



KEELHAULER KA-NEWS

JANUARY, 2007



There will be no club meeting in January. Have a happy new year and see you in February!

Keelhauler Meeting Minutes, 12/12

There was not a "formal" club meeting, just a potluck dinner enjoyed by about 25 people.

Membership Survey and Thanks By Mary Modesitt

I would like to take this time to thank the membership for taking the time to fill out the survey that was posted on the website and emailed to members back at the end of October after I took office as your Vice President. I was very pleased and delighted to have such a huge response on the first day the survey went live. On that day alone I received over 50 emails which showed me that the membership wanted their voices heard about how they feel about the club and changes they would like to see. I have presented the findings and my comments to the board over the course of the last couple of months and a formal response will be coming. Again thank you so much for taking the time to fill out the survey. If you have a comment or suggestion please feel free to email them to me at lilmary@keelhauler.org. This is your club and I would love to hear what you have to say.

Kobak's Annual RV Trip from John and Peggy Kobak

Friends and relatives who want to know where we are heading off to in January can track our progress from this web link. <http://keelhauler.org/RV/> See the right side pull-out menu that says "Mex2007".

I will try to keep adding information as we go. So after we leave, you can check back here whenever you want, and I won't spam you with any e-mails about our trip.

Kokosing River Paddle on 09/09/2006

By Gary Porter

What a day! For those who were unable to paddle, the Kokosing is a neat and interesting river.

It was a long day as I left home about 7:45 am and headed to Mount Vernon. With only one stop I arrived at the Mount Vernon Riverside Park at 10 am. We all arrived there within 5 minutes of that time.

Tim & his daughter Becky, Trish Voss and myself showed up to paddle. Tim said he had left home about 6 am that morning to check the water levels, but had not had time to do so. However, he stated that he had talked to the canoe livery owner in Howard and had been told that people who had recently paddled between Mount Vernon and Howard spent some time walking due to low water levels. Tim specifically stated that the previous group had to walk at least 5 times due to low water levels for short distances.



We decided to try the paddle since 5 times walking did not seem excessive walking to us and the weather was perfect at that time. At 10 am the weather was wonderful with the fog rapidly burning off and being replaced by sunshine and warm temperatures. By 10:30 am we were ready for liftoff/departure in sunshine and Tim spent a few minutes swearing us all in (with right hands raised), as duly accredited members of the Kokosing River Paddling Club with all appropriate rights and responsibilities of membership as he understood them. We all accepted membership and proceeded forthwith!



We began our Kokosing River adventure and I was astounded to see Tim propelling his canoe named "Thwarted Love" by standing in it and using a pole to propel the craft. He was able to move quite rapidly so should he choose. My thoughts were that he had a superb sense of balance that I could never come close to approximating, and also that if he had a few drinks you would never be able to tell if he was tipsy!

Shortly after beginning we waited while Tim went back to his car to retrieve the ignition keys for the vehicle left downstream.

In the first few miles we encountered 3 small low head dams (not on the state's map), which were easily passed by getting out on the shore and allowing our craft to float over while holding a rope, and then getting back in. Further on I had to exit my canoe three times and walk due to low water (approximately 20-30 feet each time). Other craft that drew more water may have had to walk 6 or 7 times in the 17 miles for the same type of short distances. Water levels while adequate were still sometimes under a foot deep for 15-20% of the time. However, for the most part our paddles found adequate purchase of water. Tim never complained about his poling technique. My only complaint about Tim's poling technique was that it was noisy and scared the 1-2 thousand (yes, thousands) of small mouth bass which I observed.



I was particularly impressed with the fish, the terraced rock bottom (not always mud but rock), the many rocks and swift corners which were actually rather thrilling, and the one "slide" where we went down

a chute type slide (I went left and was the only one to go down it). Also, the snags and other impediments to paddling gave it a full feeling of Indiana Jones style adventure, but able to be experienced by a layman. It was tiring but well worth the effort. Three times the rapid speed of the current in turns was foolishly added to by me with further paddling which careened me back into the inside curve shore and resulted in being beached on the inside of the curve as I came out of the curve. Each error that caused self imposed beaching was both exhilarating and disappointing as they required exiting the craft, reorienting and heading downstream again!

