



WATERLINES



Newsletter of Poudre Paddlers

November, 2007

Going It Alone: A Churchill River Getaway

By Jim Baker-Jarvis

In late July and into August, my wife Karen, daughter Aquene (age 16), and I headed to Saskatchewan for another fun-filled 2 ½ week adventure. We go to Canada most years. Karen and I and later with the kids have paddled in Ontario and Saskatchewan since 1978. My first major trip to Canada was in 1968, after my senior year in high school, when a friend and I spent the summer canoeing in British Columbia and Alberta on the Peace River.

On this trip we had great weather and beautiful days. Seems that our canoeing in Canada usually ends up with us canoeing by ourselves, more than not. It's hard to find anyone who wants to go for a long period over a route that may not have a big name. This route wandered through a beautiful maze of islands on two gigantic lakes and with much of the route on the Churchill River. The pristine world of water and complete solitude was tremendously refreshing. Lake Besnard is nearly 30 miles long and half that wide. Bear Island Lake

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Food and Foto Nite in ballroom of Armstrong Hotel, Mar. 2, 6-9. This will be a potluck dinner.

If you can present pix or video, contact Deb Hinde, 669-6247.



Doug Hurcomb and Will Golson: Three Fords Rapid, Gray/Deso, p 8

HindeSight: A Letter From the Prez...

What a season this has been (with more to come!) I missed a lot of paddling in the beginning thanks to a torn ACL. My first getaway on a river wasn't until the August Glendo to Guernsey, North Platte, run hosted by Karen Roth and Roger Faaborg.

door-prizes and a very creative potluck and barbeque. Many thanks to those who helped organize, teach, cook and clean-up. What are your thoughts about this new club tradition?



There is a lot going on behind the scenes and I want to thank all the officers and trip hosts for their hard work. Please remember to give them a pat on the back for keeping this club running smoothly and actively. All of these great folks are volunteers who are giving back their time and expertise so that we can get out for some great paddling adventures.

Just remember – keep the scratchy side down!
Debbie Hinde

It felt so good to be on and in the water again (the latter was intentional!). We paddled, we swam, we ate; my favorite kind of triathlon. The theme of the weekend was fun and laughter, with old friends and brand new ones. Read on in this newsletter for more on this successful trip.

I was very excited to stage our first ever Paddlers Rodeo. Eric brought this up to the officers years ago, and we finally brought it to fruition. We held a few paddling classes for adults and kids and our 40+ attendees enjoyed paddling, canoe-sailing and even poling around the beautiful Swift Ponds. We ran out of time for games and friendly competitions but fit in



Chuck Connelly and Mark Riffe check out Mark's sail rig at the Rodeo. Photo by Chuck Connelly

Churchill River, Saskatchewan Adventure, continued

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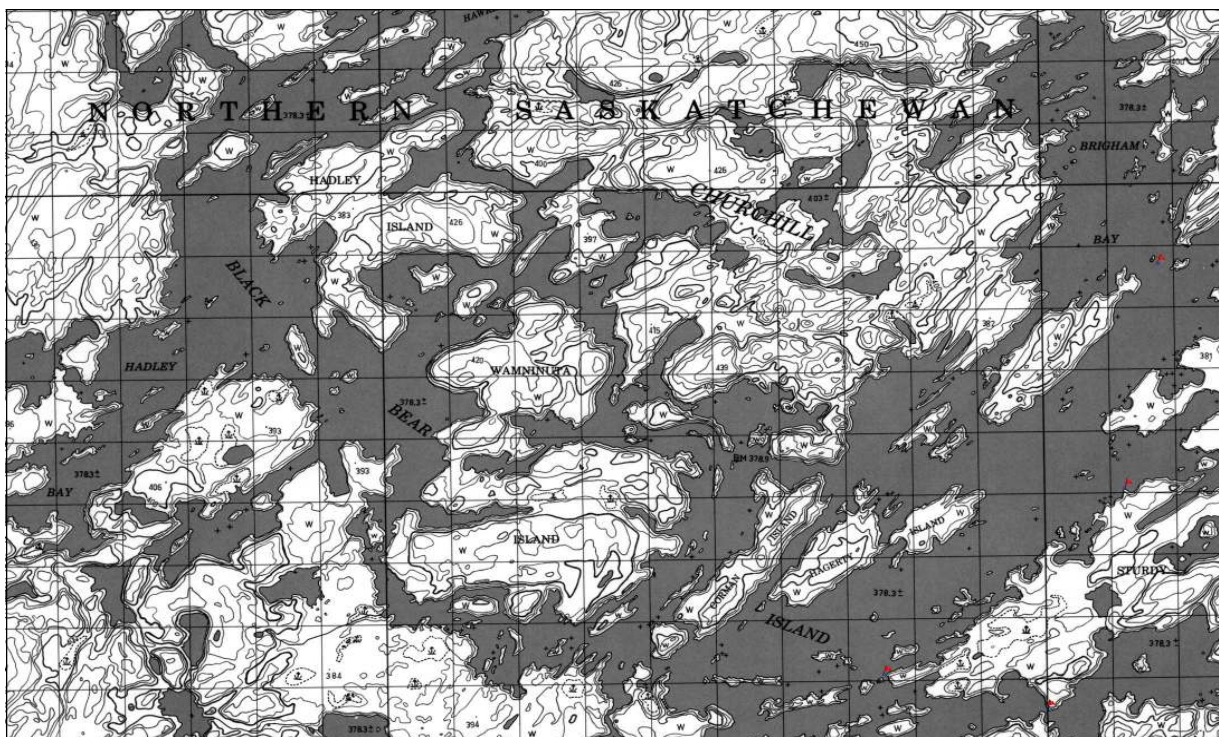
(see Picture 1) is just as big, but even more complex. Generally, we would finish paddling by about 12:00 noon, then we would fish for about ½ hour and clean the fish for dinner. We had lots of time to sit and swim, daydream, cut firewood, and cook up great suppers. The fishing usually was so good we had a meal caught in 15 minutes or so of jack fish (pike) and walleye. Aquene caught a couple pretty big ones, around 10 lbs. We did, however, have some difficult portages, which were actually quite refreshing. The insects were gone—hardly a bite the whole trip.

