

The DDRC Current News

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The Official Newsletter of the Dallas Downriver Club

July 1999

The Piney Chronicals, May 99

by Wayne Sanaghan

It was a dark and stormy night. There was a rustle in the brush twenty feet away, waking me up. I reached down slowly to feel the reassuring cold hug of a Glock .45 subcompact on my hip...No, wait. That was my last story. This is the El Piney trip over Good Friday weekend (April 2, 3, and 4). Nobody died on this trip...but we came close! I had to promise to keep this one shorter and to keep the gore to a minimum. If you hear any stories about giant gashing eyebrow-to-chin bleeding head wounds that happened in churning, rock filled, waterfall-dropping class four water, it didn't come from me.

Debbie Meller and I drove up Thursday night. We saw a strange portent on the way; in the middle of the night we came on a white truck with red license plates that carried just a number, no state information. Inside, illuminated by a bright green florescent light, was a strange looking guy with Billy-Idol white hair. It was an omen, I'm certain, because something that odd has to be. What kind of omen I still don't know.

Friday started the trip as usual. First everyone made fun of the way I dressed (I like the cow pants). Then the shirt and hat (Claris the CowDog—it matched the pants!) Then the boat. Always the boat. Haven't we all seen it by now? Once we got the obligatory teasing out of the way, we could start the trip.

Helen Livingston had driven down to join us on the trip and it was great to see her again. Every time someone new showed up, she had to start her 'moving in' stories all over again. Randy Stovall showed up and gave us a tour of his van. And I do mean a tour. The new four-wheel drive custom van was about 12 feet high and loaded with more goodies than a mobile home. If you get a chance to see it, I recommend asking for a tour. Tom Jenkins also has a great layout in his truck. It has more cabinets and crannies than an antique desk.

It's not a big-water river, and as expected the trip down river was pretty much uneventful. The water was up high, however, and with clouds rolling in were expecting more. The fun didn't start until we got to the Cascades of Extinction and Little mother/big mother rocks where we found a canoe pinned horizontally across the two of them. There were a bunch of guys drinking and trying to free it; luckily we had a few of our safety people and we offered to help. They graciously refused our help and against all odds (and to our amazement) they managed to free it off by pulling upstream. Give me a rope and enough drunks and I could move the world.

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Yampa 1999 -

6 In, 6 Out, 6 Up

by Tom McBride

Teri and I just got back from a really nice trip with SPLORE on the Yampa and Green rivers through Dinosaur National Monument. SPLORE is a nonprofit organization based in Moab, Utah which specializes in outdoor trips for people with special needs and different levels of abilities.

On this trip I rowed my cataraft with Teri's special boat chair on the front; SPLORE rowed five conventional rafts. In all other aspects, it was a commercial trip with SPLORE providing all the food and equipment. Also, just to make things more exciting, we took our 12 year-old granddaughter, Kiesha, with us for her first river trip. She's a great kid but has more curiosity and energy than the law allows. She provided us with a constant source of questions and chaos.

The Yampa River is in northwestern Colorado and flows into the Green River just before crossing into Utah. The trip took us through three rather different parts: the Yampa River itself, a more open section on the Green called Whirlpool Canyon, and a narrow steep section called Split Mountain Canyon.

"Last undammed major tributary of the Colorado River system, the Yampa meanders westward through deep sandstone canyons. Early trappers called it 'Bear River'. While the river itself remains protected within the Monument, it continues to be threatened by dam projects upstream projects that threaten the continued existence of the river's

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1999 DDRC OFFICERS

President:

Jack Deatherage 972-222-1407

Vice President:

Debbie Meller 972-727-9290

Secretary:

Eric Rounsefell 972-370-5844

Treasurer:

Chris Cockrell 214-340-3181

Newsletter Editor:

Steve Schleter 972-329-5502

Internet Webmaster:

Rich Grayson 214-827-0144

Environmental:

David Lamb 214-931-3068

Librarian:

Keith Smith 940-566-4869

Roster:

Marvin Dietel 972-564-1545

Trip Coordinators:

Charles Edwards 972-867-6579

Jerry Kier 972-869-2642

Sam Sloan 214-826-6159

Membership:

Cyndy Meijer 972-342-5821

Racing:

Richard Steepe 972-252-2493

Raffle:

Judy Purze 972-717-5053

Yo Deatherage 972-222-1407

Safety:

Mary Beth Kvanli 214-352-5446

Training:**Kayaks**

Debbie Meller 214-727-9290

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beaches, spawning grounds, natural habitats, and wildlife.

