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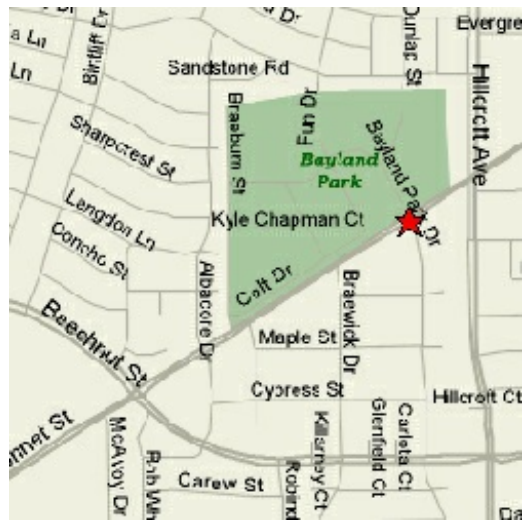
## SPEAKER for November 14

### Trip Reports from the Rio Grande.

HCC's own **Paul Woodcock** will lead a discussion on the experiences of our members on the Rio Grande. Please bring your stories and photos of your Rio Grande trips to share with the club.

### Where:

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.

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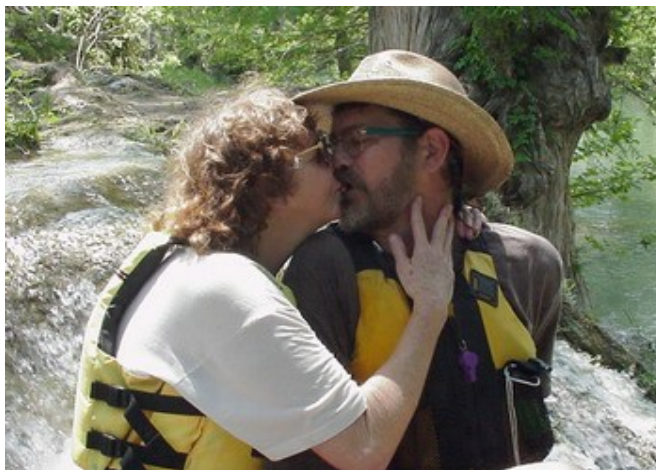


## Cliff Jacobson's "Canoeist's Little Book of Wisdom"



"Never lean a paddle against a tree. Gravity is a sure thing."

###



"Sleep tandem, paddle solo." (I have this feeling I heard that someplace before)

###





"Don't get mad if you get stuck on a rock in the middle of a rapid. Instead do the "attitude" stroke (twirl your paddle above your head and smile!!). This tells onlookers that you planned the event and you're right where you want to be!"

###

"Don't be afraid to be afraid. Fear is nature's way of telling mature minds to think before they act."

###



"Happiness is paddling your own solo canoe."

###



"Teenagers go canoeing largely to be with their friends. Remember this before you invite their parents."

###



"Don't bring more stuff than you are willing to portage." Maybe he stole that from Dana.

###



"Don't practice upstream ferries above a falls."

###



"You can never have too much toilet paper on a canoe trip."

###



"Practice makes perfect only if you do things right all the time."

###

I hope you enjoy these. They were submitted by Ken anderson - pictures provided by me - the editor Donna Grimes

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## Buffalo Bayou's Concrete Channel

by Louis F. Aulbach

In 1966, oilman George Mitchell and Terry Hershey organized the Bayou Preservation Association in order to prevent the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers from implementing their plan to channelize Buffalo Bayou with concrete from Shepherd Drive to downtown. Mitchell and Hershey enlisted the newly elected U.S. Representative George H. W. Bush in their cause, and the three of them were instrumental in saving Buffalo Bayou from the fate that befell the other bayous in Houston. Yet, an earlier concrete channelization of Buffalo Bayou in the downtown area goes unnoticed and is largely unknown today.

