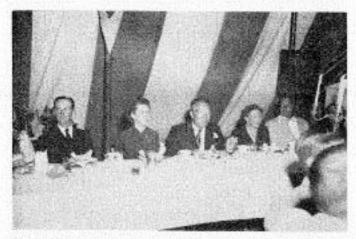
INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA

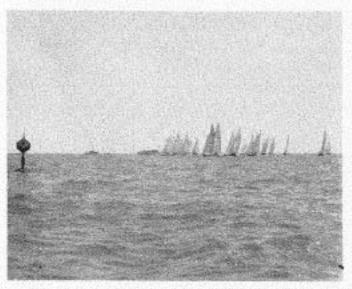


Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dore; President and Mrs. Richard Kranss; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Swindowas

Spray Beach Yacht Club, (home of Johnny Tiegland, winner of the 1951 International Championship Regatta) played host to the 1952 Regatta and the President's Cup Series. Charles Dore, 3rd, treasurer of the Lightning Class Association served as chairman of both series. The entire Lightning Class Association extend a "hearty, well done" to Spray Beach Yacht Club and to Charlie Dore nd his various committees.

The first race got under way Thursday morning in a N.E. breeze of eight mph. This race developed into a two-boat race with Herm Nickels of Lake Fenton, Michigan in the lead the first time around closely followed by Hank Cawthra of Detroit. On the second weather leg, Hank moved into the lead which he steadily increased and won going away. Nickels placed second with Bob Graf of the Buffalo Cance Club, Buffalo, N.Y., Howard Font of Erie, Pa. and Harry Sindle of Little Falls, N.J. following.

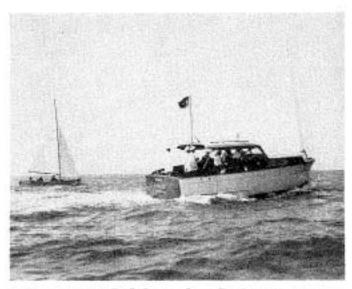
The second race in the afternoon found the wind



Start of a race-International Championship Regatta, 1932

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

Boat No.	Name	Skipper	Club	First Pos.	Second Pos.	Third Pos.	Fourth Page	Fifth Por.	T_{mints}	Final Pos.
467	Rampage	Rob't W. Graf	Buffalo Canoe Club	3	8	4	11	1	153	1
5082	Spirit II	Eugene Wallet	Southern Yacht Club	9	4	-5	2	18	142	2
4533	Pick Wick	Herman Nickles	Lake Fenton Yacht Club	2	10	7	29	4	128	- 5
4545	Triple B	Dr. G. Murphy	Lake Fenton Yacht Club	18	15	17	11.1	3	126	4
5180	Yankee Doudle	Walter Swindeman	Toledo Yacht Club	7	7	29	6	6	125	4
864	Bay Rader	Harry Sindle	Lavalette Yacht Club	1	1	0	15	26	124	6
5090	Wee Dee Il	Wes. Wiedrick	Bay View Yach: Club	- 21	0			23	122	
4901	Valhulta.	Charles Allaire	Monmouth Boat Club	21 25	9 25	1	4	3	121	1.1
3716	Ro-Ja	Joseph Hoffe	Nyack Boat Club	10		10	22		119	ů.
3704	Kipper	Chus. Dore	Spray Beach Yacht Club	10	35	19 22	18	8	119	10
1916				2	27	-7	13	17	118	11
4924	Zephyr	Howard Font	Coconut Grave Sailing Club			1.4				
5100	Broom	Hank Cawthra	Crescent Sail Yacht Club	1.1	3	8	Disq.	16	117	12
	Flare	Thos. Fatton	Buffalo Canoe Club	0	11	11	- 20	21	111	13
2835	Jin Lin	Rob Crane	Cocount Grove Sailing Club	12	18	12	8	19	111	14
3024	Mildred II	Ed. Botteral	Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.	15	23	20	9	15	- 58	15
806	Spray	Fien Epler	Nyack Beat Club	16	19	25	14	10	96	16
4810	Sookie	Jerry Garringer	Toledo Yacht Club	27	26	16	7	9	95	17
4571	Seductress	John Tiegland	Spray Beach Yacht Club	26	14	Dist.	5	.5	- 94	18
2225	Tstander	Dick Schultz	Neenah-Nodaway Yacht Club	23	0	24	10	24	93	19
49(0)	Javelin	Jack Orelup	Bay Head Yacht Club	33	22	6	12	13	89	20
3333	Thermos Thrice	Kari Smither	Buffalo Casoe Club	14	31	10	- 24	14	87	21 22 23 24
4881	Zig Zag 2	Cal. Yaudas	Toledo Yacht Club	22	21	15	25	11	86	22
5147	Bottoms Up	Bill Healy	Niazitic Bay Yacht Club	D.N.F.	13	21	12	11 13	86	23
1213	Lagniappe.	Jas. McCulloh	American Yacht Club	13	16	26	25	22	77	24
3744	Gigolo	Ralph Christman	Southern Yacht Club	11	D.N.F.	18	19	25	71	25
4447	Firms	Dick Kratss	Toledo Yacht Club	19	20	14	21	D.N.F.	70	26
4879	Blue Jacket II	Dr. John McIntosh	Newport Yacht Club	24	12	33			64	27
3524	Snark	Wm. T. Uhl	Mattituck Sailing Fleet	31	30	13	27 16	20 27	63	27 28
4872	Winsome Sal	Wm. Place	Communications Yacht Chib	17	28	13	23	32	65	00
4356	Malalich				28	10	23	32	24	29 29
2794	Wisdspear	Sherman Chantland	Black Rock Yacht Club	17		23 27			57 57 47	
3422		Cluss. Haflagan	Sodus Bay Yarht Club	32	17	-21	28	29	\$1	30
527	Chalana	Chas. Toms	Spofford Lake Yacht Club	30	29	34	31	30	26	32
1 22.1	Bo-Bo II	Rob't C. Purnell	Indian River Yacht Club	.34	.12	31	.32	28	23	33
4211	Donama	Grant Holt	Spofford Lake Yacht Club	29	33	32		D.N.F.	20	34
2130	Southerly	Frank Kolk	Searliff Yacht Chub	- 28	D.N.F.		34	33	19	35



