

ONE VISION

The Newsletter of California Lightweight Crew

Fall 2002

NEWS FLASH: VARSITY MEN WIN PACIFIC ROWING CHAMPIONSHIPS... TWICE!!!

On Saturday, May 18, 2002, the varsity lightweight men of California won not one, but two west coast championships. They first led wire to wire in the light four defeating a field that included Santa Clara, Sac State, Long Beach State, UCLA, and UC-Davis by ten seconds. The light four, consisting of coxswain Megan Klein, stroke Marty Schultz-Ackerson, Saul Jackman, Sam Saylor, and Evan Morris, completed their championship season undefeated having won both their heat and the final two weeks earlier at the Western Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championships. The four triumphant rowers returned later in the day with their crewmates Chris Ling, Bob Waddell, Steve Josefowicz, Stuart Sievers, and coxswain Alice Chan to win yet another gold medal. A small, but fast field that included WIRA champions UCSB and a crew from UCLA to whom the men had lost a month prior on UCLA's home waters battled back and forth down the race course. But at the 1500 meter mark Cal had taken control of the race opening a 0.66 second lead over UCLA. That would be enough as they went on to win the race by a margin of 0.40 seconds. It was the most exciting race of the day, not just for Cal fans, but for all rowing fans in attendance. Congratulations to the ten members involved. You have all added to the rich history of the program and have much to be proud of.

Matthew White



Coaches' Corner

Hello everyone, my name is Rich Wendling, new head coach of our lightweight women's team. I am very excited to be here and this season is off to a great start. We have a very focused returning varsity team and a novice team that is very eager to race. Coaching our novice team this year is Sabrina Linden and Alison Skelley. Alison comes to us from Row Canada where she rowed for three years and rowed one year with the Bears under coach Dave O'Neil. Alison also coached our novice lightweight team last spring. Sabrina comes to us from Saint Mary's College rowing for four years and one year coaching the novice team. Combined together both freshman/novice coaches are producing a novice lightweight team that will turn some heads come spring!

As for myself, I rowed three years at Saint Mary's College and coached there for 10 years. In my spare time I enjoy spending time with wife Wendy and our 16 month old son Cody Fox. I also enjoy time training in my single. My long term here at Cal is to raise the bar and move our program to the next level.

As for last season, the varsity light eight finished ranked national in the top 20 and we moved our crew into our new boathouse at the Jack London Aquatic Center. I look forward to meeting all the parents, alumni and friends of the Cal Lightweight crew!

Please feel free to contact me at callightweights@aol.com

Hope to see you at the races,

Rich Wendling
Women's Head Coach
Cal Lightweight Rowing



Varsity Men '01-'02: Coach Rich Lapachet, Stuart Siever, Marty Atkinson, Sam Saylor, Chris Ling, Alice Chan, Steve Josefowicz, Robert Wadell, Evan Morris, and Saul Jackman
Missing: Megan Klein

One Race

Fall 1999, my freshman year, we combined novice and varsity programs because the men's team had three members and the budding women's program was just starting out. Although the program was small, we were a group of dedicated, wide-eyed novices, excited about rowing and winning, regardless of the work and sacrifices we had to make.

I remember waking up at 4:45am and walking down the hall, past the lounge, where my floor mates still hadn't gone to bed. I used to pretend that I had a "miss one practice" pass to use if I ever really wanted to sleep in. Of course, I would never miss practice because I didn't want to let my team down.

By 8am, I was happily eating at the dining commons; all the painful memories of 5am are pleasantly erased by the sight of corned beef hash, tator-tots, omelets, oat meal, pancakes, bacon, steamed ham, scrambled eggs, yogurt, cereal, peanut butter toast, and humus.

Although we were a novice crew, we always thought we had a chance of winning races, even against 4-year varsity crews. We won our first race, but lost every race for the next three years, often coming in DFL (Dead 'Freaking' Last'). We crossed the finish line exhausted, only to turn and see the other crews spinning and heading back in. On the paddle back to the dock, we'd spend the time thinking about how we would be giving up the tanks off our backs to the winning crew. However dismal the results, we always thought we had a chance at the next race.

