



# WATERLINES



Newsletter of Poudre Paddlers

March, 2013

## Greg Brigham Wins Ecuadorian Paddle

by Greg Brigham

“Congratulations Greg! You’ve won our free week of kayaking in Ecuador,” said the email in November, 2011. Fearing spam, I opened the email and clicked the tab. After some internet research, I made the phone call to claim my prize. Darcie, the Small World Adventures representative and co-owner, was very nice and explained what I would need and how I’d travel in Ecuador.



Greg at San Rafael Falls

I was thrilled! I happily bought plane tickets and not so happily paid for malaria pill prescription and yellow fever shot. I then waited for January to arrive.

My gear and I arrived intact at the Quito airport around 11p.m. After going through Customs, I was swept into a van and taken to my room for the night. Five hours later, I was up and ready to go. I was definitely not rested. A three-hour drive took us out of Quito, over a 13,000-foot pass, and past some 1000-foot waterfalls, to the Tres Ríos Lodge. After lunch, we were outfitted with our boats. A Liquid Logic Stomper 90 was my boat of choice. It’s a creek boat with 90 gallons of volume crammed into a short eight and a half feet. It’s also (post-trip opinion) an extremely comfy boat with lots of foot room and great back support. Off we

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went to go boating.

Wait. No. we did not. Plan A was to boat the Quijos River right there at the lodge. We were informed that the river had risen quite a lot in the past two hours and the gauge rock was now underwater. The mortal Class III boaters (including me) were headed for Plan B. Only the Class IV-V guys were headed to the river. Plan B was to head to the town swimming pool and get used to our boats. I learned that short high-volume boats spin on a dime, bounce like a cork, and roll very easily. Good. More learning was forthcoming later in the week. That evening, during dinner, the Class IV-V guys talked of their epic swims in the near floodwaters. My partner and I didn't have much to add to the conversation.



A technical rapid on the Jatunyacu by Greg

The next morning, the Class III group piled boats onto the van and headed for Tena, the whitewater Mecca of South America. Or so I was told. Let me tell you, Mecca (Tena) is hot. Humid, too.

After our drive over another tremendously scenic pass through a cloud forest in a national park, we scrambled out of the van in Archidona to paddle the Misahualli for a good Class II-III warm-up. I'll admit to being a bit shaky. A couple of hundred yards downstream or so, one of the guides asked if I'd like some advice. Being polite, I said "Sure. Whatever you can give, I'll take." The advice-giver is an incredible kayaker. His advice would probably be great for a Class V river. For what we were doing, I still disagree with him. I was perturbed.

Good grief man, let me get used to my boat on moving water first. Back on topic, the "Mis" was pretty fun with lots of eddy-hopping and rock dodging on smallish technical water. What did I really learn about the ol' Stomper? It's slow. Painfully slow. Better plan early and paddle hard if I want to surf anything.

