



# The Prairie Dog Companion: Newsletter of the North Texas River Runners

## Dinosaur River

Continued from the September newsletter...

After a breakfast fit for a rafter the following morning, Ray wowed us with a dramatic reading of the Robert Southey poem which inspired one of Powell's crew to suggest the name "Lodore." "...And this way the water comes down at Lodore..." The verbose Mr. Southey sure could string some descriptive adjectives together!

The remainder of Lodore Canyon offered plenty of minor rapids but presented no serious threats. Around about noon, we eased out of Lodore and soon reached the confluence of the Yampa, which added another 1200 cfs to the flow. With the grand and imposing Steamboat Rock on river right, we hauled out the canoes and moored the rafts at Echo Park. Here we replen-

ished our drinking water jugs and most of the group set off on a hike to view some rock art and experience the refrigerated air of a nearby cave. After lunch it was time to mount up and be gone, for we had a total of 18 miles to make that day.

Since Ted had expressed a desire to con the Whitesell for a while, I thought that this would be a good opportunity for me to spell Weldon at the oars of that massive cataraft. It didn't take long for me to regret that decision! Simply raising those long oars out of the water was a whole lot like weightlifting. Approaching Whirlpool Canyon, we encountered a howling headwind, and with that, the cataraft took on all the characteristics of the classic immovable object. Portugeeing\* didn't pay; rowing backwards with every muscle straining, oars bowing, blood pressure rising, dehydration developing, and all systems going anaerobic, we hardly

## by Ronnie Ash

made headway. I began to realize that Weldon and that Power Stroke Diesel in his pick up truck had a lot in common. [\*Portugeeing, according to my Grand Canyon raft guides, whom I consider to be authorities on the subject of rowing, as well as demigods (!), is a forward facing style of rowing used by Portuguese fisherman in which the oars are pushed alternately.]

Within a mile or 2 that horrific headwind overwhelmed Ted, who was still recovering from months of radiation, chemotherapy, and major surgery for esophageal cancer. I was probably unsuccessful in concealing my joy when Ted's plight forced me to return the oars to Weldon!

By this time Jack was lagging far behind, due to his troublesome shoulder and the onset of a stomach virus which had him feeling nauseous. (At

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## Cossatot Release Cancelled!

Due to the fact that the TCC canoe class was cancelled this semester (no worries, we'll be back up in the Spring), the Corp of Engineers has cancelled the scheduled release on the Cossatot. The Corp has always graciously provided water for the educational purposes of the class, but decided to conserve water since the class had been cancelled.

## 2007 US Kayak Polo Nationals

For the last several years we have hosted many Girl Scout kayak programs at the Colony Aquatic Park. Several of the young ladies have taken an interest in the sport and returned to help with these Girl Scout kayak programs. In the process, they developed additional skills like the kayak roll and hand roll. On Saturday evenings, after our Girl Scout kayak programs ended, the Texas Tornado

Kayak Polo team came in to practice. Several of the Scouts stayed over and began practicing with the kayak polo team. With the skills they had picked up during the Girl Scouts events, they quickly fit in with the Polo Team. Two were invited (Kristina Martin and Marie Holl) to join the Texas Tornado Polo Team at the Kayak Polo Nationals, which were held in Charlotte, North Carolina this year. Marie was able to take

## by Dave Holl

the time off from school and compete in this event.

After arriving at Charlotte's Mecklenburg County Aquatic Center Friday morning at 6:00 am and being a part of all activity and excitement preparing for the 8:00 am game there was no need for the morning cup of coffee. The kids had a chance to mix with competitors from all over the United States and many foreign coun-

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## Kayak Polo Nationals (Con't)

*(Continued from page 1)*

tries. The kids were scheduled first and started off with an exhibition game against an adult team from the DC area. The TV cameras and fact that they were competing in a national championship did not affect these kids. They went out as a team and started to have fun together on the water. They went on to win that game and the next five. Being an amateur sport, good teamwork and sportsmanship were present. The kids saw how teams and competitors graciously accepted a loss and how winners displayed humility. They saw competitors push to the limit and occasional receive a penalty. Those receiving penalties quietly accepted them and the game continued.

