

The DDRC Current News

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The Official Newsletter of the Dallas Downriver Club

September 1998

Ayakalypse Now

Paddling into the Heart of Darkness, Part 3

by Wayne Sanaghan

When we last left off, our party was traveling undaunted down the Upper Salt River Canyon in Arizona. The water was high (4500 cfs vs. the normal 1000 cfs), the water was cold (398F) and our protagonist was feeling the strain.

Thursday, April 30

This was the dawn that broke darkest on my soul. The was a fey wind blowing and the clouds roiled angrily. The tension had been building within the group, and today was to be our most challenging day. The enemy kept taunting us but we were unable to strike back. Tempers flared and challenges flew within our group as frustrations grew.

That night, we dug into camp and broke out all the hardware; there was no holding back for tomorrow. There wasn't going to be a tomorrow. As usual before a major battle, a strange quiet had settled over the land. Then, with a single, small, explosive pop, the fighting began.

The wind had shifted during the night and was coming from downstream-where the rocket box was. It put a new spin on breakfast. This was the best launch of any day on the trip. We were facing four class III's, and three class IV's in the first three miles plus all the unnamed stuff created by the high water. After we did some more canyon hiking (up the canyon cut into the back of the campsite) and finally broke camp, we hit the water. I still had my good mojo working (from the coyote skull) and I was looking forward to some fun.

Right after put-in we hit Lower Corral (Class 3). It was an almost 90 degree bend in the river. I raced into it and hit the wall of water. In an unprecedented sorry, unintended display of skill and the ability to be one with the river, I wound up surfing around and finally on top of the wave. I turned this way and that, spun around backwards, then the wave set my entire boat nice and gently on the ledge it had cut into the rock before receding and leaving me stuck there. It was pretty much carrying clean into the wall to its logical extreme. I sat there for a little bit, yelled and waved at Randy, and wondered how I was going to get out of this. Never worry, a little later another wave crested up and pulled me carefully back into the water. I was so surprised that I flipped upside down so I could personally thank the water up close for being so nice-at least that is my explanation. I rolled back up and continued downstream.

We rolled into The Maze (Class 3) next. There was some confusion as to whether this was it or not but we all shot through it without a problem. I ended up, got sucked into a hole, braced (several times thanks, Arnie) my way out of it then shot out like I was launched. We scouted Pinball before we ran it. It was a Class 4 on the left. We all ran it on the right wall and came through with a minimum of problems a little maneuvering around rocks, a bunch of bouncing through the rough water. Instead, we all did a lot of screaming and had a lot of fun!

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Summer in Colorado

Warm Air and Cool Water

by Doug Pineo

It started as an innocent e-mail from Debbie Meller to see if a small group of people might be interested in a long weekend of rock dodging in Colorado. The drought had been broken, but it was not like any rivers were running. Soon the word had spread and the group had grown to almost unmanageable size (14 in all). We all agreed to meet at Pinnacle Rock on the Arkansas River before 2 pm on Friday - intending to run the Parkdale stretch.

A large number of us arrived at Pinnacle Rock early in the morning to find a river of mud. Mudslides upriver had created a rather thick slurry. Also the river had been dropping over the last week. There was only 500 cfs of water flowing. Undaunted, however, we scouted upstream as far as Pine Creek. The water level was slightly lower upstream, but crystal clear.

Bill Green, Terry Morales, Scott Ramsey, Mike Young, Marsha Harner, Bobbie Narramore, and Tomasso Landi opted to make a run on Brown's Canyon, while some of us went back to Pinnacle Rock to meet the remaining portion of our invading horde of Texans. We arrived to find that Keith Smith, Tom McCullough,

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1998

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Quartzite Falls was next. It had been reduced from a Class 5 to a Class 3 by the river guide dynamiting operation. It was interesting to see it after the explosion. We could also see the "Portage From Hell" across the river. It looked like a tough eddy for a raft to hit, and we couldn't even see how they'd do the portage. It wasn't a long rapid, it was only about 20 feet of heavy churning, then some rough water after that. But it was one heck of a drop as all the water in the

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.

river, which ran as wide as 100 feet, was channeled down to 10 feet with a steep, four or five foot drop. Plus, there was a 'little' chockstone submerged in the middle. There was a huge keeper on the left, so we ran the "gradual" drop on the right. After you ran it, you had to work hard to the left to get in the lagoon-like eddy so you didn't get pulled into Corkscrew (Class 4, about 100 feet down).

