

The Oregon Whitewater Association brings private boaters together for the enjoyment of whitewater boating. Our vision is to promote whitewater safety and training for all of our membership in an effort to provide safety awareness and confidence when executing river rescue skills. OWA is the community of choice where fun and river adventures thrive and where people and rivers connect.



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Lower Main Salmon Trip Report

Submitted by Dan Hudson

To say we had a 'large' group on this trip is an understatement. I don't quite believe 'large' is the most appropriate term to describe the trip membership. I think, in retrospect, the best way to describe the trip participants would be a "Tribe"!

A tribe exists to support the group as a whole. No one single member is more important than the next. Trip Leader Scott Ogren said it from day 1; The priority order is; River, Tribe, Self. The river dictates what we have to deal with, the tribe comes next in any consideration, and individual or self-desires becomes the least important consideration. Above all else, this was a family trip and all considerations were given to making the trip memorable for the youngest generation on the river.

We were forewarned by Michele at All River's Shuttles we would be facing fierce competition for our preferred camps. Michele advised there were as many as 7 groups launching at Hammer Creek on the same day, and several were also launching at Pine Bar. She did her best in selling the family nature of the OWA and negotiated our favorite stops for the club with the other groups. We launched in a great exodus from Hammer Creek with rafts adorned with colorful umbrellas, shade tops, and Shanna Hudson pulling a gigantic White Swan. Along the river, comments were shouted to the group from passing rafters in awe of Shanna's White Swan floatie.

Continued on page 4

September Club Meeting

Flying Pie Pizza

7804 SE Stark Street
 Portland, OR 97215

**Wednesday,
 September 19, 2018
 from 6:00-9:00 PM**

Speaker: Allan Wedderburn

**Topic: Allan Wedderburn
 will talk about his
 experience on the Orange
 River in South Africa.
 (see page 2 for details).**

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Do you have something you would like to submit to the OWA newsletter? The tale of your latest rafting adventure? The recipe of the best dish you've ever cooked on the river?

Contact Nichole Marino
VicePresidentNewsletter@oregonwhitewater.org

To show our appreciation and to encourage future contributions, the Oregon Whitewater Association will have an annual drawing for a \$150 gift certificate to one of the OWA sponsors. Every member who submits written material that gets published in the newsletter will automatically be entered into the drawing.

September Meeting Speaker

Topic: Trip Report on the Orange River in South Africa

Speaker: Allan Wedderburn

Description: Allan Wedderburn will talk about his experience on the Orange River in South Africa.

The Orange River is the longest river in South Africa and the Orange River Basin extends extensively into Namibia and Botswana to the north. It rises in the Drakensberg mountains in Lesotho, flowing westwards through South Africa to the Atlantic Ocean. The river forms part of the international borders between South Africa and Namibia and between South Africa and Lesotho, as well as several provincial borders within South Africa. Except for Upington, it does not pass through any major cities.

Speaker Bio: Allan has a passion for wild places with primary interests being wilderness guiding and white water kayaking. He has over 25 years of guiding experience taking people into remote wilderness areas in the African bush where the concept of Wilderness philosophy is facilitated. Together with South African notables like Clive Walker, Dr Frances Gamble and Johan Fourie he was a founding member and past Chairman of the Field Guides Association of Southern Africa. Prior to starting his own part time non-profit wilderness trails company, Touch the Earth Wilderness Trails, which he owned for 14 years, he was a part-time Field Guide of the Wilderness Leadership School for 11 years which was founded by renowned conservationist, and mentor, Dr. Ian Player. For you golfers, Ian is Gary Player's brother.

Summer Trips, Adventures, and Safety Training by Scott Ogren

How was your summer? Did you get many river trips in? I was able to float the Deschutes River just before the fires and then a couple of day trips after. Let's hope the burned outhouses are replaced sooner rather than later!

If you haven't had a chance to see the damage done by the fires on both multi-day sections of the Deschutes River, check out the club Facebook group. A few members have floated the river and posted pictures and the damage is extensive.

Being river runners, we all have a sense of adventure and we often feel the pull of adventure to just go and see what's out there. For me, that often means floating a river but not always. I recently took a road trip to see the Alvord Desert and Steens Mountains in SE Oregon. Stunning is about the best word to describe what I saw. If you have never been and are looking for a non-river adventure, you should consider exploring that corner of the state. Along with stunning beauty, there are several hot springs to soak in which are always good additions to a road trip.

