

EQUIPMENT SCHEDULER POSITION OPEN

by Jeff Tave

Someone is needed to be the new equipment scheduler for the club. This entails coordinating the *Captains' Meeting*, keeping track of, and posting the schedules for all club shells, launches, etc. It is a rather straightforward job that requires minimal time. If you have an interest or would like to know more about the position, please contact me. Remember, being a member in a volunteer organization does require that you participate in its management.

BARCWEAR DIRECTOR POSITION FILLED

by Jeff Tave

Melinda McGouldrick has volunteered to serve as the next BARCwear Director. The BARC Board has suggested a December 11th deadline for the next order of BARCwear. Be sure to sign up for any item you need on the sheets posted at the boathouse.

DUES, DUES, DUES & BOAT STORAGE

by Jeff Tave

Invoices are out for first quarter 1994 dues. Please be sure to pay dues by the first of January! If you have any questions relating to the invoiced amount, please contact me. Also, don't forget to submit any comments/suggestions you may have by returning the back of the invoice with your ideas.

THEY SURVIVED!

by Carl Smith and Fran Lantz

BARC members participated in the 4th Annual World Rowing Marathon in Natchitoches, La., November 14, 1993. Ben and Bruce rowed the 26-mile course in a little over 4 hours. They started to feel the effects of the long row at about 16 miles into the race. A short respite for stretching their legs on the shore enabled them to

finish the race tired, but in fine form. Fran and Carl rowed the final nine miles of the race as part of the Woodlands Rowing Club doubles entry. Starting fresh, they were able to pass singles, doubles, fours and eights that, at that point, were starting to feel a serious lag as a result from their 16 mile row. Final time for their portion of the race: one hour and 36 minutes. The combined Woodlands/BARC double shared a silver metal victory.

The Woodlands team members consisted of Job Lie, Jay Muschenheim, and his fiancée Leigh Ann Essner. Job and Leigh Ann rowed the first nine-mile leg, Job and Jay rowed the second leg and Fran and Carl finished the race.

PUMPKIN HEAD II

by Kathy Dixon

BARC fared well in the Head of the Colorado's "Pumpkin Head II" in Austin. A total of 40 members participated in various events. The results follow:

Rec-trainer single - Gold
Frederick Artru

Open single - Gold
Demitri Rachak

Open mix double - Silver
Dave Gill / Norine Jaloway

Open single Silver
Susan Herman

Master's men 4 + cox Gold
Ted Paxton (cox), Marc Bonin, Jim Potter, Mike Meschler, Karl Zimmer

Open mix 4 + cox Gold
Anil Raj (cox), Missy Gerace, Cory Logan, Paul Lanoux, Wendy Lawrence

Open mix 4 + cox - Silver
Christen (cox), Chris Woelfel, Richard Laurance, Brenda Jamison, Kathy Dixon

Open men's 8 + cox - Bronze
Paula Berman (cox), Marc Bonin, Ted Paxton, Hannes Hofer, Bill Dixon, Niels Hvidtfeldt, Cliff Dasco, Jim Potter, Don Erwin

Open mix 8 + cox Gold
Anil Raj (cox), Missy Gerace, Cory Logan, Paul Lanoux, Chris Woelfel, Richard Laurance, Wendy Lawrence, Stephanie Scherger, Susan Hermann

GENESIS

by Tom Lotz

Have you ever tried to say NO to Fran Lantz? If you have you understand why I am writing this article. So here goes the short history of BARC —

For want of a rudder... Ever hear of the Killer Bees, the rowing KB's? We predate BARC. Dave Gill, Carl Smith, Ruddy Reem and this correspondent were the KB's. We rowed an extremely heavy quad that belonged to another rowing organization in the area. It was our intent to compete in the 1988 Heart of Texas. Each weekend we would row the quad, occasionally well. Each weekend we would think we could row much better if the quad's missing rudder were installed. Each weekend we would be told that the rudder would be in place next week. Each weekend the rudder would not appear. Finally, on a momentous occasion, the rudder and cables to the footstretcher were found next to the quad on a Saturday morning. The tangle resembled spaghetti. Still no rudder. Do you think the KB's were pleased? Right.

NEG's During this time I was working in our state's capital. I joined the Austin Rowing Club, and found out how a real club (non-profit) operated. About this time the Erwin's and Norine Jaloway, all ARC stalwarts moved to the Clear Lake area. This the combination of experienced club members and unhappy rowers came together,

and BARC was conceived, yet to be born.

