



WATERLINES



Newsletter of Poudre Paddlers

November 2011



Will Goson Photo

Can You Say Owyhee?

by Steve Luttmann

We left Fort Collins about mid-day. Our ultimate paddling destination was Rome. Really! Located in southeastern Oregon, Rome was named for some clay formations that remind one of ruined temples in Rome, Italy. The Rome Cliffs, or "Pillars of Rome" are 100 feet high, five miles long and two miles wide.

The trip was the brainchild of Will Golson, who had proposed the trip in 2010. The beauty of the Wild and Scenic Lower Owyhee River has been compared to Zion, Bryce, and Grand Canyon National Parks. The

(Continued on page 2)

In This Issue:

Owyhee River

High-Water Yampa	p 5
Lodore Canyon	p 10
Boundary/Quetico	p 13
Planning Party	p 16
Dutch Oven cake	p 18
Prez dez Pine Vu	p 19
Brigham off to Ecuador	p 21

Owhyee, an old spelling of Hawaii was named after Hawaiian trappers who disappeared around 1820. It flows from Nevada, north through Oregon, and into Idaho where it joins the Snake River. It is beautiful, remote, and rarely run. Promising Class III+ whitewater and Class VI scenery, the Owyhee runs at boatable levels only briefly in the spring. We missed the window in



Will Golson Photo

2010 and were closely watching the flows this spring. We planned our launch for the 1st of May, but an unusually deep snowpack had the river running at levels as high as 18,000 cfs. Too high, even, for rafts. We rescheduled for the 1st of June. As the date approached, levels had come down to 6,000 cfs. The snowpack was still heavy, however, so there was a possibility that warmer weather might cause another spike.

When we left Fort Collins, the river was at 4,500 cfs. Rangers told us that rafting levels are between 1,000 and 8,000 cfs. No one seemed sure what the upper limit should be for open canoes, but it was said the sweet spot was in the “2s and 3s.” By the time we reached the hotel near Salt Lake City, the river had risen (rapidly) to 6,000 cfs. Should we continue? We had come this far and decided to drive on to Rome the next day, and hope for the best.

Will Golson, Roger Faaborg and I arrived in

Rome in the late afternoon and met up with Tom Hemm and Dave Siversten. We had met Tom and Dave last fall on the Gates of Lodore. Friends of Richard Ferguson, who

sadly could not join us on this trip, they hailed from Seattle and Boise, respectively. Tom brought his NRS raft, and Dave had a TomCat tandem inflatable kayak. Rounding out the fleet was Roger with his Sea Eagle inflatable kayak, Will with an Outrage, and I had my trusty, old-school Genesis, both whitewater canoes.

We made camp at the BLM put-in and drove to Rome Station, where we had a good supper. The owner/waitress knew as much about flows as the rangers and assured us the level, now down to 5,500 cfs, would continue to drop. When we revisited the restaurant for breakfast, sure enough, the flow was “only” 5,000 cfs.

It was a go. For those who would like to follow along, here is a link to a good map: http://www.blm.gov/pgdata/etc/medialib/blm/id/rivers/owyhee_river.Par.63585.File.dat/5MainOwyRi

(Continued on page 3)



Artillery Rapid by Tom Hemm

We made camp at Hikeout (the thought occurred) and talked excitedly about our “easy” first day. As we lounged, out of the rain under Tom’s tarp, I thought, “This is gonna be a hel-luva trip.” I was right!

(Continued from page 2)

[verMaps.pdf](#)

At the put-in we talked with some rafters who had just taken out, after running the Class IV Middle Owyhee. They were a bit shaken and glad to be off the river. Hmmm.

Day One - Promised to be an easy day, 14 miles with three named rapids at miles 11, 12, and 13, and “numerous unnamed riffles.” The water was flat at the start, but the current was fast, and there were many “boils.” There were what seemed like eddy lines everywhere. Hey, I just saw a whirlpool. Time to pay attention! Soon, the river narrowed and became more lively. Several wave trains were followed by Long Sweetwater rapid (III). Wow, that was frisky. Then Upset (III). Whee! Then more big waves. Was that Bulls Eye? No. The “unnamed riffles” were so big, we were counting them as named rapids. Where were we, anyway? Finally, Bulls Eye (IV)! Ok that was bigger.

I should mention that the ratings seemed to describe the rapids from a rafter’s perspective. For example, several were rated as III at lower water. More exposed rocks increase the difficulty for a raft. But at higher water, the waves increase the difficulty for open boats. So, I suppose they are just IIIs.

Day Two - Read it and Weep (III+) and Artillery (III+). Artillery involved a left-hand turn, followed by a huge, hard-to-avoid, wave train. It was the biggest rapid so far, in my opinion, regardless of the rating. We camped at Ryegrass Crossing, mile 24, where there is a nice hot spring.

Day Three - Dog Leg (III) and Whistling Bird (IV). Whistling Bird lay just above camp (mile 31). The left side was an impassable rock garden, and the deeper water rushed along an undercut wall on the right. Had to be far enough right to avoid the snags, but not too far. The wall was scary! All got through upright, and we made camp. Lots of conversation about tomor-



Pillars of Rome, from Wikipedia

(Continued from page 3)

row and the gnarliest rapid of the trip - Montgomery.

Day Four - Rock Trap (III). Aptly named. Then Squeeze (III) was just above Montgomery (IV). While there was good separation between Squeeze and Montgomery, the prospect of a swim and recovery above Montgomery caused me to think Squeeze might not have been named because of the narrowness of the river at that point. Camp was at Exit (mile 35). It was a short mileage day, but a big paddling day.

Day Five - Only 14 miles and three rapids to go. The first was Tanager (III), then Nuisance (IV), and finally Morcum Dam (III).

