



Houston Canoe Club

Water Line



www.houstoncanoecub.org :: Volume 2008 :: June

Table of Contents

Next Meeting Announcement
Last Meeting Minutes
New Members
Market Place
Backwater Backwash
Foundations of Camp Logan in Memorial Park

Trip Reports:

Upcoming River Trips
Paddling in Alaska
Memorial Day Weekend Sabine River Trip
Mustang Creek
Buffalo Bayou
Kvanli's Honored at Competition

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, Cecilia Gill at whitewaterider@yahoo.com.

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

Next Meeting Announcement

When: June 11, 2008
Where: Bayland Community Center, 6400 Bissonnet, Houston, Texas
Directions: First driveway, North side of Bissonnet, just East of Hillcroft.
Speaker: SWAP MEET
Speaker Bio:
Description: This is our annual Swap Meet when we clean out our garages, attics and closets, get all the goodies that we no longer use, and drag it all to the meeting for others to buy. Enjoy!

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

Last Meeting Minutes

Date: June 11, 2008

Recorder:

Minutes: There was a meeting last month.

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

New Members

Member Name: No new members at this time.
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: Wilderness Systems brand Ocean Expedition/Touring Kayak
Description: 2-Seater, 21-foot fiberglass hull, 30-inch beam, 450-lb capacity. White with teal and red trim. Three dry storage hatches – large middle hatch, medium hatches at bow and stern. Like new. Comes with:

Comfort padded, adjustable seats with backrests,
Slidelock footbraces in both pits,
Aldenhause retractable rudder (controlled from rear pit),
Large Suunto Deck Compass (Finland),
Werner Pro 2-blade paddles, spare one-blade paddle,
Wilderness Systems spray skirts,
Sea King heavy weather/rescue sponsons,
Bow, Stern and Amidships Deck Rigging,
Mainsail capable (has mainsail footing mount in hull),
2 Patagonia waterproof kayaking jackets (S & XL),
2 ExtraSport competition life jackets (adult S & L),
2 sets of Neoprene gloves (adult S & L)
2 children's vests
Waterproof stow bag for transporting equipment
2 Thule rack saddles with paddle brackets and cross bars

Asking Price: \$825 OBO
Contact Name: Bob Maddocks
Contact Phone: (281) 244-9008, (281) 480-1363 or (832) 330-7337
Contact Email: robert.a.maddocks@nasa.gov

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Items Wanted

Item: Jackson Fun 1 and Gear & Jackson Fun 1 1/2 and Gear
Description: Smallest Kid's WW playboat made, that I am aware of. There has to be someone out there who has a used one that their kid has grown out of, plus all the gear: Paddle, spray skirt, and even a PFD and helmet would be nice, but at least the paddle and spray skirt.

Contact Name: Cecilia Gill
Contact Phone: 832-741-2713
Contact Email: whitewaterider@yahoo.com

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Please contact the Newsletter Editor, Cecilia Gill at whitewaterider@yahoo.com to post any items that you may have for sale or desperately need.

Backwater Backwash

by
Cecilia Gill

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



Now that summer is upon us and the kids are out of school (unless they are home schooled...) all places with water are not so much cool, refreshing and relaxing as they are crowded, loud and nerve wracking. I can handle swimmers and waders. I can cope with loud radios and yelling. I can even deal with the drunks. What I have a problem with is the toobers.....



Years ago, before I had kids or even a husband, a fellow kayaker said, "I know, lets all go to the GUAD this SUMMER on SATURDAY!" Please take note of the key words, GUAD, SUMMER and SATURDAY. So, like a bunch of happy go lucky naive paddlers, we get our gear and go to the GUAD, in the SUMMER, on a SATURDAY.

The fibers in my plush carpeting in the bedroom are not so thick as the tubers were on the GUAD that SUMMER day on a SATURDAY. I have never seen such a sight, and hope to never see that again. It was kind of horrifying! They just kept coming! More and more! Big inner tubes with hoards and beer that just seemed to be multiplying like single celled animals, splitting into two, then four, then eight, and so on and so on! They were practically two and three deep! Scary.....



