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NEXT MEETING

Wednesday, December 8, 2010
at 7:00 PM

Stark Street Pizza
9234 SE Stark Street
Portland, OR 97216

RIVER TIP

Submitted by Tom Hanson

When beaching or tying up a boat for the night, avoid having the boat rub against rocks, branches or other boats. Such abrasion overnight can cause a wear hole in the boat's fabric.

If one end of the boat is bobbing up and down in the water, something might be rubbing it.



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Veterans Day Rogue River Trip

November 12-14, 2010 • Submitted by Scott Ogren

“Two things: Have plenty of forward momentum leading up to the entrance of the guide chute, and if something happens, don't panic.”

That was the last thing Steve Herring told me as he entered the approach to the guide chute and I was about to follow him.

I had never run the guide chute before, but I have always wanted to learn the route and be able to do it. At times, there can be a long line waiting to get through the fish ladder at Rainie Falls, and I thought it would be a good idea to have an alternate route in my back pocket for the times I just didn't want to wait in line. This trip, it all was looking like this was the time to learn it – the flow was good, I was following the right person to teach me, and there was plenty of people to help in case it all went wrong, so it was now or never.

I had been talking to Steve about the strategy of how to do it right and what can go wrong since the boat ramp, and he

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Oregon Whitewater Association is dedicated to preserving, protecting and promoting Oregon's rivers for the safe enjoyment of both public and private non-motorized boating, now and in the future. We advocate fairness in accessibility to river resources and provide a voice for responding to river issues and management concerns.



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The Barrel Knot

Submitted by Tom Hanson



A barrel knot is needed to prevent the end of a cut rope from fraying. Don't use duct tape. Duct tape will crack and split under the ultraviolet heat of the summer sun.

Duct tape is for amateurs!



Use waxed awl thread to tie the barrel knot. Awl thread can be purchased at hobby shops, sewing shops or leather supply shops. NRS, Cascade Outfitters and Andy & Bax do not carry it.



Cut off approximately five feet of awl thread and position one end of the thread on the end of the rope as shown.



Tightly wrap the thread around the rope, keeping one end under the wrapped thread. Continue wrapping until you reach halfway ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch for a 1-inch barrel knot).



The halfway point of a barrel knot.



Take the other end of the awl thread and lay it over the partially completed barrel knot. Now continue to tightly wrap the thread, covering the end you just laid down. This end will be sticking out of the center of the barrel knot.



Continue wrapping as shown, covering both ends of the awl thread.



After wrapping the second half of the barrel knot, pull on both ends of the thread to take up any slack. The barrel knot should now be tight, with two ends of the thread sticking out.



Snip off the ends of the thread and you will have a barrel knot that will not come undone, or deteriorate in the sun.

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On November 20, 2010, 29 cat boaters, rafters, and kayakers launched on a snowy two-day Illinois River trip. With snow falling at 10:00 a.m. Saturday morning, the group found Pine Flat (about eight miles downstream), their home for the night, covered in three inches of snow. With a roaring campfire, a pot-full of piping hot spaghetti and a little liquid warmth, everyone was able to get comfortably warm for the evening. That night the skies cleared and led to a beautiful winter wonderland for the following day. Leaving Pine Flat at 9:00 a.m. we made it to Green Wall (Mile 18) at 11:30 a.m. and Waterfall Camp (Mile 24), where we had lunch, at 1:45 p.m. We arrived at Oak Flat to take out just before 4:00 p.m. Although it was a cold trip it would be hard to pick a better place to be cold and miserable than the Illinois.

~Will Volpert





Trip Report: Middle Fork of the Salmon, Part IV

Submitted by Rick Carman

The morning of Day Five, with two days of mileage (37) to travel, we bid Mark, Sandi and Donna happy trails and launched into the 7.5-foot Middle Fork, flowing seven or eight miles per hour. Or maybe more. *It was smoking!* Barring any mishaps, we hoped to make our scheduled camp in good shape timewise. From Shelf Camp at Mile 48 to Tappen Falls at Mile 58, the guide book shows nothing but Class I and Class II rapids. My book did not even mention Cub Creek. Another guide book calls it a Class One plus. Another guide book said that 20-foot waves had been reported at a flow of 10 feet. Cub Creek Rapid is a place where the river is pinched a little from both sides. At high flows a lot of water tries to squeeze through. I

was shocked to confront waves that were taller from trough to crest than Sandi's 14-foot Sotar. I found out later that Rob had been pitched out of his raft and into the drink but managed a self rescue. No problem.

