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ACA PADDLE AMERICA CLUB

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The MOUNTAIN PADDLER

ARTICLES OF INTEREST
FOR OUR PADDLING COMMUNITY

EDITOR'S NOTE by Sue Hughes

I've enjoyed putting this End of the Season issue together; I have gotten to re-live the kayaking I did and I've learned a lot from the trips I wasn't on.

Clearly it's been a full summer of good paddling, and so many of you have written and sent pictures about your fun. Thanks for sharing it with us all.

Take care and keep in shape until your winter adventures someplace warmer or next spring here in the Rockies.

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LAKE POWELL

HOUSEBOAT WEEK, II

September 19-25, 2010

The RMSKC had another wonderful week of kayaking on Lake Powell trip this summer. Coordinated by Jud Hurd, twelve of us went about a month earlier than last year and enjoyed perfect weather, warmer water and a full moon.

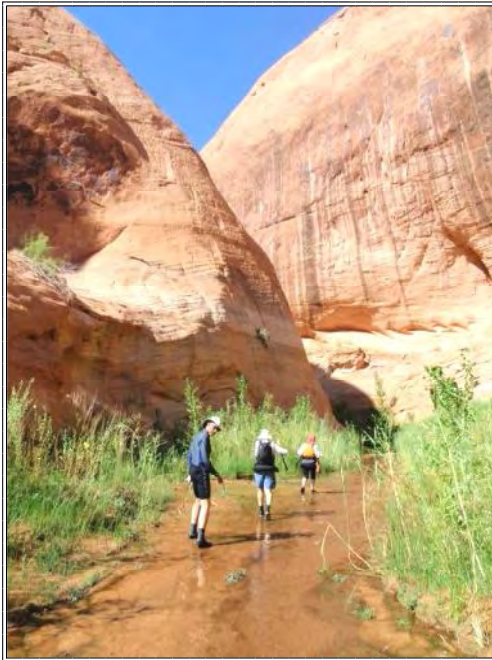
On the way to Bullfrog Marina we stopped for melons in Green River and camped Saturday night at the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. We loaded and boarded the houseboat on Sunday; the dozen kayaks were hoisted up

from the side of the boat with Brian Hunter's nifty sling invention. We then motored approximately 30 miles down to the Escalante River Arm. After scouting a bit we saw a speck of sand in the distance that turned out to be a very nice beach [A] on the north side of a cliff. It wasn't as spacious as those we enjoyed last year but we appreciated the shade and it was easily big enough for our boats and the ladies' tents.

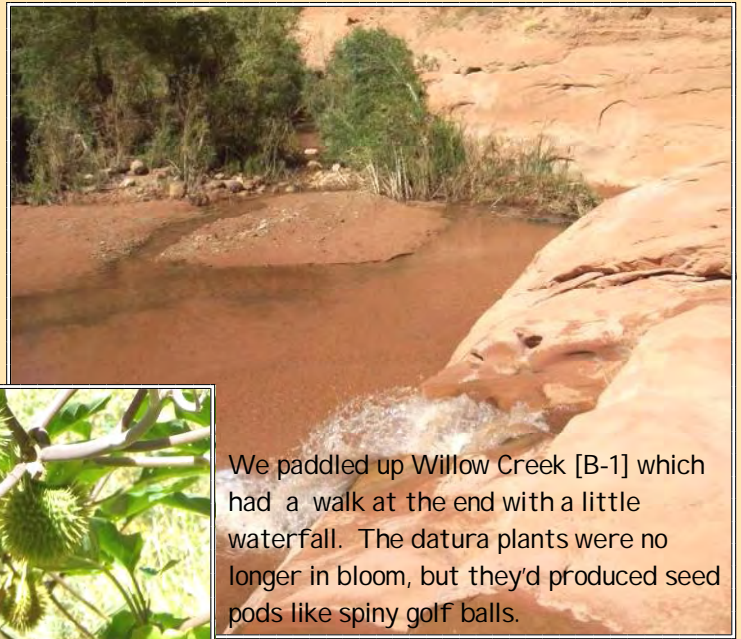
On Monday, some people went up

Davis Gulch, a 11.2 mile round trip [A-1] which had a nice walk back at the end. Others paddled in Clear Creek Canyon [A-2] and Indian Creek [A-3]. Everyone remarked on the water that morning. It was smooth as glass and the reflections of the canyon walls were spectacularly beautiful.





Tuesday we broke camp and moved our houseboat farther up the Escalante to the left fork of Willow Creek [B].



We paddled up Willow Creek [B-1] which had a walk at the end with a little waterfall. The datura plants were no longer in bloom, but they'd produced seed pods like spiny golf balls.



On Wednesday we paddled the other arm of Willow Creek and then out into the Escalante Arm and into Explorer Canyon [B-2]. In front of it was an island in the oxbow with a beach big enough for four or more houseboats, but the canyon entrance was narrow and almost hidden, guarded by a wonderful pair of matching monoliths. We saw an Anasazi granary.

When we came out it was a little windy and we split into two groups. One had a lovely time meandering back to the boat and the other went farther up the Escalante Arm toward Cow and Fence Canyons. But not very far. As Annette Mascia said, "Encountering log jams that totally obstructed passage in the watery canyons was a new experience for us this year. We ran into the first jam in the right fork of Willow Creek Canyon. Though the dead tree trunks were afloat, it was impossible to paddle through them because they had been so tightly packed by the wind. We poked and jabbed at them while Lou Ann attempted to plow a path along a side wall, but the logs closed in behind her as she inched along. A much larger log jam across the Escalante Canyon Arm thwarted our attempt to paddle up to Fence Canyon and Cow Canyon. It totally filled the wide river as far as we

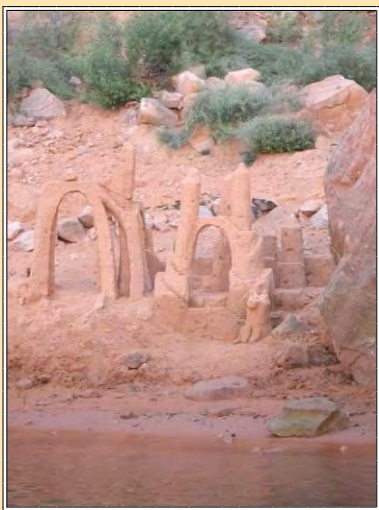


could see, not far above Explorer Canyon [B-3], and forced us to turn back. Who knew?

Back at camp a brief squall, the only rainfall of the trip, hit with a booming, thunderous shot, barely giving the tent ladies time to get the flies on their tents. Afterward, we were rewarded with a stunning double rainbow display."

That night Anna Troth played her flute from her tent, as she often did. The notes bounced off the deep overhang even more than usual and she began improvising with her own echoes. Soon it sounded like two flutes answering each other. It was a magical, haunting concert we are all thankful to have heard.

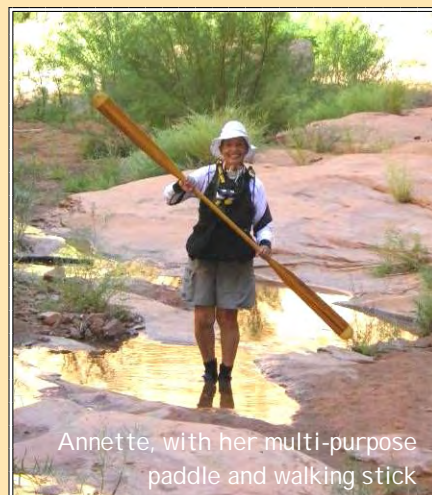




Thursday morning we packed, loaded boats and motored to the Rincon [C]. We set up camp and paddled out into the main lake and over to Iceberg Canyon [C-1]. We saw some great coves and a wonderful sandcastle.

On Friday many of us spent the day in Iceberg again, exploring the interesting coves and side canyons. Brian, Annette and Sue hiked up one of them looking for a rock slide, which the others found in a parallel canyon. Iceberg was a busy place that day, with lots of motor boat traffic making chop and waves that simulated the ocean, and the unforgettable "Houseboat From Hell".

Marsha Dougherty has a short video of them for the winter party. Depending on whose GPS you used, we paddled 16 to 18 miles.



Annette, with her multi-purpose paddle and walking stick



Bernie photographing the tracks

George and Jen, Bernie Dahlen, Lou Ann and Anna hiked around to the back of the Rincon bluff [C-2] to see the dinosaur tracks; Lou Ann and George hiked to the top to the road out.

Later that day we had some housekeeping to do: the holding tanks weren't designed for a seven day trip and they were getting full. The Rincon Pump Station was just across the bay and Annette recalls, "We motored over to empty out, but not without challenges. First, the station seemed to evade attempts to tie on until Captain Dave realized it was floating, not fixed, in the water. Once the lines were secured,

he had the dubious honor of attaching the waste transfer hoses...or not. After a frustrating half hour of trying every conceivable coupling combo and scouring the houseboat for the phantom coupler, Marsha emerged with the Holy Adapter and saved the day. With the hookup completed, Bernie, Brian and Jud got an unexpected workout pumping the tanks by hand. Phew! Why no mechanical pumps? Marsha again emerged from the boat, this time with disinfectant and gloves to reclaim, clean, and return the nasty adapter to its hiding place under the pilot's console. Who knew such a mundane task could be so...fun?"