An old water wheel announced our approach to the take-out at Birch Creek. The weather had been dry for the past few days, so the potentially impassible road out was fine. The stream crossings were easy, and the surface was firm. As we drove out, I played back elements of the trip. We had good weather, plenty of food, a fine group of pad-



Whistling Bird Rapid by Steve Luttmann

dlers and minimal carnage. All-in-all, a great adventure.

Our destination for the evening was Dave's house, near Boise, where we recuperated and prepared for a long drive straight through to Fort Collins the next day. Tom, magically, loaded his raft, frame, cooler, drybox, oars, and all his other gear into a Honda Fit for his trip back to Seattle.

In addition to the paddling, we enjoyed a side hike at Chalk Basin, a hot spring, and various other points of interest, like Pot-

ter's Cave, Pothole Arch, the Weeping Wall, and Devil's tower. I recommend this trip to anyone who craves the thrill of big (by my standards) whitewater, in a remote setting, amidst spectacular scenery. Thanks to Will Golson, for organizing this adventure and to



Chalk Basin by Will Golson

Yampa: This Time High Water

By Greg Brigham

Day One – Deerlodge Park to Anderson Hole Camp – four miles

Anticipation and worry. Two words that sometimes go together well. For weeks the gauge has been topping out—over 30K cfs!

Holy Cow! It's still running at 13K today, July 12! Bonnie Gallagher, trip leader, said the cutoff was going to be at 5K. But that was way back when we were doing self-support. We're raft-supported now. In camp four miles into 72, the anticipation is still buzzing, but the worry has faded a bit.



several pieces of elk horn amuse Cedar, a precocious 7-year old. After a fine dinner we play cards, and Jennifer shares her ukelele with me. Then the rains resume. Dark clouds, yes, but a fine double rainbow arcs the canyon.

View from Signature Cave by Greg Brigham

The first mile or two is pure flat water. As we round the first bend, the scenery changes abruptly from high desert sagebrush to towering walls of red red rock. The river narrows, speeds, becomes riffles and small rapids. Even these are now boisterous and lengthy wave trains—beginning smooth then disintegrating into helter-skelters of sloppiness.

At Anderson Hole Camp a chert-covered beach gleams red, rust, purple, and grey, and

End of Day 2 – at Harding Hole 1 Camp

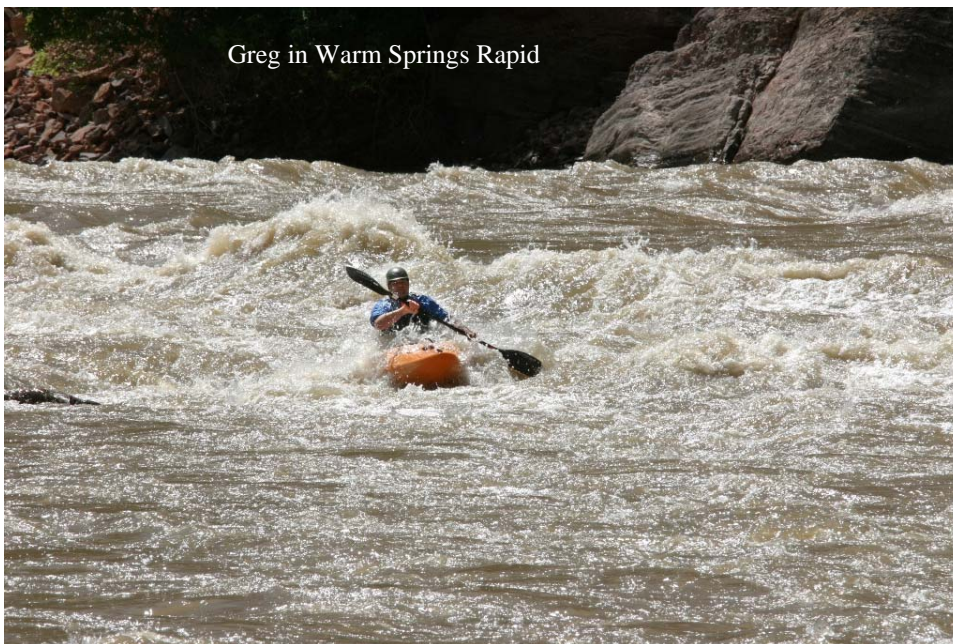
Enjoying a discussion with Doug and Andy, as well as the nectar of the Milwaukee Gods thinking about how lucky I am to have been invited on this trip. Today, the river voiced its power in several named rapids. Comparing the river at 1000 cfs, my last Yampa trip, to today's flows brings major differences. Easily, the most impres-

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

sive feature today was the half-river-wide gaping hole in the entrance to Teepee Rapid. On both trips, Teepee was impressive—at the lower flows dodging rocks and hitting the vees. At this higher level, it was an easy move to the right and a quarter mile of standing waves.

Here in my chair, I am still feeling the ups and downs as I admire the tans and browns of the canyon walls. Earlier, a fierce front created havoc among the sedentary conversationalists, who scurried to secure the tarp. But we enjoyed two rain-induced waterfalls buffeted to and fro as they plummeted to the canyon floor. We oohed and aahed as the sun reappeared to cast new highlights. Within these canyon walls, one feels as if the world is wide open. The possibilities are endless. I am truly enjoying the moment, free to express myself without interruption. By the way, kayaker Jennifer and I have managed a couple of duets on songs we know. How nice it is that her ukulele fits into a drybox.



Greg in Warm Springs Rapid

Rebecca Graham photo

Day 3 – Harding Hole to Laddie 2

Once again, the Yampa has transformed. After yesterday's full day of rapids, it is deceptively placid. Rebecca, who has floated many rivers, indicated that this camp might be her favorite river camp of all. A short paddle brings our first hike of the day, to Signature Cave, with its many graffiti-like names and dates. Back on-river to drift past numerous side canyons with nary a paddle stroke. We find the trail that leads to the Moki Steps, where prehistoric natives climbed the nearly impossible canyon walls. A half-mile downriver, we hike again, up to Mantle Cave with its native storage bins of stone and mud. More leisurely drifting to camp at Laddie 2.

