



The Voyageur's Companion

Newsletter of the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club
www.rockymountaincanoeclub.org

Summer/Fall Trip and Event Schedule, and Trip Reports

August 2006

RMCC trips are cooperative adventures shared by members and their guests. The entire group is collectively responsible for the trip, and each participant is individually responsible for judging their own qualifications, skill level, and safety on the rivers being run. The trip coordinator may refuse to allow a participant on a trip, but the responsibility for judging one's own qualifications lies solely with each trip member.

Trips are open to RMCC members and their guests. All trip participants must sign the RMCC Waiver and Assignment of Risk agreement prior to each trip. Please sign up well in advance.



Check the RMCC on-line schedule for the latest updates. New trips are added frequently during the boating season: <http://www.rockymountaincanoeclub.org/schedule.html>

To add a trip or event to the schedule, please send complete information to Trip Coordinator
Ned Banta



Sun. Aug. 20. **Colorado River Race: Dotsero to Hanging Lake.** Leader: Eric Nyre Class I.
Sponsored by Canoe Colorado. This is a fun race vs a serious one. There are race classes for just about everyone. Prizes for 1st, 2nd, 3rd place. There is also a drawing open to all participants for at least \$500 in prizes, so even if you don't win the race you'll probably win something.

Sept. 1-4 or 5. **Green R., Lodore.** Leader: Karen Amundson, Class III-. Pretty canyons through Dinosaur National Monument include many rapids and a few hikes and petroglyphs. Permit fee applies, and I will know mid-August if we can have the 5th day.

Sept. 2-3. **Colorado R., Cisco to Hittle Bottom.** Leader: Dave Allured, Class I. Beginners welcome.

Sept. 3-4. **Colorado R., Dewey Bridge to Big Bend.** Leader: Dave Allured, Class II+. Novices welcome.

Sept. 5. **Colorado R., Moab/Highway 191 to Potash.** Leader: Penelope Purdy, Class I. About 16 miles of Class I, requiring a full day of paddling as the current usually is rather slow. However, we can vote at the put-in whether the group wants to do a slightly shorter trip to Gold Bar.

Sept. 12-20. **Green River, Deso-Gray.** Leader: Tony and Peggy Littlejohn, Class III.
8 nights.

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Sept. 16-17. **Dismal River, Mullen to Thedford, Nebraska.** Leader: Eric Nyre, Class I. 36 miles. Joint trip with Canoe Colorado -- their rules apply. This is an exploratory trip, since we've never paddled there. The Dismal is spring fed, so it does not rely on runoff.. There should be a canyon section, and the regular sand hills. Solo boats must be at least 15', tandems 17'. Canoes must have floatbags, end lines, etc. PFD's must be worn at all times while on the river.

Sept. 30 - Oct. 1. **Colorado R., Loma to Westwater.** Leader: Penelope Purdy, Class I/II-. Novices welcome. Camp at Black Rocks. Early starts.

Sept. 30 - Oct. 8. **Current River, Ozark National Scenic Riverways, Montauk to Big Spring, Missouri.** Leader: Eric Nyre, Class I+. 90 miles. Joint trip with Canoe Colorado -- their rules apply. We will probably paddle the Jacks Fork while we're there, adding another 50 miles or so to the trip. This has been timed to enjoy the fall colors. Like the Dismal, it is a spring-fed river. Solo boats must be at least 15', tandems 17'. Canoes must have floatbags, end lines, etc. PFD's must be worn at all times while on the river. 🙌



Rocky Mountain Canoe Club -- Contact Information

Website: <http://www.rockymountaincanoeclub.org>

Membership: \$20 per year, per household. See Membership section of our website, or contact Karen Jankowski for forms and information:

E-mail list: <http://mail.indra.com/mailman/listinfo/rmcc>

resident	Dave Allured		
Treasurer	Paul Holscher		
Newsletter Editor	Mark Zen		
Membership	Karen Jankowski		
Trip Coordinator	Ned Banta		
Advertising	Clem McHale		
Conservation	Greg Jankowski		
Instruction: Whitewater/Freestyle	Bob & Jill Stecker		
Instruction: Instructors/Basics	Jeff Oxenford		
Quartermaster	Doug Hurcomb		
Webmaster	Jeanne Willson		

Acknowledgements

By Dave A., RMCC President

I would like to thank the following people for helping make the Summer 2006 RMCC Rendezvous a success. Thanks to trip leaders Diana Preusser, Greg and Karen Jankowski, Ned Banta, and Eric Nyre. Thanks to Ned Banta for coordinating the Rendezvous trips. Thanks to Karen Jankowski for organizing the Dutch Oven Cook-off. Thanks to Karen Amundson, Diana Preusser, and Dennis Adams for special assistance with the pancake breakfast. Thanks to all participants for their various and sundry contributions to the group supper and breakfast. Thanks to Greg Jankowski and numerous assistants for set-up, take-down, and storage of the RMCC dining canopy.

