



Houston Canoe Club
Water Line



www.houstoncanoecub.org :: Volume 58 :: July 2006

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Meeting Announcement!

July 12, 2006, Steve Daniel will present his **Texas Whitewater** DVD!

Steve Daniel: Texas Whitewater

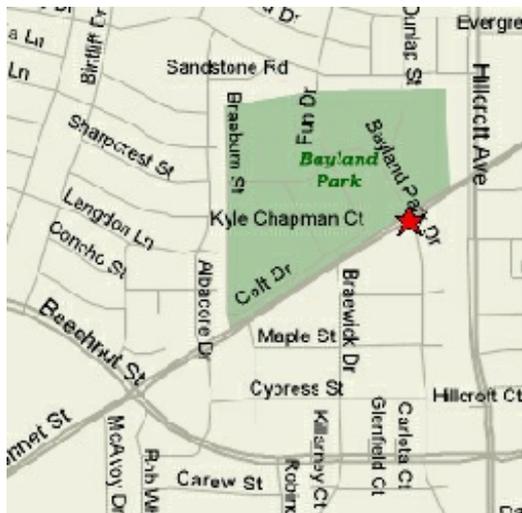
The long-awaited (and now acclaimed) **Texas Whitewater** DVD will be presented by Steve Daniel at the next HCC General Meeting. Based on footage by Ken Wealthy and sixteen other paddler/videographers, the film showcases 33 rivers and creeks in the state and features more than 50 Texas paddlers. Clips of classics such as Mexican Creek, the Blanco Narrows, Pedernales Falls, the Lower Guadalupe at high water, and Night Ops at San Marcos' Rio Vista complement segments on Austin favorites like Barton Creek and Dallas-Fort Worth runs such as the Clear Fork of the Trinity, and Denton, White Rock, and Rowlett Creeks. The soundtrack of the 35-minute video combines reggae, heavy metal, boogie woogie, industrial riffs, southern rock, and rhythm and blues to highlight scenes that will surprise a lot of paddlers. To see a 30-second trailer, go to <http://philosophy.tamu.edu/~sdaniel/twtrailer.wmv>.

Here is part of Steve bio from <http://philosophy.tamu.edu/~sdaniel/bio.html>

Three years before I left Spring Hill College, something else happened that radically changed my life: the discovery of whitewater kayaking. In the years since then I have paddled raging Class V torrents, 25-foot waterfalls, and meandering streams throughout the U.S. (primarily in the Southeast and in Colorado) and Mexico. After years of exploring Texas streams, I pulled what I knew about runs, access, water levels, etc. together in *Texas Whitewater* (Texas A&M University Press, 1999) and spoke at canoe clubs, bookstores, and paddling shops around the state. The book sold more than 4000 copies (more than the total of all of my academic books together), and in 2004 I produced a second, expanded edition of the book. When I am not running rapids I am thinking about running rapids. My passion for whitewater kayaking and the way of life required to maintain it, however, do not have a philosophical significance.

Steve will have copies of the **Texas Whitewater** DVD and its companion book available for sale.

The meeting begins at 7 PM at Bayland Park, 6400 Bissonnet, in the community building. The park is located just west of Hillcroft on Bissonnet.



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A Note from the Editor

by Jo Anne Johnson

I came upon an article recently in one of those paddling magazines that keeps showing up at my door and feeding this addiction of mine about whether or not kayakers and canoeists can really get along. Both sides presented arguments about why their type of boating was the best, and then some arguments about why they could or couldn't get along.

Personally, I just had to laugh. You see, I come from a mixed family - one canoeist (me), one kayaker (my hubby), and one ambi-boater (our daughter). I love that I can send my hubby downstream to check stuff out, and he can tote his little kayak back up to tell me about it, and he likes that he can throw all his stuff in my canoe so he doesn't have to feel it rolling around by his feet. My daughter doesn't really care what she paddles as long as she is out in the sun and water.

So, I suppose, to me, this is a null argument. I don't care who I am paddling with as long as there is water, fun and camaraderie.

So go... paddle - whatever makes you happy. Just paddle.

Jo Anne

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June 14, 2006 General Meeting Minutes

by (submitted) Christy Long

Call to Order 7:15

Christy Long - Commodore

Introduction of Officers and Governors 5 minutes

*Vice Commodore, Rick Brunson
Fleet Captain, Anne Olden out
Newsletter Editor, Jo Anne Johnson
Recorder, Bob Price
Purser, Fraser Baker
Governor 1, Bob Arthur
Governor 2, Ken Anderson
Governor 3, Dana Enos out
Conservation, John Bartos out*

Introduction of New Members and Visitors

Business/Announcements

- Bob Price had the May Meeting Minutes
- Fraser reported May Financial Report
- Fraser discussed the HCC dues situation
- The Club has joined AWA \$75, if club members want to join you will get a discount.
- **Trips**
Bob Price for Anne - Fleet Captain
Past trips
Upcoming Trips/Classes See trip listing on the website
- **Committee Reports**
Constitution/By-Laws Committee -committee presented latest rewrite to Officers.
Budget Committee - committee presented draft of budget to Officers.
- **New Business** - To get new business on the agenda for the officers meeting or general meeting, contact the Recorder, Bob Price, or Using Roberts Rules you can move a motion.
- **July Program** - Steve Daniel will show Texas Whitewater-the DVD.