Take the High Ground After an indeterminate number of clandestine meetings, it was agreed that we should form a club, incorporate, call it the Bay Area Rowing Club of Houston (that's a whole other story - see next article), have red and yellow as colors, and locate somewhere. We thought the club probably ought to be near water. (You see the founders were deep thinkers). This is how we ended up in Clear Lake Park. The main reasons were the proximity to good rowing water and a fenced area we could use for temporary secure storage. Thanks to some great cooperation from Mike Greer of the Precinct 2 parks office, we finally had a place to store a few singles and doubles owned by club members. Our cover had been blown.

A Shell At Last Somehow, at one of the Texas regattas, we learned that someone in Kansas had two ancient (that term is a matter of perspective) Pocock eights for sale. We knew they were of dubious quality. Both were purchased, for \$400 each and somehow appeared at Clear Lake Park. We were thrilled. About the same time we bought a bunch of wooded sweep oars from someplace in California. An early realization was that it would take a lot of work to make one eight out of two. Tons of sweat, ~50 lbs. of epoxy, and a like amount of fiberglass, several feet of lumber, many hours and sundry screws, bolts, and nuts resulted in the rowable Tomahawk. A great day!

Walk in, Not on the Water So we had a place to store boats, a place to row boat, and boats. Getting the water and the boats together was a challenge, as there was no dock. The next time you are at the boathouse, stand near the trees and look toward NASA Rd. 1. You will see there is a slight angle in the

bulkhead. That's where we walked, yes WALKED, the boats into the water. It worked like this - walk the boat to the water at shoulders, go to waist, bow and 2 get in the water (now we had two people swearing), bow and 2 hold boat at shoulders, walk it forward, 3 and 4 in water (now four swearing), etc., etc., until all rowers were standing at some depth in the water with the Tomahawk at shoulders. The damn coxswain (see note below) was standing on the shore yelling up and overhead, down and in. SPLASH! One side would hold the boat while the other four went back to shore for the oars. Then climb in the shell, two at a time, trying to keep ones vital parts dry. Before rowing we had to don dry socks, adjust foot stretchers, check slides, etc. Then off for a great row. (NOTE: for those of you who are relatively new to rowing, you should that the words damn and coxswain are ALWAYS used together.)

Look Out Red! One of the early ventures was to participate in the 20th anniversary of the Lunar landing celebration. This meant rowing the eight, with Jaloway at the damn cox and this writer at stroke, on Clear Lake amongst any number of large motorcrafts. As we went by the Nassau Bay Hilton, Red Adair in his rather immense yacht came streaming out of the marina. We almost met by accident! And came perilously close to terminating BARC's only asset.

A Dock to Fall Off Those hardy souls that kept walking into the water quickly became motivated when it came to building a dock. It didn't take long once we had cleared the various bureaucracies. Thank for the early water walkers each time you use the dock to launch your shell. Other uses for the dock include falling off, bird defecation collection point, fishing, picnics, bike ramp, sunbathing, and an occasional display of

innovative amorous embraces!

Yard Birds For many months we occupied a fence area where the boathouse now sits. It was fraught with boat racks, shell covers, towels, shells, and fire ants. The boat yard served its purpose enroute to a boathouse. We quickly discovered that wind, sun, rain are not good for rowing equipment. Once again, adversity was the motivation for progress. Paying for the boathouse was the problem. Once solved, BARC was ready to move on.

Boathouse Its up and in use. Keep it clean, lock it, maintain the grounds and decorate in fairly good taste. And appreciate it.

Space City Sprints After competing at regattas, mainly in Austin and Dallas, (but also in Waco, Tulsa, Topeka, Oak Ridge, Natchitoches, Camden, and Indianapolis), several thought we should host a regatta. It was decided to hold a sprint race in the spring. A lot of work goes into preparing for and executing a good regatta. SCS I and II were relatively successful despite the weather challenges. SCS III - well, we all know that story! SCS IV ???

Killer Bees Revisited What happened to the KB's? We rowed (as opposed to competed) at the Heart of Texas. DFL. But we looked good! We had found some black and yellow stripped shirts, thus the name. Some upstart rowing magazine took photos and used them in an article some months later. Looked great! Unfortunately both the magazine and the KB's met their demise.

Postscript This is written to give the newer BARCers some feel for how this organization got to where we are at this point. One of the things we learned is that hard work begets more hard work. Our story isn't not much different from that of other fairly new and successful

clubs. Our challenge now is to continue to make progress, and to do so with standards for quality rowing, quality instruction, and quality racing.

