

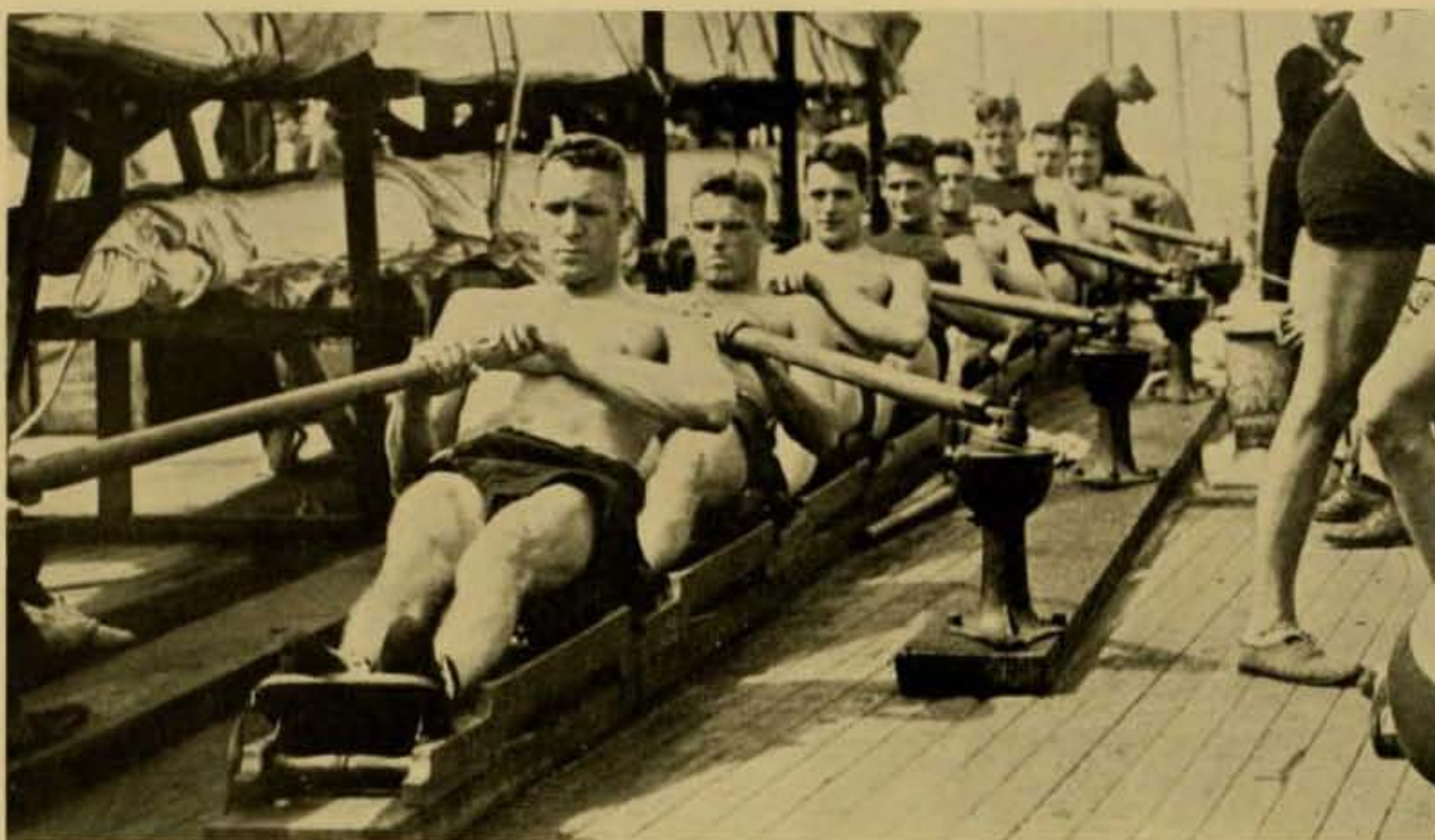
THE time honored custom of gathering athletes from all countries of the world for competition once every four years received a blow in 1916 on account of the World War. However, in the summer of 1920, eight years after the contests at Stockholm, the VII Olympiad was launched at Antwerp, Belgium. We had heard rumors during the early spring that certain men from the different squads would be held over from the cruise and, with some officers and men from the fleet, would be trained for the tryouts for the American Olympic Team. Most of us, however, doubted these rumors. In the middle of May we were all delighted by the Athletic Officer's announcement that our Academy teams would be given a chance to have some of its members win a shield on the American team.

The following men were held over. Coaches: Glendon, R.; Glendon, R. Jr. Crew: Graves, E. D. '21; Jacomini, V. V. '21; Moore, E. P. '21; Reisinger, J. C. '21; Trapnell, W. S. K. '21; Wiedman, W. A. '21; Litchfield, L. J. '21; Clark, S. R. '22; Frawley, E. R. '22; Gallagher, V. J. Jr. '22; Howland, J. R. '22; Johnston, D. H. '22; Jordan, W. C. '22; King, C. W. '22; Lee, W. T. '22; Rothwell, R. B. '22; Richardson, L. L. '22; Renard, J. T. '22; Sanborn, A. R. '22; Wanselow, F. B. '22; Bolles, H. A. '23; Huntington, R. D. '23; Jackson, B. L. '23; Kirkpatrick, M. K. '23. Wrestling: Coach, J. Schutz; Gallery, D. V. '21; Swigart, O. R. '21; Willkie, E. E. '21. Track: Coach, L. H. Mang; Curtis, E. B. '22; Clapp, V. O. '22. Swimming: Coach, H. Ortland; Quinby, C. S. '21; Lamdin, C. R. '21; Emory, C. D. '21; Bolling, G. W. '23; Fish, H. C. '23; Winkjer, G. '23. Boxing: Schell, E. W. '21. Fencing: Coach, George Heintz; Sherman, E. P. '21; Fullinwider, E. G. '21; Bowman, R. L. '21.

