



FOUNDED 1989
ACA PADDLE AMERICA CLUB
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The MOUNTAIN PADDLER

PADDLE REPORTS AND ARTICLES OF INTEREST
FOR OUR KAYAKING COMMUNITY

EDITOR'S NOTE

by Sue Hughes

Summer 2018 was full of good adventures, and a realization by many of us that if it's going to happen we need to get out there and do it now!

We'll remember that this winter as we stay in shape to continue boating, consider warm-water possibilities, and make plans for 2019.

We hope to see you at the pool after the first of the year, and at the Winter Party on January 26.

And, of course, be sure to send photos to share if you paddle someplace else before our Colorado season starts again this spring.

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The Geyser Field at Shoshone Lake

RMSKC DAY PADDLES AND MISCELLANEOUS OTHER FUN

LONETREE RESERVOIR, JULY 7

Account by Trip Leader Andy McKenna:

Four souls launched at 10:30AM. Four souls landed at 1:30PM. Fortunately for the trip leader, they were the same four souls: Marsha Dougherty, Jud Hurd, Ann Marie Odasz and Andy McKenna.

DISTANCE: Roughly 5.1 miles.

WATER: Clear and warm (almost bathtub range) in most of the lake. Weedy, but navigable in the SE and NW coves. Cool and silty with clay as we paddled up the inlet on the NW corner of the lake.

WEATHER: Clear skies, good air quality, temperatures in the mid to upper 90s, with occasional light breezes to cool us off.

INSECTS: Minimal flies and gnats. No one in the group even mentioned them.

FEES AND PARKING: Free and good. There were some shady spots available; most of our cars just started to get sun exposure as we took out.

POTTIES: Serviceable, but nearby gas-stations are preferable.

We moved easily as a group, Jud setting a perfect pace for a hot day. Conversation flowed and ebbed. We picked through a few weedy areas in the SW and NW, poked through flooded stands of cottonwoods on the east side, and paddled up the inlet. The cooler inlet water and ample shade made for a nice break from the main lake.

The typical local birds were seen, but in small numbers. A significant portion of the fish population was subjected to involuntary migration by the Colorado Parks and Wildlife Department last fall and in the spring, so maybe the feeding is not as good for big birds; maybe the increased development in the area is not as good for the small birds; maybe it was just too hot. Maybe I don't know much about birds. See: <https://www.coloradoan.com/story/news/2017/10/30/cpw-removing-fish-lonetree-reservoir-loss-property-nears/814324001/>

We spotted one large (~18"), carp-like fish in the eastern shallows, scurrying for deep water as we passed; some type of fry were haunting the weeds and lily pads in the weedy areas and flooded stands. Fishermen on the lake claimed little luck when asked. Maybe they were just enjoying the water time like we four paddlers.

Marsha and Ann Marie demonstrated a heel-hook rescue as part of their readiness for the upcoming Clayoquot Sound trip. Jud and I kibitzed. Thanks everyone for joining my first paddle as Trip Leader. You made the job easy.



Ann Marie, Jud and Marsha; photo by Andy

SECOND TUESDAY AFTER-WORK, NORTH

JULY 10: Eight paddlers played with edging and bracing, to learn how far they could edge their boats and get more comfortable on edge.

The participants were: Dave Hustvedt, Jim and Karen Dlouhy, Joy Farquhar, Sue Hughes, Phil Sidoff, Clark Strickland and Rich Webber.



JULY 10:
Dave and Phil doing an edging drill

AUGUST 14: Dave was paddling with RMSKC in British Columbia and Jim was out of town. Sue didn't get any RSVPs so she texted the only person who'd been interested to say the weather looked iffy and she was, again, driving a car without kayak racks and wouldn't be there.

At about 5:15 she was sorry, because everyone needs practicing paddling in the wind. But at 5:30 rain started blasting sideways from the north and east. In addition to the wild wind-driven rain, thunder was heard. The extreme weather let up quickly, but the pouring rain returned a little after 6:00. Paddling that evening would have put added meaning to "kayaking is a water sport".

SEPTEMBER 11: This evening's paddle fizzled out. Local leader Dave Hustvedt was busy and Longmont resident Sue Hughes was paddling the Green River.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Don't worry that our After-Work paddles were a low priority; we reported on several that were very well attended, both north and south, in the Early Summer edition of *The Mtn. Paddler*.

Later in the paddling season many people are gone on trips and severe afternoon weather is more common.

FOURTH TUESDAY AFTER-WORK, SOUTH

JULY 24: Brian Hunter showed up at Chatfield to lead the paddle but no one else did. That was fortunate because just at the scheduled launch time a violent thunderstorm hit, which was much worse than had been predicted. It caused serious flooding and lightning strikes less than a mile away. Brian's 22-mile drive home took two hours.

AUGUST 28: This evening's paddle was cancelled because both Brian Hunter and Clark Strickland were kayaking elsewhere.



SEPTEMBER 24: Jake Jacobs,
Greg Payne, Dave Christian and Clark Strickland



The evening sunlight shone
through Greg Payne's skin-on-frame boat

SEPTEMBER 25: Clark Strickland and Marsha Dougherty were joined by new members Dave Christian, Jake Jacobs and Greg Payne.

Greg brought two skin-on-frame kayaks that he has made.

**IMPROMPTU RESCUES PRACTICE, MCINTOSH LAKE
JULY 18:**



To get ready for their trip to Clayoquot Sound, Ann Marie Odasz and Marsha Dougherty practiced assisted reentry techniques, as the swimmer and as the rescue paddler, from both sides of their boats.

Marsha also walked them through a procedure she'd learned at Wayne Horodowich's clinic: two paddlers working on a kayak with one of them sitting on the helper's boat.



Marsha demonstrated several reentry options using a paddle float



Marsha, sitting on Ann Marie's boat;
Ann Marie ready to work on Marsha's empty yellow boat

*RMSKC Day Paddles and
Miscellaneous Other Fun
continues on the following page.*



Check out Rocky Mountain Sea Kayak Club's page on Facebook. It has four albums of favorite photos taken on club trips: *Paddling in Landlocked Colorado*, *RMSKC Beyond the Front Range*, *Instruction*, and *Camping from a Kayak*.

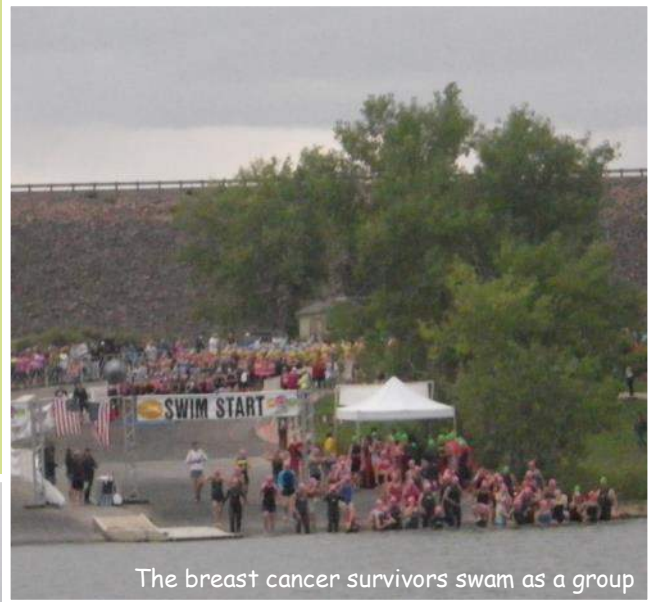
Here's a link to the page with the albums:

<https://www.facebook.com/pg/Rocky-Mountain-Sea-Kayak-Club-209978855873638/photos/?tab=albums>

**CHERRY CREEK RESERVOIR
TRI FOR THE CURE SWIMMER SUPPORT,
AUGUST 5:**

Julie Pfannenstein and Sue Hughes helped provide kayak support for the triathlon swimmers who were raising money for breast cancer research.

They put in near the Mountain Loop Parking Lot at 6:00AM and paddled across to the start line at the West Boat Ramp. It was a cool, cloudy morning, with some rain, but the weather made the organizers predict fast times.



The breast cancer survivors swam as a group



Julie in a cowboy hat in her yellow boat;
the people in green swim caps are helping the slower swimmers finish the race.

It was a well-orchestrated race, with women entering in ten groups with color-coordinated swim caps; the *Survivors* in hot pink got the loudest cheers.

When Julie and Sue arrived at 5:30, it seemed way too early to be fun, but they had a good morning, were offered post-paddle snacks, a classy "volunteer" t-shirt and a \$50 stipend for their help.

ANNUAL HORSETOOTH PADDLE AND FINE PATIO DINING

SEPTEMBER 29: Jud Hurd, the coordinator and host for this fun end-of-summer paddle and social afternoon cancelled the event due to health reasons. We're hoping he stays healthy and his wife shoots another a pig this spring so we can enjoy their hospitality in 2019.



Any sport carries with it risks, and it's for everyone to know those risks and decide whether they are prepared to accept them before undertaking the activity. Kayaking is no different; it can be dangerous if not done in a safe manner and should never be undertaken without proper training and experience, and the correct use of relevant safety equipment.

The Rocky Mountain Sea Kayaking Club cannot therefore accept responsibility for injuries or accidents which might occur as a result of articles, suggestions or images published in our publications or on our website.

WAYNE HORODOWICH'S CLASSES FOR RMSKC



JULY 15 AND JULY 22, 2018

Wayne Horodowich is the founder of the University of Sea Kayaking. He has been teaching sea kayaking since the mid 1980s and is the producer of the *In Depth* instructional video series on sea kayaking. After decades as Director of Outdoor Education at University of California, Santa Barbara, he is now located in the Pacific Northwest.

Matt Lutkus, one of our former instructors, met Wayne at a symposium in South Carolina. Matt knew we were looking for certified instructors and suggested Wayne contact us about offering classes in Colorado on his way across the country to his home in Washington State.

Wayne proposed a course he called *Staying Upright*. He wrote: "Traditional bracing classes focus on the slap brace, which is a one-shot attempt at staying upright. My clinic focuses on bracing techniques that give you more support and that are more reliable. We also work on developing techniques to give you support when paddling in rough water. In addition, skills for maneuvering against the wind are included."



Wayne did not have our usually good Colorado weather for either class. July 15th was totally overcast and cold, with a drizzle but no lightning.

In addition to bracing, the first class featured a boat-over-boat drill in deep water where the paddler clambers onto the deck of the rescuer's boat so the empty boat could be worked on.