Marsha, Dave and the adapter



On Saturday we headed back to Bullfrog, taking our time looking in side canyons to scout camping places for next summer and dawdling around because we hated to see the trip end. At one point we just pulled up to a lump of bare rock and got out and ran around like kids who didn't want to get back in the car.

Yes indeed, it was another good trip. We got excellent team work going with breaking camps, and boat loading and unloading. Dave, dead tired from the Four Mile Canyon fire, was as steadfast as last year with piloting and mechanical issues, and he spent

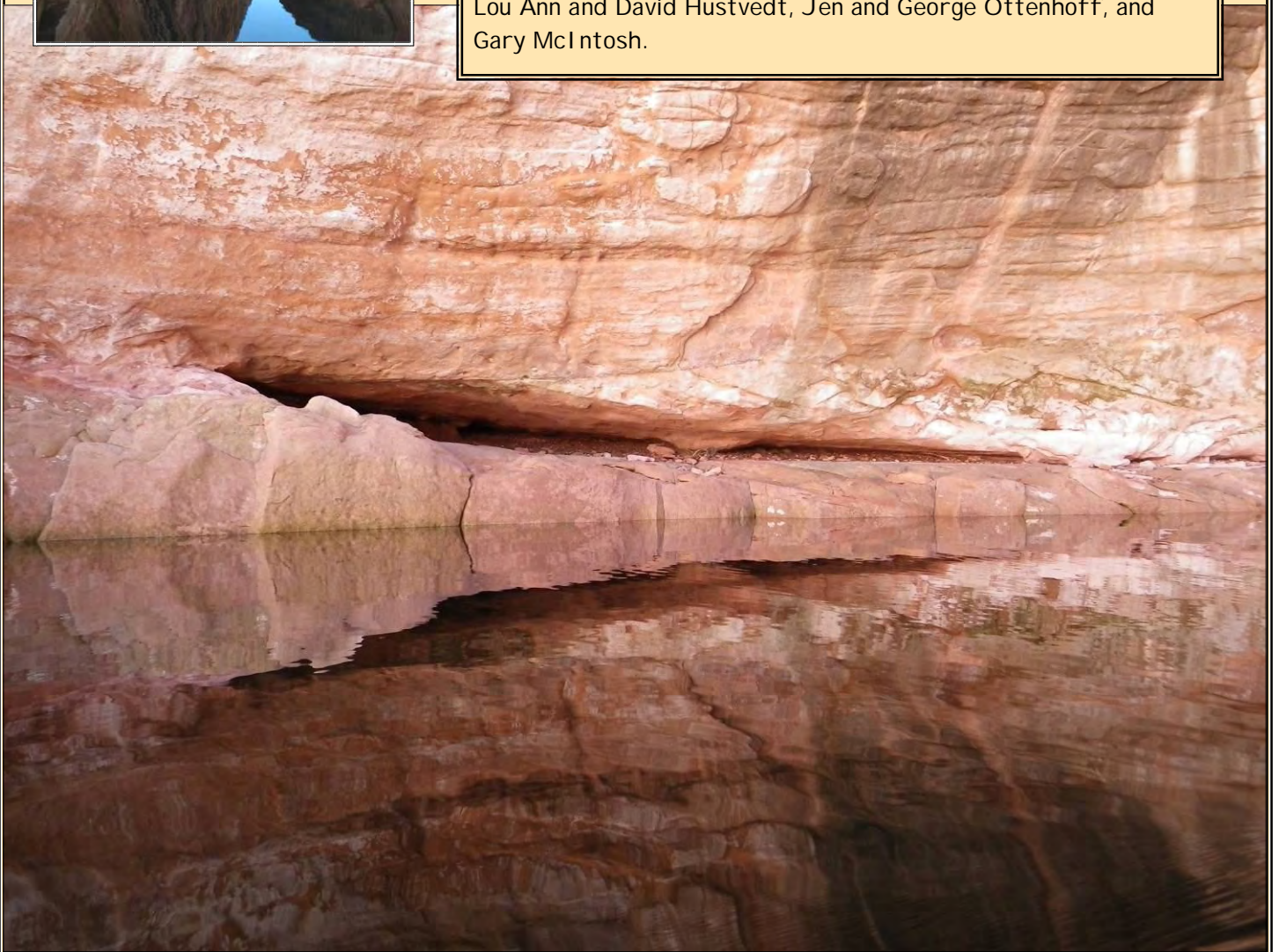
time helping Jud get ready to captain next year if necessary. Jud, the trip coordinator, did a smooth job of the arrangements, leading the evening discussions of what the possibilities were for the following day, and the post-trip accounting. Gary taught a bit of rolling and strokes, Brian developed the kayak slings and Lou Ann perfected hauling the boats to the top with ropes and carabineers. The shared meals were always good and, as Anna said, "Ending the day with someone else doing the cooking was a great treat!"



The sun shone, it was rarely too hot, the water temperature was 76° and great for swimming or bathing with biodegradable soap so we were clean campers, and the moon was full. What more could you want for less than \$300 for the week?

This report was written by Marsha Dougherty, with additional bits from Annette Mascia, Sue Hughes and Anna Troth. The map was prepared by Jud Hurd; extra reference maps and the photos were provided by Marsha Dougherty, Sue Hughes, Brian Hunter, Annette Mascia and Anna Troth.

The dozen participants included those folks and Bernie Dahlen, Lou Ann and David Hustvedt, Jen and George Ottenhoff, and Gary McIntosh.





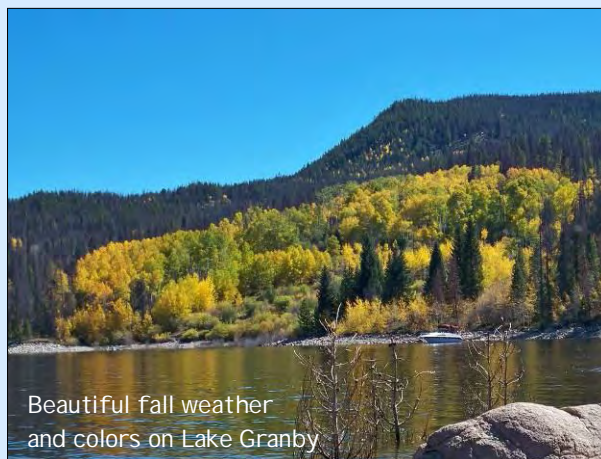
GLOP: GRANBY LAKE OVERNIGHT PERFECTION

by John Figoski

On Saturday and Sunday, September 25th and 26th, the members of the third RMSKC Kayak Camping Class held our graduation trip on Lake Granby. The title of this report sums it up well.

The six of us: trip coordinator Marlene Pakish, Julie Reckart, Mark Willey, John Ruger, Kate Wallace, and I had an absolutely fabulous time. The weather was perfect: 60° to 70° during the day and 32° at night, almost no wind either day, beautiful fall colors, and no bugs. We covered about 7.5 miles a day and explored some of the islands and bays to the north, and Grand Bay to the northeast on the second day.

About a month earlier, with Larry Kline as instructor and aided by Marlene and Julie, we learned about crap wraps, female funnels, and the unadvertised value and transportability of wine in a bag. This trip was our graduation exercise to put what we learned to the test.



We all met at Sunset Point, loaded our gear and headed out about 11:00 am on Saturday. Julie was setting the pace with her GPS. Her goal was 3.6 mph. "Come on, you slackers, you're only doing 3.27 mph. Pick it up!" Damn, I hated that technology; I was sure there was a Roman warship out there somewhere looking for its "cruise director".

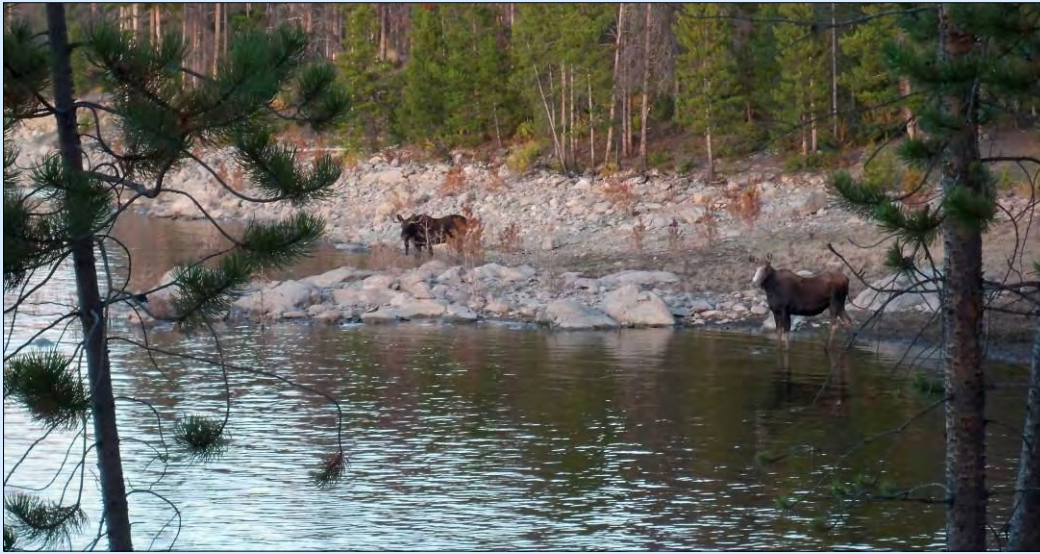
But after we worked out our morning stiffness everyone settled down to her planned pace. It actually turned out well; we all got comfortable and were able to stay together throughout the entire trip and make good time.



