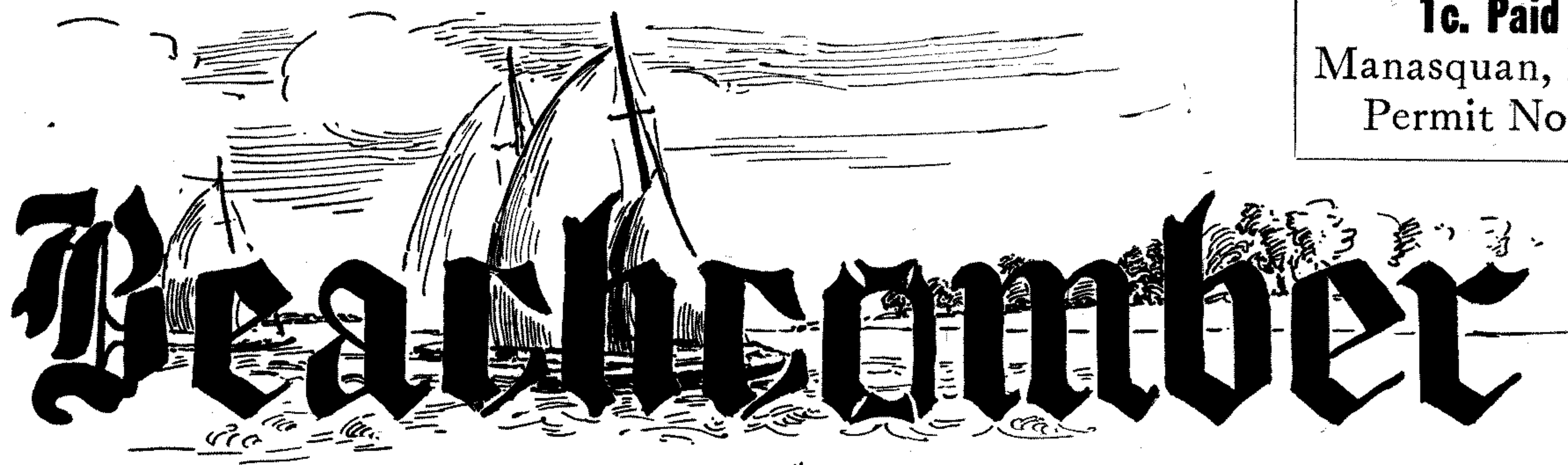


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The Barnegat Bay

Spring Lake to
 Seaside Park

A sporting paper for sporting people

Barnegat Bay and
 Manasquan River

Vol. II No. 5

JULY 26, 1930

5 Cents

Thacher's "Spy" Captures Old Morgan Cup; Ferd Gets Atkinson Trophy as Four E's Upset

**Dick Bertram Takes Fifth Straight;
 Little Egg Sneaks Win Honors
 on Annual Cruise**

PEGGY MORSE "B" VICTOR

Frank Thacher has always had a suppressed desire to win the Morgan Cup, one of the oldest Barnegat Bay trophies. He did this at Island Heights Saturday, when he sailed his *Spy* to a splendid victory, defeating his adversaries by the widest margin.

Thacher held his craft right to it in the hard westerly puffs which caused her to keel way over on her side at times, and finished the ten and one-half mile course in 2:7:48. With Beck Crabbe finishing six minutes later in his *Bat*, it was almost a case of "There is no second." Roy Weaver in *Tamwock* and Schoettle in *Lotus* both beat Gale's *Mary Ann* in. These three boats all finished within thirty seconds of each other.

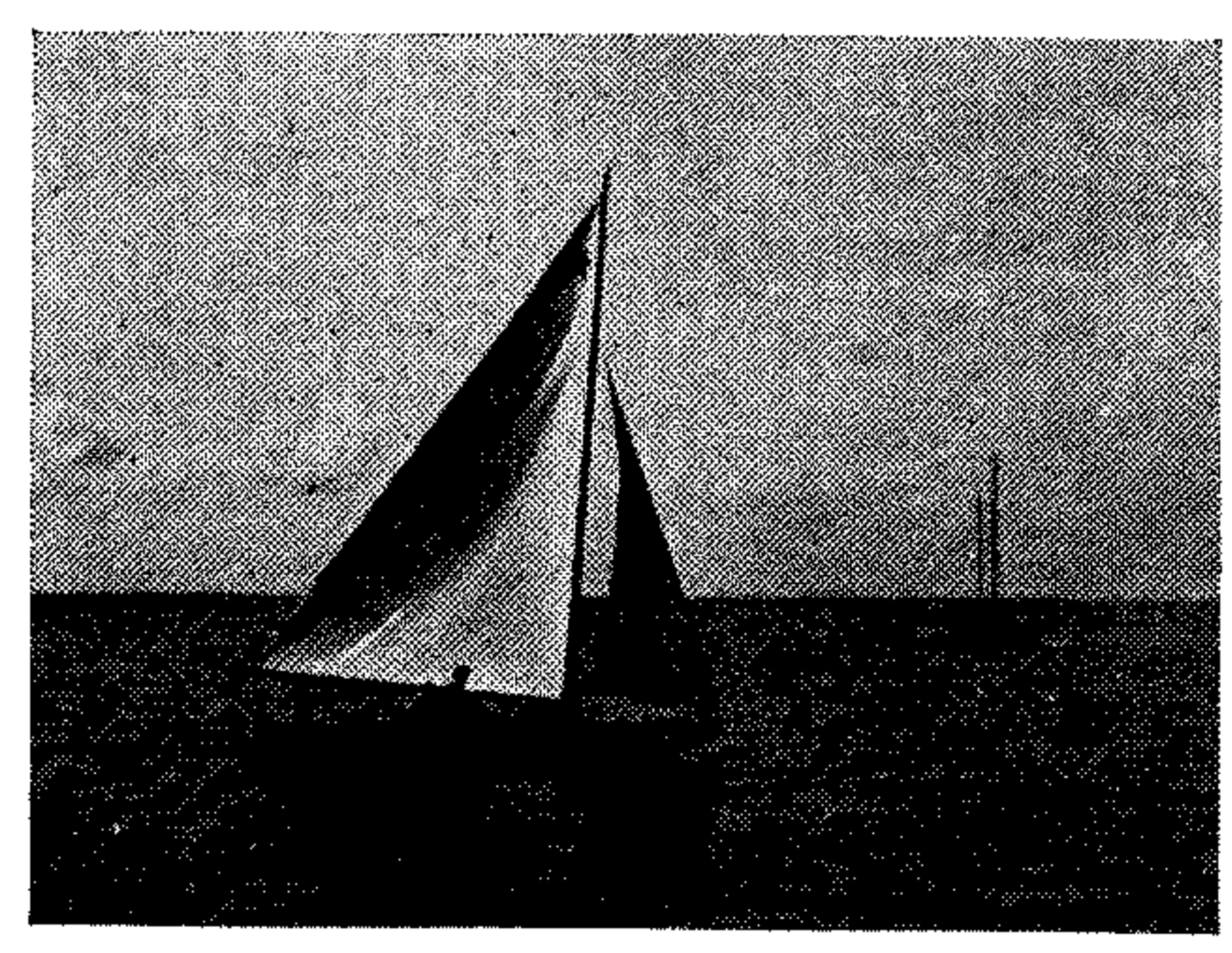
Ferddie Schoettle has a right to be proud for his admirable Class E victory. He beat the two international selections, brother Ed and Slade Dale,
 (Continued on Page 5)

