

1964 NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP

By Tom Fallon



"T. Fallon, Kelp Rancher, and assistants, Carol McLaughlin and Eddie Butler."

This year's Regatta in the Pacific Ocean—in the opinion of the writer—was vastly superior to the one conducted in 1961. Of course, in 1961 he finished 33rd—this time he finished 9th. So that made some difference.

Also, sitting next to him in the boat he had an attractive, auburn-haired college girl who was diplomatically and aesthetically much better company than his 1961 main sheet man.

Also on the jib, he had young Eddie Butler who was eager, competent and respectful. The author is greatly indebted to Carl Eichenlaub for arranging this fine crew for him.

These two young people possessed a tremendous amount of local knowledge. Perhaps their most valuable contribution was superb weed control plus light-weight—a total for the two of 230 pounds. In 1961, if I referred to those strange floating objects on the surface as "weeds," defending champion Eichenlaub would look me straight in the eye and quietly say "kelp."

In the thought that those reading this article might find a detailed account interesting I will first state the problem and then the solution.

THE PROBLEM:

This kelp is some type of commercial crop. They make it into breakfast food, ice cream, insulation, horse fodder or something. Anyway it grows on or near the bottom of the Pacific Ocean and from time to time it either breaks loose or is cut and subsequently gathered up. This I do not know. Anyway, these hazards are floating around on and under the surface. Both Carol McLaughlin and Eddie Butler, my stellar crew, were completely familiar with the various species. I delegated all this responsibility to these fine young people. So here was the solution:

THE SOLUTION:

1. Delegate the responsibility to the crew as explained above.
2. Make sure they keep an eagle eye forward and

watch for kelp hazards so that the skipper can concentrate on wind and waves.

3. As will be reported subsequently in this article—and elsewhere—the wind was puffy. Whenever there was even a minor puff, Carol would hike delicately but efficiently, and take a quick look at the white centerboard. Most of the time she would report in a decisive tone: "All clear." Occasionally, when the puff was more prolonged, Carol would say: "There is a 6" streamer $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide on the board but it is working loose. It's gone! All clear." This was a tremendous psychological advantage for me because I had total confidence in this girl. By the way, I've always admired the way girls hike, especially Belinda Bleasby, Barbara Anne McIntosh, Tay Adams, and of course — Carol. Their stomach muscles and backbones seem limber or something. They hike in convex fashion rather than concave. In a flash Carol could get her pretty head within an inch of the bottom of the boat.
4. Suppose Carol said: "We've got them." I would then sit about amidships, Carol and Eddie would move to leeward—but not far and raise the board about 12" only. They knew from experience that this was the angle which would permit the kelp to free itself from the center board and not—and this is critical—catch on the rudder.
5. On all leeward legs we carried the board up about 12" and all we did was steer away from the great kelp patches. Carol never looked at the board on the leeward legs at all. With this kind of crew and good equipment, if I were any good as a skipper we should have won the Regatta. But we did fairly well, enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and that's the main reason we sail, isn't it?

The above expresses my own personal highlights of the Regatta. Now I will try to make a more objective report.

Chairman Al Coha and Mabel together with Trevor Lewis, the Barber twins, the Diamonds, Dave and Joanne Wright, Alan Raffee, Leroy Wright, Fred Boynton, the Eichenlaubs, Glen McPherrin, and many others, did a wonderful job of organizing for the Regatta. The visitors were greeted with a magnificent new Clubhouse and a veritable army of spars. I think more than 500 one-design racing boats call Mission Bay Yacht Club their home. It is a magnificent spot for the small boat enthusiast.

One of the high points was the sail measuring handled by the Wrights, the Barber twins and others. The Coha boys worked like Trojans folding the sails after they had been approved. This was a delightful touch.

This year there were to be two practice races on Saturday, two elimination races on Sunday and then one race a day for each of the next six days.

The wind was marvelous for the practice races—I would say between 12 and possibly 18. We actually took water in over the side. This was vastly different from our 1961 week.

For the Qualifying Races the wind was substantially lighter and believe it or not we didn't see very much of the first two Qualifying Races because we won both of them. Up to this time in the year 1964 I had only won two races. Lo and behold in one day on the Pacific Ocean BULL II wins as many races as it had done all year heretofore. We had delusions of grandeur.

In the Third Qualifying Race we deliberately started almost last to see if we could catch up. We caught up pretty well for awhile but were solidly trounced on the last weather leg by Dave Peterson, Don DeLorme, John McIntosh, Jack Swanson and Bob Adams.

Bob Seidelmann won the Qualifying Series with Dave Peterson, Steve Bachmann, Don DeLorme, Alan Raffee, the Barber Twins, Howard Macken, and the author showing some promise. Defending Champion Carl Eichenlaub could not compete in this series.

FIRST RACE

The wind was quite light—4 to 6. Dave Peterson and Carl Eichenlaub jumped off to an early lead and simply sailed away from the fleet to finish first and second with ease. Bob Seidelmann passed boats throughout the entire race to finish third. The Barber twins were fourth, Cleveland's John Mueller fifth, Raffee sixth, Bachmann, seventh, New Jersey's Bob Adams, eighth, Marcy Lippincott ninth, and the veteran Bud Olsen, tenth.

SECOND RACE

The wind was a little stronger—7 to 9. This race was much more interesting for us since we made a free-air port tack start at the wrong end. It looked pretty good so we kept sailing on the port tack until we could almost lay the mark. About 300 yards from the mark on the starboard tack, we got a marvelous lift and sailed around it in a good first place with eased sheets. We were able to stay ahead for the entire race but not without many nervous moments.

Al Coha was second, Eichenlaub, who sailed this race brilliantly after a mediocre start, was third. Don DeLorme was fourth, Jack Swanson fifth, John Mueller sixth, Peterson seventh, and Seidelmann eighth. The Barber twins were ninth and Bud Olsen tenth again.

At the end of the two races, here was the low score:

Eichenlaub	5	DeLorme	15
Peterson	8	Fallon	17
Seidelmann	11	Bachmann	20
Mueller	11	Adams	20
Barbers	13	Olsen	20

THIRD RACE

I didn't see very much of Seidelmann in the first two races but in the third race he sailed like a positive genius. He started near us and was in the clear but in the fleet until he started to pick the shifts as if the Archangel Gabriel were leading him by the hand. I hope people will not misinterpret this remark. Seidelmann was not lucky. I have never seen anyone sail his boat as well as Seidelmann did in this race and in the races to follow.

