

# THE LIGHTER SIDE FOR WINNING THE NORTH AMERICANS

by Bill Shore

For "Finesse" this year's North Americans was a different kind of affair. My star crew, Bonnie Shore and Mark Bryant, could not be together for the qualifying event. Bonnie was in Marblehead during the qualifiers sailing in the Adams Semi-Finals. Cory Fisher and Mark did sail in the qualifiers. Upon arriving in Rehoboth, we were met with the usual problem of sail measuring and boat measuring. This year's major problem seemed to be in the area of floor boards which had been previously removed from my boat, but due to a new ruling they had to be reinstalled. Once this was taken care of, the boat was measured and weighed and dropped into the water. However, by this time, the practice racing had started.

To get the feel of the wave conditions and the wind, we sailed toward the racing area to be greeted by a weather front that dropped buckets of rain on us. During the cruise to the racing area, we managed to collide with one of our racing friends, Jack Huntsman. Apologies were made, damage was assessed, and everyone continued on their way. Our practice drill consisted of a few very soggy spinnaker sets and takedowns. Soon the wind died to approximately one knot, and we broke out the paddles and returned to the club. With a four-race, throw out one, qualifying series the practice race has minimum value. The North American event is a very long one, and we generally get all the practice we need during the qualifiers.

The first qualifying race on Sunday was sailed in relatively light air. As I recall we had an excellent start, poked out ahead of the remainder of the fleet very quickly, and won by quite a large amount. Cory Fisher and Mark Bryant did an excellent job during this race calling wind shifts and helping with tactics and strategy.

The second race that day was started again in light wind. In this race we had another excellent start and worked out a good lead. However, during the second weather leg very thick fog came in and the race was cancelled. During the evening we spent time trying to find a place for Mark, Cory Fisher, and myself to stay. As usual, we had not found time the month before the event to reserve rooms. Fortunately, the Muellers, who are usually well organized, had extra space. We squeezed in, and everything worked out fine. Monday, we arrived at the Club after a nice breakfast and geared the boat for the day's battle. We all sailed out to the starting area and the race started in a medium breeze. This time our start was not as good, and we arrived at the weather mark in about 15th or 20th place. As the race continued, we worked our way back to about sixth and finished sixth. It was a fun race, and it was good practice trying to get back into the race; however, it is a lot easier to come back during the qualifying series than it is during the Championship Series. This race was won by Larry MacDonald who did have some excellent qualifying races.

The last qualifying race was another good race for us, good enough to place first in the qualifying series. Sailing up the last weather leg of the race, we talked about letting a few boats get by so that we would not win the qualifiers. Everyone who has attended a North Americans knows that the winner of the

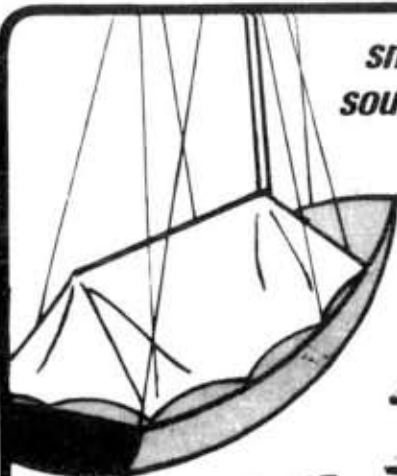
qualifying series never wins the championship series.

This evening was spent around the club with about half of the fleet trying to determine whether they made the Blue Division (the championship fleet) for the final series. As usual many boats had around 27-30 low points, and this would be the group that would either just make or just miss the championship division. The next morning after another good breakfast with Cory and Mark we anticipated Bonnie's arrival after her all-night drive from Marblehead. Low and behold, there she was in the club parking lot sleeping in the car waiting for the day to start. Cory said her goodbyes and drove back to Newport. Bonnie stepped on the boat to take her spot as crew. The first race was easy for us. We had an excellent start, and the crew work was superb during the weather leg. We rounded first and immediately attempted to set the chute. However, the guy or the sheet or something had been led around the shroud, or under the hiking strap, and the sail did not go up. Mark alertedly jumped to its rescue and cured the situation, hoisting the chute before I had a chance to voice my opinion on the matter. We lost some distance to Jay Lutz who rounded second, but we still maintained our lead. During the second weather leg, we chose the right, Jay the middle, and Garry



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Demarest the left. Garry chose correctly and just barely took over the lead. Mark and I decided we should tack to the left and try to cross him. As we approached Garry, we could see that we had to make a choice of tacking under him or bearing away and going further to the left. We decided to tack substantially under him and try to work on our speed as we felt our boat should be very fast in these conditions. A minute later we had enough lead to tack and cross; however, we chose to remain to the layline and then cross. We held the lead to win with Jay Lutz second, and Garry Demarest third. For sure, there is no better way to start the North Americans than with a first place. On top of that, competitors like Jim Dressel, Bruce Goldsmith, and Tom Allen had finished well down in the fleet. However, we have to keep in mind that this year's North Americans is six races, throw out one, so anything can happen.

The second race of the day held in similar relatively windy conditions was won by Matt Fisher. Matt sailed very well and was quite fast in the first leg to weather. Bob Adams did an excellent job maintaining second all the way around, and Don Brush finished third. This race was more difficult for us. We had a fair start, but we were sailed over by Don Brush. I am not sure why. We checked the sail trim and everything seemed correct. We made no adjustments as we never worry about speed during the race (we handle this between races). As the leg continued our speed seemed all right, and we eventually got into a pretty fair position. However, as we have all seen many times, this pretty fair spot can turn sour toward the end of the leg. We rounded 11th and did a very poor job downwind rounding outside several boats at the jibe and had trouble controlling the chute. We lost a few boats and dropped back to about 15th. We pulled up to 12th by the second weather mark and up to seventh by the finish. That poor first weather leg and the poor jibe cost us a lot of boats, but eventually we were pleased that we were able to come back

and finish seventh. The evening was spent having dinner with the Dressels and the Fishers. We were all trying to decide at this point who had a chance to win. My feeling was that we had the best chance to win the North Americans but strangely enough Matt Fisher thought he was in the best position and then, Jim Dressel felt he was in the best position to win the North Americans. We knew the argument wouldn't be settled that night so we all turned in to try to settle the argument the next racing day.

