

THE RUDDER

EDITED BY THOS. FLEMING DAY

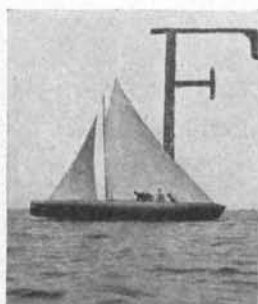
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The International Races

By CHAS. G. DAVIS



FOR the second time the Seawanhaka Yacht Club have tried in vain to win back the cup which Duggan in the half-rater Glencairn won from them in July, 1896.

In 1897 Mr. Clinton H. Crane was chosen to represent the club with his one-rater Momo, but Mr. G. Herrick Duggan had a boat that was far superior to her for heavy weather, but no better—or as fast—in light airs. Still the

prevailing conditions in Bay St. Louis where the races were sailed were a good, stiff breeze with a short, steep sea, and the Glencairn II easily defeated the Momo.

This year realizing some desperate move was necessary to hold or win the cup both parties strained a point. Crane stuck to the conventional type of boat, but went to such an extreme in light construction that the boat he sailed at Oyster Bay, and the one that was chosen to go to Canada, was found to be actually working herself all to pieces, so they had a new boat off the same lines built even lighter, and sent direct from the builders at Ogdensburg to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club at Dorval, and this boat, the Challenger, as she is called, is the one that represented the American interests. Her entire skin, deck and planking, are only $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick, and her frames are only $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{3}{8}$ inches, spaced every 6 inches, with a heavy frame $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$ inches every 2 feet. This, as you can see, is nothing but a thin veneering stretched over a basket-work frame, and is in no way a serviceable boat, her designer admitting that he would be both satisfied and lucky if she held together through the races, which, by the way, she has done far better than was expected. Duggan on the other hand, although he had several boats of the regular type, built a freak that is nothing more or less than a catamaran, sailing on two long cylindrical hulls, 36 feet long and two feet in diameter, with a deck built like an arch from one to the other.

Now comes the ridiculous part of the whole proceeding. There is no clause in the whole set of rules which were drawn up in great detail by the wise men of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club that can debar such a boat as Duggan's

from racing, and he knew it very well, but he strained a point with both the Americans and many of his own club men—all of whom wished to see fair play—by insisting on racing Dominion against the Challenger. As one of the Crane crew remarked: "We protested. But what was the use? The Seawanhaka Club by the conditions under which the cup is held have given the race committee of the club holding the cup the right to say whether the protest shall hold or not, and Duggan here is measurer, race committee, and all."

Although Challenger was the faster boat before the wind, there was no point from a beam wind to a beat where she could begin to keep pace with the Dominion in a breeze, and everybody knew it, and this killed considerable of the interest. The Seawanhaka Yacht Club when it heard of the action of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club in allowing Dominion to race requested Crane not to race. But having gone so far he displayed a true sportsmanlike spirit, and carried out his intentions to race. He could not for a minute hope to win, but he could and did show that he had improved wonderfully in his sailing since last year, and Challenger is the fastest boat her length sailing on one hull in existence to-day.

Before we may hope to see any more international races for this particular cup we will no doubt have to go through pages of correspondence, and study up new rules and restrictions.

DOMINION

Although Mr. G. Herrick Duggan who designed, superintended the building, and sailed the Dominion, claims she is not a catamaran, she is to all intents and purposes one. She has two distinct hulls from the very stem to within a foot or eighteen inches of the transom. On deck she is square at both ends, and there is a distinct ridge like the ridge pole of a house from the stem to her mast. This sheds water no doubt, but its purpose is to give some space for the stepping of the heel of the mast. She is 35 feet six inches over all; 7 feet 6 inches extreme beam, and each hull has a diameter of about two feet, being cylindrical in shape from one end to the other, with the bottom between the two arched over, leaving a tunnel through the middle of the boat through which from

either end the daylight showed. The hulls float on a length of 17 feet 6 inches each, and the cylinders are perceptibly sagged, so as to give about one foot draught to each, in order to get displacement enough to float the boat. This makes a reverse curve in the keel line of each hull at each end of the water line.

Her centerboard weighs a couple of hundred pounds, not so heavy as Challenger's, but made the same way, with lead on the bottom, and a plate of bronze on each side to stiffen the wood. Her rig differs from Crane's boat, in having a higher peak and a shorter, higher rig, the jib stay setting up to an eye in the deck about two feet from the stem.

All her rigging is wire, but Duggan has used lanyards instead of turnbuckles for the shrouds, and her fittings, blocks, etc., are of aluminum, strapped or strengthened by bronze. Her centerboard and rudder both work through the deck in the space between the hulls.

CHALLENGER

As Defender stands a model of lightness in the 90-foot class, so does the Challenger stand in the 20-foot class. Never was there a boat built as light for the size and work expected as she, and a short description of her will no doubt be interesting.

She is smooth planked with $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch white cedar, laid with a bevellap, and riveted along each edge of the seam to a thin batten. Her keel plank is of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch oak, and the next strake to the gunwale along her side is a Spanish-cedar one of the same thickness, 10 inches wide in the middle, tapered at each end. Her decks are laid in strips of white cedar about 10 inches wide, laid fore and aft like the in-and-out plating of an iron ship, the edges being riveted together.

Her frames are $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{7}{8}$ inch, spaced every six inches, with a heavy one $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, spaced every two feet, with floors riveted in alongside the frames forward and aft of the centerboard case. The trunk-logs run fore and aft, and form a backbone to stiffen the structure, while along each bilge there is an up-and-down bracing of bicycle tubing.

Her deck forward domes up like a turtle back on a steamer. Aft of her mast she has a flaring spray board on deck to shed the water from her large, square-ended, open cockpit. Her centerboard is an immense affair, weighing 450 pounds. It has a sheet of Tobin bronze riveted on each side, with a good size piece of lead on the bottom.

Her displacement or weight of hull alone is 570 pounds, and her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 31 feet; length on water line, 17 feet 8 inches; beam on deck, 8 feet; beam on water line, 6 feet 1 inch; draught, 6 inches; sail area, 491 square feet; and her racing length is 19.995 feet, which is very close to the limit, 20 feet. Her spars are: Mast above deck, 25 feet; gaff, 14 feet; boom, 24 feet; spinnaker pole, 16 feet; hoist of mainsail, 17 feet. Her mast is stepped 10 feet 3 inches aft of the stem, and her centerboard so arranged as to slide fore and aft in the case. Her rudder is an aluminum plate, sharpened like a knife on the edges, and riveted to a steel shaft. Her tiller is of the wish-bone pattern, introduced by Mr. Crane on the Momo.