In 1927, the City began clearing and straightening Buffalo Bayou. Its banks were graded so that bulkheads and retaining walls would keep the bayou within its new course. The plan was to remove the sharp hairpin curve between Texas Avenue and Smith Street, and re-direct the bayou in a smoother bend as it flowed toward Main Street.

The original course, which curved to the east nearly half way through the blocks between Texas Avenue and Preston Avenue, was filled and a new channel was cut. Concrete retaining walls were installed along both the south and the north banks. The retaining wall on the north side from Preston Avenue to Smith Street started at fifteen feet high. Then, as the bayou's course turned east at Franklin Avenue, the retaining wall rose to a height of forty feet. The re-channelization was completed in 1928.



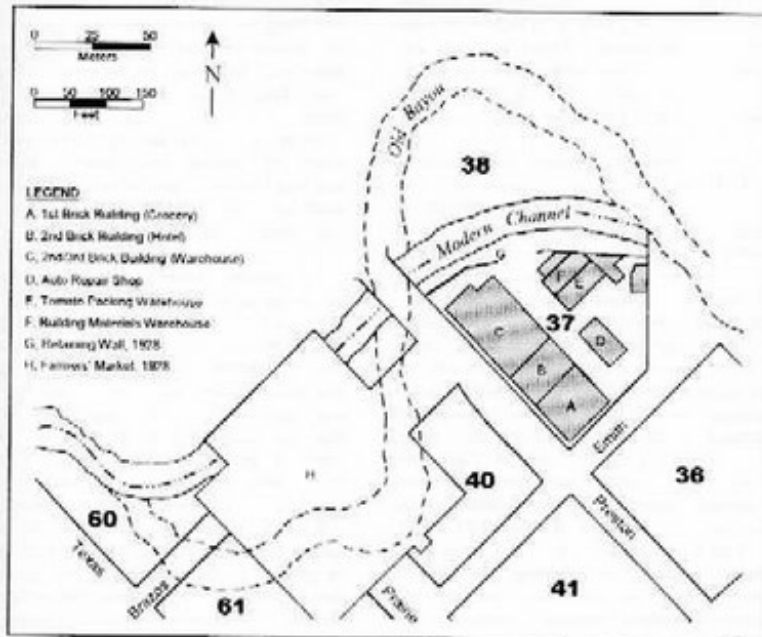


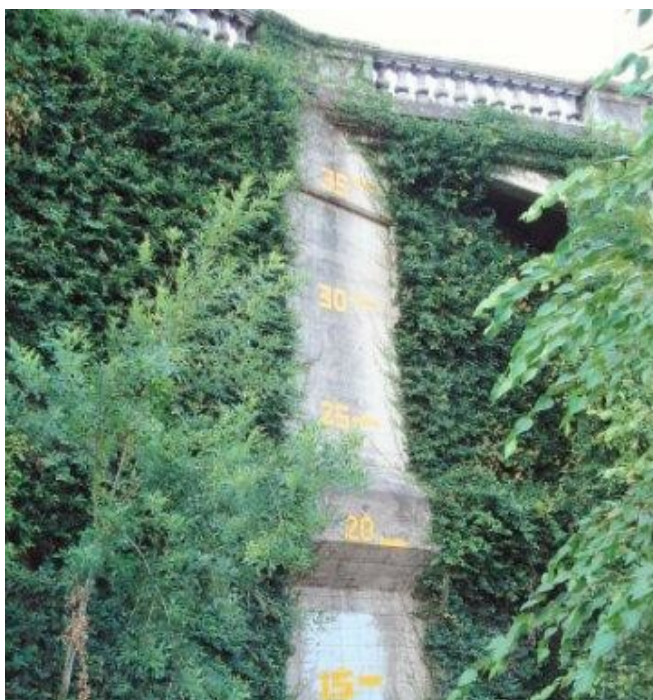
Figure 10. H. D. Taylor property, 1907-1964. From: Roger G. Moore and Allan D. Meyers. Data Recovery Excavations for Sesquicentennial Park... Texas Antiquities Permit No. 987. Houston: MAC, 2000. p. 15

The extent of the old channel of Buffalo Bayou is shown in this diagram.

