

SNIPE BULLETIN

SEPTEMBER 1955

VOL. 5 NO. 4



U. S. National Champion Harry Allen and crew, Helen O'Leary, receive trophies and congratulations from International Commodore Eddie Williams at Atlanta.

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SNIFE BULLETIN

The **SNIFE BULLETIN** is edited and produced monthly by Birney Mills, Executive Secretary.

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NEW GOVERNORS HAVE BEEN ELECTED in four of the six U. S. Districts with the following results:

DISTRICT.

GOVERNOR

2.

Charles O. Hardy
1118 Richmond Circle
Shreveport, Louisiana.

3.

Cleve Slauson
Parkside Lane
Route 4, Peoria, Illinois.

4.

John H. Wesley
1043 Dartmouth St.
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

6.

Fred Schenck
632 31st. St.
Newport Beach, Cal.

These men were all present at Atlanta and, with John Wolcott representing District 5 and Terry Whittemore District 1, held their annual meeting as specified in Section 31 of the Constitution. In accordance with the last paragraph, they chose Fred Schenck to represent them on the 1956 National Board of Governors, replacing Frank Levinson, the 1955 representative. These District Governors are all good men and eager to work for SCIRA and to help solve your local fleet problems. We have a good set-up, so let's use it!

WE HATE TO BRING THIS SUBJECT UP AGAIN, but it is too important to SCIRA's welfare to ignore. Every year, a goodly number—for various valid reasons—simply disappear from our list and, while they are constantly replaced with new blood, we hate to lose track of them. Last month, notice was given that only snipers with paid-up dues would get a copy next month. So, if you have simply been careless this summer, won't you sit right down and write us a letter explaining your situation? Remember, if you miss the Bulletin in the future, it will be because (1) you failed to send in your new winter address; (2) you haven't paid your dues and have been dropped from the Association!

NATIONAL NOTES: Late arrivals on Thursday were greeted by the shocking news that lightning had struck at the Yacht Club and that Dr. Sam Norwood and Jim Hoyt's mother had been taken to a hospital. Fortunately, they were only stunned and were back Friday morning—Mrs. Hoyt with a few stitches in her scalp. . . It was nice to meet some old-timers again: Charles "Old Faithful" Gabor, the 1939 National Champion; Taver Bayly from Clearwater, Fla., 1938 SCIRA Commodore; Guy and Ruth Roberts, and many others. . . Snipe emblems were in great evidence and much admired and all products of our advertisers: jewelry from Gill-Gill and His Lordship Products Co.; neckties from Deck'n Dock; while Charley Morgan exhibited the last word in a sail-cloth shirt (see his ad in this issue). . . Ole Botved from Denmark was there in person with one of his beautiful fibreglas snipes.

U.S. NATIONALS AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA

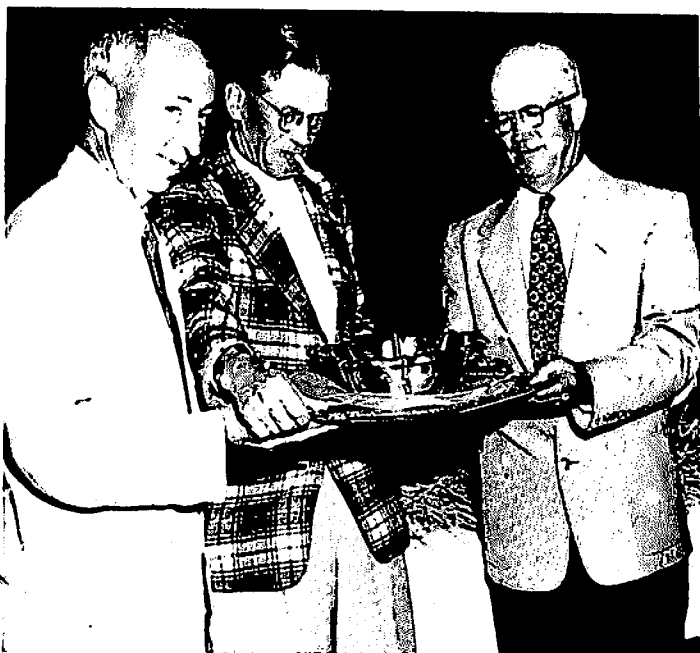
By Edith Huguley

The Atlanta Yacht Club on Lake Allatoona, Cherokee County, Georgia, was host to the Snipe Class International Racing Association's 1955 Championship Regatta, featuring the U. S. Junior Championship August 5-6th and the U. S. National Championship August 8-12th.

The Regatta, in its completeness, consisted of eleven separate races sailed under the Racing Rules of the North

American Yacht Racing Union, with the official SCIRA point scoring system employed throughout the contest. The Junior Champion was determined first with a series of three races; then three qualifying races were sailed to determine contestants in the final main event of five races. After a year of planning and preparation, the big day was upon us and before we knew it, the opening gun was fired for the Juniors.

BILLY ROBERTS KEEPS JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP



Wert Fox, crew, and Junior Champion Billy Roberts accept the Duffy Memorial Trophy from Mrs. Owen E. Duffy, wife of the late SCIRA Commodore Owen E. Duffy. All are from the Privateer Fleet #142 of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

--Photo by Stewart, Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

No one was too greatly surprised when Chattanooga's young blond privateer, Billy Roberts, and his superlative crew, Wert Fox, who swept the field for the National Junior Snipe Championship at Mentor Harbor last year, showed the same refusal to be defeated at Allatoona this year. Sailing for the last time as a junior, 17 year-old Billy won over his nearest rival by a margin of 363 points and finished farther ahead of the rest of his competitors than he did last year.

Nineteen contestants qualified and sailed in this 3-race series, representing 13 fleets from all over the country and the youngsters were all anxious to test their skill against the favored champ. However, Friday was a hot, still day and the first race that morning was a windward-leeward drifting match which ran over the 2 and 1/2 hour limit and was declared "no race". That race was repeated in a little better breeze that afternoon and was hotly contested by the first 6 or 7 boats to leave the starting mark, with smooth handling of the boats somewhat the envy of many older skippers looking on. A Californian from Newport Beach, Pete Frost, the younger brother of U.S. Senior Champion Tom Frost, made a fast break at the line with his "Snowball II" and led the fleet for one fourth of the race. But Roberts covered him hard upwind at the first mark turn and held the lead in "Fiddle Faddle" the rest of the way, and Mike Choquette of Kansas City, Kans., slipped in between the two for a second place.

Again, on Saturday morning, there was barely enough breeze to blow the boats around the triangular course within the time limit, but the lads from California found it to

their liking and George Walker from Alamitos Bay got a very nice first while Jerry Thompson from the same club took second. Billy and Mike slipped back to 5th and 8th spots in this race.

