

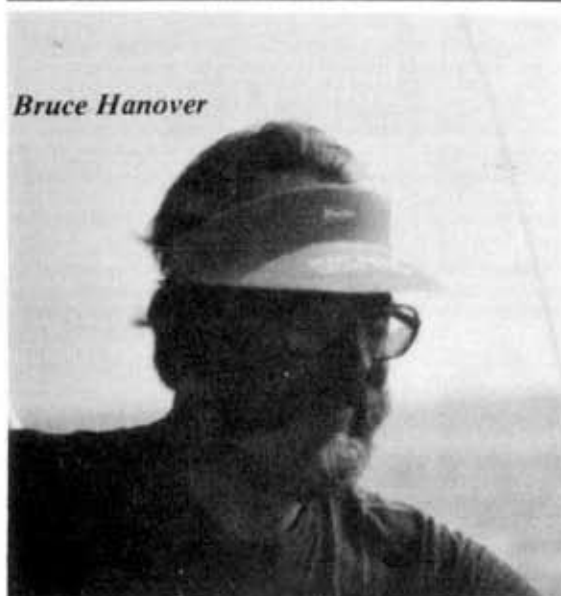
# North Americans



*Ken Read*



*Sue MacDonald*



*Bruce Hanover*

*Fisk Hayden (11379)*      *Sandy Huntsman (13792)*



*Bruce Goldsmith*



# North Americans



*Bruce  
Goldsmith*



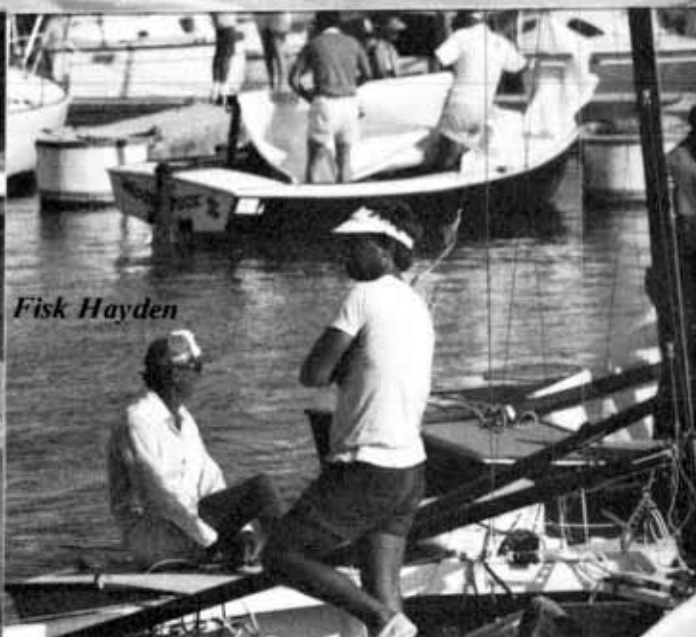
*Nickels  
Caravan*



*Jody Lutz — Pam Tuttle*



*Jack Huntsman  
and Crew*



*Fisk Hayden*

# LOOKING BACK ON THE '83 N.A.'s

by Ken Read

Back in June, when Bill Shore and I started talking about sailing a Lightning together, there was already an air of excitement. A new class and an incredible chance to learn were the first thoughts on my mind. But I was also quite nervous. I hadn't really done much crewing, and Bill is known to be very impatient with crew errors.

By the time the North American's rolled around I had sailed in three Lightning regattas, and I was really enjoying the boat and the people. I had skippered twice and crewed once, and started to feel confident that I could control the boat and not let the boat control me.

After a long hot trip to Lake Ray Hubbard, (we never did find out who Ray Hubbard was) with Jim Alman's boat as a "Roof Rider" and our boat on the trailer, we settled down to a relaxing day. Driving the Shore Sails' van did have its drawbacks though. We weren't there for two minutes before another obviously new member to the class was congratulating me on winning the World's. "Hey Jay, great job in Italy," accompanied with a hearty handshake, definitely threw me. It was great being a world champion, though for such a brief moment. Besides, I am much taller and Jay has far more hair on his chest.

The next day we rigged the boat, measured it in, re-angled our dangle, and took off for the practice race. Little did we know, but Lake Ray Hubbard was teasing us with winds blowing twice as hard as it was going to for the rest of the week (and it was only blowing 12-15). Our crew work was getting stronger and much more confident, as we slowly settled down into our roles. Bill would steer and look at the jib with tunnel vision concentration. Giselle Wagner, our forward crew, would use her uncanny knowledge of reading the compass to figure out the sometimes unpredictable Ray Hubbard breezes. With these two doing their jobs almost perfectly, my job was easy. Giselle would call our angle up or down and by how many degrees. All I had to decide was if

the breeze still had more variation to it. If it did, we would attempt to be patient, waiting for the shift. The timing of being in or out of phase meant many, many boat lengths throughout the week.

By the time the qualifying round was over, mentally we were on an all-time high. The more confident we were becoming, the more relaxed we became, resulting in fewer mistakes. Giselle was so impressive on the compass that it was hard to make mistakes. Our simplistic approach was working. We had tuned the rig and forgotten about it. We had taken one main, one jib, a reacher and a runner off the pile, and never considered further testing. We had even forgotten about our weight disadvantage in light air. Our combined weight was a disputable 500 lbs.

When the finals started, we salvaged a second in the first race. With Bruce Goldsmith, Jay Lutz and Stu Nickerson covering themselves tightly on the final beat, we were allowed to sneak off to a big left hand shift and pick up two boats at the finish. Things were definitely going our way. That afternoon, race number 2 proved our luck was still intact. In very light air, we shot off the line in our own private breeze, and again, any speed advantage to escape from the pack proved to be invaluable. With a big win in this race came my first thoughts of "when is this momentum going to come to a grinding halt."

The third race became a little tougher. Jay shot off to an early lead that he held throughout. We barely managed a second with some tight maneuvering on the second beat, just staying ahead of a hungry pack of 6 boats. We almost got caught trying to cover two sides of the course. Fortunately for us, we came out OK. After the third race, in any normal regatta, 2,1,2 finishes would have built a good lead, but Jay Lutz and Jim Crane were dangerously close. This problem was compounded with the prospect of a 6 race series and a throwout, adding to a building tension that this regatta





might not end soon enough. We still hadn't had a bad race, but we were due.

Race 4 was a big one. We moved out to a solid lead and held on throughout. But Jim didn't help us any. He grabbed a second and still was very close in points. He also hadn't had a bad race. Jay, however, sailed his throwout in the fourth race. Over early, he battled back to a 20th. This was obviously going to have to be Jay's throwout if he were to stay in contention.

