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Beachcomber

Spring Lake to
Seaside Park

A sporting paper for sporting people

Barnegat Bay and
Manasquan River

Vol. II No. 7

AUGUST 9, 1930

5 Cents

Canadians Lead Americans In Sloop Races; Dale, Schoettle Get Firsts On Opening Day

Royal St. Lawrence Skippers Gain
Four Point Advantage at
Halfway Mark

RETURN RACES AT SEASIDE

POINT CLAIRE COURSE,
LAKE ST. LOUIS,
FRIDAY, August 1st.

The first race of the Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association versus the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club was held on August 1st on the Point Claire Course, Lake St. Louis. There was a fresh westerly wind blowing and a mild sea running. The American skippers, Ed Shoettle and Slade Dale, had the *Mademoiselle* and the *Naulakha* respectively. The Canadian skippers, Hamilton and Hanna, sailed the *Anaetis* and *Zohra*. Shortly after the start Schoettle assumed the lead and held it all through the race. George Hamilton in the *Anaetis* finished second, while Slade Dale was third. The *Zohra* finished fourth. As a result of this race the Americans had a lead of two points over their Canadian rivals.

In the afternoon the wind freshened up a bit. Dale had the *Anaetis*, Schoettle the *Zohra*, Hamilton the *Mademoiselle* and Hanna the *Naulakha*. Dale took the lead at the start and after a close race with George Hamilton finished first. George came in second, Hanna third and Schoettle fourth. This finished the day with a two-point lead for the Barnegat crews, the points being awarded 4 for first, 3 for second, 2 for third, and 1 for fourth.

August 2nd—On the second day of the races there was a west wind blowing, but the skies were overcast, and it looked stormy. Dale was sailing the *Mademoiselle*, Schoettle the *Naulakha*,
(Continued on Page 6)

Flying Cloud Takes Walbud Star Trophy

Hiering Boys Win Both Week-end
Races. Vixen Out as Slade
Sails in Canada

LUCKE VICTOR IN LIPTON RACE

The bay was very rough last Saturday and only two Star boats finished the race. The Hiering brothers, in *Flying Cloud*, led Rightmire's *Patty Ann* over the line by a minute and a half, to win the Walbud Trophy. Oliphant in *Scarab* fouled and withdrew.

Sunday's race with Lucke back from the Sound with his *Nick Nack*, had more entries, but the *Flying Cloud* repeated her performance and beat Lucke out for first by two minutes. O. G. Dale in *Arran* and Ludeke in *Curlew* finished in the same minute with *Nick Nack*.

Rightmire's *Patty Ann*, Oliphant's *Scarab* and Taylor's *Virginia* fought it out for (or against) last place and gave in within thirty seconds of each other.

Lucke Takes First Lipton Race

Sailing to a glorious victory over the pick of American Star yachts, Charles Lucke, of the Seaside Park Yacht Club, put the Barnegat Star fleet on the chart in the first race for the Lipton Trophy at Gravesend Bay last Wednesday.

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Bay Waters Rough For Small Boats

19 Finish Out of 53 Entries. Eddie
Britter, Dick Bertram Again
Victors

"OWL" 18 FOOT CAT WINNER

The B. B. Y. R. A.'s weekly regatta held last Saturday at the Lavalette Yacht Club was given over to the smaller boats, as is the custom each year when the International Sloop Races are in progress.

The wind rolled up a high batting average Saturday when, with the help of a choppy sea, it subdued thirty-four racers. With a total of fifty-three entries, only nineteen had the satisfaction of crossing the finish line unaided.

MacGregor's *Big Boy* and Miss Rearick's *Alanna*, both A Class 15-footers, got the worst deal—a broken mast apiece.

Eddie Britter, habitual victor, sailed a hard race, as did everyone, in his *Flying Devil* to lead Howley in his *Out o' Luck* over the finish line by less than two minutes. W. Barr in *Gazelle* gave Howley a good run for second money, but lost by the annoying margin of ten seconds.

Squid II, sailed by Dick Bertram, another H. V., was the first B Class survivor to reach port after fighting the elements for six and one-half miles and taking one hour and fifty-three minutes. C. Zusehnitt's *Bayunk*, of Ocean Gate, was second to finish, five minutes astern of *Squid II*, with Runey Colie's *Doon* taking third.

H. Siddons drove O. L. Mattner's *Owl*, of Island Heights, to a glorious victory in the 18-foot catboat class. *Black Cat*, a Lavalette boat, sailed by C. Dolliver, beat J. J. Vail's *Sand Flea* out for second place by ten seconds, with *Swamp* (ed) *Angel* taking fourth place.

Beachcomber

"A Sporting paper for sporting people."

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1930

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

P. O. Box 571, Manasquan

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DRIFTWOOD

We interview Jason, the elusive poet....

It was all of six thirty in the morning when we caught Jason in the garden of her summer home. She wore a large hat of the common garden variety but even so we were able to see that in private life she is Mrs. Chas. Heckle, known to society as Lula, the Gilded Butterfly.

"A message for your eager public," we cried.

"Not before breakfast," laughed Lula. At this we laughed too just so we wouldn't be out of all the fun, and a moment later we were both seated before a groaning board of bacon, eggs, and that quaint delicacy, orange marmalade. Toward the end of the meal we caught Lula's hand and murmured firmly, "A statement, please." She blushed and consented.