Day 4 – Laddie 2 to Boxelder 3

Being the first to awaken, I am attuned to soft background noises: The river gurgles quietly and several varieties of birds are chattering near camp. Distant noises all, with the exception of ear-level mosquitoes. The canyon brightens from the dull grey of the pre-

dawn to its tans, browns, and reds. Suddenly, I hear a hissing sound near me. Another is awake, and so is a strong desire for tea or coffee. Oh, the blissful constant sound, the consistent and reassuring tones of the Coleman Two-burner. I'm home.

My fourth day on the river will prove or dispel the

(Continued on page 7)

worry: Amid another flat-water scenic day comes Warm Springs Rapid. Oh, what an exception my mind can envision! I've done some homework—Youtube and such—on this Big Drop of the West. Will this be the baddest drop on the planet or will it offer a nice sneak route? Being a worst-case-scenario kind of guy, I like to plan ahead. The maelstrom awaits our folly. Six miles from camp we sincerely and hopefully kiss the Tiger Wall, an enormous sandstone cliff striped with desert varnish.

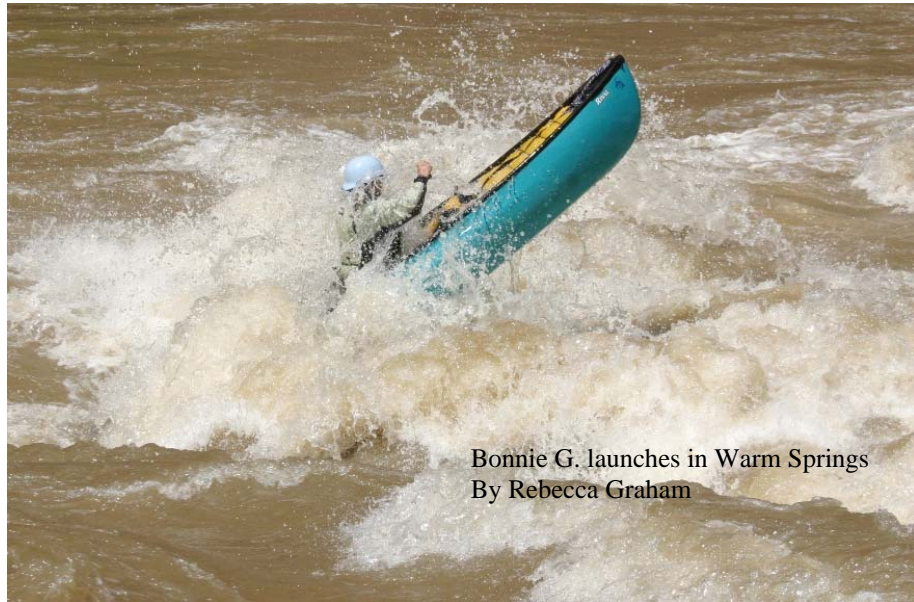
Why? superstition, like leaving an offering on Vulcan's Anvil in the Grand Canyon: Good luck might come from our sincerity and passion between man and rock.

Later, unseen in the quiet water, the demon bellows its presence—about like a jet liner. I adjust my noseplugs, stretch a bit, and decide that a missed practice roll would be bad form.

We scout, of course. I check for trembling. Right hand's ok. Left hand? Not so good. Better get scouting.

The entrance to this beast is not so bad: plenty of water—no dodging rocks or holes. Even the laterals seem punchable. Then the meanest hole of our trip blocks the easy access to a wave train. An eddy on river right, above the hole, seems attainable. From it, we can ferry past the hole to face next obstacle, a river-right drop into a deep, surging wave hole. It sort of looks run-able, and

leads to a very desirable eddy on river right. Not my route of choice however. I chose a river-left line away from the eddy. Being a hundred yards downstream of the



Bonnie G. launches in Warm Springs
By Rebecca Graham

eddy seems ideal for a rescue boater. Finally, river center holds a large, formidable hole that can be missed left or right. Good.

Jennifer and I agree that this route is worthy of greatness and nobility. She disappears around the corner. I angle to the right, paddle with purpose, and smoothly enter the upper eddy. Now for the big move: I set my ferry angle, pass the massive upper hole and then stroke to build momentum to the left. Easy. The temptation to ride the wave train is strong, but prudent Greg aims for the slack water on the left after enjoying two or three waves. The rest of my story is without drama.

However, others have tales that need to be told. Bonnie, our fearless leader, and Mary dub themselves "Sisters of the Swim" (S.O.S.). From our vantage point

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

Bonnie's helmet seems to be making a fine run. Her boat drops into the river-right wave-hole, then leaps skyward. Mary follows Bonnie, but her inflatable kayak prefers hugging—and flipping in—the hole. All we see are helmets, then we hear a whistle. Not a good sign. Anyway, Jennifer rescues Mary, and Bonnie and I enjoy a boat chase through next rapid. Meanwhile, above the drama, the cataraft sails through. So does the worry.

Now, camped in Boxelder 3, we face a sheer 1000-foot cliff across the river and layered walls to the west and downstream. The river is complacent now, silent. A breeze cools our camp, ripples the water's glassy surface, and blows up wafts of sand. Boxelder Camp rocks! A sandy beach leads to shaded campsites. Thus ends another every-day extravaganza of the spectacular.

