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April Meeting

April 11, 2007

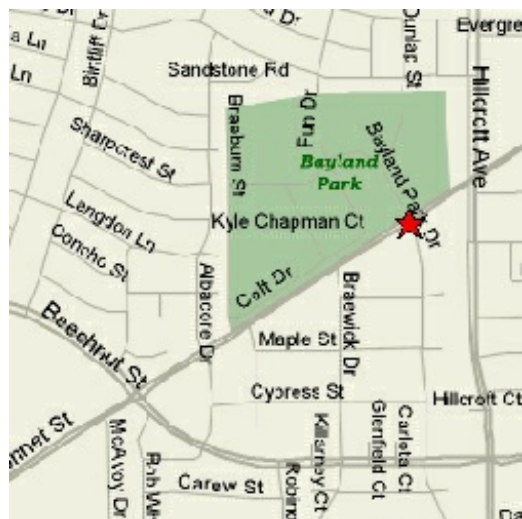
Houston Wilderness Trails

Victoria Herrin, Houston Wilderness Trails Coordinator, will tell us the Houston Wilderness organization and their plan to create a multi-use continuous trail all the way around the greater Houston metro area. She's also interested in learning how we would use it. More details to soon...

About our meeting:

Some 50 to 75 active river rats meet at 7pm on the second Wednesday of each month at the Bayland Community Center, 6400 Bissonnet Street, Houston, Texas 77074. The meeting is run by volunteers who stumble through an agenda composed of stories of recent trips, descriptions of upcoming trips, paddling related programs, paddling tips, and the introduction of visitors. Gear heads prevail and discussions about all aspects of paddling assure an all around good time. Visitors are very welcome.

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.





Paddling, Wildlife, and Photography -

by Ed Mayo

One of the many things that I like about paddling is the ability to get close to wildlife. The animals seemingly don't see me as a human, an enemy in most cases. Instead, I become part of their environment and if I stay quiet, I can drift very close to them.

On Armand Bayou I have drifted close to a number of alligators. I have taken a number of sequential photographs as I have drifted towards them. The photographs of "**El Jeffe**" are a good example of this.



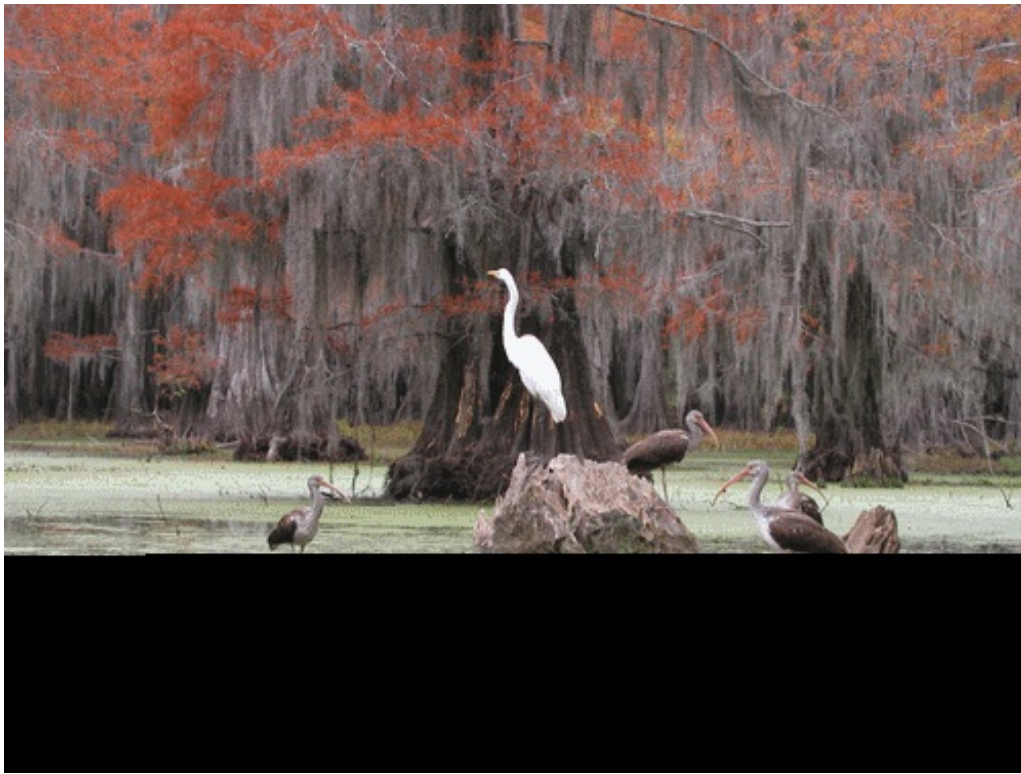
One morning shortly after dawn, I was able to circle "**Momsy**". I took those photos as close as five to six feet to her. There was a heavy rain the day before and the water was clear enough to see five to six inches deep. I believe that these are the best portraits of an alligator that I have taken.