Bill and Keith ran Quartzite Falls first. Bill ran it with the "Full Moon" variation. Right before he got to the falls, stood up on his seat, pulled the oars up and his pants down. I got some great pictures of Manny and Esther going through; Manny's boat bucked in the water and almost threw Esther out. When I went, I had a good line but the churning water flipped me over almost immediately after the drop. I did a perfect combat roll and popped right back up, facing backwards. I was yelling and screaming, cheering myself and spinning the paddle over my head as I shot downriver. You know what happens when you get too cocky: the River Gods slap you down. Sure enough, the next wave caught my stern, I saw the sky, then I saw the bottom of the river. Since I had been goofing off, I couldn't get the paddle right and wound up trying to roll using the blade instead of the face. That didn't work and I had to bail out, surfacing to the sounds of laugh-

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HALLOWEEN AT CADDO LAKE 1998

The DDRC invites you to help us haunt Goat Island Friday October 24th and Saturday the 25th. There will be a pumpkin carving contest, tent decorating contest, dutch oven cooking contest, trick or treating for the kids and much, much more. Camp will be at the same location on the SW corner of Goat Island. More details, maps, and a list full of festivities will appear next month's Current News.

For more information call:
Charles Edwards 972-867-6579
Jack Deatherage 972-222-1407
jd2@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

23 bags of litter was cleaned up from Marine Creek Lake and the Elm Fork of the Trinity by:

David Lamb
Alan Lamb
Rachel Lamb
Nick Gantick
Jason Gantick
Josh Pinkerton
Richard Steppe
Raul Masson

Cleanup at White Rock Lake for September will be on Saturday, September 19.

This is the third week and will coincide with the annual cleaning up the Trinity Basin event.

We got some press in the Dallas Cross Country Runner's Newsletter about our cleanup with the Wind Surfers in July. October's White Rock Lake Cleanup will be October 10.



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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Adrian Nye, and Wes Collins were already on the river paddling the Parkdale mud run. So Debbie Meller, Whitney Peters, and I, having met up with George Liggett and Tony Cooper, proceeded back to Brown's Canyon for a late run on clean water. Due to a slight mixup in communication, for which I, of course, deny any and all responsibility, George was left waiting at Fisherman's Bridge while the rest of us put in at Ruby Mountain campground. Luckily George was recovering from a back spasm and did not mind our oversight too much, especially when we apologized and offered to eat all his food. Did I say offered - I meant threatened.

Well after dark we all arrived at our campsite at Hecla Junction. George was in good spirits with a steak on the grill. I was grumpy with my back ready to give out. Most of the others were just plain starving. Quickly a volunteer group of worn out paddlers was assembled to raid and pillage the nearby town of Buena Vista. All returned well fed to enjoy a much deserved nights rest under the Rocky Mountain stars.

The next day, Saturday, was cool, and we were all a bit slow to get moving. The nice thing about having a large group on a river like the Arkansas, is that you can all camp together and then depending upon skill level and personal preference go paddle different sections of the river the next day. Marsha, Tomasso and George chose a day on Brown's Canyon,

while the rest of us opted for another long day. We had still not met up with Keith's small band and found out later that they were making another mud run - this time on the Royal Gorge. We put in at the town of Granite, paddled down to and scouted Pine Creek. Bill and Bobbie ran it while the rest of us carried around the upper portion. Next came the section known as "The Numbers".

By the time we finished number one, I knew that it was going to be a very long day. A couple people did the smart thing and took out. Although, this is private property, there were few people around and no problems were created by our unauthorized use. We pushed onward. The river had a wonderful character to it. Some places were wide and shallow, but as we got into the rest of the numbered rapids, the gradient increased and the current was forced into narrower channels. The flow cascaded from side to side between boulders as big as houses. The first drop in number five rapid was particularly exhilarating. It is a narrow slot on river right dropping about four feet with a back ender wave for those going too slow. The pace picks up considerably for the next eighth of a mile as the river makes a hard left turn forcing paddlers to dodge numerous holes and boulders. It was eddy turn heaven - filled with front-surfing waves, side-surfing holes, and stern-squirt eddy lines. There were combat rolls, but no disasters. Good fun was had by all. When we finally arrived at the take-out, we were the most tired bunch of half-drowned river rats you ever saw.

