



WATERLINES



MERRIEST OF HOLIDAYS, POUDRE PADDLERS!

December, 2006

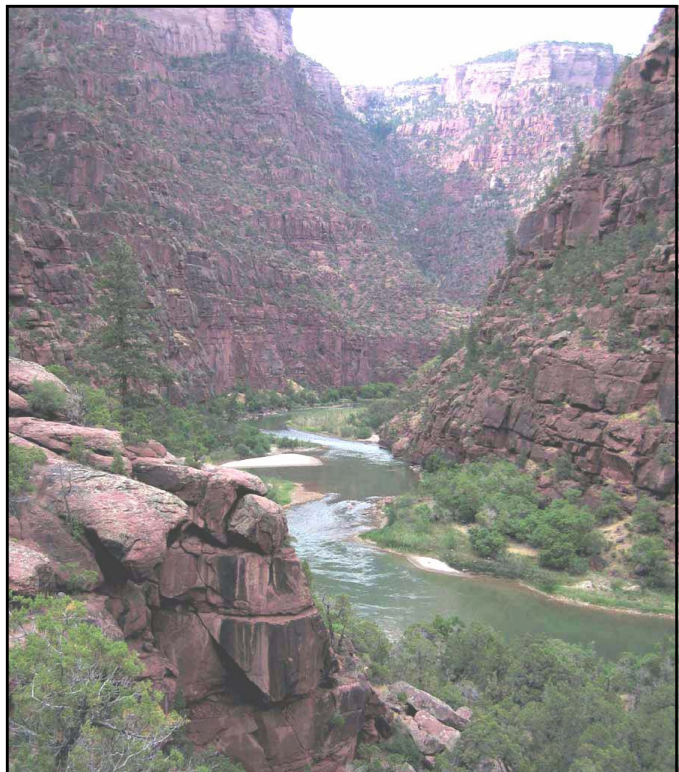
The Path of John Wesley Powell, Jr: Pick Your Section of the Green River

This issue will have a Green focus, covering some 300 miles of the Green River from its headwaters to the confluence with the Colorado, though you'll hear arguments that the Green IS the upper Colorado, just as the Missouri is argued to be the upper Mississippi.

We have trip reports on two stretches of the Green, one through Lodore Canyon and the other through Gray and Desolation Canyons. To that we'll add a summary of the other runs, covering Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado.

Most of the Green is Class 1 and 2 water, with some 3's mixed in on the headwaters, Lodore, and Deso-Gray sections. Boaters can choose to suit their levels of paddling and tripping skills, but they must get permits for much of the River. The sections of the

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Lodore Canyon

Eric Hermann photo

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The Grand Canyon in an Open Boat: Intrepid Gallagher Finds Heaven

By Bonnie Gallagher

Last winter, approaching my 55th birthday, I gave up waiting to be invited on a privately run Grand Canyon trip, and decided that if I was ever going to paddle the crown jewel of a river, I needed to ante up the money for a commercial trip. Commercial trips open up all kinds of possibilities: You can go whenever you like, and you can ride in whatever craft you choose. So I picked September and found a wonderful raft-supported trip run by Otter Bar Kayak School through Arizona Raft Adventures, AZRA. Otter Bar allowed open canoes on their trip—there were two, along with ten kayaks—and also provided a fantastic safety kayaker: Creek Hanauer, fast approaching his 60th birthday, patiently and expertly helped me during multiple swims on the first half of the trip and became my hero extraordinaire. AZRA provided a 40-foot motorized raft large enough to carry its 10 passengers, gear for 25, plus the two canoes, if we liked. This saved me from portaging around Granite and Horn Rapids, which I did not want to run. Because of rock walls and holes. I figured these safety “features” alone would be worth the \$3500 for the 15-day trip.

The week before the trip was relaxed since I had so little to organize. I purchased gin, tonic, sodas, and drove to Flagstaff. AZRA had provided all else. However, our “standard issue” gear—sleeping bag, pad,



Bonnie Gallagher goes vertical in Lava Falls wave...

tarp and dry bags—was substandard, and I will bring my own gear next year. But fifteen days’ food for 25 people was already packed and we were off. Sooo luxurious!

Once I got to the hotel, everything was efficiently taken care of by professionals.

On our first day I learned in Badger Rapid that paddling 11,000 cfs is not equivalent to paddling Poudre’s Bridges Run, even at flood stage. I did not swim on day one but filled up with water by the end of the first medium rapid. Day two was one of the most discouraging days I have ever experienced in my 15 years of paddling. After starting the day with two swims, the high point was a two-hour hike up North Canyon to a spectacular pool with a rock slide. This began my realization of just how integral the hikes are to a Grand Canyon experience. I had

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been thinking I was on the trip for the white-water, and so far I had gotten nothing but a spanking from the river!

Feeling refreshed after frolicking in the pool at the end of the hike, I climbed into my dry suit and boat, only to swim twice more in the four miles to camp. I was learning from each swim. In the first two swims, I had been thinking about boat angle and rolling: impor-



...and mounts the wave: Gotta be yelling here!

tant, but the wrong priority. On the next two swims I was thinking about powering myself through the big waves with as much force as I could possibly muster. I realized I was flipping at the bottom of wave trains when my boat had lost the initial speed I had when entering the rapid.