In this type of canoeing you have to constantly keep track of where you are on the water. The lakes are a very complex mixture of islands, channels, and open water. GPS's

are not of great use unless you pre-program them with various waypoints. This year, as usual, I was the compass navigator and we asked Aquene to “play” with the GPS. The nice thing about a GPS is you can get a reading on the canoe speed. We found that with three of us in our Prospector canoe, without a wind, when I paddled by myself, we traveled about 2.8 mph; when two paddled, about 3.5; and when all three paddled, about 3.8 to 4.2. With a steady 20 miles/hr wind at our back we easily made 4-5 mph.

When paddling on this type of big water in a small canoe, you feel like a matchstick on the ocean. On days we had to cross large expanses of one to three miles, we made sure we were on the water by 5 a.m. The last thing you want to do is commit to an open crossing and swamp in large waves.

(Continued on page 4)



Churchill River, Saskatchewan Adventure, continued

(Continued from page 3)

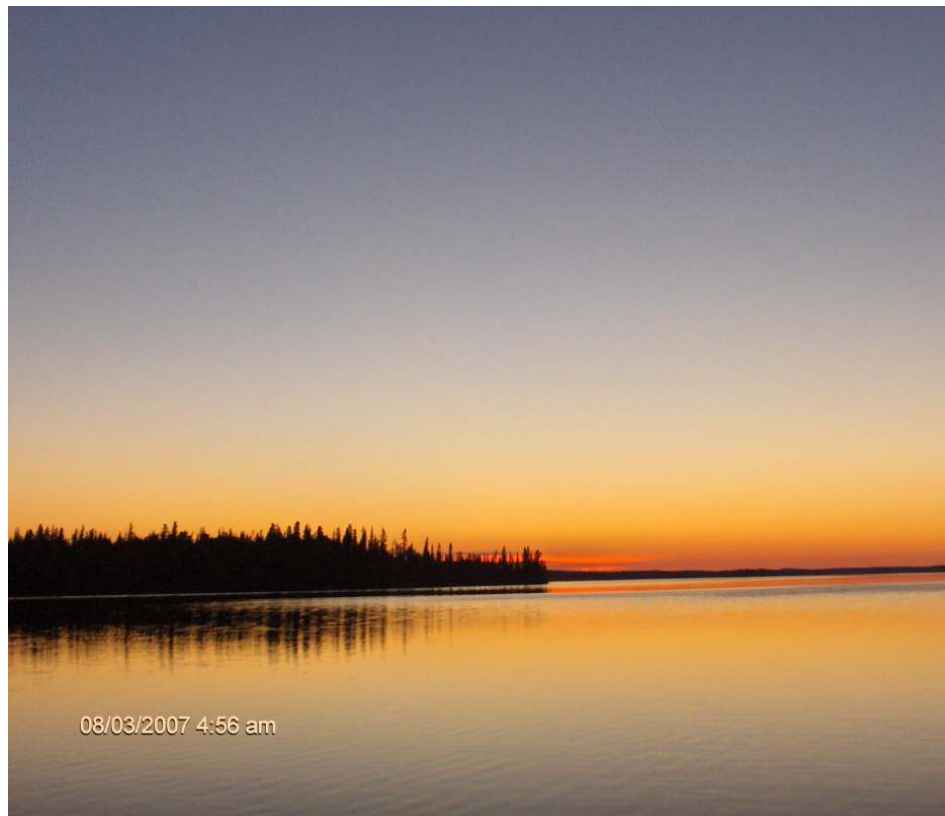
Although it has advantages, it's harder to depend only on yourselves. Without the support of other boats and friends, one mistake in estimation and you could find yourself in a predicament, with no one to rescue you from rapids or from a dumping in the large lake, blown miles from shore.

The first day Karen woke up at 4 and warned that the wind was coming up quickly, and since we had a 1 ½ mile crossing to the first island, we quickly got up and headed out. By the time we got near the island the waves were large and starting to dump a little water in the canoe. Most of the water in big lake waves comes in near the center of a canoe rather than from the bow. We paddled hard to the shelter of a system of islands and then ducked in and out of islands for about 18 miles that day.

This year we rented an Irandium satellite phone. I recommend this and it only cost us \$39.95/wk for 3 wks and \$1.75/ minute of calling. We only tried it once, to see if it worked, only for a minute. It worked. Once you rent a phone it's important to look up

phone numbers that you could call in an emergency. We brought with us the phone numbers of Churchill Outfitters, Besnard Lake Lodge, and also kept the phone number of the float plane service at LaRonge Lake. When traveling alone, any medical emergency could be serious. Recently, a couple friends had appendicitis attacks, and my nephew had a severe bee sting reaction. These are medical conditions that need immediate attention and a satellite phone could really help. Of course you also want a good medical kit with epi-pen and maybe some antibiotics—be sure your travelers are not allergic to them.

