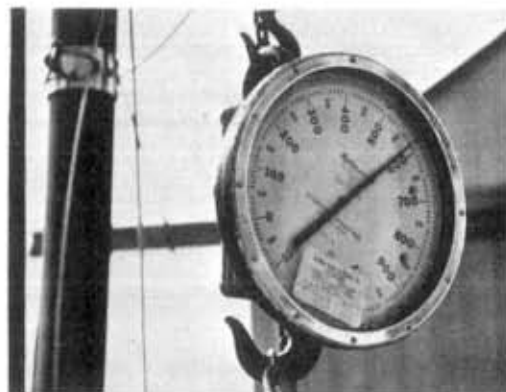


THE NORTH AMERICANS AT THE BCC

Photo Credit: Mary Huntsman





THE QUALIFIERS

Photo Credit: Harry D. Maynor



1977 NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIPS BUFFALO CANOE CLUB — CANADA

By Matt Fisher

My crew of Mary Lou Ford, my dad and myself rolled into the Buffalo Canoe Club Friday morning at 4:00 A.M., took a little nap and got an early start getting our boat measured. I had been on a hectic schedule and had just flown back from England where I was fortunate to be one of the six members of the United States Inter-Collegiate Sailing Team, sailing team races against the British and Irish. After a great welcoming home party by our Buckeye Lake Fleet, we got away for Buffalo the following afternoon.

The organization of the Buffalo Canoe Club was tremendous as we expected. I have always looked forward to sailing at the Canoe Club, not only because of its great racing, but because I also know that the race committee work and the over-all organization of the regatta will be ideal and this year's North American's was no exception. We were very impressed with the speed and effectiveness of the measurement people in the club.

Unfortunately, however, it was the consensus of our crew that it was blowing too hard to get anything accomplished so we waited until evening and settled for a 45 minute sail before a squall came in.

My brother, Greg, and his crew of John Wilson and Patti Burton and my crew and myself all stayed in the same apartment in Crystal Beach throughout the week which really worked out great.

We all woke up early Saturday and were on the water brushing with Greg by 9:30 A.M. While I was in England all summer, I continually heard how well Greg was sailing up wind. By 9:35 I found out exactly what they meant. For the first two hours Greg really cleaned our clocks, but after several changes and adjustments, mostly at Greg's suggestion, by midafternoon and no lunch, we were sailing a little closer with him. Greg has always been one of those guys that whatever he knows or thinks is working for him he is willing to share with anyone. It is a great attitude.

The first qualifying day dawned with conditions somewhat different from what we were hoping for. The winds were steady and over 20 and I must admit that I was concerned with my steering ability especially with the three to five foot swells because I had not sailed a Lightning since the Southern Circuit. Looking back on the series, I can't pick out our best race, but I find it easy to determine that our worst race was our first one in the qualifying series. One thing I have found in switching classes of boats frequently (nearly all of the boats we sailed in England were under fourteen feet) is that your starting technique is completely disorganized. Our starts in the first two qualifying races were terrible. My timing for the last 30 seconds was completely off. We also weren't very pleased with our boat speed up-wind. During the Southern Circuit in St. Pete we thought that our speed was great when it was

blowing, but it seems we just couldn't put it together for this first race. One minor change we made that helped was moving the main-sheet leads to my outboard blocks on the back deck. It helped settle the boat down and allowed me to concentrate on things other than kicking the boom back and forth.

Things fell together finally in the third qualifying race which we won fairly comfortably. It helped regain our old confidence and boat speed and I am not saying this in a cocky sense, but that race really was the turning point in our attitude.

The first championship race on Wednesday morning was blowing from the north about 12-15 miles per hour. We arrived at the starting area fairly early and had a good chance to check the starting line and get our compass readings. After a couple of recalls, the pin end became more favored and the race started on the third try. We were ten boat lengths from the leeward end and were pulled right to the line by Stu



Matt Fisher North American Champion

Photo Credit: Mary Huntsman

Anderson who was right on top of us. Stu timed his start perfectly and was able to tack and cross the fleet eight seconds after the gun. Once we saw that he made it, we also tacked and ended up with a good start.

Midway up the first beat, the right side (which looked poor in the beginning) began to fill in. Shore, Lutz, Carson and Delorme were all there and we had a tough time working our way over from the left side. Bill Shore played the last part of the beat perfectly and rounded first about five boat lengths ahead of Lutz, Carson, Crane, Delorme, Anderson and ourselves.

For the first time in a long while, we found our boat fast down-wind. By the time we got to the jibe mark we had pulled away from the pack behind us and it appeared that we were gaining on Shore. Midway down the second reach we came back down to reality and Bill Shore got one of his famous "private puffs" and tripled the distance he had and was never to be seen again.

The second lap we more or less conceded Bill and just tried to stay between the third, fourth, and fifth place boats and the mark. Shore won by two minutes, but there was a close finish between ourselves, Delorme, Crane and Stu Anderson.

We sailed in very pleased and hoped that the wind velocity would stay about the way it was.

We drifted out to the starting area of the second race and with the wind still in about the same direction, we felt that the starboard end was favored and that the wind would fill in from the right when it finally settled in. Well, it turned out that we were wrong on both counts. A slight shift at one minute to the gun made the leeward end favored (which we were nowhere near) and to top it off, we had a poor start which made us bail out to the right side. The only thing I can remember after that is seeing John Schneider, Don Brush, Jim Dressel and Jim Carson on the left side, with about a 30 degree better heading and 5 mph more wind. After that it was a long race for us.

Seriously, we learned a lot in that race that could have been the "key" to our final win. We ended up facing the fact that we had no connections upstairs which would allow us to predict which side would be favored. So thereafter, we decided that we would play the middle the first half of every weather leg and then dive for the side that seemed to be filling in. The only way we could get ourselves in the middle of the course was by starting in the middle of the line with clean air.

Another lesson we learned is to be conservative all the way around the course. At one time in the race we were in fifteenth place and very close to the five boats in front of us. But we kept shooting corners on each weather leg hoping for that golden top five position. A tenth or twelfth would have been so much more comfortable than that deadly twenty-fifth.

