

UNITED STATES TEAMS' PARTICIPATION IN THE FIRST WORLD'S
SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP, AT MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY, SOUTH AMERICA,
JULY, 1930.

After many months of planning several trial games were staged in the various districts identified with the U.S.F.A. and a tentative selection of players was made for the "possibles" and "probables": Three final trials were played in the Metropolitan district in which the cream of the U.S. soccer players, eligible to make the trip, were pitted against the best the East had to offer. The selection committee finally selected the players: (15 professionals, 1 amateur), coach, trainer and manager, as per list first attached.

The team sailed on the S.S. MUNARGO (Commander W. W. Clark) from Hoboken, N.J., on the eve of "Friday-the-13th" of June, 1930, only to anchor in the harbor off the coast of Brooklyn and Staten Island over night until the next morning on account of the heavy fog. The Mexican team in charge of delegate Garcia Soto and Coach Luque sailed on the same boat. The first stop was out in the harbor of Bermuda, the British Island, on the morning of the 16th; we were initiated crossing the equator on June 23rd, and after fourteen days sailing the team disembarked at Rio de Janeiro about one o'clock, June 28th. After visiting Ambassador Edwin Morgan the team had a refreshing work-out on the Fluminense stadium near Botafogo Bay, and were the guests for tea at the Botafogo F. Club's new clubhouse only a few miles away. We left at 9:00 P.M. and at noon on the 29th of June we arrived at Santos and engaged in baseball practice and swimming on the sands of the beach at Santos Harbor and sailed just before midnight for Montevideo, arriving at our destination only one day late, on July 1st, and docked about 1:30 P.M. on the 18th day in a heavy downpour, it being the 92nd consecutive day of rain. Notwithstanding the rain a very large and enthusiastic crowd cheered our arrival from the docks and packed our lane of auto travel along the streets to the Florida hotel, a battery of cameramen, cartoonists and sports writers dogging each and every individual of our party seeking first-hand information as to our football status and abilities. The Florida hotel right in the heart of the business district was not at all suited so we left Trainer Jack Coll in charge of the boys and Bob Miller and the writer after an all-afternoon tour of the city and suburbs by auto, in company with our delegate-in-charge, Sr. I. Reges Molne, and the Secretary of the Uruguayan Football Assn., we finally succeeded in opening the Hotel des Anglais on the Beach at Pocitos, a beautiful summer resort on the outskirts of Montevideo. The des Anglais could not be ready until the following morning so we made the Barcelona hotel our headquarters for the first night's lodging in Latin America. It being winter below the equator the cold and penetrating dampness gave us much concern, especially with what we thought inadequate heating facilities. However, with plenty of blankets and most of our clothes still on we enjoyed a good night's sleep for we were all doggedly tired. After a very light breakfast of coffee and rolls, (the morning meal down South is very small), we arranged for the transfer of our baggage and traveled by taxi to our new home at the Hotel des Anglais, one of the beautiful resorts of South America, where

we arrived about ten o'clock on the morning of July 2nd. The balance of the day and the one following we spent in getting settled in our new quarters. On the morning of the Fourth of July we had a parade around the Streets of Pocitos, just outside the hotel, headed by the Stars and Stripes; and on our return Old Glory found its place alongside of the Uruguayan flag of light blue and white just outside our rooms on the balcony of the hotel across the street from the homes of the Italian, Chilean, and British diplomatic foreign representatives. In the afternoon we were the guests of the National Football Club in their game against Missionary (Nacional 2, Missionary 1) which gave us the first impression of their inside style of play, although most of their stars were away in training with the Uruguayan national team in their especially equipped and closely guarded village some 25 miles away from the city.

That evening Sr. Patino of the Penarol F.C. attended us and invited our delegation to the Sunday game which their club was playing with River LaPlatte (Argentina), the home team winning a most interesting well attended match from the Argentinians 2-1. It was a beautiful day and some eighteen to twenty thousand were in attendance. We having stopped to visit the new football stadium the game was in progress on our arrival but the match was held up while we gave our "Three Rousing Cheers" in front of the official box. The response was thunderous and re-echoed for many miles. Our boys were seated in a specially reserved section along side the French and Mexican teams and your officials were seated in the official box along side of President Jules Rimet and Vice President M. Fischer of the F.I.F.A. with the Executive Committee in charge of the First World's Championship of Football.

It is well to state that on the third of July we resumed training of the team which we started on board the S.S. Munargo the morning after leaving Bermuda, June 17th, as a daily routine; and let it be said that it was acknowledged that we had the best conditioned outfit to participate in the World's Series.

On the evening of July 7th Coach Bob Millar and the writer attended the first meeting of the Executive Committee (which was in French) and at this meeting the makeup of the four groups for the championship series was decided upon, our lot being classified in the same group with Belgium and Paraguay.

We continued strenuous daily practice sessions (rain or shine) alternating on the Nacional's field at Central Park and Penarol's field only a few blocks away from the hotel, our training ending on the 8th of July as we were scheduled to meet Belgium in the opening at Central Park on the 13th of July.

Vice President M. Fischer joined our team at luncheon at the des Anglais on July 8th and on July 11th the team was tendered a luncheon at Swift & Company and a round of golf at the Chimont Golf Club operated by the Swift plant on the seashore adjoining the packing plant. We made the trip in a bus owned by Treasurer Roberto Mibilli of the Uruguay Football Assn.

