



WATERLINES



Newsletter of Poudre Paddlers

July, 2010

February Goes South: Costa Rica in February

by Debbie Hathaway

Pablo was our guide, a capable but reticent 26-year old. I listened carefully to his words, spoken with a strong Spanish accent: “Is difficult, big waves, we go left, right, left, then middle right, then left, right... got that? Watch out; OK, follow me.” We’d nod our heads and off we’d go.... A Class 3+, just minutes into our start for the morning, followed by a few more Class 3’s, a brief 2, and some more 3’s, 3+, 3+, more, and more. If there was a feature of note, he might add, “be careful... try to hang on” or something of the sort. So I learned a new skill.... one had to think beyond reading the river, it was important to learn how to read Pablo!

We paddled 6 consecutive days through jungle, coffee and sugar cane fields, past waterfalls, along the east flank dropping from the volcanic mountainous area near Turrialba, on rivers flowing to the Atlantic. We ran the Pejibaye Taos Section, the Sarapiqui from La Virgen to

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Boaters on the Pacuare, Costa Rica
Photo by Costa Rica Rios

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Chilamate, the Upper Upper Pacuare and a 2-day run on the Lower Pacuare from San Martin to Siquirres, overnighing in a jungle camp. (One day had us scheduled for the Reventazon for some “big Class IV water,” but we had to skip it for a re-run on the Sarapiqui due to the guides’ concern that we needed more practice on a technical reach before running the Upper Upper Pacuare.) The reaches were 50-100 feet per mile gradient and we usually ran 7 to 10 miles in a day.

February is usually a good month, on the tail end of the runoff season but still with plenty of water. But we found ourselves in a low-water year, so most of the “easier” runs were too bony --- we ran what could be run, usually the Class 3-4 sections, on the creek side, but with plenty of fast water, holes and features. And, lots of rocks and debris bars to negotiate.

There were only four of us on this trip, “Week of Rivers,” offered by Costa Rica Rios, plus our two guides and a videographer. Luckily, we were close enough in ability that we could be a “group” – although after a few days of this, I wouldn’t have minded there being two groups, one “easy” and one “hard” because we seemed to be doing mostly the hard sections, and I discovered that what might not be so hard one day, gets harder after a few days (imagine doing Shoshone, or Bridges, 3 or 4 times in a day, 5 days in a row). I would have taken a day off mid-week for a butterfly tour or a soak in a hot spring had it been offered; as it was, I opted to co-paddle a 2-person mini-cat inflatable on our 6th and last day for the Class IV Huecas Canyon run, being wrung out after 5 days of kayaking and wanting to relax and enjoy some views.

Despite that the trip was a step up for me; I had

a lot of fun experiencing a new setting. The rivers, topography and watersheds had a different personality than what we see in the Rocky Mountains -- very small watersheds generate a high volume of flow which creates young river characteristics (i.e., large bed material – big rocks where we don’t typically see them in our rivers). On the plus side, the water was relatively warm; nice!

I learned a few things, most importantly, bring a full face helmet for creek rivers that you’ve never seen before. I experienced significant face plants on super-sized river cobbles on Day 1 and Day 4, collecting battle scars including golf-ball-size bruises on eyebrow and cheekbone, a bloody nose, a black eye and a fat lip. When I returned home for a routine dental visit, I found out that I don’t have to worry about gnashing my teeth in my sleep anymore because the rub spots no longer align. I also found out that I had a broken nose; but nothing serious, in fact, I have improved the flow-through in my right sinus.

Looking forward, I’d like to return for another week on these rivers. The guides were great (and handy with first-aid), the rivers were diverse, and, the food was home-cooked, tasty and hearty. Staying just off the plaza in Turrialba offered a chance to wander the town at night, observe the local social scene, and stroll out for early morning pastries and a newspaper. All in all, I’d have to say it was a week worth repeating --- that is, with my new Darth-Vader style full-face helmet!

Logistics: This outfitter had a huge selection of kayaks and whitewater canoes. Unless you are very particular, you proba-

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bly don't need to bring your boat. Taking this trip costs around \$1800 for everything, including gear, guides, food, lodging, transport, etc, and less if you share a room with a friend. The flight down can be acquired very inexpensively and you can get there easily in a day. Other than the Week of Rivers, sev-

eral weeks are set aside for whitewater canoes and charity trips, i.e., Idaho Rivers takes a week each February with a combination of kayaks, canoes, duckies and cats (plus lots of cerveza and a day off mid-week for canopy touring).

