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# Oregon WHITewater ASSOCIATION

**Volume 11 Number 9**

**October 2010**



## Women, Whitewater ... and FIRE!

**By Julene Siegel, Joni Aldrich, Karen Carman, and Kendra Summers**

**P**lanning for a Ladies Only weekend retreat, six ladies and three catarafts in primary colors put in the Deschutes River at Trout Creek about 1:00pm on Friday August 20. Although parts of the lower Deschutes had been closed for most of the week due to the Town of Wapinitia and White River fires (and one of the ladies fled on Thursday for a comfy room in Madras due to the smoke at Trout Creek), we were undaunted in our quest for fun without the guys for a few days.

Electing to get off the river early at Whisky Dick, layover, and float out on Sunday, we quickly setup chairs, cots and commenced lounging. We won't mention our planned diet because it would be bad for our images. A few of us are accomplished camp cooks!

Saturday layover at Whiskey Dick was delightful as we watched other rafters float from our chairs in the shallows eight feet out in the river. Among other conversation, we were reminded that there are leaches (yes, blood-sucking leaches) in the cool Deschutes waters. Although small and harmless, we did consider

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 3**

*Oregon Whitewater Association is dedicated to preserving, protecting and promoting Oregon's rivers for the safe enjoyment of both public and private non-motorized boating, now and in the future. We advocate fairness in accessibility to river resources and provide a voice for responding to river issues and management concerns.*

**NEXT MEETING**

Wednesday, October 13, 2010  
at 7:00 PM

**Round Table Pizza**  
10070 S.W. Barbur Blvd.  
503.245.2211

**RIVER TIP**

Submitted by Tom Hanson

**Need to replace damaged gear from this last season?**

Now is the time to check for deals at NRS, Cascade Outfitters and SOTAR. They have their best sales during this time of the year.





# Contact Information

Your OWA officers and volunteers

Brenda Bunce, President  
[Brenda.Bunce@gmail.com](mailto:Brenda.Bunce@gmail.com)  
360.931.4224

Bruce Ripley, Vice President  
[vice-president@oregonwhitewater.org](mailto:vice-president@oregonwhitewater.org)  
503.522.7470

Paul Morin, Secretary  
[P.Morin@comcast.net](mailto:P.Morin@comcast.net)  
503.348.6310

Rick Carman, Treasurer  
[frederickcarman@comcast.net](mailto:frederickcarman@comcast.net)  
503.642.9347

Scott Ogren, Membership Director  
[Scott@Scottogren.com](mailto:Scott@Scottogren.com)  
503.267.9785

Tom Hanson Tips Editor  
[TJHRafter@earthlink.net](mailto:TJHRafter@earthlink.net)  
503.201.4428

Josephine Denison, Trip Editor  
[josephinedenison@hotmail.com](mailto:josephinedenison@hotmail.com)  
503.851.9326

Cary Solberg, Advertising Editor  
[Cary.Solberg@aaaoregon.com](mailto:Cary.Solberg@aaaoregon.com)  
503.222.6718

Will Volpert, Scott Ogren, Web Masters  
[WillCarson@aol.com](mailto:WillCarson@aol.com)  
[Scott@Scottogren.com](mailto:Scott@Scottogren.com)

Karen O'Neel, Newsletter Editor  
[owanewsletter@yahoo.com](mailto:owanewsletter@yahoo.com)  
503.789.3636

**OWA list server address:**  
[H2OAddicts@oregonwhitewater.org](mailto:H2OAddicts@oregonwhitewater.org)

**OWA web site address:**  
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## Women, Whitewater and Fire

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

their wide use by doctors curing 'humours' in 19th Century. We also observed that there were not many boaters for a normally busy, pleasantly warm August afternoon. Those rafters we engaged had launched from Trout Creek about 10:00 that morning.