On our return from the Swift outing the writer was invited to the Banquet at the Parque Hotel which the Uruguay Football Assn. tendered to Messrs. Rimet and Fischer of the F.I.F.A., which was

presided over by Sr. J. Compisteguy, president of the Uruguay and Dr. Jude, president of the Uruguay Football Assn. The feast was attended by delegates from all the participating nations and some 500 guests, the immense banquet hall being appropriately decorated with the national flags of those in attendance; a wonderful string orchestra furnishing popular music and national airs.

Sunday, July 13th, 1930, was the official opening of the 1st World's Championship of Soccer Football, the schedule finding France and Mexico pitted against each other at Penarol field and Belgium taking on the U.S. Team at Central Park, the home of the Nacional F.C. The day was sultry and dreary, the field being a bed of wet sticky clay with pools of water too numerous to count. It was nevertheless to our liking and as we had a couple of week's jump on the four European teams the conditions were really "made to order" so to speak. We were taken to the field by special taxis, carrying the American flag, and we entered Central Park singing the "Stein Song" and in exceptionally good spirits, but apparently somewhat nervous under the terrific training and siege of changeable weathers thru which we had passed. The weather did not bother some twenty odd thousand who attended; and our entrance, with the boys carrying the Uruguayan flag, followed by the Stars and Stripes, seemed to set the huge crowd and especially the little band of Americans (some eighty odd) in a frenzy. We were greeted by a light snow-storm, the first in five years, and with the usual photographing procedure over the game was gotten under way promptly at 3:00 P.M. with J. M. Macias, the alert and classy Argentinian referee, handling the whistle, with Walker (Chile) and J. G. Alonso (Uruguay) on the lines. The first twenty minutes were like hours of anguish, it taking that length of time for the boys' nervousness to wear off--our halfbacks were mis-kicking and our forwards were away off, but fortunately our backs and goalie were unbeatable, successively staving off Belgium's too numerous chances to convert (they too being evidently under a terrific nervous strain in an endeavor to find their "land legs"). Just passing the first half hour a lightning shot from the right wing found the cross-bar only to bounce out to the left, and not far from the touch, and close to the half-way line; Bart McGhee on the left wing let go with a first-timer that beat the Belgium goalie all the way. That was all that was needed, for we seemed to immediately snap out of it and from then on the team was positively unbeatable: Captain Florie scored number two before the half ended, the Belgium assembly claiming offside and protesting vigorously when the intermission period arrived. Midway in the second half a beautiful run by Brown on the right wing and an unselfish lob over the goalie's head to Patenaude in the center chalked up number three and marked one of the most brilliant plays in the entire tournament. Our inside men were playing well back and with the half-backs they were feeding the wings with vigorous long passes that in turn were dropped into the goal-mouth-- we were continuously dangerous, while fullback Moorhouse and Goalie Douglas could not be passed. The boys were wisely saving themselves and won handily with Belgium never in the picture except the first thirty minutes. The final score was Belgium 0, U.S. 3.

Vice President E. A. Schroeder was due to arrive on the S.S. Western World on the afternoon of July 15th, but a tempest was ranging and he did not dock until after midnight.

Our second game was also set for Central Park; on Thursday

July 17th: We again entered singing the "Stein Song" and the boys were on edge, simply raring to go. It must be remembered that Paraguay, our opponents, were considered the "dark horses" for the championship, as they had eliminated both Argentine and Uruguay in the South American championship the year previous. We were again favored with J. M. Macias, the Argentina referee, who by the way followed the play throughout and interpreted the rules more to European and our own standards. This young man was absolutely the class of the referee contingent both in ability and dress and deserves honorable mention. Central Park was packed to capacity, about 20,000 attending; the weather was more appetizing and ideal for football and strange as it may seem the U. S. team appeared to be the crowd's favorites even though opposed by South Americans from Paraguay. Our team was indeed flashy and after gathering three markers which Patenaide crashed against the rigging from wing centers we rested on our oars to sort of save ourselves for the semi-finals. Paraguay were dandy sports, truly a good combine; but their inside forward play could not get under way and the boys from the Mountains had to be contented with a "goose-egg" while we run out the same score as against Belgium 3-0. That night we all went to town to witness the big parade! July 18th is the national holiday of Uruguay for General Artigas and they usher it in similar to our New Year's Eve--it surely was a rare sight with the soldiers in their bright costumes and those of the bands in reds, whites and blues. The electric lighting effects were magnificent and not even surpassed in our country.

Considering the great amount of rain that had delayed the completion of the big stadium and the generally dull outlook the prayers of Uruguay must have been answered from many angles: Uruguay was scheduled to meet Peru at the stadium on this, their National Holiday. The day broke amid a delightful sunshine that seemed to brighten the entire country and long before game-time all lanes of traffic were jammed for miles around with the colors of all nations unfurled to the breeze from button-holes, autos and buses, the housetops, street-cars, and the flags of the participating nations in a horseshoe surrounding the stadium on the walls of the huge amphitheatre, the playing field looming up as a smooth green pasture in the center of a throng numbering some 110,000 persons. The parade of all nations, in alphabetical order (our team under "E" for Estados Unidos), with the players in complete uniform and their officials in full regalia passing the reviewing stand just before the game time. (Our squad wore their red, white and blue uniforms and the officials white flannels and blue coats). The parade over; each delegation was assigned a space on a little three foot grass mound that circled the playing pitch about twenty yards back from the side lines. Uruguay with their Olympic lineup were naturally the favorites over a weak but aggressive bunch of Peruvian youngsters, but their play was mediocre, their combination lacked concentration, and with a defense that appeared rather uneasy they finally came through about five minutes from the close of the match with a "soft" goal that the shining goalie of Peru seemed to completely misjudge on the new turf.

