

1960 SOUTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

By Canadian participant Bob Bleasby

Argentine Lightning sailors and the Club Nautico Olivos may not have taken top honors in the final race results but at the Campeonato del Atlantico Regatta at Buenos Aires in December they showed that they were second to none in organization and hospitality and their contribution to Pan-American Lightning Class activities was an outstanding one.

On December 2nd, the U.S.A. (Tom Allen) and Canadian (Bob Bleasby) entries arrived by Aerolineas Argentinas Jet from New York to find their boats, which were shipped earlier by sea, already at the Club without a mark on them after the seven thousand mile journey. By mid-day Tuesday, December 5th, skippers and crews from Brazil (da Matta), Chile (Melero), Colombia (Obregon) and Uruguay (Sienra) had arrived, measured sails, briefly acquainted themselves with the boats which they were borrowing and were ready with the others for the practice race that afternoon. The weather was perfect, the wind light and Tom Allen did his usual efficient job of leading the fleet around the course. We all got to rely on him to find the marks as the regatta progressed!

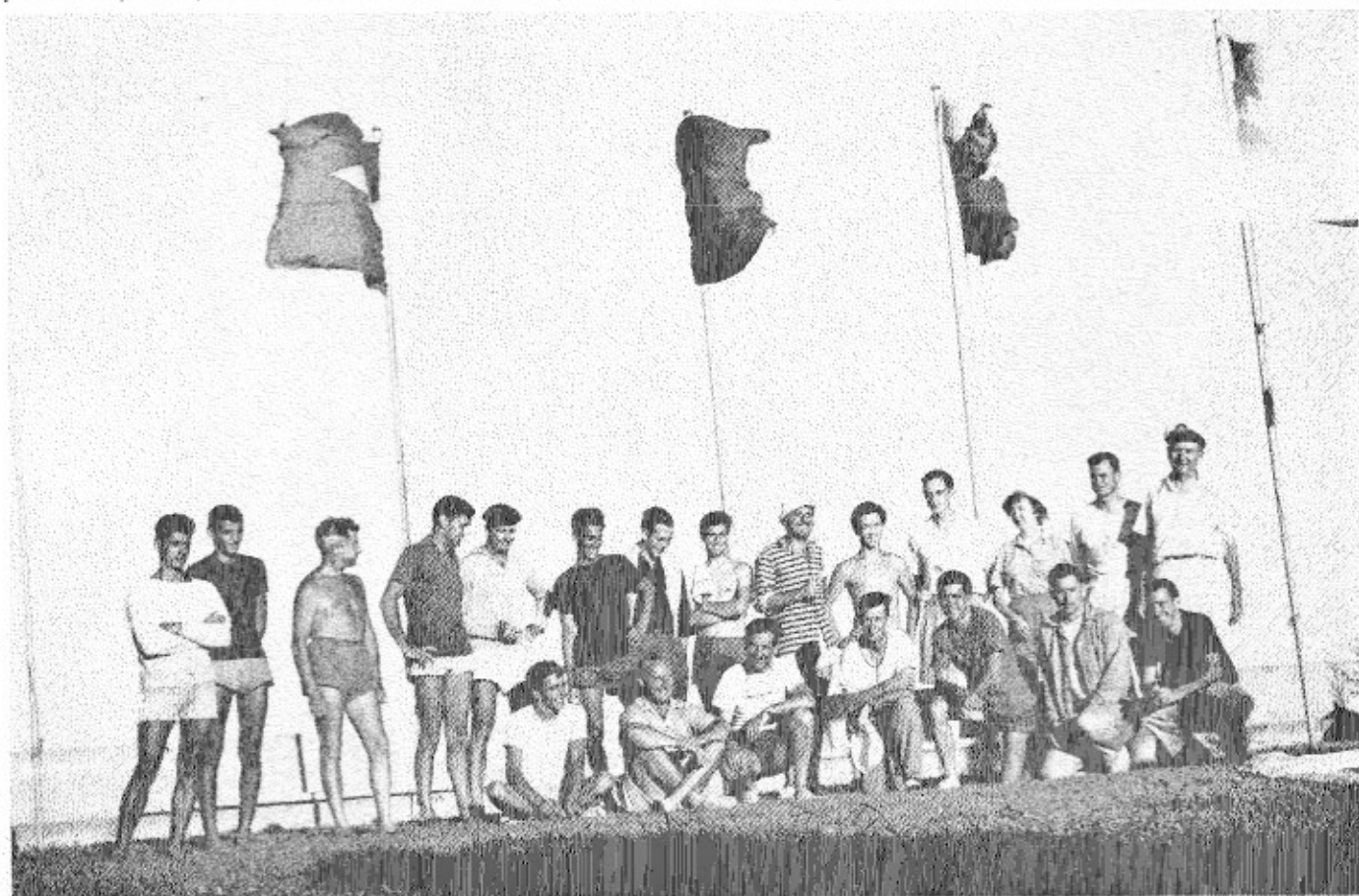
Wednesday afternoon saw the first race start in a steady 5 m.p.h. breeze. A windward bunch on the starting line, including Obregon, Migone and Bleasby all went over before the gun. The first two came out of this particularly badly and were never able to fully recover

from it. Horacio Campi (Argentine) sailed a very sound race, only losing second position by a very slim margin a few yards short of the finish line. Sienra (Uruguay) was close behind. Oh yes . . . Tom Allen won.

Thursday morning, the sun was blazing, wind 10-12 m.p.h. and the skippers and crews well rested after nearly four hours sleep! The leeward end of the starting line was slightly favoured and, with the fleet running down the line, Allen slipped in for a perfect leeward start. Nobody threatened his lead at any time, although with the wind dropping fast on the last weather leg, the fleet closed up on the leaders who tacked further offshore.

By the start of the afternoon race the wind was down to 3-5 m.p.h. and with only 6½ ft. of water over the course, there was a fair "chop" left over from the morning breeze. The race was a tighter one all round. Carlos Collet (Argentine) worked up to second behind Allen, but when the spinnaker failed to co-operate when jibing at the mark a great opportunity was provided for the visitors to learn a few very explicit Spanish phrases! On the next weather leg a slight wind shift spread out the fleet and Allen lengthened his lead to win handily.

No races were scheduled for Friday, and with the wind howling and the water really churned up, everyone agreed that this was just one more example of excellent organization and pre-arrangement . . . possibly by hard-working



Skippers and crews of the competing yachts.

District Secretary, Juan Kaiser, who seemed to have thought of everything.

So, a most interesting day was spent under excellent arrangements made by District Commodore Alberto Migone. In the morning the San Isidro and Argentine Yacht Clubs were visited, with lunch being provided at the latter. In the afternoon, a boat trip was made through the lush Parana River delta area.

Those that visited the Club Nautico Olivos in the evening found that the S.E. gale had banked up the water in the estuary and that it had risen some 11 ft. to the level of the Club lawn and threatening the Club itself. Some hours were spent wheeling boats on to the Club verandah and moving sails and equipment to safer places.

Unfortunately, we were to find out the next day that the electric crane, used each day to launch the boats, was put out of commission by the water. However, since the storm continued on Saturday, no racing was possible and the Club had a chance to get the damage repaired. Sailors caught up with some sleep on the Club cheserfields in the morning and later spent some unsuccessful hours trying to find the motor in Allen's boat. They all finally gave up, deciding there was more to this milk-drinking than they had realized. In fact, one skipper was heard in an unguarded moment to suggest that he was in future going to switch from the excellent Argentine wine to "Allen's Ambrosia"!