The final afternoon race was over the same course, but the wind was now fair and the boats moved right along. Billy got away to a good start and led the fleet by a half-mile after the first lap. First place looked "right in the bag", but Woody Norwood, the local favorite, with his 10 year-old sister as crew, had been slowly working his way through the fleet until he was now in second place. He then sailed the race of his young life on the last lap, gradually closing in on Billy until, on the final reach home, he was close on his transom. It was bow-and-bow down the stretch and, in a final burst of slow speed, he edged Roberts over the line by three seconds, a little more than three feet. Thus Billy lost his last race as a junior to a youngster who had shown steady improvement in the series with an 11, 4, and 1 and thereby gave everyone notice that he had his eyes on Billy's crown in future national junior events.

Although it was Roberts and Norwood fighting for the lead most of Saturday, Mike Choquette from Lake Quivara was never far behind and his 3rd place in the final race gave him the runner-up title by a comfortable margin to the complete delight of his father, mother, and little sister Pat, who shore-hugged him in all through the marathon. Woody Norwood, who knew his home waters well enough to know nothing about them can be counted as constant, turned in a creditable third. Jerry Thompson of Long Beach, Cal., and Noel Yarger of Diamond Lake, Mich., won fourth and fifth places by their consistent sailing.

Thus the winnah and still champ, Billy Roberts, for whom the Duffy Trophy has a close and unforgettable tradition, bows out of competition in the junior class. The seniors welcome him with mixed feelings and look forward to testing his mettle and fine sportsmanship for many years to come.

5 JUNIORS QUALIFIED FOR THE HEINZERLING SERIES!

JUNIOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

BOAT No.	SKIPPER	RACES			TOTAL PTS.	FIN
		1	2	3		
7428	Billy Roberts, Chattanooga, Tenn.	1	5	2	4417	1
9100	Mike Choquette, Quivara, Kansas.	2	8	3	4054	2
5547	Woody Norwood, Atlanta, Ga.	11	4	1	3869	3
9599	Jerry Thompson, Alamitos Bay, Cal.	9	2	6	3770	4
8050	Noel Yarger, Diamond Lake, Mich.	4	7	7	3681	5
9999	Pete Frost, Newport Harbor, Cal.	3	13	9	3252	6
6447	Arden Zinn, Gull Lake, Mich.	8	6	12	3155	7
9314	Edwin Rosenbaum, Gull Lake, Mich.	5	9	14	3049	8
9732	Dexter Thede, Grand Rapids, Mich.	7	DSQ	4	2966	9
6945	George Walker, Alamitos Bay, Cal.	14	1	16	2954	10
9324	Kevin Curran, Lake Lotawana, Mo.	16	3	15	2745	11
8569	Carlos Rodriguez, Palm Beach, Fla.	15	15	5	2648	12
8588	John Sundberg, Diamond Lake, Mich.	8	DSQ	10	2627	13
7003	Brannon Lesesne, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.	17	12	8	2508	14
5933	Jim Hoyt, Quivara, Kansas.	10	11	DSQ	2302	15
9739	Bobby White, Missouri Y.C.	12	16	13	2250	16
10201	Gibbons Zeratsky, Green Lake, Wis.	13	10	DNF	2229	17
10073	Donald Ricketts, Clearwater, Fla.	18	14	11	2158	18
7132	Vicky Norwood, Atlanta, Ga.	19	17	17	1636	19

—Consistent Harry Allen Takes National Snipe Silver—

WHITTEMORE 2nd—H.LEVINSON 3rd in fleet of 58 boats

New Champion Wins Both Crosby and Heinzerling Series

Monday, August 8th, ushered in the first two races of the Crosby Series, with a 10:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. starting gun. The 58 entries were divided into 4 fleets, with each fleet sailing once against each other fleet in the 3 scheduled races and the 24 high-point score boats thus qualifying to sail in the U. S. Championship Heinzerling Series.

But once again, light air was a problem to most of the skippers and the committee in charge did absolutely nothing about it. In the first race, zephyr breezes made the snipes look like snails on the windward-leeward course. The first division started off on a beat to the first mark, but 15 minutes later, the perverse wind had completely shifted about and the second fleet started on a dead run. This resulted in them catching up with the first fleet just before they got to the first mark and the result was really something to see and hear. The two fleets became intermingled and it was a general mix-up and free-for-all for the duration of the race. Many veterans skippers could not fathom out the light and shifty breezes, but the winners were true to form with Harry Levinson and Ted Wells snatching the first two positions and Billy Roberts and Harry Allen, a newcomer, taking 2nd spots.

The visiting skippers called for more air for the afternoon race and the host Atlanta Yacht Club ardently prayed for it, but the two divisions got away in enough breeze to move the boats, which at times went away, leaving the tall snipes to wallow in the calm. But midway in the race, winds of 10 mph stepped up the pace of the last lap and things began to happen.

Spotty and gusty winds moved some boats at a good pace but left others sitting helplessly and both divisions became scattered all over the lake. Billy Roberts (in the 1st division) led all the boats by nearly half a mile and had just rounded the last mark on a run home when his mainsail halyard broke. It took him several minutes to capsize his boat and mend it, but he stayed in the race and finished ninth as a result. Sam Norwood, to the great delight of all, and Harold Gilreath copped the leading positions with Harry Levinson and Harry Allen in second places. Many top skippers were completely baffled by these two races with such light and variable winds and were way back in the fleet, while the lighter teams did better, as could be expected. Ted Wells had a 10th, Whittemore a 14th, Tom Frost 15th, Seavy 20th—just to give you an idea. But the leaders Monday night were Harry Levinson of Indianapolis first, Harold Gilreath of Atlanta 2nd, Diane Westholt of Iowa-Nebraska 3rd, and Harry Allen of Lake Quassapaug, Connecticut, fourth.

The final qualifying race Wednesday morning was a more normal race in most respects. A stiff easterly wind brought the best weather to date and the time around the triangular course was good. The boys from Lake Quassapaug, Harry Allen and Terry Whittemore, took over both fleets and showed them all how to do it with two fine 1sts, while Harry Levinson and Gilreath slipped back with a 3rd and a 6th. Thus Harry Allen, with two 2nds and a 1st, quietly moved up to take the series and the Crosby Trophy and participants had the first inkling of what might happen in the big event.

Many took a good look at Allen for the first time and saw a short, square-shouldered man of 29 with an attractive young miss, Helen O'Leary, 16 year-old high school junior from Waterbury, Connecticut, as crew. His boat, #8800, is a home-made job which took Kurt Zanker of City Island three years to build, assisted by Harry, a carpenter by trade. The boat has been sailed four years, first by Miss O'Leary and then by Harry. It is an ordinary looking snipe, built to the norm with a rather flat plank deck and nothing fancy or deluxe. He uses a lightround mast and a beautiful suit of dacron sails made by Ulmer of City Island. But the pay-off

came when they saw the PIVOT BOARD. It was the only one in the fleet and a reminder of the early days of SNIPE. This was the boat and crew in leadership at the start of the big series—not too impressive in appearance but certainly deceptive in performance.

The opening two races of the Heinzerling (24 boats) and the Wells (34 boats) were originally scheduled for Wednesday, August 10th, clocked for a morning and afternoon run. The day dawned with a slight hint of Hurricane Connie in the air and veteran sailors were all on hand, water-togged in heavy gear, to meet the 25 mph winds. The lady, however, proved a flirt and the wind gradually died out, so that, at the opening gun, things were back to a no-wind normal.

