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Meeting April 13

We have two great programs scheduled for this meeting. Dave Straiton from Sun and Ski will have a program on Camping from a Kayak and Canoe. Patti Carothers, HCC Member, Owner of Southwest Paddlesports, and an American Canoe Association (ACA) Officer will give us information on services and liability insurance offered by the ACA to HCC individual members and the club.

Come join us at 7 pm at the Red Cross Building on north side of IH 59, near Kirby. We always welcome visitors.

We need your correct email address!

Please send your current email address to Marilyn Peery now.

Email address: mpeery@ev1.net.

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 (please do not embed photos in MS Word documents) to the Editor at the following address.

sherrib57@hotmail.com

The Great Unknown

by Natalie Wiest

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Natalie in Mariscal Canyon

[Click on image to enlarge.](#)

Photo by Terry Burgess

February 19-26, 2005 several of our HCC members went with Louis Aulbach on a "scouting" and note-taking trip for his upcoming book on that stretch of the Rio Grande. From HCC that was Louis, myself, John and Anne Olden, David Conger, Dana Enos, and from Comstock, Terry Burgess.

IMHO, this is some of the most spectacular scenery in all of Texas. Desertification of the region and lack of water in the Rio Grande has made canoe tripping impossible many years but this year, thankfully, there is both water and for me the opportunity of running it.



Chef Louis and Dessert Chef Dana preparing dinner

[Click on image to enlarge.](#)

Photo by Natalie Wiest

The deckless, wide craft of choice was the canoe: its capacity for carrying gear including all food and drinkable water for a 7 day trip is a huge advantage; its shallower draft and forgiving Royalex hull for a bony river a better survival tactic. Not to be de-kayaked for this length of time, I chose to paddle with my kayak paddle, carrying a more standard canoe paddle as a spare.



John and Anne Olden

[Click on image to enlarge.](#)

Photo by Terry Burgess

Five of us paddled canoes solo; the Oldens, a tandem. Our group of seven are all experienced paddlers, campers, and outdoorspeople and a delight for sharing and appreciation of the great wildness. An added bonus is that the prolific Louis is also working on a cookbook for canoe tripping, and I can assure you it will be a good one from what I got to taste and enjoy on this trip: chicken and dumplings, jambalaya, tuna croquettes and more.



Lunch stop at the Comanche trail

[Click on image to enlarge.](#)

Photo by Natalie Wiest

We met at the Cottonwood Campground at Big Bend National Park Saturday evening, February 19, 2005. Sunday morning we were roused out before 6 a.m. to move to the put-in, the normal Santa Elena canyon takeout, and by 9 a.m. run the hour and half shuttle, each way, for Rio Grande Village as the takeout spot 75 miles downstream. We were underway about 1:30. Louis' "rule" for scheduling was on the water by 9 a.m.; off and make camp around 3 p.m. Weather conditions ranged from cloudless heat early on, and temperatures probably near 80F; full-moon nights that blanked out the Milky Way and cast shadows; to overcast and on the last day, cool rain and drizzle with temperatures in the 50s. My hooray-I-can-take-it-all-and-the-kitchen-sink, "because I'm in a canoe" outlook meant I took a long time to repack every morning and I got the "you're late and it's after 9 a.m." glare almost every morning. By trip's end, I actually was ready 6 minutes ahead of time, so there is hope.

The scenery? Spectacular. The immenseness of the space is striking in the more open areas; the quiet and hush of sheer canyon walls, orchestrated by calls of canyon wrens

and the swoop of swallows, almost beyond description.



Entering Mariscal Canyon

[Click on image to enlarge.](#)

Photo by Terry Burgess

The ancient native Americans were here long before us, leaving petroglyphs by the water; and Comanche trails still visible to lookout bluffs. Big Bend's bluebonnets, *Lupinus Havardii*, were at their height. Their fragrance was amazing in the arid desert and on the exposures that gave them just enough light and moisture for display. Tree tobacco too was blooming but I looked in vain for the hummingbirds I knew they would be attracting. Critter tracks were in all the muddy spots but outside of birds, we didn't see any of the furry carnivores or scale-covered animals themselves. There wasn't another canoe, kayak, or visiting human seen on the whole trip. From the first night's camp, we could see fires and a white-robed ceremony going on on the Mexican side of the river. Only there and at the end of the trip did we see other people. Only a few horses, cattle and burros seemed to have found enough forage to support them.