We reached the Howard take out point at 5:50 pm (I overshot 1/8 mile and had to backtrack upstream - 7 hours on the river, 17 miles), and after packing up we all headed to a Mexican restaurant on High Street in Mount Vernon which had been recommended by Sharon Bouchonville. The place was full of Mexicans who knew how to cook and was the end of a megatastic day (the great weather held - nice all day, about 80 degrees F., with no rain and mostly sunny).

We left the Mexican restaurant at 8:35 pm and with only one stop I arrived at home in Sandusky at 10:35 pm. Mardell looked at me and said she had wondered where I was since it had been dark a long time. I explained our itinerary and said Tim dragged me to a Mexican Restaurant in Mount Vernon, and now she wants to eat there.

Those of you who did not paddle missed a truly unique river. It is now obvious why the Kokosing River is an Ohio Scenic River, and Ohio's first Water Trail.

Coldwater Queen Takes White Lightning on Maiden Voyage and Survives Winter Storm

by Lisa Brand

Friday October 13th. We set out from Ohio in the afternoon, despite the weather report of two feet of snow in Buffalo and a travel advisory of road blocks east and north of there. After all, we were heading in that direction but would stop short of the New York State line, in northwestern Pennsylvania in the Allegheny National Forest. Eric Ticker had the real challenge. He was picking his way down from Toronto. With parts of the QEW and the Peace Bridge closed, he relied on the traffic radio to guide him across the border heading south.

Our destination: Kinzua Dam Reservoir. Miles and miles of water stretching alongside hundreds of acres of wooded hills and valleys, dotted with cliffs, boulders and caves, deposited eons ago by the ice age glaciers.

My orange Honda Element was aflame with color- 3 bright kayaks atop, strapped and bow-tethered for the trip. The glory of the pack: my new Seaward Legend, a high performance light-weight Kevlar expedition boat that stretches almost 18 feet long but only 22 inches wide, with three hatches. It is gleaming white with black seams and rigging and weighs in at a mere 45 pounds. I have dubbed my kayak "White Lightning" not for the speed with which I paddle - I have far more stamina than speed - but for its raw potential.

We gathered on the shore as the early evening sky turned dark shades of purple-gray and the temperature steadily dropped. We stood there, seven of us, watching the wind whip up white caps as if to just dare us to try our luck. Eric and I were the two "biyakers

(sea/whitewater kayakers) among us. The rest were seasoned sea kayakers except for the one newbie; a very good sport. Without hesitation we packed in our gear: tents, sleeping bags, fleece blankets, cooking stoves, lanterns, enough food to last at least a month, and a few luxury items: camp chairs and pads for our collectively aging derrieres. Adventurers we might be, but with an ever expanding array of aches and pains each year as we pursue our activities ... and as our age pursues us. Hatches tightly shut, we zippered ourselves into dry suits, pulled up our spray skirts, stretched them snugly over our cockpits, and shoved off, heading for our favorite campsite some miles across the lake. We were in fine form, and high fashion, with someone wearing a Hawaiian print shirt over layers of paddling gear. Aloha!

We stubbornly refused to use flashlights. The night sky became pitch black, decorated only by the blue-bright shimmer of stars. We kept track of each other by the splash of paddles in the water and frequent checks, calling out names in the darkness until everyone was accounted for. Someone reported our GPS coordinates and forged ahead to scout out the campsite. Soon thereafter I felt the shoreline shift, heard a change in the timbre of water lapping against rocks and knew we had arrived. I turned toward shore, headed into the cove, pulled up my skeg, and landed gently on a bed of gravel.

