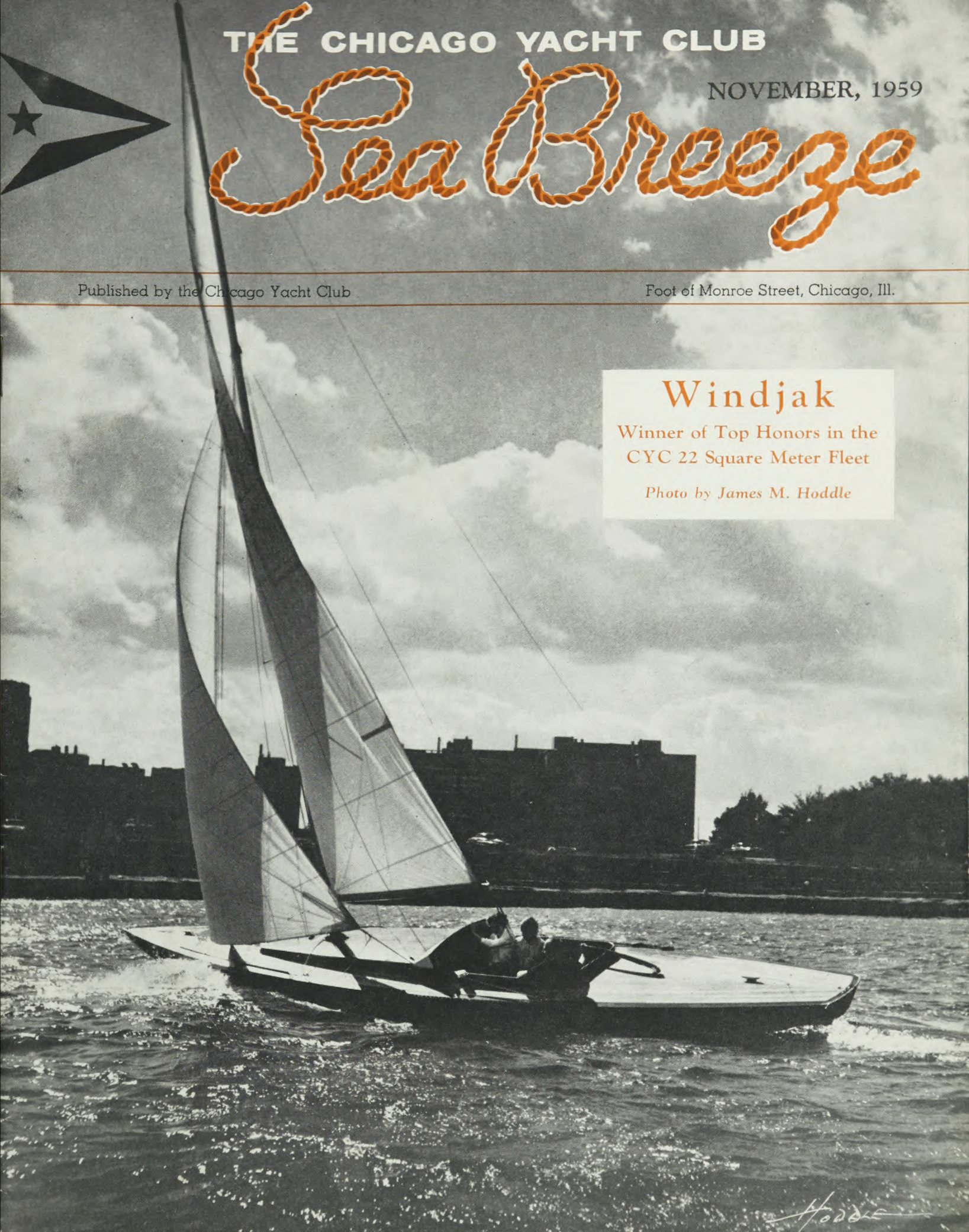
THE CHICAGO YACHT CLUB

NOVEMBER, 1959

Sea Breeze

Published by the Chicago Yacht Club

Foot of Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.



Windjak

Winner of Top Honors in the CYC 22 Square Meter Fleet

Photo by James M. Hoddle

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NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER EVENTS

November 8, 15, 22 (Sundays)—Continuation and finish of Lehman Dinghy Fall Championship.

November 14 (Saturday)—Open Race Winners' Dinner—Monroe Clubhouse.

November 27, 28 29 (Friday, Saturday, and Sunday)—Timmie Angston Dinghy Regatta.

December 5 (Saturday)—Power Boat Winners' Dinner Dance—Monroe Clubhouse.

December 20 (Sunday)—Annual Children's Christmas Party—Monroe Clubhouse.

December 31 (Thursday)—New Year's Eve Gala Dinner Dance—Monroe Clubhouse.

REGULAR SUNDAY BRUNCH
will start on
Sunday, November 8th
from 12:00 noon until 2:30 p.m.

REGULAR A LA CARTE SERVICE
on Sundays
from 12:00 noon until 9:00 p.m.

FAMILY NIGHT BUFFET DINNER
every Thursday
featuring specialties from
all over the world

The Monroe Clubhouse will be completely closed on the following days:

Thanksgiving, Thursday, Nov. 26
Thursday, Dec. 24, after lunch
Friday, Dec. 25 and Saturday, Dec. 26
New Year's Day—Friday, Jan. 1, 1960

This Month's Cover

Sea Breeze presents this month as its cover the beautiful and dramatic picture of Windjak, the 36-foot sloop owned by C Y C Director Richard S. Latham and this year's champion in the 22 Square Meter Class.

Windjak was built in Kungsors Boatyard in Sweden, along with her sister ship Kona, in the winter of 1954-55. She was designed by Knud Reimers specifically as a hull and rig which would be fast and seaworthy in the winds and sea conditions found on the Great Lakes. The record book indicates that Reimers successfully solved the problem.

Windjak is steered by Dick Latham and crewed by Bud Furch, Don Glasell, and of course her secret weapon Mary Ann Latham, who sets the light canvas.

Photograph by C Y C Member James M. Hoddle.