Spring 2002, we entered PCRC's eager to prove ourselves. We were racing UCSB, which demolished us twice earlier this season, and UCLA, which finished a few boat lengths ahead of us a few weeks prior. After some technical setbacks, we were sitting at the starting line. I nodded to Evan, patted Marty on the back, and then sat ready. "Lane 1 UCSB, lane 2 California, lane 3 UCLA — all hands are down — attention... — ROW!!!" We started off slowly and fell back to third, just sitting—waiting to make a move. After 1000m (half the race) something clicked, something gelled, something happened. Many people dream about flying. I can say that I have. Our 8 lurched forward with every sweeping stroke. One catch, one finish, one stroke, one boat, 8 powerful wings beating in time. The gunnels groaned from the power (and because the Vision is 7 years old). With each release the boat would respond to our strokes by leaping forward. Legs numb, lungs burning with the taste of blood in my throat. "I'm still here Marty," I said to

myself. We cross the finish line and crumple over our oars, dusting UCSB by open water and holding off a strong UCLA crew to become 2002 Pacific Coast Rowing Champions.

<http://www.jamcotimes.com/2002/pcrc/race135.htm>

Chris Ling

Title Me Please

July 28, 2002. Camden, New Jersey — USRowing National Championships

A warm Sunday morning on the Cooper River in Camden, New Jersey, the final day of the USRowing National Championships. Representing Nereid Boat Club, in Rutherford, New Jersey, my teammates and I prepared for the final in the women's intermediate lightweight eight.

Taking the oars down, carrying the boat down, launching, and warming up all went smoothly. Our practice row the night before had been PERFECT, and we were confident. At the start we were nervous. We sent a punch down the line-up, dipped it in the water at bow, and sent in back up to Colin. We aligned and sat ready. The boats were polled. "Attention...Go!" Three-quarters, half, three-quarters, full! Twenty high...settle...weigh enough! Shoot, the red flag. CRI in lane 2 had stopped. Christie punched the water in front of me. A few other rowers vocalized their complaints; we were already about 300 meters down the course. I looked toward the steak boats and there were already doubles lining up for the next race. The launch official told us to paddle back to the starting line in lane zero. There we waited for another race to start while CRI fixed their breakage.

We lined up again, angry this time, trying to channel that anger into a strong start. Off the second start we were even stronger. Whereas in the first race, lane 4 had started pretty even with us, here we were clearly ahead. Still, it wasn't a comfortable lead—maybe a seat or two. The pain was even more severe this time, the lactic acid still present from the false start. After our settle, we really began to move on the other crews. Colin, our coxswain, was great, as always, squeezing out our aggression, passing on his confidence. "No one comes back, no one can take us now!" I saw CRI slow in lane 2, and I didn't see them recover. "Nail the coffin shut" screamed Colin. At the 1000 meter mark we had at least 2 or 3 lengths of open water on the second place boat. Now I was confident. "Three more

seats, lets keep moving on them!" *OK, Colin*, I thought, *3 more seats*. We pushed, we responded. I wondered if Colin would have us do the flying start into our sprint, even with such a huge lead. It had been incredible in our practice row the night before. With 300 to go, he prepared us. "Flying start in 3," and we flew. Our four start-sequence strokes, and then our sprint. Legs and arms, up at a 39-40, fast, powerful. We crossed the line, trying to breathe, smiling. Hell yeah. National champs. Twenty-nine seconds later the second place boat crossed. We rowed back to the dock square-blades, beautifully. A little cocky, but we had earned it. National champions.