Thanks to Bonnie Gallagher, Eric Nyre, Karen and Greg Jankowski, Al Johnson, Gary Faust, Karen Amundson, Ken Bauer, Jeanne Willson, Ned Banta, Lyn Berry, Jim Baker-Jarvis, and Scott McDonald for offering a great variety of late spring and summer paddle trips.

Thanks to Karen and Greg Jankowski for being the RMCC representatives and demonstrators at the REI Paddle Demo Day in June.

Thanks to Lyn Berry for spending an April field day with me, planning and touring campgrounds and river access, for the Arkansas River weekend which did not happen this year. "Maybe next year."

Thanks to Karen Maley for helping to assemble and mail the last couple newsletters.

A big thanks to new Editor Mark Zen for enthusiastically keeping the newsletter on schedule throughout the paddling season. Each issue consumes many hours of Mark's time, and he is working through serious physical handicaps to keep up with this effort.

I would like to acknowledge all recent RMCC volunteers.

If I have forgotten anyone here, please remind me



2006 Summer RMCC Rendezvous

By Karen Jankowski

Our annual Summer Rendezvous had blazing blue skies, no sign of rain, no high winds, no fire ban, and water in the river from July 28th through July 31st. It does not get much better than this. Many new faces and many seasoned veterans came out for the fun event. We had many successful trips being led all 3 days on different sections of the Colorado River. Multiple trips on the Colorado River were held from Pumphouse all the way to Sweetwater. Many thanks to trip leaders that made this happen were Dave Allured, Diana Preusser, Ned Banta, Eric Nyre, and Greg & I.

Saturday we held our annual Dutch oven cook off. We started with appetizer hour at 6pm. Ray Morrison shared his Baja special treat of Papaya, Pineapple and Jicama with a splash of lemon and lime juice with a dash of chili powder.

Our Main dish winner went hands down to our teenager chefs Lisa Adams, Craig Adams and Micki Reeves for Chile Relleno Enchiladas served in a 16" Dutch oven large enough to serve an army.

Salad dish award went to Mo Morrow and Michael Croft called Pretty Salad which was a healthy green salad with fruit.

Desert went to Bob Aikins for his to die for cherry chocolate upside down cake with real whipped cream.

People's choice award went to Terry from Colorado Springs for her warm caramel apple pie.

Honorable mentions go to Carol and Bob Aikins for their tasty and tender beef brisket.

Honorable mention goes to Diana for her Riveritas. I was told they were better than any restaurant's, luckily no driving was required.

Sunday morning El Presedente, Dave Allured in his new official straw hat served the group pancakes and many folks brought a breakfast side dish to share. We had lots of help taking down the club tent that actually stayed up the whole weekend and we still managed to enjoy the rest of the day on a river trip. All sorts of flotilla were seen on this long weekend. We had solo play open canoes, tripping tandem canoes, solo racing canoes, wave runners, kayaks, c-1's, and duckies.

We are new members to the RMCC, and our first time on "moving water" was the River Rendezvous. We had such a wonderful time, and that is largely due to Dave and Karen. They were kind enough to trade paddling partners with us, and the information Karen dispensed about how to read the river while Dave taught us different paddling strokes was absolutely invaluable. When we arrived on Friday afternoon, there were only a few campsites at the Radium campgrounds, and we were concerned the turn-out would be low. But by Friday night, several more people had shown up, and it was so nice to have an opportunity to chat with people and listen to their canoeing stories as well as getting to know them in general. We are so looking forward to the next Class I event as we continue to gain canoeing experience and make new friendships. Here is a sampling of our photos. If you'd like to see them all on our website, email us at thebrat@mac.com for the link. 🖐🖐



✈ Editor's note, Some of Craig's Photos are also on other pages. Thanks Craig, and Welcome, ~mz ✈



