 more times like this and then you're ready to make the 'hairy ferry' across the swift current 300 ft. to the other side. If you don't start high enough, or if you blow your ferry and miss the eddy on the left, downstream you go and hopefully, you can find another spot to stop before the rapid. But we can't see around the corner, and the silt bank doesn't look promising.

Keith and Danny are the first ones ready for the ferry. They take off from the bank and we cheer them on. Keith is pulling for the left bank with all his might as the current pushes them further downstream. "Go Keith, don't give up!" 'Watching with baited breath' would be an appropriate statement for this moment. This is the time when our whole plan could be defeated, when all the tireless work of the lining could be swept away with the current in just a few seconds. Finally they reach the slack-water. They are low in the eddy, just upstream of the silt bank, but they are safe. Boat 1 success! 1 by 1 we repeat this scenario, working hard to make it happen, covering ourselves with mud and sweat, running off of nothing but adrenaline. And 1 by 1 we succeed. What a relief when you reach the other side.

"Now I can rest."

"Now I can have some coffee."

"Now I can eat." Now we can be at peace by the river, the place where we all love to be.

Bad planning is the mother of adventure. I had meticulously studied trip itineraries, weather patterns, maps, water flow data, rapid descriptions and menus and planned out most details so that all we had left to do was enjoy our time away from the hum of electricity, climate control and roofed shelters. Our entire trip from the permitting at the very beginning, the rapids, the camps in the sun, the miles we made each day, and even taking shelter from the rain, had gone smoothly. I needed that birth of adventure now, on our last hours in the canyon. When we left the shore at Separation Canyon we were 10 people with an audacious crave for unfamiliar horizons. We strapped our 5 boats together and became 1 boat and 1 team, with virtually no plan except to travel while sleeping. No one was the leader, no one had any more information than the other, there was no skill involved, we were all equals. Any tension or animosity that had existed between us in the last 22 days was lifted as we drifted through the night. All heeds were dropped into that great river that swept us downstream and rocked us to sleep. When disaster began, we existed in that state and our teamwork was phenomenal. We had lived that bold adventure we were seeking, we had avoided disaster, and we all agreed, when we were safe on the other bank, that this was going to be a great story.

"If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed, if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed."
-- Mark Twain

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.

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Email: taylorjane@modwest.com

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VOLUME 45, NO. 3

WINTER ROLL PRACTICE

by Vincent Payne

Those of you who attended Winter Roll Practice already know that it was a successful season. Thank you for helping to make it so. Our goal was to provide a service to the club members and not lose money in the process. The roll practices were well attended and the club will actually see a few dollars after we pay ACA for insurance and we pay the Boys and Girls Club for the heated pool rental.

Pauline Thynne and I were the visible volunteers this year, but several others helped make it happen. Kate Wilkerson, Gina Johnson and Ed Schultz and I hope I left no one out but I may have. It takes people working behind the scenes to get these things in place. They don't get to share the "thank-yous" with me at the events, but they deserve one. I also want to acknowledge the many GCAers that helped coach the folks who were learning to roll or learning other new skills. I dare not try to mention each of them but, they know who they are. It would not be as beneficial without their contribution.

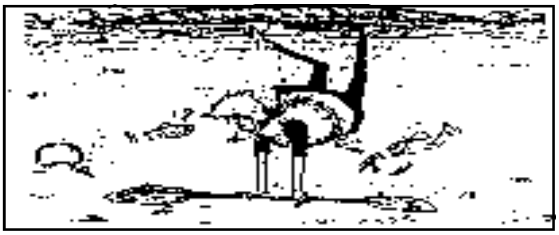
We had seventy-four unique people attend roll practice on the attendance roll that shows two hundred eighty-four attendees. Twenty-eight people came only once and the average person showed up about four times. Five people showed up ten or more times. Only one person took advantage of paying the discounted season rate.

We gained six new members. American Canoe association gained thirty-three new members. The gap here is that attendees must become an ACA member to be covered by the insurance but this is no requirement to join the GCA. I estimate about half the attendees are GCA members. Some clubs have one price for members and a higher one for non members. We may look at this for next year to encourage people to join the GCA Most people joined ACA by taking advantage of the six month introductory rate. We may look at this (a GCA introductory rate) in conjunction with tiered rates.

