

June 2007

Visit us on the web at: [www.river-runners.org](http://www.river-runners.org)

# North Texas River Runners



## Commodore's Corner

We have seen a lot of rain recently. There has been so much at my house that I can't dig even a shallow hole without water filling it immediately. The lawn is too muddy to mow and the dogs have been banished to unused horse stalls because they started imitating hogs wallowing in the mud. They made a real big mess. I expect the Homeowner's Association will be citing me soon because the height of the grass in our pasture area exceeds the allowed limit. Well, it's too muddy to mow and I am too busy doing fun stuff to mess with it.

I hope that you are in the same boat, too. Ample opportunity has arisen for all of us to get out and enjoy some water based activity. Many of you have been out and many of you have plans to do so in the near future. If you have been somewhere or plan to go soon, make plans to share your experience with the rest of us. Come to the meeting and tell us. Write a short story for the newsletter and get it to Die Ann. All of us want to know what the rest of us are doing.

Keep an eye on your in box for the club survey that I mentioned at last month's meeting. I hope that it will be out to you within a couple of weeks. Your ideas and input are critical to the long term success of the club.

Be sure to get out and enjoy these opportunities while they are available. Be safe, be alert and be sure that you paddle with a purpose!

## A Whale of a Boat

By: Laurie Patterson

When asked what type of boat do you paddle, more and more of us will be adding a cardboard boat to our accomplishments. This year Curtis, Allen, Jean and Ray joined Barb, Chris and I to paddle the great (big) Maytag. This year we moved the Maytag up from the dolphin category (2-4 paddlers) to the whale category (5-10 paddlers).

The NTRR also added a new boat to its fleet in the River Legacy Cardboard Boat Regatta. at Hurricane Harbor May 5<sup>th</sup>. The new boat Blooming Paddlers was designed by Clyde Malher after its predecessor the Prairie Dog. The Blooming Paddlers was a two woman kayak design, paddled by Laura and Ruth. During their first time trial their paddling experience shown through as they paddled in unison. They were truly a beautiful sight to see as they passed the other competitors with speed and grace.

Clyde Malher took the Prairie Dog out once again demonstrating that a cardboard box can paddle almost as well as a Jackson.

Moving the Maytag to the whale division proved to be a good decision. Barb was on the right side of the bow and Allen on the left while Curtis held the stern down. With this combination we were able to turn the Maytag smoothly. Our center paddlers gave the Maytag the power it needed. Going into the final race we had the best time of our category. Unfortunately we drew the center position on our final race, which meant battling both the waves of the wave pool and boats on each side. Once again the North Texas River Runners did well with all boats making it to the semi-finals, and the Maytag finishing second in its class.

### Inside this issue:

Whale of a boat	2
Guadalupe	3-4
Paddling the sky	4-5
Swift Water Rescue	6-7
Dianne's Rambling	5

### NTRR Officer Contact Info

#### COMMODORE

Alan Harrison

Phone: 817.454.8986

Email: arh@hasletwireless.net

#### VICE- COMMODORE

Carmen Ward

Email: cward\_trcc@aircanopy.net

#### SECRETARY

Ray Louthan

E-mail: boomerboy@uwmail.com

#### TREASURER

Matt Fritz

#### SAFETY

Jean Muncrief

Email: hjm@hasletwireless.net

#### ENVIRONMENTAL

Ronnie Ash

#### ACTIVITIES

Laurie Patterson

Email: Queenbee@uwmail.com

#### WEBMASTER

Ted Drake

Home: 817-795-3406

Email: Tdrake410@yahoo.com.

#### NEWSLETTER

Dianne Jasso

Email: dpoling@gmail.com

## Guadalupe: Eat Your Heart Out!

By Diana Boerner

After much perusing of river levels on the Internet, a group of us decided to make a one-day run down the lower Guadalupe on Saturday, April 14<sup>th</sup>. Much to our amazement, a tornado hit in Haltom City the night before. Curtis and I had baseball sized hail at our house. Still, our desperation to get on the river exceeded our desire to stay home and walk the roof the next morning. So on Saturday, Allen, Curtis, Laura, Carmen, Wax, Dianne, and I departed for the lower Guadalupe driving through some serious winds to get there. We were getting so blown about on the highway, that as the day warmed up, Allen began to mistake his temperature gauge for an anemometer (wind speed measurement).

