

Last
Cook



VOYAGEUR'S COMPANION

NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB

Issue number 6 December 1998

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DUES RENEWAL TIME:

GETTING READY FOR POOL PRACTICE SEASON

& OTHER WRITING TO WHET YOUR APPETITE
FOR PADDLING NEXT SEASON

The Voyager's Companion

c/o Editor

Denver, CO 80220

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Opening Remarks...

—Jim Hollaway

Now what? What have I done? What have you done? Those of you who were unable to attend the RMCC meeting in October may have heard that I was elected to serve as president—no groaning please. You can take solace, I suppose, in reminding folks it wasn't your fault; not directly at least. Meantime, we owe a debt of gratitude to Dennis Adams, Bob Cook, John Dickey, Todd and Stacy Mowbray, and Ken Metzger for their tireless efforts on our behalf. We also owe thanks to those officers who have agreed to stay on. We newcomers, whose names appear on the back page with the veterans, may earn some credit in time, but that remains to be seen.

As a start at earning my keep, I'm trying to remember my impromptu speech. Didn't I say something about paddling and having fun? I hope so; I meant to. Didn't I say something about remembering our history and developing an RMCC "paddlers' guide" into which we insert our very own trip reports? In that regard, I hope we can find a way to distill former reports, written or oral, into collective versions that remind us of many things: where the put-ins and take-outs are and the distances between them; where to camp; what the run is like at different flows; when the bugs peak; when the water runs out; and whether we need a permit, and if so, where to apply and by when.

Some of you have already made suggestions too about how we do business. Some of you would prefer more structure, while others would like less. I'm not sure we'll ever come to a consensus on some topics, but I sense most of us want to know who we are

and when we're going paddling. In other words, I think most of us look to the club to provide a complete roster and a dynamite trip schedule. After the elections ended, David and Jeannie Ney came forward and agreed to fill the Membership/Secretary slot. For that we should all be grateful. I am. Among other things, they will preserve the roster and arrange for its distribution to members. The trip schedule, of course, is up to you, since every paddler can contribute to the trip schedule by agreeing to "lead" a trip. Christine Burke wrote about how easy leading a trip can be in one of last year's newsletters. Even I've done it. So, if you're willing, that's almost all it takes.

In any case, as things occur to you about what the club is doing or failing to do, drop me line or give me a call [jwhiteach@aol.com (Janis and Jim Hollaway) or (Jim at work) or



More from the Prez on page 5...

INTERVIEW *with* CLUB PERSONALITIES

Todd & Stacy Mowbray

Stacy and Todd are just finishing their year as Membership Coordinators for the Club. New to the Club themselves in '96, they responded to the appeal for involvement right away. Their position often made them the first contact new members had with the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club. The timing of phone calls and the demands of schedules that all the Club officers endure were compounded for Todd and Stacy. Our President used to field much of this activity, but having moved out of the Denver area, the Mowbrays often were tested with questions that were taxing for officers who were fairly new at canoeing themselves. The Club has been fortunate in gaining the services of such a congenial and dedicated couple to act as our "Welcome Wagon" for new members this year. So if you haven't had the privilege of getting to know them yourselves, perhaps while tasting some of the world's best breakfast burritos, at Rendezvous, then join me now for this final interview of 1998.



Todd & Stacy spicing up the Rendezvous this year.

1. Share with us, if you will, how the two of you became interested in canoeing?

Todd became interested years ago. One weekend we were taking our children to swimming lessons at an Aurora pool when we stumbled upon Dennis, Ken, and John, who were preparing for a winter trip down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon. Dennis gave us information about the Club while standing at the pool's edge, dripping wet. We spoke with Diana [Preusser] and became members.

2. What led you to volunteer as Membership Coordinators?

We attended some of the meetings and didn't know many people, so we thought volunteering as Membership Coordinators would lend itself to get to know people on a first-name basis and see their faces. We also wanted to contribute in a fashion that did not require boat-handling skills because we are beginners.

3. Tell us how your year as Membership chairpersons has differed from what you expected when you signed up for this job?

We made everyone aware of our old Apple IIGS Computer. We were told that the old Apple would be okay, in an effort to get us to sign up. We soon found out that a PC-based computer was more desirable, when Mark Zen donated an IBM computer. That is when we discovered how computer illiterate we really were. Bob Cook had an enormous amount of patience with us during our learning curve with the new computer. Mark Zen was also very helpful, coming to our home and getting us set up.

4. What can you tell us about the mystery photos of you in the Denver Post this past summer at Roxborough State Park? There isn't even any water there and the photos had you portaging a canoe. What's up with that?

We answered the phone and the person on the other line asked if we knew someone that would be interested in modeling some cargo pants and outdoor apparel. This person happened to be the fashion editor of the Denver Post. Stacy and I agreed to be the models after we were told of the RMCC advertisement that would be placed in the paper. The fashion editor selected the Roxborough State Park area, no doubt hoping

Interview continues on the following page...

...Interview concludes here

that no one would recognize the lack of water. It was the photographer's idea to have us portage the canoe in the wheat field-like surroundings.

5. How has your tandem paddling experience been?

If Stacy would just listen to me we would be okay. Dennis Adams had different views, telling me to keep my mouth shut. Taking the two-day beginner course taught by Carol Aikins was extremely helpful in learning the proper way to paddle. I think we need to find or make more time to spend on the water communicating with one another.

6. Tell us something about the joys and/or difficulties of paddling with kids.

The primary reason I wanted to start paddling is due to the fact that we could do this as a family. One of the hardest things about paddling with kids is keeping them in the boat and sitting while under way. Our kids think they're fish rather than surface dwellers. All of our paddling experiences with RMCC and friends has been wonderful.

7. What developments do you see in your own future for paddling?

Stacy is happy with up to class II+ water, while I sometimes want greater challenge in bigger water. We agreed to dive in and invest in a combination solo/tandem boat for the versatility, and to allow for the more challenging water. Our children are also getting older, so we will need more space and another boat in the future.

