



THE SPRAY

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE COLORADO WHITEWATER ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 58, NUMBER 6, Nov-Dec 2012

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Style	1,6-8
The Big Ditch Adventure	4,9-11
The Water Project That Wouldn't Die	5&8
Remains of a River	12

CW Fall Dinner and Elections Nov 27th (This Thur)

Location:

Hoffbrau Bar and Grill, 7699 West 88th Ave, Westminster

Time: 6pm

Style

By Louis Geltman

Courtesy of Sitezed.com (Publishing original content inspired by paddlesports)

For participants in a sport where peeling out at the top of a rapid almost inevitably results in arriving at the bottom, kayakers seem surprisingly indifferent to matters of style. Things can go pretty badly awry, and onlookers might roll their eyes at a particularly bad line,



but someone would have to be radically over his head before anyone would be likely to say anything about it. In other sports, this is not the case. Compare surfing: at the world's stoutest breaks, a surfer with only a few months or even a few years of experience would have virtually no chance of catching and making a wave. Nevertheless, even a surfer with all the skills to ride waves at Hawaii's Pipeline would be blocked from catching waves, mocked, maybe beaten, if he were surfing with bad style or acting in a way that put other people at risk. For kayakers, though, bucking up to run something huge, even if it isn't done with much grace, is a lot more likely to get attention and praise than putting down a pretty line on some anonymous class III. Kayaking is not surfing, and few people, if any, would want to see aggressive, territorial behavior find its way onto the river. But is that behavior meeting some social needs in surfing that are going unmet in kayaking?

If there is a place where kayaking's collective lack of social controls is being tested, it might be the Green River in North Carolina. For how steep it is, the Green is an unbelievably forgiving run. But that forgiveness is routinely being tested by huge crowds of paddlers, some seemingly lacking the basic skills to run any river safely. In June, a **video** was posted on YouTube showing some gut wrenching lines on the Narrows: one paddler takes

Continued on page 6



Watch highlights from the Green River Race on the video above.

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We know times are tough for some folks so here's and offer you can't refuse: Put 50% down now, take your items home, wrap them up with a smile and pay the other 50% by end of January 2013. We call it our 50/50 offer - just for you!

We are also happy to keep your items at the store until Christmas Eve if the Santa in your household needs a place to hide gifts. Can't decide? Gift cards are always available.

Bart and Patty Pinkham - Grand Canyon Oct 2012



Photo by Mark Robbins



**Save the Date:
The 2012 Golden
River Sports
Holiday Party will
be Thu, Dec 13
6pm to 10pm.
Join us!
Please leave your pets at home**

CW MISSION

The Colorado Whitewater Association promotes the sport of whitewater paddling in the Rocky Mountain region. The club introduces new paddlers to whitewater, provides training in technique and safety, supports racing, informs the public about whitewater issues, including river access and conservation, and works to resolve related problems. CWWA is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization run entirely by volunteers.

CW was founded in 1954, and is the oldest club in the United States of America devoted wholly to whitewater paddle sports.

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MEMBERSHIP QUESTIONS?

To Join CW, visit our website at www.coloradowhitewater.org and join online. To change your e-mail or other contact information: Contact Helen Johnson at hellionbiz@gmail.com.

2012 Spray Submission Schedule

The Spray encourages article submissions on all whitewater related issues. Please send submissions to Erik Rist at erik@ristlaw.com.

<u>Issue</u>	<u>Submission Date</u>
Jan/Feb	January 1, 2013
Mar/Apr	March 1, 2013
May/June	May 1, 2013
July/Aug	July 1, 2013

The Spray is the official newsletter of the Colorado Whitewater. It is published semi-monthly. Publication address:

455 Sherman Street, Suite 300
Denver, CO 80203
ISSN: N/A
Subscription is free to CW members.

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Submissions

We welcome your contributions on topics related to whitewater paddling.

Written Material

We prefer e-mail submissions, preferably in Microsoft Word, RTF, or plain text. Maximum length: 1,000 words.

Don't be shy, even if you don't think you're a great writer. We'll edit for length, style, grammar, and spelling as needed to make your writing more clear and readable.

Photos and graphics files: We much prefer bitmap, jpeg, pdf, or tiff format, but can work with others. Please use a minimum resolution of 300 dpi.