The tournament results were:

Under 21 (kids) Dallas Texas Tornados first place National Champions  
 Adult Women Austin, Texas first place National Champions  
 Adult Men Austin, Texas second place

Talking with the other competitors, it became obvious Texas has a good Kayak Polo program and Dallas has the best development program for kids in the country. The experiences Marie gained at the National Championships more than offset what was lost by missing a day of school, which has been made up.



## First Paddle by Lorraine McPhee

Conner really wanted to go paddling with me, and after a day of heavy rain, the opportunity presented itself. Conner is nine years old, weighing just over 50 lbs. and my smallest boat dwarfed him, but he was good natured nonetheless and together we approached Village Creek excitedly. Susan Blair met us and went also. The put-in is at an intimidating spot during flood- a menacing, roaring, scary looking rapid, that (sadly for me) is unrunnable. The calm eddy below, made by this rapid is where we slipped in. Conner didn't say much, but kept a close eye

on that roaring rapid. Then we turned downstream and ran the creek, what fun! Conner successfully negotiated his overlarge boat: he dodged a few small strainers and happily paddled the one rapid of our entire run- a very small wave train. After the paddle, Conner bravely said that the rapid was his favorite part. Susan and I loved it too. Conner's first paddle was a success! Epilogue: persistent Conner now has his own boat, a Jackson 1.5 that fits him very well. Look for him on the river!

## Writing a Trip Report

Laurie Patterson

We want to hear about the trips you go on and your experiences, because we want to know what is out there. So, here are some tips on trip reports.

- ? Name of the river.
- ? Flat water or whitewater. If whitewater, what classification.
- ? Experience level required.
- ? Who went on the trip?
- ? Distance from the Ft. Worth area.
- ? Put in and take out spots (anything to be concerned about, private property, or identifying landmarks).
- ? Interesting river features, such as scenery, wild life, good camping etc...
- ? Areas of concern such as low water crossings and dams.
- ? Approximate time needed to paddle the river.
- ? What is the best time of year to paddle this river?
- ? Is this a good day trip or an overnight trip? If overnight suggest camping areas.
- ? Is it a good family trip?
- ? Most importantly would you recommend it?

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least that's what he claimed. I suspect that he had simply worried himself sick over the thought that the canoeing community would put out a hit on him as the guy who crippled Charles Smith!) Charles and Jean volunteered to take the Whitesell in tow so that I could relieve Jack.

Jack's raft felt like a cedar shingle after the cataract's ponderosity. As that hateful headwind abated, it was a bit of a lark backferrying the raft through Whirlpool's succession of unnamed rapids.

Charles and Jean, with the Cottonmouth Mistress following disobediently behind, were working hard to keep that train on track as they wended their way through the rock strewn rapids. The sight of the Whitesell on a towline inspired Weldon to quip that we should change her name from the "Cottonmouth Mistress" to the "Drag Queen!" (There's a comic in every crowd!)

Eventually, Jack declared himself refreshed enough to take up the oars again, so I returned to the rack on the cataract. The first rapid that I faced was fairly straightforward, with a big rock to avoid at the lower end. "Child's play," I thought, but I badly misjudged the cataract's reaction time and bounced off the rock with embarrassing ineptitude. It was at that point that I had a sudden flash of insight into the physics of the matter. The cataract, you see, had so much mass that it actually created its own gravity. It wasn't that the cataract ran into rocks – no, the cataract's gravity well actually drew rocks into it!

The high mileage demanded of us that day eliminated any hope of stopping for the highly recommended hike at Jones Hole Creek. We could only put our heads down and pull. Whirlpool Canyon boasted only one named rapid, Greasy Pliers. In truth, my memory cannot differentiate between that and the innumerable unnamed rapids.

With day light dwindling as we neared the end of Whirlpool, and several miles of slow moving flat water still to go, it was necessary to push the pace along. Rowing the cataract backwards to keep its speed up, I learned what a critical role the cataract's passenger played in supplying the "compass finger" to keep the rower in the channel and on course.

