

PPWC

Pikes Peak Whitewater Club

June Newsletter

Beyond the Ark

Page 1

Lower Taos Box at 4400

Mike Giffin

Page 4

Teva Games

Mike Brown

Page 5

Fear to Fun on the Gunny

Gordon Stringer

Page 9 San Miguel

Chris brobin

The Ark

Page 10

Royal Gorge

Ed Hansen

Page 12

Near Drowning at the Pueblo Play

Park

Chris Brobin

Our Voices

Page 12

Dave Smiley

Pikes Peak White Water Club

President Gordon Stringer

Vice President Greg Horton

Secretary Lori Welsh

Treasurer Kurt Schroeder

Membership Director Jim Mcgee

Newsletter Editor Chris Brobin

Trip Coordinator Jim Sprouffs

Web Master Lori Welsh

BEYOND THE ARK



Katy Fitzgerald

Lower Taos Box

4400 CFS

Lower Taos Box at 4400

Mike Griffin

Because I know a few of you are waiting to hear, here's a trip report on Taos at high water. It was the biggest water I've ever paddled and one of the most fun days I've had on the water. Katy Fitzgerald and I went down there on Saturday and had an awesome time. We met up with two groups of Texans who had run it Saturday and we planned to run with them Sunday. Two of them had taken a beating (one of their boats was still in the gorge that evening) -- so they decided not to run again. That left Katy and I and three Texans heading to the Lower Taos Box put-in Sunday morning. By the time we got there, it was running 4,400 cfs - had come down 500 over night. Still, 4,400 is mighty meaty compared to the 1,400

it was running when we hit it a few weeks ago.

For the first half of the day, it's the same river -miles of flatwater. Ski Jump was unremarkable. Dead Car was fairly big, then things got going at Powerline. At lower and medium flows, you pick one of several slots between entrance rocks, and you miss a rock in the left side on the way down the drop. At 4,400, there's none of that. As far as I could see, the line didn't matter. I could see no exposed rocks -- just paddle down a tall drop, hit a 12-foot wave at the bottom, crash through it and laugh.

Then you can feel the pace of the river quickening as the gorge constricts a bit, and we all knew it was on as we approached the pinball/rock garden area. Huge wave trains developed, and it became pretty-much constant 10-to-15-foot high waves and large holes for the next three miles. Eddies were few and the action was constant for those three miles, and I really don't believe lines matter. We didn't scout -- just read-and-run. And to read and run, that just meant paddling to the top of a 12-foot wave and getting a frantic look around before you crashed down into the next trough.

A few times, at the top of a wave, I saw a cavernous hole looming and managed to avoid it - but I don't think any of those holes would have been terminal. We all went in a few holes, took some major hits and had to practice big-water combat rolls, but no trouble.

At the last rapid near the take-out campground, a large crowd was gathered. We all got applause and screams as we headed one-by-one through the last one. The river dropped in one wide, deep togue and created the biggest wave I've ever paddled - hard to miss but none of us tried to miss it. I don't know how many paddle strokes I took on the way up the face of the wave, but

it was a lot. Was the wave more than 15 feet tall? Anyway fun, and fun to paddle to cheers and applause. :)

I would rate this run maybe a IV-minus at this flow -- not at all technical but very demanding in terms of bracing and punching really big, pushy stuff. Catching the sparse eddies to catch your breath was key. Rolls required poise, and a swim in the pinball area would have been epic - probably would have been swimming for a couple of miles, because it's so big and wide and fast and continuous. One of the Texans who ran it the first day had a very long swim and got banged up enough that he decided he wasn't strong enough to carry his boat on the hike out, so he just left it behind. But as long as you had a little stamina and a solid combat roll, it really wasn't hard. Just a ton of fun. Major adrenaline with that many huge, roaring waves and holes for such a long stretch. None of our five took a creek boat. The largest boat was an S-8. Katy paddled the smallest boat, a Siren, and she only flipped three times. We had no swims. We took a little break, then ran Pilar. At this level, there were actually a couple of holes on Pilar that were scarier than any in the Box. All of the outfitters were flipping rafts at Souse Hole. Two of us decided to run it. Hey - there was a crowd there, waiting to watch us get munched, and I was feeling Kodak courage. I sat in the eddy well upstream as the first boater went. He disappeared over the horizon line, and I heard a huge cheer from the bank. Then I heard a second cheer, which made me wonder if he had been sucked back into the hole and was getting munched, and the crowd was cheering the carnage. So I waited - but when I didn't see anybody scrambling to the water with a throw rope, I figured all was well and I headed. Same deal as the last rapid of LTB - long decent to the trough, into the face of a huge, es-

