

It is not our intention that "Apologies" become a regular *Pull Hard* feature. However, our reddened faces had hardly cooled from the winter blooper when word arrived, two days after the Spring edition left the press, that Mr. Stivers's name is Harold, not George. Oops. Sorry. --Editors

Note from Abbey

Unquestionably the biggest highlight at the Class Day banquet for me, was not only that we were able to announce the very generous gift of farmland from Annette and Clark Meinhart, but also in the reaction from those two at the banquet. They were both the very gracious individuals I remember when they worked at WSU. They seemed to really be having a grand time.

After the banquet, I received a note from Annette and Clark and I thought that it should be shared with other members of Cougar Rowing.

Dear Ken,

Clark and I want to say "thanks" to you, Coach Struckmeyer, Ernie and Pam and all others associated with WSU Crew for the invitation to a delicious dinner we so enjoyed, and best of all--to be with the family of WSU's Crew Program--administration, coaches, supporters, and the men and women of Washington State University. As we understand the schedule, the students go the 30 plus miles to practice every day and that effort displays love of sport and true dedication--and we so enjoyed being a part of this family. Thanks for the mementos. We have the '87-'88 racing schedule you gave to Clark, and hopefully we will be able on April 23, to be in Richland to cheer them on. May we be included in publications sent to Crew enthusiasts. Again, it was so rewarding to be with the WSU students and such a special group. It was great to be with you, Ken and JoAnn. Bye for now. Thanks for all of your kindness.

Sincerely,
Clark and Annette

It is still hard for me to believe they are thanking us, but that is the type of people the Meinharts are. ▲

--Ken Abbey

Good news. . .

Congratulations, alumni and friends! We achieved our Endowment target for the 1987 drive, raising the fund from \$12,000 in January of 1987 to \$20,352 on March 31, 1988. That is an accomplishment of which the entire organization should be proud. Great work.

Remember--A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together. ▲

Record Class Day turnout

Class day this year was a success. The weather cooperated with sun and blue sky. Those of us that came over from the west side appreciated escaping from the rain for the weekend. The races went off with their usual mix of confusion and fun. The alumni men filled three eights and one of them managed to pass the Senior Class Day Boat. The women alumni boat was edged out by the Juniors who made a surprising, and untrue, claim that the alums jumped the start. Well, we were stroked by a Husky coach. Maybe that explains the charge.

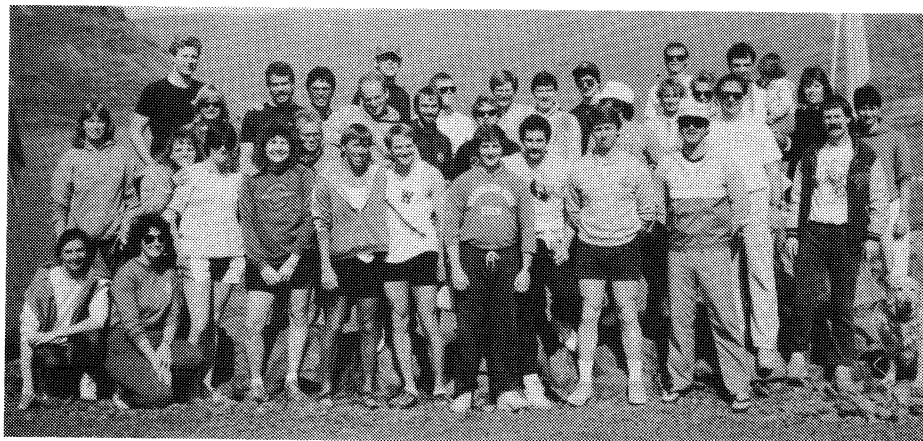
Many alums arrived with children or pictures of them. It's nice to know that the future of Cougar Crew is bright.

The Class Day banquet was held at Cavanaugh's Landing again. Brett

Purtzer served as emcee. Though attendance by recent graduates was scant, four alumni came a great distance to make the annual reunion. Tim Richards came from Hawaii, Mary Farell from New York, Mike Noble from Corpus Christi, and Mitch Wainwright from Denver.

The banquet was without a keynote speaker this year, but featured the traditional slide show and presentation of trophies. The highlight of the evening came when the men's commodore, Ernie Iseminger and the women's commodore Pam Ware, presented the Meinharts with a miniature oar and commemorative plaque in appreciation of their generous contribution to the crew. ▲

--Sara Bolson



Close to forty showed for Class Day racing and recreation. A record-breaking year.

