



The Fairmount Log



"The Boathouse Row Newsletter of Record"

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Editor: Lee J. Silverberg (ljsilverberg@verizon.net)

Fairmount Rowing Association, #2 Boathouse Row, Philadelphia, PA, 19130

www.fairmountrowing.org/thelog.html

Curt is Back from Iraq!



The Man himself. (Krajewski)

Curt Kaufmann returned home from his stint in Iraq and had a big welcome home party at the boathouse on Nov. 29. Curt started the evening off by presenting a slide show of his adventures, accompanied by lots of wry commentary. Then it was food and drink, including roast pig. The crowd was very large and the house was packed.



Kaufmann girls. (Krajewski)



The welcome home flag behind the bar. (Silverberg)



Curt converses with another soldier who served at the same base in Iraq. (Silverberg)



The crowd in the Carlin Room. (Silverberg)

Fairmount Defeats UBC Before T-Day

by Brian L. Perkins

The 1st Annual Splash & Dash Thanksgiving Challenge between Fairmount Rowing Association and University Barge Club took place Wednesday, November 26th at 3PM.

Fairmount's 8+ was **Tom Toland, Pete McNamara, John Krajewski, Brian Perkins, John Fitzpatrick, Steve Jonik, Steve Titus and Greg Boras** with **Monica Bersani** as cox. The spares in the 2x (due to tardiness in some cases) were **Will Weaver** and **"The Professor" Roy Robson**.

After a brisk warm up on a brisk day (which included some taunting of our admittedly better dressed rivals) we started the racing. The Challenge was to be decided in a best-of-three Girard-to-Viking format unheard of in this day and age. The coxswains would alternate the starting commands so Fairmount's Monica started the first race. We took off at a blistering 36 strokes per minute. UBC were able to pull slightly away in the middle of the piece, but we pulled even and ultimately gained the advantage winning by about a seat. One piece for Fairmount.

We spun and rowed back to Girard with a bit more confidence. Surely they would come after us on this piece, but we knew that we could end the racing with a win here. There was some dissension in the boat however. A lone voice from somewhere in the bow (you know who you are) felt that we did not settle enough. So, on the next piece we started at 36 spm and settled to a 38. A bold strategy, but one that broke open the race. Fairmount won by roughly 4 seats and the racing was over.

We rowed back victoriously where we were met by the Spare 2x (who rowed the first piece with a nice head start and retired to the

bar room undefeated) and Schuylkill Navy Commodore Clete Graham who presented us with a trophy. It was not a trophy for this race and I am pretty sure it was hard earned by some other Fairmount oarsmen long ago, but it was a great photo op. The competitors then marched down to UBC and enjoyed some pre holiday cocktails and chili. Although there was much appreciation of the UBC taxidermy team, it was decided that Fairmount would host in 2009.



Commodore Graham presents Fairmount's winning eight with a trophy that looks suspiciously like one from 1906... (Krajewski)

Thanks to everyone who came out, John Krajewski for having the camera handy, Clete Graham for recognizing greatness when he sees it, and to Steve Titus for putting this all together. Next year we look to defend the "title" and get both 8+'s out there.

Happy Holidays.

Frostbite Regatta Pix

Brian Perkins sent in a few pictures from the Frostbite Regatta of Nov. 8.



The 8 racing. (Perkins)



Fairmount's 8. (Perkins)



The Krajewski clan and friends. (Krajewski)



Bill Hudome and John Krajewski and a couple of other birds. (Perkins)



Fairmount's team back at the house. (Krajewski)

Turkey Trot

by John Krajewski

Thursday, November 27th was the 2008 Schuylkill Navy Run, aka the "Turkey Trot". The race started at 9:15 with clear skies and brisk temperatures over the 5 and 5/8 mile course. Fairmount had five entries: **Steven Krajewski**, **Stephen Titus**, **Amy Larsen**, **Maureen Leardi** and **John Krajewski**. Some of the members that had rowed in the morning stayed around to cheer on the runners. **Harry Todd** was officiating at the Mead Monument with **Joe Sweeney**. Fairmount hosted the award ceremony immediately following the race. Great way to start Thanksgiving Day!



Action shot! (Krajewski)

Fairmount Foto Fun

Name this father and son in a picture from 1974.