It's funny, in sailing, when the more controlled a situation may seem, the more nervous you become. Race 5 could have wrapped it up for us. Simply, if we didn't sail a throwout we wouldn't have to sail the final race. Including a throwout, Lutz was still our competition. If we kept him behind us and kept Crane within reach, it was over. But, we suffered from a bad start and played comeback for the first time in the regatta. Suddenly, there were many more variables. Jay finished behind us and Jim only three ahead. They were both eliminated, but Bruce Goldsmith and his consistent, 1, 31 in the first two races was the only person who could mathematically beat us, finishing the five races with a 1,4,3,5 and the 31 as his throwout.

That night turned out to be a long one. Had we lost momentum? Were we going to choke? Little did I know that the next morning would prove to be the most agonizing of all. No wind and a postponement. More time to think and wait. We just wanted to get this over with. In the morning it

was going to be fun. But with these light fluke conditions, anything could happen. Time, time! It just wasn't fun anymore. One o'clock was the deadline. One gun meant go; three meant it's over. As we sat in our apartment, within ear range of the club, the seconds ticked away so slowly. I couldn't even count the times one of us would stand up and say "Well, here comes the breeze across the lake, let's get ready." But it never came. At one o'clock one gun went off. Then seemingly minutes later, Bang, Bang. It was over — three guns...Whew!

After the '83 North American's it was good to look back and judge why we won this regatta. For me, this was just another example of how mental the sport really is. We were organized, and when problems take care of themselves off the water, the races are easier on the water. The boat worked well and there was total confidence that nothing was going to break down. The sails were proven, and we felt we knew how to make them work. We had confidence that the Race Committee wasn't going to pull anything out of the ordinary, and on-shore activities were easy going with great organization (i.e. great idea to have bar tabs under your skippers name—sorry Bill). Most importantly, we had lots of fun in the boat. Sailing with Giselle and Bill was a pleasure. In tense moments, we could always tell a joke or two to pull us through. Lack of tension on the water equals more thought on speed and tactics. And when you're fast, it's much easier to be smart!

Thanks Rush Creek, we had a blast!

## NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP 1983

Final Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes					Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	
1	13835	Bill Shore, Giselle Wagner, Ken Read	2	1	2	1	14	20
2	13848	Jim Crane, Brenda Allen, Peter Bone	4	2	4	2	11	23
3	13250	Jim Dressel, Bonnie Shore, David Sutherland	7	9	8	9	2	35
4	10811	Ken Huggins, Sere Grinnan, Scott Young	8	7	7	11	8	41
5	13815	Jay Lutz, Tim Duffy, Jeremy Toothe	3	2	1	20	20	46
6	15065	Mark Bryant, William Neal, Jeanie Hallagan	11	22	6	6	3	48
7	13842	Bruce Goldsmith, Dana Darr, Glen Carlin	1	31	9	3	5	49
8	13515	Ross Bailey, Blair Sandberg, Don Shanks	10	23	3	8	10	54
9	13782	Jack Huntsman, Randy Dickerson, Laura Colantuono	12	4	14	13	15	58
10	11136	Stuart Nickerson, Chris Hamblet, Lisa Brauer	5	21	11	21	1	59
11	11505	Matthew Burrige, Catherine Case, John Morley	19	19	12	4	7	61
12	11739	Jody Lutz, Pam Tuttle, Eric Mauer	13	5	13	5	31	67
13	11502	Dan Dressel, Amy Dressel, Tom Fink	14	25	5	18	12	74
14	13710	Jim Carson, Carl Rodenberg, Garold Thompson	16	11	15	15	17	74
15	13243	Mark Patty, Stan Starkey, Cheri Shaw	29	12	24	7	4	76
16	12265	Will Petersilge, Paul Foerster, Van Rogers III	6	24	23	16	16	85
17	12050	Fay Regan, Mark Eldred, Fred Hutchinson, Jr.	15	8	25	25	13	86
18	11379	Fisk Hayden, Steve Hayden, Pete Hallagan	18	6	27	10	26	87
19	11981	Jon W. Ewing, Maddalena Ewing, Eric Stibitz	24	13	20	12	21	90
20	13793	Thomas G. Allen, Jr., David Adams, Cindy Stieffel	20	33	16	17	6	92
21	13285	Bob Wardwell, Christy Wardwell, Andy Mack	23	17	10	14	30	94
22	13589	Jim Cameron, Janice Allard, Leo Miault	28	16	19	23	18	104
23	13478	Scott Finkboner, Heidi Finkboner, Mark Thomson	17	26	18	19	25	105
24	13792	Paul Huntsman, Jr., Tony Fink, Larry Colantuono	32	28	17	22	9	108
25	13221	John McGown, Steve Andre, Ricky Guinan	25	20	22	29	19	115
26	10895	William Clausen, John Parker, George Gaynor	22	14	32	26	24	118
27	13838	Clarence L. Holman III, Craig Anderson, Bonnie Nickels	9	27	33	27	27	123
28	12209	Jack Elfman, Holly Elfman, Jen Elfman	37	10	28	24	33	132
29	13722	Don R. Johnson, Brad R. Johnson, Blair C. Johnson	26	15	34	31	32	138
30	13791	David Nickels, Kevin Nickels, Kerry Anderson	27	18	31	28	34	138
31	11702	Stu Anderson, Caryn Sechrest, Alix Morgan	34	32	21	32	23	142
32	10212	Dr. Georges Peter, Mark Washeim, Allison Peter	31	30	30	33	22	146
33	13625	Louie Nickels, Phyllis Callahan, Kyle Militzer	33	29	26	30	29	147
34	12065	Jim Alman, Nick Burke, Rachelle Robertson	21	36	29	34	28	148
35	13231	Greg Gust, Eric Faust, Shawn Burke	30	36	36	36	36	174

35 Boats, DNF/DNS — 36 Points, DSQ — 37 Points

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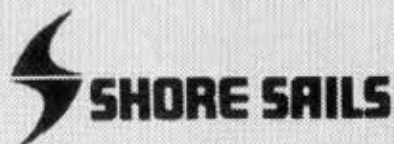


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# 1983 WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

by Fay Regan

Seven Lightnings and twenty-one women competed in the 1983 Lightning Women's Championship at Rush Creek Yacht Club in Heath, Texas. When we arrived Sunday, Pam Tuttle and her crew and Jackie Nolan and crew were already there. We had to deal with some trailer problems (heartfelt thanks to the High Tech Boat Works and Bill's Welding) and then found our apartment to catch up on rest after 27 hours of driving.