I have also gotten close to domestic animals like the **longhorn** on the bank.



In November 2005 I went to Caddo Lake to photograph the fall colors. While paddling on the lake, I came around a bend in the trail and came upon a number of **ibis** and an **egret**. Remaining quiet and becoming part of the habitat, I spent about 20 minutes floating within ten to thirty feet of them.



They eventually flew off one at a time, starting with the ones farthest away. The last bird to fly away was the egret. This incident made me think of making a visual story relating to my recovery from a medical problem. The ibis with their low vocalizations seemed like forest gossips. This incident seemed spiritual. Caddo Lake is "Tolkienesque!"

I have had other experiences of viewing wildlife while paddling in the Rockies, Canada, and Alaska. I hope others are and will enjoy their own experiences of seeing wildlife up close while paddling.

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www.houstoncanoeclub.org :: Volume 61 :: April 2007

The Mohawk Canoe is Back!!

Production of the Mohawk Canoe has arrived!! The machines (oven and press) have been moved, the final adjustments are done and Mohawk Canoes are Now Available online, AND at 2005 prices!! This is the same year the previous owners ceased manufacturing and it is our way of saying thanks to the canoeing public and Mohawk loyalists.

Check them out!

Stuart E. Gonzales
Mohawk Manufacturing Company
Parent of Mohawk Canoes
www.mohawkcanoes.com

email: mohawkcanoes@aol.com

Office: (423) 825 -2211
Mon - Fri: 9am - 5pm

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New Members to HCC

We'd like to welcome our new members to the Houston Canoe Club. The best way to enjoy our club is to get out and paddle with us. We all started this way and have found a home on the rivers.

Justin Gosses
2115 Runnels, Apt #2202 .
Houston, Texas 77003

Sheila D Hill-Lorenz
11 Bayou View Drive
Gulfport, MS 39507

Stephen Sadoskas
9818 Shadow Wood Ln
Houston, TX 77080

Leslie Butterwood
9818 Shadow Wood Ln
Houston, TX 77080

Linda Drury
8550 Easton Commons Drive #9008
Houston, TX 77095

Jill Herriein
1314 Berrywood Lane
Houston, TX 77077

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Cell Phones on the River

Welcome to "Backwater Backwash", a random and incomprehensible collection of thoughts, observances and experiences in no particular order, so that it makes absolutely no sense at all.



Recently, I have been dubbed the "Make-Do" girl. I resemble that remark... What this refers to is the fact that I try my best to save money and find multiple uses for things. I have also been called "Ms. McGyver". I manufacture and modify things all the time. Sometimes, out of necessity...

Sometimes, just for fun. I may write a book.....



While on a recent trip down the Current River in Missouri, I discovered (never said I was quick!) that my cell phone would not get service where we were. And I promised Joe and my boys that I would call every evening!


During that week, we found a working pay phone at a spot on the river. My hubbie's phone was off right then, so I couldn't call him. I couldn't even leave a message since I was calling collect. A day or so later, we found another ranger station, but the pay phone there was not working. Then, at a



spot that we stopped at to camp for the night, I happened to find a TV cable right where I was setting up my tent. The rusty cogs started creaking.



With the aid of two willing participants, we attempted an experiment. A rock was put into a small bag, which was tied to a rope. This was then thrown over a tall tree limb. Amazingly, no one had to be treated for a concussion. The cable was then tied to the rope and hoisted up. I

 found a twisty tie, and after stripping the plastic off of it, I attached the cable to my cell phone antenna. We waited with bated breath.....well, I'm pretty sure MY breath smelled like bait...