B. C. Boat at Spray Beach.

Scene of the 1952 I.C.A. International Regatta

direction the same but it had eased off to six mph. Sindle found this to his liking as he moved out in front on the first leg and stayed there the entire race. Cawthra gave him a good run and finished second. He was followed by Joe Hoffee of Nyack, N.Y. Gene Wallet, 3rd. of New Orleans, La. and Charley Dore of Spray Beach.

Friday morning found the wind in the North at 12 mph. This was right up Howard Fohr's alley and he drove his Zephyr in first. Wes Wiedrick of Detroit, Charlie Allaire of Red Bank, N.J., Graf and Wallet trailed. Saturday morning the wind was still in the north at 15-18 miles. It was this race that dashed the hopes of Cawthra as he fouled a boat at a mark while up among the leaders and withdrew. Dr. Gerald Murphy, also of Lake Fenton, Michigan showed the boys how it should be done as he went into the lead at the start and held it the entire race. Wallet, Wiedrick, Allaire and John Tiegland, the defending champ followed.

The standings before the last race found Gene Wallet, the 17 year old Southern boy in first place with 125 points; Graf, second with 118; Sindle, third with 114, Wiedrick fourth with 109 and Foht fifth with 99. This was really the upset race of the series as only two of the first five survived and they changed positions. The wind had softened to about eight miles out of the N.E. with a strong ebb current running S.E. This race developed into a ding dong battle between Allaire and Graf. At the finish line it was Graf who received the gun and with it the coveted title of International Lightning Champion. Allaire, Murphy, Nickels and Tiegland trailed Graf in this race.

It couldn't have happened to a better guy!!!!!!! This was the opinion of all the skippers and crews when the first place trophy was awarded to Bob Graf. Bob has been "knocking at the door" several times, but there always was that little something that denied him the highest honor in the Lightning Class Association. In 1949 it was a tie with Dick Bertram of Miami. Last year at Toledo it was a torn main sail that ruined his chances. But this year he was not to be denied and he did it the hard way by coming from seven points behind going into the last race to win and become the 1952 Champion. He was ably abetted by an excellent crew of Warren Hunt and John Lyons.

In second place was young Mr. Wallet, a newcomer in top-flite Lightning company. He did an excellent job and will be very much in evidence in the future. Going into the last race, Gene had a seven point lead but he ran into some bad breaks and finished 18th.

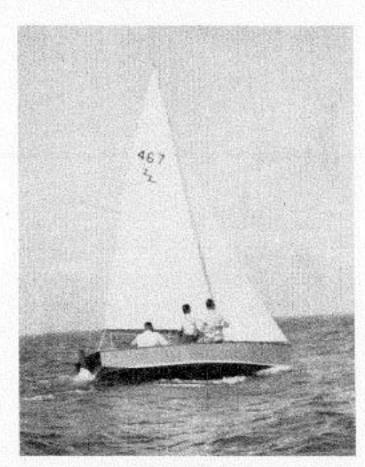
Herm Nickels, finished third with Dr. Murphy a fellow club member in fourth place. Walt Swindeman of Toledo, "Old Man Lightning," former two-time Champ got a fifth place due to a bad start in one of the races.

RAMPAGE TELLS HER STORY

This being a racing boat has its compensations in the summer months. Driving hard to windward. The steady pull of a well tended spinnaker. Planning on a long reach with a fresh wind and choppy sea. The boom of the finish gun. Mooring parties after races. Continuous polishing and general fondling by crew. Admiring glances, This all stops abruptly with the final haul-out, and the problems and suspense of a long winter begin.

In the fail of 1951 I was put up for the winter with more than my share of worries. The Internationals at Toledo caused most of my problems. First, I weighed in at 787 pounds, 87 pounds over the minimum for our class and light boats seemed to be performing best. Second, an inspection of standing rigging showed mine to be old, and much too heavy. And last, I blew out the mainsail we had come to call our "gold plater" which was considered my real motor. I had an uneasy few weeks while my skipper mulled over the pros and cons of jilting me for a new lightweight job.