.....

And just when I thought it couldn't possibly be any worse, here came the rafts



Well, we were there, so we decided to go ahead and run it. I started off apologizing because I was constantly whacking the toobers with my paddle or bumping them with my kayak. I was getting pretty frustrated and just wanted to get off the river as soon as I got on it. One drunk guy asked me why I had a knife on my PFD. It took every ounce of my strength to NOT puncture his Toob with it...



This is also when I learned of the "3 idiot" rule. Its OK to help up to 3 people who are in trouble, but after that, unless you want to spend your day rescuing morons, quit after the 3rd one.

Anyway, I got down Slumber falls, couldn't even bother to try to surf for the constant barrage of toobers, and pulled off into an eddy to wait for the others in my group. As I waited, a BEER floated by. I thought, "I'll get that beer, pull up my spray skirt a bit to drop it in and have myself a nice beer



when I get out." It was just out of my reach, so I flipped trying to get it. As I went to roll, I was run over by a raft and ended up doing an escape. I had to capture and drag my boat to the side, get out, drain, and get back in, and by then, try to catch up to the other kayakers, who I started out ahead of... Never did get that beer.



This was the trip where I managed to go face first down Hueco Falls in front of my boat..... All because I was trying not to run over a small child who was spread eagle in a huge inner boob with no PFD or adult hanging on to her as she helplessly started off down the falls and... WHAT IS WRONG WITH PEOPLE!!!

One of the other kayakers noted that I started off all careful not to hurt anyone and constantly was saying, "Sorry, Oops, Didn't mean to do that, Oops, Sorry..." and ended up shoving toobers out of the way, snarling, "Get outta my way!" leaving a wake of carnage behind me.

When we finally got to the take out, we all glared at the one who dared utter the words, in this order, "I know! Lets all go to the GUAD this SUMMER on SATURDAY!" As we fought with the shuttling toober trucks and other cretins who apparently own the river AND the road, we all stared down the one who convinced us that it was a good idea to run the GUAD in the SUMMER on a SATURDAY. One of us growled, "Git a rope..."



Foundations of Camp Logan in Memorial Park

by

Linda Gorski and Louis F. Aulbach

According to a recent article in the Memorial Park newsletter, major changes to running tracks, bicycle trails and other recreational facilities are about to take place in Memorial Park. How many of the folks who use Memorial Park realize that lying right under their feet are the historic foundations of Camp Logan, a World War I era Army base established in the Houston area in 1917? Will any of these historic features will be destroyed by upcoming improvements to the Park?

Recently, we took to the woods behind the soccer fields at the Park. After doing considerable research through documents, letters, photographs and stories about Camp Logan we targeted a particular area where we thought we might find foundation features of the barracks area in which 35,000 soldiers lived while they were in military training between 1917 and 1919, preparing to serve in the first World War. We were guided to this particular area by a series of letters and photos by a soldier named Corporal Paul B. Hendrickson who was stationed at Camp Logan. An observant and intelligent soldier, Hendrickson wrote long letters to his family and friends back in Illinois. Miraculously, over 100 of these letters were uncovered by his daughter following Mr. Hendrickson's death in 1990. These letters also included a hand drawn map of the camp and sketches of life at the training facility. The documents are an invaluable source of information about Camp Logan, in particular, and also about WWI training facilities, in general.

(If you would like to read the letters of Paul Hendrickson and learn more about Camp Logan go to <http://www.jimgill.net/gill/wwipages/index.html>)

According to an archeological report written in 1988 by Roger Moore and Associates, Camp Logan was established as an emergency training center and designed as a "tent camp" supplemented by 1329 buildings with a troop capacity of 44,899 men. Camp Logan served as a base for the 33rd Infantry Division of the National Guard as well as other troops. Construction of the camp began on July 20, 1917, and by mid-August, 1000 buildings had been completed at a cost of \$2 million.