entially unavoidable wave. Except this one was a wave-hole, with garbage boiling back over the crest and shooting back upstream. I launched off the top, straight up, and came straight back down onto the pile in a vertical position - fell over backwards right into the hole. A bit scary, but three tries later I rolled up, downstream of the hole, and got some cheers for the effort. Was feeling pretty cool about it until some locals came down an hour later, dropped in and surfed the thing. They were rock stars - amazing boat control to be able to surf on something so big and squirrely -- they were bouncing and skipping and getting tossed along the face of this thing, but only a few got truly worked for their efforts. Oh well - something to aspire to. Anyway, though the flow was going down, the talk was that this is not the end - that the Rio will actually come back up for a second peak. So if you get a chance to go while it's over 4,000, do it. It rocks.



**Mike Griffin
 The Numbers
 Arkansas River
 Buena Vista, CO**



**Raft In Sunshine
 2500 CFS
 Arkansas River
 Canyon City, CO**



**Texas Devin
 Souse Hole 4400 CFS
 Race Course Section
 Rio Grande River
 South of Taos, New Mexico**



**Unknown Boater
 Powerline Rapid 1400 CFS
 Lower Taos Box
 Rio Grande River
 Taos, New Mexico**

The Teva Games Mike Brown

We are fortunate on the Front Range to have 2 world class boating events in our backyard within 2 weeks of each other every year. This year Don Grall and I spent a couple of days at Vail watching and photographing some of the Teva Games. More correctly, I mostly watched while Don, a professional photographer, captured images of the games. Be sure to check out his website, it's on our links page.

Thursday was the Homestake Creek extreme race. This is a popular event started a few years back by Ken Hoeve aka Hobie, the western Dagger rep. Homestake drops about 500 feet per mile in the race stretch and was flowing a robust 50 CFS this year. While that may sound skimpy, it was about double last year's flow and there was plenty of water for a good race. The format was men's and women's division, 2 heats with best combined time taking the win. Highlights included Jay Kinkaid pinning in a difficult obstructed drop and having to step out of his boat in the first heat, Dane Jackson at age 11 racing in a downriver play boat, Tao Berman just edging Pat Keller for the win, Eric Jackson going from 10th place to third with a fast second heat run, and Nikki Kelly obliterating the women's field with her times.

On Thursday evening, they held a new

event called the big air contest. Competitors were judged on two tricks only in the hole. Most were having difficulty staying in the hole after aerial moves, which opened the door for Dane Jackson to steal the show with a strong performance. The Jackson Kayak team swept the men's event with 1. Eric Jackson, 2. Nick Troutman and 3. Dane Jackson. In the women's event Tanya Faux of Australia was first followed by Emily Jackson.

On Friday, we watched the Freestyle prelims, which were notable for the debut of 9 year old Lauren Burress in the women's event. Don and I each left on Friday, and ended our weekend with a trip down the Numbers on the Ark, joined by Dave Volpe, Jim Sprouffske, Mike Gordon, Chris Brobin, RJ Neff, Ben Carter, and Dave Volpe. We had a great day on the water and after the trip, Chris added a bit to his day by buying a new kayak at CKS on the way home. So you know he'll want to get out again soon. All in all a great weekend, hope many of you can join the group at FI-BARK this year for more of the same.



**Dane Jackson
Eleven Years Old**

Fear to Fun on the Gunny Run (Sept 2004)

Gordon Stringer President PPWC

“Leroy! Is the road passable or not?”

“I’ve been the shuttle permit holder in the gorge for the last 20 years. My drivers have been with me for 16 and 18 years as well. I tell you the road is snotty. Snotty, snotty, snotty. We didn’t run shuttles today or yesterday. And the forest service didn’t either.”

“When do you think it will be passable?”

“I’ve seen jackasses try to go down there when it’s wet, like you want to, and I tell you I’m not haulin’ your ass out of there. Neither will any tow company. You’re on your own in there. And if you ruin the road they’ll charge you!”

