

The DDRC Current News

Visit Us On Our Web Site At <http://www.down-river.com>

Volume 25, No. 6

The Official Newsletter of the Dallas Downriver Club

June 1998

Ayakalypse Now

Paddling into the Heart of Darkness

by Wayne Sanaghan

"These are your orders," the Colonel said. "Something very strange is going on downstream. Every man we have sent has disappeared or been assimilated. Now it's your turn. Find who's in charge. Deal with them. Use any means necessary."

This began my 9-day journey down the Salt River Canyon in Arizona. As I studied the trip file, I was amazed. I was to infiltrate a group of highly decorated boaters and come back with them to Phnom-Dallas. These individuals, once respected members of the DDRC Battalion, had set up their own private empire on the river. There were no laws, save their own. It would not be easy.

Cast of Characters:

Randy and Libbi Stovall	Group leaders. Randy paddled a C1.
Manny Forkowitz	Medical core.
Bill Vernieu and Keith Gamora	Detailed from Flagstaff. MWR (Moral, Welfare, and Recreation).
"Crazy Joe" Dawson	Special Assignments.
Glen "Radar" Renolds	Sweep and Video.
Arnie Blatt	Search and Rescue. Kayak.
Steve Schleter	Supply. Cat-a-mar-raft. (The Banana Boat)
Esther Forkowitz	Sergeant at Arms. (Temporarily reassigned from NY City)
Anna "Songbird" Miller	Interaction with the locals...fauna and flora.
Wayne Sanaghan	Infiltrator. Kayak.

I had a choice: Attend the last week of school before finals, study, work hard, and do homework, or go on a kayaking trip down a class IV river in my most favorite state, Arizona. It was a tough choice...yeah, right. I had my job videotape the classes and off I went. Overall, the trip was a blast. It was one monster rapid after another, the food was great and very abundant, and the people were all fun to be with. The journey started on April 25. We'll call it....

Saturday

I met the group early. I wandered in with my bag in my hand and they all eyed me warily. "New guys," One of them sneered. "I give him three days." I knew I was in with a bunch of battle-hardened veterans. Still, I had two days journey by truck with them before we reached our destination. I would have to prove myself along the way.

There were some problems with the locals that night; I made a rookie mistake and things escalated. I thought I was going to see blood. Luckily, no one was hurt and it helped bring me into the group.

All week long, the USGS web site had been racking up the hits. The Upper Salt usually runs around 1000 cfs, but melting spring snow had run the volume up to 4500 cfs and climbing. Rain was predicted from Saturday to Tuesday, which would melt more snow, which would send the river surging even higher. It was looking like it was going to be a wild ride. Just to be safe, we discussed alternate rivers.

When I showed up Saturday morning at the Stovall's house, I was amazed at the amount of gear everyone had brought. There was a huge pile of it on the lawn. Everyone looked at me with the one bag I had brought and thought I was grossly under prepared, crazy, or both. At least one of those was later proven to be true. Then I found out that the huge pile of gear on the lawn did not belong to the group, it belonged to

continued on page 2

When the French Dude Meets the French Broad

by Denis Kervella

We had been playing with Ocoee, Chattooga and Nantahala for a few days. They were fast, wild, furious and beautiful, just like we like them. But one of us was in the mood for something different. And the suggestion came late one night: "Any one of you guys know the Big Laurel and the French Broad?". Well, that's all it took. Coming from the land of Eiffel myself, I was eager to meet the French Broad, whose reputation had traveled all the way to Texas. We waved goodbye to Chattooga, the prettiest of all, packed our toys and headed down the highway to North Carolina. I almost had teary eyes. I think I had fallen in love with Chattooga.

I am afraid to say Chattooga did not stay on my mind very long. Oh Big Laurel was sweet! She welcomed us, and we felt at home right away. Non stop entertainment with fast-paced action. Some said she was running low on energy, but Big Laurel looked pretty powerful to me, and offered us some wild rides. She even bucked me one time; I could not hold on and had to roll. I have heard people call it a combat roll. What a strange name for a love affair!