The July 22nd class had sunny skies for the first half, but the afternoon was cut short by heavy rain and lightning.

That second class didn't get to the paddler-on-the-helper's-deck exercise but Wayne taught a newer paddler several assisted reentry methods. His directions were precise, and we were all impressed with how smooth he made the process. Participants that day also heard him talk about dealing with lightning while paddling, and his thoughts about carrying knives.



Marsha Dougherty said, "Wayne has a calm manner that combines with the experience he has to make him an excellent teacher. He leads his students along by adding one suggestion at a time. He has a motto, "Do it in a way that works best for you," that reflects in his teaching. He is willing to help troubleshoot or encourage each person as they practice."

Wayne is planning an around-the-USA teaching tour in 2019. If you missed these clinics, consider taking a class with him next summer. Watch the RMSKC schedule; we are hoping he'll be back in Colorado in June or July.

STAYING UPRIGHT CLINICS

FIRST SESSION: JULY 15

SECOND SESSION: JULY 22

The excitement generated from Wayne's first class convinced a couple of extra people to sign up at the last minute for the next one. They were all glad they did!

The participants in the first session were Jay Bailey, Marsha Dougherty, Brian Hunter, Clark Strickland, and Rich Webber.



FIRST SESSION: Brian, Marsha, Jay, Wayne and Rich; photo by Clark



SECOND SESSION: Gisselle and Chris Duval, Dan Bell, George Ottenhoff, Sue Hughes, Wayne Horodowich, Jacob Schor, Andy McKenna and Dan Downs; Rich Ferguson participated but is not pictured; photo by Von Fransen

Is "Sea Kayak Club" an oxymoron for a group from Colorado?

Is RMSKC just a bunch of pond paddlers?

Who cares? Kayak wherever you like.

But if you've wondered about the "SEA" part of RMSKC's name, check out the long list of places members have paddled in the ocean over the years. Look for it on page 15.

PLANS THAT CHANGED

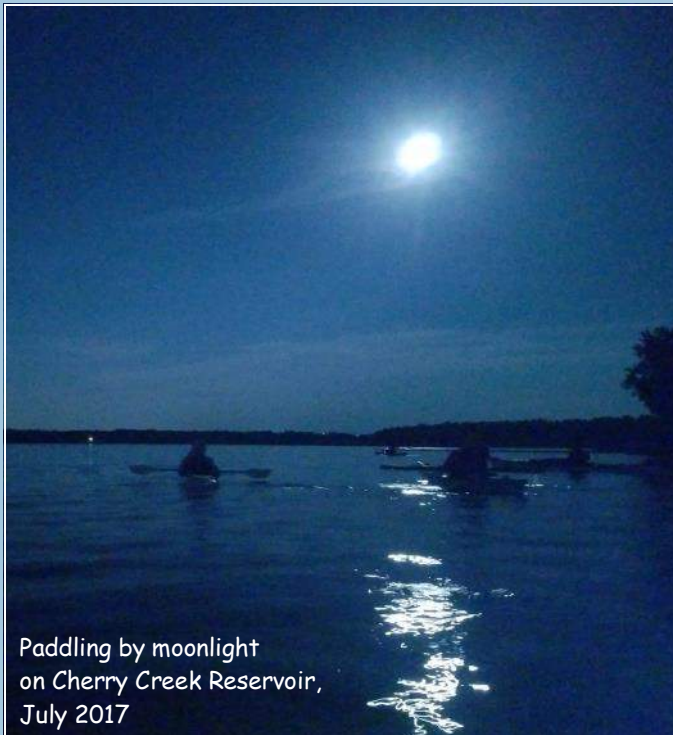
As the season progressed several things on the schedule got scrapped.



Clark and Brian checking out a kayak at the library

KAYAK CAMPING CLASS: The introductory session of 2018's *Kayak Camping Class* met on July 8th at the Eloise May Library in southern Denver. Julie Pfannenstien reported, "The clinic Brian gave was amazing; it included a PowerPoint presentation and demonstration. I really enjoyed seeing all of his equipment and what he carries on his kayak." However, the following two meetings, a practice Pack and Paddle and then a overnight camping trip, were not held; everyone seemed too busy.

Paddling to campsites in the outback is something many of us love, especially since our knees won't handle hiking and backpacking any more. If you think it's something you'd like, sign up for next year's class!



Paddling by moonlight
on Cherry Creek Reservoir,
July 2017

THREE MOUNTAIN LAKES PADDLE AND CAR CAMPING: Trip Leaders Anna Troth and Gregg Goodrich wrote an enticing account of their 2017 weekend in this western Colorado area. Their plans to repeat the trip in August, 2018, were derailed by aches and pains.

Hopefully, we'll have more free time and better luck in 2019.

JULY FULL MOON PADDLE: Sadly the weather didn't cooperate for this lovely evening on the water: it was windy and so cloudy that the moonlight couldn't have guided our way as it had in 2017.

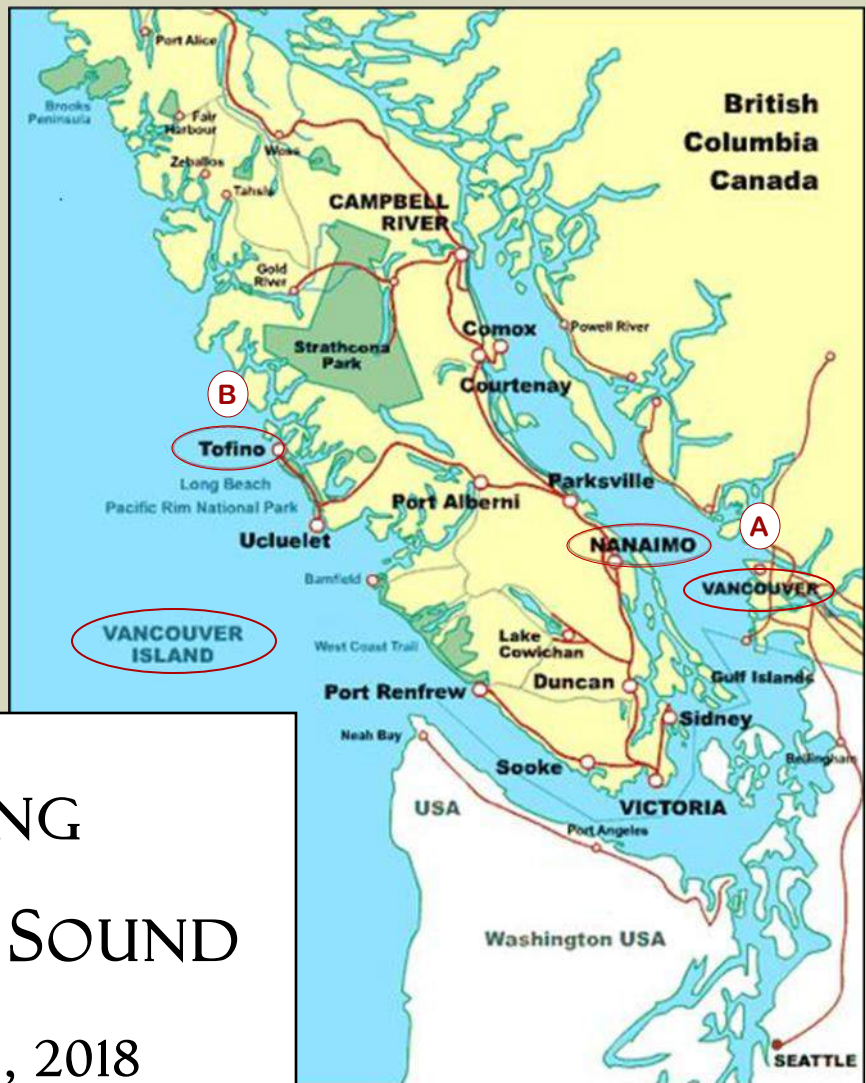


Camping near Granby, 2017

KAYAKING CLAYOQUOT SOUND

AUGUST 4–16, 2018

By Dave Hustvedt



Near the end of 2017 Jud Hurd and I began to search for a new kayaking destination for

our summer adventure. We had been to Glacier Bay in Alaska [2011 and 2012] and circumnavigated Annette Island south of Ketchikan [2016]. I had also traveled from Sitka to Seattle on a fishing trawler (ten days at six knots) and had had an ideal opportunity to look at the Canadian part of the inside passage. The east side of Vancouver Island did not look good for kayaking: extensive rock cliffs with few beaches and heavy boat traffic.

That led me to consider the west side of that big island. There are two bays, Barkley Sound and Clayoquot Sound, that provide well-documented paddling opportunities. I rejected Barkley: more exposure to the Pacific, more regulation by the Canadian government, and fewer large islands for navigating around. Clayoquot Sound has an excellent base of operations, Tofino, and several large islands that provide intricate and more protected kayaking opportunities.

Over the next few months I researched Clayoquot Sound [B on the map above] and ferry schedules to Vancouver Island. The best source for kayaking information is *Sea Kayak Barkley & Clayoquot Sounds* by Mary Ann Snowden [out of print and unavailable for less than \$225]. Tides in the bay are fairly moderate (12 feet) compared to Alaska, and the islands provide generally well-protected paddling routes with open ocean options, and excellent camping opportunities.

I found that the Paddlers' Inn in Tofino offers inexpensive rooms and made reservations. I also made reservations on the BC Ferry from Horseshoe Bay [A on the previous page], on the mainland north of the city of Vancouver, to Nanaimo on the east side of Vancouver Island.

Jud and I decided on a 13-day plan that provided for the travel to Tofino and seven days of paddling in the sound. As we usually do for these adventures, we put together a detailed description: tentative daily plans, experience requirements, weather and tides information, and safety concerns. The plan was to do the paddle in August to have relatively dry weather and a reasonable amount of daylight. We left Colorado on the 4th and returned on the 16th.

After months of planning and some pool practice to hone re-entry skills there were five kayakers on the trip: me, Jud, George Ottenhoff, Marsha Dougherty, and Ann Marie Odasz. Everybody except Ann Marie had been to at least one previous Alaska trip with RMSKC; she had extensive ocean paddling experience in Norway.

THE DAY-BY-DAY ACCOUNT



The Paddlers' Inn

In Tofino we took rooms at the Paddler's Inn, scouted out the launching site a few blocks away and found a long-term parking lot to keep the cars for a week.



Loading up at Tofino

AUGUST 4-5: We drove 1,400 miles from Colorado to Vancouver, British Columbia.