By the third morning I had slept well and was refreshed, but I had lost so much confidence in myself that I questioned whether I could do it at all. These are common river mental issues that I had never experienced from a first-person perspective. It was the raft guide from AZRA who first gave me confidence even to get back in my boat and try. It was the guide from Otter Bar who reassured me that it was no problem to rescue me and my boat after yet another swim. It

was the crew and six passengers on the raft who cheered for me when I did manage to come through a rapid upright. (They even cheered encouragement when I swam.)

With all this support and more, I got in my canoe on day three and miraculously, things got better. I managed to go the next three days with only one swim and I felt as though I was finally getting a handle on how to paddle the huge water of the Grand Canyon.

Over the next few days I learned to approach every rapid with at least 10 “full-speed-ahead” strokes until I was out of breath. Then, upon entering the rapid, I maintained full power strokes, reaching over the crest to the back side of every wave. I tried to get in two full strokes while I was coming down before I headed up into the next wave. When I felt myself losing forward speed, I looked for a way out of the wave train...not as much fun, but it probably saved me a swim or two.

At the bottom of most rapids there were two hazards: Waves, huge ones, would just appear from nowhere at crazy diagonal angles, I just needed to ride those out with good boat balance and as much forward momentum as I could muster. Also, the swirly water below many wave trains was difficult. It was difficult for the kayaks too, as one afternoon I watched one of the better kayakers on the trip get swallowed by a whirlpool from nowhere, forcing his only combat roll of the trip.

Halfway down the canyon, I finally realized all this national park has to offer beyond the whitewater, which accounts for only 20 percent of the water anyway. Hopefully, on my

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Green River, Continued

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Green to consider are Wyoming's Upper Green, from the source to Fontenelle Reservoir, 150 miles; Flaming Gorge, from the dam in Utah well through Brown's Park, 7-46 miles; Colorado's Lodore Canyon through Dinosaur, 46 miles, Utah's Gray and Desolation Canyons, 84 miles; then finally Labyrinth and Stillwater Canyons, about 50 miles each.

The Upper Green runs west from Green River Lakes in the Wind River Range near Pinedale, Wyoming, then turns south through Fontenelle Reservoir. It's a gravelly, rocky Class 2 romp with some short Class 3's in the first ten miles—all portageable—then a change to a Class 1 and 2 river. Dirt roads and campgrounds allow the top 50 miles to be “car-hopped,” where cars can shuttle the camp gear to the next night's stay. Kendall Warm Springs is a highlight along the way, as is the trout fishing. Club Members Tom/Mary Peck and Dennis/Kathy Nimetz have had done this section, and reported cold foggy mornings, so plan accordingly. Below Pinedale, the river flattens to a sage, prairie and ranch river for 65 miles to Fontenelle, and below that, the boredom factor may reduce it to a Class one-half! The river guide, *Paddle and Portage*, by Dan Lewis (ISBN 0-941875-15-6) published by Hawk's Books, Box 1490, Casper, WY 82633, is a good guide to this section. No permit is necessary, but be cautious of private land.

Flaming Gorge to Lodore offers up to 46 miles of Class 1 and 2 (a 3- at Red Creek Rapid, easily portaged or lined). Here is where one joins Powell's historic route, so

read from his accounts around your campfires! This stretch offers a beautiful canyon with world-class trout fishing, and often large crowds of float-boating fishermen, for seven miles to the Little Hole take-out. Then comes 15 miles or so of relatively uncrowded, roadless Class 1 and 2 river into Brown's Park and about 20 more miles to Lodore, including a very pretty Swallow Canyon. Established camps below Little Hole and BLM campgrounds in Brown's Park are wonderful—flat ground among pine-studded hills. The river here is clear and very cold, as it's tail water from the dam. Put-in is just below the dam, near Dutch John, Utah, where rangers will check your flotation and safety equipment. Commercial shuttles are available from Flaming Gorge Lodge in Dutch John.

Lodore and Deso-Gray Sections are covered in other articles. Lodore can be very technical, with several Class 3 rock gardens and rapids dramatically named by Powell: Disaster Falls, Triplet Falls and Hell's Half Mile. These sometimes get a Class 4 rating, but our dam-controlled, 850 cfs river is nothing like Powell's, at over 10,000. Permits are very hard to get for Lodore and hard to get for Deso-Gray (see page 8), regulations are stiff, and roads are far away. Consider September trips for cooler weather and autumn scenery.

Between Lodore and Deso-Gray lie about 40 miles of Class 1 water through sage and ranch land. No permits needed, good bird watching, many mosquitoes!

Labyrinth Canyon picks up below Deso-Gray, near Green River, Utah, and runs 50 miles of Class 1 water to the take-out at Mineral Bottom. It is a beautiful stretch through 500-foot red Wingate sandstone cliffs, with a

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Lodore Offers Awesome Grandeur

By Eric Hermann

Twice before, I had to decline invitations to paddle the Green River through Lodore Canyon in Dinosaur National Monument—once because I'd enrolled in a seminar about John Wesley Powell! This third time was the charm. John Ball, Greg Brigham and I had applied for permits and seemed to be completely rejected, then came the news: John had scored! We planned the five-day Lodore trip backed up by five days on Dinosaur's section of the Yampa, a plan that dried up with that river. Lodore has become yet another addition to my extensive "this-is-the-most-beautiful-canyon" list.

Our adult craft carried gear: two rafts, one piloted by experienced boaters Barry Golub, his first mate, Allison, and the other by Ken Duncan; an Old Town Penobscot Canoe paddled by Ron and Debbie Crunkilton—who had kayaked the Grand Canyon, but were relatively new to white water canoe tripping—and the "self-supported" crowd of Greg and John in kayaks and me in my solo Dagger Genesis canoe.