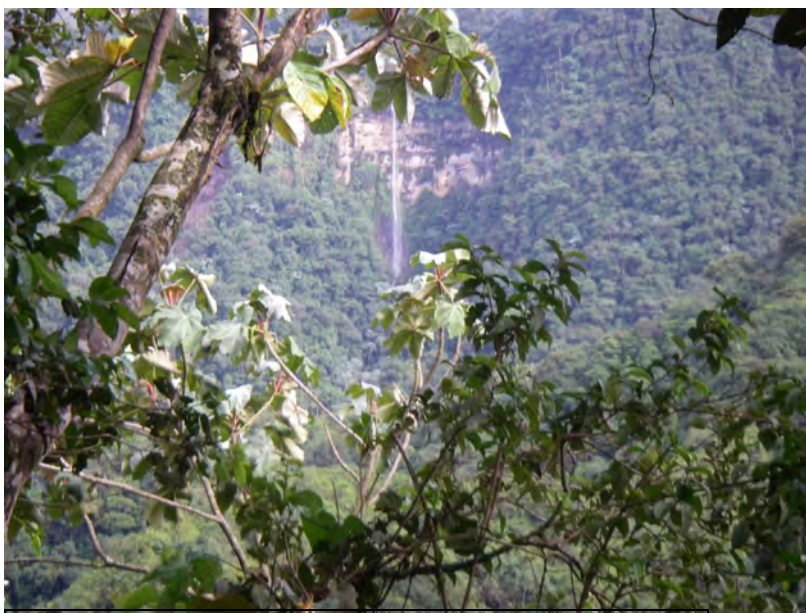
In addition to being hot and humid, Tena is a great place to be, with fruits and vegetables that are out-of-this-world fresh and delicious. Dinner at Tortuga Restaurant is an experience I wouldn't mind having again. After each evening's dinner, we were free to do as we wished. Most of us crossed the Tena River on the pedestrian bridge and headed to the open-air bars to enjoy a Pilsener or two before calling it a night. The boater culture is strong in Tena. We met many kayak and raft guides and there was never a shortage of conversation. In fact, one evening we met a Peace Corps Volunteer who is a Colorado State alum, and her brother who was visiting, is attending CSU. Small world.

The next day was a doubleheader. First, the Rio Anzu. The Anzu is wide, warm, and brown. There are lots of riffles and Class II's with a couple of Class III's thrown in for good measure. I only remember the big Class III. Class III, my left foot. Imagine, if you will, Ansel Watrous Falls (Devil's Staircase) on the Lower Mishawaka stretch of the Poudre with three times the water and twice the gradient. One could then, possibly, get a mental picture of this supposedly Class III rapid. Before entering the drop that we didn't scout, Darcie, in her understated way, said something to the effect of "We're going to go as left as we can to miss the hard part." Good plan I thought. As I blindly followed Darcie, my eyes may have bugged out as I watched her drop down and out of sight around the corner. Down I went. Up I came. I was on my own. Not wanting to plaster myself on the ginormous boulder that had 90 percent of the river crashing into it, I drove up and over a 5-6 ft. wave in into a river left dynamic eddy. Whew. Safe for now. Now to figure how to miss the two holes in the middle and river right. No problem. Good thing I made the eddy. Darcie casually mentioned something about the water being lower than she thought and how we'd done a nice job of adapting our runs in the juicy parts. Thanks Darcie.

That afternoon, after our lunch of ham and cheese sandwiches (a daily staple), three of us headed for the lower Jatunyacu for some big-water fun. To shorten the story and please the editor, I'll describe my experiences of this day and the next as one. I'm just guessing that Jatunyacu translates into

English as "WHOO HOO!" As the river transitions from the volcanic Andes Mountains to a tropical environment, the gradient lessens and the geologic features become more rounded. Imagine a wide, flat, clear, deep, blue-green river enclosed by lush green trees clinging to the mountainsides. As the river progresses, the mountains recede and the horizon expands.

To describe the nature of one big rapid is to describe the nature of the great majority. The river comes upon gravel bars with large boulders mixed in, narrows, and picks up speed. The power builds. At the confluence of the main vee, the river explodes into wave trains of varying heights, lengths, and ferocity. Some waves reached heights of 12 feet, some were crashing, and some were straightforward. The most fun was had when I drove straight into the largest breaking waves, caught a snoot full of water, and was involuntarily relocated to the left or right of the wave train. Big non-technical fun!



A typical jungle waterfall by Greg

If I had the chance, I'd paddle this river everyday. Back to Tena for a great meal and beer at the bar.

After a short trip on Misahualli the next day, we headed back to Borja, the lodge, cooler temperatures, and quieter nights. I decided to skip the next two days of paddling. This does not mean that my days were boring or without scenery. Darcie arranged for a taxi to deliver me to the takeout of the run they were doing on the Quijos River. After the

ba, and the fantastical shades of blue in the Gulf of Mexico.

