



# WATERLINES



Newsletter of Poudre Paddlers

January, 2011

## The Gates of Lodore on the Green River

by Steve Luttman

We left Fort Collins the morning of Thursday, September 9. Our route took us up Poudre Canyon, through Walden, Steamboat Springs, and Craig. When we got to Maybell, we knew we were getting close to our put-in at Crook campground in Brown's Park National Wildlife Refuge.

My passenger, Richard Ferguson, held the coveted permit for The Gates of Lodore, our section of the Green River. He had elected to start at Crook to add as many miles as possible to his nearly completed quest to float all the sections of the Green. Shortly after our arrival, we were joined by Tom Hemm and Dave Siversten. Tom had driven from Washington, picking Dave up in Idaho on the way. As we were unpacking Tom's brand new raft, we were joined by Roger Faaborg and Randy Knauff. Will Golson arrived later that evening.

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Sleep, at least mine, was a bit fitful as I replayed the extensive planning we had all undertaken to ensure compliance with the detailed rules of Dinosaur National Monument. Many e-mails had been exchanged as we determined who would bring the required groovers, firepan, fire blanket, etc. Satisfied that we had covered all the bases, my mind turned to the many descriptions I had read of the river itself.



Crook was about eight flat river miles above the Lodore Ranger station and the entrance to Lodore Canyon. Add those to the 44 miles from the Gates to the take-out at Split Mountain, and we had over 50 miles to cover in five days. Fed by dam-controlled flows from Flaming Gorge Reservoir, flows for this trip would fluctuate between 1500 and 2200 cfs each day. Averaging ten miles a day doesn't sound like much until one remembers that the names of many of the rapids on this solid Class III run contain the word "Falls."

Friday morning, as we prepared to launch, I surveyed the fleet. Tom and Dave busily rigged the raft. Roger and Randy loaded their inflatable kayaks, and Richard, Will, and I maneuvered gear into our open canoes. When we were ready, we put the necessary paperwork in the cars and staged them for the shuttle company that would drive them some 135 miles to the take-out.

After a brief stop at the Lodore Ranger Station to finalize our permit, we entered Lodore Canyon. The Gates are an imposing sight, with the canyon walls rising abruptly and giving the impression that one is about to make a serious commitment. Our first camp, Wade & Curtis, lay about 2.5 miles into the Lodore Section. We set up and contemplated a very busy day to come.

On day two, not far below camp, we ran Winnie's Rapid and prepared for Upper and Lower Disaster Falls. Though not really falls, they certainly deserved attention: fast boulder gardens requiring quick maneuvering. I clipped a rock about a third of the way down and didn't manage to turn the boat around until somewhere past the half-way mark. Running the rapid backward wasn't part of my plan, but it worked out all right. Everyone else ran the

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rapid without incident. Still to come were Harp Falls, Triplet Falls, and Hell's Half Mile. We ran the big wave train that was Harp Falls without scouting and then took a bit of time scouting Triplet. From shore, the turn at the end looked very intimidating. Most of the current flowed into a large undercut rock on the outside of the turn. A good left turn was imperative and looked almost impossible from shore. It was easier in reality, but heart rates were elevated, nonetheless. Next was Hell's Half Mile.

We pulled over at river left to scout the rapid. Roger tied his kayak to a tree and the rest of us landed in various locations. Hell's Half Mile began with a narrow channel between big rocks that fed water directly into a huge rock called Lucifer. Looked like a Class IV to me. Most of us decided to portage. Richard wanted to run it, and the raft had little choice. We set up safety for Richard and helped him to shore after the top hole removed him from his boat. Tom and Dave followed in the raft and emerged upright after driving directly over Lucifer. What a sight!

As the rest of us began the work of portaging, Roger walked back to his tied kayak and was promptly attacked by hornets from a nest in the tree to which he had tied his boat. Our first



Richard and Will glide through red quartzite beauty

my packs until I found the head net that I was sure wouldn't be needed on this trip, and, after making sure all my ankle and wrist gaskets were in place, approached from the trail, jumped in the kayak, cut the rope, and paddled out of harm's way. The hornets were not pleased, but were unable to penetrate my river gear. I have often said that scouting is often more hazardous than the rapid in question, but we certainly hadn't anticipated this hazard.

clue was Roger's rapid approach down the trail, with arms flailing. He sustained a number of stings and was understandably reluctant to try again. Will decided to try an approach from the river, intending to sneak up, cut the rope, and tow the inflatable to our location a little downstream. The hornets had other ideas and summarily repulsed his attempt, chasing him to mid-river.