Seidelmann led all the way around to win easily followed by Raffee, Eichenlaub, Stu Anderson, the amazing John Mueller, Peterson, Olsen, Bachmann, Adams and DeLorme.

Score of the end of three:

Eichenlaub	8	Barbers	27
Seidelmann	12	Olsen	27
Peterson	14	Bachmann	28
Mueller	16	Adams	29

Raffee	23	Fallon	29
DeLorme	25		

FOURTH RACE

The wind was pretty good—possibly 12 on the first round and then down to possibly 10. Again Seidelmann sailed like a genius to win easily followed by Peterson, Howard Macken, Adams, DeLorme, Hugh Dietz from Syracuse, San Diego's Marty Gleich, Raffee, Eichenlaub and Bachmann.

Score with one race to go:

Seidelmann	13	Adams	33
Peterson	16	Bachmann	38
Eichenlaub	17	Olsen	42
Mueller	28	Barbers	43
DeLorme	30	Fallon	43
Raffee	31		

This was the race that we came out 4th at the first weather mark and finished 14th in the race.

I made a major blunder which I've done many times before and I know better and I'm going to tell you about it because it may help some others.

We rounded the weather mark very close to the leaders but with a number of boats close astern. It was a close spinnaker reach. I should not have put my spinnaker up immediately. Instead I should have reached up slightly to windward, set the spinnaker and taken off with clear air.

However, I thought that I could easily lay the mark and I saw many going to windward so laid off and went to leeward. I sailed the boat very poorly in disturbed air in fresh wind with my light crew.

Sometimes a person makes even greater killings on spinnaker legs by going to leeward. We passed about ten by doing this on one leg in the third elimination race. But things were different then.

In the absence of other known specific evidence there is a general rule of thumb to follow which I violated in this case. The general rule:

In light air on a free spinnaker leg stay to leeward.

In fresh or heavy air on a close spinnaker leg get free air preferably to windward.

FINAL RACE

Again the wind was light and shifty. As in the third and fourth races, Seidelmann sailed magnificently on the first weather leg and rounded the first mark just behind Bud Olsen and Howard Macken. On the off wind legs Peterson with his light crew caught up. In the meantime, Howard Macken got ahead and maintained first place to win the race easily.



"Jibe Mark—Championship Flight, San Diego"

However, the second weather leg was very unusual. The author went off on a long port tack and when he finally converged with the Fleet, he was in a good second position well ahead of Davey Peterson who was third, Karl Smither was fourth and Seidelmann was farther back. The wind was getting lighter and there were strange holes in the Pacific Ocean.

Here is the set-up starting the third and final leg. The ocean is full of holes, Seidelmann is supposed to be a heavy weather boy and he's got a big, heavy crew—Bud Nelson and a young fellow named Oberg. Peterson is now well ahead with many boats in between—he's supposed to be a light air boy and he's got a light, petite crew. If I had been Seidelmann I would have thought my goose was cooked.

Macken was moving very fast, covered Peterson and won the race with Peterson second. Steve Bachmann sailed an excellent final leg finishing third. Seidelmann hung on for dear life and probably sailed the best pressure leg of his career. He finished fourth just ahead of Eichenlaub who was fifth with Smither sixth, Adams seventh, the Barber twins eighth and Fallon ninth. If Fallon ever went to pot in a boat race he really went to pot on this leg.

There has been much talk of the difficulty in sailing in the Pacific Ocean sloop in the light air. First of all, the average velocity of the wind this time was pretty good. Certainly, the boats never had any difficulty in moving along. There were tremendous holes, flaws and shifts which I am sure will be reported elsewhere in this magazine.

Seidelmann thoroughly deserved to win the Regatta especially in the light air conditions that prevailed because he gets most of his practice in much stronger winds. Peterson sailed brilliantly and I don't think anyone ever

came closer to winning the Championship and not doing it than did the gentlemanly-quiet Davey, his beautiful wife Anne, and young Dave Chanoux.

But now old Fallon really knows why Eichenlaub calls his boats BULL. This world traveler has more bull than Marco Polo himself.

For instance, when Eichenlaub was heralding the marvelous sailing conditions off Mission Beach in 1961, I can recall his repeated comments that the wind was straight as an arrow with no land between Mission Bay and Japan to the north of west and no land between Mission Bay and the Hawaiian Islands to the south of west.

What a bunch of bull!! On Sunday after the Regatta about 11 A.M., my dear wife and I went up to Cabrillo Monument and studied the broad, calm Pacific. The shifts, flaws, holes, calm spots, etc., all were very pronounced and visible. But they can't be seen from the surface after the water gets stirred up a little bit. Next time I'm going to secrete a radio aboard and have someone broadcast info to me from a helicopter—or something.

However, I think I have finally realized why many of these California boats go so fast to windward. In order to get out to their race course they must beat to windward for about 45 minutes in about 10 miles of wind. This affords them a marvelous opportunity to tune their boats for windward performance.

Conversely, this situation may also account for the fact that California boats are not sensational to leeward because they run all the way home and by this time they are tired out.

All in all, however, it's a wonderful place to sail and the Mission Bay Yacht Club—I sincerely believe—is the finest small boat club in the world.

The complete score follows.

