

The Rime

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SUMMER NATIONALS AT COLLEGE PARK AUGUST 13-17

by Viviane Callier

For five days, 1,024 swimmers from 144 teams converged at the University of Maryland in College Park to compete in the USMS Summer National Championships. Thirty-seven ANCMs swam in the meet, and our team came in 12th overall.



Margot Pettijohn arrived at the pool at 6 a.m. each day to warm up (including the day she didn't even race!). She led the team's swimming performances on Thursday, Aug. 14th by winning the 50m breaststroke. She beat her own time from the short-course Albatross Open meet in March 2014 by 2 seconds. She also won the 200m butterfly, setting the stage for more wins in the next three days: firsts in the 400m IM and 100m and 200m breaststroke, and second place in the 100 butterfly.

Rich Godbout, returning to competitive swimming after a long layoff, came in 4th in the 800m freestyle and 7th in the 100m freestyle. "It was my first meet in 20 years and it was fun to be back in the water racing. It hurt to pull along the extra pounds I've gained over the years, but it was absolutely worth it. It was a well-run meet with friendly people at every turn. I'm looking forward to more meets in the future (with better conditioning)."

On Friday, Pam Blumenthal, Margot, and Dave Harmon bravely represented the KSAC stroke lane by swimming the 400m IM. Our fearless leader, Clay Britt, finished first in the 50m backstroke with a lightning fast time of 28.77 seconds, and first again in the 100m backstroke with a time of 1:02.77. Jeff Roddin finished first in the 100m butterfly and the 200 IM.

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CHESAPEAKE BAY SWIMS

by Dottie Buchhagen

Several ANCMs participated in the annual Chesapeake Bay Swims on June 8. This was the 28th year for the 4.4-mile swim and the 17th year for the 1-mile swim. Here are some comments:

4.4-mile swimmers:

Bob Benson: I finished the 4.4-mile Bay Swim this year in 2:51:18. I was first in my age group (75-79) and also received my 20-finisher award. My time was 29 minutes faster than last year. I thought the current was mild but the waves were large - particularly during the last mile or more between the bridge spans. Two days later I was driving over the Bay Bridge in the late afternoon and was not able to detect even a ripple on the surface of the water. How nice it would be to swim across under such conditions.



Jody Gan, Elliott Rockler, Cathy Gainor

Jody Gan: Even though it was very choppy, I had a much better 4.4-mile swim than last year in that I didn't get stuck in an insidious current again (well, I sort of did as we went back under the right span to finish the swim), but it wasn't so subtle and I kicked like heck to get beyond this time. I finished the swim 36 minutes faster than last year, especially enjoying the aqua jog in to Hemingway's! I was definitely much more at ease doing the race for a second time. Last time, I was fighting the push to the right span. This time, I felt pushed

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FROM THE EDITOR

◆Check out all the meet results and upcoming swimming events on our website at www.ancientmariners.org

◆Please send comments and suggestions: for articles to dbuch@mindspring.com

ED MCCLESKEY: CALIFORNIA DREAMING

by Tom Denes

Meet Ed McCleskey, an ANCM with a rich swimming history straight out of the 1960s California swimming scene. I asked Ed a few questions:

How long have you been swimming? When did you start competing?

I joined the Livermore Aquacowboys (great name!) when I was nine years old (1963). I quit swimming when I was 19 and then took 39 years off until I found another team with a really great name: Ancient Mariners.

I understand that you swam with Mark Spitz growing up. Did you ever beat him?

I would have swam with Mark except for two things. (1) We went to the same high school and would have overlapped when he was a senior and I a freshman, but I didn't move from Livermore to Santa Clara High School until I was a junior. (2) I moved to Santa Clara in the fall of 1969 but Mark had just gotten kicked off the Santa Clara Swim Club that August. (You can be sure he was not kicked off to make room for me.) Mark was the best male swimmer in the world from 1967 to 1972 and it was quite a statement to kick him off the team that had created him. George Haines, a Swimming Hall of Fame coach who transformed age group swimming and coached at least four Olympic teams, did it when Mark refused to go to 1969 AAU Nationals after returning fatigued from the Maccabiah Games.

