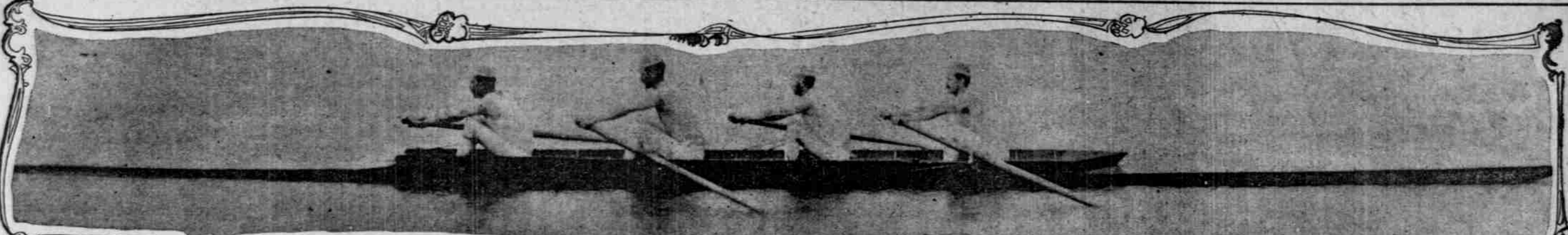




FAMOUS CREWS OF THE EARLY DAYS

CRACK OARSMEN WHOSE PLUCK MADE THE PORTLAND ROWING CLUB



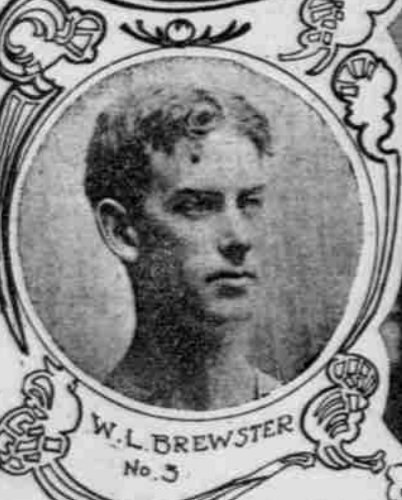
WINNERS of the FAMOUS GRANT CUP, AUG. 1883.
J. N. TEAL STROKE. E. I. B. MALARKEY NO. 3. L. QUACKENBUSH NO. 2. T. BROOK WHITE, BOV.



