

# Cross-country With "Clancy"

By Peggy Mead



"Clancy—arriving from Maryland"

When the Skipper said that we absolutely and definitely were not going to California, the fleet started to make book!

All Spring and early summer the subject of California and money, always in the same breath, was thoroughly discussed and finally it was decided we could go on the economy plan. This involved boxes of canned goods, an ice chest and two cookstoves!

The editors felt they might as well get a cross-country letter out of the trip and on Tuesday, August 15, 1961, some sums of money changed hands in Fleet 87 because we finally hit the road for San Diego and the letter begins: (Editor's Note: Going cross-country with Clancy #7942 were Skipper Barney Mead from The Dixie District, Fleet 87 at Baltimore Yacht Club, his crew—sons Biff, age 18 and Jim, age 16, also son Mike, 3½, and wife Peggy who is doing the letter writing.)

Hi Mr. Editor!

5:00 a.m. came very early and after a short and concise lecture on the crowded conditions of the station wagon and the beauties of "togetherness", we were on our way.

We all took a two hour turn driving and while Pennsylvania was lovely, Biff drew an unfinished highway and Wheeling, W. Va. and the trucks. I had an easy time through Columbus, Ohio, which is a lovely city, and Barney drove from Springfield through Indiana.

Indiana is an interesting State—it has pony farms, pig farms and police traps. Barney ran a radar trap and was carefully escorted out of the town of Richmond—no ticket though.

Then we arrived in Indianapolis and all the "togetherness" began to come unglued. It's a miserable city to trail through, but I'm sure there must be a very nice part of town you don't see on Route 40.

We kept looking for another boat going West, but none yet.

So, after 690 miles we got to the motel in Terre Haute very grateful for the air-conditioning, swimming pool and the end of our first day.

Wednesday, August 16th.

Hi Mr. Editor:

We left Terre Haute in the fog at 6:00 a.m. and made good time to the St. Louis By-Pass; however, they're building the road in front of the cars and it took a lot of time and patience to get through (ear plugs would have helped because the Skipper was quite perturbed), but we made up time on Route 66 through the Ozarks. We barreled past the turn-off to Jesse James' Hideout as though Jesse were chasing us! Beautiful roads all the way to Tulsa. Oklahoma surprised me because it was so green with lots of ponds and it smells so good. I guess that's a funny thing to say about a State. The boys were disappointed that no oil wells have appeared yet and Mike is waiting for the Indians to show.

The Holiday Inn in Tulsa was a very welcome spot and tomorrow will be a long day.

Thursday, August 17.

Hi Mr. Editor:

We finally saw an oil field at Oklahoma City. The derricks sprout all around the town. Oklahoma and Texas start to get flat and you can see for miles with only grain elevators on the horizon. It was in Texas that a gas station owner told us a boat and station wagon had rolled through the night before—the first boat we've heard of.

When we came out of the Texas Panhandle into New Mexico, the country looked like a travel poster with flat plains for miles and rising out of them were "table-top" mountains and plateaus, but coming into Albuquerque was really something. We kept climbing and climbing and finally came down into a valley at the foot hills of the Sandia Mountains.

