

Rowing

Francis C. Hammond High School

(1968–1971)

IN HINDSIGHT it was pretty cool that I could go out for a high school sports program in 8th grade. I was happy to be in a public school, and glad to have won that battle with my parents, and it trumped my time in elementary school at Blessed Sacrament in Alexandria, which was a very strict school environment with Dominican nuns as our teachers. I never really warmed up to any of my teachers. Their black and white habits are mostly what I remember, certainly more so than learning anything other than writing in cursive and learning to read. So, George Mason Middle School for 8th grade was liberating to say the least.

My memories about my first year of rowing at FC Hammond (Hammond) are not as vivid as later years. I remember the first couple of times we had to run I really struggled. I still give credit to my coach Randy Marsh because he stayed back with me when I was stopping and starting every 1/8 mile. While there might have been other guys struggling on those runs, all I remember is being very alone during them. I cannot say the reason that I kept returning to the practices; I am not even certain how many days per week we rowed at the beginning—I'm guessing it was three times a week.

We learned the basic stroke on a rowing machine and then we ended up going out in an 8. Most of our instruction at that point was learning how to step in a boat. All of our boats were Pocock's; there was a wooden stretcher you had to step on. If



Randy Marsh, my first
rowing coach, 1968
Hammond High School Yearbook, 1968

by chance you missed the stretcher and stepped on the bottom of the boat, the foot would go through the shell. But my most vivid memory was Coach Marsh, God bless him. He was in charge of my boat, the fifth 8.

Coach Marsh was a graduate of Hammond and came back as a coach after college. He was a tall man, with the typical crew cut. He looked like a crew coach but he knew as much about rowing as I did. And he was the first one to admit it. Back in those days, it was extra income to coach additional sports. He did not row at Hammond, he was a football, basketball, and baseball man. He was a physical education teacher and also was an assistant football coach under Bill Yoast, who was Hammond's Varsity Coach and one of the subjects of the movie *Remember the Titans*.

There were two on the water memories that resonate with me to this day. The first was when Coach took us out on the water, he would be in a motor boat launch and he had a high school student who drove the boat. It was one of those basic aluminum crafts with a seat in the bow and stern and the middle pretty much open. This one particular day the water was calm and as we were rowing and I looked over at the launch and there he was stretched out width wise with feet crossed. He alternated coaching us through his navy-blue megaphone and taking long drags off his Winston cigarette. I don't blame him; it was a beautiful spring day and he was out cruising on the Potomac just trying to make sure none one caught a crab and was ejected out of the boat.

The second memory had more to do with rowing, specifically, during practice right before one of our final races. Despite us not being able to balance the shell or get the blades off the water, Coach still managed to teach us how to roll up our blades at the start of the race. He must have seen the other more experienced boats doing it and wanted to bring some insight to our crew. It showed that he cared about us and was trying his best to make us better.

I don't think we won a race that year but we got some great experience. Starting that April there was a race each weekend and we had built-in competition at the boathouse between GWHS and T.C. Williams. Even the fifth boat got a really nice racing jersey. Each set of Pocock oars were painted with a different design highlighting our navy and white colors. It is impressive to this day that coaches spent the time to design and paint the many sets of oars. Our last regatta of the season was the Northern Virginia Championships. The regatta rotated each year between W&L's D.C. course and ours. That year, the big news in Virginia rowing was the success of JEB Stuart High School. In their first year of fielding a Varsity 8, they not only won the Nationals but won the Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup at the Henley Royal Regatta, symbolic of winning the schoolboy rowing world championship. In the final they defeated the defending champions, Eton College.



JEB Stuart winning the finals of PE Cup, Henley England.
note the crew would hit the stanchion at the finish like after the boat was over the line
JEB Stuart Crew website

This was the second victory for a Northern Virginia crew to win the PE Cup; W&L had won the cup in 1964, beating the Groton school of Massachusetts. I was in awe of the JEB Stuart crew and as I was looking at colleges a few years later, I noticed the stroke of that crew, Steve Wilson, was rowing at Marietta College in Ohio, a school that I was not previously aware of.

That summer between my 8th grade and freshman year was a fantastic summer. I became friendly with Kirk Barker who also rowed that season; between our 8th grade summer and freshman year in high school we started going down to the boathouse on weekends; we would ask Dee if we could help out in any way. He would let us do sanding on the blades or on the shells. From what Barker remembers, at the end of the 8th grade racing season he “saw some talent in us as we adapted to the technique quickly, which elevated us from the beginner / novice group to a smaller group, mainly comprised of upperclassmen.” Those were the rowers that Dee would focus his time the following spring.

