

# The DDRC Current News

Newsletter of the Dallas Downriver Club—Visit our website at [www.down-river.org](http://www.down-river.org)

September 2004

**FINE PRINT** - The DDRC Current News is published monthly by the Dallas Downriver Club and is provided to its members either by First Class postage or by email. Opinions expressed herein are those of the individual authors and may or may not reflect the opinion of the club or its officers.

**DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSION** of articles, announcements, events, trips, etc. is the 1st Thursday of the month. It is on a come first served basis therefore sooner is better.

**DDRC BOARD MEETINGS** are held every second Tuesday of the month - **6:30 PM @ Enchilada's** (directions on back of newsletter). All members are welcome to attend to learn more about club business.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**Dave Holl in the news** — Photos of Dave Holl's kayaking class recently appeared in the Fort Worth Star Telegram! Way to go Dave!

**Speaker Coming** — Our September speaker will be Adelaide Leavens of Streams & Valleys, talking about the Trinity White Water Park and an exciting new project being planned for Fort Worth.

**White Rock** — Just a reminder that every Saturday is spruce up Saturday. Visit the Casa Linda Plaza office of the For the Love of the Lake organization every Saturday from 8 am—noon for supplies.

And the race is on! We hope you enjoyed  
Trinity River Challenge 2004!

## Events & Trips

**Sept. 18 (Sat.): Urban Paddle**—location to be determined—check website for updated details.

**Sept. 24-25 (Fri.-Sun): Illinois River trip**

**Oct. 22-24 (Fri.-Sun.): Halloween at Caddo Lake**

**Oct. 30 (Sat.): Urban Paddle**

**Nov. 6: (Sat.) : Canoe Trail Goliad - San Antonio River (see pg 5)**

### The Illinois

Who knows how many times we have been to the Illinois ? The river is a little different each time, but it never disappoints. It's still one of the cleanest rivers we visit despite the huge amount of summer tourist traffic. We like to go up after the summer crowds have gone, so we have the place to "ourselves". We will be camping at Peyton's Place on Friday and Saturday nights and paddling a large section Saturday with a shorter trip Sunday before heading home. We will also be having a potluck supper on Saturday night, so bring your favorite dish and your appetite. For more information contact Bonnie Haskins (972) 254-9672 or Bryan Jackson (972) 972-2519 or email [Hollowcreek@paddlinpals.com](mailto:Hollowcreek@paddlinpals.com)

## Inside this Issue:

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## Caddoween Coming Soon to a Goat Island Near You!

Join us for a fun-filled weekend of camping, paddling, pumpkin carving, EATING, and friendship. Compete in tent decorating and costume contests and the Dutch oven cook-off. Enjoy apple bobbing and a friendly fire. Visit [www.down-river.org](http://www.down-river.org) for more details.

## North Dallas White Water by Phil Lang

**T**en years ago a friend of mine drug me out to the trail that runs along White Rock Creek.

We strapped on our rollerblades and headed out. Our goal was to get some exercise and improve our skating skills. No it wasn't. Our goal was to meet girls. In 1994 this was one of the social hot spots of Dallas. On a typical Thursday night one could find hundreds of people walking, skating, cycling up and down that seven-mile stretch of trail. Within a few weeks we managed to establish ourselves as "regulars" and could barely roll twenty yards at a time without running into one of our new "skate buddies". As time passed I quit spending so much attention to the social scene and started noticing the creek that ran along the trail, most often hidden well below and obscured by vegetation. On occasion I would walk over to the edge to check out the mini canyon meandering through North Dallas. I thought it would be cool to run that thing in a canoe or kayak some day. Well, all good things must come to an end and after a very long enjoyable stint as a rollerblader, I found myself exploring other activities. All my skate buddies had either moved away, quit skating, gotten married or all of the above.

One of those "other activities" I decided to explore was kayaking. At first it was flat water paddling on lakes and calm rivers, but as time passed and as I got the chance, I moved into the white water realm. The first time we had a really good rain I ran over to White Rock Creek to check it out. I think that day it was running about 10,000 cfs. Needless to say it scared the pants off of me. I spent the next several months watching the gage and visiting the popular put ins and playspots- from shore. I also worked on my paddle skills for that day I might get a chance to run the creek.