Day 5 – Boxelder 3 to Jones Hole One

I peer out of my tent's screen door at thin, wispy, and slightly orange clouds dotting the otherwise clear morning. Off to see if the coffee is ready. I'm on vacation. I can have coffee. Not that my senses need any more stimulation. The setting here is quite enough. We put on the river, agreeing to drift silently to the confluence of the Green and Yampa rivers at Echo Park. A good time for drifting, spinning, and reflecting in bliss, but I needed something to yell at the end of our voluntary silence. Got it. I'm set. On we drift. Steamboat Rock in Echo Park appears, marking the end of the Yampa River. I edge the line between the two rivers and touch both simultaneously. Very cool. In fact, the Green is a few degrees cooler than the Yampa.

Two new experiences at Echo Park today: There are petroglyphs/pictographs on Steam-

boat Rock, so stopping was a good decision. The rock art was ok. I've seen better, but it's good to know more about the area. Landing at Echo Park's campground, I feel a mood-kill from its motorized traffic. We hike along the road to more petroglyphs. Yup. Rock Art. Saw it. Let's go. [Editor's consternation] We enter a small alcove under a high wall, pleasantly surprised by a cool breeze emanating from beneath. This is Whispering Cave. A dry cool oasis in the desert.

Back to the boats and into Whirlpool Canyon. I envision John Wesley Powell's thoughts as we witness the faults, folds, and walls of the canyon. After arriving in Jones Hole camp, we head up-trail to play at Ely Creek Falls, the amusement-park attraction of Dinosaur National Monument. It's also called Butt-Dam Falls: A friend with a large posterior plugs the narrow rock channel above the falls, building a lake of maybe 50 gallons, while a victim stands beneath the fall, to be pummeled when his dam friend stands. Laughter ensues. After our stay at the falls, we mosey down to dramatic pictographs along Jones Hole Creek. This Deluge Shelter Site has several scenes of people, local fauna, and abstract mysteries. Apparently, during an excavation of the site, a flash flood came down the creek and all the excavated artifacts and documentation were lost forever. All that remains are the ochre-colored pictographs on the wall.

We talk and enjoy a long night. My thoughts turn towards tomorrow, with rapid named Greasy Pliers (will anyone actually see the plier shapes in the wall?) and Moonshine. Will Moonshine Rapid be the next drama of the whitewater world? I certainly anticipate the big waves, fast current,

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

and unreal scenery that will define our day. Let's hope for a few eddies in Split Mountain Canyon so we can enjoy the views.

Day 6 – Jones Hole 1 to Split Mountain Boat Ramp

A full moon last night, no flashlights needed, and I faded onto an open sleeping bag. The weather has been extraordinary, even miraculous—nights near 60 and highs in the 80s—a far cry from the 100-degree days I'd experienced previously in Dinosaur. Whatever weather there was blew over just as we'd predicted on the first day. As we would learn at the Split Mountain Boat Ramp, we boat Whirlpool Canyon, Island and Rainbow Parks, and the rapids of Split Mountain Canyon on flows of about 10,000 cfs.

Several sloshy miles later we drift into Island Park, which is a wide-open expanse of colorful flatness, a stark contrast to the spires and walls we'd just left behind. Mountains far to the west still show large fields of snow. In low water, paddling through this 3-mile slack is a real effort. No so on this trip, unless one wants to change the view with a simple rudder stroke. Drifting. Drifting. Drifting. My head bobs. My chin angles downward to the cozy place above the zipper on my pfd. Drifting. I slump and snooze, not sure how long. Who knows? I wonder if I snored. I do manage to wake up prior to the Rainbow Park boat launch and a brief stop in the shade.

As we leave the doldrums of Rainbow Park, we immediately enter the dramatic and chaotic Split Mountain Canyon for the last eight miles of our journey. Around the bend, we hear Moonshine Rapid announcing its presence, although not as noisily as Warm Springs. Perhaps this is because of the wider canyons of the Green. We scout the biggest

rapid of the day, Class III in the guidebook. It is totally non-technical with nary a rock to be found midstream. The run for me is hey diddle diddle, right down the middle with a slight move to center left at the bottom to miss some chaos, and to ride some big, big, big waves. Enough looking. Moonshine is anticlimactic. I dive into each trough, reach over the top of the next wave for power and stability, grin with satisfaction as the rapid peters out—and drift again in my now trusted and loved orange beauty of a boat.

Split Mountain Canyon goes by all too fast, its spires, coves, scalloped waves of rock, and white sand beaches to be admired and photographed. However, a boater must pay attention to the river. Amid all the scenery, the Green demands respect. Although the rapids are non-technical and fairly easy to navigate, the water swirls, boils, and pulses in odd directions. There are eddies within eddies and odd currents that appear out of thick water—quite fun if one is alert.

I admit to some melancholy feelings on Day 6 amidst all of the positivity: It's always difficult for me to have a trip come to an end. Navigating a river with seven other lives, each with its own story, is always invigorating. Senses are heightened, feelings rise. As I write these final sentences, my eyes well up. What I have experienced this week has been exciting, dramatic, funny, illuminating, and blissful. A brief reflection finds me thinking about me: These six days have let Greg be Greg at his very best. I want to thank my teammates and newfound friends for allowing me this opportunity to shine.
'Til next time.

Adventures in the Gates of Lodore

By Roger Faaborg

In September, 2010 I was privileged to join a group floating the Green River through Dinosaur National Monument. We started in Brown's Park and floated through the Canyon of Lodore, Echo Park, Whirlpool Canyon, Island Park, Rainbow Park, and Split Mountain Canyon, a total of about 50 miles, doing 10 miles a day for 5 days. The Yampa joins the Green in Echo Park. The canoeists were Will Golson in an Outrage, Steve Luttmann in a Genesis, and Richard Ferguson in an Encore. Randy Knauff paddled an Alaska Series inflatable and I paddled a Sea Eagle inflatable that I borrowed from Dick Livingston. Dave Sivertsen and Tom Hemm were in an NRS raft.

