

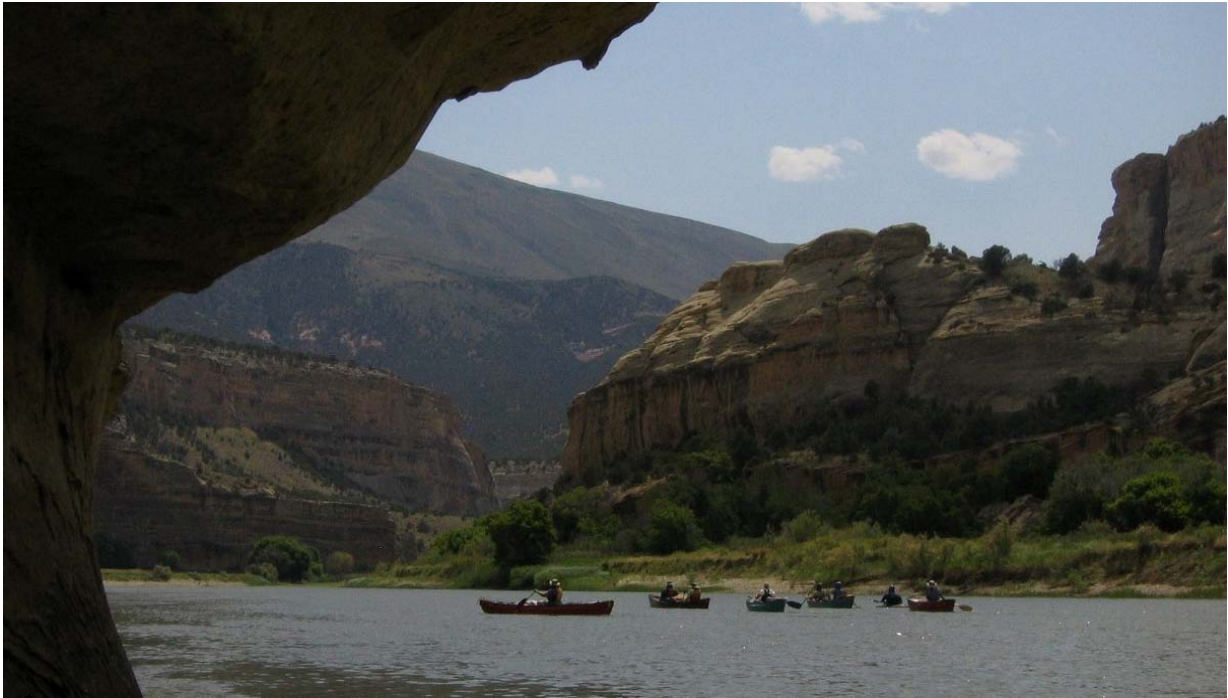


WATERLINES



Newsletter of Poudre Paddlers

August, 2009



Yampa Memories: Six Days of Canyon Heaven

by Eric Hermann

My back yard is strewn with gear after six days, 60 miles, on the Yampa and Green Rivers through Dinosaur National Monument. It will be at least a full day before this stuff is cleaned and dried—more like three days before it's all put away. It takes time, you know, since each item brings a memory.

The ultralight tent needs airing, of course,

though we rarely used it, for the nights in the Dinosaur desert were dry, airy things, full of stars and only wisps of clouds. Desert rivers call for nights on the beach in the

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From the Prez....

Well, not quite. You see, the Prez is otherwise engaged, leading an 80-mile trip on the San Juan. So here are some photos that seem to convey Will Golson's thoughts as he mused himself through the canyons of the Yampa and the Green. Maybe you can read his mind!



Warm Springs
Rapid

Right: Bailing out boats
After being told there are no
rapids in this stretch



Musing along a wall of
salmon filet

Douglas Lake

by Chuck Connelly

The postponed spring event took place on Sunday May 31, in spite of threatening weather. About 21 brave souls joined together for feasting, frolicking and paddling. The weather developed to ideal conditions for an enjoyable group paddle and Memorial Day celebration.