So the two races scheduled for Saturday were lost and it now seemed probably that instead of counting the best five out of six races, that only five could be sailed (two of these on Sunday) and that all five would have to count. Nevertheless, the day was well spent in examining boats and fittings and exchanging ideas. The new and light Argentine Lightnings, now being built under the direction of Alberto Migone, appeared to be very good and the locally made stainless fittings very well designed and made.

Sunday was moderately cloudy and the wind quite light when the morning race started. Allen took Bleasby just before the first weather mark and went on to win with Collet (Argentine) moving up to take second place as the wind dropped even lower. However, an hour-and-a-half later, when the 5th and last race started, it was blowing 12-15 m.p.h. and it rapidly increased to 25 m.p.h. Da Matta (Brazil) using his spinnaker, moved up to second on the fifth leg and held that position to the end, behind Allen. Obregon (Colombia), his boat already partially full of water, but anxious to gain a point or two on Sienra (Uruguay) and Campi (Argentine), sailed right under with his spinnaker proudly flying.

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Lightning Class Association

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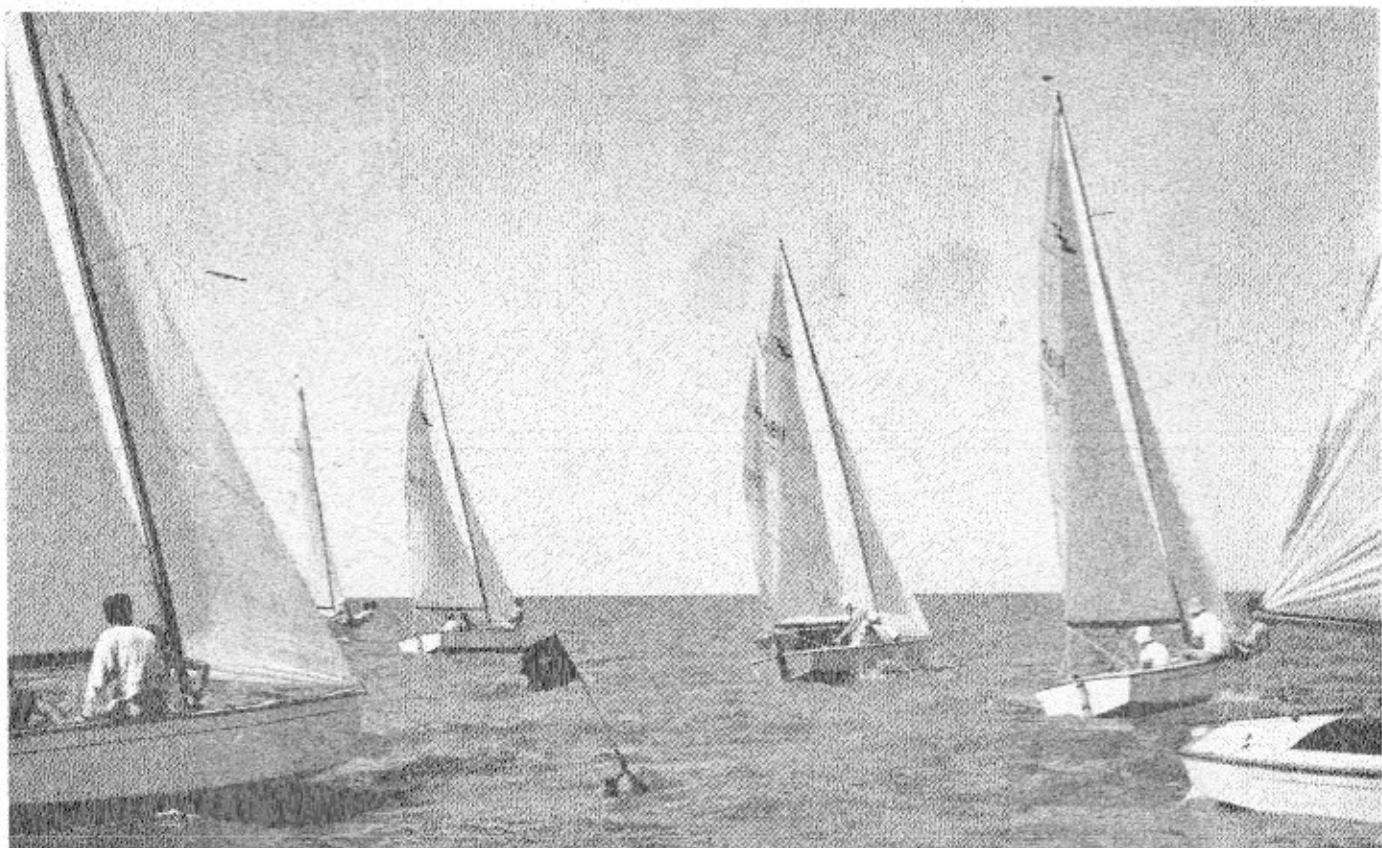
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So, Allen, by superb and consistent sailing won all five races and crossed the line at the end of the last race to receive the well-earned applause of those on the Committee and spectator boats.

Sunday evening, and with the racing behind them, all the participants relaxed (and I mean RELAXED!) at a cocktail and presentation party given by the Club. Exceptionally well chosen prizes were awarded along with Argentine emblems and momentos. Then, da Matta and his crew, with the help only of a plate, spoon and the back of a chair produced Brazilian songs and rhythm the atmosphere of which captivated all, and lasted well into the night. Truly a memorable conclusion to a regatta which was in all respects "FANTASTICO"!

Boat No.	Name	Skipper	Country	Positions					Total Points
4811	Atom	Tom Allen	U. S. A.	1	1	1	1	1	60
7650	Serendipity	Bob Bleasby	Canada	2	2	2	3	3	53
4559	Charol	Felix Sienra	Uruguay	4	3	6	6	4	42
4351	Mallorca	Horacio Campi	Argentine	3	5	5	7	5	40
7619	Bolita	Carlos Collet	Argentine	5	6	3	2	DNF	36
7541	Susurro	Renato A da Matta	Brazil	6	8	9	5	2	35
7291	Swan	Rafael Obregon	Colombia	8	4	4	4	DNF	32
7618	Repunte	Alberto Migone	Argentine	7	7	7	8	6	30
7721	Mr. Magoo	Perez Penalba	Argentine	9	11	8	9	7	21
7392	Bambi III	Isidoro Melero	Chile	11	10	—	10	8	13
7628	Whisky	Carlos de Grandes	Argentine	10	9	—	11	9	13
5229	Flamingo	Oswaldo Levy	Argentine	12	12	—	—	—	2



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From the Skipper's Cockpit

By Wayne Brockett

The cold November rain drums against the windows and outside the landscape is drab with the bleak look that comes to New England in the late Autumn. My thoughts however are not bleak or unhappy. I am dreaming of Tawas Bay gleaming in the bright sunlight of early September.

We started for Tawas and the Internationals early in the pre-dawn hours on September 3rd. In tow was my prized possession, the lightning "KEEWAYDIN". In case you are wondering what that name means, it is taken from the poem "Hiawatha". It means "Northwest Wind". Anyhow to get back to the story we picked up my crew Henry Ludlow in New Haven and proceeded on toward Tawas with high hopes.

Henry was anxious to get there and get going and so was I but it is 930 miles one way from Branford to Tawas Bay and that takes a bit of doing. We crossed into Canada in the early afternoon and passed just a few miles from Buffalo Canoe Club where we have had so many wonderful regattas.

