

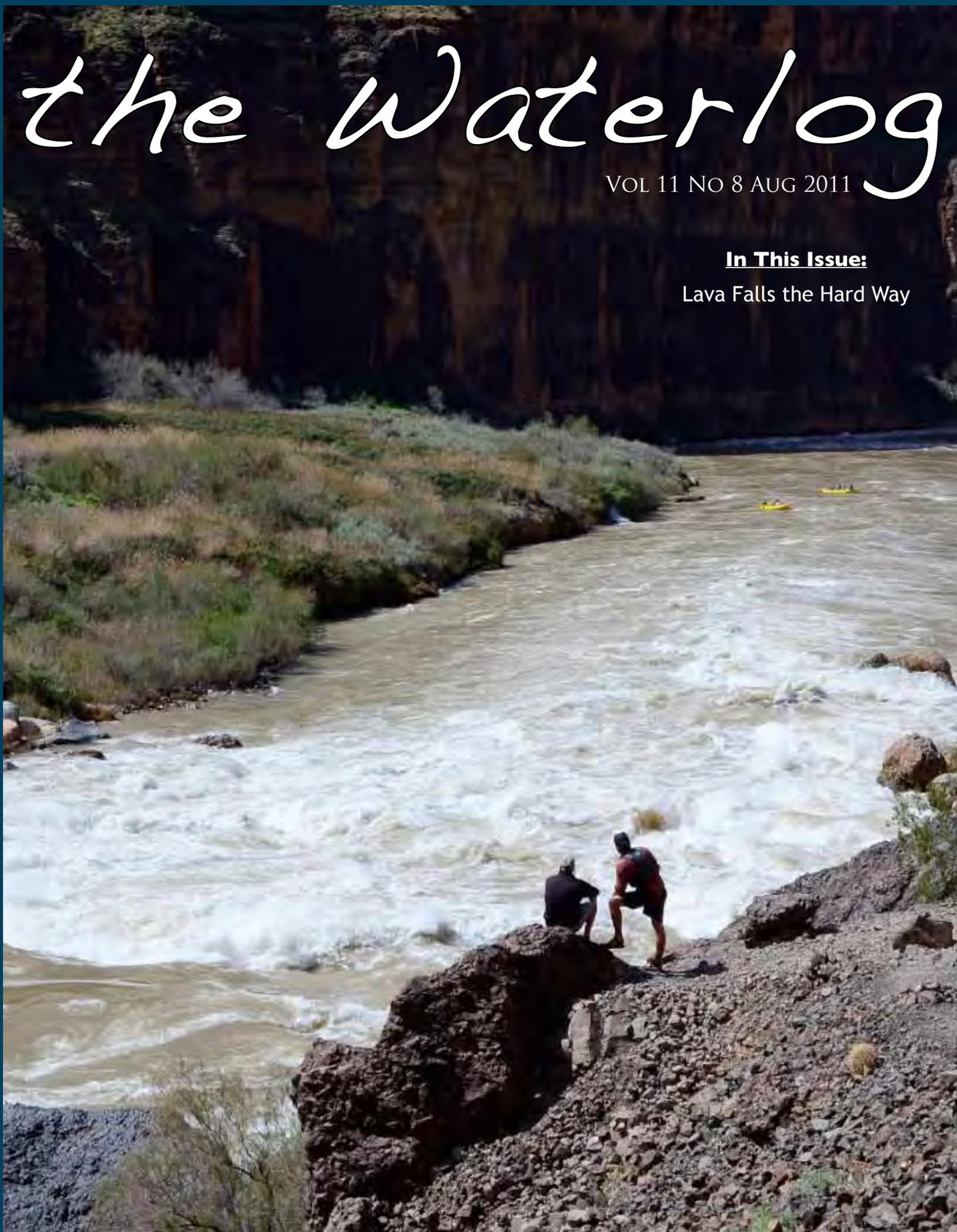
THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF WASHINGTON RECREATIONAL RIVER RUNNERS

the Waterlog

VOL 11 NO 8 AUG 2011

In This Issue:

Lava Falls the Hard Way



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I hereby state that I wish to participate in courses and/or activities offered by Washington Recreational River Runners Association (WRRR) a non-profit corporation. I recognize that any outdoor or aquatic activity may involve certain dangers including, but not limited to, the hazards of traveling by boat on rivers or other bodies of water, accidents, or illnesses in remote places or occurring during portages, forces of nature, and the actions of participants and other persons. I further understand and agree that without some program providing protection of its assets and its leaders, officers, and members, WRRR would not be able to offer its courses and activities.

