



The MOUNTAIN PADDLER

ARTICLES OF INTEREST
FOR OUR PADDLING COMMUNITY

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EDITOR'S NOTE

by Sue Hughes

One of the things I enjoy about editing the RMSKC publications, besides the practice I get procrastinating, is learning about locations I'd love to paddle. This issue has some places I'm sure you'll put on your list, too.

Paddle safely, practice in the pool and write an article if you're boating someplace warm this winter or have a topic of interest to your fellow Club members.

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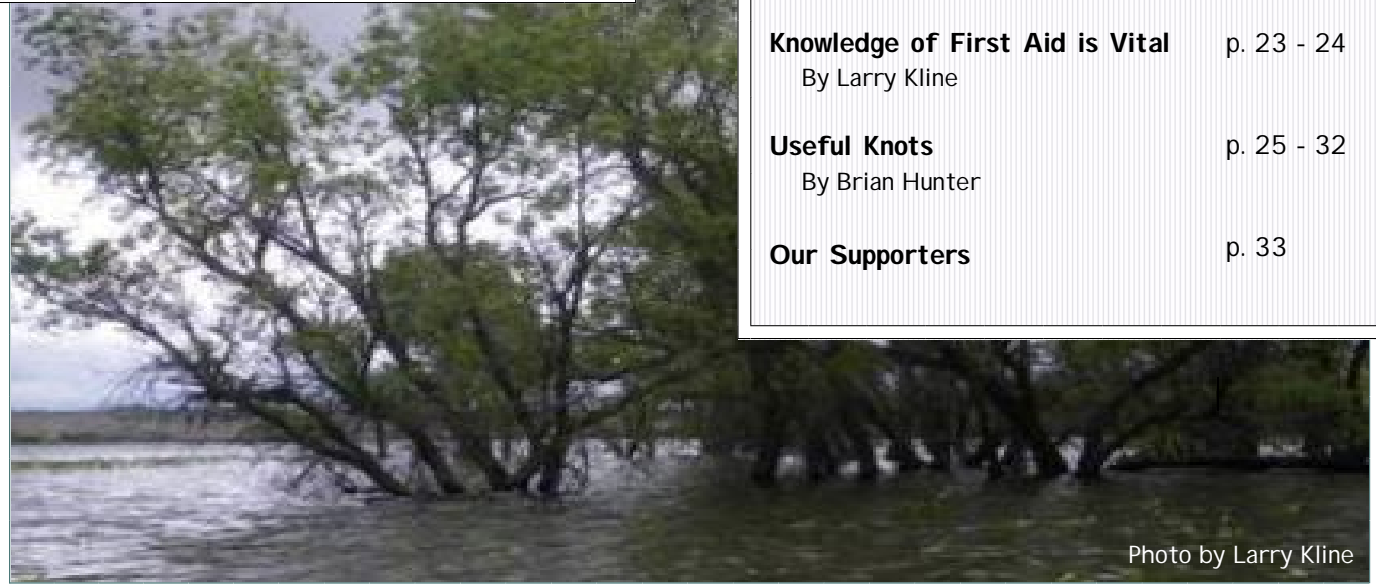


Photo by Larry Kline



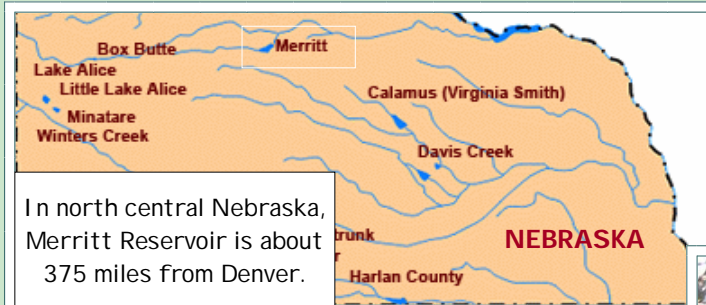
The author

MERRITT RESERVOIR, NEBRASKA

MAY 18TH THROUGH 21ST, 2012

By Andy McKenna

Back in February, 2012, Larry Kline floated the plan for a trip to do some paddling and star gazing at the remote Merritt Reservoir, tucked away in the Sand Hills of Nebraska.



In north central Nebraska, Merritt Reservoir is about 375 miles from Denver.

Our plans for the trip evolved throughout April, and after the drop-out rate finally reached zero we were a committed group of four: Larry Kline, Frank Bering, Clark Strickland and me. The trip was scheduled for a maximum of five days, May 18th through May 22nd, inclusive of travel days.

We arranged carpools, pairing Larry and Frank in Frank's car and Clark and me in my car. Clark and I hit the road on Friday the 18th at 7:15am and made Ogallala, Nebraska, by early afternoon and started driving north towards the Sand Hills. Our departure from Ogallala was quickly followed by:

- The discovery of a loud metal squeaking noise from my car's front passenger wheel well.
- A chance roadside meeting with Larry and Frank

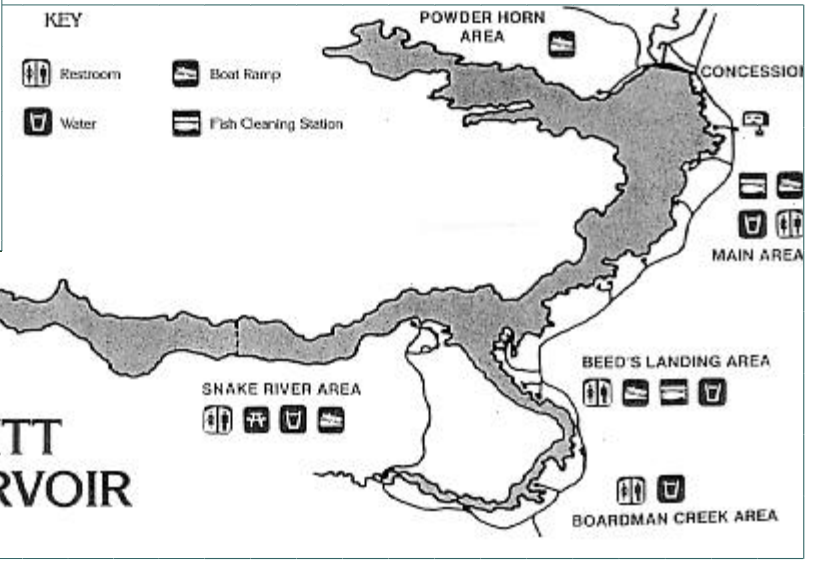


After discussing our situation, Clark and I headed back to town for repairs while Larry and Frank went ahead. Long story short, my brakes needed replacement at the end of the trip and we decided to forge ahead to our paddling destination once a friendly local mechanic ground off the "warning whistle" on the offending brake pad. Clark deserves a medal for riding along as I often used engine braking the rest of trip.



Clark Strickland, Frank Bering and Andy McKenna

The drive through the Sand Hills was scenic, to say the least. Scenes include spectacular, rolling hills boasting many varieties of plains and prairie grasses, wild flowers, old and new ranches, meadows and marshes, and the unexpected sight of bikini-clad coeds floating down the Middle Loupe River in livestock watering tanks.



All four of us made it to the campground by 4:00PM and got acquainted as we unloaded and set up camp along the south shore of the reservoir's Snake River arm.

We enjoyed some light fare for dinner before a big storm came up on us fast. By 6:30 we were all settled into our tents, riding out an intense spring storm with tent-eating winds gusting to 40 knots and lightning that I am sure was specifically looking for Larry. The storm missed Larry, but it did eat my tent for dinner. Larry was generous enough to loan me the use of his already setup second tent for the duration of the trip. (Thanks again, Larry!) We retired as the daylight waned. Our stargazing would have to wait, but the lightning show outside dazzled and amused us for quite a while that evening.



Clark and Frank

Saturday morning was like "Friday night lite", with lingering rain and winds gusting up to 30 knots. We were blessed with an absence of lightning. Our Saturday paddle coincided with a walleye fishing tournament at Merritt Reservoir, so we were extra alert for power boat traffic, which was surprisingly light. We filled up on tea, coffee, and hot breakfast food and prepared to hit the water, snug and warm in dry suits.

Our minor mishaps continued as we prepared to embark. Unfortunately, Frank tripped over a tent anchor and injured a shoulder. He tested out his paddling at the boat launch and was not comfortable with his condition and elected to remain at camp.

Larry, Clark and I launched sometime after 10:00AM into windy, choppy water, steadily progressing under fast moving clouds that seemed close enough to touch. We enjoyed glimpses of blue sky and the subtle beauty of the Sand Hills as we paddled northwest along the north shore of the Snake River arm of the reservoir. We used the lees created by the steep hillsides for occasional rest breaks after battling the often head-on winds. Larry's suggestion of a "follow the leader" paddling formation worked very well for the three of us, offering each of us



opportunities to set the pace, check our group's safety, practice communicating, and practice staying with a group.

