



Our 41st Year Coastal Ca:NEWS

Newsletter of Coastal Canoeists

Summer 2006

DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION AND ENJOYMENT OF WILDERNESS WATERWAYS

Last Run

Tom Masters

Editor: Thanks to Gene Langlinais for this story

Have any of you ever known it was the last run? Not the last run of the day or even the last run of the year. But truly the last run you'll ever make. I have had that privilege.

It was in late September, a little over six months after being diagnosed with ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease). My muscles had started to weaken and there was the constant cramping to deal with. I had mostly been concerned with what might happen if I put someone else in jeopardy. So I had been out of the water for nearly a year. But after a fair amount

"But truly the last run you'll ever make"

of coaxing and the promised use of a duckie, I thought, "what the heck, lets give it one more try". After all it was the Mongaup. In basketball terms it was a slam-dunk on the home court.

So, a small but selective team was put together. Roger, Tom, and Dave were there for me. All were strong paddlers, all strong man and all good guys. I just had one proviso. If by some chance I got in a precarious situation, they had to promise to not put themselves in jeopardy. With that agreement made, off we went.

On the way down to the putin I was already showing some of the impact of my disease. As I clumsily made my way into the duckie I made a casual remark to a stranger about how I used to be pretty good at this. He replied with: "We all are getting a little older." Honestly, my first reaction was to think about jabbing him with my paddle. But instead I just realized the humor in the situation.

So off we went. I have to admit to a little trepidation when we hit the first rapid. After sailing through it without any problems, I started to relax. Soon, I was starting to feel like my old self. Moves would soon come back to me. I even went so far as to entertain the possibility of another run on a more difficult river. Well, that thought was soon to be extinguished.

The day was beautiful. The company was simply the best. Everything was right. Onward we paddled, laughing together, not a care in the world.

As we came upon the last long set of rapids, I was really starting to feel my oats. So, what the heck, I thought, I should try a little surfing. As I slipped onto the wave everything felt perfect. Back and forth I rode. The hoots from my companions spurred me onward. I leaned forward to gain a little

See "Last Run" page 3



Coastals (left to right kneeling) Val Puster, Denise Micks, Bill Micks, Larry Gross; (standing) Scott Wiggins, Martha Schulman, Lee Keller, Ed Grove, Dave Stockdill, Scott Broaddus, Stan Heatwole

Grand Adventure

In 1992, Scott Wiggins requested a permit from the National Park Service for a private trip through Grand Canyon. Fourteen years later on May 8, 2006, Coastals Val Puster, Lee Keller (K1); Denise Micks, Larry Gross, Martha Schulman, Ed Grove (raft); Dave Stockdill, Scott Broaddus, Stan Heatwole, Bill Micks and Scott Wiggins (OC1) joined Idaho boatmen Roger Rosentreter, Jeff Sharples, Cleve Davis and Eric Wilson and Wayne Fuller (raft) for a 14-day, 225-mile adventure through Grand Canyon. These Coastals and their friends rafted, kayaked, canoed and occasionally swam 160 major rapids, surveyed Anasazi ruins, hiked numerous canyons, fished, observed Canyon wildlife, photographed and relished the camaraderie unique to a Grand Canyon experience. A "green" (unsilted) Colorado River, good weather and excellent group chemistry enhanced the enjoyment of this trip.

Unlike a Grand Canyon trip supported by commercial outfitters and professional guides, a private trip requires its participants plan their own itinerary, obtain support rafts and equipment, prepare meals and assume all the risks that can befall such trips. A detailed trip report will be published on the website later this summer and pictures will be shown at the Annual Meeting in October.

Smokehole 2006

Tom McCloud

After setting the all-time record for the driest March ever, there was no reason to expect good paddling on this annual edition of the Smokehole Weekend. So it was on April 14 that a small group met at Yokum's Store, Mouth of Seneca, West Virginia. But it was warm and sunny and pleasant, early spring and after some discussion we drove across the mountain to float Dry Fork of Cheat. Rather than repeat the standard float, we did something a little different: launched at the 'short put-in' where the riverside road heads up the mountain, and at the end of the day continued past Hendricks and took out at the Forest Service office at Parsons. Thus it was Dry Fork plus Black Fork. We had five opens, Don Leeger, Bob Kimmel, John Sills, Bob Whiting, Tom McCloud and a kayak, Dick Swomley. It was a fine day on the river, with an adequate 2.9' on the Hendricks gage of clear water. Those last three miles below Hendricks are somewhat uneventful, but at least it was something different.