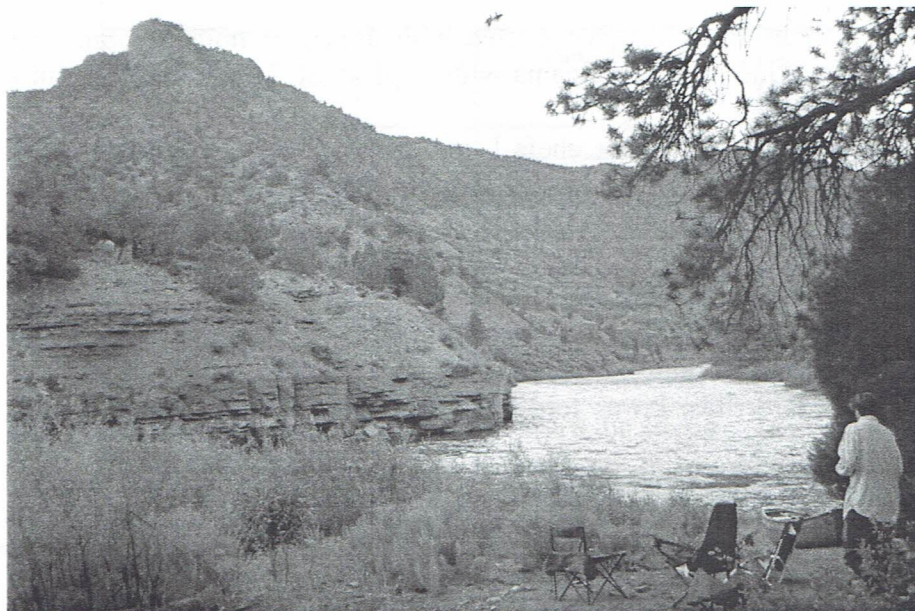
Colorado River from Pumphouse to Dotsero

July 1-4, 2006

By Karen Amundson

The Jankowski's and I threw together a fairly spontaneous trip to take advantage of a 4-day holiday with the Colorado running at about 1600cfs. We picked this stretch due to its proximity to Denver and because it had enough rapids to be a good test of my new Bell Nexus that Greg outfitted with a solar bailer in preparation for the Green River, Deso-Gray trip. It performed well.

The Needles Eye and Yarmony Rapid were fairly exciting with good water and loaded boats. But we weren't anxious to do Rodeo Rapid at that water level, so portaged it via the gravel road. We watched 3 rafts go through it different ways, and they had trouble avoiding the large middle rock. Pinball was also pretty exciting as it pushed the Jankowskis pretty close to the abutment and I risked flipping in the left side rock garden as I was not interested in getting near the bridge structure.



We saw bald eagles, blue herons and other birds. The biggest challenge was to find campsites that weren't too close to the railroad tracks. Since we drove up on Saturday morning and the shuttle takes 3 hours, we ended up paddling only 4 miles and camping the first night about 150 yards before the Radium gravel road meets the river. This was actually good because the train is in a tunnel there and not so noisy. We could have hiked back up to the warm spring, but had already experienced it on our paddle down.

Photo by Karen Amundson — View from 3rd campsite, Colorado River

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The second day we canoed about 22 miles, because we hit a long stretch of private land starting around Bond. The site had seen too many cows and had flies too. Each night we hiked for about an hour after dinner in the waning heat and enjoyed the varied scenery. The third camp was a couple of miles below Pinball and a good distance from the train tracks. It was by far the nicest, with a good landing beach and big Ponderosas and numerous good tent spots.

The last day of paddling took us into big wave rapids that tested the solar bailer nicely. We eventually got into fairly flat private land, but the rapids were enough to hold our interest. We took out at a ramp about 5 miles above Dotsero, where teenagers were jumping off of rocks and driving their big-wheeled pickups through foot-deep sections of river.

I'm likely to do a similar 4-day trip here in future years. Or for a quick weekend getaway, it might be fun to put in at the Pinball boat ramp about a mile above the rapid and enjoy that great campsite along with a half day hike there. No permits are needed, and the water can be at a good level for almost 2 months if it is not a drought year. 🙌



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Photos by Karen Amundson

Left: Karen J. hiking above Camp 3

Below: Karen A. and Greg J. hike the wash above camp 2



I Should Have Known

By Karen Jankowski

Desolation -Gray Canyon (Green River) trip July 15th thru July 22nd.