Her spars are all hollow, with wire standing rigging and jib, peak and throat halyards. All her fittings, such as turnbuckles, etc., are of forged bronze. She was built by the Spaulding St. Lawrence Boat Co. of Ogdensburg, N. Y., after designs by Clinton H. Crane, who sailed her. Her crew during the races consisted of Clinton H. Crane, H. M. Crane, J. S. Stackpole, and Sherman Hoyt.

FIRST RACE

TWO MILES TO WINDWARD AND RETURN

Saturday, August, 13th, 1898

AT 11 o'clock, the time set for the start of this the first race, the weather conditions on Bay St. Louis were exactly as they were during the international races last year. A bleak, raw wind, blowing about 18 or 20 miles an hour, swept down the river, raising a very wicked sea for boats the size of the 20-footers. When 11 o'clock came the racers did not make their appearance, and the fleet of steam and sail yachts that hovered around the starting line, getting tired of splashing about in the heavy seas, sought the shore, until by noontime there only remained near the starting line the big steamer *Duchess of York*, two small steam launches, and one sailboat that had come to anchor, all the rest, consisting of some fifteen sail and eight steam yachts, had either ran in and anchored in the shelter of Point Claire, or had steamed back to the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club to see what caused the delay.

Once, about 11:30, I had seen the steam yacht *Chipmunk* put out from the club with both boats in tow, but after proceeding a short distance I could see through my glass, for it was about four miles from where we were in the *Adonis* near the line, back to the club house, one boat cast off and ran back to the club under her jib, followed soon after by the other, and I learned later the reason for this was that in towing the two boats side by side the *Dominion* had sheered into the *Challenger*, and striking her just abaft the shrouds had stove a hole about three inches long through her $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch planking, just above the water line.

It was to patch up this they returned, and not until 1 P. M. did they again appear coming up to Bay St. Louis, towing separately this time the *Challenger* behind the steam yacht *Valaima* and the *Dominion* astern of the *Chipmunk*.

By this time the weather had gone through a great change. A heavy bank of clouds that had been piling up all morning over the land on the north shore over Point Claire suddenly let out their force in an offshore squall that created a cross sea, and inside of fifteen minutes the heavy swells were quieted as only a fresh-water body can subside, and after the squall a calm with a fine rain set in.

This was the state of things when the two boats arrived, and stopping well to windward of the stake boats that marked the starting line the steamers that were towing the boats allowed the racers to pull close up astern and the crews to jump aboard clothed in oil coats.

Challenger hoisted a close-reefed cotton sail, and casting off stood down before the wind towards the line, while *Chipmunk* started ahead and towed *Dominion* down, her crew hoisting sail on the way.

About 1:30 the light rain ceased, the clouds having passed across to the south shore, and a bright sun came out to cheer everybody.

After a few preliminary circles about the starting line, during which the fleet of spectators that had again appeared upon the scene maintained a silence that reminded one of the hush that falls upon an audience in a theater just before the rise of the curtain, the judge's steamer *Dama* blew a blast of her whistle and ran up a small blue peter to the top of her foremast.

By this time both crews came to the conclusion the weather intended to stay mild, and each shook out one reef, and soon after another, so each had in their first small reef and had their small jibs set.

From the higher boats we could see far up towards the Ottawa River a dark look on the water, with flashes of white that showed white caps were coming down again.

At 2:10 the preparatory whistle blew, and a red ball appeared at the fore gaff of the *Dama*, the judge's boat, that had come to anchor just outside of and in line with a small rowboat with a flag on it, and a large scow with a pole, on top of which was a red ball and a bright tin cone, forming the starting line.

Jarvis, who was sailing the *Dominion*, let his boat shake out to windward of the line until about three of the five minutes interval had elapsed, and then he swooped down near the line back and forth along which the *Challenger* kept sailing. As the minutes faded into seconds the *Challenger* was seen to be standing down towards the line on the starboard tack, while *Dominion* made another of her eagle-like swoops, and flattening down her sails headed on the port tack to intercept the *Challenger*; but, whether unfamiliar with the turning ability of his boat or underestimating the speed of *Challenger*, somehow Jarvis did not accomplish his object; he fetched up in such a manner as to place his boat where he forced *Challenger* about, although that boat had the right of way, and in turning to avoid a collision the two boats struck their after bodies together. So close and so quick did all this happen that but few of the spectators saw it, and even the papers on their bulletin boards in Montreal that evening announced the *Dominion* as the winner by 6 seconds, as she finished that far ahead of *Challenger*.

But to return to the start; when *Challenger* tacked to avoid a collision she stood inshore on the port tack with the *Dominion* astern on her weather quarter.

At first she jumped ahead of her catamaran rival, but every puff, for the wind was beginning to pipe again, as it struck sent the American boat over at an angle that would mean a capsize for any other boat, while the *Canuck* just went over enough to lift one of his cylindrical hulls clear of the water—and how he did fly. It was really too easy a victory for the Canadian, according to all appearances, so far. The *Challenger* was doing beautiful work for a single-hull craft, sailing as no boat her length ever sailed before, with all the breeze she could carry; but the Canadian simply stood upright, and seemed to go sideways to windward of her.

As easily as the *Glencairn II* beat the *Momo* last year did the *Duggan* boat beat the *Challenger*. Hard puffs she seemed to delight in, and the short sea that had started sent a shiver through the *Crane* boat's sails every time the bow hit a sea, but the *Dominion* sailed as steady and as upright as a steamer, showing what an enormous initial stability the two separate hulls gave her.

At 2:13:30 they both tacked to starboard, with *Challenger* on the weather quarter of the *Dominion*.

I noticed as they were sailing on this leg how the Canadians all sat in the cockpit, Jarvis and the man next him sitting bolt upright, while the boat with scarcely any heel to her slowly but surely—all too surely for us Americans—drew out across the *Challenger's* bow, until that boat was on the lee quarter instead of the weather quarter, where she started. *Challenger's* crew all lay flat as possible on the extreme weather edge, and yet she lay over in the wind, which was hardening every moment, until we to leeward could see right into her large open cockpit, and see all her deck as it lifted up to view.

