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International Fishing Schooner Races.

The Story of the 1922 Series Sailed Off Gloucester.

(Reprinted from Staff Correspondence of Morning Chronicle, Halifax.)

(By H. W. JONES.)
GLoucester, Oct. 25.—We hate to say "I told you so," but this time we cannot help it. Bluenose, regarded by Gloucester last night as more or less of a joke when it came to sailing against the Henry Ford in the International Fishing Schooner Series, this day decisively defeated the Gloucester craft. And why, because she was the faster vessel in the weather of the day, weather which gave them fifteen miles of windward work on a forty mile course. If our memory serves us correctly, we said yesterday that Bluenose would trim Gloucester's pride to a fizzle in a muzzler to windward. Well, that happened to-day, though the muzzler was on the muzzler, the wind never topping twenty knots, thus holding down to less than fisherman's weather. If there is a breeze tomorrow, and it blows a real breeze, Bluenose will trounce her opponents soundly, and hold the cup. Light airs will give Ford the rubber, always dependent, of course, on what the skippers do.

CONTEST OF THRILLS.
With the tidy margin of seven minutes and twenty-three seconds to spare, the Canadian trophy defender, close hauled, drove triumphantly across the finish line, just before dusk to-day, completing the course in the truly slow time of five hours, fifty-

seven minutes and forty-one seconds.

Opening with a start that equalled the sensational get away on Monday, the Lunenburg skipper, handing back with good measure, to Morrissey, the blanket that he received in the previous race, the contest developed thrills all along the line. Bluenose showed surprised speed broad on in the light weather of the 1st leg, enabling her to recover after the Ford, by skilful manœuvring, had put herself to weather and ahead. The Canadian again returned the blanket just at the initial mark, then settled down for the windward leg of ten miles. The wind kindly freshened for her and she held opened up a lead of seven minutes and fifty seconds, when she eased sheets for the broad reach to the third mark. Here Ford traveled more easily, and aided by Bluenose's inability to locate the little flag buoy without proper assistance from the American mark boat, out down the Canadian's lead to four minutes and forty-four seconds. Another broad reach, with a nice little breeze that the Canadian enjoyed under full sail, while the challenger was a smother of green water and foam to leeward, left her still four minutes and twenty-two seconds ahead, according to the rather doubtful clocking of the official time keeper. Then came the end, five miles of windward work with a dying breeze.

Ford favored the shore, scenting the smoother water and a better slanting Bluenose, instead of keeping her rival under her lee, went seaward, and we feared she might just lose by spitting tacks. But the luck was with us to-day; the wind showed no favors and the Bluenose steadily gained so that the Ford was almost lost in the haze when the Canadian drove across the line a few minutes before five o'clock.

A SENSATIONAL INCIDENT.

Two sensations developed after the race. Foremost was the knowledge that Ernest Hiltz, of Martin's River, one of the Canadian crew, had narrowly escaped extremely serious injury or worse, when the forestaysail halcyon caught him as it rubbed aloft when staysail was doused on one of the hatches on the last leg home. Head downwards he was hoisted in five minutes to the foremast head where, with his right leg firmly held in the light of the rope, he hung. Both his hands firmly grasped the rigging, but his position was perilous and his comrades were prompt to the rescue. Capt. Moyle Crouse rushed to the leeward rigging to catch the dangling man if he should fall, while one of the masthead men, aloft in readiness for the schooner's tacking, scrambled along the cross-tree, whined out his knife and cut the halliards. The staysail flopped to leeward, a slatting, whirling piece of canvas that slanted itself almost to ribbons, but the man was saved. Hiltz, almost overcome by the pain of the rope burn on his leg, slipped swiftly down the rigging to the deck. He was tucked into his berth forward, the ripped canvas was smothered after a tussle, and Bluenose finished the race minus the staysail. When she docked Hiltz was rushed by ambulance to the Gloucester Hospital, where it was reported that his leg was badly bruised and swollen, but apparently no bones had been broken.

WHAT THE SKIPPERS SAY.

