To
Jack Frailey
With Gratitude
From the
MIT Alumni Crew
At the IRA Regatta
June 2-3, 2006

Ken Andersen
Harvey Bines
Ken Blanchard
Sandy Blanchard
Mike Brose
Jim Falender
Tony Fiory
Bill Gadzuk
Bob Kurtz
Jim Latimer
Dick Millman
Murray Morton
Bob Vernon
Bill Weber
Bob Wild
Greetings to you, Jack

Best wishes for continued health, happiness and good spirits in the many years to come. Enjoy this collection of correspondence and photos for this special remembrance, from some of the alumni who’s lives you touched so deeply. There are, of course, many more MIT alumni and friends of kindred spirit in wishing you well.

Tony Fiory

Jack -- I still remember your conversation with the press about our crew being "impressive" -- which got us all swell headed. But, then you added a confidential caveat to us at the boat house that "impressive" could have either a positive or negative connotations and you would leave it to us to judge which you meant. I still smile, today, whenever I hear the word "impressive." But, as a coach, you now have proved that you deserve the descriptor "impressive" without the accompanied caveat! Best wishes, Jim.

Jim Falender

Well Jack, it only took me forty-five years from the day I entered MIT to officially "move up" from being a Lightweight to a Heavyweight, but I finally made it in June 2005. It was a great pleasure seeing you at Cherry Hill last June and I look forward to competing once again this year.

Your support of the "Lights" in the early sixties is a lasting memory, especially in 1962 when you led us to Henley. It was a great pleasure to learn that you will be joining us "over there" for our 45th reunion row in July '07.

Best,

Bob Vernon '63

Jack, thanks for introducing a city kid to the beauty and grace of crew, and what it really means to pull your weight.

Harvey Bines

Found this picture of the Cochran Cup at Wisconsin in '61. The words that go to the music are:

“After a cold, blustery, foul spring in Boston, we flew to Wisconsin to race for the Cochran Cup. The sun was shining, the girls smiling, the water smooth, our boat fast, the race won. May all your springs, Jack, be like Wisconsin in '61!”

Dick Millman
Jack –
As much as we all value our MIT education, it was immeasurably enhanced through our rowing experiences. Your teaching, motivation, and leadership helped us to appreciate what we could accomplish when we tested the limits of our endurance through commitment and hard work.
So thanks …

… for showing us that we could compete (and win) at the highest levels of competition;
… for the extra time you spent with the ’63 –’64 Riverside four;
… for the wonderful coaching opportunity you gave me;
… for your innovative leadership – the first Olympic training camp at Laconia, 2000 calorie breakfasts, the ’63 Riverside-Lake Washington crew;
… for the extra burst of energy that came from your clarion “Hooo-Dah” from the coaches’ launch as we neared the finish line;
… and for helping us to earn our way into the unique fraternity of oarsmen.
Wishing you continued good health, peace, and success.

Warmest regards,

Bill Weber

Jack:
Although I never made it past the freshman year, I did get to row for you once during a varsity practice. I also remember listening to your “chalk talks” to the Varsity - where you wore your aeronautical engineering hat to describe the physics involved in propelling the boat faster. I remember your absences from practice when there was a launch at Cape Canaveral. I remember your “threats” to take away athletic scholarships. I remember (and even adopted) your habit of never carrying cigarettes. Scores of others have rowing victories and additional experiences to remember.
If a sign of greatness is the degree to which one is remembered - Jack, you are the greatest!

Fondly,

Murray

Jack,
These sentiments will surely embarrass both of us but embarrassment has not deterred me in the past. I have to confess that it has taken me a very long time to figure out why I thought you were worth much as a coach. Sure, you had your victories and your well-deserved reputation by the time I first became one of your projects. But honestly, the first impression was not the best. I come from a strictly working class background -- not only the first but until I sent my own kids, the only person in my family or among family friends even to attend college. All the adults in my childhood were farmers, steel workers, and the like with imposing physical presence and strength -- real men whose iconic apparel were steel-toed shoes and T-shirts, not loafers and ties. So, with the encouragement of Millman, Gadzuk and others I opted for crew in large part because this was where the real men resided. But the coach? Short, skinny, and dressed like a preppie on the first day of class. I mean, of all the head coaches of the day, who but you would jump into a launch with coat, tie, and Burberry? Obviously, I had to readjust my hero worship coordinates to row out my innards for you (well and for me and the rest of the guys as well). This is not a

Waiting for the lake to thaw.

