

other food was used.

The crawl stroke at 55 beats a minute was used except when food was taken. Then Stu changed to a side stroke, but the swimmer never stopped at all. About 6 AM, while swimming side-stroke, he suddenly felt pain in the left shoulder which persisted and hampered his progress to a considerable extent. The pain responded rather well to aspirin, and no other medication was considered.

At 8:30 AM the author swam with him and could see that he was not suffering from cold or fatigue but only from the pain and weakness of the strained shoulder. In view of his excellent leg and right shoulder action, I felt that he would be able to complete the swim.

At 9:45 AM forward progress slowed considerably because of an increasingly strong tidal drift to the north. This not only slowed shoreward progress from 2.0 to .5 knots, but also carried the swimmer so far to the north of Duxbury Reef that the plan to land at Stinson beach was abandoned. Joe Weiss and Hector Valencia scouted the shore in the *Oyster* and spotted a place where a gap between the rocks showed the way to a possible landing on the point.

Landing was facilitated by a change in the tide from ebb to flow so that the last 1.5 miles of swimming was aided by the current. Were it not for the reef in the way and the swimmer's lame shoulder, he could have made Stinson Beach in another hour. Hector and I joined Stu and Rudy at the finish. We all swam backstroke and watched the swells carefully. It was necessary to stop and let two big swells go by and break in front of us. Going through the gap in the rocks, we finally touched bottom, but found the rocky footing so treacherous that we fell and had to crawl toward shore for a few yards before the shale and boulders would let us walk again. Stu felt so elated that he jogged up the beach like a track man, a feat that was just a little too much for me. A truly great and wonderful swim.

## ROWING REPORT...DANTE'S INFERNO

Compiled By Kenneth Frank

### Keeping The Dolphin Rowing Tradition Alive— A Compilation of Logs From This Year's Row

*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,  
Ché la diritta cia era smarrita.  
Ah quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura  
Esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte,  
Che nel pensier rinnova la paura!  
Tant'è amara che poco è pin morte;  
Ma per trattar del ben ch'io vi trovai,  
Diro de l'altre cose ch'io v'ho scorte.*

#### Crew

CRONIN: Capt. Phil Reiff, Gabe Scurlock, Steve Worthington, Eric Hansen  
HUGHES: Capt. Rob Downs, Peter Molnar, Judy Stalker, and the author  
FARRELL: Capt. Paul Gisler, Kristin Nakazawa, Barnaby Payne, John Kortum  
VIKING: Capt. Deborah Henning, Linda Righetti, Dave Sugar, Nick Payne  
SPECTRE: Capt. Jon Bielinski, Padraic Doyle

Silhouette of Berkeley hills and fading pink sky.

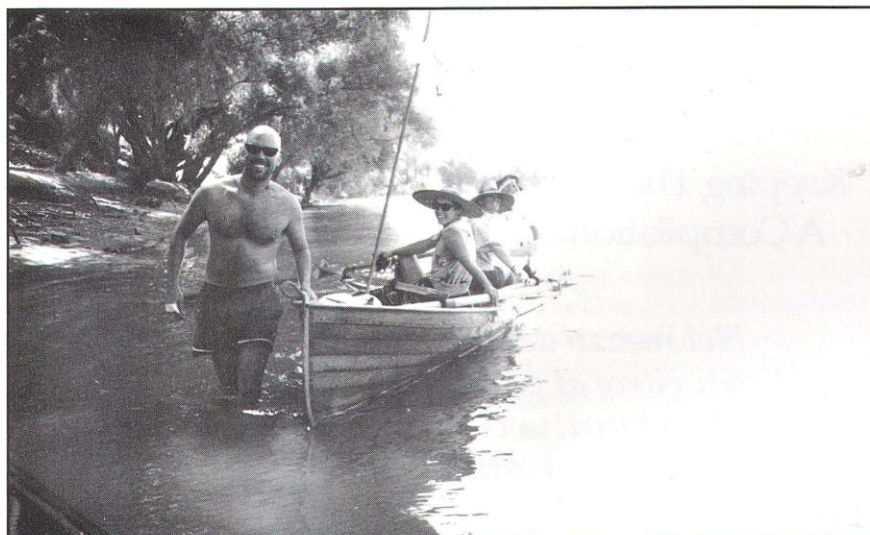
0605 Wind 10kt. with increasing swells.  
0616 Passing Harding Rock and Stanley's tree. Flood felt here.  
0631 Dave & Linda kick ass — we're leading the armada - almost to Sam's  
0638 Ken spotted sporting a banana hammock. Naked rower.  
0650 1st vessel, the HUGHES pulls into Sam's.  
0709 Underway after muffins, coffee, tea and juice are provisioned by Jayni.  
0717 Richmond San Rafael bridge in sight — great flood.  
0800 John K fussing for a beer. Abeam Red "8" headed toward Southampton Shoal channel with 6 kt flood. Mile 7. It's already hot!  
0837 Passing Red Rock and it is already hot! This boat is going to be like a hibachi when we get upriver!  
0925 Hot.  
0940 Sugar demands longer strokes on Lake San Pablo - hot hot hot.

