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## THE GREAT RACE IN DETAIL

How Columbia Won the First Contest of the Series.

Will Go Down in the History of International Racing—Sir Thomas a Thorough Sport.

The completed associated press report of the first race between Columbia and Shamrock is reproduced herewith. The race will undoubtedly be carried down into history as one of the closest and most exciting contests in the history of international yacht racing.

New York, Sept. 28.—In the closest and most soul-stirring race ever sailed for the America's cup, the white flyer Columbia today beat the British challenger over a windward and leeward course of thirty nautical miles by the narrow, heart-breaking margin of thirty-nine seconds. As Lipton's latest aspirant for cup honors most allow the defender forty-three seconds on account of the extra 100 square feet of canvas in her sails, the official record, under the rules, gives her the victory by one minute and twenty-two seconds.

As a spectacle the contest was superb. From the time the two skyscrapers crossed the starting line until they fled across the finish line four and a half hours later, the result was in doubt, and the excitement aboard the excursion fleet increased until men became frenzied and women almost hysterical. So evenly matched were these two scientific racing machines that never after they started were the rival skippers out of each other's hail, and more than three-quarters of the time they were so close that Charlie Barr, who had the tiller aboard the Columbia, could see a biscuit to Captain Sycamore on the Shamrock. For miles as they beat their way to the outer mark the black shadow of Shamrock's huge top-sail was painted on the big mainsail of the Columbia, and for an hour on the run home, the yachts flying like scared deers before the wind, they ran almost beam to beam, as if they had been harnessed together. The memory of the races between the Genesta and the Puritan in 1885, and Lord Dunraven's first Valkyrie and the Vigilant in 1893, which have been treasured by yachtsmen up to this time, will be forgotten after the magnificent duel of today. It will live forever in the memory of those who witnessed it. In the years to come yachtsmen of two nations will recount the thrilling story of the celebrated first race between the Columbia and Shamrock II, sailed off New York harbor in the first year of the new century.

As a result of today's race, though faith in the Columbia still remains in the hearts of the patriots, all experts admit that the British boat is the ablest sloop ever sent to these waters to lift the 100-guinea cup, which the old schooner America brought across the Atlantic 50 years ago, and the superiority of American steamship and American naval architecture as represented by the defender remains to be established. The quality of a sailing ship is measured by her ability to carve her way into an adverse wind, and in the 15-mile thurst to windward today the golden challenger gained 39 seconds, while on the run home her lead was eaten up and the Columbia crossed the finish line exactly 37 seconds before the Shamrock. It must be remembered, however, that the challenger had had the other gauge in the heat to windward, no mean advantage, and the nautical experts said after the race that during the outward journey she had been sailed to absolute perfection while behind the American yacht not only showed a fleet pair of heels, but, in the opinion of the sharps, was better handled.

Disappointed by the duke of Thursday, the crowd which sailed down to Sandy Hook lights today was somewhat smaller than on the opening day, but even so, the colony of steamers, steam yachts, tugboats, sailing vessels and excursion craft of every description formed an angle at the starting line miles long. It was an ideal day for the race. The current of haze, which had hung over the bay and shore in the early morning had lifted, making the whole course open to the thousands along the Long Island coast. The sun blazed from a speckless vault of blue, and the breeze, blowing straight in from the Atlantic, was strong enough to lift loam out of the green swells and carry along, black ribbons of smoke shoreward from the stacks of the excursion fleet. The old salts who snorted at the air said the wind was the same as from the big storm which

was reported to be raging on the South Atlantic coast. The big single-stackers behind proudly puffing tugs had preceded the excursion fleet to the stake boat, and had hoisted their largest light-weather sails. Sir Thomas Lipton's private signal, a green shamrock in a yellow field, floated from the main truck of the British boat, and Mr. Morgan's colors, a Maltese cross on a field of black, fluttered from the after leech of Columbia's sail. Watson, the designer of the challenger, and Ratsey, who is reputed to be the best sail-maker in the world, were aboard the gold boat. As the yachts passed out from behind the Hook half a dozen ocean liners inward bound saluted them with ensigns and whistles.

