

Passages

Remembering John Sack

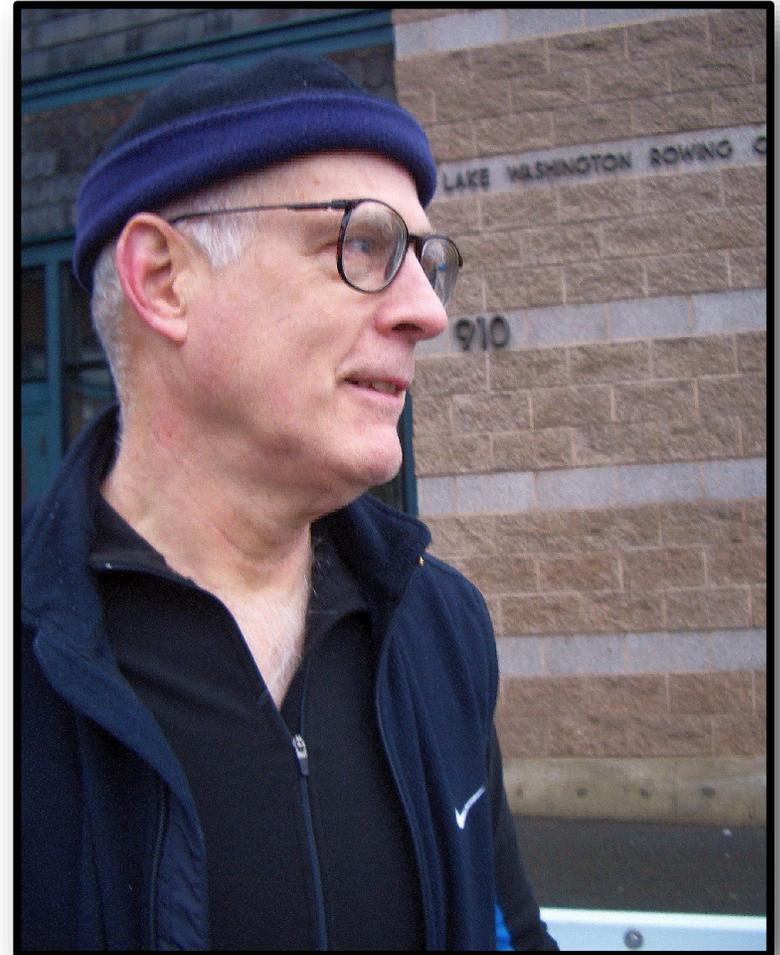
John Sack worked tirelessly to make Lake Washington Rowing Club the pride of the Northwest rowing community. In the 1990s, his actions were pivotal in successfully building the current boathouse in Fremont. He led the effort to establish the Cunningham Library, an archive of Frank Cunningham's papers. John's generosity often went unrecognized. His modest demeanor belied his determination to make things happen, and he quietly enabled others to achieve their goals, no matter how lofty.

Some of those who knew John describe their relationships with him below. A common thread in their remembrances is his basic decency. And, despite his own achievements on and off the water (he was a highly respected hand surgeon), he was so self-effacing that many fellow rowers remained unaware of his kindness and generosity. Above all, he was a gentleman.

Marcie Sillman served side by side with John when both were board members:

When I joined LWRC in 2002, I was completely intimidated. The club was a major player in Seattle's rowing community, founded by competitive rowers and a home for national and international champions. I was interested in learning how to scull, for fun. I didn't think I could measure up.

Hearing about John Sack's passing, I was reminded of those early days. We've attracted a lot of new members since then, and we've expanded our vision to



encompass both elite racers and people like me. Many folks don't know John's role in sustaining this rowing club, especially in helping us to expand into our current boathouse. People like John were part of the reason I was so in awe of LWRC before I joined the club.

When we served together on the board of directors 15

or so years ago, he was a serious figure at the meetings. He gave all his attention—and his deep experience and perspective—to every issue, from repairs to run-ins with our neighbors.

But every so often, we caught a glimpse of his other side—cracking a wry joke or two, or asking after somebody’s wife or husband or parent. Perhaps that was the physician part of John, peeking through the rower.

During that board tenure, I discovered how John and several other original LWRC members regularly made personal loans to the club to keep us afloat. He and many others built LWRC, figuratively and literally. They saw the need for a community-based competitive rowing program. And they wanted to house it in a venue worthy of our sport. The boathouse we now call home is the result of hours of volunteer time and sweat equity.

Before the pandemic, you may have seen John and his double partner, **Nelson Miller**, out on the water—two tall



rowers, looking regal even when the arthritis in their necks didn’t allow them to turn their heads to steer the boat.

Long-time coach **Hugh Lade** first met John at the start line of the Club Challenge regatta in 1994. Hugh recalls, “He rowed toward the start, all rangy 6’4” or so, in his beautiful Stämpfli single, and I thought: ‘That’s what an ex-collegiate masters sculler should look like!’” He retained that look for all the years I knew him.

