

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF WASHINGTON RECREATIONAL RIVER RUNNERS



the Waterlog

MAR 2015



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Rio Lacanja, Mexico
Green Cleeen

Dropping in on the peanut gallery

JOIN THE FUN! BECOME A MEMBER OF THE "GREATEST WHITEWATER CLUB IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD". Washington Recreational River Runners is a private, non profit corporation organized to promote river running as a safe and fun sport and to provide for an exchange of ideas among its members and public issues concerning rivers. Membership is open to anyone having an interest in the recreational use of rivers upon payment of annual dues as shown below. To join or renew your membership, cut out this form, fill out and mail to the address listed below. The Release and Indemnity Agreement **must** be signed before your application is processed.

Select Membership level. Prices effective \$1/1/13. All membership levels include the newsletter and access to club events

☐ **\$30 HOUSEHOLD** - everyone residing at the registered address

☐ **\$40 SUSTAINING** - same as family plus 5 free raffle tickets at Wenatchee Rendezvous and 1 free hand at the Poker Run

☐ **\$55 BENEFACTOR** - same as family plus 10 free raffle tickets at Wenatchee Rendezvous and 2 free hands at the Poker Run

☐ **\$100 SPONSOR** - for those wishing to advertise a product or service (must be river/outdoor-related)

☐ New Member ☐ Renewal ☐ Returning Member (prior membership ran out)

Name(s) _____

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Email Address _____

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.

Signed _____ Date _____

Signed _____ Date _____

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

*Journal of Self-Serving Statistics, June 2009

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THE WATERLOG/Brian Vogt

Board meetings are held the 2nd Wednesday of the month at 7:00 PM (except December).

Please visit <http://www.wrrr.org/> for meeting locations.

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

 **DOWNSTREAM™ PRODUCTS**

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30th Annual Green River Cleanup



Come join almost every boater in WA, WRRR and the Green River Cleanup Crew on the Oldest, Biggest, Best cleanup in the Universe! For 30 Years boaters have been cleaning the Green River Valley. Come talk to some of the people that started the event. Learn about green river cleanup history and how it all started. There will be lots to do for boaters and non boaters. River stretches from class 2-4. Hiking and ground crew sections from flat trail to adventurous river corridor cleaning. All trash will be left at Flaming Geyser Park and picked up by the parks service.

Camping Friday afternoon-Sunday noon at Shangri-La. This is for WRRR members and will be worth your membership for the entire year. Please keep camping family safe, dogs out of kitchens and on leash, and cleanup your camping area. Quieter areas are on the upper terrace towards the restrooms. Ultra loud zones are by the fire pit and kitchen area.

For anyone who gets closest to guessing the LOWEST GRCU turnout and HIGHEST GRCU gets a prize- In event of a Tie, the win goes to folks who guess the years correctly.

HERE are the KEY dates to mark your calenders:

Saturday April 25th
Shangri-La Precleanup and spring setup. Please reserve this day to help us secure this location and boat the green

Friday May 1st
Preclean trip down the green to find trash and flag it. Gates open to Shangri-la camping and KP free camping for volunteers

Saturday May 2nd
GREEN RIVER CLEANUP
9-1am: Registration at Headworks and KP
~4-6pm BBQ at Flaming Geyser.
9pm Dutch Oven Cookoff at Shangri-La approx.

Sunday May 3rd
Class 2/3 TRAINING RUN from Shangri-La to Flaming Geyser
Shangri-la clean/rake camp / pickup micro trash

WRRR and the Green River Cleanup (GRCU) is 100% volunteer driven. Please help us keep this awesome tradition alive. The GRCU needs your help and is looking for the following volunteers:

1. Registration at Headworks early (2 volunteers 845am-1000am)
2. Registration at KP early (2 volunteers 900am-1015am)
3. Registration at Headworks late (2 volunteers 1000am-1100am)
4. Registration at KP (2 volunteers 1015am-1130am)
5. Trash finder and flagger (volunteers finding large areas of trash and flagging them. Remove flagging Sunday)