Dee’s philosophy was to practice and train in smaller boats early in the spring scholastic season which improved our technique before we transitioned into 8 oared shells. Some went out in 4s, some in quads, but he decided to put Kirk and me in the double. At that point, we were the same height and weight. Kirk was in the bow and I the stroke. So, we spent most of our time rowing in the double as freshman. We might have also been in the fourth 8. However, as we entered the racing season, he kept us in the double and arranged for us to travel up to Philadelphia to race the Haverford School, coached by the legendary



Author's personal collection

Kirk and I racing the barge, 1969

rower and coach Jim Barker. Dee and Jim were close friends, raced against each other often. Dee asked my dad if he could take us up to Philadelphia; we would only take our sculls (we jerry-rigged them to stay on top of my dad's Chevy Impala) and we would borrow a boat from Undine, Haverford's boathouse.

It was our first race and the first time either of us rowed on a body of water other than the Potomac. We raced two Haverford doubles and won handily. It was an exciting day and it cemented our partnership for next year. Through the dual racing season, we qualified to race in the Stotesbury Cup and row in the Junior Double Sculls event. In the final, we placed 3rd out of 6 crews where we went up against some fairly good and well-respected scholastic programs, in particular West Catholic of Philadelphia, who won our race easily.

As our freshman season was now over, Kirk and I committed to each other that we would row the double the next spring year and also row together in the summer to pick up extra miles. Dee was all in favor of our enthusiasm and told us a boat was available whenever we wanted to row. We did not go to any regattas but did get valuable miles in the boat. It was during my freshman year that I stopped playing baseball to focus on rowing. Both Kirk and I played freshman football and continued to play for the JV team as sophomores. Wouldn't you know it, Kirk and I were becoming the next generation of "Wharf Rats" and I loved every minute of it then, just as much as reflecting on it today.

Two people drove my enthusiasm towards the sport: Kirk and Dee. Kirk and I were true friends both on and off the water. And in my world, Dee was a god and my role model. I did everything in my power to please him.



Homer Zink, Unidentified Rower, Jack Kelly, and Dee Campbell at the President's Cup Regatta in the 1940s
Old Dominion Boat Club Archives

Dee and GWHS's head coach Sonny Weiners were always at the boathouse on the weekends. I knew Dee was a bachelor with no one really to answer to other than his boss at the Washington Gas Company. Clearly Dee was good at what he did as he was able to set his own schedule. I am sure everyone who rowed out of the high school boathouse back then would remember Dee's white Washington Gas Company Dodge parked right next to the docks with the service radio and ignition on.

Dee had started rowing out of ODBC upon his return from the war. It was Sonny that recruited Dee to try rowing. When Dee was at GWHS he had been an athlete and played football and basketball. However, Dee took to the sport of rowing fast and excelled quickly. He was drawn to the small boats of the single and double sculls and became one of the top scullers in the nation. The problem was that he was always going up against the GOAT of American sculling, Jack Kelly Jr.

Jack Kelly Jr. followed in his father's footsteps as an elite rower, competing in four Olympic Games, winning a bronze medal in the single sculls at the Melbourne 1956 Olympic Games. After his successful rowing career, Kelly ran the bricklaying business that Jack Kelly Sr. had created, served twelve years on the Philadelphia City Council, and became a prominent amateur sports administrator. Kelly's positions included president of the International Swimming Hall of Fame and chairman of the Philadelphia Athletic Committee. Kelly eventually was selected president of the U.S. Olympic Committee in 1985. But three

Washington-Lee High Wins Stotesbury Cup on Schuylkill

By FRANK BATES
A powerful Washington-Lee High School crew from Arlington, Va., won the Stotesbury Cup in the 27th annual Schuylkill regatta Saturday on the Schuylkill. The Generals led victoriously from start to finish in defeating some of the East's top-crews.

It was the third victory of the day for Washington-Lee boats, outcoached by Charley Butt of the Potomac Boat Club, Washington.

The Virginians also won the King's Club Cup in the varsity four and the third varsity eight honors, and Al Medini, from the Philadelphia area won three events. West Catholic took the junior doubles, Ed Cirullo, of Archmere (Del.) La Salle the senior doubles, and Academy, and Ted Kangas, of Haverford School the senior quads.

St. Andrew School captured the junior eights and Francis Hammon, of Alexandria, Va., led the junior fours.

There was a real battle in the Stotesbury race, as the Washington-Lee crew took the starting line in a German-tipped boat against neighboring J.E.B. Stuart High, of Alexandria, the 1968 trophy winner.

Sandy Padwe Wise's Promise Now a Reality

Continued from 1st Sports Page
Kick farm team in the International League where he was 6-16. Then they recalled him and there were years of 5-6, 11-11 and a disappointing 9-15 with a 4.55 earned-run average in 1968.

This season, it all seems to have changed for Wise. The promise of 1964 is a reality. He has won four of his six decisions, has pitched 63 innings and has the team's best earned-run average, 1.71.

"I KNEW what I was doing wrong before," Wise said. "I knew I wasn't making use of the pitches I should. It's a funny feeling. You know what you should be doing, but you don't do it. Then suddenly, it all comes together and things work like they are now."

"The big thing is going to the breaking pitch and changing instead of relying on the fast ball like I used to. It didn't come easy. As much as I tried, nothing seemed to work before. I was hesitant to go to the other pitches. Now I don't care what the count is. I'll go to any of my pitches."