I never came close to beating Mark in a straight competition, which was in 100 and 200 freestyles (my best events, but not his best, which were the butterflies). But he was definitely beatable in relays. As a "role player," I really focused on relays, whereas Mark could be really weak on them.

What is your favorite stroke?

I have no favorite stroke; I just swim what my lane mate Margot (Pettijohn) tells me to.

Tell us about your college swimming experiences.

I had a very short college career since I quit after my second year at USC

(please..."USC" is not University of South Carolina in this context...). Mostly I was known for very excellent pranks, capers, and an impressive dormitory marijuana patch. As a freshman in 1972, I was on the 800 free relay that won at NCAA's and set an American record; individually, I got a fourth place in the 100 free at that meet. The coach at USC was another Hall of Famer and classy guy, Peter Daland. Great place to swim. Here's a way to get a picture of that team -- I had the second best high school time in the 200 IM in 1971, but when I got to USC a few months later I was the third best IMER -- IN THE FRESHMAN CLASS! The other two (Mark Chatfield and Steve Furniss) both made the 1972 Olympic team. And about that fourth place in the 100 free -- two of the people who beat me were my teammates. (But none of us three freestylers made the Olympics.)



The most interesting thing about college sports in the early '70s was the passage of Title IX. Because my kids have wrestled, I still hear a few people bitching about Title IX because it did indeed damage that sport. But I am in a unique position to silence such talk. I was offered swimming scholarships to every school on the West Coast, and one on the East Coast (Princeton, even though I had never considered them or contacted them). That's a lot of educational opportunity for someone who was a decent but not great swimmer and had decent but not great grades. In contrast, my high school girlfriend, Karen Moe, not only had better grades, but she held the world record in the 200 fly and would win it at the '72 Olympics. Karen got no scholarship offers, simply because there was no college swimming for girls. Thankfully, Title IX changed that and Karen came out of retirement to join the UCLA team and go on to the '76 Olympics. Strange to consider how we thought of this as teenagers. We knew it was obviously stupid that I got scholarships and Karen didn't, but

we all just shrugged and went along. It was a joy when things changed three years later, and I feel honored now to have witnessed so closely this important history. Sports does provide educational opportunities to a lucky few; it was ludicrous that the lucky had to be male. And it provokes thought to realize that this silliness was tacitly accepted by us all (Karen, too) simply because that was the way things had always been.

More interesting than college was Santa Clara High School and swim club. The club put about 15 people in each Olympics from 1960 to 1972, and then things declined after George Haines left to become a college coach. My first vision of what I had gotten into at the high school was the record board. Five years before I arrived, a fellow named Don Schollander won four gold medals at the Olympics while he was a Santa Clara high school student -- the "golden boy of '64." The shocking fact was that five years after his Olympic glory, his name was not on the high school record board at SCHS. On the other hand, the 100 fly record (yards) was 49.1. That was Mark's, and it stood as the American record for four years until Mark finally broke it as a senior in college in the last time he swam a competition in a 25-yard pool. That record board, which sat above us at every practice, was awesome.

Do you remember any of your times?

I don't remember times much, except for two that I remember quite precisely -- 45.6 for that fourth-place 100-yard free, because it was slow compared to a 44.9 relay split I did in high school. Less precise -- I led off that 800 free relay with a time that was a few tenths above 1:40, the closest I came to breaking that.

What kind of work do you do?

I'm a scientist, with work that has focused on the interface of neurobiology and biophysics. But since coming to D.C., instead of running a lab I help to fund labs of others. I am a scientific officer at the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, which is a \$18 billion pot of money that is devoted to biomedical science.

Of the various things I did in my research, one is relevant to swimming. We figured out the signals and sensors for ischemic pain. That is the pain your feel if

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your muscle gets too little oxygen for its metabolic need -- the feeling when "the piano drops" if you go out too hard in a 100 meter race. The same chemistry underlies heart attack pain.

How long have you been doing Masters swimming?

Since about three or four years ago. But I'm so erratic about it that certain people (Margot and you, the Waterproof Coach) may not yet consider me a full Masters swimmer. Still, it is like swimming when I was a little kid. It just feels good to do, and sometimes I get cream-filled donuts when I finish the workout.