In consideration of and as part of my payment for the right to participate in the activities offered by WRRR, I hereby release WRRR and its leaders, officers, and members from any and all liability, claims and courses of action arising out of or in any way connected with my participation in any activities offered by WRRR. I personally assume all risks in connection with these activities, and further agree to indemnify WRRR and its leaders, officers, and members from all liability, claims, and courses of action which I may have arising from my participation in activities including, but not limited to those involving death, drowning, personal injury, and property damage. The terms of this agreement shall serve as a release and indemnity agreement for my heirs, assigns, personal representatives, and for all members of my family including any minors. [Parent or legal guardian must sign for all persons under eighteen (18) years of age.] This agreement is effective as of the date signed, and has no termination date. I have fully informed myself of the contents of this release and indemnity agreement by reading it before I have signed it.

Mail your check and signed Agreement to:
Washington Recreational River Runners
 PMB 501
 330 SW 43rd ST. Ste K
 Renton, WA 98057

Signed _____ Date _____
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*Journal of Self-Serving Statistics, June 2009

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Board meetings are held the 2nd Wednesday of the month at 7:00 PM (except December) at:
 Round Table Pizza, 302 SW 43rd St., Renton, WA 98055. 425-251-0606. ALL members welcome!

THE WATERLOG

EARN BIG-TIME RIVER KARMA! Flip less often! Get shuttles from bikini models! Stop losing your hair! Your boat will look better; your beer will be colder; the sun will shine every day you're on the river and it will rain every day you're off the river! All you have to do is...**SUBMIT ARTICLES TO THE WATERLOG!** (Photos & cartoons too! It's just that easy) The Waterlog is published 11 times a year. (Monthly except December) Material for publication should reach the editor by the 25th of the month. An attempt will be made to place submissions received after the 25th. However, no guarantees are given. The editor reserves the right to edit all submissions for clarity and length. Articles and editorial comment do not necessarily reflect the view or opinions of WRRR, its Board of Directors, or its membership..They seem to think it's important that I print that last bit for some reason, go figure. Authors are solely responsible for the content of their articles.

Submit material for publication in The Waterlog to the editor:

Brian Vogt
 bvogt@wwik.org

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**Jim Shefio
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Lava Falls the Hard Way



The mouth of Havasu. For more photos, visit <http://bit.ly/r2iQLI>
Text and photos by Will Hansen



I checked my watch... it was just after 11am. We were 6 boats, drifting quietly down a peaceful stretch of the Colorado River on a gorgeous, picture-perfect morning in late March 2011. I realized the giant basalt blob in midstream must be Vulcan's Anvil. Allowing for some time to scout, I figured our impending showdown with Lava Falls would occur at 'high noon'... suitably dramatic. Breaking the quiet, Amanda pulled out a fifth of Jaeger and it made the rounds, passed from boat to boat. The drama continued to build. We'd laid over at Upper National camp yesterday and spent the morning exploring National Canyon and generally screwing around all afternoon, playing games and relaxing. Layover days on a Grand Canyon trip are precious and looked forward to as a time of rest and recovery from the grind of breaking and making camp each day. But yesterday

was different from our layovers at Nankoweep, Cardenas, and Lower Bass - because today we would run Lava Falls.

Our showdown with Lava was a very long time in the making for Martin, our permit holder. Martin is a lawyer from Louisiana who used to be a hard-core kayaker. You've got to be hard core to live in New Orleans and suffer the long drives to enjoy your favorite sport in the snake-infested waters of "Deliverance Country". Martin put in his application 18 long years ago. Over those years, Martin's kayaking buddies succumbed to jobs and parenthood, and fell by the wayside. Martin hadn't used his boat in years. But he stuck with his application, filing his statements of continuing interest with the National Park Service each year, keeping his place in the Grand Canyon waiting list. By the time he finally got this

