

1964 PRESIDENT'S CUP

by Cully Cobb



"Cully Cobb in #7499"

Impressions of the 1964 President's Cup races: Tough! And wonderful! And educational. Let me take up the last first, and begin with the mermaids.

There is a long pair of jetties forming the entrance to Mission Bay, extending about a half mile in the direction of Oahu and made of great stones of fairly uniform size, rather casually stacked to give a regular but rugged appearance. Beginning about half way out, especially on the southern jetty there are small clutches of mermaids. At times these sun baked, bikini clad creatures appear to blend with the rocks; at others they stand out boldly through some accident (sic) of contrast in color or form. The groups number from three to five, several resting against the rocks and one or two preening at the top of the jetty. These we believed to be sirens but even when our boat was within inches of destruction there was no trace of interest among the mermaids. We decided that their glances were reserved for (a) crews of yachts with blue flags on the back stays and (b) brown skinned white haired mermen types native to the region who might have strayed onto the Lightnings. The sirens' disinterest was wasted on the crew of Bandersnatch who suggested that the skipper might tune the boat while the other hands took care of the beat out the channel. This beat consisted of a series of tacks so adjusted as to bring the boat to the rocks always close to a group of mermaids. Boats starting out astern invariably passed ahead during these beats and the sympathetic glances indicated a mental check-off from the ranks of the competitive. What accomplishments we managed to achieve are entirely due to this kindly feeling among our peers and to the near-anesthetic stage of relaxation in the crew by the time the races started. A word about the northern jetty: fishermen were there but few sirens. The electric poles extending out to the light were capped, each by a trained sea gull who stood stationary and looking at the eye of the wind. We soon realized that these birds provided the race committee with their information on wind direction, shifts, etc. Unfortunately we could not take full advantage of the sea gulls since our yacht so rarely approached the north jetty.

May I say next that we have now learned how to sail in California and would do better next time. The kind Californians told us what to do but it took a week of work to believe them. Our difficulties were all the more exasperating in view of the obvious simplicity of the setting.

Consider first the wind.

It is the same every day. In the morning the desert heats up and by noon the thermal draught is pulling the cool sea breeze across Mission Bay. The breeze is properly west but may be a little north or a little south. At first there is much less wind out in the ocean but as the afternoon wears on the air further out heads for the beach. Hence the cardinal rule: when an early port tack parallels the beach, take it now! Oddly this does not work exactly the same with a more southerly slant. This seems to lead to shifty puffs that would be at home on Buckeye or Old Hickory Lake.

There is a steady southerly current. It is much faster at times, apparently when the wind is northwesterly. Since it is brisker off shore this is another good reason to make your northing close to the beach.

The waves may be slightly overrated. The swell is long, gentle and westerly. It is capped by smaller waves crossing at an angle along with the wind. There is not a lot of helming in working over the waves but it is no place for pinching. The local seers sail with draughty sails trimmed well in but always rap full.

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Lastly the seaweed.

There is a San Diego admonition "Watch out for seaweed." This in lay language means "If you don't raise or inspect your centerboard every couple of minutes you will be kedged in a clump of kelp while the race goes by." Novices are all slow to dig this seaweed despite the warnings since the clumps which collect on the board are usually concealed below the surface and will gather no matter how carefully you steer around the floating beds of these vegetables.

The President's Cup was full of first rate competition. Such that one true gentleman from the blue fleet was heard to say "You fellows have more tough sailors than we do." In any event our leaders, Leo Wasserberger from Pontiac, Dick Benner from Los Angeles and Jim Carson of Philadelphia did it with steady, skillful sailing.

The racing started on a lazy Tuesday, clear, warm, hazy. Few mermaids. Gulls looking at 300° and seemingly steady. Sea calm. Wind 4-6 knots. Temperature 76 (as on each succeeding day). Line, as always, square. We got a blanketed start at mid-line. Circumstances drove us to the port side of the rhumb line and well in the tank by the weather mark. Dick Benner started at the weather end, was third to take the long port tack and trailed Jim Carson at the mark. Next were Jackie Mueller from Cleveland, Oliver Filippi from Englewood, N. J. and Warren Gross of Coronado. In the second beat the wind backed almost 20° helping the group which went out on starboard tack. The beach route still seemed best. However Benner and Gross, tacking on shifts, slipped ahead and at the finish it was Benner, Gross, Carson, Leo Wasserberger (up from 10th at the 1st mark) and Filippi. Your correspondent struggled up to 10th.