ARDELLE—The sleek, beautiful 38-foot sloop, winner of this season's championship in the Chicago Yacht Club R boat class. Rear Commodore Herman T. Van Mell, owner and skipper, has been sailing Ardelle for nearly fifteen years. This season's championship crew included Selwyn Jackson, Thomas Gougeon, Karle Meyer, Jr., and Rick Van Mell, son of Skipper Van Mell—and substitutes, Geoffrey Gummersall and Russ Clayton. Photo: Robert E. Mann

The CYC Glory List Has Many Names

Along the R Boat Beat—By Lyman Bergbom

One of the interesting things about the Chicago Yacht Club is the great number of active members who are reformed R boat sailors, as well as the present confirmed R boat sailors. The classical phrase, "the child is father to the man," might have a corollary in that the R boats have fathered a large number of sailors in our club.

A while back, at Belmont on a day when the frost was on the pumpkin, and we were yarning instead of sailing, a group of us came up with this glory list.

To start at the top, there is Commodore Gilbert, who skippered Pidgie, the second of the three R boats that Frank Paine designed and called Gypsy. Then Gilbert followed with Safara and Tabasco. Rear Commodore Van Mell, our season's champion, has been at the helm of Ardelle some 15 years, which perhaps explains his success, and Dr. Christoph raced both with Gould Davis and Harry Nye on Tabasco.

Of our 25 highest seniority members, at least 10 have been R sailors. There is our No. 2 member, Arthur King, of our race committee who had Colleen; and Malcolm Vail, famous for his racing and the prizes he won with Gossoon. Former Commodore Edward Railton, with former Director Bert Kimball, owned the Nancy. Then there is Laurie Hendrickson who sailed them all.

Laurie has a funny story about the present Gypsy. One warm and dry fitting-out-time Spring, he had taken Gypsy from the yard to a mooring at Belmont. Next morning Bob Haynie wanted to know where Gypsy was. Well, Gypsy was at her mooring alright, but at the bottom of the harbor, spars on deck and all.

It seems even when the R's were new they leaked just a little.

And who can forget Franz Fisher, on the stern with mainsheet, constantly talking racing and coaching Ted Morris on Alert. Also the two former commodores, Dr. Hollis Potter who brought Calypso new to Chicago, and Dr. Arthur Metz of Olive the last R boat built. The confirmed R boater, Edward Schnabel, is famous for his long years racing Yankee and winner of many season's championships and Lipton cups including this year's with Calypso. And of course there is Sterling Morton, donor of the Sterling Morton Star boat trophy, and recently the donor of over a million dollars to the Art Institute, who raced Colleen as well as Gossoon.

Others in the C Y C Hall of Fame

One more name belongs here, that of former Commodore Otto Schoenwerk, great in sailing as in other things, who did much to keep this club solvent and alive during the depression. Commodore Otto was an R skipper and still holds the record for the fastest winning time for the Mackinac Race made aboard Mavourneen in 1911.

Others are gone, but their wives represent them in our club. Commodore Sheldon Clark, for whose trophy we race each blustery September around the Equinox, had an R boat Yank on which Margie Schnabel one day raced as part of an all-girl crew. Clare Udell had Ardelle after Commodore Clark Wright brought and raced Ardelle in Chicago.

There are more. Dr. Arthur Atkinson of Inez, who brought the Live Yankee, later Ariel II here; Walter Bitter of Angastora, who partnered with Van Mell on Ardelle; and Star boater Bob Cameron who sailed Safara. Russ Clayton, his pretty wife Betty, and his sister Joan Gummersall, the prettiest light-canvas setter the R fleet ever had, and Geoffrey Gummersall raced Alert. Reid Cloon had Colleen.

Gould Davis brought Tabasco here from Marblehead and won several seasons' championships. Dr. DeTrana had Safara. Hugh Driscoll raced Calypso as did Art Swift, John Tilton, Dr. Ed Reinholtzen, and Phil Erlandson. Bill Faurot raced Gossoon as did Carl and Joy Fox. (Wonder what became of the Foxes.) Selwyn Jackson was a member of that notorious Whiskey Syndicate including Edward Schnabel, Jr., each having a fifth of Gossoon.

Then there is Leland L. (called Ole for short, but why I don't know) Karas, very famous for his 10 Mackinac race winners—and who will ever top that? He had Frank Paine's second Gypsy before Gilbert. Payson Mayhew raced Momiji as a confirmed R boater until he, like a great many other cruising-class skippers, switched from the R boats when they got interested in girls.

Russ McGee had Safara, Colleen, and Vitese, while Russ Moon also raced Safara. Harry Nye had Gossoon and was the one who could make Tabasco go in heavy as well as light going. Corona Fred Peterson had Vitese; Jack Vilas, Ardelle; Chuck Waltman, Colleen and Ardelle; and Allen Wilson raced the two Ariels as well as Colleen.

Finally, our old pal, the Society Islander, Pokey Wheeler raced Colleen, and openly defied the race committee chairman, Byron Willis, by sailing Colleen with a mast head rig and making the legality stick. White Cloud McCluskey was an R boater too, and that man from the North Woods' Sabre, Roman Brotz, says he learned to sail on Momiji.

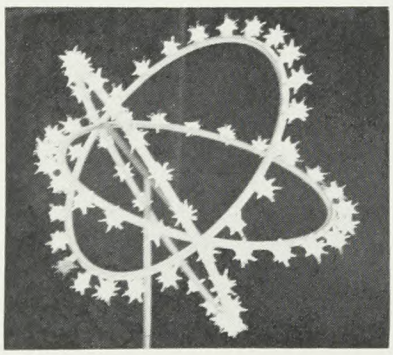
"What Happened to the Check?"

This is by no means a complete list for I have been around only 20 years. Also for every owner and skipper, there were four strong sailors to crew for him. So let's close with race committee chairman Byron Willis' facetious advice to Ted Morris on buying Alert 25 years ago: "Don't buy an R boat, it's a dying class."

Question to our fellow-yachtsmen: Are you having difficulties getting letters from the heirs to your large fortunes, who are now adding lustre to the halls of learning in our great universities?

Then why not try Dr. Arthur Atkinson's patented method. He writes a nice, newsy, folksy letter like "the old coach dog swam away, but Inez has a new coach dog, spotted, etc." Then he closes with, "Enclosed find check for $25.00," he is a Scotchman you know, but he doesn't enclose the check.