The first part of the summer was spent in vigorous training. The crew, wrestlers, and fencers stayed at Annapolis, and the



GRAVES



boxers and swimmers went to Great Lakes. The Cruiser Frederick, leaving Newport, R. I. July 26th took the squad across, arriving at Antwerp on the evening of August 6th, about two weeks before the track and field events began. A description of the Games would be impossible here. However, after splendid work by all Navy men and the winning of the world's championship by our own varsity crew, the squad split up and had two weeks' leave in Europe. Every town from Dublin to Bale, Switzerland saw the midshipmen—"and that ain't all!" It was undoubtedly the greatest summer ever spent by midshipmen.



JACOMINI

Crew

'Twas a bright morning in mid-July when the future world's champions turned out of their humble quarters in Bancroft Hall, dined, packed, and boarded their special train which was to carry them to Worcester and the National Rowing tryouts. The party led by our one and only Joe, and aided and abetted by Dick (God bless his old heart) and "Rich" Glendon—including a senior eight, an intermediate eight, a four, and old Candler, the venerable boat-house keeper. This is the happy crowd that took Worcester by storm and proved to several thousand skeptical observers that Navy oarsmen really know how to handle a shell. It also convinced about nine Syracuse men (including the old "Fox" himself) that Dick Glendon's eight was just a shade the best that the United States had to offer—and that, in itself, was a mighty big achievement.

The intermediates started the ball rolling by winning their race handily; even though Ferdie did catch a crab and gave us all

a thrill. I mean we—all in the grandstand. And Lord, how that bunch did pull! All except Gal, who appeared to be enjoying the event hugely. Wish you could have seen him as he nodded first to one side then to the other, beaming good-naturedly on the hosts that lined the shores. Then, of course, there was great rejoicing in the Navy camp that night. Our junior varsity had completed its season with a clean slate and the boys had a perfect right to celebrate. But the next day was the day of days. And the regiment was not there to see Clyde King stroke those bronze-back giants of ours to victory,—to victory over Syracuse,—yea and Duluth.

Then of course there was the inevitable celebration and Boston was the Mecca for the happy Navy men. The Copley-Plaza featured Stroke King and—sh! the auburn-haired lad!! Navy celebration! Need I say more? Besides our memory just “wasn’t” after mid-night; (this being perfectly permissible, we understand, under the circumstances.)

Anyway we do remember waking up in a nice green, plush seat in a very smoky and stuffy Pullman, with Uncle “Henery” Ortland telling us that it was 4:00 p. m. and that we were rapidly nearing Newport. Draped over suit-cases, lying about in precarious positions, they pictured something that recalled a certain night in Philly when—but there was the Frederick.

Of that glorious trip from Newport to Antwerp much could be said of things that few midshipmen see and fewer still experience. In fact it was just like a trip on a private yacht, with wonderful chow, luxurious beds, steamer-chairs and movies, and, to be sure, Swigart and McDermott. At night Buck Jordan and Bully Richardson used to amuse the crowd—and very little sleep was lost by anyone. Consequently we waxed rejoicing when the impressive chalk-cliffs of Dover appeared on our port bow. “Bally old England at last” breathed Bob Huntington



MOORE





The Defeated English Crew

as he scanned the distant hills and, with worshipping eyes, searched for his old friend the Duchess de Cognac, who at the moment was cussing in a bunker on her eighteen hole golf course.

The next morning when we dashed out on deck, it was to gaze upon the picturesque Hollandaise landscape, windmills, wooden-shoes, and all; and as we watched, a thrifty farmer hastily picked up his hay crop and disappeared in a shed.

We wondered—and then we knew. The sun had surrendered to a shower and for half an hour the hay must remain under shelter; then the sun would be shining again. And so it was during most of our stay at Antwerp—intermittent sun and rain and lots of beer on the side.

Oh if you could have seen the boys that first night! Just naturally knocked them cold! When that gang of six-foot heavy weights strolled up the Place de Meir, past the Grand Hotel, great was the amazement in the eyes of the natives. The mademoiselles would look up at Buck, for instance, then at Johnny Johnston, and loud cries of "Boeuf! Boeuf!" would be heard on all sides. Then Buck (being a true caballero) would graciously ask: "Voulez-vous shimmie avec-moi, petite?" "Ah, Oui, Oui, Monsieur, avec plaisir." And so it went until Dick, apprehensive of the future, decided to move his huskies to a point nearer the scene of operations. Thus it came about that the squad moved into quarters on the Antwerp-Brussels Ship Canal, near Brussels, and commenced the final grind for their final achievement, the winning of the world's championship.

