



C.C.C. BULLETIN

of the CANADA'S CUP COMMITTEE, Rochester Yacht Club

ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A. AUG. - SEPT. 1930

Add These Names to Canada's Cup Roster of Yachting Immortals



SKIPPER WILLIAM P. BARROWS

Who kept the Cup in the U. S. A., by Outsailing Canada's Greatest Sailing Skipper



COMMODORE PHIL G. HOFFMAN

Whose Untiring Effort and Executive Ability Made 1930's the Greatest Regatta Ever Held Here



Crew of "Thisbe," America's Defender

From left—Ted Pickering, light canvas; K. Tao Molin, cockpit; Wm. P. Barrows, skipper; Taylor Howard, jibs and backstays; John Taylor, main sheet; Jim Snell, cockpit.

LUCK AND PLUCK

Or, How We Kept Canada's Cup Because Bill Barrows and Thisbe's Crew Didn't Know When They Were Licked

The greatest regatta ever held off Rochester in the city's long yachting history, and one of the most colorful ever witnessed anywhere on the Great Lakes, came to a triumphant and perfectly happy ending when Bill Barrows and his able crew on "Thisbe," the American defender, crossed the finish line, winners by one minute and twenty seconds over Norman Gooderham and the Canadian "Quest," in the final and deciding race for Canada's Cup at 4:15:57 P. M., Friday, August 15th.

In all the history of the Corinthian sport it is safe to say no major series has ever been marked by more hair-raising finishes, constant uncertainty, surprising reversals of form, and continuous thrills, to keep the spectators on tip-toe.

After five days of racing—nearly twenty hours of actual sailing—the result was in doubt up to a few hundred yards before the contesting boats turned the last mark and rounded for home in the final struggle of the epochal series.

If ever there was a case of snatching victory from the jaws of defeat it was the dogged performance of Skipper Bill Barrows and the "Thisbe" crew on the next to the last leg of that final and deciding Friday race.

MONDAY—Thisbe by 54 Seconds

Wind, W to NW, 18-25 Mile Reefing Blow; Heavy Sea
Course, Windward and Leeward; 4½m each leg, twice around
Start, 12:00

	FIRST ROUND		SECOND ROUND	
	1st Mark	Home Mark	1st Mark	Finish
Thisbe	1:02:02	1:34:48	2:33:08	3:03:56
Quest	1:02:53	1:35:10	2:34:38	3:04:50
Difference	:51	:22	1:30	:54

On Monday, the first day, "Thisbe" had gone out under reefed mainsail with a jumping sea and turned in exactly the performance expected of her under those conditions of wind and weather, by beating Gooderham and "Quest" at the start and on every leg of the 18-mile windward-and-leeward course, with a lead at the finish line of a bare fifty-four seconds.

This day's work beautifully confirmed the judgment of the selections committee which picked "Thisbe" as defender on account of her superior performance in driving through a choppy sea.

Add to "Thisbe's" superiority in these conditions one or two costly errors committed by Skipper Norman Gooderham on the challenger—errors which Barrows and the "Thisbe" crew were quick to turn to their own advantage.

TUESDAY—Quest (by Sailover)

Wind, NW; 10-15 Miles; Sea Lumpy.
Course, Triangular, 3½ miles each leg, twice around.
Start, 12:00

	FIRST ROUND			SECOND ROUND		
	1st M'k	2nd M'k	Home M'k	1st M'k	2nd M'k	Finish
Quest	12:48:18	1:18:07	1:42:15	2:29:08	3:00:38	3:24:35
Thisbe—(Disabled, broke spreader just after start.)						

On Tuesday, "Thisbe" crossed the starting line in a favorable position; then came the accident which gave Canada a free gift of the second race. Just across the line,

a spreader on Thisbe's mast gave way and the strain of this sudden snap weakened the spar itself to an extent that ended its dependability for racing purposes.

"Quest" was compelled by all the rules of yachting to take a lonely sail-over, thus receiving this gift from the weather gods.

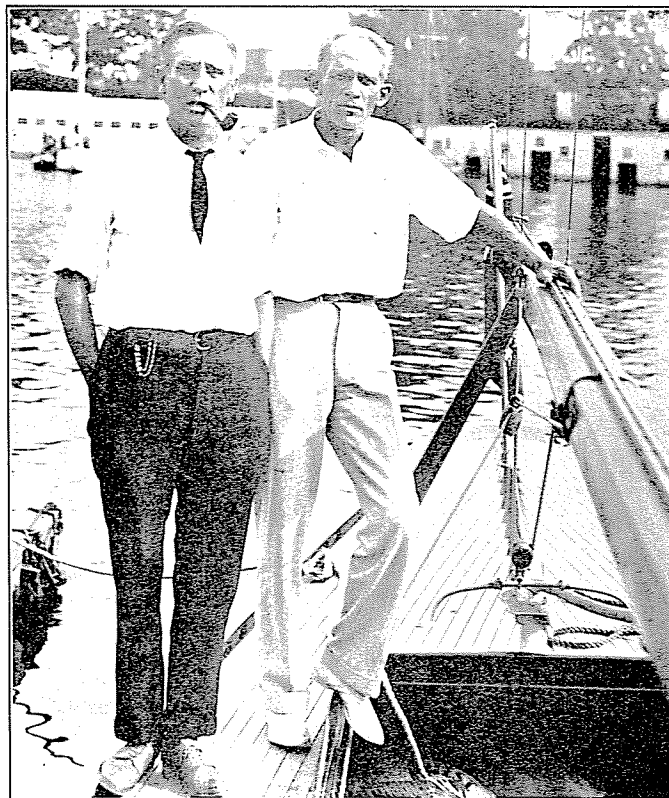
Doubly disappointing to Americans, the weather this day was again, like that of Monday, made to order for "Thisbe." The high winds of Monday had slackened somewhat, but a rolling sea remained from the blow, and under this condition of moderate wind and a baffling sea "Thisbe" may be considered invincible against a boat of the type of "Quest."

A lot of the true sportsmanship that dignifies yachting was displayed in connection with the Tuesday mishap.

With all indications there would be an advantage of still lighter airs and smooth sea for "Quest" on Wednesday, the Canadians gallantly offered a postponement until Thursday in order to allow Barrows and his crew ample time to install a new mast and rigging and to try it out.

Not to be outdone in this sort of gallantry, Barrows promptly declined the generous offer and spent Tuesday night and into the small hours of Wednesday morning stepping a new mast and changing the rigging to accommodate it.

How well this rigging job was done by "Thisbe's" crew with the help of Volney Lacy's workmen, is amply shown by the fact that "Thisbe" came up to the starting line Wednesday noon with the untried rigging and turned in a



RIVALRY FORGOTTEN (Durnherr, "T. U." Photo)
Norman Gooderham (left) and Bill Barrows on board the Challenger.

perfect performance.

Before leaving this question of sportsmanship, mention must be made of the same spirit displayed from a different point when Walter Farley, Skipper of "Conewago," eliminated in the trials in favor of "Thisbe," came to the front and furnished the substitute mast required to put "Thisbe" in Wednesday's race. This spar was a spare for "Conewago" that had been provided through the generosity of "Conewago" Syndicate; and by all the luck in the world, it happened to be almost a perfect fit for "Thisbe" with the necessary changes in rigging.

WEDNESDAY—Thisbe by 1M, 53S

Wind, S-SE to SW, 4-6 miles, freshening to NE, puffy, 8-12 miles; Medium sea.

Course, Triangular, 3½ miles each leg, twice around. (1) Reach, (2) Run, (3) Reach, (+) Easy beat, (5) Run, (6) Close reach.

	FIRST ROUND			SECOND ROUND		
	1st M'k	2nd M'k	Home M'k	1st M'k	2nd M'k	Finish
Quest	12:47:11	1:37:03	2:08:22	2:42:58	3:11:57	3:44:33
Thisbe	12:46:25	1:33:43	2:06:23	2:40:25	3:10:02	3:42:40
Difference	:46	3:20	1:59	2:33	1:55	1:53

Wednesday, for the first time in the series, appeared to furnish weather conditions entirely favorable to the Canadian boat.

At noon, when the boats crossed the starting line, the lake was almost without a ripple, and the breeze so light it seemed doubtful whether they could finish a twenty-one mile triangular course within the time limit of five and one-half hours.

The "super-man" ability credited in the advance notices to Norman Gooderham was entirely missing this day. All the "super" stuff displayed on Wednesday was contributed by Bill Barrows and his merry men. Barrows out-manuevered Gooderham at the starting line, took the weather berth, outfooted and outpointed "Quest" on the first leg, a close reach; rounded the first mark forty-six seconds ahead, and thereafter showed unmistakable superiority on every leg and every point of sailing up to the finish line, which he crossed one minute and fifty-three seconds ahead of the Canadians.

This was a very disappointing day for Canada and all the

gods of wind and weather favored the good old U. S. A.

Starting in nearly a flat calm with lightest canvas, the weather had changed almost the minute the starting gun boomed. A ripple sprang up on the water, the breeze freshened; it picked up more and more as the race went on, until the final legs were sailed through a sea tumbling with white caps and a breeze that was close to twelve miles an hour at times.