We returned over the mountain to eat at the 4 U restaurant but the best show of the day was in camp at Seneca Shadows where lightning, followed by thunder and rain drove us into early sleeping bags.

See "Smokehole" page 6

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<i>Inside This Issue</i>	
Committee and Officer Reports	Page
Board of Directors <i>Dane Goins</i>	3
Conservation <i>David Bernard</i>	4
Cruise <i>Ken Dubel</i>	7
Membership <i>Chuck Berkey</i>	5
Programs <i>Mike Dean</i>	2
Other	
Grand Adventure	1
Last Run	1
Letter to the Editor	3
Appomattox, James, Roanoke <i>Doug Jessee</i>	4
Maury River <i>Alicia Jahsmann</i>	4
Smokehole <i>Tom McCloud</i>	1
Parting Shot	8

Programs

Summer Quarterly Meeting & Program

Mike Dean

Date: Saturday, July 15, 2006

Place: Glen Maury Park

Directions: Glen Maury Park is located in Buena Vista, VA. Via I-81, use exit 188A, east on Route 60 to Buena Vista, then south on Route 501. Turn right into the park. Take the first left, past the office on your right. Go up the hill 0.8 mi. to the pool, past the pool 0.2 mi and straight to the back section to pavilion and camping area.
Campgrounds: Glen Maury Park, fee is \$15. See map below.

Schedule Saturday, July 15

Paddling: James River from Glasgow to Snowden a.k.a. Balcony Falls. Meet at 10:30 at the Glasgow boat landing. There will be a lunch stop -- consider bringing something yummy.

4:00 p.m. Board Meeting

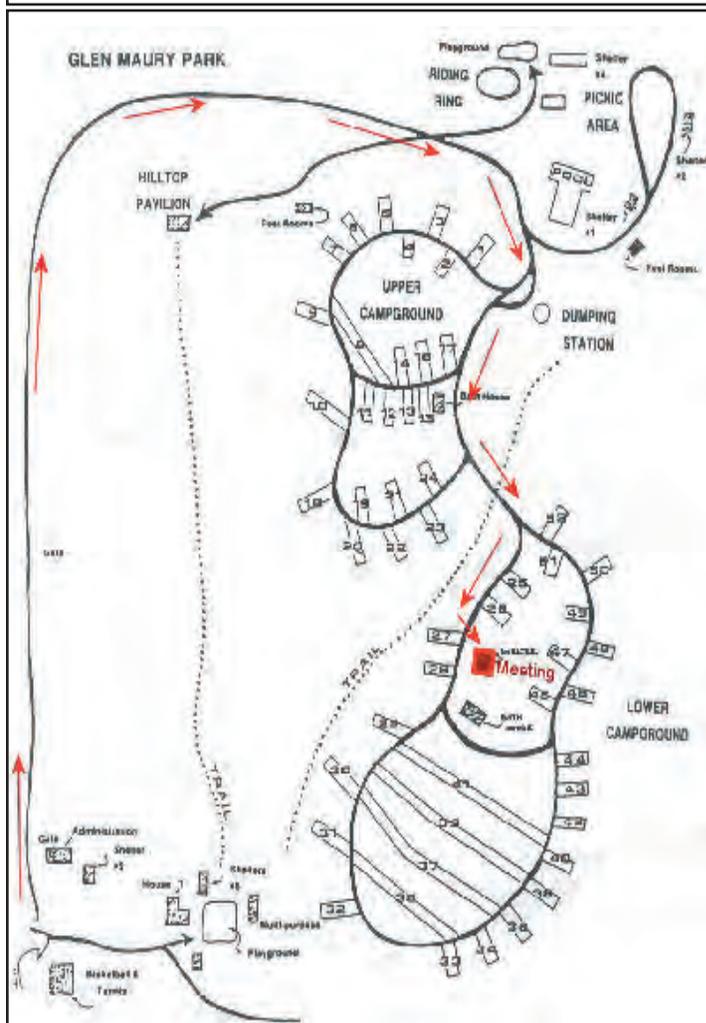
5:30 p.m. Social

6:00 p.m. Dinner: Potluck. Everyone bring a main dish. Additionally, if your last name ends with A-G, bring bread or chips & dip; H-O, bring dessert; P-Z, bring salad & dressing;

