

Dogwood Canoe and Kayak Newsletter

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Merry Christmas Everybody,

From James.



Sorry that this will be a bland newsletter. I only received 1 trip report, plus the President's Report.

Please feel free to send in pictures and stories. - James



President's Report for Dec 2008

Hello and Merry Christmas all. Kim, Ashlyn and I wish you all the best this festive season.

There is not much to report on this month. Fred is holding the traditional potluck dinner on Dec 20th at 6.00pm. Come socialize and watch the carol ships and maybe sing a carol of your own. Give Fred a call if you plan on attending and let him know what you are bringing. His number is on the phone list or you can contact me and I will give it to you. I don't want it out on the internet.

I was very sneaky in appointing a nomination committee for January's AGM. Spend 5 minutes in the next while and think about who you would like to see on the club executive. Forward these names to Ron.Johannesen@hotmail.com and he will bring them to the AGM for election night.

It was my pleasure to present this year's "GoodFella" award to Jean Allen for her years of organizing the Wednesday trips. Let's all give a big hand to Jean. Thanks for all your hard work.

Don't eat too much turkey and we will see you all in the New Year.
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
El' Presidente



Candy Cane Vase ▶

What You Need

- 2-sided tape
- Cylindrical vase
- Candy canes
- Rubber band
- Wide ribbon
- Roses from Floral

Steps

1. Wrap lengths of 2-sided tape and rubber band on outside of vase; secure candy canes in place.
2. Use a length of wide ribbon tied with a bow to hide rubber band. Fill vase with water; arrange roses.

This Craft Was Found On The Following Website:
<http://www.safeway.com/ift/grocery/Holiday#iframetop>

How to tell if your boat is too small



When were electric Christmas lights invented?

- a) 1885 b) 1936 c) 1882 d) 1700's

Answer on last page

Trip Report: Columbia River September 8th -15th 2008

Canal Flats to Donald Station by Jean Allen

- *The distance paddled was approximately 232kms. An average of 4 to 5 hours of paddling took place each day. Average distance covered over the ground each day was 33kms.*
- *Columbia River Outfitters, located in Invermere, provided the shuttles. Personal vehicles were left in their car park at Invermere, next to the river. Some participants left extra provisions in their vehicles for pick up when we passed by down river on our way north.*
- *The group numbered 9 people in total, in 3 canoes and 3 single kayaks.*
- *Special permission was obtained from the Canal Flats Council to allow the group to camp at the starting point, next to the beach, in the Canal Flats lake side park.*
- *Thank you letters were sent by Ian to both Columbia River Outfitters and to the Canal Flats council acknowledging their assistance.*
- *It would have been beneficial to have signs on the bridges we passed under to show the group where they were. Ian had prepared a book of maps and, despite the topo maps being a little old, we found them to be essential in finding the correct channels.*
- *The takeout under the Trans Canada Highway Bridge at Donald, river left was an ideal takeout point, but would have been an awful place to camp, situated as it is immediately under the highway 95 bridge. Our group was fortunate in being able to contact the outfitters by cell phone and have the pickup rescheduled so that on Day 7 we were able to return to our vehicles and camp beside them in Invermere. This also allowed for an early start for those wishing to return directly to Vancouver. Another takeout worth investigating post summer season would be past the bridge on the right bank where 7 Canyon Adventures have their jet boat dock during the summer. This company is located at the airport in Golden.*
- *The reed beds at the south end of Windermere Lake were unexpected and extended for some five kilometres with no clear channel. The reeds were well over two metres in height and could not be seen over. At times we were forced to break a path through the reeds, which required significant effort. It would be very beneficial if channel markers could be erected by local inhabitants. The channel stays to the west side, near the railway tracks. And the moving current did not always lead us into a clear channel.*
- *September proved to be an ideal time to make this trip – there were few mosquitoes to trouble us. The main drawback was the shallow water encountered in the section of river between Columbia Lake and Lake Windermere. Additionally shallow water was experienced on some of the braided sections of river and the wide reaches between Invermere and the take out point at Donald. This shallow water caused significant damage to one of the party's lovely cedar canoes. But the benefits of the time of year outweighed the disadvantages.*
- *The sharp directional changes with their fast water on some parts of the river caused the ocean going kayaks some steering challenges, however no mishaps occurred.*
- *It was found that replenishing drinking water supplies and provisions from stores was only possible at Invermere and Nicholson. Some members of the party boiled or treated river water with no ill effects.*
- *The early departure from Canal Flats paid off, the surface of the lake was like a mill pond and the scenery magnificent. We had been advised that the northerly wind often came up in the Rocky Mountain Trench about lunch time. The following day we were met with a strong headwind during the northerly section of Lake Windermere.*