The next race started in very light wind. We were out helping someone with sail trim when the warning gun was fired. We were a little late getting back to the starting area, and at the start we were called over early. Jim Crane shot ahead and led at the weather mark. The wind during the race was very fluky. Jim lost his lead and dropped to 11th with Mario Buckup winning, Jim Dressel finishing second, Jay Lutz third, Matt Fisher fourth, and Georges Peter fifth. Our adventures during that race were quite comical. Once we restarted it was obvious the boats on the right were doing the best. We sailed to the right and died. All the boats on the left did very well, and we rounded last, or I should say, tied for last. As I think about it, it is difficult for me to believe that we actually rounded tied for last and hit the boat that we were tied with as we were rounding. The other boat did his 720 which put him definitely in last and us definitely in next to last. On the spinnaker leg downwind, we pretty much remained all alone while we watched the rest of the fleet sail away with a nice breeze while our spinnaker was dragging in the water. However, a couple of legs later they stopped, and we sailed into the middle of the blue fleet. Somehow our middle spot turned into last place again. This procedure repeated itself until we were pretty much last boat at the green fleet and getting near the middle of the yellow fleet. We really couldn't understand what was going on, but we were sure doing poorly. Again, we learned a long time ago never to panic about speed,

and we knew our sails were trimmed exactly as they have been the times when we were very fast in this condition. Mark, Bonnie and myself started to discuss our general tactics, and we began to realize that we were continually sailing toward wind that we could see. When we arrived at this area of the course with wind there would be none, and boats who we were beside five minutes earlier would cross 100 yards ahead. This observation was probably the most important part of our eventually winning this North Americans. We made a vow to hang on and not sail across the course because the wind seemed better there. Instead, we remained in phase on the tack we were on and waited for the wind to become stronger on our side.

The fourth race was a light wind affair that saw Dressel drift across the finish line just ahead of Goldsmith. We managed a sixth in this race after being as far down as 15th. However, Jim Dressel was beginning to look very strong for the regatta championship, and when he won the fifth race, Jim was pretty much a sure winner for the regatta. Matt Fisher had a couple of fair races that put him ahead of us but not really close to Dressel.

The next morning Matt Fisher and ourselves were out very early on the race course reading wind shifts, etc. By the score, Jim Dressel was pretty much a sure winner. He had about 11 points on Matt and 12 or 13 points on us. It appeared that the best we could do would be to beat Matt and finish second overall. However, our hopes mounted when the committee set the starting line and began the starting sequence in very light shifty conditions. This was exactly what we hoped for as it would give us our best chance of winning the regatta. Our game plan was simple, dive to the lefthand corner and use up the westerly wind while the thermal wind on the right would tend to flatten the air there. As we started to the left, we sailed into very light wind; the boats in the middle of the course had lots of wind and a lift. Because of what we experienced a few days earlier, we decided to continue to the left and follow the game plan. We were really enlightened when both Matt and Jim tacked to the right toward this new wind. If we were wrong it would mean a third or worse in the overall standing, but if we were right, it would mean a good chance at first. After you have won the North Americans once or twice in the past, psychologically the only thing you sail for tends to be first place; second, third, fourth, or fifth seem all the same. Our strategy worked. At least it partially worked. The left was very good. The extreme right was just a little bit better but the middle was a disaster. Matt and Jim both selected the middle, and then rounded 13th and 22nd respectively. We rounded sixth. During the race we scraped and clawed our way to second. Glen Darden won, Don Brush finished third, Matt Fisher finished fourth, and Jay Lutz finished fifth. We hung around the finish line counting the places between ourselves and Jim Dressel, and were not sure we won until Jim crossed the finish line in 13th place. This gave us just enough points on Matt and Jim to beat them both.

We have won North American Championships in the past that I felt we should have won. We have lost two or three that I felt we should have won. This is the first time we won one that I felt we shouldn't have won, so the score is becoming more even. However, when someone reads the list of North American Champions some years from now they will never know that we should not have won. Therefore, we decided to accept the trophy.

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# NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP 1978