My favorite spot was the Narrows.

continued on page 3

WHAT'S INSIDE

Activity Calendar	
Ads	7
Club Information	2
Environment	
Safety	6

1998

DDRC OFFICERS

President:

Jack Deatherage 972-222-1407

Vice President:

Debbie Meller 972-727-9290

Secretary:

Jamie Smolik 214-368-3745

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 Coordinator:

Suzanne Greer 972-271-4972

Membership:

Cyndy Meijer 972-342-5821

Racing:

Ben Kvanli 214-352-5446

Raffle:

Judy Purze 972-717-5053

Pat Tittle 972-727-3586

Safety:

Ken Lock 214-823-5263

Training:**Canoes**

John Pullman 214-824-0213

Kayaks

Helen Livingston 214-821-6712

continued from page 1

one person. I began to feel very under prepared. No one would believe that I had all my non-river gear for a week, including tent, sleeping bag, and sleeping pad, stuffed into this tiny dry bag. Through the kindness of strangers, my pile of gear grew until I had to borrow another dry bag as well. I got long underwear, a jacket, sweatshirt, and some capaline stuff. Since I had extra room, I packed a pair of shoes (in addition to Teva's) and a couple of military MRE's

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.

Meals Ready to Eat. Don't Leave Home Without Them!)

As is usual on these trips, we left later than we planned, but not by more than an hour or so. We aimed west, second star to the right, and set the cruise control. We had the Stovall's conversion van with trailer (and VCR), Manny's Suburban with trailer, and Radar and Crazy Joe following up in White Flash, a.k.a. "The Van of Many Stickers." Many hours (and several pit stops) later, Libbi was in the lead in the van when she put on her signal and pulled over onto the access road, stopping next to a communications sub-station in the middle of the West Texas desert. We all got out and stretched, wandered around, and found out that why we stopped. The van was out of gas and had coasted in on fumes. Closest blip: Westbrook, population 237. We sacrificed a water container and White Flash (a.k.a. The Marley Mobile) took off to get gasoline. When they returned and the van was filled up, Libbi was fired and Anna was put in charge of the van. Anna drove down the road and took a wrong turn. Anna was fired. A little way down the highway, we found a mom-and-pop gas station in the middle of nowhere. The people inside were very pleasant. They could afford to be—the gas was about \$1.50 per gallon. Can you say, "Monopoly?"

We stopped that night at a Motel 6. After Radar and Crazy Joe checked in, Manny was next. The bill was \$40.09 and luckily, I had a dime for Manny. As I was reaching to set it on the counter, it slipped out of my fingers and bounced twice before coming to rest in front of the check-in lady. I said "Oops" as it slipped and "I'm sorry" when it stopped. To no avail. She let us have it with both barrels. According to her, our whole group was rude, inconsiderate, and someone should teach us a lesson. Manny was confused, Arnie was getting upset, and I just wanted to get a room and get away from this crazy woman. This lady read us the riot act. She wouldn't give us her name to report her. We couldn't figure out what we did to cause her to blow up, so we eventually just let it drop. Must suck to be her.

continued on page 4

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.

Copyright: Current News is the exclusive property of the Dallas Down River Club. Any reproduction without written permission from DDRC is highly appreciated. Copyright 1997.

R.R.D. Racing Team in Junior Olympics

by Ben Kvanli

"We are really looking forward to this year's Junior Olympic Games in Virginia," says Patty Clements, the executive Director of the divisional slalom racing organization, the Red River Racing Team. "We will have the biggest, best team of athletes ever representing the Red River Division this year at the Junior Olympics!" says Ben Kvanli, the head coach. The Amateur Athletic Union sponsors the Junior Olympic Games each year in August.

The RRR Junior Olympic team consists of Michelle and Laura Clements, Jordan Kvanli, Jane Lettovsky, Alex and Jay Harner, Anthony Walls, Dustin Wayman, Jarrod Leon, and Kyle Scarbrough.

All of these kids deserve our attention and support. They are required to keep their grades up, and must be free of drugs, in order to compete. Past Olympians from the US have not had their advantages, so the future is in their own hands, and they have high hopes. If you would like to learn about getting young athletes started, contact Ben Kvanli. Part of being on the team, is helping teach other kids to paddle, and in addition Head Coach Kvanli is developing a curriculum to train other coaches. There is something for everyone on the Red River Racing Team. Check it out at

<http://www.down-river.com/rrrteam.html/>

(edited reprint from ACA Paddlesport newsletter, spring 1998)

continued from page 1

Yes it was quite a squeeze...and a class IV act. William Nealy describes it in *Whitewater Home Companion* as follows: "Big Laurel bends left and the bottom drops out". I never figured that one out, never saw it happen... He also mentions obvious tongues, chutes, brief slack sections, and the Sandy Bottom Rapid trick. I probably lost track of time and space, in the middle of the confusion, screaming and hollering, while each one of us took turns.