Boggs coaches big league

Rowing at WSU has produced a small but growing number of coaches. Most begin as volunteers, filling one of the assistant positions after their eligibility is up. Often they are fifth year or graduate students who can't quite break the crew habit.

After completing her dual degree (Biology and Education) Tammy Boggs ('84) began coaching WSU's novice women in the spring of 1986, while working part time as a substitute teacher. In the fall of that year, she took a job as a lab tech at University Hospital in Seattle, and coached the UW women's third freshman eight as an intern with Frosh coach Jan Harville.

When Dick Erickson retired as head of the men's program and was replaced

by Bob Ernst, Harville moved into the vacancy. The Frosh position was advertised and Tammy was selected.

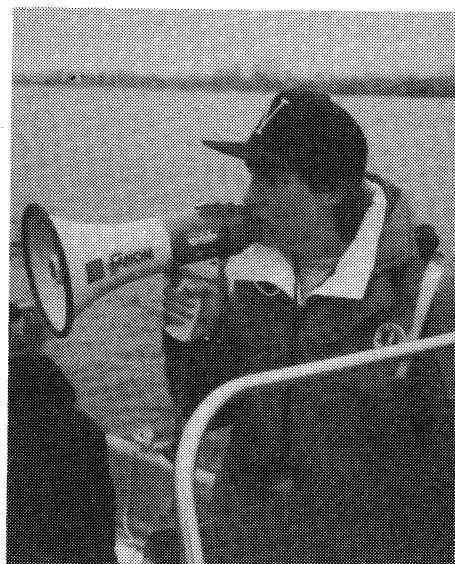
Last fall, 120 freshman hopefuls showed up at Conibear. After three weeks of basic training on the barge, eight boatloads remained. As the '88 racing season begins, Tammy has three eights and three spares. She coaches the first two boats, and her assistant takes the third.

Pull Hard staffer Rich Ray recently accompanied her on a 7:00 a.m. practice. A large bullhorn in one hand and an electronic stroke watch around her neck, she stood at the wheel of an 18' outboard, piloting the craft carefully around her crews, sending a steady stream of instruction and feedback.

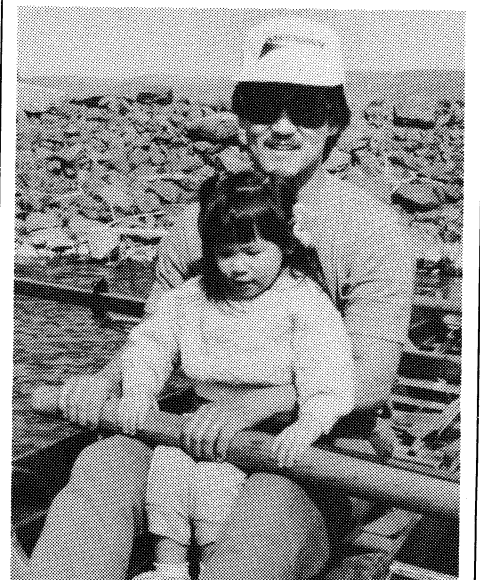
I want to keep the ratio on the slides now when we take this next power piece. Push it back and let it run. Don't be in a hurry Carolyn, matching coming out of bow--right with Shannon. Shannon, you've got good circles going here today. Good job of holding your mark. No tapping on the recovery now. Keep the weight on the hands Shannon, coming over the knees. Not so stiff now--relax, relax--follow your hands out. Loosen up the inside hand--not so tight--it's pushing your inside shoulder up. Matching on the paddle now--matching! Carolyn, you're opening up before Shannon. Swing the bodies together, in and out of bow.

As the eights worked through their warm-up drills, the cantilevered steel of Husky Stadium receded slowly in the haze. A fleet of shells fanned out over choppy grey water and traffic on the

Continued to insert



Tammy Boggs--the brains behind the bullhorn.



Class Day gave Dave Yorozu a chance to indoctrinate his daughter on one of the finer points of life.

San Diego odyssey

"Bust or San Diego" was what Ken Struckmeyer suggested we put on the side of the makeshift camper on the back of the shell truck. We round-filed the suggestion since giving that old chev a 50/50 chance was a bit more fate than we cared to proposition. This was my second San Diego excursion with the shells. Last year I could claim ignorance as the reason why I decided to spend my "vacation" bouncing along I-5 for 68 hours. This year I have only foolishness to offer.