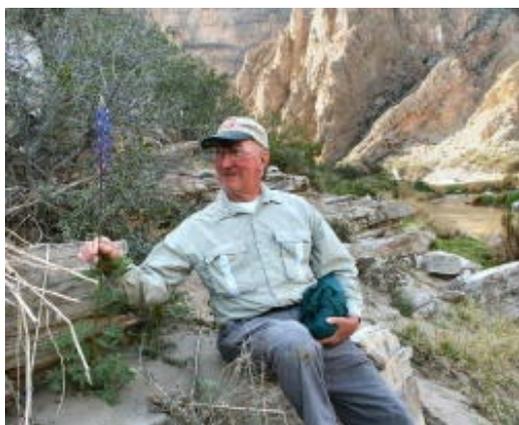


Dave Conger approaches Tight Squeeze

[Click on image to enlarge.](#)

Photo by Terry Burgess

At the cross canyon area of Mariscal we took an extra layover day to hike above the river environment. Cactus and only the hardiest plants could gain a foothold here. I spent some time in camp removing cactus spines from my arm where I had inadvertently brushed against them - through a longsleeved shirt. Luckily for me, the spill I took on the hike put my hand into only three big spines and they were easily removed. We found a hot spring not on our maps, and of course the ones that are on all the guides near Rio Grande Village. We were keen on jumping in the hot spring, but changed our minds as we knew how hard it would be to put our cold, wet clothing back on afterwards.



Dana Enos

Click on image to enlarge.

Photo by Terry Burgess

Our trip could hardly have been better. Look for Louis' forthcoming guide to this section of the river, and his cookbook. And now, having bored you to tears with the narrative, I point you to trip member Terry Burgess' photographic record. It's on his Web site, www.v-trips.com and click on "Canoe Trips" "Texas" and "Great Unknown" if it doesn't come up on the home page. His photography really does justice to the trip.

Other helpful Web sites:

Louis Aulbach's site:

www.hal-pc.org/~lfa "Great Unknown of the Rio Grande"

Big Bend National Park:

www.nps.gov/bibe

Park regulations for paddling:

www.nps.gov/bibe/rivregs.htm

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Trip Report: Clean it Up

by Anne Olden

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Clouds hid the sun, rain was in the forecast, and the water was high. Would anyone show up? Fortunately quite a few defied the weatherman and once again pulled tires, cans, bottles and styrofoam from the San Marcos River. Twelve paddlers started at Pecan Park to clean the section traditionally cleaned by HCC. The first rapid, Old Mill, has changed considerably, and we took our time going through it, all successfully.

Janice and Fraser collected a tire, along with other valuables; several folks worked on cutting an awning loose from its frame. John Bartos scooped up part of a car bumper. One boot, a sandal, and other detritus were stuffed into plastic bags.

Frank Ohrt and K.P. Pape had headed out early on a mission to remove the large log blocking the big eddy on river right at S turn. When the rest of the group reached there, Frank and K.P. were nowhere in sight. The tree was still in place. A ways beyond we found the picking up trash on a gravel bar. Frank's response to what had happened, "I'm not going to die to get that tree out." The water was just too high and swift to work on the log. We offloaded trash just above Cottonseed Rapid, and stopped below it for lunch. The air grew still and a little cooler, the dark clouds slid toward us. Instead of going to Shady Grove we opted to take out at Scull's. The rain began there and confirmed our decision.

The traditional BBQ dinner went on under the pavilion at Spencer's. Old acquaintances were renewed and new ones made. Plans for paddling the next day and for future trips were laid. Thanks to Christy Long for coordinating another great outing. She and several of the HCC group went to the upper Guad the next day, in spite of drizzle and reportedly had a great time.

And if you want to have more great times cleaning up rivers - Ed Lowe is organizing the second annual cleanup on the upper Brazos River on Saturday, April 2, BBQ to follow.

For more info contact him at twt-edlowe@email.msn.com.

The annual Medina River cleanup is on Saturday, May 7. Go to medinariver.net for info on the cleanup and the foundation supporting it. Watch the HCC newsletter for more info on this cleanup and BBQ.

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Above the Highlander, the nose of the upside-down canoe points the way to San Marcos. Cruise control melts the miles effortlessly while County Crows' music sets the ambiance for 70 MPH time slicing. The mind slips back into musical memories. Blue bonnets, spotted with pinkish red Paint Brushes, peek above new lime green grass fly by on the left and right of the freeway luring me out of the city. On the road again with freshly showered dripping hair, sun drying through the drivers side window. What more could a person want?