Early afternoon blessed us with calm winds, broken clouds, and a pleasant lunch break in one of the many coves that form when this reservoir is close to full.

The calm and shallow coves I saw were teeming with tadpoles and young frogs. While we ate and relaxed I shared my space with a dozen denizens of the Sand Hills, including various beetles, wasps, and grass spiders, that passed by me innocuously, or rested on my neoprene encased legs.

Honestly, I love spiders but I can't handle them crawling on my skin. Having the wetsuit and drytop on definitely made me a lot more comfortable with sharing the place. The Sand Hills are critter country and I experienced more of that later in the trip. "Tick Checks" were a frequent part of the trip. The remainder of our Friday paddle went the way of our morning as the winds once again picked up and we retraced our path back to the camp. Brian Hunter was with us in spirit that day as the winds met us head-on for the return trip.

We landed close to 4:00PM, tired, a little chilled, ready to eat, and with a slightly used five gallon bucket that Clark rescued from the opposite shore. We cooked our own meals and shared what we had, including good wine, fun conversation, a visit from Wilson, and the true meaning of "escuela!". We all went to sleep under calm skies and broken clouds. Once again, the fabled stargazing of the remote Sand Hills remained just that.



Wilson

Sunday morning greeted us with warm, calm air, some scattered clouds and the promise of a great day on the water. Frank again decided to forego paddling, as his shoulder was still sore.

We drove 15 minutes to our launch point near the dam on the north side of the Powderhorn arm. We launched and paddled northwest along the shore and into a maze of islands, coves, nooks, crannies, and fun! Merritt Reservoir was made by the impoundment of the Snake River and Boardman Creek. The Boardman Creek arm is sheltered, shallow, and mostly silted in. The Snake River arm is somewhat plain and smoothed out by the



Clark, Larry and Andy

Snake River. The Powderhorn arm is another world, reflecting what one might expect as the steep-sided hill country was partially submerged. There are miles of shoreline to explore, hidden channels, and ponds that only connect to the larger lake when water levels are high enough. Larry's memory of place was spot-on that day as he guided us through the mazes of islands and channels, leading us to idyllic and surprisingly deep ponds with sizeable beaver lodges or simply a wonderful sense of solitude and calm.



We explored bayou-like coves where we tested our strokes and braces as we weaved through the partially submerged trees, scooted over sandbars and logs, ducked (mostly) branches and spider webs, and startled some rather large fish and a great many frogs.



Clark and I landed mid-afternoon about 30 minutes ahead of Larry, as he wanted to check out one particular island on the south shore of the Powderhorn arm but I was ready to get off the water.



We returned to camp and cleaned up for a night on the town in tiny nearby Valentine, Nebraska. The four of us rode in Larry's car and settled on one of two open local steak houses, The Peppermill. We all enjoyed a good meal together. The food and service were good, despite a marked lack of atmosphere. I was fortunate enough to also keep the company of one *Rhipicephalus sanguineus*, aka the Brown Dog Tick. He got to my neck while in camp and dug in shortly before dinner. He defied my many attempts

at removal, so I decided he would not eat much while I enjoyed a steak dinner with my fellow paddlers. After dinner we headed back to camp and arrived just in time to enjoy the only astronomical phenomenon not completely obscured by clouds, the solar eclipse. We took photos of the eclipse image projected on our tents. The light from the eclipse made for an unusual, eerie sunset I will never forget. We finished the evening with drinks, stories, and a successful team effort to remove the stubborn dog-tick from my neck.



Eclipse film crew

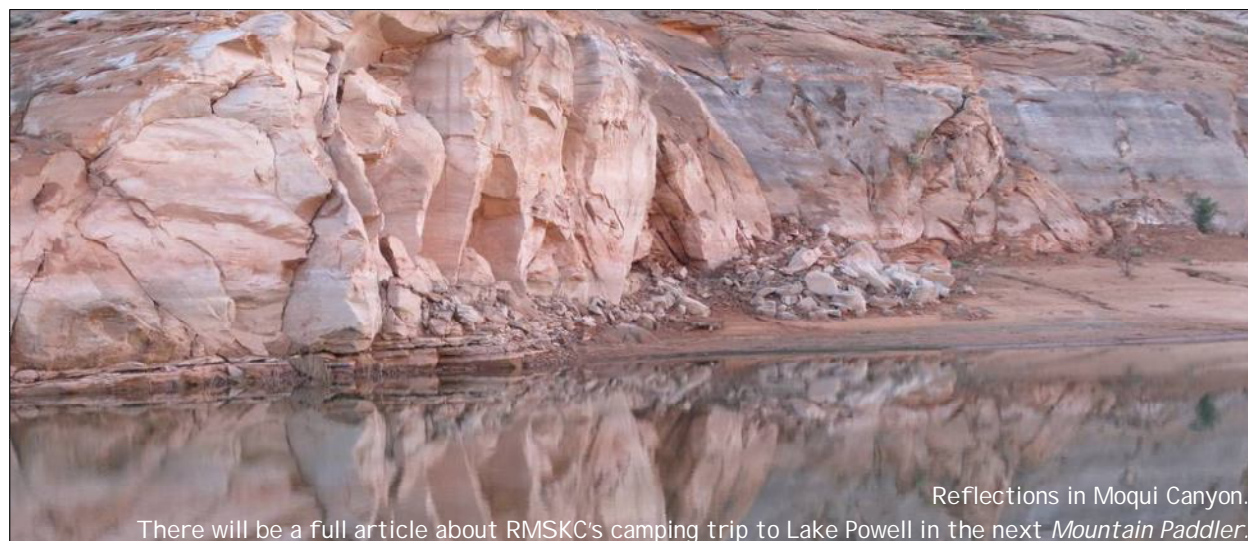


Eclipse on a tent wall

We decided to break camp on Monday the 21st. Our return trip was uneventful and we all made it back safely. The only casualties were Larry's paddling jacket and my tent, both victims of fast moving air.

Overall, this was a trip of delightful paddling, minor setbacks, and the chance to experience a truly unique place in the North American landscape. I am going back next year for more of the beauty of the Sand Hills and, hopefully, some magnificent stargazing.

Most photos by Larry Kline



Reflections in Moqui Canyon.

There will be a full article about RMSKC's camping trip to Lake Powell in the next *Mountain Paddler*.

THE SECOND ALASKA TRIP

GLACIER BAY NATIONAL PARK 2012

By Jud Hurd



Dave and LouAnn Hustvedt had so much fun in Glacier Bay National Park in 2011 that they decided to go back in 2012. New member Al Lovas and I joined them for five days of paddling around the Beardslee Islands, an area closer to the park headquarters than they'd been the year before.

We had a few planning and coordinating discussions where I learned that Al is an engineer. Dave and LouAnn are also, so we had three engineers and a retired accountant on this trip. I was in total darkness on a few conversations but they took pity on me and spoke in plain English most of the time.

We met at DIA on June 15 for our flight to Gustavus with a layover in Seattle and a short stop in Juneau. We had a relaxed shuttle drive out to the Bartlett Cove park headquarters that included a stop at a fish processing business while our driver dropped off some plastic containers. We also stopped at the store to get those last minute items and things you can't take on the plane such as stove fuel.

Upon arriving at Bartlett Cove Dave checked us in with the park rangers and filed our paddle plan. This is like filing a flight plan; if we didn't close out our paddle plan within twenty-four hours of our designated return then the rangers would start looking for us. We also checked in for our camp sites and headed down to set up our tents. The campground is a quarter-mile walk from the park headquarters but they provided large, two-wheeled wheel barrows for our gear. As we walked down the path we came across a fresh pile of bear scat. Yes, bears are very much a reality here and the thought of them is always in the back of your mind. The campground is very interesting since it is in the middle of a moss covered rain forest. Everything—ground, trees, shrubs—is covered in moss which makes for a beautiful setting and it is easy to find the camping spots: just look for the paths and tent site clearings in the middle of the moss. Of course rain comes with a rain forest and that is what we had; Bartlett Cove averages 75 inches of precipitation annually. The temperature was cool, probably in the mid-50s and we had on and off drizzle. Nothing heavy, just enough to make you wear your rain gear.

After setting up camp which included tarps over our tents to provide dry coverage, we all went back to the park headquarters for a check-in presentation by the park rangers. This consisted of a video tape which focused

mostly on no-trace camping followed by a talk from the ranger. She covered important points such as where to paddle and, more importantly, where not to paddle, camping above high-high tide water line, pulling your boats above the water line and tying them to a tree, where bears have been sighted and how to avoid them, keeping all food and food smells out of your tent, cooking and eating below the high-water line (so much for cooking under a

dry tarp), storing food in bear containers well away from tents, and what to do about human waste. We then retired to the lodge for a few beers, a nice dinner and to enjoy the beautiful scenery.