As to that, let Skipper Morrissey have his say. "In fresh breezes and by the wind," he said to me tonight, "Bluenose is always the better vessel I am quite content. I was beaten fairly and squarely in the sailing of the day, and I have no complaint to make regarding Capt. Walters jockeying at the start."

"We did no better than I expected," said Capt. Walters on board his schooner tonight at East Gloucester, where she has been docked ever since her too frequent stranding in the mud at the Gloucester wharf. "We lost a fat minute on the third leg when the mark boat held way to weather of the buoy. We sailed a lot of extra water, and the Ford, coming from behind, profited by our mistake. Apart from that we have no complaints. Tonight the glass is dropping fast. I hope it goes through the bottom, for Bluenose certainly loves the wind. Yes, we went pretty close to Clay, running down on him during that first leg, but we never touched him. I made sure of that. I'll be at the starting line long before ten o'clock tomorrow."

A TRAGIC FEATURE.

A tragic feature of the series developed this morning before the start. Mrs. Morrissey, wife of the Ford's skipper, went to the schooner's dock before the vessel sailed, away and begged her husband ask to sail. "I appeal to you men standing there," said she, addressing the crew of the Ford. "If you must race to-day let some other Captain take charge of the ship. My boy is dying at his home." And this is believed to be quite true. It became known to-day that Captain Clayton's eldest son is very seriously ill and that the Ford's skipper has been sailing through these races with this knowledge as a handicap. Morrissey listened patiently to his wife, then told his crew to cast off and headed his vessel out for the line.

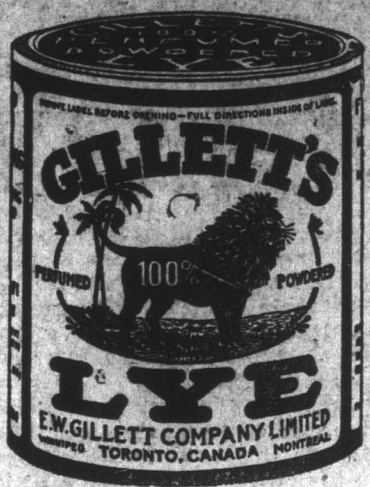
CANADIANS PARADE.

Demonstrations by the Canadians and by friends of the Lunenburgers on the streets of Gloucester followed the Bluenose win. The principal demonstration was a street parade formed by more than fifty friends of the Bluenose crew, "the loyal rooters" of the defender. The marchers formed a parade after coming ashore from the Canadian cable ship "Tyrian." Headed by an improvised band consisting of five musicians from the Tyrian, and drummer, the men each carrying a good sized cabbage which had been presented them by the Commander of the Tyrian, swung into Main Street and alternately cheering the Bluenose and Ford, proceeded to over the hill past the Gloucester Chamber of Commerce. Many of the crowds lining the streets joined in cheers for both Canadians and Americans, while a few disgruntled ones preferred to boo and jeer the elated marchers.

While the music furnished by the band was not of the best, it was recognizable. The marchers proceeded to the Olympia Theatre, where a large crowd was gathered. "The Henry Ford can lick you with her sails down," cried a youngster from the sidewalk. "You bet, but that is the only way she can beat us," snapped back one of the Bluenose rooters from the line. Again the paraders stopped and cheered Captain Morrissey and his Ford. An officer of the Tyrian who was acting as Bandmaster, suggested that the band play the "Star Spangled Banner." There was a hurried conference and finally one of the Tyrian's buglers sounded the first few bars of the American National Anthem. It was a wailing attempt, but the crowd knew what the musicians were endeavoring to play and cheered them with a will.

START OF THE RACE.

It was announced last night that the start of the 1922 series had been postponed until eleven o'clock in order to allow the crew of the Ford to take out this morning the ballast which they put in yesterday. Unfortunately those who had made the arrangement had omitted to notify the chairman of the Sailing Committee and the captain of the Bluenose.



spike and sewed the separated part with marlin. Thereafter the sail set alight and the schooner went to the line in good sailing trim. A hole or two in her canvas would perhaps have benefited Ford in the puffs that had smothered her during the racing to-day, but you can't make Gloucester believe that. Partisans tonight declare with picturesque vehemence that the threads were deliberately cut and that because of this the Bluenose won.