Shortly after, we came upon the French Broad. She deserved her name, as broad as Big Laurel was twisted and long. Quite debonair and good natured at first, but she had a character of her own, and she made sure we would take vivid memories with us. Big Laurel was a tough act to follow, and the French Broad knew it. She tricked us and caught us off guard, with the special ace up her sleeve. Right before quitting time, she whipped out Frank's Bells, which only three of us were willing to challenge. As I started my move towards Frank's Bells, I whispered to Whitney "Keep an eye on me, will you? I heard this is a mean trick". Well, maybe I approached the French Broad wrong. Right in the middle of it, she flipped me around a curve with a sudden strength I would not have suspected she had. I was upside down, trying to push off the bottom. She yanked me away from my brand new toy. All I could do was curl up into a ball and hang on to the paddle, which we had some twisted fun with, over the last six days. Everything around me was getting darker and colder. I finally resurfaced and caught a breath of fresh air, happy that she just let me go.

The final ride was mellow, gave us the chance to wipe the sweat off our pores, relive our wildest moments and reflect on special moments. We parted, took a quick shower and started the long drive home.

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.

Marsha Harné	Carrollton
Jeff Peters	Granbury
Richard Eckstein	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

Outdoor Adventure Courses with Beth Johnson

If you know anyone familiar with canoe basics and day-tripping who wants to prepare to experience the scenery, wildlife, and magic solitude of primitive camping on remote and semi-remote rivers and lakes safely and comfortably, Brookhaven College (Farmers Branch, TX) offers two fun courses in June.

Participants will join veteran canoeist Beth Johnson of Dallas, author of *Yukon Wild* and leader of the 1982 Texas Women's Yukon River Expedition (the first all-female group to descend the 2,000-mile length of Canada's / Alaska's Yukon River in non-motorized craft), for slides and tales from 2- to 76-day canoe trips throughout the U.S., Canada, Alaska, and Mexico.

Nuts and bolts of how to choose weekend-to-summer-long canoe trips, equipment, food, waterproofing, safety. 2 classroom sessions and/or Red River canoe camping trip with discussions of canoes, campsite selection, gear, food, tales from river-runners' experiences.

For info/registration: Brookhaven College Continuing Ed. Dept., 972-860-4715 or 972-860-4717.

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

continued from page 2

Sunday, April 26

I saw some strange acts of kindness. This was the ruthless group I heard that had been terrorizing the river? I began to doubt my orders. It was a crazy time, and crazy measures were called for. Maybe there were reasons for this insanity..

I kept observing. It was a strange dichotomy, and I was resolved to get to the bottom of it.

It was an uneventful drive. Over the last two days I caught up on sleep and yes, I did study. I managed to finish Chapter 7. The road wasn't smooth and my highlighting and margin notes were a little scraggly, but I managed. When we reached the Salt River Canyon, we stopped to take a look at the river. The highway is a mess of twisting 9% grade that truckers hate. The old bridge at the bottom was a narrow "Two Lane" S-hook about 100 feet long. Luckily, they had finished the new bridge by now. It was a dark and cloudy afternoon, and the smell of burning brake pads was in the breeze. We could see the river, dark brown and angry, churning below. From several thousand feet up we could see a large wave about a mile downstream as it was cresting and breaking. It stretched across most of the river. Randy estimated to even see it from this distance, it must be well over 20 feet tall. Radar took one look at it, turned slowly to face us and said, "Are you right with God?"

We hit the launching point and it was just as I remembered it years ago. We unpacked our stuff and started setting up the rafts. We were hoping to get everything set up so we could launch early the next afternoon. We unpacked, we hauled, we carried, and inflated. I was living off the kindness of strangers as I collected the donated gear.

Our first emergency occurred when a guy from another group came running over yelling, "Is anybody a Doctor!" Luckily, we had one. Manny set a new land speed record as he ran over faster than I ever thought he could move. An older man in the group next to us was going into insulin shock. Manny got him

all taken care of and back on his feet. There is no amount of thanks you can give for something like that.

Monday, April 27

Some of the group was sniffing me out as we started our journey. Strange omens had proceeded me and I was starting to fear for my safety. When we hit the river, we almost immediately ran into trouble. It was a sobering portent of things to come. I caught myself several times showing signs that I was losing my grip...I was beginning to crack under the stress. This was not a group to show weakness around. Like a pack of wolves, they could smell fear, and they'd turn on me in an instant.