At midnight Delegate Schroeder and the writer attended the full dress midnight military ball at the Uruguay Club, the Elite of Society and Government being in attendance. It was a gorgeous affair where dainty foods were served and champagne flowed like water--it lasted far into the next day; applause being showered the departing guests by the throngs from all walks of life that had gathered just

outside the magnificent club.

The afternoon tea to which President Compisteguy and his wife had invited the delegates of the various nations on July 18th was postponed on account of the illness of the President.

On Sunday, July 20th, the team as a body paid their respects to the memory of General Artigas of Uruguay by placing an everlasting wreath and floral tribute at the base of his statue in Independence Square.

During the days after the 18th the team engaged in daily light practices and on the afternoon of July 22nd the delegation were the guests of the Arch Bishop of Montevideo, whose cordial reception and hospitality will long be remembered by our party. On the evening of the 18th, Messrs. Schroeder, James Gentle, Jr., and the writer, attended a short session of the South American Confederation which only consumed a short half-hour; after which the draw was made by unknown outsiders under the supervision of Messrs. Rimet and Fischer. "Kelly balls" numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 were drawn from a covered hat held by President Jules Rimet and a very fair draw (the writer being the last to handle the "balls" as they were put into the hat) came out as follows and in the order named: U.S. vs Argentine; and Uruguay vs Yugoslavia. By mutual agreement in which the U.S. and Yugoslavia consented to co-operate with the Executive Committee the semi-finals were moved back to July 26th and 27th and the Final was set for July 30th, which proved unquestionably wise and really made for the financial success of the tournament. The crowd was so large outside of the association headquarters it took us almost a half hour to practically force our entrance.

In passing it might be said that practically every evening during our stay in Montevideo the writer and Delegate Schroeder spent at the Uruguay football headquarters. All their officials, with the exception of the secretary- who is constantly at his desk, are employed during the day; they being doctors and gentlemen high in government circles. Their meetings were nightly and commenced about 7:00 P.M. adjourning for dinner about 9:00 P.M. and then again resuming at 10:00 P.M. until 11:00 o'clock or midnight. On July 23rd after our usual session Delegate Schroeder and the writer were invited to a banquet tendered the Pan American delegations at the home of Treasurer Roberto Mibilli. On the 25th we left about noon to visit the country home of President J. Compisteguy at Los Pradras and after a feast of barbecue lamb and pork sausage with all the native trimmings, including their wonderful French pastry and national red and white wines and champagne the delegates of the various nations were escorted through the winery where at that time the large storage barrels contained over 1½ million gallons of the national wine distributed by the firm of Compisteguy and Company and dating back some 10 to 20 years. After the luncheon and wine sampling campaign we were taken by automobiles to the Carroasco Hotel for five o'clock tea and treated to a concert by the National Band in the lobby of the gorgeous Carroasco edifice. And thru all this the team remained at home at the des Anglais and the strictest training--never waivering from the straight and narrow.

Saturday, the 26th, was the day of our semi-final with the

robust well-trained Argentinian team; and our players' first opportunity to set their football boots on the newly sodded over-maximum-sized pitch of the massive stadium at Montevideo, where all three of the other semi-finalists had the good fortune to have previously played. (The playing field measured 100 yards in breadth by 138 yards in length, being 8 yards over maximum length according to rules.)

Again we entered and forced our way through the throngs singing the "Stein Song," after being accompanied by military escort on horseback through the grounds surrounding the huge stadium. Steamships and aeroplanes steadily arrived from Buenos Aires for several days until at game time the immense crowd broke all records with an estimated attendance of 112,000 including the soldiers and ushers that policed the gigantic enclosure. The cheers that broke on our entrance seemed to indicate that all Uruguay as well as our "little American Colony" were with us. "Long Lean" J. Longerus of Belgium was the referee and he alone appeared nervous and shaky, while the 22 players seemed as cool as cucumbers. Judging from the published reports and photos in the morning newspapers calling attention to the guns and knives which the police frisked from the Argentinians at the docks the poor referee had lots to think about. (Everybody, including the players were frisked before entering the stadium gates).

The game started with a bang and while play appeared most even it could be noticed that our long wing-passes were falling short and the usually long kicks of our backs that generally crossed the half-way mark were dropping in our own half of the field--the immense size of the playing pitch was treating us badly. Nevertheless, our halfbacks and backs coped with the situation, as did also the inside forwards; and we soon plugged up that gap only to see that evidently premeditated and concentrated attack of the Argentinians on our boys that "unfortunately" had starred in the qualifying competition. The game had not gone but four minutes when Douglas had his knee badly twisted and after nineteen minutes of play Tracy had his right leg broken. Jimmie Douglas stuck to his guns, Big Bill Gonsalves moved back to center-half and Tracy switched to outside right, but the poor kid with two great chances to score was useless--his leg was gone! Then, after twenty-eight minutes, on what was intended for a center by center-half Monti; the ball failing to bounce on the newly sodded turf, Argentine got their first marker on an unfortunate "gift", quite undeserved. The half so ended. Tracy was given every attention in the first-aid hospital that is provided in each dressing room, the break not then being detected. We went out to do or to die in the attempt and against tremendous odds; but the vigorous side-swiping Argentinians got number two on some nice inside forward play with the one-legged Douglas stuck in his tracks. Number three followed closely, only after Andy Auld had his lip ripped wide open and one of the players from across the La Platte River had knocked the smelling salts out of Trainer Coll's hand into Andy's eyes, temporarily blinding one of the outstanding "little stars" of the World's Series. Tracy was off the field;-- We took a sporting chance, moving Auld to inside right forward and Moorhouse to outside left; Gallagher and Gonsalves were getting a terrific pelting but wouldn't budge one inch; Wood had to stick close to Douglas who could hardly hobble, while Bart McGhee alternated between halfback and fullback positions as advantage indicated. It was no use, they were still slashing from right and left and towards the close they seem to count Oh so easily and ran out victors 6-1. (A hair-raising individual performance by Auld and pass to

