



The Voyageur's Companion

NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANOE CLUB

February 2000

Volume 2 Issue 1

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL ISSUE

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Special points to ponder:

- Start thinking about the trips you'd like to lead
- Dig out gear for our Spring swap meet
- Send in your membership renewal so you don't miss out on these information packed newsletters!

In partnership.....



Winter Meeting and Movies Saturday Feb 26

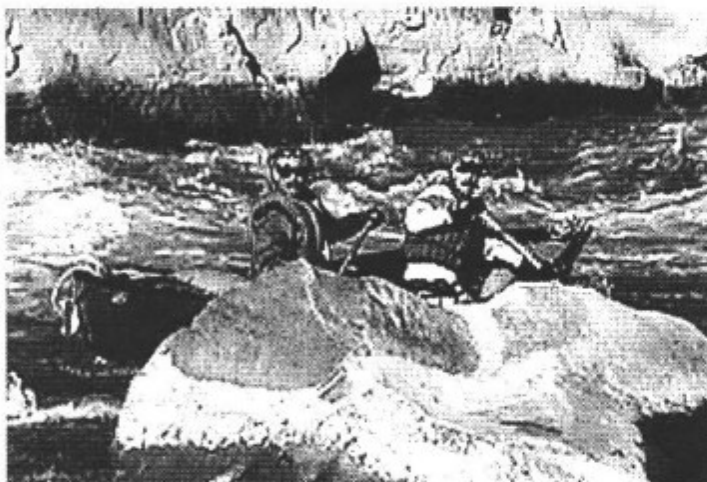
Hey gang, the next meeting of the club will be held on Saturday, February 26, 2000, at St. Jude's Youth Center, starting at 6:00 p.m. See map Pg4. It will begin with a pot-luck dinner – bring your favorite dish to share. After dinner, you may have to endure a brief recap of the officers' and the "right to float" meetings from me and a treasurer's report from Joanne, and then we'll watch our movies. We have several offerings this year, so be ready to be entertained.

Officers' Meeting Recap

Your officers gathered at the

pres' house to plot and scheme for the upcoming year. We agreed to spend a little more money (\$200 over 5 years) to go with a different web site host; Mark Zen will continue to administer the site, however. Look for "Rockymountaincanoeclub.org" at a computer near you soon. Meantime, our site is up and running with Zen as host.

Starting with our next meeting (Feb. 26, 2000), we're going to start listing trips, so if you have something in mind, be prepared to tell Greg Jankowski or Tuppen Burke. The big push will come in April at our Spring Meeting. Don't forget the on-line scheduler, however. Yes, you can add a trip to the schedule from the comfort of your own keyboard, so get busy!



Greg Jankowski and Doug Ellis trying to avoid the mouth of Skull Rapid (story on p2)

We're going to have another Swap Meet and Safety Fair at our Spring Meeting on April 15, 2000, at St. Jude's Youth Center. On Saturday, the 15th, we'll start with a Swap Meet around 5:00 p.m., then

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Membership

This is the time of year when it's time to renew our club membership. When renewing, we must remember to submit a new waiver with our check. Please don't forget. Forgetting may interfere with your status as a member, and I know you'd hate to

miss one of these stirring columns. By the way, the dues amount remains unchanged: it's still \$15 for one or an entire family; and you can also join the ACA at reduced rates (and then renew at reduced rates) if you haven't already. Joining the ACA preserves our Paddle America Partner status with the ACA and secures insurance coverage

for our events (trips, etc.) under the ACA's insurance policy. So, if you haven't joined the ACA, please do so. Individuals can join for less than it costs to subscribe to Paddler magazine, and as an ACA member, you get the magazine! What a deal. A bunch of other goodies comes too, in effect, at no cost. Families get a reduced rate too. (p7)

ROOM WITH A VIEW? A VISIT TO THE DARK SIDE OF BOATING

By Bob Cook

On October 2nd, Westwater Canyon experienced a fatality in Skull Rapid. It was the second fatality this season for the run, and the memory of it created a shadow that stretched over subsequent trips. For although Max Turner died on October 2nd at Skull, his body had never been found. Rangers had scoured the cliffsides of the Room of Doom, reaching below the water with hooks, but to no avail. We were making our way down on November 6th. Later, I found out from Dennis that RMCC boaters Paul White and Terry Gulley were both there that day in early October. In fact, Terry had spoken with Max at the put-in. Dennis and John were on the river the following day. The first groups of the day had already come and gone from *Skull*. Our flotilla was last in line. I was supposed to be in the lead for our group, to get some video of everyone's runs, but I got there late.