From shore we watched as he vainly tried to paddle and swat hornets at the same time. I rummaged through

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Will and I ferried to river right, thinking that side might be easier for the canoes, and Roger and Randy portaged their kayaks left. While moving our gear, we looked across the river to see a sheep watching Roger and Randy rig their boats. He was close, as if to say, "You guys are intruding on my territory." Randy waved a paddle at him, and he moved uphill a little but continued to watch intently until they launched. By the time Will and I got back on the river, the sun was just above the canyon rim and directly in our eyes. We ran the bottom of the rapid blind, feeling our way between the many rocks that lay ahead. All in all, it was a big day for having traveled only ten river miles, and we were happy to see camp at Rippling Brook.

Day three began with a hike up to Rippling Brook. We then had an easy 12-mile paddle, taking us past Steamboat Rock and the confluence with the Yampa at Echo Park. We camped at Jones Hole #1, just across the Utah border. Day four began with a hike up Jones Creek. This is very scenic side hike and well worth the time. A late start and five miles of easy paddling took us to camp at Big Island.

Our last day on the river promised some lively paddling. The two previous days had scattered rapids that were mostly read & run, but today would be more intense. It would be a 13 - mile day with five named rapids; Warm Springs, Moonshine, S.O.B., Schoolboy, and Inglesby. Each had its own personality and challenge, and by the time we reached the take-out at Split Mountain we had a refreshed respect for the river. All that remained was the bitter-sweet chore of loading up, bidding farewells, and finding our way home.



Dave (submerged) and Tom go over Lucifer, the rock of Hell's Half Mile

# Packin' and Paddlin' the Gunnison Gorge

by Eric Hermann

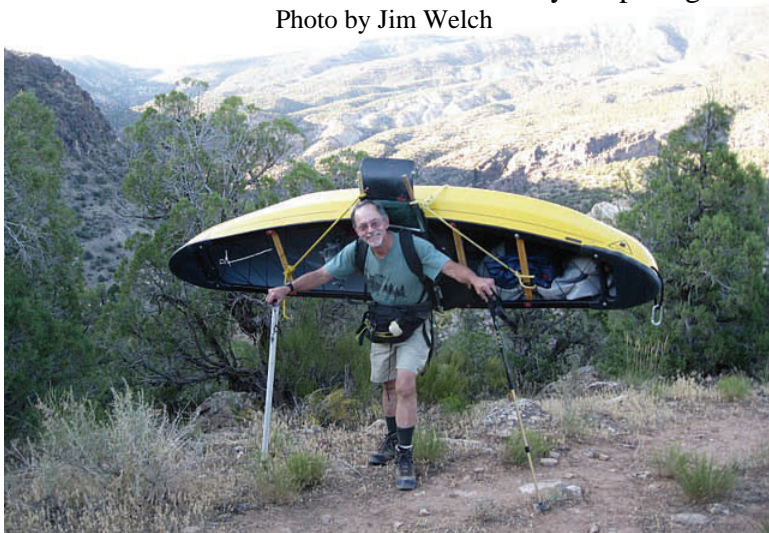
I learned of Gunnison Gorge over a campfire along the Colorado River, when two boaters extolled its virtues as a remote float with good fishing—after a tough trail down from the rim. Only 15 miles of river, but plenty of whitewater action. Then, Gunny Gorge simmered for a few years, its idea heating up when I heard its virtues from the few others who had run it. Some said it was Class 3-minus at most, while others said, “Oh, no—it’s Class 4, with a recommended portage.” Enough already—it was time to go! Luckily, my young “cuz,” Joe Anderson, was psyched, a class 5 kayaker and an EMT as well as a great guy; and friend Jim Welch, whose excitement for the Gorge had much to do with its famous fishing. Jim rented a ducky, or inflatable canoe, for the trip. Great idea: It was much easier to pack in than my 10-foot canoe, and it was very stable and forgiving in some very challenging rapids. This was July 18. Earlier, high water brings higher raft traffic.