Brown gave us our lone score.) We duly complimented the Captain of Argentina and gave our cheers as they left the field. I honestly believe that the Argentinians were a little better team due to their having played together for many years; but believe the unbiased footballer would have given us a good chance to win if we could have kept our eleven players in the game and uninjured--even giving them the first unearned counter,--for it was a tremendous handicap, which referee Longanus positively should have eliminated! The following day Uruguay eliminated Yugoslavia by the same score 6-1 and earned the right to meet Argentina in the Final.

On July 28th Swift & Company tendered a luncheon to the delegates of the participating nations in their Chimont Clubhouse. The writer presented President Dr. Jude of the Uruguay F. A. with a pencil that wrote three colors which he so greatly admired. This marked our first meeting with Dr. Costo, the delegate for the Brazilian Football Confederation.

On the 29th, Messrs. Rimet and Fischer in behalf of the F.I.F.A. tendered a reciprocity banquet at the Parque Hotel to the Uruguay F. Assn. It was at this appropriate gathering that Delegate Schroeder presented President Dr. Jude with the loving cup from the U.S.F.A. on the eve of Uruguay's participation in the Final of the First World's Championship of Football.

Wednesday, July 30th, was the day of the Grand Final between Uruguay and Argentina. Our boys attended in a body with Coach Millar and Trainer Coll. Delegate Schroeder and the writer were the guests of Ambassador Leland Harrison for Luncheon at the Parque Hotel where the ambassador lived. Mr. Harrison and his secretary accompanied us to the game. It was a beautiful day and the game was lightning fast and what may be termed technically perfect. It was a magnificent first half--Uruguay first to score trailed at the half-way mark 2-1, but really appeared the stronger. Lo and behold the Uruguayan outfit blossomed out in the second half and completely switched from their short-passing rhythm-like operations to the long-passing open style which our team had so brilliantly displayed especially against Paraguay; and which seemed to take the populace by storm. It seemed to take the boys from the Pampas off their feet. After tying the game with a sizzler, two beautiful runs and crosses by outside left Iriarte gave Cea and the one-armed Castro nothing to do but push the sphere against the rigging for the winning and one-for-good-measure counters that ended the First World's Championship of Football, 4-2, which Uruguay not only had the courage to foster, but had the determination and evident good fortune to win. It was a deserving victory, where a team that was "in and outers" in the qualifying competition had sufficient resourcefulness to be switched by watchful and alert management to defeat such a powerful combination as the Argentinians who seemed outclassed when their world famous center halfback Monti lost his two-footed distributing genius and aggressiveness because he was harassed by a multitude of non-supporters. This same Monti, a powerful 200 pounder and a truly great footballer, was a hero against France, a gladiator against the U.S. and an angel against Uruguay and so pictured in cartoons after the Series; while his partner Evaristo, the right halfback, (a mite of a fellow) was the greatest of all times--his smart tackling, speed and marvelous ball control and manipulation simply permeated the air in all of Argentina's games and had the eyes

of the world's greatest soccer football gathering focused upon his magnificent movements and technique, only to later proclaim him the outstanding hero of the series notwithstanding that he was on one of the losing teams--I firmly believe he will always be remembered for his outstanding performance and feel that he should be the recipient of special honorable mention for he is virtually a team in himself.

EXHIBITION GAMES FOLLOWING CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES.

On Saturday, August 2nd, we lost to the Nacional Club at Central Park 2-1; and on Sunday the Penarol Club trimmed us 4-1 at the stadium. It was windy, cold and sultry; and as the people of Montevideo had been practically fed up on football for a while the attendance at both games was very disappointing to the Club officials. The Nacional officials and team gave us a tasty luncheon at their club after the game consisting of pastries and champagne. As "Daddy" Fischer was leaving for Buenos Aires that Eve, before sailing for home, we presented him with a beautiful gold pencil which he most graciously acknowledged.

The officials of the Uruguay Football Assn. gave Delegate Schroeder and the writer, as well as the President of the Paraguay Assn. and his wife, a farewell dinner at the Hotel Grand on the night of August 4th, and they really done themselves proud--it was a very appetizing repast and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

A little after one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, August 5th, a tug carried us out into the harbor to board the S.S. Cap Norte, a magnificent German ship that had all the comforts and service of home (even their own brewery with their fine German beers.) Officials of the Uruguay Football Assn. accompanied us to the German ship and gave us all their genuine well wishes for a safe return to our homes-- they were certainly a dandy lot of fellows and are bound to succeed. That evening about 5:00 P.M. the boat anchored to take on some passengers and freight at Rio Grand, Brazil. It was here that we received the cablegram from Sam Marks with instructions to have Patenaude and Gonsalves sail for Budapest from Rio de Janeiro; with which instructions I failed to comply because of the otherwise crippled condition of my team and the pressing demand for Gonsalves (he being of Portuguese parents) and Patenaude in Sao Paulo and Rio. I don't know what he would have done without these two boys who played in every game on the trip.

