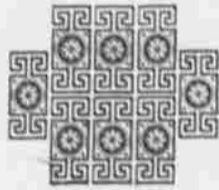


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CLOSE OF REGATTA

Many Interesting Races and Events on Land and Water.

Shooting of the Life Line and Milk Boat Race—A Busy Day Narred by Few Mishaps.

The third day of the regatta opened with a foggy haze in the atmosphere and light breezes, but the haze cleared before the morning was far spent and the wind improved as the day wore on.

The first number on the card was another test between the Antiope and Sutherlandshire crews, but was not raced.

In the pulling race between fishing boats there were six starters who got away well together and made a lively race to the buoy, where all were exerting every muscle and fibre for first position on the homestretch, but No. 5 kept stubbornly to the stern of the launch May, which set her a lively pace and was first at the goal by a fair lead with Nos. 6 and 7 some distance behind, struggling heroically for second place, which was the real race of the contest. For a few rods, by almost superhuman efforts the latter seemed to improve her position slightly, but the spurt was too late, and amid considerable excitement No. 6 passed the line winner by a scant length, while the others pulled out and failed to finish the course.

The next event was between double scull pleasure boats with two starters. Howard Pinnell and Geo. Feakes in a light craft of a bright blue, and Clawson and Curran manning a boat of a drab color. The Pinnell and Feakes boat caught the water first and set the stroke at a rate which soon gained them a good margin, but the exertion was beyond endurance, and on the return it was seen that their opponents were in the lead, which they held and finally won with comparative ease, by several lengths.

Hill and O'Brien, the winners of the previous day's double scull races were today pitted against Bradford, the wharf boatman, and Hayberg, his companion, who were out in the trim little Clio. Hill and O'Brien, with their massive, well-developed forms, were considered too much for the more slight Bradford and Hayberg, and were favorites among the crowd, though the latter were not without strong supporters. Hill and O'Brien caught the stroke quickly and forged ahead slightly at the start and were enabled on the course to gain a lead which placed them winners without difficulty.

Tommy Ross and Allie Wirt today essayed the feat that gave so much trouble to their elders on Wednesday—the manipulation of the tubs. They were started at a point out in the stream to make a point off Ross, Higgins & Co.'s wharf. Tommy was inclined to

take things leisurely, evidently knowing that there was no time allowance, and waiting for his competitor to capsize. Wirt was not content with such moderate speed, and began to draw away, but the current did not succumb to his efforts to his satisfaction, so he rose in his ship and was on the verge of taking a header when he thought better of the matter and tried numerous other grotesque positions, imminently imperiling himself and greatly amusing the spectators. Young Ross at this juncture seemed to have discovered a patent stroke which facilitated his progress greatly, and was on the point of taking the lead when the leader took fashion from him bringing up against the dock without so much as a thought of capsizing, when it was explained that such was a necessary adjunct to victory, so both rolled off their seats like frogs into a mill pond and they seemed to be about as much at home on the deep, too.

The greased spar walking from the dock was an entertaining feature of the morning's program. The first one who essayed to travel the horizontal spar and capture the flag at the end thereof crawled half way out, but there was something ominous in the feat, to his notion, and he retreated again to terra firma. Number two gave a tight rope walk imitation and imitation was a good name for it, because before half the distance was covered he was precipitated into the Columbia, but nothing daunted, he came dripping out of the flood, walked carefully out on the spar until near the end, where he grasped the flag and fell backward into the water, still clinging to the ensign and was towed out by a row-boat conveniently near.

In the afternoon the sloop Monogram which capsized last year, resulting in the loss of life to three persons, became dismantled off the sands below town and became unmanageable. A fishboat went to her assistance and as soon as the intelligence was conveyed to the city the launch May set out for the scene of disaster, taking her in tow and bringing her safely to town for repairs, though even before assistance arrived she was discerned through the telescope on the flagship to be receiving all the attention the crew could give her in the way of adjusting and straightening out her sailing gear to save her from any embarrassment that might arise. The news of the accident was a signal for craft of all sizes to bear down upon the scene and when the wrecking party again reached town they were accompanied by quite a professional regatta.

The single raters went off singly and the slack wind precluded any remarkable time being made and it goes without saying that the same applies to the scow schooners.

The winner of the fish boat race was John Bell, one of Elmore's fishermen, who sailed a boat belonging to Gus Snaug.

Time allowance and separate starts made somewhat of a mystery of the sloop race, which was only cleared up by the judges' decision, and the light

wind forced them to consume considerable time in covering the diagram course the requisite number of times. A feature that commanded undivided attention was the life saving drill between the shore and the flagship. The mortar shot the line high, and it fell over the main topgallant stay and the sailors immediately began scampering aloft to secure it. Next the endless line was sent out from the shore and following this a hawser to which was adjusted the breeches buoy sent over the line, when one of the sailors placed himself in it and was brought safely to shore.

The flagship was more popular in the afternoon than ever, the various launches plying for the accommodation of pleasure seekers being taxed to their utmost capacity by the crowds to and fro and cruising the river, and the grandstand and docks were covered by a mass of humanity seldom seen in Astoria, making a fitting close to a most interesting regatta.

Because of several protests filed, the committee was unable last night to render an official report of yesterday's races. The committee will meet this morning at 9 o'clock and make their decisions. From a reliable source it is learned that the results are about as follows:

The race between the milk boats, which took place during the noon hour, and was witnessed by comparatively few people, was one of the prettiest races of the day, was won by the Brick.

The White Wings was the probable winner of the sloop race, although a protest was entered by the Mayflower.

The Curio was the first to cross the line amongst the 20-footers, and no doubt carried off the prize. The Maud was the winner of the race between the sailing scows. The regatta events proper closed last night, and today and Saturday will be devoted to press associations and the firemen's tournament.

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