August of course is notoriously bone dry here in north Texas, so when some of my new kayak buddies called me up one Saturday, I was surprised to hear the creek was up high enough to run. I had watched these guys a month earlier run the creek during a torrential rain. As they put in, the creek was running at about 2000 cfs. By the time they took out it had risen to over 8000! This time it was running at around 700, so I figured things were pretty safe. We put in just south of LBJ freeway near the soccer fields. The water quality was much better than I expected- no oak trees, beanbag chairs, big wheels or refrigerators floating by. There were numerous holes and waves along the short run down to Forest Lane. There were a few strainers looming along the side that I can imagine would be tricky during higher water. For the most part it was fairly easy for a beginner such as myself.

So now I have a cool place to paddle that is just ten minutes from my house. That means I can watch the weather radar, have my boat loaded, and be at the put-in just as the creek is rising, and be back home to shower in my own bathroom. As I float down my new playground I now look up at the trail and wonder what happened to all those rollerbladers and wonder if they've found a sport nearly as much fun as this!

**Support a Man on a Mission.** Todd Hopkins is canoeing for a cure, beginning his solo, 414-mile Brazos River journey October 2nd to raise awareness and funding for the Crohn's & Colitis Foundation of America (CCFA). Hopkins will embark from Waco October 2nd and end at the mouth of the Brazos River near Freeport, Texas. This trip will take between two to four weeks to complete. All funds raised will go to the CCFA for reseach into cures for these diseases. For more information on supporting Mr. Hopkins' efforts, visit <http://www.ccfariver.com/>.

**Newsletter EMAIL Issues**

Please keep us posted of any changes in your email address. If you'd like to get the newsletter electronically, or haven't been getting it and you're wondering why, we might not have your correct email. Send the editor your email address at [cathy\\_nelle@hotmail.com](mailto:cathy_nelle@hotmail.com)

As a participant in any DDRC activity, an individual assumes the responsibility of evaluating all inherent risks before participating and assumes any risk of death or injury inherent in the sport. The participant waives claims that may arise against the club, its officers, members, servants, agents and/or trip coordinators, for death or injury to person or property, including claims of vicarious liability and claims arising from civil recklessness or any degree of negligence. Not waived are claims against an individual who causes injury intentionally or with criminal recklessness and claims among driver, owner and passengers of a motor vehicle for injuries.

*See you on  
the river!*

**The Adventures of Alan & Betty Scott** June 30,2004

Wilderness Gateway Campground  
Banks of the Lochsa River, north central Idaho

Yesterday, we left Yellowstone and the Tetons behind without even affixing our season boating permit to the canoe. The weather wasn't bad, just inconvenient. The parks were beautiful, in bloom with early summer flowers, while still sporting a coat of snow on the mountains and a crispness in the air. The tourists were few in comparison to August, and the campgrounds very quiet for the number of people there.

After spending a night in a National Forest campground in a lodgepole pine forest in Montana, we spent the day in the canyon formed by the Lochsa River flowing west through the mountains in the Clearwater National Forest of Idaho just before it joins with the Selway. While Allen drove along the river, I couldn't keep my eyes off the water, searching for downhill V's in the rapids. We were just about to think that this was a canoe-able stream when we went around a corner, and Allen exclaimed, "Hell if I'm paddling that!" I enthusiastically agreed.

For such a beautiful river, there were few people around. We saw one kayaker and two rafts all day. It may be that the water is a bit low, but by Texas standards...

Our campground, Wilderness Gateway, is a USFS facility on the banks of the Lochsa River. Our site is in the trees about 20 feet above the water, just about the best sleeping distance for the sound effects. I think at least a dozen of the 90 campsites were occupied. I worry about finding places during the upcoming holiday weekend. Surely they can't be as beautiful as this.

Tomorrow, on toward Mt. Rainier.

**The Dallas Arboretum** would like to invite you to participate in a new series of social events held Wednesday nights September 29<sup>th</sup> through October 27<sup>th</sup> from 6:30 to 8:30 during their "Dallas Blooms – Autumn" fall festival, also featuring the BIG BUGS exhibit. **Night Crawling** provides an opportunity to "meet and greet" in the beautiful gardens overlooking Downtown Dallas and White Rock Lake at sunset. You can stroll the "Paseo de Flores," sample food and drink from some of Dallas's best and most interesting restaurants!!! Socialize, listen to music and enjoy the unparalleled ambiance.

