

The DDRC Current News

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Volume 25, No. 7

The Official Newsletter of the Dallas Downriver Club

July 1998

Ayakalypse Now

Paddling into the Heart of Darkness, Part 2

by Wayne Sanaghan

Tuesday, April 28

I now know despair. Group cohesion, weak at best, began to crumble. It became apparent we were low on gas, the constant pounding of the waves and the cold water was beginning to sap my strength, and HQ had us run a pointless mission that resulted in several injuries. Earlier in the day, one of our party almost bought it when she stumbled on the enemy, dug in and waiting for her.

I had ran into trouble myself and when I turned to my squadmates for help, they set me up. Accident. Right. I began to look at my companions with a new eye, searching for any weakness.

I began to understand the propane gas situation a little better. We left a full-sized propane tank behind, bringing only one full sized and one half sized bottle with us. The larger bottle wasn't full when we started. There was some worry that we'd run out of gas for cooking before the trip was over. Suddenly, bringing the self-heating MRE's along didn't seem like such a dumb idea. Of course, I was smart enough to know that eating a hot meal in front of a group of cold, hungry boaters is legal grounds for river lynching in all 50 states, so I figured I'd have to be discrete.

While we were getting ready Tuesday morning, Manny checked Esther's shoes before she put them on. It was a good thing, too, there was a scorpion inside one of them. Having backpacked all over Arizona, I had made it a habit to keep my shoes in my tent and didn't even think about it. Right after Manny found it, cries of "Check your shoes" went up all over camp.

I had asked the night before if anyone brought a saw for firewood. No one had, so this morning I pulled a full sized ax out of my kayak and wandered around gathering wood for the morning fire. Sure, it was a tight fit getting it in there, but it didn't bang around much. A couple of people were satisfied they knew why I wasn't hitting all my rolls now. At least, that was the story I was giving. I actually found the ax in the brush. It wasn't much to look at and it was so dull, it really didn't matter which side I used (I was beating the wood into submission more than I was cutting it), but it worked if you didn't mind the extra effort. I figured everyone would know I was joking—a full sized ax in my little kayak. Then when all the loading was going on, there it was. They were waiting for me to put it back. My joke backfired. I also found a horse shoe that I strapped to Steve's yellow banana boat for good luck.

Rat Trap was the first rapid and the decked boats were in the lead. There was a sharp bend in the river where it ran into a sheer face of rock that produced a three foot wall of water, angled 45 degrees to our approach. One at a time we went in, the current spun us parallel (sideways) to the wave, then the wave tossed us over. All three of us spilled on that one; in the rough water I was bouncing around and didn't get up until my fourth attempt. When I practice in the pool next, I'll be sure to have a guy in scuba gear pounding on my head with a hammer so I can better simulate river conditions. I did lose it later that day on a no name rapid. We were a little crowded

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THE GREEN RIVER:

A Trip Through Desolation and Gray Canyons

by Cathy Curtis

As with all trips, there is a beginning and an end with some parts being more notable than others. This trip was no different. Rarely, however, do the notable parts have such a firm handhold almost before the beginning.

Twenty-one people converged at the Sand Wash put-in on the Green River on Sunday, June 14, 1998. They all came from different places: Denver, CO; Chevy Chase, MD; Dallas, TX; Houston, TX; and a handful by way of the Rogue River in southwest Oregon. This is their story.

The Shuttle

I've heard that this particular shuttle road is listed by Paddler Magazine as one of the top 10 worst shuttle roads ever. I can now agree with this determination. Tom & Terri McBride had 2 flat tires on the way in and were stranded until a kindly 'local' ventured by and rescued both them and their gear. Their vehicle is abandoned until arrangements can be made when we take off the river. Terri is a paraplegic and wheelchair bound which made matters even more difficult. Next we have Darell Luther and company who also experienced 2 flat tires on the

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**The July Meeting of
The Dallas DownRiver
Club will meet at the
Bath House & Cultural
Center on White Rock
Lake**

(See map on page 10)

1998

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John Pullman 214-824-0213

Kayaks

Helen Livingston 214-821-6712

President's Column

by Jack Deatherage

Our next DDRC club meeting will be held at White Rock Lake near the Bath House and Cultural Center. There will be a couple of grills going so bring something to cook. High Trails Outfitters has offered a trailer and boats for our use that night. Please bring your own boats if at all possible and we will save the rentals for the visitors and members without.

Get Connected on the Internet

DDRC's website is provided by Inturnet, inc., a local ISP based in Richardson. In addition to providing our club with FREE web space, inturnet also offers access to DDRC members at a 10% discount off the regular monthly rate of \$19.95 per month for unlimited, 24 hours per day access.

