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Spring Lake to  
 Seaside Park

A sporting paper for sporting people

Barnegat Bay and  
 Manasquan River

Vol. II No. 2

JULY 5, 1930

5 Cents

## Mantoloking Club Takes B. B. Y. R. A. Opening Honors; Thacher, Baily, Schoettle, Win

"Sand Flea" Captures 18 Ft. Event While "Flying Devil" and "Squid" Win in 15 Ft. Classes

### RACE TODAY AT SEASIDE PARK

With six home boats placing, the Mantoloking Yacht Club carried off the honors at the opening regatta of the Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association held at that club last Saturday.

Most of the Association clubs, however, were represented among the victors. Ferdinand Schoettle won in the E Sloop Class for Island Heights. He sailed the *Sally* to a close victory over Slade Dale in the *Rascal*, finishing the 13-mile course in 1:50:37. The Thacher entry crossed the line three minutes later. O. G. Dale, Slade's father, was third among nine entries.

F. W. Thacher, hard-fighting racer, brought the *Spy* in a winner in the Class A Catboat division. He was timed at 2:09:40. Applegate, sailing Gale's *Mary Ann*, finished within two minutes, leading Perkin's *Tamwock*, sailed by Roy Weaver, by a close margin.

(Continued on Page 6)

## Ocean Gate Plans 15 ft. Sneak Events

The Ocean Gate Yacht Club will hold 15-ft. Sneakbox races over the club course on Friday afternoons. The races, starting at 3:15, will be inaugurated on the 11th. With the exception of August 1st, on which day the sloops will race against the Canadians, they will be continued till August 29. Entrance fees are nil. In spite of this, three prizes, worthy of combat, are waiting for the placing boats in each event.

## Hiering and Lucke Lead Star Series

Each Skipper Has Won a First, Second and Third Place in Elimination Races

### GROVER AND DALE WIN

By turning in a first place Saturday and second on Sunday, the Hiering boys have placed their *Flying Cloud* in a tie for lead in the elimination series to see which boat will represent the Barnegat Bay Fleet in the championship races scheduled for Gibson Island in September. Charles Lucke, secretary of the fleet, took second and third positions in these races, but his victory of two weeks ago gives him the same standing as the Hiering boys.

The *Vixen*, sailed by Grover and Slade Dale, was Sunday's victor. *Vixen* sailed the ten-mile course in 2:01:08. The Hiering and Lucke entries finished with an overlap with a time difference of four seconds.

The Sunday race was close as far as some positions were concerned. Oliphant's *Scarab* had a margin of but six seconds in taking fifth place from the *Polly Ann*, while O. G. Dale got away from last place in his *Arran* to finish ahead of Taylor's *Virginia* by nineteen seconds.

Results on centre page.

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## Shore Tennis Clubs Open Season Today

Deal Club 1930 Roster Indicates Greatly Strengthened Team for This Year

### LEAGUE SENTIMENT GROWS

The Fourth of July has been designated as the official opening date for most of the coast tennis clubs. The statement, "the season opened with a bang," will have a wee grain of literal truth behind it.

After a glance over most of the club registers one is tempted to believe that the Casino Tennis Club at Deal will appear the most strengthened team of the 1930 calendar. It has added to its list a well known player in the person of Bud Cohen, while several other expert players have virtually signed up for the season with the Deal fraternity. Deal's line-up now boasts the above-mentioned Mr. Cohen, the Backrack brothers, Arthur and Harold, Freddie Boepple, one of the shore's coming players, Schoen, and Lazarus.

(Continued on Page 4)

## New Paramount at Asbury Opens July 11

Paramount-Publix Schedules Best Current New York Hits for Patrons Summering Here

Although the Paramount hasn't announced definitely what their first attraction will be, it will have to be a sensation. Look what they have lined up and it's going to be one of them. Clara Bow in her latest talk-

(Continued on Page 5)



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## Beachcomber

"A Sporting paper for sporting people."

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1930

Price, 5c. Copy. Season, 50c.

P. O. Box 571, Manasquan

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### DRIFTWOOD

Toms River Yacht Club had a novelty opening July 3rd. There was little or no advance information on the subject . . . even those in charge of the big event appeared somewhat hazy. Probably it proved a surprise even to them. Frank Doan directed proceedings.

