

In our own words.....

In this Issue:

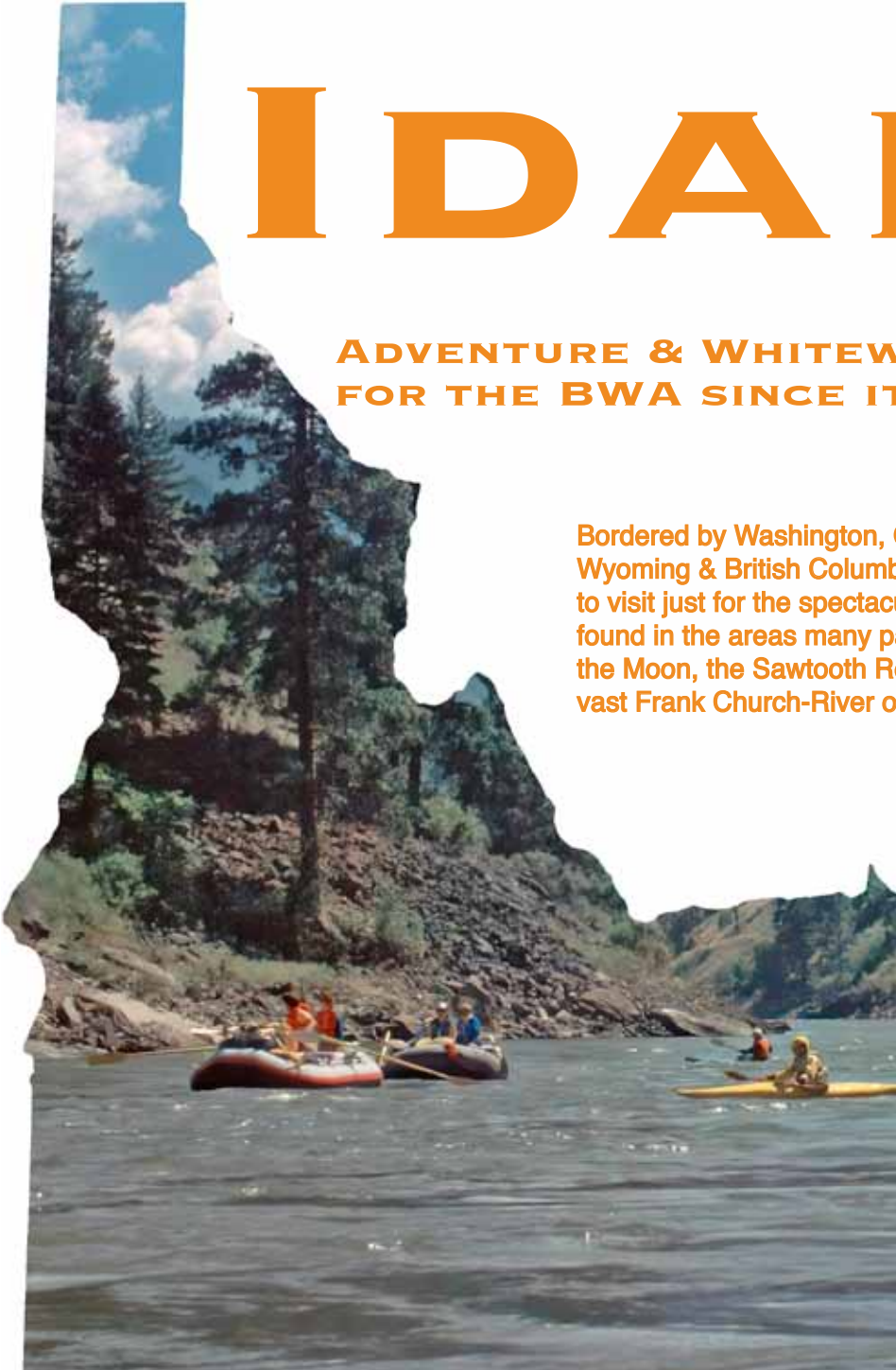
The Selway, Jewel of Idaho
The BWA Idaho & Main Salmon 1986 Trip
Eddy Lines of Interest

IDAHO

**ADVENTURE & WHITEWATER PLAYGROUND
FOR THE BWA SINCE IT'S EARLY YEARS!**

Bordered by Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Montana, Wyoming & British Columbia, Idaho would be a great place to visit just for the spectacular canyons, mountains & wild life found in the areas many parks like Yellowstone, Craters of the Moon, the Sawtooth Recreation Area, Hell's Canyon & the vast Frank Church-River of No Return Wilderness.

But the BWA discovered early on, that with over 3,100 recreational river miles, Idaho was the paradise king of whitewater. At the start of each year we would have a permit application party to work out when & where in Idaho we hope to do a river trip and then all would apply for a permit. If one of us was lucky to get one, we celebrated & then started our planning to get the time off and doing the preparation for a group trip. A multi-day river trip was a bonus as we also knew it was also worth going to Idaho just to do day trips & visit national Parks on the way out or back.



Looking Ahead

Second Tuesday of the Month, 7:30 pm

BWA Monthly Meeting

For more information on

Club Meetings & Activities

always check the online Calendar.

<https://www.bluegrasswildwater.org/events>

BWA web site:

<https://www.bluegrasswildwater.org>



The BWA wishes to thank Canoe Kentucky for it's support.
We urge you to patronize them for your outdoor needs.

Check out Bowlines Online Archive with many
great issues going back to 1998!

