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The Waterline is the monthly newsletter of the Houston Canoe Club, Inc. The Waterline is made possible by your dues and critically depends on member contributions. Please submit items to HCC's Newsletter Editor, Linda Gorski at LindaGorski@cs.com.

The Waterline is prepared by an on-line newsletter editor written by Fraser Baker, HCC's Webmaster.

Next Meeting Announcement

When: March 10, 2010 @ 7:00 PM
Where: Bayland Community Center, 6400 Bissonnet, Houston, Texas
Directions: First driveway, North side of Bissonnet, just West of Hillcroft.
Speaker: Richard K. Long
Speaker Bio:
Description: The speaker for the March 10 meeting will be Richard K. Long, Manager, Houston Project Office, US Army Corps of Engineers Galveston District. Long will speak on the proposed Cypress Swamp Paddle Trail on the Wallisville Lake Project. He will also discuss his invitation to the Houston Canoe Club to partner with the Corps to advance paddling opportunities in that area.

The total length of the proposed paddle trail will be approximately 15 miles. The first phase of the paddle trail would run from just above Mac Lake and around Lake Charlotte including Cedar Hill Park. Phase two includes Lake Pass to Lake Charlotte. Phase Three includes Mac Bayou down the Trinity River to Lake Pass. Phase Four connects Lake Charlotte to Mud Lake and Miller Lake.

“Due to money and manpower issues we are not going to be able to tackle this paddle trail by ourselves. We already have approval for the trail and have invited the HCC to partner with us to make the paddle trail a reality,” said Long. “With the Houston Canoe Club’s expertise in paddling and members’ knowledge of the Lake Charlotte area, I can think of no better group to lend assistance in the planning, construction, operations and maintenance of the trail than your group.” Long’s goal is to formalize the trail on National Public Lands Day in the fall, dedicating the kiosk and the first leg of the trail on that day. HCC would share recognition on the proposed paddle trail brochures and signs, along with the Corps of Engineers and Texas Parks and Wildlife.

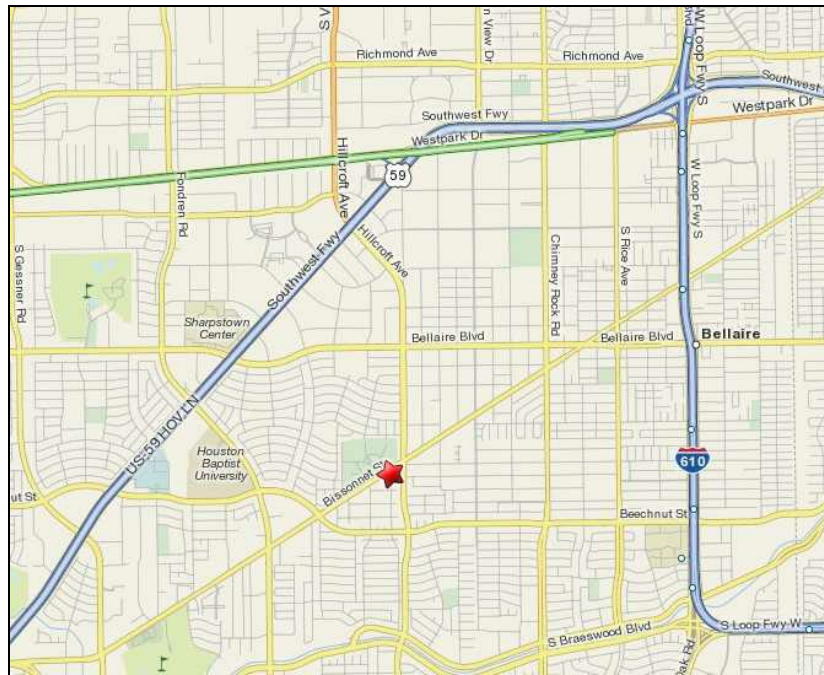
Long has been with the Galveston District for 30 years, starting at the Addicks office on Highway 6 in April 1977. He still manages the Addicks office as well as the office at Wallisville Lake. “I am a paddler. I grew up in Arkansas and consider myself an easy whitewater paddler. I still paddle with the Boy Scouts and both my sons are paddlers,” said Long. “This trail at Wallisville is something I’ve dreamed about for a long time.”



Please join us for this important meeting on Wednesday, March 10

at 7:00 p.m. at Bayland Community Center on Bissonnet just west of Hillcroft.

Map to Bayland Community Center:



Be sure to set this date aside on your calendar, then come out to support our speaker and club.

Last Meeting Minutes

Date: February 10, 2010
Recorder: John Ohrt
Minutes: HOUSTON CANOE CLUB GENERAL MEETING
February 10, 2010, Bayland Park Community Center

Commodore Bill Grimes called the meeting to order.

Bill mentioned that the water is up with the recent rains and the temperature is down, so watch out for hypothermia.

Officers were introduced. Librarian Joe Coker asked everyone who had checked things out to please bring them back.

Ken McDowell gave the Safety minute by passing out and reviewing an ACA safety brochure.

Visitors were greeted and long time member Cheryl Cleary was welcomed back.

Vice Commodore Ken McDowell introduced the program speaker Ben Kvanli of the Power Olympic Center in San Marcos. Ben has participated in slalom racing both at the Olympics and national championships, has been an instructor for many years, and is now working with disabled vets introducing them to kayaking. Ben presented an interesting program about the recreational adventure paddling trips he leads in Mexico, not far below the border. He has a trip going the last week of February. Participants can either ride down with him or fly into Tampico. He has an Easter trip lined up for Guatemala. He can be contacted at the [Olympic Outdoor Center](#).

