

THE 1949 INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP MIAMI, FLORIDA



Last race. Squall strikes.

Bertram Wins Again! Bob Graf Second

Early in the week sails began to blossom out on the azure water of Biscayne Bay like cotton bolls bursting in the sun. Every day more boats trailed in to the Marina at Dinner Key and were launched for trial runs and tune-ups. The winds were fresh most of the time during the week, with occasional squalls to test the alertness of skippers and strength of gear. This year there were no harrowing eliminations races, as a new system of sending district champions to the Internationals has been adopted.

The President's Cup series is now invitational, open to any Lightning sailor who wishes to enter. Sixteen boats competed in this event, sailing three races, one each morning of the regatta. The championship races were held in the afternoon, which was calculated to give the competitors a chance to recover a bit from the evening social activities. Three local yacht clubs joined forces to make the regatta a success, the Biscayne Bay Y. C., the Miami Y. C. and the Coconut Grove Sailing Club.

Whoever was responsible for ordering the weather deserves special commendation, for it was just about perfect. One little squall before the regatta provided a bit of amusement when it caught defending champion Dick Bertram with his spinnaker set, and dunked him and his crew, Charlie Kehoe and George Crawford (Daddy of the Florida Lightnings). This episode, commemorated in song by Cal Yaudas with such enthusiastic vocalists as Bob Graf and Walt Swindeman to immortalize it, should never be forgotten.

FIRST RACE

The afternoon of September second was warm and windy, and 32 boats beat their way out to a starting line in the middle of the bay. The course was triangular, a mile to a leg, and had to be sailed twice around. Excitement was increasing among spectators on the sightseeing boat as the warning gun was fired and the top contenders started maneuvering for a good spot on the line. With a fresh breeze from the east it didn't take them long to get across the line, when the fleet divided into two groups, making it almost impossible to tell who was leading. As they came about and converged upon the first mark, Charlie Allaire of Red Bank, N. J., in Avenger, was out in front, closely followed by Gerrit Foster of Milwaukee in Scud. Third around the mark was Karl Smither of Eggertsville, N. Y., in Thermis Thrice, and Ed Overton of Fairhope, Alabama sailed Volanta around the mark in his wake. Defending Champion Dick Bertram of Miami was fifth at the mark, but Volanta's main halliard broke, forcing Ed out of the race and putting Bertram's Sue in fourth position. Two battles ensued, between Allaire and Foster, Smither and Bertram. Dick carried his spinnaker right to the mark on the run, and succeeded in passing Smither, but only for a moment, for Karl skinned by him in turning the mark, and remained in third place all the way to the finish, in spite of the efforts of Sue's crew, who hiked out till spectators thought they would surely lose a man overboard. A pattern of rain clouds piled up to windward and marched down the bay, threatening to soak all hands, but the next leg of the course carried them clear of it, and the only soakings were salt ones, as the brisk wind whipped white caps on the bay. The boys really got a work out on the windward leg of the second heat, but in spite of their best efforts the positions remained the same. Bob Graf of Buffalo, in Rampage, turned the mark in fifth place, followed by George Maludy, in Adonis.

On the home stretch spinnakers again appeared, and Bertram seemed to be having trouble with his. When it started drawing Sue stepped out in pursuit of Thermis Thrice, and managed to pick up a couple of boat lengths. Charlie Allaire was the first to cross the finish line with Gerrit Foster in his wake. A slight increase in the wind brought Bertram up alongside Smither, and to all appearances he was in line for third place. Horror-struck observers suddenly realized that Bertram was outside the buoy, and would not cross the line on the course he was sailing. Groans went up from rooters on the spectator boat, and Thermis got the gun for third place. In the nick of time Bertram saw his error and hardened on the wind to skid around the marker safely. Graf was so close behind that he might well have been fourth had the champion not succeeded in squeezing past the mark. Adonis swept over the line in hot pursuit.