Anyway, it was a good try. It might have worked, too, if we were higher up or something. Of course, the statement, "I knew it wouldn't work" was uttered. But, it COULD have. I would have been mad at myself if I didn't at least try. And I swear I saw a single bar flicker for just a moment.... but it could have just been wishful thinking. You never know.....

Sometimes, crazy experiments actually work. Just look at the wheel. I'm sure they all thought Grog was nuts. You just have to try.

</>
SYOTR!
Cecilia Gill

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Safety Sunday Memorial Park Sunday, February 25, 2007 By Christy Long

John Orht organized a Safety Sunday event in preparation for the upcoming paddling season. In attendance were John Orht, Ken Anderson, Bob Price, Bob Arthur, and Christy Long. Topics included trip organization, what a trip coordinator would tell a group before launching, paddling tips, river reading, and rope throwing.

Throw bags and throw ropes were discussed. All participants practiced hitting the target with different throw ropes.

This was a good refresher for participants and a great opportunity to exchange ideas about how to stay safe on the water.



Ken, Bob, John and Bob work on using a throw bag



John shows them how it's done

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History of the Sabine Street Bridge

by Louis Aulbach

With the recent opening of the Sabine-to-Bagby Promenade, the neglected reaches of Buffalo Bayou on the edge of the central business district received a beautification that has been long overdue. An especially pleasing result has been the highlighting of the Sabine Street bridge at the western terminus of the Promenade.

As early as 1891, there was a bridge across the bayou at Sabine Street that connected the Sixth Ward with the Fourth Ward. This initial crossing appears to have been more of a foot bridge than a main thoroughfare since its location seemed to indicate a crossing at the end of Heiner Street on the south which simply extended across the bayou to an area near the end of Sabine Street on the north. However, the subsequent development of both the Sixth Ward and the south bank of Buffalo Bayou along Heiner Street led to the construction of a primary roadway spanning the bayou in 1924.

In the early 1920's the City Council passed a bond issue for the improvement the city's streets and bayou crossings. Included in this program were new bridges at Shepherd's Dam, Heights Boulevard and Sabine Street.

The Sabine Street bridge, completed in 1924, was designed by W. W. Washburn, the City bridge engineer, and his work was strongly influenced by the City Beautiful movement which is evident in the design of the bridge and the use of neoclassical ornamentation and railing. The bridge is 240 feet long with two lanes of traffic on forty foot roadways which are flanked on each side by wide cantilevered sidewalks. It spans the bayou on six reinforced concrete girder and floorbeam units which are erected over four-column bents and abutments. Its special design, its railing and the artistic use of ornamentation make the Sabine Street bridge architecturally significant. In addition, it is the sole surviving concrete bridge constructed under the 1920's civic improvement program.



The Sabine Street Bridge, built in 1924.

Improvements were made to the Sabine Street bridge in 1987 to restore the bridge to its original splendor after decades of neglect. At that time, minor changes were made to the roadway which was narrowed in order to expand the size of the sidewalk on the west side of the bridge. In the renovations of 2006, the bridge is portrayed as a gateway to recreation on Buffalo Bayou. Stairways at each corner of the bridge provide access to the foot paths near the bayou through arched portals capped with stylized stainless steel canoes. With the inclusion of the bridge in the Promenade, this historic structure can assume a place of prominence as one of the hidden jewels of Houston.



One of the four canoe arch gateways leading to the Promenade at the Sabine Street Bridge.

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Paddle Goliad Event

Nov. 04, 2006

Ken McDowell

The HCC was well represented at the Paddle Goliad event, a 6.5 mi. paddle along an historic stretch of the San Antonio River. This was my first HCC event, and not sure how many HCC members participated (I estimate 15-20), but they were all nice to me. Thanks folks for hanging in there with me (I think I was the last to put in) and thanks for making me feel so welcome.

The annual event is sponsored by the local community, with assistance from Texas Parks and Wildlife staff and volunteers. Assistance in this case meant a free shuttle to/from the take out at Goliad State Park, put-in and take out muscle, and lunch. In the words of esteemed HCC Officer, Bob Price, "I could get used to the canoe valet service!"



