

BILL COX WINS

Story of the 1956 International

by Wayne Brockett

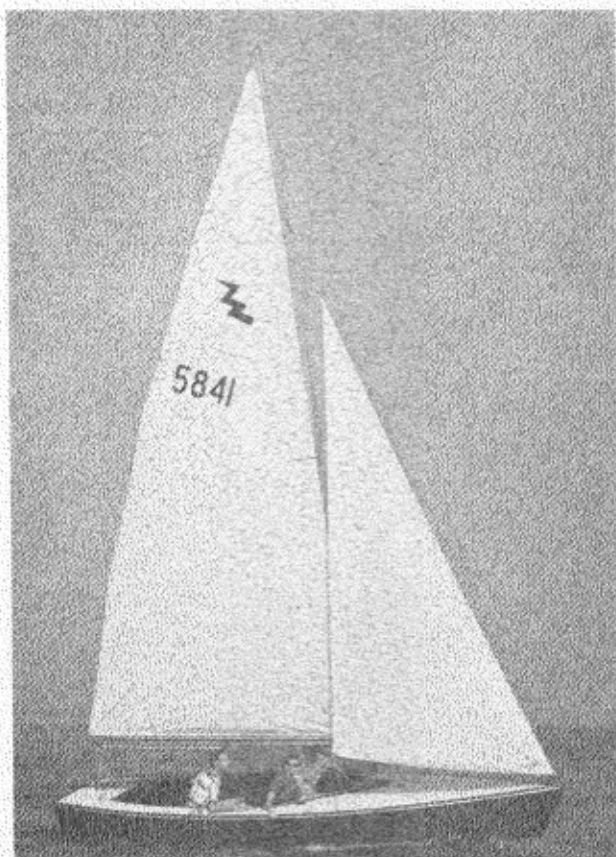
This story will differ from the others I have written on the International due to the fact that I was not an actual eye-witness to the races themselves. I was crew on a boat in the President's Trophy race. As a consequence I am greatly indebted to Gwen Lininger, wife of Ed Lininger who took the movies of the International, for her notes which she uses to write titles, etc. for the movies. You will of course realize that it is very hard to write a story in this manner and get it accurate so I ask you to bear with me if I make any errors. Were it not for Gwen taking the notes there just would not be any story and again I thank her.

Doris, my wife, and I started for Buffalo in a drizzling rain. However we were in high spirits thinking of the pleasant days ahead. Up through Connecticut to the Taconic Parkway in New York State. Taconic Parkway is beautiful and even in the falling rain it was a very nice ride. At Hudson, N. Y. we turned left and crossed Rip Van Winkle Bridge to the New York Thruway which is some highway believe me. Speed limit sixty and road very good. We reeled off hour after hour stopping only to eat lunch and feed a friendly dog that came up to the car. Arrived at the Peace Bridge in sunshine and went through Customs quickly. On to Ridgeway and Top-O the Ridge Motel where we stayed for the rest of the week. Very nice Motel too. Going through Ridgeway we saw Lars Olsen, who builds those beautiful Lightnings, emerging from his favorite tea room which he always visits when at Buffalo Canoe Club. We had dinner at the same tea room and then visited the club. To the Motel and then home for some shut-eye.

Back to the club next morning and it was a beautiful sight. The club is large and is set among large shade trees with a wonderful beach immediately in front. Clear water and very fine swimming. A very long dock runs out to a large boat house beyond which is another long dock running way out into the lake. It's a very, very fine place to hold a regatta. Walt Swindeman was already there and Al Oberson. Shortly afterward we met Bev and Charley Dore. Charley had a new Lippincott named Queen Bee. Next we met Mr. Adams and his daughter, that swell girl and wonderful skipper who you know as Margie. Later met his son Bob, and here is a happy family if ever I saw one, and a little later Mrs. Adams came along and we had a nice long talk.

As the day wore on we met more of our old friends and it was like old times again. It's worth going to the Intl. just to meet these old friends.

Next morning more of the boats had arrived and by golly there was that red hot skipper Gene Walet with his very nice Daddy. Gene's Dad sailed with him in the Intl. and this is a tough pair to beat believe me. Lars Olsen came back from wherever he had been and we held old home week. That evening Bud Olsen, who I



"The Winner"

was to crew for, arrived and we launched and rigged his boat. Then we went to a steak dinner given by Mr. Adams and what a dinner it was, Steaks about two inches thick and you could cut them with your fork. Mr. Adams sure is a swell host. See why we go to these boat races.

Next morning there was a tune up race and the air died and we came back to the club. I had previously sailed in a race with Karl Smither and had the same thing happen so was beginning to worry about the weather for the Intl. Remember a few years ago at Buffalo? Well don't worry it isn't going to happen in this story. In the afternoon we sailed in another tune up race and did very well. Upon arrival at the club we met our very good friends the Bill Cox's and Bob Smith. Both Bill and Bob come from Darien, Conn. We expected big things from them and weren't disappointed. Libby, Bill's wife and I went up to get sails measured and Bill got the boat ready. That night was the annual meeting with the usual hassle.

Doris and I helped Margaret Teske fix a light in the place she was staying and then off to get some sleep for the next day was THE DAY.

The big day dawned cloudy and it was blowing. Out the door and off to the restaurant for breakfast. Nice eggs and Canadian bacon. We were just finishing when Bill and Libby Cox arrived. Bill seemed very calm and collected but his brother Gardner, who crews for him was eager to get going and rode back to the club with us. I feel the same way on race day. At the club we found other early arrivals on the dock getting the boats ready. One boat had the beer flag flying off the deck and no doubt they were serving. A little early though, don't you think? Finally everyone arrived and Bud and I shoved

off for the President's Trophy Race and from here on the story will be told from Gwen's notes. I didn't see it but it was a thrilling race alright.

The sky was still overcast with the wind SW at 18 miles. A cold stiff blow with the water very choppy. The low hanging clouds were magnificent. At 10:00 A.M. the warning gun sounded and everyone got ready to go. The course was 5-3-2 twice around and finish at number one flag. At 10:10 the starting gun went off and first boat over was Charlie Allaire in 6070, INVICTUS.

Gene Walet took an early lead and stayed that way to the weather mark. Then the spinnaker run and what a gorgeous sight with the vari-colored kites flying in the stiff breeze. Gwen told me that she would be watching Tommy Allen, the present International Champion who had only just this past summer married his crew member Anne Smither, the daughter of our very esteemed friend Karl Smither. Tommy really wished to make this number three but in the Lightning Class it's a hard thing to win this big Casino once let alone three times. Gwen also was watching the happy Irishman, Tom Fallon whose boat sails with "no Hands" "easy as pie", according to Tom. She also was watching the newcomer to Lightning circles, a former big boat sailor, Bill Cox from Darien, Conn.

The second time around Walet was still in the lead with Tom Allen working up to second place. After half a mile of this Bill Cox passed Allen and when they rounded the 5th mark it was Walet in the lead with Cox second. On the last beat to the finish Cox passed Walet to grab first place. A very exciting finish. First Cox in ZIG ZAGGER, second Walet in Spirit 111 and third Hank Cawthra in 6066. Fourth was Tom Allen.

Everyone then retired to BCC for lunch and Loganberry punch. After a nice rest they went out to have another go at it. Wind had shifted to the West still at 18 miles and the barometer was rising. Course was 1-2-3 twice around.