We would like to notify you about **Night Crawling** at the Dallas Arboretum through e-mail notifications. If interested, please advise us as to the best way for us to proceed in notifying you about these great fall evening events. If you have any questions about the events or the Dallas Arboretum, feel free to contact me directly at 214-515-6516.

Sincerely,  
Christine Bursa  
Director of Marketing  
Dallas Arboretum  
214-515-6500  
<http://www.dallasarboretum.org>

## More Adventures of Alan & Betty

September, 2004

Washington &amp; Idaho

Have you ever thought about that perfectly clear lake in the north woods, where the only civilization is a forest service campground, a fishing/hunting "resort" that time forgot, (complete with moose antlers over the barn door) and a few cabins nestled in the woods so deeply that you have to hunt to find them? We arrived there Tuesday evening.

We had the better part of the week to spend exploring northcentral Washington before meeting with family at Priest Lake, Idaho for our annual campout on Labor Day afternoon (everyone else has gone home by then.) The ranger station had suggested that this might be a good place for a canoe. The lake is fairly small, but is reknowned for its bass, brookies, rainbow, lake trout, etc.

We drove into the first site we came to, with access to the lake, and the nicest neighbors. We got down the wooden canoe (another trip report) and watched the late summer sunset from the middle of the lake with two loons and the fish jumping all around us.

Wednesday the weather turned gray. We put away the wooden canoe, and got out the trusty Spirit II for an excursion around our paradise. We sprinted across the last cove as the wind picked up and the beginning of a storm blew in with a cold rain. Fall had arrived. The mountains got the first frost of the season last night. We shifted from summer to winter overnight.

This morning we donned polar fleece and cold weather gear to paddle up the lake to the "lodge" for breakfast. As if we had written a dream script for our outing, a hawk or young eagle came flying low over the lake looking for breakfast. Before we could identify what bird it was, a deer came swimming across just in front of the canoe and distracted us. The only thing missing was a bear or maybe some otters.

Tomorrow, we will put the fishing license to work trolling from the canoe. We haven't learned to fly fish yet. If we land a big one, we'll let you know.

We keep asking, "Can it get any better than this?" ...and then it does.

Allen and Betty

## Where the heck are they now?

### Fabulous Friday Night Flips Begins November 5, 2004

Just like last year, indoor heated pool time to work on your roll and paddling strokes. New for this year, kayak rentals for those without a boat and private lessons from US Team Members. This event is appropriate for all skill levels, beginners to experts. The Colony Aquatic Park Pool: 5580 North Colony Blvd.

**Friday nights, 7:30 pm to 9:30 pm**

Please visit [www.kayakinstruct.com](http://www.kayakinstruct.com) for additional information

**Canoe Trail Goliad — November 6th!**

An event on and along the San Antonio River in Goliad is planned for November 6, with an alternate date of November 20. Proposed activities include:

- The 2nd Autumn Tour of the San Antonio River in Goliad;
- Lunch, music, media op, project t-shirt sales, and festivities at the historic Ferry Street crossing;
- Bonfire and storytelling, with a focus on stories about life on and along the San Antonio River in Goliad County.

The Canoe Trail Goliad committee is raising funds for a project to develop public access to the San Antonio River through Goliad County. Currently, design concepts for six access sites are being developed and are expected to be completed in the fall of 2004, with an expected construction start in 2006. In the meantime, the committee continues to raise public awareness of and support for the project, including raising grant matching funds.

For more information, visit <http://www.goliadcc.org/events/canoe.htm> or contact Claire Barnhart at [clairebarnhart@yahoo.com](mailto:clairebarnhart@yahoo.com). A raffle of an Old Town Guide Canoe and gear valued at \$1000 will take place October 16 following the Tour de Goliad Bikeathon. Tickets are \$10/donation. For every 24 tickets sold, 1 ticket will be given to the seller. Anyone interested in tickets should contact [clairebarnhart@yahoo.com](mailto:clairebarnhart@yahoo.com).