'I should have known', the night before launching, a few of us camped in Vernal at Fossil Valley camp ground which sounded like a good idea as they had showers and a patch of grass to pitch our tents, especially with an anticipated night arrival. However, do to it being a Friday night and with the rodeo in town, none of us got much sleep as we were close to the main highway. At night the city became alive with the pick up trucks with loud exhaust roaring their engines, and making the local tire dealers go to sleep with the sounds of money. We were told by BLM that a lot of the groups camp at the airstrip just above Sand Wash, then drive down in the morning. A word of caution, you may join the 'I should have known' group if you arrive in the dark, the flat long grassy area may not be a good place to pitch your tent. At 7:00am the planes start to arrive for the shuttle from Green River. Of course this may also be a good approach for an alarm clock, not sure about having a plane buzzing the tent for an abrupt awakening. We also found out that the bugs were bad at dawn and dusk so canoeists Karen Amundson; trip leader, Jeff Oxenford; songwriter, Karen and Greg Jankowski, Don Griffiths, Wes and Doug Hurcomb, Will Golson and Debra Artzer caravanned in the morning from Vernal to Sand Wash to avoid being eaten alive.

At our Ranger check in we already encountered our 2nd 'I should have known' before even getting the boats filled with gear, we were told that there is no camping any longer at Rock Creek. This was unfortunate as we planned on having a lay over day at a campsite there. We were told that a group had camped at the Rock Creek Ranch and the land owner happened to come down saw the group camping at the house site and said no more camping is allowed on his property. So at this time there are No Trespassing signs posted all the way from the creek to the end of his land, at least 4 fine campsites were lost.

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Photo by Karen Jankowski

This was our 7th time down Deso. Each time is as magical as the next. This was the lowest flow we have ever done on the trip. The big rolling wave trains were not as pronounced like we had seen at the higher flows. You had to watch for rocks and pourovers more than before, but the routes were easy enough to find. We also for the first time purchased a Ute permit. This allowed us to select 4 different camps on river left as well as enjoy some great hikes. Greg was in his glory as he had 3 SunBailers in action on the trip. Will and Debra shared Riveritas with the entire group on the first night as a fee for the rental of a Sun Bailer for the trip. We also had wind at all times of the day. We tried to get early starts but still found the wind came up in the mornings and afternoons.

☀ We started our trip with 3640 cfs, 72 degree water, and mostly 100 degree days. It was a classic mid summer desert paddle trip. We saw desert big horn sheep perform their mastery of rocks, even the lambs could jump 4 feet without any slips and the wild horses on river left made an appearance for the 2nd year in a row.

We hiked on the Ute side and saw the old wooden boat with a metal prow lying underneath a small overhang, after not hearing the tiny dinner bell we were soon forced into a hasty retreat; otherwise we were destined to be donors of protein for multitudes of crazed ready to lay eggs mosquitoes.

Our first camp was 14 miles down at Gold Hole. We enjoyed doing group appetizers and desert each evening, each canoe doing a night, and then enjoying being served the other nights.

'I should have known' with a teenage boy on the trip for the 2nd year, if you snooze you lose applies when appetizer are brought out, glad that our daughters taught us well. After dinner, Jeff asked that we all think of situations for lyrics to a song being worked through. We kept him busy writing lyrics with the theme of 'I should have known'. Deb seemed to really take this to task with many good ones.

☀ Day 2 camp was Cedar Ridge Camp. At higher flows we found after Jack Creek Rapid the bugs would disappear. 'I should have known' that at low flow this was not the case. The bugs were out in full force at dawn and dusk. We got up early and ferried across the river and walked up Firewater canyon to view the stone cabin of a moonshiner which was built into a rock ledge.

'I should have known' that finding a moonshiner's cabin may not be all that easy, not like they had a BAR sign lit up out front. Thanks to Debra and Will with their binoculars as they spotted the dwelling hidden up a side canyon. A small group stayed behind and worked on song lyrics while the rest of us went on the 2 hour hike. The group waiting for us was concerned that we were lost and with the sound of thunder and then lightning visible there was a large threat of a storm hitting us.

☀ Day 3 we camped on the Ute side above Rock Creek Rapid for our layover. We hit the jackpot with a white sandy beach with shade. This was the last of the 4 Ute camp choices. If we were to go on we would miss Rock Creek.

'I should have known' to check for unwanted passengers before launching in the morning, at dinner Hurcomb's noticed a stowaway mouse in there food bag. The mouse did a great Richard Pryor impersonation of "Legs Don't Fail Me Now" but it was obvious that the surroundings had changed based on the running full boar then heading in another direction to a closer bush.

☀ Day 4 layover. We swam across the river, floated rock creek rapid and then spent 4 hours exploring rock creek ranch and walked up the canyon to see the Petroglyphs and filtered crystal clear water from the creek and then swam back across. The rest of the group stripped out boats, filled them with float bags and played in the rapid above the camp. We had canoe instruction later in the day by Jeff along with playing Frisbee and water volleyball.