Letters to the Editor

Subject: UPDATE XXXIII

Greetings from your Baghdad(dy),

Yes, we're stuck at Camp Stryker which is right next to the Baghdad Airport, aka BIAP. We have been here since Monday and there is still no date for us to escape. It hasn't been bad. We are in tents, but no bunk beds, which is a blessing. Everything is within easy walking distance and the weather has been fantastic, and last but not least, I'm getting paid lots of money for sitting on my ass. But let me back up to our final days at K-1. It was basically a blur of social events, dinners, saying goodbye, etc. We had our own final dinner, which was very nice.

I got a present from MAJ Hiwa, which was a bas relief in some kind of metal of a bunch of horses. It was nice, but it had a glass covering it which didn't survive the trip here. I'm hoping I can repair it when I get home. It was the only present I got, so I didn't want to throw it away even though it has been a pain to drag around. Anyway, the big news right at the end of our stay was another road trip. Unfortunately, Elvis couldn't go because he had to go to Warrior

to send a bunch of stuff home. As a result, I had to invite Reeves because he was the only other person I knew would go. Of course, he had no money and based on our previous trip, I was estimating a cost of around \$50 each. Our terp Nebo was the person who set it up. We did the usual sneak out in uniform, change clothes, etc. It was at that point that Reeves realized he had forgotten his wallet, so we had to go back for it, etc, etc. You can't take this guy anywhere, and that was only the beginning. We drove to Nebo's cousin's house in Kirkuk. His cousin is 27, has his own construction company, and lives in a veritable mansion with 10 other family members. He's not married. He also has a brand new Toyota Land Cruiser, which cost \$62,000. It was pretty nice. So we head off for Erbil again.

On the way we decide to call Gen Basil, who lives in Erbil and we know is off because it's Friday. Of course Reeves doesn't have his phone, (he's out of minutes and was too cheap to buy more) but not to worry because I have mine and Basil's number is in it. We finally get ahold of him and he invites us over. Erbil was amazing. It was practically like an American city in places, but had an old market place, fortresses, churches, etc. We stopped to see one. It was an Assyrian church and it was brand new and very pretty. The priest was very friendly and showed us around. There was an amazing amount of new construction in Erbil. It's safe to say that Erbil is booming. It is also really in a foreign country. It is the capital of the "autonomous region of Kurdistan" and the check point is like crossing a border. This is where we got stopped the last time because the car wasn't registered properly and the CSM is an Arab. They don't like Arabs in Kurdistan. Anyway, we finally found the general's house, and although it was nice, it wasn't as nice as I thought it would be, given the amount of money being stolen from K-1. I guess the "chief thief" must be getting the lion's share. The house belonged to his father. We met his children, his mother,

brother and nephew, but never saw his wife, although according to Nebo, she was home. We chatted for a while over tea and then set off for the mountains north of Erbil with the general driving Nebo's cousin's car. The mountains were beautiful, complete with switchbacks, hairpin turns, etc.

We stopped and had lunch at an outdoor restaurant overlooking a valley. The general insisted on buying. Then we continued on to waterfall where there were restaurants, bars, etc. We didn't patronize any although I would have killed for a cold beer. Then we drove back to the general's house, had more tea, and then headed back to Nebo's cousin's house, whose name is Soran. Reeves was all concerned about getting back before dark, but it was already dark and Soran invited us in for, you guessed it, more tea. Reeves wanted to go, but I convinced him to stay because I wanted to see the inside of the house and because I thought it would be rude not to, something that never would have occurred to Reeves. He was an embarrassment, to put it mildly. The man is clueless and there were times when I wished I was somewhere else. Talk about "the ugly American." This guy makes me look like the chief of protocol. Anyway, the house was very impressive, to say the least. Soran invited us to spend the night, which I thought would have been very cool, but Reeves would have none of it. His roommate was his replacement, who had no idea what we were up to. The only person who did was Elvis, my roommate, who had called earlier to check on us. So we headed back to K-1 and sneaked back into our building. I felt like I was in high school again. We ended up spending no money. Soran wouldn't take any money for gas, and Basil paid for lunch. So now we have all this Iraqi money to change back to dollars.