This windward-leeward race was run in true fashion with a gradually dying breeze. Billy Roberts got out in front early and stayed there without much trouble until just a few yards from the finish line. With a few close competitors right behind him, Billy was caught in a dead calm when the wind-bag completely collapsed, and so, after two hours of beating his brains out, he was forced to sit with his sails flapping and watch the entire fleet run down upon him. Then ensued a sight seldom seen in any race as the back boats all overtook the front boats and the entire fleet headed for the finishing line in slow movement. The first boat to pop out of the mess—amid loud cheers—was Hattie Carver, but her moment didn't last long and it was anybody's guess as to who would be first across the line. But who do you think accomplished that feat? You're right! None other than Harry Allen in his "Jay" and thus he served notice that his previous victory was no accident. Harry Levinson, second in the qualifying series, also maintained his second place spot while Terry Whittemore pulled out his slipstick and did a beautiful job of hiking himself into 3rd place after suffering a recall at the start which put him into a poor last.

The breeze continued to drift away and lulled the lake into a mirror, so the afternoon race was cancelled in favor of a swimming party. With three races scheduled for Thursday, an early start was made at 9 A. M., in a 10-15 mph wind which fortunately held up all day and made sailing swift and demanding of some good crewmanship. In the first race, Fred

QUALIFICATION SERIES---CROSBY TROPHY. (Point scores of the first 24 boats.)

BOAT No.	SKIPPER	RACES			TOTAL PTS.	FIN
		1	2	3		
8800	Harry Allen, Quassapaug, Conn.	2	2	1	4642	1
10172	Harry Levinson, Wawassee, Ind.	1	2	3	4565	2
8653	Harold Gilreath, Atlanta, Ga.	3	1	6	4269	3
6025	Ted Wells, Wichita, Kans.	1	10	3	4005	4
8099	Charles Morgan, Clearwater, Fla.	7	6	2	3902	5
10101	Fred Schenck, Newport Harbor, Cal.	8	3	4	3902	6
7428	Billy Roberts, Chattanooga, Tenn.	2	9	5	3841	7
7348	Alan Levinson, Indianapolis, Ind.	3	7	7	3756	8
9385	Diane Westholt, Iowa-Nebraska.	4	4	12	3579	9
9363	Sam Norwood, Atlanta, Ga.	12	1	9	3465	10
9497	John Wolcott, Chautauqua, N.Y.	5	12	5	3433	11
7432	Terry Whittemore, Quassapaug, Conn.	10	14	1	3290	12
6995	Francis Seavy, Clearwater, Fla.	5	20	2	3258	13
9924	Victor Larsen, Chautauqua, N.Y.	8	3	13	3158	14
9900	Larry Wheeler, Akron, Ohio.	15	4	8	3134	15
8648	David Rogers, Quassapaug, Conn.	13	5	10	3041	16
5547	Woody Norwood, Atlanta, Ga.	4	7	23	2849	17
9999	Tom Frost, Newport Harbor, Cal.	13	15	4	2829	18
9599	Jerry Thompson, Alamos Bay, Cal.	6	11	16	2750	19
9739	Eddie Williams, Missouri Y.C.	21	8	6	2714	20
9314	Edwin Rosenbaum, Gull Lake, Mich.	9	13	11	2708	21
7908	Dwight Westholt, Iowa-Nebraska	15	8	11	2665	22
6938	Hattie Carver, Green Lake, Wis.	14	15	7	2561	23
10201	Gibby Zeratsky, Green Lake, Wis.	17	6	14	2530	24

and Jean Schenck suddenly got going and breezed away to a very decisive victory with Harry Levinson still sailing his consistent second place. Commodore Eddie Williams also made his best mark with a 3rd place, while Harry Allen turned in what seemed to be a bad blow with a 13th place--his worst race of the regatta. The second morning race was a repetition of the first one, but this time the old masters, Ted Wells and Francis Seavy led the boys around the course in a convincing fashion and finished 1 and 2. Terry Whittemore came back into 3rd after a disastrous 20th in the first race, while Allen got a 6th and Harry Levinson sank to a low 16th. At this point, Dame Fortune had smiled with equal favor on many skippers and, while Allen and Levinson were slightly ahead, there were about ten hot sailors breathing down their necks and it was anybody's race.

The afternoon race was triangular with a good wind blowing all over the lake. The fleet split in two groups at the start, taking opposite sides of the lake. Francis Seavy, with his dander up, decided there was no time to fool and he and Wells got around the mark about the same time, closely followed by Larry Wheeler of Akron. The rest of the fleet strung out on a run behind them, but they managed to stay there as the favorites began to work their way toward the front. Allen, Whittemore, and Levinson were close and, when Ted's boom hit the windward mark as he was rounding it in a sudden strong puff, there was a wild scramble for second place. And who do you think got it? None other than Harry Allen and pretty little Helen! Levinson was 3rd, Whittemore 4th, and Wheeler 5th.

Thus, with four-fifths of the series squared away, the Crosby winner was acting like a champion with an over-all lead in points. He could not win a championship by simply getting "at least a certain place". He was faced with defeating Levinson, Whittemore, Schenck, Charlie Morgan from Clearwater, and Francis Seavy. They were doing the most consistent sailing and all had a chance for the crown.

The final race Friday morning was in a fair wind, but the starting line was so close to shore that the skippers all agreed to make a port tack on the leeward end of the line. This resulted in one of the most unusual and beautiful sights with the entire fleet moving in perfect formation at the start, with Whittemore so far in the lead that he was called back to do it over again. Most of the fleet went down the middle of the lake and Wells beat them all to the mark, but Allen was close behind. Then, to everyone's great surprise, up popped Whittemore to be the third boat around the first mark. He had taken a long port tack to the far shore and then barreled down to the mark on a long starboard tack. Schenck and Tom Frost were close, but Seavy and Levinson were bottled up in the fleet and could not get free. At the end of the first lap, a duel for first place had developed between Wells and Allen. A half a lap ahead of the rest of the fleet, they staged as pretty a contest on the second beat as anyone will ever see, sailing down the lake closely together. Here was one for the book -- a pivot board boat against a dagger board with two top sailors out for blood! As Harry slowly pulled up to Ted on the windward side, Ted pulled every trick in the bag to prevent him from doing so. It was bow-and-bow most of the way, with Ted covering every move Allen made. But as they approached the windward mark, they split tacks and Ted got a slant which carried him off away from the mark while Harry sailed right up to it. From there on in, Harry sat and contemplated his victory and trip to Spain. Whittemore held his 3rd place and Schenck hung on to 4th, but Harry Levinson sailed out of competition with an 11th. Tom Frost, the defending champion, got a 5th place, his best for the series.