Bill and Sue Weber.
profound conclusion but the one thing that made you a successful coach for me was, in today's jargon, that you always thought outside the box. The list is long but I recall those isometric contraction machines (a horror chamber if ever there was one), putting such a skinny little guy like Fiory in the No. 6 seat (who knew he could pull twice as hard as some of the muscle bound wonders of the day?), stretching a slender budget by purchasing and cooking our own food at one infamous IRA and the endless reseating, rerigging and rescheming to get the most output out of not the best of raw material. OK, besides being smart, I also appreciate your virtual life-long commitment to our sport and the sacrifices you made along the way to inspire me and others to make the best out of what we have.

Thanks,

Wildo

Dear Jack,

Our first try at youth ~45 years ago was fine, but this second go around with you still as THE COACH, now of a bunch of Senior Citizens who somehow have figured out how to get into (and more importantly, out of) an eight (plus one) is truly one of my life’s greatest experiences. What a testament to the notion that you are only as old as you let yourself believe you are. As long as we have you as a role model for our future, I’m hopeful that we will also be 80 years YOUNG when we are 80, just as you so admirably are. Thanks for being such a crucial positive part of our distant past, our joyful IRA/FOMITC present, and its continuation into the unlimited future.

Best wishes,

Bill Gadzuk ’63

I was going to write about Jack’s unforgettable comments to his team about the true meaning of “Being Impressive” – that is, until I saw Jim Falender had already picked up on the theme. As with Jim, I have never forgotten the incident. Clearly, Jack had as much of an impact on Jim as he did on me.

In fact, Jack has had an impact on my life from the time I first met him some 40 years ago. I tend to think of my life in terms of the “before crew” and “after crew” periods. And Jack is inseparably associated with the transformative impact crew had on my life. He was the patient coach (the “impressive” incident notwithstanding) who put up with me forever falling asleep during his daily pre-workout pep talks; who allowed me to train one year in Hanover for the IRAs, even though I had essentially flunked out of school and was ineligible to row; who supported my quests to join the National Team (successfully) and Olympic Team (unsuccessfully); who kept me involved and inspired in MIT’s crew program, even through the recent “Dark Period” of despair.

So, Jack, I thank you for the inspiration, dedication, leadership and example you provided me and so many others. You changed my life. You have made a difference!

Sandy Blanchard

Jack –

Before entering MIT, my rowing experience was all in a 14-ft skiff that I rowed for miles up and down the river in front of our house. After a few weeks at the boathouse, you said I was rowing okay and asked where I had rowed previously. Somehow, you managed not to laugh (too much) when I answered “on the Warren River”. While I rowed through early spring, it was by then very clear that I could either get a crew
letter or graduate from MIT – but not both! It would be 1985 before I was in a shell again and became active in competitive masters rowing. While I have been in many races since then, the greatest thrill for me was to finally race in a boat of veteran MIT oarsmen, coached by you, at the IRA regatta. Thank you, Jack, for encouraging me as a freshman and for instilling a passion for rowing which has been an integral part of my life ever since.

Best wishes,

Mike Brose ’58

Besides Jack's famous jokes of “what is the difference between … ,” my lasting impression of Jack’s style was in the Cochran Cup race in 1963 where it was a photo finish, but unfortunately no cameras to judge. So rather than debate the issue Jack allowed that we had won the race the previous year so it would therefore should be Wisconsin's turn this time. That gesture of sportsmanship has stayed with me all these years and reinforced my belief that it's how you played the game (of rowing and life) that really counts.

Thank you Jack.

Ken Andersen

Jack – My enduring memory of you was a picture of you standing on the barge in 1957, in which a multi-tailed whip was drawn in by a Tech editor. 1957-1958 was special to me with you on the freshman heavies. I was thrilled to be at the Compton Cup in 1962 while a grad student at Princeton and I hope the tape of that race has survived.

Thanks for all the work you have done.

Ken Blanchard

Jack, the things I value most that you taught me are:

1. Character counts. - Great things are possible, if one is willing to pay the price through daily training, in and out of season. Races are sometimes decided by tiny differences: physical fitness has to be supplemented by something special - the little extra that could be called character.

2. Humor helps. - Nothing could cheer the boathouse like one or two of your deadpan, dry but clever, off-color yarns. Good cheer and serious training are quite compatible.

3. Teamwork is key. - Although we all have our personal triumphs and joys in life, the rare joy of success through teamwork is joy of a special flavor. We should seek and encourage such situations in life, as many people do not comprehend what it is.

4. Beware of prune juice. - Although a delicious and healthful beverage, it's overuse can have disastrous consequences!

I believe all of us are lucky to have you, so Best Wishes and "Hoodah! Hoodah! Hoodah!"

