

The DDRC Current News

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The Official Newsletter of the Dallas Downriver Club

August 1998

Paddling with the Great River Rumble

by Marvin Dietel

Wanda and I took a trip to Wisconsin to escape the heat and get in some paddling along the Lower Wisconsin River. We drove to Prairie du Chien and met up with Pat and Lewis Bayers

Friday the 24th. Saturday morning we joined a small group of 150 other paddlers from 23 states. The trip was planned as a 143 mile run from the Wisconsin Dells to Prairie du Chien. First order of business was loading up for the shuttle. Everyone's gear went in a large U-haul rented for the occasion. All the boats were loaded on two trailers including the largest canoe trailer I've ever seen. Would you believe 68 spaces on one trailer??

The two trailers and some rental boats and equipment were

provided by Wenonah Canoes. That really made the shuttle easy. When equipment was loaded everyone hopped on two large busses and it was off to the Dells for the first nights camp site. An Easter Seals camp close to the Dells and our put in.. A great spot with pine trees, deer and cool enough for a big campfire. Woke up Sunday morning to mid fifties temperature and a great catered breakfast; no cooking on this trip. No heavy loads in canoe either as the U-haul would follow along each day and deliver our camping gear at the days take out. After breakfast and shuttle we put in for a 21 mile paddle to Portage (named for the 11/2 mile por-

tage between the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers that the French fur traders used to get to the fur Markets). The Dells area is a region of sandstone cliffs which provide some great scenery as you paddle down river. The river was wide and fairly shallow with great sandbars for stops. At Portage the headlines read

Mosquitoes worst in years but the girl at the convenience store told us "don't worry they aren't bad along the river; just in that swamp P a q u e t t e Park". She seemed a tad embarrassed

when we told her that's where we had set up camp. Loaded up on beer and bug repellent for the evening and headed for camp.

Next day put on water to begin the "Longest Day" 20 miles down river then 7 more miles across lake Wisconsin. Nothing to it; except for the 30 MPH head wind. My paddling partner, Wanda, had a few comments about my paddling style. "If you would quit using that paddle to try and steer us all over the lake and start paddling with it maybe we could get somewhere". What a day. We had planned on being at camp by 4:00.

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Chic Shredding

Tales from the Ocoee: The girls just wanna have fun

by Marsha Harner

Dinner—Relias Garden, NOC. Six women seated themselves for dinner. Marsha brought the wine. Debbie, from Dallas, set us at ease with her humor. Adrian, the youngster of the group, shyly let us know she was the assistant for the course. Carolyn, an earthy, tall, slim woman in her thirties, introduced herself as an "ER doc". Brenda, an outgoing, spunky brunette smiled for all of us. The instructor, Chrys, challenged us to answer two questions about ourselves. "What would your name be if you were a porno star?" and "tell me your most recent whitewater kayaking experience". Marsha started by revealing, without hesitation, her secret porno name, and then gave account of her gnarly experience on Taos Box where multiple thrashings left her weak, insecure, and discouraged. Debbie talked about her exciting big-water adventure down the Green in Utah. Adrian told of her first run through Bull Sluice on the Chatooga. Carolyn described her anxiety when paddling her last class IV trip and how it had brought her to the crossroads where she had to decide whether to keep paddling.

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1998

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President's Column

by Jack Deatherage

August in Texas, please pray for rain, cloud seed or do your rain dance, we need some water.

I have been reading some interesting threads in the newsgroup rec.boat.paddle about rafts and kayaks and who has the right of way on the river. Seems there have been numerous incidents of kayaks playing at the bottom of rapids only to get run over by some bully

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.

in a raft. There even seems to be different rules of the road in the North than there are in the South. Well I guess it's my job to set all of this straight. I have done extensive research on the subject, consulted all of the top experts in the field. My collection of catalogues for rafts and related equipment threatens to fill my bookcases. After all of the data is in here are my findings.

NRS sells all kinds of rafts, frames, oars, paddles, ropes, etc. etc. So do all of the other outfitters. They carry all the equipment required except for one small item. Not one of the boats, from any manufacture, any where in the world has **brakes**. So it is my conclusion that the best course of action is to stay out of the way of any raft on the river.