We set up camp, cooked a quick meal, hauled all the food up "bear ropes" slung between two tall far-fetched trees, and headed for our tents. The next morning we faced a new challenge: sleet, hail, snow, and wicked winds. We hung tarps for a wind break and canopy then the "fire brigade" headed off to collect firewood and take turns with the nifty camp saw. We created an impressive log cabin fire, which we kept blazing all weekend long, and assigned someone to be in charge of pumping fresh filtered water. Fire and water, food and friendship; we had it all. We hunkered down and after a hot breakfast played cards all morning. I lost and must admit that I did so very consistently, to everyone's delight.

As soon as the sky cleared a bit we set off in ones and twos for brisk hikes, to warm up our frozen limbs and enjoy the forest. When the sun barely peaked through the trees I got antsy and quickly headed back, eager to paddle. Putting in with Eric, we had our sights set on the far shore. Although we might claim that we paddled across it would be far more truthful to say that we were blown around and by luck just happened to end up somewhere on the opposite side of the lake.

Soon after we had gained the far shore we saw small specks on the horizon; a fleet of friends were coming across. Then with the wind whipping a halo of cold spray around us, we all set out together to explore. We found refuge in a protected inlet where we sat rocking in our boats, mesmerized by the armies of water bugs hop-scotching across the surface of the water with small fish in hot pursuit, oblivious to the winter weather. Heading back we first paddled upwind a good distance so when we turned we would have enough leeway during the crossing not to be blown off course and overshoot our campsite. Our plan succeeded and we all arrived back safely.

And then ... I was consumed with an insane desire to swim. Fully acknowledging my uncontrollable primeval urges, I had stowed a large dry towel in a waterproof bag on the beach. After securing my kayak I quickly stripped and took the plunge! The thought immediately occurred to me: damn, it was nothing like the hot springs in New Mexico! (Fond memories of a previous adventure...)

Numb within seconds, I actually managed to swim a bit, waiting for Eric to join me. Apparently he harbors doubts about the benefits of a cold water swim, thus his hesitation. But he wasn't going to let me swim alone (not that he has a competitive bone in his body). He splashed in, and as he surfaced I heard him chanting a mantra which sounded distinctly like "heart attack! heart attack! heart attack!

Emerging, beet-red, drying off was a strange sensation. Since I was numb, I couldn't feel if I was wet. So as I toweled off, I couldn't feel if I was getting dry. I had to imagine I was, and rely on the wind to help. There was no other choice; the wind had started to howl again, and let us know who was boss. Long Johns and three layers of fleece later, with additional jacket, wind pants, gloves, ear warmer, neck warmer, hat with ear flaps, wool socks, thick knee-high waterproof neoprene paddling boots, and hovering over the roaring fire, I actually warmed up quite nicely, though I don't think Eric ever beat the chill all night. Which only goes to remind me that I should feel kindly towards my extra layers of fat.

I faced a peculiar dilemma that evening: would I sit with my stinky pirate pals for dinner? I had brought my biodegradable soap, and after my swim and suds, I was squeaky-clean. A veritable oddball indeed!

We had a leisurely breakfast the next morning, broke camp and took off, heading straight into the wind, pulling hard. After a while we stopped for a hike along the shore. Sadly, we discovered a memorial stone, dedicated to a woman of thirty five. Her cause of death and her link to the land is a mystery to us. Then we spied a cave which provided us much amusement as we enthusiastically spun a tale of intrigue which ended with all of us taking refuge in the cave from wild beasts, or tornadoes, or winter avalanches ... or all three, which remarkably saved our lives.

We picnicked on a soft bed of leaves and moss. We climbed, scrambled, stumbled, and hauled each other up, scaling a tall boulder overlooking the lake. The air was scented with pine trees. Autumn had painted the scene in all its glory. The colors danced, shimmered and exploded in the sunshine. Ahh-another perfect adventure.

CONSERVATION CORNER BY MARY MODESIIT

It has been a while since I wrote. Too many things getting in the way but here is the latest issue that has been brought to my attention and thought should be shared.