The March program will be Mr. Richard Long of the Corps of Engineers. He will speak about his ambitious plan to create a series of canoe/kayak trails in the Lake Charlotte area. He is asking for HCC input and help. It should be a very interesting program.

Fleet Captain Donna Grimes gave the trip report. Past trips included: Greens Bayou, Boquillas Canyon, Turtle Bayou, an eventful poling trip to San Marcos (with boat rescue practice), Armand Bayou, and an historical walk of Buffalo Bayou. Upcoming trips include: Lake Somerville, Picketts Bayou to Lake Charlotte, the San Marcos cleanup (free camping, free supper and lots of beer cans to pick up), the Buffalo Bayou Regatta, and an historical paddle of Buffalo Bayou with Louis Aulbach. Donna announced a summer trip going to New Mexico and Colorado with the Adobe Whitewater Club for July 11-16 or maybe longer.

The minutes of the January general meeting were reviewed and accepted.

Harmon gave a brief financial report.

The newsletter is online - take a look.

John Bartos said to look out for a coming announcement on the list server about a regional water plan that is in the works.

The meeting was adjourned and a large crowd went to Jax for dinner.

Please contact HCC's recorder, John Ohrt, if there are any omissions or corrections.

New Members

Member Name: Daniel B. Carroll
Membership Type: individual
Member's Family:

The HCC cordially welcomes new members to our club. New members are the life blood of the HCC, so be sure to provide opportunities for all our new members to paddle by coordinating more trips.

Market Place

Items For Sale

Item: There are no items for sale this month.
Description:
Asking Price: \$
Contact Name:
Contact Phone:
Contact Email:

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Items Wanted

Please contact the Newsletter Editor to post any items that you may have for sale or desperately need.

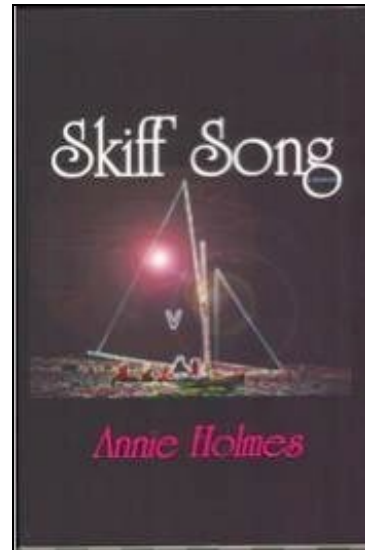
Book Review - "Skiff Song"

by Annie Holmes

by
Donna Grimes

Because last September I paddled Lake Powell with a sailing group – the Kokopelli's - Jim Thayer thought I would be a good match for a woman he knew with a similar sense of adventure and love of the water : Annie Holmes. She and I have been in correspondence, and she sent me her book to read: Skiff Song.

Skiff Song is Annie's autobiography of being "given" a 1939 Australian built racing skiff, of driving from California to Oregon to pick it up... and of the adventures she had with this old boat. When an Aussie racer comes to California, sees her boat and takes pictures and writes an article for his Australian Racing club, Annie's correspondences with the old skiff's history begins. It brings her in contact with old racers, the "maker" of her skiff, it's name (Fury) and an opportunity to go to Australia and meet these wonderful people.



Annie in her skiff

It took several years before she could get the funds and the time to go, but once there, her love of the land, the history, the people, and the sport increased. She decides to give the skiff back to its roots, and with the help of others the boat is returned. Of course, I am leaving out the personal feelings, the love, the guilt, and the spirit of the author.

The web page for her books says:

"A lot can happen to you if you search out the history of an old wooden boat.

"This is an international romance, tied together by the love of an antique racing skiff. A mysterious voice inspired Annie to do bolder things than she would ever have dared. SKIFF SONG contains action, sadness, humor, nostalgia, history, irony, a ghost, great characters, a gorgeous setting and a powerful love story - all wrapped around the return of a classic old speedster, a sixteen-foot skiff named FURY."

I hope this just whets your appetite to read this lovely little book. For more details, check the ["Skiff Song" home page](#).

Oh yeah... Annie and I ARE getting together



and sailing/paddling somewhere together.
More when this time comes. Until then, read
and enjoy as I did.

My personalized copy is being donated to the
HCC library, and you can check it out from Joe
Coker.



The Fury



Author Annie Holmes.

~~~ The End ~~~

# "Red Hand"

by  
Charles Zipprian

Introduction: The following story displays a sampling of some of the wonderful ancient rock art that can be seen on a Pecos River paddling trip, as well as the ideas that they can conjure up in your head, as you lay awake in your sleeping bag at night, marveling at the mysterious images you've seen, and wondering what life must have been like for these long-ago people. - John Rich

~~~~~

High up on a cliff above the Pecos, [a scholar named Kirkland](#) explores a small cave on Little Fielder Bluff. Inside the cave is a pictograph motif of a red handprint. The handprint is equal to the size of a young teenager. After taking recordings, Kirkland wonders on the significance of the handprint.

Four thousand years earlier,

Kaw sat on his haunches watching his younger brother chew on a rabbit bone. One small rabbit was all Kaw had to show for many weary days of hunting. He had felt elated when he had first trapped the rabbit. Being able to provide some meat for his family gave him a sense of pride. The rabbit did not last long and they were hungry again. During the hottest time of the year when food was scarce, the tribe split and moved up and down the river. His family came to this far north cave every year. His father, Hoora was one of the best hunter's in the tribe often bringing home enough meat to feed his family and some of the older tribe members.