By the time I made it to the eddy above *Skull*, a cataraft in our party had already run *Skull* and pulled into the eddy below. I never even saw them. I set up among the slippery boulders midway into the run, as close to the water as I could position myself, to get the dramatic effect of the size of the hole at *Skull* as an impressive backdrop for our runs close to me on river left. About half of our people were occupied upstream, re-uniting John Dickey with his *Cascade*, after John took a swim at *Surprise*. There were a few moments to take in the scene and reflect as I swept the area through the lens of my camcorder.

Westwater was running around 5K on the 6th of November; a good level for us. The day had already produced a couple of eventful moments, like watching Mike Lloyd carom down a 30 foot slanted rock that kayakers had turned into a water slide. And then there was the dramatic rescue that Mike and I effected just above *Little D*. He had gone over above the rapid some hundred yards. I came alongside and uprighted his boat, holding the gunwale as he climbed into position immediately in front of the wave/hole as it crashed over us. We remained upright, entertaining the lunch crowd that always gathers there to surf and eat before entering the main canyon. But the events at *Skull* would overshadow the rest of the day.

It was a gorgeous early afternoon when we arrived at *Skull*; a perfect day for a run. It's not the most difficult rapid in the Canyon at this level, but it may have the highest psych factor, filled with mystique as it is. This day would not diminish that reputation. With co-stars like "Rock of Shock" and "Room of Doom," *Skull* achieves mythic proportions. I recall our first time down, when there were no photos of any note to clue us in as to what to expect. We heard of how the "Room" had been host to a flock of sheep that perished there or were washed over a cliff upstream and drowned in the Room. They were unable to get out, their skulls awash in the possessive eddy, circulating round and round until higher flows would allow them to escape downstream.

We had several "newbies" with us that day, and although we weren't above having a bit of fun with tales of terror of the rapid, we didn't want to paralyze them with fear. After all, we didn't want to have to help them line their boats around the boulder-strewn portage, nor did we want to be involved in any rescues here. A rescue is a potentially arduous task, as the Room does not admit entrance by a canoe very easily. The eddy currents and flow here are very swift and strong. And then there's the Room itself to contend with; a swirling, frothy, cauldron of flotsam-choked water, about a thousand square feet around. Separating the Room from the downstream flow is a strong eddy line, which varies in intensity with the water level. Higher levels create a turbulent fence that is several feet high. Just downstream both eddy and Room terminate at the "Rock of Shock," a cliff face several hundred feet high that cleaves the "Room" from the downstream flow. Here, the main force of the current caroms off the cliff wall and the bulk of the current pillows up and then surges downstream.

Like I said, I got there late, but still ahead of the other hard boaters. While waiting, I conducted a video tour of the scene, and as I swept the lens out past the *Skull* hole, I tried to focus into the dark Room in the background, across the river from my position. Because the sunlight was so intense on the surface of the surging whitewater, it was very difficult to get enough light into the aperture of the lens to see beyond into the Room. I had to raise my aim sufficiently to focus completely in the Room to see anything there. As I swept over the scene, I recalled how about a month ago "the boating community lost one of our own here." And then I briefly described what happened and further explained that they hadn't found the body yet.

I wanted to film the turbulence and flotsam that characterizes this eddy. But I only shot in short bursts, as I kept looking back to see if any of the group was ready to enter the rapid. I could only see the tongue at the top of the drop, and I didn't want to miss anyone. I didn't know if our boaters would scout at all before they ran. At least some of them planned to just run the rapid without scouting, as they had run it before, knew the line, and wanted to leave the small top eddy clear for whatever members of our flotilla that might feel the need to scout. There were about 17 of us, in some fourteen craft, so cramming everyone into the top eddy for a scout-fest was out of the question. Originally we were all going to go down in a train, but I wanted to pull out and videotape everyone. With the thunder of the rapid, I wouldn't be able to hear anyone coming down the run, so I had to keep my eyes peeled for activity.