We tooled around Deer Island and took lunch by Harvey Island. We then hunted around Rocky Point and found a great campsite on a small knoll with multiple fire rings and plenty of separate tent areas. After we set camp we headed into the north arm up and back for a lovely afternoon paddle.

We returned to camp by about 5:00 pm and started working on dinner. Boy, what a feast! Mexican was the theme and we had fajitas, guacamole, black bean soup, marinated grilled chicken, margaritas, and chocolate chip cookies. I know we all ate a lot because when packing up the next day everyone exclaimed how much extra room they had in their kayaks, though maybe not around their PFDs.

The highlight of the evening was sighting two moose: a male and female came out of the woods and down to the water less than 50 yards from our camp. The female was really sexy. At least I think the male moose thought so. She was so teasing him standing up to her knees in mud and slurping gallons of water at a time. I swear the lake level dropped six inches by the time she was finished. I certainly wouldn't have wanted to be anywhere near that beast when she got up to pee during night.



The male was dashing in his own way, with his long swooshing beard and moderate-size antlers. But hey, you all know what they say about moose with small antlers. Maybe that female knew more than she let on.

After a bit she gracefully sauntered back into the

woods with a mysterious last glance over her shoulder. Then the male looked at us, snorted, turned his butt in our direction and followed her.

As the evening turned dark we all gathered around a small campfire waiting for the just-past-full moon to make an appearance. It is always so entertaining to have great companions around the campfire. The highlight of the evening was when we told stories of how each of our loved pets died. Seriously! We were like an old married couple. Having shared something special we were comfortable with just enjoying the quiet among us. Julie, bless her, kept saying at the end of the trip that this was an awesome group. I've got to say, she mustn't get out much.

The moon eventually came up (at the dreadful hour of 8:30) so we could all go to bed. It seemed like everyone slept well, but we woke to a frosty morning where hot coffee, hot chocolate, eggs, oatmeal, and muffins cleared the cobwebs and frost from our heads.

We broke camp and headed out, departing shortly after 10:00 am. We opted to take the long way back, circumnavigating the globe—I mean heading up Grand Bay to the northeast. We would have done fine except that John Figoski kept having to check out the scenery. I believe that while the group was huddled together in their boats patiently waiting, they voted that next time they would rather take a three-year-old instead. Probably would have made better time. (Hey, in my defense, I did have three cups of coffee for breakfast.)

The mid-day sun was warm with the temperature pushing 80°. On our return we gathered in a mighty flotilla and crossed a 2.5 mile stretch of the bay. The water was very smooth.

We made it back to Sunset Point by 1:00 pm and everyone was stretching sore muscles and sharing what a great trip this was. Marlene summed it up when she said she was glad no one got hurt otherwise she'd be buried in paper work. We love you too, Marlene.

All jesting aside, this was a great trip with a group of like-minded and like-skilled paddlers all of whom love the sport. We learned a little bit about kayak camping and about each other, and I know any of us would do it again in a heartbeat.



Marlene Pakish, John Ruger, John Figoski, Julie Reckart, Mark Willey and Kate Wallace



ANNUAL FRUITA TO WESTWATER ON THE COLORADO RIVER

by Anne Fiore, Trip Coordinator

After a hectic scene at the put-in, with another group from the Rocky Mountain Canoe Club and a half-dozen rafters, we were on the water before 10:00 am on Saturday. The weather was wonderful and we had a tailwind to boot!



A tailwind = lots of resting paddles



We spotted a bald eagle at the junction of Rattlesnake Canyon. Some folks saw him take out a dove.

Our planned campsite of Mee Canyon, at about half-way, had been already taken so we opted for Cottonwood Four, which ended up being lots closer to the put-in so we arrived just after lunch. This campsite is wonderful with many cottonwoods providing shelter from the sun.

Lou Ann and David Hustvedt headed uphill for a hike. Gary, Dan Bell and I headed cross-country into Cottonwood Wash and enjoyed a cool walk at the bottom of the sandstone cliffs that are prominent in this area. It ended in an alcove where we tried to get

into a hanging garden that was hardly ten feet off the ground. I'll be bringing climbing shoes next time. The others sat in the shade at camp, visiting about life in general and discussing gear; happy hour started early.

Another nice thing about Cottonwood is there are no trains, so we spent a peaceful, although very brisk, night. We were up the next morning and on the water by 9:30 or so. Because we'd camped so early on Saturday, Sunday was a long day, probably 15 miles or more.



It wasn't long before we passed Salt Creek which is where the railroad sneaks into the canyon and follows the river until pretty close to Westwater.

Again we had great weather. We passed two sets of nice standing waves and other smaller riffles. Fun!

Before long, we were at Blackrock. No lakes this year because the water was lower; there were two rapids to pass through. There is a big rock in river center at the top. We went right, although in other years, at this level and lower, we've always gone left, then a nice calm section, and then another smaller, more straight-forward rapid. Everyone got through, and some stayed to play in the wonderful rocks.



After a quick lunch at the bottom, we pressed forward, past McDonald and Knowles Canyons and on into Utah. I would have liked to stop at both but there wasn't time on this trip. By the early afternoon, we were in Westwater. There'd been no significant headwind. Yee-Haa!

It was the last summery weekend of the season and lots of people were out. Even though Frank Bering, who lives in Grand Junction, went to register for a campsite before the people from the eastern slope arrived, the sites that would have given us more time to explore on the second day were already taken. It will be interesting to watch the new permitting process that's to go in effect next season. We'll be keeping an eye on that.



Dave Hustvedt, Kate Wallace, Lou Ann Hustvedt, Sue Hughes, Frank Bering, Julie Reckart, Jud Hurt, Anne Fiore, Dan Bell, and Marlene Pakish. Gary Cage and Rich Webber were on the trip but aren't in this picture. All photos by Brian Curtiss.

FALL DAY TRIPS

OCTOBER 10:

LONE TREE RESERVOIR

A small group, Anne Fiore, Gary Cage and Russ Hardy, paddled Lone Tree near Berthoud the second Sunday in October. The forecast was promising winds 10 - 20 mph with higher gusts so they were looking forward to some wind practice but there wasn't much to speak of. It was overcast and did sprinkle off and on, but with hats, fleece, paddle jackets or rain jackets they were all pretty toasty.



Anne Fiore, with Gary Cage snapping her back hatch.
Photo by Russ Hardy

Lone Tree was definitely down. Gary said, " I remember being at the outlet once when it was very full. The scale read 22 ft. On October 10th the gauge read more like 12 ft. Sticking my paddle in the water I measured the depth as 6 ft. So I guess Lone Tree is down about 12' from the maximum."

But they had a fun paddle, even with no wind practice and the low water level. None of the various coves was accessible so they stayed in the main part of the lake with no tree bashing this trip. They were able to paddle down to the dam and outlet. Paddling back along the north side, they discovered what appeared to be an inlet coming down between the trees and paddled up until the way was blocked with logs. Anne said that would be a good spot in the spring for more exploration of the nooks and crannies.

OCTOBER 17:

HORSETOOTH RESERVOIR

PADDLE AND BBQ

Jud lead the paddle on his favorite reservoir in the northern end of the state; John Ruger, Gary Cage, Anne Fiore, and Marsha Dougherty joined him. The weather was very pleasant and they paddled at a relaxed pace from Inlet Bay to Orchard Cove. No one brought a GPS so they guessed it was about eight miles round trip



Gary Cage, Marsha Dougherty, John Ruger and Anne Fiore at the Hurds' house in Ft. Collins

They saw some places for boat camping and talked about putting together a trip for next year: maybe paddle about three miles and set up camp on first day—there were very nice outhouses and fire pits—then paddle from the campsite the next day to different coves. They discussed looking into permits and fees, and thought if they went when the water was warm enough to swim, people could possibly practice rolls, reentries, etc. in the late afternoon or evening.

Then everyone went to Jud's house in Ft. Collins and got to meet his wife, Gail, and had brats and burgers and other wonderful fixins.



PADDLING GOD'S POCKET

by Kathleen Ellis

I flew directly to Vancouver, on the British Columbia mainland, in mid-July. From there I took a puddle-jumper to Port Hardy, near the north end of Vancouver Island; the scenery from

the low-flying plane was fabulous, with snow-capped peaks on both sides and islands below. I think you can also find a connection from Seattle to Port Hardy via seaplane.

I stayed at the North Shore Inn in Port Hardy. It was basic but spacious, reasonable, and a short walk to the pier. The taxi driver recommended Captain Hardy's for breakfast, and I do too. If you sit outside, you can meet all of the local dogs, plus a table full of self-described loggers, fishermen, coast guards, and gigolos.

I had a free day, so I caught a bus to Port McNeill and a ferry to Alert Bay. No one else was out and about except a guy from Tokyo and a few dogs, as everyone else was inside rooting for Spain in the final game of the World Cup. If you ever make this trip, another option for an extra day's entertainment is a whale-watching trip with Ocean Rose, recommended by Ted Wang.