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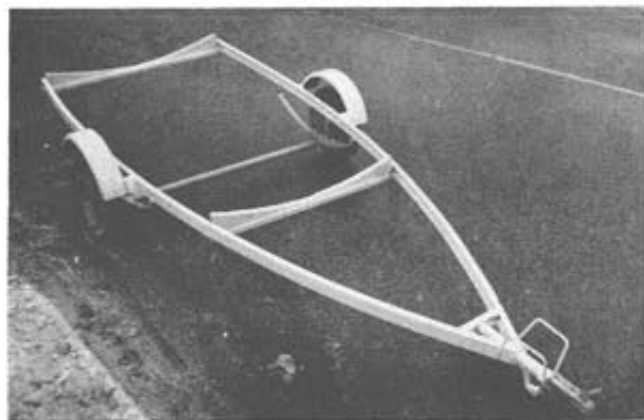
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1964 NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP

Skipper	Area	Boat No.	1st Race	2nd Race	3rd Race	4th Race	5th Race	Total	Fin. Pos.
Bob Seidelmann	New Jersey	8959	3	8	1	1	4	143	1
Dave Peterson	Connecticut	9110	1	7	6	2	2	142	2
Carl Eichenlaub	San Diego	9237	2	3	3	9	5	138	3
Bob Adams	New Jersey	8958	8	12	9	4	7	120	4
John Mueller	Cleveland	7865	5	6	5	12	13	119	5
Steve Bachmann	Connecticut	7126	7	13	8	10	3	119	6
Howard Macken	San Diego	7606	13	19	11	3	1	113	7
Barber Twins	San Diego	8528	4	9	14	16	8	109	8
Tom Fallon	Buffalo	8390	16	1	12	14	9	108	9
Bud Olsen	Connecticut	9022	10	10	7	15	10	108	10
Don DeLorme	Baltimore	9007	11	4	10	5	24	106	11
Alan Raffee	San Diego	8529	6	15	2	8	26	103	12
Bill Bergantz	Buffalo	8510	23	11	20	17	17	72	13
Hugh Dietz	Syracuse	9105	27	23	23	6	11	70	14
Marty Gleich	San Diego	8745	29	26	13	7	15	70	15
Dave Wright	San Diego	7600	19	14	29	11	19	68	16
Stu Anderson	Buffalo	8503	12	16	4	DNS	28	68	17
Jack Swanson	Buffalo	6345	30	5	15	22	22	66	18
Al Coha	San Diego	8965	DNF	2	17	24	20	65	19
Dan Camet	Argentina	9275	17	27	18	13	21	64	20
Karl Smither	Buffalo	9000	18	22	26	27	6	61	21
Mike Grinnell	Long Island	8627	15	DNF	22	23	14	54	22
John McIntosh	Savannah	8475	26	25	24	21	12	52	23
Marcy Lippincott	New Jersey	9008	9	24	30	29	16	52	24
Bill Healy	Connecticut	6849	14	DSQ	25	20	18	51	25
Jay Limbaugh	Columbus	7940	20	17	19	25	30	49	26
Barney Mead	Baltimore	7942	21	20	27	19	25	48	27
Cal Schmiede	Buffalo	8678	25	29	16	18	27	45	28
Dave Ashton	Milwaukee	8999	22	21	21	28	29	39	29
Pete Bone	Buffalo	8182	24	28	28	26	23	31	30
Elton Ballas	San Diego	8943	28	18	DNF	DNF	DNS	18	31



"North American's—Spinnaker action."

HOW STUPID CAN YOU GET?

by Jay Limbaugh

The two practice races didn't prove a whole lot so far as I'm concerned even though the wind and sea conditions pretty generally were about what was expected for the Pacific Ocean off Mission Bay. Starting lines were too short, many boats were over the line and in general it was an unfair contest and further, I have no idea as to whom the winners were.

The three qualification races were a whole new ball game. Everything from here on was on an official and very serious basis. Brush racing out in the ocean with several good skippers earlier in the week proved that we had our boat going very well on the wind. We did not change the tune of our boat in any way from what we used back home, which means that we carried a fair hook in the mast, a medium tight jib downhaul, jib leads fairly far forward and both downhaul and outhaul on main fairly taut. We did okay with the bridle during practice so decided to go with it. For all three qualifying races we had decent air, about 8-12, with no unusual sea conditions. Our boat went good both on and off the wind. Except for Fallon, who at times went better upwind than anybody, we went good on all legs. Rounded the weather pin in third and dropped two boats on the last leg to finish fifth in the first race. And in the second race rounding about sixth and finishing tenth. At this time, our only objective was to qualify and we felt there should be no difficulty if we could stay out of trouble at the start and keep the board and rudder free of kelp. And let me say here, that those skippers who did not work out a system for checking and clearing their board on a regular basis never had a chance. Conditions during all the qualifying races were very bad and I can assure you that even just a few strings of grass on either your board or rudder had to be cleared or you were just not competitive.

To qualify for sure, we knew that a finish in the top twelve was desirable and no worse than fifteen was a must for us in the last race. Since wind and sea conditions were about the same as the first two races (slightly lighter) we saw no reason to change anything. Just get a trouble free start and keep kelp free was the objective. What was almost a good start towards the lured end turned into a hopeless blanket and backwind situation so I did what seemed natural when an opening finally came, took a port tack to sea almost to the lay line hoping for the best but realizing that at every swell we were in trouble. We rounded fifth from last. For two spinnaker legs we held our position. Italy looked impossible but nobody said a word. Since our speed to weather had been good, I decided to play the shifts, no more gambling. We picked up four boats on the second weather leg and held our position on the next two reaches. Italy looked closer but nobody mentioned it. On the last beat we made it our business to stay kelp free and played the shifts, the last one a port lift to the finish line was a beaut. We picked up six boats. We were happy to qualify and at this point we saw no reason for major concern so long as we were not too stupid. As it turned out our trip in between the jetties was the last pleasure sail we experienced during the Regatta.

The sails we used in this Regatta had proven earlier to be very competitive in medium through heavy air and



"Past President Jay Limbaugh, #7940, during a 'Smarter' interlude"

apparently my mast tuning for these same sails was reasonably satisfactory for the same air. Looking backward now, it is a fact that we have done very little light air sailing this year with these sails so it should not be too surprising to me that I didn't know how to adjust and set our sails for the light air and slop conditions that developed at some time and usually during the later stages of each of the five official races.