As many of you know, OWA has an extensive Wilderness First Aid Kit and an AED that both go on all club trips and are available for club members to take on private trips as well. To check out either or both, send an email for firstaid@oregonwhitewater.org and Steve Oslund will work with you on the availability and you checking them out.

Signups are now open for the Wilderness First Aid class on the website! The class this year is at Fisherman's Bend Park on the N Santiam River. Look for a link in the right sidebar under Upcoming Events or check the club calendar. This is another highly recommended class and you leave that class with WFA and CPR certifications upon completion. I have used the skills I learned in this training on more than one occasion. You just never know when something will happen and these are handy skills to have.

One last thing, if you have ever thought about serving on the OWA Board, please contact one of the board members. We will have some openings that will be voted on this fall and this could be your opportunity to step into a leadership role for the club!

WFA Class

As we gear back up for the OWA fall activities, one of the major training sessions is coming up soon. The Wilderness First Aid class will be held September 28 to September 30. This 2½ day training is one of the biggest benefits of being an OWA member and is open only to members with their dues current. If you aren't current on your dues and want to take the class, now's the time to renew! The class is taught by Lead Instructor Travis Reid of Oregon Rescue and is second to none. Travis brings energy and a teaching style to the class that is entertaining, insightful, and provides a fun learning environment that makes the essentials easy to remember. Signups are open NOW! Check the website for details.

September OWA Meeting

The next meeting will be at our normal meeting place, Flying Pie Pizza in Portland. Please plan to come out and join us for our monthly meeting and reconnect with friends you maybe haven't seen all summer!

**Are you current on your dues?
Pay online with PayPal!**

www.oregonwhitewater.org/dues.html



Continued from page 1

We picked up a couple late launchers at Pine Bar, and continued downriver under bright blue skies and very warm temperatures. Camp was made at American Bar, which accommodated the group well, and was a great set up to make a short travel day on day 2 to White House Bar. A Burrito Dinner was superbly prepared and presented to hungry kids and adults alike, and a birthday cake presented to Carson Ogren, who was celebrating his 15th birthday.

The real adventure began on Day 2, with an early departure from American Bar and quick acquisition of Lower White House Bar, one of the favorite camps along the LMS. There were several groups vying for this favorite camp, and the OWA simply made it happen with great planning, teamwork, and an early launch from American Bar. The volleyball net was quickly assembled and erected in the shallows and the signature OWA double dining canopy was anchored in and readied to provide much needed shade.

Costume night festivities ensued with Sherry Ripley orchestrating "Pirates and Mermaids". There were plenty of mermaids, including one complete with a shiny tail. The standard layover time featured lots of rapids swimming, water volleyball, and festivities which including dancing and music into the twilight hours.

Day 4 saw us transiting through Snowhole after a quick scout. 20 rafts and 3 kayaks negotiated the class IV drop with gret gusto and no flips. IK'ers Kylee and Haley Albers followed by Kye Wyrsh all ran impressive lines through the drop. The river was running about a foot higher than usual for this trip, and the line at Snowhole was much more forgiving at this level.



Continued from page 4

Eagle Creek was a welcome sight, and better – empty. The long sandbar and shallow bank is a favorite, especially this day when daytime temperatures were running over 100 degrees. Epic blaster squirt gun fights erupted between kids and adults alike. On the layover day the teenage generation made several trips across river and established their own daytime minicamp on river left. Tom Lofton and Dan Hudson made a swim cross river with blasters concealed below water line and ambushed the teens. Though the kids were expecting something, they were thoroughly doused and ran for cover in the brush.

Shade became a priority at Eagle Creek during the layover. Tarps were assembled over the river shallows, with chairs and cots crowded into every shady nook and cranny of the shade cover. Transit day 6 saw plenty of sun, and the arrival of some wind. Cliff diving highlighted the travel day with many taking plunges from the varying heights of the columnar rock formations upstream from Blue Canyon. The destination for the day was planned to be an unnamed sandbar camp on the LMS near MP 1 on river left. As the first rafts arrived and established a beachhead presence, a group of jet boats arrived upriver from the Snake River. They had obviously been planning on camping at the same select location but the lead rafts saved the day and established the OWA presence.

The trip out to the Snake saw Eye of the Needle causing one kayaker flip – Joey Hudson took a plunge in her Aire Spud. She surfaced with her paddle raised overhead laughing her baptism away. As we headed down the Snake from the confluence, we were surrounded by a multitude of rafters and jet boats.