I’ve missed seeing John on the water. He may be gone from our terrestrial world, but his spirit and his legacy live on in this boathouse. Take a moment to thank him the next time you walk in the door.

Susan Nelson recalls:

Rowing, trains, and trees—that’s what comes to mind when I remember John Sack, my friend of about 30 years. John had a deep love for LWRC and was instrumental in



*Top right:
John with his
children: Jon,
Rich, and Mary
Bottom left: On
the lake (Mary
Sack photos)*

getting the boathouse built all those years ago, even down to joining work parties. During construction, he was one of those who showed up after their day jobs to stain siding. He generously opened his wallet to purchase materials or lend money to the club when we couldn't scrape together what was needed.

We had so much fun rowing! I coxed for

The Boys (John Sack, Nelson Miller, **Dave Haworth**, **Ben Lovejoy** and later **Steve Suor**) regularly on weekends, and more often when training for regattas. Breakfast at Voula's,

with John and Nelson drawing plans for the cabin on a napkin

During my house renovation in 2020–21, John offered me his beautiful, big house on the lake, where I lived for six months. His family became my pandemic family—cooking and enjoying meals together, telling stories, watching classic westerns in the evening. I learned that John didn't like Brussels sprouts, that he did like Fox News, and that we had different political views. He loved looking out at majestic Mount Rainier and spending hours with his model trains. We visited Sack forestland and frequented the bakery in Eatonville. I had the best COVID lockdown of anyone I know.

Years ago, as the LWRC Heart & Soul

Committee, we were tasked with arranging social events at the club. A few old-timers might remember a nice dinner or two, when we gathered to enjoy our new boathouse and celebrate the many contributions of dedicated members. I'm not sure who was the heart and who was the soul, but this half of the committee sorely misses the other.

Olympic gold medalist Paul Enquist describes how John changed his life:

Yes, John Sack was a very dear friend and a tremendous supporter of mine. I'll explain.

In 1981, while a group of us from LWRC were competing in the Canadian Henley at St. Catharines, we stumbled across a Stämpfli pair/double the local club was selling. Not in great shape, but still a beautiful racing shell. The price was more than reasonable at, I think, C\$1,900.

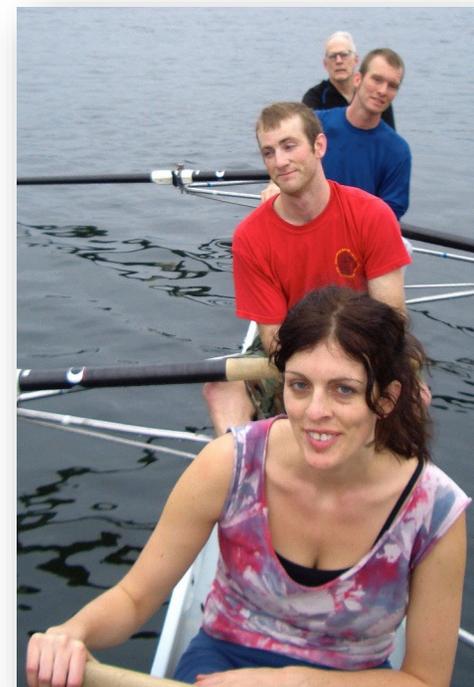
Since none of us had any money, we called John. He agreed to buy it, and we loaded it onto the trailer and brought it to Seattle. First stop was Frank Cunningham's home for some minor repairs and new decking. Then, in the evenings, John and I gave it a new coat of varnish inside and out.

Grant Dull and I took it east on my van the next summer: Detroit; Boston; Camden, New Jersey; and St. Catharines again. At the trials, we missed going to



Above: On the dock

Below: John bows the family four.



Worlds in John's double by a deck.

After returning to Seattle, we told John we'd had trouble with the riggers. He immediately ordered a new set from Stämpfli. We used it through the fall, winter, and spring until flying to Boston in late April.

After I returned to Seattle in the fall to train for the 1984 Olympic games, my new training partner was **John Biglow**. We trained almost exclusively in the double until leaving for Boston in late April. We put a lot of miles on it.

At the games, John raced in the single, and I teamed up with **Brad Lewis** in the double. Brad and I won a gold medal. So the main shell I used to train for the Olympics was the John Sack double.

That shell, I understand, is in the LWRC boathouse. I haven't seen it in a very

long time, but I heard it went there when the Canoe House's shell storage area closed.

John Sack's support is priceless in my success in rowing. Don't think I could have done it without him.