This start looked like a parade. They were away to the weather mark and first to arrive was Pete Grainge in #467 RAMPAGE. Second was Walt Swindeman in YANKEE DOODLE followed by Tom Fallon in FLARE. Fourth was Charlie Dore in QUEEN BEE and fifth Gene Walet.

Cox was 17th at this mark. Fallon picked up the two leaders on the spinnaker run and led at the second mark with Swindeman in second spot. The air is getting lighter. At the fifth mark Fallon has worked out a good lead. Bang goes the finish gun and it's 3 minutes and 5 seconds before Walt Swindeman shows for the second spot. Third is RAMPAGE with Pete Grainge, 4th is Walet and fifth Cox. How Cox got out of the tank I will never know but it must have taken some doing. After this second race Cox and Walet were tied with 86 points each. Second was Pete Grainge with 83, third Tom Fallon with 82, fourth was Walt Swindeman with 79 and fifth Tommy Allen with 78 so you see they were certainly close at this time.

Next morning we were up early and had eggs and Canadian bacon again. At the club the skippers and crews were engaged in very quiet serious conversation I could sense a growing tenseness in the atmosphere. We walked out the cat-walk to the outer boat house and took big sniffs of the cool, crisp air. It was a good day to be alive. Looking down from the catwalk to the shallow, clear water, the whole bottom looked like a whole tray of cocanut bars with the sunbeams dancing like butterflies

here and there. Out at the moorings the boats lay quietly. As one gazed at the skippers and crews getting aboard he could not help but think about what fine people these were that sailed and raced Lightnings. Sometimes squabbling in the heat of a race and maybe just after, then as soon as the boat is tied up everyone is the best of friends and spends the evening singing and partying with the same one whom he had beat on the head during the race. Then the next morning back to the boat determined and serious. Well to get back to the story, we watched the crews pack spinnakers and the boxes contained the names of the labels of many fine whiskies and beers. On the way to the race the clouds were fantastically beautiful. The course was 1-2-6-1, once around and finish at 1. Wind 15 miles from the Northwest.

A hair-raising start and they are off. Tom Allen is first at the windward mark. In second spot yacht 6494 and third Yankee Doodle, closely followed by Karl Smither in THERMIS 3 Ms. The course is a long thin triangle running out into the lake a good two miles. It is landlocked and smoother at its base and blowing and rolling at its apex. Spinnakers pop at the mark and Tom Allen's is lipstick red. Tom gradually pulls ahead and Cox finds himself blanketed. Walet at this time is in tenth place. The sky is deep azure and the clouds are breaking up and scattering. It is climbing toward high noon. Fallon is about fifth and the boats out near the mark are making heavy weather of it. As they again start to weather, Point Abino Lighthouse shining white in the sun looks like a child's toy. The crews are soaked. Cox is two boat lengths behind Allen and suddenly he is ahead. He keeps Allen covered and finishes first with Allen right on his tail. The wind is now dying fast and it is getting hot. Much yelling from spectator boats. It now stacks up with Cox leading followed by Allen with Karl Smither in third spot. Fourth is Tom Fallon and Fifth Gene Walet. We all have lunch and loganberry punch.

The 4th race starts at 2:30 P.M. The lake is just covered with boats as one looks toward the American shore with the city of Buffalo in the distance. There are seven shades of blue hulls, many shades of green and some red and yellow. One is pink and another lavender. Truly a sight one will long remember. Toward Buffalo the sky is black with choppy little waves on the lake. The whole thing is one great shimmer. The course is 5-2-3-1 twice around and end at #1. One boat is fouled at the start. The air lightens shortly after gunfire. Allen gets a shaft and gets out ahead with GREASED LIGHTNING close behind. At the weather mark it's Allen, Swindeman and Freddy Hibberd in #5003. A few luffing matches develop. In the light air it seems the only way to pass boats. At mark #3 Allen is still ahead with Swindeman second. Boats pile up at this buoy and there is much thumping and yelling. At mark #5 Allen is still leading with Swindeman second but Herm Nickels, the boat builder, is now in 3rd spot. Allen holds his lead to the finish followed by Swindeman, Nickels, Cox and Smither.

A big party takes place this evening. Dancing to Murphy's Barefeet Philharmonic. The preacher who is an honest to goodness Episcopalian Minister proves himself really "hep" on the dance floor. Bob Graf relates some stories that are horribly funny and of course sings Dry Bones which is a little short on pure music but much in the acting department.

The point standings now are . . . Bill Cox 131 points,

Gene Walet 127 points, Fallon 124 points, Allen 122 points and with 114 points.

Big skulls the next morning and back to the races. Course 2-5-3-1 twice around, buoys to port and end at #1. Perfect Lightning weather. Everyone tense and a little weary. Allen and Cox running each other up and down the starting line and bang goes the gun and they are away. Cox is first at the weather mark followed by Hank Cawthra and then Mack Goodwin. Walet is 6th and Allen 15th. A reach and a beautiful spinnaker run and Cox still leads followed by Cawthra. Walet gets his spinnaker in the water and Allen has picked up a few boats. At the 4th mark it's Cox, Cawthra, Walet, Charlie Dore, and Allen has now moved to 7th. All the spectator boats spurt for the finish line keeping well out of the way. They anchor as close as possible to BURGEE the Committee boat and the roar is deafening as they wait for the finish of the series. Cox the new International Champion is first over and the horns blast and blast. Cawthra is in second, Walet third, Wes Wiedrick fourth, and Charlie Dore fifth. A few moments later the water's edge is a beehive and the big lorry is yanking out boats at a great rate. Some eager skippers run their own trailers into the water and haul that way. Lots of excitement and are we proud that our Connecticut skipper has won the big Casino. We are as happy as he is and proud of him.

That evening everyone turned out in spit and polish for the big event, namely the trophy banquet. The girls in their gay cottons sure did look beautiful. After three days of blowing and getting soaked the fellows turned out in white shirts for the first time in a week. An elegant repast was served in true B.C.C. fashion, after the very impressive flag lowering ceremony in front of the club. The dinner consisted of filet mignon, baked potatoes, broccoli, salad and dessert. At our table we reserved a place for the crew of Zig Zaggar which won the International, namely Bill Cox, his wife, brother Gardner and Bill's son. Bill was held up due to the fact that someone had backed into his trailer and broken it and Bill had to have it repaired. However he arrived in due course. At the speakers table was Commodore Warren Hunt of the BCC and Mrs. Hunt. Also incoming LCA President Bob Mann and his wife Audrey. Also the Fleet Capt. of BCC Lawrence Whistler, General Regatta Chairman, A. Lawrence Holcombe, LCA President, Ross Allen, and other dignitaries.

All the thank you remarks were said and certainly the Committee should have been thanked, and then some, as they put on a terrific regatta. It was beautifully handled and smoothly run. Then came the big moment, the awarding of the trophies. As is customary in Lightning Class International banquets the Presidents Cup trophies are given out first and in reverse order, that is the fifth place trophy is given out first, then the fourth place trophy and so on. Fifth place in the President's cup was awarded to Alex Carlin from Detroit. Fourth place to Bill Walker of Erie, Pa. Third to John Palmer, Snyder, N. Y. Second to that swell skipperette, Marge Adams, Bay Head, N. J. and first to Dick Karlsake of Chautauqua, N. Y. They all did a very fine job of sailing and certainly deserved the trophies.

Next President Allen presented the trophies for the International.