P. E. STOWELL
STROKE



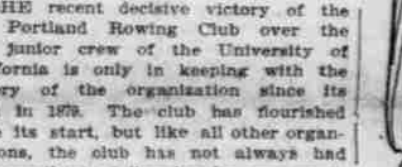
R. C. HART
NO. 2



W. L. BREWSTER
NO. 3



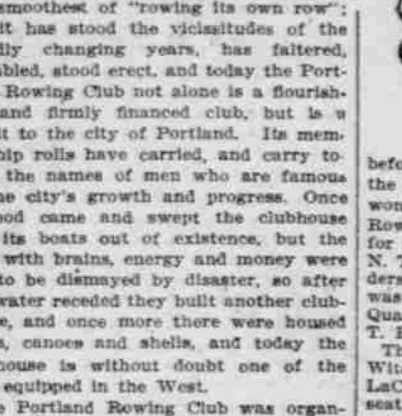
S. M. LUDERS
BOW



J. N. TEAL
STROKE



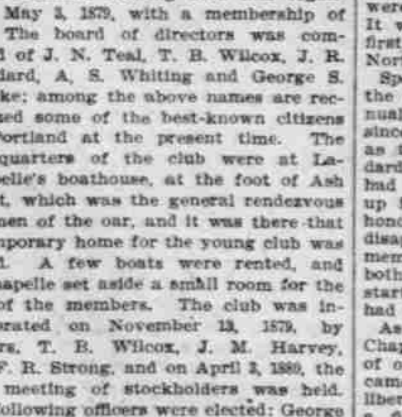
H. B. LLOVERIDGE



J. W. TEAL
STROKE



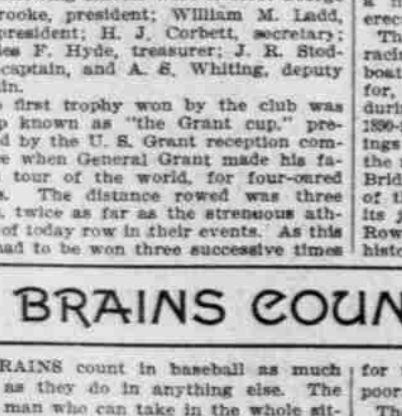
R. E. FRAEL
STROKE



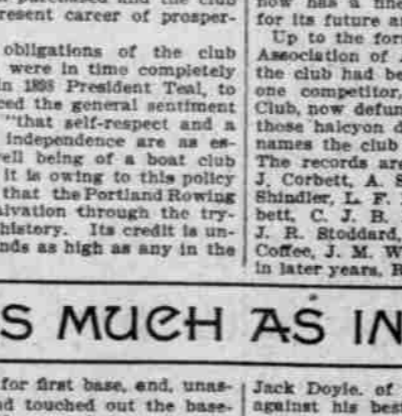
A. S. COLLINS
STROKE



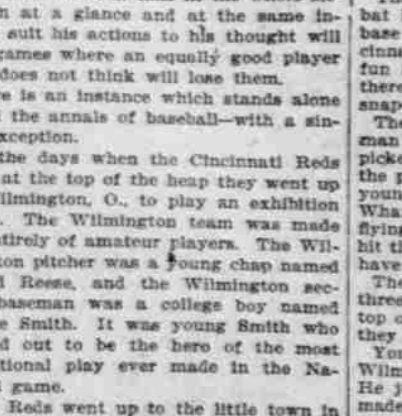
R. L. GILMAN
STROKE



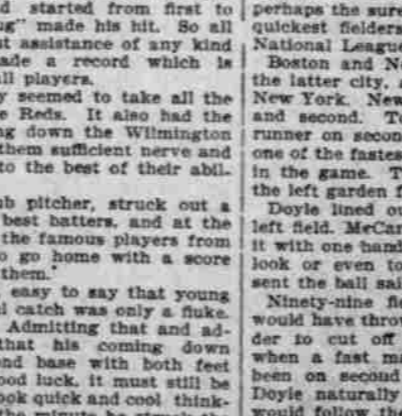
D. J. ZAN
STROKE



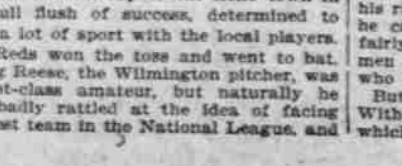
B. C. CARR
STROKE



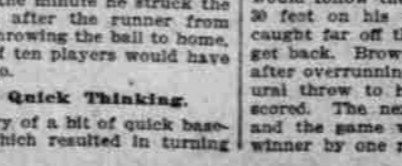
R. C. HART
STROKE



P. E. STOWELL
STROKE



W. L. BREWSTER
STROKE



J. N. TEAL
STROKE



S. M. LUDERS
BOW

THE recent decisive victory of the Portland Rowing Club over the junior crew of the University of California is only in keeping with the history of the organization since its birth in 1879. The club has flourished since its start, but like all other organizations, the club has not always had the smoothest of "rowing its own row"; yet it has stood the vicissitudes of the rapidly changing years, has faltered, stumbled, stood erect, and today the Portland Rowing Club not alone is a flourishing and firmly financed club, but is a credit to the city of Portland. Its membership rolls have carried, and carry to-day, the names of men who are famous in the city's growth and progress. Once a flood came and swept the clubhouse and its boats out of existence, but the men with brains, energy and money were not to be dismayed by disaster, so after the water receded they built another clubhouse, and once more there were housed boats, canoes and shells, and today the clubhouse is without doubt one of the best equipped in the West.