The U'mista Cultural Center at Alert Bay was incredible. It is a collection of potlatch regalia, returned to the Kwak'waka by the National Museum of Man in Ottawa and other museums. These had been taken as part of the attempt to prohibit



Long House in Alert Bay

the potlatch ceremonies. There are hundreds of old coppers, masks, rattles and whistles. I walked around the old 'Namgis Burial Grounds, but you cannot enter unless you're a member of the First Nation. The totems marking the graves at the local cemetery were also very interesting.

On Monday, a boat came from God's Pocket to get us at the dock in Port Hardy. We picked out neo booties provided by Sea Kayak Adventures and formed a fire line to load our gear.

Bill and Annie, the nicest people, own the God's Pocket facility.





The staff and the resident malamute were all terrific. The walls of the rooms are so thin you can hear everything in the next room, but it's clean and ship-shape.

The first day we settled in our rooms, got our skirts, paddles, PFDs (provided by

SKA), and our boat assignments. The kayaks were all nearly new Seawards, and the Werner paddles were good (although I missed my crankshaft paddle). There is a floating dock with steps at water level, making it easy to get in and out of the boats.



This trip is advertised as suitable for beginners. Several of the guests were not regular paddlers, so the pace was slow. I was assigned to the bow seat of a tandem with one of the guides in the stern. Although the stability of the tandems in rough water is nice, I found this arrangement a little dull. I would hesitate to take another tour where tandems are the only option. However, for a truly novice paddler, this would be a great trip into a remote area under safe conditions, with indoor plumbing at the end of the day.



It was pretty windy, but the sun was out much of the time. We paddled a little on Monday, with longer trips Tuesday through Thursday, always with long lunch breaks and a big feed, often with nature hikes and explanations of the marine life we were seeing or hoping to see, and discussions of the geology, flora and fauna. Terry, one of the owners of SKA, was along on this trip. Both he and the guides were very knowledgeable and good at spotting whales and other marine life. We saw several whales, or at least their spouts, but never very close to our boats. We also saw a sea lion, harbor seals, and hundreds of bald eagles.

On our last full day it was very windy, so it was decided paddling was not an option. The lodge's boat took us across the channel and into a bay where we had a nice walk and another huge lunch. We did see a humpback whale fairly close to the boat that day.



Saturday we returned to Port Hardy, and I flew back to Vancouver. I headed for Bellingham, just across the border in Washington, to kayak with out-of-town Club member Ted Wang. Ted loaned me his Seda Ikkuma, which is the same boat I use in Colorado, a very nice paddle, and other gear I hadn't had room to pack.

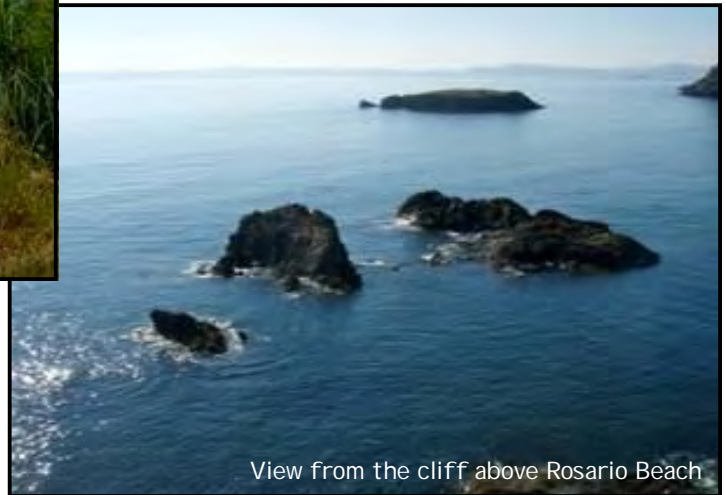


The first day we paddled in Bellingham Harbor. We were lucky enough to have cloud failure, as they call a sunny day in Washington, but it was windy. We paddled around a big ship that was docked in the harbor and found a large number of harbor seals lying in the sun. It was really interesting to watch them, and they seemed curious about us as well. It was also fun to see how well the Ikkuma handled the waves.



Trail to the put-in at Anacortes

The next day we went to Anacortes, paddled across a channel to Burrows Island and had lunch on a bluff where there were remains of an old lighthouse facility and a modern, automated light and horn. After lunch, we paddled on around Allen Island, then back to Anacortes.



View from the cliff above Rosario Beach

Next, we checked out Deception Point, where Ted has paddled the big waves, then Rosario Beach and Bowman Bay.

Then, sadly, it was time to head for home and the relatively fresh water of Union Reservoir. Paddling and exploring in the Pacific Northwest was a blast. I really want to spend more time kayaking there, but I wouldn't attempt it without a guide familiar with the tides, currents, shipping lanes, and navigating in the fog. Marine radios are a requirement. This is no place to paddle alone.

WEBSITES OF INTEREST

WHALE WATCHING TRIPS, recommended by Ted:

<http://www.oceanrosewhalewatching.com/home/html>

THE ALERT BAY MUSEUM WEBSITE: <http://www.umista.ca/collections/collection.php>

BRITISH COLUMBIA PARKS WEBSITE: http://www.env.gov.bc.ca/bcparks/explore/parkpgs/gods_pocket/

SEA KAYAK ADVENTURES WEBSITE, with details about this lodge-based trip:

<http://www.seakayakadventures.com/trips/god-s-pocket-resort-lodge-based-sea-kayak-tours.html>

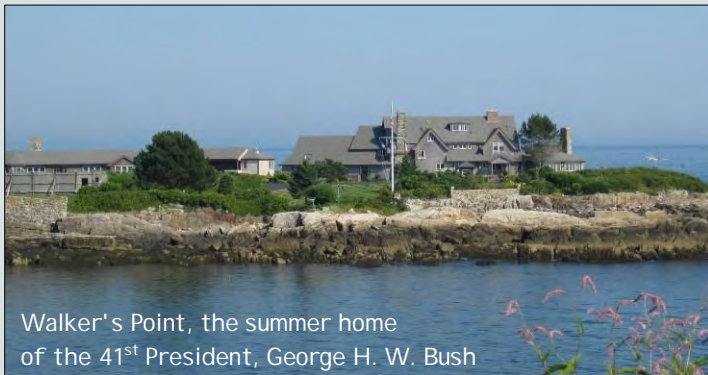


The author, back home in her own Ikkuma on Union Reservoir

In August, my wife, Julie, and I took what has become our annual trip to Maine. I had time for only one day of paddling, but what a great day it was!

I had a job interview in Maine during the same week I planned to spend with friends in Ogunquit. I saved the city of Bangor some air fare, but more than ten hours of intense interviewing with the city council and city department heads took its toll on me. Needless to say, when I returned to my vacation in southern Maine, I was ready for a full day of solo paddling.

With a little research on the internet, I found a great kayak rental place in Kennebunkport on the Kennebunk River about a mile from where it enters Casco Bay. Their only performance boat that would fit me was a Valley and it turned out to be a great kayak. I was warned about the security around Walker's Point and, after checking tides,



gathering my equipment, charting out my course to Cape Porpoise and entering the waypoints on my GPS, I launched from the crowded dock. I skimmed by the fishing boats and pleasure craft moored in the river and showed off some of my newly-learned ACA maneuvers to the totally unimpressed locals and visitors on the harbor breakwater before heading out into a mild ocean chop.

A very large area off Walker's Point is outlined with white can buoys marked "Security Area" to serve as a buffer zone between the Bush compound and the rest of the ocean. As I ogled the big house and adjacent buildings, I thought it must be OK to be there since there were lobster pot buoys all around me. Suddenly I heard the hum of a motor and saw a very fast powerboat transporting two plain-clothed Secret Service officers and one uniformed individual heading in my direction. What is most vivid in my memory, as I sat three feet high in my kayak, was the sleek green hull and the white foam sea water coming off of the bow. I prepared myself to be sternly scolded, but the boat came no closer than about twenty yards. Right behind it was the former President's Boston Whaler with another Secret Service boat off of his starboard. None of them gave me the time of day and they were dots in the distance before I thought to grab my Pentax.

To be honest, all I saw of the Whaler was a blur and it was only later that I learned from my hosts that both former Presidents Bush and one of the younger Bush's twins were on board and en route to the village for the afternoon.

Quickly leaving the location of this encounter, I headed up the coast to Cape Porpoise. I thoroughly enjoyed the rest of the afternoon exploring another harbor, visiting a lighthouse, paddling among a group of a dozen seals, and getting as close as I dared to a surf pounded ledge (keeping in mind that I was without my helmet and without a companion who could do an assisted rescue). Back out in the open water I did a couple rolls in the swells just to say I did and returned to the rental shop.



Once I was back with friends at the house in Ogunquit, I had stories to tell. But much more importantly I had, in one day on the ocean in the height of the tourist season, found the wonderful peace of mind that comes with a paddle gliding through the water.

