

HAWAII HERE I COME

By Pat and Lillian Young

10,000 miles to sail five races. Yes sir, on September 15th after carefully strapping down Lightning No. 4880 "Dark Cloud" to my trailer we left our home port of Cleveland Ohio and charted our course due west for San Francisco some 2650 miles away. Arrived there five days later covering this distance at an average better than 500 miles a day, which is slightly faster than the speed of my Lightning. At San Francisco we shipped the "Dark Cloud" to Honolulu another 2100 miles on the Hawaiian Packer of the Matson Navigation Co. while Mrs. Young and I sailed on the S. S. LURLINE.

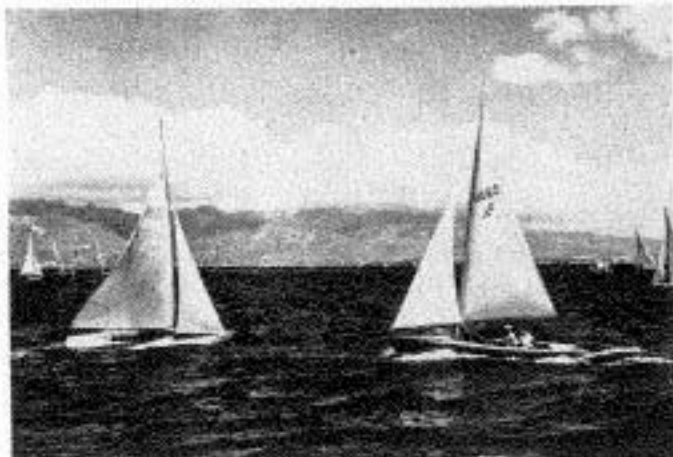
The welcome we received in Honolulu was fantastically beautiful and friendly. As we approached Diamond Head, official Greeter Boats came out to meet us as did many other power craft and sail boats of all sizes. As we approached the dock there seemed to be a Roman Holiday, with Hawaiian bands playing and Hula Girls dancing and literally thousands of people gathered there to welcome the arrival of the LURLINE and her passengers. We were officially greeted by the great Duke Kohanomoku and many of our dear future friends from the Waikiki and Kaneohe Yacht Clubs, each placing a fragrant fresh flower lei around our neck and greeting us with an embrace and a kiss and a fond ALOHA. Tears of gladness welled in our eyes and we were overcome with the sincere friendly welcome of the Islanders. Our fondest dreams had come true—we had arrived in Hawaii. After talking over a radio hook-up, posing for pictures and television we were whisked away to our hotel at Waikiki Beach, where after a short rest we proceeded to the Waikiki Yacht Club to rig our boat and prepare for the Regatta. Thru the splendid organization and cooperation of Commodore Dole and Chairman "Pete" Goss my boat was awaiting me at the Yacht Club, having been picked up at the Matson Dock and transported to the Yacht Club for me. Many willing hands from the local Lightning Fleet made the task of rigging and launching the "Dark Cloud" an easy one for us, and soon we were sailing over the deep blue waters of the mighty Pacific. As crew I had Wm. Rodgers, Commodore of the Wollaston Yacht Club of Duxbury, Mass. whom I met on board the S. S. Lurline and Ronney Wise of Australia whom Bob Southgate of the Waikiki Lightning Fleet arranged to have sail with me. I was extremely fortunate to have Ronney Wise crew for me and I do not hesitate to say that he is the best sailor I ever had as crew. He was a regular crew of the "Cherokee" a 63 ft. ocean racer out of Los Angeles, who at the time was in Honolulu getting her ready for the Trans Pacific Race from Los Angeles to Honolulu. His accent was refreshing, his skill a great help and his personality and charm very pleasing. He was extremely interesting in that he spoke of New Zealand, Samoa, Tahiti and other distant places as we speak of say New York, Indiana and Ohio.

We sailed in brisk Trade Winds—for the benefit of inland sailors let me say that they really blow. During the third race on Wednesday we broke our rudder and had to be towed in. Out of 50 boats sailing 10 were damaged and failed to finish. The wind as posted on the bulletin board was shown as 28 KNOTS and I personally think it was a gross understatement. I know back home,



we would have postponed the race until the wind let up a bit but the committee ordered the race sailed and we sailed (and how). The course was mighty rugged and long—13 miles compared to the usual 6 miles that we are accustomed to sailing in our Lightning Championships. The Lightnings were the only centerboard class participating—the other keel boats were Mercury, Star, 110, 210, PC and S Class—we all sailed the same course. If you ever rode a bucking broncho then you can appreciate our sailing a Lightning over the rolling Pacific in fresh Trade Winds. We did not carry an anchor—the depth of the water over our course was 2,200 ft. and we felt our anchor line of 50 ft. quite inadequate and superfluous. After we were disabled, we made a sea anchor of our sailbag and were mighty happy to have the Coast Guard come to our rescue. Our average time for completing the race of 13 miles was just over two hours. We had three windward-leeward races and two triangular races. When you cover two tough beats into a stiff 28 Knot breeze you can appreciate the way we made tracks with the wind and on the reaches. Some fun! Our record in the five race series was 4th, 2nd, 0 (broken Rudder) 1st, 1st for a Third in the series. Cy Gillette of Kaneohe Yacht Club, Honolulu, a splendid sailor and a grand guy won with two first and three seconds, and Carl Ackerman of Coronado Yacht Club, San Diego, Cal. placed second with a first, second and three fifths.

The Sailing Committee, Commodore Dole, Chairman Pete Goss, Champion Cy Gillette and all the local sailors were grand hosts treating us to fine dinner and beach parties, various entertainments and spectacles. The Regatta was opened Sunday morning with a procession headed by the King and Queen of Hawaii, the High Priest, Torch Bearers, etc. At the moorings the High Priest chanted a prayer and then blessed with salt water all the yachts and boats that were to participate in the Regatta. A Lightning Fleet Party was held on Monday evening and each evening thereafter the different racing



classes held a party at the Waikiki Yacht Club. We were invited to dinner at the beautiful home of Com. and Mrs. Dole on Pacific Heights, we had a beach picnic with body surfing on the rollers of the Pacific on the other side of

Oahu as guests of charming Mrs. Gillette and Cy. We enjoyed a fish fry and dance at the Kaneohe Yacht Club and wound up our round of official entertainment with an elaborate feast known as the Hawaiian Lua—we ate Poi and pig, chicken and all the dressings.