To top it off, DDRC receives a 10% bonus for each member signing up, so it's a double win-win for you and the club. If you want your own web pages, inturnet provides 10MB FREE space, enough space to create about 900 pages (more or less)! You will also receive an e-mail address so you can communicate easier.

Call Tod E. Weber at (972)783-0066 for an account and be sure to tell him you are a DDRC member so both you and the club get the bonuses, or contact Rich Grayson.

We will be offshore a 100 yards or so, and will be there after dark. Bring your PFD, throw-bag, and a light source.

Our cook out night is always a lot of fun. If the air is clear we should have a good view of the Dallas skyline. They are still dredging the lake near the far North end and you can get a look at their operations there if you should desire to paddle a few miles. See you there.

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and there was lots of help around, so since I was feeling a little stale I decided a quick dip in the cool, snow-melt water would refresh me. I swam and bounced around for a little bit in the rough water when Libbi yelled "Rope" and tossed me the throw bag. A perfect shot on her part, it sailed about a foot past my head and landed on the downstream side, so I reached out to grab the rope. I hate to be a perfectionist, especially when someone is saving my life, but I must point out that the only thing that would have made it better is IF SHE HAD HELD ON TO HER END OF THE ROPE! I flipped the kayak right side up and rode it down the rapid like a scared rat clinging to a branch while Randy picked up the rope bag.

After all the cold swims, cramped legs, and non-stop bouncing around on the river, I looked at the rafts with a new eye. Especially since they were drinking beer while I was swimming in the ice chest. One thing to remember for every day we were on this river, it was one long rapid, with a couple of named ones in-between. With the water up at 4500, some

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Newsletter: The DDRC newsletter, Current News, is a monthly publication distributed to club members and affiliated paddling organizations nationwide. The deadline for submissions is the 1st Thursday of each month. Information may be submitted via e-mail, at schleter@dallas.net, or fax/phone to Steve Schleter, at (972) 329-0729. Articles about and of direct interest to DDRC members will receive first priority, paid advertising will be given second priority, and other materials will be included on a space-available basis. Unless otherwise specified, all information about river trips will be added to the DDRC Internet website trip calendar.

Change of Address: Please contact Chris Cockrell, Treasurer, if you need to report a change of mailing address. If you fail to get a newsletter, it will be because we do not have a current address or your membership has expired. Chris will be happy to correct wrong addresses, and take your dues if you are in arrears.

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Treasurer's Report

Total = \$2675.16
as of 7-6-98

The Environment Section

by David Lamb

White Rock Lake Cleanups will be on July 11th and August 8th. Our area is just off Emerald Isle and includes areas that are very hard to clean up from shore. Barbec's at Emerald Isle and Garland Road is a good place to get breakfast and their biscuits and gravy are great.

In May and June 51 bags of trash was picked up from:

Guadalupe River
Denton Creek
Elm Fork of the Trinity
San Marcos River
Bachman Lake

by:

Ian Stribling
Rachel Lamb
Angela Wu
Stephanie Ho
Alan Lamb
D. P.

David Lamb

We need help cleaning up the Elm Fork for the Trinity River Challenge race. Take a trash bag with you when you paddle on the Elm Fork and work on a spot when you go paddling and we will have a race course of which we can be proud.



DDRC Annual Membership

\$20.00/year - Individual or Family

\$200.00 – Lifetime Membership

Due January, 1998

Send to:

DDRC

**P.O. Box 820246
Dallas, Texas 75382**

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of the no-name rapids were right up there on par with the named rapids. Even between the named and no-name rapids, the water was constantly churning, full of eddies, pour-overs, and debris. I started sneaking looks out of the corner of my eye at the rafters, seeing who was moving slow and watching for weakness. My pirates flag was coming along nicely. I was selecting my prey.

When we hit Reversal Chute (class 3), I did it in proper style, the first half facing downstream, the second half facing upstream. I'd like to claim it was on purpose and an expert display of my skill and technique, but the truth is I rode up a wave, spun around backwards and was too busy trying to stay out of trouble to get turned back around again. We pulled over to the side at the Anasazi cliff dwellings. Esther had really wanted to see them, but now that she saw the steep hike, she wasn't so certain. To encourage her to go, I kept telling her, "C'mon! You don't have these in New York! It's a once in a lifetime opportunity!" There were a couple of different ways to go up...and of course, we went up the wrong way. We got close to them, but didn't make it due to a ravine in the way. With the cactus, the scrub brush, and all the loose rock we had to scramble up, I would call it a very defensible position. We actually had a few problems when a person higher up would knock a rock loose

(about 50 lbs of rock) and it would go crashing down towards the people below. We got knocked around, a lot of little cuts and cactus needles, and some ripped clothes. Not to mention hot and thirsty. "Once in a lifetime opportunity." Yeah, I heard that one over and over again for the rest of the day. After that we saw the Salt Banks waterfall. Very pretty, and you could get a raft right underneath it. There were even some travertine pools on the side.

