



*Stu Nickerson*



*Jay Lutz*



*Jack Huntsman*

*Henry O'Hern*



*Newport*



*Edson White*



*Bill Shore at Long John*

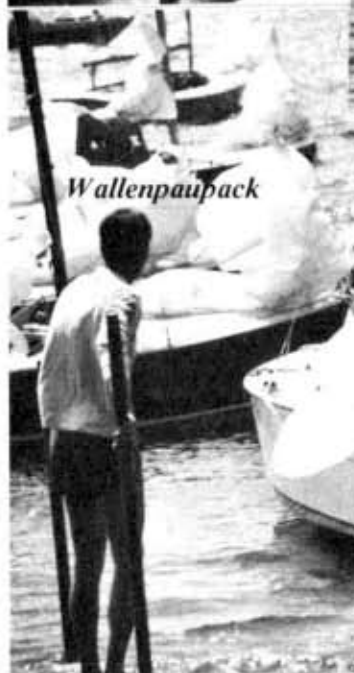
*Paul  
Gelenitis*



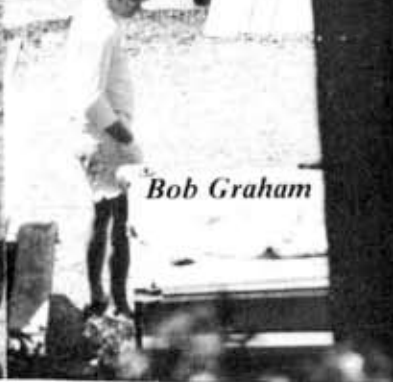
*Lake  
Mohawk*



*Wallenpaupack*



*Bob Graham*



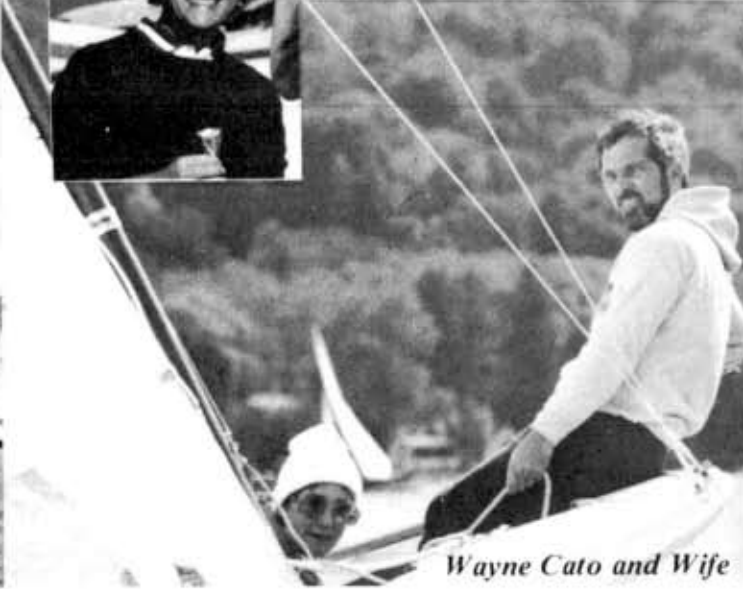
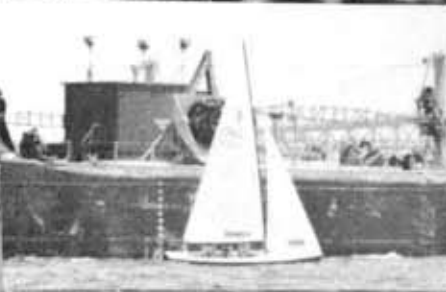
*Joe  
Mark*



*Start at Newport*



*Gail  
Nye*



*Wayne Cato and Wife*

## 1983 WORLD'S — ITALY





# JAY LUTZ — 1983 WORLD CHAMPION

By Mike Healy

Jay Lutz, 1982 North American Lightning Champion, captured the twelfth World Lightning Championship, sailed in the beautiful waters of the Mediterranean, off the coast of Naples, Italy. The Island of Ischia played host to the 41 competitors from eight nations, and to a hard fought, well sailed championship. Jay was the model of sailing consistency finishing fifth or better in every race, and excelling in all wind conditions. Crewing for Jay were fellow sailmaker and veteran crew, Dick Escalera, from Newport, RI, and Mike Healy, hailing from that hot bed of yacht racing, Newark, NY.

Monday, July 25th, dawned hot and clear for the start of the regatta. We decided early that the key for the regatta for us would be to get off the line with good clear air and to sail the boat in phase and not make silly errors. We felt that if we could do those things, the rest would fall in place for us. The first race started in light air with us being buried at the start — not quite what we planned. After several tacks to clear our air and duck sterns, we were forced to the right side of the course, which we had generally thought to be favored. About half way up to the first leg it became apparent that the boats that went hard left were going to be leading by a good margin. At the first mark, Jack Huntsman and Jim Carson rounded first and second and appeared to be on their way to a horizon job on the rest of the fleet. We rounded somewhere in the low to middle teens. We had great speed off the wind and passed three boats on the next leg. We caught a few more boats on the succeeding legs and going into the last leg we were in approximately tenth place. The wind lightened even more on the last half of the last leg, with Huntsman's and Carson's seemingly insurmountable lead rapidly diminishing. We played the shifts and the left center of the course to make up valuable distance. Huntsman hung tough to take the gun, Jim Neville, who went left at the very end, took second, with Claudio Biekarek from Brazil third. We crossed fifth with Sergio Messina from Italy in eighth.