The Portland Rowing Club was organized May 3, 1879, with a membership of 24. The board of directors was composed of J. N. Teal, T. B. Wilcox, J. R. Stoddard, A. S. Whiting and George S. Brooke; among the above names are recognized some of the best-known citizens of Portland at the present time. The headquarters of the club were at LaChapelle's boathouse, at the foot of Ash street, which was the general rendezvous for men of the oar, and it was there that a temporary home for the young club was found. A few boats were rented, and LaChapelle set aside a small room for the use of the members. The club was incorporated on November 13, 1879, by Messrs. T. B. Wilcox, J. M. Harvey, and F. R. Strong; and on April 3, 1880, the first meeting of stockholders was held. The following officers were elected: George S. Brooke, president; William M. Lead, vice-president; H. J. Corbett, secretary; Charles F. Hyde, treasurer; J. R. Stoddard, captain, and A. S. Whiting, deputy captain.

The first trophy won by the club was a cup known as "the Grant cup," presented by the U. S. Grant reception committee when General Grant made his famous tour of the world, for four-oared crews. The distance rowed was three miles, twice as far as the strenuous athletes of today row in their events. As this cup had to be won three successive times

before becoming permanent property of the club, it was not until 1883 that it was won for good and all by the Portland Rowing Club. The first crew to compete for this cup was Bert Hatch (stroke), J. N. Teal (2), A. S. Whiting (3), L. F. Henderson (bow). The crew finally winning was composed of J. N. Teal (stroke), L. Quackenbush (2), C. J. B. Malarkey (3), T. Brooke White (bow).

The first race was rowed in "Water Witch," a four-oared boat built by John LaChapelle. This was the first sliding-seat boat in the Northwest, and the slides were very crude, but worked all right. It was not until the following year the first paper boat that ever came to the Northwest was purchased.

Speaking of the early enthusiasm of the club, President J. N. Teal, in his annual report of 1880, said: "At no time since has such a percentage of men rowed as then. In fact, under Captain Stoddard's vigorous management, every man had to row. The entire club was cut up into crews, and it was a matter of honor to be on time and not delay or disappoint others. We had 50 or more members, and the club was successful both financially and rowing from the start. In fact, the hardest races we had were our own tryouts."

As time passed the quarters at LaChapelle's became crowded, and the need of owning a boathouse of their own became apparent. Finally, through the liberal donations of prominent citizens, a fine and commodious clubhouse was erected.

The club purchased an excellent fleet of racing and pleasure craft, and as the boathouse and boats were all fully paid for, a bright future seemed assured, but during the great flood of the winter of 1880-81, the boathouse broke from its moorings and was carried down the river by the rapid current, colliding with the Steel Bridge, and became a wreck. The remains of the once fine boathouse continued on its journey to the sea, and the Portland Rowing Club's first home passed into history.

In spite of this blow, the club spirit rose to the occasion, and the members to a man responded liberally to the call, funds were raised, and the result was the present commodious and complete clubhouse. Boats were again purchased and the club started on its present career of prosperity.

The financial obligations of the club were heavy, but were in time completely liquidated, and in 1893 President Teal, to quote again, voiced the general sentiment when he stated "that self-respect and a sturdy spirit of independence are as essential to the well being of a boat club as a bank," and it is owing to this policy steadily pursued that the Portland Rowing Club owes its salvation through the trying period of its history. Its credit is unimpaired and stands as high as any in the city.

The club spirit was again made manifest during the past year, President Hart's fond dream of a permanent location being realized, the members subscribing liberally to the purchase price, and the club now has a fine piece of water frontage for its future and permanent home.