My traveling companions were Ernie Iseminger '89 and Chad Campbell '87. Ernie is the men's commodore--redshirting this season due to knee problems. Chad ran out of eligibility and is helping with coaching. We rotated driving and sleeping at every gas stop; 3 to 5 hours depending on wind and hills.

It snowed the day before we left, leaving four inches blanketing the Palouse hills and our departure in doubt. Fortunately the roads were dry by the time we pulled out, Wednesday at nine a.m.

We stopped at three p.m. in Seattle--obviously not between Pullman and San Diego, but Struck worked out a deal to pick up some paying cargo from Pocock's and the Seattle Rowing Club. What's a few extra hours anyway? "Builds character," says Struck. By the time we got shells, oars and new trailer tire strapped on, five hours had expired and we were anxious to get back on the road.

5:30 a.m. Thursday, I was awakened by the sound of metal against asphalt and the smell of burning rubber. We had lost a brand new tire, literally, somewhere near Grant's Pass, Oregon. After a quick change and gas-up we were soon on our way. Sunrise found us just coming into the Siskiyou on a brilliant misty morning.

We stopped for dinner at a truckstop at Grapevine, where we were treated (exposed?) to a new sub-standard in roadside fare at the Rhinestone Cowboy. Nobody actually became physically ill from the food, and the waitress *did* smile.

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Dinner with the Captain

Continued from last issue.

[When we left the Captain, he was complaining of being run over on the basketball court by an insensitive and arrogant boor.--ed.]

Flip: Did you tell him he's a schweinhund?

Cap: Oh, he started fighting with one guy, a couple of weeks ago. . .

Steve: A professor?

Cap: Yep.

Kath: What does he teach? He must come in there really wound up or something. . .

Cap: He works for the athletic department.

The boatload of fettuccini circled the table a second time without noticeably losing much ballast.

Cap: We're not leaving tonight until this puppy's finished.

Uproarious laughter. (Wine bottles pretty much dry.)

Flip: No wonder those dogs look the way they do. Overproduction!

Cap: You know what they all say: "OOPS!"

Doug: So tell us something about the Pac-10 coaches meeting.

Cap: Well, Ken Abbey made a big presentation about the sexism court case against the WSU athletic department. . .so he made the presentation and that was about it. Then we sat there for the rest of the day--you know how meetings are.

But you know what? We got notice of this meeting ten days before we had to go. Our airline tickets were \$480.00 each!

Flip: Paid for by whom?

Cap: Abbey's was paid for by his office and mine came out of the

Endowment Interest account.

Flip: Oh, I thought maybe the Landscape Architecture department would pick it up. . .

Cap: RIGHT! Yeah, uh-huh. Fat chance in hell that would ever happen.

But you know, we got on the plane at six o'clock on a Sunday night, and there were only ten of us on the whole plane.

Doug: That's why it was so expensive--you probably had to split the gas.

(Laughs.)

Cap: So the meeting gets over early, and we sat all afternoon at the Stanford coach's house while he took his nap. One of the athletes was laying on the living room floor in his gym shorts, watching rowing movies all afternoon. We couldn't get a word out of him edgewise, so we sat outside for five hours.

Then the Stanford coach decides we'll go for dinner at 7:30, and our plane leaves at 9:30. So we go to this biiiig French hotel restaurant, and our meal is served at 8:30. The Stanford coach is saying: "Well, don't these people know we have to go to the airport?" And I said: "I don't think we told them." So at ten to nine, we run out of the hotel, get in his Mercedes and head up 101, to get to San Francisco airport, and he's got a Cellular One in his Mercedes. . .and it says "ROWBEST" on his California plates. "Hello? United Airlines? I'm bringing two people up for your 9:26 flight to Spokane. I just want you to know we're on our way." So we get to the airport at ten after nine and we're still licking the butter off our faces from the

snails and everything. . .the escargot we had for dinner. . .

We failed to finish the fettuccini, but Marj returned from coaching a volleyball game and joined the feast, making a final valiant but largely symbolic assault on Mt. Pasta. Following this, we downed a pan of Marj's freshly baked brownies.

All: "Uff da!"

Cassie and Jennie: "Wooff!"▲

Write now!

