

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

"Thisbe," sailed by her owner, William P. Barrows, won the Canada's Cup on Lake Ontario after a close match with "Quest," sailed by Norman Gooderham

## The Canada's Cup Stays at Rochester

A Close, Hard Fought Series on Lake Ontario Between the Eight-Metres "Thisbe" and "Quest"

By CHARLES A. RAWLINGS

THE Canada's Cup got a rousing revival off Rochester, on Lake Ontario, the week of August 11th. *Thisbe*, a Crane-designed Eight-Metre, raced last year on Long Island Sound, defeated *Quest*, a new boat by Fife built by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, and held the Cup for the Rochester Yacht Club. The series went to five races and proved to be a rip-roaring melodrama full of thrills up to the final curtain.

The trophy is fresh water's Holy Grail. It was first put up in 1896 by a group of Toledo yachtsmen as a prize for a "two out of three" series between a Canadian and a United States boat. *Canada*, a Fife cutter from Toronto, won the two first starts.

With sportsmanlike spirit, the Canadian yachtsmen who won it deeded the cup to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, as trustees, to be held for international competition between clubs affiliated with the newly formed Great Lakes Yacht Racing Union, and in 1899 *Genesee*, of Rochester, sailing for the Chicago Yacht Club, beat *Beaver* of the Royal Canadian Club, off Toronto, in three straight races and the Cup went to Chicago. In 1901 the *Invader*, of Toronto, brought it back to Canadian soil when she defeated the *Cadillac* of Chicago, three to one.

Rochester brought the Cup across the lake with *Irondequoit*, beating the Toronto cutter *Strathcona*, three to two, in 1903, and successfully defended it with

*Iroquois*, three to two, over *Temeraire*, in 1905, and with the famous *Seneca*, three to nothing, in 1907. Since that date, 23 years ago, the trophy has rested in the Rochester club's case, getting a weekly dusting and waiting for the challenge from Canada that opened the rec series.

It is a proud old Cup, and upon the lakes the sailors, Canadian and Yankee, look on it with a great deal of awe.

### A Metre Boat Program

The challenge was part of a program of Commodore George H. Gooderham of the Royal Canadian Club to establish the International Rule on Lake Ontario. Eight-Metre yachts, fitting into the measurement stipulations of the deed of gift nicely, were named. Rochester built two; one by Frank C. Paine, *Cayuga*, and the other, *Conewago*, by Olin J. Stephens, and bought the year-old *Thisbe*. Canada built three; the *Quest*, designed by Fife and built at Oakville; the *Vision*, designed by Nicholson and built at Gosport, England; the *Norseman*, drawn by Roué and built at Toronto.

*Thisbe* proved best at Rochester and W. P. Barrows, her owner, was elected to sail with Theodore Pickering, John Taylor, Taylor Howard, Ted Moline and James Snell, as crew. *Quest* was Canada's choice, with Norman Gooderham as skipper and Douglas Addison, Jack Bartlett, Walter Windeyer, Robert Jarvis and a professional, as crew.

rounded up to the end of this dock. A man in blue overalls lounged on its end looking like a guard of some sort.

"Do you mind telling me what place this is and whether we may tie up here for the night?" I called.

"I guess its all right fer you fellers," he replied; "this is the State Hospital for the Insane."

"By Gosh," said Jim, "we've come to the right place at last!"

By this time it had begun to rain hard. We were grubless, heatless, and wet — and the city of Poughkeepsie was still several miles away, dead to windward and too far to walk. I positively tottered when I got ashore. In this sad fix we called up two friends who were doing summer-school work at the college and they took mercy on us in our extremity (which is no metaphor) and came up with assorted food and a car in which to carry us to town.

I had discovered that it was too shallow for *Lorna* to lie anywhere except across the end of the dock, and

just as we were about to depart and leave her there Jim spied a huge river steamer coming boiling up the creek. We knew what that meant. Jim was on the dock; the two girls and myself were on board, where I had been pointing out the beauties of my ship as well as the driving rain would permit. I let out a yelp and hoisted the close-reefed mainsail (we had been too tired to turn out the reef, and wasn't I glad!) while Jim cast off the shore fasts and gave her bow a shove out with a long pole. Her sail filled and next moment *Lorna* was scooting out into midstream with two rather startled and greatly mystified young ladies on board.

