

Attachment L

Illustrations of Threatened Recreational Use and Alternatives to Removal

WATERFALL AND SWIMMING HOLE THAT WILL BE RUINED



PRIME FISHING SPOT WILL BE BLOCKED AND DRAINED:



From San Marcos Daily record, July 28, 2005:

Fifteen-year record for largemouth river bass broken



**JIM
DARNELL**

Local Outdoors

Records are made to be broken. For over 15 years the largemouth bass record for the San Marcos River has stood at 9.5 pounds. This 27.5-inch fish was caught by Robby Pardo on April 13, 1990.

But that impressive record was shattered last week by local San Marcos bass angler, Frank Cruz, Jr. with a monster 10.09 pound largemouth.

Listen to Frank tell his story.

"On July 18, 2005 I decided to fish for about 30 minutes. I promised my wife I would be home early. The time was around 11:45 a.m. and I decided to fish Thompson's Island.

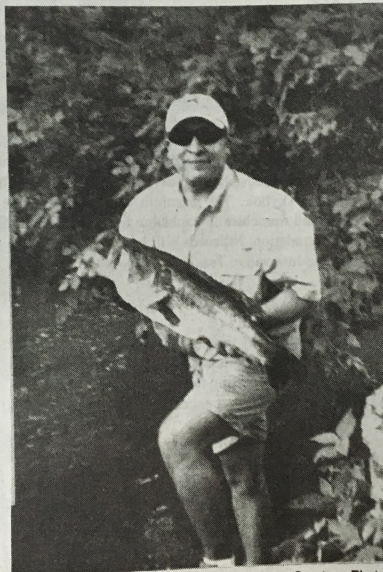
"I pulled into the parking lot with no one in sight. I could not believe it, no tubers and no swimmers. I started fishing above the dam, with no luck. I then decided to fish below the dam and had some fish chase my bait, but still no takers. I waited around and saw an eddy with a limb over it. My cast was not perfect, but at least it was right over the eddy. My lure was dangling about two inches above the surface, stuck on a branch.

"While trying to pull it free, the bass struck my lure in mid-air. Viewing the bass, I knew it was a big one. The fish was on the other side of the branch, so I struggled to get her free. After I loosened my drag, she came free and swam downstream. I tried to change her course, but she could not be turned.

"Finally, after three runs, she came upstream with her mouth wide open, trying to throw my bait — I finally landed the biggest bass of my life! As soon as I reeled her in, I rushed the fish to the fish hatchery and weighed her on certified scales, now knowing what she weighed. I was

surprised when the biologist told me it was a new local river record. Dreams do come true!"

Ten pound bass don't catch lots of attention on a huge impoundment like Lake Fork. But a 10-pound river bass is huge. Had Frank caught the fish in March before she spawned she proba-



Courtesy Photo

Frank Cruz, Jr. caught a record 10.09-pound largemouth bass at Thompson Island in the San Marcos River.

bly would have weighed near 12 pounds.

Frank's record catch was not just a chance happening to a lucky novice. He, along with his cousin Mario Garza, has fished the San Marcos River for over 25 years. He was influenced toward fishing by his grandfather while just a boy. Then a relative took him night fishing for bass near Thompson Island.

Frank learned that evening that bass would hit lures at night. From then on he was hooked on bassin'. Now with boxes full of lures of every description, he takes every opportunity to cast for old big mouth.

The new record fish was caught on Strike It 5-inch Zulu soft plastic jerk bait in a bubble gum color. The fact that he was using Stren Superbraid 20-pound test line sure helped in wrestling the fish while she was tangled over tree limb.

After weighing and certifying his record fish Frank released her back into the river. That's real sportsman. Maybe you will catch her next spring.

Speaking of records, two new junior angler state records were set in recent weeks. On April 23, 11-year-old Brandon Adams of Florence caught an 11.57-pound largemouth bass on Rayburn Reservoir in East Texas. So to all you junior anglers (under 16 years old) the bait is got raised for bass.

Also, a prized 30-inch speckled trout was landed by 10-year-old Matthew Johnson of Caldwell on April 30. This huge nine-pound trout was caught on Matagorda Bay.

Both fish have been certified in the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department's Angler Recognition Awards program for state and body records.

Congratulations to these two boys, and Pat on their new records.