Drifting through a fairly calm stretch, there was a huge eddy full of wood and logs. Just as we

Weber is normally a short steep drop through rocks, similar to Redside. Not today. It was a monster.

passed by, a fat 20-foot log drifted out of the eddy and into the middle of our group. We dodged around it for about a mile until it pulled ahead and out of sight.

Our next worry was Class IV Tappen Falls. Turns out most

of the rapid was washed out. We just ran a huge wave train down the right side, missing the monster hole on the left. After a stop for ice cream at the Flying B we blew through Haystack without incident. We found out later that the other group on the river with us had two flips there.

We continued to rocket down the river. The camp sites near the river were all or mostly underwater. Even Survey Camp was three-fourths under water. And Waterfall Creek was a site to behold with its huge flow.

As the Middle Fork hits about Mile 80, the Canyon Walls close in and the action picks up. Class IV Redside was no problem as the rocks were mostly buried, leaving large waves to roll through. Weber was only .four miles below and where things came unglued.

Weber is normally a short steep drop through rocks, similar to Redside. Not today. It was a monster. The guide books gave no help for our flow as they were inconsistent. The lead boats went center and rode the multiple giant standing waves through. But my book said left of center at high flows and that is where I went. Suddenly I was crashing through one giant hole after another, desperately pointing the bow left and right trying to hit each giant wave head on. I almost made it but the last one, maybe number seven and the worst of all, was on me too quick. I tried to push the bow left but was too slow. The left part of the bow smashed into the giant reversal so hard I was launched forward off the dry box and smashed both my knee caps on the oars. The boat tipped hard to the right and I fell into the rowing frame, bruising my right hip, although my kneecaps hurt so bad I did not notice it till later. Crouching on the floor of the boat as it reared up higher and higher I was sure I was going over but somehow the boat lurched over the top of the wave and back down, still upright. I thought right then that Weber at that flow was the nastiest rapid I have ever run and I still think so.

I turned to watch David follow me. Unfortunately he had followed my left center line. All I saw was the flipped Maravia and Dave in the water hanging on. I gave a shout and Jeff, Mike and I somehow managed to herd the upside down boat over to the left bank and get it hung up on the rocks along the shore. The current wasn't too bad this close in. Dave immediately climbed on the bottom of the boat and tried to pull in back over into the river. I looked downstream and noticed (about 50 feet away) a large rock 25 feet off the bank



Dave Aldrich

with a log jam between the bank and the rock. I yelled at Dave that he and the boat could be pushed downstream into the log jam. He did not hear me over the roar of the water but it did not matter as he could not pull the heavy boat over. It should be noted that this

In a heartbeat, the downstream tube went up the rock and the boat flipped, throwing Mike and his dad into the swift water.

was Dave's first flip in 28 years of boating. And there was no shame in flipping in Weber on this day.

Suddenly we heard the sound of wood snapping and cracking. I looked down stream where Mike's 16-foot raft, with his 71-year-old father in it, was getting shoved into the large rock and log jam. In a heartbeat, the downstream tube went up the rock and the boat flipped, throwing Mike and his dad into the swift water. Both they and the boat headed downstream. Since Jeff had a cat boat, I was

quickly elected to take off after them in Sandi's raft. By the time I caught up, both Mike and his dad were on top of the upside down boat. Mike hollered at me to come and get his dad and I pushed my way over to the boat. But Dale jumped for my boat a second too early, bounced off the front tube and fell back into the drink. He hung onto the safety line as we floated away from Mike who somehow managed to get his upside down boat over to the left bank and hung up about 200 yards below the Maravia, which we could not see as it was on the upstream side of the wood dam. Dale and I roared on downstream another two hundred yards to the perfect eddy on river left except it was three quarters full of wood, including a 20-foot log, all going round and round. No other eddies were in sight so in I went, trying to keep Dale away from the wood. I jumped to the front of the boat and tried to pull him in but his life jacket hung up on the gear on the side of the boat. I pulled harder and the jacket started to come off over his head