Issue Archive:

<http://bwa.shuttlepod.org/Newsletter>

A must read for all members, our 30th Anniversary issue:

http://www.bluegrasswildwater.org/bowlines/BL30thAnnv_Aug06.pdf



Bowlines is the Newsletter of the Bluegrass Wildwater
Association, POB 4231, Lexington Ky, 40504

Club Officers 2020-2021

President	Sandra Broadus	859-983-4475
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Secretary	Robert Watts	859-554-8489
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Conservation	Angus Milto	
Film Festival Coordinator	Emily Grimes	859-797-6988
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At-Large Member	Damon Rosenbarker	
Membership Coordinator	Terri Covington Brunjes	

Join in on the Fun!

Join the BWA! BWA Membership \$20/individual; \$25/Family year entitles you to receive the newsletter, 10% discounts at many local and out of state outfitter shops, use of club equipment, discount at pool rolling sessions, a listing in the BWA Handbook, a stream gauge guide, and web site with a forum for member's messages & a parking pass for the Elkhorn.

Meetings are held at 7:30, the second Tuesday of each month at location announced on our website: <http://www.bluegrasswildwater.org>

**BWA members want to read your story!
Short or long. Sad or Funny.
Tell us your paddling related story! Please!!**

Files can be e-mailed to the Editor: DonSpang@aol.com



About the BWA's Bowlines

The Bowlines has been a unique record of the BWA and its members. Unique in that it has been more than a listing of club activities and general information about paddling and related issues. When you read Bowlines you read about each of us and what we thought and did over the years. Members have contributed articles not only about paddling, conservation, and the club, but also stories crafted with humor, imagination, and the spirit of enthusiasm of life and enjoyment of each other. These are only a small portion of the many articles worth rereading. There have been songs, poems, soap operas, jokes, cartoons, wedding announcements, birth announcements, and unique trip reports among all the issues. Not what you might think you would see in a whitewater club newsletter.

We owe a thank you to all the newsletter editors that spent countless hours preparing each issue. To all you club members a big BWA hand for your contributions. Please keep it up! Now dig in and enjoy old memories or chuckle at the amusing stories, poems and pictures...

We had run a number of trips on western river like the Colorado, the Rio Grand, the Missouri, as well as many day runs, but this was the first Idaho river trip for us. We got lucky when our permit party got us a permit for the Selway. Only one trip with a maximum of sixteen people is allowed to launch per day. So to get an in-season permit is a much coveted achievement to run a river with a phenomenal feeling of isolation and solitude. *Don Spangler*

The Selway.....

Jewel of Idaho



*Sam Moore
Bowlines March/April 1984*



The water rushes clear and cold from the Bitterroot Mountains. Boaters gather at Paradise to see if the waters are high enough to carry their craft to the destination at Selway Falls. After all are in agreement that 2.0 feet on the gauge is sufficient, gear and boats are unloaded from the autos. The shuttle drivers head back to Hamilton Montana. The repacking begins. The sun warms our back as we inflate the rafts and rig these beasts of burden. Several individuals lighten their load by drinking copious quantities of liquor. This helps the festivities, but only lightens their head. In a quiet conversation it is revealed that only two of our 15 have seen the rapids on the Selway. We ask specific questions about the river, answers are vague at best. Four years is a long time to remember specific points about a river. Supper tastes great after the long shuttle over the Bitterroots. Stories told among friends in the firelight grow larger as the fire dwindles. The starry sky makes for a cool summer night and fine sleeping.

We arise early to Don's gentle banter on garbage can lids. The coffee is perking when I arise, the sun is shining, and there is plenty of toilet paper. All is right with the world. We gather our gear and don our boating apparel, each dipping a finger in the snow fed stream to gauge the appropriate amount of insulation. The 80 degree air temperature confuses the boaters as they strip their neoprene while loading the rafts. Time passed as if we were waiting for Christmas while Larry loaded the largest raft. He carefully tied each parcel into the raft, so that in the worst flip not even



We arrive at put-in for the Selway river trip.

outermost gear would get damp. We sat admiring his attention to detail as the sun moved higher in the sky. As time passed people began to grow impatient. Some of this tension was relieved by imitating commercial raft clients, demonstrating the effects of a well placed bucket of water on someone's head.

By 2 pm spray skirts were being tightened, and rafts were slipping into the unknown. With the sun in our eyes we paddle into the first rapids of the day. So continuous were these first class II and class III rapids that it was difficult to keep the group together. Many rapids were somewhat technical and the rafts had a time of it twisting and turning to keep up the pace of the agile decked boats. This hurry up and wait game was no help in keeping our bearing. "This has to be Galloping Gertie." No... we passed that three miles ago." "Well where are we going to camp tonight?" We passed the camp site three minutes ago. Didn't you see me get out on the beach and flag every one else over - You went right by so the rest of us came on." We camped on a gravel bar across from North Star Ranch. After the dinner stew we set at the river bank watching the anglers lure the Cutthroat and Rainbows to the breakfast skillet. Throwbacks were the only catches in the river. The spectators losing interest after some time diverted attention to the black dot moving along through the brush in the evening glow. Binoculars were quickly produced and the image was identified as *Ursus Americanus*-Black Bear. For some, this their first sighting was happily at a 1000 yard distance from the bear. All watched with interest as the bear foraged in the brush for his evening meal. Just before dark Don made a search for anything that might attract the bear to our camp. The next morning we thanked Don for a clean camp.