Rather than take the *Dominion's* lee, the *Challenger* came about at 2:23, and the Canadian a good two hundred yards to windward tacked also. This leg took them inshore, and every minute the wind kept making them rear up on edge and beg the wind until the luff of their mainsails were lifting. *Dominion* was the first to tack offshore again at 2:26, while *Crane* stood on in until 2:27.

As they stood off on this tack heading for the weather marks they were broadside on to us, and we could see how easily the *Dominion* left her rival. It really seemed

too easy—it was just the way the old catamarans used to sail away from the sloops—too easy almost to be interesting.

Dominion tacked a short distance outside the mark at 2:38 and rounded it at 2:38:40, but the minute she squared away she slowed up, and seemed very sluggish indeed compared to her former speed. At 2:38:30 the *Challenger* tacked for the outer mark, and at 2:40:27 she rounded it, setting an immense silk spinnaker that reached out around her jib stay and sheeted to the lee bow, while *Dominion* had a small spinnaker set; but so rapidly did the American boat come up on them they soon hauled it in, and at 2:46 set a larger one; but while making the change the Canadian lost valuable water. However, she held her leadership back to the home mark, and taking in their spinnakers they jibed around the mark, the *Dominion* at 2:54:10 and the *Challenger* close behind at 2:54:30, a difference of only 20 seconds in four miles of sailing.

The wind had been going down all the time since the boats rounded the weather mark, and now as they hauled on a wind at the commencement of the second round *Dominion* decided she could carry full sail, so shook out her last reef. *Crane* also shook out his reef, but tacked to port while doing so, although the *Dominion* could almost point up to the mark on the other tack, so far had the wind shifted to the north'ard. Rather than let *Crane* get away to windward of him, however, Jarvis tacked to port also, and stood inshore until 2:57:30, when they both swung over to the starboard tack and quickly changed their small jibs for their regular size ones. Neither had the advantage, so far as getting the sail hoisted; it seemed as if one string pulled them both up, but the Canadians had theirs sheeted and drawing several seconds before the American was trimmed.

It was evidently bent on being a fickle-winded day, for now the wind was just a nice little breeze, and all the *Dominion's* crew sat as far to leeward as possible, although *Crane's* men still lay along the weather side of *Challenger*.

At 3:14:30 *Crane* went about, having closed up on the *Dominion* since the wind lightened, and Jarvis followed him at 3:15. Half a minute later they both swung back to the starboard tack, and from here the *Dominion* stood on until she could tack and fetch the mark, while the *Challenger* made a short hitch out so she would come just to the mark.

At 3:18:48 *Dominion* came about heading for the buoy, and rounded it at 3:18:35, setting a balloon jib for the run back, while *Challenger* made a beautiful fetch, just clearing the mark and tacking close around it.

Going back with the wind we noticed how little there was of it. The boats both set spinnakers, but at times there was barely wind enough to fill even those light silk sails, and the steamers all had to slow down almost to a stop to keep near them.

The *Challenger's* superiority before the wind was now a certainty, but Jarvis was on the alert, and just as we on the *Adonis* noticed the wind was going back to its old quarter in the west we saw the *Dominion's* crew, realizing the wind was on their boom's end, slowly and carefully ease out their mainsheet until the mainsail was really forward of the mast, and watching their rivals astern to see they didn't catch on to the move they hauled their spinnaker boom well aft. To do the right thing for this wind they should have jibed, but realized if they did it the other crew would catch on to the game; but as it was *Challenger* drifted along, her spinnaker drooping back half becalmed, while the Canadian boat drew ahead two or three lengths, all her sails full. Impatient to have his sails set, Jarvis jibed over his mainsail and shifted his spinnaker to starboard. This let the cat out of the bag, to use a figure of speech, and then the American crew did the same, but did it much quicker.

For some reason or other the Canadians lowered their spinnaker on deck and rehoisted it to windward, but as the halyards took several minutes to clear the American boat was close up before they had it set again.

At 3:41 the Dominion took in her spinnaker and luffed around the mark boat at 3:41:40, with the Challenger only 10 seconds behind, at 3:41:50.

Again the wind freshened as they made their third and last beat two miles out to windward. Challenger soon after rounding tacked at 3:42:30, and stood inshore with Dominion following, keeping just ahead and to windward of him.

Had the wind remained light there is but little doubt but what the American would have come home first, but as it was the wind hardened considerably, so the catamaran could just lift his weather hull out occasionally and sail on one round hull, about 36 feet long and 2 feet in diameter. Try his best Crane could not catch the Canadian, although they made one leg away inshore past Point Claire, past the windmill on the point, the Canadian going to windward and the American just to leeward of a sloop anchored off the shore. They raced until it looked to us out in the river as though they were just skimming along the shore, until 30 seconds before 4 o'clock when they suddenly tacked and headed out for the outer mark. Again the Dominion demonstrated her ability to sail away from the Challenger in a hard breeze, and even she had all she could stagger under for the last half mile up to the mark, when she got one bad knockdown. She rounded the weather mark at 4:11:08 and the Challenger at 4:12:07.

When the Dominion's crew went to set their spinnaker the tack came off the boom and that spar fell into the water, but was quickly yanked out and the sail properly set, but not until 4:15.

However, although the Challenger's crew had the sail set much quicker, it was some time before the sheet was taken care of to make it draw full.

As this was the home run there was a grand rush on the part of all the steam and sail craft to be at the line and see the finish, and a prettier sight would be hard to imagine than these two little thoroughbred racers, the Yankee fast overhauling the Canadian, and the wind hard enough to make them fairly fly. One man on the Dominion was holding down the spinnaker boom by hanging on it; yet even then it sometimes soared towards the mast head, and the silk balloon tugged at its fastenings. Far down the river, and standing up ghost-like above the dark green of the trees, the church steeples and high buildings of Montreal showed white in the lowering sunlight, as the two boats came across the finish line only 6 seconds apart, the Dominion leading at 4:26:50, and the Challenger at 4:26:56. Then there was a time—every whistle and horn in the fleet was making all the noise possible to show its appreciation of the supposed victory for the Canadians—and we can only say we are sorry, and yet glad, that the race should go to the American boat by a foul. Sorry for the reason that the Dominion actually beat and outsailed the Challenger, so far as the racing went, but we are glad because we feel that if such a boat as the Dominion is to be pitted against a boat of rational model like Challenger we can feel but little sympathy for her.