The water flow is controlled by the dam at Flaming Gorge Reservoir. I think the flow depends on the usage of electricity. The flow goes down at night, up in the morning, and then up some more in the afternoon. It is a nice function at the dam. Of course, further downstream, there is a delay, so the river was going up and down with an average flow of about 2200 cfs. The Yampa in September

added only about 400 cfs to this. The Green seemed like a big river compared to the Poudre.

The entry to Lodore is really ominous. I can see why William Powell in 1869 was apprehensive about what he would encounter.

The Green enters Lodore Canyon through giant quartzite "gates"



He lost one boat at Disaster Falls. The Canyon of Lodore is filled with rapids. We scouted the class III rapids and there was always a clear path, except for the start of Hell's Half Mile. It helps to have a big river, but at Lucifer Rock,

the river gets really narrow. There is a pour-over on the left, pour-over on the right, and the tongue heads straight towards Lucifer Rock. We watched two commercial rafts try first. The first one managed to avoid Lucifer by going right. The second didn't quite make it and the stern went up in the air. Richard Ferguson tried in his canoe and the first drop swamped the boat and he swam to shore. Dave and Tom, in a raft, entered the tongue OK, but went straight over Lucifer and into the hole behind it. The bow nose-dived and I thought they were going to flip, but the bow came up and no one fell out. The holes were

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

really big and looked like they may be keepers. If you won't swim it, you shouldn't float it, so the rest of us portaged around Lucifer.

My first adventure was actually when we stopped to scout Hell's Half Mile. I saw Richard tie his boat to a tree and thought that would be a good place to tie my boat. When doing so, I felt a bite on my hand and someone said something about the sand flies being bad. It hurt a lot more than a sand fly, but I was mainly concerned with scouting the rapids. Upon returning, I tried to untie my boat and soon realized that we had tied up to a tree containing a bee's hive. They attacked me, stinging my hands and face and neck. I had a helmet on and they went into the holes on the top., I threw the helmet off and ran. Luckily they didn't follow. After explaining the situation to the others, Will tried approaching the tree from the water in his canoe. He got stung multiple times on his head. Steve Luttmann saved the day by putting on a lot of clothing and a mosquito net over a wide brimmed hat. He was able to get close enough and cut the rope. Steve said it was the first time he had actually used his knife to cut a rope.

The portage was a lot of work. We unloaded the boats and carried them over a ridge. Then we had to pack everything back in. As we were packing, I noticed a Mountain Sheep ram approaching us. It faced us and seemed to say, "This is my area, get out of my way!" I

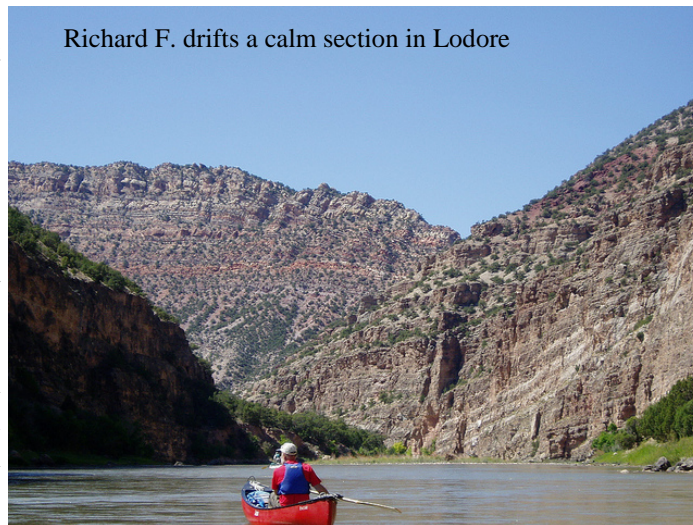
packed faster.

This was the first time I had floated a ducky, the Sea Eagle. Luckily Randy Knauff had a lot of experience in inflatables so I asked him a lot of questions. The morning of the second day on the river, we pumped up our boats to make sure they had enough air. Then we heard a loud pop and Randy's boat jumped about a foot off the ground. He looked at the boat and it was still inflated, but the floor was now lopsided. He couldn't figure out how that was possible. Not sure what to do, we continued down the river. At the next campground, we went for a hike. I knew the boats would be in the sun so I asked Randy about whether we should deflated them a little. He said it would be a good idea, but when Randy deflated his floor, it went limp. He could pump it up, but the air would soon flow out. So before every rapid, Randy was pumping his boat. After every rapid, the canoes were pumping water out of their boats. There were a lot of big waves, so the canoes with electric

pumps got a workout. That evening, we took the inner bladder out of Randy's boat and tried to find the leak. The bladder was round and it should have been oval. The leak was near the valve and it leaked in several places and we

couldn't get to all of them. It appears that

(Continued on page 12)



Richard F. drifts a calm section in Lodore



Richard and Will

equipment sat in the sun for a while on the concrete boat ramp. I changed into clean clothing for the trip back and packed the Jeep. Then I went to the dump station to empty the torpedo. Not having done this before, I didn't realize that the bacteria in the hot sun were hard at work. When I tried to open the torpedo, I got sprayed. It was terrible.

(Continued from page 11)

the pop was an internal baffle that determined the shape of the bladder. After changing shape, the bladder rubbed against the zipper and the holes formed.

Floating through Split Mountain was interesting. The river has cut through the mountain lengthwise. We saw a river otter, which was the first time I have seen an otter other than in the ocean.

My final adventure had to do with waste management. You have to carry everything out of the National Monument. For human waste, I had built a torpedo. It is essentially a tube that can be opened at both ends. The shape fits in a kayak easier than the commercial toilets. When we got to the takeout, our

ble. I would have preferred the bees.

Anyway, it is a good trip and I highly recommend it. The rapids are not bad, except for around Lucifer and the scenery is beautiful. If I had more time I would tell you about the one guide on the commercial raft. She did a Tarzan yell to demonstrate the echo at Echo Park and she really could move that raft around, nice tan too.



