

*Dick Dwyer's Matthews Cruiser Little Lady IV was truly a sensation at this regatta. In the predicted log combat from Newport Harbor to San Diego Dick made the unbelievable record of 0.55%. Remember this is a 68-mile course. Dick himself doesn't know how he did it.*

## CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA AT SAN DIEGO

By SKIP

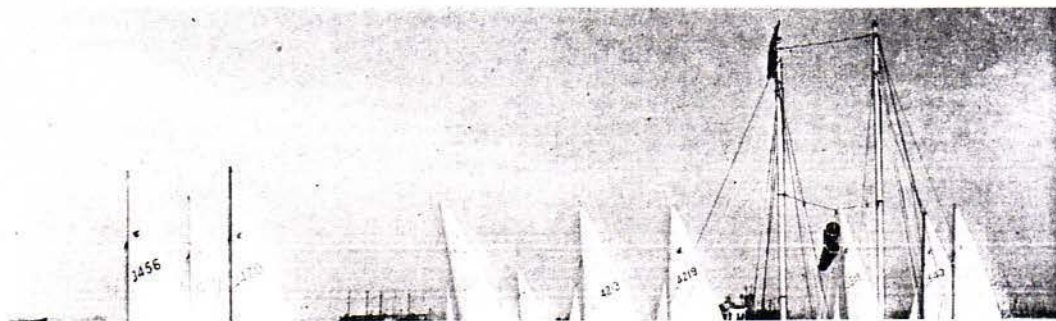
Photographs by Kent Hitchcock

IT is a curious fact that yachtsmen never seem to win races; but they do lose them by the gross and the thousands. This can be proved beyond a doubt by listening in on locker and shower room conversations after the finish. Each loser is explaining in embellished detail why he lost, while strangely enough, the winners are telling the losers about added boners causing their defeat, instead of bragging about how they themselves won. One must conclude from this that those who make the least mistakes, or who fail to make fatal mistakes, are the coppers of the prizes. Thus winning, which seems such a positive thing, is really negative, and it is all very sad.

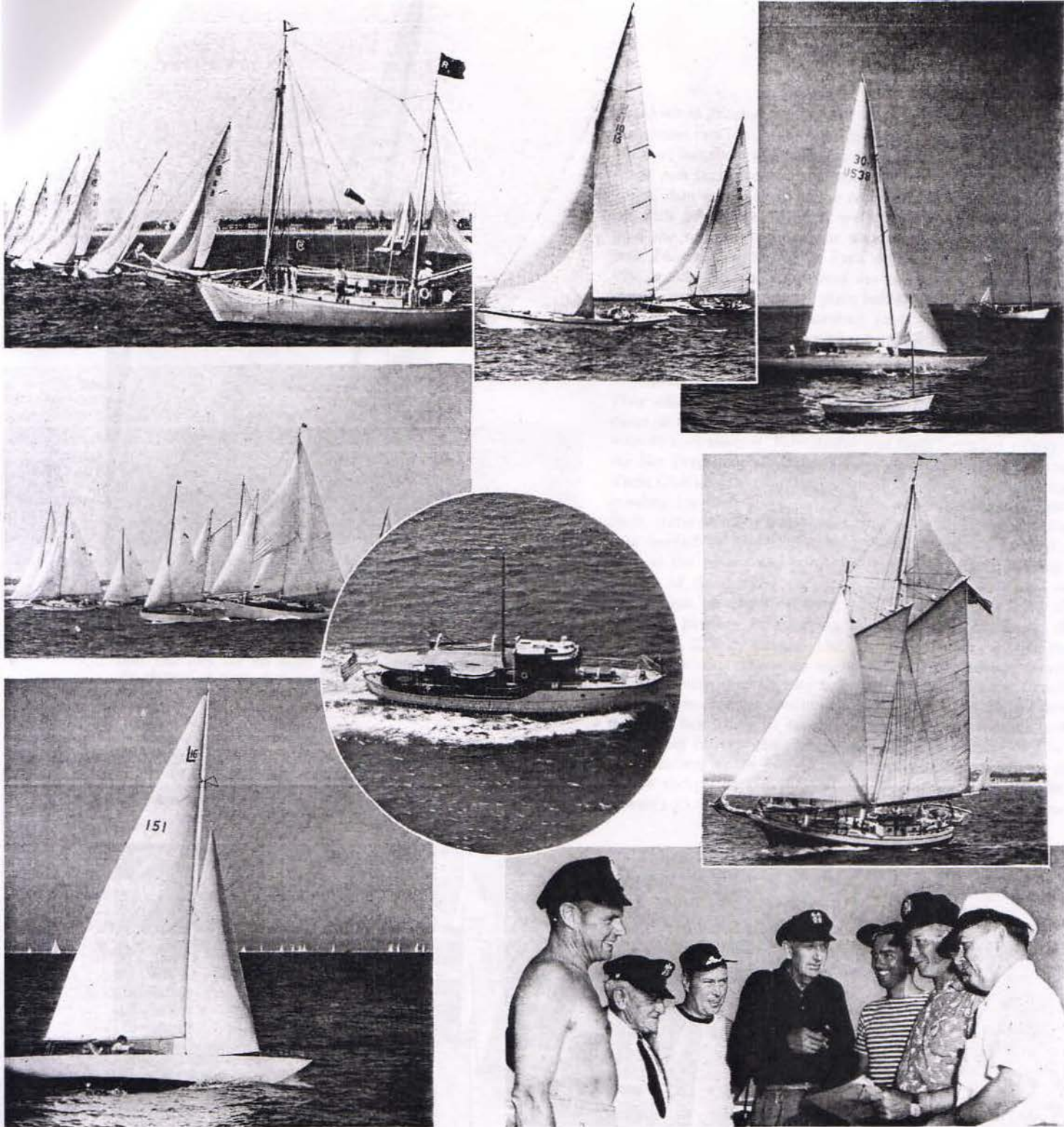
On sober thought (which is possible only *after* a regatta) this is not strange at all. Yacht racing is a voluminous subject, comparable to relativity and atomic energy. You must put in a long course of study, under-study and super-study; you must sail with the best skippers, sail on your own, learn to prepare