By Saturday late afternoon, all attention turned to the downriver sky. Smoke billowed up from the north with each gust of wind. The acrid smell of fire and smoke was ever present as we continued to 'drink, read, and sleep...in that order'. Sipping a libation of fruit, 'Malibu' and 'Crystal Light', we considered potential evacuation plans. Two helicopters and a small, single engine plane flew by to observe the nearby fire area. For more than a few minutes, one of the helicopters circled closely overhead obviously counting boating groups and boaters. Later, a helpful BLM Ranger floated by and stopped in the next downriver camp. He informed us the river had now been closed to all launches. Using his satellite phone to get the latest information, he let us know the fire was half a mile inland from North Junction, just 10 miles downriver. Since thick smoke obscured the hills past the Whitehorse cliffs, it was obvious that staying put was the best course for all the campers at Whiskey Dick. The Ranger left us and said he would float down to Whitehorse so he could walk to Davidson and North Junction to warn other boaters. Late in the evening, the smoke dissipated as the winds eased and we could see late night constellations. Things were looking up!

Sunday launch was early followed by a smooth ride through



Whitehorse. Catching up with the Ranger at Rainbow for fire news, we were surprised to hear the fire had burned down to the river at Dant. This was more than just a little burn!

Just after Windy Flat, a large, Sikorsky helicopter hovered overhead. It took a moment before we realized it was waiting for us to pass a wide spot in the river so it could suck up a load of water with a large, hanging nozzle. As we passed Dant, we could see the helicopter was headed for the hot spot in the hills just to the south. The Dant homes we could see from the river were unaffected by the fire, but the mine was scorched, as was the ground down to the railroad line. After lunch at Buckskin Mary, the smoke thickened. At Three Riffles, sagebrush at rivers edge blazed at each wind gust.

Suddenly, the water-sucking helicopter dropped near us like something out of a science fiction novel. The craft looked like a giant robotic mosquito. The pilot appeared to have great skill in handling unpredictable gusts

of wind in the confined canyon. Fire equipment and firefighters were watching closely from the east bank and signaled us when to move over for the helicopter. We bunched up and had two minutes between the river-sucking mosquito's return for more gorging. A short train with one engine, three tank cars and a caboose, sprayed the rails with little effect. Nonetheless, flames engulfed rail side power lines.

We saw the remnants of one of the cabins...a fireplace. All else was gone; oddly, the fire bypassed the carts used to ferry gear from the river to the cabin. We surmise that one of the river left toilets near Nena is no more. The scorched earth continued until some distance past Locked Gate...a very large fire indeed.

Arriving safely at Harpham was the end to an adventuresome weekend. We did, however, discover a stowaway. A leach had attached itself to an ankle!

Upon leaving Maupin and traversing up to the top of the rim we all became aware of the