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TRIP REPORT: Veterans Day on the Rogue River

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had given me a lot of advice. Probably the most important thing he told me was that if you miss the chute, you're not going to go over the falls. There are plenty of rocks between you and the falls that will stop you from plummeting over the worst part of the falls and you will be safe. You won't be hurt, but you will be stuck.

One of my biggest reasons for wanting to learn the route through the guide chute was to avoid the lines at the fish ladder. So, when I was approaching the Rainie Falls area I looked over and noticed there was nobody waiting to run the fish ladder. We had a group of 42 people and everyone had done a good job of staggering themselves when leaving the boat ramp. Plus, the Oregon Kayak and Canoe Club kayakers had set up a good communication system that kept the rafts moving through the fish ladder at a good pace. So I almost changed my mind at the last second and went the safe



First rescue attempt: firefighters holding Scott's boat in place

this many times before and now I have two people to watch get through the tricky approach to the chute. Here we go.

As you enter the approach to the chute, the water gets very shallow and rowing is difficult.

One of my biggest reasons for wanting to learn the route through the guide chute was to avoid the lines at the fish ladder.

route through the fish ladder, but I had wanted someone to show me the route through the guide chute and everything was set up right for this to be the time.

I was right behind Steve listening to the last bit of advice he gave me just as I made up my mind to follow him and not run the fish ladder. In my moment of hesitation to make that final decision, Dean Barr, who had been next to me, got in between Steve and I. No problem, I thought – after all Dean has done

There are many rocks either above the surface or just below the surface, so when you put your oar blade in the water it doesn't do all that much for you. Remembering what Steve said about forward momentum, I was pushing as much as I could, but with a 15-foot boat loaded with a lot of group gear and one of the dinners for 42 people, I wasn't able to push that much once I got in there. I should have already had that forward momentum going into that section.

The problem with not having enough forward momentum is the water pushes you to the left – toward the falls and into a parabolic-shaped area outlined by rocks that prevent you from going over the falls. So, as I was realizing I didn't have enough momentum, I spotted a rock that I knew the bow of my boat needed to be to the right of for me to make it. I pushed and pushed as much as I could, but I did more hitting of rocks than pushing of water and I kept moving further to the left. As I was approaching that rock and it was obvious to me I wasn't going to make it, I started yelling, "No, Nooo, Noooooo, NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

As soon as the bow of my boat hit the rock I needed to be to the right of, I quickly looked over my left shoulder and looked for the best place for me to try and put my boat so I could be rescued. A couple of hard back strokes and one good spin and I moved myself back up stream to the top

of the guard rocks that kept me from falling over the falls. Once I was parked on a rock, I looked downstream to make sure Steve saw that I had just royally screwed up and then I looked around to see who else was around. I saw plenty of people who I have confidence in to be able to perform a successful rescue, so I did what I needed to do – most of which involved remaining calm and just waiting for something to happen.

Once I saw the rescue beginning to be set up, I surveyed what was immediately around me. Water was flowing under my boat and past the one rock that was keeping it from going over the nastiest part of the falls. “What would happen if I went over right here?” I needed a game plan for that, so I thought it through and didn’t necessarily like what I was thinking of, but that was my reality for the moment, and I needed to be prepared for that.

Not long after I got myself stuck, a boat with two firefighters from Hillsboro rowed out to the rock that basically marks the division between the fish ladder route and the guide chute route. Go right of it and you’re headed for the fish ladder, left and you’re headed for the guide chute. They managed to land their boat on the rock and climb onto it. That put them about 60 feet from me – almost within throwing distance for a throw rope. After a few tries, they had had a rope to me and I secured it to my rowing frame to distribute the forces around the boat.