Now the first group suddenly emerged and were headed down the tongue and over towards me and the eddy line; Dennis, followed by Chad, TJ, and Mike Lloyd. As I waited for the next group, someone from the lead group popped their head over the boulders above and behind and called to me. I turned and they motioned across to the Room, saying "Did you see the body?" "Huh?" I hadn't, but now, as I turned and looked again towards the

"when we arrived at *Skull*; a perfect day for a run. It's not the most difficult rapid in the Canyon at this level, but it may have the highest psych factor, filled with mystique as it is."

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(Continued from page 2)

Room, TJ said something about it just popping up. Sure enough, now, as I looked across, I could see a very white, bloated figure, face-down, with navy shorts, bobbing and circulating in the Room of Doom. It was, as one might expect, and eerie sight, not one we wanted to share with the newbies in our group nervously scouting the run. The legend of *Skull* can be gripping enough for an open boater, and one doesn't need the added incentive of a corpse in the Room of Doom to accelerate the pulse rate. As I watched, a couple of kayakers went across to the Room to check out the scene, and quickly peeled out and back across the current. Not a scene they were too enamored with, I expect. Mike came over to take my spot with the camcorder as I went up to run. After my run, I paddled up the eddyline, thinking of ferrying across to the Room for a closer look myself. But the current was swift. I decided it would be needlessly risky to draw attention to the spot for the new people coming downstream anyway. So I peeled out back down to the eddy and returned to my camera position.

John Dickey needed his boat portaged so our attention was diverted. Next, the work of preparing for the remaining rapids demanded our attention, so I gathered up the video gear to follow downstream. I was late trailing the group down, putting the camcorder away and saddling up. I glanced back up to the Room, some 30 yards upstream, as I peeled out and headed down to "Sock It To Me." After that first drop, and attending to the swims of members of our party, the remaining rapids demanded enough of my attention to keep me focused until we hit quiet water about less than a mile downstream.

In the quiet late afternoon paddle out, my thoughts drifted back to the Room of Doom and the way life can turn so quickly from play to pain. Dennis went to the ranger station when we got back in and told them the tale. The rangers would head out almost immediately and retrieve the body that night.

Epilogue:

After my Monday night class, I checked <http://www.Mountainbuzz.com> for word on the incident. There was a note from Doug, Max's little brother, that "they" had found Max's body this weekend, and that there would be a service at Salt Lake Cemetery Tuesday afternoon at 1 p.m. I wrote a note in reply indicating that I had been among the boaters that had discovered Max's body that day. Remarkably, I just happened to be flying to Salt Lake on business Tuesday. I didn't reveal that news to Doug, as I wasn't sure where that Cemetery was nor did I know what kind of schedule I would find myself in once at Latter Day Saints Hospital.

The next morning, Tuesday, I received an e-mail from Doug before I headed out for the airport. He thanked me for writing and indicated a desire to speak with me, should I be "okay" with that. I quickly penned a note with my pager and cell phone number if he wanted to reach me.

I spoke with a nurse at the OR desk at LDS Hospital and found out that Salt Lake Cemetery was about a half mile away! My work was finished by noon so I headed to the Cemetery after picking up some groceries for lunch. Salt Lake Cemetery turned out to be very large. It must have been the first one in the City. There were graves I passed that were from the middle of the last century! I drove all over that place until I was out of time. It was after 1; nearly 1:20 p.m. I was befuddled; asking aloud what might be my purpose in being here if I was now going to miss the service? Exasperated, I decided I had been everywhere and I had missed the event. Then, as I was leaving, I saw a group of about 50 people at a service. I parked the rental car (only time I've ever been rented a black car!) and walked up to a man strolling with his child in his arms, and asked for whom the service was. He replied, "Max Turner." Could that man giving directions be his brother Doug? He answered in the affirmative, and I proceeded up the hill to introduce myself.

