

The Oregon Whitewater Association brings private boaters together for the enjoyment of whitewater boating. Our vision is to promote whitewater safety and training for all of our membership in an effort to provide safety awareness and confidence when executing river rescue skills. OWA is the community of choice where fun and river adventures thrive and where people and rivers connect.



In This Issue

South Nahanni River	1
OWA Contact Info	2
Newsletter Submissions	2
Update/Book Rec	2
President's Corner	3
OWA Zoom Meeting	11
RecreTec Face Shields	12
Recipe of the Month	13
Knot of the Month	15
OWA Trip Calendar	17

South Nahanni River *Submitted by Lou Kustin*

In 2013, my wife and I had been retired in the Upper Peninsula near Lake Superior, and we were missing the river rafting trips we had enjoyed in Alaska and Yukon territories. A South Nahanni River trip (referred to as Nahanni) had been tossed around off and on for over 20 years. During the course of 2013 I started the conversation with my wife about having an amazing rafting season, convincing her of the rivers we should include prior to the Nahanni. At 62 and 67 years old we had some concern about the remoteness of the Nahanni. To boost our confidence and refresh our skills we decided to float the San Juan, the Desolation Gray section of the Green and the Rogue rivers before heading to the Northwest Territories (NWT) in June.

To reach the Nahanni takes a bit of planning so I pulled together all the information from previous years of trying to make the trip happen and continued the research. Really, there wasn't much information on the Nahanni River and most trips that occurred were done with guides. I had gotten hold of an out-of-print book written by Peter Jowett and in that book he referenced a couple who lived on the Liard River as a point of contact. I wrote a letter, but never received a reply. I communicated with the Nahanni National Park Reserve office in Fort Simpson for the permit and whatever other information was available.

May Club Meeting on Zoom!

Wednesday,
 May 13, 2020
 at 6:30 PM

(see page 11 for details).

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Do you have something you would like to submit to the OWA newsletter? The tale of your latest rafting adventure? The recipe of the best dish you've ever cooked on the river?

Contact Kimberly Long
VicePresident-Newsletter@oregonwhitewater.org

To show our appreciation and to encourage future contributions, the Oregon Whitewater Association will have an annual drawing for a \$150 gift certificate to one of the OWA sponsors. Every member who submits written material that gets published in the newsletter will automatically be entered into the drawing.

Update on Mary's San Juan Trip from the April Newsletter

Cinny Shaffer, who shared her grandmother's San Juan story last month, reached out with an update as she continues to read through old family papers during quarantine. It seems Mary finished a geology course, bought a Plymouth, and drove to Flagstaff from California to meet up with friends for her San Juan adventure. It was May of 1951 and she was 60 years old at the time. Now we know when the adventure happened, and why she wrote much more about the landscape than the river.

Book Recommendation

Cathy Tyler picked up the book *Anything Worth Doing* by Jo Deurbrouck at a ranger station on the way to the Main Salmon River last summer and recommends it as great river reading.

Anything Worth doing is a true story of adventure, friendship and tragedy on the last of the West's great rivers and winner of the National Outdoor Book Award. On June 8, 1996 Jon Barker and Clancy Reece launched onto the Salmon River at peak flood of an extreme high water year. Their plans went awry. The story starts several years before when they meet, and follows their many adventures together, before ending in tragedy.

Enjoy and share if you have any good river or quarantine reading suggestions.

Keeping the Quarantine Going. I Want to Go Boating! by Scott Ogren

What bizarre times we are living in. How are you doing with the quarantine? Hopefully, everyone is able to find healthy ways to deal with what is becoming the new way we live our lives. The River Safety Training has been postponed. At the moment, we are planning to host it in the Fall. This will be the 2020 class and we are still looking to have our 2021 class in April of 2021. We have been sent refunds by the managing agencies of the parks for Boater 101 and the McKenzie River trip, effectively cancelling both events.

We are going to have a May meeting online! OWA has acquired a Zoom account so we can hold board meetings, club meetings, and any other training events we may find a good use for in the future. I know I am missing being around all of you, and those who I've talked to are missing being around people as well. This is a way we can connect with each other. Look for an invitation to the meeting in your email just before the meeting happens.

Zoom is a popular online meeting app and for most people the setup goes smoothly. However, for some there can be challenges. I have found the best way to get around these setup challenges is to have someone who you trust remote log into your device and set it up for you and the best app for that I have found is AnyDesk. With AnyDesk the installation is simple, and a 9-digit number only needs to be communicated over a phone call. You can log into a phone or tablet with a computer or the other way around. I have used AnyDesk to help others get Zoom set up on their devices and recommend it.

Even though we are not boating right now, it's still time for the monthly plug for the OWA two first aid kits and AEDs and remind you to schedule yourself to take them on your next river trip. As a club, OWA has two extensive Wilderness First Aid kits and AEDs that goes on all club trips and is available for club members to take on private trips as well. You can check them out by sending an email to firstaid@oregonwhitewater.org. As a club, we have invested in this potentially life saving equipment and it's put to best use out on your trips.