Measurements were pretty uneventful, and we were anxious for the practice race and an opportunity to tune up. But the wind wouldn't cooperate, and the RC elected not to send us out to fry in the Texas sun. So we had a big pool party with the Old Salts and the Juniors, but were able to practice for about an hour toward sunset.

The Regatta began in very light air on Wednesday morning, and the Juniors and Old Salts started up the windward leg. The breeze died just in time for our start, and we were caught over early! We watched Bonnie get a beautiful start at the committee boat, with Pam close behind, both boats ghosting along with crews to leeward. Kathy and Jackie drifted across our bow down toward the pin as we were still trying to get back for a proper start. Finally we were racing, and the breeze was nearly non-existent. Kathy and Jackie had stayed left, and most of the fleet had gone right while we were in the middle. As the breeze filled in from behind, Kathy's chute went up, then Jackie's. Pam and Bonnie were still close-hauled ahead of us, and now Audrey popped her chute to leeward of us and we sat in the middle with nothing! We had a commanding hold on last place for quite a while, and as reaches turned to beats and the breeze came and went, we worked our way through a few boats, only to have the time limit expire on the 4th leg of the race with Kathy Irwin in the lead.

Wednesday afternoon we had a nice breeze, and Bonnie Nickels took off like a rocket. I don't think she was ever challenged, as Kathy held on to a solid 2nd and we managed a 3rd, with Audrey 4th.

Thursday was our day, a good breeze and everybody on the rail. A little anxious, we were over early again in one race and were tapped at the start by Gretchen in another race. After our 720 we settled down to the business of racing and found our way up the beat to round a boat length ahead of Kathy, with Gretchen close behind. We held low on the reaches and out of the confusion, as boats behind us fought for position. We seemed to have good speed in the windier races and managed three consecutive bullets.

Friday dawned wild and windy as the remnants of Hurricane Alicia were upon us. Our 9 a.m. start was postponed until afternoon and, though it was still windy, the RC decided to let us sail. Our start was good, with Pam just to leeward. We tacked off to port but she came with us and

wouldn't let us out of her cover. We arrived at the weather mark together, then she showed us a great spinnaker set. She stayed high, we went low, and rounded the jibe mark ahead, but she got inside us at the drop mark and we were once again fighting it out up the beat. We were also trying to keep our eye on Bonnie during this race as we needed to stay within 3 boats of her to win the regatta, but it was Pam, Leslie, and Alix who kept us busy! Two more reaches and the lead changed a few times. By now the two boats were exchanging conversations and whooping it up as we planed and surfed. Up the last beat, we were hiking hard, and they were sailing very flat. Each boat crossed tacks ahead; behind, one would lee bow, the other would tack away, and for the six of us on these two boats it was a match race. A few yards from the finish Pam tacked away, we didn't go with her, and she picked up her own private lift to win the race by a boat length.

The adrenalin was still pumping when we got back to the dock, and the *Booby Trap* crew shared a toast with Pam, Leslie and Alix on an outstanding race! And then it dawned on me.....this is the first regatta I'd ever won skipping my Lightning! It was a feeling I'll never forget!

The Rush Creek Yacht Club did a terrific job with this regatta, and I know it took a lot of work. The Guinans, Hatfields, Johnsons, Thomas' and all of you other wonderful people in Heath and Rockwall deserve our thanks. I'll go back to Rush Creek anytime!



Fin. Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes					Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	
1	12050	Fay Regan, Kathy Breiding, Maddalena Ewing	3	1	1	1	2	8
2	13625	Bonnie Nickels, Esther Callahan, Joan Green	1	2	2	4	4	13
3	10318	Gretchen Hanover, Linda Andre', Marsha Newman Emery	6	4	3	2	3	18
4	11650	Pam Tuttle, Alix Morgan, Leslie Tuttle	5	3	5	5	1	19
5	13228	Kathy Irwin, Lise Patterson, Kelly Hardick	2	7	4	3	8	24
6	11275	Jackie Nolan, Nancy Snider, Linda Quigley	7	5	7	7	5	31
7	13729	Audrey Matteson, Jan Zamzow, Cathy Case	4	6	9	6	8	33

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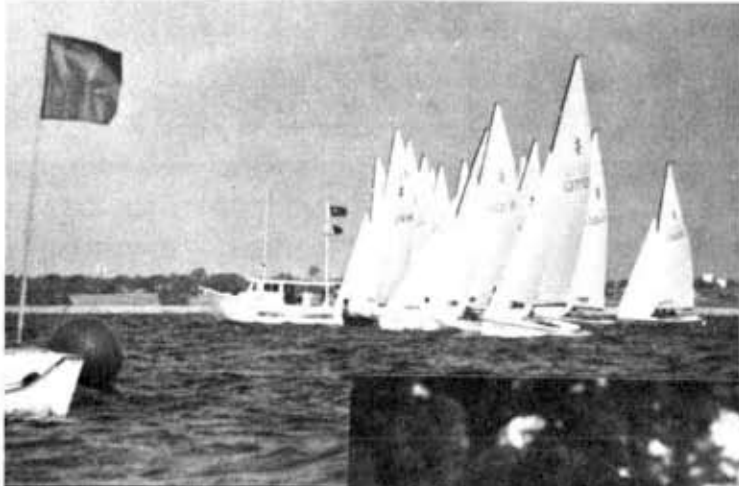
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L-1

# North Americans





# 1983 PRESIDENTS' CUP

By Rick Tears

Our effort for the 1983 North Americans started last May. I wanted to compete very much this year. The boat that I had been racing couldn't seem to stay away from the dinner table and had put on about 50 pounds. As luck would have it, Stephen Craig had some trouble getting his effort together due to some conflicts with college. Anybody who know the Craig family knows that sailing runs a poor second with the educational process, so Stephen graciously consented to charter his boat to me for the summer.

For many reasons, this years North American's will be remembered by me as a sort of a reunion. The primary reason is that my crew would be Cindy (Craig) Bessette and Stephen Craig. For the better part of ten years, I have been racing with/against some faction of the Craig family. Cindy sailed with me in the 1977 North American's and the 1980 P.O.W. finals. Stephen was sailing with me in the 1983 Mallory finals, but I have never had the pleasure of both of them sailing with me at the same time.