"I want to walk on water every chance I get." (Counting Crows) At every river crossing I grasp long travel glances at river levels and force. "Time and time again." The bright green grass quivered next to the brittle red-brown stand of last year. A background of bare trees and bushes visually enact early March.

Luling- 24 miles. Yahoo! That sign woke me up. San Marcos River is getting closer. Carcass's of car tires litter the shoulders as white center stripes on dark pavement tick time away. I should be there by 3:30. Yeah. It's getting warm in here, over 70 degrees in the car. I packed for 40 degrees and rain like yesterdays weather in Houston. Give Texas 24 hours and you'll think you're in another country.

Yes, this is what I remember...just a few road signs, greenness, old leaning buildings of rustic farm houses...I remember this world. Yesterday, a satellite phone with games and downloaded music made me feel like a character in I Robot. The trees here are so old you can't put your arms around them. My cells are jumping out of my skin I'm so happy to be here. Renewal time.

Arrived at Pecan Park. Hello's to Paula and Tom. Up with the tent and sun cover after lots of thought on placement. Visiting with others who start showing up. A camp fire with friends and stories. God and politics. "How did you get started canoeing?" Almost everyone was a scout. Early to bed with a good nights sleep. Up early, everyone gathers together for information, goodies, and cleanup equipment. Decisions on sections of the river on which to work. Wheels rolling to shuttle destinations. Ready to embark on the rolling cfs of the San Marcos River.

I felt fear and trembling. Told everyone, too! Last time I was on this river it was high and I turned over at Cotton Seed. This memory made me nervous. It was one of those grab the canoe, hold onto the paddle in slow motion while fast forward movement took everything downstream. Frigid H2O rushed up my spine and neck. A canoe club hero saved me with a throw line. Two other thoughtful club members said good things about how I managed my chaotic gear in the rapids. That saved face. Out of that memory, back to the here and now.

I hadn't been paddling in almost a year. Asked everybody to keep an eye on me. Especially the seasoned canoeist. They make quick decisions and act on them. Instructions were given by the leader. Boats slid into brisk water where people instantly started gathering debris. As Janice said, people got into it so much they would have collected a building if they'd seen one.

The first S turn. Everyone made it. I managed to survive hitting a rock, getting pinned, getting unpinned, then over the river's watery ledge almost water free. That got me pumping. Confidence came into play. If I can get out of that situation so easily Cotton Seed may be a horse on which I can once again mount. Courage, courage.

We gathered trash. As I glanced back at the cleaned areas my heart soared into a smile. It'll be pleasant to paddle here again knowing I was a part of the reason Mother Nature looks so beautiful and serene.

Cotton Seed coming up. Everyone is out of their boats looking at the river making their choices of route. I listened to all them . Watched a few go through. Decided it was time to do it. Paddled slowly on my route. Got to the eddy before the dam and decided my heart would burst if I didn't line my boat through the rocks. But I couldn't do it. The current was too swift to try to get out of the boat. I eased up to the front of the eddy. Two

boats came through. One didn't hesitate, plowed right through the opening. The other tandem came up beside me. I told them to go ahead. I was shaking like a leaf and my heart was beating faster than a rabbits. Actually, I could have blown an EKG machine off the wall.

I watched how they handled and read the river as they pulled out of the eddy. Once they were through the rapids my decision was made. I pulled out of the eddy and over the dam. Hey, nothing to it. Lean back and brace. Courage, courage. I could conquer anything now. I was feeling confident. No one went over. Not even me! Was I ever happy. With arms and legs trembling, I got out of the boat for lunch as if nothing had happened. Rain came. People were ready to get back to camp. Out at Skulls, line up the boats on land, do the shuttle dance, strap and tie on the boats. It was pouring rain by this time. A phone call from my daughter in Austin wanting me to come have dinner with her helped me decide to pack my gear. The Kelty Suncover, rain cover in this instance, sheltered me, my tent, and my car for breakdown. Said good-bye to all the good people with whom I'd shared this adventure. I headed to Austin for an evening of warm dry pleasure.

Drove home Sunday morning. The car looked like a container of those things that grow in water. The pace quickens and your equipment thickens. Plastic bags saved the car from drippy mud and water . Strange to use nice clean crisp slick stuck together plastic bags after breathing the dust filled dried out ones on the river clean up. Soon I'll be home. It'll take a day to clean this stuff. I actually enjoy that. It feels good to have helped with the clean up. Really good.

