

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.



*House Rock Rapid*

### **A Bucket List Trip: The Grand Canyon** *Submitted by David Pauli*

I began whitewater boating 30 years ago. Right from the beginning I began hearing stories of the infamous Grand Canyon. It has been on my bucket list ever since.

My opportunity finally came! A group out of Southern Oregon had scored a permit for 16 and they were looking for another team member to round out the trip. The invitation went out to our own Jared Linkhart. Unable to participate, he had known through our conversations that it was something on my list to do. Through his relational connection to the trip leader and his knowledge of me as a person and a boater the connection was made.

OWA member and trip leader Peter Collins welcomed me to the team just six weeks prior to launch. When the trip roster was sent I recognized just one name...Blair Samuelson. I met Blair on last year's OWA Veterans Day Rogue trip.

I was torn between pulling my boat to Lees Ferry or renting a boat and flying. After discussing my options with Blair over the phone he suggested riding with him and sharing rowing duties. That seemed like a good idea to me so the decision was made...Blair and I would be boat mates. (I will develop the aspect of boating with Blair in a future story.)

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### **January Club Meeting on Zoom!**

**Wednesday,  
 January 13, 2021  
 at 6:00 PM**

*Zoom meeting login information will be sent to your email. If you are a prospective new member and are interested in joining the meeting, please send an email to [president@oregonwhitewater.org](mailto:president@oregonwhitewater.org) for the Zoom meeting login information.*

# Contact Information



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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](mailto: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.

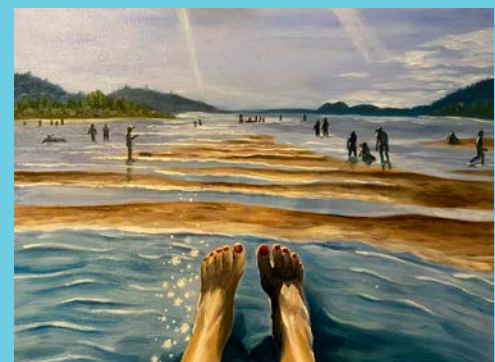
## Farewell from the Newsletter Editor

It's been my pleasure to put together the OWA newsletter for the past 7 years! The OWA community has always been a wonderful, fun and interesting group and their passion for whitewater sports is remarkable. I've quite enjoyed the people I have met in the group and posting their adventures for all to see.

As much as I've enjoyed this position, I've started a new career and, while exciting and challenging, it doesn't leave me with much extra time. And the little free time I have will be spent with my new (pandemic initiated!) hobbies of oil painting and rock tumbling! You all are in good hands as the next incarnation of the newsletter will be online and easy accessible for all!

While I don't get a chance to do much whitewater anymore, my favorite relaxation time has always been on a river, like the painting below. May you all be on your favorite rivers after the pandemic. I wish you all happy and safe rafting adventures!

Best,  
Jennifer Ogren



## Year of Change and Happy Holidays! by Scott Ogren

Wow – we are at the end of another year already! I hope you all had plenty of chances to get out on multiple rivers this year. For me, while I was able to get a few multi day trips in, 2020 I never got a chance to get a long trip in this year. Along with the pandemic changing a lot of things, I also got married during the summer and that was big event for my (now larger) family and me. It has been quite the year of change in more ways than one! We will be getting back to more rivers in 2021.

This newsletter is a milestone for me, as it is the last one I will be writing the President's Corner for. We publish ten newsletters per year, and I have been president for four years, so this is my 40th President's Corner. For some I've had inspiration and writing them was easy while others I had no idea what to say and I was surprised I was able to fill the required space. During my tenure one thing was consistent, and that is me finishing the President's Corner was almost always the last piece of the newsletter to be finished. Thank you to everyone involved with publishing the newsletter during these past four years tolerating my constant lateness and the constant gentle reminders for me to get it done. I now pass this task onto the next President.

For many, summer plans seem so far away, but for us whitewater boaters we need to start planning now. It's permit application time for the summer boating season! One of the greatest things about being in OWA is the ability to pool resources and strategically apply for river permits as a group. If you plan to apply for a permitted river to run this summer, I recommend finding friends to run the river with now and organize your permit party soon. Most rivers take applications from December 1 to January 31, so you have time right now, but it'll disappear faster than you think it will.

I've said this many times that it's finally becoming common knowledge. OWA now has two extensive Wilderness First Aid kits and AED's that go on all club trips and are available for club members to take on private trips as well. I encourage you all to take both an AED and First Aid Kit with you on your next private trip. You can check them out by sending an email to [firstaid@oregonwhitewater.org](mailto:firstaid@oregonwhitewater.org). The original First Aid Kit and AED spent so much time out on rivers and that's why the Board voted to purchase a second set and I think that's great!