A 14 foot NRS self-bailer, one of the more common rafts weighs 125 pounds empty. Put on a 40 lb.. frame, 15 lb.. of oars, an ice chest that can easily weigh in at 200 lb., 2 people and gear for a week trip, the total will be over a 1000 lb... A 14 foot raft is small these days. 16, 18, 21 foot and up are common sizes. A fully loaded 18 foot raft can easily weigh 3000 lb., that's a ton and a half. A not so small car. If you are in a kayak surfing a wave and see a raft heading down a rapid, do not expect the raft to stop and let you finish. Also do not expect the raft to go around you, it may not be possible to maneuver. It is up to you to get out of the way.

HALLOWEEN AT CADDO LAKE 1998

The DDRC invites you to help us haunt Goat Island Friday October 23th. and Saturday the 24th. There has been some confusion as to the dates, tradition has it the week before Halloween so the kids can be in town for the school and church carnivals. More details will appear next month with the full page list of festivities.

For more information call:
 Charles Edwards 972-867-6579
 Jack Deatherage 972-222-1407
jfd2@airmail.net

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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The Environment Section

by David Lamb

Ninety-six bags (equivalents) of trash were picked up this month. Participants included:

- Jerry Brown
- Jack Deatherage
- Yolanda Deatherage
- Michael Hootman
- Alan Lamb
- David Lamb
- Evelyn Lamb
- Nancy Lamb
- Rachel Lamb
- Rich Manning
- Corley Manthey
- Marilyn May
- Michael May
- Debby Priesand
- Richard Steppe

Locations cleaned included:

- Marine Creek Lake
- Bachman Lake
- White Rock Lake
- Eagle Mountain Lake
- Elm Fork of the Trinity River
- Denton Creek

The White Rock Lake cleanup was amazing. Jack and Yolanda Deatherage, Alan, Rachel and David Lamb worked on July 11th at Sunset Bay on White Rock Lake. Items pulled out of the lake included one complete picnic table, five shopping carts, eight tires, two tricycles, one office chair, two 50 gallon trash drums. The lake was down a couple of feet, showing us what we had been missing.

Upon returning two days later, the trash pickup had hauled off all of the pile and a family was enjoying the newly placed picnic table. We put it under a bald cypress not too far from the lake. A group of wind surfers was also in the area helping out.

We have been working hard on cleaning up the Elm Fork for the Trinity River Challenge. We worked on 121 to Hebron Parkway on July 26th. It is done except for the occasional piece of litter. Work continues on the rest. There are a couple of problem spots. There is a lot of trash just downstream on river left below the I35 bridge. There are several appliances just downstream on river left below Furneaux Creek. We are planning on floating the refrigerator downstream.

Marine Creek Lake was disappointing. There are no trash cans or toilet facilities so there was the litter and other problems that one would expect. This is the little lake next to TCJC's NW campus. There are two boat ramps, a ski club and TCJC's sailing club, but no trash cans. We took the trash over to the TCJC ball fields and used their port-o-let and trash cans. We picked up seven bags, but there was a lot of broken glass that slowed us down tremendously. The trash bags are not very good with the broken glass anyway for obvious reasons. The Texas Canoe and Kayak Club is having a meet there on the morning of August 1st.

Upcoming White Rock Lake Cleanups: August 8th and September 19th.



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

Moonlight On The Brazos

by Doris Maxfield

Late one Saturday afternoon in early June, folks in the Dallas Down River Club gathered on a sandbar on the Brazos River below Whitney Dam. The water was still and the channel low. There was some discussion as to whether or not to put in. While some gathered around Jerry Johnson's radio as Real Quiet lost by a nose his chance to win the Triple Crown, the rest of the group waded out to the channel and got underway. All was quiet but for the water splashing against paddles. Crook-neck blue herons flapped from their perches in the cottonwoods and willows. From limestone bluffs, chimney swift darted to and fro.

An island lay ahead and one by one, most of us pulled up for our picnic. John Pullman and his young friends waded up Coon Creek opposite the island in search of fossils. After our rest stop, we headed back as the sun was low on the horizon. Fish were breaking the surface of the river. Over the gunnels, we could see catfish and gar in the clear water below. A barred owl greeted us with his "who, who". Under the bluffs we could see a wood duck with three little ones waddling just ahead.

The lure of the Brazos under a low hung moon made almost audible the cries of Comanche raiders a century ago. A whippoorwill called his farewell as we disembarked. Several of the group camped and a good time was had by all.