First Race. On our way to the race course we were confident. Based on our performance in the three qualifying races and barring serious trouble there was no reason to believe that we couldn't complete the series in the top fifteen. This was our primary objective and when being honest with myself, I could find no reasons why we should ever finish better than tenth under any circumstances. I could never convince myself of this however. We estimated the wind at 8-12. There was a moderate ground swell with a slight chop. Conditions were not too different from the qualifying races so we decided to adjust our mast and sails the same as before. A fair bend in the stick and reasonably taut on the main down and outhaul and a fairly tight jib downhaul. After a few practice tacks with some hot-shots we were ready for the battle of sea, wind and kelp. We started on starboard about three quarters down the line but we got pinched off quickly. A quick look around revealed most of the fleet had dirty air but was continuing to hold on starboard. I decided to peel off to port and look for clear air which I found by ducking under all but three of the fleet. After a couple of hundred yards on port tack, I found myself to weather and about even with the three other port tackers and in a position it appeared, to gain a commanding position on the balance of the fleet if I took the starboard tack at this time. This I chose to do. Before long, I found myself fighting it out with Peterson and Eich for first place. Had I not overstood considerably, we would have rounded second. Both Peterson and Eich sailed smartly at the mark and the three of us rounded about two boat lengths apart

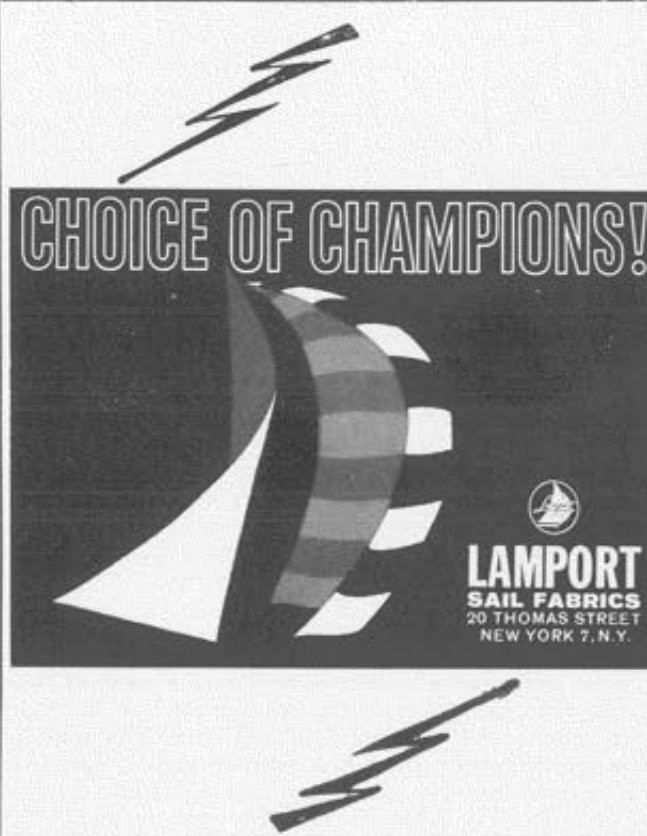
with the next group of boats being about 150 yards astern. Up went the chutes and Peterson, Eich and myself went directly towards the mark. For a couple hundred yards we stayed close together, then all at once — Pete and Eich opened up and we seemed to stall. I do not know why. Sixteen of the boats astern had gone high and appeared to have found fresher air. Pete and Eich, both on my same track, continued to move out and the big pack astern continued high and closing up the gap. About three quarters down the leg, I too started high to get what seemed to be fresher air but we seemed to be sailing in a soft spot. We haven't the slightest idea what we did wrong but on this one leg I know we lost about 300 yards to Pete and Eich and about 150 yards to the sixteen boats immediately astern.

All down this leg the current was running strong on our stern and at the jibing mark, with the current to help, we made the mistake of leaving sufficient room for a boat that had jibed to harden inside taking our air. This was also the worst possible time to make a sloppy jibe! Before we were able to fill up and get moving, fifteen more boats sailed through our weather. This shook us slightly — going from third to eighteenth in a space of approximately 100 feet and in probably less than 30 seconds. Going into the second weather leg we suddenly realized that we had done quite well on the second spinnaker reach and rounded seventh. Things were looking up again but about this time we noticed that boats were gaining both to lurd and to weather, we seemed to have no speed so it was everybody to the kelp department. Clean board — clean rudder, no sign of kelp. Finally, we recognized that the wind had become very light but the slop, chop and roll if anything had increased. I wanted to straighten the mast but legally couldn't. We loosed the main slightly but this didn't help. I felt that I should do something with the jib but didn't. We continued to lose ground to boats on the weather and on the third weather leg when the wind got even lighter and the sea conditions even sloppier we were outsailed by 13 skippers that apparently had a better knowledge of what to do under such conditions. We finished 20th.

It was a long way to the shower and had I realized at the time that likely we would be faced with the same or similar conditions for the next four days, I probably would have made myself more of a nuisance with some of the experts in an effort to determine what else I might try during such conditions.

Second Race. Sunshiny, wind about 8 with a moderate roll and no unusual slop conditions. We tuned mast and sails about the same as for beginning of first race. This proved to be correct at least while the wind held. Started on starboard near the windward end even though the lurd end appeared to be favored. Before long we managed to get back winded and as luck would have it, we could get clear air on port by ducking under only one boat. At this point we found ourselves sailing on port with Olsen and Fallon to lurd and both ahead and McIntosh to weather but slightly behind. Noting that Fallon was wearing his lucky red and white polkadot shirt we decided to follow him for awhile, after recalling that he had worn this same shirt during the two qualifying races he had won. Fallon was by far the fastest of our group. We were doing good with Olsen and McIntosh and it looked like this group was on top of all or most of the fleet so we decided to do nothing drastic. We held the port way out

to sea and then held a long starboard. Fallon rounded first, followed by Coho and Delorme who had played it real smart on the other side of the course. Fourth was Olsen and next us. While I had little time to think of it at this point, I do recall thinking there was no cause for alarm, we were again moving okay on the weather and our primary job was to stay on the right tack. How stupid can you get? Positions didn't change on the two spinnaker reaches even though some boats went high and some low. Going into the second weather leg the wind had lightened considerably, we took a starboard tack as had Fallon and Coho. Eich (well behind us) went off on port tack. We held the tack pretty far out before taking the port tack to the mark. We had lost Eich, Mueller, Barbers and another boat. It should have been obvious to us that many boats on the weather were sailing faster than we were in the light air. Everyone in our boat became so impressed with Eich's brilliant sailing on this leg that we got carried away and didn't realize that we had forgotten to adjust to the lighter wind conditions. We rounded the second weather mark ninth. Even though some of the boats ahead went high and some stayed low on the two reaches our position didn't change. Going into the last weather leg, we ended up playing the middle. The area seemed to be full of dead spots and boats were taking us on both sides of the course. The wind was much lighter everywhere and the slop was bad but it was obvious that either side of the course was better than the middle. We approached the finish line on port tack locked up by another boat and had to watch Anderson, Raffee and Wright cross ahead of us. We finished 17th; further emphasizing, in part at least, that we did not know how to adjust for the light air and slop conditions. Again, it was a long trip to the shower



CHOICE OF CHAMPIONS!