The second race started in light to medium air, with another poor start for Lutz. We were again forced into the position of playing catch up. The right side of the course was favored and Claudio Biekarek, who had gone right, was first at the mark. Biekarek led the entire race and Messina was in second most of the way. At the finish it remained Biekarek and Messina, with Neville in fourth place and Lutz in fifth.

The third race was also sailed in light to medium air. We finally had a good start and went right because we again felt it was favored. We rounded the mark first and held that position to the finish. Messina was again second, with Attina from Italy in third place and Biekarek finishing fourth. After three races, the standings were: Biekarek, 8 points; Lutz, 11 points; and Messina, 12 points. It was starting to look like a three boat fight for the title.

We sailed the fourth race in medium air. The most noteworthy (or frustrating) fact about this race is that it took two hours to get a legal start. I don't recall now whether there were 12 or 13 general recalls. When the race finally did start, it was Messina who jumped out ahead quickly and rounded the mark first. Messina led the entire race and took

the gun. We caught Wyler from Switzerland on the last leg to finish second, and Biekarek finished fourth. The standings were now: Biekarek, 12 points; Messina and Lutz, 13 points each. Messina, however, was looking very tough with an eighth to throw out.

As we sailed out to start the fifth, and what turned out to be the key race, it was apparent that we were going to see something we hadn't seen before: heavy air and a big sea. At the start the wind was in excess of 20 knots with a building sea. We had an excellent start in the middle of the line and seemed to be in good shape on the rest of the fleet. We sailed the middle of the course, covering left when it looked like it might be slightly favored, and then right when the boats on that side started to look good. We rounded the mark with a good lead on Jack Huntsman and Larry MacDonald and proceeded to increase that lead on the next two legs. Most important to us, however, was the fact that both Messina and Biekarek were back in the mid-teens. If we could hold on and their positions remained about the same, we would be leading the regatta. This was the case as we finished first, Messina finished 14th, and Biekarek had to take a DNF due to a broken rudder. They had used their throw out races and we were leading the regatta. Larry MacDonald, with some great crew work by Peter and Ian Jones, was second in the fifth race, with Huntsman third and Tom Allen, Sr. fourth.

Going into the last race we knew we had to finish fourth or better to clinch the championship outright, or simply beat the other two. The start saw us get away from the line clearly on top of Biekarek. Messina did not have a good start and was forced right. We played the right center, keeping an eye on Messina to the right. It quickly became apparent that the right side was becoming heavily favored. Suddenly Attina, Andreadis, MacDonald and Messina were looking very good. We went right some to cover and found ourselves behind Messina. Attina rounded the mark first with Andreadis right behind him. Messina rounded third with Lutz on his transom, and MacDonald was on ours. Biekarek rounded sixth. The positions remained the same on the freed up first reach. The next reach, however, was very tight and with some excellent spinnaker handling and steering, we were able to roll Messina to go into third place. Larry MacDonald, who was sailing very fast, also passed Messina to give us a little more breathing room. The next three legs we sailed very conservatively, covering Messina who was now covering Biekarek for second place. George Andreadis won the sixth race, with Attina in second place. MacDonald passed us, despite a rapidly deteriorating boat, to finish third, and we were fourth. Jay had won his first World Championship. Messina finished fifth in the race, but second in the regatta, and Biekarek's seventh gave him third place overall. It was a great last race to cap off a very competitive World Championship series.

I would like to thank all those on both side of the Atlantic who worked so hard to make this a successful regatta. I would also like to say a personal thanks to that young sailmaker from Newport, RI, who sat in the back of the boat. Without him the regatta wouldn't have been quite the fun it was. Thanks, Jay. "Vamos a la playa."