Fifth place to Herm (Lightning builder) Nicols, Fourth to Karl (the new Mr. Lightning) Smither. Third to Tommy (twice International Champion) Allen. Second

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to Gene (twice North American Sailing Champion) Walet and first to Bill Cox of Darien, Conn. now the new International Champion. What with place flags, etc. Bill really took home some load of loot.

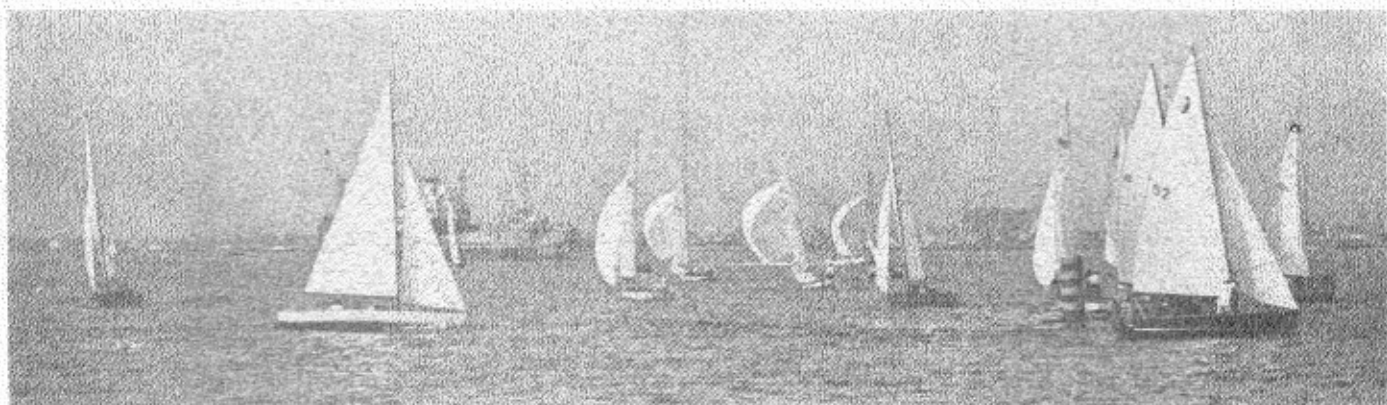
To go back a moment to the President's trophy presentation. When John Palmer of THREE WINDS got his third place trophy he and his crew sang a song that almost had everyone rolling in the aisles. And when Marge Adams of WHIRLWIND got her second place trophy she gave her boy friend who is also her crew, a great big kiss. He seemed to enjoy it very much.

And now came what to me at least was the only sad note in a very happy evening. Walt Swindeman was presented with a very fine cartoon picture of him and Lars Olsen. It was very funny and I couldn't help laughing until the reason for the presentation was given. Walt was leaving the Class to sail a Dragon from now on. To me who has for many years been steeped in the traditions and customs of the Lightning Class it was a hurt to see Walt go. I have for many years admired his flawless sailing and helmsmanship, have slept at his house and eaten at his breakfast table, and been friends of his and his very nice wife Dot, for many years. I felt somehow as if a part of the Class was gone with Walt and indeed it had for we shall all miss him very much. Karl Smither is now the new "Mr. Lightning" and it couldn't happen to a nicer guy or one who deserves it more.

After trophy presentation there was music, dancing, elbow bending and goodbyes between friends. Doris and I walked out to our car with Mr. and Mrs. Adams who are the parents of Marge. We drove away with many happy memories of a wonderful regatta. God willing we shall see you all in Connecticut in 1957.

International Championship Entries

Boat No.	Boat Name	Skipper	Total Points	Final Position
5841	ZigZagger	William Cox, Darien, Conn.	218	1
5082	Spirit II	Gene Waler, New Orleans, La.	200	2
4811	Atom	Tom Allen, Buffalo, N. Y.	198	3
5000	Thermis Five M's	Karl Smither, Buffalo, N. Y.	191	4
5533	Two Bits	Herman Nickels, Fenton, Mich.	184	5
6066	XL	H. J. Cawthra, Detroit, Mich.	182	6
5100	Flare	Tom Fallon, Buffalo, N. Y.	173	7
4040	Jane's Mink	Arthur Wynne, New Orleans, La.	169	8
5090	Wee Dee 2	Wes Wiedrick, Detroit, Mich.	164	9
5580	Yankee Doodle	Walt Swindeman, Toledo, Ohio	159	10
467	Rampage	Pete Grainge, Buffalo, N. Y.	158	11
5984	November	Robert Smith, New York, N. Y.	151	12
1903	Glockenspiel	Stuart Anderson, Buffalo, N. Y.	151	13
4545	Windfall	Mack Goodwin, Detroit, Mich.	149	14
5780	Dixie	Richard Sykes, Brookville, N. Y.	143	15
6028	Billie	Carl Eichenlaub, San Diego, Cal.	139	16
5003	Flash	Fred Hibberd, Rye, N. Y.	133	17
6070	Invictus	Charles Allaire, Middletown, N. J.	128	18
5988	Gray Ghost	Bizzy Monte-Sano, Larchmont, N. Y.	125	19
5284	Sparks	Jim Carson, Metedeconk, N. J.	121	20
6330	Blue Cloud	Andy Connell, Manhasset, N. Y.	117	21
6556	Queen Bee	Charles Dore, Haddonfield, N. J.	113	22
6294	Greased Lightning	Ted Turner, Savannah, Ga.	110	23
4897	Blue Jacket II	Dr. John McIntosh, Rochester, N. Y.	109	24
5559	Torrent	Ed Kennedy, Rocky River, Ohio	103	25
6339	Jimlin III	Robert Crane, Darien, Conn.	101½	26
5098	Scalawag IV	John McIntosh, Savannah, Ga.	101	27
5458	Vagabond	Bob Adams, Bay Head, N. J.	98	28
5694	High Society	Dr. William Healy, Niantic, Conn.	97	29
5894	Wild Goose 2	Sinclair Reynolds, Skaneateles, N. Y.	97	29
5353	Shady Lady	Richard O'Donnell, Philadelphia, Pa.	96	31
6363	Bon-Bon	Ronald Blair, Chicago, Ill.	90	32
2279	Hakili-Poo-O	Manning Barber, Portland, Ore.	77	33
5999	Tempest	Robert Mann, Columbus, Ohio	75	34
6015	Hooligan	Barney Mead, Baltimore, Md.	72	35
6446	Aeolus III	B. O. Buckles, Decatur, Ill.	60	36
5096	Flying Cloud	Oliver Filippi, Englewood, N. J.	58	37
6060	Holy Smoke III	Rev. Ensworth Reisner, Richland, Mich.	57½	38
860	Bam	Reid Dickerson, Little Silver, N. J.	57	39
6401	Harem Girl	Herman Henschen, Baltimore, Md.	56	40
4865	My Gal 2	George Fisher, Columbus, Ohio	52	41
5920	Sly Vixen	Marbury Fox, Baltimore, Md.	50	42
1739	Bon Joy	Leonard Pratt, Greenfield, Mass.	34	43
6239	Duchess	Edward Ellis, Castletown, Vt.	29	44
2794	Windspear	Charles Hallagan, Newark, N. Y.	17	45



Buoy B—Calla Harbour, Plaza Brothers from Ecuador, "#52", making turn before Spinnaker run.

