

A HISTORY OF THE JACKSONVILLE EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL CREW

by

Charles Platt 3rd

Preface

I have been encouraged to write this "History of Episcopal Crew" because of the uniqueness of the sport in Jacksonville schools and because those who carry on the sport today will soon lose track of its past unless the record is set straight now. There is a chapter for each year the sport existed, arranged in chronological order, and anyone more interested in the present than the past may read the history backwards! As this little book goes to press the twelfth season of Episcopal Crew is beginning. To Coach John Colby, his assistants and all the members of this year's squad I wish the best of luck.

Chapter I

Getting Crew Started

In September 1971 Ho Angelos reported a "new, fun sport" at Episcopal; and that's all it was for the dozen older boys who signed up for crew that fall. Only a few were serious; for most it was a way to leave campus early and drive to J.U. for some splashing and thrashing on the river. It was a beginning, however, and we did get serious in the spring.

Starting crew seemed simple at first. Once Headmaster Horton Reed had agreed to hire me, I had little difficulty in persuading him to let me start a crew program. With his New England background, he understood the value of the sport. Athletic Director Jim diArmond was also supportive, having seen crew at Culver Military Academy. I had no doubts of my own motivation and even ability as I had coached the sport for sixteen years at St. Mark's School in Massachusetts. It was the one aspect of life at St. Mark's I did not want to lose. Also there was an established crew at Jacksonville University which I hoped would help the school begin the sport.

In March 1971 I visited J.U. and followed the crews in the launch with Coach Tim Kerr. The river was unusually calm that day, and I was impressed with the broad reaches of good rowing water. Coach Kerr agreed that Episcopal could use J.U. facilities and promised to arrange things with his Athletic Department. He neglected to tell me, however, that he was leaving J.U., so when I arrived in the fall I felt almost forced to coach J.U. as well as Episcopal! My assistant, Steve Hitchcock, being a full-time student was busy in the mornings. So was I, but there were times when the equipment would not have functioned in the afternoon had it not been repaired in the morning. I never cut a history class, but I confess that I sometimes left my study period unattended until I was quite rightly called to task by Jim diArmond.

My first rosy impression of J.U. crew clouded quickly when I found that even the best of their four shells was in poor shape. I quickly became familiar with those delightful old war horses, Mischief and Leper Colony, a love/hate affair that continues still at the Ray Knight Place.

Seven seniors and five juniors signed up for crew that fall. They were nonfootball players, of course, and most were not athletically inclined. I am not being entirely fair, however, to Brad Berg, Doug Traver, Watson Johnson, Steve Suddath, Frank Berkey and coxswain, Andy McDonald. They really did want to learn to row, and they were not afraid of a little exercise. Brad and Doug could have been good oarsmen, but they were seniors and did not continue the sport in the spring. There will be more on the others later.

I was supposed to be an assistant soccer coach that winter, but Coach Ned Becker let me work on rowing equipment most of the time. Whether he was willing I am not sure, because I gave him almost no choice! J.U. had two ancient Fours that were "gifts" of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. It was assumed I am now sure that no one would be foolish enough to try to repair them, but I guess I didn't know that at first! I somehow got them one at a time into a corner of the walled-in maintenance area at school and spent the winter playing with snadpaper, fiberglass and epoxy. John Libby and Eddie Brown, two of the senior oarsmen, offered me assistance, sympathy and encouragement, and occasionally I would look over the wall to see how Ned Becker's soccer team was progressing.

We never rowed one of those boats, but J.U. did in a race which they never finished because the boat sank! Those terrible Fours helped me make up my mind that the school was not ready for crew. There was no money for equipment; J.U.'s equipment was insufficient, and I could not coach two schools with all my academic commitments at one. I resigned at the University and told Horton Reed I would have to forget crew at Episcopal.

Horton refused to accept my decision. He was a visionary in many ways, and I remember him saying he was sure something would work out. I left his

office sure of only one thing; Horton Reed was crazy!

And then suddenly something did work out! My father called to say that he and my mother wanted to donate two used Fours to Episcopal. I had told them about the shells that I knew were available at Florida Southern, but I never asked them for anything. Horton Reed didn't know my parents existed, let alone that they lived in Ponte Vedra, so he had nothing to do with their sudden offer. Episcopal crew really began with the gift of those two Fours. At the time I was embarrassed to have it widely known what had happened. Even my son Tim who went twice with me to Lakeland to pick up the boats knew only that they were an anonymous donation.

I did not want to row our new boats out of J.U., and the school's riverfront in those days was totally untenable. Captain and Mrs. Tausch kindly let us use their property in Empire Point. In addition to teaching Math and being Tim's first advisor, Fred Tausch was also an administrator. I forget what his title was then, since titles tended to change frequently. I do know that he had been Provost and was about to be Assistant Headmaster. He rowed for Princeton and the Naval Academy, coached the Plebes at the latter for two years, and was a great friend in court to me.

We needed a dock which would enable us somehow to maneuver the shells over Fred's bulkhead and constructed a rudimentary affair with the advice and assistance of E.C. Lee, Al Magnusen's predecessor as Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. The shells rested on saw horses on Fred's front lawn. We had some cast-off J.U. oars, and my own personal jon boat and motor stayed in Fred's boat house. A disappointment was that only six boys came out; we could not row both boats.

Frank Berkey, Watson Johnson, Steve Suddath, Rich Birch and Andy McDonald returned from the fall program. In addition we picked up Rikki Wolfs who wound up at stroke. Watson was at three, Frank at two and Rich and Steve shared the

bow. Andy was cox. We got out every day and made great progress, doing timed quarters frequently in the cut where Fred lived and exploring other straightaway courses. My motor was new and trouble free, and the rowing equipment was in excellent condition. Who would believe now that those shells were the present U-Boats!

By the end of April we were ready for competition, but no school in the state rowed Fours in those days, so I had to do some fast talking. Coach Clark Wray of Winter Park High School was very helpful and sent four spares and a cox up to race us. These were boys who had not made the Winter Park J.V. and had never rowed a Four. I really thought we had a chance, but we lost in a close race. The next week-end we went to Cypress Gardens to watch the State Race which was somehow squeezed in between water-ski events. Winter Park won, and I remember an overwhelming frenzy among a great number of Winter Park enthusiasts because it was the first time they had ever won a State Race. Edgewater High School was a close second, Howey Academy a not so close third and Sanford Naval Academy an even more distant last. I thought that four Howey kids who had never rowed a Four were the perfect victims we sought and arranged a race in Jacksonville the next weekend.

I took this Howey race very seriously. We needed to win to maintain what little momentum had been gained during the season. I "retired" our overweight coxswain and brought in Tim Platt who had been a crew observer and enthusiast for most of his life. I guess he never really had a choice! The four Howey boys were just as I had hoped, very unsure of themselves in the strange boat, and we won the race by two lengths. On the row back to Captain Tausch's house Rikki Wolfs sang, "We are the Eagles, mighty, mighty, Eagles." What was needed, however, was less crowing, more rowing and, above all, growing! But at least the school had completed its first season with what could be interpreted as success.

Andy M. McDonald, Brad Barr,
 Paul Frazier, Watson Johnson,
 Doug Haze, Frank Borkey,
 Steve Sudduth, Rich Birch
 and Eddie Brown

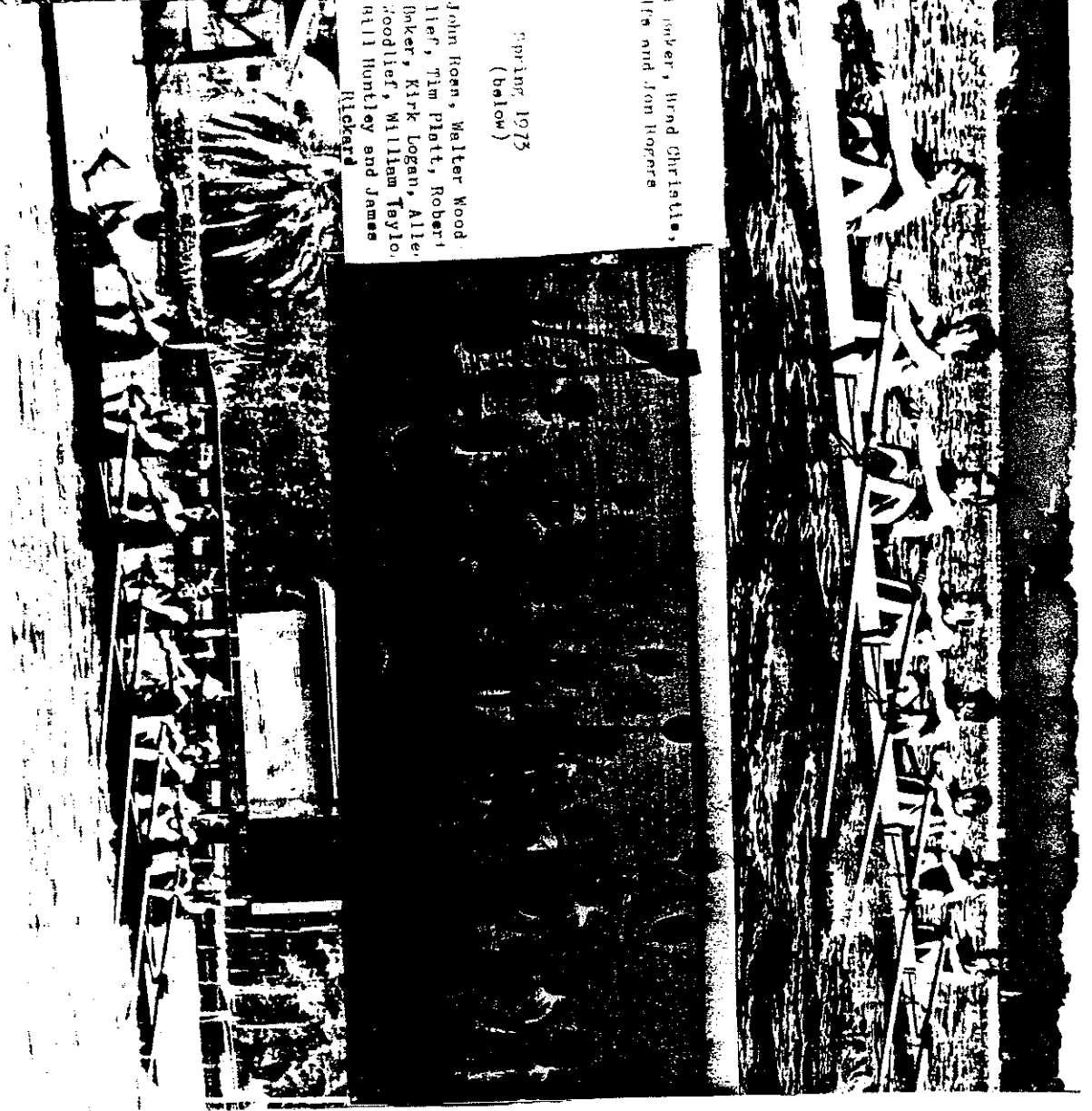
Spring 1972 (below)
 Tim Platt (cox), Nigel Wolf,
 Watson Johnson, Frank Borkey
 and Rich Birch

Fall 1972
 George Academy
 (above)

Tom Parker, Jordan Terry,
 John Henry Leoney, William
 Taylor, Kirk Logan, Bill
 Huntley, David Bond, Tim Platt, Robert Fisher, Brad Christie,
 John Miller, Watson Johnson, Nigel Wolfe and Jon Rogers

Spring 1973
 (below)

John Horn, Walter Wood,
 Alf, Tim Platt, Robert
 Baker, Kirk Logan, Allen
 Goodleaf, William Taylor,
 Bill Huntley and James
 Richard



Chapter II

Demolition and Development

It was Phil Cleland's mother's idea to destroy a house and save the shells which were now on the school's river-front. I persuaded a J.T. McCormick bulldozer man to carve us a beach while he was beginning the river bank remodeling project that still continues. The early years of the project were perfect for crew because the land was cleared, and there could be a beach. The only thing that bothered me was that the shells sat there day after day, unprotected in the strong sunlight. There was no money for real lumber, but all I wanted was a rough shelter for shade. Phil Cleland's real estate mother knew of a house in Riverside that was about to be torn down. Could not the crew assist in its destruction and get lumber for the shelter?

Legalized vandalism is a great way to work off weekend energy. Tim Platt, James Rickard, Steve Respass, Phil Cleland and I, with axes in hand, did a fantastic job of demolition. I think Rikki Wolfs was there for part of the time, and there may have been others. We came to the river at school with a truckload of semi-broken doors, parts of kitchen cabinets and smashed window frames. From this we were going to build a boathouse? It didn't work! All this junk, plus the dock which was towed around to the school from the Tausch's house, lies now under thirty feet of fill dirt.

In spite of this failure crew did develop. Where there had been seven participants the previous spring, in the fall of 1972 there were twenty-six. Since there were still only two shells for these boys to use, it was good that the school had not yet changed the old schedule that had three rather than two P.E. periods. It was also a lucky thing that I was not in class for either of the last two P.E. periods. I coached two shells full of ninth and tenth graders for one period, followed by two boats of older boys.

This year and the year that followed were ideal for crew because we rowed at school and not at some remote property. Not only was the entire school aware of our activity but there was no need to drive on Atlantic Boulevard to reach the rowing site. Today we have a boathouse and a dock plus five times as much equipment as in 1972. All we need now is to have everything moved back to the school!