All of the buildings at Camp Logan were made of wood, or at least partially of wood. Most of the tents had wooden walls about 4 feet high. Streets in Camp Logan were unpaved or surfaced with oyster shell or cinders. Some of these "streets" are clearly visible today in the forested area around Camp Logan, if you know where to look.

The developed area of Camp Logan included 3,002 acres within a tract of 9,560 acres. The only concrete used appears to have been wall footings in some of the buildings and for floors in the bathhouses that were built at the rear of the regimental camp areas. Other features of the camp that are still present are remnants of the sewer lines which were made of ceramic pipe with brick and mortar manholes. At a site near the soccer fields, there are extant foundation features which were probably the latrines and bathhouses and parts of the drain system that served the camp.



In 1917, with a population of well over 35,000 soldiers, Camp Logan was almost a city unto itself, located just outside the city limits of Houston whose population in 1920 was 138,276. For instance, the 600 foot deep water well drilled by Payne & Rowler Company south of Washington Avenue near Camp Logan produced over 1 million gallons of water per day for the camp. The camp also included a base hospital, YMCA Hostess House and an extensive library operated by the American Library Association.

The Hogg family regained possession of Camp Logan after World War I and eventually facilitated the transfer of the land to the City of Houston for a park which has become Memorial Park.



Sadly, except for the foundation features of the latrines and bathhouses, no structures of old Camp Logan remain in Memorial Park. It would be a shame if the structural remnants of this significant part of Houston's history were not preserved and enhanced for public display.

Concrete foundations of the bath houses are some of the few remnants of historic Camp Logan.

Photo credit: Linda Gorski

Upcoming River Trips

HCC Trips:

Date: Saturday, June 14, 2008
Title: Texas Water Safari World's Toughest Canoe Race
Inclusive Dates: June 14
Description: Are you tough? Are you looking for a race that tests your limits? This is the race that could change your life and your ideas about who you are and what you are capable of achieving!

Legend has it that back around 1962 Frank Brown and Bill "Big Willie" George decided to take their "V" bottom boat, without a motor, from San Marcos to Corpus Christi. They accomplished their mission in about 30 days and decided that other people should have the opportunity to experience the same journey. So in 1963 they set up the first Texas Water Safari. Today, the Safari is a long, tough, nonstop marathon canoe-racing adventure, traversing 260 miles of challenging rivers and bays. Many participants enter the race with no intention of winning, but with the goal of joining the elite group of finishers and earning the coveted Texas Water Safari finishers patch.

Entrants must have all provisions, equipment, and items of repair in their possession at the start of the race. Nothing may be purchased by or delivered to a team during the race except water and/or ice. Each team must have a team captain (18 years old, or older) whose responsibility it is to follow the team by vehicle (car, truck, or bicycle) to keep track of their location and condition and give them water and/or ice. During the Safari, teams may not receive any assistance of any kind except verbal. Teams must be prepared to travel day and night, nonstop to be competitive, but teams who occasionally stop for sleep have been able to reach mandatory checkpoint cutoff times and cross the finish line by the 100 hour deadline.

Skill Level: **Blank:**

####

Other Club Trips:

Start Date: Saturday, June 14, 2008
Title: KBR Kids Day on Buffalo Bayou
Inclusive Dates: June 14, 2008
Description: Buffalo Bayou Partnership will be hosting our second annual KBR Kids Day along Buffalo Bayou

Join us for a FREE day of adventure and bayou-rific activities

KBR Kids Day on Buffalo Bayou
Saturday, June 14, 2008
10am-2pm

at Downtown's Sabine Promenade
(Sabine Street between Memorial Drive and Allen
Parkway)
[Click here for a map and directions](#)

Family fun festivities include:

hands-on activities with over 20 Houston
non-profit organization partners
Up close with birds and bugs on the bayou
bayou boat rides and kayak demos
wildflower plantings
bat games and fishing lessons
bayou scavenger hunt
live music, park performers, balloon artists and much
more!