It had been a long day and soon we all headed back to camp for a good night's sleep. Tomorrow was going to be a big day. Dave sent out our Spot signal so that loved ones at home would know we were safe and doing well. This became part of our daily routine, and many thanks to Brian Hunter for the loan of his device.

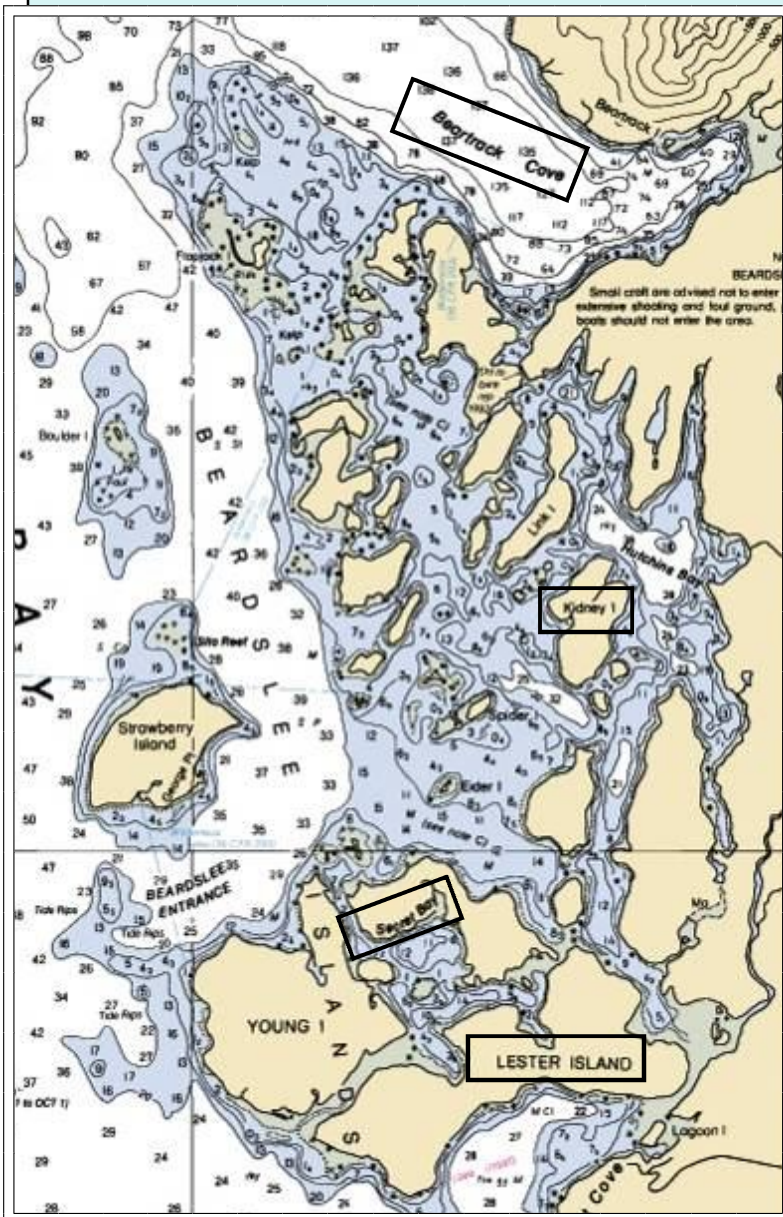
DAY 1: After breakfast we broke camp and hauled our gear back to the park headquarters. The people from Glacier Bay Sea Kayaks arrived with our rental boats and checked us out. They gave us another talk about where to paddle, where to avoid paddling and how to take care of the boats, and gave each of us a laminated map of our paddling area. We took our boats down to shore, did a final arrangement of our gear and packed it into the kayaks. These were nice fiberglass, high-volume boats that held all our gear just fine. The seats weren't great but I brought an inflatable stadium seat which really helped. Finally we were on the water.

The best route out of Bartlett Cove [far south end of the map on this page] is north through a channel between Lester Island and the mainland which can be navigated only at high tide. Since we'd gotten a late start our goal was the eastern shore of Kidney Island. We didn't see any other people after we got through the Lester Island channel and we enjoyed

a leisurely paddle to Kidney Island. We paddled a little and then coasted a little; the paddling in the Beardslee Islands is fairly calm since the islands provide good shelter from wind and waves.

Although it was another overcast day with on and off drizzles, we just paddled our slow pace which allowed us to really soak in our surroundings (no pun intended) and the scenery. In addition, we came across some seals playing on an island. We didn't get too close before they noticed us and went storming into the water. That made them feel safe and they would poke their heads up to look at these strange people invading their world.

We pulled into a good looking shore on Kidney Island to check out a likely camp site. After finding fresh bear sign we decided to move farther up the shore. So, we pulled into another spot and found fresh bear sign again. It seemed we were going to find bear sign wherever we went so we decided to stay at this spot. That meant we now



had to unload the kayaks and haul our gear and the boats up the bank to above the high-high water mark. This was where my large mesh bag came in handy. I was able to put all my gear except food and water in the bag and just make one trip. The heavy boats were another issue, and Al suggested we work together on them one at a time, which was easier. When we finally got everything above the highest tide line LouAnn asked the question, "Is a vacation supposed to be so much work?" Dave had the answer: "This is not a vacation, this is an expedition."

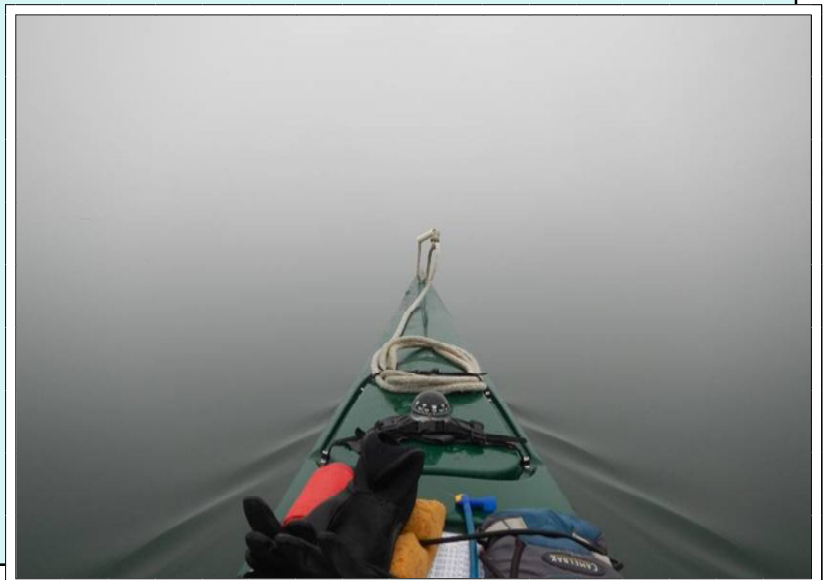
After setting up camp we enjoyed a nice dinner, visited and just relaxed.



From our camp we had a wonderful view to the north and east of the Chilkat Range snow-capped mountains within the wilderness area. It had been a good day but all good things must come to an end so we headed off to bed. I thought it might be difficult to sleep when it was still daylight at 11pm, but I was out as soon as my head hit the pillow.

DAY 2: We now started our daily routine of rising, having breakfast, paddling around in this beautiful park, returning to camp, exploring a bit, having dinner and going to bed. We had agreed to spend two nights at this site so we didn't have to break camp and move. LouAnn wanted to spend the day in camp so Dave, Al and I took off to explore a little. We headed counter-clockwise north around Kidney Island to explore the area and also take a look at the next day's route which would take us around the south end of Link I island. We then headed south toward Spider Island, went around the south end of Kidney Island, past two small islands we named The Muffins, and back to camp. The day's weather was still overcast with the occasional drizzle, but it was another great day spent on the water.

DAY 3: We broke camp and our goal was to paddle north to Beartrack Cove, across the cove and camp on its northern shore. The paddle was a lot of fun and we saw a lot of neat things. First of all it was another overcast day and we had total fog when we launched; you couldn't see an island that



was maybe only 30 yards away. This would have made for difficult navigating if we hadn't been so well prepared. Al had a GPS, I had a GPS on my camera (which I didn't know how to use yet but I was confident Dave and Al could figure it out if needed), Dave had a GPS and a detailed NOAA Chart and he had Brian's GPS with a more detailed map that really helped us verify our location. Again, thank you Brian for the loan.

We came across a couple of seal colonies on shore that went rushing into the water and then just stared at us. In addition to the seal colonies, we roused out several sea otter colonies each containing well over a hundred otters. The sound of their rushing into the water was like an amphibious assault. And, like the seals, once in the water they were more curious than afraid. We watched hundreds of them swimming on their backs; the mothers had babies clinging to their bellies. The otters were fun to watch because they would put their tails and hind feet down to push themselves about half out of the water so that they could get a better look at us. I thought of being surrounded by forty submarines, all of them with their periscopes up and taking aim at us.