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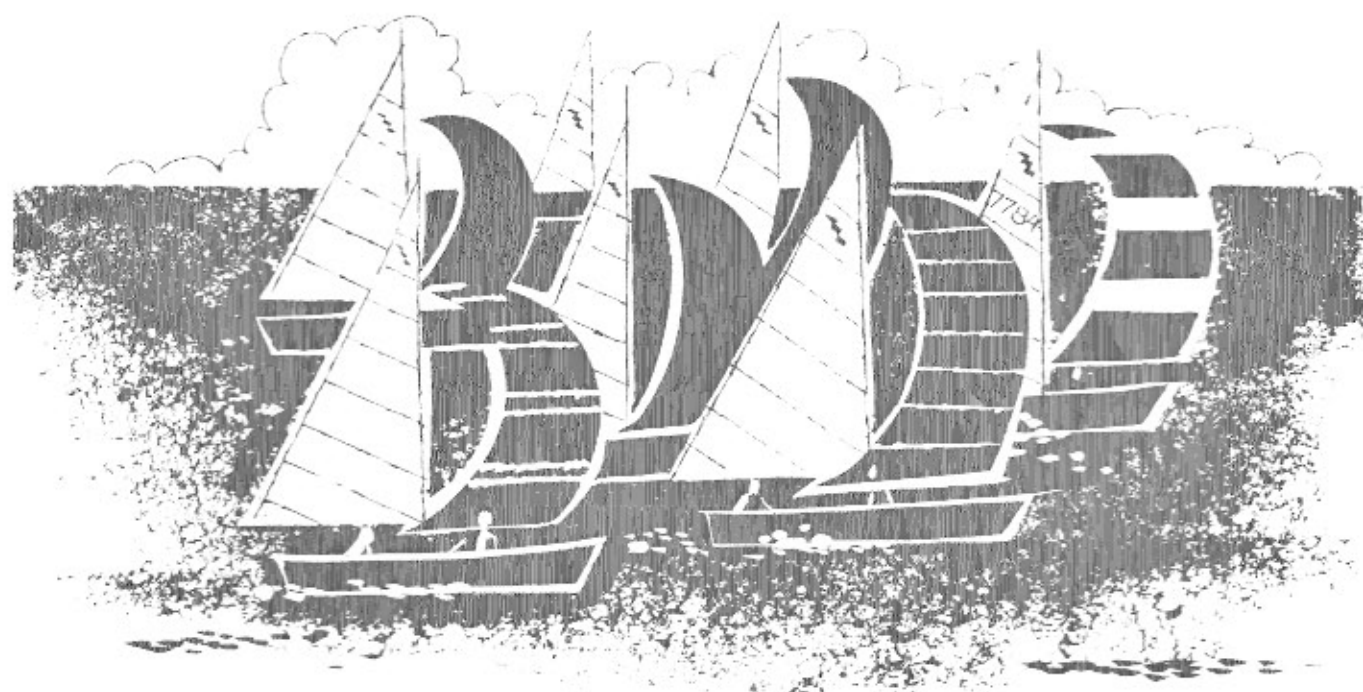
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Then we watched three separate storms charge out of the mountains—one got us! The dry creek beds were boiling for awhile.

The Sandia Mountains are piles of rocks and Biff's only comment was that they looked a little loose—I guess they do have plenty of rock slides.

I have skipped over the economy meals so far, but Albuquerque will go down in our memory as the cook out of all time! It was on the banks of the Rio Grande, which wasn't quite the way we had it pictured—it was frankly an overgrown weedy mudhole that was almost purely infested with every known creature that crawls and bites—of course, the mosquitoes were running their own blood bank.

We had driven quite a way from the motel (and extra supplies) to this garden spot in the middle of a slum—quite a way for the Skipper to drive back when we ran out of cooking gas. It was not, by any stretch of the imagination, a success! Oh well, tomorrow's another day!

Friday, August 18.

Hi Mr. Editor:

Today was a lot longer than I thought it was going to be. We crossed deserts, Indian Reservations and made an unexpected side trip to the Painted Desert. We needed gas desperately and the park was the only place for miles to get any. Barney was pretty upset with us when we all raced away and left him while we tore around taking pictures. From there we went to Flagstaff and started over more mountains on a winding nightmare of a road (there are ominous little white crosses at different hairpin turns and drop-offs). We got caught in a thunderstorm, but we were so high up the rain changed to hail almost bringing tears to the Skipper's eyes thinking about his shiny (when we left Towson) black topsides. We came down out of the mountains (again) into the REAL desert—very long, hot and boring and arrived in Yuma, Arizona at 7:00 p.m. There was a unanimous vote for eating in an air-conditioned restaurant—hurray!—and for crossing the California desert at night. This was a fairly easy 3½ hours to San Diego except for one stretch where the sand was blowing across the road making it practically impossible to drive and for the fact we ran into a flash flood coming down out of the mountains which we climbed at the end of the desert.

It was a long trip, wonderfully interesting and lots of fun even the cooking out, and we were especially lucky with the weather because it was unusually cool in the hot parts of the country.

San Diego and the people at Mission Bay were marvelous and I know that you'll have many reports from out there. So, Mr. Editor, I'll close this one-way letter and fill in the return trip later on.

Home again, Towson, Maryland, September 1, 1961.

Nice to see you, Mr. Editor!

Well, if I thought the trip out was long, the trip home was longer.

We left Barney on Sunday morning August 27, in San Diego, so he could fly home and save his last week of vacation for the World's Championships, and started home!