We give it to Nebo, who had changed it in the first place and, lo and behold, we don't see him before we leave two days later. Reeves and I had each given him \$20 for his work in putting the trip together, but apparently that wasn't enough, plus he had

borrowed some DVD's from Elvis, and he didn't pay Elvis for a printer that he "bought" but had not yet paid for. Turns out he's just another "Ali Baba." I was very disappointed. And to think that I literally trusted this guy with my life. Anyway, all's well that ends well.

So we left K-1 for Warrior on my birthday, the 26th. When we get to Warrior, someone goes to the Post Office and lets me know I have a package. I'm assuming it's more school supplies from some one who didn't get the message. Lo and behold, it's a case of Heineken!

I'd like to send out a special thanks to **Debbie and John Gaughan** who somehow managed to get me a case of Heineken on my birthday. Timing is everything, as they say.

So that pretty much brings me up to date. I'm still assuming I'll be home for Thanksgiving, but at this rate, I don't know. It's been almost a week and we've on covered about 120 miles. They better pick up the pace. Am looking forward to seeing a lot of you on the 29th.

Good bye for now, Curt

MSG CURTIS J. KAUFMANN
SENIOR ENLISTED ADVISOR
Nov 1, 2008

Subject: Update XXXIV, the final episode

Greetings from the City Of Brotherly Love, the World Champion Phillies, and the land of the hoagie,

Yes, the odyssey is finally over. I actually arrived home on Veteran's Day and had hoped to get this out before now, but needless to say, life has been a whirlwind since returning home. The rest of the trip seemed like it took forever. I think I left off with being stranded near Baghdad for a week. It was "tent living," but it wasn't bad.

The cots had little mattresses on them and were reasonably comfortable. My "team" of fifteen had a tent to ourselves, so there were no "transients" coming and going all night. We had absolutely nothing to do, so there was a lot of "smoking and joking." One of the guys decided to go out and buy a new Harley. This was a topic of much discussion and a lot of guys abused him because he is engaged to be married and his fiancé was supposed to get a \$15,000 engagement ring. I applauded him for spending the money on something a lot more useful and pointed out that if she blew him off, he'd still have the Harley. Sometimes I'm overcome by romanticism. Just can't help myself. I was even tempted to do the same, but given that I have three children in college and my job prospects upon returning are unknown, practicality won out. The weather was delightful and we even did a little sunbathing. Good thing we didn't have alcohol at our disposal or things could well have gotten out of hand. We finally got the word that we were on the move to Kuwait. We were only in Kuwait for 3 days and two nights and I was dreading it, but it wasn't as bad as expected. For one thing the weather was delightful. 75-80 every day and even a little rain to keep the dust down. We were jammed in another tent, with bunkbeds this time, but I managed to get there early enough to get a lower bunk. The day we were scheduled to fly out, we had to get up at 04:00 despite the fact that our flight was not scheduled until 21:45 that evening. We had to go through Customs, which we all knew would be a royal pain and we weren't disappointed. They made us dump all of our stuff out and went through it piece by piece, unrolling underwear, looking inside books, etc. It is safe to say that there was virtually no way to smuggle "contraband" out of the country. I was half expecting a "body cavity search" which would have been very unpopular. I felt sorry for the Navy "squids" who were the customs guys. I'd rather get the occasional rocket lobbed at me any time. Apparently people have been caught smuggling out hand grenades and various other "ordnance items." Don't know what

someone would want to do with a hand grenade, but "Dear John" letters are pretty common so who knows? And if for some reason one went off in flight, it would ruin a lot of people's day. After enduring the Customs hassle, we were confined to "Freedom Tent" area. This is one of the great oxymorons of all time. Here we are, technically combat veterans waiting to be sent home and we are confined to the "Freedom Tent" area, which was ringed with concertina wire and practically required an act of Congress to be released to go to the mess hall. I think convicts here are treated better.

