

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.



Packsaddle Park, photo by Donovan Strasser

South Fork of the Flathead in Small Boats

Submitted by Gary Simpson

February. I get a call from my buddy Dan, ‘we’re going to raft and fish the South Fork of the Flathead in July, want to come?’

Absolutely, where is it?

It’s in the Bob Marshall Wilderness in Montana, we’re going to horse pack in.

Ahhhhh, I say while trying to picture how I would ever get my raft frame on a horse.

‘We’re going to use little 8 or 9 foot cats, I have a buddy that will loan you his’ And so the planning began.

Fast forward to July, I’ve whittled down the stuff to take to only twice what would reasonably fit on that little boat. Then, load everything on the trailer, Beaverton to Bend, pick up Michael and Rod, Bend to Missoula, pick up Dan, Missoula to Ovango, a tiny town (if you can call it that) where we meet the outfitter, Billy. He takes the gear to start packing it into packs

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November Club Meeting on Zoom!

Wednesday,
November 11, 2020
at 6:00 PM

Zoom meeting login information will be sent to your email. If you are a prospective new member and are interested in joining the meeting, please send an email to president@oregonwhitewater.org for the Zoom meeting login information.

Speaker:
Steve Adams

Contact Information



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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 Kimberly Long
VicePresident-Newsletter@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.

Correction

In the October issue, in error the newsletter credited the Tieton Trip Report to Bill Elliott. Thank you to David Elliott for writing the trip report.

OWA Club Elections Are Still Happening! by Scott Ogren

We are currently in the last period to shop at the Columbia Sportswear Employee store of the year! Look for your email invitation that was sent on October 20. Your last day to shop in the employee store is November 15, 2020. This is a great place to do your holiday shopping! We will get more opportunities next year if you can't make it this time.

Typically, this time of year we are all anxiously watching the gauge at Three Lynx on the Upper Clackamas. From what I have heard, the road will be closed until sometime into the spring due to damage from the fires. Let's hope the road opens sooner so we can boat the Upper Clackamas this spring.

The November meeting is when we nominate for the club officer positions that are coming open. Look for the Zoom meeting information in your email soon! This year we will be voting on the President, Secretary, Membership Director, and Training Director positions. If you are wanting to be in a leadership role with your club, this is your chance. In particular, if you are interested in being the next OWA president, send me an email!

Also, OWA has two extensive Wilderness First Aid kits and AED's that goes on all club trips and are available for club members to take on private trips as well. I encourage you all to get a hold of Steve Oslund to arrange to take both with you on your next private trip. You can reach Steve by sending an email to firstaid@oregonwhitewater.org. There are some rules associated with checking them out and Steve can fill you in on those.

Did you know that if you suggest a speaker and they make a presentation at a meeting, you will be entered into a drawing at the end of the year for \$150? We are always looking for meeting speakers. Did you go on a river trip that you want to tell the club about? Nominate yourself to be a speaker! Let a board member know if you know someone who is willing to speak at one of our meetings and if they speak you will be entered into the drawing. And doing the math on this drawing, your chances are good as there are only eight meetings a year that we need speakers for! There is also a newsletter drawing for everyone who submits a trip report to the newsletter. Each article is a chance to win that drawing for \$150! This is your chance to be published!

OWA Communications

The winter boating season is almost here! This beautiful fall weather we have been having means no rain to fill the rivers, so enjoy the fall sunshine because the rain will be here soon enough. When it does rain and we have water in the rivers, the H2OAddicts email list server which sends an email to everyone in the club and the OWA Facebook page are both are great ways to look for trips and invite people to yours. If you are newer to the club and are looking to run a river section that you've never done before, I can promise you that someone in this club has run every river you can think of around here. The best way to find them is to ask! This is going to be the year to boat all of the coastal rivers it's looking like!

All of our meetings for the foreseeable future will be online via Zoom. Please check your email or watch the OWA Facebook group for a link to the meetings. Links to the meetings will be published in the day or two before each meeting.

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South Fork of the Flathead: Continued from page 1

for the mules. This is also where we discovered the 15 mile trail in was blocked so we would have to take the 20 mile trail in tomorrow followed by another 7 miles the next day. Yikes!!