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 10**

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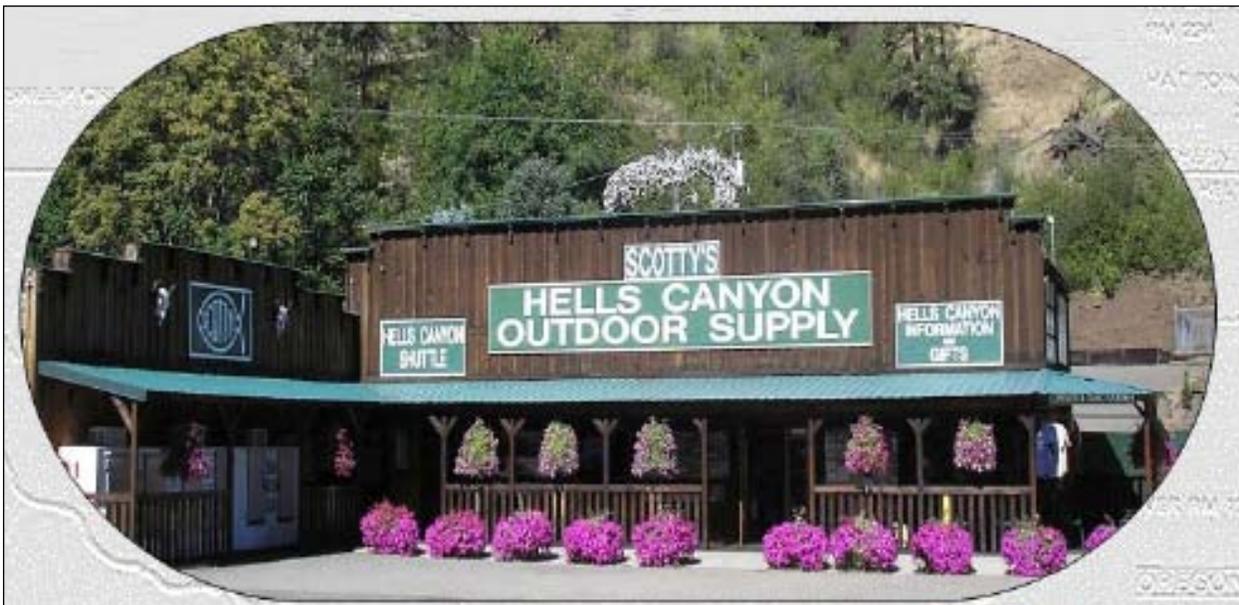
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**PRESIDENT'S CORNER**

**BRENDA BUNCE**

Join us at the Round Table on October 13 for another fun night of free pizza, camaraderie and river talk. Sam Drevo will give a brief introduction to his whitewater safety course offered in 2011. Additionally, we will be showing a 45-minute documentary *Three Women, Three Hundred Miles*. This movie features three women riding 300 miles of life-threatening rapids down the Colorado River through Grand Canyon with nothing but their courage, friendship and riverboards to hold on to.

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Order your OWA T-shirts now! Our new slogan "Life's a River" and logo is now available on T-shirts. Each month we will bring a small supply of shirts to buy for \$15.00 dollars. Or you can go to <http://www.xgtees.com/design.htm> and pick out a color and style and size and email me with your order. Once a month, I will put in our group order in order to receive the discounted price.

Thanks to all the volunteers who helped out with the Tenth Annual Lower Clackamas River Cleanup. It was a real big success and now you can attend the RIPPLE Effect Art Exhibit at 7:00pm October 7 at the Keen "Green Room". This is inspired by the collective passion and creativity of the individuals who come together to clean up our rivers, the RIPPLE Effect is a new effort to inspire sustainable lifestyle changes through individual, innovative artistic efforts.

Join the Second Annual Great Willamette Clean Up in partnership with the Willamette Riverkeepers on Saturday October 2, 2010. Volunteers are needed. For more information go to <http://www.welovecleanrivers.org>.

Our last Board meeting was held on September 1 and we are happy to announce that we are going to be posting the minutes for our members on the website. Please join us for our next board meeting to be held on Wednesday, December 1.

Happy Boating and see you at the Round Table,  
Brenda

*Sing me the legends of the river.  
Tell me a story of the sky.  
Chorus: Because I want to grow.  
Because I want to know.  
Because I want to understand.  
In the river is the model of creation.  
Our lives like the river to the sea.*

Paint me a picture of the landscape.  
Dance me the dance of the waves.  
Sing me of the legends of the river.  
Tell me the story of the sky.

*~Author Unknown*



## Trip Report: Middle Fork of the Salmon, Part II

Submitted by Rick Carman

In my haste to get Part I to press in time I forgot a couple of things. Our Day One included a run through long Class IV Powerhouse Rapids. At lower flows not too much to worry about. But over five feet, where we probably were by now, it has HUGE holes to dodge. I don't remember it being that big in 1992 at five feet. Pretty exciting.

Tip: It pays to have an engineer on a trip and our leader, Steve Herring, is one. They are problem solvers, like lawyers. So the problem is how do you put up your tent in the pouring rain without getting the inside of the tent wet? The answer is obvious when you know it. Wait until the big top canopy is set up, and then set up your tent under the canopy before walking it out into the rain, fully assembled. Genius!