8. Any advice for future Membership Coordinators?

You'll need to allow for a reasonable amount of time for phone calls, data input, and getting mailing out with the appropriate amount of information. Being the Coordinators was not difficult, other than finding the time to take out of everyone's busy schedules.

9. Any favorite canoe stories?

Our favorite was last year's class I trip on the Arkansas to Salida [during the Rendezvous]. Shortly after being on the water it was obvious that there was some discomfort among the group. After the first swim by a team in another boat ahead of Stacy and I, there was a lot of discussion on whether or not we should continue. There was a mutiny from the Dennis Adam's train of thought, saying this water is a class II or II+, [instead of the class I it was advertised to be]. Dennis talked us into continuing, and it turned out that we had a wonderful time. It was fun for us to listen to all the bickering back and forth with different thought processes.

10. Tell us something about your life outside of the Canoe Club. What other ways do you like to occupy yourselves other than your involvement with the RMCC?

Stacy and I like to think our #1 priority is our family, so we try to do things together. We like many outdoor activities, such as camping, biking, and hiking. Stacy's love is sewing, and sometimes it's difficult to get her out of her sewing room. Stacy teaches quilting classes at a local sewing store. Todd enjoys taking the kids backpacking, fishing, and skiing. Todd was at one time a competitive cyclist and still likes to spend time on a bicycle. We are getting quite involved with the elementary school our kids attend, being on the accountability committee, and Stacy's activity with the PTCO. When we are not doing the things above, we are taking kids back and forth to soccer practice and games, trying to canoe, read, and relax in some way, shape, or form.

Our family thoroughly enjoys our time spent with members of the Club. Hopefully we will find more time to spend on the water in the future. We have also enjoyed our time as Membership Coordinators, working with some very talented people and getting to know more people and faces. Thank you to those who are stepping down from their office positions. We have not been members for long, but we sure enjoyed the direction given under their guidance. *A*

THE ARKANSAS RIVER PLAN

Ten years ago the river plan - the plan that manages public recreation within the river corridor - was created. In a nutshell, it covered how, when, and at what cost recreational users of the Arkansas could use the Arkansas. The plan is being revisited right now, with the idea that a revised plan will be in place by Spring 2000. Gads, but that's not far off.

By the time you read this, four evening public "scoping" workshops will have been held in towns along the Arkansas. A citizen task force and the staff at the Arkansas Headwaters Recreation Area are staffing the planning effort. Boaters who want to run the Arkansas have been invited to be involved in revising the plan. Commercial rafters, for example, would like the new plan to permit more launches on the Numbers and in the Gorge, and they want a longer launch window. Kayakers are not enthusiastic about those ideas. As canoeists, we now have a chance to be heard too. Years ago, when the plan was first devised, the planners thought that canoeing on the Ark meant peeling a wrapped Grumman off a rock. We know that has changed [now it's a *Dimension*], but to preserve what access we've come to enjoy, it is time to remind the planners that we're here, especially since the "carrying capacity" of various segments of the river is one of the things that's being re-examined.

The staff is calling for "input, ideas, and suggested changes" about the scope of the river plan. Their summary is already three pages long. In any event, send your comments to River Plan Revision, P.O. Box 126, Salida, CO 81201. Steve Reese, the Park Manager for the rec area, can be reached by e-mail at: ahra@rmi.net. If you have any questions about what you might say, contact me or Doug Ellis.

THE DAGGER DIMENSION AND THE OUTRAGE-X

Speaking of the Dimension, it's back in the catalog and reportedly in stock. If you want one, the folks at Alpenglow in Golden or the Boulder Outdoor Center — you've seen their ads in the newsletter—can probably help. Mad River has launched the Outrage-X, a larger Outrage for the big and tall among us. The Paddle Shop in Boulder, another advertiser, can give you the specs, and Ken Bauer will probably have his at the pool.

POOL SESSIONS

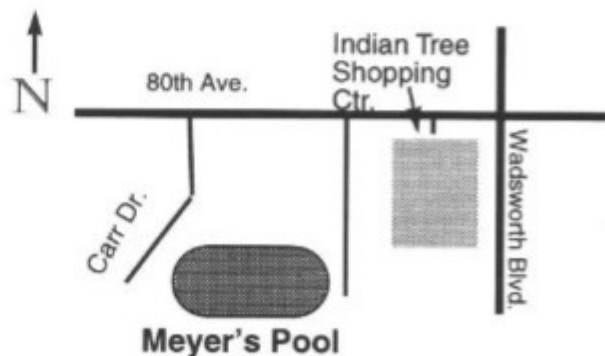
Speaking of the pool, Jerry Clower is working on securing access to the George Myers Pool in Arvada for us again. Roll practice, etc., will begin in January 1999 and continue on various Sunday mornings into April. Jerry spoke with representatives of the Myers Pool and set up the new rolling times for this winter. RMCC is scheduled for

Sundays from 8:00AM until noon, starting in January.

The pool will be closed during the following days:

- 1) 1-10-98
- 2) 3-28-98 or 3-27-98 (pending)
- 3) 4-4-98
- 4) 4-11-98

You can, of course, pester Jerry for details, exact times, and specific dates, or you can be kind to Jerry and simply call the pool at 303-420-2838 to find out whether we've been bumped by a swim meet. If you get the recording, press 1 and a real person will answer the phone.



Prez message continues ...

...Prez message concludes here

The 1999 Open Canoe Slalom Nationals

Wow, the nationals are coming to our neighborhood. Bob and Jill Stecker - yes the spelling has changed - will be hosting the 1999 Open Canoe Slalom Nationals at the Clear Creek Whitewater Park in Golden on July 10 - 12. Kent Ford and Alan Whittern are assisting the Steckers. Bob will be providing greater details on what we can expect and what he'd like from us. Meantime, I can assure you that this will be a golden [sorry] opportunity for us to participate as an organization and personally as workers and racers in a major national canoeing event.