Another cozy camp

Boundary Waters or Quetico? Planning a trip in the Canoe Parks by Don Fritzel, by way of Bill Ashworth

Now might be a good time to consider a trip to the border lakes of Minnesota or Ontario. Here is a helpful planning article. Also, consider more remote areas farther north.

<u>SELECT WHEN?</u>	BWCA:	Feb., to be assured of entry pt.
	Quetico:	5 mos. before desired entry date.
<u>ROUTES</u>	Both Places	Can select from several nice loops. Can move each day, or base camp for several days.
<u>TRAFFIC</u>	BWCA:	Lots of entry points with 3-5 parties per day each. Lots of people.
	Quetico:	Few entry points with 2 parties/day limit. Can go 2-3 days without seeing other people.
<u>LAKES</u>	BWCA:	Tend to be smaller; some very small
	Quetico:	2-3 miles of big lake at start & end; Others mostly small-medium
<u>PORTAGES</u>	BWCA:	Lots of them. Mostly < 100 rods. Could be 25-30 per trip
	Quetico:	Less frequent. Mostly 50-150 rods Could be 10-15 per trip
<u>CAMPSITES</u>	BWCA:	MUST stay at USFS sites. Lots of them. High demand.
	Quetico:	Can camp anywhers. Fewer sites. Lower demand.
<u>CAMPSITES</u>	BWCA:	Generally larger, 2-4 tentsites. Metal grates + pit pots.
	Quetico:	Usually 2, sometimes 1 tentsite.. Dig your own poop holes.
<u>WILDLIFE</u>	BWCA:	Ducks, loons, otters, beavers, possibly bear or moose.
	Quetico:	Same, with higher probably of seeing moose.

(Continued on page 14)

CANOE TRIP PLANNING

- 1) Decide **WHERE** you want to go, BWCA or Quetico
- 2) Decide **WHEN** you want to go.....Exact dates on the water
- 3) Select **ROUTE** you want to take. This will determine entry point.
Resources:
 - The outfitter that you reserve your canoe from
 - “A Paddler’s Guide to Quetico Provincial Park” by Robert Beymer
 - “Boundary Waters Canoe Area – Eastern Region” (or Western) by Robert Beymer
 - Fisher Maps: : www.fishermaps.com (We prefer these maps)
 - McKenzie maps: www.bwcmaps.com
 - Seagull Outfitters’ website: www.seagulloutfitters.com
- 4) Reserve **ENTRY PERMIT** for your starting point (This can be handled by the outfitter when you reserve your canoe, but note that BWCA permits are up for grabs on Feb. 1st and Quetico permits (fewer available) can be reserved exactly five months prior to your entry date.)
 - A) BWCA Permit Info: www.bwcaw.org This tells you everything about obtaining a BWCA permit. You can also click on “availability” on their homepage to view how many permits are available now for each date, by entry point.
 - B) QUETICO permit info: www.ontarioparks.com This site is not as user friendly, as it covers ALL Ontario parks. If you want to reserve an entry permit into Quetico, it is better to call direct: 1-888-668-7275.
 - C) If you go into the Quetico, you will also need a Remote Area Border Crossing Permit (RABC) www.cic.gc.ca and click ENGLISH, then choose CANADA, scroll down to CANPASS for RABC info. OR just download form from Seagull’s website.
- 5) Unless you have your own canoe, you will need to reserve a canoe with an outfitter (check websites for prices). I would strongly recommend paying the price and renting a 40 lb. Kevlar canoe. These are easiest on the portages.

(Continued on page 15)

OUTFITTER RECOMMENDATIONS:

- For entries from the Gunflint Trail (eastern BWCA, SE Quetico), the BEST outfitter in the region is Seagull Outfitters at the N end of the Gunflint Trail. www.seagulloutfitters.com. Don has used them 10 different times. They are great.
- For entries from Ely, MN, I would use Piragis Company in Ely. We used them for both our BWCA trips from Ely. They are very helpful and businesslike, but we have only used them for canoe rentals and not for routing or food, or camping equipment. www.piragis.com
- For entries into extreme western BWCA & Quetico, I would try Zup's Resort on Crane Lake. www.zupsresort.com
- All outfitters can give you a "head start" trucking, or boat carry, to the edge of the wilderness. For example, Ely is about 10-15 miles from the nearest Quetico entry point. For a price, they will take you, your gear and canoe to Prarie Portage Ranger Station for your check-in and entry. We have always had Seagull Outfitters truck us (free) down the road to the Round Lake (BWCA) entry point, or, been taken by john-boat to Hook Island (in Big Sag Lake). This is as far as motors can go & is a 3-mile paddle to the Canadian ranger station in Cache Bay. (Cache Bay controls about 5 Quetico entry points.) Seagull's launch service saves about 9 miles of BIG lake paddling.

6) FOOD

Because of the portages, almost all food needs to be freeze-dried. It has really improved in the last 8-10 years. Some, such as Bear Creek Soups, can be purchased in the supermarket. Most will have to come from a supplier. REI has a good selection of freeze-dried foods. We particularly like the Mountain House foods that cook in their pouch. We like the pan-fry breads from Mary Jane. www.maryjanesfood.org And click on "backcountry foods." Another great supplier is Cache Lake Foods www.cachelake.com

For a price (quite a bit more than you can do yourself) many outfitters will completely supply all the meals you need, pre-packed in a food pack for you. I have heard that Seagull's is excellent.

More Planning: Have a Planning Party

Winter Planning for Summer Trips

by Eric Hermann

Ready for a party? An ideal way to begin the 2012 paddling season is to invite a bunch of paddlers—hmm, maybe the Club—to a planning party this winter, but not after mid-January. Besides the food and fun and such, guests discuss trips they'd be interested in co-ordinating. For rivers and lakes that are not permitted, it's just a matter of choosing when to go and listing the folks who'd like to go.

