

## YALE CREW'S VICTORY.

**A Remarkable Contest—Yale's Form and Strength Perfect—Harding's Killing Effort.**

Things looked very black for Yale at New London, Thursday, June 28, when the first two races of the annual regatta with Harvard had gone against her, and even the most hopeful ones down stream began to shake their heads doubtfully. "It's one, two, three, last year over again," said the pessimist and most people agreed with him. But the doubting ones might have caught a ray of hope had they been within half a mile of Broadview when the referee's boat Nushka ran up to the quarters at half past one o'clock and sang out that the race would be rowed immediately. With a yell of joy that the chance had come to even up the score, the Crew, which had been anxiously waiting in the little lookout on Captain Brown's lawn, broke pell-mell for the boat house, running down the steep bank and leaping whatever obstacles were in the way at the risk of sprained or broken ankles, in their eagerness to get in the battle. Five minutes later the shell was launched and moving towards the starting line in fast spurts.

Those who witnessed the incident took new hope and knew then that the struggle would be fought out to the very end, as far as Yale's part of it was concerned, with no thought of possible defeat till the last stroke was pulled under the shadow of the bridge. And the struggle which followed was a fight to the end, which, though unexpected and dramatic, has given Yale men cause to rejoice. "Strike your maximum gait for four miles. Hold it without spurts. Be dead at the bridge and not before." These were the parting instructions of Coach Gallaudet, and Stroke Cameron began, after the rush of start, to measure off the brawn and muscle of the boat, with a stroke of 32 to the minute, as steady as the swinging of a pendulum. Harvard tried to hold with 33 and even 34, but in vain. Her new stroke, Harding, finding the relentless sweep of that 32 stride stealing away from him, began a spurt which lasted from the second to the third mile flag and beyond it, and which has probably never been surpassed since boating began at New London.

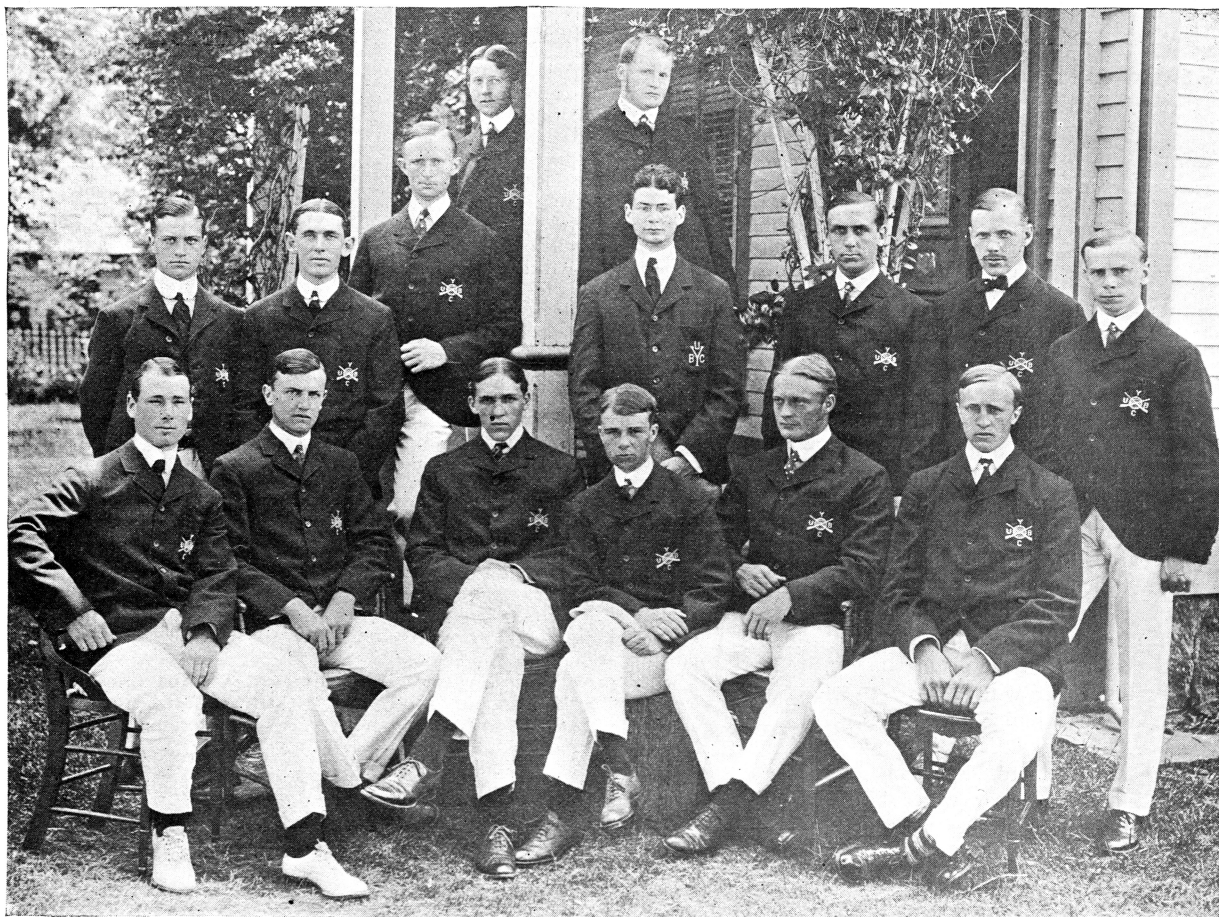
### HARDING ROWED HIMSELF INSENSIBLE.