Which is your favorite lane at swim practice?

Stroke lane. I don't know how I put up with just doing freestyle when I was a kid. (Probably, I had less attention deficit than I have now.) Mixing up strokes is good. The only risk with swimming is repetitive motion injuries, so why not just mix up the motions?

Is Margot as tough as everyone says?

When Margot says "Butterfly." we say "How far?" Then we meekly look to Dave Harmon hoping that he can convince Margot to keep it below 200 meters.

What other activities do you do in your spare time?

I've got three teenage boys, so there is no spare time. But it is just a ton of fun and a pure joy to watch as three totally unique individuals evolve.

NATIONALS

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ANCMs swam a total of 16 relays organized by Pam Blumenthal and Tom Denes. The men's 200m medley relay, consisting of Clay Britt, Jeff Roddin, John Feinstein, and Jason Crist, came in second place.

Of course, the meet wasn't just about fast times. Linda Foley reflected, "The meet was great fun, and our team did a first-rate job. To any Mariner who might be intimidated about swimming at "nationals," two words: Don't be. The goal is to just swim YOUR event. The challenge is to do YOUR personal best. The rewards are a sense of real swimming accomplishment and a renewed sense of team spirit. With my first nationals behind

me, I would sign up again in a heartbeat."

Ed McCleskey, who swam the medley relays and the 50m free and 50m fly, remarked: "I am proud of two accomplishments at this meet, provided here in reverse order: #2) in one of the relay events, ANCMs scored a total of 34(!) points, of which two were proudly provided by the team I was on; #1) I learned the names of seven fellow ANCMs that I hadn't met before. That's what going to competitions is for—to meet those people who swim in the other lanes." Indeed, the swim meet provided the opportunity to meet ANCMs not only from different lanes, but also from different practice locations.

Peter Johnson, who swam the 50m free and the freestyle and medley relays, noted that the meet exceeded his expectations: "The swim meet was so much more than what I expected and was a highlight of my summer. The pool, facilities and team running the meet were outstanding. The warm-up pool was fantastic; it really helped me in warming up and cooling down. I got to see a lot of old friends, watch some exciting events, and spend quality time with my teammates. The swim events were exciting, and when I swam I didn't "shock the world" but I had fun competing. The meet made me realize how much I enjoy being a member of the ANCMs family, and how important swimming is to me."

ANCMs didn't just swim, but also volunteered at the meet. Sangeeta Bhargava volunteered as a stroke and turn judge, and Warren Friedland volunteered as a timer all day on Saturday. Kara Permisohn and Holly Donnelly came to cheer and to volunteer where needed after a tough swim practice on Sunday morning.

After the meet, swimmers gathered at Peter Johnson's house for a post-meet potluck to celebrate the swimming performances. The food was delicious, and George Humbert even donated beer from his Pub Dog brewery. Peter and his dog Cole were excellent hosts, and it was a perfect evening to enjoy good company on the back patio. This was also the occasion to say farewell to longtime ANCM Warren. Warren swam with the ANCMs for 21 years and will be leaving the area

to join his wife Wendy in Seattle. We'll miss you, Warren!

Editor's note: Full results for the entire meet can be found at <http://www.usms.org/comp/>

BAY SWIMS

(Continued from page 1)

toward the left and was always working to get over. I was struck this time by how few swimmers I saw once we got in to the shipping channel, causing me to ask the kayakers if I was still in the Bay but enjoying the tremendous sense of openness. I felt great after the race (and even the next day) and especially enjoyed my post swim crab cake and beer at Hemingways; with my husband (Michael), Tom, Cathy, and new friend, Elliot!

Cathy Gainor: It was a beautiful day, and the water looked so calm from the beach at Sandy Point. But I soon discovered that was an illusion. First, the traditionally awful start lasted at least three-fourths of a mile, and I repeatedly (and accidentally) ran into a guy who decided that the best way to have other swimmers not touch you is to kick really hard.