Jim and I drove the seven hours to the put-in near Olathe, near Montrose, stopping at the take-out, a resort called Pleasure Park, to confirm our shuttle the next morning—and to hear the owner, Leroy, praise the river’s fishing: “Eight thousand trout per mile,” he said. “You’ll wear your arm out hauling them in—most between 17 and 23 inches!” Our excitement heated.

The weather was hot, too, about 100 degrees as we drove the last two miles to the BLM campsites at the top of the Chukar Trail—barely passable with a Subaru. When the shadows finally fell across the slope, and we had eaten, we lashed our boats on pack frames, my canoe sideways across my back, and started down. Jim’s ducky weighed about 30 lbs, and my Esquif Whitewater Canoe, about 50. Aged sixty-two and arthritic, I went slowly, using hiking poles, often having to turn sideways to fit between junipers and rocks. The trail drops about 500 feet in just over a mile, and its switchbacks are gravelly and easy to walk, though steep—not quite as steep as the trail to the Six-Mile Put-In on the North Platte, but so much longer. I took about an hour, Jim, about 45 minutes. Many boaters pack in with horses for \$85 per load, and there were a few rafts and gear piles at the river for the next day. We re-

Will I make it? Ready for portage.

Photo by Jim Welch





turned to the rim to bring the rest of the load in the morning.

Early next morning Jim left to meet Joe at Pleasure Park 1.5 hrs. away, and to return in Joe's Toyota 4wd with a shuttle driver, who then drove the truck to Pleasure Park. Meanwhile, I packed my gear down the trail and prepped our boats (If you rent a ducky, be sure you learn how the valves work!) and fished, surprisingly, to no avail. At noon Jim and Joe arrived, Joe dragging his kayak full of gear behind him. Again, near a hundred degrees as we packed boats and sunburned. Obviously, we packed very light—super-light tents and bags, and only necessities. We would filter our drinking water. Groups must sign up for campsites on the morning of departure, not before, though commercial rafters were cheating by signing up that they had put on the day before and were staying two nights at a site.

Chukar Rapid sits at the put-in, a 2-plus drop with a three-foot high vee wave, quite fun, then One-Miler Rapid another 2+ or 3- . Before our camp, called Buttermilk, lay about four miles and about three Class 3- rapids. Happily, the gorge walls shaded our camp well before we arrived at 5—after several fishing stops. Very nice camp, with plenty of ants, how-



Chukar Rapid

ever. Great food, great company, but slow fishing, with a few 6-8- inch trout taking our flies.

But oh, the amazing rock in Gunnison Gorge! It is the same “basement rock” that gives the name Black Canyon to the even more remote, Class 5 canyon above. This is dark gray schist, about 1.7 billion years old—the same rock that bottoms the Grand Canyon,

Westwater, and much of Ruby Canyon on the Loma Run. Bands of reddish tan pegmatite had flowed into cracks hundreds of feet long and up to three feet wide—spectacular volcanic art from millions of years later! The rock is extremely slippery, though—as if someone had waxed it. Even felt-soled wading shoes slipped. Much caution needed when scouting or fishing, and a portage would be dangerous. Plenty of plant cover, with abundant box-elder, willow, and single-leaf ash, as well as thick, high grass ticking with grasshoppers.

We boated and fished for another five miles. These short stretches allow for late departures and plenty of fishing, even if just for practice! Several Class 3 rapids before camp—continuous pool-drop water, about like the Poudre’s Bridges run, but far from road and help.

### Fishing Break



Boulder Garden Rapid, just above our camp of the same name, was a solid 3, with kitchen- sized boulders to negotiate—very technical. Wonderful camp there, no ants, and shade by 4. The sky darkened as we fished, even catching a few nice trout, Joe’s brown about two pounds. The storm thundered in as we cooked and ate under a small tarp, enjoying the lightning—plenty of fireworks as rain cooled the canyon. After a jambalaya dinner, it rained lightly into the night—what a symphony of rain on tent and the rush of next, very big rapid just below... waiting!