This time we weren't so lucky because the desert lived up to its reputation and we broiled and the car boiled! We found out why everyone carries a desert bag full of water—it's not to drink, it's to put in the radiator.

But like everything else, the desert ended and the mountains began, naturally, and we started making good time toward home. We followed the same route home except for a sidetrip to the Grand Canyon which is a

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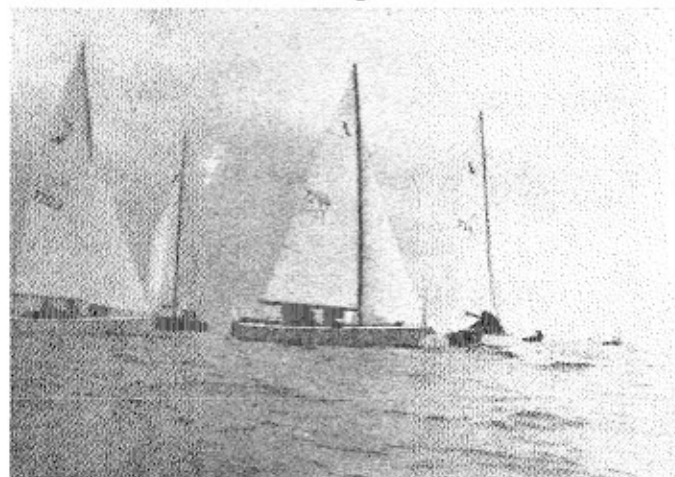
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fantastically beautiful place and we loved it.

We stayed again in Albuquerque and Tulsa, but went through Terre Haute to stay in Indianapolis which was a mistake. Have you ever tried to find lodgings for three sleepy boys, a tired, dirty Lightning, and yourself when the Indiana State Fair is in town?

It was late that night before we found a rickety cabin that was vacant.

But, the next day was the best of all—because when we finally crossed the Maryland State Line, beautiful green Maryland, and flew down the Beltway into Towson, down the hill at Far Hills Drive and neighbor Jack Moore, #7222 "Footloose", welcomed us with firecrackers and the Skipper handed me frosty Mint Julep, we knew we were home, safe and sound, back at "The Chesapeake Bay—Land of Pleasant Living."



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# INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Jay Limbaugh

As L.C.A. Vice President in charge of International Affairs most of my time during this past year was devoted to two major activities—the World's Championship and the International Yacht Racing Union. Through personal correspondence with our overseas Vice President I attempted to promote the World's Championship, coordinating the plans of the World Championship Committee with that of the overseas Districts, and furnishing entrance forms and information to entrants. In South America, Jose Barreda-Moller, did an excellent job of publicizing the World's Championship and of receiving, interpreting and forwarding to me word of those qualified to participate and details as to crews, accompanying guests, etc. In Europe, Raimo Nordstrom, Philip Joannides, Charles Nicoler and Mario Cavallo encouraged possible contenders to come over, as did Bill Hole in Hawaii. Working with these men and with other Lightning Class sailors abroad was a gratifying experience and certainly impressed me as to the fine quality and character of our overseas members.

The World's Championship was a tremendous success and will result in everlasting understanding and good will among all those participating or involved in anyway.

The L.C.A. request for recognition by the International Yacht Racing Union has been hanging fire since 1959. In 1960, I.Y.R.U. said that they would grant us recognition if we would tighten tolerances. With the advice and

help of the Chief Measurer—Jim Carson, President—Tom Fallon, Vice President—Bob Bleasby and others, I set out to:

- 1) Inform I.Y.R.U. of our current Measurement Program.
- 2) Attempt to convince I.Y.R.U. that our present hull tolerances are tight enough.
- 3) At the same time try to find out where and by how much I.Y.R.U. felt we needed to tighten tolerances.

For a year I've had a tremendous amount of correspondence with the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the I.Y.R.U. as well as the Chairman of the Small Boat Technical Committee and the Technical Advisor to the Small Boat Committee. In spite of all efforts, I was unable to resolve the matter by mail, since they never gave me any information other than brief acknowledgments of receipt of my letters.

At the Annual Meeting in Milford, it was recommended and approved that the L.C.A. send a representative to the next I.Y.R.U. meeting, hoping to accomplish in person what we had been unable to by correspondence. I was assigned the task of going to London. The purpose of the trip was to attempt to get immediate unconditional I.Y.R.U. Recognition, but if unable to accomplish this, to find out exactly what our Class had to do in order to accomplish the objective as quickly as possible.