Tuesday brought sunshine and warm temperature. It also brought us past a few of man's intrusions in this vast wilderness. The first rapid of any difficulty (Goat Creek) was only difficult for the heavily laden rafts. This rapid was a wide long shoals with many large raft sucking rocks. After a hour wait at the bottom for the rafts to catch up we proceeded to our camp below Selway Lodge. Selway Lodge is a retreat for hunting with an airstrip and one of the few phones in the valley. There is a foot bridge that crosses the river here. As we set up camp that evening we noticed a large group of horse packers quietly riding among the pines above our river. A though they were viewed as intruders in our adventure they quickly vanished out of sight and mind. Our camp was upstream of a large sandbar and beautiful rapid (Rodeo). That evening the fishermen and spectators were thrilled by the larger trout that grew here. The warm sun made even the cold water feel soothing



Beuren Garten, Sam Moore, Bob Dickson, Steve Morgan, having breakfast at put-in for Selways trip.



Selway Gage at the Put-in was dropping.



Loading gear & chomping at the bit!



when setting in a sling-lite chair and sipping one of Don's Idaho Coolers. As dusk settled a voice was heard on the far side of the river requesting Mae to check in at Moose Creek Ranger Station. We acknowledged the call and looked at Mae. She knew the reason for the message. Later that night she and Rich made plans to evacuate camp and hike out at dawn for the ranger station some 11 miles away.

As I walked to camp preparing to turn over my boat I was immersed into a prank deed so foul that I became temporarily insane and lost control over good judgment. At the beginning of the trip I had tucked away the only pair of real shoes in a dry bag to be carried on the raft. Due to a neurological (Alzheimer's) disease that has been plaguing me for sometime I forgot where they were. To my misfortune I told someone that I had lost my shoes "my real shoes not those darn sandals". So it was to be humour at my expense. As I approached my boat I noticed the throw line uncoiled into the river. Upon retrieving the last of the line from the middle of the river I found my shoes not as dry as I remembered. My brain quickly assessed the situation of their previous placement. As I placed them in Tubbo's river bag Bob eagerly brought his shoes to accompany mine. Revenge was the sole thought on my mind at this time. Swift justice for he who drowned my only pair of real shoes. Would it be a midnight cruise down the Selway for Bob's boat? No, fire was a better idea. I gathered up an empty coffee can and filled it with Coleman Fuel. My wife horrified, entreated me not to burn Bob's boat. With matches and fuel in hand I made my way to the tent in question. Suddenly I regained enough sanity to ask Bob about my shoes before I decided to torch his boat. After a hot question and answer session Bob convinced me that my "only real shoes" were not ruined and offered his shoes for me to use. I told him of my plan. I returned to my tent unfulfilled, going to sleep only after a long episode of tachycardia. The next morning I arrived at breakfast only to wish I could blame my rage on bottled spirits. After consulting with Beuren I found out that he and Don had exiled themselves from Bob's tent for fear of being torched in their sleep."



Karen & Sam Moore taking a sun break on the Selway

Mae and Rich had vanished from camp at dawn, paddling across the river to the trail. With the sun at our backs we retrieved their boats and stowed them on the rafts. The clear water magnified the bows of our boats as we



Sam Moore in his red C-1 running a rapid on the Selway in Idaho.

surfing the waves in the rapid named Rodeo. We paddled along a mostly flat stretch enjoying the clear water and sky of Idaho. At mid-morning we stopped at a large pool waiting for Larry in the large raft to catch up. Here we observed many trout playing in the pool. At noon we arrived at the rapid of the day, Ham. Looking down a narrow alley the rapid was split in two chutes dropping some 25 feet in the rapids 100 yard pitch. We lunched among the large virgin fir trees towering above the rapid. It was at lunch we noticed the first thin slivers of clouds lining the eastern sky. Well at least no rain today. The remainder of the afternoon was spent paddling to Moose Creek ranger station. Just below a large foot bridge at Moose Creek we made camp on a large sand beach. Beuren hiked off to find Rich and Mae. Shortly Rich returned to tell Mae had been called to come home due to a family emergency. The rangers at Moose Creek radioed for a small plane to pick her up, and fly her to Missoula.

That evening Bob and I slated a contest to switch boats for the next day. Soon we had amended that contest to a dare that he could not paddle my C-1 across the Selway and back in five minutes. And I could not paddle his kayak across and back in the same amount of time. Being a good sport I allowed Bob to go first. He squeezed into my Max-2 C-1 cursing the confirmability of my boat. As he was swept down the Selway we waved a fond adieu to the new canoeist as he flailed into the twilight of the evening. Some 10 minutes later an exhausted Bob returned to give me my due. Well considering what a fine job he had done in the C-1 and I really didn't want to get back in the river I conceded. It took Bob some time to accept his victory.

As we woke on day 4 the light pattering of cool rain tapped on the tent fly. A hearty breakfast of pancakes and bacon under a leaky tarp took the chill out of the air. Rapids came soon once we passed Moose Creek. The first was Double Drop, just that, two large river wide drops. Several tried to pierce the unscouted holes at various points only to be side surfed and flipped. Double Drop rates a strong class III. The next rapid was named Wa Poots, where the name came from indicates a strong imagination. This rapid has a long entrance around a dogleg to the right. Anyone not making a ferry to the left amongst large waves is swept into the granite wall. More than one rescue was performed here. As we approached the entrance to Ladle (Class IV) the rain stopped. This lifted our spirits as we took the long scout



