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Beachcomber

Spring Lake to
 Seaside Park

A sporting paper for sporting people

Barnegat Bay and
 Manasquan River

Vol. II No. 6

AUGUST 2, 1930

5 Cents

Vixen Wins Again; Flying Cloud Takes Saturday Star Race

Nick Nack Leaves for Lipton Races
 at Gravesend Bay

Another indication that Slade Dale's sailing ability knows no confines is his success as a Star racer. Last season was his first in this type of boat. This made him eligible for the "Novice" event in the Gulf last winter, in which first year Star racers from all over the country took part. Slade won handily.

In this season's races he has an enviable string of victories, and Long Island Star fleets face a real threat, for the Gibson Island Championship Races in September, as Dale has won the right to represent the Barnegat Star fleet.

A shot rang out and another victory was chalked up last Sunday. Jack Oliphant's *Scarab* was second in the race, marked by light fluky winds. *Patty Ann* gave *Vixen* a good run on the first lap, but lost out to the new rigged boat in the light airs.

The Hering boys, in *Flying Cloud*, won Saturday's race.

Metedeconk Club Outboard Races

Outboard races will be held this Sunday on the Metedeconk River. The events, which start at 3 o'clock in front of the Metedeconk Club House are Class B, division 2; Class C, division 2; Classes D and F, division 4; and a family affair—pilot and two adult passengers with room for another.

Thomas Chadwick of Lakewood is the man to see about entries.

Tamwock, Sally Win Wanamaker Trophies; Annual Race Day At Cadet Camp Successful



'Squan Racers Nip and Tuck In Series Clash

Doris, Minna Tie for Lead in
 M. R. Y. C. A. Division at
 Halfway Mark

MARZ HEADS B CLASS

By virtue of her victory in Sunday's race, Walter E. Brownne's *Doris* moved up from third position to tie with William Ragsdale's *Minna* for first honors as far as series point standing is concerned, in the annual Manasquan River Yacht Club classic. Time allowances have kept down Carpenter's score. His *Zephyr*, the first to finish, was awarded fifth place after all the times had been compared.

Christ Heidt's *Valesca IV* is in third place with a two-point margin over
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Colie's Doon Breaks Bertram's
 Winning Streak; Brittens
 Triumph

BRETT VICTOR AMONG B CATS

With a light east-southeast wind blowing, Roy Weaver sailed the *Tamwock* to victory over the thirteen-mile course at Wanamaker's last Saturday in 2:52:57, to beat Schoettle in the *Lotus* by four minutes. Frank Thacher's *Spy* was third.

Bat, after getting off to a fast start, fouled *Lotus* and withdrew. Applegate's *Mary Ann*, with a good chance of winning, ripped her sail and was forced to withdraw. *Mary Ann* is the leading boat in the championship series.

In the Class E races, Ferdinand P. Schoettle was victorious in his *Sally*, being clocked at 2:46:40.

Edwin Schoettle challenged his brother many times during the race, but when the spray died away his *Scandal* was still forty seconds in the ruck. *Sally* is the leading sloop for

(Continued on Page 6)

E Sloop Captains Racing In Canada

Edwin Schoettle and Slade Dale
 Head Strong Delegation from
 Barnegat Bay

HOME RACES AUGUST 22, 23

Barnegat's best sloop captains are in Canada today and there will be no race in that division on the bay this afternoon. Today's Canadian races on Lake St. Louis with crews of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club are
 (Continued on Page 5)

Beachcomber

"A Sporting paper for sporting people."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1930

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

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DRIFTWOOD

We were wondering the other day what the consistent winners do with their collection of cups and trophies . . . do they keep them in a closet and wrap them in flannel . . . do they give them out to the young members of their family as prizes for good behavior . . . or do they melt them up and make something really useful, like a spoon or an ash-tray or coat buttons?

Prizes are something you can't very well throw away or hock or give as Christmas presents unless you like to hear people call you ungrateful or irreverent, or worse . . .