Jim Carson and Herm Nickels streak for the leeward berth

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***Commodore's Cup**

**Participation in 3 Regattas
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Wednesday's race started with a slightly brisker breeze of 6-10 knots coming in from 240°. Full of shifts and holes with no long favored tack. We started two thirds down the line in the second row and soon managed to tack out. After working out of traffic we ended up well toward the starboard lay line. Reached the mark 6th feeling a little better. This time Wasserberger led at the first mark followed by Carson, Gross, Filippi and Don Clark from Seattle. Things remained much the same until the final beat when the wind veered to 260° as the clouds came in. This helped those to the starboard side of the beat. At the finish it was Carson, Filippi, Dave Siddons, Wasserberger and Charlie Obersheimer of Buffalo.

The third race on Thursday saw a 5-8 knot wind still further back at 205°. We got our first clear start near the leeward end. Thinking the wind must veer toward its usual west we went for the starboard side but a major shift never came. Gross, Paul Schreck of Pensacola, Fla., Carson, Wasserberger and Siddons led at the first mark. After a long race and much windshift tacking it was Carson, Gross, Wasserberger, Benner and Mueller at the finish.

Friday dawned with the usual thin overcast but more wind. By race time there was a nice 10 knot breeze from 260°. The leeward end of the line was a bit lifted and we started there right behind Benner. Sticking to the left side of the course we trailed Benner around the weather mark. Next came Clark, Wasserberger and Herm Nickels. We passed Benner on the short tight reach and for a glorious moment were ahead of the pack. Success was unbearable

however; we botched the jibe and quickly got back in second place. The wind backed to about 250° on the second beat and there was some shuffling. At the finish Wasserberger was trailed by Clark, Benner, Bandersnatch, Filippi and Herm Nickels. By now Wasserberger, Benner and Carson were snug with 76, 74 and 73, but out of reach for the rest of the fleet, led by Filippi at 62 and our Bandersnatch at 61. Next were Gross and Obersheimer at 53. Our race seemed to be with Filippi so we resolved to keep an eye on him Saturday.

The final race saw a 6-8 knot breeze at 210° for the start. We were at the middle of the line and moving well with clear air. The breeze was spotty with some minor shifts. At the weather mark Siddons led, followed by Gross, Clark, Benner and Wasserberger, then us and Filippi. We were carried up when Carson had trouble setting the spinnaker and through below shot Filippi. The broad second reach of the unequal triangle was long and slow at least for us as we seemed to back slowly toward Nickels and a throng astern. Gross, Clark, Benner, Wasserberger and Filippi had slipped ahead of Siddons at the leeward mark. The wind veered slowly after the first beat to about 240°. Schreck moved from 11th to 3rd in the second beat with Gross, Benner ahead and then Wasserberger, Clark and ole Bandersnatch. Filippi had dropped into the hole usually reserved for Mississippi Valley representatives and rounded the mark 11th. At the finish Gross steamed in first, followed by Schreck, Benner, us and Wasserberger. Next came Clark, Filippi, Carson

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and Herm and Dave Nickels, pere et fils. The final sequence therefore was Leo Wasserberger, Dick Benner, Jim Carson, the Coonskin kids and Oliver Filippi.

It will be noted that I have dwelt upon the mermaids, the sea gulls, the desert and the clouds and have therefore slighted the Race Committee. Perish the thought. They were solid and salty, rugged and right. Their starts,

courses, timing and control of the fleet were flawless. They too were colorful, though not in the same way.

It was with a little sadness Sunday morning that we left our San Diego friends with their beautiful club and bay and their almost unwordly climate, and streaked east for the mountains, the desert, and finally our own green hills.