As the day approached, the various nations began putting in their appearances along the historic old canal. There was the far



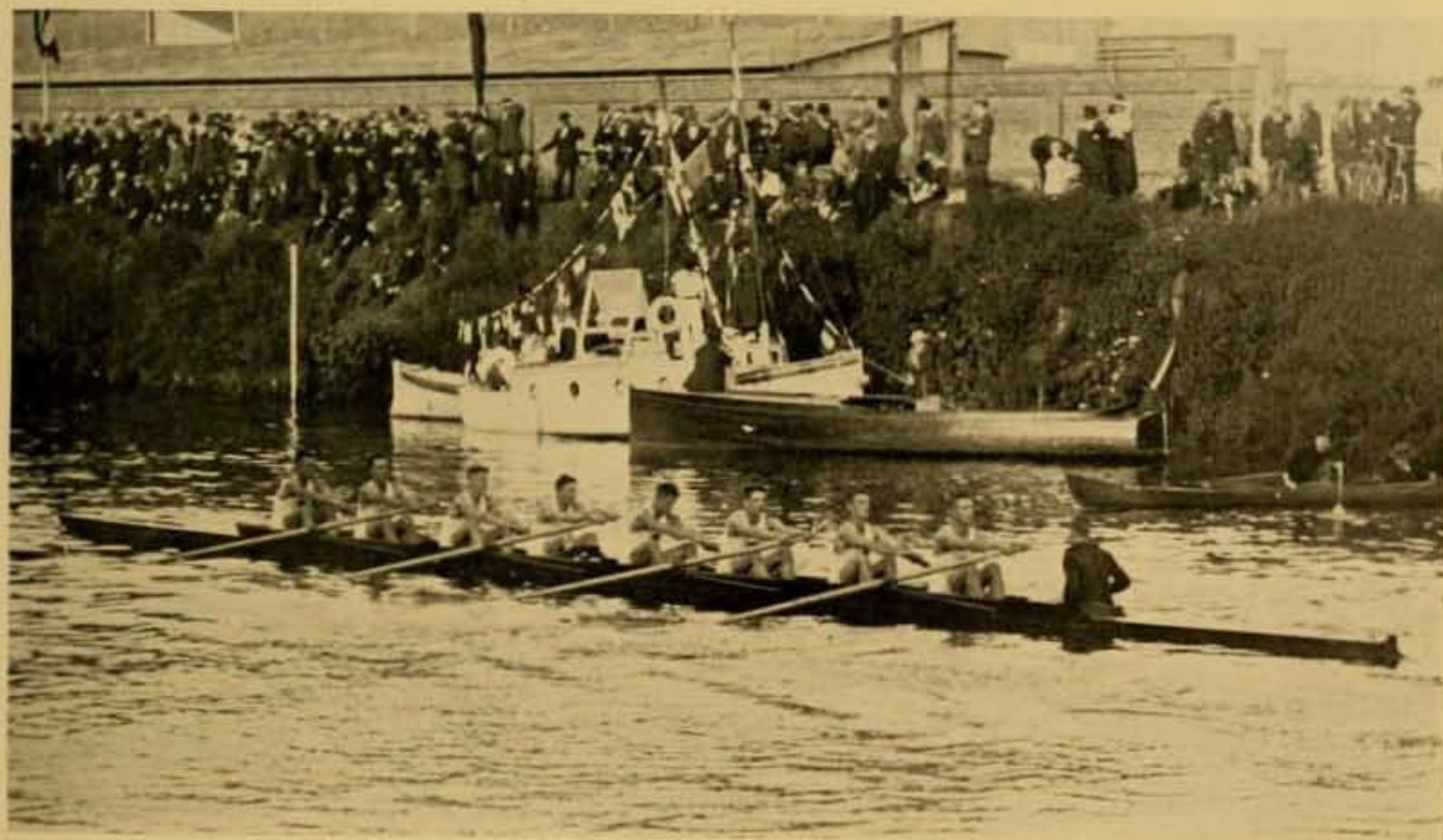
KING

famed Leander crew, the crew of Alpine Chasers, the "Frog" crew, and the Belguies. But the boys didn't worry. They didn't even get excited; they just plugged along and said nothing. Didn't Dick wear that same old smile? And wasn't that sufficient? Hope to shout!

It was a beautiful afternoon in late August when the Navy eight "loafed" up to the start and lined up with a heretofore undefeated crew, the English Leanders. Not a man in that boat who did not realize the task set before him and not a man who was not determined to give his all. The Belgian starter gave his signal, the tiny cannon boomed, and sixteen blades dug deep into the still water. The English crew, starting with a 44, let down to a 42 and forged slowly ahead. At the half way mark, the enemy was leading by open water and still rowing with that man killing stroke. Somebody on the bank yelled: "Well rowed, Leander!" And somebody in the American shell heard that remark—and that "somebody" was Clyde King. Doggedly he lay on his sweep and slowly the stroke went up. With emblazoned shields flashing in the afternoon sun, and with backs straining to the task, that Navy eight of ours passed the Limeys in the last hundred yards. With sheer nerve, they crossed the line a winner—two-thirds of a length. It was the greatest victory that any American crew had ever won and it was the final achievement to a long, and eventful season. So with their medals and shields safely tucked away, all haste was made Paris-ward, London-ward, or wherever the fancies of the individual led him. Some sailed up the Rhine, others climbed the Alps, while it was rumored that a few (?) took the Brussels Express to Paris. Some found the Washington Palace, others tried Ye Ancient Vintage at Zelli's Club, and still others fell in love in the Montmartre. At the end



GALLAGHER



Navy Wins World Championship



of two weeks it was time to leave, and all hands registered deep regret. It had been a wonderful summer, and best of all it had terminated in the biggest Navy Day of all—the day when eight stalwarts smashed the world's record and placed the Navy at the pinnacle of the rowing world.