Nelson Miller rowed with John for over 30 years:

John Sack was probably the nicest person I have ever known. It would be very difficult to find enough kind words to describe him. Dedication—to his family, his profession, his friends, and the sport of rowing. Compassion—for anybody around him that needed any kind of assistance. Patience—he even forgave me (I think) for crabbing three times in the first 300 meters of a race. In any case, he never said anything. 😊

Thank you, John, for the 30-plus years of being my friend and double partner (plus any other boat we could jump into). My life (and those of many others) has been dramatically enriched by knowing you.

Susan Kinne further describes John's affinity for Stämpfli shells:

The John Sack I knew was consistently very kind and thoughtful as well as very generous—but not prone to call attention to it.

He was a lover of all things Stämpfli—an enthusiasm we, as a Pocock operation, did not exactly share. He owned countless wood Stämpfli singles and doubles, and he lent them generously to rowers like me who were starting out in singles and reveled in having a boat they could count on. For years, I raced in one of John's wood singles and was deeply grateful. My only responsibility was to keep it maintained, usually with Nelson Miller's help.

Dave Rutherford and I rowed a wood Stämpfli double for a number of years. I crashed it into a parked barge

“John Sack's support is priceless in my success in rowing. Don't think I could have done it without him.”
— *Paul Enquist*

Right: Sack family (Susan Nelson photo)



one morning, sinking us. I had to squelch back to the boathouse and face John to tell him I had wrecked his boat. He grimaced but uttered no words of reproof, even though it surely made his stomach hurt to think of the severed bow. “Just fix it,” he said. Nelson helped me, and it’s still in the boathouse—now familiarly known as *Scarface*. It’s going back to John’s family to hang in the lake boathouse with his complement of beautiful wood boats.

John had a mania for forest restoration on his property and for model railroads. At his lake compound years ago, I was entranced to see a separate cabin, completely floored with train tracks, switches, tiny buildings, and moving trains—all built and maintained by John. Who knew?

Susan shares another memory of John, one which has nothing to do with rowing:

John was known as one of the best hand surgeons in Seattle. Some years ago, I had a deeply infected splinter in my hand. My doctor felt unqualified to dig the splinter out because of the complexity of the hand’s anatomy, so he referred me to the best specialist he knew. And that person was . . . John Sack. Tucking the end of his tie up into his doctor jacket, he whipped out a tool and popped the splinter out. Then he carefully wrapped it in a little presentation package and gave it to me to keep. What a guy.

Dan Nelson describes his long friendship with John:

I first met Dr. John in 1978, when I worked at Pocock. I’d seen a really weird-looking single on a rack. A couple of weeks later, a tall, lanky old fellow (he was 38) showed up and asked if he could row with me and my friends. It became apparent very quickly that this guy

knew how to scull. Just one problem: he wasn’t in very good shape. He often showed up looking haggard after being in the OR all night, reattaching fingers or some such crazy thing. But we came to value his advice and observations, freely given if not always heeded.

One day in 1980, he asked if any of us had construction experience. I held up my hand. He had the crazy idea of building a “cabin” at his family’s lake property. We went to work. He insisted that the construction techniques be true to traditional timber framing. After completing that cabin, we went on to build four more structures together, with countless hours of good-natured teasing between the stubborn German and the square-headed Norwegian. The friendship continued to grow.

“He whipped out a tool and popped the splinter out.”

— Susan Kinne



The relationship between our families deepened. We have been through many life-altering events together—building, professional challenges, marriages,

Above: Undine Barge Club, Philadelphia (Bill Pickard photo)

“Smooth water and a tailwind to you, John.”

— Dan Nelson

divorces, kids, rowing, and so much more. I knew he would be there for me in any capacity I might need, and I for him. I am blessed to have had that tall, lanky “old guy” as my friend. He will row on in my heart and in the hearts of all my family for the duration. You weren’t perfect—but you did life right, Dr. Sack!

Smooth water, and a tailwind to you, John.

Bill Pickard knew and trusted John for decades:

Sack was a generous and dedicated member of the rowing community and, in particular, LWRC. He once helped a boatload of young scullers get back to Philadelphia and sharpen their skills at his old rowing club, Undine Barge Club. He and his wife funded the creation of the third-floor banquet space in the new Fremont boathouse. Before there was a boathouse at all, when we all kept our boats at the UW Canoe Club lean-to, he was always game to take out a partner in his Stämpfli double—for a long time, probably the best boat of that kind in Seattle.

When Peter Ueberroth offered Seattle the 1984 Olympic rowing events, provided we could find a venue, John showed us Lake Kapowsin. We almost (but not quite) got it turned into a FISA Class A venue a few years later. Later, when I needed hand surgery, I turned

to him. By the time I needed the second surgery (and now a third one), he was retired. When I checked out the guy I had been referred to, it turned out that Sack a) had trained him and b) thought highly of him. So that was easy.