FINAL RESULTS — President's Cup

| Fleet No. | Skipper | City | Boat No. | 1st Race Pos. | 2nd Race Pos. | 3rd Race Pos. | 4th Race Pos. | 5th Race Pos. | Points Total | Position |
|-----------|---------------------|-----------------------|----------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|----------|
| 54 | Leo Wasserberger | Pontiac, Mich. | 8744 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 93 | 1 |
| 102 | Dick Benner | Palos Verdes, Cal. | 8021 | 1 | 7 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 92 | 2 |
| 34 | Jim Carson | Philadelphia, Pa. | 8484 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 9 | 8 | 88 | 3 |
| 262 | Cully Cobb | Nashville, Tenn. | 7499 | 10 | 6 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 79 | 4 |
| 75 | Oliver Filippi | Englewood, N. J. | 6898 | 6 | 2 | 13 | 5 | 7 | 77 | 5 |
| 114 | Warren Gross | San Diego, Cal. | 9172 | 2 | 9 | 2 | DNF | 1 | 74 | 6 |
| 324 | Paul Schreck | Pensacola, Fla. | 8890 | 13 | 10 | 8 | 13 | 2 | 64 | 7 |
| 92 | Dave Siddons | Island Heights, N.J. | 9230 | 19 | 3 | 6 | 8 | 11 | 63 | 8 |
| 12 | Charlie Obersheimer | Buffalo, N. Y. | 4811 | 14 | 5 | 9 | 7 | 13 | 62 | 9 |
| 53 | Dave Nickels | Holly Mich. | 9198 | 9 | 8 | 14 | 11 | 10 | 58 | 10 |
| 53 | Herm Nickels | Fenton, Mich. | 9215 | 11 | 12 | 16 | 6 | 9 | 56 | 11 |
| 71 | John Mueller | Rocky River, Ohio | 8675 | 5 | 17 | 5 | 14 | 14 | 55 | 12 |
| 132 | Don Clark | Seattle, Wash. | 9205 | 16 | DSQ | 10 | 2 | 6 | 54 | 13 |
| 194 | Paul Brady | San Diego, Cal. | 7860 | 8 | 15 | 12 | 12 | 12 | 51 | 14 |
| 194 | Bill Pirie | San Diego, Cal. | 8966 | 12 | 14 | 11 | 16 | 17 | 40 | 15 |
| 102 | Wendell Harter | Manhattan Beach, Cal. | 7869 | 17 | 11 | 20 | 13 | 19 | 33 | 16 |
| 113 | Carey Long | Stevensville, Mich. | 8714 | 7 | 13 | 18 | 17 | DNF | 33 | 17 |
| 132 | Bob Clark | Seattle, Wash. | 8962 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 15 | DNF | 25 | 18 |
| 43 | John Schneider | Columbus, Ohio | 8559 | 18 | DNF | 15 | 12 | 13 | 13 | 19 |
| 74 | Bob Buckles | Decatur, Ill. | 8811 | 20 | 18 | 21 | 20 | 15 | 15 | 20 |
| 132 | Ben Renegar | Renton, Wash. | 7859 | DNF | 19 | 19 | 18 | 16 | 16 | 21 |

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1964 GOVERNOR'S CUP

by Stan Brander



"Stan Brander in #9060"

When asked by Jay Limbaugh to write an article for the 1965 YEARBOOK covering the Governor's Cup Series I had some qualms, but did agree to do it. Later I found that Editor Charlie Schreck had outlined the manner in which this article should be written, and I found that I would be comparing my ideas to those of Carl Eichenlaub, John McIntosh, Barney Mead, Karl Smither, Tom Fallon and several other top Lightning skippers. I am afraid that I will now be evidencing my ignorance in print.

When we arrived in San Diego we felt that we had a good chance of qualifying for at least the President's Cup. We had been moving very well in our home waters and at our Districts. We felt that the boat was fast, and that we had some excellent sails which should handle the wind and sea conditions found in the ocean off Mission Beach. We were further encouraged when we informally brushed against Jay Limbaugh although he murdered us on starboard tack. (This is probably when Jay selected me to write this article.) Nevertheless, we contributed our poor performance on starboard to the chop and swells, and our lack of knowledge on how to handle them.

We practiced, and sanded, and practiced, and tuned until time for the first tune-up race. The winds were higher than at any other time during the regatta, and we experienced a rigging failure forcing us to drop out on the first leeward leg. I think that we were about mid-fleet when this failure occurred. It required several hours to remedy this failure since we had to un-step our spar. This kept us from participating in the second tune-up, and meant that we would have to start the qualifying series cold the next morning.

We sailed two qualifying races Sunday, and finished 18th and 12th. At times the boat seemed to fly, and at other times we had to try our best just to stay out of our own wake. Looking back I'm sure that this was again due to our inexperience with the sea conditions, and our attempt to sail too close to the wind. Our mechanics could

have been a little better, and our tactics, we knew, would have to improve. After these first two races we discovered that we had so far qualified about mid-way in the Green, or President's Cup Flight. We also knew that a finish as poor as an eighteenth in the third race should put us in the Green Fleet.

The next morning we arrived at Mission Bay Yacht Club full of determination. We were in a flight with Leo Wasserberger, Bill Bergantz, John Mueller, Carey Long, Bob Seidleman and many other top skippers. We knew we would have to work, and were ready to give it our all.

The best description of our all out attempt in the third race is that we did manage to start. We were in close to last place at each mark, and crossed the finish line in a two boat duel for last place with John Schneider. As a matter of fact we fouled John at the line and registered a "did not finish" with the Race Committee. Unfortunately this race knocked John out of the Championship division, and naturally placed us in the Governor's Cup.