Mountain Top Removal threatening the Appalachian's

I will be presenting information that I have gather from key websites that I highly recommend people go and visit:

<http://www.ilovemountains.org/>

http://www.appvoices.org/index.php?/site/mtr_overview/

<http://www.wvrivers.org/issues/mountaintopremoval/mountaintopremoval.html>

http://www.americanwhitewater.org/content/Wiki/stewardship/land_management

<http://www.wvrivers.org/articles/CoalMiningAndTheCleanWaterAct.pdf>

So what exactly is mountain top removal you may be asking yourself now? Well according to the US EPA definition mountain top removal is:

"Mountaintop removal/valley fill is a mining practice where the tops of mountains are removed, exposing the seams of coal. Mountaintop removal can involve removing 500 feet or more of the summit to get at buried seams of coal. The earth from the mountaintop is then dumped in the neighboring valleys."

There are 6 main parts to this process: clearing, blasting, digging, dumping waste, processing, and reclamation (pictures of each step can be found on www.ilovemountains.org). Clearing is pretty self explanatory. It basically means the mountains are cleared of any plant life and the topsoil is removed. Since the coal is buried deep in the mountains, explosives are used to remove anywhere from 500-800 ft of the top of the mountain to get to the coal seams. Digging is done these days by draglines which can stand more than 20 stories tall and which requires fewer workers. Just guess where they put the unusable soil from the digging, it's deposited in near by valleys and streams. The sludge that is left over from the processing of the coal which contains many toxic chemicals: arsenic, mercury, lead just to name a few, are placed in impoundments that are held in place by mining debris. In 2000, one of these "sludge dams" broke sending more than 300 million gallons of toxic coal sludge into the tributaries of the Big Sandy in Martin County, KY. After the mining companies are done with the mountaintop they are required to make sure it is stabilized and vegetation be reintroduced to the soil. In many cases this is little less than seed grass. Trees will take thousands of years before they become dominant on the mountains which leads to a high threat of flooding in near by towns and valleys.

These are just some of the facts I have shared with you. If you would like to learn more and what you can do to help stop this threat to the mountains we love to see each time we go out boating please visit the websites that I have listed above. So far this type of mining has not reached Fayetteville, WV as of this date and seems to be concentrated in southern tip of the state along with TN and VA, but it soon will spread up through West Virginia if it is left unchecked.

Moose Fest 2006 by Matt Muir

Yeah, it wuz cold, raw, and windy. Keel-hauler attendance was down this year. Joe Marks was planning to bring his son, Eric, but Keith Clark's untimely passing combined with a crazy snowstorm Thursday night, so they couldn't make it.

Thus, we had Bruce Bookless and Tom Sutton from KHCC, and Mark Hanna from TRPC. (Also present was KHCC member John Greer—the Manhattan dude, who was paddling with the Strange brothers.) We ran the Black on Fri with FLOW members. It was running 2900 cfs, which is moderately beefy. The temperature was a balmy 33°F. Bruce shivered out of his truck and talked of being the day's Shuttle Bunny. Chris Koll, crusty ole buzzard and Dean of the MooseFest, sauntered over and told him that it was warm enough even for "damned Ohio Boaters." The Black River Gorge tends to shield boaters from vicious winter winds, he told him. (None of us was loving the temperature, but we all were glad—including Bruce—to find that Chris was right, and we were comfortable on the water, after all. When getting out to scout Knife's Edge, which with a tight line between holes and a pinning rock if you miss your line, is perhaps the most tricky rapid of the run I pulled my skirt—and my grab loop came off in my hand. Whoooops...I spent half an hour with my little sewing kit