We visited the famous Pali, the Throne Room in the Palace, Waikiki Beach, Diamond Head, Pearl Harbor and other places of interest and after a grand farewell party in the famous Banyan Court of the Moana Hotel our visit had to come to an end and next morning we sailed for San Francisco and home. We hated to leave as farewells and leis were again placed on our shoulders and amid showers of confetti and paper stringers the S. S. Lurline sailed majestically out of the harbor. And as is customary, we cast our leis overboard, meaning and hoping that we again would visit this isle of wonder and friendship. ALOHA!

Pat and Lillian Young
No. 4880 Dark Cloud,
Edgewater Yacht Club
Cleveland, Ohio.

LIGHTNING SAILORS AT THE OLYMPICS

By John Robertson

We, the crew of the Rhoda 2327 decided to try for the Olympics. Canada was divided into four zones, British Columbia, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes. We chose the Dragon class which carries a crew of three and flies a spinnaker.

The Ontario trials took place in June at the Boulevard Club, Toronto, Ontario. The club had five Crusaders, which made it possible for us all to sail boats similar to Dragons. The course was three miles. Three races were held on Saturday with heavy winds, and two races Sunday with light winds. We ended these five races with a one-half point lead.

The following week-end another series of five races were held. The sun was extremely hot and the winds light, making difficult racing conditions. However, we increased our lead seven and three quarters points and were declared the winners of the Dragon class trials in the Ontario zone. The final races were held at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, on Lake St. Louis near Montreal. The races were sailed in Dragons, bringing the winners from the three zones together.

This series was comprised of eight races, of which five were sailed on Saturday, one only on Sunday, due to lack of wind, and the remaining two on Monday. We finished this series with a lead of three points and were declared Canada's Olympic crew for the Dragon Class. We Lightning sailors had won, after sailing 18 races against crews of Stars, 14 Foot Dinghies, Blue Noses, Tumlarens and 8 Metres.

Ahead of us lay the Olympics! The Canadian Olympic Yachting team met for the first time at an unforgettable send-off dinner at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club in Montreal. Then the thrilling trip to Ireland was accomplished in a magnificent British Overseas Strata Cruiser, where we took on fuel before proceeding to London. Although some of the athletes suffered from the bumpy air ride, we, being good Lightning sailors, weathered the 30 hour air trip without ill effects. From London we travelled to Helsinki, Finland, in smaller planes.

The sailors were located at three different yacht clubs, each having a boat yard. We were given a Finnish college lad to act as interpreter, and what a wonderful friend and a great help our Onni turned out to be. We were billeted in flats in town, in contrast to the athletes who all lived together in the Olympic village. Most of the sailors were in Helsinki at least a week before the racing, tuning up, and speculation ran high. Our Dragon arrived on a Swedish boat, so off we went to get her. She looked



pretty good to us, and immediately upon seeing her, our hopes soared. We had her towed to the club and pulled out so that we could set to work polishing her already perfect finish.

At last the opening day arrived—the one for which Helsinki had been preparing with great pride and industry. It is not every day that one plays host to 72 nations. The great stadium was packed with 70,000 people, in spite of the rain, and into it marched the contestants from all over the world, each nation preceded by its proudly waving flag. It would be difficult to explain the intense feeling of patriotism and pride which filled our breasts when our national anthem was played by the huge orchestra as we marched in. Behind us came more and yet more nations, each colorful and picturesque in smart uniforms.

After speeches of welcome from the Finnish government, the Olympic flame was to be lit. Suddenly, Finland's renowned runner, Nurmi appeared dressed all in white, the flaming torch held high above his head. Running speedily around the stadium until he reached the huge 15th Olympic torch, he ignited it, and it burned throughout the Olympic games.

The Yacht racing, which was what we were interested in, was held off Helsinki in the Gulf of Finland which is part of the Baltic. The racing began the second day of the Olympics, and we set sail from our club around 10:00 a.m. and left for the course which was about an hour's run out, eating our lunch on the way.

The course was a circle of 8 buoys with the start in the center, which always gave us a buck for the first leg. If the wind was in the north, they would send us to the buoys as follows; 1,3,5,1,3,5, and finish. This, in total, represented 13 miles. The Six Metres, 5.5 metres, Dragons and Stars started in that order ten minutes apart. This order of starting was all right as long as the wind was heavy, but when it got light the Stars sailed right through the Dragons.

The Norwegian sailed the "Pam" made it his second consecutive win in the Dragon class. He sailed a wonderful series of seven races and was by far the best. We were sailing a Danish boat which was bought by a Syndicate of men in Montreal for the Canadian team, and while it was a very good boat, we were unable to make it go in light airs. In the race that it blew the hardest, we managed to come in fourth, which was our best showing. We always did well off the wind, this being due to the high standard that has been established in flying spinnakers in the Lightning class. We were continually wet through with the cold waters around Helsinki, the weather was rainy and our hopes too, were dampened. However, we managed to come out in front of all the English speaking nations, finishing tenth in a field of seventeen boats in our class.

The closing ceremony for the Yachtsmen took place at one of the Yacht Clubs and it was both dignified and heart stirring. As the winning crews marched forward, their national anthems were played their flags waved proudly over their heads and the coveted gold medals were pinned on their breasts.

The day of departure marked the low ebb in our tide of emotions. No flags flying, everyone intent on homegoing, and our carefully packed Dragon on board a huge freighter en route to Denmark where she was to be sold. In closing let me say that the Dragons are Scandinavian boats and therefore were most suitable for the waters we



were sailing in. The men of the Scandinavian countries understood their handling, perhaps better than we did, but I felt that we, as Lightning sailors, held our own very well.