Stayed the night in Canada and crossed the Blue Water bridge at Port Huron in the rain. After a bit of fussing around we got squared away for Flint. Passing Flint we headed for Bay City. We sure did open our eyes when we reached there as Bay City was a mess. A tornado had passed through there a short time before and literally tore the place apart. Great trees were uprooted and we saw a very large radio tower laying across some cars which were utterly demolished. We finally got through and on the road again. Soon we were at Martin's Motel where we were to stay. It was dark and cloudy and the wind howled and I hoped this would not be a forerunner of what was in store for us in the way of weather. It certainly was not as the weather was absolutely perfect during the races except for the howling wind on a few of the days.

We were very pleased with Martin's Motel as our picture window looked out on the bay itself. The bay is beautiful and the air is absolutely full of energy. This may sound a bit far-fetched but it is actually so. There is more oxygen in it I believe. We sure did feel wonderful while up there, that I know.

We left the motel and headed for the Yacht Club, a drive of about ten minutes. Immediately upon arrival we were greeted by Ladd McKay, Jr., the Race Committee Chairman and Rear Commodore of Tawas Bay Yacht Club. The boat was parked and I went right over to register.

Then back to the boat and we started to rig her when along came President Buzz, an old friend of mine and one whom I am proud to know. Immediately Doris and I had to come aboard his beautiful 42' motor-sailor for cocktails. Dr. Arnold the Editor of our last Yearbook was aboard and we had a wonderful time shooting the breeze. Back to the boat and finish rigging. By this time my other crewman had arrived and he was none other than Marty O'Meara the Conn. District Commodore and LCA Treasurer. Marty washed KEEWAYDIN and with the mud off she looked like herself again. About this time along came our Champion, Herm Nichols. It always seems good to meet these old friends again. This is half the fun in going. Soon along came Karl Smither, ole

Mister Lightning himself. About this time we dropped KEEWAYDIN back in her natural element. She was very well protected from the waves on the Lake and I did not feel anxious about her safety.

Back home to bed and dream of the coming fun. Up bright and early next morning and down to the sail measuring building. I had a mainsail that had to be altered and thanks to Howard Boston and his family it was soon done.

Back at the club we took KEEWAYDIN into the shallow water rolled her on the side and smoothed the bottom. It got pretty well on toward afternoon and Marty had not shown up as he got hold of some bad ice at the cocktail party. All the boats had gone out in the lake for the tune up race when Marty appeared. We arrived at the line three minutes late and set out after the fleet. 66 boats started and when it was over we had worked up to about 23rd I believe and that meant that the boat was really moving against these hot wind wagons. We sailed back to the Club highly pleased. It was quite a trick to get the boats back into their berths. We came in a very narrow channel close to the club and then made a right angle turn up a causeway or channel and it was always crowded with boats. It was however wonderful protection and worth every bit of the trouble involved in getting in. The Tawas YC also had something else that was very pleasing to the skippers, and that was, that each boat stall was numbered and they had a corresponding number in the parking lot for the skipper's car so that one never had to worry about the parking problem. It was a beautifully run regatta without any confusion. If it is possible to relax at a regatta of this importance I would say that we definitely relaxed at this one. There was no rush and hurry and at lunch we all sat around and took it easy and everyone just had a good time.

That evening we had a fine dinner with Bud Olsen and his wife Alice. We then attended the Annual Meeting which, believe me, was a very tame affair for the LCA. It was extremely pleasing to have such an orderly meeting and to get the business over with so that we could get down to the real fun, which is racing.

Next morning, Tuesday, the Elimination Races began. The method of doing this is described in other stories so it need not be told here. There was some tension as everyone wanted to make the International and this was it. The wind was from the West about 10 miles and shifty. We had a pretty good start and got her going. Everyone else had the same idea and we finished about tenth out of 28. Back to the club for a good lunch and out again for the second race. This one was a dilly, at least to us. We had in our group, Eichenlaub, Cawthra and other hot shots so it was definitely going to be a tough one. Wind about 10 to 12 miles and a bit shifty. We got a very good start and held starboard tack but most of the fleet split. After a time I asked Marty where we were in the fleet and he said we looked like we were in the lead. Sure enough at the first mark we were, but only by a few boat lengths, with the fleet snapping at our heels, especially Eichenlaub and Cawthra. Barney Crittenden was in a boat at the mark roaring in that small voice of his for me to go faster. Boy, we had that

baby going for all she was worth and then some, and the spinnaker went on with a bang. Now I expected Eichenlaub and Cawthra to close in but to my surprise they did not. We held our lead to the second mark jibed the spinnaker and my crew did a beautiful job, and away to the third mark. Nobody closed and we went back on the wind. Eichenlaub and Cawthra rounded close astern and split. I thought "here It Comes". I hate to have either one of those boys get away on the opposite tack but we covered Eichenlaub as he was closest. Slowly we began to draw away from him and I thought to myself, "I have really got a boat here boys". When we came together with Cawthra we had opened a lead on him also. "Keewaydin" was really sizzling. We held this lead to the weather mark and then banged on the spinnaker. Still stayed in front for two more legs and then started the final leg to weather. The breeze lightened and Carl and Hank started to close in. We held them though right to the finish and it was a thrill to get the finish gun and to hear Barney whoop. We sailed back and put "KEEWAYDIN" to bed and decided that we had a good chance of making the big one.

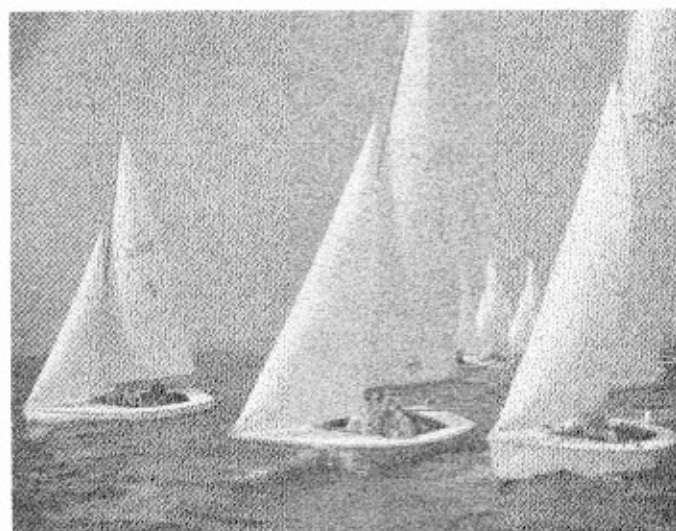
Wednesday dawned bright and clear and we were all eager to go and finish the last elimination race. The wind was about 14 miles Westerly and away we went. Our start was not too good and we found it very hard to gain positions. We had a good duel with Marcy Lippincott and brother Bob, each sailing a different boat and trying hard to beat each other's ears off. We finished 11th I believe and we knew then that we were in the big one. It was a grand feeling and lunch really tasted wonderful.

At five o'clock we had a cocktail party at the Club. Manhattans and Martinis "flowed like water," as the saying goes. A lot of races were resailed. However I noticed a bit of caution on the part of many as tomorrow was IT. Early to bed.