After dropping off the boats and gear about half of us drove back to Buena Vista for a much craved dinner. Since there was a half hour wait, we opted to do so in the bar. We were told that we could not order and eat our dinner in the bar. But once the management determined where the retched smell of rotting

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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.

Jim Herrera
 Richard Ward

Dallas
 Waxahachie

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

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ter. I was punished, and it was all caught on video.

Immediately after that, we scouted then ran Corkscrew (Class 4). Radar didn't pull out and went right from Quartzite to Corkscrew without stopping. He then set up video for the rest of us and got a lot of great footage. The gravel bar was submerged which made it tough for us all to find room to park so we could scout. After we had all gotten a good look, we started launching through. We were all going to run it on river right. I got a bad line; I wasn't able to get upstream enough to ferry past the gravel bar, instead I ran into it. The river decided I would run on the left. I ran through all the bad stuff, skirted past a few rocks and went over a few others, but I made it almost all the way through. I wasn't feeling cocky, I swear, when I flipped over and rolled back up, facing backwards as usual. I yelled, but only a little and I flipped over again and after a couple of tries, I had to bail. Once again, I had my two swims of the day. I raced through the rest of the steep-walled canyon, hanging onto my boat and looking for help. Everyone just stood there, looking down at me. Several people had rope bags, but no one threw them. I was beginning to wonder how well liked I really was. I kept swimming and pulled over to the side, hanging and working my way down. Then Anna came down to a crack that opened up and helped me pull my boat out.

Sleeper (Class 3) and Cliff Hanger were both a lot of fun. There was some surfing, spinning action going on. No one had any problems. After that, it was a bunch of ruffled water but no real rapids as we worked our way downstream. I played a lot on the way down, trying to get good enders. This meant I rolled a lot. Tune of the day: in honor of all the boulders in the river and all the dodging we had to do, it was AC/DC, For Those About To Rock!

It was our last night sleeping on the river and our campsite was right before the canyon opened up into flatlands again. I knew it was time for a shower because when I shook my head, dirt fell out. I left a nice pile when I laid my head

on a tarp. When I got out of my boat, after all the swims and drags through the rough water, my legs were so chewed up that it looked like I had been river running with cats in my kayak. The bright side was the water wasn't quite so cold any more. The downside was I had been using the cold to dull the pain. Steve knew my weakness and pulled out an ice-cold Mountain Dew. He gave it to me out of the goodness of his heart, "First one's free!" He knew he'd hook me. With the caffeine and sugar boost, I really went overboard and chopped a huge pile of wood. Since it was our last night, we were getting ready for a big "last night, let's kill all the beer" party. Radar was planning a party of his own as he kept reminding me that I still owed him for the clothes he let me borrow. I learned an important lesson: Never argue with a man from Arkansas when you're wearing his underwear. Corollary: Especially if he thinks Deliverance was a documentary.

We ate like pigs, sat around the fire, drank beer, Jack and Coke, B-52's, and everything else we had. Even I had a few sips. Bill and Keith played, sang, and told long cowboy ballads for hours and Radar pulled out the video and we watched a recap of the trip. A cool breeze blew down the dark canyon walls, lit only by the stars and the dancing reflections of the campfire. I felt I had grown close to everyone and decided to share a favorite story with them, along with a deep secret very few people know: My Indian name. I did a lot of hiking up around the Hopi Indian Reservation on the east end of the Grand Canyon and the Indians in Cameroon got to know me pretty well, especially the lady who sold (then later gave me) permits and the families whose land I crossed through. Sometimes they'd see me hiking in and out of the canyons to my car as they drove by in beat up pickup trucks, and they'd wave at me. Sometimes they'd invite me home for dinner. (Houses. Not teepees.) They got to know me very well and one day, even gave me an Indian name: Dances With Head Up His Butt. They kept telling me to drive all the way in. I didn't bother with a tent that night, I just slept under the stars.