"I am only twenty-nine but have written poetry for nearly five years. At the beginning of my career I was known as a child prodigy but it was too hard a word to spell so I gave it up as effeminate. I am now married to a very lucky man and do all my writing in the garden. Is that enough or would you like me to say more?"

"You have said a little too much already," we politely thanked her, and made helter-skelter for the garden gate which we hung on for a few seconds out of respect to a sentimental streak in our nature.

Next week we plan to interview Minnie the Mermaid. She may give us a cooler reception but we feel that she is really much deeper than Mrs. Heckle, the Gilded Butterfly.

* * *

The quiet life of this summer is beginning to weary us . . . all we can boast now is an airport at the front door . . . our last two summers were situated cosily near bootlegging establishments . . . they're hard to get very far away from . . . and they make good copy, what with quarrels, what with murders, what with knivings . . . and a cortege of mounted police to brighten the corner . . .

* * *

Corrected social note—Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the Los

EVENT of the SEASON

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Angeles will not be entertaining this week . . . she is bearing up under the disappointment as well as could be expected.

* * *

The Sport of Kings—Surfboarding is, to us, the ultimate in thrills, requiring only a board, and some skill, and of course **concentration**, to make each effort and artistic triumph . . . Years ago we made our own board and spent almost all summer applying the decorations, something we had learned in school the year before . . . The Egyptian motif predominated . . . and our name of course figured largely, alternating in red and blue.

—The Beachcombers.

Brickley Takes MacGregor Cup

Handicap Race Furnishes Thrills for Large Crowd; Captain MacGregor Capsizes in Heavy Blow

The MacGregor Cup Race, sailed over the course of the Lavallette Yacht Club on Sunday, was easily snared by Captain Bud Brickley, sailing the *Outa Luck*. *Eventually*, sailed by G. W. Van Vechten, took second

place, with Captain Harvey Wood, commanding the *Barnacle*, a close third.

A gale from the southwest made the bay off Lavallette a seething mass of whitecaps, through which the ten contestants floundered in momentary danger of capsizing. One such accident occurred, when Captain Norman MacGregor's entry went over in East Channel. The *Peggy*, a fast cruiser, in command of Captain Howley, rushed to the scene, and after taking off the crew, towed the submerged craft to shore.

Captain Brickley took the lead at the starting gun and held it throughout the contest. At the third barrel, he was worried somewhat by the *Barnacle*, which hung persistently in his wake for a time, but gradually dropped astern as Brickley pressed his boat. On the last leg, *Eventually* managed to creep past the *Barnacle* for a second place when the latter craft began to ship water from the pounding seas.

The MacGregor Cup Race is an annual feature at Lavallette, from which much sport is derived. It is a handicap contest, in that each skipper draws for his boat, not knowing until just before the race which boat he is to sail.

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Nancy Lee Triumphs; Minna Leads Series

Marz Gets Best Time in B Class.
Winner Not Yet Determined

CHRIS HEIDT DYES SAIL RED

Bobby Grulich is finally rewarded for his sticktoitiveness. Sailing a straightforward race, the youthful skipper, accompanied by Dick Peper, of the Regatta Committee, brought his historical yacht, *Nancy Lee*, in a victor last Sunday, covering the seven-mile Manasquan River course in 1:48:23.

The fleet was close bunched at the start with many private brushes in progress. Heidt got away first, as usual, and held his lead for a full lap. Ragsdale in *Minna*, last year's champion, started late but, working through the entire fleet, challenged Heidt's *Valesca IV* many times on the first lap and finally took the lead on the Pine Bluff leg of the second lap, never to be bested again. Although *Minna* finished first, the time allowance drove her back to third position. *Peanutine*, sailed by Dick Wing with Craig Severance crewing, was awarded second place, while *Hispaniola*, with brother Lawrence Wing at the helm, lost to *Minna* by seventeen seconds and took fourth place.

The winner in the B Class has not yet been determined, as *Rabbit*, sailed by Halsey, must first be measured to determine her initial handicap. *Rabbit* excluded for the present, *Marz*, manned by Mohlman and VanBuren, got the best time—1:29:58 for the five miles. Wesley Rae's *R* took second with Malcolm Severance in *Isabel* third.

An unusual thing occurred when "Bobbie" Heidt's *Valesca III*, the veteran seventy-two-year-old sneak, filled and foundered off Ellison's Point.

Summaries (in order of corrected time):

A Class. Winning Time, 1:48:23.		
Boat.	Owner.	Series Totals
Nancy Lee,	Grulich.....	18
Peanutine,	R. Wing.....	20
Minna,	W. Ragsdale.....	26
Hispaniola,	L. Wing.....	18
Valesca IV,	C. Heidt.....	19
Doris,	Brownne	23
Zephyr,	Carpenter	12
Tinkle Toe,	Reed.....	7

B Class

Winner not announced.

Corrected Time

Marz,	VanBuren	1:29:58
R,	Wesley Rae	1:33:25
Isabel,	M. Severance.....	1:35:36
Guess,	Walker	1:36:52
Postage Stamp,	O'Malley.....	1:39:04
Rabbit,	Halsey	1:42:41*

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Valesca III, H. Heidt.....D. N. F.
*Elapsed Time. Corrected time not figured.