Happily, the trip finished without emergency, needing only a calendar for next year!



Bear Island Lake, Saskatchewan by the Baker-Jarvises

Musing on Water and Paragliders on Clear Creek

By Eric Hermann

I imagine this sentence is subliminal, almost impossible to read: *Gently, I call you...* It's pleasing to the eye, I hope, and maybe conducive to the imagination. Now, imagine that is a flowing sentence spoken by a river, specifically by a rapid. Both sentences work fine in the abstract, like fine art blurred by the viewer's distance. As I sit by Clear Creek in Golden's white water park, I begin to focus, imagining my canoe, which is not with me, slicing into the surf wave in front of me. The abstract aquatic music now comes clear in that focus.

I imagine my prow bisecting the "smile" of the wave, slipping across its lip, where the wave has curled down, before it curls upward on the other side of its smile. I hear the deep hum of the green wave tongue as it plunges into the foam. I also hear the deeper hollows, the bass, of current into its throat. My prow dives for that undertone, right where it resonates in the throat. It hollows into the cleft, but only for a second, then rises to meet the smooth, soundless current descending.

When the smiling wave catches a balance between downrush and uplift, there is harmony. It hums with every overtone and undertone of sky, sun, rock, and current song, intoning a chant around me. I am enchanted in the very throat of that hum.

Now I hear the eddying contra tones—high notes along its rocky shallows. Between this wave and the shore an eddy spirals darkly, mysteriously, in its swirl. Bouyant dancers bounce across its surface—silver bubbles

gowned in sparkling sunlight, ballerinas pirouetting across a glassy, polished stage...

A skyward flash interrupts my reveries: A paraglider sweeps over Lookout Mountain's ridgeline. I know that, if I sat up there on that ridgeline, I'd hear the rush of the uplifting wind; I'd hear its melody like a sudden rush of air through a flute, hear it whisk the mountain thickets, whoosh the junipers and pines. I'd attend the subliminal, as in the river's song. But the paragliders, now three, are plying the measures right among the notes, now upwelling, now rest, now plummeting below the bar. Each phrase of the windsong allows a harmonious voice in their wings. Currents spiral upward, harmonize with gravity, hold them like notes in the balance.

The yellow parasail looks just like my Ocoee canoe, but it's inverted, with a man-speck dangling from the rigging. He is the keel of his inverted boat. I feel his elation, his adrenal surge, as his keel slices his own smiling wave. I know this move. He plummets, almost kicks the brushy ridgeline, but his quick spiral pries against the fall; he braces on eddying air currents, buoyant, then swoops down between two close pines, then over the ridge and gone.

I wish I had a boat today!

Another Great Wendover Run on the North Platte

By Karen Roth

We gathered Friday night, August 3rd at the Two Moons Campground of Glendo Reservoir State Park, about three hours from Ft. Collins. Mother Nature let loose with a whopping thunderstorm. Some of us were lucky to have set up our tents and eaten dinner before the rain came, but others were scrambling to get under tarps and wait it out. The storm forced most of us to our tents by 9 pm, which was good for the 7:30 a.m. start below Glendo Reservoir.

under Dennis' parawing- thank you very much, Dennis. But even better we played in the water having water fights or floating the current for about 100 yards in our pfd's. The time actually went fast.

When all our group of 22 people and 13 boats regrouped, Debbie Hinde went through a thorough discussion of safety and boat signals. We had between 5200 and 6000 cfs of water in the North Platte—a good current and depth enough to cover the rocks. Most of us are experienced whitewater boaters,



It was a gorgeous morning as we unloaded our boats and gear and sent the shuttle drivers on their two-hour trip (about 40 miles one-way). Those left behind found shade

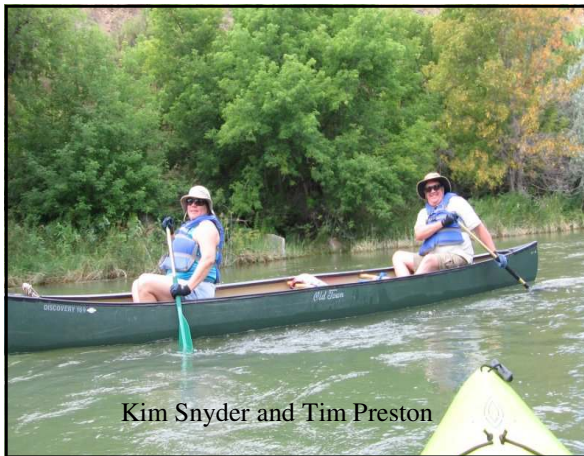
and we mentored a fresh team of Rob Walton and Del Rae Heiser. Rob brought a beautiful wooden canoe he had built for flatwater.

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We split up into two groups, but kept melding and reforming since we were all a social bunch. Some took wonderful narrow side channels, while others played it safe in the wide main channel. The temperature was ideal and the scenery was unbeatable, the first half through hilly ranchland, and the last half in Wendover Canyon, an intimate canyon, small yet very impressive.

Before we knew it we were at “Lunch Island” enjoying a rest break. Though the sun was trying to hide behind the clouds, many



Kim Snyder and Tim Preston

of us put on our life jackets and enjoyed a lazy float along the island’s shores. The squirt guns were also put to good use.

Only an hour after putting on the river after our repast, we came to the “infamous” haystacks – a class III rapid. We all pulled over into the eddy on the left to get a better look at just how large the haystacks were. Uhhh, that is except for our intrepid couple, Mary and Jack Detweiler who just ‘went for it’. We all held our breath since the waves were six to eight feet high from peak to trough, but Mary and Jack did fine and even eddied out on the right, halfway through the haystacks.