racing yachts by doing and doing, learn the peculiarities of wind and tide in the locality, and keep up with all these activities continually in order to become even a fair racing man. By that time you have absorbed millions of fine points, but you have probably begun to forget the axioms, and as every good geometer knows, you are sunk without your axioms. This was strikingly brought out in the race from Los Angeles to San Diego on August 3rd, when those windjammers who were going to the regatta anyway made a race out of it. All of us who have sailed more than six months in this locality know that in going to windward you will make out best forty-nine times out of fifty by working the kelp-line in short tacks, yet several of us went offshore when the westerly shifted around to the southeast. I went with Don Ayres on his beautiful 53-ft. yawl *Skylark*, ex-*Ruth S II*. The shifting wind forced us inshore near the town of San Clemente. Up to this point we had been delighted to note

*A start of the Snipe Class shows how good these boys were. It was not often that any boat of this class was as much as 20 seconds behind the gun.*







—Photographs by Kent Hitchcock

Upper left: A start of the Rhodes 33 Race-Cruisers. Bob Allan and Bill Joyce made a gallant attempt to take the measure of the old master Hook Beardslee, but Hook drew on his reserves, of which he has plenty, to foil the would-be villains of the piece. Middle left: The Percentage Handicap Class made a thrilling start the last day. Note how well the little Bear Boat Frolic did that time. John and Anitra Marsland were the only crew and did some clever work. Ed Bailey also got a fine start, but his crew was not the equal of the boat and skipper. Lower left: E. Clark's L-16 Rhapsody was the winner in her class. This picture gives an idea of what beautifully lined craft these L-16's are. Center: Ben McGlasham's big Diesel cruiser El Perrito was the overall winner among the cruisers in the two contests held at San Diego. Middle upper: Roy Hegg's Sirius, winner in the Ten Meter Class, seems to have Jimmy Coberly's Sally well in hand here, but it was not so easy to keep her in her place. Upper right: Debutante finished first every day in the Percenties only to lose out on corrected time. Here she is winning the Arbitrary Handicap, which must have been a grand and glorious feeling. Middle right: Steve Royce's Coaster has a delightful old-time flavor and is also a practical cruising boat. Lower right: "Personalties" of the regatta enjoy a story told by George L. Fisher, Commodore of the So. Cal. Yachting Ass'n., each in his own fashion. Left to right: Ed Bailey, Fred Brewer, Hollis Strait, Norman Pabst, Frank Ruppert, George Fisher and C. King Brugman.



co-Los Angeles contest, and all hands were glad to see this, or as the regatta progressed we began to know that the skipper of the *Holganza* is a quiet man possessing that delightful brand of humor that brings forth the chuckles after his hearers have had about forty-five seconds to ratiocinate, to cogitate and finally to appreciate. Third place went to *White Cloud*, while the other three, *Adios*, *Shawnee* and *Sea Biscuit* finished under power.

The Los Angeles-San Diego Race was really two contests rolled into one, for all boats were also rated under a percentage handicap rule. The winner in this class was the Crum brothers' little Mower-designed 27-ft. sloop *Windsong*, with the two brothers as the only crew. My hat is off to the brother who did the heavy hauling. He set spinnakers and Genoa's, took them in, "wung" them out, jibed the mainsail and generally behaved like three or four men. Second in percentage handicap was Morgan Stark's yawl *Flying Cloud*, while Alex Irving captured third with his smart little Herreshoff S-boat *Alura*.

But these events were just the preliminaries. The main event was the racing at the regatta itself, for the winners would carry off not only the championships of Southern California in their respective classes but of the Pacific Coast as well. The affair was sponsored by the Southern California Yachting Association and conducted by its Regatta Committee headed by Henry Grandin, Commodore of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, was sanctioned by the Pacific Coast Yachting Association, with the San Diego and Coronado Yacht Clubs as the hosts.

We always have a good time at San Diego. Those people are experts at doing clever little kindnesses. They don't take charge of your life for you; but they do plan a variety of interesting affairs, which are passed around like a platter of delicious French pastries. You take your choice, and they are all good. One instance of their thoughtfulness was the moving of all San Diego Yacht Club boats to moorings so the visitors could use the slips, a thing that was also done in May during the opening of the Coronado Yacht Club.

By this time you are probably fidgeting and muttering, "Well, how the hell did the racing turn out? It's the important thing in a regatta." So now you've asked for it, prepare for a deluge of statistics.

The lofty Ten Meters put on a much tougher battle than the *Ocean Racing Class* on that red-letter day when several, well five, were over too soon. At the left *Brilliant* is seen trying to come about, while the big *White Cloud* has already fallen away to jibe around the committee boat.



The three California Thirty-Twos at a start. They looked like Siamese Triplets all the way around the course every day.

