



P. O. Box 611, Winston, GA 30187

# THE EDDY LINE

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The Chattooga river clean up has been re-scheduled for August 13, 2022 due to low registration and high water. For more information about this event, call, text or email trip coordinator Roger Nott, 678-316-4935, [rogernott@att.net](mailto:rogernott@att.net).—



## **Fred and the Drop** by Rodney Snead

I, Rodney Snead, solemnly swear that a significant portion of what I am about to tell you is true. The rest is poetic license (or if you are not a poet, just a few lies).

I first met Fred as I moved to Anniston about 20 years ago. There were rumors of a crazed jeweler who would probably guide me on some of my kayak paddling trips. One of the first things of the area he showed me was the beauty of Little River Canyon. On my first trip, with Ted and Helen Sparks, excellent friends and paddlers, we encountered a future friend, Phil, who had ripped his ABS canoe almost in half in a rapid called Bottleneck. I was just glad to get down the river in better shape than Phil's canoe as I traveled with this team of leading edge adventurers. At that point, I should have known what the years would bring.

Over the years, it seems Little River Canyon has held a special attraction for us that has brought many stories and adventures. As we became more familiar with the river, we moved upstream to more difficult rapids. Since we did not know anyone who knew access points in these more remote sections, we had to find our own way. This sometimes involved lowering our kayaks and canoes from the rim on ropes and climbing down tree branches from above.

One winter day as spring tempted the robust spirit, Fred and I set out to run the "upper two miles". Fred had bought an expensive new boat, and over the winter, had painstakingly outfitted it with every known safety measure. It was prepared for almost any challenge. In full wet suits, we had set out from the canyon rim to reach the river bed some 800 breathtaking feet below. The first part of the descent was about two hundred yards of steep tree-covered slope. This ended in a foreboding cliff that looked to be about 120 feet above the unforgiving boulders awaiting at the bottom.

Footing on the slope was somewhat treacherous due to the winter leaves and occasional icy spots covering the slippery rocks. Guiding my kayak through the trees, I had slipped once or twice on the surface and became wary of our descent. Just as I turned around to tell Fred that he might wish to belay his boat with a rope, I heard rocks and leaves suddenly give way under foot. A bright yellow missile squirted by me and slithered through the trees before I could reach out to halt its mission. And on a mission it was, as we chased it down the slope. Twice the disobedient runaway slowed almost to a stop, then lurched forward just as we were about to capture it. Quickly winded, and realizing my efforts would make no difference, I stopped to gather in the majesty of the moment -- two grown men in awkward wet suits chasing a piece of plastic down a wooded mountainside. Unimpressed, the imp continued worming between the trees and rocks like a giant yellow lizard and slowed about 20 feet

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*(Fred and the Drop, continued from page 2)*

above the cliff. When it at last stopped, we both breathed an enormous sigh of relief. Then, as if possessed, it again crept forward. Gathering energy for a mighty leap, it raced faster and faster, lunging over the edge and out into nothingness. It seemed time paused for a moment and the Earth stood still. Nearby foraging squirrels peered in awe while those below trembled with fear as the sky darkened with a giant yellow phallus suspended in mid-air. Birds on the wing craned their necks to view the developing carnage. The sound of the running streams stopped and my heart's pounding was my only awareness. At last, the Earth's inertia won out, and time started to move again as the canoe whistled down the equivalent of twelve stories to destruction. A rapid succession of popping branches and breaking limbs was followed by the nauseating concussion of a good boat committing suicide on the rocks. In my imagination, I could visualize tiny yellow, expensive boat fragments scattered among the leaves and broken trees.

Silence reigned again for a few moments as I mourned the untimely passing of a good boat gone bad. Then from behind I heard Fred exclaim, "Oh, man! If only I had been in the seat with my paddle, I could have had the ride of a lifetime!"

#### **- Addendum by Fred Couch:**

In some major house cleanup recently my wife 'found,' framed, the above article written by my paddle bud, Dr. Rodney Snead.

What it doesn't say is, why all that horrendous noise after my canoe descended out of view. Well, it hit a tree at the apex of its branches spreading out, completely severed the top portion of the tree, which the canoe 'rode' down the cliff face. It busted my helmet in half and punched a quarter-size hole in the bow just above water line. There was still a couple of hundred feet of climbing over boulders to get to the river, which got us warmed up in our wet suits that winter day, and then a ten mile run which we finished at dark. - *EL*

GCA welcomes paddlers from all races, genders, and sexual orientations. We will continue to strive to promote diversity among the paddling community and work to create a safe space for all to enjoy our paddling adventures.

## **Fred and the Frigid First Timers** by Fred Couch

When we were younger, fairly confident of our abilities, but not well equipped with the better whitewater gear of today, we did some challenging trips. Back then, in the 1980s, scuba diving quarter inch thick wet suits, wool or leather gloves were it for cold winter trips.

Little River Canyon (LRC) was beginning to be known by many advanced paddlers, which information also spilled over to the foolish. On a 4 degree day, with 20 mph winds blowing from south to north, five of us decided it might be a good level after some recent rains, dropped off a vehicle at Canyon Mouth Park, and drove to Eberhart Point (others call the Chairlift) section to begin our descent down the rugged mile long trail. There were two guys with new kayaks, blue jeans, and two wives trying to dissuade them from going. Unable to keep those nuts from going, the wives turned to us, asking us to nurse maid, please... to which I tacitly agreed. Here we are with helmets, pleated lifejackets, rescue ropes, med kits, full wetsuits and wetsuit booties, in flip-flops to negotiate the rocky surface.