Program 7.53

Rick Brunson - Vice Commodore

Swap meet and social lasted for an hour with more stories swapped than gear.

Adjourn 8:50



Alligators of Armand Bayou

by Ed Mayo, photos by Ed Mayo

In April of 2005 I had a heart attack. It has been over a year since then and I still find myself recovering. At first, I could only walk about one-hundred yards four times a day and I was not allowed to lift more than three pounds. By June 2005, I was becoming very impatient to recover and started working out with three pound dumbbells and walking one-mile a day. I set a goal; in September I would be able to lift my kayak on my car by myself.

In mid-September I was able to get the kayak on the car and in the water at Armand Bayou. The second weekend, I started taking digital photographs of the birds and the general environment. I have been paddling Armand Bayou almost every weekend since.

Although I did see the occasional alligator in the fall, it was not until the end of March 2006 that I started seeing large numbers of them. The first two weekends that they had come out of their dens it was easy to quietly move up on them while they were on the banks. Now, I rarely see them sunning on the bank. They have been disturbed to often by paddlers.

The alligators that I have seen most often, I have named. The female with the babies I call "Momsy", a long thin one I call "Sunny", there is Fatso, Frankie and Johnny are almost always together, and the biggest "El Jette".



Sunny - Long & Thin

I have seen as many as sixteen alligators in one four to five hour paddle. Usually I will see five or six in a paddle.



Fatso - Best Dinner Catcher

I have been interested in what they are eating. They are all in very good shape. A ranger at the Armand Bayou Nature center says "that they are eating fish, turtles, raccoons, baby alligators, occasionally deer, and probably some pets."

My two favorite alligators are "Momsy" and "El Jette". "Momsy" the female has been guarding her nest and babies. At times, she is quite aggressive. I have had her swim out from her nesting area about 200 feet and circle the kayak blowing bubbles. She has a number of last year's babies and I have seen seven newly hatched babies. I have heard that young alligators will stay near the mother for as long as four years. She definitely has her own motherly-protective personality.



Momsy - Standing Watch over Young

"Momsy" has moved away from her nesting area since mid-May. I assume she has moved off to find a mate. I fully expect her to return to this area in late August or September to rebuild her nest and lay eggs.



El Jette - King of the Bayou

"El Jette" I first saw on a mud bar at Marker 25. For some reason I did not recognize him for what he was, until I was within 100 feet and I had an immediate shot of adrenaline. I think that anyone seeing "El Jette" would be impressed by his size. I estimate that he is twelve to thirteen feet long and about 700 pounds. He has moved up the Bayou beyond the "Y". I have seen him up there on the weekends. On Memorial Day I saw him at Marker 24. It may be that he moves up the bayou on the weekends to escape the crowds.

When I first started seeing these alligators I was somewhat repulsed, but as I become more used to them I have grown to like them a great deal. I actually am starting to think of them as my pets, they have spiced up my exercise program and speeded up my recovery.



Frankie & Johnnie
Showing Interest in the Person Taking Their Photo

I am very interested in paddling new areas and finding out if the alligators in those areas act the same as these. I imagine that 'gators of Armand Bayou see many more paddlers than other bayous of Southeast Texas.

** More photos by Ed Mayo of the Armand Bayou alligators can be viewed at the Armand Bayou Nature Center.*

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The Tragic Violence Along Buffalo Bayou in 1917

by Louis F. Aulbach

The violence that occurred during the night of Thursday, August 23, 1917 is often referred to as the Camp Logan Riot. Some sources call the events the Houston Riot of 1917, and that is probably a better appellation since the actions of the mutinous soldiers assigned to Camp Logan took place away from the actual premises of the military base.

The acts of violence took place in two locations along Buffalo Bayou. The first was the suburban residential community of Brunner, located on the north side of Buffalo Bayou and centered at the intersection of Washington Avenue and the modern Shepherd Drive. The second scene of rioting took place on the south side of Buffalo Bayou along San Felipe Road, now known as West Dallas Avenue, in a residential area of the Fourth Ward known as the San Felipe District.