Some paddlers got a kick out of watching and filming the crazier paddlers daring the haystacks. We probably played in the waves for an hour or so. Some, including Debbie Hinde, even swam the rapid sans canoe. Our biggest hazards of the day were jet skiers coming up the river (to our surprise) from Guernsey Reservoir. We only had one dumping, but Tim Preston and Kim Snyder sure were good sports and laughed the whole thing off as a fun time. They must have bonked their heads, ‘cause who thinks swimming is fun, especially if some gear is lost! (A good reminder to tie everything in on whitewater runs.).

We had a nice paddle to the takeout and most of us went back to the campground for a wonderful potluck. We must have been pretty hungry since the potluck also included our leftovers from the night before—and the hungry crew ate most everything. Unlike Friday night, the weather was perfect and we had a great time socializing and reflecting on our run down this wonderful section of the North Platte.

Thanks to a great group who made the trip extra special: Roger (photographer), Zach, Dan, Jana, Mike, Brie, Karen, Mark, Tim, Kim, Donna, Jack, Mary, Debbie, Rachael, Rachael’s friend Dayle Gilbert, Mary, Tom, Dennis, Kathy, Del Rae, and Rob.



Mary and Tom Peck in Haystacks

Poudre Paddlers and RMCC Team Up On Another Gray's-Desolation Run



From Top left, Doug Green, Will Golson, Richard Ferguson, Roger Faaborg, Doug Hurcomb, Row Two: Bonnie Gallagher, Debbie Artzer, Allison Hurcomb, Janet Marks.

By Richard Ferguson

This trip grew out of a RMCC permit party, early in 2007. Will Golson, Roger Faaborg, and Richard Ferguson agreed to call repeatedly every day until one of us got a Deso-Gray permit. Richard was lucky enough to get a permit with a launch date of July 6th.

We spent a pleasant week on the Green river through Desolation and Gray's Canyons, north of Green River, Utah. We were on the river eight days, including one layover day. We covered 84 miles from Sand Wash to Swasey's Rapid. The trip included Debbie Artzer, Doug Green, Bonnie Gallagher, Doug Hurcomb, Janet Marks, and Allison Hur-

comb, along with Richard, Will and Roger—nine people in seven canoes. We put on at 2200 cfs, and took off at 1600 cfs, a relatively low flow for that time of year.

We met in Vernal and drove to the put in. Doug Green and Bonnie were already there, having spent most of the night driving, due to a car breakdown. We got on the river a bit late, and then ran into a thunderstorm that sent us to the riverbank to wait it out. Campsites were a bit scarce for the first night, and we didn't find one until rather late. The afternoon storms were a continuing

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pattern on the trip, although none as severe as those on the first day.

The weather was very hot, as one might expect, with highs near 100 degrees. We were comfortable on the river, and could be comfortable off the river if we stayed in the shade and kept our T-shirts wet. It was sometimes a little hot for sleeping, but putting some water on a sheet helped, as did taking off the tent fly.

Bears were an ongoing concern throughout the trip.

We were told by the ranger that bears had gone down to the river due to the drought. Will saw a bear when he was checking out a possible campsite; we did not stay there. Several people saw a bear on the riverbank one morning, and bear tracks and scat were also seen. We were told to have no food in the tents, and leave our food in the boats. We had no problems with bears.

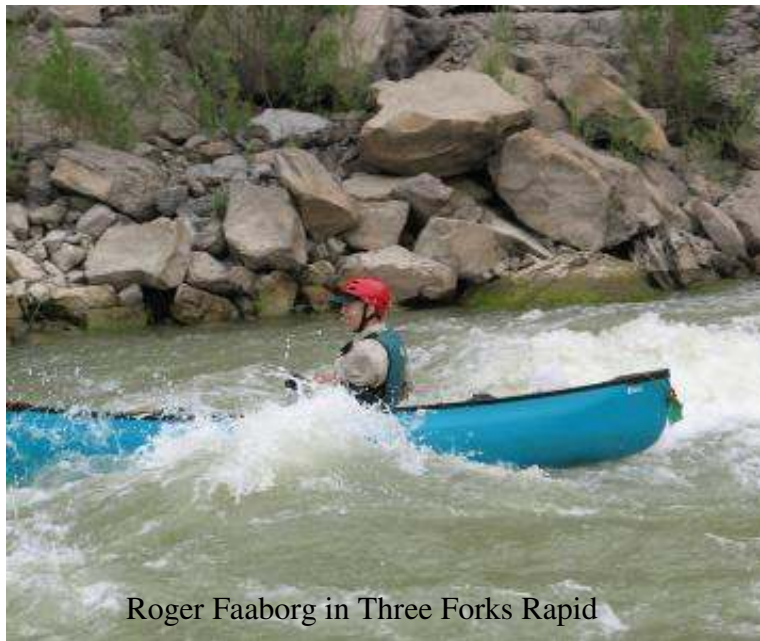
Fires were raging in various parts of Utah, and at one point we camped early because we could see a fire on a ridge a few miles ahead. The flames looked a little eerie at night, but the fire did not seem to grow. The fire was on the Indian reservation; we did not see anyone fighting it, and paddled past the fire without incident.

The Rock Creek Ranch was particularly interesting, with buildings and farm equipment to see. The creek was beautiful and cold, and had previously been diverted to allow irrigation. Although it was a nice place, and apparently a prosperous ranch, it seemed like a

long way from anywhere.