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In my report for the 1961 Year Book, I discussed the organizational setup and functions of the I.Y.R.U. as well as the reasons for desiring I.Y.R.U. Recognition. We in the United States cannot fully appreciate the importance of the I.Y.R.U. In most countries yacht racing is conducted and supported through their National Yachting Unions. These unions are members of I.Y.R.U. and rely on I.Y.R.U. for guidance in the selection of boats for inclusion in their racing programs. Many yacht racing unions, for example in the countries in South America, have broad enough policies to promote popular classes even though they are not recognized by I.Y.R.U. However, in most countries in Europe, a class boat not promoted by the national union has two strikes against it.

The Annual I.Y.R.U. Meetings are not open to anyone other than the delegates, officers and invited technical observers and advisors. These are hard working, dedicated men who devote much time and effort to the cause of Yacht Racing. The Executive Staff of I.Y.R.U. is efficient and extremely cooperative. The work done by I.Y.R.U. is handled by small committees and prior to the L.C.A. sending someone to London, we had to secure permission from the Chairman of the Small Boat Committee to grant a hearing to us. Mr. Jan Loeff, the Chairman, issued such an invitation to us and granted me permission to sit in with his committee on the discussion of the Lightning Class matter.

Upon my arrival at the I.Y.R.U. office in London, I was extended the privilege of sitting in on all of the I.Y.R.U. meetings. This gave me the opportunity to learn first hand how I.Y.R.U. conducts its affairs, handles its problems and along what lines it is thinking and planning.

I had the great honor of meeting and talking with H.R.H. Crown Prince Constantine of Greece. He was the only other Lightning sailor there.

The North American Yacht Racing Union Secretary, Bob Bavier is a member of the I.Y.R.U. Small Boat Technical Committee and was in London for the meetings. I had kept him informed during the past year on my efforts in the L.C.A.-I.Y.R.U. matter and we had his whole hearted backing for our cause. I met and discussed our situation with delegates from many countries who were in complete sympathy with us. Every possible effort was made to get unconditional recognition with no change in our hull tolerances;—we were unsuccessful. I proposed certain changes in hull tolerances that I felt the Measurement Committee and L.C.A. members would go along with and even though this was acceptable to the Technical Advisor, it was turned down by Mr. Loeff, Chairman of the Small Boat Committee.

I was not told by I.Y.R.U. exactly what they want us to do—they do not know. They were interested in certain statistics pertaining to hulls that I presented to them and requested that they be elaborated on and extended to include additional facts. I have now completed this study and along with my detailed report of the I.Y.R.U. meetings, as they pertained to our situation, it is in the hands of the Measurement Committee and Executive Committee of L.C.A. for their consideration and recommendations. I.Y.R.U. Recognition is possible—if we are willing to "give up" enough (tolerance wise) to suit them. We may feel that it would be too damaging to the Class to meet their requirements.

By attending the I.Y.R.U. meetings we gained information that will be invaluable to the Class, regardless of whether we ever get recognition or not. We have established personal contacts and I believe, we will receive their prompt attention in the future.

We now know the individuals we are dealing with and they have promised their prompt attention to our communications. We now know how and what problems are handled by I.Y.R.U. and exactly the routine to be followed if we become an I.Y.R.U. Class. Further, we know the current trend of their policies, we know that in all probability, no existing class boat will ever be added to those now in Olympic competition. I.Y.R.U. is interested in new designs—more modern and more technical designs than those now known. Therefore, our approach to the matter of obtaining I.Y.R.U. Recognition should be with the understanding that our Lightning boat will never be recommended by I.Y.R.U. as a boat for Olympic competition.