Three of the 1972 boys made lasting contributions to Episcopal Crew. Robert Baker was a sincere, silent and strong eleventh grader who learned to row without much trouble and quickly discovered that crew was his favorite sport. He was elected Captain for the following year to succeed Rikki Wolfs and was an assistant coach and New England trip chaperone in 1979. Tim Platt also learned to row quickly. Years of living with the sport undoubtedly helped, and he enjoyed other sports, especially soccer. He went on to earn a Varsity Crew letter at Princeton and returned to Episcopal as Head Coach in 1981. Kirk Logan did not learn to row as quickly as Robert and Tim. In fact I about gave up on him! One night his mother called, which would usually be a bad thing; but this time was an exception, because until then I didn't know that Kirk hadn't given up on himself! I readjusted my approach, turned up my patience one notch, and quite suddenly he learned to row. He earned letters at both Tampa and Rollins and was Episcopal's first and best Novice Crew Coach.

We had races with Howey Academy that fall at Howey, including the first race ever in an Eight, borrowed of course from Howey. I believe we won one or maybe two races in Fours, however I know we lost a very close race in the Eight. It was good racing and mediocre rowing.

That winter at a soccer game I met Phyllis Fleming, the mother of three Episcopal boys, including Phillip, the last one in school. He was not an oarsman, but his mother was interested in our program and volunteered to run me around the river all spring in her large boat. Needless to say it

was a joy not to have to carry my motor down to the river, and the little jon boat was put away for a while. Phyllis should be counted as the first parent-friend of Episcopal Crew, first in a long and illustrious list.

We had a full schedule of races that spring but very different from the present schedule. Schools were not included in college regattas. There was no Governor's Cup, no Turkey Lake and no Tampa Regatta. Instead there were exchanges between all the rowing schools, including two that no longer exist: Howey Academy and Sanford Naval Academy. The latter came north to race us in our Fours. Greatly improved under their new coach, Tom Feaster, Sanford won all the races, although the First Boat race was close. Rowing for Sanford in those days was Harry Edenfield who would later help Episcopal a little at the Ray Knight Place. A race with Edgewater was held at Howey, why, I am not sure I knew even then! We all went down in a bus and spent the night in a gym on wrestling mats. No one really slept, and we got up at six o'clock to try the Eight we would race in. Phil Cleland and I stumbled down to a nearby boathouse with the key to a powerful coaching boat. In my sleepy condition, with boat controls I only half understood, I ran the boat onto a bank, and it sank at the stern. Phil and I got out without too much trouble, but the motor was almost fully underwater. A Howey expert was able to dry it out, though not in time for the race, of course. Our J.V. was beaten badly by Edgewater; the Varsity lost a close, highly competitive race. The next week Howey Academy brought its two Eights to Episcopal's river. We had not been warned that the one assigned to us would be rigged starboard stroke. Everyone had to change positions, and Tim Platt went from Bow to Stroke. We still won fairly easily with Channel 17 recording the action for T.V. What I did not know at the time was that Howey Academy was on the verge of bankruptcy. Two years later it closed.

On the Varsity that year, in addition to those already mentioned in this history, were Gordon Terry, Walter Woodlief, David Bond and David Key.

Gordon was a natural athlete who had never been involved in a sport which required so much stamina and self-sacrifice. I think crew helped him, and I know he helped Episcopal Crew. Walter Woodlief was our first "instant oarsman." From the moment he touched an oar he seemed to know what to do with it. David Bond was a sophomore and younger than all but Tim Platt on the Varsity; but he was big and strong for his age and learned to row quickly. David Key was a lightweight Junior who enjoyed athletic success as cox.

After the Howey race we went to Sanford Naval Academy and got badly beaten in an Eight. Their lake Monroe was too rough for a race, so we went to a nearby canal where Sanford quickly disappeared through the water hyacinths. The next weekend Winter Park came to Jacksonville and beat us in three Fours races. We then went on the first New England trip which will be described in the next chapter. After that the State Race was held at Sanford with Episcopal entering a Varsity and a J.V. using a borrowed boat. We placed fourth in the Varsity race, beating only Howey, and all I can remember of the J.V. race is that while the borrowed boat was still in the slings, one of our boys climbed into it to adjust his foot stretcher! What a green bunch we still were!

Chapter III

More Equipment and the First Two New England Trips

The program in the fall of 1973 was much like that of the year before, except that my classroom schedule was less convenient. There was really no practical way in which ninth and tenth graders could row that year unless their schedules were adjusted.

That fall Tom Feaster brought some Sanford boys up to race us in Fours, and we won all the races fairly easily. He later told me that we had done him a favor by persuading most of his oarsmen to drop the sport. Apparently they were a bad bunch; his success the following spring surprised us. Actually Tom

Feaster was fighting against odds since Sanford, like Howey, was about to close.

Crew was developing, but it seemed impossible that much real progress could be made without more equipment, especially an Eight. Even small schools like Howey and Sanford considered the Four an unimportant side show. New England had a fourteen-school league which raced only in Fours, and Episcopal really belonged in that league. But Florida was not New England; we had to have an Eight.

Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond was selling a bunch of old oars, a Schoenbrod Four with a hole in it and a good Pocock Eight. I never even bothered asking the school for help, knowing that it could not, and knowing also that the move had to be made quickly or someone else would snap up the deal. I knew of others who even then were nibbling at the bait. So, somewhat impulsively I admit, I bought the equipment.

Bill Platt and I went up one weekend and came back with the Four and eleven standard-bladed oars. My Datsun handled this load quite easily. The Eight of course would be more difficult! I could not haul J.U.'s trailer and was a little frightened at the thought of a trailer anyhow. I called Bill Jurgens at F.I.T. for advice, hoping more for help than advice. He suggested that I cut the boat in half and make it sectional. That seemed a little rash to me, so I called Stan Pocock in Seattle who encouraged the operation but suggested that I cut the bow and stern off and create a tri-sectional. With saw in hand Tim Platt and I went to Richmond, and I became almost certainly the only person ever to carry an Eight on a Datsun! That winter I had three "pieces of Eight" and a Four with a large hole in it in my back yard. Both boats were operational by February.

Another recent equipment acquisition was the boat cage. I invented it, Al Magnusen made it, the school paid for it and thirty boys carried it down to the river. Its purpose was to keep vandals away from the shells. I also thought it would be safe to store the outboard there behind locked gates, but

one night the motor was stolen. No one's insurance covered the loss, and I felt quite stymied until luck came through. John Graham, who had two daughters at Episcopal and owned a boat yard in Ortega, gave the school a brand new motor! Needless to say I kept it in my car and not the boat cage; but the cage did hold the three Fours. The Eight had to stay outside.

In the spring of 1974 I had an assistant coach, Nick Speckman, a recent J.U. graduate. He coached the ninth and tenth graders when I was in class. Thanks to Nick and the "new" equipment, the squad grew to twenty-eight.

Our first race was with Sanford and was rowed on J.U.'s course on the St. John's River largely because Carl Bock, the new coach at the University, was more interested and helpful than had been his predecessor. A Four of spares lost a well-fought race, but our Eight was blown away and never really tried. Our humiliation grew when the bow began to come off the Eight on the row back to school. The next day I reinforced it, but the boat could not be the sectional I had hoped for; it could not be taken apart and put together again.

We then raced Edgewater on Lake Maitland in Winter Park using a borrowed Eight, and both Varsity and J.V. were badly beaten. Next, to restore our confidence, we raced the J.U. Freshmen and won. In the middle of April we switched into the Fours and didn't row the Eight again until just before the State Race. I began to attach more and more importance to the New England trip since we were a small school that could only compete successfully in Fours.

The idea of taking a crew to New England had come to me suddenly the previous spring. I thought it would be good education for Jacksonville students to visit a part of the country that was new to most of them and visit a different kind of school and was pleased and a little surprised at the support I got from both parents and school.

11.

In late April, 1973 David Key, Rikki Wolfs, David Bond, Robert Baker, Tim Platt and I flew to Boston, rented a car and drove out to St. Mark's where we stayed in the Alumni Dorm. I was the alumnus, and I had a few friends! The next day we raced St. Mark's on Fort Meadows Pond, losing to their First Boat by six lengths and their Second by one. At Brooks School we had a joint practice instead of the planned race because their lake was too windy. Brooks made us look silly. After that we went to the Charles River in Cambridge to scrimmage with Brown and Nichols. Tim Platt stayed in Southboro to see some of his old friends; Howie Hodgson, a St. Mark's oarsman, rowed in his place. He was very helpful to the Episcopal boys that afternoon. We almost looked good rowing with Brown and Nichols, thanks to my friend Howie, who was not only knowledgeable but three years older than Tim.

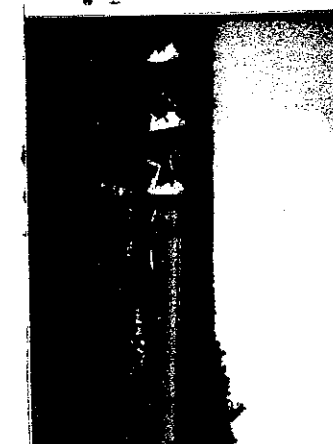
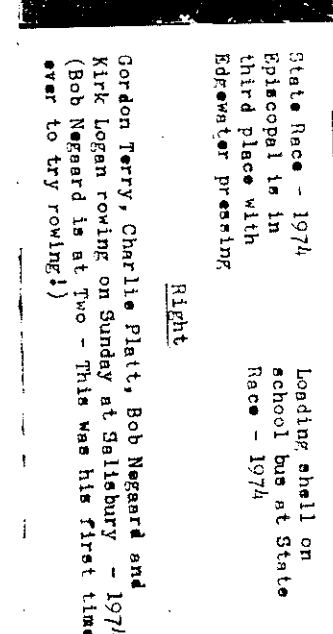
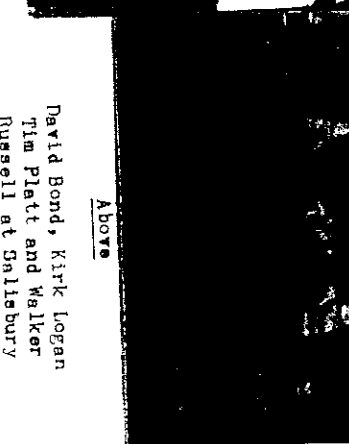
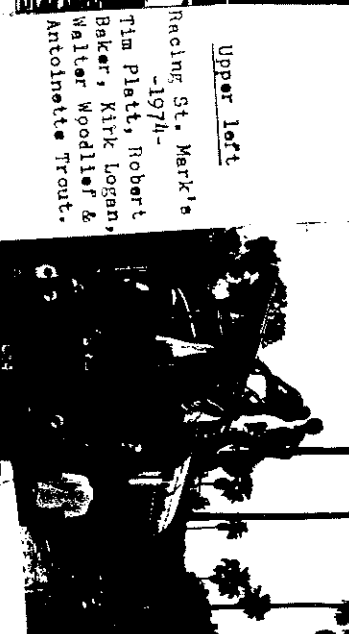
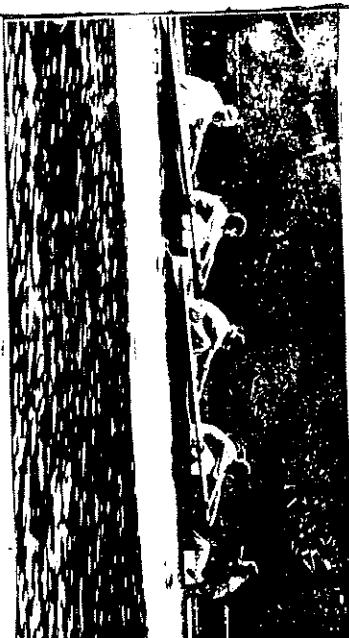
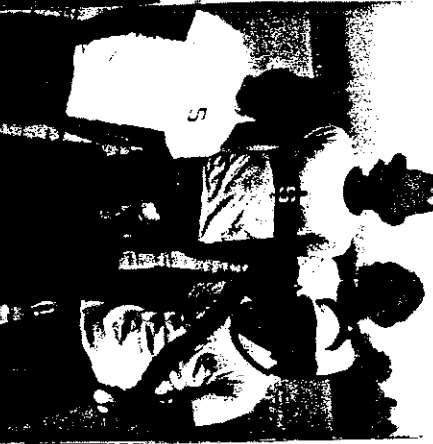
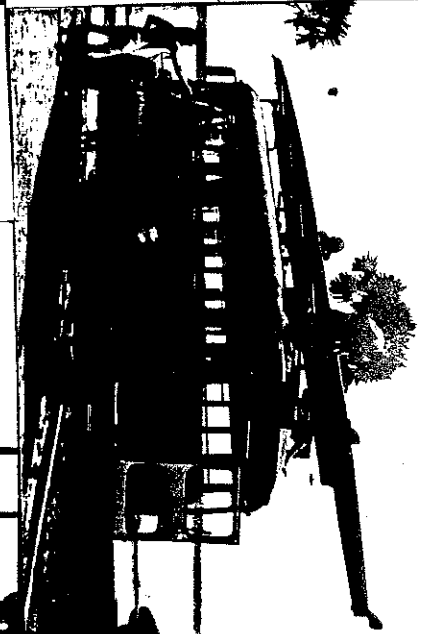
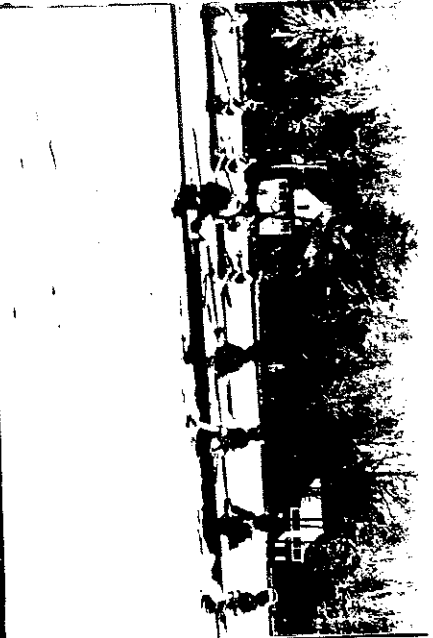
The success of the first New England trip prompted me to plan carefully and early for another. I arranged to take ten kids, First and Second Boat in New England terminology, and scheduled races with St. Mark's on Thursday, Pomfret on Friday, and Salisbury on Saturday. I also found a parent, Bob Negaard, to help me; Kris Negaard coxed the Second Boat. After flying from Jacksonville, we rented two cars and drove to St. Mark's. I didn't expect to beat St. Marks; Howie Hodgson was a senior, Stroke and Captain, and I knew the others would be just as good, but we stayed with them for almost half the race and I got excited. Howie denied it, but I'm sure they were taking it easy. They eventually beat us by three lengths. Episcopal did row well, however, and I was pleased. Our Second Boat broke an oar-lock in the borrowed boat. They were going to lose anyhow, but they felt cheated.