Hundreds of curious sea otters



Bull kelp

We paddled inside the outside islands which gave us nice protection but there was shallow water between the islands. At a couple of places we came across bull kelp beds that were so big we couldn't go around. Our only choice was to go through. The kayaks handled the thick sea weed extremely well and nobody was in any danger, but I think we did more poling than paddling. We also hit a shallow that was populated with rocks about the size of pumpkins. We had to pick our way through this rock field carefully and every time I ran aground I thought there goes my damage deposit on the kayak. Fortunately, when we checked in the boats there was no damage and I got my deposit back.

We finally made it to Beartrack Cove and as we crossed the cove a humpback whale came up to give us a nice view. We paddled around for a while but we never saw it surface again. At least we got to see one; what a wonderful sight to see from a kayak. We reached the northern shore, set up camp and got into our end-of-day routine. From our camp we had wonderful views west across the bay to the Fairweather Range snow-capped peaks—another great day on Glacier Bay.

DAY 4: It was time to start making our way home. So, we broke camp and headed south, back across Beartrack Cove. This two mile



View from Beartrack Cove

crossing was our longest, but we had good weather and calm water both ways. On the way home we picked a different route to avoid the kelp and the rocks. We headed southwest across the cove towards Flapjack Island. We then turned south and paddled along the western shore of the outside islands. This gave us more exposure to the bay and the possibility of bigger waves due to more fetch. However, the winds were mild and we didn't have any problems. Once again we scared up some more seals and sea otters. We did hit a couple more kelp beds but we avoided the rocks. We then cut east back toward Kidney Island. Our thinking was to camp on the western shore of Kidney but we never found a really good site. So, we just paddled back around to our first camp site. It was like going home. It was low tide when we landed and nobody was real excited about hauling our gear up the shore to the camp site. Remember, tidal fluctuation can be as high as 25 feet. We had a stroke of genius: we unpacked our food, had lunch and waited for the tide to come in and raise our boats closer to shore. It worked like a gem.



DAY 5: This was our last day and it was time to go home. We awoke to our first sunny day of the trip which made for glorious views and picture taking as we paddled home. In our trip planning sessions we considered camping in Secret Bay the first night, but it is accessible only from a northern entrance along the eastern shore of Young Island. On our paddle back we thought it would be fun to paddle over to the entrance and just check it out. So, we headed south from Kidney Island and then turned west to get to the Secret Bay entrance. Distances on the water are deceptive and we had a time frame for paddling through the channel to get back to Bartlett Cove. Remember, that channel can be navigated only at high tide. Anyway, we under-estimated the time to do what we wanted and we just couldn't get all the way to Secret Bay. We went as far as we could but then had to turn around to make it through the channel on time. This was my first experience dealing with tides and I am grateful that I had knowledgeable paddlers from whom I could learn.

As we approached the back of the cove where the map showed the channel we couldn't see it and it looked like the cove just ended. We began to wonder if we made a wrong turn someplace, but we put our faith in our electronics and kept going. Pretty soon we could see a slight change in the

foliage and shore line. As we approached the back of the cove we saw the channel took a hard right and we just couldn't see it farther up the cove. Lesson learned: trust your map and GPS.

We got back to Bartlett Cove, checked in our boats, hauled our gear down to the campground and set up camp. Then it was time for a cold beer at the lodge which tasted absolutely fantastic. The only thing left was to get cleaned up and fly home the next day.

It was a great trip and I hope to go back and do another area of Glacier Bay.



Photos by Jud Hurd and Al Lovas

TRIP SPECIFICS

- **TRIP DATES:** We flew to Gustavus, Alaska, and shuttled to Bartlett Cove on June 15; paddled the Beardslee Islands June 16-20; flew home June 21
- **GEAR INFORMATION:** We rented kayaks from Glacier Bay Kayak Rentals, the only game in town. They provided the kayaks, paddles (I took mine), PFDs (Dave, LouAnn and Al took theirs), spray skirts, paddle floats, pumps, laminated maps and advice on paddling plans.
- We took the usual kayak camping gear with special emphasis on wet weather: a tarp to camp under, good rain gear (Gortex was not recommended but I used it and it worked just fine), and a waterproof hat and waterproof footwear to keep your feet dry and warm; you do not want wet feet all day. The water is in the 40s so a dry suit or wet suit is essential. Temperatures were in the 50s and with the rain it can get quite chilly; it's important to bring good layers of warm clothes and a good sleeping bag.
- Plan for plenty of food including a couple of extra days in case foul weather makes you stay out longer than planned. The park rangers will provide you with bear canisters at no charge to keep your food secure. Upon Dave's advice I bought a Jet Boil that worked great and I didn't have to worry about flying my WhisperLite (does anybody want to buy a slightly used WhisperLite?). We bought fuel canisters at the store in Gustavus. We took fresh water for the whole trip as water access is not guaranteed.
- We had good maps and four GPS units for navigation. We had a Spot to send out daily signals, a radio for getting weather forecasts, and a satellite emergency locator beacon if needed.
- To help in our planning the Glacier Bay National Park and the Glacier Bay Sea Kayaks web sites provided good information. Also, the book *Adventure Kayaking—Trips in Glacier Bay* by Don Skillman was a good resource for advice on paddling plans.



LouAnn, Dave and Al



Dave Hustvedt



The group: LouAnn and Dave Hustvedt, Al Lovas, Jud Hurd

NORTH PLATTE RIVER: GLENDO DAM TO THE WENDOVER TRAIN CROSSING AUGUST 4, 2012

By Anne Fiore

This run has been on my list since boating on the North Platte upstream from Guernsey Reservoir many years ago.

It was pretty windy on the drive up on Friday. Despite the forecast of winds less than 10 mph for Saturday, I was sure it would end up being too windy to paddle, but the winds calmed sometime after midnight and we awoke to clear skies at 6am.

We were all at the put-in before the 7:30 agreed upon time. Boats were deposited and the drivers began the shuttle to Wendover, some 50 miles away. Like clockwork, two hours later the drivers reappeared and after a short safety talk we were underway.

It was a group of 11 people (Penelope Purdy, Kerry and Pauline Edwards, Mary Jo and Steve Houser from Rocky Mountain Canoe Club; Gary Cage, Anne Fiore and Jud Hurd of RMSKC; Andrea Faudel from Poudre Paddlers; Fred Nelson and Greg Cook) and 8 boats (3 sea kayaks, 1 white water kayak and 4 canoes, including one solo). Everyone stayed together throughout the trip.



What a wonderful river! At the put-in, the current moved right along (at 5100 cfs) but the way was wide and clear with no funny swirls. Yes, my kind of river! The description called for a rapid about 10 minutes into the trip and there it was; at this level it was straightforward and quite mild. From there, we really just floated along, with just a few strokes added here and there.

We were in a canyon of pine and junipers which varied to include low-lying fields and some deciduous trees. There were lots of twists and turns and a sprinkling of islands. We kept to the lines where we could see our way, although Gary and others explored various side channels and all were fine.



We bypassed "lunch island" since we'd hardly been on the river for 45 minutes but soon spied a picnic table with two grills on river right, decided it was the place to stop, and headed that way.

Gary settled on a log that I noticed had some rectangles carved into it. As we were finishing up, Kerry Adams referred to "the alligator" and noted there were teeth carved in it, a la Seymour Lipton, so photos were in order.

Then back on the water with more junipers, more pines, and more canyon walls which became high and reminiscent of Utah except that their composition seemed to be of a material softer and lighter and grayer in color.



We made a very sharp left hand turn—the current flowed to the far side on river right with a huge eddy on river left. We continued downstream. I wondered where the haystacks were as we entered a different kind of canyon, much higher though of a composition similar to what we've seen all along. Ahead I saw Kerry Adams had stopped and as I got near, there was the roar of water in the distance so we must be approaching the haystacks. The canoeists got out and tried to observe the route. I stayed in, preferring to try and find a route as we approached (slowly). The canoeists followed Kerry; Andrea follows Gary. Jud had disappeared and I hoped all was well. I heard Gary say someone was swimming. I focused on following the tongue and then looked up. This was not what I expected! The waves were pretty high but not very wide; not the south-canyonesque river-wide bumps I imagined.

I turned into the eddy. I was being pulled back upstream and really worked hard to move downstream, finally overcoming the eddy and catching up with the others. The swimmers were out of the water and their boats were being drained. Everyone was safe.