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Photos from 2006

Top Far Left:

Rendezvous Campground

By Steve Skinner

Top Center:

Into Glenwood Canyon, Dotsero to Hanging Lake

By Craig Lindsey

Bottom Far Left:

Desolation-Gray Canyons, Green River

By Karen Jankowski

Bottom Left Center:

President Dave Allured takes a Break at the Rendezvous

By Craig Lindsey

Bottom Right Center:

Bald Eagle watching the Club closely

By Karen Amundson

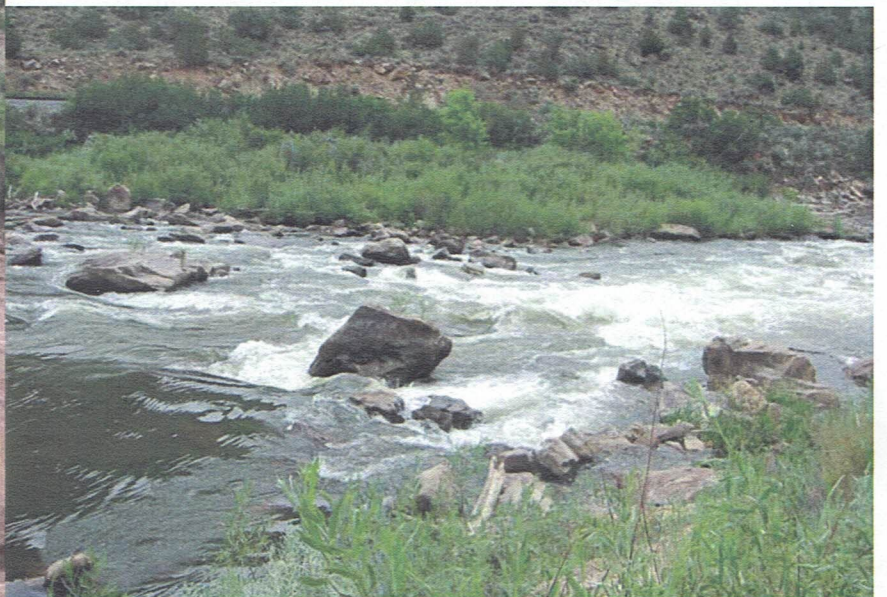
Bottom Right:

Rodeo Rapid, Looking Deceivably Easy

By Karen Amundson



Thank you all for your wonderful photos, you've helped make this issue of the newsletter a very colorful event. ~mz/Ed.

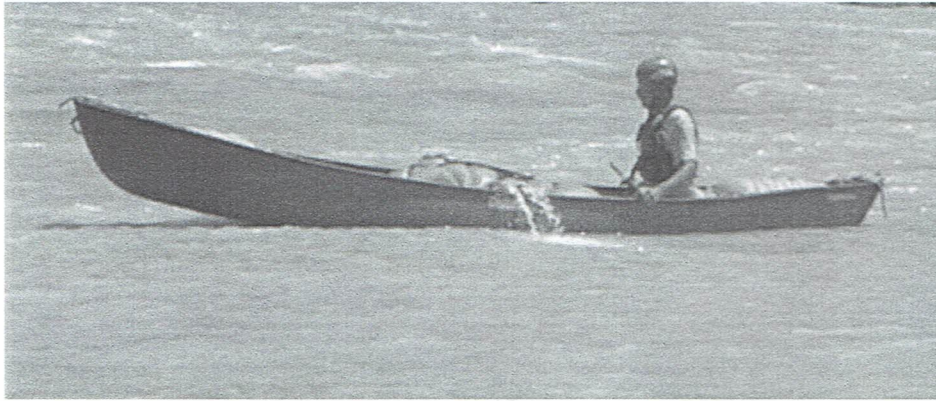


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On the river some of the group explored McPherson Ranch, while the rest went down with the full intention of winning the 'let's grab the campsite at the bottom of Wire Fence rapid' game.

'I should have known' that we were beaten out on the day before, the raft group there on their layover was a large family that did offer us the lower part of the beach as an option. We readily agreed and made our way back up to the canoes above Wire Fence.

'I should have known' that already having a mouse incident wouldn't mean that there weren't more coming. Greg and I were running Wire Fence Rapid, we were finished with the main drop and were running



the wave train at the bottom heading for the eddy and Greg felt something on his arm. He said that he had what he thought was some weeds on his shaft hand, after the 1st fling, the object was further up the arm now past the wrist. In looking down he saw a mouse on his arm and he flung it off. I then saw it at the bottom of the rapid swimming, it was the funniest thing.