The Big Ditch Adventure (Part 1 of 2)

Written by Permit Holder: Patty Pinkham, Golden, CO

Trip Participants:

Bart Pinkham, Golden, CO / Pyranha Fusion and NRS SUP Board

Laurie Maciag, Lakewood, CO / 18 foot raft

Brad Beaver, Durango, CO and Karen Moldenhauer, Boulder, CO / 15.6 foot raft

Chelsea Galleri, Golden, CO / 14 foot raft

Christo Johnson, Flagstaff, AZ / 14 foot raft

Morgan Matthews and Tony Miles, Durango, CO / 16 foot raft

John and Erin Melrose, Arvada, CO / 16 foot cat raft and NRS SUP Board

Mark Robbins, Ft. Collins, CO / Jackson Zen 65

Norm Gaunt, Albuquerque, NM / 18 foot cat raft

Amy Wilkinson, Golden, CO / Wave Sport Diesel 65

Scott Winkleman, Monument, CO / Wave Sport Diesel

Jason Hall, Ft. Collins, CO / Necky Jive

Sixteen people, 7 rafts, 6 kayaks and 2 SUP boards.

Nineteen days (Oct 16-Nov 3, 2012) at 8,000 cfs.

Age range was 23 years old to 64 years old. Trip of a lifetime on the Grand Canyon!



I received notification on Feb 24, 2011.

“Congratulations! You have won a Grand Canyon Permit with a launch date of Oct 16, 2012!” It was the best day of my life. Bart and I were thrilled to be able to take this trip and we were determined to fill all 16

slots as we felt a strong obligation to take everyone we could. Some folks committed right away. Others committed, but later had to cancel. But by May of 2012 – we had a solid manifest in place. A year and 8 months had gone by in a blur. Trip planning was a massive task, but one I took great pride and joy doing. Laurie helped me a great deal by advising me on what books to buy, invites to extend, gear lists, job assignments, funds, meal-team measurements and admin in general.



I decided on Moenkopi Riverworks out of Flagstaff, AZ to help us with shuttle, SAT phone rental and

groover rental (best decision I made – we gave back the poop!). Brady Black, owner of Moenkopi, was wonderful to work with and gave us a great deal. We had 4 hikers arriving at Phantom Ranch and he provided them with shuttle as well to the South Rim the night before they hiked in. He also provided us a rental house in Flagstaff to keep our cars (saved on parking fees) and provided us with a roof over our heads the night we took-off the river (Sat, Nov 3), with endless hot water, laundry facilities, pizza delivery and beds for all. This was very helpful to sort gear and re-pack our vehicles before the 12 hour drive home on Sunday, Nov 4.

Beforehand, we also decided on a travel schedule. Since our launch was on a Tuesday, we could drive to Durango (half-way) on Saturday, stay overnight at Brad's house, then make our way to Lee's Ferry by Sunday night. We stayed Sunday and Monday nights at Marble Canyon Lodge in apartments that slept all...

Continued on Page 9...

The Water Project That Wouldn't Die

By Jonathan Thomson and Courtesy of High Country News

Driving down a highway, somewhere this side of the New Mexico line, I see a house surrounded by rusted out farm implements. I see a field, churned up and parched under another bright blue October sky. I see a dam being built. A dam!? Yes, a dam.

The era of huge Western water projects has long been over. We're not going to see another Glen Canyon entombed by stagnant water and silt, nor another convoluted plumbing project on the scale of the Aspinall Unit on the upper reaches of the Black Canyon in Colorado.

But here in southwestern Colorado, the Animas-La Plata project, often called the last big water project in the West, is in its final stage of construction. The dam I am shocked to see is for the Long Hollow Reservoir. It's small, and not officially part of the A-LP -- it's more of a hangover from the bigger project, really. But seeing it makes me feel a bit like this part of the world is trapped in a sort of water project time warp.

The Long Hollow Dam is being built in an area known around here as the Dryside, a vast, mildly undulating mesa that stretches from the foothills of the La Plata Mountains in southwestern Colorado down into New Mexico. Fields and pastures reach out to the horizon here, interspersed with juniper and sage and dotted with oil and gas wells. Neither the big subdivisions and sprawl nor the wealth of surrounding areas have made it here; it can feel more like the Northern Plains than the Southwest. Not much water makes it here, either: Once the cruelly short spring runoff is done, the La Plata River, which runs through the Dryside, ebbs to a trickle or even dries up completely. Whatever is left in the stream is mostly or wholly committed to New Mexico by a 1922 compact. That leaves farmers on the Colorado side of the line high, dry and frustrated (often the New Mexicans don't get much water, either).