The second day of racing proved to split the top six boats from the rest of the fleet. The wind was light out of the south southwest and again the weather end appeared to be favored. As we approached the line on port at about one minute to go, we saw twenty boats at the weather end trying for a starting area that could only accept ten boats. We tacked below them, but still ended up starting in the middle of the line. We noticed most of the fleet tacking to the right side and our thoughts flashed back to the old Buffalo Canoe Club golden rule "Go to the right when the wind is out of the southwest". Our luck turned in a new direction and the wind backed to the left and

filled in a little stronger. Jack Elfman, Jim Crane, Jim Carson, ourselves and Greg were lined up above the fleet on port tack in that order. Jack Elfman had first wired, but the rest of us were very close about 400 yards from the weather mark. Greg really poured it on and squeezed us off on port and tacked to starboard to round the mark second. The first lap showed several position changes with our boat moving to second and Jay Lutz moving up to fifth. On the reaches we did happen to notice that a lot of the big boys were back and were either sailing their throw out or were going to have to eat one of their precious bad races. Shore, Delorme, Allen, Dressel and McIntosh were all in the fifteen to thirty place area.

The race was a parade the second lap, but the final leg was a true beat and allowed Greg to power through Elfman, Carson and ourselves to win the race by almost a minute. We finished fourth behind Elfman and Carson, with Lutz and Crane behind us. Bill Shore sailed a remarkable last lap and caught at least twelve boats to finish seventh.

The fourth race was started soon after the finish of the third and the conditions were very similar. We started in the middle of the line and tacked to port with the rest of the fleet. We felt fairly fast on a long port until we got near Tom Allen who motored away from us to round the first mark with a comfortable lead. We rounded second, but Jim Crane and my brother, Greg, gained a lot of distance to round right behind us. As the reach freed up, Crane passed us on the second up-wind leg and the three of us were bunched together, but Greg blew through both of us to start the second lap in second place.

The wind had died by now to three to four miles per hour and on the second "reach" (actually a loose beat) we got air that neither Greg nor Jim got and moved into second around the leeward mark. Tom Allen was over the horizon by now with a three minute ad. Meanwhile, with the three of us playing cat and mouse, Lutz sailed from fifth right by all of us to finish second. We finished third and Crane fourth. Greg got caught in the left side of the course and dropped to sixth.

We felt very happy with our finishes, considering the "survival" conditions with that twenty-fifth place constantly staring us in the face.

On Friday Jim Crane led us around the course for two hours ten minutes and five seconds after four legs only to have the race cancelled because of the two hour and ten minute time limit. It seemed everybody said they were in the top ten at the time of the three guns, but although we had what we thought was fourth, it would have been an extremely hectic run and beat back since the top ten boats were within one minute of each other in drifting conditions.

We were towed in, emotionally drained, realizing the points were still the same after all that work.

The points in the top six were incredibly close. With a throw-out, we had nine points; Crane, Carson and Shore all had fourteen; Lutz had fifteen and Greg had sixteen. You have to remember that we held an extremely vulnerable position with that twenty-fifth leaning over our backs.

Saturday morning appeared to be the same conditions with the winds light out of the southwest, but instead of dying, it picked up to about six to eight miles per hour at the start. Again, we had four to six recalls but it should be noted that this was not the race committee's fault. Bill Hughes and his

committee set perfect lines, but this fleet was simply very aggressive. All competitive fleets are having this problem today – people are too smart to settle for being squeezed out at the gun so there are just more and more recalls.

We had a mediocre start in the middle of the line while Crane, Greg and Shore all had good starts but were heading to the left. We tacked onto port and took about ten transoms but caught a couple of shifts and worked up to fourth at the mark just ahead of two very important boats – Crane and Greg. Spinnaker problems moved us back to ninth and we remained in this position until the last leg. Greg was again sailing smart and fast and picked up two big points at the finish to end up third. Crane was fourth and we were seventh. Shore and Carson both had bad races. Jay Lutz had another consistent ninth. It is probably hard to believe, but we were very happy that there were two contenders instead of one. We could not afford to get in any match race with another boat because Greg and Jim Crane both had throw-out races of eighth and ninth. Once they got us below that place, we were in bad shape.

Going into the last race we had sixteen points, Crane had eighteen, and Greg had nineteen. Both of those guys had to put two boats between us to win. Jay Lutz had twenty-three, Shore had twenty-five and Carson had twenty-eight, so things were still very close.

On the sail back to the starting line for the last race, we got with Greg and checked the points of all the boats. Our twenty-fifth didn't seem to matter now as much as we thought it would. Greg, Jay Lutz and Jim Crane were all so consistent that it didn't matter if the twenty-fifth was even eleventh. The worst throw-out of the three was a ninth.

The pressure was on us to have a good race (top eight), even if we beat Greg and Crane but finished below seventh, we would lose.

With the conditions still unpredictable, our only "game plan" was to stay near both Greg and Crane and not let them get away from us to either side of the course. Greg and I both had the same idea since for every recall the two of us were within two boat lengths of each other's attempted starts. We noticed Crane at the weather end of every recall, so we made a mental note that he obviously wanted to go to the right.

Another thing we had learned during the series was not to let Greg get in a near safe-leeward position (like at the start). When we could get in a position to drive away and then point up when he felt he needed to, his speed was incredible.

As our luck seemed to go the whole series, the start that counted turned out to be our best start. Greg was two boat lengths above us and had to tack within three minutes of the gun. Crane was buried at the weather end along with Shore. Lutz and Carson both had excellent starts above us in the middle of the line and about one-quarter of the way up the beat we all tacked.

The puffs were coming in from the left and we found ourselves in fourth place as we approached the weather mark.

We noticed Crane was in bad shape and we had to drop four boats for Lutz to beat us (he was in first at the time), so the series was now between Greg and ourselves. As we neared the starboard tack layline Greg was understanding the mark by quite a bit. Brotherly love came to a slight halt as we tacked right on Greg's wind. It halted even more as we matched

Greg's next four tacks.

There was some discussion on our boat whether or not we should be doing this quite as early in the race, but if there is one thing I learned team racing in England all summer, it is that if you are covering somebody you can kill him by driving him out to the layline. We put at least three boat lengths on Greg that we knew we would need for the next weather leg.

The distances stayed the same on the reaches and we figured that we would not cover Greg tack for tack because the two boats were close enough behind us that we couldn't afford to let them tangle in between Greg and me. Somehow we let Greg slip out from underneath us and we lost him midway up the second weather leg. It may sound drastic, but we really weren't that concerned at that time because Greg had to put two boats between us. Jay Lutz and Fisk Hayden seemed out of reach and Jim Carson, Greg and ourselves were almost a minute ahead of the sixth place boat.