Final Position	Boat #	Skipper and Crew	Race Finishes						Points
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	10909	William Shore	1	7	(35)	9	3	2	22
2	10956	Bonnie Shore, Mark Bryant							
		Matt Fisher	9	1	4	(18)	5	4	23
3	13250	Mary Lou Ford, George Fisher							
		Jim Dressel	(21)	6	2	1	1	15	25
		Dan Dressel, Kurt Finnie							
4	13306	Jay Lutz	2	8	3	12	(21)	6	31
		Jody Lutz, Don Schon							
5	13172	Don Brush	7	3	(29)	10	10	3	33
		Ann Brush, Hale Walcoff							
6	7495	Mario Buckup	3	10	1	14	(16)	5	33
		Telma Buckup, Joaquim Feneberg							
7	12755	Garry Demarest	5	4	(18)	11	8	7	35
		Gary Cameron, Sally Werenski							
8	13226	Glenn Darden	19	(20)	13	2	4	1	39
		Kelly Gough, Doug Shelton							
9	13239	Jim Crane	4	9	11	(27)	9	11	44
		Brenda Allen, Steve Nightingale							
10	13211	Thomas G. Allen	20	16	(25)	7	2	8	53
		Jane Allen, Ian Jones							
11	13248	Bob Chilton	14	(29)	14	6	13	10	57
		Mitch Jeffrey, Margo Oetting							
12	13222	James Neville	13	19	8	4	15	(22)	59
		Candy Neville, Nancy Neville							
13	13305	Larry MacDonald, Jr.	12	11	6	(23)	20	13	62
		Larry MacDonald, Sr., Steve McMenemy							
14	13063	Jack Elfman	(37)	14	7	17	7	28	73
		Holly Elfman, Marguerite Siegel							
15	12800	Jon Schwartz	(28)	23	22	5	6	19	75
		Arnold Schwartz, Bill Mergewthaler							
16	13158	Bob Adams	6	2	30	(35)	23	23	84
		Tay Adams, Djoerd Hoekstra							
17	12739	Denis Farley	8	31	16	(34)	19	12	86
		Tony Doyle, Curt Wilson							
18	11933	David S. Ruiter	11	12	24	15	25	(31)	87
		Deborah Freeth, Gary Swangler							
19	12499	Bob Hutchinson	26	13	9	22	18	(33)	88
		Robert Heick, Eric Maurer							
20	12466	Fisk Hayden	18	21	21	(26)	12	18	90
		John Maynard, Bob Dodge							
21	10212	Georges Peter	16	26	5	(29)	27	17	91
		Carolyn Peter, Quinton Foster							
22	13236	Clarence Holman III	10	(36)	15	8	30	30	93
		Laura Militzer, Kyle Militzer							
23	13259	Bruce Goldsmith	22	17	28	3	(35)	24	94
		Pam Goldsmith, Paul Adam							
24	12709	Henry Russell	(33)	32	10	16	17	21	96
		Pam Russell, Susie Goodwin							
25	13169	Richard Hale	25	5	23	28	(34)	16	97
		Dave Hale, Alan Smith							
26	11204	Stephen Bachman	15	15	29	30	11	(36)	100
		Carol Bachman, Rob Leiper							
27	13307	Jack Mueller	23	(28)	26	19	14	20	102
		Nancy Mueller, Tom Rocks							
28	13314	Rob Held	17	27	(31)	20	31	9	104
		Chris Widdis, Alan Held							
29	13233	Chuck Maltbie	(30)	22	17	13	26	27	105
		Marilyn Maras, Curt Maltbie							
30	12729	Edwin Roseberry, Jr.	27	24	12	21	32	(36)	116
		Doug Barlow, Peter Huston							
31	13190	John McIntosh	32	25	19	(33)	22	29	127
		Carol Peters, Will Sloger							
32	13308	Bill Buckles	24	30	20	25	29	(32)	128
		John Aras, Carol Auer							
33	10260	Frank Atkinson	29	(34)	33	31	24	14	131
		Philip Sweeney, Chris Gargiulo							
34	12457	Gordon Ettie	(36)	18	32	32	28	25	135
		Derek Ettie, Wendy O'Kane							
35	10006	Matt Bryant	31	33	(34)	24	33	26	147
		Jim Clements, Nora Clements							

35 Boats, 36 DNF/DNS, 37 DSQ, ( ) Throw-out race



# DON DELORME DRIFTS THROUGH

## (Presidents' Cup 1978)

by Sandy Huntsman

The 1978 Presidents' Cup will probably be remembered for two things: the number of boats which in the past have competed in the Blue Fleet, and the shocking turnabout of the wind conditions between races two and three. Almost one third of the Green Fleet had sailed in the Blue Fleet in past North Americans. Included in this group were Don Delorme coming off a 5th in the recent Worlds, and two time North American runner-up Jim Carson.

After the usual measuring, weighing, psyching, and tuning were over, the contestants got down to the sailing. This in itself was not easy as we lost one tune up race to a lightning storm, and one to fog.

Following the customary Damns, If Onlys, and I Wus Robbeds after the qualifying series, the unusually high-powered Green Fleet went out to do battle in earnest. As the qualifying series winds had been good, we had no reason to suspect that the Championship Series would be any different. The first two races were real smilers for those who like good medium to heavy wind, and we were all looking forward to a continued fine series with the onset of the third race. Then, the roof fell in.

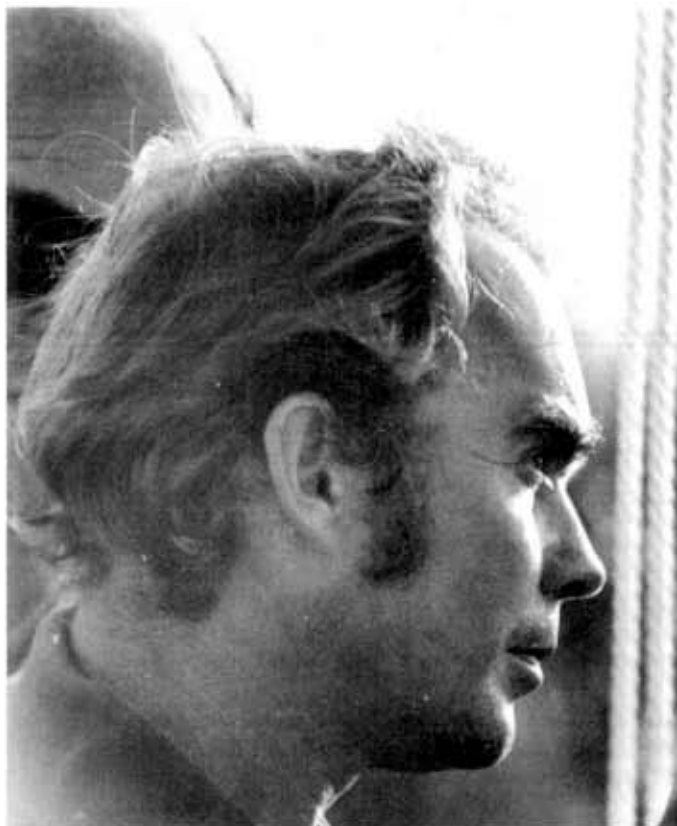
Allowing for difficulties in recording, and fortunate lapses in memory, the following is put forth as a reasonably accurate description of the Green Fleet adventures and misadventures of 78.