In 1994, I went to watch the races in Durango. Janis and I volunteered to do some of the chores as did other members of the club, and we all got a bird's eye view of amazing paddlers, including a bunch of our very own members. We had lots of fun and got free t-shirts and tickets to the awards banquet as pay for our meager labors. I hope you will agree with me that this event will be worth supporting to the hilt.

Piragis Northwoods Company

Coming to Denver in January, the 20 -24th, is Karl Jakobs, outfitting manager for Piragis. They run canoe trips in the Quetico/Superior wilderness and the Boundary Waters. Karl or one of his minions will be at the sports show at the Colorado Convention Center.

DUES AND THE WINTER FILMFEST MEETING ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1999, AT 6 P.M.

Thou shalt pay \$15 for 1999. A good time to do so will be at the Winter meeting, i.e., the filmfest, on Saturday, February 20, 1999, again at St. Jude's Youth Center, starting at 6:00 p.m. If a live parting with money pains thee, mail your check to the Neys. The menu, by the way, should mark our return to Italian cuisine, but anything edible will do. See you there. *A*

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Gates of Lodore

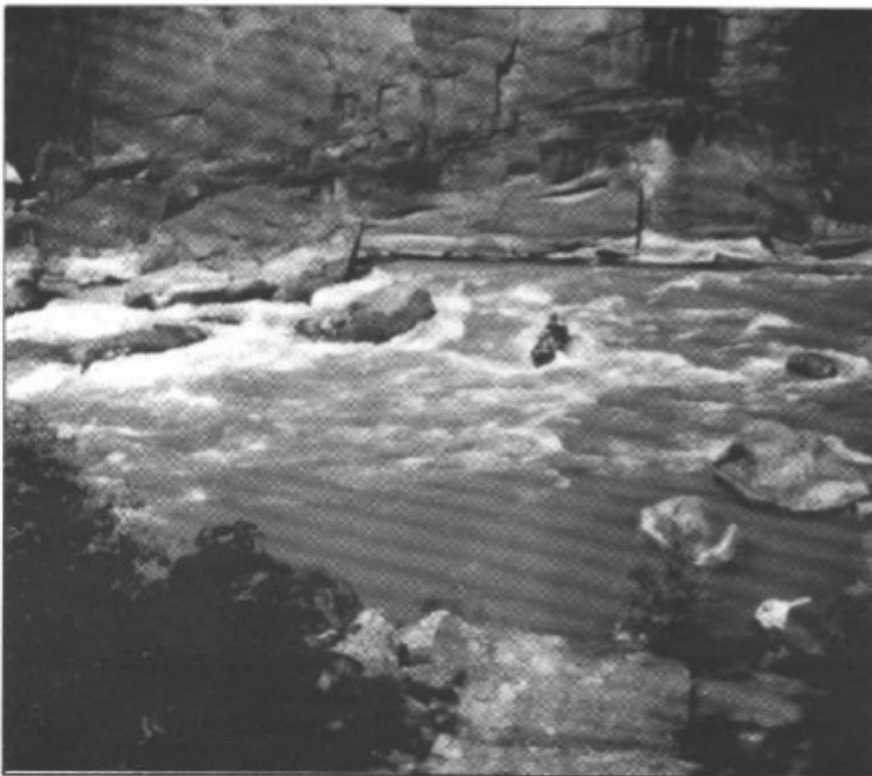
—Mary Stuber

"And this way the water comes down at Lodore"
[from Robert Southey's poem, "The Canyon of Lodore"]

 ur permit said 8/27/98 but this trip began almost a year earlier, poring over guide books and sending for the application form in October. We made certain it was mailed by the January 31 deadline and awaited the lottery drawing to be held February 1. In 1997 over 4000 people applied for only 300 available trips. But by mid-February we had the prize in hand. And now here we stood at the water's edge staring into the gloomy maw that seemed to swallow the Green River; the Gates of Lodore.

The scene was all the more gloomy because of dark clouds gathering as our group assembled the night before the launch. Soon a raging gale was blowing and lightning flashed all around us. The ploy of waiting for the wind to die before setting up tents was abandoned and we finally crawled into our meager cloth shelter, jealous of those sleeping in their nice dry trucks. In the night

the rains came, punctuated by booming thunderclaps. Sleep was not an option. "I may be running this stretch in my sleeping bag if this doesn't let up!" I thought. But the next day dawned with some fog and broken clouds. Tony and Peggy Littlejohn found their truck in the middle of a small lake and had to drive to higher ground before disembarking. We wondered how Jim and Karen Baker-Jarvis had fared. They were sharing a small backpacking tent with the heavy rain pelting the fly just a few inches from their faces. Laurel Adams had driven in during the night and was welcomed after her harrowing drive over.



Lyn Berry and Jeanne Younghaus run Triplet Falls on the Green River

Lodore continues on...

It was still spitting lightly. But as the sun came up the mists burned off and it became clear we were going to have a stellar day. By 10 a.m. we were loaded up and pushing off on the Green, leaving our cars to be shuttled the 135 miles to Split Mountain boat ramp for us by River Runner's Transport in Vernal.

With four solo boats and three tandems we had a good mix and a nice size group. Lyn Berry and Jeanne Younghaus in their *Dimension* and Laurel in her *Outrage* had all done the trip before. For the rest of us this was our first time. Ken Bauer paddled his *Genesis*, Peg and Tony loaded their *Synergy*, and Jim and Karen were in their *Dimension*. Sue Coffee paddled Mary Parrott's *Whitesell* and I chose my familiar pink *Encore* for the big waves ahead.

Campsites on this run are assigned and we had nine miles to cover to Kolb. After only three miles we came to the first of the named rapids, Winnie's, which had only a large rock midstream with a short slide into the eddy below. We stopped to hike up an incredibly narrow slot canyon called Winnie's Grotto, and were soon on our way again, wondering what *Disaster Falls* would be like. Our flow was 2,500 cfs – just a bit higher than the typical 800 – 2,000 cfs between July and October.