The flight itself wasn't bad at all. It was a military charter and was only about half full. I had a row to myself but was unable to really get any sleep. A combination of not being able to sleep on aircraft, a lack of cocktail service, and contemplating the return to "reality" was more than enough to ensure that I didn't get much sleep. It was a six hour flight to Shannon, Ireland. We had a two hour layover. The bar was open despite the fact that it was the middle of the night, but we were under strict orders to not consume any alcoholic beverages. Guinness going for about \$9.00 a pint helped make it a little easier. Then it was another 8.5 hours to Kansas. We arrived in Topeka just as the sun was coming up. Kansas never looked so beautiful. I felt like clicking my heels together and saying "There's no place like home." Despite the early hour, there were people to greet us upon our arrival. No friends or relatives, just people who thought it was important to greet us upon our arrival. One of them was a nun and I thought I was going to burst into tears when she hugged me and welcomed me home. It was very touching.

As we were on the bus ride to Riley, everyone was admiring the landscape. It was the same landscape that most everyone ridiculed for the three months that we did on the front end. One guy said, "What's that green stuff? Oh, it's grass!" Riley itself was almost a pleasure. We were housed in the

"Sheraton" which was a facility that had two person "suites," complete with separate bedrooms and a kitchenette. We didn't get there until the end of the first day. We went straight from the airport to our demobilization site, which involved repeating a lot of the procedures that we did on the front end. There was the hearing test, (my hearing got worse since we deployed), eye test etc. Plus they wanted to make sure that you were no crazier upon your return than you were when you left. I'm not sure how I did on that score, but they let me go so I guess it wasn't too bad. It was a very long day and by the time we were released it was too late to hit the liquor store. The next day was more of the same. Then came that happy time when you turn in your weapons and gear. What a relief to turn in your M-4 carbine and 9 mm side arm that had been practically surgically attached for the last year. Then there was the turn in of all the other "stuff." We were issued an amazing amount of "stuff" and it was a major topic of discussion as to what we would actually be required to turn in. Turns out that we could have turned in nothing besides our weapons and it wouldn't have mattered. There were guys walking away with more stuff than they turned in. The only thing I kept was a canteen that had some bourbon in it that I didn't finish because my roommate at Riley had a bad night two nights before we left and wasn't up to helping me finish it off. But it was a great story so I forgave him.

Upon saying goodbye to everyone as we parted ways at Riley, I couldn't help but feel a little sad. Although we didn't get shot at very much, there is a bond among people in that situation that only those people can understand. With the exception of one person, I genuinely liked everyone I worked with. They were all good guys and when you're in a situation that you are literally placing your life in their hands, you can't help but feel a certain connection. I trusted these guys with my life every time we were on a convoy, and they trusted me. I never worried about them. I was more worried

about me being up to the task. Fortunately the moment of reckoning never came.

I was also a little sad to leave the some of the Iraqis that I worked with. I really got to like some of them. They are in a tough spot and most that I knew accepted their plight with an equanimity that I thought was very admirable. On the other hand, even though I pissed some of them off, I felt that they respected me for what I was trying to do. By and large I failed, but I can take some solace in the fact I did the best I could with the hand I was dealt. The adventure is over now and it is time to get back to reality, whatever that entails. I was pleased and proud to do what I did and the only regrets that I have are the hardships I caused my family and my lack of success in achieving what I would have liked to have achieved. I would have to consider this "adventure" one of the highlights of my life and I'm grateful to have been able to do it. I'm also grateful for all of the support that I received from the home front. I have a new found respect for my "brothers in arms" that went before me. Being able to communicate instantaneously with the home front, either by phone or internet, made it a lot easier to be separated from loved ones. I received packages, emails and letters from people that I don't even know or people that I lost touch with years ago. It made my ordeal, as insignificant as it was compared to what it could have been, a lot easier. With all of the prayers, good wishes, and general "good karma," it comes as no surprise that I was able to come through this episode unscathed and I would like to thank all of you that helped me out in this respect.

In closing I would like to say that I see as many of you as possible at my official "welcome home" party on 29 Nov at Fairmount Rowing Association. Please let us know if you're planning to attend. It will be the official end of the adventure. Good bye and thanks to all of you for helping me retain what little sanity I have left.