Our junior paddlers were Danielle and Tye Duncan, ages 16 and 12; Cody, Bryce and Cassidy Crunkilton, ages 14, 12 and 8—all but Cassidy in kayaks. They were pure water rats and mud hogs—swimming, splashing, mud-bathing, or engaging non-rafters in epic naval battles. There was not a kid grumble on the trip. Their experience ran from Danielle's beginning rolls to the Crunks' first white water. All plied rapids bravely, and although constantly watched by all hands, had almost no mishaps. Cody's flip in Hell's-Half Mile and

failed wet exit prompted a quick Brigham rescue.

On a hot July 23rd, we entered Lodore's beautiful gates—red quartzite cliffs about a thousand feet high. The 90-plus temperature was no surprise, but the cool, clear, green water was! At 70 degrees, it offered the best swimming I've seen yet in Western rivers!

The three miles to our first camp was peaceful, though John lost his eyeglasses in a practice roll. Wade and Curtis was a stifling hot camp, highlighted by a severe wind- and sandstorm that blotted the view



Mud Warriors ponder Dr. Ken Duncan, tasty victim!

of the canyon at times. The wind set off an avalanche across the river and below us, and bushel-sized boulders crashed down the walls in plumes of dust. Surprising and dramatic events! What else could this canyon provide?

Around dinner, a helicopter roared down-

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stream to pick up a raft passenger who had suffered a seizure. A hot night followed, and I was glad I'd brought a length of mosquito netting to drape over me as I slept under the stars.

Morning brought a loud, clucking reveille from a troop of Chukar partridge on the cliffs and a jewel of a day on green water between deep red walls. Winnie's Rapid was our first, an easy Class 2. Disaster Falls offered an exciting chute followed by three-foot waves leading into a demanding rock run. It brought yells from all, as well as a swamping of the Penobscot. Debbie and Ron masterfully powered the submarine into an eddy to bail. We apparently boated Harp Falls, but couldn't decide later which feature had held that exaggerated name. Then Triplet Falls campsite ended a 10-mile day. Triplet is an amazing camp,



offering red cliffs, a shaded box-elder grove and a two-acre pool, limpid and green, complete with a rock for laughing belly-floppers and canon-ballers.

Many reports conflict about the difficulty of Ladore, and names like Disaster Falls and Hell's Half Mile don't help ease a first-timer's mind. John Wesley Powell named the canyon and its features, but he ran it—

and lost a boat at Disaster—in the spring run-off, 1869, at a likely 15,000 cfs flow. Now, usually regulated by Flaming Gorge Dam upstream, the river runs about 850 cfs in summer, with flows up to 2,000 if peak energy demands call for more hydropower releases. Experienced boaters like John Ball have amended the names to Heck's 100 Yards and the like. They are right: Most of the named rapids are Class 2 rock gardens at this flow, much like our Poudre's Filter Plant Run. Disaster Falls is a quick Class 3 drop then a 3-rock garden. Triplet Falls is a shallow, rock-garden S-turn followed by a chute between rocks, with some entrapment possible, only when off-line, into crevices on the outside of the last turn. All ran safely.



Left, Danielle Duncan, and above, Greg Brigham in Hell's Half. Yes, Greg has a boat under him!

On day three we ran Triplet; then came Hell's Half and the tensions it had given me and others. Hell's Half is a left turn over a three-foot drop and small, tricky hole. The chute then slams directly into a truck-sized boulder nicknamed Lucifer. Luckily, we chose to scout, for an 18-foot raft was pinned on Lucifer. It was the same commercial crew beset with the helicopter rescue two days before. For an

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hour we watched as the guides and helpers strung their false notion of a Z-drag and attempted to pull the raft free. Finally two NPS river rangers arrived to string a proper pulley system that allowed the needed mechanical advantage. With a pop as an air chamber punctured, the big raft swung free, and their patching party began.

The rangers were exceptional—friendly and knowledgeable. I had heard tales of officious Lodore rangers giving citations for every possible nit-pick, but each time we met this pair—one of them an expert on tamarisk eradication—they greeted us warmly and happily answered questions.

We all took eventful, cheering runs through Hell's,

most of us riding up on Lucifer, which at this level holds a pillow, a cushion for small boats, offering a spin right or left after an easy touch. John, in his ocean kayak, took a center route, and found Lucifer to be a worthy, though dense, adversary.

Below, after only a two-mile day, came Rippling Brook Camp, where a dozen big-horns grazed contentedly as we swam in another deep green pool. A half-mile hike gave us Rippling Brook Falls, a cold, sprinkling shower, followed by a good meal and an incredible night out on the beach before



Butt-Dam Falls:
“Where’s the water?” ask the bathers. “Gee, I guess it’s up here,” answers Barry Golub, rising.



a 12-mile day. Nights like these are best spent star-gazing with Greg, from whom I learned four new constellations. These sessions last until conversations blur like the Milky Way into slumber.

The Green drifted us lazily into a three-mile hairpin around Steamboat Rock at the confluence with the Yampa, and a party who had canoed it at about 300 cfs, but the Yampa was dropping too fast to awaken our hopes for a follow-up run. We entered Whirlpool Canyon, with its many rock gardens and yes, small whirlpools and several big-horns. There, Park Service biologists

were killing off introduced fish, like bass, to protect endangered native species.