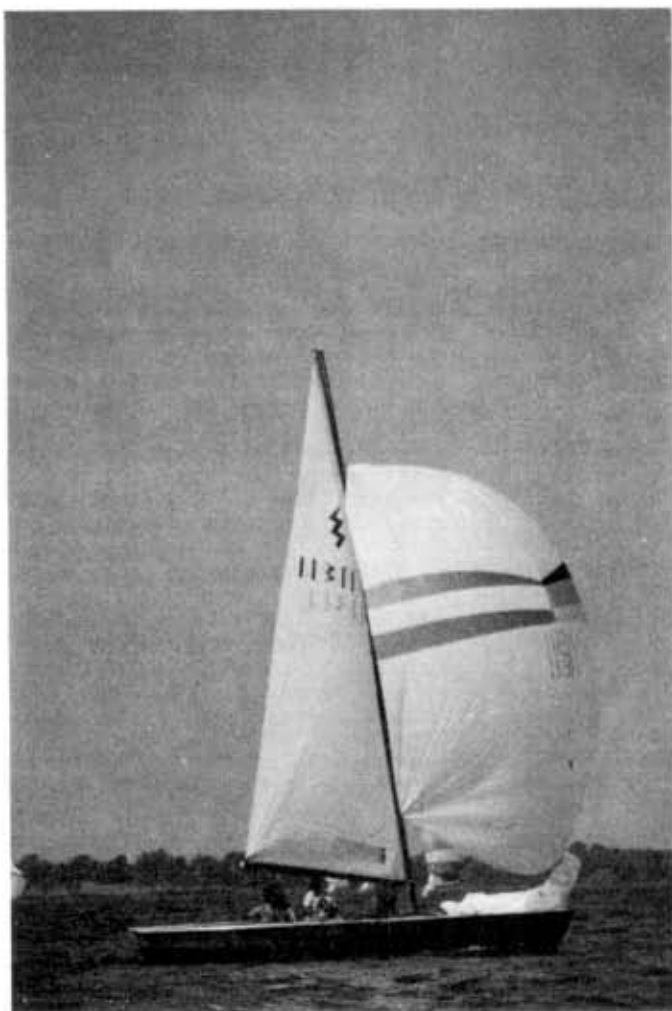
After rebuilding the boat and getting our hodgepodge of 2-3 year old sails measured and the numbers changed — what a mess — we headed out to do battle with the rest of the fleet in the qualifiers. Sailing conservatively and using "local knowledge" did us in — Lake Ray Hubbard was being most contrary and would not cooperate. I think that "Mother Nature" — Barbara Newman was testing us. We never did get on track and missed the blue fleet by about 4 points.

O.K. troops — a new day and a new series — we were determined to do better. The 1983 Presidents' Cup almost turned out to be a Rush Creek fleet race, with 10 out of the 23 boats from our own club. We knew by now that the standard conditions were not prevalent. Stephen came up with our basic strategy for the next three days — do the conservative thing — shoot a corner, something that only a philosophy major could come up with. The right looked real good to us in the first race and after taking a few transoms after the start, off we went into the cove. As it turned out, the further you went, the more air you got, along with a progressive header. We went the furthest and rounded first. Having Cindy was a real blessing, since I knew that nobody flies a better chute. Off we went, followed by Brad Currie and Warren "Light Wind" Lewis. On the second beat Warren passed Brad by going a little further to the right. The positions remained pretty static and the finishing order was Tears, Lewis, Currie, Reiting, and Helmer.

The conditions were very similar for the second race (200-210° @ 8-10 mph). This time there seemed to be a persistent, but short lived, port lift right as the weather mark. Richard Guinan found this magic path on the water and pulled one of his patented, but sporadic, horizon jobs. We could just barely read his numbers at the finish. George

Hatfield finished third after a last beat duel with his son Greg who was fourth. Paul Emens started to show his usual excellent light air speed to round out the top five.

The third race turned out to be a hometown battle almost the entire race, with ourselves coming out on top barely ahead of Paul Emens and Warren Lewis. John Schneider made a comeback after a couple of disastrous races to finish fourth, just ahead of George Hatfield who also was keeping his hopes alive, if there was a drop race. The standings after three races were: Tears 4, Emens 16, Guinan 17, Lewis 17, and Currie 19. We were happy with our results, but the conditions were getting lighter and a lot less predictable — so anything could happen.



The fourth race brought 6-9 mph winds at about 180 degrees, which would be considered normal for Lake Ray Hubbard. After completely botching the start, we decided to play the left side of the course and found ourselves around eighth at the first mark.

The whole pack went high on the first reach, looking for the magical puff that never came. Seeing that they were all going high, we went low working for the inside. With 10 boats going around the jibe mark at the same time, there was the usual yelling and shouting and some suggestions that were anatomically impossible.

At the last moment — 8 ft. from the mark — Richard Guinan cut us off and we had to jibe before we got to the mark and again to get around the mark, and boy, was it slow going. John Schneider was on the outside starting most of the problems. John missed his calling — he could have been a real life Perry Mason since he escaped in good shape and also escaped from the protest room.

Paul Emens moved into first place on the second beat and covered Warren Lewis to finish 1-2. John Schneider, Ira Johnson, and Tom Ingram rounded out the top five. We limped home with a 15. Emens moved from a 12 point deficit to a 2 point lead over Warren Lewis and ourselves, what a nightmare of a race.

The fifth race — and as it turned out, the last race — had conditions like race 4, 5-8 mph at 170-180 degrees. Normally the left side pays off and that is the way that Emens, Lewis, and I went. About two thirds up the first beat we looked over and Glenn Reitingner was leading a pack of four boats that

had at least a 75-100 yard lead over the rest of the fleet. Worst of all, they had a freshening breeze and were pulling away.

Emens and I spent the first two reaches tied together by an invisible 25 foot rope. We rounded ahead and covered Paul, who is turn was covering Warren. Being two points down, we had to put some boats between Emens and ourselves, while all Paul had to do was to follow us around the course. Lewis decided that he had all of the dirty air that he could stand and tacked to the right. Emens started getting a little antsy and followed in a couple of minutes. At that time we thought that he had made a horrible mistake. We held on for about 10 minutes and found a heading puff to go over on, and crossed Lewis and Emens by 40 yards with 5 or 6 boats between us.

These places held up for the next two reaches. Meanwhile, Glenn Reitingner was leading Tom Ingram, Greg Hatfield, David Coward, and Ric Klug for first through fifth. We went wherever Emens went on the last beat. It was getting a little hairy since Paul was passing several boats. We hung on and finally put two boats between us, giving us the President's Cup with a slim one point lead.

I want to especially thank my crew Cindy Bessette and Stephen Craig. Without their patience and concentration, I know that I would have been a candidate for a padded room. I also want to congratulate Paul Emens and his crew Dottie Emens and Ryan Minth for a very well sailed series under very trying conditions.