DOWDY LAKE "Mountain Adventure"

by Chuck Connelly

Weather was perfect for cruising and sailing this beautiful mountain lake for six of the seven days. At least eight boats, ten club members participated, plus many friends and family members enjoyed boating, camping and comradery. New members Kerry and Pauline Edwards with daughter Jasper were a

great pleasure to have aboard. (.....preparing for their "Round - The - World" trip?)

Lon Hagler :: Tuesday June 16th

by Mike Kohila

It had been a pretty day in Fort Collins, no rain worth noticing—a great change of pace over the last several days. Driving south, it gets cloudier, darker, rain bands showing up to the south. "Gee, those look like they are about where we are going to be paddling." Yep, they were.

We hung out in the parking lot to see who else was going to show. No real rain to speak of, but there was some significant rain to the west of us. Two other boats showed up to do the paddle, just in time to have the winds kick up and the lake start to white cap. It would have been great in my old sail boat, but alas I sold it and bought a canoe. Go figure.

The trip ended up at a Mexican restaurant in Loveland. But don't worry, the boats did get wet on this trip... the rains settled in while we were waiting for a table.

I had never actually seen Lon Hagler before; it's not visible from the road and I never had a reason to head back to the lake before. It looks like a fun place to paddle. We met in the north parking lot near a bay that looked like it had flooded out some trees that would be fun to explore. There were more submerged trees to the east as well. Lon Hagler doesn't show up on the schedule until August again. I think we will certainly try again then, meet us there - why don't you.

The North Fork of the Cache La Poudre

by Steve Luttmann

On the 18th of May, the weather was perfect and a fine excuse to steal some time on a Monday afternoon to paddle a stretch of river that was new to all three of us. Although nearby, the North Fork of the Cache La Poudre river is rarely floated. Flows are unpredictable and are often too low or too scary. Rated by American Whitewater as a Class II-III run, the 11 miles between Livermore and Gateway Park can change dramatically with changes in flow. This day, the flow was about 135 cfs. Will Golson, Roger Faaborg and I met at Picnic Rock around lunch-time, with the intent to run the 11-mile stretch of the North Fork and to finish up with a run down Filter Plant.

The put in was just west of the Community Center on Red Feather Lakes road in Livermore. We carried down a grassy slope and launched just upstream of the bridge. The stream is fairly narrow and peaceful at the put in, and for the first mile or so we saw grazing land and cows. Soon the river banks steepened and we entered a more canyon-like environment. From that point, we encountered neither livestock nor people.

The paddling was a mix of slow stretches, interrupted by short rapids and sharp cor-



ners. None of the rapids was intense, but several certainly demanded concentration as maneuvering room was limited, and the flow was quick enough that decisions had to be made quickly. On three or four occasions, we encountered river-wide fences. These were double fences (forming a cattle crossing), requiring us to climb and lift boats over both fences at each stop.

We were so taken with the scenery that we were blissfully unaware of the passage of time as we made our way downstream. At the end of the North Fork is Seaman Reservoir. The river widens and slows as it approaches the reservoir, and a flat-water paddle of about 1.5 miles is necessary to reach the dam. The portage is on river right, and the boats must be carried down a long gravel

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trail to the river below. By this point, the day was waning and so was our energy level.

Below the dam was a longer than expected fast-water run to Gateway Park. The water temperature dropped significantly as the water was now coming from the bottom of the reservoir. We soon encountered the confluence with the main branch of the river and enjoyed quite a bit of turbulence. When we reached the normal put-in for the Filter Plant run, it was nearly dark. Time certainly flies when you're having fun! We took out at Gateway Park and were fortunate to hitch a ride to Picnic Rock to retrieve our shuttle vehicle.



This is a very scenic run and well worth the effort. Plan time to enjoy the scenery, and travel light.

I would like to thank the people that helped at the Poudre River Festival on Saturday. It was a beautiful day with really clear water and beautiful scenery.

Mike Pearson
Mike and Verna O'Brien
Jack and Mary Detweiler
Chuck and Regina Connelly
Jim Baro
Steve Luttmann
Ray Morrison

Dick Livingston
Greg Brigham
Roger Faaborg
Andrea Faudel
and Anthony

If there is anyone I left out, please let me know .