Friday, May 1

I don't remember falling asleep. I only remember the noise, the crazy turmoil, then waking up at some point in the night when quiet had descended again. The fighting had ended and I was still alive. I didn't move; I didn't know if hostile forces were still around me. I felt whole, but I didn't have the strength to get up and see if any one else in my platoon were injured and needed help.

"My platoon." I realized I had crossed over. I was sent to infiltrate, to eliminate. I was supposed to be the best, unshakable. But I had seen a different war. Not a war of desks and planning boards and troop markers. I had seen a war of people, fighting on two fronts. One against nature, and another against the illogical orders from above that contradicted common sense and even survival.

They had made their empire on this river not because of mad dreams of glory but out a feral desire to survive in a world gone mad. When I stumbled around camp that morning, the devastation set me back. Bodies were lying everywhere, shrapnel and spent shells scattered on the ground. I started checking to see who was still alive.

I woke up sometime in the middle of the night and just watched the sky, picking out the stars, a couple planets, shooting stars, and the occasional satellite streaking across the sky. I miss the stark beauty of the desert. After an hour or so, we started approaching the terminator and the sky started to lighten in the east. I rolled over and went back to sleep. I re-woke shortly after dawn to a rustling and a deep growl. Bear! A BIG bear! No, just one of the guys snoring in a drunken stupor. When I did get up, it looked like a war zone. Bodies were sprawled where they fell in the sand, tables and chairs were upturned, and empties were scattered

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everywhere like shrapnel. It had been a terrible, close-in fight of hand-to-beer combat and it was hard to tell which side had won. It looked like a drunk version of D-Day: The morning after. I was quiet because I knew accidentally waking up anyone in this state (although that would take a lot of noise) would probably get me killed.

A couple of other people were up and I made an effort to spearhead breakfast. I liked cooking breakfast in the morning because I had learned that the first person up gets the hot water. "Cold Chocolate" just isn't the same. Once the food and the big pot of grits were done, a couple of people were still sleeping. I called them to breakfast by crushing all the beer cans with a couple of rocks. I didn't earn any friends, but we did need to get moving. After breakfast, when we were loading up the boats, I finished off the last of the cans and made the announcement, "The 'empties' barrel is all full. We won't be able to drink any more beer today." Another attempted river lynching.

I broke my "Two swim" rule this day, but on the good side. Since it was a quiet day on the river, I was working it every chance I could get. I took an unexpected swim when I was playing without protection. A nose full of water later and I gave up. By now I was an expert at self-rescue so I got out and in again before all the rafts could pass me. Arnie had loaded his kayak on one of Steve's Banana Boat at the beginning of the day. After lunch, Randy loaded his on Libbi's raft. I was the only one left in the decked boats. After lunch, it was pretty much a lazy day. We saw eagles nesting and some interesting rock formations, but the water was mostly tame. At one point I snuck up behind Steve's boat, docked between the catamarans (getting way underneath it), and started whispering quietly, "Steve. Steve. This is the river calling." He couldn't see me.

A when the river spread out wide and took alternate paths only taken in high water, the rafters didn't always know which way to go for deeper water.

As a result, they got stuck a couple of times. Arnie was rowing at one point down a little no-name straight run rapid. He hit a little rock, nothing big at all that hardly bumped the raft. But the River Gods are mysterious and for some reason, it shook and shimmied up the raft then pitched Radar feet over head up into the air where he ended his back flip by landing on his butt for a graceful water landing. As high as the river was, we saw a sobering sign that it could be much higher. A side canyon cut in 90 degrees to the main river and it had a huge, 150 foot wall going back into the distance. The big storms that must roll through once every ten or twenty years had stacked trees up about 35 feet up the side of the canyon. The water hitting that solid wall with the flood that must roar out of it would create an awesome whirlpool complete with swirling trees. I'd love to see itófrom a safe point.

