

Super Tiger and Best In Sail Race

By JOHNNY WILSON
Miami News Sports Writer

NASSAU, Bahamas — Dockside watchers waited patiently today for stragglers in the 23rd annual Miami-Nassau race, an 184-mile windward race this year in 10-foot seas and 15-knot gusty wind.

Winner on corrected time was all-fiberglass, 40-foot yawl, Tiger, sailed by her St. Petersburg-based owner and her skipper. She arrived late last night as a Class C vessel and was behind

No boat sailed the route completely free from incident. Aboard the hard-pushed Ticonderoga two crewmen were washed overboard while trimming the jib when the big ketch heeled in the gusty breezes. Experienced sailors, both Ray Eaton, an Australian, and 20-year-old Jan Lello, of S. Africa, managed to hang on to the jib sheets with one hand and the line-rail stanchions with the other.

The accident happened so quickly that both men were back on deck before a hand could be raised to help them.

Lello popped in and out of the water in two motions, the second dropping him down on the teak deck. Eaton planing momentarily alongside the Ticonderoga much like a water ski was deposited beside Jan with the next lurch of the vessel.

Estimates of when the last boat, Bonnie Doone, Bache Lock's 33-foot yawl, would arrive were in wide variance. It was last sighted still to clear Great Isaac Light with the wind shifting. It could be several days before this resort club

Three days later we set out from Miami, third across the line, in the classic Miami-Nassau Race of 182 miles. We were scratch boat.

I was washed overboard during the night, but managed to get back aboard. An Aussie in the crew was also swept overboard, but not at the same time, as all the papers in the country say.

Anyway, we were first to finish and had to wait four hours for the next boat to come in. On corrected time we were eighth in Class A and 14th in the fleet. The 182 miles on the chart took us 23 hours 12 minutes 34 seconds.

Three days later we took part in the Governor's Cup Race at Nassau. We were first boat to finish again, first in Class A on corrected time and second in the fleet in corrected time.

After another three days we took a "leisurely" sail from Nassau to Miami—just 17 hours to do 190 miles on the log. That meant clocking over 11 knots all the way!

As soon as I got back I was offered the task of taking a boat—*Senorina*, with a charter party aboard—down across the Banks to Nassau and then to the Berry Islands for a ten-day cruise. I jumped at that break to be skipper and navigator of my own boat.

Well, it took me a week to get the boat ready. She was lying at Pier 66 in Fort Lauderdale. The ship was 40 feet

MORE YANKEE DAYS

WHEN Jim Crawford took on board a South African crew in Durban for his schooner *Dirigo II*, he said he would turn them into good seamen and see that they got an introduction to top-class ocean racing in the United States. As one would expect from a man who sailed his ship round the world in so seamanlike a manner, he was as good as his word.

All three have had fine opportunities for hard sailing. One of them, Jan Lello, has chalked up 12,500 miles since he left the Royal Cape Yacht Club basin in the *Cariad* about a year ago and is off to the Pacific now for the Honolulu Race from San Francisco. This will soon bring his tally to something like a remarkable 20,000 miles in little more than a year—practically all of it either in hard-driven ships or actual ocean racing.

Since the past issue of *Yachting News* he has written the following account of his seafaring:

I have had a lot of cruising and racing in the Bahamas. I have sailed to Nassau twice in the past month and spent quite some time round the Berry Islands skippering my first boat.

I left Jim Crawford about two weeks after New Year to do the St. Petersburg-Fort Lauderdale Race. I have not stayed with him since then.

Dirigo lies in Jamaica at a standstill with Bjorn waiting for us to come and pick him up on our way to the West Coast. Since leaving Jim I have not sailed with Norman Grimbeek or Bjorn Johannsen. We race on separate boats so, from now on, this will deal with me and the boats I have sailed on.

To start with I sailed in *Marelen III* from St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale, a 403-mile race. We were last by 12 hours, six hours after Bjorn's boat *Spray* and six hours ahead of her was Norman's *Interlude*, to finish thirteenth and be placed eighth on corrected time. After the race Norman and I and the skipper of my boat sailed her back at once to St. Petersburg—so that was 806 miles of sailing in what was little more than one long week-end.