There was a third scene of violence in the episodes of this night that is not strictly part of the riot, but is rather more of an epilogue. Sergeant Vida Henry, the leader of the mutinous troops, stood alone near the tracks of the GH&SA Railroad along the eastern edge of the Fourth Ward, probably close to the modern intersection of South Main Street and Wheeler Street. At about 2:05 am on Friday, August 24, Henry took his own life with a single shot from his revolver.



The events of that August day began when reports circulated in the camp on Reinerman Street that Corporal Charles W. Baltimore, an off duty military policeman from the 3rd Battalion, had been roughly treated by a Houston policeman and arrested. Later, rumors that Baltimore had been killed provoked intense feelings of anger and frustration among the troops. The unrest among the soldiers continued to build during the early evening, and when Sergeant Vida Henry of I Company reported the situation to Major Kneeland S. Snow, the commandant, Snow ordered Henry to collect the rifles and ammunition from the men. About 8:00 pm, shortly after sunset, as Henry was gathering the rifles and ammunition, a soldier screamed that a mob was coming toward the camp. Private Frank Johnson yelled for the troops to get their guns. A shot was fired and bedlam broke out as the soldiers raided the supply tent for their weapons, and shots were fired wildly into the residential neighborhood. Ironically, Sergeant Henry emerged as the leader of the mob of over 100 soldiers who spilled out of the bivouac area and into the Brunner community intent on marching to the Fourth Ward jail to release their imprisoned comrade.

The mob of soldiers marched one block east on Louis Street, now Center Street, to Roy Street, where they peppered the home of Peter Morrison at 1119 Roy Street with rifle fire. Fortunately, there were no injuries to the Peter Morrison family, but when the soldiers turned south on Roy Street, across Washington Avenue, to Lillian Street, two young men at 4910 Lillian Street were not so lucky. Frederick Winkler, age 19, a machinist, was shot and killed on his front porch as he turned on the porch light. William J. Drucks, 26, was shot in the right arm, but he ultimately recovered and lived until 1975.

Although the main body of the mutinous soldiers headed down Roy Street, it is clear from the other reports of casualties that such a large body of soldiers fanned out across several blocks and numerous streets, shooting at random targets and demonstrating their well-honed marksmanship skills at any opportunity that presented itself.

E. A. Thompson was among the first to be killed by the rioters, presumably near Washington Avenue. Adam R. Carstens, a 48 year old house painter with a large family, was shot and killed near Parker Street and Center Street. M. D. Everton, a member of Company H, 5th Texas Infantry, was found dead near Carstens. He had been shot in the liver and in the right shoulder, and he had been bayoneted in the abdomen.

Washington Avenue was the main street of the Brunner, a working class residential community that had only been annexed by Houston in 1915. The local residents would certainly be out on the streets in the dusk of a scorchingly hot summer's day socializing and completing the errands of the day. Manuel Garredo, who lived at 4900 Washington Ave, was shot and killed. Senelton "Senator" Satton, a barber, was shot through both thighs and bayoneted through the heart and neck. Sammie Foreman, a member of Company F, 5th Texas Infantry, was shot in the leg, but did not suffer a serious injury. More seriously injured were W. A. Thompson, who was shot in the hip, and Alma Reichert, who was shot in the stomach. George W. Butcher, 41, who worked as an ice man and who lived with his wife and seven children on Kiam Street in the Cottage Grove Addition, just north of Brunner, was shot in the left chest and right

side, but he recovered from his wounds.

The mob of soldiers headed south to converge at the narrow bridge across Buffalo Bayou at Shepherd's Dam at the end of Brunner Avenue. For those who were unaware of what was taking place in their neighborhood that evening, the consequences were dire. Charles W. Wright, a barber, came out of his home on Wood Street, now Floyd Street, near Brunner Avenue to investigate all the commotion. He was shot in the stomach and killed. Jitney driver E. M. Jones, 53, drove his last fare of the day and was found dead on a shell road near Brunner. He had been shot several times and his right arm had been severed by a saber. Earl Fendley, age 16, who had been with a group of friends on Washington Avenue earlier that evening, was found in the road near Shepherd's Dam, shot through the heart and bayoneted.

The soldiers converged on the narrow bridge at Shepherd's Dam and then made their way up the dirt road through the riparian forest along the banks of the bayou to the San Felipe Road. The San Felipe Road ran due east, directly into the heart of the Fourth Ward. It would place them near enough to their intended location, the jail on the banks of Buffalo Bayou at the corner of Bagby Street and Capital Avenue. This route also offered an unobstructed path to the city. Although they encountered the small, black community of Green Pond adjacent to the College Memorial Park Cemetery established by Jack Yates, and across from Yates' Houston College, there were only a cluster of houses in the Stanley Subdivision near the Magnolia Cemetery (near modern Montrose Boulevard). The road passed through scattered rural farms and fields until it reached the western edge of the San Felipe District near present day Taft Street.