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and Italy looked further away but we were confident that this would not happen again. How stupid can you get? During the evening, I attempted to find out how others were making the necessary adjustments for the light air and slop conditions. Most all agreed that considerable heel to lurd was important to avoid pounding in the slop. Some said loosen sheets two inches or more and avoid taking tacks on any shifts under 30° because of the distance that is lost in coming about in the slop. It seemed to me that we had already tried all of these things without much success.

Third Race. At six in the morning, wind was blowing fairly strong and we were told it had blown most of the night. It was cloudy all morning and about 11:00 a.m. we had a slight drizzle. Wind started dying and on way to the race course we found that it was going to be a great day for kelp watching. Prior to the race the wind lightened more and we took several practice tacks with our sheets loosened and using the barber-haul about 4" from the jib block. It appeared that we were going okay on the weather. Boom up about 6" and outhaul in about 4". The main looked terrible but we were willing to try anything. Lurd end appeared to be slightly favored. We started on starboard about three quarters down the line, we had a nice hole with no one bothering us to weather. Healy, about two boat lengths ahead and loafing. Fallon, a boat length below me on a parallel course but with a glint in his eye. Tom was temporarily trapped. I'm sure he knew that by coming up then would have forced me over but in so doing would have put him right on the transom of Healy. Eventually, time ran out and we had a good start. Everyone to lurd was pinching. For fear of getting backwinded and slowed down by Healy, we flipped to port while boat speed was good and cleared most starboard tack boats. A quick look around revealed that most of the fleet had flopped to port immediately after start and at this point appeared to have the upper hand on the boats that had started near the lurd end. We seemed to have good boat speed as we went far out to sea with several other boats. It was a good tack but obviously we held the port too long. Seidelmann and others went to starboard earlier and seemed to get away out ahead of us in just a short while. With the barber-haul, we did not point as well with the same boats as in the first two races on the first leg but we were willing to stay with it hoping that with it we could find the answer to doing better when the wind lightened later on in the race. We rounded twelfth not too far behind the leaders. First reach was a dull spinaker leg with no change in position as was the second reach and run. Even though this leg should have been a run, the wind was abeam at least half the time so it was virtually impossible to make money by attempting to tack down wind. We held our position by going straight to the mark. The wind was dying and my main concern was to get back on the weather and see that if with the barber-haul we had found any answer to our problem with the light air and slop. Obviously, we had not.

Quickly we were outsailed by four boats. Half way up the weather leg we dropped the barber-haul. We tried to sail loose which didn't seem to help and I couldn't help but feel that my mast had too much hook for the light air conditions. We rounded sixteenth, held this spot on the next two legs. On the last weather leg we tightened up a bit and lost five more boats. How stupid can you get? In spite of a twenty-first in this race we picked up two positions on the road to Italy. A quick stop at the bar

was enjoyable in more ways than one. Among other things in the conversation I recall that Barney Mead was hoping that he could at least get one race in the 'teens'.

Fourth Race. On the way to the race course, we noticed tiny white caps on the water and were lulled into believing that we were to have better air for this race. Even though I was certain that we moved better in this kind of air with considerable bend in the mast, I kept thinking that I should block the mast and get it reasonably straight for the light air and slop conditions that would likely occur before too long in the race. This I did not do. We were thirteenth the first time around and on the second weather leg took a long port tack almost to the lay line. We seemed to be moving well. Eich and Coxa were to weather and ahead but we were working up and closing on them. After we took the starboard tack we still gained on them and had Coxa tucked safely under us. At last we had mastered the Pacific slop. Don't change a thing we said. But then to our utter amazement Coxa headed up, sailed briskly across our bow and up to our weather. This completely demoralized us. We lost a few more boats before we reached the mark. Another short reach and then on the long run, having nothing to lose, I tried tacking down hill but the wind shifted against me on every tack. Desperately, we held a long starboard tack on the last weather leg and it looked as though we might pick up about half the fleet but our port tack to the finish line was into the waves. How stupid can you get?

Fifth Race. A close examination of our side shrouds at dock side revealed that for some unknown reason we were considerably looser than at the start of the Regatta. No answer for this except for the continuous pounding in the slop during the nine previous races. I thought I should tighten up decided against it, I'm not sure why. Sailing out to the course it was apparent that our boat speed was nothing sensational. A few practice tacks confirmed that we were not ready for the circuit but the ten minute gun had gone. As usual the wind was fairly good at the start. We decided on a weather end start and as it turned out there was hardly any traffic. At the gun we were on the line and next to the weather flag. A perfect weather start. Smither and Olsen crossed at the same spot just seconds behind. Both of them went on port immediately and looked very good with the fleet. We too flipped to port several boat lengths to weather and slightly behind Smither. At this point we were very happy with our position with the entire fleet but within 200 yards, Smither had worked up and in front and I was forced to clear my air. Very demoralizing. From then on I knew we had to gamble in hopes that with luck we could pick up boats in large bunches because an average finish for us would not make a down payment on the trip to Italy. We rounded with five boats behind and were convinced that from now on we must gamble for higher stakes. Tacking down wind was the next opportunity to gamble and we rounded last. By this time, the pressure was off so far as the blue fleet was concerned and we started concentrating on the green fleet.

We were lucky to nose out the first few boats and finished with the full realization that we had not yet mastered the art of tuning and sailing in the wind and sea conditions that were so prevalent during most of the time in the five race series. My first chore when I arrive home will be to cancel my registration at Ohio State University in the Italian Language Class. How optimistic can you get?



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1964 NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP SAN DIEGO FROM THE COCKPIT OF "BLITZEN"

By John M. McIntosh

On the way out to the start of the first race in the championship we had plenty of time to try and settle down, the air was light and it was a long sail out. So much had happened in the short span of the past few days it was difficult to get adjusted.

Barbara Ann and I had flown out by jet on Friday, met sons Johnny and Neff who had come on ahead via Houston and the Sears Semi-Finals: Spent all day Saturday getting 'Blitzen', kindly loaned by good friends Bernard and Warren Gross, rigged and tuned (we hoped)—Picked up Ruddy Lewis, just before 1st Elimination race, as a 3rd crew—then squeaked through the Eliminations with a couple of middle finishes and a 3rd to just make the Finals.