\* \* \*

Ladees and gentlemen! Tonight the Seaside Park Yacht Club is holding its opening show. Come late and avoid the crowd . . . admission \$1.00 and bring your refreshments.

\* \* \*

*Catch of the week*—R. D. Taylor and children of Seaside Park caught a mess of the Bay's best crabs last Sunday during the Star race. Dressed in light summer suit, perfectly fitted to the occasion, and stepping boldly from his Christ-Craft with well-filled crab baskets, the popular Rear Commodore of the Seaside Park Yacht Club vouchsafed this information to questioning friends, "Believe me, the best thing to use is a great big flounder fish-head."

## Printing Service

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*O. G. Dale Self Taught*—Father of Slade Dale spurns all offers of assistance in sailing idiosyncrasies of the Star Class. "I'll learn by myself, then I'll know how."

\* \* \*

Last week we visited the *Sea Call II* at the Seaside Park Yacht Club . . . accommodations for six . . . the perfect retreat . . . built by the Mathis Company and owned by the Vice-President of the company, John Trumpy . . . son Donald does most of the sailing . . . intends to make a trip North and visit the American Cup Races off Block Island in September, as part of a two-week trip around Long Island.

\* \* \*

*Flotsam and Jetsam*—Sam Fryer trying to dehydrate himself after upsetting in his Boyd-Martin, that animated slipper, at the end of an unfortunate race with Dan Forman in his energetic kicker . . . the Baker brothers playing Ping-pong at S. P. Y. C. with honors about even . . . Schoettle's new Class E sloop acquiring the nickname *Salad* (or is it *Sally*?) for undiscovered reasons.

## The Long Voyage

### PART TWO THE MASTER

Mac Auld was master  
Of the fine craft,  
Keeping her working  
Fore and aft.  
Scotch, Cold,  
Hard, Bold,  
He kept his larder  
Like so much gold.  
A lime juice ration  
To his men giving,  
And just enough meat  
To keep them living.  
Never allowing  
More than enough  
To keep them working;  
*He* ate plum duff  
And real meat  
And white bread,  
And slept soundly  
On a feather bed.

Still a young man,  
Forty odd,  
He strode his decks  
A wrathful God,  
Meting punishment  
With an iron hand,  
Every back bore  
His whip's brand.  
He held a meeting  
Each Sabbath Day  
And woe to the man  
Who stayed away;  
He handed out hymns,  
His voice ringing,  
And frightened his men



Into lusty singing,  
 And always there  
 To accompany  
 Was the low wind,  
 Was the rushing sea.  
 After the second  
 Hymn was sung  
 He preached his sermon  
 In his Scotch tongue.  
 Jorgensen listened  
 And felt afraid,  
 He kept his head down  
 When the master prayed,  
 And sang loudly  
 Against the sea,  
 In his nervousness,  
 A bit off key,  
 And a little louder  
 Than all the rest;  
 The master liked him  
 Much the best,  
 And worked him easier  
 When the tempest blew,  
 While Jorgensen hated  
 And never knew.

So the days passed  
 In great toil  
 And the hot sun  
 Made their blood boil,  
 And their eyes ached  
 With the sun's rays  
 Through the long, hungry,  
 Thirsty days.  
 Jorgensen's body  
 Was thin and brown  
 And tired to death  
 When the sun went down.  
 He might have rested  
 When his watch was through,  
 But Mac Auld found plenty  
 For his men to do.  
 Jorgensen washed  
 The master's clothes,  
 Mentally dealing  
 Brutal blows  
 To their hard owner  
 While he rubbed away  
 The dark reminders  
 Of the master's day.

"There, you blackguard,"  
 Cried the boy's mind,  
 "You know I hate you,  
 Or are you blind?  
 Starving us skillfully  
 As you are able,  
 Why don't you fatten us  
 For your own table?"  
 He thumped the clothes  
 With his eager fist,  
 Proud of the muscles  
 In his brown wrist.  
 He planned murder  
 Early and late,  
 But his fear was greater  
 Than his strong hate.