And so, John Sack: *Ave atque vale!*



Marilynn Goo remembers some of John’s many contributions to building the club, both as a community and as a structure:

John Sack appeared at LWRC in the early 1980s, having rowed at East Coast facilities including Undine Barge Club. (Nelson Miller wryly adds: “I rowed at Vesper, and he spoke to me anyway—showing his forgiveness and compassion.”) He had a busy career as a hand surgeon but found time and money to help LWRC survive and thrive. John

Left: John Stack, Dave Rutherford, and John Alberti receive LWRC 2017 Directors’ Award (Janet Walker photo)

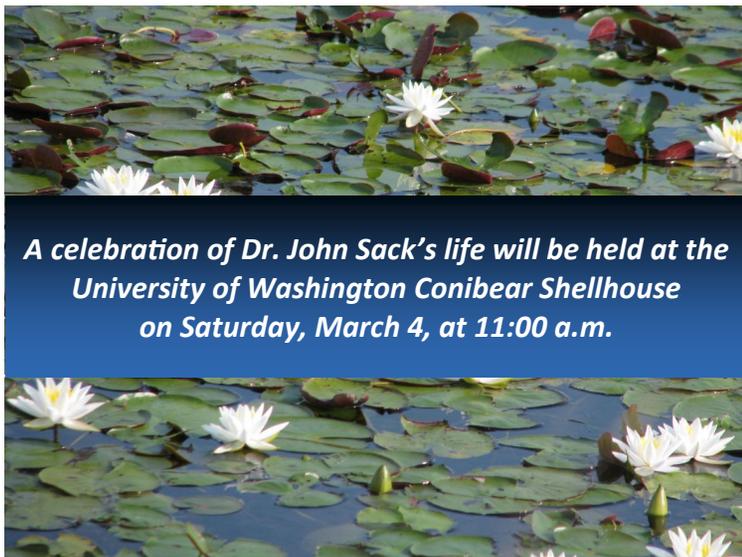
was passionate about LWRC’s need to develop a permanent boathouse that would rival the best of the East Coast clubs.

In 1992, along with nine other “patron members,” he contributed \$10,000 to the club. An original cosigner for the development of the boathouse, he also participated in work parties to paint shingles (among other tasks) during construction. After completion of the

*“I rowed at Vesper,
and he spoke to me
anyway.”*
— *Nelson Miller*

structure and boat bays in 1994, John knew we needed to finish the upstairs to provide income-generating rental space. He loaned LWRC the funds to finish the upstairs and later gifted part of it as a donation. In 1999, he became a primary contributor to the Francis Cunningham Endowment Fund and continued to support it for many years. In 2002, he loaned us money to construct a dock across from the boathouse. John also paid for, and participated in, construction of the cabinetry in the board room. He underwrote and established the Francis Cunningham Library housed in the coaches’ office. Truly, he left his mark.

*Thanks to everyone who shared their memories.
Most of all, thanks to John.*



Editor’s Note

Much of the content of this issue is devoted to remembrances of long-time LWRC member **John Sack**, who played a huge role in the growth of our club. Due to declining health, John was unable to spend much time at the boathouse in recent years, but his presence was felt.

And you can learn more about our Volunteers of the Year, **Bob Thoreson** and **John Robinson**. They have contributed time and effort toward making the club better as it moves forward: by teaching Learn to Row classes and by taking such good care of our facilities. We thank them.

The Pocock family’s name comes to mind first whenever wood rowing shells are mentioned. But there are other options for building well-crafted boats out of beautiful wood. **Lee Kulinna** shares his personal journey to construct his dream wherry.

—*Roberta Scholz, Editor*



Designer’s Note

Making Waves is meant to be read on-screen, laid out in monitor proportions (landscape). You can print it on letter-size paper at 94%, but text is purposely large, and underlined links are live. Use the full-screen setting (*View > Read Mode*) in Adobe Acrobat for the most legible view.

—*Suze Woolf, Designer*



Critical Year Ahead

Thank you to all who came out to our annual meeting in January to row, vote, and learn about our accomplishments in 2022 and the work we have in front of us for 2023.

Looking forward to the remainder of the year, the Board's focus areas will include:

- ◆ The land lease renegotiation with Fremont Dock Company;
- ◆ Following through with the policy established by our 2022 Investment Committee, which allocates funds to cover annual operating costs and support intermediate and long-term capital needs;
- ◆ Continuing to develop and work with our standing committees to support the club's evolving needs and to provide opportunities to engage members in club operations and leadership.

Our fundraiser for the Hypercarbon 8 is in its home stretch, and we need your help to get across the finish line! Visit the [GiveLively fundraising page](#) to learn more and donate. Or make a donation to the [LWRC Equipment Fund](#) through MindBody. Any amount, large or small, is much appreciated.