The next morning found us driving up to the Pyramid pass trail head. After Billy and his assistant, Cheyenne, got the 8 mules loaded (six for us and two for the outfitters) and the horses assigned we got on the trail. What followed can only be described as grueling. Billy had pickup trouble on the way in, so we got on the trail a little later than planned. To make up the time and make sure we made it to the first camp before dark we had two 15 minute breaks between getting on the horses at 10 and off them at 7. Thankfully, thanks to a pair of bike shorts with an inch of foam in the butt, I wasn't one of the guys with weeping sores on their butts. We went up over Pyramid pass and down the Young Creek drainage we eventually came to a corral where we were going to camp for the night. After a nights sleep we mounted up for another 7 miles on horseback to the headwaters of the South Fork Flathead. Getting on the horses for a second day wasn't easy.

The South Fork Flathead starts where Danahar Creek and Youngs Creek come together. The outfitter dropped our gear and we were thankfully able to say good bye to the horses. We camped at the confluence, aired up boats, figured out how we were going to get all the stuff we brought strapped to those little boats and got ready for the next day. We had two 9' cats and two 'Gigbobs', which look like what you would find in the morning after putting a cataraft and a pool toy too close together in the garage and turning out the lights, but they worked fine for this trip.

The next day we started floating, stopping to fish regularly. And the fishing was awesome. A lot of fish in the 6 to 8 inch range, and, more fun, a lot in the 14 to 16 inch range. I don't know how many fish I caught, but a lot. We saw one other group of people that had backpacked IKs over the pass and down the valley.....oh to be young again. Other than that group we had the river to ourselves. About 4 o'clock we came around the corner to a problem. A giant log jam. It looked like there was a sneak along 1 side, but there was 1 tree about 8 inches above the water we couldn't get under. But, as it turned out, there was a very nice camp there, so we just unloaded the boats, set up camp and moved the boats below the log for the morning. **Continued on page 5**

South Fork of Flathead



South Fork of the Flathead: Continued from page 4

The next day we loaded up and set forth. We made it about a half mile and then found the BIG log jam. The entire river disappeared under a mass of logs that was probably 15' high, and about 200 yards long. Everything came off the boats and we carried the gear and the boats the 250 yards through the brush to the other end of the log jam. Adult language was prevalent and we decided the word portage should be a cuss word most foul. This was the last log jam, but there was a lot of woody debris all along the river. A lot of the wilderness area has burned in the past and the trees and limbs are in the water, so you had to be constantly alert. A mile below the log jam a major creek, Gordon Creek came in. Apparently everyone but us knew about the log jam and they come in down the Gordon Creek trail and launch below the log jams. This was our longest day on the water. There is a pack bridge a couple of miles below Gordon Creek and a lot of outfitters had packed in and, between them and the people that came down the Gordon creek trail, had filled the camps along the river for quite a ways. We floated through that area and found a nice camp further down. That was going to be our layover camp.



We spent a lot of the following day fishing, and once again it was incredible but, we noticed the average size of the fish was smaller, 12 to 14". I suspect it is because there is a lot more pressure below Gordon Creek.

The middle part of the trip was through a huge, relatively flat-bottomed valley. This provided some extra exercise as the river would go through huge gravel bars, where it would split, and we would take the path with

Continued on page 6

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South Fork of Flathead



the most water, then it would split again, and again and pretty soon you got the pleasure of dragging your boat to get to a place it would float again. Usually not more than 15 or 20 feet, but not particularly fun.

Further down the river goes through a canyon with beautiful deep pools.... and no place to camp. Fortunately, we did know about that and planned for it. The canyon has the only class 3 in the floatable stretch of the river. There are several 2's which can be somewhat exciting in a small over loaded boat and a lot of boulder gardens that require a lot of maneuvering. A couple of miles below the class 3 is the takeout. The takeout is a little challenging. There's a sign on the gravel bar telling you the takeout is ahead. What it doesn't tell you is that there is a 20' wide entrance into a little bay in the middle of a rapid and that you can't see it until you're on it. There were some oars stirring up a froth in the river and some adult language, but we all made it in safely. Shortly below the takeout the river goes into an impassable canyon, at least for rafts, so the consequences of not making the little bay are grim.

We were told there is lots of camping at the takeout, but there's not. We were first off the water so we got the only decent camp. The two groups that came in after us were looking for any level place they could find to roll out a sleeping bag. The takeout is 3 miles from the parking area. We had another outfitter meet us to haul out the gear and we hiked out. The outfitter had extra horses and offered them to us, but after the trip in, no one took him up on the offer.