We sailed the next two reaches a little worried as Lutz and Hayden started running each other up and it seemed like the boats behind us were gaining. Going upwind the breeze picked up to 10-12 miles per hour and Greg turned on the speed to catch Carson. We were busy covering Bill Clawson and still feeling a little uneasy. One-quarter mile from the finish things took a turn for the worse. Lutz and Hayden were covering each other a little too close for our cause and Greg was right on their tail. Also, Phil Griffin, the winner of the fifth race, had moved up to where he was just about even with us. The finish line seemed to be moving away from us during the last 200 yards. We tacked with Griffin at least ten times within 100 yards. Although he was a touch faster, we held on and Greg missed beating Fisk Hayden by a boat length at the finish.

As we crossed the finish line, it was obvious that the spectator fleet had not figured us to win because of our twenty-fifth. The only cheering I heard was that of my dad. The next best feeling we had was looking up at Greg and seeing that he was as happy as we were.

It is still hard for me to conceive that we won. With the team work that my dad and Mary Lou put together, basically all I had to do was point the boat in the right direction.

I can't overemphasize the advantage we had with my dad on our boat. He always told us all the information we needed and he really helped me keep the boat moving when we were in a tight spot. Mary Lou has always done an excellent job in our boat and I'm sure that she is one of the reasons our downwind speed improved. Our crewwork got us out of a lot of close situations – these guys just did a super job.

Greg coming in second had to be the icing on the cake and to think that this is Greg's first time that he sailed in the Lightning's North American Championship.

My thanks and congratulations to Tom Ward, General Chairman of the North American Championships, and Bill Hughes, Race Committee Chairman, and his great committee, who did a great job under all conditions.

There aren't any words to describe how I feel about winning the North Americans. I still don't think it has sunk in.

1977 NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP

Final Position #	Boat	Skipper and Crew	Race Finishes						Points
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	10956	Matt Fisher, Mary Lou Ford, George V. Fisher	2	(25)	4	3	7	5	21
2	10860	Greg Fisher, Patti Burton, John Wilson	(9)	9	1	6	3	3	22
3	11784	Jay Lutz, Don Schon, Mark Beaton	8	8	5	2	(9)	1	24
4	11568	Jim Crane, Candy Neville, Rob Pratt	4	7	6	4	4	(12)	25
5	13084	Jim Carson, Michael Schon, Paul Gelenitis	10	1	3	14	(25)	4	32
6	10909	William Shore, Bonnie Shore, Bill Hartnett	1	6	7	11	(18)	16	41
7	10738	Phil Griffin, Dave Crawford, John Lewis	(36)	11	21	8	1	6	47
8	8503	Stu Anderson, Paul Niederlander, Ian Jones	5	14	9	7	15	(20)	50
9	12863	Donald Delorme, Wanda Delorme, Leigh Hopkins	3	19	16	(22)	2	14	54
10	13111	Thomas G. Allen, Anne Allen, Jane Allen	12	13	13	1	(22)	17	56
11	12896	Jim Dressel, Brenda Allen, Pete Huston	11	3	(31)	26	17	8	65
12	13190	John M. McIntosh, Carol Peters, John McIntosh, Jr.	13	4	(26)	16	12	21	66
13	13172	Don Brush, Ann Brush, Kurt Kling	28	2	8	10	19	(31)	67
14	12729	Ed Roseberry, Jr., Doug Heussler, John Donovan	6	(33)	17	25	8	13	69
15	13177	John Schneider, Karen Huntsman, John Gutierrez	18	10	30	(34)	5	11	74
16	13063	Jack Elfman, Holly Elfman, George Gaynor	7	(34)	2	33	11	22	75
17	13104	David Curtis, Jo Anne Curtis, Buddy Duncan	14	5	23	(31)	10	27	79
18	12466	Fisk Hayden, Linda Penfield, John Maynard	16	15	20	(35)	28	2	81
19	12262	Larry MacDonald, Steve McMenemy, Stu Broe	19	17	(25)	15	6	24	81
20	12725	Bill Neal, John Humphrey, Peter Humphrey	26	31	(32)	9	14	10	90
21	9373	Mark Bryant, Patricia Bryant, Jim Bergantz	24	29	18	5	16	(30)	92
22	11117	Jay Hansen, John Vance, Larry Desautels	22	16	(29)	17	13	26	94
23	13026	Bruce Goldsmith, Pam Goldsmith, Paul Adam	(29)	18	11	28	21	19	97
24	10895	William Clausen, John Parker, Henry O'Hern	17	21	(33)	27	27	7	99
25	12886	Georges Peter, Janet Shore-McCarthy, C. H. Ritt	(31)	27	22	18	24	15	106
26	13059	Bill L. Buckles, Sherry Powless, Jon Sutcliffe	30	24	12	12	31	(35)	109
27	13102	John Mueller, Sr., Bertie Gerling, Tom McDermott	23	28	27	24	(32)	9	111
28	13045	Sandy Huntsman, Patty Meade, Eric Olving	25	20	28	19	20	(29)	112
29	12837	Stephen Craig, John Skiles, Jeff Grinnan	32	22	10	32	(33)	18	114
30	12978	Clarence L. Holman, III Dana Harmer, Tom White	15	32	14	20	(34)	33	114
31	12457	Gordon Ettie, Derek Ettie, John Rodersky	(36)	30	19	13	26	28	116
32	13030	Matthew Burridge, Lal Burridge, David Lindemann	20	23	24	21	29	(34)	117
33	12133	Nick Smith, Gail Norstrom, Russell O. Crawford	21	(35)	15	29	30	25	120
34	11469	Dave Ingram, Tara Van Der Ver, Tom Ingram	27	12	35	23	(35)	32	129
35	13110	Peter K. Bone, Larry Bone, Hoss Bone	33	26	(34)	30	23	23	135

35 Boats, 36 DNF/DNS, () Throw-out race

DAVID PETERSON WINS 1977 PRESIDENTS' CUP

By Gusto (Jack D. Burwell)

Dave Peterson of Niantic, Connecticut easily won this year's President's Cup Regatta. In fact, while using the low point system, had he counted all six races he still would have won by a 6 point margin instead of a 10 point margin. Peterson's 8 low points for the best 5 races is the lowest score this author has ever heard of for winning the President's Cup. Dave, his wife Anne and Chris Vann put together finishes of four, one, three, one, two, one in extremely light air and joined Stu Anderson in the North American flight in proving that "wooden boats still go fast". Needless to say, Dave sailed an extremely consistent series did just about everything right and is to be congratulated on an exceptional series.