Then we drove down to Miami and the next week-end I joined the famous 72-foot ketch *Ticonderoga*. That same Saturday we did the Lipton Cup Race on a triangular course, 30 miles. We were second boat to finish, being beaten by *Ondine*. But on corrected time we dropped to 33rd place. Norman in *Interlude* did very poorly and Bjorn was away with *Dirigo*.

long, drew six feet and was built by Wing on Shing Shipyard, Hong Kong, the birthplace of John Goodwin's *Speedwell*, familiar to all back at home.

We left on a Monday in the afternoon and sailed to Bimini about 60 miles across the Gulf Stream. It was a passage across the Banks to Berry Islands; but there we got stormed in. The charter party—one of them the president of the Dow Chemical Company—did not like it when we ran out of iced water and food, so I radioed for a seaplane to fly them back to Nassau, and another one to bring me a crew member from Miami.

The two of us then sailed the boat to Nassau . . . the worst sail I ever had. It took 12 hours of beating to do 35 miles. We tore a whole lot of sails at the owner's expense—the owner being Mr. William L. Brittain of the Hoover Ball Bearing Company. And I was wet for all those 12 hours, as we were being washed from stem to stern by seas.

Well after that lot I hung around Nassau a few days and then another member of Big Ti's crew (short for *Ticonderoga*) came and we sailed her back to Fort Lauderdale in 30 hours. We had a spinnaker run all the way. While sailing back we first beat that big schooner *Polynesia* you always see advertising in *Yachting* and then had a race with *Yankee*. We bested both of them.

Then I went back to help to spend 20,000 bucks on *Ticonderoga* for the Jamaica and Honolulu Races. These two events are going to cost Mr. Brittain 60,000 bucks altogether. We put four new winches, built by Barient at 1,500 bucks apiece, on her; four new spinnakers by Hard, all over 4,000 square feet; new maximum gennies by Ratsey; new mainsails; and balloon mizzen staysails by Hard.

Our crew on the Honolulu Race will include Allan Carlyle, Frank McClare, Jim Crawford and a whole lot of experienced sailors.

From Jamaica we are going to Panama and then up the West Coast to Acapulco in Mexico; thence to Newport Beach where the Race across the Pacific starts from.

In the March issue of *American Yachting* you can see the stern of *Ticonderoga*—I am the one to leeward with the white belt on.

I wish you were nearer because I could give you sails and winches for your boat for nearly nothing. We threw and gave away a whole lot of sails and winches. I could get you

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Round the BUOYS

Two powerboaters (no names), try their hand at sailing a lively Sprig.

(Continued from page 43)

lead on the outside. Not for long was Love to hold his arch rival for the little Faifer was inside him on the Sasol turn and, try as he might, Love had to be content to tail the Konig's spray past the chequered flag amid tremendous applause from the crowd.

Levy, some way behind, followed them in. Ginsberg and Dirkie Steyn, with the ex-Howson outfit, retired, which was especially hard luck on the Natal driver lying so well placed.

The result put Faifer and Love level, with 700 points each, and the race was still wide open.

The third heat, while not lacking in fire, did not have the same interest. Love streamed into the lead, the big hull with its high tail fin sitting steadily on the water. The flying Pat Green was soon in second place with Faifer third, some few hundred yards behind. The hull *On-On* was bearing the scars of the previous race, with a

damaged transom. Toward the end of the race Love inexplicably waved Green through into the lead, but stayed well in front of Faifer. They finished in that order.

Points were quickly totalled up and the Hydro Gold Cup, became the possession of Gordon Lanham-Love and his very smart imported Ted Jones hull and six-cylinder Mercury. Wally Faifer was runner up and can be justly proud of his performance. The unlucky Pat Green took third place and Riviera Club's Army Levy fourth.

A magnificent race the like of which we have not seen for some time—more please!