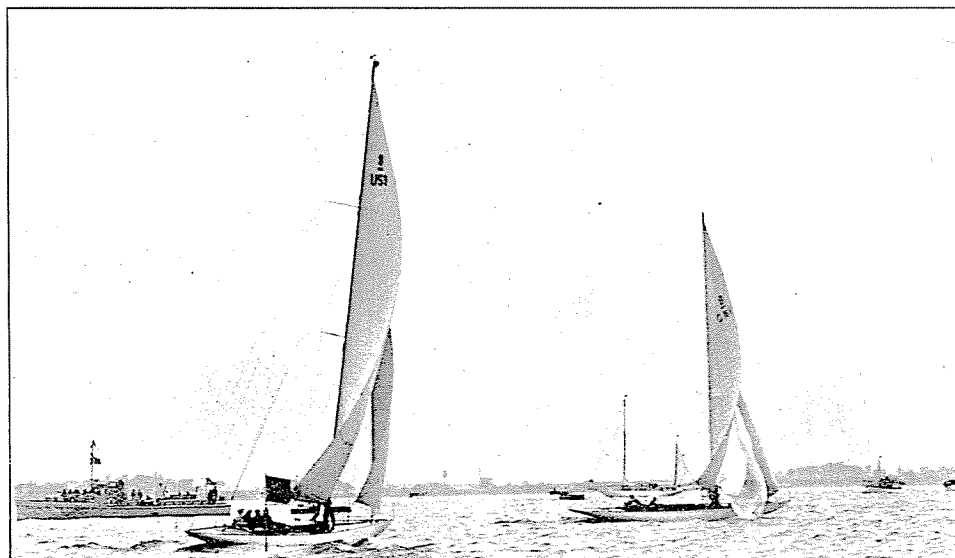
THE JUDGES

Left to right—H. A. Moore, Royal Canadian Y. C.; Clifford C. Mallory, President of N. A. Y. R. U., Chairman; Chas. Van Voorhis, Rochester Y. C.

It would appear on Wednesday under these conditions, as if Barrows was the "super-man" and Thisbe the "super-boat." An air of resignation prevailed among the Canadians and they were frank in declaring "Thisbe" had proven herself a faster and an abler boat on all points of sailing, including drifting and running before the wind in light airs, the two points on which Quest had been touted to be unbeatable.

Ex-Commodore Aemilius Jarvis, of Royal Canadian Y.C., who has either skippered or witnessed five past series in which Rochester Y.C. has defeated his club's entry for the

(Continued on Page 4)



START OF THURSDAY'S RACE

"Quest," first across the line, breaking out her spinnaker for the run. ("Thisbe" came up from astern and passed her before this leg was over.)

Cup, he along with some of the Canadian contingent, left for Toronto soon after the above conclusion of Wednesday's race, evidently thinking it was all over but the formal presentation. Now see what they missed next day:

THURSDAY—Quest by 28 Seconds

Course: to Leeward and Windward; $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. each leg, twice around. Wind: S to SE at start, 2-4 miles, threatening rain; very fluky, failing entirely at times, and shifting to NW during last leg.

(1) Run, (2) Reach, (3) Run, (4) Beat, ending in a dead spinnaker run. No sea.

Start, 12:00	FIRST ROUND		SECOND ROUND	
	1st Mark	Home Mark	1st Mark	Finish
Thisbe	12:42:48	1:50:28	2:57:05	4:12:38
Quest	12:42:58	1:48:18	2:53:06	4:12:10
Difference	:10	2:10	3:59	:28

The glorious uncertainty of yacht racing came to the fore with the dawn of Thursday, the day of the fourth race. "Thisbe" having proved invincible on Monday and Wednesday, with every prospect of showing the same performance on Tuesday but for the accident which gave "Quest" that day's sail-over—this same "Thisbe" on Thursday looked like the last nag in a free-for-all race at a country fair.

All the "super-man" and "super-boat" tradition surrounding Gooderham and "Quest" was verified on Thursday.

Again at noon with a sea of glass, a threat of rain, and an almost imperceptible breath of air from the east, if anywhere, Gooderham became the "super-man" right at the starting line with a strategy that put him across two seconds

ahead and to the weather of Thisbe, and held this position in the lead most of the time without serious opposition, up to the last leg of the leeward-and-windward course.

All the thrills of a lifetime of yacht racing were crowded into the fourth and last leg of this amazing race.

With the wind constantly fading away, Quest ended a spinnaker run on the third leg, rounding the outer mark more than four minutes ahead of Thisbe.

Just around the mark, Gooderham set a Genoa jib for the beat to the finish line, took a tack inshore, and immediately ran into a flat calm, while "Thisbe," drifting over to leeward, picked up a bit of breeze. Before this breeze reached "Quest's" flapping sails, her four-minute lead had disappeared and "Thisbe" was again on even terms.

From this point on, as Wilbur W. O'Brien very graphically said in the "Democrat & Chronicle's" account of the race, "It was a ding-dong, cat-and-dog scrap right down to the finish line."

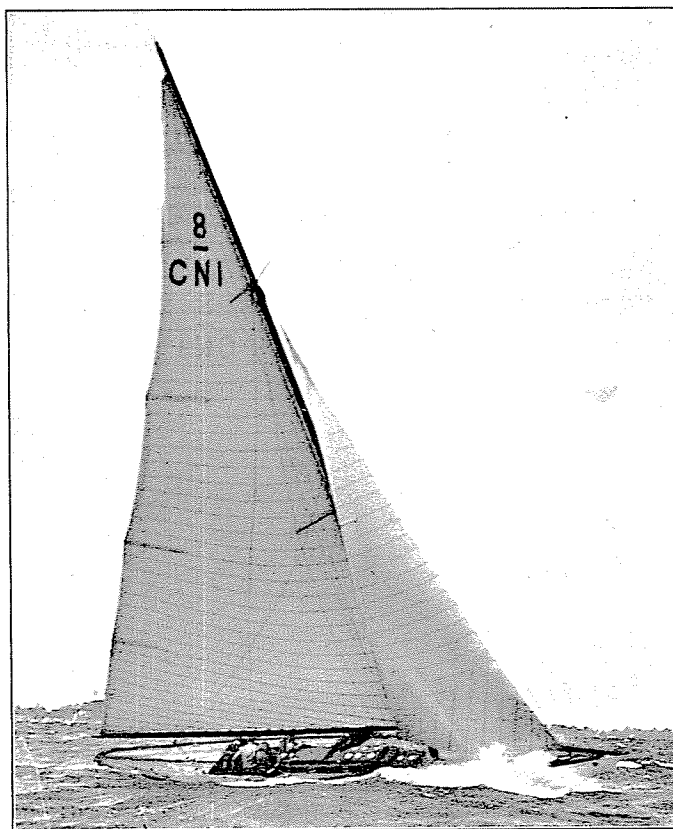
This last four miles of sailing in what started to be a windward beat to the finish line, turned into a run as the wind shifted. Coming in little gasps and puffs from astern of the boats, small jibs were doused in favor of light sails.

Gooderham set his enormous double spinnaker, the cut and area of which was one of the many sensations of this series of races, and from then to across the finish line, this run was one that furnished more thrills and heart palpitations for the spectators than anything else in this thrilling and heart-palpitating series up to that point.

First "Quest," astern of "Thisbe," had a vagrant puff and forged a trifle ahead. Then "Thisbe" was favored with another that pushed her counter just ahead of "Quest's" bow, sufficiently to show daylight between. Then Gooder-



"THISBE" ON A CLOSE REACH
(Rosenfeld Photo)
Just prior to Tuesday's fatal start.



"QUEST" GOING TO WINDWARD

With her working jib, in Monday's stiff wind and heavy sea. This is not "Quest's" dressiest mainsail but Ratsey, who made it, liked it best of all her sails—and it certainly did take her to weather in great style.

ham succeeded in stealing some of "Thisbe's" wind and drew up again on even terms. They crawled along for a time, side by side, like a well matched team.

The paid customers on the official observation boat "Ontario" were falling off their deck chairs with excitement at this juncture, and many of the fair sightseers were almost overcome under the nervous strain of waiting; "Thisbe" alternately ahead and then dropping back.

Up to a few hundred yards from the imaginary line between the home flag and the judge's boat, it was still anybody's race, with both crews exhausting every effort to blanket the opponent, using every trick known in sailing strategy. Time after time the crew astern would manage by luffing or jibing to cut the leader's wind and forge ahead, only to have the same maneuver played as a counter move against themselves the next moment.

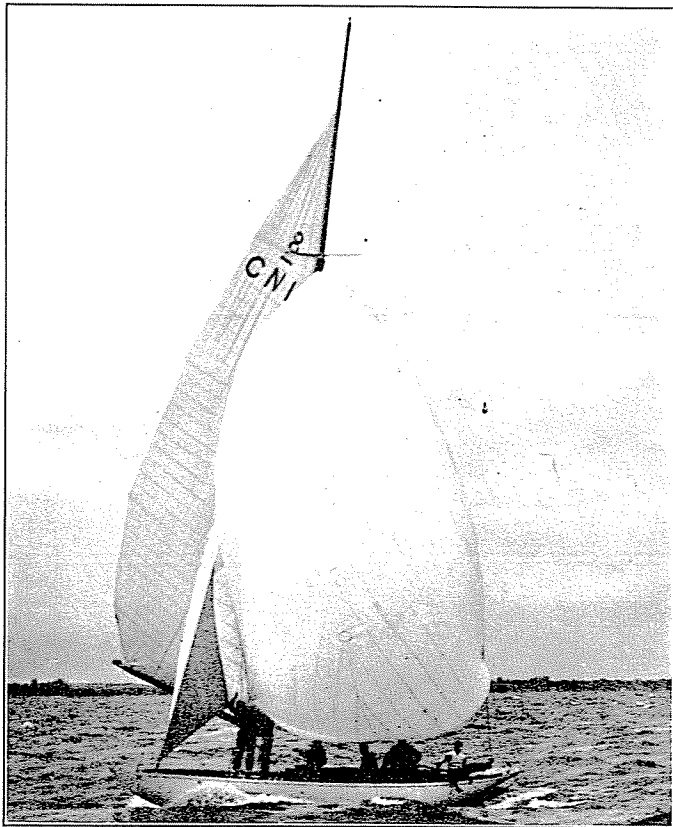
Thus they came within hailing distance of the finish, and it was still nose-and-nose, neck-and-neck; first "Quest," then "Thisbe," then "Thisbe" ahead of "Quest"—until only a few hundred yards from the line, "Quest" managed to capture and monopolize a vagrant puff that pushed her ahead and across the line just twenty-eight fleeting seconds ahead of our struggling defender.