Suddenly in October, my cover was thrown off and my mahogany seats and floor boards were ripped out to make way for lighter material; my old rigging was stripped from the spar and the varnish completely removed from inside of my hull. I knew now that I would



Rampage, No. 467

be sailed by the same skipper once again, but what about crew!

Bob Maytham had been expertly handling my jib and flying my spinnaker since 1946, but Uncle Sam had first call on his service this summer. This added to my woes. Even if I did have new light rigging and was reduced in weight, and even if skipper's wife, Jane, did give up her Easter outfit for a new mainsail, I still needed a good jib man. This last problem was solved in May when Warren Hunt sold Meer Maid and signed on to replace Maytham. I now had a good jib man who needed only to learn our peculiarities, Johnny Lyons who had handled my main for five years, a very determined skipper who wanted one more good year, and Jane who would be number one substitute crew, sail fixer-upper, and best rooter. My mind was now clear for a good, enjoyable summer, and it proved to be.

This fall my troubles seemed few. I needed no major changes and no new canvas, but my skier found a new and different problem for me. Bob Mann asked him to write an article about this year's International Championships and because he was too busy getting ready for the skiing season, he turned the job of writing the log over to me. — —

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31st-Enroute to Spray Beach, N.J.

Peculiar day for a lightning, tacking through mountains of Pennsylvania, running at 70 MPH on Turnpike and reaching through Philadelphia. Protested for barging in parkways. (Landlubber officer classed me as a truck.) Skipper won protest. Proved I was for Pleasure. (He lied.) Put to bed under pine trees off New Jersey Highway.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st-Morning-Still en route.

Awaken under violently swaying pine trees and downpour with water over floor boards. The tail end of the hurricane, no doubt. Much like trip to Florida in 1949. Johnny Lyons and skipper pump me out, and we're off for Spray Beach.

Get first glance of Little Egg Harbor Bay from causeway joining Spray Beach and the mainland. It's all churned up and muddy.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st-Afternoon

Roll into the Yacht Club which is small but surrounded by flapping circus tents put up for the occasion. Great welcome from defending champion Tiegland and other greats. Left to ride out big blow on trailer near Yankee Doodle III and Tiegland's Seductress. Hope some of their glory rubs off on me. Crew takes off to find lodgings and explore Island.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd-Morning.

Crews' exploration of Island must have been good. They were late in arriving this morning. Skipper's head hurt, but he says it was worth it. They scrounged charts of the Bay from a local fisherman tide tables from a local character, and made their own charts of local bars and sea food joints. I hit the salt water finally, but it's blowing too hard to enjoy sailing today.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd-Afternoon.

Fallon's Flare tries the course. I stay at the dock and wait. Flare comes in salt encrusted and telling tales of going aground every few feet, hitting strong tidal currents and four-foot waves. Local fishermen had warned the crew of this. This will be a tough regatta with tricky tidal current and shoal water completely surrounding the triangular course.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd-Tuneup Day.

Good sailing day. We try the course, find all the marks and keep from going aground by following charts carefully. Have brush race with Yankee Doodle, Zephyr, and Thermis Thrice. This proves nothing.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd-Night,

There is the annual Lightning Class meeting ashore tonight. I hope they continue to control our class so that we old boats can still hold our own with the new ones. I am the oldest boat entered this year and proud of it. Not too much noise after the meeting. I guess all crews are getting set for tomorrow.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th-Morning.

This is the big day. Skipper's wife, Jane, gives me fond par on transom and I'm off for that big first race, under blue skies and gentle North wind. Tension aboard is mounting. Skipper grumbling because he forgot his habitforming lime lifesavers. Blames it on Jane. Johnny opens small bottle and pours Abino Bay water over me and in Bay. Hopes it will dilute this blasted salt water. Hunt nervously checking all fittings, halyards, sheets, and stop watch.

Race starts with us in fair shape. We're sixth at first mark and good downwind sail handling moves us up to fourth for first time around. Detroit's Hank Cawthra in Broom well ahead. Can't be caught. We pick off Dore on second windward leg and hold third until the finish.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th-Lunch Time

While crew pack away a good lunch, I learn that Hank Cawthra, this morning's winner won the Michigan District with four firsts. He'll be tough to catch.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th-Afternoon.

Wind freshens, but still under 10 knots. Not so many jitters aboard now. Skipper even chewing lime lifesavers. Good leeward start suddenly becomes disastrous, when wind shift puts us in blanket of fleet. Skipper "takes his medicine" early, goes under almost every transom to get to windward. This looks like our bad race. We're 14th at first mark, the best we can do is pull up to 8th to finish. Harry Sindle in Bay Raider, Central Atlantic District Champ, won this with Cawthra second. Towed back to dock where I get swabbed with fresh water while Jane runs beer for all hands. Swabbing stops suddenly when news comes that cocktails are served. We mere boats are a sorry lot. Party getting noisier while I worry about my third place atanding after two races.

They're at the singing stage now. Warren Hunt introduces his new song, "My Blue Rampage." Mildred II, berthed next to me, hears familiar voices as her crew breaks into those French Canadian songs. Yankee Doodle III and Zig Zag dance at their moorings to tunes from the Toledo Gang. The fun part of the Regatta is really under way.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th-Morning.