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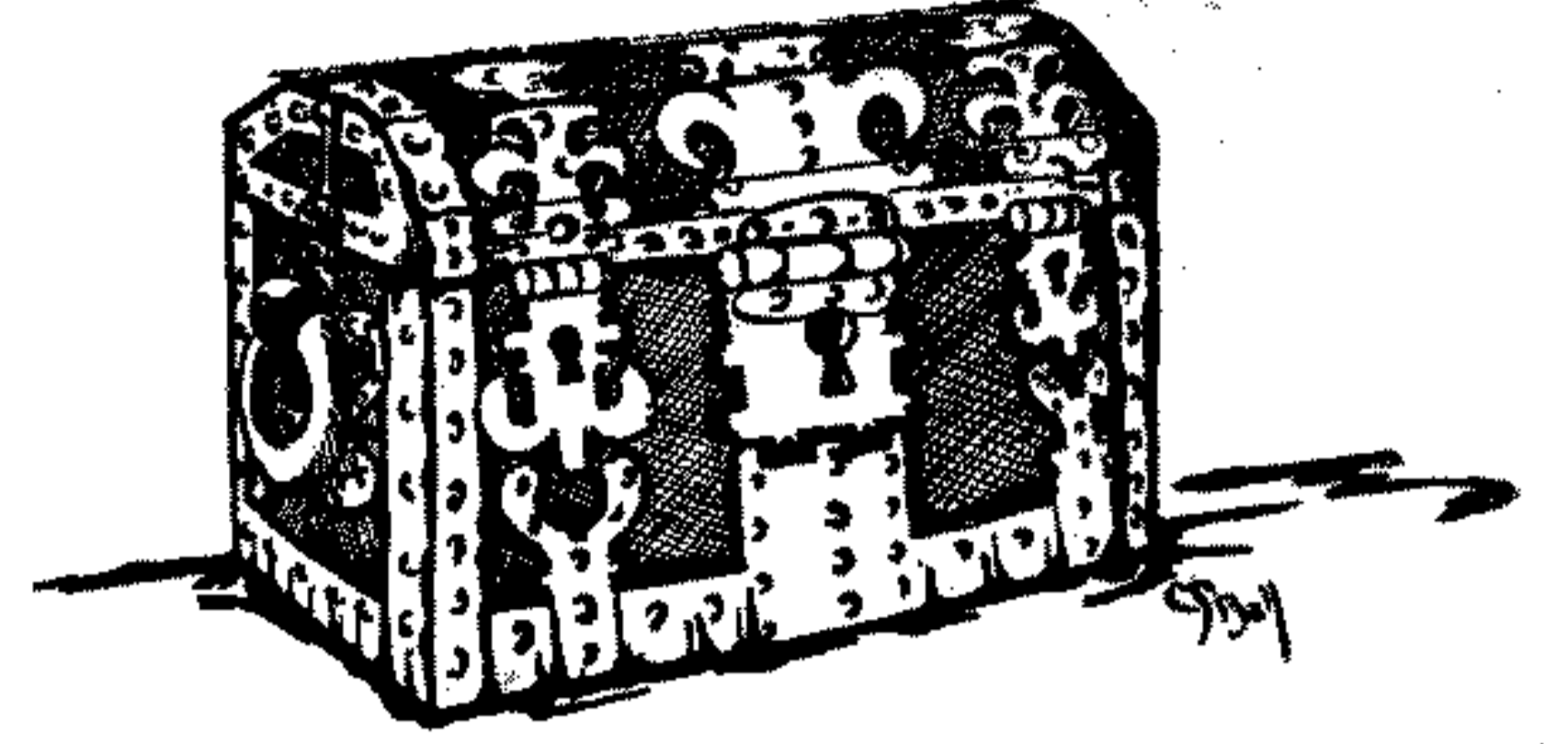
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CAPTAIN W. H. REILLY

and what do families do when several of its members are in the habit of bringing home a new doodad about every week? There ought to be a law!

* * *

Society notes—For the past week or so the Los Angeles, home at Lakehurst, has been busy housecleaning and arranging festive greetings for the R-100 (or is it her twin R-101?). The visitor will spend an unlimited time at the hangar. May we hope that she and the Los Angeles will find that they have congenial interests?

* * *

Flotsam and Jetsam—the crew of the Me Too swimming after the race in makeshift attire . . . docking space at premium . . . the Wanamaker cadets making speedy formation at the bugle call for mess . . . and in fancy dress . . . M. P.'s maintaining order . . . the snappy presentation of cups by Captain Jones . . . not cups either . . . pewter pitchers . . . three cheers and a tiger . . . Mary Ann in torn regalia looking discouraged . . . Fernie beating Ed by forty seconds.

The Beachcombers.

George Hunt Flies Glider

"To give your vacation that added zest, take the air," advised George Hunt when we looked into his latest exploits recently.

Barnegat's pioneer aqua glidist has made three snappy flights so far and at the present writing is ready to indulge in his fourth. The method consists in being towed behind a fast motor-boat with the length of the tow-line in proportion to the height desired.

The ship is a Peel Glider Boat of the biplane type for which a gliding ratio of 18 to 1 is claimed. Although the craft is large in appearance with room for two the weight is only 250 pounds. Hubert S. Johnson is the agent and if you are interested in knowing any more you'd better buttonhole one of his men.