Zephyr, Marz, Take M. R. Y. C. Race

LIGHT AIRS ANNOY RACERS

Carpenter knew what he was doing when he named his *Zephyr*. He got his share of that commodity that sailors whistle for and won handily over Ragsdale's *Minna*. Although the difference in space was a matter of yards, the time difference was quite another matter.

On the last lap Lawrence Wing
 (Continued on Page 6)



Curlew, Star Race Winner

Curlew Captures Bay Star Race

**Ludeke Stops Vixen's Winning
 Streak**

PATTY ANN BREAKS STAY

Henry Ludeke's *Curlew* showed the way to the rest of the fleet here today in the fifth race for the championship of the Barnegat Bay fleet of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association. Cliff Grover's *Vixen* and Charles Lucke's *Nick Nack* finished second and third, respectively.

After the start was postponed an hour, due to a flat calm, the fleet got away in a whispering northeasterly on a shortened course, but the wind was fluky at all times and extremely variable.

Curlew was easily the master of
 (Continued on Page 6)

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Army Champion Wins at Tennis

**Strahan Captures North Jersey
 Coast Crown at Spring Lake**

John W. Strahan, of Newark, won the first shore tennis tournament of the season at the Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club last Sunday, by defeating the surprising sophomore from Princeton, Henry M. Kennedy, in five hard-fought tooth-and-nail sets. The scores of the match were 6-3, 5-7, 4-6, 10-8, 6-4.

Strahan was the 1930 United States Army champion, and by virtue of Sunday's victory now sports the title of North Jersey Coast Net champ. He had no serious opposition until the final match with Kennedy. Harry Wolf, last year's winner of the tourney held at Spring Lake, this year found himself unable to participate.

Kennedy looks "like a comer", colloquially speaking, and the above score shows how long he stayed ahead, after getting off to a bad start. Yes, along about 8-all in the fourth set, the clouds looked dark
 (Continued on Page 4)

King Wins Cup At Lavallette

**Pechin Trophy Awarded After Hotly
 Contested Race**

Captain Jamie King won the Rene Pechin Trophy Sunday at Lavallette, sailing the *Bay Rum* over a short course of 5½ miles. Eleven other entrants furnished stiff competition up to the final gun.

Captain King got off to a good start, and was third around the first buoy. Slowly he overhauled Norman Mac-
 (Continued on Page 5)

Beachcomber

"A Sporting paper for sporting people."

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1930

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

P. O. Box 571, Manasquan

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Adv. Editors..AGNES BOULTON O'NEILL

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

Tennis Editor.....LESLIE JAHN

Business Mgr.H. R. BRANNING, JR.

Without Rhyme or Reason Or What is This Thing?

The waters of Barnegat Bay have harbored every type of craft from Captain Kidd's ships to outboard motors. During its long existence its waters have been known as places for pleasure.

In the past few years a new specie of boat—or is it animal—has made its appearance on the bay. The exact category into which this strange an-