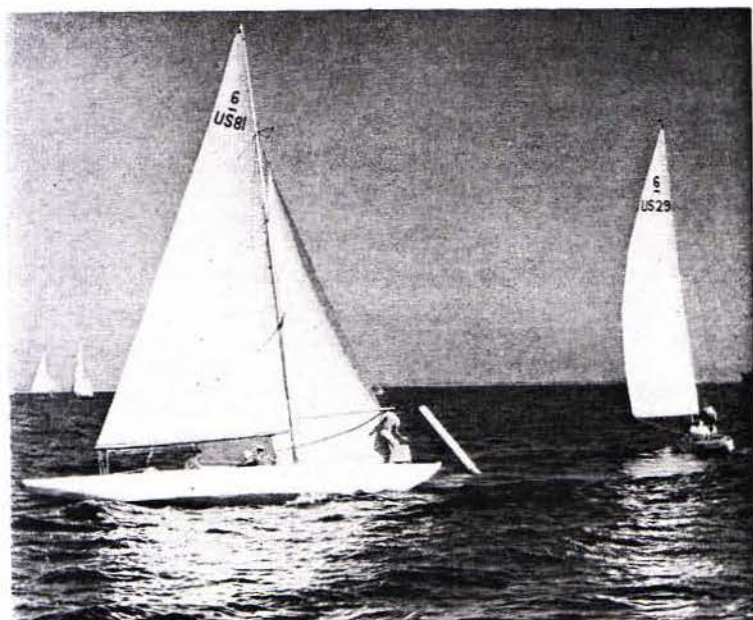
point score indicates, for on points Roy Hegg's *Sirius* won a rather decisive victory. His margin lay in the fact that he and his crew knew their boat and worked smoothly, while Jimmy Coberly had a crew that was made up almost entirely of strangers to the *Sally*. In the early races *Sally's* Genoa, which was very large, rather baffled her crew, so she sailed mostly with working headsails. Later on they learned to handle the big overlapper like a staysail on a boom, and then *Sally* was tough medicine,







Above are the Stars starting, and a typical start this was, close and thrilling. Note the interest being manifested by the crew of George Jessop's sloop *Varya* in the foreground. At the left is Bill Slater's Six Meter *Lanai* leading Emerson Spear's *Goose* around the weather mark by a few seconds. Most of the series these two boats were not even this far apart. Below are the PC's in a hot argument on the run.



but it was too late to save the day. Pierpont Davis' *Santa Maria* was a consistent third.

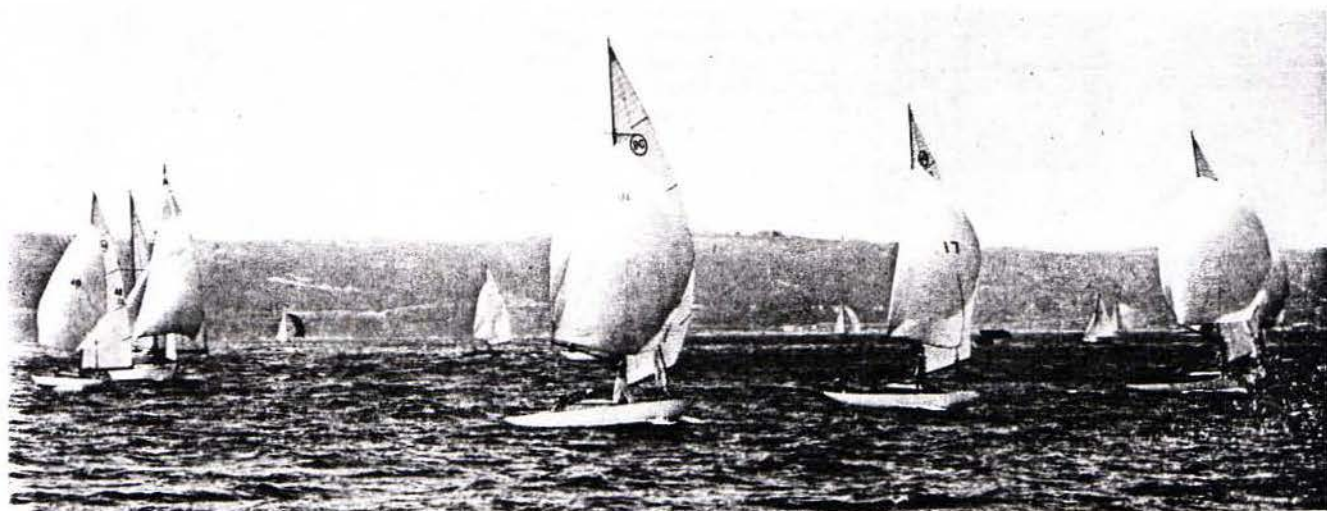
The Ocean Racing Class was of especial interest, composed as it was entirely of boats that are planning to enter the Honolulu Race next year. Nobody of course expected to pick next year's winner from this sample, particularly in view of the light winds and the shortness of the course, but we now have something to argue about anyhow. Scratch boat was the big 63-ft Alden yawl *Fairweather*, and while she took ninth, which was last, yet all hands agreed that considering the conditions she sailed very well indeed and will still be a threat in the long trek of 1947.

The sensational boat of this class was undoubtedly Milton Wegeforth's PCC *Ray*. She is phenomenally fast on all points of

sailing, and won two of three races overwhelmingly and was in the lead in the third when she fouled a mark and withdrew. This of course spoiled her chances, but even so she took fourth place in a class of nine boats. Some yachtsmen are not yet satisfied as to her performance in heavy going, pointing out that all her wins have been in contests where light breezes were the rule over all or most of the course. There may be some truth in this, yet we could see that she possesses the remarkable quality of going through a head sea with almost no pitching, and this is a necessity for speed when close-hauled; a boat that bows politely to every passing wavelet does very little else. The final winner in this class was Donald Burnham's Island Clipper *Javelin*, very ably sailed by the owner's son Malin, who won the International Star championship last year. Second was Frank Kent's *White Cloud*, with G. McKelleps' *Gayle* third.

Next on the starting menu were three California 32's, and they really battled like gladiators in the pink. They were constantly charging in among the stragglers of the Ocean Racing Class and threatening even the Tens when these high-steppers bogged down a bit. Final victory went to the Douglas Brothers'

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Erwin Jones and his *Blue Jay* should be awarded the trophy for headsails fouling, spinnakers that refused to break out, sails falling into the water and getting in irons, but through it all he remained as imperturbable as Admiral Dewey remarking "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." Erwin also had a way of retrieving his blunders by finding a better slant and turning up ahead of us once more. We had a changing crew on Ed Bailey's little double-ender *Ecume*. One day it would be Alonzo Jessop, Commodore of the Pacific Coast Yachting Ass'n., George Fisher, Commodore of the Southern California Yachting Ass'n., then Kit Carson, the Mayor of Coronado or that old-time top-notch Tom Moffett, interspersed with some very beautiful young ladies, one of them Mrs. Bailey. The *Ecume* is a very good boat because she did not sink under the weight of this crew, but with all the distractions she only made fifth place. However, she did win a race after the race against *Kelem* and *Windsong* with Lonnie at the tiller, and her winches proved stout enough to resist all George Fisher's efforts to pull them out by the roots.