As always, the Board welcomes all members to join our monthly meetings and/or review our meeting minutes. Please contact Jean Lee, Secretary, with any questions



Meet the Board

2023 Board Guides Us into the Future

Members who attended the annual meeting January 23 already know that LWRC is in good shape to handle the changes that face us in 2023, thanks to the efforts of our Board of Directors over the past few years. At the top of the list is the long-expected renewal of our lease, which is expected to rise dramatically due to the increase in property valuation during the past ten years.

This year's Board members are:

President: *KC Dietz*
Vice President: *Don Kuehn*
Secretary: *Jean Lee*
Treasurer: *Carolyn Fletcher*
At Large: *Barry Brown*

Harbor Patrol 206-684-4071

Also on the bulletin board in the boathouse

Check out our programs!

<http://lakewashingtonrowing.com/home/programs>

Hugh Lade Honored

Every year, the LWRC Board honors one or more volunteers for service to the club that goes above and beyond. Less frequently, the Board recognizes a member who has done so much for all of us that even greater recognition is deserved. This year, the Board of Directors Award was presented to **Hugh Lade**, whose many outstanding contributions over many decades were highlighted.

Our June issue will include a portrait of Hugh from the perspective of someone who worked closely with him over the years. Look for it!



Volunteers of the Year

This year, **John Robinson** and **Bob Thoreson** were recognized as Volunteers of the Year. Over the years, John and Bob have contributed countless hours to promoting the well-being of our club. Both have served as volunteer coaches: Bob with the Learn to Row classes, and John—sometimes with Bill Tytus—with the intermediate and advanced scullers.

Bob's expertise lies with facilities management. Recently, he compiled a comprehensive notebook to track maintenance of our boathouses, from elevators to docks. He installed new outdoor lighting at Fremont, secured our gate with a welded lock system, repaired damage to the gate, installed electrical outlets, and found a contractor for the new roof. He is the go-to person for countless everyday problems that crop up.

In addition to coaching, John is a woodworker extraordinaire, involved for decades with repair and restoration projects in the Sow's Ear workshop. Fine woodworking is his forte, and he especially enjoys restoring the older cedar shells. This past year, he refurbished a Pocock double, the *Suiattle*, that he believes was built in the George Pocock era. The club sold the restored shell (for a hefty sum) to the film industry for a movie to be filmed in Southern California! The proceeds will go into the club's new boat fund.



Above: John accepts the award from Karin Dietz. (Bob preferred to stay in Hawaii.) Left: Karin Rogers presents the Board of Directors award to Hugh. (Bellamy Pailthorp photos)

Patience Matters

Following the Dream

Where did your rowing dream originate?

In August 1991, inspired by reading *The Amateurs* by David Halberstam, I moved to Seattle to pursue my dreams of rowing beyond college. The stories of **Paul Enquist** and **John Biglow** guided me there. Rowing at Lake Washington Rowing Club under **Bill Tytus**, **Frank Cunningham**, and **Charley McIntyre** felt almost cinematic at 21 years of age.

Learning to scull at LWRC with coaches from *The Amateurs* was my first rowing dream come true. I still remember that first lesson from Frank Cunningham, in a wherry. He was a figure of my imagination come to life. One of his more memorable comments was, “If you can learn to move a boat instead of rip the blade through the water, you might stand a chance.” My next dream began when I saw Frank convert a Pocock pair with coxswain to a triple scull. I had rowed an identical wooden Pocock pair with coxswain in college my junior year at Marietta.

Enamored of the idea of building a wooden single scull, I asked Bill Tytus if I could apprentice under Bob Brunswick,

the last wooden-boat builder at Pocock Racing Shells. But Pocock wasn’t making enough wooden singles to keep the line of wooden boats going after Bob retired, so being his apprentice wasn’t an option. I was pursuing a master’s degree in education and understood it was time to focus on my teaching and coaching career—but the desire to build a wooden boat never left me.

In 1994 I became the high-school rowing coach at The Bush School and taught sixth-grade English in their middle

school. Bush was amazing, but in 1999 I was called back to Pittsburgh by my interest in charter schools and urban education. I helped start two charter schools and coached rowing at the University of Pittsburgh. Because my time at LWRC had been so formidable, I encouraged five Pitt rowers to attend the summer rowing program at LWRC in 2001. We were rebuilding a small club program, and those five rowers also came to love their time at LWRC.

The contrast between the lives of the

*Right: Kayaking
in the San Juans
(All photos Lee
Kulinna)*



students at the charter schools and the lives of the rowers at Pitt motivated me to explore reconstituting underperforming, high-poverty high schools. In 2005, I began graduate studies in educational leadership at the University of Pennsylvania, emphasizing the demographics of urban neighborhood schools. For my



Expedition wherries at Dolphin Club, San Francisco

dissertation research, I studied a group of seniors at a high school in Pittsburgh that annually graduated only 47 percent of its students.

Neighborhood violence was a significant factor in limiting the academic achievement of these students. I came to understand this firsthand after being assaulted one day while walking through the neighborhood to retrieve my car.