I hoped to beat Pomfret. Their recent crews had not been fast, and I'll admit that I picked Pomfret because I knew a victory would help. The Second Boat won, but the First missed by a deck length. Salisbury had once been slow, but I had heard that their new coach, Bruce Blodgett, was beginning to build a strong program. I picked Salisbury because I knew Headmaster Ed Ward from our days together on the St. Mark's faculty. Our Second Boat raced the Salisbury

Third, Fourth and Fifth and appeared to have won, but the Salisbury cox claimed that Episcopal had cut him off. Second Boaters Bill Huntley, James Rickard, Gordon Terry and William Taylor rested before a re-race while First Boaters Walter Woodlief, Robert Baker, Kirk Logan, Tim Platt and Antoinette Trout took to the water. Episcopal's First Boat finished five seconds behind the Salisbury First Boat and three seconds ahead of the other. The Episcopal Second Boat won a very close re-race.

Our stay at Salisbury was very satisfactory. The boys were mixed with Salisbury boys in the dormitories and got to know the school well. We also had Sunday to explore the nearby hills and fields and generally mess around on the lake. Bob Negaard was interested in crew and wanted to try rowing, so he and I with Gordon Terry, Kirk Logan and a Salisbury cox went out, rowed about three miles and succeeded in returning safely. It was a crash course in rowing for Bob. Since he was Head Coach in 1982, I should mention that he has rowed frequently since then in several types of boats including singles. That is not all he has done, and there will be much more about him.

We flew back to Jacksonville on Monday and got back in the Eight to prepare for the State Race which was again held at Sanford. This year I felt we had a much better boat, and I wanted to beat somebody besides Howey. I made a rig for a big yellow school bus, and we loaded a J.U. Eight onto it. Mrs. Martell drove the bus, but the boat barely protruded beyond the ends of the bus, so she had little trouble. Her only problem was that she failed to account for the extra wind resistance reducing her gas mileage and ran out about two miles from our goal. Fortunately the races were delayed for us. The J.V. beat only Howey. The Varsity might have beaten Edgewater as well as Howey, were it not for a clashing of oars near the finish as Edgewater was trying to pass us. I will never know who would have come out ahead had Episcopal not been forced to stop rowing for several strokes. I also don't know who was at fault, Antoinette or the Edgewater cox. Tom Lineberry, who



Upper left
Racing St. Mark's
-1974-
Tim Platt, Robert
Baker, Kirk Logan,
Walter Woodlief &
Antoinette Trout.

Above
David Bond, Kirk Logan
Tim Platt and Walker
Russell at Salisbury

1975

Left
State Race - 1974
Episcopal is in
third place with
Edgewater pressing

Above
Lodging shell on
school bus at State
Race - 1974

Right
Gordon Terry, Charlie Platt, Bob Negard and
Kirk Logan rowing on Sunday at Salisbury - 1974
(Bob Negard is at Two - This was his first time
ever to try rowing!)

was then the Edgewater coach, was sure it was Episcopal's fault and didn't mind saying so. So when all was over we had another State Race fourth place, the same as the year before. In retrospect, however, it is worth remembering that the Edgewater crew we might have beaten was the same crew which had beaten us by three lengths on March 30 only six weeks earlier.

Chapter IV

Aluminum Cans, The Great Rowathon and the Ray Knight Place

Kirk Logan was elected Captain for 1975. Immediately he addressed the problem of finances and offered a solution. We would all start picking up scrap aluminum. If I remember correctly the Reynolds Aluminum Recycling Center was then offering fifteen cents a pound, and thirty cans equaled one pound. Returnable bottles increased our treasury, but the real bonanza was an unopened can of beer. Rooting the roadsides turned up a variety of interesting items! But we were not good ecologists as we left all the empty whiskey bottles exactly where we found them. If all members of the crew had been as faithful as Kirk, Bill Platt and I were, we could have earned quite a bit of money. I remember one especially lucrative drive down San Pablo Road when I drove and Kirk sat on the hood of the car. I think we filled an entire six foot plastic bag!

Groveling in the gutter for cans was not a very romantic way to earn money. The Rowathon organized by Bob Negaard had much more class. By this time Bob had founded the Remex Rowing Club of Jacksonville. Remex, Jacksonville University and Episcopal planned to row three Eights on a sixty mile trip up the St. John's to Green Cove Springs and back, and we would get all sorts of people, including a few companies, to sponsor the trip. Bob set our sights high and organized the affair to the Nth degree. Harry Mason, father of Steve who was then rowing for Episcopal, provided his forty-seven foot cabin

171

cruiser as the head auxilliary vessel. Although I did some rowing, I remember the comforts of this craft as the highlight of the adventure. I also remember the good luck we had with the weather, since any reasonable wind on the wide river would have destroyed our efforts. Kirk Logan set the record for Episcopal with forty-three miles, and Walker Russell was only ten behind him. Bill Huntley, Tim Platt and David Hackney all came in with about twenty. Mitch Woodlief had fifteen and the rest of us ten. There were a few J.U. stalwarts, including Bob's son Brad, who rowed the whole distance. It was all a lot of fun, but in the end Episcopal got about as much money from this project as from the aluminum affair. Unless we could hit it lucky at the dog track, exotic fund-raising projects were not going to finance Episcopal Crew.

Just as bull-dozers were about to bury us on the school's waterfront the Ray Knight Place became available. Without it operations would have been very difficult since we would have been forced into the far corner of the school property directly in front of the little Acosta House. We had experimented with this site once because it was closer to the Arlington River than our other launching area, but we found the bottom too mucky for operations without a dock. Some day there will be a boathouse and protected dock in that area when the Ray Knight Place has been sold; however, with conditions as they were in 1974, the Ray Kight Place was excellent. There was a fixed dock already on the property. Tim, Kirk and I built a floating dock which was attached with a ramp at right angles to the end of the existing dock. We had no boat shelter of any kind in 1974, but there was protection from vandalism because Ron Mosio of the school work force lived in part of the old house with two dobermans and "Buster", another canine of obscure genetic origin. Living at peace with all of them, including Ron, required finesse which I sometimes lacked. One day the two dobermans kept me distracted while "Buster" moved in behind and left with part of my pants and even a small portion of me!

We had one fast Four in the fall with Tim Platt, Walker Russell, Kirk Logan, Bill Huntley and the first typical cox Episcopal had ever had, Doug Bernreuter. He was very young, very light, overly full of confidence and potentially dangerous, but he did inspire the crew and became cox mascot. They run the boat on the water, and you beat them up on the shore! Doug alone was responsible for a come-from-behind victory over a Remex Four that was entering the Head-of-the-Charles Regatta that fall. Trying to simulate the Charles River course on the Arlington and Big Pottsburg, we began at the Matthews Bridge and finished just beyond the Ray Knight Place. We rowed behind the young adult crew all the way until Doug squeezed us around the last bend while the other crew went almost straight.

I was excited at our prospects for the following spring. We might not have much of an Eight, but at least we would have a Four, and four-oared rowing was gradually becoming more respected. Also I anticipated a new England trip with a crew that would make a bigger dent than ever before; but during the soccer season Bill Huntley pulled some ligaments in his leg so badly that he needed an operation. For him rowing was out. For us a substitute of even vaguely comparable ability did not exist on the small school squad; however, an ex-Episcopal oarsman was then a senior at Sandalwood High School. David Bond had been on the first New England trip. The next year he was married and had to leave Episcopal. He and Kirk were the same age and good friends, and Debbie Bond thought the exercise would be good for her husband. Little Christopher was too young to have an opinion! A crew with David could not represent Episcopal; there was no Varsity Eight but rather a Remex/Episcopal Varsity Four and a J.V. Eight.

In 1975 for the first time the Florida college regatta were opened to the schools, and our schedule began to resemble the one that now exists. At the Governor's Cup in Melbourne our Four won its event, but the Eight, in

10.

a borrowed F.I.T. shell, had a discouraging day. Two of our ancient J.U. oars broke before the race. We scrambled around and borrowed some oars at the last moment, but the boys got to the start in a semi-psyched-out state and placed third out of four. Shortly after the race the coach of Miami's Big Five Rowing Club succeeded in selling me an almost new set of Pocock oars to be delivered at the next race. Once again sudden necessity had gotten in the way of what might have been my better judgement.

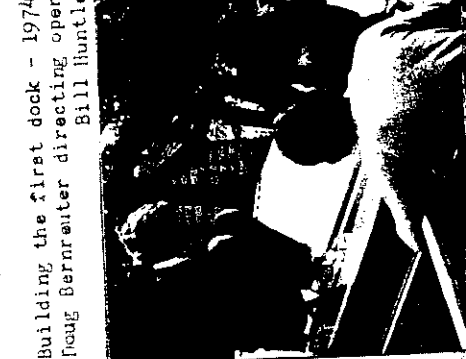
The next regatta was at Disney World, the same regatta which is now held in Tampa. The J.V. Eight placed third out of six, but the Varsity Four had bad luck and beat only Winter Park. What happened was that Walker Russell's seat, which had been coming off during practice, almost self-destructed during the race. It was the first sign of the Mickey Mouse jinx that was to plague us every time we went to Disney World. As a result I lost my head again and ordered new seats for the Schoenbrod to be delivered to us the next week at Salisbury School.

The New England trip that year was entirely unique. All members of the crew except Doug Bernreuter skipped a week of school. I believe that David Bond had finished at Sandalwood, so all he had to do was clear with the manager of Taco Bell where he was employed. Both he and Debbie looked forward to the trip because they could leave little Christopher with the grandparents! Tim, Walker and Kirk were all in good academic condition, and it was arranged for Doug to fly up for the weekend with my wife Polly, and Bill Platt. The rest of us drove in the Bond's car and my car, taking the Schoenbrod with us. We spent the first night in a motel and the next with my father and step-mother at her large farm in Easton, Maryland. While there the crew took a practice row on the Choptank River with Debbie at cox. The next night we were at Salisbury where Polly joined us with Doug and Bill. We raced the Salisbury First, Second and Third Boats. Doug Bernreuter, who had never been out of Florida, was totally disoriented and asked Tim at the start, "Who's that?"

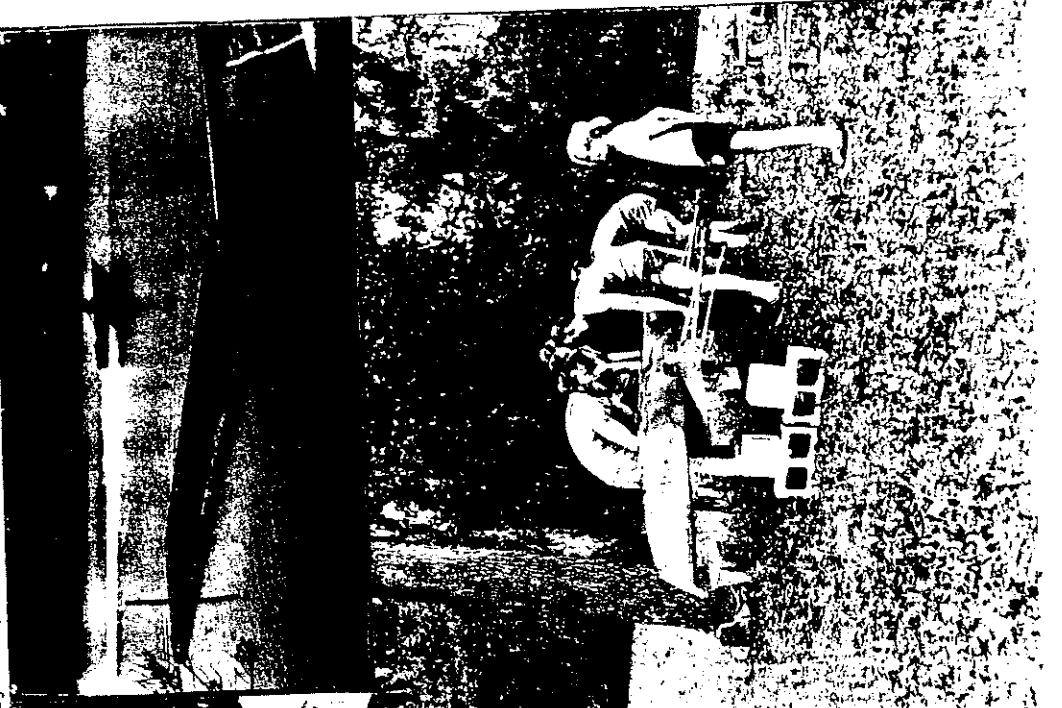
Building new Boat House - 1979 - Spencer Dickinson, Eddie Hudenwefer, Arthur Wood



New dock with high-powered boat, the woman's chief complaint,



Building the first dock - 1974 - Tim Platt, Kirk Logan & Charlie Platt (lower left)
Doug Bernreuter directing operations with Kirk Logan, Tim Platt, Walker Russell and
Bill Huntley - 1974 - (lower right)



Sanford?" An "S" on the shirt of the opposition meant only one thing to Doug! We placed third, beating only the Salisbury Third Boat. We then drove to Southboro for a race with Groton and St. Mark's. Both had excellent crews that year, and we were quite literally blown away by both the wind and the utterly superior opposition. Todd Jesdale, who was then coaching St. Mark's, invited us to join his Second Boat for a workout the next morning. We actually beat them on one piece, but I strongly suspect that Todd had told them to take it easy!