Back then you depended on what you thought a recent rain meant, and the rock wall around the pool at the bottom of the trail. If the water was 6 inches below the top it was a doable, low level trip; however, if it was at the top edge of the rock wall, it would be a screaming, fun challenge. Sometimes you would do the screaming, not always in fun!

Even though we got pretty warm negotiating the trail over the 400-foot descent, we still would do jumping jacks to limber up. The two 'nuts' said "Is that really necessary?" The water level, thankfully since we had added baggage who had no business being there, was at the bottom of the rock wall. We did our fair share of instruction, nurse-maiding, and some rescue that day. Fortunately for those two, Off The Wall and Bottleneck had banks to portage around, which they only agreed to do when they saw what we did to negotiate them, and how we set rope for throwing if needed. I well remember looking up at one point to see my friends, Susan W. and C.A. Roberts gazing down at us.

The two SNAFUs of the day, besides the extreme cold, were (a) my hands froze stiff in my leather gloves - to get the hands warm, I regretfully removed my favorite gloves into the river, but it worked; (b) towards the end of the 8 mile run, near Johnnie's Creek where it gets kind of calm to the ordinary paddler, we started spreading out quite a bit. As sweep, I had actually ambled on downstream of the last fellow, when all of a sudden his kayak passed me without him in it.

I turned around and frantically paddled up stream thinking the worst, to find the guy clinging to a mid-stream rock like a baby to its mama's breast. It was not exactly easy to tell him to  
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*(Frigid First-Timers, continued from page 4)*

let go, and how to float on his back with feet up, in those soaked blue jeans. But, he had no choice. After I got him to his kayak, and to the take out, both he and his friend said what they should have said before we started, about not attempting something like that again.

Incidentally, I had taught C.A. how to kayak, though I mostly canoe, and he didn't want to go on such a cold day. He later moved to Colorado, after we did a ski trip there, and became a rescue kayaker with rental firms on the Grand Canyon, and paddled the even colder Poudre River, Class 5, just outside of Fort Collins, regularly. - EL

## 2022 YELLOW RIVER TRASH BASH

**JOIN US for the 7<sup>th</sup> Annual Land, Shore and River Cleanup**  
**Sept 10, 2022 Sat. 9:00 AM – 12:30 PM**  
**Gwinnett's Yellow River Park, Pavilion, 3232 Juhan Rd, Stone Mtn, GA**

- HAVE FUN for a few hours, Helping our Park, & Helping our River.
- Lunch & T-Shirt provided with Pre-REGISTRATION.
- Registration Info soon
- Minimum age 14
- Questions?  
[YRTB2022@outlook.com](mailto:YRTB2022@outlook.com)

*\*This event will follow state and local guidelines regarding COVID19*

*Thank You*

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CLEAN & BEAUTIFUL  
KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL AFFILIATE

**Gwinnett**  
Parks & Recreation  
&  
Water Resources

**TRIP AND CLINIC SCHEDULE**

Saturday, July 2 - Hiwassee River, Powerhouse to Reliance / Class II

Saturday, July 2 - Ocoee Fun Run/ Class III

Sunday, July 3 - Hiwassee River, Powerhouse to Reliance / Class II

Saturday, July 9 - Tuckaseegee Step Up / Class II

Sunday, July 10 - Chattooga Section 3.5 / Class II-III+ (IV)

Sunday, July 10 - Nantahala "Lite" / Class II-II+

Saturday, July 16 - Hiwassee River, Powerhouse to Reliance / Class II

Saturday, July 16 - Tuckaseegee Gorge/ Class II

Sunday, July 17 - Sunset Paddle on the Upper Hooch / Class II

Saturday, July 23 - Nantahala / Class II+ (III)

Saturday, July 30 - Tuck Gorge / Class II

Sunday, July 31—Wild Card Paddle/ Class II-III (IV)

Please see the GCA Calendar for details, updates, and to sign up at [www.gapaddle.com](http://www.gapaddle.com).  
For any questions or class suggestions, e-mail [eddylineeditor@gmail.com](mailto:eddylineeditor@gmail.com).

To Volunteer To Coordinate Trips email Cruisemaster Terri Abbott: [abbott.terri@gmail.com](mailto:abbott.terri@gmail.com).

As usual, we need trip coordinators for all types of trips, from flatwater 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!

**KEY TO GCA SKILL LEVELS**

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

**Beginner** - mild current, occasional Class I riffles; 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.

Thank you to our supporters.



### Keeping In Touch

To contact the GCA, write Georgia Canoeing Association, Inc., P.O. Box 611, Winston, GA 30187.

**Groupmail:** GCA maintains a group email list to help members share information of general interest. To sign up, send an e-mail to [gcalist-subscribe@groups.io](mailto:gcalist-subscribe@groups.io).

**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>.

**Facebook:** Visit the GCA Facebook page for photos, video, trip reports, or to join an upcoming impromptu trip.

Each month numerous "copies" of the pdf version of *The Eddy Line* bounce back due to bad or outdated email addresses. If an email to you bounces back, you will be deleted from the recipient list until we get an updated email address.

### ALL ABOUT THE EDDY LINE

*The Eddy Line*, the official GCA newsletter, is available in pdf format. To subscribe, contact Vincent Payne at 678-343-5292 or [Vincent.payne9354@gmail.com](mailto:Vincent.payne9354@gmail.com), or mail your request to P.O. Box 611, Winston, GA 30187.

**Submissions/Advertising:** All submissions and advertising should be sent to *The Eddy Line*, at: [EddyLineEditor@gmail.com](mailto:EddyLineEditor@gmail.com).

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**GEORGIA CANOEING ASSOCIATION, INC.**

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**[ WE'RE ON THE WEB: ]**  
[www.gapaddle.com](http://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 500 family and corporate memberships comprising more than 1500 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.*