Hoora had left to go hunt seventeen days ago and had not returned. Life was not easy on the Pecos River, Kaw had seen many members of the tribe walk out to hunt and never come back. Since Hoora had left, Kaw had taken up the duties of hunting for the family. Hoora had begun to teach Kaw how to hunt with the [atlatl](#), but Kaw was still inexperienced. The rest of the family had been struggling to collect enough [sotol](#) and snails since no meat was available. Having Kaw hunt had put more burdens on the others. Moving to the edge of the cave he sat next to the shaping rock and began to chip chert to make new arrow points. He had broken two points yesterday throwing his atlatl darts at quail. Working the chert, his thoughts wandered to selecting his adult name.



Pecos petroglyph of man with atlatls

All photos by John Rich

The time was approaching for the tribe to come together for their spring gathering. Kaw was to celebrate his passage into manhood

Pecos shaping rock

and announce his adult name at this year's gathering.

In the early morning, Kaw had checked on his night traps and found two field mice. He had given the mice to his sister then headed out for the day's hunt. This year even Hoorah had been hard pressed to supply meat to the family. Kaw felt the burden of the provider as he decided to travel along the river to catch fish. Kaw walked the river's edge heading for the deep pool by bear cliff. Following the easiest route, he would cross the river four times. At times the water would not reach above his foot. The old men of the tribe had made comments about how low the river was this year. Kaw adored his grandfather, Ponca. Ponca would sit around the cave at dusk with the other elders and tell whoever would listen about his thirty-nine years of hunting experience. Ponca had hurt his leg in a fall and could no longer travel very far on the twisted leg. Ponca was good at mixing various plants to form dyes to mark the cave walls. He would sit mixing his plants and tell stories. His favorite story was about tracking a black bear and how it had taken seven men to finally take down the bear at bear cliff. Kaw looked out into the blackness and wished he had paid more attention to Hoorah when they hunted together, but he was not here now.



Pecos petroglyph, possibly telling the story of a bear hunt

In his twelve winters, Kaw had never seen the deep pool so low that a man could walk across it. Setting down his atlatl, Kaw waded into the pool. His father had shown him how to take a cricket and disable one leg so that it couldn't jump. Positioning himself he placed the cricket on the water in front of him. Remaining very still, through the clear water he could see a perch approach the struggling cricket. With lightning hands, Kaw would slash down spearing the fish with a bamboo sliver. Sliding a sliver of bamboo dart through the fish, Kaw would retrieve his cricket and fish again. By noon, Kaw had collected five fish. The smallest fish was slightly bigger than the palm of his hand.



Pecos-area Indian cave shelter

Kaw took a circular route back to the cave. Checking several traps he had set the previous day he found only one that had been triggered. Taking the two smallest fish with him, he handed the others to his mother and explained that he would be away for the night. Kaw traveled quickly, eating the fish when he stopped to rest. A grassland plateau was a half-day run north of the cave. By being there in morning, he hoped to hunt in the early morning light. As night fell, Kaw curled up and went to sleep clutching his atlatl.

The next morning, Kaw was stalking through the prairie grass when he begins to hear a roar of thunder. A bison was wallowing on the ground less than a hundred yards from Kaw. Moving slowly, Kaw approached the huge bull to gain a better look at this hairy monster, the first he had ever seen. The old bull was groaning and snorting his anger as he rolled on the ground trying to dislodge something in his side. Kaw



approached until he recognized a broken atlatl dart sticking out of the bull's hide. The bull rose to his feet, swaying back and forth. The bull's side was covered with blood from the wound the dart had made. Kaw watched the 1,500-pound bull for most the morning, wondering how he could take down the huge monster. Kaw slowly moved forward getting a closer look at the bull.

Pecos-area bison pictograph

The bull would feed his family for the whole winter if he could bring the meat to the cave. Remembering all that his father had taught him, Kaw notched his atlatl dart, stood and launched the dart at the bull in one fluid motion. The bull was charging Kaw even before he notched the dart. Kaw spun and ran not knowing if his dart had struck. He could hear the bull closing the distance. The hot snorts of the bull's breath burned into the small of his back. When he began to feel like he could run no more, the sound of the bull's hooves began to fall away. Glancing back over his shoulder he saw the bull slowing and then stopping. The wounded bull with the second dart in him, no longer had the strength to run for any distance. Throughout the afternoon, Kaw played this game with the bull. He would launch a dart and run ahead of the weakening bull. With six darts in him, the bull collapsed for the final time within sight of the cave.

An exhausted Kaw drank heavily from the river. He staggered to the cave with his prize, the huge horned head of the bull. As he told Ponca of his running battle with the monster, Kaw rubbed on his hands, which were stained red to the elbow. Ponca mixed up a bowl of red dye for Kaw to draw his monster. Dipping his hand into the dye, Kaw walked over and pressed his palm against the cave wall showing the entire world his adult name Red Hand, a man of the Coahuiltecan.



Pecos handprint pictographs



A bust representing what a Pecos Indian might have looked like

The characters and events in this story are fictitious. The author does not intend any similarity to real persons, living or dead.



The author, Charles Zipprian

~~~ The End ~~~

"Texas Highways" Magazine

by John Rich

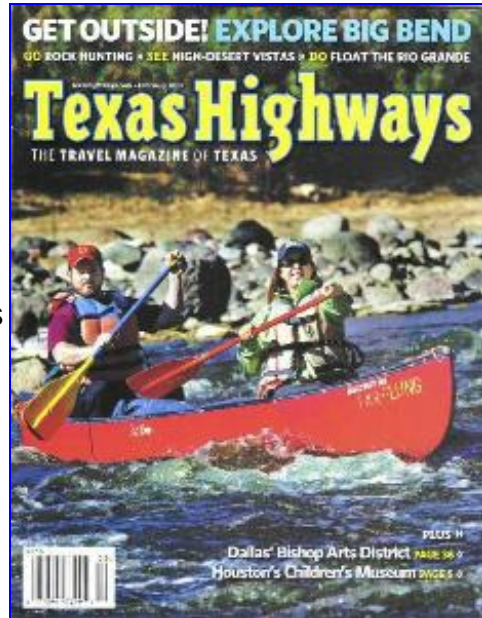
**by
John Rich**

The February, 2010, issue of "Texas Highways" magazine, contains a wonderful article about paddling the Rio Grande River in Big Bend National Park. This is most certainly one of my favorite rivers for scenery and adventure. The story covers eight pages and contains some fantastic photos.

You can read part of the story at the magazine's website, here: ["Texas Highways"](http://www.texas-highways.com)

It begins thusly:

"Maybe it's the exhilarating sense of isolation, or the feeling that you've fallen off the edge of the earth into another world. But floating the big canyons of the Big Bend by raft, canoe, or kayak is an experience like none other in Texas or the world beyond..."



You can see more of the story at the web link above, but for the complete story you'll have to get hold of a copy of the print magazine.