SECOND RACE

The second race of the series was sailed in winds of 12 to 15 miles an hour, and the sun (courtesy of the Chamber of Commerce) was really on the job. The course was windward and leeward, a mile and a half to the leg, and everyone was watching for some of Walt Swindeman's spectacular windward work. Bertram got out of a seemingly hopeless traffic jam at the start, and was out in front with the best as the situation began to clarify. Swindeman was the last to cross the line, but those who could follow the race with binoculars saw him weaving through the fleet to turn the first mark ahead of all contenders. Bertram, on the other hand, steadily lost ground in an unaccountable way, till he was down to fifteenth place, and seemingly out of the running. He seemed to be having some trouble, and later explained that a half-yard fitting had failed and his sail had not been all the way up on that initial beat. Boats changed position so fast that until the finish it looked like anyone's race. Sue got her sail up properly on the run, and after turning the mark for the second lap, in thirteenth place Bertram emulated Swindeman's legendary windward technique and marched up the bay in a series of short tacks, rounding the weather mark in second place behind Thermis Thrice.

As they entered the home stretch, Bob Graf, who was fourth at the mark, got his spinnaker drawing ahead of the others, and did his utmost to catch Swindeman, who was a jump ahead. Rampage and Yankee Doodle fought it out, while Sue inched up on Thermis. Scud did some scudding, under the expert guidance of Gerrit Foster, and passed Yankee Doodle. Oscar Nelson of Miami, in Buccaneer, had the same idea, but there wasn't time before the finish to accomplish it.

Observers were limp from excitement, and no one dared to predict anything after the upsets that had already amazed them. It was obvious that Sue had no intention of waiting for anyone, and with spinnaker drawing she flew down wind to finish ahead of the fleet she had followed at the outset. Rampage took second place in the race, with 59 points accumulated, two points behind Sue. Thermis Thrice was third in the race but second in overall standing with 60 points, an honor shared with Scud, whose fourth place also brought Foster's score to 60. Swindeman placed fifth for the race, and Oscar Nelson was sixth. Charlie Allaire, though back in number seven spot, still had a score of 58, making him a real threat in the final standings. Vitorio Ferraz of Sao Paulo, Brazil, sailing The Youngster, a borrowed Miami boat, dropped out of the race after discovering that he had failed to turn a mark properly. Our most distant contender, a real sportsman, deserves better luck.

THIRD RACE

Ideal sailing conditions still prevailed on the final day of the regatta. Five of the country's best sailors were within three points of each other, and it promised to be a thrilling contest. As the boats converged on the windward mark of this two leg course, Charlie Allaire was in number one position, with Dick Bertram right behind. George Maludy brought Adonis around in Sue's wake just ahead of Swindeman, who in this race had an excellent start. Spinnakers filled as the mark was left astern, and Sue took the lead as the fleet ran down wind. A dark squall threatened, kicking up the white caps in advance

of the rain. Striking with unexpected force, the first puff caught Ed Overton's Volanta with her big sail flying high, and capsized the Alabama skipper. Not only spinners, but mains, were being taken in all across the bay, and heavy rain obscured the most distant boats from view. A mast snapped and three more sailors went for a swim, but Bertram carried on, balloon pulling in the freshening wind and taking him toward the mark at an amazing clip. The spectator boat, which had preceded the racers, was caught and passed, though her engines were wide open and she was making a good 12 miles an hour. Five boats capsized within a few minutes, and Bertram finally let George Crawford, his anxious spinnaker man, take in the big sail. The wind was so strong as the mark was reached that no one thought Sue would be able to get around. Many contenders were reduced to bare poles, but Bertram, Crawford and Kehoe climbed out on the topsides and took her into it with full sail. As they disappeared into the rain on the port tack Graf turned the mark in tenth place, filled away on the starboard tack, and was also lost to view. One boat lost a man overboard at the mark, but managed to retrieve him before rounding up. As the squall passed over, sails were set again, and 26 boats were counted still in the running.