Special thanks to John B. who loaned me velcro, to John and Anne O. who gave me confidence, to Rudy who analyzed how I got my boat pinned and gave me advice, to John O. who stood by with a throw rope as I entered Cotton Seed, to the people who made me laugh, to the ones who told great stories at camp, and to everyone who greeted me with a smile and hello, who stood by me and paddled with me. It takes a whole tribe to raise a child. It takes the whole group to make a good trip. As they say in the club, see ya on river for another adventure. Yeah, it was a great trip. I've gotta go on another one.

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Trip Report: O.P.T.ing for Fun

by Janice Frels

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A strange thing happens whenever Fraser and I participate in a river clean-up or trash bash, we actually enjoy picking up O.P.T. (other people's trash). Saturday, March 5 was the San Marcos River clean-up. Christy Long was the trip coordinator. She did a fine job. John Bartos organized the shuttle and got us on the water about 11.

There were 12 paddlers and 10 boats representing the HCC. We put in at Pecan Park, and the water was fast and high, some 1100 cfs. The first challenge was Old Mill, and there is now a chute cut through the middle of the wall on river left. Everyone got through fine and the collecting of trash began in earnest. Most of the visible trash was plastic bags, or the remnants of plastic bags clinging to branches over our heads. We were able to collect 17 bags of trash, a couple of plastic chairs, and a tire still on the rim. Fraser and Rudy Rivers worked hard to cut an awning free from it's pole where it had been swept to the bank and comments were made about the need to have a chain saw. Rudy estimated the length of the awning to be about 16 feet. A nice piece of trophy trash.

On to S turn, which was roaring, with a tree lodged in at river right, and the access only at river left. Maybe that chain saw wouldn't be such a bad idea. Again all of our illustrious group made it through.

We worked hard collecting and tugging at all sorts of O.P.T. – the usual flip flops, hats, beer cans, tennis balls, fishing line bobbers, etc.

John Bartos pointed out a nice flock (or is it gaggle) of geese as they glided and honked overhead.

The next point of interest was Cottonseed. Fraser and I decided to eddy out on the right, take a look at it, peel out, line the boat up and go. There was a time when we would have just barged through Cottonseed with no finesse, Fraser has been very patient with me. Everyone again got through fine and we rewarded ourselves with a lunch just past Cottonseed. By this time it was almost 2, and the rain clouds were looking more threatening. A decision was made to take out at Skulls and meet up again at the barbecue dinner scheduled for 6 at Spencer's.

The food and the company were great. Brisket, chicken, sausage, beans, potato salad, and even vegetarian fajitas for those so inclined. The desserts were plentiful and of such variety that Fraser and I were "forced" to take a sliver of this, a spoonful of that, until we probably consumed the equal of a slab of pecan pie, but didn't feel too guilty in the process. We saw old friends and made some new ones, and this nice community of paddlers always picks up their own trash!

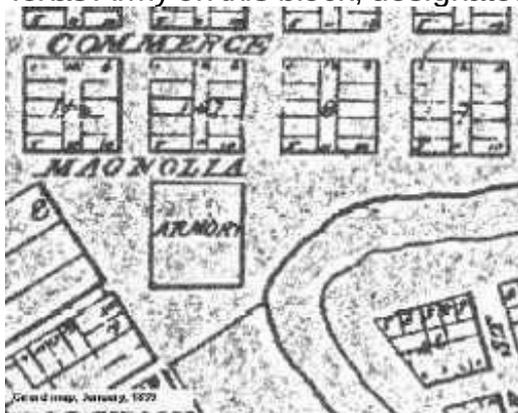
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The Arsenal Block
by Louis F. Aulbach
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The location of the Arsenal Block.