Sincerely,

MSG CURTIS J. KAUFMANN
 SENIOR ENLISTED ADVISOR
 (RETIRED)
 KIRKUK, K-1
 Nov 19, 2008

Racing Results

Frostbite Regatta

Nov. 8

Women's Masters Double B/C/D/F Final B

University BC Cook	7:15.22	8:00.22
University BC B Reiss	7:32.22	8:46.22
Fairmount RA Hudome	7:41.44	8:34.44
Greenwich A Lawton	8:29.75	8:56.75

Men's Masters Double B/D/E/F/H Final

Fairmount A Jonik	7:06.28	8:08.28
Fairmount B McGuinn	7:24.45	7:47.45
Bachelors BC Fiore	7:54.21	8:30.21
Undine BC Kacala	8:01.60	9:14.60
Penn AC Sweeney	8:04.16	9:39.16
Undine BC B Decidue	8:05.32	9:01.32

Men's Masters Eight A/B/C/D Final

University BC	6:38.55	7:13.55
Fairmount RA	6:56.24	7:28.24
Hawk Hill RC	7:06.30	8:02.30
Whitemarsh BC	8:02.63	8:46.63
Wharton	8:06.98	8:12.98

Men's Masters Four w/ B/E/F Final

University BC	7:02.20	8:11.20
Greenwich	7:05.14	8:06.14
Fairmount RA	7:32.56	8:04.56
Rutgers Camden	8:05.07	8:25.07
Whitemarsh BC	8:13.00	8:41.00

Bill Braxton Memorial Regatta

Nov. 9

Men's High School 2X Final D

Maritime RC B Carter Aronson	5:44.69
Episcopal Academy Connor Sullivan	5:45.10
Roman Catholic B Tom Farrell	5:59.09
University BC Phillip Sweitzer	6:03.31
Baltimore RC Chestnut Dante	6:27.97
Bachelors BC A Max Massey	7:04.16

Women's High School 2X Final C

Episcopal Academy A Erin Flynn	6:57.57
Bachelors BC A Webb Natalie	7:18.64
Baltimore RC Paige Cesky	7:24.93
New Canaan B Rebecca Parrino	7:46.05
St. Lukes Alie Smith	8:04.90

Women's High School 2X Final A

South Jersey RC Gabrielle Cutler	6:38.39
Maritime RC Betsy Nilan	6:45.94
Episcopal Academy B Taylor Durovsk	7:01.64
Whitemarsh BC Taylor Black	7:01.65
Bachelors BC B Koren Donna	7:09.85
St. Marks Emily Romano	7:16.59

Men's Masters 8+ B/C Final

Norwalk Leander RC	3:19.58	3:27.58
Fairmount Jim Hankee	3:22.69	3:26.09
Whitemarsh BC	4:09.16	4:17.96

Men's Masters 2X A/C/D/F Final

Passaic River Fiory	3:40.05	4:06.55
Vesper BC Alex Cook	3:46.24	3:55.74
Fairmount B Bob Lippa	3:57.92	4:11.42
Fairmount A John Krajewski	4:05.63	4:17.03
Fairmount C Frank Biller	4:14.06	4:15.16
Bachelors Murphy	4:25.68	4:26.48

Mixed Masters 4X A/D/F Final

Fairmount Steve Jonik	3:24.23	3:48.73
Greenwich C	3:30.98	3:45.58
Greenwich B	3:48.15	3:48.65

Turkey Trot

Nov. 27

232 runners, but only five from Fairmount.

Selected Results

<u>Place</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Club</u>	<u>Cat.</u>	<u>Time</u>
1	Pat Hayburn	S Navy	GMO	29:54.02
2	Shane Madden	Malta	MO	32:03.15
3	Ted Trocky	Malta	MM	32:19.28
4	John Hayburn	Malta	MO	33:00.40
5	Ross Flemer	Penn A.C.		33:29.79
6	Vince Berry	Penn A.C.	MO	34:06.94
7	Justin Gentile	Penn A.C.	MO	34:30.22
8	Jonathan Lees	Crescent	MON	34:49.20
9	Colin Corcorn	S Navy	GMON	34:55.26
10	Carl Seybolt	Vesper	MM	34:58.04
17	Greg Kaplan	Vesper	MO	35:14.54
18	Bridget Gribbin	Vesper	WJ	35:14.77
25	Dan Berry	Penn A.C.	MO	36:27.91
29	Steven Krajewski	Fairmount	MO	36:39.39
33	Joe Krajewski	Vesper	MO	37:02.13