Up to the forming of the North Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen, in 1892, the club had been confined to racing but one competitor, the Willamette Rowing Club, now defunct. Among the oarsmen of these halcyon days, now long gone, were names the club holds in fondest memory. The records are full of such men as H. J. Corbett, A. S. Whiting, J. N. Teal, D. J. Zan, C. J. B. Malarkey, James Hamilton, C. J. B. Malarkey, James Manion, J. R. Stoddard, T. Brooke White, A. J. Coffee, J. M. Wallace, C. F. Swigert, and in later years, R. E. Frael, A. B. McAlpin,

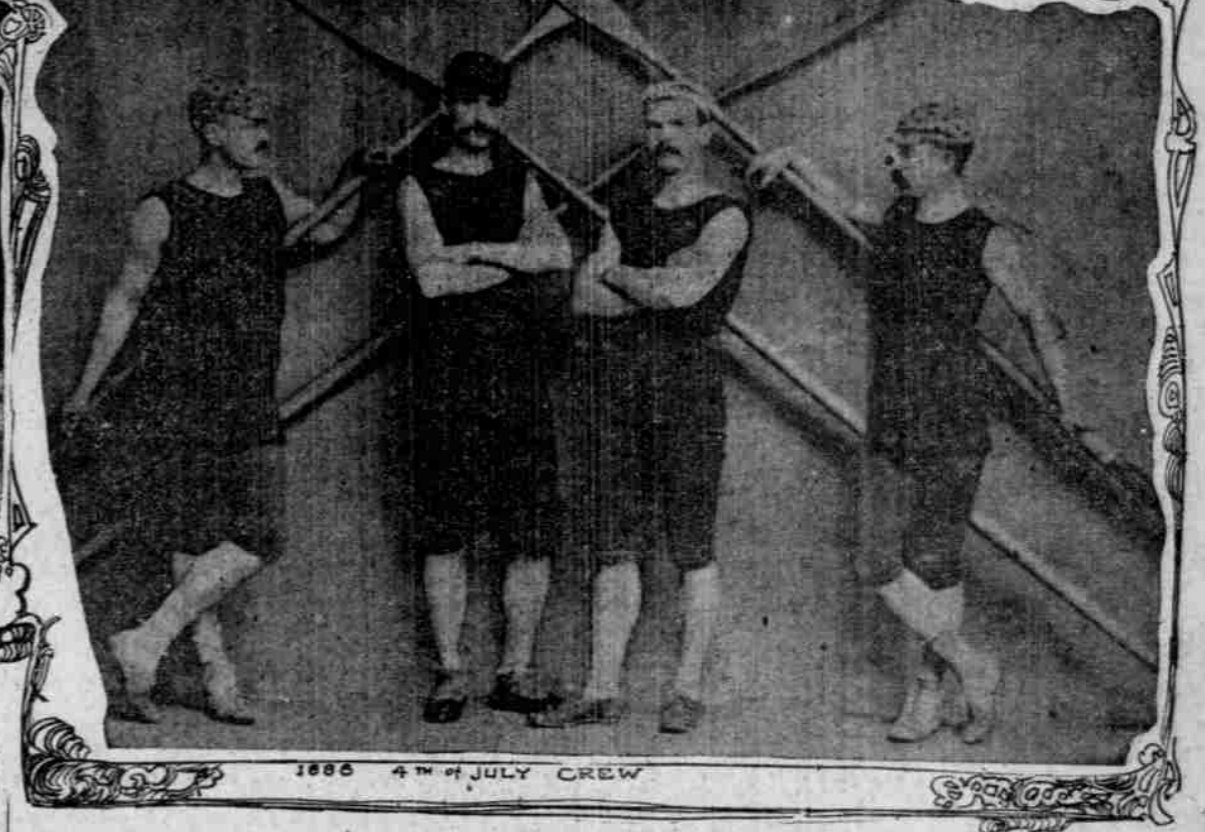
under the able captaincy of Dr. Richard Nunn, one of the most finished oarsmen ever on the river.

In 1888 the club won the Junior event, but through a poor boat was defeated in the senior race. The next year the Junior crew of '89 represented the club at Seattle, and broke the Pacific Coast record. The crew was composed of P. E. Stowell (stroke), W. L. Brewster (2), R. C. Hart (3), and S. M. Luders (bow).