### *Thank you for your help*

Thank you to everyone who has both served on the board and who has volunteered your time in service of the club these past four years. You all made my job being president easy because you all were amazing and always contributed to the success of the OWA. It takes a village to make this club successful and the list of people who did their part in the success is long. Past and current board members, volunteers, trip leaders, vendors, donors, as well as RST and WFA instructors and volunteers, thank you for everything you have done for our club. It's time I pass the baton to the next president and I trust you all will continue your hard work and efforts in service of this amazing organization.

*Traditionally, we hold the December meeting at Lucky Lab, however this year we can't do that. We are under restrictions for how large of a group we can get together due to the pandemic. That means we will have a Zoom meeting and if you haven't attended one, they are a lot of fun! Look for the link in your email!*

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## **Grand Canyon: Continued from page 1**

**Matcat**

For me, the trip started on October 7th when I rented a really cool glossy black Dodge Charger. I drove it to Medford to meet up with Blair. We headed out the next morning, and after a couple days of driving, we arrived at Marble Canyon Lodge just downstream of the launch point. This is where I finally had the opportunity to meet everyone in our party.

The next morning was boat rigging day. We had contracted with Cieba who showed up with all the coolers loaded and ready to go as well as an assortment of rocket boxes. These items were numbered corresponding with a map they provided showing which day to dig into which coolers and what rocket boxes to unload. In addition to having done all the shopping and cooler/ rocket box packing for us, they also provided the groover that they would deal with at the conclusion of the trip, a huge plus. It became very clear by the sheer amount of gear and everyone's attention to detail in rigging that we were up for something very significant. The park ranger needing to inspect every PFD, boat, and first aid kit underscored this fact. Once rigging was complete, the whole party enjoyed dinner out.

Our launch day was OCT 11th. We met up at the river early and had an orientation with the ranger where we were instructed for nearly an hour on all the dos and don'ts while in the canyon. Most of our party members had prior experience on the river, so that fact alone helped to put me at ease. In fact, this would be Blaire's 12th trip down and our trip leaders 4th trip down (his third in four years).

On October 11th our team of 16 boaters and 12 boats launched from Lees Ferry Boat Ramp to warm weather and sunny skies. We passed under the Navajo Bridge which spans 470' above the Colorado River. Eight miles in I got my first taste of whitewater as we navigated Badger Creek Rapid.

On day two after a hearty breakfast we broke camp, loaded boats and were back on the water. At mile 17 we navigated House Rock Rapid, our first class 7. We had one boat stuck on a rock in the rapid. Fortunately they were able with some assistance to finagle their way off without incident.

On day three the morning mood was livelier as our launch would bring us quickly into a stretch of river called, "The Roaring Twenties." This is a stretch of river between mile 20 and mile 26 in which we would encounter eight large rapids ranging from class 4 to class 6.

At mile 24.4 Blair was on the oars when we entered Georgie rapid. This class 6 is named after Georgie White Clark, the woman of the river that owned and operated a rafting company in the canyon for 45 years. Upon entry there was a large diagonal wave rolling in from the left. Blair yelled, "Duck!" With my head low I could feel this powerful surge of water shooting right over me as the boat began to lift. I was sure we were gonna flip. I could see Blair's guide book disappear into the current out of the corner of my eye.

When I looked back to see Blair's reaction to the excitement his rower's seat was vacant and the oars were just dangling in the water. The surge of water had blown Blair right out of the raft. Upon looking back downstream I spotted Blair being swept through the froth. After a quick high side maneuver and a blast on my whistle to warn other boaters that we had a swimmer I jumped on the oars, finished the rapid and caught up to Blair who was clinging to side of one of the boats. After plucking him out of the drink we were back on our way.

On day four, thirty-three miles into our journey, we landed at Redwall Cavern. This is a popular attraction site. Musicians like this spot because it resembles a large amphitheater. The size of this cavern is enormous and the photos do not do it justice.

**Continued on page 5**



Elves Chasm

## Grand Canyon: Continued from page 4

Our first layover of the trip would be spent at the Nankoweap Granaries. My love for history made this stop the most interesting. These Puebloan 'storage units' were cut into the sandstone around A.D. 1100. We got to this site by hiking a well-traveled, steep trail about a half mile from the beach. From this vantage point I was treated to one of the most breathtaking views of my journey.

On day seven the highlight was the Little Colorado River at river mile 62. The blue water is stunning! After hiking upstream Ben, Pete and I jumped in and floated through one of the rapids on the LCR just for the fun of it.

The Little Colorado River is revered by many Navajo and Hopi natives and for good reason. (Duwain Whitis) On day eight we navigated several class 6 rapids. The rapids are gradually growing in size and intensity as we go deeper into the canyon. We camped at river mile 76 at a place called Nevills.

The next few days would be my favorite for two reasons. One the best whitewater is coming up, and two, the side excursions were off the charts. The morning of day nine brought us to Hance Rapid, a technical class 8. We had one boater miss his line and go right over a large pour over at the top where his boat was surfed and tossed around for about a minute before being released. His vise like grip helped keep him in his boat.

Grapevine Rapid is a long class 7 filled with large holes. This is where we had our 2nd swimmer - an unexpected swim through the bottom third of Grapevine.