As an open boater, I never thought to come to roll practice. But we had a couple of open boaters most nights, especially if you include the C-1s. One night I counted five open boats. Fortunately it is a big pool and never got too crowded. Even on the nights that we had twenty nine or thirty boats show up. In fact on the night we had thirty people, Ben from Outside World brought by a half dozen demo boats for folks to test drive.

Attendance and enthusiasm were both high so we made plans to extend roll practice into April. We could only use it for three of four weeks because they close for spring break. For those three weeks we had twenty-one, thirteen, and eighteen people show up. If eleven show up we break even and can pay for the pool rental. There was never a night where less than thirteen came to play.

Well, we are done with the pool and now it is time to get out on the river. See you there.



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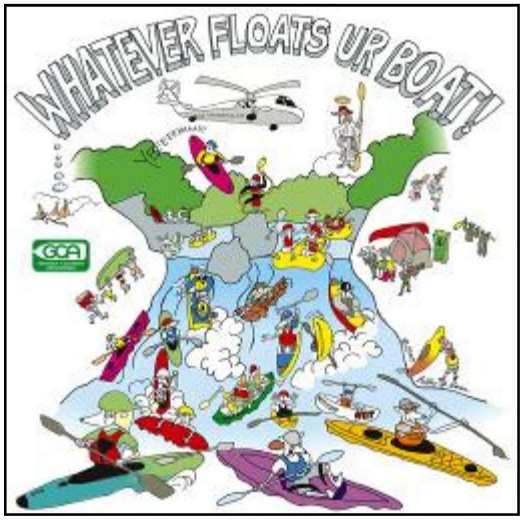

All About The Eddy Line

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).

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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: 14ft Mohawk white water boat with saddle, thigh straps, and air bags. Two paddles included. She is a veteran boat but apart form the usual scratches still in excellent condition. White water setup was supervised by Allen Hedden. Asking $350. If interested contact Herb 770-414-0158 or herbert.hammond@att.net

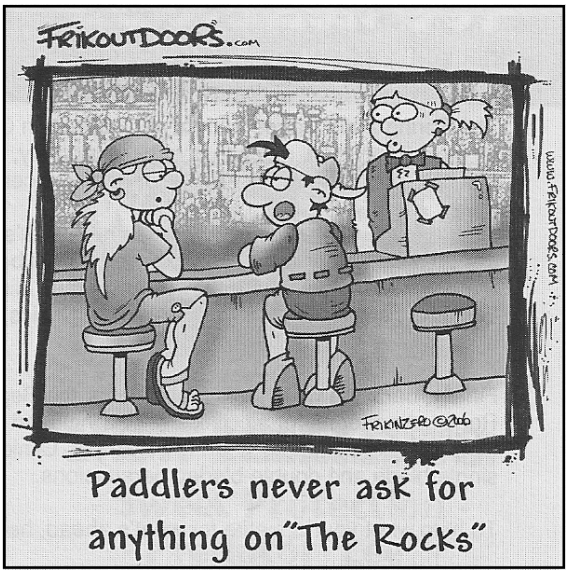
For Sale: Noah Whitesell ABS whitewater canoe. Full outfitted and in excellent condition—has been in water only three times and always has been in garage. Asking $650, OBO. Call Dale Bergen 706-658-2583 or 770-316-1796 (cell) E-mail: dale.bergen@gmail.com
Located in Braselton, GA, just off I-85

SPRING EXTRAVAGANZA

Our Spring Extravaganza is planned for the weekend of May 14-16, 2010 which is only three weeks away! The canoeing and kayaking portion of this event will take place on various rivers in the Nantahala area, the camping portion of this event will be at Smoky Mountain Meadows Campground.

The campground officially opens on May 1, 2010 and the phone number after that time will be 1 (828) 488-3672. If you would like to contact the campground earlier than May 1st to make your reservation please call 1 (864) 420-8077 and speak with Elaine. They offer tent sites with no water or electricity, sites with water and electric only, and full hook up RV sites. Be sure to specify that you are with the GCA when you make your reservation and RESERVE NOW so we have a good group! By the way, this campground has very nice bath houses for those of you who are interested in such things!

We have reserved the pavilion for use on Saturday night so that we can have a group dinner. The pavilion has a roof and picnic tables so that we can gather and eat even if it happens to rain on us. For the Saturday night dinner please bring whatever meat or main dish that you would like to eat (just enough for you) to put on the grill and a side dish to share. You will also need to bring whatever you want to drink. I will make sure we have grills, charcoal and paper plates, plastic cutlery, cups, etc.



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

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

GCA is a member-operated paddling club with over 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.