"Most Yampa trips launch at Deerlodge Park. Once inside the canyon the river hurries downhill; Tepee, Little Joe, and Big Joe rapids ready river runners for Warm Springs, the Yampa's wildest water.

"Nomadic peoples used these canyons for over 8,000 years. They left their signs in the form of petroglyphs, pictographs, and other cultural remains."

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.

(from the Dinosaur River Guide)

June 2: We followed the SPLORE truck with trailer over the mountains and through the woods to the put-in at Deerlodge. The put-in was very nice: there were picnic tables, large trees, good roads, a large area for setup, potties but no water. We arrived in the late afternoon with ominous clouds overhead. Shortly after we unloaded the vehicles and began to set up the boats, the wind started, it got colder, and it began to rain and sleet. We decided to get in the tents and finish in the morning.

June 3: Morning brought clear skies, birds singing, and one of the most unlikely collection of river runners you could imagine. We had three paraplegics, one person recovering from a head injury, one young woman with MR, one 12 year-old with NF, two new counselors on their first overnight trip, six volunteers (including SPLORE's board chairman), and six of the craziest boatpersons you could hope to meet.

After the boats were loaded and the safety talk completed, we finally got on the water. We had thought the first day on the river would be somewhat slow. Wrong! We put in two days after the Spring peak flow with 10,000 cfs! The water was choppy and the current strong. We later found that the significant rapids were larger than usual for early June. We camped for the night just above Teepe rapid.

June 4: Our nice weather continued. Teepe rapid, as we saw it with the high water, was class III with a big hole in the center. (At low water, the hole is a big rock.) The run is always on the far right side. We continued through Little Joe and Big Joe rapids — these

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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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DDRC Annual Membership

\$20.00/year - Individual or Family

\$200.00 – Lifetime Membership

Send to:

DDRC

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

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We had lunch there and while we were eating, some Marine reserve/college students went through and tossed their canoes and gear. I got to rescue my first swimmer. I had plenty of experience from the back end of the boat; it was a little surrealistic to be on the other end of a rescue. One of the grateful guys asked, "Do you get paid for this?" I jokingly told him yes and he believed me right up until the point where I asked to be reimbursed for our expenses with beer.

Then the professional drunks showed up. There was a group that we had passed earlier on the river. They were all well identified; they had bright red canoes that, after a day in the sun without shirts their pasty-white bodies soon matched. They also used duct tape to write their creative canoe name on the side. Drunk, Loud, Stupid, and Proud to be on the river. We rescued them despite that. They dumped one right after the other. It wouldn't be the last time we saw them.



A valuable lesson is to watch and learn from the more experienced members the group. Jerry Kier had a dead-drop on-target throw that was coupled with a selection skill unsurpassed in all other rescue efforts I had seen. He tossed out a rope into a group of people flailing their way down the fast moving stream and pulled in a pretty young girl, completely missing all the men around her. I expect to see him at the next Ft. Worth Rodeo. (Photo: Anna Miller on a tributary)

At camp that night I tried to get some stories from everyone. What started as extreme exaggeration quickly escalated into outright lies. No one rolled an open boat and I didn't see anyone doing an ender in a canoe. I did, however, learn more about feminine hygiene products than I really wanted to know. Thank you, ladies. The morning started out with harassment, the end of the day was no different. I brought my engineering books along with me to study while I was there and I got to hear about that.



Our group was camped next to Lorie, Scott, and Doug, a nice group from Missouri that we'd be boating with later. One was a sponsored biker, and he and his wife went around the country biking and kayaking. They made a serious fire at night and we all mixed back and forth between campsites. Making new friends is one of the best parts of river trips. (Photo: Alan Tittle pulling hard)

If there were clouds Friday night, there was some rain Saturday morning. Rain on a river camp is an amazing thing. The same people who will paddle through raging storms, risking a flash flood, the same people who charge a churning rapid, who will run six foot waterfall drops in icy water are the same people who won't come out of their tent because of springtime sprinkles. Most people came out for a while, but when the rain came down we all ran and hid again.