A couple of observations. It wasn't the wilderness experience I expected. There were a lot more people on the river than I would have believed, considering what it takes to get there. We played hopscotch with 5 or 6 groups, most of them outfitter groups that were fishing their way down the river. (they had also packed in 15' boats and frames) In talking with the outfitter that hauled our gear out, usually about 5 or 6 groups a day come off the river. I think that affected the fish size below Gordon Creek.

We didn't see much wildlife. Some mule deer and some white tails but that is about it. Lots of birds, including a golden eagle. The weather was in the upper 80's and lower 90's so not seeing wildlife was probably a combination of people pressure and weather. The Bob Marshall wilderness has the highest concentration of Grizzly bears in the lower 48 and, while I would love to see a grizzly at a distance, I'd prefer that distance be greater than across the campsite so we bear proofed the camp and hung all food in the trees each night.

Though we didn't fish for them, the South Fork of the Flathead is one of the few rivers where you can target Bull Trout. I saw several in the crystal clear water and we met some people at the takeout that had targeted them and caught several, the largest at 35". I think I'll spend some time fishing for them if we do the trip again.

As I mentioned above, fishing was awesome. My guess is that I caught somewhere in the neighborhood of 150 fish during the 5 days we fished. They were all cutthroat and the largest was about 20". About half the fish were caught on dry flies, the other half on trailing nymphs.

The last excitement of the trip was the 65 miles of washboard gravel road inhabited by homicidal maniacs whose concept to their side of the road seemed to be wherever their car was. It is a beautiful drive along the river and later along Hungry Horse Reservoir but some of the other drivers made it a little nerve wracking.

Overall, it was a great trip and we are starting to plan a trip back next year.



Lessons Learned Part 1: A Mess on the Metolius

Story Submitted by Peter Collins

Photos of the Metolius by Courtney Wilton

In response to a call out to the OWA Facebook group for newsletter stories, Peter Collins from Roseburg submitted this story he wrote with Walt Bammann a few years ago for the NWRA Confluence publication. This eventful trip took place 16 years ago, which means Peter isn't 25 anymore. Enjoy reading about his adventures (and misadventures on the Metolius).

At twenty-five years old, I have no doubt that I have much to learn in the world of whitewater rafting. However, I have learned several lessons - some the hard way, and that is what this story is about.

About three and a half years ago, my dad Roger decided to try kayaking. He had run the White Salmon below Husum Falls, the Rogue above the Wild and Scenic Section without as much as tipping over. We also ran the North Santiam from Packsaddle to Mill City, and he managed to swim only twice. Therefore, we began to look for a late summer easy trip for him to try next. We came up with the Metolius.

Who would join us on this trip? Nick (the experienced kayaker of our group), Shannon (Nick's girlfriend and a kayaker who had about as much experience as my dad), Pat (probably the most inexperienced kayaker of the group), and Gordon (who would be my passenger in my 13 foot Sotar).

We left Roseburg early Saturday morning and headed towards Bend, to stop at Alder Creek Kayak shop. Pat was going to rent a different style kayak; one he hoped to buy later. This is probably where the trouble started for this soon to be ill-fated trip. After the long drive and stopping at the ACK, we set up our shuttle and found the put-in at Lower Bridge. We were all set to go when Nick realized he had left his glasses on the deck of his kayak when he did a quick roll in the eddy at the put-in. After we finally found the glasses (which did not take but 5 minutes), we headed down river at 4:30.

Things went okay for the first three miles until we came to our first class III. Being in the raft I led the way and eddied out downstream of the rapid. Which is a chore in and of itself on the Metolius, since there is so much brush on the sides of the river. Gordon and I watched as my dad and Shannon made it down cleanly. Pat on the other hand had to release himself out of his kayak. All was not lost yet. Pat was okay. With us on the right bank, his kayak luckily, was washed up on the left bank. We had a plan. Nick would paddle across the river. I would attempt to throw a rope to him, then we would haul the kayak over to us. I asked Pat to hold on to one end of the rope while I threw the rope. I heaved back and threw the rope. The whole thing landed in the river. Pat never hung on. I will admit I was p****d [angry], after losing an 85-dollar throw bag. Who would not be? I calmed down and said we would try one more time with another throw bag. Pat began to argue that he just wanted to swim across the river. Of course I was like "h*** no". Therefore, I headed back to my raft to grab the other rope. As I got to the raft, Pat was halfway across the river. Now I was fuming. When he got to the left bank it was then that he realized we had his paddle, so what did he do?

