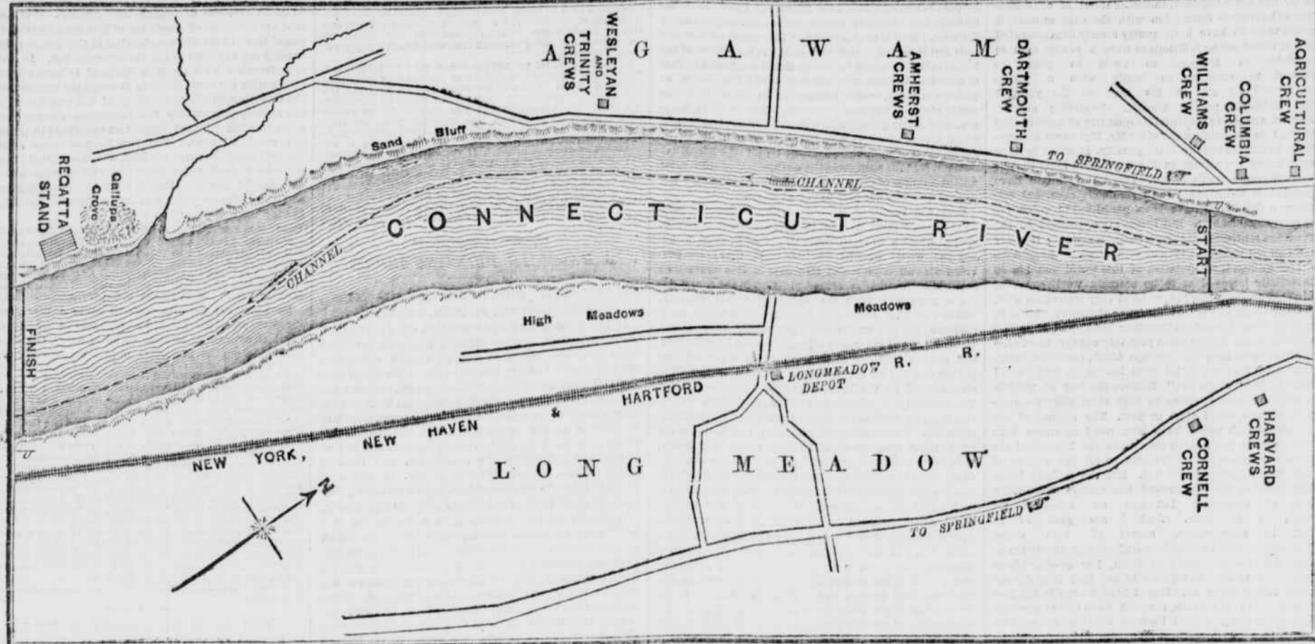




THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

A DOUBLE VICTORY FOR YALE. THE REGATTA COURSE AT SPRINGFIELD. THE FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE STRUGGLE—SCENES ALONG THE COURSE—THE ART OF WAITING—HOW YALE WON THE RACE.



was pulled the current and injurious. Bowdoin... Seen from front, toward the eastern shore, there was Harvard pulling ahead from the leader in another beautiful geometrical figure—a diamond shape of five points, the magenta colors of Harvard forming the front point, Yale and Bowdoin forming the east and west points, and now Bowdoin, now Dartmouth, now Columbia, bringing up hopelessly behind.

THE FIRST HALF MILE. One half mile from the start, on the western bank of the river is a bluff perhaps of 50 feet in height, from which one had a fine view of the start. At least 300 people and a great variety of vehicles of every kind were congregated at this point.

breath, and then into a centipede, and our pulses beat violently; and then into a mechanical whir, and we screamed, of course, it was Harvard—nearly two miles away, but we knew it. A few other protean shapes slipped across that shining disc, but our eyes were fastened on the first boat hugging the opposite shore; and yet, somehow, the great distance, the smallness of the object, and, mayhap, a lingering doubt of the color, abstracted all human and vital interest from the scene.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE RACE. SPRINGFIELD REHEARSED BY COLLEGIANS—THE CHANCES DISCUSSED. [FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

SPRINGFIELD, July 17.—A broad, still stream, swinging lazily round a curve—that was our first glimpse from the car window of the battle-ground. Something on its smooth glistening surface that moved like an undecided centipede, proved to be a shell with its exercising crew. Then the fences got in the way, as usual, and the distant trees waltzed down, shutting out the view. Then there was a shriek from the engine and we had another glimpse, this time a flash of water, tremulous and tinted with sunset, blending in its bosom all the colors of to-morrow's contending crews—blue, green, red, and magenta.