If their plan had worked, it would have been a quick rescue. They were a little upstream of me, and their plan was pull on the rope and I should pendulum back into the current that takes me back toward the guide chute. But the currents were a little squirrely, and they were little upstream they had the wrong angle. Instead of moving towards the chute, I swung toward the main

falls and they just didn’t have enough muscle on the rock to pull me any closer to them.

So there I was being held from just above Rainie Falls right where the falls makes the turn from basically being perpendicular to the left bank to downstream toward where the fish ladder rejoins the main stream. Crap. I was in a new place, so I needed to reassess the situation. Now, the reality of me running the falls was a distinct possibility, so I needed to be ready for that. The bow of my boat was about 10 feet from the drop and pointed straight at two converging falling waves. Not good.

Rig to flip. Was I really rigged to flip? Just how “rigged to flip” was I? Mostly, but not entirely – so I spent a few minutes rearranging and tightening straps and making a game plan for myself in case something happened and I headed over the falls. One of the things I did was to study the route I thought my boat would take and figure out what I thought what would happen. Would it turn end over end over the falls? Would it hit the rock that was sticking out

and I could sometimes see and other times not? Or, would it go over the falls and pile drive down deep but surface mostly intact, kind of like what happens when a raft goes over Husum Falls on the White Salmon? Thankfully, I never found out, but I had made a spot for me to jump down into, get low and hold onto a few straps I put into place. The only thing I knew for sure was if I rode the boat over the falls, I wanted to have something to hold onto because it would probably surface faster than I would alone. I wanted to have my boat pull me to the surface.

While I was preparing for the worst, people on shore were preparing a Z-drag that would pull me at a different angle and pull my boat back into the current that headed toward the guide chute. It took about 40 minutes to get the second rope out to me, realize it wasn’t long enough to reach the Z-drag anchors, bring it back out the guys on the rock to tie another rope to it, and then get it back to the Z-drag anchors. Firefighters Sam and Cabe took turns holding me 10 feet from

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Mama bear and her two cubs across from Rogue River Ranch

Rogue River

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disaster for 40 minutes. That was amazing for me to watch, because every time I looked at them they had a smile on their faces – no matter how much their hands must have been cramping from holding the rope.

After things on shore got sorted out, I was pulled back into the current headed to the guide chute, I cut the rope from the Z-drag and away I went – except for one thing. I still had the first rope the guys on the rock that pulled me out of the first place I was attached to my boat. Do I cut that one too? I didn't cut it for one primary reason: I was right back

Day One, Rescue One complete with nothing injured except my ego.

where I started, only this time I already had a rope attached to me. I was in the current headed towards the guide chute with not enough forward momentum; in fact, I was stopped, being held into place with this rope. I decided I should keep the rope attached in case I got stuck again. And because I needed to use the rope to pendulum myself off one more rock on the way to the chute it was a good decision, except for one thing. What I didn't know was there was a handle tied into the other end of the rope that could have gotten chalked between two rocks. It turns out that nothing happened and the rope followed me through the chute without incident, but if it had caught on a rock, the stopping force that would have been created could have caused serious injury or damage.

Luckily, nothing like that happened and I rode the guide

chute while towing the rope without any further incidents. Whew! Day One, Rescue One complete with nothing injured except my ego.

The weather that day was beautiful – the high was around 60 degrees and there wasn't a cloud in the sky to be found. Other than the guide chute incident, we had a perfect day to be on the river. When I got to camp at Horseshoe Bend, there were people enjoying the sun with various concoctions in hand and just enjoying life to its fullest.

Dinner that night was spectacular. Russ Pascoe and the kayak crew served spaghetti with homemade puttanesca sauce. What a treat it is to have such a wonderful meal in the wilderness.

We woke up the next morning to clouds looking greyer than I would have liked. The weather forecast was for a 30% chance of showers, and I figured we stood a good chance of being in that 30% that day. No matter, Steve Herring was preparing to make his infamous cook-to-order omelets. After a great breakfast, we rigged the boats and shoved off.

About 30 minutes after leaving camp, it started to rain. Two hours later it was still raining and I was thinking about how good the weather the day before was, but what did I expect – this is November after all.