Tide Tables - 1930

Eastern Standard Time

AUGUST

Date	High		Low	
	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
9	8.13	8.21	2.16	2.18
10	8.48	8.53	2.54	2.57
11	9.22	9.23	3.31	3.35
12	9.52	9.52	4.05	4.12
13	10.20	10.21	4.36	4.48
14	10.52	10.57	5.05	5.26
15	11.28	11.37	5.34	6.09
16	...	12.12	6.08	7.01

Hutchinson Injures Foot At Lavallette Regatta

Captain Herb Hutchinson, of the *Betsy Ben*, suffered a painful injury to his foot at Lavallette Saturday. He had just finished his race, when, in making a landing, he lost his footing on the slippery deck and went overboard, landing on a piece of glass in the shallow water.

Hutchinson was rushed to Point Pleasant by Captain Benedict, where Dr. Denniston, after viewing the injury, ordered him removed to the hospital. He was released on Tuesday.

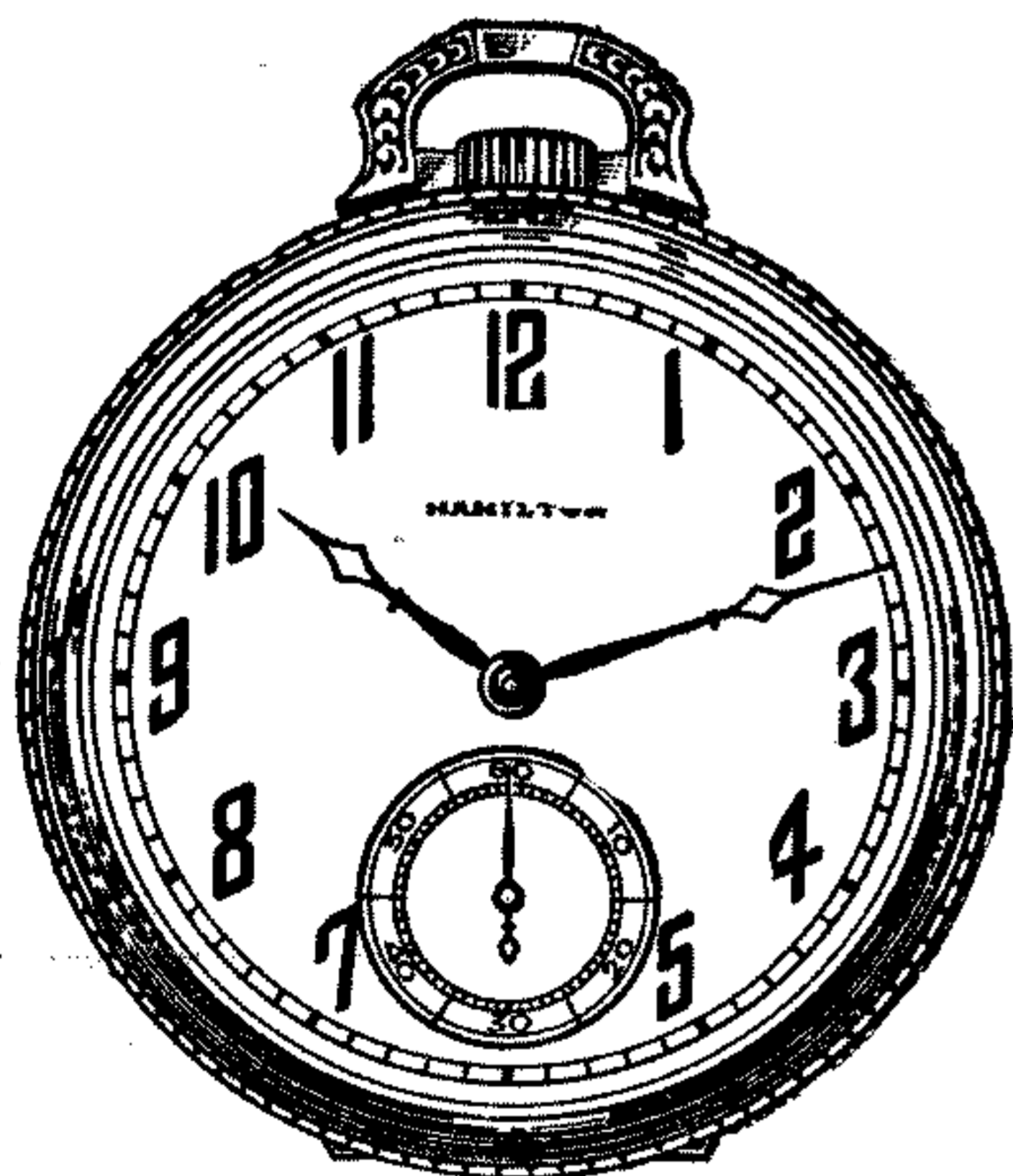
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The Greenhorn

A Column of Expert Advice

By CAP WHITE

Dear Cap White:

Ever since I heard someone mention a mistral I have been deadly afraid that I might experience one. Would this be terrible or wouldn't it, and are my fears groundless?

Please,

WHIRSA SHEET.

My dear Mr. Sheet:

You may feel absolutely safe, for you should know as well as the next person that a mistral is a trial legally of no effect. I hope this information puts you on the right side of things, weather or no (ahem).

Sincerely,

CAP WHITE.

Dear Cap White:

In playing bridge my wife is a follower of Whitehead, while I prefer the Lenz catechism. How can I bring her around easily and painlessly?

Hurridly,

WOTTSO UZE.