Most groups stop at one of the four Jones Hole campsites, and ours, number three, was just below Jones Hole Creek, a clear bubbling trout stream. We

hiked about two miles, then turned into Ely Canyon and its famous Butt-Dam Falls. Greg and Barry, our largest boaters, came immediately into demand for their abilities buttressing back small reservoirs, which cascaded ten feet onto delighted kids beneath when the men stood up.

Coming back to camp, I tied a piece of fly line onto a tamarisk pole, added a leader and a fly, immediately catching a foot-long brown trout, which I released. The night was

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damp after a storm rumbled through. Trusting the label on freeze-dried foods—"good for 2-3 people"—I used two packages of lasagna, the total of which could barely have pleased one hungry paddler. I'll never trust that stuff again. I'll always bring menu-enhancers like instant mashed potatoes after this!

The final day, an 18-miler, began with beavers slapping tails across the river from our campsite. We left Whirlpool Canyon and entered the wide-open country of Island Park, where the river braids shallow among sandbars. A golden eagle circling overhead was harassed by a screaming prairie falcon. We then entered Split Mountain Canyon and had eight miles of rollicking rock gardens to finish the trip. We eddied out often to stare at marvelous moonlike scenery: Yellow and blinding white rock contrasted glaringly with a very green river and a cloudless blue sky. Take-out was uneventful, except for some last wonderful swims and the requisite parting goodbyes.

To make up for the lost trip on the Yampa, John became our guide for a tour of historic Brown's Hole country upstream of Lodore.

Note: Be careful with late-season Park Service Permits. If low water cancels your trip, even if you choose another date, you are out at least \$200! Luckily, we had decided not to buy the Yampa permit until we were ready to float it!

A Novel Green Float Idea: Observed on Labyrinth Class 1 Section

A guy on a small raft put in at Green River, with a bag of books. For 3 days he simply drifted and read, almost no paddling needed! We paddled, he caught up at lunch, we paddled, he caught up, just drifting... WOW!

Permits for the Green River

Can be hard to get for Lodore and Deso-Gray's, so have a winter "permit party" where all who are interested put in. Even if no permit is required, check regulations, and show good eco-sense, with portapotties and fire pans for non-campground camps.

Upper Section in Wyoming: No permits needed, but check distances from water to camp: a quarter mile from Green River Lakes and 300 yards from the river below them—so say the Nimetzes and Pecks, who were cited for this. Word is in that pine beetles have stripped the trees at Green River Lakes.

Flaming Gorge to Lodore:

No permits needed. Check regs for required boat gear!

Lodore: Permit Required from Dinosaur National Monument needed, deadline for application January 31 for high-water season (May 8-Sept. 8 on the Green, May 8-July 14 on the Yampa) Apply for low-water season permits by post card by March 1, and phone before noon for cancelled-trip permits after that:(970) 374-2468.

Below Lodore, Above Deso-Gray: No permit. Baseball bats for mosquitoes!

Deso-Gray: Permit Required from the Bureau of Land Management, done by call-in basis up to five months ahead: (435) 636-3622. Some April/May dates already booked!

Labyrinth and Stillwater:

Permits required, easy to get. See p. 13.

Desolation and Gray Canyons Meander

84 Miles through Adventure and History



Nefertiti Rock graces the final night's camp

By Will Golson

Deso/Gray is a class II/III run, covering 84 miles on Utah's Green River from Sand Wash through Desolation and Gray Canyons to Swaseys Rapid. Fifty-plus named rapids, numerous hiking possibilities, outstanding campsites, and, in mid-summer, fantastic water temperatures make this a must for white-water trippers.

We hooked up with a Rocky Mountain Canoe Club trip, nine paddlers in all, three solos and three tandems: Karen Amundson, trip leader, in her almost new Bell Nexus; Greg and Karen Jankowski in their ancient Dagger Dimension; Jeff Oxenford sporting an Outrage X with a guitar strapped on the back; Don Griffiths in his yellow Prodigy X looking for-

ward to his mid-September Grand Canyon trip; Doug Hurcomb and fourteen year-old Wes in another one of those Dimensions; and Deborah Artzerand I in our beat-up-way-before-its-time (well, maybe not when compared to the Dimensions) Old Town Appalachian. Fantastic group. We felt right at home.

We learned prior to launch that the run would sport 3-4 foot, possibly higher, wave trains, and to expect the boat to swamp several times gunnel to gunnel. Greg designs and builds SunBailers, solar powered bailers capable of pumping 20-40 gallons a minute. In return for supplying an evening's Riveritas (rhymes with margs), a SunBailer was ours for the trip. The bailer worked perfectly – probably did not need it, though because of the water level – the boat never got more than half full – but, nonetheless, flip the bailer's on-switch and you're empty in seconds.

At launch the river was flowing at 3800 cfs and about 1000 less at takeout – lower than anyone had seen it in the group's 10 or so collective trips (this was the Jankowski's seventh) – previous flows were 5500 and up. Consequently, the rapids on our trip were not as pushy as folks remembered, with the exception of Three Fords, the solid III of the week. Lower water made this rapid more narrow—presumably the sneak routes were

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gone—leaving two or three holes to avoid, as well as skirting that funky wave train with those big diagonals.

Seven nights on the river included time for two layovers, the first on day four, above Rock Creek Rapid. We had a camping permit for the Uintah and Ouray Indian Reservation side (river left) – and found a beautiful shady beach camp (most reservation campsites were disappointing).