There was another great rapid to pass through. We were trying to survive this rough-water monster when we saw on the shore, a group of kayakers had drove right to this point and just surfed there all day. It was their local play spot. At some point I went over a big overflow, plopped down about three feet into the hole and got stuck...facing downstream for a change. Randy kept yelling at me and I had to paddle like crazy to get out of there. The whole day was pretty great; I took my customary two swims and took a couple of good helmet knocks when I was underwater. If you time it just right, you can actually use them to help you get up. I was rapidly becoming Manny's favorite, or at least most frequent, patient. When we got to shore, I did my nightly firewood round-up. Whackity-Whack! That night: Grease Bombs. Ka-Boom! Enough said. Theme song for Tuesday: Round and Round. The old blues tune, not the recent version by Ratt.

Wednesday, April 29

*Dawn broke darkly on the river.
My body was bruised and beaten, but I did not rest. We passed the halfway point on our journey and moral was low. The commander wanted to go surfing, so he had us cut away from the main group and plan our attack. I protested, but had to follow. The only way for me to go was*
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DDRC NEW MEMBERS

The DDRC would like to welcome the following people who have joined our club last month. We hope they have had the opportunity to participate in some of our events and trips. We encourage them to attend the meetings and introduce themselves to others. If anyone is missing below, we apologize and please let someone know.

Jerry Brown	Carrollton
Brian T. Cunningham	Carrollton
Joe Habson	Irving
Michael & Marilyn May	Garland
Keith & Diane Shank	Allen

Every Wednesday:
Roll, Rescue and Paddle Session
Northlake, 5 pm til dark
Contact
Keith Smith at 817/566-4869

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down

We planned our attack carefully, then charged in. One after another we swooped down, screaming and hollering. I was hit—but I rolled with it and came out alive. I got too cocky and while I was celebrating, the enemy snuck up from behind and took me down. I barely survived.

I checked myself out when I woke up, and since I hadn't bathed or shaved in days, had been rolling around in the water, sand, and mud, was covered with cuts, bruises, and scrapes, and with all the iodine on me, I looked like an escapee from a deranged leprosy camp. After the first night, I had been offering aspirin and Tylenol around camp, thinking I was smart for bringing it. No one wanted to talk to me; Manny had been passing out the "Good Stuff" before I got there.

This was the most varied day on the river. We covered a lot of miles, leaving the Indian reservation and moving into Federal lands. We also hit a lot of named (and no name) rapids: 3-way, Lower Salt Draw, Salt Banks, Ledges, Walnut Canyon, Rat Trap, White Rock, (Then Gleason Flats), Eye of the Needle, Black Rock, and Upper Corral. I rolled on a few rapids during the morning. I was feeling cocky. The river would take care of that for me later. I actually rolled a lot that day because I was playing so much. I had gone through a forced upgrade in my skills was starting to have more fun. When we hit Gleason Flats, I was already feeling a little tired. We were watching the clouds roll over when we heard the roar and saw two F-16's from Luke AFB carving a nice chunk out of the sky.

Eye of the Needle was the rapid that freaked everyone out a little. It carried a big warning as all of the water in the river was channeled down to a narrow opening. Since the water was up so high, it actually overflowed across the whole river, but you didn't want to face the drop. Aiming for the eye was the best way to go. I was still too dumb to be

scared. We scouted it and it looked pretty bad. I still wasn't worried—until I saw Arnie put in his nose plugs for the first time this trip. As bad as it was, we all went through with a lot of bouncing but no problems. Not long after that, the threatening clouds finally let loose and it started raining. Lunch was postponed. Since it was such an active day, I was tired, hungry, and cold. But still having fun. Though I was low on energy, I found a hidden



Steve in his "banana boat"

strength to help me though.