We set up camp at Island Park Campsite under the dazzling glow of a flaming sunset. Jack discovered bear and cat tracks while searching for a tent site. (Those would not be the petite paw prints

of your common housecat, either!) Laurie's brilliant leadership was in evidence once again as she had assigned our "meat engineer," Allen, the task of grilling massively thick pork chops for dinner. While Allen seared the chops to palate pleasing perfection, Yolanda painstakingly assembled a gorgeous banana pudding for desert. Unfortunately, Jack's stomach was too unsettled to partake. (This was getting serious!) Once again, the dishwashing crew was stuffed to satiation and swaying with fatigue as we struggled in the darkness to finish the dishes. The meat drippings on the grid-dle were so tenaciously vulcanized that we had to tie a throw rope to it and sink it in the river overnight.

The morning of our final river day found Jack's condition deteriorating, with vomiting and a 103 degree fever. Ted was game for another ride on the Cottonmouth Mistress, so I manned the oars in Jack's raft. As we plodded along through 3 miles of slow current, sand bars, and nebulous channels, Weldon suggested that Margaret transfer to the cataract so as to improve the trim of both our boats before we reached the swift water of Split Mountain Canyon.

With the tortured and warped strata of Split Mountain in sight, we stopped at Rainbow Park, where most of us relaxed in the shade while a determined few set out in search of an elusive rock art panel. Eventually our amateur anthropologists admitted defeat, and it was back to the boats for Split Mountain Canyon, 6 miles of such frequent whitewater that to my overstretched mind it almost seemed like one rapid 6 miles long.

The first major rapid was Moonshine, which we negotiated with aplomb. It set a pattern which we would see repeated many times over that day: a long rocky rapid which increased in difficulty as one drove deeper into it, climaxed by holes, sharp turns, and boulder traps at the very bottom. It was inspiring to see Dr Danger (Ted) back in the saddle again, waltzing that Whitesell through perilous waters. He showed remarkable determination in muscling the Mistress through the entire length of Split Mountain Canyon. The only thing missing was his old pink helmet, as he had upgraded to a new and more stylishly hued brain bucket. (Ted maintains that his old helmet was initially "berry" colored, but sunlight faded it to that shade of "paratrooper pink" that we all remember.)

Poor Jack was oblivious to it all,

huddled in the floor of the raft with a wet shirt over his fevered head, arising only occasionally to upchuck over the side.

On the previous day as I was floating sideways through a little rapid, Weldon had cautioned me to keep the downstream oar up. "If that thing hits a rock it could poke the handle right through you!" (That sounded like the sort of advice that a novice oarsman ought to make note of!) This morning we observed that Ray had a badly bent oar lashed to the side of his raft. Apparently he'd been a victim of "oar entrapment." His downstream oar blade touched a rock and before he could jerk the oar inboard and out of the lock, it folded under the boat. The River Troll knows no mercy!

After Moonshine, we were on the alert for S.O.B., but we seem to have run it "unexpectedly" before quite realizing that we had reached it. This led to a long and puzzled discussion at lunch, immediately thereafter, as we attempted to reconcile our observed position with the landscape depicted by the topo map in the guidebook. Many of our rafters were GPS addicts, but those little electronic marvels often seemed to increase, rather than abate, our confusion. Eventually we realized that the two different guidebooks we had with us showed two differing positions for S.O.B. rapid. Unfortunately, the GPS database was loaded with the erroneous one!

George and Linda demonstrated some very polished and coordinated tandem skills on the Green's demanding rapids. (Can there be any more taxing test of a relationship than a multi-day trip on a tricky river in a tandem canoe?) George even switched paddling sides to accommodate his partner. That might well be the ultimate in romantic gestures! At one juncture that afternoon George made a spectacular low brace when an unexpected eddy current ambushed the bow of their Dagger Caption and sought to spin and flip them. We trust that Linda gave George a big kiss for that one!