"Why?" Confidence I suppose. Better knowledge of the hitters. Before this, I was terribly disappointed in myself. I wanted to be one of the best pitchers in the league, a big winner. I told myself that anything below would be an insult."

Maturity — a nebulous concept when it comes to a precise definition — hits athletes at strange times and in strange ways. Rick Wise was — and is — a mature individual. Why, then, did it take so long to reach the point he is at now? And can he stay at that point?

"Sometimes," Rick Wise said. "I don't feel 23. I feel a lot older. I get a kick out of the spring training stories. They talk about all the young arms the Phillies have and they name people like Bill Wilson, Barry Lersch and Jerry Johnson, who are older than me, or people like Lowell Palmer, Pat Bayless and Billy Champion, who are a year or two younger. I'm not included in those lists of 'young arms' very often."

It doesn't matter. Rick Wise is pitching as if he owns the youngest and most intelligent arm in the Phillies' system.

ROOSEVELT PRESSES
Much of the race was a battle between Washington-Lee and Roosevelt of Hyde Park, N. Y., with Stuart never having a chance until the end. W.L. won even though a man crabbed at the half mark, just as the crew was putting on a sprint.

Only one did Roosevelt nose into the lead.

Rowing past Peters Island, the Generals stretched their lead to a boat length. A closing rally by Roosevelt cut the margin to three quarters at the finish.

A final sprint brought Stuart within reach, 10 feet behind Roosevelt.

HOLY SPIRIT 4TH
Holy Spirit of Atlantic City was fourth, a length astern, trailed by Philadelphia's Cardinal O'Hara and highly touted Kent (Conn.) School.

Lower Merion pressed W.L. all the way in the four-oared final, losing by two feet in the closest finish of the day.

THIRD EIGHTS—1. Washington-Lee, 4:20.2; 2. Holy Spirit, 4:21.0; 3. Kent, 4:21.5; 4. Philadelphia, 4:22.0; 5. Hyde Park, 4:22.5; 6. St. Andrew, 4:23.0; 7. St. Joseph, 4:23.5; 8. St. Ignace, 4:24.0; 9. St. Francis, 4:24.5; 10. St. Vincent, 4:25.0; 11. St. Elizabeth, 4:25.5; 12. St. Ann, 4:26.0; 13. St. Rose, 4:26.5; 14. St. Mary, 4:27.0; 15. St. Peter, 4:27.5; 16. St. James, 4:28.0; 17. St. John, 4:28.5; 18. St. Michael, 4:29.0; 19. St. George, 4:29.5; 20. St. Nicholas, 4:30.0.

Brandon Hill Victory; Strawbridge Injured

WELLSVILLE, Pa., May 17 (AP)—Brandon Hill, with Michael O'Brien in the saddle, won the featured Running Fox Memorial Trophy Saturday at the 109th annual Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club spring meet here.

The six-year-old gelding defeated six rivals and won the 2 1/2-mile race over brush in 4:16.

George Strawbridge Jr., who owns Brandon Hill, was injured himself riding in the second

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Dee (left) with Assistant Coach Randy Marsh
Kirk Barker Personal Collection

weeks after Kelly was elected, during his customary morning run, he suffered a heart attack and died. He was 57 years old.

While my dad was a loving father, his interests were not in athletics. In fact, it was my mom, Carmen, who grew up around sports in Montreal, Canada, that had the athletic background. She was a track star in high school, and a top bowler where she competed in national championships during my elementary years. When she was an empty nester she started running ultra-marathons. So, Dee in many respects was a father figure to me. I can't remember a time when he said no to me. But it was a complicated relationship for reasons I will share later.

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A strange thing happened to Kirk and I leading up to our sophomore year. Kirk grew about three inches that summer; now he was taller, heavier, and most likely stronger than me. At least that is what he would tell you. Barker would tell you that “we did not row a double but rather he rowed a single with coxswain as he had to pull my ass up and down the river.” So, before the season started, we decided that we would switch seats, I was now the bowman. It was a pretty easy transition. The other decision we made together is that since we did not play a winter sport, we would run indoor track so we would be in shape for the spring season.

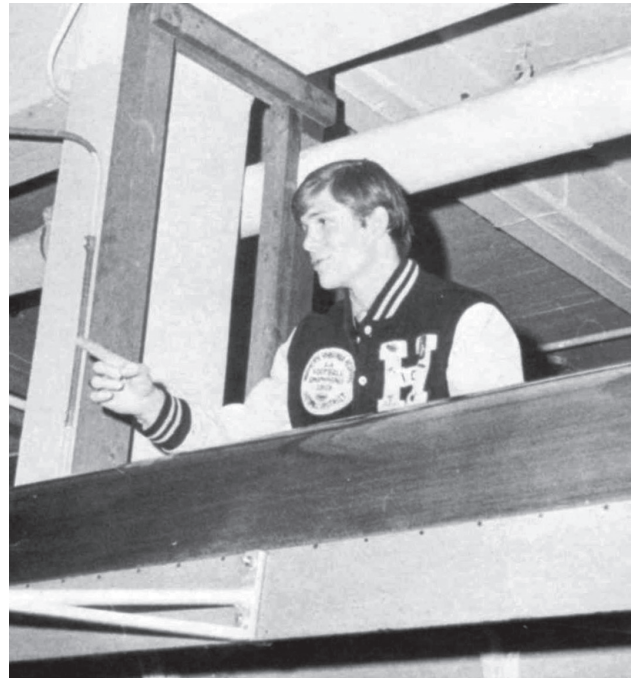
Sophomore season was off to a great start. Dee had made the decision at the beginning of the season that the best way to utilize his talent was to compete in the small boats. His assessment was most

