

on to something else, you are horrified a day or two after when the coach finds fault with you for the same old thing. It is an unheard-of thing to answer a coach and that gives his words even more weight.

There are races going on in all three terms. In the Michaelmas term, each college has its freshmen races to bring on their new material. After these are over the best of the men are picked out and begin to get ready for the "Torpedes"—a very suggestive name—which come in the winter or Hilary term. There are boats from every college entered and as some of the large colleges enter two there are thirty boats in all. All undergraduates who have not been "up" for races can row, with the exception of those who have served in the eights (the summer races) the preceding year. In the summer term come the eights which are the great event of the year in Oxford. The rivalry is very keen and training is quite a serious business. The day's programme during training is: up at 7.30; a walk of a mile, with a short run in the middle of it. Breakfast together at 8.30 at the expense of men in the college who are not rowing and who are expected to entertain the "togger" (the slang name). Lunch you have by yourself, but it is supposed to be very light. Then in the afternoon you are out for two "journeys," paddling about five miles with short bits of "rowing" in the middle. The course is one and a quarter miles, and two or three times before the race you "row" over the whole course. I might explain that "paddling" means rowing fairly easy, while "rowing" is absolutely putting every ounce you have into each stroke. Tea is supposed to be very light and dinner is

served at a special table in hall with a special bill of fare and a special price. Training begins two weeks before the races and as they last a week you are in for three weeks altogether.

The races themselves are rather good sport. As there are so many boats the race is run in three divisions, the top boat of the second and third divisions also rowing as the bottom boat of the one above so as to give it a chance to go up. Each boat has a lead of about 90 feet on the one in front and the races of course are bumping races, *i.e.*, you have to make up the whole distance and touch the boat in front or else you start just the same distance behind the next day. When a bump is made the two boats pull to the side of the river and allow the boats behind to pass, and then paddle gently up to their barges.

The start is rather exciting. There is a 5-minute gun, then a dreary wait of four minutes for the main gun. Then the order "strip" is given, which means taking off your sweater and leaving only rowing zephyr and shorts, the boat is shoved out, the cox. holding on by a rope fastened to the bank. The coach keeps telling off the time and at ten seconds begins to count ten, nine, eight, etc. You sit with your eye on stroke's blade waiting to hear the gun. Then it goes and you are off, amid a yell from the crowd of runners on the beach, the tooting of horns, the cracking of pistols, and other fiendish noises. The roar is continuous: "Well rowed, Balliol, well rowed indeed," (they sadly need some good slogans here). "You're going up, you're going up," whether you really are or not. Then if you do really begin to gain the roar is redoubled: "Three-quarters of a length, half a