According to Jud, he and Gary were paddling together looking down river at the two sets of waves and he told Gary that this wasn't the haystacks. He went through the first set of waves which were pretty easy and eddied out river right to wait on people. When he saw people coming down he pulled out thinking it would be another easy run through the second set. All of a sudden he saw it was the haystacks and it was too late to push hard to bypass on the left and was pulled into the side of these. He handled the first one okay but the second one dumped him. Drawing upon past experience he floated down and people helped him get to the shore and recover. He didn't want to leave it like that so he went up to try them again and made it, even getting turned around and going down backwards.

Andrea, Greg and Fred took another pass at the haystacks as did Jud. After a bit, we all headed downstream. Before long, the river widened and slowed a little. Up ahead, Kerry and Pauline were pulling out with others lined up behind them. It was around 3:30. I headed toward the others, sad that the trip was over.

Continued on the following page

We all had a wonderful time, and enjoyed the company of people from three different Front Range paddle clubs. Two of the more experienced boaters had this to say:

First, we should remind folks that if they do take a swim in a moving river to get to shore as quickly as possible—hanging onto the boat only makes it harder to coax it back to the bank.

Second, we need to get better at eddying out. This would allow us to get closer to check out what's coming and be able to select or change a line at the last minute.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This trip was organized by fellow ACA paddling club, The Rocky Mountain Canoe Club. The Poudre Paddlers, the other group involved in the day's fun, is located in Fort Collins and is primarily a white-water club. They have a good map and an excellent description of this run on their website: <http://www.poudrepaddlers.org/places/place.php?place=5>



Gary Cage, Anne Fiore, Russ Hardy, Jud Hurd and Dave Hustvedt spent five days in mid-October paddling on Lake Powell. Anne will have an article with more wonderful pictures in the next issue of the *Mountain Paddler*.

VALLECITO AND BLUE MESA RESERVOIRS

SEPTEMBER, 2012

By Jud Hurd

Well, September arrived and I wanted to get one more trip in before the end of my paddling season. Years ago I took my family on a vacation and we visited Vallecito Reservoir just a little east of Durango. I remembered it as being a beautiful mountain lake surrounded by green forested hills and I always wanted

to paddle there. A number of people have talked about doing Blue Mesa and I thought I would put the two lakes together in a trip.

So, Dick Dieckman, Kate Wallace, and JJ (Janet) Scervino joined me over the Labor Day weekend for one last big fling of the year. We made reservations at the Graham Creek campground at Vallecito and agreed to meet on Friday, August 31. Vallecito has 22 miles of shoreline at full level and is in the heart of the San Juan National Forest so our Senior Pass saved us 50% on the campground costs.

Dick rode down with me as we took the highway 285 route and discussed solutions to the world's problems, relived past paddle trips, dreamed about future paddle trips, and reminisced about when television first came out and the great old shows we watched as kids. I hadn't driven this route in a long time and I had forgotten how much fun it is. We made good time and got to Vallecito in about six hours. Our route took us on highway 160 headed to Durango and then we turned north on highway 501 after having dinner at Bayfield. On the short drive north we came across a lot of deer, some on the side of the highway and some grazing in the pastures with the cattle and horses. JJ was already there to greet us.

Unfortunately, the lake had seen some fire storms over the years and a lot of the trees were burned down. In addition, the lake level was down quite a bit as they all are this year; it wasn't as I remembered it, but it was still beautiful and Graham Creek campground was beautiful. We were surrounded by



2012: one of Colorado's driest years in decades

300 year old ponderosa pines, according to retired forester Dick, and the camp sites were large, clear and flat. The only drawback was there was no running water restroom facility for washing up and showering. I think I was reminded of this fact about 16,000 times during the trip. So, keep this in mind if you plan a trip to Vallecito. After setting up camp we had a nice visit and waited for Kate who got in later in the night.

After a hearty breakfast Saturday morning we launched at the marina and paddled around the lake. We all thought it wouldn't take us very long to complete the circle given the low level of the lake but we did 8.8 miles

in about three and a half hours with one stop for lunch. The weather was perfect with cool temperatures, light winds and just a few clouds in the sky. There were a lot of people in the campgrounds but there weren't a lot of boats on the water, and those that were out were fishing. We didn't see much in the way of speedboats, jet skis or water skiers so we didn't have to contend with a lot of boat wake.



Kate Wallace and JJ Scervino

Mystery Bird



We saw the typical birds we always see except at the north end of the lake there was a large blue bird that looked like a blue heron but didn't look like a blue heron. Here is my best picture of it so let me know what it is if anybody recognizes it.

The low shoreline was littered with stumps where trees were cut down for the lake. The visible ones above water were easy to miss; it was the ones below water you had to watch out for. During our paddle I asked the group what is the difference between a shoreline and a coast? I don't think we came to agreement so holler out if anybody knows (and you can't cheat

by looking it up in a dictionary). The paddle was over so it was back to camp for a beer, relaxing, dinner, good fellowship and then to bed. Dick prepared his famous curry beef over rice for himself and me and I would highly recommend it. Oh yes, everybody commented on how nice it would have been to be able to take a shower.

After a good night's sleep we got up Sunday to another perfect day—cool weather, a calm breeze and not a cloud in the sky. As a practice for Lake Powell, one of my goals for this trip was to see how long fresh food would last without refrigeration. So, after breakfast yesterday I put my eggs, bacon, American cheese, toast, cucumber (from my garden), cilantro, mint, limes, green pepper (from my garden) and green onions in a plastic bag and took them in the kayak, just like I would the first day of a kayak camping trip. I left them out overnight, again just like I would do kayak camping. So, for breakfast I had a sandwich of toast and jelly, and a slice of cheese with fresh cooked bacon and egg. It was marvelous and everybody crowded around my stove to enjoy the smell of cooking bacon at a campground while they enjoyed their breakfast of cold cereal.

We had paddled all of Vallecito so we looked at the map to see what other paddle options were available in the area. Dick pointed out Lemon Reservoir just about 12 miles away. It looked as long as Vallecito but more narrow. So, we loaded up and headed there. It was a short but nice drive and we passed five or six wild turkeys walking along the side of the highway. They didn't budge an inch as we drove by, as if we weren't even there. Afterwards I thought I should have made a little swerve to the left as we passed to see if I could get one for Thanksgiving, but then they didn't look all that plump so I guessed I'd do the usual Butterball thing.

It turned out that Lemon was extremely low and would have taken us less than an hour to paddle even if we could see a way to get our boats to the water. So, we pulled out Plan B and headed south to Navajo Reservation. I had called their information number the night before and asked about water conditions. I was told the water was way down but they are still launching boats and there is a lot of activity on the lake. It was about an hour's drive which isn't really any different than driving for a day paddle.

When we arrived the boat ramp was a madhouse with about eight rigs lined up to put in because the lake was low and the ramp was narrowed down. The lake was so low the marina was running courtesy shuttle golf carts to take people up and down the ramp. We did manage to drive down and put in on the side of the ramp and then paddle out to the breakwater. We decided to head south to explore the Sambrito Arm, which is in New Mexico, where we stopped for lunch. After lunch we headed out of the arm, across the lake and back toward the marina. It was a beautiful day on the lake and we did about 9.5 miles. However, there was a lot of boat traffic so we had to contend with a lot of BIG boat wake and some crazy water, like paddling across the marina mouth at Chatfield.



Given that effort and the fact it was hotter than Vallecito, everybody felt pretty wrung out by the time we got back to

the marina. I mentioned that we could take a shower at Navajo if we had remembered to bring our shower stuff and we still could if we wanted to buy and split a bar of soap; we would just have to drip dry. I got no takers so it was back to camp. Kate had planned to only paddle Vallecito because she had to get back to Fort Collins to go to work. We got back to camp early enough that she decided to load up and head home instead of spending the night. That left JJ, Dick and me and we had a lot of fun. It was my turn to cook dinner for Dick so I made Vietnamese Cucumber, Noodle and Shrimp Salad for the first time ever. It actually turned out very good and my vegetables were still fresh. JJ even used my leftover cilantro for her salad.



The next morning, Labor Day, was our travel day to Blue Mesa Reservoir so we packed up and headed out. We took the back road into Durango and stopped at City Market to replenish some groceries and ice. We then headed north to Silverton. As we drove over the three passes to Silverton I remembered how spectacular the mountains and views are in this part of the state. It was truly awe inspiring and worth the trip even if we didn't do any paddling. We passed a group of pack llamas on the side of the road but we couldn't tell if they were just heading out or coming back. We stopped in Silverton for lunch at Grumpy's Restaurant and while we were there the narrow gauge steam train pulled in, which was fun to see and JJ made sure I got some pictures.

We continued north to Montrose and then east on highway 50 to Blue Mesa. I had originally planned on camping at Elk Creek campground; it is the largest but it is right on the water, exposed to the strong afternoon west winds and had no shade trees. They said it had all services which I took to mean showers, but it turned out the only shower available was a pay shower operated by the marina, but at least we finally got clean. We asked some questions at the Visitor's Center and then set out to explore other campgrounds to see if we could find something better.

