



ROWING AT CAMBRIDGE

By R. C. LEHMANN.



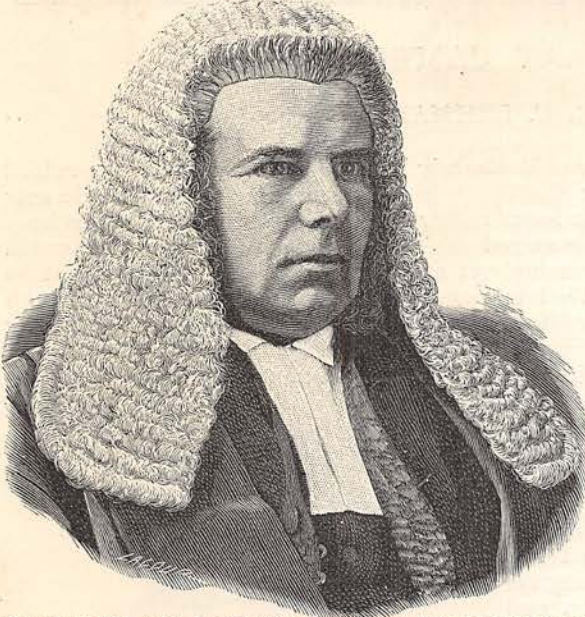
THE casual visitor would scarcely imagine that Cambridge resembled either Macedon or Monmouth in the possession of a river. He sees in The Backs what looks rather like a huge moat designed to keep marauders from the sacred college courts, and filled with discoloured water destitute seemingly of all stream. This he knows cannot be the racing river. The innumerable bridges forbid the notion, although Ouida has in one of her novels sprinkled it with a mixture of racing eights and water lilies. He wanders on from college to college and

nowhere does he come across the slightest sign of the river of which he has heard so much. Indeed a man may stroll on Midsummer Common within about a hundred yards of the boathouses without suspecting the existence of the Cam. I can well remember conveying to the river an enthusiastic freshman who had just joined his college boat club. At every step I was asked whether we were yet approaching the noble stream. I answered evasively, and with that air of mystery which befits a third year man in the presence of freshmen. At length we turned on to the Common, which is bounded by the Cam; on the further bank stand the boathouses. There were crowds of men busy in the yards, there were coaches riding on the nearer bank, but of the river itself there was no indication. We were still about two hundred yards away when a Lady Margaret eight passed, the heads of the crew in their scarlet caps being just visible above the river bank as they swung backwards and forwards in their boat. I felt my freshman's grip tightening on my arm. Suddenly he stood stock still and rubbed his eyes: "Good heavens!" he said in an awe-struck voice, "what on earth are those little red things I see running up and down there? Funniest thing I ever saw." I reassured him and in a few moments more we arrived at the Cam, crossed it in a "grind," and solved the puzzle. Distance, therefore, can scarcely be said to lend enchantment to the view, since at anything over one hundred yards it withdraws the Cam altogether from our sight. It is not easy indeed to see where the attractions of the Cam come in. It has been called with perfect justice a ditch, a canal, and a sewer, but not even the wildest enthusiast would have supposed it to be a running stream, or ventured to call it a river at first sight. Yet this slow and muddy



THE VERY REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, D.D., DEAN OF ELY. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE. NO. 4 IN THE CAMBRIDGE CREW, 1829 (FIRST UNIVERSITY RACE). FOURTH CLASSIC, 1830.

thread of water has been for more than sixty years the scene of excitements and triumphs and glories without end, upon its shallow stream future judges and bishops and parliament-men—not to speak of the great host of minor celebrities and the vaster army of future obscurities—have sought exercise and relaxation, to its unsightly banks their memory still fondly turns wherever their lot may chance to be cast, and still some thousand of the flower of our youth find health and strength in driving the labouring eights and fours along its narrow reaches and round its winding corners. It may well excite the wonder of the uninitiated that with so many natural disadvantages to contend against the oarsmen of Cambridge should have been able for more than half a century to maintain so high a standard of oarsmanship. In the record of the University races twenty-two stand to the credit of Cambridge against twenty-three won by Oxford, a slight disadvantage which every good Cambridge man hopes to see set right by the result of this year's race. Time after time since the year when First