Busy Spring

Spring is traditionally the busiest time of year for OWA and we have continued as many of the behind the scenes activities as we could. We held our annual auction that benefits the OWA Safety program and despite the current conditions we are living in, it was a huge success! Thank you to all the vendors who donated goods and services and to all of the people who bid on auction items for making it the successful auction it was!

We are looking at when we can reschedule as many of the events as we can. Keep an eye on your email for announcements as we can reschedule each event.

We are still planning to host the WFA event in early October, unless we cannot due to the pandemic.

The next meeting will be online over Zoom! This will be a trial run and we will use this to figure out how we are going to do this. The meeting topic will be a compilation of whitewater videos. I'm looking forward to seeing you online!

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South Nahanni River: Continued from page 1

Aside from the permit, arrangements had to be made for the charter air service. We worked with Simpson Air based in Fort Simpson. The process included weighing every piece of gear. So full setup was required in the garage before we left, then take down and weighing. We were allowed 1300 pounds including us. I'm a rafter. We take stuff. The final weight before food was 442 pounds. Final transport arrangements would be made in Fort Simpson. We knew there would be one difficult portage.

On the way to Fort Simpson to make the final travel arrangements we drove by a sign for Lindberg Landing which was where I had sent a letter asking for permission to use the location on the Liard River as a pick up and take out location. Turned out that Sue Lindberg never did receive my letter, but was very friendly and accommodating. Although the book I had gotten her and her husband's names from was published in 1993, Sue was still there living on their homestead. Things were falling into place.

The trip to Fort Simpson took about three hours on a dirt road and a ferry crossing the Liard where it meets the McKenzie. At Nahanni National Park Reserve headquarters we worked with a ranger to figure out where to launch. The original plan was one portage around Virginia Falls, a 315 foot thundering waterfall split into two main falls by a massive rock named after Bill Mason. We had planned to launch from Honeymoon Lake, but learned getting through the narrow tangle of woods on a creek and pulling over a beaver dam was not possible with a raft. The next logical downriver launch site was Bunny Bar, a sand bar large enough for a Beaver on wheels to land. In mid-June the Nahanni starts to crest, and at 25000 cfs there wasn't enough bar to land. We decided Rabbitkettle Lake would work out since it was only a one km trail to the main river and still allowed us to see the river and country above the falls. It added a portage, but in the eyes of the ranger we worked with would be a relatively easy one. The flight would take 2 1/2 hours, 300 air miles from the pickup at Lindberg Landing.

After our meeting with the ranger at Nahanni National Park Reserve headquarters we headed to Simpson Air to finally meet the people I had been communicating with and drop the gear off. They weighed every piece of gear and neatly piled everything assuring us it would be on the plane. We bought a few groceries, but had planned ahead to go light (really) and eat mostly freeze dried food and baked goods. The plan was for Simpson Air to depart Fort Simpson with all the gear, take the one hour flight to Lindberg Landing, land on the river and ferry up to the bank where we would load the rest of our gear and be off.

Continued on page 5



South Nahanni River: Continued from page 4

The pickup was set for two days after the gear drop. The weather went south on the scheduled pickup day, the clouds and rain moved in no plane showed. The following morning did not look great, but by noon the clouds lifted, we heard the plane at 3 pm. We scrambled to get loaded and on our way by 4 pm. Although a Beaver holds a lot, with all our gear, three people, plus survival gear for the pilot it was tight. The floats were filled with additional fuel, six 20 liter containers, since the distance was beyond the Beaver's range for the return to Fort Simpson. The trip had come together!

We flew upriver along the Liard to Nahanni Butte where the Nahanni River empties into the Liard. As we flew into the McKenzie Range the view of the river, expanse of the country and variety of terrain was attention grabbing. We saw the The Splits, the four canyons we would float through and then Virginia Falls. The country opens up after the falls, but the mountains are never that far

away. In another 1 1/2 hours we landed at a mirrored surface, postcard perfect Rabbitkettle Lake, blue skies overhead, pleasant temperature. Looming in the distance as we approached Rabbitkettle Lake was the Ragged Range and Cirque of the Unclimbables.

When finalizing the permit, we learned we would be the only people in the 11,602 square mile national park for the first few days. It would be another two weeks before the Rabbitkettle ranger station would be staffed. It was mandatory for us to sign in at each ranger cabin along the way. If we did need emergency assistance we were directed to break into a ranger cabin which was supplied with park radios, emergency locator beacons, first aid kits and basic food items.

It was getting to be late in the day by the time we were unloaded and the pilot drained the fuel into his tanks and took off. I think it was at this point when the remoteness really set in. The ranger cabins were few and far between. We also noticed the triangular shaped metal platform caches were 20 feet above ground, with a skinny ladder and pulley system to hoist the food. The ranger station was covered with plywood and nails pounded from behind and lots of evidence where bears had recently been around the building.