FRIDAY—Thisbe by 1m, 20s

Course: Triangular, 3½ m each leg; twice around. (1) Beat, (2) Run, (3) Reach, (4) Beat, (5) Run, (6) Reach.
Wind, N, 6 miles. No sea.

Start, 12:30	FIRST ROUND			SECOND ROUND		
	1st M'k	2nd M'k	Home M'k	1st M'k	2nd M'k	Finish
Thisbe	1:28:40	2:01:24	2:24:51	3:06:42	3:35:18	4:15:57
Quest	1:28:52	2:01:28	2:24:29	3:05:18	3:35:32	4:17:17

Difference	:12	:04	:22	1:24	:14	1:20
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"QUEST" BEFORE THE WIND
(Stone, "D. & C." Photo)

Showing how Gooderham set the big "pimpled" spinnaker. No boom, and useful only with the wind precisely astern. This freak sail won some legs for "Quest" and lost others when it became unmanageable.

Now, if you think, dear readers, that there were heart palpitations on Thursday, have a thought for those subject to any weakness of the heart scattered among the thousands of spectators in the regatta fleet, aboard the Observation Boat and lining the Summerville Bluff and piers during the final and deciding race on Friday.

At 12 o'clock on Friday, gun time for the deciding race, with the score two-and-two, and only one needed to win or lose the Cup, the bosom of Lake Ontario was as flat as a crockery skimming dish. Not a breath of air stirred. The blue-and-yellow postponement flag hanging from the signal arm of the judge's boat drooped straight down without a flutter.

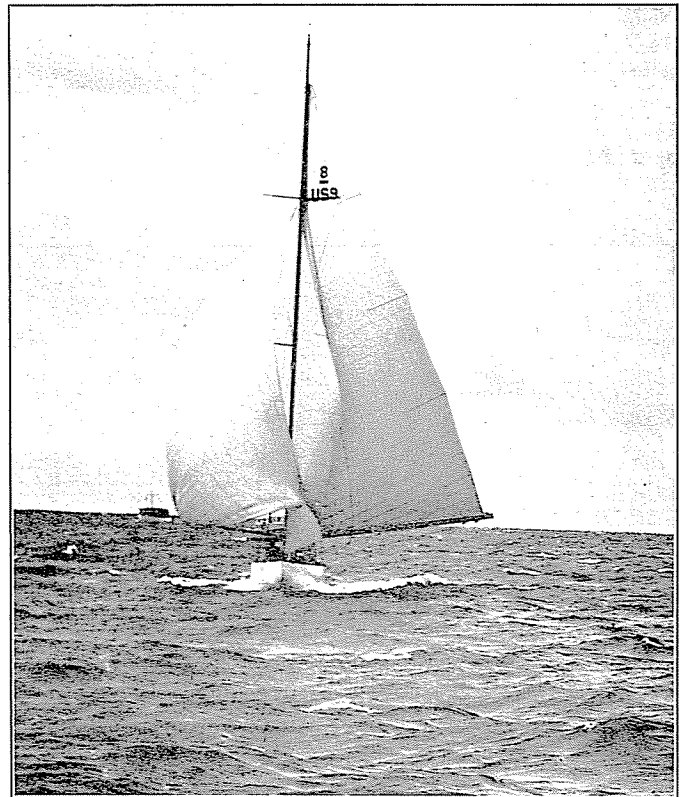
At 12:30, with very little indication that a triangular race of twenty-one miles could be sailed and finished within the established time limit of five and one-half hours (expiring in this case at 6 P. M.), the starting gun was fired for course "T-1," with a green flag, which being interpreted according to the Code, means a triangular course starting with a dead windward beat due north, a run to south-eastward, and a broad reach home, all marks being rounded with a right hand turn, "Buoys to Starboard."

A suspicion of a breeze freshened out of the north, and the boats just crawled across the line, nose and nose, as perfect a start as has ever been seen from any judge's boat since the first yacht race was ever sailed, with Barrows enjoying whatever advantage there might be in crossing with the weather.

Now here was a day where the "super-man" stuff was in evidence all the way, but impartially divided between Gooderham and Barrows.

Let it be said that this yacht race went to the skipper who got the "breaks," but whereas the advantage was with

(Continued on Page 6)



"THISBE" BEFORE THE WIND
(Howland, "Journal" Photo)

Showing how Barrows set his big spinnaker on several of the runs with working jib also drawing.

Luck and Pluck

(Continued from Page 5)

Gooderham and "Quest" during the first four-sixths of the race, it was Barrows who hung on like a bull dog all through the fifth leg when he seemed hopelessly beaten, and who stayed right there at the stick, doing his "dammedest" when the instant of time flashed that carried with it his final hope for success.

Leaving aside the mistakes of both skippers during the first four legs of this race—and there were plenty of them, all of which the other fellow, whether Barrows or Gooderham, was quick to profit by.

Leaving aside the fact that Barrows apparently threw away the first leg by allowing Gooderham to get away to weather of him and then discovering when they came out of the haze in sight of the first mark that both had miscalculated and, instead of being minutes behind, Barrows was in a position to ease off his sheets and swoop right down on the mark twenty-five seconds ahead of "Quest."

Leaving aside that Gooderham out-weathered Barrows on the third leg, a reach to the home mark finishing the first round, and turned that mark a half-minute or more ahead of Barrows.

Leaving aside the most momentous instance of Gooderham holding on to his big Genoa jib on the next leg, a beat to the first mark, second round, while Barrows used his smallest working jib and experienced the dismay of seeing Gooderham with the big reaching jib outfooting and completely outpointing him all the way to that mark, which "Quest" rounded a minute and twenty-four seconds ahead.

At that fateful moment, 3:05:18 P. M., Friday, August 15th 1930, A. D., the chance of Canada's Cup remaining in the Summerville trophy case, from which it had never been lifted by a Canadian opponent—that chance to quote friend "Obie" of the "Democrat & Chronicle" again, "Didn't look worth anywhere near as much as a plugged nickel."

But right here the spirit that enabled Barrows to keep Canada's Cup in the U. S. A. displayed itself.

Hopelessly astern, with only two legs to go, out-sailed part of the time during the previous four legs, Barrows and his crew hung on.

This leg was a spinnaker run with the wind not quite dead astern. Barrows had his best spinnaker, while Gooderham on account of the wind not being true did not try to use the big perforated "overall" that had pulled "Quest" so powerfully in the runs of Monday and Thursday.

They were more than half way to the mark before any of the sorrowing Americans on board the judge's boat perceived a ray of hope. Then gradually it seemed that "Thisbe" had gained perhaps a trifle on the flying leader. The wind was possibly at the rate of five or six miles per hour at this time, and for a while it was hope against hope that "Thisbe" actually was closing that enormous gap to even a fractional extent.

Entitled to a full page headline at this breathless moment was our Chairman of Canada's Cup Committee, W. V. Castle, who instead of sailing these races as skipper of "Cayuga," as had confidently been expected at the beginning of the trials last spring, was viewing them from a comparatively offside position as official timekeeper aboard the judge's boat.

Even at the start of this breath-taking spinnaker run, when "Thisbe" didn't look in the running, "Rooney," like a lone voice out of the wilderness of despair, proved himself a true prophet with the statement that "Thisbe" was still in a position to win.

"With the wind dropping every minute," quoth "Cay-

uga's" skipper (as indeed it was), "and Thisbe showing her real stuff before the wind in this smooth water, she still has a chance to win." This statement sounded like the sheerest sort of optimism at the moment, and yet within a mile it was proving to be true.

Coming from astern, it seemed as though even at a distance of many boat lengths behind, Barrows was managing to steal some of the wind from the jubilant Canadians up ahead of him. Almost before they knew it, he was working "Thisbe" out to weather of "Quest" and thereby getting in a position to blanket her during the last few hundred yards of this leg. It soon became apparent that through this strategy, the wind was failing to reach "Quest's" billowing spinnaker as it had been, and "Thisbe's" sails were comfortably full and drawing while "Quest" began to falter. It was almost more than anyone but Castle himself could believe when "Thisbe" inch by inch drew up on "Quest."

It was still too much to believe when she was nose and nose with "Quest" and as she seemed to draw ahead, there were moments of doubt that seemed to stretch into eternity to the breathless American onlookers who fairly doubted their own eyes, thinking it was a trick of the vision, or the angle of view, which made it appear that "Thisbe" was actually forging past the faltering "Quest."

But what excitement prevailed, how pulses leaped, when there was no longer any doubt that "Thisbe" had drawn clear and with good luck holding would be first around the mark for the final reach home.

There were hearts that jumped again and then stood still when Barrows within a couple of lengths of the mark dropped his spinnaker and seemed to lose headway, while Gooderham kept his spinnaker up and at the same time setting his reaching jib before coming to the mark. The Cup hung in the balance right then and there.

But the next few seconds proved that Barrows knew what he was doing. The gods of the wind and the weather were kind to us. Barrows and his crew had calculated "Thisbe's" headway to a nicety, and with "Quest" tucked safely under her arm, "Thisbe" was around the mark, breaking out her large jib, and turning into the wind for the grand and glorious reach to the finish at 3:35:18, exactly 14 seconds ahead of Gooderham.