The

accompanying diagram shows how the re-channelization permitted the City to recover property in City Blocks 40, 60 and 61 by filling in the old channel of the bayou and the large gully that extended to Smith Street in Blocks 60 and 61. The new Farmer's Market, which opened on March 21, 1929, was constructed on these recovered City blocks. The City also obtained the land in Block 38 through eminent domain.

The Farmer's Market was demolished in 1958, and the Wortham Center occupies the site today. The Tranquility Garage is located beneath the Wortham Center. The devastating flooding of Tranquility Garage and the adjacent underground areas in downtown during Tropical Storm Allison in 2001 resulted from a breach in the retaining wall at Tranquility Garage. One has to wonder of the bayou was simply seeking its natural course, which the topography of the land has dictated, and the full force of the flood waters sought to return to the old channel.



The retaining wall along the north side of the bayou has proved to be much more enduring. Reaching a height of forty feet above the bayou, this wall has provided a level base for the extension of Franklin Avenue to Washington Avenue and a parking lot for the U. S. Post Office, today, and Grand Central Station which occupied the site previously.

At the corner Franklin Avenue and Brazos Street stands the George Bush Monument. Ironically, the statue of the man who helped save Buffalo Bayou from becoming a concrete



drainage ditch from Shepherd Drive to downtown overlooks the only section of Buffalo Bayou that has been channelized with concrete.

**The gauge measures to 40 feet on the retaining wall along Franklin Avenue near the U. S. Post Office.**

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## The Death of a River Mom

Marge Cline, known affectionately as the River Mom to generations of Midwest paddlers passed away Monday Morning.

Like a lot of other Illinois paddlers, I can never remember a time when Marge was not a dominant force in our fairly tight community. I first met her when I hired her to teach an intro kayak course at College of DuPage in 1980. Our final exam was on the Red. As an open boater, I was soon humbled at Ziemer's. Marge just laughed it off, and told me how to patch the hole in my boat.



Over the twenty five years of our relationship, I came to know Marge as the most committed paddler I have ever met. Marge maintained more certifications in more paddling disciplines than anyone else. She was also one of the best teachers I have known. She was always willing to jump into any boat and do a perfect demo at any time, she always had the perfect teaching metaphor, and she expected no less of any Instructor who

worked with her.

As they say, Marge did not suffer fools gladly. If she perceived that you were taking advantage of her or if you did not pay attention, she would get your attention in no uncertain terms. Marge was never one to mince words. At the same time, it was always clear that if you made the effort Marge would always be there, and the fact that she trained so many paddlers and had such an influence locally and nationally speaks to the unique person that she was.

Many of us also lived through the tragedy of her son Michael's death. I hired him to teach for me a couple of years before he died, and his gentle but firm teaching clearly showed the influence of the master. I had a conversation with him about a week before he died. We were planning on teaching a course on the Wolf that fall. His last words to me were "I love you man. I can't talk any more"..... I don't think Marge ever got over it.



Many of us marveled at Marge's ferocious attempts to stave off the physical things that began to happen to her. I remember the Paddle in the Park several years ago when Marge showed up holding the xrays of the stint she had had implanted the day before, and I remember teaching a course with Marge on the

DuPage two years ago when she insisted on bringing her oxygen bottle in the canoe and directed the course while being ferried down the river. I think that may have been the last course she taught.

I had been feeling bad about not calling Marge, when I got a call from her a weeks ago Tuesday. I asked her how she was doing and she said she was OK but frustrated because she was still using oxygen. She wanted to know if I would do the Conant Solo Canoe course again, and I told her I was planning on it. She then said that she was thinking about coming to the IPC Season Ender Paddle last Saturday. I told her that we would all love to see her, but knew she probably wouldn't be there. She never stopped thinking about paddling. Until the very end the paddling community was Marge's second family, and she was truly our River Mom

Marge was truly a force of nature. We will all miss her. A memorial website has been established for Marge at  
<http://www.chicagowhitewater.org/cwa/margecline.asp>

Kim

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## New Members

In order to go on the recent Pecos trip, four men who "idolize" the leader - Louis Aulbach begged to join the trip, but the requirements were to be an HCC member and ACA member or pay the \$10 events fee. These men gladly joined the club and below are pictures of the four new member plus one of them signing the trip waiver.