THE RIGHT HON. LORD MACNAGHTEN, P.C., ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S LORDS OF APPEAL IN ORDINARY. FIRST TRINITY BOAT CLUB. WINNER OF THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS AND THE UNIVERSITY PAIRS, 1851; OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS AT HENLEY, 1852. BOW OF THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT, 1852; STROKE, 1853. SENIOR CLASSIC AND SECOND CHANCELLOR'S MEDALLIST, 1852. FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Trinity secured the first race for the Grand Challenge have her college crews carried off the chief prizes at Henley against all competitors, until in 1887 Trinity Hall swept the board by actually winning five of the eight Henley races, other Cambridge men accounting for the remaining three. The record of Cambridge rowing is thus a very proud one, but those who know the Cambridge oarsman and his river will find no difficulty in accounting for it. The very disadvantages of the Cam all tend to imbue the man who rows upon it with a stern sense of duty, with the feeling that it is business and not pleasure, hard work and not a pic-nic, that summon him every day of the term to the boat-houses and urge him on his way to Baitsbite. We are forced to do without the natural charms that make the Isis beautiful. We console ourselves by a strict devotion to the labour of the oar. The man who first rowed upon the Cam was

in all probability a lineal descendant of the daring spirit who first tasted an oyster. His name and fame have not been preserved, but I am entitled to assume that he flourished some time before 1826. In that year the records of Cambridge boat clubs begin. There is in the possession of the First Trinity Boat Club an old book at one end of which are to be found the "Laws of the Monarch Boat Club," with a list of members from 1826 to 1828, whilst at the other end are inscribed lists of members of "The Trinity Boat Club," minutes of its meetings, and brief descriptions of the races in which it was engaged from the year 1829 to 1834. The Monarch Boat Club was by its laws limited to members of Trinity and, I take it, that in 1828 the club had become sufficiently important to change its name definitely to that of Trinity Boat Club. At any rate it must always have been considered the Trinity Club, for in the earliest chart of the Cambridge boat races, that, namely, of 1827, in the captains' room of the First Trinity Boat House, "Trinity" stands head of the river, and no mention is made of a Monarch Club. These ancient laws form a somewhat Draconian code. They are twenty-five in number, and eight of them deal with fines or penalties to be inflicted upon a member who may "absent himself from his appointed crew and not provide a substitute for his oar," or who may "not arrive at the boathouse within a quarter of an hour of the appointed time." There were fines ("by no means to be remitted except in the case of any member having an *ægrotat*, *excusat*, or *absit*, or having been prevented from attending by some Laws of the College or University") for not appear-

ing in the proper uniform, for "giving orders or speaking on a racing day, or on any other day, after silence has been called," exception being made in favour of the captain and steerer, and for neglecting to give notice of an intended absence. To the 12th Law a clause was subsequently added enacting "that the treasurer be chastised twice a week for not keeping his books in proper order."

From the minutes of the Trinity Boat Club I extract the following letter, dated Stangate, December, 1828, which shows that even at that early date the first and third persons carried on a civil war in the boat-builder's vocabulary:—