The water was choppy and swell-y the entire 4.4 miles, with only a couple of minutes of relative calm in the middle. I drank a lot of Bay water. I was really glad that I swim in the ocean and that Tom Denes, Kara Permisohn, and I had taken advantage of the rough surf in St. Pete Beach, Fla., at the beginning of May (where our race was canceled due to a thunderstorm). During our three swims, we either dealt with lots of chop or lots of swells and waves. Good Bay training, I kept saying. Turns out, it was!

Despite the constant swells and chop in the Bay, thankfully there wasn't much current to battle this year. And as I came into the cove at the end, I knew I had a shot of finally breaking the two-hour mark. So I sped up as much as I was able to at that point (trying to use Leon (Wells') hard-100 sets the week before the swim -- thanks, Leon!). I swam up to the beach, passed the walkers, and ran on to the timing mat with my jelly legs. I was thrilled to end up with my best time -- 1:59.18.

I saw the speedy Paul Doremus al-

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MY FIRST 10K SWIM

by *Cathy Gainor*

It was really cold. And I want to do another one.

A month after swimming my first 10K, those are my two lasting thoughts — not necessarily in that order.

My first inkling that Lake George in upstate New York would be cold was when fellow ANCM Dave Siskind, who has been there frequently, described it as a "glacial" lake. He also said it was gorgeous.

He was right on both counts.

As I trained, I wasn't that worried. The website said the water temperature would be 68-74, but the race was at the end of August — the air would be warm. After all, the water in Lake Audubon for the Jim McDonnell Lake Swim on Memorial Day weekend was 73, and it was delightful.



But then experienced marathon swimmer Kathy Kirmayer recommended wearing a wetsuit, pointing out that my body temperature would drop throughout the swim.

I get cold easily in cold water to begin with — which anybody who has swum with me can tell you.

But to compete in the USMS national championship, I couldn't wear a wetsuit. And in researching the race, Tom Denes and I quickly realized that practically every swimmer would skip the wetsuit (after all, most were from the Northeast, and they are acclimated to the cold water), while only about a dozen would wear one. I couldn't "whimp out."

So the week before the race, with the water temperature reading 70, I raced to

buy earplugs and a silicone swim cap to keep the heat in and rushed a shipment of the cheapest knee suit I could find to keep my quads warm.

The morning of the race, the air temperature was 63, the water temperature was 71. And it was cloudy, very cloudy, after several days of rain. No hint of the warm sun breaking through anytime soon.

We stretched and got ready, keeping our clothes on as long as possible.

The course was a loop, four times around. In a bit of good news, I could see the green turn buoy from the beach park at the start. It doesn't look that far, I reassured myself.

All of a sudden, race director Chris was giving the pre-swim instructions and we were lining up single file to get in the water — water bottles and Gu packets in hand.

The 80 or so 10K Championship swimmers lined up like sheep — or maybe lemmings — gingerly following the person in front of us as we shuffled across the timing pad and dipped our toes into the water.

We walked out through the shallow water for what seemed like an eternity to the starting line, where we placed our food and drink on a small, floating raft.

My feet got colder and colder as we stood there, half in, half out of the water, for what felt like five minutes (though it was probably only two or three).

Finally we were off. Four laps around the buoys, with optional stops at the fuel station.

While Lake George is chilly, it's also gorgeously surrounded by tree-covered mountains — and it's clear. It is so clean that it is actually used for drinking water. I could easily see my arms and hands while swimming, as well as other nearby swimmers — no surprise run-ins with others (or sea life) during this swim.

I tried to concentrate on my stroke and the scenery instead of the cold. We encountered some chop and swells near the turnaround buoy, which was surprising since there was no wind (thankfully) and no boats were on the water (one advantage of the cloud cover). One oddity was that the water was so clear that when I approached the shallow start area, I could see the seaweed moving on the bottom of the lake. I got dizzy every time —

an experience shared by other swimmers.

As I swam my loops, I got colder and colder, as Kirmayer had warned. By about 3K, I had no feeling in my hands or feet. Stopping to slurp a Gu pack and some Gatorade at 5K and 7.5K helped a bit — in retrospect, I probably should have brought some warm drink. But I plowed ahead, and once I started up again after my 5K feeding, the halfway point, I knew I would make it.