New members Richard Morin (joined in August) Jeff Pine (our new member this month) Donna Grimes (the old member who recruited the foursome) John Rich (who has written MANY articles for HCC but only joined this month) and Mark Boyden (new member in July)

Welcome y'all and join HCC for other exciting trips.



Jeff signs the waiver as John awaits his turn.

Jeff Pine  
2312 Westrock Drive  
Austin, Texas 78704  
txpine@swbell.net

John Rich  
18319 Mountfield Drive  
Houston, Texas 77084-3360  
JohnRich3@sbcglobal.net



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## Camping Neighbors.....

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.

Campsite neighbors. No matter what you do, no where you go, there they are. There just isn't anyplace that you can go that you won't end up with someone else camping near you... unless you are out in the middle of nowhere, but even then...

When Joe and I were dating, we went to a little known beach in the off season to camp. We had the whole beach to ourselves. It was lovely as we stood there looking out at the surf and deciding if we should put the tent up yet. It was then



that a truck showed up with the Beverly Hill Billies and a Cocker Spaniel and parked right next to us. Miles and miles of empty beach on either side, and they park right next to us. We decided to leave, and their dog jumped in the car with us, as if to say, "Please, take me with you! Don't leave me here with them!" Poor dog...

Recently, a group of us went camping at Huntsville State Park. We had shelter sites. Friday, we got some new neighbors, possibly relatives of the people from the beach years ago, who brought a leaf blower yeah you read right, a LEAF BLOWER, to a STATE PARK. In case you aren't sure you just read what you think you read, I said, they brought a LEAF BLOWER to a STATE PARK.



Well, the neighbors brought something else that was interesting. They had a boy of about 10 years old whom they let loose with a b.b. gun yeah you read right, a B.B. GUN, in the hands of a TEN YEAR OLD



BOY, in a STATE PARK. In case you aren't sure you just read what you think you read, I said, they gave a B.B. GUN to a TEN YEAR OLD BOY in a STATE PARK.

They also appreciate Country Western music. I'm sure you can figure out how I know that. The loud radio

wasn't quite so uncommon, but annoying, none the less.

My hope on Sunday morning, since we were staying until Monday, was that they would pack up and leave and we would



have peace at last Sunday night. No such luck. They were staying.....until the faint sprinkling started.

Here they are, with a SCREENED SHELTER to duck into if they don't trust their tents to keep the rain off of them, and they are scrambling around all panicked to pack up and leave before they get all wet, presumably because they will all melt if moistened, I guess. Lonnie, Morgan and I just cuddled up and went to sleep with the drizzle on the tent. It was especially pleasant because the leaf blowin', b.b. gun totin', stereo blastin' family next to us left, and all was quiet.....and once they were gone, it stopped raining!

Perhaps they were annoying Mother Nature as well?

SYOTR!  
Cecilia

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## HCC Holiday Party (in lieu of

## General Meeting)

December 15, 2007

HCC will hold its annual Holiday Party on Saturday December 15th from 6-9pm at the Upper Kirby District building. The club will provide the main course, water and soft drinks (you've got to bring your own hard stuff!). Please bring a vegetable side dish, salad or dessert to share. This is a great time to get together with your paddling buddies to share food, fun and frivolity.

Anne Olden is the chair of the Holiday Party Committee. Please contact her if you'd like to help.

Date: Saturday, December 15, 2007

Time: 6-9pm

Location: Upper Kirby District building, 3015 Richmond, corner of Richmond and Eastside (southeast corner at the light), first room on the right at the front door.