We returned to Florida by the western route so as to take in the Gettysburg Battlefield, see the Shenendoah Valley in spring bloom, and perhaps compensate for missing a whole week of school. It was a very different sort of New England trip, and there will never be another like it, which is probably a good thing!

Episcopal did not enter the State Race that year. David and Debbie had to get back to Christopher, the rest of the Four had to make up for lost time in the classroom, Doug Bernreuter had to reorient himself and the rest of our very small squad had stopped practicing due to my prolonged absence. It would have been an anticlimax in any event.

Chapter V

The New Garofalo, the Boat Shelter and Girls' Crew

During the 1975 season Harry Mason organized parents to buy a new Four. They made a great effort, however there were not enough of them to raise all the necessary funds. Nevertheless I brought a new Garofalo Four down from Worcester, Mass. From the beginning the parents always showed much interest in our efforts, but this was the first time they had ever been asked to give money for anything other than their share of a New England trip. Parent donations have increased since then. Both I and the school are eternally

grateful, since the sport would not have grown without their help.*

Our equipment had sat in the sun for too long, and the finish was peeling and blistering. An amateur refinish job on an old shell is acceptable, but it seemed criminal to me to allow our brand new boat to sit outside without some sort of protection. Corwith Davis, father of Gardner then rowing, offered to pay for the sort of roof-only shelter I had seen at Salisbury. Tim Platt, Jay Weinaug and I built it in several fall and winter weekends. It had two columns of poles placed four feet apart supporting a roof with a six foot overhang, and the whole structure was eighty feet long. Jay finished the roof looking like the original tar-baby, and the roof nearly finished Tim when he fell into the bamboo!

That spring there were six shells in our "boat house", the new Garofalo which we now call Joe G., the Schoenbrod and the two original Fours which I refinished that winter with a black epoxy paint which made them look like submarines; we called them U-20 and U-30. The Eight which I had "sectionalized" was now somewhat unofficially known as Bonzai, and J.U.'s Mischief was at the Ray Knight Place. Although never officially Episcopal's boat, it has been with us, for better or for worse, almost continuously since 1975; and gradually, with the years, it has more than lived up to its name!

The program in the fall of 1975 was limited because key candidates were playing football; this was really a good thing as it meant that crew was beginning to attract top athletes. We did have a race however on a Sunday when

*At this writing the parents have been asked to give more than ever before. Lew Kleckak, father of Tommy now rowing, is doing what Harry Mason did six years ago, only this time the parents have no choice; they must pay \$75 for their child to row. I hope I will not be misunderstood and certainly do not wish to sound ungrateful; nevertheless I have to say that I believe it is wrong to ask Episcopal parents to pay more than tuition for their child's education. Episcopal is an expensive school, and crew is an expensive sport; if the school offers such a sport, it must find a way to support it. Naturally there is a wide gap between the ideal and the practical, and for the moment, as was true six years ago, there seems to be no other way to support crew than to ask parents to pay for it.

Gardner Davis and Andy Hogshead were not involved in football. These two plus Tim Platt and Jay Weinaug with Rob Derr at cox helped to support a J.U. Sports Day and placed second in a race with two J.U. Fours, a respectable result considering that their only practice together had been rowing to J.U. for the race.

The situation that spring was the same as it had been several years; we had a good Four but not much more. Nevertheless we tried to fake being just like Winter Park and Edgewater and had a race with both of them in late March on the Arlington River. Our Eights were thoroughly beaten, but we placed second in the Varsity Four, just behind Edgewater and far ahead of Winter Park. Needless to say every Episcopal oarman raced twice, but so did the boys in the winning Edgewater Four.

The highlight of that spring was the visit of eight oarsmen from Chestnut Hill Academy in Philadelphia. Their coach, Ken Dreyfuss, was touring Florida with his oarsmen during their vacation. We rowed together for three days, and Episcopal parents graciously hosted the C.H.A. boys. In particular I remember the St. John's River cruise on Bill Derr's sixty foot yacht, the beach party at the Dickinson's and the cook-out at the Davis'. The rowing was competitive and constructive, and Ken was very helpful to me; perhaps I was also to him. We planned a repeat for the next year.*

The Four with Andy Hogshead at Bow, Gardner Davis at Two, Jay Weinaug Three and Tim Platt Stroke with Spencer Dickinson coxing was on its way to being the best ever at Episcopal until Tim got mononucleosis. We were never able to put it together without him, and even when he returned it wasn't quite the same.

*It is interesting to note that Andy Hogshead of Episcopal met John MacEachern of Chestnut Hill. Little did either know that they would soon row together at Harvard. John has now graduated after two years on the Varsity, and Andy is a senior with two year's experience on the J.V., and one on the Varsity.

The J.V. Eight was mediocre at best, and we did not enter an Eight in the State Race that year, partly because we were not qualified but mostly because, for the first time, the regatta included an event for Fours. Episcopal entered two Fours, Winter Park one, and that was it: three boats in the race. The Winter Park boat consisted of boys who had not made the Varsity Eight but were too good for the J.V.. They beat us by virtually nothing in one of the most exciting races I have ever seen. The other Episcopal boat was far back. The race was held at Sanford Naval Academy, a swan song for the institution which had just been voted out of existence by its trustees.

Another race that season which deserves some mention took place in March when we were invited to join J.U. and North Carolina in an Eights race. Carl Bock lined us up at the start, caring little that Episcopal was half a length ahead because, after all, we were just school boys. Nevertheless we finished as far ahead as we had started, and Andy Hogshead rowed almost half the race with a broken slide.

The New England trip that year was a celebration of Tim's comeback from mono, and it was the first trip to establish the pattern followed by all trips since then. We entered the St. Mark's-Brooks race on Saturday and then went to Lake Waramaug in Connecticut for the Founder's Day Regatta hosted by Gunnery School. This arrangement is excellent as we can race two schools on Saturday and seven more on Sunday. We lost to St. Mark's, almost beat Brooks, and placed fifth out of eight at Founder's Day.

Almost the same day that boys at Episcopal began rowing, Jill Langford headed a deligation of girls who wanted to row. I told her that I wanted to get a boys' crew established firmly first, and then the girls could row. Jill was a senior so this didn't help her at all!

With the tremendous interest that now exists in girls' rowing or Women's

Crew as it is officially called, it is hard to imagine the situation that existed only ten years ago. At that time there were no girls rowing competitively anywhere in the country as far as I know. Certainly in New England, my own area of experience, there were no girls rowing since none of the rowing schools had female students. This is hard to believe since now all but Salisbury are co-ed.

There was real opposition among male oarsmen to girls entering the sport, and I cite as an example an incident which happened at J.U. in 1971 when I was coaching and a girl wanted to cox. She knew that she was invading a male world and decided to try an approach that she hoped would make her acceptable. Unfortunately her loud mouth and foul language had the opposite effect, and the boys refused to accept her. I remember their lecture about girls not belonging in crew! Doesn't it seem hard to believe now?

Since none of the Florida schools or colleges had Women's Crew in 1971 and since Episcopal was starting crew from scratch, it was logical to begin with boys. There is one crew position, however, which demands intelligence, light weight and athletic drive; finding a good cox was always a problem. Since lightweight girls outnumbered lightweight boys, it was logical that girls would be sought as coxs, and Antoinette Trout, Kris Negaard and Kathy Morris got into the program in the early years. This was all very nice but hardly the real thing. Girls wanted to row!

Winter Park and Edgewater began Women's Crew in 1973. Episcopal was still struggling with getting the boys started and waited four years to begin with girls. It might have taken even longer were it not for Al Sanchez-Salazar and his daughter Barbara. One afternoon while I was fussing with equipment at the Ray Knight Place they came by in their boat, and soon Al was giving his daughter sculling lessons in my old fiber-glass single. Dr. Al Sanchez-Salazar coached the first Episcopal girls the next year, though fitting coaching into

his busy medical schedule was not easy. Louise Novey, Liz Atkinson and Lisa Von der Hyde rowed with Barbara, and although they had no official competition, they deserve credit for having begun Women's Crew at Episcopal. This was in 1977. The next year there were still only four girls rowing, Myrna Bree, Alicia Revollo, Renée Brinkworth and Louise Novey. Barbara Sanchez-Salazar coached them from her single scull. They spent the spring learning to row and entered the State Fours regatta in Jacksonville as a Novice Four. Their race was really two races, Edgewater and Winter Park being quickly so far ahead that they had a race of their own; and Episcopal beat Bartram in a very close race. Thus the first competitive season for the Episcopal girls ended on a strong note.

In the fall of 1978 Chris Hartley became Academic Dean at Episcopal. He had had considerable rowing experience at Downing College of Cambridge University, England, and was appointed Head Coach of Women's Crew at Episcopal. With a full-time coach from the Faculty, girls' rowing finally became well-established in the spring of 1979.

Chapter VI

Better Quality but still no Quantity

The schedule was still against us, and most ninth and tenth graders who were interested in rowing could not participate. Other sports were hurt also but none so much as crew. A student could always run out to a nearby playing field and get in some practice with every varsity sport except crew because the Ray Knight Place was two and a half miles from school and because a crew cannot wait for a missing oarsman. An Eight goes out with eight or not at all.

Luckily three ninth graders who were to become very important in the future had arranged to have a varsity sports schedule in order to play football in the fall of 1976. They were Spencer Dickinson, who had learned to love crew

as a cox and now planned to row, and two of his athletic friends, Richard Barker and Ed Hines. Never had so many young athletes been attracted to rowing, and they brought two more with them the next year, Mike Zambetti and Jim Moseley, which would be enough to give the sport quite suddenly an image of athletic respectability which it had previously lacked. This is not to say that athletes had never rowed. Tim Platt, who had just graduated, was an athlete. So were Andy Hogshead and Gardner Davis who were still rowing. Bill Huntley was an athlete, and there are probably others who deserve mention in this category; but all of these were isolated cases and did not provide the big breakthrough that was needed.

In the spring of 1977 we had one enormous Four which averaged 6'2"/170 pounds, and they had a pint-size peanut pulling the ropes: Jimmy Griffiths. Fred Irving, Gardner Davis, Chandler Burroughs and Andy Hogshead were fast but could have been much faster had they been challenged. Fred lacked experience, Gardner was still young and undisciplined, Chandler could have been much more effective had he enjoyed rowing as much as basketball and Andy rowed with great verve, minimal ability and little incentive to improve since no other oarsman could possibly claim his seat. (He was finally forced to improve that summer at Murray Beach's Kent School Youth Training Camp.)*

Chestnut Hill Academy visited us again in March which helped keep interest high, and then the super Four went down to Winter Park for what was becoming an annual race. They raced Winter Park's Varsity Eight by rowing two races:

*Andy made Murry Beach's top Eight, but his boat failed to qualify for a trip to Finland by half a second! After the race in a fit of rage Andy slammed his fist into the stone wall of the Princeton Boat House and broke his hand. "I thought the wall was made of wood," he explained later. The next day Charlie Butt, coach of the Potomac Boat Club Youth Eight which had won and qualified, asked Andy if he would join the group as a spare. Andy showed him his hand! Recently Charlie Butt told me what he could not tell Andy then. Andy would not have been a spare but would have replaced a weaker oarsman in the Potomac boat!

first against the stern four from the Eight and then the bow four. In each case they won by several lengths. Next week at Melbourne the Four won its event, and the J.V. Eight placed fourth out of six. By the time of the Disney World race I felt we were ready to at least fake a Varsity Eight, so with only thirteen oarsmen we entered the Novice and Varsity Eights High School events. The novices, stroked by Spencer Dickinson rowed a very exciting come-from-behind race which they nearly won, placing second to Winter Park in a race of four crews. The Varsity, with Spencer, Richard Barker and Arthur Wood rowing their second race, placed third out of four.

It was in this year, 1977, that the massive parent participation in regattas began. Not only was the school's transportation budget eased because there was no need to rent a bus, but the parents' support of both me and their kids really helped. They brought all sorts of food, and we tail-gated. John Hines would help with the equipment, and Marion would give me a big sandwich; then Edna Dickinson would hand me another, and Max provided the wine coolers. It was all very festive, and I'm happy to say that the parents are as supportive today as ever.

The super Four went to New England that year, rented a station wagon in Boston, and drove to Groton School. Todd Jesdale, who had left St. Mark's for Groton, made the typical arrangements, and we had a controlled scrimmage on the Nashua River the next day in which Groton was decidedly faster. That afternoon we drove to Newfound Lake in New Hampshire and spent the night in my summer cabin. (The purpose of this diversion was purely selfish as I wanted to check on the new house we were building.) The next day we drove south to Brooks School in North Andover, Mass. and entered the Brooks -St. Mark's race. Both opposing crews handled the very rough water better than we did, and we lost by several lengths. On the way to the Founder's Day Regatta on Lake Waramaug we spent the night in the Howard Johnson just north of

2).