Beuren Garten a Founding Member of the BWA on the Selway



on the right bank. This rapid looked more like a funnel than a ladle to me. It started as a wide rock garden with three chutes funnelling into a maze of large rocks some 50 yards down stream. After a thorough inspection we decided on the right hand route. This route was somewhat more technical but less pushy than the alternatives. Two safety ropes were stationed, and the boats went down stream. It looked like there would be no flips, or problems until Larry wedged the large raft between two rocks. After some time Larry finagled the loaded boat from the jam, and we were once more headed down stream. The next 3 or 4 rapids were uneventful but fun. Ahead of the rafts we stopped for a quick lunch at Osprey rapid (Class III). After the loss of Mae, Tubbo joined the paddle raft to complete the team. Since there would be problems towing his orange Mirage Tubbo strapped the kayak to the top of the raft. With much laughter we watched Tubbo straddle the orange boat and guide the raft through the rapids. Good job Tubbo!! After lunch the sun came out and warmed us. We paddled some 7 miles after lunch to a rapid called Wolf Creek. This rapid, a flume down a 10 foot slide with most of the water piling to the right "and into a large rock wall. There were large reactionary waves and holes to deal with after the flume. Below a pool some 50 yards long lay the second part of the rapid, a long shoal dropping some 10 feet. As people entered the rapid the current pushed them into the wall, some flipped, some rolled, some had a long swim. A couple miles below Wolf Creek was Tee Kem Falls. This was a glorified Class III rapid with large waves but relatively a straight shot. This made a great ending for a long but rewarding day.

We slept below the roar of the rapid, with the stars shining brightly above. Late that night river gremlins attacked Bob's boat, standing it on end and filling it with sand and Water. How amazed we were to see this sight in the morning sun. It must be an omen from the River God. Another rainy morning greeted us as we paddled towards the take out some 7 miles downstream. A mile or so down stream the rain stopped and the clouds gave way to the Sun. There were numerous class II rapids and swift current all the way to Selway Falls takeout and ranger station. A mile below the takeout was the impressive falls, not like Cumberland falls, but a rock jumble with the river cascading some 75 feet down over a 200 feet distance. Pass this drop up as there are easier ways to get trapped!. We derigged the rafts, said goodbye to our friends, and headed off for more rivers. Many have I paddled but none like the "Jewel of Idaho".

If you want more information on the Selway write:

Sam Moore

Photos: Don Spangler

District Forest Ranger:
West Fork Ranger Station
Bitterroot National Forest
Darby, Montana 59829

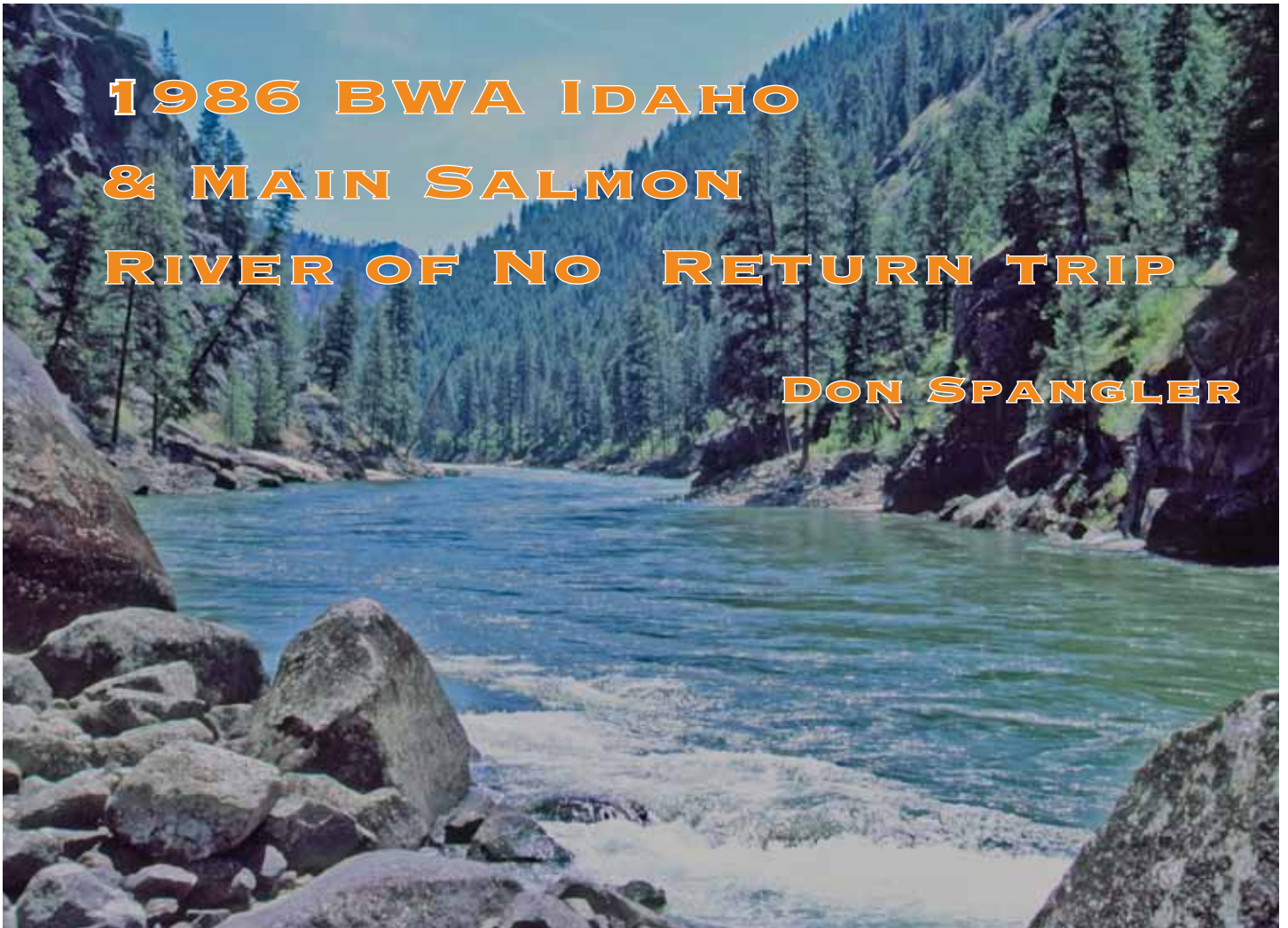
Four Rivers Lottery and Permit Reservation System