And so a new U. S. Champion was determined in a very satisfactory manner, as he was a grand slam winner with both the Crosby and Heinzerling Trophies and a trip to Spain to represent the U. S. And he deserved his honors, for in only one race of the 8-race marathon did he place lower than 4th and that was on Thursday in the second race when he came in 13th. But the sailor who showed again and again that he did not know defeat and did not want to make the acquaintance was Terry Whittemore with his brother, Bob, as crew. Twice, Terry overcame seemingly insurmountable odds, after being recalled at the start, to overtake the entire

fleet and finish in second place as runner-up behind champion Allen. We don't know how he did it, but man, he MANEUVERED! It was beautiful sailing plus genuine sportsmanship that won him a host of admirers. His was by far the outstanding job of sailing after Allen's superb consistency. Harry Levinson, Fred Schenck, and Charlie Morgan finished 3rd, 4th, and 5th in the final standings.

In the meantime, the Wells Consolation Series had been sailed in juxtaposition to the Heinzerling with a 15 minute time lapse between each starting gun. As conclusive a victory as we have ever witnessed was won by Carl Zimmerman of Akron, Ohio, and Geves Kenny as crew with four aces in a five (r)ace deck. After sailing in tenth place for the first race, he trumped the last four to compile the amazing total of 7,316 points, the highest in either the championship or consolation series, to win the Wells Trophy. Cleve and Dorothy Slauson of Peoria, Ill. were 1017 points behind to take second place in the 33 boat fleet. What we would like to see now is a two-man regatta, something on the order of the Nashua-Swaps contest, between Champions Allen and Zimmerman. We think we could sell tickets to that one!



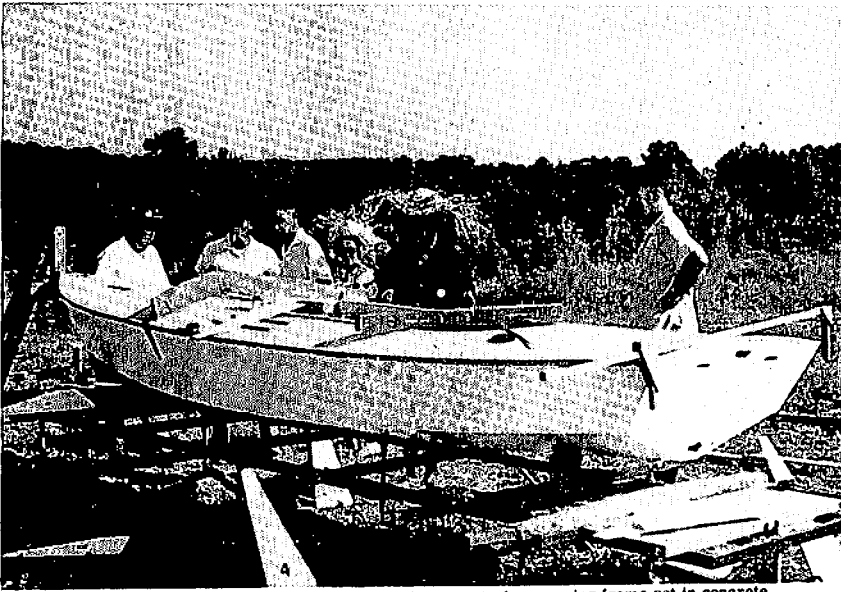
Ted Wells presents the Wells Trophy to Geves Kenny, crew, and skipper Carl Zimmerman (right), the oldest team in competition at the Nationals.

We don't feel that a chronicle of the regatta would be complete without mentioning the social calendar. So, while we want to stir pleasant memories for those who were present, we also hope to tease the absentees in an attempt to lure them Allatoonaward to sample our brand of fun and hospitality.

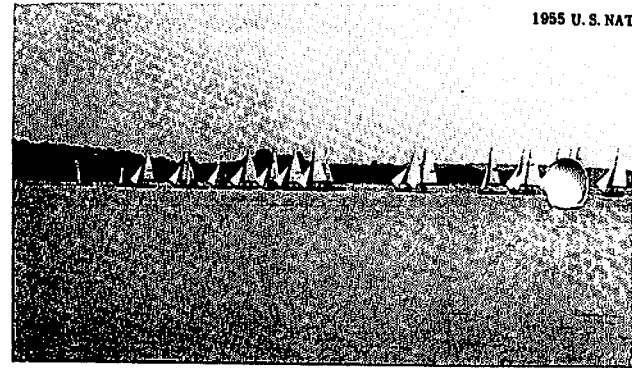
First of all, the Norwoods, kissin' kin to all snipers, turned their cabin in the pines and surrounding greensward into a celebration gathering-ground for the oldsters the first night out, while the Juniors took over the clubhouse to welcome their contemporaries. Everybody had a wonderful time, and as a party, it was a pace-setter. The following night, Fleet 330 had the pleasure of hosting the official welcoming cocktail party and the regatta was formally launched.

Midweek, the A. Y. C. entertained its guests and members at a Commodore's beer party and southern barbecue--with Brunswick Stew worth swimming the Mason-Dixon line for--followed by music for your dancing entertainment. A six-piece combo blaring Dixieland jazz, brother, that was the most! One of our more incredulous visitors asked "if you people down South dance like that all the time?" Of course not--only when we're not sailing!

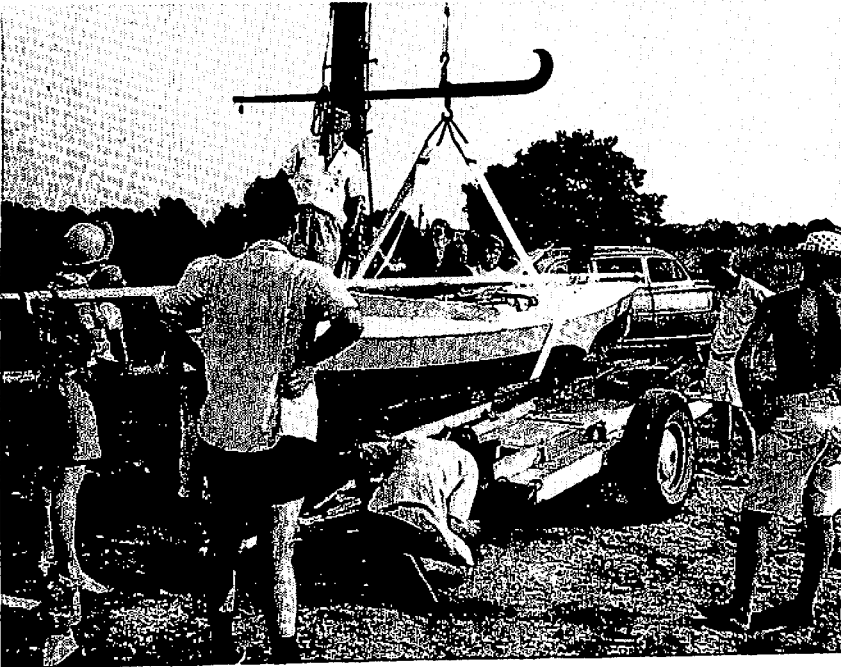
Then came the final party and one which we like to think of as the highlight of the season--the Awards Banquet and Dance. Dinner was served under the evening stars with "Cuzzin" Fred's delightful m. c. ing setting the tempo for the



