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Meeting Wednesday August 10

Restoring America's Estuaries and Saving Our Coastal Heritage

Presented by Alicia Stroger
Vice-President, Development and Outreach
Galveston Bay Foundation

Our own HCC member, John Bartos, is Second Vice Chair Board of Trustees of the GBF.

This meeting we will discuss a new meeting site, election of officers, and other important issues. 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 Anna King now.

Email address: alking@houston.rr.com.

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

Trip Report: Week of Rivers

by Christy Long

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Christy Long

These are the hard facts about the trip. The exciting and fun stories you will hear around the campfire or in an eddy. Such as driving off with the gas hose in the tank, getting lost on shuttle three miles from put in, who broke their nose on the first day of paddling, how fast Accelerator rapid on the Ocoee pushes your boat, and running Table Saw upside down and rolling up at the end. I could fill a book with these tales but will stick with the hard facts so I can get the trip report to the newsletter editor in time. Also, I will list the other boaters on the trips that I was on, but this was one detail I did not list in my journal so please forgive any exclusions.

Friday, July 1, 2005 -- We left Pearland at 8:30 am, Friday, slept in the Wal-Mart parking lot in Murphy around 1:00 am Saturday.

Saturday, July 2, 2005 arrived at Smoky Mountain Meadows Campground at 7:30 am Central/ 8:30 am Eastern Standard time and the crowd under and around the big tent looked 200 strong. We set up camp, prepared for the day's river-run, and departed for the Tuckaseegee River around 12:30 pm. Susan Eda was trip leader and waited for us so we could run the Gorge section. It was bright and beautiful with lots of water which made for a great warm-up day. We had to remind ourselves NOT to play too hard because we had seven days of paddling in front of us. I got pinned in about 12 inches of fast moving water against a flat rock and had to allow myself to turn over to get off rock; and so, performed my first combat roll for the week. First time on this river. Ate at Cheings Buffet in Bryson City I recommend it. Trip Participants: Susan Eda OC1, Pat Isley OC1, John Orht K1, Frank Orht K1, Marilyn Peery OC1, Marty OC1, and Jim OC1. Sunday, July 3, 2005 – Drove 230 miles and never got the boat off the racks. Scouted the Cartecay and the Chattahoochee both were too high for me. It started out a dark drizzly day and stayed that way. Ate at Guayavitos, Bryson City, the place is good, clean, and fast. Trip participants in my van: John Orht and Cliff Peery.

Monday, July 4, 2005 – French Broad, Section 9, take out at Stackhouse. 3650 cfs. Warm sunny day. Mark was the trip leader. We went through the mountains; my brakes were smoking once we got to put in. River was swollen but not out of its banks. Most rapids were washed out but there were plenty of eddies to catch if necessary. I had a combat roll and one swim but I do not remember where. We ate at Shoney's buffet big variety, clean, and we got to eat right away. Trip participants: Mark K1, John Orht K1, Amy K1, Justin Ceterski K1, one other K1.

Tuesday, July 5, 2005 – Upper Pigeon, Three Turbines, pushy. Joe trip leader. Warm sunny day, I had a couple of combat rolls. I stayed to river right on Lost Guide and scraped my knuckles. I was told that once I past "the hole" I should angle to river left and

come out about center. Each rock I past looked like "the hole" but I must have ran the rapid correctly because I never got in a hole. I swam Accelerator, at least it was deep. We ate at O'Malley's in Sylva, thumbs up. Joe K1, Kevin Cuisak OC1, Kathy Cuisak OC1, Colby K1, at least two others I can't recall.

Wednesday, July 6, 2005 – Chattooga, Section 3. 2.3 on the gauge. River was at great level. Charlie Laws trip leader. Twelve miles makes for a long day. Warm and sunny. I snuck Dicks Creek Ledge, combat roll at the Eye of the Needle, combat roll at Painted Rock, walked the Bull. Ate at Nick and Nate's in Sylva, thumbs up. Trip participants Kevin Cuisak OC1, Kathy Cuisak OC1, Colby K1, Cliff Peery OC1, Donna Grimes OC1, Bill Gimes OC1, Jim Barton OC1, Jonathan K1, two K1s from Rice University.