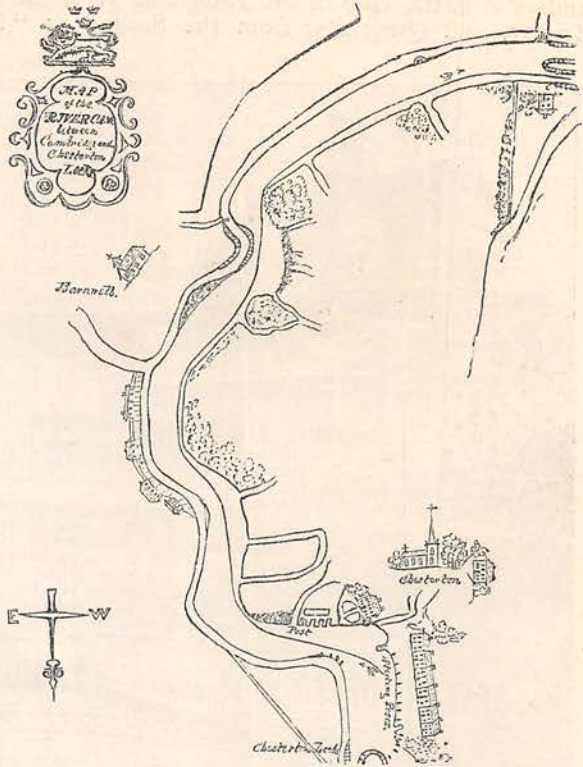
"Rawlinson & Lyon's compliments to Mr. Greene wish to know if there is to be any alteration in the length of the set of oars they have to send down have been expecting to hear from the Club therefore have not given orders for the oars to be finished should feel obliged by a line from you with the necessary instructions and be kind enough to inform us of the success which we trust you have met with in the New Boat."

"we remain Sir

"Your obt^s Servts

"Rawlinson & Lyon."

In 1833 it is curious to read, "towards the end of this Easter term six of the racing crew were ill of influenza, &c., when the boat was bumped by the Queens' which we bumped next race, but were bumped again by them and next race owing to a bad start the Christ's boat bumped us immediately being nearly abreast of us at the bumping post." Was this the *grippe*, I wonder? In the Lent Term, 1834, it is stated, "The second race we touched the Christ's after the pistol was fired the first stroke we pulled and lost our place to the Second Trinity for making a foul bump." By the way, in the oldest minute-book belonging to the University B.C., extending from 1828 to 1837, I find the Second Trinity boat occasionally entered on the list as "Reading Trinity." It continued to enjoy this bookish reputation up to 1877, when a debt which continued to increase while its list of members as constantly diminished, brought about its dissolution. Its members and its challenge-cups were then taken over by First Trinity. In an old book belonging to First Trinity is preserved a map of the racing river (here reproduced), which explains much that would be otherwise inexplicable in the various entries. In those days it will be seen that the races began in the short reach of water in which they now finish. A little below where Charon now plies his ferry were the Chesterton Locks, and in the reach above this starting-posts seem to have been fixed for the various boats. When the starting pistol was fired the crews started rowing, but apparently no bump was allowed before the bumping-post, fixed some little way above the first bend where the big horse-grind now works. Any bump before this was foul, and the boat so fouling appears to have been disqualified. This post once passed, the racing proper began and continued past Barnwell up to the Jesus Locks. It must be remembered that the Jesus Locks were not where they are now, but were built just where the Caius boat-house now stands, there being a lock-cut in the present bed of the river, and the main stream running quite a hundred yards south of its present course, and forming an island on which stood Fort St. George. This was altered in 1837, when the Cam was diverted to its present course, and the old course from above Jesus Green Sluice to Fort St. George was filled up.



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A few more extracts relating to the first beginnings of College boat-races may be of interest. In 1827 there were six boats on the river, a ten-oar and an eight-oar from Trinity, an eight-oar from St. John's, and six-oars from Jesus, Caius, and Trinity, Westminster. In 1829 this number had dwindled to four at the beginning of the races on February 28, but in the seventh race, which took place on March 21, seven crews competed, St. John's finishing head of the river, a place they maintained in the following May. Usually from seven to nine races appear to have been rowed during one month of the term, certain days in each week having been previously fixed. Crews were often known by the name of their ship rather than by that of their College. I find, for instance, a *Privateer*, which was made up, I think, of men from private schools, a *Corsair* from St. John's, a *Dolphin* from Third Trinity (which was then, and is still, the club of the Eton and Westminster men), *Black Prince* from First Trinity, and *Queen Bess* from the Second or "Reading" Trinity. The following



GOLDIE BOAT-HOUSE, WITH HEAD OF THE RIVER, 1888.