During the day the national runabout championships were staged. Disappointing was the lack of "foreign" entries. Prenzler, of Standerton, and Odendaal, of Vrede, were the only real visitors. Perhaps next year Natal or Cape Powerboat Clubs will be given this event and more drivers will attend.

The 500 c.c. class got off to a late start, after some dissention over eligibility of certain engines, and Norman Palmer had the race in the bag all the way. Chunky Richard Chadwick, in a tiny Jinx hull, ran home second in his first attempt at competitive racing.

The 1000 c.c. race saw an exciting start, but spoiled by the inevitable gun jumpers. It is understandable that a championship event should cause tremendous pre-race nerves, but it seems that there are certain drivers who are led like sheep across the starting line by one impatient pilot, instead of relying on their own judgment. Surprisingly, Prenzler the very fast Standerton pilot, in *Hi Gene*, and the excellent Willem Odendaal were among the five sentenced for beating the gun.

It cost Prenzler the contest as he might easily have won. Nevertheless, the race was interesting and at times very exciting.

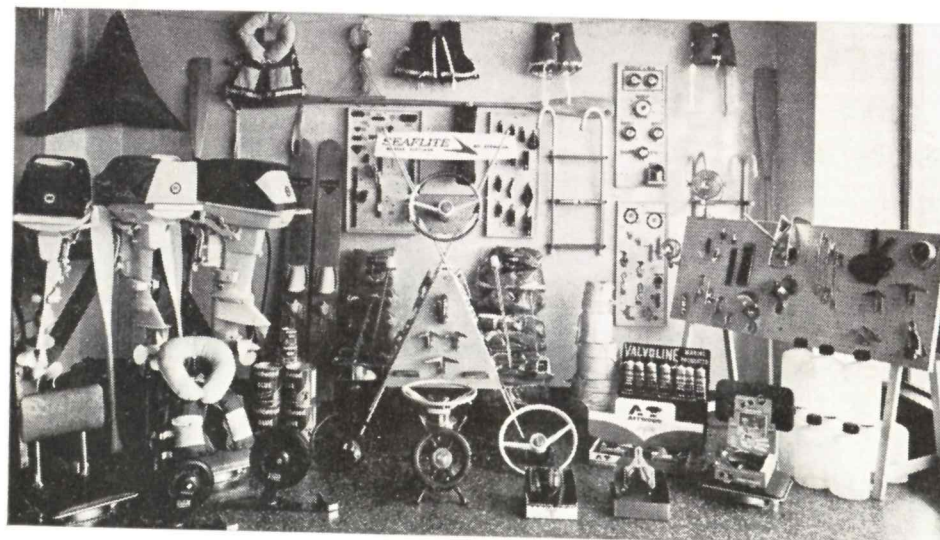
The usually unlucky Nick Markantonis swept to the front with the big Mercury and claimed the National Title, to the delight of his many friends. Hutchsons of Eligwa was also in at the prize-winning and thoroughly deserves his success, in view of his hard persistent driving.

Hardest luck fell to Willem Odendaal, of Vrede, who is acknowledged as being the best runabout driver in the Transvaal and possibly the whole country. If he had only waited that last fraction of a second before the gun the honours might have been his.

Among the good field Spinola and Ted Gammidge were noticeable, as well as Vichos and Benade who always ride hard. Ernie Engle, driver of the smallest runabout *She*, deserves special mention.

The 1000 c.c. Racing Runabout Class was a triumph for George Chisholm and his faithful *Tiger Fish* which proved itself the fastest

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Senta's voyage

Dear Sir,

I have just returned to Durban after having completed the Atlantic crossing from Cape Town to Barbados—6,000 miles via the mouth of the Amazon—in 39½ days. The passage from St. Helena to Barbados was completed in a non-stop voyage which, according to our route, was over 4,200 miles.

I notice from your March/April issue that certain parts of your report are a complete distortion of the true facts and feel it my duty to enlighten you on certain aspects of the voyage to St. Helena.

