

THE ROWING CHAMPIONSHIP.

ROSSESSION,' 'tis said, 'is nine points of the law,' and the Australians evidently intend to keep Paramatta as the champion course. Though regretting as New Zealanders that Tom Sullivan failed to carry off the coveted title of 'Champion Sculler of the World,' we feel proud that our fellow colonists have

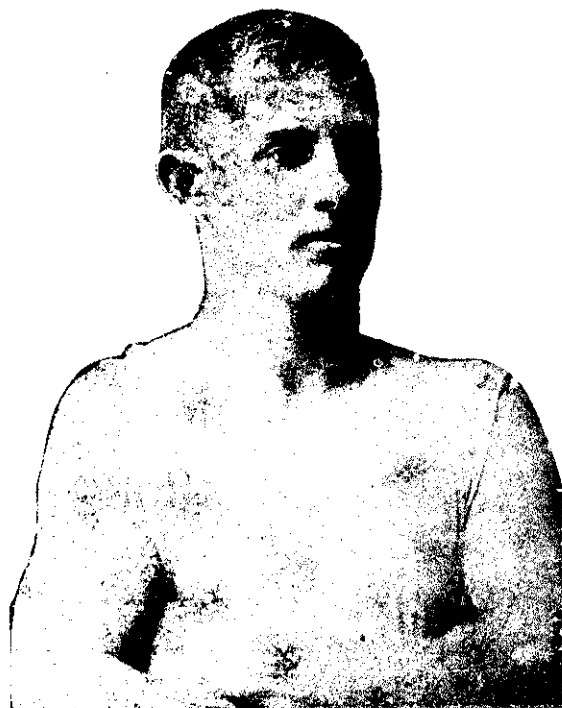
so long retained the honour that England, Canada, and the States have so hungrily eyed. We have no doubt that the race on Monday last was a genuine trial of skill, as the following particulars of the struggle show, but whilst congratulating Stanbury upon his win, we must not forget Sullivan, and wish him better luck next time.

Stanbury's weight and clean, easy style were evidently too much for our young New Zealander, and unless mail news differs very widely from the cable information now before us, Sullivan was fairly and squarely beaten. Stanbury appears to have won a great race without any difficulty, and never to have been pushed by his plucky New Zealand rival, except in that point near Blaxam Point, where the champion evidently saw that he had not such a 'soft thing' on as the bookmakers would have him believe. Still, when he did work he soon seems to have forged ahead, and though he may have spurted occasionally, never seems to have had another real scare. Of course, one can only surmise these things from the cables. Mail news is, as we have already hinted, a very different thing to the scrappy information vouchsafed by that most erratic creature,

diamond into the polished stone of an oarsman, that the present champion is. Whether, as was the case with Sullivan and Stephenson, Stanbury would have in later years beaten his teacher, is a question which the untimely pulling of the champion Searle across the silent stream forbids us to ask, and admits of no reply. Certain it is, however, that in the two successful races with O'Connor in June, 1890, he showed the stuff of which he was made, and in the second and third meeting with J. McLean on April 28th and July 7th, 1891, proved his superiority over all oarsmen in the world by winning the Championship by eight lengths in 22min 15½sec. His giant strength, well-knit frame, early fishing experience at Shoalhaven, and Searle's training has stood him in good stead, for in Monday's race he defended his claim to the title of champion against a man who is of no mean order.

Stanbury's record is:—

Won Light Skiff Race, Nowra, November 9, 1885
 Won Skiff Race, Greenwall Point Regatta, Shoalhaven, 1885
 Won Outrigger Race, Greenwall Point Regatta, Shoalhaven, 1885
 Won Local Championship Outrigger Race, Nowra Regatta, 1886
 Won Handicap Outrigger Race, Nowra Regatta, 1886
 Won Skiff Race, Nowra Regatta, 1886
 Won (with G. McLean as partner) Double Sculls Race, Nowra Regatta, 1886
 Won Lake Bathurst Handicap, January 14, 1887
 Won Handicap Outrigger Race, Shoalhaven Regatta, January 26, 1887
 Lost Shoalhaven Champion Race, January 26, 1887
 Lost Light Skiff Race with Chris. Neilson, Paramatta, June 15, 1887
 Won Handicap Outrigger Race, Shoalhaven Regatta, January 25, 1888
 Won Champion Outrigger Race, Shoalhaven Regatta, January 26, 1888
 Won Wager (£50) Race with R. Campbell, Hunter River, April 7, 1888
 Won Wager (£100) Race with Julius Wolf, Paramatta, June 2, 1888



TOM SULLIVAN.

yept the cable fiend. Both men are well known, but with their portraits given herewith an account of their previous triumphs may not come amiss.

JAMES STANBURY.

Since the Prince of Wales' Birthday in the year 1885, James Stanbury's aquatic career has been one of signal success. Starting in twenty-three races, he has won seventeen, and rowed with credit in the remaining six. In fact, it was in one of these—the memorable race for the championship with the lamented Henry E. Searle on the Paramatta course on July 13th, 1888—that he gave the brightest assurance of his future greatness. This was the hardest race that Searle ever rowed, Stanbury chasing him home in 19min. 53½sec. The 'brightest assurance' we say, but not the first promise, for undoubtedly that was made on the occasion of the Nowra Regatta in 1886, when he won, changing from boat to boat, three successive races—the local Outrigger Championship, the Outrigger Handicap, and the Skiff—and as if to add additional lustre to his day's success, the Double Sculls with G. McLean.