My dear Mr. Uze:

In a touchy matter like this I would try no questionable tactics whatever with my wife, or rather, your wife. In this case I feel sure that in time (some time, that is,) she will come to see the error of her ways and you will know that she has come to her Lenzes.

Sincerely,

CAP WHITE.

A Rule for This Week

When everybody begins to lpfli all over the place you know that something must be wrong, and it is advisable to call a halt for tea or other refreshment. This may be served on the lawn or indoors. If it is indoors parlor games may also be enjoyed, but if it is outdoors all faces should be turned away from the Pinquet griztn until order is completely restored.

Now is as good a time as any to tell you about the method of counting points. Everybody counts up to a hundred as quickly as possible, and the first one to reach that mark is allowed a free swing provided that he hasn't cheated. Every point after that counts ten unless it counts seven, which is not very often because it is much easier not to. If fourteen players at a time score sixty-four, everybody laughs heartily and the game is up for the day. The reason for the laughter is that it is impossible for fourteen players at a time to score sixty-four, and the reason the game is up is because there has been cheating, a matter which must be looked into without more delay.

In Pinquet cheating is politely called *miff*, and impolitely called by several other names. Cheating usually occurs

when somebody is not looking, and the way to catch it is to pretend not to look. This is great fun and is rewarded by the presentation of a silver star for the copy book and the words *good boy* across the front of the sweater. There is only one way to cheat in Pinquet besides the one already mentioned (lying about the score). This is to start a holocaust before the game is over. This is mean, as it tends to spoil the fun for the others and as it is also rather hard on you, affecting the accuracy and verve of your game.

Pinquet should never be allowed to become rough or it will surely degenerate and then what will the sporting intelligentsia of America be able to do? Surely they can't be allowed to pitch quoits indefinitely. Keep Pinquet toned down, therefore, and the higher class of people will be more than thankful and sorry.

Sun and Air Baths

By Dr. Emil Roy Posner

We are prone to think that, what Nature has taught its first inhabitants, by instinct, was lacking in value;—but today you and I need not hesitate to take advantage of the sun and air; science tells you,—(not instinct)—it is a prime essential and is good for you.

So put on your Birthday clothes; or as little as the law will allow, and enjoy an air and sun bath. Man is but a plant immersed in air, and activated to health and healing by sun and air.

I need not preach authority, or command you to take advantage of the sun and air. No one who recalls Ben Franklin's autobiography will fail to remember his appreciation of the air and sun bath. He, too, shocked his neighbors; by what they considered an indecent exposure. He was considered a sun and air crank, but that was way back; and today look about you,—sun-tan powders, sun-shine homes, sun-shine factories, sun suits, sun biscuits, sun embraced fruits and vegetables; everywhere appreciation of the sun. I now wish to emphasize the concomitant "air",—FRESH AIR.

Today, we are "sun and air conscious". We just know that it is good for us. Ben Franklin gave the rule for its use. "In all things moderate be,"—here as elsewhere—moderation is a virtue. Start by short exposures to air and sun, and increase when tolerance is developed.

You may rub cocoa butter on your face and shoulders, should you wish to stay in the sun longer, or if you

wish to get that "tanning" effect. The air baths can be taken in the privacy of your home in your bedroom; put on your "all-in-all" and accustom your body to aeration in a well ventilated room. Air baths may also be taken on the installment plan on the beach; that is, as much contact with the air as the bathing suit will allow.

By the way! Why not give the lungs an air bath. Take at least twelve conscious, full breaths each day. Your lungs will be the better for it, and certainly your health.

Plants and animals live and appreciate air and sunshine—it is natural (by instinct)—they enjoy a greater virility and vivacity because of that. Man is just returning to nature in his appreciation of the fundamental necessities for his well being. Primitive man appreciated them by instinct—civilization must be urged, lectured and prescribed to take advantage of the source of life—the world do move—more anon.

B. B. Y. R. A. SCHEDULE

Time of Races

- 10:30—15 ft. Sneakbox Class A.
- 10:40—15 ft. Sneakbox Class B.
- 10:50—18 ft. Catboats.
- 1:30—Class E Sloops.
- 1:40—Class A Catboats.
- 1:50—Class B Catboats.

All races are point races with scores counting toward the Bay Championship.

Saturday, August 9—Seaside Park Yacht Club. Chance cup for 18 foot catboats; Wolstenholme Cup for E Sloops; Sewell Cup for A Cats.

Saturday, August 16—Toms River Yacht Club, Cedar Creek Course (anybody got an extra berth?) Doan Cup for E Sloops; Toms River Cup for A Cats. No races in the smaller divisions.

Friday, August 22 and Saturday, August 23—International Challenge Races for E Sloops. Return series with Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Montreal, over the Seaside Park Y. C. course.

The Canadians enter this home series with a four point advantage gained in Canada on Saturday, August 2.

Saturday, August 30—Ocean Gate Yacht Club.

Monday, September 1—Seaside Park Yacht Club. Thacher Cup for 18 ft. catboats; Stanger cup for E Sloops; Middleton Cup for Class A Cats.

Friday, September 5 and Saturday, September 6—Association cruise to

Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club at Beach Haven. Special races to Beach Haven, with races there on Saturday for each class, including the Barclay Cup Race for 15 foot Sneakboxes, team of three or more boats from each Club.

LUCKE WINS AT GRAVESEND

(Continued from Page 1)

Lucke surprised the notable gathering by defeating such boats as *Fleet Star*, owned by T. D. and T. Parkman, the victor last year, and G. W. Elder's *Iscgia II*. Elder is the President of the Star Class Yacht Racing Association.