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**Jim Sheflo
425-343-4105**

6. Green River Cleanup Lead Boat TO THE NOZZLE (Launch KP at 9am) (We can switch Lead boat Baton at Nozzle area)

7. Green River Cleanup Sweep Boat TO THE NOZZLE (Launch KP at 1145am) (We can switch sweep Baton at nozzle area)

8. Green River Cleanup safety boats

a. (2 volunteers with RED/Green signal flag river right above Mercury (Expert boaters only))

b. (2 volunteers at bottom of Mercury River Right with full

Z drag kit and trained in its' use and Green/Red flag)

c. (4 volunteers at Nozzle River Right with Z drag kits and

white water rescue training)

9. BBQ Food gatherer (Help acquire and bring food to the event in the afternoon approx. 3pm. First boat groups or non boaters

10. BBQ Lighter, Charcoal master, event setup Approx 3pm first boat groups or non boaters

11. BBQ Food grill master. Approx 4pm

12. BBQ Cleanup

13. Firewood Termite to secure and bring firewood for the week-end

14. Shangri-La pickup micro trash, sweep, pickup loose firewood, etc (Sunday AM at your leisure)

15. Photographers, Authors and Oath keepers to share our fun and report our stories.

16. Help now setting up the 30 year Green River cleanup Kiosk sign to be installed at Flaming Geyser and Kanasket Palmer

We really hope to see you there! For more information see wrrr.org, Facebook (Green River Cleanup Page or WRRR page), green-rivercleanup.org, or email pinkyfilippini@yahoo.com

Trip Leaders: Jay Cohen, Brenan Filippini, WRRR board

River Rescue Certification

May 30 & 31, Cedar River

"Hand me that prussic." "We need an anchor on that rock." "Three whistle blasts, what does that mean?" "Someone asked me to set up downstream safety. What exactly does that mean?" "A boat just wrapped at the nozzle. Who is in charge?" These are great questions and if you want to learn more about river rescue we are offering just the class for you. The WRRR safety committee is putting together a class in conjunction with Sierra Rescue called the River Rescue Certification. This class was developed by Sierra Rescue (now approved by Rescue 3) to fill the gap between rescue agency courses which are heavy on river dynamics, Incident Command System and technical rope work and courses put on for agencies that need to train biologists how to be safe when counting fish or taking water samples. Sierra Rescue recognized the need for an in depth course for recreational boaters that already have great knowledge of river dynamics and personal protective equipment but need training in basic first responder actions during an incident on the river. Here is the excerpt from the Sierra Rescue website:

A DYNAMIC water rescue course specifically written and designed for private boaters, kayakers and non-profit organizations! Basic river skills are a prerequisite! Emphasis is on identifying hazards and on RESCUE itself; both of self and others. Thinking through rescues is also emphasized. This is the class you want as a boater to stay safe and know what to do if something goes wrong. Although this course meets agency Swiftwater Rescue certification requirements for river guides and kayakers; its pace allows for

thorough integration of knowledge and practice of the skills that matter. The two day format makes the course more affordable and accessible. This course should be a prerequisite to anyone boating on any river anywhere! The course addresses the river rescue needs of rafters, cat boaters, kayakers, pack rafters, canoeists, riverboarders and SUP paddlers.

Our instructor will be a professional who works in the rescue industry - either as a commercial guide or as a firefighter/EMT. The cost will be \$250 per person. Our minimum class size is 8 and maximum is 15. To avoid the first come, first served bottle neck, there will be a lottery drawing if we get more than 15 interested people. If you have the time and money, and are seriously interested in taking this step to increase your safety on the river, please email Rebecca Post (repo461@yahoo.com) and let her know by May 1st. If we have over 15 participants we will close applications for the course, draw the winners and let them and Sierra Rescue know.

WRRR will subsidize the course but we have to know the number of participants since the budget is limited.

River Rescue Certification from Rescue 3 & Sierra Rescue.

