

THE PULL HARD

SPRING 1986

Cougs buy new shells

PULLMAN — The second largest turnout for the Cougar Crew in history has prompted the purchase of more new equipment.

Both the men's and women's crews will take delivery on new Pocock eights before the start of the spring racing season.

ASWSU and other friends of Cougar rowing helped to make the two new "C" shells a reality.

Class Day approaches

PULLMAN — Class Day festivities are fast approaching, so, alums, get those muscles tuned up and ready for March 15.

The annual event will feature the usual activities, with racing Saturday morning at the new course and shell-house at Wawawai.

If you haven't seen the new facilities, it is worth the trip to Class Day just to tour the grand setting and check out the 1986 Cougar Crew!

The Cougar Rowing Association meeting is set for 3 p.m. at the CUB and all are encouraged to attend. The CRA, as always, is in need of financial support and will detail future plans in a presentation at the meeting.

The banquet this year will be held at Cavanaugh's Landing in Moscow, Idaho, with socializing set to begin at 6 p.m.

Attention alums! Here's a chance to update your crew wardrobe

PULLMAN — Out of school a few years? Is your once closet-filling wardrobe of Cougar Crew T-shirts and sweatshirts beginning to show a little wear? Does your spouse frown when you wear something still bearing the marks of a little blackened oar grease?

Well, never fear alums, you now have the opportunity to update that wardrobe!

A bulk order of apparel items is planned to immediately follow Class Day, so anyone interested in making an order must do so right away. The

items will be available for pick up at the Husky race on April 12 in Seattle or will be mailed to you later.

Items available include the following:

■ Grey pullover windbreaker with WSU CREW emblazoned on the back, \$45.

■ White polo shirt, crew logo and WSU Crew on left pocket area, \$25.

Orders should be made by writing to Eric Wesemen, NE 405 Oak St., Apt. F, Pullman, WA, 99163.

We'll be trying to arrange for a few more items before too long.

CREW WISH LIST

insurance for van
drill press
bench vice
band saw
portable PA system
stroke watches
hand drill
sabre saw
tuition for frosh coach
repairs for vehicles
repairs of launches and motors
eight oars for JV crew
8 oars for womens novice crew
cox boxes

Above are some specific needs the crew has. If you have the resources to donate them or get them at special rates please let us know.

Remember!



Class Day is March 15!

*You big fan Ron,
GO COUGS!*

Please send me the following
CREW CLOTHES!

_____ Windbreakers @ \$45.00

Size: _____

_____ Polo Shirts @ \$25.00

Size: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State: _____

Phone () _____

Racing Schedule 1986

March 15 - Class Day - Pullman

March 22 - Fawley Cup - Spokane

March 29 - UPS Gonzaga - Pullman

April 5 - Daffodil Regatta - Tacoma

April 12 - Washington - Seattle

April 19 - UPS - Pullman

April 26 - Tri-Cities Regatta

May 10-11 - Pac-10 - Sacramento

May 17-18 - NW Regionals - Seattle

CLASS TRASH

The best and worst of our times.

As promised, here is the next excerpt in the continuing saga of the Cougar Crew row-a-thon as written by Doug Engle, guest columnist. We take up the story at Cougar Rock...

Somewhere in the middle of our journey we passed the Tri-Cities and left the relatively protected Snake River Canyon and entered the wild and woolly Columbia Sea. The world's largest fresh water ocean.

We were rowing along, the river banks were steep cliffs to the south and a railroad ran above one side of the river 50- to 100-foot above the water line. In order to support the tracks, huge boulders were piled up forming a steep rocky hillside covering the entire northside of the river for as far as the eye could see.

The air was bright and hot, with a gentle breeze blowing. It tooking up enough chop to slap our blades should we carry them too low on the return.

Mark Shaber, our advance man, had arranged for us to stay with a farmer and his family that night. Shaber was onshore

Ken had to leave for an Olympic development camp at Colorado Springs, taking with him one of our largest oarsmen, Chris Squisly. Gault, So, the kids were on their own... We rowed into a small cove, the cove was in the cove, the cove was in the cove, the cove was in the cove... we had long since given up rowing a full complement of eight in the rough water.

From the minute we turned the bow downstream, waves were slapping the oarlocks. We considered rowing back into the embayment, but the wind had carried us so far downstream by this time, rowing back would be difficult and hitting the narrow entrance would be an accomplishment.

So, we gamely rowed on with our accompanying launch chugging along, Ed "Beck-in-bow" Beck and Jeff "Last Rabbit" McBride attending. After a few miles, the wind hadn't let up and had perhaps gotten even stronger. Water had splashed or leaked in enough so that we had standing water up to our heel cups.

As water poured into the shell, so did the anxiety. It was becoming painfully clear that we couldn't go on. But, where to land? We had basalt cliffs on one side, turning around and going back was out of the question since we probably would

← continued over there.

in Struck's van contacting the people and was to signal us to shore when we got there.

Finally, late in the afternoon, we spotted him on the tracks above the river and he pointed to a railroad trestle over the entrance to an embayment. We row into this small bay, maybe 300 feet wide and as many long. We beach the boat and meet the farmer, his wife, family and a few of the hired hands.