Thursday, July 7, 2005 – Drove to Oconoluftee and Upper Nantahala I declined to run either. I ended up on the Nantahala from Ferabie (sp) to the Falls, lots of water, river was on for twenty-four hours, 7 miles, cool cloudy day. Self guided. One combat roll but not at the Falls. It might have been the first time I ran the Falls without swimming or performing a combat roll. I did have to use a mighty big brace on my right side and it felt like I went vertical at the end of the rapid, Yee Ha! We ate at Rivers End at NOC. OK food, slow service, but nice view of river. Trip participants: John Orht K1. After Tommy Ward K1 and Robert Ward K1 ran the Upper Nannie they joined John and I along with their dad, Bob Ward K1, about thirty minutes after we put in.

Friday, July 8, 2005 – Ocoee, Double Suck to take out below Powerhouse. The river level was above average. I followed Tom Snyder in his version of the Kinder-Gentler Ocoee which was quiet thrilling. He is a great guide. I had one combat roll on a riffle, a swim at Table Saw, and Powerhouse. Trip participants: Tom Snyder K1, Tommy Ward K1, Robert Ward K1, Bob Ward K1, Justin Ceterski K1, John Orht K1, Frank Orht K1, Judy K1, Dave K1, young woman K1, young man K1.

We got on the road about 4:45 pm to head for home. Stayed in Laurel, Mississippi, at an Econolodge. Got home about 7:00PM Saturday.

Put 2604 miles on the van. I drove my van on the following trips Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Thursday, and Friday.

This type of trip does not allow me to rest but it does recharge my soul for the next six months of work.

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Trip Report: Texas Water Safari

by John Ohrt

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The Texas Water Safari is a 260 mile race from Aquarena Springs in San Marcos to Seadrift on the bay. It is held every year in early June. All types of boats enter and teams have 100 hours to finish. This year the winner was a seven man carbon racing boat over 40 feet long, but there was also a simple solo sit on top which appeared to have been rented from REI, and lots of boats in between. You must have everything you will use in the boat with you at the start (except water). If you accept any help during the race, even a band aid, you could be disqualified. Only a few teams are actually trying to win one of the classes, the rest are doing it as a challenge and an adventure.

Eight HCC members, myself, Christy Long, Anna King, Bob Price, Dana Enos, Louis Aulbach, Rick Brunson, and Justin Ceterski, met early Saturday morning and drove to the start. There we watched the racers putting the final touches to their boats; packing up food, lights for nighttime travel, water jugs, covers, pumps and other gear. I saw two young guys stuffing bags and bags of Tostidos into their boat.

Good luck guys. A boat is rigged so that if you turn it upside down nothing falls out, but you can still readily access your food and water. The race begins at 9:00 am. We left for Rio Vista Dam to get a good watching spot.

The boats that ran the dam swamped but quickly dumped and were on their way. Most of the racers slid their boats over the slanting wall with them tumbling down after.

Lots of good action. Then we went to Cottonseed Rapid, and so did everyone else. We sat and watched boats come through until about noon. There were some swampings but no real disasters and the long boats ran straight through with no problem. My favorite was a tandem team where the stern paddler fell out the back, but the bow paddler didn't know it and kept right on going down river with his partner running after him.

After Cottonseed, we went back to Pecan Park and ran the three miles down to Skulls Crossing. That evening Anna, Rick, Bob and me went to Palmetto Park (Christy came down later) which is 60 miles down river. The first boats had come through about 5:00 pm and thirty boats had come through by 8:00 pm. They kept coming steadily until midnight and sometimes there were six teams on the low water bridge at one time.

Some just quickly switched off water jugs, but some stayed for a half hour or more.

We camped out and early the next morning cheered on the lone sit on topper as he pushed off at 6:30 am. He looked good and I think he finished. Sunday we paddled a nice five mile run from Spencer's Shady Grove Campground in Martindale to Staples. The first part of this run has good current with some waves and riffles and down trees to avoid. It is a nice stretch and the club should do it more often.

The first team of racers reached Seadrift in about 36 1/2 hours or about 9:30 pm Sunday night. I think that some of our members got the water safari fever and want to do it next year, anyone else interested?