# XII LIGHTNING WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

Fin. Pos.	Country & Number	Yacht Name	Skipper & Crew	City	Race Finishes						Pts.
					1	2	3	4	5	6	
1	US 11420	Speedy	Jay Lutz Dick Escalera, Michael Healy	Newport, Rhode Island	5	5	1	2	1	4	13
2	I 13706	Lily Bay Tan	Sergio Messina Antonino Nizza, Pasquale Vitaggio	Marsala, Italy	8	2	2	1	14	5	18
3	BR 12489	Garoupa	Claudio Bickarck Gunnar Ficker, Ralph Berger	Sao Paulo, Brazil	3	1	4	4	42	7	19
4	GR 11459	Crimis V	George Andreadis Costas Lymberakis, Spyros Zouganellis	Athens, Greece	6	7	7	43	6	1	27
5	US 13782	Morning After	Jack Huntsman Henry O'Hern, Michael Hein	Rumson, New Jersey	1	10	8	28	3	8	30
6	I 13481	Wanted	Alessandro Attina Marcello Attina, Giuseppe Alagna	Marsala, Italy	36	11	3	8	12	2	36
7	US 13222	Baccara	James Neville Candy Neville, Nancy Neville	Cleveland, Ohio	2	3	9	13	17	11	38
8	KC 11814	Innesfree	Larry MacDonald, Jr. Ian Jones, Peter Jones	Hamilton, Ontario	21	12	18	6	2	3	41
9	US 12355	Shadow	Richard Hallagan Bob Hockstetler, Tammi Jamison	Newark, New York	18	8	5	14	8	6	41
10	US 13710	Fozzy Blues	Jim Carvon Paul Gelenitis, Jim Gelenitis	Brick Town, New Jersey	7	6	6	12	11	14	42
11	US 13811	Atom	Thomas G. Allen Jim Allen, Brenda Allen	Buffalo, New York	12	15	11	10	4	9	46
12	US 13840	Thomas Allen, Jr.	Thomas Allen, Jr. David Adams, Anne Allen	Buffalo, New York	10	14	14	5	5	19	48
13	US 13675	Sex 2 Rock' Roll	Jon Schwartz Arnold Schwartz, Will Jeffers	Red Bank, New Jersey	14	13	19	9	7	13	56
14	I 13374	Tempesta	Lio Coccoloni Del Santo, Ratti	Santarenzo, Italy	9	4	21	19	15	12	59
15	L 12914	Vahine II	Kari Maenpaa Erkki Maenpaa, Oki Wikman	Helsinki, Finland	19	16	13	7	10	20	65
16	I 13414	White Cloud	Roberto Crucitti Alessandro Messina, Renato Arcuri	Marsala, Italy	4	20	12	21	13	18	67
17	Z 13692	Milan	Hans-Peter Schmid Res Hofer, Beat Buchschacher	Riggisberg, Switzerland	24	17	10	15	9	17	68
18	Z 12637	Santa Fiamma	Urs Wyler Martin Stauffer, Pablo Soldano	Ostermundigen, Switzerland	15	35	17	3	24	10	69
19	I 13455	Wind III	Giovanni Pellegrino Vito Tranchida, Antonio Marino	Marsala, Italy	16	21	15	11	42	23	86
20	I 13264	Excelsior	Eugenio Lo Sardo Marco Lo Sardo, Ferruccio Sorrentino	Rome, Italy	20	24	16	22	19	15	92
21	I 13099	Dominike	Christoph Luthy Peter Taschler, Eveline Sonderegger	Schwerzenbach, Switzerland	13	19	25	18	26	25	100
22	I 13345	Tretepe II	Alberto Viviani Guido Armeni, Laura Viviani	Falconara, Italy	22	22	20	16	29	22	102
23	US 10930	Wammer Jammer	Mike Huffman Douglas Heussler, Barbara Turney	Chicago, Illinois	33	9	24	17	42	21	104
24	I 13715	Megaride	Luigi Merola Mario Lo Sardo, Francesco Lo Sardo	Rome, Italy	17	33	12	20	27	28	114
25	I 13346	Bibir	Bruno Roccheggiani Renzo Bozzi, Roberto Brugis	Falconara, Italy	25	36	27	23	23	16	114
26	I 13462	Areknames	Fabio Nicchiarelli Sergio Rustichelli, Maria Nicchiarelli	Firenze, Italy	23	29	29	25	22	42	128
27	Z 13161	Blaich Housi	Urs Schar Ernst Schar, Susanne Schar	Bern, Switzerland	28	18	34	26	30	27	129
28	GR 13802	N. Sarris	Constantinos Tsanidis Peter Schilizzi, Christos Damigos	Athens, Greece	28	18	34	26	30	27	130
29	I 13557		Angelo Zerilli Pietro Zerilli, Gaetano Zerilli	Marsala, Italy	39	26	26	32	18	34	136
30	L 13505	Rio Rita IV	Lasse Hammar Harry Hammar, Pentti Suorsa	Oulu, Finland	11	32	41	36	16	42	136
31	US 13828	Quick Silver	Bill Hole Billy Hole, Audrey Matteson	Sudbury, Massachusetts	31	23	32	37	21	29	136
32	L 13561	Asterix	Hartti Nisonen Antero Uitto, Asko Autio	Espoo, Finland	27	37	28	43	25	35	152
33	Z 13074	Heissi Schoggi	Jurje "George" Weilenmann Hansrudi Kunz, Roland Knoepfli	Kuesnacht, Switzerland	40	27	31	31	33	31	153
34	PU 12519	Rainbow	Jose Barreda Fe. Barreda, Maurizio Spano	Lima, Peru	26	38	23	27	42	42	156
35	L 13357	Fanny IV	Seppo Lahdemaki Hannu Lope, Timo Tarkkonen	Pori, Finland	42	39	39	33	20	26	157
36	Z 13091	Brasil	Paul Gmuier Thomas Gmuier, Thomas Scharer	Zurich, Switzerland	37	31	36	30	31	32	160
37	L 13130	Masi	Terho Aromaa Jari Aromaa, Mika Aromaa	Vantaa, Finland	30	40	33	29	42	30	162
38	Z 12572	Boy	Gilbert Despland Hann. Paul, Achille Crivelli	Grandson, Switzerland	38	28	35	43	34	33	168
39	I 13068	Sistiana	Franco De Regis Francesco Rossi, Zeno Bortolasso	Perugia, Italy	35	30	37	35	32	36	168
40	I 13036	Lian II	Nando De Amicis Mario Miel, Alberto De Amicis	Verona, Italy	32	34	40	34	42	37	177
41	L 12918	Kikka II	Markku Paloma Pekka Hurskainen, Hannu Hurskainen	Oulu, Finland	34	41	38	38	35	42	186