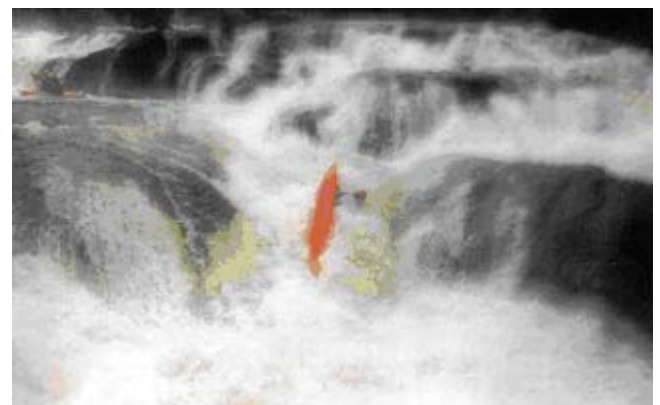
(how many of you keep a sewing kit in your First Aid Kit? How many of you *bring* a sewing kit??), painstakingly reattaching the grab loop. On the suggestion of FLOWer Richard Mauser, I also secured a length of webbing to the inside of my cockpit and trailed it through the skirt to allow for an exit if the cheap, thin thread didn't hold. That was a secure arrangement, but I was fairly conservative after that. I wussed on the Poop Chute, butt otherwise had a great run. Bruce was very happy he'd run the river.

The Pre-Fest parties on Friday night weren't as big and raucous as they'd been in previous years. The highlight, perhaps, was the dudes trying to sell people on a \$400-dollar self-inflating tent. It didn't seem as secure as a *real* tent, and it was too small for "normal" people, let alone the likes of geeky ol' me. Though people were pretty polite, I don't think they had many takers.



Rafters barely avoiding the last rock at Shurform.

On Sat, Tom and I ran the Bottom; Bruce and Mark joined some FLOWboaters on the Lower, which was way low—3.3 feet, more or less—but apparently they had fun in the cold. Tom was a rookie on the Bottom, and he didn't have the cleanest lines. He flipped in the first three drops—Fowlersville, Funnel, and Knife's Edge—before sneaking Double Drop on the left. He and I both had ugly-but-survivable lines at Shurform, almost getting shoved into the middle. His line at Powerline was his first and only really good line of the day. (It was my turn for an ugly line there.) He finished it off by flipping at the "island" rock at Crystal and running the rocky middle chute upside-down. He was lucky to emerge with only a badly scraped thumb. Not the cleanest lines at *all*, butt he rolled up every time.



Counting fish at Crystal



Tom's River Rash after Crystal.

We had snow on Sat night. My bud had a camper, butt I refused his offer and slept in my tent. I bought a paddle and desperately needed sprayskirt at the Fest. At the Fest, they announced the results of that day's race, which had been a mass start from just above Ager's Falls to the finish. There were only about a dozen takers. As their names were called (last to first), they each took a swig from a bottle or whiskey. Thus, the winner had the privilege of sharing spit with eleven other scruffy ol' river monsters. Damn—if that ain't incentive to excel, I don't know what is.

On Sunday, Tom and I had Mark Hanna with us. (Bruce drove home that day.) Tom rolled (again) at Funnel, then hiked back up to run it again while Mark got back into his boat after a swim. Tom cleaned it this time, getting some valued confidence back. They both snuck Knife's Edge, because there's a nasty log just under the surface which can snag you if you flip running the main (S-curve) line. I ran the Boof, and it wuz schweeeet.

With his confidence buzzing, Tom ran the main line at Double Drop. He rolled, butt ran it well. We both cleaned Shurform and Powerline. Mark walked Crystal; I got rolled by the Horseshoe Hole (got it on vee dee oh!) and had no speed for the final drop—rolled there too. Tom rolled at the top, just right of the Horseshoe, butt then cleaned the bottom drop, oh yesh it wuz sooo schweet. He could drive home happy, knowing that he'd had some clean lines on some beeeeg rapids—not bad for a dude with two+ years' paddling experience!

Don't you wish you'd been there? Snow or no, Moose Fest is always great Adirondack fun. See you next year!



Tom's good line at Shurform.