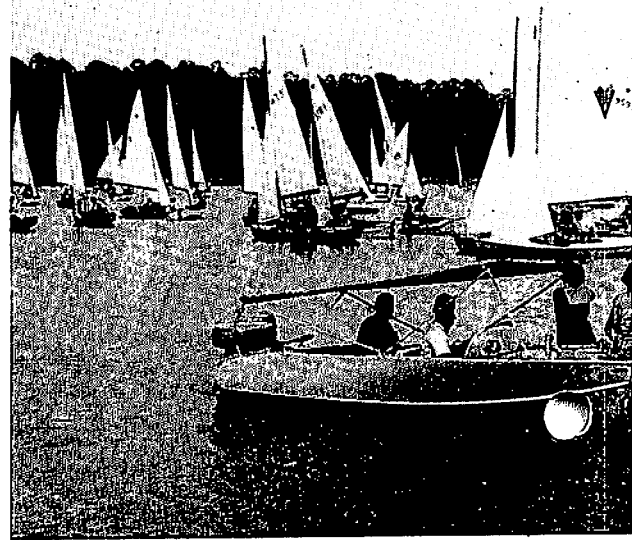
A. Chief Measurer John Wesley checks boat on steel measuring frame set in concrete. Fancy straw hats were given to all out-of-town entries. —Delta Air Lines.



D. Famous Finish of the first Helzerling Race---the entire



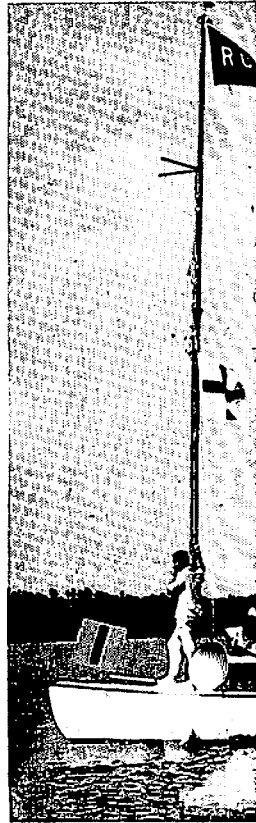
B. Interested and critical spectators watch General Chairman Fred Pember weigh Ted Wells' boat on cotton beam or stilliard scales. —Delta Air Lines.



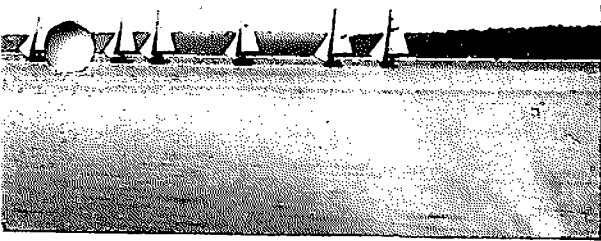
E. Boats jockey for position at the start of a



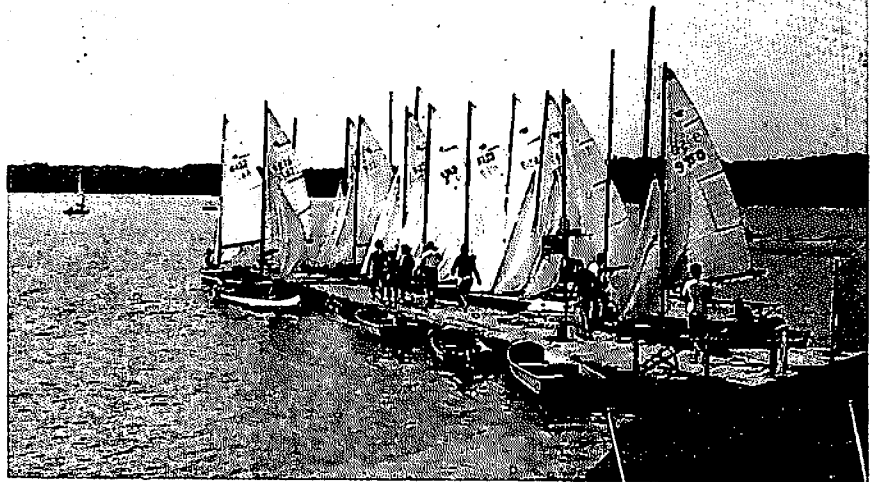
C. Relaxing on the Club-house Lawn--(l. to r.) Jerry Jerome, Mrs. Eddie Williams, Mrs. Cleve Slauson, Floyd Hughes, Bill Kilpatrick, Dr. E. L. McElwaine, Elmer Rikor, Commodore Eddie Williams, and Cleve Slauson. Photo by Marguerite Reynolds.



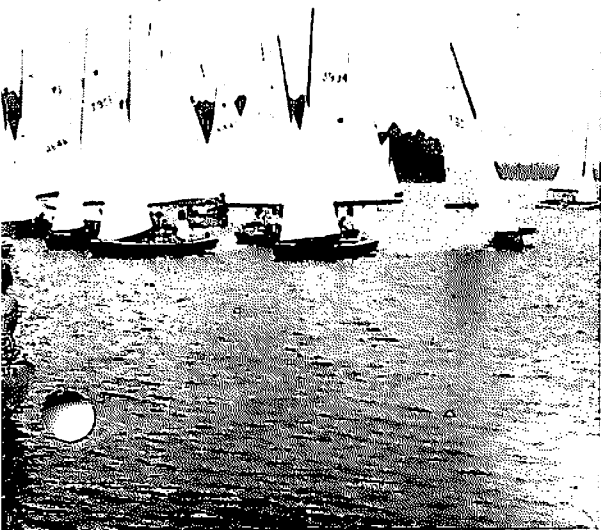
F. Race Committee Boat with C



fleet moves down on the finish line! —Delta A. L.



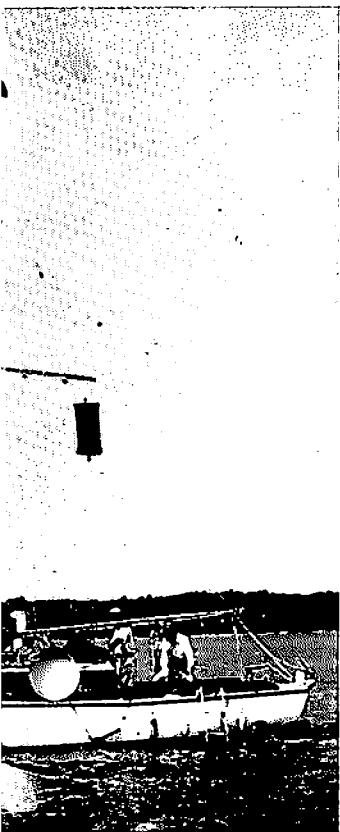
G. Time out for lunch. Snipes tie up at one of the four docks. —Delta Air lines.