Before I get into the actual racing, I would like to comment on how I happened to be asked to write this article. First of all, having finished 12th in our District, we did not qualify for Buffalo and it was not until the preceding Tuesday night at 11:30 PM did we learn that we had indeed backed into it by virtue of one of the New England boats having to drop out at the last minute. After scurrying around and coming up with a crew of John Tarling from Portland, Maine and Ricardo Crespo from Ecuador, year book editor, Dave Sprague, asked me if I would do a story on the President's Cup for the year book. Looking at our finishes it would have been far more appropriate had I done the story on the Governors Cup, since we spent a good deal of the week sailing in the Yellow division, although we did have a green flag attached to our backstay. We did work hard in putting an accurate story together. However near the end of the week we decided we should have brought a telescope rather than a mere pair of binoculars and a pad of paper to record who was rounding what mark at what time.

The following is the best account of the races that we are able to come up with:

First Race — relatively light air with leeward end of the line favored. Bob Wardwell who normally sails in the Blue Division started to leeward and led at every mark. He was joined by Joe Friebele, Merle Pindell, Bill Buckley, John Gall and Dave Peters. Our friend, Dave Sprague, was sailing in a drum which he has pushed the sides out of and stapled a new deck to and scraped some of the name off, rounded the first weather mark in 7th place. Gusto rounded this mark in 11th place (thought we'd put that in there just so you'd know that we were in the race for a while). At this point Dave Peterson limped around the weather mark in 26th position. However, the second beat proved to be a good one for Dave Peterson as he rounded the second weather mark in 13th position. At the second weather mark Bob Wardwell continued to open up with Joe Friebele in a good second place and Dennis Farley coming from 10th to third with our old friend the janitor moving up to fourth and Bill Buckley hanging in at fifth. I'm not sure you would print what I recall of the next two legs, however, at the drop mark we do know that Bob Wardwell led the second place boat by some three minutes and forty-five seconds. The last weather

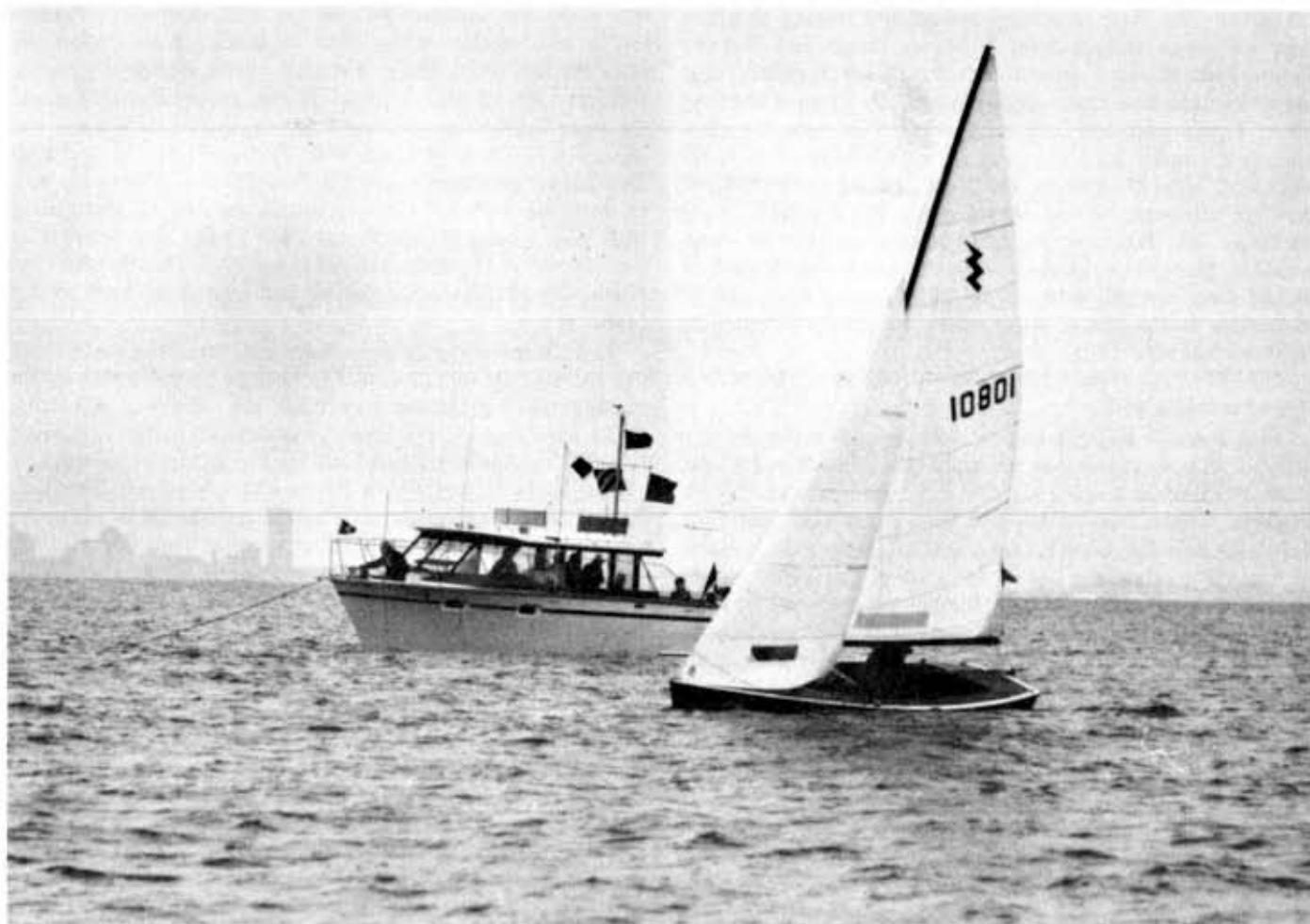
leg proved to be a real nail biter with Wardwell barely beating Dave Peters, closely followed by Joe Friebele and eventual winner, Dave Peterson, in fourth while Al Mast made many right moves on the last leg to work his way up to fifth. The Janitor, who at the last weather mark was fourth dropped back to 26th and was close enough to us so we got a good look at his boat and decided to rename it "the garbage man". Back to the club for lunch in extremely light air. After a brief lunch the departure gun for the second race fired and again we were off to the start for the second race. As the afternoon progressed, the air seemed to be lightening. Weather end of line looked favored to us, however, the hot shots snuck away from the leeward end and were off. Dave Peterson tacked to the far left while Peters, Wardwell, and ourselves went far right. Twenty minutes later Peterson was exactly abeam of us, approximately one quarter of a mile to windward. The roundings at the first weather mark were Dave Peterson well out in front with fellow New Englander, Peter Hubbard, sailing well in second and Bill Buckley in third with Merle Pindell fourth and another fellow New Englander, John Collins, in fifth. At this point Farley rounded eighth, Wardwell rounds 28th, and Peters rounds 30th. Shortly before the drop mark the Race Committee shortened the course to four legs and the winner was Dave Peterson with Dennis Farley sailing well working his way back to second, John Collins working his way to third, Merle Pindell finishing fourth and Pete Hubbard fifth. First race winner Wardwell was 34th while Dave Peters who was second in the first race ended up 29th. Shortly after the finish, the air picked up and we had a good sail back to the Club.