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# THE STORY OF SIX FIRSTS AND ONE TITLE

By Figueira Barbosa

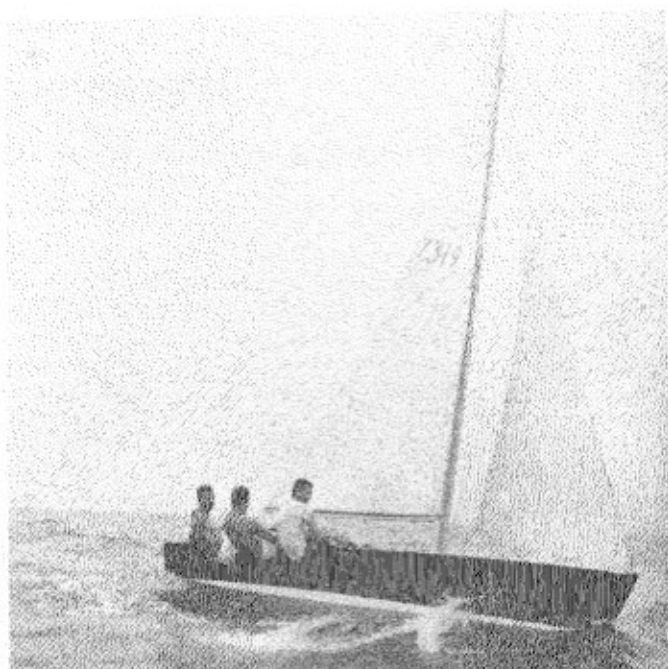
## Editor's Note:

We spent many, many hours reading and deliberating what should or should not be cut from this article. Finally we decided it would be much more interesting to all to publish it as received since it is our understanding it has been published in a South American Yachting Magazine. We hope you will all enjoy it as much as we did.

It was in 1959, at the Pan-American Games of Chicago that the Brazilian Snipe sailor Reinaldo Conrad obtained six firsts in a series of seven races, and didn't win the last one because the main hallyard gave way. This victory devoted to the young Brazilian sailor was in such a way that there were no doubts, but there always were those who spoke of a better boat, better sails, forgetting the sailors themselves. In that same event, Erik Schmidt would win in Lightnings, in the toughest series of the event, a fact mainly caused by changing constantly the boats.

In February of 1961, in a series of six races counting five in dispute of the VII South American Championship of the Lightning Class, Erik Schmidt would happen to win all races including three tune-up races; and beyond this almost coincidence with Reinaldo Conrad's victory, there were also those inconsequents who doubted. Alas!

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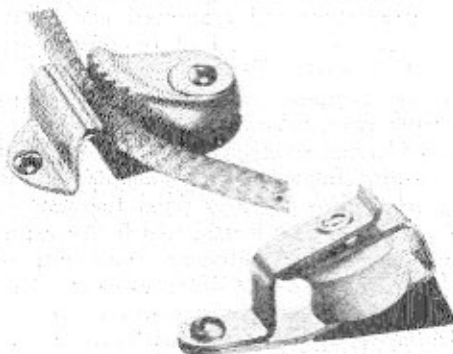
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Guanabara Bay in order to decide the VII South American Championship of Lightnings. Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Uruguay were the contestants. Three boats from each nation, with exception of Peru, who sent only two representatives. There were present four former South American Champions: Alberto Migone from Argentina (1955), Felix Sienra from Uruguay (1957), the Colombian Rafael Obregon (1959) and the Chilean Isidoro Melero defender of the title. Brazil had been to two of these Championships, in 1957 the best position was a fifth and in 1960 a fourth.

And the supremacy of the Brazilians felt in Chicago while using the spinnaker once more was confirmed. In Uncle Sam's land, Erik Schmidt brought the victory to him on the spinnaker legs, and this was recognized by the commentators who were there. Now, here in Rio it would be proved that wasn't only the Pan-American Champion exceptional in this trim, and thanks to this, Brazil would finish first and second in the South American Championship. And everything because of the spinnaker. If Schmidt was very good in the spinnaker legs, Mattoso Maia who was runner-up in the series also wasn't left much behind. The story of the VII South American Championship is about this.

In 1960 Brazil asked to make the next Championship and also said there was a good chance of building twenty new boats. Mattoso Maia, Jose Julio Barbosa and Erik Schmidt who never before had organized any event, were to be found at that moment full of pioneer enthusiasm and a lot of will to work. They came back and fought a lot to make the proposal concrete, finally abandoned in October of 1960 when Schmidt was present at the Extra South American Championship in Chile. Every effort was made to get twenty boats of approximately minimum weight, having also asked the fleet from the state of San Paulo to lend some of their boats; which the answer we are waiting until the present moment. And, not even to the Brazilian eliminations were they present. Later on they were thinking of competing without eliminations. The solution found was to obtain eight boats in the minimum weight well equipped, four others with the weight of 360 quilos and the rest above four hundred quilos.