Selway, Salmon, Middle Fork of the Salmon,
Hells Canyon-Snake rivers (aka the 4 Rivers)

https://www.fs.usda.gov/detail/scnf/passes-permits/recreation/?cid=fsbdev3_029568

1986 BWA IDAHO & MAIN SALMON RIVER OF NO RETURN TRIP

DON SPANGLER



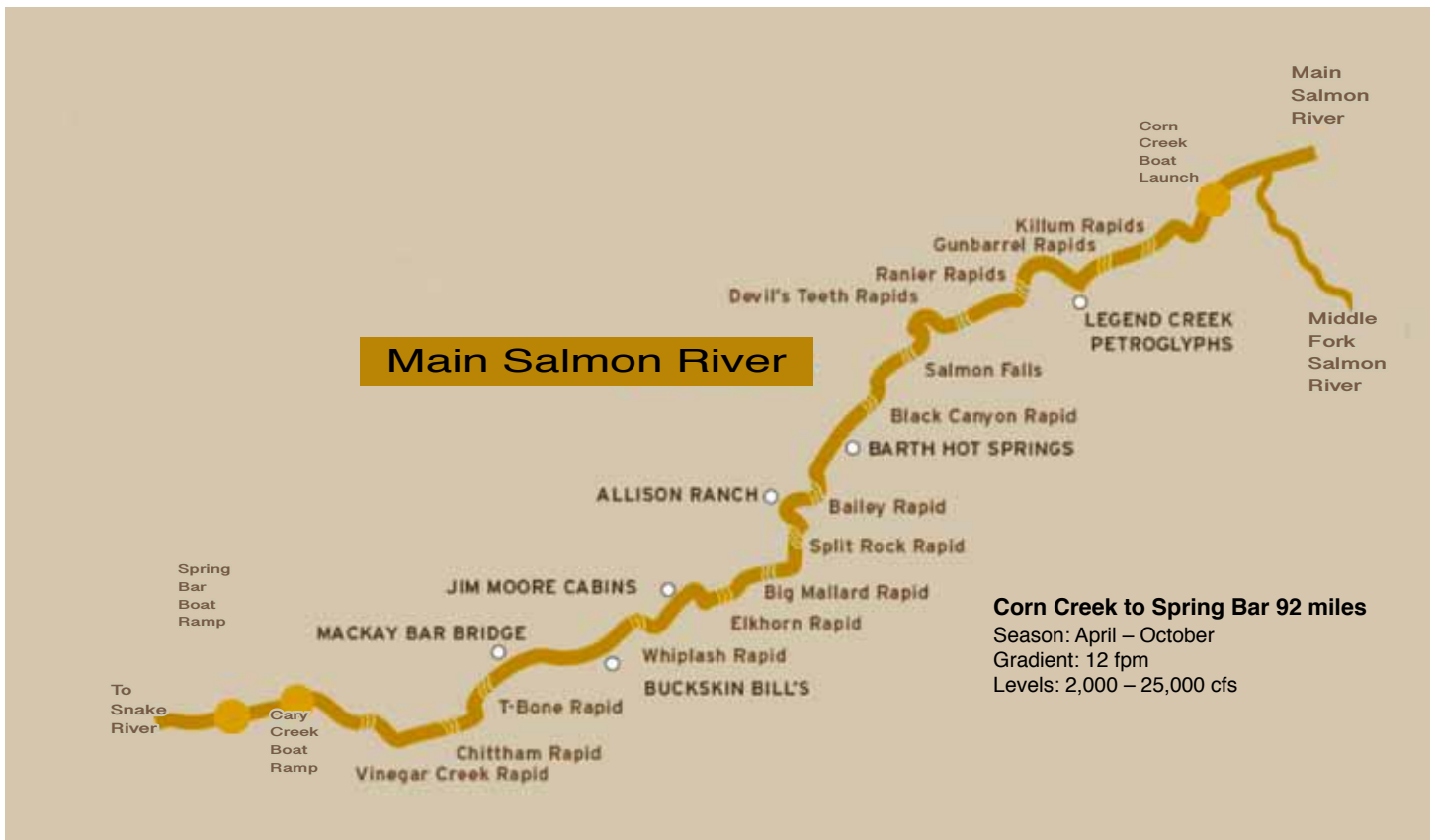
In late June 1986 a group from the Bluegrass Wildwater Association headed west to Idaho for a trip down the "River of No Return". Our trips out West generally were planned to start around the last week or so for a couple of reasons: One, earlier trips were more likely to encounter extremely high water levels because snow melt mostly took place in early June and later trips might encounter less optimum (low) river flows. The other reason is that we could capture the Fourth of July holiday to add another day to our vacation time. When you also have to drive a couple of days to get there that is important. We also would drive with only the stops being for food & gas by always having a driver & an awake "shotgun" while the others could be sleeping or resting.