1st Race—Tuesday

Wind was light from WNW—maybe 5 to 6 with gentle swell and not much chop. Line was good, so we started near the starboard end, upper third, and rolled to port as soon as it opened up a little—planned to tack up the beach, but after encountering one big flat spot and observing more air outside we rolled back to starboard. This helped as we got better air and managed to sail pretty well up the middle. We rounded somewhere around 15th and got clear air downwind, picking up boats and distance on both reaching legs, pulled up to about 10th.

The second weather leg was our downfall, the air seemed to soften, and I played the port tack up the beach—The wind shifted more South which was fatal for us. Trying to work back out was tough going—Had to tack on real headers, and probably tacked too much. Everything did not work—Dropped many boats up wind then really "tubed it" by trying to carry a chute on the reaching leg which was now too tight. So—lost a few more—By this time we were about last, and being threatened by the President's Cup leaders. Fortunately, after an unexciting final weather leg the race ran out, we finished 26th and I was glad there wasn't any more.

2nd Race—Wednesday

Wind was about WSW and blowing a little harder, probably about 8 to 10, same old ocean swell, and a little choppier, or sloppier, due to more breeze. Again started in upper third of the line, rolled to port, and generally stayed on the outside of the rhumb line—Must have been the right way as Fallon used same approach and rounded 1st mark with a good lead—we were pretty good, about 9th around, and looked smart downwind moving up to 7th. Had trouble finding the leeward mark against the shoreline but I figured that Fallon with his "eagle-eyed" young locals knew where he was going so I followed him. It turned out okay and we went into the second windward leg.



"John McIntosh in #8475"

Remembering the southerly swing of the breeze the day before, and being real "smart" I took the starboard tack. It looked good for a while, but that was all—The air softened again, I found several large holes, experienced extreme frustration, and generally "tanked-out". At the end of this leg we found that I had carefully worked us back into the "twenties". (18th John)—Ed.

The downwinds were uneventful, and except for the back stay coming completely undone (turnbuckle) on the final windward leg nothing else of note happened—Thank goodness! The wind generally died, and so did we. We finished 25th which was about one place better than the day before.

3rd Race—Thursday

Wind was considerably South of West by now, a few rain drops fell (unheard of supposedly), and the sun didn't break out of the gloom until starting time. Started at extreme weather end, rolled to port and took-off—No problem about dropping back through the fleet today—We were wrong all the way up the 1st leg and rounded with only 2 or 3 boats astern. The reaching legs didn't prove a thing, and on the 2nd windward leg tried the long starboard, a little different scenery, but at the mark we still had our "companions" of the 1st lap. Two more long reaches added to the mileage but didn't improve our position.

The last windward leg we sailed up the middle, religiously tacking when the compass indicated a header, and slowly picked up a few places. Didn't lose any stays as we had re-tuned "Blitzen" and were now sailing the "new" tight rig, as opposed to the "new" loose rig of the day

before. We still didn't have good boat speed on the wind—I was trying everything—running off—pinching—more heel, less heel—etc., etc.—oh well we finished 24th.

4th Race—Friday

Wind was back to SW—about 12, (they call this normal—you couldn't prove it by me). Water was choppy and I decided to have a go at the Starboard tack and hold on toward the South. Started pretty near the leeward end, there was some little mess below us, we were clear, thankfully—we stayed South of the rhumb line and after several clever tacks reached the mark in about our usual 20th place.—Held our own off the wind, somehow we went great on the reaches where the crew did everything, then a long slow downwind (flat triangle) where we closed a little on the boats ahead.

Second windward leg was frustrating as the wire down-haul on jib "pooped-out"—However it seemed worse than it really was, and although the scalloped effect was worrisome we didn't lose much. The only excitement on the reach and run came in repairing the jib down-haul, the bow was a bit bouncy during this operation. The last weather leg we again married ourselves to the compass and generally sailed up the middle—Very interesting, we picked up three or four boats, and lost three or four others—we crossed the finish line 21st. (You will note, dear reader, we improved a little in each succeeding race. I confidently figure if they will make these regattas 20 or 25 races we—!)

5th Race—Saturday

Well, the wind was way around toward the South, blowing about 10, a truly lovely day for an outing on the water—(Notice how our outlook had changed? Softened perhaps). We started in the middle of the line, held a Starboard tack to the South, made it easier to see the beach, surfers, bathers etc.—Stayed south of the rhumb line, alternately watching the compass and the sea-birds searching for food. Rounded the first mark about 17th (No, this isn't one of those other races). No change on the short crosswind leg, but then we picked up a couple of boats on the long (slow) downwind. Ruddy and Barbara Ann excelled at flying the spinnaker in all that slop.

Second upwind leg we held a long port tack, longer we held it the better we liked it. Stayed north and tacked on headers, rounded 12th — Crosswind — no change — long, long, downwind, headed straight for mark, one little pass to windward to nip one luckless boat at the mark. On the last weather-leg—wind had gentled—we worked up the middle—watching compass, sailed hard and carefully—pick up a boat—lose a boat, at least we saw the exciting finish of the leaders—Sailed into one magnificent garage for what seemed an eternity and finally stumbled across to finish 12th.

Truthfully it had been a wonderful regatta, although we never seemed to get going. I never really had the feel of it—Light to medium air—lots of wave action—we must have tried 113 different ideas—retuned the boat 5 times—once a day—Maybe next time they will have 25 races.

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SAILING THE NORTH AMERICAN IN THE RUCK —

by BARNEY E. MEAD

Charlie Schreck, your year book editor wrote me and several other people in the class prior to the 1964 North American Championships and asked us to write articles about the races for the year book. We all agreed and after it was all over and I finished so poorly, I thought that I would be off the hook but Charlie insisted that I tell all concerned how it feels and what I think I did wrong and what I learned.

"Clancy" qualified 26th with finishes of 13, 10 and 7 in the elimination series and finished 21, 20, 27, 19 and 25 to finish 27th in the championship series. If you normally do better than this, I suggest that you stop at this point in the article because you probably know more than I do.

Since I consider "Clancy" one of the fastest boats in the Lightning Class, you can well imagine that I was disappointed to say the least to finish in the ruck in 1964.