On Day Two the Middle Fork is still smoking along at about 40 feet of drop per mile. And with a lot of water, we were really moving, seven or eight miles per hour. The early part of the day is some really fun Class II and Class III water. Artillery is over a half mile of rock and roll fun. The first problem is Clear Creek Rapid, caused by a blowout several years ago. A fairly easy left run is available at high flows except for the big logs that completely block it. So you are forced down a narrow drop on the right which creates a really impressive wave. Big enough that you definitely want to miss it. We have always stopped to scout it. It is a pretty good hike to the scout point and by then you are only

about one half mile from Pistol Creek, the next Class IV. There is a nice trail along this part of the river so we hiked down to take a look. But Pistol did not look like Pistol. The classic S-curve did not exist. Instead, it was a straight shot. I new then that the river was well over five feet because the S curve had still been there in 1992. There was a huge hole left center and what looked like a possible sneak through a

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**With a lot of water, we were really moving, seven or eight miles per hour**

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violent boil on the right. There was debate about whether one could stay right and miss the hole. Others were suggesting start far left and try to stay there to miss the hole. While we were standing there, a huge log, uh oh, came floating downstream. The log went left and missed the hole all by itself. Interesting. But the boat has me at the oars and will go where I tell it to. And right was my choice.

Before running Pistol, we had to walk back to the boats above Clear Creek and run it. At lower flows, most people try to squeeze by on the left between the steep bank and the wave, but usually still catch a big piece of wave. At our higher flow, there was a reasonable sneak on the right of the wave if you could get to it. I put the Maravia spot on and we missed it perfectly. But Robbie could not get his heavily loaded 15-foot cat far enough right and

hit the wave sideways. I thought he and Bree were going over but the beast managed to stay upright, barely.

Within a minute or two you blow into Pistol. I am not going to let a log dictate my route so right we went. Within a few seconds the current grabbed the boat and threw us all the way across the river to the left, so far left that we completely missed the hole. Just like I planned. Same route the log took, but it had started left. Everyone else blundered through one way or another and the rest of Day Two is smooth sailing. We stopped at the Indian Creek Guard Station to check the flow. 5.8 feet. Hm. Sandi begged us not to tell her what it was but we could not resist. We roared on down to Pungo Creek, with a tough pull in with the high water but a great camp. And it quit raining. Ropes went up everywhere and were soon covered with wet clothes and gear. And sunshine!

Pungo Creek was the site of an old mining operation. One of the three shafts is still open to those who want to hike up the steep hill and take a look. Steve led the way with me right behind him. It goes about 100 feet, far enough to get very dark. As we got near the end of the shaft, Steve suddenly jumped back right into me as he half shouted, "There is something moving back there!" We turned our headlamps to the face of the shaft and there, looking at us perched in its nest was a very healthy looking rat. Not such a big deal after all, but that first sense

of unexpected movement was a thrill. Back in camp Mike Evans and his dad cooked a fabulous meal of cashew chicken. Water chestnuts put it over the top. There was more than we could eat so back in the cooler it went. Thank goodness it did.

It started raining again overnight and all the tents got wet again but the water level did not go up. Sandi asked me to row her boat and she rode with Dave who took over the Red Maravia. We took off and stopped downstream at Sunflower Hot Spring where Robbie and Bree had spent the night in the tiny camp. This is the place where the warm water comes off the top of the bank in a pipe and drops about 10 feet, making the world's greatest shower. But today the water was so high it was covering the part of the bank where the

water fell. I suppose you could have tried to maneuver your raft under the shower, but we did not try. In the big nasty eddy just below the Sunflower, a large fat log circled menacingly. Day Three has few big rapids. Marble Creek was pretty much washed out and so was Jack Ass. But Ski Jump, which I had never noticed before, had a monster hole river left and huge standing waves to ride over on the right. Wow! And the rain continued off and on.