## PRESIDENTS' CUP 1983

Final Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes					Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	
1	11311	Rick Tears, Stephen Craig, Cindy Bessette	1	2	1	15	10	29
2	13220	Paul Emens, Dottie Emens, Ryan Minth	9	5	2	1	13	30
3	13329	Warren Lewis, Brian Lewis, Kurt Schuler	2	13	3	2	16	36
4	13831	Richard Guinan, Eileen Guinan, Victoria Thomas	10	1	6	13	6	36
5	11999	Brad Currie, Tim Ryan, Sherry Murphree	3	6	10	7	15	41
6	13772	Glenn Reitingner, Carl Reitingner, Beth Reitingner	4	20	9	9	1	43
7	13806	George Hatfield, Craig Ross, Claudette Hatfield	18	3	5	11	11	48
8	13011	Tadd F. Helmer, Janet F. Sinn, Richard R. Sinn	5	10	7	17	9	48
9	13613	Tom Ingram, Rob Schoelkopf, Darrell Medcalf	15	14	14	5	2	50
10	13273	Scott Zerban, Dan Moriarty, Rob Zerban	6	7	15	10	12	50
11	12873	David P. Coward, J. Edward Serrill, Barbara H. Serrill	20	8	8	16	4	56
12	11483	Cal R. Herman, Donny Sheehan, Kam Mitchell	11	11	19	8	8	57
13	13691	Greg Hatfield, Doug Snyder, Laura Guinan	13	4	13	25	3	58
14	11138	John Schneider, Electra Thomas, Kevin Corr	12	23	4	3	19	61
15	13721	George Buckingham, Fred Buckingham, Larry Holston	7	12	21	6	20	66
16	10318	Ira Johnson, Gretchen Hanover, David Finster	8	16	18	4	21	67
17	13251	Ric Klug, Doug Sturges, Erik Linell	17	18	16	12	5	68
18	12064	Tom Zimmerman, Claudia Zimmerman, Margery Ozner	21	9	22	21	7	80
19	13228	Lance Drewes, Nancy White, Steve Tennyson	16	22	11	20	17	86
20	12749	Stuart Browning, James Bussman, Peter Browning	14	21	17	18	18	88
21	11800	R. G. Burrige, Ken Kniepmann, Mark Kniepmann	22	15	12	19	22	90
22	13671	Susan MacDonald, Trevor Born, Liz MacDonald	23	17	24	14	14	92
23	10275	David Irwin, John Skiles, Kathy Irwin	19	19	20	24	24	106

23 Boats, DNF/DNS — 24 Points, DSQ — 25 Points



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THE SMART ONES SIT IN THE SAND.



# GOVERNORS' CUP

by Kirk Johnson

We began the first race with one of what was to be a fairly consistent series of bad starts, and tacked a lot for air. By the time things cleared off, there was a fairly large group of boats starting out straight for the left corner, and Sherburne and Bilnoski were beginning to work their way out to the right. We were in the middle of the course, where we weren't supposed to be. We took off for the left and were happy to find ourselves on a slant substantially higher than the boats to the far left. Sherburne rounded the weather mark with a moderate lead on Bilnoski, who was about a quarter mile ahead of the third place boat. We rounded about sixth, in a pack of boats. We picked up some boats on the reaches and were third at the leeward mark. Sherburne and Bilnoski, who were almost out of sight, headed straight for the right shore. We put a loose cover on the nearest boats and found ourselves, once again, in the middle of the course. We tacked up the middle and were pleasantly surprised to discover that we had picked up considerably on the lead boats. On one of the last long tacks going in to the weather mark, we found ourselves sailing in a private breeze about thirty degrees higher than Bilnoski. We rounded in second and held on until the leeward mark. The last leg was a series of covering tacks, beginning about seven boats back. Sherburne finished first, by a comfortable margin. We were second, and Bilnoski third.

In the second race we had another bad start, did some clawing back, and rounded the weather mark in a middling position. The first reach was complete chaos (as were several in the series). The wind clocked and died. Boats spread out at least fifty yards on either side of the rhumbline and jibed from one side to the other, looking for wind. A lot of positions changed. We came drifting into the jibe mark on port, sailing by the lee, with what we thought was an inside overlap. The marks used by RYC are heavier than they look; I had to pull one into the boat to get my main sheet loose. The rest of the race is lost in post-traumatic amnesia. Sprague, Hodgson, and Dixon finished first, second, and third, respectively. We finished fifth, with a protest hanging.

We won the protest by what appeared to be a less than comfortable margin. This left us in first place at the end of the first day, with a slight edge on Hodgson and Bilnoski. It was obvious, though, that sailing on this lake was a pretty dicey proposition. A number of boats had one good race and one mediocre race.

The third race started in light air, with us buried at the wrong end of the line. The race was abandoned after about five minutes, slightly before we crossed the starting line. When the race was started again in the late afternoon, we had our only good start of the series — in a big hole in the middle of the line. For some reason we had decided to go right, but Bill Hole was camped off our windward quarter, and we couldn't tack. We noticed that once again we were lifting on the outside boats, so we hung on until we were near the port tack lay line, tacked, and rounded first. We had good speed off the wind, and nothing radical happened on the windward legs (for a change), so we won our only race of the series. Vila and Capron were second and third. Sherburne, who had been over early in the second race, was

fourth, and Hodgson fifth.

At this point we had a fair shot at winning the series, even with a throwout, and I should have started taking mental notes just in case I had to write this article. This seemed like counting your chips during the game, however, so I didn't. As a result, the fourth race is very fuzzy. We had another bad start and rounded the weather mark near the middle of the fleet. We again picked up some boats off the wind. I think it was in this race that Sherburne was luffed up as he rounded with jibe mark, and we drifted through his lee. Capron, Sprague, Mills, and Wynn finished it that order, and I came along in fifth. At the end of the second day, we had a fair lead in total points, but with a throwout, Sprague was only four points behind, and there were four more boats within seven points — and two races to go.

The fifth race also has its fuzzy moments, but they're mixed with some that are quite vivid. We started poorly, passed a lot of boats going to weather, and rounded in the upper third. The first reaching leg was again chaotic. Somewhere before the take down, we worked our way into first. We covered a couple of nearby boats to the left, while Wynn, Sprague, and Currie took off to the right and rounded the second weather mark with a considerable lead. We passed Crit on the last reaching leg, but the last weather leg was a disaster. The reaching leg had been relatively heavy, which should have suggested that left was the way to go. However, both Wynn and Sprague took off for the right, which had worked so well the time before, and I followed. At this point I was fixated on Sprague. Crit tacked off to the left, after informing me that right was **wrong**. I should have listened. I could do nothing on Wynn or Sprague, and managed to work my way further and further to the right and into lighter and lighter air. The rest of the fleet went left. Mertes picked up Crit (first and second). Sprague picked up Wynn (third and fourth). Hodgson and Swihart came in from the left for fifth and sixth. We were seventh.