~~~ The End ~~~

# Letter from the Editor(s)

by  
**Linda Gorski**

Fellow paddlers -

On Sunday, February 7, Louis Aulbach was supposed to lead a paddling trip on Buffalo Bayou. This was not just any trip but one of his "historic Buffalo Bayou" trips where we put in at Allen's Landing, paddle upstream for a couple of miles and then downstream for a couple of miles with Louis sharing the history of Houston as it developed along this beautiful bayou. Twenty nine (29!!!!) paddlers signed up for the trip. That has be a record in anyone's book! Especially for a Sunday -- and Super Bowl Sunday at that! We almost had our own mini-regatta.

Unfortunately, the canoe trip was not to be. On Friday morning the Corps of Engineers started releasing water from Barker Dam. By noon, they were releasing at 1000 cfs and by that evening the swell had reached downtown. At 1:30 pm on Saturday, the bayou was at 1400 cfs at the downtown gauge ---- and water was still being released at a rate of over 1000 cfs.

At this level, the current does not allow paddlers to do much exploring of the ruins and the historical sites in the downtown area. Even for a downstream paddle, the higher flow makes the small take out at Tony Marron Park (our fallback destination) a difficult adventure, especially for paddlers not used to swift water. So we had to make the decision to cancel the paddling trip (which Louis has rescheduled for April 25.)

Even though we couldn't paddle, Louis offered to meet everyone at 10:30 at the Spaghetti Warehouse parking lot and lead a walking tour of the historic Allen's Landing area for those who were interested. So on a cold, blustery, windy Sunday morning with temps in the 40s and a drip of rain every once in awhile, expecting no one to show up -- we were thrilled that 15 of the original folks who signed up for the paddle actually SHOWED up to take the walk -- several of them new club

members! In the photo, left to right; Louis Aulbach, Robert Killian, Linda Gorski, John Bayduss, Colleen Connaly, Ken Anderson, Honey Luveen (hamming it up - or just trying to stay warm??) Susan Anderson, Jeff Green, Kara Green, Harmon Everett, Greg Walker (his wife Lisa was taking the photo) and, trying to stay incognito, Sophie Lopez. Not in the photo is Ann Derby who wandered over a couple of minutes after this shot was taken.



**The gang who met us for the walking tour.**

Photo by Lisa Walker



**Louis Aulbach leads the walking tour from Allen's Landing where the history of Houston began.**

Photo by Linda Gorski

What this

tells us is that the Houston Canoe Club is not just a group of paddlers who are out to conquer every river and stream. It's a group of folks with similar interests who will use any excuse to get together. We had a GREAT time on our historic walk and if it hadn't been so wretched cold and windy we would have shared a picnic lunch on the bayou.

Hope you'll join us for the rescheduled historic paddling tour of Buffalo Bayou on April 25th. In the meantime, pray for sun, warm temps and placid water!

Your newsletter team,

Linda Gorski  
John Rich  
Louis Aulbach

~~~ The End ~~~


River Recipes

by Charles Zipprian

by
Charles Zipprian

I have a recipe to share but it is very complicated and for some reason may not turn out the same every time. So directions must be followed in every detail to get the same results.

To give a little background, my 14 and 11 yr old sons and I came up with this recipe while camping in the Guadalupe Mountains of west Texas. The 8700 ft Guadalupe Peak is the highest point in Texas and takes between five to six hours backpacking from base camp to get to the top. Total change in altitude from base camp to the peak is 2000 feet.

We had a lot of trouble breathing after traveling from Houston's sea level to the higher altitude of Guadalupe Peak. While we were climbing up the trail a cold front blew in and the temperature dropped from 70 degrees to low 40's. The wind had picked up to between 15-20 knots. With the light fading, we made it to the campsite.

The boys were so tired due to the change in altitude, cold, and the backpacking. With the boys setting up the tents I started to prepare the meal. To this day, both boys still swear it was the most delicious meal they have ever had. Directions below:

- Open soup can
- Pour into pot
- Add water
- Heat to boil
- Pour into bowl
- Wrap hands around bowl
- Slowly sip until all gone
- Crackers optional

Okay so it was a slow day and I was bored... but it's a true story.

This climb took place several years ago when the boys were 14 and 11. Matthew is now 6'5" 240 lbs and Daniel is 6'2" 180 lbs. It would take a case of soup to feed them today!



**Charles Zipprian's sons Matthew
and Daniel on Guadalupe peak.**

Photo by Charles Zipprian

~~~ The End ~~~

# **Colorado River/Burnams's Crossing Paddle March 20 - A Paddle through Texas History by Bob Arthur**

**by  
Bob Arthur**

The 174th Annual Colorado River/ Burnam's Crossing Paddle, camp and pot luck group feed is coming up on Saturday, March 20, 2010. This will be a day paddle with an early put-in and time for a side hike up to the old Burnam home site and graveyard, roughly ¼ miles off of the river. We'll primitive car camp at the take-out on private property and plans are to do a pot-luck group feed. Menu will be determined and various dishes "assigned", so be prepared.