DDRC NEW MEMBERS

The DDRC would like to welcome the following people who have joined our club last month. If anyone is missing below, we apologize and please let someone know.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Doris Hicks | Garland |
| Roland Donnell | Farmers Branch |
| Shirley Loughmiller | Fort Worth |
| Jerry Plemons | Haltom City |
| Aris Tsamis | Dallas |
| Gene Garrett | Garland |
| C. F. Sandy Pofahl | Dallas |
| Jason Frantz | Dallas |

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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Brenda described her last instructional run in Idaho.

Stroke Drills—Lake Fontana. Rotation. Rotation. Rotation. Chrys videotaped all of us and analyzed our form and posture. Her main emphasis for the day: balance, paddle plant, rotation, vertical paddle, and finish position for recovery.

River Features—Nantahala. We all found eddies where we thought there were no eddies. Chrys got us seeing small river features that we could use for micro-eddies, ferrying, slowing down, and surfing. “Slow down the action” was the phrase of the day. She taught us to see the “opportunities” on every run and that running the same river could always be different if you utilize the new opportunities.

Dancing in our spray skirts—Highway 19. Warming up for our first time on the Ocoee, everyone stretched and danced to our own off-key renditions of pop songs while the semis on Hwy 19 wailed by. In this group, it was easy to express honest angst. Marsha put her helmet on backwards in preparation for putting on the Ocoee without realizing it. Chrys dutifully asked her, “Are you a little nervous?”

Ocoee-First Day started above Three Stooges. Ferrying hairy ferries. Eddy catching teeny-tiny eddies. First-time enders. First-time stern squirts. Lots of laughter lasting through the day. We were all just as sore from laughing as from paddling. Carolyn told outrageous medical emergency stories in the van to make the ride back from the river more interesting. We all indulged in immodest changing habits, changing out of our wet gear in the broad daylight, on the very busy highway in our van seats while the van was moving. Chrys conducted her shrewd analysis of our paddling-psyche. Her problem diagnoses and incredibly simple remedies were always dead on target and always worked. We had a low mileage (6 hour/2.5 mile) day and really worked our way downstream.

Ocoee-Second Day. We spent the morning surfing below Second Helping.

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Paper or Plastic?

by Yolanda Deatherage

Paper or Plastic...is what I had in mind when Jack asked if I wanted to help clean up White Rock Lake on Saturday, June 11. We left our house at 7:00 a.m equipped with two trash bags, our canoe, and typical river wear. The bribe used to entice me (breakfast at Barbec’s) did not materialize since a drive around the restaurant did not produce any recognizable cars, a.k.a. club members. We drove down to the lake and met David

Lamb and his two children, Alan & Rachel. David commented he had already spotted a picnic table out on the lake. I wasn’t sure I heard correctly, but a quick glance at the lake did indeed reveal a table (still naive I thought this was an isolated case). We prepared to go out and David mentioned they wore booties as opposed to sandals. He quickly added in a positive tone that at least sandals could be washed very easily (2nd hint...still not catching on). Alan paddled a kayak and was already hard at work before Jack and I ever got in our boat. David, Rachel, & Alan were already in the process of getting the picnic table on their kayak just as Jack and I paddled up to them. They worked

diligently and accomplished their goal. I was impressed with the determination of Alan & Rachel. We paddled around picking up bottles, plastic bags, and shopping carts (Yes, shopping carts. At this point, reality hits me that we’ve hit the BIG time clean-up). I can hear Alan yelling that he found another cart. He approaches these finds as treasures, eagerly retrieving them. As we continue, we are met by three other clubs dutifully cleaning the

shore. They represented The Windsurfers, The Cross Country Club, & unfortunately, I cannot recall the third club. They appeared to have a good turnout and were helpful at times in assisting with removal of the larger items in the river. Our fortune continues to grow on the bank with every trip. I begin to seek the BIG JEWELS, none of this plastic or paper stuff. I think it was a combination of becoming

aware of the minute contribution I was doing for the environment AND feeling guilty when I saw Alan & Rachel carrying carts & tires. The clean-up continued for three to four hours. We

paddled to shore where we assessed our wealth. We recovered a picnic table, 5 shopping carts, numerous tires, a tricycle, a hot wheels trike, a desk chair, and several trash bags. I want to thank David and his children for the dedication they have towards cleaning up the lake. I never realized how hard they worked nor did I ever fathom the extent to which they cleaned. It would be wonderful if there was more support from the club (Me included). Prior to leaving, I mentioned to David that Jack & I had seen some tires

but were too difficult to pull up. We received an E-Mail later in the week from David. When he told Rachel about the tires she wanted to go get them. She

was successful and I understand our wealth grew a bit more. But, the true wealth is in having club members like David & his children dedicating their time & energy! Thanks again, David!