Nick Nack drew away at the start and, never challenged, won by more than three minutes.

In the other two races Lucke didn't make out so well, being disabled in the final. *Fleet Star* won the series and trophy.

Paramount Publix Notes

The Paramount Publix theatres in Asbury Park are offering entertainment for every taste and type. At the Paramount a gala fun week is being staged with the Four Marx Brothers in "Animal Crackers" as the feature. These four funsters made millions roar with laughter at their antics in "The Cocoanuts" and they are funnier than ever in "Animal Crackers." The mammoth cooling plant in now in operation at the Paramount, and every seat is a cool retreat.

Claudette Colbert, who scored such a success in "Young Man of Manhattan," and Frederic March are at the Mayfair in "Manslaughter," Paramount's truly sensational melodramatic romance. "Manslaughter" is a story of the unequal struggle of beauty and wealth against the law.

Starting Sunday, the St. James offers "Queen High," Schwab and Mandel's Broadway hit. Ginger Rogers, the "Cogarette-Me-Bigboy" girl, and "Roadhouse Nights" Charlie Ruggles, together with Stanley Smith and Frank Morgan, the four stars in "Queen High," are in themselves a guarantee of entertainment of the better and entirely satisfactory kind. Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackail come to the St. James starting Thursday in "Man Trouble," an unusual story of a domineering bootleg king, a cabaret singer and an amusing newspaper man.

The Lyric is offering for an entire week Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue Song," a story of dashing, romantic, fighting and loving Cossacks and Dons of the Steppes. Tibbett's glorious voice is heard to advantage in "The Rogue Song."

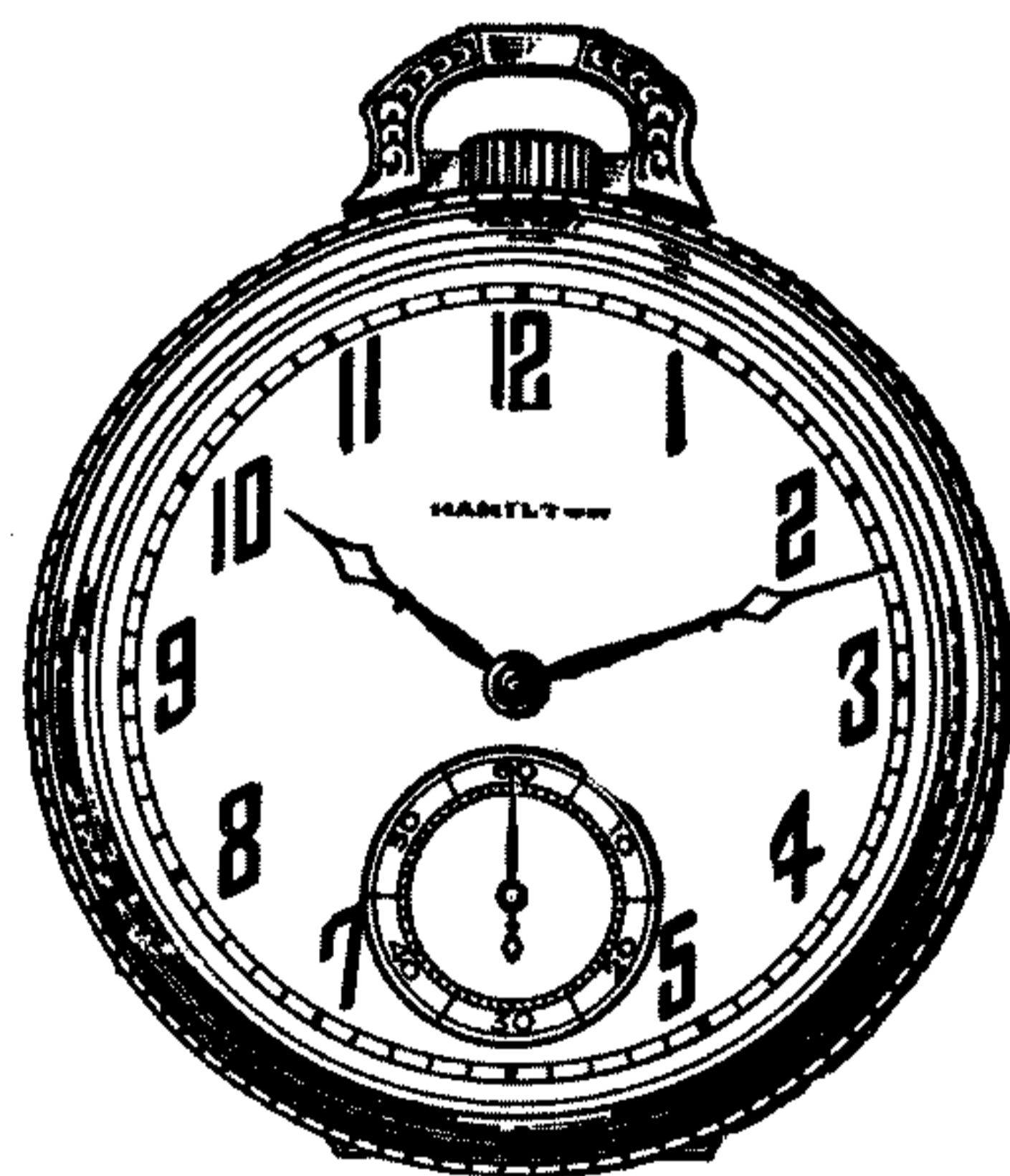
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The Lost Arts

3. Crabbing

For some, crabbing will never be a lost art. We prefer that it should take on that aspect for us. Our memories in connection with this sport are all rather sad—sad and incongruous. And at this advanced age we cannot understand how we ever found pleasure sitting for hours in the hot sun while the bottom of the boat got dirtier and dirtier and the fish heads of bait proclaimed loudly their mortified state.