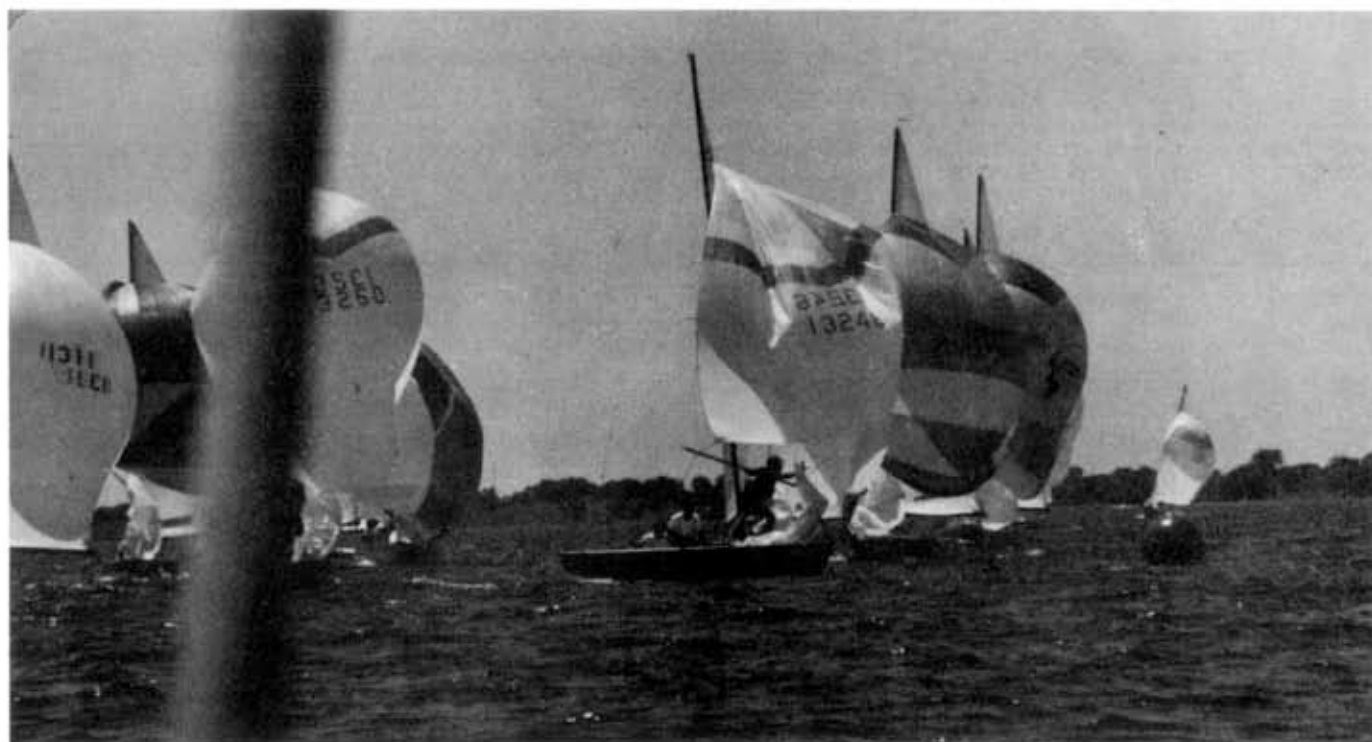
Hodgson was in second place going into the last race. He had sailed a good consistent series, but the fact that his worst race was a seventh meant that a big swing on the last race would be more difficult. Sprague, however, who was in third place, had had a bad first race, and with a throw out was only two points behind us. I tried to remember all the things on match racing that I had skimmed rather than read. Morning winds were growing lighter and lighter as the week went on, and Friday was flat. The race committee postponed early at the club house. A few puffs filled in now and then from the north. I casually elicited several dozen opinions about what this meant. Every time the race committee showed up, I tried to count the shotgun shells. Friday was very long. Finally, at one o'clock, the committee cancelled the last race.

Rush Creek put on a very friendly, very well-organized regatta, and the magic green slurpy machine in the bar was magnificently therapeutic. Other aspects of the regatta have improved with the passing of time. In memory, the alarm didn't go off quite as early, the days weren't quite as hot, and the races didn't last quite as long. In fact, I'm beginning to think it was fun.

# GOVERNORS' CUP 1983

Final Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes					Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	
1	13188	Kirk A. Johnson, Edna Johnson, Karen Johnson	2	5	1	5	7	20
2	10387	Hank Hodgson, Karen Hodgson, Lisa Hodgson	7	2	5	7	5	26
3	13659	David Sprague, Cece Girard, Ted Shore	16	1	9	2	3	31
4	10829	Jim Capron, Phillip Grotheer, John Grant	11	9	3	1	12	36
5	13208	Don Sherburne, Lynne Sherburne, Kevin Sherburne	1	16	4	8	8	37
6	11118	Ralph Bilnoski, Bobbi Bilnoski, Gary Cason	3	6	6	17	10	42
7	10427	Fred Mertes, Carol Mertes, Pat Corr	19	4	10	13	1	47
8	13729	William R. Wynn, Thomas Wynn, Wynn Cothren	10	18	11	4	4	47
9	11900	Crit Currie, Roger Bishop, William Chandler	6	12	16	12	2	48
10	13682	Angel Vila, Valeria Vila, Ned Lutz	9	13	2	9	17	50
11	12365	Doug Dixon, Gina Hendrickson, Robin Turner	13	3	18	6	14	54
12	13644	Jim Hockert, Richard Hoag, John Stine	5	14	7	14	15	55
13	11081	James Mills, Dean Pledger, David McCary	14	7	15	3	20	59
14	13386	Patrick E. Corr, Marguerite Siegel, Johanna Verkooyen	15	10	12	10	13	60
15	13851	Keith Swihart, Rob Swihart, Amy Hodgson	17	11	17	11	6	62
16	12424	John L. Gall, Kenny Gall, Sabria Bentobji	18	8	13	16	9	64
17	12896	Carl R. Clipp, Charita R. Clipp, Carolyn Evans	12	15	14	18	16	75
18	13246	William Hole, Audrey Matteson, Mike Molina	21	25	8	15	11	80
19	10682	Ralph E. Persson, Arthur D. Jones, Pamela Jones	4	20	21	22	19	86
20	9099	Michael Denning, Diane Denning, Mark Grifo	20	17	20	19	21	97
21	12887	David M. Bittman, Chris Schramel, Brian Shaffer	8	25	19	25	24	101
22	12847	Fritz Toussaint, Norman Toussaint, Harold Hunt	22	21	23	21	18	105
23	11048	Dr. Robert A. Exon, Karen Exon, Mike Exon	23	19	22	20	22	106