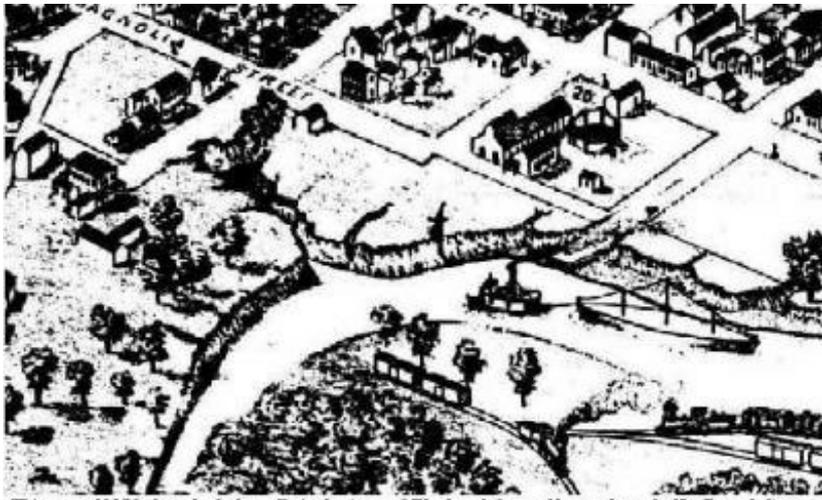
It's not much to look at and it is not one of the more scenic places on the bayou, but the land fronting the bayou at this particular spot (see photo) is the site known in the 19th century as the Arsenal Block. Located at the bend in Buffalo Bayou about a half mile east of the foot of Main Street, the Houston Arsenal, or Armory, was established by the Texas Army on this block, designated as City of Houston Block 108, in 1837.



The Armory on the Girard map of 1839.

The Armory originally consisted of a blacksmith shop, but in May, 1838, Joseph Daniels built a sturdy log structure for the special purposes of the arsenal on Lots 1, 2 and 3 of the block. By October, 1838, there was a significant expansion of the facilities as workshops, artillery shops and magazines were built on the site.

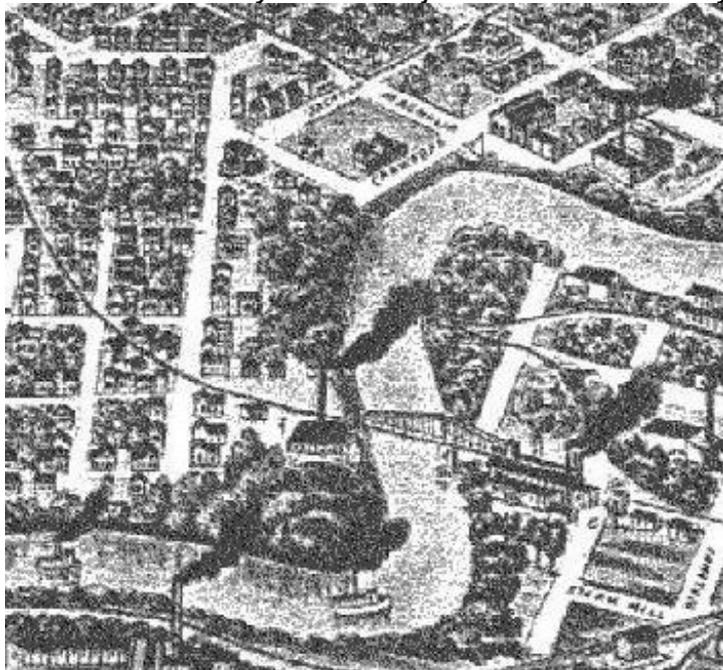
Situated on the south bank of Buffalo Bayou at the north end of Crawford Street, the Arsenal Block was bisected by a large gully. The Bird's Eye Map of 1873 depicts the size and location of the ravine that had its mouth in the center of the bend in the bayou. This gully was a significant landmark in the early days of Houston.



This map of 1873 shows both the gully in the Arsenal Block and the sand bar at the end of La Branch Street.

Some time after the Battle of San Jacinto, William Hodge settled on the north side of the gully and built his home there. Hodge subsequently purchased the 10 acre tract from the Allen brothers on April 13, 1837. The description of the bounds of the tract in the deed makes a specific reference to the gully: "Beginning at two white oaks on the bank of the Bayou near the mouth of the first ravine above said Hodge's..." The boundary followed the bank of the bayou north to the modern day McKee Street bridge. From there, the boundary went due south along the modern McKee Street to a point due east of the origin at the gully.

On the same day that Hodge purchased his land, Jonathan B. Frost purchased the adjoining 15 acres of land which later became known as Frost Town. Frost, too, had a house on his land at the time of purchase, and it is a matter of some conjecture as to when the Frost household, which numbered about a dozen persons, settled on the place. Frost brought his household to Texas in March, 1836, and he may have settled them in this vicinity before he joined the Texas Army prior to the Battle of San Jacinto.



By the time of this 1891 map, the gully and sand bar are gone.