The girl named Louise Smith most certainly did not leave the ship as suggested (because she could not get on with the skipper), but she was put off by me as a result of her failure and refusal to do any duties on board.

Bobby van Sittert was put off for the same reason and several other reasons.

They were left behind with the wholehearted approval of the entire crew, and my arrangements to leave these two behind were made in collaboration with the Superintendent of Police and Chief Immigration Officer on St. Helena, who required me to guarantee their passage home.

This girl, in fact, refused to leave, contrary to the suggestions contained in your issue. The cook, Mario Swart, left on his own accord because of his great fear for the open ocean.

So I trust you will in future publish reports from information obtained from the skipper of the yacht and not from people who have been put off the yacht.

Archie Snyman.

Diddikai presses on

Yacht *Diddikai*, St. John's, Antigua. B.W.I's.

Dear Sir,

We had a fairly rough time in Gibraltar, I don't think *Diddikai* has ever been in such danger in a harbour before. The S.W. wind continued and we had the devil of a job getting out of the Straits with the East-going current.

We called at Ceuta, Tangier, Fidal, such a rotten harbour that we then went to Casablanca for a few days where we painted the bottom, then a good trip to Las Palmas, the oiliest port in the world, I'm sure! Al for stocking up however.

Stewart McLaren of Durban, who joined us in Gibraltar to Las Palmas decided to carry on and we took 27 days to Antigua. Feeling rather pleased with this I found that nearly everyone had made fast crossings this year, a converted lifeboat crossed in 23 days, though motored for five; we didn't even start our engine, except once to test it. Future movements not quite decided at the moment; last two weeks spent sprucing the ship up, she's never looked so good! And then a charter trip to St. Lucia.

Now to another matter, I was most interested in your article in the July-August issue on building in steel. Not only in that aspect but the design and ketch rig after Conor O'Brien's conclusions! For some time I have been hankering after a bigger yacht and to my mind this just about fills the bill, giving room enough for one good cabin aft, roomy saloon and liveable fore-peak, not cluttered up with sails which in this rig would live on deck, where they should be. The area of the main looks somewhat big; on the other hand it also looks fairly easy to handle, sheeting *might* require some experimenting.

Have you gone any further with the matter than the article shows?

The article does not state so definitely, but I presume that the plating system of 10 in. strips diagonally applied is part of the Murray Watts system. I should have thought that the strips could

have been a little wider, it ought not to be difficult to "dish" them slightly to avoid a serrated effect. Anyway a little experimenting would answer that.

Wilf and Toni Wild.

Good to hear from the Wilds again and to know that Diddikai is being used so well, instead of lying at some yacht club mooring. An article will appear soon. Eight people made enthusiastic inquiries about the steel ketch, but when they found the plans were not going for nothing, apparently, their ardour waned. We knew real appreciation would come from someone who had done down-to-earth passage-making on a budget and had lived on board his yacht for long periods. As mentioned in our past issue, Arthur Holgate is making great strides with his steel 61-footer, using Murray Watts scantlings. So far he has been able to plate topsides with 4 ft. sheets of 3/16th steel! Technical details will be given when he has pulled the job off and the garboards have been turned.—Ed.

One-design welcomed

43 Old Farm Road, Rondebosch, Cape Town.

Dear Sir,

Ever since I saw *Zeeslang* sailing and the lines of *Black Soo* on page 113 of the 1958 *Yachting World Annual*, this boat has been my dream ship—the ship I will one day build. I was therefore more than thrilled when I read in the R.C.Y.C. club notes of the past issue of your magazine that Royal Cape is adopting this boat as their one design. There are, however, two things I would do to improve the boat:

1. I would adapt the method of fabricating the keel from plate round an "I" beam and fixing the fin keel in the way the editor of *S.A. Yachting News* does in his plan of *South Easter*. This would be cheaper and oh so much stronger.

2. I would turn the spade rudder upside down, with the widest part deep down in solid water. This I learnt from my International Canoe which has a similar rudder. When I had the widest part on top it tended to cavitate in the disturbed water directly under the hull. Merely turning it the other way round stopped this with no extra area.