At river mile 88 we made a stop at Phantom Ranch. This is a popular destination for hikers coming down from the rim to the canyon floor. From this location I was able to mail off some postcards for my family. Mail is hauled out and delivered each day at Phantom Ranch via mule back. We wrapped up the day after running class 8 Horn Creek Rapid.

On day 10 we ran through three monster class (8) rapids; Granite, Hermit, and Crystal rapids. Hermit was my personal favorite with a long series of massive standing waves. It was like riding a liquid roller roaster down the river. Heading down river at mile 108 we passed the Ross Wheeler. This boat has been sitting there since 1915 when the party drug it up on the rocks and left it abandoned there after a failed attempt to run the canyon.

At river mile 109 we pulled in to explore Shinumo Creek. For the heck of it I climbed up behind the falls and dove right through it.

On day eleven our journey took us to two side excursions. The first being Elves Chasm, at river mile 117. Elves Chasm is a jewel in the desert. Our party enjoyed swimming and cliff jumping. Further down the river we pulled in to explore Blacktail Canyon. The high towering canyon walls are majestic, and the phenomenal acoustics make it a popular stop for musicians.

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*The Crew*



*Redwall Cavern*

## **Grand Canyon: Continued from page 5**

After a much needed layover we were back on the water on day thirteen. The river was typical for the canyon; long stretches of flat water punctuated by a couple of hair raising rapids. The highlight of the day came at river mile 137 with a stop at Deer Creek Falls. It was a grueling hike to the top but once there I was treated to this wonderful oasis in the desert. I wish the photos could do it justice. The beauty of this sanctuary was truly breathtaking. I also had a fun time getting the cooties knocked out of my hair while standing beneath the 100' Deer Creek Falls.

Day fourteen did not yield much whitewater but the side excursion was epic. Matkatambia Canyon also known as "Matkat" was shaded, lush, and a special refuge in the desert. On day fifteen we ran one large rapid class (8) "Upset Rapid" before pulling in at the mouth of Havasu Creek. This is ordinarily a very popular side excursion but on this trip there were restrictions due to Covid-19 at the request of the Havasupai Nation which lives upstream just a few miles.

After pushing off again we were confronted by a terrible windstorm that forced us to pull in for camp early. This also was the only day that we encountered a little rain. Fortunately I was able to pitch my cot in a little covered nook which eliminated the need for a tent.

After a windy damp night everyone was up and we were on the water early. It was a cool day and this was just one of two days that I wore my drysuit. There were no rapids to speak of on day 16 but that's okay because our thoughts were preoccupied with what we would be facing the next day; Lava Falls.

Day seventeen is the day people had been talking about since our launch. This is the day we would be facing "Lava Falls". This class (9) rapid is the largest rapid on the river. Unfortunately videos and photos really don't show the magnitude of this frothy beast as there are numerous waves and holes capable of flipping boats. We pulled in above the rapid to scout. I could feel the adrenaline surging through my veins as we stood on a high point on river right where we attempted to decipher our routes.

We watched the first wave of our boaters enter the rapid and exit the bottom unscathed. Their success bolstered confidence so with that, the rest of us headed back to our boats. Our route through the rapid was flawless and Blair demonstrated the skills and poise of a 50 year veteran of whitewater. In fact, our entire group navigated Lava falls with no swims or flips.

Lava Falls is the last of the huge rapids and as is customary our party pulled in below at "Tequila Beach" to celebrate the success and relief. Not really knowing if I would still be standing after a shot of tequila I played it safe and opted for a shot of my mango vitamin water instead. Later we pulled into camp at Upper Hundred and Eighty-five Mile Camp. After 17 days in the heart of the Grand Canyon being surrounded by stunning beauty and epic whitewater I was feeling contemplative, reflective, and thankful for being in such a special place with such amazing people.

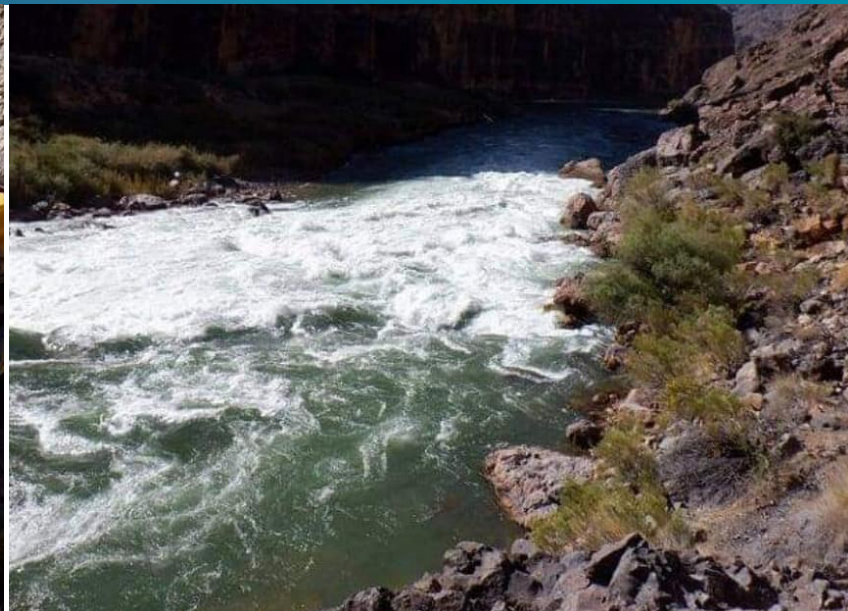
With most of the big rapids and the inclement weather behind us we were enjoying the warm sunny weather and low stress boating. At river mile 187.9 we pulled over to look at some pictographs. These ancient native open air rock art were fascinating. Later we pulled in at Parashant Canyon river mile 199 for our third and final layover. In addition to rest, layover days are "chore" days. Laundry was on the docket, as well as a very chilly bath in the river. River water is a cool 50 degrees, similar to our ocean water on the Oregon Coast.