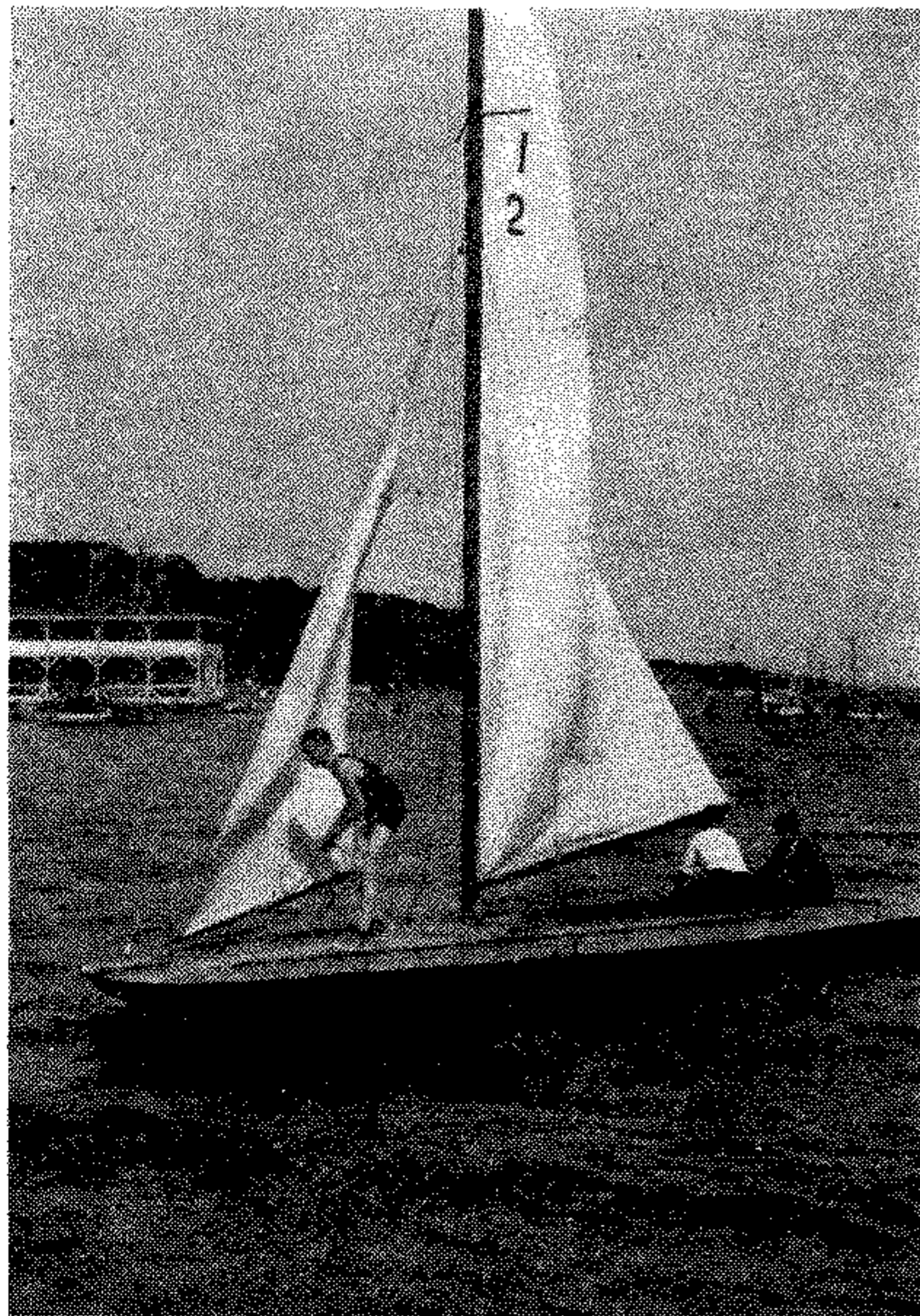


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This is an "E" Sloop

"E" CAPTAINS IN CANADA

(Continued from Page 1)

the second and third of the 1930 series, the first two of which were run off yesterday.

This is the fifth year that the International Challenge Trophy has been sailed for. The Barnegat boys won it in the opening 1926 event but since then have lost each year by the narrowest of margins.

The local teams generally lose in Canada and win easily on the Seaside course. This year's crews are veteran international racers and, knowing the tricks of the Canadian boats which are much larger and heavier than the ordinary E Sloop, should stand a much better chance than in seasons past.

Four boats sail in each race with different crews handling them each time. This arrangement makes the event a contest of skillful handling rather than sailing qualities of the boats.

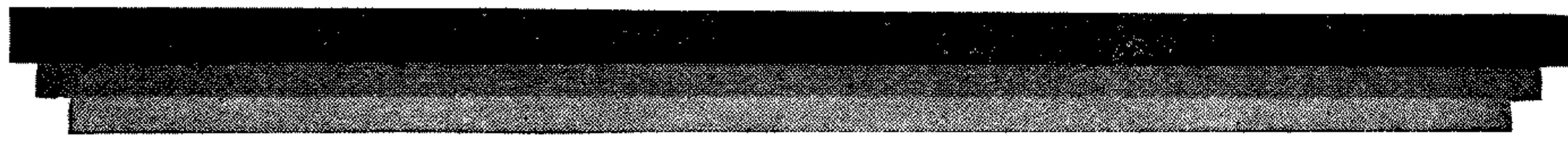
The home half of this year's races will be held over the Seaside Park Yacht Club course on August 22 and 23. This event is the highlight of the Barnegat racing season.

'SQUAN RACERS TIE

(Continued from Page 1)

the Wing brothers, Richard and Lawrence, who are tied for fourth. As the handicaps are figured anew each week, with intentions of making everyone come out even, there are bound to be some mighty close totals all along the line before the season is over.

In the B division the 15-foot sneak



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Marz took first honors. This victory carried Mohlman's boat into first place with a one-point advantage over James Walker's *Guess*. Nelson Rae's *R*, the second boat to finish Sunday, is still third in the series. Ward O'Malley sailed a fine race in his diminutive *Postage Stamp*, to take third position.

The wind was calm with sudden gusts, one of which succeeded in upsetting the *Tickle Toe* near Vogel's buoy on the last lap.

Summaries (in order of corrected time):

A Class. Winning Time, 2:01:33.