7:00 p.m. Business Meeting

7:15 p.m. Program

Schedule Sunday, July 16 Paddling above Balcony Falls



Last Run

from page 1

speed and then started to lean back to slow down a bit. Next thing I knew, I was staring at the sky. I was incapable of righting myself. My abdominal muscles had become too weak. But I was still surfing. I stayed that way for quite some time. My pals probably thought that I was just trying to [lame] show off. Finally I figured I better try and get off the wave. Much to my surprise I was able to slide off safely; but I still was lying flat on my back. To top it all off I couldn't help laughing hysterically.

Between the sounds of the rapids and my hysterical laughter, my paddling partners did not initially grasp what was going on. When they did they rushed to my side. Tom quickly tried to help me into an upright position. Unfortunately, I could not help him in the least. As he struggled in vain it was not long before I rolled out of the duckie.

Now the three of them were truly worried. When I finally popped my head through the surface I still could not keep from hysterical laughter. Roger was quickly there for me to hold onto his boat. Only I was no longer strong enough to hang on. Dave had righted the duckie and was calling for me to climb in. As he reached across the duckie to grab onto me, Roger and Tom tried to lift me into the boat.

They must now know how the handlers at Sea World feel when they try and move Shamu around.

On down through the rapids we went. Three very determined guys trying to save a friend, while they were probably not quite sure if the friend had gone insane.

At least his laughter would have indicated so.

As I said before - three strong paddlers, all strong man, all good guys. They would not quit until they got me back into the duckie. They ultimately got me into the boat and even managed to get me into a proper paddling position. Unfortunately only a handful of strokes were left and we were at the take-out.

My encounter with reality was not quite over yet. To get to the parking lot from the take-out requires a short uphill climb. I was on all fours like a baby with someone pushing my butt the whole way. And there was still that infernal laughter.

I referred to this experience as a privilege and it truly was. Upon hearing the story, Dave's brother referred to it as a "near life" experience. I very much like this description. To have experienced just a little bit more of life's goodness with

wonderful people, even knowing it was the last time I would ever do so, was truly a privilege.

My sincere thanks to this superb group and to anyone who has ever shared life on the river with me.

Tom lives in Berkley Heights, NJ and is a member of KCCNY - Kayak and Canoe Club of NY. Tom is married with two daughters. He is an engineer. Tom was diagnosed with ALS three years ago and is now in the final stages of the disease.

Letter to the Editor

Sludge Application

Thank you, David, for the article on our waterways. I've recently learned about the sludge being spread in Surry and Sussex counties. Even when it's applied legally there are so many bad components in the "free fertilizer" which harm the aquatic life. I've also been worried about canoeing on water that runs adjacent to land with sludge on it and what it is doing to us, as paddlers, when we breath the air contaminated with sewage pollutants.

Apparently, there are no laws requiring any signs about sludge application. Also, fish in these areas are showing up with mysterious sores on them and the officials are telling people to not touch the fish

unless you are wearing gloves. What a far cry from safe, swimmable waters. There are many alternatives to sewage land application and I hope we can convince legislators next year to pass laws

protecting the land, the waters and the

people of Virginia. Elli Morris

David Bernard's Response

Hey Elli: Yeah there sure are enough problems out there to keep us all as busy as we want to be.

We do need to do something to recycle sewage sludge, but you point out two big problems. One is using too much of the stuff so it stinks up the joint and runs off into the nearby streams. The other is that sludge contains small but consistent amounts of toxic waste from household cleaners and other stuff washed down the drain. So spreading sludge on farmland spreads these toxics around on a large amount of land, with no hope of ever cleaning it all up. David.