Like that the best of each country had good and even boats, the second best with not so good boats, and the third were drawn authentic "clunkers." In my opinion the country that came out best on the act of drawing was Colombia, followed by Chile, Uruguay, Peru, Ecuador, Brazil and Argentina. But without counting Argentina, there were quite even boats, in reality the only two countries that got two heavier boats (over 400 quilos) were Brazil and Argentina, the latter got two boats very badly

equipped. In the draw for the third group there were missing at the moment two boats, and when everything was arranged there was one boat too many, that was a minimum weight boat that came from the State of Sao Paulo after being lent by its owner actually living in Rio. Finally but wrongly, it was decided that this boat would compete in the third group, having each from the third group a chance to sail it only once. It was only the beginning of the complaints made in an elegant manner never, in a championship that needed better organization, although it didn't hinder it to be the best one until the present day.

Let us see for an example the Congress. "What spoils the South American championships are the delegates"—words said by a contestant to me and, this was. There were more delegates than good sailors, and also more discussion than races. The course gave margin to a lot of words. Brazil presented for the time the course recommended by the L.C.A., or better twice triangular, with the finish at the windward buoy, having the two legs in a reach. So there weren't any runs. The Congress, and their respective delegates, did not agree, having alleged that no competitor was accustomed to sail in a reach or beam with the spinnaker. So they wanted the L.C.A. to be forgotten, because they didn't agree with the idea of maximum authority. It is like this in South America—a lot of people understand a lot of nothing. The new course of the L.C.A., adopted all over the world for more than two years, and already used in the Internationals, was made in Order to conform with new rules. If the change in the conception of the courses was drastic, the new I.Y.R.U. rules was also—and I think that nobody wanted to mend the I.Y.R.U. In the course of the L.C.A. all the buoys are left to port, it so eliminates the possibility of having a course of collision between two starboard tack yachts. Furthermore, at no time a yacht carrying a "spi" will mix himself between those on the beat. Besides, if the various countries that didn't wish to use the L.C.A. course because they didn't want to—should at least respect the association, above any of the present delegates. Fortunately Brazil understood the absurd of the discussion about the courses of a championship a few moments before, and in a Congress that had nothing to do with the fact. It was done the L.C.A. course.

Before the 5th, date of the first race there were made some tune-up races. Erik won all of them, and Mattoso Maia appeared twice, taking a fourth and a D.N.F. In a matter of fact this race Schmidt was the only one to finish, because a flat calm plus a strong tide against, impeded the others from completing, and at that moment Mattoso Maia was second.

The opening of the championship was made at the Naval School, with all the contestants presents to the flag raising of each country. Simple but nice. But, even here the delegates complained, and I remember one with his finger for the lance shouting that his country felt offended because its national anthem wasn't played completely. The Brazilian national anthem also wasn't complete. It is a question of protocol . . . but go and explain them! A Hurrah to these very important delegates.

On the fifth Sunday, the first race. The afternoon breeze hadn't come having the start baying given with the light northeast. At the windward mark, came the equatorial Sola, the Brazilian Mattoso Maia, Uruguay Sienra and Schmidt from Brazil. At the first reach, that didn't quite give for spinnakers, Mattoso Maia got the lead, followed by Sienra. Soon after the wind fell, and started shifting, and in the first triangle Mattoso Maia still led, followed by Alberto Migone from Argentina, Sienra and well behind the others Schmidt. The first leg of the second round was in a constant change of leaders, all of them in a flat calm. Finally the afternoon breeze came and Migone had the lead, followed by Sienra, Mattoso Maia, with the others some distance behind. When the yachts were almost completing the second round the gun fired the cancelling of the race, or if you like, the martyrdom. Migone and Mattoso were fighting for first, well ahead. Schmidt was at that about eighth.

On the 6th, the first race finally was completed, with a southeast force 3 to 4, and a strong tide against the boats on the windward leg. The racing committee was put almost at the middle of the bay in between Escola Naval and Gragoata point, with the windward mark approximately at the entrance of the bay. Right after the starting gun was fired, many boats tried to avoid the tide, by going into the Escola Naval shore, and in the three first positions were two Brazilians. Though all of them were in a bunch, and the positions changed at each instant, at the first buoy Schmidt was first, followed by Migone, Obregon, Sienra, Gallyas, Collet, and in twelfth place Mattoso Maia. Renato Matta was even worse. And, then started the reaches.