“Will it be passable Friday or Saturday? You know I could wear snowshoes.”

“Call me Friday morning.” Click.

It’s Thursday afternoon and I’m in a panic. The Black Canyon’s Gunny Gorge is flowing almost 1400 cfs and the only thing in the way of some fun late season boating is Mancos Shale. It is what we will have to four-wheel over tomorrow, if we want to run the canyon. It’s been a drought in Colorado for five years, and now it is raining in the high desert! The Crystal Dam is releasing due to recent maintenance and not rain. The dam masters must test the new bearings and Flux Capacitors up to 2000cfs. We need to hit it this weekend.

My only other option is to get in touch with an elusive hair boater named Milo out of Crested Butte. Milo has been running the Black Canyon for the last couple of weeks dreaming of the promised flows and leaving breadcrumbs of information the “MountainBuzz” of his exploits. The guy runs it solo and climbs the black rock to the rim to meet his climbing buddies for a break. His shuttle is his beat up mountain bike. He tries to do this all in 24 hours. This is Milo’s idea of a mild adventure race.

“I’m going to do the shuttle with Milo. Do you think the road will be passable by Friday?” There is a long pause on the phone from the forest service employee stationed in Montrose. “Hello, can you hear me?” I repeated.

“Uh...yeah...you said you’re going with Milo?”

“Yes. Do you know Milo? Should I be a concerned?”

“Well...not really. Milo knows the Canyon better than anyone, I guess. The road is saturated right now. You can probably get in, but Milo might have a hard time getting his rig out. But then, maybe not, it is Milo.”

It’s already late Thursday afternoon. I need to get out of my office and get on the road. Where did all these people at work come from, it’s 5:01pm, go home, so I can leave. It is a long four hours to Blue Mesa and visions of late night deer and drowsiness dance in my head.

It’s Friday AM and I’m finally in Gunnison. I have got to call Katy and Karen and let them know it’s sunny and dry here today. It looks like we’re going to be able to run the Gunny Gorge on Saturday after all. Blue Mesa is beautiful this morning and the high desert sun hits my black fleece and warms me up. I take a hike to soak in the warm rays and view the changing beauty of the bright golden leaves of autumn. The cottonwoods are so golden yellow they look as if they are plugged in to the hydroelectric dam downstream.

Gunnison’s whitewater park holds its own even in low flows. I decide to warm up for tomorrow by spending the late Friday afternoon in the play park. Cell rings. It’s Karen. No word from Katy yet. I hope Katy gets the afternoon update I left on her home phone. I tell Karen the latest and explain the complicated shuttle procedure I have planned via e-mail with an elusive hair boater named Milo, and the Chukar Trail road hazard. All things may come to a halt if the road doesn’t dry out I warn. While I am talking on the cell, I notice a guy doing an endless number of flat-water cartwheels in the eddy near me.

“HEY! Are you Gordo?” A deep voice shouts out from the eddy. It’s the guy who was doing the endless cartwheels.

“Uh...yeah...I am.”

“I’m Milo!” He says, as he enthusiastically shoots out

his hand toward me.

“Nice to finally meet you Milo.” I say, as Milo begins discussing the shuttle plan, road conditions, flows and shuttle beer requirements with great intensity.

A vanload of high school kids with kayaks rolls in behind me. The squeaky brakes get my attention. Crested Butte Academy is painted on the sliding door. It seems as if twenty kids hop out of the van all at once. Gear is flying everywhere; kayaks get tossed from the racks up top. Danger, better move. Milo screams out orders to the kids like a drill sergeant. “This isn’t the skate park, tighten up that helmet strap, knucklehead!” These are his kids for the next two hours. The play spot goes from vacant to whitewater festival atmosphere in minutes. I join the party.

Saturday 5:30am: It’s very dark. I feel like I should be going skiing, but I have a pile of neoprene and latex in front of me. Breakfast will be at Micky D’s today. I load my truck in the pitch black darkness as a vehicle pulls up close to us with its brights on high. Blinded. “Hello” a voice calls out awfully cheerful for 5:45am. It’s Katy! She got the message I had hung at the campground, in hopes that she would find it. Bonus! We’re all together now. I’ve been a little stressed planning, or rather, winging this trip together. Due to the brief communications and complicated shuttle details, I really didn’t want it to turn into a cluster fledge. But hey, we’re all boaters, and boaters do have a keen sense on how river details fall together.