### RACE ONE

This race was started in good 10-18 m.p.h. winds from the southeast. Bill Neal found the early going to his liking and led the forty-three boat fleet to the first mark. He was followed by Don Delorme, Jim Carson, Dick Hallagan, and Joe Friebele. Places changed downwind, and at the drop mark it was Delorme, Hallagan, Neal, Carson, and Friebele. On the second beat Carson slipped by the leaders to round the weather mark first followed by Delorme, Jed Dodge, who was moving up steadily after being seventh at the first mark, Hallagan, who had to do a 720 and slipped to 7th at the finish, and Neal Dodge continued his move and got the winner's gun. He was followed by Carson, Delorme, Neal, and Friebele.

### RACE TWO

The Wind God continued to cooperate, and race two was started in good 16-24 m.p.h. winds from the southeast. Leading to the weather mark was Jim Carson closely followed by Jed Dodge, Bill Clausen, Steven Craig, and Randy Ruhlman. Downwind Dodge passed Carson and led going into the second beat followed by Craig, Carson, Clausen, and Bob Wardwell. These five held their relative positions until the final beat. On the beat to the finish Carson slipped by Craig, and Wardwell passed Clausen. Following Dodge who again got the gun were Carson, Craig, Wardwell, and Clausen. With two firsts



*The Champ — Don*

in two races, Dodge had shown that with good wind he was certainly to be reckoned with.

### RACE THREE

Having lulled us into a false sense of well being by the excellent winds of the first day, the Wind God turned his back upon us and cast us a bag of horrifying unpredictable, alternately shifting and disappearing light airs.

At the start the wind was light and from the west at about 3-5. Robert Buckup, who was the only one to solve the shift problems, led to the first mark and was never headed. He was followed at this mark by Dave Peters, Dick Hallagan, Tom Waters, and Steven Craig. Here the wind began to break up and shift. Don Delorme, John Schneider, and Jack Huntsman who had terrible first legs and had rounded the first mark 34th, 28th, and 23rd respectively, found themselves at the outside of a 35 boat wheel approaching the jibe mark. This seeming disaster turned to good fortune as they found themselves following Buckup around the second weather mark along with Rob Ruhlman who had moved up from 13th to 3rd.

At this point things which had been bad, got worse, and the downwind events defy any accurate description. Ruhlman and Huntsman somehow slipped to 33rd and 35th. Buckup, who

seemed to be the only one to escape disaster at all times, won followed by Schneider, Peters, Delorme, and Carson. Previous leader Jed Dodge, who had arrived at the first weather mark 7th and well in contention, fell victim to the vagaries of the wind and suffered a 34th.

#### RACE FOUR

Again the shake-ups caused by now-it's-here, now-it's gone wind were unbelievable. Robert Buckup was the only contestant to solve the problems presented by the unpredictable winds and by consistent sailing won his second race in a row. Here the only records available are for the jibe mark, and as I was always so far back that communication with the leaders would have been possible by carrier pigeon only, accurate reporting of the proceedings is impossible. It is interesting to note, however, that Thomas S. Allen second, Gordon Kellogg third, Dick Hallagan fourth and Tom Waters fifth turned the jibe mark 33rd, 32nd, 24th, and 27th respectively, a shakeup which was becoming the rule rather than the exception.

#### RACE FIVE

As if our nerves weren't frayed enough, the Wind God served us another fluky light air race. We were encouraged by what seemed to be reasonably steady air until it moved from the west to the southeast turning the last leg into a down wind leg. Here again records are incomplete. Joe Friebele, who led for the first time around, fell victim to the final shift and dropped to 13th at the finish. Don Delorme was the most consistent throughout the shifts and won the race followed by Bill Clausen, Sandy Huntsman, Jim Carson, and Jack Huntsman, who had also led at one point in the race.

#### RACE SIX

Entering the final race it was obvious that either Jim Carson with 13 points with a throwout and 19 without, or Don

Delorme with 14 points with a throwout and 30 without would be the probable winner.

This race will be remembered as the largest rafting party ever held by the Lighting Class. At least 80 boats approached what was to have been the second weather mark going downwind with spinnakers alternately drawing and drooping. At the drop mark before the rafting party Carson, who was 9th to Delorme's 16th, appeared to be the winner. Here, as with the Blue Fleet, what seemed to be was not to be. Carson fell victim to the miseries of the rafting party and finished 31st, while Delorme moved up to 9th which was good enough to win by 3 points.

The top five finishers for this race which was mercifully shortened to finish at the original drop mark were Tom Waters, Robert Buckup, John Schneider, Betsy Gelenitis, and Joe Friebele. Our finish was perhaps typical of this unbelievably frustrating race; we finished 8th in the Green Fleet, about fourth in The Yellow Fleet, and about 20th in the Blue Fleet.

At the end the following skillful and fortunate skippers finished in the money: Don Delorme 23, Jim Carson 26, Jed Dodge 31, Robert Buckup 35, and Dick Hallagan 38.

#### EPILOGUE

As Mark Antony said in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones..." Around the winter hot stove circuit and in the discussions of 78 in years to follow, unfortunately forgotten will be the good qualifying series and fine winds of the first two championship races. Recalled and recounted will be agonizingly horrendous fleet mix-ups of races three through six.

For those who managed to survive the vagaries of the uncertain winds, "All's well that ends well." For the rest of us there's the oft heard "Wait until next year." Congratulations again, Don.