Parking: In front or back.

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**Second Quarter, 2007 Pools Session**  
**Pool Fees**

[illegible]

March 12, 2007





## October 10, 2008 General Meeting

Fraser Baker introduced Benny Martinez who gave a presentation on the history of the Goliad area. The Goliad Paddle will be November 3rd.

Christy introduced the state of officers that are up for election in November:

Rick Brunson Commodore  
Ken Anderson Purser  
Bob Price Fleet Captain  
Donna Daniel Boatswain  
Robert Langley Recorder  
Cecilia Gill News Letter Editor

Ken Anderson presented the proposed budget for 2008.

A motion was made, seconded and passed to accept the proposed budget as presented.

A motion was made and seconded to lower the club dues to \$20.00. The motion failed. The dues for 2008 will be \$25.00.

A motion was made to form a committee to develop a long range plan on what to do with the clubs assets. The motion was seconded and subsequently withdrawn.

A motion was made to reevaluate the club policy of charging a \$10.00 ACA event fee to participants who are not members of the ACA to cover liability insurance. The motion was seconded and passed.

The board will contact the ACA to get clarification on the \$10.00 fee.

The Christmas party will be December 15th.

### Fleet Capitan's Report

Fraser will post the reservation information on the Goliad trip. He has reserved two camp sites for club members.

Pecos River Trip: 16 club people will be participating in a 5 day trip down the Pecos River.

We are looking for some place to paddle before the Christmas party.

donna.grimes@mindspring.com





## Happy Birthday, Morgan!!

By Momma Cecilia Gills



Morgan's 4th birthday was celebrated at Sargent Beach in Matagorda County. If you haven't been there, it is honestly not the cleanest beach around, but it is also not the busiest. The latter is why we like it.

We got there around 4:pm Friday afternoon. The draw bridge was up, so we got to watch a "water train" (barge) go by. The boys liked trying to figure out what was on the barges. The canal looks paddle-able, except that I personally wouldn't because of the barges. But, it might be a nice thing to be able to camp on the beach, then go to the parking lot/dock area where people fish, put in, paddle down to the Krusty Pelican for lunch, then paddle back. However, any paddling I do

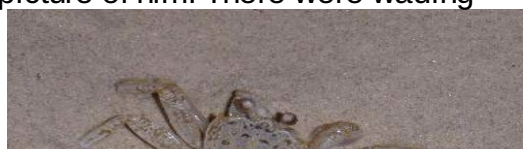
there is usually kayak surfing. There does appear to be many areas that could be paddled all around there, though.

We took our pets and camped out on the beach with the Jolly Roger flying. We were quite comfortable where we were. A couple of people said they couldn't find us, even though I told them almost exactly where we were going to be. Turns out they didn't have 4wd and were afraid to get stuck. The funny thing is, I saw plenty of vehicles that don't come with a 4wd option going further down the beach than where we were.

When the surf is up, it is fun.... except, where we were it was only about a foot deep all the way to where the breakers were. I scraped my knee boogie boarding...

We saw lots of shore birds, but I couldn't tell anyone what they were exactly. I could identify the pelicans and seagulls, of course, but the little birds running all over.... I checked my book. I think they were sanderlings? And there were a couple of (some kind of) sand pipers.

I also took pics of lots of flora to attempt to I.D. later. A ghost crab was nice enough to let me get really close to take a picture of him. There were wading birds of various sorts, too. The only problem we had was the fact that there are houses just on the other side of the canal, and each and every one of them



have lights, lights and more lights. So even though the sky was pretty clear the first night, we really couldn't see that many stars...



The boys (including Joe) dressed up like pirates. I didn't think to get the camera out, but I did get video of their escapades. Once I figure out how to download



(upload?) video.....

We had pop corn popped in our new camp popper, hot dogs roasted over the fire and fajitas. We had cake and opened presents. Morgan was pooped long before the sun went down and went to bed. Lonnie stayed up and took moonlight walks with Daddy. I stayed at the campsite to be near Morgan....in case he woke up.