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Metolius Mess: Continued from page 8

He swam back pulling his kayak. When he got back I put up my hands and said, "I am done." I was going to walk back to the put in and go back to town. Therefore, we hiked all our gear back to the put in along the road. "Why didn't we just drive down the road," you may ask yourself? Well, some Forest Service or BLM gate blocked it. This would become even more important tomorrow.

On Sunday, we got to the put-in around nine or ten. Pat would not be joining us today. Instead, he opted to run shuttle. We go to the same class III that caused us headaches yesterday, and again I led the way. This time my dad had to eject himself out of his kayak. He ended up swimming much the entire rapid. He finally got out on the left bank. He was throwing up his breakfast and his heart rate was double the normal resting rate. It did not drop for 30 minutes. Luckily Shannon, being a physical therapist, had some medical training and was able to take care of him. Meanwhile, Nick and I unpinned his kayak, which was stuck good. After about an hour and a half we were on our way. With Nick and Shannon kayaking and my dad and Gordon as my passengers, his kayak strapped to the back of my boat.

We made it about a mile and a half and caught a glimpse of the rope we lost the day before snagged on a rock on river right. We pulled our boats up on the bank and Nick and I made our way up to figure out if there was a way to retrieve the once-thought-lost throw bag. After a while we were able to work our way out to the rock and were able to pull up about 2/3 of the

rope along with the bag. We made our way back to where we left Shannon, Gordon, and my dad and had a late lunch because by now it was one o'clock in the afternoon. We again headed downriver.

All was going good until Nick came racing up from behind me chasing Shannon's kayak, which was headed downstream without her. We in the raft decided to pull off to the left bank, to look for Shannon. Gordon stayed with the boat, while my dad and I walked up river in waist deep water since at this point there is no bank to walk on. After about 100 yards we could hear Shannon in the thick brush attempting to crawl on her hands and knees. She was able to back out the way she went in, and the three of us made our way down to the raft. Come to find out Nick was trying to show Shannon a flower along the bank when her boat caught a tricky eddy line and she went over and was unable to right herself. At this point, I had my dad's kayak strapped to the back of my 13-foot diminishing tube raft and three passengers up front. We headed downriver looking for Nick and Shannon's boat. After going around several bends, we found Nick along the bank draining the water out of the runaway kayak. Shannon jumped right back in her boat and we once again headed downstream.

We had heard about a log jam, and to keep our eyes open for a red strap hanging from a tree on the right bank. Shortly after Shannon's swim we saw the red strap and pulled over to scout. What we saw were two trees crisscrossed in the middle of the river, impassable by anyone wishing to make it by alive. We had no choice but to portage, which would not be an easy feat. The portage would include carrying everything up a dry creek bed for about 150 yards over boulders and fallen trees. Once on the road we had to carry everything downstream about 200 yards. At this point, we had to make our own path back to the river through heavy timber and underbrush. By now it was about 5:30 p.m. and we still had half the river to do.

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Metolius Mess: Continued from page 9

We got to the only class IV along the river. Nick and Shannon decided to scout while my passengers and I just scouted it from the river. When we got to the bottom, we waited for the kayakers to come down. All looked good until near the end of the rapid when Shannon went over and was unable to roll back up. Luckily, we got her (and her boat) to shore quickly. At this point Shannon had no desire to get back in her kayak. Her shoes came off during this latest swim. In addition, there was no way I could strap it to my boat and carry her (I already had my dad's kayak and two passengers). Therefore, she and my dad decided to hike along the road and carry her kayak. So Nick, Gordon and I headed downriver. We finally arrived at the take-out at about 8 in the evening.

We deflated our boat and waited by yet another gate that was again blocking the road. Shannon and my dad finally arrived at about 9:30. They figured they walked between 5-6 miles. However, the fun was about to just begin. They assumed we would be able to drive the shuttle rig up to pick up the kayak so they hid it alongside the road. By this point Roger and Shannon were tired of walking so Nick and I took off jogging up the road in search of the kayak. It took a couple hours but we finally found it. By the time we got back to the take-out, it was one in the morning.