We left late Friday afternoon & by very late that night we were on the other side of St. Louis when we had our first "forced" stop. Our overloaded trailer blew a tire. Fortunately we had a spare & pulled off the side of the interstate as far as we could & somehow managed to jack up the too heavy trailer & change it. It would be sign of future trailer tire problems. But undaunted we head toward Denver (where we finally find another spare tire for the trailer) & then north to the put-in on the Main Salmon.

The Main Salmon run is the most popular permit required section of the river. The run we did started at Corn Creek & took out at Spring Bar ramp, which is 12 miles below the first takeout at Vinegar Creek, making our trip 94 miles long.



The Idaho bound adventurers included: Paula Richwalski, Patty Garten, Lynn Kraft, Rich Lewis' Don Spangler, Bob Miller, Elsie Miller, Chris Spangler, Moose Williams (met later in Idaho) and Dave Mossbrook.



The Lewis & Clark Expedition decided based on Indian advice & scouting that the River of No Return was not passable and went north over the Lost Trail Pass. But nowadays it is a pleasant trip and at levels below 5000 cfs being low, 5000-10000 medium, 10,000-20000 high, and over 20000 very hazardous. The trip has an average gradient of 12 feet per mile.

The Main Salmon has many camp sites recommended by the park Service and there are also other "refuge sites" available (we had to use one on our last night). Six to eight days is the time a typical trip may take. There are a number of nice beaches nestled in the Ponderosa Pines along the river. Typical for travel on most western rivers you carry a firebox for your campfire, a water filtration system & a "port-a-potty" system that you set up each day at your camp site. The trip leader must make sure that park rules are complied with as well as important equipment is brought, like a first aid kit, that the group stays together with a lead & sweep person. or boat designated and so on.

It is best to work out a system beforehand with a schedule for organizing tasks on the river, like kitchen set-up and cooking, port-a-potty setup & take down, & all should contribute to unloading & loading of gear on the rafts. Every one understanding these basic things helps for a conflict free, safer & happy trip .

We met our group of 4 rafters from California at the



Put-in. We had brought them into the permit as they had large rafts that could carry our gear & equipment.



There are many old cabin & mine sites that can be explored & guide books offer info on side trips and the history of the river.



Weather was great till the last day, beautiful river scenes always. Camps were Idylic and very often had a beautiful sandy beach. And just as special we never saw another group on the river!





As with any river that the group is not familiar with scouting major rapids is a must. Gives all a break, is a good time for photos a better view of the surrounding scenery and it may prevent a swim or a broached boat.



Being aware of not only what is happening on the river but watching the area near the river you can often be rewarded with sights of bighorn sheep, elk, deer, mountain goats, bears, cougar and moose as well as many other animals & waterfowl Good to keep your camera ready & quietly point to your sighting for others so that they may catch a glimpse too!



Getting off the river before it is too late in the day is a good idea too. It makes unloading and setting up camp less stressful. Remember that some not only have to set not only their tent but the kitchen and need time to cook supper.

Also a happy hour where all can share a couple of tod-dies & snacks while they sit & relate their memories of the days journey as well as other well practiced personal stories of other river experiences.



Speaking of sitting, it is good to remember to bring your own river chair. With the advent of the ultra light weight Sling-lite chair & separate headrest in the eighties, we no longer had to find a rock or log to sit on. It was something that was compact, comfortable and if you had one too many & fell over in it, you were not likely to suffer much pain... till the hangover. Not only that but they easily fit in your decked boat. They were a hit, you can see by all those sitting in one in the photo!



One other big plus to boating in Idaho and to getting off the river early is many places you camp will have hot springs that feel wonderful to your tired and sore body after hours of breaking camp, paddling & exploring, and then setting up camp once more. (That feels really good after or with a toddy too!) If you are really lucky and were nice to all, you might get the special treatment & be hand fed grapes.... it is something to hope for any-ways!

But even though you don't want the good times & fun to end, you do get to the takeout. Just before that on our last full day we discovered we had a unexpected problem. As we were going down river that afternoon we started smelling smoke. So we knew there may be some forest fires in the area but did not realize till we got within sight of our last campsite that the fire had come almost down to the river. We realized at once that camping there was not an option. So we went on down toward Vinegar Creek rapid where we saw a small beach on river right that looked like it was suitable for us to spend our last night at. It was, but our problems were not over just yet. The next day, July 4, we woke up to cold & rain and dozens of fire fighters coming down the hill



by us to be picked by Jet Boats coming up the river as the rain was taking care of the fire. It was exciting to watch, it is not often you are in the middle of such action! Forest fires down to your planned campsite and waking up to rain & fire fighters being evacuated in front of you by jet boats coming up through the rapids on the Fourth of July. Not the normal kind of fireworks easterners get to see!

Then another reality struck us, especially the group from California who had brought the bare minimum of clothing for their summer river trip....it was getting colder and raining harder. They were getting cold and we still had another 12 miles to go to the warm vehicles at the takeout! Not a happy bunch as we all warmed our



hands on our coffee cups. Well it did not long for us to break camp as it raining harder and getting colder by the minute. Then shortly after we put on it started sleeting, something the fair weather California group had heard about, but could not believe it was happening to them in the middle of summer, on the Fourth of July.

The best, or perhaps the worst was to yet to come as we raced to the Spring Bar takeout, it started snowing!