Rock Creek and Rock Creek Ranch were a

quarter mile downstream river right – just a gentle rapid swim away. Rock Creek is crystal clear, and deliciously COLD – certainly in comparison to the 70+ water in Green and the 100+ air temperatures. The creek is gorgeous, maybe 10 feet wide at most, with pools in the lower portion. We went perhaps three miles up the winding canyon on a good hiking trail. The ranch below the creek still has productive fruit trees and quite a bit of land that may have been previously under the plow. The main house and outbuildings are built from cut stone. Thirty feet uphill, under an overhang, the original dwelling was built with flat stones, mortar and rough-hewn wooden planks to keep the elements out. The ranch seems to have been active well into the twentieth century (a poured concrete structure, for example). This land is private property and, sadly, was recently closed to camping because the owner caught ne'er-do-well boaters camped in and around the ranch buildings.



Native American Hula Bikini Sandal Pirates invade our camp at Three Fords

Layover number two, day six, was on a marvelous stretch of beach between Wire Fence and Three Fords rapids. We arrived to find the upper portion of the beach occupied by a layover raft group (families, small kids) and they seemed surprisingly unhappy about our setting up on the lower portion. Later the kids showed up, dressed as pirates and armed with water soakers – presumably intending on throwing us out. The best pictures of the trip were of these kids (five girls and just one passive little boy) striking various threatening poses. We spent that afternoon guarding our stuff and scouting Three Fords – watching rafts get spun and tossed about. Next day, after taking over the upper camp, part of the group searched for a hiking trail on the map – never found it. They did get an aerial view of Three Fords, and did see someone attempt to run it in a Discovery 169 while sitting on a chair with stuff piled way over the gunnels. He got turned around in the

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wave train, and appeared calmly and intentionally to abandon ship, perhaps to prevent a worse fate, flipping the boat.

Meanwhile, the rest of us set up a huge tarp and hung out at the beach, portaging boats above to re-run Wire Fence and otherwise dabbling in the water. I tried Don's Prodigy X (nice boat) and one of the Dimensions with Jeff in the bow. The Dimensions (16-17 feet) are outfitted with saddles, and Jeff, whose passion is slalom canoe racing, carved beautiful lines through and across the waves.

Late afternoon brought rope-throwing practice. Well, looks like we all need serious practice time, except for Jeff, who hit the target every time. In his raft-guiding days, there were severe penalties (dishwashing and the like) for inaccuracy. For the rest of us, ropes were thrown straight up, behind us and every which way. We all carry these things, but how many of us could hit the broad side of a floating barn? How about a stationary one?

Day three involved a late start on the water – we took time to seek out a moonshiner's cabin. We traipsed up one canyon, finding wild horses, then up an adjoining canyon, finally finding a trail. Deborah first spotted the still through binoculars, way up-canyon, half-way up the wall. Built into an overhang, with lots of paraphernalia now strewn about or arranged for display, and a small oval beveled glass window in the door, the cabin afforded a perfect view of any revenue agents approaching from below. Around the corner and over a steep, soaked, moss covered rock, was a faucet-like trickle of a waterfall – cold and beautiful – perfect for distilling spirits. But how did the product ever reach the market?

The Uintah and Ouray Indian Reservation runs from upstream of the put-in to Coal

Creek, some seventy miles along river left. A couple miles upstream from Wire Fence, the McPherson Ranch and Ouray Lodge reside on the reservation, a hot quarter mile off the river. The lodge was a tribal attempt to provide guided hunting, fishing and river trips. It looks uncannily like so many roadside motels: two beige stuccoed rows of rooms, ten in all, some motel-style tables, pictures, shag rugs and bed frames sharing the space with the reptilian occupants. A large common room, fireplace and kitchen rounded out the picture. The adjacent ranch was much older, constructed from wood timbers and stone, with several log cabins, cut stone buildings and corrals.

Some excitement on the last day: a road runs along river left, seven miles up from the take-out. There was a ranger, binoculars focused on a raft group that had a wear-it-if-you-want-to PFD policy, waving them over. He was also at the takeout, again with the binoculars, no doubt making sure they took his words to heart. More daunting to our group, though,



McPherson Ranch Cabin

was the realization that the lead car key was locked inside the lead car – so those of us that didn't carry a key were in a quandary – until the shuttle folks responded with that marvel-

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ous tool that makes you feel so secure about locking your car in the first place.

This is a great run. I loved it. And I'm going back with a SunBailer and higher water. It is an exceptional desert canyon trip – eight days goes by in the blink of an eye, and al-

though days were hot, the water kept us cool. Those interested in going, need a permit—and the permit process has changed in 2007 from a lottery system to a call-in one. You call for, and pay for, a permit within six months of launch date.



Canoeists vs. Rafters

At left, Kayaker John Ball “docks” alongside rafters Barry Golub and Allison Dickson. Differences are obvious, but further truths lie hidden: Rafters have kitchens, hardboaters have back-pack stoves; Rafters have cast iron Dutch Ovens, coolers and propane tanks, John has a warm beer between his knees; rafters have fold-out cosmetic kits, John has a sawed-off toothbrush. Rafters have groovers, John has a potty tube with screw-on lid.



Steve Cassells and party at Pumphouse put-in. Note the black clouds looming in the west! Story, page 14.