Which is why, back in the 1930s, someone dreamed up a scheme to route water from the much more abundant Animas River to the east, over to the La Plata River and the Dryside. In the 1950s and 60s, the Bureau of Reclamation turned the dreams into actual proposals. They were grandiose, Byzantine plans, each of which included several reservoirs, miles and miles of canals, tunnels through mountain ranges and, in at least one case, a coal-fired power plant between Durango and Silverton. Indeed, one alternative would have put the big dam on the Animas River just below Silverton, completely submerging the mining town. The most realistic of the bunch, which would have moved the dam a few miles upstream from Silverton, was nearly realized. But the Vietnam War intervened, money for dams was instead spent on bombs dropped on Southeast Asia, Congressman and water buffalo [Wayne Aspinall](#) was voted out of office, and the Animas-La Plata project seemed to stall out completely.

The concept got resuscitated in the late 70s and gained steam in the 1980s, when Indian water rights became a more integral component of the proposal. One can legitimately argue that, under the

terms of early treaties that yanked their land out from under them, the Utes of Colorado are entitled to all of the water on the Western Slope of Colorado. So now A-LP wasn't just about helping farmers, but also about giving Indians the water they deserved. The link between farmers and Indians was Sam Maynes, a Durango attorney of Irish and Italian ancestry who was a bit like a pit bull with a bolo tie. He served as counsel not only for the [Southern Ute tribe](#), but also the local water district. To the greens, Maynes was a villain, a label the attorney wore with glee.

Not far to the west, the Dolores River fell victim to [a dam](#) in the early '80s. Maynes had been a pusher of that project, too. Environmentalists weren't about to let another dam go through without a fight; they had seen too many valuable places submerged, and too many wild rivers tamed. It didn't matter that proponents had shifted A-LP to an "off-site" reservoir in Ridges Basin, just south of Durango, so it wouldn't actually dam a river. For the next two decades, local and national environmentalists, along with the local rafting industry, brawled with project proponents. Whenever the project seemed poised to go forward, the opposition raised another hurdle (the endangered Colorado pikeminnow and Razorback sucker), and brought things to a halt.

The fight saturated the community of Durango. I was in high school in the late 80s, and remember it well. Virtually everyone was either for the dam or against it. No one sat on the sidelines. My parents were in the opposition. My good friend's dad was Maynes' law-firm partner, and a strong proponent. People from both sides argued their cases in front of the school's student body. T-shirts declaring the A-LP the "billion dollar boondoggle" were printed up, and the "Frankly my dear, I don't want a dam" bumper stickers were ubiquitous (my buddy nearly got in a fight with a former mayor over his). As deep as the conflict went, it was not partisan at all. Maynes, who died in 2003, was a Democrat. So was the lake's namesake, Sen. Ben Nighthorse Campbell, at least until he switched to the GOP. Fiscal conservatives joined the opponents, balking at the absurd cost. And it was the Clinton administration that finally pushed through the project -- vastly scaled down from the original plans.

In 2002 construction began on the \$500 million [Animas-La Plata project](#), which includes a plant that draws water out of the Animas River and pumps it through a pipe up a 500-foot vertical climb to Lake Nighthorse (weirdly enough, the dam has no hydropower component, so none of the power used to pump water uphill is being recouped when water is released from the dam). The reservoir [reached its 123,000 acre feet capacity](#) last year, though the lake is still deemed a "work zone" and is off-limits to the public. The project may not even be worthy of its name anymore, since it is intended primarily to meet Indian water rights, not to deliver water to the La Plata drainage.

Continued on page 8...

Style (continued from page 1)

a header off Gorilla, another misses the eddy on the lip of Sunshine (a class III move at most) and drops off the center backwards, another paddler swims in the class III runout. Two of the Southeast's best (and best known) paddlers, Isaac Levinson and Pat Keller, posted comments, in a discussion that meandered from Facebook to **BoaterTalk** to the YouTube **comment section**, calling out the video as an example of dangerous and unacceptable behavior. The callout was unusual, but it was the reactions that were perhaps more telling in what they reveal about attitudes in the sport, as well as the mentality that our collective indifference to matters of style, technique, and safety have helped to bring about with regard to how a paddler progresses in the sport.

One paddler in the YouTube comments section wrote, "I don't know who died and made Pat and Isaac god, but they sure are a bunch of dumb shits!!! Tell me that they came out of the womb paddling class 5. Everyone has to start somewhere..." Much has been made about how advances in equipment and technique now enable paddlers to run whitewater in a season or so that once might have taken a career to achieve, but for paddlers who took up the sport in an earlier era, the implications of comments like that are jaw dropping: for some portion of the paddling population, the Green is now regarded as a place to start, and taking hair raising crashes as a stepping stone. That mentality has serious implications, though, for everyone's safety and for the ability of new boaters to progress in the sport.