The club has entered its crews in each succeeding year, with the exception of 1888, when our war with Spain took the flower of its membership to the Philippines, and has won its share of the events. The club was under the efficient captaincy of R. C. Hart from 1888 to 1898, and much of its success in those years is due to his untiring efforts. In 1898, P. E. Stowell was captain. In 1900, A. M. Scott, and again in 1901, during one of the most successful years in its history, P. E. Stowell, as captain, looked after the athletic interests of the club.

The regatta this year will be held at Vancouver, B. C. some time in July. The club will be represented by both senior and junior fours, and will no doubt give a good account of itself.

WINNERS of the FOUR OARED SENIOR RACE, JULY 3, 1891.
RODNEY GLISAN, STROKE. A. B. McALPIN NO. 3. A. S. COLLINS NO. 2. BRUCE L. CARR, BOV.



WINNERS of the FOUR OARED SENIOR RACE, JULY 4, 1879.
J. W. TEAL, STROKE. H. B. LLOVERIDGE NO. 3. W. L. BREWSTER NO. 2. R. C. HART, BOV.

WINNERS of the FOUR OARED SENIOR RACE, JULY 3, 1891.
RODNEY GLISAN, STROKE. A. B. McALPIN NO. 3. A. S. COLLINS NO. 2. BRUCE L. CARR, BOV.

BRAINS COUNT IN BASEBALL AS MUCH AS IN ANYTHING ELSE

HOW AN AMATEUR MADE AN UNASSISTED TRIPLE PLAY AGAINST THE REDS, & OTHER FAMOUS PLAYS

BRAINS count in baseball as much as they do in anything else. The man who can take in the whole situation at a glance and at the same instant act on his actions to his thought will win games where an equally good player who does not think will lose them.

Here is an instance which stands alone in all the annals of baseball—with a single exception. In the days when the Cincinnati Reds were at the top of the heap they went up to Wilmington, O., to play an exhibition game. The Wilmington team was made up entirely of amateur players. The Wilmington pitcher was a young chap named David Reese, and the Wilmington second baseman was a college boy named Lynne Smith. It was young Smith who turned out to be the hero of the most sensational play ever made in the National game.

The Reds went up to the little town in the fall flush of success, determined to have a lot of sport with the local players. The Reds won the toss and went to bat. Young Reese, the Wilmington pitcher, was a first-class amateur, but naturally he was badly rattled at the idea of facing the best team in the National League, and

for the first few minutes his work was poor.

The first two of the Reds who went to bat hit base hits. The third man got a base on balls, and everybody on the Cincinnati line began to grin broadly at the fun ahead. All the bases were full and there was nobody out. It was a huge snap—a regular picnic.

Then old "Bug" Holliday, the fourth man on the batting list of the Reds, picked up his club and sauntered up to the plate, blood in his eyes. The first ball young Reese pitched "Bug" struck at. What is more, he hit it and sent the ball flying straight out over second base—a hit that, under most circumstances, would have been good for a couple of bases.

The minute the ball left "Bug's" bat all three of the men on bases started at the top of their speed for the next base. But they figured without their host.

Young Lynne Smith, second baseman for Wilmington, was equal to the emergency. He jumped straight up into the air and made a desperate lunge at the ball with his right hand. The ball struck, and when he came down Smith hit with both feet fairly on the second bag. That put two men out—the batter and the base runner who had just started for third.

But young Smith was not yet satisfied. Without the hesitation of a moment—which would have been fatal—he started

on the dead run for first base, and, unassisted, caught and touched out the base-runner who had started from first to second when "Bug" made his hit. So all alone and without assistance of any kind young Smith made a record which is unique among ball players.

That triple play seemed to take all the starch out of the Reds. It also had the effect of steadying down the Wilmington team and giving them sufficient nerve and courage to play to the best of their ability.