The actual racing for hardware began on Tuesday with a race each day through Saturday. In the first race we felt that the starting line was fair, but we wanted a berth on the windward end so that we could tack to port as soon as possible. The wind was out of the northwest at about 8 to 10 knots, and seemed to us to favor a long port tack. (This startling decision was reached after watching the Blue and Green Fleets start and tack to port as soon as possible). Our timing was not all that could be desired, and we actually started about mid-way down the line, but with reasonably clear air. We managed to cross to port tack, but much further out to sea than we wanted, and didn't get the lift that we had anticipated. Those boats that assumed the port tack early rounded well up in the fleet, and we rounded the weather mark in about 20th position. Again I feel that this was due partially to poor sail trim.

The first leeward leg called for a close reach with the chute, and here we were able to pick up two boats by sticking close to the rhumb line. The second reach was again fairly close, but we were unable to improve our position.

When we got back on the next weather leg we felt that we should sheet our sails a little closer and try to point a bit higher since the seas had calmed to a degree. This seemed to be right, and we held first a starboard tack, then a long port and back to starboard to round the mark. To our amazement we had picked up seven boats.

The next two reaches saw little in position changes, and it seemed to us that the wind was definitely becoming lighter.

When we rounded the leeward mark we had a great deal of confidence in our speed because of the previous weather leg. We tried to duplicate our trim, and sail mostly wind shifts to the finish line. We couldn't tell for certain what position we were in since the leaders in our fleet were closing in on the trailers in the Green Fleet. Still we felt that we had again gained ground. I think that at one time within twenty-five yards of the finish

line we may have been third, but a current at the line forced us to make four extra tacks to cross in sixth place, barely inches in front of Dr. Jim Gilbert who was to leeward of us. We sailed home feeling confident in the boat and sails, and hoping that we would be smart enough to play our tactics well in the remaining races.

The second race proved our confidence to be short lived. The wind was shifting from the prevailing westerly to southwest, and finally almost to south. Again there were swells with some chop, but the wind was blowing only about ten knots at the start and reduced to a mere four knots at the finish. We felt that the line favored neither end so we made a start, and again with reasonably clear air, in the middle. The Race Committee called for a right triangular or unequal course.

We were completely undecided as to which side of the course to use when on the first weather leg so decided to sail the shifts, but stay pretty well up the middle. Evidently Doc Gilbert thought the same thing. We collided about half way up the leg. (for a rare change we happened to be on starboard) and Doc withdrew. At the weather mark we completely lost our new found confidence. We rounded in 19th place close behind Charles Lutes in "Chuck-L".

On the first reach we thought that we were going to catch "Chuck-L" to weather, but as we were about to blanket he caught a wave which surfed him past us, and we never saw him again during the race. The next leg was a real test of spinnaker handling since, because of the swells, we would occasionally surf down a wave causing the chute to blow back into the boat, and unless the spinnaker man was on his toes it would collapse. Rod

Woods, my chute man, did a fine job, but still we weren't able to improve our position.

Because of our magnificent performance on the first weather leg we decided that either side of the course would be better than down the middle. We held a long starboard tack, and then approached the mark on port to find again that we had chosen the wrong side. We had actually lost a boat, and rounded 20th.

We held the rhumb line on the two reaches, but again we were unable to improve our position. I might mention that in this race, which was the first time in the series that we had had a right triangular course, we saw boats on the downwind leg going high, going low, holding the rhumb line, and some even tacking down wind. From our position in the tail end of the fleet we had a wonderful spectators' seat, and were quite surprised when the boats converged on the leeward mark to see almost all of them back in their original position. It looked now as if we would more than be able to defend this prized position since several boats had withdrawn.

On the third weather leg we were able to show a hint of speed, and picked up several boats. Myron Lyon and Mr. Glatter of Dallas, Texas, in a borrowed boat, fell behind us. We tried to hold this salvaged position and elected to cover these two boats. When they split tacks we concentrated on Lyon in "Snowwhite" since he was closer to us. I'm sure that we both knew that no matter what we might do our finishes wouldn't set any records, so we started a spirited tacking duel with covering, false tacks, and all. When we finally did finish we were 16th followed by Lyon and Glatter.

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With our finishes of 6th and 16th we were tied overall with Fred Knauer of Mission Bay Yacht Club and John Gorla of St. Louis. It was evident that none of us had sailed very consistently.