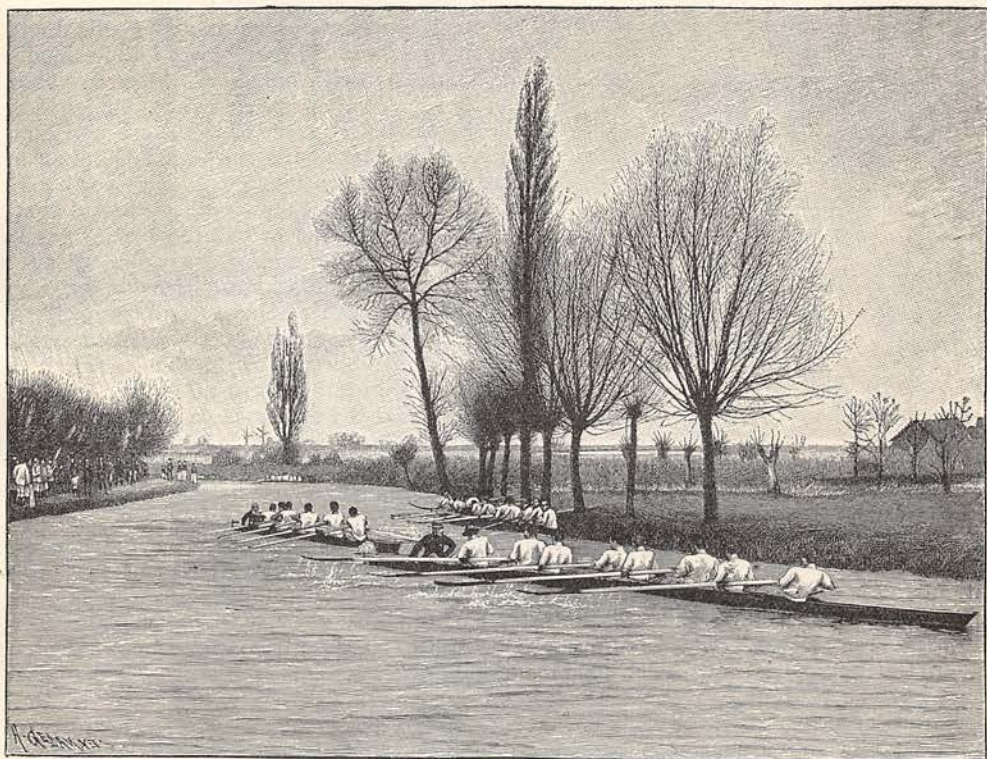
regulations passed by the University Boat Club on April 18, 1831, will help to make the old system of boat-racing quite clear:—

1. That the distance between each post being twenty yards will allow eleven boats to start on the Chesterton side, the length of the ropes by which they are attached to the posts being ten yards.
2. That the remainder of the boats do start on the Barnwell side at similar distances, but with ropes fifteen yards in length.
3. That there also be a rope three yards long fixed to the head of the lock, which will be the station of the last boat, provided the number exceed twelve.

These arrangements allowed thirteen boats to start at once, and special provision was made for any number beyond that. Obedience to the properly-constituted authorities seems from an early period to have characterized the rowing man. I find that in 1831 a race was arranged between the captains of racing crews and the rest of the University, to take place on Tuesday, November 29. On Monday the 28th, however, there arrived "a request from the Vice-Chancellor backed by the Tutors of

the several Colleges that we should refrain from racing on account of the cholera then prevailing in Sunderland. We accordingly gave up the match forthwith and with it another which was to have been rowed the same day between the quondam Etonians and the private school men." The secretary, however, adds this caustic comment—"It is presumed that Dr. Haviland, at whose instigation the Vice-Chancellor put a stop to the race, confounded the terms (and pronunciations?) 'rowing' and 'rowing,' and while he was anxious to stop any debauchery in the latter class of men, by a slight mistake was the means of preventing the healthy exercise of the former."

