

# Whitewater Rafting

(Continued from Page 1)  
 noticed several of the others  
 the river a bit more closely.  
 each put on a Class V life jacket and  
 a crash helmet, grabbed a paddle, and then  
 listened as Jim gave us a few safety instruc-  
 tions. He said that if we should find  
 ourselves "floating down the river without  
 the aid of our raft," the most important  
 thing to do was get back in quickly. He told  
 us to throw an arm and leg over the side,  
 and let those still on board roll us into the  
 raft.

I like that idea, especially the part  
 about getting back in quickly.

Then Peggy, a 16-year-old from  
 Bradenton, Fla., came up with the first of  
 several funny comments. She had noticed  
 the safety rope on the side of the raft, and  
 asked, in all seriousness, if we could "grab  
 onto this rope if we start to fall, or do we



have to go on and fall?"

When the guides quit laughing, they told  
 her to grab the rope if she could. That made  
 me feel better, too. I started practicing  
 reaching for the rope so I would know where  
 to find it in a hurry.

The second important thing we were to  
 remember was that if we did fall out, not to  
 get downstream of a raft. Jim said that if

we did, we could get caught between the  
 raft and a rock and end up looking like the  
 middle of an Oreo cookie. I decided that  
 would be a pretty good thing to remember.

We pushed off from shore, wading out  
 into the river with the rafts. We climbed in  
 and started paddling downstream.

I was in the front of our raft, along with  
 Greg, another visiting Floridian. Peggy and  
 her sister, Cindy, were on the second row,  
 with Sam and Scooter, a South Carolina, in  
 the rear. Nobody bothered to tell us that the  
 ones in the front would get twice as wet as  
 everyone else.

The stretch of the French Broad we  
 rode is pretty popular with white water en-  
 thusiasts. There are rapids there which in-  
 clude Classes I through V. The danger in-  
 creases with the number. It didn't take long  
 before we reached the first rapid.

Sandy Bottom 2, the guides estimated,  
 was a high Class III or a low Class IV that  
 day. Considering it was the first rapid I had  
 ever run, it looked wicked to me. The way to  
 run it, we were told, was to keep paddling,  
 keeping the raft moving faster than the  
 river. If we stopped, we would be caught in  
 the currents and eddies around the rocks and  
 would have a problem. So in we went.

Sam tried to steer us in straight, but  
 something went a bit wrong. We came in at  
 an angle to one side: mine. The front of the  
 raft dropped down the backside of one wave  
 into a base of a second, larger wave. Sam  
 later guessed that this wave was eight feet  
 high. It curled down on the front of the raft.  
 The cold water threw Greg against the side,  
 and I was washed into the floor. But we kept  
 paddling.

The ride couldn't have lasted more than  
 a minute, but it seemed much longer. Sit-  
 ting in the floor of a raft going down rapids  
 tends to distort your perception of time, you  
 see.

The next big rapid was Pitstop. This one  
 didn't have the large waves that Sandy Bot-



tom 2 had, but the current was trickier. The  
 rear end of our raft got caught in an eddy  
 and we were pulled in almost sideways.

A wave hit us from the side, thoroughly  
 soaking everyone. When we reached the  
 end, Greg and I, pleased that now we  
 weren't the only ones wet, turned around to  
 see how the rest had fared.

Cindy was trying to wipe the water off  
 her glasses, the same problem I had been  
 having for the whole trip, and Peggy was  
 picking herself up from the bottom of the  
 raft, where she stayed about a third of the  
 trip. Sam was just grinning; after all, he's  
 been a guide for five years, so he ought to be  
 enjoying himself by now.

We rowed over to the bank to have  
 lunch. The van had brought the picnic sup-  
 plies on down to a pre-arranged meeting  
 place below Pitstop.

I have been on lots of picnics before, but  
 I don't think the food ever tasted any better  
 than it did then. The sandwiches we con-  
 structed would have made Julia Childs cr-  
 inge, and we were all wet and a little bit  
 tired, but there is just something enjoyable  
 about eating lunch while you drip-dry, get-  
 ting to know different folks while you're at  
 it.

After lunch, it was time to tackle the  
 Class V rapid, Frank Bell's. Also known as  
 Deep Water Rapids, this stretch of  
 whitewater falls 16 feet in 26 yards over  
 three ledges. It looks, and is, rough.

The other raft went through first, then it  
 was our turn. We got lined up and managed,  
 for the first time, to go straight in.

The front dropped on the first ledge and  
 burrowed into the base of the wave in front.  
 The wave was larger than any of the others;  
 instead of hitting me in the face, as usually  
 happened, this one landed on my head.  
 Needless to say, I was swept into the floor.  
 Greg was on his way over the side when he  
 managed to push off the side of the raft and  
 fall back in. Peggy also landed in the floor,

again.

The back end of the raft started to sw-  
 ing downstream. We were going to go over  
 the second ledge sideways.

Sam, sounding slightly hysterical,  
 shouted for us to "Paddle forward!"

Still sitting in the floor, I started padd-  
 ling forward. I don't know what Sam did to  
 straighten us out, but we were back on  
 course when we went over the second ledge.

This was the last major rapid of the  
 trip, so Sam put Peggy and Cindy in the  
 front for the last mile.

We went through one smaller rapid.  
 Sam ran us through this one at an angle to  
 see if what we figured would happen would.  
 Sure enough, it did: Peggy ended up in the  
 floor again. This time, however, she manag-  
 ed to keep paddling. Never mind that she  
 wasn't coming close to getting the paddle in  
 the water, she was still paddling.

When we pulled over to the bank to  
 dump the water out of the rafts, Peggy in-  
 formed us that she wanted to "paddle back  
 upstream and start again!" The group  
 seemed to agree very quickly that she need-  
 ed more practice going down before trying  
 to go up.