Third Race — the bulletin board indicated that the 3rd and 4th races would be sailed back to back so we proceeded to the starting area for the 3rd race while the wind was still light. Right hand side of the course was favored to the first mark and the first five boats were Gall, Farley, Ruhlman, Gusto, and Nolan. Peterson was eighth Peters tenth, Wardwell 24th, and Friebele 34th. We finally had a couple of offwind legs that did not go too badly and at the 2nd weather mark Gall still led with Farley 2nd followed by Ruhlman, Peterson, and Gusto. Dave Peters was tenth and Rick Tears beginning to come on strong was 11th. The air lightened considerably on the last weather leg, however, John Gall sailed perfectly to finish first, followed by Dennis Farley second, Dave Peterson third, John Collins fourth (from 13th), and Dave Peters fifth with Rick Tears working his way into sixth. The Race Committee hoisted the flag which told us to stay in the area of the Committee Boat as they would be starting the 4th race upon finishing the third race. By this time the wind was getting lighter — in fact, it seemed to us that there was almost no wind at all. Knowing that the race would not start, yours truly was lying on the fore deck of Gusto with his head in a bucket to shade himself from the sun. Head wouldn't fit into the same bucket earlier in the day. At any rate, the 10 minute gun sounded and we got out

the paddle and paddled for four minutes and 58 seconds and ended up starting 7 minutes late. I believe this race was to be an olympic course, however, the wind proved to be from many directions so its hard to accurately tell. At any rate, Dave Peters led at the first mark with Rick Tears second, Paul Nolan third, Bob Knop fourth and the old fox, Dave Peterson fifth. This is a difficult leg for me to describe as we rounded the weather mark with perhaps ten green boats behind us and probably 20 yellow boats ahead of us. The downwind legs were pretty cluttered up as the Green and Yellow fleets with the exception of the first ten or so green boats, were packed in pretty tightly together. We go into the gybe mark with perhaps 15 other boats and our crew from Equador, Ricardo Crespo, starts hollering at the other boats in Spanish. I'm not sure what he said but it certainly paid off as many boats took him seriously and made a nice little hole so we were able to pick up perhaps 15 boats at the gybe. We were pretty pleased with this until we discovered that 14 of the 15 were Yellow and decided that was a great deal of work for one boat. This was one race that we were sure that Peterson would not catch Dave Peters as Peters appeared to us to have at least 1/4 mile lead. However, the next weather leg proved to be something else for good old Dave Peterson as the skillful Peterson from Light Air, Long Island, knocked the doors off everybody going upwind and rounded the second weather mark first, followed by

Peters, Tears, Knop, and Huntsman. The 2nd downwind leg was a repeat of the first and the windward mark was moved considerably to provide a short weather leg to the finish. This race was won by Dave Peterson with second going to the ever-climbing Rick Tears, followed by Al Mast, Dave Peters, and Paul Nolan. After having finished in a whole slew of yellow boats, we proceeded to sail into the Canoe Club knowing that wife Marilyn, had flown in that afternoon and at long last we were going to have a Den Mother who was going to insist on a more orderly kept cabin as well as a far more rigidly enforced sleeping system. I guess it is fair to say that up to this point, while we had not won any races, we understood that we were in contention for the lead in several of the evening events which took place ashore. Upon arriving at the Canoe Club, we met Marilyn and since she hadn't seen many of the Lightning people since Sheboygen or at least since the Southern Circuit, much to my horror she wanted to stay up and party most of the night to get reacquainted with many old friends. Therefore, Thursday night didn't provide a great deal more sleep than the previous nights. However, we did have a fine time with many of the great people who are attracted to the Lightning class.

The fifth race was held on Friday – we awoke early Friday morning to listen to the waves beating on the shore and to hear the wind banging the shutters on the cottage and thought



"Woody" Winner of the Presidents Cup

Photo Credit: Barb Brodock

— ha, ha, here we finally have a good deal of air, let's see what those sissies are going to do today. Well, as we arrived at the club the wind velocity had dropped considerably and as we sailed to the starting line, it continued to drop. By the time the race started the air was light, however, it was heavier than it had been on the previous day. The leeward end of the starting line appeared to be favored and Dennis Farley shot out and was leading by a fair margin at the first weather mark. He was followed by the ever-pressing Rick Tears with former ILCA President, Bob Smither, in third. Tom Bierman was in fourth while the hard sailing Dave Peterson was fifth, followed closely by Bill Buckley. Positions seemed relatively stable on the next two downwind legs, however, on the second weather leg it was again Rick Tears who pressed onward and rounded the second weather mark first. He was followed by Peterson, Farley, Smither, and Bierman. Just as a point of interest, on the other end of the fleet, the garbage man and I were having a real battle with 7 yellow boats between us. At the finish it was Rick Tears who had improved his position in every race starting with an 18, 8, 6, 2, 1. With Farley having a bad fourth race in which he finished at 28, Tears was our bet for second place finish in the President's Cup Division at this point. Second place in this race went to Dave Peterson with Farley third, Bob Smither fourth and Dave Peters fifth. After this race it was inevitable that no one could catch Dave Peterson as counting all of his races, he had 11 low points while Farley

had 14, Peters 16 and Tears 17 when throwing out their one high race each. Therefore, the 6th race was going to produce a great battle for second, third and fourth, as well as fifth and sixth which two New Englanders, John Collins and Pete Hubbard, were in contention for. That evening the New England group got together at a nearby campsite and traded lies about how well we could have been doing had this or that happened. Actually our friends, Don Brush in the Blue Division were doing very well as well as Fred Hamblet in the Yellow division, not to mention John Collins and Pete Hubbard in the Green. Somehow at this little get-together the haze and poor visibility set in and seemed to continue that way throughout the 6th race which was held on Saturday.