23 Boats, DNF/DNS — 24 Points, DSQ — 25 Points



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# JUNIOR NORTH AMERICANS

Peter Hallagan

After 29 hours of driving, we (Pam Tuttle, Alex Morgan, Billy Golden and myself) found ourselves at Rush Creek YC at 1:00 a.m. on Sunday morning. We took a long and refreshing swim and then sacked out in the field behind the club, hoping for a long, refreshing sleep. Two neighborhood dogs had other ideas and we were awakened after only six short hours of sleep. Oh, boy! Shortly after our barking alarm clocks went off I "ran" into my third crew, Steve Hayden, and his father, Fisk, who was generously lending me his boat. Fisk told me that a club race was scheduled for 2:00. While the other Juniors went to "White Water", Billy, Steve, and I raced with the locals. We found that Lake Ray Hubbard subscribes to Central New York's "circle route" sailing, and we re-learned the barging rule (thank you, Mr. Guinan!). The race went well and we felt confident that our team was going to be very competitive.

The first race was cancelled after three and one-half legs and the Race Committee sent us back to the docks to wait for the afternoon breeze. The wind finally appeared and the RC started the race as soon as possible. We got a fair start and split right. Keith Taboada, who we perceived to be our biggest threat, went left. About half way up the buck, the wind died, did a 180 degree shift and filled in from behind. We rounded the mark sixth behind Keith. After a quick conference, we decided to sail high the first reach. This proved advantageous to us as we rolled over Keith and passed another boat. On the ensuing leg we held on to fourth to the leeward mark, followed by John Gown and Keith Taboada. The Race Committee announced a shortened course of four legs. Keith shifted into high gear, passed several boats, and won the race. We finished second, followed by John Bohnenkamp, Ryan Minth, and Tom Fink.

The Race Committee decided to start the second race immediately. We had another fair start and went left, while Keith went right. He rounded the mark first, but we were in hot pursuit! Positions held to the leeward mark. When we round the leeward mark, Keith sits on us for a couple of tacks. Keith finally stops dumping on us and elects to cover the rest of the fleet. We went left, but after a few minutes we decided to sail with the fleet, too. When Keith and I meet again, I am in front and Tom Fink has slipped by him too. We rounded the weather mark first, but a twisted spinnaker allows Tom to roll us. On the next leeward leg, we regain Tom. We rounded the final leeward mark in first place and held it to the finish line, followed by Fink and Taboada.

Another day and race three. We started in bad air, consequently we bailed out to the left. After half way up the buck we appear to be about 12th, so instead of consolidating, we went right again. This move paid off big — we rounded the weather mark first. Keith turned the corner second, with Tom Fink behind him. These positions held for the entire race and this race went to the scoreboard.

Race four was sailed in winds ranging 10-15 mph. We started poorly and again were forced right. Greg Hatfield banged the right side and rounded the mark soooo far ahead that he gave the term "horizon job" a new meaning. Incidentally, we didn't bang hard enough, and, therefore, rounded

seventh or eighth. We picked up a few boats downwind, rolled Keith, and then proceeded to lose him up the second buck. We held on to fifth on the last two leeward legs. Up the last buck Keith held a tight cover for a few tacks, forcing us to split with the fleet. As we merged with Keith near the finish, he had us by a lot and we had Brian Taboada by a little. Keith luffed his sails in an effort to slip another boat between us. We foiled Keith's attempts by sitting on Brian. Brian and I must have tacked ten times in 75 yards.

The scoreboard at the end of four races told a nerve racking story. We had to beat Keith, or finish behind him as long as Tom Fink finished four positions ahead of us. On to the race course....

We finally managed a good start to leeward of Keith and Tom. Sailing in winds of 15-20 mph, we pinched up on them, forcing Tom to tack away, leaving Keith and me alone. At this point I got overwhelmed with Keith's presence and started a tacking duel, only to lose him at the weather mark. We rounded second to last, with Keith in front of us and Tom up a few more positions. We rolled Keith on the first leeward leg. After the jibe mark we worked the boat hard, only to have my hiking strap break and send me into the drink! Count my lucky stars — I held on to the mainsheet. I clambered back to the wheel and we took off after Keith who had passed us during this ordeal. Realizing the regatta was in real jeopardy, we needed to pick up several boats that were quite far away. We took a flyer up the second buck, and, count your lucky stars again, it paid off! We picked up Keith — only to lose him at the weather mark again! Downwind we passed Keith and put Fink in between us. Going up the last buck we figured we had better stay with Keith, even if we split with Tom. A long tacking duel later, Keith passed us. At this point I couldn't figure out where Tom had finished, but I thought Keith had won the regatta. When I got back to the dock I found out that Tom had finished the race fourth, Keith seventh, and we had been eighth. If there has ever been "seat of the pants" racing, this definitely fell under that classification.

Looking at the results, you can see that it was a three way tie for first place between Keith, Tom, and myself, each beating the other three out of five races. The winner was decided on the number of best races and our two firsts made the difference. This was my fourth Junior NA's and it has been an exciting progression to get to the top. I would like to say to the other Juniors coming along that it has been a very rewarding experience — and if you didn't win this year — best of luck next year.

Many thanks must go to all the people at Rush Creek Yacht Club who made the regatta possible. The competition was great, the Race Committee excellent, and the hospitality fantastic. A special thanks to my crew Steve Hayden and Billy Golden. This may have been my last year in the Juniors, but I hope Steve and Billy and many others continue.