We walked the one km to the river. Up and down, holes, rocks, bushes and at the end was an information kiosk where people who flew in and landed on the river during lower river flow would be introduced to the park. Also another cache tower and a storage shed again with nails pointing out and lots of bear prints. It is the land of the midnight sun, the weather was great so we began the first of seven round trip shuttles. While investigating the trip I learned the guides use carts to shuttle gear at the falls so I brought along a lightweight cart used for deer hunting. It saved us. I could haul the heaviest gear on the cart. We decided to move as much of the raft and gear and leave the food in the cache at Rabbitkettle. We tented in the kiosk on the river bank on high alert for bears. Next morning we ate breakfast at Rabbitkettle Lake watching a loon glide through the perfect reflections, and were startled by a loud "pong" noise. It took a minute to place the sound of fuel barrels expanding in the sun. These were cached for the helicopters that brought summer staff in and out of the park and for emergency purposes.

The Tufa Mounds are formed at the junction of Nahanni and Rabbitkettle Valleys. There are two mounds each created by a separate hot spring and each one has different features. Both mounds are built of tufa, a soft sandstone-like material consisting of calcium carbonate and are considered rare in the world. Visiting the mounds involves going on a 10 km hike with a ranger. The ranger back in Fort Simpson warned that we should watch for brown bears in that area. They loved foraging for the skunk cabbage that was abundant this time of year. We had already decided we would keep to the river since the high fresh green spring grasses would hide any bears. The Cirque of the Unclimbables is

Continued on page 6



South Nahanni River: Continued from page 5

another multi-day trip for some who bring climbing gear and explore. It is the type of trip for a small group, extremely knowledgeable, and fit, since it is demanding hike through thick forest and a faint trail.

By early afternoon on day two we were ready to continue the adventure. We went a short ways and camped on a beautiful sandy bank. It felt so good to be on the water and rested after the portages. The four day float to Virginia Falls was beautiful; heavily forested slopes beneath rugged rocky peaks, braided river channels, clear cold streams sending blue-green plumes into the gray silty Nahanni water. The third night we camped at Hell Roaring Creek awakened to heavy frost in the morning.

We came upon a moose lying on a small sandbar midstream. As we approached, keeping as much distance as we could, it struggled to stand, neck and spine hackles upright, nervously focusing on us. We could see through the binoculars that it had an injury and dried blood on its hindquarters. It didn't try to swim, just watched warily as we passed. There were bear and moose tracks everywhere. We kept hearing the soft sound of voices drifting from who knows where. The next day we came upon the source, six Tundra swans conversing in soft honks. When we got too close they flew off downriver. We'd catch up, float too close, they'd fly off. It became routine and they stayed ahead of us until we reached the campground at Virginia Falls. Our fourth night we set up camp on a broad sandy beach with long sight distances. The next morning we enjoyed freshly baked muffins with our coffee as we watched low misty clouds drifting down mountain slopes lit by a very pink sunrise.

The evening before we planned to reach Virginia Falls campground we looked into a campsite at Oxbow Lake. The entrance to the lake was about as wide as our raft so that we had to pole our way in. The lake edges were crowded with dark spruce forest. From our maps it appeared the campsite was on the far side of the gooseneck, which meant a long row. A stiff breeze on the south end of the lake added to the work. And as we started to round the bend in the gooseneck mosquito clouds thickened then it started to sprinkle. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea. We left, traveled maybe another 10 km to Virginia Falls Campground arriving later than we usually got off the river. We welcomed the company of the friendly 12 man, 2 women maintenance crew that arrived that day to do annual maintenance on the boardwalks and helipad.

We managed to get our tent set up on a platform and the sunscreen over a picnic table just ahead of an all night downpour. The entire campground including tent and picnic table pads, out houses and float plane docks is built on and connected by boardwalks to protect the fragile environment from the summer visitors to this world heritage site. The boardwalk to the top of the falls is about 1.3 km, and filled with the roar of the falls. Ahead of the falls the boardwalk splits, the other leg leading another km to the top of the gnarly switchback trail to the bottom of the falls. Along the trails we saw Lapland Rosebay, rare MacKenzie Lady Slippers, Shrubby Cinquefoil, Labrador Tea, Arnica, White Mountain Avens, and lots of Wild Roses.

Continued on page 7



South Nahanni River: Continued from page 6

The park ranger, Dorothy, and park interpreter, Jerry, who were overseeing the work crew came by our campsite the second and third night there bearing Labrador tea, cake and stories. Jerry brought museum quality props and shared the stories and information about the park and the indigenous people that he presented to park visitors. It turns out that he is a native Dene' elder and leader and had an audience with Pope John Paul VI in Rome to ask the Pope to keep his promise to visit his people. The Pope did.

The overlook is humbling beyond words. Immense power, tremendous fury, majestic, deafening, ferocious come to mind and reminded us of our vulnerability and underscore our need to remain cautious and alert. Including Sluicibox Rapids at the beginning of the river drop, Virginia Falls drops 315 feet. In June and July the average volume of water is between 800 and 1300 cubic meters per second - 28,000 to 46,000 cubic feet per second. A tall rock piercing the center of the falls is named after Bill Mason who is a well known Canadian canoeist, naturalist, artist and filmmaker who loved canoeing the Nahanni.