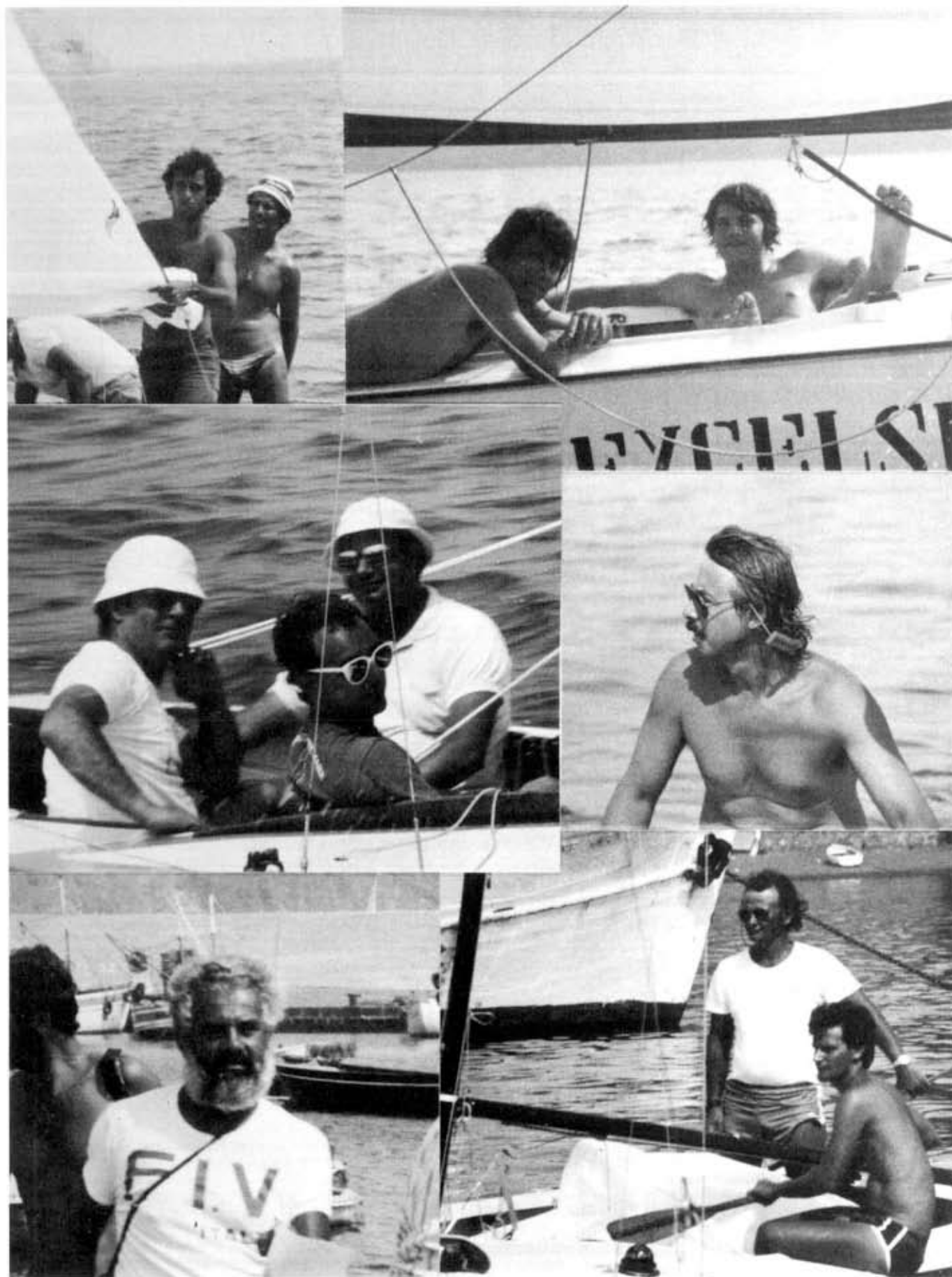
42 Points DNF/DNS

43 Points DSQ

## ITALY, 1983

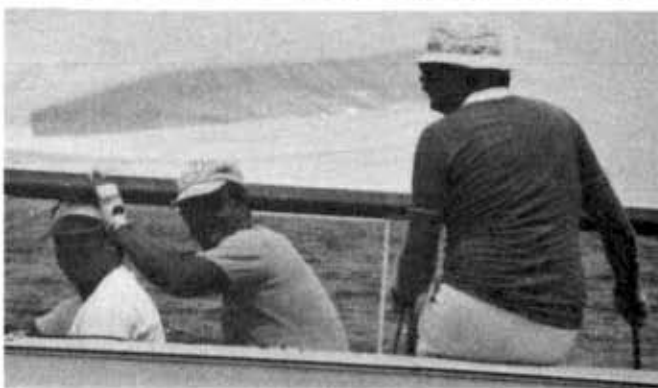
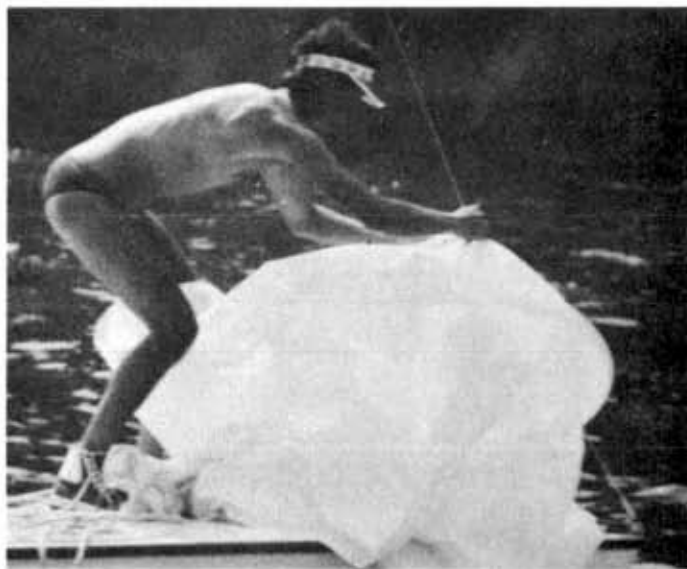


## THE COMPETITORS — 1983 WORLD'S





## THE COMPETITORS — 1983 WORLD'S





# XII WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

## Ischia, Italy — 1983

By Jim Carson

Regattas in a foreign land and a foreign tongue, particularly one you can't speak, are always a challenge and never dull. No matter how many you attend, you are prone to forget the logistics of travel arrangements, hotels, boat shipment, schedules, race instructions, and last minute changes. Ask the ILCA office or any of the officers who have served in a World's year. Whatever else they accomplish must be secondary to the effort expended to see that the World's come off as a credit to the Lightning Class. Despite difficulties in communications and seeming disorganization, everything eventually falls into place, another World's goes into the books, a credit to the ILCA organization and the hosts for the event. 1983 was no exception as 41 crews from Brazil, Canada, Finland, Greece, Italy, Peru, Switzerland, and the United States gathered in Ischia, Italy, for the twelfth World Championship.

Ischia is a beautiful volcanic island in the Bay of Naples, hot and crowded with vacationers from all over Europe in the summertime. It seems no one ever sleeps, for the streets and sidewalk cafes are just as crowded at 3:00 AM as at high noon. Despite crowded conditions, the Lightning group were all adequately housed and the host Italian District managed to secure a small beachhead from which to sail the Regatta in the shadow of a picturesque fifteenth century castle turned disco. Our hosts did