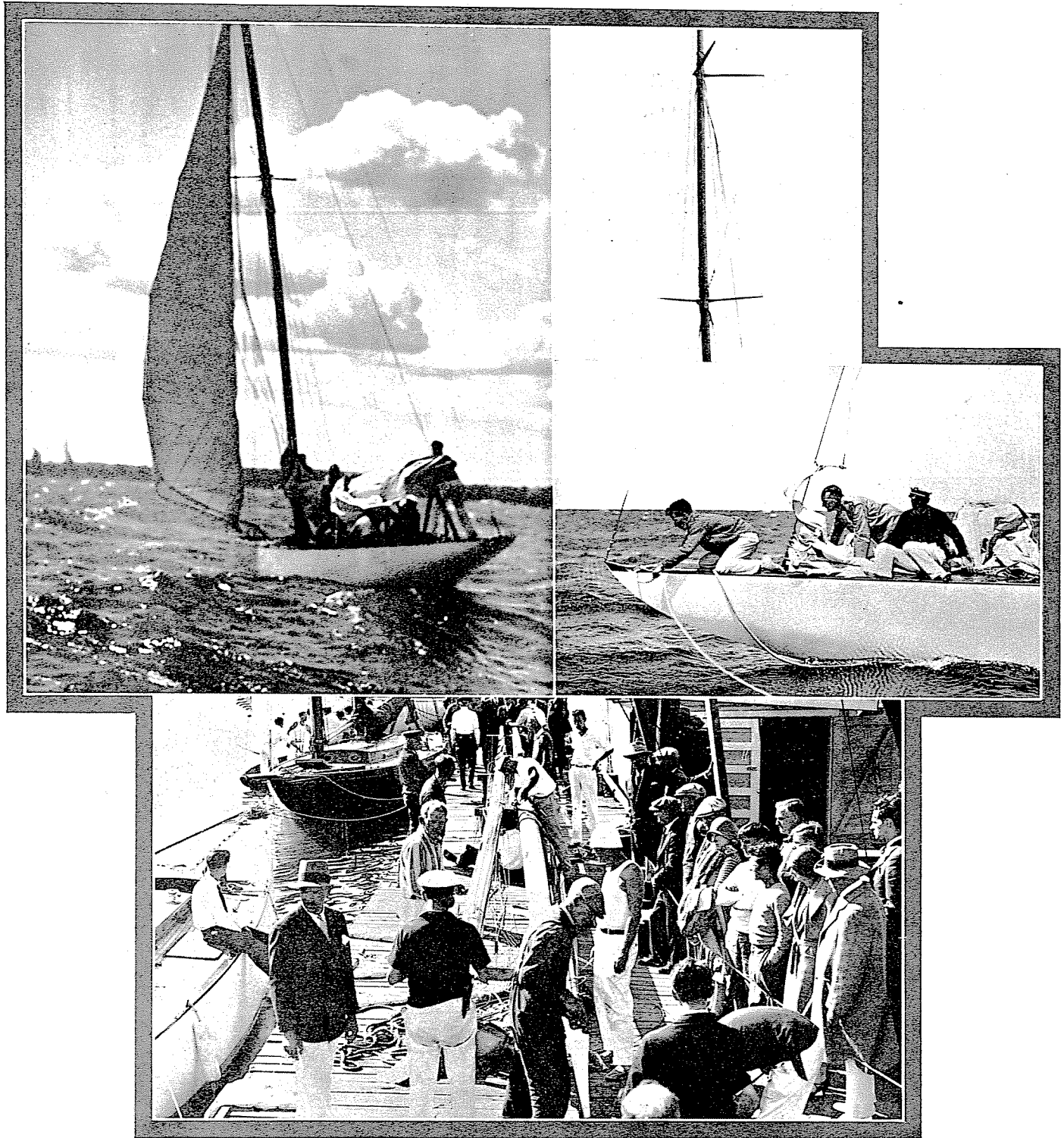
The old saying, "They always look good when they're winning," held true this time. Barrows was again the "superman" as he came around the mark, high up to weather, with Gooderham still tucked under his wing and held safe.

Fourteen seconds is a small period of time, and "Quest" had outreached "Thisbe" on previous legs of this race.

Barrows took no chances of being out-reached this time, however. He kept working out to weather, keeping a strategic position between the mark and his opponent and thus they pranced down the last and triumphant leg of this last race to the finish line, one minute and twenty seconds ahead of the valorous but defeated Canadians.

And oh, dear readers, can words do justice to the ovation that screamed across the waters to Bill Barrows and Johnnie Taylor, Taylor Howard, Tao Molin, Jim Snell and Ted Pickering as "Thisbe's" sharp nose poked across that imaginary line to keep Canada's Cup safe again in the Rochester Yacht Club trophy room for at least another two years?

Everything on Lake Ontario capable of making a noise, from hoarse whistles on steam boats and asthmatic klaxons on the tiniest power launches, to the swelling roar of human voices, joined in "Thisbe's" tribute as she came grandly down the line to receive it.



Thisbe Gets a "Break" --- Both Kinds

Tuesday's accident that cost "Thisbe" her mast and the race is well described in these photos by Joe Durnherr, "Times-Union" cameraman. Joe was right behind the racers on a US CG picket boat with his trusty Graflex when a spreader broke shortly after the start. That was break No. 1, and at the moment it seemed fatal to "Thisbe's" chance for the Cup. As the rigging slackened and the mainsail came tumbling down, Joe snapped the unusual shot at the left. No. 2 shows the broken spreaders (close up), which threw a sudden strain on the mast and weakened it beyond repair. No. 3—A Coast

Guard boat took the helpless "Thisbe" in tow, but the tow line parted in the heavy sea, and some quick action is shown by Ted Pickering, Tay Howard and Tao Molin, forward. No. 4 —TRY TO FIND A SMILE ANYWHERE IN THIS PICTURE. Barrows and crew working Tuesday night and far into Wednesday morning to step a spare mast generously offered by "Conewago" Syndicate. It proved almost a perfect fit. That was "break" No. 2, but there was a long and strenuous job of rigging to accommodate the new spar, and "Thisbe" had to go into Wednesday's race without a trial spin to tune up the rig.

BEHIND THE SCENES AT CUP RACES

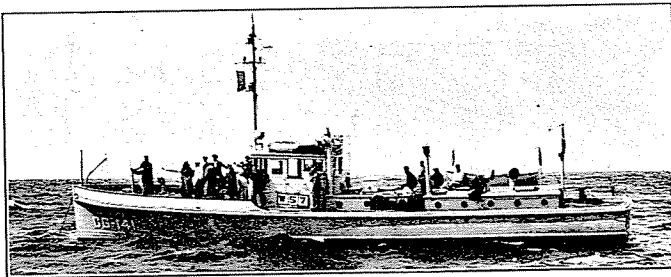
Explaining the Mechanics and Routine of the R. Y. C. Regatta

What the casual observer sees when he goes out on the Observation Boat, or is privileged to be a guest on one of the gaily bedecked craft that comprise the Regatta fleet, is something like this:

First, a huddle of boats around a "spar buoy," which is the black-and-orange flag floating from a stick, anchored about a half-mile off the end of the Summerville piers, affectionately termed the "home mark."

The Judges' Boat

In the center of this activity is the Judges' Boat, a grim, gray U. S. Coast Guard Cruiser, with the symbol "US CG 141" on her bow. You distinguish the Judges' Boat also by a square white flag flown from her signal arm, plus an assortment of other signal flags different from those shown on any of the other craft.



THE JUDGES' BOAT (Rosenfeld Photo)

US CG Cruiser 141 in command of "Scotty" Sanderson, Temporary Boatswain. Those who followed the races closely will know this photo was taken during Monday's race, from the course signal, "W-57" alongside the pilot-house.

Aboard this floating judges' stand are the three judges comprising the Committee, in whom all authority for conduct of the races is vested. The Judges are all seasoned yachtsmen who qualify as experts in racing. Mr. Mallory, the chairman, is President of the North American Yacht Racing Union, and one of the best known and universally respected yachtsmen the world over.

The Stake Boat

Another Coast Guard vessel, Cruiser "US CG 211," serving as the stake boat, is standing by for directions as to the day's course. The 211 has in tow a pair of white dinghies, each with a black-and-orange flag mounted on a short spar. These dinghies with their flags are the markers for the outside corners of the course.

How Courses Are Indicated

There is a large signboard along the pilot house of the judges' boat, and on this the day's course will be indicated by a symbol displayed as soon as the Honorable Judges have made their decision.

A numbered list of some 57 possible courses is in the hands of the skippers of the racing boats as well as all the officials.

A large letter "W" on the signboard, followed by a number, means that the day's course is to be windward-and-leeward, starting north, or east, or west, from the starting line, as the case may be, and return in a straight line.

A large letter "T," on the other hand, will indicate the course is to be triangular, and the number following the letter signifies that the first outer mark will be in a certain

direction from the starting point, the second mark another certain direction from the first mark, and then to the home mark.

The distance between marks is called a "leg."

Windward-Leeward or Triangular

All legs in the Windward-and-Leeward courses are $4\frac{1}{2}$ nautical miles each, the course to be sailed twice around, making a total of 4 legs, 18 nautical miles in all.

All legs in the Triangular courses are $3\frac{1}{2}$ nautical miles each, the course to be sailed twice around, making a total of 6 legs, or 21 nautical miles in all.

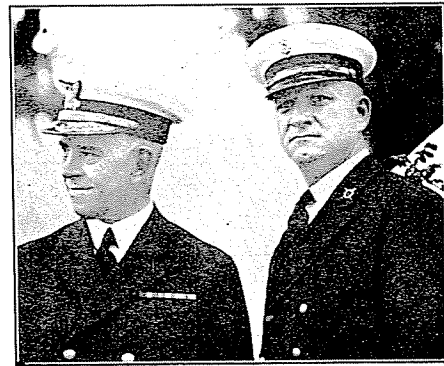
The Judges and everyone in the group huddled around the starting line are now watching the wind to determine the proper course. At 11:30 it seems to have settled, we will say, in the north.

Chairman Mallory of the Judges' Committee takes a perch on top of the pilot house and calls to his associate judges, Messrs. Van Voorhis and Moore, "Come on up here and let's do some thinking about this." As a result of this mass cogitation, the symbol for the day's race goes up on the judges' signboard to signal a triangular course starting out into the lake due north, making the first leg a "beat" dead into the wind.

Buoys to Port or Starboard

Along with the number on the signboard, goes up either a green flag, which means "Buoys to Starboard" or a red one for "Buoys to Port." In plain landlubber's traffic language, "Buoys to Starboard" means a turn to the right at each mark; or as you might say, "No left-hand turns."