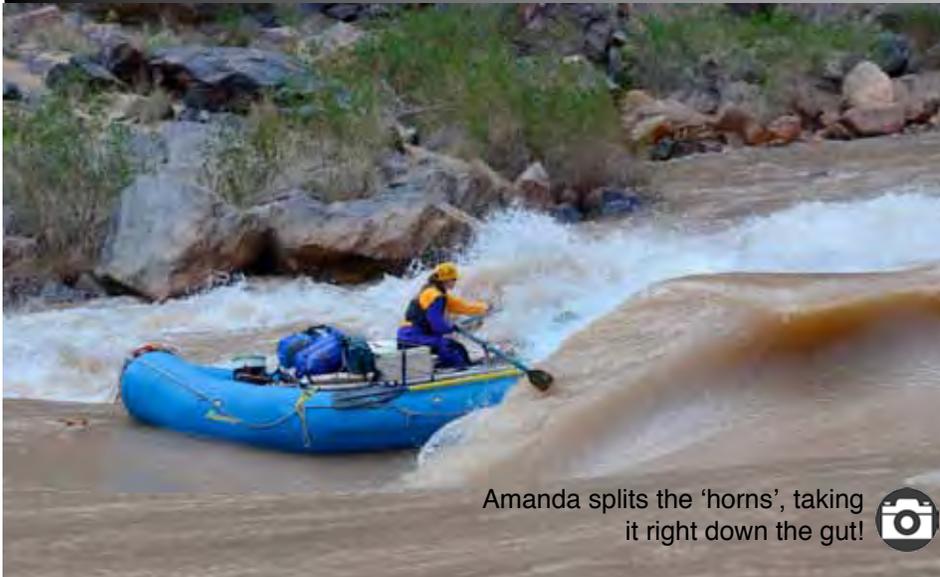
permit, he was alone - a Grand Canyon virgin with permit in-hand.

Over the Internet Martin made contact with Mike to lead the trip. Mike assembled a group of competent rafters from his circle of friends. Lucky for me, I got the call. Unlucky for me, I had signed up for rotator cuff surgery to repair my bicep tendon three days prior. I would have 93 days post-op to recover before shoving off from Lee's Ferry. As I took the call from Mike, I remembered my surgeon had said it would take 3 months to recover. Gee, 3 days to spare - I'm good to go! My nose has been pretty firmly on the grindstone throughout my adult life, raising and putting three kids through college. Now, all our kids were off the payroll. Finally, the time arrived where I could break away for a Grand Canyon trip, and my wife said 'go for it'. Bum shoulder,

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Amanda splits the 'horns', taking it right down the gut! 

huge water, 23 days of schlepping gear. What could go wrong? But for a chance to knock off the top item on my bucket list, I was in from the beginning and worked my ass off to get my shoulder back into rowing shape.

So far, the trip had been awesome. While Martin and I were the Grand Canyon rookies, the rest of our small group had about 100 trips under their combined belt and knew how to get down the canyon and have a great time in the process. For Amanda, a pro Grand Canyon guide, this was her 51st trip. Trip Leader Mike was on his 21st trip, having spent some time guiding in the canyon during his younger days. John too, older than me by a few years, had lost count somewhere north of 20 GC trips. Scott and Scotty each had a half-dozen. So we were 6 boats and 7 peeps, with Martin spending time at the oars and taking his position as a 'bow bunny' in the big stuff. As we pulled away from Lee's, the flow was fluctuating from 16k-21k.

By this point in the trip, we had gelled as a tribe and as a team. We now knew each other pretty well, had all our tribe jokes and catch lines down, and were fully immersed in the experience that is a private self-supported Grand Canyon trip. Our teamwork had been proven in Hermit a few days prior, when Amanda flipped in the famous 5th wave. We corralled and righted her fully loaded 18' Maravia 'bailer in about 30 minutes in deep water against a cliff. We were now a well-oiled machine, often on the water by 8:30am, even after doing dishes from a bacon and

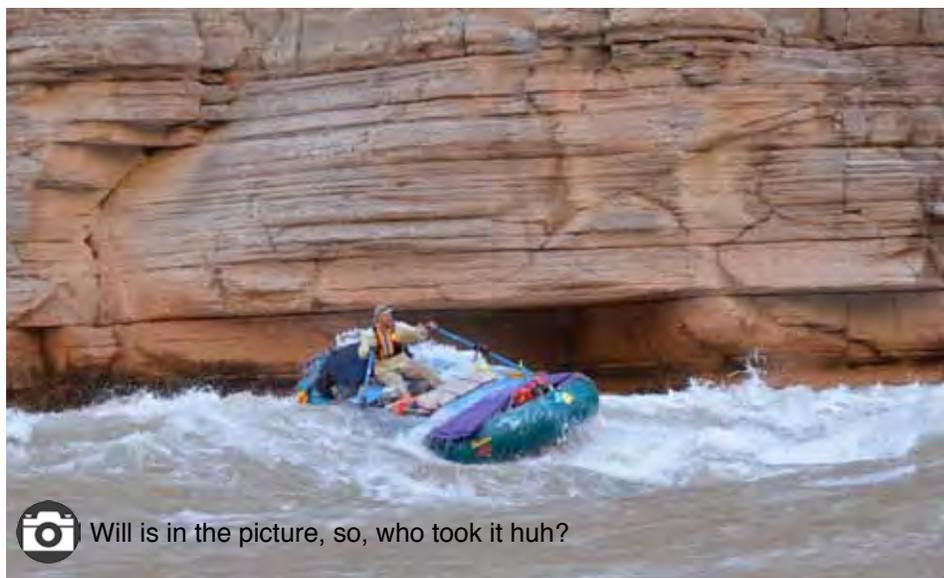
eggs breakfast!