The Crews of **FLEET No. 42**

Can Out Sail the
Skippers

•
(Give Us A Chance)



SHREVEPORT LIGHTNINGS INVADE FLORIDA GULF COAST

Sailing to Europe couldn't have occasioned more conversation and planning than our projected trip from Shreveport to Ft. Walton on the Florida Gulf Coast five hundred miles away. We three families, six adults and eight children (the youngest six years old) were strictly amateurs, never having taken our boats on trailers, or sailed in salt water. All of the old hands at the Yacht Club were more than helpful, both actively, and with advice. We left Shreveport at noon, in a burst of publicity. The newspaper had a photographer to record our leaving, and since our three Lightnings had blocked traffic, the neighborhood was alerted and voluble. Our good and experienced friend, Rob Roy, offered to accompany us about fifty miles in order to see that we were properly hooked up. He incidentally had more than passing interest as one of us had borrowed his trailer. We stopped for inspection, assurance, and cokes three times in this fifty miles with Rob in the meantime in his car like a mother hen, weaving in and out of the caravan. At Coushatta, our pilot left us, and we don't know who was more concerned, we or Rob. We were on our own!

Needless to say, three brightly painted Lightnings, one red, one blue, and one pink, created quite a stir in some of the smaller inland towns.

Our first difficulty came between Natchez and Brookhaven, Mississippi. We ran smack into a cloudburst. What torrents! Having stowed much of our luggage in the boat, in order to balance the load, we wondered about the damage. However, thanks to the Lightning deck and the canvas cover which we had thrown over the suitcases, everything stayed dry. To the amusement of our fellow tourists, we bailed at Brookhaven, Mississippi, where we spent the first night.

Launching the boats at our destination, in Choctawhatchee Bay, was our next problem. We found a suitable anchorage with a good road down to the beach. Unfortunately, the water was shallow for a considerable distance, and it took a lot of pushing and tugging to coax the trailer into deep water, about one hundred feet off shore. One of the trailers bogged, but we improvised an underwater track for it by using some old planks conven-

iently stacked under the beach. Our young boys held the planks under water.

Having procured charts of the bay, we were all anxious to test the sailing conditions. So the next day three boats and fourteen people started on a cruise. We sighted another sailboat, a twenty-six foot sloop, and hailed her. Those aboard invited us to a mixed class race at Dixie Point the next Sunday, informing us that there was one local Lightning entered. Our chart read that the clearance under the Destin bridge was enough that we could pass through and sail into the Gulf. Fearlessly we started. That's when we learned about tide and its effect. We didn't go far into the Gulf before agreeing to turn back. Later, we were told that at times, if the wind is not just right, a sail boat can go under the bridge, but due to the tide, can't get back. Also, we learned that this is the only outlet to the Gulf for a hundred miles, and the water fairly churns under the bridge.

We had had advice on the holding properties of anchors, anywhere from four and one-half pound Dan-forths to thirty-five pound ones. One of us is the cautious type, and carried a thirty-five pound anchor. The other two relied on small ones. Imagine our surprise the morning after a north blow, to discover two of the boats beached. Needless to say, it was the thirty-five pound anchor that held. Fortunately (as there were hazardous piers and stumps about) the boats were not damaged. We visited a junk yard, bought two motor blocks, and constructed moorings marked by motor scooter inner tubes and rode nicely through several more blows.

One day we decided to take a picnic sail up the bay, under the draw bridge at Ft. Walton, and into the Intra-coastal Canal. The idea was dandy, but we disregarded the charts, got out of the dredged channel, and ran aground. One of the group broke the pintels on his rudder. Fortunately, he was the cautious one who had brought along his outboard motor. So we encountered very little delay in getting started again. We three boats arrived at the draw bridge, and not yet having learned about a horn, started yelling to the draw bridge man to "open up." To our consternation, as we were approaching



Three Shreveport Yacht Club Lightning sailors, Joe Seaver, Pat Beaud, and "Clete" Zaenglein, with their wives and children took a joint family vacation during August, 1952, trailed their three Lightnings, for the first time, 1200 miles round trip to Ft. Walton, Florida. They sailed in Choctawhatchee Bay and the Gulf of

Mexico for about two weeks before tackling the 50-mile sail to Pensacola, Florida where they competed in the Annual Gulf Yachting Association Lightning Championship Regatta held on August 16 and 17. It was a wonderful experience and they are planning a similar vacation trip next summer.

it with a spanking breeze, the man in charge was on the bank attending to his sideline of selling bait. He arrived in time, however, and we got a thrill sailing through, holding up traffic in Ft. Walton for blocks. The channel, for which by now we had great respect, was too narrow to do much maneuvering in a south west breeze. We beached our boats, picnicked, and started home, only to have the breeze die. What with the flatness and the tide, we deemed it best to tie onto the cautious one, and ignominiously go home under power.

Running aground proved our biggest hazard. We learned to keep our centerboard down in shallow water, thus protecting our rudder. If we touched, we would raise it slightly, and scurry back to deeper water.

One day our three teen-agers, in one boat, challenged their fathers, in another, to a race; starting in the bay, to go under the bridge at Destin, and out into the Gulf. The finish line was to be our cottages at Silver Beach, a matter of about five miles one way. Cutting the channel short, the teen-agers ran aground, which they vow was what lost them the race. Indulging in a little grand-standing, both boats came in over the surf in front of the cottages, and beached to get a coke. The bottoms of the boats got an extra wet sanding job. It was an exciting moment at Silver Beach, and we sailors were the objects of much interest from the non-sailing sunbathers. Everyone wanted in the act of getting the boats back over the surf and into deep water.

Several times, we sailed the ten miles to Ft. Walton and docked at an excellent hotel on the sound for lunch. We found our shorts and tee shirts acceptable attire. These visits seemed to please the management as our landings and takeoffs enlivened the day for the interested guests.

We had entered the three sailboats at a regatta in Pensacola, forty-five miles west on the Intracoastal canal. Acting on the advice of Rob Roy, who in Shreveport assured us of a constant southeast wind all the way to Pensacola, we decided to sail there, taking two days to do so. Unfortunately, on these two days the wind was from the west, and as the channel is narrow and doglegged, we had to do a lot of tacking. The trip was fine until after lunch, when the wind picked up. From then on it was real work, bearing constantly. In one of the narrowest places, we met a tow boat pushing three huge barges. It presented a delicate situation in a narrow channel, but we all came through without a mishap. Then one of the children went forward to free a painter, and promptly fell overboard on a big wave, but the following boat picked him up.