Tom Masters on his last run

Board of Directors

Dane Goins

Date of Meeting: April 22, 2006

Location of Meeting: American Legion Post 17, Shipman, Virginia

Meeting Chaired By: Scott Wiggins, President
Meeting recorded by: Dane Goins, Secretary

Board Members Present: Officers: Scott Wiggins, Gretchen Cornell, Dane Goins
Directors: Jenny Wiley, Raymond Williams, Martha James, Ginny Newton; **Committee Chairs:** Chuck Berkey, David Bernard, Cathleen Lowery, Michael Dean.

Open: Topics for Discussion: 1. Blueways 2. Conservation Page on the Coastal Website 3. Coastal Items for Sale

Officer & Chair Reports:

President: Scott Wiggins started the meeting on time at 4:17 p.m.

Treasurer: Gretchen Cornell reported we have less money than last quarter.

Secretary: The Board members and Officers accepted the minutes from recorded and reported from the January 22, 2006 meeting. 1. Dane Goins will solicit support from auditor Sally Wetzler for the annual of the club's accounting books. 2. Dane reminded the attending members of the upcoming JROC Gear Sale, April 29th, at the Farmers' Market in Richmond.

Brochures: No report.

CaNews: Editor Scott Wiggins asked for trip reports and photographs. Good newsletter due to every chair submitting articles.

Conservation: David Bernard 1. Balcony Falls take-out: New location found and being researched for feasibility. Need \$500 to help fund the future new-take out. Decision to postpone the donation until more information is provided. 2. David wants a state program to deal with river access. He wants to contact Gov. Tim Kaine on Virginia Rivers and DCR involvement via a letter. He received the approval from the Board.

Cruise: No report.

Membership & Renewals: Chuck Berkey said Coastals has 358 members, 17 "special friends", 33 Newsletter Exchange, 4 honorary lifetime members, 106 members were deleted from the roster since February 2005, 22 new members were added.

Multimedia: Ginny Newton said the library was open for business but had few takers.

Programs: Mike Dean. July 15th at Glen Maury Park. Tonight's presenter was Lorrie J. Sprague, Public Affairs Specialist from the National Parks Service. Her presentation was on the NPS support for the New River Gorge National River, Gauley River National Recreation Area.

Raffle: No report.

Recognition: No report.

Safety/Education: No report.

Store/Sales: No report.

Webmaster: No report.

Motions adopted: Motion was approved to allow Dave Kassmann to coordinate a paddling festival offer within a budget of \$1000 to be presented

Board of Directors

Dane Goins

at the July 15th quarterly meeting. Motion was approved to provide a "Letter of Support in Principle" to the Pigg River Dam Removal Project under Scott Martin. Motion was approved to declare Coastals, Inc. in opposition to the sale of public/forest lands. Letter to be sent to legislators with this declaration.

Motions rejected: None

New Business: Discussion: 1. Pigg River presented by Ray Williams: Looking to find money to remove the dam on Pigg river. 2. National Paddling Film festival presented by Dave Kassmann. To be used to promote the club, encourage paddle sports, grow club membership. Previous people have made about \$600 without heavy promotion. Coastals May need a million dollar liability policy for use of school. Dave Kassmann will coordinate the effort. Draft Support Letter to be prepared by David Bernard

Conservation

David Bernard

Let's learn to appreciate real beauty

By Liza Field, *Roanoke Times* May 25, 2006

I want to write a beauty column.

Yes, I with the scuffed fingernails and cold red nose and leaf-grit in my socks – I want to sit here between my knobby elbows and write about beauty.

May has never seemed lovelier in the mountains. The laurel has burst into fistfuls of waxy-white, scarlet-starred parasols.

Purple blooms glow out of the jade rhododendron leaves. But who in our busy world notices?

"Did y'all see the flaming azalea?" I asked the construction foreman up on the mountain. He and his team were idling by the spring, on their way down in the truck. They hadn't seen the azalea or any laurel; didn't want any water either; it was four o'clock and time for beer.

Had I been pouring concrete all day, I might have wanted beer also, but I watched them jounce down the mountain with dismay. The sweet spring water tasted of rocks and snow and icicles. The pink azalea, fragrant of jellybeans, could make you giddy with rapture.

Earlier that day a knob of Sand Mountain glowed against the purple clouds, the white bluffs lit with a clarity that called me to drop everything and hurry there, to climb those rocks and inquire among the stars where such beauty came from.