As we approached the rapid my nerves tightened. Both Powell and Ashley wrecked here, spawning the rapid's name. First there was a small drop and we all eddied out. I was thinking this was cake. Then one by one we followed Lyn and Jeannie as they peeled out into the next part which we couldn't really see. I watched the boat ahead of me rise and fall out of sight as the waves grew larger. There was no way to know where rocks were hiding. In one trough I gasped at the huge wall of water before me. But then somehow we were all through and upright. As I bailed I wondered what all this stuff was doing in my boat. Why did I bring that kitchen sink?

I know you should never celebrate before a rapid is over. But I was so relieved I was just happily paddling on when I realized there was more. Ken and I were out front when I simultaneously saw for myself and heard him say, "There's no water here." We were scraping over a submerged island with no way back; enough flow to make you reluctant to step out but not enough to float over. We waved the group off and worked ourselves into a deeper channel to join the others below. (I think I'll follow someone else for a while.)

We continued on to our first campsite at Kolb. It boasted a large flat sandy bench with more hidden grassy spots in the scrub oak behind. We shared the first of our delicious group dinners. At least two boats each night were responsible to feed everyone while the rest of us lounged and gave advice.

The next day was bright and sunny again. We had only five miles to our next camp but in between roiled *Harp Falls*, *Triplet Falls*, and *Hell's Half Mile*. Harp was just fun. At *Triplet* we ran the first drop and eddied out left to have a peek. The rapid makes a bend left out of sight, then right. Scouting revealed several huge boulders that had sloughed off the right cliff into the river. A boat rounding the corner above would be carried right into them if not set to make a quick, strong move left. More pourovers below dictated a move back right to complete the run. Again we all came through. Now only the hardest one remained. We knew it wasn't far away.

At the head of *Hell's Half Mile* the river pools up and widens in a deceptive calm. Large boulders break the surface all the way across. We eddied out, some left, some right, to see what all the commotion was about. The water passed through the jumble of rocks and then made what Powell called "an abrupt plunge." All the water took you right into a huge mid-river rock and hole. One of the guidebooks said simply that "everyone must come to terms

As we approached the rapid my nerves tightened. Both Powell and Ashley wrecked here, spawning the rapid's name. First there was a small drop and we all eddied out. I was thinking this was cake.

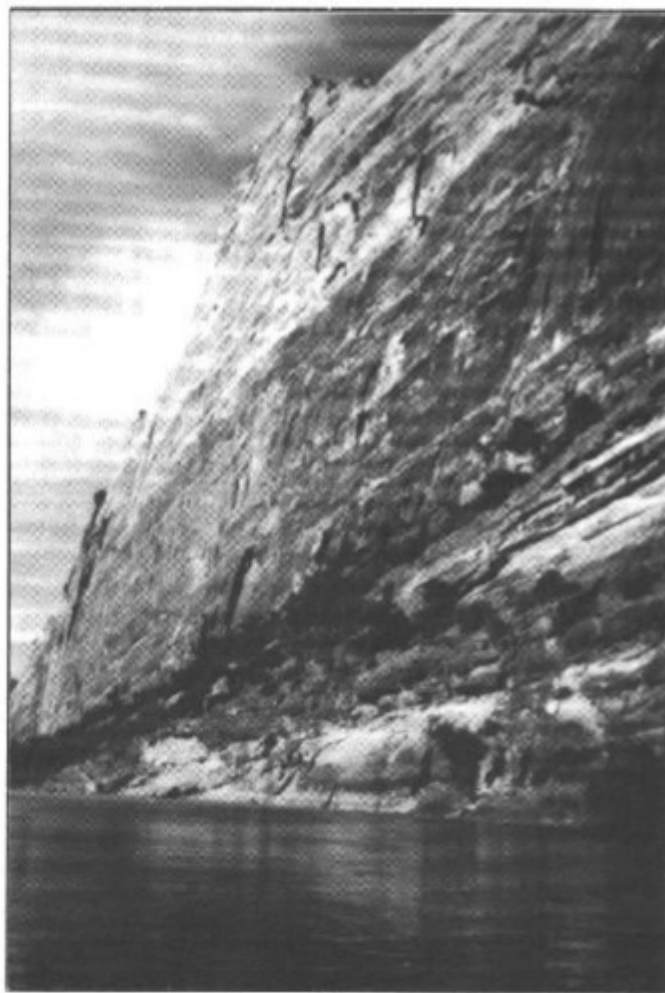
Lodore continues...

...Lodore continues here

with this rock." The rafters we chatted with had dubbed it "Lucifer." Below this hole was a half mile rock garden which continued as it split around an island farther below. We stared from the left, we ferried over and stared from the right. In the end only four of our group ran the top drop. The rest of us followed in Powell's footsteps, literally, and carried around it to run the rest of the rapid. Maybe next time...

We stopped at a really pretty site called Rippling Brook for lunch. At 3,000', this is the deepest point in the canyon. Our own camp a mile below at Wild Mountain shall be forever remembered as the spot where a ring-tailed cat tried to join Laurel in her tent during the night, making off with her breakfast bagels!

Only one overnight stop is allowed between Echo Park and Split Mountain so our next assigned camp was Island Park, 17.5 miles away. At least we didn't have to worry about someone else being there first. We were off early and soon leaving Lodore Canyon. We saw the distinctive warped rocks where the Mitten Fault crosses the shoulder of the long rock fin known as Steamboat Rock. As we rounded the left bend and the rock's full view came into sight, we were awed by its sheer size, some 1,000' rising straight up from the water. The boats ahead of us were tiny dots at its base. The Yampa entered from the left, stymied in its westward flow by the wall, and quickly turned to join the Green. Just below the confluence we stopped at Echo Park to refill our water.



Steamboat Rock: Confluence of the Green and Yampa Rivers

Mark Reiser describes it this way in his book, *Cadillac Desert*: "Echo Park was a pure indulgence in the most austere of deserts. In autumn, its groves of cottonwood and yellowing willow gave it a New England air. In the spring, the swollen Green would flood the canyon bottom and leave lush meadows as it went. Echo Park was probably the most beautiful canyon flat in all of Utah." Though we hated to break the quiet spell of the place, we couldn't resist the urge to shout out at the wall across the river. Tony sang a duet to himself!