I too had gotten crossed up a bit in that 5th wave, but managed to stay upright. So far, that had been the sketchiest moment of the trip for me – all the other rapids including Hance, Horn, Crystal, and Granite had been interesting and exciting, but provided no moments on the edge. Now as we approached Lava Falls on this perfect morning, I was looking forward to satisfying my long-held curiosity about this famous beast and getting into the challenge and experience of Lava Falls.

We reached the right-side scout pull-in and tied up. Two 18' yellow PRO rental boats were already there. I grabbed my camera and headed up the trail to the ba-

salt outcrop that is the traditional scout point. On the way, I passed the party ahead of us coming back down the rocky trail. A lucky break – we'd get to watch them run first; rookies can use all the help we can get! When I reached the view point, I could see the first two of that other party had already run, their yellow boats nearing Lower Lava rapid off in the distance.

My first impression: Lava Falls was simply huge! The 'tide' was on its way in and we were looking at something north of 20K and rising. I quickly started trying to find the landmarks that I'd long-ago memorized but never seen in person - starting with the "Ledge Hole". There it is. It spans the middle third of the river, dead in the center at the top. I won't be going in there! I next focused on picking out the traditional right side run, skirting just to the right of the Ledge Hole, then proceeding down into the feature known as the "V wave". For a while, I couldn't really make it out. I could count 8 big laterals coming off the right bank diagonally down and across, into the center of the river. Finally I realized that one in particular must be the famous one. But it was lost in the general maelstrom much of the time. Beyond the V wave were more laterals, and then the famous "Cheese Grater" rock. That particular feature had been mentioned a lot in the preceding days and I came to understand that it was also known by the local guides as the "Saddle". The Cheese Grater is a wicked peninsula protruding at least 30 feet from the right bank, exposing a flat



 Will is in the picture, so, who took it huh?

tilted plane of jagged basalt – ready to have its way with any unfortunate boat that would slide up against it. While the Cheese Grater looked nasty, the visions of true ugliness were its companions on either side. Just to the right I could see a narrow boat-sucking slot of water raging between the Cheese Grater and the rest of the basalt outcrop that formed the right shoreline. And on the outboard side, there was an extreme wave-hole-thing coming off the shoulder of the grater that looked like it dropped off 10 feet straight down on the far side. Anyone who managed to just miss the Cheese Grater would then fall off a cliff of raging water.

We decided that Mike, John, and Scotty would run in a group first, while Scott, Amanda and I would remain at the overlook to watch and take photos.

Soon, the second pair of yellow PRO boats came into view, lining up to hit the right side run. I watched the action through the long lens of my camera as the first boat made it safely through. It wasn't pretty, but he survived hit after hit. I could sense it was really big, but only later when examining the photos did I grasp the true size of the V wave. Try as he may to avoid it, the boatman drove right up onto the pillow of the Cheese Grater to put a scary punctuation mark at the end of his run. Luckily, he managed to get off and stay upright as his boat slid over the watery cliff to the left.

Next, we watched three younger guys in the final yellow boat take their run.



John in Upset



The boatman elected to enter the rapid backwards with his two bow paddlers looking over their shoulders. I'm sure he was thinking he stood a better chance to pull through into the smoother flow in river-center, below the Ledge Hole. But it never worked that way since he didn't achieve any significant right-to-left momentum as he passed the Ledge Hole. Through the viewfinder I watched as the river gradually took control and handed them a slow-motion flip as they passed to the left of the Cheese Grater. At 3 shots a second, it made for some nice photos.

Mike ran next with Martin mounted like a crazy hood ornament on the bow of his 18' Maravia. Mike had a great run, walking the line between never quite in control and catastrophe. Martin was under wa-

ter much of the time. Having run Lava at flows ranging from 7k – 70k, Mike later said it was the nastiest and scariest he had ever seen it. As Mike passed the Cheese Grater, John slid past the Ledge Hole. In his 16' Avon, it was all John could do to not get washed out of the boat before even reaching the V wave. As he emerged from his plunge through that wall of water, he was still in decent shape. Then, to our growing horror, the river took him on a vector, straight to the Cheese Grater.

John immediately started high-siding and moving around the boat to keep it under him. If John wasn't in the most awful place you could imagine a raft to be, it certainly warrants an honorable mention. The boat was getting surged and surfed up and down the grater, and in, out, and around the mouth of the raging slot. Soon, John dropped to the floor to lower his center of gravity, or maybe he was thrown there. While it was horrible to watch, it looked like John was relatively stable for the moment. And it was instantly clear that we were going to spend some serious time at Lava Falls.