It is often suggested that the genesis of surfing's aggressive attitude towards loose behavior in the lineup is the fight for scarce resources in an inherently dangerous environment, and it may be that changes in the sport of kayaking are pushing toward a similar dynamic. While growth in kayaking participation overall

has largely plateaued, creeking is gaining in popularity, and moderately difficult runs like the Green are starting to see crowds that wouldn't have existed a decade ago. But while a crowd of marginal paddlers at your local playspot is annoying, crowds on class V whitewater are undeniably dangerous.



That danger manifests itself in a way that is perhaps unique to kayaking, and in a way that might account for some antagonism toward boaters insistent on paddling over their heads. In kayaking, there are a lot of ways that things can go wrong. Most of them, though, lead to a brief and urgent window during which another boater can step in and potentially save someone's life. A pin, a swimmer being recirculated, a long swim threatening a flush drowning... in all these situations, urgent action can be the difference between life and death. And in all these situations, too, that urgent action is likely to call on someone else to immediately put his own life at risk. In the surf, outside of the unique dynamic of tow-in surfing, someone getting beat down is basically on his own. If someone falls climbing, there's either someone standing at the end of the rope, or there isn't. But in kayaking, when someone is in trouble, someone has to act, boldly, and immediately.

One of the most admirable characteristics of the kayaking community is this: when someone is in trouble, anyone present will step up and in an instant put his or her own life at risk to save a complete stranger. On a more pedestrian level, paddlers are almost always there for each other when it comes time to help someone who's swam or unpin a boat, even if it isn't a life threatening situation. When someone is paddling over his head, he undercuts that dynamic, both by being much more likely to need help and by himself probably lacking the necessary skills to help someone else. Even when it doesn't entail undue risk, stopping

for an hour to deal with unpinning a boat or helping a swimmer across the river interrupts the flow of the run and of the day; nevertheless, most kayakers value being a part of a community where helping out is the norm and wouldn't want to see the river become an environment where people callously blow by other boaters who could use a hand. If kayakers have to choose between preserving the all-for-one safety ethos on the river or preserving the everybody-come-along vibe in the parking lot, I think most people would unquestionably pick the former.

It seems at times, as well, that the community's willingness to accept a high level of carnage as normal has led to some mistaken ideas about how paddlers progress in the sport. Contrary to YouTube commenter opinion, most top kayakers did not start kayaking on the Green River Narrows. "I started kayaking when I was 10, and I started paddling more frequently when I was about 13," Rush Sturges explained to me. "I ran my first real Class V when I was 14 years old. Leading up to that run (it was Cherry Creek Proper) I was running a LOT of Class IV. I ran the local grade IV section on the Cal Salmon many times that Spring and Summer to prepare. I was very nervous before putting on the river. I had certainly hyped up what Class V was going to be like, and when I finished the run, I walked away with a smile on my face. Rather than being at the edge of my limits on the run, I was actually super solid and didn't miss a single boof.... I personally am thankful I spent as much time and effort [as] I did on Grade III and IV before finally stepping my game up. I was super fortunate to grow up around competent kayakers, and I think that had a lot to do with it. I didn't even have a swim until I was 20 years old on Upper Cherry Creek. I'm not trying to brag by saying that, just pointing out that time spent preparing on easier stuff is time well spent when you decide to raise the bar."

The best athletes in any sport are often those that started young, but consider this possibility: maybe in addition to all the other benefits of beginning at a young age, kayakers who start early turn into better boaters because they are often forced by someone—a parent, an older mentor—to paddle easy whitewater longer than they might want to or really need to. As John Weld put it, "When you're 13 years old, you're going to the Lower Yough whether you like it or not." It truly is a common experience of the best paddlers that, whether through the influence of an older mentor, a lack of good or consistent whitewater, slalom racing, or some other factor, these paddlers have put

in a lot of time working on hard moves on easy water.

More than just putting in time on easy whitewater, learning new skills requires pushing it hard on easy whitewater all the time, and it may be that this is an easier mindset to adopt for younger paddlers (**for example**). It isn't just a matter of "feeling comfortable" on easier water before taking the next step; it's about consistently pushing it on easier water—taking the hardest lines, catching the smallest eddies, boofing every rock; learning to make judgments about what moves are makeable and which aren't; and learning to deal with the repercussions of missed judgments in whitewater with less consequence than in class V. That sort of learning is hard to achieve in a setting where a paddler is basically hanging on for his life.