"While Sitting on the Rocket Box"

by **Jamie Heller** (Age more than 10)

I'm sitting on this rocket box, to recreate the feel
Of rafting in the wilderness, with all of its appeal.
My hands are almost healed, and the sunburn's turned to pink
And soon even the neoprene, will lose that awful stink.

And all that's left is images that dance inside my head,
And endless grains of sand, that find their way inside my bed.
My sleeping bag is almost dry, from all that desert rain,
And the Ibuprofen's almost gone, along with all the pain.

So now's the time to recollect about the lesson's gleaned,
As we traversed the waters of the mighty river Green.
My most important lesson came from trip leader supreme,
"Charles" who has taught me that you cannot row upstream.

So next time that I see a rock that I'm about to kiss,
I've only got three choices, if the rock I want to miss.
Left or right are viable, or prayers to gods supreme,
But it's a waste of time to try and row a raft upstream.

From Terri I learned courage, cause if you're slightly nuts
You can raft with handicaps, as long as you've got guts.
I learned about canoeing from watching Jerry flip
From right side up to upside down through our entire trip.

The ancient's taught me drawing from the scrawl they left on rocks
And Gearhead taught me its ok, to row in purple socks.
Mark taught me its possible, for folks like us to be,
Full grown men without an ounce of mat-u-r-i-ty.

Cathy was my buddy on the Grand and on the Green,
I think that she invented "nice" and no one taught her "mean."
Julie's my disciple cause I taught her how to row,
Now she's completely ignorant of all that I don't know.

Connie taught me how to laugh when danger's all around,
Folks think you're courageous, when your faculties aren't sound.
Tracy taught me taking was the proper thing to do,
So I took her dessert each night when mealtime was through.

To Debbie, Tom and Weldon, Anna, Randy, Jack and Yo
And Steve who's raft was always in the place where mine should go.
To all who hail from Texas with accents you can't cut,
Who've helped to edjicate my kids, in God knows only what.

In grease bombs, and in gambling, in jokes they shouldn't repeat.
In drinking any thing they want, and having junk to eat.
With hamburgers for breakfast, and "beer's ok with me",
My kids now think that Texas is the only place to be.

My last and best for Darell whose a very special breed
Who took me from the dry and sheltered life I used to lead.
Who said come run a river, we're starting with the Grand,
And taught me that I should not do, what I don't understand.

"We'll go with folks from Texas, where men are really men,
And to a place where rapids, can go all the way to ten!"
I lived through the Grand Canyon, I rafted Deso/Gray
I've swum my share and still survived to live another day.

I've always trusted Tammy, she's as stable as they get,
She just made one mistake in life, and he's not over yet.
Yet, I still have the illusion that Tammy really knows,
And I can travel safely to most any place she goes.

So I'm sitting on this rocket box, and this is what I think,
That maybe me and Darell should go visit with a Shrink,
I'll own up to being stupid, but not half as dumb as him,
For all my faults and weaknesses, at least I learned to swim.

But truth is all this boating stuff has leaked into my soul,
So I think I'll learn to kayak, and someday get a roll,
Cause I love to see the canyons, and I love to hear the sounds,
And I love to go through rapids when I'm not turned upside down.

I love the hikes and camping, and the moon that gives off light
When shadows dance on canyon walls, illuminating night.
And if that makes me a boater, then such will be my curse,
It wasn't what I planned on, but I guess things could be worse.

Deso/Gray To Run

by **Jacob Heller** (Age 10)

Sitting on my pool raft to simulate the fun,
Of my trip to Utah on the Green to run.
I now learned a lesson, to bring lots of bug spray,
And to lavish yourself in it, to scare the bugs away.