My interest in this trip has been to locate the exact area of Burnam's Crossing and Ferry. We've since found the area although the river has moved about 500' in the interim. The same traits that made it favorable for a crossing 174 years ago still exist today.

The area of Burnham's crossing and ferry is rich in Texas history. About 10 years ago while visiting relatives; we happened to go down to the Colorado River between Columbus and LaGrange. And it happened to be along in the middle of March. I knew that an ancestor had fought at the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836 but I didn't know any of his other history. Since then, more has been learned about old grandpap, where he was and where he went.

Many things were going on in Texas at the time and I've tried to plug in the ancestor to some of those goings-on. I've since learned that he was at the Siege and Battle of Bexar. Famous Texian, Ben Milam was killed by a sharpshooter in that siege and ancestor related that he was standing within 5 feet of Milam when that happened. Later reading says that the sharpshooter was then shot out of the tree that he was in.

The siege and battle occurred between October and December of 1836 with the Mexican Army being surrendered by General Cos at 2 PM on Dec. 10, 1836. That army then retreated back to Mexico through Laredo where they were met by Santa Anna's army, turned around and came back to Texas in violation of their surrender terms.

Evidently grandpap had gone to Goliad for some unknown reason but left there to go to Gonzales about the time that Gen. Sam Houston took command of the army at Gonzales. Thus began the retreat and the Runaway Scrape.

And that's where my real interest in Burnam's Ferry comes in and why I run this trip at exactly this time each year. During that retreat, camp # 6 was at Jesse Burnam's (or Burnham) property on the Colorado River in Fayette County from March 16-19. Burnam's Crossing had been established in about 1824 as a cut-off road to San Felipe, TX off of the Atascosa Trail. Long story short, the army was in the Columbus area guarding the crossings there, Beason's and DeWees Crossings. They traveled to San Felipe, then upriver to Groce's Plantation near Hempstead. Staying there for several weeks, they then made their way toward Harrisburg and finally the battle at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836. Old grandpap was on the extreme left side of the Texas Army which begin the "rolling up" of the Mexican lines, that battle lasting 18 minutes with the complete victory of the Texas

## Army over the Mexican Army

So come join me on this quest to fill in an important piece of Texas history. Price of admission is a surprise that you'll be apprised of well before the trip so that you can be prepared to pay that price... and pay you will. No monetary funds involved.

The put-in for this trip is near La Grange, about 1-1/2 hours from Houston and the paddle will be 12 – 14 miles or approximately 6 hours. We will put on the river just upstream of the normal put in and will immediately run into a narrow place in the river, where the water speeds up. Paddlers should have the skills to navigate in moving water and the ability to avoid strainers.

Contact me at [rwarthur@oplink.net](mailto:rwarthur@oplink.net) or call 713-416-0017 for more information on this trip or to sign up.

Editor's note:

For a review of last year's Burnham's Ferry paddle trip, see this trip report:

[http://www.houstoncanooclub.org/waterline/2009/july/trip\\_2.html](http://www.houstoncanooclub.org/waterline/2009/july/trip_2.html)



**Bob Arthur**

~~~ The End ~~~

Boat Builder's Corner

by Skip Johnson

by
Skip Johnson

In the fall of 2006 Sue VanNatta and I were charging down the Colorado River in the Colorado 100 adventure race when, in the dark of the night before the moon rose, we whacked a rock. Whacked is a good word for it - we were travelling at about 7 mph (5 mph boat speed plus 2 mph current at the time) and was not sure how we stayed in the boat. One of the first thoughts after making sure Sue was OK, was "we'll have to pull up at the next shoal spot we find so I can [gorilla tape](#) the tear". But when we pulled up and checked the boat, you could hardly find the point of impact, only some minor surface abrasion 7"-8" long about two feet forward of the midsection of the boat. That's when I became a true believer in graphite/epoxy coatings on the bottom of canoes.

Since inspecting the bottom of my sailing [proa](#) after it had spent a night stranded on top of an oyster reef along the Florida coast, I was ready to believe, but harbored reservations.

Graphite/epoxy coating is simply a mixture of graphite powder mixed in epoxy and applied to the bottom of a boat. The claim is that the small spherical particles of graphite will shear off on impact and slide over the things that go bump in the night. It's also claimed that the coating reduces surface friction making boats faster and more efficient, but that's not been my experience.



Graphite/epoxy coating on the bottom of a canoe can prevent a disaster if your boat hits a rock.

Photo by Skip Johnson

Graphite/epoxy does let you slip and slide over rocks that would have caused some major hurt otherwise. Downsides? I can't tell you if this will work on a conventional plastic boat or not and impact resistant does not mean abrasion resistant. The coating will get worn off where you run up on concrete ramps and the like and will need to be renewed every few seasons (your mileage will vary).

So if you've got a fiberglass boat, either a stripper or a store bought Kevlar lighty, that you would like to coat, let's look at what's required.

Materials:

- Epoxy – your favorite two-part laminating epoxy.
- Graphite – An extremely fine intensely black powder available from a number of suppliers, [Duckworks](#) is one. Be advised the stuff is messy, there's a reason it is usually shipped double-bagged.

Tools:

- Mixing cups – I use 16-ounce disposable plastic drink cups.
- A few styrofoam picnic plates are handy as a disposable roller tray.
- A 2" disposable chip brush or two.
- Disposable 4" fine finish paint rollers. These are not 100% compatible with the epoxy, a roller is good for about half or a little more of a canoe bottom

before it starts to swell up a bit and needs to be discarded.

- Roll of 1-1/2" or 2" wide painters tape.
- 180 or 220 grit sandpaper
- ALL of the standard precautions to keep nasty stuff off your outsides and insides, nitrile gloves, breathing protection... good work habits.

A powered mixer is handy here, cordless low speed drill, small store bought or home brew mixer. The graphite powder is really fine and needs to be well stirred to be completely mixed into epoxy.

Procedure: First prep the bottom. Start by blocking the canoe up, upside down with the desired waterline parallel to the floor. Then fill any dings, scrapes and etc to get a smooth surface. Then sand gently with 180-220 grit sandpaper to insure good adhesion.

Second mask off the bottom, measure up from the floor to make a mark every foot or two to guide applying the masking tape. The wider masking tape makes it easier to apply tape in a straight line without wandering up and down too much. An extra bonus is you don't have to be too careful to color outside the lines when rolling on the graphite/epoxy mix.

Mixing; As always mix the resin and hardener before adding additive. Mix about six ounces of epoxy at a time in a 16-ounce cup. That way you have plenty of headroom to keep from making a memorable mess. Once the epoxy is mixed, add graphite. Some respected sources recommend 10% by volume, others more. I'm comfortable adding about 25% by volume, eyeball measurement seems to work fine, another advantage of using clear disposable plastic cups. Mix thoroughly, with a power mixer you can easily see the graphite folding into the epoxy.

Application: Pour about three fourths of the blacker-than-black mix into a styrofoam plate. Pour the rest on to the bottom of the boat about in the middle of the bottom. Set the mixing cup upside down on the bottom of the boat a foot or so away from the puddle you just poured out and start rolling. Roll out the puddle using the foam roller trying to maintain a fairly thick film. Continue to apply mix, filling roller from plate and applying to hull. When all the mix is applied roll out the extra that has drained from the cup and then mix another batch. The first batch coverage will give you a good idea of how many batches it will take to cover the bottom and if it's a little larger boat you can increase the size of the mixes.

Finishing: If you're after a really smooth bottom, you can gently blow over the surface with a hot air gun to pop most of the bubbles that may have formed, though most will disappear of their own accord as the epoxy cures. For the absolutely slickest finish you can repeat the process after wet sanding the bottom with 400 grit wet or dry sandpaper, following up with even finer grit if you so desire. Be forewarned, wet sanding a graphite bottom is messier than anything done up to this point, but it does make for a really slick bottom. Pull the tape, clean up the mess and go paddle, it has surely warmed up by now.



Skip Johnson