Hartford, Conn. At Founder's Day we placed fifth out of eight and drove to Princeton where Tim Platt was stroking the Freshman Lightweight Crew. His crew split into two Fours, and we practiced with them on Monday and flew to Jacksonville from Newark that afternoon.

It had been a very useful trip. The boys saw Groton, Brooks and Princeton. I saw my new house and my son! We picked up a new set of Garofalo oars in Worchester, rowed with them and left them in Princeton for me to pick up after my summer in New Hampshire. Andy Hogshead met Murray Beach, who was the St. Mark's coach that year, and heard about the summer program already described in a footnote. As for rowing, the trip was disappointing. By 1977 the trip had acquired a reputation for being a bit of a lark and a chance to get away from school. Rowing was not first in the boy's minds, and good old "B.C." was not completely aware.*

1977 was the first year that a State Race for Fours was held on a different date than the Eights Race. This was due almost entirely to Episcopal's influence, and the race that year was held on the Arlington River at Dr. Sanchez-Salazar's house with good launching and viewing facilities. Al's house was ideal as a center of operations for all except poor Al! Episcopal placed last out of three in the novice race and similarly in the J.V. race. The Varsity lost to Edgewater by a length and beat Winter Park by the same margin. Episcopal also entered a Mixed Fours Race, two boys and two girls, and placed last. Nevertheless Kris Negaard and Barbara Sanchez-Salazar deserve credit for being the first Episcopal girls ever to row a race for the school. Their partners were Bill Comer and Carl Atkinson, the only two of our fourteen oarsmen who had not raced in one of the other three races. The cox was Clay Zeigler.

* "B.C." is a nickname I acquired at Disney World in 1976 when Kirk Logan, who was then a Tampa Freshman, asked his old Episcopal friends, "How's Bad Charlie these days?"

The State Eights Race that year conflicted with the New England trip, and for the second year in a row Episcopal did not enter. We were in danger of being considered able only to race in Fours, an opinion which was not very far from the truth!

I was excited about the youngsters on the squad that year: Spencer, Richard and Edward. It was the first time there had ever been a chance to bring along a group of young athletic oarsmen, and I wanted them to row in the summer. They had a friend, Don Weed, who wanted to learn to row, and I lined up yet another of their classmates, John McCorvey. I invited the five of them to join us for a week at our new house in New Hampshire. We would use a shell belonging to Camp Pasquaney, and one of the five would take his turn at cox. Ed Hines was even then quite large; but he too would cox! But it didn't work out as planned because John McCorvey broke his arm skateboarding! The other four flew to Boston, and I drove down to meet them. I scrambled a bit but eventually turned up the son of a local motel owner to be their cox.

It was a very productive week. Don Weed learned to row from scratch, and the other three improved their skills. We climbed several mountains and visited Spencer's relatives in Center Sandwich. They even went willingly to chapel at Pasquaney on Sunday. Polly deserves great credit for acting as "mother" to all of them but failed to keep me from taking them to see the movie Slap-Shot, which, unbeknowst to innocent "B.C.", was rated R!

Chapter VII

The New Boathouse

When I retired from active classroom teaching in the fall of 1977, though still supervising a P.E. period and coaching Third Squad soccer, I had time to devote to a number of urgently needed crew projects: a new dock and a new boathouse.

I constructed the framework for the new dock in my driveway, and we hauled it in sections across my neighbor's yard and into the river. There we put it together and towed it around to the Ray Knight Place where Al Magnusen's men sunk some heavy pipes deep in the mud to hold it in place. We then built a new and greatly enlarged ramp, and it and the dock continue to function well.

The next project was the boathouse. The athletic Boosters Club was persuaded to allot up to \$3,000.00 for it. Zambetti Steel pledged a roof at cost, Big D Lumber Company did the same for the roof trusses and supports, and we salvaged as much wood as possible from the old structure which Arthur Wood and I tore down on Jan. 29, 1978. Alan Potter donated his engineering services, Emilio Zeller offered free architectural advice, and labor came from a number of students and John Hines. The only really hard part was setting the roof trusses. Alan Potter insisted that they be doubled, and they were very heavy even singly; but we still thought we could set them without mechanical assistance until I fell off a step ladder with a truss on top of me. Though totally unhurt I was frightened into remembering the offer of a fork lift supplie free by the lumber yard, so the roof went up thereafter without a hitch. It took five weeks to complete the job as the boys could help me only on weekends, and the total cost was #300.00 less than projected! Those who helped most were Spencer Dickinson, Ed Hines, Eddie Dudenhoefer, Arthur Wood and Clay Zeigler. At about the same time that we finished, the policeman, Jim Trejbl, got his house trailer in place. At last we were as secure as possible against the vandalism that had begun to plague us.

The prime case of vandalism happened to the Shoenbrod Four and was repaired by Remex Rowing Club which then bought the boat. Another unfortunate but not exactly disasterous occurance was the mysterious disappearance of the Bonzai, the old "sectional" Eight. There was clear evidence of its having been slid down the bank into the river. Apparently the same local kids who regularly

vandalized the now unoccupied old house decided to do something with the boat in the river. Several days after its removal Al Sanchez-Salazar called to say that it was adrift in the river and a hazard to navigation. I told him he could have it if he would remove it which he did. The bow was not with it, and I'm not certain that it was ever found! I removed all the workable parts plus the riggers which were stainless steel and had real value.

In the spring of 1978 Kirk Logan was taking some time off between Tampa University and his transferral to Rollins. He had a job in a fisherman's supply store but he took time off during many afternoons to help me coach the novices. I bought an old jon boat for his use, and we borrowed a small motor from the Barker family; so for the first time Episcopal had two real coaches and two coaching boats. "Kirk's Kids" benefitted greatly from his help.

1978 was the first year since 1973 that the school could enter a Varsity Eight in a serious race. There was no real hope of winning, but at least we were competitive. We lost by several lengths to Winter Park on the Arlington River and were last in the Governor's Club in the Eight; however, we won the High School Fours in a close race over Miami Rowing Club. At Disney World we placed third out of four in the Eights and third out of five in the Fours. "Kirk's Kids" tied for third out of five in the Novice Eights, in spite of the fact that they were a "seven" for most of the race, Ashley Brooks having been persuaded to leave the ship when his slide jammed. Fortunately for Episcopal novices, this was the year that Melbourne High School began rowing, so we could not finish last. Edgewater won every event in the Fours Regatta on the Arlington River; however, our Varsity lost by only two seconds and pushed Edgewater to a course record of 4:20.*

*The Eights record is 3:56, held by Winter Park. (Times on the Arlington course vary greatly according to conditions. Records can only be set with a following wind and an incoming tide.)

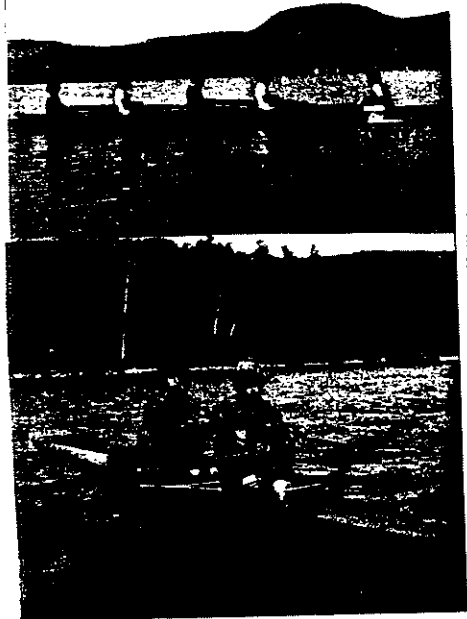
Two Fours went to New England that year, and Jarvis Wood, father of Arthur and Barclay, accompanied the group as chaperone and driver. Richard Arker, Eddie Dudenhoefor, Andy Hogshead, Spencer Dickinson, Jim Griffiths, Edward Hines, Tom Rowe, Bill Derr, Arthur Wood and Dan Langford went. Kirk Logan also made the trip. He and I left early with the "Joe G." We picked up a brand new Four for Winter Park plus eight new oars for Episcopal at Joe Garfalo's place in Worchester, left the shells and oars at the St. Mark's boathouse, and went to Logan Airport for the oarsmen. The First Boat was beaten by both St. Mark's and Brooks. The Second Boat, though far behind Brooks, was on the verge of passing St. Mark's in the sprint when the St. Mark's coach's dog swam into their path. Swerving to avoid the dog, they were barely nipped by St. Mark's. However I argued successfully for a dead heat decision because of the dog, a pyrrric victory at best since Brooks won the race by seven lengths!

We stayed at the Hartford Howard Johnson on our way to the Founder's Day Regatta on Lake Waramaug. Early the next morning Polly called to say that my father had had a severe heart attack in Easton, Maryland. I was very fortunate to have Kirk and Jarvis with me since my mind was not on the regatta that day. For the record we placed fourth in the Second Boat and fifth in the First; but I'm not entirely sure that I saw either race! After the races we all drove to Princeton as planned. There I picked up Tim Platt and went on to Easton in his car. The next day Jarvis and Kirk took the group to Newark Airport, and Kirk headed south with the two shells and the oars on my car. I joined him in Maryland.

The State Eights Race was held on Lake Brantley in Orlando that year, the only year that site was used. Both our boats placed last, giving very little hint of the sudden improvement that was soon to happen.

The day after the State Eights Race, as I was flying to Philadelphia for my

father's funeral, I decided to give Episcopal a new shell in memory of both my parents. It would be a Carofalo Four exactly like the one I had just delivered to Winter Park. We would call it Nhanita, since my parents, Charlie and Rita, had had a Florida licence plate with that name on it.



New Hampshire Summers

1977

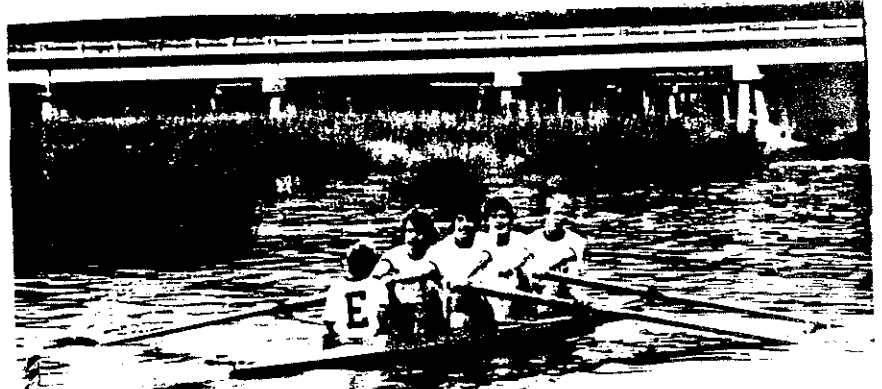
Don Weed, Richard Barker, Ed Hines & Spencer Dickinson

1978

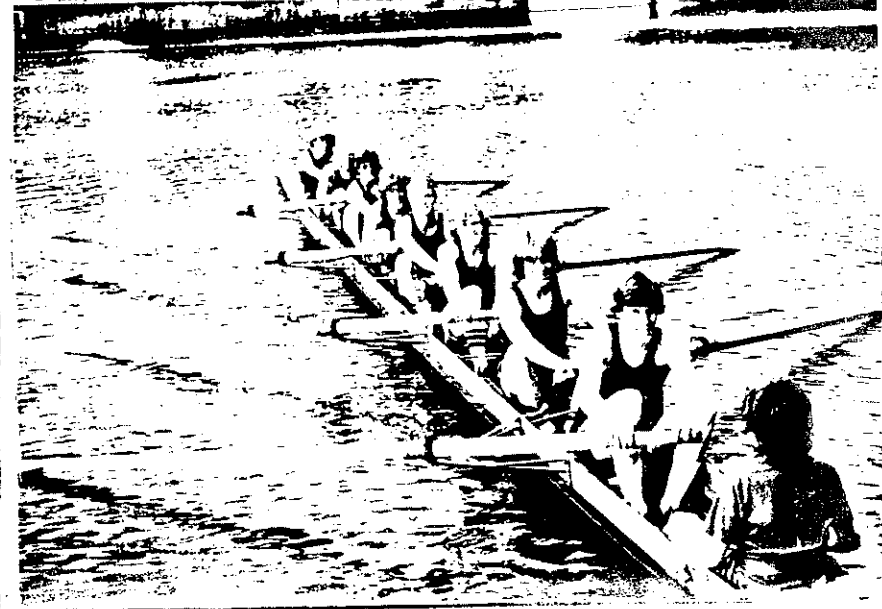
Richard Barker
Spencer Dickinson

1979

Gilbert Weiss
Deucy Smith



Varsity Four - 1977 - Jim Griffiths, Andy Hogshend, Chandler Burroughs, Gardner Davis and Fred Irving.
Posing for the Yearbook in the fall of 1975 - Tim Fink, Dylan Morvan, Bill Swan, Fred Irving, Mitch Woodlief, Jamie Baldwin, Tim Platt and Bob Derr



Chapter VIII

The Big Break-Through

"Charles Platt III loves his wife Polly and rowing - but not necessarily in that order," wrote sports writer Terry Smith in an article which appeared in the Jacksonville Journal on March 30, 1979; but there was worse than that in the article! I had tried to explain to Terry what was unique about crew. I told him that an oarsman must submerge his individuality and become part of the whole team, that there was no way in which he could shine as an individual. So the article said, "You must submerge into a hole and learn to pull together." In spite of what he wrote, 1979 was a year that we not only pulled together but were never in a hole! We actually beat Winter Park and Edgewater in an Eight once that year!