Boat.	Owner.	Points.
Doris,	Brownne	20
Peanut,	R. Wing	13
Nancy Lee,	Grulich	10
Minna,	W. Ragsdale	20
Zephyr,	Carpenter	10
Hispaniola,	L. Wing	13
Valesca IV,	C. Heidt	15
Tickle Toe,	Reed	Capsized
<i>B Class. Winning Time, 1:52:35.</i>		
Marz,	Mohlman	16
R, N. Rae		13
Postage Stamp,	O'Malley	9
Guess,	Walker	15
Isabel,	M. Severance	6
Valesca III,	H. Heidt	3

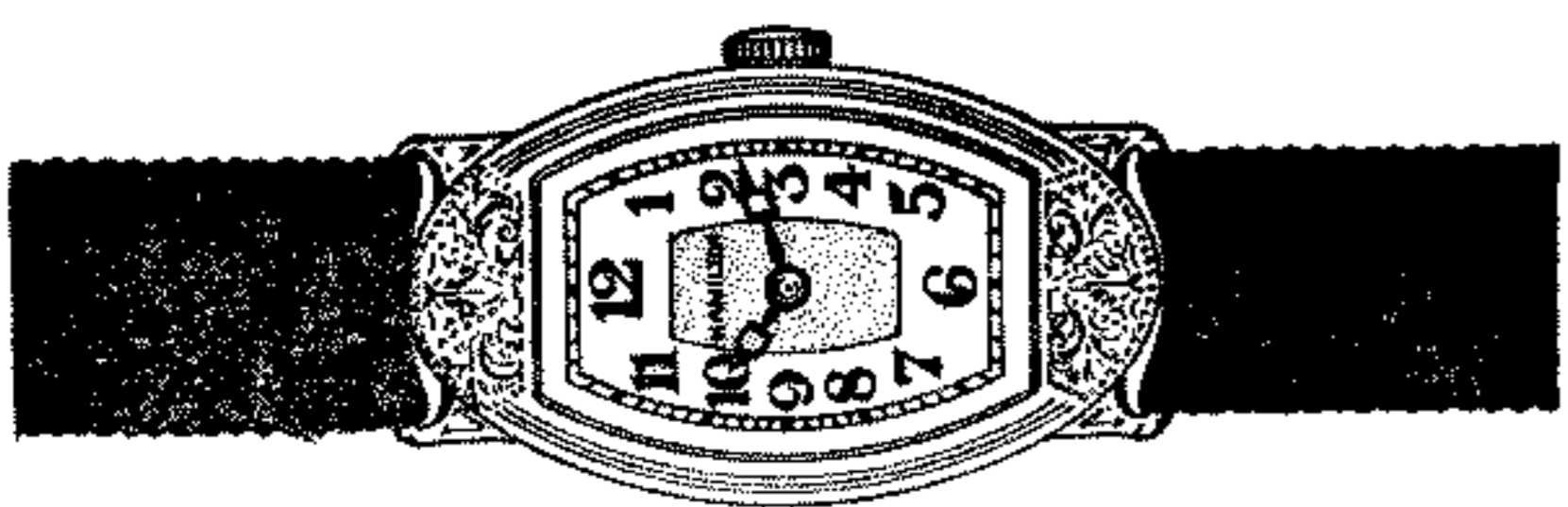
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The Lost Arts

2. Wheeling and Scorching

With the passing of the bicycle as a popular form of locomotion much of the romance and excitement of daily existence passed also. At a time when fifteen miles an hour was speeding, when Century Runs were the rage, when women riding bicycles and in divided skirts were considered rather bold, when Jimmy was the Champion Cyclist of the World, and when the L. A. W.'s existed as the forerunners of serve stations, life must have been something worth living.

In the 90's every magazine carried in its advertising section countless sales talks for the irresistible bicycle. An ad in those days wasn't much to get excited about. You considered an advertisement a beautifully done piece of work if it contained merely a picture of a bicycle smugly riding across the page, and you never expected any more than that.

There was a time when Broad St., Philadelphia, on a pleasant evening would be thick with bicycles going in both directions—as many bicycles as there are now cars. And there were no traffic regulations so of course everything went smoothly. Even then the pedestrian was the poor unfortunate. Bicycles enjoyed picking up the jaywalker as much as taxis do now.

The scorchers were the elite of bicycledom, envied by all the rest. You could always tell a scorcher. His nose always met his handle bar, and when he was scorching, well, you just couldn't help knowing it. The roads weren't concrete in those days, and the dust was good and old-fashioned, of the common garden variety.

Century Runs were sometimes grand occasions, and they always sounded grand anyway. Two or three or even one, or ten thousand could go on a Century Run—and it didn't have to be one hundred miles. The destination was generally decided on before starting. Some ring-leaders would say, "Let's get up a party and wheel to Philadelphia." And off they'd go. When they got tired and thirsty (which was legitimate in that ancient period) they'd stop at one of the L. A. W.'s along the way to have tires pumped up or indulge in an "ice cream soda." And just in case you don't know, L. A. W. stood (and mayhap still stands) for

"League of American Wheelmen."

In the magazine section of a recent Sunday paper we found some pictures of women riding on the old-fashioned high bicycles. But that never happened, as far as we know. Women never rode until the "ladies' safeties" were invented. Mrs. L. H. Pearce of Manasquan was the first woman in that town to ride and own a bicycle. Mrs. Pearce rode a great deal. She never went on a Century Run but made the trip to Moores-town and back several times, which, after all, is nothing to be taken lightly. Mrs. Pearce, remembering the famous Arthur Zimmerman, says:

"We recall the thrills we used to get when we went to the Asbury Park Athletic Grounds to see Jimmy race. There would be a number of competitors, all crack riders—and all of them would seem to be putting forth tremendous efforts except Jimmy. He sort of strolled along as though he had no personal interest in what was going on. One by one his competitors passed him, flying by, but seemingly he didn't care,—just loafed along. We'd hold our breath,—'Oh, poor fellow! He's done for this time. Why doesn't he make a little more effort?' Then all at once he'd pick up those two long legs of his and go to it. In about two seconds he'd pass the first man, one second more and another would find himself behind, and in about ten seconds it would be all over, with every competitor away in the rear. It was wonderful."