SECOND RACE.

TRIANGULAR COURSE, 1½ MILES TO A LEG.

Monday, August 15th, 1898.

As calmly and quietly as a mill stream the St. Lawrence River flowed past Montreal this morning. Not a breath of air ruffled its surface, and the broad stretch called Bay St. Louis several miles above Montreal lay as silver in the hot

light of the sun. Smoke rose from chimneys and dwindled into nothingness, so quiet was the atmosphere. At Lachine wharf the same race-day scene was being enacted. The same crowd of spectators flocked from the special train to the steamer Duchess of York, and we—that is, Mr. Tressider's party—got the Adonis and started up the river. As we passed the clubhouse at Dorval we saw the two racers coming out in tow of the steam yachts, and all the flotilla move together up the river to where the *Star's* barge lay anchored. Here the Duchess came to anchor, while the patrol fleet—for all the spectators that had steam were patrol boats—circled around the line, or lay motionless and watched the racers.

Certainly the prospects for a race were poor. A light air from the northeast was slowly fanning a fleet of sailboat spectators out from the shore, but it was not enough to warrant a start.

At 11:30 A. M. it was announced through the megaphone from the *Dama* that the race would be postponed for half an hour. And Duggan went aboard that boat and conferred with the judges, while I took several shots at the Dominion as she lay astern of the *Dama*. Then Duggan got aboard and hoisted his sails, and sailed about around the line. At times there was quite a breeze, but it was unsteady. Over Montreal the smoke indicated a brisk southeasterly breeze, and this is what we finally got at noon. After a tedious wait for the regatta committee to shift the *Dama* into a berth north instead of south of the mark boat, during all of which time the new wind was blowing a good whole-sail breeze, and Duggan and Crane were fairly flying about through the smooth water, the first whistle blew at 12:50. The water now was green all to windward, with a strong breeze blowing, and the Dominion flew around with wonderful speed, heeling so as to just hold one hull clear of the water.

At 1 P. M. the preparatory whistle blew. At that time Duggan was going down the river to get back of the starting line, while Crane was up outside of it. But when about three minutes yet remained the American boat crossed to the back of the line, and while the Dominion set her balloon jib in stops, the Challenger having luffed well out into the wind set her's flying and took in her small jib. Duggan stood back for the line, and as Crane came down to cross it he luffed out, taking the weather position. But Challenger did not jockey with him but came straight for the line, with the wind on her port quarter, and the Canadian abeam to windward.

Crane was just about on the line as the whistle blew with everything drawing, while Duggan was sailing under mainsail only, having taken down his small jib to substitute his balloon jib. When this sail was set and drawing he got a little ahead of the Challenger, but only for about a hundred yards, and then Crane caught a puff, and for some time they ran side by side, the Canadian to windward.

Then at 1:07 the American boat suddenly made a sweeping luff that landed him well across the Canadian's stern onto his weather quarter, and then they had a hot time luffing, neither willing to be the leeward boat, and the result was they both ran away to windward of the scow anchored off Point Claire that marked one corner of the triangle. Then at 1:15:30 Challenger quickly swung off before the wind and set a spinnaker, with the Canadian just ahead and almost under his bows, luffing him out of his course. At one time as they maneuvered it looked as if Crane's mainsail went against the end of Duggan's spinnaker boom, so close were they. Crane finally jibed his mainsail over, taking in both spinnaker and balloon jib as he did so, and set his windward jib. Duggan to leeward of him only a boat's length did the same, but Crane now had him blanketed and ran back—for both had overstood the mark—with the wind on his starboard quarter, and

THE ROYAL ST LAWRENCE CLUB HOUSE.



CHALLENGER



DOMINION
STERN-VIEW.



CHALLENGER.



THE START

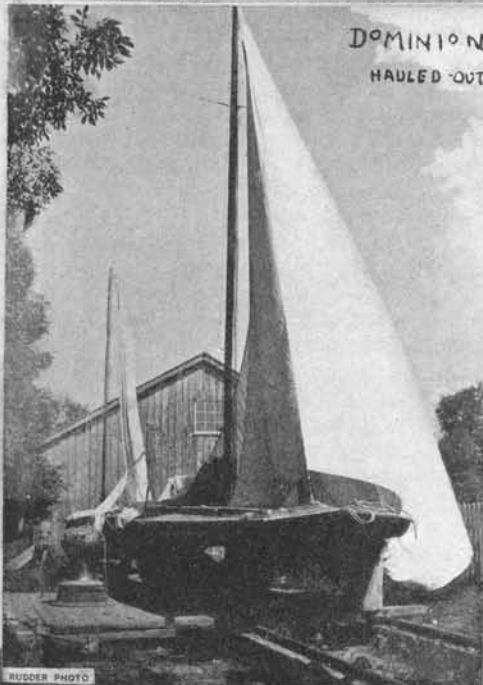
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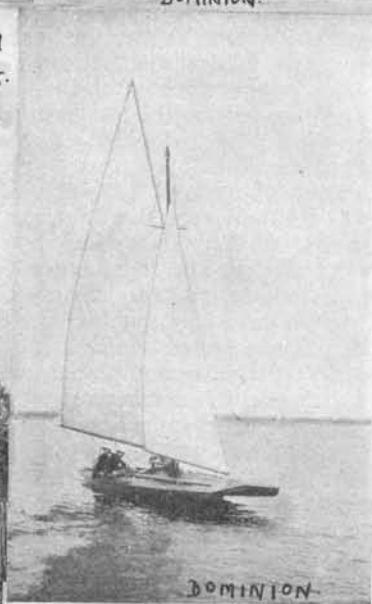
DOMINION.



DOMINION SIDE-VIEW.



DOMINION
HAULED-OUT.



DOMINION.

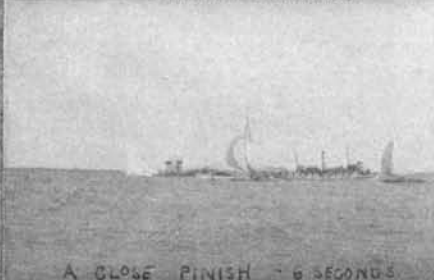
DOMINION.