On August 9th (Saturday) we arrived almost one day late in the Harbor of Santos at 3:30 A.M., docked at 6:00 A.M. and finally passed the doctors and thru customs at 9:30 A.M. It was time for luncheon when we finally checked in at the Atlantico hotel; and at 4:30 P.M. we engaged the Santos eleven before a very small but rather enthusiastic crowd. Douglas, who was ill on the boat was still under the weather so Phil Slone took over the custodian position and done a very creditable job after the frail but speedy "Coffee Bakers" had slapped one thru in the first half minute of play. Auld, Gonsalves, Patenaude and Moorhouse were waltzing all around the rabbit-like movements of the Santos kids, but by clever refereeing the Latins were away out in front 3-1 at half time. The boys stuck to their knitting and counted right after the intermission--some clever football by both teams kept the crowd on their toes and in the last minute of play Auld tied up the match with a long rocket shot and from the restart his center aided Oliver in scoring the winning marker, and as the home goalie made vigorous protests--the whistle on the side line that indicated time-up sounded before the ball could be again centered. (But, lo and behold! While we were in the dressing room, under the grandstand, changing to street clothes the referee came with an interpreter to explain that he had been shown the error of his ways, so had disallowed one of markers (after the game was over)

and the score officially would be 3-3. It was pitch dark and we went on our way to get dinner at the hotel about 8:00 P.M.

At 10:00 A.M., Sunday morning, we left Santos via Sao Paulo R.R. for one of our most beautiful trips over the mountains, arriving at Sao Paulo at 12:45 P.M. and quartered at the Terminus Hotel right in the heart of the city. Ford Taxis conveyed us to the ground where we met the Sao Paulo F.C. It was a gorgeous day for football, the pitch was as fast as lightning (true of all fields in Brazil) and the stands were packed to capacity. The game was a hum-dinger and a nip and tuck affair, but the referee would never permit us to gain the lead, altho Moorhouse from back of the halfway line scored a surpiser to draw us even at three all. It became dark, so they turned on the big lights and out came the white ball. Douglas was still groggy from the boat trip and two easy counters allowed the boys from the high altitudes of Brazil to run out winners 5-3. The fans did not appear satisfied, however, because they could not help but notice how the referee had militated against us. In fact, our exhibition went over so well that by popular demand we were scheduled to meet the Scratch Team of Sao Paulo on Wednesday night at 10:00 P.M. under the electric lights.

What would have undoubtedly proven to be the outstanding exhibition of our tour was unfortunately never played. It appears that the never-ending internal troubles between Sao Paulo and Rio which had resulted in Sao Paulo withdrawing the backbone of the Brazilian Scratch Team which was originally selected to participate in the World's Series had resulted in the Federation suspending the Sao Paulo League while we were on the high seas on the way from Montevideo to Santos. A cablegram from President Jules Rimet of the F.I.F.A. who was then in Rio forbid us to engage the Sao Paulo Scratch on the Wednesday night, and for a way out the Football Federation of Brazil, with headquarters also in Rio, threatened to cancel our two contracted games with the Botafogo Club set for August 17th and 19th. It was on account of these two contracted games, which were made by the office before we sailed for South America, that we had to decline a \$10,000 guarantee to play five games across the Andes Mountains in Chile and Up in Peru. We could get the five games in alright, but there was no way (not even aeroplane) to get to Rio from Peru, our only means being to retrace our steps and return to Buenos Aires, Argentine via Chile and then sail up the Eastern coast the way we traveled to Santos, and which of course consumed about two weeks more time than we were allowed. It was a ticklish situation, because a good showing on the Wednesday Night game would have meant still another game in Sao Paulo and would have assured a financial profit for the entire trip! It seems we were adhering to the rules as printed governing the teams that had participated in the World's Championship, while President Rimet was quoting Rules from the F.I. F. A. manual; and I will always feel he was grossly in error, especially in view of the fact that we had contracted for the games before sailing from Montevideo (which by the way the Executive Committee, of which President Rimet was a member, had approved and agreed to notify the Brazilian Association long before the suspension of the Sao Paulo League had been published) and then, the notification from Consul Dr. Cesar Secane, of the South American Confederation simply transmitted a copy of the suspension notice from the Brazil Association and did not state whether or not he approved of the same. Delegate Schroeder

was quite ill, but nevertheless agreed to travel to Rio in an endeavor to straighten out the evident misunderstandings, so he and Tracy (who could not play) left on the late train Monday night for Rio and after quite a siege, which he will explain in his report, telephoned me twice at Sao Paulo on Tuesday night that we could not play any more games in Sao Paulo. Try as we did our all night telephone, telegraph and messenger endeavor to locate football officials of Sao Paulo was to no avail, so about midnight the writer finally published in the various morning newspapers notice of the forced postponement of the game with Sao Paulo Scratch scheduled for that night and we hurriedly left by railroad at 10:00 A.M. for our trip thru the beautiful mountains and views of the delightful peasant life of the Brazilians in the coffee plantations and vineyards on our way along the rivers to Rio de Janeiro, where we arrived at 8:40 P.M. Wednesday night, and took the Hotel dos Estrangerios for our headquarters.