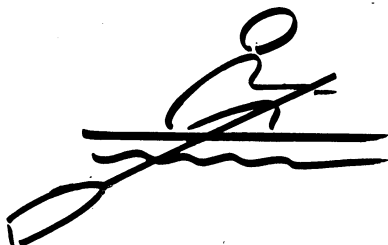
The *Pull Hard* would like to hear from you. Tell us where you are and what you're up to. Ask us for an address of your best old crew buddy. Let us know what you think of the *Pull Hard's* contents--what would you rather see? As volunteers we are always looking for articles and photos to lighten our load, so send us your best for publication.

We're just a bunch of dedicated amateurs waiting for your news, crits and masterpieces.

Copy Deadlines: 8/1/88, 10/13/88, 1/14/89, 5/1/89

Publication Dates: 6/4/88, 9/3/88, 11/13/88, 2/14/89

Mail *Pull Hard* materials to:
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Burlington, WA 98233



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Crucial news about dues

Now you made a donation to the Endowment Fund and that's *grrreat*. Likely you did it because you got a letter asking you to. Then came a *Pull Hard* or two just for reminders. We maybe even sent you another letter when the bottom fell out of the bull market and things looked a squidge doubtful. But we made it--we've got \$20,000 safe and sound in the fund. We brought in \$8,000 and only parted with \$250.00 for printing and mailing to do it.

Now how do you think we settled accounts with them typesetters and printers and Postmasters? Not with our good looks! Nosireebob! Friends, we've got over 400 alums--about 350 we know the whereabouts of. We're sending *Pull Hard's* to every one of 'em. That takes \$1,000 a year--just to keep the wheels turning.

DUES, friends! \$10 a pop. We got to have 'em. Send yours today in the handy little envelope. Know what I mean?▲

course for the NW Regional Championships held on Green Lake. This years rental fee was used to buy 1,200 shiny new white buoy bottles to complete the course. Next year--pure profit for the CRF coffers. They have also been asked by the Goodwill Games organizers to submit a bid for a permanent race course on one of two sites under consideration. Any Seattle civil engineers who would be able to lend assistance on the design please contact Doug (509/334-1530) or Flip (206/324-5120)

Bob Lex is living in the Kent area and working for Boeing Aerospace as a Software Test Engineer. He sends news that he will be getting married July 23rd.

Babies--

Steve and Peggy Porter--a baby girl
John and Bonnie Lafer -- a baby girl
Mike and Sandy Buckley--soon

Mike Noble played a suprise, long-distance visit to Class Day from Texas. Mike and his wife and their new daughter live in Corpus Cristi where Mike is an air traffic controller.

Tim "Haoli" Richards flew the Pacific to attend Class Day from Hawaii. He is now a partner in a veterinary clinic on the island.

Sue Ernsdorff is now living in Boston watching those east coasters row and racing bicycles big time.

John "Yumbo" Holtman is coaching again. This time for Mt. Baker Rowing Program in Seattle while attending computer classes at Boeing.

Doug Engle and Rich Ray spend four days in May installing, guarding and taking down the CRF's Albano race

CRF

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Sara Bolson	1988-1991

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Kathleen Randall	graphics
Rich Ray	contributing editor
Craig Illman	mailing list

Quarterly meetings are open to all interested alumni. Contact Jim Rudd (206) 874-5852 or Rich Ray (206) 324-5120.

Watch your box

June is kickoff month for the '88 Endowment Drive. We're going to push the fund from twenty to thirty grand this year--it's an exciting prospect and you can be an integral part of the effort. Look for your Endowment Fund letter soon!

Boggs - Continued from page 1

Evergreen Point bridge drummed steadily in the background.

OK cox'ns, we're going to pull ourselves up so we can make a left at the lighthouse, and then we'll follow the shore pretty close heading towards Sand Point.

Come to half slide. Half slide, half press. Picking up the water together with your legs. Sit ready. Sheila, sit up a little. Lane six, ready? Et vous pret partez! Take the boat now--get it reached in together. That's better. Watch the hand heights here stern four.

Kristi and Erica you just have to hold your marks--OK? There's too much arc in the way you're pulling. The blade's deep in the middle and the handle's in your lap at the end. Straight shot from the catch to the release and come around.

Part way through practice, an athlete was pulled from the engine room of the first boat--after a week of nagging pain, a muscle had quit with an agonizing "pop." The injured rower hugged her knees in the stern of the launch and the momentum of the workout sagged. Tammy made the best of it with a few quick pieces and a return to the boathouse.

Later, over coffee and a roll, Tammy talked about her team.