Cheers, Roger Faaborg
Poudre Paddler Trip Coordinator
roger@rff.com

Yampa, Continued

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breezes: only a ground cloth beneath and the sky above. I had my 6x8 piece of mosquito netting to pull over me, but never really needed to. Greg Brigham and I star-gazed ourselves to sleep, finding Aquila, Delphinus, Corona Borealis, and Scorpio, following Lyra's frozen flight toward Casseopoeia. "How many tonight?" we'd ask. "Two" was the usual answer—must see two meteorites before sleep.

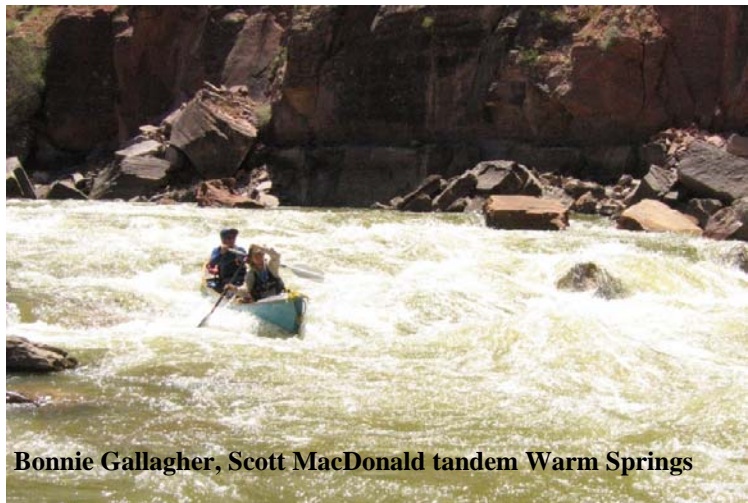
Even the mosquitoes at Deerlodge Put-In had faded in the high-desert chill, which plummeted from the high 80's to the high 40's. Greg and I had enjoyed the six-hour drive, and savored dinner—sandwiches from Subway, washed down with cold beer. We'd talked long with Mary Parrot, 67, who would enliven every camp with her laughter. The ultimate elder athlete, with her bike trips in the mountains, her snowboard lessons, her volunteering in medical clinics in Honduras. One by one, as others had arrived from Denver, we had watched their headlights glide the sage plains to the landing. Then a cool night of clean sage air as the river slurped the mud banks beneath us. Karen, the group leader, brought Phil Hagenah who had flown from DC. Jeanne Willson drove Tom Jacklin, who'd flown in from Calgary. Bonnie Gallagher brought her daughter Catie, who'd flown from Maryland. Will Golson and Scott MacDonald rounded out the Yampa Eleven.

We did pitch the tent two nights, one with distant lightning and sprinkles....but soft air drew me out again beneath

stars, away from the tent, where the only moving air came from snoring. Then the last night, at Jones Hole Creek, where the camp skunk nosed about looking for careless food bags, and mice scurried everywhere with the same goal. The tent had been a wonderful, compact bundle, and best left unused.

My Dinosaur map and a geology guide rest drying on the flagstones. The Yampa has cut its path through a geologic playground of the gods, with four or five main members like Weber, Chinle, Morgan and Morrison—all anticlinal, synclinal, and faulting the length the river—strata going wild as if on roller-coaster tracks. In epochal exuberance, the forces at play threw up spires and knife edges for added thrills. The river enters the canyons right after the first bend and twists through them for 46 miles before joining the Green, which continues the show for 24 more.

Rockfall and flash flooding have made the river technical as well, most of it a series of class 2 rock gardens at our 1,000 cfs. Warm