On day twenty with most of the big rapids and notable side excursions behind us, the focus of the trip shifted to logging miles. We still had 89 miles to go and just a few days to do it. Even though we floated 21 miles on this day, we were still to camp early enough to enjoy the warm afternoon sun.

*Continued on page 7*



Scouting Lava



Lava

## Grand Canyon: Continued from page 6

On day twenty-one we logged 23 miles. We passed Diamond Peak. Rumor has it that this pyramid shaped butte's height is equivalent to the elevation of Lee's Ferry, our launch point more than 220 miles up- river.

At river mile 231 the river came back to life with the last sequence of whitewater, a series of class 4 – 6 rapids including Killer Fang rapid. Not to be confused with Killer Fang on the upper Clackamas.

We camped at river mile 243. Three of our team members came prepared to put on their Halloween costumes. I had completely lost track of time and didn't even realize it was October 31st. I was glad someone had thought ahead and brought a bowl of candy to share.

Day twenty-two. In the lower canyon campsites are few and far between. After logging 22.5 miles we found a unique Island Camp within eye shot of the Hualapai Skywalk. (River Mile 265.5)

We were now in a part of the river known as "The Ditch." In years past, Lake Meade (formed by Hoover Dam) was backed up all the way into this section of the river resulting in silt deposits. This has filled in rapids making it essentially flat water. In addition, these silt deposits have created a ditch-like effect on the shoreline matching the depth of what the lake level had been. Fortunately there was still plenty of beauty to see above the silt line.

On day twenty three we launched at river mile 265.5 and pulled into our final camp at river mile 279, just one mile from the take out. It would be a bittersweet time around our final campfire. Soon this epic journey would be over, but truth-be-told, I was ready to go home.

Grand Canyon Exit. 11-3-2020 Our final camp was just one mile from the Pierce Ferry Boat ramp. After reaching the boat ramp the same company that met us at the launch point with coolers and rocket boxes loaded for our journey, was there to pick up the aftermath. After hugs, high-fives, handshakes, and well wishes it was off to Las Vegas where Blair dropped me off at my brother's place. Blair would finish his trip home in his Chevy Blazer. I would catch a plane out of Vegas the next morning.

All told, we floated 280 miles over a period of 24 days. We had three swimmers and mostly sunny warm weather. In addition to the epic whitewater, stunning side excursions, and breathtaking beauty, there were the people...sixteen people doing life and adventure together. This was a bucket list trip I will definitely remember for a lifetime. But more so, it's the people, and our times around the campfire and our conversations and friendships that I will most cherish.

## Rafting on the Whac-A-Mole Rivers

*Submitted by Fred Payne*

Normally on a five-day trip, I'm anxious about whether any ice in the cooler will last until the final meal. On my annual trip floating the Whac-A-Mole Rivers however, the concern is how do I keep the potable water (not in the cooler) from freezing!

When rafting in the Blue Mountains in November, temperatures will generally range from near zero to the balmy 30's. This past November's trip, the weather forecast also included a couple days of snow. Retention of cooler ice was never a problem! Friends have asked me if my fellow rafters and I were crazy. Why raft in such cold, formidable conditions?

1. There's no such thing as bad weather, just bad clothes.
2. Being on a river is always fun.
3. You have your pick of campsites.
4. Steelhead have great winter runs.
5. The rafting becomes very technical.

Reason number 5 is the most compelling argument for rafting in the winter. River flows drop and the resulting lower gauge reveals every rock that in higher water is completely submerged. You cannot lose concentration and take your eyes off the water! With overcast skies, the water takes on a dark pallor that hides rocks and pillows. Navigate around the first obstacle and another immediately pops up in your field of vision! That's why I call the Wallowa and Grande Ronde the Whac-A-Mole Rivers. In November, rafting from Minam to Powtaka bridge is as much fun as going through White Horse on the Deschutes—and it goes on for 40-plus miles! Remember, we're in little boats that row like corks.