Luckily the rain stopped and all us caterpillars emerged from our nylon cocoons for the last time. Not quite as beautiful (or clean) as butterflies, a quick assessment of the river told us it was time to go again. It was up quite a bit from it's already swollen stage and we knew the trip down river would be even faster.



Our group dropped by one when Steve Schleter went to the hospital. He had pulled out a tick the night before and in the morning, his leg had swollen up. They knew him by name when he went into the emergency room. Apparently they had been waiting for us; there was talk of setting up a special frequent-injured program or HMO for the DDRC. (Photo: Debbie and Helen)

This time down, Judy "Gearhead" Purze got her catayak pinned on the same two rocks we had pulled so many other people off the day before. I got up on top of the rocks and worked it until the pressure shot it sideways through the channel like a giant purple hot dog squirting out of a bun.

It poured on us most of the day down the river. Some times it let up to a heavy rain, once the clouds took a few minutes to relax and gather their strength, but most of the time it just poured. No one cared. River rain is different from land rain. The sky was dark, the wind was blowing, canoes were having to work from going upstream, lightning dropping all around us, and the thunder was rolling along the river valley. I thought it was a blast, but I had the feeling I was the only one. I was judging solely on the responses received when I'd paddle up to people and say, "This is Great!" Once I learned morale was low, I tried to raise everyone's spirits by belting out the theme to Gilligan's Island. You know the one, "The weather started getting rough, the tiny ship was tossed..." I could tell it helped because everyone started yelling back at me and paddling faster behind me in an effort to keep up.

Steve was waiting for us when we got back. He had a tragic look on his face. I thought for sure they were going to have to amputate his leg. It was worse than that. Due to drug interactions, no beer for two weeks. The humanity! Radar also happened to be in the area making it pretty much a Salt River Canyon reunion. Out of the 15 of us, the only people missing were Manny, his sister Esther (from New York), and Libby.

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Just so no one thinks I'm maligning Arkansansians (my parents live there), I will vouch that they're not all backwards hicks. Several of us went out to Cracker Barrel that night because we wanted to relax and let someone else do the work for dinner. Our waiter could have been one of the Fantastic Four, if you get what I'm saying. "Flame On!" He had his eyes locked on Eric as he talked about how he abhorred tartar sauce because he got a large shot of it down his pants once. He then continued on into a variety of interesting subjects, ending with a little squeal as he told us about the cattle prod he had at home. Hey, as long as he washed his hands before serving. Eric, for the record, wasn't interested. (Photo: Me, playing)

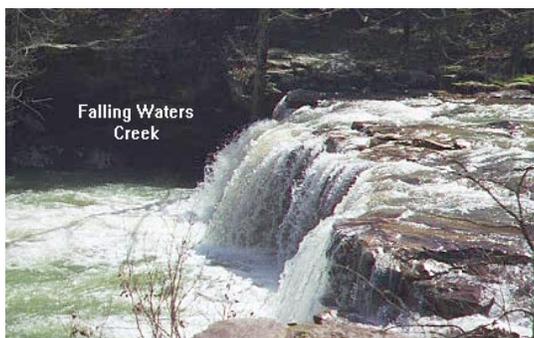
It rained a good part of Saturday night which brought the river up even more. What did this mean? Sunday Creekin'! This is where the group split up. Randy and Eric (Stroker and Stroker Jr., as he explained it to me), Debbie and I, and Lorie, Scott, and Doug (the group from Missouri camped next door), went down to Richland Creek. We hooked up with three other people at the takeout (Alex, Brett, and Dan from Arkansas) and headed for the put-in. Dave of the Stokers came along, but was not feeling well enough to paddle. A round of thanks to him. He was our shuttle driver, saving us a lot of time.

The drive to the put-in was long, but beautiful. Debbie and I stopped at a little gas station in "Booger Hollow, Arkansas." Really. That's the name of the town around Richland Creek. Debbie pulled into the closest lane to the little country store inside while I went in to pay. The people inside were either in an acting town like in Virginia 1600's villages, or the stereotypes about backwoods Arkansas are true. The individuals inside each had their own unique and rather strong smell associated with them, such that even if the lights went out I would still know who was who and where they were at.

The genetically challenged woman behind the counter smiled her two front teeth at me (the rest of them had long ago stuck out for a fresh start) and asked what I wanted. I didn't answer right away, I was too busy staring in amazement at her salt-and-pepper hair. It was pulled up on her head and tied, with the end running wild. It looked like some kind of dying black-and-white flower perched on her head.