**PART OF LOTZ' "WHOLE
OTHER STORY"
...CELEBRATING BARC'S
5TH BIRTHDAY**

by Carl Smith and Fran Lantz

"On a dark and stormy night...." [per Snoopy, the novelist], well, actually, it was on a overcast, dreary day in the middle of Clear Lake, when a group of oarsmen met and decided it was time to "test the waters" for interest in starting a non-profit rowing club in the Clear Lake area.

After much exploration and meetings, a group of twelve charter members quietly set about organizing BARC. "Quietly," because, at the time, they were active members of a "for profit" rowing club. Eight of this group officially served as incorporators for the entity of BARC, born on November 28, 1988, when the Secretary of the State of Texas signed our incorporation papers. These persons who signed the papers of incorporation, became BARC's first Board of Directors. Carl Smith was President; Vice-President, Dave Gill; Treasurer, Rudy Reem; and Suzanne Erwin was Secretary. The remaining Charter members are a hardy bunch, as most of them are still highly active rowers and BARC members.

To recognize their early efforts and leadership, this article highlights who they are and a brief snapshot of each:

Marilla Brumfield-Cohen -- One of two women involved in the incorporation, Marilla has been a Houston resident for 37 years. Owner and president of several private schools and an aviation company, she has experience in teaching and school administration

at a variety of levels. Though presently inactive, Marilla has been, and is, an ardent supporter of BARC.

Mike Brint -- Clear Lake resident for 12 years, this electrical engineer was our first boathouse manager. Serious about his rowing technique, Mike sought development and training by attending a northeastern rowing camp one year for a vacation! He has developed a nurturing coaching ability which he has willingly made available to any sculler who wants to further skills. In addition to collecting five years experience rowing and competing, Mike has had at least three big changes in his life since BARC's founding--he completed his MBA, changed careers to software and got married to Desiree after meeting her in BARC's 2nd sweep class. (Smart man!)

Suzanne Erwin -- Suzanne came from the established Austin Rowing Club, bringing her experience and enthusiasm to share in the growth of BARC. "I look back in amazement at one of our earliest meetings, where we all chipped in \$25 each to start BARC's bank account...and now see our account is in the amount of several thousand...AND we built a BOATHOUSE!" Suzanne has nearly completed her training to become a USRA referee and in her spare time, has studied enough sign language that she recently understood the "signed" evening news. She also entered the work-a-day world and shocked herself with successfully selling decorated Christmas trees for an exclusive gift shop and has received highly complimentary praises from her employer.

Dave Gill -- Dr. Dave, a native Texan, has been a Clear Lake resident for 31 years and has had a Webster practice since 1981. Dave has athletically matured into a very competitive oarsman. As one of

the "moondogs" (Norine, Corey, and Dr. Dave--the 5:30 AM dedicated scullers), has metaled in several Regional, National, and International competitions. Dave really used his investigative powers to help resolve the Karankawa Indian grave site/boathouse location dispute by locating an aerial photo-mapping service that had old time-lapsed aerial photos of the area. These photos allowed BARC to document the actual location of the Indian grave-site in relation to our projected boathouse site and confirmed that the two were comfortably separated. Thanks, Dr. Dave.

Tom Lotz -- Clear Lake resident for 15 years, Tom was our first PR man. When we were nobody, he got our name in lights and put our early leaders on a call-in radio sports talk-show. He used his organizational skills as Director of Space City Sprints I and II. A retired US Army Lieutenant Colonel, Tom has made an effective transition from military to civilian-style conflict resolution when he confronts novice scullers rowing on the wrong side of the lake! This man with a quick wit and beautiful bearing, is an ex-collegiate rower who is still competes with the Masters. A member of the Syracuse Alumni Rowing Association, Tom's dedication to the sport has led him to become a USRA referee. (Not a bad skill to hone, as he is also a substitute history teacher in area high schools!)

Bruce Meltzer -- A resident of Houston for twenty years, Bruce is manager of a computer sales company. During his 7 years in rowing, he has competed in most of the Regional regattas and has survived two 26 mile marathons in Natchitoches, La. In his role as Sculling Director, Bruce has "taught scores of people to row." ("They just forget which side of the lake to row on, Tom!") For two years, Bruce was BARC's Vice-

President and in addition to assisting in BARC's growth, he served as an ambassador to create and strengthen the bonds between BARC and regional rowing clubs.