We eddied out near Geneva Bar and assembled the rafts into 4 rows of rafts by 5 rafts across. Brian Albers drove the assembled massive flotilla away from the eddy with his little 9.9 kicker. All was smooth sailing until the higher than normal flows concealed the shallow water of the left channel at Cougar Bar rapids. A rock strike on the propeller not only killed the motor, it stripped the motor off the raft and ejected it behind the last row of the formation. The Flotilla broke apart and spread out through the class II rapid. Dan Hudson and Brian Albers made a shallow water wade upstream and were able to locate and recover the motor.

The now easy motor-out option for the group ended with the dousing of Alber's motor. As we began to row out, the upstream wind speed increased and rowing became difficult, at best. The lighter and smaller Cataracts were actually being blown upstream during the heavier wind gusts. Eventually, we all made it safely out to Heller Bar, albeit with some strained backs and blistered hands.

River, Tribe, Self.



A No Go on the Elochoman

Submitted by Tom Riggs

"NO JAKE" That is what the sign said on the pole as we were driving up the Elochoman River Road to do an exploratory run down this little known stream in southwest Washington. Brent, Doug, and I all looked at our Jake in the back seat of the shuttle pick up and said "looks like you can't go". The people who made the sign should have completed it with "NO DOUG, and NO BRENT" as we were to find out later that day.

American Whitewater has very limited information on the Elochoman and the guidebooks have even less, so in November I decided to take a drive up the watershed to look at a potential new run for me and most likely a new run for any of my gullible boating partners. On the road scout I crossed over the first concrete bridge and saw a nice gravel bar that had vehicle access and looked to be an obvious take out but was on private land so I continued up the road to the Department of Natural Resources, DNR, wayside next to the Elochoman Valley fire station.

This State access point had a narrow muddy trail through an overgrown thicket of blackberries that sort of made it to the river in a reed swamp. The gate that lead to the river had been there to control boat trailer traffic at one time but that was the only evidence that I was standing on what must have been a drift boat launch site. The trees and brush had taken this site back. I was not thwarted since American Whitewater said the take out is at the Beaver Creek Hatchery which I could see across the river just upstream of the weir. I drove over the bridge to the hatchery and walked about 70 yards from the parking area to get to the river. This access was also overgrown and packing a raft 70 yards isn't out of the question but certainly is questionable.

Back adjacent to the DNR wayside was a nice riverside lot with an occupied trailer plus "no trespassing" signs. Well, in order get permission to trespass I had to trespass to knock on the door. I figured if things went awry I would resort to a zig zag pattern for escape, but the lady who opened the door was amicable and said she wasn't the owner but pointed to the house across the highway, that needed a good coat of paint or at least the moss removed, as the landlord's residence. The sign at his door only said "no solicitors" so I left my Amway goods in the truck and gave a knock. Ken answered the door and was fine with letting rafters land on his shoreline. He pointed out that the normal take out was the one I saw earlier at the concrete bridge and that everyone uses that as their departure point from the river. He said to just make sure to clean up any mess so the owners don't change their mind about access. Other than that he didn't say much about boating the river.

As I was walking back to my truck I saw three fellows in a 14 ft raft fishing just above the weir so I scooted down to query them about running the weir and their planned take out an put in. They said they were going to run the weir and drift down to the concrete bridge to end their trip. They also indicated there was a boat ramp about a mile upstream where they launched. Hey, that is the kind of information I was looking for. They had no knowledge of the rapids above their launch and I knew that a 3 mile trip on a meandering section of this river was too short of a run for most whitewater enthusiasts. I could find no one at the hatchery but there were vehicles there and things seemed to be open. They must have seen me coming and hid.



Elochoman River: Continued from page 6

I drove up the river scouting what I could from the road and at a section where the river made a sharp left, there happened to be a guy in a fishing cat lining his boat around a tree growing horizontally out of the bank at Limbo level. It looked like a reasonable enough maneuver even for a larger cat or raft so it was duly noted in preparation for the club trip that I was planning. It was too late and too loud to talk to the fishing cat guy, but things were looking good. If there were two boats on this river on a Saturday in November there must be some extended runs upstream.

About a mile upstream from the fishing cat the pastoral terrain gave way to the beginning of a canyon and at the mouth is the abandoned fish hatchery. The bridge to this relic is closed but peering over the bank I could see a partial diversion weir that was runnable on river right. The entry to this obstacle was marked by some large rocks but easy enough to identify and with moderate skills all would have a clean run.