Standing one night  
 At his sleepy post  
 He sought the comfort  
 Of his Viking ghost,

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 A Viking name,  
 And wondering sadly  
 Why no one came.  
 He'd have rubbed his eyes  
 If he only could  
 Have seen the place  
 Where the Viking stood;  
 Down in the cabin  
 With Fergus Mac Auld,  
 Hearing each time  
 That the boy called;  
 And they talked long  
 And they talked late,  
 How they would make  
 Ole Jorgensen great,  
 And they talked late

And they talked long  
 How they would build  
 Ole Jorgensen strong. By JASON.

### Tide Tables - 1930 Eastern Standard Time JULY

Date	High		Low	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
5	3.35	4.13	9.52	10.41
6	4.37	5.07	10.45	11.37
7	5.35	5.58	11.37	...
8	6.27	6.45	0.28	12.27
9	7.15	7.28	1.16	1.14
10	7.58	8.10	2.01	2.00
11	8.39	8.47	2.43	2.42
12	9.17	9.23	3.24	3.23



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## TENNIS SEASON OPENS

(Continued from Page 1)

Miss Clare Cassel has worked hard to present a formidable team and her efforts seem justified.

The tennis reporter, on his rounds this week, found a growing sentiment in favor of inter-club strife, combat, or what have you? Last year few of the clubs seemed to care to mix with alien clubs. Let us hope that the competitive urge develops into a greater feeling of respect and comradeship between the clubs. It is a certainty that the tennis standard of play will be raised, should we enter the warfare with the right spirit.

\*—————\*

We hope to run in our tennis column the local news and gossip of each of the several tennis clubs along the beach. We have so far met with nothing but hearty co-operation in our little plan to present a club chat corner for each organization. We hope that we will be serving a useful purpose in acquainting these clubs with each other's activities.

Let us look at the list. We start at Deal, next, Colonial Terrace, then Ocean Grove, Avon, Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis, Manasquan River Yacht Club (which can also be classified as a tennis club), and Bay Head Yacht Club. These are seven strong and active clubs, and there are possibly a few others not yet covered.

\*—————\*

This curious reporter may get into trouble yet but he would certainly like to see how the Dudley brothers of Manasquan River Yacht Club would match up with the Backrack brothers of Deal. It would be a contest worth seeing as neither team has lost a match for several years. The Backrack brothers have been more active along the coast section, but the Dudley boys possess a collegiate rating of some years' standing that should give them the odds.

These brother acts, on the whole, turn out pretty successfully. One brother learns all the weakness and strong points of the other, and plays to nullify and to take advantage of them respectively. And what looks better than a pair of brothers working harmoniously on the courts? Why, a pair of sisters, of course!

\*—————\*

Ocean Grove Tennis Club has two good players—brothers, too—in the persons of Norman and Harrison Waterman. However, they both prefer singles. Get together, boys, get together.

\*—————\*

See this column for advance notice of any tournament you may be interested in.

## On Country Clothes

(Courtesy L. P. Hollander Co., Inc.)

Fashions have gone Radical (indeed, there seems to be no doubt about it), but country clothes as usual are staunchly supporting the Conservative Party.

It's easiest to describe them by talking not what they are but what they aren't. They aren't expensive, they aren't fussy, they aren't frilly, they aren't extreme, they aren't period. Anything that's none of these things is almost certain to be Country.

There are tweeds—aren't there always tweeds? There are cottons, there are linens, there are the kind of silks that wash. That's about all, for even garden party frocks have gone in for organdie, embroidered voile, dotted Swiss and such.

The dresses for active sports are sleeveless, most of them with an accessory jacket, many of them with shorts to match. They are the piques, the linens, the tub silks, the shirtings, the Chinese damasks. The bright colors that seem so desirable before nature herself brightens up, have been discarded as being ineffective in competition with the summer landscape and pale pastels with white are now most fashionable. White may be used either for the chief garment of an ensemble costume or for the accessories. A pleasant effect is often gained by combining two different pastel shades instead of a single one with white. The white coat, either lined or unlined, goes everywhere all day long.

There is little choice between the various light colors—which makes the choice of a favorite shade entirely a matter of one's own preference and coloring. Pale pink, pale blue, light green and yellow are all equally good.