# 1983 JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Fin. Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes					Pts.
			1	2	3	4	5	
1	11537	Peter Hallagan, Steve Hayden, Billy Golden	2	1	1	5	8	17
2	13821	Keith Taboada, Russel Schon, Carl Rodenburg	1	3	2	4	7	17
3	13792	Anthony Fink, Johanna Verkooyen, Larry Colantuono	5	2	3	3	4	17
4	13221	John McGown, Rick Guinan, Steve Andre	7	7	6	2	3	25
5	13671	Susan MacDonald, Trevor Born, Dave Sawyer	8	4	5	8	5	30
6	13691	Greg Hatfield, Doug Snyder, Laura Guinan	10	10	10	1	2	33
7	10829	Phillip Grotheer, John Grant, Ned Lutz	11	5	8	7	6	37
8	13710	Brian Taboada, Garold Thompson, Leonard Dooren	12	9	9	6	1	37
9	13495	Ted Ganley, Christy Wardwell, Walter Pletcher	6	6	7	9	10	38
10	13273	Scott Zerban, Rob Zerban, Dan Moriarty	13	8	4	11	9	45
11	11815	John Bohnenkamp, David Zimmerman, Tom Arnold	3	11	13	13	12	52
12	13220	Ryan Minth, Brian Lewis, Billy Lett	4	14	11	10	16	55
13	9974	Jeff Schmahl, Steve Schmahl, Lance Lantz	9	12	12	12	11	56
14	13223	Lee Wright, Matt Romburg, Price	14	13	14	16	16	73
15	13173	Jennifer Lark, Brian Ruth, Wendy Lutz	15	16	16	14	16	77

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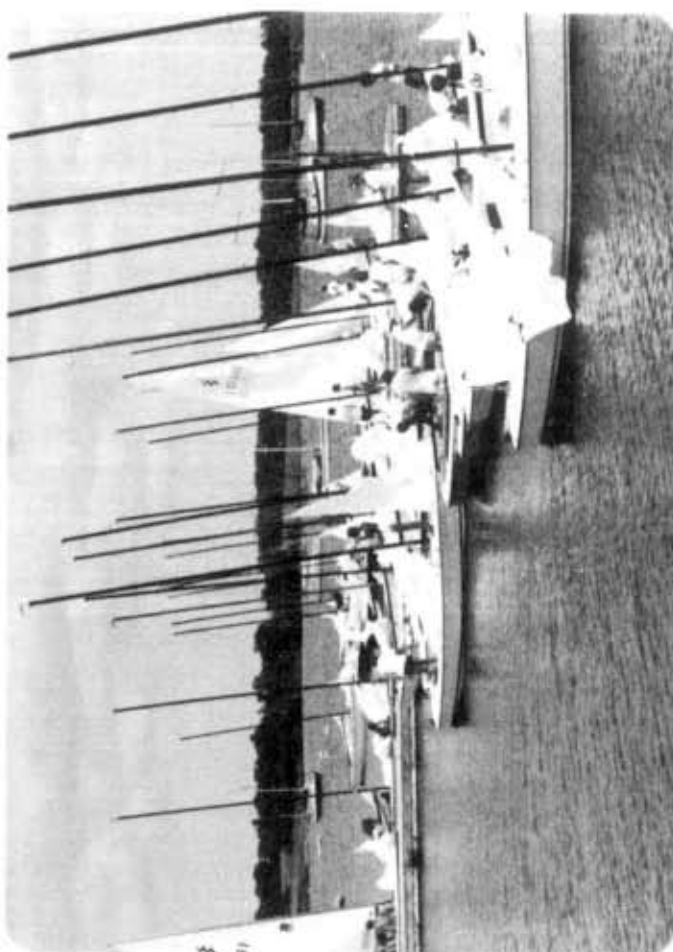
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Burridge  
11505*



*Dave  
Nickels  
13791*

*Jay Lutz, Bruce Goldsmith*



*Georges Peter & Crew*



*Stuart Browning*



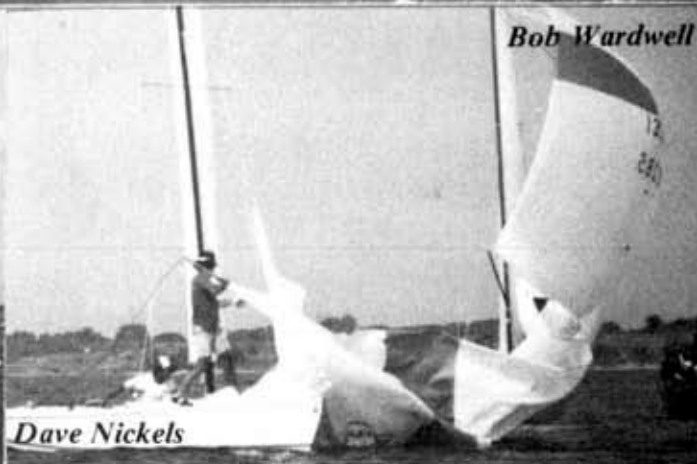
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*Dan Dressel*



*Bob Wardwell*



*Dave Nickels*

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# SEATTLE 1984

# FIRST ANNUAL OLD SALTS (MASTERS) REGATTA

by Stu Anderson

Rush Creek Yacht Club was the site of the first annual Old Salts Regatta for skippers over sixty years old.

This regatta is an outgrowth of the Old Salts Regatta held by the Lake Erie District at the Buffalo Canoe Club for the past ten years. Ten to seventeen boats have participated each year at Buffalo. It got all the old timers together for a great afternoon of sailing. Dinner was always a great success with seventy plus always attending which made for a great night of fun and story telling.

Our first national regatta started with just four entries, but what it lacked in size was made up for in good racing and comradery at the yacht club. How could you not have a good time with such characters as Crit (Soft Shoe) Currie — he almost won the dance contest — and Buck (Shrimper) Ballatine and his favorite stories. I always remember Buck bringing his Lighting to Buffalo filled to the seats with iced shrimp for the party. Marshall Walker and I rounded out the foursome.

The *Glockenspiel* had an all star crew — Fisk Hayden, formerly of New York state and now a Floridian as am I, and Sylvan Newman, a Rush Creek Lightning sailor whose

local knowledge was most helpful.

We raced in moderate winds and after two races only one point separated the first three boats. The last race was exciting, with positions changing many times. Fisk and Sylvan did a super job sailing me out of some of the holes I got into.

Many thanks to all the good workers at the Lake Erie Districts who put together and donated the perpetual and keeper trophies. The perpetual trophy is a beautiful brass cannon on a gun mount, with smaller replicas for the keepers.

Being at the North Americans early gave us "old salts" lots of time to shoot the breeze about old times. Marshall, Crit, Bucky, and I, along with our wives, enjoyed lending a hand in getting all the North American entrants registered and measured.

The 1984 Old Salts Regatta will be held in St. Petersburg and will be called the "Masters." It seems one of our saltier sailors objected to being called old. Let's work up some enthusiasm and get a good turnout at St. Pete.

## 1983 OLD SALTS CHAMPIONSHIP

Fin. Pos.	Boat #	Skipper & Crew	Race Finishes			Pts.
			1	2	3	
1	11702	Stu Anderson, Sylvan Newman, Fisk Hayden	2	1	1	4
2	13684	Buck Ballatin, Jimmy W. White, R. T. Moriarty	3	2	2	7
3	11900	Crit Currie, Eleanor Currie, R. T. Ryan	1	3	4	8
4	12699	Marshall H. Walker, Frances Hughes, Larry C. Lashley, Jr.	4	4	3	11



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