We arrived at Shelf Camp, a mile above Loon Creek mid afternoon accompanied by a blast of wind, pouring rain and thunder and lightning. Sandy put her tent on a nice flat spot close to the river. As the rain continued, someone suggested that she might either want to move her tent or sleep with her life jacket on. She moved her tent and the spot was

underwater a couple of hours later. And the trees we had tied our boats to were now a few feet offshore. Out in the river began a continuous stream of wood debris. A while later the first big log floated by. For the rest of the day until the sun went down, we could see a big log float by every couple of minutes. Some were rolling as they went by. All different shapes and sizes but all kind of unnerving.

Talk about unnerving, Joan Aldrich was spending the week with my wife Karen at our house in Hillsboro. Both have been down the Middle Fork. It had been raining like crazy around Portland, so they were checking the Middle Fork flow on the internet and figured their husbands were going to die. Wednesday evening the flow was at 7.5 ft. and rising.



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[www.oregonwhitewater.org/dues.html](http://www.oregonwhitewater.org/dues.html)

## Trip Report: Lower Salmon River

August 23-27, 2010 • Submitted by Kevin Murk

OWA's July Lower Salmon trip canceled due to high water and it looked like it might be another year before I would have a chance to see this beautiful stretch of river. Fortunately, an August trip was in the works. Our boating party included Scott and Jenny Ogren and their children Carson and Miranda, Bruce and Sherry Ripley and their daughter Kathrine, Brenda Bunce, Vic LeGall, Jim Gizzi and his daughter Jenna, Jim's brother Steve from Chicago and myself.

After a few clouds on Sunday the skies were sunny and clear for the rest of the trip. We were spoiled with our first choice of camp each evening.

Sunday we drifted to Lone Pine Bar and had a



Lone Pine campsite

scrumptious meatloaf dinner courtesy of Bruce. Monday began with a delicious breakfast of scrambled eggs and bacon cooked by Scott. That day we ran China Bar Rapid. With the flow at about 4500 cfs the rapids were very manageable and everybody had fun, especially the kids. We

camped at lower Whitehouse Bar where we played volleyball in a shallow pool on the edge of the river and Bruce prepared pan-fried chicken.

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### Most of us got a chance to see a bear at the edge of the river

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The next morning Vic and Brenda got everybody energized for the day with breakfast burritos. Tuesday we ran Snowhole Rapids and celebrated Scott's 40<sup>th</sup> birthday at Eagle Creek. Scott treated us all to Gartner's ribs and Jenny made rafter-themed cupcakes for desert. Outstanding! We played a few rounds of Boccee Ball on the spacious sandy beach.

Wednesday began

**CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**





**Miranda Ogren**

delightfully with turkey sausage and eggs by Vic and Brenda. Steve decided to try paddling Vic's inflatable kayak. From then on he was inseparable from that IK. One of the highlights of the trip was seeing Steve blast through the waves in Eye

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**Steve looked so poised and natural it was hard to believe this was his first whitewater trip**

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of the Needle Rapid. Steve looked so poised and natural it was hard to believe this was his first whitewater trip. Some of the more courageous folks jumped from a cliff into the river while the rest of us looked on. Slide Rapid



**Scott Ogren jumping from cliff**

was barely a riffle at this flow. That night we camped at lower Cottonwood Creek and enjoyed Jim Gizzi's steak dinner with coleslaw.

Thursday we rowed out to Heller Bar and caught a glimpse of Bighorn sheep. We reached the takeout just as the dreaded Snake River wind started to pickup. On

the drive home we saw what must have been 50mph winds blowing trees sideways and the air darkened with smoke and dust. Between the cheerful camaraderie, sunny weather, exquisite river cuisine, good flow level, and impeccable timing this was the perfect introduction to the Lower Salmon.