Thursday morning up bright and early and breakfast with Henty and Marty. Those early morning breakfasts always hit the spot as the restaurant was right on the Bay and we sat in the window and looked right out on the race course. About now I began to feel the tension begin to build up. We got aboard and checked everything. The one hour gun sounded and we cast off and started for the Lake. Off the backstay flew the blue pennant denoting the fact that we were in the International. A great cloud of sail came out behind us. Wind was almost Southwest from twelve to 15 miles. Good medium air. Occasionally we had to hike a bit. The Committee boat passed us on the way to its station up the bay. There was slight chop and with the blue sky and the sails it was indeed a good day to be alive. The boats in the President's and the Governor's Cup came out with us, as they started a short time later. There were no course signals. We were to go twice around an equilateral triangle, and then one more leg to weather. This was an extremely good deal as one did not have to worry about course changes. I will say that I have found in practically all racing around equilateral triangles that the spinnaker legs are a bit too close, that is, the wind is a shade too far forward. In heavy air it is decidedly dangerous to carry the spinnaker in this manner. Of course the reason for the equilateral triangle is to give two spinnaker legs and in this it succeeds. I still maintain that it is rough going in heavy weather. The Committee at Tawas set superb courses and ran extremely good races. It was a professional job if I may say so. Lets get back on the starting line. I sailed the boat in all

the races so of course it was impossible for me to see the entire race in its overall picture. Charlie Schreck, the Head Chairman of the International very kindly supplied me with the positions of the boats rounding the markers, etc.

We checked carefully to see that everything was buttoned on and at the five minute gun the old tension really crept up. We ran down the line for the leeward end which was favored. Al Bernel from Buffalo was a bit ahead of us. The gun goes and we are off. We stay for some time on starboard tack but go over to port and here is where we make a mistake. The wind shifts and we lose some positions. At the first mark it is Al Bernel in FOAMY. He is followed by Bob Lippincott in BLUE SKY. Next is Jim Schudel in ITCH. Then Eichenlaub in BULL. On his tail is Karl Smither in THERMIS 7. The fleet is rounding in a bunch really and we are 13th. Two spinnaker legs and again at the weather mark positions are changed. Bernel still holds his lead but Schudel has moved to second. Eichenlaub is third. Two more spinnaker legs with the wind increasing and we are hiking. Then the beat to the finish and Al Bernel has the thrill of getting the gun. Jim Schudel is second and Eichenlaub third. Back we go to the club satisfied with our 12th in this competition.



Close quarters right after the start of the second International race.

A nice lunch and out again. We hike on the way to the line as the wind has freshened to about 18 miles. We come down the line first toward the leeward end. Almost gunfire and a hungry pack snapping at our heels. Wow! We are in trouble. Early and have run out of line. We do not panic however and jibe around and come back on a port reach and find a hole and stand off on port tack. Back on starboard for a while and then come in on the mark on port. All the books say to come in on the marker on starboard tack and believe me when I say that the books are right. We really got mousetrapped. We were in about seventh place when we arrived at the marker. However the starboard boats were coming across in a solid line and we kept bearing off trying to find a hole. It was impossible to flop on starboard tack and round that mark. We were just smothered by the sails to windward and could not, without fouling, go round. When we finally did round we were about 27th. The boy who was in the lead was Earl Ross of Chicago. Second was Eichenlaub and next Karl Smither who sailed a very fine series throughout. Two spinnaker legs

and back to weather. Eichenlaub has grabbed the lead from Earl Ross and Tommy Allen is third. Two more spinnaker legs and the final beat. It ends with Eichenlaub 1st, Ross 2nd, Tom Allen 3rd, Cawthra 4th, Tom Fallon, Our New President, 5th and Karl Smither 6th.

We sail back to the Club good and hungry after all that exertion. Jim Allen from our District gave the Conn. sailors a very fine cocktail party and we all went out to an excellent dinner. Then to bed and happy dreams.

Friday morning was another beautiful day. Out to the line early and the wind is Northwest and of course very shifty. Velocity about 16 miles or more. Felt like more to me. We came down the line just before gunfire at the leeward end. Got a good start and played the shifts to arrive at the weather mark fifth. In the meantime Bud Olsen got a clear air start and played the shifts to arrive in the lead followed very closely by Bill Uhl from Long Island Sound. Third was Eichenlaub and fourth Al Bernel. About now it was blowing fairly heavy and we did not set spinnaker and here is where we lost our shirt. Bud set and Eichenlaub and Bernel. For a time we held with them and Bud got a terrific knockdown and almost went over and doused. Bud told me afterwards that he thought that he was down. I sure thought he was. It lightened a bit and everyone set but we dropped from 5th to 13th through being chicken. Uhl caught Bud on this spinnaker reach and so did Eichenlaub. Cawthra came up to fourth and Weidrick fifth. Another spinnaker leg and positions remain the same at the weather mark. Two more legs and the final beat to weather. At the finish its, Uhl, Olsen, Eichenlaub, Cawthra, Bernel, Smither, Connell and Stu Anderson. We are all very hungry and the ladies at Tawas YC sure

served up a wonderful lunch.

While eating lunch I looked out on the bay and it was surely getting very choppy and the velocity of the wind kept increasing. I realized that the afternoon race would be a dilly. Later events proved that I was right. We had quite a time getting out of the channel into the lake. It was really screaming. At least 30. We hiked all the way to the line and came down to the leeward end just before gunfire with one boat ahead. Just at gunfire he flopped over on port tack directly in front of us and we almost collided. I was forced to bear off and go astern. When I rounded up we were buried. It was certainly an inexcusable thing for the other boat to do and it ruined a perfect start for us and put us in a bad hole. We actually never did get out. Well, we started up the weather leg and I tell you it was heavy going. We just hung out on the hiking straps for all we were worth and still we could not keep her up. I tried to feather her but at times it felt as if a gigantic hand grabbed hold of the top of the mast and dragged her over. We actually staggered. No question but that the main was too full for this going. Bud Olsen had a flat main and a 230 pound crew and Bud said afterwards that this big boy was worth a dollar a pound. All I know is that when Big Jim hung out Bud's boat stayed upright. Eichenlaub was way back after the start and things looked bad for him. He kept creeping toward the front however and it was remarkable because he certainly did not have a heavy weather crew. I sure admired his boat handling. After the first mark we set spinnaker and I for one wished we hadn't. The old baby went right over on the beam ends and I bore off and we let go the sheet to get her back on her feet. She then really got up and started to move. Finally it got so bad that we took the thing off and



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planed with just jib and main. The instant the heavy puffs let up we were passed by boats that still had the kites up. Tom Fallon went by and got a hot puff and had to bear off almost before it. He almost went out of control and just missed hitting a power boat. I held my breath hoping he was going to be alright and he was. Just ahead I saw a boat down and it was Barney Mead. We somehow jibed around the mark and got her on a plane and set sail for the third mark. As the hot puffs hit we would bear off slightly hike out and trim carefully and away we would go on a beautiful plane. It was very thrilling. Anyone who says that a Lightning won't plane should have been with us on that ride. There were also pronounced shifts. It seemed to me that the spinnaker boats definitely gained as long as they stayed upright and they did for the most part. To my knowledge only Barney went swimming. The second time around very few spinnakers were carried as the wind velocity had increased and one went as fast under main and jib due to the planing. We all reached maximum hull speed I believe. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. There were a couple of collisions almost on the finish line. I didn't see them but there must have been something in that air. Cawthra won the race with Jim Carson second. We all hurried back to the club to attend the "Beer Bust".