Reese, the scrub pitcher, struck out a lot of the Reds' best batters, and at the end of the game the famous players from Cincinnati had to go home with a score of 4 to 2 against them.

It is, of course, easy to say that young Smith's wonderful catch was only a fluke. Perhaps it was. Admitting that and admitting further that his coming down squarely on second base with both feet was a piece of good luck, it must still be admitted that it took quick and cool thinking to lead him, the minute he struck the ground, to start after the runner from first, instead of throwing the ball to home, which nine out of ten players would have been certain to do.

McCarthy's Quick Thinking. Here is the story of a bit of quick baseball thinking, which resulted in turning

Jack Doyle, of the old New York team, against his best friend, Tom McCarthy, perhaps the surest thrower and one of the quickest fielders who ever played in the National League.

Boston and New York were playing in the latter city, and Doyle was at bat for New York. New York had a man on first and second. Tom Brown was the base runner on second and he was famous as one of the fastest and most daring runners in the game. Tom McCarthy was out in the left garden for Boston.

Doyle lined out a sharp grounder into left field. McCarthy ran up on it, scooped it with one hand, and without stopping to look or even to gather himself together, sent the ball sailing in to first base.

Ninety-nine fielders out of a hundred would have thrown the ball to home in order to cut off the runner, particularly when a fast man like Tom Brown had been on second when the ball was hit. Doyle naturally figured that McCarthy would follow the rule, so he overran first 30 feet on his way to second and was caught far off the base when he tried to get back. Brown meanwhile had stopped after overrunning third in fear of the natural throw to home, and no run was scored. The next man to bat saw out and the game was over, with Boston a winner by one run.

As McCarthy came in from field Doyle met him and in something of a huff asked why on earth McCarthy had thrown to first instead of putting the ball home, which would have been the proper thing to do.

"Just because I knew that everybody would think that was the proper thing to do," answered McCarthy. "Tom Brown, I knew, was well aware that I am a good thrower and he would stop, after turning third, to see if I was socking it home. And you, I figured out, would run past first with the idea of getting to second while the ball was on its way to the plate. I won by doing just exactly what nobody expected me to do."

But Doyle declared that McCarthy had taken an unfair advantage of him, and the relations between the two never got back to the old friendly footing.

Why Anson Released Eagan. Anson was a quick thinker on the ball field, but once he released the best second baseman that ever wore a suit for thinking a little bit quicker than anybody else on the nine.

Chicago was one run to the good, and it was in the last half of the ninth inning.

Dahlen was playing third base for Chicago. The man at bat hit a sharp liner down to second. "Bad Bill" started for it and at the same instant the man on second started for third base.

The liner was a clipper, and the ball struck "Bad Bill's" hands and bounded out. It struck the ground ten feet away, with "Bill" right after it. Once he got his hands on it, and without stopping to look where he was throwing, "Bill" let the ball fly to third base.

Most ballplayers, after fumbling the ball, would have tossed it to the pitcher or thrown it home, if, after looking around, they saw that the base-runner had started to try to score.

striking the grandstand far behind. The result was that both base-runners got safely home before Dahlen recovered himself and the ball, and the game was lost to Chicago.

Anson was furious, and immediately after the game gave "Bad Bill" his release for making that throw. As a matter of fact, it was the best possible play under the circumstances, and Dahlen, rather than "Bad Bill," was to blame for it not coming out as planned. If "Dah" had thought as quickly as "Bill," the game might have been settled right then and there.—Chicago Tribune.

American Idols for the Orient. Collier's Weekly. Several firms are content to make an honest living in these United States by manufacturing idols for the Indian and Chinese trade. These false Buddhas and cast iron Krishnas find a ready sale in the Orient, and no dissatisfaction was ever expressed until a recent protest from several British missionaries in India. So their brothers in China that glimpse a rare root, credited in China with supernatural virtues, where it sells for several dollars a pound, is raised more profitably in Vermont by pious persons who see no harm in turning to pecuniary account the superstition of the unconverted.