If the flag is red, it indicates the reverse direction—"Buoys to Port" (left-hand turns).



REPRESENTING OUR UNCLE SAM

Left, Admiral Billard, head of U. S. Coast Guard, who visited Rochester to confirm Arrangements for Coast Guard fleet's participation in the Regatta. Right, Capt. Mason McCune, in charge of Charlotte Station US CG.

Turning the buoys to starboard will take the boats to south-eastward when they round the first mark which with the wind northerly makes the second leg a "run" down before the wind. Subsequently, when they round the second mark, they will head westward, making the third leg a "reach" with the wind abeam. This course is called, technically, "a beat, a run, and a reach."

By this time, the Stake Boat has received her instructions from the Judges, and you now see her nose up to the starting line, point her bow in the direction indicated for the first mark, and set her patent log to zero. Chairman George Culp now instructs the Commander of US CG 211 to lay his compass course due north. As a further check, he clicks

his stop watch just as the stake boat gets under way.

How the Buoys are Set

When the dial on the patent log registers $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles travelled, while the tachometer has registered a constant 18 miles per hour for so many minutes, during which time the compass has constantly indicated due north—well, you can see there is no room for doubt that the Stake Boat at this moment is exactly $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles due north of the starting line.

And so, Brother Culp, having checked the various factors assures himself that he is at the appointed spot. Overboard goes a heavy kedge anchor, along with two or three hundred feet of line made fast to the bow of one of the dories carrying a large black-and-orange flag.

The first outer mark has now been set, and believe Brother Culp, it is set to stay there until this race is over. Repeating this process for the second mark, the course is now set and marked.

While the Stake Boat is busy at this important task, off by herself, out of sight of the Judges' Boat in the haze that overhangs the Lake, there is plenty of activity in the huddle at the starting line.

Before the Starting Gun

At about 11:30, the spectators become aware of the two contesting yachts, sleek and white like seagulls, jockeying around in the general neighborhood of the Judges Boat. Their skippers and crews are straining their eyes to make out the symbol indicating the course, for on the layout of the course depends all the day's strategy and routine of sail changes, etc.

Quarter to twelve. The warning gun booms from the Judges' Boat. The gun is a one-pounder, loaded with a blank shell, handled by a member of the Coast Guard crew. Illustrating the precautions taken to avoid fumbles in the conduct of a Cup race, alongside the one-pounder stands an official of Rochester Y. C., with a shot gun, ready to fire simultaneously with the cannon. This in case of a possible misfire. The vital importance of the gun and its precise timing will be apparent in a moment, gentle reader, if your patience has led you thus far into the tiresome details of our race.

Five Times Sixty Seconds

Five minutes to twelve. The Preparatory gun booms, accompanied by the raising of a blue cylinder to the signal arm of the Judges' Boat. This is a precaution against the possibility that the gun may not be heard or understood by the skippers. A *white* cylinder goes up with the 15-minute gun, a *blue* with the 5-minute gun, and a *yellow* with the starting gun.

The Five-minute gun is just that many minutes ahead of "zero hour" in a yacht race. It indicates that the contestants have 5 minutes in which to time themselves for the dash across the starting line. In passing, let it be noted that 5 minutes in yacht racing means precisely 5 times 60 seconds. Both skippers have set their watches with the judges beforehand, to make sure that all time pieces are in agreement to the second.

All Set—

The air now becomes tense with excitement.

The contending yachts dart here and there behind the line, each skipper watching the other like a cat at a rat hole, each seeking an advantage for position at the starting line.

On each boat there is a member of the crew calling off the time by minutes to his skipper.

"*Four minutes to go.*" The skippers put their helms down, the yachts swing from one end of the line to the other, each watching for a chance to crowd the other in the final dash for position.

"*Three minutes to go.*" Both skippers are playing to keep near the line and slip up to windward of the other fellow if the slightest opening presents itself.

"*Two minutes to go.*" No time for fooling now. The skipper who gets the advantage will be the one who gauges correctly the strength of the wind, his distance from the line, and the number of seconds required to cross that imaginary line when the gun booms.

At the Zero Hour

"*One minute.*" Both skippers have played to crowd the other and perhaps force him to come about or fall off. Now they must cut loose, dash for the line, and each try to get

(Continued on Page 10)



The Canadian Crew

From left—No. 1, Douglas Addison, main sheet; No. 2, Professional; No. 3, Walter Windeyer, jibs and backstays; No. 4, Norman Gooderham, skipper; No. 5, J. W. Bartlett, cockpit; No. 6, Robt. Jarvis, light canvas.

Behind the Scenes

Continued from Page 9)

across in the coveted position "high up" in the wind for the beat to the first mark.

At the same time, they must have the seconds clocked to a dead certainty, to avoid the disaster of crossing a second too soon. To be "ahead of the gun" is a major disaster in yacht racing. It means having to go back and start all over again, while the rival boat shoots along on her course without opposition.

On the Judges' Boat, an official stands beside the gun, watch in hand, counting off the seconds by tens. "Fifty seconds to go." "Forty seconds." Then "Ten seconds." "Nine." "Eight." "Seven." "Six." "Five." "Four." "Three." "Two." "One." "FIRE!"

They're Off

The one-pounder and the shotgun boom out together. The yellow canister rises to the signal arm. They're off.

Let us now take Friday's final and deciding race as an example of how the races were sailed between "Thisbe" and "Quest," because there was a race that will be told and re-told to little boys at their father's and grandfather's knees as long as Canada's Cup races are remembered.

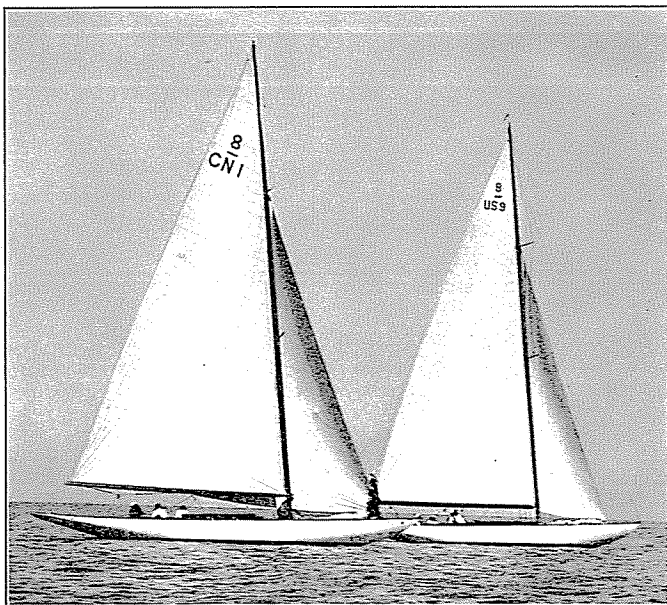
First there had been a 30-minute postponement, because at 11:45 on Friday, when the warning gun was due, the Lake was like glass with hardly a vague suspicion of a drift of air from eastward.

At 12:15 a slight, very slight, air had sprung up from the north. By the time the starting gun was fired at 12:30, this had grown into a fair 4 to 6-mile breeze.

Nose and Nose

Both boats were at the eastward end of the line when the count was 10 seconds, and they wheeled like a pair of gulls, came bounding across the line exactly at the gun, nose and nose, like a team, not an inch of difference between them; Bill Barrows had made another perfect start—his third in the five races.

As they hauled in sheets for the long zig-zag beat up the wind, you must bear in mind that the skippers were aiming at a mark they could not see, a white dory fluttering an orange-and-black flag, anchored somewhere out in the haze, due northward. In fact, the mark may not even have been



"THISBE" FIRST ACROSS STARTING LINE

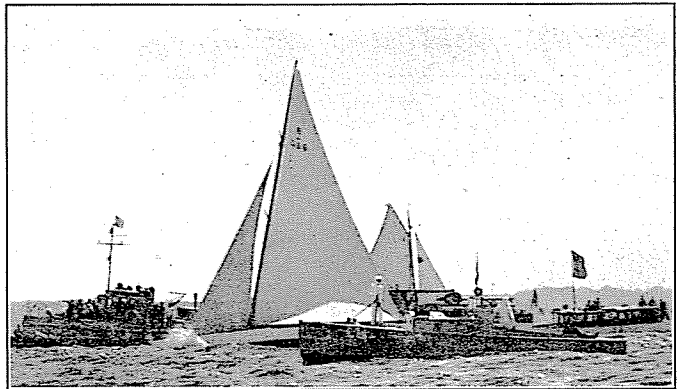
Beginning of Wednesday's race, just after the start, which was perfectly timed and executed by Barrows and his crew.

set at the time of the start, as the stake boat did not start out with its tow of dories until just before the 15-minute gun. This may seem like taking a lot for granted, but as a matter of racing routine the skippers lay the course solely by the compass, and to them the first mark is simply an imaginary point due north and $3\frac{1}{2}$ nautical miles distant.

A Buck to Windward

So here they go, with sheets hauled flat, zig-zagging off to eastward, knowing they will have to make several miles back and forth across the wind, in order to fetch that mark. The boat that points highest into the wind, whose skipper keeps her sails drawing full while holding steadily to windward, that is the boat entitled to round the mark ahead and thereby draw first blood of the race.

Well, as matters developed, it didn't turn out that way at all on this leg, because "Thisbe" sagged 'way off to leeward and still got to the mark ahead of "Quest," but that's another story and is told elsewhere in this Bulletin; also how Barrows lost during the second leg after winning the first by a fluke of racing luck; was licked on the third leg; left hopelessly behind when he sagged off to leeward again on the



"THISBE" FIRST ACROSS THE FINISH LINE

A winner in Wednesday's triumphant race.

fourth, but stuck to his guns in the face of what seemed inevitable failure, and right at the end of the fifth leg snatched a glorious lead straight out of the foam-flecked jaws of defeat.