We pushed on, rounding the end of Steamboat Rock. Again we crossed the Mitten Fault, for we'd now come all the way around this monolith. Red rock slabs pushed out of the earth at dizzying angles down one side and continued right up the other. Just downstream was the proposed Echo Park Dam site. The beginning of Whirlpool Canyon here is strikingly narrow, a perfect site for a dam. But early conservationists won the fight to have this place abandoned in exchange for damming then little-known Glen Canyon. This place was saved, but another was irrevocably lost.

We crossed imperceptibly from Colorado into Utah. Just beyond was gorgeous Jones Hole. Do not miss the 2.25 mile easy hike up the beautiful trout stream. We encountered a group of twenty or more bighorns

along the way. At the fork, turn left for a short jaunt to "Fanny Falls." There you can stand beneath the 20' fall while a companion sits in the stream up top, blocking it momentarily, then jumps up to allow a *whoosh* of refreshing cool water to come down suddenly. Or go right at the fork to visit the pictographs.

Exiting Whirlpool Canyon, be sure to turn around for a look back at its mouth, curving upward like huge jaws. It's a great backdrop for a picture of you in your boat. We had entered the flats of Island Park and hastened wearily to our last campsite. But rounding the bend we found a large rafting party already set up on the beach! So much for the designated camp system. A quick meeting revealed that they had mistaken this for their camp, Big Island, upstream and on the other side of the river! Map reading wasn't their strong suit. We looked around and decided we'd be happy camping back in the cottonwoods if they'd be quiet neighbors, and so we all shared the night's starry sky and coyote choruses.

The last day was also beautiful and sunny. The torrential rains of that first night had spared us every day of our trip. We had 12.5 miles left, through the flats of Rainbow Park, where we rafted up and floated lazily together, then on to Split Mountain, where the river actually cuts right through the center of the mountain lengthwise. The entrance walls curved up and in like the mouth of Whirlpool Canyon, almost a matched set, five miles apart. What a great finish to the trip—8.3 miles of fun fast water, moderate rapids, and a third beautiful canyon to top things off. As an added bonus, we lunched in a warm spring which appeared on the right side, nicely rocked up into two pools on river's edge.

As we dragged ourselves away and ran the last rapid I felt myself drawing inward, like the canyon walls drawing to a close. All the sights and sounds of the last four days; my fears, joys, the ghosts of the past, these good companions; flow through my thoughts like the river. Time and water are carrying me inexorably to the take-out, now only minutes ahead. I turned and looked back at the silent walls, wondering when and if I'd ever pass this way again. We stepped out at the Split Mountain boat ramp and said our good-byes. Back in our vehicles, we tried to readjust our bodies to a different rhythm, and as we left the canyons and the river behind us I knew all I had to do to be there again was to close my eyes. Now, let's see—where is that permit list for next year?

▲

CLASSIFIEDS

Commercial ads welcomed; contact Ann Nye-West [redacted]
(Please submit personal ads to the Editor [redacted] Longmont • CO • 80501; run for a single issue.)

For sale: Blue Hole OCA. 15' 9" of whitewater fun. Outfitted with knee pads, flotation, skid plates & fun graphics! \$450. Call the Bob Cook @ [redacted]

Canyon Passages Canoes For Sale:

- MRC *Guide*, royalex w/ wood trim, sand color, 2 years old, \$795.
- 17' OT *Penobscot*: aluminum trim; 2 years old
- 16' OT *Scout*; like new; one year old
- 16' OT *Scout*; 2 seasons
- OT *Discovery 174*; one very used, one good condition.
- 20' OT *XL Tripper*; one year old.
- Call Tom @ [redacted]

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'99 Nationals to be held in Golden

—Bob Stecker

'99 SLALOM Open Canoe National Championships will take place at the Clear Creek Whitewater Park in Golden on July 10-12, 1999.

This announcement is presented to Club members for three reasons:

- 1) to emphasize that this will be an exciting event, an opportunity that club members should not miss since some of the best canoe paddlers in the country will be here to compete (anywhere from 50-75 paddlers should be racing);
- 2) to encourage you to join in the racing (there will be recreational classes available for those who might be new to racing); and
- 3) to request your help. We need Club volunteers to help with such things as judging gates, registering competitors, handing out T-shirts-in short, running the event (training for certain jobs will be provided). By we, I mean Jill and I, Alan Whittern, and Kent Ford.

We are asking volunteers to give us a hand for one day only (unless you would like a bigger more prestigious job that would last the full event). In return, Kent Ford will give all volunteers a free whitewater paddling clinic; all can take part in the raffle for prizes; and all will receive a 1999 Slalom National Championship T-shirt.

Please note, this is a very serious request. We desperately need assistance. We will not be able to run the event without help from local paddlers. And this means primarily the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club.

If you would like to help us, please call Bob or Jill Stecker at

The '99 DOWNRIVER Canoe National Championships will take place on the Arkansas River below Salida on July 16-18, 1999.

Colorado will also be the site of the Downriver canoe races on a 9 1/2-mile stretch of the Arkansas from Salida to Rincon. Scott Overdorf and Ted Burnell will be hosting this event.

For more information contact Scott Overdorf at



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Adirondack Canoe Classic

—Ted Burnell

It's eight o'clock in the morning; forty degrees and drizzling. I'm wearing shorts, tee-shirt, and a fleece pullover. I just pulled on some cold, wet sneakers. It's time to get in the boat, but I really don't want to take the fleece off. I'm cold and really sore from the previous day's five and a half hours of paddling at race pace. To think that I flew 2000 miles and took vacation to be here would only depress me, so I concentrate on what the days effort will be, and how best to pace. I know that thirty seconds after the start, I'll be sweating and forgetting how sore I am. It's Day 2 of the Adirondack Canoe Classic, better known in these parts as the "90 Miler".