The more formal country frocks—for teas, country clubs, garden parties—are of plain organdie, plain or flowered net, eyelet embroidered batiste, voile and almost any other sheer cotton fabric one can think of. For these the same color preferences rule, with a new high fashion for the all-white costume.

And for evenings, too, the organdies and nets are very smart. But if you must have silk, this is the time to wear it. Flowered or plain chiffon (especially white) is smart and it's worth noting that the mode for matching jackets holds for evening gowns too. Many of them have little bolero jackets or straight short cardigan style coats of the same material as the frock.

The evening wraps are very short. We have news of long evening wraps in the Mid-Season openings in Paris,



## Star Race Results

June 28: Wind, S.S.E. (clear). Sea, smooth. Event, Elimination.

No.	Name	Sailed by	Time.
573	Flying Cloud	Hiering	1:11:30
565	Nick Nack	Lucke	1:11:44
605	Curlew	Ludeke	1:14:58
752	Scarab	Oliphant	1:17:28

June 29: Wind, N. E. (cloudy). Sea, smooth. Event: Elimination for Gibson Island Championship Races.

No.	Name	Sailed by	Time.
658	Vixen	Grover, Dale	2:01:08
573	Flying Cloud	Heiring	2:02:54
565	Nick Nack	Lucke	2:02:58
605	Curlew	Ludeke	2:05:09
752	Scarab	Oliphant	2:11:39
574	Polly Ann	Rightmire	2:11:45
672	Arran	O. G. Dale	2:14:21
566	Virginia	Taylor	2:14:40

but that will be, quite naturally, an autumn fashion. For the summer, the short paletots and coats will go merrily along.

Hats are very jolly. One of the smartest types is the wide-brimmed hat of rough straw . . . never rougher than when it is worn with a very light sheer summer dress. Panamas are a new vogue. Hats of linen and chintz are in the picture . . . as they should be with the ensemble idea more important than ever.

As to the beach wear . . . well, that's important enough to take a column all to itself next time.

### The Greenhorn

A Column of Expert Advice.

By CAP WHITE.

Dear Cap White:

Could you explain to me about luffing up with the wind, and luffing in general? When I professed ignorance on this subject my best girl became angry and has refused to see me since. Your consideration will be appreciated.

Thank you,

ROWAN BALE.

Dear Mr. Bale:

Luffing in general and luffing up with the wind are two entirely different things and should not be confused. I would suggest that you invite your girl to go sailing with you, proceed to luff up in the wind, and then show her that you really know what luffing in general is.

Sincerely,

CAP WHITE.

CAP WHITE.

Dear Sir:

I am having a most frightful time, really, with my poodle, Maybella

Gladys. I wished to enter her in the Bay Head Muttles Dog Show, but she refused, insisting that she was not a Muttie. How can I make her go in next year? I am all in a muddle.

Yours,

MONA LOW.

Dear Miss Low:

Have a confidential chat with your dog and explain to her that Muttie is merely the refined way of saying the word "myrtle", from there leading to the fact that every dog entered in this show was therefore recognized as the Flower of Dogdom. You might also add that she must go in the show next year for the honor of the family. I think that these arguments will bring her around in time.

Sincerely,

CAP WHITE.

(Cap White has read so many letters asking sporting questions during the past week that he is now getting "sports before the eyes", that favorite malady of the elite. In the weeks to come he will answer these questions in his usual inimitable style, for better or for worse, especially worse.)

### ASBURY PARAMOUNT

(Continued from Page 1)

ing hit, "Love Among the Millionaires," Moran & Mack (Who Cares) in "Anybody's War", and The Four Marx Brothers in "Animal Crackers". They can't go wrong on those.

In addition to the new Paramount theatre opening on the 11th, the Publix theatres offer four other houses with first class entertainment. The Mayfair, St. James and Lyric supply Asbury Park with the best in talking pictures, with the Savoy theatre giving them a change of New York stage hits weekly.

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## Old Timers

CAPTAIN JOHN MAXSON

Died March 3rd, 1855

*From Historical and Biographical Atlas of New Jersey Coast; Woolman and Rose—1878.*

John Maxson has the honor of having fired the first ball over a wrecked vessel for the saving of life that was ever accomplished. He was appointed the first keeper of Life-saving Station, then No. 9, located on Squan Beach.