We had predetermined to dock at Navarre, half way to Pensacola, for the night. There the cautious one had previously located a long pier. The skipper of the first boat to the dock made a well-planned, but due to the stiff wind, hasty landing in what he had been told was eight feet of water. Because of the tide, it turned out to be two feet deep. We had forgotten to keep the centerboard down, so off flew two gudgeons. This part of the Gulf Coast is ill-prepared to service a sailboat. No gudgeons were found to fit, but in display of ingenuity, two oar locks were dismantled and used. These, with venetian blind cording as padding, served very well as gudgeons for the cruise next day and three races at Pensacola, although the padding had worn thin by this time.

The three women in the crowd drove the empty trailers to Pensacola and parked them at the Yacht Club.

The races, coupled with the gracious hospitality of the Pensacola Yacht Club, were a fitting climax to a grand cruising and racing vacation.

Eugene H. Walet, III of New Orleans

Says—



HELPED HIM WIN A LOT OF RACES

QUOTING FROM HIS LETTER OF NOVEMBER 3RD

"This paint has given us wonderful results on the bottom of our Lightning 'SPIRIT II'; it has resisted the attack of the salt water in which the boat remains for long periods and lends itself to giving the finest racing finish.

We attribute much of the success in racing which we have had during the past year to the very slick bottom of 'SPIRIT II'. Modestly, we set forth the more important regattas during 1952 which were won by 'SPIRIT II':

Gulf Yachting Association in New Orleans
New Orleans Yacht Club Invitation Regatta
Midsummer Biloxi Regatta
Midsummer Gulfport Regatta
Midsummer Bay—Waveland Regatta
Midsummer Pass—Christian Regatta
Southern Lightning District Championship
Lightning Fleet No. 62 Championship
Second place—International Lightning Championship
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(Signed) EUGENE H. WALET, III

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A TRIP ABOARD LIGHTNING "STARDUST III 1033" FROM NEW ORLEANS TO GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI

By Eugene H. Walet III

It was the afternoon of June 29, 1951 and everyone was preparing to make the long distance race to Gulfport. A Lightning was too small to be entered in this race, so Danny Killeen, Ralph Morse and I decided to sail the "Stardust" over to Gulfport for the Famous Race Week.

The sky was clear and a 12-15 knot breeze was blowing from the southwest. We left a half hour before the fleet, with spinnaker set and moving like a train of cars. The sea was not heavy yet because this was an off shore breeze on Lake Pontchartrain.

When 2:30 P.M. arrived it saw us about three and one-half miles ahead of the fleet. The gun fired and we saw the spinnakers being set and we wondered how long before the fleet would catch us.

We have gotten off shore now and the sea is picking up pretty good but we are PLANEING like a house afire at present. 4:13 P.M. finds us proceeding through the Southern Railroad Bridge and the Watson & Williams Car Bridge which is highway 11 out of New Orleans. After this we sailed over the Middle Grounds which is the entrance to the Rigolets Pass.

5:04 P.M. entering the Rigolets Pass and passing the Rigolets Car Bridge which is highway 90 out of New Orleans. The tide is terrific in there and at times it runs from 5-8 knots. If it is against you, you will have a very hard time sailing through the Pass. This is a winding Pass, 8 miles long and as wide as a half mile in some places. The tide was with us when we went through here and we were going like a train of cars. The spinnaker was still set and drawing well.

6:10 P.M. went through L&N Railroad Bridge. At this point a Raven passed us and we are now 2nd boat in the 28 boats. The L&N Railroad Bridge is at the East

end of the Pass where it meets Lake Borgne and the Intercoastal Waterway. Lake Borgne is very shallow, 8-10 feet deep, and it kicks up in a breeze.

Upon entering the Lake the breeze increased to 18-20 knots. The sea was very heavy and the old boat really took off and planed almost the rest of the way to Gulfport.

Pearl River Light was next and we planed by it so fast that we hardly had time to see it.

8:47 P.M. saw us at Lower Point Clear. Breeze increased to 30 in puffs and spinnaker had to be taken off and jib was put on. Lake Borgne meets the Mississippi Sound here. It was dark and the moon had not come up yet. Still clear. The run was dead free and the boat had a tendency to broach.

10:01 P.M. moon was out and sky still clear. Breeze let up a bit and we are resetting the spinnaker again. Two Cutters passed us to windward as we flew past Merrill Coquille Light. This puts us in 4th place with the half hour head start. As we leave Pass Marianne Light to starboard, a third Cutter passed us with her masthead spinnaker set and drawing. The sea was really heavy and the wind blew 20 from the southwest. A fourth Cutter goes by like a wild herd of cattle.

11:23 P.M. arrived in Gulfport Harbor after planing almost all the way from New Orleans.

We were 6th boat at Gulfport out of the whole fleet, although we did start a half hour before the fleet. We still beat 4 Cutters, 6 Luders (L16), 12 Gulf One Designs, one Raven and several Knockabouts. The total distance of this race is 60 miles.

This is a record trip for a Lightning and proves that a Lightning can stay with the large as well as the smaller ones.

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THE GREEN EYED MONSTER

By Audrey E. Mann

This is the story of a gal, a man and a sailboat. Now I am fully aware that there is nothing unusual about a gal, a man and a sailboat but this gal was different. She was jealous of a boat.

This man and his gal dreamed; he about winning the Lightning Internationals—she about some trivial matter like a mink coat or maybe a trip to Hawaii. When the gal would mention the coat the guy would say, "You can't sail in a number like that." However with great tenderness and with a loving gleam in his eyes the guy would spend day after day smoothing the bottom and putting a beautiful and lustrous coat on his "TarBaby." Still not content with the state of the wardrobe of the Baby he came forth with new sails. The old ones had become a little damp on one or two occasions and certainly were not fit for a fine lady like TarBaby. Of course the gal's coat had been through the war of '75 and her transom was practically exposed.

Came the happy day when the Mann called and said, "Wait until you see what I bought you." The little woman was hysterical with joy. Ah, at last—the coat! She waited breathlessly for the day to end. The guy came home; the package certainly was not large enough for the mink; in fact it wasn't large enough for a half mink. Said the Mann:

"I had to shop most of the day but I know these will do the trick. They will make crewing so much easier for you." Foiled again. TarBaby had some new fittings.