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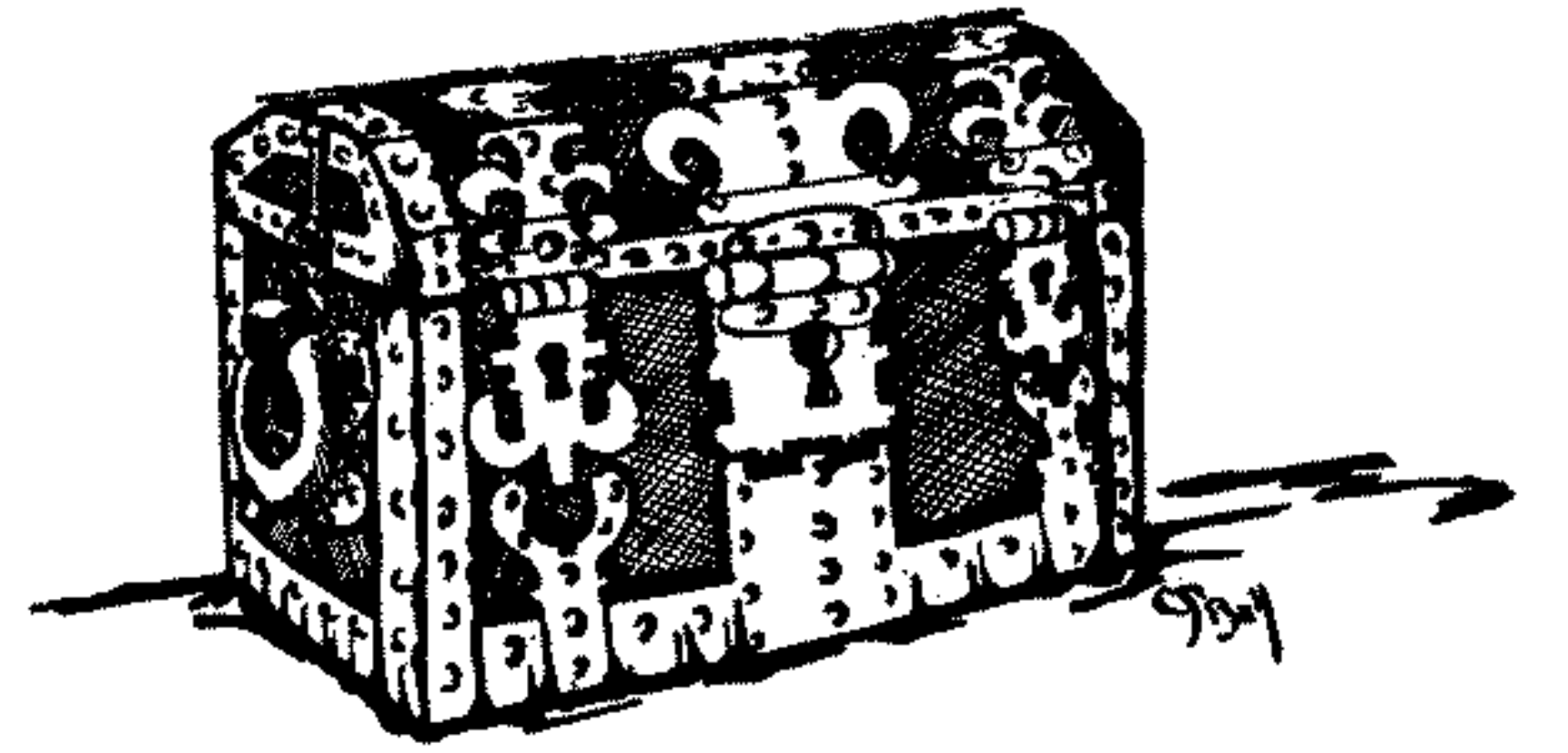
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noyance falls has not yet been fully ascertained. Only the following is known:

The creatures which have the appearance of boats driven by "sportsmen" are generally seen at races in which sailboats take part.

The creatures have a method of attack known as the "wave" method. For this method smooth water is especially desirable for reasons known to all yachtsmen.

The special delight of this animal is to race up and down a race course with intentions of raising a wave to delay the progress of the sailing craft. If it is not satisfied at its accomplishments during the race, it then concentrates on the finish line.

The silly thing about this animal is that it immediately goes into a fit of laughter when a sailing skipper appears annoyed by the interfering wave.

The animal is said to be a cousin to the creatures which followed the Poughkeepsie rowing regatta and sunk three boats with thirteen men on each.

The reason for the actions of this thing has never been found out. The rumors are not complimentary however.

Last week one of these creatures more familiar than others and called "Frenchie" by admiring throngs, was not content with annoying racing yachtsmen, but actually interfered with a man at work. One of Johnson's men was towing a boat up the bay to the boat yard. Here indeed was a prize. "Frenchie" circled laughingly around the tow until the tow line parted.

DRIFTWOOD

Of late years it has often been remarked that we are a nation of watchers; we do not play the game ourselves, but rather sit in the gallery and applaud the few who are trained. The advantages of merely watching may not be remarkable but the pleasures are surely not to be denied.

Most games are interesting to watch for the sake of the game; the player is noteworthy because of his relation to the game. These special activities such as swimming, tennis, and football tend to produce a recognizable type, which in organization usually subordinates personality to the exigencies of the sport in hand.

At this point my budding thesis takes a turn to the left and leads to a discussion of the one sport I have so far observed which makes no requirements of the individual, either in the way of dress, practice, rules, or social standing. All that it demands is a few minutes time, night or day, a nervous system untroubled by remarks from the gallery—and the sum of twenty-five cents. I am speaking of the miniature game which has wakened the sportive instincts of the entire nation—**Tom Thumb Golf!**

Tom Thumb Golf is more a game to be watched than to be played. The player of the game is usually deadly serious, unaware of the startling panorama all about him, the vision of kids and youths and ancients, each with stick and ball and score card and that grim white look about the mouth as they make par on the fifth hole and hear lusty

WARNING (3×+1)—If you don't cut it out there are ways and means, and mean ways—but the real yachtsmen will not stoop to that. At the next race all interfering boats will be recorded and shot at sunrise for no reason at all.

HOWARD HEIGHT

Sales Agent for

Dodge Boats

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cheering combined with heavenly chords produced by a gallery of imaginary angels. But the watcher—he sees it all, the brilliant colors, the lights, the moving mass of sportive humans. He hears the voices, that amusing cacophony that every summer resort produces. He sees the furtive cheating and smiles to himself, he becomes a partner to the matron who gives her ball a little push after a quick glance to see if anybody is looking. These so many people are often pitilessly unskilled, not necessarily in their accuracy of stroke but rather in their knowledge of the requirements of sportsmanship. They are beginners, they do not know how to act. If they were ever told, things might be different. They do not seem unwilling to learn. Other games absolutely require that their participants be good sports, at least outwardly. Except in exceptional cases the poor sport sees only the door marked exit and hears only the chorus of boos. Tom Thumb Golf makes no such requirement, being entirely democratic; in its absence of this characteristic, it is a true revelation of character. It tells more in five minutes to the eager watcher than he could otherwise learn in five months.