His farm consisted of a fairly large orchard mostly apple trees from what I could see. They fed us dinner while we explained our sport and what possesses us to participate in it. We then spread our sleeping bags on the ground and fall asleep, exhausted from our 12 hours of rowing that day.

We slept well — I never did have any trouble sleeping during the entire trip though we camped out under a variety of potentially uncomfortable conditions — sun got up this next morning to a bright in a ravine so we couldn't feel it on our persons, but one could hear the howl of the wind in the hills above.



MAIL BAG

We enjoy putting "Mail Bag" in as a regular feature of the "Pull Hard" but sometimes have trouble inspiring participation. Please, let us know if you have moved, done something terrific, are expecting a baby, ran in your first marathon, or whatever, so we can share the news with friends and fellow alumni. Send your notes, post cards from exotic places or letters to Kari Ranten, 121 N. Ball, Sedro-Woolley, Wash., 98284. We'll look forward to hearing from you!!

A few items found in the mail box from recent weeks:

- Steve Weed reports from Portland that he is looking for work in accounting and plans to be married in April. He's hoping to find time to row with the Portland club.
- The Shack is back!! Indeed, Al Fisher wrote to say he and his family are back from Saudi Arabia and living near Syracuse, New York in Gouverneur, N.Y.
- Doug Kee sends greetings from Oroville where he is teaching 5th grade. He reports that he and his wife Pat "had our third youngin and first boy" last Easter. He lamented in his note, "I can't believe Ron Neal started

rowing when he was the age I am now. I doubt I'll ever be lightweight again."

- Roberta Player and Andrea Moore checked in from Honolulu, Hawaii — not a bad place to check in from!! They asked if there was another "oarsperson" in the islands and of course, the answer is yes, Tim Richards calls Kahua Ranch at Kamuela, Hawaii home.
- Todd Sherrett asks us to "send water to Utah."
- Laurel Zeller is on a WSU exchange to the People's Republic of China, studying at the Sichuan Institute of Foreign Languages.
- On a sad note, Marj and Ken Struckmeyer's beloved Toki, well known for her romps at the shellhouse and stick fetching, was put to sleep.
- For those of us who spent our many hours rowing at Boyer, the official publication of the Washington Association of Wheat Growers featured a photo on the cover of "Wheat Life" in February that would inspire many memories. The color photograph was taken just after harvest on the hill above Almota, showing a golden wheat field and the blue Snake River bend we all know and love.

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have swamped by the time we got our bow pointed into the wind.

It was about this time that we got a most interesting report from the launch. They could see daylight under the shell between the 5 and 6 seats. The launch tried to go ahead of us and break the waves, but the speeds of the two crafts were so erratic that we only succeeded in smashing into the trailing dinghy.

Trying to stay calm, we decided to lighten the load and had two of the six jump out, using their oars as a flotation device until the launch moved over to pick them up. Snake Action was bailing with a makeshift device for all she was worth and anxiety was at a high right about then. I will always remember Snake's voice calling out encouragement to us even though one could hear the tension constricting her vocal cords.

I must say, my own stomach was doing a couple of somersaults about this time, but everyone put on their Alfred E. Newman faces — "What me worry?!" — and we seemed to keep the panic down to a minimum. The fact that we gained two-to-three-inches of freeboard after Rob Simons and I jumped out, also helped.

We rowed and Snake bailed for 20 or 30 more minutes until we could plainly see Armageddon approaching. We had rowed long enough to see around the next bend and none of us liked what we saw.

It's a strange thing what happens to the wind in those canyons. It is very fickle in that it can be blowing 20 mph over the water and kick up a heck of a chop, but when you turn a corner, it slips up one of the thousands of "small" ravines feeding into the main canyon and disappears; only to return as suddenly around the next bend. If we weren't in the heart of the Columbia Basin, I would have sworn I was looking at the beach at Ocean Shores.

Just when all looked lost, what do we spy, but a small point of land jutting out from the middle of the bend — the only geological feature for miles the railroad right-of-way hadn't gobbled up. As we got

closer, we saw a tiny beach just large enough for us to land.

After we put ashore, we discovered that this was a favorite fishing spot for area anglers. They had erected a crude shelter from the wind and we used it to get away from the weather. From this vantage point, we could see exactly what we would have headed into and it looked even worse than it did from the water. A few minutes later, the van showed up using a dirt access road that served this little area.

Several of us piled into the van and went back to the orchard we had stayed at the night before. As things turned out, the farmer volunteered to mount his irrigation pipe carrier on his pickup to haul the shell 60 miles downstream to get out of these steep canyons of the Dalles area and away from the wind they channeled.

The pipe truck turned out to be ideal for shell transportation; although it was a sight to see traveling down the road with 20-foot overhang off of each end. We pulled into the parking lot of a Corps of Engineers park, one of more than a dozen we had used or seen along the way. While we were unloading the shell, an officer of the Oregon State patrol stopped by to look at our load.

He inspected the makeshift shell carrier dubiously, asked a few questions, found out we were unloading and would not be continuing to transport the shell in such a manner, and left.

Next, our seasoned crew sets out through the Columbia Gorge, for more adventures, and misadventures...