The umpire for the College races seems never to have been properly appreciated. Indeed, in 1834, the U.B.C. solemnly resolved "that the umpire was no use and accordingly that Bowtell should be cashiered. In consequence of this resolution it was proposed and carried that the same person who had the management of the posts, lines, and starting the boats should also place the flags on the bumping-post



A BUMP IN THE GUT, LENT RACES.

and receive for his pay 4s. a week, with an addition of 2s. 6d. at the end of the quarter in case the starting be well managed, but that each time the pistol misses fire 1s. should be deducted from his weekly pay." In 1835, in consequence of the removal of the Chesterton Lock, the U.B.C. transferred the starting-posts to the reach between Baitsbite and First Post Corner, and there they have remained ever since.

Side by side with the College Boat Clubs, formed by the combination of their members for strictly imperial matters, regulating and controlling the inter-collegiate races, but never interfering with the internal arrangements and the individual liberty of the College Clubs, the University Boat Club grew up. With two short but historical extracts from its early proceedings I will conclude this cursory investigation into the records of the musty past. On February 20, 1829, at a meeting of the U.B.C. Committee, held in Mr. Gisborne's rooms, it was resolved, *inter alia*, "That Mr. Snow, St. John's, be requested to write immediately to Mr. Staniforth, Christ Church, Oxford, proposing to make up a University match;" and on March 12, on the receipt of a letter from Mr. Staniforth, Christ Church, Oxford, a meeting of the U.B.C. was called

at Mr. Harman's rooms, Caius College, when the following resolution was passed—“That Mr. Stephen Davies (the Oxford boat-builder) be requested to post the following challenge in some conspicuous part of his barge—‘That the University of Cambridge hereby challenge the University of Oxford to row a match at or near London, each in an eight-oared boat during the ensuing Easter vacation.’”

Thus was brought about the first race between the two Universities. Mr. Snow was appointed captain, and it was further decided that the University Boat Club should defray all expenses, and that the match be not made up for money. It is unnecessary for me to relate once again how the race was eventually rowed from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge, and how the Light Blues (who, by the way, were then the Pinks) suffered defeat by many lengths. The story has been too well and too often told before. Each crew contained a future bishop—the venerable Bishop of St. Andrew's rowing No. 4 in the Oxford boat, whilst the late Bishop Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of New Zealand and subsequently of Lichfield, occupied the important position of No. 7 for Cambridge. Of the remainder more than half were afterwards ordained.



“BILL” ASPLEN, BOATMAN OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY B.C. FOR THIRTY YEARS.

So much then for the origins of College and University racing. Thenceforward the friendly rivalry flourished with only slight intermissions; gradually the race became an event. The great public became interested in it, cabmen and bus-drivers decorated their whips in honour of the crews, sightseers flocked to the river banks to catch a glimpse of them as they flashed past, and their prowess was celebrated by the press. It is not however too much to say that without the keen spirit of emulation which is fostered by the *College* races both at Oxford and Cambridge, the University boat-race would cease to exist. Truly a light blue cap is to the oarsman a glorious prize, but there are many hundreds of ardent enthusiasts who have to content themselves with a place in the College boats in the Lent or the May Term. Want of form, or of weight, or of the necessary strength and stamina may hinder them from attaining to a place in the University eight, but they should console themselves by reflecting that without their

patient and earnest labours for the welfare of their several Colleges it would be impossible to maintain a high standard of oarsmanship, or to form a representative University eight. Let me therefore be for a page or two the apologist, nay, rather the panegyrist of the College oarsmen with whom many of my happiest hours have been spent.