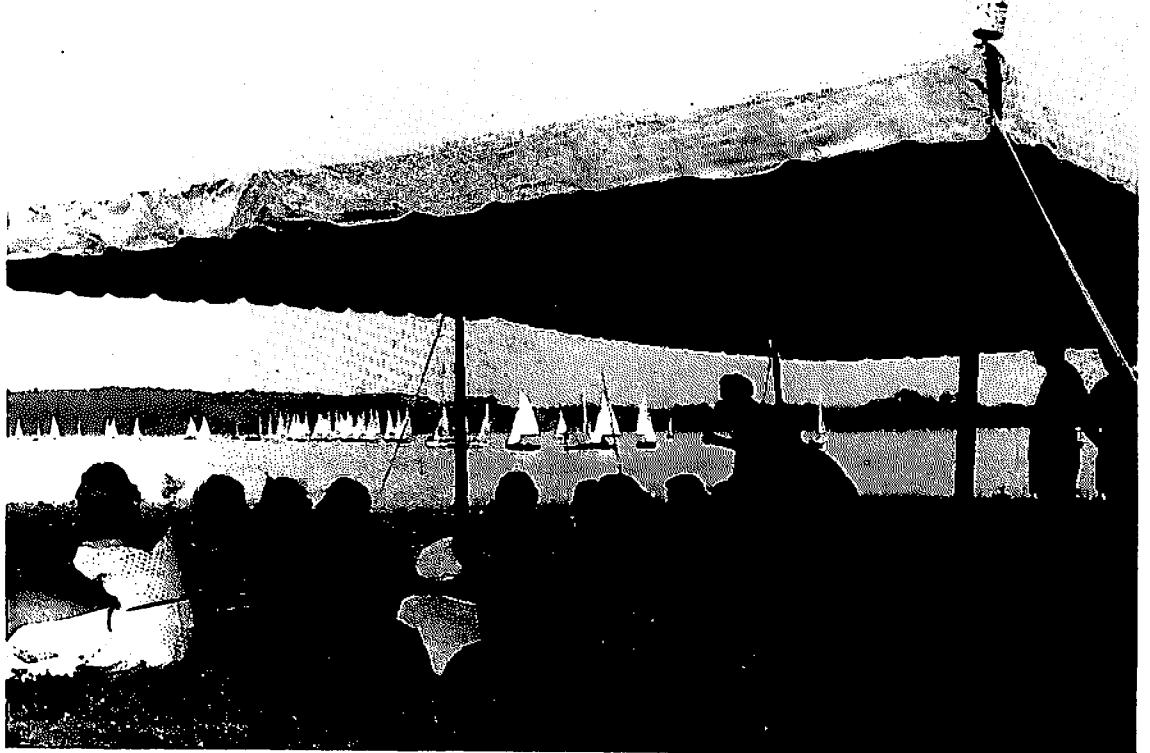
ace. —Photo by Marguerite Reynolds.



H. SCIRA BRASS--Past Commodore Ted Wells, Vice-Commodore Harold Gilreath, and International Commodore Eddie Williams. —Photo by Lon Gorla.



Chairman Pete Tenney, A. Y. C., standing by mast. —Delta Air Lines.



L Spectators watching start of a race from vantage point on shore. - Photo by Marguerite Reynolds.

(Continued from page 5).
festivities that lasted into the morning hours.

All in all, we believe that as fun, it was the greatest. We thank you-all (and in southern talk that's individually and collectively) for coming and being such grand guests. We think the press did a marvelous outside job for us and we know the members of both Fleet 330 and the A. Y. C. did a wonderful inside job. Now, leaving our typewriter, we hope you will join us in a rising vote of thanks, especially to our Commodore Frank Brady; Fleet Captain Elmer Riker; and

the old work-horse, Regatta General Chairman Frederic P. Pember, for a successful and delightful Nationals. (At this point, Commodore Eddie Williams and the Board of Governors request all U. S. members of SCIRA to please arise, face in the direction of Atlanta, and make a deep bow from the waist, paying respectful homage and official appreciation to the good people of the A. Y. C. for their accomplishment and enthusiastic support of the organization. Such members make SCIRA the finest group of sailors in the world! --the Ed.) Come again, everybody! --Mrs. Edith Huguley.

1955 SCIRA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP COMMODORE CHARLES E. HEINZERLING TROPHY SERIES

BOAT No.	SKIPPER--CREW--CLUB.	RACE 1.	RACE 2.	RACE 3.	RACE 4.	RACE 5.	F I N
		PLACE	PLACE TOTAL	PLACE TOTAL	PLACE TOTAL	PLACE TOTAL	
8800	H. Allen-H. O'Leary, Quassapaug, Conn.	1 1600	13 784 2384	6 1225 3609	2 1521 5130	1 1600 6730	1
7432	T. Whittemore-B. Whittemore,	3 1444	20 441 1885	3 1444 3329	4 1369 4698	3 1444 6142	2
10172	H. Levinson-F. Levinson, Wawasee, Ind.	2 1521	2 1521 3042	16 625 3667	3 1444 5111	11 900 6011	3
10101	F. Schenck-J. Schenck, Newport Harbor, Cal.	18 529	1 1600 2129	7 1156 3285	7 1156 4441	4 1369 5810	4
8099	C. Morgan-B. Ballard, Clearwater, Fla.	14 729	4 1369 2098	4 1369 3467	10 961 4428	9 1024 5452	5
6025	T. Wells-M. Negley, Wichita, Kans.	9 1024	15 676 1700	1 1600 3300	DSQ 289 3589	2 1521 5110	6
9739	E. Williams-B. White, Missouri Y.C.	11 900	3 1444 2344	21 400 2744	8 1089 3833	7 1156 4989	7
9999	T. Frost-P. Frost, Newport Harbor, Cal.	15 676	7 1156 1832	8 1089 2921	14 729 3650	5 1296 4946	8
6995	F. Seavy-P. DeVousin, Clearwater, Fla.	20 441	17 576 1017	2 1521 2538	1 1600 4138	13 784 4922	9
8653	H. Gilreath-F. Johnson, Atlanta Y.C.	8 1089	6 1225 2314	5 1296 3610	20 441 4051	12 841 4892	10
7348	A. Levinson-W. Levinson, Indianapolis S.C.	6 1225	10 961 2186	9 1024 3210	13 784 3994	17 576 4570	11
9365	Diane Westholt-J. Beck, Iowa-Nebraska.	5 1296	5 1296 2592	20 441 3033	11 900 3933	19 484 4417	12
7428	B. Roberts-W. Fox, Chattanooga, Tenn.	4 1369	14 729 2098	DSQ 256 2354	18 625 2979	6 1225 4204	13
9200	L. Wheeler-D. Wheeler, Akron, O.	19 484	21 400 884	18 641 1725	5 1296 3021	8 1089 4110	14
9497	J. Wolcott-Norm Fresman, Chautauqua, N.Y.	12 841	22 361 1202	11 900 2102	6 1225 3327	14 729 4056	15
6938	H. Carver-E. Kentnich, Green Lake, Wis.	13 784	24 289 1073	10 961 2034	15 676 2710	10 961 3671	16
8648	D. Rogers-T. Little, Quassapaug, Conn.	10 961	11 900 1861	17 576 2437	17 576 3013	18 625 3638	17
7908	D. Westholt-J. Schwindler, Iowa-Nebraska.	21 400	9 1024 1424	19 484 1908	12 841 2749	20 441 3190	18
9314	E. Rosenbaum-C. Rosenbaum, Gull Lake, Mich.	16 825	8 1089 1714	DNF 324 2038	18 529 2587	18 529 3096	19
9363	S. Norwood-M. Norwood, Atlanta Y.C.	22 361	18 829 890	14 729 1619	9 1024 2643	22 361 3004	20
10201	G. Zeratsky-K. Kinas, Green Lake, Wis.	23 324	12 841 1165	15 676 1841	21 400 2241	15 676 2917	21
5547	Woody Norwood-B. Norwood, Atlanta Y.C.	7 1156	19 484 1640	22 361 2001	22 361 2362	21 400 2762	22
9924	V. Larsen-T. Bugbee, Chautauqua, N.Y.	17 576	16 625 1201	13 784 1985	19 484 2469	DSQ 289 2758	23
9599	Jerry Thompson, Alamitos Bay, Cal.	DSQ 256	23 324 500	18 529 1109	DNF 289 1398	DNS --- 1398	24