THE
TWO
RIVALS.



DOMINION-FINISHING.



A CLOSE FINISH - 6 SECONDS



jibed around the mark at 1:20 P. M., with Duggan close behind him at 1:20:10.

But Duggan had the inside track, and as they flattened down their sheets for the beat to windward to the second mark the catamaran shot by the American to windward, both of them heeling over with all the wind they could stagger under.

At 1:20:30 Crane tried a tack to clear him of Duggan's lee, but that boat swung with him, so Crane immediately went back to the port tack. Duggan stood on until about one hundred yards to windward of him, and then he also tacked to port, sailing past the American to windward with apparent ease at 1:24, standing up straight, while Crane's boat was laying over in the puffs.

At 1:32 the Dominion tacked to starboard, and the sunlight shining through her silk sails gave them a light-yellow appearance. As he neared the mark Duggan found he could not go to windward of it, so at 1:34:30 he tacked to port again. Crane in the meantime at 1:33:10 came about heading for the mark, but a long ways astern.

As the Dominion was now standing she was right end on to us, and we could see one hull almost continually out of water. At 1:35:30 she tacked for the mark, and at 1:36:30 she passed it and started sheets for the home mark, getting a knockdown that laid her deck up to view of all to leeward of her, but fairly flying, as the quick flashes of white astern showed. Crane also had to make a short hitch at 1:37 to reach the mark, but at 1:37:45 she passed it, and started on a reach after the Canadian, with a hard breeze just forward of the starboard beam. The *Star's* barge and the flotilla tied astern of it looked at a distance like a small city with numerous flags flying, with an immense ensign above it all.

The Dominion ended her first round at 1:47:20, and jibing over started on the second round, with Crane well astern. At 1:49:20 the Challenger finished, and jibing over set a balloon jib the same as Duggan had, and started after him. This was the one and only leg of this three-sided course where the Challenger could gain on the Dominion. On the second and third legs, which were a beat and a close reach respectively, the Canadian did better every time, but whenever they got the wind abaft the beam the single hull was the faster.

At 2:01 the Dominion set her windward jib and took in the big balloon as he neared the mark, and at 2:01:35 he luffed around it, with the Challenger close behind at 2:02:02. Crossing their bows a long ways ahead of them to get outside the triangle, we on the Adonis could notice how the American heeled over and the Canadian stood upright, and while the former was trimmed in until her sails appeared up and down, the catamaran did not point near so high, but she slipped through the water and went farther to windward, the two hulls cutting like racing shells through the seas, while Challenger held her nose high and pounded each sea.

Just opposite us the Dominion got a knockdown that laid her well over, and must have hoisted the weather hull two feet clear of the sea, but all we to leeward could see was a long varnished deck the shape of a parallelogram, 36 by 8 feet.

At 2:14 Duggan tacked to starboard, and the wind was soft for a few minutes, so both boats sailed easily along, standing upright. Crane also tacked at 2:15:15, while just as Duggan rounded the mark and starts sheets at 2:17:20 the wind came down screeching again, making her stagger.

Challenger rushed by the second mark at 2:19:30, but instead of setting a larger size jib held on to her smaller windward one. Then all the launches put on steam and ploughed furious through the waters of Bay St. Louis in their endeavors to see the Canadian finish his second

round. It was Duggan's day, and no mistake, even if the wind did come from the American shore far across the river, and at 2:28 he jibed around the home mark, followed by the Challenger at 2:30:10, which time represented quite a stretch of water at the rates the boats were going. Both set balloon jibs, but the American astern had the best of it. A squall coming down caught that boat first, and nearly rolled her over as she broached to under the fearful pressure. But spars and gear all stood; and straightening up she seemed to lift bodily, and rapidly overtook the Canadian, until there was only 33 seconds between, when they hauled on a wind for the last time, the Dominion luffing around at 2:40:40 and the Challenger at 2:41:13.

They both made one long port tack until they could fetch the buoy, and then they tacked to starboard, the Dominion at 3:52:10 and the Challenger at 3:53, far to leeward. At 3:56:50 the Dominion rounds the second mark—a sure winner, barring accidents—and the Challenger caused a groan from her American admirers when she had to make a hitch at 3:57:30 to round the buoy, which she did at 3:58:10.

The run home was all the boats could stagger under, so hard did the wind blow, and the Canadian finished first at 3:05:50, with the American at 3:08:30.

So the Dominion won by 2 minutes and 40 seconds, after a well-sailed and strictly-contested race from start to finish, both boats being handled faultlessly, and winning on what merits they possessed as sailing machines, for their speed was something really phenomenal, and had to be seen to be appreciated, the elapsed time over a 12-mile course being 2 hours and 50 seconds.

THIRD RACE

TWO MILES TO WINDWARD AND RETURN

Tuesday, August 16th, 1898

Saturday's race started with a storm and ended almost in a calm. Monday's race started in a calm and ended in a storm, and to-day it was stormy all day. White caps were all one could see on the St. Lawrence when the spectators on yachts and the Duchess of York started up the river from Lachine wharf. Spray flew over the small yachts' bows as they hammered their way up against the short, steep fresh-water seas, and the man who was unfortunate enough to wear a straw hat had work all day for one hand to hold it on his head.

Arriving at Bay St. Louis, we all slowed down or came to anchor to wait for the racers to appear. Dominion was coming up the channel in tow of the steam yacht Chipmunk, but Challenger was sailing up, preferring that to the hard hammering into a head sea that towing would give her.

It had been raining and blowing hard all night, but now the weather was clearing up bravely overhead, though it held that peculiar smoky look around the horizon that I have noticed every day here when it blew. Five minutes before noon the Dominion hoisted her three-reefed main-sail and storm-jib, and cast off from Chipmunk to sail about, as the Challenger was now doing, while the *Dama* came to anchor and took down all her flags to be ready to hoist the signals. At 2:19:20, Duggan shook out one reef.