~~~ The End ~~~

# **Did you Know?**

## **Snippets from the Club's History**

### **by Linda Gorski**

**by  
Linda Gorski**

At the last HCC officers meeting John Ohrt presented me with a stack of files and newsletters going back to the beginning of the Houston Canoe Club in 1964! These files hold some really interesting tidbits from the Club's past that I hope to share with you through this "Did you Know?" column in the coming months. Additionally, HCC member Louis Aulbach has volunteered to scan the old newsletters and put them on the club's website. We'll make an announcement when that project is underway.

In the meantime... Did you Know...

That a group of interested canoeists met on October 7, 1964 to organize a canoe club? The name C.A.T. (Canoe Association of Texas) was discussed, but the name chosen for the group was (and is) the Houston Canoe Club.



**Original Houston Canoe Club  
Bobcat pennant**

At the November 3, 1964 meeting an emblem and pennant were voted on and accepted by members. The colors were to be red white and royal blue. The emblem of the club, designed by Lyn Maughmer, was chosen – a bobcat paddling a canoe. The pennant of the club was triangular in shape, two units high by three units long. It had a white field and blue border with a bobcat portaging a red canoe.

At right is a black and white copy of the bobcat emblem. And in one of the files I even found an original pennant! Check it out!

*(Click on the images to display a larger version in a separate screen.)*

Does anyone have an original full-color emblem that we can scan for future reference? Does anyone know when the current emblem (with the two paddlers) was voted on and who designed it? We'll try to have that information for the next newsletter.



**The original Houston Canoe Club  
emblem, designed by Lyn  
Maughmer in 1964.**

Finally, how many of you remember any of these charter members of the club: Fred H. Hurd, Kenny Hurd, Lyn Maughmer, Bobby Suttle, Dwayne Dutoit, Dr. E. L. Burnett, James H. Jones, Homer Liddell, James A. Jenkins, Paul Carll, Harold D. Edwards, A. R. Long, Duane Jackson, Phil Hartell, N. V. Denton and Sam Hare. If you have any stories about these folks, I'd love to hear them and document them.