## PRESIDENTS' CUP 1978

Final Position	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes						Points
			1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	11036	Dr. Donald Delorme Wanda Delorme, Leigh Hopkins	3	6	4	(16)	1	9	23
2	13084	Jim Carson Paul Gelenitis, Michael Schon	2	2	5	13	4	(31)	26
3	12064	Jed Dodge Bill Dodge, Charlie Catchpole	1	1	(34)	18	8	3	31
4	11708	Robert Buckup Hans Glesch, Karldieter Wolf	12	9	1	1	12	(18)	35
5	12355	Dick Hallagan Jean Hallagan, Billy Bremer	7	7	9	4	11	(16)	38
6	11138	John Schneider John Gutierrez, Kevin Corr	14	13	2	8	(37)	11	48
7	10895	Bill Clausen John Parker, Phil Dennis	13	5	27	(38)	2	14	61
8	13285	Bob Wardwell Skip Webb, Ed Wall	15	4	12	10	(20)	20	61
9	10702	Jack Huntsman Steve Wolf, Dave Van Holle	21	(35)	15	7	5	15	63
10	12730	Tom Waters Cindy Waters, Randy Brooks	17	16	21	5	(32)	7	66
11	13229	Stephen Craig Cindy Craig, Jeff Grinnan	10	3	10	26	19	(38)	68
12	11090	Hank Hodgson Karen Hodgson, Ralph Waibel	24	14	11	21	(26)	2	72
13	11456	Tom Jungjohann Jackie Zayac, David Hallagan	9	17	18	(29)	6	25	75
14	12754	David Peters Tim Vander Muelen, Pam Cozier	20	(30)	3	23	27	6	79

15	12420	Randall Ruhlman	39	11	6	(44)	14	12	82
16	12470	John Werley, David Werley	5	25	14	(37)	13	27	84
17	12752	E. Joseph Friebele	8	10	24	(40)	38	4	84
18	13221	Elaine Friebele, Doug Dixon	(29)	12	16	20	23	13	84
19	11288	William Buckley	6	19	26	17	17	(32)	85
20	13304	Peter Buckley, Paul Buckley	28	20	(37)	33	3	8	92
21	12728	A. Legare Van Ness	23	21	32	6	10	(40)	92
22	13053	Rosser Bodycomb, John McGown	19	22	(45)	12	39	5	97
23	12704	Rob Pratt	38	(44)	35	3	22	1	99
24	11706	Mike Allen, Mark Vestrich	(37)	23	8	30	21	21	103
25	11800	Sandy Huntsman	11	8	31	27	28	(33)	105
26	11530	Eric Olving, Patty Schon	16	27	30	(34)	7	28	108
27	9517	Bruce Kloss	30	(33)	7	24	30	17	108
28	11361	Kristina Kloss, Mark Young	18	15	13	28	34	(36)	108
29	13245	Ralph Messersmith	(42)	29	40	14	15	19	117
30	13249	Jim Schwartz, Randy Dickerson	(31)	31	28	11	24	24	118
31	12725	Gordon Kellogg	4	18	22	31	(44)	44	119
32	12621	Dottie Kellogg, Jim Dillard	40	36	(42)	25	9	10	120
33	10811	Claudio Abramowitz	26	26	38	15	18	(44)	123
34	12587	Henricus Bocage	27	24	25	22	29	(39)	127
35	11972	Matthew Burridge	35	39	17	(41)	16	23	130
36	13170	Lal Burridge, Lindsey Dibler	34	37	(39)	2	25	34	132
37	13088	Tom Green	(36)	34	36	9	33	22	134
38	13184	Kathy Geraghty, Tom Tyler	25	(41)	23	35	31	29	143
39	10196	Rob Ruhlman	22	28	33	36	(41)	26	145
40	12424	Abby Doolittle, Barbara Swartz	(41)	38	20	19	36	35	148
41	12471	Jack Burwell	32	32	19	(39)	35	37	155
42	13143	Christopher Hamblet, Jim Russel	(43)	40	29	32	40	30	171
43	12938	Frederick Eng	33	(44)	41	42	44	44	204
		Barbara Eng, Michael Williams							
		Peter Jordan							
		Preston Franz, Joel Vann							
		Bill Neal							
		Peter Humphrey, John Humphrey							
		Nelson Hoffman							
		Helen Hoffman, Michael Nagel							
		Buck Ballatin							
		Karl Herman, Buzzy Brennan							
		Dr. Jeff Penfield							
		Katharine Penfield, Craig Ross							
		Betsy Gelenitis							
		Mimi Dimon, Dale Dunston							
		Thomas S. Allen							
		Jean Paul Lanaux, Trippy Tubbs							
		Robert Knop							
		Randy Burleigh, Nancy Williams							
		Jim Gelenitis							
		Ed Woj, Jeff Maritz							
		Dave White							
		Rupert White, Spencer Drake							
		John Gall							
		Audrey Matteson, Mary Gall							
		Barney Mead III							
		Cully Ward, Nancy Pitman							
		Walt Ryan							
		Dawn Ryan, Gerald Ryan							
		Carl Engels							
		Jim Engels, Jill Engels							

43 Boats, 44 DNF/DNS, 45 DSQ ( ) Throw-out race

## FUZZY SPECIALTIES

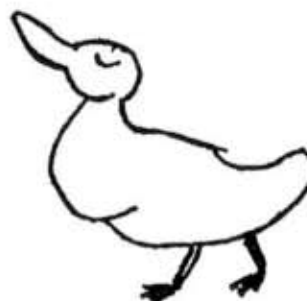
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## **GOVERNORS' CUP 1978**

by David Sprague (11174)

There is more to regattas than just the races so this story is about "Janitor" and our crew's total trip to the North Americans.

The story started at the Buffalo Canoe Club in July when 11174 qualified (just) to attend the NA's, as did a few other daring Canadians. Mike (super salesman) Vollmer from Hamilton also qualified but in order to afford it he had to do the trip on the cheap. That meant a Winnebago and double trailing, instead of the ritzy motel route. Me, being the more gullible of the Canadians, listened to his stories of cheap, friendly, air-conditioned comfort in a cozy Winnebago. Mike went on at length about his very successful trip to the Southern Circuit in this same bus two years ago and numerous forages in it before and how great it would be. I said okay after convincing Cathy and Stewart that it would be a great experience.

We spent the next few weeks getting my trailer ready for double decking the two boats and planning menus for the adventure, as well as thinking about living in air-conditioned comfort 50 yards from the water during the regatta.