Some years ago a young woman from Manasquan went out to Chicago. There in a strange bank she went to cash a check. When asked where her former home had been she answered "Manasquan" and began to spell it out as was usually necessary. But the cashier with a glad cry said, "Manasquan, New Jersey? Does Arthur Zimmerman live there yet?" He was a truly famous figure. Today Jimmy's brother is manager of the well-known "Jimmy's Diner" in Sea Girt.

Bicycling is a thing of the past now—or almost. Its pleasures are known mostly to small boys and girls who will be asking for a roadster in a few years. It would be interesting to set aside one day in the year as "wheeling and scorching day" and see what would happen. It would be fun anyway and it would bring back almost forgotten memories of old courtesies of the road, and voluminous bloomers, and family picnic excursions, and "Daisy, Daisy," and all the other delightful fripperies and thrills mixed up with the lost art of bicycling.



The Greenhorn

A Column of Expert Advice
By CAP WHITE

Dear Cap White:

How, oh, indeed, how, while wading, can I keep from being knocked down by a wave, not just a wave but all waves? It has become a matter of great import to me, as I wish to keep my life nicely balanced.

Yours in Stupidity,
A. STOOPID JANE.

My dear Miss Jane:

There is only one way to sustain the balance of wade successfully. That is to raise one hand (preferably the left) and wave aside all approaching billows.

Sincerely,
CAP WHITE.

Dear Cap White:

For the past five years my friends and relatives have called me insane because I am a golf ball. They insist that I am not, but don't you agree with me that I am the one who should know? When I offer to help them in their game by saving the expense of store-bought balls they always take me home and put me to bed with cold compresses. I do not approve of this especially. What would you do?

Depressingly (and compressingly)
yours,

DAFFE KOOKU.

Dear Mr. Kooku:

I am so excited I can hardly write. You are the man of the century. You and you alone can become the greatest player of Pinquet in the world. You will be the toast of all the greatest sportsmen. Perhaps you know (and then again, perhaps you don't) that the feature of Pinquet which requires the most training is that in which the bosky Lith takes the place of the ball. Since you are already a golf ball (which greatly resembles the Pinquet

ball) you will be able to revolutionize the game by the excellence and artistry of your playing. Come, dear Daffe, join in the game. You will soon be the pride of all your relations and cold compresses will be entirely forgotten. (Most possibly hot compresses will take their place, but that will come later.) Lovingly yours,

CAP WHITE.

A Rule for This Week

One bosky Lith taking the place of the ball is all that is needed. If two or more bad lpfis are called, the last named becomes the ball and the others start a game of their own called Pitching Quoits (sometimes called parchesi). This is played with baseball bats and all fireworks left over from the Fourth of July. If these are all used up you are in a sorry predicament, as you will have to wait till next year to get along with the game.

Pinquet may be made doubly interesting (if that is possible) by the wearing of costumes by participants. Each costume is supposed to represent a famous character of history or fiction, but should be put together by the wearer in such a way as to be as nearly unrecognizable as possible. This keeps up a continual tense excitement, since no player may address another except by his make-believe name. Thus if you are wearing a cowboy suit but are in reality masquerading as the Queen of Sheba, it is going to be a pretty sure thing that even if people do talk to you, you won't have to answer them. This addition to the game is proving very popular already in the higher class places. Why don't you try it and let me know how you like it?

Pinquet sets are on sale in all unreliable stores and may be obtained in pink moire or for thirty-five cents. A set may also be bought as cheap as two hundred dollars, but in this type the Pingies usually fall apart on the second day or shortly before.