Most of the West's premier trips are permitted, however; this is where the party becomes a Permit Party. Let's say that 12 people are at the event, and that six of them want to go on the Yampa Canyon trip described in this newsletter. Each of these six submits a permit application by the deadline, and the group waits to hear the results a month or two later. If any of the six get the permit, he/she will, of course, invite the other five—and spouses, etc., to go—limited by the permitting agency, maybe further limited by the group's decision.

These destinations are not permitted, so they require only a plan:

Colorado River: Almost any stretch in Colorado, but don't do Gore Canyon, a Class V+!

Pumphouse to Radium, near Kremmling – a III- trip of one or two days. Shoshone (III and IV with dangerous holes) or Grizzly (II/III-) or Dotsero to Hanging Lake (I/II) in Glenwood Canyon. Professor Canyon (II/III)-very scenic 30 miles or so just upstream of Moab. Moab to Potash (I/II) – scenic one-day 20-miler.

Yampa River: Play in Class II or III- water in and around Steamboat or do a 2-3 day trip in Duffy Canyon from Craig downstream about 20 miles. Water and sage-hill scenery is a bit flat.

White River near Meeker: Boatable in spring high water. Class I with some cliffs and scenery. Little Snake near Baggs, WY: the same. Both can be overnight trips.

Green River, Flaming Gorge Dam to Lodore: Class II (one III-) trips of 9, 22, or about 30 miles. Lovely water and trout. Comfy camps.

Gunnison River, Escalante to Whitewater (II/III-, 26 miles) Mellow water through canyon scenery. A premier trip for easy-going paddlers.

Gunnison Gorge – a 2-3 day trip in Class III water. Difficult hike access down a mile-plus Chukar Trail, over 1,000 feet down. Beautiful canyon and

(Continued from page 16)

good fishing. Section is just under 14 miles. Check the BLM for regs.

North Platte in Wyoming: Colorado State Line to Interstate 80:

Northgate Canyon (III/IV) About 8 miles, scenic and wild: long flats and some big drops, far from the road. Best run between 800 and 1500 cfs. Scout carefully! Early-season ice danger.

Six-Mile Canyon – an 8-mile run from 6-Mile Gap to Pickaroon Campground. Adventurous Class II+ (low water) or III (over 1,000 cfs).

Pickaroon to Saratoga – about 25 miles of Class II water, famous fishing.

Saratoga to Interstate – Class I and II, with mosquitos and rattlesnakes.

Dolores River, near Naturita: This can make a gem of a trip, though a long drive.

The Dolores is runnable only in high-water years, and then from mid-May to Mid-June at best. Memorial day is crowded. Fewer rafts in June.

Upper stretch, Bradfield to Dove Creek Campground, 20 miles of Class II water, maybe III- over 1200 cfs. A beautiful pine-oak-red rock canyon with lovely camps.

Dove Creek to Slickrock – Class III if you portage Snaggletooth Rapid (Class IV). Adventurous series of rapids in pine-oak forest. Wild.

Slickrock to Bedrock: 35 or 50 miles. Class II, a little III-: gorgeous red canyon!

San Rafael in Utah – Only in high-water years, and then in April and May. The 17-mile “Little Grand Canyon” is Class I in pretty canyon setting.

Permitted rivers – and Yellowstone and Grand Teton Lakes

Lakes – Check with the Park Service for Leigh Lake in the Tetons and Shoshone Lake in Yellowstone: very wild, scenic (Leigh).

Colorado River: Loma to Westwater will now be permitted and campsites may go for \$50! Check with the BLM. A beautiful 24-mile canyon trip in Class II water west of Grand Junction.

Colorado River below Moab: Cataract Canyon and Grand Canyon: very big water, (III-V) and rare permits. If you know some rafters, just put in for the lotteries and let the rafters plan it for you!

Green and Yampa Rivers in Dinosaur: Class III trips of 4-5 days, very scenic.

Green River, Gray’s and Desolation Canyon - 80-mile desert canyon Class II/III.

Green River, Labyrinth and Stillwater Canyons – two 50-mile Class I trips in deep canyon beauty.

San Juan River, southern Utah: A classic Class II trip. Its 84 miles can be split into segments of 30 and 54 miles. Scenic desert!

(Continued on page 18)

(Continued from page 17)

Rio Chama, New Mexico: a very relaxing 30 miles of Class II (a little III-), with cozy camps.

...And others, of course, like the Missouri and Smith in Montana, the Owyhee in Oregon and the Salmon in Idaho. Running out of space, I'll refer you to the website of Rivergeek, <http://www.rivergeek.com/>. Here, you will find info about most of these permitted waters, with good descriptions and links to the government agencies that grant the permits. These sites also tell you the important regulations and required equipment. Note that most of them have application deadlines near January 31. Happy planning!

Cardamom Pear Upside Down Cake

by Bill Ashworth (from Lillian McMath, Dubois, WY)

I started my paddling with rafters back in the 70s and quickly became a fan of Dutch Oven cooking. So when I began canoe tripping as a Boy Scout leader in the 90s, I was dismayed to discover that the 20-30 lb weight of cast iron Dutch ovens made this method problematic for this new means of getting down a river. Imagine my delight when I discovered cast aluminum DOs. The 14" DO in my kitchen box only weighs 7 lbs and proudly rides in the stern in its own PFD. Aluminum DOs require a little more charcoal and protection from winds but will do anything their cast iron cousins can do (except rust). Here's a favorite recipe from a frequent paddling companion. The photo shows a successful batch at Shoshone Lake in Yellowstone.