The Baby usually performed well for her master from the first breath of spring until the ice formed on our lake. With gentle hands she was carefully laid away for her winter's rest. Thoughts then turned to a winter vacation. The gal with a faraway look in her eyes dreaming of lazy days on the beach thought, "At last my chance has come. TarBaby can just sit and freeze while I have my Mann all to myself for three glorious weeks." It did seem a little queer when the guy started work on the Baby during the cold wintry days of December and January. In fact the darn thing got her second new coat for the year while the gal went slinking down the street in the old number. TarBaby's coat was not silky and glossy enough for her spring appearance. Coming from the garage, which normally was used for car storage but was now being used for a winter home for the Baby the guy announced that the Baby would be ready to leave right on schedule. Funny but he didn't seem to see the daggers which the green monster cast his way.

Came the time when the gal decided, "Things have gone far enough. A choice must be made. I will not crew, simply will not have anything to do with the darn thing. Next Sunday I will wear my fetching little cotton number, sip a long, cool drink and spend a very relaxing day." Came the race. It was just a little hard to see everything clearly from the porch. The porch fleet seemed to be able to see just a little clearer than I even though I tested 20-20. Muttering, groaning, ruining a perfectly good manicure, musing my lovely cotton I sat on the sea wall. Rather, at times, I sat. Other times found me in the air.



"Why, oh why doesn't he come about? Why don't they pull in that jib? Come on TarBaby if you win this one I promise to love you and never let the green-eyed monster take over again."

The Baby comes from a very large and active fleet. The problem of crews is terrific. However, coming in from a race with hair looking like a mop, usually dripping wet from hanging ballast over the side, terribly worked up because we didn't do better, though once or twice we got the gun as the members of Fleet #43 would testify, so weary I could die, I tell myself: "This is the last time. One just can't keep doing this sort of thing the rest of one's life. After all I am a grandmother and should start acting like one. From now on it will be just a pleasant relaxing Sunday afternoon cruise with family or friends. Well, maybe just once more if my Mann can't get a full crew for good old 4283. It would be rather stupid to wear a mink coat for foul weather gear wouldn't it? Anyway it might make the Baby jealous."

Please Father, give me the strength and courage to crew on TarBaby for her Mann when they need me, give me the opportunity to enjoy the many Regattas and the enduring friendships made during the years. Give my Mann the strength, hope and the courage to keep fighting so that some day TarBaby might be crowned "The Champion." For fair skies and changing winds we thank Thee. Amen.

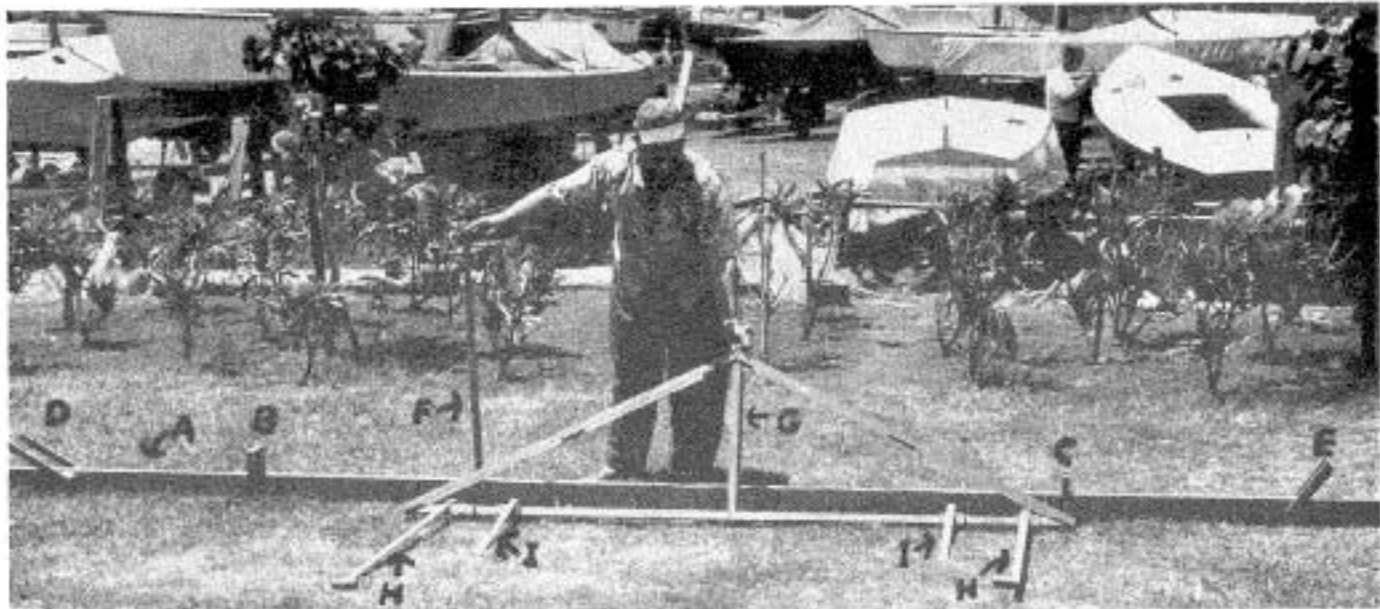
HOW TO MEASURE A LIGHTNING

By J. E. Ryno, Honolulu, T. H.

For quite some time now I have been fooling around with a device that would simplify the job of measuring Lightnings. I think that I have finally hit upon a very bright idea and I am going to pass the idea along to you with the hopes that you will get behind the idea there and

over these that you will readily recognize the merit that exists in the device.

I would not only like you fellows to adopt the device, but I would also like you to actually promote its use by all official measurers. In other words let this device supplant



1

get the device adopted for the purpose of filling out the official measurement certificates.

I am enclosing a set of eight pictures that shows the rig much better than I could explain it to you. (Unfortunately, I am not a draftsman so I can not give you detailed drawings) I am also enclosing a paper that explains each picture in some detail. I hope that after you pore

the present method of measuring with wires, gallows, weights, plumb bobs etc. If you are interested to this extent, and would authorize me to spend a little money to hire a draftsman, I am sure that I could give you a complete set of working drawings that could be used by anyone to build the device. It took me about 8 hours to build mine, after I finally decided what was needed.