At 12.25, the first whistle blew, followed ten minutes later by the preparatory. Crane was then coming down towards the inshore end of the line, while Duggan stood out close hauled from the outer end, but soon tacked and came back toward Crane, who tacked as soon as Duggan passed and stood out across Dominion's stern to get the weather gauge, and in this position they stood back near the inshore end of the line, with the wind on their port quarters. At 2:38:30 both boats tacked and came back for

the line on starboard tack, with Crane to windward. Duggan was the first to luff as the whistle blew, announcing the start at 2.40, but Crane had him to leeward, and luffing held him there as they crossed the line.

Then so flat did both boats trim and point close, the one trying to get the windward and the other trying to prevent her, that they appeared to almost come to a stop. But the American to windward drew ahead until several lengths separated the two boats, and then the catamaran forged ahead, closing up rapidly on the Challenger, and to the delight of the Canadian spectators she shot past the Yankee to windward at 2.41. While he was passing the Americans jumped up and quickly cast out one reef so as to have as much sail set as Duggan, and tacked to port as soon as the Dominion drew far enough ahead to allow their boat to swing around. But Duggan's crew also shook out a reef more from their boat's sail, and tacked a few seconds after the American.

Being now astern of the two boats we could see the angle of heel of each boat, and the Dominion carried her single reefed sail better than the Challenger did a double-reefed one, and not only that but she pointed up all of one degree closer to the wind, and the way the space between the two hulls opened out it looked as if the catamaran was edging out sideways to windward.

At 12.51 Crane got more wind than he wanted, and the Challenger was kept begging through it with half her mainsail aback. He tacked off shore at 1 P. M., and Duggan followed suit 45 seconds later in line with but about half a mile dead ahead of the Challenger. Dominion's large mainsail and small jib on this tack gave her quite a different look from the American, whose mainsail had one more reef tied in it. With a peculiar raft-like rise and fall over the seas the Dominion glided steadily ahead, standing upright most of the time, with the sunlight and shadow alternately passing over her as the shadows of clouds drove over the bay.

Duggan tacks just to leeward of the catboat that forms the outer mark, and 20 seconds later, at 1:09:30, rounds it and jibes her mainsail over to port, setting her spinnaker to starboard. She has it set and drawing at 1:11:10, her crew all working with oil-skin coats strapped on them. Challenger also tacks for the mark at 1:11:40, and rounds it at 1.12, setting her spinnaker, but let it flap for a long time seemingly to us spectators before she let it down at 1:14:30. Duggan was then a long way ahead with a man hanging his weight on the spinnaker boom to keep it down.

At 1:22:20 the Dominion's spinnaker was seen to melt away as they took it in at 1:22:20, luffing around the mark-boat, standing out on the starboard tack. Challenger took in her spinnaker at 1:23:40 and rounds it at 1:24:45, making a short hitch out until at 1.25, when Duggan tacked to port; then she also stood inshore parallel with him, but almost one-eighth of a mile to leeward. As they stood up the bay heading slightly inshore the Canadian was pointing about for the mouth of the Ottawa River, while the American was close in towards the shore fully a mile to leeward, sailing along in the brown streaks of Ottawa River water that flows along the north shore. Crane got some rude buffeting in along the shore, both by the sea and the wind, which sometimes laid his sails almost flat on the water.

At 1.40 Crane tacked to come out towards the windward mark, and Duggan followed suit a few seconds later, just halfway between the Challenger and the mark. Dominion tacks for the mark at 1.47, and after a shake up in the wind for a few seconds he squares away around it at 1:47:30, again jibing his mainsail and setting his spinnaker. The peculiar bow on Duggan's boat enables her crew to handle sails much easier than her rival; one man simply takes the spinnaker sheet in his hand and walks out around

the jib-stay, which is made fast several feet in from the front edge of the roof-like deck that connects the two hulls. Challenger tacks for the mark at 1:52:10, and rounds it at 1:52:45, setting his spinnaker at 1.54, at which time the Canadian was at least halfway to the home buoy, and so far away men were almost indistinguishable.

Running close to Challenger I noticed her crew seemed rather demoralized. They were all hoisting her heavy centerboard with the six-part tackle by which it is raised, and they left her spinnaker trimmed away forward so more than half the sails fluttered uselessly, but they finally trimmed it aft, and one man—it looked like Crane—was looking over the stern at the transom, while another man was pumping. Duggan ends his second round at 2:01:45, having taken in his spinnaker at 2:01:10.

At 2:03:20 Dominion tacked to port and stood on the inshore leg, and almost met the Challenger that was coming down wind with her spinnaker set, and a hard squall almost lifting her out of water as she flies along by the home mark. The Dominion crossed close under the American bows at 2:05:30, standing up the bay. Challenger takes in her spinnaker at 2:06:10, and luffs around the home mark, completing her second round at 2:06:40, making only a short hitch to starboard, instead of a long one as Duggan had done, and stood after the Canadian at 2:07:10.

The wind was now whistling down the bay in earnest. The Challenger lay over until both centerboard and rudder were out of water, and her crew hung out with elbows and knees over the side to hold her up. Both boats have more sail than they can carry and go staggering along, but the Dominion makes the best of it naturally with her enormous power, when one hull hangs out to windward with her four men there also.

Spiteful little whitecaps top the big swells that roll down the bay, and wet indeed is the sailing for all the sailboat spectators, and not a few of the steam launches as well, as on the second round they both made one leg away inshore before tacking out for the mark. Duggan came about first at 2:19:30, and Crane, hopelessly beaten, followed at 2:20:40. Neither boat had their sails flattened down; it was all they could do to stagger as far as the weather mark, and they did it with sheets eased considerably. Duggan tacked for the last mark at 2:31:10, and rounds it at 2:31:07, but does not jibe or set a spinnaker, evidently content with the distance by which he is leading. Crane passed the buoy a long way to leeward, and tacks to port at 2:35:15, but could not make it, and had to make another hitch, rounding finally at 2:40:45, setting a spinnaker to port, as the wind had veered a little on the last round. With his peak slacked down just enough to show a wrinkle through his mainsail Duggan brought the Dominion down across the finish line at 2:44:45 amid deafening toots, screeches and roars of the various tuned whistles, and with cheers, whistles and horn blowings from the spectators, while one steam yacht banged her gun to show her appreciation of the Canadian's victory.

Crane was fully a mile and a half astern at that time, almost a whole leg, and it was 2:53:10 when he did finish. Dominion won the race by the broad margin of 8 minutes and 25 seconds. But no one was surprised.