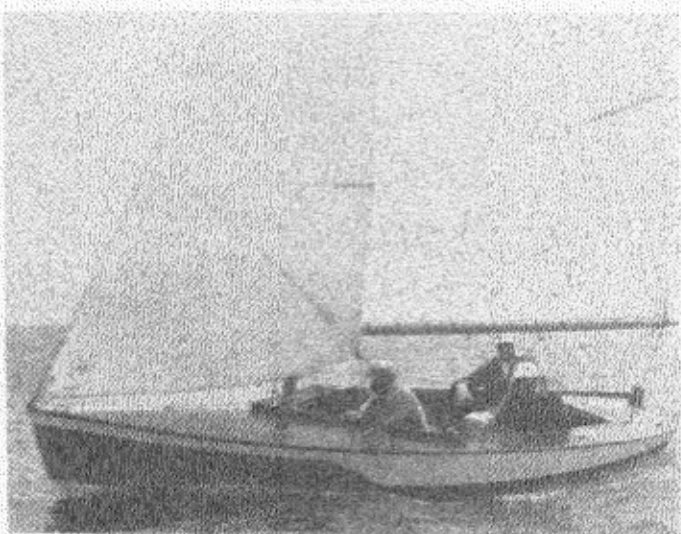
1956 PAN-AMERICAN & SOUTH AMERICAN Lightning Class Championships

From March 25 to March 31, a triangular course laid outside of the protected harbour of Callao was the scene of the latest Pan-American and South American Lightning Class championships. The windward buoy was anchored near the Naval School of La Punta, while the leeward buoy was set $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles north. Buoy number 3 was due west of number 2 about half a mile. The course was in the middle of the unprotected anchorage where the Peruvian Navy maintain their destroyers and landing ships, and where commercial boats also anchor. Sea conditions are always perfect there, with a gentle swell at the most, and steady southerlies in the afternoon ranging up to about 12 knots. Morning winds usually began from the north to veer south at midday. This made the morning races quite unpredictable due to the midrace change of wind, and caused many heart-breaks to some of the midrace leaders. Races were held morning and afternoon for the South American and Pan American championships, a day began with a Pan American race, and the next day a South American race was the starter.

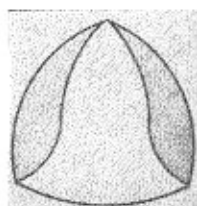
Organization was perfect, most details being handled by Jose Barrera Moeller, the Secretary of the Peruvian Lightning Association. Boats were furnished to all competitors by the Peruvian Yacht Club, except to the three Ecuadorian crews, who brought their own boats thanks to the nearness of the countries and the courtesy of Grace Line. Sails were furnished by each competitor. Club facilities in Callao were also topnotch, the landing float, the anchorage, first class—and the Peruvian paid hands cheered all winning nations and crews especially when a little beer was passed around in each after-race celebration. Most of the boats were built in Peru, except two or three, and the Ecuadorian boats which are Dutch built. All sails, however, were American, practically all dacron. Undoubtedly the Uruguayan Goldie was the undisputed star of the championships. Racing a Peruvian built hull, he won all races except three. Two were won by the Plaza brothers from Ecuador, and one by Carlos Navarro, from Peru. Garcia from Uruguay was also a steady finisher ending up high in the final standings. Five races had each championship.

The results in the Pan-American Championships were: 1. J. C. Goldie (Ur.); 2. H. Garcia (Ur.), and C. Navarro (Peru); 3. E. Plaza (Ecuador); 4. J. B. Baader (Arg.); 5. P. Rosello (Peru); 6. B. Barrera (Peru); 7. R. Obregon (Col.); 8. A. Piazza (Peru); 9. J. Kursell (Peru); 10. A. Isola (Peru); 11. E. Estrada (Ecuador); and N. Pecharich (Ecuador); 12. M. Gutierrez (Peru); 13. M. Jacob (Colombia) and J. Barrera Moeller (Peru); 14. J. Russell (EE.UU.); 15. Curutchet (Argentina); 16. T. Alcaro (Peru); 17. G. Aldana (Colombia) and 18. B. Takefman (CA.) and B. Elsner (Bolivia).

From all reports this was one of the best International sailing championships held in South America, and set a standard for all future competitions. Boats were delivered in perfect condition, lodging was furnished by the Peruvian Club in some of the best hotels in town, and lunch was given in the club, although at times there was a tremendous scramble to grab something before starting time came up in the afternoon, especially when winds were light and it took half an hour to come back to the



Goldie from Uruguay—the winner.



(Pat. Applied for)

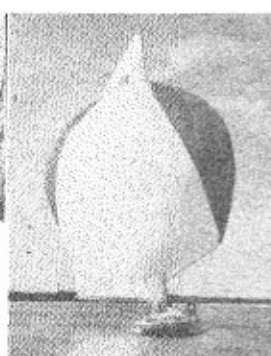
ROLLER WIDER SPINNAKERS

ARE SHAPED TO SUIT THEIR BOATS

A BIG BELLY IS BEST FOR A LIGHTNING BUT ON AN "E" SCOW OR DEEP-KEEL BOAT BROAD SHOULDERS ARE BEST.



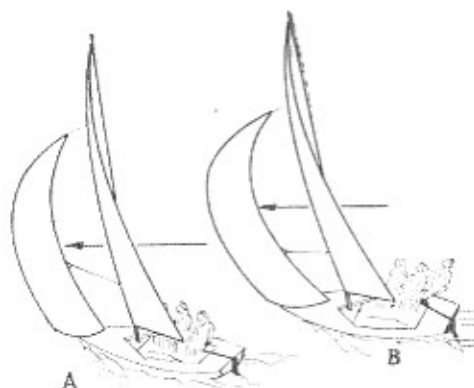
Experimental Lightning
(We chose a lower center of effort)



"E" SCOW



RANGER CLASS



The scow can only reach with a chute when the wind is too light to plane her. Within limits, the position of the center of effort of a spinnaker can be placed high or low at the option of the designer. It has been proven repeatedly that Lightning A can sail through the lee of B in a breeze and when the wind pipes up, goes into a plane while B struggles to stay upright.

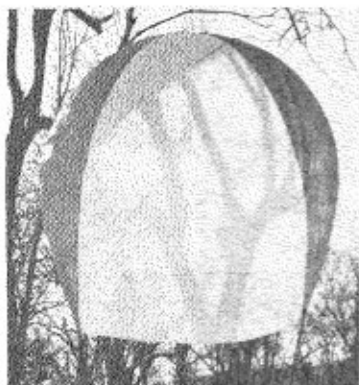
THE PRINCIPLE OF THE ROLLER is wider flight.

The arcs represent the cross sections of two spinnakers of the same girth. It is evident that the flatter sail intercepts more wind and can reach closer. What is not evident is that a conventional chute can not open as wide as a ROLLER. Only by carefully tailoring the spinnaker from many specially shaped pieces is it possible to make its luff stand out as a stun'sl without a yard arm. This feature is original by Walter W. Roller and is patentable.

ROLLERS ARE DESIGNED TO PROMOTE FREE FLOW of the wind. The pocketless vertical profile lets the air out at the foot freely. When reaching the smooth flat cross section

flows a good bit of the wind off the leech. This flow adds suction to leeward to the impulse of the wind and gives the spinnaker (and the main on a reach) a lot more power. Spinnakers can stall like an aeroplane or a main that is trimmed too close. Ridges in the sail help to break the suction sooner. Therefore it pays to tailor them into smooth curves even at added cost.