Welcome to all the **New Keel Hauler Members** and a few who rejoined in the past few months, who were not members last year. This has been our biggest surge in new members in several years, bringing the total membership as of the end of the 2006 membership year to 325. Hope to see you all out paddling in the spring. If any info is not correct, please contact: keelhauler@yahoo.com

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Current Trip Schedule for 2007

The schedule is listed through June due to space limitations. Note that some trips we usually schedule are in need of an Organizer. Please e-mail me at Michael.Duvall@amgreetings.com if you can take on one of these trips. The club and your fellow paddlers would appreciate it. ~Michael Duvall

Date	Trip/Event	RR	Organizer	Phone #
Jan.	2007			
1/1	X-C Ski		Fred Oswald	440-888-5829
1/1	7th Annual New Year Paddle at Edgewater Beach		Stuart Warner	440-356-9550
1/6, 13	KH Roll Session at Lakewood pool		Judi Cleary	440-289-5511
1/7, 14,21,28	Fundamentals of Kayaking at Peak Performance Center		Ernie Anderson	216-291-1093
1/20, 27	KH Roll Session at Orange pool		Judi Cleary	440-289-5511
Feb.				
2/10, 17, 24	KH Roll Session at Orange pool		Judi Cleary	440-289-5511
2/11, 28, 25	KH Roll Session at Lakewood pool		Judi Cleary	440-289-5511
2/13	Club Monthly Meeting			
2/17, 24	KH Roll Session at Lakewood pool		Judi Cleary	440-289-5511
2/23,24	National Paddling Film Fest		Michael Duvall	216-521-0094
2/24	Slippery Rock	13-19	John Yaro	216-566-2501
March				
3/3, 10, 17	Fundamentals of Kayaking at Rocky River School Pool - Saturday. To register - Call 216-431-3076		Ernie Anderson	216-291-1093
3/4, 11, 18	Fundamentals of Kayaking at Lakewood High Schools - Sunday. To register - Call 216-431-3076		Ernie Anderson	216-291-1093
3/3, 4	Slippery Rock Creek	13-19	Ross Brinkerhoff	440-286-1476
3/3, 10	KH Roll Session at Lakewood pool		Judi Cleary	440-289-5511
3/3, 10, 17	KH Roll Session at Orange pool		Judi Cleary	440-289-5511
3/11	Neshannock Creek or another class II	12	Steve Zerefos	330-646-7235
3/13	Club Monthly Meeting and Annual Auction			
3/18	Vermilion River Cleanup	SK/FW	Hank Annable	440-775-4953
3/24	Rocky River Tributaries	17	Pat Guzowski	216-780-5734
3/25	Vermilion Race	SK/FW	Rob Hammond	216-292-5618
3/24,25	WV Creeking	>30	Brent Laubaugh	724-272-6944
3/30	Cuyahoga River, Lower Gorge - Permit Application	16	Chris Kiehl	330-869-6549
April				
4/6-13	Southern Rivers Trip -- Map -- Detailed Maps	22-31	Elliott Drysdale	216-496-8482 C

