



The Voyageur's Companion

December 1999 Volume 1, Issue 6

NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB

HOLIDAY ISSUE

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- Are you paddling beyond your skill level? See page 14



In partnership.....

“New” President, New Vice-President and “New” Web Master

Damn, the “new” president turns out to be the *old* president. (I mean that both ways.) Yes, yes, for those of you who have remained blissfully unaware of the outcome of the “election” at our meeting in October, we got stuck with me as president, but **only for one more year** – I mean it this time! After talking at length about expanding our list of officers by having an official immediate past president, a president-elect, a co-president, or a vice-president, we decided on having a vice-president. As luck would have it, Ron Schmidt then

volunteered for the role, and he was immediately elected by acclamation. We also decided to make official our previously unofficial position of web master. Mark Zen graciously offered to continue serving in the new “official” capacity, and his offer was immediately accepted. As for our web site, we also voted to buy

our own. At this writing, Mark is close to finishing his revisions to it. (If all goes as planned, the site should be up and fully operational by the time you get this newsletter). Meanwhile, we owe mucho gratitude to Alan Whittern and to Mark for all their past efforts in establishing and hosting the club’s web sites.

They laid the foundation for what has become a top notch site that we will be able to enjoy into the next millennium.

Our luck also



Rendezvous group after Eye of the Needle Rapid (Continued on page 4)

Winter Meeting and Movies Sat Feb 26

The next meeting of the club will be held on Saturday, February 26, 2000, at St. Jude’s Youth Center, starting at 6:00 p.m. See map p5. It will begin with a pot-luck dinner – bring

your favorite dish to share. (By the way, at the end of the last meeting, I found an extension cord under the serving tables. I think it belongs to one of us. Eh? If you’re missing

one, let me know. I’ll bring it to the next meeting.) After dinner, you’ll have to endure a brief recap of the upcoming officers’ meeting and a treasurer’s report, and then we’ll watch our movies.

Thirty-five days on the Mackenzie River

By Fred Nelson

This past June and July, I led a 35-day, 730-mile canoe trip down the Mackenzie River in the Northwest Territories. The Mackenzie River is second only to the Mississippi River in size. It flows from the Great Slave Lake in the center of the Northwest Territories and empties into the Arctic Ocean near the border of the Yukon. The trip started at Fort Simpson, which is a little west of the Great Slave Lake and ended at Inuvik, which is on the delta of the Mackenzie River as it flows into the Arctic Ocean.



The canoe trip started on June 21st when three of us loaded two canoes with freeze-dried food and equipment at Fort Simpson. One of my companions, Carl Schmieder, is from Ohio and the other, Phil Bowden, flew over from Tasmania, Australia to make the trip. The wind blew so hard the next day that it was impossible to continue until the following morning. There would be two more days when the wind kept us from getting on the water and we were blown off the water early on another three days. The Mackenzie River is about a mile or two wide in most places and it is like a fast moving lake, moving at four to five miles per hour. A strong headwind out of the northwest made travel difficult even with the fast current, but the large waves, up to four to five feet high, made travel impossible.

Seven days after starting, we arrived in Wrigley, the first of five settlements between Fort Simpson and Inuvik. A dirt road was completed to Wrigley last year, but none of the other settlements can be reached by car or truck except in the winter when the soft tundra and intervening rivers and streams are frozen. The only way to reach these settlements in the summer is by water or air. A cargo plane brings in fresh food to these settlements two or three times a week. We arrived in Wrigley on a Sunday and everything was closed, including the hotel! Consequently, we pushed on for another six days to Fort Norman.

The Northwest Territories was divided into two parts on April 1, 1999. One part is named Nunavut and the other retained the name of Northwest Territories. Each is now a self-governing territory of Canada's Inuit people. Part of this change was the renaming of several towns and settlements and Fort Norman is now named Tulita. We spent the night in Tulita's only hotel where we enjoyed our first hot shower and prepared meal in thirteen days. We pushed on to Norman Wells the next day.