When ROLLERS were first introduced in 1955, they were built to the exact dimensions of the specifications without using the maximum tolerances. We believe this to be the spirit of the specifications. There are, however, many spinnakers that go to the outer limits and many of the skippers feel that they are at an unfair advantage even though ROLLERS can usually beat the bigger boys in the brushes. We, therefore, reluctantly came out with a



NEW
MODEL
FOR
1957

Which is larger,
Flies wider still,
Flies in light air,
Reaches closer
Runs faster

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING

At the BIG LIGHTNING CASINOS boats with ROLLERS placed in the top spots as follows:

1955 Championships

1, 2, 5, 11, 12, 13

1955 Presidents Cup

2, 6

1956 Midwinter

1*, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11

1956 Championships

3, 4, 5, 9*, 10*, 11, 14, 15, 17

1956 Presidents Cup

1, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10

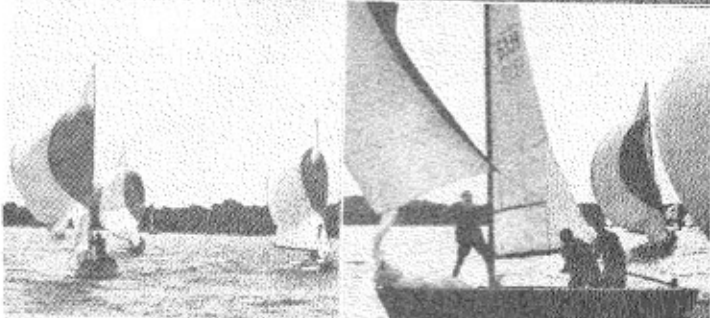
*Spinnakers that used the ROLLER principle.

In our Lightning Class last season, Com. Ben A. Smith, II of Annisquam, Mass. used a ROLLER in all but six races, and took 17 firsts, 3 seconds, 2 thirds, 1 fourth, 1 fifth, 2 sixths and had one breakdown. He won Marblehead Race Week. Two Firsts and a Fourth failed to give him the Mass. District Championship. He was fleet champion and won six special trophies.

In the 1955 Michigan Districts, Alex Carlin had to restart so was last in that race. Using his ROLLER he passed 14 boats on the free legs of the first round, and won the race on the second round.

Last year in the Raven Championships only Bob Smith had a Roller. In one downwind leg he tacked from 21st place to 1st.

In the Dragon Class at Santa Monica, Ralph and Sally DeLuca won 23 of 35 races, and Sally says "Now have the spin really flying. All firsts from Sept. to Dec. by at least 5 minutes on most races. Pretty Good Sail!"



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ROUTE 1

NEENAH

WISCONSIN

race course outside the breakwater. It was too bad that under those conditions, the American fleets were unrepresented, and Russell, a local resident, had to defend alone the American colors. All three Colombian crews carried ladies on board, giving a feminine touch to the regatta, and preventing any outbreak of bad manners in the buoys especially. This being the first time the Bolivian sailors had sailed at sea level, they were lost in the heat of these latitudes. Missing the howling and freezing winds of their 14,000 feet high Lake Titicaca, they showed great spirit in spite of all their handicaps. We bow to them, and salute these courageous stratospheric Lightning

sailors but hope never may they hold the Lightning Internationals in their frigid waters.

This championship was another step in forging better ties between South American Lightning sailors. The class promises to become the standard International type at least in South America, and International meets will fast become common as a result. Proof of this is that in October of 1956 a ten boat regatta of Peruvian, Colombian and Ecuadorian crews were held in Guayaquil with wonderful success. Ecuador won the first three places. 1. Plaza; 2. Estrada; 3. Navarro of Peru and Plaza of Ecuador tied.

LOG OF THE "ZIG ZAGGER"

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th:

We trail all day via the New York Thruway. Supper at the Buffalo Canoe Club. Check in, get weighed and launched, step mast, drop mooring. Sails are measured.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th:

In morning tune-up race in very light air, we tack in what later proves to be the "wrong" direction—are at least a mile behind the leaders when race is called off. In afternoon tune-up race we take the "right" tacks, finish 3rd to Stu Anderson and Carl Eichenlaub.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th:

FIRST RACE: At warning signal, skipper begins to show nervousness. Crew calms him with, "Relax! We'll call the shots. You keep her moving." At start, we find ourselves with clear wind several boat lengths up the line from Walet; but he rides the shifty northwest puffs best of all, leads the fleet at every mark.

Three-quarters up the final beat to the finish, we're in 4th or 5th place, well offshore of nearby boats. "Time to play safe for 5th," says crew. "Okay. Ready about," says skipper. But at that moment our main sheet parts at the cam cleat, and we have to stay on the same tack for repairs. Minutes later when we're finally able to come about, we pick up a huge lift off the Abino shore that puts us right up with the leaders. As we converge with Walet about 50 yards from the line, he yells, "Starboard tack!" We bear off under his stern, fetch the finish without tacking, and thank him for handing us 1st place. If he had tacked instead of crossing us, we would have been 2nd. . . . If our old main sheet had been stronger, we would have been 5th. . . . Cawthra is 3rd, Allen 4th.

AT LUNCHTIME: Hear that Bob Crane, one of our three representatives from Fleet #134, had his spinnaker halyard jam aloft, causing him to sail past the leeward mark into last place. Finished 34th. Real tough luck.

SECOND RACE: We get out of phase with the wind shifts, turn the first mark 17th. Do little better on the next five legs, begin the final beat 15th. Split tacks from most of the fleet by heading toward Crystal Beach. Are blessed with a sizable inshore lift that moves us up to finish 5th, directly behind Walet. Fallon won this race by more than three minutes over Swindeman, with Grainge 3rd.

The rest of our Fleet #134? Bob Crane's spinnaker halyard didn't jam again, but Bob Smith's did! Dropped him to 35th. Nobody knows for sure what's causing these

jam-ups. Is there a jinx on all three of our fleet? Will we be next? We check and re-check our gear.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th:

AT BREAKFAST: With three races to go, we decide against match-race tactics, even though tied with Walet. Grainge, Fallon, Swindeman and Allen are all too close, within 3, 4, 7 and 8 points, respectively.

THIRD RACE: Allen leads at every mark. We vary between 3rd and 4th, finally get 2nd at the end of a long leeward leg when the two boats directly ahead of us have a mild luffing match.

On long beat to finish, we stay out of phase with Allen so he can't cover. Finally we get a strong puff combined with a lift, jump into the lead, cover Allen the rest of the way to the finish. Smither is 3rd, Fallon 4th, Walet 5th.

AT LUNCHTIME: With 4 points over Walet, 7 over Fallon, and 9 over Allen, we decide to start in the vicinity of Walet, but still not indulge in match-race tactics.

FOURTH RACE: Wind is still shifty out of the northwest, but lighter, more full of holes. Port end of line seems favored. Walet goes for it, on starboard tack. We follow, only one boat between. All three look early, try slowing down. Still look early. Walet has to bear off at the Committee Boat and jibe for a re-start on port tack under the entire fleet. Gun goes. Boat to leeward of us luffs around the Committee's anchor line. We pinch by, take his wind, get "safe-leeward position" on the rest of the fleet.

Then it happens. We sail into a flat spot while boats at the starboard end of the line get puffs with a general shift to the right. Most of the fleet lifts inside of us. We're deep in the cellar, and it's a cold, cold feeling.