How marvelously quiet the town, and how decorous the beribboned crowd beyond. Even the hackmen did not shout. There was absolutely no sign of that feverish excitement that belongs to these occasions. Perhaps it was the weather, or some blessed influence of the mysterious Providence that refers all racing, wrestling, and trials of physical skill to the hottest season of the year; but there was also a pleasing absence of that noisy element whose outward and visible sign is half-dye and diamond, and whose speech is ejaculation. There was very little of color but in the badges; there was nothing spectacular but the array of college athletes.

Of course there was the usual delay; it was utterly unimagined in this instance by any of those reckless collateralists that are apt to distinguish a race or other great public gathering. The people walked about, smoked, and chatted; there were few side shows; there was a mark at which a few credulous people shot with a toy rifle, but the well-regulated collegiate mind passed it by. At the grand stand there was thin asetic lemonade hypocritically colored to a suggestion of impropriety, but no more. Even the prize package, without which no American is expected to enjoy himself, was absent, and yet, mirabile dictu! the people seemed to be happy, although the fact thereof was not proclaimed vociferously from the house-tops. No did I discover any large-hearted Springfield citizen who felt called upon to bear witness to it by profanity, or prove it incontestable by a blow.

Presently, the clouds, which had gathered during my ride to the "finish," put in an appearance with a few drops of rain that sent everybody to their carriages. Then there were cheers high up the river, that brought everybody to their feet and the bank again. It was the Freshman race; then we knew by the peculiar yell from the bank opposite that Yale was leading, and then there drifted across our perspective three centipedes—one with a suggestion of blue about it, whereby we knew Yale had won, and those of us who had been prudent enough to carry a variety of badges instantly displayed a blue and looked satisfied. Yet there was but little enthusiasm. A few Harvard men, more, I think, because it was expected of them, said "Rah" repeatedly, and otherwise imitated, with more or less success, as their boat came by. The banking of a monotonous and not over intelligent dog. But, some how, we all accepted the result of the Freshman race as a logical conclusion, an effort of pure reason, in which only the intellectual faculties were engaged, and from which the feelings were entirely eliminated; and then we all waited, which was, after all, the real and abiding feature of the afternoon. We discussed sandwiches and the merit of the crews, and iced coffee, and the immortality of the soul, and, like the judge in "Maud Muller," looked at the sky and wondered whether the cloud in the west would bring foul weather. Then a shout on the opposite bank, whence a band had been playing a number of things, but nothing intelligibly, brought us all to our feet, with more or less well simulated excitement. The great race was coming.

month crew is a vast possibility. Wesleyan, Williams, and Trinity chances are limited. JOURNEYING TO THE COURSE. GETTING OUT OF SPRINGFIELD—THE CROWD ON THE RIVER BANKS—PACKED EXCURSION TRAINS—AN AFTERNOON SHOWER—NEEDLESS DELAYS.

SPRINGFIELD, July 17.—The approaches to the Connecticut River from the crowded Main-st. of Springfield are not inviting. They might, not unjustly, be designated as "slums." There is a railroad to be crossed, and at the point where I picked my way over the sleepers there is a bewildering network of switches and turn-outs and superfluous rails, with locomotives and detached portions of trains more or less in motion distributed indiscriminately around. Between this and the river bank there are occasional buildings, principally the poorer class of tenements, inhabited by an amphibious race of beings that take to the water while in their nurse's arms and spend the remainder of their lives in letting out boats for hire. Everything conceivable in the shape of a boat below schooner size, including some of the oddest of little steamboats, may be seen lying along shore this morning.