Again today the course, east by south, carried the yachts along the Long Island shore, straight out to sea. The start was thrilling. The yachts bounded away across the line like a couple of runaway horses, the challenger half a length ahead and to the windward. In the maneuvering before the start Capt. Sycamore had given the wily Yankee skipper a genuine surprise, returning a Roland for the Oliver. He received on Thursday. Just when Barr thought he had him under his lee, the Englishman deadened his head way and then luffed under the Columbia's stern into the weather berth. This victory for Shamrock at the very first of the race Columbia could not overcome in the long heat to the windward.

The two big yachts were an inspiring sight to the spectators as they plunged seaward, pounding great fountains of spray from their bows and drenching the crews lined up along the weather rail. They heeled to the wind until their lee rails were awash in the swirling, bubbling seas and from the windward side they showed yards of their bronze underbodies. Neck and neck, tuck and tuck, they raced like a team of horses. Dismay began to be written on the faces of the patriots as Barr tied once, twice, and finally a third time to cross the bow of the foreigner, only to be tossed around each time by the lean golden muzzle of the Britisher. Visions of the dear old cup that means the yachting supremacy of the world vanishing across the waters danced before their eyes.

On and on they flew, turning twin wings of foam from their bows, and Columbia seemingly felling back rather than gaining. The hearts of the patriots sank lower and lower. As the yachts got further out the swells lengthened and the white flyer seemed to labor more heavily in the long waves. Just after passing Long Beach hotel, with its verandas and windows filled with people, the old City of Paris, now the Philadelphia, of the American line, came foaming in from the east with a bone to her teeth. She headed slightly northward between the racers and the shore in order not to impede them with her wash, and went by like an express train dipping her flag in salute. Her passengers and crew lined her rail for a sight of the exciting spectacle until she was far down to port. The vessels in the excursion fleet by this time were rolling heavily. Many of the spectators were forced to the seclusion of their cabins and many were kept near the rails. The excursion vessels formed a crescent about the stakeboat as the yachts rounded the outer mark, but it was a doleful fleet.

As Shamrock bore around with her spinnaker pole to starboard like a lance, the big steam yacht Erin, with the "bloody band of Ulster" in the Royal Ulster Yacht Club ensign at her taffrail, opened her whistle loud and long. It was the first time Sir Thomas had felt the joy of victory, and he and his party probably enjoyed it to the full. The Yankee skippers were too polite not to pull their whistle cords, but the toots were not loud nor long, and the bands did not play "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." But when the racers had spread their wings, spinnaker matching main sail and balloon jibs drawing forward and the white flyer began to eat up the green water between her and the challenger, drooping spirits began to rise, and when the yachts got on even terms about half way home the bands began to play and the people raised a cheer. As they approached the finish line, Columbia leading by half a dozen lengths, all the pent up enthusiasm burst forth. About a quarter of a mile before they reached the line, the golden boat blanketed the white one and for a moment she ran up alongside, and it looked as if she would be first home. Cheers died in patriotic throats. Suddenly, as Columbia luffed and got her wind clear, she forged ahead and came tearing down like mad. As she crossed three lengths ahead the enthusiasm broke out again with redoubled energy. Every Yankee skipper grabbed his whistle cord and made a terrific noise and din. Sirens wailed and the white steam jets made it look as if every ship in the fleet had broken her steam chest. The Corsair, J. P. Morgan's yacht, threw her power into smoke. Every boat cheered. Men and women jumped up and down for very joy. Not a few hats tossed into the air fell overboard, but their owners cared not. The Corsair set American flags at both peaks, gall and taffrail. Soon the whole fleet blossomed out in the national colors. The Corsair went alongside the defender and her crew gave three cheers, which the Yankee tar aboard Columbia answered with bared heads. The whole fleet seemed anxious to escort Columbia to her anchorage.