We were all intensely proud of Jean. She was really pushing her personal envelope in these difficult waters and she rose to the challenge bravely. The pressures upon her were compounded by Charles' injury, by restricted maneuverability in Whirlpool Canyon with the Whitesell in tow, and by the fact that she was frequently forced to paddle on her weak side to give

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Charles the advantage in difficult conditions. (Actually, Charles' injury may have been a stroke of luck for Jean as it undoubtedly made his route selection much more conservative than it might otherwise have been!) Well done, Ms. Muncrief!

Schoolboy Rapid was a frisky romp, a big wave train with a pushy desire to introduce one to the rock wall on the left as the river went right.

I must confess to bouncing off a few rocks in the course of the day. At one unnamed rapid I made an innocent decision that quickly came to haunt me. Approaching the rapid I could see that I needed to stay generally right, but I thought, "I'll just go left of this first rock then start working my way right." You can guess the rest! Left of that rock I discovered another rock that forced me further left, and so on and so on until I soon found myself in stone studded shallows and stuck on a rock.

As I puzzled over what to do, Ray came to our rescue, valiantly risking getting stuck himself in order to bump us loose. Ray, knowing that I was in a little over my head rowing through these technical rapids, had been conscientiously keeping an eye on us all day long. In this instance the impact failed to break us free, but it did result in Ray getting stuck as well! The activity roused Jack from his misery and he took the oars when Ray tossed us a rope. By hauling on the rope we freed Ray, and, as he got into swifter current, the increased pull on the rope drug us off of our rock. Thanks, Ray!

I wasn't the only one with a Guardian Angel at my "six" – Allen stuck close to Ted's stern and kept a watchful (and well appreciated) eye over Dr Danger throughout the day.

With our raft afloat once more, Jack remained at the oars through the next rapid. It was quite enlightening to observe Jack's minimal effort and maximal elegance style of rowing. In contrast with my blundering progress and frantic power moves, Jack's passage was a picture of grace, with a touch on the oars here, a strategic (and intentional!) kiss off a rock there, and an admirable lack of drama. (I was mighty glad that Jack had seen us through that one, because it demanded some particularly tight maneuvering at its lower end.) His duty done, Jack sank back to the floor of the raft. (I spoke with Jack several weeks later, and he had no memory what-

soever of rowing through that rapid. Apparently he has a very well programmed autopilot!)

Eventually the canyon walls dwindled in height, the rapids diminished to riffles, and we reached the take out. Here we were reintroduced to the downside of luxurious raft supported river travel – hours of effort under the blistering sun to break down the rafts and reorganize all that gear for the road. As soon as we possibly could, we stowed the Deatherage's personal gear in their van and released Yolanda to get Jack out of the heat and off to an air-conditioned motel room. (They wouldn't be returning to Texas with us, but would continue their vacation to the Grand Canyon and points south.)

From the take-out it was only a stone's throw to Split Mountain campground where we would be spending the night. It fair made us proud to find this notice affixed to our campsite marker:

Reserved  
North Texas River Runners  
Laurie Patterson - Leader

We were less happy to discover that most of the campground was occupied by a youth group, and we were right next to the loudest and most ill behaved boys that the youth group leaders had put as far away from themselves as possible!

At the take-out ramp we had poured out all of our fresh water, thinking to reduce weight for the trip home. Imagine our dismay when we then found the water spigot at the campground padlocked shut! Never one to shrink from a challenge, the enterprising Laurie returned to the take out and collected 15 gallons of water from another group that was taking off the river.

Once again Laurie's forethought shone gloriously when she produced Margaritas and cheese dip before dinner, with the able assistance of the rest of the gals in the preparation, and a critical contribution from George and Linda who made a quick supply run to the nearest little town for ice. I haven't had a drink in seven years now, and I rarely notice the lack, but, doggone (!), those margaritas looked good!

Although we had come from Texas in 3 vehicles, we were returning in only 2. This fact pushed us to incredible levels of ingenuity in order to pack the extra gear. It simply would not have been possible without the stout springs and strong heart of Weldon's giant diesel pick-up.

(And dozens of NRS raft straps!)