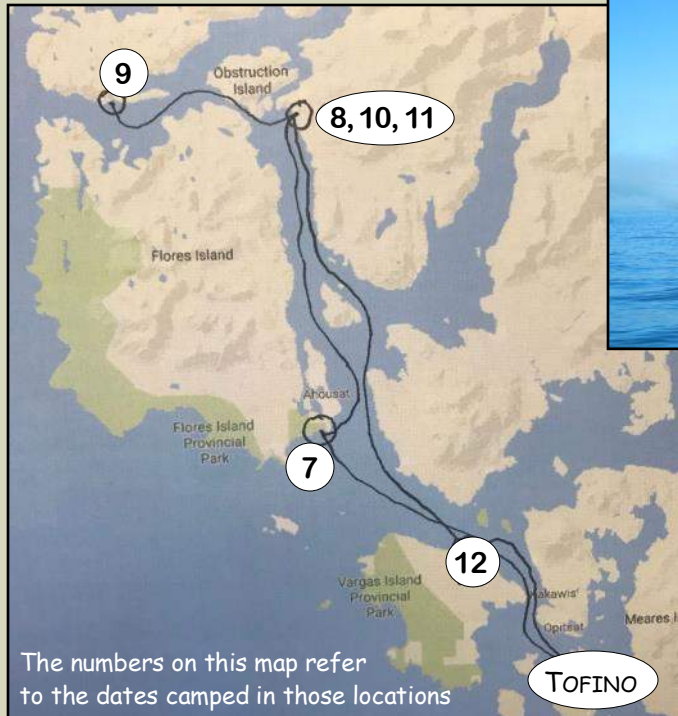
AUGUST 6: We took the ferry from Horseshoe Bay to Nanaimo. The spectacular drive across the island is 140 miles and takes about four hours. Not to be missed is Coombs Old Country Market on the road out of Nanaimo.



Goats on the roof of the Old Country Market in Coombs

AUGUST 7: We loaded the kayaks and launched at high tide. Unfortunately it was foggy with limited visibility. We navigated by GPS 12 miles to Whitesand Cove on Flores Island [7 on the map on the next page].

About two miles of the paddle were open to the ocean and we encountered swells that were often more than three feet high. Near the end of the paddle the fog lifted and we could visually navigate to the beach.



AUGUST 8: We paddled ten miles around the east side of Flores Island up the Millar Channel, passing McKay Island, to a comfortable camp at the mouth of Shark Creek [8]. A mother black bear and her cub visited our camp. The cub did not enjoy our company and stayed up a tree until his mother coaxed him down.

AUGUST 9: The plan for this day was to paddle to the northwest corner of Flores Island and camp on Crazy Eagle Beach on the west side of the island. We passed through the channel between Obstruction and Flores Islands with a tidal current pushing us along.



However once into Shelter Inlet (north of Flores Island) we ended up struggling against wind and current, making only 1-2 miles per hour. We had come eight miles and had perhaps three more to Crazy Eagle.

The group decided to find a campsite on the north shore of Shelter Inlet [9] and spend the night.



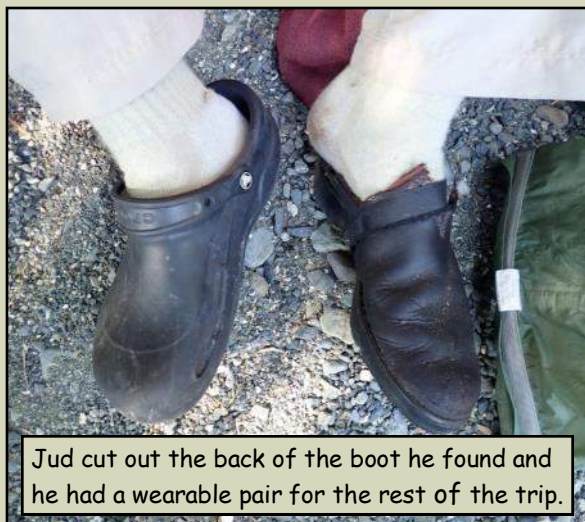
George, before the flood



Jud drying his things out

The beach was quite narrow but four of us found tolerable sites behind the large logs that had washed ashore. Based on previous Alaska experience I had found that usually sufficient to avoid high tides invading one's tent. Ann Marie found a site inside the forest.

But that night, as it turned out, was the highest tide of the week, and around midnight the water was lapping at the tents on the beach. Small logs were floating away. (That is why you always tie your kayak to the largest, most permanent log, or to a tree.) Jud had his tent flooded and lost his Crocs. Ann Marie, snug in her forest hideaway, slept through the whole soggy fiasco. The rest of us spent several hours pulling tents and gear away from the rising tide.



Jud cut out the back of the boot he found and he had a wearable pair for the rest of the trip.

AUGUST 10: After the night of horror, the morning dawned sunny and calm. We decided that after drying our tents we should head back to Shark Creek [10]. It did not seem that there would be enough time to paddle to the exposed west side of Flores Island and make it back to Tofino by August 13.

The six-mile paddle back to Shark Creek turned out to be interesting in two ways. First, Ann Marie found one of Jud's Crocs floating in the ocean about a mile from our campsite. She and Marsha searched diligently for the other shoe, but found nothing. However, Jud snagged someone else's boot floating past his kayak.

Second, there was a loss of consensus during the paddle back. Some of the group stayed near the shore to avoid the wind and some paddled directly across the bay into the wind and the waves. We had not agreed on a plan before paddling away. Later, in the wind, communication was difficult.

AUGUST 11: We spent a layover day in camp at Shark Creek—reading, visiting the waterfalls just upstream, or wandering along the shore. A large group of paddlers showed up and camped nearby.



Reading at low tide



Dave Hustvedt, trip leader and author, by the waterfall at Shark Creek

AUGUST 12: The day was cloudy and cool. We paddled 14 miles to a camp at Cable Beach on Vargas Island.

The beach was wide and pleasant with astounding views of the sunset.

There was also a very pleasant plastic throne tucked discreetly back in the woods.



Canadian style

AUGUST 13: This was a short paddle of six miles back to Tofino. The tides were running and we encountered some mildly challenging currents and whirls.

The final mile required us to dodge floatplanes and small cruise ships as we paddled through tidal currents.

The night in Tofino was spent again at the Paddler's Inn after an evening of feasting and merrymaking.



Cable Beach on Vargas Island



Banana slug





Jud, Ann Marie, Marsha,
George, and Dave back in Tofino

AUGUST 14-16: Another drive across Vancouver Island to the ferry at Nanaimo, then back to the states and home.

MARSHA'S COMMENTS: I thought Clayoquot Sound was a very interesting area and would definitely go again. The waterfall at Shark Creek was fantastic. I enjoyed looking at the marine life around the edges of Vargas Island, lots of crabs and starfish. Every place we went there were new and different things to appreciate and plenty to explore. I especially enjoyed the paddle from McKay Island to Vargas Island with the rock garden on the left and the view of the islands and Pacific on our right. What a beautiful day we had.

GEORGE'S COMMENTS: Several memories stand out for me. One is enjoying the fantastic beauty of the Pacific Coast from a kayak, without rain. Another is seeing that bear cub up in that tree just behind Marsha and Ann Marie's tents crying for mama bear, then climbing down to rejoin mama, and later seeing them across the creek heading into the woods. Another is having a day to relax and take time to wander around at low tide to see the wonderful intertidal marine life—crabs, sea stars, sea urchins, anemones, slugs, clams. Fascinating stuff. In retrospect, I am very pleased with our ability as a group to overcome some very challenging and difficult paddling conditions, and in the process gain confidence in our ability to handle such conditions. It was a good trip, Dave. Thanks very much for all your time and work in planning and organizing it. I appreciate it.

JUD'S COMMENT: There are risks in driving with Dave. You may have a heart attack. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Jud did suffer coronary issues on the way home and dropped out of the following Lewis and Shoshone trip to schedule a stress test, but ended up in the hospital having a double by-pass! Thankfully he is recovering and obeying orders from his cardiac care team.]

ANN MARIE'S COMMENTS: First, it was wonderful to be in my kayak on the ocean again. It was my first ocean kayaking since moving from Norway 18 years ago. I loved being on the wide open expanse of the ocean and enjoyed the marine wildlife and intertidal animals.

Another very cool experience was seeing how the mother black bear was so protective and was able to coerce her tiny black cub out of the tree at our campsite at Shark Creek. I had just put up my tent back in the deep dark heavily wooded forest and returned to the beach when George calmly emerged from the forest and announced there was a bear in a tree. I grabbed Dave's fog horn since I had no bear spray but, of course, Dave told me not to use it! The cute little cub was high up a skinny tree right above my tent spot. He made some amazing squeaking sounds as he was communicating with mamma bear. We all watched quietly, from a distance, as mamma and baby communicated. Baby bear slowly and methodically climbed down the tree and off they scampered into the woods. I have often been called a "mother bear" in relation to my children so this amazing and enjoyable episode gave me a much deeper understanding of how protective mother bears are in nature. "Mother Bear" is a compliment!

EDITOR'S NOTE: For a land-locked group, RMSCK members paddle in the ocean more often than you'd think. Read about some other saltwater adventures in past editions of *The Mountain Paddler* which you can find archived on our website by issue number:

- Dave and Lou Ann Hustvedt's trip to the upper East Arm of **Glacier Bay, Alaska** (2011): 19-2b
- Dave, Jud and others paddle in the lower portion of the East Arm of **Glacier Bay** (2012): 20-2b
- Jud leads a trip around **Annette Island, Alaska** (2016): 24-2b
- Bobbe Belmont paddles locations around **Vancouver Island** (2003): *Vancouver Island*
- Stan White in **Puget Sound** (solo, with his son, and with a local kayak group): 18-3b, 19-1b, 20-1b, 23-2b
- West Coast member Ted Wang describes learning about the ocean in the **PNW**: 17-2 and 23-2b
- Members paddle in the **San Juans** under Ted's guidance (2015): 23-2b
- Tidal currents strand a father and son in the **Pacific Northwest: British Columbia's Discovery Islands, 2001**
- Former President Larry Kline paddles in **Puget Sound** (2009): 17-3b
- Kristy and Rich Webber take lessons in the **San Juans** from BodyBoatBlade (2011): 19-1b
- Kathleen Ellis goes to **God's Pocket, British Columbia** (2010): 18-3b
- Our instructors tackle the rough stuff in **San Francisco Bay** with Roger Schumann (2010): 18-2b
- Sue Hughes takes lessons in the **Pacific Ocean** at the mouth of the Columbia River (2010): 18-3b
- Webbers enjoy paddling in **Baja** with Ginni Callahan: (2015, 2016): 24-1b
- Jay Gingrich and Jane Lewis go self-supported in **Baja** every winter: 20-1a, 21-1b and others
- Griselle and Chris Duval paddle near Puerto Peñasco, another section of **Baja** (2015): 23-1a
- Members visit and paddle with Instructor Matt Lutkus in **Maine** (2014): 23-1b
- **Maine Island Trail**: 2004
- RMSCK's Spring Trip to the **Gulf of Mexico** near Corpus Christi (2011): 19-1b
- Larry Kline debriefs issues on a trip to the **Gulf of Mexico** (2009): 16-3 and 17-1
- RMSCK's Winter Trip 2017 to **10,000 Islands, Everglades** National Park: 25-1b
- Reluctant paddler Carole Kline goes to the **Everglades** (2011): 19-1b
- Former members Barb Smith and Patty Lee paddle in **Florida**: (2003): *Florida II and Florida III*
- Paddling in the Atlantic near the barrier islands off **Georgia** (2002): *Cumberland Island*
- Winter 2017 trip to Cedar Point, **North Carolina**: 26-1b



LEWIS AND SHOSHONE LAKES, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

AUGUST, 2018

Originally there were a dozen participants for this trip, but over the months many dropped out. Then, within days of the departure, the trip leader was hospitalized for cardiac surgery!