Continuing upstream the housing density decreased and there was a driveway that yielded a good view of the river. At this section there was another angled weir that partially crossed the river. I could not discern its purpose but it must have been from a bygone era and again with a little more skill could be skirted on river right with a maneuver to get back into the channel required at the bottom.

The road left the river by ½ mile as the canyon encroached so that section remained a mystery. When the river came back into view there was a turn out to the old logging road that paralleled the water for 200 yards. I was able to see a log that extended well out into the river so I worked my way through the brush to get a better view and could see that it was passable on the left as long as one was attentive to their rafting.

The next obstacle I saw on my drive upstream would have been a deal killer for most. It was a double spired alder that had been uprooted and fell all the way across the river except for a small 4 ft wide slot along the left bank. It's just one little log I told myself and I bet we could bring a saw and mitigate this hazard to navigation. If not we could make a somewhat difficult but doable portage along the left bank. There could be more log obstacles I thought so I drove upstream and found a spur with a locked gate on Columbia Land Trust Land that invited hikers to enjoy their property. It was a squishy walk down to the water and I noticed several odd looking piles of wood stacked alternately along each bank in the river. These looked ominous but I could see they were man made fish habitat structures and with luck they would not snag wood and create log jams before February's planned descent.

It was hunting season and the various timber companies had their gates open which is not always the case as we were to find out. Breezing through the gate I passed over the West fork and spied a reasonable carry and launch point for boats if nothing upstream panned out. There was even an intersection nearby to help in turning around a raft trailer.

Continued on page 8



Elochoman River: Continued from page 7

The AWA launch was on the North fork so I continued up stream for another mile and saw some good whitewater and pulled over for a better view. OK, the river was running at 1300 cfs at the mouth but there were large rocks creating a sieve course suitable for kayaks but too skinny for rafts. A nice set of class III rapids but just too bony so I drove a couple of miles up stream and found a wide spot in the road that the Kayak run must have been referencing as the put in.

Nothing to write home about so it was settled (or so I thought) that the West fork confluence would be the launch point. I took down the phone number on the Columbia Land Trust sign and called their office to try to get more beta on the river run. Malone had been involved with the fish restoration project and said they had not placed any structures all the way across the river so that was good news. He also directed me to Steven Gray, the Washington State Fish biologist who works this area.

Steve responded to my email queries and each one sounded more ominous than the previous one. The warnings for the section above Twin bridges came as "passable, difficult and not advisable, but possible" and "I would not venture down below Twin Bridges in a raft pontoon/ cataraft. Not safe". I did not see any twin bridges on my scout so perhaps he was referencing something above the West fork.orperhaps not.

Move the calendar ahead to January and the Elochoman is running about 650 cfs and I have talked Brent Davis and Doug Smith into being sacrificial probes for a more in depth exploration of this river in IKs. Well, Brent and Doug don't have the corner on gullability because they were able to talk their buddy Jake into joining them as another IK-er while I provided shuttle and ground support.

I had heard rumors that the gate might be locked about 10 miles above the concrete bridge take out and that would deny us access to the planned launch at the West Fork another two miles upstream. Not to be worried "Ve haf our vays". Someone came up with a key to the gate.

Brent and Doug being the map gurus they are did some aerial reconnaissance via Google earth to try to pick out any obstacles they could find. Doug even had arranged a fly over in his buddy's Cessna the week prior but fog at the Eugene airport kept them grounded. They did find an area with some whitewater that was not visible from the road so we planned to go cross country to find it. On our drive up river we stopped to look at the concrete bridge take out, the fish weir at the hatchery, the limbo log, the weir at the abandoned hatchery, and the unexplained weir upstream. Nothing that said "Stop the Presses!"

We found another gate we could park in front of and walked the long abandoned remnant of a logging road down to the river across a side stream and came across an abandoned bridge that had both approaches washed out. There was a little bit of a riffle and it was determined that was the Google Earth shot that we referenced. Certainly nothing of an issue there.

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Elochoman River: Continued from page 8

Next I knew I had to get into salesmanship mode because we would be looking at the double spired alder that spanned the river. Dang! It was still there. But wait guys.... I brought a pruning saw. Yes I said pruning, not chain. It would be so packable in your IKs and if worse came to worse you could still portage easily. Brent, Jake, and Doug were all good with the idea so I didn't have to play my Ace in the hole and remind them that I was the shuttle driver and their cars were back in Portland.