Sixth Race — wind was back to a nice sailing breeze and the weather end of the line was definitely favored. Not being smart enough to believe the course which was indicated on the Committee Boat, about 14 of us tacked off to the right and proceeded to sail into the Blue division's drop mark and gybe pin. Different from the Yellow division, we had the advantage of seeing the Blue division sailing around these marks and, therefore, eventually came to the conclusion that we might have slightly overstood our weather mark and that the course indicated on the Committee Boat was the proper one. Needless to say, it was! So, the group of 14 or so of us proceeded to set our spinnakers and took off looking for the true weather mark. The entire Yellow fleet with one or two exceptions saw

GRAND PRIX

40th Anniversary Lightning Grand Prix

In October 1977 President John Schneider announced that in order to provide additional interest in our racing program during this 40th anniversary year, we are planning an Anniversary Lightning Grand Prix.

A trophy will be awarded for the combined winner of four series which are:

- (1) Savannah, St. Petersburg and Miami (The Southern Circuit)
- (2) The 40th Anniversary Regatta at Skaneateles
- (3) A major geographical area championship of choice (The European Championships, The North American Championships (North American, Presidents' Cup or Governors' Cup Flights), The South American Championship, etc.)
- (4) A major regional championship of choice (for example, such regattas as any District Championship, the Atlantic Coast Championships in North America, the On The Rocks Regatta in Finland, the Peru-Chile Cup Regatta, etc.)

President Schneider has asked the International Race Committee to take responsibility for the implementation of the Grand Prix. They will rule on whether or not a specific championship qualifies as a major championship. They will establish the rating formula for determining the Grand Prix winner.

The formula, rules, entry blank and other details will be announced prior to the Southern Circuit.

us setting spinnakers and decided that we must have just rounded the weather mark and, therefore, we pulled almost the entire Yellow fleet with us. Unfortunately we have no mark roundings but only finishes in this race. The race, as I remember it, was to have an olympic course. Unfortunately for the Yellow division as they sailed down what was their first downwind leg, they were mixed in with a lot of Green boats which were sailing what was their second downwind leg. Seeing the change of course which was necessary to get a weather leg on the last leg, many of the Yellow division boats incorrectly assumed they had a course change so we had a good group of Yellow boats sailing up the last weather leg with us. At any rate, this race was won by some fellow in a red wooden boat by the name of Dave Peterson. We wondered

what the hell he was doing out here in the first place since he had the regatta won the night before. Anyhow, our sincere congratulations to Dave Peterson with his 1, 3, 1, 2, 1 finishes for an undisputed first place in the Presidents Cup Division. Second in this race went to Merle Pindell with third going to Joe Friebele, fourth to Dennis Farley and fifth to John Collins. Unfortunately, Pete Hubbard was in that group of boats that went far right on the first weather leg and ended up with a 31st in this race which probably cost him fifth place in the regatta. The final results are listed below and our sincere congratulations to the Skippers and Crews of the top boat and our sincere thanks to the Buffalo Canoe Club for the tremendous job and effort which went into this super week of fun.

1977 PRESIDENTS' CUP

Final Position#	Boat	Skipper and Crew	Race Finishes						Points
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	10801	David M. Peterson, Anne Peterson, Chris Vann	(4)	1	3	1	2	1	8
2	12739	Denis Farley, Kevin Corr, Tony Doyle	7	2	2	(28)	3	4	18
3	12754	David O. Peters, Pamela Johns, John Johns	2	(29)	5	4	5	16	32
4	12003	Rick Tears, Cindy Craig, Ron Brunnert	18	8	6	2	1	(19)	35
5	12385	John J. Collins, Ann Hayes, Larry Fretts	(25)	3	4	7	16	5	35
6	10313	Pete Hubbard, Rick Brown, Bill Fastiggi	17	5	7	11	11	(31)	51
7	12742	Bill Marshall, Gail Marshall, Pete Russell	(29)	13	14	10	8	7	52
8	13014	Paul J. Nolan, Jo Ellen Nolan, David LaPier	14	22	10	5	(23)	9	60
9	12710	Alfred B. Mast, Lynne Mast, Kirk Williams	5	14	15	3	24	(29)	61
10	10006	Matt Bryant, Jr., Peggy Walsh, Jack Quigley	13	10	(44)	13	19	6	61
11	12752	William H. Buckley, David Buckley, Paul Buckley	12	6	19	17	(31)	14	68
12	12952	Peter Bernasconi, Fritz Pfister, Les Rolf Goetschi	32	9	11	(33)	7	11	70
13	12470	E. Joseph Friebele, Doug Dixon, Michael Allen	3	(31)	26	21	20	3	73
14	12929	M. H. Pindell, Jim Pindell, Jeff Budraw	23	4	36	(37)	10	2	75
15	12890	William F. McKinley, Ed Stack, Mark Adamson	11	12	16	12	35	(39)	86
16	12424	John Gall, Mary Gall, Randy Dilliot	(44)	44	1	20	9	13	87
17	12691	James N. Howard, Jr., James Howard, Sr., Gary Oetgen	21	18	21	14	13	(26)	87
18	10930	Robert K. Smither, Bob Dobmeier, Mike Williams	16	15	(44)	30	4	23	88
19	12912	Thomas R. Bierman, Sharon Bierman, Rick Daniels	6	32	18	26	6	(32)	88
20	13053	Ralph Messersmith, Mary Carducci, Chuck Swartley	10	35	8	29	(37)	8	90
21	11530	Tom Green, Nina Huza, Mark Huza	20	25	9	(39)	14	27	95
22	12341	Billy Crow, Harry Crow, Tim Cadieux	19	17	(37)	15	34	15	100
23	11085	Bob Wardwell, Carol Wardwell, John Altmeyer	1	(34)	13	27	32	30	103
24	11456	P. Thomas Jungjohann, Robert LaDuca, Jim Jungjohann	31	16	28	(38)	12	18	105
25	12587	Jeff Penfield, David Poorman, Craig Ross	34	7	23	32	(39)	10	106
26	11217	Jack Huntsman, Eric Mauer, Mike Schoendorf	8	37	17	9	41	(43)	112
27	12877	Bob Starck, Jim Eagen, John Ryan	15	(44)	35	18	22	22	112
28	13088	Robert Knop, Harold Callahan, Randy Burleigh	38	11	22	16	25	(38)	112
29	3111	Tom Allen, Jr., Jill McAuliffe, David Hastings	9	24	33	35	(38)	12	113