Diary of a Beginning Paddler

By Lynn Stutheit

What was it that attracted me to flat water kayaking at the age of 52? Prior to my ever increasing passion to try the sport, I was one of those people who looked at the tiny Dutch shoe-like boats that appear more suited to be a large bathtub toy than a human floatation device, as a form of torture on water. My immediate response was, "Yikes, I would be claustrophobic in that thing." and, "I could only get out if someone yanked me by my arms and scooted me around in circles like a strangely shaped top as I screamed and experienced the trauma like that of a Clydesdale horse with both back hooves caught in feed buckets while horse flies attacked her body. " Then, I attended a kayak demo at City Park. This is where I met Big Blue Bertha. Yes, this beast allowed me to plop my not so dainty hips and fanny and aging knees into place with little trouble. More importantly, I could actually get out of Big Blue Bertha on my own! Of course, she was not a sleek river runner, but my goal was just to give the sport a try on flat water.

Then, I fell in love. I became one with the City Park geese and even the rather stagnant City Park water. I loved the feeling of sitting

on the water and being an up-close observer in the middle of it all. It was like people-watching, but on the water. This experience led me to become one with other geese and birds at various lakes in town. One with the heron at the rookery of Lone Tree, one with the playful diving birds at Douglas, one with the pelican on Warren Lake. I discovered secret coves and inlets where many other kinds of birds and frogs sang and lived. I discovered the hiding place for fish. These were inlets where only I and my quiet transport could go...away from the loud music on shore and away from the blasting motor boats—the engine noise, the gasoline smell. The birds, I discovered, were unbothered by my presence. They almost seemed to sense that I was not a threat, rather a friendly and appreciative observer who had been given an exclusive invite to attend their little outdoor nature party. There, among them, I just floated in the cool evening, listened and watched as the sun lowered water and splashed the sky with pink and cast golden shadows on bushes and water around me.

Perhaps it is the combination of exercise, outdoors, nature, and being on water that cradles and rocks me, that makes this sport

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contagious. Whatever it is, I have moved from that short paddle in City Park to longer paddles in larger lakes and reservoirs. Moved to coves less traveled where I can bank the yak in order to take a break and a spontaneous and refreshing swim in the cold water whenever I want.

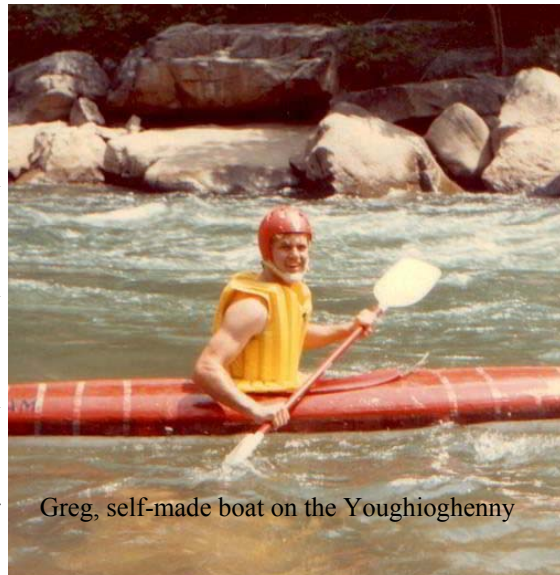
Today, I experience sore arms and shoulders from a really long paddle at Horsetooth. I smile at the memories of this beautiful day during which I conversed with a friend, shared lunch on shore where we had a view of Arthur's Rock, glided by red cliffs and left

the worries of the world where and when we launched. Now, I am a convert, who is still learning some basics of the sport, like the little rings on the paddles are not to remind you that your hands are slipping down too far, but to keep the water from dripping on them. Despite my admitted ignorance I am quite blissfully engaging in this sport. Each time I launch from the bank into the water I realize that an irrepressible smile takes over my face and I am a convert in search of the next exclusive nature party.

I Remember Like It Was Yesterday: An experienced kayaker Reminisces the Fiberglass Era.