We regrouped at the Rogue River Ranch and had lunch where we were treated to a mother bear showing her two cubs how to get down to the river for a drink of water. Some people suspect she was thinking of taking her cubs across the river to the pear



Ann Stephenson and Pat Barry preparing appetizers

orchards near the Ranch, but we interrupted her plans by being right where she wanted to swim her cubs to. Whatever mama bear's intentions were, we got about a five-minute show of them wandering around the rocks just across the river from the Rogue River Ranch.

Next up is Mule Creek Canyon. Russ and I decided the kayakers should be ahead of the rafts that were all leaving, because kayakers paddle forward and will want to go faster than the rafts. As the kayakers left, I joked, "Also, if you end up swimming, we'll be right behind you to pick you up."

A few rafts had already left, so they were ahead of the kayakers as we headed towards Mule Creek Canyon. Anyone who has run Mule Creek Canyon with a group of other rafters knows there are two basic things you need to do: keep your distance from the boat in front of you, and don't stop. What ever you do, don't stop because that will cause everyone behind you to run into each other.

We enter the canyon and things are fine. Pat Barry is on her cat just ahead of me and Rick Carman is rowing his raft with his daughter Jen as a passenger just ahead of Pat. For most of the way through, everything went well. I got to Coffee Pot and things got a little squirrely – as I enter, a wave pushes me to the left and it takes me a minute to get back into position so I could



Camp at Lower Tacoma Bar

leave Coffee Pot. Bruce Ripley is on his cat just behind me and sees that I need a minute to clear Coffee Pot and holds up to give me the time I need.

Just as I am leaving Coffee Pot, I look ahead and see that Rick Carman has pulled into an eddy on river left and is stopped. Pat Barry is having trouble stopping and is working to avoid hitting Rick, and I am thinking, "Rick, what are you doing? Go!"

Then I see Jen stand up in the front of the raft and gets ready to deploy a throw bag. Uh oh – you only do that when someone needs to be rescued. So, I do my best to hold back, and then I signal back to Bruce to stay back. I'm not sure, but I think he stayed above Coffee Pot until the rescue was complete.

Jen waves Pat to float down but stay as far to the right as possible. Pat does that, and when she passes a small protrusion from the cliff on the right side, she spins around and not much else happens, but she

does wedge herself into a small alcove on river right about 25 feet downstream from a kayaker who had taken a nasty swim in Coffee Pot and managed to pull herself onto a small ledge on river right after being pulled under two or three times.

Then, Jen gives me the same signal – come down and stay as far to the right as I can. As soon as I pass the protrusion from the cliff, I saw her standing on the ledge, but I was too far away for her to jump. So, I then ran my boat into Pat Barry's and

Day Two, Rescue Two complete.

with her holding me in place I hoped the back of my boat would be close enough for Marie, the kayaker, to jump onto it. Not quite, so Rick pushes himself across and jams into the back of my boat. Close enough, Marie jumps and doesn't quite make it, but Jen grabs her arms and is

able to pull Marie into their raft.

One of the rafts that was ahead of the kayakers pulled the kayak and paddle out of the water and then transferred it to Rick's boat, but Marie was done for the day. Blossom Bar was around the corner, and after the swim she just had, Marie was in no hurry to get back into her kayak. She spent the rest of the day in Rick's raft.

Day Two, Rescue Two complete. The rest of the trip was fairly uneventful, but we did learn that you can't bribe everyone to get the camp you want. When the first people in our group got to Tacoma, our usual spot was taken and no matter what was offered to that group, they weren't moving. So, we took the next spot down and then shared the meadow up on the hill where we put tents for 42 people.

The third day was mild by comparison of the first two days. We woke up to a wonderful breakfast prepared by Mark Wade and then a two-hour float to

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Rogue River

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the boat ramp.

What a trip – two rescues in two days. As a club we often talk about rescues and boater safety and we talk about many of the same things over and over, but these two experiences told me there are some glaring shortcomings in what we talk about. Following my rescue at the guide chute, there was a spirited discussion as we floated downstream where we talked about what we did right and what we did wrong.