We left mid-Saturday morning on November 7 to reach our hotel in Elgin in time to watch the Notre Dame-Clemson football game—and to get to get enough sleep before an early start the next morning. As we drove to Minam at 6:30 AM, the predicted snow started—and persisted that entire first day.

My intrepid travelers were John H, his son Jake, and Dave B. We each had our own one-man boats: three 10' catarafts and a 11'6" raft.

Aside from the obvious problems of rafting during a pandemic, there are additional challenges for packing: there can be no reliance on communal gear that when evenly distributed among all rafters lightens the load on every boat. We each had to bring our own kitchens, groover, shelters, coolers, etc. Not that we didn't have the gear. These small boats get weighed down quickly with more and more gear, and the deeper the pontoons go into the river, the more the likelihood that we'd be dragging boats frequently across gravel bars. And with the water as low as it tends to be that time of year, there are gravel bars aplenty!





## **Whac-A-Mole Rivers: Continued from page 8**

John H and Dave B were the first lunatics to raft the Whac-A-Mole six winters ago (along with a resident of the Florida Keys who had no idea of what he was in for). A couple valuable lessons were learned on that trip:

1. A 16' foot cat with 30" pontoons—big enough for all three along with gear—is way too heavy a boat to being constantly dragged across gravel bars, or off rocks.
2. The temperature rating of a sleeping bag, for example, a zero-degree bag, does not mean that you will be toasty warm at all temperatures down to zero. The rating only means that you will not freeze to death at that temperature. But be assured, you will be miserable the entire night no matter how much clothes you are wearing.

We now knew never to bring a big boat on the Whac-A-Mole Rivers. And we had the perfectly justifiable reason to buy new boats! John and I headed off to Andy and Bax and bought identical, 10' catarafts with Maxxon tubes. And we knew to also get a liner for our bags to increase its effectiveness at lower temperatures.

In subsequent annual trips, we were quite warm and had much lighter boats when we needed to drag them across gravel bars. Oh, here's another hard-learned lesson. Check your valves for water! During 2019's trip, John, Jake and I got stuck on a gravel bar—which John and Jake easily extracted themselves from. I couldn't budge my boat no matter how hard I pulled. John and Jake were quickly downriver from me and around a bend and I'm still struggling.

I thought, "Surely there must be some large rock against which a tube has been wedged." I walked around to the other side of the boat and saw to my horror that one of the two bladders in the pontoon was completely deflated! And here I was 40 yards from a shore, in freezing weather, my companions were nowhere to be seen, and I'm stuck with what was seemingly a torn bladder! After several minutes of near panic and wondering how cruel death by hypothermia might be, I opened the cap to the valve of the deflated bladder and discovered it was full of ice. Somehow water had gotten in there, froze and expanded to push the valve open and allow the air to escape. It took me 10 minutes to chip out the ice and pump up the bladder. Always carry a pump—and an ice pick!

Our first leg on the river was to make it 10 miles to the confluence of the Wallowa and the Grande Ronde. 10 miles is usually an easy drift. The Moles, however, are particularly numerous on this stretch of the river. And Blind Falls Rapids at low water is a fun challenge in a little boat. Last year, I had a safety line dragging from my boat in case I needed to grab it if out of the boat pulling it across a gravel bar. Once the boat breaks free, it's off! You best have a good grip on the boat or a trailing line to grab. I foolishly had a knot in the end of it which got stuck in some rocks as I careened over the falls. I had to cut the rope from the boat to get out of that mess. (Another lesson: Always carry a knife on your jacket!)



## Whac-A-Mole Rivers: Continued from page 9

The challenge of winter rafting at this latitude is that the sun doesn't rise until 6:30-ish and it sets about 4:30-ish. There's little daylight for rafting and still leave time to both break camp and the subsequently set-up camp before it gets pitch dark. You need to get to your campsite early in the afternoon. Fortunately on the first day, we were blessed to stay in one of only two cabins on that 42-mile stretch of river.

A good friend of ours, Jim W., has owned for nearly 50 years the first cabin one encounters at the confluence, having had the foresight to have scraped together every nickel he had to buy it when he was a young man. Christened Jim, I call him John Wayne as there is a strong resemblance, both physically and in personality. The quintessential Eastern Oregonian, Jim W. is an impressive physical presence and a consummate outdoorsman. Older than me (and I am a gratefully Medicare insured), Jim is one of the best rowers you will find on a river. At my age, he rowed the Grand Canyon. Every year, he does a couple Rogue trips.



My first two trips on the Grande Ronde were with John Wayne and Paul D. (Another lunatic whose exploits on the river would make for a separate article!) The second trip was when the river was flowing at over 5,000 CFS in mid-May a few years ago and I was rowing one of Jim's boats. With the water running very high and flooding its banks, I was late to pick which channel I would take to round an island. I quickly find myself entangled in a grove of saplings that normally would be 20 feet farther up a dry bank in lower water. Sheepishly, I sit there trapped, waiting to be rescued.