We saw the bridge in the distance and knew it was time to end our journey. We all pulled into the ramp and started the process of unloading. Things were going all right until we got to Libbi's raft. Strangely, after a week of eating and drinking, we were heading back heavier. Why? It became apparent after Libbi needed help with all the rocks she had stashed around her boat. The coolers were packed full. She was polite, however, and after we unloaded them she told us, "Thanks, guys, for helping me get my rocks off!" While we were transferring stuff around, Libbi pulled out a beer that had been punctured by the shifting rocks. She held it up and announced it was leaking. I started screaming "Oh my God! A beer with a hole in it! What are we going to do! Quick somebody give it mouth to mouth!"

I would like to correct something that was brought up at the meeting. I was not running around in a jockstrap chopping wood all week. At the take out, there was nowhere to go to change in privacy. We had all grown very close during the week, everyone was running around, and no one was paying any attention. I stepped off to the side, stripped out of my wet suit, then put on a pair of shorts. That was it. Boy, did that story grow. I'm just

glad there weren't any cameras around. After all the heavy stuff had been taken out and the frames removed, we pulled the rafts onto shore and flipped them to dump out all the spilt beer. From there it was the usual: Deflate and repack. We headed back to drop Keith off at the put-in.

We dropped him off by Godzilla, the 1962 Green Chevy Chevy Impala Bel Aire, so he could head home to Flagstaff. We just made for distance that night; we wanted to get as far as we could before it got too late, plus we were all in desperate need of a shower. Not me, of course, because I was taking two baths a day. I was fresh as a spring mountain runoff. We stayed in a little more expensive hotel that night (an extra \$7 each) but it was worth it. The rooms were much nicer and I was able to wash large pieces of the Salt River Canyon out of my hair. On the road, we did see one sad sight. We were driving out of the canyon, it was dark and we were in the middle of nowhere, and there was a big collection of police, fire, and ambulances. A trucker had apparently fallen asleep and had driven off the side of the canyon and had gone crashing below. They were cleaning the mess up when we went by.

Saturday, May 2

In my eyes, the mission was complete and it was time to head back to HQ. I was not to return until the group had been brought into line; as far as I was concerned, the group was doing what was right. It was the rest of the world that was crazy for judging them so.

I took some stick time myself on the way back I was trusted as a regular now, and in my heart I knew it was true. I took some time to introduce them to what I remembered from my world but it didn't take.

There was nothing left now but the drive home. I settled into the Suburban with Manny, Esther, and Steve. And, of course, my college books. We argued a little while over Van Halen or Joan Baez

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DDRC Calendar of Coming Events



WHEN	WHAT	WHERE	CONTACT
Sept. 19-20	Beginner Kayak Class (FWO)	San Marcus River	Debbie Meller 972/727-9290
Oct. 3-4	Beginner Kayak Class (Coed)	San Marcus River	Debbie Meller 972/727-9290
Oct. 9-11	SW Canoe Rendezvous	Huntsville State Park	HCC Hotline 713/467-8857
Oct. 10	White Rock Lake Cleanup	Barbec's Restaurant@7:30a	David Lamb 214/931-3068
Oct. 17-18	Swiftwater Rescue Class	Guadalupe River	Ken Lock 214/823-5263
Oct. 23-25	Annual Halloween Campout	Caddo Lake	Charles Edwards 972/867-6579

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(You can probably guess which side of the fence I was on), before settling on Jimmy Buffet. A very happy medium. We took a much different rout back for a change of scenery. It was longer, but a lot nicer view (until Texas). We stopped at the National Radio Observatory Very Large Array where they filmed Contact. Having seen the movie, they used a very liberal artistic license. The real dishes are spaced far apart and stretch out as far as the eye can see. Libbi got a rock.

We also saw they Valley Of Fire (stopping for rocks), the last jail Billy The Kid broke out of (we didn't let Libbi stop for rocks) and Roswell. In Roswell, the smell told us why the aliens never came back. After bouncing through several hotels, including one we could drive in but not around and back out the circle because the gear was piled too high (You try backing a trailer full of gear through an narrow arch onto a busy road at night. It wasn't easy), we settled in for another night.

Saturday, May 2

Home. After what I'd been through, I looked at it with different

eyes now. It was time to blend back into the "normal" world. I didn't look the same, but I could change that. I didn't think the same—but I couldn't change back. I had reports to file, work to do. It was time to share with the world what I had learned. Then it was time to move on.