And, the next morning, there it was indeed! Paddle-Keeper Rapid, a foaming two drops with two-three must-make turns between car-sized boulders, and pin consequences

for badly missed moves. Jim and I took the easier right wave train; Joe sought adventure through several eddies and boils to the left. Then came the biggies: S-Turn Rapid, Cable (class 3-4), Squeeze (4), and about 4 others, in quick pool-drop order. We were told to consider portaging Cable, which we ran with only my boat scout. Squeeze is like Poudre’s Pine Vu with at least a 2 on the Pine Vu rock. Portaging over a slippery 50-foot-high boulder pile would have been more dangerous, though: We had to run. Two more biggies, these just read n’ run since Jim was doing just ducky in the ducky.

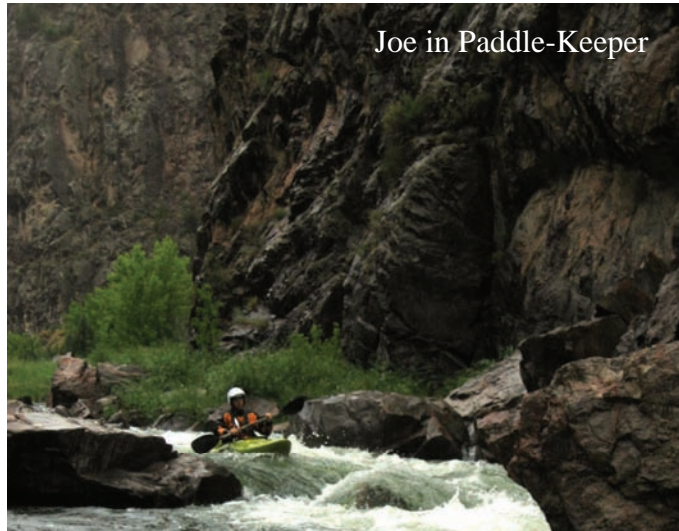
The rock in this inner gorge is very dark, and laced with quarter-inch ribbons of quartz, as well as the bands of pegmatite and of some green layers as well. Rain polished it like museum pieces. At one point I found an entire fly line someone had hooked to the cliff in a back-cast, and I laughed to imagine it buzzing off his reel and his surprise when its weak tie to the reel gave way! Somewhere in that a





lesson, I'm sure.

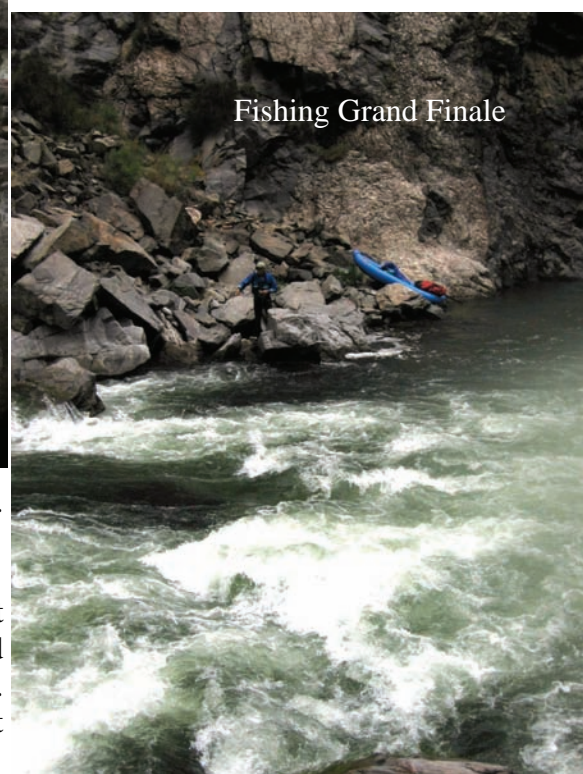
I hadn't meant to entertain Jim and Joe, but landing to scout Grand Finale Rapid (a 3+), I bounced off my landing, and too stiff to leap from my boat, slipped out backwards, broached a rock I never saw, leaned the wrong way (!) and rolled under the boat, kicked free and grabbed a shoreline rock. "Goodbye, Boat"! I yelled, and some other farewell words. Joe set off to rescue the canoe, which seemed to do really well upside down through holes n' drops, without me, but I yelled for him not to risk it until it had



Joe in Paddle-Keeper



Squeeze Rapid, I think



Fishing Grand Finale

passed the rapid. So I portaged, unwillingly. Grand Finale indeed!