No choice now but to continue on one long starboard tack toward Point Abino. Near the lay line we get a header, come about onto port tack. Still look bad—but what's this? Boats in the middle of the bay look flat. They ARE flat! Crew keeps saying, "Watch your pennants! Keep her moving!" We carry air along the Abino shore and glide up to about 14th at first mark. Boats ahead on the second leg lose all headway. We hold high, drift past some, then detour toward shore by tacking at right angles to the course, in almost no air.

Breeze finally comes in again off the beach. Allen, already well ahead, gets it first, pulls out into a tremendous lead. We benefit too, move up to about 7th. On final bear we pick up a favorable slant into 4th place. As we cross,

Tom Allen extends his greetings from a power boat, having already put "Atom" away for the night after winning by more than 9 minutes over Swindeman. Fallon is 15th, Walet 16th. A lucky race for us . . .

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th:

AT BREAKFAST: Scoreboard shows a lead of 6 points over Allen, 16 over Walet. Decision is unanimous to match-race Allen, especially since he outsailed everybody yesterday with his 2nd and 1st.

FIFTH RACE: Ten minutes to go: we begin shadowing Allen, tack for tack, jibe for jibe. Five minutes to go: we almost lose him in close quarters with the rest of the fleet. Four to go: we're on his tail going away from the line. Three to go: we're leading him back to the line. If he's nervous, he doesn't show it. Can he see how nervous we are? Two to go: we're leading him down the line, in position to force him to overlap us to windward. We kill headway. One to go: he outmaneuvers us by a sudden burst of speed through our lee. Positions are reversed! Now he's just ahead of us, lying in wait to force an overlap on us. He lets both sails flap; so do we. He loses headway; we back our mainsail. Ten seconds to go: Allen takes his eyes off us to look down at his watch; at same moment we trim both sails simultaneously, leap ahead while he's still flapping, take his wind. Gun! Allen gets smothered by other boats too, can't get clear air, comes about, heads off on port tack under most of the fleet.

Cawthra is nearby. We both tack and instantly fall heir to a 20-degree port shift that lifts the two of us across the bows of the entire starboard-tack fleet. Both come about to starboard of the fleet, then get a starboard-tack lift that moves the two of us into a sudden quarter-mile lead.

Part way up the second windward leg we catch the offshore edge of a strong inshore lift that jumps us well ahead of Cawthra, as our slant never reaches him at all.

After rounding the last mark and sheeting down for the final beat to the finish, crew says, "Just play safe, and don't let anything break!" Seconds later a puff hits us broadside, there is a loud "boing!", the whole boat twangs, and the jib starts coming down. First thought: "There goes the series!" Then, out loud, "Let off the jib sheet! Hoist the jib on the spinnaker halyard!" Voice from forward, "Don't need to! The jib halyard didn't break—the ball just came out of the catch. Probably wasn't seated properly!"

Jib gets fully re-hoisted and we succeed in playing safe the rest of the way up the last leg. Prolonged din from the large spectator fleet as we cross the line. Cawthra still 2nd, way ahead of Walet in 3rd. Allen looks to be about 5th—a remarkable recovery after virtually re-starting—will be series runner-up over Walet with plenty to spare. But wait! Allen is hardly moving, has fallen into a flat spot, gets passed on both tacks, finally finishes 15th . . . Walet is series runner-up, Allen third.

What happened there to Allen happened to everybody at various times, and in greater or lesser degree. Throughout all five races the wind was "offshore"—full of puffs, shifts, and light spots. Cawthra got a 24th, Crane a 42nd, Fallon a 28th, Grainge a 26th, Swindeman a 33rd, to mention only a few of the unlucky. So, in a series like that, we on "Zig Zaggar" know how really lucky we were!

(signed) Captain, Bill Cox
Exec. Officer, Gardner Cox
Junior Officer, Bill Cox, Jr.

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EUROPEAN INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

held by Fleet 268 at La Neuveville, Switzerland

August 8-12, 1956

From the very beginning of August, La Neuveville's yachting harbour showed intense activity. Lightnings from everywhere are joining; so are the crews: Italians, Greeks, Finnish, American and Swiss.

It's raining all day long, but this morning, the 8th of August, east wind begins to blow. If it keeps blowing on through the night, fine weather is at hand and will last for several days.

In the afternoon, the crews, foreign and national, are welcomed by the Municipal Authorities; friendly words are exchanged, the wine flows abundantly, skippers and crews smile, yachting friendships are established. Without it, sport would mean nothing. And what about the races? We shall think about it tomorrow. For the moment, everybody enjoys this first great success; the first meeting of all European LCA districts and the presence of our American friends, Dick and Mel from Fleet 229.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9TH

1st Race. The weather is sunny and the first race is fixed at 9 a.m. Many spectators flow to the harbour to attend the crews' activity before the start. The inhabitants of La Neuveville are not given everyday the opportunity of admiring 31 Lightnings in their harbour! Meanwhile, the jury is getting busy and the Blue Peter is hoisted. The 31 Lightnings are approaching majestically the starting line. The winds are very light, which in the general opinion, will be favorable to the Swiss boats, the sails of which are very curved. In fact four Swiss Lightnings (Santa-Maria, Quand-meme, Marie-Galante, Pluto) take the lead. A fifth Swiss boat, Tonga-Tabou, is unluckily disqualified in favor of the first Italian Boat, Posillipo, from Naples. Then follow closely Sidian (Finland), Fandango (Italy), Milan and Maeki (Switzerland). Sixteen minutes separate the first from the last arrived; the battle has been severe!

2nd Race. The start of the second race is given in the afternoon, the winds are still light. Twice the start had to be cancelled, as too many boats made an early start. Finally at 3:20 p.m., the whole fleet crosses the line looking for the wind zones. Temporale (Italy) and Santa-Maria (Switzerland) are in front. On the free run, the boats close again to each other and some 25 boats are flocking around the last mark, whilst the winds are blowing stronger. Four Lightnings are ahead; they are: Santa-Maria (Switzerland), Sidian (Finland), As de Carreau (Switzerland), Temporale (Italy) followed by Tonnerre de Brest and LaRafale (Switzerland). The finish is very exciting, Santa-Maria is the first to cross the line, but unluckily she has to be disqualified for not having observed a right of way rule during the race. The day's results are: 1. Sidian of Finland; 2. As de Carreau of Switzerland; 3. Temporale of Italy; 4. Tonnerre de Brest of Switzerland; 5. Saraco of Italy; 6. Garoupa of Switzerland and so on.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10TH

3rd Race. The winds changed to west, slightly at first then increasing in intensity. Soon after the start, As de Carreau, followed by Milan and Tonnerre de Brest (all Swiss boats) take the lead with Saraca (Italy) pursuing. On the free run, the mentioned boats enlarge their lead.

At the next mark, the winds are still increasing and one can notice that the Italians, perfectly mastering strong winds, are catching up! Yet, two Swiss boats, As de Carreau and Milan, are the first to cross the finish line, followed by the Italians Temporale, Turbine and Fandango.

In the afternoon, the winds were so desperately slight, that the jury decided to cancel the given start, an hour later!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11TH

4th Race. The weather is no longer fine. A west wind blows strong. From the beginning, it was obvious that the Italians were to master the battle-field. And so it happened.