A shift in the wind rewarded Graf for his choice of tacks, and he appeared to have the championship in the bag as he turned the mark for home in first position. Breathless spectators counted points as Charlie Allaire and Dick Krauss of Toledo rounded the buoy ahead of Bertram. If Sue couldn't pass Gin-Ric, Rampage would take the honors. Gerrit Foster brought Scud up from behind, threatening to pass Sue, while Rampage, in the clear, boiled toward the finish. Clouds forming to windward promised another squall and as a preliminary, the wind became very fluky, necessitating a lot of gibing of spinners. A sudden fortuitous puff carried Sue through a slot between Scud and Gin-Ric, putting Bertram in third place, which would save him the title, if he could hold his gain. The trailing boats again started shortening

sail ahead of the squall, but Graf, Allaire and Bertram were too intent on the finish line to notice the weather. Gin-Ric pulled up alongside Sue, and Jim Townley, our announcer on the observation boat groaned over the loud speaker: "I can't stand it." Again the wind shifted and gibing was necessary. Crawford's quick work on the gibe brought Sue's bow ahead of Gin-Ric in the nick of time, and Bertram managed to hold his place. Graf crossed the line to wild cheering, but there was no time for him and his crew to relax, unless they wanted to go for a swim. The wind was right on their stern, increasing by the second. Avenger swept over the line in second place, and Bertram flew along behind him. Gin-Ric came in fourth, with Bob Griggs of Fairhaven, N. Y., in Jo-Bo close astern. Charlie Dore from N. J. took fifth place with Vixen, one of the prettiest boats in the fleet. Karl Smither had fared badly in the squall, and fallen down to 13th, but managed to keep Thermis Thrice on her feet to finish just ahead of the second squall. The conditions thinned the ranks considerably, and before all contenders crossed the line, some of them were again under bare poles.

Last year when Bertram stole the championship from Walt Swindeman, twice King of the Lightning Class, it was said that no contest could be closer, for he won by a single point. This time he cut it even finer, for he and Graf each had a total score of 91 points, and each had won a race. The fact that Bertram had beaten Graf twice was the deciding factor. Charlie Allaire was only two points behind, with 89 and could easily be next year's champion. Gerrit Foster placed fourth with his Scud, amassing 82 points, two more than Karl Smither, one time International champion, who stood fifth. George Maludy took sixth place with a score of 73. Walt Swindeman and Walt Vogel of Monroe, Mich. tied for seventh with 72 points each. I doubt if there was ever a more exciting regatta, or a more beautiful one to watch. Miami's famous climate lived up to its reputation, and even the California entry, Erwin S. Coy, said he was satisfied.

Start of first Championship race.





Start of third race for President's Trophy.

PRESIDENT'S CUP RACE

Those who raced in the President's Cup series had their work cut out for them. There was wind enough to suit the sportiest sailors, and many a blister was raised, both from hauling on sheets and from the tropical sun. The only lady skipper in the regatta, Mrs. Paul Palmer, was competing against her husband, while her crew, Mrs. Charlie Kehoe and Mrs. Don Bliss, were also sailing against their respective spouses. Doctor Herbert Virgin of Miami, sailing Flame, believes in keeping things in the family. His crew consisted of Mrs. Virgin and their son "Chips." A Snipe sailor from Oslo, Norway, Felix Ross, who has settled in Miami, took second place in a borrowed boat. He is a converted Lightning sailor now. The class is spreading to all corners of the globe, and the more the merrier.

FIRST RACE

It was a fast and salty race that Dr. Virgin won the morning of September second. That man from Norway was right behind him, and Miami's Don Bliss, (Dick Bertram's main man in last year's regatta), in Acme, was right on his stern. There's always a Toledo boat to contend with, no matter where or when, and Cal Yaudas was in there pitching. With the handicap of a 10-minute late start Paul Palmer worked up to finish in 11th place.