After bidding good-bye to George and Linda, who were bound for Washington and a sea kayaking trip in the San Juans, our exodus from Dinosaur National Monument took a humorous turn. On our way in to the put-in 5 days previously, Charles had done a superb job of route finding with the wonderfully detailed atlas, "The Roads of Colorado." Naturally, he chose the same "book of knowledge" to determine our way out. Within 6 or 7 miles of departing the park, it had become obvious that something was amiss. After some puzzlement, the answer dawned on us. We were no longer in Colorado – we were in Utah! "The Roads of Colorado" did not apply! Charles was a bit embarrassed, but, of course, we were all far too sensitive to tease him about it. (!)

Enroute to Denver we were entertained for hours by the White, Eagle, and Colorado Rivers, each of which ran along side the highway at various points. Give us moving water to watch and our worries disappear. Not far west of Denver a frantic radio call from the van sent the diesel immediately to the shoulder of the road. The bow of Allen's boat had walked right off its cross bar on the trailer and acquainted itself with the asphalt. Fortunately, damage was minimal. The brief contact had ground a few millimeters of plastic off Allen's deckplate, but the boat, though battle scared, remains operational. (It did serve as a dramatic reminder of the need for lines holding the bow in as well as down.)

Laurie's grand plan called for us to camp overnight at Pueblo Lake State Park just west of Pueblo, CO. The park was an "in your face" example of capitalism gone wild. We paid an entrance fee at the gate. Once in, we paid another fee to secure a campsite. Want to go swimming in the lake? Pay your swimming fee here. Care for a shower before retiring? Better take some change – the shower heads are coin operated.

With the 4<sup>th</sup> of July approaching, the place was chock-a-block with campers. We feared that revelers would keep the noise level high late into the night, but, surprisingly, the campground quieted right down by 10 pm and we enjoyed a peaceful night.

Saturday saw us sneak through the northeast corner of New Mexico and back into Texas. As we passed through Wichita Falls we were dramatically re-

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mind of the unusually heavy rains that Texas has received. Cars at the Holiday Inn were parked in water 6" deep, and the river was so far out of its banks that it was threatening the interstate.

We amused ourselves for a few miles by compiling a list of the wildlife sighted on the river: a weasel or martin, the mystery snake at Wade and Curtis campsite (another example of which was discovered by Larry at Echo Park), mountain bluebirds, prothonotary warblers, mule deer, mountain sheep, pronghorn antelopes, gagles of geese, hooded mergansers, commercial raft guides (oops!), and amazingly bold chipmunks at Split Mountain Campground which would brazenly snatch food right out of your plate.

Rolling through Rhome and nearing the Shipyard late that evening, we were greeted by fireworks streaking into the night sky and blossoming brightly. I guess the neighbors were celebrating our return!

At 4 days on the river, this was the shortest of the Western Rivers trips that I've made, but it was also the most densely packed. Great credit must go to the campsite cooking crew who had the hardest job on the duty roster. Of course, our luxurious lifestyle would not have been possible without the rafters' willingness to haul those tons of stores and gear. And who could fully enjoy a good meal without the groover gang's critical contribution to the process of digestion? Naturally, I want to thank my fellow members of the dishwashing mob who well understand that it takes 4 times as long to wash a compartmented plate as a smooth one. But the highest praise must be reserved for Laurie, whose careful forethought, detailed planning, and extensive pre-trip preparations minimized our expenses and maximized our enjoyment.

It's such a privilege to make a trip like this, following in the wake of those incredibly courageous early explorers who had neither guidebooks nor GPS. To witness these spectacular canyons from river level, to challenge your skills and exercise your wits in the company of trusted cohorts, to sever oneself from our overly lawyered, overpopulated, and exhaustively regulated society for even a few days, is truly invigorating. Undeniably, "there is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats!"

## Fabulous Friday Night Flips

Just like last year, indoor heated pool time to work on your roll and paddling strokes. Bring your paddle skirt and PFD and demo the entire line of Jackson Kayaks. This event is appropriate for all skill levels, beginners to experts.