PRESIDENTIAL ENCOUNTER

by Matt Lutkus

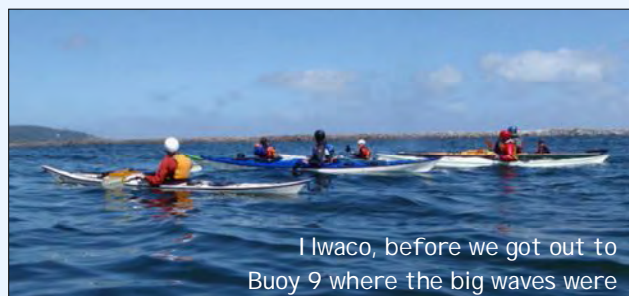
4TH ANNUAL LOWER COLUMBIA ROUNDUP AUGUST, 2010

By Sue Hughes

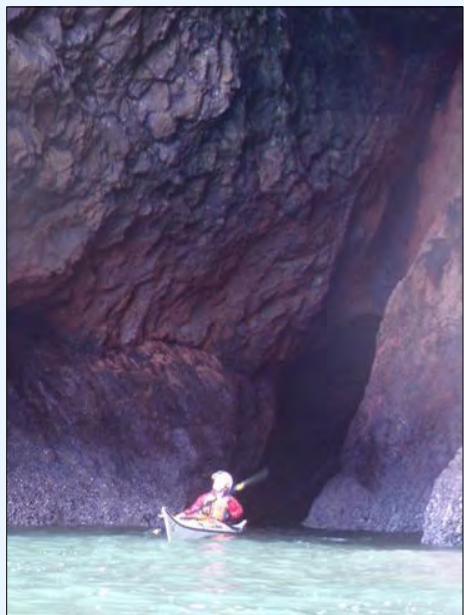
The Lower Columbia Roundup is also known as LoCo, but you may have heard me call it “kayak camp”. I’ve driven to Ginni Callahan’s Slow Boat Farm in Cathlamet, Washington, for the past four summers to hang out, cook and take lessons from the coaches she brings from around the world. Most of the training is designed for people much farther up the BCU hierarchy than I am, but I’ve always learned a lot and enjoyed myself.



This year I took a three-day workshop called *Introduction to Sea Paddling* that was wonderful, but when I found out that we were going over to Ilwaco, at the mouth of the Columbia River, I almost quit; it’s where the really good 4* paddlers have done their training in the past. It was intense; we had 6’ swells with intervals that made them seem extra steep, with some pretty snappy wind waves on top of that. My form went out the window—no efficient steering



Ilwaco, before we got out to Buoy 9 where the big waves were



strokes and little edging—and when I got back to Ginni’s I was mentally exhausted. Someone said those

are common reactions to a person’s first big waves; they attributed it to “sensory overload”. That made me feel better.

The next day we stayed closer to shore and practiced backing into caves and steering while waves were bashing us against the rocks. We talked about safe practices in that environment and worked on some new twists to rescues I already knew. We came in through crashing waves for lunch on a protected beach.



Dead Man’s Cove

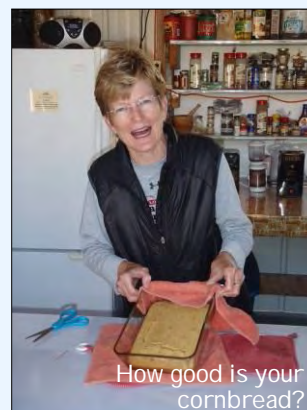


Navigation Class with Karl Andersson

The third day we drove farther down the coast to Cannon Beach in Oregon and were introduced to the rudiments of dealing with waves breaking on the beach and surfing. It was uncanny: I’d stood on the cliff over that exact spot watching some guys surfing their kayaks four years earlier when I was a camp-host in Oregon and said, “I want to do that,” and I there I was.

I also took another class called *Introduction to Navigation*. We talked about reading charts, forecasting the weather, how tides work, what causes currents and interpreting tide and current tables. Ooof, there is so much for a mountain dweller to learn.

Other people at LoCo were being examined on their qualifications as kayak guides (BCU 4*) or their abilities as coaches, so there were lots of good paddlers around. There was extra paddling on the Columbia River, evening programs about teaching in Greenland and kayaking in Baja, cello music by a local kayaker who also gave talks about Lewis and Clark and the geology and history of the area, the annual Greenland rolling competition which wasn't a competition this year because two of the best Greenland rollers in the world (they've competed in Greenland itself) were there, and plenty of hi-jinks, good food and good friends.



Photos:
Santiago Berrueta
Adrian Clayton
and
The CRK Website



SOLO TRIP IN THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS

by Stan White

When I bought my first sea kayak and picked up a copy of *Sea Kayaker* magazine with an article about the San Juan Islands (October, 2009), I knew I wanted to go there. Last August, after months of planning and research, I combined a solo kayak camping trip with a family camping trip to Orcas Island. There's so much information available to help minimize risks that I felt very comfortable kayaking solo.

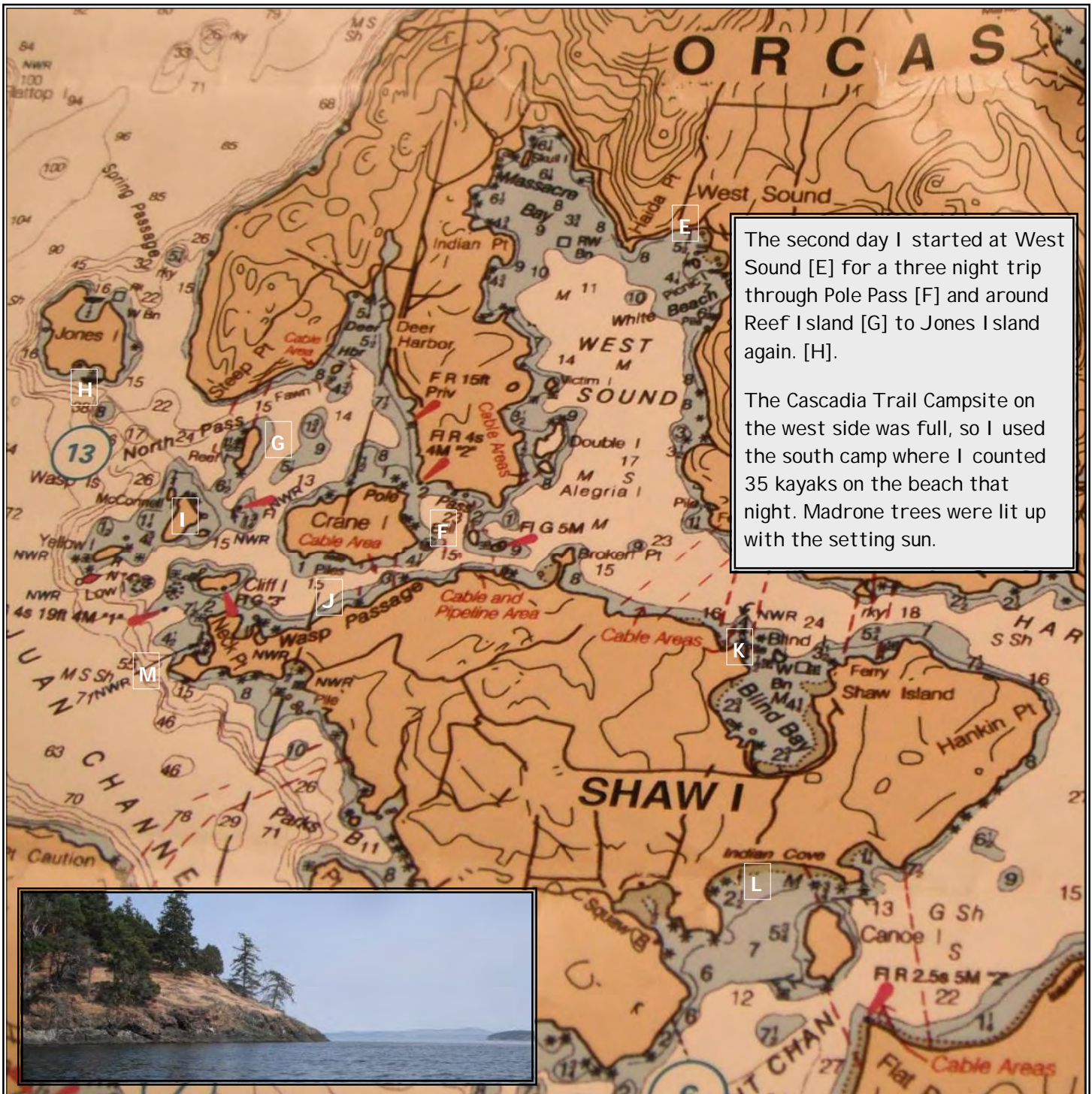
I planned the trip during one of the periods between the full and new moon in August when tide changes would be smaller, currents minimal and weather more predictable. I focused on Orcas Island because it has a unique opportunity to acquire camp sites without reservations at Obstruction Pass which was our base camp for six nights.



Beautiful red bark on a
madrone tree on Jones Island

From there my family helped with shuttles. Other important benefits include two kayak shops which carry the necessary navigational charts, current atlas and current tables. Shearwater Kayak and Body Boat Blade further helped me learn to read and translate information for increased safety. Finally, Orcas Island has short crossings to other islands.