On Friday afternoon Stewart, Cath and I hitched up the two boats to Stew's car and drove the 70 kilometers (40 miles) to Mike's house, where the bus was to be. We arrived at 6:00 p.m. to see no bus, no Mike and no sign of Sheena and Paul, the rest of Mike's crew. We concluded that they had not gone ahead of us as we had the important ingredient for racing — the boats — so we settled down to wait. About a half hour later an old rickety Winnebago came wheezing around the corner and we prayed that it was just some one lost from the nearby highway. No such luck however. It parked and Mike hopped out, cursing and swearing. We hopped aboard and followed his example. The great bus we had hoped for apparently had been on the road ever since Mike used it two years ago and it had not been cleaned or serviced since then.

To make a long story short, the next four hours were spent by Cath and Sheena cleaning out the van while Paul, Mike, Stew and I got the stove, fridge, lights, etc. running, as well as loading up the bus. We put the scuba tanks (this was to be a vacation), masts, bikes, etc. on the roof and centerboards, tools, etc. in the van. We were finally off at 11:00 p.m., all 55 feet of us.

We got to the U.S. border at 12:00 midnight, a normal 40 minute drive, and stopped to check all the ropes and connections, as well as to register the cameras and diving equipment so that we didn't get accused of smuggling on the way back. At 12:15 a.m., all that done, we climbed aboard to go and at 12:40 we finally got the engine started (apparently it did not like to start when it was hot).

We crossed the Peace Bridge at Buffalo in time to see Anne Allen coming back from the women's NA's and going the other way with her boat, so we figured that we would easily make it to Rehoboth on time. The toll on the bridge was



substantially higher than usual so we decided to use the roads with as few tolls as possible. Customs waved us through after rolling their eyeballs at the sight of us and off we went.

Mike took the first driving stint with Paul while the rest of us tried to sleep (next to impossible because of the lumpy bed, road and noise). The drive was quite uneventful except that toll-less roads are slow and Stewart got us lost everytime I left the navigator's chair to get a Pepsi from the fridge. Our estimated arrival time of 10:00 a.m. passed and we were still in the hills somewhere. At 12:00 noon, the deadline for registration, we were in Maryland and phoning for forgiveness and promising to keep our foot to the floor to get there as soon as possible.

We arrived at 1:30 p.m. to be registered as 117 and 118, second last and last. The committee was great to us and helped us unload, measure sails and everything. In fact, they thanked us for phoning ahead when we thanked them for waiting for us. A great group of people!

A thunderstorm came through and we missed the practice race but we did get the boat checked in. Poor Janitor put on a few pounds because of the addition of a few pieces of wood designed to add strength to an already strong floor. The boat weighed a mere 750 pounds! I started my long-needed diet and Billy delivered my new main and jib, the first US sails I had had in two or three years.

For the first night we slept in the state park with a nice cool breeze keeping the bus comfortable. At 4:00 a.m. a state trooper told us to get out of the park and back to the club or we would get a ticket. Mike told the gentleman to put the ticket on the windshield and we would pay in the morning. The trooper was not amused and got adamant about the fact that Delaware was not really that nice to foreigners. We all scurried about the bus taking off the clothes from the line we had strung outside the bus, and we got a police escort back to the club.

We were greeted at the club by a host of sandflies who really appreciated the opportunity to go through screens and feast on the unsuspecting tourists (remember this was our vacation.). We got up itching and scratching, thinking things couldn't get worse and went out to sail the qualifying series.

In the first race we had our normal blanketed start and I went off to the left in clearish air, while everyone went right to pick up the expected sea breeze. We made a few tacks as the wind oscillated and then came across on a long port tack to round the first mark in about 6th place. We caught a few on the reach (like that Canadian spinnaker) and then lost one on the beat to be 4th at the second weather mark, only to have the race abandoned because of fog just as we got to the gybe mark (still in 4th).

Things did get worse I'm afraid and we managed to qualify in the top 10 in the Governor's fleet. Back on shore we finally arranged to run a cable to plug in the van's air-conditioner only to find that, with all the other vans on the circuit, we blew the club's circuit at least once a day.

Now for the racing — the thing that has drawn us to the sunny south. This will be short as I have a poor memory for races and tend mostly to ignore the other boats and where they are going.

**First Race** We watched the first two fleets going up the weather leg and decided to go right. The pin end was slightly favoured and so we started there, then went through the pack

on port. It turned out that the left was favoured so we rounded the first mark about 20th with Dave Peterson (last year's President's Cup winner) in 1st, followed by Jim Pinion and Lenny Krawcheck, with Supersalesman Mike Vollmer in 4th and Al Mast in 5th. On the first reach, which was broad, there was a lot of changing of positions — we got five boats but the other leaders held on. On the second time around we gained one boat to start up the last weather leg 14th. Dave Peterson did something wrong and was 7th going up with Al Mast in 1st, Jim Pinion in 2nd, Jorge Freeland 3rd and Krawcheck and McKinley close behind. We went right up towards the coast and the wind picked up a bit over there so we made it to 8th with Mast 1st, Krawcheck 2nd, Freeland 3rd, McKinley 4th and Pinion 5th.

**Second Race** The wind was a good 12 - 15 mph and gave nice racing compared to the first race where it had gone from 5 - 15. The Race Committee decided to free up the course and set a good true line. The right side was the place to be in this race, however you had to watch out because the water was shallow on the right and many boats hit bottom. We went right as soon as possible after the start and had a long lift on starboard, coming into the weather mark. Greg Florian was 1st at the mark, McKinley 2nd, Fred Mertes 3rd, followed closely by ourselves in Janitor, being chased by Dave Ingram, James McCoy and Ray Harrington Jr. At the first reach the fleet spread out with some going high and some low, so we decided to be the conservative Canadians and went straight for the gybe mark. Thank God we did — we rounded ahead of the pack which created mass confusion at the mark behind us. By the time we got to the second weather mark the top five were all the same people except that David Hastings had moved to 5th and Fred Mertes had dropped to 6th. Going up the last weather leg we had managed to crawl up to 2nd with McKinley ahead and Florian just behind us, Ingram in 4th and Hastings in 5th. The last leg was a covering duel with us tacking on Florian and McKinley tacking on us. However Florian made the mistake of not tacking on Ingram, who took a long hitch to the right and beat us all. The second race finished with Ingram 1st, McKinley 2nd, Sprague 3rd, Florian 4th, Hastings 5th, Mast 6th and Vollmer with a very fast leg at 7th.