Norman Wells is so named because of the large number of oil wells. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the first person to go down the river that bears his name, noted oil oozing out of the ground when he passed through the area in 1789. Many of the oil wells are on man-made islands across the Mackenzie River, which is five miles wide at this point. We learned that the islands were built by dynamiting holes through the ice so that trucks could dump rock through the holes until an island 50 feet above the river bottom was created. They then drilled through the rock to get the oil. We spent the night in Norman Wells, which is the largest of the settlements we visited, and then continued on to Fort Good Hope the next day.

Three days later, while camping on an island a few miles up river from Fort Good Hope, we had our first encounter with a bear. I heard a banging on our canoe at five in the morning so looked out of the tent and saw a bear trying to get into one of the packs left in the canoe. I told Phil to get up, quickly put on some clothes since it was quite cold, grabbed the rifle, and went out of the tent to tell the bear to leave. Instead of running, the black bear started to walk toward us so I fired a warning shot. I was sure that this would cause him to run away since bears are



"while camping on an island a few miles up river from Fort Good Hope, we had our first encounter with a bear."

(continued on next page)

not protected, but he started to run toward us instead! However, by the time I was able to chamber another round, he started to trot off toward Carl's tent. This caused another concern because the bear stopped behind the tent and pawed it a few times. Since the bear was behind Carl, I could not shoot if it were to attack Carl. However, the bear trotted off into the woods before I could decide upon the best course of action. We arrived in Fort Good Hope the next day. Fort Good Hope is a small settlement that has only one hotel and we were the only guests. We had some items stolen from us during the night, but the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were able to get most of the items back and mailed them to us in Inuvik. The settlement has a reputation for this because on three occasions when we mentioned that some items were stolen from us "further up river", each of the three people asked if that happened at Fort Good Hope.

We stopped to visit with Fred Sorenson on the way to Arctic Red River which has been renamed Tsiigehtchic by the Inuit. Fred is 76 years old and has lived on the Mackenzie River as a trapper for the past 30 years. We wanted to spend the night with him, but high winds drove us off the river a few miles from his home and prevented us from getting on the water all of the next day. As a result, we were only able to spend an afternoon with him. My only regret of the trip was that we did not have more time to talk with him. He and his wife raised six children in this isolated place which is four days by canoe from either Fort Good Hope or Arctic Red River and no neighbors between. His wife died two years ago and he buried her in a beautiful grave site in a hollow next to their home as she requested. His home burned down last year and he lost all of his possessions. He is now living in his guest house and hopes to rebuild his home. He told me that every animal he ever shot was shot from his front porch. This included many moose and caribou as well as a 608-pound black bear. He wanted us to see his pet wolves, which come around for a handout at supper time, but we had to move on. After helping Fred with a few heavy chores because he had hurt his back, Phil and I were off to Arctic Red River without Carl.

Carl tore a muscle in his back (we found out later) while paddling to Fred's and was in a lot of pain. When we discovered that the Inuit family visiting with Fred was going to Arctic Red River, we asked if Carl could ride with them in their motor boat. They agreed so Phil and I towed the other canoe to Arctic Red River and arrived there six days later. Carl was about to leave. He told us that he had arranged for a van to take him to Inuvik. From there, he could fly home. Because he was still in a lot of pain and had no strength in his back, he could not finish the trip with us. Carl had arranged for an Inuit to buy the extra canoe for \$100. We had eaten most of the food so were able to pack all of the gear in one canoe. Before leaving, we took a short tour of Arctic Red River, which is the smallest, but nicest settlement we visited.

It took us five more days to reach Inuvik. Our second encounter with a bear occurred three days out of Arctic Red River. Two young (approximately three years old) grizzly bears come out of the woods as we were paddling about 20 feet from shore along the East Channel of the Mackenzie River (one of the hundreds of channels that make up the Mackenzie Delta). One grizzly darted back into the woods, but the other charged down the bank toward us. Phil yelled, "Paddle" which I was starting to do in earnest without his encouragement. Fortunately, the bear decided that our 20-foot head start was too much to make up and went back into the woods with his brother. While visiting with an Inuit couple and two lady friends the next afternoon at their summer home, we were advised that we should have our rifle loaded and within reach until we arrive in Inuvik. They told us that the summer was too cold for berries to grow so the bears are hungry and have become very aggressive. The wife gave each of us two cold beers and a large package of chicken breasts to take with us. This was a special treat.