Before entering upon the serious business of life as a freshman at Cambridge, the youth who is subsequently to become an oar will in all probability have fired his imagination by reading of the historical prowess of past generations of University oars and of the great deeds of the present. Goldie who turned the tide of defeat, the Closes, Rhodes, Gurdon, Hockin, Pitman the gallantest of strokes, and Muttlebury the mighty President of to-day are the heroes whom he worships, and to whose imitation he proposes to devote himself. A vision of a light blue coat and cap flits before his mind, he sees himself in fancy wrestling a fiercely contested victory from the clutches of Oxford, and cheered and fêted by a countless throng of his admirers. With these ideas he becomes as a freshman a member of his College Boat Club, and adds his name to the “tubbing list.” He purchases his rowing uniform, clothes himself in it in his rooms, and one fine afternoon in October finds himself one of a crowd of nervous novices in the yard of his College boat-house. One of the captains pounces on him, selects a co-victim for him and orders him into a gig-pair, or to speak more correctly, a “tub.” With the first stroke the beautiful azure vision vanishes leaving only a sense of misery behind. He imagined he could row as he walked, by the light of nature. He finds that all kinds of mysterious technicalities are required of him. He has to “get hold of the beginning” to “finish it out,” to take his oar “out of the water clean” (an impossibility one would think on the dirty drain-fed Cam),

to "plant his feet against the stretcher," to row his shoulders back, to keep his elbows close to his sides, to shoot away his hands, to swing from his hips, under no circumstances to bend his back or to leave go with his outside hand, and above all, to keep his swing forward as steady as a rock—an instruction to which he conforms by not swinging at all. These are but a few points out of the many which are drilled into his ears by his energetic coach. A quarter of an hour concludes his lesson, and he leaves the river a much sadder but not necessarily a wiser man. However since he is young he is not daunted by all these unforeseen difficulties. He perseveres and towards the end of his first term reaps a doubtful reward by being put into an eight with seven other novices, to splash and roll and knock his knuckles about for an hour or so to his heart's content. Next term (the Lent Term) may find him a member of one of his College Lent Boats. Then he begins to feel that pluck and ambition are not in vain, and soon afterwards for the first time he tastes the joys of training, which he will be surprised to find does not consist entirely of raw steaks and underdone chops. Common sense in fact has during the past fifteen years or so broken in upon the foolish regulations of the ancient system. Men who train are still compelled to keep early hours, to eat simple food at fixed times, to abjure tobacco and to limit the quantity of liquid they absorb. But there is an immense variety in the dishes put before them, they are warned against gorging (at breakfast, indeed, men frequently touch no meat), and though they assemble together in the Backs before breakfast and are ordered to clear their pipes by a short sharp burst of 150 yards, they are not allowed to overtire themselves by the long runs which were at one time in fashion. Far away back in the dawn of University rowing training seems to have been far laxer though discipline may have been more strict than it is now. Mr. J. M. Logan (the well-known Cambridge boat-builder) writes to me on this subject:—"I have heard my father say that the crews used to train on egg flip which an old lady who then kept the Plough Inn by Ditton was very famous for making, and that crew which managed to drink most egg flip was held to be most likely to make many bumps. I believe the ingredients were gin, beer and beaten eggs with nutmegs and spices added. I have heard my father say that the discipline of the crews was of an extraordinary character. For instance the Captain of the Lady Margaret Boat Club used to have a bugle, and after he had sounded it the crew would have to appear on the yard in high hats and dress suits with a black tie. The penalty for appearing in a tie of any other colour was one shilling. The trousers worn on these occasions were of white jean and had to be washed every day under a penalty of one shilling. The wearing of perfectly clean things every day was an essential part of the preparation."

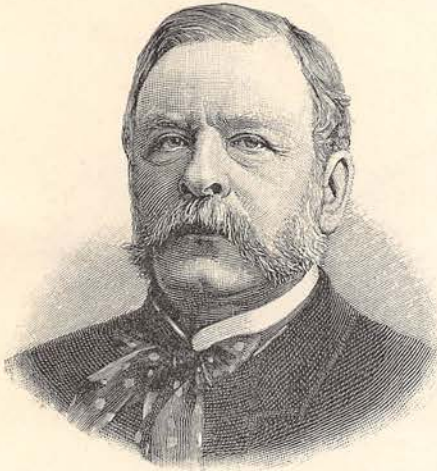


S. D. MUTTELBURY, THIRD TRINITY B.C. PRESIDENT, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY B.C., 1883, 1889, 1890; ETON EIGHT, 1884, 1885, NO. 6 IN THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT, 1886, NO. 6 IN 1887, NO. 5 IN 1888, NO. 5 IN 1889, NO. 6 IN 1890.