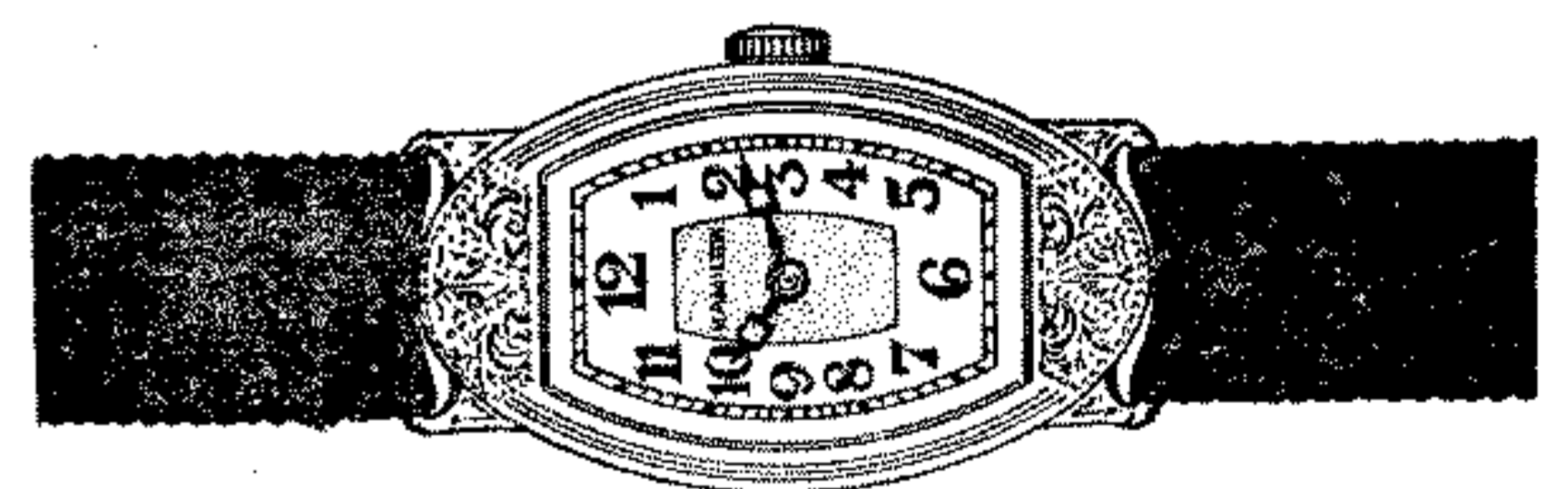
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TAMWOCK, SALLY WIN

(Continued from Page 1)

the series cup or Barnegat Championship, with a percentage above ninety-five. *Scandal* is the runner-up for this coveted trophy, with Slade Dale, sailing Thacher's *Rascal*, third.

Captain Forman T. Bailey again crossed the line first in the B Cat event with his *Me Too*. *Stepper*, sailed by P. M. Brett, finished a bad third, but was awarded first prize by virtue of her twelve minutes and fifty seconds time allowance. Boocock in Morse's *Scatt II* also beat out Captain Bailey on this score, the margin being but nineteen seconds.

In the morning races the Britten boys got their share of the pewter pitchers. N. E. won the A Sneak event in his *Flying Devil*, while Eddie sailed the third boat of that name to win in the 18-foot Cat class.

Runey Colie, of Mantaloking, won the B Sneak contest with his *Doon*. This is the first B. B. Y. R. A. race this season that Bertram hasn't won B Sneak honors in the *Squid II*. *Ba Ba*, of Bay Head, sailed by B. Wright, was second, with Perris' *Flea*, of the same club, third.



Tide Tables - 1930

Eastern Standard Time

AUGUST

High Low

Date	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
1	1.06	1.48	7.32	8.18
2	2.07	2.46	8.28	9.18
3	3.10	3.45	9.24	10.18
4	4.14	4.42	10.20	11.13
5	5.14	5.36	11.15	...
6	6.06	6.24	0.05	12.06
7	6.52	7.06	0.51	12.52
8	7.36	7.45	1.35	1.37

Wanamaker Race Day, July 26, 1930

Light wind, E.S.E.

A SNEAKBOXES

Course 6.5 miles

Boat	Number (Club)	Sailed by	Time
Flying Devil	B-77	N. E. Britten	1:59:17
Bay Rum	L-1	J. King	2:01:05
Gee Whiz	B-10	N. E. Duval	2:05:08
Alanna	M-6	Miss N. Rearick	2:05:31
Wings	B-4	J. E. Orchard	2:05:41
Out-O-Luck	L-8	B. M. Howley	2:06:27

B SNEAKBOXES

Doon	M-4	R. Colie	2:09:09
Ba Ba	B-14	B. Wright	2:11:21
Flea	B-20	O. H. Perris	2:15:14
Bayunk	0	C. Zuschnitt	2:16:14
White Eagle	M-111	E. W. Ill, Jr.	2:17:02
Squid II	M-0	R. Bertram	2:18:51

18-FOOT CATBOATS

Flying Devil III	B-77	E. F. Britten	1:56:50
Sand Flea	S-1	J. J. Vail	1:56:55
U and I	I.H.-5	A. B. Diss	1:56:55½
Owl	I-7	O. L. Mattner-H. Siddons	1:58:15
Pixie	I.H.-3	Miss Letchworth	1:59:19
Alert	I-4	Miss McNulty	1:59:22

CLASS E SLOOPS—Course 13 miles

Sally	I-5	Ferdinand Schoettle	2:46:40
Scandal	I-2	Edwin Schoettle	2:47:20
Rascal	B.H.-11	Slade Dale	2:49:50
Scamp	S-2	T. M. Chance	2:51:31
Winsome	I-4	A. and B. Harden	2:55:29
Valrick	B-7	Duval and Merrick	2:55:52

CLASS A CATBOATS

Tamwock	S-8	Roy Weaver	2:52:57
Lotus	I.H.	E. J. Schoettle	2:56:56
Spy	B.H.	Frank Thacher	2:58:26
Bat	T-1	Beck Crabbe	Disqualified
Mary Ann		Applegate	Tore Sail

CLASS B CATBOATS—Course 10 miles

Stepper	M.	P. M. Brett	2:23:47
Scatt II	M.	O. C. Boocock	2:27:10
Me Too	B.H.	F. T. Bailey	2:27:29
Wanderer	M.	R. Seabury	2:27:54
Pastime	M.	J. H. Wurts	2:30:08

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Part Five

THE GHOST STORM

Jorgensen felt

A storm coming,
 Heard the wind god's
 Insistent humming,
 And saw the clouds,
 Low and black,
 A long way for'ard
 And a far reach back,
 And heard deep rumbling
 In the sea's reaches,
 Signs of warning
 That the sea teaches.