Photo by Karen Jankowski, after Wire Fence Rapid

☀ Day 5 camp Wire Fence. we were informed by the young children in the raft group that they had to get their rest and our teenager in our group could not keep them up.

'I should of known' that the Pirates would attack us later that evening.

☀ Day 6 The raft families pack up first thing in the morning, as they departed Greg yelled for them to watch out for the Black Pearl as she was heard to be in large eddy downstream.

'They should have known' the adults all looked like what he said made no sense, until the kids started to tell them, of course with the "I can't believe that my father is this stupid" look on their faces, Greg said he recognized the look immediately.

A small group explored a side hike looking for the trail which we never found.

'We should have known' to bring another pair of shoes. Both Greg and I Teva's blew out. A big thanks to Karen A bringing 4 pairs of shoes. I was able to hike. Greg had to make do with doctoring his sandals with duct tape. Again the nonhikers of the group emptied their boats and played in the waves. We all got to try the other boats with the assortment including an Appalachian, Dimensions, Nexus, and Prodigy X. There was a nice surf wave that was accessed from the opposite side of the camp, with Wes in the bow Greg got a short ride in the Dimension, showing that solos don't have all the fun, we just need a slightly bigger wave. We also practiced tossing throw bags and pulling in victims. The vast majority of the tosses were done as the 2nd toss, 1) got tired of stuffing the bag 2) most of us needed the practice of going for a toss after the first throw didn't work, coil quickly, but neatly and throw the rope with distance and accuracy, alas a lot of swimmers were lost. BTW, Jeff at the bottom with bag in hand is a very good thing, he'll probably will hit you on the helmet if you don't grab the rope is your fault.

☀ Day 7 Three Fords and Coal Creek. Three Fords was the only rapid more pronounced in the lower flows. 'I should of known' that Bill Mason's cousin would be on this run. He had his loaded pile way up above his gunwales Disco 169, paddling sitting on a chair. He ran the first 20 feet forward then got spun

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As I watched my wife's car disappear into the fog, I wondered if I should be doing this or not. The fog was much thicker than I had figured it would be. The quiet gurgle of the river was a peaceful sound, barely audible, the fog swallowing all of nature's noises. If I had not been so familiar with this piece of river, I would never attempt this trip.

We had dropped off my car ten miles downriver. It would sit quietly in the parking lot until I showed up to claim it as my prize at the end of my voyage. I have paddled the South Platte River from Brighton to Fort Lupton dozens of times, under almost any circumstances, from very low flow, to flood stage flows. This evening the flow was perfect. I should be able to finish in less than two hours. At normal flow, it is a three to four hour float, but with some active paddling, it is an easy trip. I really needed to finish within the two-hour time limit, or I would be completing my adventure after dark.

My wife was on her way home as I pushed the boat into the current. I could barely hear her car pulling out of the park, the damp air swallowing the noise. The snowflakes that had started falling were huge, forming when the air is almost too warm to create such wondrous works of art. I could hear the flakes hitting the surface of the river, with a sizzle that sounded like water drops on a hot frying pan. I could not see the riverbanks from the middle of the river, but I could make out the main channel as I kept my boat lined up with it.

As the sun started setting, the sky turned from pale blue and yellow to fiery red and amber. The fog soaked up the colors and blended them into a marvelous scene. Then it swallowed up what little noise there was, allowing through sounds of nature: the leaves rattling against each other; the water lapping at the shore; and the sizzling plop of snowflakes drowning in the river. Each time I plunged the paddle into the water, I could feel the unbridled surge of the boat, making its way home, hoping to get there before darkness swallowed me along with the evening sky.

I hear plops and splashes as I paddle down the river. The entire ten-mile stretch of river only loses twenty feet of elevation, making the river more like a moving lake than a river, at low flows. I remembered a boating class coming down this same section of river during a high spring flow, getting one of the boats sideways to a dam and pinning it there for a week. A surge of high water finally ripped the canoe in half,

leaving only one piece of it, to find later. Today, the river is calm in comparison, and I am not worried about pinning the boat. The sounds of weeds on the shore dipping into the water are the only signs I have of the river's edge. This trip is truly enchanting, and I am just in awe of this whole experience.

As I reached the end of my journey, I felt remorse that my wife had not been able to share this experience with me, but I also felt refreshed by nature. I truly love the outdoors, and it is small adventures like these that cleanse the soul, renew my energy, and make me glad to live in Colorado. 🙌🙌



Photo by Steve Skinner — Rendezvous Trip— Tandem paddlers eddying out after a run through some class II rapids; Eric Nyre on right acting as safety

A funny thing happened on the way to ...

by Mark Zen

On a Labor Day Weekend, I lead a trip for the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club through Ruby and Horsethief canyons, on the Colorado/Utah border. This is Loma, Colorado to Westwater, Utah. Getting there was a story in itself, except for a little incident with a tent.