"Clancy" sailed in California for the first time when she was new in 1961. After she and her skipper got used to sailing in the light air and swells of the Pacific, she qualified for the first World Championship and finished third in one of the races. I only mention this fact to indicate that when I learned that we would be back in Mission Bay in 1964, I thought that our chances should be excellent in that we had already raced there and felt this would be of great advantage. How wrong can you be! Also, since in 1961 eleven of the boats in the first fifteen had been from east of the Mississippi, the competition in California would not be as keen as if the 1964 championships were sailed in the east. I had final high hopes that many hot skippers from the east would not make a second 3000 mile trip to San Diego. This was my second basic mistake. The competition in California has improved tremendously in the past three years and all the hot rods from the east were much in evidence.

One of the most important changes that has taken place in the Lightning Class in recent years is that while at one time there were a small number of people in the Class who knew how to rig a Lightning to make it go faster than the other boats; today a great number of people know these "secrets" and they are almost common knowledge; particularly at an event like the North American Championships. This has resulted in much keener competition. The Lightning Class is getting like the National Football League in the sense that on any given Sunday almost any good Lightning sailor can win. This is what makes the Lightning Class the most competitive sailboat in the world. It was no coincidence that Bill Cox, skipper of American Eagle and Bob Bavier, skipper of Constellation in the Americas Cup Series were former Lightning sailors. They are the type of yachtsmen that the Lightning Class is developing and has developed.

Now for my excuses. One of the most interesting things about yacht racing is that most skippers can find reasons why they did not do better or win the race. Here are mine about the North Americans.

1. 26 other Lightning sailors sailed better than I did.
2. I thought that knowing how to sail in the swells of the Pacific would make a great difference in the

results. As far as I could determine the swells had no noticeable effect on the results.

3. Usually one side of the race course is favored from a wind direction, wind velocity, or tide standpoint on the beat. In California there were definitely favored sides. However, I constantly sailed up the wrong side the first beat up despite watching my compass and knowing the direction of the current. I was never smart enough to determine the favored side the first time up in any of the races. The boats that rounded the weather mark in the twenties the first time up usually finished in the twenties.
4. The crew is just as important as the boat, the rig, the sails, and the skipper. My crew at all times did an excellent job and if I had skippered as well as they crewed, I would have done much better. However, if I were going to race again in California in the light air I would have the lightest possible crew weight. Our crew weighed 315 pounds. A 400 pound crew would have been a definite advantage.
5. During the championship, there were big holes in the wind in all the races. By that I mean that you would be moving well, and all of a sudden you would find yourself in areas of lighter winds. "Clancy" got clobbered again and again by sailing into these areas. There has to be a way to avoid these areas. At the end of the last race I started tacking immediately when we got into a hole, it seemed to work but I am still not sure about this.
6. The boats that really did well had three people in the boat that worked in the following manner. The skipper was the helmsman, one of the crewmen was the navigator and tactician and the other member was in charge of setting the sails to get maximum drive out of the boat. "Clancy" did not have the crew duties broken down in this manner. I think this would have been a good idea.
7. "Clancy" had a very bad case of the "go-slows". this is a disease that skippers sometimes get in the North Americans. Many boats before they get to the North Americans are performing well against boats in their local areas and beating most of them. Their skipper is not used to being back in the ruck and when this happens, particularly in an event as important as the North American Championship, instead of keeping the boat moving on the beat pulls the sails in tighter and tighter, pinches more and more and ends up getting further and further behind. Another symptom is being in the ruck and instead of concentrating on catching and passing the boats in the immediate vicinity, take a big gamble to try and catch 10 boats. Gambles like this usually don't pay off and simply cause the skipper to lose 10 more boats. The final stages of the 'go slows' usually results when the

skipper decides to follow the boat that is doing the best in the Regatta. "Clancy" got to this point in the third race. We had done poorly in the first race, gotten fouled in the second race, causing us to start about four minutes late and decided to follow Carl Eichenlaub who was ahead at the time in the fourth race. Carl was not too far ahead of us as we rounded the first mark. He rounded 24, we gave up following Carl! Although this was his worst race, he did not panic but recovered to finish 9th. We took a big gamble and finished 19th.

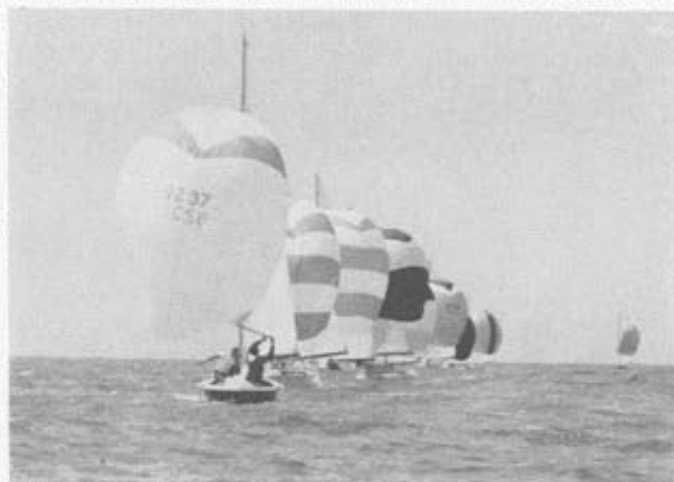
8. Most of the boats in the North American had "Barber Hauls". "Clancy" did not and should have. You should have all the latest innovations on your boat when you are in the North Americans. You can bet I will be using "Barber Hauls" next year.
9. On Friday night before the fifth and final race, I made an investigation of the top ten boats. I climbed aboard each boat and looked around to see what was different than "Clancy". All boats had much less rake and hook than did "Clancy". I noted this and did nothing to change "Clancy" for the last race. Karl Smither also noticed this, made a change in his boat before the last race and had a beautiful race.

Ed. Note—See Race V—Smither's Article.

After reading all this you might say "no wonder 'Clancy' sailed in the ruck in California".

After I got home I decided that I must cure "Clancy" of the "go slows". This is what I did. I changed the rake from 36" to 24". I changed the hook in the mast from a constant hook in all wind conditions to a variable hook which can be changed with varying wind velocities. Since making these changes "Clancy" has won three straight regattas and been second in another. People around here who were occasionally beating "Clancy" before she went to California are saying what did you do to "Clancy" in California to make her go so fast? The answer is "nothing in California but a hell of a lot after she came home."