likely driven by the strong season we had in the double and that he had a Junior 4 with coxswain returning that had won the Stotesbury and Nationals the previous year. Dee felt they had a particularly good chance to win the Nationals in the Senior 4. He had two seniors that were excellent oars; and they would be favorites to win the Stotesbury and Scholastic Nationals in the inaugural Varsity pair without coxswain. However, Hammonds racing schedule had some key “rivalry” races which a Varsity 8 would need to be rowed. While Kirk and I were just sophomores, Dee had enough faith in us to place us in the Varsity 8. He put the Varsity 4 in the bow, and Kirk and I were in the 5th and 6th seats (I rowed starboard and he rowed port) and the two captains, Bob Stumpf and Al Whitman, were the stern pair.

And of course, as with most teams there is a guy who thinks highly of himself; we had Captain Stumpf. He was the big man on campus, student council president, captain of the football team, and was accepted to the Naval Academy where upon graduation he planned to fly jets. He was tough on us. There was no hazing but a plethora of bravado by him, getting in our face. I think all the guys on the high school crew team felt the same way as Kirk and I did. We didn’t talk about it among other guys or to our parents. We just sucked it up. To his credit when we were in the boat, he didn’t intimidate or bemoan us. In fact, we felt lucky and were honored to be in his crew.

Stumpf would become the Captain of Navy crew and would go on to a successful career as a Navy pilot. He had bravado but he sure backed it up. As Dizzy Dean said, “It ain’t bragging if you can do it.” While he was not my favorite captain, he did get a bad hand dealt to him while in the Navy. In 1991, he was the Commander of the Blue Angels when “Tailhook” hit the national news. One could say it was a precursor to the “Me Too” movement. Most of the blame fell on his shoulders and his military career was essentially over. He fought like hell to restore his name and he finally reinstated his well-deserved reputation but he was out of the military.

That season, we were good enough to step in the 8 and be competitive with many of the top 8s in the Northeast. Each year we traveled up to St. Andrews in Middletown, Delaware. That year we raced against both St. Andrews and Holy Spirit. It was an extremely competitive race; we came in third with St. Andrews beating Holy Spirit by two feet. We were six feet behind Spirit. Spirit won the Stotesbury Cup that year beating both Washington and Lee and JEB Stuart in the final. We also went up to race the Navy’s second Plebe Heavies and were victorious in the race as well. It would certainly be an understatement that



Captain Stumpf in the 1970 Hammond year book



National Championship Plaque,
Junior Double Sculls, 1970

Kirk and I did not embarrass ourselves, our coach, and most importantly Captain Stumpf. We then broke up the 8 and then went back to our respective small boats to prepare for the Stotesbury and National Championships. Kirk and I felt pretty confident about winning the Stotesbury.

At the Stotesbury, we were up against a full field in the Junior Doubles event.

We lost by three seconds to Blessed Sacrament from New Rochelle, New York.

It was hard to process what exactly happened. We were leading the race; coming into the final 300 meters we got a little complacent and Blessed Sacrament rowed right through us in the outside lane. Once we saw them coming, it was too late. To say that our confidence was shaken would be an understatement. How could these guys beat us? Why were we so cocky about the race? We had been together for nearly two years, had done well rowing in the Varsity 8 and foolishly thought it was our race to win.

The only upside to this humiliating loss was this race would be the foundation of learning how to row hard and competitively in a race, never get outworked, and most importantly, to never underestimate competition. The only positive aspect to our second-place finish qualified us to go to the nationals the following week in Princeton. We would have to beat Dan Rooney and Angelo Bergamini from Blessed Sacrament if we were going to win our first championship.

This was the first time I felt the nerves of a big race. Now we were the underdogs—we could be beaten. We perhaps rowed smoother but they were bigger and more athletic. They also came from a club with a rich history of developing fine scullers. What I later found out in researching for authoring this book is that Rooney and Bergamini was coached by Joe Pisani. Pisani was also coaching his son Frank in the single, during the summers at NYAC. This time at the nationals, held on May 23 in Princeton, New Jersey, they jumped out on us but we were in striking distance of them. Their lane was on our starboard side, with 1/4 mile left, and as I was looking over my left shoulder to check our racing line, I saw that their boat dipped to starboard and caught a crab, severely slowing their boat. At that point I told Barker to “sprint.” We ended up winning, not sure by how much but it really didn’t matter. We collected our medals and the all-important National Championship patch that we could put on our letter jackets. I am not sure we were the faster crew that day but we certainly were the luckiest! While we thought we were training hard, we most likely did not have the same vigorous training regimen of the Blessed Sacrament double. We were in very good racing shape but I suspect that our technique kept us close to them forcing them to make a mistake.