I have used this device to check measurements on boats that had been measured in the conventional manner and I have found without doubt that the device not only gives a more accurate measurement but that the job can be done by two men in not over three hours time for measuring complete boat, mast, boom, centerboard and rudder. This is less than one-eighth of the time required by the method now approved.

The device is much more accurate than the present approved method because you have no wires that can sag off, no plumb bobs that can be blown about by the wind, etc. The boat doesn't even have to be levelled, either fore and aft or athwart ships. All that you need to do is to remove mast and centerboard—re-insert C/B pin and turn boat over and you are ready to measure. No time is required to build and set up a series of gallows. Also the device is easily portable.

I have not patented the device and I do not intend to. I give it to the Lightning Class Association for what it is worth. I only hope that it will be adopted so that the life of all official measurers will be made that much easier.

While I happen to be Commodore of the Kaneohe Yacht Club, these pictures were taken on the leeward side



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3

of the Island at The Waikiki Yacht Club. As you know, this is the Club that is sponsoring the Hawaii Invitational Regatta this year. Maybe the pictures will, as well, help to convince you that you shouldn't miss that event this year.

LIGHTNING MEASURING DEVICE

Picture #1

Shows complete rig before putting on boat.

A—Is a straight edge $1\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5'' \times 20'$ and is used to re-establish the Base Line on the Boat. It is scribed (with shallow saw-cuts) at stations 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, and at forward edge of centerboard pin ($13\frac{1}{16}''$ forward from station 5).

B—Is a piece $1\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5'' \times 7\frac{1}{2}''$, slotted so that it will

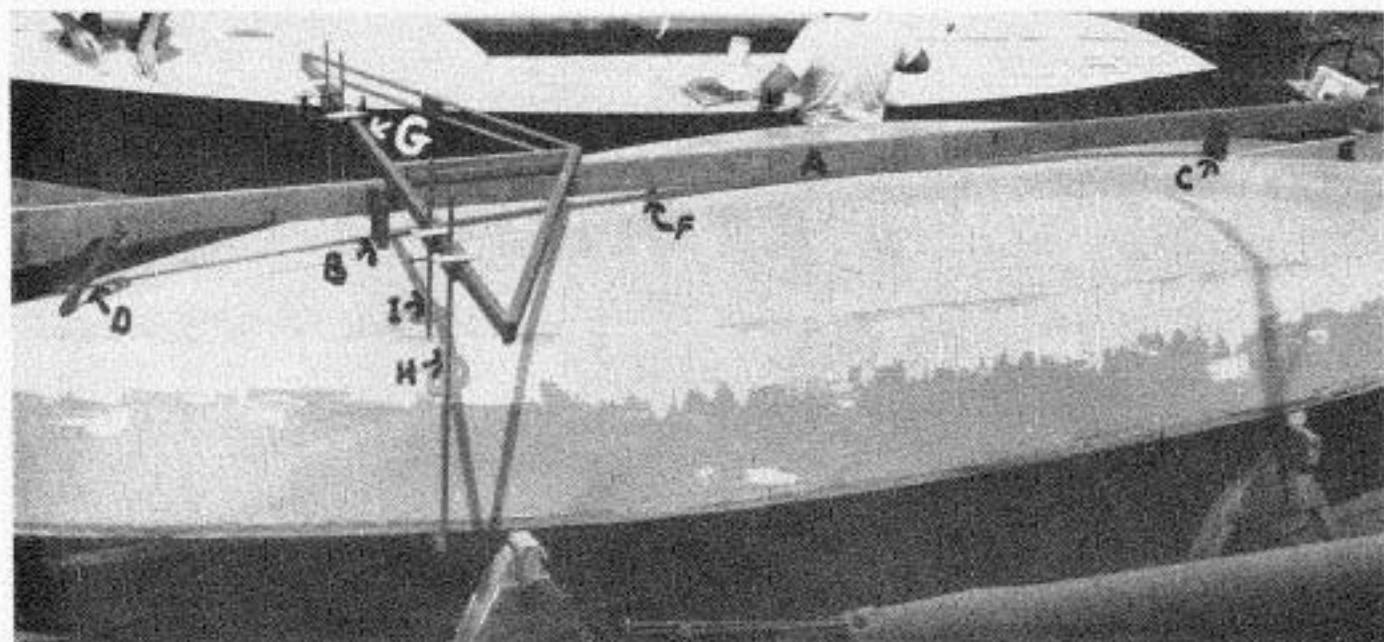
fit on the straight-edge crosswise with the after edge at station 3. It has an up and down adjustment of $\frac{1}{2}''$ to allow adjustment for the difference in thickness of keels of different boats.

C—Is the same as B, except it is $1\frac{1}{8}'' \times 5'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$ and the forward edge fits at station 8. In addition the bottom of the piece is slotted so that it will sit straddle of the skeg.