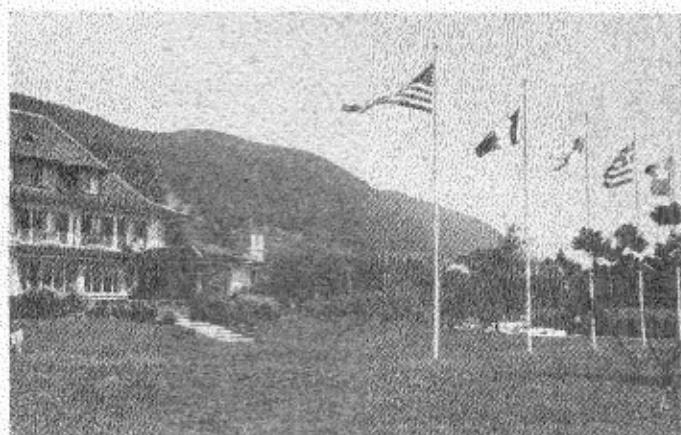
Some 1200 spectators had gathered and flocked by the harbour and the starting place. A loud-speaker was commenting on the race and the colored spinnakers were generally admired. The boats are splashing and foaming along to the great joy of the public who applaud frantically at each arrival. The whole town is talking of nothing but the races, commenting on them in their own manner! The first five boats are Italian ones: Posillipo, Temporale, Saraco, Fandango, Turbine followed by four Swiss boats: Sinoe, Tonnerre de Brest, LaRafale and Schufti and then a Greek boat, Gipsy.

5th Race. In the afternoon, wind gushes whistle in the shrouds, reefs are set, crews dress water-proof, life belts are at hand! At the start, LaRafale (Switzerland) breaks her mast; a collision disqualifies Tonnerre de Brest (Switzerland); a further collision entangles two masts and both boats capsize! It was exciting! Some boats did not start and only 20 out of the 31 finished safely! Yet the Italians take advantage of that and enlarge their lead; whereas the Greek boat under spinnaker was to capsize by the island of St. Peter! A strong rain set in but the public still waited to see the finish. Six Italian boats are the first to cross the line and well deserved is their triumph: Fandango, Posillipo, Temporale, Turbine, Saraco and Icaboba. Then come Garoupa (Switzerland) and Sidian (Finland).

TEMPORALE (Italy) becomes the European Champion of 1956. She had worked and sailed splendidly in all races and her skipper, R. Camardella, can be proud. Brilliant runner-up was FANDANGO skippered by F. Cavallo.



1956 European Champion: Ralph Camardella with his crew, Sergio Capolino and Salvatore Rouchi.



Yacht Club at La Neuveville with flags of participating countries flying in the sunrise.

In the Swiss District Championship, TONNERE DE BREST, skippered by Theo Moeckli, our Swiss District Secretary, became Swiss District and Fleet 268 champ for 1956. Runner-up in both contests, AS DE CARREAU, skippered by J. P. Luthy.

Saturday evening, some 250 persons took part at the official banquet offered by Fleet 268 at the Hotel J-J Rousseau. Diplomatic representatives of all countries participating in the races also attended. In cordial terms, the representatives of the LCA European fleets expressed their joy in participating in our Championships. Then, Antonio Tafuri, leader of the Italian crews' syndicate, pleaded the cause of the poor crewmen, always victims—"when the race was victorious the skipper earns all the triumph; when it was a defeat, the crewmen are always accused"!

The bar of "Joyeux Tribordais" continued all night through the merry feast and ended these Championships.

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA LIGHTNING CLASS ASSOCIATION

Standings

Boat No.	Boat Name	Skipper	Home	Final Standing	Pts.
4122	Temporale	R. Camardella	Italy	1	4007
4966	Fandango	F. Cavallo	Italy	2	3863
6390	Posilippo III	G. Pesce	Italy	3	3777
4965	Saraco	C. Ratti	Italy	4	3255
4722	Sidian	J. Koskimies	Finland	5	3044
5745	Turbine II	L. Merola	Italy	6	2976
5840	Tonnerre de Brest	T. Moeckli	Switzerland	7	2755
6395	As de Carreau III	J. P. Luthy	Switzerland	8	2580
5666	Milan	C. Colombi	Switzerland	9	2484
5562	Sinoe	B. Perisset	Switzerland	10	2365
6435	Icaboba	M. Merani	Italy	11	2329
5898	Garoupa	C. Lambelet	Switzerland	12	2327
6174	Santa-Maria	J. P. Weber	Switzerland	13	2275
5809	Zephir	P. Staempfli	Switzerland	14	2165
5839	La Rafale	Ch. Nicolet	Switzerland	15	2091
5181	Quand-meme	H. A. Luthy	Switzerland	16	2020
4450	Bosco III	J. P. de Bosset	Switzerland	17	1956
5993	Pluto	H. Keller	Switzerland	18	1929
5561	Eripon	J. P. Lecoultré	Switzerland	19	1865
933	Marie-Galante	R. Baumann	Switzerland	20	1727
3811	Schuffi	O. Weber	Switzerland	21	1681
5581	Maeki	H. Stoeckli	Switzerland	22	1333
6407	Cleo	R. Alexander	United States	23	1283
6102	Tonga-Tabou	W. Frei	Switzerland	24	1245
920	Gipsy	A. Sinopoulos	Greece	25	1025
929	La Danae	R. Bloch	Switzerland	26	869
6398	Baraka	Y. Burrus	Switzerland	27	824
4300	Alibi	H. Thelen	Finland	28	779
4271	Yseult	A. Borroni	Switzerland	29	776
4563	Risea	H. Hofer	Switzerland	30	731
5496	Kuk	W. Barben	Switzerland	31	305

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SWINDEMAN WINS MID-WINTER LIGHTNING CHAMPIONSHIP

By Spencer Brown

Walt Swindeman, perennial champion, took advantage of St. Pete's fickle breezes to capture first place in the 10th Annual Mid-Winter Regatta, held February 22, 23 and 24th.

Using a borrowed boat and a bang-up crew—Howard Boston and Dick Krauss, Swindeman paced the fleet with a steady 4-8-2-3-14, taking advantage of every break to capture not only the coveted trophy, but also to retire the Muggs and Skeeter Trophy which had withstood the assaults of skippers for the past ten years.

The Toledo Express, which Walt raced to victory, is owned by Toledo Lightning sailor Bud Nelson, who was unable to come to St. Pete due to a sudden race of his own with the stork.

The weather was fitful and ranged from sunny warmth to winter cold. Skippers started with full canvas and finished with rail down breezes. The air hauled all over the compass and often boats, completely out of the running, roared down to the mark from nowhere to make a spine-tingling bid for the lead.

The first race on Friday morning got off to a cold (52°) start with a moderate 7-12 mile wind that caused skippers and spectators alike to bundle up like Eskimos. The first time around found Smithers leading the pack with Swindeman and McIntosh in close contention. At the final gun it was Smithers, Crane, Fallon, Swindeman and Stueland in that order.

Friday afternoon turned out to be warm and sunny, and the second race was held in moderate breezes with clear skies. The second spinnaker leg caused the crews to look lively as the wind hauled sharply and spinnakers were dropped all down the line. Anderson, Wiedrick and Nelson led after the first lap, but it was Nelson, Wiedrick and Oberson at the finish.

The third race on Saturday had all the skippers keyed up to a high pitch — more familiar with the weather and rarin' to go. In cold and sunny skies Fallon, June Met-hot and Shay rounded the first leg in the lead. Fallon was able to hold his position, but Swindeman and Crane charged up from the pack to take over second and third positions.