By Greg Brigham

My version of 1984 is slightly different than George Orwell's. A long time ago, in states very far from Colorado, I had, quite possibly, my greatest boating year ever. At that point in my life, I had just graduated from Fort Lewis College and was armed for life with a degree and a brand new and reliable kayak roll on both sides. I worked at my steady summer gig at the local amusement park in Cincinnati where I helped operate the newest roller coaster in the park. My schedule allowed me to have three and four day weekends if I was creative enough. In May, I reconnected with the whitewater paddling faction of the local Sierra Club group. Through them, I was able to schedule a full and varied boating itinerary complete with long hot road trips in less than reliable vehicles, cold mid-winter trips on rain-swollen creeks, mid-week boat repairs, and full immersion into southern boating culture.



Greg, self-made boat on the Youghiogheny

At this point in boating history, tupperware (plastic) kayaks were in the beginning stages of design and popularity. I had Big Red, a red and white fiberglass boat that my dad had built sometime in the mid-1970s using the latest and greatest vacuum bagging technique. Big Red was 13 feet long, very light, and as fragile as eggshells (as I was to find out). On

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the positive side of things, Big Red was the same model I'd learned to roll in at Fort Lewis and I now had a Romer helmet, a Norse paddle, and a real (not orange) PFD. I was moving up in the whitewater fashion wars.

My adventures began on Memorial Day weekend in West Virginia on the New River. Getting to the river and back home in the VW van proved to be the most problematic chore that weekend. I did find out that my new and old "friends" didn't seem to appreciate the physical benefits of pushing a fully loaded van to get it clutch-started. The boating, on the other hand, was fantastic. After two days on the Class II+ upper section of the New, which was big and bouncy, my confidence rose to the point where I thought I'd try side surfing. It was a short experience. I remember it like it was yesterday: I went into the hole, got sideways, flipped in the froth, washed out of the hole, scraped my PFD on whatever was on the bottom of the river, and rolled. Total time elapsed, maybe five seconds. "All right!" "Let's get some more!" and "Go for it!" were the phrases of the day. We were very careful to try and follow William Nealy's advice that "Real kayakers don't ever say 'Wee!'" and we didn't want to be "Dorks from Ohio".

On Memorial Day, we decided to check out Fayette Station Rapid underneath the New River Gorge Bridge (it's a very famous bridge). Lo and behold, some of us thought we could run the rapid. So, we did. Using 1984 standards, Fayette Station was considered (by us) to be a class IV rapid. Nervousness took hold. A practice roll was missed (by me), thereby increasing the personal pucker factor. This was a seminal moment for me. I have since learned to recognize the feelings of anxiety and have learned to deal with them. Are you, the reader, assuming that I deal with anxiety well? You'd be incorrect in your assumption. I still can't spit, talk, or pee before a big rapid. However, I do hit my practice rolls in the eddies above the rapids. Anyway, I headed down the left side of a very large vee, got hit by the first and second waves, had a tremendous left-side brace, and manage to scoot through the wave train and into the eddy.

A couple of weeks later, after reinforcing my boat with more layers of fiberglass in strategic spots, we all headed to Ohiopyle, Pennsylvania to paddle the Youghiogheny River (The "Yock") below the falls. I'm not exactly sure how we got all the boats safely loaded on the car for the five-hour trip, but we did. Ahh, the comfort of a mid-70s coupe. No, we did not have air conditioning in our vehicle. The Yock. I was familiar with the run due to a couple of commercial raft trips in previous years with my friend Mark (now a kayaker) and our brothers. It was glorious to be able to eddy hop and explore new routes through familiar territory with Mark. Have I mentioned that my boat was fragile? Duct tape became an important ingredient in my boating success for the first time on this weekend. There I was, minding my own business in an eddy, and whammo! One of them there newfangled Perception boats (a Mirage, as I recall) ran right into the side of my boat at my hip. Craaaack!

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Or crunch, you decide. Neat. Well, that took some of the luster off of my formerly river-worthy boat. Now, I had a huge red boat that leaked like a sieve. Except for the fact that sieves are supposed to leak and my boat wasn't, everything was fine. Good times. Good times. Love that duct tape. Sunburns all around. Back to the garage for boat repairs. Several more pounds of fiberglass and resin would surely toughen Big Red for the trips ahead.