I’m driving at top speed, down the twisty dirt road, munching a sausage Mc Muffin and trying to navigate Milo’s insane short cut directions. I’m feeling a little nervous about getting to Pleasure Park on time to meet Milo. I’m glad I had that serendipitous meeting Friday afternoon. At least I’ll know whom to look for when we arrive. Karen and Katy have no worries, other than Katy is convinced I going to smack a cottonwood tree on one of these hairpin turns and Karen is warning me about tiny bunny rabbits crossing the road. Smack! One bunny goes down. I try not to notice and bury my guilt deep into some place I will never retrieve it.

We meet Steve for the first time when we pull up to Milo’s parking spot at the Pleasure Park take-out. Steve’s wants me to drive his truck down the wicked, twisty, muddy, bone jarring Chukar Trail for him. I

just met him this morning for the first time. It’s 7:30 am.

We pile in and go. Shuttle talk is by far the most interesting conversation one can have in a stinky, sweaty, mildew infested shuttle rig. Everyone is cozy. Music plays in the background and conversation flows from religion to politics, especially this election year.

“Steve, what’s with the Texas flag?” I ask, as I spy a flag with a huge star in the center hanging from his broken visor. He soberly looks in the cracked mirror and says, “I’m a huge George Bush fan.” The conversation falls dead. In awe, we are all dumbfounded as to what kind of jackass boater is Steve? I immediately look at Karen and Katy. Without a word, we have a conversation. “Bush fan?!” No one says anything for the next couple of minutes. I can now hear all the pain that Steve’s truck is enduring on the backcountry road.

“It’s a Chilean flag.” Steve says. A sigh of relief overcomes all of us, and we bust out laughing. What a hoot. Steve went on to tell us he also played on “The Young and The Restless.” What a character.

A frenzy of boat loading ensues at the rendezvous with Matt. Matt is running the Black Canyon proper with Milo and Steve. Matt is smart. He’s taking his truck to the put-in, over paved roads. As we’re exchanging boats, I notice Steve fixing the racks on his decaying fiberglass topper. Steve hit a bump a little too hard on the way over on the shortcut and the fiberglass cracked under the weight of all the boats. “Do I need to fill out a damage waiver?” I asked Steve. He looks quietly at me and continues his intense adjustments.

Next, a huge Chevy Avalanche flies up between the trucks. “Where’s the put-in?” a smiling but clueless boater demands. Mark and Ethan have just pulled up to the Chukar Trail road, but have no idea where they are, or where the put-in is, and don’t have a shuttle planned. The shuttle is a three hour round trip, that’s why I painstakingly planned it with Milo.

“Can you guys give us a ride back?” Mark asks beggingly. I pause, not wanting to commit to a plan I have not thought out in detail. Too many times, I have been caught up in someone else’s grab-ass, due to their

lack of foresight and preparation. Mark senses my hesitation.

“We’re good boaters!” Mark adds, trying to close the deal. I have seen this type of desperation before...at rehab clinics. Mark is waiting for an answer. Non-committing, I offer, “If I see you at the take out with those puppy dog eyes, I might be able to squeeze you in the back.”

Milo quips an offer to drive his Avalanche out to the paved road for him. Milo grins. Mark grins. Score. He has a free ride back. I just acquired a new friend for today. We set off down the Chukar Trail.

I have boated, traveled, and shuttled enough with Karen this summer to know what she’s thinking. “What have we picked up here?” are her thoughts. “I’m not really sure.” I blurt out. “Milo’s not getting back until well after dark. Mark’s not going to want to wait for Milo. He’s going to want you to take us all the way down this screwed up road to get his truck. That’s a really long day.” Karen’s comments make sense. We need to catch up to Mark and leave his car up top and all go together down the Chukar Trail in Steve’s truck. I step on it.