Bonnie Gallagher, Scott MacDonald tandem Warm Springs

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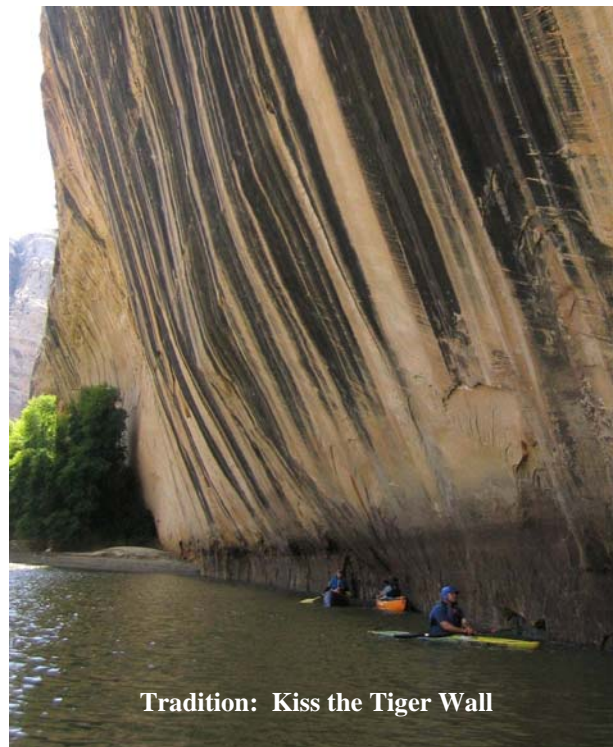
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Springs Rapid—a product of a flash flood in 1965, and which took the life of a river guide not expecting its new danger—offered the greatest challenge on the Yampa stretch. It's a solid class 3 and a long drop with nasty holes. One tandem boat lined through; the rest paddled an easy route river right. The Yampa's rapids would rate up a level at 2,000 cfs and above, and spring flows ramp Warm Springs to 5 in some guidebooks. Below the confluence, the Green River brings a series of rock-garden class threes, with names like Moonshine, Schoolboy and SOB.

My dry box holds the kitchen, with pots to clean, food bags to empty—some yet very full: My offers to the camp, “Please eat some banana chips” and “Here's another pound of free trail mix,” went unheeded. The group of 11 broke into food groups of one to four people, each group with their own backpacker stove. Greg and I ate well, enjoying linguini with clams, kielbasa stir-fry, and some freeze-dry dinners as well. Bonnie and company brought out the Dutch oven—to its iron weight add a fire pan, charcoal and a fire blanket for major freight; however, their meals and the deserts, which they shared with all, were exquisite. Group appetizers added a party atmosphere to camps, usually very comfortable in box-elder thickets—with the exception of Harding Hole number one, with its million little ants and colony of gophers. A gopher hole into a dry bag re-taught us to hang bags and food out of reach. A few years of careless food handling brings camp nuisances like these.

A backpacker towel and a beer-drag bag wave on the line like a blue banners, recalling the nightly camp routine: haul gear, set up camp, swim in the 70-degree water, air-dry with a 70-degree beer, eat, visit, head for

the starry beach to sleep. A rustle from a folder of music reminds of yet another flavor of this trip: Jeanne Willson brought Martin—not a guy (that was friend Tom) but a guitar. Greg and I were missing our guitars greatly, and here she came with a small Martin. Three of us played every night and voices joined in the darkening camps.



Tradition: Kiss the Tiger Wall

A pair of running shoes are desert dusty, and will remain so for quite some time, their grit from several side hikes along the way. We climbed to an overlook from Harding Hole, to Signature Cave just downstream, with graffiti mostly from modern travelers, some from the start of the 20th century. I recognized the bold signatures of the Despains, who floated with Bus Hatch, famous Western

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river runner, in 1939—a pleasant surprise to me because I’d had their granddaughter Pam as a student in the 70’s. “My family rafts the Yampa every year,” she had told me, “and you’re invited.” I don’t remember why I had foolishly declined. Inscribed on the wall as well was the name of a creep, Randy, who’d written it over a Fremont pictograph. The Mantle Cave above Laddie Park camp preserves Fremont grain storage bins—slabs of rock mortared and sealed with stones.

And of course, one must hike up Jones Hole Creek from our last campsite—two to

minute torrential waterfall, icy enough to take your breath away! Amazingly, at Butt-Dam Falls, we met friends from Fort Collins with whom Greg and I had paddled Lodore three years before.

My shrubs are adorned with drying throw ropes and the slings of a kit for rescuing pinned boats, happily all of which went unused, as did the major first aid kit. It had turned out a safe trip, with no spills—only intentional swims.