The pavement ended and this time the gate was locked so Doug and I jumped out with the key to one of the 9 locks that secure the latch. It's gotta be one of these but I couldn't even get the key to fit into any of the locks. Doug certainly could do better and he did. He actually got the key to fit into one of the locks but that was it. It would not turn and we both jimmied and slid it in an out several times before we admitted defeat. The West fork launch was out.

Just before the gate however is a big turnout and remnants of a logging road along the river. Doug looked at the upper section of the turnout while Jake, Brent, and I walked down the road to check on places to launch an IK. Doug's find was the lesser of all evils so we inflated and rigged their IKs and lowered them down the vertical slope to the bench below where launching would be quite manageable. To exacerbate matters Brent saw some old logging cable ends protruding from the dirt ready to scrape a hole in a person or a boat. All the while I am scratching my head as to how this goat path would work for getting rafts and catboats to the river.

It was time to launch the human probes. At 11:40 all boats were away and I was headed to the double spired alder.

The logging crew arrived at the alder in their IKs after successfully passing through the fish habitat work and were indeed able to skirt around the fallen tree on a slot on river right but concurred that passage for a raft would not be feasible. They tried to access the stump end of the log and made a few valiant attempts before giving up on that idea and paddling to the opposite shore. From high up on the bank I watched the three boaters take turns with the 10 inch pruning saw. After about 20 minutes they had one end sort of cut but needed to get further out in the river to cut a passage section for a raft.

Doug later shared that the first 1/3rd of the sawing went easy but the core of the tree was much harder and the going was slow. Again they took turns sawing and pushing and bouncing the log to break it. Another 20 minutes and they had cleared a route that a raft could slip through albeit you might want a lining rope on one end if the river were pushy. But if we could fit a raft through that would make the upcoming trip much smoother.

I drove downstream about 2 miles to catch the next photo op where there was a small set of rapids visible from the logging road. Twenty minutes, thirty minutes, 45 minutes, finally at one hour the three IKers were intact and floating on by below me. Did they stop to eat lunch? Did they have to portage? Was there a tavern on that section? Oh well, off to the next vantage point where a log was not quite spanning the entire river. As I arrived they were just paddling by with what appeared to be plenty of room.

Being the dutiful shuttler I looked through the trees as I was driving to find my next vantage point when I saw some whitewater down below. We had missed this on the scout in November and again on our drive up earlier that day. From high on the hill it looked like some large weir so I parked the truck to walk over the edge of the bank to get a better view.

Oh it was another bridge. I found another old logging road that lead down to the bridge which had both ends washed away.

The bridge was not the problem.

Upstream was a nice set of class III rapids that the crew would enjoy if they survived the death trap just above. The river was in a steep canyon and in this narrow slot was a log jam on river left with a limbo log right at the drop and in the drop was a 3 ft diameter log that looked like it had been there a while. This certainly was not runnable. Even if you made it under the limbo log it looked to me a boat/ person would get jammed underneath the log in the slot and be having dinner that night with King Neptune and Davey Jones.

Continued on page 10

Elochoman River: Continued from page 9

I was struggling my way through the salal and blackberries trying to find a way to get upstream to alert the boaters of this hazard. That's when I saw Doug's red IK in the distance but I was looking through the foliage and could not tell where he was in relation to the log jam. These guys are all excellent boaters and this was not their first rodeo down exploratory runs.

Prudence prevailed and they scouted the upcoming blind turn and saw the mess in the river. The glimpses of Doug's boat I saw were of him portaging his craft through the forest above the river. They all found another abandoned overgrown logging road and made their way down to the access road where I was parked.

Needless to say, this upper section of the Elochoman is unrunnable in rafts. It turns out the long wait I had after the double alder was due to some other tight routes they had to navigate that sounded ill suited for larger craft. If you want a 3 mile fishing run on this river, put in at the roadside access point about a mile above the hatchery and go down to the concrete bridge.

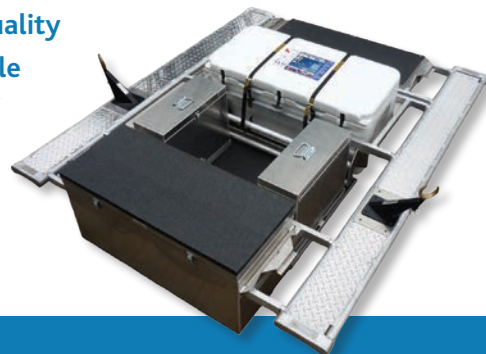
We did find a tavern in Rainier on the way back.