The first hike was to the beach below the falls, the route that we would have to again haul all those loads. We moved our gear via the raft to the portage takeout site about 1 km downstream from the campground. We unloaded all the gear and disassembled the raft leaving our camping gear and some food back at the campground. It was going to take more than a day and that was the only place to camp near the falls. Load after load we "headed over" with the cart as full as we could get it while the other followed carrying as much as possible in arms and on the back. Steeper parts of the boardwalk had "speed bumps". After the boardwalk ends the trail is a footpath with lots of switchbacks. The last quarter of the trail, the steepest part and sharpest switchbacks, took twice or more as long as the boardwalk portion, letting down the heavy cart, skidding, one of us braking while the other resisted gravity on the front end. On several trips down the cart became too unwieldy. It rolled once and was not easy to right being careful to not break a wheel or axle. We broke up the load leaving gear on the side of the trail until we came back for it. One double back trip the remaining load wasn't large enough that I needed help so my wife headed up and onto the boardwalk, knowing I would catch up. She encountered a huge black bear stepping out of the brush and onto the boardwalk about 50 yards ahead of her. She immediately sounded the airhorn which sent the bear running away into the brush.

At the bottom of the falls, a long curved beach provides the only area to reassemble and load the raft for the float through the four canyons below the falls. The copious mist and breezes generated by the magnificent waterfall was at first a welcome coolness after the hard work hauling gear in the sun. The beach comprises a jumble of rocks and chewed up, shredded trees, not an easy place to work. As the day wore on it clouded up. We added layers of clothes to stay warm and dry, so that by the time we were ready to launch we were glad to leave the damp and cold behind. Our food boxes had been cached within an electric fence belonging to a tour operator who wasn't around yet, powered by 12 volt batteries charged via a solar panel mounted on a post. This was preferable to climbing the 20 foot ladder to the rickety platform cache another 200 feet down the rock and wood debris strewn beach. We had started out from the campground about 9:30 am, all our gear was on the beach by 2 pm. By 5:25 pm we were on our way into Fourth Canyon and the beginning of the most spectacular part of our trip.

Continued on page 8

South Nahanni River



South Nahanni River: Continued from page 7

The biggest water is early on, about 5 km of class II/III standing waves, whirlpools and strong back eddies in Fourth Canyon followed closely by a short run of class I/II rapids in False Canyon. Reds, yellow ochre, siennas, orange, lavender grays color the rugged canyon walls. In that kind of light it doesn't matter where you point your lens, the colors are saturated. We pulled off the river just above Third Canyon. Barefoot and in short sleeves we set up our tent on a beautiful sand beach well above water level, downwind and on the downstream end of a river island. Eventually it clouded over and then began to rain so we battened down the hatches, tucked into the tent for a well earned good night's sleep after the energy drain of the long and strenuous day, our spirits renewed by the splendor we were immersed in.

There was overnight heavy rain, by the time we got up it was still overcast, drizzly and windy. We bundled up, reorganized the raft, packed lunch and snacks then headed into Third Canyon which starts with a series of rapids; Wrigley, Whirlpool and Tricky Currents. The ride through the canyon is 35 km of breathtaking neck craning scenery. Bare gray granite peaks above bright yellow-green budding deciduous forest interspersed with dark evergreens form the backdrop for the unusual geologic formations that line the river. We quickly floated past vertical cliffs and cobble strewn beaches at the alluvial fans of tributary rivers. At The Gate the canyon narrows and squeezes the river around a 180 degree bend, walls rise vertically 1500 feet. Where the river doubles back in its direction stands aptly named Pulpit Rock. We pulled off the river ahead of the monolith and scouted for a campsite. It would be a fun area to explore. But we aren't satisfied, too dark, too wet, too buggy and too dense to allow any sight distance to watch for bears. This early in the season the barely recognizable trail to the top of the Pulpit isn't any more inviting. So we pressed on looking for a sandy island or open sandy beach where a breeze will keep the bugs away and we can see long distances. It was around 9 pm before we found a beach that wasn't all large cobbles and boulders, beyond Big Bend, above Second Canyon. The sun had been out for more than an hour. We had traveled almost 70 km.

Funeral Range, Vampire Peaks, Headless Range, Deadmen Valley, Hell Roaring Creek, Sunblood Ranger Cabin - who came up with these names and why? These names speak to the early days of miners and trappers, many who perished, some under suspicious circumstances, and the difficult country that surrounds the Nahanni Valley. We camped just downstream from Warden Valley Ranger station, one of four registration stops. If a group fails to deregister at the scheduled end of their trip, a search party is sent out and the registration helps narrow the search. We woke early to fog and heavy dew on the tent. As sun rose we enjoyed fresh baked muffins and a warm campfire while the fog dissipated in swirls of golds and pinks. We planned to hike to Painted Rocks Canyon, a hike we felt was open enough to scan for browsing bears. We quickly discovered several stream crossings in cold, fast running, thigh deep water that ran through alder thickets and along cobble and boulder strewn river banks. We decided the risks weren't worth the look. An accident here could quickly change our adventure into a survival effort. We also passed on a hike at Prairie Creek where the alluvial fan braids through more large cobbles and boulders. We mention these spots because hiking has always been an integral part of any river trip and sorely missed these chances to see country beyond the river, but so thankful to just be where we were.