North wind again, but more of it. We sail the long channel out to the course with full cut sails, but change to heavy weather canvas just before start. Strong tidal current sweeps most of the boats over the line before the gun. Race committee recalls entire fleet twice before we get real start. Naturally, our worst start was the one for keeps. Once again we tack under many transoms to gain a weather berth. The fresh wind on our flat sails does the trick and at the first mark we're third, remaining there for the first round. Wind drops somewhat but leaves nasty chop for second time around. We drop to fourth at finish. Foht in Zephyr, the Southeastern District Champ from Miami, won handily. We still stand in third place after three races, but are closer to top than yesterday.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th-Afternoon.

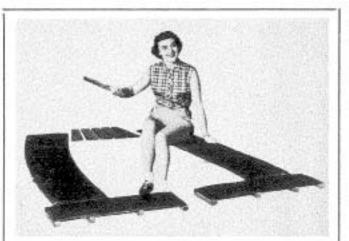
I'm given the afternoon off-no race scheduled. This afternoon will be devoted to a Clambake and beach party for the crews. Much tension relieved with a dunking in the pounding Atlantic surf. Nothing like sand, sun, clams and beer to cement relations.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th-Moonlight.

More relations cemented.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th-Morning.

Same blue sky, same northeast wind, but being a weekend, more spectators, more well-wishers, and more fishermen cluttering the race course. After two more nervewrecking recalls, we're away. Not good but ahead of the two boats that stand between us and pay dirt. Dr. Murphy in Triple B wins, but we are content to stay ahead of Cawthra and Sindle. Good spinnaker work on last leg moves us up to finish eleventh with Cawthra fourteenth and



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BUCKLE IN - STAY PUT

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NON-SKID SURFACE-The plastic surface of the cushions is designed to help keep you on the seat, even when wer-

WON'T MAR FINISH OF SEATS-Except for the snaps and buckles, which are under the seats, there are no grommets or other hard parts that might mar varnish.

MADE OF FINEST MATERIALS-Surface is tough plastic-Inside is a 1/3" new foam rubber pad, which is the finest cushion material there is. It will positively retain its softness, is not harmed by water and dries out quickly.

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Colors: marcum, green or grey. Price: Forty-fourdoilars and fifty cents, postpaid. Add one dollar if in Pacific time zone. Check or M.O. with order. If not what you want, returnable in ten days for refund of purchase price plus your return partage.

Drop a card for material samples and more details-

J. T. Harrington Company 1021 Lois Avenue North Canton, Ohio Sindle well back. Cawthra disqualified. Are we really going into the last race ahead? NO! Spirit, from New Orleans sailed by Eugene Wallet, had come from nowhere, finished second this morning and now leads us by six points. What a shock! Even if we can repeat our feat of '48, '49 nd '50 and win the last race, Spirit need only be seventh to make us only a "bridesmaid" again.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th-Afternoon-Last Race.

Many well wishes from long standing competitors and friends, and we're away for the pay-off race. This has to be it! The skipper surprises me and the crew with the best start he has made in this Regatta. We reach the first windward mark with only Valhalla (Charlie Allaire) ahead. Much looking around for Spirit. Can't spot her for sure on this leg. Finally spot Spirit's orange and white spinnaker on third leg. She's at least behind 7th place now. Can we pick up Valhalla, Atlantic Coast Champ, for one more point? We do just this on the next windward leg against a strong tidal current. At last, nothing but open water ahead. And it's beginning to look cleaner all the time. Much quiet elation aboard as we definitely spot Spirit in about 17th place and staying there. Our billowing spinnaker pulls us down the last leg through a narrow channel formed by a large spectator fleet. Gun booms for our finish. Spirit still 17th. Horns, sirens, whistles from spectator boats. Back slaps, handshakes and lumpy throats for us. We had finally done it. The International Championship was ours.

Coast Guard boat tows us back to the Club. Skipper

goes on wire recorder for the air waves. Jane comes running with drinks and smooches for all hands and a pat for me. Hurried calls home with the news. Johnny self-dubbed "bronze giant" during the Districts, is now just a quiet, weary, happy boy. Warren our optimist, admits he bet on our winning even before the Districts. Entire crew dunked in bay.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th-Night, Pay-off.

Skipper is presented with case of Champagne to fill Championship bowls. Big perpetual bowl filled and passed to much relaxed crowd. Small permanent bowl filled for the private consumption of happy main man and jib man.

Don Bliss from Miami returns canvas beer bucket stencilled "Rampage" left behind in '49. Skipper promptly presents this to Runner-up Eugene Wallet to take back to southern waters. Wallet fills this with northern beer and this makes the rounds. Much more singing, dancing and relation cementing. The Regatta is over.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th-Get-away Day.

Skipper and Johnny show up not too early and not too sharp. I'm hauled out. Last goodbyes to host and old friends and I'm bound for that clean drinking water of Abino Bay.

Back to the Buffalo Canoe Club that has spawned three International Champions, five Runners-Up and four Third placers. It is little wonder that I am proud of the gold letters "B.C.C." on my transom.