After marching for an hour or so, the soldiers stopped to rest in the 1600 block of San Felipe Road, near Gillette Street, about three miles from where they had begun their journey. The mob numbered slightly less than 100 men now, since some of the rioters had wearied of the quest and had drifted back to camp. It was still a well armed and formidable force.

As they resumed their march to town, the mob encountered a captain and a lieutenant from Camp Logan. Although the soldiers almost shot the officers, they decided instead to allow them to pass, perhaps indicating that the mob was focusing its hostility, not on its own military comrades, but on the Houston police.

Within 10 minutes, the mob was at the call box on San Felipe Road at Wilson Street. Mounted officers Ross Patten and W. H. Long were at the call box and Long was making a call. A dozen soldiers fired on the police, killing Patton's horse and wounding him. Patten and Long took cover in an adjacent house. Patten would die from his injuries two weeks later.

At just that time, a vehicle driven by businessman Charles W. Hahl approached the scene. Police officers Rufus Daniel, W. C. Wilson, Horace Moody and C. E. Carter had commandeered the car for a ride to the action. The car stopped when they heard shots fired on Patten and Long. Sergeant Henry ordered his men to take cover in the City Cemetery on the south side of the street. Daniels then proceeded to charge the troops in the cemetery with only his hand gun, and he was instantly killed. Carter, Wilson and Moody took cover in a nearby garage. Moody was shot in the leg and severely injured. Moody later died while doctors were amputating his leg.

The firing ceased, and the soldiers brutalized the dead body of Rufus Daniels, battering his face and bayoneting his body. The mob then continued toward downtown.

Four blocks later, at Heiner Street, the troops encountered a seven passenger touring car driven by James E. Lyon. This car had two civilian passengers and police officers John E. Richardson and Ira Raney, who had hitched a ride to get to the area of the action.

The mob disarmed those in the touring car and held them in the road with their hands up. When Richardson inadvertently let his hands down a soldier struck him over the head with butt of his rifle. At that point, Raney and the civilian passenger Eli Smith took off running in opposite directions. The 56 year old Smith was an easy target for expert riflemen. Smith was later found in the ditch at Heiner Street. He had also been bayoneted in the hip and the left arm pit, a thrust that penetrated his heart. Officer

Raney's dash placed him in the illumination of the car's lights where he was shot. Raney's body was beaten and bayoneted like that of Officer Daniels.

Lyon, who jumped as a soldier took aim at him with his rifle and he was only hit in the arm. Lyon ran for two blocks where a police officer found him and took him to a hospital. Lyon survived with only minor wounds in the leg and arm.

Asa Bland, the other civilian passenger in the touring car, was shot over the left eye, but received only a slight graze wound. He was knocked unconscious by a soldier and lay motionless in the middle of the San Felipe Road. Officer Richardson feigned death nearby.

Soon, a second car arrived at the Heiner Street intersection. This vehicle carried Captain Joseph Mattes from Camp Logan, three enlisted soldiers and Officer Edwin Meineke. Mattes stood up in the car as if to address the mutineers, but about forty of the rioting soldiers took aim at the approaching car and fired on those in it. Both Mattes and Meineke, as well as one of the enlisted men, were killed immediately. The driver of this second car ducked under the steering wheel and crashed the car, but he saved his life. The other enlisted soldier was covered by the fallen body of Mattes, and he escaped injury.

The rapid sequence of violent and bloody events seemed to call for a natural hiatus. The Houston police, choosing to avoid a confrontation with the superior strength of the mob of professional soldiers, monitored the situation from a perimeter of two blocks or more. Although the exact time and location of the incidents are unclear, two other men sustained injuries in the melee. Police detective T. A. Binford received a minor wound to the knee, and wholesale grocery salesman William H. Burkett who lived in the Fourth Ward received a gun shot to his left side and was hit with shotgun pellets, but he survived these serious injuries.

It had been a little over two hours of violent rioting and, after the soldiers mistakenly killed their own Captain Mattes, thinking he was a city policeman, they argued over the next course of action.

The deflated mob retreated a few blocks to the south and gathered near the railroad tracks on the eastern edge of the Fourth Ward. Although Sergeant Henry urged the mob to attack the jail, many of the soldiers had lost interest in the venture and they drifted away and back to camp. Others wanted to hide in the woods or stay with friends in the area. Finally, after two hours of discussion, Henry concluded that the soldiers no longer wanted to continue, so he sent them away and told the men to return to camp.

Henry had asked some of his comrades to kill him, but they all refused. Alone and in despair, about 2:05 am, Henry took his own life. The next morning, his body was found by some young boys near the railroad tracks.