Meantime Shamrock had taken a tow from her tender and had drawn out to the ruck of the steamers. Escorted by the Erin, which showed a big hole that the revenue cutter Gresham had stove in her port quarter, she headed for the berth behind the Hook. Some of the excursion boats dropped back to salute the popular sportsman who has been game enough to make a second effort to lift the cup, and then the whole fleet moved on in a mad race for home, many of the skippers keeping their whistles going until they reached the narrows at the entrance of the upper bay. When it was all over Sir Thomas Lipton showed himself the thorough sportsman he is. "Well," he said, as he stood on the deck of Erin, "that is one dot against us. But in my own heart I am just as hopeful as I was this morning, for I feel that if I only have a wind I am all right. It was a fair and square race, not a fluke, but it was not Shamrock's day. We want a breeze that will put that deck six inches under water, and then you will see a race be sure of one thing—I was licked fairly today." Capt. Bob Wringe, who was on the bridge of the Erin, at Sir Thomas Lipton's elbow, said: "If we get a fresh breeze we will lift the cup yet. A nine to twelve-knot breeze is what we want."

E. D. Morgan, while highly pleased over the result of the race, had little comment to make. "We beat them fairly," he said. "Although the wind conditions were not all that could have been desired, after turning the outer mark, we were confident of bringing Columbia home a winner. I will venture no predictions as to the outcome of the future races. We have carefully avoided boasting, but shall put forth our best endeavors to keep the America's cup on this side of the Atlantic."

Capt. Barr also was much gratified over the victory. "It was a close race, but a clean one," he said. "Wind conditions were perhaps not all that could have been desired, but such as they were our boat was never in danger, I believe, at any point."

The Zealandian which left Whitehorse Wednesday with four scows of feed in tow will not arrive until Monday or Tuesday. About her return nothing is known definitely as yet. She may be sent back only to Hootalinqua and she may be dispatched clear to Whitehorse, in which event passengers will of course be taken. The little Angelina will be the last boat out of Whitehorse this year and she will not be dispatched until all the others are high and dry out of the ice, bringing the last mail before the close of the river, and will winter on the ways at West Dawson.

Murray and Mackinson Win. John Murray and James Mackinson, two of the most successful of the many fortunate Klondikers, are among the recent arrivals from the North. Seattle is the home of both. Four years ago they joined in the great stampede to the celebrated district, neither having capital beyond energy and a determination to succeed. Murray worked his way into the wholesale liquor business, clearing \$100,000 within the past two years. Mackinson engaged in hotel and mining ventures and has been equally successful. He leaves for the Klondike within two or three days, taking with him a supply of provisions purchased in Seattle—P. I., Sept. 29.

R. J. Mackison, the genial proprietor of the Gold Hill hotel at the Forks, returned on the Ora from a visit with his parents in North Yakima, Wash.

Geo. Butler has a fresh consignment of the "Flor de Manoa"—a big 25c cigar.

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THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M. will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday, on or before full moon, at 8:00 P. M. C. H. WELLS, W. M. J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

ALONG THE WATER FRONT. The Ora arrived yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock with the biggest flock of lows ever brought down the river. She conveyed three scows, each a double decker and 22x78 feet in size. They contained 150 head of beef cattle, 40 calves, 160 sheep and a large number of hogs. En route the Ora was wind bound at Labarge for a day. She brought 27 passengers and left again on her up trip last night. The Columbia left at 2:30 yesterday afternoon with 31 passengers and five

sacks of mail. The present is her last trip.

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Miserable Weather. Fully one-half the people met this morning wore a deep, dark, damp and surly look and when asked as to the cause the invariable answer related to cabins leaking, necessitating a large amount of dodging around the better part of last night to keep out of the wet. Probably for the first time in the history of the country a heavy rain fell as late as October 12 and in many cabins which were repaired for the winter, considerable destruction was wrought. The general expression is that almost any degree of cold would be preferable to the present drizzling murky weather.

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