We arrived in Inuvik at noon the next day. A kind gentleman drove all of our gear to one of the hotels and made a second trip to take our canoe to the home of an Inuit where he was staying. Inuvik is the newest (established in 1957) and fastest growing settlements that we visited. We were able to catch the last day of an art festival, which is an annual event in Inuvik. The artwork is very beautiful, but expensive. We stayed in Inuvik for two days. I was able to sell my canoe for a small amount of cash and I divided the remaining food between the Inuit wife who gave us the beers and the Inuit family who let us display the canoe in their yard. On July 27th, Phil and I flew back to Fort Simpson to start the long drive back home while reminiscing about our very enjoyable trip. —end

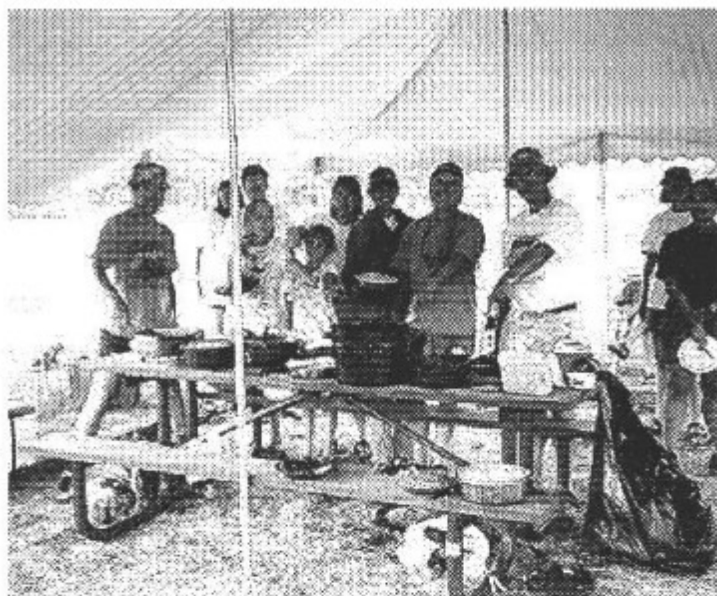
"He told me that every animal he ever shot was shot from his front porch. This included many moose and caribou"

(Continued from page 1)

Our luck also held with respect to all other positions; last year's crop of officers agreed to stay on in their various roles. So, we have a solid cast of experienced officers to administer to club's adventures. For that I am



very grateful, and I'm sure you are too.



Dutch Oven chefs proudly present their culinary delights

"the issues that arise when boaters and floaters travel on water that flows through private property."

Ric Alesch has invited us to meet with folks who have again begun to try to address (resolve?) the issues that arise when boaters and floaters travel on water that flows through private property. The next meeting will be held at the Department of Natural Resources – they have not taken an official position in the matter but are facilitating the meetings – on December 13, 1999 at 3:00 p. m. Doug Ellis and I

will attend. You can too. Call me if you're interested.

As for our "right to float," we agreed as a club that our primary interest would be to be allowed to exit our craft to scout or portage an obstacle, natural or man-made, in the river. We'd always stay below the high water mark if possible. We know we can't cut fences or remove other man-made obstacles. We would like to be

permitted to "trespass" in an emergency, i.e., walk to the ranch house or to the road when someone needed help, but we didn't want to suggest that we should also be permitted to stop on private property to fish or hunt, to hike, to pee, or to camp. We also noted that seeking access across private property to put-ins or take-outs was a much larger issue.

American Whitewater

At the October meeting, we had a spirited discussion about whether to make our membership list avail-

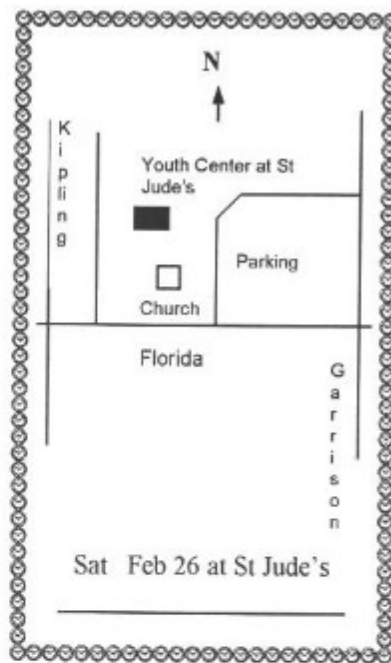
able to American Whitewater so that they, by means of direct mail, might invite each of us to join them.