A few minutes later, I hear someone thrashing through the water and saplings and John Wayne appears waist-deep. Barely disguising his disgust at my amateurish rowing skills, he extricates me from the brush, pushes me out into clear water, and admonishes me, "Whoa, take 'er easy there, Pilgrim."

Jim's cabin has electricity and heat—welcome after our first cold day on the river. We had always planned for a layover day, and we briefly considered taking it there in the cabin that Monday. Despite the snow of the evening before and our need to sweep it off the boats with the aid of a broom from Jim's cabin, we pressed on that day because it was bright and clear—which means it would be very cold.

Whac-A-Mole! Whac-A-Mole! For fifteen miles, we thread our way among the ever present rocks down the river to our destination, a camp site on an island. What great fun! We arrive with plenty of time to get set up in dry conditions and start a fire. Did I write about overloading our boats? Add to everything one needs for winter camping a fire pan and about 100 pounds of firewood. Fortunately, one of our boats was a Puma raft. With a beam as narrow as the cat boats, its extra 18" of length and greater tube area allowed it to partially serve as a gear boat and carry what we needed to have a sense of warmth as we prepared our meals each evening.

Another advantage of a fire is that it creates a diversion in an effort to stay up late! We prepare our dinners while there is still light, but by 5:30 PM, there's not much to do than to sit around telling lies to one another about what great oarsman we are. Needing to conserve our store of firewood, we all usually pack ourselves off to bed by 6:00 PM.

This year, I bring a tent as does Dave B. John and Jake sleep under a wing tarp inside bivy sacks. Even if it doesn't rain or snow in the night—against which the wing tarp affords protection—you will wake up with condensation on your sleeping bag, or a layer of ice depending on how cold it is. I find bivy sacks too constraining and prefer a tent with a rainfly.

## Whac-A-Mole Rivers: Continued from page 9



I have recently started using the “system” bag of Big Agnes: the bag has no insulation on the bottom but rather a pocket into which an insulated air mattress is inserted. My preference for this system is that one cannot roll off your mattress in the middle of the night. We all spend at least 12 hours each night in our sleeping bags awaiting the dawn, luxuriating in the warmth of our bags (and inserts!). Bring something to read.

During the night, I hear the rain falling on my tent but grateful that camp had been set up in dry conditions. Turns out that snow falling on a rain fly sounds just like rain. In the morning, we awaken to over an inch of snow. Our camp was somewhat protected by the overhang of trees, but the boats needed a good brushing before we took off. Unfortunately, the broom was back at John Wayne’s cabin.

Our itinerary for the day only had us drifting 10 miles. For the first two hours of the drift, it snowed constantly: big snowflakes, no wind, deafening quiet. It was magical! Some of the best two hours I’ve spent on a river as we bobbed and weaved downstream.

Before we got to our camp site, it rained but fortunately stopped early allowing us to set up camp that Tuesday afternoon. This would be our campsite for the next two nights as Wednesday would be a fishing day.

The only fish caught was literally on the very first cast by John H. That evening, John talked about the strange phenomenon that the laws of physics always make the size of fish appear much smaller in photographs than in fact they are. Being a fisherman myself, I believe John.

A word about John: 90% of the river trips I have taken in the past ten years has included John. Aside from being a great companion and expert rower, he’s a surgeon. It’s always a great comfort to have a doctor on a rafting trip in the wilderness. John brings with him a HUGE medical bag that would allow him to perform almost any kind of surgery should the need arise. (Anesthesia, however, is biting on a very large bowie knife.) Recently he realized that most of the people who raft with him are of the age where heart attacks are perhaps the

greatest medical risk. Now he has added a defibrillator to his medical pack! I told John he would be SOL if it was him who had the heart attack. John assures me that the defibrillator comes with instructions. (As a courtesy to John, I need to watch in advance a DVD that also explains its operation.)

Thursday morning we awoke to the coldest day of our trip. Everything is frozen solid. Chairs and tents with poles that need disassembling are first dunked in the river to melt the ice in the joints. Wading boots also are set in the river to thaw before they can be put on. The cold and ice slow us down when pulling up camp.

We only have 7 miles to drift to the Powatka Bridge. The weather warms up into the 20’s and the canyon somewhat recedes. By 11:00 AM, we’re at our cars.

Prior to the trip, I had a few days of panic thinking we might not be able to arrange a shuttle that time of year. Lottie at the Minam Store had been exposed to Covid and was not running shuttles. John Wayne suggested an outfit out of Elgin who happily was running shuttles still: Joining Waters. Matt recently bought the business and also offers guided river tours and boat rentals. Check him out the next time you have a need: [JoiningWaters.com](http://JoiningWaters.com).

We took the road along the river from the bridge all the way to Boggan’s Oasis. We were warned not to try to head over either of two mountain roads that would have made our drive home much shorter. We understood what good advice that was as we drove south to Enterprise. There was at least a foot of snow in the passes.