Pat Keller explained the steps he took to get better when he was starting in the sport this way: "[C]linics clinics clinics, slalom, clinics clinics clinics, foamies.... freestyle freestyle freestyle, clinics clinics clinics (you get the picture).... Every step on the way up that ladder is important. Take time to know with each one if you are ready to proceed. Willing is easy, knowing is what's hard." Runs like the Green are undoubtedly a key step towards becoming a solid boater, but there are surely quite a few steps to be taken before a new boater gets there. "[T]he Green has become the Mecca of honing the skills to become a solid creek boater," Pat says. "More and more paddlers are climbing that ladder of skill, and the Green is certainly a cherished step for all those who take it. But it must be climbed to with much respect for the dangers along the way."

All of this is a lot less sexy than just "firing it up," though. Your Facebook friends are going to be a lot less impressed with that attainment it took you a month to finally make on the Lower Yough than they are with a picture of you rolling over the lip on Met-lako. But paddling better, not just paddling harder water, is something that takes time. And taking beatings on difficult whitewater in the hope that one day the beatings will stop is not, for most paddlers, a viable path to success.

For most paddlers who've been in the sport for a while, the advantages of encouraging new boaters to progress incrementally seem obvious: fewer incidents to deal with, better safety on the water for everyone, fewer risks to access because of events on the river leading to negative attention or calls to search & res-

cue, a stronger sense of community. The less obvious issue is how, as a community, to achieve that. Most paddlers are understandably (and commendably) reluctant to insert themselves into other people's risk taking decisions. As Rush puts it, "My gut feeling is that if someone is putting on the river with you, it's his or her responsibility to know if that run is suitable for them. However, I am not afraid to tell someone that they should evaluate their skills before putting on a run, or ask them what types of similar runs they've done previous. Ultimately, kayaking is up to the individual and there is NO ego when it comes to making sure you are as safe as possible on Class V."

It may be that the changes the community needs are as simple as recognizing your friends when they draw creative lines on the river or paddle well rather than just "going big." Inclusion in the Rider of the Year competition of a "Best Line" category, recognizing "styled lines" alongside categories like Drop of the Year could be a step in that direction. A few less high-fives for surviving sketchy lines and being willing to encourage friends to take a step back

when needed probably wouldn't hurt, either.

In the end, the idea is to encourage community by cutting down on the sort of behavior that makes stronger boaters want to abandon weaker ones to fend for themselves or discourages new boaters from sticking with the sport. Hopefully we can all encourage up and coming boaters to progress in the sport safely and incrementally without resorting to slashing tires in the parking lot.

Then again, maybe surf-style aggression is on the way, whether we like it or not. The top comment on the YouTube video, "Carnage on the Nars"? "[F]ucking lame. Stay the fuck off the Green."

Site Zed accepts original submissions from all paddlers

The Water Project That Wouldn't Die (continued from page 5)

That's where the Long Hollow Reservoir, now under construction along a tiny tributary of the La Plata River, comes in. When the final version of A-LP was revealed, the Drysiders -- some of whom had been lobbying for the A-LP for half a century -- were devastated to find that they were left out, entirely. They figured if they weren't going to get what they wanted from the A-LP, they'd build their own damned dam, using \$15 million plus interest that the state had originally set aside for the A-LP (but which wasn't spent because the project ended up being paid for entirely by the feds). When it's completed in two years, the Long Hollow project, costing \$22.5 million, will hold up to 5,400 acre feet of water to be released into the La Plata River when it is too low to meet the New Mexico compact. That, in turn, will allow Dryside irrigators to continue to divert water from the La Plata River for irrigation, even during dry spells.

It's hard not to feel as if the new dam was built more because of momentum than because of the benefits it brings. The head of the La Plata Water Conservancy district [told the Durango Herald](#) that the dam "will give Colorado ranchers seven to 10 more irrigation days and help satisfy our compact with New Mexico." And [reports say that fewer than 100 irrigators](#) will benefit from the reservoir. So a handful of ranchers might get a second or third cutting of hay that they might not have, otherwise. Or maybe not. It hardly seems worth the effort. It's as though proponents had fought for so long for this that they couldn't give up now, even though the original logic behind the plan had faded long ago.