"Trophy fish like these new records would prize for any angler, and these recent catches demonstrate the level of skill possessed by younger fishermen," said Joedy Gray, Angler Recognition Awards program coordinator at TPWD. "There are still plenty of water bodies

See Outdoors, Page

YOUTH GROUPS WILL LOSE RECREATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

Youth groups have come from all over Texas to kayak and canoe on the Mill Race for years. This will be lost if Capes Dam is not rebuilt, and soon, given the damage caused by the Sept 26, 2016 flood. The top photo, depicting Boy Scouts kayaking upstream from the Mill Race is no longer feasible, because Capes Dam has been further breached by the Sept 26, 2016 flood, so that the Mill Race is receiving very little water, even at 240 cfs.

Because of the drastically lowered water depth in the Mill Race, the kayaks pictured in the top photo would run aground (post Sept 26, 2016) whereas they had sufficient water depth to paddle this section in the week prior to Sept 26, 2016.



This photo was taken prior to the Sept 26, 2016 flood. Notice the Mill Race, along which these Scout Masters are porting canoes, is flowing and not stagnant. Estimated 200 cfs.



Compare to the photo above, how stagnant the Mill Race had become, less than 5 days after the Sept 26, 2016 Flood.

Even with CFS rates at 242 cfs, because Capes Dam was so badly damaged in the Sept 26, 2016, and the breaches that previous floods created have been dramatically enlarged, greatly increasing the amount of water flowing into the right channel of the San Marcos River and kept from the Mill Race, imagine what completely removing Capes Dam would do to the Mill Race?

According to Dr Hardy there should still be water in the Mill Race without Capes Dam at 285 cfs, the empirical evidence these photos show, is omitted.



SOLDIERS/VETERANS WILL LOSE RECREATION THERAPY



**WOUNDED VETERANS WILL NO LONGER HAVE ACCESS TO
WATER THERAPY OPPORTUNITIES**



The New York Times

© 2012 The New York Times TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 2012

Learning to Accept, and Master, a \$110,000 Mechanical Arm

By JAMES DAO

SAN ANTONIO — After the explosion, Cpl. Sebastian Gallegos awoke to see the October sun glinting through the water, an image so lovely he thought he was dreaming. Then something caught his eye, yanking him back to grim awareness: an arm, bobbing near the surface, a black hair tie wrapped around its wrist.

The elastic tie was a memento of his wife, a dime-store amulet that he wore on every patrol in Afghanistan. Now, from the depths of his mental fog, he watched it float by like driftwood on a lazy current, attached to an arm that was no longer quite attached to him.

He had been blown up, and was drowning at the bottom of an irrigation ditch.

Two years later, the corporal finds himself tethered to a different kind of limb, a \$110,000 robotic device with an electronic motor and sensors able to read signals



from his brain. He is in the office of his occupational therapist, lifting and lowering a sponge while monitoring a computer screen as it tracks nerve signals in his shoulder.

Close hand, raise elbow, he says to himself. The mechanical arm rises, but the claw-like hand opens, dropping the sponge. Try again, the therapist instructs. Same result. Again. Tiny gears whirl, and his brow

THE HARD ROAD BACK
A Complex Limb

wrinkles with the mental effort. The elbow rises, and this time the hand remains closed. He breathes.

Success.

"As a baby, you can hold onto a finger," the corporal said. "I have to relearn."

It is no small task. Of the more than 1,570 American service members who have had arms, legs, feet or hands amputated because of injuries in Afghanistan or Iraq, fewer than 280 have lost upper limbs. Their struggles to use prosthetic limbs are in many ways far greater than for their lower-limb brethren.

Among orthopedists, there is a saying: legs may be stronger, but arms and hands

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[From the November 27, 2012 New York Times article:](#)

*So there [Cpl. Sebastian Gallegos] was one recent afternoon, kayaking down the sun-dappled **San Marcos River**, using the wrong prosthesis because he had broken his kayaking limb while surfing. Normally he is at the front of the pack, but today his arm kept slipping off and he seemed in pain as he struggled just to keep up.*

*Yet he said nothing that could be heard as a complaint. And at the end of the six-hour trip, **he went over the 14-foot Graduation Falls**, the first time he had done so in a boat. After dropping vertically into the frothing water, his kayak momentarily disappeared beneath the surface before popping out like a cork.*

Eyes smiling below the brim of his helmet, Corporal Gallegos paddled to shore, hefted his boat onto his good shoulder and started the trudge upstream.

He did not ask for help.

STANDUP PADDLEBOARD YOGA WILL NO LONGER BE SAFELY POSSIBLE