1979 was a break-through year. The school instituted a new P.E. schedule so that at last we could bring along some ninth and tenth graders. The girls came out in force with a coach from the Faculty, Chris Hartley. Only Andy Hogshead had graduated from the First Four of the year before, and the Dickinson, Barker, Hines, Zambetti and Moseley crew had matured. Those five with Tom Rowe, a class ahead of them, had spent a week rowing in New Hampshire at my summer place. (Kirk Logan was there to help me, thank God! Polly wisely retreated to see her close friend on Cape Cod.) We had hoped that Eddie Dudenhoefer would be able to join us as he was also slated for the Varsity Eight. What we didn't know was that two novices would crash through to the Varsity: Gilbert Weise and Deucy Smith. They were both athletes and highly competent in other sports. Crew's new image as a sport for athletes was never more apparent. In fact Athletic Director, Terry Irwin, told me that I had all the athletes out for crew. This was of course an exaggeration; but there was some truth in it.

Chandler Burroughs, now a student at J.U., took on the novices, and I coached the Varsity and J.V.. For the first year ever Episcopal could plan

on entering four Eights in all races; Boys' Varsity, J.V. and Novice and Girls' Varsity. At one point there were fifty-nine on the squad, though natural attrition eventually lowered the number.

To handle these vast numbers we acquired two "new" Eights. One, the Leper Colony, was one of J.U.'s original boats dating from the mid '50s; the other, the Harron, had served many years on the Harlem River with Columbia University.

J.U. had abandoned the Leper Colony. It had no slides, seats, foot-stretchers, fin, rudder or riggers. Although it was a bit like pouring new wine into an old bottle, I completely refinished and refitted the old boat with brand new equipment. It was to be our Varsity Eight. The Harron came south on the Princeton crew truck during that institution's Florida training trip. \$500 does not purchase a good boat, and it has not improved with age! But we had to have equipment for the sudden increase in students wanting to row. The Harron was then and still is better than nothing.

We needed a boat trailer. I could haul two Fours all over the east coast on my Volvo station wagon; but now we had to carry at least one Eight. J.U. had helped us in the past; but I felt the time had come for Episcopal to be selfsufficient. The trailer was built up from a used trailer bought through the "Want Advertiser." It had to be light so that my car could pull it, hence the aluminum frame-work that has not aged well. Gradual improvements such as cross-bracing, antisway bars, shock absorbers and wooden supports to replace aluminum pieces that self-destructed, have been very gradual at best and not improvements. About all that can be said for this trailer is that, like the Harron, it is better than nothing. In addition to taking shells to Florida races, it has hauled two Eights, the Merrill and the Stampfli, to Jacksonville from the Virginia area. There will be more on this later.

That spring the boathouse even got running water thanks to Dan Langford, father of Dan. A few volunteer ditch diggers plus donated plumbing supplies

and expertize were enough to bring a line in from the back of the old house. Now we could wash down the shells and quench our thirst if the sulphur in the water could be ignored!

The big weakness in our squad that year was the J.V. Eight. There were several novice seniors on it who had hoped to make the Varsity. When it became obvious that they would stay on the J.V. they lost interest and enthusiasm and began to do more harm than good. They were eventually eased off the squad, but I didn't really blame them. Seniors should be actively discouraged from starting crew as novices. The rump J.V. Eight became the famous "Delta Boat" named for the infamous Delta House of the movie, Animal House. Jim Moseley was stroke and leader. The Stites brothers, Greg and Steve, and Rob Derr were the other Delta oarsmen, and Richard Potter was the cox. They all had special Delta hats, and they drove the rest of us crazy; but it was hard to deny that they had fantastic boat spirit. What they lacked in rowing ability they more than made up for with verve, and they rowed every race in the best "fly and die" method.

The first parent fund-raising dinner was held at Grace and Al Sanchez-Salazar's house on March 10, 1979. That year the squad paraded in boats, the boys in three Eights, the girls in two Fours and Louise Novey in her single. There was even a Four representing the Remex Rowing Club with John McCorvey who was now at Lee High School, his friend John Speir, Ashley Brooks who had transferred to Bolles, Forrest Andrews who was then at Terry Parker but would be at Episcopal the next year, and Ricky Brock, a neighbor of mine who had been conned into coxing. All told there were forty-three oarsmen and coxes on the river, and there were sixteen more on the full squad making nearly sixty. Quite a change from the first year when there were seven! \$655.14 was raised for crew. We even raffled off two old oars, one of which later turned up to be re-raffled the next year!*

* When Robert Baker won the oar he took it to his Riverside apartment that had a balcony on the river. He moved to Atlanta and left his room-mate in charge of the oar. Somehow it got into the river- a sort of throw-it-back-where-it-belongs maneuver. From Riverside it rode the tides to J.U.; Brad Negaard retrieved it and returned it to Episcopal.

Edna Dickinson and Marion Hines organized other mothers into providing food and beverages just as Janet Hogshead had done for the Fours Regattas which had also been at the Sanchez-Salazars. Robert Baker, who was helping with the coaching that year, made an excellent bar-tender and Al and Grace were fine hosts. All agreed that the party should be a yearly event.

During the last two weeks in March the Ray Knight Place became one the chief East Coast rowing sites. Three Eights from Connecticut College were on the property. The men and women were housed at J.U. but preferred to row from our place because of the rough water on the St. John's. Eight girls from Trinity College in Washington were there and about two dozen boys from St. Catherine's Collegiate in Ontario were official guests of the school. The Dickinson's had a beach party for them on Sunday, and we rowed and "brushed" with them regularly. To use the Canadian phrase we had several "digs" with them.

Having northerners on the river in March is a great help to us, since exposure to good rowing never hurts. Chestnut Hill Academy had been very useful for two years. There are plans in March 1982 for some girls from St. Mark's and boys from Noble and Greenough, also in Massachusetts, to practice with Episcopal. Hopefully an official race will be arranged as happened in 1979 when our first race was with St. Catherine's on March 22. Much to my surprise Episcopal won fairly easily. The Canadians were not as yet in shape. They rowed very well but allowed us to walk away with it when they tired.

On March 31 the Remex Rowing Club sponsored a regatta on Doctor's Inlet in Orange Park. I tested the new trailer and took the Leper Colony, Joe G. and Charita across town, finding it very slow going but at last safe. We entered two Fours in the High School event and placed second and third which was respectable since four key oarsmen were not available due to SATs. In the afternoon with the SAT boys present we were third out of six in the Eights,

sixteen seconds behind Winter Park and two behind Edgewater. Deucy Smith was not in the Eight that day. He performed well in the Fours race, and I became convinced that he had finally learned to row. I promoted him to the Varsity on Monday hoping that his size, strength and athletic ability would give us the extra speed needed to beat at least one of those big Orlando area schools. He joined Gilbert Weise as the second novice oarsman to row in the Varsity. Others on the boat were Spencer Dickinson, Edward Hines, Richard Barker, Mike Zambetti, Tom Rowe and Eddie Dudenhoefer. Jim Griffiths was cox the third year. Rowe and Dudenhoefer were the only seniors.

On April 7 we went to Winter Park for the annual affair and had eight races that day. Everyone raced twice. We won only the Novice Four event though the girls had a very close race, and the boy's Varsity Eight was only five seconds behind which was a big improvement from the week before.

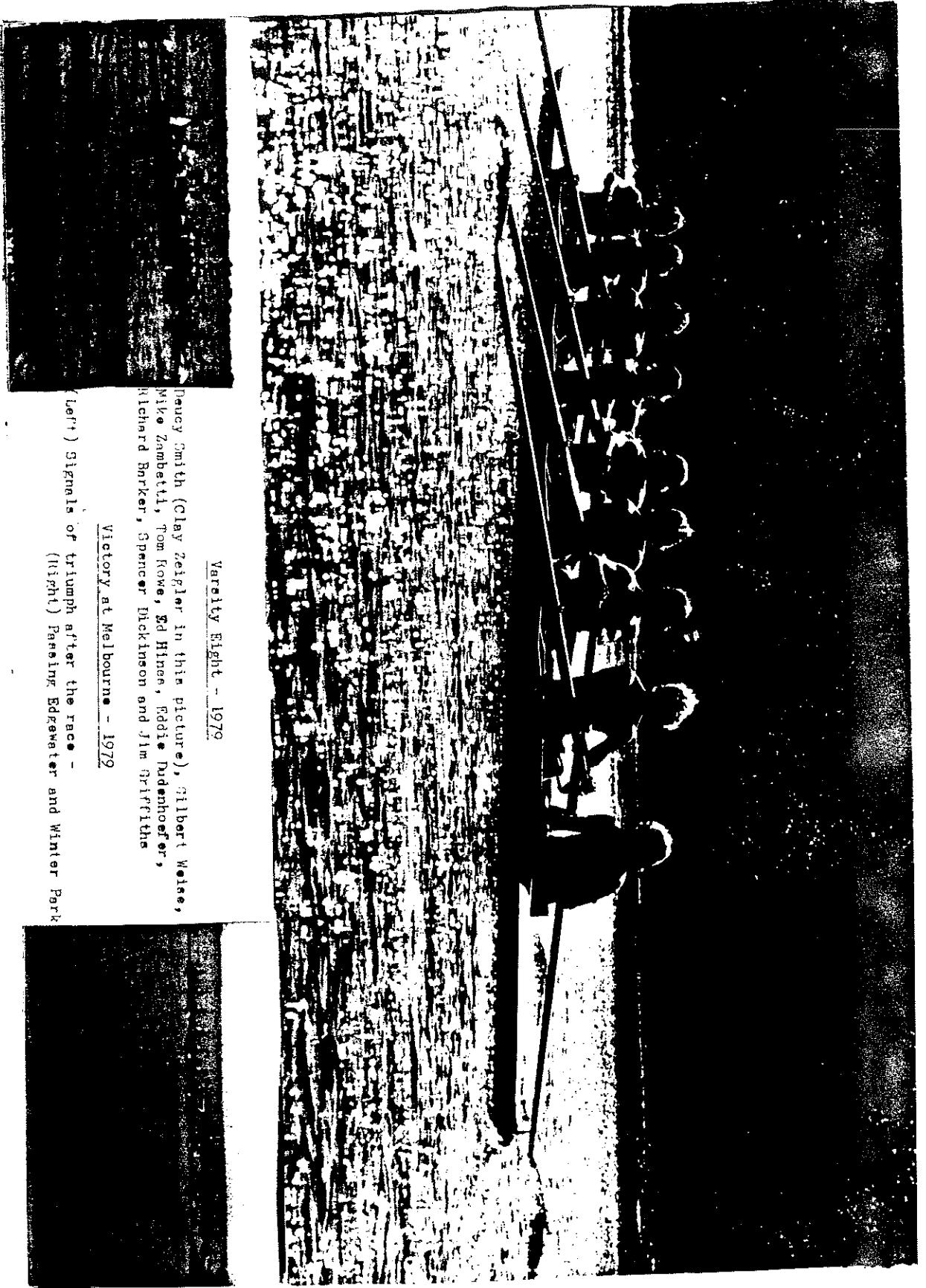
The big break-through happened quite suddenly on April 14 at Melbourne when we won our first Varsity Eights race ever! We were in third place going into the sprint and then charged by both Edgewater and Winter Park. There were three Miami area clubs also in the race. We were all very excited and not anxious to examine carefully the reasons for this unexpected victory, but there was a story behind it, and I feel it should be told. The races in the morning had been held on the south side of the causeway. We had placed third in the High School Fours race not even a length out of first and came within one second of winning the race for College Freshman Fours with our second fastest boat! Around noon the wind shifted, and the races were moved to the north side of the causeway which was now more sheltered than the south. This shift put Episcopal in the inside lane instead of the outside. Our lane was unquestionably more sheltered than the others. Luck therefore did play a part in our great triumph.

We declined the Disney World Race because it had been moved to Tampa; it was just as well to leave Winter Park and Edgewater alone for a week anyhow.

The Fours Regatta was on April 28 at the Sanchez-Salazars. Once again Episcopal mothers put out a great spread, and once again hordes of people invaded the Sanchez-Salazars who, quite rightly, were beginning to tire of these invasions. Episcopal had a moderately successful day on the river. We won the J.V. Mens' race by almost three lengths over Winter Park and were within several strokes of winning the Varsity race in a great come-from-behind finish when a monumental crab spoiled our chances. It was lucky that no equipment broke or that the boat didn't turn over!

A mammoth New England trip was planned. In addition to a First and Second Boat, we would take a Third, the now famous Deltas! We even had a spare, Randy Gordon. Bill Platt joined the group as he had on several other occasions, and for chaperones we had Edna Dickinson, John and Marion Hines, Chandler Burroughs, Robert Baker and myself. This was a grand total of twenty-two!

Using Andy Hogshead's presence in the Harvard rowing scene and my nodding acquaintance with Coach Harry Parker as excuses, we spent two nights on wrestling mats in Harvard's Newell Boathouse. The slightly more adult chaperones enjoyed the luxury of a nearby Howard Johnson. Robert Baker and I had driven up with two Fours and twelve oars. We borrowed a Harvard Four and toured the Charles River one morning. Always conscious of trying to make the trip educational, I delivered a brief lecture on colonial Boston as we sat in the middle of the Charles River Basin looking over at Beacon Hill; but when I failed to identify correctly the Bunker Hill monument the lecture ended abruptly! Marion Hines took about a million pictures as we cruised back up the river until Edward threatened to jump overboard if she didn't stop! In the afternoon we scrimmaged with Browne and Nichols and did the same with Groton the next day, and we stopped at Concord to pay our respects to the Minute Man. I don't know which was ruder, the famous bridge or the Episcopal oarsmen who climbed all over the Minute Man and threw frisbees



Variety Flight - 1979

Dency Smith (Clay Zeigler in this picture), Gilbert Weise,
Mike Zambetti, Tom Rowe, Ed Hines, Eddie Dudenhofer,
Richard Barker, Spencer Dickinson and Jim Griffiths

Victory at Melbourne - 1979

(Left) Signals of triumph after the race -
(Right) Posing Edgewater and Winter Park

from his head!