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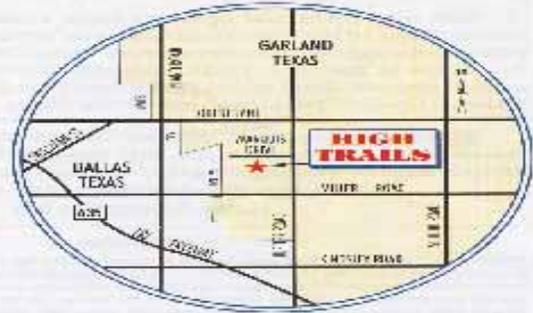
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## Dutch Oven Baked Pork Chops

### Ingredients:

4 Tablespoons OLIVE OIL

½ Cup FLOUR

1 Tablespoon PEPPER

1 Tablespoon SALT

2 EGGS, beaten

1-1/2 cups FRESH BREAD CRUMBS

1 Cup fresh ground PARMESAN CHEESE

1 Tablespoon dried SAGE

1 Teaspoon grated fresh LEMON PEEL

4 PORK CHOPS, 1 inch thick, center cut.

### Instructions:

Pre heat a 12-inch Dutch Oven with Olive Oil. In a pie plate mix Flour, Pepper, and Salt. In a 2nd pie plate beat 2 Eggs. In a 3rd pie plate mix Bread Crumbs, Parmesan Cheese, Sage, and Lemon Peel.

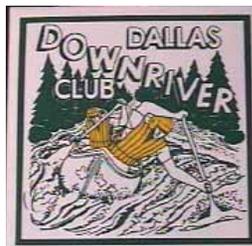
Roll each chop in flour, then egg, then bread crumb mixtures, and put into kettle over medium heat. Cook chops for about 2 minutes on each side until golden brown. Place lid on the kettle and bake at 400~ for about 20 minutes.

Use about 20 briquettes under the kettle to brown chops. Use about 10 to 12 briquettes under the kettle and about 14 to 16 the lid. Invert lid and place chops on the lid. Put about 20 briquettes under the kettle and use drippings to make gravy. Hint: Garnish chops with lemon and/or orange wedges.

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## Sloshing on the Sabine by Jeff Coker (Part 2 of 3 — A 10-day journey begins...)

Day 1 was very cold and gave us a taste of what was to come. Andy and I arrive at the bridge over the upper Sabine around noon and began to unload the truck and load the boat. The main thing was to try to fit everything in the boat and to make sure the load was balanced. We still had to make sure that we would fit into the boat after loading it. Andy had over packed the dry bags I lent him. The bags were over full and I was unable to roll them down for a good water-proof seal. Between Andy and me, plus all my gear, we had a butt load, I mean boat load for sure.

The group from Dallas showed up a little late, and with a little help from Andy and me they were soon ready for the river. The Dallas group had made arrangements for their own shuttle. David, Jacks' son, would do their shuttle. Finally, we launched our canoes into the swift current of the upper Sabine. The river was up due to a rain before Christmas and we made good time because of the strong current. Within 2 hours we had gone 5 miles and decided to set up camp #1 on river left.

After setting up camp we kicked back; I brought out some venison summer sausage, and Jack had some great horseradish cheese. Camp was set up; boats squared away; we were all kicked back enjoying ourselves; life was good. Across the river a truck load of deer hunters drove by; we waved to be cordial. Not long after seeing the truck load of deer hunters, another truck drove up above us and parked. We sent Ray to talk to the gentleman. It seems that the man was very upset with us thinking we were trespassing on his land and had crossed his land to get to where we were camped. He even pulled out a deer rifle to scare us. It worked. Ray told him that we had not seen the "no trespassing" signs since we had arrived by canoes on the river. The man changed his tune very quickly once he found out that we had canoed in. He gave us his permission to camp, even though we were on public land and didn't need his permission at all. He did tell Ray for us to be gone early the next day. I was afraid we were going to have to break camp at dusk and paddle down river in the dark. Well, we didn't have to move and stayed up a little late around Ray's warm and welcomed fire.

Day 2 started very cold. Most of our drinking water was frozen. We ate breakfast and slowly began to break camp and load the boats. No one would stray away from the fire for long; it was freezing cold! We were on the river around noon and made it around fifteen miles before looking for camp #2. Still shaken from the man with the gun we chose a camp on river right and made sure we were hidden. We tried a new tactic called gorilla camping. We hid our camp by hacking out our tent sites in the cane and tall grass. Our camp was hidden from view if anyone happened by. This ended up to be a horrible choice for camp. It seemed that a herd of wild hogs had dug up the ground. This made sleeping most uncomfortable. This was one long miserable night, and I had a sore back the next morning. The best thing was no one came after us with a gun, although we were actually trespassing on someone else's property at this camp.