What we refer to as Blue Mesa Reservoir is actually three reservoirs in a row fed by the Gunnison River. Blue Mesa is the largest and most noticeable on a map. Below the Blue Mesa Dam is the beginning of Morrow Point Reservoir which is a long, narrow gorge reservoir. The best access to Morrow Point is the Pine Creek trail which takes you down just below the Blue Mesa dam. The hike down is 223 steps and once you get to the water, you hike along the shore a short distance to the Morrow Point Tour Boat dock. We took a look at it and decided we weren't going to try that, although people do carry in their kayaks or canoes and paddle Morrow Point. There are a few primitive campsites and it would be a fun paddle but that hike would kill me. The visitor center ranger told us about one group who hiked down and launched too close to the dam when water was being let out and their boat turned over dumping everybody and all the contents. So, if you ever do decide to carry your boat down you need to hike down-lake far enough that you aren't affected by water being released, and you need to plan your paddle back when there isn't water being released. Below the Morrow Point Dam is the Crystal Reservoir.

Blue Mesa serves as the main storage reservoir. Morrow Point Dam generates most of the power, and Crystal Dam maintains an even flow through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. We took a look at Lake Fork campground but it was reservation only for RVs. Next on our route was Red Creek campground which is across the highway from Blue Mesa. It was okay but we also checked out Dry Gulch campground, also across the highway. This was small with only six campsites but it was well shaded, protected from the wind and had very nice, clean, flat campsites. There was nobody there so we stayed and set up camp. Blue Mesa is located in the Curecanti National Recreation Area so our Senior Pass saved us 50% on the campground cost again.

After setting up camp Dick and I drove back to the marina for dinner at Pappy's Restaurants which was going to be followed by a shower. We got to talking to some people at the table next to us and they told us the prevailing wind is from the east in the morning and then out of the west in the afternoon. After a very good dinner on Pappy's deck overlooking the marina, we asked Pappy's for some quarters. They told us they don't give out change for showers and we would have to get them from the marina which was now closed. Okay, so much for a shower tonight. We went back to camp to visit and pick out constellations after the sun went down.

Tuesday we launched at the marina which was totally deserted since everybody had gone home after the Labor Day weekend. I would call that outstanding planning by the trip leader. Given the prevailing winds we planned to paddle west and explore the Cebolla Creek arm. It was a picture perfect morning for paddling—cool temperatures, clear sky, hardly a ripple on the deep emerald green, clear water and almost no boats to contend with.

We paddled to the back of the arm where Cebolla Creek comes into Blue Mesa but we couldn't go any distance up the creek due to shallow water. This arm was beautiful with



Dick Dieckman and JJ Scervino

steep walls and peaceful paddling. On our way out we found the primitive (no potable water) campsite indicated on the map and pulled in for lunch. It was a pretty good hike up the draw to the campsite because the water was 37 feet low and planning to get lower. But once we got there we found three picnic benches with nice tent sites and a very nice outhouse. We enjoyed lunch with great views and then headed back to the water.

As promised the wind had picked up and was funneling down the arm so we had a pretty strong headwind paddling out to the main lake. But once on the main lake we were almost blown back to the marina. We could hold up our paddles and sail along. We could even surf some of the bigger waves, well kind of. My GPS said my top speed was 10.6 mph which had to be paddling with the wind down a large wave.



Dick, sailing back home on Blue Mesa

We made it back to the marina in record time and had paddled ten miles. If you look at our route on a map you will get an idea of the size of Blue Mesa when you consider our roundtrip route was that long and we only covered a very small part of the lake.



Blue Mesa Reservoir, created by the damming of the Gunnison in 1965, is the largest body of water entirely in Colorado. It is 20 miles long, has 96 miles of shoreline and is the largest lake trout and Kokanee salmon fishery in the entire country.

Well, we loaded up our boats and finally got to take a shower and it was wonderful. We went back to camp for dinner and decided we had had three great days of paddling and we were ready to head home tomorrow.

I had originally planned to spend two days at Blue Mesa but we were all a little tired and we had achieved our goal of learning about the lake so we can plan a longer trip for next year. Also, my experiment on keeping food fresh without refrigeration was a success, so I accomplished that goal for this trip, too.

SEE YOU NEXT YEAR ON A RETURN TRIP TO BLUE MESA!

Photos by Jud Hurd

WINDY SUNDAY MORNING ON UNION RESERVOIR

September 30 was a warm and sunny fall day; it wasn't blowing at all in Longmont but a few miles away at Union Reservoir the breeze was strong and the water had whitecaps.

Anne Fiore led almost a dozen RMSKC paddlers, and Hustvedts' son-in-law Aaron Anderson,

across the reservoir into the wind and then back around to the east for some coasting on the waves. They waited while Sue stopped on the eastern shore to take advantage of the low water level to grab a piece of rusted metal she'd had her eye on for a couple of years. Art project? Who knows, but it's a good thing her tetanus booster is up-to-date.

The group did a better than usual job of staying together, people got a chance to catch up with friends they hadn't paddled with over the summer and everyone was pleased to have had some practice with choppy water.



John Ruger, Marlene Pakish, Julie Reckart, Anne Fiore, Marsha Dougherty, Aaron Anderson, Dave Hustvedt and Joe Phillips; Kristy and Rich Webber were still paddling. Photos by Sue Hughes

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is an article former RMSKC president Larry Kline wrote about first aid and its importance in outdoor activities like paddling. He sent it around earlier but we're publishing it again in the *Mountain Paddler* because it has an important message and we want it on the RMSKC website for future readers.

Larry introduced his piece with this hair-raising disclaimer:

"By all accounts I should not be here writing this article for a long list of reasons, the first four of which occurred before I was 15!"

THE IMPORTANCE OF FIRST AID TRAINING

By Larry Kline

WHY IT IS AMAZING THAT I, LARRY KLINE, AM STILL ALIVE:

- My brother slammed my head between a car door and door frame, although he says he doesn't remember!
- My mom combed matted blood from my hair for three days after I was hit in the head by a flying discus.
- I was hit by a car driven by my Sunday school teacher as I dashed out from behind the Good Humor ice cream truck.
- On a 10 cent dare, I broke my left leg jumping off the garage roof wearing my Superman cape.
- A falling sailboat mast hit my head requiring treatment for a concussion.
- I was hit by another car while riding my bike 15 years ago; a new helmet saved my melon.
- Later in life I was atop nearby James Peak when electrical current buzzed my upheld hiking pole.
- A similar episode occurred just a few years ago with a fellow club member. While on a 14,000 foot peak near Leadville in dense fog lightening crackled all around us.
- Nearer home, while riding my bike on a barren roadway in a lightening storm, a bolt hit a nearby power pole and sent twinges through my handle bars. I immediately dove for the ditch.
- Boating wise, during my grad school years, I capsized in fast current in a brushy narrow channel and my bow line tangled my foot under water holding me at neck level just barely allowing me to breathe as my water-filled whitewater kayak kept pushing my head under water.
- Another time I was on a club trip on Yellowstone Lake as the group set off paddling whilst lightening, threatening black clouds and high winds moved through the tree tops. I reluctantly followed (gotta stay with the group, right?) and then came to my senses, paddled like crazy 100 yards to a large grove of trees, jumped out and ran into the woods ducking for cover as I went.

WHY AM I TELLING YOU THIS?

Because in mid-May, 2012, I took an intensive two-day *Wilderness First Aid* class at the Keystone Science School and learned how to administer a bit of first aid, and got a sharp appreciation of the consequences of screwing up. It was put on by NOLS [National Outdoor Leadership School] and we 30 participants enacted more than a dozen "real life" scenarios. It really made me appreciate the near catastrophes I avoided in the mishaps noted above.

I took the class because I figured I survived the first 60 plus years of my life and wanted a fighting chance to make it another 30 in one piece. After all, I was going to lead an RMSKC trip to Merritt Reservoir the next weekend and was planning on climbing the tallest peak in Slovenia in September after an August solo hike on 50 miles of the highest section of the Colorado Trail.

LET ME SUMMARIZE SOME THINGS I LEARNED:

Back country/ wilderness accident situations are defined as those occurring more than one hour's travel from the site to a hospital. This hour includes time for assistance to arrive, time to evacuate the victim to a waiting vehicle and for actual transport to the hospital. Certainly, many of our outings, even at Chatfield or Dillon, would fall under this set of circumstances. 911 help is a long way off.

When you set off from shore either solo or in a group of two or three, or your larger group later splits up for some reason, you have immediately set limits on how you can respond to an emergency and how you can effect an evacuation from that situation. This amounts to planning by default. Recognizing this should shape your safety planning for your next outdoor adventure.