The sun — finally — began to peek out from behind the clouds on my last half-lap, warming my hands and arms for the last 15 minutes. I raced to the end, onto the beach, and into a waiting sheet of foil.

Still, I never thought "I shouldn't have done this" or "I should have worn a wetsuit." I really enjoyed it, despite the cold. I never died, my time wasn't bad, and the three hours went by quickly.

And by Monday morning I was researching next year's 10Ks. I hope to find one that's a little warmer. Maybe in Florida.

RACING FOR THE CONCH

By *Kenneth Fung*

"If you're new at this, if this is your first race, stay behind a bit and let the others go first," said Ben Stubenberg. At that, the conch blower raised the conch. The conch let out a low hum not unlike a ship horn. All the fifty or so 2.4-milers ran down the beach and dove into the water. I hung back. Ben, the ANCM who had gone native to the islands, wouldn't steer me wrong. It was July 5th, and the fifth annual Turks & Caicos "Race for the Conch" swim was ready to start.

It was important for me to finish, not just for my own vanity. My coaches, Clay (Britt), Tom (Denes), Cathy (Gainor), and Ed (Dulin), had taken me on and inspired ("You're gonna have a good time. It's beautiful down there. We (Clay) go every year"), instructed ("Put it in early!"), encouraged ("You have all kinds of muscles."), and cajoled ("So you know you're not ready, right?"). All my friends knew. Everyone in the office knew. Even the front desk of Villa del Mar, my hotel in Turks and Caicos, knew. Failure was not an option.

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TURKS & CAICOS

(Continued from page 4)

I took those swim blogs seriously: Shave. No alcohol. Nothing exotic. Low glycemic foods the morning of. But the night before at Fresh Catch, I slipped and ordered conch salad. It sounded good. Afterwards I took a cab to Fish Fry, a party place for locals and tourists alike. I caught some kind of dance-off where half the male contestants stripped. I discovered “Hole in the Wall” as I ran from that weirdo with a saw making bad music. Beans, I recalled, were low glycemic. “Rice and beans. And conch soup.” That soup, served in a foam cup fast food restaurants use for free water, was to die for.



Island people are a different breed. They were almost never serious. They drive cars so beat up the junk yards wouldn't want them. They liked tourists, but wondered about the sucker who took an \$80 cab ride to swim at a different beach. I liked them a lot.

The day of the race, it was me, the ocean, and the paddle boarder who made sure I was okay. Everyone else -- David Filbeck, his college buddy Nikki, the guy in a Maryland flag jammer -- was way ahead. “You can do this ... magnetic elbow.” I noticed a beach umbrella at the bottom of the water. Must have been quite a storm. There was more stuff down there. (A few days later on my daily morning swim I found a big reef formation with fish the size of table tops swimming about. I considered diving down. I was pretty sure they were friendly. But it was too deep to

explore.)

The water was perfect -- just the right depth and temperature for leisurely swimming. I back-tracked after missing a buoy. The paddle boarder was there, hot from the sun, considering how long before he'd have to scoop me up. I sped up just a tad.

“This way. You're good. Keep going.” Some guy shouted in the microphone as I cleared the last buoy before the finish line. Technically I should have been to the right of the buoy. It would be cold if they DQ'ed me after telling me to keep going. For the last ten strokes I was practically sprinting. I ran up the beach to a large crowd, clapping and cheering. Someone put a pink medal around my neck made of seashell. She asked me how the swim was. “Fine,” I said. Later I learned that she was Miss Universe for Turks & Caicos.

Five minutes later the one-mile race started. I chatted up the conch blower in dreadlocks. He wished more young people would learn to blow. We stood and munched on oranges for a while. Then I went over to the handsome white man with a wooden necklace, feet dangling off the side of his massage table. He made me a believer of osteopathy and told me about some kite-surfing festival.

OCEAN GAMES

By Kara Permisohn and Holly Donnelly

On Saturday, July 19th, we swam in the three-mile event at the Second Annual “Ocean Games” in Ocean City, Md., the World of Open Water Swimming Association (WOWSA) sanctioned one-, three- and nine-mile ocean races. There were also two- and four-mile paddleboard events. Almost 250 participants (180 swimmers and 69 paddleboarders) competed to raise funds for the Johns Hopkins Outpatient Neuro Rehabilitation Program.