#### Saturday, 24 June 95

0430 Last minute prep for departure. Ken issues commemorative bandanna charts so we don't get lost. Where's Rob? Group photo by Bob David  
0552 Underway! Gabe is rumored to have had 3 beers already. Flat & calm with touch of breeze in Cove. Past the breakwater, it's light to moderate chop.  
0600 The yellow orange glows brighter as we reach 'The Rock.'

Continued on next page





- 1007 Point Pinole Mile 14 grease oarlocks for the 1st time. Overcome with fervor to press on with full steady pulls and heartfelt thanks on rapid fire position changes by JB himself.
- 1015 Shift change. San Pablo (Bay) is like one vast peaceful lake — couldn't ask for a better day or a better crew.
- 1039 Burrito madness and love incantations. Judy's hand in marriage is proposed by single-minded men.
- 1045 Sailboats motoring - Where the hell is Benicia? (Mile 26)
- 1120 Davis Point Mile 20. Passed the SS COAST RANGE at dock.
- 1204 Benicia City Wharf ruins in sight as FARRELL flies by!
- 1226 Benicia. Payne Bros. try to cool off by jumping in only to find the water uncomfortably tepid. Grease oarlocks and seats in desert like heat.
- 1300 Underway. Water unseasonably calm, flat and hot. Much discussion of cooler climes. PDX to be exact. Beers are setting in as we stroke in unison.
- 1335 Under the cool shade briefly of each of the Martinez bridges.
- 1351 CRONIN pulls ahead.
- 1400 Green buoy "7" at north end of Bulls Head Channel Mile 28.5.
- 1445 Corona opened.
- 1451 Sierra Nevada opened.
- 1453 Sierra Nevada gone.
- 1454 Still hot.
- 1532 Red buoy "24". Mile 34. Entrance to Honker Bay.
- 1544 It's really hot now. Convergence of the fleet with the SS CABO S. LUCAS underway, with hawser to tug under full power pulling hard astern! What's going on? The ship calls Vessel Traffic with, "Five rowboats with low freeboard spotted in the channel....better give other vessels a 'slow bell'".
- 1549 HUGHES is left in the wake of all.
- 1727 Entering mouth of River pulling ahead of huge brown hills. Mile 42.
- 1750 Fig newtons and beer—that's the ticket to power stroking.
- 1830 Temperature is down. Gentle and soothing breeze. Spirits are high as Marker 11 and Mile 44 slide out of view.
- 1900 Impunity couples with brute force. We raise the L.L. Bean gortex spinnaker, harnessing nature's power. Pacing SPECTRE crew speed demons
- 2000 Mile 52.5. Rio Vista greets us with Silva's Catering and nearly 100 pieces of chicken, tortellini, fritatta as good as Cecco's and a magnum of Ken's home made Cabernet. What enthusiastic service by Deborah's family!
- 2100 Steve and the Payne Bros. take

pulls on Jack Daniels rather than oars in the shadow of stuffed endangered species at Bucks.