"It's all right," I panted; "I'm not trying to kidnap you; merely to save the boat from being wrecked."

*Lorna* ran over the steamboat's huge bow-wave as though it had been an ocean swell. I put her about and followed it back towards shore, and when it struck the pier the girls saw very clearly why I had not left my

boat there. That wall of water would have smashed her flat.

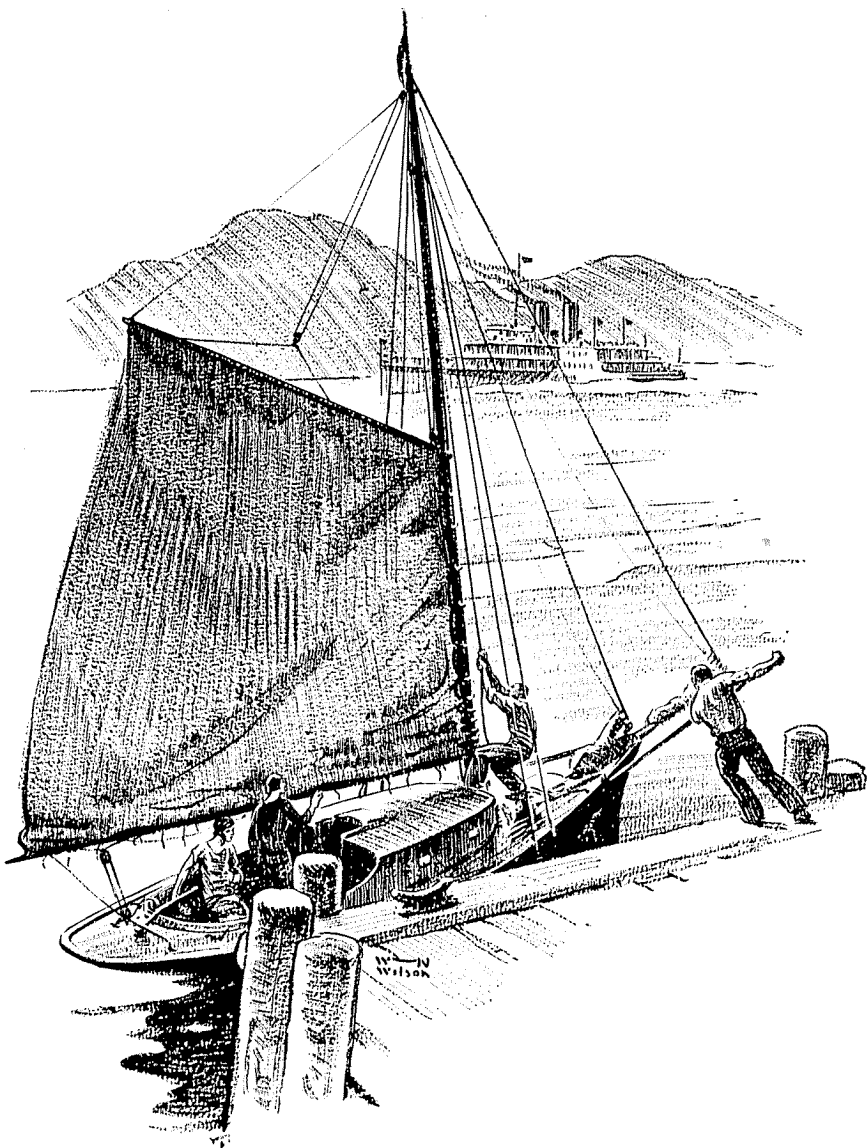
So here was another problem — more steamers might pass while we were away. I solved it by carrying out an anchor and hauling her out on that with a stern

line to the dock. It looked all right, but when Jim and I returned a couple of hours later we found that the anchor had dragged and *Lorna* was snuggling against the dock again, held by her stern line alone. Fortunately, no steamers had gone by. We left the dock entirely then, anchored, and turned in, to wake about midnight, aground and half a mile upstream. We were right on the edge of the shelf, where the bottom pitched from zero feet down to more than the lead-line would reach. However, it was a rising tide, so we cursed a little and went back to sleep. By this time I did not greatly care if she sat on the railroad track itself.