July 4th weekend brought about a long trip to Georgia and Tennessee for trips on the Chattooga, Hiwassee, and Ocoee Rivers. First up, Section III of the Chattooga, where they filmed parts of the movie *Deliverance*. You know all about it: Big whitewater, big rocks, big fun, big rednecks. Oh, don't forget about the river corridor being absolutely breathtakingly beautiful. Clear water, bright sunshine, rhododendron in bloom, oddly slanted rocks, narrow canyons, and waterfalls falling right into the river. At the end of Section III is a big drop. BIG!!! Bull Sluice (used to be a class V) is the rapid's name. William Nealy, as I recall, describes the upper portion of the rapid as a nice class III with nasty consequences if you get in trouble (*Whitewater Home Companion I*). Well, the nasty consequences equate to a 10-foot double drop with undercut rocks and potholes to nowhere. An enormous hole on river right tends to do mean, nasty, horrible, and ugly things to a kayak (not to forget the poor soul in the boat) as I witnessed first-hand from shore. There was no river left run at this level. Prudent people on this trip made a nice easy portage river right. Not being one of these people (a 22 year old male who ran every rapid), I decided that I would run the drop differently by dropping off the diagonal ledge just to the left of the hole and skirt Decapitation Rock (a massive undercut) just to the right. With the correct line and momentum, it looked doable (with a closer brush with the aforementioned consequences). After deciding to run the rapid and making it through the upper section, I sat in the safety of the very

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big calm eddy on river left. I'm not sure how long I sat in the eddy, but it was probably a long time. Then it was go time. I paddled out of the eddy. I paddled back in. I sat in the eddy some more. Then, with the encouragement from my "buddies", I paddled out past the point of no return, hit the line perfectly and it was all over in less than 10 seconds. I distinctly remember one of my "pals" yelling something like "Oh, that's a different line" and "Do you know how close you came to ..."). Anyway, celebrations abounded in the giant pool below the rapid. After a night of revelry at camp, it was decided that we'd head up to Tennessee to run the Hiwassee, a nice class II jaunt with very cold dam release water, on one day and then the Ocoee for those who were feeling up to the challenge.

Well, readers, I'm up against my editor's deadline and I seem to have exceeded my personal page limit. I'll have to convey the rest of 1984 to you in later *Waterlines*. Oh, the tales I'll tell about the places I've been (apologies to Dr. Seuss).

The Stop Sign: Paddle Signal Stops Boaters When Lead Boater Sees Trouble Ahead

By Richard Ferguson

Most of us know the three standard paddle signals, point to river left to tell other paddlers to go left, point to river right to tell other paddlers to go right, or hold your paddle high horizontally in both hands for "Stop". But have you ever stopped to think about when you might use the stop signal?

On a recent paddle trip, I happened to be some distance in front, and was going around an island in the river left channel. As I was approaching the end of the island, I went around a corner and saw a tree overhanging the river on river left, just below the island. I dove for the island, which almost stopped the boat and pointed the boat upstream, and then considered my options. I figured that if I let myself drift backwards to the end of the island, I could do a hard ferry and avoid the tree. This worked, with a little stress, since the current was fast. But

then I realized that this was a hazard to the three boats following me. I got out of my boat, and held my paddle to river right, hoping that they would take the river right channel. The other three boats saw my signal. Unfortunately, only one of the three boats took the river right channel; the other boats were past the end of the island, so were naturally reluctant to work upstream to get to the right channel. As the two boats in the river left channel approached, I continued to point to river right, figuring that these other two boats, being forewarned, could make the same move that I did. The first boat was unable to avoid the tree, but slipped between the branches, and came out the other side right side up. The second boat hit the tree and flipped; the boat and paddler continued downstream. This started a rescue effort to help the paddler and catch the boat.

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Let's think about this story for a minute. At some level, I did what I was supposed to do; I signaled that the other boats should go river right, giving them some warning. But it did not work; the two boats following me were not able to duplicate my move, and were swept into the tree. Using 20-20 hindsight, I should have held up the stop sign. I certainly knew what the stop signal was, but somehow did not judge this hazard meriting a stop. Did the fact that I had never used the stop sign before cause me to not consider it? Did the fact that I rarely see the stop sign used get me out of the stop mindset? Did the fact that the other two paddlers were more

experienced than I play a role in my decision?