FOURTH RACE

TRIANGULAR COURSE, 1½ MILE TO EACH LEG

Wednesday, August 17th, 1898

Sudden transformations were again in order to-day. A heavy wind and rain squall had swept over Montreal during the night, and when we in the Adonis steamed up in advance of the pleasure fleet we noticed another heavy

squall coming off the Canadian shore, so tied up alongside the big canal boat, which was the *Star's* reporting barge, until it blew over, as it did, accompanied by thunder and lightning, at half-past eleven.

By 12:15 the sun was shining warm in a blue sky, and the lake lay as smooth as a mill pond, with scarcely a ripple on its surface. The fleet of steam yachts had arrived at the starting line, and all were patiently waiting and watching the two racers that had towed up from Dorval.

Duggan was the first to cast off from the steam yacht that was towing him, and started to hoist sail at 12:19, drifting slowly across the line as her crew put the battens into the pockets on the after leach of the sail, while the Challenger had not yet cast off from the Valiama.

The Dama hauls down all her flags at 12:21, and at 12:22:30 the Challenger's silk mainsail is hoisted. What little air there was coming from the west, blowing right down across the starting line, and Crane and Duggan kept close to the mark maneuvering for positions.

At 12:35 the first whistle announced the race would start in 15 minutes, and soon after Challenger lowered her mainsail to fix something on it, apparently along the gaff.

At 12:41:30, having fixed everything, both boats began to maneuver for position. They were standing inshore together, the Challenger to windward, and as they reach the inshore mark they split at the scow, Dominion jibing and Challenger tacking. They stand back along the line until only a few seconds remain to the start, then they tack, and as they wheel around the weather end of the line—for the wind is now north of west and coming off the shore—the Challenger leads by three lengths, and just as she jibes around the scow and gets her bow on the line the starting whistle blew; time, 12:50. Duggan was then on the opposite side of the scow, also jibing close around it, but about three lengths astern.

The Challenger moved quicker than the Dominion in this light air, and they can control her much easier with the helm. Both stand up the bay with sheets flattened close in, and their crews giving them quite a list by all lying along the lee rail.

The Dominion with her enormous initial stability stands up much straighter than the Crane boat, and the latter draws steadily ahead.

Duggan's two hulls were now a big detriment to his speed. Soon after they crossed the line the wind shifted more towards the north, and both boats could point up to the mark away up towards the Ottawa River.

Dominion was no match for the American with this light breeze, and the Challenger quickly opened up a long distance between his transom with its neat letters of gold and the Dominion's double bow. Long faces began to appear on the Canadian, as they realized how hopeless was Duggan's chances now, while my mouth expanded into a grin of generous proportions; and when I suggested taking a photograph of it, as it was the only opportunity I had had, so far, one fair guest dampened my ardor by asking: "Is the camera big enough?"

The wind grew steadily stronger as the boats proceeded up the bay, and at one o'clock Crane was leading by a good half a mile, and traveling fast as the breeze suddenly hardens. From the lee side to the cockpit and from there to the weather rail both crews shifted, as the puffs of wind came darker and stronger with every one, and all over the bay the Canadians could be heard whistling for the wind to hold. Having held up well to windward Crane now started sheets and drove Challenger for the first mark with all the wind he could stagger under, and Duggan was gaining every minute, one hull slipping easily through the small waves that appeared and the other just poised above them. Challenger luffs around the mark at

1:09:30, and stands inshore on a close reach to the second mark. Dominion rounds the first mark at 1:11:12 and starts after the American, having lost 1 minute and 42 seconds coming up wind to the first mark.

Soon after they started on the second leg the bay changes from a smooth sea to a mass of short, quick breaking whitecaps, that are rolled up by the stiff breeze.

Having held well up to windward both boats start off mainsheet as they get in near the second mark, begging hard as the puffs hit them.

At 1:20:13 the Challenger rushes past the second mark, followed by Dominion, who had picked up considerable on this run at 1:20:53.

Both jibe there sails over and set spinnakers to starboard, coming down to the home mark before the hard wind very fast.

Both boats take in their jibs and replace them by their small storm jibs.

At 1:25 both slack down their mainsails and tie in one reef, keeping the sail drawing as well as they can all the time. Duggan was a little quicker than Crane in reefing, and this, together with the fact that she had a larger spinnaker (something like 40 feet on the foot), prevented the American from gaining as much as he otherwise would have on this his best leg of the first round.

At 1:31:30 Challenger takes in her spinnaker and luffs around the mark at 1:32:20, cutting out to windward in beautiful shape.

Dominion takes in her spinnaker at 1:33:15 and luffs around at 1:33:45, while at 1:33:50 Challenger tacks to port and gets a knockdown that lifts her centerboard and rudder out of water. She was quite close to us at this part of the race, and as she hits the seas when they tacked to starboard again, at 1:34:30, we can hear the sound just like a drum-head would make. The steamers all lay dead ahead of the two racers as they came up to windward on the second round. A man on the Dominion waved his arm wildly for them to get out of the way, which they did, but before he got to them, or at 1:34:10, when just to leeward of the Challenger about 300 yards the Dominion tacked to port and Challenger also tacked at 1:34:45. Duggan was having luck, for the weather suited him now exactly. Crane tacked to starboard, heading for the first mark at 1:45:25, and Duggan followed at 1:45:30, standing up straight, while the American heeled over badly.

Foot by foot the Dominion came up astern, but to windward of the Challenger, and it was an interesting question which one would round the mark first.

As it turned out they both came together around the mark. Challenger managed to keep Dominion from passing her until the mark was reached, and then the two luffed around together at 1:52:50, Dominion to windward just crowding in between Crane and the mark boat. This cut Crane off, and he had to luff in the wind until the Canadian had forereached enough to let him pay off under his stern, and then he was completely blanketed by Duggan. But only for a second, for the Dominion started inshore with the speed of a steamboat, and Challenger fell quite a ways astern. Duggan had gained quite a little, as he jibed around the inshore mark at 2:02:10, while Challenger rounded at 2:03:14. Dominion's spinnaker was set just as Crane rounded the second mark, and it was 2:04:40 when Challenger's spinnaker was drawing.