Four riffle-filled miles of flat water and flat fishing finished the trip, all of us safe, well-fed and happy, and then happily, a safe ride home. We have to return, of course, for the fishing that was promised us!



# Good Lessons Prepare for Bad Luck

by Eric Hermann

Last June, after some great planning by Will Golson, several Poudre Paddlers took a Swiftwater Rescue Class, taught by Sammer Elias at Golden's River Park. Students were Debbie Hathaway, Brad Davidson, Mike Koliha, Steve Luttmann, Roger Faaborg, Andrea Faudel, Dick Livingston, Will Golson and I.

Most of day one was spent taking notes: rescue philosophy, accident prevention principles like keeping all within the group in view—the lead boater should be able to see the sweep, or tail, boater—and eddy-hopping and scouting. We learned more about throw ropes—rope should come from downstream shoulder of bayer—and practiced knots and anchors. We amused other park-goers as we dragged our cars up over curbs using Z-

drags, which are pulley systems giving 3-to-one mechanical advantage.

Day one practicum involved tethered swimming after victims: how to jump into the water—backwards with arms folded across chest—how to time the jump to best catch the drifting victim; how to approach the victim from behind to avoid being grappled. Then there was the strainer drill, which emphasized how important it is for a swimmer to attack a strainer, climbing it early and super-aggressively.

Assistant Instructor Justin Gilbert was very competent, offering more advice and solid demonstration of rescue moves. We learned how to rescue a foot-trapped victim—a victim who had not known to keep his feet off the bottom in fast water.



Will Golson, Steve Luttmann ready to Z-drag Eric's 4Runner

Day two included the real practicum: The instructors snuck away downstream for a while, then Justin came running back to report a foot-pinned victim and a pinned kayak below. We quickly assumed roles of leader, swimmer and rope-ferry person, removing Sammer from his pretended pin. This took too long, though: The real-life accident would have led to hypothermia. Then we had to unpin the kayak. This worked very well, having a swimmer attach a rope from a Z-drag to remove the boat.

The practicum brought it all home, and made us realize how important

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it is to practice the techniques, the plan-sequence, and the efficient, non-panicky rescue effort—all worked out ahead of time, to face the rush and adrenalin of a real rescue. “It’s one thing to read about what should be done, and another thing to actually get in the water and do it,” said Roger Faaborg. “I thought the class was very useful for anyone who floats rivers.”



Brad Davidson about to “perish” under pvc strainer. “Be super-aggressive very early to climb up or over!” Say Elias and Gilbert

To wade together out to a possible victim, Sammer Elias says, “We’re going to form a human wedge.”





# Scrubbing up along the rivers

by Eric Hermann and Richard Ferguson

What follows, a blend of Richard's and my studies, is quite a full approach. Decide carefully what you would want to carry and adapt these techniques. But do follow environmental ethics. Lay down the rules about washing and caring for scraps with the group before you go. As at home, decide who takes out the garbage! Note that environmental ethics now call for a scrim, or sheet floor for the entire kitchen area.

## Bathing

After paddling all day in the hot sun, the air pumping out of the pfd is not so pristine. Oh, for a bath before gin and tonic time! I must not take this into the sleeping bag! Timing is important for a river bath: Do it soon after arriving in camp, while it's still warm. Skinny-dipping is your decision; I usually wear a bathing suit as layer one on the river anyway—always ready for the plunge. Sometimes, just “river-clean,” no-soap, can be enough. Ethics and laws determine soapy procedures. If the water's not too cold, just dive in, come out waist-deep to scrub and soap up, then dive in again for rinse cycle, scrubbing hair underwater. In cold water I wade in gingerly, soap up very conservatively, then dab icy water with washcloth very noisily.

Always use earth-friendly biodegradable soap. Most folks I know use Dr. Bronner's Castille Soap and run around afterwards smelling like candy canes. Aquatic chemist Ron Crunkilton says to avoid detergents, that most soaps are in fact biodegradable.

Solar Showers are available from most outdoor stores. They are wonderful. I have done very well, though, just turning a dry bag inside-out, filling with water and leaving in the sun. Ooh, what a luxury—a warm bath by dipping a cup or dribbling warm water onto a face cloth.