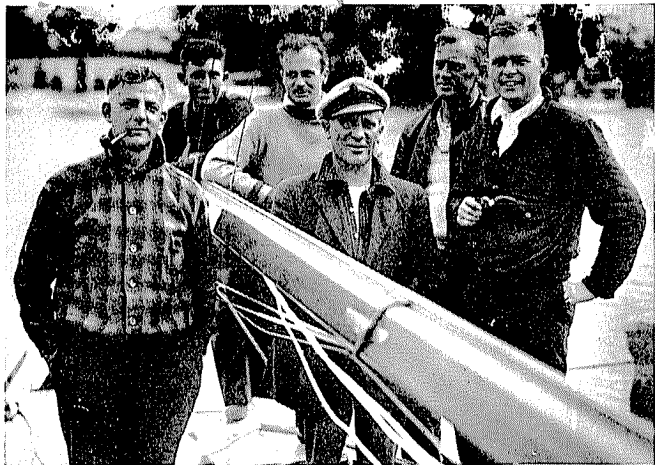
Morning found us afloat, but only because it was high tide

and the anchor had hooked into a rock, for it was blowing hard out of the northwest and our stern was not more than a good jump from the beach. We got under way at once and started our most spectacular day's run — one which was destined to carry us 70 miles down the Hudson River to New York itself. Some of you may remember that Sunday of high nor'west wind in August. Our good friend Dr. Allen, who was ahead of us, got such a dusting in the middle of Haverstraw Bay as nearly to lose his boat. In the Highlands of the Hudson it was great stuff. We ran some of the time under forestaysail and for a couple of hours under bare poles. That was after the close-reefed mainsail jibed quite without warning, and carried the backstay away. I have seen it blow harder, but never from so many directions all at once. But when we got down almost to the city the wind died entirely and it took us half the

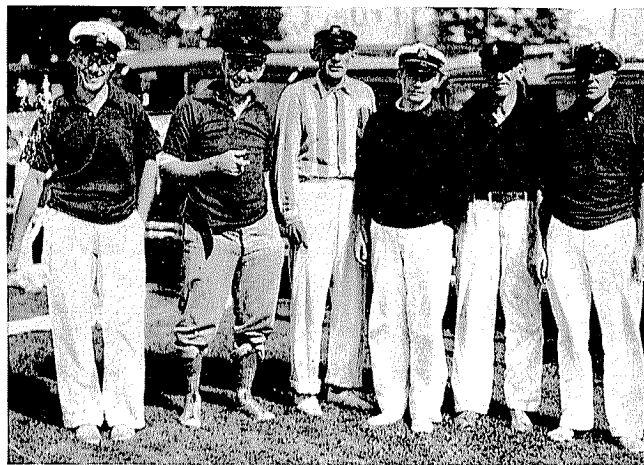
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"I let out a yelp and hoisted the close-reefed mainsail while Jim cast off the shore fasts and gave her bow a shove out with a long pole"



The crew of the challenger. Left to right: Douglas Addison, the professional, Walter Windeyer, Norman Gooderham, skipper, Jack Bartlett and Robert Jarvis



"Thisbe's" crew consisted of W. P. Barrows, skipper (center), Theodore Pickering, James Snell, Taylor Howard, T. Moline and John Taylor

53 seconds after sailing a 21-mile triangular course.

But in exactly the same sort of going *Quest* evened the series on the fourth day. Norman Gooderham, Canada's best helmsman, and his boat, seemed to find themselves in this race. Gooderham's weather sailing was beautiful to watch and *Thisbe*, suffering from Genoese jib trouble, sagged under him and lagged astern.