SHOSHONE 2018: There were changes before they left and expectations that didn't match the realities they encountered, but people learned a lot, and have some great photos and good memories.

The following account was written by Richard Ferguson for his travel blog; Sue Hughes added details of special interest to RMSKC's kayaking readers.

Photo by Brian Hunter

We drove up Friday morning with some members overnighting in Lander and others in Riverton. The drive was very smoky from fires; we felt sad for the tourists who could hardly see the Tetons, but the Wind River range was beautiful.

The group (Chris Duval, Rich Ferguson, Tim Fletcher, Von Fransen, Sue Hughes, and trip leader Brian Hunter) met Saturday morning and headed to the backcountry office.



Group members visited during the lengthy boat inspection

Two rangers came out to inspect our boats in great detail, including vacuuming out the insides: none of us had seen such a persnickety inspection before.

Later, after confusing directions, we finally found the Lake House for dinner; most of the group put up tents that night at the Grant Campground.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26: We launched on Lewis Lake [A] perhaps later than we should have, because the winds quickly developed into a problem during that two or three mile crossing. Several people struggled with the gusts and waves on the lake. One was blown off course and got a short tow over to the meet-up point on the west side of the mouth of the Lewis River [B].

The river was deep enough for a mile or more of paddling upstream in gradually increasing current, and then shallowed out for another mile of walking against the current and pulling the boats to Shoshone Lake.

Towing the floating boats wasn't hard, but walking in knee-deep water was strenuous. A couple of members guided two boats each up the river so another could accompany a tired paddler taking the trail beside the bank.



At the mouth of the Lewis River



Regrouping paddler

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26, CONTINUED: After the slog upstream we regrouped in the grass on the banks of Shoshone Lake and then headed for the closest campsite [8Q9]. It was not the one we'd reserved but the weather was getting bad, some people were dead tired and there didn't seem to be anyone else around; the decision was made to just take our chances that the campsite would be empty. Luckily it was.

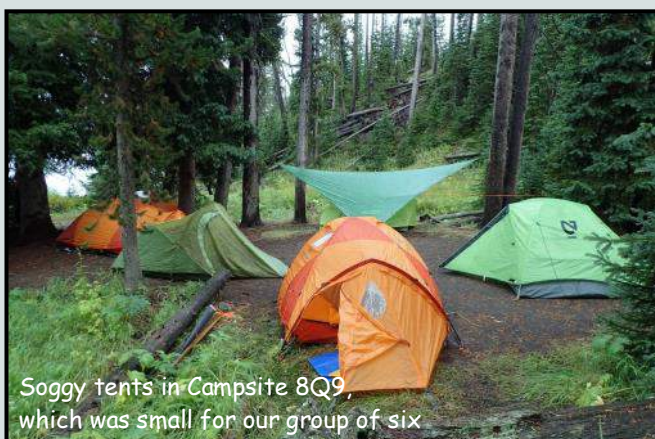
It rained off and on all night. Some of the rain was actually sleet; actually, a lot of the rain was actually sleet.



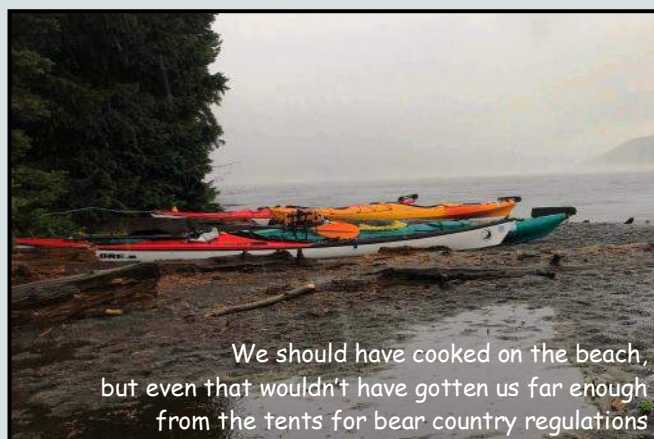
August
in Yellowstone

MONDAY, AUGUST 27: Given the cold and the steady drizzle, we decided to stay in camp for the day, rather than pack up in the rain and snow. We measured the midday air temperature as 44°. We hunkered down, told stories, napped and read.

It wasn't what we'd planned but we weren't soaked and life could have been worse. Several parties went past us going out, in canoes and kayaks, looking really, really miserable.



Soggy tents in Campsite 8Q9,
which was small for our group of six



We should have cooked on the beach,
but even that wouldn't have gotten us far enough
from the tents for bear country regulations



Happy campers Tim and Chris



Less happy campers

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28: It was cool and overcast; we were up at 6:30 and on the water by 9:30. We had light winds in the morning and clouds, but the sun came out later.

We paddled to Windy Point camp [8R1], an easy three miles. This was reserved as ours for the last two nights; we again decided to be casual about the reservations and commandeered it a day early.



Trip leader Brian Hunter
on the way to the Pocket Lake trailhead

To pass the time before unloading at 8R1, in case the site's rightful owners would appear, some of us paddled to the cove below Pocket Lake [D], going east and then north, to see if we could find the trailhead.



View of the mountains to the west
paddling back from the Pocket Lake trailhead

On the way home there were beautiful views of peaks that were now covered with snow. It was easy out, but those afternoon headwinds made it hard work coming back.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29: It was 33° when we woke up, with fog on the lake. After a leisurely breakfast we paddled as a group west to the Shoshone geyser basin, and as we did it turned sunny and pleasant.



Foggy morning view west
from our camp at Windy Point



Richard paddling toward the Geyser Basin



WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, CONTINUED: We watched several geysers go off repeatedly. What a wonderful experience to see a wild thermal area! We talked with a group of four backpackers who'd hiked in, but saw no one else all day. [We did not see any occupied campsites on this trip, no other hikers and very few paddlers.]



Chris, Rich, Sue, Tim and Von



We ate lunch and got back on the water before 1:00 PM. The afternoon winds were up again, with perhaps two-foot quartering waves.



Von in the following seas on the way back to camp



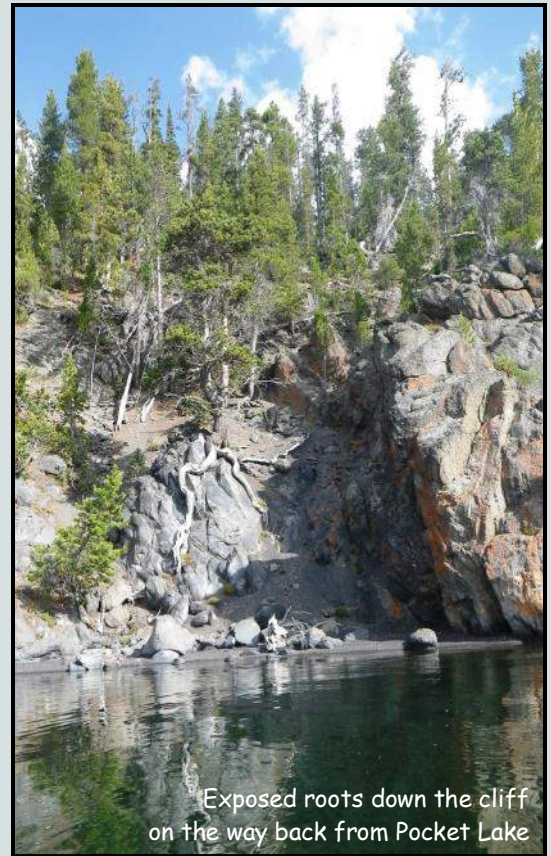
Shoshone Lake surf landing

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30: Two of the group remained in camp and four others decided to paddle back to the trail to Pocket Lake. It was a lovely walk through pine woods, but one of the four hadn't felt good in the morning, was slow on the paddle and really started dragging on the hike, so the group turned around before they got to the lake, and before they'd taken any photos of the trail through the sunny forest.

Back at the boats the ailing kayaker revived, but since they would be paddling against the same wicked wind they'd experienced every afternoon it was decided a tow on the return to camp was a prudent plan. Thankfully almost everyone on the trip had both regular tow belts and contact tows (which, thankfully again, were never needed).

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31: We got up at 6:00 and got on the water by 8:00, which was a record we were pleased with. We were blessed with a morning that was overcast and almost windless.

The paddle across Shoshone Lake was straightforward. The trip down the Lewis river was a blast: not any work at all except some stern rudders for steering. No wonder walking up the river was hard; there was quite a current to it. We only scraped a little.



Exposed roots down the cliff
on the way back from Pocket Lake



Looking back
toward the mouth of the Lewis River

We had worried about crossing Lewis Lake, since that had caused issues on the way in, but the wind was minimal. We got to the boat ramp about noon, with everyone paddling under their own power.

The week hadn't been "a walk in the park" but it was a learning experience for us all, and we'd had fun.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many thanks to Richard, who wrote the bones of this article, and to everyone on the trip who sent photos.

Richard's wife, Sandi Cardillo, drove up with him and had plans to spend the week exploring the park with *Yellowstone Forever*, a local group they support. Her account of what she did because she prefers not to camp is good reading. It starts on page 30.

There are also suggestions for inexpensive and easy camp meals developed by Rich on page 35.