Meanwhile, Scotty had entered the rapid and I turned my attention to him for the duration of his run. They say Lava Falls is the most exciting 8 seconds in water sports. I do believe it takes a couple seconds longer than that, but it is fast. Scotty elected to not wear his dry suit or a helmet. So, with flannel shirt sleeves flying, he stroked his way down into the meat of the right side like a madman on a mis-

Mike and Martin crash the V-Wave, Lava Falls





John, forced to the right, approaching
Cheesegrater, Lave Falls

sion. His run looked great... and he passed safely to the left of the grater. But then in an instant he was out of the boat. I later found that I had caught a photo of him exactly upside down, legs scissoring in the air as he plunged over the left side. I waited until I saw his head pop up before pulling my finger off the shutter button.

Scott, Amanda and I quickly huddled. Instantly and mutually we realized that we had broken a cardinal rule: none of us bothered to bring a throw bag to the scout. So our immediate plan was that Scott would race back to the boat and get a throw bag while Amanda would climb down to John to let him know we were on our way and do what she could to assist. I would follow behind Scott with rescue gear, water, and anything else I could think of. Before I reached my boat, I met Scott on his way back to John. He muttered "take your time" as we passed. It had a calming effect. The three of us were on our own and would have to deal with this situation ourselves – we knew no other groups would be coming by that day. It was time to start thinking – thinking hard. I took the time to put on my felt-soled boots and dug out some leather gloves. These would turn out to be fortunate decisions. I grabbed a couple Nalgene bottles, two more throw bags, some Spectra, and pulleys, carabiners, and webbing and headed out. The hike down to John was tough – steep, sharp, and loose basalt scree, finishing with a crawl on hands and knees under a house-sized rock. I arrived bleeding.

By the time I reached the top of the rock above John's boat, he was on shore. He had tossed a rope and Amanda had anchored it and John extracted himself, climbing up the basalt outcrop. John was totally spent and we got him into some shade and gave him water. The boat was bucking around a couple feet out from the solid basalt shoreline. The footing was treacherous. Off-loading the gear onto shore was not an option due to the danger of falling in on the upstream side of the Cheese Grater

and the slot, and other strainers beside it.

So 'Plan A' was hatched: get a rope on one end of the boat and pull with a z-drag to rotate the boat out of its current broad-side orientation. We looked to get it in line with the current and hoped to move it upstream. Then we would look for a surge to flush it out into the main current or get it far enough upstream to jump in and row it out. Scott crept out so he could reach the bow and hooked on a line. We set up the z-drag far upstream where we could find the nearest anchor point. Much of the 'shore' is solid basalt and house-size boulders, with no flat ground. Places to anchor were few and distant. Once we finally got set, we huddled to make sure that everyone understood that if the boat did get free, we would have two lines under tension and might need to immediately cut them, depending on the outcome. So we made sure our knives were free. And we became very conscious of the loose rope lying around at our feet.

On a lucky day, this plan might have succeeded. But from our position, pulling on the line, we could not see the boat or the surge. Timing the surge was the key, and we tried to do it verbally with a spotter but could never quite make it happen. We might have gotten more leverage but we didn't have enough of the right diameter prussic loops for the throw bag line we happened to have attached to the boat. I've since added more sizes to my pin kit.

We continued trying for a while and just as we gave up, Mike joined us, having hiked up from the spot known as "Tequila Beach" below Lower Lava rapid. Martin stayed behind to watch for gear if any floated into that eddy. Mike said Scotty was totally trashed from his swim, almost catatonic, was banged up pretty bad, and was with his boat. While we were discussing the situation with Mike, and collecting our lines and anchors from plan A, a surge flipped John's boat. Our situation had now gone from

bad to worse.

We moved on to Plan B: we would attempt to re-flip the boat by getting a line on the far side and pulling it over toward shore with as much mechanical advantage and strength as we could muster. Mike crawled out across the bottom of the upside-down boat and reached down to connect a 'biner to the chicken line on the far side. This was no small feat – spread-eagled across the slippery bottom of the bucking boat with his nose inches from the water roaring by. Scott and I searched for anchors on the hillside above. This plan never really got very far as anchors and footing were scarce and we all remembered the effort and leverage needed to flip the other boat earlier in the trip. We just didn't have the power to make this plan happen. And even if it had succeeded, the boat would not be free - we'd be right back to where we were when we launched plan A.