If a crowd makes a success and bad management a failure, the regatta would have been both. The hackneyed statement that every train for days has been loaded with visitors does not begin to describe the state of things. The depot has been perfectly thronged. The first train for the regatta ground came in with doors locked. It was to start at 1:15. The instant the first car passed the doors, and the boys sprang upon the steps between the cars, and filled every inch, hanging on by the railings. The instant the doors were opened they burst in, and the long train was filled as it were by magic. But the waiting crowd in the depot seemed not to be harassed at all. Four trains of half a dozen cars filled up and rolled away, and still the people kept coming. The day opened lowering, and just after noon there was a shower. At 2 o'clock, a considerable number of gentlemen, mostly invited guests, were at the foot of Howard-st., but there was no boat, and none came for an hour, when it became evident that things were to be outrageously delayed. It was after 3 o'clock when we arrived at the head of the course in a pouring rain. The crowd was doubtless as great as it had been before it began to rain, but it was lying low under trees, and was roofed in with umbrellas, presenting a much less imposing sight. The water lay like glass, and though the shore was seeped with every kind of craft known to the neighborhood, nothing was afloat. After we arrived it was found that there was no gun, a piece of imbecility for which the Regatta Committee was responsible. So the crowd had to wait till the judges' boat could go down to warn the Amhersts for the Freshman race, while Yale and Harvard were to be called out by those near by. Big crowds at Dartmouth's quarters hailed the referee's boat by a shout. While on the way down the Crest, the judge's boat, which had been going slow enough from the start, got slower and slower, and men pulled by her in lapstrokes easily. The word was finally given for the Amherst Freshmen, and we started back. The rain had ceased, and the water was in excellent condition. It was now 10 minutes past four, just about the time when the University race ought to have been started. Twenty thousand people were waiting at the grand stand, three miles off, and had been sitting there in the rain three hours, all because no charcoal or bituminous coal had been provided for the boiler fire of the Crest.

THE FRESHMAN RACE. YALE WINS, AMHERST SECOND, AND HARVARD THIRD—YALE'S TIME, 17:53. [BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

SPRINGFIELD, July 17.—Owing to the dissatisfaction of the Harvards with the space allotted between them and the Yale, there was much delay, and the few hundred spectators who were congregated on the banks were pretty thoroughly soaked in a dripping rain before the preliminaries were adjusted. It was not until 4:13 that Yale first, and then Amherst, and at last Harvard, came up and took position. The start was made without difficulty, Yale in the middle, Harvard on the eastern, and Amherst on the western shore. The sympathies of the spectators were mostly vented in loud outcries of "Yale!" "Yale!" Amherst seemed rather to be leading at the start, though there was little apparent difference, rowing with a stroke of 38 to the minute, but not with a very even stroke as compared with the others. The sky lightened, and the rain ceased.

Immediately Yale began to take the lead, and at the quarter increased it to a boat length, pulling 32 strokes to the minute. The backs rose and fell as one, and the boat shot forward without a quiver under the steady and magnificent swing. "Well pulled Yale!" "Ain't that pretty!" and the men in blue colors bowed triumphantly from the bank. Harvard falling a length behind Yale, spurred just before reaching the quarter, and drew up, but the swing had no power in it, and the comparatively short, clipping stroke of 35 made a bad impression. Amherst men were ponding along behind, pulling strong but splashing somewhat clumsily on a stroke of 33. After the quarter it became evident that the Harvards' spurt would not last, and they fell further and further behind Yale, while Amherst gradually drew up and lapped her, and at the half mile was pressing Yale, while Harvard fell slowly to the rear, creeping sulkily away all the time. Yale leads at the mile, Amherst pulling up on her, and Harvard still pulling behind, as she did a little further down. The crews seemed to be pulling at a fearful pace, Yale 33 strokes to the minute, Amherst 30, and Harvard 40. When they passed the mile and a half station, Yale led Amherst fully five lengths, and Harvard was about three lengths behind Amherst. Just below the station the Amherst boys put in a splendid spurt and were soon only two or three lengths behind Yale, and Amherst at this time was nearly in the middle of the course. Harvard was on the west side, but soon took the crest. Yale put on a spurt soon after passing and increased the gap, Amherst meanwhile appearing to be doing some very wild steering. From the mile and a half down the boats which had hitherto hugged the shore so closely as scarcely to be distinguishable from the other side, took the current and steered at quite a sharp angle diagonally across the river toward the west Amherst, Yale next, Harvard on the east, pointing toward the east shore, Amherst at the end of the short leg, and Harvard at the end of the long one. From the middle of the race to the last quarter there was not sufficient chance for either of the rear crews to make the contest interesting. Yale was the sole center of interest. Not satisfied with keeping her lead, she made a magnificent spurt at two miles, which increased her lead of three or four lengths to half a dozen, Amherst meanwhile gaining steadily on Harvard. The legs of the triangle, of which each boat made a corner, grew longer and longer toward the finish. Notwithstanding the one-sided character of the struggle, the excitement burst forth with great force. A quarter of a mile from the goal a large proportion of the crowd assembled along either bank of the river near the flags designating the last quarter mile.

