

RUSTY AND VETERAN JIM DUNBAR REGISTER SKEPTICISM AT SUGGESTION OF VARSITY COXSWAIN BILL KENNINGTON.

RUSTY CALLOW:

## MAN WITH THE TATTERED OLD HAT

*Rusty and one of his boys pick out a paddle. Oars are twelve feet long, of Washington timber.*



**W**HEN Navy publicity man, John Cox, was taking pictures around the boat house one day, he was told by the Navy coach: "Take all the time you need, but don't waste any time getting pictures of me. Get the boys. They're the ones who row the boat." And the wise old owl of American rowing, in one statement, revealed the greatness that is Rusty.

What can you say about a man who is loved by every oarsman he has ever coached? . . . who knows more about rowing, its values, its technique, and its place in the building of men, than any man alive . . . who will spend as much time with a fourth-boat plebe as his varsity

stroke man . . . and who has devoted his entire life to the development of the young men of America.

Rusty . . . tall and straight and broad shouldered . . . with wind-burned, leathery, kindly face . . . with the hands of a blacksmith and grip to match . . . with a smile on his lips and a twinkle in his eye . . . and snow on the roof that was once rust red. Rusty . . . who can talk crew or soccer or wrestling or lacrosse . . . or politics or religion . . . who can quote Joe Miller or Casey Stengel or Plato with equal ease . . . who can say "Hello, Roy" and make you feel like the greatest guy on earth.

This is Rusty. A man that be-  
(Continued on next page)





*Summer cruise Washington style. Rusty (center) in logging gear.*

believes you get out of life exactly what you put in; a man that gets 150% out of life because he puts 150% in.

Russell S. Callow made his first appearance some sixty-four years ago, the tenth of eleven children born on the family farm a few miles from the tiny farming community of Kamilche in the big north woods of Washington. His first eight years of formal education were in a typical one-room country school; and he



*A man, a boy, and his dog, deep in the big north woods.*

commuted twelve miles every day during his four years of high school in nearby Olympia. Upon graduation from Olympia High, he reversed the usual procedure and returned to Mason County to teach all eight grades in the same kind of backwoods school so familiar to him.

After struggling for two years teaching the three "R's" in Mason County, Rusty packed his bag and set out for Seattle and the Univer-



*Rusty (on left with mustache) on the summit of Mt. Rainier.*

sity of Washington in September, 1911. The next four years were to prove the most influential in his life; for it was while at the University that he developed his love for crew and met the girl he would one day take for his bride.

He went out for the freshman football team in the fall of 1911 and his tall wiry frame, hardened by years of work on the farm and in the lumber camps, soon earned him a starting berth. When spring



*Hiram Conibear is to rowing as Abner Doubleday and John McGraw are to baseball. Rusty, then the young Washington coach, looks on as his Husky shell is christened by Conibear's daughter.*



*Rusty, the proud papa! Oldest son Gordon went on to emulate his dad on river and gridiron.*





*Rusty at the beginning of 23 great years at Pennsylvania.*

rolled around he decided to go out for crew, and he was not long in moving into the first freshman eight. As time went by his athletic prowess became a well-established fact on campus; and before his graduation with the class of 1915, he had earned varsity letters in football and track, and rowed three years in the 3 and 7 seats in the Husky varsity. He captained the 1915 crew, and was chosen President of the Washington Student Body.

But among all the honors that have been bestowed upon him in his many years as athlete and



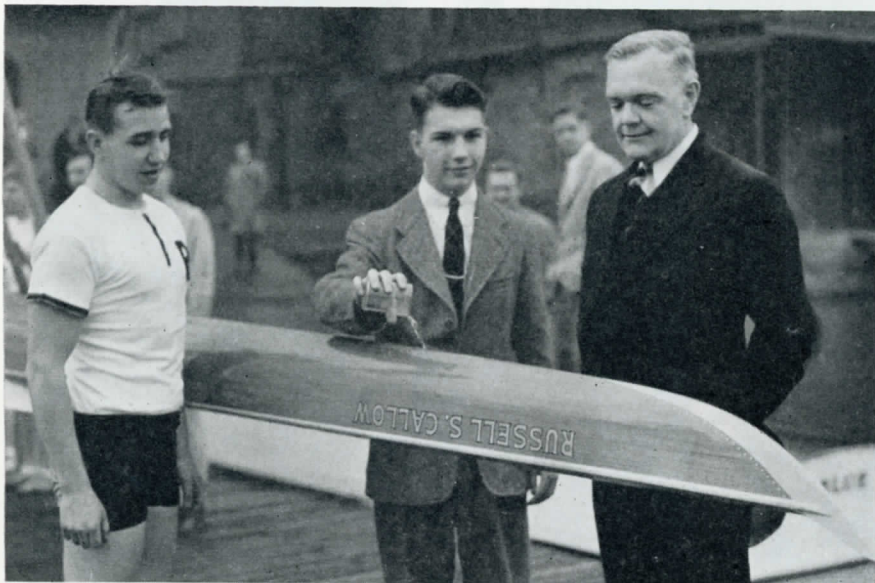
*Now rival coaches but student and teacher thirty years ago. Al Ulbrickson stroked Rusty's Washington crew to the National title.*