I told her I was paying for the gas for the black Explorer. She took two small steps to the window, looked left and right, and asked where it was. Since all I could see out the window and door was the black Explorer (it was about five feet from the building), I reiterated that it was the black Explorer right outside. She leaned over and looked again, this time even going so far as to pull the already-open curtain away from the last inch of window just in case it was hiding behind there. She looked back at me, still missing it, perhaps thinking the black Explorer it was hidden behind the large, dark colored SUV that was blocking her view.

I was ready to take this challenge, but afraid of angering the ratty coverall-clad man behind me (or of gaining his interest and having him and his odor come closer to me). Luckily, he just stood there, watching me and chewing. I very tactfully simplified it down to, "It's the large black vehicle right there" while I pointed. She checked again and got it this time. Then she saw Debbie. She looked at her, looked at me (both half dressed in wet suits, two days river-dirty which means bathed more recently than anyone else in the store) and asked in a drawling voice that had to whistle around her two remaining teeth, "Is that your wife? She shure is pur-ty."



The bad thoughts that went through my head. I almost told her, "Yes. We just got married. We're on our honeymoon." I thought Debbie might not appreciate being associated with me that way and I didn't want to get into more explanations, so I let it go and we laughed about it in the truck.

Once we got out of town, we drove down a dirt road, through rolling, forested hills for about an hour. We stopped at Falling Waters Creek and drooled at the 10 foot drop, but the water level had already gone down too much. I never thought a beautiful, cool day would come where I'd look up and curse the clear, blue sky. Rain! We needed more rain. Even if the ten foot waterfalls were out, there were plenty of six-foot-plus drops waiting.

We had our first accident on the drive. We were heading down a road that was signed as "Narrow. Steep Descant." Scott braked his minivan on

the way down and without bow or stern lines, all five kayaks launched off the roof and continued down the hill without him. It looked like a school of multicolored, plastic salmon swimming downstream as they bounced off the hood, off the ground, and each other as they shimmied downhill.

This time we tied them down TIGHT. We spent the time to do it right and make certain they wouldn't fall off. Bow line. Stern line. Lots of straps. The put in was about five minutes away. We had to untie the tight knots on the bow line. Stern line. And lots of straps.

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We hit the put in for Richland creek where the water was moving fast. I learned the differences between river boating and creek boating real quick. First of all, all the rocks on the shore were now in the middle of the stream. With the trees and bushes, and all the other stuff you usually find on the shore or cross-countrying through a forest off the trail. With the water moving fast, I could usually be found right in the middle of them all. By that I don't mean between two bushes, but right in the middle of them. First into one, then as I worked free of it, into the other.

I didn't want to look bad, so as I found myself headed straight towards a tree, I did a professional draw stroke, pulled sideways out of the way and got my paddle stuck in the tree. That would have been embarrassing enough, but I kept yanking on it, trying to shake it free as I was pulled slowly downstream. The boat kept going, the paddle didn't, and I tipped over trying to pull it out of the tree. I was bumping into everything with my head dragging across the shallow river bottom, not knowing that as soon as I let go of my paddle, it fell into the water behind me.

I had to bail, and less than 100 yards from the put-in. Debbie was kind enough to give me a chance to take out and walk back before we got too far away. With typical bravado (read: Typical misunderstanding of the scope of the situation) I pooh-poohed the idea and pushed on. I was going to show them. I wasn't going to bail out. Again. I still had no idea what I was getting into.

Eventually we cleared our way of the main forest and the creek got to moving a little deeper and faster. That's where the real strainers began. When you go hiking, you see spots where trees had fallen across dry or shallow river beds, where bushes and stuff had grown up around them. This was now the river line we had to go down. There were also a lot of hard-hit spots. Besides the regular strainers that stretched across most (or all!) of the river in places, there were also rock strainers. The river would split into several small channels to get through a bunch of jumbled rocks, make sure you hit the right point or the current will sweep you into the wrong spot.