After a good nights sleep we were in the mood for the last race. It was a dilly, too. At the start the wind was almost non-existent. We drifted slowly down the line toward the leeward end. Just before gunfire the wind shifted from the Northwest to the West and we were headed and could not fetch the line. Quite a few boats were in this position. The wind was so light that it was impossible to come about onto the port tack and gain headway without fouling the starboard tack boats. We actually had to wait until the starboard tackers sailed

over the top of us before we flopped onto port tack and started. We sailed for a short distance on port and then came back to starboard. The shifts were coming fast and it was very hard to know which way to go. We kept tacking on the headers and trying to maintain the shortest course to the mark. One minute we were in a good position and then a shift would put us behind. I thought of Bill Cox's story in the Yearbook wherein he timed the shifts. In his story it seemed that the shifts came at a predetermined time and were major shifts. These shifts came at indiscriminate times and were of short duration. I could not figure them out although it seemed as if some of the boys did. Carter Ford must have as he held the lead and Eichenlaub kept gaining on boats ahead. I was very worried about my close friend Bud Olsen as he was upholding the honor, so to speak, of Connecticut, and at the start it seemed to me that he was in a bad way. But he was working his way through boats and after a while he got up to where I ceased worrying about him because I knew that he was okay. On the second beat to weather the wind shifted counter-clockwise from the Northwest to the Southwest. To say that it freshened would be putting it lightly. It howled and we hiked for all we were worth. We were about in the middle of the course so did not either lose or gain as much as those out on the sides. Tom Fallon just got clobbered. I believe he was down with the President's Cup boats. He was far out on the starboard side of the course so was on the wrong side of the shift which is a very unfortunate place to be. We have all been there at one time or another. At the finish it was Carter Ford, Eichenlaub, John McIntosh and Cawthra. To give you an idea of how freakish were the conditions, shortly after we finished a gun banged for the winner of the President's and some of the International boats finished behind him.

Boat		Fleet	Skipper	Races					Total Points	Final Position
No.	Boat Name			1	2	3	4	5		
7420	Bull	194	Carl Eichenlaub, Jr.	3	1	4	7	2	139	1
6066	XL	51	Hank Cawthra	9	4	4	1	4	133	2
7520	Padalin	6	Bud Olsen	8	11	2	5	16	113	3
6981	Spark II	141	Bill Uhl	18	7	1	11	9	109	4
7000	Thermis 7	12	Karl Smither	5	6	6	24	11	103	5
6884	Trident	34	Jim Carson	26	13	10	2	6	98	6
6161	Itch	83	Jim Schudel	2	9	12	DNF	5	96	7
4811	Atom	12	Tom Allen	16	3	14	8	20	94	8
7605		228	Bob Lippincott	7	22	19	6	10	91	9
7503	Rayo	5	Earl Ross	14	2	9	20	21	89	10
7244	Foamy	12	Al Bernel	1	26	5	22	13	88	11
1903	Glockenspeil	59	Stu Anderson	25	16	8	4	15	87	12
7578		113	Jim Taylor	10	17	21	13	12	82	13
6654	Encore II	7	Carter Ford	23	12	23	19	1	77	14
6906	Vagabond Too	3	Bob Adams	15	14	26	16	7	77	15
7550		83	Wes Weidrick	19	29	11	3	17	76	16
7370	Istar	5	Al Berg	6	18	24	18	14	75	17
7585		72	Bob Tunnell	13	10	15	21	22	74	18
7333	Creeper	189	Duncan McInnes	4	19	20	17	25	70	19
7705	Ugliest	228	Marcy Lippincott	11	20	13	15	27	69	20
5100	Flare	12	Tom Fallon	24	5	17	14	28	67	21
4872	Rabbitt	127	John McIntosh	20	15	25	25	3	67	22
7249	Keewaydin	63	Wayne Brockett	12	24	18	12	23	66	23
7128	Blue Cloud	133	Andy Connell	22	23	7	9	DNF	63	24
7645		71	Mark Auer	21	21	22	10	24	57	25
7207	Joker Two	59	Herman Nickels	17	8	DNF	DNF	18	50	26
5967	Droopy II	113	Dean DeVries	28	27	27	23	19	31	27
6927	Thunderbird	133	Mike Grinnell	30	30	DNF	DNF	8	25	28
7202	O'Hooligan	87	Barney Mead	29	28	16	DNF	DNF	20	29
7548	Pawnee	12	Paul Stievator	27	25	DNF	DNF	26	15	30

"THEY MAKE REAL FINE BOATS"



That statement
sums up the way
informed Lightning
owners regard
Nickels & Holman

There are sound reasons for this opinion.

- ★ Both Herm Nickels and Clarence Holman have been sailors all their lives and have been building and racing Lightnings exclusively for over 12 years.
- ★ All their Lightnings are lofted to Championship lines.
- ★ They personally select only the finest materials for their boats.
- ★ Frames are cut from templates to insure exactness.
- ★ Boats are assembled over a carefully engineered jig to insure that they retain the lofting lines.
- ★ Each hull is built with the usual number of marine fastenings — and in addition they are hard glued with fabulous epoxy resin for maximum strength and rigidity.
- ★ Each boat is carefully painted with only the finest marine paints and varnishes for a sparkling finish to please the most discriminating sailor.

For a free brochure contact:

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2426 S. LONG LAKE RD.

FENTON, MICHIGAN

Measuring Lightning Sails

The rules covering the size of sails are included in Article XVII of the Specifications and should be read carefully by the sail measuring committee. The purpose of this article is to clarify misunderstandings as to the correct method of measuring sails and to provide a procedure which can be uniformly followed by all Measurement Committees. This procedure is approved by the L.C.A. Measurement Committee.

The Plans and Specifications of the Lightning Class are its most valuable assets and strict adherence to them are its life blood.

General Instructions

As set forth in Article XI of the By-Laws only three suits of sails may be measured at one regatta and only two approved. When a sail has been measured and found to be outside the specifications it shall not be remeasured for the same regatta until proof of actual reworking has been submitted.

If at all possible, sail measuring should be done on a wooden floor. It will be found that ice picks, small awls, or nails driven into the floor will be a big help in holding the sails in the proper position, under pressure, while being measured.

A steel tape is the only satisfactory gauge for laying out measurements. Where floor space is limited and it is necessary to superimpose mainsail, jib, and spinnaker measurements on each other, it will be found desirable to use marks of different colors for each sail.

Note: All measurements except as otherwise specified are taken at the point of intersection of the extended lines of the extreme edges of the sail, including bolt ropes or tapes but not including hoisting pendants, external cringles, etc. All sail measurements are taken in a straight line, not around any curves.

Procedure for Measuring the Mainsail

Reproduce the mainsail measurement points as shown on the attached sketch.

1. Measure the width of the headboard between the luff line and "HB Max." Measurement is of the headboard itself and does not include the bolt rope on either side.

2. Place the head of the mainsail as shown on detail sketch M-1. Pull the luff down to check the luff length. Release the luff and with a 5 pound pull on the leech, check the leech length.

3. Now move the head up to position shown on detail sketch M-2. Pull luff down and clew out with any desired tension but only within distance "D" of "Luff Max." and "Leech Max." Holding the luff at point "A" on the luff line, gently pull all looseness out of cloth and measure the upper roach.

4. Move the tack down to "Luff Max." as shown on sketch M-3. Pull out the foot and check its measurement. Pull up on the luff with any desired tension but not further than "Head" arrow. Pull out on the foot with any desired tension but not further than "Foot Max." Holding luff at point "B" on the luff line, gently pull all looseness out of cloth and measure the lower roach.

Procedure For Measuring the Jib

Reproduce the jib measurement points on the floor as shown on the attached sketch.

1. Place the head of the jib as shown on detail sketch J1 or J1A. Check the luff length by pulling the tack

down with a 5 pound pull. Release the tack and with a 5 pound pull on the clew, check the leech length. Release the clew. Holding the luff at point "A" on the luff line, gently pull all looseness out of the cloth and measure the roach. Note: All three of the above measurements must be taken with the head in the same one of the two alternate positions.