We had a one-mile warm-up swim the evening before in ideal conditions and with only moderate surf. We felt a few jellyfish, but fortunately we didn't get stung.

On the morning of the race, we missed the safety briefing as it took place 45 minutes earlier than the schedule indicated. We loaded up on omelets, protein shakes (for Kara) and lots of coffee (for Holly). A friendly lifeguard went over the safety briefing with us and explained that we

would be starting the swim in a rip tide. He told us to dive under the waves and “grab the sand and push yourselves through.” The surf was pretty rough, and so they started us a little north of 45th street to help us get past the five-foot breaking waves.

The water was choppy with four- to five-foot swells. The day was overcast, and the cold water made our goggles fog up quickly. Sighting involved treading water and putting our goggles up on our foreheads, then waiting until we were at the top of a swell to get a good look. The lifeguards on kayaks wouldn't let us swim out very far from shore, where the water was less choppy from the breaking waves. There was a cross current that seemed to make us take forever to reach the two-mile buoy. Then, as we reached it, the one-mile racers started off. A lot of the one-milers were slower, so we had the added challenge of passing many of them during the final mile of our race. Luckily, we could sight the Ferris wheel on the boardwalk near the finish even from the trough of the swells. The last buoy was dark red, which made it hard to see, and it was also 50 yards farther away from the shore than expected. This was frustrating because the lifeguards had waved us back toward shore many times, so we had to take a sharp left turn and swim back out to get around that buoy.

Overall we had an exciting experience! The winner of our three-mile race came in at 1:13:50. Holly came in 14th overall, with a time of 1:41:32. She won first among the women, non-wetsuit category. Kara was 17th in the wetsuit category at 1:45:08.

We stayed long enough to see the first nine-miler come in at 3:55:04. He was unable to stand up and had to be helped across the finish line. A total of 21 swimmers completed the whole nine miles -- the last took six hours and 24 minutes to finish. Unfortunately, we couldn't stay for the after-race party as Holly had to get home to prepare for her daughter's first trip to sleep-away camp the next day. Next year, we are definitely staying for the party. Ocean City warmed us up for our 10K Bermuda Round the Sound Open Water Swim Oct. 12.

MY CHALLENGING 4.4-MILE SWIM

By Joel Gallun

By way of introduction, I am new to swimming and to ANCM. I started swimming with the team last year to enter some triathlons and attended the Friday night practices at KSAC coached by Cathy Gairnor. I did the one-mile Chesapeake Challenge swim last year to qualify. I was swimming about 10,000 yards a week through the end of April when I came down with bicep tendonitis in my left shoulder. I took two weeks off and then started doing rehab and building my yardage back up until I started my taper the Monday before the Bay Bridge Swim.

The conditions on swim day started out looking perfect — calm, bright sunshine and water temperature about 72 degrees — but by the time the swim started the wind was from the SSW at 10kt, according to the Thomas Point lighthouse data. The start was crowded. I got bumped a lot, but I was never kicked or given any serious jolts, so it was all good. By the time we got between the spans there was a fair chop, and I was kicking pretty hard to help with stability but was generally feeling that I had a good rhythm and was making progress.

However, before I got to the first food boat (which was between the one- and two-mile buoys) my legs had given out, especially the left one (which is much weaker than the right – long story). I took a break at the food boat and had a banana and a little bit of Gatorade which seemed to help. I pressed on and swam through the west shipping channel without any problems. It seemed that there was less chop in the deep water than there was in the shallow water.

The swim from the west channel to the east channel was a real slog. I took a break (just floating for a few seconds and regrouping mentally) at each bridge tower (31...32...33...) until I got to the east end of the east channel and I realized that I was almost under the north span. If I drifted underneath either bridge I would be off course and would be disqualified. I tried swimming diagonally toward the south span and just wasn't getting any closer to it. I was still making headway east, but not south. After a while I saw the second food boat and swam due south toward it which

worked. I had another rest, ate a banana and drank a little more Gatorade and pressed on.