Olympic Wrestling



JOHNSTON

After a long delay, which lasted up to the day of graduation, the good news came, and Gallery, Willkie, and Captain Swigart, all of '21 and unbeaten in their weights during the 1920 season, were granted permission to remain at the Naval Academy in connection with training for the Olympic Wrestling Team.

Then old timers, who have made Navy famous on the mat since 1912, came drifting in. Mammy Weems, '12; Chip Rogers, '17; Jo Jo Anderson, '19; Jack Redmond, Captain '19; Mike Maichle, Captain '20; and Swabo Swafford, '20. These men together with several Marines and Reserve Ensigns and the Naval Academy trio, formed the squad. It was a motley crew that reported to Coach John Schutz on June fifth.

The hot days of July saw the would-be world's champions hard at work in the gym, fighting each other for a place on the team that was to represent the Navy at New York City, July 13th. The old gang came back strong, and the Naval Academy spirit prevailed throughout the preliminary season.

The tryouts were held in the 76th Regiment Armory, New York City. Many seemingly poor decisions and rough tactics on the part of opponents ended in a Navy protest. This brought semi-satisfactory results, and the entire Navy team was entered; not in the catch-as-catch-can (American) system of wrestling,

but in the Graeco-Roman (European) style, except Willkie, who was entered in both classes.

All the men on the team were assigned to duty on the U. S. S. Frederick for the purpose of participation in the Olympics. The trip over seemed like paradise, after conditions on a midshipmen's cruise, real food to eat, ice cream (made in the U. S. A.), served after 13 days at sea, and a lack of slum and beans, made the ship's commissary staff popular with all hands. It was a lucky gang that ate the chow furnished by the 6th Morale.

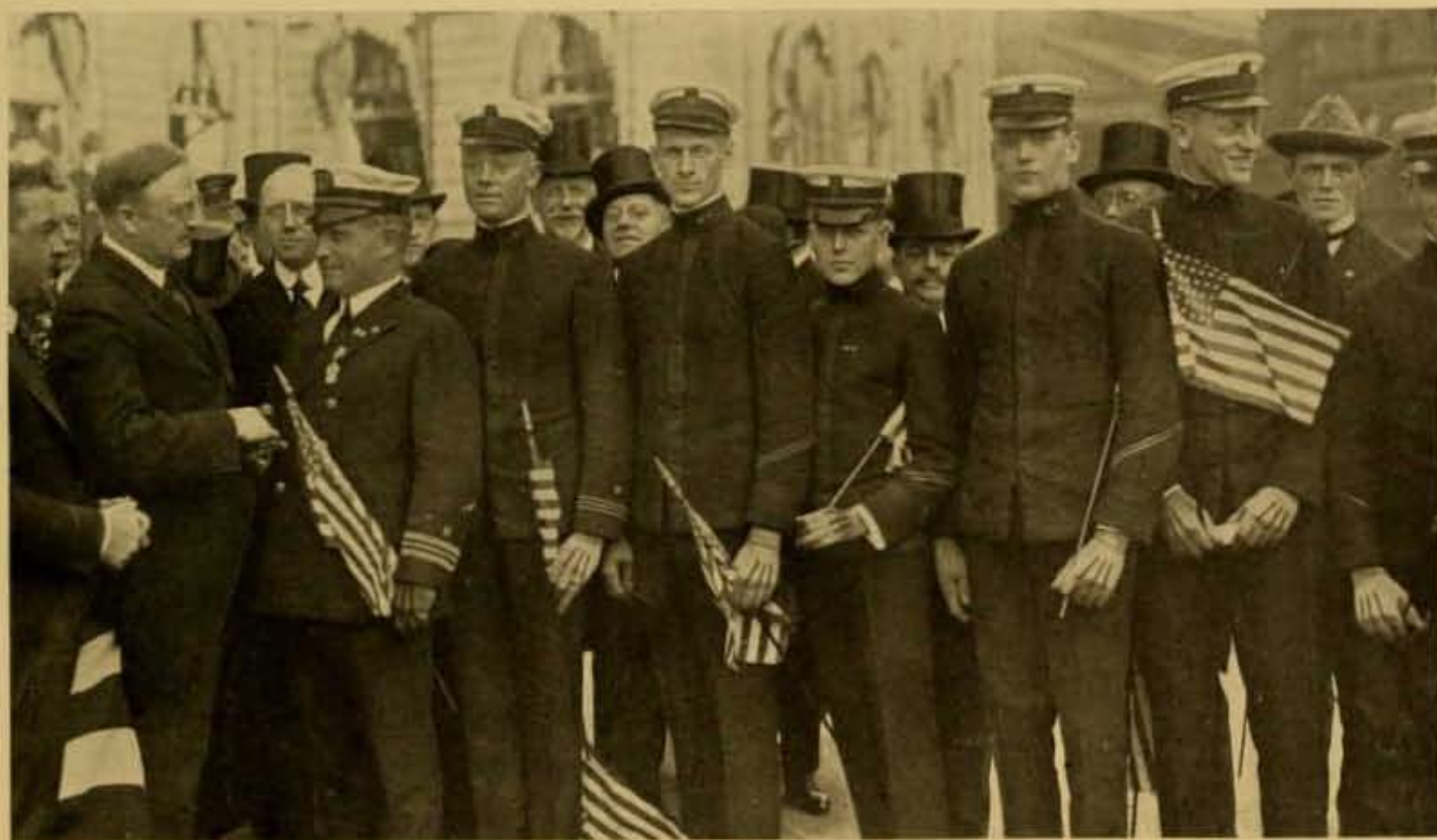
The real World's Championship bouts commenced on August 17th. It was a case of Navy fighting to the finish. We had challenged the world, and found it too large. They beat us on their home grounds at their own game; all the Navy men being eliminated before the finals. Of the '21 men, Gallery got a decision over a Dutchman, champion of Holland, in the preliminaries after a thirty minute bout. He was beaten by a Finn in the semi-finals after a hotly fought contest.