*Windsong* and her crew of two won top honors, *Alura* was second and S. G. Christopher's 40-ft. ketch *Kelem* third.

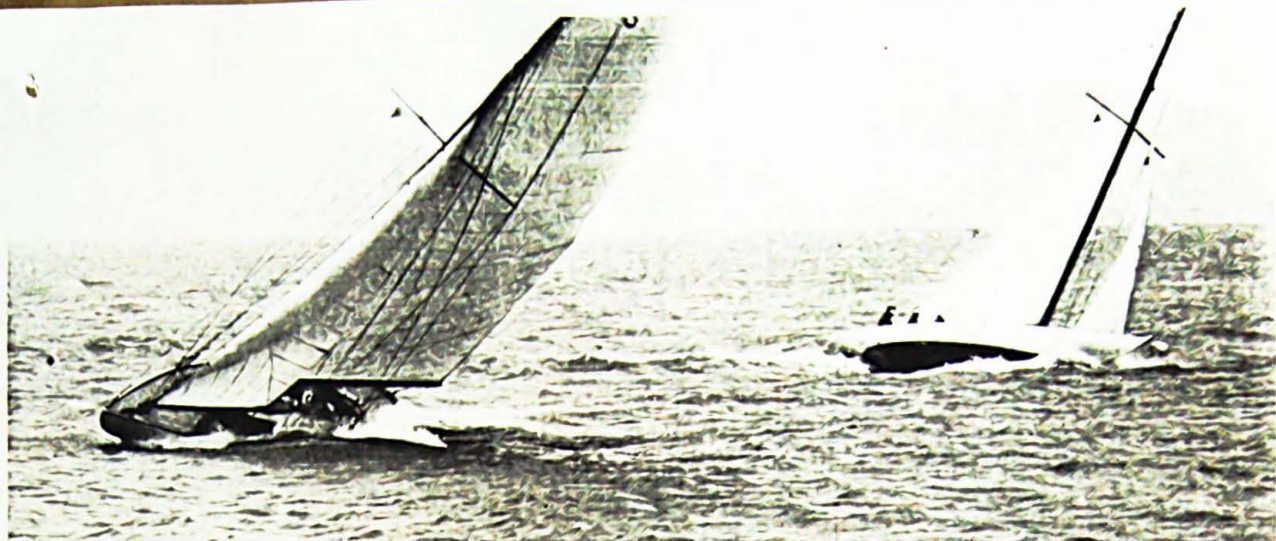
I never will understand why the sixes generally stage a closer struggle than any of the one-design classes. Nevertheless, it is a fact and this regatta was no exception. Five top-notch boats came out, and while the real battle was between Emerson Spear's *Goose* and Bill Slater's *Lanai*, and what a dilly of a battle it was, one could always see a compact group something like a five-masted schooner everytime he glanced in the direction of the Sixes. *Goose* and *Lanai* finally wound up with 20½ points each after five races, but the committee awarded the series to *Goose* because of shorter total elapsed time. Alan Crary's *Rebel*, sailed by Kenneth Watts, took third and Bill Horton's *Lulu* was fourth,

John Swigart's *Fun* fifth. *Lulu* might have done much better had she not cracked her mast the first day while under tow, when she bumped into the wake of a big fast-moving vessel. What a crying shame it is that these Sixes cost so much; they are marvelous racing machines. They come the closest of anything that floats to making a man feel that way he does when looking at a truly beautiful woman.

But now I've got to be careful not to use up my stock of superlatives; there are several classes to come, and very fine classes they are. The PC's really turned out, seventeen of 'em. Among them was Glen Waterhouse, who came down from Berkeley to take delivery of his new boat *Joy Three*. Nobody yet has been able to explain why John Washington, who is almost my equal in years and who learned to sail only a short time ago, could have been able to finish first in every race in such a hot class as this. He must be one of those rare souls who keep a Napoleonic urge bottled up within their systems for years and years, finally to have it burst forth into full flower over night. After all that, he only took second place because of a disqualification, which the Protest Committee must have been very reluctant to allow because of the footnote it appended to its decision: "This protest should never have been filed." First place went to Harold Caward's *Pomero*, and third to George Strom's *Lee*. Neither of these was the filer of the protest.

Eight Rhodes 33's went careering around each day, and this time the old master Hook Beardslee found some opponents worthy of his steel, Bob Allan, E. C. Lowe and Bill Joyce each taking a race. But Hook was still master of the situation, winning two of the contests and winding up with 34½ to 27¼ for Bob Allan and 22¼ each for Lowe and Joyce. It was a fight worth watching, and when the PC's and Rhodes were coming down wind all mixed together it was a sight to quicken the aesthetic





—Photograph by Walter S. Scott  
Two successful defenders of the Perpetual Cup in the Twenties were John R. Hanify's *Machree* (left) and Arthur Rousseau's *Lady Gay*. All the races from 1921 to 1928 were sailed in boats of the R Class.

## The PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP

By BARBARA VINCENT

(Continued from the June number)

IN 1906 there was no race, but 1907 saw the first challenge from a yacht club outside San Francisco Bay. The South Coast Yacht Club of Los Angeles sent the 31-ft. sloop *Valkyrie* in quest of the cup. Her owner was A. M. Squires, she was designed by Frank M. Tandy and built by Joe Fellows. Successfully defending the cup was the Corinthian Yacht Club's *Discovery*, which John E. McFarland designed and built and then sailed to victory. It wasn't until 1909 that the southerners tried again, this time with a formidable contender, the 62-ft. sloop *Mah-Pe*, designed by William Gardner, who was then at the height of his success, and sailed by Joseph T. Pugh. The alarmed Corinthians had to rely upon their old stand-by, the *Presto*, and she came through nobly, probably not because she was the faster boat, but because Frank Stone knew the tricky tides of The Bay better than Joe Pugh. In later years, when *Mah-Pe* was owned in San Francisco, she proved her superiority

over *Presto* and all other contenders until the advent of John R. Hanify's *Westward*.