Piece by piece, the yard becomes clear again. I tend to clean and put away gear slowly



E. Hermann, C. Gallagher, K. Amundsen, W. Golson, M. Parrot, P. Hagenah, J. Willson, T. Jacklin, S. Mac Donald, B. Gallagher . Photo by Greg

three miles along a frigid, crystalline trout stream, leading to a stunning panel of rock art and the famous Butt-Dam Falls. We took turns becoming victims, leaning against the chute as sitters 12 feet above butt-dammed the flow, waiting in the now quiet—“Oh, boy, it’s getting deep up here; you’d better look out! Five, four, three...” then GA-RUSH! down comes a three-

from trips like this. There are too many wonderful memories adorning the lawn and the clothesline. The Dagger Genesis canoe remains in the lawn for three days, when I repaint some scratches, sponge it clean, and hang it, thanking it again for its service.

River Notes:

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Yampa Canyon and the Green River's Lodore Canyon require permits, most commonly acquired through the January Lottery. One can also call in March to see if there are cancelled or unused permits—not very difficult for the later, “low-water” season after July 13 on the Yampa and mid-September on the Green. Boatable flows in the Yampa then are questionable, and have been 300-350 in recent years—very scratchy for canoes.

During the low-water season the Park Service allows one group launch per day and does not assign camps; they are first-come, first-served deal. A lengthy booklet or pdf covers the plethora of regulations, like an

extra pfd per boat (?) and no bag systems for human waste. All group members should review these carefully; rangers can be picky!

It's a six-hour drive to the put-in at Deerlodge. River Transports is an excellent shuttle service out of Vernal, and did the 90-mile shuttle for \$95 per vehicle.

Water is available at the Deerlodge Put-In. We carried 3-4 gallons of water per person, and found filter-able water at Bull Draw (Harding Hole) and Warm Springs Creek. Caution: this is a wet year—not always reliable sources. As planned, we refilled from campground spigots at Echo Park.

Where Are the Dinosaurs? Another Take on the Yampa

by Greg Brigham

As the sun sets over southeastern Idaho, I have time to reflect upon my recently completed six-day trip through Dinosaur National Monument on the Yampa and Green rivers. I was fortunate to be invited by my good friend and editor, Eric Hermann, to tag along on a Rocky Mountain Canoe Club sponsored trip. Our Trip Coordinator, Karen Amundson, had scored a late season permit with a phone call in March. We had all imagined that the Yampa would be flowing, if we were lucky, around 500 cubic feet per second (cfs). We checked predicted flows daily for a couple of months, and as luck would have it, the wet spring left us with flows of around 1100 cfs on put-in day (July 18). As we discovered, this is a nearly perfect level for a first time run on the Yampa. Flows moved along nicely without being pushy.

I could shorten this trip report by stating that the paddling crew was well-behaved, there was incredible and diverse scenery, the rapids were entertaining (mostly class I and II with an occasional III), the wildlife was plentiful and also well-behaved, the weather was nearly perfect, the side hikes were plentiful, and the campsites were small bits of paradise. I could, but I won't.

Brief interjection here, based on experiences after the Yampa: Four-wheeled ATVs





North Platte Saratoga Float: White Deer, Electric Fences

By Roger Faaborg

The annual "Springtime in Saratoga" float is usually a laid-back event. Even my wife goes along. We start out Friday evening at the bar of the historic Wolf Hotel. A little amber ale and boaters become downright loquacious. There's talk of where they've been and where they're going. This year we had 15 people in 9 boats, including 6 tandem canoes. They included Bill and Kathy Ashworth, Dick Schwind, Lillian McMath, Steve Skinner, Rick and Suzy Cramer, Steve Luttmann, Katie Hayes, Will Golson, Deb Artzer, Jim Horner, Chuck Woodward, and Roger and Diana Faaborg.

Saratoga lies at 7000 feet between the Sierra Madre mountains on the west and Snowy Range on the east. In May, it is still very cold at night, so many in the group stayed at local motels or at the Wolf. We were lucky to have a beautiful sunny day in the high 60's.