1955 SCIRA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP WELLS TROPHY SERIES

BOAT No.	SKIPPER--CREW--CLUB.	RACE 1.	RACE 2.	RACE 3.	RACE 4.	RACE 5.	F I N
		PLACE	PLACE TOTAL	PLACE TOTAL	PLACE TOTAL	PLACE TOTAL	
10175	C. Zimmerman-G. Kenny, Akron, Ohio.	10 961	1 1600 2561	1 1600 4161	1 1600 5761	1 1600 7361	1
9361	C. Slauson-D. Slauson, Peoria, Ill.	4 1369	6 1225 2594	7 1156 3750	4 1369 5119	6 1225 6344	2
8598	M. Whitney-E. Urmeyer, Clearwater, Fla.	6 1295	21 400 1625	3 1444 3069	2 1521 4590	3 1444 6034	3
6447	A. Zinn-D. Zinn, Gull Lake, Mich.	2 1521	12 841 2382	5 1296 3658	25 256 3914	4 1369 5283	4
9321	G. Schwenk-A. Schwenk, Quassapaug, Conn.	15 676	2 1521 2197	21 400 2597	8 1089 3686	7 1156 4842	5
8050	N. Yarger-M. Yarger, Diamond Lake, Mich.	11 900	13 784 1684	10 961 2645	10 961 3606	8 1089 4695	6
9324	K. Curran-S. Martin, Lake Lotawana, Mo.	17 576	10 961 1537	14 729 2266	12 841 3107	2 1521 4628	7
9732	D. Thede-C. Hood, Grand Rapids, Mich.	14 729	15 676 1405	4 1369 2774	7 1156 3930	15 676 4608	8
9100	M. Choquette-J. Bartels, Quivara, Kans.	3 1444	28 169 1613	2 1521 3134	23 324 3458	9 1024 4482	9
9123	F. Pember-D. Peters, Atlanta Y.C.	9 1024	8 1089 2113	11 900 3013	22 361 3374	12 841 4215	10
9500	A. Kroeger-B. Colyer, Rochester, N.Y.	7 1156	4 1369 2525	26 225 2750	21 400 3150	13 784 3934	11
9307	F. Hughes-J. Hughes, Council Bluffs, Ia.	16 825	3 1444 2069	22 361 2430	11 900 3330	19 484 3814	12
3994	R. Frahm-A. Frahm, Grand Rapids, Mich.	19 484	14 729 1213	6 1225 2438	18 529 2987	18 529 3596	13
6191	C. Livergood-O. Wiesner, Tulsa, Okla.	24 289	5 1296 1585	25 256 1841	8 1296 3137	21 400 3537	14
8598	J. Sundberg-J. Ellsasser, Diamond Lake, Mich.	31 100	17 576 676	13 784 1460	6 1225 2685	14 729 3414	15
5933	J. Hoyt-Julie Hoyt, Quivara Lake, Kans.	21 400	20 441 841	20 441 1282	3 1444 2726	16 825 3351	16
9318	J. Carver-B. Zeratsky, Green Lake, Wis.	1 1600	23 324 1924	32 81 2005	27 196 2201	10 961 3162	17
8569	C. Rodriguez-R. Liebau, Graham-Eokes, Fla.	30 121	32 81 202	8 1089 1291	20 441 1732	5 1296 3028	18
7435	B. Russell, Jr.-B. Russell, Sr., Chautauqua	8 1089	18 529 1618	16 825 2243	24 289 2532	20 441 2973	19
9876	D. Williams-D. Blumberg, Chattanooga, Tenn.	26 225	11 900 1125	15 676 1801	15 676 2477	23 324 2801	20
4144	T. Steward-G. Bridges, Sea Cliff, N.Y.	33 64	26 225 289	12 841 1130	14 729 1859	11 900 2759	21
9740	J. Ramel-E. Ramel, Missouri Y.C.	18 529	9 1024 1553	28 169 1722	18 625 2347	22 361 2708	22
6945	G. Walker-W. Walker, Alamitos Bay, Cal.	13 784	30 121 905	17 576 1481	17 576 2057	17 576 2633	23
7786	W. Kilpatrick-J. Kilpatrick, Oklahoma City.	22 361	22 361 722	9 924 1646	13 784 2430	DNF 100 2530	24
6948	J. Wesley-C. Wesley, Chattanooga, Tenn.	5 1296	31 100 1396	24 289 1685	28 169 1854	24 289 2143	25
7877	J. Kroeger-J. Stator, Rochester, N.Y.	29 144	19 484 628	23 324 952	9 1024 1978	DNS --- 1978	26
9330	G. Gupton-D. Gupton, Atlanta, Ga.	28 169	7 1156 1325	29 144 1469	26 225 1694	27 196 1890	27
8645	J. Becker-J. Becker, Tulsa, Oklahoma.	25 256	27 196 452	19 484 936	19 484 1420	26 225 1645	28
9329	E. Riker-W. Sanders, Atlanta Y.C.	20 441	24 289 730	27 196 926	30 121 1047	25 256 1303	29
10163	M. Stevenson-R. Stevenson, Memphis, Tenn.	32 81	16 625 708	31 100 808	29 144 950	28 169 1119	30
9584	C. Hamilton-A. Monroe, Miami, Fla.	23 324	29 144 468	18 529 997	DNF 81 1078	DNS --- 1078	31
9598	P. Piper-N. Guthrie, Memphis, Tenn.	27 196	25 256 452	30 121 573	DSQ 64 637	DNS --- 637	32
10155	J. Jerome-L. McElwaine, Tulsa, Okla.	12 841	DNF ---	DNF ---	DNF ---	DNF ---	33
9291	P. Shea-G. Shea, Akron, Ohio.	DNF ---	DNF ---	DNF ---	DNF ---	DNF ---	---

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP RACES

The 1955 British Snipe Championship races were held on June 18th and 19th on Winsford Flash in perfect sailing weather. Competition was keener than ever before and the lead kept changing throughout the series, as the leaders eliminated themselves by taking chances that did not come off and having to retire as the result. Among possibles who put PAID to their hopes in this way were Nick Hodshon, Edmund Hine, Gerry Lilley, and Frank and Clark Penman.