**Third Race** This one started off with extremely light air and by looking up at the Blue and Green fleet we knew we were in for very shifty winds. The wind at the start shifted 20° East as the gun went off and we were at the pin end. The lift never really hit us so we tacked and tacked and tacked and tacked whenever it appeared we were getting headed by more than 10°. The fleet was a mess as the lead kept changing as the wind did. A clump of boats led by Mast, John Mueller, Krawcheck, Joy Matheson and Craig Thayer made it around the first weather mark before the wind died. The rest of us watched and then sat and chatted with the boats nearby like Vollmer, Nancy Young and Peterson. The wind finally got us around with Nancy in 20th and ourselves 27th and Mike in 28th. The wind had gone 50° to the west now and we couldn't fly a kite for a while so we went high, which paid as we caught three boats (including Nancy) at the gybe mark and caught another six by the second weather mark. Mast and Krawcheck were 1st and 2nd with Charlie Medlock 3rd, Matteson 4th and John Swanson 5th. Our tacking on shifts and staying in the middle

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gave us 18th at the mark.

On the third reach we again went high, got a nice puff and passed a few boats to round the gybe mark 13th with a clump of the Green fleet stragglers. We went high to protect ourselves but then about half way along saw the wind coming in from below us in the opposite direction. We reached off to get there sooner and in the process passed Jack Burwell who was near the front of the Green fleet. Those who stayed high got killed as the wind filled in and they had to take down their kites and tack for the leeward mark. We carried the kite most of the way and just took it down for the last few hundred feet. After rounding the mark to go up the weather leg with most of the Green fleet, we put up the kite again and tried to stay in the middle of the course. The seabreeze then died and the old northerly came back. We disengaged the spinnaker from the shrouds, forestay and mast and tried to beat again. We lost a few boats as the wind came in from the left side but they were mostly Green fleet. As we came in to the finish we caught sight of the last boats in the Blue fleet finishing. The race finally finished with Medlock 1st, John Turney 2nd, Mast 3rd, Young 4th and Sprague 5th.

**Fourth Race** The place to be on the first leg of this race was on the left side; however you didn't find that out until you got to the mark, as the wind shifted all over the place. We went up the middle and rounded 12th behind Ron Blair in 1st, Krawcheck 2nd, Florian 3rd, Vollmer 4th and Mast 5th. The first reach was tight, with some boats only using jibs. The second beat was an exercise in frustration as the wind continued to wander. By the third reach some of our leaders

had caught the Green fleet and the gybe mark was a mess. On the next reach the wind died and the fleet spread out and shuffled around. Starting up the last weather leg it was Blair in 1st, Krawcheck 2nd, Vollmer 3rd, Peterson 4th, Florian 5th and we were 6th. Mast and Dave Fitch got around just behind us and the wind came in from the sea again, giving us a reach to the weather mark and forcing those who had not made it to the mark to tack to it. We all put distance on the rest as we went straight for the weather mark while Blair, Vollmer et al went high to catch the seabreeze better. The seabreeze died and a large hole developed as the wind came in from the north again. We went left and caught it early and managed to win the race with Krawcheck 2nd, Peterson 3rd, Blair 4th, Vollmer 5th, Florian 6th and Mast 7th.

**Fifth Race** At this point we were in good shape in the standings and with the shifty winds I decided to start in the middle of the line and tack on shifts. This paid off as we rounded 1st with McKinley and Peterson close behind. The first reach was broad and we kept our lead to gybe 1st, with McKinley and Peterson 2nd and 3rd and Florian and Mertes close behind them. Bill Holland and Vollmer were next as 6th and 7th. We carried the kite for a while after the gybe but couldn't hold it. Both McKinley and Peterson could, so we lost ground. On the next beat not much happened and we all held our own. On the third reach Woody and Janitor pulled away from the rest. At the 2nd gybe it was Janitor, Woody, Florian, McKinley, Mertes, Ingram and Vollmer. On the fourth reach we again couldn't hold the kite while Peterson could so he



*Hold that Tiger*

passed us. The wind had shifted again so they moved the weather mark, although not enough as it was still one long tack to the weather mark. The race finished with Peterson 1st, Sprague 2nd, McKinley 3rd, Florian 4th, Mast 5th, Turney 6th and Blair 7th.

**Sixth and Last Race (Thank God)** We were in first and only needed to finish in the top five to win the regatta. If we did worse, we had to make sure that Mast was 4th or worse. We decided to start near Mast and sail with him. This was a great theory except that everytime we got nearer he was faster, so I decided to give up on that tactic and concentrate on the wind. We made it to the first mark in 3rd with Mast way back in the 20's. (He had gone left while we had gone center-right). We felt great and proceeded to pass the two boats ahead to gybe 1st with McRoy 2nd, Mueller 3rd, Blair 4th, Frank Marinaccio 5th, Sam Pearl 6th and John Esser 7th and Mast 21st. The next reach we went straight for the mark and caught some Green fleet boats. The rest of our fleet went high and we all made it to the mark just as the wind started to come in from the sea. The Blue fleet was still beating for the weather mark as we were reaching. We went straight for the mark and then watched as our wind died and the guys behind all hoisted kites and sailed by us to weather. About 10 to 20 Blue boats made it to the weather mark but the rest of the boats — all 80 or so — converged on the weather mark trying to gybe around it together. After numerous collisions etc. the wind came up and we sat and watched everyone sail away, including Al Mast. The seabreeze then came in quite steadily and the race was shortened to four legs, with us finishing at the back. We had lost sight of Mast at the weather gybe mark and then saw him

finish at what we thought was 3rd (and he thought was 7th). Because of the mix-up of boats' positions we weren't really sure of the positions until the banquet and we worried all afternoon. The final results for the race were Krawcheck 1st, Pearl 2nd, Marshall Walker 3rd, Mueller 4th, Hall 5th, McKinley 6th, Mast 7th and we were 27th. Needless to say that was our drop race!