The third race again called for a right triangular course in southwest to westerly winds of eight to ten knots. Neither end of the line seemed to be favored, and we again tried to start mid-line with clear air. This time we felt that clear air at the start was very important, and we planned to lay off a little to foot out of the disturbed air in the starting area.

We were fairly successful in our start and crossed to port tack as soon as we were able. We sailed the northern side of the course predominately, and rounded the first weather mark in 15th followed closely by Gorla.

The leeward legs were uneventful, except that we improvised a preventer on the second leg to aid in keeping the main from slatting when we bounced around in the chop. This may have helped since we rounded the leeward mark with an overlap on Lyons in "Snowwhite". There was a fair jamb at this mark, and we felt that we were falling to leeward of those boats ahead of us after rounding. To clear our air we tacked to starboard, and here we found that some idiot in our crew had neglected to lower the centerboard. (Alas, this has always been my job, but now my crew has even more doubts about my ability, and I'm afraid that they are going to usurp this job.) We missed hitting the mark by five feet, and lost at least 20 boat lengths before we recovered; and I might add, to jeers, leers, and catcalls from those on board the stake boat.

The second weather leg was a help. We held starboard and concentrated on footing while making a real effort to take the seas in an easy fashion. After this long starboard tack we tacked about four times to round about eleventh with Gorla hot on our heels.

The reaches were again uneventful, and again we used our preventer on the broader of the two reaches. This gave Chester Westfall, my jib man, plenty of time to check our position. Try as we would, we couldn't get really moving on these legs, but fortunately for us neither could many of the other boats.

Again at the leeward mark we tacked to starboard and held for a considerable time. We then started tacking on the headers and took the finish in ninth position, a mere two feet in front of Gorla.

With finishes of 6, 16 and 9 we thought that we would have improved our position, but due to considerable shifting of positions in the fleet we found we were in tenth place. Actually it was a three-way tie for eighth with Jon Ruhlman and Fred Knauer. A "who beat whom the most" formula put us in tenth. The three of us had 35 points with Gorla right behind with 33 points.

Before the fourth race we elected to go to a slightly fuller chute. We felt that we were holding our own off the wind, but in the past we had usually been able to pick up a boat or two. Should the Race Committee set any more right triangular courses we felt that this fuller chute would handle the broader reaches better.

The fourth race again was a right triangular course, and this time the leeward end of the line seemed to be slightly favored. The winds were slightly higher being around 10 to 12 knots at the start, and dropping to about eight knots by the finish. Wind direction seemed to be

about the same as in the third race, and since we had done well on starboard in this race we elected to start at the leeward end of the line and hold starboard. We did, and were murdered. Gorla held a long port tack and rounded first with a considerable lead. I think that we were about 18th at the mark.

Our new chute seemed a little faster, and although we didn't pass any boats, we did narrow what had been a considerable gap. We noticed too that Fred Knauer and Jon Ruhlman were moving, and it looked as though we were destined to drop farther back in the overall standings.

Why I can't say, but again we went to starboard for the second weather leg. It paid off, and we were seventh or eighth at the pin, and very close to Ruhlman. Gorla had lost some ground, and it looked as if our chances were getting better. We had lost Knauer in the shuffle, but had high hopes of picking him up.

The next reach was quite close, and many boats elected to first go to weather under jib and then pop the chute. Not Ruhlman with his all-girl crew. They rounded, set, and then worked to weather on us while footing like mad. When we saw what was happening we too hoisted our spinnaker, but we were too late, and didn't have a chance of catching him. Conditions and places held on the next leg, and we rounded the leeward buoy about seventh.

Since the starboard tack had been our big money maker we held for a while and then started tacking headers. It seemed that as we got headed on a tack other boats on the same tack to windward and leeward of us got lifted. At times we closed in on boats in front of us

and actually in some cases crossed their bows, only to drop behind them on the next meeting. At times we had Arnold Schwartz who was leading the series in our pocket, and then there he would be to weather and considerably ahead of us. We finally crossed the line in tenth place, but had lost Gorla and Ruhlman who finished fifth and seventh respectively.

Now we were again tied in overall points, but this time with Wilson Halley in "Hippomenes" for eleventh place. We knew that the boat would at times go very well, but we didn't really know why, and trying to figure out the pattern of the wind shifts left us completely confused.

The fifth and last race was again on a right triangular course. The wind was again southwest at about ten knots. The line favored neither end. We held a board of directors meeting, and decided to hold a long port tack on the first weather leg, a long starboard one to help us with the expected wind shift on the second weather leg, and our strategy for the third weather leg was to be worked out later. In order to flop over to port tack as soon as possible we elected to start on the weather end of the line. We managed to hit the line on time with a good head of steam, and amazingly enough we were where we wanted to be. We tacked to port and held for what seemed to be hours. My crew hailed me about slightly short of the lay line, and with the help of a few lifts we rounded first, of all things, followed by Jonathan Ford in "Encore II". We later heard that Ford was over the line early and had to re-start. Still he was able to round second.