May 30 & 31, 8-15 participants, \$250 each

(with a subsidy to be determined by the number of participants),

Interested members contact Rebecca Post at repo461@yahoo.com by May 1st.

Jungle Self Support: Mexico's Rio Lacanja



When we originally planned our Mayan jungle trip, we expected to have a raft along to carry our camping gear, freeing us to run the travertine ledges of the Rio Lacanja (Lah-cahn-HA) in light IKs. Just a couple of weeks before the trip, we found out that we would be carrying our own camping gear in our boats for the 6 day trip. This was going to be a challenge. I have to admit that I didn't really pay attention when I signed on to this trip. I figured a class III-IV trip to a tropical location in the middle of winter would be nice and easy, and we'd have a raft to carry our camping gear. A couple of weeks before the trip, I found out that we'd be going over some waterfalls and we would be carrying our camping gear in our own boats. But 70 miles in 6 days seemed easy enough - about 12 miles a day.

The Lacanja (la-cahn-HA) River is located in southeastern Mexico, on the Yucatan Peninsula and near the border with Guatemala. The water comes from volcanic springs that contain limestone salts that create travertine rock. The salts deposit on logs and other vegetation in the river, turning them into rocks. A logjam will eventually become a ledge, which then grows as more limestone deposits. This area was settled by Mayans, and there are many Mayan ruins found in the jungles.

Our first day started late. We spent some time looking for a GoPro helmet mount because Nick forgot his helmet, but the real problem seemed to be our guide. We were required to have a native Lacanja guide to run the river, and from what I gather, our guide wasn't available and a replacement had to be found. Our outfitter guide and translator German (pronounced Herrman) didn't tell us a lot about what was going on.

We finally got to the put-in after 4PM and it took a while for everyone to get rigged and ready to go.

Nick, Steve, and I carried our camping and personal gear in our boats. We paddled our own IKs that we brought with us on the plane flight. German paddled a 16-foot Soar inflatable canoe, carrying the food and cooking gear. Our native guide, Rodrigo, paddled a wide two-person inflatable kayak and carried camping and personal gear for himself and German.

We got started with only an hour of daylight left. The lay of the river was essentially lagoons separated by travertine ledges. The ledges could be as small as a few inches high, but there were drops ranging from 3 feet up to 10 feet. The first time I went over a big drop and landed safely was exciting. As we went on, we got to a tall ledge that didn't have a lot of water going over it. The guides went down the right and did not have an easy time of it. Steve looked for a route on the left and found one that looked good. Nick followed and then me. I went down the drop and flipped at the bottom. No big deal, but I needed help to flip the loaded IK over.

After a couple more drops, we came to a ledge that was 10-12 feet tall. Everyone made it fine except for me. I flipped, but this time it didn't go easy. I came out of the boat and was swept into a headwall underwater. I reached up and realized I was in an undercut. I pushed away from it and was forced down to the bottom of the river. I bent my knees and then pushed off,

coming up under a boat. I pulled myself along the bottom of the boat and surfaced. Rodrigo pulled me up onto his boat, and then we got me back into my boat.

It was getting dark, and we were a long way from the planned camp. As we went over a small ledge and then watched Rodrigo run the next drop in the dark, we saw that there was a beach on the right. We pushed German to stop there, and he agreed. Rodrigo walked up from the bottom, and we set up camp. After setting up our tents, I helped German heat up dinner - tamales and refried beans. After our meal, we settled to bed for the night.

I usually bring spare gear, but this trip I needed to go light. I had originally packed an extra headlamp, but opted not to take it. This was a mistake, as my main headlamp worked intermittently. Every night, I would have to fiddle with it for several minutes to get it to stay on. Luckily, I did have a spare flashlight, but I will not forget the spare headlamp next time.