Two former students, dropouts from the high school where I was conducting my research, tried to steal my laptop. I was kicked in the head and had to have a plate inserted into my left eye socket due to a fractured skull.

When I left the hospital in 2008, the eye was better, but I wasn't. I had lost the desire to continue my studies. I struggled with depression for over a year. I was adrift. Those career goals to open charter schools no longer inspired me. I dropped out of the doctoral program, my engagement fell apart, my row house in Pittsburgh felt haunted, and I needed a reason to be. That's when I started dreaming about building wooden shells in Seattle again. I remembered watching Frank recon-

struct the pair with coxswain in the old Lake Washington Rowing Club garage bays.

In 2010, I left Pittsburgh to dive into the wooden boat world of Seattle. I still carried a heavy sense of failure but was able to start a reset by building a wooden sea kayak from Pygmy Boats. Though the kayak wasn't the rowing shell I

wanted to build, it was a start. Then, one day during the kayak build, I went to Fisheries Supply near Gas Works Park. There, I saw the cover of *Wooden Boat* magazine. It showed a gorgeous wooden wherry at The Dolphin Club in San Francisco. If there is love at first sight for a boat, that was it. I knew that I wanted to row on Puget Sound, and now I saw a way to do so in a boat worth building. The challenge would be to accrue the skills to *build* it.

After finishing that first Pygmy kayak, I offered to build a second one for a friend. I started to believe that I could build a seaworthy wherry. In 2014, I enrolled in Seattle Community College's Wood Technology Program and also in workshops with Eric Hvalsoe at the Center for Wooden Boats. I sought out Steve Chapin in Port Townsend to observe his legacy construction of Pocock cedar singles. I learned of Ron Mueller, who made wooden wherries with Wayland Marine, and met Gary Ray, a canoe maker from the Makah Tribe, while sea kayaking in Neah Bay.

Gary was building long-distance canoes with students at Neah Bay High School. The boat-building program at Seattle Community College had been put on hold, plus I needed to go back to work. I noticed that Neah Bay High School had an opening for an English teacher, and in 2015, I was hired. The waters in the Strait of Juan de Fuca were challenging, so I

“The pandemic created a now-or-never mindset for building the dream wherry.”

ly two years. After its completion and four years on the Olympic Peninsula, I was ready to return to a town closer to Seattle. Neah Bay was beautiful, but it was isolated.

I loved sea kayaking around the San Juan Islands, so moved to Anacortes in 2019 to be near its challenging waters. I loved the dory I'd made in Neah Bay, but it still wasn't the wherry that had captured my eye at Fisheries Supply.

Then, a year later, COVID hit. Chesapeake Light Craft had created the plans for their expedition wherry by then, and the pandemic created a “now-or-never” mindset for building the dream wherry. Thirty years after Frank's work, and ten years after seeing that magazine cover, it was time to try my hand at the

decided to build a modified Chesapeake Light Craft dory from plans, with an emphasis on the rowing stations and a sliding seat. That took rough-

wherry. Working off CLC's plans, I returned to LWRC's Garfield floating boathouse and took the rigging measurements from an older Pocock wherry. John Tytus was kind enough to sell me rigging parts used for their sculling boats—along with a carbon-fiber composite seat. A mandolin maker in Anacortes helped with securing the self-designed riggers to the hull. Finally, after a year and a half of pandemic isolation, I finished my long-dreamt-of wooden rowing shell: *Patience*.

—Lee Kulinna





Not for Sissies

Simply put, the SEVENTY/48 is the spawn of Race to Alaska. The idea for it was born in a beer tent at a boat festival, and details were worked out over beers at R2AK.

What is the R2AK, you ask. Its premise is simple—you, a boat, a starting gun. No motor, no support, no wind, 750 cold-water miles from Port Townsend, Washington, to Ketchikan, Alaska. You get \$10,000 if you finish first—and a set of steak knives if you come in second.



Cathartic elation if you simply complete the course.

R2AK is a self-supported race with no supply drops and no safety net. Any boat without an engine can enter, and we really mean any. It's like the Iditarod, on a boat, with a chance of drowning, being run down by a freighter, or eaten by a grizzly bear. There are squalls, killer whales, tidal currents that run upwards of 20 miles per hour, and some of the most beautiful scenery on Earth. It's hard enough that many think it's a bad idea to even try.