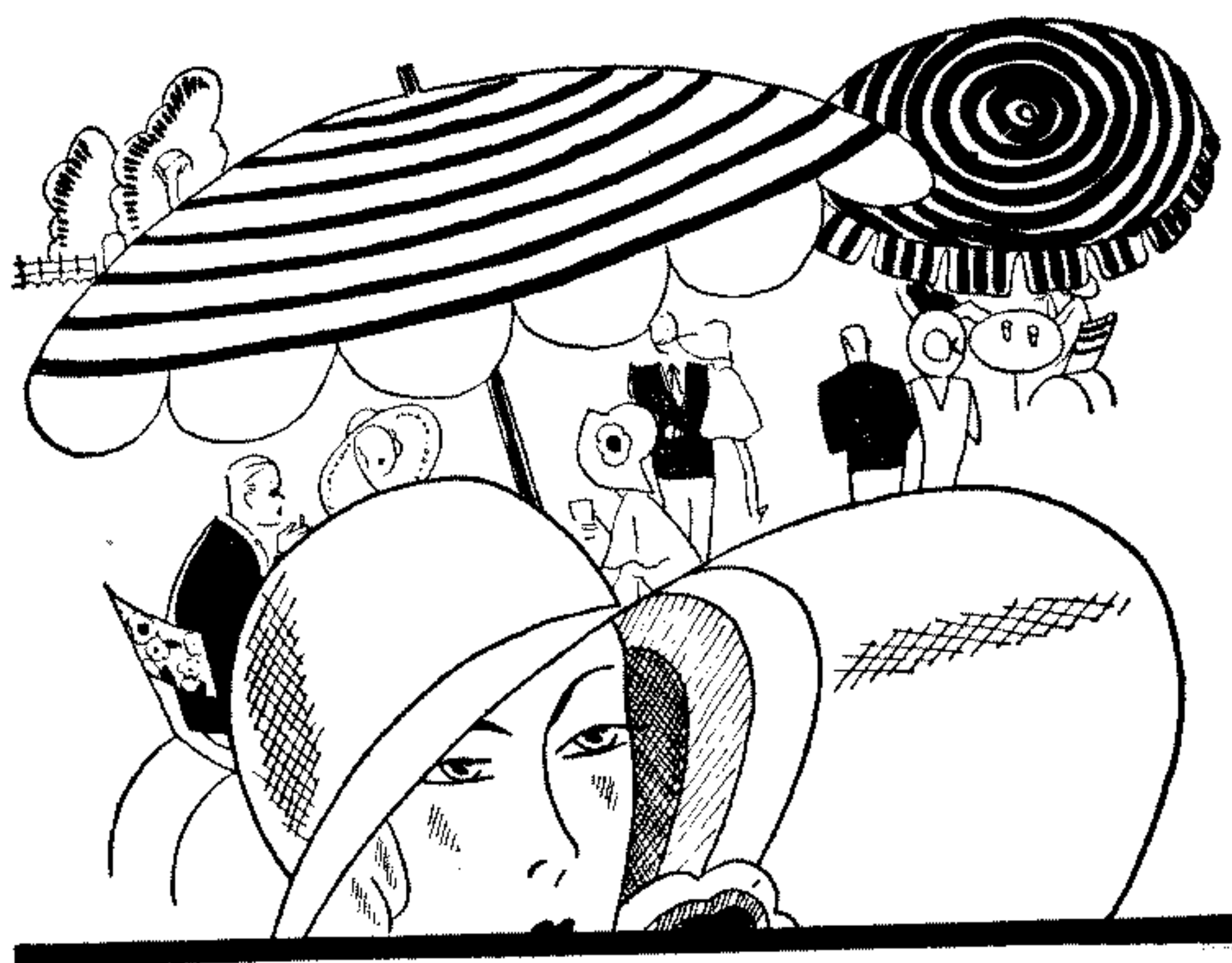
I have said that the only material demand of Tom Thumb Golf is the price of admission. It does not ask for white flannels or sneakers. High heeled shoes and tight fitting satin dresses are being worn this season, as are also striped knickers, trailing chiffons, gingham, and formal evening wear. For all the ladies there are balls to match the costume. The gentlemen invariably, or almost, choose the white ball. They look wistfully upon the more colorful pill, but convention holds them back in this one respect.

The score card is only an outward form of regulation, signifying little. At least it gives the berouged grandmother from Hoboken the chance to tell the folks back home that she made it in ninety last Tuesday night. At least it lends a semblance of great import to the whole proceeding.

If the man who watches is inclined toward pessimism he receives further data on the hopelessness of American society. If he is a comic, he plans witty conversations on the sport life of the league of nations, and if he is a confirmed romantic, he pretends to view in miniature the empathetical yearning of a hidden people for the bright light of publicity, for the gallery of exquisites, which are the properties of the sporting giants alone.

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Lavellette Y. C. Presents Skit

Tomorrow night at 8.30, the second dramatic presentation of the season will be given at the Lavellette Yacht Club. It is a humorous skit entitled "One Irish Night," produced entirely by members of the Club.