It was a great way to end the season. For me, it was the first time I

really faced athletic adversity and started to understand the complexities of racing. We were still young and we were excited about the next year at Hammond.

Sadly, our 1970 sophomore season would be the last serious time Kirk and I would compete in the double. We kinda rowed in the summer but Old Dominion's summer rowing program, which had been so strong in the past years, ended in the late '60s. We should have realized at that time that if we had any desire to keep rowing competitively in the double that would be a critical summer. Little did we know that Rooney and Bergamini were training and racing that entire summer at NYAC.

Junior year of high school started out great. I made the Varsity football team; I got in once in a while playing special teams. Kirk was a starter on defense, by then he was filling out his 6'3" frame. For the spring crew racing season, we had a rather good nucleus of juniors and seniors so the plan was to row an 8 that spring season and see if we could win the Northern Virginia's. W&L was still at the top of the food chain but JEB Stuart was also a force. As for our cross-town rival, T.C. Williams, they had a fairly good crew and a new coach by the name of John Ferris. Ferris was a '68 graduate of Penn, coached by Joe Burk. He was a "new breed" high school coach, being more versed in the latest developments with the rowing stroke, equipment, and boat set up. His crew would be favored to win the Alexandria City Championship and give W&L a run for the NOVA crown.

We competed in the 8 for leading up to the Alexandria City Championships. We had some great dual races, most notably beating the Navy Plebe 2nd Heavies. We then went up to Saint Andrews, where we faced Holy Spirit (that won the Stotesbury Cup and went to Henley in England to compete in the prestigious Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup the previous season) and the host crew, St. Andrews. St. Andrews was an exceptional crew that soundly beat us by twelve seconds, however we were four seconds faster than Spirit. St. Andrews won the Stotesbury that year by narrowly beating, wouldn't you know it, Holy Spirit who we had defeated two weeks before. It goes to show you at the high school level, a couple weeks of training by an exceptional coach can result in remarkable progress. Spirit had one of the best coaches in the country in Stan Bergman. St. Andrews would place second to Ridley College at the Nationals; with that result they were good enough to go to race at Henley that summer. We were a pretty competitive crew and were ready to see how we could do in the City Championships against the favorite T.C. Williams.

We ended up beating T.C. Williams in the City Championships. It was a major upset and victory for Dee against the upstart Ferris. On our practice row the day before, Dee was extremely focused on showing our coxswain, Tony Cerato, the exact line that he wanted. Dee must

have known before the race that we would be in the closet lane and wanted him to hug the Alexandria shoreline. We rowed a great race; it was close but a decisive win. It was clear that we were getting faster each week. Unfortunately, the powers that be that controlled the Alexandria public school's finances, felt that in order to qualify to row at the Stotesbury Cup Regatta, a crew must place first or second in the Northern Virginia Championships. The Varsity 8 field for the NOVA championship was competitive with W&L, JEB Stuart, and T.C. Williams all very strong and all of them having beat us during the regular season races. At the same time, we were getting faster as demonstrated by our upset of T.C. Williams and competitive showing against Holy Spirit. After winning the Alexandria championship we had to make a decision on whether to stay in the Varsity 8 or break-up into small boats where all of us would pretty much be guaranteed to qualify for the Stotesbury. If decided to row the 8 and placed 3rd or worse, our season would be over.

Sadly, even after winning the City Championships, the crew voted to break up the 8; Kirk and I were the only two who noted no. We had already won the Nationals the previous year, plus we thought enough of our talents that it was time that we should go up against the best rowers in the nation, not racing to win medals versus lesser quality competition. Below is what was reported in *The Evening Star*.

I was disappointed that Dee was not more vocal and did not communicate to us as a crew that he had more confidence in our abilities and convinced us we could get faster that week. In hindsight and reflection perhaps, he was not confident in his abilities to lead us to victory. Maybe he knew something about our races that he did not share with us. I believe it was the wrong message to send to his us. Yes, there would be risks if we did not come in 1st or 2nd in the Northern Virginia's but at least we would know we lost to the best crews in one of the

The Evening Star, May 12, 1971

Hammond's Decision to Split Keeps Admirals Happy
The Washington Post, Times Herald (1959-1973); May 12, 1971;
 ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Washington Post
 pg. D7