It was here that the emigrant ship *Ayrshire*, with 201 passengers, stranded in a severe gale and snow-storm on the 12th of January, 1850. The gale was so violent that no open boat could approach or leave the ship. The mortar provided by government was brought in requisition, and two shots were fired with line attached; the violence of the gale carried the first to the leeward of the ship. The second shot carried and fastened the line to the ship, with it a larger line was soon hauled off, and subsequently the metallic life-car was hauled through the terrific and foaming surf to the ship; in the life-car embarked from two to four passengers at a time, and with another line the loaded car was hauled to the shore with its load of passengers tightly inclosed within it, through the surf, and safely landed.

On the first day 120 persons were landed unharmed, with one single exception, which, as the last car left the ship at night, he, an anxious passenger, jumped on the outside, contrary to orders, thinking that he could thus land in safety; unfortunately, as was foreseen, the surf immediately washed him off and he was lost. The next morning the rest of the passengers were landed in like manner. During the time no open boat could reach or land from the ship.

Captain Maxson superintended and sent the line by the mortar on board of the stranded vessel. He attached the line to the shot and fired it from the mortar. It fell directly across the wreck and was caught by the crew on board, and the hawser hauled off to which the metallic life-car was attached. The ship came ashore abreast of the station-house. Had she struck between two houses (they were then ten miles apart) or even four miles from shelter, many of those saved from drowning

## MANTOLOKING PICK-UPS

By PEGGY AND NANCY.

The 1930 racing season began last Saturday, the 28th of June, with the arrival of a fleet of fifty-nine boats at the Mantoloking Yacht Club. All the familiar skippers were present and of course Captain Bailey, Runy Colie, F. Schoettle, E. Briton, and the other unconquerables, ran away with cups.

Three young "serious thinkers" rounded a channel marker thinking it was a racing barrel and proceeded home in high glee. Imagine their chagrin at finding they hadn't won the race at all—embarrassing, what?

\* \* \*

Mantoloking shed bitter tears Sunday night when its musical ability departed on the last train for New York. The club piano might just as well go to hock tomorrow, as no one cares to tickle the ivories after the departure of our Bill Smith, who invaded Mantoloking for an all too short visit with Bill Brook. We all hope Waffles returns in the near future.

\* \* \*

Speaking of music, we are proud to report a brand new organ in the Mantoloking Church, labelled "real oak". We are all waiting impatiently for the Rev. Mr. Pitt's arrival and the first service of the year.

\* \* \*

Field Secretary, Mr. Wharton Greene, of Summit, N. J., has been working laboriously getting the tennis courts in shape. He is succeeding very well and Bay Headers will soon be clamoring for permission to use them.

THE MANTOLOKERS.

would have perished with cold as the snowstorm was very severe.

(Watch for another Old Timer in the next issue.)



*Skippy*—M. R. Y. C. Favorite

## B. B. Y. R. A. OPENING

(Continued from Page 1)

Captain Forman Bailey, about whom is an article in this issue, with much assistance from his racing partner, Bertram, lost no time in beating the other Class B entries with his *Me Too*. The veteran racer defeated Commodore Storer in the *Falcon* by five minutes. Hall in the *Zelda* gave the Storer boat a close race, but finished forty-five seconds behind.

In the morning contests, in which the smaller boats took part, the Mantoloking Club got most of her places. Dick Bertram in the *Squid* won over twelve other entries with his fellow clubman, Whitney Dalzell, in a nameless boat which we call Madam X, and Runyon Colie, Jr., following in that order. Eddie Britten, of the Bay Head Yacht Club, took first prize among the twenty A Class entries. He had a hard time in his *Flying Devil* in beating Bob Price, but finally nosed out the Mantoloking boat, *Bobbil*, by a couple of minutes. N. R. MacGregor in *Big Boy* took third place for Lavalette.

The Seaside Park Yacht Club got its first in the 18-ft. Cat Class. J. Vail beat six other entries with his *Sand-flea*. His winning time was slower than the 15-ft. A Class time, being clocked at 2:29:28.

