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A TOUCH OF GLAMOR of Canada's Cup history comes to life in these photos. In center is ancient cup itself. Other photos, beginning at the lower left and glancing clockwise, are: Crew of Rochester Yacht Club's Conewago showing jubilation at winning cup in 1933 (from left, Skipper Rooney, Castle, Iggie McFarlin, Walt Brown, Walter Farley, Mort Anstiee, Eugene Breitlan). Next, handshake between loser and winner after cup stayed at RYC in '34 (from left, Brennan, Brown, Tom Wade who sailed Canadian entry, Bob Hoffman, Anstiee, McFarlin, Skipper Castle). Finally, at lower right, this year's Rochester defender, the 8-meter Iskareen, bowling along under genoa jib. Revival of Canada's Cup classic begins tomorrow on Lake Ontario off Port of Rochester piers; it's a 3 out of 5 series.

You Won't Believe It, but Here's the True Story Of How the Famed Canada's Cup Came to Rochester

By CLIFF CARPENTER

BEGINNING tomorrow, on Lake Ontario just off the Port of Rochester piers, two racing yachts will hoist nearly 900 square feet of sails apiece and square off to write another chapter in one of the oldest, proudest stories in American racing-sailing history!

If that sounds like plush, purple language, it is nevertheless true. For in yachting circles many an expert considers contests for the Canada's Cup second in importance only to the America's Cup.

The cup itself is a prestige-encrusted, 58-year-old monstrosity with a crouching lion, very British, and an angry eagle, very American, at the base supporting a huge bowl. Mother wouldn't have it in the house—in fact she is probably busy now calculating how many bedsheets can be made of 900 square feet of fine cotton or nylon—but to Great Lakes yachtsmen it is the closest thing to the Holy Grail.

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TO DISTURB this talo only for a moment, here are the bare facts of this yachting classic: It is the first Canada's Cup series since 1934, Rochester Yacht Club is the defender, Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto the challenger; the winner will be the first yacht to take three of five races, one race to be sailed daily; the racers are a pair of queenly yachts of almost identical measurements; the distance of each race is stipulated at 18 miles.

To disturb the tale for another moment, the average landlubber has an invariable question to ask whenever he sees one of these sail-crowded beauties ghost out the river toward the starting line—how much does it cost? A natural question. But because some of the boats are older than others, because supply and demand dictates yacht prices to wild extremes, there is only one accepted way to answer the question. That is to state the replacement value of RYC's Iskareen or the Royal Canadian's Venture II. What would it cost to duplicate the boat and sails today? The figure: $50,000 plus!

Challenge a yachting fan to describe just what there is about a sailboat race—a king-size one, that is—which gets under his skin and stays there, and he would flounder for a specific answer. For the answer is a blend of factors: Enormous cost of conditioning a racer, gruelling training of the crew, hours spent on tactics and strategy, the traditional pomp of the spectator fleet's gun-and-whistle salutes to victor and vanquished, the sheer beauty of the sailing racer, for yachting is the most beautiful of sports, the race itself, a composite struggle against the elements, against the other boat, against the chance of damage; and, finally the nerve-straining factor of the weather, the knowledge that an unexpected shift of breeze can snatch a beaten boat from nowhere and literally blow it to victory.

This blend, this sort of heady brew, is the backdrop for the Canada's Cup series of 1934. Let us try to prove it by flipping the pages of the past.

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THE CUP was born in 1896 when Lincoln Park Yacht Club of Chicago challenged the some Royal Canadian club which now challenges Rochester. The races were held on Lake Erie off Toledo. The dominion entry—for which the cup itself later was named—was appropriately christened the Canada. Skippered by wily Aemilius Jarvis, later to become perhaps the most famous Canadian skipper of all time, the Canada defeated the American entry, Vencedor, in two straight races.

In 1899, Rochester entered the picture with a dash of nautical brilliancy that has never since been dulled. Chicago challenged the Royal Canadian, and to guarantee a winner, decided on elimination races among American boats. A Rochester Yacht Club syndicate built the Genesee and won the elimination series with ease.