Rudy Reem -- This Clear Lake resident for 21 years has a history of being a high school, collegiate and club rower. Rudy was in plant maintenance and management before retirement, whereupon he took on the full-time job (NOT!!...although at times, it must have seemed so) of BARC's boathouse construction coordinator. Last winter Rudy was seen standing in the backyard of the Museum, viewing with a sense of pride and accomplishment at the newly placed, but not yet secured, poles, in the very earliest stage of boathouse construction. To him, it looked like the beginning of a gothic church and Rudy expressed his satisfaction of seeing BARC FINALLY start construction. Along with Tom Lotz, he brought his fast-hands-away/sio-o-o-o-w-siide rowing style to the "Killer Bees"--a pre-BARC quad, with Carl Smith and Dave Gill rounding out the team. This bunch was the first (to our knowledge) sweep rowing team on Clear Lake.

(An historical aside, ala Snoopy, on how Clear Lake sweep rowing came about: the Bees had access to a convertible quad, owned by the Clear Lake Rowing Club, of which they were members. Tom was working and rowing in Austin and arranged to borrow four sweeps oars for a weekend. The team converted the quad to a four and on a snowy(!) winter weekend, Tom and Rudy tried to teach the fast-hands-away approach to a couple of slow-hands-away novice scullers. (Believe it or not, at times, the snow was so heavy, one could only see 5 to 10 feet ahead!) The Killer Bees went on to compete in Austin with team colors consisting of yellow and black horizontally striped rugby shirts. A

photographer caught this colorful bunch of Masters on film and a year later, the shot appeared on the inside cover, as well as in the text, of the premier issue of Rowing Magazine--now defunct, but of course, the Bees still, individually, do their thing.)

Carl Smith -- As a Friendswood resident for 16 years, there have been few areas in Carl's life that he didn't take an active, if not a leadership, role in driving a goal forward. Vice-president/owner of a small Houston manufacturing company, Carl's spare time went into numerous local civic boards and councils, including a service stint as an elected official on the board governing the Clear Creek drainage district. Six years ago, all that energy got hooked up with a desire to check out a sport he'd only read about and seen on TV--rowing. Joining the Clear Lake Rowing Club, Carl was smitten and brought his friend Dave Gill into the sport. The two of them purchased a Julien rec-racer (like Ben Newcomb's and Bruce Meltzer's) and used the braile-type technique of learning to row--hands-on, hit-or-miss. In the process, they also acquired an "exaggerated sense of competence" that led them to the 1988 National Masters Regatta in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Dave and his family drove the trailer carrying the boat and Carl flew. All that effort and expense for 3 and 1/2 minutes on the water! And, all of it necessary to learn that if they wanted to be serious competitors they needed good coaching to learn the "proper" technique, to cross-train for fitness, and they needed a better boat like the "big boys had!" "This resulted in our buying our Owens Double, which was the first Owens Double in Texas." The pay-off for following through on these conclusions was a 45- second improvement--and a bronze metal--in the 1990 Heart of Texas Regatta. Although not incorporators, the following two people were also Charter members

of the club and continue their involvement in BARC:

Ben Newcomb -- Ben put his talents to work with Bruce Meltzer by drafting BARC's lease agreement with the County. They used the lease agreement between the ARC and the city of Austin and the Dallas Rowing Club's with the city of Dallas as models. The two of them have also formed the infamous Meltzer-Newcomb rowing team. Together, they have won numerous metals, on the road representing BARC at regional regattas. Most recently, the masochist in him surfaced when he agreed to row the grueling 26 mile 4th Annual World Marathon in Natchitoches. (He says he's going back!)

Don Erwin -- Don says his motive for moving from Friendswood to El Lago was just to be closer to the boathouse! He brings experience from the Austin Rowing Club where he served as committee chair for several regattas hosted by ARC. Don has spent a lot of time teaching sweep classes, repairing boats and rowing crew in 4's and 8's. Don has been a very active contributor to the club's growth "from a few people, no dock, and a rickety 8 to a strong group, with a beautiful boathouse, some great boats and two wonderful docks. Each big task required of the club reminds me that there is more 'club' than 'rowing'--people always make it happen."