SECOND RACE

In spite of having stayed up all night with George Crawford's youngest child who sustained a skull fracture in an accident the afternoon of the first race, Dr. Virgin almost repeated his beautiful performance the second morning, but was beaten to the finish by Paul Palmer in Winsom. However, his second place gave him a total of 31 points, three ahead of his nearest contender,

Don Bliss, who took third place again. Cal Yaudas was consistent and got another fourth.

THIRD RACE

In the final race, Paul Palmer again excelled, and Ross again took second place. Dr. Virgin crossed the line in third position, but still beat Ross by five points in the total score, with 45 to Ross's 40. Just as a matter of habit, Cal Yaudas took another fourth, which put him one point behind Ross and one ahead of Paul Palmer. Tavana, Zig-Zag and Winsom were too close for comfort, and Don Bliss's Acme would have been another close contender had not an unfortunate move caused Don to do the sporting thing and drop out of the final race. "It takes a mighty good man to do that."

ENTERTAINMENT EVERYWHERE

The social activities were spread over three clubs and more than half the city. Doubtless a few sailors got lost going from one place to the other, but for the most part the activities were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The presentation of trophies followed a buffet dinner at the Floridian Hotel, where the Lightning Queen, Miss Jackie Ward, occupied a position of honor at the speaker's table. Cal Yaudas and his crew, and Bob Graf with his, earned their trophies by singing for them. Dick Bertram, with George Crawford and Charlie Kehoe, carried off the spoils very graciously. A special presentation of the only thing Sue lacked was made by the skipper's wife, who found every possible gadget on the boat except that fine old predecessor of all gadgets, the cleat.

We hope all contenders had a safe trip home, and wish to see them all again next year, along with lots of new Lightning sailors.

ENTRIES			INTERNATIONALS			FINAL	
Boat No.	Boat Name	Fleet	Skipper	City	Pos.	Pts.	
2891	Sue	130	Richard H. Bertram	Miami, Fla.	1	91	
467	Rampage	12	Robert W. Graf	Buffalo, N. Y.	2	91	
3101	Avenger	70	Chas. Allaire	Red Bank, N. J.	3	89	
2559	Scud	69	Gerrit D. Foster	Milwaukee, Wis.	4	82	
3333	Thermis Thrice	12	Karl Smither	Egbertsville, N. Y.	5	80	
1338	Adonis	31	George Maludy	Toledo, Ohio	6	73	
249	Rambler Two	42	Walter Vogel	Monroe, Mich.	7	72	
800	Yankee Doodle	42	Walt Swindeman, Jr.	Toledo, Ohio	8	72	
2327	Rhoda	118	J. N. F. Robertson	Aldershot, Ont., Can.	9	69	
2383	Vixen	26	Chas. Dore, III	Haddonfield, N. J.	10	67	
351	Intrigue	3	David Berry	Bothlehem, Pa.	11	64	
2990	Buccaneer	111	Oscar Nelson	Miami, Fla.	12	61	
1938	Ship-A-Coy	194	Erwin S. Coy	San Diego, Calif.	13	60	
816	Jo-Bo	15	Dr. Bob Griggs	Fairhaven, N. Y.	14	58	
3579	Frolic II	32	James Amy	Larchmont, N. Y.	15	51	
1665	Pelican	109	Ogden Helt	St. Petersburg, Fla.	16	49	
1273	Gin-Ric	42	Dick Krauss	Toledo, Ohio	17	42	
1900	Fiesta II	39	Henry J. Abreu	Newburgh, N. Y.	18	36	
1587	Torch	63	Wayne Brockett	North Haven, Conn.	19	34	
1565	Two Bits	53	Herm Nickols	Fenton, Mich.	20	33	
457	Thermis Twice	140	Bill Meyers	Rochester, N. Y.	21	33	
886	Thunderbird	51	Gene C. Howard	Grosse Pointe, Mich.	22	29	
3422	Chalana	145	Charles Toms	Brattleboro, Vt.	23	28	
1197	Ariel	66	Eric G. Dowell	Victoria, B. C., Canada	24	27	
4204	Simpatica	26	Carlos Echeverria	Philadelphia, Pa.	25	27	
141	Liteneze	6	Fred C. Olson	Stratford, Conn.	26	27	
527	Bo-Bo II	72	Robert Purnell	Georgetown, Del.	27	24	
2186	Volanta	135	Ed Overton	Fairhope, Ala.	28	20	
1274	Wiki	77	Maurice Huggins	Rochester, N. Y.	29	18	
4294	Chupin	147	Vitorio W. R. Ferraz	Sao Paulo, Brazil	30	18	
844	Black Blitz	33	John W. Rundt	Canton, Ohio	31	15	
4211	Donana	145	Grant B. Holt	Keene, N. H.	32	7	