We enjoyed numerous side hikes and stops, including the moonshiner's cabin, the iron-prow skiff, and several panels of petroglyphs.

The abandoned motel on the reservation side of the river was as strange as we had been led to believe. The doors were open, with furnishings scattered about. This was intended to be a kind of resort, but it failed, and they just walked away and left everything



Roger Faaborg in Three Forks Rapid

behind. It was built on the site of the McPherson ranch, and includes some ruins of that ranch.

The big rapid for us was Three Forks, which had three drops and a big hole. Our layover day was just above Three Forks, so we had plenty of time to worry about it. When it came time, everyone ran it without difficulty, although some people, including myself, ran some of it backwards! Coal Creek Rapid had a big reputation, but was not difficult at 2000 cfs. We did not flip any loaded boats on the

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trip, although some of us had to bail a lot. The rapids are class II and III, and get bigger at higher water.

The trip was in wilderness, although we did see some cars on the last day. We saw quite a few raft groups on the river, both private and commercial. Some parties had some kayaks along, but we saw no other canoes. Our shuttle cost us \$150 per vehicle, but the vehicles and keys were at the take out when we arrived. We had a celebratory dinner in Green River, and then headed home.



Above: Second Camp



Above: Gathering spring water at the Moonshiner Cabin



Left: A Spiny Lizard Visitor

I Swim: Bonnie Gallagher Looks at Life Outside the Boat And Reasons for Being There

by Bonnie Gallagher

I swim....and it seems I swim on a regular basis. I have asked myself repeatedly what causes my own swims and how I can prevent them. After spending some time reflecting, I have come up with my general analysis of why i swim:

Stupidity and not paying attention
Focus and Mental Calmness.
Fatigue... just needed a rest
Learning curve in big water, like the
Grand Canyon and Idaho's Selway

Stupidity. Most of us are guilty of this and it should be the easiest cause to cure! Stupidity swims usually come from the idea, "This water is simple enough for silliness." On the Main Salmon in 2005, while camping just below Barth Hot springs, I carelessly took my solo canoe up-stream with a 200-pound non-canoeist in the driver's seat. With the top half of my drysuit tied around my waist, I sat on the floor in front of the heavier person as we ferried across the river to the hot springs. We flipped and my dry suit filled with water. Moral of this story.....solo canoes are for ONE person and dry suits must be worn FULLY zipped.

Later, while breaking camp, I retrieved the groover and paddled it to the rafts. I jerked the now-heavy beast two feet above my head onto the cataraft, flipping my canoe right there in the eddy! Groover and I sank four feet to the bottom. Just as assistance came, the group was laughing at my swim with the groover in the eddy with yet another unzipped drysuit!

Did I learn? Well, in Class III Douglas Rapid on the North Platte, due to tight wrist gaskets and warm weather, again I tied the top half of my dry suit around my waist. Trip leader Ken Bauer had told everyone the line was on the left, but the right looked "more fun" and I headed for the holes. But

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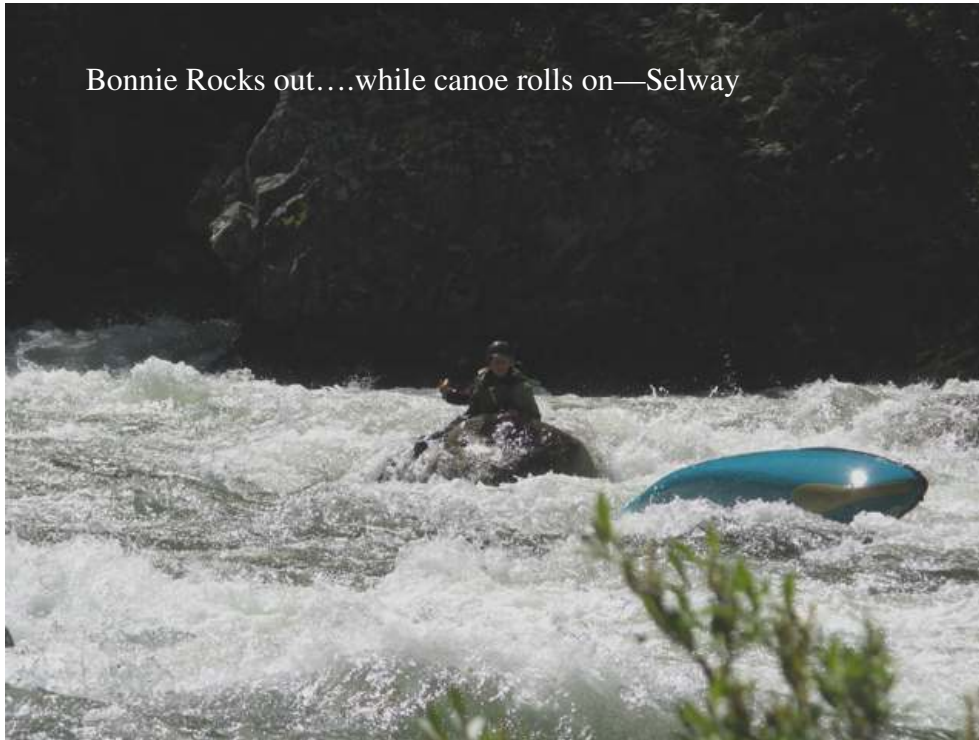


Just before a swim: Bonnie in Lava Falls, Grand Canyon

I Swim, continued

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there really wasn't a line there, so I cut left, hit a wave sideways and flipped. By the time Ken's throw bag reached me, the bottom half of my drysuit was filled with water and I could barely move. Not a gentle reminder, this time was a dope slap.