I am writing to you in the hope that these suggestions may find favour in the right quarters as I believe that the boats will be strictly one-design.

One other interesting thing I have learnt from sailing my 10 sq. metre canoe is that one can have very much better control of the mainsail when the sheet is led from the stern and up the tiller as is the traditional English way. With the sheet this way the helmsman can play the sheet much faster, using both hands and yet not leaving the tiller or having to use his teeth!

He can grip the sheet in his tiller-hand while he renews his grip with the other hand for the next haul in.

In a Finn, where the boom does not bend much, or in the Andies or Spearheads which like to have the sheet played on a reach, this would be better I suggest or possibly it is just a matter of getting used to one way or the other?

In closing may I congratulate you on giving us the best magazine, covering water sport, I know of.

W. M. Diepeveen.

Wet blanket

East London.

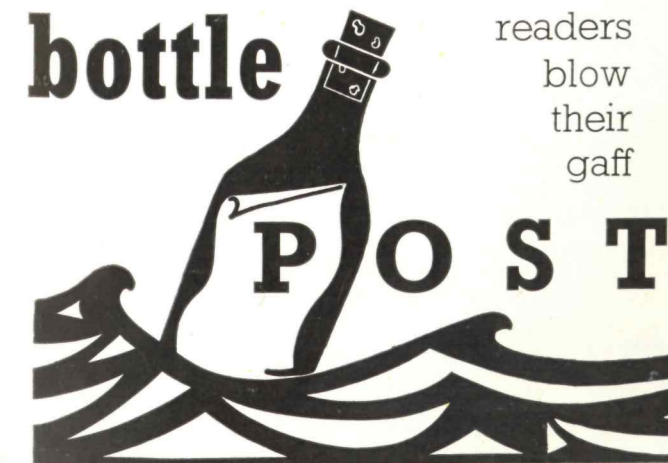
Dear Sir,

I was mooching round the Royal Cape Club during a visit to the Western Province recently and looked over their new "Club One-Design" and listened to a couple of enthusiasts in the pub there. One of them mentioned it ought to have a good South African name and, as a guest, I was too polite to make the obvious suggestion—the Doodkies Class. Why must boats look so boxy and slab-sided to be "efficient"?

It beats me what they are all so excited about because, after 25 years, all they have done is resurrected a dying class in larger form—our humble old pal the Sharpie, with a funny little cuddy on top.

And, sorry to be a wet blanket, but even the mighty *Stormvogel* leaves me pretty phlegmatic. I suppose I must call myself an old-timer because I can remember a whole generation ago Uffa Fox came up with exactly the same thing, but on a smaller scale. This was his little 22 square metre which he cruised with some rapidity to Norway. Well, over the sixth beer I heard, too, that perhaps six thousand quid (sorry R12,000) was spent on naval architects' fees, tank testing and so on before work even began on *Stormvogel*. They could have saved all that (or passed it on to a penniless would-be cruising-type like me) by buying in a second-hand bookstore *Sailing, Seamanship and Construction* then scaling up the lines

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Readers drop us a line

(Continued from page 59)

of that "22" *Vigilant*, after sawing a bit off the long counter—and left themselves with something so like *Stormvogel* that it makes no matter.

Don't want to belittle a fine ship, only luff round the modernistic mystique that already surrounds her. If she is going to put up fastest times it will chiefly be last-generation light displacement that does it, and not thousands of pounds of black magic.

Hope I am not disillusioning the younger fry, but I am the sort of codger that gets his dander up even when they call that old fashioned Yankee work-boat, leg o' mutton rig "modern Bermudian". . . . belay there! belay there! I've had my say and am ready to pipe down instant.

'Nahoon Picaroon'.

Finn honours

49 Chapel Street, Maritzburg, Natal.

Dear Sir,

I was the reverse of highly-amused by that letter in your March/April issue about Finn honours and Bobby Nuttall, the former Transvaal champion.