We received congratulations on the dock, as the juniors took our oars. My legs were still rubber. I took my yellow ID tag out of the boat and put it back around my neck. USRowing National Championships, Renee Johnson, Nereid B.C. read the tag. It had to holes punched in the bottom, signifying that I had made weight on Saturday and Sunday, the days of my lightweight races. We carried our boat up the dock and put it in slings. I loved the Empacher, what an incredible boat. We were still breathing heavy, still smiling. We took pictures, enjoyed our moment, and went to the grandstand to watch a couple races and receive our medals. Gold. Inscribed on the back, National Championships, 2002 LW18+.

Renee Johnson

Answering the "Why?" Question

by Jenika Smith

So how can you possibly stand to do it? A very common question posed to me concerning my participation in lightweight crew. But, aside from the 5 a.m. workouts everyday, the persistent blisters that have developed into callouses on my hands, and my loss of a night life, there still remains that intoxicating element of crew that keeps us all coming back for more. It's that life force, that vibrant sensation that being on the water as the sun rises, can only give you. Yes, I am just a novice and I never thought that I would even consider joining crew. Definitely not a morning person, the sheer mention of rising before dawn every day made me run screaming in the other direction. And I admit that there have been moments (after consistent crabbing, erg tests, or running stadium stairs) when my world seemed to fall to pieces around me and quitting altogether was an overly appealing option. But, once again, you go out on the water and you have a great day rowing: where every catch, every drive, and every recovery is in perfect harmony with everyone

else on the boat, instilling you with such a sense of unity and peace that the distance you are going no longer matters. And when you get out of the water (don't forget running through the motions of cleanup), you look around you and consider the wonderful team-connection and invigorating tranquility kindling inside, and you silently think to yourself: so this is why I do it.

My 5th Year of Rowing

How long has it been? Oh yeah. This is my fifth year of rowing. My name is Louis Lee and I am a first year student on the Varsity Lightweight squad. I began rowing with Pacific Rowing Club in San Francisco since I was a freshman in high school. We practiced at Lake Merced. Lake Merced is surrounded by 3 gun ranges, a golf course, and fishing docks. I remember that the water smelled horrible and our dock was constantly covered in bird droppings. The lake is very close to the ocean, so it would get cold and windy there often. There would be the occasional hot day in the spring, but usually it was overcast. Other than that, it was a nice place to row and watch the sunset.

Every year, I had a different coach. My novice year, my coach rowed with Pacific as a junior and actually rowed with Cal Lightweights for a few years. His name is Robbie Sheridan and he would always talk to us about being tough and ballsy. I don't know what happened to him after that year, because he left the team to continue graduate school.

My second year, I had a coach named Justin Angle who Rowed at Penn. He was the one who made it obvious to me that every day you come down to the boathouse, your job is to put the blade in the water and pull your hardest every stroke. He showed me that a strong work ethic is necessary for a fast program. After that year, he left the team to coach with Penn. It was the work ethic he projected that made me stay on the team for the rest of high school.

My third year, my coach was named Kieran Clifford and he rowed with the Irish lightweight national team. He was the funniest guy. He made me look forward to coming down to the boathouse every day because it was so much fun to be around him. He would make the greatest analogies about rowing, but I cannot share them on this paper. His barking at us made us go fast. His realistic way of thinking made me win 5 medals that year. His thick accent and sense of humor gave him a personality that is hard to forget.

My senior year, my coach was Paul Berger and he coached the Cal Lightweighters for a year. He rowed with UCSD, Penn, Oxford, and the US National team. He taught was a rowing style that helped us beat crews with much faster ergs. That year, the average erg on our boat was around 6:50 and the average weight was under 170 lb. We beat crews with an average weight of 180 and an average erg of under 6:40. He knew so much about rowing and had a strong desire to win. My most memorable race with him was the summer before college. I weighed 165 and he put me in the lightweight 4 at the Lake Merritt Sprints 10 days before the race. Lightweight for that race was 160. I had to go on the Atkins diet until that race. I was a total mess. I had no energy and when I weighed in on the day, I was 162.5. I was disappointed and Paul was upset with me. My assistant coach Jeff Pennington just told me to run around the lake in my warm clothes, so I did that, weighed in again, and was maybe an ounce over, but the official gave it to me. We raced the 1000m against some old people from BAIR Island and beat them by a second. Our coxswain was from Exeter and he was 5'1 92 pounds. That is about 40 pounds lighter than the coxswain from the other boat. We had a horrible race. The boat was heavy and flopping around, but we won by a second. I got my gold medal for that.