On the next two leeward legs we basked in our short termed glory, and just tried to make the boat go. In the

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Eichenlaub tradition, but with a different reward, I promised my crew king size martinis if they would keep the chute full. My pocket book was saved the considerable dent when the chute folded once, so they had to settle for doubles when we returned to the dock.

We held to our plan on the second weather leg, and after a few short tacks we held a long starboard which kept lifting us, but as I feared, we weren't lifted enough. We had to assume the very unfavored port tack to position ourselves to round the weather mark on starboard, and when we eventually rounded we were in fifth place.

Again the leeward legs were rather uneventful with one exception. A crewman on Arnold Schwartz's boat "Ethel Baby" fell overboard during the jibe. They deserve a special mention for their remarkable recovery. I think that the crewman was back on board, feet flailing in the air, before the water had had time to soak through his clothing. This mishap couldn't have cost them more than two boat lengths due to the fast recovery.

When we rounded the leeward mark I thought that I had finally doped out the formula for the local wind shifts. I reasoned that if we could "take our gas" with a small set on a fairly long port tack we could go about and be constantly lifted on the starboard tack until we were quite close to the finish line. While we were holding port on about a 20 degree header my crew said, "I assume you have some sort of method in this foolishness." I replied in a knowing and somewhat superior tone, "Damned right!"

To make a long story short, we took our beating on the port tack, and then when we went about expecting the scheduled lift, we found that there was no longer such an animal. Boats seemed to be crossing our bow from every direction. When we finally crossed the finish

line we were back in our customary tenth place for an overall regatta position of eleventh.

I realize that in no place in this article is there a description of how the winners sailed so consistently for their prizes. I apologize to those skippers. They sailed beautifully under somewhat varying and shifty conditions. Congratulations to the skippers and crews of those ten boats who beat us so thoroughly. My condolences to the skippers and crews of those boats that finished behind us. We were lucky.

In 1962 I was asked by Marty O'Meara to write an article covering that year's Governors Cup Series in Buffalo. I had to resort to long distance telephone conversations with the winners of the races to find out what had really gone on. Even though we were in the same race on the same course we were ignorant of the facts since we were so far behind.

This same thing has happened again. However this time we were a little closer to the middle of the fleet. I can truthfully report that all of the above observations, although somewhat befuddled, are mine, and should be used as a guide on how to become thoroughly confused while not going anywhere.

I know that it will be said elsewhere in this Yearbook, but the members and committees of the Mission Bay Yacht Club deserve tremendous credit for a truly wonderful regatta. The Race Committee, functioning under its able Chairman, Leroy Wright, deserves particular thanks for a job very well done.

We're looking forward to next year's Championships when the 1964 Champ, Bob Seidleman, takes us to Little Egg Harbor. And now a note of warning — Look out, we're planning on flying the blue pennant from our backstay next year!