Green River: Labyrinth and Stillwater, Continued

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few interesting side-hikes, like Trin-Alcove Canyon. Campsites are a bit scarce, and can be hard to reach over mud banks and tamarisks, and strong wind/sand storms are likely. Powell named Bowknot Bend, where the river makes a bowtie double loop; three miles downstream is only a quarter mile away! "It's probably the best canoe camping section of the state," according to Gary Nichols in *River Runner's Guide to Utah* (ISBN 0-87580-725-5, published by The University of Utah Press.) Nichols warns to avoid Memorial Day, when power boaters horde the river. Put in at Green River State Park, near Green River, or save 20 miles of farmland paddling and put in at Ruby Ranch, (435-650-3193), where a shuttle can also be arranged. The road out of Mineral Bottom is impassible and life-threatening after a rain, so plan accordingly! Portable potties and fire pans are required, as are permits, which are not restricted in numbers—check http://www.blm.gov/utah/price/labyrinth.htm#GENERAL_INFORMATION. Poudre Paddlers Eric Hermann, David Karan and Roy Powell know this stretch well.

Stillwater Canyon continues the enchantment of Labyrinth another 50 gorgeous Class 1 miles from Mineral Bottom.

For Sale: 15' Dagger Legend, tandem or solo, fully equipped including airbags, and has only been used 5 times. \$700 OBO. Chris Edwards could bring it to the Denver area at Xmas. You can reach him on his cell phone at 303-522-1464, or at chris_b_edwards@yahoo.com.

More of the same water and canyon scenery, with better campsites and more side hikes that can include petroglyphs and Anasazi ruins in Canyonlands National Park. However, take-out is only by jet boat, upstream on the Colorado River to Moab. Otherwise, you will take a trip down Class 5 Cataract Canyon! The jet-boat ride provides another experience as part of the trip, the chance to see a beautiful stretch of river. Again, backcountry permits are required, though easily obtained. For permits and shuttle information, check the website above, for Laby, and this one as well: <http://www.nps.gov/cany/planyourvisit/flatwater.htm>. Poudre Paddlers Roy Powell and Debbie Hinde know this stretch well.

So, pick your stretch of the Green. Apply for permits and do some Internet browsing and reading. Good background books are Powell's account, Wallace Stegner's *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, Ann Zwinger's *Run River Run*, and *Raven's Exile*, a study of Deso and Gray Canyons by Ellen Melloy.

Tips

Yellow jackets can be a dangerous nuisance in camp. Bring a piece of honey-glazed ham and hang it upwind of camp to attract them!

Which brings up a safety thought: Concerning the severity of some allergic reactions, consider packing an Epi-pen. Always ask folks on trips about allergies.

Always tie your life jacket to a tree or bush when you stop, even for lunch! Wind can take it away, leaving you dangerously "unfloated." Someone died in Ruby Canyon that way! (Maybe carry an extra?)

The Blue and Colorado: A Mountain Two-Fer



Brad Davidson on Yarmony Rapid,

By Steve Cassells

One of the last club trips this season took place the end of August in the Kremmling area. We floated both the Colorado and the Blue that weekend. On Sat, Aug 26, seven of us took on the upper Colorado's 14-mile Pumphouse Run. We got the shuttle completed by 9:30, unusually early for us, but I was concerned about the weather. With the river flowing west, afternoon headwinds are often a problem there. There have been days I have had to walk along the shore, dragging my canoe by the bow painter in order to make any progress in the lower flat water.

All the troops (Chip Cushman, Will Golson, Debbie Atrzer, Debbie Hathaway, Brad Davidson, Roger Faaborg, and myself) set off, but began looking apprehensively to the west. A black wall of clouds was building high into the heavens and approaching rapidly, so all of us packed rain gear at the ready. Launching into the beautiful green river, we watched the boiling storm clouds as

we paddled downstream. Almost as soon as raindrops dimpled the river's surface, they ended. I could see the huge Denver-bound storm passing benignly to our south, and breathed a sigh of relief.

The water level was a little over 1,000 cfs, due to recent releases from Green Mountain Reservoir. Waves seemed a little bigger than my recent trips, and we emptied boats several times. We stopped for a relaxing soak in the old miner's hot springs, but then had to postpone lunch, as all the picnic areas were already taken. Yarmony Rapid through the Red Gore Cut was pretty big. It roared loudly when we stopped to scout. Everyone navigated the waves and rocks with skill and enthusiasm, and then we stopped to remove the river from the gun-wale interiors.

After lunch at the last picnic site at Lone Tree, we reached the bridge below Rancho del Rio. The weather was spectacular. We loaded up, bid Chip goodbye (his wife had given him only a single-day pass), and drove east to Green Mountain Reservoir for the night. Camping alongside the lake, we had a nice evening swapping fireside stories as the chill of the night descended.

In the morning, after a quick warm breakfast, we headed across the dam and down to the Blue River. There we encountered a Class IV put-in requiring ropes to lower boats down a long, steep, slippery slope. We competed for access with rafts, kayakers, and fishermen.

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The dam release was increasing to 900 cfs. Eventually we launched and played our way north along the course of the river. Fairly early in the day I made an awkward semi-ferry, and caught a projecting rock midships. It unceremoniously dumped me into the water (and yes, that Green Mountain dam water was COLD!). No one else saw fit to imitate that move.

Every time we run the Blue we stop for lunch at Eric and Debbie's favorite surf hole. Being a self-designated eddy flower, I have always declined to participate in such frivolity (why get wet TWICE in one day?). However, I have always looked longingly at the deep hole there while eating my lunch. This year, having just taken my grandsons fishing the day before, I still had a half-used box of garden nymphs (a.k.a. night crawlers). So I had included both them and my fishing rod when I loaded up that morning. In only a couple of casts (and with a turkey and avocado sandwich in one hand), I landed two nice 14" trout. Those beauties fit perfectly on my patio grill that night, accented with garlic, butter and lemon.