What do you mean – I was rescued and didn't get hurt. Where did we do wrong? Also, Marie made it into Rick's boat just fine, what's wrong with that? After a day or two to reflect on what happened, there is enough to talk about.

In both rescues, communication was an issue. In fact if the communication was better, both rescues probably could have been easier. In both rescues, I saw hand signals I didn't understand. In Mule Creek Canyon, I blew my whistle to signal Bruce to stop

and he didn't hear it – it's just too loud in there. In my rescue, the rope that eventually pulled me into the current that took me to the chute was sent to me with a knot in it and a locking carabineer on it. I didn't think to double check the knot, but the wrong knot was tied at the end.

There's more, but my point is this: we all participate in a risky sport and most of us lack adequate knowledge to understand what to do in an emergency. We all need to know the basic set of hand signals and whistle signals. There should be at least one person on every boat who knows how to tie a figure-eight, a bowline and a half-hitch.

My rescue causes me to ask two questions: If I'm the one being rescued, when I get that rope that will be used to pull me to safety, how do I secure it to my boat? If I tie it to a D-ring, will it rip off and put a huge hole in my boat? Also, all of the rescue scenarios we talk about at club meetings more or less assume the boat being rescued will be pulled all the way to shore. I have never heard anyone talk about how to separate the boat from the rope in the scenario I

was rescued under. The answer to that seems obvious, you cut the rope, but I had never heard that talked about before.

I don't want to criticize either of the rescues, because they both ended up being successful and without injury, but they can definitely be used as learning experiences. You can never know too much about boater safety and swift-water rescue, or get enough practice. After every rescue, there should be a discussion about what went right and what went wrong. A lot can be learned from those discussions.

We boat with each other for camaraderie, but we also boat together for safety. If we are on a trip together, I depend on you for my safety and you depend on me for yours. The more we all know about safety and rescues, the better off we all are. Safety in numbers is good, but knowledge is power and the more knowledge we collectively have the safer we all will be.

There was a lot more to this trip than these two rescues; most people on the trip say it was a great trip. In fact, some people on the trip were ahead of both rescues and didn't know about either until after the fact. The truth is, this was a great trip but it could have turned out differently. A lot of lessons can be learned from these two incidents and we can gain collective knowledge moving forward.

One of the most important lessons I learned was make sure to have enough beer. I took eighteen beers for one person on a three day trip – you would think that would be enough, right? After being rescued at the guide chute, I gave away so many beers to those who helped me that I ran out the next day. To everyone who had a hand in my rescue, thanks again.



PRESIDENT'S CORNER

BRENDA BUNCE

Fellow Club Members,

Join us on Wednesday, December 8 at Stark Street Pizza for a presentation of the Hinkle Creek Watershed Study, the headwaters of the North Umpqua River. Our guest speaker, Ted Lorensen worked as an Assistant State Forester in charge of the Private Forests Division and will talk about the 5,000-acre watershed study that is investigating the effects of contemporary forest practices on water quality, fisheries and aquatic habitat.

Don't forget to vote for your club candidates for President, Secretary and Membership Director. Ballots will be coming to your email inbox very soon. Also please review the proposed changes to our by-laws and vote for it's approval.

Also note that the board has voted to have a new board position of Technology Director. This position shall have the duties of maintaining the Corporation's website, communicating information from the Board to the membership, maintaining the Corporation's online activities including the website, emailing list and PayPal account, and assist the Corporation's Officers and other appointed members when interacting with the website and other online activities. The Technology Director shall attend all meetings of the Corporation Officers and keep the Officers advised on the status of the Corporation's online activities.

Scott Ogren will continue in this position.

If you haven't yet done so, NOW is the time to renew your membership dues. The PAY PAL link is located on the HOME PAGE of our website – or click on the link below. We have a wonderful schedule of events for 2011 and as always, are looking for trip leaders. Please send your trip information for the calendar to josephinedenison@hotmail.com.

February 9 will be our Clackamas Pool Session and the opportunity to really practice our rescue skills. More information to come so put it on your calendar and note that participants will have the chance to enter their name in a free door prize for a FREE SHUTTLE from Henry's Deli.