FINAL RESULTS — Governor's Cup

| Fleet No. | Skipper | City | Boat No. | 1st. | 2nd. | 3rd. | 4th | 5th. | Total | Pos. |
|-----------|-----------------|-----------------------|----------|------|------|------|-----|------|-------|------|
| 5 | Al Berg | Northbrook, Ill. | 7370 | 5 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 92 | 1 |
| 70 | Arnold Schwartz | San Francisco, Calif. | 8830 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 6 | 5 | 89 | 2 |
| (U) | Bill Hole | Savannah, Ga. | 9169 | 11 | 1 | 1 | 4 | 9 | 84 | 3 |
| 127 | John McIntosh | Savannah, Ga. | 4872 | 3 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 4 | 81 | 4 |
| 266 | John Gorla | St. Louis, Mo. | 7275 | 12 | 11 | 10 | 5 | 3 | 69 | 5 |
| 20 | Wilson Halley | Chesterton, Ind. | 7601 | 9 | 9 | DSQ | 1 | 1 | 68 | 6 |
| 7 | Jonathon Ford | Riverside, Conn. | 6654 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 2 | 66 | 7 |
| 238 | Hal Patrick | Orange, Conn. | 7520 | 1 | 7 | 12 | 11 | 14 | 65 | 8 |
| 194 | Fred Knaver | San Diego, Calif. | 7787 | 15 | 8 | 8 | 3 | 11 | 65 | 9 |
| 36 | Jon Ruhlman | Cleveland, Ohio | 8520 | DSQ | 3 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 64 | 10 |
| 205 | Stan Brander | Tulsa, Okla. | 9060 | 6 | 16 | 9 | 10 | 10 | 59 | 11 |
| 126 | J. R. Allen | Westport, Conn. | 7050 | 8 | 14 | 2 | 13 | 15 | 58 | 12 |
| 133 | Al Field | Manhasset, N.Y. | 7875 | 14 | 10 | 15 | 14 | 7 | 50 | 13 |
| 283 | Fred Tauscher | Portland, Oregon | 6061 | 10 | 12 | 16 | 12 | 13 | 47 | 14 |
| 62 | Tommy Allen | New Orleans, La. | 7282 | 13 | 15 | 11 | 18 | 12 | 41 | 15 |
| 194 | Myron Long | San Diego, Calif. | 7767 | 18 | 17 | 17 | 15 | 18 | 25 | 16 |
| 329 | Jim Gilbert | Alexandria, Va. | 8960 | 7 | DNF | 18 | 16 | DNF | 25 | 17 |
| 241 | Charles Lutes | Piqua, Ohio | 8147 | 19 | 13 | 19 | 17 | 17 | 25 | 18 |
| 74 | Jerry MacNab | Hudson, Ill. | 6633 | 16 | DSQ | 14 | DNF | 16 | 20 | 19 |
| 35 | R. Glatter | Dallas, Texas | 5534 | 17 | 18 | 13 | DNF | DNF | 18 | 20 |
| 194 | Richard Weems | San Diego, Calif. | 6260 | DSQ | DNF | DNF | DNF | DNF | 0 | 21 |

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| EVENT | 1st | 2nd | 3rd |
|------------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| Nationals, San Diego | X | | X |
| Atlantic Coast Champ. | XX | X | |
| Central Atlantic Dist. | X | X | X |
| Jersey State Champ. | X | X | |
| Riverton Open | XX | X | X |
| Baltimore Frigid Digit | XX | X | X |
| Quantico | X | | |
| Indiana-Ohio Dist. | X | X | |
| Buckeye Lake Snowball | X | X | |

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OVER AND UNDER — SINGLE OR DOUBLE

A Look at Some of the Top Boats, Equipment-wise

By Clarence Holman

It is not our intention in this article to spell out specific dimensions and locations of fittings.

These photographs show that the top skippers of our class use a variety of different arrangements to achieve the desired results—Top Speed.

Most use a single jib lead but a few use the double jib lead. The strength, size and sex of crews, generally, dictates the answer here.

All the skippers use boom vang. These fall into two general categories—Block and tackle rigged above deck; Winches placed below deck.

Jib leads have several methods to achieve lateral adjustment. The most popular being the "Barber Hauler". This was described in *Flashes* some time ago. Some use the "ski jump", others use several pieces of deck track to get the adjustment desired.

The tension on the jib luff wire can be set up in various ways:

1. Cam cleat on Mast
2. Crank turnbuckle under deck
3. Block and tackle under deck
4. Cam lever under deck
5. Winch under deck

The cloth adjustment of adjustable jibs are all adjusted from under deck. Some pull direct, and some use a block for extra power.

Spinnaker sheet leads are handled either above deck or below. The most popular now are under deck.

Editor's Note: The accompanying photos are from the 1963 World's Championship at Lima, Peru by the author.



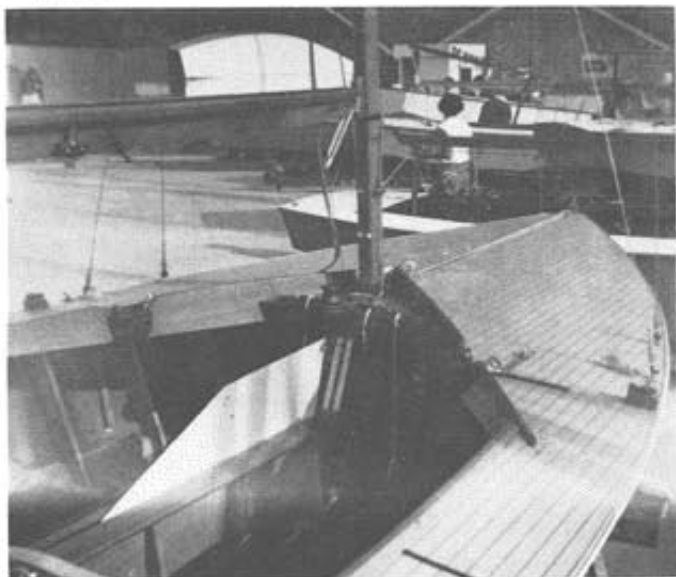
B

STU ANDERSON #8503—Uses single jib leads rigged with "Barber Haulers". Under deck winches are used for jib luff, boom vang and centerboard winches. Stu mounts his compass aft of the centerboard trunk on the floorboards. Sighting lines are painted on the deck.