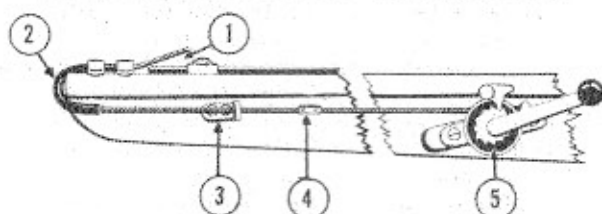
One of Sienra's crew fell in the water, another almost turned his boat over, lots of them didn't bare off on the gusts and almost got a bath. Incredible but true; at the second buoy came Schmidt and Obregon planing and Mattoso Maia already in fifth. The latter, eighty kilos above the minimum weight, rarely could plane but had always the sails in the right trim. In third there was Stuart Monroe and fourth Gallyas. On the second windward leg Schmidt got well ahead, while Mattoso Maia got closer to Obregon fighting for third place, but the Colombian later on would settle in second. Two more reaches, proved that only Schmidt, Obregon and Mattoso Maia could govern the boat properly. Sienra, who lost quite a lot in getting back his swimmer-crew now was back amongst the leaders, and at the last windward leg, was fighting for third place together with Mattoso Maia.

With a considerable distance Schmidt got the gun, the first one of a series of six, Obregon (Colombia) in second also well in front. Followed them Mattoso Maia, Sienra (Uruguay), Gallyas (Chile), Migone (Argentina), Monroe (Peru), Sola (Ecuador), Frugoni (Uruguay), Hernandez (Colombia), 11th. Melero (Chile), Arteaga (Peru), Collet (Argentina), Ballesteros (Colombia), Maspons (Ecuador), Bier with (Chile), Moeller (Ecuador), Grandes (Argentina) and Matta was disqualified, while Lauz (Uruguay) did not finish.

On the seventh, two races were held, with the wind still from S.E. force 4 (Beaufort scale), tide coming in the bay the first race, and in transition base, during nearly all the second race. An interesting fact, that caused contrary tides in a distance of about 50 to 200 meters, even in the middle of the channel. As the starting gun fired, the scenery of the first race was repeated, in other words boats wanting to avoid the strong tide against by going on the port tack towards the Naval School. Again Schmidt was leading at the first mark, and like always using his spinnaker properly didn't take long to get away from the others. Right after we could see Mattoso Maia fetch the second place and soon we had all the race decided. Sienra from Uruguay, excellent going to windward, but practically stopped on the reaches, in fifth was fighting with Obregon and Hernandez, and wouldn't take long to get the third position. This race still finished with a good wind, and the results were: 1st. Erik Schmidt, 2nd. Mattoso, 3rd. Sienra (U.), 4th. Hernandez (Col.), 5th. Obregon (Col.), 6th. Migone (Arg.), 7th. Gallyas (Ch.), 8th. Monroe (P.), 9th. Sola (E.), 10th. Frugoni (U.), 11th. Renato Matta (Bl.), 12th. Maspons (E.), 13th. Ballesteros (Col.), 14th. de Grandes (Arg.), 15th. Lauz (N.), 16th. Melero (Ch.), 17th. Arteaga (P.), 18th. Moeller (E.). Didn't sail Luiz Bierwith (Ch.) and Carlos Collet from Argentina.

The second race of the day, and third of the series, should have started as soon as the crews from the third group had changed their boats. One hour and a half to do this, and Bierwith would be disqualified, because when the gun sounded he was still fastened to the Race Committee barge. And, complaints of the delegates, of participants . . . naturally one hour and a half is not enough for two boats to change their sails. Finally the boats started trying to protect themselves from the tide as on