I'd stood staring outside the post office, then noticed the people around me – a woman yawning on her way to the car, two children squabbling, a weary businessman on his cell phone. The heavenly backdrop of our town remained unseen while we continued in the routines we hoped would buy – on some future date – a beautiful life.

Daily, divine beauty passes. Our culture seems so out of touch with genuine beauty that our frantic pursuit of the unsatisfying, fake kind grows more frenzied and destructive by the year, until we readily turn a mountain into

cinder blocks or forest into shipping pallets.

Poor discernment of beauty ravages nature, because our oblivion to its value – combined with resulting discontent – inspires us not to exult in but to ruin a place.

"Our consumerist mentality deadens what it touches, instead of experiencing its beauty," said John O'Donohue. When our way of relating to things is to consume them, we see beauty as an object to buy. That we associate the word "beauty" with a "line of products" from the "beauty industry" displays our humorous insanity.

Beauty, like a living forest, isn't a product. The industrial versions of forestry and beauty are lumber and hair chemicals, not the wild aliveness that shimmers beyond our manipulation, which can overcome us with joy. Beauty isn't to be consumed; it should consume us.

I've watched many a hiker, botanist, or farmer struggle at a public hearing to articulate the worth of a river or mountain, a quiet glade or endangered habitat. Their words get registered as impediments-to-the-economy, at best. More often they're dismissed as frivolous, because beauty can't be ground up and traded for dollars.

But many ancient cultures revered beauty, believing it eternally alive.

Beauty was seen, as quantum physicists see the universe now, not as an object "out there," but like all things divine: an exchange of energy between the two. The poet Rilke believed this exchange our human purpose – that creation's loveliness emerged by being noticed.

"How are you to see into a virtuous soul and know its loveliness?" Plotinus asked. "Withdraw into yourself, and if you do not find yourself beautiful yet, act as does the creator of the statue. He cuts away here, he chisels there until a lovely face has grown. So do you also cut away all that is excessive....Never cease chiseling your statue."

As my beautiful students graduate this month, I imagine a world in which we'd told them to chisel, not accumulate junk, to guard some emptiness for reflection, to find beauty within their true selves, not a deadening mask.

But such a world would take more than a beauty column.

Beauty school, perhaps! We could require it of all politicians, engineers, architects – and teachers. We'd offer cosmology, not cosmetology. Instead of nail technician courses, we'd have dives into rivers, hikes up hills, and plenty of songbirds calling us awake to find beauty not in a dead, but a living world.

Liza is a teacher, writer, and environmentalist. She lives in Wytheville. It is because of her efforts that the mountain range she writes of is preserved as a Wildlife Management Area. This essay was edited for length for CaNews.

Maury River

Alicia Jahsmann

Mother Nature brought good weather (70s in early March) but no water in the Maury River for the 3/11 joint Coastals/CCC trip & clean-up scheduled for Goshen Pass. So, we opted for Plan D,

which meant gathering trash & good karma along the Maury, followed by a pleasant trip on Class II Balcony Falls.

Fifteen hardy folks collected 33 bags of trash in a little over an hour. The following Coastals participated: John Sills, Ken Dubel, Dave Kessmann, Mike Kacmarik, Raymond Williams, David Bernard, Dave Robey, Jim Farrell, Dave Weir, & Alicia Jahsmann. Roger Gaby joined us later on the James. In addition to CCC members, we also had folks from the CCA & Float Fisherman.

Ask Ken for his trash highlights (not suitable for print in a family newsletter!). Highlights from the river trip included three hours of warm weather floating, playing in a couple of low-water fun holes, & spotting a mink in the left retaining wall above Balcony Falls rapid. Oh, and of course, the pleasure of meeting other boaters who shared a desire to give back a little time and energy to the river environment. One fella said it was the most fun he'd ever had picking up trash.

So, next year, we'll try for water in the Pass, but even if we don't get it, please plan to come do a little roadside cleanup with us. We can all use some good river karma.