As I reflect on my trip, I can say that I had a good time, but it should have been a great time. I've thought about whether I'd go back and do this trip again. Yes, I guess I would. With a certain condition: I would want my paddling friends to go with me. Why? Because it's more fun to share common experiences. I want a do-over.



Jatunyacu

paddlers arrived and had dried off, we piled into the van and headed for San Rafael Falls. After a short downhill hike, we were treated to a view of the spectacular and powerful 500-foot double falls. This was, easily, the scenic highlight of the trip.

Thus, the adventurous part of my trip to Ecuador ended. My flights to Miami and Denver were uneventful with the exception of seeing the Panama Canal, the north shore of Cu-  
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Greg at Misahualli Put-In

# Comparing River Regulations

by Eric Hermann

Thank goodness the river-permit agencies are monitoring the people and the equipment floating their rivers, but I was amazed when I compared the myriad river regulations by governing agencies. To read the different specifications for fire pans and potty systems (groovers) is to invite confusion. Several agencies require 144 square inches, or 12 x 12, in a fire pan, for example, which is tiny. Pay attention to requirements for fire blankets, and for carrying a fire pan even if you plan a fire-less trip.

I've laid out as much as I can in tables, both for information and amusement. Be sure to read the website for any trip you plan, and study the regs carefully. It's quite possible for a launch-site ranger to measure your fire pan and study your groover. I've had Westwater rangers carefully inspect pfd's for tears, repairs and alterations, which could have canceled a trip! Good advice to bring an extra two or three pfd's.

In the groover column "Wags" refers to specially designed bag systems for human waste. WAG stands for "Waste-Activated-Gel. I like the Wag System—easy to use and easy on weight and space. Be careful to check current regs, though—several river agencies don't allow them.

Note the changes for Ruby-Horsethief Canyons, also known as Loma to Westwater, on the Colorado! Between May 1 and September 30, you must call ahead within 60 days of launch to get a weekend permit. To fully know the regs, you must read each link in the site (<http://www.blm.gov/co/st/en/nca/mcnca/boating.html>).

For weekday trips, you can still just sign up for campsites at the Loma Launch Ramp. For weekend nights, you arrange when you get the permit. In either case, you reserve your campsites, AND you pay for them between May 1 and September 30. For 1 – 5 people to camp one night, the fee is \$20; for 6-14, \$50; for 15-25, \$100.

The new regulations for Ruby-Horsethief Canyons are the result of years' study, with countless comments from the boating community, all designed to preserve a beautiful boating venue from overuse. The increased regulation already had good effects last fall, with cleaner campsites. However, the BLM is still clarifying its regs among its own staff. Documents last fall contradicted each other concerning firewood, one banning even the use of driftwood for fires. Calls to different rangers brought different views. Finally, they all agreed among themselves, and we cannot burn driftwood; we pack our own fuel.

I hope the comparisons in the tables are clear. They may help boaters decide which systems to buy and which to pack along—a 300-square-inch firepan, for example, if you might ever run The Grand Canyon! Remember, every member of a group must still read the agencies' regulations completely. Read some of the better agency websites just for the helpful information that may be useful to all trips.