MY FIRST INTERNATIONAL REGATTA

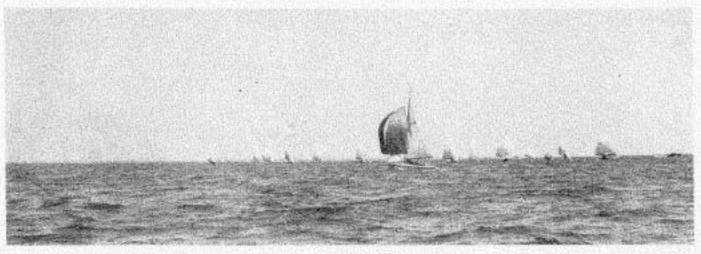
By Gene Walet III

With "Spirit II", built by Lippencott, we rolled into Spray Beach the Sunday evening before the beginning of the Lightning Class International Championship Regatta. It was a dreary evening with a 35 mile wind blowing across the strip, which lies off the New Jersey coast; this was the tail end of a Catribean storm which had followed us approximately 1400 miles from New Orleans. It had been a good trip and we were happy to have arrived at the scene of the big regatta ship-shape.

The next day winds were too high to go overhoard

with Spirit II, but on Tuesday morning we took our first sail over the course where the Internationals were held.

I was naturally thrilled to have made the grade where I would sail with the "greats" of the Lightning class. As the hour for the start of the regatta approached, my thrills increased, meeting and seeing the top skippers and the fine craft which they had. After the first race, we improved; there were good breezes, and Spirit II and my crew, composed of Pudgy McClure, my good friend, and my dad, were working smoothly; our thrills increased when we found we could keep within striking distance of the good



Gene Walet III

skippers and good boats. We learned that each race was hard fought by every contestant with a high spirit of sportsmanship prevailing at all times,

As each race was completed, our thrills increased; the competition was keen; the leaders were being shuffled and at the end of the fourth race. Spirit II was in the lead on points. In that fourth race there were three starts and we were lucky—we had a good start each time and finished second to Dr. Murphy, that great and consistent sailor.

For us, the climax was yet to come; we planned to sail the fifth race to win the series; we thought we could stick with Bob Graf, but in the maneuverings before the start, he eluded us and we got off to our worst start in the whole series. I believe we were about the 33rd boat immediately after the start. When I say that my greatest thrill was yet to come, was because with Spirit II running smoothly and my crew working hard, we picked up 16 or 17 boats to land us in the runner-up position in the Internationals. You know I was happy.

The regatta, as you all know, was won by a great sailor and sportsman and wonderful fellow, Bob Graf, and my greatest thrill, next to actually being runner-up, was when Bob presented me at the banquet with his long-lost canvas beer bucket, which had just been returned to him. The rest of the night, a good time was had by all—I kept the bucket filled with beer and Bob kept the beautiful winner's trophy filled with "bubbling wine".

The scene at Spray Beach was glamorous; the Yacht Club, though small, had been put in ship-shape and large colorful white and green striped tents took care of the over-flow; the food was delicious and the hospitality of all of the Spray Beach crowd could not be surpassed. Our friend, Charlie Dore had done a grand job as Chairman of the Committee in charge of the regatta; the race committee and other officials handled the regatta in wonderful style.

It has all been a thrill which my crew and myself will never forget; we hope to make the Internationals again this year; and we hope that some day in the not too distant future we will see the Internationals sailed on the waters of Lake Pontchartrain at the Southern Yacht Club in New Orleans.

P.S. We are practicing with the beer bucket and hope we can compete with the donor next time we meet.

PRESIDENT'S CUP SERIES

Tom Allen, of the Buffalo Canoe Club in his Atom #4811 was the 1952 winner of the President's Cup Series at Spray Beach, N. J. This gave the Buffalo Canoe Club a clean sweep of the entire series. Tom won the series with two firsts, two seconds and a sixth to lead his closest rival Ed. Waters of Red Bank, by 25 points.

The course for the President's Cup was about a mile s.w. of the International course and was less affected by the tide or current that lay in the deepest waters of the Bay. The entire series was favored with ideal sailing weather. Strong winds and perfect visibility provided some thrilling experiences for both skippers and spectators.

As in the Internationals the positions were well shuffled except for the number one spot. Ed. Waters, Jim Carson, Bob Morris and Joe Holler ending in that order from 2nd to 5th position were separated by only six points at the finish; however, they all had at least two races beyond 10th position with the exception of Bob Morris who faltered only once and that was to 24th spot. John Kenney, sailing Black Spot No. 5072, had two fine races with a first and a second but ran into difficulty in two other races dropping to 31st and 23rd and finished with a DNS.



Ranning dotes the fine

INTERNATIONAL IMPRESSIONS

By Barney Crittenden

Upon approaching the eastern shore of New Jersey after driving the 752 miles from Michigan, we were surprised by the scrub pine and oak that covered the sandy soil much as it does the northern part of Michigan and it seemed as tho we were almost at home again. Driving south down Long beach Island through the resort towns along the way, the salt air whetted our anticipation of the races and the four full days ahead of us!!