The putin with assistance



Fraser and Janice are "assisted from their boat"

This stretch of the San Antonio River has steep clay banks, lots of strainers, stick-ups and log piles, though nothing requiring portage. These obstacles and associated tricky currents do require attention. The USGS river gauge at Goliad reported an average flow for the day of 190 cfs, compared to typical November flows of 400 cfs. Note that a few days after this event the river spiked to 1500 cfs.

I would be wary of running this stretch at over 400 cfs due to the hazards mentioned above.

The town of Goliad and surrounds are quite historic. Goliad State Park offers nice riverside camp accommodations, where most of HCC hung out. Dining at the nearly famous 5 star Terrell Hall restaurant in nearby Berclair is unexpectedly fabulous.

I look forward to next year's "canoe valet service" er..paddle.

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San Marcos River - HCC Club Trip

Feb 3 and 4, 2007 - 180 CFS

High 50's- Low 60's On the water

By Christy Long

Saturday, Fraser Baker, Janice Baker, Robert Langley, Dan Carrol, Pat Isley, Susan Eda, and Chuck Bab met at Pecan Park Retreat. We paid for a shuttle and launched around 11:00 am. The day was warming up and becoming sunny.



We played at the common spots but at times had to challenge ourselves by paddling or surfing backwards. A couple of times we were able to get the whole group in a rapid. By 12:30 or so the clouds covered the sun and the wind picked up just enough to make the paddlers put on their extra shirts.

The amount of beer cans on the beaches was a surprise and a sad thing to see. Such a beautiful river to have this type of eyesore.



A tandem canoe, solo canoe, and a couple of solo kayaks took turns surfing in the waves at S-turn, also known as Broken Nose. I could see the big tree that has been on river river for the last year, maybe it has been washed out.



At Cottonseed, Pat and Susan performed a few experiments on the Cottonseed sieve, the new danger at the wall. They filled several water jugs and Chuck Bab threw them in the river on the upstream side of the wall. They were sucked under and several seconds later came up on the down stream side of the wall.

The second experiment was to let a rope be drawn into the sieve. The rope was drawn in but never came out the other side. Chuck found that it became tangled on re-bar sticking out the bottom of the wall. Scary stuff.

Chuck took measurements of the wall and where the sieve is located in relationship to the edge of the wall. I hope Susan will post the

information on the list serve.

After the experientments we played around at Cottonseed for a while then took off to meet our shuttle.

Sunday, Fraser and Janice met me at Rio Vista. We were the only boats there. What a blast we had. They tumped over, I tumped over but we just kept messing around. It was after noon when we were packing up and the local boaters were coming out. They were a hoot to watch.

Another good weekend on the river.

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Lake Charlotte Houston, Texas

March 2007

Lake Charlotte is east of Houston, Texas, along Interstate Highway 10, northeast of the Trinity River bridge. The lake is about 1.5 miles in diameter, and has a narrow pass through the woods connecting it to Miller Lake, Mud Lake and the Trinity River.

First up for this report, is a map of the area, showing the general layout and driving directions. Originally I planned on a canoe put-in under the I-10 bridge at the Trinity River, then paddling north to Lake Pass, and following that north to Miller Lake and Lake Charlotte. However, the bridge access is closed off on both sides of I-10 due to construction of a second, parallel, bridge span. So instead, I drove north on Route 563 to Cedar Hill Park, and put-in on the shoreline at the northeast corner of Lake Charlotte. Then we paddled southwest to Lake Pass and Lake Miller.



The Trinity River access at the I-10 bridge is closed on both sides:



Directions to Cedar Hill Park:

From Houston, drive east on I-10 to exit #810. Turn north on Route 563 and drive for 2.9 miles to Lake Charlotte Rd. There is a road sign on the left, but it's hard to see because of the orientation of the sign. The landmark to look for is a sign for a Xmas tree farm. Turn left and go 1.1 miles west on Lake Charlotte Rd. Cedar Hill Park does not have a sign at the road. So how do you know when you're there? Good question. If you get to the 90-degree right bend in the road, you've gone too far. The other driveways along the road have mailboxes on them, as they are residences. The Cedar Hill Park dirt entrance road does not have a mailbox, and it's across the street from a small cemetery. Once you enter that dirt park road and curve around a corner, then you finally see a park sign. Good sign location, eh?