Around the First Mark

However, here we are at the buoy that marks the end of the first leg, and ready to round it to start the second. George Culp has been here, sure enough, and anchored his dory.

The Judges' Boat stands by to see that both boats round the mark clean, without fouling the dory or each other.

Keeping the Course Clear

"Jolly Roger," St. Clair Rogers' speed demon, hangs onto the stern of the Judges' Boat all during each race, like a shadow. She is never absent except when off on an errand for the officials.

Right behind the two racing yachts, also, you may have noticed another boat that followed like a faithful shadow, the little picket boat US CG 2330 in command of Captain Mason McCune, U. S. Coast Guard, head of the Charlotte Station. Accompanying Captain McCune is "Chet" Rambert, Summerville's popular plumber, acting for Rochester Yacht Club as patrol observer to interpret the orders of the Judges' Committee in keeping the course clear. Over to the port side of the line is another little picket boat, US CG 2206 and on the starboard side, a third picket boat US CG 2324. These three boats, with the Judges' Boat, CG Cruiser 141, comprise the fleet attached to the Charlotte Station under Captain McCune; and a most effective job the little picket

boats did in the way of patrolling the course. Between the three of them, they formed a big broom that swept a wide path down the Lake behind the racers.

Somebody Gets "Bawled Out"

Occasionally, some over-eager power launch among the attending fleet crowds up on the line from ahead of the patrol boats, and then there is a flurry of excitement and maybe some language. At such times, "Jolly Roger" is rushed to the scene of trouble at a quick command of the Judges, with instructions to tell the offender where to go to. There was one large cruiser of the Rochester Yacht Club fleet that caused plenty of activity during the first leg of Friday's race. The man at the wheel of this craft was her owner, a prominent business man, head of a large local industry, and rated 100 per cent efficient as an executive. This man couldn't see any reason why he should step aside for the racing yachts on Lake Ontario. About the third time "Jolly Roger" went down to transmit the Judges' orders to this over-eager party, there was a bit of row.

"Who in the this-and-that are you?" he howled at young Rogers, "and where do you get off to be telling me I can't take my own boat where I'm taking her?"

To be "Hung from the Yard Arm"

This conversation being promptly reported back to the Judges' Boat, brought a quick splutter of wrath from Robert ("Scotty") Sanderson, Boatswain's Mate, in command of the



BOTH COMMODORES

Philip G. Hoffman, Rochester Y. C., left; George H. Gooderham, Royal Canadian Y. C., right; with Canada's Cup between them.

141. "Scotty" served on His Majesty's battleships at the Dardanelles and elsewhere in the World War, has fought his way up in the Coast Guard since that time, and taking "lip" from a mere landlubber at the wheel of a gas boat simply isn't in his repertoire.

"You go back there, to that, now, so-and-so, or whatever his bloody name is," howls "Scotty" to young Rogers, "and tell 'im for me if he sticks his nose over this course again, the Coast Guard 'll hang 'im to the yard arm at daylight tomorrow morning."

Which forcible message being promptly transmitted back to the owner of the offending launch, no more was heard from him that day—in fact, he was almost hull down on the horizon for the remainder of the race.

Taking the Time

Now the boats are up to the mark. An official on the Judges' Boat holds a watch, ready to call the time. Official timing at each mark is taken when the boat's stem passes between the buoy and the Judges' Boat as seen from a point



THE MAIN HALF OF THE BARROWS FAMILY
(Stone, "D. & C." Photo)

Mrs. Wm. P. Barrows, left; Mrs. John Barrows, right. They say that every day that "Mrs. Bill" wore this particular gown, "Thisbe" won.

amidships of the latter. This may make it clear why no two persons viewing a yacht race will agree exactly as to the time at any of the marks. The angle of view makes seconds of difference in the apparent time.

Setting Light Canvas

As the boats round the mark, they leave the buoy "to starboard," as instructed by the Judges' green flag, which brings them heading to southeastward, with the wind now astern instead of ahead. The agile light-canvas men are seen scurry—seen scurrying about, up forward, on both yachts even before the mark has been rounded, and as they come about, out flutter the big, billowing white spinnakers, first on "Thisbe," then on "Quest." This maneuver of setting the balloon jib, or spinnaker, or whatever light sail is selected in changing the course, furnishes one of the most beautiful sights in a yacht race—provided it is executed handily and with dispatch, as it was most of the time on both boats.

As the speeding yachts get settled on their second leg, running before the wind with spinnakers bellying out like great balloons, the Judges' Boat sets off to pass them and be in a position to stand by at the end of this leg. This is the signal for all the attending fleet to string out to leeward and follow at a respectful distance.

"Quest" is around the third, or home mark, at 2:24:29, having passed "Thisbe" in the "run" down the wind to the second mark, and gained a half-minute on her in the "reach" to the third. The race is half over, and Barrows has lost the lead he gained at the end of the first leg.

Genoa Jib Technique

While Barrows picked a small working jib for this buck to windward, Gooderham stuck to his big Genoa reaching jib that had carried him so fast on the reach to the third mark.

In future stories of the 1930 Cup races, dear reader, you may hear much mention of Genoa jibs and how they were handled by the Canadians, and following is an example of why:

Behind the Scenes

(Continued from page 9)

According to accepted practice, a small jib enables a boat to go closer into the wind than a big one. Off the wind, on a "reach" such as the third leg of Friday's race, a big reaching jib is set because it helps a boat to "foot" faster.

Per contra, however, in a dead "buck" to windward, such as this first leg of Friday's second round, the ability to "point" up into the wind and fetch the mark with the minimum of "tacking," or "zig-zagging," is all-important. Thus, Barrows' small jib.

Little Jib or Big Jib

Very soon, though, it became apparent that "Quest," with the big overlapping Genoa jib, instead of sagging to leeward, was pointing higher into the wind than "Thisbe," and footing at least as fast.

This time there was no danger of overstanding the mark, as on the first round. When the boats were within a half-mile of the mark, it loomed up out of the haze, with the Stake Boat 211 standing by, ready to pick up the dory as soon as it had been rounded.

Gooderham was so far up on the mark, that he could fetch it handily, while Barrows, well off to leeward, had to pinch "Thisbe" for all she would stand to get up to the flag and around without fouling it. "Quest" was nearly a minute and a half ahead in rounding. She had gained about a minute on the leg, thanks to her big overlapping Genoa.

Picking Up the Dories

George Culp on the Stake Boat, now instructs the Coast Guard crew to pick up the anchor that holds the dory. "Quest" is flying down the wind on this next-to-last leg, with Barrows hopelessly astern. But how Bill didn't know when he was beaten, and thus bull-dogged a triumphant victory from the gallant Canadians before this run was over—all that is told in another column.

The Judges' Boat plows down the course alongside the racers, your faithful reporter being thus in a grand-stand seat to view the greatest finish ever seen in a yacht race on these waters. The Stake Boat rolls along behind, one dory in her wake, and ready to pick up the other as soon as the racers

have rounded the second mark and squared away for home.

Thisbe Ahoy!

Well, boys, here we come. "Thisbe" passed "Quest" and crawled around the last outer mark just in time to get safely up to weather of the Canadian. This time out comes a good big Genoa jib from "Thisbe's" forward hatch. When Ted Pickering gets that set and drawing full, it is all over, and the "gallery" of thousands of spectators all go crazy as "Thisbe" comes sweeping down the lane cleared for her to the starting line.

Sober as a Judge

The Judges try to look cool and judicial. They may feel that their dignity requires them to act that way in the presence of us outsiders—mere scribblers, reporters, etc. But we bet that, inside, they felt just the way Yours Truly did. And some day we're going to ask Charlie Van Voorhis if he didn't feel like jumping on somebody's feet and smashing somebody's hat, the way we did.

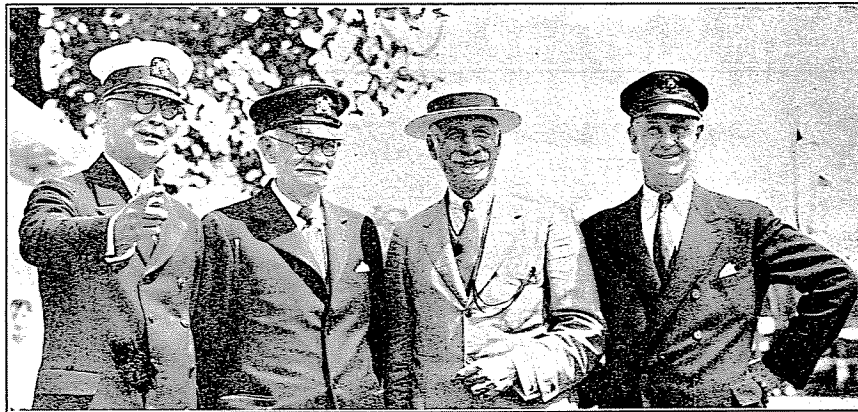
Here she comes, that irresistible "Thisbe," laying over just a little, and seeming to barely touch the wave tops as she romps home with a hurrying breeze abeam.

The Judges still manage to hold that semblance of calm, but "Rooney" Castle's pencil wobbles a bit as he bends over his time card, prepared to enter "Thisbe's" finishing time.

The Finish Gun Booms

"Get ready to take this time," somebody calls, and two of the Judges are ready with their watches. Boatswain "Scotty" stands at the breech of his one-pounder. "Mort" Anstice is ready with his shotgun. "Thisbe" is alongside the Judges' Boat. Her sharp nose is up to the imaginary line drawn across to the orange-and-black flag. Squinting along that line, our view is suddenly cut off. Someone shouts, "Time!" The cannon and the shotgun boom out together. Castle calls "4:16:25," and scribbles it on his time card.

Then bedlam breaks loose from the fleet, led by the deep bass on the "Ontario's" whistle, and as "Thisbe" sweeps by, Bill Barrows and her crew acknowledging the tribute, you can see in the tired lines of their faces the nerve strain they have undergone in these past weeks and months of constant preparation for this triumphal moment.