The river was running at 3,700 cfs, which is a lot of water and it moves fairly quickly. But as long as you stay on top of it, you are just fine. The shuttle takes about one hour, and is mostly on pavement. We start floating north from Treasure Island for about 12 miles and stop at the Hobo Hot Springs in town. We floated under two Bald Eagles that didn't seem interested in us at all. Their nest with a youngster was across the river from their perch. In past years we saw Bald Eagles north of Saratoga, but this year they were south. There were numerous pelicans and hundreds of swallows along the river.

The hot springs in Saratoga are really hot. It is like being cooked. One year when the river was up they were just warm. It all depends

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on the river level .

There is a pipe that runs from the main pool into the river. If the river is high enough, the water will flow from the river into the main pool. It takes a flow of about 10,000 cfs to make the main pool comfortably warm. Of course, 10,000 cfs is flood stage so it is no time to float the river. If the river is low, you can sit at the outlet of the pipe where the river and hot water mix. I remember once when Dick Livingston was sitting in the river with his back up to the pipe. He was trying to get the maximum hot water. But he was keeping the rest of us from getting the hot water. I remember saying, "Dick, don't hog the pipe" and then *deja vu* took me back many years.

After having lunch on a picnic table behind the hot springs, we continued down the river. The stretch from Saratoga to Pick Bridge is about 11 miles. There is one small wave north of town, but it is easily run and no one had trouble. Along this stretch we saw a Wood Duck and a white deer. From a distance, I wasn't sure what I was seeing. Some-

one thought it was a goat. But as we got closer, it was definitely a white deer. Being white, it was not camouflaged at all. You could see it from quite a distance. No one was fast enough to get a picture of it. I am not sure if it was an albino or just a white phase.

The wind picked up as we headed further north. Steve Skinner and I often take a channel on river right that helps shield the wind and is also a pretty float. It comes out a little before Foote campground. On this trip, Steve was the lead boat and I was fortunately in the sweep boat. Somewhere in the channel I could see the other canoes bunching up and then rolling over. The rancher had put an electric fence across the channel and it looked like they had cut trees to try to block the channel. Steve's boat rolled and became stuck under a log. Other boats were swept against the blockage and dumped. A few boats made it to shore on river left. One boat that made it through the log jam ran into the nearly invisible electric fence and dumped. Steve's boat looked permanently pinned, but he was able to push it in the right direction and it popped out.

It is always important to take a change of dry clothing, or two changes, when floating a river. There is plenty of room in a canoe for dry bags. After recovering most of the equipment and changing to dry clothing we continued to pick bridge. Even on easy floats there is always the possibility of swimming in cold water. It is best to "Be Prepared" as we learned in Scouts.

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should be banned from forest service campgrounds. After nearly a week without motorized sound and only gas stoves making non-natural sounds, I've come to again appreciate the peacefulness of rivers and beaches. Grrrr.

Back to the Yampa and better days. The reasons I embark on trips like this are for the scenery, occasional exciting whitewater, and group camaraderie. There are other reasons, but these are enough. Words alone cannot describe the sheer white cliffs, hoodoos, desert varnish, sandy beaches with accompanying swimming holes, fantastically preserved pictographs, shady campsites, and nearly perfect water temperatures. Our list of wildlife encountered included deer, bighorn sheep, mice, a skunk (friendly we think), bull snakes, crawdads, catfish, falcons, herons, and vultures. The reader will note the absence of mosquitoes in this report. We did encounter a portion of one camp with an ant infestation, but that was easily remedied by moving 20 yards away.

For the most part, the portion of the Yampa we paddled was flat water broken up by many miles of class I riffles. Occasionally, there would be an unnamed rapid to gain our attention and even a named rapid or two to elevate our pulse rates. At the flows we had, many of the named rapids (Tepee, Little Joe, Big Joe) were fairly easy to negotiate and were uneventful. The largest rapid on the Yampa (Warm Springs) easily gained the respect it deserves from our hardy crew. Several of us took a poll and decided it was a good solid class III at this level. A fairly straight run through rocky water and a power move to the right at the end to avoid an enormous hole ensured success and safe runs for all. It was easy to

imagine that, at higher flows, Warm Springs would be a long, large, and unforgiving stretch of water with enormous waves and holes to be avoided. A class IV for sure.