everything possible to make the event memorable, including a festival called "Festa A Mare Agli Scogli Di Saint Anna", after the patron saint of fishermen. The whole town took part — vending along the streets, floats, music, and an hour long fireworks finale which would rival Chinese New Year's in Hong Kong. We were invited to an opera (German by a Polish Company sung in Italian), toured about the island, visited Capri on the lay day, and climaxed the week with an award ceremony at an Italian night club with a TV "showman" as master of ceremonies.

The organizers of the Regatta provided a little yellow school bus to transport people between hotels and the "Club" and thereby hangs a tale. It was "now you see it, now you don't", but most of the time you needed it, it would show up. We called it the "Magic Bus". One afternoon following the races and the quenching of thirst which always follows, the group was ready to leave, but the driver was not around. Foolishly, he had left the keys in the bus, so one of the group, who shall remain nameless, decided to drive. The first problem was that he couldn't find reverse and hence ended up in a narrow street the bus couldn't go through. With much help from the rest of the group he finally found reverse, got turned around, and amidst raucous laughter headed for town only to be accosted by the "Policia". Now, did you ever try to explain such a situation to the police — in a foreign language? Needless to say, it was touch and go with visions of being driven straight to the Police Station until the driver showed up, pulled our driver from the bus, uttered a few oaths (not translated), and continued on the way. The driver was adequately tipped and everything was cool again.

So much for the sidelights.