ENTRIES			PRESIDENTS CUP			FINAL	
Boat No.	Boat Name	Fleet	Skipper	City	Pos.	Pts.	
3880	Flame	111	Dr. Herbert Virgin, Jr.	Miami, Fla.	1	45	
4411	Tavana	130	Felix Ross	Miami, Fla.	2	40	
163	Zig Zag	42	Paul Palmer	Miami, Fla.	4	38	
3322	Winsom	130	Cal Yaudas	Toledo, Ohio	3	39	
2835	Gypsy	168	Ernest MacBryde	Tampa, Fla.	5	29	
3883	Acme	130	Don Bliss	Miami, Fla.	6	28	
64	Jolly B	111	Mrs. Paul Palmer	Miami, Fla.	7	26	
2746	Eega Beeva	113	Joseph Stueland	St. Joe, Mich.	8	23	
450	Windigo	109	Bill Crane	Tampa, Fla.	9	22	
2196	Magic Flute	111	Jay Graser	Miami, Fla.	10	19	
1674	Restless	45	Harold Hall	Macedonia, Ohio	11	17	
248	Fireball	43	Russ Luchtenberg	Columbus, Ohio	12	15	
2144	Phyllis	109	Stan Shaver	St. Petersburg, Fla.	12	15	
3870	Cathy	135	Herb Hanson	Pass Christian, Miss.	12	15	
2862	Waupoos	111	George Castle	Miami, Fla.	15	14	
4282	Caroline	130	Charles Kehoe	Miami, Fla.	16	12	

"THE WORST IS OVER"

by Ed Overton

Shortly after we left Fairhope for Miami, I aroused Archie Stapleton, my jib man, out of deep slumber and said, "I've checked everything about the boat and even my good friend Doc Wilkerson checked with me; I put new tires on the trailer and had the wheel bearings greased and I will bet a slick dime that everything in the book will go wrong." He said, "I've seen it happen that way," and went back to sleep. He slept all the way to Miami and back.

A short while after that, as we were going over a viaduct just outside of Pensacola, I heard a bad squeak in the neighborhood of the trailer and immediately stopped. We found that the garageman had failed to tighten the bolts in the left wheel when he put it back on the trailer, and it was just hanging on, ruined for further use. It took three hours and fifteen dollars to get another wheel and new bearings, put on properly, but we had no more trouble until we reached Miami.

The sailmaker had promised to have my main in Miami when I arrived, so I phoned the Express Company several times each day after arrival, and was told each time there was nothing for Overton. Finally the day before the first International race, I told the Express Company that I couldn't understand it because the sailmaker told me he would have my sail there before I arrived. He said, "Did you say sail, well we've got a sail here." George Crawford took me to get it, but it was too late then to break it in.

Well the first race started, and I didn't get too bad a start except that I got all tangled up with the camera boat, a spectator boat and the starting buoy, to say nothing of several Lightnings bearing down on the starboard tack. We all got clear without any casualties due to some fine sailing by the other skippers, especially John Robertson.