Running through the river, sure was lots of fun,
But it could get quite hellish, when the day is done.
Like the rain storm we suffered, 16 hours straight,
Of the heavy rain that smothered us, oh for heaven sake

Other things were harsh, like our mosquito greeting.
When we got off our rafts, they found their spot for feeding.
The grease bomb was the best of all, the king of cooking for man
To fry your dumplings quickly, with the mushroom cloud in hand.

So as I'm lying in my raft to simulate the fun
I think of all memories of the river I was to run.

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A whole lot of tired people finally got across the lake over the portage at the dam and into camp about 6:30. Best part of this day was the VFW campground with catered dinner and the coldest beer.

With Wenonah canoes as one of sponsors for the trip several different canoes were available for trial during the trip. After yesterdays long trip Pat and Lewis and Wanda and I got a Minnesota III Kevlar canoe set up for 4 paddlers to make the 22 miles scheduled for that day. Pat did the steering and all we had to do was paddle. Worked out great as 4 paddling have a whole lot more horsepower than two. Hey after yesterday today was great no wind!!! River was nice with good flow a few shallow spots and beautiful sand bars. Camped at high school

football field in Spring Green (home town of Frank Lloyd Wright). It's great to have a hot shower they even provided towels. Then to the Shed restaurant for buffet dinner and a talk on history of the river. Good speaker but tired folks, Well maybe we'll buy his book and read about what we slept through.

Wednesday Morning another 22 mile day from Spring Green to Muscoda - More current and easier paddling, or are we just getting used to 20+ miles a day?? Saw some Bald eagles on the trip lots of Deer tracks on all the sand bars great weather. Sunny and mid 70's. light breeze to cool you off.

Thursday a short day only 15 miles and costume day for the large 10 person indian trade canoe that was accompanying us. Everyone on the canoe was

Click on the camera to see images from Desolation/Gray Canyons on the Green River.



dressed in native period costumes. Heard a few comments from the ladies about the indians and their shot loin clothes, personally I wasn't that excited.

Friday another short day only 11 mile from Boscobel to Wauzeka. Trip leaders forgot to tell us that the last two miles to our campsite was up the Kickapoo river (so named because it'll kick your poo trying to go upstream). Wauzeka was a small town of about 500 people with a *continued on page 7*



DDRC Calendar of Coming Events



WHEN	WHAT	WHERE	CONTACT
Sept. 5	Brazos River Moonlight Paddle	below Whitney Dam	Bonnie Haskins 972/254-9672
Sept. 5-7	Labor Day Weekend Float Trip	Sabine River	Jack Deatherage 972/222-1407
Sept. 12	Trinity River Challenge Race	Elm Fork of the Trinity River	David Lamb 214/931-3068
Oct. 23-25	Halloween on Caddo Lake	Caddo Lake	Charles Edwards 972/867-6579

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 bar-becue 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 lambdapro@sprynet.com for more details.

SABINE RIVER LABORDAY TRIP

Grab your gear and load the boat it's almost time for that laid back trip on the Sabine River. Trip begins 10 miles below the Toledo Bend Lake Dam, at the HWY 63 bridge. It's 11 miles east of Burkville TX., at the state line. We will meet Saturday morning, Sept. 5 at 09:00 am and offload boats and gear. 11:00 will begin the shuttle to the take-out and 12:00 or 12:30 should see us on the river for the half day paddle to our sandbar home for the evening. Sunday we will see a full day on the river with another sandbar for the evening camp. Monday will be a easy paddle to the take out. There are no supplies available on the river so pack what you need.

JACK DEATHERAGE 972-222-1407 or jfd2@airmail.net

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.

North Texas Canoes

972/245-7475

If your looking for a fun day outside, why not try an Elm Fork River trip? We offer a shuttle on the Elm Fork of the Trinity 7 days a week. You choose what time you want to go (10:00am, 12:00pm, or 2:00pm) how long you want to paddle, and then make your reservation! It's only \$30.00 per boat and it includes your boat, paddles, and pfd's!

Don't forget to bring your cooler full of snacks and drinks!!!

We also offer canoe & Kayak instruction, rental and sales.



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new town hall which they opened for our group. They served fresh catfish for dinner and provided a dj and dancing for the nights entertainment.