It always works, for very soon a nice, newsy, folksy letter to home follows with "The ivy here is fast covering the ivory towers and the professors, and tell Willard Cole it is scandalous how narrow the lapels are becoming on the Brooks Bros. suits, etc." Then the last line reads, "But Dad what happened to the check? . . ." . . . and that's us, nothing worse than Reformed R Boaters.



The Score Card Doesn't Tell Everything

A Summing-Up of the '59 Season—By Richard S. Latham

The editor's idea behind this month's article was to write a sort of resume of the winning yacht in each class. This turns out to be a little embarrassing as the yacht we race wound up on top, so instead of this slant I'm going to give a recount of how the fleet looked from where we were on Windjak.

The score card is never a good indication of how the racing went. It can reflect luck and quite often is a record of a freak wind shift. In the end, as every racing man knows, it should be viewed for consistency only.

On this basis, Lalla and Kona were in there all the way. Both boats were a threat on every leg of every race. Lalla got going earlier than anybody. Mell seemed to be steering her well, and the light canvas work was competitive. She knocked off the Reimers Series, clipped a second in the Nutting, and won a time prize in the Orr and the Daily News. This latter looked like her best race to us, because she finished first overall in the fleet and that last 1,000 yards was a hide-and-seek game through the lea of the L-16 fleet.

Kona a Stout Competitor!

In the series racing, Lalla pushed the top three places consistently, although she started to fall off toward the end which hurt, and wound up third in Series C. It seemed to us the boat wasn't pointing as well toward the end, especially in a breeze. In any event, Lalla got a third in Series A and wound up third overall for the season. She also took second for the Nutting, and first for the Reimers.

Speaking of boat-watching, Heintutt provided the absolute end this summer. She was out every time, and going like blazes. It's really a sight to watch her submarining in a breeze. Our hat came off a dozen times to Bob, Paul, and Lois. By sheer guts they stuck in the Nutting Series and got a third out of it. Watching her plow home on that last day in a hard northeaster was worth the price of admission.

Kona seemed to us the most dangerous competitor for the season. She was going faster right up to the end, and she was consistently in the running with two seconds and a third for the series racing. There was one day when she got hold of Windjak and took a big bite out of our ego by going through to windward and finishing so far ahead we couldn't read her transom. She was in the money in almost every race and finished second for the season and third in the Reimers. We live in fear of the day that Wag finds out what time the 22's really start.

About all we can say for Charlie is that he just plain had a bad year. He got Naia up and charging by the second series and copped a second in that. Then, just about the time we started to worry, everything seemed to fall apart. Between Carey falling overboard, sailing over the chute (or was that last year?) and finally a protest which dumped him when it was too late to regroup, Mac had himself a summer. It's the first time I've ever felt badly about anyone pulling a spar early.

Trident was interesting this season. Bill and John at various times found the throttle, and when they did she got up and went like shades-of-Sheehan. She copped first in the Michigan City and then in one mad burst of power almost ran us down in the Sheldon Clark for a clear second. We've been speculating on what will happen when they finally get a firm grip on the accelerator. Jimmy Hoddle did exactly the same thing. He quit in disgust about the middle, and after nursing his wounds for three or four races, showed up one day with a head of steam and started roaring around the course like old 99. The last few races he was socked solid into third and fourth spots every time, but good, right up with the first boats tack for tack.

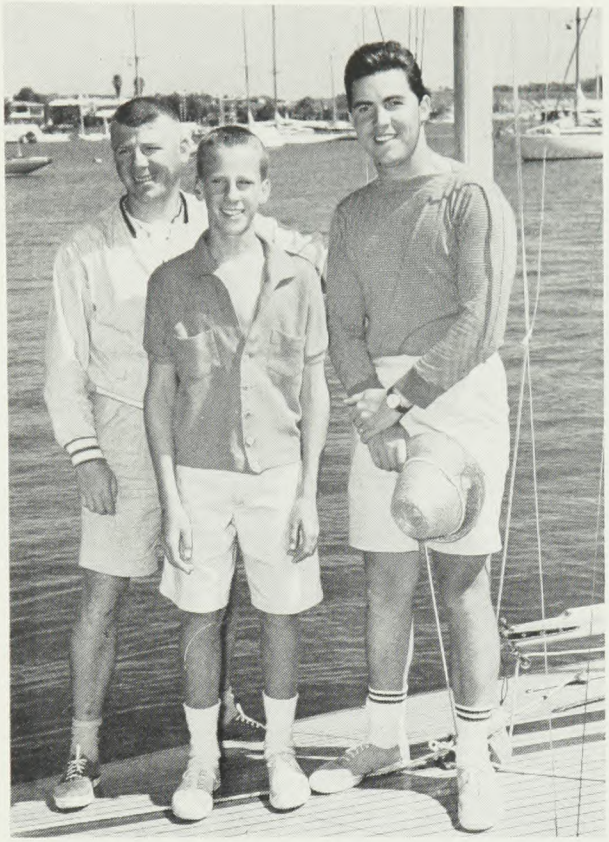
Having stuck to the editorial line this long, we can't resist just mentioning old U.S. 100 with Barnacle Bill O'Brien at the helm. We believe Bill should get a prize for being the most consistent boat to turn out and sail further than anybody in the fleet. He did it time after time and came home the same day.

And we should mention also the McNeil girls on Venturon. At least three times in our experience this summer they got right up to the starting line, at which point everybody in sight started screaming at them, bloody murder. What kind of hospitality is this? Pretty sad, although I must admit we used at least two of these occasions to sneak through to leaward unmolested. We just want Venturon to know we personally were happy to see you out there, and that business of the bi-state is a testimonial to your gumption. Ignore these guys—or scream right back at 'em, or at the very least turn around and yell at the chickens that are hiding behind your leaside, they don't have any rights in there either.

How Can You Make It More Complicated?

The Red Horse was something special this year. It was set up as an obstacle course (no two races around the same marks) and nobody knew which marks, or for that matter, where the marks were. To make it really complicated it was run alongside and around the Pan American course and the Committee changed boats every race and also improvised flags using Jensen's socks for windward leaward. In spite of the treasure hunt atmosphere Javelin, Cherie, and Heintutt, found every mark went around them the right way and finished the regatta in that order.