On Thursday the 14th we visited Captain Laddy, a former Captain in the Hungarian Army and old resident of New York City, who is the physical director of the Botafogo F.C., and the team were their guests at the night game between the Yugoslavia team and Vasco da Gama F.C. at the latter's magnificent stadium. The home team easily won 4-2 as was the case with all the other European teams that had played exhibitions on the return trip thru Argentina and Brazil. (Incidentally the Yugoslavia team was on the S. S. CAP NORTE going to Rio when we boarded the boat in the harbor at Montevideo. This fine bunch of fellows were also quartered at the des Anglais Hotel with us at Montevideo, as was also the Chile team, which was handled by the famous Hungarian center-forward Orath, who proved a charming and most interesting chap with a very fine knowledge of European players and the progress of the game across the water.)

On Sunday afternoon August 17th, we met the Rio Scratch Team at the Fluminense Stadium, and while we scored the most goals had to be content with a 4-3 licking, the deal not satisfying the unbiased fans in the least. That night we accepted the invitation of the Botafogo Football Club to attend a dinner dance at their new and spacious clubhouse, the trip of only a few miles being made by auto on account of the heavy downpour--the heavens seemed to open wide that night. Members, their wives and sweethearts were in attendance, and they simply turned the place over to us. They were very free with their wines and beers, consistent with the allotment for football players enroute to their homes; and we danced until the wee hours to the strains of a Brazilian Jazz Orchestra. Bart McGhee's tenor solos were given much applause and lasted throughout the evening. A most enjoyable time was had by all--it was one of the bright spots of the trip for the boys. On August 19th, President Rimet and his wife were sailing for their home in France, so we had a banquet delivered to them at their suite in the Hotel Gloria.

At dinner on Tuesday night the 19th the boys presented the writer with a swell leather traveling kit, which was indeed a great and complete surprise. That night at 10 P. M. we started our last game of the tour with the Botafogo F.C. at the Fluminense Stadium before a fair sized crowd despite the threatening weather. The pitch was in wonderful shape and our boys seemed to have Botafogo at their mercy. Botafogo was first to count from an offside play, but on a

clever tricky flip-like pass by Auld to Jimmie Brown we tied the score on a foul awarded for the goal-keeper traveling too many steps with the ball. From then on we did everything but score, finally a shot from Auld was slipped over to Florie who hit the cross bar and on the rebound Patenaude converted, but the best goal of the match was disallowed by the "Ref." after some delay and because Captain Florie appealed the official wanted to banish our Captain from the pastime. A compromise allowed Florie to stay, but also took away our marker; then after playing about nine minutes over-time and the Hakoah team, who were in attendance, shouting their moral support, the Botafogo center was given a ridiculously offside netter and with the clock having passed the midnight hour a classy exhibition which we had really won 2-1 found us on the other side of the ledger.

Notwithstanding our previous co-operation with the Hakoah Club's management we experienced considerable unfaithfulness from their end when it was learned that they had seen fit to schedule a counter attraction to our last night's game with Botafogo F.C. with the Vasco da Gama which at the earnest request of the Botafogo F.C., delegate Schroeder and the writer forced Hakoah to cancel, only after many fruitless trips going into the early morning hours, all of which will be duly explained by Mr. Schroeder in his "Delegate's Report."

I was presented with the "white-ball" as a souvenir, which I shall always cherish and retain in the archives. The Botafogo F.C. presented the U.S.F.A. with a beautiful silver desk-piece complete in a red plush case, which I have turned over to President Patterson. One of our red, white and blue silk banners was presented to the Botafogo captain before the commencement of the game, similar presentations having been made to George Gilbert, Superintendent of Swidt & Co., Nacional, Penarol, Sao Paulo and the Rio Scratch team for the Brazilian Confederation and our insignia pins were well distributed amongst the officials and players of the thirteen nations that participated as well as to President Rimet and Vice President Fischer.

The Brazilian people also seemed to tire of the many "International" fixtures and the attendance at our two games in Rio were not as well attended as officials of the Botafogo F.C. had anticipated; we nevertheless received our full guarantees and admonished to feel that our exhibitions had far surpassed that of any of the foreign teams that had displayed their wares in the past two years, even taking into consideration Motherwell and Chelsea who had toured Latin America only to fall down by scores all the way from two and three up to nine goals to one or two. The only other team to receive special mention was the Hungarian team from Budapest who had toured South America the early part of their last season.

While we do not wish to alibi all our defeats in the exhibition games were really moral victories, except a drawn 3-3 score would have been fair in the Penarol fixture at the Montevideo stadium on August 3rd. Briefly the refereeing is Oh so sadly lacking, but the game of soccer football is the absolute basis of all social undertakings throughout South America; the game itself and social gatherings at the Football Clubs providing all the amusement and entertainment for the exceedingly large memberships that run from 25,000 in Brazil and Uruguay to upwards of 50,000 in Argentine.

Our games being at an end we boarded the good SS SOUTHERN CROSS (Commander Harry N. Sadler) on the evening of Wednesday, Aug. 20th and sailed for home about 11 P. M. arriving one day late in Bermuda harbor to discharge and take on passengers; docking at Hoboken at nine o'clock on the morning of September 2nd. President Patterson, Col. G. Randolph Manning, Secretary James Armstrong, and Thos. W. Cahill and a host of the team's relatives and friends were at the docks to welcome us back home from our 81 day trip. We passed customs and some of the local boys immediately departed for their homes, while the others were tendered a luncheon at the Cornish Arms Hotel and one by one dispersed, for after all "THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Strange as it may seem even with the tremendous crowds that the teams draw in Argentine, we were unable to obtain any suitable guarantee that would protect us against loss; our only half-way offer coming to hand by special messengers a day or two before we had arranged to sail for Brazil and consequently we were forced to respectfully decline, so as much as the boys would have liked to we did not get the opportunity to visit the beautiful city of Buenos Aires and the "Land of the Pampas."