And the same can be said about the SEVENTY48. A prequel to R2K, this race

LWRC at the SEVENTY/48:

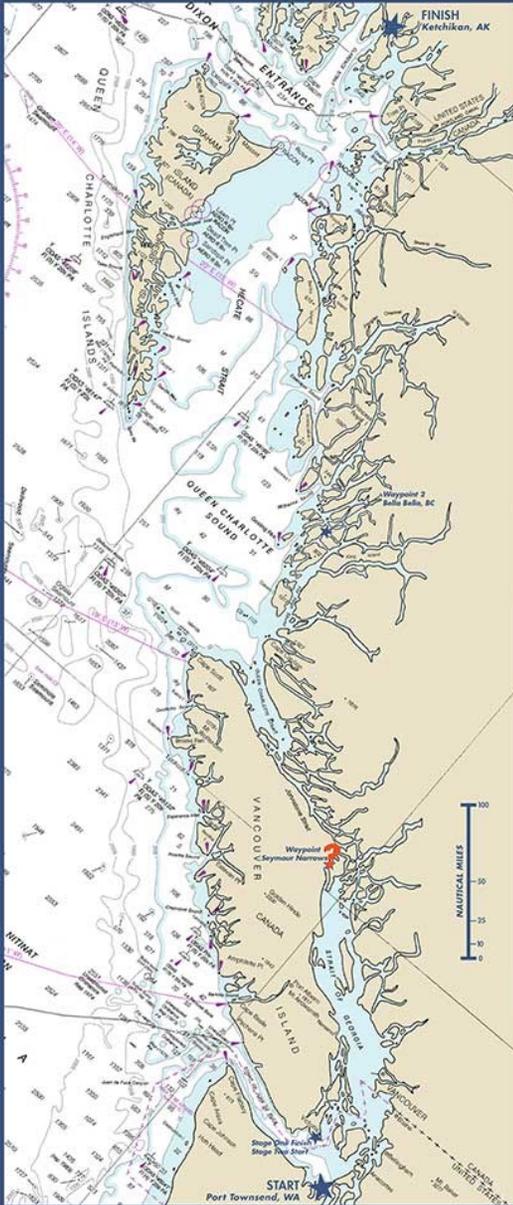
Left: Adrian (41), Jeff (48), Todd (64), and Rainer (83) finished in ~11:45 hours in 2018.

Above: Tyler and Greg finished in 10 hours 50 minutes in 2018.



RACE TO ALASKA

Port Townsend, Washington to
Ketchikan, Alaska
Full Course Chart



**750 MILES,
NO MOTORS, NO SUPPORT,
ALL THE WAY TO ALASKA.**

printed by FroggbiNavigator.com

starts in Tacoma and finishes in Port Townsend. Participants have 48 hours to finish the 70-mile “course.” Considering the need to thread one’s way across Puget Sound shipping lanes, islands, and other obstacles, calling this a “course” is a bit of a stretch. Not to mention the fact that the race starts at 7 p.m. and ends two days later at 7 p.m. It is dark. Prizes? Besides the sheer joy of having finished in one piece, the lucky winners take home shares of the purse. First overall takes half, with the rest divided among the fastest in each class (plus the much-coveted Random Hero Award). Speaking of classes, there are four: By Yourself, Standing Up, Facing Forward, and Facing Backward.

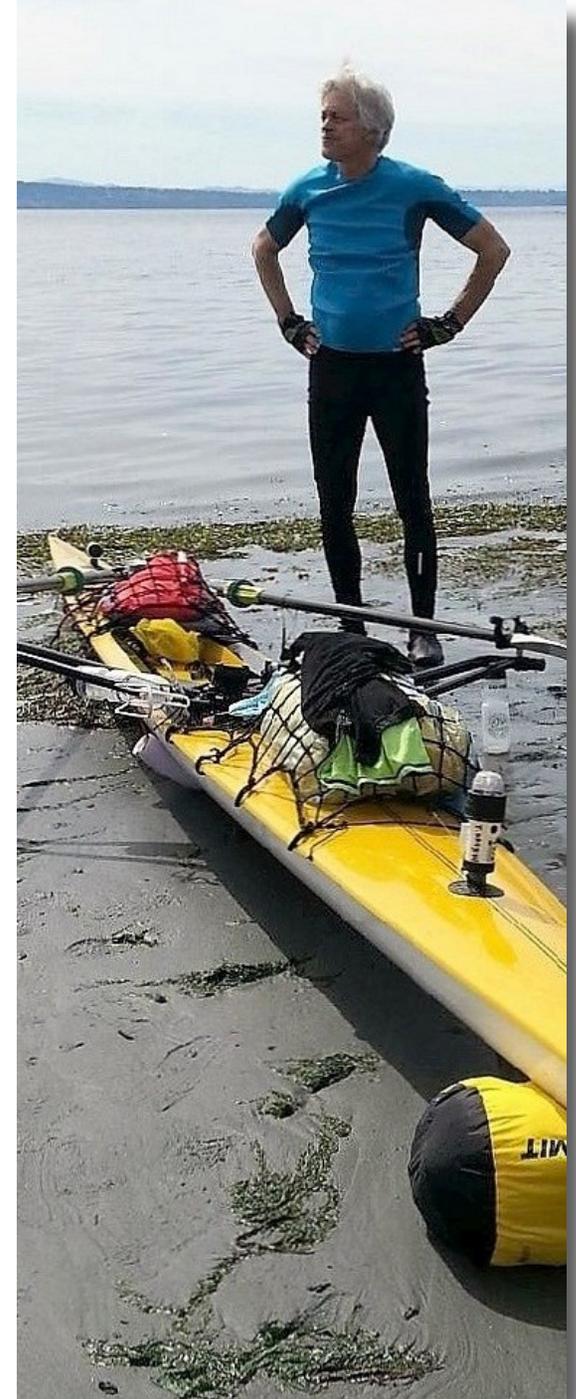
The 2023 SEVENTY/48 starts on Friday, June 2, three days before the R2AK start. For more information, see: <https://seventy48.com/> and <https://r2ak.com/>. Deadline is April 15 for both races.