At this point, it seemed like I was making good progress and I could see the four-mile buoy, which was encouraging. The towers are closer together here, so they went by a lot faster (42...43...44...). Everything was going reasonably well, except by this time I was pretty seasick from being in the chop for more than three hours. The nausea had been coming on for a while. It just kept getting worse. By this time the wind was up to 14kt.

When I made the turn to go under the south span (between towers 55 and 56) to begin the final stretch to the beach, it seemed like I was not making any headway at all. I tried kicking, but my left leg cramped up pretty much from my calf all the way to my hip. I took a little break, but only a short one because the wind was going to push me back under the bridge, and the cramp subsided enough to kick. I eventually got alongside the jetty and then my right leg cramped up. My feet touched the bottom and I said screw it, I'm going to walk the rest of the way. So I did and even that seemed to take forever. I eventually walked across the timing mat, my wife took my picture, and I managed to smile.

After the swim I ran into Tom Denes and he invited my wife Delphi and me for dinner at Hemingway's, but I was still feeling too seasick to eat. We were most of the way home before the seasickness was completely gone. I had a nice bowl of home-made soup and a salad about 7 p.m. for dinner. Later, Delphi and I went out for ice cream to celebrate.

MARINERS RULE THE SENIOR OLYMPICS

By Neal Gillen

Drafting in the wake of Clay Britt, a contingent of 10 ANCMs competed in the 2014 Maryland Senior Olympics at the Germantown Swim Center on Sept. 20th. The ANCMs netted a total of 44 medals — 29 gold, nine silver, and six bronze.

Participating ANCMs were **Clay Britt** (gold in 100, 200 free; 50, 100 fly), **Jeanne Crouse** (bronze 100 IM; silver

BAY SWIMS

(Continued from page 3)

most immediately after I was finished, as well as Dottie Buchhagen, Holly Donnelly and Kara in the crowd -- all award-winning one-milers who nicely waited for the 4.4 finish. It was really exciting to be able to celebrate with fellow ANCMs. The celebration ended with a crabcake (and margarita) lunch at Hemingway's with Tom and fellow 4.4-mile finishers Elliot Rockler and Jody Gan.

Bryan Doremus: His mother, Colleen, reported that "our son, Bryan, also completed the 4.4-mile swim yesterday for the first time so it was a very big day!!"

1-mile swimmers:

Holly Donnelly: The bay wasn't as disgusting or as cold as I feared. Great day and what an inspiration watching all those swimmers do the whole 4.4 miles!

Dottie Buchhagen: This was my 13th 1-mile Chesapeake Challenge in the past 15 years. My times have gotten faster over the years. This year I came in at 36:22, only 37 seconds behind the second place winner in my age group!

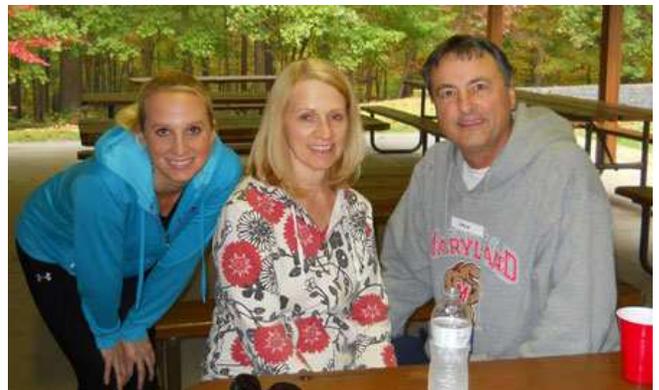


Dottie (3rd in 70-74), Holly (3rd in 40-44), Kara Permisohn (2nd in 40-44)

50, 100 fly), **Kate Fiskien** (silver in 50, 100, 500 free; bronze in 50, silver in 100 back), **Linda Foley** (gold in 200, bronze in 500 free), **Neal Gillen** (gold in 200, bronze in 50, 100 free; bronze in 50, silver in 100, 200 back), **Marshall Greer** (gold in 50, 100, 200 back), **Dave Harmon** (gold in 50, 100 free; 100 IM), **Ed McCleskey** (gold in 100 IM; 50 breast; 50 free; 50 back; 50 fly), **Mary Pastel** (gold in 50 free; 50 fly; silver in 50 breast), **Margot Pettijohn** (gold in 100, 200 IM; 100 fly; 100, 200 breast), and **Keith Wilson** (gold in 50, 100 free; 50, 100, 200 back).