Assemble a well-stocked first aid kit and bring it with you on EVERY paddle, and know how to use each and every item in it. (Yes, during the class I had a few "Oh, that's how you use that" moments.) When an incident happens, everyone can bring out their kits and pool resources. For example, simply taping a sprained ankle takes a 3-inch diameter roll of tape; cuts can bleed profusely and require gobs of gauze; broken bones and joints take splints and padding. No one kit will have all the supplies to do these big jobs. Every participant should bring a first aid kit because, in an emergency, the group will need to pool resources.

Let your Trip Leader and everyone in your party know of any ongoing medical problems you have. You should type a short description of the symptoms of your condition and the treatments needed if you become incapacitated. Doing so may save your life and will let your fellow paddlers act calmly in getting the help you need. In one scenario I played the role of a completely unconscious victim. It scared the crap out of the solo responder at my side, even on the second day of the class. Don't do this to your paddling friends. Your life may be the one lost. Scary but true: while leading a Loma Westwater trip, a past club member once told me she knew how to do a wet exit when in fact she had never done one because she was afraid she would drown practicing due to her asthma.

Take a Wilderness First Aid class; the \$200 tuition is a great insurance policy on your life and that of your friends. Encourage your paddling buddies to do the same. I plan on retaking the class to more fully imprint the knowledge in my brain.

NOLS CLASSES AVAILABLE NEARBY THIS WINTER:

<http://www.nols.edu/portal/wmi/courses/wfa/co/>

SOME BASIC KNOTS FOR KAYAKING

By Brian Hunter

Anthropologists tell us that sticks and rocks were the first tools used by early people. These tools were found objects that were probably used once and discarded. At some point the early people used vines or cordlike fibers to fasten a stone to a stick to make a primitive hammer and the concept of a knot was born. As rocks gave way to chipped stone implements and binding materials improved, the knots used also became more sophisticated. Knot

tying became even more refined in the early days of sailing vessels, and thus became the province of sailors. We owe many of the knots we use today to those seafarers, which is why most knot terminology is maritime in origin.

Tying proper knots is an important skill in kayaking. A knot is a tool and as with all tools you should use the right one for the job at hand.

THINGS TO CONSIDER WHEN DECIDING WHICH KNOT TO USE

Strength: How strong is it? This is also known as how efficient it is.

Reliability: Will it hold?

Releasability: How easy is it to untie? Some knots are non-jamming and others jam tightly.

SOME BASIC KNOT JARGON

Line: Is it a rope or a line? *Rope* refers to the manufactured material. Once rope is purposely sized, cut, spliced, or assigned a function it is referred to as a *line*, especially in nautical usage. Put another way, a rope needs a job and a line has a job.

Spilling: Spilling (or capsizing) a knot refers to changing a knot's form and rearranging its parts, usually by pulling on specific ends in certain ways. When used inappropriately, some knots tend to capsize easily or even spontaneously. Some knots are tied in one form then spilled or capsized to obtain a stronger, more stable or more usable form.

Dressing: The parts of a knot must be correctly placed and aligned especially when tightening. Some knots are prone to spilling if not correctly dressed.

Standing End: The end of the rope not involved in making the knot, which is often shown as unfinished.

Standing Part: The section of line between the knot and the standing end.

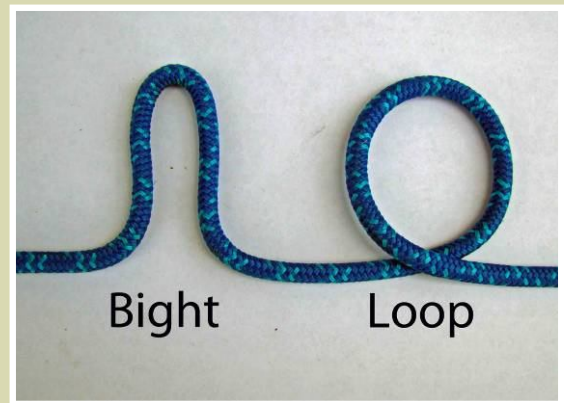
Working End: The active end of a line used in making the knot, which also may be called the *running, tag* or *live* end. If the line is secured to a bitt or crosspin, it is called the bitter end. This line is called a bitter.

Working Part: The section of line between the knot and the working end.

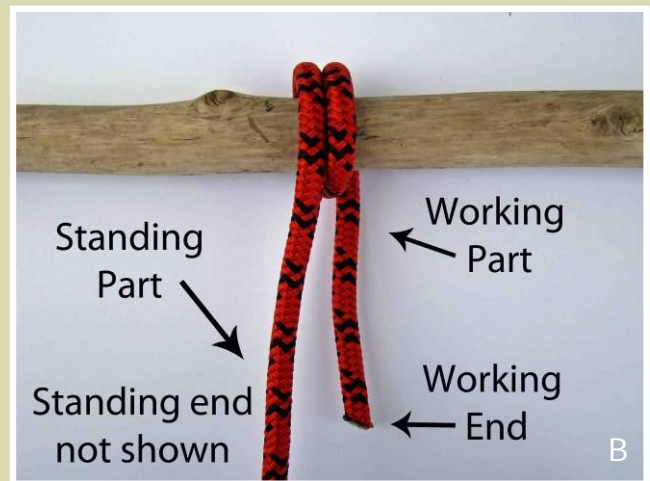
Definitions continue on the next page

Bight: The center part of a length of a line opposed to the ends. A bight is any curved section, slack part, or non-crossing loop between the ends of a line. The phrase *in the bight* implies a U-shaped section of line often being used in making a knot. Many knots can be tied either with the end or in/on the bight. The inside of the bight is referred to as the eye.

Loop: A full circle formed by passing the working end over itself. The inside of the loop is also referred to as the eye.



Turn [Photo A below] and **Turn Round** [Photo B]:



INSTRUCTIONS FOR TEN BASIC KNOTS

The following knots were chosen because they are useful when kayaking and camping. The last four—the figure of eight, the bowline, the truckers hitch and the turn round with two half hitches—are listed as “developing skills” in the *ACA 3 Level Coastal Kayak Award Assessment*. If you are preparing for that assessment, knowing these knots is helpful.

OVERHAND KNOT

Category: STOPPER

Releasability: Extremely jamming, can be impossible to untie

Typical use: Fishing, climbing, shoelaces, making other knots

Comments: One of the most often used, and misused, knots. This is the basis of many other knots; a spilled (properly dressed) overhand knot is a half hitch.



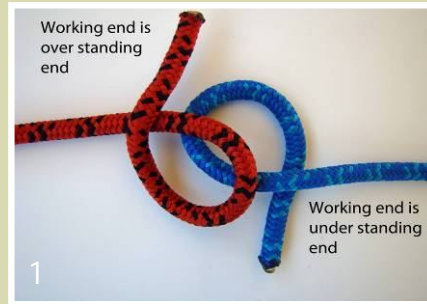
ZEPPLIN KNOT

Category: BEND

Releasability: Non-jamming, easy to untie

Typical use: Joining similar diameter lines

Comments: This is an extremely reliable knot that is simple to tie and untie



Make two loops that look like the numbers 6 and 9. Lay the 6 loop over the 9 loop.



Pull one working end around and through both loops.



Pull the other end around and through both loops, exiting opposite the first working end.



Dress the knot by pulling all the slack out. When it's correctly tied the knot is symmetrical.

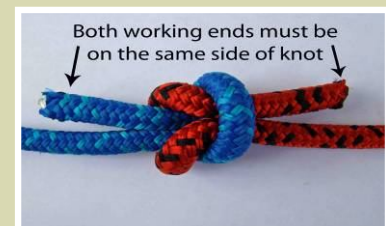
SQUARE KNOT OR REEF KNOT

Category: BINDING, BEND

Releasability: Jamming, usually easy to untie

Typical use: Joining two ends of a single line to bind around an object

Comments: Not secure as a bend. Spills easily if one of the free ends is pulled outward. Does not hold well if the two lines are not the same thickness. Can be tied on a line under tension.



TAUT-LINE HITCH

Category: HITCH

Releasability: Non-jamming, easy to untie

Typical use: Making adjustable guy lines on tents, securing the bow and stern of a kayak to a vehicle, securing loads

Comments: This knot is similar to the truckers hitch [the ninth of ten knots in this article] but, unlike a truckers hitch, it will not wear the line and can be adjusted without being untied. However the truckers hitch, unlike this knot, will not change length and thus will not loosen unintentionally. There are several versions of the taut-line that are equally effective.