A complete financial recapitulation is appended to this report in connection with which it might be added that if our one or possible two games in Sao Paulo had not been cancelled; and even taking into consideration that we lost approximately \$2,000.00 on exchange, which had so greatly dropped during our sojourn down below the equator, we would have easily shown a profit of some three to five thousand dollars after taking care of the players' salaries and all other expenses; but as it is the three month's trip (accounting for every possible expenditure including uniforms, medical supplies, doctor's bills, U.S.F.A. medals and other unforeseen items) will cost the U.S.F.A. approximately \$2,000.00 in round figures. This, however, may be offset with our pro rata from the profits of the Championship Games, especially in view of our participation in the Semi-Finals. Therefore, the trip was immeasurably profitable, because the cementing of our "Good Will" soccer football relations was duly and forever accomplished and cannot be calculated in just so many dollars and cents.

A tabulation of the Championship and Exhibition games is also appended, together with a list of goal scorers for future reference; as is also a little thumb-nail sketch of the individual members of the party--for a finer, at-all-times more gentlemanly bunch of soccer players could not have been selected that would more honorably uphold the traditions and true sportsmanship of the good old U.S.A., than the score of individuals our party was privileged to include. It was a work well done by the boys, for they were good soldiers and not only the Assn's, but also the Country's highest sporting wreath of honor and praise should be theirs for all times. I am indeed most proud of their achievements and their gentlemanly behavior and their memory shall linger with me until time shall be no more.

"13" OUR LUCKY NUMBER.

Is it any wonder why the boys consider the number "13" their

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lucky number? We sailed from home on "Friday-the-13th"; it took 13 days to reach Rio de Janeiro; there are thirteen stars and stripes in our shield; thirteen teams entered the 1st World's Championship of Football; our first game was on July 13th and thirteen goals were scored during our games in the championship series.

In conclusion, the terrific strain incident to the never-ending details pertaining to passports, doctor's certificates, financial arrangements, and countless other necessities that consumed my every minute from leaving home on June 7th until the return on Sept. 6th. (three months) evidently got in its toll and left me a complete "nervous wreck"; and I am only now regaining my former vigor and composure at the time of writing this report in far off California during Feb. 1931. I tried most diligently to complete the undertaking with the welfare of the U.S.F.A. uppermost in my mind, consistent with the healthy safe return of the entire party; so if you are thus satisfied it has certainly been well worth the effort, for it has been a wonderful education that has acquainted me with the ways of national pride and sportsmanship in another world.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) W. R. Cummings,
Manager, U.S.F.A. TEAMS'
SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR, 1930.

WRC/c...

RECORD OF GAMES PLAYED AND GOALS SCORED
SO. AMERICAN TOUR - - - 1930.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES:

(1930) Qualify.
July 13th, -1st Rd.- Belgium 0, U.S.A. 3, (McGhee 1, Florie 1, Pat. 1.)
July 17th, -2nd Rd.- U.S.A. 3, Paraguay 0, (Patenaude 3)
July 26th, -Semi-Final-U.S.A. 1, Argentine 6, (Jas. Brown 1)

--U.S.A. qualified for semi-finals with 6 goals for and 0 against,--
two wins and none lost, for a total of 4 points; having the
best goal average of any of the thirteen teams in the Qualify-
ing Competition.

EXHIBITION GAMES:

Aug. 2nd, NACIONAL (Montevideo) 2, U.S.A. 1, (Bookie 1)
Aug. 3rd, PENAROL " 4, " 1, (Gentle 1)
Aug. 9th, SANTOS (Brazil) 3, " 4, (Pat. 2, Auld 1, Oliver 1)
Aug. 10th, Sao Paulo " 5, " 3, (Pat. 2, Moorhouse 1)
Aug. 13th, Sao Paulo Scratch, --(Cancelled by Brazil F.I.F.A.)-----
Aug. 17th, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil,
(Scratch Team) 4, U.S.A. 3, (Pat. 2, Gonsalves 1)
Aug. 19th, Botafogo F.C., " 2, " 1, (Jas. Brown 1) **NIGHT GAME*

TOTAL GOALS SCORED BY U.S.A.--20, BY OPPONENTS--26.

(CREDITED)------(20)	****GOAL SCORERS****	(ACTUALLY SCORED)-----(30)
Patenaude, 10,		Patenaude, 18
Jas. Brown, 2,		Jas. Brown, 2
B. McGhee, 1		B. McGhee, 2
T. Florie, 1		T. Florie, 1
M. Bookie, 1		M. Bookie, 1
J. Gentle, 1		J. Gentle, 1
A. Auld, 1		A. Auld, 1
A. Oliver, 1		A. Oliver, 2
G. Moorhouse, 1		G. Moorhouse, 1
Wm. Gonsalves, 1		W. Gonsalves, 1
<u>20</u>		<u>30(**)</u>

NOTE: (**) We actually scored 30 goals against our opponents 16.