Doug and his Mom were getting ready to receive condolences from the mourners in a kind of reception line, when I stepped up and introduced myself to Doug. He embraced me with tears and thanked me for coming. Then he turned to his Mom and said, "Here is the man who found Max." "Yikes!" I thought. Not exactly accurate, but I was now the representative for all those who were in our party and the kayakers who actually paddled into the Room to have a closer look. Doug's Mom took me aside and spoke with me in the limo. When I came out a few moments later Doug wanted to speak with me again, and then all the members of the two rafts that had flipped also wanted to know what the scene was like when I found the body. When I finished my story, I asked them if they could tell me what had transpired that day, October 2nd. I could feel the group recoil from engaging that story again. One man I gave my card to came back some minutes later with a diagram of the rapid on the back and told me the story, in the presence of those who were on the rafts, of what had transpired that afternoon.

Max and his Mom and Doug were all in the second raft through *Skull*. The first one had also flipped. Apparently these people considered themselves "experienced," though I don't know how many times they'd run Westwater before. So the members of that first group were blown through *Skull* and cleared the Room, but were broadcast downstream, swimming the next three rapids before fishing themselves out after *Last Chance*. They would not know of the events upstream until a kayaker from the rescue party came down much later and informed them that one of their members had perished, and they thought it was someone other than Max.

Meanwhile, Doug, his mother, and a couple of others were stuck in the Room of Doom for the night. Another member of the group was stranded in the eddy across from the Room. The raft that Max and his crew were in flipped in *Skull* Hole, sending the raft into the "Rock of Shock." There, it pinned against the downstream end of the cliff and tethered itself by the bow line to Max, who became entangled in the line in the tumult of the hole. The rope apparently became snagged somewhere against the cliff and under water, in between the raft and Max. He was entangled at the other end of the bowline, now tethered just to the upstream side of the Rock of Shock.

(Continued on page 4)

"TJ said something about it just popping up. Sure enough, now, as I looked across, I could see a very white, bloated figure, face-down, with navy shorts, bobbing and circulating in the Room of Doom"

(Continued from page 1)



Gnarled tree at Black Rocks
Photo by Ron Schmidt
Cover Photo by Bob Cook

have our pot luck starting at 6:00, and after dinner we'll have some safety demos and videos, including the video we missed last year. At the same time, we'll be adding trips to the schedule – Whew! On Sunday, the 16th, we'll assemble at the Meyers Pool in Arvada for the on/in-water Safety Fair sessions. We'll have more details in the next newsletter, but meantime, if you want to participate or help with the Fair, contact Dennis Adams.

We picked a Rendezvous Date: July 22-23, 2000, at Radium. Mark your calendars now. Ron Schmidt volunteered to needle everyone into coming, so be prepared. Some of us will get there as early as Friday, July 21. We'll have our Dutchoven Cook-off Saturday

evening and a pancake breakfast Sunday morning. Also, it looks like Bob and Jill will hold the Whitewater Instruction Class in conjunction with this year's Rendezvous. This will be our chance to return to the glory days of yesteryear, with young and old paddlers, and new and old paddlers socializing to the max (and doing some paddling together too).

We talked about scheduling a picnic in August or September, with the idea, among others, that we could bring our boats and then test drive each other's craft/paddles to see what we need to add to our list of "must haves." We'll know more about this later.

We noted that Poudre Paddlers, our paddling friends

up north, are starting to work on developing some boating chutes in the present obstacles below "Bridges" and above "Filter Plant," with the idea, of course, of providing safe passage and a place to play. Your officers agreed that the club should support their efforts – maybe even with a donation of moolah. They're going to keep us informed of their progress, so we'll stay tuned and, in turn, keep you informed.

Doug Ellis reported that the River Clean-up of the "SplatteR" will be held in September, again as part of a larger community effort to enhance the Platte's course through Denver and beyond. We'll know more on the precise date and other details later in the year.