Appomattox, James, Roanoke

Doug Jessee

Appomattox River

On Saturday, February 4, 2006, eight paddlers, consisting of David and Liz Bradford, Gretchen Cornell, Jim Farrell, Joan Davis (K1), George Harmann, Mike Kacmarcik, and Doug Jessee – Trip Coordinator (OC1), joined together for the purposes of enjoying the beautifully wild and scenic vistas of the Appomattox River, from just below Chesdin Dam, past the bridge below Virginia State University, on what turned out to be an excellent early spring day weather wise. As for the paddle, the water level was lower than normal, however, the group encountered absolutely no problems, either presented by the Vepco Dam portage (far river left / new fish ladder) below Chesdin Dam, several deteriorated manmade dams (most notably "spike dam") and Class 2/3 Rapids, especially at the final fallsline, involving "Pipe Line" and then Target Rock (far river left) and "Chicken Rapids" (far river right), for which the group equally divided up to paddle their chosen favorite route. For individuals who have not paddled this Appomattox River section in a while, please be informed that the grounds surrounding the takeout on river right below Virginia State University has been improved greatly, including a well-defined, protected, and as I understand, frequently patrolled by local security, parking lot just off the main road between the railroad tracks and bridge – excellent.

James River

On Sunday morning, April 9, 2006, five paddlers, consisting of Scott Broaduss, Tom Cole, Richard Walters, Walter Vaughan, and Doug Jessee – Trip Coordinator (OC1), joined together for a beautiful paddle on the James River, involving the Upper

See "Appomattox, James, Roanoke" page 6

Membership
Chuck Berkey

*Membership information is removed from the
online issue*

T R I P R E P O R T S

Smokehole

from page 1

This storm continued intermittently all night.

The visitor's center at Seneca Rocks has computers on which you can get to the on-line river gages. A good thing, doubly so because we found that, at least for Verizon customers, there is still no cell phone coverage except near the cities. Seneca Creek was runnable on chocolate water, but following more discussion and in violation of Whaley's First Law, we again headed over the mountain on Rt. 33, with a tentative plan to drive upstream along Dry Fork and see how high we might go. Up thru Job, and Whitmer, over the Dry and up Gandy we continued, and still plenty of water! Sixteen miles above the Rt. 33 bridge is a small bridge where we launched: all those from Friday plus Hendrick Van Oss, OC1. Gandy is quite small up here, but very busy. We encountered several trees across the creek, a couple in bad places, so were out dragging around several times. Perhaps the boys were rusty after a long, inactive winter, but there were two cases where a following boat bumped into a leading boat that had become stuck on gravel, resulting in non-serious swims. So the initial miles went slower than anticipated. Up top is all forest service land, so the scenery is generally good, though there is the ever-present road with dispersed camping in places.

Like the Eveready bunny, Gladly just keeps going and going, nonstop, no eddies except bank eddies, not technical, not difficult yet non-stop. In mid-afternoon another thunderstorm passed over and for a short time dumped heavy rain with pea-sized hail on us. Another good reason to wear a helmet! Every little gully added 5 or 10 cfs, and there were a number of lovely small falls. In one place the river cuts a sharp left turn underneath a cliff, the water falling from above creating a curtain you paddle underneath. After eight miles or so you reach the settled portion of the valley, and the scenery declines. Bank stabilization via durable appliances is the norm. Big dogs with big barks. Occasional unpleasant aromas. You could miss the confluence with Dry, by far the minor partner. Continuing, the volume had now increased enough so that it started to feel big, fast and pushy. There were several rapids that kept your attention, with a few rocks and holes big enough to fill the boat, moving them up in difficulty to Class III. In the last mile or so was a paved ford, which had developed a nasty looking hydraulic, so we lifted around the right edge. And within sight of the Rt. 33 Bridge, Hendrick, in a moment of indiscretion, tried the center of a large set of waves, filled and swam. As he later said, "The trip was 100 yards too long". Bob and I went canoe chasing, leaving John to look after Hendrick. We had quite a difficult time stopping the canoe in the fast current, in part because it had only a single airbag, so rode low on one end. There are significant hazards to working with a several

hundred pound boat-in-motion, and we were quite close to loosing it past the Rt. 33 Bridge. After several failures, and having to back off because of other hazards, and with another sweeper visible downstream, I figured we had one last chance, so beached the canoe and jumped out, hollered to Bob to throw me the painter, which he did, but it was too short. So I jumped in the river and caught it, being dragged by the boat, and trying to gain solid footing, but with one foot of painter in my hand, managed to wrap it around a broomstick-sized sapling. That got the canoe stopped, and then we could take a breather, and cool off before working the boat out of the river. Nearly all of Hendrick's gear was in the boat, but he did lose a nice paddle. Thus ended a 16+ mile fine day of paddling on an infrequently done section of river and a day of great variety. This was a new run for everyone in this group but me. The level of Gandy and Dry had noticeably dropped during the time we were floating. We loaded up and again drove back to Seneca Shadows, and the 4 U again.