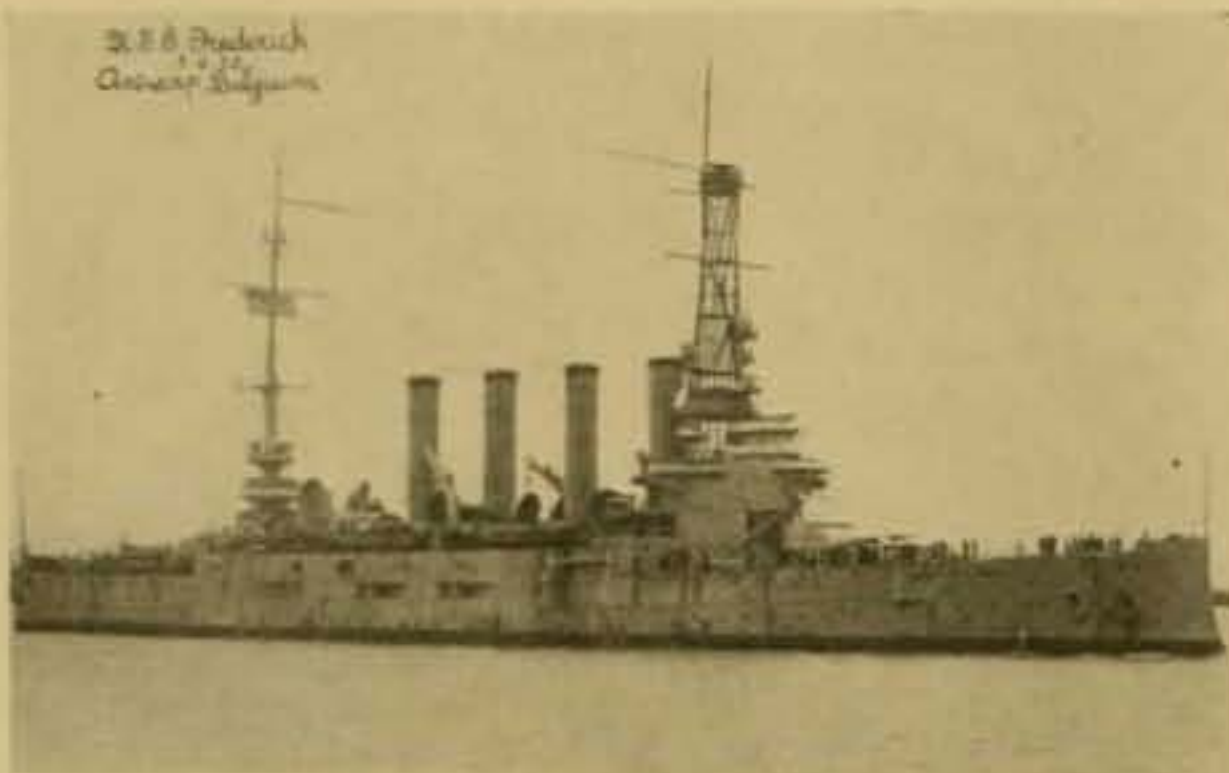
Willkie fought his way through to the last semi-finals by heaving both a Frenchman and a Czecho-Slovak to the mat with ease. A Finn proved his downfall in this round. In Eddie's own words, "He was six feet between the eyes and slipped his collar on over his head." "Little Ed" made an excellent showing in his weight.

Swigart, in his usual style, threw an Italian in the preliminaries in three minutes. But he lost in the semi-finals to a Belgique. Swig preferred to be beaten by a Greek or Czecho-Slovak, but fates were against him. He fought hard, but was outweighed and wrestling in a style that was new to him, and second nature to his adversary.



JORDAN





However, several of our men made the Olympic team and won their shields. They are Lieut.-Comdr. Weems, '12; Lieut. Redmond, '19; Ensign Gallery, '21-A; Swigart, and Willkie of '21-B. Swig and Willkie are the first midshipmen to be awarded this honor in wrestling.

The entire trip was made possible through the untiring efforts of Commander Mayo, U. S. N., Officer in Charge of

the Sixth Morale Division, Washington, D. C. He was personally on the job and did his utmost for the squad at all times.

A great deal of credit is due Coach Schutz for his excellent work in conditioning the men and training them in the European style of wrestling.