The Canadian stuck his stem into a dead spot on the last leg of the leeward and windward course and a lead he had fought for three hours to win vanished like smoke in three minutes. The Yankee held a breeze and sailed a wide semicircle around him. But Gooderham again caught the defender on the run home, the wind having shifted to nor'west, and passed her to leeward to win by just 28 seconds.

It was now even up at two races for each boat, and the city was all but forced to declare a municipal holiday for the last and deciding race.

The *Quest*, up the first leg, a thrash to windward, repeated her performance of the previous day. She lugged a big Genoa jib and outfooted and outpointed the defender, dressed in a working jib. Unfortunately, in the murk she overstood the mark by three-quarters of a mile. But she caught the defender again on the next leg and led for a round.

And then the *pièce de résistance* of the whole show, the thrill that the public had hoped to experience occurred. *Thisbe*, apparently hopelessly outclassed, was a hundred yards astern, with two legs left, a run with the wind over the quarter and a close reach. She was carrying a double spinnaker. *Quest* could not lug her big loose-footed spinnaker and flew its supplement, a regulation sized sail.

The Rochester boat closed, slowly and relentlessly. A mile

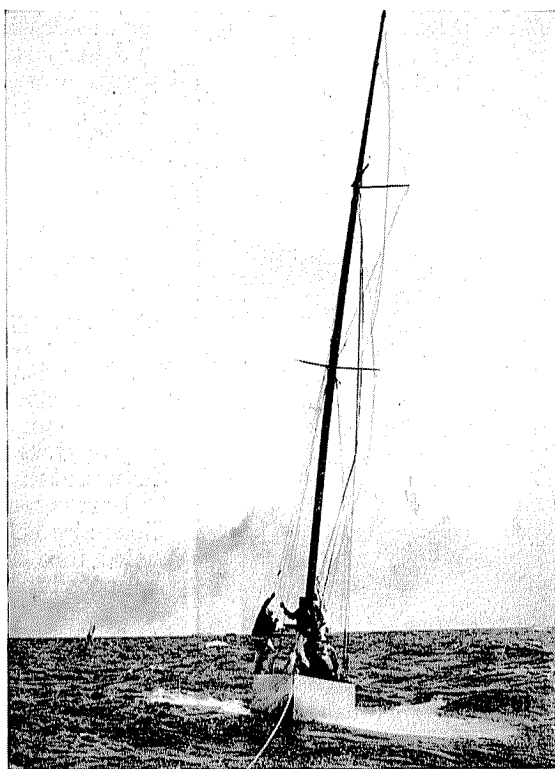
from the turn, and it was evident that she was within striking distance and at just the right moment she went through. She turned into the close reach for the finish line and the Cup, 14 seconds, or four lengths ahead of *Quest*. Ten minutes before the odds were 100 to 1 against her at Lloyd's. Now it looked as if she would win. The gallery went mad.

Swinging her big Genoa jib that lifted her along in grand style, she won by a scant twenty seconds. The tables below give the summary of each race.

The sailing was a blending of brilliance and error. There were times when it was full of flaws. There were other moments when it sparkled. Barrows took four of the five starts. Two of them were very important. The performance of the boats appeared very erratic. First one and then the other would win in every type

of sailing. *Thisbe* excelled on the wind during the first days and was inferior in the later races. She was, at times, outrun, and, in turn, she outran.

After the finish of the last race Commodore Gooderham intimated that there will be another challenge in 1932 in the Eight-Metre Class.



Taking "Thisbe" in tow when her starboard spreaders let go soon after the start of the second race

#### SUMMARIES

##### FIRST RACE

First Round	1st Mark	1st Round
<i>Thisbe</i> .....	1.02.02	1.34.48
<i>Quest</i> .....	1.02.53	1.35.10
Second Round	1st Mark	Finish
<i>Thisbe</i> .....	2.33.08	3.03.56
<i>Quest</i> .....	2.34.38	3.04.50

##### SECOND RACE

First Round	1st Mark	2nd Mark	1st Round
<i>Quest</i> .....	12.48.18	1.18.07	1.42.15
Second Round	1st Mark	2nd Mark	Finish
<i>Quest</i> .....	2.29.08	3.00.38	3.24.35