Mike then vocalized the previously un-thinkable – we should dismantle the boat and squeeze it edge-wise through the slot beside the Cheese Grater. With the boat upside down and surging violently in the mouth of the slot, this would require that we first drag it as far up onto the basalt as we could. We would then reach down under the boat and cut gear off the frame and then cut the frame off the boat until the whole thing became light enough for us to tip it up and shove it through the slot. I found a piece of driftwood and some cord and lashed Amanda's river knife to the end, spear-like. Amanda's knife had the only handle style that would facilitate a real strong lashing – a nice feature to think about when buying a river knife.

The remains of a Cataract oar shaft became our lever to raise the near side of the boat. We hopped and worked the now-empty oar lock up the face of the basalt and peeked under the boat. John had rigged for a flip, but had not rigged for a general scouring. So by this time, the lids of his dry boxes were wide

open and sickeningly pulled back on their hinges, allowing the river to gut the contents of both commissary boxes. The cooler lid was taco'ed up around the one remaining strap holding it in the frame, its hinges blown out completely. Essentially everything John had with him that wasn't directly and well strapped to the frame was gone. Firewood and various colorful items were now orbiting in the eddy below our position on the rock. John had the toilet seat and groover boxes securely strapped in a frame bay. So the irony was that we were now working our butts off to save the remaining shit - literally! We got a line on his Watershed bag and as many rocket boxes and bags as we could. We settled into a cycle which we repeated over and over: target a strap, one of us would then use the oar shaft to pry the frame up off the rock while another would slide down the rock and try and reach under the boat, stretching with the driftwood spear-knife to try to saw at the strap. The third would belay the designated cutter by holding onto his PFD. We also had some self-belay hand-loops set up; as we would inevitably slide down the basalt face, we could arrest ourselves. A surge would come, knock the boat around or one of us would lose our footing and the process would start over. Every move had to be pre-planned, shouting over the roar of the river as it flew by our position.

The gruesome work of cutting John's rig apart took the next two hours. We stopped to rest and strategize many times. Footing was more treacherous the lower you got on the rock and of course Lava Falls was thundering by right beside us the whole time. Glancing over at the water raging by, my thoughts morphed over the course of the afternoon from "And I've still got to run this thing today" to "No way I can run this safely - I'm beat!" One by one, we cut through the straps. Before the last strap holding an item would be cut, we would make sure the item was on belay so we could swing it into the eddy after it shot through the slot. My memory of Amanda, leaning out at the end



John, between a rock and a rock.
Lava Falls





Working to access the pinned raft

of a self-belay line, stretching for all she was worth to get a fingertip on each box and bag, one after the other, until all were safely on shore still brings a smile. At one point, Mike slipped and thankfully he didn't get tangled. He shot through the slot, grabbed a dangling line for a second, then swam to shore.

Amanda also kept an eye on John as he gradually came back to life. At some point, she made the brutal trek back to the boats for more water and some food. The work continued until eventually we could lever the boat up onto its edge. It was a shocking but satisfying sight to see John's boat finally slip through the slot with a mass of cut ropes, dry boxes, and straps streaming out below. We lined it over to shore about 30 feet downstream. Now the process reversed as we tried to find enough intact straps to re-attach the frame and reassemble a row-able rig.

Then we lined the boxes of shit down the shoreline and strapped them back into the boat. We found enough oar parts so Mike and John could row John's reassembled boat down to Mike's boat. By about 4:30pm we were done... in more ways than one. Throughout the afternoon, un-asked was the question of what we were going to do about running Lava Falls ourselves. I'll be 60 this year – I had no gas left in my tank. As we discussed our next move, I told the others that I would not run – not only for my own safety, but I could offer no real support in the event we had to do an exercise even remotely like this again. Scott and Amanda felt the same way – we as a group of 3 had no margin of safety. We could certainly have run the rapid – but if anything bad happened, we would be toast. We acknowledged that we would spend the night at the Lava Falls scout.

So before John and Mike departed, the 5 of us huddled one last time to make sure we had a plan and that Scott, Amanda, and I would have enough stuff to spend a decent night above the falls (read toilet paper and shovel). We had the stove in Scott's

boat, all the lunch stuff, water, coffee, and all our personal gear – we'd be fine.

As Mike and John rowed the re-born boat out into the eddy and began rounding up what they could of the gear still floating there, we gathered all our webbing and lines and headed back to our boats. Failing to find the route by which I'd arrived, I climbed high, straight up the greasy scree slope until I could find a traverse back toward the scout point. On the way across, I found a satisfying and shady little ledge and plopped down to finally rest. Amanda and Scott joined me there and the three of us just sat and stared at the rapid for another half hour. We reviewed our options once more and considered running the rapid and again came to the conclusion that the risk was too great – we would have no support if any of us ran into trouble. I knew, as spent as I was and at twice his age, if I took a swim like Scotty's it could be fatal. And another adventure on the Cheese Grater... well that was something that just couldn't be allowed to be a possibility.