The first excursion was a day trip from Deer Harbor [A] through North Pass [B], across Spring Passage [C] and circumnavigating Jones Island [D] in perfect weather. My reservoir kayak became a true sea kayak while I paddled around numerous seals and groups of pigeon guillemots.



The second day I started at West Sound [E] for a three night trip through Pole Pass [F] and around Reef I island [G] to Jones I island again. [H].

The Cascadia Trail Campsite on the west side was full, so I used the south camp where I counted 35 kayaks on the beach that night. Madrone trees were lit up with the setting sun.

The next day I paddled against a slight current of less than one knot between McConnell I island [I] and Bird Rock through Wasp Passage [J] listening to seals crying and had lunch at Blind I island. [K] I camped at Indian Cove [L] using the Cascadia Trail Campsite. On the way I spotted black oyster catchers and seals that couldn't control their curiosity.

The following day I continued circumnavigating Shaw I island around Neck Point [M] and through the Wasp I islands with favorable winds and current back to Jones I island. There were numerous small tide rips and I enjoyed the experience and challenge paddling through them. Increasing winds were approaching 20 knots and the largest tide rips with confused white caps from waves bouncing off the rocky shore were on the southeast point of Jones I island.

For one instant the boat seemed on its side but quickly stabilized itself. Holy salt water, that was scary. After reaching camp at Jones I sland the winds continued picking up and the VHF radio reported a small craft warning. The deer I saw on the first night were still meandering around camp.

After picking up the third camp and paddling on, it started raining during the trip around Jones I sland and back to the planned rendezvous at Deer Harbor. Crabs were swimming, sea otters scurrying and cormorants were hanging out. I arrived early and spent a couple more rainy hours around the cliffs and islands in the area seeing more wildlife and enjoying the Pacific Northwest Washington environment.

While I was kayak camping, my family made a day trip to San Juan I sland where they saw Orca whales and visited the whale museum and a lavender farm.

After leaving Orcas I sland, I also managed to fit in a paddle at Union Lake in Seattle. I can hardly wait to return to the San Juans. Perhaps the Rocky Mountain Sea Kayak Club

will make a trip to the San Juan I slands in the future.



The author



TIDE POOL SEA ANEMONE
by Juli White

EDITOR'S NOTE: Before he paddled by himself in the San Juans, Stan White checked his plans with Leon Sommé and Shawna Franklin of *Body Boat Blade* in Eastsound on Orcas I sland. They are BCU 5* paddlers and 4* coaches who have been paddling and teaching for more than two decades.

I've taken workshops from both of them at LoCo Roundup a couple of summers and spent two days in their Foundations of Safety and Rescues. Having taught for years, I'm pretty critical, but I was awed by that class. Their instruction was tightly organized, fast-paced, clear and easy to understand, adapted for individual differences, and serious but leavened with good humor.

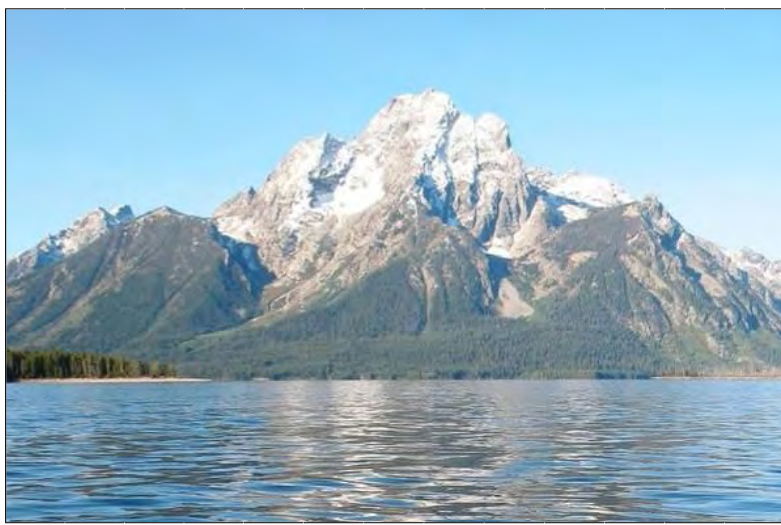
I'm interested in Body Boat Blade's Ocean Currents I or II and especially the Yellow I sland Expedition. (My mother's uncle bought Yellow I sland [located southwest of "I" on Stan's map] in the 1950s and built his home there for \$200 and the driftwood that washed up on the shore; he and his wife lived in a tent for two years until it was finished. Eventually the property was given to the Nature Conservancy; his cabin is still in use by their caretaker.)

Body Boat Blade's schedule for 2011 will be posted soon, but check the rest of the information on their website in the meantime: <http://www.bodyboatblade.com/courses.php5> and a nifty video clip of the two of them demonstrating and talking about low brace turns: <http://canoekayak.com/kayak/virtualcoach/>

GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK PADDLE

SEPTEMBER 11 - 17, 2010

by Michael Anson



Early Saturday morning Jan Faulkner and I loaded all of our gear into the back of the truck, hooked up the kayak trailer, and headed north on I-25.

We drove all day enjoying the antelope herds scattered across the Wyoming plains and arrived at Colter Bay Village, on the northeast shore of Jackson Lake, around 6:00 in the evening.

We had rented one of the many small cabins there and planned to meet up with Richard and Kristy Webber the following evening. Vail Associates operates the campgrounds, cabins, restaurants and lodges in this part of Grand Teton National Park and we experienced great food and services. There is a laundry facility, post office, general store and several restaurants, but no service station to fix a leaky tire, as Richard and Kristy discovered later in the week.

On Sunday morning Jan and I explored the local area, checking out all the different types of campgrounds and RV parks and getting familiar with the local scenery and services. We also took a four-wheel road on a bluff above the Snake River for spectacular views. We met Kristy and Richard for dinner Sunday evening and went over what we would all like to see and do the following week.

Monday morning we had decided to paddle out of the Colter Bay Marina counter-clockwise around Elk Island. The water was flat calm and the weather was cool and clear. The Grand Tetons were *spectacular* with a light dusting of early season snow and the trees and bushes were just beginning to take on the fall yellows and reds. Although we didn't see any actual elk on Elk Island, we did get to watch one young male deer vigorously polishing his antlers on the sage brush and later a doe and fawn grazing along a narrow bay.

We stopped for a leisurely lunch on the island and then returned in the afternoon to the marina by way of Half Moon Bay. The water levels had dropped and some passages shown on the map were no longer accessible.

But the water was crystal clear, it was a beautiful day, and the scenery and company couldn't be beat.



On Tuesday morning we launched our kayaks from the southeastern end of String Lake, just southwest of Jackson Lake. We paddled clockwise up the western shoreline to the portage trail to Leigh Lake. Again the weather was spectacular and the scenery was postcard perfect! We carried our boats the 100 yards or so from String Lake to Leigh Lake and again headed north along the western shoreline.



Mike paddling below one of the campsites on Leigh Lake

As we paddled north along the shoreline of Leigh Lake we stopped and checked out a couple of the campsites that can be reserved ahead of time and thought it would be a fabulous place to camp on a future trip. The metal bear boxes and poles to hang food, located a short distance from the campgrounds, were a reminder that we weren't alone.

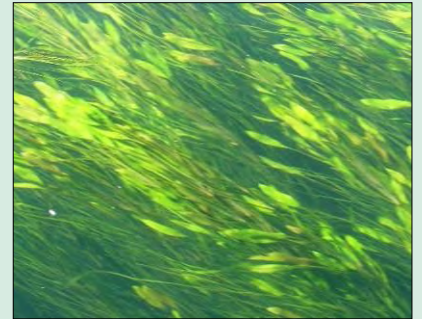
From the north end of Leigh Lake we beached our kayaks and hiked a short distance to Bear Paw Lake for a brief lunch break. We startled a deer along the trail, or rather it startled us. After lunch we hiked back to our kayaks

and began to paddle south along the eastern shore of the lake. The wind had picked up and slowed our progress a bit, but by the time we reached the portage back to String Lake, the wind had subsided and the blue sky had returned.

After portaging our kayaks back to String Lake, we paddled south along the eastern shoreline to our put-in point where we loaded everything on the trailer and headed back to our cabins...tired but happy! The water in all of the lakes and rivers in the Grand Teton National Park were absolutely crystal clear and gave us fabulous views of the rocks, fish and vegetation below the surface.

On Wednesday, we put in just below the Jackson Lake Dam (and outflow to the Snake River). We took both vehicles and shuttled the truck and trailer to the take-out point near Moran Junction, then returned to the put-in.

The Snake River was my favorite part of our week of paddling although all of our paddles were fantastic. The weather was perfect and we could see schools of large trout six to eight feet down in the water as well as beautiful aquatic vegetation anchored to the bottom.



We spent an hour or so exploring the meandering oxbow bend along the river where we came across a large family of river otters, at least eight, that had taken over an abandoned beaver lodge.

As we drifted further down the Snake River a bald eagle flew down to the river surface and caught a careless trout. He then landed on the end of a large tree trunk protruding from the bank and ate his catch in front of us.

Although the river was flowing strongly, it was surprisingly easy to maintain a position without much effort. I know we all wished we could spend the entire day drifting down this spectacular river, but we were running out of time and weren't familiar with the conditions at the lower take-out points.