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Accordingly, when the wind was breezing up fresh from the southwest at eight o'clock this morning, Angus was very keen to start at ten o'clock and was surprised to learn of the postponement. Ford's ballast was out of her hold before eight o'clock but her skipper preferred to start at eleven so Bluenose perforce agreed. The Ford seemed to lay much lower in the water at her dock this morning than when she competed on Monday but the following written statement was handed to the Sailing Committee this morning by Jonathan Raymond, part owner of the schooner:

"I hereby guarantee that the entire amount of ballast put on board the schooner Henry Ford on Tuesday, October 24th, has been removed." (Signed J. S. Raymond.)

This time the newspapermen were guests of the officers of H.M.C.S. Patriot, which craft had been selected to act as committee boat for today. We boarded the destroyer from the Natalia, private yacht of John Hays Hammond, Jr., and had an excellent view of the race. As the Patriot made for the line the band of the U.S. cruiser Rochester played "God Save the King" in honor of the Canadian naval vessel. The little incident was very pleasing to the Canadians afloat and ashore, furnishing a refreshing contrast to the bickerings that have become so common since the racing started.

Half an hour before the start the breeze, which had been kicking up a choppy little sea and topping eighteen knots, so that the schooners had a tough tow behind small snorting Gloucester tugs dropped to twelve knots and went southwest. "Aren't you afraid to be out in this gale," megaphoned Angus in sarcastic vein to the destroyer. "We'd better get back into the harbor." It was easy to see that Bluenose crew, happy ten minutes before, were down hearted over the sudden lull. The Ford men as they rounded the destroyers stern contented themselves with pointing to the flapping leach of their foresail, which they subsequently remedied.

BATTLE FOR WEATHER BERTH.

Fifteen minutes from the start found the vessels commencing a battle for the weather berth. Walters this time held well back from the line and considerably to weather of his rival. With five minutes to go they both made for the line, Bluenose broad off, and Ford almost by the wind. As the two were converging the Canadian seemed sluggish and her sails flapped idly as she yawned. Ford, on the other hand, was moving too swiftly for the line and hauled her headsails to weather to stop her way. Suddenly Bluenose, which had been carrying her mainsail to starboard, gybed and placed herself right on Ford's beam. Both boats were making for the line with sheets well eased to port. Ford crossed the line first, but Bluenose had covered her completely so that she took all her wind and shot out to weather. It was the first time in the series that the Canadian had been ahead.

(Continued on 9th page.)