## And Dishwashing

Someone always disturbs the camp's après-dinner stupor by suggesting dishes should be washed, and there are varying schools of methods and degrees of sterile results. For years I've simply heated up a gallon or two of water, then split it into a soapy wash and a rinse. Step one becomes a good wipe-down with a paper towel. Two and three are wash and rinse, then I'd hang dishes in bushes to dry. In later years, I'd rinse with bleached water before bush-drying.

But most river rats are going with the four-tub method these days. Here it is, as presented in the Dolores River Guidebook. Use four buckets or dish-tubs, all with river water:

Cold water into first and third, hot water and river-friendly soap into second, cold water and liquid bleach (3/4 tsp. to 4 gal. water) in the fourth.

Richard prefers warm water in all tubs: “Warm water works better than cold water.... the sanitizing solution, for example, should be at least 75F. The soapy water and the rinse should ideally be 100F to 120F. Of course, heating a lot of water requires a high output stove and quite a bit of fuel, unless you have a good fire. It is probably best to assign one person to heat

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water while others are eating. That same person could set up and monitor the washing system for cleanliness and temperature.

The process: Scrape scraps into trash bag. (A separate bag holds recyclables.) Scrape remaining particles in tub one—a stiff brush is nice—scrub in tub two, rinse thoroughly in three, since disinfectant won't work over soap scum. Leave at least 20 seconds in four. Place in mesh (onion, etc) bag to dry. Unless the river has very little water, the tubs get emptied into the river, preferably into active or deep water, where it will disperse. Always pour them through a strainer to keep scraps out of the river. Traveling light, I just carry a 16-inch square of nylon screen mesh. If you have very low river flows, empty onto sand or gravel below the high-water mark.

Richard advises pouring on the ground at least 100 feet from the river or creek. River chemist Ron Crunkilton says it's usually best in the river. Pour water from tubs through a strainer. Food scraps from the strainer go into garbage, not into river, where most remain as visible garbage near the beach. People either split the assignment, with a team of two or three each night, or just wash their own dishes. Decide whether cooks should also wash pots n' pans or others must. Be sure utensils are easily identifiable with initials, etc. Reclaim your dishes early in the morning so others can pack the tables or bags holding them.

Check out Richard's system:

"A good way to tear down the system is to first dump the dirty soapy water, then pour the rinse water into the soapy bucket to clean it out before dumping it. Finally, pour the sanitizing solution into the rinse water for a minute, then into the soapy bucket for a minute. This should clean out and sanitize the wash buckets."

Should you use a cloth to dry your hands, pots, or dishes? No, that will tend to contaminate what you just went to so much trouble to clean. It is best to air dry your hands, pots and dishes. The sanitizing solution also is more effective if it is left on the dishes, rather than immediately removed.

Cross-contamination: Raw meat or fish will contaminate knives, cutting boards, and anything else it touches, potentially contaminating vegetables, cheese, or anything else that is uncooked. Be sure to clean and sanitize anything carefully that touches raw meat or fish, especially before using the same tools on vegetables or anything which will not later be thoroughly cooked. One way to reduce these problems is to prepare the vegetables before using these tools on raw meat. Best restaurant practice would be to use color-coded cutting boards and knives, a different color for meat, fish, vegetables, and dairy, but of course that might not work with cooks not familiar with that system. [Try plastic-sheet cutting boards—very light and compact.]

Sometimes the river water is muddy. It is best to let a bucket of water settle for a while, then pour most of the water into another bucket, leaving the sediment. Alum can be used to promote settling—two tablespoons for five gallons of water. (Use less alum if you plan to drink the water).

I have used five-gallon buckets, but they take up a lot of space, and seem larger than necessary. I suggest buckets around 2.5 gallons for smaller groups. I have seen some people who use dishpans instead of buckets, but dishpans almost need to go on a table, and are hard to carry when they are full of water. A handle makes a bucket easier to fill, pour, and carry. Plastic buckets run \$4 to \$6, with metal buckets, in which you can heat water, costing a little more. Collapsible buckets are nice, but run \$15 or more, and are probably harder to clean. Four buckets is the minimum, but five or six is better. Nestled package includes hand and dish soap, bleach, and the hand-wash can.

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So what equipment should you bring?

At least four buckets, five or six is better. 2.5 gallons with bail or handle preferred.