As they approached this station all the crews were pulling rapidly toward the east bank of the river. Yale, according to the even tenor of her way, was holding on the level end of at least 15 lengths. They were pulling a very long stroke, with slow recover, and it seemed to be putting every pound into the blades. Nearing the quarter-mile flag they quickened their stroke very peculiarly, rowing about 33 strokes to the minute. In 37, 40, and for an instant reached 43, which they soon slowed down to 36. Next in order, with the purple and white of the Harvards, came Amherst, with the purple and white. They were "spurring," with an even 45 stroke to the minute, and seemed to be raining fairly slightly upon Yale. They were pulling in fair form, and did not seem to be "winded." No. 3 was somewhat out of form, but had an ugly twist as he caught the water. Harvard brought up the rear, and seemed to be pulling leisurely some eight or ten lengths behind Amherst at the rate of 40 per minute. Perhaps the most notable thing about the crews at this station was the change in course which all the crews made. The fastest part of the race was so near the west bank that with the naked eye it was almost impossible to follow their movements until they were close upon us, when they pulled nearly over to the other shore. Enthusiastic cheering arose as the winning crews passed by in the return to their quarters. No change occurred in the side positions of the crews from the start.

At the lower end of the course the grand stand was thronged with spectators, whose patience was severely taxed before the cry of "Here they come!" finally rang along the shore. So numerous had been the false alarms, and so many times had all risen to their feet to catch the first stroke of the oars, that every one was doubtful still; but the telegraphic announcement that the crews were really off settled the question beyond a doubt, and every one strained his eyes. The suspense was broken by the appearance of an enormous "Y" at the head of the bulletin-board, indicating that Yale was leading the race, Harvard men looked firm, Amherst was surprised and crestfallen, and all waited further developments. Again the man at the bulletin-board is busy, and "Am." is the next inscription which decorates it. Amherst men feel somewhat relieved, and Harvard is beginning to think seriously of the University race which is to follow. Harvard takes the place at the foot of the bulletin, and every one knows how the race stands. For a moment there is a lull in the excitement, all watching eagerly for the second mile record. It comes; again the great throng rises to its feet as the "32" goes down on the bulletin, and again it sinks back satisfied as Yale again stands at the head. Once more the Amherst crew is again down as No. 2, and once more Harvard men wonder what could have befallen the magenta. And now the crews are in view, sweeping on bravely, with the Yale boys a long way in advance and on the

extreme east of the river. They are pulling splendidly together, and their broad backs rise and fall with clocklike regularity. Swiftly and gracefully they sweep past the grand stand, and the "rah, rah, rah!" of Yale rings wildly out over the water. Even the Amherst and Harvard men can scarcely forbear a loud and hearty cheer as the boats shoot past the grand stand. It is soon learned that Yale beats Amherst 41 seconds and a quarter, and "fair Harvard," by 79 seconds and three-quarters. Amherst lost the race by more than a dozen lengths. Harvard was possibly ten lengths in the rear of Amherst, and more than a minute astern of her old-time rival. The race was a pretty one, but was overshadowed by anxiety respecting the greater event. It is finally reckoned that Yale came in full 15 lengths ahead in 17:53; Amherst's time was 18:34; Harvard's, 19:03.