Our small group of 11 boaters got along famously from my point of view. One tandem boater, Jeanne, saw fit to pack a small Martin guitar for this trip. I believe that this effort did more to unite the group than could be imagined. Jeanne and Eric did a fine job of playing and harmonizing on many a classic folk song. They are excellent at finger picking. Once in a while, after a beer or two and when I thought others weren't looking or listening, I managed to torture the guitar and campers by strumming and caterwauling through some favorite tunes of mine. At least I didn't get booed off the beaches or out of camp. [Ed note: Greg's too nice to me here, and you should hear him do Neil Young or Peacemaker songs!] Perhaps the listeners were too busy stargazing on the moonless and cloudless nights. The stargazing highlight for me was on the final night when the space shuttle passed overhead and was easily the most brilliant item in the sky.

Although I've only described small portions of our trip, there is much more to tell. I will leave the rest of the description to published river guides and manuals. Hopefully, I've whetted your appetite to go see

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Overlook photo by Greg



Muddy Creek: A Paddle Through a Slot Canyon

by Eric Hermann

Utah responded to this year's healthy rains by adding an unusual ingredient to its rivers—water. So, when kayaker Barry Golub called to suggest we run Muddy Creek, you can guess my response. “Huh? Muddy Creek...

Turns out Muddy Creek should be called Miracle Creek. It loops and hairpins through about 60 miles of the San Rafael Swell, about 30 miles southwest of Green River, Utah. As the San Rafael swelled, Muddy hewed its ribbon course down, down, down into the rock. Today, when it runs—and we hope not violently—it makes for a paddle through a wilderness slot canyon, a stream ten feet wide in places with sheer walls over 200 feet high. As you'd guess, most of the time it is shaded, with dazzling intrusions of sun gilding its walls.

We drove 30 miles of vacant dirt roads, luckily dry, through incredible desert scenery. How could there be water here? Then the road plunges into the canyon, and there in the sudden green belt, the Muddy! A small campground and a dirt ramp into the stream, 16 feet across and knee deep, and so cool. Barry's friends, Beth and Shannon would arrive that afternoon and shuttle my 4Runner another 30 miles of road to our take-out, 18 miles downstream.



Maybe three miles put us into the upper slot, 20 feet wide, and barely enough water. In fact, at maybe 200 cfs, we scraped and pushed off rocks about every 50 feet—more for Barry's kayak, which ran deeper. I quickly switched to my extra paddle, four feet long for these shallows and constant poling.

What a marvel! Deep in golden stone, with maybe 40 yards visible ahead, before the next twist, with class 1 water splashing along, the sky a thin band of blue. Of course, any glimpse of the building thunderheads upstream north brought apprehension: A flash flood here would be a final surf. I eyed

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(Continued from page 13)

the walls for handholds, wondering how fast I could scramble up ten or fifteen feet. When we heard a roar, would there even be time?

Midday brought a break-out from the first slot and a real rapid, about a ten-foot drop over some 30 yards, with one three-foot waterfall. A class two rock-bounce, easily a three if it had water!

Then we slid into the second, the tighter slot, I believe in Navajo sandstone. Houselights went dim to dark, even, then curtains of red and gold beamed down, wavering in the reflections. This lasted some three miles of constant wonder. Then a grim reminder: a logjam from a flash flood, about a ton of jammed wood. Except, get this: It hung about 20 feet over our head. Yes, it did give pause!

The 18 miles grew on us, increasingly weary from grunting boats over rocks. My Esquif Detonator grew lighter as it lost paint! Long miles began the typical discussion: "Where's that take-out?" "Around the next bend, I'm sure." Next bends kept bending into the evening. "What kind of bivy gear do you have?" "Not sure I have matches, but some warm clothes and a hat—tolerable for a 50-degree night." Then the biggest fear: If we paddled past the take-out, which we had never seen, not doing our own shuttle, we would have ten to 40 miles of total wilderness to paddle to the Dirty Devil River. Oh, my!