Watch this space each month for more stories about the history of the Houston



Canoe Club.

~~~ The End ~~~

Upcoming River Trips

HCC Trips:

Date: Saturday, February 13, 2010
Title: CANCELED -Hill country paddle
Inclusive Dates: Feb 13 - 14
Description: CANCELED TIL WARMER WEATHER.
The water is finally flowing in the hill country, and before it recedes, let's plan on paddling two day - one on the Medina and one on the Guadalupe.
Camping out or get a motel to enjoy both days, or come for just one.
Skill Level: **Intermediate:** Knowledge of basic whitewater safety, self-rescue and rescue such as retrieving a pinned boat. Able to capture small eddies, run Class 2 rapids confidently, but challenged by Class 3 rapids such as Cottonseed on the San Marcos at say 300-400 cfs.
Contact: Contact Donna Grimes by phone 713 206 8272, or by email donnapaddles@gmail.com.

####

Date: Saturday, February 13, 2010
Title: Lake Somerville Pancakes and Paddle
Inclusive Dates: February 13 - Sat.
Description: We'll start with pancakes for breakfast. The paddling portion will concentrate on the western side of the lake. If winds are favorable, we will stop at a couple of islands and eat lunch. Otherwise we'll paddle into what I'm told is a swamp.

Lake Somerville is northwest of Brenham.

Call me for more details and times
Skill Level: **Novice:** Confidently execute basic strokes plus ability to manage high wind and high waves typically experienced on Lake Charlotte or Sheldon reservoir, can maneuver the boat on moving water plus familiarity with eddy turns, ferrying and surfing in Class 2 rapids typically found on the San Marcos and Guadalupe Rivers. Able to read the river and identify the eddy line.
Contact: Contact Mike Pollard by phone 281-894-6097, or by email launchbywire@yahoo.com.

####

Date: Sunday, February 21, 2010
Title: Picketts to Lake Charlotte
Inclusive Dates: Feb. 21 - Sunday
Description: This trip is a little over 10 miles one way from Picketts Bayou to The Cut Off to the Trinity River to the Sulfur Cut to Mac Bayou to Lake Charlotte. Five hours in the best of the Trinity River area. The trip is for intermediate level paddlers for three reasons. First it is an exploratory trip since I do not believe anyone has done it before. I have paddled from Picketts to the Trinity a couple of times but have not gone the whole way. Second, although most of

the way is easy the 1.1 miles on the Cut Off will be against a current of from 1 to 2 mph. Third, there is a flow restricting structure on the Cut Off which creates a very strong current. To get through it is necessary to paddle as fast as possible for a distance of 75 feet or so; full speed paddling for maybe 5 minutes or a little more. The good news is that the 4 miles on the Trinity will be down stream. If you are up for a nice trip with a bit of a challenge this is it.

Skill Level: **Intermediate:** Knowledge of basic whitewater safety, self-rescue and rescue such as retrieving a pinned boat. Able to capture small eddies, run Class 2 rapids confidently, but challenged by Class 3 rapids such as Cottonseed on the San Marcos at say 300-400 cfs.

Contact: Contact Dave Kitson by phone 713-729-4246, or by email davej10@hotmail.com.

###

Date: Saturday, March 06, 2010

Title: San Marcos River Clean-up

Inclusive Dates: March 6

Description: Don't miss this annual gathering of paddlers from across Texas to clean up a favorite river. Camp free at Pecan Park or Shady Grove campgrounds and eat great free BBQ dinner on Saturday night. HCC traditionally cleans up the stretch from Pecan Park to Shady Grove. Weather & water permitting, there will be a trip on Sunday.

Last year there were so many beer cans we filled our boats and had to leave many cans still littering the beaches. We need all hands on deck to clean up this year!

Skill Level: **Novice:** Confidently execute basic strokes plus ability to manage high wind and high waves typically experienced on Lake Charlotte or Sheldon reservoir, can maneuver the boat on moving water plus familiarity with eddy turns, ferrying and surfing in Class 2 rapids typically found on the San Marcos and Guadalupe Rivers. Able to read the river and identify the eddy line.

Contact: Contact Robert Langley by phone 713 683 6317, or by email rlangley@comcast.com.

###

Date: Monday, March 08, 2010

Title: Roll Session

Inclusive Dates: March 8 - Monday

Description: Come and practice kayak and canoe rolls, braces, and wet exits in a pool. Pool sessions are held at 7:00p.m. on the 2nd Monday of each month at the Dads Club pool in Houston located on the Katy Freeway (I-10) at 1006 Voss Road. For insurance purposes, all participants must wear a helmet and the ACA requires all participants to wear a personal flotation device (PFD). Pool Fees are \$6 for ACA members and \$11 for non-members.

Skill Level: **Blank:** Select this level if this portion is not to appear in the listing.

Contact: Contact Christy Long by phone 281 485 3046, or by email clong1956@sbcglobal.net.

###

Date: Saturday, March 13, 2010

Title: Buffalo Bayou Regatta

Inclusive Dates: March 13

Description: Join in the fun and race the 15 mile stretch of the Buffalo Bayou from San Felipe/Voss to downtown Sesquicentennial Park. Having 400 participants, the Buffalo Bayou Regatta is Texas' largest canoe and kayak race - a 15-mile stretch.

By supporting and/or participating in this event, you can help assist the Buffalo Bayou Partnership's efforts to continue redevelopment and beautification projects along our city's historic waterway while being featured on all event signage, promotional materials, and media coverage.

For further information, visit www.buffalobayou.org

If you want to

Skill Level: **Beginner:** Familiarity with basic strokes and can make the boat go straight on flat water typically experienced on Armand Bayou, can maneuver the boat on slowly moving water, is aware of basic river safety and can confidently avoid hazards and strainers frequently experienced on Texas' Colorado River or the Buffalo Bayou at a modest flow rate.

Contact: Contact Christy Long by phone 281 485 3046, or by email clong1956@sbcglobal.net.

###

Other Club Trips:

Good Day Mr. Sun - Galveston Island

by
John Bayduss

Fellow paddlers -

I hope you don't mind waiting a bit while I get my recipe book out. Recipe book you ask? Are you going to bake a cake John? Oh no, I want to create the perfect day: let's see... a dash of baby blue sky, a pinch of friendly sun with plenty of warmth and light, add a touch of gentle water, mix all of these ingredients together and there you have it! The perfect day to go sailing. So come on, what are you waiting for? Let's get on the glassy blue water gliding along the water to Pelican Island in Galveston, Texas. As I paddled with my two friends I could feel the waves gently kissing my kayak welcoming me to explore the area where pirates once sailed.

Galveston, Texas is also a major port for commercial shipping and it's this shipping that supplies Galveston with much of its tax



Two ships passing

Photo by John Bayduss

revenue.

I snapped a picture of two ships passing each other in the bay: one is headed to port and the other to the Gulf of Mexico.



Lonely Kayak ready to glide into the water.

Photo by John Bayduss

Ah Mexico...a country in which I once lived and had the wonderful opportunity to experience. The border towns of Mexico are not a true representation of Mexico, for that you need to go further south and there you will experience a country with beautiful mountains, streams and proud people.

Our destination was a deserted island approximately two hours from where we launched. As we paddled we passed many pelicans sitting on anything that didn't move and at times it seemed the pelicans were nodding their heads up and down saying good day to us. We finally made our way to one of the deserted islands having lunch, watching the ships go by and feeling the deep, golden rays of the sun striking our faces and neck.



Our destination was a deserted island.

Photo by John Bayduss

I thought to myself, wouldn't it be nice to have a small campfire burning with lunch cooking joined with a pot of hot coffee or tea brewing; maybe next time I will have that on the menu.

Paddling back I noticed how everything in nature is in tune or in balance with each other proving there must be a God. Flow with the waves of the ocean, flow with the power of a rushing stream, brings me back to myself in a dream... God.

Love and peace,

John



John Bayduss