I made it without having advance warning, why couldn't they make it with advance warning? But that isn't good enough. I should have held up the stop sign, since there was a significant hidden hazard associated with the left channel. Luckily, the consequences were not serious, except for one paddler being shook up.

I will be a lot more likely to hold up the stop sign in the future. Low head dams? Stop. Trees sweeping the river that are not easy to avoid? Stop. A big rapid that merits scouting? Stop. Any hidden hazard, s t o p .

Six-Mile Gap to Treasure Island on the North Platte River: Ideal Flow, Ideal Weather Grace this Beautiful Run

Text and photos by Roger Faaborg

Ken Bauer again hosted a great float on the upper North Platte in Wyoming. I think this was his 25th year hosting this float. We started a few weeks later because of all the big water around. Parts of the North Platte hit all time record highs for flow rate. We floated on July 25th, 26th and 27th, going about 38 miles. The upper flow was around 1000 cfs, which is a very good level. The participants were Ken Bauer, Douglas Kretzman and his son Christopher, Peter Christnac, Janet Mallory, and Roger Faaborg.

The weather this time was almost perfect. It didn't rain or snow Friday morning, and we didn't have to dress like scuba divers.

The first stretch is from Six Mile Gap campground to Deadwater South Campground. The putin is a long trail down to the river and since it is a wilderness area, no wheels are allowed. We carry our boats and then take several more trips to carry all the camping gear. This first stretch has a lot of rocks to avoid, but it is not difficult whitewater. The thing that makes it hard is the boats are fully loaded and don't respond like an empty boat. Deadwater

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South is a beautiful campground with some rocks in the river.

Saturday morning we left Deadwater and soon got to Douglas Rapids. There is a big eddy on top of Douglas Rapids and a nice trail that follows the rapids. You can easily scout the entire rapids. We did this and decided that center and right of center was pretty much all it took. You just avoid the rocks. Everyone did great and we headed towards Bennett Peak. On the way to the next campground we were reminded that we were in Wyoming. The wind came up and practically rolled my canoe. Then it turned stormy. We continued to paddle as the lightning flashed and the rain turned to hail. I am often kidded about wearing my helmet when there is no whitewater, but the helmet protects you from hail very nicely. I wish I had a picture of the river with the hail bouncing off my floatation bags, but I wasn't about to bother with a camera. We got to camp, built a big fire, warmed up and it rained again. Then it cleared off so we could hike the rocks and look down at the river. It is a great campground.

Fishing was very good. Ken and Douglas fished at each camp and along the float. We also saw a lot of rafts on this stretch. I guess it was the first nice weekend they had and everyone

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went fishing. I actually saw four fish caught while floating past the rafts.

On Sunday we floated out. We passed one large Bald Eagle who seemed unconcerned of our presence. The lower river was larger than normal as the creeks flowing in were brim full. We made excellent time from Bennett Peak to Treasure Island. The lower flow rate as about 5000 cfs. After unloading, we hit the hot springs, which I think are too hot, and then went for burgers and malts at Stumpy's in Saratoga. A nice ending to a great trip.



Doug and Christopher
Kretzman in Douglas
Rapid



Roger that
for Roger
Faaborg



Deadwater South on 6-Mile: One of Editor's Favorite Camps. Full of thrush song!

Play Water Proposed for Lions Park in Laporte:

Story copied from Rock Report website to encourage Club support!

What we might get is ...

Video: What is a Whitewater Park?

Two or three kayakable features, good from mid-April to mid-September (down to 100-200 cfs), in a park setting along 300-700 yards of the Cache La Poudre River, with eddies, current and access, integrated with improved fish habitat and fishing access. To meet the desires of both the paddling community and the landowners (the Division

of Wildlife), we are seeking a design that showcases the integration of a whitewater play park with enhanced fish habitat and fishing. Conflicts between these user groups have been a problem in the past, and in the design and implementation of some other parks – we'd like to show how well a win: win can be done.