The Lightning Internationals of 1952 were held under the "Big Top". The Spray Beach Yacht Club put up two large tents to cover their out door dance floor and part of their grounds to provide space under cover for all the meetings and festivities. The large green and white striped tents helped to enhance the festive air of the occasion. Hospitality was busting out all over, with sailors milling around meeting old friends and making new ones. A catering company served all the lunches and dinners during the regatta while a hot dog stand served the between meal snacks. The bar was open from early til late. It was a treat for some of us to enjoy fresh sea food and some were astounded to admit that they consumed 6 dozen clams at one sitting! Our many thanks to Commodore Fred and Irene Schanche who introduced us to soft shelled crab! It was rugged going, what with the Brockett-Dore cocktail party, a beet party on the beach after the clam bake, and dancing in the evening.

With over 80 boats entered in the two races and many entries from near and far, it is remarkable to note that no one had to stay over a mile from the Yacht Club. The housing committee, headed by Mrs. Lillias P. Griscom, is certainly to be complimented for the efficient handling of several hundred visitors.

The Internationals were run on a three mile triangular course in the sea channel, off West creek and Long Point on Little Fgg Harbor. The President's Cup race was held on a triangle to the south. Their windward mark was about a mile to leeward of the International starting line-AND NOW, that we are out to the starting line, let me tell you about THE TIDE! "The dirt's out-the tide's in"!, and one hour late usually. Some of us hadn't known that tidal currents were so swift (4 miles per hour) and IF the tide was coming in against the wind, north to north east, it sets up quite a chop. This little trick that "Uncle Ed" threw at us, caused no end of difficulties for each skipper as he tried to estimate his start. And, just to show how hard the Race Committee worked, they had to start a couple of races 3 times. The tide was pushing the boats over the line!! The Race Committee, headed by George Gieseke and Richard O'Donnell, and aided by Rolf A. Flack, Tom Newman, Eugene Kipp and others, certainly were to be commended on their patience, and efficient handling of the various situations that arose.

As weather and wind prognosticators, Dore and Tiegland should have been given the "deep six". They had promised a southeast wind at 20 miles per hour at 2:00 P.M. every day! Of course they didn't know that a hurricane of mean proportions was to hover several hundred miles off the Jersey Coast throughout the Regatta. Had that thing ever turned around and paid Long Beach Island a visit! Oh brother!!!!! While we are on this subject of wind, it is a middle western practice that all the brethren assemble around an open man-hole, or a storm drain will

do, and pray to Uncle Hd for wind the next day. Dot Swindeman, as a matter of conversation, asked sailor's wife, who happened to be passing by, if she know the whereabouts of a man-hole, and was answered with the startling remark, "Man-hole! Why. I can't even find a man!" This, I must say, was at a time when most of the various participants and spectators were out on the course!

After Sindle went out on the flats with BAYRADER to win the 2nd race, "Doc" Murphy, with his wife threatening to leave him without even carfare, took the same course between two clam diggers and won the 4th race! By the time he got back to the club, Commodore Fred Schanche, with the assistance of Mayor Shifflet of Spray Beach, presented him with a New Jersey Clam-digger's license! From now on, he shall be known as "Digger" Murphy!

There is a story they tell at Spray Beach about Commodore Fred, who sails #3705, "The Silver Blonde". It seems that Fred is a regular 'Captain Bligh' in a race, and in the instance we mention, he was practically working on his crew of Bob Flack and Austin Platt, Jr., with cat-o-nine tails. They were in second place on a spinnaker run, with the wind at about 12 knots, when the crew decided to mutiny, very effectively, too. They jumped overboard, leaving Fred to finish the tace as best he knew how! (No one told me how he doused that kite!)

Krauss was the first boat in after the 5th race due to a technical disqualification. One of his crew had an accident and the like of which he had not experienced since he was a wee sailor of three years. (Maybe it was the clams), OR it could have been the fact that there is a difference in Cadillacs, and Krauss might have taken a nap in the wrong one!

John Orelup, Past President, certainly attended the Internationals in the most ideal fashion I can think of, as he and his party towed "Javelin" from Bay Head, New Jersey with his cruiser, and stayed aboard during the week of the Internationals.

MEMORIES—Those morning dips in the Ocean ... SPRAY BEACH ... Ed McCain being the best night watch the Beach had ever had ... Rotzell's Martini fountain at the cocktail party ... with a shift to iced tea for the luncheons ... wondering how Swindeman got out of that traffic ticket ... seeing Herme Nickels, Cal Youdas and "Pim" Epler come back to earth when their entries to the Internationals were approved ... wondering who picked up the bottles after the Beach party ... introducing Fred and Irene to a Bean Creek Valley phlegm cutter ... how did Murphy's photographer, Gallagher, get out of that closet? ... our visit to SHIP BOTTOM ... the presentation of trophies ... Karl Smithers invitation to "sail on drinking water and Canadian ale" ... Eugene Wallett congratulating Bob Graf ... THE HOSPITALITY OF THE JERSEY SHORE!

When you stop to think that any one of the top 14, given the chance for a change in tactics in one or two races, a better start or a little luck, could have won the championship, you will understand the thrill I got drinking champagne with the Grafs, Warren Hunt and John Lyons! And remember, Bob has been trying a long time!