Day before: *Marg and Dave arrived at the Canal Flats Park early and wondered if they were in the right place. Later in the afternoon some of the group decided to walk into town, It was much further than they realized and getting lost didn't help! But they found a wonderful eatery called "Fire Valley Diner". Catherine decided that the ceiling of the establishment looked like clouds. Perhaps she was mentally preparing for a week in the open! The camping spot at Canal Flats was great. We all had our own picnic table complete with its own roof. The last such luxury we were to enjoy for the rest of the expedition.*

Day 1: *Movement was heard about the campground as early as 6.00 am.*

What an enthusiastic group! *Everyone, was loaded, keen and ready to go, even Dave, who had forgotten to reset his watch, and was on Vancouver time. Columbia Lake was a lovely paddle with a stop for snacks etc. part way down where we found evidence of another camp fire etc. We entered the mouth of river between the two lakes, and found it a little shallow. Our first walk on the wild side took place, as we walked the canoes and kayaks through the shallows. The first of several.*

We found the perfect spot to have lunch on the meandering river and beached on a sandy bar just above the Spruce Grove Campground near Fairmont.. A black bear wanted to join us for lunch but decided to watch us instead and sat down on the opposite river bank, scratching and sniffing the air. It finally wandered off to greener pastures. The sharply meandering river through the Fairmont Springs golf course proved a bit of a challenge .It was fast and very shallow in parts. Mike's newly refurbished and re-canvassed cedar Chestnut canoe suffered a beating and sustained several cracked planks, but, despite this, he kept on singing the whole trip. It was great especially, when accompanied by Grace as we paddled through the mist and fog later on. Catherine wondered what she had let herself in for with her new fibreglass kayak and negotiating the tight bends were initially difficult for her. But as the days passed we saw her roaring through the turns like a real pro. The passage through the Fairmont golf course proved to be a missed opportunity, we could have made a fortune collecting golf balls or catching Kokanee salmon. Past the golf course, we expected to see Windermere Lake burst forth around every bend of the river, but no, only reeds. The reed beds seem to go on and on, and indeed must have stretched for five kilometres or more, but our passage was helped after Geraldine found a beaver route to follow, and three hours later, our canoes and kayaks filled with broken reed stems and other debris and ourselves tired and dirty, the group finally emerged onto the lake. The campground was in sight two kilometres away! This was the only formal campsite of the trip. The hot showers made up a little for the long day.

Day 2: At 9.00 am the group were again ready to go. The lake was shrouded in mist. We paddled into the township of Windermere and landed on their beach just as the wind came up. (A little earlier than the 3.00 pm, by which you could set your clock, we were told!) Keeping close to the east bank, the group fought 4' waves, 100 km winds!! until finally arriving at Invermere for lunch beside our vehicles. Coffee was obtained at the Service Station across the car park. A true wilderness experience had been offered! As we set off again downstream, the clouds darkened, the rain came until Grace declared, "I don't do rain". Ian, our illustrious leader decided to set the tone of the trip, "no whining allowed". We found a great campsite despite the rain.

Day 3: Onto Moore's Landing. The highlight of the day was experienced by our slower paddlers in their faster kayaks. Bringing up the rear, they alleged they saw a bear swimming across the river right in front of them. Was there only one alleged bear? We shall never know but the bear grew bigger and bigger with the telling of the story. We partly dried out at a great campsite on a sand and gravel bar just below the old rotting piles of a long forgotten bridge. The sun went down behind the mountain before our possessions were totally dry. Owls hooted, mergansers swam with the boats, kingfishers kept us company. Our nightly campfires enthusiastically looked after by Marg (nicknamed The Pyro") kept Ian and his saw busy most of the night as Marg satisfied her craving for bigger and bigger campfires.

Day 4: The Pyro's birthday. Wonderful campsite. Eagles, osprey, kestrels, a beaver and other big game abounded!! A birthday party was held around the fire. Mike led the sing song. Marg had tears in her eyes (might have been the smoke)! Everyone was impressed as the food goodies came out of their secret hiding places in the group's packs. How well some of us ate!