Every year in early September, this three day canoe race in upstate New York commemorates the days when goods were delivered not by tractor trailers on interstate freeways, but by canoes and guide boats on interconnected waterways. Known as the "Highway of the Adirondacks", a series of lakes, rivers, and overland trails cut a diagonal swath through the Adirondack Mountains from Old Forge to Saranac Lake. Early trappers and traders would use these waterways to access backcountry wilderness and to carry out their spoils. For the last sixteen years, the local chamber of commerce has ran this commemorative race, that is known for top notch competition, backcountry scenery, and physically demanding course.

Day 1, the toughest of the three, is 35 miles long, 3.5 of which the boat is carried (or portaged) on overland connecting trails. The longest carry is 1.5 miles. The serious racers do not walk this portion of the race. They put their boat up on their shoulder and run like hell. The top teams can run at a 6-7 minute/mile pace on short carries (the author cannot run a 6-7 minute mile going downhill, with a tailwind?, without a boat). Day 2 is slightly easier, only 30 miles with a single 1 mile carry. The third day is a relative breeze, only one mile of carries out of 25 miles.

The serious racers do not walk this portion of the race. They put their boat up on their shoulder and run like hell. The top teams can run at a 6-7 minute/mile pace on short carries....

I had done this race twice before, in 93' and 94', when I lived in Vermont. I moved to Broomfield in 95' and continued to race solo in Colorado and New Mexico, but I missed racing tandem with my old partner Tom Ierardi. When I e-mailed Tom with the idea back in June, he simply replied "Are you serious?". This started a summer of planning and training. As it turned out, probably not enough training. Two nights a week I would paddle a loop around Boulder Reservoir, and run 2 miles of trails around the Res'. At least one extra night a week I would get out and just run 3-4 miles. My previous experiences had taught me that time gained on the water could be lost on the carries if our running pace wasn't up to snuff. My weekends involve the usual weekend stuff, whitewater paddling, occasional down river race, or just some more reservoir paddling. Knowing that my stroke rate had declined paddling my downriver C-1, I tried to work a lot of interval training into my paddling. This was advantageous also during the sprint that started each day. Getting off the line quickly and being at the front of the pack keeps you out of choppy water created by the other boats. As the race neared, I was putting in longer paddles, up to 3 hours. Tom was also training back east, lifting weights and paddling on the Finger Lakes in his Stowe *Allagash* and running several nights a week. By e-mail messages we tried to motivate each other with grandly exaggerated tales of our training (If you read our emails, you'd think we were ready to race the EcoChallenge).

What we really needed at this point was some kind of boat. When Tom and I had parted ways, we sold our racing tandem. We knew that we did not want to race in anything too slow and heavy. This race is tough enough with a super fast 25-pound kevlar racer. I had plenty of friends in the region that I could borrow a boat from, but felt uneasy about it. This race is tough on boats, and I'd hate to scratch up someone's boat. I found an outfitter that had a Wenonah *Standard Class Racer (SCR)* that they would rent out for 100 bucks. This included delivery to the start of the race and pickup at the finish. Since the SCR is very fast and slightly more stable than a full out racer, I figured

Adirondack will continue ...

...Adirondack concludes here.

it would be the perfect boat. Tom and I hadn't paddled together for four years and neither of us had been in a flat-water racer in that long. Since this race can have three foot waves, the slightly larger boat seemed to be a wise choice.

The 90 Miler has almost 60 classes to compete in. There are several classes of boats (recreation, guide boats, standard, race, pro, K-1, C-1Rec, C-1 racing, K-2, etc., etc.) further subdivided into open (men 18-39), mixed, masters, veterans, masters mixed, family, etc.. There are only 250 boats allowed, and registration is on a first come, first serve basis. This year, last minute cancellations reduced the field to 248 boats. Many of the classes only had one or two entrants, but the class we raced in (C-2 Standard Open Men), was the largest with 29 boats.

This race is beautifully organized. When you arrive, you pick up your registration packet that contains your boat number, t-shirts, and food and lodging coupons. After each day of racing, your boat is shuttled to the next day's start. They even load and unload your boat from the trailers. There are pit stops throughout the race, mostly on the carries. Volunteers hand out juice, water, and powerbars to the racers as they rush through. The final day concludes with a post race barbecue, and awards. Mileage pins are awarded to all racers. We paid for registration, three nights motel lodging, and 6 meals for only \$180 per person.

As I said before, neither Tom nor I had been in a tandem in four years. I had anticipated a fair amount of zig-zagging, especially at the beginning. Tom really surprised me by keeping the boat on a dead straight path. We even stayed with the lead paddlers in the sprint, which surprised me even more. We were a little rusty though. We weren't "reading" each other like we used to, and we really lost our boat handling skills. This absolutely killed us in a windy twisty backwater known as "Browns Tract". The boat we were in is 18 feet long with 0 inches of rocker. The only way to turn these big, straight-tracking boats is with a strong lean to the outside of the turn. Not trusting each other to lean, we kept the boat flat. This required excessive posting, drawing, sweeping and actually having to come to full stops to stay in the tract. Having already raced 25 miles, the result was complete exhaustion. After the first day our boat handling did improve, but unfortunately, the majority of maneuvering is during the first day.

I would like to report that my training regimen paid off, that I was a powerhouse that never tired. Unfortunately, on the third day I had intense pain in my upper back, which reduced me to barely paddling. On the first two days, we had maintained seventh place (that even included stopping for 5 minutes to make repairs on Day 2). On the third day, we slipped to eighth place for the day. Fortunately, Tom was still paddling strongly and we didn't slip to eighth overall. I felt really bad that I was paddling so poorly on the third day. The third and shortest day is typically a day to put the hammer down. That is the one drawback about racing with a partner, if you doing poorly, you're letting someone else down, not just yourself. Our total time was 14:22:43. The winning time in our class was 13:12:12.