J. L. ’63

You shouted, “Tony, you haven’t changed!” when we reconnected at the Frailey shell dedication and so, inspired by you, I got back in a shell and resumed rowing after 37 years. I learned your wise strategies – like peanut butter and jelly to keep up weight. Remember giving us Somagen(sp?), that nasty protein powder? You are memorably creative – like the wet sanded shell that beat Yale, driving Jim Rathshmidt to copycat. We’ll all miss you at Cherry Hill. The upside: You won’t have to grin and bear my inept speechmaking. I pray you heal up real well and look especially nice for next year, if not sooner.

Tony
1963 Freshman Heavies

Hi, Dr. Tony,

Since you were the leader of our group, I hope you can check a few boxes on the list (not to be too obvious). From left to right: Bob, Phil, Jack, and me. We regularly go to the most exciting parties. Have you heard if the canoe came in October? Maybe you could come too?

Phoebe on crew, and Jack Fraley! He never put me in the first boat, and my social life was half because of all the parties, and his jokes weren't even funny. I don't want to contribute anything!

Seriously, despite our best efforts, this mailing will not go to all interested parties. But please send back the return form, checked at the bottom, to tell us to remove your name from the list if you are not interested. Otherwise, we will keep trying to contact you, make you mad and waste some postage in the process.

Please, please, please return the form.
Seeks to End Harvard’s Reign on Charles

M.I.T. Crew Astounds Experts with Two Wins

By JIM CARFIELD

M.I.T.’s varsity crewmen are proving a little can go a long way this spring.

Despite a shortage of manpower that borders on the acute, the ebullient Engineers have astounded Eastern rowing experts by muscling their way to two straight victories.

Upset of Year

As a result, Coach Jack Frailey’s heavyweight hearties command added respect in the upcoming Compton Cup test against Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth. Putting an end to the Crimson’s long reign as “ruler of the waves on the Charles” probably is incentive enough, but M. I. T. will have the added spur of being the only unbeaten entry in next Saturday’s regatta.

Tech’s most recent accomplishment was humbling Yale by 2½ lengths on the Housatonic last Saturday. It not only was the top upset of the young rowing season but came as something of a surprise even to the coach of these intrepid sweepswingers.

“‘I guess that one made me revise my thinking about this crew,’” Frailey admitted with a grin while wracking contentedly in the garden of his Concord home yesterday.

“With only one senior oarsman in the boat, I figured this gang was a year away,” Jack explained. “Now, I don’t know. Both our time of 9:37.4 and the margin were impressive. Naturally, I love to win and hope we keep going, but come what may, these kids already have pleased me greatly.

“They’ve got terrific dedication and spirit, for one thing. You’ve got to hand it to them because we’re small in numbers. I’d say about half the size of what the other major rowing schools have for heavyweight crew. But these kids won’t say die and are making do with what we have. I’d say the biggest worry besides injuries is overconfidence.”

Frailey, himself a former oarsman who captained Tech’s ’43 and ’44 lightweights, is determined to prevent the latter even though Ken Andersen and Jim Latimer are the only available spares on the 18-man varsity squad.

“Anyone caught losing will be demoted,” he warns.

With a chance to give Harvard a rowing lesson for the first time in 11 years, however, the Engineers don’t figure to be resting on their oars.

Capt. Chester Riley’s oarsmen are living the “life of Riley” these days and are bent on beating the Crimson Saturday.

Riley, biggest of Tech’s boatload at 6-foot-3 and 200 pounds, is one of the four power men in the shell at No. 3. Other muscular members of the “engine room” are big Mike Gockel, who rows No. 5 and is the only senior in the boat, and two sophomores—6-foot-3 Tony Fiory at No. 6 and 6-foot-4 Bill Weber at No. 4.

Senior Coxswain

Another sophomore, Chris Miller, is a “capable stroke.” Miller, who rowed at Henley with Andover’s crew two years ago, has “made the boat move” since switching from No. 2. Manning the other seats are sophomore Ron Cheek at No. 7, Dick Millman at No. 2 and Mike Lawton at bow, both juniors along with Riley, George Dotson, an experienced senior, is the coxswain.

“These fellows aren’t going to be overawed by anyone—even Harvard,” Frailey insists. “If the water is good and there are no accidents, we’ll have fun. It should be a close, interesting race. And don’t underestimate Princeton. They just barely lost to Penn Saturday in the Childs Cup and will be dangerous.”