The same, I suppose, could be said about many such projects. The Animas-La Plata stores water for tribes, and that water can be released back into the river and sold downstream. But the pro-

ject included no way to deliver the water directly to the tribes (a pipeline on and near the Navajo Nation is under the auspices of the project, but it doesn't connect to Lake Nighthorse). Growth has halted in Las Vegas, but the Southern Nevada Water Authority is plowing ahead on plans to [suck groundwater](#) from northern, rural parts of that state and send it to Sin City, even though the need for the water is questionable. Ditto down in Utah's Dixie, where a [proposed \\$1-\\$2 billion pipeline](#) would ferry water from Lake Powell to St. George, Utah, once an area of rapid growth, now a victim of the housing bust.

Back down on the Dryside, I take a circuitous route to the new dam site. There are humble farmhouses in the center of dry fields, and then there are the compounds of rural poverty: Homes sinking into the reddish-brown earth, surrounded by decrepit outbuildings, cars without wheels, an odd assortment of things whose purpose has long been forgotten. When I reach the construction site, I see a sign that says if I want a job, I'll need to go to the office in Towaoc -- the contractor is owned by the Ute Mountain Ute tribe, which is also helping pay for the dam.

I walk around looking for the best place to shoot photos, while making sure I stay in the highway right-of-way, so as not to trespass. Nevertheless, I'm deemed a threat. After about five minutes, a big white truck pulls up near me, and a big guy with a hardhat gets out. "I gotta call says someone's up here taking pictures," he says. "Ummm..." I say, holding up my camera gear, "yeah, that would be me. I just figured I'd come see what a dam looks like when it's getting built." He looks me up and down, and I can't help but wonder what he sees. "Uh huh," he says. "I take pictures of it every day, too. It's interesting. But some peo-

12 of us, provided a restaurant for our meals, a convenience store and a gas station. This gave us from Monday at Noon until Tuesday to rig.

Tragedy did strike this trip....but it was in June....4 months before launch. Our dear friend, Jon Boling, lost his life while on the Middle Fork of the Salmon. We spend the summer deeply grieving and dealing with our loss. There was a point when we considering canceling the trip. But knowing he would not want it that way – we took him with us anyway. In our hearts.

The following are my notes from the trip. Rapids are rated 1 to 10 on the Grand Canyon scale. Those who have been lucky enough to travel behind the walls will know everything of which I write. Those who have not....need to find a way.

Day 1

Check out with Ranger Dan and Ranger Peggy was painless. Got an "A"! So proud of our group!

Launch from Lee's Ferry at 12:30pm. Take Out at 4:30pm

Miles: 11

Rapids this day: Badger (5)

Camp: Soap Creek

Notes:
Passed under Navajo Bridge at 4 mile mark. I greatly enjoyed seeing the bridge



Chelsea

from the bottom of the canyon instead of the top. Chelsea had a bit too much to drink in her first-day excitement. She got "bad" award for the day...which was wearing a child's PFD to bed. Laurie got "good" award (which was a camping camp throne that stood 6 feet tall and can seat up to 4 people at once and

has its own cooler – see photo) for all the help she gave me in planning the trip beforehand. Weather was perfect. SUP boards were out! My thoughts were with JB upon launch while in my kayak, as they were with Laurie and Brad as well. "He should be here. I miss him so much....God give me strength to do this trip without him." Laurie poured a beer into the river for him and we continued on our way determined to take him with us regardless in a "good" way in our hearts. Also thought of Kim Johnson today who lost her fight with cancer just days ago. She was such a good mentor in my early days of kayaking and always wanted this trip for me. Got spooked in Badger in my kayak. Could hear it coming literally from a mile away. It was a horizon line - took a bad line off left hand ledge and got tangled up in eddy line. Norm's comment to me at the bottom when I finally reached it: "Welcome to the Grand Canyon." This was Norm's 20th trip down the Big Ditch. I was glad he was there beside me that day.

Day 2

Launch 11am. TakeOut at 5:15pm

Miles: 18

Rapids during this day: House (7) / Roaring 20's (2 through 6)

Camp: Shinumo

Notes: Kayaked in the morning. Chelsea popped both oars on approach to



Bart, House Rapid

House. She recovered and did a great job. I forgot my paddle at House rapid beach after jumping on with Brad in his raft. Mark was my hero as he eddy-hopped up-river for 45 minutes to retrieve. Mark did have a swim towards end of day in Indian Dick Rapid (a sharp drop with a mean right lateral wave). Probably exhausted from going to get my paddle. Lots of

mice at camp that night. Mark did his bootie beer and was awarded the "swim necklace" that night.