While correct, this sort of write-up can do untold harm and destroy the comradeship and sportsmanship in South African yachting. Both these aspects have very greatly improved in recent years, so why try to destroy this marvellous trend by sarcasm?

I have met Bob Nuttall at several regattas, dating back to the time when he was a keen Sharpie enthusiast. He is a good skipper and, furthermore, a good sportsman, and I feel it deplorable to maliciously attack any sportsman—even the yachtsman that comes in last in a race. The last man in is as valuable a yachtsman as the chap who gets the gun, as without the also-rans in the field there would be no yachting.

Keeness and sportsmanship is all that is required and, as one yachting sportsman to another yachting sportsman, it would be pleasing to see in print a withdrawal of these uncalled-for remarks by "1959 Kalahari Finn champ".

Ron Weston, H.S.C.

Warm welcome

"Fintimara", Main Road, Kalk Bay, Cape.

Dear Sir,

My wife and I have just returned from a wonderful holiday spent in a cottage on the Little Brak River, just outside Mossel Bay.

After reading your recent article on sailing in Mossel Bay we decided to pop in and say hullo to Melville Stevens at the Marine Hotel. This ended in the highlight of our trip—a sail on the Bay in Melville's Finn *Funs* up.

I have no doubt that this must be the premier sailing water in the Union with its fabulous warm blue water, fair winds and, on top of all this, a good swell to make sailing particularly interesting!

What really sticks in our minds though, is the wonderfully warm welcome we received. People could not have been kinder or more hospitable. I am a yachtsman of extremely doubtful ability, but I left Mossel Bay feeling like a champion!

In closing I would like to recommend Mossel Bay and, in particular, Melville Stevens and his staunch band from the Yacht Club to all enthusiasts wherever they may be. Whatever you do, if you are passing that way, drop in. You won't be disappointed.

Peter Keeble.

More fish, less people

Hakahana, Box 1125, Pretoria.

Dear Sir,

Hellmut and I have recently spent three days in Lourenço Marques (venue of the next National Regatta in July) in our Atalanta. If anything, I am even more in love with *Pumula* in the southern hemisphere. Naples was wonderful and the sailing full of beauty and interest, as you experienced yourself, but the sailing in Delagoa Bay has a wilder quality, closer to nature—more fish, less people.

Approaching Inyaca at sunset, with only a rough chart drawn by Eduardo on a serviette over a lunch of prawns and Garca Garcia,

and only the light of the lighthouse to guide us after dark, it was a most exciting experience.

Utter darkness, a gentle breeze, just the dark outline of the islands in the distance, and a tiny twinkle of a light in a fisherman's hut winking on and off cheerfully, and the most beautiful phosphorescence on the water. Very peaceful and very still.

Gradually the smell of land reached us, that wonderful smell of burnt potatoes one gets in Moçambique, and the chirping of crickets—then dark outlines of fishing boats at anchor, and suddenly *Pumula* came to a halt with her plates in the sand. We winched them up a bit to get a little closer before anchoring, then we got into our little dinghy and rowed ashore with each paddle making a silver streak of luminescence.

The next morning we were absolutely enchanted by life on the island, consisting entirely of Native fishermen (and the odd American tourists coming over in ski-boats), lovely big trees and palms.

Hope to see you, and all our friends, again in this lovely environment during the National in July.

Carmen Stauch.

ROUND the BUOYS

Martin Buys won South Africa's most coveted Trophy, the Inboard Gold Cup. The feul injection Chevrolet proved very reliable and Buys never looked like losing the race.



(Continued from page 58)

runabout in the Union. There is certainly no other boat in this class capable of beating his outfit, which consists of the single seater hull and the 750 c.c. hot motor that George used for his hydro championship win. The most extraordinary part of the win is that only an hour or so previously the very same motor had been upside down on George's hydro during his flip in the Gold Cup.

Furious pitwork had stripped and cleaned the works and put it back in the runabout hull in time for the Championships. To Chisholm must go the praise for sheer determination.