It is about a seven-hour drive to the put in, so a friend of mine, Dave R., and I decided to take my old pickup truck there. We could have company on the trip, and take turns driving. On the flats, everything was fine. Uphill, no problem, over 10,000 ft, the truck would barely run. We got about halfway there, and the truck died. First, we had to be pushed through the Eisenhower Tunnel, then we coasted into Dillon. We turned around there, but the truck died on the climb out of the valley. We got a tow truck to get us back to the top of the continental divide, and drop us off. We made it back to my house.

We had left at 4pm, plenty of time... NOT!! we got back to my house at about 10pm, and put Dave's boat on his car, mine on my car, and Dave looked at the time, groaned, and cancelled out [had I not had the port-a-potty] and been the trip coordinator, I may have shagged out too... but I went on. now it was 11pm. I got to our club president's house about 5:30am, and decided I really could sleep for 30 minutes, as it was still a half hour to the put in. I set my alarm, and looked at all the boats in Dennis yard, attached to cars with sleeping occupants... I woke up at 6:40am to a car door closing. We were all supposed to meet at the put in at 6:30!! I smiled, waved to everyone, and tore off; with a whole 60 minutes sleep... grabbed a fast-food breakfast, and went to the put in.

A couple people wondered if I was going to show up, and a couple others said they saw us break down, but did not know it was us!! Dave's friends were there... unfortunately for them, none of us had every met them...

They were guests of Dave, who wasn't there. They said afterwards to me, that they did have a good time.

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around and ran the rest of Three Fords backwards with style even including a swim at the bottom with paddle and boat in hand. The rest of the rapids were easier including Coal Creek. We had hoped to camp at Rattlesnake Canyon but it was taken. We found the river crowded from Rock Creek down. I believe with the loss of Rock Creek campsites it filled Gray Canyon with all of the groups. Our last evening was with Nefertiti looking down at us. At Nefertiti we enjoyed a potluck and great music.

☀ Day 8 paddle out.

‘They should have known’ while packing the boats on the last day a couple of raft groups passed before we launched. In a short time we passed them, the 2nd group had a raft with the perfect example of ‘blonde bow babe in tiny bikini’ draped over the bow of course. For some reason the passing through the raft group by the canoes did seem to take a little longer, but soon our group was out in front. In about a 1/3 of a mile we see a white pick up pull off the road and come down a bumpy road down to near the river’s edge, as we get closer its noticeable the rack on the roof. Then sure enough it’s the ranger of lore checking for usage of PFD’s, we go by with all wearing the required, even having them buckled and zipped. We get a smile and a wave then as we head down he looks up river with a big ol pair of binoculars, then when ‘bow babe’s’ group comes down they get pulled over, never did find out if they got ticketed or not, but then with the ranger’s reputation we were all betting on the ticket.

‘We should have known’ the one time we did not carry a spare key that the shuttle company would lock all of our passenger’s keys including the lead car keys in the car. In their credit, they did come out with tools to get into the car and get the keys

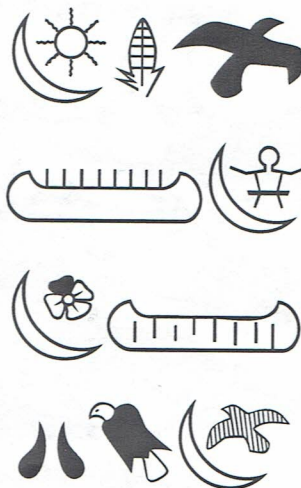
‘This time we did know’ lunch was burgers and beers at Ray’s Tavern. Still best boater T shirt posted on the wall “Boat Solo, Sleep Tandem”. Final score for the trip, 6 canoes, no flips, no swims, & no ticket. It doesn’t get better than this.

Jeff, looking forward to hearing the song when done, ‘You should have known.’ 🙌



Trip coordinator and Prez, Dave Allured and friend, Karen Maley readying their boat for launch at the Rendezvous.