Checking the gages after returning home, I found that the Dry Fork gage at Job had jumped from 3.4 on Friday to 5.4 on Saturday, about the time we were on it. The Parsons gage was near seven feet.

River levels continued to drop fast overnight, and on Sunday morning Seneca was clear, but no longer runnable. I really wanted to do the lower Smokehole canyon after missing it last year, so the drive was made into Petersburg where we picked up Paul Helbert and Jeff Cessna, both OC1, in the parking lot, and left a bunch of empty cars behind. The launch from Big Bend campground was the earliest ever, not much past 10am. Initially we had cool, overcast, slightly drizzly weather, but gradually it cleared, warmed and turned into a fine spring day. The water level for the lower canyon was very nice indeed, maybe six feet at the Petersburg gage. About four miles into the canyon we saw two juvenile bald eagles, but no adults anywhere this year. Additionally, there were ducks, geese, kingfishers, and a great blue heron along the river. We took a long, slow, early lunch at the standard place below Chimney Rock Slide rapid. The canyon sides had broad swaths of purple from the redbud in bloom, and white from dogwood and shadbush. Down by the water the columbine as well as Virginia Bluebell were in bloom, along with other spring flowers. Leaves were not yet out, but provided light pastel greens on the mountain, contrasting with the dark green of pine and cedar. Approaching Petersburg there were a few clumps of old-fashioned daffodil in full bloom, remnants perhaps of riverside homesteads of a hundred years ago. The "ledges" in the last mile above Petersburg were a little nicer than in previous years, with a couple giving big waves. We were to take-out by 3:00 p.m. and driving home by 4:00 p.m. Along new Rt. 55 east of Moorefield I found Jeff with his hammer up on one of the new cuts chipping fossils out of the rock.

We were uncommonly lucky to have had rain that gave us a creek paddle and a very nice Smokehole run on Sunday. Hard to beat this combination. Well try to do it again next year. cc

Appomattox, James, Roanoke

from page 4

Section Class 2 (Pony Pasture to Reedy Creek) for Walter and Doug, and then the Lower Section Class 2/3 for Scott, Tom, and Richard. The group did not experience any problems during either of the paddling sections, thereby enhancing the opportunities presented for this group of paddling friends to rekindle past memories of trips paddled together and discuss plans for the upcoming paddling season.

Roanoke River

On Saturday, May 13, 2006, two paddlers, consisting of Price Wood and Doug Jessee – Trip Coordinator (OC1), joined together, for the purposes of paddling the Roanoke River, from Gaston, North Carolina, to Weldon, North Carolina. As Trip Coordinator, it is not my normal practice to continue with a scheduled trip beyond Thursday evening preceding the trip, with only (1) confirmed paddler, not including myself; however, this was an exception that I made, based solely on the fact that Price was so persistent in his repeated communications to me throughout the week prior, indicating his desire to run this river at this time, for the first time. Therefore, in obliging, the low safety risks were accepted and the trip was confirmed, especially in fact that this is a "home river" for me, for which I paddle approximately 10-15 times a year. This Class 2/3 paddle was gorgeous; beautifully clear water, lots of wild life, including the sighting of a Bald Eagle, lots of opportunities to view volcanic rock formations, then through the "Falls" just above the takeout at Weldon. Wow, if you have never run this powerful falls line at normal river levels and do not want to contact either Price or myself, please know the Options for the "Falls" at normal levels at Weldon: Option #1 river right is similar to the Hollywood Rapid on the James, but longer with more white water turbulence, Option #2 – river center is similar to two rivers entering each other at the end of joint falls line, with large holes and cross current, and Option #3 – river left is similar to Target Rock on the Appomattox River, albeit minus the "rock" at the end – only a large hole. Price opted for Option #3 and after scouting this run above first from a high rock formation, ran the section with skill and form. As for the Trip Coordinator, I chose for this day to run the Option #2, playing "just" out of harms way, for not to embarrass myself in front of a new friend among the Coastals Membership. *I would strongly encourage anyone committed to running this river, to take advantage of the excellent ability to scout the "Falls" from the right shore, located in the Canal Park, next to the "Takeout / DGIF Public Boat Landing" at Weldon, North Carolina.