On August 24, 1917, Governor James E. Ferguson declared martial law in Houston and he placed Brigadier General John A. Hulen, commander of the Texas National Guard, in charge of the city. That day, three hundred fifty Coast Guardsmen arrived from Galveston and six hundred two infantrymen arrived from San Antonio to enforce a curfew that was imposed on the city.

By 9:30 am on Saturday, August 25, 1917, all of the troops of the 3rd Battalion were placed on Southern Pacific trains and sent to San Antonio and New Mexico to await trial.

The civil authority was restored to the city on Monday, August 27, 1917.

In the riot of August 23, 1917, eleven innocent citizens lost their lives, five police officers were killed in the line of duty, and thirty citizens suffered severe wounds. Four of the rioters died. Two of the mutinous soldiers were accidentally killed by their own men, one soldier was shot by a citizen and died later in a hospital, and Sergeant Vida Henry died by his own hand.

Three separate courts martial were convened at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio 1917, and they indicted one hundred eighteen men of I Company, 24th Infantry, 3rd Battalion. Seven of the soldiers who rioted testified against the others in exchange for

clemency. One hundred ten of the mutinous soldiers were found guilty of at least one charge, nineteen of them were hanged, and sixty-three of them received life sentences. Two officers of Camp Logan faced courts martial, but were released. No civilian citizens of Houston were brought to trial.

It was a sad and tragic day in Houston history. Several sources discuss the reasons, the motivations and the causes for the riot, but I have chosen here to present simply the chronology of the events and the identities of the persons involved on that dangerous night in town in the summer of 1917. Please take the time to read the other sources on this episode in order to form your own opinion on the others aspects of the events.

- Haynes, Robert V. Night of Violence: the Houston riot of 1917. Baton Rouge: LSU Press, 1976.
- "Houston Riot of 1917." The Handbook of Texas Online.
<<http://www.tsha.utexas.edu/handbook/online/articles/HH/jch4.htm>>
- Kennedy, Tom. "The Camp Logan Riot of 1917." Badge and Gun, [vol ?].
- Zoch, Nelson. "Lest We Forget." Badge and Gun, Volume XXXII, No. 5 (May, 2006).

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San Juan River Trip Report, June 11 - 16, 2006

by Dana Enos

Anne & John Olden: tandem canoe

Louis Aulbach: solo canoe

Kathleen & Terry Burgess: tandem canoe

Bea & Jim Harrison: tandem canoe

Dean & Matthew Mitchell: tandem canoe

Chuck & Joe Leinweber: wooden boat

Sandra Leinweber: wood boat

Chris & Adam: tandem canoe

Dana Enos: solo canoe

Put in at Mexican Hat, Utah and take out at Clay Hills, Utah. 57 river miles.

River flow records at Bluff, Utah shows approximately 4800 CFM on June 11 dropping to 2800 CFM by June 16. Bluff, Utah is 27 river miles upstream of Mexican Hat.

Weather was good except for high winds on Wednesday. We had clear skies, very warm during the day and cooling to approximately 55-60 degrees at night. River temperature being cool allowed us to cool off in the water.

This trip was through deep canyons with the deepest being approximately 1000 feet consisting of layers of sandstone, limestone and shale.

Louis and I left Houston Thursday June 8 and arrived at Sand Island BLM Campgrounds in Bluff UT on Friday evening. Kathleen & Terry had arrived before us.

Saturday, Kathleen & Terry took Louis and me to a pictograph site called the "Wolfman". It had the most detailed workmanship of all the pictograph sites I have seen. Everyone else in the group arrived in the campgrounds by 5 PM.

Sunday we packed up and drove to Mexican Hat where we unloaded and cars were taken to the takeout. Chris and Adam had camped at the put in and were waiting for us. After the shuttle, we put in and within a mile we hit the first rapid. Chris and Adam capsized and lost most of their food. They had access to a nearby road so they were able leave our group and get to their car.

Monday, the section we paddled dropped at a rate of 6.7 feet per mile.

Tuesday, we celebrated John Olden's 65th birthday. Anne supplied the brownies. This section of the river had a drop of 8.6 feet per mile.

Wednesday, Sandra damaged her wooden boat. Fortunately, a Ranger was nearby and he carried her boat on his raft to our next campsite so Chuck could repair it. Today we encountered a rapid that required us to either line through or portage around.

Thursday was a short day on the river and everyone went for a hike up a canyon.

Friday, short paddle and take out. Everyone split up. Louis and I went to Hovenweep National Monument and camped out.

Saturday we left for Houston and arrived Sunday evening.

Good weather, good flow, and good people made for a good trip.