In the Selway River's Wolf Creek Rapid, Class IV, I ignored a line we scouted, remembering my line the year before. Now, at higher water my boat was pushed directly into the hole I was trying to avoid. I chose to hit it head on with forward power. The wave decided to side-surf me. I tried to high-brace over the crest to no avail. My boat filled water, the river stealing my bailer and my spare paddle which I had merely tucked in behind my front float bag. I tried to pull myself out

to the front of the wave hole. I could see people on the bank reaching for their cameras. I was in there a long time. I tried to move out the back side of the hole, where I flipped over. The hole rolled me back up and I continued my push to the back end of the hole. I finally swam out and then through the next hole and the drop at the bottom to be rescued.

Focus and Mental Calmness. Loss of focus and nervousness are good ways to flip and swim. Both faults compound when they lead to indecision. Two swims on the Selway come to mind, one a Class III with a tree obstructing much of the river. Nervous about hitting the tree,

I paddled into the hole instead. In 2007, following a better canoeist down a gnarly line, I saw his boat drop and then I was startled as he disappeared. Following that line but rattled, I flipped into a nasty, rocky swim.

Then, in the Middle Fork of the Salmon, also in 2007, after running several Class IV's and multiple Class III's successfully, I had let down my guard. In a Class II a moment of indecision followed by a last-minute decision to catch an eddy put me

I Swim—Focus, Fatigue, and Learning, continued

(Continued from page 12)

sideways in an easily avoidable wave and flipped me over. The consequences of this swim were scary. The rest of the group had stopped in the eddy far below and were not watching me. My boat and I headed for a large wall. I sacrificed my boat and pushed it towards the looming wall, pushing myself away. I coasted around the wall into the next eddy. My boat, however, was pinned to the wall before kayakers retrieved it for me.

and I missed the entry line and headed straight into the one place I did not want to be. It was a long swim in which I was most concerned about having my canoe fall back over onto my head in a breaking wave. I was later told that in this case I should swim under my boat through the wave. When I tried

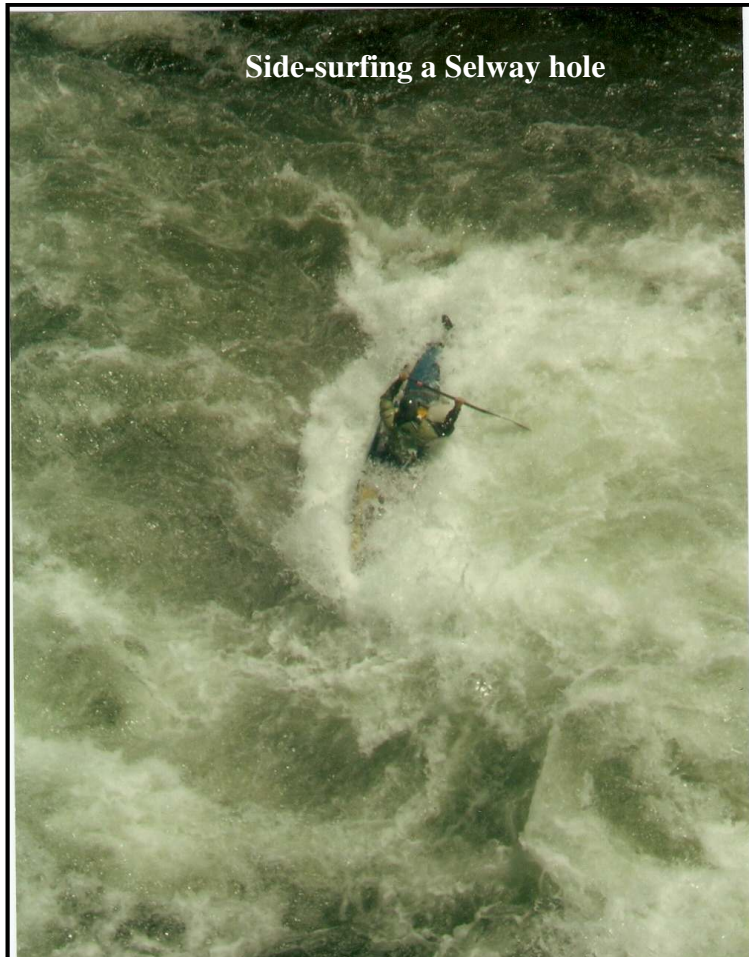
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Fatigue. Grand Canyon, after paddling 22 miles that day: I was simply too exhausted to power up over one more wave. A bit of time riding on the raft and I was strong enough again to go for it.

On the Selway I spent an afternoon paddling left-handed to gain confidence off-side. Playing hard in easy water, lagging behind the group, I tired but didn't realize it until, hitting a wave sideways without sufficient strength to straighten my line, I took a long and difficult swim before help came.

Attaining the Learning Curve.

In Grand Canyon-type water, the most frequent reason for a swim was loss of speed and therefore the ability to get over the crest of the wave. It took me five days and nine swims to learn how to maintain speed and control. In The Grand's Sockdolager Rapid, named for a devastating final punch in boxing, I had my scariest swim. It's a long rapid,



Side-surfing a Selway hole

I Swim: “It is ok to swim when real learning is going on”

(Continued from page 13)

swimming under my boat the next day in Sapphire rapid the strength of the river pulled my paddle right out of my hand. This is the first time I had lost my paddle while swimming in over 10 years.