About Windjak, well, she won it with all three series and the Nutting to boot, got a second in the Reimers and the time prize in the Sheldon Clark. Anybody who has raced a cedar shingle knows the answer, so I thank my sailmakers first of all, and I'd name them but I'm not so stupid as that, and mainly thanks to the sail pullers, the crew that threatened, beat me, and scared me into starting on time, and reassured me when I chickened out on a port tack and lit my cigarettes and blew my nose and sailed the boat while they pretended I was needed too. And of course Windjak's secret weapon, who runs the window shade up and down on the front deck, and can make more sail changes than I can mistakes, and taught me every bad name I ever called Sheehan who will be back next year and spoil it all.



At the recent World Star Class Championship races at Newport Harbor, Cal., each skipper was assigned an "aide" who acted as guide and all-around assistant. The aide given to Siren was young Freddie Steck (center), invariably around when wanted. Gene Corley (right) and John Dienhart, crew, didn't win, but gave a good account of themselves. More currently, Corley sailing his new Miscount, with Al Lechner, crew, captured top honors in the Southern Lake Michigan's annual 4th district Roundup at Belmont Harbor.

Dr. G. William Christoph—who used to race on Tabasco with Gould Davis and Harry Nye—a C Y C member for more than 20 years—now ace chairman of the Entertainment Committee. He is noted far and wide both as a gifted entrepreneur and ingenious master of ceremony—and renders an outstanding and distinctive service to the club.

Mrs. Kenneth Barber, vice-president of the American Women's Voluntary Services, Inc., heads the Chicago unit of that organization. She is also national chairman of the A. W. V. S. nurseries, located in hospitals at 11 army posts, where visiting servicemen's wives, with children, can find nursery facilities available. In addition to her official duties, Mrs. Barber has found time to give her personal service for nearly 15 years—two days a week—at Hines Veteran Hospital. She is the widow of C Y C Member Kenneth Barber, holding a ladies' special membership.

SABRE—the 87-foot yawl owned by Roman C. Brotz, of Sheboygan, Wis., winner of the Royono Trophy for the first yacht to finish in the Mackinac Race, as well as other top honors during the past racing season. Weighing 43 tons and with her main mast extending 100 feet above the water, she comes close to matching Skipper Brotz's terse description of her as the "biggest, fastest, and most beautiful."

Photo: Robert E. Mann

An orchid to Miss Truelove Paris who, this month, is celebrating her 10th year with the C Y C. "Truly's" courteous and efficient service in the dining-rooms at the Monroe Clubhouse have contributed greatly to the over-all excellence of the splendid staff of employees.

In the soft glow of subdued lights, in front of a smouldering fireplace, in the Monroe Clubhouse, the camera caught these kindred spirits discussing . . . well, it could have been "how we lost it by a freak wind shift"—or, "we had the race won and then we fell apart"—Oh, well, another year, another venture."

It's mid-October and the leaves have begun to fall —and one by one the boats slip out of the harbor headed for the storage yards or the warm, southern waters.

BELMONT HARBOR — Its Varying Moods

Fall and Winter and Spring and Their Colorful Changes As Painted by the Lavish Brush of Nature

By RICHARD VAN MELL

It's the end of summer in Chicago. The leaves have started to fall. Everywhere you look, you see signs of coming winter. The beach house has been boarded up, and the carnival has closed its gates. Even the harbor and lake front begin to look bare and empty. The first of the boats have gathered their gear and headed to storage yards or the warm southern waters.

It's mid-October now. Only a few hardy sailors and their craft remain to dot the harbor at various slips and moorings. Every so often a gust of wind sends a shower of leaves tumbling through the air, landing on the grass and in the water. The afternoons are growing shorter. The shadows of the surrounding buildings creep across the dull water.

A week passes and the last boats disappear from their places. Even the yellow and black moorings, their paint chipped, and their chains rusty, are hauled in and stored at the harbor-master's shack. Only the daring, frostbitten dinghy sailors, with their brightly colored hulls and gleaming white sails, are left to sail beside the flaming trees which surround the harbor.

The dinghys make a beautiful sight with their reds, and greens, and blues, parading around the little marks which outline their race course. And when the last race of the day is over, and all the boats have been tied to the dock for the night, the shadows of the buildings creep up the sides of the red skeleton tower which supports the harbor light. Everything is still. The sky is a deep blue with only a small streak of clouds along the horizon. The lake is now barren. Not a boat can be seen on the gray expanse that rolls and heaves as far as the eye can see.

November comes—and it's almost December. The last races are over. Only a few dinghys remain on the dock. Most of the leaves have fallen from the trees. The first frosty breath of winter has killed the grass.

It is snowing now, lightly, but steadily. The last dinghy is carried from the dock, leaving behind an outline in the fresh snow. The men are hard at work disconnecting the water pipes and pulling the docks out of the water to protect them from the crushing ice floes yet to come.

Winter's Radiant Tapestry

December bursts upon the scene in a flurry. The first storm of the winter sends huge breakers smashing against the breakwater and spray flying over the seawall. The temperature drops and the spray freezes everywhere. The walks and fences are transformed into slabs of ice. The snow continues to fall, and keeps on falling, and finally stops. Nothing escapes that great white blanket. The snow is everywhere—on the trees—on the walks—and on the docks.

Winter has set in and the harbor sleeps. As the cold, gray days continue, a thin sheet of ice covers the harbor; and is broken by the waves; and freezes again. Christmas comes and goes and not much change. The ice mounds rise higher and higher as snow and spray turn to ice, and the snow piles up in odd shapes where the wind whips at it.

Only an occasional crib tender, its superstructure coated with ice, is seen from the bleak point. Just off shore, if the wind is right, you can see the pack ice in dull white lumps, rising and falling on the swells. The only sounds are the grinding of the ice in the harbor, and the howl of the wind in your ear, and you are cold.

Thus passes most of January and February. There are some clear, crisp days when the sun is out and the sky is blue, and the snow glistens. It is beautiful for a while, but you are still cold, and the lake is still gray.

Then March arrives, and with it signs of life. The heavy blizzards have ceased, and the first southerly winds start to blow. The sun appears, and the warm winds start to break up the ice sheet and send it on its way. The pack ice drifts slowly northward, pushed by the steady south wind. The ice mounds along the shore sparkle and dance as the bright sun is reflected by the melting ice. Here and there the seawall appears from under a layer of ice, and the pilings of the old pier are visible as their ice casings drop off and float away. Even a few hardy youngsters venture forth for a walk along the awakening harbor.