From his debut at the age of seventeen in 1885, until his tenth race (the Shoalhaven Champion Outrigger), Stanbury never suffered a defeat. In this one, however, Chris Neilson, one of the then inner ring of scullers, showed the nineteen-year-old boy the way home—a kind attention which six months later, on the Paramatta course, he repeated when the two were engaged in a £100 match. Then came for Stanbury four victories—two regatta races and two matches, one for £50 with R. Campbell, the other with Julius Wolf for £100. The already-mentioned race for the championship with Searle followed, and though Stanbury was beaten, 'his fame went out through all the land,' and people spoke of the young Australian who had pushed his phenomenal countryman as none other had.

After suffering further defeat in two regatta races, Stanbury was taken in charge by Searle, who turned the rough

Lost Race for Championship of World and £200 with Searle, Paramatta, July 13, 1888
 Lost Light Skiff Handicap, Paramatta, October 6, 1888
 Lost Brisbane Carnival Championship, December, 1888
 Won Wager (£200) Race with O'Connor, Paramatta, June 30, 1890
 Lost Race Wager (£200) J. McLean, November 29, 1890
 Won Championship of World, Paramatta, April 28, 1891
 Won Race for Championship of World, July 7, 1891, from J. McLean
 Won Race for Championship May 2, 1892, with T. Sullivan.

And who was the man who dared to try conclusions with such a redoubtable champion. Assuredly no pigmy rush in where 'angels fear to tread,' but a worthy rival indeed.

THOMAS SULLIVAN,

who has made so brave a bid for the championship, is no tyro. His record, if it does not equal that of Stanbury, at least comes within such distance as to have made the men who knew him best believe that if he did not beat the champion he would make him put back into his work with a vengeance. It is almost needless to tell Tom Sullivan's story. We all know him or knew of him down at Waiwera and Mahurangi Heads as the smartest lad with a pair of oars or sculls that one's eyes would be clapped on in a month o' Sundays. The way the lad handled the boats soon attracted notice, and when in 1884 he came to town and joined the North Shore Club, that veteran oarsman, Mr E. W. Burgess, then the club's captain, soon singled him out, and seeing there was 'stuff in the boy,' took him and made him a rower. He won several prizes in those days, and his name soon began to be synonymous with endurance and pluck. He beat Alf Bailey and Walter Bailey in skiff, the former on one and the latter on two occasions, and the crews he rowed with crews winning in junior and senior gigs and junior and senior whaleboats in '86, and did big things at Tauranga. Next year he scored more triumphs, and undertook the important duties of secretary. In 1888 he also did good work for himself and his club, winning 'midst other things the skiff race for men

under 20, and rowing stroke in the winning whaleboat crew at Pomsby Regatta.

But for a time Auckland was to lose its champion. 'Tom' was out of his articles, and determined to go to Wellington. There he repeated Auckland triumphs. He did not join the 'Star' owing to an outrageous piece of snobism on the part of certain 'outsiders' who were members at the time. The smartest club of the colony, therefore, lost having the name of the biggest star in New Zealand Rowing firmament on their list. The Wellington Club snapped at him, offered him a seat in their senior crew. He, of course, accepted, and justified the confidence in his reputation by helping to win the senior irrigged and outrigger fours and double sculls at Wanganui, champion fours, senior pairs, and senior in rigged fours at Wellington, champion pairs at Christchurch, and goodness knows how many other important events at Nelson, Picton, and Christchurch in that and the following year. Then came his great achievement—winning the New Zealand championship (amateur). Sullivan now determined to

'HAVE AT THE PROFESSIONALS.'

and after one or two lessons, which only made him work the harder, he was thought fit to try conclusions against no less a person than the great Bubeur. Everyone remembers that first race on the Nepean. How Tom fell sick and was easily beaten, and how after a spell of some little time he again met Bubeur, and after as fine a race as has ever been seen on the Nepean, beat his former rival in the fastest race ever rowed over the course. Sullivan had, by the way, beaten Stephenson, the professional champion of New Zealand, with ease. Tom was now in great feather. Beach complimented him, and after his historical race with Dutch, which he won (with his 500s) fairly easily, it was felt he might aspire to the honour of World's Champion. How he challenged Stanbury, and all the anky science and the rest of it, and how Tom came back and nearly got welcomed to death, and then went and got half drowned, are not these things in all our mouths? And now he has been beaten. Well, he made a good fight. He did his level best, and rowed hard like the plucky fellow he is. He has been beaten, but not in any way of which we may be ashamed, nor he either. There is no doubt many New



JAMES STANBURY.
Champion Sculler of the World.

Zealanders have been greatly disappointed, but it must be remembered that Sullivan himself was not so confident as they themselves; so it remains for them to join with us in repeating the wish: BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME.

NEW ZEALAND PASTIMES.—YACHTING.

(SEE FRONT PAGE.)

As insular people we love the sea, and our sports and pastimes are greatly those of the maritime order. What sleighing is to the Canadians, and trotting to the Yanks, yachting in our more genial clime is to us, and than this what more graceful, what more healthy exercise can be imagined? To the mind wearied with the week and distraught with business cares, yachting possesses a peculiar charm, and the Saturday afternoon throughout the summer is looked forward to with an interest amounting almost to a yearning. With a wind on the quarter, nothing is left to be desired, for the well-fitted demijohn and concertina have been carefully placed on board. To anchor at night and sing until late, to rise for an early swim, and to cruise again after a hearty breakfast of baked fish and store provisions are among the pleasures of yachting which only the joy of returning to town in time for church coming out transcends.

Pat had been suffering with a severe and prolonged attack of the gripe. 'Well, Pat, said a friend, meeting him on the street, 'I hear you've been having a pretty hard time of it.' 'Faith an' I have,' said Pat. 'An' it's the right name they give it, too, for when it onsets takes hold of a man it's no mind to let go. It took me three wakes to fole better after I was intirely well.'