There was nothing much but driving and studying this day. We stopped in a western bar in the middle of nowhere for lunch then just kept going. I actually finished all my studying. I couldn't do any homework because we were bouncing a little too much. I did learn some Yiddish from Esther. "Schivtchin: To sweat." To use properly, you need to sit in a car in the hot sun, no breeze, then say, "Let's get moving, I'm schivtchin up here!" We just kept going. The only other event of note was a full moon over Snyder. Some childish individual started a moon war in Snyder, Texas, that left an impression on the window. Randy was driving the van and was the only one who saw it, but about five seconds later, the shade opened up and three faces were looking out. Retaliation came later when

the van passed the Suburban.

Radar's van had left us and we didn't see them on the trip back. Still, you know you're home when you pull up and there's a guy named Crazy Joe sleeping on your porch. From there, it was just unpack, unload, shed a few teary good-bye's and untangle our cars from the driveway. It was a great trip, I had a lot of fun, and I can't wait to see everyone again.

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Gary Kriedeman
metro 817-429-0960
kriedema@flash.net

"Quality that lingers"

BEGINNER KAYAK CLASSES

There will be two free classes offered this Fall for DDRC members only. Both will be held on the San Marcos river. The first class is offered to women only and is scheduled for Sept. 19,20. The second is open(co-ed) and is the weekend of Oct. 3,4. Contact Debbie Meller at 972-727-9290 or email at deborah.meller@ps.net.

SWIFTWATER RESCUE CLASS

There is an ACA Swiftwater Rescue class scheduled for October 17,18. The cost is \$50 for DDRC members and \$75 for non-members. You must also be a member of the ACA or pay an additional \$5 for this one event. This class will be held on the lower Guadalupe river, in Slumber Falls. To register or get more information, please contact Ken Lock at 214-823-5263 or Debbie Meller 972-727-9290.

Chic Shredding

Tales from the Arkansas: *The Girls just wanna have whitewater*

by *Debbie Meller*

When Marsha Harner and I got back from the Ocoee this July, we wanted to get back on whitewater as soon as possible. I had heard good things about Brown's Canyon in Colorado and started inviting the crème de la crème of DFW whom we knew had been there before. We were fortunate enough to recruit the likes of Doug Pineo, Keith Smith, Bill Green, Terry Morales, and Bobby Narramore. They invited some of their friends and I also invited Whitney Peters for a total of 16 people by the time we left Thursday August 20. I was more anxious about paddling with these guys than about paddling the mighty Arkansas.

Well, the Arkansas wasn't so mighty when we got there, because the weekend before they had shut off any releases. The river was very low (400-500 cfs vs 1200-2000), but it made for some fun and technical class III rapids that were challenging enough for me. Here's what happened.....

Three carloads of us left Thursday night to meet several more carloads of people at the put-in to the Parkdale section, Pinnacle Rock. We lost sight of one of the carloads, Keith's van, outside of Wichita Falls and didn't hook up with them again for two more days. (Mental note: pay more attention to travelling companions, especially when one of them can get your butt down the river) I still had Doug though, since he was riding

with me. I understand the MIA's did the Parkdale run on Friday and then the Royal Gorge on Saturday. Marsha and my carload ran into Bill's at Texas Creek café around 7:00 am Friday morning. After meeting, greeting, and eating we left to scout the Numbers and Pine Creek, before trying to meet the rest of the folks at Pinnacle Rock.

To make a long story somewhat shorter, we ended up running Brown's Canyon on Friday, many of us still acclimating to the higher altitude. It was a very good run. Saturday we split up into more groups when Marsha, Tomasso Landi, and George Liggett went back to play Brown's, while myself, Doug, Whitney, Tony Cooper, Bill, Terry, Scott, Mike, and Bobby headed for the Granite run. This run was the most fun and satisfying for me. It also ends at the entrance to the 100 yard Pine Creek rapid. Pine Creek is ordinarily a class V-VI rapid, but was more like a IV-IV+ at this level. The hole at the bottom was still quite sticky and had to be boofed over, or else. I knew before we got there that I wasn't going to run it, but it took the guys what seemed like an hour of staring, I mean scouting, before they made their decision (this after an hour of staring at it the day before). While everyone else set up safety and video, Bill and Bobby made nearly flawless runs. The portage of this rapid was the worst I'd ever done. I was already getting tired and hungry from the Granite run. I was quite lucky that Whitney, Scott, Bobby and Terry all pitched in to help me (and each other) carry the boats the 100+ yards. (Mental note: buy the gentlemen a beer.)