2. Move tack down to "Luff Max." as shown on sketch M-3. With a 5 pound pull check the foot measurement.

Procedure for Measuring the Spinnaker

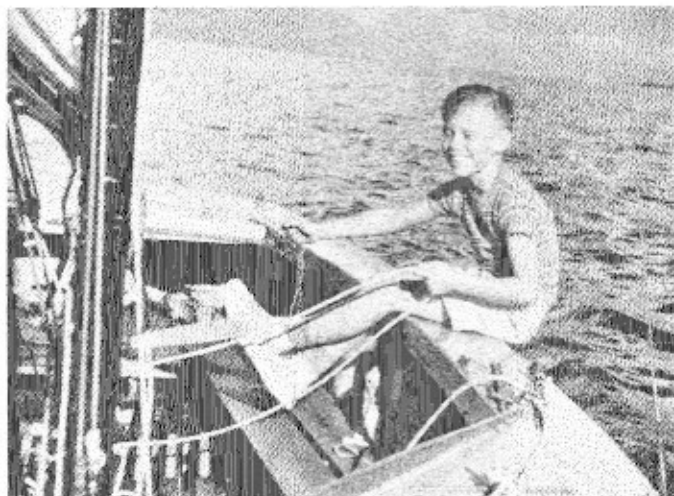
Reproduce the spinnaker measurement points on the floor as shown on the attached sketch. The procedure described below takes all spinnaker measurements with the sail folded. When the foot of the spinnaker is close to the measurement limits, the length of the foot should be rechecked with sail unfolded. Measure in a straight line and not around the curve of the foot.

Procedure for measuring the folded spinnaker:

1. Fold the sail in half, making sure that each half is evenly spread without wrinkles. Place the head of the spinnaker on the floor so that the intersection of the extended lines of the extreme edges of the sail is opposite the "Head" arrow. Apply 5 pounds tension to the luff of the sail and 5 pounds tension to the leech. Measure the luff and leech lengths.

2. Release the head of the folded spinnaker and hold the clew and tack opposite "Luff Max." Pull out the foot of the sail in the direction of the foot arcs with a 10 pound total pull. Check the foot length. Recheck length with unfolded spinnaker and a 5 pound pull if foot measurement is close to limits.

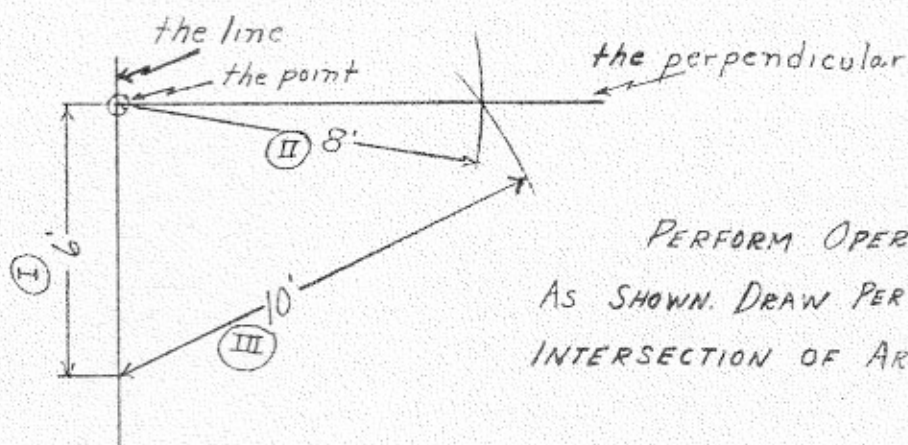
3. Return the head of the spinnaker to its position opposite the "Head" arrow. Hold sail at points A and A' and measure upper girth "A". Hold sail at points B and B' and measure lower girth "B". When measuring girths, it is important that the cloth between the head of the sail and points of measurement, and immediately below, be spread out smoothly on the floor. Sail should be pulled parallel to the girth measurement only enough to smooth out vertical wrinkles but not enough to produce transverse wrinkles. When a girth measurement is taken there should be no tension on the lower corners, nor at the girth points not being measured.



Fleet #62 "Starts 'em young". Eleven year old Jimmy Mullally.

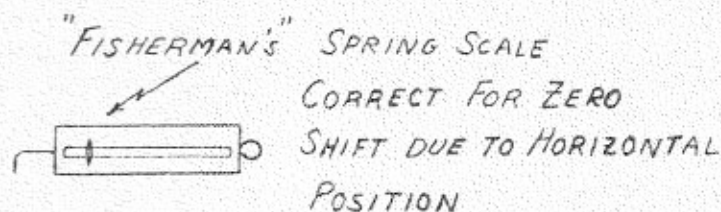
How To Do It

ERECT A PERPENDICULAR TO A LINE AT A POINT

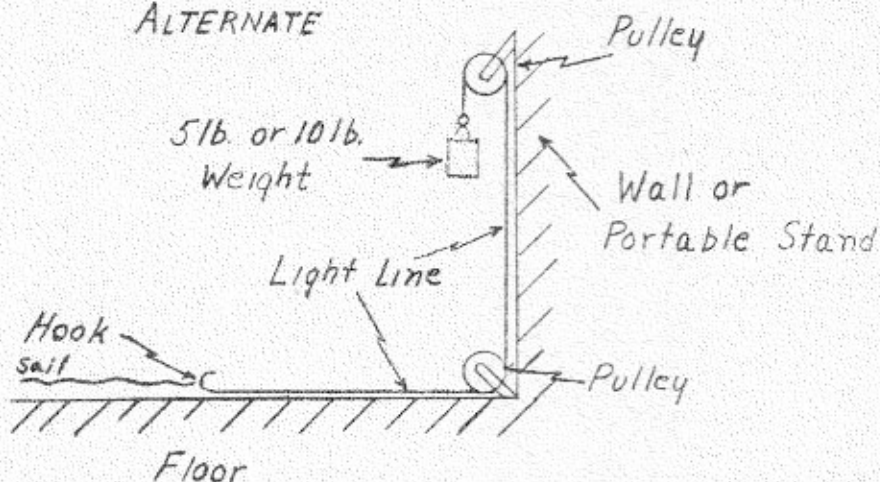


PERFORM OPERATIONS I, II, & III
AS SHOWN. DRAW PERPENDICULAR THROUGH
INTERSECTION OF ARCS II + III.