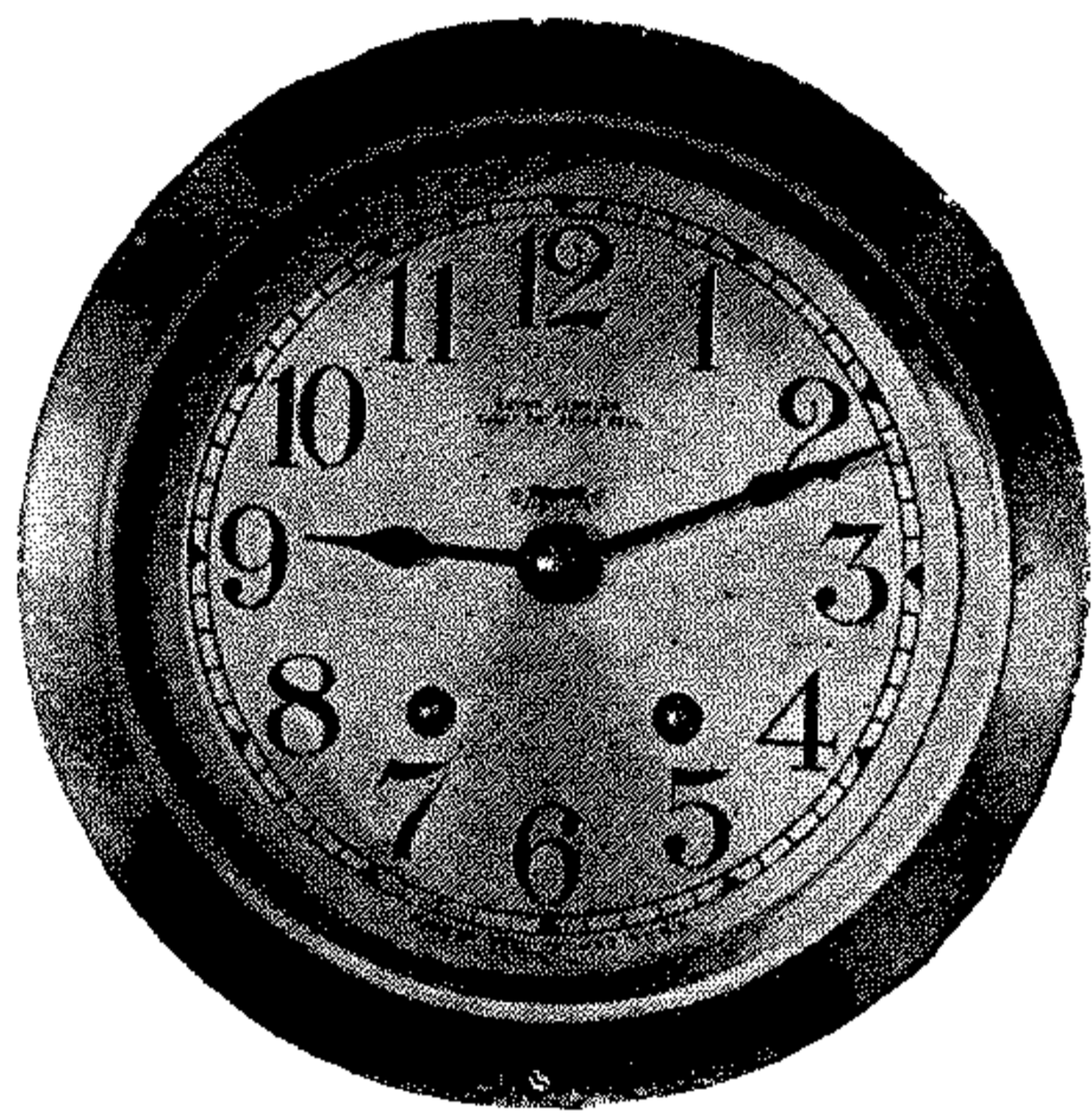
The script, written by Commodore James G. Kean, is replete with laughs and humorous situations in which the hero finally—but wait until you see it. Suffice it to say, the final curtain will drop on the fun-

niest tableau ever seen on the Barnegat coast.

In addition to being author and director, the versatile Commodore Kean takes one of the leading parts. He will be ably assisted by the James brothers, Hubert and Albert, better known as Bunny and Jimmie, who have won recognition on the boards for their inimical comedy. Carleton "Admiral" Esty, the "fall guy", completes this splendid cast.

All persons are invited to laugh, hilariously and uproariously, for the modest stipend of 35 cents, presentable at the door in cash, tomorrow night at 8.30.

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Fashions Have Gone Aristocratic Again

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

And that's rather amusing we wonder if they'll get away with it?

"Fashions" have always not only implied, but proved, the existence of an aristocracy. In the old days it had to be an aristocracy of position all through the ages there were sumptuary laws to prevent the low born from buying "Fashions." No velvet or lace or jewels for the wealthy tradesman's wife!

That changed and Fashions passed into the hands of the aristocracy of money, too.

Then the impossible happened and Fashions themselves went democratic. After the war, that was. When all dresses looked alike and were so simple that the most exclusive Paris model could be copied by anyone with three yards of cloth and a good eye. Like most reforms, it was only temporary. Fashions and human nature being what they are.

So Fashions have gone aristocratic again and are proving it in various ways. There are cottons for instance. You might think that the revival of the popularity of cotton fabrics was a democratic thing but it isn't. Cotton used to be a common cloth. It was silk that was grand in the days when silks were all woven by hand and it was a long way from the cocoon to the coquette. Long and expensive. And when silk was all silk and real silk and the weight that made it stand alone wasn't artificially put into it. Even so little while ago as when the "Silk Stocking Set" was a description and not a bit of ancient history, but now there are silks and weighted silks and silk substitutes and artificial silks and every one wears silk of one kind or another.

But cotton you think cotton is attainable by everyone? Consider, again. Cotton frocks in the light colors or white which are the only ones that are smart, are only wearable once. Then they must be washed. Stack up the hand-laundry washing of a cotton frock ten times against the dry cleaning cost of a silk one once and you'll see the difference. Cottons, too, are for playtime they can't be worn to an office and on to dinner afterwards. They are occasional clothes and for occasions that occur only two weeks out of every year for the business girl and less often than that for the young housewife.

But good cottons, after all, are not so fearfully expensive. They are being

used for evening clothes and the most democratic of us once in a while wear evening clothes that's where Fashions play another trick. The new styles are intricate in cut. They demand the most careful—and expensive—hand work. The essence of the new styles is "femininity," and everyone knows that that's equivalent to tucks and frills and ruffles at quite a sum a stitch. So the really smart cotton (or silk) evening frock is not notably inexpensive and not likely to be worn much by the masses.

The afternoon dress, whether of silk or cotton, is also very, very feminine. It has hand-stitched tucks for trimming. It has no hem just yards and yards of hand-rolled edges.

That's how it goes and what we wonder is, is it going to go on? And our pessimistic opinion is, yes it is. We're going to make the world safe for aristocracy once more fashions and human nature being what they are. And then perhaps all these random thoughts are wrong—and it's the weather that affects us.