Talking Over Canada's Cup Races of Other Days

Left to right—Thomas B. Pritchard, one of Rochester Yacht Club's greatest racing enthusiasts; Frank T. Christy, Rochester Y. C., who built and sailed "Iroquois" in the elimination races of 1905; Aemilius Jarvis, Ex-Commodore

Royal Canadian Y. C., who sailed the Canadian challengers and defenders in every Canada's Cup series except 1905 and 1930; Lorenzo G. ("Lorrie") Mabbett, who skippered "Iroquois" in her triumphant victory of 1905.

EXTRA COPIES of this souvenir number may be procured from
Canada's Cup Syndicate, P. O. Box 985, Rochester, 25c EACH
N. Y. Enclose with your order for copies



WALTER L. FARLEY
(Morrall Photo)

Head of "Conewago's" Syndicate, who is still overwhelmed by the sudden fame he achieved as radio announcer at the races.



EX-COMMODORE HARRY C. STEVENSON

Chairman of the Committee on Moorings and Accommodations for Visiting Fleet. Universal praise accorded the Club for its hospitality during the Regatta is largely due to our Ex-Commodore's untiring and efficient management.



J. HOWARD KIDD, JR.

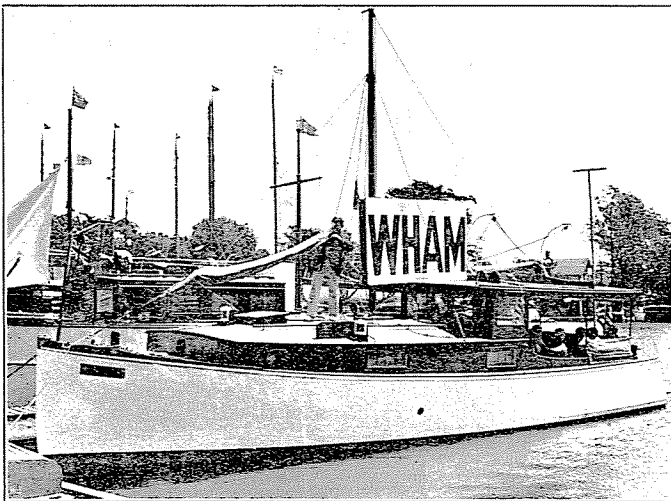
Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, whose efforts were appreciated by our visitors.

Across the Finish Line

Or Lower-Away, Stand-by-for-Moorings,
and All-Hands-Ashore.

Old-timers agree that no yachting affair in Rochester's history ever aroused widespread public interest until this regatta of 1930.

Seeking the reason for this public enthusiasm, we must go back nearly a year ago when Canada's Cup Syndicate was formed and Walter L. Todd, its chairman, set out to enlist the support of newspapers and all agencies of publicity to make Rochester conscious of Canada's Cup importance to the City.



"YOU ARE NOW LISTENING TO—"
(Rosenfeld Photo)

Station WHAM broadcasting each day's race from Jimmie William's "Phyllis II" by low-wave transmitter installed on board and re-broadcast from Rochester's Stromberg-Carlson station. This broadcast was one of the big features of the races.

All hands agree, too, that never was a regatta held under such favorable auspices with such wonderful "breaks," perfect weather, universal friendliness, and absence of any occasion for unfavorable criticism.

Speaking of "breaks," if Barrows and "Thisbe" got any of them on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, they certainly needed and deserved them after seeing Tuesday's race taken by default, through the unavoidable accident to "Thisbe's" spar.

Again speaking of "breaks," the last three days' races were started in almost a flat calm, with little prospect of finishing within the five and one-half hour time limit, and yet on each of these days, the wind freshened to a good sailing breeze immediately after the starting gun.

Whoever picked 12 o'clock noon as the official hour to start the Cup races must have had some inside "dope" on weather conditions.

No one in Rochester had ever heard of such a thing as chartering a thousand-passenger vessel to carry sightseers



"ROONEY" GOES TO SEA

In a One-Man Ship W. V. Castle, Chairman of Canada's Cup Committee, Skipper of "Cayuga" and Official Timekeeper.

to a yacht race, but the "S. S. Ontario I" was crowded each day, and on Friday had to leave her dock ahead of time, with a clamoring crowd of \$1.50 per head customers left behind, through fear that the ship was already overloaded.

G. W. Todd, who has participated in Lake Ontario yachting ever since the days when the old sloop, "Onward" of Rochester Yacht Club, and "Nora" of the Bellevue Yacht Club, sailed for the Fisher Cup—G. W. says in all those years he has never seen anything approaching our 1930 Regatta in point of public interest and attendance at the races. At the old time regattas, he said, it would be quite an event that could attract even a handful of spectators on the piers.

When you hear someone say that this regatta went off with amazing smoothness, they are simply unconsciously affirming the fact everyone connected with the regatta discovered at the start; viz., that Commodore Hoffman of Rochester, is an unusual executive with unlimited capacity for hard work, diplomacy, and unflinching attention to detail.

The full fleet of Coast Guard boats, which contributed so greatly to the success of the regatta, and their commanders were as follows: U. S. C. G. Cutter No. 211, Stake Boat, Commander, Boatswain G. B. Lok; U. S. C. G. Cutter No. 141, Judge's Boat, Commander, Robt. Sanderson; U. S. Coast Guard Picket Boats No. 2330—Commander, Capt. Mason McCune; No. 2324—Commander, Machinist's Mate, 1st Class, H. F. Veley; No. 2206—Commander, Machinist's Mate, 1st Class, Wm. Peare.

Captain Graham of the Naval Militia in command of the Reserve Sub Chaser No. 343, was host to the large delegation of reporters, press and news-reel photographers, yachting experts, and almost-experts, who followed the races in various capacities.

The launch, "Richardson," in charge of A. G. Dalzell, officiated as dispatch boat for the many writers representing evening papers on board the No. 343.

Thomas C. Ratsey, of the present generation of world-famous English sailmakers, with five or six generations of Ratseys stretching down the years behind him was one of the most notable and also most interested of the spectators at the races.

Looking at "Quest's" lightest suit of canvas—the one with the scalloped leech—on the day of the final and deciding race, and asked if it suited him, Mr. Ratsey remarked, "It is the best we know how to make. We put into it everything we know and the rest is up to the men who sail it."

George Culp, our 100 per cent efficient statistician and chief judge in the trial races, had an all-important but all-alone position during the Cup races. George was in charge of the official stake boat, U. S. Coast Guard Cruiser No. 211 with Commander G. B. Lok, as Skipper, in charge of setting the marks.

All hands are now acclaiming the judgment of Canada's Cup Judges and Selections Committee in naming "Thisbe" as best all-around combination of boat, skipper and crew to defend the Cup. Had the weather of Regatta Week been different—well, *when you're right, you're right*, that's all. The men comprising this Committee, who put in a hard and conscientious season of work and self-denial are as follows: Charles Van Voorhis, Charles Faxon, George Culp, Frank T. Christy and George Roat.



GUESS WHEN THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN

Taylor Howard of "Thisbe's" crew receives some most enthusiastic congratulations from Mrs. Taylor and their daughter.

Rochester's contingent of Sea Scouts in command of "Bob" Link, did yeoman service in handling many details of the Regatta for Commodore Hoffman. Johnnie Reed, the Commodore's orderly, and Walt Phaley, orderly to Vice Commodore John Castle, were among those present all the time when there was important work to be done during Regatta Week.

Rear Commodore Bert Sharp, in charge of mess for the Officials' boats at the Races, kept all the hands well grubbed and happy.

Recalled from Norman Gooderham's remarks at Friday's Presentation dinner: "Of course, we are bitterly disappointed in not getting the Cup; and yet we feel if we have to lose it, we would rather lose it to you fellows of the Rochester Yacht Club than to anyone else. For one thing, we won't have so far to come back after it, which we certainly are going to do—not more than two years from now, I hope." (Thunderous applause, cheers, and "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow" from hundreds of throats).

From Bill Barrow's Speech at Presentation Dinner: You can't win without the breaks, and we got at least our share of the breaks. If there is any personal credit to be given, it should be given to my outfit. You know if you have the right outfit, you don't have to do very much yourself,



GEORGE P. CULP

Chairman of the Regatta Committee, whose Committee's contribution to winning the Cup covered an entire season of constant and untiring effort.

and I had the greatest outfit I could ask for. I had the greatest main-sheet man, the greatest light-canvas man, and each one the greatest in his particular position in my boat. We just had to win. If there is one lesson we ought to learn from this Canada's Cup series, it is that we have got to start training some young fellows to sail the next one. I can't help realizing that this series was sailed largely by old men. Some of us have been at it, I guess, for forty years or more. At least we feel tonight as if it had been that many years. One thing we should do is get together right away and decide what we are going to do to encourage and develop youngsters to sail the Canada's Cup series in the future.

Clifford C. Mallory, Chairman of the Judges' Committee, a splendid citizen and a yachtsman second to none, is one judge who takes his duties seriously. With Mr. Mallory presiding there is no question at any time who is judge of the races, and never for a minute would his attention wander from the all-important job of seeing that both boats received fair treatment.

"I have never seen a better organization," Mr. Mallory said. "Everyone seemed to know their part and did it. The climax, of course, was at the end of the last race when the fleet was held in check and the two contesting boats were allowed to enter between the jetties alone. This really was the most effective touch that I have ever seen given a yachting contest. I also want to congratulate you on your facilities. Although the area is limited, you worked out the details in an excellent maner and there are no clubs in the East I know of that are so well equipped. As regards the races themselves, the series was probably the most sensational ever held. The only one I know of to compare was the Seawanhaka Cup Races last year at the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, which was won by the British Eight Meter 'Caryl,' but even that event did not carry with it quite as much excitement for the spectators.

The above comment coming from the President of the North American Yacht Racing Union and one of the world's greatest yachtsmen, must indeed be counted high praise.