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Journey to See the White Buffalo

by Paul Woodcock

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I haven't been able to go paddling since last December so I sit by my waterfall in the back yard, remembering the trips of the past. I would like to share with you the journey to see Miracle, the white buffalo.

The Legend of the White Buffalo

One summer a long time ago, the seven sacred council fires of the Lakota Sioux came together and camped. The sun was strong and the people were starving for there was no game.

Two young men went out to hunt. Along the way, the two men met a beautiful young woman dressed in white who floated as she walked. One man had bad desires for the woman and tried to touch her, but was consumed by a cloud and turned into a pile of bones.

The woman spoke to the second young man and said, "Return to your people and tell them I am coming." This holy woman brought a wrapped bundle to the people. She unwrapped the bundle giving to the people a sacred pipe and teaching them how to use it to pray. "With this holy pipe, you will walk like a living prayer," she said. The holy woman told the Sioux about the value of the buffalo, the women and the children. "You are from Mother Earth," she told the women, "What you are doing is as great as the warriors do."

Before she left, she told the people she would return. As she walked away, she rolled over four times, turning into a white female buffalo calf. It is said after that day the Lakota honored their pipe, and buffalo were plentiful. (from John Lame Deer's telling in 1967).

Many believe that the buffalo calf, Miracle, born August 20, 1994 symbolizes the coming together of humanity into a oneness of heart, mind, and spirit.

"American Legend is made flesh" No longer mythical White Buffalo a beacon to Plains tribes..... from the Houston Chronicle, Sept. 24, 1994

Miracle stands in her mother's shadow, her champagne coat, ghostlike against the chocolate-colored herd. She is a mat of fuzz on a newborn frame. Yet Miracle is rarely among land-roving beasts. She is the mythical White Buffalo - symbol of hope, rebirth and unity for the Great Plains tribes.

Searching for Miracle will take you down long gravel path on the Heider family farm in south central Wisconsin. Three thousand pilgrims made the walk down the coarse stones earlier this month hoping to catch a glimpse of Miracle. Every day more come from all corners of the country. One man came from Ireland.

If all of this sounds a little crazy to you, consider this: The chance of a white buffalo being born makes your odds of winning the lottery look good, Miracles likelihood, according to the numbers from the National Buffalo Association, is somewhere in the range of 6 billion. Consider also that the only other documented white buffalo this century died in 1959. His name was Big Medicine. He lived for 36 years.

Now, there is Miracle, the infant calf born to a 1,100 -pound mother and now deceased father on Dave and Valerie Heider's farm on the banks of the Rock River. She is a beacon for believers.

My sister and I decided to take a journey to see the white buffalo. But before I left a Cherokee elder said to me. "Son this is not the one. The stars are not right and she needs to be born roaming free not in some white man's stock pen." He gave me a totem to give to her. I put my canoe on top of my truck and headed North to pick up my sister. On the way we camped and I took her on her first canoe ride. The next day she said as I slowed down over every river, "you look at rivers differently when you have been on one." It is so true. We arrived at the Hieder farm. They had done a good job of walking the line between a religious shrine and a tourist trap. They allowed no pictures to be taken and there was a long fence where the Native Americans had placed their totems . The gift shop had pictures of Miracle and some original native art, but most of

the Indian gifts were made by that Japanese tribe.

My sister and I walked to the pen past all the totems and I placed the one that Running Bear had given me on the fence and then my sister and I sat down on a log that was about two feet from the fence. As we sat there four young buffalos came over the hill. One was smaller and almost delicate, if you can call a buffalo delicate. and she was a much lighter brown than the others. The legend states that the buffalo will reappear as a white buffalo and then change into the four colors white, brown black and red and at that time all the tribes will be united as one. She walked over to the fence and lowered her head and looked directly at us. As I looked directly into her huge brown eyes she seem to be telling me " I don't like all this attention" and then she bleated at us. My sister said I would like to think that she was trying to tell us something but she was probably bellowing at the bull behind us. As we got up to leave the owner came up to me and asked if I had a medicine pouch. When I said that I did he gave me some of miracles hair. I have carried it in my medicine all the years hoping that the legend would come true.