Olympic Track

When word came that Academy athletes were to be allowed to compete in the Olympics, the Regiment turned its eyes on Curtis and Clapp, for upon these two rested the hopes of the Navy for success in track. The two of them had been reeling off records during the entire season and their selection for tryouts occasioned no great amount of surprise.

Over in Brooklyn the first of the preliminaries took place. These tryouts were open to a large field of entries, comprising the best athletes in the country. Clapp qualified in the Pentathlon while Curtis ran away with the 1500 metre in the time of four minutes and two seconds. Navy had qualified in one event and registered a first in another.

If the achievements of our track representatives had rested there, we should have been proud; but pride was followed by exultation when we learned of the results of the N. Y. A. C.



SANBORN





WEEMS and REDMAN

finished a close second, trailing Joie Ray in a beautiful race.

Arriving in Antwerp on the twenty-first of August, workouts started immediately. The hard track and unfavorable conditions played havoc with the American athletes. Ray's legs went bad on him. "That ruined me," said Eddie. "I had counted on the slow heat to put me in condition, but when Ray's legs went back on him, I was forced into the first heat and lost." And then Clapp, our next best bet, very obligingly favored the other countries by missing the car that was to take him out to the meet. He never competed.

This ended matters for the Navy until the big relay in London. That was quite an event. The place was packed and jammed to its utmost capacity. Royalty, titles, and commoners made up the multitude that had come to watch the great race. The American team, composed of Curtis, Connolly, Ray, and Shields, were the fastest men this country could send on a cinder track. The race was four miles, each man taking a mile. Curtis led off, followed by Connolly, Ray, and Shields in the order named. The English team was no match for the Americans, and another triumph was added to the glory already achieved by the athletes from the United States. The time was eighteen minutes, four seconds.



SWIG and DAN

Curtis anteloped off with the mile in the rather remarkable time of four twenty-one, remarkable considering existing conditions. Again Navy found herself with a first place on the credit list.

At Boston occurred the final tryouts. In this were the pick of America's track men; the best that could be obtained in the preliminaries to race for the final standing that was to determine the complement of the Olympic team, Curtis



CLARK

We might mention many of the wonderful things that happened to these athletes after the race. We could tell lots of things about the very formal banquet given by the Duke of York. And before evening was over, could you blame the Duke for calling our own Curtis "Eddie." And of course Eddie had to be just as good a scout. So it was "Duke" and "Eddie" from then on.



Curtis has proven himself Olympic calibre. He helped Navy towards a higher place in world's athletics. He carried the banner of track and carried it well. The regiment points with pride to its Olympic athletes. We talk much about them, and never tire of it, for the regiment honors its athletes who carried on for the Navy and the Country. So it is that we extend our credit to Curtis

and our other Olympic men, not so much because of what they individually accomplished (though we glory in that) but because we recognize the spirit behind them that made these accomplishments possible.

Boxing

To speak of Naval Academy boxing in the Olympics is to speak of one man, Schell, for it was Schell who carried the Naval Academy into the Olympic team and the Olympic meets.

It is not the purpose of the Lucky Bag to eulogize every athlete who went over nor, especially, is its intention to *unduly* praise one man. But a sense of rightness, pride, and a hearty appreciation of what these men accomplished cannot fail to elicit the praise that is due them.

Schell carried the banner of Navy boxing and carried it well. Fighting the whole way against terrible odds (Spike Webb said so and Spike knows boxing), Schell went through the second round of the Olympics.

After a series of fights in New York, one of which was a close decision against him, Schell was placed on the team that went across. Arriving on the other side he immediately resumed his training. The committee suddenly discovered that there was a vacancy in the 175 pound class, and Schell was told that he would



SWIGART

represent the U. S. in this weight. Schell weighed a bare 155 but he merely gave this characteristic "aye, aye" and entered.

His first bout was with (as Spike said) "a great hulking whale from South Africa who was ten pounds over his weight (outweighing Schell 30 pounds), had been fighting for nine years and never lost an amateur bout." Schell knocked him out in the second round.





They made him fight again the next morning, this time with an opponent from Norway. "Eppie had him hanging on the ropes," said Spike. "It was Eppie's fight all the way, but the referee gave it to the other fellow amid a perfect shower of no's. I argued with him, but you can't tell those foreigners anything. They say the referee called Spike a pig. And they say Spike ruined a referee and a few gendarmes. But Spike wouldn't tell, so

of course we don't know. But ask those who were there.

"Eppie," says Spike, "deserves all the credit you can give him. He trained hard, he worked hard and he fought hard. He fought men who outweighed him 25 to 30 pounds and he licked 'em all." And so, because we know that Spike knows boxing, and because we know Schell, we give him all that credit. The Navy and the regiment are proud of the success he won and the name he made, both for himself and the service.