I asked Steve, before we parted, if there was anything “special” I needed to know about his truck, things that weren’t working according to specs. He said everything was fine. Well, the horn doesn’t work! Now, we can’t flag down Mark. Hauling at top speed, the truck is ready to fly apart, I am hanging out the window trying to wave him down. No luck. Mark has 1450cfs on his mind. Karen screams, “Yell at him!” Good idea. “MARK!!!” I scream at the top of my lungs while punching it hard. Brake lights!

I’m sweating. It’s no longer cold out. The sun is now beating on the five of us. The reason is we’re burning daylight loading boats, yet again. This is beginning to feel like a kayaker fire drill. All snug, we begin the treacherous climb up Chukar Trail wobbling under the weight of the boats. Boom! Ouch. What was that? A bump. That little thing? Check the racks. Shit!

A long discussion develops as we decide how we are going to reload these boats. At over two hundred pounds, I am beginning to feel we have maxed the

specified ratings of the makeshift racking system. We are definitely over the rating of Steve’s deteriorating fiberglass topper. Instantly, we all become engineers arguing on the “best” way to secure the boats.

Desperate and determined, Mark waves down some fisherman. Chat, chat, chat about the Chukar road, flows, and latest fishing flies. It is amazing how much a boater can know about fly-fishing when a shuttle I on the line. Mark convinces the fisherman to carry one of our heaviest boats, the Creeker. Five minutes later though, Mark and Ethan have four boats neatly stashed in the back of their truck. Hands shake, the trip resumes. The road becomes very rough. I am really happy that the boats are in their truck and not falling down the 1500 foot cliff we are riding on. I envision what a painful act it would be to haul my boat up the muddy hillside, Junipers tearing at my flesh. But, not today, we have a fly fisherman rickshaw.

Yahoo! We finally reach the parking lot on the edge of the Gunny Gorge. It’s 11:00am, we have been doing shuttle since 5:45am, and still have a 1.25 mile hike to the bottom of the canyon to get to the put-in. Gear unloads quickly and we hit the trail like sherpas on an multi-day canyon expedition. The gorge is deep, but absolutely fantastic. When we stop walking, it is the quietest spot on earth. We just want to sit quietly and absorb it all. But, the clock is ticking and daylight is burning. Mush, no time for rest.

High Noon we reach the canyon floor. Overwhelming sights are in all directions. Even the commode is impressive. Cedar planks. I have to use it. There are just a few brave souls that have come down here today. A small group rafters wheeled their haplon all the way down the narrow trail. 1450cfs will cause this type of behavior. We all gear up and play in the eddy.

Finally, we are on the river. Between the Whitewater Park with Milo’s academy kids, and the morning’s shuttle ride, it has been a week’s worth of adventure already. Now, we get to boat as well. Chukar is the first rapid and a fun and easy to warm up after all that hiking. Most of the river is class III, with two IV in there, so it should be a relaxed straightforward day.

There are about 23 campsites along the entire Gunny Gorge. This would be a great run to do an overnigher.

Day one, do the shuttle and play in the first two rapids One Miler and Improvise, both class III. Day two you could run the remainder of the gorge. There is a lot of water here today and the drops are dynamic and playful. Next, we hit Buttermilk (III). This drop is quick, but loads of fun. Next, the river meanders along a long four mile stretch of mellow class II, with one class rapid, Red Canyon (III) in the middle to keep you awake. In this section, there are about ten campsites that are perfect for an overnighiter, maybe next time.

Next set of rapids begins with Boulder Garden (IV) and Paddle Keeper (III). These two get you ready for the mile of whitewater that finishes the Gunny Gorge. This last big section starts just before mile nine. It begins with S-Turn immediately followed by The Squeeze, and continues into The Drops. The Drops are three consecutive drops of rowdy whitewater.

After the drops run, the last set of rapids, Cable (IV), Jumpin' Jack Splash, The Gate Keeper, and Grand Finale. These four rapids run together in the deep narrow section of the gorge and end in a crescendo of excitement! The team played in the last drop, a beautiful gorge with steep walls and loud whitewater. A restful eddy is on river right to catch your breath or lower your heart rate.

Not that you will need that because the last three miles is a very pretty flat-water float. So there is plenty of time to rest. This is the only drawback, but only due to the long day. The sun is setting and we are all exhausted. Exhaustion is quickly forgotten with pizza, beer and tall tales in Montrose. If the Gunny Gorge runs again in 2005, expect me to be there, but make it a two day trip!