(See page 5) River	Fire Pan	Potty	Other
Grand Canyon	300 sq. in. 3” legs, not propped on rocks. Must have fire blanket AND ground tarp for kitchen.	Must float, be washable. Wags ok only for hikes or emerg. Store in ammo case.	Signal mirror, heli signal panels, ex. oars, repair kit, ex. pfd for 1-10 ppl, 2 for 11-20, etc. Big first aid kit. (Must read!)
Deso/Gray	12” wide, 1.5” rim, sufficient for fire and ashes. Carry ashes out in hard container.	Must be re-usable. No Wags in BLM dumpster.	1 pfd/person, 40 ft. throw rope in boat 16 ft. or larger. Ex. paddle per 1-3 kayaks, ex. oars.
Can- yonLands (Labyrinth, Stillwater, Cataract Canyon)	Bring fire pan. no specs.  Can put white ash in river	Waste must be in hard, re-usable watertight floatable container.	Read website: Good discussion of sanitation. Read this: <a href="http://www.nps.gov/cany/planyourvisit/riversafety.htm">http://www.nps.gov/cany/planyourvisit/riversafety.htm</a>
San Juan	12”diam, 1.5”lip blanket recommend.	Wag ok, stored in hard container with screw or ratchet lid	Ex. paddle/oar per 1-3 boats, then one ea. 3. 40’ throw/16’ boat. Party must keep in sight of each other.
Mid Salm- on	Must have pan, even if no fire planned 144 sq in. (12x12?) 3” lip. ash in metal waterprf or heavy-duty plstc container with screw lid. Read recommendations for fire pans!	Wagg bags ok, but keep in hard container.	Hand-wash system, strainer, shovel, bucket. soap above hi-water mark, bag for tampons or wipes, etc. Only kids required to wear pfds?
Main Salmon	Same as Mid, above	Wagg bags ok, but keep in hard container.	Both Salmon sites have worthy reading, with good how-to.

**Salt River** Need pan/blknt. Canoe/Kayak trips can use blanket OR a pan! Burn wood that’s “dead n’ down.”

**Rogue River** – Must read their regulations link – very instructive for any river!

River	Fire Pan	Potty	Other
<b>Ruby Horsethief</b> (the Loma Run on the Colorado River) Permits required 5/1-9/30 Fees 2013	Fire pans required, no specs. No driftwood-Carry your own!	Re-usable, washble "EPA approved"	<a href="http://www.blm.gov/co/st/en/nca/mcnca/boating.html">http://www.blm.gov/co/st/en/nca/mcnca/boating.html</a> <u>Read each link in the little box top right.</u> Must apply for permit-phone w.i. 60 days. Fees. Study regs carefully!
<b>Westwater</b>	12 wide 1.5' lip, blanket recommended driftwd only, or bring wood.	re-use, leakproof, be responsible. No deposits in vaults or on public land	pump, repair kit. Pfds: no tears, alterations! Extra oar/pdl/raft ea. 3 canoes/kayks. 40 ft throw rope per 16 ft boat. Stay in visual contact. Camp 1 nite only
<b>Chama</b>	pan required, no specs	No bags, must bewater-proof, reusable.	Patch kit, dish strainer, 50' throw in ea primary boat, each boat painter as long as boat; pets ok, leashed. Pack pet feces.
<b>Smith</b>	in rings they maintain	Carry out from one campsite—the only regulation.	No firewood from live trees.
<b>Dolores</b>	Use pan, blanket, burn charcoal in next fire. .	Groover that can be washed at RV dumps.	No driftwood-bring your own
<b>Lodore/Yampa</b>	100 sq in (silly) w 3" lid, prop 4" off ground fire blkt "sufficient size" can/kay w.o. raft can bring stove instead.	No Wagg bags, Groover must be wtrproof. Must allow access during day	pfd (Class 1,3,5) and ex for ea 3 k/c. Extra oar/pad ea raft,dory , big 1 <sup>st</sup> aid kit, 1 sm kit per boat Flotation: 2/3 volume or 8cubic feet. Rescue kit per gp; Thro bag/boat

**All Rivers:** Extra paddles, repair kits and pumps for inflatables, First aid kits (See Grand Canyon Private Boaters' website for a good 1<sup>st</sup> aid list). No pets, generally-check. No soap in side streams! All but Ruby and Grand: burning driftwood okay. Read sites carefully, including regs about zebra mussells. Notes: Increase in Zebra Msl warnings and regs. Even in Grand now! Pumps required for inflatables.

Most say pee in river. Carry all ash, garbage, feces (human and pet) Bail ability.