Continued on page 8

South Nahanni River: Continued from page 7

We traveled through Second Canyon's sheer rock faces, treed mountain slopes, pocked limestone, waterfalls, ice still clinging to shaded canyon walls, mixed forests of spruce, tamarack and deciduous trees. Following the swift waters of the

canyon the river widens significantly, slows, braids, and is filled with big tree trunks and stumps caught in shallow water and on sandbars. The current meanders and sends you back and forth across the river trying to avoid back eddies and strainers and sweepers. The sweepers pick up a rhythmic bouncing drumbeat from the current that we can hear long before we see it. We camped on a sandbar just downstream and in sight of Sheaf Creek Forestry Cabin, our third registration site. The beautiful old log cabin stands high above a bank from the river at the edge of the woods. We chose the sandbar over the field in front of the cabin because getting there required hauling camping gear up a tall ladder.

First Canyon, Whitespray Springs and Kraus Hot Springs were ahead. We enjoyed an absolutely stupendous float through First Canyon. By far this is the most beautiful canyon. We were on the river about 12:30 pm, off by 4:30 pm. We stopped at Whitespray Springs where a roaring creek of icy cold, pure, clear, delicious water shoots out of the base of a talus slope below a high sheer wall of rock. We filled every container we could find. About 8 km further downriver we arrived at Kraus Hot Springs. You can catch the sulphury odor before seeing the plumes of cloud rising from the river bank. The first thing we did was strip and slip into the blue green hot pool, our first bath since our showers at Hell Roaring Creek. A rock dike along the rivers edge catches the hot water seeping from a long stretch of bank covered in a fine reddish grass. We pitched our tent in a picturesque setting atop the bank at the edge of a field filled with garden parsnip, pink fleabane, yarrow, sweet vetch, red and sweet clover with a view over the hot pool and river to lavender gray and ochre rock walls beyond. Behind our tent there is one small building left standing where hundreds of miniature paddles, oars, and notes inscribed with names of paddlers and dates of travel hang from the rafters and cover the walls and door. We left our info on a piece of bark hung with the others. Our minimalist mindset said don't lug everything up the bank so it's freeze dried dinner, water heated on the Whisper-lite stove at waters edge. We followed a trail behind the shack leading to two more hot springs but the trails petered out in dense alder brush.

The first day out of the canyons where the country again opens up with expansive views clouds piled up then disappeared on a hot sunny day. Slow current through the splits and maneuvering around mass quantities of sweepers, strainers, trees and river debris piled in shallows made the distance so much longer. Around KM 545 we came into wide sweeping goosenecks with virtually no current and no campsites after the splits. We were committed to another long day of rowing. The terrain is unexciting with occasional glimpses of the mountain ranges we've passed through. We saw Wood Bison swimming or standing like statues on sand bars. One resting on the edge of the river waded in and swam in front of us downriver past the village of Nahanni Butte, now visible ahead. Most of the wildlife we encountered were a couple varieties of flies. Dozens stayed with us all day, buzzing our heads, occasionally lighting long enough to take a swipe. The largest ones are called bulldogs locally. Their bite hurts.

Continued on page 10

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South Nahanni River: Continued from page 9

Nahanni Butte is a native village with streetlights, four wheelers, boats, kids and dogs keeping hours with the northern summer sun. We were supposed to deregister here but no one was in the office, no phone in sight although there's a phone number posted. There's a mowed patch of grass for tenting but no toilets, no privacy. No one is at the store/coffee shop, and no one to ask but a couple of kids who were curious but not helpful. We decided to camp on the river island just downriver from all this activity. The beach is covered in bison tracks. Hopefully they won't join us tonight.

We fell asleep early to the sound of rain on the tent. About 3:30 am my wife was awakened by strong wind rattling the tent and blowing fine grit under the rain fly and through the tent screens. She brushed at her pillow finding it was coated, as was her sleeping bag, face and hair. She could feel the grit between her teeth. I sat up to ask what was going on. My wife burst out in laughter as the exposed half of my face was plastered gray, the other half normal. We both had a hard laugh. The sky was pink, air was warm, so we got up, packed and slowly headed for the confluence of the Nahanni and Liard Rivers. There was no current so the first 5 km was hard work. Slowly Nahanni Butte and the mountains faded away. The Liard is HUGE. High clay banks line the river topped with black spruce and scraggly cottonwood. Except for a few goosenecks there is slow current although you have to row to stay in it as it meanders from side to side. Seven hours later we arrived at Blackstone Campground where the caretaker let us use his satellite phone to deregister with the park service. In another hour we were back at Lindberg Landing where we spent the rest of the hot afternoon and evening dismantling the raft and packing for the trip home.