This seems to give some credence to the reports that a settlement existed near this bend in the bayou prior to the founding of the City of Houston in August, 1836. Some accounts say that the Allen brothers lived in this community and had a warehouse, which they leased from William Austin, on the banks near what would later become the Arsenal Block. And, this is, perhaps, where Major George Erath saw the warehouse at "Allen's Landing" on his trip up Buffalo Bayou in May, 1836.

Although Erath seems to have been quite familiar with the Allen warehouse and its location, in late December, 1836, Francis R. Lubbock had considerable difficulty finding the landing at the town of Houston. The banks were so overgrown and the road to the

bayou so indistinct that Lubbock's steamboat shot past the "landing" for Houston and had to back down the bayou to dock there. How could this description be the same place that Erath found so easily?

A suitable landing may have existed near the location of the Arsenal Block, however. A large sand bar at the foot of La Branch Street, about one block to the west of the gully, was the site of the Arsenal Swimming Hole. The Bird's Eye Map of 1873 clearly shows this sand bar and it suggests that there was a landing on the site as well. This natural landing may have been the one Erath was referring to.

The location of the 1836 warehouse and the confirmation that the Allen brothers lived in this area during the first half of 1836 is one of those mysteries surrounding the early days of Houston that is awaiting the discovery of more documentation.

Although the Armory was soon moved from this location, the block was still known as the Arsenal Block as late as the 1860's. A deed of November, 1859, referred to the property owned by Martin Floeck as the "land adjoining the Arsenal Block." The gully, as mentioned above, was prominent on maps as late as 1873, but, by 1891, the landscape had changed. The gully on the Arsenal Block and the upstream sandbar are gone. The deepening and channelization of the bayou to make the docks at the foot of Main Street more accessible to shipping seem to have resulted in the formation of the bayou much like we see it today. The gully has been filled in and reclaimed, and the bank is rip-rapped to prevent natural erosion. The Elysian Viaduct dominates both the skyline and the land on Block 108 that once was the Houston Arsenal.

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Assistant Editor and PR Person
Needed

No experience required.
I need help doing the newsletter and getting word about the club out to other publications. As Rudy says, "this club is a great secret right now."
If you volunteer, we can share the fun. I can teach you some basic HTML (the code we use to publish online) and neat stuff about websites.
With help, I will have more time to be creative and bring new ideas into play.
Send me an email at
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For Sale

Wanted: WS Ride Kayak with paddle and seat
Looking for a prepaddled Wilderness Systems Ride sit on top kayak. Ideally, I need a paddle and seat. I recently sold my Prisms because my size made them unstable and now I can't go fishing with my yak friends.
Jayson Henry, email
bjhenry@sbcglobal.net

New 16-foot Mohawk Blazer Canoe
Very responsive flatwater canoe with minimal wind purchase \$495.00
Don Greene 713-774-1028
Dagger Reflection 15 for sale in Huntsville, TX
My asking price is \$750 which includes two paddles and two Crazy Creek seats with backs. Maybe even a couple of tiedowns. The boat is about five years old with wood gunnels and cane seats all in excellent condition. Call Victor 936-661-7428 or email:
nvolll@hotmail.com

Aluminum Canoe
17' aluminum canoe with paddles, with a trolling motor on it. The canoe is in very good shape, but no one knows if the motor works.
\$150. Contact Donna Endsley
email: soadje@co.comal.tx.us

Kayak and Camping Gear for sale:
Sevylor Inflatable kayak (used only once) \$25, Two PFDs (\$10), Two Fiberglass paddles (\$35), Two Bilge pumps (\$5), various dry bags (\$1.50-\$4.50). Dive knife (\$15), diving fins belts (\$1-\$5), Two Gregory backpacks (\$25), Sleeping bags: NorthFace down (\$25), Hollo-fil II (\$10). Call 713-660-0157 Terry L. Timme and Dianna M. Wynn or email: timme@bcm.tmc.edu

Dagger Ovation to trade for Mohawk or sell

I have a Dagger Ovation [whitewater canoe] purchased from Wayne Steiner last summer. I am looking for something in the Mohawk style that is not as quick

Change of Address

Submit change of address to Marilyn Peery.

Email address:

mpeery@ev1.net.

Physical address:

Marilyn Peery
4119 Mischire Rd.
Houston, TX 77025

in the Mohawk style that is not as quick. It is yellow with solo seat & foot pegs has flotation bags and knee straps. Call after 6:00PM 281-489-0359

Kayak

Anthony Belcher has a custom built Pygmy Coho kayak for sale.