Special appearances:

10-11am - Skateboarding demonstration with PUSH
skaters at the
Lee and Joe Jamail Skate Park and
Houston Texans TORO mascot
11am-noon - break dancing performances
noon-1pm - Houston Rockets Power Dancers
1-2pm - Houston Rockets CLUTCH mascot

Parking available at City Lot H and C
(Memorial Drive between Sabine Street and Houston
Avenue)
Thanks to our sponsors and Kids Day Partners!

###

Paddling in Alaska

by

Mark Andrus

I went on a cruise on the M.S. Ryndam from May 28 to June 4, 2008 on the Inside Passage to Alaska. The cruise left from Vancouver. We went directly from the airport to the ship, so I did not get out in Vancouver but it seemed to be a nice city from what I saw from the bus. The city is packed in on the only available level land between the sea and the mountains. The ship was docked downtown and we saw seaplanes taking off on the waterfront. I saw a whale outside when I was eating breakfast the next day on the way up the Inside Passage.



Juneau was the first stop and we were there from 2pm to 10pm. I went directly to the Alaska State Museum. You may remember that I showed a videotape to the club several years ago from the Museum about Eskimo and Aleut kayaks. They do not have the video for sale anymore at the museum, but they have various kayaks and canoes on exhibit in the Alaskan Indian exhibits on the first floor. The stairway to the second floor passes by a simulated eagle nest tree. The second floor houses exhibits on the Russian era in Alaska, the early gold rush, and the maritime history of Alaska.

I went to see the State Capital after I left the museum. I walked around town and saw a Russian Orthodox Church. The Roman Catholic cathedral was next door, but it looked more like an ordinary frame church instead of a cathedral. Then, I took the tramway to the top of Mt. Roberts which is about 3,000 feet above the waterfront. There was still a lot of old snow around up there so I could make a snowball to throw. The temperatures in southeast Alaska were in the 40s and low 50s when I was there so I was wearing only long sleeve shirts and often using a windbreaker over it. The tramway operator pointed out a bald eagle which was only about 100 feet away from the car.

The next stop was in Skagway from 7am to 9pm the next day. The first tip I took was the Skagway street car, which was actually a 1920s bus instead of a streetcar. It took us to see the sights of Skagway including going out to see the where the outlaw Soapy Smith was buried just outside the hallowed ground of the town cemetery and going to an outlook to see way over the town of Skagway. The next trip was up to top of White Pass on a 41 mile round trip on the narrow gauge railroad. A pre-cruise trip brochure mentioned a combination railroad trip with a kayak paddle on a lake at the pass. I found out the kayak trip was not available. I realized why the kayak trip was not available on my trip when I saw what was on the summit-the problem was that the lake was still frozen at the end of May. The lake must thaw later in the year because the train guides have a tradition that they must take a swim in the lake when they take their last trip for the season in September.



The ship cruised the next day in Glacier Bay. We were able to see a glacier calving off ice in the bay and seals sitting on the ice. A bald eagle was seen way

above the glacier. It was interesting to see all that ice around the ship.



I had a jeep to a lake to paddle a big canoe trip lined up in Ketchikan. However, I got a note under my cabin door that trip had cancelled too late to schedule another trip I wanted on the ship. I was discouraged, but I ended going down to the tourism office on the dock to find out what I could do. I was able to line up a kayaking trip, but I had to get a taxi to get there instead of the bus that had already left. I had

not got organized for a paddle since it appeared that I would not have one when I left the ship.

Another Paddler I knew lent me a glasses strap and long nylon pants. I had left the ship in jeans but I least had a swim suit on underneath. The trip was going to be on two person Necky sea kayaks. I was assigned to paddle with Another Paddler who insisted on taking the stern seat. We managed to get our paddles adjusted to right feather since both of us learned using right feather on our kayak paddlers.