The Brooks-St. Mark's-Episcopal race was held in typical conditions. Brooks' lake had its usual whitecaps and was barely rowable. Tom Rowe took one look at it and told me that his trick knee was kicking up again. He had injured it doing something on Boston Common, I was never quite sure what. I let him sit out the race so as to be ready for Founders' Day the next day, and Bob Derr, showing basic Delta devotion to duty, rowed two races. First Boat lost to Brooks while beating St. Mark's, Second Boat without Tom did badly and the Deltas rowing as Third Boat flew fast, creating a very exciting race, and then died, finishing in third place, two lengths behind the winner.

At Founders' Day Episcopal finished fourth out of seven in the Third Boat, fourth out of eight in the Second Boat and fifth out of eight in the First. That made the fourth consecutive fifth place finish in this regatta. It was beginning to get frustrating, and I really thought that this year we would do better; but Spencer set the stroke too low and we didn't make it. Even so fifth place was only eight seconds behind first. It was a close race. Chandler Burroughs was my co-pilot for the long drive home.

The State Eights race was held that year at the Rollins boathouse on Lake Maitland in Winter Park. We finished second out of three in the Novice race, did not enter a J.V. or girl's boat and placed third out of four in the Varsity, four seconds behind Winter Park and one behind Edgewater. At least those two big high schools knew there was another competitive school in the state.

Chapter IX

More Equipment and Success

In the fall of 1979 the Platt family moved to McLean, Va.; but for most of the next year we continued to own a furnished house in Jacksonville.

My job with Episcopal was as Crew Coach and nothing else; I was in town only during the spring.

While in the Washington area I discovered a good used Stampfli Eight, a Swiss-built boat considered by some to be one of the finest line of racing shells. The boat had come recently from Yale University, was owned by an individual member of Potomac Boat Club, kept at Thompson Boat Center, and put up for sale by the National Rowing Foundation. I bought it for Episcopal, spent some time putting it into top shape and trailed it to Jacksonville on our home-made trailer. We had also acquired eight new Dreissigacker and four new Garofalo oars which made their way to Jacksonville on the trailer. To maintain our rapidly developing program all of this equipment and more was needed, the more being another good used Eight.

Hopes for great success were high in 1980. In fact I even dared mention a trip to Henley, England, for which we were better qualified than a crew I had once taken from St. Mark's. Only Tom Rowe and Eddie Dudenhoefer had graduated from the Eight of 1979, and two matured oarsmen who had just come to Episcopal were ready to fill in. One was John McCorvey who had been in and out of rowing for three years and was back again at Episcopal as a senior. The other was Forrest Andrews who had just come to Episcopal as a junior having rowed both sculls and sweeps for several years. In addition to good Varsity prospects there were enough experienced oarsmen to make up a J.V. Eight. Bill Wright and Barclay Wood (along with Gilbert Weise and Deucy Smith) had spent a week rowing with me on Newfound Lake in New Hampshire. They, along with some more of "Kirk's Kids" from the previous year, were ready to put together the first good J.V. Eight Episcopal had ever had. The others were Mike Carter, George Revollo, Charlie Bolton, Ken Weinaug, Steve Stites and Chip Cushman. Although a novice, and as such not immediately recognized, Joe Cooksey was to join this group. In fact he became the "instant oarsman" of 1980, much as Deucy Smith and Gilbert Weise had done the

year before. In addition to these there was a good collection of novices including some eighth graders whose schedule made rowing difficult. To their credit Tommy Klechak and Jimmy Phillips didn't get discouraged, in spite of their schedule, and now, two years later, are very active. There was a full complement of girls, though still not enough for more than one Eight. These included Virginia Mooers, whose sister and brother are now rowing, Rachel Arteaga who is now an assistant coach and Donna Sanchez-Salazar.

There was only one northern crew at the Ray Knight Place that spring, the Trinity College, Washington, girls; but J.U.'s presence for more than a month amply filled the void. Brad Negaard was coaching and persuaded his oarsmen to run over from J.U. every day to take advantage of the smooth water. For four Wednesdays in a row we had a joint workout with J.U.. Every such practice was highly competitive and very useful for both squads. At first J.U. was slightly faster; but by the end of March we were decidedly superior. I was also lucky to be able to persuade Bill Jurgens of FIT to send three Freshman Eights to Jacksonville in late March. Our Varsity and J.V. both scrimmaged and we held our own very well; in fact it was an even split.

The first official race was at Turkey Lake. Because of SAT conflicts and a desire not to expose our Varsity Eight before it was fully ready, we entered two Fours in the High School Fours race, and that was all. SAT conflicts were resolved at the last minute, and these two Fours were, in fact, the Varsity Eight. We entered as Episcopal Gold and Episcopal Maroon, since I dared not suggest which one would be faster. The four seniors, Spencer Dickinson, Edward Hines, Mike Zambetti and Richard Barker were designated Gold, Jim Griffiths was their cox. Todd Shea was cox for John McCorvey, Deucy Smith, Forrest Andrews and Gilbert Weise. Their only competition besides each other was a Winter Park Four that was not really Varsity and was soon so far behind as to be ignored. In the end Maroon beat Gold by such a close margin that I hoped the judge would call it a dead heat. Inter-squad rivalry was all very

good, but I did not want to see the unity of the Eight upset, and in the end almost regretted allowing this affair to occur.

The annual Winter Park race was on the Arlington River. Episcopal won five of the seven races. Unfortunately our Varsity Four lost by half a length although we were decidedly superior in the Eight. I was both surprised and disappointed not to win all the boys races, although, in retrospect, the situation was the same as had prevailed in the past only in reverse. Episcopal used to beat Winter Park with its best four oarsmen but not come close in an Eight. Now Winter Park was in the same situation. I was especially pleased that day with our J.V. oarsmen who soundly trounced Winter Park in all combinations.

The Governor's Cup at Melbourne was a disaster. The race was held on the north side of the causeway with totally inadequate provisions for boat launching. Bill Wright cut his foot on the rocks, the J.V. nearly swamped trying to row to the start from the south side of the causeway, a wild woman cox for Winter Park rammed the Stampfli during the start of the novice race putting it out of commission for the rest of the year and the J.V. failed to borrow a boat in time for its final race. The Varsity Four won its event, the only time all year they were able to beat Winter Park; but the Eight lost to Edgewater. We went home annoyed and frustrated.

The next weekend was a first and undoubtedly only for Episcopal Crew. The Varsity raced in Delaware and the J.V. went to Tampa! Partly because I now lived in Virginia, and partly because I wanted to test a good Florida crew against northern Eight-oared competition, Episcopal was entered in a six boat race at St. Andrew's School in Middletown, Delaware. John and Marion Hines drove the boys north in a rented van and their own car. (I was in Virginia for my fiftieth birthday!) John trailed the school's home-made trailer for reasons which will be clear later. Washington and Lee won the race with St. Andrew's second and Kent third. Although we came close to

beating Franklin D. Roosevelt High School, we were last in the race. The boys were tired after all the driving, and the competition was stiffer than that in Florida. I found the trailer in a somewhat delapidated state, made some emergency repairs, trailed our new shell, the Dudley Merrill to my Virginia residence, improved the repairs and trailed the shell to Jacksonville.

Arrangements to purchase the Dudley Merrill had been made the day before the Stampfli was wrecked! It was needed no matter what, but turned out to be an absolute necessity! Harvard University delivered the shell for us to Yale where it was picked up by Kent School and turned over to Episcopal in Middletown, Delaware. It and the Stampfli, brilliantly repaired by Bob Negaard, are now Episcopal's top boats.

While the Varsity was in Delaware, Ray Weinaug, Father of Ken then rowing, took the J.V. to the Tampa Regatta. This was a last minute arrangement resulting from the frustration of not being able to compete in the final race at Melbourne. When the shell borrowed from the University of Tampa turned out to be totally unrowable, it seemed as if technical difficulties might defeat our intrepid J.V.; however, J.U. came through with a boat, and the Episcopal boys went on to "win" their race. The fact that they were beaten by the Melbourne High School Varsity was ignored since we were only a J.V.. In fact Melbourne should not have been allowed in the race.

While I was away Andy Parrish took over coaching duties. That spring he, Bill Akin, Ralph Bateman and Brad Negaard were training hard in a coxless Four. Their goal was the Olympics. Bill Akin was living with me in our Jacksonville house. He and Ralph Bateman also helped with coaching, but Brad Negaard was too busy coaching J.U.

Where to hold the State Races was becoming a problem. The Fours Regatta which had been in Jacksonville for three years could not again be held at the Sanchez-Salazars because they, quite rightly, objected to the vast hordes which over-ran their property. Lake Maitland did not seem to me to be a good site

for the Eights Regatta because of the cramped launching conditions. I felt that Episcopal should not always have to travel to the Orlando area and that there must be a spot half-way between Jacksonville and Orlando which would be satisfactory.

Next to Minnesota, Florida probably has more lakes than any other state in the country. Therefore, just looking at a map, there appeared to be a number of interesting possibilities between Jacksonville and Orlando. I made a number of exploratory trips and took Todd Shea with me on my final one to Crescent City. This worthy metropolis which was already "bass capital of the world" was about to become "rowing center of the universe!" Lake Stella was the chosen site. The Orlando area high schools outnumbered Episcopal two to one, and I could not convince my southern colleagues to have both State Races on Lake Stella; however, since the Fours Regatta had always been an Episcopal affair, they did agree to hold at least that one there.

There were nine Fours races, more than ever before; five for boys, three for girls and a mixed. Episcopal won the Third and Fourth Men's events, was second in the J.V. and third in the Varsity. We won the Mixed Fours and placed second out of four in the Third Level Women's race. It was a good day and proved the value of Lake Stella in Crescent City as a race site.

The New England trip was an extra that year, planned at the last minute and mostly because Jim Giffiths talked me into it; Jim had not gone to Delaware. (We took Dan Langford as cox on that trip.) Jim, in his fourth year as cox, wanted to try our all senior Four in the Founders' Day Regatta, and we talked the crew into yet another long trip. We would take one Four only, race St. Mark's and Brooks and go to Founders' Day. It would be a quick trip with no sightseeing or scrimmaging. Could we possibly have foreseen what would happen we wouldn't have gone at all.

We entered our fifth consecutive race with Brooks and St. Mark's. The race was on Fort Meadows Pond with pleasantly calm water, and we beat Brooks fairly easily but were half a length behind St. Mark's. I very much looked



Varsity and Junior Varsity

1980

Varsity and Junior Varsity
(left)

Spencer Dickinson, Mike Zambetti, Ed Hines, Forrest Andrews, Barclay Wood, Percy Smith, Gilbert Weise, Richard Barker, Chip Cushman, Steve Sitten, George Revollo, Bill Wright, Ken Weinauer, Charlie Bolton, Joe Cookey, Mike Carter, Todd Shen, Jim Griffiths, Tommy White.



Girls - 1980
(right)

Cathy Ranken, Gina Herr, Katie Hartley, Beth Park, Lourdee Palomino, Norma Sanchez-Solazar, Wilma Helloworn, Mary Finn, Charin Hartley, Chris Sullivan

Jim Platt directing the Show - 1981
(below)



The J.V. after winning State Race - 1980
(above)

Barclay Wood, George Revollo, Chip Cushman, Mike Carter, Joe Cookey, Bill Wright, Ken Weinauer and Charlie Bolton.

Novices - 1980
(below)

Buzz Colgrove, Bryan Carley, Glenn Garde, Wayne Weinauer, Wycke Hampton, Joe Woodlief, Chris Bolton, Charlie Hawkes, Chandler Burroughs, Nick Wildrick, Dan Langford, Charlie Platt.



forward to seeing St. Mark's again the following day on Lake Waramaug as I felt we could beat them. In fact I anticipated beating the entire Founder's Day field except Salisbury and Browne and Nichols. We would place third in front of Pomfret, Choate, Gunnery, South Kent and St. Mark's.

Lake Waramaug looked like the ocean in a storm, but regatta host and Gunnery Coach, Rod Beebe, planned to go ahead and sent a Gunnery crew out on the lake. When his crew nearly swamped he announced that we would hold the regatta but on a different course. I remember Chick Willing of South Kent talking with me about a possible alternate course. We were all in different locations around the lake, all entertaining different opinions and all acting independently. The regatta was never officially cancelled. First Pomfret left after one of its shells had been blown off its supports and been damaged. Gradually others packed up and left. I tried to talk Pete Washburn of St. Mark's into a private race on Kent's course on the Housatonic River, but he was sure the river would be just as rough as Lake Waramaug. South Kent's Hatch Pond was mentioned as a possibility. I hated the thought of having come all the way from Jacksonville for virtually nothing, but that's what happened. For the first time ever, the Founder's Day Regatta was cancelled.

The State Eights Race was again held at Rollin's boathouse on Lake Maitland with the usual cramped launching facilities. We entered three races, placing fourth in the Women's J.V. Eights, second in the Men's Varsity and first in the J.V.. It was the first time Episcopal had ever won a race at the State Eights, but it came as no surprise as that crew had been undefeated in J.V. competition all year. The Varsity had to come from behind to beat Winter Park and lost to Edgewater by two lengths.