Cedar Hill Park has a restroom in the front section, and if you continue down the road you come to a loop by the lakeshore. There is a boat ramp on the loop at a small shell and dirt beach. Just lift up the end of the steel cable blocking off the top of the ramp and lay it on the ground, then drive across it. But if you don't have much to unload, the distance is very short from the parking, and you can just carry gear from the parking loop. There are also picnic tables by the loop road, as well as a path running south along the east shoreline to a public pier.

Two alternate access sites were in consideration back along Interstate 10.

1) On the southwest bank of the Trinity River at I-10 is a "wildlife trace" with dirt roads on top of levees. One of these goes right up to the river, and you could put-in there. But this starts you about a half-mile downstream from I-10.

2) Likewise, on the southeast bank of the Trinity River at I-10 is a public park, with a real boat ramp, at the location of a dam. This would put

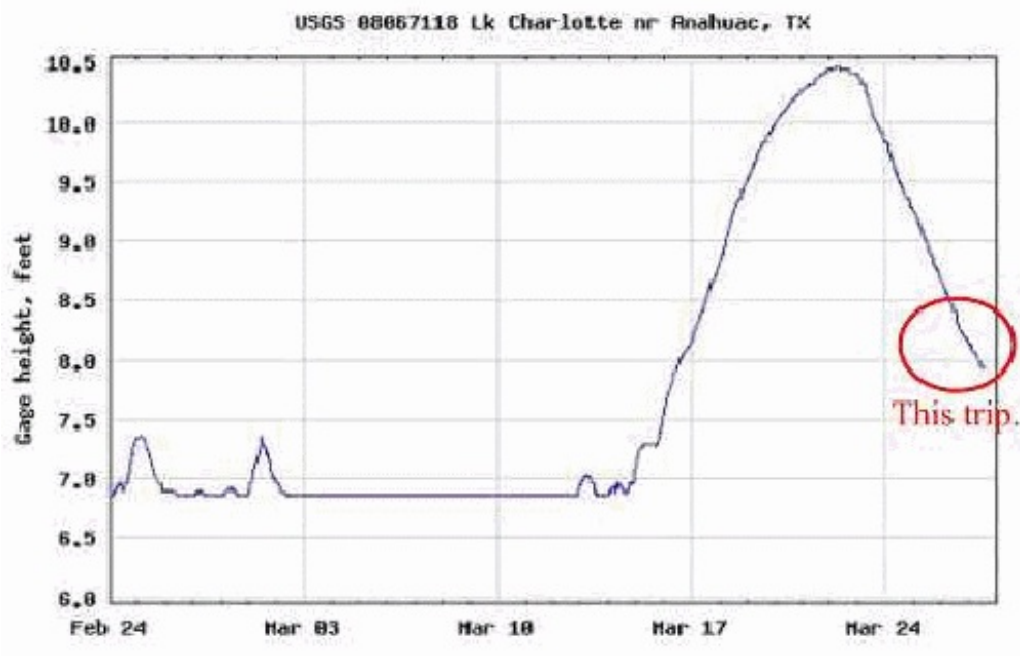
you about one mile downstream from I-10.

I made this trip with my girlfriend, Kay, and her 85-lb. golden retriever. This dog is very well trained, but not experienced in a canoe. We checked his behavior out in a canoe on a small pond previously, to make sure he would behave, before we got to deep, open water.



Photo: The happy trio at the Cedar Hill Park put-in site, about to hit the river. My canoe is an Old Towne Discovery 15'8". The dog did not create a problem by being rambunctious in the canoe, although I did worry about it. He also had his own little doggy life vest just in case he jumped in.

The water level at the Lake Charlotte gauge this day was at about 8.5 feet. The normal water level seems to run about 7.0 feet. You can view this gauge online at: <http://waterdata.usgs.gov/nwis/uv?08067118>



This is the typical cypress swamp that rings the shoreline of the lakes:
Just for fun, zip around amidst the trees for a while.



This next map is cobbled together with screen image prints from Topozone on the internet. It's crude, but it shows the necessary detail. The dotted red line is the course that we paddled. You can view various maps of this area with Topozone, here:
<http://www.topozone.com/map.asp?lat=29.85656&lon=94.7321&size=m&u=4&datum=nad27&layer=DRG>



Kay and Truman in the front of the boat:



We paddled southwest across Lake Charlotte, found the Lake Pass "channel", and weaved through the dense trees and brush to Miller Lake.