ARMY CHAMPION WINS

(Continued from Page 1)

for our Mr. Strahan, but the Army seems to build something into its men to make them come back to win. Congratulations, Mr. Strahan!

o—o—o

The BEACHCOMBER'S dark horse choice, Streicker and Waterman, was eliminated in the semi-finals of the men's doubles, after giving the ultimate tourney winners the hardest match of the grind, and at one time holding easy command of the situation. The decisive point came when Norman Waterman, standing outside the baseline, caught the ball as it was passing him. The point, granted the Ocean Grove boys, would have given them their opponents' service and a virtual victory, provided they held their own delivery. However, the opponents, sticking to the rule-book, claimed the point, and, after some argument, proceeded to beat a pair of badly-rattled boys for the remainder of the match.

o—o—o

The Casino tournament this year was an unqualified success, and we certainly hope that there is nothing to the assertion issued early in the session that this tournament might be the last the Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club will stage. It was claimed that the tournament was against the policies of the Board of Governors, diminishing the exclusiveness of the club.

o—o—o

The late hot weather spell has caused a large falling off in the at-

tendance at the tennis courts along the shore. However, as this is being written, a gigantic thunder-shower has broken the heat-wave fairly completely, and we may expect to hear once more as we make our rounds the familiar old ping of the ball meeting racquet.

o—————o

By the way, it certainly looks as if Allison is over-tennis'd a bit, think you not? We don't like to drag in the internationalists among our little discussions on the shore tennis, but a little article written by Vincent Richards in a popular magazine on these same internationalists might interest you who desire to improve your game. "Vinnie" says that were he to train that Davis Cup mob, he would take each man's weakness, and make him practice on that til he had mastered it, if it took two years. By the end of two years, Vincent claims he would have a team of super-players, provided the men would do the work. Richards says that our men are now engaged in practicing their strong points, and sliding out of the weak ones. Richards knows, dear public, and what goes for the Cup squad, certainly can be made to apply to our little duffers in this country.

o—————o

The Deal Casino Tennis Club is going to have a tournament soon, and when Miss Clara Cassel puts a tournament on, she puts it over. Deal has played or is going to play both Vincent Richards' Norwood Tennis Club, and the Hollywood Tennis Club. The Bachrack boys seem to be "the works" for Deal again this year. What's the matter with a match with Ocean Grove, Deal? They have a strong aggregation, and but last week issued a defi to all shore clubs.

THACHER GETS MORGAN CUP

(Continued from Page 1)

by well over a minute. Ferd's time of 2:8:30, however, was not fast enough to beat the Thacher time for the same course. It is unusual for an "A" Cat to beat an E Sloop, not that it means anything as far as results are concerned. O. G. Dale was a close second in this event, finishing nine seconds later after a spirited race with his son.

Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club, visiting Island Heights on its annual cruise, had two entries in the E races. Both of them, *Viking II*, with Thorn Huff at the helm, and *Slab III*, sailed by S. D. Edson, capsized together shortly before they rounded the buoy for the last lap. Al Harden's *Winsome* and King's *Water Spout* were also wet victims of the fluky winds, while *Jean* lost one of her rudders and was forced

to withdraw.

A close finish is always the result of a Class "B" Cat race, as handicaps are constantly changed in order to make all the boats come out as evenly as possible. Peggy Morse sailed her father's *Scat II* to victory in this division, winning over Captain Bailey's *Me Too* by virtue of a three minutes and twenty seconds handicap. P. M. Brett also beat the habitually first boat for the same reason. Bailey allows him nine minutes and twenty-six seconds.

Forty-three A Class Sneak Boxes entered in that morning event. Ten of these boats were from Little Egg Harbor. Two sets of cups were awarded in this division—one for Barnegat boats and one for Little Egg. Morton Gibbons-Neff won for Little Egg Harbor, and in doing so beat the Barnegat boats. He sailed the *Old Sock II* around the 6.9 mile course in 1:49:34. Frank Leighton's *Rascal* was the second Little Egg boat to finish and third among the whole fleet. J. King in *Bay Rum* was the first B. B. Y. R. A. boat to finish, with Miss Rearick in *Alanna* second and Peggy Morse in *Fiji* third.

Dick Bertram yawned once and brought his boat in a victor for the fifth consecutive time, beating Ed III's *White Eagle* by five minutes. Dick has formed a habit of winning now and is on his way to establish an enviable record. B. Wright got third place in this division with his *Ba Ba*.

The 18-foot cat boats are the most peaceful of the racing type. E. T. Brooks didn't take much time, however, to cover his course. He brought W. W. Levering's *Sea Maid* in a winner in 1:49:47. H. Siddons was second in Mattner's *Owl*, while Diss again placed with *U and I*.

Something new was inaugurated when all the trophies were engraved with name of boat and owner before being given out. It was a speedy job and much appreciated.

Race today at Wanamaker's.