Sandwiched between these two South Coast attempts was a challenge by the San Francisco Yacht Club, in 1908. John McFarland met this successfully with his *Discovery*, defeating the *Neva* handily.

By 1910 ambitions had been generated in other quarters and the Aeolian Yacht Club stepped into the picture, challenging with the centerboard-and-keel sloop *Merry Widow*. Her owner later became one of the greatest San Francisco Bay racing skipper of all time. He was Arthur Rousseau, whose name became as closely linked to the Perpetual Cup as that of his great predecessor, Frank Stone. The 1910 contest marked just one meeting of two great rivals, for the defending boat, the *Ruby*, was sailed by no less a personage than Arthur Stevens. The latter was the winner this time, but the relative merits of these two

—Photograph by courtesy of Lester Stone  
*Rascal*, sailed by Lester Stone, leading Ben Weston in *Debra* at the weather mark during the race of 1925.





At right are two of the best boats Southern California ever sent after the Perpetual Cup. In the foreground is the R boat California, sailed to victory by Matt Walsh of the California Yacht Club over the Lady Gay. Arthur Rousseau, however, filed a protest, and the committee called the race no contest and ordered it re-sailed the next year, when Debra, sailed by Ben Weston, made her first unsuccessful attempt. Debra did win the championship of San Francisco Bay that year for consolation. She challenged for the cup again in 1925, only to lose to Rascal and for a third time in 1927 when Rousseau defeated her with the Ace. Below is Arthur Rousseau of the Corinthian Yacht Club, who won the Perpetual Challenge Cup so many times for his club that he became known as "The Perpetual Defender of the Perpetual Cup." Below at right is Arthur Stevens' little Ruby, which captured the cup twice for the San Francisco Yacht Club.



kippers became a topic of hot discussion and many a wager over a period of years.

The San Francisco Yacht Club's *Challenger* tried again in 1911, to be taken into camp once more by that other old timer, the *Presto*. But in 1912 the persistent San Francisco Yacht Club came back to grab the cup with the *Fleur de Lis*, sailed by Clarence McCarthy. This centerboard sloop defeated the Corinthian's entry, *Moonlight*, sailed by Ben Vincent.



The year 1913 saw the Very Black Friday that took the trophy away from San Francisco Bay. This time the *Oreades*, a centerboard sloop 36 feet overall, 10 foot 10 inch beam and carrying 948 square feet of sail was the choice of the Sequoia Yacht Club of Eureka. Like many of the boats on Humboldt Bay, it was built by W. S. Clark from designs by Small Brothers of Boston. With her over-sized rig, she was designed for light weather and a smooth sea. Under those conditions she had lots of speed, especially on a run.

San Francisco Bay, however, provided none of these prerequisites. There the wind can howl, and usually does on any summer afternoon. When it funnels through the Golden Gate against a fast-running ebb tide, the bay can churn up quite a chop. This was not exactly the right kind of going for the *Oreades*. Naturally then, the odds were heavily in favor of our old friend the *Challenger*, defending the cup for the San Francisco Yacht Club, a boat originally of somewhat the same type as the *Oreades*, but then a long-time resident of San Francisco Bay and re-adapted to the going there.

The *Oreades* came down the coast on the deck of a schooner that also brought Skipper A. W. Way and his crew. They

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## HISTORY OF PERPETUAL CUP

(Continued from Page 21)

found that the summer Trades had begun to blow, and after the first practice sail telegrams went flying homeward. They would have to have a larger crew. Two more men came down in haste, and when the great day, May 25, 1913, arrived, their extra beef was put to work in earnest.

From the very start the *Challenger* looked good. And as the race proceeded the plight of *Oreades* became more and more evident. The six men in her crew had their hands full. Water kept finding its way below—they bailed. The main sheet broke—they re-reeved it. The jib sheets fouled repeatedly—they tried to keep them clear. And still the water swept the shallow craft, and still they bailed, only to find themselves dropping behind rapidly with little prospect of even finishing the race.

Then Lady Luck stepped in. The *Challenger* lost her mast. Although newly outfitted with modern fittings, and carefully tuned, a bobstay turnbuckle let go and away went the mast. Thus *Oreades* had her chance, if she could complete the course. It was a rugged workout, but finish they did, in spite of the fact that she opened up so badly they had to beach her immediately after crossing the finish line.

Scornful as the San Francisco yachtsmen were of the boat from Humboldt Bay, they still had to bring the trophy back, and that meant a trek North to Eureka the following year. Accordingly,

JULY



defended with the *Cecilia*, a smaller edition of *Oreades*, 25 feet long. It was hoped that the smaller boat with her very large sail area would be able to win in the prevailing light breezes.

In contrast to the 28-mile blow on San Francisco Bay the year before, the racers were greeted with a steady 12-mile breeze, offering ideal sailing for both boats. The race took them up the Samoa Channel to Aroata Bay, down to Bucksport and back to the finish line. The *Cecilia* was no match at all for the *Ruby*, the latter winning by nearly 12 minutes.

After this race there was another lull in the adventures of the Perpetual Trophy during World War I. It wasn't until August 11, 1918, that the Aeolian Yacht Club challenged wit the *Moonlight*, sailed by Fred Patricia. The San Francisco Yacht Club defended the cup successfully with the R boat *Active*, designed and built by Lester Stone for John R. Hanify, one of the most ardent skippers the Bay has ever produced, and a man who always sailed his own boats. He was a lumberman, and used to select the material for his boats himself and see that it was properly dried. Every one of the many boats Stone built for him had full-length planking.