We must have taken a fierce sort of joy in it though. There is something of the martyr in the individual who feels sunstroke approaching and yet who continues to pull in small crabs, all appearing to be suffering from the whooping-cough and measles combined, with slow even motions lest they be disturbed at their delicious repast.

We caught the crabs for no apparent reason. Beneath the threshold of consciousness existed the thought of crab salad or deviled crabs; usually the thought continued to exist there in a state of undisturbed tranquility. Once in a while after we had caught our basket full, and had spent a grand few minutes watching our catch turn scarlet in their boiling water, we spent the rest of the day removing the meat from that which was not meat. After long and bitter hours of toil we rose once more to the surface with a small, oh very small, dish of crab tid-bits which never tasted as we had fondly dreamed. We were never able to eat of this delicacy very heartily unless we drowned it in mustard. Then we liked it only because we thought it tasted like hot dogs of which we were (and still are) inordinately fond.

Our only pleasant memories of crabbing are cruel ones. We refer to the delightful pictures which can still be brought to mind of eager crabbers falling overboard—ah ha—with crabnet in hand and surprised and hurt expression on face. They were not often pitied for their brief excursion into the muddy waters. More often they were censured with cries of "oh, you made my crab run away." Hilarious laughter was in order too, especially at the moment when the bedraggled crabber dripping mud and seaweed, clambered unsteadily onto the bridge, as like as not falling in again at the crucial moment.

In those days a person who failed the overboard test was banned forevermore from polite (or rather semi-polite) society. You failed if

you wept with terror, or howled with anger, or blushed with embarrassment. You passed if you laughed, or cracked wise, or stayed in the water and went swimming.

Crabbing was not only done from a boat. It was even more popular by the safe and easy method—from the bridge—with a trap-net that shut up its four sides and imprisoned the unfortunate crab. We always felt that this was rather unfair on the whole, the crab was so much at your disadvantage, but in our laziness we really preferred it. Then it was always jolly to chase the crab who got away and started to run across the bridge. You learned how to pick him up too and you were proud of the scars which had had their origin in the days before you learned.

We were usually disposed to be kind to the small crab, throwing him back, not because he was too small to have much meat on him, but because, after all, he must be somebody's baby. (At this point the tears are beginning to come. We find that we are becoming maudlin over these tender reminiscences, and that is always a bad sign. It means that if we continue for only a few more lines we will begin to remember touching, charming things about our crabbing days and we cannot bear to do that. Our hard-boiled exterior must not be cracked.)

CANADIANS AHEAD IN SLOOP SERIES

(Continued from Page 1)

Hamilton the *Zohra*, and Hanna the *Anaetis*. Dale took the lead the first lap, Hamilton was second, while

Schoettle and Hanna were fighting for third. However, the fresh wind that had been blowing died down and the boats were left drifting. The American skippers, being inexperienced in these conditions because of the sea breezes that are prevalent along their coast, were at a loss as to what to do. The Canadians, by the use of their superior knowledge of their boats, soon caught the Americans. Hamilton finished first, Dale second, Hanna third and Schoettle fourth. This made the score even for the series—fifteen to fifteen.

In the afternoon the elements again seemed to work against the Americans. A light southeast wind had sprung up. Schoettle was sailing the *Anaetis*, Dale the *Zohra*, Hanna the *Mademoiselle* and Hamilton the *Naulakha*. Schoettle took the lead at the start and led the fleet up until the next to the last marker, when Hanna and Hamilton got a new wind that Schoettle didn't get. They crossed the line with Hamilton first, Hanna second, Dale third, and Schoettle fourth. This gave the Canadians a lead of four points over the Americans.

The series was very close all the way through. The crews were matched very evenly, and no race was decided until the first boat had crossed the line. The Americans have reason to be proud of themselves because the next time they meet the Canadians it will be on their own waters and in their own boats, and a four-point lead can be wiped out by a first and second in any race. The Canadians usually suffer a defeat on Barnegat Bay. If they want to win the 1930 series, they will have to show that they are very good sailors.