Within a mile of Troy, we are reminded that we live in the West. We were slowed down for 15 minutes by having to weave our way through a large herd of cattle being moved from one ranch to another. We also encountered a large herd of Bighorn sheep—a wildlife sighting that added to the dozen eagles and a family of otters we saw on our float.

Although we were impatient to get home (and to a hot shower), I pulled off the road to take a picture of the Grande Ronde River valley. We are truly blessed to live in the Pacific Northwest and have such wonderful rivers to explore.



## For Scott

*During your tenure as President we have seen our club grow in numbers but also sustaining membership. Even during this difficult year, your service behind the scenes as well as holding up the virtual realm, has been performed with dedication and tenacity at the highest standard. We are thankful for not only your outstanding leadership as President but your incredible service over the last decade in the numerous roles and Board service. Two words come to mind to describe you. Loyalty and Integrity. Thank you.*

**- Brenda Bunce, on behalf of the OWA past presidents and board**

*It's amazing how time flies, 2 terms, 4 years, and miles and miles of river! It's hard to describe what it's like to be president but having been there myself I understand what a commitment it is and how hard you've worked to not only keep the club running but continue to grow it as well. What's obvious is the amount of hard work and dedication required to run the monthly meetings, work with the board to keep the club on track, work on fundraising and other high visibility projects and you've done a great job on all of those. What's not obvious for those that are not deeply involved is the time and effort you put in behind the scenes working to keep the trip calendar full, keeping our relationships with vendors and other clubs in order, but most of*

*all making sure that all the things that make the club tick like the website and PayPal (among many others) keep working like they were always there. The fact is you've provided all of this and then some and it's not something where a simple thank you is really sufficient... But, that's about all one can do so I'll just say THANKS for EVERYTHING you've done for the club, I for one appreciate it.*

**- Bruce Ripley**

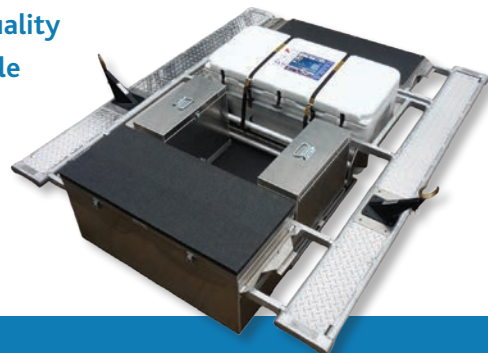
Scott joined OWA in 2007 with the Veteran's Day Rogue trip his first OWA adventure. He started the Lower Deschutes Spring Break trip in 2009 while his kids were little and has led the trip every year since (except 2020, when the trip was Covid cancelled). He has served on the OWA board off and on since 2009 as Membership Director, Tech Director, and President. Scott will continue to support the club and board in 2021 as the tech director. Look forward to exciting upgrades to the OWA website in the near future!



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## INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening or butter
- 1 egg
- 1 cup fuyu persimmon pulp (mashed)
- 1 tsp baking soda
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup nuts (pecans or walnuts)
- 2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp cloves
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 1 tsp nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp salt



## Persimmon Cookies

*Submitted by Shannon Smejkal*

## DIRECTIONS

Cream together sugar and shortening. Add egg and mix until combined. Add pulp and mix until combined. Add salt, cinnamon and nutmeg and mix until combined. Add flour and mix just until incorporated and batter is uniform. Fold in nuts and raisins. Drop with a spoon (about 2 tablespoon size) onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in 350 preheated oven for 14- 17 minutes until cooked through (200 degrees inside) and lightly brown on tops.

\*To make pulp, remove persimmon skin from ripe fruit. Quarter and puree in a food processor.

Makes about 28



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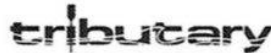
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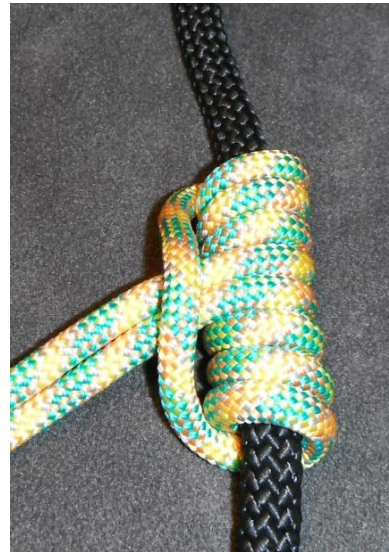
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## Knot of the Month -Prusik

### Overview

- Bi-directional Friction Hitch
- Will grip when tensioned and slide when eased. (in either direction)
- Used to grip a rope in a haul system
- Used as a brake knot to prevent a haul line from slipping out and giving up your progress
- You should use 3-4 wraps (can use more)



[Click for Step by step directions](#)