We planned to sing some pirate songs, but when Morgan pooped out on us, Lonnie wanted to go for walks and I didn't have anyone to sing with. Oh, well.....



Puff, our iguana, seems to enjoy getting to go with us again. Bird seems to like getting to go, too, but the large birds at the beach scared him. Every time the pelicans or the seagulls flew near, he would tuck his little head down and try to make himself as tiny as possible, while

trying to hide. He's not a very big parrot....

We got a new "portable shower" from Academy. I wonder how many people don't use it as a shower, but as an out house, instead? Hmmm.... Anyway, the instructions are not very helpful. We had to try to figure the thing out. We got it up, but parts were upside down and backwards.... one part was broken, but it is not an integral part so I really don't care. It worked great despite being put together incorrectly and having a broken part.

After packing it in, we went to the Krusty Pelican (Joe kept calling it the "Krusty Krab") for an early supper on the way home. If you read "Backwater Backwash", you already know this part, so I won't go over it again.

Even though we were the only ones there, it was really a great trip! Maybe next time, others will join us!

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## A Pecos River “Brief”

By Donna Grimes

I LOVE the Pecos River; it is one of my favorite west Texas rivers with beautiful water, great Indian art, and exciting rapids. My first trip was an HCC trip lead by Jack Richardson in 1992. Since that time, I have probably done the trip five or six times, but NEVER as an HCC trip – just a group of fellow paddlers.

So, this spring I talked Louis Aulbach into helping me lead a trip for HCC members, opening this wonderful river up to those who had never seen it. We had 13 people on the trip and six of them were first timers....but I think all of them want to do it again

I call this a “brief” because next month John Rich has promised to write a more thorough account, so I’ll make this brief. Here is just a few pictures of our adventure:



Jeff Pine, John Rich, Richard Morin, Natalie Weist, Linda Day (front) Louis Aulbach, Christy Long, Donna grimes, Dana Enos, Mark Boyden, Justin Cetereski, Bil Grimes, Ken Anderson





**John Rich** is a veteran of expedition camping, but not of the Pecos. We started calling him Cane-man John as he'd mash through the cane to get to a Native Pictograph



**Justin Cetereski** took his white water kayak full of gear and still ran al the rapids like a champ.



**Linda Day** was

also a novice on the Pecos, using her white water kayak paddle on an over-loaded canoe with her favorite companion **Chipper** at the helm.



**Ken Anderson**

learned a lot about expedition paddling...including the fact that boats with gear are harder to dump when you get swamped.



Our HCC



Commodore **Christy Long** added another new river to her list, and you can see she's having a great time.



**Natalie Weist**

also was a first timer, and didn't have any tip overs or swamping....a rarity on this trip. Notice the clarity of the water. Yes! It was really like that.



Beside sixty miles

of fun water, great Native art, and good companionship, we also spent time hiking. Here we are hiking up Painted Canyon...to see some more Native art.

The group plans to give the HCC program in 2008 to talk more about their adventure. Come and hear them.





## Canoe Kind of Guy

### By: Randy Cunningham

There have been many changes in paddling over the years. Clothing and accessories of every imaginable sort have been developed and marketed. Materials for craft have gone from wood and canvas, to aluminum, to Royalex and Kevlar. None of these have matched in importance the rise of kayaking as king of paddling - leaving canoeing in its wake.

This trend is shown in some anecdotes. Three or four years ago, I took a basic canoeing class from the local chapter of the American Red Cross. The class was filled with no problem. It was one of the last of such classes to enjoy that level of enrollment. Since then, basic canoe classes have been cancelled for lack of interest, while for kayaking classes it is standing room only. Last June, the Mad River Canoe road show came to a lake I paddle on frequently. They were also showing a line of kayaks. The canoes lined the banks unused, like wallflowers at a dance. The kayaks were never on dry land for long. This past spring, I signed up for my river canoeing introductory class, again with the Red Cross. I was the only person who signed up for it. The rest were kayakers, taking their river class.