This is a separate initiative from the play park designed for the Poudre River near

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College Ave (which the City of Fort Collins has on hold, pending further information on the Northern Integrated Supply Plan and who knows what else) – we see these two projects as complementing each other rather than being in competition.

Where is it?

Lions Park, Overland Trail, LaPorte:

Whose land is it?

Lions Park is managed by the Larimer County Open Lands Program. The section of riverbed and banks needed to create a white-water park is mostly owned by the Colorado Division of Wildlife, Rose and James Brinks (who support the idea), Edra E. Wentz (I haven't located them yet) and the City of Fort Collins.

What this site already has, which should keep costs to a minimum ...

- Over 9' of elevation drop
- Public toilets (=changing rooms)
- River access
- Trail access
- Fewer diversions than further downstream
- Riverside seating
- Picnic shelter
- Picnic tables
- Drinking water
- Pathways
- Access to Frisbee golf course
- Colorado Division of Wildlife information board
- Heritage area information
- Trash collection
- Solar-powered air compressor
- Gated parking
- Close proximity to Overland Trail (arterial roadway).

Where are we in the process?

We have had very positive discussions with Larimer County representatives, adjacent landowners and staff at the Colorado Division of Wildlife – we have not hit any major roadblocks yet.

Because the land belongs to the Colorado Division of Wildlife we MUST have DOW approval/support in order to proceed. They will only be able to support the project if it is consistent with their mission – “The mission of the CDOW is to perpetuate the wildlife resources of the state and provide people the opportunity to enjoy them.” So we MUST integrate improved fish habitat and fishing in this proposal – but this has been done before, so this should not be a problem, it's just a matter of addressing the needs of both parties in the design and implementation of the project. It's a great opportunity to show how well it can be done.

What's next? How can you help?

We need letters* of support immediately from EVERYONE who might benefit from this project – preferably in hand by the 22nd July. If you address your correspondence to “Larimer County Open Lands Program” and send us the emails, we will print them out and pass them on to the County. Please send them to us at: laporte-playpark@poudrerockreport.com, or **complete the form below and we will pass on your letter to the County.**

We are presenting the concept to the Larimer County Open Lands Advisory Board on July 22nd. It would be great to have lots of warm bodies to support the proposal. It will be in the Loveland Council Chambers at 500 E 3rd St in

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Loveland from 5-8pm.

We would like:

- Letters of support (see above and below)
- Supporters to attend the Open Land Advisory Board meeting, 22nd July
- Offers of funding, or ideas about how to raise money, again!
- Offers of assistance with all aspects of project
- Offers of expertise
- Offers of donated materials (especially large rocks delivered to the site)

*** Letters of support (ideas to cut and paste)**

- I'm a kayaker and want a whitewater park nearby to be able to hone my skills and have fun
- I'm a fisherman/woman and would enjoy having better access to the river and more fish available to catch
- It would be a useful expansion of the recreational opportunities at Lions Park
- It would be the first of its kind in Larimer County
- It could be a showcase of collaboration between kayaking and fishing interests
- A whitewater park would not only

provide boating opportunities earlier and later than the usual season

- There is nothing like a whitewater park for developing skills, you can practise the same moves over and over on a consistent feature
- Enhancing the diversity of habitats in this stretch of river would add to the opportunities to teach about hydrology, ecology and paddling skills for Cache La Poudre Middle School, and the local rafting/kayaking companies
- With improved river habitat for the fish, there could be more fish and improved fishing
- Its close enough to Fort Collins to visit during lunchtime
- It would provide a nearby place to learn about river safety – having current, waves, holes and eddies, even later into the season
- A whitewater park provides both entertainment and recreational opportunities to those using the Pleasant Valley and Poudre River Trails

Editor's Note: Please visit the website and get behind this idea!

Poudre Paddler Library thanks Contributors!

Bill Whitaker has donated over 50 books and DVDs to the Poudre Paddler Library. Other contributors include Debbie Hathaway, Brad Davidson, Debbie Hinde, Roger Faaborg and Will Golson. Roger is compiling the list and descriptions of the titles. After the library is up and running, Roger will write a full article, with directions for checking things out, and of course...returning them on time!

Letter From da Prez...