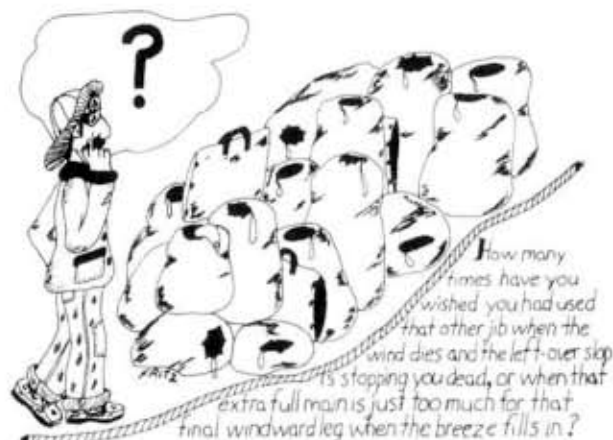
30	12872	Glenn Reiting, Carl Reiting, Hubert Streep
31	13115	R. W. Richards, Mark Francis, Andrew Coyne
32	12704	Gordon P. Kellogg, Lawrence Pulgram, Anthony Pulgram
33	10479	Richard McClure, Wendy Babb, Jerry O'Kane
34	11174	Dave Sprague, Cathy Bowman, Stewart Sprague
35	11361	Jack Burwell, John Tarding, Ricardo Crespo
36	12420	Randy Ruhlman, Jonette Maras, John Werley
37	11886	Jim Russell, Jamie Leopold, Ramond Harrington
38	12728	Bruce R. Kloss, Kristina Kloss, Mark Schneider
39	11671	Peter Swartz, Victor Maras, Jeff Borland
40	11972	George Francis, Jim Gelentis, George Francis
41	12974	Greg Florian, Todd Grohne, Jim Lackman
42	12789	Charles Thrower, Jeff Chandler, Dick Thomas

42 Boats, 43 DNF/DNS, 44 DSQ, () Throw-out race

22	28	24	24	(29)	17	115
36	(39)	30	6	15	28	115
(39)	23	29	25	18	25	120
33	20	25	22	28	(37)	128
26	26	27	23	30	(33)	132
27	33	12	34	26	(34)	132
43	19	(44)	19	33	20	134
24	27	32	(44)	17	35	135
35	21	(38)	31	27	21	135
40	40	39	8	21	(43)	148
28	30	34	36	(40)	24	152
30	38	20	41	(43)	43	172
37	36	31	(40)	36	36	176

GOVERNORS' CUP

By Jon Schwartz



Those of us who sail on Lake Erie are too familiar with what can happen when you get caught with the wrong sails up. So after two years of thorough testing on the world's most fickle lake, we are able to offer you a suit of sails that will put you in the lead and keep you there, no matter how often the conditions change.

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Arriving at the Buffalo Canoe Club this year, I could feel the Blue Fleet within my reach. Little did I realize that I was to turn *HikeLes* into a submarine, before the qualifying races were over. I enjoyed it so much that in the second qualifying race after turning over and breaking a mast, I decided to do it again in the third. Consequently, the blue quickly faded into yellow.

After the heavy winds in the qualifying races, we were looking forward to more of the same, the rest of the week. The first race began with 15 mph breezes. We started at the pin with John Cuccio and Ronnie Blair to the leeward of us. Sailing off on starboard tack for about seven or eight minutes, and tacking to port we seemed to have the fleet. We rounded the weather mark with about a hundred yard lead. Tom Allen, Jorge Freeland and Buck Ballatin, followed in that order, as the air lightened. Our 550 pound crew weight slowed us down considerably. At the drop mark Tom Allen was right behind us. The wind continued to lighten and Freeland became too much for us. Our race then became a drifting contest, and we quickly faded back into the fleet. Tom Allen went off on port tack, we went out on starboard, Tom went the right way and finished first, we were second and following right behind in third was Ballatin, followed by Freeland and Fred Mertes.

Second Race: At the start of the second race, the weather end was heavily favored, in light to moderate air. The gun went off, and we found ourselves three rows back, fortunately, for us it was a recall. The race started with a very close first weather leg. We battled with Tom Kennel, Bob Ruhlman, Dean Cady, Hank Hodgson and Fred Mertes, we managed to squeak around the first mark second, with Tom Kennel in first place. The wind shifted even more than it had at the start, and many boats had to drop their chutes before the jibe mark. I finally consulted Les to see if he would mind hiking so we could make the mark without dropping the kite. He bribed me

for a beer, and not being in a very good bargaining position, I was forced to accept. That is all it took to make the mark. The course was shortened because daylight was starting to fade. The wind picked up on the final beat as we battled with Cady and Ruhlman; before too long Dean Cady with his two daughters, Karen and Dana, had closed to within inches, as they demonstrated to Les how to hike. We barely held them off until the finish. We finished first, with Cady second, Ruhlman third, followed by Hodgson and Mertes.

Third race: The air was light again at the start, and the leeward end seemed favored. We got off that end, but had problems getting into gear, and wound up spectating more than racing. We saw some super sailing by Hank Hodgson, as he led most of the race with "Fast Fred" Hamblett closing all the way. The wind had spiraled a couple of times, it finally came in from the northwest, and "Fast Fred" had maneuvered into first place. He held on to the finish, with Hayes second and, "The New Orleans Shrimp King," Buck Ballatin, third, followed by Robert Klug and Hodgson.

Fourth Race: The southwest winds which normally pipe in strong in the afternoon did just the opposite. At the start of the race, we seemed to have the fleet in our hip pocket until "The Brain" (Dad) realized that we and a few other boats were the only ones to start. Everybody else remained on the starting line. It seemed that the Race Committee had raised a fifteen minute starting signal. We headed back to the start jibing in at the Committee Boat with thirty seconds left, we pulled off a lucky start. By the first mark, we rounded 25th in the Green Fleet, and third in the Yellow Fleet with George Buckingham and Buck Ballatin in front of us. I had my crew move way forward because the wind had dropped to nothing. This way, we had an advantage over most of the boats, because we were going downhill with a lot of momentum. We managed to catch Buck, and bargaining for some shrimp after the race, I let him believe we would let him beat us!!!! We had too much momentum and decided not to wait any longer, but to pull ahead, then we closed on the first boat. After a tacking duel with George Buckingham we moved into first place. It looked as though "Fast Fred" was gaining on the second place boat,

and going so fast he ran into the transom. He then let Charles White, Buck Ballatin and George Buckingham slip away to finish second, third and fourth respectively.