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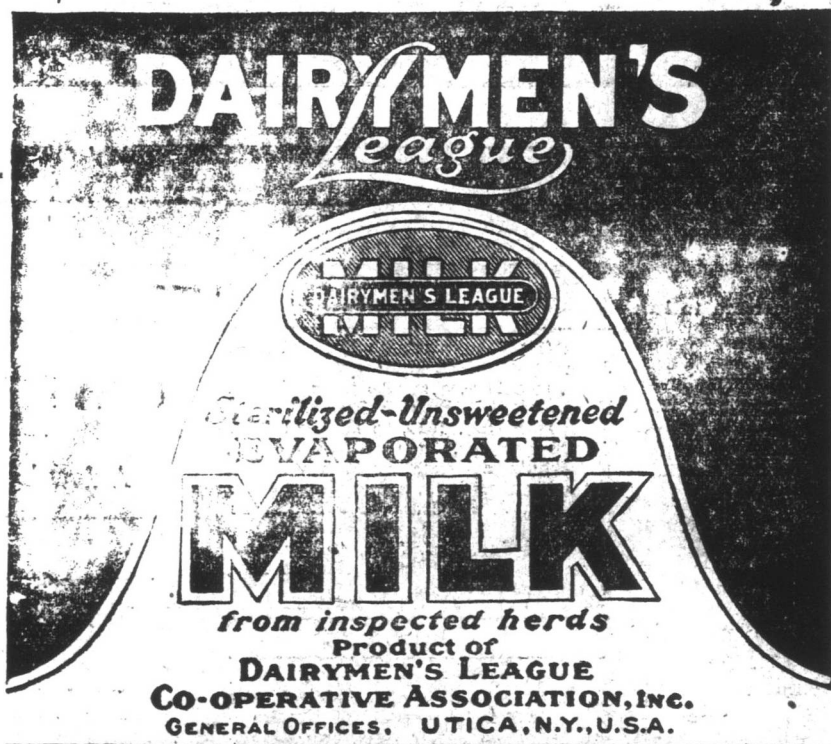
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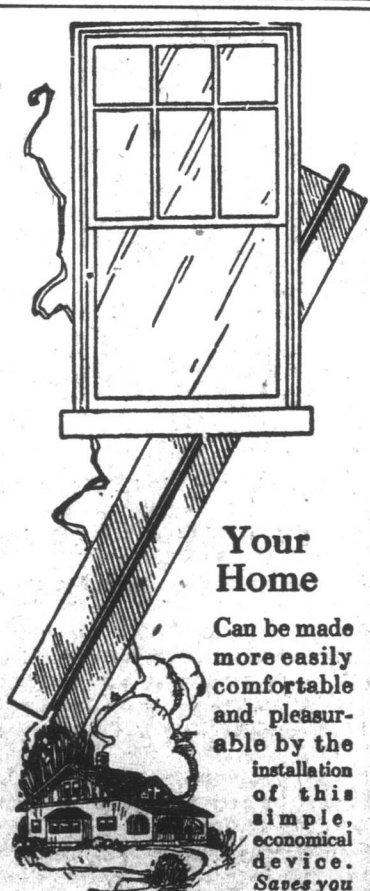
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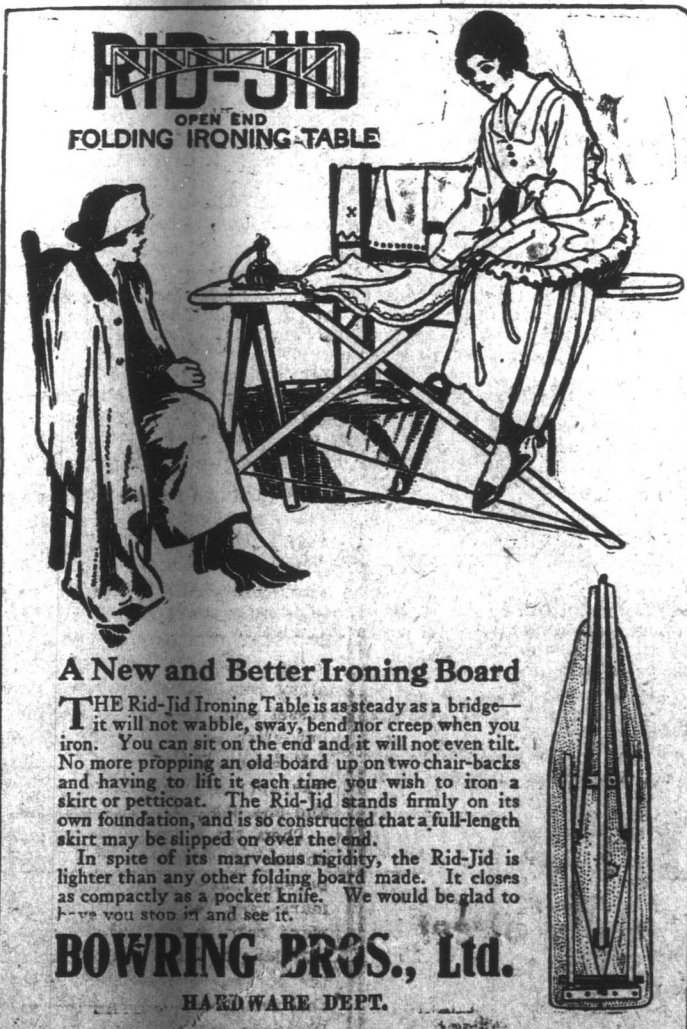
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