Thanks Spray Beach Yacht Club for a wonderful Regatta. See you all next year!

PRESIDENT'S CUP REGATTA

Bost .	No.	Name	Shipper	Club	First Pos.	Second Pos.	Third Pos.	Powrth Pasi.	Fifth Pos.	Total Points	Final Pot
4811		Atom	Thos. Allen	Buffalo Canoe Club	1	2	1	2	ô.	221	1
1918		Revenger	Ed. Waters	Red Bank Yacht Club	14	2	17	ĩ	- S	195	3
1004		Flying-Mist	lim Carson	Metedeconk River Yacht Club		1	14	15	- T	194	5
5075		Jolly Rodger	Bob Morris	Cape May Yacht Club	1		- 52	24	- 7	193	4
2346		Tillicum	loe Holler	Niagara Boat Club	1		10	12	12	190	1
419		Whim	E. P. Mar Bryde	Tampa Bay Yacht Cub	1	13	11	20	5	180	2
5172		Silver Blonde	Bob Flach	Spray Beach Yacht Club		11	16		10		0
2457		Whirl Wind II		Metedoconk River Yacht Club	EQ.	10		19		180	1
1864		Shur-Eruf	Craig White		10		2		14		. 6
19613		Glockensniel		Lake Hopatcong Yacht Club		.9	10	. 0	27	174	.9
13.38			Stuart Anderson	Niagara Sailing Club	11	15	.6	14	19	168	10
1482		Tag-A-Long	Frantz Schneider	Spray Beach Yacht Club	15	17	21	3	.2	168	11
		Ranger II	John Wardell	Barnegat Bay Fleet	17	25	.9	5	15	162	12
145		Mastvittian	E. B. Overton	Mobile Bay Yacht Club	0	38	12	18	7	15.2	13
120		Renegade	Dave Shay	Metedeconk River Yacht Club	28	12	1.2	7	28	151	14
351		Intrigue	Dave Berry	Barnegat Bay Fleet	21	24	18	9	13	148	15
2400		Hot Canary	Sam Kriox	Wadawannek Yacht Chib	19	16	3	13	D.N.F.	1.18	16
700		Four Winds	Thos. McCain	Atwood Lake Yacht Club	1.5	28		11	23	136	17
5072		Black Spot	John Kenny	Cape May Yacht Club	32	1	2	-23	D.N.S.	1.52	18
141		Lite-N-Easy	Henry C. Olsen, Jr.	Housatonic Boat Club	20	31	.28	8	17	129	10
6050		Fifty-Fifty	Clarence Hulman, Jr.	Lake Fenton Yacht Club	16	22	22 28 37	10	.20	1.28	
737		Fram III	Chris. McCutcheon	Spray Beach Yacht Club	18	36	27	17	8	127	21
587		Flame	Wayne Brockett	Brauford Yacht Club	25	40	19	16	11	122	20 21 22 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28
0.74		Dead Eye	Dick Doan	Spray Beach Yacht Club	42	18	15	34	3	121	23
904		Wa-Ha	Warren Topes	Bayyiew Yacht Clish	8	5	32	Disg.	21	121	24
1865		My Gal II	George Fisher	Buckeye Lake Yacht Club	- ü	14	24	21	D.N.S.	121	56
1.38		Bon Gre'	June Methot	Red Bank Yacht Club	22	10	25	26	22	118	- 32
961		Bandit	Eob Adams	Metedeconk River Yacht Club	24	34	13	29	16	117	22
17.30		The Lark	Jim Stevenson	Spray Beach Yacht Club	23	20	30	33	- 26		10
508		Cyngus	Wm A. Stranb	Newport Yacht Club	27	21	31	22 28	18	112	20
863		Nipper Kat	Sherman Allen	Little Egg Harbor Yacht Clab	30	30	20	27			29
206		Jade	Thos. Coe	Riverton Vacht Club		7	23	33	25	101	30
108		So Long	Leighton Waters		Disq.				3.2	91	31
077		Rip Tide	Wm. Webb	S. Shrewsbury Yacht Club	26 20	-26	29	35	31	86	32
069		Blanchee II	R. W. Gordon	Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club		33	25	31	34	81	3.3
802		Rascal	Vernon Randall	Red Bank Yacht Clah	- 39	27	34	30	30	73	34
225		Strike One	Dave Langworthy	Housatonic Boat Club	34	23	41	-40	24	71	35 36
890		Manura's Mink		Little Egg Harbor Vacht Club	37	35	.33	25	36	-67	36
630		Water Witch	Carleton J. Allan	Port Clinton Sailing Club	32	39	36	39	29	58	57
97			John W. Spwidle	Red Bank Yacht Club	35	4.3	.35	.36	D.N.F.	40	58
060		Bottoms Up	John P. Kelly	Brant Beach Yacht Club	-36	32	D.X.F.	41	.37	.39	39
103		Twantat	G. H. Hatch	Red Bank Yacht Club	-4-4	D.N.F.	38	3.2	35	36	-40
876		Largo	Jach Maffenheier	영양 영양 이야지는 영양 이야지 않는다.	3.3	D.N.F.	40	37	39	36	41
278		Jigaroo	Harold Thorpe	Spray Beach Yacht Club	-38	.37	43	.38	D.N.F.	.3.3	42
		Corsair	R. E. Kinney, Jr.	Surf City Yacht Club	4.5	41	42	42	38	27	4.3
980		Mapa-Long	Royden Knapp	Raritan Bay Fleet	-40	+2	39	D.N.S.	D.N.F.	22	44
774		Hustler	Herb Smith	Pymatining Vacht Club	41	D.N.F.	44	Dist.	33	21	45
780		Sea Fever	H. A. Archamhault	Groton-Long Point Y. C.	D.N.S.			D.N.S.		19	46
145		Spray Hound	Barry Brown	Spray Beach Yacht Club	D.N.F.	44	45		DNS.	10	47