So far I was going down a river with a bunch of rafters, I met two guys from Arkansas, had borrowed underwear from one of them who kept telling me, "You can owe me a favor now" in a way that made me a little nervous, and on the hour and a half shuttle, I drove an old International Harvester "Forester." Radio stations were scarce and the only tape was blue grass music...dueling banjo's. It was a long shuttle ride with too much time to think.

We launched at 3 p.m., about two hours later than we wanted to. The first unnamed rapid was right at the launching point. The first named rapid was Bump and Grind. No one had any problems except me; I hit the wall, flipped, and popped back up. I had the first roll of the day. Maytag Chute was our first "big" rapid, a class 3. As we raced through it, I lost it and couldn't roll back on top in the rough water. I had to swim. Randy caught my boat downstream. Arnie caught me and pulled me to shore. I saw an oar bobbing on river lift, caught in an eddy, but didn't think anything about it since it was impossible to get to and we had all of ours. The water was about 39 degrees and all I had was a 2-mil shortie.

Quite honestly, I didn't notice it. I was having too much fun. I just didn't want to hold everyone else up.

I didn't realize it, but Steve had exploded an oar lock on the same rapid and that was his oar bobbing in the water. When we all grouped up again, we figured this out. Arnie started dragging his boat upstream, but before he could get there, the oar popped out after being stuck for about a half hour. Randy spotted the black tip bobbing downstream and grabbed it. On top of that, both Bill's raft and Libbi and Esther's raft got stuck. Raging rivers, starting late, busting oarlocks, losing oars, getting stuck, and swimming.. This was not the way to be starting the first day of a week long trip.

Reforma was next. No one seemed to have any problems. Then we hit Mother Rock. The water was so high, it was over Mother Rock, making literal the old phrase, "A hole large enough to swallow..." Really, it was large enough to easily swallow a raft, even two without a problem. After the first rock was a second, less visible, pour-over. I stayed by it and yelled "Hole!" for all the rafters. Libbi and Esther watched me, trying to figure out what I was yelling. They kept watching me yell and gesture and went right into it. They got stuck for a few seconds and almost flipped the raft. Steve also got stuck. He ran Reforma right....right against the bank. Overboard wasn't a problem. Then we hit Exhibition. Canyon walls 80 feet high. Water racing through them at 25 mph, 4500 cfs, and 39 degrees. There was a stack-up of standing waves, one after the other, as far as the eye could see....and all of them at least ten feet tall. I crested up on top of the first wave and saw the River Gods dancing. I remember thinking, "Helen thought I was ready for this?" I couldn't even count all the standing

continued on page 6

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

Trip Report: Nantahala Outdoor Center

by Adrian Nye

I took the Level II Intermediate Kayak course at NOC from the 19th to the 24th of April. This turned out to be a good time of year to go since the smaller rivers have plenty of water and the bigger rivers are not yet overrun by rafts. Also, the dogwoods and other wildflowers were all in bloom. The water was cold but even the few swims I took were not unpleasant (except to my ego). A dry top (which they supply) does wonders even during swims.

There were 10 participants in the class and two instructors. Two of the participants had signed up for Advanced so it was a combined class. I expected to be one of the less skilled paddlers, since NOC requires you to have paddled class 3 water at least 5 times to sign up for Level II intermediate. The only class 3 water I had ever paddled was the Guadalupe at 2500 CFS. But it turned out I was probably the second best paddler. I attribute this to the fact that I was able to paddle occasionally all winter here in Texas, and that I learned a lot of technique in attempting the slalom races on the Guad held throughout the winter. Most of the other students had not paddled at all since last year. Also, a trip to NOC isn't cheap (especially if you fly and rent a car), so it tends to attract the 30's and up

paddlers who are probably less fit and aggressive than younger paddlers. Everyone had good rolls, though.

After the obligatory lake session on the first morning, we did the Nantahala ending at Nantahala falls (class 3). This was a good warmup but I didn't find it challenging until the falls. I think 8 out of 10 of us flipped in the falls, including me, but no one swam. We were hoping for a chance to redeem ourselves later in the week but never got one.

Day two was on a small creek (30 feet wide) called Santeetlah. It was a little too low and rocky for my taste, and there were just too many of us for such a small river. But there were some good play spots, and we got to practice the "boof" (intentionally launching the kayak off rocks).

Day three was on another creek, the Eagle Fork of the something. This was bigger water than the previous day and a lot more fun.