I was surprised at the difficulty of finding the entrances to Lake Pass and Lake Miller. All those trees along the shoreline blend in together from a distance and look the same – there is no obvious gap. At least it wasn't obvious to me. I had to study the map carefully, then paddle right up to where I thought it should be, locate the tiny opening, and then wonder if that narrow weaving gap in the trees is really the official Lake Pass.

Lake Pass was congested with trees, floating logs and overhanging tree limbs (with spiders!), and was good for low-speed maneuvering and spider squashing exercise.

Here are some GPS coordinates I captured of key intersections, which can be used to help find these points amidst the clutter of flora. All of these coordinates are UTM format using datum NAD-27.

Cedar Hill Park beach:

15R 03.33.945 E
33.06.179 N

Lake Charlotte / Lake Pass intersection:

15R 03.32.645 E
33.03.985 N

Lake Pass cut to Miller Lake:

15R 03.32.224 E
33.03.593 N

Miller Lake exit back to Lake Pass:

15R 03.32.255 E
33.03.475 N

This photo, below, illustrates the difficulty of finding the pass. The shore looks like a solid line of trees and brush. But this is the actual location of the pass from Miller Lake back into Lake Pass, and you must find it to get off the lake and return to your launch site. So after entering Miller Lake, turn around and study where you are, so that you'll know how to get back to it. The narrow pass is hidden in those trees!



This is a typical view of Lake Pass, below, which one local fellow called Two Mile Pass: Notice that it's narrow, and weaves around downed trees, floating logs, and overhanging branches. At this water level, we never touched bottom, not even with dipping paddles. As congested as this jungle appears, however, there was evidence that someone has been in here with a chainsaw to remove critical obstacles. Whoever that mystery trail-maintenance person is, deserves our thanks. Without that, this pass would be impassable.



I was expecting high ground somewhere along the shoreline for a picnic lunch, but we found none - everything was just swampy water at the edges of the lakes. So we tied-up to a cypress tree, snacked in the boat, and saved the lunch for later when we returned to the park. The water level gauge for Lake Charlotte was at about 8.5 feet. The normal

level seems to be about 7 feet. Even Bird Island was not an island - it's underwater - there was just a cluster of trees sticking out of the water where Bird Island should be:



As for other boaters, we encountered only one other canoeist, one kayaker, and a small motorboat in the distance. Other than that, we had the lake all to ourselves for half a day. It's quite a pretty place. There were not a whole lot of birds, but the spectacular ones were the giant white egrets (?) deep inside the trees, which stood out in stark contrast from the normal greens and browns. There were also one pileated woodpecker, and numerous grayish-blue herons, and ducks. The wildlife highlight, though, was spying a baby gator lying atop a log (below). Fortunately, we didn't meet mama.



=== The End ===

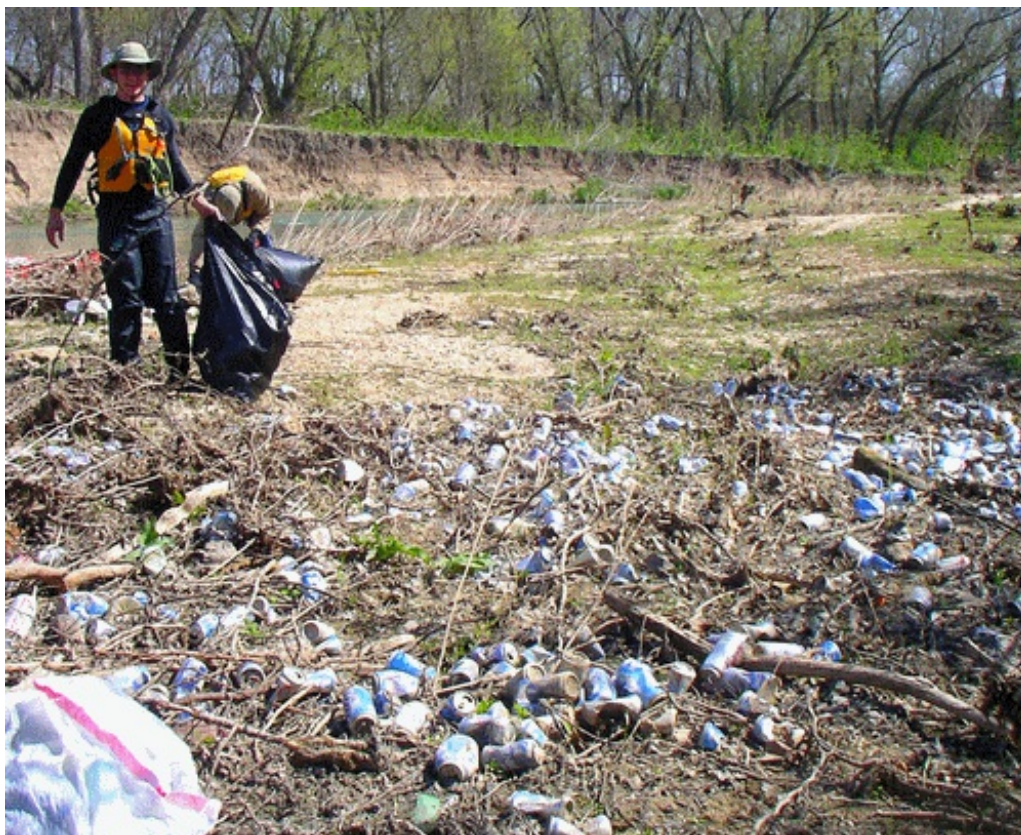
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SAN MARCOS CLEANUP - A GREAT TURNOUT