We all knew that ahead of the surf hole was *THE WALL*. The riverbed starts to increase its gradient as it races toward a looming wall of dark-brownish columnar rhyolite, seemingly fresh out of the volcano. The water splats onto the wall and then narrows and makes a right turn at the



Roger Faaborg on Yarmony Rapid, Pumhouse Run



Debbie Hathaway in Yarmony Rapid

top, so a paddler cannot really see the main part of the rapids until nearly upon them. When I rounded the bend my heart would have stopped, except that I didn't have time. Instantly I was crashing through huge dancing crests of white and green, accompanied by the tympani of sounds echoing off the walls. Water leapt into the cockpit with each crest. Within five seconds it was all over, as I caught a micro-eddy just above Roger. There we commiserated on just how to go about emptying our boats while still clinging to the narrow ledge.

Then we were off to scout two small dams and then finish off the lower stretch past the encroaching civilization that was invading the lower terraces with trophy homes.

All in all, it was a great weekend of adventure and camaraderie, and even the Summit County Sheriff who stopped me near Silverthorne was cordial. I thought he wanted to admire the red Genesis on my roof rack (wrong again!).

Canoe Trailer—To Go: Another Winter Project from The Mind Riffe with Ideas!

By Mark Riffe

Paddling solo—as in one boat in the party—can be a pleasant way to spend an hour or an afternoon. Safety concerns aside, we can indulge ourselves by simply putting the boat on the car and going. This is the vision of quiet enjoyment that led many of us to paddling to begin with.

On flatwater, this impulse is easily satisfied, but on a river, there's a long walk or a shuttle involved. Since when does a solo paddler have two cars? This frustration led me to find another way to deal with the shuttle.

In my case, it helped that my favorite stretch of river, the Town Run on the Poudre, has a bike path alongside that offers an alternative transportation corridor.

Easy enough: I can shuttle with a bicycle, but that means leaving my boat unattended at the beginning or end of the run as I put my car and bike where they are needed. But then I remembered talking to a canoeist who pulled his canoe on a trailer behind a motorcycle. So there was my answer: a canoe trailer for my bicycle. In this way, wherever my bike goeth, so too could my canoe.

The basic considerations were simplicity, compactness, and cost. Basically, I needed a couple of wheels to carry the load and an attachment to the bicycle. I first used the front forks and wheels from a couple of

discarded bicycles and some lumber. While this might have worked—eventually—it wasn't compact, and stability quickly became another requirement. But with the help of a local bicycle-trailer manufacturer, Cycletote on Link Lane, I came up with the following components:

Two wheelchair wheels that could be readily attached and removed,

A frame for the trailer that would keep the wheels and canoe going in the same direction, and

A swiveling attachment point to make sure that the canoe trailer followed the bicycle's leans and turns.

The attached pictures speak for themselves, but I'll translate, anyway. The wheels (from Skyway wheels) are nylon-spoked (won't rust!) and attach with axles that can be removed from both frame and wheel with the press of a button. The axles (from another manufacturer) seat in a hollow receiver mounted to the frame.

The frame is a length of board stiffened with

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Figure x. Trailer components: frame, cross-piece, wheels, and canoe arm.



aluminum angle material and a crosspiece that extends along the underside of the canoe to maintain alignment. The frame also has two short pieces of aluminum angle that allow the axles to be retracted—a safety consideration.

Both frame and cross-piece were made of available scrap materials, aluminum channel from Colorado Iron and Metal (cheap!), and a few assorted bolts and screws. Wing nuts make disassembly and assembly quick and easy. Cam-straps attach the boat at the frame and the end of the cross-piece.

The swivel attachment was one used on the bike trailers: a proprietary design donated by Cycletote in trade. (He also wanted to see if there was commercial potential in the de-



Hardware components: axle and axle receiver on the end of the frame, and swivel connection on the end of the canoe arm and the stem of the bicycle.

sign.) In one important way, this dictated the design of the final component.

The canoe (not the trailer cross-piece) is attached to the swivel connector by means of a wooden arm with a hook that holds onto the edge of the canoe deck and a bolt (again, with wing nut) that goes through both deck and arm. In this way, I can keep the canoe low

for stability and avoid a long arm running the length of the canoe. (If attaching a trailer to the bicycle frame at wheel height—a la Burley or Trek trailer—this would be a logical alternative.)

There: two wheels, three pieces of wood, and one swivel attachment. Simple, compact, and (relatively) cheap. As it turns out, I can break the trailer down and carry it in my 14-foot solo canoe so I don't have to leave it at one terminus or the other.

This isn't the only solution possible, but it worked for me. I can lock my bicycle at the end of the run, drive to the put-in, unload boat and trailer, paddle the river, and then assemble the trailer and pedal back up to the car when done. As when pulling a trailer behind a car, a little foresight is necessary to maneuver around sharp turns, but the whole setup has allowed me to return to solo river paddling—with some pleasant bicycling thrown in!

Because the trailer was designed and built with a specific canoe in mind, it isn't easily transferred to other boats, but the design and materials used makes alterations easy. A wider frame and a different arm to attach boat to bicycle would extend its usefulness. In the meantime, I have my boat and my shuttle. Now, the only other ingredient needed is water.