Saturday and the last day of the trip. Wauzeka to Prairie du Chien 20 miles down the Wisconsin to its junction with the Mississippi, then 7 miles up the Mississippi to our take out. Some where I remembered being in a DOWNRIVER club. We put on the water about 7:15 as we had a lot of paddling to do. The first 20 miles went pretty fast with lunch and rest stops along the Sand bars we were at the Mississippi by 12:30pm. The Mississippi made the Wisconsin look like a Texas creek. My thought was how about paddling 7 miles down river and the shuttle can pick us up, but here we went up stream again. We paddled about a mile upstream in the main channel towards a huge "boat dock". As we drew up even with the "dock" Pat and Lewis asked Wanda and me to paddle up between them and the "dock" so they could get our picture with the river barge in the background. Those things look to big to be moving. After passing the barge we eased over out of the main channel and the paddling got easier. 3 miles further up we stopped for a break at Villa Louis Park. The park has some interesting museums, remnants of Fort Crawford, and the Mansion Villa Louis. After the break only three more miles up to the take out. 143 miles total. A long trip but great weather and beautiful scenery.



Skunkwirx
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Custom-fitted Saddles
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Gary Kriedeman
metro 817-429-0960
kriedema@flash.net

"Quality that lingers"

Safari Notes

by David Lamb

Richard's Tale, Part II "Tales from the Typt"

When we last left our "fallen" hero, Richard Steppe was boatless, paddleless, foodless in the middle of San Antonio Bay. A moment of panic arose, but subsided and it was time to finish the race. Richard began swimming towards shore with his PFD and a headlight. The race had taken its toll on his body, especially his right leg. Richard continued swimming and bobbing along until he finally reached the shore. At first he was grateful to have reached terra firma, but a familiar nemesis began its attack. Mosquitoes practically carried our racer off. Now Richard retreated to the protection of the waters of San Antonio Bay. Swimming and walking through the waves, just keeping his mouth above water, the mosquitoes kept after any uncovered skin. Richard swam over to the shipping lane and kept on going during the night. Several hours after midnight, our racer decided to venture onto dry land again.

Now travelling over a field, he spotted a building in the dark. As he made his way to the building, fear began creeping in that he was totally lost. But then he read the name of the building, "Seadrift Elementary School", and he knew that he was almost to the finish line. Thinking that all roads lead to the seawall, Richard walked down the lane. He reached a dead end and had to retrace his steps to choose another road.

One of the residents had backed out of her house onto the road and was beginning to drive along. She had actually almost bumped Richard while backing and the driver's side window was now even with Richard. Now, Richard was not exactly in his "Sunday Go To Meeting" attire. He was tired, hungry, thirsty and generally bedraggled. Startled, the driver burned rubber getting away, but then suddenly stopped, poked her head out the window and said, "Are you one of those canoe racers?"

Richard told her yes and she offered to help him. Richard still had plans to finish the race and knew that he must refuse the tempting offer so that he could legally continue. Richard went over to another street and walked towards the seawall. Another resident offered help, which was again politely refused.

Finally reaching the seawall, he was able to get water from his team captain. This also gave him the chance to ease their worries about him. He had been worried that someone would find his empty boat and fear the worst, but now he was able to let all know that he was battered and bruised, but safe.

Debate now ensued with the race officials on what would be allowed. Had he finished the race without assistance? Yes. But it is a boat race and he finished without a boat. If Richard found his

boat and paddled it back in, would that be a finish? Yes.

Richard then determined to try to convince someone to go out and look for his boat, tell him where it was, walk/swim to the boat and paddle it back. He tried and tried

but could not make a sufficient case. Tired, upset and hungry, Richard finally gave in and took a shower in one of the motel rooms reserved by the Texas Water Safari for that purpose. He now ate a warm meal and started politicking for a ride to hunt for his boat. A local fisherman and ex-racer did find his boat and returned it to Richard. But Richard had lost his solo finish and his new favorite paddle.



Treasurer's Report

Total = \$3092.70
as of 8-10-98

continued from page 4

Catching courageous rides and rolling up again for more. The cool water and clear weather made for a delightful on the river day. Debbie stern squirted her RPM at a popular play spot. Carolyn dangerously caught her boat in the crevice of the big rock of Double Suck. After tears, laughter, and sympathy from us all, she courageously back-maneuvered her Piedra into the eddy below. Marsha got the queen of combat rolls in Double Trouble and then in a fit of nerves, flipped while sitting perfectly still in the eddy below. We ended the day at Three Stooges Ender Spot.