The genocide in Africa, 9/11, 7/11 have all proved that Miracle was not the white buffalo of the legend but there is a herd on the Sioux res and a herd running free in Yellowstone. Maybe when the next female buffalo is born she will be the one.

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The Frost Family Legacy

by Louis F. Aulbach

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The Elysian Viaduct cuts through the center of Frost Town. This view is from Runnels Street looking north toward Buffalo Bayou.

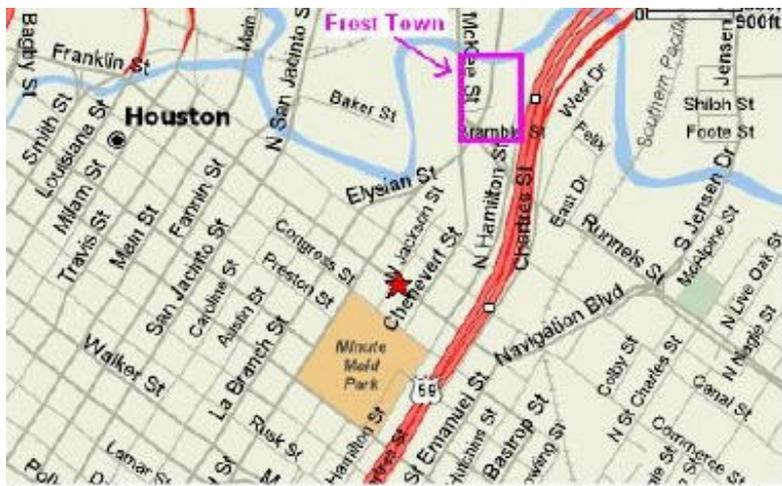
The events in Texas during the fall of 1835 set the course for revolution. General Martin Perfecto de Cos, Santa Anna's brother-in-law, led the Mexican army across the Rio Grande and captured San Antonio, making his headquarters there in September. However, the Texas and volunteers from the United States who gathered at Austin's 'call to arms' confronted the Mexican army, laid siege to city, and, through a pattern of house-to-house, close-combat fighting, the Texans forced General Cos to surrender on December 10 and return to Mexico.

In the euphoria of this victory, the assembled militia disbanded, and the soldiers went back to their farms. The leaders of Texas, however, knew that Santa Anna would bring his forces back in the spring. The provisional government of the Texans, the Consultation, appointed Sam Houston as the Commander in Chief of the army, and on December 12, 1835, Sam Houston issued a Proclamation of the Army of Texas detailing the bounty payment of land for service in the army.

The terms of enlistment were fairly attractive -- 800 acres for a two year enlistment, 640 acres for an auxiliary volunteer for two years and 320 acres for a one year volunteer -- and the prospect of land appealed to many men in the southern states. This offer was particularly appealing to the Frost brothers of Tennessee. They came to Texas to serve in the army and, subsequently, became an important part of the history of Houston.

John M. Frost was born to Jonathan Frost and Mary Benson Frost on January 27, 1775 in South Carolina. His father, unfortunately, served on the Loyalist side during the American Revolution and after the war, his property was confiscated. The loss of his property caused the family to struggle in near poverty as John grew up. In 1802, John M. Frost, at age 27, married Rhoda Miles in South Carolina, and then, he moved his family to Tennessee, to an area known as Brentwood.

Brentwood, located ten miles south of Nashville, had been settled in the late 1700's by veterans of the Revolutionary War, and Frost established his home, known as Cottonport, on the Old Smyrna Road. The Frost homestead became the original site of business activity in the community, and the general store, the grist mill and the post office were located there.



The former Frost Town Subdivision is located on the south bank of Buffalo Bayou, a few blocks northeast of Minute Maid Park.

In 1812, John M. Frost served as a captain in the War of 1812 under Andrew Jackson. Frost later served as a captain in the Tennessee militia. The military career of their father certainly inspired the adult Frost sons, as perhaps, did the wave of patriotism that the call from Texas inspired in many men in Kentucky and Tennessee. The reward of land, especially the large quantity of land offered for service in the Texas army, clinched the deal. Three of John M. Frost's sons, Jonathon, Samuel and James, set out for Texas.