It's April and spring is in the air. All the ice has vanished, and the snow with it. The water has regained some of its deep blue color, and the tops of the waves dance in the sunlight. The days are getting longer and signs of activity are everywhere. The park-district men are busy connecting the drinking fountains, and clearing the leaves from the paths. The workmen at the yacht club are connecting their water pipes and taking down their winter storm windows. They lower the dinghy docks into the water and repair their planks and repaint them with fresh lines and numbers. If they would stop a moment and look out over the lake they could see the first of the cargo ships making a run up the lake. The harbor lights are carefully cleaned and put in operation.

The first green blades of grass put fresh color in the park, and the new leaves begin to fill the branches which all winter have stood bare.

The mooring cans add the final touch. They also have been repainted and renumbered, and ride brightly over the restless water. Everything is ready. The first boats out are the dinghys. They seem bright and fresh and glide quickly from one spot to another as the first races get under way. The harbor is awake and stirring.

With the Luders at New Orleans

Gentlemen, the South Has Risen—By John Moloney

At the close of a season of closely contested races in L-16's, a team of C Y C yachtsmen journeyed to New Orleans for a series of team races with the Southern Yacht Club. Gentlemen, the South has risen! In a very efficient manner they soundly trounced us Yankees.

On arrival Friday, boats were made available for a day of practice prior to the two races scheduled for Saturday and one for Sunday. Two of the three necessary to decide the winner.

Saturday morning in light, flukey airs followed by a 180° windshift and subsequent moderate northerly breezes saw the Chicagoans under skippers Vilas, Moon, Gibbons, and Peterson finish 2, 4, 6, and 8, respectively, in the windward-leeward race.

S Y C Captures Series

The light variable air caused many changes in the relative positions in the fleet during the first windward leg and completely nullified a nice start by Russ Moon. As the boats rounded the inner mark the wind approached the Mackinac Straits special, 99-00 diminishing, making a real chore of rounding the mark for the last three boats.

On the leeward leg the wind backed, working its way from the finish line to the fleet favoring the leaders. The beat to the finish line was well sailed and caused some very close finishes.

Following an excellent luncheon as guests of the S Y C, a triangular course sailed in a fair breeze proved the undoing of the C Y C sailors. The S Y C got the first two positions in a postponed start and held them to the finish.

Light rain showers and some fancy spinnaker work were the features of the afternoon race. The S Y C consistently set chutes sooner and faster than the C Y C, and, except for a fancy job of jibing both the chute and the jenny by Vilas, handled these sails more ably.

With two broad reaches and a beat each time round S Y C held or improved their position on each leg, finishing with Vilas as their tough competition in third; and Moon, Peterson, and Gibbons in the 6, 7, and 8 spots. Thus in two races the S Y C captured the series for the fourth time in as many years.

An enjoyable dance on Friday evening at the Southern Yacht Club and cocktail parties on Saturday and Sunday evening at the homes of Jim Ayres and Norris Newman were ample proof that Southern hospitality is everything it is reported to be! Each of us had a most enjoyable time at these affairs.

With the series lost on Saturday, a group of Chicagoans carried on, from the cocktail party to doing the town, and it is reported that some were not seen 'til the middle of Sunday afternoon.

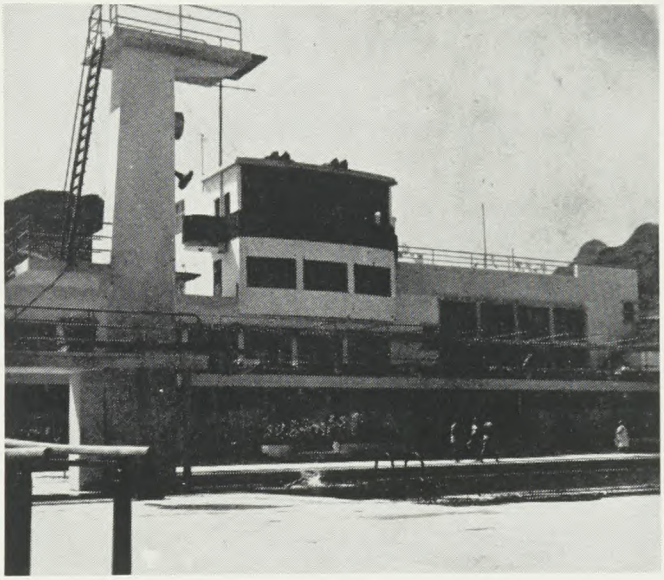
Southern Hospitality!

The more stalwart Yankees were out Sunday afternoon in three boats under skippers Vilas, Peterson, and Cox racing on a boat-for-boat basis with twelve of the L-16's from the S Y C fleet. With the two hot skippers from S Y C not participating, Vilas came home second while Cox and Peterson had a dead heat for fourth.

The wonderful job of planning and carrying off the affairs of the weekend made for a truly enjoyable time for our group from the C Y C. Arthur Sievers, Lew Ayres, Morris Newman, and Junior Sporl, who made his boat available for those of us who were spectating, are certainly to be commended for the pleasant time they showed us. The work of Freidricks, Eschilman, Wynn, and Werscher in outsailing us goes without saying.

The C Y C L-16's will surely have to extend themselves to equal this Southern hospitality and sailing when the team races are held in Chicago next summer.

Above — This is "Domingo," our Spanish man, Friday. Amongst his various sea-faring exploits, he has made 10 ocean crossings.



Above—On the plaza of the yacht club at Santa Cruz is a huge chart in mosaic showing Gran Canario and Tenerife. At left: The beautiful yacht club at Santa Cruz where we were given a royal welcome.

Below (at left): Ed Weber, in a reflective mood. He has been with us since we left Mystic, Conn. At right: We are painting the bottom of "Mystic" while the tide is out. Charge for the dock—$1.35!

This native sailing craft, out of the pages of a bye-gone era, participated in the regatta, Las Palmas to Arrecife, and proved a good competitor. "We entered 'Mystic' in the race, too, not with the idea of winning—which we didn't!"