Before I realized it, we were rounding the first windward mark with only Charlie Allaire, Gerrit Foster and Karl Smither in front of us, and Dick Bertram just behind us. I told Archie the next round would be a cinch with only such slow company to contend with, and then it happened. The main slid down the mast, and the boom hit the deck with a bang, just missing Hoyt's head. The main halyard had parted at the swaged fitting, so we had to go in under jib. Hoyt Greenbury, my mainsheet man, said it was due to fatigue. I said, "Hell I'm fatigued myself, but I wouldn't let a fellow down like this."

Again we checked everything and then got away to a good start in the second race. When we were close to the windward mark I thought it would be a good idea to look around to see how we stood with the rest of the fleet. Much to my surprise, we were well in front of everybody, and then it happened again. This time the jib halyard hook plate broke and the jib landed on deck. "More fatigue," said Hoyt.

The way those skippers boiled past us before we could get that jib back up, was something terrific. However, we managed to finish in a virtual tie with Herm Nickels not too far down the line.

When we got in, everybody said "Tough luck, Ed," but I said, "Think nothing of it, I've seen it go like this for days and days and then get worse." Bill Girkins told me to be sure to check the spinnaker halyard. The last misfortune, I blamed entirely on Magnus Pedersen. Before the start of the last race I told Pete that if I got a bad start to sound the recall. He said, "I'll do it because we Vice-Presidents have got to stick together." Well I got one of those famous Overton starts, last. When I passed the committee boat I yelled to Pete to sound the recall, but he wouldn't do as he had promised, and we were left foundering around trying to get some clear air. A fine vice-president he turned out to be. After we rounded the windward mark and had the spinnaker up and drawing, I decided to move over toward the squall that was moving in, with the hope that it would hit us first and maybe we could gain a couple of places. Well it hit us first all right, and the next thing I knew, we were over and I was sitting in the water alongside Hoyt. He said, "What are you doing here?" I said, "I just want to see if the just and the unjust get wet alike." He said, "Do they?" and I said "Yes, but the unjust have swim suits and the just have fatigue."



In a few minutes Dr. Herbert Virgin came alongside in his fine twin screw yacht and gave us a tow line. After we got Volanta right side up, he started towing us and most of the water in her ran over the after deck. When he stopped, the Volanta was again ready to sail, but I told Archie that although I figured the worst was over, we might as well accept the tow in, because I didn't think we could win that race and besides I was a little fatigued.

Victorio Ferraz of Brazil, put it very nicely after he turned over, when he said, "Took Spinnaker down, too slow, put up, turn over."

Social Events of the 1949 International

by

George Crawford, Commodore Southeast District

The Regatta registration committee had to start functioning early Sunday morning, August 28th. The morning after the Hurricane, (Dr. Jennings'), we were notified that an entry had arrived the previous night during the height of the Hurricane. Maurice Huggins, wife and sons with their boat "Wiki" had driven through winds of 80 miles per hour. We went down to greet them and take a look at their boat. The boat and trailer had been securely tied to several palm trees to keep it from blowing into Biscayne Bay. We met them and they weren't at all alarmed. They told us that at Palm Beach, they had taken the canopy off to keep the strong winds from blowing it away or tearing same. They had to stop all the way of the Hurricane path and bail the boat out.

From then on the Lightning Class really started to take over our town. Eric Dowell and crew, Dick Moore and Bill Vogel, flew in from Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Vitorio Ferraz, Dr. Luciano Falzoni and Mrs. Falzoni and Jorge Bellotti arrived Saturday night, having flown in from Sao Paulo, Brazil. They were all anxious to do some sailing. They, along with Erwin S. Coy from California were spectators at our last weekly inter-club races, to be held before the Internationals, at the Miami Yacht Club, Sunday. Maurice Huggins hurriedly launched his "Wiki" and sailed with the group.