So we concentrated on looking for a line to run in the morning. Having just watched 3 of 5 boats get in trouble on the right, the left side got all our attention. We had a perfect view looking down on it from our high vantage point, half-way down the rapid. As a Washington/Idaho boater, the left side looked pretty damn good to me. I could pick out three separate landing areas of slower water, with a rocky jog move between each to thread them together into a route. There was plenty of room at the very top to the left of the Ledge Hole - enough to take that feature out of the equation. So the entrance was fine. The only dicey part was the move to the center after leaving the last of the landing zones. The whole lower left side looked like a wrap-hazard. I would need to hit a particular soft spot among large boulders with ample momentum. So I hoped the water level would stay high, making it easier to get back out to the center in the morn-

ing.

They say "you only see what you know". Grand Canyon boaters see things differently. Amanda had never run left and the line she now saw was to just miss the left end of the Ledge Hole and mostly straight down from there, hanging on through a couple of big hits. Over-analysis of the left side would be our entertainment the rest of the night and into the morning.

After an hour we were back at the boats. I set up my cot in the middle of the scout trail and joined Amanda and Scott on Amanda's boat for cocktails and dinner of deli sandwiches. It was actually a very fun and obviously memorable evening, but a not-so-great night's sleep. After morning coffee, we re-scouted from the right side and then returned to the boats, dressed for battle, and rigged to flip. After seeing John's empty 'dry boxes', I'll tell you I have never rigged a boat so tight! We then rowed to the far side and scouted the various left-side features up close.

As expected, the left side was no big deal, but the rush was awesome when I looked back to see that we had all three made it safely through. We pulled into Tequila Beach, got out of our dry suits, and toasted our success with swigs of Hsong's backed with margaritas. The realization that I was finally 'below Lava' washed over me along with the Tequila. We soon shoved off, anxious to reunite with the rest of our tribe. We found them at Upper Chevron camp a couple miles downstream. After hugs all around and more toasts, we got to hear their side of the story. Scotty was OK, but had a gash on his leg. He had become very concerned as gear began to appear in the current. He chased

down all that he could, including John's Watershed bag and sleeping bag. The later was now drying in the sun, hung over a vertical oar and looking much like a giant corn dog. Before we reached them, we had found John's Paco Pad, shredded and wrapped around a rock in midstream. While John's losses were material, Martin and Scotty had the worst of it psychologically as they had to wait it out, not knowing what had transpired at the foot of Lava Falls until Mike and John reached them in the evening.

In the end, much of John's gear was gone. But his cockpit box full of valuables and his Watershed bag were intact. The bag got loose despite our securing it above the slot. When recovered, we found that every strap had been pulled completely off, ripped from the nylon, leaving a rather bald-looking bag. But its contents were dry – an awesome testimony to Watershed products. As a group, we lost our toilet seat and riser, but Mike cut up the broken Cataract shaft to make 2 very workable "rails" that fit along the edges of a rocket box. That arrangement served us well for the rest of the trip. Way to go Mike!

The remainder of our Grand Canyon adventure was uneventful by comparison, but provided me with wonderful memories: awesome hikes, great camaraderie around the fire, the night float out to Pierce Ferry with Amanda and Martin dancing and doing the moon-walk on the deck of Scotty's cat. I couldn't have asked for a better trip. Lots of photos from this trip and our adventure in Lava Falls will eventually make it onto my website, www.RaftingTheWest.com.

-- Will Hansen

Web Hits

Web Hits features local access and conservation updates, expedition and exploratory trip reports from around the world, and highlights excellent forum exchanges from across the online boating communities in the western states. So, what exciting news and events have happened lately? Check these links out:

Running the Salmon River Headwaters
<http://bit.ly/nK0ByD>

AW: Roadwork Affects Post Permit Selway Access
<http://bit.ly/oLtS6L>

C&K: How to Pack a Gear Boat
<http://bit.ly/r9PrBN>

Throwbagging to a Flipped Raft

<http://bit.ly/qDpiml>

How to Handle Laterals

<http://bit.ly/qUSYAO>

Bike 'n' Boat:
Yukatat to Gustavis Pt 2

<http://bit.ly/n17RWb>

Westwater High Water

<http://bit.ly/nK5qop>

DIY Breakdown Kayak Paddle

<http://bit.ly/n48Jlx>

WRRR Board Meeting Minutes June 2011

Tuesday, July 26, 2011 3:06 PM

Call to order Wednesday, June 08, 2011 Washington Recreation River Runners Board Meeting at Spiro's Pizza in Shoreline. Board Members in attendance: Mark Burns, Jessica Dyson, Nancy Douty, Brenan Filippini, Matt Holmes, Jim Johnson, Lyles Larkin, Mike Howell