He said to the Viking,
 "I'd just as lief
 Go above now
 And take a reef,"
 And heard laughing
 From the new master,
 "Without a reef
 We'll be going faster."

"But the sky's dark, sir,
 And the sea's shakin',
 And the old storm king's
 Bellyachin'."
 And the Viking answered,
 "Don't you whine,
 That storm king he's
 A friend of mine,
 And I'm telling you
 He won't dare
 To harm a vessel
 That's in my care."

Ole Jorgensen
 Stood by the side
 Watching the surging,
 Swelling tide,
 And the other sailors
 Gathered near,
 Feeling safer together
 In their storm fear.

"What's the Old Man doin',
 What does he mean?
 This is the craziest
 He's ever been."
 Jorgensen smiled,
 "Just wait and see,
 And you'll serve the master
 Faithfully.
 Soon you'll trust him
 In any storm,
 Nor ever be feeling
 A wild alarm,
 At his strange doings
 And his new way,
 You'll always be trusting
 After today."

With lightning flashes
 The storm came,
 And the whole sky
 Seemed streaked with flame,

And the storm clouds trembled
 In the black sky,
 And the rain fell—
 Yet the ship was dry,
 And she sailed softly
 Through a smooth sea,
 With as fair a motion
 As could ever be.

While all about them
 The thunder boomed,
 And the wind screamed,
 And the waves loomed
 Like small mountains
 Out of the deep,
 The Northern Queen
 Moved in her sleep,
 As if the sea
 And sky were clear,
 Easy to handle,
 Easy to steer.

It was; yet how
 Could it be so?
 The marveling sailors
 Went below
 And whispered
 Most uneasily
 Of miracles
 Upon the sea,
 And how Mac Auld
 Had seemed to change,
 And the whole thing
 Seemed very strange.

And down in his cabin
 The Viking smiled,
 Knowing the wind
 Was fair and mild,
 While a storm raged
 On the whole sea—
 And he planned more wonders
 Yet to be.

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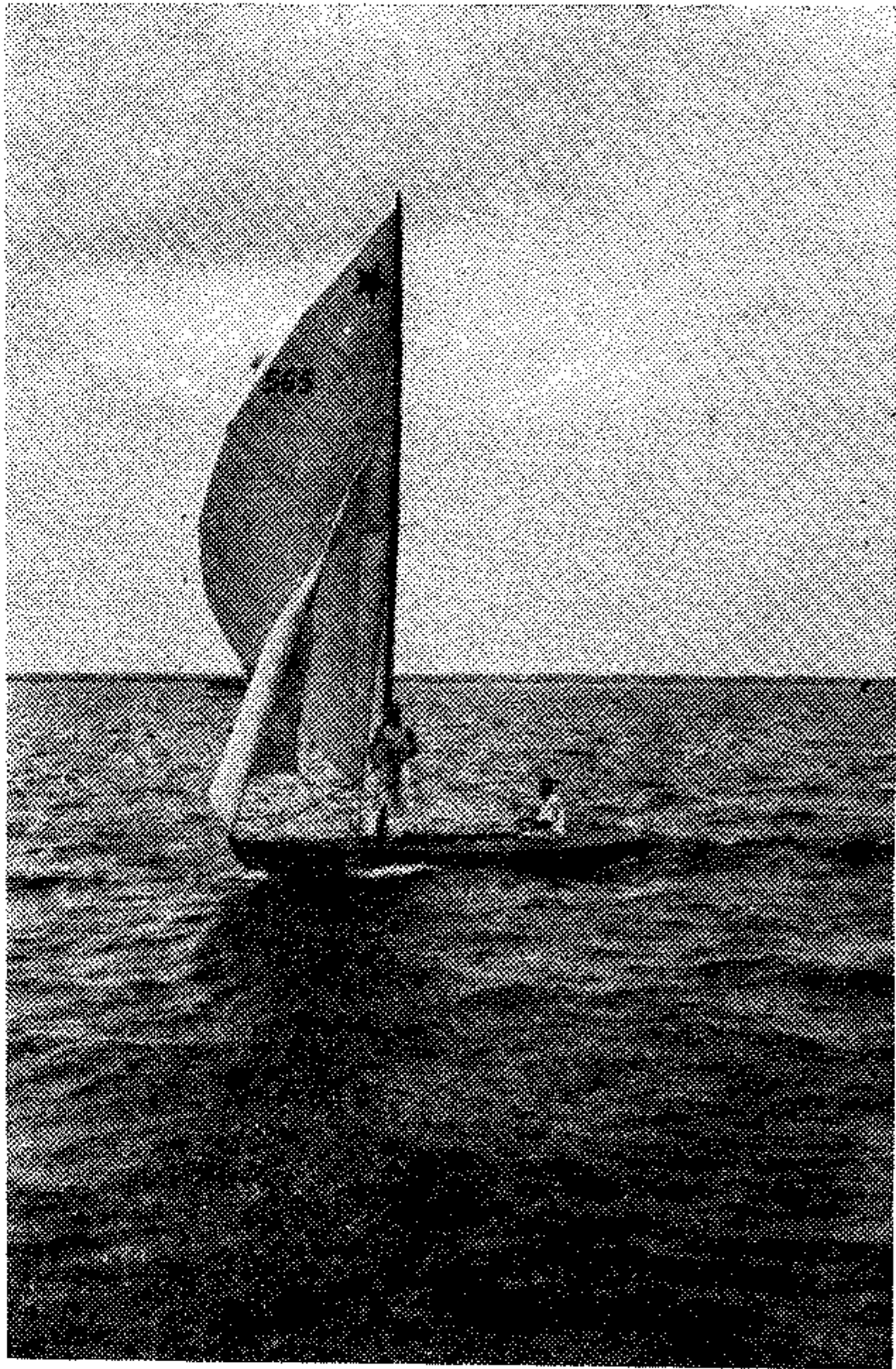
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PARAMOUNT—Jack Oakie in "The Sap from Syracuse"