Dinner-Relias Garden NOC. Six women seated themselves in a circle on the floor. Carolyn brought the Ale. Debbie, a petite blonde, stood in the center and shared her personal paddling mantra as we bowed and honored her by admonishing her with our own. "Surf every wave." "May you always run great rivers!" "May you catch every eddy!" The ceremony was repeated for everyone. Embracing, we all hoped to paddle together again someday, and after thanking each other for being part of such a great experience, we all went our separate ways.

Submitted by Sparkle Plenty

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THE SAFETY SECTION

The intent of this monthly article will be to communicate basic information that can be used to help prevent accidents or at least minimize injury, involving paddling sports. The information will come from a number of sources such as the Whitewater Rescue Manual, the Outdoor Action Program of Princeton University, the ACA and the AWA.

A boater's worst nightmare. Over a steep drop, and then think, your bow strikes rocks lurking in the froth below. All forward movement stops. Pain radiates through your feet, ankles, and knees. Frigid water cascades over your back and head; your chest is forced to the cockpit. You can see almost nothing: only froth and partial darkness. It's hard to breath. Time to get out, now! You let go of your paddle. And then what?

"And then what?" is the crucial question that we want to discuss here.

The dynamics of the vertical pin with entrapment can be easily simulated by leaning a kayak against a grassy vertical slope of 45 degrees or steeper. Climb in the boat and you will discover that gravity can be sufficient to entrap a paddler in a vertically pinned kayak! Gravity alone can prevent many paddlers from escaping a vertically pinned kayak.

A large cockpit size makes all the difference. Both feet can be placed on the cockpit rim, allowing a paddler to dive or climb from the boat. Smaller, more agile boaters can usually work their way out of small cockpit boats. Larger, less adroit folks fair worse. Dry land practice helps.

Create a more challenging dry-land predicament by having two assistants press on a paddler's back as he attempts to escape his entrapment, thus simulating the pressure of water coming over the drop. Now here is a difficult and exhausting simulation! Remarkably, despite the simulated water pressure, even the most clumsy and chubby can escape safely from the large cockpit craft! Most modern large cockpit designs have the added advantage of forward bulkheads, reducing the risk of broken ankles secondary to impact. Conclusion: large cockpit boats are the only safe choice for steep rivers and creeks.

Escape aids can make the difference on boats. German boaters developed the idea of tying a piece of one inch tubular webbing to their stern grab loop and then leaving the forward end dangling in the rear of their cockpit. A vertically pinned boater could hope to push himself back into the current, reach over his head to the webbing, and then pull himself from the cockpit. Various stern-mounted tow systems can be substituted for this rig. This system does force a paddler into a position that would prevent an air pocket from forming around their head and upper body.

Practice with the snag tag rescue method can be incorporated in a vertical pin and entrapment simulation. Two line handlers, standing as if they were stretching a rope across a river, bring the line up from downstream of the entrapped boater. As it reaches his chest, he can lift his arms over the line and use it to stabilize himself. Most practices can escape a small cockpit boat, despite simulated water pressure, with the assistance of a snag tag line.

Based on this discovery, the snag tag should be viewed not only as an aid to stabilizing a boater entrapped in a vertical pin, but also as an aid to the boater's extrication. A paddler in a vertically pinned boat has two choices as to what to do once he has his feet on the cockpit rim. One choice is to dive or jump downstream. A less risky choice, if there is a boulder or exposed rock near the lip of the drop, is to climb back up the boat onto the rock. A tow rig, or a rear broach loop can be a tremendous aid in climbing the boat to safety. Boats can be very unstable though and they should also be stabilized by a line from shore.

Practice some of these exercises the next time you are hanging around, waiting for a shuttle. If you can't escape your kayak or C-1 quickly and safely, try adding an escape aid.

Excerpts from *Escape From Vertical Pins And Entrapments*
by Richard Penny and Paul Martzen



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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

Intermediate River Canoeing/Kayaking

Course Fee: \$75.00

Date	Day	Times
Sept. 15	Tues.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
Sept. 18-19	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: (214) 871-6258

Paddling alone is never a good idea. [Click here](#) to read about one fellow paddler's testimony on a good reason why not.

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