BROWN sugar bag:
¼ to ½ c. brown sugar
½ t. fresh cardamom

CAKE bag:
1-1/2 c. flour
2 t. baking powder
¾ t. fresh cardamom
¼ t. salt
¾ c. sugar

LIQUID
½ stick soft butter – melted
2 large eggs
¾ c. milk
1 t. vanilla

ADDITIONAL ingredients



Dash of nutmeg

PREP:

Place DO over 5-6 pieces lighted charcoal. Put in ½ stick butter and melt
Add brown sugar bag, beat a little and pour on top. Arrange 1-2 sliced ripe pears on top.
Canned fruit may be substituted.
Put fresh nutmeg on top and cook for a few minutes.

Add LIQUID to CAKE Bag, mix and add to the DO.

Place lid on DO and 15-20 briquettes on top to bake 350 deg for 40 min.

Pine Vu Rapid Becomes Rite of Passage

by Mike Koliha

KA THUMP - KA THUMP - KA THUMP, what is that noise? Oh, I know... my heart. I can't say that I have noticed it like this in a while. It can even cover up the noise of the water behind me. Wow, what a deal. I never really thought of this sport as cardio intensive. I haven't even gotten the canoe off of the rack yet. Wow, what a deal. OH - I already said that.

Well, we are done scouting the Poudre's Pine View Falls, now is the time to actually put some of that recently gleaned scouting information to some use and go paddle that rapid. Let's see, stage in the eddy on river left below the rock with the gauge painted it. Head left of the first rock staying on the right side of the first drop then stay right of the wave train. Through the next little drop on the right side of the hole and then punch through the wave into the big eddy behind the really big rock on river right. Take a breather. Out the bottom of the eddy, ferry to river left staying above the rocks and be ready for the current to swing your boat around. Quick breather, I will be sitting river left, pointing upstream in the slack water that exists along the far edge of the river. Peel-out and get back into the current, aim for the slot between the large rock that occupies that half of the river and the boulder that defines the left edge of the messy drop that you just avoided by ferrying across the river. Shoot the drop, about three vertical feet, be ready for the cross currents as you flatten out at the bottom. Hang a left, assuming the current has not already done that for you, stay river right to exit the rapid river right of the next big rock that fills the left side. Piece of cake... KA THUMP - KA THUMP - KA THUMP.

That's the basic plan. Now for contingencies... if you happen to come out of your boat, abandon the boat and swim HARD to river right. If you miss the first big eddy on river

(Continued from page 19)

right, do not go over the right hand side of the messy drop just below because it is full of large rocks.

The canoe is in the water, helmet - check, PFD - check, throw-rope - check, flotation full - check, down the litany of items that I go through even if that isn't class IV below me. I'm ready - KA THUMP - KA THUMP - KA THUMP.

Ferry to the far side of the river, catch my breath, get ready for my first class IV run in an open canoe - KA THUMP - KA THUMP - KA THUMP. Work my way down to my "staging eddy", this stretch is shallow and kind of bony, don't want to flip on a rock before the run even starts. Safely in my "staging eddy". Focus. Looking back over my shoulder to the first drop at the top of the run. Left side of the rock, right side of the drop, stay on the right side of the wave, so far so good. Focus on the water. Over the drop and through the wave, whew, focus on the water, focus on the water. Oh wait, the eddy! Where's the eddy? There it is, turn, turn, turn, paddle, paddle, paddle, PADDLE, PADDLE, PADDLE - PADDLEPADDLEPADDLE - dang, no eddy for me today. Check downstream, there is the slot that I need to ferry through. There it is! Dang! I'm pointed the wrong way and going the wrong direction. Bummer. Turn, turn, turn - not far enough, not fast enough, bummer. Contingencies... Do not go over the right side of the next drop, do not go right, do not do that. Get to the left side of the drop, and the right side of that rock. I am now pointed straight towards the second best place to get through the drop, and heading right at that big rock that I should be paddling next to.

Come on current, grab that bow and keep me off of that rock, here it comes... down the drop, the current grabs the bow, yes, the boat is swinging around, oh yes! BRACE - BRACE - BRACE! Stay up, stay up! Whoo - GREAT BIG BRACE, still up. Get the boat back under control! Still up, still right side up, whoo. Headed back down stream, great! Just one more thing to get around. That great big rock, yep, that one right there, turn, turn, turn, dang - SMACK... gee this water is cold.

Well! Greg said it, "10 feet to glory".

Back in the boat and paddle on down the river.

Take two - 5:00 Thursday September 1st

Breathe, breathe, breathe - KA THUMP - KA THUMP. Get the boat down to the "staging eddy" - no problem. Focus on the water, check to see where the eddy is. I have to do BOTH!! Left of the rock, right of the wave train, over the drop and through the wave. Into the eddy, right where I belong. Take a break and smile! Watch Eric go through the next drop. The ferry left, around the corner, down the drop. He totally disappears... he shows up down stream, paddling and comfortably under control. Watch Greg go through the next

(Continued on page 21)

drop. The ferry left, the corner, the drop! He totally disappears! He shows up down stream, paddling and comfortably under control.

That drop is really quite large. Large enough to make both of them disappear for a while. Three feet plus?

My turn! Drift out the back of the eddy, ferry to the top of the drop on the far side. Quick break in the slack water on the far side, boat pointing upstream. Peel-out and aim for the drop. Through the drop, oh yes! Hang a left. Still paddling and comfortably under control. Stay to the right of the current, stay away from that great big rock... Oh yes! Oh yes!

Greg Brigham Heads for Ecuador!

Congratulations to Greg Brigham! Greg entered a drawing on a website he was browsing, perhaps even Facebook, and...well, let's allow Greg to explain:

“So... There I was. No kidding. Peacefully browsing my emails and... Poof! There it was. ‘You're the winner of a week-long kayaking trip in Ecuador.’ Yeah. Right. What sort of scam is this? I did some checking around and, lo' and behold, it's for real. Got my passport ready and the airline ticket is about to be purchased. A week of Class III boating in January! Whoo hoo. I'll see ya later. Maybe. If I come back.” :-)

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