Being a rock-ribbed canoe head, I have not joined the enthusiasm. I would like to try sea kayaking at some time in the future. However, it is at the bottom of the list of priorities, behind all the places I want to visit - in a canoe.

Why this hesitancy to get with it and be so retro? I bear no ill will towards kayakers or kayaks. I sure as hell have more in common with them than I ever will with those who motorboat. (We will not even discuss those barbarians on jet skis).

I think it boils down to culture and stage in life.

Canoeists wear their baseball caps with the bills facing forward. Kayakers wear theirs facing backwards. A canoeist will call you a guy. A kayaker will call you a dude. A canoeist will react to something he or she approves of with polite, or, at best, enthusiastic applause. A kayaker will react like the audience of the Jerry Springer show, with whoops and high fives. Canoeists won't admit it, but they identify with Homer Simpson. Kayakers identify with Bart. A canoeist reads a good book or takes care of the unexciting business of maintaining society while not paddling. A kayaker is publishing an E-zine, jumps around in the mosh pit, goes skateboarding, or is diving into a chasm attached to a glorified rubber band. A kayak is your boyfriend or girlfriend. A canoe is your spouse.

The branch of canoeing I identify with the most is wilderness tripping. Another example of the difference in the two branches of paddling is conversation around the campfire. With wilderness canoeing we would discuss sighting a flotilla of loons, or the beauty of a particular lake. The campfire in my river class



was utterly different.. There were no musings about the sublime around this campfire. Instead, the conversations were about hair-raising drops and the last time you cheated death. I felt like a Betazoid on the bridge of a Klingon bird of prey. I was surprised that at the end of the night, everyone did not take his or her leave by butting heads and declaring "May you die well!"

The rise of kayaking and the decline of canoeing can be seen in advertisements. The cult of youth is reflected in kayaking shots. The ads show excitement. They are sexy. They show paddlers who are right out of TV, where the world is occupied by people who are beautiful, hard-bodied, young, rich and single. These characters live life on the edge, and when they are on the water, they are in kayaks. Canoes are only shown when the target audience is focused on retirement services, Viagra, menopause or adult hygienic products. You kayak into the excitement of young adulthood. You canoe into your demise.

Canoeing can be done solo, but it really was designed to be a collective effort between two people. Kayaking can be done in tandem, but it really was designed to be an individual effort. It has a better fit to the culture of our present go-go era. Collective efforts are not in vogue. The cultural hero of our time is the lone entrepreneur, sitting behind his laptop, playing Master of the Universe with far-flung investments and economies. You can bet that if he paddles, he paddles a kayak. Paddling by yourself in a kayak is also more convenient in a world where families seldom eat together and more and more Americans live alone. Ever try to organize a canoe trip in today's world? Finding that other partner can be more daunting than negotiating any rapids.

Will canoes be driven from the waters by the kayaking rage? Will canoeists become a small, obscure sub-sect of the paddling world? Since devised eons ago, canoes have waxed and waned repeatedly in popularity, but have never totally disappeared. They still have the edge on their rivals in being able to haul a ton of gear into the bush. Though families kayak together, when you think of a family outing with kids in tow, you think of a canoe. Canoes may return in a future, less frantic time. Our culture may swing back again to where the emphasis is less on the heroic, self obsessed individual, and more on the cooperative effort of two people paddling a craft.

Until the wheel of fashion turns again, canoe aficionados should learn to glory in their underdog status. I can think of no better example of this unhip and proud stand than a recent canoe race that was held in Illinois. The competition was restricted to aluminum canoes. You want to talk about out of fashion! Yet there they were, proudly racing their beloved bauxite beasts. Their spirit should be an example to us all, that we, canoe heads, should keep the faith and continue to paddle into the future the craft that has given us so much pleasure in the past - the humble, unappreciated, but indomitable canoe.

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