Another Paddler turned out to be a real back seat driver. She insisted that I paddle as far forward as possible so I would not interfere with her strokes. It had been about 20 years since I had paddled with her. I told her that she was acting too much as the kayak instructor trainer she is, but she said that don't mention that we know how to paddle. If you know how to paddle it shows and you do not have to brag out about it. We paddled out the



cove and across the straight to reach a cove on an island. We were paddling in the Tongass National Forest. The trees came right up to the shore line. The water was clear and we could see down into

the water. It was like paddling on a nice December day in Texas. We paddled back to the home cove. We paddled under a bald eagle nest with the eagle on it. The eagle must have been used to humans being nearby since the nest was next to a house. We had to stop to look at a starfish underwater at the dock. It started raining after we took out and got



on the bus to get back to Ketchikan. Another Paddler is my sister Lynne who lives in Austin. It was a family trip on the cruise with my sister, my parents, my sister's friend Lynn Vance and I on the cruise. Lynn Vance was on another of the kayaks. I recommend Southern Exposures if someone wants to paddle in Ketchikan. We had a good guide leading the trip who enjoys paddling.

Ketchikan has a good store, Tonglass Supply, by the dock with various supplies, clothes, etc. Ketchikan has a good museum in which I found a book about kayaking in Southeast Alaska. I was unhappy to have to get back on the ship to leave even though it was raining. Ketchikan is one of the rainiest places in the United States. We went through Vancouver again without stopping and took the flight home.

Memorial Day Weekend Sabine River Trip

by

Paul Woodcock & Cecilia Gill



On Memorial Day I went on the Sabine trip. It was a typical trip, hot weather, a



rain shower sand beaches, good company. I got a picture of a deer and found the prints of a

large cat in the sand. The water level was as high as I have seen it and it made for the easiest take out I have ever had on this trip.



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

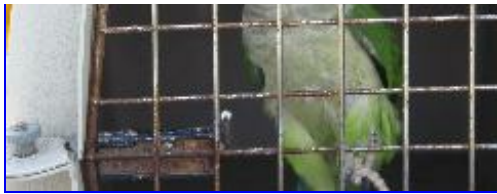


It was an adventure. A lady and her 3 kids from my home school group came, and a lady from my camping group came. I, the leader, ended up catching the second shuttle. The lady from the home school group apparently couldn't wait and thought the church group people were with us and we never saw her again.....Oh, they're OK, they made it out fine, but WE never saw them....

However, the one lady that actually STAYED with us had a great time playing with my kids and just being out there.



We also had Puff and Bird with us as usual, and neither were going to ride in a cage like last time... but bird kept getting his halter off, so he ended up being grounded. Not because we were worried about him flying off, he's



clipped, but because I worried about some hawk or something thinking he looked delectable...



At one point, I think Puff wanted to trade places with Joe. I think Puff wants her own kayak.



The river normally rises Saturday night because of the dam release, but then drops way down by Monday morning because they NEVER do a dam release on Sunday night.... Except for THIS time! I had described the two "bone yards" and how sometimes it is so shallow in spots you end up walking your pet boat, and how far it is from the river to where the cars are.....



I was made out to be a liar this trip. Since the river was way up and rising, the bone yards were not visible, and

the water was right at the little hill at the take out! I have never seen it so high! Like Paul said, easiest take out EVER!!!



Cecilia





Mustang Creek

by
Paul Woodcock

I decided to paddle the Lavaca River and declared it a Paul trip meaning I would attempt the trip no matter what. The forecast was for rain and it was right on the money. CC was the only other brave soul who packed a rain coat and joined us on the trip. There was a sign on the road leading to the put in that stated road closed when wet. They were right we went a little too far before deciding to turn around. We eventually got both vehicle unstuck.



We went to the Mustang wilderness area and had a great paddle.



Baby alligator.



An Owl.



Same Owl, feeding his mate who was sitting on her eggs or owlets.