John R. Hanify again defended the cup in 1921 with the *Machree*, defeating the Corinthian's *Bob*, sailed by W. F. (Frank) Stone. Still determined to regain the trophy they had lost in 1911, the Corinthians came right back in 1922, challenging with the *Rascal*, sailed by Lester Stone. Martin Weil with his R boat *Francesca* was the unsuccessful defender for the San Francisco Yacht Club.

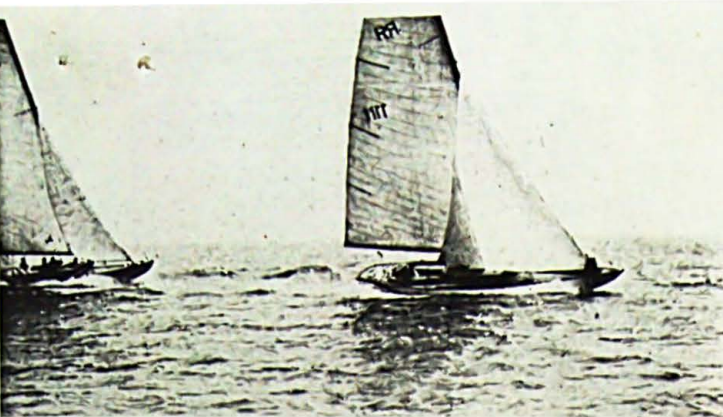
In 1923 the South was in there pitching once more, anxious to take that trophy away from San Francisco Bay. The California Yacht Club of Los Angeles sent the R boat *California*, designed by Charley Mower and sailed by Matt Walsh, as its challenger. Here was a former "Blue-Nose" sailor from Nova Scotia to give the Corinthians some sleepless nights. They finally put their trust in Arthur Rousseau and his R boat *Lady Gay*, another Mower design. Matt Walsh got away in the lead and held it until he ran a little too close to Alcatraz Island, where he ran out of the wind, enabling *Lady Gay* to close the gap. The two boats converged on opposite boards, *Lady Gay* holding the star-board tack. Walsh, evidently believing he had plenty of room to cross the defender, held on, whereupon Rousseau came about and hoisted a protest flag.

The judges allowed the protest, but gave the *California* the privilege of re-sailing the race within two weeks. When this time ran out they declared the race no contest and ordered it re-sailed the following year.

In 1924 the R boat *Debra*, a brand new Schock design sailed by Ben Weston, was substituted as the challenger by the California Yacht Club, while the Corinthian Yacht Club was satisfied to let Arthur Rousseau defend again with *Lady Gay*. This time Rousseau took the lead at the start, but *Debra's* crew was much quicker with her spinnaker and went in the lead on the run. On the reach Weston set a balloonier, while Rousseau held on to his working jib and lost several seconds more. Weston then made the same mistake as Matt Walsh had made the year before, going too close to both Angel and Alcatraz Islands, and enabling *Lady Gay* to slip by into the lead and there was the yacht race.

Not dismayed, Weston was back with *Debra* for the California Yacht Club in 1925, but the Corinthian Yacht Club elected to defend with Lester Stone's *Rascal*. The ensuing contest was one of the closest in the history of the cup. *Debra* went into the lead right after the start and seemed to go to windward better to





—Photograph by W. C. Sawyer  
S. M. Spalding's *Debra* (left), and Charles D. Wiman's *Alert III* were two excellent boats that Southern California sent North in the quest for the cup.

WITH the South still trying to get its hands on the trophy, the 1926 race found the Santa Barbara Yacht Club challenging with another Mower boat, the R *Alert III*, owned by Charles D. Wiman and sailed by Clarence M. Neuner. The Corinthians also had a new Mower design, the *Ace*, owned and sailed by Arthur Rousseau. She was longer on the waterline, 27½ feet, than any R boat ever built, for the following year the North American Yacht Racing Union limited the LWL of boats of this class to 26½ feet.

This proved another see-saw contest, but *Alert III* was actually far from being the threat *Debra* had been. *Ace* led to the weather mark, but was passed on the run, on which point of sailing *Alert III* was definitely faster. While jibing around the next mark, however, *Alert III*'s backstay fouled her spreaders. Before this could be straightened out *Ace* was back in the lead, and in the last windward work she fairly romped away, gaining such a lead that Arthur Rousseau added a spectacular touch in the final short run by breaking out a long homeward bound pennant instead of a spinnaker.

In 1927 Rousseau and the *Ace* again defended successfully against Weston and the *Debra* in a flood tide with a strong breeze whipping the entire course. And still again, in 1928,

—Photograph by Ray E. Chapin  
Arthur Rousseau successfully defended the cup four times with his R boat *Ace*.



# The PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP

By BARBARA VINCENT

(Concluded from the July number)

Arthur Rousseau was at the tiller of the *Ace* to defeat Roger Marchetti's *Pirate* from the California Yacht Club.

The race in 1929 introduced the Birds to Perpetual Cup competition when the Corinthian Yacht Club's Six Meter *Maybe*, with Arthur Rousseau again on the job, defeated the San Francisco Yacht Club's Bird Class *Curlew*, owned by James Wyatt. The start was at low water with a smooth sea and a moderate wind that held about the same over the entire course, an ideal day for bay sailing. *Maybe* increased her lead from the start all the way, to win by 11 minutes, 51 seconds.

Next Tommy Lee of the California Yacht Club made a strong bid with his Six Meter *Caprice* in 1930, losing to Rousseau and the *Maybe* by only 40 seconds. This was one of the best efforts ever made by the South.

When the San Francisco Yacht Club switched back to R boats in 1931 by naming the *Rascal*, owned by Morrow and Kahn, Arthur Rousseau transferred his crew to the *Ace* again. The *Rascal* picked up a good lead right after the start, maintaining it until the last beat to windward. Then, maneuvering around Alcatraz, Rousseau played the hand that marks the champ. Hitting close into the island in short tacks to take full advantage of the eddies, he gained rapidly. Once the *Rascal* hitched too far out into the channel and the *Ace* swept ahead, still playing the ebb. And when the finish gun was fired the *Ace* had piled up a good four minutes' lead.