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the previous race, and only one boat gambled on the other tack, in this case Ballesteros. It looked as if he was out of the race, but how everyone envied him when they saw Ballesteros's boat heading for the first mark on the port tack almost two hundred meters ahead of Erik, Gallyas, Sienna, Oregon, Hernandez and Mattoso Maia. Rounding the second buoy Gallyas is forced to give room to Mattoso Maia, who jumps into third place. The boats finish the first triangle with Ballesteros still in first, having Schmidt and Mattoso Maia just astern of him, who at the first tack take the lead from Ballesteros. It was really impossible for Ballesteros with a clunker to win a race, and only a gamble gave him the privilege of staying a whole round ahead of Schmidt. At the second windward mark, Schmidt, Mattoso Maia, Sienna and Gallyas were the first four. The order of the first three was already getting monotonous, and if it wasn't for the splendid wind we could say it was boring. The leaders completed the second round with no difference, and started the last windward leg, when Mattoso Maia suddenly surprised Schmidt about half the way. With short tacks both yachts went on to the finishing line and for a moment it looked as if Mattoso Maia would win the race, but the wind shifted and Schmidt once more won the race. And, the result of this race again, would indicate the predominance of the Brazilians. Well, the result was as follows: 1st. Schmidt, 2nd. Mattoso Maia, 3rd. Sienna, 4th. Gallyas, 5th. Obregon, 6th. Ballesteros, 7th. Hernandez, 8th. Monroe, 9th. Maspons, 10th. Migone, 11th. de Grandes, 12th. Frugoni, 13th. Matta, 14th. Arteaga, 15th. Moeller, 16th. Lauz, Sola and Melero did not finish. Collet did not sail, having alleged that his boat

was a bad one, and it is good to say that he had the reason. Luiz Bierwith was disqualified.

While returning to the Club there was bad news for the Brazilians: Robinson Hasselman, one of Erik's crew had cut his foot badly, and wasn't able to race the rest of the series. It was a good excuse for Axel Schmidt, that leaving aside his pre-university studies, came to race with his brother. A curiosity: Axel didn't pass in his exams.

Another race, the fourth, one of the best of all. The wind this day was from S.W., force five, and the race committee saw herself in trouble to lay out the course, and only at three o'clock instead of two, the start was given. If the wind was excellent, with the water quite warm, the course failed. The windward mark was put on the lee of the Sugar Loaf, where the wind was shifting and the gusts made the first reach a real punishment for those who were not prepared. If it wasn't for this detail that also succeeded in the fifth race, and we could have said that the Championship was perfect in what concerns the racing itself. But, there they started again, with Schmidt, Monroe, Migone and Mattoso Maia well to leeward, having got the best start to the foreigners. But the two Brazilians getting out of their wake nicely, soon were leading, moving much better than the others. Rounding the first buoy, Schmidt was leading as usual while Mattoso Maia fell to fourth or fifth. In the first spinnaker leg Mattoso Maia is already in second, and Schmidt has a serious damage in his boat, when the mast step gives way by the force of the mast upon it. On the repairs you can also separate the good ones from the not so good ones, and in this case there was no exception, because using pieces of the boom-crutch they wedged the mast step reasonably and could proceed until the end of the race. The first round is finished in the order: Schmidt, Mattoso Maia, Migone, Sienna, and others. On the second beat, the Brazilians were to be found firmly on the lead, while Migone is caught up by Sienna. Then come the reaches, and Migone gets away from Sienna but the two leaders still are well ahead. Finally came the last beat and Migone would lose his position to Sienna, when Migone notices his upper shroud getting slacker, so with a lot of difficulty he manages to finish the race in fourth place. The results were: 1st. Schmidt, 2nd. Mattoso Maia, 3rd. Sienna, 4th. Migone, 5th. Obregon, 6th. Maspons, 7th. Hernandez, 8th. Gallyas, 9th. Frugoni, 10th. Ballesteros, 11th. Sola, 12th. Lauz, 13th. Bierwith, 14th. Nobdy. With the strong wind, we had the usual collisions and a few break downs.

Having finished the fourth race the standings were: 1st. Schmidt—80 points; 2nd. Mattoso Maia—75 points; 3rd. Sienna—71 points; 4th. Obregon—67 points; and after a lot of them in the following order: Migone, Hernandez, Monroe, Gallyas, and perhaps others with much less points. This is without discarding the poorest race, and discounting the situation seemed very similar.

The morning before the fifth race was a laborious one for many people. Schmidt was fixing the mast step and was also checking all the rigging. He found out that the mast was cracked at the top, ready to break any time, and the only way to make a quick repair was to tie it with some nylon line around it. Mattoso Maia was changing his goose neck fitting that had broken before the fourth race and was already the second to be changed in this Championship. So many troubles in the morning that we couldn't foresee what we would have to do after the fifth race.

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