Last M.I.T. crew to beat Harvard was the 1950 Eastern sprint champions. That shell also was the last from Tech to conquer Yale. Could that be an omen?

Boston Globe (maybe), Spring 1961.
Mike Lawton, Dick Millman, Chet Riley, Bill Weber, Mike Gockel, Tony Fiory, Ron Cheek, Chris Miller, and British Actress Rita Tushingham (1961).

3, Kenneth Andersen; 2, Richard Leonard; bow: Bob Kurtz.

(Saratogian, Saratoga, N.Y., June 7 or 8, 1963).
Kurtz, 3; Dotson, cox; Fiory, stroke; Anderson, bow; Poe, 2; Capt. Riley w/cup, 7; Lawton, 5; Millman, 6; Taylor, 4.
(Coach Jack H. Frailey '44).

MIT 1963 Varsity Heavyweight Crew, Saratoga, N.Y. (June 8, 1963)

Left to right, standing (or almost standing), Sam Drake, Jim Falender, Chris Miller, Ken Andersen, Tony Fiory, Bill Weber, Bob Wild, Marty Poe. Front (not standing) Jesse Lipcon. Photo, courtesy Jesse Lipcon.
Row, row, row your boat, you are the Chosen One! Congratulations.

Spring time is upon us and the old men are getting restless, by which I mean, how about another try for a MIT seniors eight at this year's IRA in New Jersey? Ten minutes ago I spoke to Ken Andersen, in the hopes that he would be in a position to stir up some interest and do whatever has to be done to get a MIT alumni boat entered. As he is supposedly far off and isolated in Maine, he was quick to suggest that since you had been involved in arranging for the previous entry that you guys did in 1998 (thus demonstrating that you know what to do and how to do it) and since you are relatively close to MIT, that maybe we could encourage you to really get the ball rolling. Ken was thinking that we could probably even get a whole boat full of 60ish guys which would do wonders for the handicapping. Any chance that you could/would be counted on as the hitman/doer/commander?

Part of my immediate enthusiasm has been magnified by some events over the past weeks. Last week was the annual big Condensed Matter Physics meeting of the American Physical Society, held this year in Seattle. A few weeks prior to the meeting I received an e-mail note from Tony Fiory, who I have not seen, as usual with regards most of our old cronies, over the past 35 or so years. Well, Tony is also a Bell Labs/Lucent solid stater who does the March meeting and as a result of some communication with Ken (I think), he was inspired to get in touch with Dick Erickson, our freshman coach, who returned to the University of Washington after a few years at MIT to be their crew coach. Tony was in the process of arranging to visit Dick sometime during the meeting week and asked me to join them which I was absolutely delighted to do. So last Wednesday afternoon Dick came into the city, picked us up, and took us out to the university for a tremendously interesting and nostalgic afternoon.

It was really great to see both Dick and Tony. Dick has been retired from coaching for a number of years, but he is currently the Director of Athletic Facilities there which gave us the opportunity to see a broad scope of things far beyond the boathouse. What was really neat for me was the fact that I think he was as delighted to see us as we were to see him. A key element in this delight was that we were the first crew that he had ever coached and this stuck with him. He seemed to really be pleased to introduce us to his coaching and other staff colleagues as guys on his first-ever crew. So this has added a little extra enthusiasm to my crew state-of-mind, though I did have plenty even before our excursion.

So Jim, do it! As before, we have the three of us (you, Ken, and me). Tony sounded like he could be made interested. Ken has some more suggestions for souls that I am hoping to entice him into sending on to you. Otherwise things fortunately continue to be fine here. … Hope all is fine with you.
Andrea Fiory, Fran Falender, Jean Fiory, and Liz Wild.

Marty Poe, Jim Latimer, Ken Andersen, Bill Gadzuk, Tony Fiory, Jesse Lipcon, Bob Wild, Jim Falender, Sam Drake.

MIT Alumni 2002 IRA
Email and Photo Memories 2005-2006

Practice for the IRA at Cherry Hill June 3, 2005
Hello all,

I was looking through some pictures, and I found a picture of the old, 40-year-old, broken tulip "T" oar which I mentioned below. It has been gracing our door of our old stone lake house at 741 Mill Street during the summer for many years. See attached picture....

I hope that your summer seasons are continuing well!