Two Birds were on the docket in 1932, Myron Spaulding skippering the *Loon* for the Corinthians and defeating the St. Francis Yacht Club's first entry in Perpetual Cup races, the *Lark*, sailed by Bob White. This race is of especial interest because it marks the appearance of young skippers who are still recognized as the best on San Francisco Bay.

The Six Meters were at it again in 1933 and 1934, with the California Yacht Club renewing the challenge, first with Tommy Lee's *Caprice* and then Donald Douglas' *Gallant*, sailed by Ted Conant. Both thrusts were parried for the Corinthians by Arthur Rousseau and his *Maybe*. This latter race marked the twelfth successive win for the Corinthian Yacht Club, ten of which were achieved by Arthur Rousseau, earning him the title of "Perpetual Defender of the Perpetual Cup."

Next year, however, luck took a turn. The Aeolians walked off with the trophy, represented by the R boat *Machree*, which handily defeated the Bird boat *Mavis*. Babe Stevens, son of Arthur Stevens, was the hero of this struggle, a second generation upholding the family name in yachting history. Babe chalked up two more wins for the Aeolian Yacht Club with his *Robin*, a Bird, romping away from the Richmond Yacht Club's *Skylark* in 1936 and the Corinthian's *Polly* in 1937.

By 1938 the Aeolians were referring to Babe Stevens as the Arthur Rousseau of their club, and when the St. Francis Yacht Club entered a bid, naming the Bird *Widgeon* and Bob White, the Alameda people gave thought to no candidate for defense honors except Babe Stevens and *Robin*. This race was a classic. The two boats were even at the start with *Widgeon* to windward. They went out to windward all the way to the first marker like a couple of Siamese twins. Then Babe slipped into the



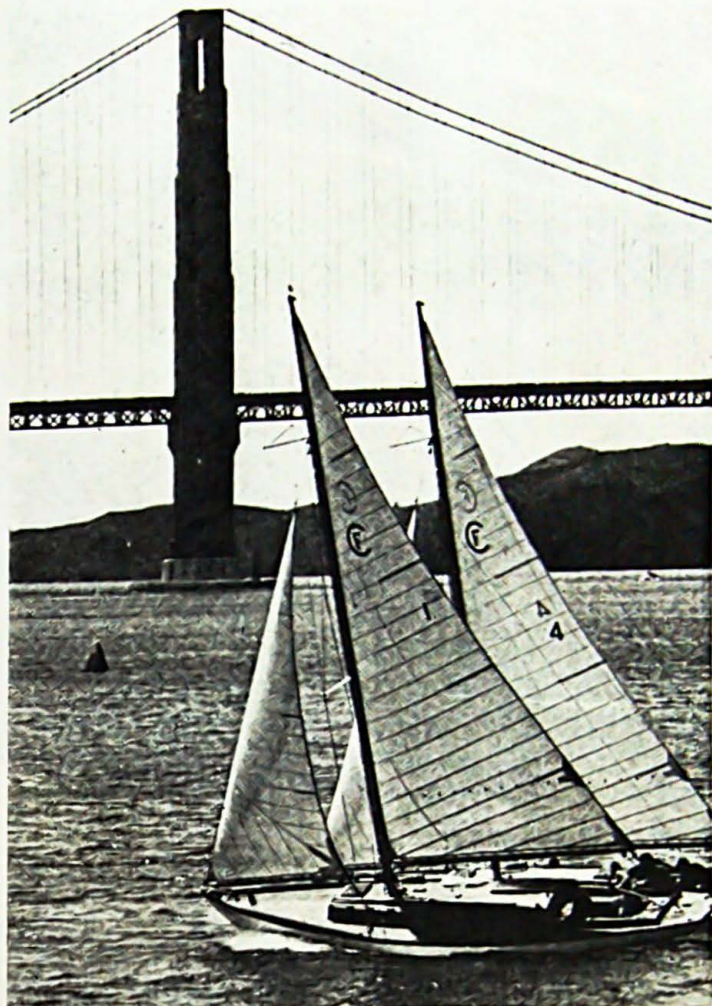
lead just at the turn when White slacked away prematurely and a shift lifted *Robin*. The run was a series of luffing matches, in the 'steenth of which *Widgeon* got by her rival, but right after passing the next mark and going into a reach both boats held as high as they could look, at right angles to the course in a prolonged battle for the weather berth. Then suddenly Stevens shot by to windward, only to hold the lead for a few minutes, when White again took it away from him. From the leeward mark all the way to Crissy Field it was a continuous dogfight, Stevens pulling many a fake come-about in his efforts to squirm free, but being faultlessly covered all the way. *Widgeon* had a margin of 33 seconds at the finish.

Then came 1939, the big year of the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island, when the Pacific Coast Championships were sailed prior to the Perpetual Cup Race. *Rebel*, a Six owned by Emerson Spear of Los Angeles Yacht Club, was the challenger. She came up for the Coast Regatta, accompanied by Bill Slater's *Lanai*. Sailing for the local clubs in the regatta were the Sixes *St. Francis*, owned by Charles A. Langlais; Stanley Barrows' *Strider* and Bob White's *Saga*, sailed by Myron Spaulding, all of the St. Francis Yacht Club. There was also the *Corinthian V*, Arthur Rousseau's entry for the Corinthians.

It was agreed that the Six Meter accumulating the most points for the St. Francis Yacht Club in the five regatta races should have defense honors. After a thrilling tussle in which all three of the St. Francis contestants held the most points at one time or another, *Saga* took the series and was named defender.

