

# The London Evening Free Press

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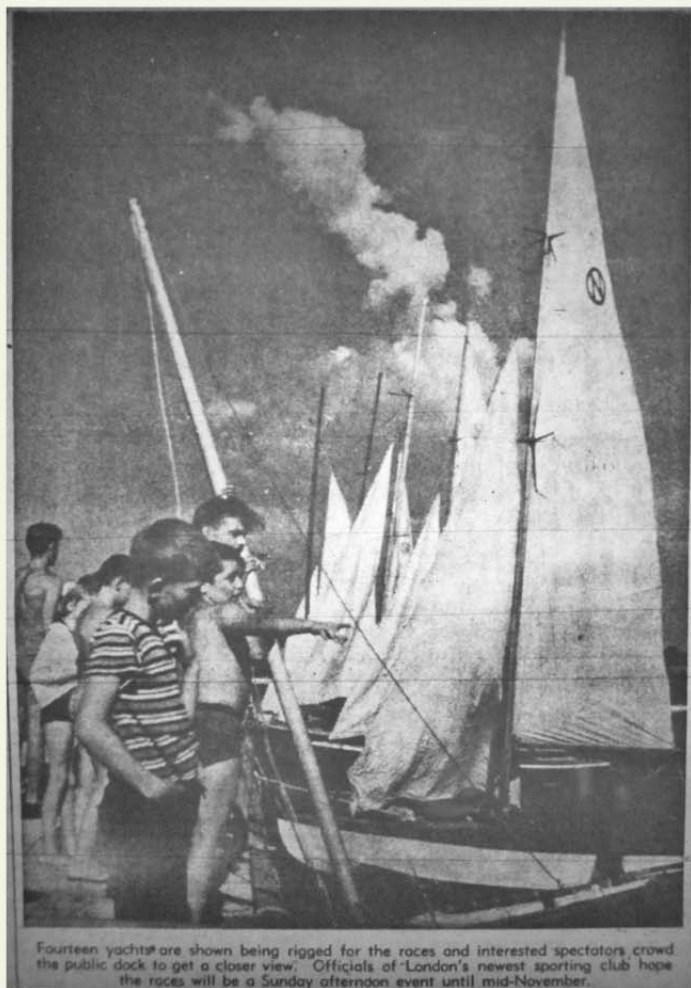
LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1953

## Fanshawe Skippers Battle White Caps, Obstacles



A stiff, trick wind that blew up white caps on Fanshawe Lake yesterday gave some Fanshawe Yacht Club skippers a bit of trouble in the second of yesterday's sailing race.

But the course was made more difficult by a number of obstacles, such as these children's paddle-boats and canoes.



Fourteen yachts are shown being rigged for the races and interested spectators crowd the public dock to get a closer view. Officials of London's newest sporting club hope the races will be a Sunday afternoon event until mid-November.

## Sailboats Vie in Regatta Held on Fanshawe Lake

Take a clear summer's day with a good stiff breeze, a rippling lake and a dozen sailboats, and you've got a first-class sailing regatta in the making.

Make Sunday afternoon the time and London's back yard playground, Fanshawe Lake, the setting and you see the district's first Yacht Club races.

A shotgun blasts the five-minute warning and dipping sailboats skim over the choppy waves jockeying for position. The boats are big and small; their skippers and crews men, women and teen-agers.

Now the skipper leans hard on the tiller and his crewman struggles with the halyards to bring the boat around in line with the starting buoys.

### Stalled by Winds

J. L. McClathie, sitting at the judges' stand on the public dock, aims his 12-gauge into the water and pulls the trigger. The sound of the starting gun echoes over the water and they're off.

But whoa! This doesn't seem to be a race—the boats aren't even moving. Seven or eight of them have bunched up and are blanketed from the winds.

Then a big Lightning class sneaks out from behind the jetty on a sharp starboard tack. The high sails catch the wind and Phil Harding cuts across the bows of other racers to take the lead. He knows the secret of making time—stay on one tack as long as you can. After one long sweep across the lake, he brings her about and heads for the turning buoy.

But Bob Galpin's National I and a dinghy skipped by George Layton are close on his stern and when the turn is made they are only a boatlength apart.

### 3,000 Spectators

To the 3,000 spectators on the natural grandstand, the race is too confusing. Many of them have never seen a sailing race. "All they do is zig-zag back and forth," says one, "surely that's no way to get ahead."

"What's the matter with the navy?" another asks, pointing to a dinghy from HMCS Prevost, that lags in second-to-last position.

It's a long course—four miles—and the skippers play it cagey on the long stretch to the end buoy. One plays a bit too cagey and gets caught in a cross wind near the west bank. Another gets blanketed when an overtaking rival cuts off his wind. Then they all disappear behind a point of land and spectators relax.

But just for a moment. Then binoculars are raised again and someone yells: "It's Lightning".... but Patricia II is sliding in fast.... there comes Seamiest....Hambone....Lightning will have to make another tack....

Measurer J. L. McClathie and other Yacht Club officers, Mrs. Phillip Harding and Mrs. Don Bere, get pencils and stop watches ready.

As the boats skim between the finishing buoys their times are clocked off.

### Results Listed

Lightning, skipped by Phil Harding with crewman C. Hirschleber, first in 45 minutes, 50 seconds. Second, Patricia II, a dinghy manned by Skipper George Layton and Carl Schwitzer, in 50 minutes

even. A cat dinghy, skipped by J. Mahon and M. Goldie as crew, comes in a few seconds later.

Don Bere skims up to the jetty and announces his time of 48 minutes must be disqualified. He had fouled on the turning buoys and must be counted out.

But who's this sliding across the finish line in fourth place? His name isn't even entered.

He introduces himself: "Art Hossack, from Woodstock, and this is my son Teddy—best 11-year-old crewman there is. We were on our way home from holidays up north and just stopped by in time to enter the race five minutes late."

Now the other boats come in: "Seamiest," with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Richardson aboard; Bob Galpin and his National I; sleek-lined "Hambone" with Carl Schwitzer and J. Troth; J. Dixon and Bill Hatsell in their dinghy; Ldg. Snn. B. Govan, T. Dewa, and Ruth Eddie in the navy dinghy; E. Skelton and M. Goldie in "Polly Wog"; and Bill Cook in his National I.