S.A. NATIONAL OUTBOARD CHAMPIONSHIPS

350 c.c. Hydro: 1 C. Schultz (Anzani); 2 E. Brassell (Konig); 3 V. Oostingh (Anzani).
500 c.c. Hydro: 1 P. Green (Konig); 2 W. Faifer (Konig); 3 A. Levy (Konig).
750 c.c. Hydro: 1 G. Chisholm (Mercury); 2 P. Green (Konig); 3 W. Faifer (Konig).
Unlimited Hydro: 1 P. Green (Konig); 2 G. Love (Mercury); 3 G. Bicknell (Mercury).
500 c.c. Stock Runabout: 1 N. Palmer (Mercury); 2 R. Chadwick (Mercury).
1,000 c.c. Stock Runabout: 1 N. Markantonis (Mercury); 2 E. Hutcheons (Mercury); 3 E. Gammidge (Mercury).
500 c.c. Racing Runabout: 1 N. Palmer (Mercury); 2 J. du Plooy (Mercury); 3 R. Chadwick (Mercury).
1,000 c.c. Racing Runabout: 1 G. Chisholm (Mercury); 2 E. Prenzler (Mercury).

1961 INBOARD GOLD CUP

1 Martin Buys—*Witch Lorraine* (Chevrolet); 2 Peter Haas—*Blue Peter IV* (Mercedes Benz 300 SLR); 3 Monty Rauff—*Lucky Strike* (Chevrolet).

1961 OUTBOARD HYDROPLANE GOLD CUP

1 G. Lanham-Love—*Loch Vaal* (Mercury 750 c.c.); 2 W. Faifer—*Eastern Province* (Konig 448 c.c.); 3 P. Green—*Rhodesia, Zambezi Boat Club* (Konig 448 c.c.).

CLUB EVENTS

ELIGWA INBOARD CHAMPIONSHIP

1 P. Haas; 2 W. van der Merwe; 3 T. Durrand.

ELIGWA RUNABOUT CHAMPIONSHIP

1 E. Prenzler; 2 E. Gammidge; 3 E. Hutcheons.

ELIGWA HYDRO CHAMPIONSHIP

1 F. Hugo; 2 G. Love; 3 B. Frey and P. Meyer.



SOUTH AFRICAN YACHTING: May/June, 1961



(Continued from page 56)

MORE YANKEE DAYS

four No. 3 Merriman winches, all chrome and in good shape, for 25 dollars each.

Well, eventually we did not go on the Jamaica race. Bronze spinnaker fittings were delayed at the foundry and we still had two days' work to finish on *Ticonderoga*, so we decided to stay here an extra month and do everything for the Honolulu race.

This gave me a chance to take part in another race—on a boat called *Feather II*. The course was from Fort Lauderdale across the Gulf Stream to West End on the Grand Bahama Island. We were first on corrected time, after being fourth across the line. We beat boats like *Comanche*, *Good Hope* and *Hilaria*.

We found this spot to be the best island in the West Indies or the Bahamas.

After sailing back I left the same day for Chicago by road. We had to deliver a car and this friend of mine, who lives there, and I drove up in 30 hours—1,300 miles without stopping. We did not eat or drink anything all the way. When we got up to Chicago the sun was shining, but the city was very disappointing. The buildings were small, the cargo boats were smaller than the Union Castle liners and there were no gangs or slums. I was so disappointed that we left to go on farther and spend three days in Sheboygan, about 130 miles up Lake Michigan, where they have a lot of ship-builders.

I managed to get into Burger's yard, where they build all those famous pleasure yachts, and they had four boats in different stages of construction. All were over 60 feet, the biggest hull being 90 feet.

I also went up to Petersen's, who were building big mine sweepers—all timbers laminated. They had three in different stages, from frames to near completion. They also had an 'M' boat designed by Herreshoff, called *Sabre*, in for repairs.

The bays on Lake Michigan were all frozen with ice about 10 feet thick and I spent most of my time with a small firm which was building a big 65-foot steel motor cruiser, a 36-foot fore and aft centre-boarder of steel for a friend of mine, and a 36-foot aluminium centre-boarder for somebody else. This builder was really cheap and could weld those plates without a buckle on them, and the one steel boat had a hell of a lot of tumblehome.