Chapter X

Tim's Year

The cox of 1972 became the Coach of 1981; but now, instead of going to

Captain Taeusch's house with four others, Tim Platt went to the Ray Knight Place and found himself virtually engulfed with crew candidates. There were forty boys and thirty girls signed up for crew! "That's a total of ten more than we can put in boats," Tim wrote in the log. "I'm hoping that natural attrition will take care of things, and I won't have to actually cut anyone which would be a first for Episcopal Crew."

We were lucky that Tim was available that year. For obvious reasons I could not do it, and, for a while, it looked as if there might not be a qualified coach. Andy Parrish had been tentatively signed up, but he wrote during the summer saying that he had changed his mind. Tim had graduated from Princeton and had not found a full-time job. He was thinking that teaching might interest him, and Episcopal agreed to take him on in the spring as an extra teaching intern and Crew Coach. The school was able to pay him enough to keep him going. To help him with the coaching he had Rob Derr who was at J.U. and Richard Barker who was transferring from Rollins to the University of Florida. Richard had to go to Gainesville in the end of March, but Jimmy Griffiths, now the Captain but too heavy to cox, would also help with coaching; and there was a full time girls' Coach, Billie Brown.

Although five key seniors had graduated and another of the Eight had transferred schools, the championship J.V. was all returning. Three of them, Charlie Bolton, Joe Cooksey and Ken Weinaug, had spent a week rowing the St. Mark's coxless pairs at my house in New Hampshire. (Dick Egbert, a friend of mine who went to St. Paul's School, made the fourth.) These three, with Forrest Andrews and Gil Weise, were obvious Varsity material. Cox would be a contest between Todd Shea and Tommy White. In the end Todd Shea won out, and Barclay Wood, Chip Cushman and Bill Wright got the other three Varsity seats, though not without hearing from George Revollo, Steve Stites, Bryan Carley and Glenn Garde.

Episcopal entered three men's events at the Turkey Lake Regatta, the J.V. Eight, Varsity Eight and the Four. Tim was pleased that the J.V. was only a length and a half behind Winter Park and Edgewater. It looked like another year for Edgewater, though Episcopal was far from ready to admit it then since Edgewater had been on the water at least a month ahead of us and raced at thirty-five strokes per minute to our thirty-one. The girls entered an Eight and a Four at Turkey Lake and finished fifth out of six in the Eight and last in the Four.

Episcopal went to Winter Park for their fifth annual home-and-home race which served a useful purpose for both schools. It gave Winter Park a respite from their nearly weekly confrontation with Edgewater, and every other year it gave Episcopal a home race. It was also a pleasant change from the big regatta routine. At least you knew that if you didn't arrive at the start on time there would still be a race!

One of the problems with Florida rowing is that there are only four schools involved, Episcopal, the two Orlando area High Schools and Melbourne High. For the record there were, at various times, a number of others: Sanford Naval Academy, Tampa Prep, Eau Gallie High School and Bartam. Melbourne High is not yet a big challenge, but neither was Episcopal at first. Hopefully Mel High will soon provide a fourth equally competitive school. The Miami Rowing Club and, from time to time, other clubs from that area have made the big regattas interesting, but for State Race purposes it has been Edgewater, Winter Park and Episcopal only for the last five years. Edgewater and Winter Park are big rivals in all sports. It has been helpful for Winter Park to have Episcopal come between them in Crew, and they have dropped their once annual home-and-home race.

Winter Park won all the girls' races that year. No matter what happens to the Winter Park men, their Womens' Crew have always been good. Episcopal won the Men's Varsity Four and Novice Eight races. There was no Varsity Eights

race that year because Joe Cooksey and Chip Cushman were taking SATs, but both previous and subsequent races suggest that we would have won.

The Varsity Fours race deserves further comment. Episcopal entered two boats in the event, the First Four and another with Tim Platt and Kirk Logan rowing for the two boys who were taking SATs. Episcopal's First Four won the race fairly easily; however, there was a real struggle between the "old men" and the two Winter Park Fours. Kirk and Tim with Tommy White, Barclay Wood and Bill Wright were two seconds behind one and two seconds ahead of the other. Kirk and Tim were supposed to fill out the Varsity Eight for another race but begged off. The Winter Park race is fun. Everything is relaxed. People want to win, of course; but the emphasis is also on having a good time. When coaches row (and I even did once in a Coaches' Race) the situation does not have to be deadly serious!

The Governor's Cup at Melbourne was again held on the north side of the causeway because the wind was strong from the south, but, unlike the year before, proper launching facilities were arranged. Episcopal placed third in the High School Women's Fours race ahead of Edgewater and Mel High but behind two Winter Park Fours. Those Winter Park women have always been a problem! In the Varsity Women's Eights race we were last, three lengths out of first place which was a big improvement from previous weeks. We were third out of four in the Men's Novice Eights race and fourth out of five in the J.V. Eights. We had a dead heat with Miami Rowing Club for first place in the Men's Fours. It should be pointed out, however, that Edgewater consistently refuses to enter its fastest Four in this race. Edgewater won the Men's Eight seven seconds ahead of Episcopal. Miami Rowing Club also beat us, and we were only two seconds ahead of Winter Park who had markedly improved since earlier in the season.

Episcopal did not send any crew to Tampa that year, so the next race was the State Fours on Lake Stella in Crescent City. All four schools entered.

We placed second to Edgewater in the First Four, won the Second Four race, were second in the Third, last in the Fourth and third in the Fifth. These were Men's races. We placed third in all the Women's races. There was an interesting Mixed Fours which was won by Edgewater with Episcopal second. A thoroughly mixed crew of Episcopal and Winter Park coaches of both genders placed third ahead of Mel High and Winter Park.

The New England trip of 1981 was based at St. Mark's where I was coaching again after nine years at Episcopal. Tim brought ten boys: Charlie Bolton, Joe Cooksey, Forrest Andrews, Gil Weise, Bill Wright, Barclay Wood, Ken Weinaug, Chip Cushman, Tommy White and Todd Shea. Parents, Gilbert and Joe-Helen Weise and Dottsie Cushman were also with the group. The group scrimmaged with Andover Academy in an Eight before coming to St. Mark's. Tim's old Princeton Freshman Coach, Pete Washburn, was now at Andover, having left St. Mark's the year before, so this part of the trip was logical. "Very successful row with Andover. We did seven two minute pieces and, although we only won two of them, we stayed with them on all but the last," Tim wrote in the log.

The Brooks - St. Mark's - Episcopal race was at Brooks. Tim and I had been anticipating this father-son battle all spring. Fortunately - almost unbelievably! - Brooks' lake was calm. The Episcopal Second Boat nearly beat Brooks and was far ahead of St. Mark's; however, the Episcopal First Boat was last, so Tim and I split. The Episcopal Second Boat was two-tenths of a second behind Brooks, edged out in the last few strokes of the race. Had they gotten sufficient sleep the night before they would have won. At Founder's Day the Episcopal crews, especially the First Boat, again showed signs of trip-weariness. Having fun may have been more important than rowing. The Episcopal Second Boat placed fourth out of eight; however, the First Boat failed to make the finals and even had difficulty beating Gunnery to win the Consolation Race. This result was pathetic for a crew of their caliber. Future New England trips must put rowing ahead of everything else, or the

trip should not be undertaken.

Once again the State Eights were on Lake Maitland. Disciplinary action prevented the Varsity Eight from entering. The J.V. race was interesting because of its relative closeness. Edgewater won, beating Winter Park by a length. Winter Park was three lengths ahead of Episcopal, and we were only one length ahead of Mel High. (The four schools battle may yet occur!) We were last in the Third Varsity race, but Mel High didn't enter. Interestingly this race was no longer called Novice Eights. The "novice" qualification had never suited Episcopal and apparently had not been right either for Edgewater, as this was the first year they had entered a crew in this race.

1951 -

Boys' Varsity

J.V.

Girls' Varsity

Boys' Third Eight & Spares

Bow Bill Wright
 2 Chip Cushman
 3 Joe Cooksey
 4 Barclay Wood
 5 Ken Weinaug
 6 Charlie Bolton
 7 Forrest Andrews
 Str Gilbert Weise
 Cox Todd Shea

Jimmy Phillips
 Adam Robinson
 Wycke Hampton
 Charlie Hawkes
 Chris Bolton
 Bryan Carley
 Glenn Garde
 Steve Stites
 Tommy White

Heather Kenyon
 Mary Joyce Black
 Peggy Hines
 Ali Spanos
 Kristen Coonley
 Virginia Mooers
 Liz Kirkham
 Donna Sanchez-Salazar
 Chris Sullivan

Dan Sack
 Chip Bertoglio
 Kelly Mire
 Jeff Rait
 Andrew Bunyon
 Rip Canon
 Guy Marvin
 Tommy Klechak
 Bo Todd

Thompy Taylor
 Chris Hall
 Mark Weaver
 Harold Tool
 Randy Wyse
 Bill Wesley
 Mac Butler

Spr George Revollo
 Asst.Coach & Capt. Jim Griffiths

Girls' Third Four & Spares

Bow Audrey Sanchez-Salazar
 2 Lauren Farley
 3 Jeanne Mooers
 Str Sue Edmonds
 Cox Lee Friedmann

Ann Cooksey
 Tricia Borno
 Kaki Zambetti

Beth Sack
 Elizabeth Yerk
 Lynn Mire
 Cathy Behnken
 Cessy Revollo
 Lisa Dorion
 Lynn Sorrells

Appendix II

(Appendix I listed alphabetically by class in school)

1972 -	1977 -	1980 -	Dan Langford	Chris Sullivan
Brad Berg	Bill Baxley	Rachael Arteaga	Lynn Mire	Bo Todd
Eddie Brown	Chandler Burroughs	Richard Barker	Brent Ray	Harold Tool
Doug Daze	Ken Charron	Chuck Bonds	Cecilia Revollo	Jesse Webb
John Libby	Gardner Davis	Stan Bullock	Beth Sack	Tommy White
Doug Traver	Mike Davis	Lisa Derr	Donna S.Salazar	Randy Wyse
	Robert deLoatch	Spencer Dickinson	Greg Stites	
1973 -	Carlo Franceschina	Kyle Drew	Mark Weaver	1985 -
Frank Berkey	David Hackney	Vilma Heliovaara	Joe Woodlief	Chris Bolton
Rich Birch	Fred Irving	Ed Hines	Elizabeth Yerkes	Rip Canon
Warren Cheek	Steve Mason	John McCorvey	Kaki Zambetti	Cynthia Mire
Bill Haft	Roger McNicholas	Jim Moseley		Jim Mooers
Watson Johnson	Kathy Morris	Richard Potter	1983 -	Dan Sack
David Key	Kris Negaard	Tricia S.Salazar	Robbie Allen	
Carey Mann	Doug Richardson	Joe Smith	Chip Bertoglio	1986-
Raymond Mason	Philip Stephan	John Taylor	Mary Joyce Black	Lee Friedmann
Andy McDonald	Wally Thomas	Mike Zambetti	Charlie Bolton	
Steve Suddath	Lisa Von der Hyde		Becky Callahan	1987-
Ricki Wolfs	Hal Wahl		Lisa Dorion	Sally Hogshead
	Lon Walton		Glenn Garde	
1974 -	1978 -	1981 -	Charlie Hawkes	
Robert Baker	Carl Atkinson	Forrest Andrews	Heather Kenyon	
Jim Montegue	Mike Barker	Ashley Brooks	Wood McCurry	
Meg Royce	Bill Comer	Mike Carter	Kelly Mire	
William Taylor	Pete Dickinson	Buzz Colgrove	Guy Marvin	
Gordon Terry	Tim Fink	Susan Derr	Jeanne Mooers	
Antoinette Trout	Bill Guthrie	Bill Ferry	Adam Robinson	
Jim Welch	Andy Hogshead	Mary Fipp	Derrick Shea	
Walter Woodlief	Dylan Morgan	Jim Griffiths	Alli Spanos	
	Barbara S.Salazar	Peggy Hines	Thompy Taylor	
1975 -	Joe Waas	Leslie Hinrichs	Ken Weinaug	
David Bond	Mason Wilkenson	Virginia Mooers	William Wesley	
Phil Cleland	Arthur Wood	Lourdes Palomino	Nick Wildrick	
Brad Christie		George Revollo		
Walter Grace	1979 -	Deucy Smith	1984 -	
Bill Huntley	Doug Bernreuter	Steve Stites	Tricia Borno	
Bill Huntley	Myrna Bree	Wayne Weinaug	Mac Butler	
Kirk Logan	Renee Brinkworth	Gilbert Weise	Bryan Carley	
JohnHenry Looney	Rob Derr	Barclay Wood	Ann Cooksey	
Steve Respass	Eddie Dudenhoefler	Bill Wright	Kristen Coonley	
James Rickard	Randy Gordon	Clay Zeigler	Sue Edmonds	
Walker Russell	Cynthia Hinrichs		Lauren Farley	
Mike West	Steve Lombard	1982 -	Chris Hall	
Allan Woodlief	Ray Markham	Mike Abney	Wycke Hampton	
	Louise Novoy	Curt Barnes	Liz Kirkham	
1976 -	Alicia Revolle	Cathy Behnken	Tommy Klechak	
Jamie Baldwin	Tom Rowe	Joe Cooksey	Jimmy Phillips	
Roger Corse	Bill Smedberg	Chip Cushman	Jeff Rait	
Alan Easterling	Glen Thomas	Dan Dill	Andrew Runyon	
Tim Glover		Katie Hartley	Audrey S.Salazar	
David Helms		David Kirk	Todd Shea	
Ernie Miller		Kirk Kirkham	Lynn Sorrells	
Hugh Morris				
Tim Platt				
Jon Rogers				
John Ross				
John Willis				
Jay Weinaug				
Mitch Woodlief				