**Clarks Hole in Winter approx 300 CFS
RoyalGorgeSection
Arkansas River, Canyon City,CO**



**Telluride,CO
May,2005**



**Telluride,CO
May,2005**



R.J. Neff
Running the Numbers
Arkansas River
Buena Vista, CO

San Miguel May 2005
Chris Brobin

I knew it was going to be an interesting trip when our Supreme Leader, Gordon Stringer picked me up in his Hummer. I thought the armor plating was a bit of overkill until we took sniper fire going over Monarch pass (hey, maybe it was a rock). As you may know getting Gordon to talk can be difficult, but he did reveal that the hard drive in his truck had every song ever recorded. We spent most of the six hour drive listening to Italian pop music from the thirties.

We met Lynn Koester and trip leader Bill Tiedt at our campsite near Norwood, CO. The first run was from our campsite to the power plant near Nucla (what a lovely name for a town). Unfortunately the river had not come up and was wallowing around 500 cfs the entire trip, but we were there when we were there. The top feature of this section was the “Main Attraction” an almost perfect play wave. Since I was paddling a decade old play boat I became an eddy flower while the play boaters showed their stuff. It was amazing to watch them throw down moves; blunts, flat spins, loops,

you name it. After they were laying on shore in utter exhaustion I finally crept out of my friend, the eddy, and did a couple of tentative donuts.

Our second day was doing the seventeen mile “Wilderness Run” which finished at our campsite. Aside from the “Main Attraction” there was no significant white water the entire trip, but we got away from the road and had a gorgeous canyon all to ourselves.

While camping we debated which wines would go best with each meal and also found out that sheep lie. I picked up some poison ivy rooting around the forest for firewood.

Day three was back on the play wave and more fun.

Day four I decided to go into Telluride and pretend I was a “trustafarian” while the group ran an upper section. Telluride continues to be one of the most beautiful place in the world.

Chris Brobin
Surfing the Main Attraction
San Miguel
Near Norwood, CO

THE ARK

Ed Hansen's Description of the Royal Gorge at 1500 to 2500cfs

The Canyon City wave is a man-made double drop. The parking area is a dirt lot that the CDOT uses to store piles of sand/dirt for construction or snow removal. To get there, You are driving on Highway 50 through Canyon City West-bound toward The Royal Gorge. Just as you are leaving town, you pass Territorial State Prison on your right against the cliff. Directly after the Prison the highway curves 90-degrees to the right. At the beginning of the curve you turn off on the LEFT parallel to the railroad tracks. Park near the giant trees at the end but try not to block access to any of the dirt piles just in case CDOT needs to load up.

Last run down was Sunday just under 1500 cfs, and all the traditional lines are there. The lines you take at 300-400 are still there, but the rocks you went around are now holes to go around... so nothing has changed in that regard. The low water holes are flushed. Even the sticky low level hole on the bottom right side of sunshine was starting to flush.

I guess I'll work my way down the river.

Primero is just big waves, fast surfable, but very hard to catch the bigger one near the end and zero eddy access. The big rock at the bottom shelters a neat looking wave to the point of becoming an undercut, so keep your bow angled right if you flip.

Segundo has that nice hole to pencil in. It won't hold you and you have a long recovery pool, so grow a pair, stay hard right, find the micro eddy against the cliff, point back left and bombs away!

Tricero is just a couple big wave-drops now, nothing else to say really.

Pumphouse had those wonderful entrance waves. No rocks. Pumphouse itself is just big choppy seas and waves. A good surf hole at the bottom. A lot of those waves before you get to sunshine will make all you wave-wheelers happy.

Sunshine

At 2500 cfs the hole becomes a non-issue, but the the big line of rocks on river left below the hole and upstream of the "hemroid rocks" will be getting nasty.

I still like the s-turn uptop, but anything goes really. You can easily eddy out just above the hole below on the right. The eddies beside the hole are now one big giant eddy but you shouldn't need it because the tongue next to the hole is now about 5+ feet wide. After the hole, that rock that forces you to jump over to the left side of the river is now underwater. You can just go straight over if you like fun shot-gun drops with a hole to blast through at the bottom. Or take the traditional line, but don't let it take you to the left bank.

Grateful Dead is almost completely rock free, just big waves and holes to negotiate and play.