We brought the rafts off the river at Hot  
 Springs. Unfortunately, we went a little fur-  
 ther downriver than the trip usually goes, so  
 we couldn't use the regular "take-out"  
 area. We had to carry the rafts up a bank to  
 the road. The unfortunate part was that the  
 bank included a splendid growth of poison  
 ivy.

I haven't broken out yet, two days later,  
 so I guess I probably won't get it. My back is  
 still sore, though, as is the slight case of sun-  
 burn I picked up. But it was worth it.

Cindy certainly had the right idea when  
 she told Jim that the afternoon had been  
 "the most fun I've had in a long time."

I'm going to ride another river before  
 the summer is out, although I'm not sure  
 which one yet. I'll have to be careful,  
 though, if I do down to many more rivers  
 like that I could end up liking water.



## WEEKEND CROSSWORD

TODAY'S ANSWER



- ACROSS**
- 1 Fret
  - 5 Laced
  - the punch
  - 11 Polish wifely title
  - 12 Miss Francis
  - 13 Author, Leon —
  - 14 Spanish coin
  - 15 Symbol of bureaucracy
  - 17 Writer
  - 18 In balance
  - 19 Rich rock
  - 20 Like ham
  - 22 Assort
  - 23 Words to a hitchhiker
  - 24 Devoutness
  - 25 Brazilian staple
  - 26 Linger
  - 27 Ritual pleas
  - 28 "I've got — in my trousers"
  - 29 Cornell color
  - 30 Made a comeback
  - 31 Trapped
  - 32 Invented
  - 33 Rich man's parasite
  - 34 My (data)
  - 35 Unlabeled
- DOWN**
- 1 Inducement
  - 2 Weight rate
  - 3 Oklahoma city
  - 4 Woody vine
  - 5 Weakened
  - 6 Dress up
  - 7 They: Fr.
  - 8 Collapse
  - 9 Completeness
  - 10 Ecclesiastical abode
  - 14 Ancient Egyptian city
  - 20 Abridge
  - 21 Au courant
  - 22 The Wright product
  - 23 Collure product
  - 24 Bucket
  - 25 Yankee bargainer
  - 28 Mountain crest
  - 31 Sacred image
  - 32 "Born Free" lioness
  - 33 Consider
  - 35 Squeal

## Church Play To Be Held At Red Hill

Red Hill Church on Upper Brush Creek Road is presenting a play entitled "Don't Wait Until It's Too Late" at 7 p.m. Saturday.

The program will be followed by a song service featuring the "Singing Servants."

## Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Alan Payne, of Route 7, Marshall, a daughter, Lisa Renee, June 30, 1980, in Memorial Mission Hospital.

## Veterans Representative To Be In Marshall

A representative from the North Carolina Division of Veterans Affairs will be in Marshall on Thursdays of each week from 10:30 a.m. until noon to assist veterans and dependants in filing claims with the Veterans Administration.

Those persons desiring assistance with veterans pro-

blems may contact the veteran representative at the Ramsey Building on Main Street.

The Division of Veterans Affairs office serving this area is located at 38 Grove St., Asheville and is open Monday through Friday between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. The phone number is 258-6187.

## Folk-Ways / On Clearing New Ground And Old Poetry

By ROGERS WHITENER

Several recent editions of Folk-Ways have dealt with the problems — and occasional pleasures — of clearing newground, including the burning and grubbing of roots and stumps prior to the introduction of dozer and tractor.

A letter from Roy H. Atwood of Hickory provides information on transitional, make-do methods of grubbing employed by his innovative father. He writes: "My father bought a farm about one mile from Rhodhiss Lake in 1932. One field had been cleared, but there were still plenty of stumps. At that

time the state road scrapers would give people their old blades. We got several and made a two-drag scrape to make ditches and terraces. We bolted the old blades on each side and it lasted for several years.

"Papa had an oak beam sawed eight inches square at

the front. A blacksmith took a blade in back at an angle. He hooked up mules weighing about 1300 to 1400 pounds to this stump and root-cutter, and he wore a pair of high-top boots with heavy boot socks over work socks for protection. It took a good man to use it with roots hitting shins and feet."

Later on, according to Mr. Atwood, the equipment picture improved but even then stumps continued to offer problems.

**THE INVENTOR'S WIFE**  
 It is easy to talk of the patience of Job; Job had nothing to try him. If he had been married to Byjah Brown, folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him. Well, didn't he make me a

cradle once that would keep itself a-rocking? And didn't it bounce the baby out, and wasn't his head bruised shocking? As for locks and clocks and mowing machines, and reapers and all such trash, Byjah has invented heaps of them, but they don't bring in no cash.

Have I told you about his bedstead yet? It was full of wheels and springs. It had a clock face at the head, and at any hour you said That bed got up and shook itself and bounced you on the floor; Then it shut up like a box so you couldn't sleep any more. Mrs. Feimster remembers

## Rabies Clinic

The Parvo Virus and Rabies Clinic will be held from 1-5 p.m. on Tuesday, July 15, at the Madison County Health Department.

Prices are: Parvo vaccination, \$6; regular distemper vaccination, \$6; rabies vaccination, \$3.50; or all three shots for \$15.

## Miss Ray

Linda Ray of Marshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence K. Ray, Sunset Drive, served as a Page in Governor Jim Hunt's offices in Raleigh during the week of June 23-27.

Linda is a senior at Madison High.

## Singing

The regular second Sunday Night Singing will be held at 7 p.m. Sunday at the Alexander Baptist Church. Participating will be the Glory Dawn Quartet, Gospel Light Singers and others. Singers and listeners are invited. Dennis Farris is in charge of the singing.

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