In the fourth race, Saturday afternoon, Wes Wiedrick held a commanding lead all the way, and came home the winner in an 8-10 mile wind. The top skippers literally held their positions all the way as Olsen and Swindeman chased Wes throughout the race for the second and third spots.

Saturday night was marked by a gala cocktail party to end them all. The "Off the Record" affair found our denizens of the deep dressed in the weirdest collections of song-title costumes ever seen this side of Tin Pan Alley. Joe Stueland's gang from St. Joe, Michigan, dressed as The Seven Dwarfs (minus two), Sneezeyied, Sleepied, and Doped their way to title honors in this popular event! The rest of the happy gathering tried their best to feel terrible the next morning!

Sunday's fifth and last race caused enough excitement to give the Lightning Hot Stove League many a yak-yak during the cold spring months. Jon Ruhlman's Ruler



The winner and still champion, Walt Swindeman.

broke his spar and Martin O'Meara's Baby capsized on the spinnaker leg. Other boats charged all over the course in the whitecapped seas, as all made their final bids for victory.

But in the showdown it was Wynne the winner after leading all the way, closely followed by Carlin and Smithers, at the final gun.

So ended the 10th Annual Winter Championships with a brisk breeze singing through the rigging and a tired and happy Lightning gang pulling out their boats for the long haul home.

This race saw a red-hot group of ardent skippers trailer in from all parts of the United States. The racing was keen, the sportsmanship superb and the fun plentiful, as 55 boats waged their hard-fought battles around the course.

Skipper	1st Race	2nd Race	3rd Race	4th Race	5th Race	Fin-ish
Walt Swindeman	4	8	2	3	14	1
Tom Fallon	3	23	1	6	10	2
Bob Crane	2	25	3	4	11	3
Oscar Nelson	22	1	7	15	6	4
Alex Carlin	17	13	10	10	2	5
Arthur Wynne	8	24	6	14	1	6
Ed Olsen	20	7	17	2	13	7
Howard Foht	26	15	11	12	9	8
John McIntosh	7	31	5	17	15	9
Karl Smither	1	41	15	19	3	10
Wes Wiedrick	FO	2	9	1	12	11
Morgan Powell	12	28	23	9	8	12
Al Oberson	25	3	14	26	16	13

URUGUAY RETAINS CONTINENTAL TITLES

Jointly sponsored by the Uruguayan Yacht Club and the Uruguayan Lightning Class Association, the 3rd South American and 3rd Pan American Championship regattas were held in Montevideo, during the week of February 17th to 24th.

In spite of the notorious absence of a U. S. team, these regattas turned out to be the greatest International sailing event ever seen in South American waters, both in number of countries represented and quality of the crews taking part.

This year it was Felix Sienna Castellanos and his crew of Victor Trinchin and Walter Perez who, sailing a borrowed Club boat, upheld the Uruguayan colors by taking first place in both events. Second and third place in

the S. A. event went to Julio C. Goldie of Uruguay (winner of last year's Championships held in Peru) and Carlos Navarro, Jr. of Peru respectively; and to Carlos Navarro, Jr. and J. B. Baader of Argentina in the Pan American.

Altogether seven countries were represented by a total of fifteen crews, divided as follows: Argentina, three; Brazil, three; Colombia, one; Chile, one; Ecuador, one; Peru, three; Uruguay, three. Except for the three Argentines and Navarro of Peru, all crews sailed locally-built boats kindly lent by their Uruguayan owners.

The racing schedule was hampered by a persistent bad weather during the beginning of the week, which delayed the start of the first races to Tuesday the 19th. In the following days, most races had to be held in the morning with strong winds and choppy seas. These conditions favored the local River Plate crews who established a net superiority in the opening races. Alberto Migone and Jorge Valera of Argentina, Felix Sienna and Julio Goldie of Uruguay took turns at leading the fleet, and soon it was clear to everybody that these crews would divide the honors among them. However Lady Luck and Sienna's superb sailing soon took a heavy toll of the Argentine hopes.

In the 3rd race of the S. A. event, the leading Valera was disqualified by one of his own teammates on a port and starboard right of way (some teamwork!!) and in the 4th race, Migone, then leading, left a Government buoy on the wrong side and was thus also disqualified out of a first place, leaving the two Uruguayans to fight it out between them in the 5th and last race.

Something similar happened in the Pan American series. Sienna opened out with two first places closely followed by Valera with two seconds. Migone fouled out of the 1st race when he touched the windward mark. However, Valera won the 3rd race with Sienna finishing sixth, thus leaving the Argentine with a 3 point lead. The 4th race turned out to be a fight for survival since the wind picked up to a healthy 30 knots accompanied by breaking seas. Dr. Goldie's mast went a few minutes after the start and Valera's, three-hundred feet before the finish while safely covering Sienna. During this race, Navarro's boat (One Hoss Shay) was seen to jump out of the water in such a way that only part of his centerboard remained in it. When he "landed", his boat sprung a leak which very nearly prevented him from finishing. Sienna finished in second place and was therefore virtual winner with a seven point lead over Navarro of Peru. Seventeen year old Navarro won the last race and with it the runner-up title.

Skill and sportsmanship were at their highest throughout the races, which were



always hotly contested, with most of the fleet finishing within minutes of the leader.

Most of the crews were put up at the Yacht Club and this contributed greatly to the social success of the series. Special "extra curricular" activities included; an opening banquet offered by the Commodore of the Yacht Club and attended by local authorities and Diplomatic representatives; a dinner offered by the President of the Race Committee; a couple of sightseeing trips around Montevideo and to Punta del Este (our principal summer resort); and a closing cocktail party and prize-giving ceremony followed by a dance which turned out to be an early demonstration of the South American Carnival (Mardi Gras).

During the week, the delegates of the represented Associations met at the 2nd South American Lightning Class Congress. The most important resolutions taken were the following:

1. That the 4th South American Championship take place in Guayaquil, Ecuador in October 1958.
2. That the Pan-American Championship be substituted by an Open International Series to be held simultaneously with the S. A. Championship, leaving the basis of this event to be established in each case by the organizing country according to their facilities.

This last resolution was taken in view of the difficulties of obtaining U. S. and Canadian entries for two years in a row causing an unnecessary repetition of the South American Championship.

3rd SOUTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP

Skipper	Country	Place
F. Sienra	Uruguay	1
J. C. Goldie	Uruguay	2
Ch. Navarro	Peru	3
J. Valera	Argentina	4
A. Migone	Argentina	5
E. Plaza	Ecuador	6
J. B. Baader	Argentina	7
H. Garcia Pastori	Uruguay	8
R. Costa Souza	Brazil	9
R. Franco de Sa	Brazil	10
G. Boekemeyer	Chile	11
P. Rosello	Peru	12
R. Obregon	Colombia	13
C. H. Borba	Brazil	14
J. Barrera Moller	Peru	15



3rd PAN AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIPS

Skipper	Country	Place
F. Sienra	Uruguay	1
Ch. Navarro	Peru	2
R. A. Baader	Argentina	3
A. Migone	Argentina	4
R. Costa Souza	Brazil	5
J. Valera	Argentina	6
E. Plaza	Ecuador	7
J. C. Goldie	Uruguay	8
R. Franco de Sa	Brazil	9
H. Garcia Pastori	Uruguay	10
R. Obregon	Colombia	11
G. Boekemeyer	Chile	12
P. Rosello	Peru	13
C. H. Borba	Brazil	14
J. Barrera Moller	Peru	---



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