##### THIRD RACE

First Round	1st Mark	2nd Mark	1st Round
<i>Thisbe</i> .....	12.46.25	1.33.43	2.06.23
<i>Quest</i> .....	12.47.11	1.37.03	2.08.22
Second Round	1st Mark	2nd Mark	Finish
<i>Thisbe</i> .....	2.40.25	3.10.02	3.42.40
<i>Quest</i> .....	2.42.58	3.11.57	3.44.33

##### FOURTH RACE

First Round	1st Mark	1st Round
<i>Thisbe</i> .....	12.42.48	1.50.28
<i>Quest</i> .....	12.42.58	1.48.18
Second Round	1st Mark	Finish
<i>Quest</i> .....	2.53.06	4.12.10
<i>Thisbe</i> .....	2.57.05	4.12.38

##### FIFTH RACE

First Round	1st Mark	2nd Mark	1st Round
<i>Thisbe</i> .....	2.01.24	2.01.24	2.24.51
<i>Quest</i> .....	2.01.28	2.01.28	2.24.29
Second Round	1st Mark	2nd Mark	Finish
<i>Thisbe</i> .....	3.06.42	3.18	4.15.57
<i>Quest</i> .....	3.18.31	3.18	4.16.17

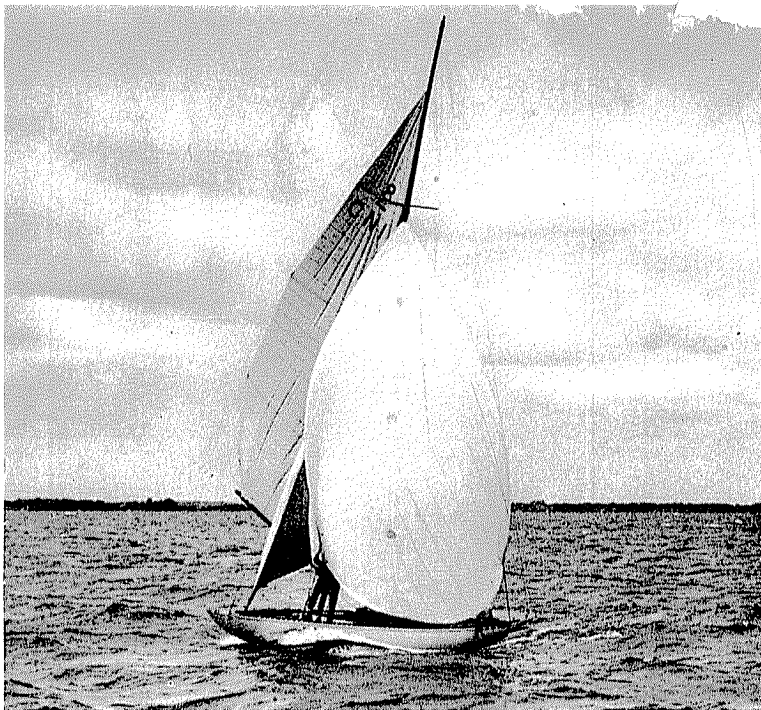
The series started August 11th with Rochester very much excited. A public subscription had built *Cayuga*. The Rochester press has the sport of yachting very close to its heart and public interest was aroused as it had never been before over sail boats. It is estimated that an average of 5,000 persons were afloat or standing on pier heads each race day. It was nearer 10,000 on the final day. Clifford D. Mallory, President of the North American Yacht Racing Union, was the neutral judge. Charles Van Voorhis represented Rochester, and Harry A. Moore, Canada.

#### Sea and Wind

The racing started in a twenty-mile nor'-wester with a big lump of sea. It continued for the five days with a different sample of weather every day and there was action a-plenty in every race.

*Thisbe* is a fair example of the American interpretation of the International Rule in Eight-Metre size. *Quest* is supposed to be an improved *Caryl*. Out of the water their differences were striking. *Thisbe* has the "V" aspect to a marked degree when viewed, bow on, through squinted eyes. *Quest* is a wine glass. Hard bilges and a swift curve in to her rather small keel.