Then came the cup series off Toronto, Canada's hopes resting with the Beaver, sailed by the redoubtable Jarvis. It is history that the Genesee, handled by a dowdy east amateur, Charles G. Davis, won three straight races and the cup—but won it for Chicago, the challenging club.

The Royal Canadian challenged in 1901 (Rochester took no part that year) and Jarvis once again skippered for Canada, his invader defeating the American choice, the Cadillac of Detroit Yacht Club in three races out of four. Apparently the nautical Cadillac was not the equal of its later automotive kin.

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IN 1903 the cup struggle came home to Lake Ontario to stay. Several clubs challenged the Royal Canadian, but Rochester's bid was accepted.

The outcome became one of the most fantastic yacht racing tales of all time. RYC built the Irondequoit by popular subscription, and with funds from such noted civic leaders as Hiram W. Sibley, James S. Watson, Thomas W. Finucane and Walter P. Duffy, to name a bare handful. The Royal Canadian built the Strathcona, and once again straight races, and the Canada's named was Aemilius Jarvis's skipper.

Club for the first time.

A spectator fleet from throughout the Great Lakes dotted the waters off Toronto as the series opened, with James Barr, another down easter, at the helm of Irondequoit's tiller. Jarvis won the first two races with razor-sharp precision, clearly outhandling Barr and the Rochester boat. Gloom settled on the American camp in Toronto; heavy betting money vanished.

But there were secret sessions late that second day in smoke-filled rooms, and phone call and one telegram followed another, and that night a husky youth was speeding westward by fast train from the Atlantic seaboard bound for Toronto.

The morning of the third race came, the train was late. The American racer put out toward the starting line; crew despondent. Late at the dock but in case the train should arrive in time was a fast steam yacht, Haik an hour before the start, with a touch of drama as unbelievable as a Horatio Alger plot, the steam yacht hailed down on the racers with signal flags flying, the Irondequoit came alongside the wind, and the youth in stroke togs, Addison G. Hanan of New York, jumped aboard.

A quick look at the boat, the ragging, the wind and the course, and Hanan cracked out commands with bullwhip authority.

The rest of the tale is just as unbelievable. The youngster from New York outsmarted, outmaneuvered, outguessed and outsailed the great Jarvis—three straight races, and the Canada's Cup came to Rochester Yacht

SHADBY AS it may be, we now have to telescope some history for the sake of space.

In 1905 the Royal Canadian challenged RYC. The local winner of an elimination series was the Iroquois; the Canadian choice the Temeraire. Iroquois, sailed by Lorenzo Mabbett, won in a series that went the entire five races, a series checkered by howling winds and exasperating calms, by rainstorms and reefing troubles; in fact by almost every good chance and bad chance that can be wrapped up in a yacht racing series.

In 1907 the game Canadians tried again.

By then, Rochester had built fleet boats, in seven years; club and individual finances were too exhausted to build more trial horses. Nothing could be done but gamble on a single boat and pray that it was a good one. The designing firm of Herreshoff did the trick, turning out the needle-nosed Seneca described by yachting writers of that day as able to "burrow through combers like a shark." It was another duel between two great sailors, the same Addison Hanan and the same Aemilius Jarvis, but this time without the Horatio Alger trimmings. Seneca defeated Jarvis in the Adels in three straight races, a wide, thumping victories.

Canada's Cup racing took a rest then for 23 years.

THEN, IN 1930 the Royal Canadian challenged and history wrote the tale of another fantastic series. The defender for Rochester was Thisbe, handled by the late William P. (Bill) Barrows, poker-faced, dogged wizard at boat-jockeying. The challenger was Quest, with pipe-smoking Norman Gooderham skippering.

Thisbe won the first race in a heavy blow, just to her liking. Came the second race, and tragedy. Thisbe smashed a spreader and dropped out with a mast weakened and at the point of collapsing. Unwillingly, the sportsmanlike Gooderham followed the rules and sailed the course to victory alone. All that second night into the third morning, Barrows and his crew worked with desperation fitting a new mast and completely rerigging Thisbe. Now, an unknown quantity instead of a queen, she went out for the third race—and won. Gooderham and Quest came back to square the series the fourth race, winning literally by one puff of wind and 20 seconds at the finish line.