Once we reached the Guad, the wind seemed to die down some, and although the temperature was still on the chilly side, it wasn't cold enough to penetrate through our polypro and paddling jackets. We decided to put-in at Huaco and run down to Gruene. At the put-in, Laura and I flirted with the home-grown, toothless man collecting the put-in fees. After years of getting sent into places by Charles to solicit discounts, flirting with gatekeepers has become second nature to us. As we ate our lunch before putting on the river, I announced to the group that we had received a significant discount on our put-in fee as a result of my and Laura's flirting. Immediately, in direct violation of the female paddling code of solidarity, Carmen countered my statement by pointing out that the fee we paid was the fee that was posted on the sign! And to add insult to injury, she said this in front of the men! Now let me just state for the record that I understand that there might be *some* moments of exaggeration in *some* of my stories, but you don't survive 20 plus years of instructing whitewater canoeing by maintaining a solid sense of realism. As Monty would say, "Who are you going to believe: me or your lying eyes?" My shocked reaction and a couple of threats helped Carmen to quickly realize the error of her ways, and the universe of women paddlers once again had order restored.

We ran Huaco several times, and Curtis and I kept hitting the eddy behind the big rock. On one of his runs, Allen decided to give it a shot and landed in the eddy. A few minutes later, he ferried over to me and said something to the effect that the eddy behind the big rock was squirrely. I thought, "Did we forget to mention that? *Interesting.*" What newbies don't know, only provides more entertainment for the rest of us (it was Allen's first time on this section of the Guad).

At Slant, Wax looked at me and said “That looks like it could hurt if you flipped in it.” I whole-heartedly agreed and encouraged him to make every effort to flip downstream to prevent the shallow, rocky upstream edge of the wave from turning his tattoo of a woman holding the flag into a picture of Willy Nelson raking leaves. Duly impressed, Wax did a great job of surfing the wave at Slant (For those who were actually there or who are actually familiar with Wax’s tattoos, please re-read paragraph #2).

In the flatwater just downstream of Slant, Dianne and I were at the back of the group visiting. Her canoe was sideways in the river, and mine was pointed downstream. At that moment, the wind picked up blowing me downstream and ferrying Dianne in front of my canoe. Inevitably, my boat hit her boat causing her canoe to dramatically rock from side to side. When Newton stated that for every reaction, there is an *equal* and opposite reaction, he had obviously never seen Dianne’s reaction to almost being flipped. Her head spun around in circles, fire poured forth from her mouth, and I began to hear a litany that somehow involved killing me and eating my heart! I tried to tell her that the incident was not intentional, but she could not be dissuaded from my immediate demise. Fortunately for me, Carmen turned around just in time to witness the entire event and began laughing at Dianne. Having spent a summer in Maine, I knew what to do when being charged by a bull moose in heat, so I just made myself really tiny and quiet until Dianne decided to charge the moving object: Carmen. The strategy worked, and Dianne paddled downstream to begin an assault on Carmen’s C-1.

Everyone made it through Gruene, and we ate dinner at the Grist Mill before heading home. All in all, it was a terrific day on the river!

## Paddling Through the Sky

by John Simmons

Words cannot fully describe this experience, but I will try and you readers will need to use your best imagination.

After a day of traveling with and providing basic paddling instruction to the TCJC South Campus Canoe Camping class, Ted Drake and I decided to take an evening paddle on Lake Millwood in Arkansas. Two students, Vince and Susie, climbed into my tandem canoe with me and Ted paddled solo in his XL-13.



## A Helping of Guad With a Side of Foot Entrapments By Lorraine McPhee

The Guadalupe River finally had a great release-1100 cfs Friday April 20<sup>th</sup>. Kayakers Larry Lewis, Steve Ford, and I plus canoeing couple John and Anne Olden put in at Rocking R campground just above Hueco Falls. What a sweet treat! The river was beautiful, Cyprus lined, and challenging. Anne had a brief swim at the falls, she was very pleased hanging on to both her paddle, and her canoe "Ms. Guided II". Toward the end of the day a rapid named Clutter proved to be the trickiest- with lots of rocks. Larry has a scar above one eye and we heard stories about boats with holes in them resulting from previous encounters with the rocks of this rapid. But as a group, we hardly knocked so much as moss off those rocks- we did great.

Following the paddle, we all headed for Ben and Michelle's Power Olympic Outdoor Center in San Marcos, we dumped our gear, grabbed Michelle, and walked over to Herbert's Taco hut for dinner. Yummy! After dinner Steve and I took the opportunity of paddling over to Rio Vista in the dark -(the drops are lit at night). Steve is quite the play boater! He was dialed in on the hole of the first drop. It was fun. With every flip and roll, I continually thought of those tamales that I had just eaten potentially migrating up my throat and out my ears, (at least that is what it felt like). Steve said the same, only in his case it was enchiladas.