My first introduction into what was going to what the rest of the creek was going to be like came pretty quick. I could see everyone was being real careful going down a run, but I didn't know why. There was some yelling and a signal relay then it was my turn to go, with a warning from Debbie to be careful and hit it right. Funny, she had never warned me before. I followed the line that led into—yes, into—the center strainer, a tree that had fallen across between two house sized boulders that were about three feet apart. I had no idea what was going on and instead of charging full speed, I went cautiously to see what was up—and I got stuck on top of the log, teetering in-between the boulders with the water rushing around me trying to tip me up against the boulder. I had a little time to look around and that's when I noticed everyone else....about ten feet ahead of me and five feet down. I really wanted to join them, I really wanted to be anywhere but stuck between a log and a hard place, but now I was stuck. I kept pushing off the rock with the paddle and my hands, I was rocking back and forth, hopping up and down. That did it—down the chute and into the pool below I went. Most of me, anyway, I left part of my gloves and a good bit of skin on the rocks on the way down.

Some drops weren't as hidden. We came to another drop, about five feet or so and stretching across the whole river. It was easy to spot because there where six people in front of me, then I looked away and back and there were three. You can bet I kept an eye on them. I watched them, one, two, three, drop out of sight right in front of my eyes. All I really remember about my drop was I was on top and it was blue, I was underwater and it was frothy white, then I popped up and it was blue again. It was also a little more blurry—I left a contact in the water and had to do the one-eyed squint down the river. Aargh! Prepare to be boarded!

On a later drop, about seven feet, I popped over without a problem. Behind me came Debbie, Eric, and Randy last. We all sat for a minute and watched Randy to make sure he made it OK in his C-1. He charged down, plopped into the water and came out paddling with a huge smile on his face. He paddled and paddled, smiling as we watched. He paddled and paddled and realized he wasn't getting any closer to us. In fact, he started moving backwards. He looked over his shoulder, saw the waterfall getting closer to the stern of his boat then looked at us again with another memorable look on his face, but he wasn't smiling this time. He started paddling like crazy. It was a tug of war for about 20 seconds as he yo-yoed back and forth trying to break free. He kept glancing over his shoulder like the river had come alive and was trying to eat him. He finally broke free and after some congratulations, we headed down the river again.

Randy had one other great trip over a waterfall. All of us paused to gather up again, and he was running sweep. There was a typical upriver curved waterfall, with a boulder on river left and a little tongue sticking out, about three foot long and one foot wide. He says it was skill, but he had a crazy look on his face as he somehow managed to maneuver his boat out and miss all the big churning stuff as he shot out on the tongue and went airborne over all the boiling water and landed in the clear downstream. The jump, the look on his face, was reminiscent of the scene in Ferris Bueller's Day Off where the garage attendants jump the Ferrari over the hill with the Star Wars music blasting in the background.

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There were some great vertical wall “half canyons” we went down, and a lot more five foot waterfalls, bumpy rides, and strainers to squeak around, over and through. Most of the rapids weren’t short runs but ran on for quite a while, making them more challenging (or a longer swim until you could pull over) It was a great day overall, but there were some problems. All together I had to bail five times (there was only one bail so far that wasn’t me), and there was a lot of banging up even when I did manage to roll in often shallow, fast moving water. I took on a few good dings in my helmet, I had gotten banged up, and my hand was bleeding, making it hard to hold the paddle. We had a few other minor injuries as well. The consequences of a bad decision, bad line, moving too slow, or just plain bad luck were very obvious all around. As the day went on, I started to get a little apprehensive at times, and the rest of the group noticed, urging me to boat-scout and plan less (the Helen Livingston ‘minimal effort/maximum effect’ lesson that’s served me well so far) and just gun it more as they swapped stories from alt.paddle.whitewater about people they have met who died in the last year. Thanks.

Scouting some of the routes, I got that sinking feeling but always pushed on anyway. True to form, I always flew through the hard stuff and it was always the flat water or little ripple at the end that flipped me. I was the Inspector Clouseau of our kayaking group, getting bumped around a lot, but always managing to bumble through the big threats and miss the obvious. With that in mind, we came up on the most dangerous rapid yet.

We stopped to scout the big drop ahead of time. By now all the feeders had made the water really pushy. There was a fast moving stream running into a series of four large boulders sprinkled across the stream about forty feet across, bending it 45 degrees right. On the other side of the rocks, the river bed immediately squeezed down to half it’s size (and twice the fury), shooting you through a churning fury with about six feet of drop in about 25 feet of horizontal. With the thin channels (some too small for a boat to pass through) it was like five fire hoses pointed down and you had to choose which one to ride.