# A Deso-Gray Rafting Adventure: in the Wake of John Wesley Powell

by Steve Cassells

I was fortunate enough to be invited to be the archaeologist on a raft trip down the Desolation and Gray Canyons of the Green River in Utah from 28 May -1 June. This river was first run by John Wesley Powell in 1869, and we were constantly reminded of his adventures and travails along

the way. The trip, run by Cloud Ridge Naturalists, an education/adventure organization in Ward, CO, contracted with Holiday Expeditions out of Vernal for the rafts and guides. Also along as instructors were a geologist, an ichthyologist, and a biologist.

The night before departure out of Green River, UT, we toured the John Wesley Powell Museum and ate burgers at Rays, both must-do's in Green River. In the morning we got into two small airplanes for the 90-mile flight upstream to the put-in at Sand Wash. The bouncy landing on a narrow dirt strip atop a mesa was literally hair-raising for me. Then there was an hour's hike on the trail down to Sand Wash, where the guides had already inflated the rafts and packed the gear for the five-day adventure.

Along for the trip were two "celebrities," Buzz and Loie Belknap, long-time river rats whose father pioneered and popularized Deso-Gray back in the 60s.

Buzz and Louie are the authors of the acclaimed series of river guidebooks for Dinosaur, Deso-Gray, Canyonlands, and the Grand Canyon. Their tales of running rivers across the West were always part of the camp highlights. It seemed that every time we came across other rafters, the Belknaps were spotted and had to "put in an appearance."

The canyons were stark, with sepia-toned jagged outcrops. Being a low-water year, there were more sandbars than normal for

May. At one point in the canyon we were deeper than the Grand Canyon. Dying tamarisk framed the banks in many places. The first night we camped on a big sandbar below Rock House Rapid, and the guides pointed west through the tamarisk toward a canyon where they were told there were some rock art panels. I cut my way through the sharp tamarisk branches for about 30 yards before it opened up into a sagebrush flat and walked about 1/2 mile to



Shuttle plane approaches, lands at put-in by Steve



the mouth of the canyon. Scratched and bleeding from the tamarisk encounter, I was rewarded with many pecked depictions of bighorn sheep, a probable gosling, a possible fish, and many other figures, human and otherwise. The hike was worth it.

Over the five days on the trip, we walked up a canyon to see a prehistoric Fremont corn granary, and then another canyon where a historic masonry rock house that had been used by a moonshiner to brew apricot brandy during Prohibition. Rock art occasionally appeared at other sites. Bighorn sheep grazed along the banks and upper slopes.

We had geology lectures and the fish expert told us a lot about the endangered Colorado pike minnow and its life cycle. Catfish have really overpopulated stretches of this river and brought about a real decline of the pike minnow.

None of the many rapids were extremely large, but a few folks in duckies did get pretty good rides through a few of them. Gnats came out in the evenings the last few days, and some of the more sensitive rafters had bites to prove it.

The Holiday Expedition guides were wonderful ambassadors for the river. They all knew the river well, and could explain not

only where we were at any point in time, but also some of the interesting history and details about wildlife and geology. They

rowed tirelessly day after day, maintaining good humor the whole time.

They also demonstrated great river etiquette in setting up camps and keeping the sites clean. They cooked like fine chefs, and the air was often punctuated with exclamations of delight at the first tasting of a cooked-to-order filet mignon or a custom omelet.

When we hit the take-out at Swaseys Rapid mid-afternoon on

June 1st, we shared mixed emotions. The exposure to this rare landscape and its ecology was a real privilege. We were exhilarated and exhausted at the same time. The Belknaps were surrounded on the ramp by adoring fans from several other groups, and did their best to accommodate their requests for photos and handshakes. Finally, we headed back to the motel for a long soak in the hot tub and then a final expedition dinner at Ray's. What a time!



Granary at Rock Creek

by Steve

# Another tale of Gray Desolation!



photos and story by David Burt

I heard through the Poudre Paddlers that Rocky Mountain Canoe Club had a last-minute opening for one paddler on an eight-day, 84-mile trip on the Green River through Desolation and Gray Canyons in Utah, with 60 named rapids. I was evidently the only person available in less than a week's notice, so I joined the RMCC (\$10/year).