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Labor Day, Sabine River, 2006

by Cecilia Gill

My family and I went on the Memorial Day Sabine River Trip this weekend. It was a lovely adventure! We did not get to camp at the LA state park like we had originally planned because that place and another campground nearby were all booked up. There were a few people who camped out under the bridge, listening to the gentle rumbling and soothing trumpeting of the wild 18 wheelers that roam free over the bridge all night. If I had known that there would be a group camping out there, we might have joined them. But there is no way I would want to camp out under a bridge alone... or, just us 4. So instead, we got up at the late hour of 3:am Saturday morning and got on the road at 4:am.

While Joe unloaded gear out of the trailer and Jeep, I began putting together our rig. We had 2 canoes and lashed them together in a sturdy fashion (I'm not going into "How to Build a Raft/Catamaran/Barge" here.) and loaded up the gear and the boys. After I set my motor mount and put our little 2.5 mercury on there, I drove off for the shuttle while Joe stayed with the boats and the boys. And there were BoyScouts everywhere!

Disclaimer for those opposed to motors on canoes...

On with the tale..... After we got the cars to the take out and hopped on the shuttle back, we met a sister and brother who found the trip on the internet. The brother lives here in Texas (not sure where), but the sister lives in Mississippi! She made the trip all the way from there for this weekend event! She had an interesting set up on her sit-on-top kayak that I never even heard of before... FOOT paddles! Talk about being able to get a full body workout!

We stopped at every sand bar we could see, just about... and took really long breaks to snack, have lunch, swim, play with the minnows and the clams, run around on the beaches, etc. Sure 'nough, someone was tired and hurting, and needed a little help. Joe tied the bow of her boat to the bow of ours, and she held on to our gunnel. We just putt putt down the river. Then, we picked up another who needed a little help, so we had 2 in tow. It was really rather nice. Yes, it's a motor, but its not so loud you can't have a normal conversation. So we chatted all the way to the next stop. One of our tows decided she had caught her breath and decided to paddle on to the campsite, so then there was one.

After we got to the campsite, we found out that one lady thought she could do the trip in 2 days instead of 3... she had some appointment she had to make on Monday. If I and others had realized that that was why she was asking how to I.D. the take out sand bar, we would have said something. But I thought she just thought she might be one of the first ones there or something, or the last, and was afraid that there wouldn't be other people around for her to know that it was the take out. It was suggested that I haul her butt out (w/ my Merc) and come back... I said that if she was hurt or sick, I definitely would. But I'm not going to alter MY plans to play with my kids because of someone else's lack of judgement. Someone else's bad planning does not create an emergency on my part.

We had a great dinner Saturday night, and all crashed early. There were no damn releases, so the river just kept dropping the whole time. We staked out our rig while everyone else dragged theirs up the beach, but it really didn't matter... we were well dry-docked in the morning anyway.

Sunday morning, after a great breakfast, we packed up and headed to the next campsite. We had a lovely time going down the river, and had one canoe in tow. We stopped frequently again, just enjoying our time with the boys on the river. I like to

stop at every sand bar i see, just about... and play in the water!

There was one point where the BoyScouts had stopped to take a break and were swimming around, playing with a football and a frisbee in the water. I had the motor down as slow as it would go. I couldn't get the air horn in time, so I just yelled for them to get out of the way! Even if I shut off the motor, I can't just stop, and I didn't relish the idea of crashing our rig into the downed tree in front of us. I had to yell a couple of times to get them to get out of the way so we could pass. Good thing I have a loud mouth! Shut up, Joe!

After we got to the campsite and started unloading, a BoyScout canoe with 2 men and 2 boys paddled by. I was toting gear up the beach, so I didn't hear anything. But they just kept on going. Then, I was told that they were asking for a motor, they had 2 injured boys that they needed to get out. We got the rest of the stuff out of the boat in a hurry, and Mary Z, her extensive 1st Aid Kit and me and my Merc 2.5 went into action. We caught up to the BoyScouts quickly and towed the 2 exhausted men and the 2 hurt boys out as fast as the river would let us.

On the way out, we passed a group with 4 wheelers, and they had buried one seat deep in the mud! A good laugh was had by all.

After we got them to the take out, Z checked the boys out before the men took them to Leesville to the hospital there. One had gotten whacked in the face with a paddle and his chin was split open. The side of his jaw hurt, too, so we were a little concerned with a possible fracture. The other boy, when they said he had a fish hook in his hand, I just thought, "Ow!" But what he had was a big arse TROT line hook imbedded in the palm of his hand between his middle and ring fingers... right smack dab in the MIDDLE of his hand! It was rusty as all git out, and he had a red line going up his arm already. (blood poisoning had started, for those who don't know what that means.) Z repacked him and put him in a sling, and they were on their way to the hospital.