As the SEVENTY/48 website so aptly puts it: Based on the lawless self-reliance of R2AK, we wanted to compress crazy stupid into 48 hours and make it a different kind of hard. Think of it as powerlifting for 48 hours.

“The best intelligence test is what we do with our leisure.” —Dr. Laurence J. Peter

Race to Alaska and SEVENTY48 are powered by the Northwest Maritime Center in Port Townsend, WA, a 501(c)3 non-profit organization whose mission is to engage and educate people of all generations in traditional and contemporary maritime life, in a spirit of adventure and discovery.

This article is adapted from the race websites.



Tom Kreyche in Kingston

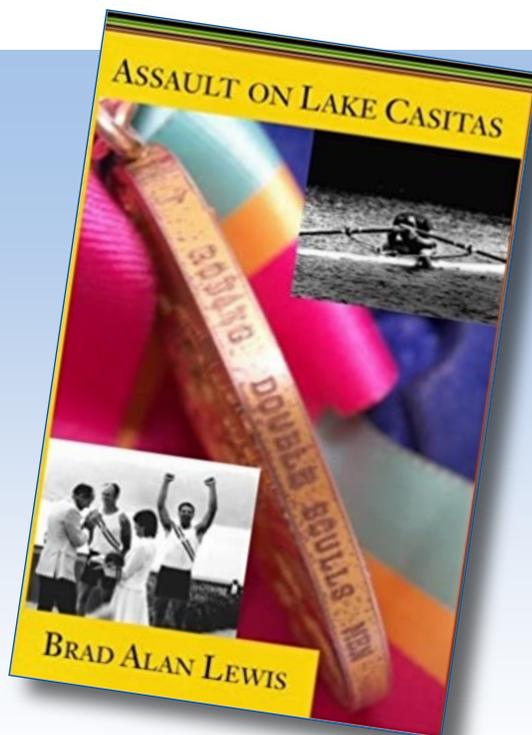
Book Shelf

Eyes on the Prize

Dedicated followers of rowing literature will recognize Brad Lewis's modern classic, *Assault on Lake Casitas*. Lewis and his partner, Paul Enquist, took gold in double sculls at the 1984 Olympics, but the path to get there was definitely not easy. In this book, Lewis describes his journey amid gut-wrenching disappointments.

Learn more about *Assault on Lake Casitas* at [goodreads.com](https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/111111111-Assault-on-Lake-Casitas-by-Brad-Alan-Lewis).

On [page 3](#) of this issue, his double partner, **Paul Enquist**, recognizes John Sack's role in his own journey to Olympic gold.



will remain open. (Next year, N 35th will be shut down to Woodlawn Avenue N.)

Cause for the shutdown is deep-tunnel boring in south Wallingford, along the waterfront. The tunnel's purpose is to create a storage tank for stormwater so that the West Point Treatment Plant in Discovery Park is not overwhelmed during a downpour and the mixture of stormwater and residential wastewater is not dumped into the Ship Canal.

The tunnel boring is part of the Ship Canal Water Quality Project, which includes a 2.7-mile, nearly 19-foot internal-diameter tunnel that will extend from Ballard to Wallingford. The Ballard vertical-access-shaft construction started in 2020, with tunneling planned through 2022.

For more information on this project, including a detour map to help us access our boathouse, see:

[Closure of one block on Stone Way coming soon | - Wallyhood](#)

[What Happened At The Wallingford Community Council Last Week? | Wallyhood](#)

CALLING ALL ARTISTS

We'd like to feature your work. Please share your creations with us! lwrnewsletter@comcast.net

PASS THE WORD

Has an LWRC member done something worth recognizing, on or off the water? lwrnewsletter@comcast.net

Brace Yourself!

Change Is Coming to Our Neighborhood

On February 6, one block of Stone Way N, from N 34th to N 35th, was closed to motor vehicles for the coming year. A two-way bike lane as well as the sidewalk on the east side of Stone Way N