Jan and I spent that afternoon driving up through Yellowstone National Park which we had been to several years earlier but always enjoy. Kristy and Richard drove into Jackson, Wyoming, to have a slow leak in one of their tires repaired before they started the long drive home.

On Thursday Jan and I gave Richard and Kristy a break (from us) and some time to explore the area on their own. We took the opportunity to hike around Two Ocean Lake, which is just east of Jackson Lake.

As we hiked the trail around the lake we saw bear scat every quarter mile or so, but since it didn't contain any GoreTex or Bear Bells, we figured we were relatively safe.



All photos by Jan Faulkner

We had a wonderful dinner again with Richard and Kristy on Thursday evening, before all of us heading home the following morning. They told us that they had spent the day once again paddling on Jackson Lake. We couldn't have asked for better weather or paddling companions and hope to get back to Teton National Park area again soon.

ADDED BY RICHARD AND KRISTY:

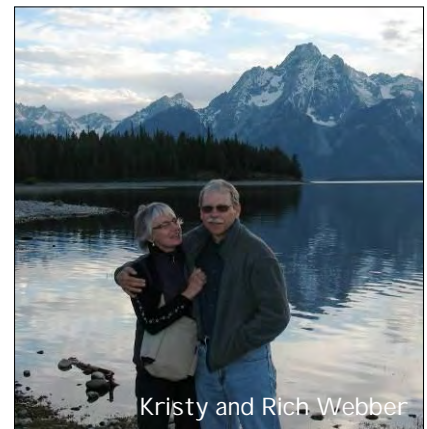
During our "break" from Mike and Jan we once again paddled on the big lake, putting in at Signal Mountain. Signal Mountain gives a good alternate put-in to Colter Bay and provides a ready access to the south end of the lake. Our paddle took us around Donoho Point (actually an island) and back over to Elk Island. This would be the best access point if you wanted to try to make it over to Moran Bay on the west side of the lake.

We thought we would avoid the crowds by a visiting in September but were surprised by the number of visitors roaming around. However, there were very few people on the lakes. We basically had Jackson Lake to ourselves. We only saw one campsite occupied during our visit. The campsites appear to be really well prepared with both metal bear boxes and hanging poles.

String Lake and Leigh Lake are beautiful but by the afternoon the parking lots were full; get there early. We did see a few other paddlers on these lakes. Pam Noe had suggested that we take wheels for the portage over to Leigh Lake, a suggestion that we totally ignored. However, we will definitely take wheels the next time!

It gets cold in the mornings. We typically got started by 8:00-8:30. On our last day the bilge water was frozen in our boats. Frosty hatch covers get really stiff and hard to open.

Grand Teton National Park is a great alternative to Yellowstone for those who might not want to do the whole paddle-camp thing; do day paddles instead. The scenery simply can't be beat, and the Snake River paddle is not to be missed.



Kristy and Rich Webber

NON-CLUB BITS

OCTOBER 16

MESSABOUT AT UNION RESERVOIR

MARSHA DOUGHERTY: This was not an ACA event or a RMSKC event, but some of us were out at Union Reservoir on Saturday, October 16th at Dave Gentry's Messabout event. We got a chance to meet Dave (holding a skin-on-frame boat over his head) and other boat builders.



We were excited and honored that the inventors and creators of these wonderful watercrafts—some were made of wood and others were skin-on-frame—actually let us try them out. We all had a great time learning new things and comparing boats and looking at how-to-do-it books and getting fired up to try some new things.



EDITOR'S NOTE: I had to check Google to find out that a "messabout" is an event where a group of people get together to discuss and "mess about" in boats; it said messabouts are usually attended by a group of people who have taken up boat building, boating and all things boat-related as their primary hobby.

Further Googling told me that Dave Gentry does a lot of boat building and this is his second get-together for boat builders. The first was in June at Boyd Lake State Park; there will be another one next spring, although no date or place has been decided.

Check out his website, which has information and more pictures of the October messabout:
<http://www.gentrycustomboats.com/>

MORE NON-CLUB BITS

FALL, 2010

WINDY PRACTICE, UNION RESERVOIR

A couple of Saturdays in September the forecast was for strong winds, which sounded like fun to some RMSKC paddlers. Both days started out calm, but it picked up before they were done. There was almost some surfing on the north side of the lake, and the paddle back to the south end was a work-out. Enjoying the challenge were Ray Van Dusen, Matt Lutkus, Kristy and Rich Webber, Jud Hurd, Kathleen Ellis, Sue Hughes and the photographer, Brian Hunter.



Ray Van Dusen in a trough and Sue Hughes

DRY BAG LABELING: LOTS OF WAYS TO DO IT



Another approach is the tie-on tags Brian Curtiss cuts out of Tyvek left over from making his tent footprint or from those white, cloth-like plastic book mailers that come from Amazon.com

They are not as easy to read, but Tyvek labels are sturdy and your dry bags can be re-labeled if you change your mind about their contents.



DO IT YOURSELF ADVANCED DRY BAGS

By Brian Hunter

Having lots of small dry bags uses the odd spaces in a kayak much more effectively than a few large ones. Having multiple small bags also makes organizing, packing and finding your gear easier, but buying enough commercial bags can become really expensive!

Did you know you can make your own dry bags to fit a particular place in your boat or to fit specific items such as sleep pads, chairs, etc. for much less money? All that's involved is taking a few measurements and making allowances for seams, the roll-down closure and the bottom pleat, if you want one.



Dry bag with an expanding pleat in the bottom

Specializing the bags to fit their contents and your boat perfectly by measuring your gear and adding a bottom pleat to produce a better fit for your items are what make these dry bags *advanced*. They're advanced, but not difficult at all. Here are the instructions, with helpful photos, for a sample first project:

TOOLS AND MATERIALS:

1. Basic sewing machine with needles and thread
2. Iron and ironing board
3. Heat sealable Oxford or similar heat sealable waterproof material; see page 30 for sources.
4. 3/4" polyester web and a 3/4 inch parachute buckle. One inch wide web and buckles may be used if you allow more length for the closure. I like to use 3/4 inch wide web on small opening bags that are less than 12 inches) and 1 inch wide web on large opening bags. Nylon webbing may be used but polyester does not tend to wick water as nylon does and is more appropriate for dry bag use.
5. Tape measure, scissors, metal binder clips, straight edge and a pencil or tailors' chalk.
6. Cigarette lighter or candle to melt the end of your closure web to prevent fraying.

STEPS TO DESIGN AND MAKE A SPECIALIZED DRY BAG:

1. DETERMINE THE DIMENSIONS TO CUT THE FABRIC AND WEB STRAP FOR YOUR CUSTOM-SIZED BAG:

For this project I will make a dry bag for my cell phone and wallet. Stacked on top of each other, they are 6" long x 3.5" wide x 1.5" inches thick. I will be incorporating a pleated bottom to accommodate their depth. The flat finished bag will be 6.5" by 12" and the buckle loops will extend 1" from the sides.

The total fabric length will be 26.5". That's 6" for the wallet length + .75" to act as half of the top of the pleat + 5.75" for the roll-down closure...times two sides. (The closure needs a minimum of four turns but five or six is better. For a .75" wide closure strap 5.75" length will provide five roll-down turns.)



Figure 1

STEPS TO DESIGN AND CREATE A SPECIALIZED DRY BAG, CONTINUED:

1. DETERMINE THE DIMENSIONS, CONTINUED:

The total fabric width will be 6.5". I need 3.5" for the wallet and phone's width + .75" x 2 for the seam allowance on both sides + .75" x 2 to accommodate the wallet and phone's thickness.

The roll-down closure strap is cut to 17" (fabric width of 6.5" x 2) + 2" x 2 for the buckle extensions. When folded and tacked the strap portion will be 8.5" as seen in Fig. 2.



Figure 2

2. CUT YOUR MATERIAL:

Lay out the fabric with the shiny side down; it's the bondable side and will be the inside of the finished bag. Find the center of the length and draw a line across the width of the fabric on the dull side with the pencil or tailors' chalk. This will be the middle of the pleat on the bottom of the bag. Draw parallel lines .75" on each side of the center line to identify the edge of each pleat.

3. ASSEMBLE THE CLOSURE STRAP AND SEW IT TO THE BAG FABRIC:

Fold the strap ends to the center with the buckle halves on each end. Check to make sure that they are threaded on so they will buckle. Seal the strap ends with a lighter or a candle to prevent them from fraying. At this point it is helpful to sew a 2" tack across the strap ends to form a loop.

Place the strap assembly on the dull (outside) side of the fabric .75" from the top edge. This extra .75" of material will allow for a fold of fabric over the roll-down strap. See Figure 3. The strap with buckles should extend an additional 1" from the sides of the fabric.