A spectator fleet jammed the course for the payoff fifth race, and in a ghost of a breeze Thisbe soon sagged far astern. American hopes sagged as low. Everybody wrote off the race—and the cup—except the grim Barrows. With giant spinnaker pulling like a team of horses in a freshening breeze, Thisbe bore down on Quest, barely slipped past the Canadian at the beginning of the last leg, and headed for home while the stunned spectator fleet awoke with a din of whistles. Quest worried Thisbe like an angry wolfhound, fighting without success to get past as the finish line neared.

At least two Rochester yachting writers remember the scene at the finish line. One old salt on the press boat remembered a superstition—fling a coin across the finish line to bring luck. A shower of dimes, quarters and half dollars "plunked" into the water. One contributor to the superstition was the late, famous Al Stone, dean of Democrat and Chronicle cameramen, a man of legendary aplomb in the face of murders, fires or bases-loaded home runs.

"Me too," yelled Stone, and emptied his pocket in a mighty toss.

Thisbe crossed the finish line, winner and successful defender, and the limp Stone nearly forgot to trip his shutter.

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THE HISTORY of the cup now sails more quietly down to the present.

Canada challenged again in '32 when lamb chops were selling for 12 cents a pound and the new Essex Terraplane was selling for just under $500 f.o.b. Newspapers noted the race series in headlines; the car ferry Ontario II carried thousands of spectators.

This time Rochester's defender was the Conewago, skippered by a quiet, slender, bespectacled perfectionist, Wilmot V. (Rooney) Castle. The challenger was Invader II handled by Walter Windeyer.

Invader won one race, in a heavy blow. Conewago won the other three, behaving like a witch under Castle's talented tillering. A gambler when a gamble is demanded, Castle at one point sailed virtually a "great circle" course around the leading Canadian, following a breeze and clinging to it to come home first.

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IN AUGUST OF 1934 came the last challenge up to the present.

That was the year Hindenburg died and Hitler took power; the world was slipping toward war but couldn't recognize the skid marks.

Again the defender was Conewago, and the skipper Castle, aptly dubbed the Grey Fox, a recognition of a thatch that had been prematurely grey for years. The defender was the same Invader II, this time sailed by Tom K. Wade. Again Castle turned the Conewago into a sailing ghost, winning the first race in a small hurricane, the second race in a millpond calm, and the final race in a bewildering assortment of weather—three straight races.

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SO THE HISTORY of the ancient cup with its tragedies and gallantries comes down to today.

Rochester's defender is the Iskareen, built in Stockholm and brought to RYC by Herb Wahl, who will sail in her crew. At the tiller will be Howard Klitgord, pleasant, icy-calm veteran of yachting wars; talented student of naval architecture, and expert glider pilot. Klitgord brought fame to RYC in '46 in the 6-Meter division by winning the George Cup, a trophy almost as cherished as the Canada's Cup.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club challenger, already at her moorings in the RYC basin, is Venture II, owned by Norman Walsh and sailed by David Howard.

In the spectator fleet, watching this rebirth of the classic in which they sailed, will be Rooney Castle, the 32-34 winner, and—believe it or not—Eric (Pete) Moore, an active and able yachtsman today, who raced as a member of the crew of the Seneca in 1907.

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A FINAL NOTE for the landlubbers: the racers Iskareen and Venture are approximately 40 feet long, the masts towering about 55 feet skyward; they draw in the neighborhood of 6½ feet of water, and weigh some 11 tons.

They are streamlined yachts, just as the spectator craft are streamlined. But if the ghosts of the past are watching, they will be smiling through handlebar mustaches, and marveling at how little the sport has changed in nearly a half a century. And they will be watching to see if Rochester Yacht Club can maintain a phenomenal record of never having lost a Canada's Cup series.