The four years of rowing has produced so many memories and friends. Most of my funny stories cannot be told here, but if you ask me, I'd be willing to share them. Go Bears.

Louis Lee

We may complain...

The team receives about \$2000 from the University in funds, while our operating budget hovers around \$60,000 a year. Seem like a dilemma? So, what do we do to make up this \$58,000 difference besides collecting dues? The team has a fundraising officer, varsity oarswoman Melissa Schwab, who organizes the fundraisers. Our activities include running *Funzone* (a pre-football game tailgate party put on by the university), cleaning the football stadium the morning after games, selling- t-shirts and water bottles, cleaning the baseball stadium, and writing fundraising letters. Among these, thus far this year, stadium cleanups have been the most colorful and exciting.

It has become a tradition for the majority of the team to show up at Memorial Stadium at 9 am on most Sundays in the fall. Despite the "late hour" for

Fall Race Schedule-2002

DATE	RACE	LOCATION
10/26/02	Head of the American	Lake Natoma
10/27/02	Head of the Estuary	Oakland Estuary
11/03/02	Newport Fall Regatta	Newport Beach
11/17/02	Bair Island Fall Regatta	San Mateo

Spring Race Schedule-2002

DATE	RACE	LOCATION
03/01/03	Sacramento Invite	Lake Natoma
03/08/03	Chapman U.	Newport
03/09/03	UCSD	Mission Bay
03/15/03	Parents Day	JLAC
03/29/03	Cal Invite	JLAC
04/04-05/03	Crew Classic	Mission Bay
04/12/03	Stanford Race	Redwood Shores
05/03-04/03	WIRA Championship	Lake Natoma
05/17-18/03	PCRC/Pac-10	Lake Natoma



CALIFORNIA LIGHTWEIGHT CREW TEAM, FALL 2002

us, we groggily, but dutifully, show up. First, we get a pep talk from Paul Shea, head of football operations, as we collect brooms, trash bags and rubber gloves in preparation for our task. Included in this pep talk is a cheer with everyone yelling "CLEAN STADIUM!!!" after a count of three. We definitely find this part comical. As of October 13, 2002, we have had the use of blowers. This new advent—which we're all excited about—is to help remove peanut shells. In my past two years of stadium cleaning, we always had to crawl around and clear the shells by hand, but now, we have blowers!

Then, upon being armed, we head to our sections to clean. Recently, Varsity oarsmen Greg Moe and Sam Saylor developed an innovative plan to clean our section in a much more efficient manner. It's called the "attack" method. Basically, everyone cleans one segment of a section from the bottom up, fanning through each of the rows. The key idea is that it's like a charge. Previously, two people took on each section. It takes much longer to clean because the "energy" of the group is missing. As you can see, there's a whole psychology to it.

While cleaning, we encounter many interesting and odd food items—among other things. After the Air Force game, I found a pair of blue jeans in section R. A leg of the pants was covered in nacho cheese. After the Washington State game, it has been reported that Nick Leefer found a bible in section EE.

There are some good and bad parts to cleanups. Varsity rower Chris Ling's least favorite memory is of "picking up trash on a windy day...where you sweep all the garbage into the aisles, and then a gust of wind spreads it all over the place and you have to start over." He also mentioned that he does enjoy the team bonding aspect of cleanups. Moe also chimed in that "it's nice to see members of all squads there, working together." What I believe to be the worst part about stadium cleanups is the rubber gloves—after about 20 minutes in the sun, your hands are completely sweaty. Sometimes I try not wearing the gloves, but for obvious reasons, this is far too disgusting. My favorite part is finding unopened bottles of water. I either take them to drink during practice, or if my legs are covered in sticky soda from the cleaning, I open the bottle and clean off my legs. Some even collect the plastic bottles in separate bags so that they can be recycled.