…

What a terrific job you have done in putting together the Memory Book for the MIT 1963 reunion crew event!! What great fun it was for me to see all the pictures and read the correspondence associated with this remarkable event! It is amazing to see what everyone looks like, now that about 40 years or so have passed; I wish that I could have been there in person (though I certainly was there in spirit) to have enjoyed what undoubtedly would have been one of the highlights of my adult life! Also, thanks for snagging the picture off of our family website and including it in the book. That picture was taken last year in Hallstatt, Austria, during Betsy's and my only trip outside of the U.S. We were staying on Lake Grundlsee in the Austrian Alps about 100km ESE of Salzburg, and we took day-trips from there. It was a great vacation.

Now that there are pictures to see, and faces to recognize, I can better imagine what the race was like! I can feel the weight of the boat (but I guess that they are lighter now than they were 40 years ago) as it was hoisted overhead, and then over to the side and into the water. But the boat is different than the boats of two score years ago - now they're fiberglass rather than wood, and have some electronics; and the oarlocks are plastic rather than brass. And they go faster because they are lighter.

I'll bet it was an incredible feeling to take the very first few strokes once the boat was pushed away from the dock - especially for those of us that hadn't been in a boat for all these years! It must have been almost surreal! And how about those hatchet-blade fiberglass oars - how did they feel to you? The only oar I've ever used was wooden the tulip-blade; as a matter of fact, there is a broken tulip blade oar with a red "T" on the blade (I broke it in March of 1963) which graces the front of our house in the summertime (we live on a lake, so Betsy thinks that an oar by the door is appropriate).

And then there was the top of the mountain - Race Day. I can recall when we would row to the starting line and back up to the punt. Everyone would be looking at the people in the other boats to see what they looked like. The adrenalin was flowing, and Jesse was trying to keep the boat pointed straight down the course. All of our senses were peaked as we awaited the command to start the race.... Ready All; Ready; Row! And we would leap off of the starting line and bolt down the course! I bet it was that way again - it all came back, didn't it? What a wonderful experience!

As for me, I'm back at the University of Wisconsin Medical Center in Madison tomorrow for more chemo (4 or 5 days in the hospital). It certainly isn't much fun, but if this is what it takes, we're all for it! My daughter, Katherine Miller MD, who is a member of the Tufts Medical School faculty, will be here to give me support this weekend, as does all of my family and so many of our friends!

Thank you for all of your thoughtful and encouraging emails, and for sharing the details and pictures of the 40th reunion of the 1963 MIT Crew Reunion with me!

My very, very best regards to all,

Chris Miller
**2005 IRA Masters Race Ruminations**

**Bob Vernon 6/5/2005**

However disappointing the result I wouldn't trade the weekend for anything right now. I appreciate you guys calling me in. Next year we will have backup equipment, one more year on our age handicap, a duck-free lane; whatever it takes.

I regret that my having to drive back to PA on Friday night took me out of Jack's after dinner meeting. If any one of you feels up to it, I would appreciate a brief summary.

Regretfully, I don't see an email address in the above list that looks like Ken Blanchard. Perhaps one of you has an address for him and can pass this on.

After trading a couple of brief war stories with Ken on Friday evening (Lightweight war stories, that is), I wanted him to see this picture of the 1962 Lightweight Varsity taken the day after Eastern Sprints. Five of these guys rowed in the 1961 Varsity with Ken. I am sure that he will remember Chas Bruggemann (7), Dennis Buss (6), Jerry Manning (5), George Zimmerman (3); also Roger Rowe and Tommy Joe Alexander on my right and left, front row, who at that point in time were slated to be our Henley "spares". To his credit, Roger worked his way into first boat, as a starboard, rowing bow at Henley after rowing on the port side all four years he was at the 'Tute.

**Tony Fiory 6/5/2005**

Jeff (my 2x partner) inquired how'd it go and I replied, "Eventful." He explained for me why high rigging is used for the stern four and low rigging for the bow four. Simple (as we figured), you put the big strong rowers in the stern. But ~1.5" differential seems excessive. Well, I dropped to 179 lbs as of this morning's measurement, about 3 lbs below earlier in the week (thankfully, the bp is down, too), and I think Wildo is at about that, too. So much for big! Dick and Jim helped out, but maybe not enough. It was smart to move Ken A's oarlock up. Ken B was ok (was it really?), but Kurtz had a problem (if it wasn't for the traffic ..., etc.) We'll need to check out the rigging on our list of check-offs for next year (See below: any others?).