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RUTH BRANNING



## Capt. Bailey Grants Beachcomber Interview

### OLD SQUANIAN TELLS TALES

Every devotee of sailboat racing along the upper Barnegat knows Captain Forman Bailey, ancient seaman and sportsman, and owner of the champion Class B Cat, the *Me Too*. In these waters Captain Bailey has become an institution, and the eighty-six year old skipper has proved himself a formidable opponent in any race which he enters.

Captain Bailey is gifted with a remarkable memory and can carry you back three quarters of a century with stories of his youth. "One day," he told us, "four or five of us played truant from school. We hid behind the haystack on Rankin's Hill and watched the boats go out the inlet. They were all loaded with a cargo from here, and that day we counted fourteen or sixteen of them. That was a good many ships to sail out at one time."

"When did you first go to sea?" we asked the venerable captain.

"I was about ten years old," he answered. "And went with my father and mother on a pleasure trip. I helped where I could though. It was in the *Wave*, the first boat that father had built away from Manasquan. Father always equipped his vessels well. I was about seventeen or eighteen when I first took charge of a boat. My brother John sailed with me; he was older than I was but during hard weather I generally took command.

"The *Liberty* was the commencement of our sailing boats. She only carried about thirty-five or forty tons. Another one was the *Jennie Hall*. She was a Delaware schooner and had two topmasts and two jibs. The *Lily Walford* was the fastest vessel of her size that I was ever aboard of. We also sailed the *John A. Brown* and the *C. H. Malison* which was built at Staten Island and was a beauty, a two-master.

"During the Civil War I sailed for six months with Captain Thomas Tilton in a schooner called the *Mary Jane*. Father had her built when he traded South. We went down the Potomac and carried hay and merchandise.

"Captain Tilton was always talking about somebody. He didn't like anybody to beat him. His boat got the nickname, *The Article*, because Captain Tilton always used to point at her and call her that in his conversation."

"What did you do for amusement in your young days when you were ashore, Captain Bailey," we asked him.

"Well, when we were little we played hide and seek around the cornstalks, and once in a while a traveling circus came to town and stayed a day. There were quilting parties too. Folks would sit around and quilt and talk till pretty near midnight. We had some good singers too. Maria Green—couldn't she sing—and Kate Moore too. And Maria's brother, Ed Freeman, was a splendid singer. We liked to hear him sing that song about 'and the landlubbers go a-skippping to the top.' That was a good, rousing song. Now

young people don't have such a good time. They want more all the time and they're never satisfied."

"And what do you think of Prohibition?", we said, bringing up the w. k. subject.

"I don't believe in it now, and I never have. In the old days the more people drank the happier they were. That isn't the way things are now." So did Captain Bailey deliver his ultimatum on this controversial topic.

Sailing under the guidance of its master, Captain Forman Bailey, and with Mr. Walter Bertram again the mainstay of the crew, another successful summer is anticipated for the *Me Too*.

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## **BAY HEAD TUTORING SCHOOL TO OPEN**

On July 14th the Bay Head Tutoring School will open its seventh season in Bay Head. During each year of its existence there has been a steady increase in the enrollment of the school, and this season it was found necessary to move it from Mantoloking to Bay Head where it will occupy a building devoted solely to classrooms with modern classroom equipment.

The department of English and History will be headed by C. B. Boocock, Headmaster of the Collegiate School, J. P. Humphries will head the Classics department, T. D. Walker will be in charge of Mathematics,

and R. M. Baker is to instruct in Modern Languages. The last three names are all members of the Kent School faculty.

The Bay Head Tutoring School, under the leadership of Mr. Humphreys, is justly proud of the fact that of thirty-five candidates taking college and school examinations in 1929, there were but two failures.

## **GROVE CLUB WAITING FOR "POP" FERRIS**

Frank Ferris, popularly known as "Pop," is expected within a day or so at Ocean Grove. That may not mean anything to you who have not met him, but it is very important to the Grovites. "Pop" is the guiding

light and ruling spirit of that club, and things never happen until he arrives.

We understand that "Pop" has had a hard winter of it, sickness forcing him to leave his Brooklyn home and sojourn in Rochester for quite a spell. However, he has recovered now and it won't be long before "Pop" and his fat cigar will be once more holding sway on the Ocean Grove Tennis Courts.