Toni has moved temporarily to Atlanta and Don Greene is helping her sell the kayak. For details, contact Don at 713-774-1028 or email:

dgreene7@aol.com

Waterline Submissions

Submit content to the Newsletter Editor, Sherri Blifford, by the 18th of the month.

Send electronic submissions to

sherrib57@hotmail.com.

Send snail mail submissions to

Sherri Blifford
10222 Windsor Lane
Houston, TX 77031

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Looking Back... HCC in 1983

by John Ohrt

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1. In March, 1983 the pool sessions moved to the YWCA on Waugh from the Dad's Club where they had begun the month before. Now after 22 continuous years the pool sessions are back at the Dad's Club where they are being held second and fourth Mondays. Although they are now administered by the Bayou City Whitewater Club, the HCC helps to sponsor them. Over those many years lots people have given their time and effort to keep this valuable paddling resource going. So give Christy Long, the current pool honcho a pat on the back the next time you see her, and come to the pool to practice skills in a safe controlled environment.

2. On the trip schedule in March, 1983 was an Easter weekend trip to the Pecos led by Lewis Massingill. That's 59 miles in three days with the rapids, the flutes, the wind and the lake. It is usually done in a full week. I have heard that members who did it in three days remember it well and have strong feelings about it. Perhaps HCC members were tougher in those days, or something. I heard of a Pecos trip where an HCC member wrapped his fiberglass canoe around a rock and tore it badly. They punched holes in it, sewed it back together with twine and paddled it out. Typical trip.

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Foote/Knight Classes
by Ken Anderson
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Click on image to enlarge.

Photo by Ken Anderson

Twenty-one new and experienced paddlers were given one day paddling classes on Oyster Creek by Bob Foote and Karen Knight. On March 5th there was a solo class and on the 6th there was a tandem class at Lillian and Chet's creek-side home. Watching them teach, you can see why Bob and Karen have earned the reputation they have as top-flight instructors. There were a variety of boats in each class as well as a broad range of paddling experience yet the instruction was tailored to each paddler.



Photo by Ken Anderson

Click on image to enlarge.

Everyone I asked said they came away from the class with significantly improved paddling skills.

There was talk of a white-water class later this year and another class next year similar to this one.

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Trip Report: Trashbash at Armand Bayou

by John Bartos

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Thanks to all of those who spent a real nice Saturday morning helping to clean Armand Bayou.

Those helping from HCC included: Bob Price, John Schuhsler, Tom Hauff, Jackie Fenske, CJ Everson, Katherine Grazer, Janice Frels, Fraser Baker, John Ohrt, Rick and Alex Brunson, Mary Z., Ken Anderson, Sherri Blifford, Cheryl Cleary, Roy Simmons, Natalie Wiest, Ellen Shipman, Labrecque, Richard JSusanne Plaisted, Bob Price, and Ann Derby. Hope I did not miss anyone, but I probably did. If you were there and not on the list, please remind me so that you get mileage credit.

We filled up a dumpster with stuff that came from who knows where. Bob Price and Natalie Wiest's daughter won door prizes.

The organizers of the Trash Bash did a fine job and everyone had a nice lunch at the Armand Bayou Nature Center while listening to the Bayouphiliacs. A very worthwhile event.

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Want Another October Huntsville Campout?

by Cecilia Gill

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Is anyone interested in having another all club campout at Lake Raven (Huntsville) in October? We had so much fun last year, I want to do it again and am willing to organize it. We can reserve a few shelter sites at the water and have some of us tent camp there, and others, well, I guess in the shelters. That way, instead of having everyone spread out all over the park, we'd all be together.

Call Cecilia Gill at 832-741-2713 or email: whitewaterider@houston.rr.com

Advice on what to do and what not to do would be appreciated from anyone, since this will be my first time to do anything like this. Feel free to drown me in suggestions, advice, or whatever.

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Not Found

The requested URL /hcc_trips.pl was not found on this server.

Additionally, a 404 Not Found error was encountered while trying to use an ErrorDocument to handle the request.

*Apache/2.2.15 (CentOS) mod_ssl/2.2.15 0.9.8l DAV/2 mod_auth_passthrough/2.1
FrontPage/5.0.2.2635 Server at www.houstoncanoecub.org Port 80*