Next was a smooth (but fast moving) area about twenty feet long you could stabilize in. Then the water rammed into a solid wall and bent 45 degrees back left into another rapid. The second drop was pretty steep, running fast and wild over submerged boulders that would have been a nasty run on their own. This gave us river left, right, and three middle channels to choose from.

After examining this rapid, we decided there was only one viable route and that was the dead center one. The river left and right routes were horrible lines and other two middle routes were too narrow for a boat (the center route was barely wide enough). I managed to find a 6th way, the “Wayne Route.” It wasn’t inherently obvious to everyone else because it involved some carrying of the boat and when it comes to having the boat over your head instead of the other way around, I’m the recognized expert. Debbie saw what I was doing and used a few words not usually associated with me. She said I made a “prudent decision.” So as everyone ran the big drop, I carried my kayak past the first drop and put in at the “flat area” so all I caught was the second drop.

Here I’m going to jump over to the story that Debbie Meller sent me and several of her friends to assure them she was fine and to clarify the story being passed around the internet:

As most of you know, myself, Eric Juday, Randy Stovall, Wayne Sanaghan, and 3 good paddlers from Missouri and Kansas that were camped next to us, all took off Sunday morning from the Big Piney to run Richland Creek (which doesn’t come up very often for very long). We met 3 Arkansas boaters that I had paddled the Cossatot with, Dan Daniels, Brett Pomeroy, and Alex (actually just met him). They joined us, making the group 10.

The river was absolutely beautiful, lot’s of fun and very technical, just how I like it! Lower Screwup is one of the last major rapids. A boater must enter one of three slots between boulders to drop something like 4 feet into a convergence of water from the other slots. The rapid then continues with a relatively large volume of water running over several pourovers and into a tombstone rock. I thought the water hitting and going over the tombstone rock was a wave. There are eddies on river right and then river left after the pourovers, then a pool of much slower moving water.

Okay, so what happened was I ran the center slot and upper part of the rapid with no problems as did everyone else. I was pushed to river right as was everyone else and instead of eddying out on river right after the pourovers, I decided to go for the big, fun wave to eddy out on river left. At the bottom of the pourovers, I flipped upstream at the ‘wave’ and quickly discovered it was a big rock just under the surface. I cracked my eyebrow very hard on the rock which jerked my head back and dragged the under side of my jaw and chin across the rock. My knuckles also managed to get scraped. The other boaters said my boat raised up out of the water. I set up to roll again in the calm moving water after the rock/wave, when I felt dizzy and disoriented so I popped the skirt and came out of the boat.

I swam with my gear to the river left eddy, bitching and moaning about hitting my head. There was one other kayak in the eddy, but I don’t remember who it was, maybe Alex. In just a couple of seconds Eric Juday was by my side, from the other side of the river, giving me instructions to let go of my boat and grab his boat. I thought my being a drama queen about the knock had him worried so I just dragged gear and all into the eddy, but he became more stern demanding I let go of my boat and grab his. Eric asked Alex, who was now there, to get me on the rocks as Eric got out of his boat and grabbed his first aid kit. I did not know I had been cut and was bleeding all over the place. I’m sure it looked so scary. I thought I would just have a knot.

Eric came over and told me to close my eye. I thought at that point that something more was wrong. I got up on the rock

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and Alex helped me. Eric started administering first aid to my eye and I knew then that I was cut. They started talking about stitches. Yikes! Eric cleaned and bandaged me, asked me what day it was and gave me some water. Alex was asking about any other aches and pains. He had obviously had first aid training himself. All hell really broke loose when I looked down and realized I had broke a nail. "Damn it! I broke a nail!" Ha Ha. Everyone else was sitting in their boats in the eddy staring at me and got a good laugh.

I don't know how long all of this took. Probably 20 minutes? I gave Eric one last scare when I looked him in the eye and said "Now I'm going to carry my boat back to the top and run it right this time!". Of course I was kidding, but the bewildered look on his face showed he wasn't for sure if I was that crazy or not. I got back in my boat. I wasn't scared, just annoyed that I would have to be careful the rest of the way and I needed stitches. I also felt like a feeb. I paddled through several rapids just fine, but at the next major one I portaged. Wayne decided to portage too so he could help me. Eric ran the rapid, jogged back up to the top, got Wayne's boat, then ran it through the rapid.