34 Fred Honebein University	37:06.55
40 James Barker IV Undine MON	37:58.18
45 Meghan Sarbanis Undine WO	38:17.04
60 Tony Mattson Malta MM	39:45.26
66 Edward Gribbin Vesper MM	40:02.49
77 Justin Ochal Malta GMJ	40:42.23
99 Stephen Titus Fairmount MON	42:27.25
108 Mike Irwin College MO	43:14.25
118 Alex Cook Pennsylvania Barge	44:25.27
147 Angelique Hrycko Whitmarsh	47:15.06
151 Clete Graham Crescent MM	47:37.93
152 Fred Duling Malta MM	47:44.52
158 Amy Larsen Fairmount	48:28.92
161 Andrew Grzybowski Vesper MO	48:32.76
165 Joe Quaid Undine MM	48:52.35
167 Kelsey Colgan Vesper WO	49:17.81
217 Maureen Leardi Fairmount WO	58:39.47
220 John Krajewski Fairmount MM	58:50.77
228 Ted Nash Penn A.C. MM	1:02:23
232 Kirk Beckman Vesper MM	1:17:58

Mark Your Calendars

Dec. 14	FRA Holiday Party
Jan. xxx	Awards Party

FRAgments

Stanford grad student and prodigal son **Kieran Furlong** was in town for the Thanksgiving weekend. He announced that he had become engaged, at last, to his girlfriend Stephanie. They were engaged at the Clos du Val vineyard in Napa. On Saturday morning, Nov. 29, Kieran showed up at FRA for a row. He said that he was “feeling a little iffy” with some sort of bug. He went out in the eight, and before reaching Columbia Bridge, proved it by throwing up over the starboard side. Several people commented that they’d never before seen that happen during the warmup. But Kieran is a trooper and a true Fairmounter: he rowed the next 7 ½ miles without complaint. But I do not think he hung around for beers with **Greg**...



Happy couple Stephanie Briggs and Kieran Furlong.
(Furlong)

Fairmount LOGic



FRA, by artist Joseph Sweeney.

Schuylkill Navy News

Obituary

by Craig Smith, *Seattle Times*, November 1

Charley McIntyre, 85



Charley McIntyre won several national titles.

The Seattle rowing community lost one of its best-known senior figures Wednesday when Philadelphia-born Charley McIntyre died after the Phillies had won the World Series.

"The Phillies won it all and he was ready to go," said his son, also named Charley.

Mr. McIntyre, 85, died of lung cancer.

In 1944, Jack Kelly asked Mr. McIntyre and his two brothers, Richard and Joseph, to row for the reopened Vesper Rowing Club on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia. Kelly, a legendary American rower who won three Olympic gold medals, was the father of the late actress Grace Kelly, who became the princess of Monaco, and oarsman John B. Kelly Jr.

During his career, Mr. McIntyre won five national titles in double sculls (two rowers each with two oars) and many major championships in single sculls and quadruple sculls. He and his son, Charley, competed last year in the world masters regatta in Croatia.

In 1949, Mr. McIntyre and his brothers moved to Seattle, where they started a rowing program at the Seattle Tennis Club and competed nationally.

Seattle rowing icon George Pocock refined their technique and Mr. McIntyre passed on the knowledge for more than four decades. The Charley McIntyre Rowing Club is affiliated with the Pocock Rowing Center.

Mr. McIntyre attended North Catholic and Central high schools in Philadelphia, played football at Villanova, and graduated from Washington in 1951.

He was an investment broker and also taught skiing for decades at the Snoqualmie Pass ski areas.

Mr. McIntyre's son said two types of cancer were in his father's lungs. One was from a

skin cancer that had moved to the lungs, and the other might have been from carcinogens inhaled during World War II shipyard work.

He is survived by his first wife, Ann Cummins, and children Bridget Cooley of Seattle, Molly Fitch of Seattle, Maura Imperatore of Riverside, Conn., and Charley of San Francisco. He also is survived by his second wife, Mary Martha Curo of Seattle, and children Joseph of Portland and Meghan of Seattle.

A memorial service was held at noon Nov. 14 at St. James Cathedral on First Hill. Suggested donations are to the Charley McIntyre Rowing Club for purchase of a shell in his honor, or to the cancer charity of the donor's choice.