Pull Hard: *That stroke in your second boat really looks like a sparkplug.*

Tammy: *Margo? Oh yeah, she is. 5'6", 120--pulling on the erg harder than most. I've got a girl in the third boat who's 6'2", 175--just a marshmallow. I don't know whether she won't try hard, or she wants to do it but she just isn't tough. Then there's little Margo, pulling her guts out, trying to make the boat go fast.*

PH: *Do you always emphasize inboard work?*

T: *Pretty much. Right now I do. I'm not real concerned about bladework right now, but I think I will be, eventually.*

PH: *You've got a whole vocabulary . . . a crew language. . .*

T: *I know. I just have cue words. Most of them know what it means, but some of them don't. For them, I can't say a catchword that will make a difference. Most of the first boaters are getting a really good understanding. They may not row very well every stroke, but individually, they're getting an understanding for the way it's supposed to be. If they hang at the catch or open up with their backs too soon, I just have to say one word and the next stroke's better. But then when they start thinking about other things, it goes away again. So the idea is to have the cox'ns pick up the same kind of vocabulary, so she can say the same catchwords.*

PH: *Did you get the vocabulary from Jan?*

T: *No. But I sometimes go out with Bob or Jan, and I try really hard to listen to what they say--if they're saying the same thing, or have a better way to describe it.*

Tammy works twelve hours a day during the week, with a short day on Saturday, when the team isn't racing. If she's not helping her athletes perfect their style on the ergometer, she's probably tending to the paperwork necessary for a rigorous recruitment program. She hunts for new rowers at area high school athletic events--mostly volleyball and basketball. She draws them in with a letter inviting them to come see the program at Conibear, then helps them decide in whatever way she can within NCAA rules.

Does she enjoy her work? She'll answer "yes" with cautious enthusiasm--careful not to seem a disloyal Cougar,

but clearly pleased with what she does. There are certain disadvantages, she'll admit, the greatest being the emotional distance between coaches and athletes resulting from the size of the program. But like any coach, she wants athletes with talent, intelligence and dedication, and she has them here in abundant supply. "They're fighters!" She exclaims about her first boat. "They're really fighters!" ▲

Tammy started rowing in the '80-'81 season with frosh coach Susan Reavis. She rowed varsity with Gene Dowers and Rich Ray, and considers the V4+ of '84-'85 (Brenda Fredrick, Lisa Stivers, Sara Bolson, Tammy Boggs and Kim Heggerness) her best memory. She sat in the stroke seat all four years.



UW's women's novice 8.

San Diego - Continued from page 1

On Friday at two a.m., we found the race course on the first try, without benefit of a map. After dropping the trailer, we wandered noisily through San Diego in our beat up green pickup, which had lost its muffler somewhere in the middle of Oregon. Our accommodations were to be with about 800 rowers at the Navy Amphibious

Training Base on Coronado Island. We got three or four sets of directions along the way, some in English, and finally collapsed in our beds at five a.m.

I made it to the coach's meeting Friday night and met Bob Appleyard, '75, who was one of the race officials. Mike McQuaid, '87, (frosh coach) and I met Bob at a Mexican restaurant. Bob brought along another official, Jim, from Stanford and we swapped a few crew stories. Jim rowed with the first Stanford crews in the 50's. They started as a club with a bunch of old boats from Cal so we had much in common to talk about.

Saturday was a full day of racing--every ten minutes from seven til four. 2000 competitors and I don't know how many spectators. Most of the Alumni Associations of the major universities had hospitality tents set up. Ten dollars bought all the food and beer one could consume. I had a nice talk with Mike Kimbrell, '76, and Mike Klier, '75, over lunch. I also saw Paul Hensel, '86, and Eric Weseman, '86, both now with Seattle Rowing Club.

At nine p.m., we pulled out of San Diego. After clearing Los Angeles we made good time with the help of a benevolent tail wind. No major incidents along the way. All of us were tired and looking forward to beds with sheets.

Sunday, nine p.m. Back to Seattle in 24 hours! It was raining hard, our gear in the back was getting soaked, and the pass reports were starting to look ugly. We decided to lay over for the night and hit the pass around noon the next day.

Monday, three p.m. Back in Pullman, six days and 3,600 miles later, satiated with road life.

By all accounts the Crew Classic is getting better every year. I hope to see more local Cougar Crew alumni and supporters down there next year! ▲

--Doug Engle '79