Grand Canyon's Bonnie Adventure, cont.

(Continued from page 3)

next trip I will be less psyched on the paddling and I will be able to turn more of my focus to the hiking, history, and geology.

There are about fifteen “core hikes” according our experienced AZRA guide. The most memorable ones for me were North Canyon, Saddle, Havasu, Phantom Creek, Stone Creek, Shinamo Creek, Fern Glen, and of course Elves Chasm. All had wonderful pools and weathered, smooth rocks.

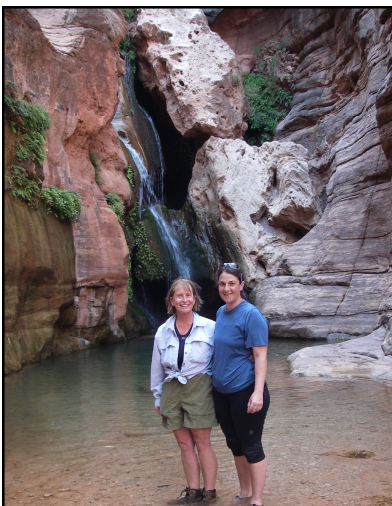
Elves Chasm was probably my favorite. After a short hike from the river, a fantasy waterfall, complete with a cave and ferns, appeared at the far side of a pool. I swam the icy pool and climbed into the cave; then, following the trickling sounds from its other end, I arrived at an opening 12 feet above another deep pool. The passageways continued beyond where our group had time to explore. Next year I want to go up farther. I am quite certain the elves for which the chasm was named were only feet away from where I leaped into the deep green pool. This swim, climb, and jump were one of the most magical moments of my Grand Canyon experience and it wasn't even in my canoe!

The big rapids were incredible. My 20-second ride down Lava Falls was worth the whole thing—and, no swim! Crystal was fun too, even though I took the “sneak route” on the right. Dubendorff was long and I pulled off the must-make cuts to river right and then left. I rode the raft through Serpentine, Specter, and Bedrock on parts of days where I just wanted to relax for a while and enjoy the

gorgeous scenery. I intend to run these rapids next year.

I learned so much about paddling big water on the trip, not to mention what I learned about geology and history. The emotions and friendships formed in the canyon will be in my heart forever. It's been said before, and must be said yet again: The Grand Canyon is certainly a life-changing trip.

Editor's Note: See this website for a video pf Bonnie running Lava Falls: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4CLOipoP8qw>



Bonnie G. and friend, Elves Chasm

Ideas for Paddlers from Karen Roth:

Pikes Peak River Runners Club sells a wonderful little river cookbook, \$10. Order from <http://www.pprorg/>. Contact Pat Nolan before sending a check to make sure there's a supply of cookbooks.

Another WOW cookbook is “Gourmet Camping Cuisine, \$32, at <http://www.rrfw.org/>. Proceeds go to Grand Canyon Wilderness Group.

Also, we could hook up with other groups for trips, conservation, river clean-ups, etc., to build coalitions.,

And how 'bout a Dutch Oven Cook-off, maybe at my house, or a clubhouse?

Flotilla–Club Officers

President..... Steve Cassells 303-684-9252
Vice President..... Debbie Hinde 970-669-6247
Treasurer..... Mary Peck 970-484-6309
Membership..... Mike O'Brien 970-482-2623
Trip Coordinator...Roger Faaborg 970-669-4182
Marketing.....Debbie Artzer 970-282-9135
Newsletter Editor...Eric Hermann 970-482-8339
ConservationDavid Karan 970-224-5621
InstructionDavid Karan
Webmaster.....Will Golson 970-207-0101

For the Good of the Order: Club Notes

Photo and Potluck – Saturday, February 24, 6 p.m., in ballroom of Armstrong Hotel.

If you are not on the Club's listserve and would like to be, contact Mike O'Brien.

Check out Marek Uliasz's wonderful paddling photo website:
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photokayaker.fit2paddle.com/
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i n d e x . h t m l

Do you have an idea to improve the club? Call an officer and give us ideas to discuss before the all-club meeting this spring!

Tips: Christmas list

Safety knife (\$50-100) Be sure to get a blunt tip, and not double-edged: Knives get shoved under thigh straps to help boaters escape. Sharp edges can cut flesh, even cut femoral artery. Spyderko, Benchmade and Gerber are good brands.

Rescue Hook Jax has one under \$20: cuts webbing quickly, safely.

Any book by Sigurd Olson, ordered, say, from Barnes and Noble. Especially The Singing Wilderness!

Don't forget: If your plastic boat has wood gunnels and you store it in unheated space, remove or loosen the gunnel screws! Otherwise contractions will split your boat!

Editor's Note: Please send articles, photos (lo-res if email), testimonials, tips, poems, recipes and more. Eric Hermann: eherrmann@frii.com, 482-8339, 722 Whedbee St. Ft. C, 80524

Sound off on Glade!

Please write letters to the Army Corps of Engineers requesting at least a 90-day period for commenting on the Glade Reservoir Environmental Impact Statement. That EIS will be published between January and March. We need more than the usual 45-day comment period because several groups and experts will need to study the EIS and respond. A sample letter by David Karan will likely be inserted in this newsletter. Send your letter to David Karan, 637 Spurge Circle, Ft. Collins, 80524. He will send them to the Corps.

Poudre Paddlers Club
P.O. Box 1565
Ft. Collins, CO 80522