Sojourn in the Grand Canaries

Where Life Is Still on the Primitive Side

By Chad. and Helen Baertschy

We left Mystic, Conn., in July, 1958, and sailed to the Azores in 16 days. We spent a week there, viewed the recent volcano, and set off for Lisbon which we reached seven days later. From Lisbon we cruised the coast of Portugal and Spain, put in at Tangier, Gibraltar, coast of Spain to Barcelona, thence to Palma, Majorca.

From Palma, we put in briefly at Soller on the north part of the island—a delightful little port, by the way—and then on to La Ciotat, to begin the French Riviera. We did all the famous ports there—Toulon, St. Tropez, Cannes, Nice, and Monaco.

We went as far south as Naples, putting in at Genoa and then to Civitavechia for a week to see Rome. We spent two weeks in Naples visiting Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the island of Capri. We visited the islands of Ischia, Elba, and Corsica.

From Corsica we returned to France, where we spent 2 months, touring a bit inland and having the boat overhauled. We started our return in February, 1959, visiting Menorca, Majorca, and Ibiza; then Gibraltar, Tangier, and Casablanca, and on to the Canaries.

We arrived in the Canaries April 6 of this year, expecting to stay only a week. But we discovered that the cost of living here is the lowest we've found and that wood and woodworking are very inexpensive. We were able to buy a piece of teak, enough to give us a new deck over our steel one, and that the price of same made it well worth while to stay and add the new deck to the boat. We also added a spindle rail around the aft section.

The climate here is ideal all year around, and there is a beautiful beach to go with it. Fresh food is cheap, but canned goods quite high. Life here is considerably better than on the Spanish mainland, but still far from modern. Donkeys are a common means of transportation, although we are not obliged to use them—there are also buses, automobiles, and taxis.

Due to lack of refrigeration, we must market every day before noon when they close. Delivery service does not exist and we must carry our own containers and bags for many items. Generally speaking, we eat very well, and the only actually unavailable item of major importance (to us, anyway) is peanut butter. We can have a steak dinner in town for 60c and fresh fish in the market starts at 7½ cents a pound.

It seems that at least once every two weeks there is a fiesta as every Saint's day is a public holiday. A good portion of the female population is in black, as this ancient custom of mourning is still observed, and a widow wears black the rest of her life unless she remarries. The custom of a three-hour siesta is still the thing, and is one more reason that most things are done manana.

Most wearing apparel is custom made, at low cost, as are most hand-made items. Factory-made merchandise is considerably higher—a fact difficult for any American to understand. I had to wait eight weeks for a few simple blouses to be made, and the buttons cost almost as much as the labor.

We took part in a regatta held recently. From here in Las Palmas to Arrecife on Lanzarote; Lanzarote to the island of Graciosa (sail only for the start of the

second leg), Graciosa to Santa Cruz on Tenerife and back to Las Palmas. They kept us well-primed with food, drink, and entertainment. Needless to say, we didn't enter to win—and we didn't.

They took us on an excursion of the island of Lanzarote, which has all the appearances of the moon, or, as one English-speaking Spaniard put it—"it looks lunatic!" The island is covered with ash. But the populace long since discovered it could be put to use, and they now grow vegetables, fruits, and flowers. Strange to see great fields of corn, vineyards, watermelons, and colorful flowers rising from black chunks of ash. There is no rain on Lanzarote, but the ash absorbs moisture from the air at night and holds it.

We sailed to Graciosa for the start of the second leg. The bay is crystal clear, sparkling blue and green. The island is so isolated, life is most primitive. It's terrain is sandy and the only animals are camels, goats, and chickens. No market here—everyone does his own work. He dries his own fish, has a few chickens for eggs, and a goat for milk. Vegetables, fruit, and water are brought in by boat. All men, women, and children wear the same typical straw hat and the women here, as on Lanzarote, are completely encased in clothing, baring only their faces and hands.

The island of Tenerife is not too different from Gran Canaria, but there is a profusion of flowers and tourists. We also put in to Fuerteventura at Pta. de Morro de Jable to see the eclipse, but didn't see much of either one, as the day was cloudy. What we did see were a few people, goats, a sand beach, and one saloon. We took advantage of the latter only, and headed back to Las Palmas. We hope to stop at the island of La Palma when we make our departure, if conditions permit.

At the moment, we are in dry dock, and so have taken a hotel room for the staggering sum of $1.50 a day double with breakfast. We now have our crew assembled and are planning to leave here the first week in November for Barbados. We counted in the guest book in the Real Club Nautico, where we are anchored, 45 yachts from last October to this October, who have passed through en route to the Caribbean, many intending to go on around the world. There are, of course, more than this, as many do not sign the guest book.

Well—that gives you a very brief picture of sixteen months "at sea." As for the islands, they are most unusual to an American, and like most unusual places, defy description.

Fall Star Class Races Won by CYC Boats

Successful Conclusion to an Eventful Season—By Roving Reporter

It was all Chicago Yacht Club in the final three events which comprise the Midwest's Star Class fall circuit.

Gene Corley, with Al Lechner crew, took top honors in the Southern Lake Michigan fleets' annual IV District Roundup at Belmont Harbor September 26th and 27th. The Saturday and Sunday event became a Sunday affair when the two Saturday races were postponed due to gale-force winds and rain. You may remember the severe storms on Saturday evening which tore down trees all over the city.

In order to allow the out-of-town boats sufficient time to leave on Sunday, two races, one time around, were sailed on Sunday morning and one race, twice around, after lunch.

The two morning races in a 15-mile-an-hour off-shore breeze under clear skies were captured by Corley and crew, Lechner. The afternoon event was won by Harry Nye and Peyton Barclay in Gale. Final Results: 1st, Miscount, Corley and Lechner, 47 pts.; 2nd, Dolphin V, Frank Raymond and Ralph Howarth, 41 pts.; 3rd, Glider, Pete Bennett and Jim Irwin, 36 pts. 18 boats competed.

Harry Nye, with Emmett Corley crew, took Gale the following weekend to Springfield, Illinois, to capture top spot in the IV District Final, sailed annually on the waters of Lake Springfield.

Nye's consistent showing 2, 1, and 2, in that order, was sufficient to win the famous Urn Trophy by a safe margin of 5 points over second place Ralph Bradley, of Peoria, Illinois, and third place Gene Corley and Al Lechner, from CYC, 8 points back. 33 boats competed.