U.S. DELEGATION PARTICIPATING IN 1ST WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP
AT MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY, SO.AMERICA
1 9 3 0.

(PLAYERS):-----	AGE	Married or Sgl.	HOME:	CLUB:
x ✓ Andrew Auld, <i>LH</i>	30	M	Providence, R.I.	PROVIDENCE F.C.
x Michael Bookie, <i>R</i>	28	S	Cleveland, Ohio	SLAVIA F.C.
x ✓ James Brown, <i>SR</i>	20	S	New York City, N.Y.	N.Y.GIANTS
x ✓ James Douglas, <i>CL</i>	32	✓ M	Kearny, N.J.	N.Y.NATIONALS
x ✓ Thos.Florie (Capt.) <i>IL</i>	27	M	Hughesdale, R.I.	NEW BEDFORD F.C.
x ✓ James Gallagher, <i>RL</i>	29	S	Brooklyn, N.Y.	N.Y.NATIONALS
x *James Gentle, <i>IL R</i>	25	S	Philadelphia, Pa.	PHILA.CRICKET C.
x ✓ Wm.A.Gonsalves, <i>IL</i>	21	S	Fall River, Mass.	FALL RIVER F.C.
x ✓ Bart McGhee, <i>CL</i>	31	M	Philadelphia, Pa.	N.Y.NATIONALS
x ✓ Arnold Oliver, <i>IL R</i>	23	S	New Bedford, Mass.	PROVIDENCE F.C.
x ✓ George Moorhouse, <i>LF</i>	29	M	Long Beach, L.I., N.Y.	N.Y.GIANTS
x ✓ A.B.Patenaude, <i>CF</i>	20	S	Fall River, Mass.	FALL RIVER F.C.
x Philip Slone, <i>LH R</i>	23	S	New York City, N.Y.	N.Y.GIANTS
x ✓ Raphael Tracy, <i>CH</i>	26	M	St.Louis, Mo.	BEN MILLER F.C.
x Frank Vaughan, <i>CH R</i>	28	M	St.Louis, Mo.	BEN MILLER F.C.
x ✓ ALEXANDER WOOD, <i>RF</i>	23	M	Detroit, Mich.	HOLLEY CARBURE- TORS
(AVG. AGE- - - - 25) (*)--Amateur,--(15 Pros. & 1 Amateur)				
(OFFICIALS)-----				
✓ Robert Miller,	Coach,		New York City, N.Y.	N.Y.NATIONALS
✓ John Coll,	Trainer,		Woodside, L.I., N.Y.	BROOKLYN WAN- DERERS
E.A.Schroeder,	Delegate,		Philadelphia, Pa.	V.P., U.S.F. ASSN.
W.R.Cummings,	Mgr.in Charge,		Chicago, Ill.	Treas., U.S.F. ASSN.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT (AMERICAN \$) OF FUNDS HANDLED BY MANAGER CUMMINGS
ON 1930 SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR.

Recd. from U.F. Assn. \$5,873.47
 Recd. from Exhibition Games 6,813.55 (X)
\$12,687.02

MAJOR EXPENSES:

General, incl. RR, Boat, etc.,
 Hotel & Meals \$6,998.39 (*)
 Pd. by cash to dele-
 gation (incl. salaries
 \$1425.00 pd. to players,
 coach & trainer; also
 \$362.06 to cover Del.
 Schroeder's exp.) Wm. T.
 Angus pd. \$2962.50 to
 players by checks a/c
 salaries \$3,667.68 - \$10,666.07
 NOTE (*) Rd. Trip steamer fares \$2,020.95
 Hoboken, NJ to Montevideo & return
 handled by U.F. Assn. direct.)

Funds adv. to
 WRC by USFAssn:
 -Cash \$1,972.63
 Tr. Games. 503.67
 Wagons-Litz 161.50 \$2,637.80
 Cashiers Cks. (Cert.
 of Deposit) 1,500.00
\$4,137.80
 Plus: NET RECEIPTS --- 1,267.00
\$5,404.80

OTHER EXPENSES:

Laundry \$290.67
 Auto & Bus 219.64
 Baggage 236.87
 Telegraph & Cables... 124.74
 Newspapers & Photos.. 46.73
 Supplies 171.10
 Entertainment 226.67 \$1,316.42
 Less: Amt. ret'd. by
 players a/c per-
 sonal items - \$ 562.47 -753.95

FUNDS DEPOSITED TO
 CREDIT OF U.S.F.A.
 ON RETURN \$5,692.38
 Less: Ck. 773. 287.58
\$5,404.80

---NET RECEIPTS- - - - - \$1,267.00

****DETAILS OF EXHIBITION GAMES (RECEIPTS)****

			(AMERICAN \$)
8/2-30, Sat.	Nacional vs USA,	\$250.00 Ug. \$	\$ 217.40
8/3-30, Sun.	Penarol vs USA,	1384.77 "	1,204.15
8/9-30, Sat.	Santos vs USA,	3,000.000 Milreis,	300.00
8/10-30, Sun.	Sao Paulo vs USA,	10,920.000 "	1,092.00
8/13-30, Wed. Night,	**CANCELLED**		-----
8/17-30, Sun.	Rio Scratch vs USA,	20,000.000 "	-----
8/19-30, Tues. NIGHT,	Botafogo vs		2,000.00
	USA,	20,000.000 "	2,000.00
			<u>2,000.00</u>
---TOTAL RECEIPTS FROM EXHIBITION GAMES - - - (X) -			\$6,813.55