Given all the "events" within our race, I'm really proud of what we did. The spacing was superb for 1200 m or so, and the finish had some pep, too. Bob V did a marvelous job inspiring the folks towards the stern -- I sensed it waved down to the bow! I was a little puzzled, however, when the spacing dropped precipitously a few times. The stories for those are charming: clobbering ducks with blades (anyone other than Ken A?), wacking a plastic barrel, shorts in slide, incipient slide seize-up. I didn't notice any evidence of pooping out, though: So great job everyone!
Check List for 2006:
Inspect rigging (washers), seat action, etc.
megaphone (plan B backup)
pre-test the cox-box on shore
uni-suits!
Anti-rain dance (in lieu of next ones)
A good lawyer: Threaten the powers that be to fix the hazardous mud hole. (Michael K: "New Jersey is a dump.")
A good solution: Fill the low area with sand (South NJ is mostly cheap sand).

I hope the folks that hung about got some food. Jim, did you get the "packet"? Kurtz kindly gave me shower privileges and a lift to Newark, where Jean picked me up.

Thanks Jack and Dick for your extraordinary hard work on behalf of MIT crew, the love of MIT crew you showed in our back-room powwow is exceptional and very inspirational.

Have a great 362 days for unwinding and then prep for next year (Plus whatever else you're inclined to do). Good luck Bill with the new knees. I'm sure you'll keep us posted. And bon voyage Vernons!

Bob Wild 6/6/2005

Hey, comrades, I think we goosed it up a lot more than we all probably thought at the end of the race. According to the official results we were 5 seconds faster than last year, only about 10 seconds behind the rest of the pack (I seem to think that last year, if we put aside Rutgers/Camden, we may have been almost a minute behind the next highest place finisher) and within a minute of the winner -- this all strikes me as phenomenally better. We did this in spite all of the itemized excuses. And the excuses were worth the trip all by themselves. Can you imagine Kenny A. regaling one and all with his famous geese hunt? If he lives 40 years, the tale will live along with the best of the rest of his repertoire.

Of all the list of corrections, I'd put the shimming at the top of the list -- I felt as if I spent most of the race fighting to get my oar at the right level to get in and out. As Tony surmised, I contributed to the lightness
of the stern. For some reason, my weight started plummeting about a day or two before the race and eventually ended at 176 from what had been about 183 all Spring. Can't explain it other than I really increased my workouts in the last two weeks leading to a three day taper.

I'd certainly want to express my usual thanks to all of you guys for making this event possible. For me, it has never been about the results but about the participation -- being a competitor rather than a spectator. I get a charge out of just being there and engaging in an activity that has allowed me to renew a pleasure I thought I had left behind all those MIT years ago. And it wouldn't be the same if I couldn't row with just any old group -- to be able to row with the guys of my youth makes the pleasure immeasurably greater. Thanks much, once again. I hope you all enjoyed the event as much as I did. Wildo.

Don't beat yourself up on the meal tickets, James. If you haven't heard, the comedy (actually tragicomedy) of errors arrived just as Bill, Anita, Bob V, Liz and I arrived to try to talk our way into the food line. The metal bleachers at the finish line collapsed just as we arrived to try to talk our way past the officials, the officials scrambled to address the collapse and we scrambled into the food line (non-rowing spouses as well) and ended up with the usual meal -- no questions asked. So, at last some of the comedy actually worked in our favor.

Row2k.com

During the alumni race, Fred Schoch was announcing the race with all the vigor of any other final on the day. As the crews approached the finish grandstand, he said "Give a big cheer for these alumni crews." A woman in the stands was heard to say: "What? This guy's nuts. These crews started this race yesterday." Speaking of the alum race, some of the winners of the race were still walking around in their race uniforms 2.5 hours after the race. Someone needed to invoke the over-40 lycra rule.

Bill Gadzuk 6/6/2005

It was a great weekend which made me proud to be part of you all. You have no idea how much I appreciated your tolerance with respect to my extra knees handicap. Fortunately, I don’t think that they were a negative influence once I got into the shell. The positives of the whole alumni experience were so nicely articulated by Tony and Bob. I concur with everything that they said. On a personal note, I was happy to see that even with the additional year of “experience”, the rest of me held up well enough to make next year seem realistic and I will use this as one of my biggest motivators in knee rehab. My goal is to not only be able to row (hopefully even with more leg drive) but to also be able to carry my load when WE put the boat in the water which, hopefully, will be at the edge of the dock and not in the mudhole between the trailer and the dock. It was amazing what we were able to do in spite of all the bizarre forces acting against us. I’m not sure whether it’s true or not that the Audubon Society and PETA have a price out on Ken A for his alleged aggressive deeds, but if so I bet that he can depend on his band-of-brothers to defend him. One of the most informative experiences for me was learning how absolutely indispensable and valuable the presence and influence of the cox is to a race, making it one involving a coordinated single crew as opposed to a carefree row by 8 individuals. Tony did a magnificent job of stroking, but the absence of audible input, information, and general encouragement from the cox (because of the faulty coxbox) certainly was THE major handicap for us in my opinion. Other than Tony’s steadying influence, we really were rowing in amazing isolation, particularly with regard our boat in relation to both the course and the race. In spite of the events of the “eventful row”, it really was wonderful and I do look forward to our next one.