AN ADVENTURE HEAD OF THE CHARLES

by Don Erwin

I attended the Head of the Charles regatta in Boston on October 24. In spite of the airline delays on both the way there and back, the trip was EXCELLENT!!! Some of you know our old buddy and (temporarily) ex-club member Tom Topalu. I visited Tom in beautiful downtown Eatontown, New Jersey. Our first stop on the journey was a visit to the Princeton

boathouse. Some of you may have grown up around boathouses and collegiate rowing programs, but when you are from the South (as I am), you tend to become awe inspired by the sight of such a grand old building stuffed with every imaginable type of shell and a dock large enough to easily launch jet fighters. The rigger room was about as large as our boathouse! After our trip to Princeton, we stopped in the exclusive little town of Freehold where we dined in a restaurant owned by Tom Cruise's sister. We didn't see Tom... We also visited the Navasink rowing club, which is a smaller operation with a couple of shells stored in a sailboat yard. Later that evening we enjoyed endless hours of the all-night, exclusively-Curly (no Shemp or Curly-Joe) Three Stooges marathon. What more could a boy ask for on vacation - boathouses and the Stooges!

On Saturday, we started out for Boston, making the obligatory sacrifice of about \$8.00 to the toll highway gods, we made it across New York state, but not quite without incident. After crossing the George Washington Bridge, we crept along at oh, 2, maybe 3, miles per hour for a while. All traffic was directed off the freeway and into the heart of the Bronx with no detour signs in sight. Although not as pleasant as the feeling I got at the Princeton boathouse, I found myself once again in awe with a new found experience - terror. The razor wire on top of the KFC was a dead giveaway that this was not a neighborhood to be hanging around in longer than absolutely necessary. We made it, though, and the drive through Connecticut and Rhode Island was beautiful as all the leaves were turning.

Boston has no perceptible street signs. Probably a sadistic way the locals identify us tourists. So we relied on our keen male sense of direction (and got lost, anyway.)

We finally made our way down to the Charles River that evening, visited the Cambridge Boat Club boathouse and walked a part of the race course. We saw Newell boathouse, one of the Harvard boathouses. Man, words can't even describe it. We ate clam "chow-dah" and spent the evening saying "pahk the cah in Havaahd yahd"; you know, just to fit in. Walking around Harvard Square, Tom noted that Cambridge had better looking "red hot Tootsies" than New Jersey does.

Race day, Sunday, 7:30 a.m. It was a brisk 38 degrees, but we were not going to miss a single race. We sat on a bench clutching hot coffee and eating donuts. Life is good... After a while we parked it on the bridge by the Cambridge Boat Club. We wanted to be in the best spot to see as many clashing oars as possible. It's sort of like the reason most of us watch car races for the crashes. There were a few close calls, but mostly there were a bunch of really good rowers. Throughout the day we would see some pretty big names in the world of rowing: Ann Marden, John Bigelow, Joe Bouscaren, scads of ex-Olympians and even our own Anil Raj. We knew that Anil would be up there. With over 4000 competitors and an estimated 250 thousand spectators, I never expected to actually find him, so you can imagine my surprise when I finally did see him coxing the Russian Men's Four!

We visited the shopping mall of rowing merchandise. Every vendor I had ever heard of was there. It was a Galleria of vendors. Bought a hat, a sweatshirt and a bumper sticker!

The trip back was pretty relaxed. Got lost trying to find the USS Constitution (a wooden boat!) - remember the lack of street signs and that keen male sense of direction? Quite by accident, we ended up in Quincy looking for

breakfast. Stumbled across a little diner called "Stella's" Stella's is a definite stop anytime you are in the Boston area. Good food and great company. I mentioned that we were from Texas and just about everyone having breakfast had some or another story about Texas. We headed down the coast to the great town of Scituate, where our own fearless leader, Carl Smith, spent a lot of time growing up. (Some may argue that he still has a lot of growing up to do, but that's a whole other story...). The rest of the trip back to New Jersey went without incident. We bypassed New York City, but did not by-pass those pesky toll gods...

CREW FINISHES IN TOP HALF OF 'HOOCH'

by Peter Stokes

Reprinted from *The Rice Thresher*

Strong rowing and hard work led the Rice crew club to a respectable showing at the Head of the Chattahoochee Regatta in Atlanta.

The men placed fourth in a field of 13 boats, while the women took sixth place out of 17.

"We were really happy with the way we raced," said senior Mike Harms, who is in his third year with the club.

The Head of the Chattahoochee is the third-largest regatta in the nation, with more than 650 clubs competing.

The Rice men's boat finished the Atlanta course with a time of 18:22. The Owls were only 10 seconds behind third-place University of Notre Dame.

Georgia Institute of Technology claimed the championship with a time of 17:33.

"Although we're disappointed that we didn't medal, we rowed a solid well-controlled race." Harms said.