Hammond's Decision to Split Keeps Admirals Happy

<p>Once upon the Potomac River, Hammond High School's varsity eight crew was regarded as the best in all of Alexandria. The appropriately monickered Admirals had demolished the opposition in the city championships and were considered the legitimate favorite for last Saturday's Northern Virginia title.</p> <p>Only a funny thing happened to Hammond on the way to the feature race. It was</p>	<p>not entered. Instead, the eight rowers voted to split up the big boat to strengthen the smaller ones.</p> <p>It was a stroke of particularly brilliant strategy. Hammond won four of the 10 races contested and will take six boats, one of the largest Northern Virginia delegations, to Philadelphia Friday for the Stotesbury Regatta.</p> <p>"The kids voted for small boats, it wasn't my decision,"</p>	<p>said Hammond coach Dee Campbell. "Under Alexandria rules we would have had to qualify one or two in the varsity eight race to go to Stotesbury.</p> <p>"If something happens, we run a poor race or catch a crab we're out. This way I've got six boats going up instead of one."</p> <p>Unlike Hammond, T.C. Williams, another Alexandria school, chose to compete in</p>	<p>the varsity eight race. Running even with Washington-Lee and Stuart at the half way mark, Williams caught a wash from a trailing Coast Guard vessel, lost its rhythm and eventually the race. W-L won, Stuart was second, Williams, a very close third, nevertheless was eliminated for the season.</p> <p>"We just didn't want that to happen to us," said Joe McLaughlin, who stroked Hammond's defunct varsity eight</p>	<p>and now does the same for the Admirals' Stotesbury-bound pair. "If W-L had lost, they could always say they had a bad race and try again the next week. We couldn't do that."</p> <p>Hammond's eight had raced W-I twice this spring, losing badly early in the season, then dropping a two-length decision a few weeks later.</p> <p>"They were a little too big for us," said McLaughlin, "but</p>	<p>if we had another week or two of practice I think we would have given them a run for their money.</p> <p>"But right now, we've got some pretty strong boats going up to Philadelphia. We think every one can qualify for the nationals (May 21-22 at Syracuse). We're not at all sorry we split up. It worked out just like we thought it would."</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—Leonard Shapiro</p>
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F.C. Hammond High School Varsity 8, 1971, the last Varsity Crew Alexandria City Champions

most competitive championships in the country.

Kirk and I ended up rowing in the Stotesbury Cup, again in the Junior Double race. We won easily. We finally won a Stotesbury Championship and that's when we started getting some nice publicity. We were written up in *The Evening Star* before the Nationals the following week in Syracuse, New York.

The Nationals was an easy row down the course and we won our second consecutive National Championship. Kirk and I went with the flow, we were still young enough to row in the junior category. We were too immature to realize that we were taking the easy way out; Rooney and Bergamini entered the Senior Double and won that weekend.

It was during the end of this season that my relationship with Dee changed. The week of leading up to Nationals, Kirk and I were working on our boat before putting it on the trailer to travel up to Syracuse. I broke the brass clip that secured the oar from popping out of the oarlock. When I showed Dee the broken piece, he went crazy, threw the broken piece up in the air, mumbled something, and walked away. I felt like shit. I had disappointed him and had no idea how to handle it.

When we got to Syracuse, there was not much interaction with him

WITH THE HIGH SCHOOLS

Curiosity Creates Top Duo in Crew

By EDDIE CRANE
Star Staff Writer

CURIOSITY and the chance for a pair of 12-year-old eighth graders to get out of a class has led to Alexandria having one of the finest junior doubles rowing combinations in the nation.

Kirk Barker and Brent Haney heard the announcement over the school loudspeaker system that Hammond coach Dee Campbell was interested in talking with prospective oarsmen and those wanting to sign up would be excused from class to attend.

"I wanted to see what it was all about, I'd never seen a crew race, much less a shell—and besides, I would get out of a class," said Barker, now a 6-foot-2½, 190-pound junior. "Dee gave us all the information, including the 'sitting down and going backwards' routine, and was pretty funny. He aroused my curiosity, so I went out."

Haney, who didn't know Kirk at the time, went to the meeting for the same reasons.

"I'd heard about crew racing, but everyone said it was a 'sissy' sport," Haney said. "Boy, did I find out differently after I went out."

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COACH CAMPBELL paired off the two because they were about the same size and Barker started out as the 5-3, 145-pound bowman, but he grew much faster than his partner and was switched to stroke as a sophomore. Haney is the smaller at 5-11, 180 pounds.

As freshmen they rowed their first race in competition on the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia, over the same course as the famed Stotesbury Regatta. They beat Haverford and LaSalle and the victory still ranks as one of Barker's biggest thrills on the water.

As freshmen they finished third in their first Stotesbury Cup race, then last year they placed second to Blessed Sacrament of New Rochelle, N.Y., in the Stotesbury Cup but came back a week later at Princeton to beat Blessed Sacrament for the Schoolboy championship.

Last week they won the Stotesbury title by a good three lengths over Holy Spirit of Absecon, N.J., and Saturday they'll meet Holy Spirit, plus Holy Trinity and New Rochelle as they seek to become Hammond's first repeat national champions.

Earlier this year the pair took seats in Hammond's varsity eight and helped the Admirals upset Williams for the Alexandria city rowing title and retain the Oxford rudder.

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BARKER ROWED No. 6, Haney No. 5 in Hammond's eight. Both would prefer to row in eight competition next year as seniors, although because of their ages they could still qualify as a junior (under 17 years and six months on the day of the race) double team.