Idaho’s Selway was another demanding teacher. In Class IV Ladle Rapid, after another wild decision based on a previous year’s scout, I entered another drop turned hole in higher water. The moment I spent deciding where to hit it was the moment I wasn’t powering forward, and of course I turned sideways and I flipped. My boat stayed in the hole and I swept downstream, clung to a rock for a 20-minute eternity, then swam through a nasty hole and missed grabbing a rescue canoe. I was rescued by a cataraft, and collapsed on the front pontoons with oars moving over my panting nose.

So, for me, I guess it is ok to swim when real learning is going on ...as long as the consequences are not too dangerous. I wish I could stay out of the “stupidity” category. I wish I had control of the focus and mental calmness all the time. I wish that I could paddle forever without getting tired. I wish that when “i swim” the reason would always be due to real learning.

The bottom line here is, i swim

IMPORTANT NOTE ON BEING RESCUED BY AN OPEN CANOE:

Dave Karan gave a safety talk this summer at the Filter Plant put-in where he told his group of paddlers that when being rescued by an open canoe, the swimmer should hold on to the carrying loop on the stern and pull their crotch right up to the stern of the canoe at water level. This can be done when the swimmer hooks feet over the gunwales, hooking ones heels just inside the boat. When I “swam” the Class III to get to my boat, the rescue boat let me hold on to his stern through the rapid knowing I would let go when necessary. However to get back to the other side of the river I was able to use the “feet on the gunwales” technique which greatly increased his ability to get us both safely back to the bank which held my canoe. We discovered that feet on the gunwales does decrease the stability of the rescue canoe and may not be a safe technique in the heart of larger rapids but was wonderful to help get to shore in swiftly moving water. (From Bonnie Gallagher)

Book Review, by David Karan

Open Canoe Technique by Nigel Foster – This is the first in a series of reviews of materials on canoeing that are available in the Fort Collins library north branch. “Open Canoe Technique” is a well written, knowledgeable and up-to-date work. The writing is clear and usually illustrated with photos of the technique being described. It is often difficult to put a stroke in words that are easy to visualize and not ambiguous. Foster does a good job and uses straightforward terminology. This concise book is well worth the time to read or study.



Morning Mist at Deadwater South camp, Six-Mile Canyon, No. Platte River
By Roger Faaborg



Ken Bauer in Douglas
Rapid, Six-Mile

Paddler Classifieds...

Wood Canoe plans, molds: Free to a good home: plans and stations molds for a strip-built 14'6"

flatwater solo canoe. Plans were bought from Canoe Magazine. Stations (including stem mold) are in 3/4-inch plywood--sturdy! For more information, contact Mark Riffe, mriffe@fs.fed.us, 295-5862 (business hours) or 224-9812 (evenings/weekends).

Winona 17' Canoe

I am selling my 17' Winona canoe as is (meaning it has a gash in it which needs repair). As you may have heard, I ran into a rock at the hay stacks on the North Platte Wendover trip last year. It would be really light 38lbs for those portages in the Boudry Waters! Asking \$500 Call me at 970-980-0803 That's Fort Collins, CO

Yakima Canoe Rack

Enough parts to fit many cars, like Toyotas, Volvos, Subaru. Eric 482-8339



Mike and Brie Koliha in Cheese Grater: The Poudre in Ft. Collins

by Eric Hermann,
Training Coordinator

So, next year awaits after the freeze, if it ever does freeze. We try to offer a series of lessons that allows new boaters to start with basics and go all the way to river canoeing in a season—if they practice plenty—and we always run a safety class. The sequence looks like this:

January through April: Pool sessions: braces and rolls—call me if you're interested.

April or May: Flatwater basics: Getting the most out of your paddle—and safety.

May or June, even July: River Canoeing, usually for tandem boats, but we've offered solo as well, on demand. Here you learn to hone strokes to precision, and read and ma-

neuver through Class II rapids. Includes ferries, eddies—in and out again, balance, braces, more safety.

May or June: a free safety class, with drills on the river.

June or July: Beginning Whitewater, tandem and solo—possible classes if interest is high enough.

We've talked about teaching canoe-tripping and lake rescue techniques, if folks are interested.

We've also tried to instigate first aid classes, but interest seems low.

So, folks, what would you like to learn? What would you like us to add? Contact me well ahead! How 'bout some kids' classes?

Each year we are frustrated by last-minute class registering. And trainers tie up their calendar, turning down river trips, just to have people cancel last-minute too. So please plan ahead.



Steve Cassels on St. Vrain rapid: Apple Valley Run

Members, if you are not on the email listserve,...

Ask someone on the listserve to keep you informed.

Contact Will Golson if you would like to be on listserve.

Remember, dues are due soon

A Small Discussion of the Canoe Trip List, Next Page

By Eric Hermann

This is my “fat list,” ready for paring down. It’s aimed at short river trips. Longer trips and those with portages make you shun coolers, going to dried foods cooked on fires and backpack stoves, and trimming other items. Please email/write me with suggestions, but, since it’s the “fat list,” not with the obvious, “You probably don’t need...” This could be an interesting club forum. Special lists might include kid or pet items. I’d especially like to hear from experienced northwoods travelers, who have a different take on packing.