We got up, prepared breakfast, and were on our way. We ran the next drop, which was right next to camp, and Steve realized that his floor was leaking air. He tried pumping it up, but the leak was big and we didn't have time to repair it. Steve would spend the day dragging his flat floor, while German and Rodrigo carried his gear. As we got moving, I asked German about how many more "big" drops we had that day. The map said that there were 40 drops in the first 9 miles, and 8 of them were "big" (over 6 feet). I figured we had done 2 or 3, so there were 5 or 6 more, and German agreed. However, after only one more big drop, the river flattened out considerably. I figured that this was the calm before the storm, but in reality the storm was already over - only I wouldn't know this for a

few more hours. I nervously paddled on.

After a few more miles, we came to a nondescript beach and pulled over. This was a trail to a Mayan ruin. We hiked for a ways and heard tales of a giant carnivorous chicken. We didn't see a chicken, but we did see jaguar tracks in a muddy creek bed. As we climbed, we began to see building-sized piles of rocks covered by the jungle. These were the ruins. We climbed about 500 feet up to the top of the ruins, where the temple had been uncovered. This ruin is only reachable from the river, so it isn't practical to do much work on it yet.

We returned to the river and continued downstream. After another couple of hours we reached the trail to the Lacanja ruins and had lunch. This was where we had planned to camp the night before, so we were way behind. It was hot and we were swarmed by mosquitos and biting flies. I was wearing my hydroskin wetsuit, but I still got many bites on my legs. The hike to the Lacanja ruins would take about 3 hours round trip, and we were worried that our late start would make it difficult for us to finish the trip on time. We were told that these ruins could be reached from the road without hiking at all, so we decided that we could miss them for the time being. We continued on...

Into the Jungle section. We had been in the jungle the whole time, but this was the serious jungle. The river divides in two for about 20 miles. We take the left channel, which is known to have many small portages. Nobody takes the right channel (as far as I know, it's just because the left channel has more water and is known to be passable despite the portages). As we go, the river divides more, and some passable channels have almost no water. The river is deep up to the shore, so we often have to climb onto logs or ledges and haul our boats over.





Rodrigo leads with the machete, cutting the way through vines and small logs to allow us to pass. We wind our way back and forth across the river between downed trees that are already starting to be covered in travertine rock. I worry that the bottom of my boat will get scraped badly or punctured.

We come to an open area blocked by a tree. Rodrigo points to the left side and says "crocodillo" - there might be a crocodile next to the shore. There is a curve in the log that he can go under. Steve follows, but suddenly starts backpaddling like crazy and then frantically splashing with his legs outside of his boat. I'm worried that he is fighting a crocodile, but the real problem is ants. His legs were covered with small black ants and he was trying to wash them off. After a bit, he succeeds and we go around the log. For the rest of the day, I am very wary of ants.

We pass a couple of possible camps, and then finally make it to one that has been used before (there was a can and a water bottle there). We set up camp and made dinner. Steve repaired the floor of his boat. We went to bed early but woke to some commotion, which turned out to be due to an animal called a tepescuintle - a small pig-like rodent that lived in the camp, and whose trail German and Rodrigo had camped on. This disturbance was soon dwarfed by the howler monkeys who were annoyed by Nick and Steve camping near their home. Those little guys are LOUD.

The next morning as we broke camp, there was a little rain, but the jungle canopy kept it from us. We loaded up and headed out. I did a lousy job of getting into my boat and doing a backwards seal launch and flipped. This was going to be a long day. We settled into a rhythm and paddled. There were a few more

blockages that required clearing by machete, but we only had a handful of easy portages over partially-submerged logs.

The scenery was amazing. There were trees of all kinds and vines everywhere. There were flowers and bromeliads in the trees. There were a few big birds, including large parrots in the trees (the others saw a toucan that I missed), and there were howler monkeys in trees.

After a couple of hours of paddling, we reached the confluence with the mysterious right channel. Not long after this, we came to actual rapids - long class II rapids that moved along nicely. Then came some big drops. One seemed like a monster - a big double-drop with a final plunge into a hole. It was exciting, but not a problem. There were a lot of drops that day, including several big ones. Near the end of the day, we found the way blocked. If we had to portage, it would be tough. Rodrigo and Steve took care of the logs and we were able to scrape down a side channel. After several more big drops, including a very cool drop that was 90 degrees to the main falls, we made it to camp. This camp needed a lot of clearing with the machete. As we started to make dinner, the rain came and we put up a tarp.