	Must contact trip leader 3 days before trip			
4/7, 8	Cheat Headwaters or Potomac Highlands	18-24	Steve Ingalls	216-371-8250
4/7	Grand River	SK/FW	Gary Tucker	440-357-7890
4/8	Slippery Rock Creek	13-19	Needs organizer	
4/15	Cheoah River in NC	33	Jeff Macklin	724-527-5105
4/14, 15	N. Br. Potomac Release	18	Ross Brinkerhoff	440-286-1476
4/14,15	Lower Yough	16	Pat Guzowski	216-780-5734
4/10	Club Monthly Meeting			
4/14	Grand River	SK/FW	Carl Kudrna	440-835-0222
4/15	Bear Creek or another class II	??	Steve Zerefos	330-646-7235
4/20-22	Middle Fork & Tygart	29	Elliott Drysdale	216-496-8482 C
4/21,22	Cheat Headwaters or Potomac Highlands	18-24	Steve Ingalls	216-371-8250
4/21-23	Stonycreek Rendezvous	21	Ross Brinkerhoff	440-286-1476
4/22	Huron River, Milan to Huron Marina	SK/FW	Chris Meluch	440-965-5958
4/22	Slippery Rock Creek	13-19	Rick Feinberg	330-678-0727
4/28	Cheat River Race Clinic	26	Rob Hammond	216-292-5618
4/28	Walk Little Beaver River Trail		Dennis Plank	216-939-8229
4/28	Grand River Race - Alternate Date 5/6	SK/FW	Brian Davidson	800-669-9226
4/28, 29	N. Br. Potomac Release	18	Mary Modesitt	216-581-4111
4/28, 29	WV Creeking	>32	Brent Laubaugh	724-272-6944
4/29	Little Beaver	SK/FW	Steve Zerefos	330-646-7235
May				
5/4, 5, 7	Upper Yough	32	John Kobak	440-871-1758 or 304-379-4747
5/4	Cheat Mass-Occurrence Team Race	26	Rob Hammond	216-292-5618
5/5	Upper Cuyahoga	SK/FW	Trish Voss	440-975-0272
5/5, 6	Cheat Fest and River trips	26	Needs organizer	
5/5, 6	Cheat Headwaters or Potomac Highlands	18-24	Steve Ingalls	216-371-8250
5/8	Club Monthly Meeting			
5/12	Slippery Rock Creek	13-19	Joe Marks	216-281-1517
5/12	Lower Big Sandy	31	Jim Steppenbacker	440-655-4052
5/12, 13	Cheat Canyon	26	Jim Hunt	330-335-5203
5/12, 13	N. Br. Potomac Release	18	Ross Brinkerhoff	440-286-1476

5/12, 13	Red Cross - Basic River and Whitewater Paddling in Western PA		Red Cross	440-298-1293
5/19	Slippery Rock Creek	13-19	Chris Kiehl	330-869-6549
5/19	RiverDay 2007 By Friends of the Crooked River	SK/FW		216-651-3476
5/19, 20	Lower Yough	23	Mike Duvall	216-521-0094
5/19, 20	Middle Yough	12	Robert Bair	216-371-6390
5/19, 20	Cheat Canyon / Lower Big Sandy	26-31	Peter Turkaly	804-550-0256
5/19, 20	Cheat Headwaters or Potomac Highlands	18-24	Steve Ingalls	216-371-8250
5/25, 26	Upper Yough	29	Jim Hunt	330-335-5203
5/26, 27	N. Br. Potomac Release	18	Mark Cytron	216-227-1392
5/26-28	Cheat Canyon	26	Ross Brinkerhoff	440-286-1476
June				
6/1, 2	Upper Yough	32	John Kobak	440-871-1758 or 304-379-4747
6/2.3	Esopus Slalom Race run by KCCNY		Igor Birbrayer	440-479-5636
6/2, 3	Cheat Canyon	26	Pam Poljak	440-268-9194
6/2	Cuyahoga River, Peninsula to Boston Mills	SK/FW	Ann Corey	330-869-6549
6/2	Ladies day on the Slippery Rock	13-19	Mary Modesitt	216-581-4111
6/3	Slippery Rock Creek	13-19	Mary Modesitt	216-581-4111
6/3	Lower Yough	23	Sabine Iben	440-543-4969
6/3	Yough Lake Cruising Trip	SK/FW	Gene Baker	440-967-6454
6/ 10	Vermilion or Black River	SK/FW	Chuck Singer	440-949-6681
6/9,10	Red Cross - Basic River and WW Paddling in Western PA		Red Cross	440-298-1293
6/12	Club Meeting & Free Style Clinic at Hinckley Lake at 6pm	SK/FW	Elaine & Bob Mravetz	330-239-1725
6/16, 17	Lower Yough - permits	23	Ron Tomallo	330-666-7340
6/16, 17	Middle Yough	12	Carl Kudrna	440-835-5744
6/16 - 28	Colorado Rivers - advanced/intermediate trip,	25-32	Elliott Drysdale	216-496-8482 C
6/23,24	Rescue Weekend & Rodeo	All	Rob Hammond	216-292-5618
6/30	Slippery Rock Creek	13-19	Ed Charlton	440-716-5489