Is this photo from 2013 why people were expecting
summer temperatures and a stroll up a shallow stream?

Downstream view from the saddle
at Bowknot Bend; see arrow on the map below

LABYRINTH CANYON

SEPTEMBER 2018

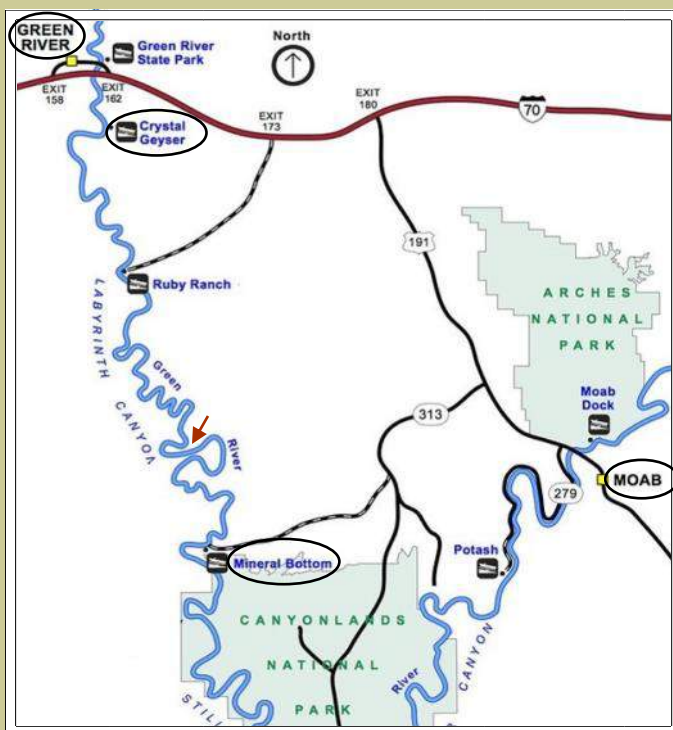
By Sue Hughes

EDITOR'S NOTE: The names of these places can be confusing; here's the scoop: The *Green River* to the west and the *Colorado* east of it meet southwest of Moab, just off this map, at *The Confluence*.

The upper portion of the Green runs through *Labyrinth Canyon*. People usually put in at *Crystal Geyser* south of the town of Green River. The take out is at *Mineral Bottom*, west of Moab.

The lower portion of the Green, often referred to as *Stillwater Canyon*, goes from Mineral Bottom to the Confluence. People paddling that section, or the Colorado River southwest of Moab, hire a jet boat to shuttle them back to town.

Labyrinth Canyon 2018 was the third of Tim Fletcher's wonderful river trips in Utah's Red Rocks country. We spent an extra day on the water, but the format was similar to the 2016 trip on the lower Green from Mineral Bottom to the Confluence [*Mountain Paddler* 24-2b] and 2017's paddle down the Colorado from Moab to the Confluence [*Mountain Paddler* 25-2b].



As before, Tex's Riverways in Moab ran our shuttle. They took us by van to the put-in at Crystal Geyser, south of the town of Green River, Utah. But instead of coming back upstream by jet boat, we were met at Mineral Bottom and driven to Moab. Going uphill, the winding road didn't seem as "third world" scary as going down it had in 2016, but the wrecked cars used as filler were easier to spot, and just as disconcerting.

DAY I, SEPTEMBER 9: We camped overnight in Moab and arrived at Tex's at 8:00. Most of us were old hands, and we'd all paid in advance, so loading everything onto the van and getting on the road didn't take long.

On the ride up to Crystal Geyser, Kenny, our loader and driver and the soon-to-be new owner of Tex's, suggested that the upper part of the river was the least interesting and that we should make as many miles as possible that first day.

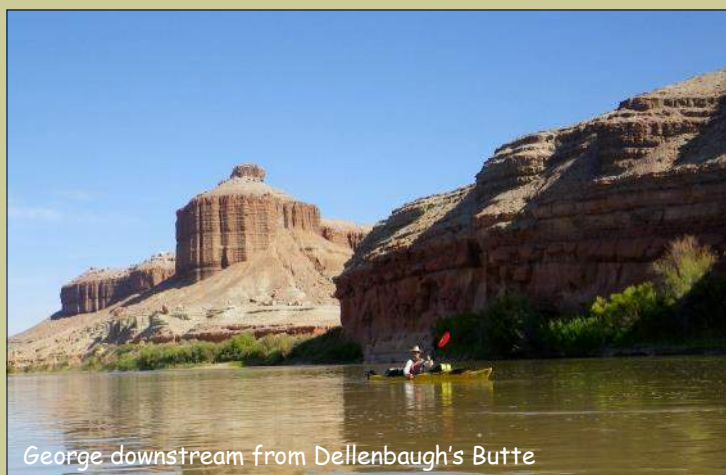


It seems slower packing the boat the first time back on the water, but we got going by 11:30 and made about 13 miles. The river was down, so we encountered more riffles than we ever had before, and all of us ran aground on a sandbar at least once.

We looked at a couple of possibilities before stopping at a very satisfactory large camp at river mile 101.9 by Dry Lake Wash. It had plenty of protected tent sites in the scrub, and a circle of cottonwood trees made a dining area.

Brian discovered a prehistoric piece of chert or quartz that had clearly been worked. We were sorry Anna Troth, our archeologist, wasn't with us to see it, but we left it where we found it, as you are supposed to.

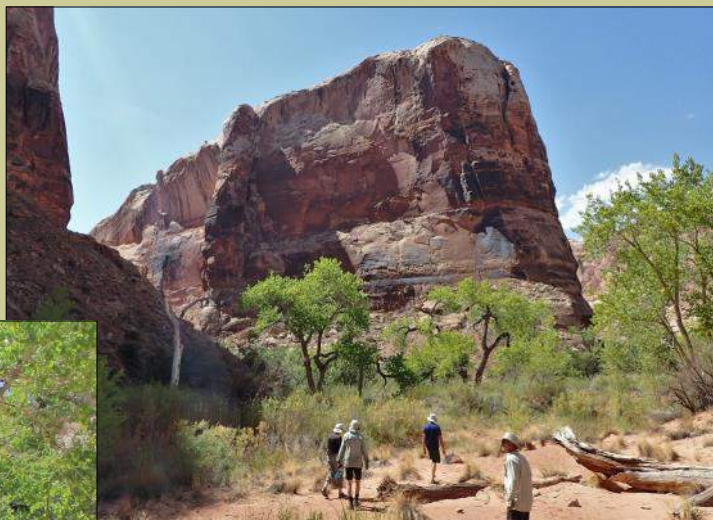
We also found, but did not leave behind, trash and lots of plastic Tiparillo stubs. We're proud that RMSKC paddlers always leave a campsite cleaner than we found it.



DAY II, SEPTEMBER 10: Early in the day we passed a distinctive formation that J. W. Powell named *Dellenbaugh's Butte*, in honor of the young artist on his 1871 trip. To Powell it looked like the bottles of ink the teenager carried for sketching the scenery. Other names used today are *The Anvil* and *The Inkwell*.



DAY II, SEPTEMBER 10, CONTINUED: We hiked in Three Canyon, just upstream from Trin-Alcove Bend but didn't look long enough to find the petroglyphs that the guidebook said were there.



A strangely misshapen cottonwood, perhaps caused by an early snow storm years ago?

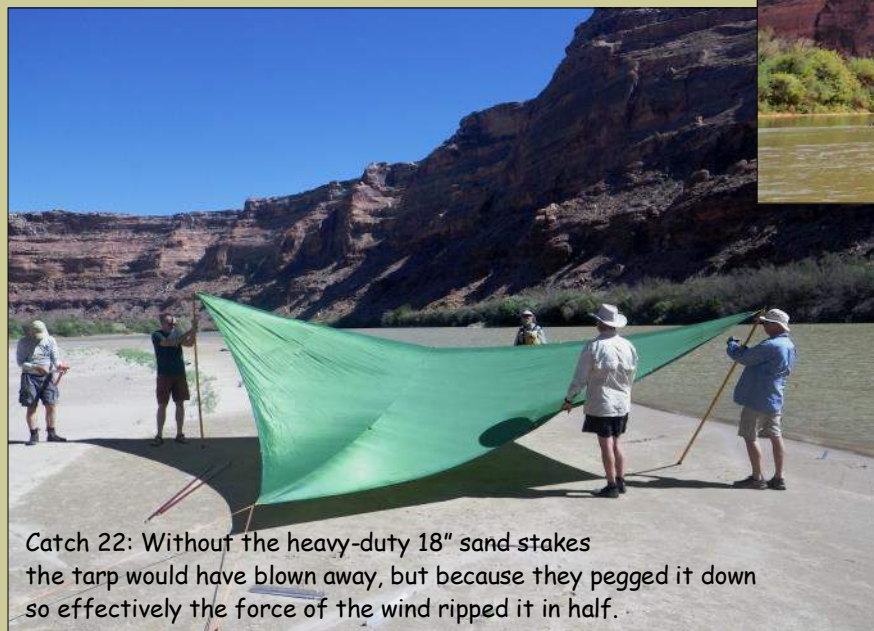
The night's camp, at about river mile 84, was on a large sandbar. It gave us lots of room but the winds that came up after dark were awful.

The howling, the flapping of rain flies and the sand blowing in kept people awake and on edge. It's a rare wind on the river which starts that late in the evening and lasts that long, but it made us all leery of staying on any more sandbars.

DAY III, SEPTEMBER 11: No more sandbars? Sorry, campsites are hard to find this time of year; most of the ones marked on the map were labeled "high water" and required hauling gear and boats up a steep bank through scrub and brush.



High cliffs on Day Three



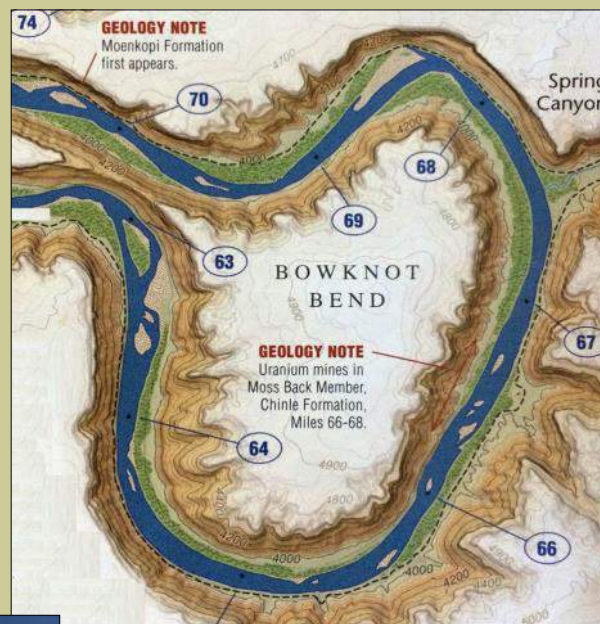
Catch 22: Without the heavy-duty 18" sand stakes the tarp would have blown away, but because they pegged it down so effectively the force of the wind ripped it in half.