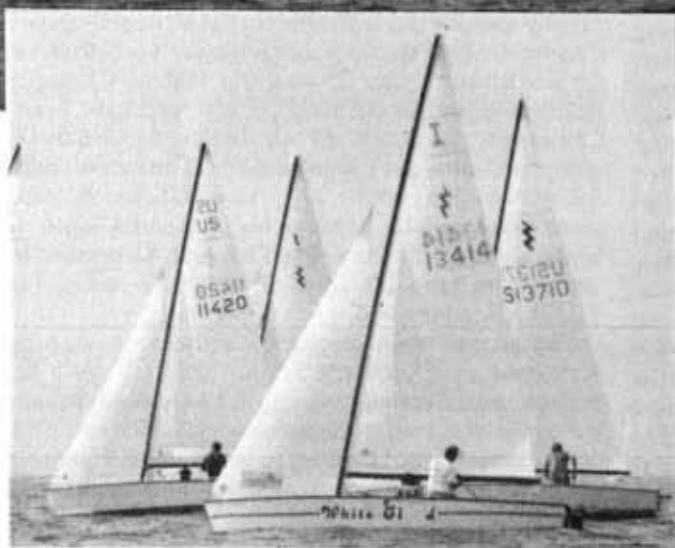
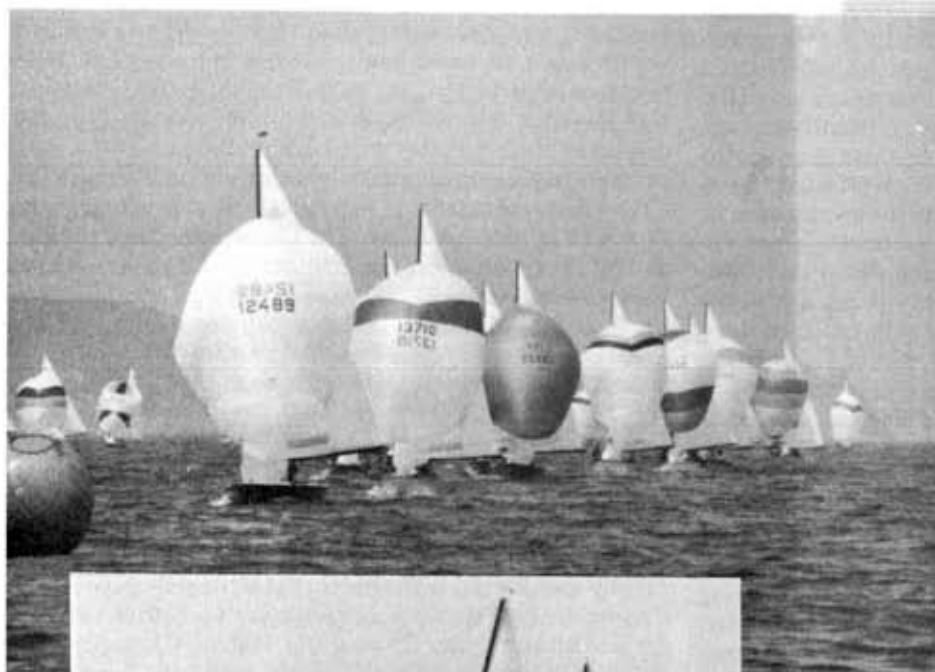
Measurements completed amidst great confusion, but painstaking accuracy, boats were launched by crane into the blue sea and tied to make-shift moorings in unsheltered waters made confused by the constant passage of gigantic ferries and quick hydrofoils which constantly ply between Naples and the islands surrounding the Bay. The practice race never matured, but most of the competitors who had not sailed the preceding European Championship hastened to hoist sail and head for the race course east of the island. There they found good air from the southwesterly quadrant which seemed to favor either side of the course, perhaps stronger on the right, inshore side.

Jay Lutz prepared well and sailed a magnificent series to defeat the most representative fleet of challengers ever assembled for a Lightning Championship. The results attest to the caliber of competition assembled by more than one country, a missing ingredient in past World Championships. For the first time, the US did not dominate the field, and, in fact, took only two of the first five positions. Jay won the regatta with come-from-behind performances in the first two races, and, although he didn't lead the regatta until after the fifth race, he never had a race out of the top five. In the first race in particular, Jay came from far behind on the last leg, played a few shifts perfectly, and with an aggressive display of close quarters seamanship, shot ahead of a group of boats to pick up about five places right on the finish line.

The first race started in light southwesterly winds, typical of what had been predicted. The Committee noted the wind as 210°, but it was more like 200° at the start and favored the leeward end. Nevertheless, most of the fleet started toward the boat end, and, in accordance with much discussed local knowledge, drove toward Ischia on the right side of the course. About half way up the first leg of the olympic course, it became obvious there was a lift from the left. So, as the fleet struggled back from the right side, Jack Huntsman and Jim Carson reached the first mark fat and happy from the left. As the race continued, the light wind lightened more, finally becoming very shifty and almost imperceptible as the boats neared the finish. It was here that positions changed rapidly and Jay made the move that ultimately gave him the Championship. Had not Jay pulled out a fifth in this race, Sergio Messina, the 21-year-old Italian Champion who finished second in the series, might well have been World Champion, touching off an Italian celebration beyond comprehension. Jack Huntsman held on to win the first race followed by Jim Neville, and Claudio Biekarck, whose third place finish was the same as his final series finish. Claudio broke a rudder in the windy fifth race. Otherwise he could easily have been the third Brazilian to win a Lightning World Championship.

The second race belonged to Biekarck who correctly diagnosed a big port tack lift into the first mark. Sailing in unusual northwesterly winds of about eight knots around the equilateral course, Messina and Neville came on strong on the second windward leg to finish second and third. One of the many Italians to place well in individual races and a

## SPINNAKERS ON THE BAY OF NAPLES





former European Champion, Captain Coccoloni, placed fourth, and Jay Lutz, again moving through the fleet, was fifth.