Overall, the race was quite a success for us. Seventh out of twenty nine boats is respectable, and considering that we had no practice with each other, none in tandems, and none in that particular boat, we were very pleased with our performance. A big help was our excellent pit crew, Brian Boyd, who kept us supplied with food and water on the run. Not only that, but we didn't have to wait for the shuttles after the race, he took us right to our room for a much needed hot shower. I don't think Brian knew how much that meant, nor how helpful he was.

So who won overall? This was a very close race between two radically different boats. Patrick Newman of Lachine, Quebec, won Day 1 and 2 in an Olympic K-1 sprint kayak. On the third day an Open Men's Pro Boat paddled by marathon canoe national champs Carl Normandin and Bob Rapant took first by a wide enough margin to win overall. Their overall time of 12:11:33 edged out the Canadian kayaker's time of 12:12:07.

The race is a demanding but satisfying experience. Canoeing is to the Adirondacks what mountain biking is to Moab. The level of competition is great. The variety and workmanship of boats is incredible. There are Adirondack guide boats, cedar strip canoes and kayaks, birch bark canoes, war canoes, carbon fiber racers and kevlar boats everywhere. The food is good and the camaraderie is high. For a racing experience, there is nothing quite like the "Classic".

For Information on the 1999 Adirondack Canoe Classic, contact the Saranac Lake Area Chamber of Commerce at 1-800-347-1992 or visit their website at <http://saranaclake.com>. Their events site is at <http://www.northnet.org/saranaclake> 

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...Closing Remarks

—Bob Cook

As Editor for the *Voyageur's Companion* during the past four years, I've done very little editorializing and much more editing. However, in the way of closing remarks, I will offer this perspective on the Club gained from my tenure in this position.

I began in this position with some desktop publishing experience and some experience canoeing. I have canoed since the mid-seventies, but when I joined the Club, I had relatively little experience in whitewater and wanted to gain more practice in that environment.

Playboating was a new concept to me. I had been soloing a 15'9" Blue Hole OCA for years, and studied Bob Foote's video on rolling to try to accomplish that skill. I never quite made it, until a session at Aurora Reservoir with Dennis Adams in my new Mad River *Rampage* put me over the top, literally. Dennis commented that I was "an animal" for learning to roll so quickly, and then, when I rolled up with the other hand, on the opposite side, he was even more enthusiastic. I weakly protested that I had been working on trying to do this in an 85# boat for years, but Dennis insisted on being impressed.



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Playboating took some getting used to. At first, the *Rampage* seemed to just throw off class II standing waves with ease. After my inaugural runs down Pumphouse, and then Cemetery, I was lulled into thinking that whitewater canoeing in such a craft was going to be a piece of cake. Then Lowell took me down Shoshone and the class III action was quite different: the *Rampage* would not simply shrug off waves larger than two feet high. Suddenly the boat and I were being thrown about and in desperate need of control and stability in this turbulent environment. I also found out how complicated rolling an open boat can be in a rapid as opposed to the placid waters of a pool or reservoir.

Over the next few years there was some growth: I would get my instructor status from the ACA, change boats a couple of times, and outfitting every other week or so, while gaining much experience paddling whitewater in Colorado. I also learned a thing or two about doing a newsletter for a membership with varying ideas about its identity and purpose.

During these experiences, I've gotten acquainted with many of our members, admired a few for their paddling prowess, and grown close to several, usually because of shared buffoonery or adverse circumstances. Some of our more comical outings led to a coining of the "Elvis" moniker, for the wet, slicked


Closing remarks follow...

Within the Club are various groups or cliques that, by their shared desire to paddle in a certain style or in certain places, brings them together again and again. When you think of paddling a stretch of water that you haven't done before, you at least want to have the advantage of friendship to bolster your confidence.

back hair we sported from all our time spent in or under the water. These adventures added a great deal of spice to my life. I was glad to be part of the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club.

Regarding Club meetings, it's fascinating the way elder Club members speak their minds on issues. And while our Club has a number of strong personalities who aren't shy about voicing their opinions on matters, I am disappointed at how insular the Club can appear to visitors or interested inquirers. Before I joined the Club, I called the advertised number on various occasions in an attempt to gain information on the Club without success. I know a number of our officers have had the same experience when they first looked at the Club. When I finally did connect with the Club and hooked up with then-President Lowell Stephens, it was his personal contact that led me to become involved. I don't think that mine is a unique experience. Every new person who comes on a trip or to a meeting needs to be welcomed by at least one Club member. I know that there is an undercurrent present in the Club that really doesn't care if the Club grows. While I don't support growth for its own sake, I think that there is a real need for hospitality. A person may come to a Club meeting or trip with the idea of gaining a connection for a shuttle, but even if we're paddling solo boats, relationships are a prime reason for being part of a Club. Within the Club are various groups or cliques that, by their shared desire to paddle in a certain style or in certain places, brings them together again and again. When you think of paddling a stretch of water that you haven't done before, you at least want to have the advantage of friendship to bolster your confidence. When you return to places you found special, there's a good chance you'll also think of paddling there with others who have made that experience special in the first place. We tend to paddle with the same people over and over again. That's natural. But I hope that those of us who began as wide-eyed newcomers will not forget those days where we were looking around for a welcoming smile. Perhaps we were at the pool with no boat, or maybe toting a hopelessly out-of-place-looking craft or other equipment to a Club trip. The welcome we received made us want to continue to come to another trip, or to another meeting. I thought we might be able to use a little help along the path of hospitality.

It was in the interest of "breaking the ice," that I began the *Club Personality Interview* as part of the newsletter. I hoped that I might be able to get enough information from prominent members to initiate a conversation among members. I also selfishly hoped that in conducting these interviews, I might better get to know some of our members through the process of gaining information about them for publication. I'm not sure how well-received these interviews have been, but I know that it has helped me gain understanding and appreciation for why we get out and mess around in boats. These people have helped me reflect upon my own reasons for being on the water, and have, on occasion, given me new incentive as well.