Crane's crew seemed a little slow in setting their spinnaker, but when they did get it set they turned their sails to better advantage, and came up on the Canadian hand over hand and cut down Duggan's lead considerably, so that they were only 46 seconds behind when Dominion luffed around the home mark at 2:14:40, and starts to windward on her last round of the course, followed by Challenger at 2:14:58.

A dark bank of clouds, under which was quite a squall, passed over the bay about this time, and formed a background that made the little racers with the sunlight on their silk sails stand out clear and distinct, with the water near them all flashing into silver where the sun was shining, all the rest being that clear dark green peculiar to the St. Lawrence.

At 2:21:05 Dominion tacked to port, and got a knock-down in doing it that stopped her short, while Crane followed at 2:21:40. It was noticeable what a good fight Challenger was making going to windward on the first part of the leg. She seemed to point and foot as good as the Dominion.

Duggan tacked to starboard at 2:24:20, crossing Crane's bows, and at 2:25:15 Challenger also tacks and stands for the mark. Duggan fetches just to leeward of the mark, tacking to round it at 2:30:15, and is timed at 2:30:25, going fast inshore, while Challenger is still close hauled for the mark, and tacks close around it at 2:31:35. As soon as she started inshore after the Canadian the men on the catboat that formed the first mark at once proceeded to take down the ball that formed the mark and get under weigh for home.

Dominion jibes around the inshore mark at 2:39:40 and sets her spinnaker for the last run home before the wind, getting the sail up and drawing in 1 minute and 20 seconds. Challenger, now a long ways astern, rounds the mark at 2:42:10 and, jibing, sets her spinnaker 2:43:10.

Then began a grand rush for the finish line, and nearly all eyes were centered on the catamaran that was skating along at a fast clip for the finish. Glancing back at 2:47 I saw Crane's spinnaker suddenly collapse and fall inboard, but they boomed it out again, and I noticed when they got nearer the reef they had tied in was out, so that was probably when it was done, Duggan having shaken out his reef also for the last run in.

If my American smile had been objectionable to the Canadians at the first of the race, their smiles as the Dominion came home a good winner made them forget all

about it. Duggan finished at 2:52:45, and I wisely got off the top of the Adonis' cabin, as I knew by experience the effect of her siren whistle on one's ear drums. But even above the unearthly screech of that I could hear the Duchess of York's heavy-throated horn and the shrill toot-toots of the little fellow's whistle, with cannon going off all around to make one jump, and one schooner-rigged steam yacht fired bombs overhead that broke with a fearful bang.

When everybody had shouted themselves hoarse or blown their whistles to their satisfaction, quiet was restored only to be broken by a little launch who tooted her whistle now when it could be heard. Challenger came bowling along with her spinnaker a huge bag of silk, and finished at 2:55:12, just 2 minutes and 27 seconds behind Dominion and again pandemonium broke loose, for the American had many sympathizers.

And so the Dominion won three straight races in weather conditions very similar to those of last year, where Crane with Momo won the first race in a light breeze, but was beaten on the three succeeding days by Duggan in the Glencairn II in a heavy breeze, just as he was beaten this year by the Dominion.

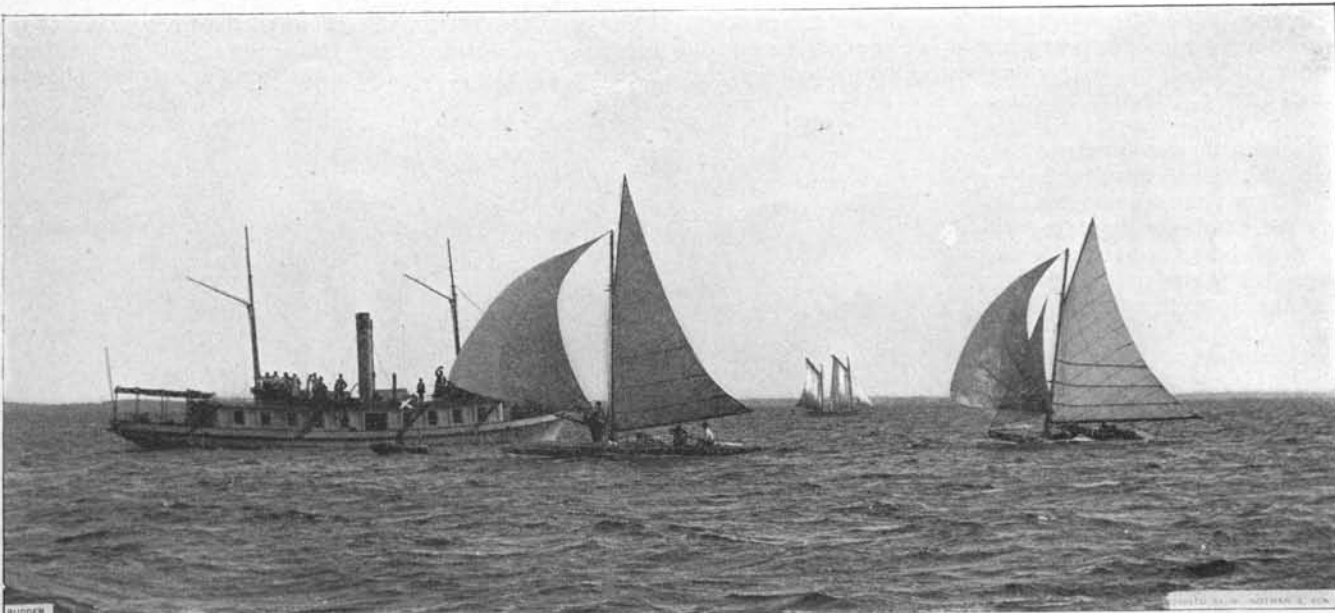
The time it took to sail the races were very close, as the following table will show, and when you consider the distance sailed, 12 miles, you can see they must have had a fairly good breeze.

	H.	M.	S.
First Race, Saturday, Aug. 13th.....	2	12	30
Second " Monday, " 15th.....	2	00	50
Third " Tuesday, " 16th.....	2	12	30
Fourth " Wednesday, " 17th.....	2	02	45

And the differences in the times at the finishes are shown in this table.

	H.	M.	S.
*First Race, Dominion won by.....	0	0	06
Second " " ".....	0	2	47
Third " " ".....	0	8	26
Fourth " " ".....	0	2	27

*Disqualified by foul.



FINISH OF FIRST RACE, AUGUST 13TH