ST. PETERSBURG SIXTH ANNUAL WINTER REGATTA

Booming to an all time high in national interest, the annual Mid-Winter Lightning Regatta again took place in Tampa Bay on February 20th, 21st and 22nd, The St. Petersburg Yacht Club and Lightning Fleet #109 with Commodore Stan Shaver again played host for this big event. There were seventy entries, many trailing their boats from the frozen north for their winter vacation or honeymoon.

An event of this size requires hours of planning and good committees to carry through. George Pierson as general chairman deserves all the thanks of the Lightning Association. Wallace Rifley, race chairman and his committee did a splendid job. They were successful in angling the starting line to accommodate the large number of participants with the least amount of trouble. The registration committee headed by Martha Frush took over their duties in a most capable manner. Dick and Mary Jane Mizner had charge of the entertainment, of which we will speak later.

The ladies of the St. Pete Yacht Club hold their

weekly Pram races on Wednesday afternoons. Some of the top-visiting Lightning skippers were challenged by the ladies for their Wed, Feb. 18th race. This proved to be quite entertaining for the spectators. Dr. Gerald Murphy who won the Lightning Regatta didn't do so well in this race. After a dunking at the dock he made more sternway than headway. Walt Swindeman, Dick Krauss and Bob Mann had a great deal of trouble rounding the first mark due to hooking the out-haul clew on the pipe. Harry Sindle in SP2 was the winner with M. Moebs, a lady skipper, coming in for second place.

Dr. Gerald Murphy of Mt. Morris, Michigan through his consistent sailing and a win in the last race, emerged victor with a total of 310 points, followed closely by Gene Walet of New Orleans with 309, Walt Swindeman of Toledo, Ohio with 307 and Howard Foht, last year's winner, Harry Sindle, Herman Nickels, Ernest Mac Bride, Joe Stueland, Ed Overton and Magnus Pederson in that order.

The first four races were held in medium to heavy

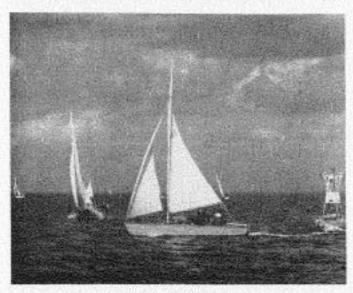


Take your pick

breezes, whereas in the last race the breeze was moderate to light with positions changing many times. No one skipper monopolized the winning spot; however, Howard Foht was able to garner a first in the second and fourth races, with John Tiegland, Harry Sindle and Dr. Murphy winning the other individual races. John Tiegland was subsequently disqualified in one race, which robbed him of a chance to place in the upper bracket.

Charles Allaire, sailing a new craft, less than two weeks old, did a magnificent job of sailing. He was able to amass a total of 311 points, enough to take first place had his new boat weighed the required 700 pounds. Unfortunately for Charlie, he was also disqualified when the weight discrepancy was discovered after the last race, at which time the first six boats were weighed by the official Lightning scales.

On Friday evening all skippers and crews assembled at the Club for a Skipper's meeting and a "Sound-off." The big event of the social season was the "Barbary Coast Ball." With just a slight imagination, one could place himself on carnival night in the midst of Can-Can girls, prospectors, Chinese coolies and characters in general, as walked the streets in California coast towns at the turn of the century. This conglomeration of humanity mingled



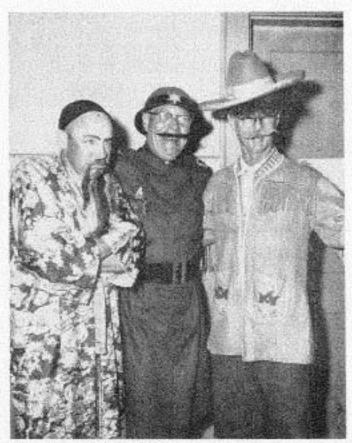
Dr. Murphy ... Allaire coming up



Commodore Stan Sharer presenting trophy to Dr. Murphy, taile and create.

and thronged in the southwest corner of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club ballroom during the cocktail hour preceding the Costume Ball.

Commodore Stan Shaver presided at the presentations which followed the sumptuous buffet dinner on Sunday evening. Commodore Stan extended a gracious welcome to all and an invitation for a repeat visit in '54. Everyone who was there hoped that they might be among the fortunate ones to enjoy a perfect Winter Vacation on Tampa Bay.



Would you like to meet them in a dark alley?