The next run after Pine Creek (that's right, they weren't done yet) was the Numbers. I had really, really wanted to try this run but I was just too tired and knew better. (Mental note: start going back to the gym.) Mike and I agreed to take out after Number Two and see if we could hitch a ride. The rest of the guys went on to finish the remaining five. Mike and I carried our boats to the highway and stuck out our thumbs every time a pickup went by. After awhile one stopped with two dogs and two excited boys in the bed. I sat in the back between a kayak

and the side, while Mike sat in front of me. One of the dogs kept hanging her head over the side and it took me a few times before I realized the splashes of water I was feeling on my face was dog slobber being blown back on me... eeeewwww! (Mental note: when in the bed of a pickup, always sit upwind of the dog)

Last but definitely not least, we decided to do Pine Creek and the Numbers again on Sunday. Keith and his carload, Tom McCullough and Wes Collins, showed up Saturday night to join us. Pine Creek was stared at again for some time, then several more guys decided to run it. I was nervous and surely getting on Whitney's nerves by being sappy, "Be careful Whitney. You'll be OK Whitney. Your mother's going to kill me Whitney. Give me a hug goodbye Whitney." Probably jinxed him too, because he got center pinned on a rock at the very top of the rapid, but he did just great by getting back into the boat and finishing the rapid (does this sound familiar Tre?). Only one person didn't make the boof and ended up in the sticky hole. We had safety in place and he was pulled out with a throw rope, but not after what looked like an ender, multiple cartwheels, and paddle thrashings in an attempt to escape with his boat still attached. I won't mention names (see Bill Green for awesome video carnage) because this is about my own out-of-boat experiences (see next paragraph).

What I'd been looking forward to was next, the Numbers. At this level the Numbers had become an easier yet still technical, steep, continuous rock garden. There were 11 of us this time and we split into two groups. I was going to have such a good time. Well, if you call swimming 3 times thru dangerous pinning and entrapment situations a good time, then I had it! The first swim wasn't that big of a deal, but a swim it was. I did, as Tony coined, an unintendo or accidento back ender where my bow ended up on a boulder with me upside down in the hole, getting a nasal douche. (Mental note: put noseclips on.) No problem, I pushed off with my paddle and then somehow

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Treasurer's Report

Total = \$2796.70
as of 9-4-98

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polypropylene was originating from, they changed their mind in a hurry. They probably would have given us the food for free, if we had been willing to take it to go. Arriving back at our Hecla Junction camp, we found that our entire invasion force had met up at last. Nothing could stop us now! But, within a half hour, most of us were sleeping like a litter of exhausted puppies. The river lies would have to wait until morning.

Sunday morning - last day for glory. We all rose a little earlier than the previous day. Marsha, Tomasso, Mike, and Tom planned on running Brown's Canyon. The rest of the group planned on Pine Creek and The Numbers. George's back was still bothering him, so he opted for rest and then a short hike. And so, the adventure began again, but perhaps we were not as rested as we thought. Six people decided to test their skills on Pine Creek. Whitney had a bit of a scare at the beginning with a pin in the first drop, but after a fine self rescue, he continued the run with a nice ski jump over the big hole. All of the paddlers used the wave just upstream of the big hole to give them some lift in jumping over the hole. With two video cameras rolling, it was inevitable that someone would entertain the crowd. Scott made a nice combat roll about a hundred yards above the hole. He had lost most of his forward speed, so he ended up back-surfing a hole in the approach to the big hole. Just above the big hole, he was upset again. Another combat roll just as he dropped into the big hole. I'm sure that from his point of view, this is where all hell broke loose. Actually, he was doing a fine job of side-surfing the big hole. Debbie was catching it all on film, as Tony and I stood by with throw ropes ready. When we saw Scott exit the boat, we both launched our ropes. Tony's first ever throw was a perfect strike. We soon had Scott on river's edge and none the worse for the wear. Luckily, like a well trained Prijon, his boat had followed him out of the hole, and he had been able to grab it. The rest of us drove down to the put-in for The

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lost it (Wes said he saw a paddle snake get it). I was upside down without a paddle and not having done a successful hand roll all year, I bailed, shoved the boat into an eddy, then followed.