Jonathan Benson Frost, the eldest son, left Fayette County, Tennessee on March 22, 1836 for Texas and joined the cavalry company of Captain James Smith, the Nacogdoches Mounted Volunteers, on April 11, 1836. The Nacogdoches Mounted Volunteers were organized on that day and the unit probably joined the army at the camp west of the Brazos opposite Groce's Plantation. During the twelve day stay at this camp, the army received reinforcements and supplies, including the famed Twin Sisters cannon, prior a crossing the Brazos on April 13 and making the week long march to San Jacinto and destiny.

Jonathan Frost served in the Texas army for three months until he was given an honorable discharge on July 12, 1836. Samuel Miles Frost also served three months in the Texas cavalry in 1836. But, it is unclear whether James Coleman Frost served. Although no record of his service or of a claim for a pension is available, it is believed that James C. Frost did come with his brothers. As the youngest of the brothers, James may have still been a minor when he came to Texas, and he may not been permitted to enlist in the regular army. While the Frost brothers were still in Texas, their father John M. Frost passed away on June 21, 1836 in Williamson County, Tennessee.

After his discharge, Jonathan Frost returned to Tennessee to bring his family back to Texas. Samuel and James appear to have returned as well. With the death of the family patriarch, Jonathan Frost organized the move of his whole household and his extended family to Texas. He brought his slaves, his household, and his blacksmithing equipment to an area on Buffalo Bayou, about eight miles upstream of Harrisburg and about eight hundred yards east of the junction with White Oak Bayou. Within a couple of months, he was joined by his brothers Samuel Miles Frost and James Coleman Frost, his mother Rhoda Miles Frost, his sister and her husband, Mary Elizabeth and John B. Dunn, two minor children of his father, Rebecca S. Frost and Eislising B. Frost, and his father's slaves.

Although Jonathan Frost had married Marinda Knight in 1826, and they had a son and a daughter, both of whom were under the age of five according the 1830 census, no mention is made of his wife and children in Texas. The loss of his family may have been another factor in his decision to make a fresh start in Texas.

Many of the stories about the place where Frost chose to settle speak of a small community that dates from the earliest days of the Austin Colony. Attracted by Stephen F. Austin's promotions, settlers began arriving in this area by 1822. One of the most notable of these early settlers was Jane Mason Wilkins and her family.

Jane Wilkins, a widow, came to Texas with her daughters Jane and Mary in July or

August, 1822 with a group of thirty persons from Florence, Alabama led by her father Robert Mason. Mason and his wife were elderly and they died from the hardships of the journey soon after reaching Texas. From this point, the story of Mrs. Wilkins is one of amazing events and extraordinary courage.

After Austin's advertisements for the Texas colony in 1821, the first Anglo-Americans began to come to Texas by boat from Louisiana. In early 1822, settlers chose home sites along the San Jacinto River estuary to take advantage of convenient waterways that drained prairies and forests of upper Galveston Bay. In May, 1822, a surveying party included Henry Smith Rider and John James entered the area west of Galveston Bay that would become Harris County. The land was wild and devoid of any communities. John R. Harris would not arrive until 1823, the following year. The Mason party, traveling in a 120 foot keelboat, anchored near what is now Vince's Bayou. With the death of their leader and organizer, many in the group were uncertain about whether to proceed to the colony or abandon the venture.

The dispute ended when half of the group decided to return to Alabama. The dissident members sawed the keelboat in half and went back from whence they came. That the group came across the Gulf in a keelboat is remarkable. A keelboat is a river boat with a shallow draught and a keel but no sails. It was used to carry freight and was propelled by rowing, punting or towing. Navigation on the open Gulf must have been a challenge. Moreover, that they cut the boat in half seems to defy belief. However, many keelboats were designed for 'one way' use. Often, after the cargo was delivered, the keelboat was broken up for scrap. It is not unreasonable that the boat could be partially dismantled and rebuilt as two boats.

Nevertheless, the prospect of the untamed wilderness lay before those who would choose to remain. Mrs. Wilkins and her family stayed.