"The eights are more prestigious and the eight best guys out for crew are usually in the varsity eight," Haney said.

Both also row in the summer for the Old Dominion Boat Club and plan to continue rowing in college.

"I'd like to go to a rowing school, one like Syracuse," said Barker. "I'll get a good chance to look around at Syracuse this week and get a good overall picture of what it's really like."

The Hammond pair is a fine example of what oarsmen must go through for success. They work out five days a week, starting at 6 a.m., often rowing four miles. They then hustle home, shower, eat breakfast and go to school, then return to the Potomac River at 4 p.m. for an afternoon workout. The season runs from February through August, including the competition with the boat club in the summer.

Because they're early risers they also go to bed earlier than most teen-agers, but both feel the sacrifice is well worth the effort.



—Star Photographer Randolph Rout

DEFENDING CHAMPIONS
Stroke Kirk Barker, Bow Brent Haney

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prior to our race. On the bus ride back to Alexandria, when the bus stopped for a food and gas break, I bought a card to give to Dee, inside, I thanked him for all that he had done for Kirk and me. I walked up to the front of the bus and gave him the card, and made eye contact with him. He looked a little shocked and then I walked away, went back to my seat and cried. It was an awful bus ride back home.

Things did not get any better the following week. We decided to go up and row in the Canadian Schoolboy National's in the Open Double. The pair of Joe McLaughlin and Dan Carl were also going and Dan's father would transport the boats and oars on the top of his car. Dee would not go on the trip. I would drive up with Kirk, his Mom, and sister Denise. Kirk's Mom Pat was a sweetie and treated me so well. I was over at their house a great deal. I also had a crush on Denise and I think for about a week we were together.

I digress back to rowing, not romancing. At the start of the week of practice, Dee told us that we needed to row at a 35 strokes per minute instead of our customary 32. At the new higher rate, we did not pick up speed, rather we lost speed. We were practicing with the pair and when we rowed at 35, they were keeping up with us. During one piece (when Dee was somewhere off with another crew) we rowed at 32 and we beat the pair by many lengths of open water. At that rate it was smooth and we were able to find our "swing", not the case at 35. But Dee was our coach and he felt that we needed to row a higher cadence if we were to beat Rooney and Bergamini.

The race was not close, they beat us "easily" by a margin of 3 lengths. Truth be told, it certainly was not my best effort. Things were disjointed, we just weren't good enough to jump in a boat after training primarily in an 8 oared shell and expect to beat a high caliber crew. Certainly, the difference of rowing a higher cadence over 5 minutes was not the cure.

Kirk and I have had many discussions over the years about what exactly happened with my relationship with Dee. I think in some ways, Dee must have thought that I was holding Kirk back in the double. While I was an excellent sculler and Kirk and I could move a boat, he must have felt that he needed someone closer to his size in order to be the top Double in the country.

During this time, there was also a great deal of discussion within the Alexandria public school system which was considering to move to a K-6-2-2 educational system. If they did, it would create one large high school. The state of Virginia mandated that each city address the continued issue of segregation city by city. Alexandria felt this educational concept was the best solution for the city and announced it late in the spring of '71. The next year, I would be attending T.C. Williams and be part of a senior high school that had two thousand juniors and seniors.

School Officials Plan New Setup In Alexandria

ALEXANDRIA (AP) — School officials here say they will submit to the Alexandria School Board Wednesday a plan that would revolutionize curricula to provide for more student involvement and bring the student racial balance into line with federal requirements.

Officials said the proposal has solid backing from principals and administrators, al-

though it has not yet been aired to teachers and parents.

The plan, billed as a 6-2-2 grade system, would centralize all 11th and 12th grades at T.C. Williams High School next year and convert George Washington and Hammond high schools into schools exclusively for 9th and 10th graders.

An eventual goal of the plan would be to operate T.C. Williams much like a junior college, with students choosing two or three courses per day and getting more involved with curriculum planning.

Under the plan, Williams would have about 2,000 students 80 per cent of them white. Hammond, now 99 per cent white, would decrease to 73 per cent white and GW's white population would increase from 53 to 66 per cent, to reflect the racial composition of the city.

Officials said the plan was drawn up voluntarily based on U.S. Supreme Court rulings.

Another aim of the plan is to operate the two grades on a system in which there would be five 45-day course segments to make up the school year.

The school day would also be extended into evening hours, and administrators said this aspect would be ready for implementation next fall if desired.

The three schools would operate considerably below capacity the administrators said, allowing future expansion and alleviating problems of large student bodies.

Lynchburg began a similar plan this year, operating with 11th and 12th graders attending E.C. Glass High and 9th and 10th graders put into two other schools.