We had a shared dinner at Sue's joining her and friends Pam, Theresa and John for pork loin, carrot salad, lungwort (chiming bell) greens, and masaman made with chicken bouillon, Russian blue potatoes, onion, and our contributions of reconstituted coconut cream and coconut milk. There was a pineapple, cool whip, jello pudding dessert, with tea and fantastic company. Everything an all-around hit. We left Sue a couple bottles of Whitespray Springs water, a local treasured treat. John recited a poem from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Pam talked about her upcoming boat trip on Great Save Lake, and Theresa kept us laughing with her continuous conversation. Mosquitos were thick.

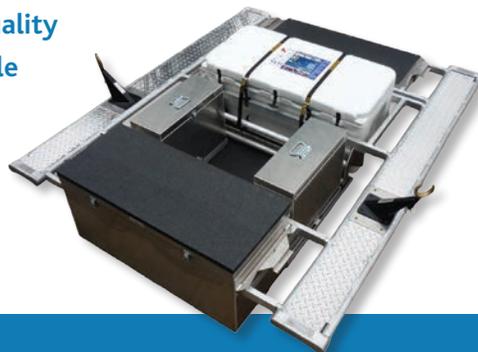
It had been a gorgeous trip overall, but much more strenuous than we bargained for. Had we known we might have been better prepared for no current in meanders, the lack of services at Nahanni Butte, the killer portages, the hikes we wouldn't take, the amount of rowing required, and the gear we could have done without. Then again we may not have done the trip and not known the beauty and wonders of the Nahanni River. We met wonderful "Northwest Territorians" at Fort Simpson, Lindberg Landing, Blackstone Campground and the work crew and park employees at Virginia Falls, and many more. There are many side stories and other adventures within the adventure that are stories themselves. After many years it has been fun for us to revisit what for us was a trip of lifetime. To do that again, ourselves at this stage of life, probably not. Sue has become a lasting friend and someday we would be happy to see her again.



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OWA is going to Zoom!

This month OWA will hold its first remote membership meeting. Let's come together online to see each other and talk about the river we all love and miss right now. For some of our OWA members, videoconferencing and remote meetings are familiar territory. But for others, this may be new. We hope this virtual meeting experience will be read and run, but it can be tricky if you aren't prepared, so this is your opportunity to scout before we run the virtual river meeting on Wednesday May 13th at 6:30 pm PDT.

Zoom is the videoconferencing platform OWA will be using for the meeting. Zoom was chosen as a widely available and accessible tool that many people are using in their personal and professional lives right now. There have been media reports of "zoombombing" with inappropriate content during school classes and questions of security. Zoom has responded with changes to settings and more control for the meeting leader to make issues unlikely. You will receive a meeting link via email a

couple of days before the May meeting. The link will also be posted on the OWA Facebook page. Click that link to join the meeting.

What technology do I need?

You can best participate if you have a computer or device that can stream video and has a camera along with decent internet service. Zoom works well on a laptop with a built-in webcam, a desktop with a built-in or auxiliary webcam, or a mobile device such as an iPad or smartphone (although everything is very tiny). If you want to use video so others can see you, (which is encouraged, as it makes these virtual meetings so much more fun) good lighting and a quiet, comfortable place in your home without a lot of background distraction is helpful.

How do I get Zoom?

On a mobile device you will need the Zoom app. Visit your app store to install Zoom. Once you have installed, follow the app prompts to access your microphone and camera. On a computer, you have the option of downloading Zoom for your computer or attending a meeting through your browser. Zoom will prompt you to install the application on your computer. Once you install the app, you will be prompted to create a user account.

If you would prefer not to install Zoom on your computer and create an account, there is a workaround but it is more difficult. You can join through the browser, you will need to look for the small print. Once you have entered the meeting information Zoom will try to automatically download the app and encourage you to install it. Ignore that and click "Download here," then text will appear that says "If you cannot download or run the application, join from your browser." Click "join from your browser" and follow the prompts to enter the meeting number and password. Dialog boxes should pop up to ask for access to your microphone and camera. You will need to click "allow" so we can see and hear you.

What do I need to know for the meeting?

You will receive a direct link to the meeting. This is the easiest way to get to the meeting. But if for some reason the link does not work, Zoom meetings have a 10 digit number, like a phone number and a 6 digit password. The meeting invitation you receive will include those numbers. Check the OWA Facebook group if you cannot find the email.

The meeting host sets the controls for the meeting. With a large number of people your microphone will generally be muted when you join. It is best to keep yourself muted anytime you are not the person talking. This reduces feedback and background noise and makes it easier for everyone to hear the speaker. Zoom has several ways to interact in the meeting. You can "clap", give a "thumbs up", and "raise your hand." The meeting host will decide if people can unmute themselves or need to be unmuted by the host. There is a chat feature, which can be a good way to ask a question in a large meeting. You can send comments to the host, everyone, or specific people in the meeting. Even private chat comments are not completely private as the host is still able to see them, so it is best to communicate private comments in another way (text?). You have options as to how you see people in the meeting. Zoom defaults to "speaker" view, where the person speaking is bigger and highlighted on the screen. A lot of people prefer "gallery" view, where you can see many people at one time. How to use these features varies depending on the app/device you are using. This is a reason it is good to explore Zoom before the meeting.