We stopped at river mile 73.5, a large island of sand opposite the *Launch Marguerite 1909* inscription: very cool, but no one took a photo of it.

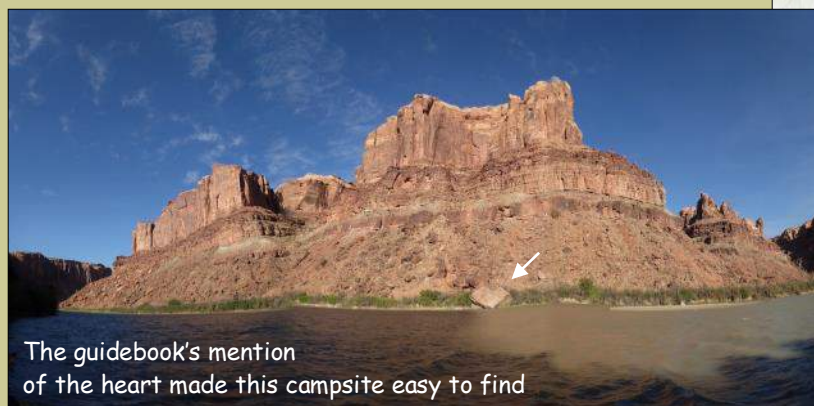
That sandbar had fierce afternoon gusts that shredded our large sun tarp almost as soon as it was up, but by evening they'd died down and we had a peaceful night.



DAY IV, SEPTEMBER 12: About midmorning we stopped at river mile 70. After some poking around we found the trail to the top of the saddle where the upstream and downstream portions of the river come closest to each other at Bowknot Bend.



At the top we could see for miles to the west, both back upstream and downstream, to a sandbar with greenery at one end that looked especially pristine. The trail had been improved by unknown hard workers and was a relatively protected and easy climb.



After passing several nice campsites which were already taken, and some hard paddling against the wind, we camped at river mile 66.5, opposite a large heart-shaped rock.

There wasn't much room to unload the boats, and it had a steep climb up to the flat area, but we were tucked back in shady scrub oak trees without blowing sand to worry about.

A young man paddling some sort of blow-up craft joined the group for conversation and camped just a bit down from our tents.

He woke us up after dark with loud clapping to chase off a "snout-nosed" invader which had scared him. We all smelled skunk about that time and were more worried about him scaring that visitor!



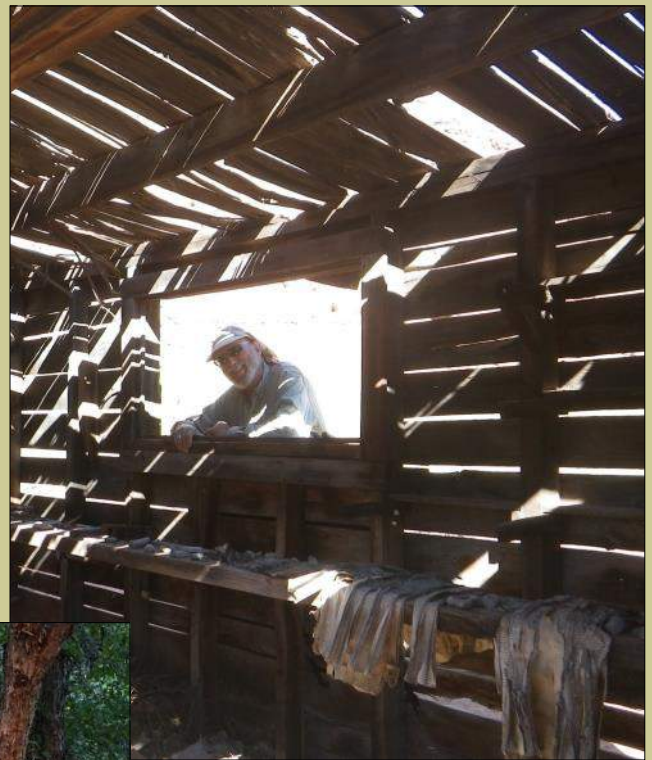


DAY V, SEPTEMBER 13:

We spent another night at river mile 66.5 in the

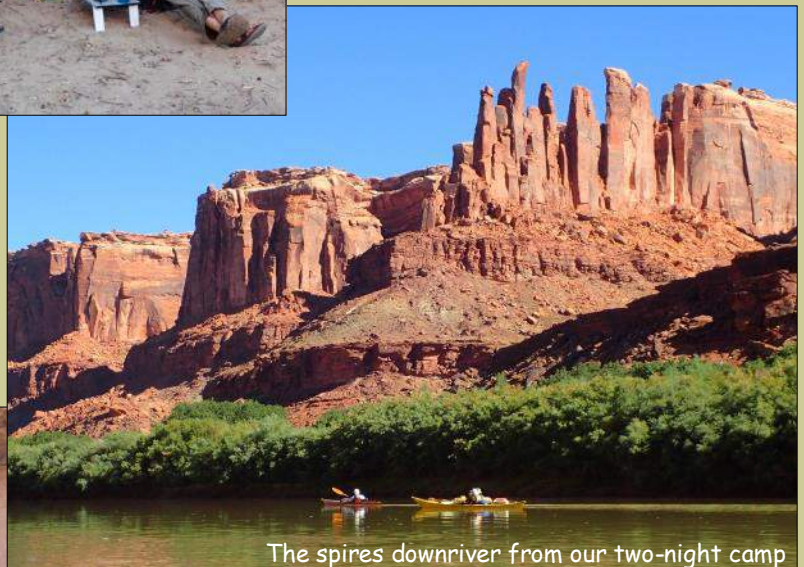
oak trees. During the day we hiked up to two abandoned uranium mines.

They were sealed shut but some of the miners' cabins and old machinery was still around. It looked like those fellows had cleared out in a hurry.

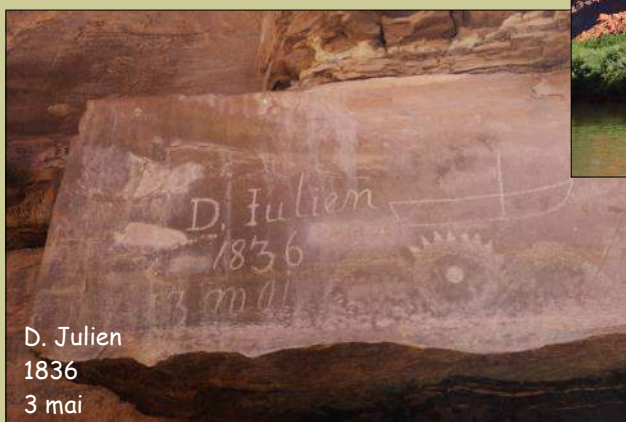


George, Dick, Sue, Ann Marie and Clark;
we camped two nights here in the shade

DAY VI, SEPTEMBER 14: We stopped at the island we'd seen from the ridge [on the left of the photo on page 22]. Up close it was just an average sandbar but we did find a beaver slide and more evidence of beaver activity than we'd seen before.



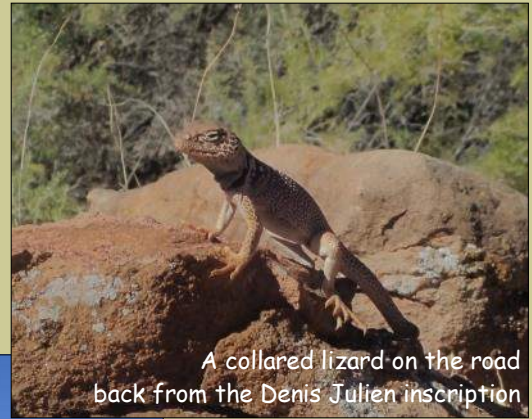
The spires downriver from our two-night camp



D. Julien
1836
3 mai

In the early afternoon we stopped again, at Hell Roaring Canyon (about river mile 55) to walk up a jeep road to find one of Denis Julien's signatures. We were amazed to learn that the dates on the trapper's different inscriptions along the river make historians think he was traveling upstream, in May, when the water runs its fastest!

DAY VI, SEPTEMBER 14, CONTINUED: We paddled 14 miles, a longer day than we'd realized. We found a sandbar within two miles of Mineral Bottom where we'd be taking out in the morning, and set up camp for the last night.



A collared lizard on the road back from the Denis Julien inscription



Unpacking on Day Six

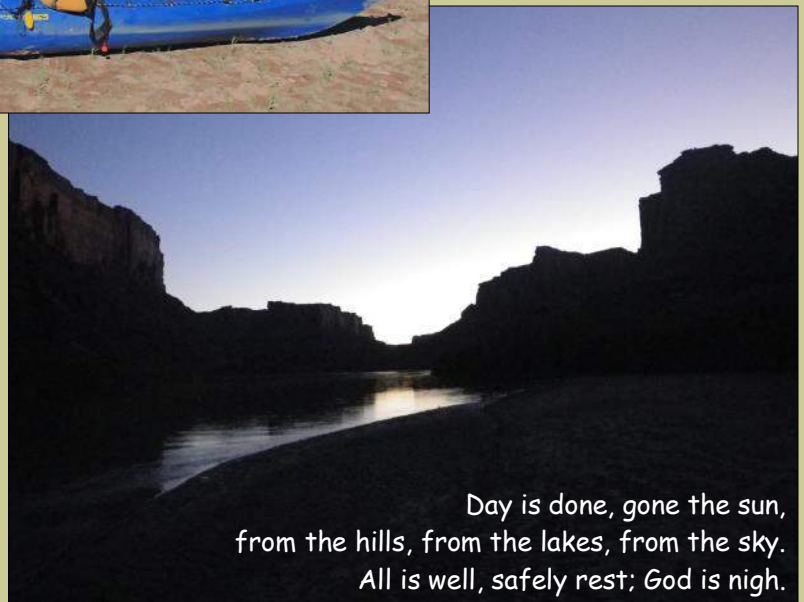
DAY VII, SEPTEMBER 15: We reached the take-out with plenty of time to clean our boats and organize our gear into duffels and IKEA bags for the shuttle back to Moab.