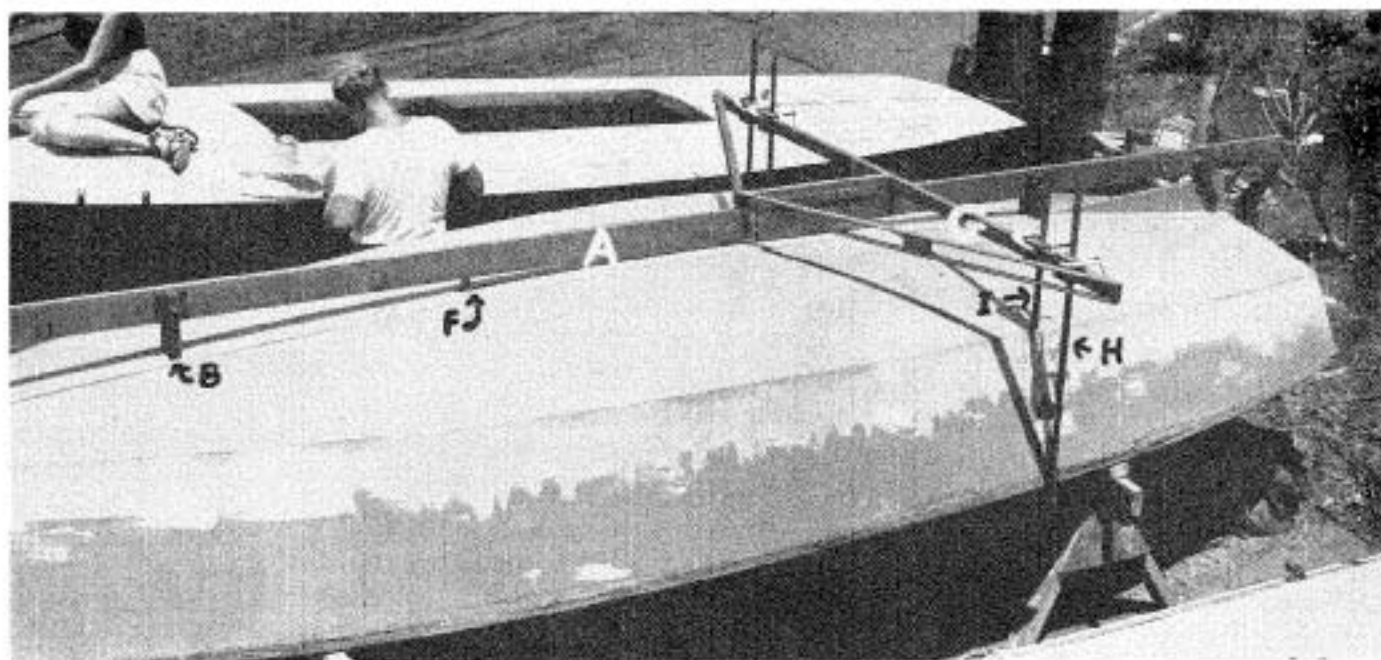
D—Is a clamping device—put on with $\frac{1}{4}''$ bolts—that secures the straight-edge to the keel forward.

E—Is a clamping device that secures the straight-edge to the skeg aft.

F—Is a piece $5/16'' \times 1\frac{1}{8}'' \times 39\frac{1}{2}''$ which is mortised into the bottom of and at a 90 degree angle to the straight-edge. When the straight edge is placed on the boat, the



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after edge of F is placed against the forward edge of the C/B pin.

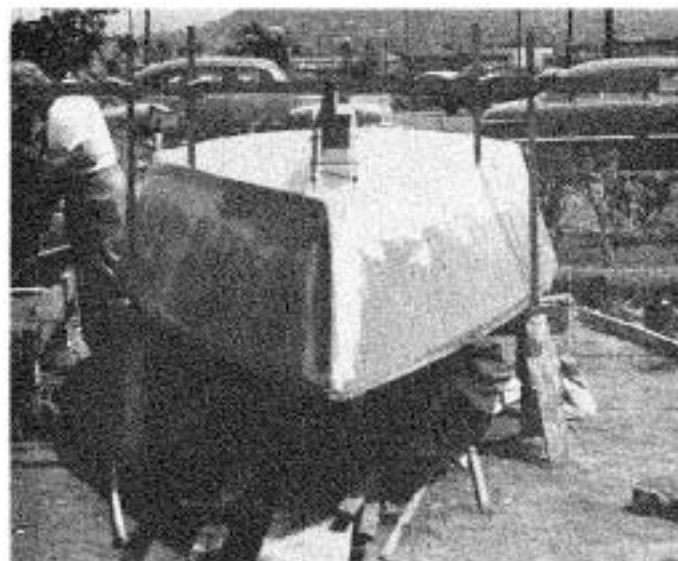
(Note—In setting the rig on the boat, it is merely necessary to adjust B & C to compensate for the amount that the Keel stands proud of the planking, hold straight-edge over boat so that F will slip into centerboard trunk forward of pin, set it down on boat and slide aft until edge of F and C/B pin touch and then tighten clamps D & E so that rig is held securely and can't move.)

G—Is an "A" frame, made up of a piece $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 2" x 8' with a T Brace piece $1\frac{1}{8}$ " x 2" x 24" that sets on top of straight edge. Note in picture #3 that a scab is placed on both sides of this T brace and that the whole frame fits and slides along the straight-edge in such a manner that the forward edge of the "A" frame is at a 90 degree angle to the straight-edge at all times. This "A" frame can be slid along and positioned at the various stations that are

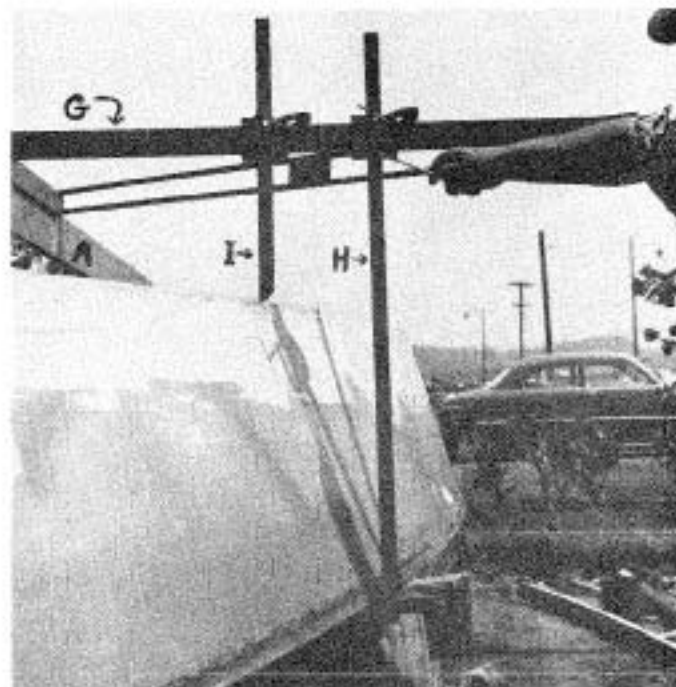
permanently marked off (with a shallow saw-cut) on the straight-edge.

H—These are two pieces $5/16$ " x $1\frac{1}{8}$ " x 42" with a block affixed at right angles to the lower end. From the top of the block, these pieces are scribed (with shallow saw-cuts) at one inch intervals and each mark is designated 0-1, 0-2, 0-3, etc. (meaning feet and inches). These pieces slide up and down in a slide that also moves in and out on the forward member of the "A" frame.