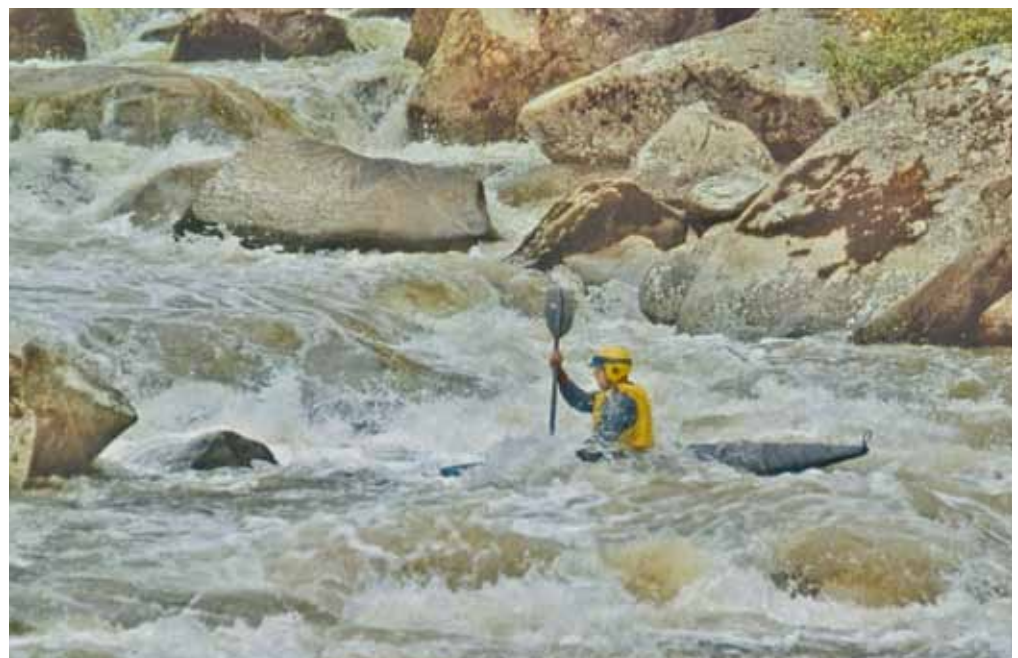
Well, perhaps it was because we were dropping in altitude as we headed down river, in time the snow turned back to sleet than to a cold rain.

At Spring Bar there was little dignity or shyness as we all struggled out of our cold wet river gear and threw the wet duds into our pickle buckets as we rushed to the warmth of the van to put on dry warm clothes. That done, we Kentuckians headed to Riggins, Idaho for a hot lunch at a warm restaurant, the Californians headed back to warm California. After lunch we started heading toward the South Fork of the Clearwater with plans to spend the night at a motel in the nearby town of Grangeville. We got there around supper and stopped at a local Pizza shope and checked out the "German" pizza. As we made called to find motel rooms we realized that in Idaho every one comes to the nearby town to Celebrate the Fourth and motel rooms were not to be had! Still raining we headed toward the South Fork if the Clearwater & a little town called Kooskia.

With luck Ida Lee's motel in Kooskia had a couple of rooms which we grabbed up. That night on a call home we found out that Dave "Dad" Weiland had drowned on the Crystal River in Colorado. It was a sad loss to us as all of us in the BWA loved Dad and will always fondly remember his love of paddling and his great stories.



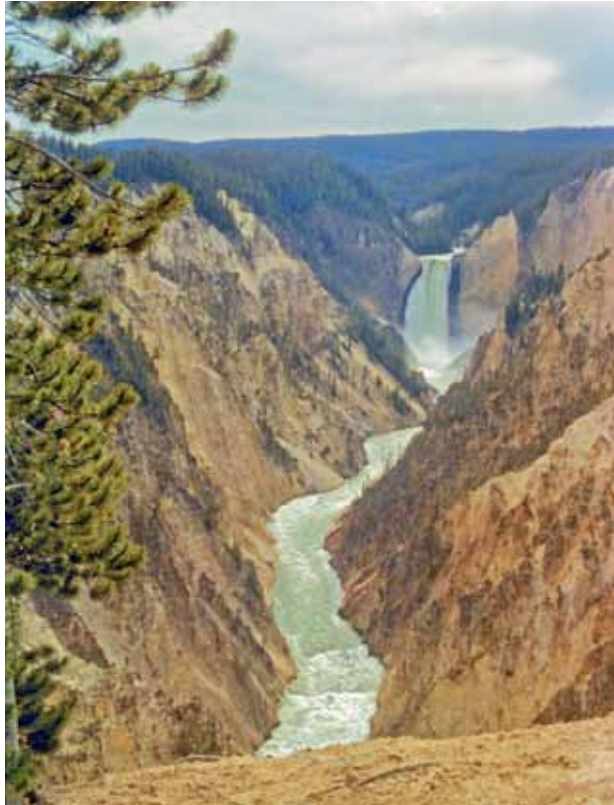
At breakfast the next morning Rich & Moose decide they want to paddle bottom 4 miles of the upper canyon of the South Fork, the *Golden Section* which is class IV+. I had seen it on a previous trip & knew is was more than I wanted. With the rain it was around 700cfs, too much fun for most of us. It proved to be every bit as exciting for them as they thought. The next day most of the rest of put in aways below where they took out... it was still very exciting for us. We then headed to ward the South Fork of the Payette & a campground, Pine Flats, high above the river off a dirt road with great hot springs. We camped there while we run a couple sections of the South Fork after which Moose heads to home in Oregon and we head north towards the Tetons, Yellowstone and Glacier Park & Montana.



Rich Lewis staying busy on the Golden section of the South Fork of the Clearwater



Paula & Elsie taking photos of the French/Canadian trappers named Tetons, a spectacular set of Mountains.