The next swim was the hairiest. In the middle of Number Three I flipped. Hit a rock, hit a rock, hit a rock, fell in hole, tried to roll, failed, hit a rock, tried to roll, failed, bailed. (Mental note: work on saves/braces) I always hang on to my boat and paddle, but this was causing it's own problems thru these rapids. They were both bashing into rocks and me. The boat kept getting in my view and I saw a pourover/hole coming up. It wasn't unusual for there to be sharp rocks at the bottom of these holes and I got tunnel vision real fast. I shoved the boat and paddle away from me, mid-stream, and got on my stomach, head upstream, for a hard ferry to an eddy on river left. I don't think I used the best of form, because I didn't make it. I turned my head to see my progress and found myself being washed alongside the boulder that was below my target eddy. Just a couple of feet

next to this boulder was a much smaller rock creating a sieve. (Mental note: about to make literal definition of the term 'chic shredding'.) I went thru this sieve backwards and had a heart attack. I was forced down deep into the water for several seconds and recovered from my heart attack when I immediately realized I didn't get stuck. Any bigger and I would have gotten trapped. (Mental note: pat self on back for all that dieting.) I got back in my boat and as Doug closely watched me I told him if I swam again I would walk. His calm presence and good judgement was invaluable and much ap-

preciated. Tony paddled over, put his hand on my helmet, gave it a shove and exorcised the river demons, "Bless thee. Remove the flips from this boat. Remove the flips from this paddle. May thee stay upright."

Well, I swam again and came up using expletives these men probably hadn't ever heard from a woman before. It was the #?! paddle's fault, it was the #?! boat's fault, it was my #?! beat up arm's fault, it was all just #?!/!&#@!. I think my head did a few 180 rotations too, based on the quiet stares I was receiving or they were even more fearful of the dreadful girlie tears that never came. After much reassuring, I sent my group on their way and carried my boat for 45 minutes to the bridge over Number Five (a mere 2 minute paddle). I had plenty of quality time alone to give myself a better attitude. I lived and learned, I had some things to bring home and work on. As I was medi-



tating at the bridge, I heard the crunch of tires on gravel behind me. I turned to see Bill and Keith with smiles the size of cheshire cats. They loaded and unloaded my boat for me, without many questions. Any woman who thinks chivalry is dead hasn't spent any time with this group of men.

I loved this trip. The scenery, the lessons learned, the experience received, and most of all the time spent with new and old friends. In fact, many of us are talking a reunion for this same group of people, except it will probably be somewhere closer like the Cossatot

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Numbers section where we all met up again.

Although five hundred cfs doesn't seem like much when you say it real fast, if you add gradient and narrow channels, it definitely tests your skills. It had turned into an absolutely gorgeous summer day in the Rockies. Warm air, cool water, and not a cloud in the sky. We had another pin, many more combat rolls and numerous swims before the take-out was reached.

Meanwhile, our compatriots on Brown's Canyon also had an eventful day. Although Tom had the best line of the day through Zoom Flume, the rigors of the trip caught up to him. A swim resulted in a lost paddle. Mike had a break down paddle, so the group was able to continue.

I would like to encourage more intermediate boater's to go on a trip like this. My hat is off to every one of these paddlers, as well as to the more advanced paddlers who took the time to help out even though the water was low. You can practice and practice on your local rivers, but occasionally, you need to challenge yourself - to test those skills you have been practicing. There is always something intimidating and exciting about paddling a new river for the first time. It adds a new dimension to the mental aspect of our sport. Besides, you just can't have enough paddling friends, so take a trip and meet some new ones!

Online readers, you can click on the camera to see Bubba's photographic essay on "How not to run Blossom Bar". This was an episode from my Rogue River trip in August.



by Richard Grayson

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