While we waited for the van we visited with the other groups coming off the water—there were several sets of younger guys on high school reunion adventures—and watched the people putting in.

We arrived at Milt's for burgers and malts, an end-of-trip tradition, and found we were in line behind an entire soccer team. But we got to our motel in Fruita with plenty of time to clean up for dinner and everyone made it safely back to the Denver area the next day. It was another wonderful trip in red rocks country.

A tent went rolling end over end before the required sand stakes were pounded in, but the wind wasn't a problem for long.

Everyone swam and cleaned up, enjoying the sandy instead of muddy bottom we found on that stretch of river.



Day is done, gone the sun,
from the hills, from the lakes, from the sky.
All is well, safely rest; God is nigh.

SAVE THE DATE! 2019 WINTER POTLUCK AND MEETING

- Saturday, January 26th from 2:00 to 5:00
- Fellowship Hall, Atonement Lutheran Church in Lakewood

Lake Powell, South out of Bullfrog

Early October, 2018

By Anne Fiore



Gary Cage and I were planning to do some exploring south of the Bullfrog marina. The weather was not great so we ended up delaying our start by a day, putting in on Monday instead of Sunday and coming back Friday, a day early.

We launched and only paddled in about three hours. We stopped just short of Lake Canyon at about Mile 89. There's nice camping in that area, and we stayed there four nights. I was fighting a cold so I stayed in camp while Gary did two exploratory days on his own.

The first day (Tuesday) he paddled Lake Canyon. Then he went down the main channel for about an hour or so. He didn't find any other camping between our spot and his turn around. Gary reports, "Lake Canyon was very nice to paddle up; it was a good side trip."

The second day (Wednesday) he headed down lake for about two and a half hours and turned around a bit past Annie's Canyon, at about Mile 81. He found some nice spots which would be a good base camp for a couple of days of exploring Annie's and Iceberg Canyon. [People on RMSKC's *Powell Houseboat II* explored Iceberg Canyon in September of 2010; read about it in issue 18-3b.]



Campsite at Mile 89



No rainbows without some rain

It rained most of Wednesday night and Thursday, so no paddling that day; Friday was pleasant for the paddle out.



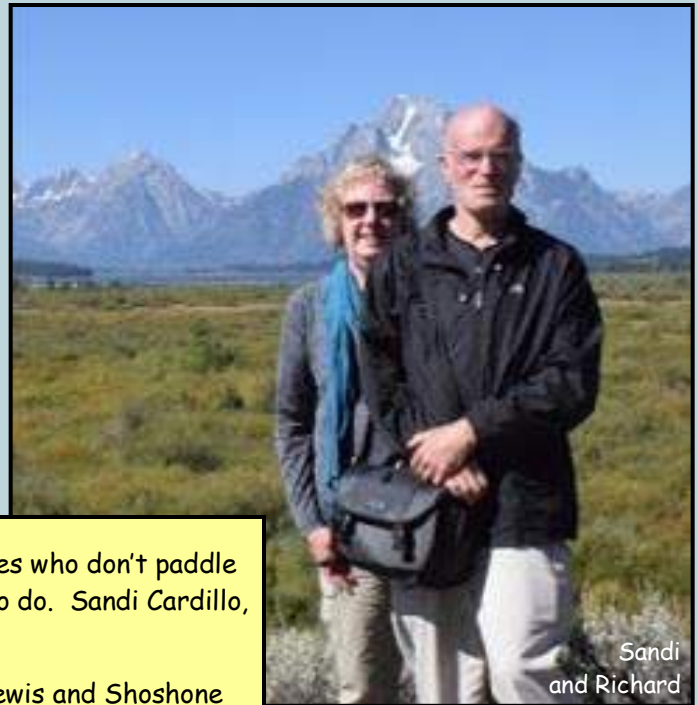
Copyright
photos by Anne Fiore

SAVE THE DATE FOR PADDLEFEST, 2019

- Saturday, June 15 from 10:00AM
- Roxborough Cove at Chatfield Reservoir, or someplace else, depending on the renovations

A NON-KAYAKER'S ADVENTURES IN YELLOWSTONE

By Sandi Cardillo



Sandi
and Richard

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many RMSKC members have spouses who don't paddle and who've done all the camping they'll ever want to do. Sandi Cardillo, Richard Ferguson's wife, is one of them.

Here's her account of joining Rich on the trip to Lewis and Shoshone Lakes, but finding another adventure that fit her "four walls and hot running water" preferences. That said, she's a huge fan of wild, off-the-grid places with no cellphones or TV channels. Like paddling members, she knows places with wind through the trees and wildlife are food for the soul in a world that sometimes feels way too wired.

You'll enjoy it all: her non-paddler's account of the chaos of boat loading at the put-in, what she learned about the park, and the wildlife she saw.

Richard told me he was joining a group from RMSKC for a trip to Lewis and Shoshone Lakes in Yellowstone National Park. I wanted to come along, and looked for something to entertain myself for a week in the Park.

We are members of *Yellowstone Forever* and, as luck would have it, they were offering one of the last of their summer classes at the same time as the RMSKC trip. Perfect: hubby could paddle and I could spend time outdoors, feed my inner lifelong learner, and sleep on a mattress complete with pillows and a blanket.

Sunday dawned and the kayakers gathered to launch at the Lewis Lake boat ramp. Because Yellowstone likes to keep 'ya guessing, the weather went from rain to sun to rain and back to sun within a half hour. The group took it all in stride; I said a silent "thank you" to the hotel gods that I would be returning for a hot shower to start my day of exploring nearby Yellowstone Lake.

To my uneducated eye, watching six people prepare their boats for a weeklong camping trip was an exercise in military-like precision meets "It all fit when I tested it in the back yard" boat-stuffing techniques. I watched as a myriad of colored bags and bottles went into long, skinny boats that seemed too small to hold anything near what humans might need for a week in the wild. Miraculously, it all fit. We said our good-byes and "be safes" and six boats headed off for the far side of Lewis Lake. For a non-paddler, it was a most impressive sight.

The rain arrived in earnest on Monday. As oft happens in the mountains, we were treated to a lovely snow, sleet, heavy rains kind of day. I explored the area around Yellowstone Lake, watching the waves whip the shore and worried about the hardy crew in their boats and tents. I was relieved when the "We are OK on Shoshone Lake" satellite message came through from Brian Hunter. Monday evening I met my own band of merry travelers and received our schedule; we agreed to head out at 7:00 the next morning.

The weather gods completely redeemed themselves Tuesday morning. The day dawned fresh and clear, an absolutely perfect fall mountain day. We headed out to explore the geothermal features of the park, the original reason the park was set aside in the western wilderness.

Mud flats, geysers, fumaroles, and boiling springs are all part of the geyser basin that forms the southwest corner of the park. I have never been much for geology but the sight of steam rising over bubbling pools while elk graze nearby at West Thumb was simply breathtaking.



We lunched beside the Little Firehole River and listened to the gurgle of the Fountain Paint Pots. We climbed a trail to get an aerial view of the Grand Prismatic Spring and watched the colors dance through the steam. Our geo-tour concluded with a visit to Old Faithful. She was right on time and blissfully bubbly.

Tired, but happy, we returned for dinner at the historic Lake Hotel. Sunset over the lake, reflecting the snow on the peaks of the Absaroka mountains finished our day.



Wednesday was Find Your Local Critter Day. A spectacular sunrise, complete with positively ethereal fog/steam/mist over the Yellowstone River, provided the backdrop for a pair of sand hill cranes, a peregrine falcon, a bald eagle and the resident bison to say good morning in the Hayden Valley. With the mist clearing, we proceeded up and over the Dunraven Pass to the historic Lamar Valley.



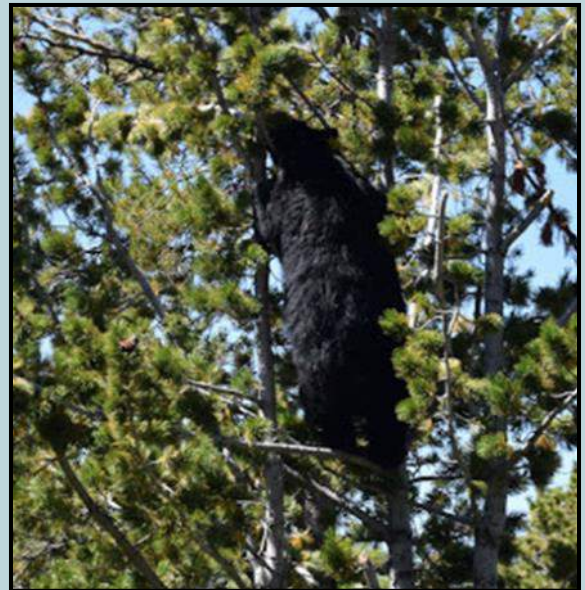
The Lamar stretches for miles and is considered the Serengeti of North America. It is where the wolves were reintroduced in 1995. The Lamar River runs through this stunning place, home to bison and more bison, grazing pronghorns, a coyote chasing something in the marsh, and any number of cranes, cowbirds, geese, ravens and crows.

Our guide explained that we were not likely to see any wolves as they were enjoying a rich summer of feasting in the high country; good rains and good grass meant good elk and no need to hunt near the river. We turned around near Pebble Creek trail and found two mountain

goats romping on what looked to be an almost vertical cliff high off the valley floor: bright and white hanging from the cliff, and easy to spot with our scopes.

But...Old Man Yellowstone was not done with us. Climbing back over the pass, we came upon a Yellowstone traffic jam, but no bison in sight. Cameras ready, our guide maneuvered the bus to the side of the road. There we were treated to a full-size black bear hanging in a tree at our eye level; there was a significant drop off on the other side of the rail.

Taking advantage of my front row seat, I asked our guide if he would open the doors for a better shot. He complied, as long as I promised to stay in the bus. No worries: close bear and sheer cliffs...I got it. Not one to miss the chance to impress, our bear stretched himself out and climbed almost to the top of the tree. Thank you, sir, that was awesome. Tired, a little sunburned but very happy with our day of animal watching we returned to our cottages.



Mt. Stevenson in the distance

Thursday was Yellowstone Lake Day. We hopped aboard several fishing boats at the Bridge Bay marina and took off for the eastern coast of the lake. The morning lake was smooth and calm as we motored toward the fumaroles dotting the coast line and a spectacular view of Mt. Stevenson in the Absaroka Range.