Mary Ellen couldn't go anyway because she had a harp gig. The trip started the day after I had the root of my broken tooth pulled, so the rapids and scenery were a welcome distraction from my sore jaw.

There were six women and five men in seven boats. The canoeist whose wife I was replacing had already done the trip 17 times before,

so he became the only solo canoe. I then decided I much preferred to go solo in a kayak instead of a canoe, especially since some of the rapids were class III. The trick was squeezing eight days' camping gear, food and three gallons of drinking water in my old 12-foot, cigar-style kayak from the 1970s. This was the biggest boat I had, which I had camped from for three days on a trip in Maine with Mary Ellen many years earlier and used for eight days on the Susquehanna in 2006.

I also had to cram safety items—spare paddle, hand pump, duct tape, throw rope, first aid kit—which I fortunately never needed. It turned out to be harder than backpacking in terms of space if not weight.

I brought cans of chunky soup for supper and energy bars for all other meals. Fortunately I

had more variety when others had leftovers and took pity on me. My sum total of cooking and eating utensils, besides empty cans, was one soup spoon. I slept in a bivy sack, a short child's sleeping bag, with minimal padding and minimal spare clothes, which also became my pillow. I wore the same nylon swim suit and long-sleeved polypropylene



First night's sand-bar camp.

top the whole time (it got some cleaning when I swam 2x on warm nights). The last gallon of drinking water was stuck between my legs. My gear was scant compared to a Coleman double burner gas stove, coolers full of beer and fancy food including watermelon, folding chairs and table, etc. for the five canoes.

I gratefully ate leftovers and occupied empty chairs and depended on the group groover. The only other kayak was a newer, larger recreational kayak with ropes to attach gear.

On the water the only other people we saw were two groups of rafters. It would have been the trip of a lifetime if I hadn't already rafted through the Grand Canyon twice before (in big, motorized rafts), but it was still pretty great. Parts were as deep as the Grand Canyon, if not as wide, and a few of the rapids were plenty exciting. Some of the tan-

dem canoes filled with water, one dumped, and one pinned against a rock. I was very glad to be in a kayak with a tight neoprene spray skirt, both for the rapids and on the several occasions when we had strong headwinds.

The solo canoe and 2 kayaks typically went through rapids first as being less likely to get in trouble, so I got to rescue a paddle and the folding table when the one canoe dumped. They also lost a gas container, which put the Coleman stove out of action, but fortunately there were 2 backpacking stoves along.

When later another canoe pinned, I was out of position to rescue a swimmer, but happily a kayak attached to one of the rafting groups came along and did so. We saw a bear, wild horses, big-horned



Three Fords Rapid

sheep, and a bison.

I got some decent pictures with the 5 year old, \$5 yard sale camera I brought along. (Other people got better ones, e.g., of me in rapids.)



Dave Hoag is trying to procure a new shuttle vehicle, mailing one part at a time home from Afghanistan where he's working. Here's his description: "Eric, pictured is your ultimate river shuttle unit. Could handle several canoes with paddlers and their tripping gear in one haul. Recently helped change one of the engines in this S-61. Engine appears to be working."

## A Book Review...(A young phenomenon)

A good read for boaters is *Broke, Hungry and Happy* by Rae Ann Norell, a good friend of ours who lost her phenomenal son to a rare blood condition. David Norell was famous in extreme kayak circles for his class five and six runs on remote rivers, with many drops over high falls. He was also a promising videographer, and his dvd's are available. He was almost 25.

We friends who knew David's level of kayaking held our breaths fearing bad news. When it came, it was a shock: During a bike leg of a triathlon, he passed out on a hill climb and died from a descent, not of water but of blood pressure.

To get accurate reports of David's paddles, Rae Ann relied on the accounts of his friends, who ran the wild gorges with him.

To sample some "David" moments at his level try the teasers on his website: <http://www.therevolution.cc/videos.html> . Strap into a chair first!