For race number three the wind was back to normal from 220° and filling in at six to ten knots. For the first time local knowledge was correct and the right side paid off. Lutz led the race over an olympic course basically from start to finish, hotly pursued by Messina and another Italian, Allesandro Attina. Biekarck was fourth, and Dick Hallagan fifth.

The fourth race was a classic for its fifteen starts. With constantly shifting winds, it was thirteen general recalls and two postponements before the Committee had enough and hoisted the start signal several seconds early to get a clean start. Messina, who hit the line at the boat with the premature signal sailed the equilateral course perfectly, nosing out the ever charging Jay Lutz at the finish. Rudolph Wyler of Switzerland was third, Biekarck fourth, and Tom Allen, Jr. fifth. Not only was the start a challenge in patience and perseverance, but a 40° shift on the first leg required extra perception and sailing skill. Although a regatta with a throwout is seldom over until the final gun, three boats, Biekarck with 12 low points, and Lutz and Messina with thirteen, were clearly favored at this point with the next boat some fifteen points back.

It wasn't supposed to happen in July, but for the fifth race the wind came in with a vengeance from the northeast gusting to eighteen knots. The North American skippers found the choppy going and tight first reach of a freed-up course to their liking, nailing down the first five positions. It was here that Biekarck broke his rudder and Messina faded to

fourteenth, leaving Lutz in first place for the first time in the series, but still not assured of a win. Biekarck or Messina could win with a first if Jay finished sixth or worse.

As the fleet assembled for the final race, a light and unsettled wind arrived from the south. After waiting nearly an hour, the prevailing southwesterly once again settled in and the fleet once again heeded local knowledge and headed to the right. As the wind continued to go right, Attina led at the first mark, followed closely by George Andreadis from Greece and remotely by Messina and Biekarck, with Lutz close behind. There was no catching the Greek as he sailed over Attina on the first reach and opened up a comfortable lead over the remainder of the course. Canadian Larry MacDonald finished third just ahead of Lutz who sailed a conservative race to stay close to and eventually beat both Messina and Biekarck. A late change in the windward mark and two leeward marks in the water at the same time somewhat confused some of the fleet, but not the three leaders who clearly deserved their positions. With the throwout considered, Lutz was tops with 13, Messina second with 18, just a point ahead of Biekarck with 19. The scramble for fourth to tenth was mainly decided in the final race and separated by a mere fifteen points. Andreadis, by virtue of consistent sailing and a super last race, was fourth (27 points), Huntsman fifth (30), Attina sixth (36), Neville seventh (38), MacDonald eighth (41), Hallagan ninth (also 41), and Carson tenth (42).

And so the twelfth Lightning World Championship was completed and a new Champion crowned. It is coincidental, but fitting, that the thirteenth World Championship will be hosted by the Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club in New Jersey, home District of Champion Jay Lutz.



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## SPECTATORS AND RACE COMMITTEE — ITALIAN STYLE



# THE PREZ GOES TO ITALY

Editor's note: *The dictionary may define a regatta as a series of boat races, but Lightning sailors know it is really a series of races and parties. Sandy Huntsman reports on the on-shore activities at the 1983 Worlds. For reports on the racing aspects, see articles by Mike Healy and Jim Carson.*

One of the shortcomings of many travelling Americans is their disinclination to learn a foreign language. Too often this leaves them in unforeseen and difficult situations. Believe me, I speak from experience. After an uneventful flight to Paris, we learned, to our consternation, that we would arrive in Rome too late to make our proposed train connection to Napoli. Thinking we had solved the problem, we rented a car and drove down, enjoying the scenery en route. No problem, piece of cake. End of complacency — due to our communication problem, we spent the next two hours seeing more of downtown Napoli than we ever intended, as we searched vainly for the car drop-off spot. Finally, we located same and taxied quickly to the ferry, only to find a two hour wait, no familiar faces, and no watering hole. We were pleasantly surprised an hour later when George Andreadis arrived. At last we felt in touch with the world.

With our continued good planning and communications, we arrived on the wrong island. Even the telephone number we had been using was out of order that day. As our hosts were awaiting our arrival on Procida, we bedded down on Ischia.

The next morning, Maddelena Calise, general factotum on Procida and a former U.S. resident, got us straightened out. After meeting Mario Lo Sardo and Rosario, we arranged transportation to Procida. On the trip over we were drenched by the only rain we saw in our three week trip. The Italian weather was beautiful, but hot, the temperature usually being gauged by the water consumption — boy, this was a three bottle day!

Procida is a quiet fishing island populated by extremely friendly and helpful people, making our stay there relaxing and entertaining when we weren't busy solving problems. We never did get used to the two way streets that were so narrow that two small cars can't pass abreast. Motorbikes are favored by the natives who know how to do things properly. They have a sort of code: blinking lights, blasting horns, and genreally fast — stop — start — dart — swerve! In Procida we observed the space saving custom of docking boats stern to; most boats had their own gangplanks for this operation. It was intersting to see the boats drop anchor and back to the dock. This custom could well be copied in many of our crowded dockside facilities in North America.