(The club currently is affiliated with AW, and many of us are individual members too.)

(continued top page 5)

(American Whitewater continues...)

Map to Winter Meeting



At the end of the discussion, we agreed to make AW membership materials available to everyone at our meetings, and I volunteered to write an article for publication in our newsletter about what they do and how to join, but we resoundingly voted against sending our membership list to them (or to anyone else for that matter).

Classifieds

Contact the Editor for personal ads:
 Dr. Longmont, CO 80501 or call or

Contact Ann-Nye West for Commercial ads:

Wanted- A Dagger Genesis- call Daniel

For Sale:
 Dagger Ovation Canoe, New-used twice, fully outfitted w/ saddle, float bags, and thigh straps. Bob Foote Paddle included. \$1,075. Call

Dutch-oven Cook-off Winners

Medals were awarded at the meeting to first place winners. For main dish, the medal went to Doug and Kellee Summers; for dessert, the medal went to Lyn Berry and Jeanne Younghaus; and the Peoples' Choice medal went to Mike McCaw for, what else? ... River Ritas!

Lisa Adams and Rachel Jankowski took second place in the main dish event, and third place was claimed by Bob and Carol Aikin. Diane Binder took second place in the dessert category. There may have been other win-

ners too, but my memory has been clouded by ritas and the passage of time.

Winners who were not present at the October meeting might be able to claim your prize some day from Greg Jankowski. Meanwhile, thanks go again to Gail Campbell for securing the awards and thereby adding a touch of class to our hot and dusty event. (Now you know why the ritas were so important.)

More on American Whitewater

As per its web site, <https://awa.org> (the "s" in the address takes you to a web site where you can join the organization on-line):

American Whitewater (AW) is a national organization with a membership of almost 8,000 individual whitewater boating enthusiasts and more than 160 local paddling club affiliates (including the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club). It is a non-profit organization whose work is done by lots of volunteers such as the regional coordinators, a few paid staff, and a board of directors. Their activities fall into

(Continued on page 7)

"(AW) is a national organization with a membership of almost 8,000 individual whitewater boating enthusiasts"

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**New Home page:
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(Continued from page 5)
five main areas.

EDUCATION:

Through publication of its magazine, American Whitewater, and by other means, AW provides information and education about whitewater rivers, boating safety, technique, and equipment.

CONSERVATION:

AW maintains a complete national inventory of whitewater rivers, monitors threats to those rivers, publishes information on river conservation, provides technical advice to local groups, works with government agencies, and --when necessary - - takes legal action to prevent river abuse.

EVENTS: AW organ-

izes sporting events, contests and festivals to raise funds for river conservation, including the Ocoee Whitewater Rodeo in Tennessee and the annual Gauley River Festival in West Virginia, the largest gathering of whitewater boaters in the nation.

SAFETY: AW promotes paddling safety, publishes reports on whitewater accidents, and maintains both a uniform national ranking system for whitewater rivers (the International Scale of Whitewater Difficulty) as well as an internationally recognized whitewater safety code.

RIVER ACCESS: To assure public access to whitewater rivers AW arranges for river ac-

cess through private lands by negotiation or purchase, seeks to protect the right of public passage on all rivers and streams navigable by kayak or canoe, and resists unjustified restrictions on government-managed whitewater rivers.

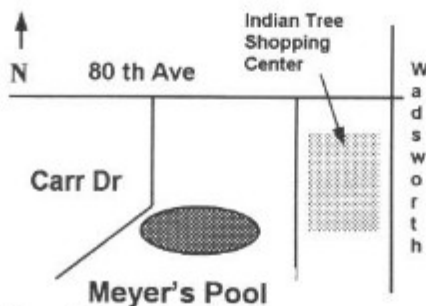
Dues are \$25 per year, and a member receives 6 issues of American Whitewater, the organization's bi-monthly journal. Check out their web site for loads of additional info and to join on-line.