I encourage members to become involved in the work of the Club. My involvement has been a good opportunity for me to meet and paddle with many of our members, and I can heartily recommend volunteering as an empowering way to feel like you're a part of something larger than yourself. For me, other duties call at this time. I'm handing over the reins of this publication to Diane Binder and others who will work with her to bring our members the news of the Club. Please be gentle with her and the other new officers as they begin their work on our behalf. Compliments will serve them well when you can offer them in sincerity, and if critique is due, then I encourage readers to offer ways to make a contribution. Let's all work together in making the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club the best representation of canoeing, its people and practice, that the West has to offer. 

ROCKY MT. CANOE CLUB MEMBERSHIP FORM

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home phone _____ work phone _____

FAX _____ E-mail _____

To help ensure programs and activities which meet your needs and desires, please check any or all of the following which might apply:

Paddling preferences: Lakes _____ Rivers _____ Whitewater _____ Racing _____
Tripping _____

Whitewater preference: Easy _____ Interm. _____ Advanced _____ Prefer to paddle:
Solo _____ Tandem _____

Need instruction _____ Need a boat _____ Need a partner _____

Read and sign the waiver on the opposite side. The waiver is a LEGAL INSTRUMENT. If you do not understand it, consult your attorney.

Dues are \$15 per household per calendar year payable to the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB. Mail this completed Waiver/Membership form together with your check or money order to:

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB

c/o Dave & Jeannie Ney

Golden, CO 80403

Questions call:

Rocky Mountain Canoe Club

WAIVER / RELEASE

KNOW EVERYONE BY THESE PRESENTS:

WHEREAS, I (we) intend , or am about, to engage in canoeing activities upon rivers, lakes, and/or other waterways, which activities have been organized by the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB of Denver, Colorado; and

WHEREAS, I (we) am (are) doing so entirely upon my (our) own initiative, risk, and responsibility, and am duly aware that risks and hazards are, or may be, inherent in such canoeing activities; and

WHEREAS, I (we) elect voluntarily to engage in such activities having only limited knowledge of conditions and understanding that conditions may be more hazardous and dangerous than I (we) presently believe; I (we) further understand and expect that my (our) conduct during such activities shall be dictated by my (our) own decisions as to if and how to deal with any particular stretch of river, lake or other waterway; and

WHEREAS, I (we) understand that the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB, its officers, directors, and trip leaders in particular and its members in general organize such activities solely for the pleasure and enjoyment of the participants; and

WHEREAS, I (we) am (are) supplying for my (our) own use such first aid, safety and medical supplies as I (we) deem necessary and I am (we are) not relying upon the members or leaders for such items; and

WHEREAS, I (we) recognize that neither the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB, nor its several officers, directors, members and leaders are responsible for my (our) participation in any particular activity nor for the participation of other people and that in no event is the Club or its officers, directors, members or leaders responsible for my (our) conduct or the conduct of others sharing such participation; and

WHEREAS, my (our) participation is in no way based upon any representations made by any members, officers, directors or leaders as to the difficulty, danger or hazard of such activities, but rather because of my (our) independent desire to participate in such activities with other people with similar interests;

NOW, THEREFORE, I (we) do hereby, for myself (ourselves), my (our) heirs, executors, assigns, and administrators, release, and forever discharge the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB of Denver, Colorado, and all of its officers, directors, agents, leaders, and members individually and collectively, from any and all claims, demands, actions or causes of actions now or hereafter arising on account of my (our) death or on account of any injury to me (us) or damage to my (our) property, or on account of the injury or death suffered by any other person which may occur from any cause while I (we), or any other person, may be engaged in activities of the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB, including therein all ground and transportation operations incident thereto unless such death, injury, or harm results from gross negligence or willful misconduct.

This WAIVER / RELEASE shall be binding in all its terms for all activities of the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB.

I (WE) HEREBY CERTIFY that I (we) have read the foregoing WAIVER / RELEASE, understand it in all its terms and conditions and sign it voluntarily and intelligently, this ____ day of _____, 1999.

Print Name: _____

Signature: _____

Please list all children who intend, or are about to engage in canoeing activities organized by the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB:

As the parent(s) or guardian(s) of the aforesaid minor(s), I (we) have signed the foregoing Waiver/Release and approve of my (our) child's (children's) or ward(s) participation in the activities. I am (we are) aware that the attendant risks, hazards, potential for injuries, loss or death stated in the Waiver/Release may well be greater for a minor's participation, but I (we) assume these risks as parent(s) or guardian(s) of the above named and herewith forever release, remise and discharge the ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB as specified in the foregoing Waiver/Release.

Signed: _____

Date: _____



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Alan Whittern's RMCC site: <http://www.classvi.com/winroom/rmcc.html>

Mark Zen maintains a trip page: <http://www.diac.com/~zen/rmcc>

UPCOMING DATES OF NOTE:

January Pool sessions begin at Meyer's Pool in Arvada

February 20 Video Meeting, begins at 6 p.m. @ St. Jude's

RMCC'S MAILING ADDRESS FOR ALL CORRESPONDENCE IS:
DAVID & JEANNIE NEY, [] GOLDEN, CO 80403



Submitting Articles: *The Voyageur's Companion* is primarily the venue for the RMCC to post trip schedules, classified ads, and related material, enabling members to share and enhance their canoeing interests. We invite members to contribute articles on trips as well as informative articles on subjects such as the following: Paddling techniques, Equipment, Rigging the Canoe, Environmental Issues, River Safety, Camping Techniques, or Canoe History. The editorial staff appreciates your efforts to limit wordiness or superfluous details, and try to restrict the article to under 1200 words (about 2 pages).

The Voyageur's Companion is a bi-monthly publication of the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club. Editorial material for *The Voyageur's Companion* is welcomed and should be sent to: Diane Binder, Editor, *The Voyageur's Companion*, [] [] Longmont, CO 80501. A stamped, self-addressed envelope enclosed with your submissions will help expedite the return of goods. Please include day and evening phone number or e-mail address in case of questions.

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 his or her own qualifications, skill level, and safety on the river 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 only to RMCC members and their guests. All trip participants must sign the RMCC Waiver and Assumption of Risk agreement prior to each trip.

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