The first day *Thisbe* went out in front and was never headed. Both were reefed, for it blew at times up to 25 miles an hour, and the Yankee boat was far the tenderer. The farther over she lay, the closer to weather she seemed to sail, and Barrows flogged her up the two 4½-mile windward legs of the 9-mile windward and leeward course without mercy. The Canadian did not take kindly to the bumpy going. Her modified spoon bow gave her a heave and she occasionally spanked a big one with a crash like a sperm whale slapping flukes. The knockdowns bothered her. Off the



"Quest's" loose-footed, perforated spinnaker pulled the challenger along like a house afire whenever there was wind enough to fill it

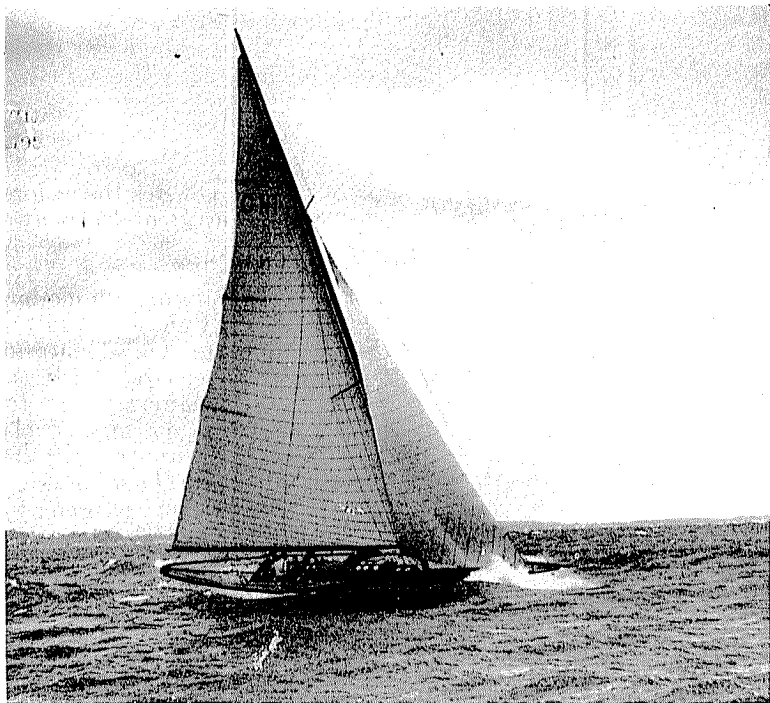
wind she set a great, pot-bellied, loose-footed spinnaker with three ventilation holes. It looked as big as the British Navy Dirigible R-100 that flew over the course on the first day. There is little doubt that it was of great value with the wind dead aft and she gained on both runs in the hard chance of that first day. *Thisbe* won by 54 seconds.

*Thisbe* carried away her lower starboard spreader three minutes after the start of the second race. It was the same nor'wester with a little more meat on its bones, and her spar took a whip that developed a pressure crack when the rigging let go. The Canadian sailed over the course, as he was obliged to do, and the Rochester skipper towed home and started to rig a new stick. Score, even up at one all.

#### Ready to Sail

*Thisbe* did not have a spare spar of her own, but the locker yielded an extra stick belonging to *Conewago*, the Stephens-designed trial boat. After ten hours of Herculean labor, it was made to fit. Flood lights were rigged and the work went on until midnight. Commodore Gooderham of the Canadian Club tendered a day of grace but the Yankee skipper said that he would rather sail.

Barrows gave *Thisbe* a tuning-up spin in light airs before race time, and then won the third race in conditions that the *Quest* was supposed to thrive on. There was a very light breeze off the shore, with no sea at the start. It freshened a bit before the finish. The situation was a dramatic one and it caught the fancy of the public. Barrows was well on the way to becoming a hero to the fans, most of whom did not know a clamshell dredge from an Egyptian felucca, but who knew their dramatics when they saw them. *Thisbe* led *Quest* across the finish line by 1 minute



The Canadian challenger "Quest" turning to windward in the hard breeze of the second race