On Monday, the Dinner Key Marina began to look like Lightning "Heaven." All the boats were beautiful. There were tune up races every afternoon, beginning Tuesday at 3 P.M. Our local committee started them off. At that time, it looked as if Coy would be the man to beat. He was sailing a borrowed boat the "Winsom."

Anyone walking into the Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, Monday afternoon, could tell "Toledo" had arrived. Cal Yaudas was in fine voice and Swindeman's colors were quite visible. Walt and his party had arrived with very serious cases of food poisoning. We sent them to one of our local Lightning Skippers for treatment. Dr. Joe Stewart had them well enough to sail. Even so, Walt and his crew felt badly during the entire regatta and it is my opinion that their illness hindered their normal sailing ability.

We had not planned any social events prior to Thursday but it was quite evident that we had to get started immediately. It was quite noticeable that the number of young single fellows present were in the majority. Our date committee, with Phyllis Arthur and Barbara Mizer, assisted by my wife, "Nell," started functioning. By the way, you boys almost left me without a date, "Nell" felt so sorry for all those young boys without dates. She said, "it was worth all the trouble to find girls when you caught a glimpse of those boys' smiling faces."

Tuesday night, we all went to the Miami Yacht Club for open house. With the help of Miami beer, the boys soon got into good singing form. That boy, Graf, soon had every one calling for him again and again. "Jolson" Yaudas can make up a song about anything and he proceeded to do so. To any of you fellows who have never been to the Internationals, the singing of these songs are the highlights of the regatta.



"Happy" Bob Graf and crew are top entertainers as well as winning sailors.

Wednesday night the bachelor skippers and southern gals danced at the Coral Gables Country Club where palm trees swayed and a Florida moon lit the skies. Many of the officers and wives enjoyed having dinner under tropical skies.

The annual meeting was held at Biscayne Bay Yacht Club Thursday night. The weather was dampish. We blamed it on Coy bringing California weather with him. It looked bad for the races starting on Friday. Bob Graf said it couldn't rain any more after such a downpour. He was correct until the last race on Sunday when the "squall" hit.

Friday night, there was a grand fish fry for all. The local Committee (men only) presented a Hula dance for the amusement of our guests and to the amazement of their own wives. Our regatta chairman, Henry Framp-ton, who pinch-hit for me at the last moment, stole the show. Bernice Ott followed the boys to show how the hula is really done. That's right, isn't it Graf? We had a stack of coconuts for the guests to take back with them and the pile really disappeared. They were stenciled with the "Lightning" insignia and tagged for mailing.

Saturday night, the dance at the beautiful University of Miami Student Club was enjoyed by a large group. The dance floor was over a lagoon and under a canopy of stars spot-lighted by a "Florida" moon. An excellent orchestra combined with fine fellowship in these surroundings made this affair a huge success. Many guests expressed opinions that this one function was worth the trip to Florida. It was quite amusing to see the British Columbia boys "Jitter-bugging" with our Southern girls.

Sunday, there was quite a cocktail party. Bertram, Kehoe and myself felt we were in need of one after being thrown overboard. We had ganged up on Dick and it backfired.

The presentation banquet and dance lasted until the wee hours. The decorations of dyed net with shells sprinkled along the tables were effective. A model Lightning under sail centered the speaker's table. It was made of live red, white and blue flowers. The Floridian Hotel dining room had never and will not see again such a group as this "Lightning" crowd.

Skippers, crew and friends, Miami misses you. Pay us a visit again sometime in the near future.