## The Colony Aquatic Park Pool

5580 North Colony Blvd.

Friday nights, beginning  
October 19, 2007  
through April 18, 2008  
7:30 pm to 9:30 pm

Costs – \$5.00 pool rental, free kayak use, \$5.00  
PFD – skirt – paddle rental

Please visit our website for additional  
information

[www.kayakinstruct.com](http://www.kayakinstruct.com)

### Calendar

#### October 16th

NTRR meeting

#### October 20-21

Calm water paddle led by Jean Muncrief

#### October 26th-28th

Caddoween sponsored by DDRC

#### November 20th

NTRR meeting

#### November 3-4

Women's Trip led by Diana Boerner

#### December 8th (evening)

NTRR holiday party

## Upcoming NTRR Activities The Details...

Do you want to see the fall colors while gently paddling along a tree lined river?

Join Jean and the North Texas River Runners

October 19-21

for a fall colors river trip.

For more information contact Jean Muncrief

[hjm@hasletwireless.net](mailto:hjm@hasletwireless.net)

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Women's Trip: We'll be on whitewater somewhere!  
 No Men Allowed. At all. Anywhere. Not even in a skirt. I'll have my snipper clippers handy this year.  
 Paddle Saturday, November 3rd and Sunday, November 4th  
 Contact Diana Boerner to sign up  
[Cdboerner@sbcglobal.net](mailto:Cdboerner@sbcglobal.net) or 817-656-3475

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### NTRR Officers

Commodore  
Allen Harrison

Secretary  
Carmen Smith

Vice-Commodore  
Lorraine McPhee  
[McPheetx@tx.rr.com](mailto:McPheetx@tx.rr.com)

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Webmaster  
Ted Drake

Environmental  
Ruth Geer  
[ruthflwr50@yahoo.com](mailto:ruthflwr50@yahoo.com)



Don't let your officers look like a turkey!  
Help them out with ideas, suggestions,  
feedback, and participation.

Photo submitted by Jean Muncrief

### PSSST! Hey Read This!

Send any articles for the newsletter to [cdboerner@sbcglobal.net](mailto:cdboerner@sbcglobal.net) Trust me, I will NEED some articles! You don't even have to ask! Here are some examples of things you can send in!

Trip Reports      Recipes      Shout Outs      How-to      Photos

Activities      Announcements      For Sale/Wanted      Environmental      Safety  
Instructional Tips

# Paddling and Pedaling at South Llano State Park

by Lois Michie

Jean and I started on our journey for South Llano River State Park about 10 Sunday morning September 23. Of course we had to stop along the way for Dr. Pepper floats in Dublin 'home of the best Dr. Pepper ever' (it's made with cane sugar). In Llano we ate lunch at Cooper's BBQ... we were doing a taste test of Cooper's BBQ in Llano and Mason. We planned to stop in Mason on our way home Wednesday. We met Jon [Jean's brother] and his wife Brenda at the park. Brenda is a birder so it was great to sit in camp and have all the birds identified for you even if they are only singing and you couldn't see them! That night, Jon grilled thick steaks for supper.



The next morning we left camp about nine and headed to the South Llano River. Jean had to rent a boat and make arrangements to take out on private property so by the time we were ready to go it was almost time for lunch but of course we all headed down the river. The river was running faster with more water than the last time we were there but after we paddled on it a while I felt like it could have been even faster! The rapids on the South Llano River are rated Class 1 and Class 1+ and some of these you hit rocks as you're bumping through the rapids. Jean started out in the lead and did a wonderful job leading us down the river. At one point we came to a "huge rapid", at least I thought it was, with a huge tree down in the middle. Jean and Jon had already run it and eddied



out on river left. When I started through the rapid, Jean kept calling for me to come straight to her but of course I had to hit the tree and turned over but I could hear Charles Smith's voice in my head, saying "hang on to the boat and paddle". ..... which I did! After that disaster I had more confidence and was leading the way down the rapids saying to myself, this is great and I don't have much to be scared of anymore except "bigger rapids". We finally stopped for a lunch of dry salami, cheese and crackers and which Jon provided that day.