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Steve K 2012

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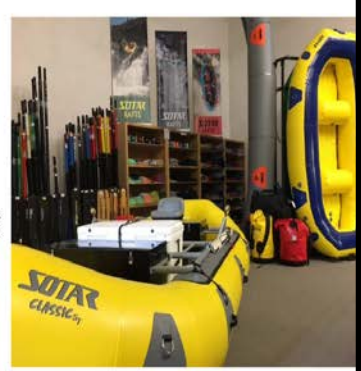


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# Upcoming Trips



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
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2021 38th Annual New Year's Sandy River Float	January 1, 2021 10am - 4 pm	Val Shaul	<a href="mailto:valshaul@frontier.com">valshaul@frontier.com</a> , 503-805-8991
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*Sandy River, Class II/III*

*1/1/21, Friday, New Years Day, Sandy River, Dodge Park to Oxbow Park*

*There are some changes to the New Years Day Float this year. Meeting at Dodge Park, shuttling, floating the Sandy River and taking out at Oxbow Park will be the same. However, there will be No Pot Luck or DVA pulled pork cooked up at the Pavilion. Oxbow Park has all Pavilion shelters closed off for general public use. Bring your own hot drinks and snacks to eat while on the river. Also, please let Val know if your planning on joining the float or considering boating that day so we can have an general idea of approximately how many folks will be showing up. Depending on how many interested participants there are, we might split into two different launch times. Maintain a 6' distance from those individuals your not normally around and wear your mask when shuttling and not on the river. \*We are looking for an open bed truck or two for shuttling boaters.*

*"First of the Year Float" is on again this year. Meet and be ready to shuttle from Dodge Park at 10 am. By the way, Val has led over 20 of these floats.*

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



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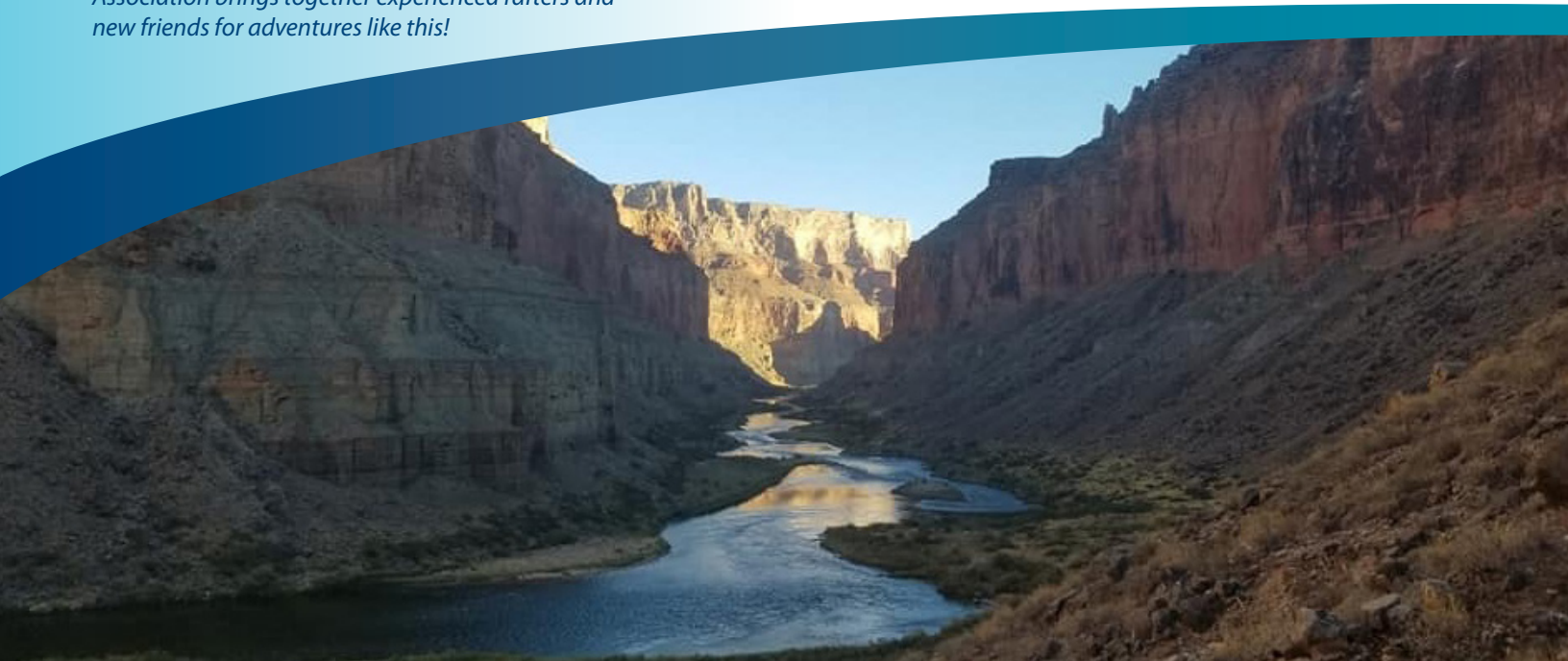
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View from Nankoweap, Photo by David Pauli

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