Figure 3

Sew the roll-down strap assembly onto the fabric with two parallel seams, stopping at least .75" from each end. This space at the ends is needed to heat seal the edges of the bag. In Figure 4 notice both the .75" allowance at each end of strap for the heat-seal weld and the .75" allowance at top of bag to start the fold when closing bag

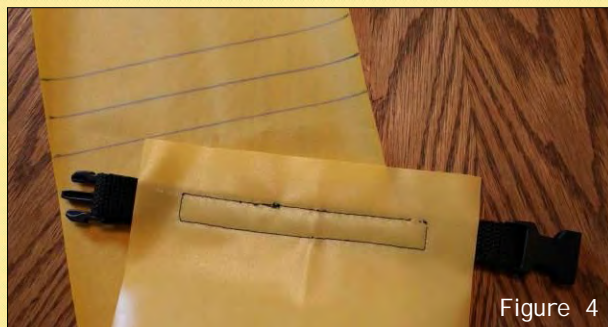


Figure 4

4. HEATSEAL THE SIDES OF THE BAG:

Cut a few strips of fabric about 1" wide and 3" to 4" long to test your iron for the correct heat setting. I have found that the hottest linen setting with a contact time of about 5 seconds has worked well on three different irons. Use a *dry* iron and don't allow the steam holes to stay in one place or you might not get a good weld in that spot. Allow the test fabric to cool completely before trying to pull it apart to check the strength of the weld.

4. HEATSEAL THE SIDES OF THE BAG, CONTINUED:

Fold the bottom pleat on the lines and use metal binder clips [Figure 5] to hold it in place. Use more small metal binder clips to hold the sides of the bag in place as you heatseal the edges, or carefully make several tacks with the iron. *Do not* use pins or anything that would puncture the fabric. Iron both side seams of the bag from bottom to top making bonded welds about .5" to .75" wide.



Figure 5

In Figure 6, notice the use of a board to keep the seam allowance even at .5" to .75".



Figure 6

In Figure 7, see why a .75" seam allowance was used and how to make a continuous weld seam from bottom to top.



Figure 7

Open the pleat and iron the .75" seams on both sides of the center line separately. [Figure 8] Pay special attention to getting a good weld in the pleat. I found that 5 to 8 pounds of pressure produced the best weld. Press down on the iron about as hard as it takes to lift an 8 pound weight.



Figure 8

Sew a bar tack or tight zigzag stitch at the ends of the roll-down strap over the heat welded area to strengthen it. [Figure 9]



Figure 9

4. TEST THE DRY BAG:

After the bag has cooled, put your hand inside and try to pry it apart to test the integrity of the weld.

I also suggest that you fill the finished bag about half full of water, roll the top down and apply light pressure to look for leaks. If you discover a leak, dry the bag overnight and iron that area again with a little more pressure.

To be sure my bag was waterproof I wrapped a rock about the size of my wallet and phone in a paper towel, put it in the bag and submerged it in a bucket of water for 12 hours. A small amount of water entered the first two wraps of the closure but no water got to the towel-wrapped rock.

This water might have seeped through the stitches that attached the closure strap, so I sealed that stitching on the inside of the bag mouth [Fig. 11] with a product called Tear-Aid Type A. You should have some Tear-Aid in your repair kit; it is the best flexible adhesive repair tape I have found.



Figure 10

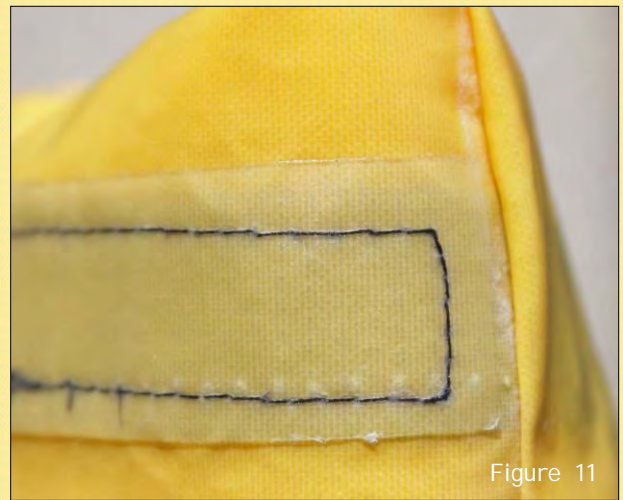


Figure 11

I have made many different styles of dry bags. For example, there are times when a pleated bottom is not necessary; a simple envelope bag would be better for a flat item you want to slide into that space between bulky items and the hull. However, I found these steps consistently produced the best results.

Regardless of how you design them, do-it-yourself dry bags cost a fraction of the price of commercial bags, can be made to your exact needs, and are easy to do. Pick up where I left off and come up with your own improvements.

On the next page you'll find guidelines for taking the measurements necessary to make an odd-shaped dry bag to take advantage of all the space in the bow of a kayak.

On the page after that there's a list of sources for the materials you'll need for these projects.

MEASURING FOR A CUSTOM-FIT BOW DRY BAG:

Figure 1: Measure the circumference of boat where the dry bag will begin.

Figure 2: Measure the circumference where the dry bag will end when the closure is rolled down.



Figure 1

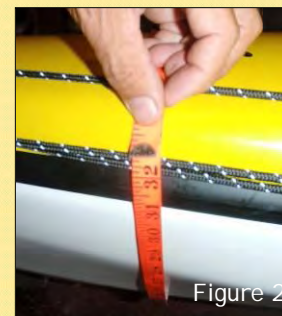


Figure 2

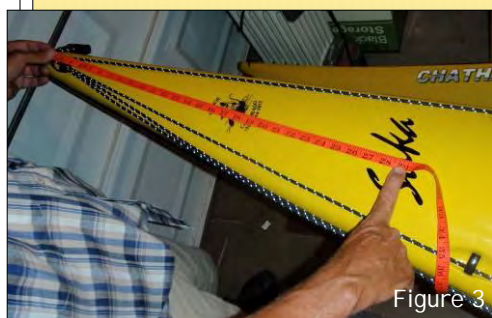


Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 5

Figure 3: Measure the length of the area to be filled by the dry bag when it's closed

Figure 4: Copy the belly needed in the bag to match the bow shape with a flexible curve or simply draw the shape onto cardboard.

Figure 5: Begin to transfer the belly curve and one half of each circumference [Fig. 1 and Fig. 2] to a folded piece of heatseal fabric with the fold as the top of bag. But, before you draw the lines, allow for extra material along the fold. The width of the extra fabric should be one-half the width of the kayak where Figure 2 was measured. This extra fabric will be formed into a pleat at the pointed end but will be loose at the roll-down end to make the opening larger and easier to use.

Figure 6: Fold the pleat into the pointed, or closed end, of the bag. The finished pleat will form an inverted triangle along the top of bag.



Figure 6

Figure 7: Iron the pleat in the closed end just like the pleats in the basic dry bag directions.

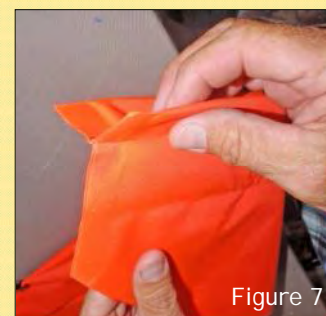
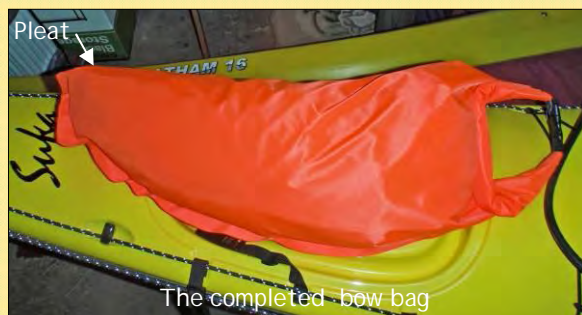
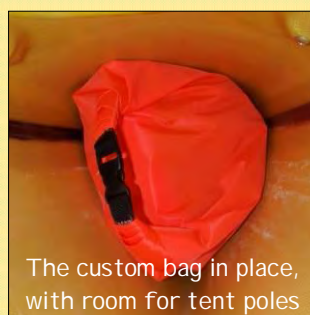


Figure 7



The completed bow bag



The custom bag in place, with room for tent poles



Marsha Dougherty, photographer and model

SOURCES OF HEAT-SEALABLE FABRIC

SEATTLE FABRICS: http://www.seattlefabrics.com/dry_bag.html

Seattle Fabrics will provide another article on making dry bags: Issue 24, Spring 1990; page 63:
Do-It-Yourself: Dry Bags by Joe McKinstry

QUEST OUTFITTERS: <http://www.questoutfitters.com/coated.html#HEAT%20SEALABLE>

Look on the left side of Quest Outfitters site to find buckles and web strap.

SKIN BOAT SCHOOL: http://www.skinboats.org/skinboats/contact_us.html

You will need to e-mail or call Skin Boat School because the heat sealable fabric is not listed on their site. Call 1-360-299-0804 or 1-360-420-6270

ROCKYWOODS: <http://www.rockywoods.com/Fabrics-Kits/Heat-Sealable-Nylon-Fabrics>

THE RAIN SHED, INC: <http://www.therainshed.com/index.htm>

There is no shopping cart on this site which keeps your cost down. If you can't find it call:

Phone: 1-541-753-8900

Fax: 1-541-757-1887

Email: therainshed@gmail.com

TEAR-AID: <http://www.tear-aid.com/index.htm>

Be sure to request your free sample of this product. I am sure you will be amazed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although they are blue and underlined, these links are not live. That's misleading but I couldn't get the Publisher to make them in plain black letters.

If any of you know how to create working links in a pdf document, please let me know.

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