Pass working end through the anchor point



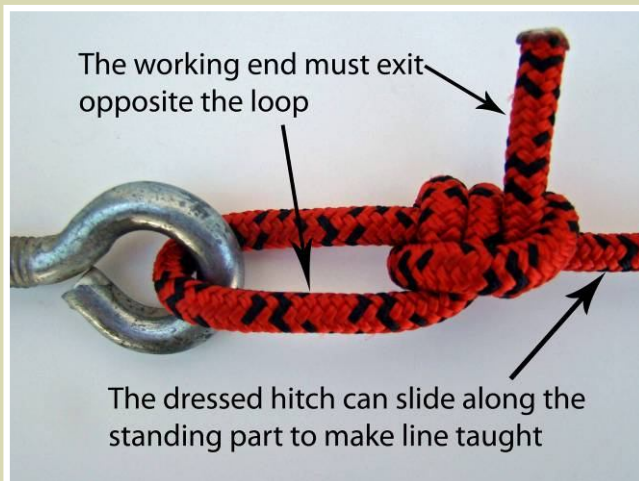
Turn around the standing as if making an overhand knot



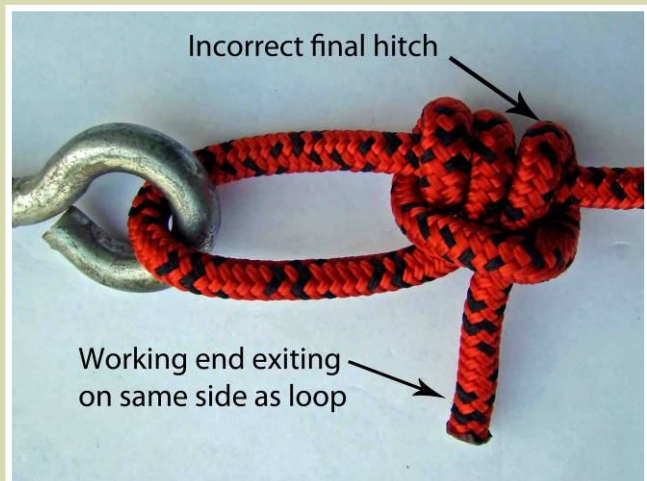
Make another turn round



Make a half hitch on the opposite of the first two in the same direction



The knot in this photo has been rotated to show its bottom side



SHEET BEND

Category: BEND

Typical use: This knot excels in joining two lines of different diameters. If using different diameter line, the smaller line should be positioned as the red line in the photos.

Releasability: Easy to untie and release

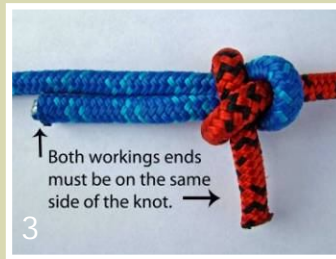
Comments: This is a reliable knot, but it must be tied with both ends loose with no load on the standing parts. It is best to leave the working parts a little long to account for slippage when the knot is tightened. Both working ends must be on same side of knot or it could fail.



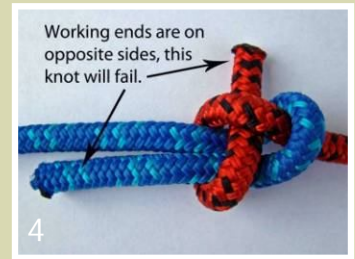
1 Lay a bight over a line of the same or smaller diameter



2 Bring the second line under and around the bight. Pass the working end under its loop.



3 Pull the knot tight and dress.



4 Incorrectly tied Sheet Bend

CONSTRICTOR

Category: BINDING

Releasability: Can be hard or impossible to untie once tightened

Typical Use: Excellent for secure temporary or semi-permanent binding. Often used to secure the mouth of bags and sacks. Also used as a temporary whipping to prevent unraveling when cutting line.

Comments: The constrictor is a clove hitch on an overhand knot. It is similar to a clove hitch but with less tendency to slip. Its severe bite makes it so effective it can damage or disfigure items it is tied around. The last two photos show a comparison of the two knots. Notice in the dressed Constrictor Knot the working end and the standing end exit in opposite directions from the center X.



Make a turn round with the work part over the standing part.



Bring the working end under the turn, exiting opposite of the standing part.



Pull the working end under the first turn to form an overhand knot.



Dressed Constrictor



Dressed Clove Hitch

FIGURE OF EIGHT

Category: STOPPER

Releasability: Non-jamming

Typical use: General-purpose stopper knot. This knot can be tied in a wide variety of configurations.

Comments: Replaces the common overhand knot in many uses. Easier to untie than an overhand knot.



Form a loop.



Pass the working end under the standing part.



Pass the working end through the eye of loop.



Pull tight to dress the knot.

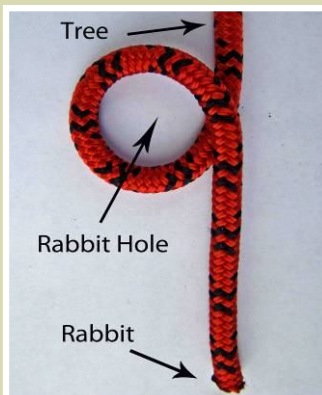
BOWLINE

Category: LOOP

Releasability: Non-jamming

Typical use: Making a fixed loop in the end of a line

Comments: A reliable knot that is easy to tie and release. Does not slip or jam.



Form a loop near the working end; this will be the rabbit's hole.



The rabbit crawls out of the hole.



The rabbit goes around the tree and back down the hole.



A finished bowline on an eyelet.

TRUCKERS HITCH (ON A BOWLINE)

Category: HITCH

Typical use: Cinching a line very tight to secure an object to a vehicle; securing a kayak's bow and stern lines to a vehicle.

Comments - The traditional truckers hitch tied with a bight in an overhand knot can cause excessive wear on the line, especially if it is tied repeatedly in the same spot. Replacing the bight in an overhand knot with the bowline knot discussed earlier is a much better choice. The bowline does not produce excessive wear and is easier to untie than a bight in and overhand knot. Also, the working end of a bowline exits in the proper direction to tighten and dress the hitch without danger of spilling. Leave excess line on the working end of appropriate length to secure the load. A good reason to use the truckers hitch is the tremendous mechanical advantage gained when tightening the hitch. A tightened, dressed hitch will not loosen.

A disadvantage is that it must be partially untied if it requires tightening.



Tie a bowline leaving excess line on the working end.



Make a turn on an anchor point bringing the working end through the bowline loop.



Pull the working end tight and tie two half hitches below the loop to secure the hitch.

TURN ROUND WITH TWO HALF HITCHES

Category: HITCH

Releasability: Non-jamming, easy to untie

Typical Use: Tying a line around a pole or another line.

Comments: This knot can be tied on a line under tension. The hitches must be tied correctly to prevent slipping. When tied around poles or other lines they do not tend to slide.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Brian sent me this article, originally entitled *Use This Knot, Not That Knot*, over a year ago. It's completely my fault you didn't see it lots sooner. I've taught myself to drive stick shift, use a variety of tools and do other handy things, but knots are not my thing. I didn't understand the counselor at Girl Scout camp when she said the rabbit should come up the hole, go around the tree and...what? And I've ignored knot tying ever since. I thought following and formatting these directions would be hard, but it wasn't a problem at all.

I'm sorry, Brian and readers, that I've let this unravel. It's a wonderful piece. The last four knots are on the CK-3 ACA assessment's "developing skills" list so they are of special importance.



Make a turn around.



Tie the first half hitch.



Tie the second half hitch, pull it tight and dress the knot.

Make tracks to the **WINTER PARTY** on January 19, 2013, in Lyons, Colorado.
Email Anne Fiore for information and directions.

Be on the look-out for **DUES INFORMATION** coming to your inbox soon
from our new Membership Coordinator, Janet Scervino.

Check the web for information about **POOL PRACTICES** at Meyers Pool in Arvada;
they are held approximately every other Sunday morning until late March or early April.

**MERCHANTS WHO OFFER DISCOUNTS
FOR CLUB MEMBERS:**

- AAA INFLATABLES (dry gear, clothing, PFDs)
3264 Larimer Street, Denver
303-296-2444
- COLUMBIA RIVER KAYAKING/SEA KAYAK BAJA
Puget Island, WA, an hour from Astoria, OR
www.columbiariverkayaking.com/baja
- CONFLUENCE KAYAKS
1615 Platte Street, Denver
303-433-3676
- GOLDEN RIVER SPORTS
806 Washington Avenue, Golden
303-215-9386
- OUTDOOR DIVAS (15%)
1133 Pearl Street, Boulder
303-449-3482
- RIVER MOUSE KAYAKS (Club member Ray Van Dusen)
ray@rivermousekayaks.com
10% on gear; 5% on your 2nd (or more) kayak

**RMSKC
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Take your ACA card
and mention RMSKC
when asking for your
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Raymond Van Dusen
ray@rivermousekayaks.com



- ♦ Fine British boats ♦ Werner paddles ♦ BCU Level 4 coaching ♦

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