A metal bucket or container to heat water.

A tin can with two or three holes and means to hang it.

Liquid hand soap in a pump dispenser

Liquid dish soap (250ml adequate for short trips with fewer than 10 people)

Household bleach (250ml adequate for short trips with fewer than 10 people)

Strainer to strain out food pieces from water.

Alum to settle out dirt particles from the water.

A tablespoon to measure out soap, bleach, or alum. Two tablespoons to the ounce.

Somewhere, we are crossing into the load rafters carry, so use your judgement. When I travel light, I adapt my regular pots to this. Joe Schmid, Katie Christensen and Debbie Hinde carry nesting plastic dish tubs, light and compact.

**Hand-washing (vitally important. Never touch food without doing so!)** Have soap and purifier at lunch stops—just wash in the river. At camp, here's a clever device,

Bill Ashworth's **camp handwasher** that he uses on overnight trips. Be sure it drains over gravel or bare soil, or, better, drain into bucket to empty into river.

### **Materials:**

Tripod, bucket, bleach, a dipper can made with a string handle and a hole punched in bottom for a water stream, and soap (anti-bacterial in pump-bottle is great).

### **Directions**

1. Fill the bucket with river water (could add drops of bleach) and hang the dipper on tripod or limb.

2. Drop the dipper into the bucket to fill, then hang off the tripod.

3. Wash hands in the stream from the dipper.



# Flatwater Fun on Douglas Lake

Report and photos by Chuck and Regina Connelly

We had 12 people at the Douglas Lake on June 5. It was a gorgeous very hot cloudy day. For a change, there was no big wind to deal with. The BBQ recipe was especially good this year and we all appreciated the cold watermelon and other goodies.

The State Park guy who inspects the boats enjoyed some BBQ also! Everyone took some BBQ home.

Paddling is about relaxation, too!



Sleek and Beautiful!



A mirror-smooth day!



# Kayak Polo Club Provides Great Practice, Fun, Exercise

Editor's Note: Last night I tried kayak polo for the first time, and today, compiling the newsletter, I saw **this e- message came from Chip Cushman, a member of Mountain Kayak Polo:**

For the kayakers in the club-

If you are looking for a fun way to spend a Thursday night and get ready for the upcoming season, you might want to think about kayak polo. You will be ready for spring rivers!

There is a club in Fort Collins that meets every Thursday, 7:45-10 pm, at EPIC for games. No experience is necessary.

**Canoe (or Kayak) Polo** is a team game played in **kayaks** with a **water polo ball** in a rectangle approximately 33 m(100 ft) by 22 m(66 ft) in a swimming pool or lake. Only specialized, padded kayaks are used. The club brings loaners.

A **Canoe Polo team** consists of **five to eight players**. However, only five players from each team can be on the court at any given time, with substitutions allowed at any moment during the match.

Here is a link with more details: <http://mkp.kayakpolo.com/>

If you have questions you can contact MKP or me. (Chip, at [Chip.Cushman@hp.com](mailto:Chip.Cushman@hp.com))

**From Editor Eric:** Years ago Dave Schelly and I took up paddling—he in a kayak and I in a canoe. We were doing Class 2+ and 3- waters about equally. The next season, after he played kayak polo, he had easily tripled his skill level. Finally, I tried it last night, and it was fun and definitely terrific exercise. I'm not a kayaker, which led to comic results: I spent more time trying to get the super-tight skirt attached to the loaner boat (they have several) than I did in the water. Then I found the skinny boat (skinny paddler, rather) very unstable. I wanted to test out my ability to wet-exit. Conveniently, I was quickly upside-down. However, since I roll a canoe fairly well, and have learned to roll kayaks from Greg Brigham and Jim Baro, I found these boats very easy to roll, and never did a wet-exit. I think it was Chip who later said, "That looked like a water ballet, Eric," (He didn't add "comic ballet"—since I capsized about every two minutes—always followed by a sweep roll.

The club welcomes new members, maybe better kayakers than I! They (we?) meet Thursday nights, 7:45-10, at Epic Pool. Boats, masked-helmets, special pfd's and paddles are available on loan. You can come try it before you join.