We participate in fundraisers because we love to row. We may not enjoy the activities, and may even complain as we do it, but when we get to "sit ready" in the spring, and hear "attention, go" we know it's all worth it. We hope you can appreciate it too.

Melissa Schwab

Overview

By Sam Saylor

Lightweight Crew is a club sport at Cal. Men's Lacrosse, Women's Rugby, and Men's Volleyball are all examples of other sports at Cal that have "club"

status. Being a sports club has both positive and negative aspects to it. A big plus is that we, the students, are in charge of our own destiny. Students organize and run the team. We decide when and how to spend our money. Although operating a crew team with a budget of nearly \$55,000 a year is difficult and requires some responsibility, it is extremely rewarding and fosters independence and leadership among all involved. Another positive characteristic of being a sports club is that unlike funded varsity teams, prior experience is not required in order to participate. Unfortunately there are some negative features associated with being a sports club. The most profound is that we receive practically no funding from the university. Considering that a new eight-oared shell costs upwards of \$25,000 dollars and we receive \$3,000 from the university—this is a problem for us. We cover our costs through fundraising, athlete dues, and donations from FCLC (Friends (family and alumni) of California Lightweight Crew. If you're interested in more details, please email us.

Despite our lack of funding, Cal Lightweight Crew has nevertheless found success against varsity programs from other schools.

The past- Men's Lightweight Crew at Cal originated as a varsity sport in 1973, rowing with the historic heavyweight program. Within a few years however, the lightweight men separated to form their own sports club. The women's team began in 1997, making Cal Lightweight Crew the only team on the west coast solely devoted to men's and women's lightweight rowing. The men have won the Pacific Coast Rowing Championships (PCRC's) in 1975, 1987, 1995, and 2002.

Recently- This past spring has been one of unprecedented success for both teams. The men won the Western Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championships in the Light 4+ and won PCRC's in both the Light 8+ and Light 4+. The women placed 4th at both WIRA and PCRC's and were ranked in the top twenty in the nation.

The future- The future looks promising for Cal Lightweights. This year, for the first time since the late 1980's, we hope to travel to the east coast for Dad Vail and IRA National Championships. We also hope to buy new boats for both teams. The tradition will keep growing as more people, more boats, and more championships are added each year.

Title Me Please

There is nothing like the start of a two thousand meter race. You sit at attention.

Take a quick glance to your left and right. You see all the other crews anticipating the start, held in position by their stern ends. Muscles ready, blades buried, and eyes focused ahead. You relax your grip when you realize how tightly you are holding your oar. All coxswains have found their point.

“We have alignment... attention...”

You sense your own muscles tensing; your heart begins to pound against your chest. You feel the adrenaline rush through your veins as the first bead of sweat trickles down your forehead. The sun beams down upon the water, burning your face. Time seems to stop, and then,

“ROW!”

“Half, half, three-quarter...”

The air is flooded with the screaming voices of the coxswains, snapping oarlocks, and splashing of water. The voice of your own coxswain rises above all, as your ears follow the familiar sounds. Shrill calls to push harder, faster, quicker, “Legs down!”

Eight men become one body and mind, and there is no turning back. Crew has invaded your life, and it will never fade away.

GO CAL LIGHTWEIGHTS!!!

Greg Moe

If you would like more information about the program, please check our website at www.cal-lightweights.org where you can get the latest information about the teams and races.

If you are interested in donating to the team, please make checks payable to:

California Lightweight Crew
c/o Sravana Chennupati
2614 ½ Etna Road
Berkeley, CA 94704

Any amount would be appreciated.

To be added to the Alumni emailing list, please send an email to srchenn@hotmail.com