John Madgwick of Broadstairs Fleet won by steady consistent sailing. Reg Coates of Maldon Fleet was second while Frank Penman of Northwich Fleet managed to get a third place on three races.

Here are scores for the leaders:


SKIPPER	RACES				TOTAL Points.
	1	2	3	4	
John Madgwick	5	1	2	2	5938
Reg Coates	6	3	5	4	5334
Frank Penman	1	R	1	3	5005
Michael Brindle	8	5	9	7	4565

FLEET #2 HAS FINE SPIRIT

And here is more news on Snipe affairs in California! Clark King writes as follows: "As you know, I have been fleet captain of the Los Angeles Harbor Snipe Fleet #2 for the past 6 years. This year our fleet has not been active, but I am sending in dues for the five remaining members, Phil Ramser, Arch Higman, Mike Jager, Don Stein, and myself. I have been studying for a master's degree; Arch Higman has been in Europe; Mike Jager in the Air Force; Phil Ramser in Japan in the Army; and Don Stein is also on a two-year Army hitch. But all of us (as true Snipers till death!!!) wish to remain active in Snipe affairs and definitely plan to renew fleet competition late this year. We plan to send at least two participants to the 1956 Nationals.

In the past, the Los Angeles Fleet has been very active. It is of great concern to me and the remaining members that we have temporarily become defunct. But, to quote the most recent Snipe Bulletin article, "The South (of California) shall rise again, suh!!", and we plan to be well represented in future national activities. As you know, we have our reputation to maintain."

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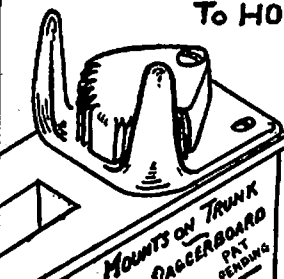


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Cable Wandering

by
Ted Wells



COMMENTARY ON THE NATIONALS!

This time of year, this column is supposed to come up with some sage scientific observations on lessons learned at the Nationals. This year, that is going to be a little bit difficult to do, because, while crapshooting contests are mathematically predictable, using the law of chance, the use of loaded dice has quite an effect on the results. The loaded dice in Atlanta were possessed by Old Joe. For the benefit of those who were not at Atlanta or who may not have been let in on the secret about Old Joe, Joe is the guy who lives under a rock up near the No. 1 mark and who crawls out only when he sees a sailboat approaching. The No. 1 mark is located in what Atlantans call the slot, as I remember. It is called a lot of things by the other skippers. It is under the high bank on the southwest shore, just far enough away from shore so the race committee boat won't go aground when setting the mark. The only thing that could be added to accelerate the skippers progress toward insanity would be some big beach umbrellas in the background for camouflage.

Joe has a panel of buttons which he can push, the buttons making the wind do things calculated to drive sailors stark raving mad. He can, for instance, cause a lead boat tacking off the south shore near the mark to come off the shore at a 45-degree angle, while the next boat tacking off the shore at exactly the same point, suddenly sails parallel to the shore, laying the mark perfectly. By pushing the opposite number to this button, Joe can make the wind shift so that the boat sailing parallel to shore and a 100 feet to windward of a boat further off shore, suddenly finds himself about 30 feet behind the boat that he had been 100 feet to windward of a moment before.

Joe has another pair of buttons by which he can cause the wind to blow in a narrow streak down either the north or south shore. These buttons are not pushed until most of the fleet has gotten around the mark and headed down the lake on a run. How Joe manages to keep these winds in such narrow streaks and keep them from spreading out over the lake is a mystery to everyone. The fact that he is working with velocities which vary from zero to not much more most of the time probably makes this control a little bit easier, although, when he manages to whistle up a little rain squall, he can push another button which produces a puff of truly gigantic proportions by comparison with his normal product, which is just right to heel over a boat far enough so that the boom will catch the top of the mark, even if the hull is clearing by three feet.

Joe's best feat, however, in producing consternation among the sailors, particularly those who are unfortunate enough to be in leading positions, is what happens when he pushes the suction button. The first time he pushed this was the second qualifying race. The first fleet had started on a beat toward the No. 1 mark with the usual wind of zero with light puffs, when Joe pushed the button. The first thing that happened was that the light puffs disappeared for awhile and then came up from the opposite direction, leaving the second fleet with a directly downwind start. The wind then steadied down to a gentle zephyr, and the second fleet moved down the lake in an almost perfect line abreast formation, landing on top of the first fleet just about the time they started around the mark. The scrambling, gnashing of teeth, and smashing of

boats could be heard all the way to the clubhouse.

The second time Joe used this button was in the first race of the Heinzerling Series when the leading boats had arrived within about 100 yards of the finishing line after beating their brains out for two hours of drifting. The results were as destructive to sailors morale as before, but not as spectacular from the spectators point of view as there was only one fleet involved and the finish line was almost long enough to accommodate all the boats that were trying to cross it all to accommodate all the boats that were trying to cross it all at once. In the last 150 feet, practically everyone in the fleet was in first and last place both at one time or another, those behind getting a little puff (which never got up to those in front) and coasting into the lead until their momentum stopped and somebody else had dropped back behind in a position to pick up the next puff.

There was, however, one point on which everyone got some real practice; that was on making starts on weird starting lines. These lines varied from one which Charley Morgan called a starting point instead of a starting line (the angle between the line and the starboard tack was about 135 degrees instead of the normal 40 degrees) to one in which the starboard tack carried the boats on a course about 40 degrees less than that necessary to cross the line.

I have written articles before on the technique of starting on starting lines that shouldn't be, but I think the practice I recently obtained indicates that the whole thing can be very easily summarized in one statement. Namely, don't try to get the theoretically perfect or even very close to a theoretically perfect start. On all of these starting lines which favor one end of the line or the other by a large amount, there is only one point which will give a perfect start, and there will be a great too many people trying to be there at the same time.

The ensuing jam is likely to be great enough so that even if you arrive there a little bit late, you will still get caught, and the best way seems to be to aim for a point on the line far enough to leeward of this theoretically perfect point so that you can get across the line with full speed and have a reasonable chance of getting into the clear quickly. There will undoubtedly be a few boats to windward of you who managed to get through, also, but they are probably scrambled up to some extent by other boats and are not moving at full speed. In any case, you are a lot better off to be moving fast with only two or three boats to windward of you than to be still sitting behind the starting line 20 seconds after the gun trying to get your boat moving (Harold Gilreath can confirm this statement).

As to starting downwind--that's easy! Just cruise along behind the line on either a port or starboard reach until the gun goes off. The starboard tackers are just as confused as the port tackers and everyone seems to miss each other. When the gun goes off, bear off or jibe as the case may be. If you are behind, just relax--you will soon be in the lead--but not for long.

One thing more that applies to most regattas, especially one like this one. That is to constantly remember that not only is the race not over until the gun fires, but the regatta isn't over until the last race is finished. Keep your finger off the panic button!

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