All this, however, is a digression from the freshman whom we have seen safely through his tubbing troubles and have selected for a Lent Boat. I return to him to follow him in a career of glory which will lead him from Lent Boat to May Boat, from that to his College Four and so perhaps through the University Trial Eights to the final goal of all rowing ambition, the Cambridge Eight. He will have suffered many things for the sake of his beloved pursuit, he will have rowed many weary miles, have learnt the misery of aching limbs and blistered hands, perhaps he may have endured the last indignity of being bumped, he will have laboured under broiling suns, or with snow storms and bitter winds beating against him, he will have voluntarily cut himself off from many pleasant indulgences. But on the other hand his triumphs will have been sweet, he will have trained himself to submit to discipline, to accept discomfort cheerfully, to keep a brave face in adverse circumstances; he will have developed to the full his strength and his powers of endurance, will have learnt the necessity of unselfishness and patriotism, and, better than all, he will have gathered round him a

band of friends bound together by the brotherhood of the oar, and tested through many seasons of patient and laborious effort. These are after all no mean results in a generation which is often accused of effeminate and debasing luxury.

A few words as to our scheme of boat-races at Cambridge. Of the Lent races I have spoken. They are rowed at the end of February in heavy ships, *i.e.*, fixed-seat ships built with five streaks from a keel. Thirty-one boats take part in them; every College must be represented by at least one boat, though beyond that there is no restriction as to the number of boats from any particular College club. No man who has taken part in the previous May races is permitted to row. In fact, they are a preparatory school for the development of eight-oared rowing. Next term is given up to the May races, which are rowed in light ships, *i.e.*, keel-less ships with sliding-seats. No club can have more than three or less than one crew in these races, which are now, by the way, always rowed in June. In this term the pair-oared races are also rowed, generally before the eights. The fours, both in light ships, and, for the less ambitious Colleges whose eights may be in the second division, in Clinker-built boats, take place at the end of October, and are followed by the Colquhoun, or University Sculls, and next by the University Trial Eights, two picked crews selected by the President of the University Boat Club from the likely men of every College club. The trial race always takes place near Ely over the three miles of what is called the Adelaide course. Besides all these races, each College has its own races confined to members of the College. But of course the glory of College racing culminates in the May term. Who shall calculate all the forethought, energy, self-denial and patriotic labour, all the carefully organized skill and patient training which are devoted to the May races; for so they are still called, though they never take place now before June? Every man who rows in his College crew feels that to him personally the traditions and the honour of his College are committed. The meadow at Ditton is alive with a brilliant throng of visitors, the banks swarm with panting enthusiasts armed with every kind of noisy instrument, and all intent to spur the energies of their several eights. One by one, the crews clothed in their



HIS EXCELLENCY SENATOR WILLIAM HENRI WADDINGTON, AMBASSADOR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IN LONDON. PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, 1879. SECOND TRINITY BOAT CLUB. NO. 6 IN THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT, 1849. SECOND CLASSIC, BRACKETED CHANCELLOR'S MEDALLIST AND THIRD SENIOR OPTIME, 1849.

blazers, with their straw hats on their heads, paddle down to the start, pausing at Ditton to exchange greetings with the visitors. In the Post Reach they turn, disembark for a few moments and wander nervously up and down the bank. At last the first gun is fired, the oarsmen strip for the race, their clothes are collected and borne along in front by perspiring boatmen, so as to be ready for them at the end of the race, the men step gingerly into their frail craft and await the next gun. Bang! Another minute. The boat is pushed out, the coxswain holding his chain; the crew come forward, every nerve strained for the start; the cry of the careful timekeepers is heard along the Reach, the gun fires, and a universal roar proclaims the start of the sixteen crews. For four "nights" the conflict rages bringing triumph and victory to some and pain and defeat to others; and at the end comes the glorious bump-supper, with its toasts, its songs, and its harmless, noisy rejoicings, on which the Dons look with an indulgent eye, and in which they even sometimes take part for the honour of the College.