by Anne Olden

The Club had a great showing at this annual event. Twenty – yes, 20 – HCC members helped out; two members brought a friend. Chuck and Sharon Babb from Brenham, along with three adults and three Brenham HS students, joined with us to bring the total to 30. Two of our members cleaned banks, so there were 28 on the water between Pecan Park and Shady Grove Campground, 14 in each section. The crew cleaning from Pecan Park to Sculls Crossing found that reports of beaches deep in beer cans was not an exaggeration.



They weren't able to get all the cans between Don's and Cottonseed because their boats were already filled. If you paddle that stretch, please take a bag along and pick up a little. The crew working from Sculls to Shady Grove worked steadily for nearly four hours, leaving a large collection at the Martindale Dam. Chuck went back with his truck to pick this up. The weather started out windy and cool, but the sun came out and the wind died down to give us a great day for working.

As usual, Tom Goynes, Pres. of the Texas Rivers Protection Assoc. and newly elected Pres. of the San Marcos River Foundation, got us

started in the morning. He was the last to come in for supper after collecting trash left at various pickup points. Dianne Wassenich, Exec. Dir. of SMRF, organized the tasty fried catfish supper donated by SMRF. Justin Ceterski built an inviting campfire at Pecan Park as the skies cleared and the temperature dropped. On Sunday morning three members practiced at the new Rio Vista rapids.



Many thanks to all who participated – you did an outstanding job!

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Girl Scouts at the San Marcos River Cleanup

by Jo Anne Johnson

I don't think it is ever too soon to introduce kids to the fun of paddling, or the importance of taking care of our natural resources, so I thought it was a great plan to take my daughter's 4th-5th grade Girl Scout troop up to San Marcos for the river cleanup. The girls had a terrific time, and loved meeting all the people that were there to help take care of the river. For many of them, it was their first exposure to community service of any type, and it was a terrific eye opener.



We only worked in City Park, and the girls came up with quite a bit of trash - mostly cigarette butts and beer cans.



After working on Saturday, we retired to Pecan Park for lunch, where we encountered a deer very interested in what all the ruckus was.



We had planned for the weekend to be our first campout (for many of the girls, anyway), but with the cold temperatures, we bunked at my house. The good news is that neither trash nor weather was a deterrant to the girls - they all want to take Fundamentals of Canoeing as soon as they are old enough to take it from their Girl Scout council, and get on the rivers and lakes as soon as possible!



Brazos River from Hidalgo Falls to Highway 290

Mark Andrus -Thanks giving 2006

I picked up Jack Richardson in Sugar Land on the Friday morning after Thanksgiving. We found a good buffet restaurant on Highway 36 right before we got to Highway 290 in Brenham. We scouted the 290 bridge between Brenham and Hempstead for the best side to take out on. We decided the west side would be best. We continued on to Hidalgo Falls. We talked with James and Patti of Southwest Paddlesports who agreed to shuttle us. She let me fill up some water bottles I had with water she brought up from Houston. She said the water on the site was probably safe, but the water tasted bad. Anyway, the water faucet on site is from someone else's well. TRPA is trying now to get donations to drill a well for the paddlers. The well would be probably be drilled deep enough to get good tasting water. After TRPA gets a well, then TRPA will start building a bathroom and shower house. Please consider contributing to TRPA.