# The Poudre Paddler Library

Thanks to a large donation from Bill Whitaker, Poudre Paddlers now has a library. On behalf of all the members, I would like to thank Bill for his donation. Will Golson, Debbie Hathaway, Brad Davidson, Debbie Hinde, and Mark Riffe have also donated books. Anything to do with paddling and rivers will be graciously accepted. You can also recommend books that we should add to the library. Just e-mail me at [roger@rff.com](mailto:roger@rff.com).

To see the Library, go to [www.rff.com/poudrepaddlers/library](http://www.rff.com/poudrepaddlers/library). The library is organized into five sections: Epic Journeys, Instructional, Guide Books, and Safety. The library includes books, DVDs, and VHS tapes.

Please look through our collection. If you are familiar with one of the titles, e-mail me a short description of the book or DVD so I can add it to the Web site. The more information we have about each book, the better.

To check out a book, contact me by e-mail. I live in Loveland, but get up to Fort Collins each week in the summer to float the Poudre. Cheers, Roger, Librarian

## Roll Sessions now in session, and swimming's always in!

Roger Faaborg just announced that roll sessions have begun at Mulberry Pool, 4 blocks west of College on Mulberry Street. They run from 6:30 to 8 p.m. on Sundays.

This is another great way to get into shape off-season! Learning to roll a kayak, and especially a canoe, is very challenging. However, there are more benefits: You get into better paddling shape, you can practice other maneuvers (in small space, though), your braces become solid as you try to learn to roll. Kayakers practice rodeo moves as well. Usually someone from the Club is there to help. Canoes should be shorter solo models, though, because space is limited. (And we don't want them saying "no more canoes!".) Sessions are \$8.50 per session. Rocky Mountain Adventures, at 493-4005, hosts them and also provides lessons. Call them to pre-arrange.

Also don't forget that swimming laps is terrific paddling exercise! It strengthens you for the paddling in the boat at the same time it prepares you for out-of-boat experiences. This editor has many of these, and finds swimming practice highly valuable!

## Editor's Apology!

Sorry this is so overdue! No excuses!

## Time to mail in the \$20 dues:

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

# Survey Results Help Club Plan Improvements

by Will Golson

Our survey ( <http://www.poudrepaddlers.org/survey/> ) brought 24 responses, a 21% response rate of our 112 households.

- Well over half were explicitly positive.
- One was disappointed, leaving the Club.
- About a quarter mentioned a need for more flatwater, family, class I, or II outings.
- About three would like to see the website enhanced in various ways
- Two said that news of trips was not timely enough for them to participate
- Some wished more focus on kayaking.

Thanks to those who took the time to help officers improve services of the club.

To enhance the flatwater/class I and class II outings, in the past two years, we've had

monthly outings to local reservoirs and a week-long Dowdy Lake event. Our evening paddles at Riverbend Ponds and Town Runs in April and May brought mostly whitewater boaters, in my observation. In other words, we failed to attract flatwater/I/II enthusiasts.

If you feel an unmet need, please volunteer as event host. If you are new to hosting, you can get help from experienced Club hosts. In particular, feel free to contact any officer.

If I were to have responded to the survey, it would have been overwhelmingly positive. Together with my membership in the RMCC, I have met many boaters, established some

close friendships, and have experienced rather amazing places. But as an officer, I am concerned that club leadership mostly rotates among the same group—and not from lack of trying to recruit others. In my opinion, this burns good people out. And the current leadership, all whitewater boaters is not representative of the club demographically.

We need help and input from the rest of you. Consider volunteering to host an individual event, or organizing a series of recurring events. Or attend an upcoming officers meeting and see how you could become involved. The level of such involvement is up to you, and is deeply appreciated. It will make the club better for us all.

Hope to see you on the water,

- Will Golson  
(ex) President and (current) Webmaster

## Flotilla: Poudre Paddler Officers

President	Mike Koliha	970 226 0426
Vice President	Greg Brigham	970 221 0896
Trip Coordinator	Richard Ferguson	303 499-2871
Newsletter	Eric Hermann	970 482-8339
Instruction	Eric Hermann	
Conservation	Steve Luttmann	970 691-4572
Librarian	Roger Faaborg	970 269-4182
Membership	Randy Knauff	970 667-7150
Treasurer	Mary Peck	970 484-6309
Webmaster	Will Golson	
Past President	Will Golson	970 207-0101