MAYFAIR—John McCormack in "Song of My Heart"

ST. JAMES—Starting Sunday, August 3—Cyril Maude in "Grumpy"

LYRIC—Starting Today—Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three"



Lucke's Nick Nack

Charles Lucke, Secretary of the Barnegat Bay Star fleet, is racing his *Nick Nack* at Gravesend Bay this week in competition for the Lipton Trophy. Lucke is taking Ludeke along as crew, and the two will give a good account of themselves at the annual classic.

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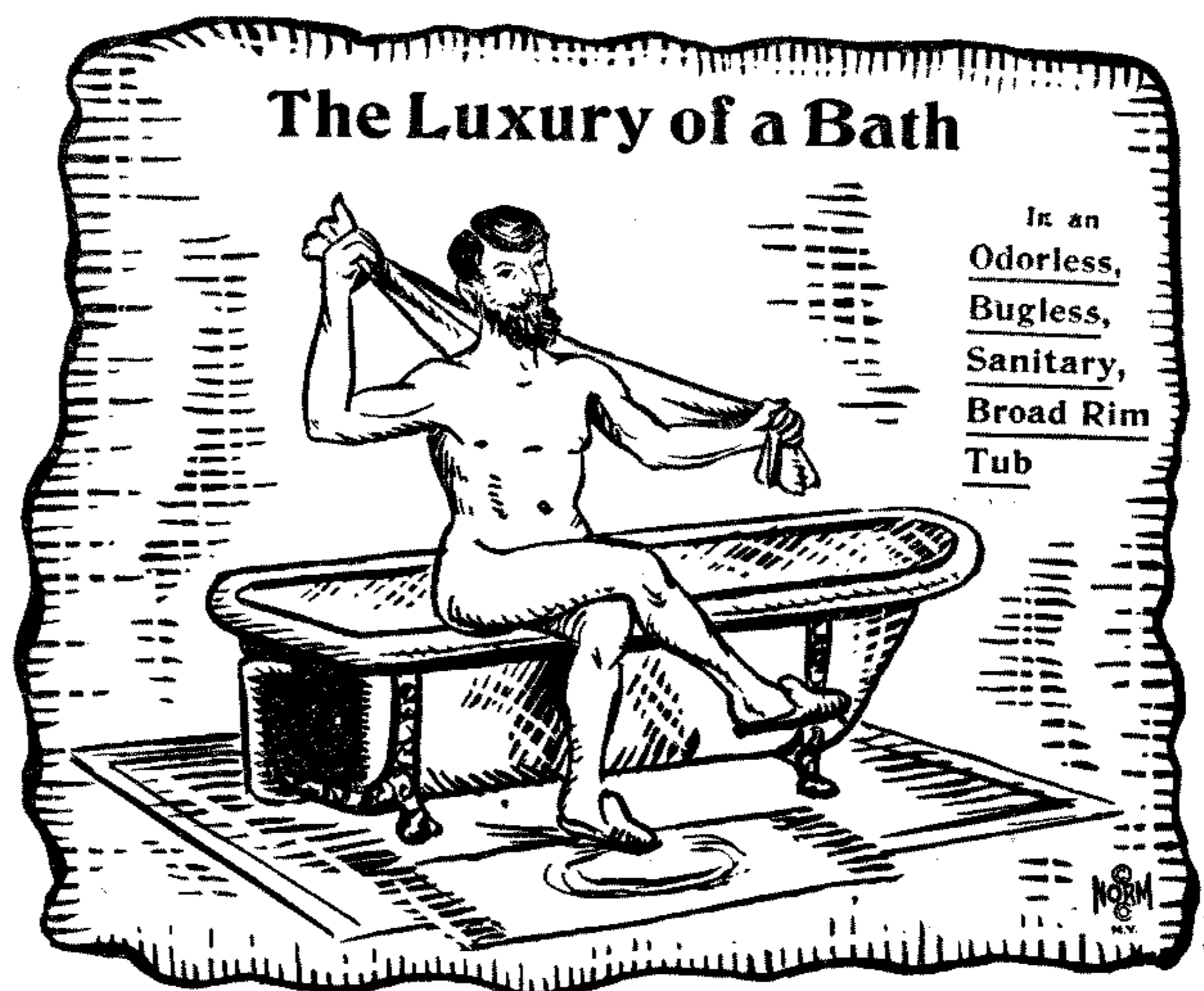
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