The hopes of Bay yachtsmen were never at a lower ebb than when Bill Slater, at the tiller of *Rebel*, picked up a nice breeze in the uncertain zephyrs and went into a ten-minute lead while *Saga* flopped around helplessly in a soft spot near the start-starting line. Then Bob White began to lop slow seconds off that long lead, but it was not until he reached the tricky shoreline of Angel Island that he made a real dent in it. Here his local knowledge helped, as well as that of Babe Stevens, who was in his crew. Together these two finally caught the *Rebel* just as the final windward work began. Those present are still telling and disagreeing about how it was done. Neither boat had much advantage until the last tack when White slid around a scant 10 seconds ahead. *Saga* gained 7 more seconds on the run, and once more the cup was safe.

A Bird boat and one of Jimmy DeWitt's Sunset Class were the next contestants in 1940. The Sunset *Aeolus* belonged to Gus Ekberg of the Aeolian Yacht Club, while Bob White de-



The determined battle of 1941, when two Farallone Clippers competed for the famous silverware. Up to windward is the Corinthian Yacht Club's *Cyretta* with Joe McAleese at the tiller against Bob White sailing the St. Francis Yacht Club's *Patita II*. Joe won by a few seconds.

fended for the St. Francis with the *Widgeon*, with which he had brought the trophy to his club in 1938.

(Continued on Page 58)



At the right are the R boat *Pirate* and the Six Meter *Caprice*, both of which tried to lift the Perpetual Cup for the California Yacht Club. Roger Marchetti came North in 1928 with the former, while Tommy Lee was the 1930 challenger.



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## THE INTERNATIONAL CRUISER RACE

(Continued from Page 27)

over the *Martini III* from the Royal Victoria Y. C. which was steered by Ken Schoenfeld with a 1.55 percentage error. In third place was G. Sparkman's *Skyhawk* from the Bellingham Yacht Club at 2.35.

Doc Bowles steered a near-perfect race over the 125-mile course that started at Port Madison and ran four check points, Sandy Point, Hope Island, Pole Pass, and Walker Rock Light before banging into the treacherous Dodd Narrows and coming out into the channel for the final dash to the finish line. As victor, Doc received the beautiful Nanaimo Trophy and a plaque to commemorate his accomplishment. He was also given the keys to the city of Nanaimo and a life membership in the Nanaimo Yacht Club.

## THE PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP

(Continued from Page 29)

White planted himself on Ekberg's weather at the start and rounded Crissy Field marker 44 seconds to the good. His crew did much better spinnaker work and the big tent itself was off one of the club's Six Meters. From then on it was *Widgeon* all the way, except for a short period off Alcatraz where Ekberg seemed to get quite a lift. But by that time *Widgeon's* lead was too wide and she went on to take the race by 8 minutes, 15 seconds.

Two Farallone Clippers, designed and built by Stephens Bros., fought it out next year, 1941, when Joe McAleese at the tiller of the Corinthian's *Cyretta* defeated Bob White sailing the St. Francis Yacht Club's defender *Patita II*. This race, sailed one clear blue day in June, was the last for the Perpetual Cup until after World War II.

By the time of the next contest the trophy had passed its half-century mark and had lived to endure three major wars, periods in which the high sportsmanship so characteristic of these competitions, was lost temporarily amid the ugliness, the urgency and the stress of conflict. Yet, after each upheaval on the world stage the races were resumed in the same spirit of fine sportsmanship that had motivated the original donors. And to further emphasize the permanence of these ideals, the same clubs always came back into the struggle with skippers using the same skills to win races sailed over essentially the same course that was used in 1895.

So it is that when the Aeolians challenged with the Bird *Cuckoo* the Perpetual Trophy resumed its place in the yachtsman's scheme of things. (It is true that all yachtsmen may be

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cuckoo, but they seem to have a lot more fun than their saner brethren.) This time it was Howard Frey at the tiller of the *Cuckoo*, a boy who had been sweeping up all the year's trophies in the Bird Class. Myron Spaulding took on the job of defending with the Corinthian's *Teal*, and it was an even battle until Myron wangled a free ride in the eddies of a destroyer that gave him an advantage of several lengths. From thereon Frey sailed in *Teal's* dirty wind and the Corinthian boat had a margin of 1 minute, 23 seconds at the finish.

It seems to this writer that the Perpetual Challenge Cup is about to blossom forth into the glare of floodlights after its long incubation. The people down South seem to have formed a great collective determination to take it to a warmer clime, while those in the North are equally determined to hang on to it. If it should, by some mischance, leave these shores, it may be difficult to count the new boats under construction for the express purpose of bringing it back. This in turn may cause our southern neighbors to haunt the naval architects and builders.

And so I have no hesitancy in stating that this trophy well merits its title of "The America's Cup of the Pacific Coast!"

## SAN DIEGO - CORONADO NEWS

(Continued from Page 36)

of Kansas has his ketch *Zahma* berthed at the San Diego Yacht club. The *Zahma* is a beauty! Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sponholz have acquired the Swedish 30 square meter racing sloop *Debutante*—and brought her here from Newport. The *Debutante* looks like a slim paddle-board from the air—in case you're interested! She'll be a boat to definitely consider in local races—in fact, she showed her stern to a lot of boats during the Regatta. There are several brand new Luders 16's in evidence at the S.D.Y.C.—among them the *Rhapsody* owned by Mrs. Richard Clark and the *Jaru* owned by Jack and Ruth Robson. There also seem to be a number of Dyer Dinks—some 13 to be exact—around the San Diego Yacht Club that we haven't noticed before. Leroy Wright is the fleet captain. Some of the owners of these 10-foot sailing dinghies are Comdr. David Marvin, Dr. Almy Harding and Miss Jean Dale. We must take closer note of the Dyer Dinks the next time we go sailing by them—or under them—in our Penguin. And of course, there is Paul Jenkins thrashing about the bay in his new Wheeler 40 Sunlounge—*Lovely Lady*. Brother Jenkins was recently dubbed "Admiral of the Imperial Valley Navy" by the Imperial County Board of Supervisors. Jenkins now shares salutes with Oliver Moorshead—also of the San Diego Yacht Club—who was ap-



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