Day four was the highlight of the trip, to Big Laurel Creek then 3 miles of the French Broad. Big Laurel is class 3/4 and has quite a few long, fun rapids. This was my first taste of longer, harder rapids, and I learned you need to look beyond the next wave even if you're not sure you're going to be upright past that wave. One of the bigger rapids we accidentally did not scout, and I ended up flipping early. I remember only trying to protect my head by staying tucked, but they tell me I hit a rock which launched me and the boat into a flip totally out of the water. I was totally unaware of this since my eyes were tightly shut. Unfortunately there is no video tape!

The second half of the day was on the French Broad, a huge (1/4 mile wide) river which was very high from recent rains. This was easy until the river narrowed, where we got to ride some probably 10 foot waves. That was a kick. Then we got to Kayaker's Ledge rapid, which is basically a wide chute next to a wide, 6 foot high vertical waterfall. The hole in the chute and the hole under the waterfall both looked nasty to me so I portaged. A

few students and the instructors ran it by boofing off the waterfall. The students with long boats did OK, but one student and one instructor in play boats got sucked back into the hydraulic and were windowshaded for awhile. It was an "oh shit" moment, but both were eventually spit out. It can happen even to the Class V boaters.

Day Five was on section 3 of the Chattooga (of Deliverance fame). It was a fun day but not as hard as Big Laurel creek. But I was pretty stiff and tired by this point and having trouble rolling, so I portaged the hardest rapid, Bull Sluice. Some other students ran it though, and didn't have much problem. It probably looks worse than it is.

A few tips for those considering going to NOC. If you plan to go early (to get a Saturday night stay and lower airfare) and want to paddle Sunday before the class starts, take all your gear with you except your boat, since they will let you demo boats but will not rent you anything else until they've seen you paddle. Also, have in mind some boats you'd like to try out during your course, since it is fairly easy to switch. You might also try to see if your group wants to have breakfast fairly early, since the drives/shuttles are long. We had breakfast generally at 8:30 and some days we were not on the river until 1 PM. Finally, if you fly you will probably end up flying to Atlanta because the fares are much lower and the schedules more frequent. But this means you'll need a rental car (costing over \$200) which will sit all week. Try to contact other students in your class or other classes that week to see if you can share a car (I suggest email, since NOC probably will not give out phone numbers). In my class, 4 of us rented cars and drove separately from Atlanta.

In summary, I really enjoyed the trip and highly recommend it to others. It was not full of formal instruction, but it was full of experiencing a variety of river types with good instructors there to learn from as much as you want.



Skunkwirx
OUTFITTING

Custom-fitted Saddles

Paddles

Accessories

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

"Quality that lingers"

continued from page 4

waves....mostly because my visibility was limited to about one foot in the murky water. It's harder to see when you're upside down. I rolled, but the big waves slapped me back over again. I couldn't stay on top. I swam again. It was incredible fun.

We went through a bunch of other no-name rapids going down river. They may have been nothing at 1500 cfs, but at 4500 there was fun everywhere. Sometime early on in the day I began to sing the tune from Gilligan's Island incessantly. Whenever it got on the nerves of my fellow boaters, they'd kindly ask me to stop by whacking me on the head with a 10 foot raft oar. After a while, I began to suspect about why I let them convince me that "Real Yakkers don't wear helmets." We didn't make many miles that night, but it sure felt good when we stopped.

This ends Part 1 of Ayakalypse Now, Paddling into the Heart of Darkness. Return next month for more gripping episodes including, "Attack of the Scorpions," "The Mysterious Appearing Ax," "Hike of a Lifetime," "Eye of the Needle," "Aliens from the 50's," and "Adventures in a Grand Canyon style eddy".

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



Treasurer's Report

Total = \$2459.16
as of 6-8-98

Salt River Canyon, Arizona



*Quartzite Falls, view from downstream at 3500 cfs, 1998
(Online readers, [Click Here](#) to see same area at 800 cfs in 1989).*

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.

Those of you who are members of American Whitewater, formerly the AWA – American Whitewater Affiliation, should have received your new Safety Code booklet. Those of you who are not members should join. The AW Safety Code contains the new river difficulty classifications with examples of U.S. river rapids that fall into each classification. It includes those that fall into the plus and minus scales of each classification. Starting with Class V, rapids are rated on a point system similar to what rock climber's use.