On the third day there we had a snow storm, but it was not too cold. I spent Easter Sunday at my friend's house and, although all the shipbuilders large and small worked over Easter, we had quite a drinking session of beer with all these Dutch shipwrights.

I came down on Easter Monday by train and, after paying for my ticket, I found I had split my budget. I must tell you that I am unable to work for money as the American "Gestapo" watch me very closely. I have been questioned once already. They flung questions about my finances and where they come from, and what type of money you were making at home, and how far you can throw a cricket ball. Luckily I had the answers. So they think you are a millionaire with a retired son.

We rescued Bjorn from *Dirigo* down in Jamaica. He was penniless. It now turns out she is owned by a bunch whose only interest in life is loving each other. So work the rest out for yourself. The boat has had no money spent on her since she was sold by Jim Crawford and was still in Jamaica.

I threw my other camera overboard and bought a Zeiss Ikon for 40 bucks secondhand and had it overhauled. My main object now is taking pictures of different gear on boats.

I will now give you the mileage on different boats since I sailed from Cape Town:

Cariad, from Cape to Durban, 1,000 miles;
Dirigo, from Durban to Tampa, 9,000 miles;
Barlovento, schooner, Miami to Annapolis, 1,000 miles. That is 11,000 miles.

On the sloop *Worry* did the Skipper's Race up in the Chesapeake, from which she retired with broken spreader, 100 miles;

In the *Maralen III* did the St. Petersburg-Fort Lauderdale race of 403 miles, coming last 12 hours late. Bad luck. Sailed her back to St. Petersburg, another 403 miles;

Did the Lipton Cup race in *Ticonderoga*—30 miles. Second



The famous *Ticonderoga* bashing it out in the Nassau Race. Jan Lello is the figure down to leeward on the after deck, with a belt round his oilies.

Photo: Bill Kuenzel

to finish, fourteenth in Class A and 33rd on corrected time, because her rating is 69 and her waterline length 63.

The Nassau Race was another 182 miles in *Ticonderoga*, where we were first to finish. Sailed her back to Miami, another 190 miles.

Nassau's Governor's Cup race was 30 miles, in which *Ticonderoga* was first to finish, first in Class A and second on corrected time, losing by only 4 min. 20 sec.

In *Feather II* we were fourth to finish, first in Class C and first on corrected time. The trip both ways was 150 miles. Total mileage up to now 12,500 and to the West Coast before the Honolulu race will be another 4,800 miles.

Feather II is a 36-foot modified *Melody*. She has very hard chines and is a rule beater, rating at only 19 under the S.O.R.C. Rules. She has a very broad beam, looks ugly and sails just as badly.

By the time I get to Honolulu my visas will have run out and I will try to get another one and sail back to the States and then go to British Columbia. I hope to try to get work there, perhaps on some bee farm.

Remember when it comes to money making it is the person who gets there first with the most who makes out. I have learnt one thing while I have been sailing with all these successful moneymakers—money is not the root of all evil and it does solve all your problems. They also taught me that it does not pay to get married, but if you feel that way rather keep a mistress, as they call it. Far safer. (Someone is obviously heading for a fall.—Ed.)

I am sure what you need in *Yachting News* is more overseas interest—especially here in the States where there are more millionaires than people in South Africa.

Yachtsmen here say your boat designs have too much wetted area for racing. I suggest that you design a centre-boarder 40 feet long like your double-ender, but with the ends slightly shorter.

The people here—who are the greatest sailors in the world without a doubt—like a boat that has been designed with the rule in mind, comfortable down below and the least possible windage. They do not like symmetrical hulls. They say a boat must be designed with battens and not maths. They also like a boat with a fair amount of beam; but not overdone like *Finisterre*, nor narrow like the British boats. They do not like this cheap concrete ballast stuff either. They have money for lead.

JAN LELLO

SOUTH AFRICAN YACHTING: May/June, 1961

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