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(Room with a view Continued from page 3)

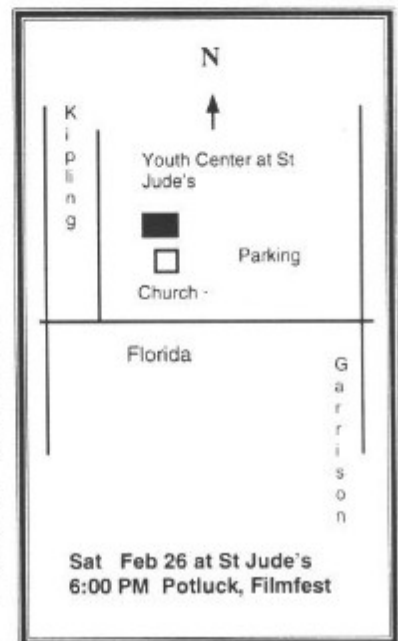
the rope following an underwater line, caught in a manner that prevented access.

Max wasn't wearing any protective clothing, such as a wet or dry suit, and the water must have numbed him rapidly. Adding to the effect of the icy water, was the fact that his location put him in deep shadow, slapped against an east-facing cliff face as he was, and the rock would never warm up. Completing the hypothermia equation was the probability that the unseen rope undoubtedly reduced whatever circulation in his legs that might remain to nil rapidly. Curiously, if the effect of the rope wrap was sufficiently firm, there's a chance that it acted like a tourniquet, actually contributing to more efficient bloodflow to his upper body, shunted off from the lower half by the rope-wrap. This would have enabled him to hang on for the 40 minutes to an hour that he reportedly hung on before finally succumbing to fatigue, slipping out of his PFD and sinking out of sight. His body remained out of sight then, until our visit to the rapid.

The survivors told of the heroic attempts by kayakers from Durango who happened on the scene in the party that followed the ill-fated group. One of their members, Juan, reportedly was a river safety and rescue instructor. He marshaled all resources available in efforts to rescue Max. They tried sending in a kayaker to bash in to Max's location and attempt to reach him, but the pillow off the Rock denied access. A "strong swimmer" attempt was also made, with the same results. They somehow managed to lower ropes from above to help Max hang on, but couldn't reach the raft to cut the tethered line until after Max

(Continued on page 5)


MAP TO WINTER MEETING




(Room...Continued from page 4)
 dipped beneath the surface. Even then, it required a rappel from lines dropped from above to manage that, and anyone on surveying the scene will see that gaining access to the cliffs above from the river is no easy task, especially in kayaks. Frustrated, exhausted, and defeated members of the kayak party split duties, some going downstream to inform members in the lead raft, prepared to spend a fitful night at the takeout awaiting final word the next morning. Other members of the kayak group spent the night in the Room of Doom, sharing their gear and meager provisions with the shocked survivors until the rangers received word and came from upstream and downstream to effect a rescue later that night.

All subsequent attempts to scour the cliff face with probes failed to turn up the body. And although our involvement in the story came late, we were there at the right moment when the body of Max Turner emerged to allow our involvement in the sobering business of supplying a bookend to this tragic tale of Westwater.

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CLASSIFIEDS

Contact the Editor for personal ads: [redacted]
 Longmont, CO 80501 or call [redacted] or email to [redacted]

Contact Ann-Nye West for Commercial ads: [redacted] or email [redacted]

FOR SALE:

Mad River Rampage solo whitewater canoe. In great shape, wood gunwales. Fully outfitted including air bags. Great for starting out due to extra stability. \$650. Bob Preusser [redacted]

Two Man inflatable w/water selfbailing kayak (Airlinx), exc cond, pump and patch kit call Corrine-[redacted]

15' Old Town Pathfinder tandem canoe and two paddles \$350. Call Patty at [redacted] or e-mail [redacted]

Dagger Impulse. Completely outfitted with Headwaters pedestal, float bags, thigh straps, etc. PLUS, throw bag, air pump, bilge pump, dry bag, and Bob Foote paddle. Excellent condition. \$975

ALSO: Stohlquist dry suit. Size Medium. Never used. \$150 Call Dave @ [redacted]

Dagger Encore, float bags, kneeling thwart, thigh straps \$450. Jeff Keeler, [redacted] or [redacted]

Old Town Canoe—16 ft Camper, 59 lbs royalex green cane seats. Howard Guenther \$475 obo. [redacted]