Well, I didn't go to a hospital but waited till I got home at 3:00am to leave a message with my doctor, hoping he would stitch it up in the morning. He called in the morning and said he didn't do sutures, so I went to a Plano emergency room where they told me it was too late to stitch (needs to be within 12 hours). They did say the guy (Eric) that initially bandaged it did a very good job, so I'm walking around with a butterfly, taking antibiotics and cleaning the wound several times a day. I have thanked Eric multiple times for his quick and knowledgeable assistance and still feel very grateful. We ALL need to carry first aid kits in our boats. Mine was in my car.

From my perspective, I saw everyone down below. I got the "come on!" wave and put in and when I popped out a few seconds later, the river was empty. No one in the water, no one on the banks. I knew it took me a little time to get moving, but I didn't think that everyone would abandon me. I'd bailed five times, got beat up and banged around, stuck on rocks and in strainers, but I recovered quick (lots of practice....) and didn't slow the group down much.

A little farther downstream I found everyone behind a house-sized boulder working on Debbie. Once she was stabilized and doing OK, I looked around at everyone and said, "OK, who won the pot? I know everyone was betting a lot of money that I'd be the one who got hurt on this trip." Everyone just stared at me until they figured it out, then it drew a big round of laughs.

I walked around the next rapid with Debbie, carrying her kayak and, since it was a long walk, I asked Eric to run my boat for me. Once we both put back in, we were done. It was the last rapid and it ended at the take-out.

It was time to clean up, pack up, and go. Debbie was parked on the far side of the park, so she went to the far side her Explorer to change while I changed on the other. There were about 10 guys in the park and I didn't think anything about it as I stripped down. Then Lorie walked out from behind her truck and started talking with everyone. We looked at each other, I shrugged and finished changing. I tried to get a dollar out of her later for the free show, but she said it wasn't worth it.

Debbie and I left from there. We stayed with Randy for a while since his gage was low on gas and didn't know if he was going to make it to the nearest gas station (Unlike his last van, this new gas gage works, but there were very few gas stations in the area and even less that were open so he just ran low). Randy and Eric were talking about staying another day to make a run on the Cossatot.

We passed the Booger Hollow gas station on the way back. We talked about going back in with Debbie bandaged up on the right side of her face and make some married jokes like "Yup, we're newlyweds. I know how to treat my woman." We decided to pass.

It rained all the way home, often limiting vision to ten feet. We made it back to my place at two am, Debbie had another half-hour to get home after that. We both got into work late. And the next time I see her, I'm putting Rain-X on her windows and buying her new wipers.

Thanks on this trip go to Jerry Kier for taking the lead and arranging all details on this list. I know other people helped (Alan Tittle was in there somewhere), and my thanks go out to them as well. Everyone wants to go on trips, nobody wants to take the responsibility to plan and manage these trips. I also owe an overall thanks to the group, and mostly Helen and Barbara, for feeding me. I swear to you all, I really do like the MRE's, but I'm not going to refuse extra food when it's offered. I'll consider it a compliment that I was compared to other legendary garbage disposals in the club's past.

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- Register:** Class size is limited to the first 10 paid participants. Registration is required – Contact REI Customer Service @ (972) 490-5989.
- What to bring:** Participants are encouraged to use their own kayaks, paddles, and PFDs. Kayaks (including paddle & PFD) may be reserved for a fee through REI's Rental Program (first come, first serve basis – quantities limited).
Bring a sack lunch.

continued from page 2

were not difficult with the high water but I suspect they would show more rocks at a lower level. We camped at Harding Hole.

June 5: Most of the day was slower as the canyon widened. At mile 8 the canyon narrowed again. We stopped to scout Warm Springs rapid. It is class IV at any water level and should be scouted. As we saw it, there was a dogleg right turn at the top, a narrow section of large waves in the center, a high wall on the left and some calmer water on the right after the turn. Near the bottom on the right at water level was a bad sharp raft-ripping rock. At the end of the wave train were two enormous boat-flipping holes. We ran off the right side of the wave train, just missed the sharp rock, then pulled hard to miss the holes. We got all six boats through without problems; however the groups ahead and behind us did not fare as well: two flipped boats and one person tossed out of a boat at the bottom of the run. I'm told that at lower levels this rapid is a rock garden. We camped at Box Elder just two miles above the confluence with the Green.