Cruise Schedule

Ken Dubel

The rules are few, but very important: Coastals trips are intended primarily for club members. However, visitors are invited to check us out! Paddling can be quite dangerous. All trip participants assume full responsibility for their own safety. The coordinator only organizes the trip. Paddlers must self-rate themselves for these trips. Difficulty ratings are intended as a rough guide and are subject to error. You are expected to research an unfamiliar river yourself. Please don't just "show up". Please don't bring unexpected guests. Please don't endanger yourself and the group by paddling a trip that you are not prepared for.

Dates	River or Event	Rate	Coordinator	Contact
7/15, 16	Quarterly meeting, James at Balcony Falls	N/I	Ken Dubel	
7/22, 23	Morris Creek, tour boat or tandem (Williamsburg)	N	Richard Walters	
7/22, 23	Haw River and Rocky River (Raleigh, NC)	I	Doug Jessee	
7/29, 30	Dan River, Kibler Valley race (SW VA) (Saturday only)	N/I	David Bernard	
7/28, 29, 30	Bob Foote whitewater canoe instruction, solo and tandem	N/I	Andy Lee	
8/5, 6	River Rescue for paddlers (Richmond), \$40, course #12333, contact Greg to register, Rob for questions by 7/28	All	Chesterfield Parks & Rec a.k.a. Greg Velzy / Rob Ault	
8/5, 6	Yorktown sea kayak	N/I	Richard Walters	
8/4, 8	Ottawa River (Canada)	A	Scott Wagner	
8/12, 13	James at Seven Islands, Sunday only (well south of Charlottesville)	N	Caroline Meehan and Ted McGarry	
8/12, 13	Sea kayak, Mobjack Bay (Tidewater)	N	Richard Walters	
8/19, 20	Rapidan River to Rappahannock and beyond (Fredericksburg)	I	Doug Jessee	
8/19, 20	Sea kayak at Gwynn's Island Saturday (Tidewater)	N	Richard Walters	
8/26, 27	Dealer's choice near Richmond	N/I	Martha James	
8/26, 27	Dealer's choice sky's the limit	I/A	Jim Loffredo	
9/2, 4	Labor Day New River Rendezvous, joint trip with other clubs (WV)	All	Ken Dubel	
9/9, 10	Lower Gauley 1st timers Saturday (WV)	A	Karl Gordon + Dave Kessmann	
9/9, 10	Sea kayak camper (Tidewater)	N	Richard Walters	
9/9, 10	Dealer's choice (Richmond area)	N/I	Jenny Wiley	
9/16, 17	Nottoway, Cutbank to Jarratt	N/I	Doug Jessee	
9/16, 17	Rappahannock watershed (Fredericksburg)	N/I	Larry Gross	
9/23, 24	Gauleyfest, upper New in WV	N/I	Andy Lee	
9/23, 24	Gauleyfest, New River gorge 1st timers (WV)	A	Dave Kessmann	
9/23, 24	River cleanup, New River in VA (SW VA)	All	David Bernard	
9/30, 10/1	Bill Gordon's 30th annual lower Youghiogheny trip (PA, and note trip is earlier this year)	I/A	Bill Gordon	
10/7, 8	Russell Fork Rendezvous (upper section, SW VA / KY border)	I	David Bernard	

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Mark Kacmarcik at confluence rapid on Alicia Jahsmann's Balcony Falls Trip

Chuck Berkey
Membership Chair
Coastal Canoeists
505 Winterberry Drive
Fredericksburg, VA 22405-2060

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Quarterly Meeting
Saturday, July 15
See Page 2 for Details

Dated Material: Please Expedite!