coach, one that Rusty places near the top is the unpublicized and somewhat unofficial title of "world's champion logger" that he and fellow oarsman Charlie Newton earned in the annual Fourth of July contests. For every summer from the time that he was big enough to wield an axe and pull his half on a crosscut, Rusty had worked in his brother's logging camp felling the huge cedar, spruce, and hemlock of the Pacific Northwest; and the team of Callow and Newton soon earned the reputation as the finest jacks in the woods. As long as none of the Wis-

consin or Minnesota loggers could better their time sawing through the prescribed size tree, they claimed the world's title; and there was no one in the State of Washington who would question their right to the crown.

It was while a freshman at the University that Rusty first met pretty Dolly McLean, a junior and student assistant instructor in public speaking; and the red-headed oarsman fell head over heels for his teacher. On July 3, 1918, seven years later, the logging camp which Rusty was running at

*(Continued on page 26)*



*Another christening many years later. Here Rusty's youngest son, Keith, launches the Russell S. Callow on the Pennsylvania float.*



*In the coaching launch—where you'll find him any afternoon.*



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## MAN WITH

(Continued from page 7)

the time closed down for the annual festivities, and Dolly became Mrs. Russell Callow. It was the first time in many years that Rusty didn't chop wood on the Fourth.

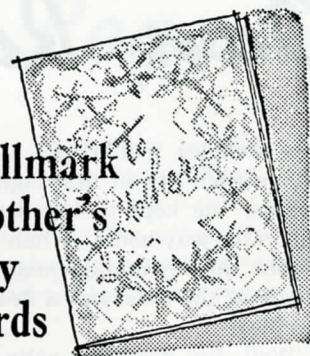
For three years the couple made their home in the woods while Rusty continued to manage the logging camp; until the summer of '22 when Husky crew coach Ed Leader moved east to take over the reins at Yale. The door was open, but surprisingly enough, Rusty didn't step right in. It was only after continued encouragement and appeals by his friends that he gave up the lumber business and returned to his beloved campus as varsity coach "for maybe a year."

His first crew opened the 1923 season at Berkeley, California; and Washington swept the Golden Bears off their own river. They went on to win every race that year and climaxed the season with a victory over the finest crews in America at Poughkeepsie. For the next three years Rusty had virtually the same combination in his varsity eight and gained national renown as his Huskies repeated at Poughkeepsie in 1924 and again in '26. Stroking the boat was a muscular young man by the name of Alvin Ulbrickson, known to crew fans as the present great coach at Washington; in the seven seat was Harrison Sanford, now coaching Cornell; and rowing three was Norm Sonju, whose Wisconsin varsity won the 1951 national crown at Marietta, Ohio.

In 1927 Rusty accepted the head coaching job at the University of Pennsylvania; but he had no intention of remaining in the East for any great length of time. However, once again fate proved him wrong, and for twenty-three wonderful years he guided the fortunes of Pennsylvania crews. His 1929 eight was second at Poughkeepsie; in '32 he had one of the finest sprint crews in the nation; and his 1935 varsity accomplished the unprecedented feat of winning the Childs, Adams,

(Continued on next page)

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## MAN WITH

(Continued from preceding page)

and Blackwell Cup races in one year.

The advent of World War II put the stops to intercollegiate rowing; so in October of 1942, Rusty returned to Seattle to serve as personnel manager of Webster-Brinkley, a war plant engaged in the production of landing craft and deck machinery for the Navy. It was not until September, 1945, that he was able to return to Philadelphia and resume coaching.