Fifth Race: The fifth race was more of the same with little to no air. Many of the skippers couldn't believe that they ever started the race with this amount of air. The left side of the course seemed favored, so we tried to get over there as soon as possible. Tom Kennel in Celebration rounded first, but the wind lightened even more and our momentum carried us into first place. Most of the Yellow fleet sailed with the Green fleet the entire race. It was hard to tell what position any of the boats were in until the final standings were posted. However, we did see that Buck Ballatin had started sailing back to New Orleans, and mathematically that clinched the Regatta for Seaweed (Me).

Sixth Race: We had good breezes for the sixth race and the course was slightly lopsided. The fog started to roll in and many of the boats disappeared from our view. Proceeding up the first weather leg, beer in hand, it seemed as though the whole fleet was going to the wrong mark with the exception of Marshall Walker who peeled off early and headed to the proper weather mark. The "Brain" Arnie, and Les seemed to think that we were going to the wrong mark, so we popped our chute and followed four or five other boats as most of the fleet continued sailing to the wrong mark. When a Patrol Boat zoomed into the weather mark (wrong mark, it was the Blue Fleets jibing mark) picked it up and put it in to his boat. Most of the skippers realized that they had gone to the wrong mark, some jibed at the mark and went to the leeward mark, some skippers thought they had won the race and had actually missed marks while less than half of the fleet had rounded the proper marks. It was a wild way to end a long fun week of sailing!!!

I wish to personally thank the Buffalo Canoe Club for another excellent series, and look forward to coming back in June for the Spring Regatta. I would also like to express my gratitude to my crew, "Lester the Molester", for hiking, and to my father, "The Brain", for his perfect navigation.

1977 GOVERNORS' CUP

Final Position #	Boat	Skipper and Crew	Race Finishes						Points
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	12800	Jon Schwartz, Arnold Schwartz, Les Hathaway	2	1	(9)	1	1	6	11
2	9696	John A. Ballatin, Randy Mirandona, Buz Brennan	3	8	3	3	(21)	9	26
3	12850	Frederick Mertes, Carol Mertes, Gloria Gilbert	5	5	8	6	7	(44)	31
4	12620	Rob Ruhlman, Maralyn Maras, Tim Chrisman	(31)	3	7	8	3	16	37
5	11442	Dean Cady, Karen Cady, Dana Cady	(24)	2	10	16	5	14	47
6	11346	Fred H. Hamblett, Nancy Bargar, Dave White	6	10	1	24	6	(44)	47
7	13170	Thomas S. Allen, Jean Paul Lanaux, Michael Tubbs	1	23	(28)	5	2	18	49
8	12025	Ron Blair, David Blair, Jeff Fishman	25	6	6	12	(36)	10	59
9	12463	George Buckingham, Georganne Buckingham, Doug Schmahl	10	12	23	7	9	(44)	61
10	13180	Ron Cochrane, Paul Sulman, Brad Gullens	17	9	21	4	13	(43)	64

11	12846	Hank Hodgson, Karen Hodgson, Daly Mahrle	26	4	5	(38)	27	7	69
12	13056	Bill McShane, Midge Pendergast, Dave Pendergast	11	15	14	17	(23)	12	69
13	12496	Dan Danielson, Tom Ward, Albert Kraus	(28)	22	11	21	11	8	73
14	10515	John S. Corbett, Rick Mullin, Burt Okma	16	13	13	18	16	(44)	76
15	12883	Steven C. Sabs, Stephen Magnanti, Duane Perry	20	18	20	11	(22)	11	80
16	12699	Marshall N. Walker, Francis Hughes, Ardis Mills	14	34	(35)	15	17	1	81
17	11572	Jim Wavle, Jim Nolan, Bob Boswell	12	21	(33)	20	25	5	83
18	10380	Jerry Bell, Margaret Mary Dimon, Gary Swangler	7	20	25	22	10	(44)	84
19	12893	Jorge Freeland, Skip Wilday, Jim Alman	4	19	(43)	43	4	15	85
20	12852	John Cuccio, Jim Bussman, John Verelley	13	7	17	31	20	(43)	88
21	13021	Stephen H. Thomas, John Morse, James Morse	23	25	18	(36)	19	4	89
22	12334	Paul Militzer, John Rajewski, Tim Vandermuellen	19	(44)	24	39	8	2	92
23	12621	Nelson Hoffman, Helen Hoffman, Michael Nagel	9	11	29	27	(35)	17	93
24	12557	Maurico Martinez, Ernesto Martinez, Ernesto Martinez, Jr.	21	(43)	12	32	12	20	97
25	12275	Charles L. White, Allison Skeele, Ron Hall	8	(44)	19	2	26	44	99
26	10746	Richard N. Hayes, Sr., Linda M. Hayes, R. Neil Hayes, Jr.	(43)	27	2	10	39	21	99
27	10100	Bob Ohlsen, Dan Ohlsen, Todd Sternaman	22	14	15	23	32	(44)	106
28	9632	Tom Kennel, Dave Duchscherer, Dave Rose	(37)	16	22	34	31	3	106
29	12379	Robert Klug, Ric Klug, Mark Sturges	30	(44)	4	25	29	24	112
30	12707	James McCoy, Jim McCoy, Jr., Ralph Waibel	17	(44)	16	19	18	43	113
31	11788	Judith J. Walker, Philip Barth, Scott DeGolyer	15	24	30	(33)	24	22	115
32	12336	Bill Pleasants, Ellis Spake, Bill Orr	(34)	32	26	14	28	25	125
33	12408	Bruce Baiden, Julie Baiden, Bob Trotman	27	26	27	13	34	(43)	127
34	13001	John R. Nixon, Lynn Nixon, Marsha Hinton	32	31	(34)	9	33	23	128
35	13050	Tom McAuliffe, Gillian McAuliffe, George Hock	(44)	44	32	26	15	13	130
36	12787	Ron Sehulster, Dixie Sehulster, Scott Savage	33	30	31	29	(38)	19	142
37	12911	James Gilbert, Ron Buchanan, John Hall	35	29	37	35	14	(44)	150
38	12963	Keith L. Swihart, Rob Swihart, Bill Beard	43	28	39	28	30	(44)	168
39	12220	Tom Wynn, Rick Turner, Jackson Wynn	29	33	38	40	37	(43)	177
40	11657	Thomas Tyler, Thomas Tyler, Jr., John McAndrews	43	17	40	37	40	(44)	177
41	12570	Bob Mathers, Tom Valerio, Dave Scott	36	(44)	36	30	41	44	187
42	13113	Tom Varley, Tom Varley, Jr., Tammy Varley	38	(43)	43	43	43	43	210

42 Boats, 43 DNF/DNS, 44 DSQ, () Throw-out race.

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