A no name rapid after Eye of the Needle kicked my butt. Arnie hit a tricky hole/eddy combination and stopped dead to avoid Randy. It was as if the River Gods reached up and grabbed his boat and said, "wait here." Since I was coming down rapidly behind him, this was a problem. I did the same thing—I shot in on Arnie's left, paddle raised to avoid hitting him. I hit the same spot, went about one boat length farther, then jerked to a stop like I had a tether tied to my stern, and slid sideways into the eddy. Arnie then zipped out past me, leaving me stuck in an eddy that was literally the size of my boat. I looked at the dead water I was stuck in, looked at the river racing by inches away and the rocks downstream, and I knew I was in trouble. I hit the water hard and fast, but when it whipped me around I didn't brace enough and it flipped me. One roll...fail. Wait to move with the current...second roll...up—I was feeling pretty good! I looked left—and saw

nothing but water coming down at me. I looked right—and saw nothing but frothing water coming up. The only place I saw anything but water was when I looked straight up, but that didn't last long. I had just enough time to realize I was stuck in a deep hole and think "Uh-oh" before I went right back over again. I spun around a few times (I could see lots of water now—there's always more under the surface than on top) before I bailed. Randy called it a Grand Canyon style eddy.

What else do I remember from that day? Kissing the sky. I spent a lot of time with the bow of my kayak pointed up. I also noticed that Radar had a foot long pony tail of hair sticking out of his helmet. This was odd because he was bald on top when he took it off. That's when Libbi pointed out the helmet still had the ponytail. I learned that day that the cold water numbs your legs. This is a good thing—you can't feel the pain of rocks and branches when you're drug across them. Plus, it helps the bleeding clot faster. We also saw a lot of neat, overhanging ledges with swallows nests plastered on the bottom of them. When Randy and I eddied out, he found some good river booty. It was a nice paddling jacket, right below Yankee Joe Canyon. Unfortunately for him, Nikki had left her Blue Sky White Water Rafting guide badge in it. Honesty prevailed. The strangest thing I saw was Esther and Libbi. They both had so much silver duct tape on their pants (covering the holes) that they looked like aliens from the 50's. I came up to Libbi in an eddy and she started going crazy with the stuff, duct taping her pants round and round her waist. I told her, "Usually women don't do that until I ask them on a date."

When we camped that night, it was on a rocky beach. The sand was higher up, so our campsites were clustered a little closer together. We camped early to avoid getting caught in a string of harder rapids down the river. After initial un-

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loading, I set to gathering and chopping up wood for the night. It was an official job by now, plus it helped to warm me up. I also found a coyote skull (that's what I'm claiming) that I mounted on the front of the kayak for good mojo. There was a really neat canyon to hike back into, and several of us did. There were a lot of beautiful sights to see, including some overhang seepages into a little puddle. The water was absorbed back into the rocky sand before it could get too far away.

Theme song for Wednesday: EL PASO, by Marty Robbins I started singing it (and dodging paddles—I'm not a very good singer) about halfway through the day. That night, as a group, we sat around the campfire, ate excellent chicken stir fry, and worked out most of the words with Bill and Keith playing the tune. (Out in the West Texas town of El Paso / I fell in love with an Indian girl / Nighttime would find me in Rosa's cantina / Music would play, and Felina would whirl. Lyrics adjusted.)

This ends Part 2 of Ayakalypse Now, Paddling into the Heart of Darkness. Return next month (or two) for the continuing saga, including, "The Great Rocket Box Debate," "The Final Battle," "Secret Indian Names," "Wayne's Drug Addiction," "Godzilla," "Contact," "Lessons Learned," "Yiddish 101," "Lessons Learned," "Random Thoughts," and more full moons than a month on Jupiter

Disclaimer: These rambling, first person writings represent the Memories of Wayne Sanaghan. Any relationship to persons or incidents, living or undead, is relatively coincidental. Sure I took notes, but that doesn't mean they're accurate. If you disagree with any event, blame it on me and write your own account.

**For Online Readers
Only!
Click Here to see
more images of the
Salt River in Arizona!**

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way in. Their group had 2 vehicles traveling together and were able to limp into the put-in on their own. The saga continues as Charles Edwards, illustrious trip leader, gathers 5 of us together to take 5 vehicles back to the city of Green River where shuttle arrangements have been. These arrangements in themselves are fairly unique. We take the vehicles to Redtail Aviation and camp out in their parking lot until our flight departs the next morning back to the put-in. Then, as in all good shuttles, our vehicles magically arrive at the take-out and are there waiting for us when we finally arrive. With game plan in hand we begin what should have been a straight forward 2-3 hour shuttle run. Keeping in mind that one of the vehicles we are shuttling is Darell Luther's Explorer that had the 2 flat tires, we cautiously head out. A short 3 miles later we stop to add air to one of the tires. We stop 3 more times, adding air each time until - you guessed it - it has yet another flat tire. Abandon vehicle #2. It has taken us over an hour to go a mere 16 miles. Now we have some serious catching up to do - not easy though on this road or the stretch of winding 2-lane highway between Myton and Price, Utah. We finally pull into Redtail Aviation at 2:00a.m.