Sorry about the “Ugly” writeup from Row2K’s IRA coverage. Their words on the alumni influences seemed a bit more mean-spirited than I would have expected. With respect to the rest of Saturday, we did stay for all the finals. The crowd spirit was interesting. Harvard provided a unifying force. During the heavyweight finals I fairly quietly urged “Go, anyone but Harvard”, at which point cheers broke out from everyone around me and it was agreed that that was the overall sentiment of the crowd. Unfortunately, although Cal lead for most of the race, Harvard put on a big surge and it ended 1)Harvard, 2)Princeton,
3) Cal. The lightweight finals were more satisfying. Yale won and Harvard was 4th, but could have easily been last.

Also, by virtue of being able to leisurely linger around the race site, I was able to find the appropriate person and got 9 IRA-2005 pins for us. Anyone who wants one, send me your address and I will put it in the mail for you. We really did do the relaxed thing and didn’t head home until early Sunday afternoon after a superb dinner in Philadelphia at Lacroix and Sunday brunch at the White Dog Cafe, both highly recommended by us. My daughter had gone to school in Philadelphia so, in spite of Philly’s reputation, Anita and I have had some really great memories and it’s always a joy for us to have the opportunity to relive some of them. When done in conjunction with something new like our IRA rowing reunions, the total package is spectacular. Thanks guys. Please visit us or at least get in touch for dinner or something when in Washington.

**Bob Kurtz 6/6/2005**

I associate myself with all remarks below. I agree my rigger needed more shims: current weight 196 after carb loading-maybe even 200; number of shims 3; number of shims needed 6. My oar was slapping the water on most returns and I had to lean to the port side to tilt the boat on most strokes to get my oar off the water. Nevertheless I had a great time and am eager to do it again next year. I took the day off Sunday, rowed on the erg again this am at 5 and will keep on doing so. Regards to all.

Bob: You are a fantastic coxswain! Next year with a functioning squawkbox I'll get to hear you throughout the race! None of us need have any regrets.

I'm delighted to hear that our time was improved and that we were closer to the pack. Although Wildo is being very mature about it in saying that just doing it is what counts most, and in the long run he is right, nevertheless some small part of me remains viciously competitive, and I keep thinking that next year will bring vindication. Along those lines I am thinking of ways to handicap us that would recognize our effort and more scientifically give us an "evidence-based" handicap. What if we staged an erg race against our younger MIT heavy varsity counterparts and made the handicap proportional to the difference in either distance rowed per time, power output, etc ( whichever parameter made us look best ((or worst)))? Interested in your input(s). I don't know if there are fixed rules that govern exactly how the handicaps are parsed out but perhaps Jack could with new data help bring about a more advantageous handicap policy.

**Jim Latimer 6/6/2005**

I was planning to detail all the events as related to me on the drive back to Boston by Ken Andersen, our all-seeing bowman, but I see from Anthony's E-mail that you already know about everything that went wrong. You fellows are wonderful and it is great to be one of you, however, I am immature enough to have a little trouble laughing at the comedy of errors/events. What the heck were those ducks doing in our lane anyway, do they think it's THEIR lake?

Have been beating myself up for leaving the group after the race to search for the mysterious and elusive "Margaret", the gal with the meal tickets and pins, since she was nowhere to be found, and I would have enjoyed being with you and the post-mortem so much more.

The logical thing to do is to ask why did the things that went wrong go wrong, and what can done in future to prevent - or at least lower the probability of - recurrence, but you have all done that already. (Tony's checklist)
In the meantime, we should do whatever can be done to get more water time, with whomever, whenever and however it can be done. Personal fitness is also crucial, and I concur that our boat seemed zippier (when set level) than ever. I was amazed when Ken Andersen told me about the crab and the stationary seat as I hadn't noticed much except a bit of a shudder then the loss of speed to the finish line. But that's the reason that BU passed us. So it's a rational world after all, and being fit pays off in the end. Also, time on the water pays off as well. We have to try to stay healthy, stay positive, and not be discouraged. Your E-mails are greatly encouraging toward that end.