It is no fun to sail in the ruck but it sure does make major changes necessary.



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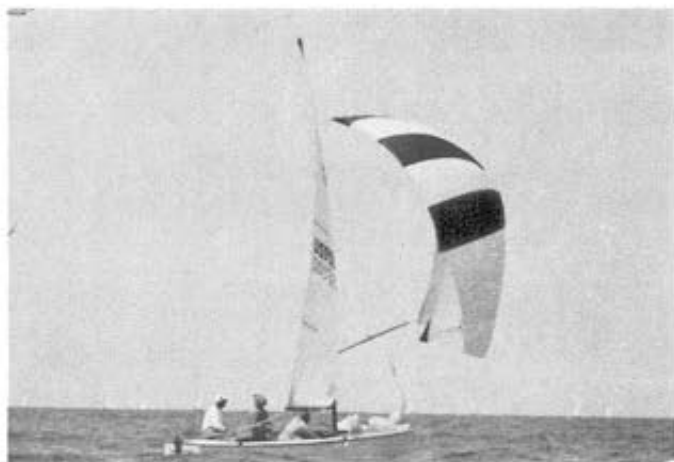
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RACE-BY-RACE NOTES — No. 9000 THERMIS IX

By Karl Smither



"Karl Smither in #9000"

Race I About the five-minute gun the wind backed a trifle so that the leeward end of the line seemed favored. We started about three-quarters of the way down the line, but did not quite get clear air. Then on the first spinnaker run we gambled on heading low to avoid the luffers. This was bad—they sailed right through us to windward and blanketed us near the jibing mark. Profiting by this sad experience we held high on the next 3 spinnaker legs and passed one to four boats on each run. On the third and final beat I decided to go

for broke on a long port tack, to get our northing before going out into the ocean current. I held on, riding through headers. We must have already been far enough offshore to be in the current, because we slipped from 8th to a finish of 18th on that one leg.

Race II The leeward start seemed favored because we could not cross on starboard. Fortunately there was a recall, but no change in the line. We got across OK but badly backwinded. As soon as we could, we wiggled clear on the port tack, but too late. Perhaps a shift favored the other end starters, or I could not get in phase with the shifts, so I ended up finishing 22nd.

Race III Put on a different mainsail. A real good line; got a fair start, but just could not point or foot with the fleet, even after we got clear air. Sunk still further down to 26th.

Race IV Line OK. Got an excellent start with clear air. Carefully checked our relative speed with other boats. They all pulled out on us on the same tack when close aboard. We just had lousy boat speed in spite of anything I could do. Finished 27th—worst yet.

Race V I am desperate—something had to be done. We tightened the jumper stay turnbuckles nine turns each, to give the sail more draft. I tried a windward start but was 5 seconds early, so had to lose way. This was bad because we were then dead in the water at the start and got blanketed by other boats, which were moving faster. We tacked to port and got clear as much as possible, playing the shifts. No more of this long-port-tack-regardless stuff for me. Olsen, however, made out well on the initial long port tack. We were moving again now and wiggled up to fourth place at the first weather mark, just above Seidelmann, in spite of our poor start. The spinnaker legs were terrific battles but we kept out of blankets by holding high. On the beats there seemed to be better air alongshore on the port tack but this meant running into the President's Cup fleet with their spinnakers on top of us. I went out and kept clear air as much as possible, still playing the shifts. By picking some of them right, we finished sixth, our best race of the series.

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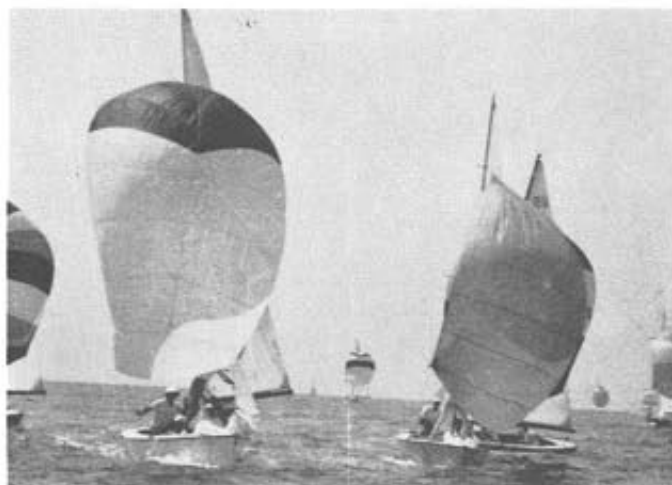
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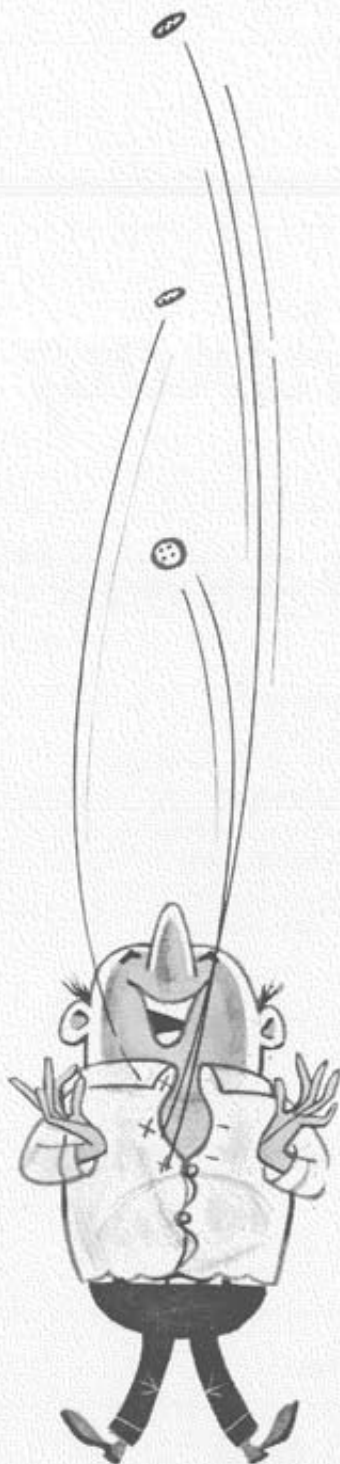
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