Now the shuttle takes on a more upbeat attitude. At 8:45 a.m. June 15, 1998 the 5 of us board a small single engine Cessna for the 45 minute flight back to Sand Wash. At 7500 - 8000 feet we have an opportunity to scout the entire 84 mile stretch of river we are about to run over the next 6 days. Sounds simple - until you try to land this small Cessna on top of a very small mesa overlooking our put-in. I personally didn't think anything about the landing. It felt like your normal Six Flags ride to me. I only started to worry after we had landed and the pilot was heard to say ".....couple of bad bumps there." Well we were safe and sound now. Then comes the hike down off the mesa to the put-in. Slow going - at least for me and the 3 people behind me -but Charles scurried down ahead to get the troops moving.

The Group

Our convoy consisted of 7 rafts (3 of which were cataracts), 3 solo canoes, 4 kayaks and 2 part-time inflatable kayaks. All three canoeists were seasoned veterans. Anna Miller, Jerry Kier and Weldon Sanders really strutted their stuff. This would-be solo boater has a whole new degree of respect for these skilled individuals and solo boaters in general. Three of the kayakers had seen big water before and were quite comfortable there. Darell Luther, Tammy Luther and Debbie Meller made it all look easy. The fourth kayaker, Connie Hampton, had seen big water before, but her comfort zone was a little off. Of the 7 rafters, 3 were fairly new to rafting - but not boating. Jamie Heller out of Chevy Chase, Maryland was pretty much a novice to whitewater altogether, but handled himself admirably oaring Darell Luther's 14' self-bailing raft. Randy Stovall, who is usually seen in his C1, made a good showing in his new 14' raft. Jack & Yolanda Deatherage were also sporting a fairly new 14' raft and were assisted by Judy Purze. Veteran cataract operator Tom McBride had a new twist to his raft in the custom made chair he had installed on the front of his raft for wife Terri. Being a paraplegic didn't slow that gutsy lady down one bit. The other veteran rafters included Mark Long in his 17' self-bailing raft, Steve Schleiter in his 18' yellow cataract, and Charles Edwards in his 14' dual-oared cataract. For some reason Charles had several different oaring partners in the bow of his boat. Tracey Grimm, Julie Hampton and Yolanda Deatherage all gave it a go. Seems like they figured out Charles' plan pretty quick though. Check out the pictures if you have a chance. Charles seems to be doing more "instructing" than oaring from the back. The inflatables didn't see much action, but the action they did see was memorable. Yours truly spent a day in hers. Big wind and rain at the end of Day Two was a special treat. Jamie Heller tried his luck in an inflatable the last day. Two swims in 2 miles really isn't that bad! Even 10-year old Jacob Heller gave an inflatable a go on Day Two. He was smart

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DDRC Calendar of Coming Events



WHEN	WHAT	WHERE	CONTACT
August 8	Brazos River Moonlight Paddle	below Whitney Dam	Bonnie Haskins 972/254-9672
August 15	River Trip	Illinois River	Bonnie Haskins 972/254-9672
August 15	White Rock Lake Clean-up	Barbec's Restaurant 7:30 a	David Lamb 214/931-3068
Sept. 5	Brazos River Moonlight Paddle	below Whitney Dam	Bonnie Haskins 972/254-967
Sept. 12	Trinity River Challenge Race	Elm Fork of the Trinity River	David Lamb 214/931-3068

Trinity River Challenge '98

Trinity River Challenge '98 - Lewisville to Houston - 530 Miles September 12 - 30, 1998 Longest Boat Race in Texas....? Wait a minute. That would be entirely too much work. Let's stop at McInnish Park and have some barbecue together instead!

Trinity River Challenge '98 - Lewisville Dam to Carrollton Dam - 11+ Miles
September 12, 1998

Registration - 7:30 - 8:30 AM
Pre-race Meeting - 8:30 AM
Recreational Class Starts - 9:00 AM
Cruising, Unlimited Start - 9:30 AM

We have been working shining up the Trinity River getting it sparkling for the race. There will be classes by boat type, paddler age and gender.

Contact David Lamb (972)931-3068 or lambda@sprynet.com for more details.

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and got out before the big wind and rain hit though. Tracey Grimm started out Day Two in her inflatable, but seems a rather large splinter in her index finger cut her day very short.

The Weather & "Wildlife"

It's the middle of June. It's summer. It's the desert. It's hot (well compared to Texas it's not that hot). It's no wind to non-stop killer wind. So the words rain and snow and cold shouldn't enter into this picture right? WRONG! The afternoon of the second day the wind came up and the rain came down. And it rained and it blew and it was cold ALL NIGHT LONG. The next morning we even woke up to snow on the hills around our campsite. Yet despite all that some of us did manage to get a sunburn. Just remember when packing for your next trip... bring everything you own!