Bank Officer Pays Ransom For His Wife

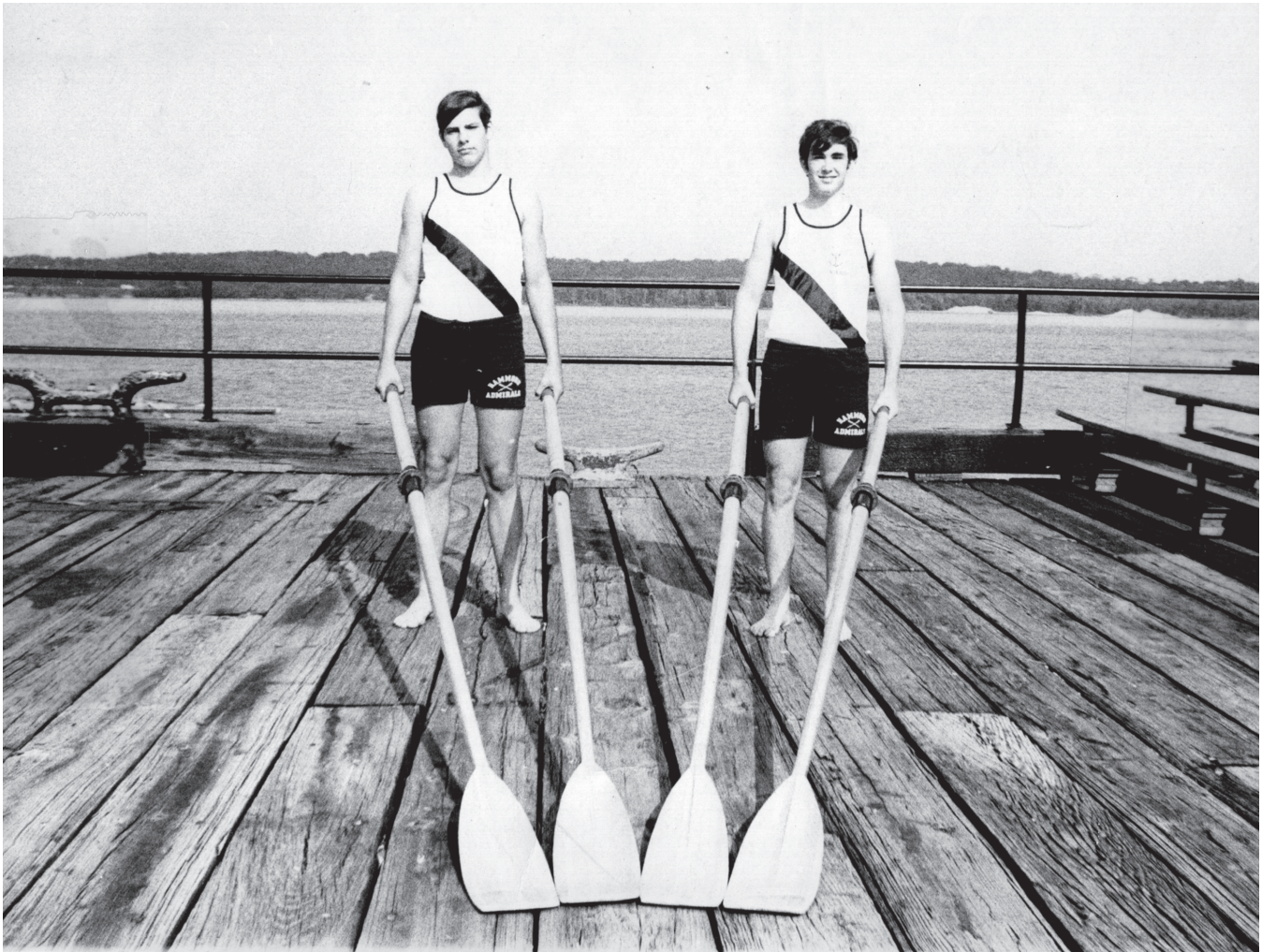
SPRINGFIELD (AP) — A Springfield bank manager whose wife was being held at gunpoint ransomed her Friday with an undisclosed amount of cash after a gunman had demanded \$65,000, the FBI said.

Investigators said Robert H. Campbell Jr., manager of a United Virginia - First Citizens Bank branch just off Interstate 95, received a telephone call Friday afternoon from a man who said he was holding a gun to the head of Mrs. Campbell.

Campbell said the man threatened to kill his wife unless he took \$65,000 to a car parked behind the bank. Mrs. Campbell took the phone and said, "Bob, it's real. He has a gun at my head."

Campbell, as ordered, left the money in the car, walked to a theater a block away and waited five minutes. "The

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Author's personal collection

Haney & Barker, 1970 & 1971 Junior Double Sculls National Champions

The Canadian Nationals ended up being the last time Kirk and I would row the Hammond navy and white colors. But what a great four years of rowing at Hammond it had been. With many miles on the water, and learning the value and importance of land training, it was now time for Kirk to go to the next level in his sculling and for me to seek new experiences in rowing. There was no meeting to agree to this, it just kinda morphed. Kirk would go onto row that summer with Dee with the goal to qualify for the U.S. Junior Rowing team in the Single Scull. I would take my talents to Potomac Boat Club and row for Charley Butt Jr.