Financial Status Report as of 31. December 1999 treasury end-1998: \$1133.27

Income 1999:

dues, t-shirt, & sticker sales: \$ 4136.00
 advertising revenue: \$ 960.00
 donations: \$ 230.00
 Rendezvous camping fees: \$ 142.00
 profit from Nationals booth: \$ 73.00
TOTAL 1999 Income: \$ 5541.00

EXPENSES 1999:

Stamps, postage, copying, etc. \$1154.65
 Newsletter Printing (7X) \$2076.41
 Expenses for Meetings \$ 908.07
 Subscriptions, Contributions \$190.67
 Banking fees \$ 23.00
 T-shirt costs \$ 324.00
 Payments to ACA on behalf of members joining both \$ 165.00
TOTAL Expenses 1999: \$ 4841.80

NOTES:

1. One t-shirt still in inventory as of end-99. Cost: \$9.00. Several hats also in inventory. Unknown cost. Someone also has stickers - don't know how they were paid for when they were made up; since that didn't go through me, or how many are left over.
2. The club voted at the 23. October 1999 meeting to encumber \$700.00 over the next five years to set up and maintain an RMCC Internet web site. Nothing has been paid yet on this, but we need to consider that \$700.00 as unavailable.
3. Specifics: begin 1999: \$ 1133.27
 add income: + \$ 5541.00
 \$ 6674.27
 subtract expenses: - \$ 4841.80
 \$ 1832.47 which is almost equal to the amount in the treasury! The discrepancy of \$6.47 between what we DO have and what we SHOULD have in the treasury is, in my humble opinion, acceptable, considering that I'm not an accountant and all transactions were not consistently handled by me. If this is acceptable to the other officers, I plan to continue handling the finances in the same style next year.
 Respectfully but irreverently submitted,
 Joanne P. Brown, your treasurer

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**New Home page:
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BOC123@aol.com**



Rocky Mountain Canoe Club WAIVER / RELEASE

This waiver / release a LEGAL INSTRUMENT. If you do not understand it, consult your attorney.

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 (RMCC) 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 _____, 199__.

Print Name _____ Signature _____ List all children who will engage in RMCC activities: _____

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)'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.

Signature parent or guardian: _____

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Member Renewal _____	PLEASE PRINT	New Membership _____	Needs:	Preferences:
Name _____			Need a partner _____	Lakes _____
Address _____			Need a boat _____	Moving water _____
City _____	State _____	Zip _____	Need instruction _____	Whitewater _____
Home phone _____	work phone _____		Want to volunteer _____	Tripping _____
FAX _____	E-mail _____		Want to lead a trip _____	Racing _____

Dues are \$15 per household per calendar year (all memberships expire Feb 28th). Make checks 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



Voyageur's Companion

**UPCOMING DATES
OF NOTE:**

Feb 26 6:00PM Winter Meeting, Films, at St Judes— see map p4

Jan, Feb, Mar,—Pool Sessions Meyers Pool

March 15 Deadline for April Newsletter

Map



Meyer's Pool

April 15 Spring Meeting and Swap meet
April 16 Safety Fair

Club Officers:

President
Jim Hollaway

New Vice President
Ron Schmidt

Conservation
Doug Ellis

d_events@ecentral.com

Instruction
Bob & Jill Stecker

Treasurer
Joanne Brown

Trip Coordinators
Tuppen Burke (Int, Adv)

Greg Jankowski (Begin, Int)

Membership Secretary
David & Jeannie Ney

Quartermasters
Bob Aikin

Kerry Edwards

Newsletter
Diane Binder

Advertising
Ann Nye-West

WebMaster
Mark Zen

Our New Web Address:



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. OR email Documents in the following file formats: Word 6.0, 7.0, WordPerfect, Word 95, Word 6.x. Graphics files: .jpg .gif .pict .tif .pcx .dxf .cgm .cdr .eps .emf .gif .pcd .pct drw .pcf .tga and .bmp

**MEMBERSHIP \$15 PER HOUSE-
HOLD PER CALENDAR YEAR**
CONTACT David and Jeannie Ney

MAIL Applications and Waivers to:
David and Jeannie Ney, []
[] Golden CO 80403

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 Voyageur's Companion
C/O Editor
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