We headed back to the campsite. As we were going around the bend where the now unstuck 4 wheeler was, I ran out of gas. Z paddled as I filled up the tank. There were some fishermen camping out there, and they had big ole Merc 40's on their boats. They had about 3 large tanks on the beach. We putted over to them and made some new friends. They let us have about a gallon or so of their premixed gas.... the same mix that my baby Merc takes. The tiny Merc I have doesn't drink much, but it did need more to fight the current going back. We made it back before dark, and in time to have another great supper. Lonnie and Morgan would neither one speak to me until i explained to them how we had to go help two other little boys that were hurt. Oh. It was OK, then.

At some point either in the middle of the night or early in the morning Monday, it started to rain... not just drizzly rain, downpour rain! Our poor ole tent has just about had it... it wants to cave in when a light wind hits it, and it has not one, not 2 but a few leaks, we discovered. Well, we've had the tent a couple of years now, I think, and have used the heck out of it... we definitely got our \$50 or \$60 out of it a long time ago! We decided it is now a State Park tent... mostly for the boys to play in.

Anyway, we got our breakfast and started breaking camp and loading gear in the once again dry(?) docked boats that I had to bail a lot of (rain) water out of. We didn't bother stopping to play this rainy Monday morning. We just putted on out, and we didn't tow anyone, either. I'm getting pretty good at maneuvering around obstacles with a motor if I do say so myself. Even with the rain, the river kept dropping. There were a couple of places where i believe the river was only about 6 inches deep all the way across, so i propped up the motor and we got out and dragged. It was fun. No, really! It was! Not sarcasm! I can't wait 'til next trip!

The boy with the chin injury is ok, just a little sore, but last i heard, the boy with the trot line hook was in surgery for an hour and was still in the hospital as of Monday.

On the way back down I-10W, we noticed lots of flooded out places... neighborhoods near the freeway, cars halfway under water, flooded houses, people with stuff in boats floating down the roads... The things you are blissfully ignorant of until you get off the river.....

We didn't sleep on the boat this time like I wanted to, but we will on the Labor Day Trip. In the meantime, I have lots of gear to wash and to try to air out, but its STILL raining

right now. Everything's gonna be lemony fresh by the time i can clean and air it out.....

SYOTR!!!!

The Waterline is the monthly newsletter of the Houston Canoe Club, Inc. The Waterline is made possible by your dues and critically depends on member contributions. Please submit items to the Editor at joanne8678@yahoo.com



Blue Bayou Celebration, June 10, 2006

by Natalie West

I don't know how many folks signed up, but it was a nice sized group and the bayou looked great from the water, with the banks all cleaned up (but some trash still on the water!) for the Blue Bayou celebration June 10th. This celebrates the improvements on the Sabine to Bagby promenade by the bayou. I've paddled this stretch of Buffalo Bayou over the past 20+ years - infrequently, but what a dramatic change over time. The City of Houston and Buffalo Bayou Partnership should be justly proud!



Kayaker taking in Bayou Place, from the bayou



Right downtown, looking at the Main Street bridge and a part of the University of Houston downtown campus.



Allen's Landing park. If you look real close (not sure the resolution will support this), you can see "City of Houston". The kayaker is less than a block from City Hall.



Lake Charlotte , June 4, 2006

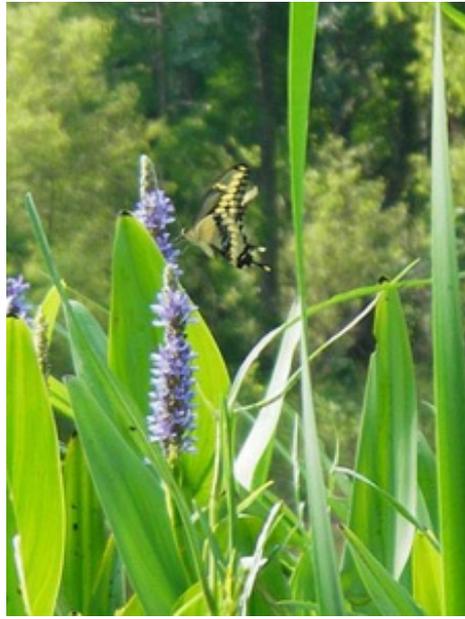
by Natalie West

Paul Woodcock put out a last minute call for a Lake Charlotte trip to go the morning of Sunday June 4. I saw the notice about 10 p.m. Saturday night before, so too late to call and let them know Ellen and I would be joining them, so we just showed up at Cedar Hill Park at the appointed hour and resolved we'd paddle by ourselves if we didn't make the connection. As you can see from the attached photos, we did join them and our foursome set off on a mirror-like Lake Charlotte.

It's been some time since I've seen the lake so flat. We made such good speed toward the Mac Bayou entrance, we went right by it and on down to Bird Island until Paul and I had to admit Z was right about its location. Oh well, we were there to enjoy the scenery and my photo of the two of them at Bird Island gives a pretty good idea of the flat calm. In this ever-changing area let me add there is a new and unmistakable feature now marking the entrance to Mac Bayou, a large mudflat into Lake Charlotte with lots of greenery growing on it. Well, it's unmistakable when you've blatantly paddled right on by and have to turn around and eat crow on your navigation skills.