FIVE OR TEN POUND PULL

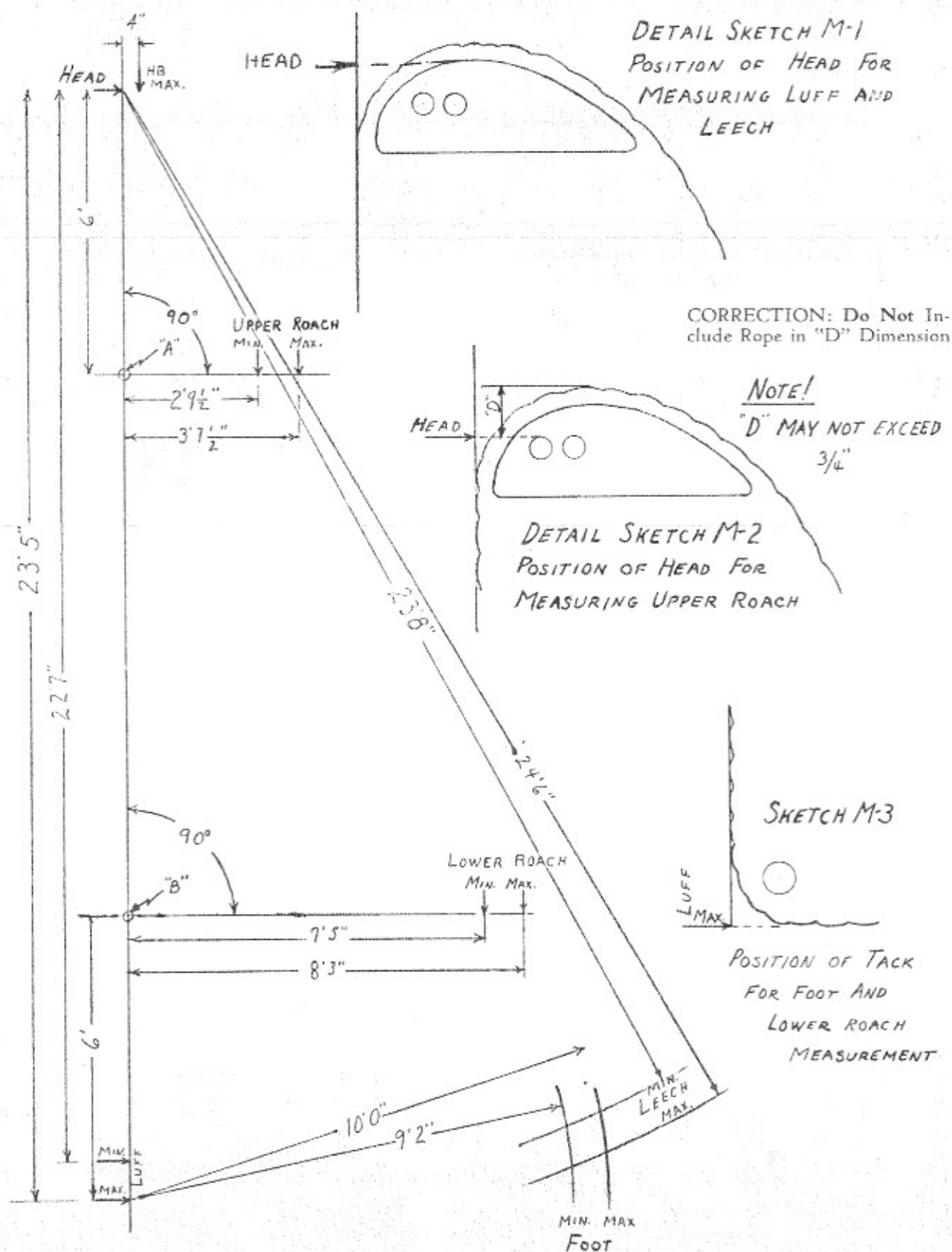


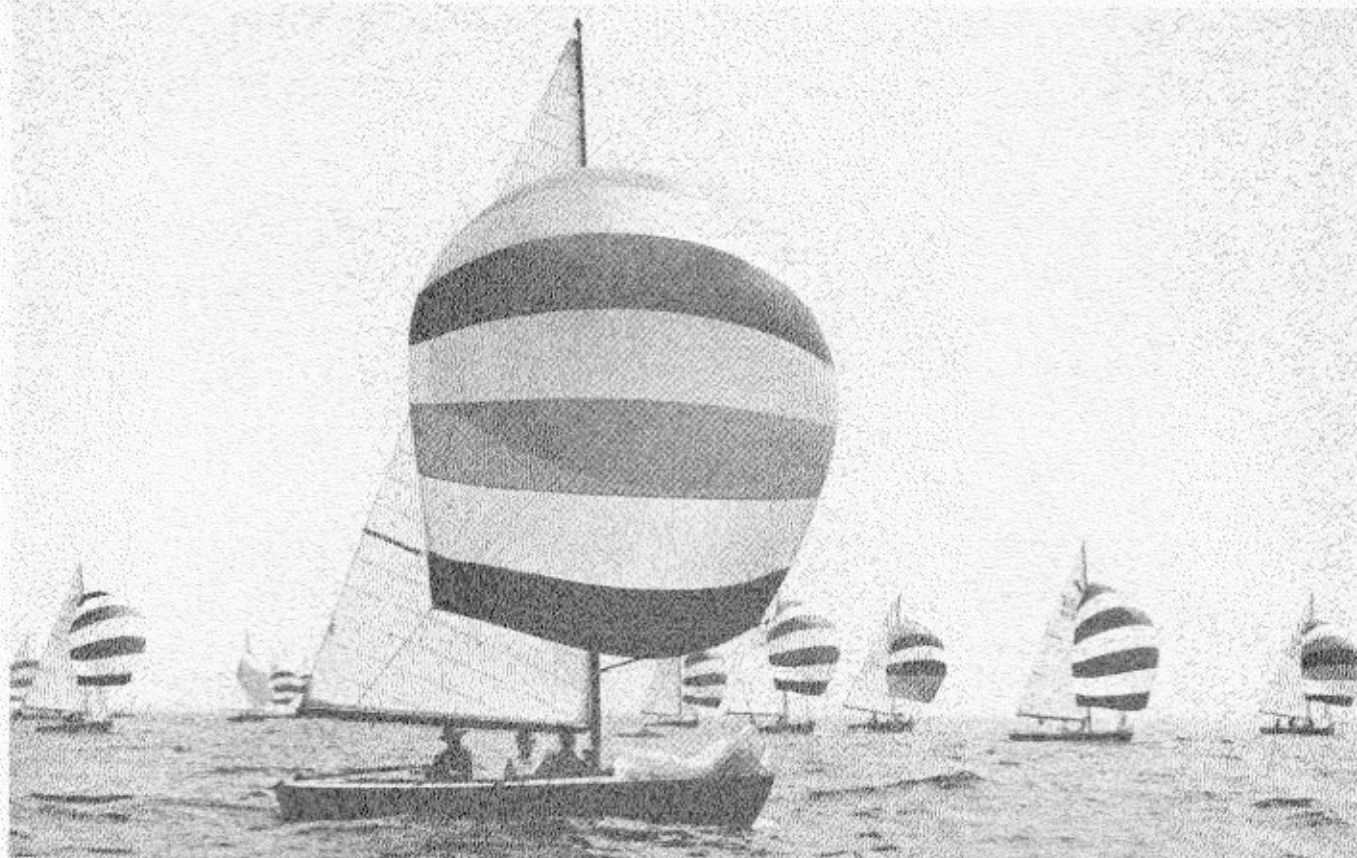
ALTERNATE



- (I) SPREAD SAIL ON FLOOR
- (II) ATTACH HOOK TO SAIL CRINGLE

LIGHTNING MAINSAIL MEASUREMENT





Predominant in the '60 Lightning Internationals

SAILS by HARD

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st New International
Champion, Carl Eichenlaub, Jr. —
Spherical Spinnaker
by Hard | 2nd Hank Cawthra —
spinnaker by Hard,
main and jib in half
the races | 3rd Bud Olsen —
main, jib,
and spinnaker by
Hard | 4th Bill Uhl —
main, jib
and spinnaker by
Hard |
|---|---|---|---|

Thus, in the 30-boat finals, it was 4 out of the first 4 boats flying Spherical Spinnakers and 3 of the first 4 with our mains and jibs. And, in the eliminations, against a 70 boat fleet, Bud Olsen—with all sails by Hard—placed first.

Your Lightning, too, will go better with sails by Hard. It's a matter of record that the fleet position of many a boat has been markedly improved by equipping her with Scientific Dacrons and Spherical Spinnaker.



HARD SAILS, INC.