Roll practice, Freestyle, etc., will begin on Sundays starting Jan 16 and continue thru April.

POOL SESSIONS START JAN 16 2000

Once again Jerry Clower has secured access to the George Meyers Pool in Arvada. Roll practice, Freestyle, etc., will begin on Sundays starting Jan 16 and continue thru April. RMCC has scheduled the mornings from 8:00 AM to 12:00 noon. Cost is around 3.00 per person. The CWWA has also scheduled pool time, but during evening hours 4:00 PM to 8:00 PM Sundays starting Jan 9.

The following weekends are not available as the pool will be closed:



- 1. 1-9-00
- 2. 2-6-00
- 3. 2-27-00
- 4. 3-5-00
- 5. 4-9-00


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Diary of a Solo Trip Through Ruby Horsethief

By Ron Schmidt

Nov. 6, 1999 Saturday

Getting a fire started for dinner, I had time to reflect on the day's paddling. I had started out on the river at almost eleven, after a breakfast out with my sister and her family after which they follow me to the Loma put in and ferried my car to the take out. It was a beautiful seventy-degree day with only a hint of a breeze. My first stop was for a brief hike at Rattlesnake Canyon about four miles down from Loma put in. The map mentioned arches that were difficult to see when approached from the river. I passed through the twisted winding streambed realizing that the difficulty was probably due to the fact that in



View of the Colorado from above Black Rocks

summer much of the trail was in the stream-bed and prone to flash flood and usually had deep pools to negotiate. There were leaves on the cottonwoods that twisted over the path, bright yellow and clicking in the breeze. The leaves that had fallen crunched under foot, the whole atmosphere was that of a sleepy hollow at Halloween. I was glad it was not dark. Poison ivy vines still clung to some of the trees and bushes, their poison working even after their leaves have died and fallen. I hiked for about fifty minutes until the canyon split and then started to widen. I still needed to get to Mee Canyon for the night, so I headed back with the Arch still unseen.

Grabbed a sandwich and set off. At about mile six spotted my first bald eagle in this canyon. Checked different sites on the western shores for a camp which would have early morning sun. None were suitable. Coming up on Mee Canyon, the left shore before the canyon was well guarded with rocks coming half way across the river so I paddled the right side and put in after and west of the mouth of the canyon.

I have made a simple one-pot meal and will probably be in bed by six p.m.

Nov. 7 Sunday

Having had lunch, I am camped at lower Black Rocks and the entrance to Moore Canyon. Yesterday I saw two jet boats out for a day of fishing and one private plane coming up the river at about fifty feet off the water. I of course flipped him an eagle as he flew over.

Today I have seen only one jet boat, going down and back in about a half an hour, all three aboard camo-clad along with their boat. I almost missed them! Two rafts, one a caterraft, drifted by as I make ready for lunch.

Had a long night's sleep, waking to a "ping" sound in the middle of the night and seeing half of my lean-to flapping in the breeze. I pulled the other line down and finished the rest of the night under the stars. A deer must have tripped over it. Up at eight after fourteen hours in the rack, its dark early and light late in November. After making tea and granola, set off for Black Rocks. Only a couple of miles, but the riffles grew progressively larger as I neared the next camp area. Coming around that last bend in the river the sound of rapids was much louder than previously. Being alone on this trip, I decided it might be wise to beach and scout the Black Rocks. I was glad I did, as the first rapid (not there in higher water) was now a split around an island with a curving wave train on the left side and it didn't seem, enough water in the riffle train on the right. The bread loaves did not look like much of a problem at all. The upper rapid was not as difficult as it looked and sounded. I skirted the wave train on its right and cruised through to my