New Subject:

Dropped in at the MIT boat house Sunday morning for the reunion row races. Temp was 85 degrees, not a cloud or a breeze in the sky. They had heats, as there were 13 boats competing. It was class of 1965s 40th, and I saw Sandy Blanchard, Robert Menzies, Stanley Wulf, Bob Curd, (what's his name) Schilling, Jesse Lipcon, Jim Falender, as well as Jack Frailey again, Stu Schmill & Gordon Hamilton. Oh yeah, 1965 won the race - time was about 1:15. My guess is the course is less than 400 m. Sandy B told me it was about 40 strokes, 'cause he counted them! Frailey told us more at the caucus Friday night than we heard at the annual FOMITC meeting, of course.

Dan something (one of the freshmen coaches) told us that when recruiting, he looks for men who pull 5:30 ergs! I assume he doesn't find many! Also, he said that many of his best choices are not capable of surviving MIT, so that winnows down the field considerably.

Bob Kurtz 6/7/2005

My God-you can't be serious. The bleachers collapsed? Was anyone hurt? This bears out Michael's and my contention that the whole regatta, for a national championship level one event is disappointingly poorly organized. I mean deep mud, with not even enough straw to cover it two years in a row? And now the bleachers collapsing? We may not have any choice of a place to row, but one wonders what the national organizers are thinking. Maybe they could pave the landing place?

Jim Latimer 6/7/2005

Yep, it actually happened. Saw it with my own eyes! Happened in slow motion. Fortunately the top seat was barely 6 or 7 feet high, the collapse was only one section, was very slow, was not to the ground, but let's say half way down, and most important: no one was even scratched as far as I could tell. I rushed in behind the gate guardian, thinking we would have to lift wreckage off people, but no one was stuck. Folks slowly and gently dismounted the collapsed section and everyone went about their business.

I concur with the assessment that certain aspects were poorly organized - my big whine was the meal tickets. As you may have noticed, the Master's event is "looser" than the others, but that's not all bad. I thought the jury-rig sharing of lane zero with Minnesota to avoid morning (early morning) heats was quite clever. The haphazard treatment of the legal waivers is another semi-loose end as well, but fortunately Gordon Hamilton, saved us on that. But the course is precisely laid out, the time-keeping appears very well done, the handicapping seems about right to me - (similar time delta at the start between us and Cornell as last year, for example). Not too bad overall.

As far as MIT recruiting, I don't know the extent of it.

Ken Andersen 6/8/2005

Hi Everyone, Now I am fully recovered and motivated for next year already. It was great seeing you all and your wives and children. I have attached a ppt of the Friday practice, it is over 1mb so I hope it transmits ok. I plan to take Tony's suggestion and log into the Concept 2 website, hope to see you there.

Best regards, KenA.
Gary Zwart, Ken Andersen, Dick Millman, Jack Frailey, Jim Latimer, Jesse Lipcon
1961 JV Compton Cup Win (First in MIT history)

The JV race was Tech all the way as the Engineers picked up a half a length with a jack rabbit start and increased their margin throughout the race. Stroke John Wasserlein '63 kept his crew at an unusually high beat of 34 strokes per minute and when the other shells realized that the MIT eight was not going to tire at their high stroke, it was too late to make up the large lead they already had. The Beavers a length and a half up on Princeton and two ahead of Harvard. Dartmouth was a distant third.
**Class of 1963 HW Crew**

Ken Andersen  
Bruce Anderson  
Elliot Bird  
John Cheney, Jr  
Tony Doepken  
Don Dreisbach  
Tony Fiory  
Bill Gadzuk

Roger Gans  
Bob Johnson  
Jim Latimer  
Murray Morton  
Bill Pettus III  
Paul Richman  
John Wasserlein  
Steve Rudnick

Ron Young  
Ron Cheek  
Tom Taylor  
Chris Miller  
Paul Roth  
Bob Kurtz

Frosh Coach Dick Erickson

Frosh Heavies Second in IRA-1960

The frosh heavy crew traveled to Dartmouth where it spent ten days in preparation for the International Rowing Association’s Regatta held at Syracuse, New York, on June 18th. In a race at Dartmouth the determined freshmen defeated Columbia and Dartmouth by three boat lengths. At Syracuse, the spirited frosh thrilled spectators with their final quarter-mile sprint in which they passed four more of the fourteen competing crews to finish second to Navy.

**S P R I N G , 1 9 6 0**

Frosh win Harvard shirts

The day was brightened, however, by a freshman victory over Harvard in a dual race. After throwing their coxswain in the water, the lively frosh went after Coach Dick Erickson, who also got a dunking.