Fortunately, Mrs. Wilkins found that they were not alone. She and her family eventually joined with Dr. James A. E. Phelps and others who had come to Texas on the ship *Lively*. They made their way up the south side of Buffalo Bayou to a place about ten miles upstream from the modern Vince's Bayou where the fateful decision to remain had been made. The prairie in the vicinity of the modern Minute Maid Park and the George R. Brown Convention Center was settled by the Wilkins family, Dr. James A. E. Phelps and his wife Rosetta (sometimes listed as Rosalie) Abeline Yerby, Stephen Holston, John Austin and others as a small community grew up around the farmstead of Jane Wilkins. Although they could not claim legal ownership of the land, they erected tents and built cabins to provide shelter, and they made temporary accommodations for themselves in the new land.

The application for a grant of land in Spanish Texas was a bureaucratic process that could take a while. These first settlers on the land south of Buffalo Bayou did the best they could to survive until their time came. Eventually, though, the awards were made and the settlers could move on to their own land.

Dr. James A. E. Phelps had been recruited by Stephen F. Austin for his colony. In 1822, Phelps cultivated a farm in partnership with Stephen Holston until he received his grant of one sitio (4,428 acres) and two labors (177 acres each) in the modern Brazoria County on August 16, 1824.

On July 21, 1824, John Austin received a two league (4,428 acres each) survey on Buffalo Bayou. Austin purchased a cotton gin to be located on Buffalo Bayou in March, 1825, but by the summer, he had entered into a mercantile partnership with J. E. B. Austin, Stephen F. Austin's younger brother, in Brazoria and moved there.

The 1826 census of the Austin Colony listed twenty inhabitants in the area, including Jane Wilkins, most of whom listed their occupations as either farmers or stock raisers. Within a short time, however, Wilkins and her daughters had resettled in San Felipe de Austin and acquired town lots 117 and 82, where they operated a seamstress business and, at times, a boarding house. On May 26, 1827, Jane Wilkins, as one of Austin's Old Three Hundred, received a league of land located in what is now Fort Bend County, near US Highway 90A, the High Meadow and the New Territory Austin Ridge Subdivisions.

A number of twentieth century historians have claimed, or repeated the assertion, that in the ten years prior to the Battle of San Jacinto, German-speaking people began to arrive in the area along Buffalo Bayou, and the small settlement came to be called Germantown. Unfortunately, no documents exist to support this claim. At the time of the Battle of San Jacinto, settlers had been pouring into Texas and many of them were scattered all over this section of the state. The population of this little community in 1836 has been estimated as between fifty and one hundred persons. Some of them probably were German. No contemporaneous records of the people or the community, however, have survived to give credence to these stories.

Stories also persist that prior to and after the battle of San Jacinto, the Allen brothers established their headquarters in the tiny hamlet upstream of Harrisburg. More likely, though, John K. Allen operated the business from their home in Nacogdoches, while Augustus C. Allen traveled to secure their business interests. In April, 1836, A. C. Allen was in New Orleans acquiring vessels to register under the flag of the cause of the Texian revolt. The Allens owned vessels that were operating as privateers in the Gulf of Mexico and were providing supplies for the Texas army. They had a warehouse on Buffalo Bayou which they used as a staging area for materials and goods were awaiting shipment, perhaps in partnership with William Tennant Austin, John Austin's brother. The existence of the Allen warehouse has been confirmed in the memoirs of George Bernard Erath. Two weeks after the battle of San Jacinto, Erath, leading his troops through the future location of Houston, noted "a single warehouse" near Buffalo Bayou belonging to the Allen brothers. The location of the Allen warehouse is generally thought to have been near the junction with White Oak Bayou, however, there is some evidence that suggests that the location may have been downstream, near the settlement on the bayou.

Although A. C. Allen is known to have been in Columbia and in the area of the burned town of Harrisburg, there are no documents to indicate that he stayed in the village along Buffalo Bayou during the negotiations with Mrs. T. F. L. Parrott and William T. Austin in Brazoria for the purchase of the John Austin leagues or for the location of the site of the future town of Houston.

By the end of August, 1836, the Allen brothers had secured the purchase of one and one half leagues of John Austin's two leagues. They lobbied the Congress of the new Republic, and successfully established their new town of Houston as the new capital city. Builders, politicians, speculators and all sorts of others persons flocked to Houston to create a town out of the wilderness. Construction began in January in anticipation of the opening of the Congress on May 1, 1837. It was into this environment that Jonathan Frost brought his family and settled in the horseshoe bend of Buffalo Bayou, eight miles from Harrisburg, and about a half mile below the proposed town site of Houston.