Saturday morning 8am began the start of Swift Water Rescue course I & II. There were four students in the class- John and Anne, Raft Guide Guy, (his name was Guy), and myself. Our teacher Phil Myers, is an excellent old school hair boater recently hailing from Costa Rica where he has been an Outward Bound teacher and safety kayaker for two years.

All Saturday Anne, John, Guy, and I jumped into Rio Vista Falls-throwing ropes to each other, crab walking across current, pretending as if we were unconscious, drunk, panicked, injured, or just plain stupid, and needing to be rescued. We RETHROGed each other: (Reach, Throw, Row, Go), and did it again and again, practicing. The training was excellent, and Phil was a clear, down to earth instructor. I especially liked his philosophy of keeping rescues as simple and fast as possible.

Saturday evening I had the very fun opportunity of traveling to the Austin Rowing Center with Phil for a fund raising dinner for the center. In company with a large number of boaters, we all paddled up Town Lake at sunset and witnessed the exodus of a million Mexican Free-Tailed bats from under the Congress Avenue Bridge. What a thrill! It was an amazing sight to see them.





The North Texas River Runners

P.O. Box 1284

Bedford, TX 76095-1284

## Future Meetings.

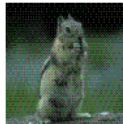
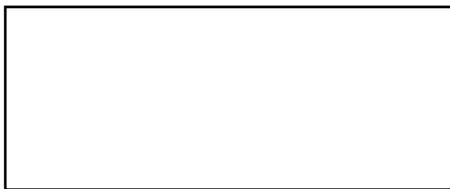
Our meetings are held from 7-9 Pm @ Spring Creek BBQ in Bedford. Hope to see you there.

**June 19, 2007**

**July 17, 2007**

**August 21, 2007**

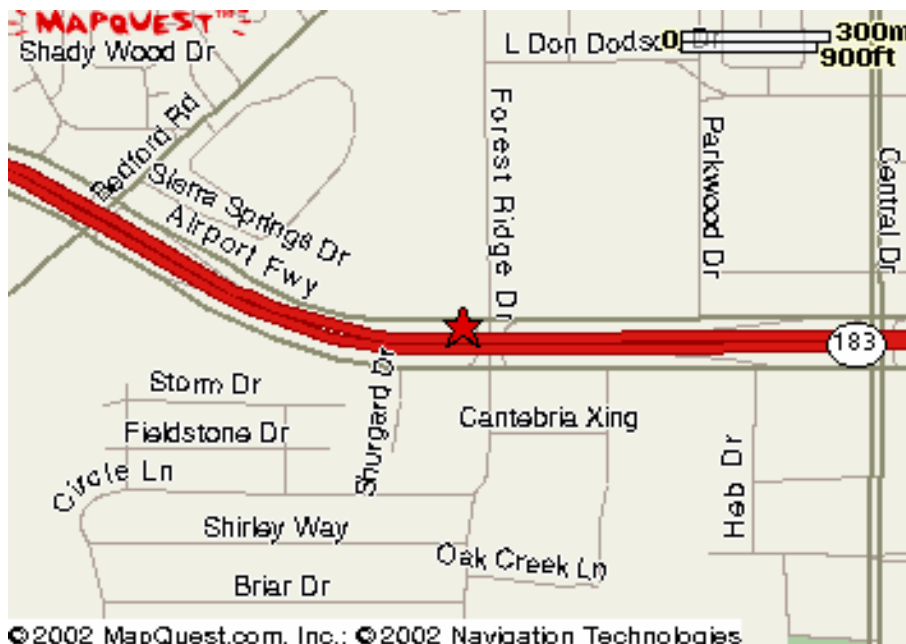
**September 18, 2007**



Home of the Prairie Dog Surfing Society

“If we’re not in the hole, we’re sitting right beside it.”

If you would like to receive the Newsletter by email, please contact:  
[dpoling@gmail.com](mailto:dpoling@gmail.com)



**Club meetings  
are held on the  
3rd Tuesday of  
the month at  
Spring Creek  
Barbeque from  
7:00—9:00 PM  
Next Meeting:  
June 19, 2007**

## Spring Creek Barbecue

1509 Airport Freeway  
North-West Corner of Forest & 183