ANNUAL ANCM PICNIC — SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12

SENECA CREEK STATE PARK



ANCM SERVICE AWARD

The 2014 ANCM Service Award winner is Kathy Kirmayer. Kathy has been an ANCM since the late 1990s. In 1999, she stepped up to be co-meet director (with Nate Gordon) of the Albatross Open. She had so much fun that the next year she once again co-directed it (with Steve Jolles).

In January 2010, Kathy graciously offered to host the ANCM Holiday Party. It was a raging success and, for the next four years, her house was the scene of our biggest bash of the year.

We thank and salute Kathy for her many years of service to the team.



Dave Harmon and Tom Denes presented the ANCM Service Award to Kathy at the Annual ANCM Picnic

**SWIM PRACTICE
NEW POLICIES**

DROP-IN SWIMS

1 day -- Fee \$10.00

4 days -- Fee \$35.00

8 days -- Fee \$65.00

**TWO-STEP REGISTRATION
FOR BECOMING AN ANCM**

Both of these new policies are explained on the ANCM website (www.ancientmariners.org)

VISIT THE ANCM BULLETIN BOARD - KSAC LOWER LEVEL

Photo credits: pp. 1 — Michael Gan; pp.2, 6-8 — Dottie Buchhagen; p.4 — Tom Denes; p.5 — Kenneth Fung

THE FALL SESSION BEGAN ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

GO ONLINE TO REGISTER (www.ancientmariners.org/registration.htm)



TEAM GEAR

- **SWIM CAPS:** All registered ANCMs will receive one free swim cap.
- **OTHER GEAR:** Swim bags: \$45, swim caps:\$3.
- **SPECIAL:** Team T-shirts (wicking) \$10.

EVENT CALENDAR

2014

- 11/08: Last Chance SCM Meet, Gettysburg, PA https://www.clubassistant.com/club/meet_information.cfm?c=2214&smid=5623
- 11/09: 2014 CRAB SCY Meet, Chestertown, MD http://www.usms.org/files/sanction/20141109SS2WCY/entry_form/EventEntryForm-2014080408011636580.docx
- 12/06; Germantown Masters Second Annual Solstice SCM Meet, Germantown Indoor Swim Center, Boyds, MD <http://www.germantownmasters.org/solstice2014.htm>

2015

- 01/18: Carol Chidester Memorial Swim Series Meet #4, SCY, Arundel Olympic Swim Center, Annapolis, MD <http://www.teamunify.com/EventShow.jsp?returnPage=%2FEventsCurrent.jsp%3Fteam%3Dmsmdlmsc&id=458566&team=msmdlmsc>
- 02/07: Karen Stevens Memorial Swim series Meet #5, SCY, Severna Park, MD <http://www.usms.org/comp/event.php?MeetID=20150207SS5SPYY>
- 03/21: ALBATROSS OPEN, KSAC, NORTH BETHESDA, MA
- 04/10-12: Colonies Zone SCY Championship, George Mason University, Fairfax, VA <http://www.patriotmasters.org/2015.Colonies.Estimated.Timeline.pdf>
- 05/02: Hurricane Man Rough Water Swim, Pass-a-Grille Beach, FL <http://www.usms.org/comp/event.php?MeetID=20150207SS5SPYY>
- 06/14: Great Chesapeake Bay 4.4-mile swim and 1-mile Bay Challenge. For information <http://www.lin-mark.com/special/gcbsnewsletter2015bbpdf.pdf>. The 4.4-mile lottery opens on November 12 at 8:0 a.m. Entries for the 1-mile swim open on February 1 at 8:00 a.m.

These are only some of the upcoming swim events. Go to <http://www.ancientmariners.org/event.htm> for more listings.