Jonathan Frost built his home on land adjacent to William Hodge, a fellow veteran of San Jacinto, who, like Frost, chose to establish a homestead near the new town. Lot sales and construction operations in the town occupied the Allen brothers in early 1837, but eventually, they came around to the settlers like Frost and Hodge to formalize the sale of the land on which they had constructed their homes. James S. Holman, a partner in the Houston Town Company, surveyed a fifteen acres tract bordering Buffalo Bayou on the north and lying adjacent to a ten acre tract on the west belonging to William Hodge. On the same day, April 13, 1837, in separate transactions, Augustus C. Allen and John K. Allen completed the sale of the fifteen acre tract to Frost and the ten acre tract to Hodge. Each tract sold for a price of \$100 per acre. Thirteen days later, in a transaction that followed a similar pattern, the Allens sold a fifteen acre tract adjoining Frost's land on both the south and the east to John W. Moody, the Auditor of Public Accounts for the Republic.

Few, if any considerations, were given by the Allen brothers to the civic infrastructure of their new town. Provisions for public drinking water and general sanitation were not made to any real extent. Those poor conditions promoted the outbreak of disease, and, in combination with the annual threat of yellow fever, the citizens of Houston were vulnerable to catastrophic epidemics and widespread death. Just as he was settling in

and establishing his blacksmith shop, Jonathan B. Frost died at his home on September 16, 1837, at age 32, of cholera. Frost was buried in the area that was later designated as the Frost Town cemetery.

Samuel M. Frost was appointed the administrator of the estate of Jonathan B. Frost on October 30, 1837 by Judge Andrew Briscoe. A security bond of \$7,000 was placed with William F. Hodge, the neighboring farmer. There was some need to expedite the disposition of the estate since a number of debts existed, including the note for the purchase of the fifteen acres of land of the homestead. Samuel Frost asked the probate court, on March 26, 1838, to permit the sale of Jonathan Frost's land as sixteen lots of about one acre each. The plan was "to make each lot front the bayou and a street." The probate court ordered Samuel Frost to sell the personal property of Jonathan Frost before the court would approve the sale of the fifteen acres.

The inventory of the estate of Jonathan B. Frost filed by Samuel Frost in April, 1838 revealed the way the homestead was organized. Of the fifteen acres, only two lots of approximately one acre each had improvements. One of these lots contained a house and a blacksmith shop. Presumably, this was the home of Jonathan Frost. A second one acre lot also had a house which, possibly, was the residence of Samuel Frost since the deed of the subsequent sale of the property specifically mentioned that Samuel's residence was on the property.

In an attempt to reconcile the various interests of the five Frost heirs, a complex arrangement for the sale of the property was worked out between Samuel Frost and his brother James Frost. On April 28, 1838, Samuel M. Frost, as administrator of the estate, sold the fifteen acre tract to James C. Frost for \$2000 after the land had been appraised by James S. Holman at \$1950. Then, on the same day, James C. Frost deeded the fifteen acres to Samuel M. Frost for \$2000 to finalize the deal.

After Samuel Frost obtained title to the fifteen acre tract, his plan for subdividing the land into lots changed. In June, 1838, Samuel M. Frost laid out a subdivision of eight blocks, lettered blocks A through H. The subdivision was two blocks wide and four blocks long. Each block had twelve lots in a pattern similar to that of the town of Houston. Each block had ten lots that were 50 feet by 100 feet in size and two larger lots 50 feet by 125 feet. The main street of the subdivision was Spruce Street, a thirty foot wide lane running north-south between the two rows of blocks. The east-west cross streets were narrower than Spruce Street. Arch Street was eighteen feet wide, Race Street was twenty feet wide and Vine Street was eighteen feet wide. Two lots in Block H, numbers 7 and 8, were set aside for a cemetery since it is believed that Jonathan Frost was buried there.

On July 4, 1838, Samuel Frost sold Block A, lots 1, 2 and 4 to Henry Trott. This first transaction initiated the sales of lots, usually for \$25 or \$30 each, that would end up with sixty-six of the ninety-six lots sold by April, 1839.