Photo By Steve Skinner



More Photos from 2006

Top & Bottom:

The San Juan

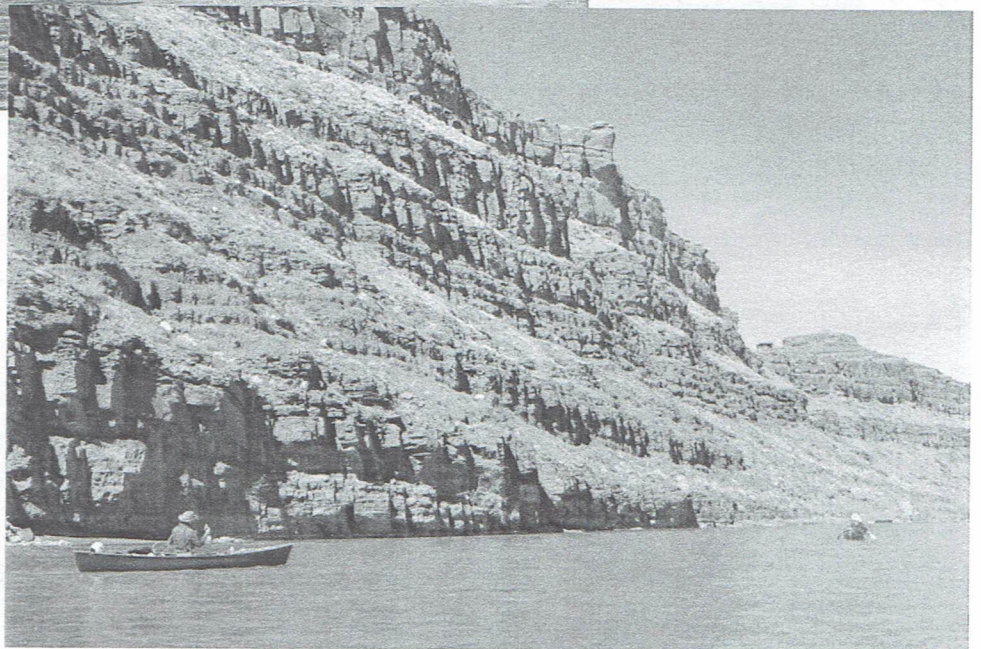
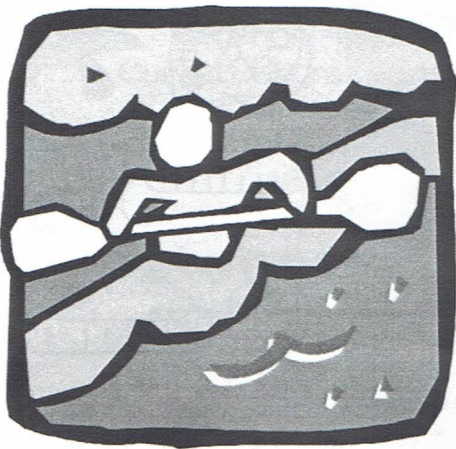
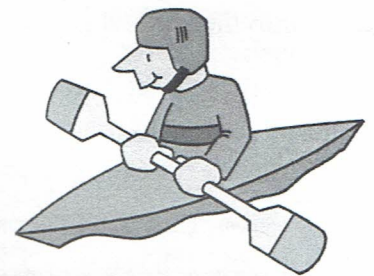
By Karen Amundson



Middle:

Dave Allured and Karen Maley
enjoying the river scenery

By Steve Skinner



(Continued from page 12)

So, I unloaded the back of my car into the canoe. I was even awake enough to remember to leave that trash bag in the back, for after the trip. We had a beautiful paddle, and got to the campsite pleasantly early, per our previously discussed plans [it is usually VERY hot there, that is why the early put in]. I took the opportunity to sleep. When I awoke, I unpacked [thanking the stars it was only a single night trip!!].

Ok, you have waited for the tent part... actually, that was what was missing. If you have ever assembled a "Eureka Timberline Tent," you know about those little plastic joiners. I had left them in my car, in the bag of tent stakes that I had mistaken for trash!!! So I had no stakes or anyway to join the tent poles to each other. Bummer!

Luckily, everyone else pitched in, and lent me many stakes, and a bunch of twine/cord. I quickly took three tent poles, fashioned them into a teepee shape, and inserted it into one end of the tent (a four man I like to take for its room and [mostly] freestanding characteristics. With no frame, it does not free stand at all. So, using lots of cord, and most every stake I could borrow, I made my home for the night!! I am scared to ask members of that trip if they got any pictures!!

Luckily, the rest of the trip was very uneventful and I had a wonderful time. 🙌



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Greg Jankowski

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Models for solo & tandem either 20 or 40 gal/min., with install available. Solar charging on the river,, works in the dark if you're that desperate.

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Insulated bottle holder w/ tie down	30.00
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10% discount to RMCC members

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