"The leaves that had fallen crunched under foot, the whole atmosphere was that of a sleepy hollow at Halloween"

next camp at the lower end of the rocks. I set up the tarp, relaxed on the beach and read for an hour. With so much daylight left, I thought I might as well go for a hike back up to upper Black Rocks. As I hiked, I remembered a side hike that Ann and Howard had taken this last summer up toward the large boulder field coming off a culdesac in the east wall, and couldn't remember if they had topped out at the canyon rim or not. I changed my plan and took off on the side trail. After crossing the sand hill, the trail started strait up the side of the scree field at about a forty-degree angle. It was warm enough that I was soon sweating and thinking how hot and hard this trail would be in the heat of summer, but I kept at it. I thought about how canoeing and hiking are alike, in that whenever you have to get somewhere on your own sweat and steam, it is so much more rewarding than renting a plane and flying over or being rafted down. When I rested, I turned to see the view opening and getting better the higher I climbed. Never really entering the loose rock, the trail finally came to a stairway of boulders that finished at the canyon rim. A trail then followed a drainage back off to the south climbing through the Juniper forest until it topped off and headed slowly back down to the south. The trail wound through Juniper with seemingly furrowed fields of cryptogamic soil between trees, until nearing the rim. From then on, it was a continuous stairway of large slick rock with occasional ancient large, dead Pines laying with jagged naked limbs snaking in every direction. Then I ran out of trail. The vista at this place is simply incredible. Looking to the southeast was Moore Canyon, four hundred feet straight down, the bottom in deep shadow. To the west, the whole Black Rock run appeared like a gaping mouth of rounded and crooked black teeth with a mustache of blazing Tamarisk bush. Directly below me, to the south were the tops of the sentinel towers, which herald the entrance to Moore Canyon. Where I sat on this rock ledge, a single small spiraling pine was maintaining a tortured existence through a crack in the rocks. I wished Diane and Erica could be here to share this, but that would be another time. I meditated in awe, glad to be here alone. Truly, a spiritual place!

Back at the bread loaves, I searched for the rocks with weathered holes where Erica and Diane had braved the cold water to embryo inside for a picture. They were well up from the waterline now, with a beach between them and the river. Someone had left a pile of firewood there, so I grabbed enough to keep a fire going a little later into the evening. Managed to stay up till seven-thirty and went to bed with a small fire still burning.

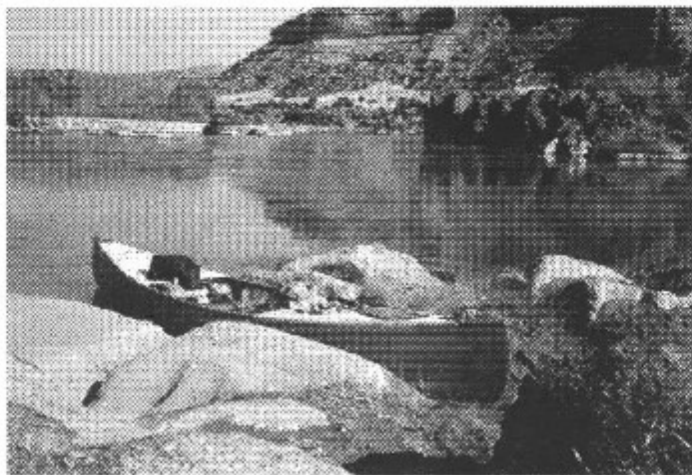
Nov. 8 Monday

Woke to the train at seven, laid and read till the sun bathed my camp at eight. Made tea and sat huddled in my sleeping blanket writing and admiring the river through the Black Rocks. I hate packing up on my last day on a river. It always comes too soon.

Packed up after breakfast and set off on the last nine miles. This stretch of canyon is not to be outdone. Knowle's Canyon opens a little way down from Black Rock and is truly a slick rock hike. Across the river is McDonald's Canyon with its petroglyphs. The red vertical wall on river left continues for seven miles, much of the time to the very water line with mysterious little side canyons with no way to enter. River right, after McDonald, is a wall of willows, the gray slick rock canyon wall back a hundred yards topped with desert Juniper and Pine.

Just before you run out of canyon, the river seems to head directly into a wide shear wall but turns south at its base. Flowing around this wall, it is only a short mile to the Westwater put in and my take out. I was back by 1 P.M.

The car sits alone in the parking lot, the only one there. I pulled it down to water line and packed up. Too short a trip but a wonderful one for November and especially wonderful to go it solo.