As for the wildlife, it's a breeding ground for giant mosquitos out there. We were swarmed at the put-in and at camp. Luckily we learned that bats are our friends. They seemed to really like the blood sucking insects. Big horn sheep were seen several times, including some young ones. Then of course you have a large assortment of lizards. The only other "wildlife" confined their gatherings to camp at night. Randy Stovall, "Stroker O", even treated the group to a double grease bomb at camp on Day Three.

Upcoming DFW Canoe and Kayak Team Sprint Races:

by Dave Holl

Registration until 9:00 AM, First Race 10:00 AM

August 1st - Eagle Mountain Lake

September 5th - Lake Grapevine

October 3rd - White Rock Lake

Races are 500M, 1000M and 5000M by USCKT classes, ages and gender. We also have one "indexed" 500M race where the slower ages/classes are given a head start and the faster racers chase them down to the finish line. Ribbons are given for 1st place in the 500, 1000 and 5000 by class. 1st, 2nd, 3rd are given for the indexed race and 500.

Call David Lamb (972)931-3068 or Jay Waggoner (817)236-2431 for more information or to attend practices. We have extra race boats if you would like to learn how to paddle these really FAST racers.

David, Alan and Rachel Lamb as well as coach Jay Waggoner attended the Georgia games on June 6th at the site of the 1996 Olympic Flatwater Races, Lake Lanier. The Lanier Canoe and Kayak Club was an outstanding host for the races. This was also a Junior National Team Qualifying Event. Our DFW crew came back with 20 medals including four firsts.

Think about joining us "swim-puppies" or just come out and help drag us back to shore.

The Dallas Downriver Club wants to know if any of our members are ill or in a crisis and therefore need our moral support. If you are aware of another member who is experiencing a serious illness, surgery, death of a loved one, etc, please let us know by contacting the Membership chairperson Cyndy Meijer at 972-342-5821.

The River

With a varying water level of be-

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Safari Notes

by David Lamb

The Texas Water Safari was held June 13 - June 17 from San Marcos to Seadrift. Not to be outdone by near flood waters two of the previous three years and by drought the other year, Texas weather managed to have record high temperatures along the entire race course. Notable highs included 114 degrees in Cuero on Sunday, June 14. As the recipe for the race appeared to be boiled paddler a la Guad, many racers had to pull out due to heat exhaustion.

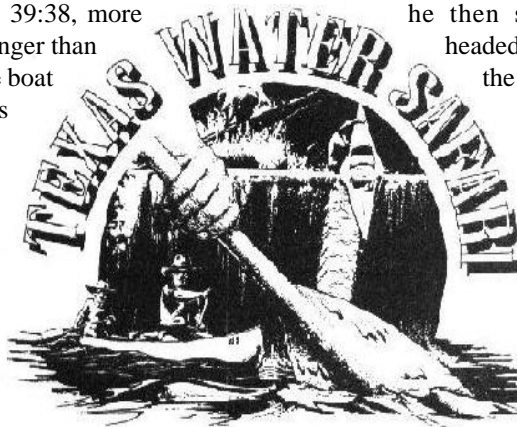
One team testing their four man boat for stopping distance discovered that a body in motion tends to stay in motion as their bowman leapt into a tree and cracked three ribs. The team still had to paddle a long way to the tough Hochheim takeout. (Near vertical climb up dirt to the parking area.)

I was team captain for Erin Bowden, this year's only solo woman paddler. She had been making good time given the water flow and light problems, but had to stop when eating while being boiled just couldn't happen. Wait until next year. I swear that she was still stronger than I was carrying her boat out from the Monkey Island takeout on the Guadalupe. And this was after she had been paddling for 113 miles.

By taking Erin to the finish line, however, I was able to see the first two boats come in. The Mynar's dragged in their boat submarine style along the seawall in the 40-50 mph wind at Seadrift. They finished in 39:38, more than ten hours longer than 1997. The Bugge boat finished two hours later, deck side up and paddling into the finish. The winds had eased off to a mere 30mph. In a stroke of visual poetry, as everyone hauled the Bugge boat up over the seawall to be up at the finish about a couple of yards down from the Mynar boat, the bilge pump was still on and pumping and relieving itself onto the Mynar boat.