He was honored by the University in 1949 when "Callow Day" was instituted for the Blackwell Cup Regatta at Philadelphia; and his crews returned the honor by sweeping all three races. "Callow Day" of 1950 was observed on the day of the Childs Cup; and again all three Penn crews swept the Schuylkill.

On the 6th of May, 1950, the Penn crews were in Annapolis, when Rusty was summoned to the Bethesda Naval Hospital at the request of Navy coach Buck Walsh. Buck told him that day that he was going to have to interrupt his coaching until he had licked his illness, and that Rusty Callow was the only man to whom he wanted to entrust his boys. But the beloved Navy coach was dying of cancer, and Rusty knew that it was only a matter of time. And so, after twenty-three years of devoted service to the Red and Blue of Pennsylvania, he packed his bag once more and moved to Annapolis.

He was welcomed aboard by Academy superintendent Vice Admiral Harry Hill who said, as they clasped hands, "Rusty, we haven't been doing so well for the past few years. . . . I'll give you two years and then I expect you to win the National Championship." And the dean of American rowing worked right on schedule.

It was not, however, a bed of roses; for in Rusty's first year at the helm, his crews suffered what has been referred to as "the Navy's blackest day since Pearl Harbor." June 16, 1951, the day of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association annual regatta for the national cham-

pionship, transplanted from Poughkeepsie to Marietta, Ohio—another day that will live in infamy. For on that day Rusty saw his varsity hobble home dead last minus its rudder; his jayvee eight had to be fished from the muddy Ohio after their shell had sunk beneath them; and his outstanding plebe boat dragged across the line in third place, half full of the wash from a speeding spectator boat.

When Navy took the river

against Yale in the 1952 season opener, it marked the thirtieth year of Rusty's coaching career. Whether or not "52" a lucky number in the Callow household before, it certainly should be now. For in '52 Rusty put together a boat that many believe to be the greatest eight-oared crew in the history of rowing. The Navy varsity swept every dual race of the season; and, in addition, won the Adams Cup,

(Continued on page 32)



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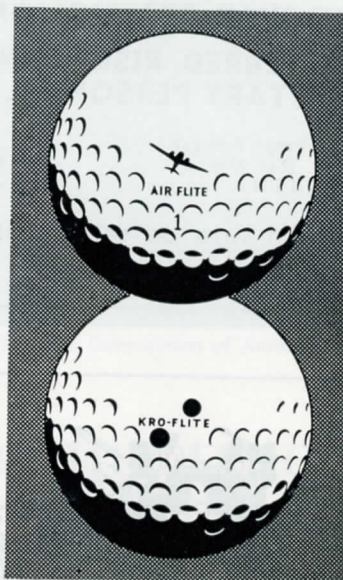
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## NAVY'S JET MAN

(Continued from page 23)

this speed by auxiliary means. Chick explains the theory of the valveless pulse jet phase with a T-s diagram of the cycle that he hopes will result in his model engine.

Chick has completed most of the engine detail; he is now working on a pressure fuel tank arrangement for the lighter fluid the engine will burn. He plans to have the engine in test-stand operation soon after summer leave.

Here's one mid that has developed an original idea into a promising practicality. He deserves a great deal of credit for his independent development of the device, and for bringing Navy to the top at the MIT Conference this year. Added to this, as next year's president of the Aeronautical Engineering Club and the Combined Engineering Clubs too, Chick pilots the activities of the largest extracurricular units in the Academy. ✕

## MAN WITH

(Continued from page 27)

the Eastern Sprint crown, the National Championship, the Olympic trials, and the World's Championship at Helsinki. To add to the glory: the Navy jayvees also enjoyed an undefeated season, and the plebes were beaten only once.

So what could be left for the man with the tattered old hat. His career had been long and distinguished; his crews had won every important championship in the world; and the future could hold nothing but the anticlimactic. Yet, as the icy January winds swept down the Chesapeake, there you could find him, alone on the dock bailing water from the barge, or gazing intently into the Northeast, speculating on how soon his boys could be on the river again.

And his 1953 varsity would not let him down. Again they breezed through an undefeated season, beating, among others, the powerful and strong-hearted crews from Harvard, Cornell, and Washington; and his jay-vee eight lost only once. As the present season opened, Rusty was back in harness for his 32nd year; and his boys won the opener with Princeton in a fashion that completely astounded the rowing world.

What more can be said? The beloved master was at it again. ✕

## NEXT ISSUE:

Associate Professor J. R. Cutting gives the scoop on this summer's cruise ports in the 14 May issue of the LOG.