Canoe Stuff – Consider **painter** length—maybe over 30 feet for some rivers. **Flotation?** Gear in dry bags tied in securely, offers about 70% the flotation of air bags. The **pin kit** may pull a canoe off a rock, and it has carabineers, pulleys, strap loops and prussic loops. Be sure someone has a rope with about a ton of test weight! Be sure the **Extra Paddle** is tied in, but ready to grab in a snap. Everything is tied—should not dangle if boat is upside down! **Bailer?** I like a juice server with a tight lid. It doubles as a night urinal. **Extra pfd?** A person died in Ruby Canyon after her pfd blew into the river at night. (Tie ‘em down!) **Small dry bag for each person** provides quick access to warm, dry clothes, rain gear and first aid, matches, snacks and other “quick needs.” **Compass** strapped on a thwart may tell you exactly where you are, based on the direction of the river flow. **Water Jugs:** Two small ones are easier to store, balance and haul into camp.

Stove? My usual is a two-burner propane. Bring extra fuel. **Cook Kit?** Adjust to the menu—keep it simple. Include a strainer—usually required by permitting agencies. **Lantern?** Cook early to avoid this weight! **Fire**

Pan, with grill. I have a piece of steel window screen that goes over the pan after fire is out so cinders can’t blow out. **Carry ashes:** Douse fire at night and stir ashes, place screen over them and dry through the night. No morning fire so only cold ashes pack to go. Even then, be careful where you put them! **First Aid Kit:** each boat has a mini-kit for small wounds and pain killing, and a major kit is in one boat. **Saw:** heavy but nice for driftwood, as is a hatchet. **Cooler:** a 1- or 2-day cooler can be a block of ice in a dry bag, inside another dry bag of food and beverage.

Groover (Porta-Potty). Required on permitted rivers, and by simple etiquette. I like the new WAGG bags, which are disposable in landfills, since bag and contents include a chemical that decomposes them. Agencies will still insist that your waste be sealed in a screw-on-lid container, though the BLM has approved my dry-bag/WAGG system. Some places, like Lodore and likely the Grand Canyon won’t accept the WAGGs, though. Eco-Safe makes a good flushable type. Always include hand sanitizers.

Clothing: Just a few observations: I’m not a sandals fan. Feet sunburn fast, and sandal heels may catch on lines or gear, pinning you in the boat in a capsized. Then there is cactus...and so on. I like the zip-off pants to sun-shield legs. Wear quick-dry, even for underwear (I like a swimsuit as layer one), and gloves, since hands are especially vulnerable to sun damage. I never go without a wool ski hat. Eyeglasses or sunglasses? Be sure to have safety straps. I’ve seen \$1,000 worth of glasses lost in rivers so far. Bring extra glasses and repair kits.

Equipment List – River Trips

By Eric Hermann

Canoe - painters, flotation, lashings, bailers, sponge, pin kit, throw bag, extra paddle, back rests, repair kit w/ duct tape, quick-grab dry bag (rain gear, warm clothes, minor 1st aid, lighter, snacks), map/compass, water bottles
PFD's* a must. Extras? Helmets?

Group Gear: Who will bring...

***Stove/fuel** (one per 8-12 ppl)

Cook kit, (per 8-12ppl) with spices, foil, *strainer, paper towels, pot grabber, hot drinks, lighter, dish wash stuff

Utensils, bowls, cups: b.y.o?

Table(s) and fittings

Lantern and fuel?

***Major First Aid Kit**

Rain Tarp/pole

***Fire Pan**, with bag for ashes

Saw, maybe axe?

Camp Stuff

Tent, sleeping bags (in wtrprf bags), pillows, foam pads

Water jugs: 1 gal/person/day (2 small jugs better than one large)

Water purification capability

Chairs, etc.

Bags: ziplocks, garbage/recycle

***Groover**, TP, trowel, Urinal (doubles as bailer), Purelle

Maps – wtrprf- & boat compass

Food (Too many variables for a simple list, but here are some general points)

Ice Chest? Yes for hot rivers,
No for portages, or if you may
Capsize. Not for long trips. Best
To freeze your ice in containers.

Dry Box? Great for crushables,

And keeps rodents out. **Bears?**

Plan storage in bear country!

Menu? Consult books, experts.

Freeze-dried usually skimpy!

Personal Clothing/Gear

Wool hat-almost always

Rain/sun hat, with chin strap

Insect face mask?

Sunblock/ insect repellent

Wet or dry suit? Gloves? (biking gloves great for paddling. Hands are prone to sun damage.

Extra glasses – safety straps and repair kit important

Rain jacket and pants. Hooded jacket should fit over pfd

Long undrwr, polypro

Fast-dry pants.

Wool/fleece if cold.

One suit very warm, dry

clothes very accessible

Camp shoes (and hiking boots?)

Many extra sox,

Layered tops (avoid cotton)

Hot weather – shorts, etc., but cover skin from sun—even feet!

Swimsuit

Daypack, etc. for hikes

Camera, film, extra batteries, binoculars–waterproof storage!

Headlamps, batteries

Matches, fire starter

Toiletries, Reading material, journal, pen, marker for labels

Boat snacks and drinks

Logistics Essentials

Permits, driver's license, cell phone and numbers of group, Shuttle contract and \$

SHUTTLE KEYS! –extra hidden on car.

* - items often required by law.

Flotilla–Club Officers

President.....Debbie Hinde 970-669-6247

Vice Pres.....vacant

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

NewsletterEric Hermann 970-482-8339

Conservation ..David Karan 970-224-5621

InstructionEric Hermann

Webmaster.....Will Golson 970-207-0101

Members,

Tell officers what you'd like for next year! And please consider taking a club leadership role.

Remember, Potluck Food and Foto Nite Mar 2, Armstrong Hotel. Call Deb Hinde if you can present pix or vids. We need helpers to arrange and set this up, too!

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