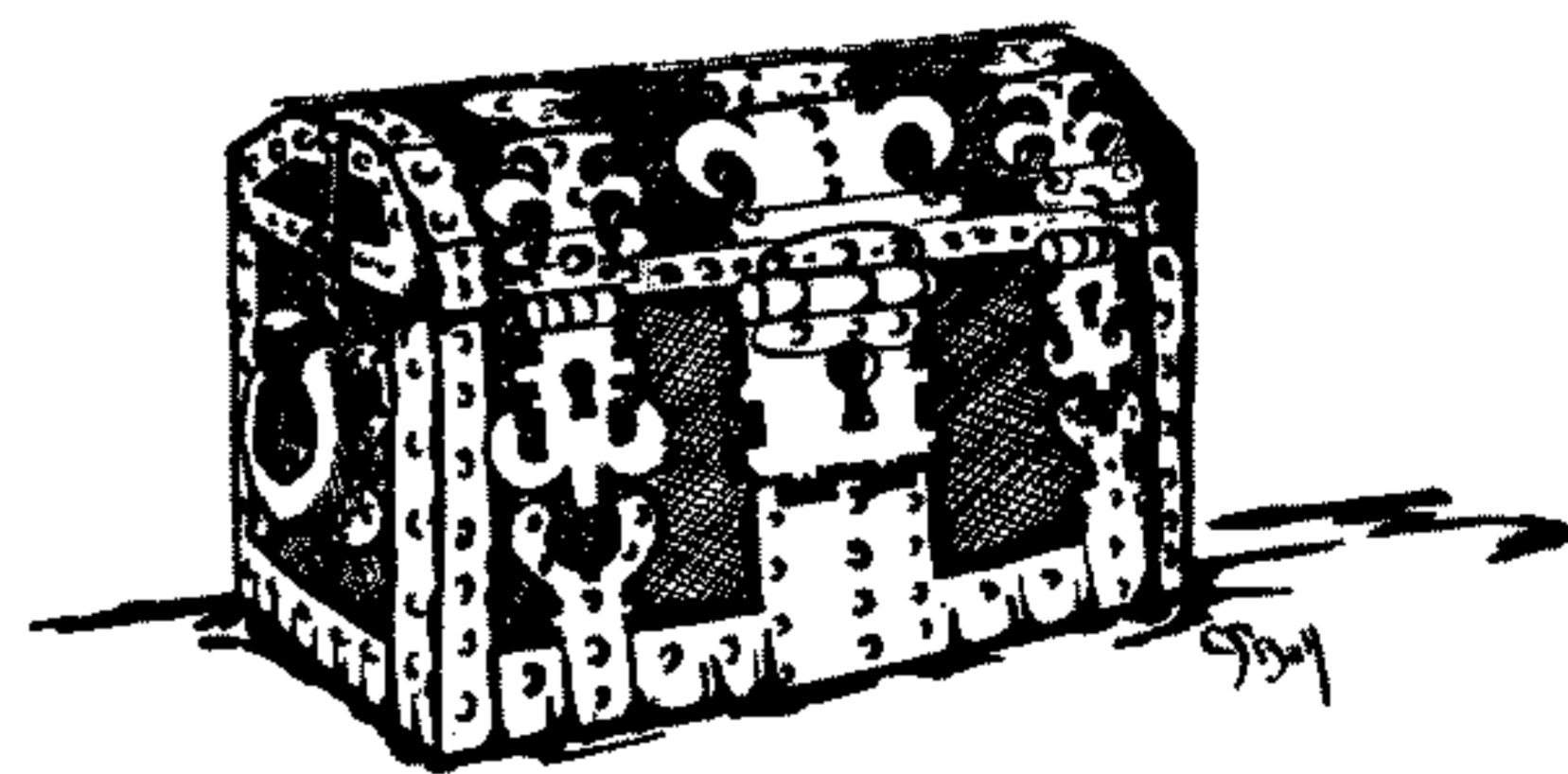
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The Long Voyage

Part Six

PLUMS AND GENTIANS

The thundering look-out
Called and said,
"There's a small island
Dead ahead"—

A small, uncharted,
Gleaming isle—

Jorgensen saw
The master smile.

"That's my island",
Said the master,
("A bit to the port
To avoid disaster).

That's my island,
We'll be stopping there
For a short walk
And some earth air,
And some plums for eating
And since we're able,
I'll be picking gentians
For my bare table."

They dropped anchor
In a quiet cove,
And every man
Made a quick move,
Wishful to be
The first to land,
But the master raised
His strong hand,
And his voice was stern
Though soft and low,
"Jorgensen and I
Alone will go."

Then disappointed
They heard him say,
"And woe to you
If you disobey."

The two left
And the first mate,
All oblivious
Of his sure fate
And the Viking's will
Which could make him drown,
Loosened a small boat
And let it down,
And was no sooner himself
Over the side
Than was swept away
By a sudden tide,
Gradually losing
The strange shore,
And was out to sea
To be seen no more.

And the other men
Said not a word,
But not one of them
But stayed aboard,
Hardly daring
To breathe a name,
Awed and silent
Till the master came.

He and Jorgensen
Came at last,
Bearing a boatload,
A fine repast,
And the sailors smiled,
And their eyes grew bright,
And they ate bountifully
That strange night,
For there was food
And drink to spare,
And much singing
In the night air.

Jorgensen stood
At the wheel, steering,
And saw the island
Disappearing.
Where it had been
The sea was bare
As if no land
Were ever there.
And Jorgensen whispered
Softly then,
"The master's up
To his tricks again,
For out of the ocean
He's been able
To pick blue gentians
For his bare table."

By Jason.

Lavallette Yacht Club Elects 1931 Officers

The annual meeting for the election of officers was held at the Lavallette Yacht Club on Saturday evening. Officers for the year 1931 were nominated and re-elected as follows: Commodore, James G. Kean; Vice-Commodore, Dr. B. M. Howley; Secretary, Hubert James; Treasurer, Joseph E. James.

The following seven trustees were also elected to serve for the coming year: Victor L. King, A. C. Schielinger, Harvey L. Benner, Edmund B. Brickley, Dr. B. M. Howley, N. R. MacGregor, and D. H. Glunt.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Commodore Kean announced committee chairmen as follows: House, D. H. Glunt; Regatta, V. L. King; Docks and Channels, J. Carleton Esty; Publicity, G. W. Van Vechten, Jr.