The final results for the Governor's Cup were Sprague 1st, Krawcheck, 2nd and Mast 3rd.

**The Trip Home** After a very frustrating last race and a frustrating week of living in the bus with five other people, we were all quite happy to leave Rehobeth immediately after the banquet and to head back north to the cooler climate of Canada. We filled up with gas on the main drag in Rehobeth (after blocking traffic for 5 minutes with a U-turn in the main street), only to re-discover the necessity of not stopping the bus engine while refueling.

Mike took his frustrations out on the bus as we drove off and the rest of the trip to the border was quite uneventful except for Stewart and Paul getting lost in Philadelphia and my U-turn, that included a short hop over the curb, in front of a Philadelphia police station.

We made it to the border to find that we had been out of the country long enough to buy lots of booze at the duty free store and to save a whole bundle on the import duties on the sails. Back in Toronto I found that I needed a new tire on the trailer and that the axle was bent but not broken.

In net, the experience was worth it and I've got to thank my crew for putting up with me through it all. See you all next year at Cleveland.

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# GOVERNORS' CUP 1978

Final Position	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	1	2	3	4	5	6	Points
1	11174	David Sprague Stewart Sprague, Cathy Bowman	8	3	5	1	2	(27)	19
2	13258	Lenny Krawcheck Townie Krawcheck, Ann Boyd	2	(12)	7	2	9	1	21
3	12710	Al Mast Kirk Williams, David Horne	1	6	3	(7)	5	7	22
4	12974	Greg Florian A. K. Ward, Todd Sternaman	6	4	(17)	6	4	9	29
5	12890	Bill McKinley Ed Stack, Bob Werenski	4	2	23	(24)	3	6	38
6	12443	Michael L. Vollmer Sheena Bristol, Paul Eichenberg	9	7	(30)	5	11	18	50
7	13312	John Turney Doug Heussler, Barb Turney	7	15	2	25	6	(41)	55
8	11469	Dave Ingram Tom Ingram, Dave Bargar	(42)	1	13	9	10	23	56
9	10801	Dave Peterson Anne Peterson, Chris Vann	13	30	(42)	3	1	11	58
10	12025	Ron Blair David Blair, Jeff Fishman	(22)	14	20	4	7	15	60
11	13280	James McCoy Dan Nesbitt, Jim Bowers	24	8	6	14	(25)	10	62
12	11671	Peter Swartz Andrea Swartz, Mark Caldwell	(19)	10	9	16	17	17	69
13	12362	David Fitch Dot Fitch, Scott Fitch	10	24	12	8	15	(30)	69
14	11113	Nancy Davidson Young George Young, Christopher de Chabert	12	(28)	4	23	16	14	69
15	10350	John H. Esser John Morley, Carl Ebert	(31)	17	16	12	19	12	76
16	12486	Ray Harrington, Jr. Raymond Harrington, Patricia Harrington	16	11	22	10	18	(31)	77
17	11911	John W. Richardson John R. Richardson, Jr., Lynn Marie Richardson	15	20	11	13	(30)	22	81
18	10427	Frederick Mertes Carol Mertes, Gloria Gilbert	17	9	28	(37)	8	21	83
19	13218	John Swanson, M.D. Ken Watrous, Stephen Martyak, M.D.	26	21	19	18	12	13	83
20	13111	William Hall Steve Semenick, Julie Baiden	30	29	10	(33)	13	5	87
21	13102	John Mueller Lynn Nixon, John Nixon	20	27	8	29	(31)	4	88
22	12922	John Hughes Brian Hughes, David Young	11	13	(36)	24	20	24	92
23	12586	Charlie Medlock John Gotta, Casey Call	27	19	1	26	21	(41)	94
24	11981	Sam Pearl Richard Shellow, Chris Young	(42)	25	15	17	38	2	97
25	11085	Jim Alman Warren Sands, Linda Howard	21	18	(33)	11	32	20	102
26	9695	Jim Cameron Bill Skrepichuk, Peter Ayer	14	31	(38)	28	24	16	113
27	8330	Richard B. Maras Victor Maras, Jonette Maras	18	26	25	21	26	(41)	116
28	9975	Jim Pinion Frank Atkinson, Jr., Fay Reagan	5	16	(42)	36	34	28	119
29	12042	Frank Marinaccio Bill Weiss, Pat Geraghty	25	23	35	(42)	29	8	120
30	11631	Prentice Smith Justin Steris, John MacLean	29	(32)	29	22	22	29	131
31	6956	Joseph A. Kelly Doc Gilbert, Ron Buchanan	33	22	(34)	15	28	33	131
32	12699	Marshall Walker Frances Hughes, Mark Moore	34	(36)	31	32	33	3	133
33	12822	Jay Matteson John Wis, Rick Bernstein	28	(37)	14	20	23	25	140
34	736	Craig Thayer Zach Rice, Allison Howard	23	(41)	32	31	35	19	140
35	8088	Joaquim Bello Vilfredo Schurmann, Heloisa Ribeiro	(41)	41	27	27	14	32	141
36	10335	David Hastings Scott Wiesen, Chris Raubacher	41	5	37	19	(41)	41	143
37	12893	Jorge Freeland David Malin, Nick Holshouser	3	(42)	21	38	42	41	145
38	10318	Clarke Newman Ira Johnson, Chris Benigno	36	34	18	(42)	37	26	151
39	13047	Edward Bradley Wagnon Daphne Wagnon, Roy Wedding	(35)	35	24	35	27	34	155
40	5841	Rick Stevens Leonard Phillips, Peter Hallagan	32	33	26	30	(36)	35	156

40 Boats, 41 DNF/DNS, 42 DSQ, ( ) Throw-out race