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INGREDIENTS

- 1c dried lentils
- 3.5c vegetable broth
- 1 (14.5oz) can diced Italian tomatoes
- 1c peeled and diced potatoes
- .5c peeled and diced carrots
- .5c diced onion
- .5c diced celery
- 1T dried parsley
- 1T dried basil
- 1 clove minced garlic
- .5t turmeric
- .5t curry
- .5t paprika
- .5t salt
- .5t pepper



Lentil Stew

Submitted by Steve Oslund

DIRECTIONS

(While this is a vegan recipe, it can easily be modified to accommodate meaters...cooked smoked sausage is great with this)

As listed serves 4 but is easily scalable (I've made it for 40 on the river)

Put it all in a pot, bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for 40-50 minutes.

Note: If you are making a very large quantity, like for 40, bring the broth to a boil before adding any of the other ingredients. Add the rest of the ingredients, then once it returns to a boil, follow recipe and time.

** This recipe is really flexible to add or subtract whatever you like or don't like. I tend to add more veggies and dice them large so they provide more texture and don't get lost in the stew.

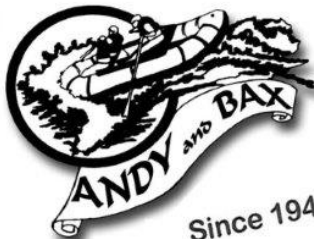


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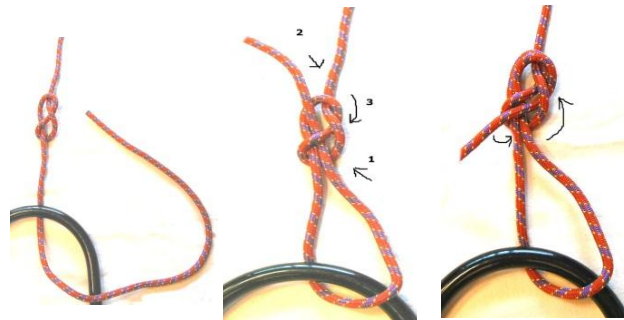
Figure 8 Follow Through

Overview

- It is a very strong knot & easy to tie
- Great for tying into a fixed anchor point, or around a frame or D-ring which you cannot pass a loop over/through

Use

- At the end of a rope as an anchor point, attach to a tree or raft frame or any other closed attach point
- To form a permanent loop



The key is to retrace the existing 8.

[Click for Step by step directions](#)

(Scroll to top of page)

[Click for a Video](#)

Steve K 2012



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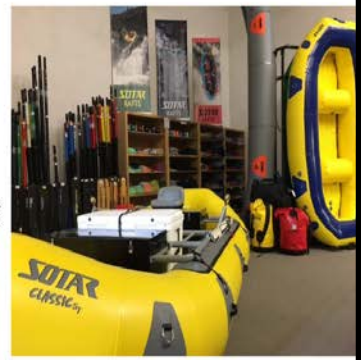


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Upcoming Trips

Submitted by Cheryl Ford,
Trip Editor



UPCOMING OWA TRIPS

TRIP	DATES	TRIP LEADER	CONTACT INFO
2018 Snake River, Class II-IV	Sept 15-17, 2018	Mike Moses	mtymo_@hotmail.com , 509-240-4220
2018 Tieton, Class III+	Sept 15-16, 2018	David Elliott	dce@dcell.com
2018 Fall Colors, North Santiam, Class II/III	October 6, 2018	Matt Saucy	sawdusty9@yahoo.com , 971-241-5396

PAST OWA RAFTING TRIPS

2018 McKenzie River, Class II/III	June 14-17, 2018	Brenda Bunce	brenda.bunce@gmail.com
2018 Grande Ronde, Class II/III	June 14-18, 2018	Dave Graf	dmgraf55@centurytel.net
2018 Upper N Umpqua NWRA/ OWA Trip, Class III/IV	June 1-3, 2018	Bill Goss	zanng@msn.com , 503-757-4659
2018 Rogue River Lodge Trip, Class III/IV	May 18-21, 2018	Van McKay	vanm1@aol.com , 360-737-3148
2018 Annual Upper Clackamas Whitewater Festival	May 18-20, 2018		www.upperclackamasfestival.org
2018 Grande Ronde River, Class II/III	May 11-13, 2018	Eric & Candace Ball	balle@pocketinet.com , 509-525-6134

For additional details on upcoming trips or to view past OWA trips go to <http://oregonwhitewater.org/calendar/trip-calendar>



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Kylee in Snowhole on the Lower Salmon River

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