Landing at Black Rocks

"The vista at this place is simply incredible. Looking to the southeast was Moore Canyon, eight hundred feet straight down, the bottom in deep shadow."

ASK A MENTOR:

By Jeff Oxenford

Question: We just moved into a Caption from a more stable tandem boat and keeping tipping over. Why?

To answer your question, you need to take a line from the Karate Kid. "Daniel-san, you need to understand balance."

How to balance a canoe has changed radically over the last 10 years. When I first learned how to catch an eddy, I was told to lean my body way outside the boat. For the boat I was paddling back then, it took placing most of my weight over the gunwale before the boat started to lean over. What I quickly learned was that as long as the boat was moving I was stable. As soon as it stopped I fell over.

In today's "play boats," which are lighter and have more rocker, the boats fall onto their sides with little or no effort. The "old lean" is a great way to go for a swim. What we must now do is get the concept of lean out of our vocabulary (I'm truly guilty) and start thinking about heeling or tilting the boat while keeping our body centered. For you skiers, I compare heeling a boat to keeping your body faced into the fall line. Your body always stays centered, with your skis moving from side to side. The same happens in canoeing. In canoeing your body stays centered and the boat is moved (heeled) from side to side.

The first step in learning to heel a boat is to picture an imaginary line drawn from your head straight down, through the center of the boat, perpendicular to the water. What you try to do is keep your weight centered on this line. To tilt your boat you shift the weight from your lower body (I think about bottom of my rib cage) to one side of the center line and your upper body (I think about my head and shoulder) on the other side to keep your balance. Ways to visualize this are:

- Pushing down on one knee while lifting up on the other.
- Make a U in your side (head and knees on one side, ribs on the other side)

To learn this concept, I'd recommend starting out alone (i.e. solo) in the boat. Have your partner hold the boat. If you don't trust your partner or they decide to go to the bathroom, hold on to a dock, rock, or side of a pool. You can hold a paddle, but don't use it unless you need that saving grace. First put your head and body outside the gunwale and see what happens. That's leaning and you should be falling over onto a brace. Next, concentrate keeping your weight centered, tilt the boat by moving your lower body to one side of the boat and counter balance with your head and upper body. Pretend you're Elvis Presley and the paddle is your guitar. Hold your guitar parallel to the water and rock the boat by shifting your weight from knee to knee and moving your hips from side to side like Elvis would do. Try to get the gunwale all the way to the water. Also, work on being able to hold the boat on a constant heel. Make sure to do both on- and off-sides (this scares me to my offside).

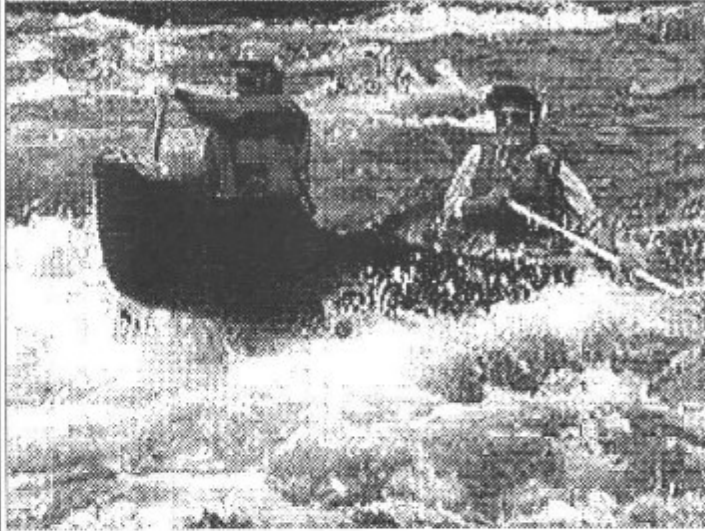
For tandem paddlers, learning to heel your boat can be quite a challenge. What I like to think about is that the lighter person initiate the heel and the heavier person add whatever additional heel is necessary. This is a delicate balancing act that requires patience and practice.