KING WINS CUP AT LAVELLETTE

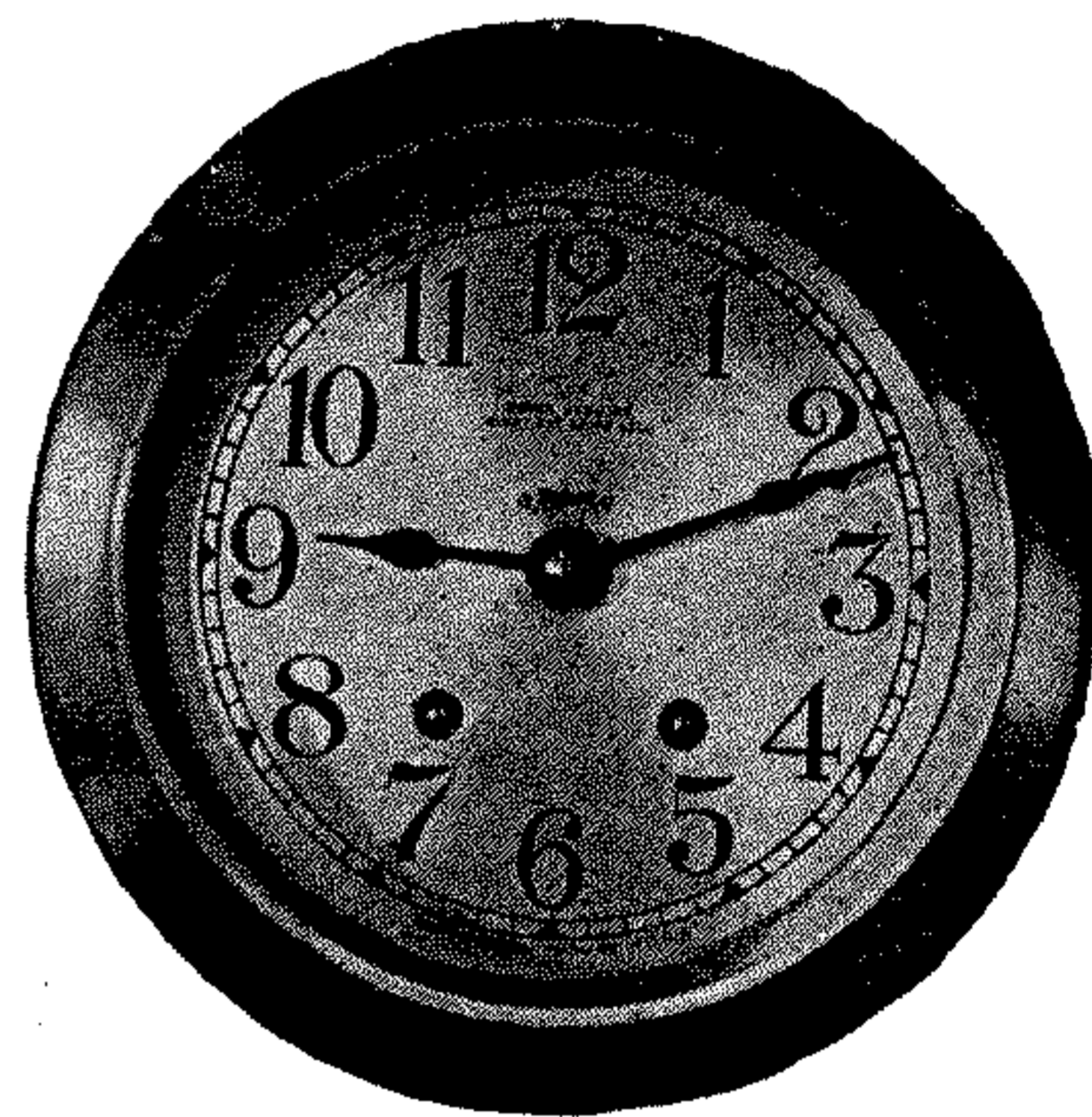
(Continued from Page 1)

Gregor, and a little later, on the second beat to windward, passed Harvey Wood. This maneuver put him in the lead, where he contrived to remain.

On the last lap, there was considerable jockeying for second place, which was finally allotted to Norman MacGregor, at the tiller of *Big Boy*. Bart Howley came in a good third, sailing the *Outa Luck*.

Lavellette's racing program is now in full swing. Every skipper is on his toes to make a good seasonal average, as well as to take a crack at the splendid array of prizes offered.

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The Greenhorn

A Column of Expert Advice.

By CAP WHITE

The great American game, Pinquet, is taking hold in earnest. Thousands are joining in on the fun. Pingies are swinging right and left, especially left, and casualties are being reported everywhere.

There seem to be a good many questions in players' "minds" concerning rules of this 100% game. This is rather disappointing to us, since we thought we made the rules so clear last week. However, we are always glad to help out. Let us therefore commence:

Dear Cap White:

A lphi was called on me yesterday morning at 9:30 A. M., D. L. S. It was only a small one, but my opponent, who was losing, insisted I was a bosky Lith. Tell me quickly if he is right, as we would like to get on with the game.

Thanks so very,

IMATA LOSS.

Dear Miss Loss:

If it had been Friday instead of 9:30 A. M. you *would* be a bosky Lith, but in the case you mention you are quite safe. Please inform your opponent that Rule III, by-law 98 of the Game of Pinquet, reads, "Whatever happens, a lady must be taken at her word, except Fridays, when the reverse is something in order."

Sincerely, CAP WHITE.

Dear Cap White:

We were having a week-end house-party of ten friends and started a game of Pinquet, which resulted in what would have been a "holocaust" if more had been playing. Since there are only five left who seem able to play a sensible game, and five is an uneven number, I find myself wondering what to do.

Yours, WHATTA HOSTESS.

My dear Mrs. Hostess:

I feel that I am about to give you some very sane advice. If I were you I would let your four guests play while you "prepare dinner". If you must play, insist on playing shadow Pinquet by yourself. (This was described last week.) In this way, and there is no other way that I know of, you will be safe for future house-parties. On second thought, you had better have a real opponent, as I am rather undecided on the efficacy of future house-parties.

Sincerely,

CAP WHITE.

A Rule for This Week

To begin the game half the players go to the North end of the griztn and the other half to the South end. (Of course, if the griztn extend in the other direction the opposite line-up is correct.) The Captain (usually the first winner of the day before) calls as loudly as possible, "Run, sheepie, run; the last one in is a rotten egg, and who killed cock robin?" (All of this is a throwback to younger days and is included in the game for the sake of sentiment.) At this point the excitement grows so intense that all the Pingies are thrown with one accord into the center of the griztn. Time is called for the players to sort out the Pingies until each one has found his (or her) own. The game is then begun all over again.

See next week's paper for further thrills connected with this *alive, living Game*.

CURLEW CAPTURES BAY STAR RACE

(Continued from Page 1)

the fleet today and stopped *Vixen's* winning streak largely through uncanny fleetness to windward. Beck

Crabbe, of the Toms River Yacht Club, son of former Commodore Crabbe, of the Cruising Club of America, sailed his first race with *Patty Ann* in the Star class today, but was handicapped when forced to stop and repair a broken bobstay.

Vixen still retains her lead for the seasonal honors in the fleet championship series, with five races yet to be sailed.