It also contains paddling standards such as river signals, general preparedness and responsibility, river etiquette, and basic guidelines for river rescue. Anyone putting on any river more than once a year should be familiar with these standards. The DDRC has done an exceptional job of training and educating its membership, but it is each and every one of our personal responsibilities to stay up to date on river safety. When we are all of the same mindset and speaking the same language, river safety will increase.

Even if you have no interest in whitewater, all boaters use the standards that have been coordinated by American Whitewater over the past four decades. The AW is on the forefront of paddling safety, river access, and river conservation. They deserve the support of all paddlers. You can contact the AW through their website at www.awa.org or write to:

PO Box 636
16 Bull Run Road
Margaret, NY 12455



American Red Cross Boating Classes

Fundamentals of Canoeing (3306)

Course Fee: \$45.00

Date	Day	Times
July 8	Wed.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
July 11,12	Sat./Sun.	9:00a.m.-5:00 p.m.

Fundamentals of Kayaking (3308)

Course Fee: \$45.00

Date	Day	Times
July 8	Wed.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
July 11,12	Sat./Sun.	9:00a.m.-5:00 p.m.

Basic River Canoeing (3307)

Course Fee: \$75.00

Date	Day	Times
July 15	Tues.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
July 17-19	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
July 15	Tues.	6:00p.m.-9:00p.m.
July 17-19	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

DDRC Newsletter Ad Rates

Text Ads (Non-Members)	Per column inch	3.75
Business Cards (Members)	Per insertion	5.00
Business Cards (Members)	Annually	50.00
Business Cards (Others)	Per insertion	7.50
Business Cards (Others)	Annually	75.00
1/4 Page Display	Per insertion	20.00
1/4 Page Display	Annually	200.00
1/3 Page Display	Per insertion	30.00
1/3 Page Display	Annually	300.00
1/2 Page Display	Per insertion	35.00
1/2 Page Display	Annually	350.00
Full Page Display	Per insertion	50.00

ALL ADS ARE PREPAID

WANT ADS

selling 2 rectangular down sleeping bags rated as 0 degrees f. total weight 6 1/2 lbs. each. storage bag and stuff sack included. made by slumberjack for bass pro shop. size is 37 in. x 85 in. paid \$200 each, will sell \$175 each. used once, allergic to down.
Marilyn 214 637 0191 x27

Cat's Meow- North Face 20 degree bag. 3-season Royal blue shell, black lining. 80"x30"x20" fits 5'11". Loft 5.5" total weight 2 lbs. 14 oz. Sales for \$169. Used twice, still new, asking \$100 contact Kim @ 972-907-9178, leave message.

Pyranha Mountain 300 kayak with airbags and sprayskirt (med.) FC \$325; Paddle 206cm \$50; PFD (sm.) \$20; Helmet (med.) \$10.
Keith (940) 566-4869

To Buy: a Canoe 16 to 169 length and 55-60 weight
e-mail: dalaniz@swbell.net
Jesse and Dorina Thomas
Members

NANTAHALA OUTDOOR CENTER



Instruction & Adventure Travel
888-662-1662
Outfitter's Catalog
800-367-3521



www.nocweb.com
programs@noc.com
adtrav@noc.com
storecatalog@noc.com

We're shredding our way to the 21st century!



inturnet, inc.
Corporate Internet Solutions
tod e. weber

811 alpha drive, suite 331
richardson, texas 75081
(972) 783-0066

<http://www.intur.net>
tod@intur.net

	635 (LBJ)		
	MEADOW ROAD	GREENVILLE AVE.	<div data-bbox="956 369 1446 617" style="border: 2px solid black; padding: 5px;"> <p>DALLAS DOWNRIVER CLUB JUNE MEETING</p> <hr/> <p>Thur. 18th, 7:00 PM Enchilada's Restaurant 6526 E. Northwest Hwy.</p> </div>
75	WALNUT HILL		
(CENTRAL)	NORTHWEST	HIGHWAY	ABRAMS ROAD
			<div data-bbox="1247 856 1347 974" style="background-color: green; width: 60px; height: 50px; display: inline-block;"></div> <div data-bbox="1274 863 1339 898" style="border: 1px solid black; width: 40px; height: 15px; display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; margin-left: 10px;"></div> <div data-bbox="1307 800 1388 835" style="margin-left: 5px;">Arbys</div>

DALLAS DOWNRIVER CLUB
PO BOX 820246
DALLAS, TEXAS 75382

PLACE
STAMP
HERE