*(Continued on page 8)*

*Paddle, paddle, paddle, paddle, paddle....*

*(Continued from page 7)*

Day 3, sore from the night before, I was bent over like an old man. We broke camp to move down river. We had heard from Jack's wife, Yolanda, via cell phone from Dallas. She informed Jack that a bad storm with heavy rain was headed our way. We needed to look for a good camp on high ground so if the river was to rise more we would be safe. So, we wanted a good camp high above the river. We made good time and were at camp #3 by 4 p.m. This camp was on the inside of a big curve and we had water on three sides of us with a commanding view of the river. We were above the river by at least twelve feet. We all hollowed out a spot for our tents and set up the kitchen. This time we put up a tarp for the rain that would surely be upon us. After dinner we all drifted off early. It seems that everyone had a bad night the night before. I was glad I wasn't the only one to pitch my tent in a hog wallow.

Day 4, camp #3, the morning started off overcast. It looked like it could rain at any moment. We decided to take a day off and laze around camp all day. That morning I was taking care of "business" at the pit toilet and got busted by some fishermen. We had put the toilet on a ledge overlooking the river in the curve (what a view). I had set up a beach umbrella over the toilet, and there I was sitting pretty as you please with my pants to my knees, feeling the breeze when a bass boat of fishermen came zooming by. What do you say in a situation like that? I had no place to run, no place to hide; there I was for all the world to see with my butt hanging out. So, what can you do but wave, smile and act like this is the normal thing to see going down a river. I bet they had a big laugh at my expense. This is not the first time I have showed my ass, nor will it be my last.

Well, with business out of the way we fixed up camp in preparation of the storm to come. Late in the afternoon it hit. It was raining cats and dogs. This was truly a "Texas Turd Floater". We began to catch all the water we could as fast as we could. I had all my pots and pans out of my kitchen bag and we were filtering water back into the drinking water jugs as fast as we could. With the water jugs all full we left out all my pots and pans to continue catching water for the next day. After the rain we ate lunch for dinner and crawled into our tents to dry out.

Day 5 was beautiful. The rain was gone, but the river had risen about 8 or 9 feet. Our canoes were now floating and our camp was shrinking by the minute. We began marking the river's rise with sticks, and for awhile the river was rising over six inches per hour. At that rate we would be under water by lunch. Luckily the river slowed down its rise to about 2 inches per hour. We decided to take another day off. With the extra time off and the extra water we had, we were able to shower and wash our hair. What a great way to start your day, clean and refreshed. Since we had skipped dinner the night before I cooked day four's dinner for lunch. Full, naps were in order, and were exactly what the Dr. ordered; besides I was on vacation and needed the rest.

We kept an eye on the river during the day and even talked about how to abandon camp during the night if the need arose. Andy was most concerned about being in a flood, so Charles and Jack set out an electric flood alarm to warn us if the river was to continue to rise during the night. The river had risen over twelve feet by now and if it was to rise much more we would be underwater. We took turns watching the river's slow rise until it was too dark to see. I really enjoyed our second day off and would have been contented to stay right there for the rest of the trip, but we still had about 80 miles to go to the takeout, and Gayelynn and David would never have found us unless we were to move.

***(To be continued...)***

# DDRC Officers & Committees

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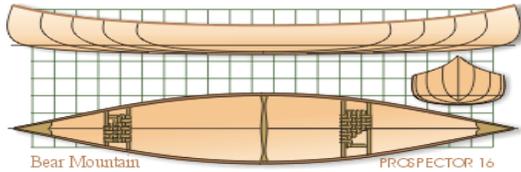
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# DALLAS DOWNRIVER CLUB

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*The Official Newsletter of the Dallas  
Downriver Club*

**DDRC**  
**September 2004 Meeting**  
  
**Thursday 7:00 PM**  
**September 16, 2004**  
**Enchilada's Restaurant**  
**6526 E. Northwest Hwy.**