THE UNIVERSITY RACE. YALE'S SECOND VICTORY—THE ENGLISH STROKE WINS—AT THE START—DELAYS AND DEBATES—OFF AT LAST—KALEIDOSCOPIC CHANGES ON THE COURSE—A POOL CLAIMED—UNCERTAINTY AND BAD MANAGEMENT. [BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

SPRINGFIELD, July 17.—At the start Harvard complained that there was only 39 feet between them, the starting boat and the Columbia, while the average was 59, and, in some cases, 70. Dana pulled up and represented this, proposing that the distance be arranged fairly, or that it be agreed that in case of any foul between these crews, the boats be brought back. It was finally decided that Harvard should not be held, but should start with the oars. Dana pulled away, looking dangerously cool, but his breath coming quick, notwithstanding. Cornell and Bowdoin were first in the line, side by side, on the eastern shore. Finally, after much pottering, it was made plain that Harvard was to start by the oars. Yale refuses to agree. Mr. Bobcock says it will take three-fourths of an hour to change that boat. "Those who want to start, let them start." Amherst is up in line, and the race might go on in a few minutes but for this miserable boat of shuffling. Columbia comes up, "Halloo Boss, how are ye?" "First rate, and we're going to do our best for New-York." "Here come the oars. I've got \$5 in them," one gentleman in the boat says. "What's that?" from two or three. "You want to bet \$5 on Dartmouth?" "No," says the first speaker; "I said I had got \$5 for them; but there is \$45 against it." "Dartmouth is pulling mighty well though," another says. They do look like giants, all hands looming up in white shirts and handsome green handkerchiefs. Pool's tremendous back rising and falling like the arm of a steam-engine, and his immense chest responding in time, in which the inexperienced eye can see no fault. Now the "Aggies" come along, maroon and white shirts alternating. There comes Harvard, perfect in form, looking like a fine piece of machinery even in the distance. Yale is coming down. Why don't Williams and Trinity come out? "I heard Williams and Trinity are not going to pull," says one.

Seven boats are out. The sky is overcast, or nearly so. The scene was now thrilling in the extreme, and the shouts from the bank are taken up from hill to hill all down the course. The whole scene of the race has now changed, like magic, the ragged line, which at the first start stretched irregularly across the river; each crew is pulling straight to the point in deadly fear of their fouls, on the probability of which so many theories have been erected. Suddenly a break appeared by the west bank and a change, as vivid and beautiful as the kaleidoscope, came over the brilliantly colored scene. In the next quarter, purple Amherst clung close to the west bank, as did the "Aggies." Columbia now pulled up a little; the gap between the "Aggies" and their next neighbor on the east widened, and all the boats, except Amherst and the "Aggies," tended. The water is flat as a board, and the University race is all but begun. All the passengers on the Crest pray for it that our wood which, since the Freshman race, the assembled notabilities have gone ashore and propped, may hold out long enough to keep the Crest afloat.

ALL OFF! Williams is putting off; she will pull; so will Trinity. They are all at last in position. The result of many hard months' work are to be tested in a moment. The flag is up; when it drops they will start. Hearts are beating high; down it goes, and they are off. Five crews out of seven splash the water, but they are off, and a splendid start it is. Time, about ten minutes past six. Harvard was conspicuous for a beautiful start, gaining possibly some slight advantage from preliminary skirmishing. Away they went, four crews starting as if by magic out of the crowd. Yale, Harvard, Amherst, and the "Aggies" all pulling a pretty quick stroke; Amherst starting with 38 strokes to the minute; Cornell, at first, pulled up on Bowdoin, taking quite a start at the far eastern end of the line. The Wesleyans claim to have taken the lead at the go off, but the general opinion seems to be otherwise. They made, however, a good start, as did Columbia, Williams and Trinity, appearing to fall to the rear at first, as did Dartmouth to a less degree. The race for the first few minutes was between Amherst and Harvard, with the Aggies and Yale so close that the difference was almost imperceptible. Amherst had as slight advantage. Suddenly, at the end of 30 or 35 strokes, the Amherst boat seemed to lose way and Harvard shot ahead. Dartmouth pulled up from the rear somewhat, and commenced a diagonal course of steering, which she adhered to, though it