Later down the river we took moving pictures of each other paddling down a nice rapid. I think we got some good pictures, at least we were proud of them. Jean took the easy way down to the right of the big waves and probably the smartest, but Jon and I plowed right through the standing waves!

By the time we reached the point of take out, about 8 miles, we were ready to get off the river. It was a fun day.

The next day we biked and bumped over more rocks as the trails had washed from all the rains since May. Jean and I walked our bikes over the really rough spots, but Jon hung in there and did some of the big hills

too. At one point we went through grass so tall it almost covered the bikes. There were ticks galore. I got one but Jean had more since she was riding last. I woke them up as I

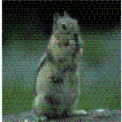
went through first. Jon was second and went the fastest so he did not get many ticks and Jean was last and got most of them. She was still picking ticks when she got home.



Jon made the most wonderful chicken, rice and vegetable dish in the Dutch Oven that night. And for dessert, we had S'Mores and Dirt Cake complete with worms, centipedes, lizards and frogs – yes, it's true .... yum!

On our trip home Wednesday, we stopped in Mason for the next taste test of Cooper's BBQ. We both decided Llano had much better BBQ. There are two more Cooper's BBQs to try, one in Junction and the other in Round Rock. That'll come on our next adventure down southwest.

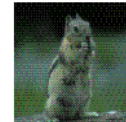




The North Texas River Runners  
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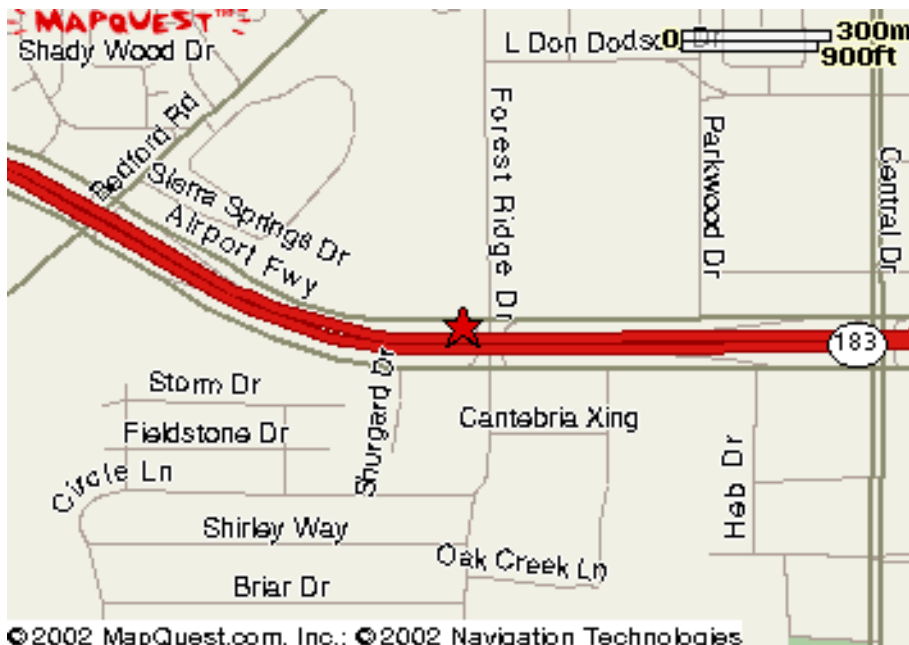


Home of the Prairie Dog Surfing Society  
"If we're not in the hole, we're sitting right beside it."



We're on the web!  
[www.river-runners.org](http://www.river-runners.org)

If you would like to receive the Newsletter by email, please  
contact: [cdboerner@sbcglobal.net](mailto:cdboerner@sbcglobal.net)



Club meetings are held on the third Tuesday of the month at Spring Creek Barbeque from 7:00—9:00 PM  
Next Meeting: October 16th

**Spring Creek Barbecue**  
1509 Airport Freeway  
North-West Corner of Forest & 183  
817-545-0184