Boating season's about half over, and as you are no doubt aware, we have had incredible runoffs along the Front Range, including the Poudre, which roared through the canyon and through town for what seemed like weeks. Now as things are slowing down a bit, I want to take stock of the season so far and trends I see, or do not see, in the club, ask about meeting needs and look ahead for the remainder of the year.



Taking Stock

The whitewater/moving water contingent of the club is thriving. Participation in the Thursday night Poudre river runs has grown significantly over the past couple of years: it is not unusual to have 10—15 boats. Boaters outside the club find us on the web, run with us – and some even join up. Other events are equally well-attended: for example, nine boats on the North St. Vrain recently; weekend class II trips on the North Platte; participation and interest in the class I Tuesday night town runs (despite the extraordinarily high water).

Flatwater activities center around a handful of events, typically on a weekend day: Douglas Lake, Dowdy Lake, the club rodeo in late summer, and an occasional outing on a local reservoir. Tuesday nights on Riverbend Ponds did not draw many flatwater enthusiasts; attendees were mostly whitewater paddlers limbering up for the season.

Although interest in the club's training class offerings has been trending down in recent

years, participation in service activities (cleanups, safety for charity lake swims) has remained strong.

Meeting Your Needs

I believe the club is meeting needs in some areas (whitewater), but am unsure about others (flatwater, training). Maybe there are no significant unmet needs out there. I would like to find out if there are. The Club will survey you all at the end of the season to try to ascertain how well we are doing. In the interim, I certainly welcome hearing from you on this.

What's Ahead

Three more outings on the North Platte are planned: two in July and Glendo-Guernsey in August. Two events are scheduled on the Colorado: the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club's annual rendezvous in late July (Poudre Paddlers are invited) and the Pum-

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phouse-Blue weekend in August.

The rendezvous is a fun weekend (I've done it), featuring paddling on Saturday and Sunday, a Dutch oven cook-off and a pancake breakfast. I urge you to check out the [flyer](#) on the RMCC website and consider attending.

During the week of July 19th, the club will host the Dowdy Lake Paddle and Camp Week. Members are encouraged to come up and camp one or more nights – however this needs to be coordinated with the club host – see the event calendar for details.

The end of August brings the Boater Rodeo on the Union Reservoir in Longmont – a day of food, games, water and sun – a perfect way to enjoy the waning season.

The Horsetooth Open Water Swim is set for August 15th. This is a special event, a fund-raiser for Team Fort Collins, a not-for-profit organization for preventing drug and alcohol abuse within the confines of the Poudre School District. Come out and paddle Horsetooth one Sunday morning for a good cause. More details will follow.

Will Golson

Letter From the Editor

Thanks, Contributors! I hope I did not miss material you sent in. Next, soon-to-come edition will include a Boundary Waters story, an account of a tough day by white-water paddlers at Tunnel Rapid—and lessons learned—an account of the Swiftwater Rescue Class that Will G. arranged for a group of us, and maybe some Town Run and Thursday on the Poudre material.

This is our first online-only edition. As such, I've stopped the magazine format, where I would pack beginnings of stories near the front, and jump them to various later pages. I miss that sorta literary feel in the hand, and I wonder how this appears to you. Silly, maybe to have “continued on page...” headings when it's a bit obvious to go to the next page.

I certainly like the absence of the mailing labels and standing in line at the Post Office for stamps, the folding, mailing, etc. And I like seeing photos in color.

Please send me comments, to ehermann@frii.com. Is there a software program better designed for online newsletters than the Microsoft Publisher I now use? And let me know if I've missed using anything you've sent: 'bout time I clean out and better organize these files!

And, of course, send more, more, more!

Eric Hermann

Flotilla: Poudre Paddler Officers

President	Will Golson	970 207 0101
Vice President	Mike Koliha	970 226 0426
Trip Coordinator	Roger Faaborg	970-269-4182
Newsletter	Eric Hermann	970-482-8339
Instruction	Eric Hermann	
Conservation	Steve Luttmann	970-498-9181
Membership	Deborah Artzer	970-231-0302
Publicity	Randy Knauff	970- 663-4598
Treasurer	Mary Peck	970-484-6309
Webmaster	Will Golson	
Past President	Debbie Hinde	970-669-6247

River Safety Class this coming weekend: See Website for details! So important!

Also, be sure your dues are not overdue...many are!