The leading crews were rowing in perfect form, and the time of Harvard was counted by one observer at 40 strokes to the minute. Here the first definite change of direction took place. The Harvard swerved boldly out to the left across the bows of Yale, and as the group disappeared in the uncertain light, seemed to be still increasing her lead. No words can describe the wild exultation of the partisans of Yale and Harvard, but a considerable number of the spectators were farmers, who evidently felt uncertain of their hard-earned and easily risked gains.

As they passed the 1 1/2 mile station, the order was as follows: Harvard first; Yale second, half a length behind, but gaining a little even as she passed (these crews were in the middle of the river); Wesleyan third, less than a length behind Yale, and nearer the eastern shore; Amherst next, about 2 1/2 lengths behind Columbia, Bowdoin, "Aggies," Dartmouth, Cornell, followed in the order given, all in a bunch and very close together; Trinity was about a length behind these, and William from two to three lengths behind Trinity, nearly all rowing in the middle of the river in the rowing between a mile and a mile and a half. The beautiful forms into which the dottle had dissolved itself began to break up and the thing resolved itself into a series of duels. Amherst and the Aggies hung to it doggedly on the west side, the Aggies slowly dropping behind in the van. Harvard and Yale were struggling desperately, with Wesleyan close after them; Columbia and Cornell, pulling side by side for dear life, came next, and Dartmouth, steering her bad diagonal, was tugging stoutly with Bowdoin, now alongside, now dropping behind. Near the Dartmouth quarters, as Bowdoin claims, the Dartmouth struck their oars, making a foul which they will present for adjudication.

The mile and a half point of the course is one of the most interesting points. Here it was that the fouls and wrecks and runnings around were expected; there makes its appearance, running out almost to mid-channel, a sand-bar of shoal water, bordering the eastern bank, perhaps a half a mile in length; its width is from 100 to 500 feet. Over much of this bar there is not more than 10 inches of water; there is no part of it where the oar, unless very carefully used, may not strike bottom. Opposite the Amherst quarters there is much grass on this shoal; a few snags show above the surface, and, somewhat further down, there is an irregular island of about 15 feet in length, all around which the water shoals to but a few inches of depth. The position of this islet essentially narrows the channel, as it is not more than 150 feet from the middle of the river, and an attempt to pass to the eastward of it would encounter serious risk. Fortunately, the river is comparatively wide at this point, its breadth being apparently some 1,200 feet; the bar extends with varying width to a point nearly two miles from the head of the course, where a promontory with a small cape of sand juts out from the eastern shore, and somewhat narrows the river. A sharp wind from the westward might add serious difficulties, anywhere along the sand-bar, to the course of the boat. The eastern shore, along the line of the sand-bar, presents a ridge gradually rising to a low bluff, the rise being from 5 to about 20 feet. Back of this is the railroad, beyond which, nestled in the trees, are the spires and roofs of a pretty village known as Long Meadow Station. This ridge, affording a fine view, was crowded with spectators.

The boats passed this point without a skip or a scrape. Harvard holding her lead and showing some sharp practice, it is said, in steering across the bow of Wesleyan. The magenta of all the train was nearest to the island, none going on the east side of it.

THE DECISIVE MOMENT. Just below here, opposite the point which juts out so far into the channel on the east is the two-mile pole. At this point occurred the tussle which decided the race. Here Yale, who had been close behind Harvard from the start, picked her up in earnest and put on a spurt. Then came the test of the much doubted and maligned English stroke. Capt. Cook called on his men, whose performance already had astonished all spectators. They laid to their oars, quickened a little and, as a spectator on the shore described it, they seemed to shoot ahead on a sudden, lapped Harvard, and finally took a lead which they held to the end. Here came in, it is said, more of the steering of which Wesleyan complained, and she found it almost impossible to get a place. At last, however, an opening appeared, and she shot up between Yale and Harvard, increasing the advantage

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