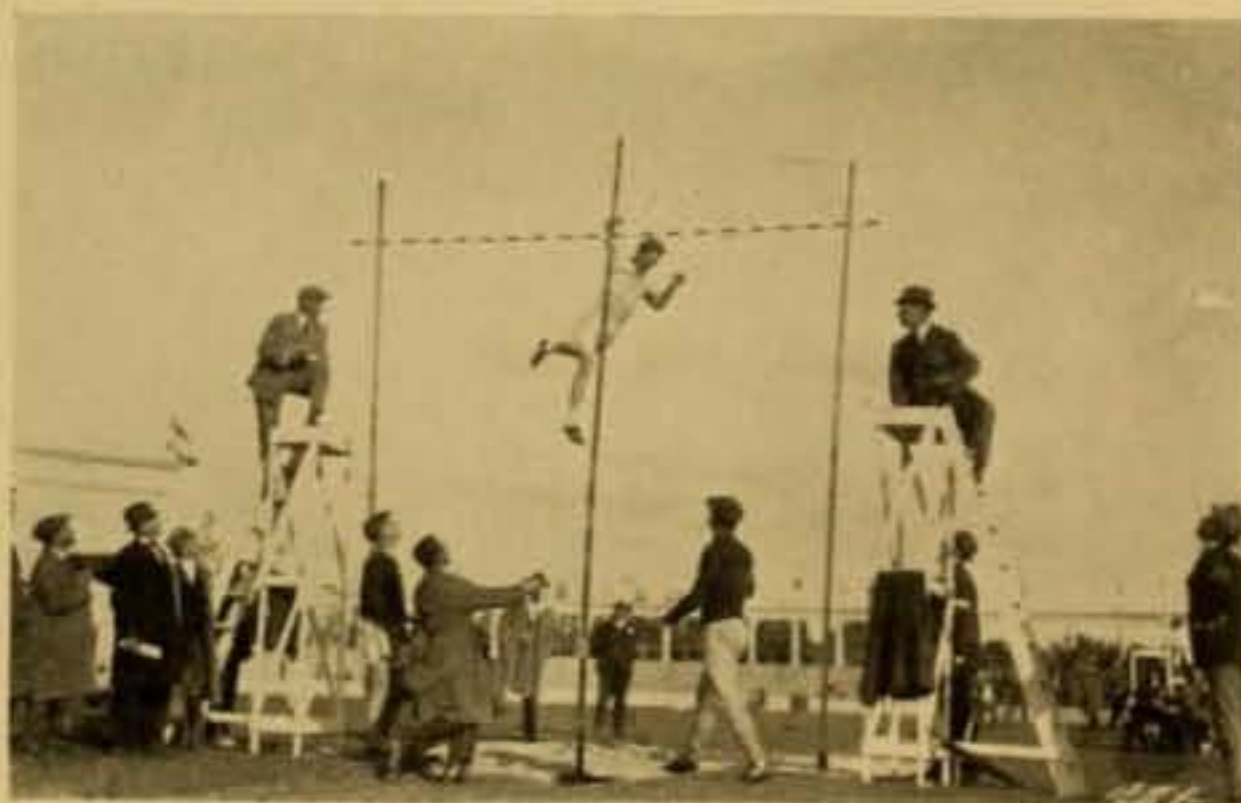
Swimming

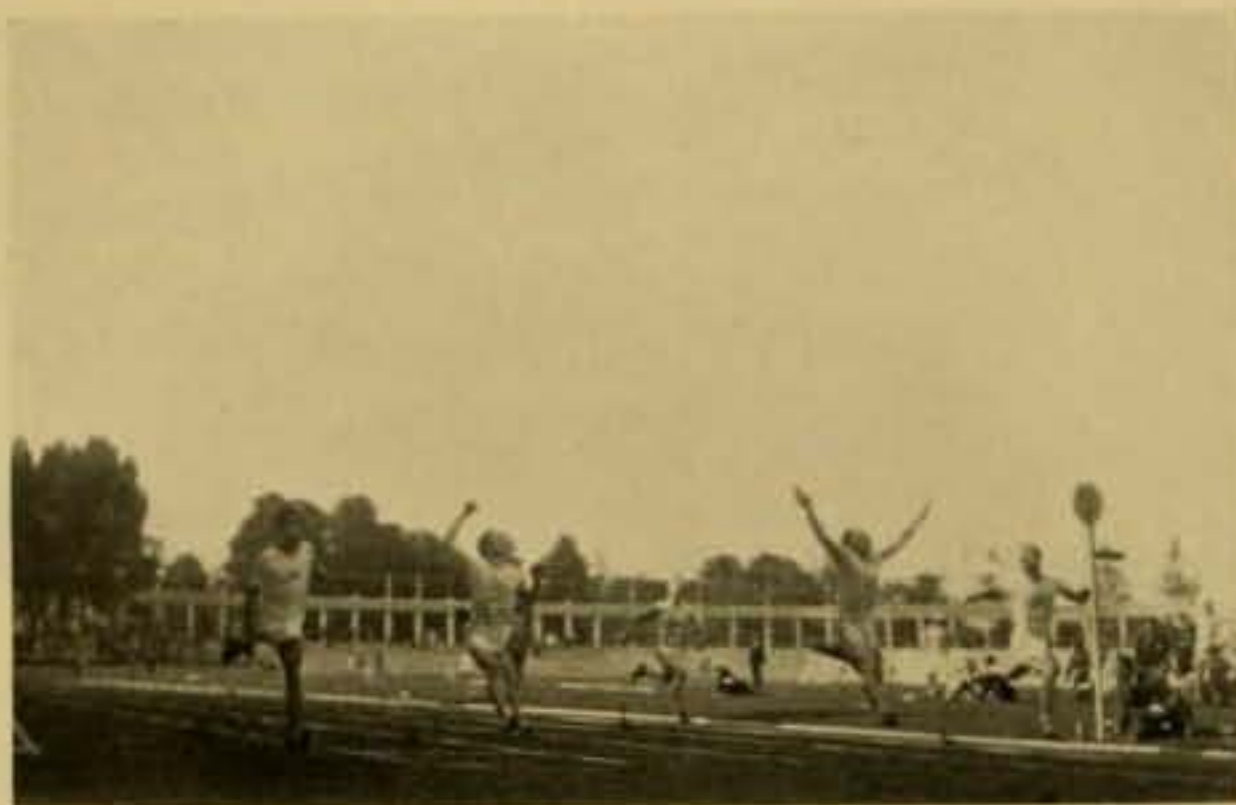
The midshipmen swimmers started training the day after June Week was over. The life here was most enjoyable, as it proved to be a pleasant reaction from a rather strenuous year. Reveille at seven-thirty, work in the pool in the morning, and outdoor swimming at the float across the river in the afternoon, if the weather permitted. Liberty in Annapolis was granted after four o'clock.