If you are going by our America's first National Park, the Yellowstone, you have to take a day or two at least to visit it. Not only is the the unique hydrothermal and geologic wonders a must see, but also the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone will give you dreams of running it. It has been run & here is a link to a story about that: <https://www.summitdaily.com/news/local/a-group-of-paddlers-works-to-make-kayaking-legal-on-yellowstones-rivers/>

For most of us we are not likely to ever run it though. Best to spend time enjoying the rest of the park & not needing to replace your boats or paying a fine. I think viewing more wildlife than you could imagine being in one area is a good substitute. The area is also loaded with hot springs worth checking out.

From Yellowstone we head on to Glacier National Park, another of my favorites. Great trails, views & the most amazing abundance of Wild flowers you have ever seen. There is even a creek in it you can run, McDonald Creek. We asked & were told to go ahead. There are some class IV+ drops on it and I think at least one you may want to portage but a lot of it is class II or III or less. It is closed most of the year now, but you can paddle it in October if you check-in first. When you head back east, do so via the "Going to the Sun Road" you will always remember it!

Rich Lewis, Bob Miller & Lyn Kraft on McDonald Creek in Glacier National Park



The Idaho trip has been a great trip & we are already retelling stories about it to each other. Few trips have been as packed with memories & good times as this one, and it is all but over, or is it? As we head across Montana we come across something we did not know was happening: *North American Indian Days* near Browning, Montana. *North American Indian Days*, is an annual celebration is one of the largest gatherings of United States and Canadian indian tribes. The celebration is an unforgettable authentic, not-staged-for-tourists event on the Blackfeet reservation. Beuren Garten saw the event taking place as we were driving nearby it and he did not have to persuade us it was worth visiting even if it did delay us for a while getting home.



It was a great opportunity for us to get some sense & understanding about the Blackfeet & other Indians as well as the history of this area. I have always appreciating leaning more about the many places I have visited when canoeing.

So once more we start our trip back to Kentucky, but also once more we are delayed....another trailer tire flat. Fortunately we were able to find a replacement for our rare tire in Denver, so we have only a short delay before we begin the all night drive. Sleep came easily for me, I had driven all day and it was soon my replacement drivers turn. All I can remember is pulling into gas stations & getting up to go to the rest rooms. But sometime after dawn the next morning I am awaked by a shrieking moan & hear the words "trailer tire". It was not good news. Sunday morning & all I can see around us are fields of corn in the middle of Illinois, miles from any sizeable town. I fear we may not make it back to Lexington that day, as Rich & Dave leave to look for one with the other vehicle. I expected a long wake, and it was fairly long, but finally they make it back, with not just one, but also with a spare for the spare tire. Dave mutters, "We are going to make it back today somehow!" We do, but it gives us one more memory and story to tell. The lesson: Never , never overload the trailer on a paddling trip.



Been to Idaho?

Or out west on a paddling trip?

Or another recent paddling trip?

Share it with you friends in the BWA about it!

Long story, short story.....Local or Distant....

We would love to read about it.

**Just email the Bowlines editor
the story with photos if you have them.**

Eddy Lines of Interest

BWA General Meeting Minutes July 13th 2021

Called to order 7:30 PM

Motion for an additional 124 dollars for the Web Meister to improve the website. Michael Williams
Seconded by Robert Watts
Motion passed by acclamation.

Motion for permission to raise money and use funds for the 2022 Sam Singleton Memorial Race. Brian Storz
Seconded by Michael Williams
Motion passed by acclamation.

Motion to amend the Bylaws as follows. Robert Watts
“Article V: Section III of the Bluegrass Wildwater Association Bylaws shall be repealed and replaced with the following language.

Section III: The membership shall have the power to make, amend, and repeal bylaws for the administration and regulation of the affairs of the Association. At any regularly scheduled meeting of the membership, a written proposal to amend the bylaws shall be made either by a unanimous vote of the Club Officers defined in these bylaws, or made by a three-fifths majority vote of all voting members in good standing. Before a proposed amendment shall take effect, it shall be ratified by a three-fifths majority vote of all voting members in good standing. The vote to ratify a proposal shall be open immediately, and shall be closed and counted no sooner than one month after the full and final text of the written proposal is distributed and proposed at a meeting of the membership. Voting may be electronic or other manner as decided by the Steering Committee at their discretion.”

Seconded by Sandra Broadus
Motion shall pass upon completion of the voting process

Motion to adjourn
Seconded by Robert Watts
Meeting adjourned

Bylaws Amendment

Article V: Section III of the Bluegrass Wildwater Association Bylaws shall be repealed and replaced with the following language.

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unanimous vote of the Club Officers defined in these bylaws, or made by a three-fifths majority vote of all voting members in good standing. Before a proposed amendment shall take effect, it shall be ratified by a three-fifths majority vote of all voting members in good standing. The vote to ratify a proposal shall be open immediately, and shall be closed and counted no sooner than one month after the full and final text of the written proposal is distributed and proposed at a meeting of the membership. Voting may be electronic or other manner as decided by the Steering Committee in their discretion.

BWA Steering Committee Minutes August 3rd 2021

Motion to authorize the president to sign a Letter to the Governor of Kentucky. This petition relates to the Outdoor Research Learning Network.

The motion passed with one member abstaining.

BWA General Meeting Minutes August 10th 2021

Sandra Broadus: Motion to approve up to \$280 for roll sessions at the Falling Springs Aquatic Center in Versailles
Motion Seconded
Motion passed by acclamation

Steering Committee Minutes October 5th 2021

Steering Committee Minutes October 5th 2021
Quorum not present. Meeting Cancelled.