Day 3

Launch 11am

TakeOut 5pm

Rapids this day: "Twenty-Seven" (6) and "Thirty Six" mile rapid (4)

Camp: Buck Farm

Hikes next morning: Silver Grotto

Hikes during the day on our way: Red Wall Cavern was awesome and everything I wanted it to be. We took GREAT photos and Brad played guitar!. We also hiked Nautiloid Canyon. Laurie and the troops were above and below helped me with this climb as it was straight-up a 75 foot broken limestone cliff wall to start and finish the hike. I had a skirt on and no underwear. This was a great view for Laurie standing below me while bracing my feet and coaxing me literally off the cliff as I am scared of heights. (Sorry Laurie). Rowed the raft for a bit today in afternoon. Nice of Tony to share and super good exercise.

Day 4 and 5 (Layover):

Hike on the way to camp: Super cool Saddle Canyon. Christo had me laughing so hard over the "merkin" which turns out to be a REAL thing! (google it and you will laugh too). I was super scared on hike, but SO glad I went. Really pretty waterfall as my reward at the top.

Camp that night/next day: Upper Nankoweep

Hike at Camp: Mark and John went down river 3 miles in kayaks and hiked around the mesa. 12 miles, total I think and took them all day. John's feet

got chewed up in Chaco's and he had major blisters. Others hiked up to the granaries and took EPIC classic Grand Canyon photos. Did laundry and took a shower today. SUP boards were very helpful for bathing. Morgan and Tony seemed to really enjoy today. Was happy to see their happiness. Was behind the oars for a bit today on the way into camp. Heaven. Winds were 5 to 20mph from 11am to 3:30pm on Day 5, but we did not care. It was layover day!

Dinners: Pork tenderloin night 4 and chicken parm night 5.

Day 6

Launch: 915am. Takeout: 430pm

Rapids this Day: Kwagunt (5) and Tanner (4)

Winds: 10 to 20 mph from 10 am to 1:30pm

Hike on the Way: Little Colorado River paco pad races with my glorious husband. Weather and water was super warm.

Camp: Upper Unkar

Dinner: Norm's Brisket and Fett Alfredo

Notes: I turned the "corner "today. The Grand Canyon finally had her "hold" on me....thank goddess. Everything else melted away today. No pressures, no worries, no stress. "Three Little Indians" had a fun afternoon on the raft - Morgan, Erin and Chelsea. Drinky, drinky. Mark seemed to really enjoy the day today. He took great photos which I am grateful for. Rowed with Tony for a bit and he pointed out some of the hikes he took in the past from the top to the bottom. Saw the South Rim (the only place it was actually in-view to us the entire trip) and the Desert View Watch Tower at mile 64.. Learned what "dogs taking



a bath” really means today too. Interesting.....

Day 7

Launch: 10am. Takeout: 4:50pm.

Camp: Lower Cremation

Rapids on the Way: Unkar (6), Hance (8) , Nevills (6), Sockdolager (7) Grapevine (7), "Eighty-Three" mile rapid (4) and Zoroaster (5).

Notes: Great groover spot! Rockslide in middle of night. Tony and John cooked dinner. I did dishes and I supplied Halloween candy as we did not have dessert. Christo greatly enjoyed the Snickers. Laurie ROCKED the rapids today. She was so brave and composed even though I know she was nervous in Hance. A rock slide last year closed off the left line so it was a brand new rapid for her that had to be run on the right and middle. I was grateful and proud to be on her raft and continued to learn from her each rapid. I rowed in between the big ones to give her a break and save her muscles (therefore saving myself). I am loving everyone on this trip, loving that they are loving each other and so grateful for being here.

Day 8

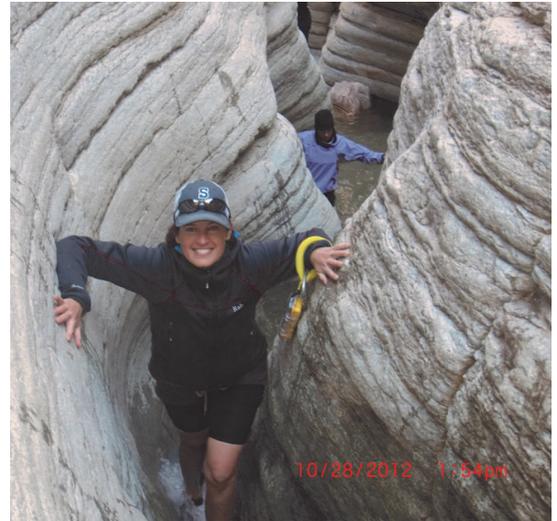
Picked up hikers at Phantom in morning (Scott, Amy, Karen and Jason). They arrived at 11:45 (I think). So happy to see their faces! They hiked Kabib instead of Bright Angel trail.