We launched around 2:15 pm and paddled for over 3 hours. The first sight we saw was the remains of the locks that had been started before World War I. Work on the locks was stopped during the war and never resumed. The railroad had taken over most transportation by that time and later came trucks. Jack talked about the steamboats on the Brazos; however, most of them could not get that far up the Brazos except in high water. The condition for our trip was low water.

We paddled past the Highway 105 Bridge and Washington on the Brazos State Park. The State Park does not have good access to the river. When we had Hidalgo Falls races, we have to pull the boats up on a rope through a vegetated slope and then wheel the boats on boat carts a couple of hundred yards to the parking lot. Washington on the Brazos was where the Texas Declaration of Independence was signed. We did not consider stopping at the park, because of the lack of access. We found a gravel bar about 8 miles downstream of Hidalgo and about 4 miles past Washington on the Brazos. We started a small driftwood fire and set up camp. Jack made soup and I got out a wine box-Vella Delicious Red which actually was delicious for a box wine. We saw a beaver close up in the water.

We started on the river again the next morning at 8am. After noon, we came on a big sand bar. Over 10 wild pigs were swimming to the upstream end so I suggested we wait until we get to the downstream end for lunch. We stopped for lunch where we had a small grassy slope. We had turkey sandwiches and other snack food. Both of us

took a short nap so we were off the river about one hour. Jack found a hoe and a Rouge River paddle along the river. I switched to using the Rouge River paddle since my wooden paddle had got rough and blistered my finger. We decided along the way we would stop whenever we saw the first great camping spot after 4:30.

The first great camping spot on a small gravel bar showed up right at 4:30. We were tired anyway. It seemed deserted until we heard shooting in the distance right after sunset way up above us on the cut bank. We also heard the sounds of wild pigs and coyotes going at each other across the river. All the noise ceased about an hour after sunset. Jack made a mixture of sausage and beans for dinner. We had another driftwood fire.

Jack fixed the leftover sausage and beans as part of breakfast. I declined the beans, since I did not like them the night before and took some oatmeal with the sausage.

We were late getting on the river and only made it by 8:30 in the morning. We saw a large gravel bar and I found several pieces of petrified wood. We stopped for lunch and called James and Patti and told them we were already 2 miles from the bridge.

We reached the bridge at 2 pm, which was about the time James and Patti reached there. They agreed to the same arrangement we had upstream, which was that the money we offered for the shuttle would go to the Hidalgo Falls fund of TRPA. We spent the next hour getting the boats and gear through the mud and the slope at the takeout. His Old Town Discovery 169 was much heavier than my Dagger Reflection 15. Both of us soloed tandem boats because of the weight of camping gear, water etc. We paddled our boats from the stern seat and got the gear as far forward as possible. On the second and third days, I had all of my gear forward of the centerline of the boat. Another thing I noticed was that Gators are great for being in the water because the rubber does not stay wet. However, they are not good for a slope. They kept rolling off my feet when I was getting the boats up the slope. The mud was awful at the takeout because the river must have dropped around 3 feet the previous week. I will have to check the Hempstead gauge readings to be sure since the Hempstead gauge is right at the bridge.

I dropped Jack off in Sugar Land and continued on to Angleton. I went to bed before I got my truck unloaded.



Santa Elena Canyon

by **Donna Grimes**

The latter part of February, five of us joined Louis Aulbach to paddle through the Santa Elena Canyon, a section of the Rio Grande near Big Bend National Park.



**Terry Burgess, John Rich, Natalie Weist, Dana Enos, Donna Grimes,
Louis Aulbach**

Of course, with Louis, there is always more than just paddling. We all hiked as well





But of course, to me the best part was the beautiful canyon walls



Most famous is the area called "The Rock Slide" where, if the water is high would be a great challenge.





Can you image trying to negotiate these tight turns if the water were up to 2,000 cfs! Of course, that's not what it was when we did it. I think it was around 200 cfs

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