Mac Bayou was lovely as ever; and a new sight there too: water pouring out of the huge pipe that used to be atop the earthen dam on the bayou. I'm assuming it was water, but from what source? Another mystery for another day. This isn't a great photo but gives some idea of the flow.



There is a large stand of pickerelweed where the bayou zig zags across the sulfur barge cut. It was in full bloom, and here's a zebra swallowtail tanking up on nectar. Lizard-tail flowers bloomed among the cypress knees.



Paul and Mary's boat contrasted beautifully against the dark water in the bayou and lake.



We topped the paddle with a hot dog cookout under the large covered pavilion at the park. Our thinking was there would be enough of a breeze there to cut down on mosquitoes, which I'm sorry to say are the worst of all the times I've paddled that area. Alas, the mosquitoes had a great feast too, at the cost of the four of us, but we had a great time anyway.

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Bob Foote Whitewater Course

by Bob Price

When you sign up for a class with Bob Foote you often get much more than you bargained for! In March Bob Foote and Karen Knight taught a canoe class in San Marcos to around 12 -15 whitewater wannabes. Several members of the Houston Canoe Club were in attendance. Those included Ken Anderson, Rick Brunson, John and Anne Olden and myself.

We began our weekend in typical Bob Foote fashion with an entire day of work on flat water attempting to perfect that seemingly impossible forward stroke. Bob had invited several of his friends to come down and assist with the class. So about the time you had escaped the watchful eye of one instructor, another paddled up beside you and corrected something else in your imperfect stroke.

We went at this until late afternoon and eventually exhaustion began to take its' toll. Those that still had the energy and inclination had a chance to attempt an open canoe roll. That evening Bob and his posse of instructors invited us to a cookout at his campsite at Pecan Park Retreat and provided hot dogs and hamburgers aplenty.

Day two we hit the San Marcos River and although the water level was quite low, we witnessed how a proper eddy turn was supposed to be executed. The students then attempted to duplicate this feat over and over again on the same stretch of river, dragging their canoes back to the starting point. At one point some of us actually got it right and by doing so, could even attain upriver and try again without ever leaving the canoe. Most notably John Olden even made it look easy.

We had lunch on the river at a nice spot and Bob went over many of the basics of canoe design, rigging and other equipment. He compared the designs of several of the boats present and explained the various advantages and disadvantages of each design. Heading down the river after lunch, Bob and his crew also threw in a couple of other strokes that could be used in different situations. We practiced these strokes over and over until your arms felt like they would drop off.

At Cotton Seed rapid, Bob had everyone skip the easy run down the middle and eddy in behind the wall on river left. Some made it and some did not. At S-Turn, Bob demonstrated how to surf and everyone took turns attempting to get on top of the wave. Others, myself included, watched as we were too worn out by that time to muster the strength to surf. We headed down river and pulled out at Skulls Crossing around 4:30 pm. As everyone loaded up, Bob then pulled out some special treats for the group. Everyone got a T-Shirt for attending with the Bob Foote Mantra "It's the journey, not the destination". Wise words as we will all be practicing what we learned for many months to come.



Houston Canoe Club
Waterline



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Classifieds

Rarely used Old Town Penobscot 16 touring canoe. Red, 16'2", 58 lbs., Rolalex, \$700.
Contact 281.489.3585.



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Upcoming Trips

September

9/2 - 9/4 Labor Day - Sabine River Trip

Put in at Hwy 63 Bridge at the Sabine River on Saturday Morning. Shuttle Fee \$5.00 to bring you back from LA Hwy 111 take out.

Easy Float Trip down the Sabine River with white sand beaches to camp on. First day mileage 11 miles, camp, cook out, FIREWORKS, next day paddle 12 miles, camp, Children and Adult games on the beachfront in the evening. MARGARITA BARGE- will follow the flow of boats (Tack-a-Paw Canoe Livery from Louisiana). A small fee donated to the Big Thicket Voyagers for these goodies (if you want to take part in). Monday paddle out 5 miles to cars/trucks.

Three days and two nights of pure River Floating Fun with family/friends/new friends from other clubs all over the United States.

If you need a canoe to rent, Danny Rawzee the owner of Tack-a-Paw Canoe Livery can help you obtain a boat. Call early for reservations if you need one. Come join in the 3 days of river paddling fun. Non-ACA members must pay \$10 for both adults & children.

Beginner 1: Never paddled before.

Contact Mary Ellen Zaborowski by phone 713 884 1925, or by email maryzabo@sbcglobal.net.

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