~~~ The End ~~~



# Charlotte Lake - Paul's Birthday Trip

January 2, 2010

by

**Paul Woodcock**

I had been feeling ill for the past two weeks and had missed other trips so I declared this a Paul's trip (I will paddle under any condition that is safe). It had been cold for the last few days but I dug out my warm clothes and drank a cup of Thera flu and proceeded to Charlotte Lake.

Mary had posted the trip late and because of that and the cold weather we did not get too many responses. David Kitson meet us at Cedar Hill Park and CC Gill called and said she was running late and just go on a paddle without her. The water level was high and the lake was smooth like glass.



**Charlotte Lake - smooth as glass.**

Photo by Paul Woodcock



**A beautiful (if cold) day to paddle Charlotte Lake.**

Photo by Paul Woodcock

As I was bending over loading the boat I heard the rush of wings and looked up to see a large flock of ducks not 20 feet from me flying just a few feet above the water. Naturally I could not get to my camera but the sight of their outstretched necks and flapping wings as they tried to gain altitude will always be in my memory.

We decided to paddle up Mack Bayou and as we entered the cut David recalled the large gator he had seen in this location the last time he was here. It was so cold we had no worries of seeing him today. We paddled up the cut and decided to hike up the meadow. I love these photos of the canoes off in the distance.



**Canoes in the distance as we hiked through the meadow.**

Photo by Paul Woodcock



**Getting ready to grill some hot dogs.**

Photo by Paul Woodcock

We decided to paddle the oxbow and then tried to do one of my favorite things, take a short cut through the trees to Mack Lake. We soon found out we could not get through the underbrush and returned the way we came. After reaching Mack Lake we returned to Cedar Hill Park where CC was waiting for us.

She had spent the morning hiking around the park and talking to the fishermen.

We then grilled hot dogs and had a piece of birthday cake.

My birthday being on the second of January as a kid I had very few birthday parties as it was so close to Christmas and New Years. As I got older a couple of my celebrations were just extensions of New Years Eve parties. I can think of no better way of spending a birthday than with a paddle in your hand.



**Paul and his birthday cake.**

~~~ The End ~~~


Armand Bayou - An Impromptu Trip

January 9, 2010

by

Paul Woodcock

I had planned on staying home this weekend but I really felt a need to renew my soul with a paddling trip. Friday I broadcast a call to see if anyone was paddling. Christie was doing a training paddle on Greens Bayou but responsibility dictated that I had to be home in the morning. I decided to go to Armand Bayou in the afternoon. David Kitson, Ken Anderson and Roy and Lydia Cruzen all responded that they would join me.

When we got to Bay Area Park we discovered that the water was very low. We had to almost pole through the mud from the dock to reach water deep enough to paddle. This was a typical Paul trip in that I had made no formal plans. Ken Anderson took the lead and we headed north. I asked if any one had a watch and if they would keep track of time so we would be back before dark. Ken lead us up Big Island slough. The first part was typical Armand semi-wilderness shore line until we came to the bridge and then it changed into a channelized waterway.



Armand Bayou - water was low but it was great to be out paddling.

Photo by Paul Woodcock



Big ball discovered on the bayou prompted a kayak water polo game

Photo by Paul Woodcock

Roy and Lydia decided to turn back so Ken, David and I paddled on. Ken discovered a large floating ball and an impromptu water polo game broke out.



Expansion pipes provide a stark contrast to the peaceful water on the bayou.

Photo by Paul Woodcock

There were large U-shaped pipes along the banks. I could not figure what they were for. David explained that they were expansion joints for what ever they were piping through them and they would rise and fall with the temperature change.



Lots of birdlife on the bayou

Photo by Paul Woodcock

We headed back and discovered we had time to paddle up Armand Bayou. The water was so low that we had to pole our boat over the muddy bottom. The low water made a perfect dining table for the birds. I did not get any pictures of the Ospreys flying over head but we did see Egrets, Sandpipers, Rosetta Spoonbills and I love the pictures I got of the Pelican.

On the way back to the take out we met up with some fisherman and paddled back to the take-out with them. When we got to the boat ramp it was mud about 30 ft from the boat launch. Afterwards Ken, David and I had supper and talked paddling. I did not get this trip listed on the website early enough for paddling miles (It has to be posted at least 3 days before the trip to qualify) so we were paddling only for the joy of being on the water.



The pelican

Paul Woodcock



Blue heron on the bayou.

Photo by Paul Woodcock

Armand is such a fabulous place to paddle; so close to Houston, yet you get to see all the wildlife. It is a perfect place to renew your soul.

the earth is my mother.
the sky is my father
the animals are my brothers
the canoe lets me get closer to them
Paul.



Paul Woodcock

~~~ The End ~~~