Play the game "Trust Your Partner" to learn tandem balance. Put the paddles in the bottom of the boat. Now, keeping the boat level, each of you lean out as far as you can to opposite sides of the canoe. Do it slowly, so that the heavier paddler doesn't overpower the lighter one. Be very careful when you return to an upright position. Then have one paddler lean and the other use the balancing techniques described above. Which feels more stable? Learning to counter balance each other by keeping the boat level, will make it much easier.

"The first step in learning to heel a boat is to picture an imaginary line drawn from your head straight down, through the center of the boat, perpendicular to the water."



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Squirtin' Salmon: photo by Weenie Wilson

(Continued from page 10)

to learn to trust your partner when you want or need an extreme heel.

Now comes the fun stuff, using this heeling stuffing. On a lake or easy section of river, initiate a turn and heel your boat. Lift your paddle out of the water and hold the heel. You're after getting comfortable with the boat heeled and not relying on your paddle for stability. When you feel comfortable with this start the turn and then add forward strokes while keeping your boat heeled (i.e. the "inside circle" for those who have been in classes). Try small amounts of heel, and with the boat heeled over all the way to the gunwale. For most boats the more the heel the faster the turn.

For the more daring team, try heeling the boat away from the turn. This is "squirt" canoeing at it's finest; in Freestyle parlance it would be a post or a wedge turn, for racers it's call a jam turn, and for those not expecting it its called a flip. This is a great way to make a fast, tight turn - but watch out!

Does this mean, you never lean outside your gunwale again. No!!!!!! I still do lean, especially with a boat full of gear, but the amount of lean is much less and more controlled.

Good luck and have fun!

Jeff Oxenford (Some of the tips are courtesy of Marge Cline, a.k.a. Rivermom, ACA Instructor Trainer)

Tips From the Trail

If you carry a lot of loose lines for your tent or tarp you can code them by tying a overhand knot in the end for every six feet of line. As an example, a 24-foot line would have four knots tied at one end.

Going lite and simple? Carry an Esbit stove (\$9.95 form Campmore around \$5.00 at an Army surplus store) that burns a solid non-toxic (when purchased from Campmore) fuel, which burns for about twelve minutes. Plenty of time to boil water. No breakable parts, weighs 4 oz.'s and is about the size of a pack of cigarettes.

Tyvck, the stuff the cover new houses with, the material that they make those strong air-mail express bags from, the stuff they make chemical and paint suits from, has many uses. You can make a lightweight tarp for camping, or a cover for your canoe or a sail for your canoe. It can be had from a local builder or for \$2.50 a yard (60-in. width) from the kite store in Boulder. It is very water resistant and breathable. I cut off the legs and feet, added a hem and have very lightweight windbreakers for the family. Its tough stuff. Let me know what you come up with.

Carry a light colored lightweight umbrella on

your canoe trips for those hot desert side hikes under that hot sun. You may even choose to use it if it rains.

Look up lightweight backpacking on the web for other ideas for going light on river trips. Ray Jardine has a new book out, "Beyond Backpacking" which is a must read for all out door enthusiasts.

I am building a sail rig for my canoe this winter, anyone else interested in doing so? We can have our own club regatta. *R.Schmidt*

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progress faster than your skills allow. Realize that as you do successively harder rivers, you will pass the dividing line between "gosh, it'd be nice if I could make this move" and "sure would like to hit this roll" and move into "I had BETTER make this move" and "This would be a BAD time to swim". Know which side of this line you are on, and realize that it moves with weather/water conditions, fatigue, etc.

5) Finally, learn to play in holes! 'Cause if you paddle long enough, one day you'll find yourself in one that you didn't intend to be in. It'll help if you're somewhat familiar with your surroundings.

"I am building a sail rig for my canoe this winter, anyone else interested in doing so? We can have our own club regatta."



Voyager's Companion

UPCOMING DATES OF NOTE:

Jan 16—Pool Sessions begin

Feb 26 6:00PM winter Meeting, Films, at St Judes— see map p

Our New Web Address:

<http://www.jacknjillz.com/paddler/rmcc>

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Submitting Articles: The Voyager'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 of superfluous details, and to restrict the article to under 1,200 words (about 2 pages).

The Voyager's Companion
C/O Editor

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