Sledgehammer, all lines are there. If you get lost go left, if you get off line think left. The 2nd drop is still big fun on the right but LEFT is good all the way down. I say "left" because at the bottom right it culminates with Clarks Hole. If the last time you ran it was 300 cfs, it will surprise you how fast it approaches at 2000 cfs. I didn't think I was there yet and was on the right and almost dropped in..... That would have

made for a really lousy solo trip.

The narrows are back. Lots of big surf waves precursed with a giant bulge of green water that may intimidate some from staying centered and dropping in sight unseen. But I can tell you that if you go around you will kick yourself.

Wallslammer is scary looking but just stay a little left of center and it is cake. The farther left, the bonier, the farther right, the closer to the wall, so adjust to your comfort level.

At the end of the wall after all the holes, against the wall can be found two good waves. Must surfs.

There are constant waves to corner pocket. Be sure you know which side your group is planning to eat lunch on, because you can't cross back from left to right after you've run it.

Boat eater hole is missed if you stay right. Sticky bad stuff in there.

Before you get to Lion's head, you will find the best wave train in the Gorge. Monster waves, no rocks, straight line, but surf at the bottom.

Lions head is just bigger lions head, but the waves after are great.

Pipeline, anything goes, but a fun boof if you go center to left at the bottom, crossing the left to right current.

At 2500 cfs the hole is more of a non-issue, but the the big line of rocks on river left below the hole and upstream of the "hemroid rocks" will be getting nasty.

It's all read-n-run if you are familiar with your boat on big waves but you can scout as needed on the big 3 rapids.



**Sunshine 2500 CFS
Royal Gorge section (Ed Hansen?)
Arkansas River, Canton City,CO**



**Jim Sprouffske
The Numbers section
Arkansas River,Buena Vista,CO**



**Mike Brown
The Numbers section
Arkansas River,Buena Vista,CO**

Near Drowning at the Pueblo Play Park Chris Brobin

Three Members of the Pikes Pike White-water Club had finished their run at the Pueblo whitewater park when they noticed a raft above number six heading downstream toward the dangerously sticky number 7. James Sproufske was just getting out of his boat so Greg Horton and Chris Brobin ran up above number seven and began violently motioning the raft to move river right to avoid the hole. The raft was piloted by a man in his early thirties and three girls aged ten to fourteen. They had no lifejackets and no helmets or cold water gear. It clearly fit the definition of a K-Mart raft.

Greg and I(Chris) were able to get their attention and they did finally try to move toward shore, but at 2200 cfs it was too late and the group plunged into the hole. The raft flipped and the two older members of the party quickly flushed out. Jim S. ran up and began trying to throw them a rope, but they were too far away. Finally after five minutes of recirculating the two younger girls were flushed out and rescued. While they were being thrashed a spectator said to one of us, "why don't you do something?". Unfortunately there was nothing to be done but watch. This was one of the most serious thrashings I have seen in twenty plus years of boating.

The seventh hole at the play park is quite dangerous at high flows (I have reports is also sticky at low flows). After I posted this on the club site and Mountain Buzz, I received calls from both the Pueblo Chieftain and the Denver Post. There was an article in the Chieftain <http://www.chieftain.com/metro/1117265185/5> that was pretty accurate.

One thing that struck me was the unlikelyhood of this happening to a club member. While Greg and I were post-

ing back and forth about the incident a paddler in the club was asking if they should run a section and gave a brief description of their experience. Kurt Schroeder quickly responded and said he thought the stretch was too hard. Others have done the same thing in the short time I've been in the club. There are a number of people with years and even decades of Colorado white water experience that they are more than willing to share. This is definately one of the strengths of the club.

OUR VOICES

Snippets of a conversation With Dave Smiley

When I started there were seventeen members.

Kurt Schroeder and I advertised the club at sport stores and put-ins.

We made kayaks with molds.

Found out about the club when I saw a guy with kayaks on his car.

Started the newsletter, nine pages every month.

Started the yahoo group. At the time only 7 or 8 had internet access.

Haven't paddled in two years.

Kurt and I ran beginner trips.

I currently live in Iowa, there are Kayak clubs in Iowa.



**Bill Tiedt
Main Attraction
San Miguel River
Norwood,CO**