The weather at Springfield was overcast and rainy in light shifty airs. Nye survived the shifts and holes better than anyone else, however, to bring his Gale home the winner.

On the weekend of October 10-11, once again Nye and Emmett Corley set out in search of the blue ribbon by taking Gale down to Vermillion, Ohio, for the Vermillion Fall Wind-Up. Once again they found the blue ribbon by out-tacking, out smarting, and out-sailing twenty other Star boats from various parts of the Midwest. Two Cleveland boats took 2nd and 3rd.

The season is over. It started on Gull Lake in Michigan on May 23rd and ended on Lake Erie, at Vermillion, on October 11th. The gang has retreated for the winter to heal the wounds and recharge for the 1960 season which will start for at least some of the Stars in the Spring Championship at New Orleans the end of March.

New Skipper Arrives

A new skipper has arrived, taking over command of the Rodney Kahr household at 7631 N. Eastlake Terrace, Chicago. The new arrival first put in an appearance on October 22, weighing 8 lbs. 7 oz. Rod and Jo Kahr had been "making guesses, whether he'd wear pants or dresses," —fate decreed pants, so they have named him Michael McCabe Kahr.

In Memoriam

X. Raymond Dodge (1943)

Pam Am Yacht Races Promote Good Will

Combined Efforts of Many Bring Success—By Herbert P. Williams

In looking back at the Pan American Games, we realize that it was the largest skipper series we have ever had anything to do with. During the war, the Star Class ran their major championships using local boats for all skippers, and it worked out quite well, considering that this was the only method that could be used during the war years.

Our problem in the Pan American series was quite a bit different. We had to produce a lot of boats, and we had to do it in seven classes. The entire proceedings would have been impossible were it not for the complete cooperation of the various classes.

New System Used

A system was used which was brand new as far as I know, in that a chairman was appointed for each class, and these men did a sterling job. They had the entire responsibility of providing the boats, keeping them in repair, and then getting them back to their owners afterwards—and too much praise cannot be given them. Their names are as follows:

Otto E. Stossel
Thos. J. Carroll
Victor F. Sheronas
Dr. Raymond M. Galt
Al Berg
Nate Whiteside
Robert O'Neil

We were blessed with very nice weather all week, and the races went off in good shape. Our guests gave a solid account of themselves, in that it certainly was not any one-sided affair, such as the track and field events. Two courses were used, with the smaller yachts using the course off Belmont Harbor. The Carroll family took this under their personal wing and welcomed the guests, registered them, fed them, and did everything but tuck them into bed at night—certainly a fine, unselfish job by the Carrolls, who always seem to have that little extra something in the pinch.

Downtown, where the larger classes sailed, the class chairman did a splendid job, and Bob O'Neil distinguished himself, strawbossing the haulouts. George Harvey and Jim Fitzgerald kept lubricating the wheels so that things went off just fine, and Tony Koefoot and his stellar group ran the races to perfection at Belmont. Our motor boat members certainly were unselfish with their boats.

To Make Friends

It was hard for me to realize just how much work there was in connection with a regatta of this size. It took several months of meetings to see that everything went off without a hitch. Since the purpose of the Olympics and the Pan American Games (which is regarded as the American Olympics) is to promote friendship and good will, I think much was done to impress our neighbors with our hospitality. At all events, they received the best that we could give, and it is good to know that now we have friends in so many distant places.

New Members Elected

The Board of Directors of the Chicago Yacht Club, at its last meeting elected the following to membership:

REGULAR MEMBERSHIP

Donald W. Browne
Christian C. Buehler
Carl Hilton
John F. Hoenadel, Jr.

The Board of Directors has approved the following membership changes:

TRANSFERRED FROM NON-RESIDENT TO REGULAR

Earl C. Faulkner

TRANSFERRED FROM REGULAR TO NON-RESIDENT

Colonel Duncan Hodges
Daniel S. McGuire

Committee Selects Nominees for 1960

The following members have been selected by the Nominating Committee of the Chicago Yacht Club as the Regular Ticket of Officers and Directors of the Club for the year 1960:

OFFICERS:

Commodore: Lewis W. Gilbert

Vice-Commodore: Herman T. Van Mell — Treasurer: Louis J. Cross

Rear-Commodore: George B. Wendt — Secretary: Charles F. Short, Jr.

DIRECTORS:

Henry W. Angsten	Theodore M. Dunlap	Edmund J. Sheehan
Mark A. Brown	Harold H. Elliott	Sumner S. Sollitt
Donald F. Buckingham	Charles R. Hearn	Henry J. Spanjer, Jr.
Dr. G. Wm. Christoph	Richard S. Latham	Paul G. Warren
Clifford B. Cox	Edward D. Lawson	Howard L. Willett, Jr.
Philo H. Danly	Mason G. Rapp	

ROUND THE CLUB

By Matt Albrecht, Manager

The Charcoal Steak Night of Saturday, Sept. 26th was again a great affair and even though the weather man was definitely not on our side we had a fine attendance of over 230 members and their guests who thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The Mackinac Winners Dinner on Friday, Oct. 9th, masterfully handled by COMMODORES LEWIS GILBERT and MARK A. BROWN, as always, was an enjoyable evening. The "Closed Winners Dinner" (something new) at the Monroe Clubhouse, ably organized by ED SHEEHAN, was definitely a big success and we are sure this affair will have a permanent date on our schedule.

The "Final Charcoal Steak Night" of 1959 was another wonderful event and a considerable number of members and their guests enjoyed a fine evening of entertainment at the club.

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Our congratulations to TERRY CASELLI, who celebrated his birthday with a fine group of friends at a dinner party. . . . Our congratulations to "Old Timer" CLYDE LARISH, who enjoyed a wonderful evening with friends from Oklahoma in celebration of his birthday at one of our Charcoal Steak Nights.

Our congratulations to BUD LOWENSTINE, who celebrated his birthday *en famille* at our Charcoal Steak Night. . . . ROSS W. BEATTY and a fine group of friends enjoyed his birthday party with us.

Our hearty congratulations to KEITH CHANTRY, twelve-year-old son of ROBERT CHANTRY, distinguished Race Committee Member, who celebrated his birthday with a group of friends at the Belmont Club House.