C

CARL EICHENLAUB #8390—The boom vang is adjusted by means of a winch mounted under deck. The centerboard winch is rigged to pull from the port side. The spinnaker halyard is rigged to a winch of 1:1 Ratio. The jib sheets are single leads, using a centerline winch for fine adjustments. This winch has a handle for pumping the winch, giving 5:1 power ratio. The jib sheets are fitted with Barber Haulers. The compass is off center to starboard.



A

DON ALLEN #8633—The jib leads are for double jib sheets—these are rigged with a Barber hauler. The spinnaker guy hooks and cleat are mounted aft of the lower shroud. Under deck winches handle jib luff, boom vang and centerboard. The deck covering is fabric, commercially made to simulate planked decking.



D

SERGIO ISOLA #8426—Uses a sliding block and cam cleat combination for handling his single lead jib sheets. The spinnaker sheets are on deck. The boom vang is a block and tackle, using two double blocks and 4:1 power. The compass is offset to port. The dial face is Kodak darkroom timer—excellent for starts. Spinnaker halyards are cleated on the mast.



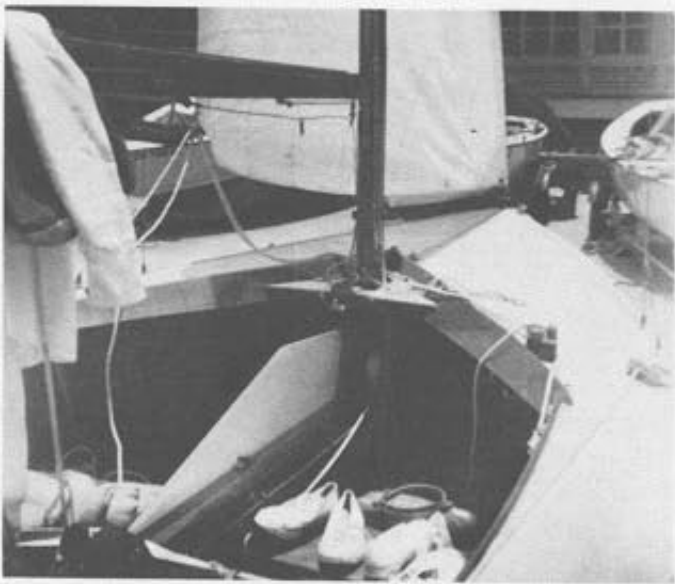
F

HERM NICKELS #8755—Uses either single or double jib leads off this deck track arrangement. The jib down haul is rigged to a winch with a 8:1 ratio. The jib cloth is adjusted direct, under deck. The boom vang winch is 8:1 ratio. Spinnaker sheets are on deck.



E

JOHN MUELLER #7865—Has an arrangement of cross tracks to give any position he wishes to the jib block. He single leads the jib. The boom vang is a block and tackle arrangement with a 2:1 power. The compass is offset to starboard.



G

ED OLSEN #8511—Has compass mounted on the centerline. The jib sheets are double, with one end secured on the cockpit trim. The spinnaker cleats on the mast. The boom vang winch is rigged to pull on starboard side. The centerboard winch pulls from the starboard side. Ratio 7:1. The jib luff wire is adjusted by means of a crank turnbuckle. Spinnaker sheets are handled under deck.

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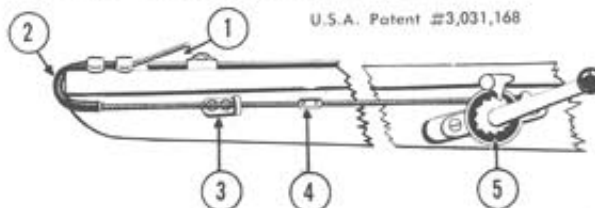


H

BOB SEIDELMANN #8513—Boom vang winch is under-deck to starboard. The centerboard winch is approximate 5:1 ratio and the pull is from starboard side. He has the boat rigged with double sheets, however he can also rig for single sheets. The spinnaker sheets are under deck and the sheet may be cleated on deck on the opposite side. The spinnaker guy is cleated just aft of the lower shroud. The spinnaker halyard is cleated on the mast.

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