**Vic and Miranda swimming at Eagle Creek**



## 2010 TRIP CALENDAR

Submitted by Josephine Denison

*Please note that the dates for the November Rogue River trip have been changed*

10.16 Sat	North Santiam River	II/III	Josie Denison	josephinedenison@hotmail.com	503.851.9326
<b>ADDITIONAL TRIP INFORMATION</b>					
Run from Packsaddle Park to Fisherman's Bend Park.					
11.6-11.7 Sat-Sun	Great Wolf Lodge Family Trip	NA	Angie Evans	rvrunners@gmail.com	503.851.9326
11.12-11.14 Fri-Sun	Rogue River	III/IV	Scott Ogren	scott@scottogren.com	503.267.9785
<b>ADDITIONAL TRIP INFORMATION</b>					
Graves Creek to Foster Bar. Staying at Galice Lodge on Thursday, November 11.					

**Please send 2011 trip submissions to**  
josephinedenison@hotmail.com

## Women and Fire

**CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3**

immensity of the fire. Almost to Pine Grove, there were areas burned down to the road, and some smoldering trees were evident. Many miles of rangeland were burned.

The news story on the Internet said there were "stranded boaters" ... I guess that was us!

**POSTSCRIPT:** We subsequently learned that the White Lightning Complex fire burned over 33,000 thousand acres and that Maupin residents had been asked to collect belongings and important papers in the event of an evacuation. At one point nearly 600 firefighters were assigned to the fire. A week later, the fire was still burning, but contained well enough that the river was again opened for recreational boating on Friday, August 27.

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## Deschutes River Cleanup

Submitted by Carol Beatty

The Deschutes River Cleanup on September 19 attracted 70 rafters and walkers to clean debris along the road and riparian from Harpham Flat to Sandy Beach. In addition, walkers went to Shearers Falls gathering road garbage.

All Star Rafting of Maupin and SOLV sponsored the event. All Star Rafting owner, Silas Lewis, and one of his guides, Grant Turner, were the local contact for SOLV, recruiting help and providing boats, life jackets, paddles and guides. SOLV provided the items for gathering and containing the garbage. Imperial Lodge donated the BBQ lunch.

The cleanup was a joint effort of the guiding community, Maupin residents, Imperial Lodge, including 20 members from the Maupin Community Church. In addition, OWA members Cheryl Ford, Pat Barry and Carol Beatty paddled and picked up trash. It's fun



COURTESY OF WHITewater PHOTOS

Carol Beatty, Pat Barry, Cheryl Ford and garbage running Boxcar Rapids

floating next to shore scouting for garbage

The Cleanup is done in conjunction with River Fest, an annual celebration of the river in Maupin the third weekend in September.

Combined efforts of BLM, boaters and fishermen keep the the garbage content of the Deschutes lower than many Oregon rivers, but this concerted

annual effort siphons up micro trash like cigarette butts and cans of cheap beer so the river is as free as possible of debris.

Put River Fest and the Cleanup on your calendar for next September. Besides having fun at the festival and paddling the river, you help keep the Deschutes clean by looking under the big alder trees where most garbage collects.



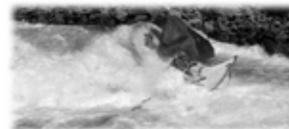
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# Oregon Whitewater Association

## Membership Application Form

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

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Check for a hard copy newsletter via US mail.

A household membership is \$24.00 for one year, from July 1 to June 30.  
Dues after January 1 are prorated at \$12.00, otherwise annual dues are \$24.00.

I hereby state that I wish to participate in courses and/or activities offered by Oregon Whitewater Association (OWA) 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, OWA 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 OWA, I hereby release OWA and its leaders, officers, and members from any and all liability, claims and causes of action arising out of or in any way connected with my participation in any activities offered by OWA. I personally assume all risks in connection with these activities, and further agree to indemnify OWA 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.

All	Participant	Printed name	Signature	ors.
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	Member #2			
	Member #3			
	Member #4			

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Member #4		

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