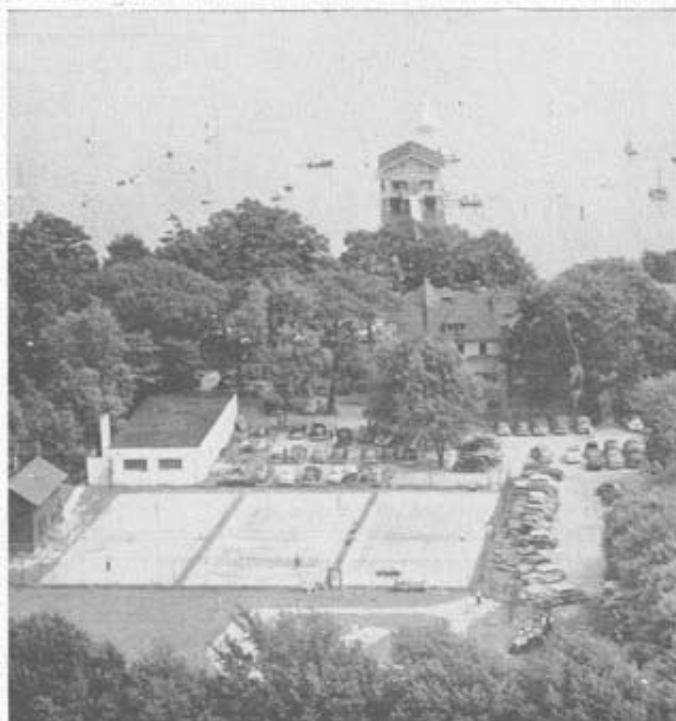
THE 1950 INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

The Buffalo Canoe Club and Lightning Fleet Twelve extend a cordial invitation to the skippers, crews and guests of the Lightning Class Association for their 1950 International Championships and President's Trophy Regatta. It is a great honor to thrice sponsor this great Regatta.

Committees, some of which started working in February, are bending every effort to make these 1950 Championships the greatest ever. Phil Savage (Tommy Too No. 4600), is general chairman. Lightning Fleet Captain Tom Fallon (Puff No. 523), is vice chairman. Plans are under way to secure a large spectator boat to accommodate all who wish a view of the racing close at hand. The dates are September 7, 8 and 9—Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Per the new constitutional amendment five championship races will be sailed; one Thursday, two Friday and two Saturday. Sunday will be available in the event of postponement.

Skippers who do not qualify for the Internationals in their District Championships are invited to participate in the President's Trophy Series of three races. Presidential entries are on the Fleet basis formerly used for the Internationals, that is: one from each fleet, two if fleet numbers over ten, and three if over twenty-five. These races will be sailed so as not to interfere with the championship division. Anyone who witnessed the 1948 President's Trophy Series knows what a terrific go this can be. Contestants are urged to represent their fleet at the annual meeting, Wednesday evening, September 6.

This year a reasonable registration fee is contemplated to cover boat handling and entertainment costs for participants. By eliminating this surcharge, excellent meals can be provided by the club, at modest prices. Arrangements for housing nearby will be gladly cared for after entries have been received.



Aerial view of B.C.C. clubhouse grounds and anchorage.



View looking shoreward from end of long pier. Chart is shown on next page.

The Buffalo Canoe Club is located on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie twelve miles west of Buffalo via the Peace Bridge. The accompanying chart shows the layout of the course triangle. There is ample area and depth to provide the official Internationals course. Point Abino protects the club anchorage from the prevailing winds. Our excellent sand beach is available for swimming should you find time to use it. We do really sail on "drinkin' water."

Nearby Niagara Falls and convenient Canadian Shops featuring china, woolens and other imported goods provide interesting diversions which can be combined with the Regatta to make a vacation more enjoyable for all members of the family.

The Buffalo Canoe Club Fleet Twelve comprises 35 Lightnings. A B.C.C. boat has placed at least first, second or third in the L.C.A. Championships for the last nine years.

We are looking forward with great pleasure to welcoming you next September as a contestant or as a spectator, to what we hope you will say is the best Lightning Regatta yet.

KARL SMITHER

Thermis Thrice, No. 3333