Now to Richard's tale. Our local safari veteran, Richard Steppe, had decided to solo race the safari this year. Solo racing the safari is one of the toughest tasks one can imagine. Little company. Lots of hours. No help on the portages. Richard was in a newly refurbished carbon Extreme with a brand new lightweight Jim Terrell wing racing paddle. His team captain was Mike Roytek. Richard had been making decent time and was in 17th place overall, fourth place solo, at the last checkpoint before the finish. 15th and 16th places were about twenty minutes ahead. Richard had been feeling numbness in his right leg from a pressure point being aggravated by his seat, but was hanging in there. And off he went from the checkpoint. His speed was good until he got to San Antonio Bay. The wind had been up the whole safari and the bay had two to three foot chop. Now this is an awful lot for a flat water racer. Richard went out for a while and then eased back into the reeds to rest up for the crossing. Oh, sweet rest. What's all the buzzing? Bite,

bite, sip, sip and the mosquitoes were having a brief feast. Clamoring out of the reeds and realizing that there was no rest for the weary, Richard cut off the pad on his seat to lower his center of gravity and he then shoved off and headed into the wind and the waves. He was making progress and had passed Foster's point, but then he had to make a turn towards Seadrift. High waves on the beam are every long boat



paddler's nightmare. And it was at night. And he was exhausted. And his hands were thick and sore. And he was wearing rain pants. He made it to the middle of the bay cursing his rain pants because they were so slippery on the now bare seat. Slipping and sliding Richard finally slipped and slid at the wrong rhythm and was tipped over by the chop. Richard quickly flipped the boat back upright and turned and got his paddle. Turning back to the boat, he saw the boat easing away in the wind. So he gave a kick with his weakened legs, but the boat was a little farther away, now. So he gave another couple of kicks. The boat was bouncing away faster now and he let go of his paddle to get closer. The gap was widening. He took off his PFD with his painfully thick fingers working the latch. Turning on his head lamp he could still make out the boat. He lunged and swam towards the boat but was not closing on it until - he could not see it as it sailed towards the back of the bay. There was open water for eight to ten miles downwind. For a moment, with only a headlamp left of his original safari-rigged boat, he was in a panic. No food, no water, no PFD, no boat, no paddle, no land close.

... to be continued.



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"Quality that lingers"

continued from page 6

tween 15,000 and 20,000 cfs we were in for fast water, big waves and high excitement. You could make 3-4 mph just floating. Day One was extremely mild. No rapids to speak of. Day Two started to get you warmed up with rapids like Jack Creek, Big Canyon and Firewater - all class II. Major high wind and rain in the afternoon still didn't keep us from making 18 miles and getting to camp at 4:00 p.m. Day Three started with snow on the hills around us, rain and wind. Darell & Weldon paddled out early to make camp arrangements 8.5 miles downriver @ Rock Creek Ranch. The rest of us bundled up and headed out 2 hours later. Steer Ridge Rapid, class II+, threw Anna a bad curve as she took a swim. Mark Long & raft crew pulled her in to safety and hustled her on to camp some 2.5 miles downriver. She was a real trooper! Keeping her warm was our only concern. We camped early and the sun finally came through to dry us out before bed. Day Four was a beautiful, sunny day with no less than 16 named rapids! Among these were Belknap Falls, Wire Fence and Three Fords. Several swims today. The waves are very big and the water is full of "swirlies" and nasty eddy lines. Considering the fact that we made 22.5 miles this day, our average on swims was pretty good. The really good news was no harm done. Everyone was on hand to make the rescues and no one was the worse for swimming. Day Five starts out sunny again. Nine named rapids today including Coal Creek and Rattlesnake. Unfortunately Jerry was captured on video swimming at Coal Creek so I can't keep it a secret. And let's not forget the giant recirculating eddy at Nefertiti Rock. I saw several boats run that rapid over again. Day Six is short but sweet. We only had 2 miles to run, but this included 3 named rapids - solid class II's. Can you believe Darell even had to make 2 rescues in that stretch?! Jamie and his yellow ducky obviously needed a bit of a bath before taking off the river.

Hats off to Jack & Yolanda Deatherage and Charles Edwards for getting the permit and organizing this great trip!

THE SAFETY SECTION

Emergency Response Training

by Wayne Sanaghan

This isn't a canoe or kayaking story, but it does illustrate the need to stay current with safety training. I was scuba diving in Cozumel, Mexico the last week of May. I sat next to Fred Gwin, a diving friend. On our second day we were diving Palmar Reef about 80 feet down when Fred hit his air limit. We were all experienced and conditions were perfect so the dive master let us go up alone. When Fred hit about 800 PSI, he started towards the surface and his decompression cycle.

I was on the boat dropping my gear when we heard Tammy and Gary screaming for help. They had come up and found Fred floating below the surface of the water. His B.C. (Buoyancy Compensator—the vest that holds the tank and gear) was uninflated and his weight belt had dropped off his waist. They got his head above water, cleaned the brown mucus/foam off his face, and yelled for help.