Then came a canyon I was quite sure was on the map, indicating another mile or so. Barry was ready to camp, then that mile grew to two. Then came a stake by the BLM indicating a Wilderness Study Boundary. "Aha! Here is a corner of that area

where it crosses the creek on my map. We are within a mile!" Then came more fatigue, and mysteriously, another boundary stake.

"Let's camp," he said. Whenever I could push off rocks, Barry had needed to lift off; his shoulders were played out. I made a deal: I would paddle around the next bend, about a half mile. If I found the take-out, I'd blast on my whistle: "Come on down!" If not, I'd hike back up and we'd camp. Yes, I had matches in an emergency kit. When I rounded the bend, then went even farther, there came a yell. Yes, it was Beth and Shannon, waving from a hill. My whistle blasts were jubilant and our camp there was luxurious!

What trip of incredible beauty, with good strong lessons about wilderness paddling!





(Continued from page 12)

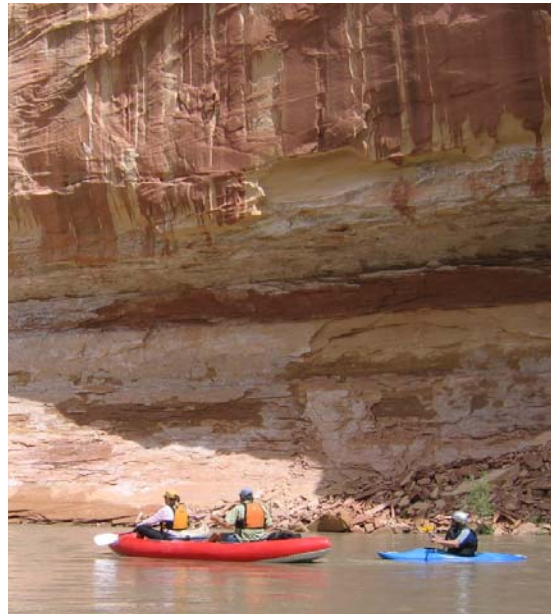
this magnificent place for yourself. The Yampa canyon through Dinosaur National Monument is, for its scenery and camping, my favorite canyon trip. So far.

Desert bighorns on the Yampa

The San Rafael, Utah

A quick report: The day after doing the Muddy, Barry and I joined Beth and Shannon to run the San Rafael, with its rare 400 cfs, for 16 miles. I really recommend this trip!

The San Rafael also down-cut the Swell, and its canyon scenery is splendid! Walls tower 400 feet in places. The river is a steady class 1, with a bit of class 2, a few strainers and one class 2+ rapid near the end. A wonderful stretch for a canoe, or, like Beth and Shannon—and Piper the Pooch—an inflatable canoe.



The take-out is north of I-70, about 25 miles west of Green River, then about 20 miles of easy dirt road north, at a nice BLM campground. I think there is water, but it's worth checking. From there, it's about 18 miles by road, north then southwest to the put-in, at a smaller, more primitive campground—more mosquitoes than facilities. You slip n' squeeze through the willows, then start down through dirt banks—and willows—for about three miles and the canyon walls grow around you. Then beauty takes over.

There are a handful of camps—no permit, first-come basis—along the way. Karen Roth and friend Mark camped overnight a week later, and really enjoyed some terrific side hikes.

This river usually runs in April into May. But watch the gauge (go to eddyflower.com and choose Utah) for longer seasons in wet years!

Flotilla: Club Officers

President	Will Golson	970 207 0101
Vice President	Mike Koliha	970 226 0426
Trip Coordinator	Roger Faaborg	970-269-4182
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Webmaster	Will Golson	
Past President	Debbie Hinde	970-669-6247

Classifieds

Tandem kayak: a Prestige Carolina II, 17 1/2 ft. long, 84 lbs, easy access cockpits, footrests - rear footrests control the rudder, 2 holds. Price: \$800.

Also have a new/never worn wet-suit for sale (original price \$99.95 + tax).

It's a black SCUBAPRO, .5MM, XL. \$40.00.

If interested, call Nan at 221-5068.

Atom C-1 for sale: call Darrin Goodman, 556-3719

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