



In the Lee of the Longboat O

by Cap Stan

WHEN I was a youngster of 14 years or so, I got the racing fever. I shipped as crew with anyone who would have me. Some of the other young bloods, better off than I, "rented" an old plug of a catboat. Out we went, in the regular club races, and got regularly licked, race after race, by older hands at the game, in better boats. It was a regular procedure, varied only as to whether we came in second, third, or fourth. We never won a race for three years — there was a nine-year champion in our class, and the idea of beating this boat never even entered our heads. That champion boat, and her skipper, never lost an official race in nine years, so what chance had we, a bunch of kids in an old "bay cat," of winning a race?

How times have changed. The Juniors are mighty well taken care of these days. They own and race fleets of modern one-design boats. They have their own races, amongst themselves — a chance to *win* a race once in a while, and not merely fight for seconds, thirds and fourths. And, holy smoke! They have their Junior Championships, local and national! And the local champion crew goes to Marblehead and scraps it out with the champions of other localities. Why, I raced for over ten years before I ever got away from my own bailiwick!

It's a great thing, this movement for developing the juniors. They have real boats, organization, and instruction. They are bound to develop into keen racing men by the time they are ready to vote. Most assuredly, in the next five years we should have a crowd of young Corinthian skippers able to hold up their end in any company, and in ten years, those who stick should develop into racing experts — a whole flock of them — instead of the few real top-notchers on the job today. So I'm a booster for this Junior movement. It gives the youngsters the incentive for sane, healthful, enjoyment, and will be a tremendous boost for American yachting of the future. Go to it, Juniors!

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Not long ago it was "block and fall" whiskey — walk a block, and fall. Now I hear it's "block and tackle" whiskey — walk a block and tackle anything. Is our hootch improving?

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Shortly after the *Lloyd W. Berry* won in the Fisherman class in the 1924 Bermuda Race, there was a lot of noise from the direction of Detroit and Chicago about entering

several craft from the Lakes in the next event. But it looks as if all this noise was merely a gesture, as there isn't a single fresh water craft or crew entered in this year's event. Too bad. The gang on the *Berry* did fine work, and I fondly expected to see some more Freshies come down and show us again that the salt water pun'kins aren't the only ones on the vine.

Mystic, *Quita* and *Sagamore* are all owned by Philadelphians. That's the best showing Quakertown has made in yachting circles in many moons. I hope at least one of the Quakers cops a mug — it should be a big boost for the game along the Delaware and on the Chesapeake.

Back in 1924 I took a Brodie and named several probable winners in the different classes — and didn't do so badly. This year, I frankly admit I'm completely up in the air, as far as the Bermuda Cup is concerned, and Class A, also. The largest boat, *Dragoon*, stands the best chance of leading the fleet across the finish line, as she will have bang-up handling, is longer on the waterline, and will probably be very fast with the wind forward of the beam. But in Class A, it sure is a toss-up. Can *Dragoon* save her time on the two Seawanhaka schooners, *Windjammer*, and four or five modern, fast, Alden-designed craft? Darned if I know who will win in this class — your guess is as good as mine, and the breaks of the game will have a lot to do with it.

Black Goose (ex-*Mystic*) should win in Class B if she gets the handling. If Charley Atwater enters *Duckling*, he should stand a fine "gambler's chance" of winning in this class, and maybe the Bermuda Cup besides. The Class C, or "fisherman type" boats have not been classified as yet, though I believe you'll see *Countess* scrapping it out with *Surprise*, with the former favored to win.

Weather and luck will have a lot to do with it. And if the weather suits her, look out for *Windjammer* — that baby can "travel some" when the going suits her.

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If you are at all interested in the keel *vs.* centerboard controversy, don't fail to read and study Fritz Fenger's article in the last issue. Fenger is not only a deep student of the game, but has been through the mill of blue water sailing under all conditions of wind and weather, and combines theory and practice in a most convincing discussion of the action of the different types of boat in a hard chance in the open ocean. If anyone feels he can

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upset Fenger's dope, now's the time for him to rise up on his hind legs and say so. Otherwise, the Keel Krowd win the argument.

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I might make a thousand or more comments about Harry Pidgeon, his boat, and his remarkable cruise. But reams have been written on this subject already, so I'll only mention two things which strike me as being rather remarkable. First, Harry carried a small skiff on deck, all the way around the world, without any trouble at all. Second, *Islander's* cabin is quite high, with square front and sides, and rather light trunk and roof. One would think that crashing seas would quickly dispose of the skiff, if not the cabin. But they didn't. Undoubtedly the answer lies in *Islander's* remarkable buoyancy, due to her beam, hard bilges and flaring forward sections. While she is remarkably buoyant and dry in bad weather, I bet she is awfully quick and jerky in a seaway, too. Maybe someone could design and build a better all-around craft for the job—but I'll bet you couldn't make Harry believe it!

The Bascom Chest

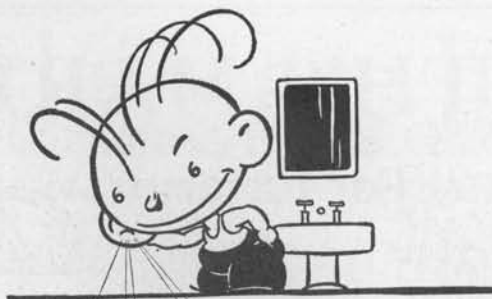
by Alfred F. Loomis

(The Century Company, 1926.)

Not enough sea literature has been written for boys, if we desire to see the thoughts of our youngsters turned towards the sea and yachting. *The Bascom Chest* is a boy's book. It is more or less a mystery story with the scene laid on the seacoast, in which yachts and yachting play an important part. The author is well known as a cruising man, having made several long voyages, the most important of which was the one from New York to Panama in the 28-foot yawl *Hippocampus*. The yachting background is, therefore, accurate. The mystery itself is not cleared up until the end and the book should make an appeal to boys from 13 to 16 years of age.

Refer to Your May YACHTING

Through an error in making up the plans section of the May issue of YACHTING, the accommodation plans of two schooners of about the same length were transposed, so that the accommodation plan of the 65-foot Alden schooner *Curlew*, appeared with the sail plan of the 67-foot cruiser *Chimon*, designed by Ford and Payne. These two accommodation plans on pages 73 and 74 should be transposed.



What is the "man's world" saying

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(but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol
(but don't rub in)
3. Shave

"Barbasol cut down my morning task from 20 minutes to 10, or almost enough time saved for the prescribed reading of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of books."—W. E. B., Northampton, Mass.

"No hot water, no rubbing, yet the razor went through the beard as it would through butter, and left face fresh and cool. What has been a complicated process has become as simple as washing the face."—J. H. B., Denver, Colo.

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