The boat captain backed up to them, opened up a med kit, then helped pull Fred aboard. There's no leverage; it's not easy. Fred was about 5'9" and weighed 265 lbs, plus another 40 lbs of gear. It was also the roughest seas of the week and the stern of the boat was bouncing up and down about three feet. My friends and I did what we could do best in this situation; we stayed out of the way. Once Fred was aboard, Gary and the crew gave mouth to mouth and CPR.

I watched for a few seconds before I stepped in. I wasn't current, but I saw some things that were being done wrong. In the excitement, the hand positioning for CPR kept slipping off center and more importantly, for mouth to mouth, Fred's airway wasn't held open, and his nostrils weren't being pinched. We cleared Fred's airway and checked for breathing and circulation (both negative) and resumed CPR with me giving mouth to mouth.

I had one friend dig out my CPR card and another go through the med kit; I was guessing it had a mouth guard. The mouth guards work great. They require assembly but, if you've done it once, you can take a new, sealed unit and put it together in five seconds. They get a much better seal than your mouth does and are sanitary—a check valve keeps anything from blowing back on you.

We took off for the closest pier to meet a doctor and ambulance. We gave Fred CPR for about 15 minutes total. His color was gray but improved while we worked on him. We met the doctor and he gave Fred a shot of epinephrine and took over on CPR—you could tell he was experienced. He checked Fred's eyes; they were unresponsive. He was declared dead and we covered his body with our towels. An autopsy revealed he had drowned, with good air in his tank. Since the body had to be embalmed to transport internationally, we'll never really understand what happened.

If our efforts were unsuccessful, why am I pushing the training? For several reasons:

1. You never know when you're going to need it. Fred had 15 years dive experience, fully functioning gear, plenty of air, perfect conditions, and was surrounded by friends. He was out of direct observation for just a couple minutes. That's all it took.
2. Because you have to try. Because I knew we had done everything we could to save him, I was able to sleep that night.
3. Because if you have the training and you're the one that's injured, you want to make sure your buddy knows what to do. I am now signed up for a CPR Instructors course.
4. Because sometimes it works. I have been present at quite a few of these types of emergencies. I've always been thankful that I spent some of my spare time learning basic life-saving procedures. Once, when someone very special to me had to be air-evaced, the doctor said later that he couldn't even believe she was alive by the time they got her to the hospital.

Reality won't be like the class. The classes are clean and involve some joking around. The real thing is rush and a little panic and "am I doing this right?" and "am I forgetting anything?" Reality is 30 mph in rough seas, treating while wrestling 300 pounds of unresponsive body weight around on a wet, slippery dive platform on the stern of a boat, trying not to fall into the water at the same time. You'll be bled on and the injured person will probably vomit—and you'll have to keep going.

So the next time you're out on a river, look around. Who's the safety person? And if that person is the one who's dying RIGHT NOW, who's going to take over? If you're still looking around and waiting, then someone special to you may have just died.



American Red Cross Boating Classes

Fundamentals of Canoeing (3306)

Course Fee: \$45.00

Date	Day	Times
August 5	Wed.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
August 8,9	Sat./Sun.	9:00a.m.-5:00p.m.

Fundamentals of Kayaking (3308)

Course Fee: \$45.00

Date	Day	Times
August 5	Wed.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
August 8,9	Sat./Sun.	9:00a.m.-5:00p.m.

Basic River Canoeing (3307)

Course Fee: \$75.00

Date	Day	Times
August 26	Tues.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
August 28-30	Fri.-Sun.	Leave Fri. @ 6:00p.m. sharp Return Sun. approx. 12:00 midnight

Basic River Kayaking (3309)

Course Fee: \$75.00

Date	Day	Times
August 26	Tues.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
August 28-30	Fri.-Sun.	Leave Fri. @ 6:00p.m. sharp Return Sun. approx. 12:00 midnight

Unless otherwise stated, all classes are held at the Dallas Area Red Cross, 2300 McKinney Ave. Dallas, TX 75201. For more information on these courses, please call Stephanie at:
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**DALLAS DOWNRIVER CLUB
JULY MEETING
Thur. 16th, 7:00 PM**

This month's meeting will be held at the Bath House and Cultural Center on White Rock Lake. Bring your boat, some cold beverages, and something to throw on the grill. Plan on having a Great Time!

The DDRC will have a table set up @ R.E.I. on Sat. July 18 to promote new membership. **NEED VOLUNTEERS** to help pass out applications, show pictures, and talk about the club. If interested please call Jamie Smolik at 214-368-3745.

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