The men were rounding into pretty good form when, on June 17th, they left unexpectedly for the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. The squad was there a full month. Commander Carpender, who had charge of the midshipmen, was greatly instrumental in securing many privileges and went out of his



WILLKIE





CURTIS

way frequently in order to make life more enjoyable during the stay in Chicago. The swimmers lived in the field house with Spike Webb's boxers and a few Hawaiian swimmers. Ortland combined his men with those of Hogan, the Great Lakes coach, and the squad represented the Great Lakes swimming team.

Each morning the men would run off some sprints in the tank, which by the way was also in the field house, and in the afternoon they usually drove in to Chicago and practiced in the Lincoln Lagoon where the tryouts were to be held. On the week-ends, Admiral and Mrs. Bassett entertained the midshipmen.

On July 3rd the Great Lakes swimming team entered the Central A. A. U. Championships held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Rough water made fast swimming almost impossible. I. A. C. won the meet with Great Lakes second. Norman Ross was high point winner.

The next week-end brought the big tryouts at Lincoln Lagoon. It was the largest water carnival ever held in this country. Bolling, Lamdin and Emory were unsuccessful in the hundred yard event. It was won by Kahanamoku, with Pua Kealoha second, and Ross third. These were the men who represented America at Antwerp in the same order, except that "Wild Bill" Harris beat Ross out for third. Fish and Winkjer failed to register in the quarter mile and mile respectively. Quinby swam a beautiful race and copped third in the 400 meter breast stroke. This qualified him for the team.

The midshipmen left Great Lakes July 17th and returned to Annapolis. They were granted a week's leave and then ordered to report on board the Frederick. The men who did not qualify were to be taken over as extras.

The two weeks at Antwerp before the games started were spent in going out to the swimming stadium twice daily. Experience was gained here, as well as throughout the entire summer's work, that





preliminary rounds. Next proved to be most valuable preparation for the '21 swimming season. Quinby was beaten in his heat by Henning of Sweden.

After the swimming events were over, the squad and all others went on leave, not missing anything from Jungfrau to the Follies Bergere.

Fencing

The veterans of '21-A's First Class fencing team, Fullinwider, Walker, Bowman, and Sherman formed the nucleus of the Navy Olympic Fencing Team. Just as soon as they helped to win the intercollegiate championship, they started in hard work for the Olympic team tryouts and during May were joined by Calnan, '20 and Cunningham, '20. These six men went through three elimination meets—May 25th at Washington, June 1st at Philadelphia, and June 15th at New York. The net result was that "Fully" was named as one of the four sabre men to represent America at Antwerp and the other five men won substitute positions on the sabre, foil, and duelling sword teams.

On board the Frederick on the way over, the men practiced on two fencing mats spread athwartships on the starboard side of the quarterdeck and, under the tireless coaching of Mr. Heintz, the American sabre team coach, (and fencing master at the Naval Academy), the men kept in fine condition.

After landing in Antwerp, the American team was generously given the free use of two of the best fencing clubs in the city and here they fenced and trained every day for two weeks before the games started.

The first event to occur was the individual foils championships in which Calnan, the only Navy entry, was eliminated in the



Practice on The Frederick



CLAPP

cane, the duelling sword championships in which Sherman and Calnan were not allowed to enter due to the fact that the Olympic Fencing Committee had not filed their entry blanks. The next event, the sabre competition, was where Navy came into its own. There were four men composing the American sabre team and the lineup was changed against each country; but in all except one of the seven matches there were at least two Navy men among this four. At



one time when we faced France, the mother country of fencing, the American team was composed of Fullinwider, Walker, Bowman, and Cunningham, the Navy entries. In this sabre team competition, America tied for fourth place in the world's championship, higher than she had ever finished before; and this result was largely due to the vigor and fight of the Navy members of the team and to Fullinwider especially who won more bouts than any other member of the American sabre team.

The fencing wound up with the individual sabre championship in which all four Navy men were entered. Due to the high percentage of elimination in the preliminaries, however, no Navy man survived these, but the greatest surprise of the whole fencing competition happened here when Walker, Navy, decisively beat the world's champion Nido Nodi of Italy 3—0 in a brilliant bout.

In summing up, one can say with assurance that the Navy representatives did work on a parallel with, if not superior to, that of the best fencers in America.