As we left in the morning, Nick heard a big splash from me and thought I had flipped again, but what happened was a tree limb fell just behind me. This was a sign of things to come. At the first decent-sized ledge, I dropped next to a rock at the wrong angle and was flipped by a hole. I swam over the next ledge - not a big drop, but a little disconcerting. After that, the drops got bigger again. Imagine seeing flat water in front of you for a hundred yards, and then as you proceed you see a white horizon line form. The sound of the drop behind you fades and



the sound of the drop in front of you gets louder and louder. At one drop, Rodrigo goes over and flips. Steve goes over... and flips - the front tip of his boat flying into the air. Nick follows and I see him swim. With no other choice, I brace myself. The boat slides down the 10 foot drop into a hole and submerges. Suddenly, the front comes out and the water from the falls pushes the back of the boat down. I do a complete back-flip and come out of the boat. After surfacing and getting to a safe place, I realize my mouth and nose are full of water - but luckily I didn't swallow any. It takes several minutes to get the boat flipped back over and for me to get back in.

My next flip came on a small ledge. I just hit it wrong and got caught in a weird current. I had my paddle in the water, but that wasn't helping. I looked at Nick and he looked at me - we both knew that I was going over, but I stayed up sideways for what seemed like 10 seconds before flopping over. I needed to cool off, anyway...

In that same section, we came to a ledge that was tight and forced us right into bushes - rock covered bushes. As I mentioned before, the travertine limestone deposits on anything in the river, and that includes living plants. We all had to extract ourselves from a small reversal at the bottom of the drop while fighting the rocky plants. My boat had flakes of rock all over it. There was another rapid in that section where a looping vine bounced in the drop, and we had to time our entry so we could go through the loop so we wouldn't be strangled by the vine.

We paddled through a nice little gorge with several waterfalls, and continued through the flatwater. Then, the ledges began to grow again. At one point, between a couple of smaller ledges, a crocodile came out of the grass and disappeared under us - not a good place to swim. We came to a group of larger ledges and the river began to narrow. These ledges were taller and more

difficult. We knew that the big 25-foot falls - Cascada La Reina - was downstream and we would need to portage. At one point, we pulled over and I thought we were there, but this was just a quick scout of a pair of 10-foot drops. A short time later, we ran a drop and Steve had a tough swim. While Nick helped him recover his boat, I watched German flip in the same drop and it took both of us to flip the big canoe back over. A few more drops and we reached a large flat pool with a big horizon line. This was the portage.

The portage took a lot out of me. It involved climbing, and I got lost at one point and carried my heavy bag well past the end of the portage and had to bring it back. I finally had to sit down and rest, my heart pounding. We got reloaded and headed to the two class IV drops below the big falls. We ran these on the far right, scraping down the easier lines. On the second one, the big canoe flipped. After that the drops eased up a bit and we all pushed downstream. After we reached camp, I asked German what had happened that made him get so far behind. I had been used to bringing up the rear at the end of the day. German had broken a rib on the last flip and was having trouble paddling. This camp was next to a side lagoon (danger of crocodiles) and it had a small shelter. The shelter was low and filled with spiders and not very stable, so we avoided it. Dinner was tacos with fresh guacamole.

We brought along a 10 liter bottle of water on the first day, but we needed at least that much every day. We had a water filter and sometimes filtered the river water, but we got most of our fresh water from side creeks. We treated the water with a few drops of chlorine, which made it taste funny, so we added some flavorings to the water.

The next morning we got going again, heading to the confluence with the Lacantun River. Our guides had told us we need-



ed to cover about 14 miles each day for the next two days, so we paddled hard. We made it to the confluence in the late morning. In the pools next to the river, Steve counted 675,000 tadpoles (I think this might have been a little high, but I didn't have time to count them all - I stopped at 6).