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Our congratulations and high esteem go to MRS. DONALD SIMPSON and her daughter, MARCIA, who succeeded in climbing the Matterhorn, one of the toughest mountains in Switzerland, rising to a 14,870 foot peak. It should be mentioned that the Simpson family, great boosters of our Club, have climbed most of the difficult mountains of Switzerland, Italy, and France. This was MRS. SIMPSON'S third successful effort in climbing the Matterhorn.

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LOUIS GAMACHE was host to a dinner party. . . . HOWARD WILLETT, JR., entertained a fine group of friends for luncheon. . . . MRS. WALTER BITTERS was host to the Mid-City Bridge Club, a delightful Sunday afternoon affair. . . . NICK GEIB was host to a large group of friends at a buffet dinner.

E. P. SORENSON was luncheon host to the board of directors of Grant Hospital. . . . H. J. CURRAN entertained for dinner. . . . LAWRENCE MASTERS was luncheon host to his friends from the Johnson Motors Company. . . . MRS. WILLIAM GALLOWAY was luncheon hostess to a large group of ladies and after luncheon viewed the latest fashions. . . . W. R. HODGSON was host to a luncheon party for friends.

L. B. PERKINS entertained for lunch. . . . TED GREEN entertained friends at dinner in the relaxed atmosphere of the Captains' Cabin. . . . One member who really made use of our dining facilities during the 1959 World Series was RUSSELL J. LEANDER, who entertained a large group of friends each day the games were played. . . . FRED PETERSON was host to a large group of members of the Chicago Rotary Club, who enjoyed both the luncheon at the Monroe Clubhouse and the boat trips around the Monroe Harbor.

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CAROL MACNEIL was hostess at a surprise party for her parents, the H. F. MACNEILS. . . . ARTHUR F. MEDING was luncheon host at a delightful Sunday affair for friends. . . . WILLIAM DANNHAUSEN entertained at a delightful dinner party. . . . J. W. GRIDLEY entertained a large group of friends for lunch. . . . MRS. LAURIE SEWARD, SR., was host to a dinner party. . . . LAWRENCE MASTERS entertained at a dinner meeting.

GEORGE MARTIN was host to a splendid group of friends. . . . MRS. R. A. CARR entertained a lovely group of ladies for lunch. . . . R. W. ROSIN, Commodore of the Diversey Yacht Club, entertained a large group of friends at the Family Night Buffet.

By the way, why not entertain your family and friends on a Thursday, at our Family Night Buffet. Here you will discover featured specialties from all over the world. You may or may not know that our buffet dinners are considered "tops" by world experts.

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ROBERT C. SHROPSHIRE entertained for lunch. . . . DR. FREDERICK ROOS was genial host at a luncheon party. . . . VICTOR LAFAVE remembered and celebrated MRS. LAFAVE'S birthday at a Sunday dinner party. . . . DR. ROCCO P. TUFO was host to a Sunday afternoon tea party. . . . MRS. WALTER H. HEINICHEN entertained for lunch. . . . COMMODORE THEODORE DUNLAP was host at a dinner party. . . . MRS. LYNN WILLIAMS entertained for lunch. . . . ROBERT BORWELL entertained friends at a "Gourmets' Luncheon." ELGAR B. TOLMAN was host at a dinner party.

SUMNER MEAD entertained friends. . . . WARREN BARR was host at a dinner. . . . LEVERING CARTWRIGHT entertained a fine group of friends for dinner. . . . HERBERT DANIELS was host for lunch.

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ROY OLSON entertained a group of Swedish friends, who have been meeting once a month for over 50 years, at a buffet dinner. . . . E. W. LAWSON was host at an outstanding hors d'oeuvres and cocktail reception for a large group of friends. . . . MRS. WALTER F. DEVEREAUX entertained a group of ladies for lunch. . . . ALLEN B. WILSON was host at a dinner party. . . . MRS. VERN I. MCCARTHY entertained for dinner. . . .

NEW MEMBER APPLICATIONS—CHICAGO YACHT CLUB

Name	*Occupation*	*Residence*	*Sponsors*
JOHN M. ATOLS (Regular)	President Atolstool & Mpld. Corp. 5005 W. Armitage Avenue Chicago, Illinois	6056 N. Kirkwood Avenue Chicago, Illinois	Werner G. Salg L. B. Kidwell
FREDERICK B. FOSTER, JR. (Regular)	Sales Manager Fred A. Niles Productions 1058 W. Washington Boulevard Chicago, Illinois	7638 N. Eastlake Terrace Chicago, Illinois	James M. Hoddle Don L. Glasell Melvin E. Guthrie
THOMAS J. LEAHY (Regular)	President Leahy & Associates, Inc. 6 N. Hamlin Avenue Chicago, Illinois	918 Yale Wilmette, Illinois	L B. Kidwell Edward Fahey
JOHN DRISCOLL, JR. (son of John Driscoll) (Associate)		170 Ridge Road Highland Park, Illinois	Roy H. Olson

Any helpful information concerning the above applicants should be directed to:

Chicago Yacht Club, Admissions Committee

Foot of Monroe Street, Chicago 3, Illinois

Phone: WHitehall 4-7575

ROBERT MALCOM, JR., was host to the Chicago Eye Shield Company, an outstanding Sunday brunch and dinner party.

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MRS. ROBERT O'NEIL'S mother, MRS. H. PASCHEN, entertained for lunch. . . . GENE CORLEY was in charge of the Star-Boat get-together in the Captain's Cabin. . . . CHARLES CALDER was host at a surprise dinner party. . . . PAGE WATSON entertained a large number of friends at a stag dinner affair. . . . MRS. ARTHUR HORTON entertained for lunch. . . . HERBERT DANIELS was genial host to a dinner affair. . . . DON SHERWOOD entertained for dinner. . . . RALPH WEYBURN, JR., was host to a large number of friends for dinner. . . . MRS. KENNETH BARBER was again in charge of a "Gay-Nineties" Party. C. REID CLOON was a genial luncheon host to a large number of his friends.

If the floors of the CYC Monroe Clubhouse are spotless — if the silver in the Trophy Case gleams brightly — if the various facilities operate smoothly —it is all due in large part to these good-natured, courteous service housemen. Left to right: John Hall, Lew Welcher, and Bill Whitaker.