The following day we returned to Ischia to track down the boat shipment, only to find that the Allen boats shipped separately were lost on a train somewhere north of Napoli. The main shipment was located, thanks to help from Bill Hole, in Customs in Port Napoli. Much haggling, paperwork, and money finally arranged for their transportation to Ischia, where we met them at the dock and transported them to the Club on the Pointe. We had received a message from George Andreadis that his "tree" was to come with that shipment??? Discovering the Italian word for "tree" and "mast" are the same, we promptly found George's "tree" on Jack Huntsman's boat.

With that problem solved, we realized we had another one on our hands. The last ferry to Procida was leaving in 17 minutes and we had a 25 mile drive to the ferry dock. That drive was the most memorable, or unforgettable, I'm not sure which, part of our visit. We weren't sure whether to close our eyes and hope for the best, or keep them open and hang on for dear life, during the break neck trip. You haven't lived, and I'm not sure about that word either, until you've seen the Andreadis driving team in action. After much swerving, honking, banging on the sides of the car, and shouting ATTENCIONE, we made it to the ferry in time, and in one piece! We certainly won't need to go to an amusement park for awhile.

I returned to Ischia again the next day to work on the mystery of the missing Allen boats and watch the measuring process. I was piloted across the water on a raft by Brenda Allen just in time to witness the end of the opening ceremonies (European Open and Italian Championship) and join Marcello Campabasso, Pasquale Teri and Miha Vohinz for some jury work.

The missing boats still hadn't arrived the next day, so the Allen's borrowed boats. This obviously didn't slow Tom down in the least, as he won the Championship. The get-together during the Europeans at a restaurant on the hill was a treat: local foods and wines, and then songs were sung by the different crews. Afterward we were treated to the native wines of Marsala as the party ended up at their camping ground.

The Awards Dinner following the European and Italian Championships was held in a disco night club atop the highest part of the island. The panorama was almost as impressive as the grand display of awards. Looking over this impressive display, I facetiously said to my son that there must have been trophies for everyone but me. Not so! As a jury member and ILCA President, I received TWO trophies. The mayor enjoyed the Lightning Class tie which he received and mentioned that he felt like an honorary member.

Special thanks to Maddelena, Alberto Fusco and Antonio Tafuxi who made things run so well at the Championships.

The next day, upon entering our room at Ischia, we found that Marcello Campabasso, remembering our fondness for wine, had sent some excellent wine, bottled especially for him, to our room. We enjoyed winetails before dinner the rest of the week — a real treat.

Following impressive opening ceremonies for the World's on Ischia, we adjourned to a night club on the Promontory — Castle, for a fine cocktail party. The only problem was the mystery of the disappearing bus. The bus reappeared and that mystery was solved the next day.

During the lay day some of us went to Capri and others to Vesuvius and Pompeii. The trip to Pompeii and Vesuvius was a huge success, although the side saddle chair lift to Vesuvius wasn't enjoyed by all.

We enjoyed our hotel breakfasts with the Limbaugh's. I got used to the continental breakfasts, but missed my morning eggs. Once again, if I had known Italian I could have ordered them. Jay served with us on the jury while Helen served the Class in her usual competent way. The Annual Meeting was one of the most productive we've had.

An interesting observation in Italy was the competitiveness of the European boats. We had heard about them from the Juniors who had competed at the Junior Worlds in Marsala, and it was good to see first hand corroboration of this. Tom Allen and Giovanni Pellegrino have both volunteered to work with the Measurement Committee to help draw up some updated specifications for constructing wooden Lightnings with the new systems now available.

While waiting (still) for information on the arrival of the US boats, we took a tour of the Castle with Bill and Billy Hole and their crew Audrey Matteson. Different parts were built in different centuries, so the arches and stonework were fascinating. We had some beer at a cafe on the top where we could see the race courses. If the weather stayed clear, it would be a perfect spot for spectators. Audrey described her fun fleet hopping her way through Europe on her way to Italy. Check out her tee shirt collection some time.

Never have we seen such fireworks as those the day of St. Anna's celebration, with the brilliant colors cascading about the Castle.

A glittering awards ceremony, like that on Procida, was held at a disco palace on Ischia. The young Italians certainly know how to party. Again, everyone received a memento or trophy. A personal highlight was presenting Nando De

Amicus his ILCA Life Membership card for all he has contributed to the Class.

Just as the party was really getting started, I was reminded that: "You have to get up tomorrow early and arrange to get the boats home. You need a clear head." So much for that party.

After making arrangements for the shipment of the boats with Rosario, we departed for Rome, our final stop on our way home. In travelling to and from one island to the other we always noticed new things: boats, people, scenery, the soft colors that come from many years in the sun, the buildings that have been renovated many many times and will be forever. Grape vines everywhere, as were fresh vegetables and fruits — Procida is known for the lemons which are the size of large oranges. The sauces for the pasta were fresh and light, not at all like that which comes in a jar at home. The local wines crisp..... We had had time for only a small taste of Italy, so we are going to have to find a future date to return and see it all over.

Our flight home was pleasant, with a little champagne and a lot of sleep.

A special thanks to our hosts, the combined Italian clubs, who worked so hard to make the 1983 Worlds such a memorable event for all participants.

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