The Lacantun has about 10 times as much water at the Lacanja. It felt very slow, but it wasn't. We found currents that moved along fast. After consulting the map at lunch, we discussed the possibility of finishing the trip that day, but at around 2:30 in the afternoon, we stopped at a wide beach. The beach next to the river was made of small gravel, but away from the river was soft sand... very HOT, soft sand.

At this point, I should mention that I had brought along my CPAP machine. If you've ever camped with me before a couple of years ago, you know I snore like an 18-wheeler and I stop breathing in my sleep (sleep apnea). My CPAP machine stops all of that. The problem is that the battery I took along only provides enough charge for 2 nights. I couldn't get a second battery like that one, and the ones I could get were expensive (\$400 or more) and heavy. I had a solar charger along, but until the afternoon on the beach, I had no time or light to use it. I had used the CPAP machine the first and third nights on the trip, and was able to get





Tres Gringo Locos, flooded out.

a full charge on this last night.

We hid from the hot sun. I had bought a cheap aluminum folding camp chair and brought it down the river, but it chose that day to collapse. We dried our clothes and German cooked dinner. That night it was soup made from fresh chayote and indian food. Dessert was a treat called Bubu Lubu, which Nick enjoyed immensely. We had a wide open sky with all of the stars. The evening cooled off, and with that we hit the dew point - everything made of nylon got soaked if it was left out. The inside and outside of our tents were wet.

In the morning, we got up and got going at a leisurely pace, putting on the water at about 9AM. We crossed back and forth to catch the fastest currents. At one point, I was near the left bank and a crocodile jumped out of a stump and went under me. I paddled as quickly as I could, hoping that the croc was more scared of me. Unbeknownst to us, we were only a few miles from the takeout, and we reached it quickly...and we passed it.

Rodrigo stopped when he saw German pull over. We tried to signal Nick and Steve with whistles and shouts. I thought they had heard us and seen Rodrigo, as he sent me back upstream. It took about 5 minutes to paddle up through the fast current back to the takeout. It took Nick and Steve a lot longer, as they had kept going for about a mile before turning back.

The takeout was at a tiny village that probably had a population of less than 200 people. The family that lived at the river had a couple of tin-roofed shacks where they lived with their chickens. They didn't have much, but they lived in a beautiful place. We arrived at 10:30AM, and then found out that the shuttle van wasn't expected until 2PM. If we had known this, we could have hung out on the beach all morning. German went and called the driver to get them to arrive earlier, but in the end we waited until 3PM for the van, followed by a 7 hour drive back to the hotel.

-- David Elliott



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WRRR members can receive a 15% discount on any OS Systems surface water product, including drysuits, drysuit options and upgrades including custom sizing charges, undergarments, and accessories. This will not apply to drysuits made for other uses, to repair parts or to repair services. Visit <http://ossystems.com/> for info

on their drysuits and accessories. If you are in the Portland area and are a WRRR member, Andy & Bax will honor this discount as well. You will need a WRRR membership number to order. Contact the Membership Chair to get your membership number.

DAY/DATE	RIVER/DESCRIPTION	CLASS	CONTACT
April 19th	FLIP PRACTICE @ Vasa Park	II	WRRR Board
April 25th	SHANGRI-LA CLEANUP 9:00 am - 1:00 pm	II	WRRR Board
May 2nd	GREEN RIVER CLEANUP	IV	WRRR Board
May 30th - 31st	CEDAR RIVER RIVER RESCUE CERTIFICATION	III	Rebecca Post repo461@yahoo.com
Jun 2nd	BOB JOHNSON MEMORIAL WENATCHEE RENDEZVOUS	III+	WRRR Board
Jun 13th - 15th	WENATCHEE RIVER FESTIVAL	III+	Mike Curtis riverbooty@yahoo.com

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The lagoon at Camp 1 on Rio Lacanja - Photo Steve Munk

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