When we finally made it back to Bend my dad told the others he was not going to go to work tomorrow and that we would be staying in Bend for the night (ah the benefits of being self-employed). From my understanding, the others made it back to Roseburg just in time to shower and go to work.

Just out of this one trip, I managed to learn many things. The biggest thing of all is to know the experience level of all the individuals on the trip. In addition, give yourself plenty of time to run the section of river you are doing. I believe we had plenty of time, but things just got out of control. How often does a trip have three swimmers and a portage from h***?



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Deschutes

Natalie Bennon shared photos from her early fall trip on the Deschutes.

The Deschutes was beautiful as always and it looks like it was a fun family trip.



INGREDIENTS

- 4 salmon fillets; skin off
- 2 tsp olive oil
- 2 tbsp butter
- 6 garlic cloves; diced
- ½ onion; diced
- ½ cup dry white wine
- 5 oz sun dried tomatoes; drained of oil
- 1 ¾ cups half and half
- Salt & pepper to salt
- 3 cups spinach
- 1 tbsp parsley



Tuscan Salmon

Submitted by Casey Lay

DIRECTIONS

1. Heat the oil in a large skillet over medium-high heat. Season the salmon fillets on both sides with salt and pepper, and sear in the hot pan, flesh-side down first, for 5 minutes on each side, or until cooked to your liking. Once cooked, remove from the pan and set aside.
2. Melt the butter in the remaining juices leftover in the pan. Add in the garlic and fry until fragrant (about one minute). Fry the onion in the butter. Pour in the white wine (if using), and allow to reduce down slightly. Add the sun dried tomatoes and fry for 1-2 minutes to release their flavours.
3. Reduce heat to low heat, add the half and half (or heavy cream), and bring to a gentle simmer, while stirring occasionally. Season with salt and pepper to your taste.
4. Add in the spinach leaves and allow to wilt in the sauce, and add in the parmesan cheese. Allow sauce to simmer for a further minute until cheese melts through the sauce. (For a thicker sauce, add the milk/cornstarch mixture to the centre of the pan, and continue to simmer while quickly stirring the mixture through until the sauce thickens.)
5. Add the salmon back into the pan; sprinkle with the parsley, and spoon the sauce over each filet.
6. Serve over pasta, rice or steamed veg.

Note: can substitute trout or other white fish



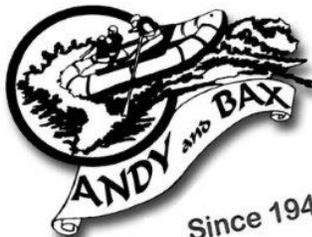
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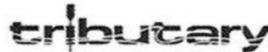
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Knot of the Month

Adjustable Tension Hitch

1) Tie one end of the rope to the object to be secured. This is a good knot for tarps that require adjustment. Here, the water bottle represents the object to be secured in an adjustable way.



5) Pull the free end of the rope over the nonworking end to the left to make this shape.



9) Pay close attention here because this part is tricky. Pull the free end of the rope over both vertical ropes and through the hole made by the top coil. It could be tempting to pass it through the big hole but this is incorrect.



2) Loop the free end of the rope over the object you are tying to.



6) Repeat step 4; pull the free end of the rope under the nonworking end and through the loop again.



10) Dress the knot leaving the free end in a loop for a quick-release design. Simply pull on the free end of the rope to start untying. This is useful for tall or hard-to-reach anchor points.



3) Cross the free end of the rope in front of the nonworking end.



7) Repeat step 5; pull the free end of the rope over the nonworking end to the left to make this shape.



10) Alternatively, the loop can be pulled through and the knot has no quick release. This saves rope but is harder to untie.



4) Pull the free end of the rope through the loop.



8) Pull the free end of the rope behind both vertical ropes.



11) The adjustment works similarly to a prusik. Here, the knot is adjusted up and down with the top hand. The knot slides up or down the nonworking end of the rope to adjust the position of the secured object.



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Upcoming Trips



Submitted by Scott Harvey, Trip Editor

Detailed information for upcoming trips can be found at <http://oregonwhitewater.org/calendar/trip-calendar/>

UPCOMING OWA TRIPS

TRIP	DATES	TRIP LEADER	CONTACT INFO
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**There are no new trips scheduled for the remainder of 2020.
Please check the website for upcoming trips in 2021 when posted.**

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



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Grand Canyon, Photo by David Pauli

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