Lots 7 through 12 in Block G were not sold in this first year of sales. That fact lends credence to historian L. W. Kemp's claim that the lots on Race Street at Pine Street were referred to as the Frost property as early as 1839, and it could have been the location of Jonathan Frost's home and his blacksmith shop. The Wood map of 1869 shows those lots to be vacant with the exception of a large house and one out building on lots 10 and 11. By that time, the property was owned by John W. Schrimpf.

County records indicate that the subdivision was platted as "Frost Town" and has always been spelled as two words on all manuscript documents. Auguste Girard, a retired Texas army officer, published a map of Houston in January, 1839 on which he included the Frost Town subdivision. However, he does not specifically name it. The first written reference to Frost Town was made in the September 11, 1839 edition of the Telegraph & Texas Register when four lots in "Frost town" were advertised for sale. The name referred specifically to the eight blocks of Frost's subdivision, but within a decade, the name Frost Town was associated with the neighborhood that developed around and near the Frost blocks. O. F. Allen, nephew of the city founders, writing in 1936, states that Frost Town referred to a large area of the Second Ward, commencing near Jackson Street and running parallel with Buffalo Bayou for about ten or twelve

blocks along Runnels Street and Canal Street (formerly German Avenue) to about North Delano Street.

Samuel M. Frost had received a second class headright of 640 acres on June 6, 1838 as part of the land program in which second class headrights of 640 acres were awarded to single men who immigrated to Texas after the Declaration of Independence and prior to October 1, 1837. Yet, even though he had acquired the rural land, Frost was still in Houston in 1840. According to the tax rolls, in addition to his headright land, Frost owned other taxable property of three town lots in Houston, thirteen slaves and one watch. However, with the estate of his brother settled, Samuel Frost's concerns about the healthfulness of conditions in Houston convinced him to consider moving to the countryside.

On March 2, 1843, Samuel Miles Frost married Mrs. Harriet Harbert Hunter Head, a widow and the daughter of the pioneer settler Dr. Johnson C. Hunter of Fort Bend County. During the same year, Frost received a bounty land grant of 320 acres in Fort Bend County for his service of three months in the Texas army. He established a plantation on Oyster Creek and he expanded his operations by purchasing land up and down the Brazos River for cotton. With cattle ranches that his wife brought to the marriage, the Frosts became prominent landholders in the area around Hodge's Bend. Having sold his interests in the subdivision in Houston that bore the family name, Samuel Frost turned his attention to Fort Bend County and concentrated his efforts on farming and ranching along the Brazos River.

Frost Town soon became home to German and Irish immigrants, followed by Italian immigrants, and finally Mexican immigrants. In the mid-1950's, the neighborhood was demolished to make room for the Elysian Viaduct which bisects the original tract. Other parts of the former subdivision make up Harris County's James Bute Park, and the remaining land is owned by the non-profit Art and Environmental Architecture, Inc. which plans to establish the Frost Town Historic District on the site.

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Waterline Submissions

Submit content to the Newsletter Editor, Sherri
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Surfing for Paddling (Websites)

by Anne Olden

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In addition to the HCC website, which has lots of good information and links, there are other websites about paddling, including information about gear, places to paddle, advice for beginners, ratings of water levels (what's too low, too high, or just right), comments on boats and other equipment, etc. Two of these are luv2paddle.com, created for Texas rivers, and paddling.net, which covers the country. Other clubs, in Texas and elsewhere, have websites, which can be reached by typing the club name into a browser. The American Canoe Association, acanet.org, has good information, including what the beginning paddler should know.

The Texas Rivers Protection Assoc. has a website to learn about river issues, txrivers.org. Another good statewide listserver is canoetx. Subscribe (or unsubscribe) by sending an email message to canoetx-request@world.std.com In the body of the message enter only the words subscribe canoetx to subscribe or unsubscribe canoetx to unsubscribe. There aren't that many messages so don't be surprised if you don't see anything for a while.

Send an item to sherrib57@hotmail.com. about a site that you've found helpful for canoeing or camping. [Editor's note] and don't forget [The Bayou Preservation Association](#) and [Texas Parks and Wildlife](#).

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