That night I had the pleasure of listening to rain drops hitting the tent. I love that sound being dry and warm inside. The next day we followed the Colorado River from 59 to I 10 checking out the putins in pouring down rain and I think there are a number of future trips on this section of the river.



We stopped at the Atwater prairie chicken preserve. It is a beautiful place to visit.



the earth is my mother.
the sky is my father

the animals are my brothers
the canoe lets me get closer to them
Paul.

Buffalo Bayou

by

John Rich

A group of canoeists met on a Sunday morning to canoe Buffalo Bayou through downtown Houston. We started downtown at Allen's Landing, behind the Spaghetti Warehouse restaurant near Milam and Commerce streets. From there we paddled several miles west, and returned to a picnic lunch under a bridge. Then, while some headed home for other commitments, the remainder set back out on the water again and paddled several miles east, and returned.

Participants: John Rich, Louis & Stephen Aulbach, Dana Enos, Linda Gorski, Bob Arthur, Gary McKee & girlfriend Minette, and Keith Bowden.

Louis is an expert on the history of the bayou, and kept up an entertaining commentary about what we were seeing, pointing out everything from the old ice plant and the gravesite of Howard Hughes, all the way back to the site of the visit to Houston by 300 Comanche Indians.

Map:



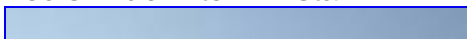
Put-in under the bridge:



View of the city from the bayou:



Louis in downtown vista:





A gaggle of paddlers amidst the skyscrapers and nicely manicured banks:



Another sort of gaggle:



At times, the view from the bayou almost makes you forget that you're in the 4th largest city in America.





Back at the bridge, Linda prepares a scrumptious lunch buffet:



This scene was interesting because of the kaleidoscope pattern of pastel colors reflecting from the ripples of water up onto the underside of the bridge arch. So what was creating all those beautiful hues? An oil slick...



Tucked away under the Highway 59 bridge where you would never see it, is an old railroad bridge, from 1912. It's a swing bridge that rotated out of the way when a boat needed to pass by to get to Allen's Landing. Allen's Landing was the original port of Houston, before boats became too big to travel up the bayou. The same folks that built this bridge, went on to build the famous San Francisco Bay Bridge.





Snake sunning on a rock, with his head hidden in the weeds:



Louis (far) & Stephen (near) Aulbach, father and son: That apple didn't fall far from the tree.



Those that did the eastward paddle after lunch, pose with refreshments: John, Dana, Louis, Steven. Photo by Linda.



The Buffalo Bayou water is a little skuzzy, and there's a bit of trash floating around, but nevertheless, Buffalo Bayou is definitely a very unique way to see downtown Houston, which few others get to experience, and well worth the effort.

=== The End ===

Kvanli's Honored at Competition

by

John and Anne Olden

We had an exciting weekend on April 25-27 watching participants from 13 countries tackle the very difficult competition course at the U.S. National Whitewater Center in Charlotte, NC. Competitors ranged from ages 12 to 40+ in men's and women's K1, C1 and C2 races. Ben Kvanli and Mark Poindexter were in the men's C-2 competition, and Ben also entered the men's K-1.

One highlight of the weekend was seeing Ben and Michelle receive the lifetime achievement award for their development of young competitors through Red River Racing. If you have ever been around Ben and Michelle, you will know how positive and dynamic these two young people are. They and their staff are an excellent resource for canoe and kayak instruction, done at their headquarters on the banks of the San Marcos River.

We sat within ten feet of two of the most challenging gates on the race course. Watching Olympic-class paddlers was breathtaking. Not only were they running a channel of difficult drops and churning waves, but they also had to negotiate upstream and downstream gates in the midst of that. Ben and Mark paddled against strong competition and placed second in the Pan Am International and third in the US Team Trials. There was only one Olympic opening for each boat class; they didn't get a spot for C-2. To get the details of the competition and results, go to kayakinstruction.org and click on the Olympic trials site at the right.