Rapids: Horn (8)



Notes: Enjoyed our hike up to Phantom Ranch itself. Christo poached a shower. I sent postcards to my family. Tony turned in an ID he found in rockslide night before. Hikers came off the trail and jumped into the kayaks into some BIG rapids today. "Welcome to the Grand Canyon." Jason swam before Horn trying to get his water-legs.

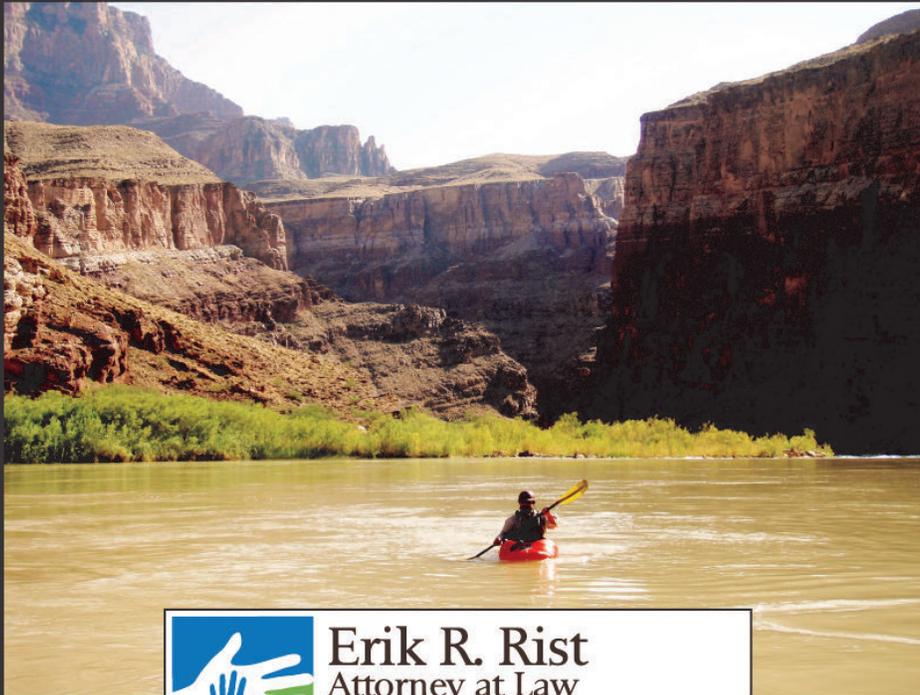
Scott swam in Horn rapid itself (he got necklace that night). Tony and Morgan executed our one and only flip of the trip in Horn. I



strongly disliked Horn. Gave me the willies and I almost threw up before climbing aboard Laurie's raft and strapping my kayak on. Laurie, of course, rocked it on the left line! Bart had a fabulous line in his kayak. Bart rescued Morgan from an eddy after her swim and brought her to Laurie and me on river left. Others re-flipped the raft on river right. Nothing lost. No injuries. All was well that ended well. Morgan took a hit to her hip on oar lock during flip. OUCH!. Sleeping bag wet that night as our bags were on the raft that flipped. I put on an extra layer of clothes and a hat and slept soundly to the sounds of Granite less than ¼ mile away waiting of us the next morning.

Camp was called: Granite





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Exclusive Practice Areas:

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CW Member

Movie Review (Shown at CW Fall Dinner)

3 river runners/filmmakers from Colorado College will present their film, answer questions, and share updates from their latest work on the Colorado River.

From the mountains of Wyoming to the lettuce fields of Mexico, past dams and reservoirs and diversion canals, through plains and canyons and the lights of Las Vegas, Will Stauffer-Norris and Zak Podmore hiked, paddled and slogged their way down the Green and Colorado Rivers to the sea in 2011.

Remains of a River is an unforgettable story of friendship, adventure, and environmental degradation. At turns inspiring and alarming, this film will have you laughing, marveling, shaking your head, and maybe planning an adventure of your own.

Down the Colorado Expedition 2012: The two paddlers teamed up with State of the Rockies again to undertake another source to sea trip, this time on the Colorado side of the basin. In addition to last year's exploration element, Down the Colorado added scientific research and water quality sampling to the project, as well as a series of interviews with a wide variety of

stakeholders in the basin. One of the goals of the expedition was to use social media to connect a younger demographic with the challenges facing the Colorado watershed.

Learn more about the project here: <http://www.downthecolorado.org/>

Watch the trailer here: <http://vimeo.com/43859896>