What can go wrong?

The most common struggles people have with Zoom and videoconferencing in general is with their microphone and camera. This is also why it is a good idea to test it out before the meeting. Make sure your camera is on and that the app has access. Sometimes people lose their internet connection or everything freezes. Just leave and rejoin the meeting if that happens.

Continued on page 12



RecreTec's Efforts to Protect Essential Workers

Written by Kimberly Long with information from Tim Luke

An email went out to members last month along with a post on the OWA Facebook group to share an opportunity to help during the COVID-19 pandemic by supporting a member of the OWA community in his efforts to produce thousands of face shields for essential workers whose jobs leave them vulnerable to exposure to the novel coronavirus. This is an update on Recretec's (Tim Luke's) face shield project.

Tim Luke's daughter, Charisa, reached out to him recently to ask if he was able to cut plastic. She had face shields in mind for her healthcare worker friends providing direct care to patients without appropriate personal protective equipment. Tim then set out to figure out how he could help. He reached out to others in the community and a collaborative effort was born to design for a reusable plastic face shield. The shield developed should extend the use of face masks by giving users another layer of protection against the virus. Tim purchased the supplies to make a large batch of masks (30,000), but needs community support to help cover the costs of the materials. OWA contributed \$250 from the club and several OWA members responded to the call for help last month with individual donations. The cost of materials have still not been covered, so continued support is needed. This is not a for profit venture. Any money brought in through fundraising or possible sale of shields will be put into the cost of making more shields.

This has been a collaborative effort with several businesses and community groups supporting as able. So far around 2,000 shields have been distributed to grocery stores, fire departments, retirement centers, and hospitals in Oregon. A few have been shipped to Pennsylvania, Arizona, Michigan, and Montana. Unfortunately, it is costing more and taking more time to cut and assemble the shields than originally anticipated. The Corvallis Sewing Brigade, VFW of Albany, and many in Tim's friend network have been working away at assembling shields. There are about 13,400 shields cut, but tabbed in sheets,

waiting to be trimmed, weeded, and assembled.

Tim has a goal to create more than 30,000 shields - to get as many shields as possible into the hands of those who need them. Tim would like to thank Alissa Loberg, Dale Allen, Port Plastics, Jesse Hancox with Meticulous Detail Manufacturing in Portland, David Guenther of West Coast Innovations in Philomath, Carey Corbin of Corbin Cabinets in Philomath, Ken Rogers at Whitewater Designs, the Corvallis Sewing Brigade, VFW of Albany, and all those who have donated or volunteered time to help. If you are interested in supporting this project, there are several ways to do so. If you would like to contribute to the fundraising effort you can:

- Donate directly through Venmo @faceshieldmfg
- Visit the GoFundMe Campaign: [Medical Face Shields](#)
- Send a check to Tim Luke, 29343 Hwy 34, Corvallis OR, 97333

If you would like to share your contact info for volunteering to assemble shields or otherwise support the effort, go to this form [Face Shield Project Volunteer Interest](#). This information will be shared with Tim.

OWA Zoom Meeting: Continued from page 11

Where do I learn more?

Visit zoom.us for video tutorials on how to use Zoom if you would like more information. Zoom has several optional settings you can explore, such as virtual backgrounds (a picture of the river?).

If you are really struggling with setting up Zoom on your computer or device, you can install an app called AnyDesk that can allow someone else to control your computer or device remotely to help you. Reach out to a trusted tech savvy person for help. A few board members will be available for a troubleshooting drop-in meeting on Monday, May 11th from 6:30-7:00 PDT. This meeting is just a trial run for those who may need some help getting Zoom to work. You will see a link in the email to come.

The OWA board looks forward to seeing as many people who are able to join us at our inaugural virtual club meeting. While virtually is the only way we are able to meet right now, the OWA board is hopeful having this technology will open up participation in our monthly membership meetings and the OWA board to members outside of the Portland Metro area.

Recipe of the Month

INGREDIENTS

- 2 tbsp olive oil
- 1 chopped onion
- 2 cloves garlic or garlic powder
- 1 lb diced chicken breast (or other "white" protein)
- 2 cans chicken broth (or stock, vegetable broth, water)
- 2 small cans diced green chiles (4 oz)
- 2 tsp cumin (or more to taste)
- 2 tsp dried oregano (or more to taste)
- 1-2 tsp chili powder (to taste)
- 3 cans great northern white beans
- Optional 1 tsp salt (if you use a low sodium broth or water)
- Optional can of hominy

Toppings of your choice: cilantro, avocado, cheese, sour cream, jalapenos. Perhaps some chips or cornbread.



White Bean Green Chile Chili

*Suggested by Pat Berry based on a recipe on TasteOfHome.com
This is Kimberly Long's recipe from a variety of sources combined.*

The beauty of this recipe is how little you really need a recipe. You can substitute chicken thighs, ground chicken, diced or ground turkey, or even pork for the chicken breasts, or leave it meatless for a vegetarian option. Sometimes I make this with leftover pulled pork or use a rotisserie chicken.