The Lavallette Club has had a very successful year, and in the re-election of its officers, the members showed their approval of their able and efficient management.

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ST. JAMES—*Starting Sunday, Aug. 10*-Chas. Ruggles, Ginger Rogers, Stanley Smith in 'Queen High'
Starting Thursday, Aug. 14-Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill in "Man Trouble"

LYRIC—Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue Song"

Bay Head Tennis Waxeth Hot Anon

SCHENCK AND BAKER FINALISTS

The Bay Head Yacht Club championship Tennis Tourney has resolved itself into a bout between Remsen Schenck, captain of the Montclair Athletic Club tennis team, and Lawrence A. Baker, senior partner of the doubles team that won the championship at the Chevy Chase Country Club last summer.

Both men have been playing at the top of their game and a lively battle is expected when the two stars take the (Bay Head Yacht Club) court today, Saturday, August 9, at 3.30, to wind up the tourney.

Miss Newhall Advances to Finals

In the ladies' championship matches, Marjorie Newhall has reached the finals after a terrific battle with Adele Entz. This much, as the score indicates, was a torrid contest and it was only after a superb finish by Miss Newhall in which she displayed excellent fighting temperament that she was able to vanquish her stubborn foe, 6-8, 11-9, 6-1.

Mrs. Harrison Smith will play Mrs. Seldon in the other semi-final bracket for the right to meet Miss Newhall in the final round this afternoon.

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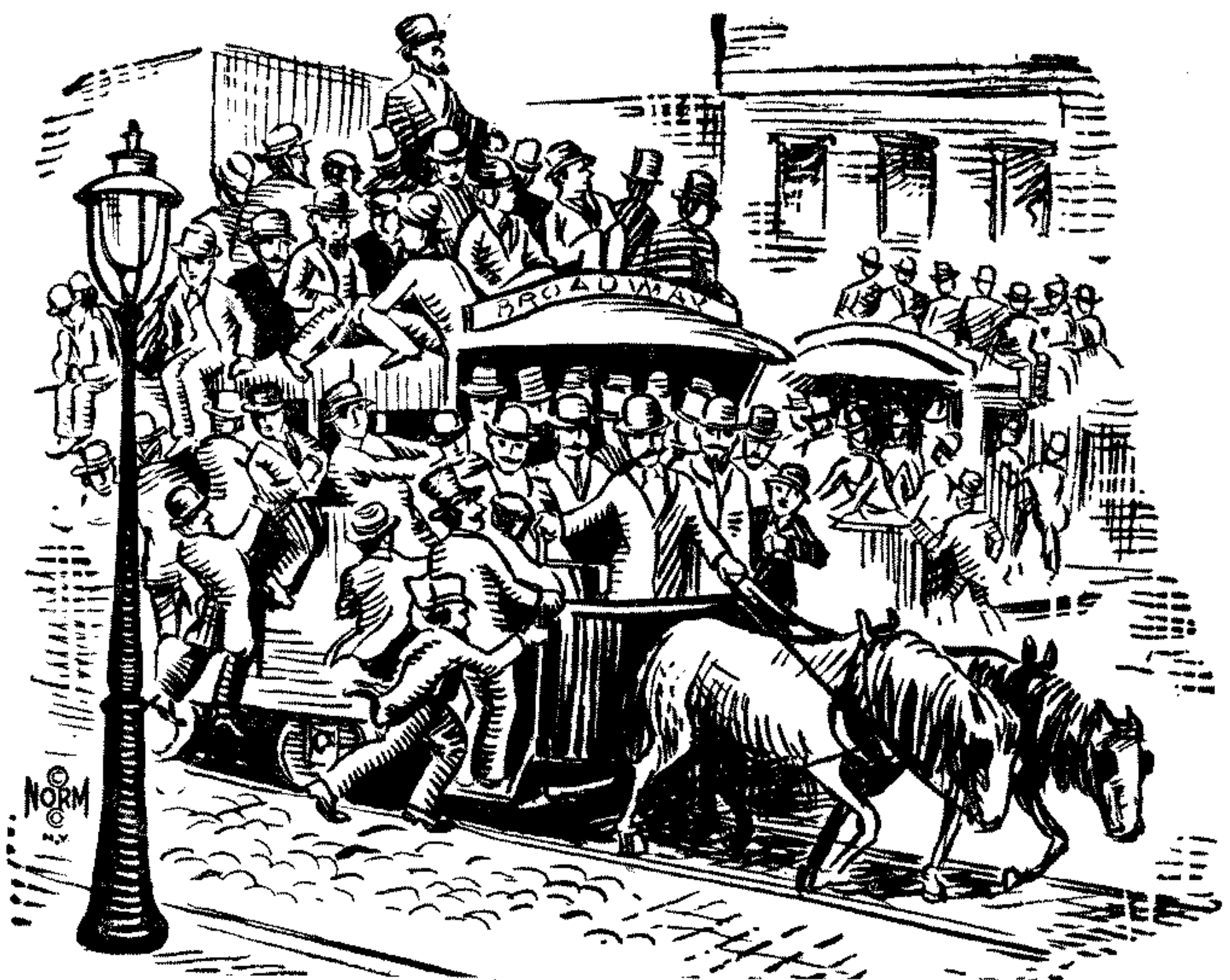
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