Day 5: Paddled off into heavy mist. The river meandered and braided. Thank goodness for Ian's maps! The wind rose, the rain came. No campsites to be found until out of the fog a muddy backwater emerged. It proved most suitable. Geraldine camped right on a rather suspicious animal path, bear scat was prominent behind Jill and Ian's tent. Dave and Marg decided that their campsite would be the drainage ditch, prime real estate they declared! When queried, Dave, the geologist said he was doing a sediment study! The mud had been a sticking point on more than one occasion and for more than one member of the group along the way. The nightly campfire lightened our spirits together with very colourful additions to Marg and Dave's wardrobes. Their Nepalese toques ensured that they could be seen in the fog! The following morning the sun shone brightly, a beautiful day. Even Mike's sandaled feet were warm, but then it was noticed his feet were incased in mud which Dave said had fine insulating qualities.

Day 6: *Martin was finally able to get his toothbrush when we stopped under the road bridge at Nicholson for lunch. Apparently 6 days of cleaning his braces without one was enough. . The Nicholson store is the only one close enough to the river to walk to. Speaking of walking, if we had waited even another week, we could have walked the whole trip but this would have been another story! The water levels were constantly dropping. Camped that night past the airport on a gravel bar close enough to the road to allow Catherine and Jill to find a shower. Grace had wandered into the Kicking Horse Lodge a little earlier, and on the walk back to camp she said she had been eyed by an unsavoury character. Grace's find proved to be a real treasure. For \$5, fluffy towels, shampoo and a hair dryer were provided. Catherine and Jill took advantage of this. Their "wilderness experience" continued and only 20 minutes walk from the campsite. The rest of us remained unsavoury. Marg missed the shower because she said she had been listening to Dave's hour and a half lecture on the Burgess Shale. That evening our resident Pyro enjoyed the last campfire of the trip.*

Day 7: *Awoke to the heaviest mist of the trip. Ian was a little concerned but with maps balanced on the canoe bag in front of him and with Martin at times looking after the rear or tearing about in his sinking kayak like a good sheepdog, , we proceeded safely. The mist cleared, the banks and gravel bars were beautiful. Topography and scenery were the best of the whole trip. Lovely morning snack and lunch breaks on gravel bars. We arrived at the take out point about 3.00 pm having already decided ahead of time to camp there. On arrival we all promptly changed our minds as the racket of vehicles traversing the bridge above our heads was something to be experienced, And called for pickup. Martin's find of an un-opened cold beer in the river at take out made him quite content during the wait. Columbia River Outfitters were most accommodating. It took a bit of squeezing in. We managed to pack all the gear inside the van thanks to Grace who appeared to have had much experience in this sort of thing. Catherine was able to pad her kayak by cutting up a prize find of an old PFD. Two suggestions were made the following morning to the Outfitters, paddled racks on the trailer for fibreglass kayaks and a roof rack on their 15 passenger van. We arrived back in Invermere about 10.30pm. Grace opted to sleep in the van and stated that it was the only time she had been warm all week. The rest of us slept either beside or inside our vehicles.*

Of special note: *Our Pyro wanted to light a fire at the takeout but our esteemed engineer, Martin, took one look at the underside of the bridge above and determined that it could not take the heat! Martin also had other adventures along the way despite his ingenious table which he strapped to the deck of his kayak. He could patent the design! A sinking kayak on day 1 made the baler an essential piece of equipment. He reported that wet and soggy bread was not too bad once you got used to it. Duct tape came to the rescue! Martin's scouting trips ahead and behind the group were a source of constant information. His cell phone was our lifeline and enabled Lynn to be a constant part of the adventure as well as enabling the shuttle to come to our rescue. At trip's end, all felt that it was a terrific week. Special thanks were forwarded to Matthew and Ernie at Canal Flats, Penny and Byron with Columbia River outfitters but more importantly, thanks to each and every one of the group for making the trip such a delight.*



joke of the month

While paddling off the Florida coast, a tourist capsized his kayak. He could swim, but his fear of alligators kept him clinging to the overturned craft.

Spotting an old beachcomber standing on the shore, the tourist shouted "Are there any gators around here?!" "Naw" the man hollered back, "they ain't been around for years!"

Feeling safe, the tourist started swimming leisurely toward the shore. About halfway there he asked the guy "How'd you get rid of the gators?"

"We didn't do nothin'," the beachcomber said. "The sharks got 'em."

Answer to Trivia: Christmas lights symbolize Jesus as the Light of the World and/or the hope that light & warmth will overcome the cold & darkness associated with winter. The Edison Company invented the electric Christmas tree light in 1882, although their use was likely first popularized by a U.S. President in 1885. "Bubble lights" were invented in 1936 by Carl Otis.