June 6: Another beautiful day. We stopped for lunch at Echo Park and took a short hike to view petroglyphs. We enter Whirlpool Canyon:

"The Green is greatly increased by the Yampa," wrote Major Powell on 21 June, 1869. "All this volume is set eddying and spinning in whirlpools, and the waters waltz through the canyon."

"Below Whirlpool Canyon the river meanders through open country in Island Park. Noting the curved and colored rock strata at the lower end at this valley, Powell wrote, 'We are tempted to call this Rainbow Park.' " (from the river guide) We camped at Jones Hole.

June 7: We floated through Island Park — saw a large buffalo petroglyph — and then through Rainbow Park. At the end of Rainbow Park, the river abruptly enters Split Mountain Canyon.

"The current quickens as the river enters Split Mountain Canyon between

warped and uplifted walls. The gorge features four named rapids: Moonshine, S.O.B., Schoolboy, and Inglesby, with swift water and assorted riffles between. One of the Green's steepest sections, the river drops 20 feet per mile." (from the river guide)

At the high water we had, only Moonshine was really significant. At this level Moonshine was a III-IV with various rocks and holes on the left, a big rock right of center, and a vertical wall on the right. The run was down the far right side. No one had any trouble except me. I touched the right wall with the front corner of my tube and got spun around backwards and ran the rest of the waves in reverse. Teri was very surprised and wanted to know why I didn't tell her what we were going to do. I explained that when replanning in mid-rapid, it's not usual to consult with passengers.

We took out at Split Mountain Campground. It is a very good take-out location. There is plenty of room for boats, an easy flat beach, good road surface, plenty of parking and nice shade trees 30 yards from the edge of the water. There is a campground nearby and a large parking area for the take-out vehicles.

All-in-all, we had a great time. We hope to go back next year when SPLORE is scheduled to run through the Canyon of Lodore, the section of the Green just above the confluence with the Yampa. This also means I will get another chance to run Split Mountain. We're really looking forward to that.

July 24, Saturday **Brazos River Moonlight Paddle**

Brazos River below Whitney Dam.
Contact Bonnie Haskins at
972/254-9672 or Jerry Johnson at
817/267-5375 or email:
jjohnsn@airmail.net



Trinity River Trips

Summer 1999

July 10 - Elm Fork, Hwy. 121 to Sandy Lake Road, 10 miles, meet at 8:30 a.m.

August 14 - Elm Fork, California Crossing to Sylvan, 12+ miles, mandatory portage around Frazier Dam, meet at 8:00 a.m.

Fall 1999

September 11 - Trinity Mainstem, South Loop 12 to Dowdy Ferry, 8+ miles, meet at 8:30 a.m.

October 9 - Elm Fork, Belt Line Road to California Crossing, 8 miles, meet at 8:30 a.m.

November 13 - West Fork, Belt Line Road to Sylvan, 13 miles, meet at 8:30 a.m.

December 11 - Trinity Mainstem, Sylvan to South Loop 12, 10 miles, meet at 8:30 a.m.

Call Charles Allen at
214-941-1757
for more information.

New clothing line protects against UV rays

Florida-based Solarveil America has developed a new fabric and apparel line that blocks nearly all of the sun's harmful UV rays. The line is unique in that its lightweight material is open-knit and see-through and has been designed to reflect and refract sunlight. Most clothing in the line has a double layer of Solarveil fabric in high-exposure areas such as the shoulders, chest and back — a double layer of fabric blocks between 92% and 95% of UV rays. The line includes shirts, pant, jackets, cover ups and hats. The company also is marketing the products on its web site, www.solarveil.com.

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DDRC Roll, Paddle, and Rescue

Sessions are every Wednesday from 5:00 pm to dark at Lake Grapevine, Rockledge Park. Everyone of all skill levels is welcome to come practice strokes and rolls or get in a boat for the first time.

The Park is located at the northwest side of the dam (off the other side of the road from the spillway). If there is a dam release, then go to the spillway. No park fees. If you'd like to come out and need a boat call Keith Smith ahead of time at (940) 566-4869 and he may be able to supply a kayak and gear.

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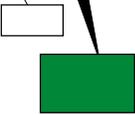
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