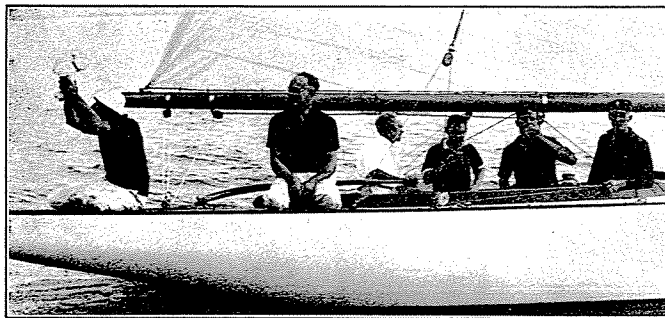
Lieutenant Commander Rasmussen, of U. S. Coast Guard in this district, was an important contributor to the success of the Regatta since it was due to his interest that Commodore Hoffman was able to enlist such complete cooperation from the Coast Guard forces.

Commodore Hoffman's acknowledgement at Presentation



W. L. TODD (Morrall Photo)

Chairman of Canada's Cup Syndicate, whose enthusiasm was largely responsible for the widespread public interest in the Regatta.



JUST AFTER THE GLORIOUS FINISH

5 P. M. First chance for a bite since early breakfast. Johnnie Taylor joyously hoists "Windhound" the wonderful luck pup that helped "Thisbe" win the final and deciding race. (Howland, "Journal" Photo).

Dinner: "The moment Canada's Cup Selection Committee handed in their proposal to name 'Thisbe' as defender of Canada's Cup, I felt the Cup would remain in our trophy case.

"Assuming that 'Thisbe' and her crew would draw as much from the 'Luck Pot' as the challenger, the final result in my mind was never in doubt. I had the utmost faith in Bill Barrows and the fighting spirit of the crew of 'Thisbe,' and personally I feel that for courage, and ability, they are one of the greatest sailing combinations in the world today.

"To be Commodore of Rochester Y. C. at a time like this is something words can not describe, and there was no prouder man in the world than myself, when 'Thisbe' crossed the finish line to win Canada's Cup again.

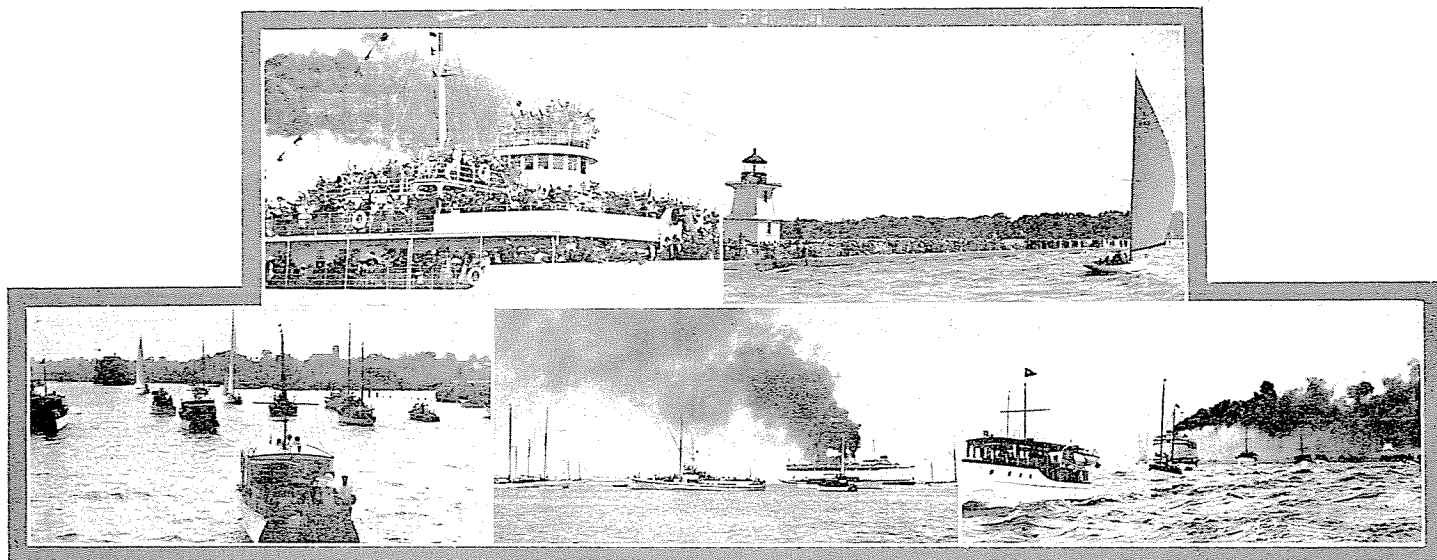
"I wish to express my sincere gratitude to the Officers and Committees for their cooperation during the strenuous weeks we have passed through. To say that we have made a lasting impression on our visitors I feel is putting it mildly, for we have shown them and the Rochester public that the Rochester Y. C., is an institution that every man, woman and child in our community should be proud to acclaim."

Charles G. Rawlings, our own Rochester yachting expert, back from Florida to cover the races for the "Times-Union," had a corking good account of the current race each day in the final edition of his paper. Considering that most of the races were not over until around 4 o'clock, it was certainly a triumph of evening journalism the way the "Times" came on the street with a fairly complete report of each day's race.

While credit is being handed out for distinguished service in connection with the Regatta, please include the men on Jimmy William's "Phyllis II," the WHAM broadcast station, which closely followed the contesting yachts each day. From far and wide have come acknowledgments of the splendid broadcast of the races transmitted from the "Phyllis II" by short wave, and re-broadcast over WHAM's regular wave length.

The L. Y. R. A. Regatta at Hamilton. After the tremendous excitement and enthusiasm of Canada's Cup Regatta, the Hamilton affair was not quite so hot. There was a general agreement that Hamilton Bay is a bit circumscribed and circuitous in outline for a major yachting affair.

The most surprising feature was the performance of "Conewago" in the hands of her designer, young Olin J. Stephens. In the light air drift of 100 miles from Summer-ville piers to Hamilton Bay, "Conewago" took third place amongst the large fleet making the voyage for the Freeman Cup. Again on Tuesday in the 8-meter Class race for the



All Rochester Goes Cup Crazy

Upper left—Observation boat "Ontario" at triumphant finish of Friday's race. They do say that "Ontario" left a large number of disappointed passengers on the dock this day as she was loaded right up to her 3000-passenger capacity. Upper right—Crowd lining the east pier acclaims "Thisbe"

as she marches home to the Yacht Club basin from her final triumph. Lower row—Some stray shots of the Regatta fleet. At times there were nearly a hundred craft ranging from the giant observation boat "Ontario" and the majestic Canadian cruiser, "Semiramis" down to dinghies.

new George H. Gooderham Cup, "Conewago" was an easy winner, with "Cayuga" sailed by W. V. Castle, second; and "Vision," one of the eliminated Canadian trial boats, third. Both the long distance Freeman Cup Race and the Tuesday race just mentioned were sailed in light air with no sea, and "Conewago" completely justified all the advance predictions which acclaimed her a very hard boat to beat under these conditions of wind and weather—for which conditions she was obviously designed.

"Safara," W. V. Castle's R-class champion, captured a lion's share of all the early honors, taking the Freeman Cup and also winning by a big margin in the R-class on Wednesday. It was W. Peck Farley with a crew of young Farleys (now being touted as future Canada's Cup material) that put "Safara" up in front at this early stage of the Regatta.

Following "Safara's" and "Conewago's" triumphs during the first part of the Regatta, Canada and Buffalo came back and nearly swept the boards on Wednesday and Thursday when weather conditions were reversed with stiff blows and romping seas.

At the very close of the Regatta, however, W. V. Castle with "Cayuga" captured brand-new honors in a big way. In the 30-mile race from Hamilton to the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, Castle with "Cayuga" defeated the entire fleet of 44 boats; "Safara" and "Shadow," Rochester's entries in the R-class finishing first and second in that division. The surprising thing about this race was that "Cayuga" won the 30-mile jaunt in a very light drifting breeze with a slop of a sea—conditions under which she had not been considered at her best.

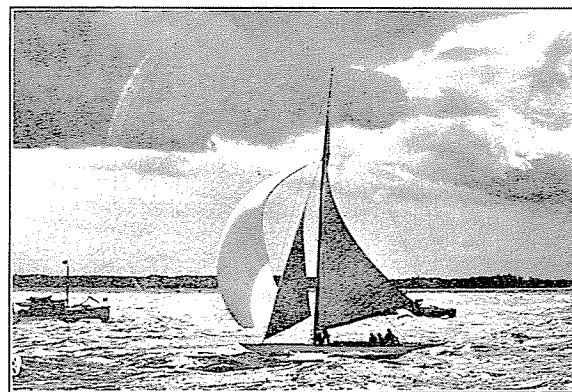
All visiting yachtsmen were impressed with the business-like mechanics of the Cup Races. For example, the very complete preparations made for indicating courses. Mr. Mallory and other down-East yachtsmen spoke very highly of the plan of furnishing a typewritten list of the courses

by which the entire course was indicated with a letter and one number.

The best motion pictures we have seen of the races were made by Richard M. Moore of the Atlas Air Maps Co. All of this film was combined into a 15-minute reel which attracted unusual attention at the RKO Palace Theater the week of August 25th. It is also available in 16 MM width for Kodak Cine Projectors.

Letter to Commodore Hoffman from
Commodore Gooderham, R. C. Y. C.

Personally and on behalf of the many members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and other Canadians who visited your Club on the occasion of the Canada's Cup races, I desire to express to you our sincere appreciation and thanks for the many courtesies extended to us all. Also please permit me to congratulate you on the manner in which the arrangements were conceived and carried out.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC MASTERPIECE
(Rosenfeld Photo)

"Quest" running before a stiff blow with her big spinnaker pulling like a locomotive.