The result is history. He overhauled the Yale boat, yes, and passed it too, but to do it he rowed himself into insensibility and the men behind him almost to a standstill. Only the most magnificent courage of Sheafe, at 7, kept the race from ending then and there as far as Harvard was concerned. He pulled his men together, when it seemed almost impossible that they could finish, and with No. 8's oar dragging like the wing of a wounded bird, and No. 8 himself helpless and swaying on his slide or resting in the coxswain's arms, pulled across the line 25 seconds or about eight lengths in the rear. The wonder is that it was not twice or three times as bad.

The most important fact of the race is this—that Yale did not change her stroke from the start to the point where she was for the second time leading Harvard—namely at three and one-half miles. That she could row the race she did at an even thirty-two swing, and force Harvard to the race which her crew rowed, seems to establish the fact over and above all considerations of accidents and changes, that Yale's maximum gait

## YALE UNIVERSITY CREW AND SUBSTITUTES.

Cameron. Niedecken. Armstrong (cox). Williams. Hooker. Mitchell. Cross. Lincoln.



Wickes. Blagden (capt. 1901) Allen (capt. 1900) Chittenden (cox) Brock. Kunzig. Photo by Pach.

for four miles was faster than Harvard's maximum gait for four miles. With their cool and resourceful captain at stroke, Harvard would probably not have made that killing spurt. But without it, Yale was a safe winner. Harding was a regular member of the Harvard Crew, and Harding was only one of a number of men for whom that pace was much more than enough.

### THE RACE IN DETAIL.

The Four and Freshman races had been rowed between half past 11 and half past 12 o'clock on an ebb tide which a southwest wind had knocked into most uncomfortable water for such light crafts. Every minute the strength of the wind was increasing, piling the river into whitecaps. The observation train had run to the start for the University race, but no one expected a race at that time. As the crowds waited patiently for the announcement of a postponement a big black cloud gathered in the north and soon overspread all that part of the sky. Many feared a repetition of the heavy shower of race day in 1898, when everyone was drenched and the races twice postponed, but it proved to be a blessing. As the cloud mounted higher and moved into the northeast, the southwest wind faded and then with a sudden snap the big blue banner at Broadview came round and pointed down stream. The wind had changed and was blowing strongly in puffs straight down the course, so that in five minutes the ruffled back of the Thames was smoothed out and the conditions changed from impossible to fast.

The referee's boat brought both shells to the start at a quarter of two o'clock, and five minutes later they were off to the flash of Mr. Meikleham's pistol. Harvard's lightning-like catch of the water was seen for the third time that day, but it was met now by one nearly as good. However, it was Harvard's advantage and she had, perhaps, a lead of 10 or 15 feet at the quarter. After the first dozen strokes Yale lengthened into a long 32, while Harvard kept at it with 34 to hold her place. The official time for the half says Yale 2 minutes 33 $\frac{2}{3}$  seconds, Harvard 2 minutes 32 seconds. To the mile it was so close a race that the shells seemed to be harnessed together, but Yale was holding to her clock-like 32, while Harvard with 33 was losing ground, foot by foot. Both boats crossed the mile at 5 minutes 10 seconds flat. From here to the mile and a half Yale made her greatest advance, being at the latter point three seconds to the good—in 7 minutes 54 seconds. Harvard's time was 7 minutes 57 seconds. Still no open water, and Harvard was hanging on tenaciously waiting for her chance. But it looked as though it would never come, for the Yale boat was slipping along with machine-like precision, without apparent strain or worry, with the blade, body and slide work clean and as unhurried as if the men were out for an afternoon practice spin.

### THE HARVARD SPURT.

As the two mile flag came running up to meet the racers Harding raised his stroke to 34, and it was seen as the shells flashed past the mark, that he

had cut the lead down a trifle. The official time here was Yale 10.31, Harvard 10.33. It was a trifling gain, but it was a gain, and with this encouragement before him he began driving his crew for first place at the three miles. First it was 34, but as there was no relative change apparent at the two and one-half flag it became 35 to the minute. Now surely did his boat begin to creep up, up and past Yale who varied not a hair's breadth from the swinging 32, preferring to wait. The three mile flag saw Harvard with three-quarters of a length in front and amazement showed itself on every face at Harvard's superb fight for the lead.

### THE STROKE WAS TOO HIGH.

"We are beaten," said an old Harvard oarsman, on a boat following the crew, "flesh and blood can't stand such a stroke and we must keep it or lose." Two minutes later Harvard's stroke oar was seen to be in trouble. His blade began to lag on the catch and shoot high in the air on the recovery. Another length and it missed the water altogether, and the man who had made one of the gamest struggles ever seen in a race was a helpless passenger. Twice he tried to unship the oar, but he had not the strength, and his body slumped down between his knees and swayed dangerously at every stroke of his mates. The Harvard launch ran across to the shell at this moment and gave some instructions presumably to stop, but Sheafe at No. 7, the acting captain, shook his head, and, calling on his men, who were for a brief space