

THE JUNIORS WIN
Exciting Boat Race on Chautauqua Lake Tuesday.

MEET THE CHAUTAUQUAS NEXT

**The "Boys" Won That Priviledge by Defeeating the Senior Crew –
Difference Of Opinion as to Right of Way Between the Louise and
Celeron.**

In the bright sunshine of a perfect summer afternoon the senior and junior crews of the Chadakoin boat club met and fought for aquatic supremacy on a mile and a half course between Celeron and Greenhurst. It was a good clean race and the juniors won.

This in a few words gives the result of the aquatic contest arranged for the purpose of selecting a crew to meet the Chautauquans on Jamestown day, Thursday. The time for starting was fixed for 6 o'clock Monday afternoon. No better time could have been chosen. The conditions were as favorable as is ever found on Chautauqua Lake. The atmosphere was clear and bracing although the weather was warm and the alight suggestion of a breeze that blew down the lake sufficed to ruffle the surface with a ripple that made the water glint and sparkle with rare brilliancy.

At the Chadakoin club house all was bustle and preparation. The two shells stretched side by side on wooden horses were carefully tended by their respective crews. John Guenster, tall, lithe and active busied himself in scrubbing the bottom of the seniors' shell with some kind of a black greasy substance, while the boys on the opposite side of the boat house contented themselves with carefully polishing their boat with chamois skin.

A few minutes after 6 o'clock the two crews dropped the boats into the water and took a brief preliminary spin, while the crowd of spectators began to speculate on the possibilities and probabilities of the coming race. On this subject there was a variety of opinion.

"The juniors are too heavy," said one.

"The seniors are too light," said another.

"The juniors need more training," opined one expert

"The seniors have trained too much," retorted another.

"The seniors will win," dogmatically predicted a partisan.

"The juniors will win," conjectured another with equal confidence.

And so the discussion progressed. Both crews had active and interested champions. The wives and lady friends of the senior crew were of course anxious that their oarsmen should win. The parents and sweethearts of the "boys" were present prepared to cheer the lads to victory. It would have puzzled an expert to guess which of the two crews were the best. There were points in favor of either, although the outcome indicated which crew possessed the most of these points.

The steam yacht Celoron was selected for the referee's boat and a few minutes after 6, the craft was loaded with the friends of the two crews and steamed to the starting point, where the two shells lay lined up ready for the fray. There was a short delay occasioned by the passing of a large steamer which made swells that rendered rowing impracticable, but at least all was in readiness. The referee, Judge Jerome B. Fisher, climbed on top of the yacht. "Now boys," said he, "are you ready?"

Five seconds sped away during which time you could see the men stretch in their boats and their muscles grew tense for the start. Then came the word "Go" and eight pair of oars dipped the water together while the two crafts under the impetus of this sudden propulsion shot forwards towards the far away finish line a mile and a half in the distance. At the outset it seemed as though the seniors would make an easy winning. They got off in better form. Their long oars rose and fell and took the water as though handled by a single man, while in the junior boat there was a nervous ragged splashing and uncertainty that lacked uniformity and wasted much valuable time. But this difficulty was soon overcome. The lads settled down to uniform work. Stroke Smith

bent his broad back for a good lively 33 stroke and the muscular young men behind took the weight off him in a style that quickly recovered all that was lost in the start. It was soon evident that the junior would be the winners. Their faithful and careful training was clearly in evidence and every swing of their sturdy arms was made in a manner to do the most good. The senior crew rowed uniformly and in good form, but their work did not have the same effect in shoving the boat through the water. The first quarter mile was pretty nearly even and then inch by inch the junior's craft crept ahead. At the half there was a good lead; at the three quarters a ribbon of blue water showed between the two boats, and at the finish the juniors were tow boat lengths ahead. A large crowd gathered on the Celoron pier and had an excellent view of the two boats as they crossed the finish line. The official time given was 9-15 and 9-21.

The seniors were pulling up on their younger opponents at the finish and it was predicted that had the line been a half mile further on their endurance would have changed the result. Though neither crew was in distress the nine minute spurt told the heaviest on the youngsters. The race however, on all sides is considered to have been a fair test and the juniors will enter tomorrow's struggle at Chautauqua bearing the hopes of all. Their efforts having entitled them to the honor of representing Jamestown in the contest. The members of the two crews, their position and weights follow:

Position	Senior Crew	Weight
Bow.....	F. E. Armitage.....	132
Two.....	W. A. Bradshaw, Jr.	172
Three.....	C. E. Snow.....	140
Stroke.....	J. Guenster.....	160
Coxwain.....	Earl Wise.....	100

Position	Junior Crew	Weight
Bow.....	Shiers Smith.....	140
Two.....	E. J. Green.....	154
Three.....	Morgan Kent.....	183
Stroke.....	Henry Kay Smith.....	142
Coxwain.....	Sidney Smith.....	83

The officers of the race were Jerome B. Fisher, referee, Howard Dow, judge at the finish and R. J. Fenner, time keeper.

After the race was over the ladies served tea to the victors and vanquished at the club house.

There was a bit of excitement on the referee's boat occasioned by the handling of the steam yacht, Louise, which contained a party of people from up the lake. The Louise landed at the Greenhurst pier just before the start. At first it was thought the yacht was to run over the course ahead of the racers, but Referee Fisher shouted to the pilot to wait and the yacht therefore fell behind. When the race began the spectators on board the Celoron crowded forward and the yacht was unable to keep up with the boats. The Louise, which is one of the fastest boats on the lake; commenced to forge ahead. Judge Fisher shouted to the pilot to keep back. That individual did not hear or did not choose to obey. "I'll complain to the commissioners" protested Mr. Fisher. Still the Louise increased the lead. The suction of the two yachts running side by side brought them closer and closer and had not the pilot of the Celoron turned slightly from the straight course the two boats would have come together. A short distance from Celoron the Louise turned her nose and crossed the bows of the Celoron which was thus again diverted from her course. The other boats following the race, kept a good distance behind the referee's boat..