December has come to the end of my two-year term as the Club President. I have been proud to serve such a wonderful group of people and if elected again would love to hear what more you would like from your club.

Stay tuned for our 2011 calendar of events. You won't be disappointed.

Happy winter boating,
Brenda Bunce

*"If my ship sails from sight,
it doesn't mean my journey ends,
it simply means the river bends."*



Pay your OWA membership dues online with PayPal

www.oregonwhitewater.org/dues.html

Middle Fork of the Salmon, Part III

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so I let go and back in the drink he went. Around the eddy we went, with Dale on the opposite of the boat from the wood, mostly. The second time around I got in as close to the steep bank as possible and Dale's feet found an underwater rock that he could stand on and into the boat he fell, wet, cold, shaken and okay.

Rotating around the eddy with all that wood was okay as we become one with it. I still tried to keep the log at a distance. Minutes later one of Dave's oars joined us in the eddy and we grabbed it. We could see Mike's boat upstream but not Mike who was on shore in the bushes trying to figure out what to do. About 10 minutes later the red Maravia appeared on the downstream side of the log jam. Pretty soon it was moving toward Mike with Dave

at the oars right side up. Dave and Jeff had pushed the upside down boat away from shore and it floated into the log jam and stopped. Dave then walked out onto the log jam and pushed the Maravia with his foot and then a long stick away the log jam, while Jeff stood on the jam behind him holding onto his life jacket so he would not fall in. Each time he pushed the boat upstream a little, it moved slightly away from shore and closer to the big rock at the end of the jam. The Maravia eventually reached the rock that had done in Mike did the same thing. It flipped. Right side up! And Dave and Jeff had had tied the boat to the jam before it flipped and took off.

Dave and Jeff rowed down to help Mike. No way could Dale or I leave Sandi's boat tied up in the



Rick Carman

revolving wood and get past the steep cliff upstream so we took off, joined the rest of the group and headed for camp, hoping for the best. Turns out both Dave and Mike had plenty of pulleys and rope and the three of them jerry rigged a pulley system to turn over the heavy 16-footer and joined us in camp an hour later. Whew.

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2010 TRIP CALENDAR

Submitted by Josephine Denison

12.5 Sun	Upper North Santiam	III/IV	Angie Evans	trriggs@ashland.com	
ADDITIONAL TRIP INFORMATION					
Four boats spaces available. Launch point is congested and river is busy. Contact to reserve a place. See soggy sneakers for details. River level dependent.					
Please send 2011 trip submissions to: josephinedenison@hotmail.com					



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Oregon Whitewater Association

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Dues after January 1 are prorated at \$12.00, otherwise annual dues are \$24.00.

I hereby state that I wish to participate in courses and/or activities offered by Oregon Whitewater Association (OWA) a non-profit corporation. I recognize that any outdoor or aquatic activity may involve certain dangers including, but not limited to, the hazards of traveling by boat on rivers or other bodies of water, accidents, or illnesses in remote places or occurring during portages, forces of nature, and the actions of participants and other persons. I further understand and agree that without some program providing protection of its assets and its leaders, officers, and members, OWA would not be able to offer its courses and activities.

In consideration of and as part of my payment for the right to participate in the activities offered by OWA, I hereby release OWA and its leaders, officers, and members from any and all liability, claims and causes of action arising out of or in any way connected with my participation in any activities offered by OWA. I personally assume all risks in connection with these activities, and further agree to indemnify OWA and its leaders, officers, and members from all liability, claims, and courses of action which I may have arising from my participation in activities including, but not limited to those involving death, drowning, personal injury, and property damage. The terms of this agreement shall serve as a release and indemnity agreement for my heirs, assigns, personal representatives, and for all members of my family including any minors. [Parent or legal guardian must sign for all persons under eighteen (18) years of age.] This agreement is effective as of the date signed, and has no termination date. I have fully informed myself of the contents of this release and indemnity agreement by reading it before I have signed it.

All participating adult members of the household (age 18+) must sign. Guardians must sign for minors.

Participant	Printed name	Signature
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Member #2		
Member #3		
Member #4		

Participant	Email address	Preferred phone(s)
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