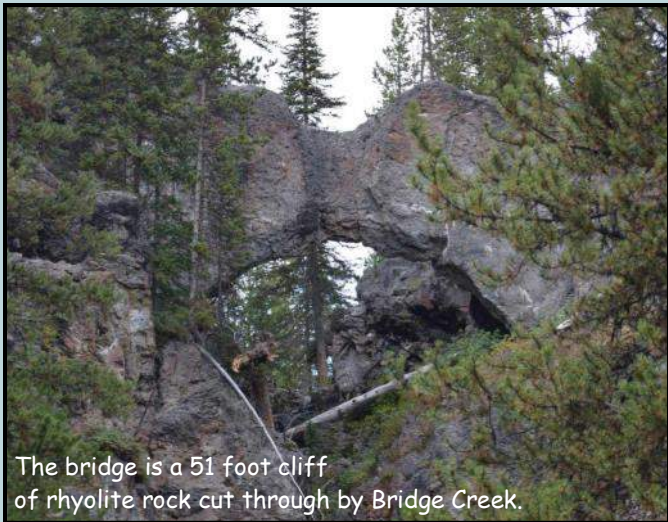
We did a float by of the southeast arm of the

lake, which is non-motorized only, then headed for Frank Island in the southcentral portion of the lake.

Along the way, we heard a history lesson of some of the early entrepreneurs (scoundrels) on the lake; artifacts of a burned boat remain near a far shore.



Boat remains, Yellowstone Lake

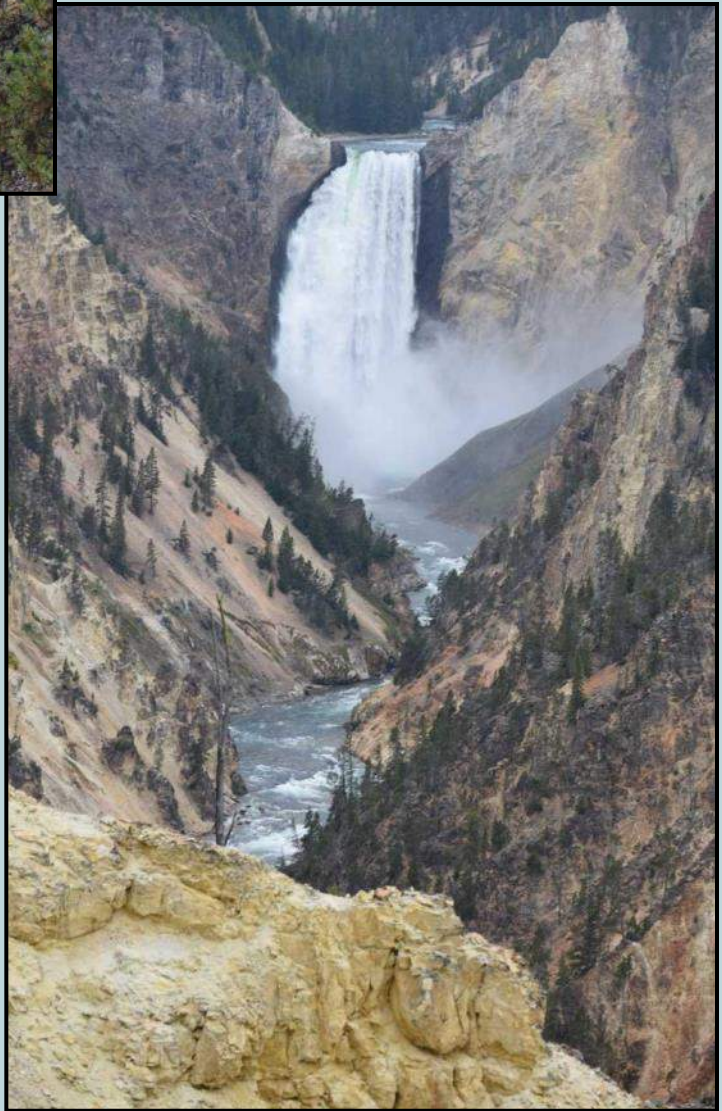


The bridge is a 51 foot cliff of rhyolite rock cut through by Bridge Creek.

We finished our wonderful week with a tour of the Yellowstone Falls area. Standing at the platforms near the upper falls and lower falls area one can hear the roar and feel the energy of the water. And the stark beauty of the canyon walls is simply breathtaking. We learned of Artist's Point and Thomas Moran's painting that convinced Congress that some places are worth saving.

There were more animals on Friday. Our day started on a overlook near the Haydn Valley with the sounds of wolves calling to each other across the road. The fog kept us from sighting the pack, but hearing a pack of wolves howl is something very special.

Friday afternoon on the way back to our hotel, we were astonished to see an adult male grizzly feeding along the river. Quite a crowd had gathered to watch; a ranger was actively managing the scene and doing her best to control the crowd and the traffic. Now I understand why bear spray is a required accessory on a hike in Yellowstone: that was one big bear!



Lunch and hiking on Frank Island, which allows only day visits, then a hustle back to the boats before the wind got too strong. Lesson learned: three foot waves make for an interesting ride. Our pilot, Anna, was a pro and calmly guided us through the waves while telling me stories of kayakers she'd rescued in her time in the park. We docked safely, settled our "sea legs" and ended the day with a hike to the Natural Bridge.



Back at the put-in: Von, Tim, Richard, Sue, Brian, and Chris

Richard and the others docked at Lewis Lake around noon on Friday. I raced to meet him and found a cold but happy human glad to see me. We returned to the hotel for an early dinner, hot running water and a warm soft bed.

Morning dawned. We agreed it had been a great week in Yellowstone and turned the car to home. Life is good.

PADDLING WITH OUR FAMILIES



Jacob, age 7 and Lucas, age 9

Jud and his wife Gail took two of their grandsons to Boedecker Lake in Loveland this summer.

Jacob ran out of energy on the paddle back and got a tow from Grandma Gail in her new rowboat.



Jacob and Gail Hurd



Anna Hughes, in Sue's old Orca, at Union Reservoir



Julie Pfannenstien with Archie, who also likes to bike and hike with her

EASY CAMPING FOOD FROM THE SUPERMARKET

By Richard Ferguson

I use a combination of two elements, a carbohydrate and a protein, which can be found at any supermarket. The carbohydrates are a variety of pasta, mashed potatoes, or couscous. The protein is tuna or chicken, usually in a foil packet but sometimes I use small cans of chicken.



A ziploc with two packets makes a quick meal; this is Buffalo Chicken with Chicken Pasta Florentine

THE ADVANTAGES OF THESE MEALS:

- The components are easy to find at any store, and the busy supermarket turnover means they're fresh.
- The meals are tasty, and not too salty, and there's lots of variety. You can mix and match flavors.
- They are mostly dehydrated, so they're lightweight, usually about seven ounces.
- Almost all the components come in envelopes, so they're compact; each meal fits into a quart ziplock.
- These meals cook in less than ten minutes.
- At about \$2.50 per meal they're less expensive than the commercial dinners marketed for backpacking.

THE ONLY DRAWBACK? You do need to clean the pot afterwards, unlike most freeze-dried meals.

SAMPLE MENUS FROM A RECENT TRIP:

Day 1: Chicken flavor, Knorr Pasta Sides + Hot Buffalo Style Tuna Creations from StarKist

Day 2: Alfredo flavor, Knorr Pasta Sides + Zesty Lemon Pepper Chicken Creations from StarKist

Day 3: Buttery Homestyle, Idahoan Mashed Potatoes + Sweet and Spicy Tuna from Kroger

Day 4: Butter flavor, Knorr Pasta Sides + Hot Buffalo Style Chicken Creations from StarKist

Day 5: Alfredo flavor, Knorr Pasta Sides + Zesty Lemon Pepper Chicken Creations from StarKist

PORTION INFORMATION: The combination of these two components makes meals that are about right for one person. They contain around 300 calories. For comparison, a typical Mountain House freeze-dried dinner, labeled to serve two (not enough for two; too much for one) contains about 400 calories.

MORE SPECIFICS: The pasta envelope may call for $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk, but they still taste good with two cups of water, or you can add some dried whole milk made by Nido, which is available in the baking aisle of the supermarket. The carbohydrate packets I use are often by Knorr, but Lipton also has good pasta sides. Garlic Couscous is another tasty option, but it will need to be repackaged from its box.

Members, please remember that we should all have a laminated Emergency Information Card in our PFD pocket when we're on the water. Use this template to create yours.

Also, boats need to have an orange Coast Guard label with our contact information. Even when filled in with waterproof marker, the writing stays on longer if you protect it with a spray of clear lacquer before you stick it in your cockpit. The second "phone" line should have your address instead of another number.



EMERGENCY INFORMATION CARD

Name:

Address:

Emergency Contact:

Contact's phone:

Relation of Contact:

Medical Insurance:

Prescribed Medications (name, dosage, frequency):

•
•
•

Medical Alert Conditions:

Medication Allergies:

Food Allergies:

Other Information:

STARTING TIME: "Starting time" means the time that everyone in the group will be *in the water ready to paddle*. Be sure to arrive early enough to have your boat off the car, loaded and ready to go by that time.

DAY PADDLES: Non-member guests may paddle with the Club on day paddles if they sign an American Canoe Association *Waiver and Release of Liability* form and pay the \$5 ACA event fee. ACA members may join RMSKC day trips if they provide a current ACA card; they must also sign a paper waiver naming RMSKC at the put-in, but do not have to pay the event fee.



MULTI-DAY PADDLES: According to RMSKC policy, overnight and extended trips are open only to club members; additional criteria for members' participation may be included in the trip description at the discretion of the trip leader.

- AAA INFLATABLES (dry gear, clothing, PFDs)
3264 Larimer Street, Denver
303-296-2444

- CONFLUENCE KAYAKS
2301 7th Street, Denver
303-433-3676



- GOLDEN RIVER SPORTS
806 Washington Avenue, Golden
303-215-9386

- SEA KAYAK BAJA MEXICO
www.seakayakbajamexico.com

- COLUMBIA RIVER KAYAKING
Skamokawa, WA, an hour from Astoria, Oregon
www.columbiariverkayaking.com

- SUBURBAN TOPPERS - discounts for members on all products: Yakima, Thule, Rhino-Rack, caps, etc.
5795 E Colfax Avenue, Denver
303-320-8677



- UNIVERSITY OF SEA KAYAKING - discounts for classes offered through RMSCK
Wayne Horodowich
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