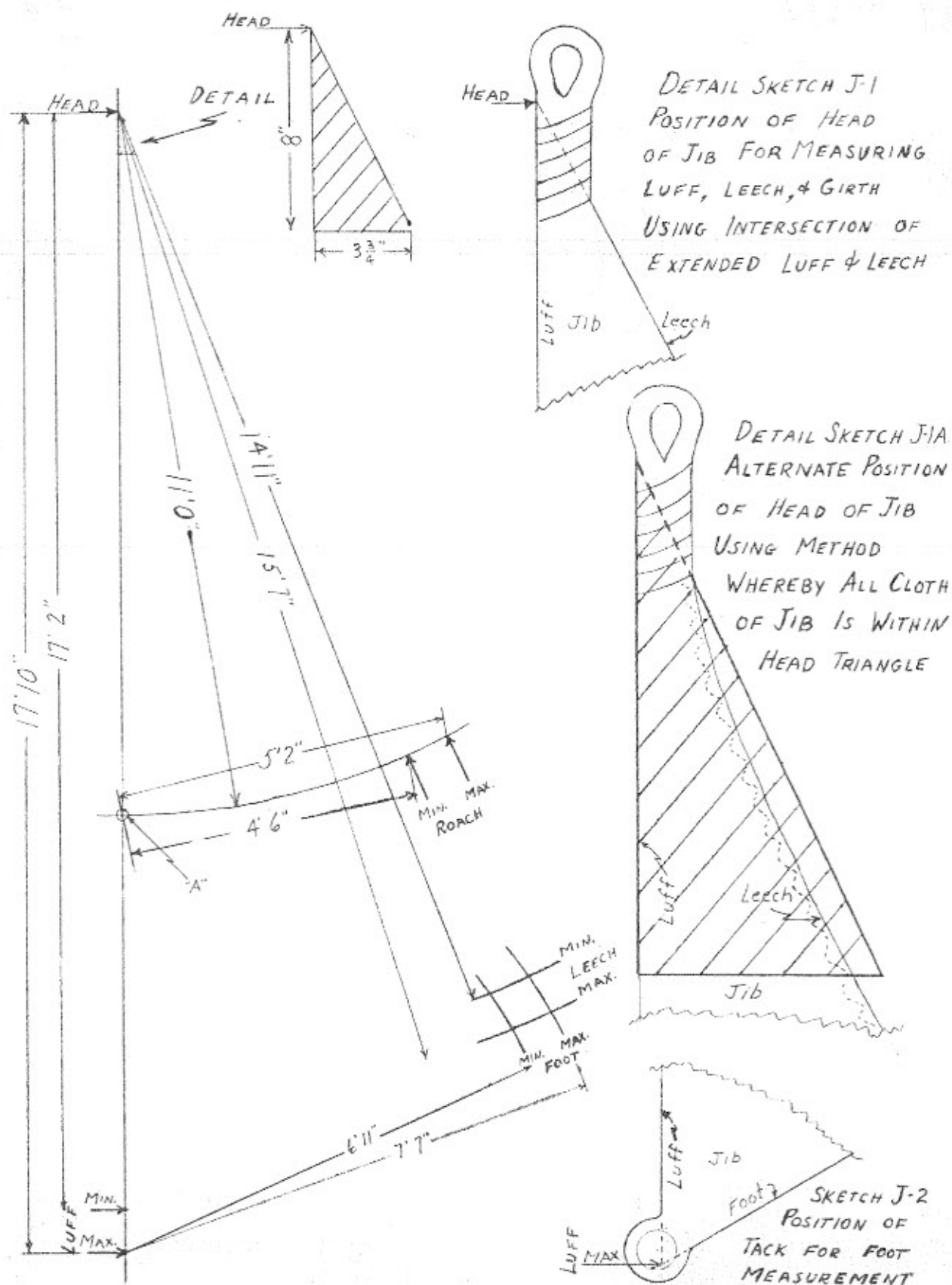
202 MAIN STREET, ISLIP, N. Y.

JUniper 1-5660

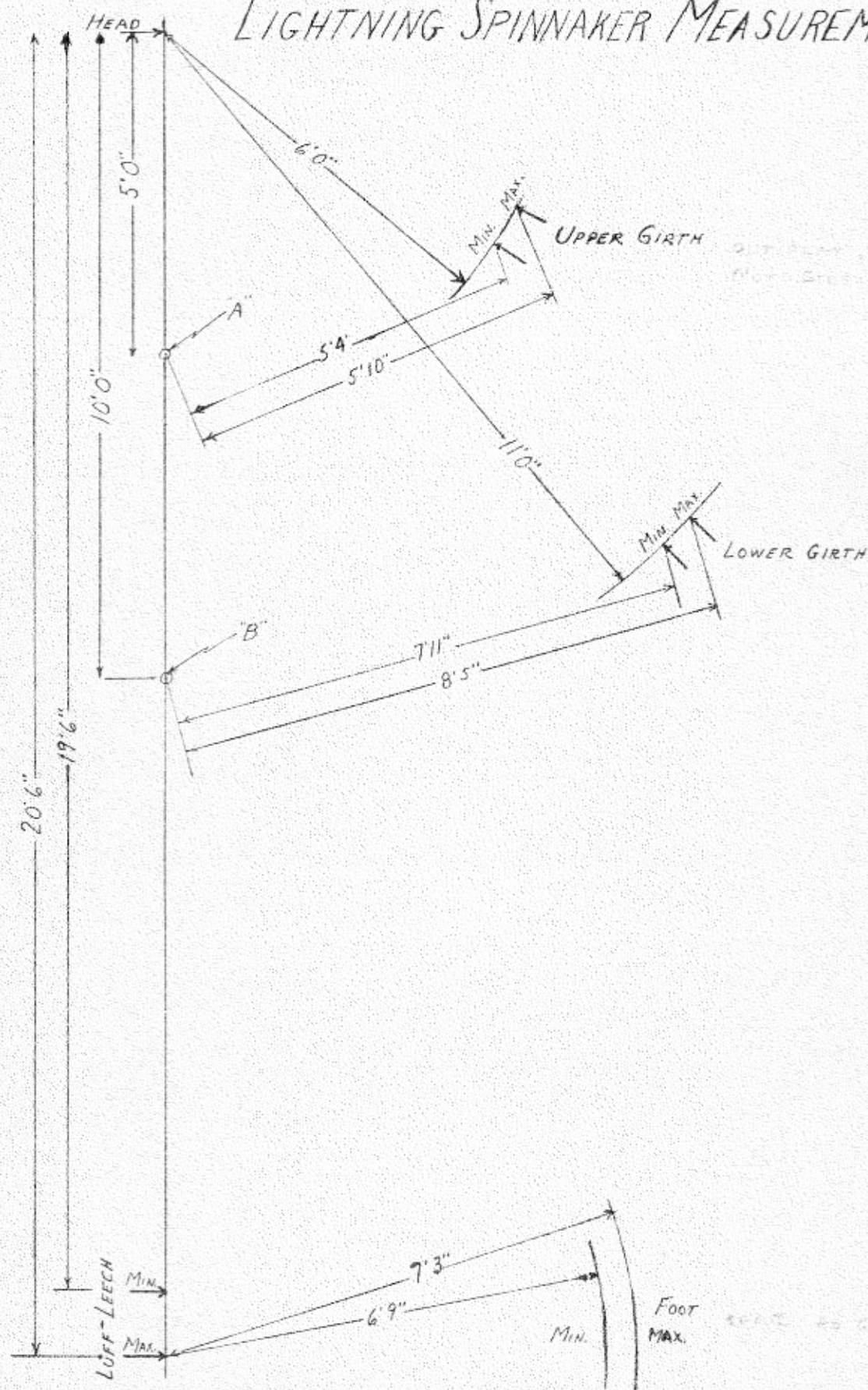
SCIENTIFIC SAILS IN DACRON—*SPHERICAL SPINNAKERS

*Trade Mark

LIGHTNING JIB MEASUREMENT



LIGHTNING SPINNAKER MEASUREMENT



H.C.H. 5/10/60