*Broke, Hungry and Happy* is Rae Ann's account of David's life is more exuberant than sad. It focuses on his incredible zest for adventure, taking us down Idaho's class five rivers, British Columbia's never-run gorges, wild descents in The Phillipines and Costa Rica. It will enlighten a discussion about the quality of years contrasted to the quantity of years. Publisher: [www.borderlinepublishing.com](http://www.borderlinepublishing.com)

## And a Good Browse... (A veteran phenomenon)

Browsing in a Hawaiian bookstore, I found a magazine article about 93-year-old solo sea kayaker, Audrey Sutherland. I was intrigued at first by her tenacity despite her years, but became more interested in her philosophies and her character.

She began sea-touring without a boat—yes, I mean that—while swim-traveling the north coast of Molokai, towing her supplies on a mat. She would travel three or four miles a day and camp. Quickly she discovered sea kayaks and developed a love for the inflatable kind. Now she travels in a six-foot duckie, and lately a "travel" might measure miles by the hundreds.

Good reading to recommend! I enjoyed the articles linked below, and want to read her books.

Being a teacher, I greatly admired her list of must-do's for teenagers enroute to her degree of competence and independence. Here are twelve of these. How many can we accomplish even now, at whatever age. I fail at number three, and hope I don't need to accomplish number eight. Number nine: Hmm, wonder if I really succeed?

Do by age 16 (a list by Audrey Sutherland, solo sea kayaker, age 90)

1. Cook a simple meal
2. Drive a car with skill and sanity
3. Care for tools and always put them away
4. Clean a fish and dress a chicken
5. Change a diaper
6. Change a tire
7. Spend the family's income for all bills and necessities for 2 months
8. Save someone from drowning using available equipment
9. Listen with interest and empathy when an adult talks
10. Dance with someone of any age
11. Be happy and comfortable alone for ten days ten miles from nearest other person.
12. Do your own laundry

Audrey Sutherland is author of *Paddling My Own Canoe* and *Paddling Hawaii*.

Interview in The Juneau Empire [http://juneauempire.com/stories/080901/Out\\_sutherland.shtml](http://juneauempire.com/stories/080901/Out_sutherland.shtml)

Very good interview by Patagonia Books, 2012  
<http://www.thecleanestline.com/2012/09/patagonia-books-presents-an-interview-with-audrey-sutherland-author-of-paddling-north.html>

Review of her book, *Paddling North* <http://www.patagonia.com/us/product/paddling-north?p=BK220-0-000>

Interview in Sea Kayaker Magazine, 2004  
[http://www.seakayakermag.com/2004/Oct04/Sutherland\\_1.htm](http://www.seakayakermag.com/2004/Oct04/Sutherland_1.htm)

From the Editor

## A Season Begins: Officers' Meeting February 25

In a rare feat of Robert's Rules, someone called the meeting to order. This caused an immediate rush to grab some cookies Roger brought, and Mike's two cats left the room. Here is a summary of ideas and decisions:

**Drop Club dues from \$20 to \$10** - because we have plenty of money.

**Club Items:** More bumper stickers, flyers and business cards are coming.

**Event Planning: Spring Meeting in April to be announced. Looking for new places for that. Any ideas?**

**First trip:** South Platte March 23. Contact Richard

**Other events?** Maybe a picnic at Gateway Park and a Club flatwater paddle.

**Organizers needed for** weeknights On the Poudre, for flatwater trips, a North Platte trip, other river trips.

**Facebook Page:** The Poudre Paddlers will have one coming soon. Members can submit photos and trip reports.

**Instruction:** Last year only one class, the Flatwater and Basic River Class. Any members have wishes? Other instructors wish to teach a class?

**Newsletter:** Sorry there has been a dearth of newsletters. Editor has been off-task and discouraged at the lack of submissions. We may go to a "links" format. Any ideas?

### Flotilla: Poudre Paddler Officers

President	Mike Koliha	970 226 0426
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