## Sunday 25 June 95

- 0315 Chattering locals awaken us from a row induced stupor.
- 0942 Underway to Courtland. 90° ! CRONIN (Team Zest) off and running. VIKING and CRONIN slapping oars. Crews are refreshed, fed and now in the groove. How long will this last is the question.
- 1020 Linda and Dave race the car ferry.
- 1027 HUGHES aground as a scientific test of depth at marker 37. Oar blade samplings will be sent to Corps of Engineers.
- 1125 Did a "Power 10" for JB; waited 'till he motored away and popped beer #1 of the day — pacing is of the essence.
- 1137 Riding the wild surf with Judy in powerboats' wake. Mt. Diablo following on port quarter with C-5's touch and go, banking left.
- 1140 Red Day Marker 50, Miner Slough entrance. HUGHES spends fleets time by constructing awnings for invaluable shade then foments resentment from other crews while provocatively being towed by SPECTRE.
- 1330 Mile 61 Pistol packin' Jack wields a welcome to the Dolphin Club. VIKING / Venetian Gondoliers and FARRELL under full steam now, have transformed into Team Hades and Apocalypse Now. Eric's thermometer pegs out at 115°F!!! Ken's shoe melts and separates from the sole. Paul's pen has bonded shut to the cap. SPECTRE'S motor calls it quits.
- 1522 Mile 65. Tension peaks in Sutter Slough. Homicide possible. VIKING, and FARRELL, stop for a prescribed swim and cooling off break. The



HUGHES follows the CRONIN's beer can impaled bow ornament. Somehow Ken's underwear shows up there too.

1745 Arrive Courtland to Delilah's. Heat and fatigue have adversely affected reasoning. Beer and Crawdads, Cigars and Cigarettes; these are the key elements to a successful row.

2050 With SPECTRE's motor down and left to rest at Courtland, Jon espouses, "The Time Has Come For Blood and Iron..." briefing. We are to row in formation for safety. Underway as the orange red sunset sky changes to darkness we are on the last 10 miles of the day. Calm weather, warm summer night on the now silvery reflective river. This is the time to relish the cool night air. For a time we row silently together in unison. Suddenly the CRONIN pulls away from the pack. Every boat is jockeying for the best water close to shore. She is boarded and brought back into line. JB now has thoughts of tying all boats together!

## Monday 26 June 95

0100 Darkness and delirium set in. Steve can't complete simple sentences due to exposure and excessive alcohol consumption. Testarosa deploys secret flash fazer. Padraic and Deborah together again in the VIKING reminds one of shades of mutiny in Honker Bay.

0200 Many changes later we arrive



0752 Freeport. Crash. Underway Sacramento. Hard current - 8 miles to go - three cheers for muleskin! Conducted emergency stop hold water drills. The crews performed splendidly.

0914 Analysis of the tide and current reveals a +4 suck. CRONIN/Team Zest passes HUGHES/Zen Mama with Jon B. pulling easy with a smile, (although he's truly possessed) while Steve, giving it his all, looks ready to explode.

1140 What's the sound of: dogs barking, birds chirping, water trickling and mind snapping? The CRONIN, first in, powered past the VIKING in the last 100 yd. A shout of "Ya gotta wait for a 40 year old woman to pass eh?", is heard. Looking surprised, the FARRELL arrives.

1240 Last vessel, the HUGHES, glides safely to Miller Park, Sacramento. At Eric and

Delray's Noreen greets us with halibut steaks and champagne.

### Footnotes from chart below

\* I Street in Sacramento is located after the confluence of both the American and Sacramento Rivers which the Calif. Dept. of Water Resources measures above sea level. Thanks go to James Bailey, State Hydrologist for statistics.

\*\*These are estimates. River was below sensor level due to drought.

### Questions for next years sign-up:

What's been the most physically enduring and mentally challenging experience in your life? (This may be it).

- Can you pee in a bailer?
- Can you live on an 18' boat with three other stinky sweaty, sun deranged people for thirty six hours of rowing?
- When you tell friends you're rowing to Sac. and they ask why — take a moment and ponder the question.

Translation of DANTE'S Inferno from 16th century Italian CANTO I, can be found in the Rowing podium. N

Year of Row	I Street * Stage Level in ft.	Cubic Feet per Second (in 1000's)	Number of Rowers [Women]	Number of Hours Rowed	Night Hours Rowed
'92	3.5	5 - 10**	3	23	1.5
'93	5.5	15	11 [2]	39	(VIKING 2)+3
'94	3	<10**	11	24	0
'95	12.5	34 to 40	18 [4]	36	5