DIRECTIONS

Saute the onions and garlic in olive oil until fragrant and transparent in a dutch oven or heavy pot. Add the chicken to brown. Add the chicken broth, green chiles, spices and beans and bring to a boil. Use a fork or back of the spoon to mash some of the beans to bring the chili to your desired thickness. Add hominy if that sounds good to you. Reduce heat and cook until heated through and the smell of cumin overwhelms your senses.

Top with whatever delicious topping you have available and serve with something to dip into it. I suggest cornbread. This chili freezes well to eat later. Enjoy at home or on the river.



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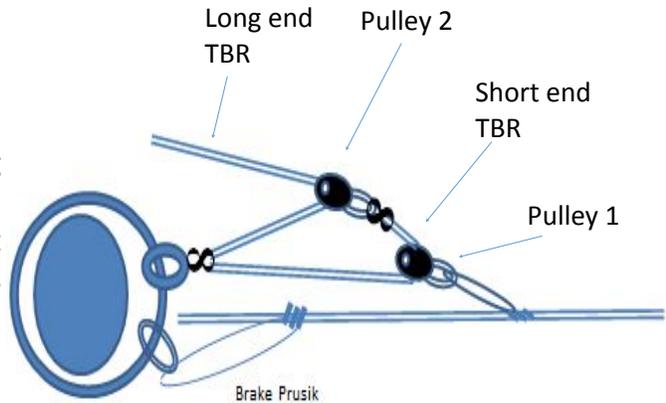


Pig Rig 4:1

- 4:1 Mechanical advantage
- Requires a 2nd rope (throw bag TBR)
- Advantage over Z-Drag in that you get 4:1 with the same gear as a 3:1 with the Z-Drag

Minimal Requirements

- 1 15' of 1" tubular webbing
- 2 Pulleys
- 2 Locking Carabineers (min) 4 illustrated
- 2 Prusik Loops
- Haul line
- 2nd line (throw bag)
- Can use a no-knot in lieu of the brake prusik



Knots Needed: Figure 8 on a bight, Prusik, Double Fisherman's

- Tie a figure 8 on a bight about 1/3 through the way through your TB's rope
- Attach the throw bag 8 to your anchor
- Pass the short side of throw bag rope (TBR) through a pulley and attach the pulley to your haul line
- Pass the long side of TBR through a pulley and attach the end of the short TBR to the pulley

Steve K 2012

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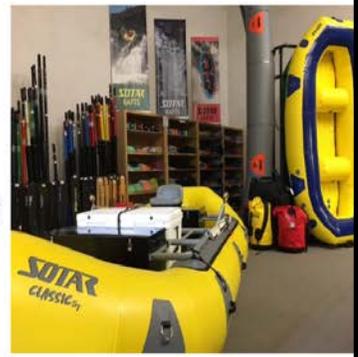


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Upcoming Trips



Submitted by Scott Harvey, Trip Editor

Detailed information for upcoming trips can be found at <http://oregonwhitewater.org/calendar/trip-calendar/>

UPCOMING OWA TRIPS

TRIP	DATES	TRIP LEADER	CONTACT INFO
2020 Grande Ronde River, Class II/III	May 8-10, 2020	Eric & Candace Ball	balle@pocketinet.com , 509-525-6134
2020 Rogue Lodge Trip, Class III/IV	May 15-18, 2020	Van McKay	vanm1@aol.com 360-737-3148
2020 Annual Upper Clackamas Whitewater Festival	May 16-17, 2020		www.upperclackamasfestival.org
2020 Upper North Umpqua OWA/NWRA Trip, Class III/IV	June 4-7, 2020	Brenda Bunce	brenda.bunce@gmail.com
2020 McKenzie River Weekend Trip, Class II/III	June 11-14, 2020	Brenda Bunce	brenda.bunce@gmail.com
2020 Tieton, Class II/III+	Sept 12-13, 2020	David Elliott	dce@dcell.com
2020 Snake River, Class II-IV	Sept 12-14, 2020	Mike Moses	mtymo_@hotmail.com , 509-240-4220
2020 The Down the River Clean Up ~ Lower Clackamas River	Sept 13, 2020 8am-5pm		http://clackamasriver.org/events/down-the-river-cleanup/
2020 The Great Willamette Clean Up ~ Willamette River	Oct 3, 2020 All Day		https://willamette-riverkeeper.org/great-willamette-cleanup

IMPORTANT!

TRIPS MARKED WITH THIS COLOR HAVE BEEN CANCELLED OR POSTPONED (AND MAY BE RESCHEDULED). PLEASE CHECK THE OWA WEBSITE FOR UP TO DATE INFORMATION ON EACH TRIP, OR CHECK WITH TRIP LEADERS ON THE STATUS OF TRIPS, PERMITS, ETC.

For additional details on upcoming trips or to view past OWA trips go to <http://oregonwhitewater.org/calendar/trip-calendar>



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Lou Kustin, South Nahanni 2010

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