The summaries:

International Star Class—Course, 5 Miles—Start, 11:33.

	Elapsed Time.
Boat and Skipper.	H. M. S.
Curlew, H. A. Ludeke, Sr. and Jr.	1:11:25
Vixen, Grover and Parkman..	1:11:52
Nick Nack, Lucke and Druck..	1:15:49
Flying Cloud, R. C. and W. C.	
Hiering	1:17:45
Scarab, Oliphant and Haynes..	1:25:33
Patty Ann, Beck Crabbe.....	1:30:27

ZEPHYR, MARZ, TAKE M. R. Y. C. RACE

(Continued from Page 1)

brought his *Hispaniola* up from a bad fifth to finish in third position. He beat Brownne's *Doris* out on the last leg, finishing fifteen seconds in the van. Chris Heidt came in fourth close behind Brownne.

In the smaller division, Mohlman finally got the coveted first place. He had a hard time, however, in his *Marz* to beat James Walker in *Guess*.

We asked the reason for the name "*Marz*," and were told a good one. It seems Mohlman had a few assorted letters around the house and tried to save some money. After trying all day to play anagrams with the letters he cheated and spelled the name of the planet wrong because he couldn't find an "S."

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The Lost Arts

1. Rowing on the Manasquan

In the 80's and 90's of the last century—dates that the young people of today regard as contemporary with the Crusades or the Norman Conquest—there was a fad for rowing on the Manasquan River.

Half the people around owned a boat and the other half borrowed from these.

On late afternoons in the summer the river would be dotted with rowboats, most of which had to pass through harrowing experiences in the creek before they could attain the joy of the great open spaces.

The creek lies at the foot of Marcellus and Morris Avenues—that is, we suppose it still lies there, for years have passed since we visited that part of the borough—a sort of muddy purgatory one had to go through before getting to the river.

Every sunny afternoon the procedure was the same—you walked to the foot of the avenue with your oars jauntily balanced on one shoulder; then like a general reviewing his army you marched up and down before the long line of rowboats trying to decide which one was yours, and if so, why. Finally in the midst of cheers you identified a whimsical twist in one oarlock and welcomed your own craft as a long lost child.

When you had placed the portly ladies in the stern and the children had become more or less settled in the bow and on the floor of the boat, you pulled up the anchor and rowed, or rather, pushed, off, remembering thereafter to keep carefully in the channel to avoid running aground on a flat.

The channel was erratic—for a while you had to hug the shore to keep in enough water to float a flat-bottomed boat—then suddenly you must turn about and steer for a certain little tree on one of the meadows—as an old crabber once advised—“jis' steer fur the furlpint o' the medder.”

It was not always an easy matter to get out of the creek. Sometimes the boatman or boatlady found the boat high in the mud—and it seemed as if nowhere in the world could such rich, black, sticky mud be found.

Off would have to come shoes and stockings (and they were heavy stockings too), and the boatlady would pin up her long skirt and push with all her might and main, inch by inch until she got the boat afloat.

Sometimes when the tide was high the boats would be found drifting up the street, and in this case too there would be a good deal of excitement and pushing, but considerably less mud and bespattering.

Most of the people who lived at the other end of town kept their boats at “Enos'” dock, and that was much easier to get into and out of.

When Mr. Tiebout's folks owned the big house on the corner of Union and Morris Avenues where Dr. Marcellus lives now, they built a summer house and a dock at the foot of Morris Avenue, but that was long before most of you could remember.

We will always remember one ridiculous experience of those rowing days. We had bought a new boat and had been out in it several times with our young brothers-in-law but never yet by ourself. And we wanted to go alone. So we dressed up in a spick and span starched white

dress that touched the ground all around as we walked down the avenue. The tide was just right, it was a beautiful day, everything was perfect. We pulled up the anchor, threw in the oars, and jumped in the boat. For just a moment we took hold of the dock to keep from falling and the boat began to slip away. Our feet rode away with the boat and our hands held the dock in a firm grasp, and our long white dress was wet and muddy as we swish-swashed up the street toward home.

Our rowing ability increased though and we remember that we used to entertain our visitors from Philadelphia by taking them out. Rowing two or three corpulent ladies to the beach with a head wind was an every day occurrence for us. Not all the perfumes of Arabia could induce us to do such a thing now.

—E. S. P.

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LYRIC—Starting Today—Ralph Graves, Jack Holt, Dorothy Sebastian in
 "Hell's Island"

Starting Wed., July 30—Helen Kane in "Dangerous Nan McGrew"

The Long Voyage

PART FOUR

THE METAMORPHOSIS

Sitting there

With the dead man,
 The boy and the Viking
 Made their plan,
 "I will be changing
 My form and face
 And unknown be taking
 The master's place.
 The sailors will see me
 And never know
 I was a Viking
 Years ago,
 With my Scotch visage
 And my R's rolled
 They'll never tell me
 From Fergus Mac Auld,
 But I'll be sparing
 Of the long whip
 When I'm Master
 Of this fine ship.
 We'll heave Mac Auld
 Overboard
 Nor ever after
 Breathe a word
 Of the things that happened,
 To these sailor men,
 Though we make this trip
 Time and again."

So Mac Auld went
 Willingly

To lie forever
 In the deep sea,
 And no songs were sung
 Nor prayers said
 Over the master's
 Watery bed.

The Viking whispered,
 "I knew him, see,
 And he wasn't as bad
 As he 'peared to be,
 Cruel and cold—but—
 It's hard to tell,
 Fergus Mac Auld he
 Meant right well.
 And maybe you'll
 Be sad some day
 You saw his grave
 And forgot to pray."

Jorgensen saw
 The Viking's face
 Change, and Mac Auld
 Stand in his place.
 For a moment frightened
 He gave swift cry,
 But suddenly silenced,
 Remembering why.

So the ship sailed on—
 Few men have seen
 Stranger things than befell
 The Northern Queen
 With a Viking for master
 Out of the sea
 And Ole Jorgensen
 For his company.

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