*"Let Us DYE For You"!*

## **Gallus Bros.**

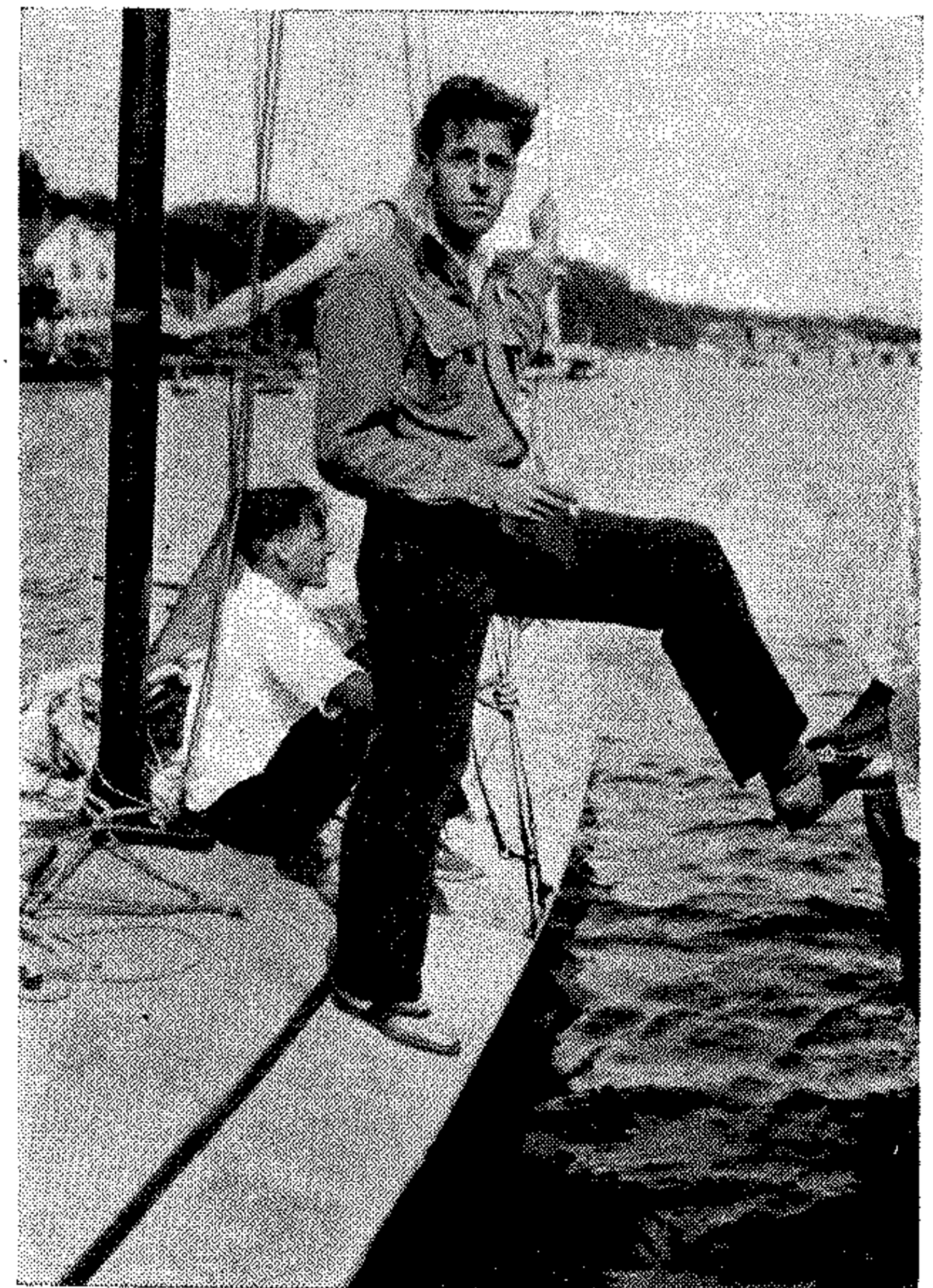
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*Ed Schoettle—Brother Ferd won  
Class E Race*

# **Cramer's DRUGS & GIFTS**

**Next to Theatre**

**Point Pleasant, N. J.**