Not the least important part of the machinery of a crew is the coach—often a veteran who has passed through the fiery furnace of many bumping races. The coach's first duty must be to establish sympathy between himself and his crew, to make them believe that he is infallible, and that his instructions, if duly acted on, must lead to their success. The rest is easy. Silence, discipline, and obedience should be the motto of the crew; patience, enthusiasm, and watchfulness must be that of the coach. Let him be quick to seize the psychological moment in the life of his men

when an apt piece of advice may turn them from eight disconnected individuals into one harmonious crew ; let him avoid nagging as he would poison, and above all let him concentrate his attention on essentials and eschew comparatively trivial details. Let him, too, endeavour to make his men comfortable in their ship, and to keep them good-tempered in spite of training and work. I have known many crews and many coaches. Often have I seen a good crew marred by bad coaching ; quite as often have I watched eight weak men being turned into a good crew by the ceaseless efforts of a careful instructor. Of all Cambridge coaches the late Mr. H. E. Rhodes was the most successful. Every University crew he coached won against Oxford. Of the Cambridge crews I have known, those of 1876 and of 1888 were, I think, the fastest ; the most brilliant and plucky was that of 1886, which, under the leadership of Pitman, wiped out a lead of two lengths which Oxford had secured at Barnes Bridge and won by two thirds of a length.

Of coxswains much might be said. The primeval cox who at the start of a bumping race hurled his watch into the river, crammed the bung at the end of the starting-chain (the other end being fixed to the bank) into his pocket, shouted wildly "well rowed all," and as the boat sprang forward was immediately dragged backwards into the water is responsible, I fancy, for most of the tales that are current with regard to his profession. At any rate, I once saw one of his latter-day successors avenge himself on the burly tribe of oarsmen by running the nose of his eight full tilt under the taut chain of a crossing "grind," the result being that bow was swept, indignant and amazed, not realizing what had happened to him, over the heads of the rest of the crew, and that much strong language was used. "Grind," it should be said, is our Cambridge term for the ferries that are worked by a chain from bank to bank.

Those who wish for a detailed technical exposition of the Cambridge style must seek it elsewhere. Space fails me to do more than to point out that on long slides of fifteen to sixteen inches we attach even greater importance than before to a slow far-reaching swing forward, to the firm clean grip of the water well behind the riggers, and above all to the steady even leg drive which helps the blade through the water, and finally in conjunction with swing presses the hands square home to the chest. We still ask our men to sit up at the finish, to shoot their hands away smartly off the chest, and generally to row in a style which shall be artistic and graceful as well as uniform and powerful. But what we look to above all is the actual work of the blade in the water. If that be good and true we pardon many minor faults.

Happy are those who still dwell in Cambridge Courts and follow the delightful labour of the oar. For the rest of us there can only be memories of the time when we toiled round the never-ending Grassy corner, spurted in the Plough, heard dimly the deafening cheers of the crowd at Ditton, and finally made our bump amid the confused roar of hundreds of voices, the booming of fog-horns, the screech of rattles, and the ringing of bells. What joy in after life can equal the intoxication of the moment when we stepped out upon the bank to receive the congratulations of our friends, whilst the unfurled flag proclaimed our victory to the world?

To such scenes the mind travels back through the vista of the years with fond regret. For most of us our racing days are over, but we can still glory in the triumphs of our College or our University, and swear by the noblest of open air sports.



R. C. LEHMANN, FIRST TRINITY B.C. FIRST CAPTAIN, FIRST TRINITY, 1876, 1877 ; UNIVERSITY TRIAL EIGHTS, 1876, 1878. COACH OF THIRD TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE CREW, HEAD OF THE RIVER, 1889 ; AND OF THE BRASE-NOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD CREW, HEAD OF THE RIVER, 1889.