1) May Meeting Minutes approved as printed

2) Action Item Follow up

a. WRRR Safety course instructor selected. Casey won't be available until late August early September. Will have to finalize dates

3) New Business

a. White Salmon Event

- i. The dam removal project may impact take out - Brenan to verify take out plans
- ii. Brenan to confirm directions to new camping location and send email to Yahoo Group
- iii. Rumor that there is another log stuck in Hussum Falls

b. Poker Run

- i. Volunteers needed. Currently Nancy, JoAnn, Brenan, Ken, Lyles, Shaun, and Jessica have volunteered
- ii. Recommend using a blowhorn or microphone and speaker so that crowd can hear more clearly at Poker Run

c. Wenatchee River Recap

- i. Thursday night around 20 people at camp (this was the first year the club paid for Thursday night camping and there was good turnout)
- ii. Estimated event income including WRRR Wear Sales, Raffle ticket sales, Membership Renewal, and non-member camping = \$1,871 Brenan to submit all expenses to Nancy

d. WRRR Pamphlets

- i. Have 100 pamphlets printed now and are brought to every river Event
- ii. Request each Board member receive 25 pamphlets so that they can share with people they run across
- iii. Shaun to print 225 (25*9) and distribute to Board members

e. WRRR Membership Directory

- i. 2010 the request was to publish the Directory in

September (to capture renewals through most of the river events). In 2009 the Directory was sent out with the October Newsletter

ii. Board discussed that September/October might be too late. It would be good to have a directory to use when the whitewater season starts in Spring, so distributing in January might be good idea. However the concern is that most renewals and new members come in at the WRRR river events so we could miss including as complete a list which is why it has historically been done in fall

f. State Charter Renewal due

- i. Lyles to call David

g. Membership Waiver Forms

- i. Trying to understand what the requirements are for the waiver forms. As we understand it we can do renewals online because the original waiver was signed on physical paper and on file. However, we can't accept new members online because the waiver can't be signed electronically.

- ii. Lyles to ask David if he has any information on the digital waiver issue

- iii. Once approved need to modify Membership Paphlet to include code of conduct

h. Sponsorship Program

- i. Jessica and Brenan working on establishing specific guidelines with three levels of sponsorship each with unique level of benefits (Class I-II), (Class III -IV), and (Class V). Each level will include digital and print advertising, Event recognition, and membership benefits at differing levels

- ii. A database will need to be set up to track the sponsors and the benefits

i. Updating By-Laws

- i. Board agreed to move ahead with making the minor changes

- ii. Need to have general membership ratify at next general membership meeting

- iii. Jessica to give blurb to Waterlog editor notifying membership of the by-law updates needing vote

- iv. Jessica to post digital copy of the proposed revisions before the Skagit event and bring printout to event

j. Updating WRRR Website

- i. The information on our site is outdated and we can't control getting it updated. Need to get quotes on creating simple website that will be easily updated and transferred year after year to different Board members





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DAY/DATE	RIVER/DESCRIPTION	CLASS	CONTACT
Mar-July	MM SNOQUALMIE Every Thursday Night!!!! Check the Yahoo! group for meet times.	III	David Elliott dce@dcell.com
Aug 11th	LOWER SAUK OVERNIGHTER (On your way to the Skagit Poker run)	III+	Brenan Filippini pinkofilippini@yahoo.com
Aug 11th-14th	SKAGIT POKER RUN. Safety Olympics / Potluck / Prizes Saturday Group Camp reserved Thurs night thru Sun Noon	II-III	WRRR Board pinkofilippini@yahoo.com
Aug 20th-21st	THOMPSON RIVER, BC Come see the big water and bigger canyons of British Columbia	III-IV	Shaun Heublein wmmembership@live.com
Sep 9th-11th	WRRR TIETON WEEKEND	III	WRRR Board Matt Holmes 206-948-5730
Sep 16th-18th	WRRR / OWA WEEKEND Potluck Saturday night	III	WRRR/OWA Board pinkofilippini@yahoo.com
Sep 23rd-27th	ROGUE RIVER Pending Permits, Semi Wilderness	III-IV (V)	Brenan Filippini pinkofilippini@yahoo.com



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John runs left at Upset
Photo: Will Hansen 

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