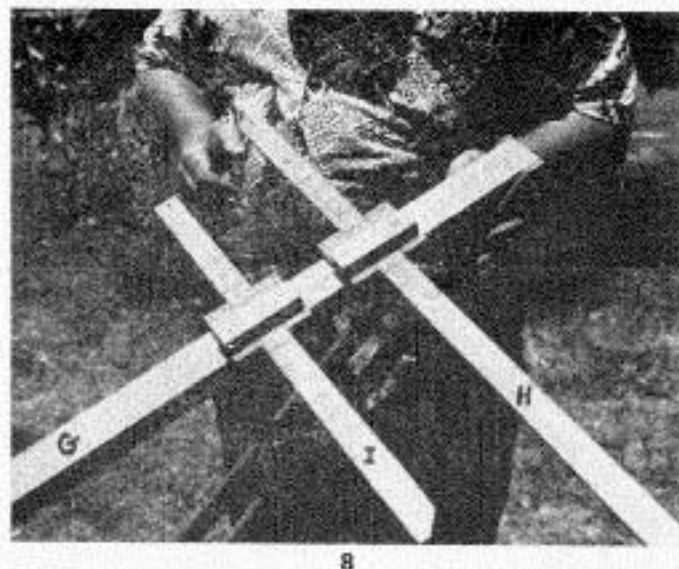
I—These two pieces are $5/16$ " x $1\frac{1}{4}$ " x 21" and are also scribed at one inch intervals from the bottom up.



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Picture #2

Placing the straight-edge on the boat with F just forward of the center board pin.

Picture #3

Placing "A" Frame (Part G in picture #1) on straight-edge at station 5 (see saw-cut). By marking station 5 at deck line on both sides, Cockpit width at this point can be taken.

Picture #4

Shows complete rig set up on boat with "A" frame at station 3 and facing forward. (Note—in operation, "A" frame faces forward to take measurements at stations 1, 2, 3 and 5 but it is placed facing aft when taking measurements at stations 7, 8, 9 and the transom.) After straight-edge is fastened securely on boat, then square down (with carpenter framing square and a small straight edge) from top of straight-edge to extreme forward point of bow and at extreme after edge of deck at transom and place a small pencil mark on straight-edge at these two points. Also by placing square against transom, scribe a line on the straight-edge that is a prolongation of the angle of the transom. With these three points marked and with the permanent mark that designated the forward edge of C/B pin, measurements "K", "L", "M" and "LOA" can be taken very easily.

"I" and "J" measurements also can be taken very easily by going under the boat and by measuring from the after side of F forward to Mast position and from Forward of Mast to intersection of Jib stay with deck.

Picture #5

Same as picture #4, except "A" frame is at station 7 and is facing aft.

Picture #6

This is a Head-on shot showing pieces H & I at a 90 degree angle to bottom of "A" frame and in position (note clamps used to secure H & I in place in the picture #5), for taking chine and sheer heights and half-breadths. When positioning these pieces, it is necessary to adjust "A" frame at the extreme ends, either up or down—still resting on straight-edge—so that it is the same distance from bottom of "A" frame to chine and sheer of boat on both sides.

Picture #7

Point of pencil indicates measuring point for height of sheer. Note block is flush with deck. By noting designation on scribe line just below bottom edge of "A" frame and by placing rule under bottom edge of "A" frame and measuring the eighths of an inch between it and the first scribe line, the height measurement can be had. The chine height can be taken in the same manner, except the lower end of I is set so that the inside edge is located at a point where the bottom and side planking would intersect if chine was not rounded off.

The half breadth at the chine is taken by measuring completely across the boat—from inside edge of piece I on Port side to inside edge of piece I on Starboard side and then dividing this distance by two.

The half breadth at the sheer is taken in the same manner. (Note that Bang Rails have been removed in picture. If Bang Rails are on the boat at time of measuring it is merely necessary to allow for these by deducting the amount on both sides of the boat that the rail stands proud—before dividing by two. This measurement can be taken by going underneath the boat and measuring from inside edge of piece H to outside edge of deck at sheer.

Picture #8

Shows a close-up of pieces H & I in the slides on the "A" frame. (Note scribed lines at one inch intervals and pencil designations on pieces H & I.)

AWARD OF FOWLE CUP TO JAMES BOOST FOR LIGHTNING CLASS

By John Collins

The fast growing Lightning fleets of Boston Bay, Marblehead and Cape Ann could stick their collective chest out a bit further today after top salt, Bob James of Rockport, was awarded the 16th Leonard Munn Fowle Memorial Trophy for the outstanding racing and sportsmanship performance of Marblehead Race Week.

While competition in a 15-boat fleet might seem too keen when one skipper can win five of seven races, the fact is only one of James' wins was a runaway—the others being captured by seconds.

The Lightning enthusiasts also can be proud that James was selected over a number of other outstanding performers including Winthrop's Joe Duplin, who won six of eight star races including the Pleon junior regatta; Cohasset's Don McNamara, who recaptured his 1950 110

Class New England championship; and Ted Hood of Marblehead, the International skipper, who took over McNamara's Bantary to win the week's series.

Sole dissenting voice in applauding James' selection by the Eastern Yacht Club race committee was offered by Rockport Star ace, Paul Woodbury, who pointed out, "Now we'll never be able to get him into the Star Class up here."

Adding to the luster of his sailing prowess is James' interest and activity in organizing the junior program for Rockport's Sandy Bay Yacht Club.

Sandy Bay had virtually no organized junior setup when James took over two years ago, but today, the club shows a class of 60 juniors who received their nautical training from James and two other instructors.

Attention Shippers!

It's The 1953

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REGATTA**

JULY 25 AND 26

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Saginaw Bay Yacht Club
Bay City, Mich.

Saginaw Bay Yacht Club and Saginaw Bay Lightning Fleet Cordially invites all Michigan Lightning Skippers to The Michigan District Championship Regatta on Saginaw Bay.

5 Scheduled Races

Clear Course and Deep Water

"Guaranteed Wind"

Sail and Play on Saginaw Bay