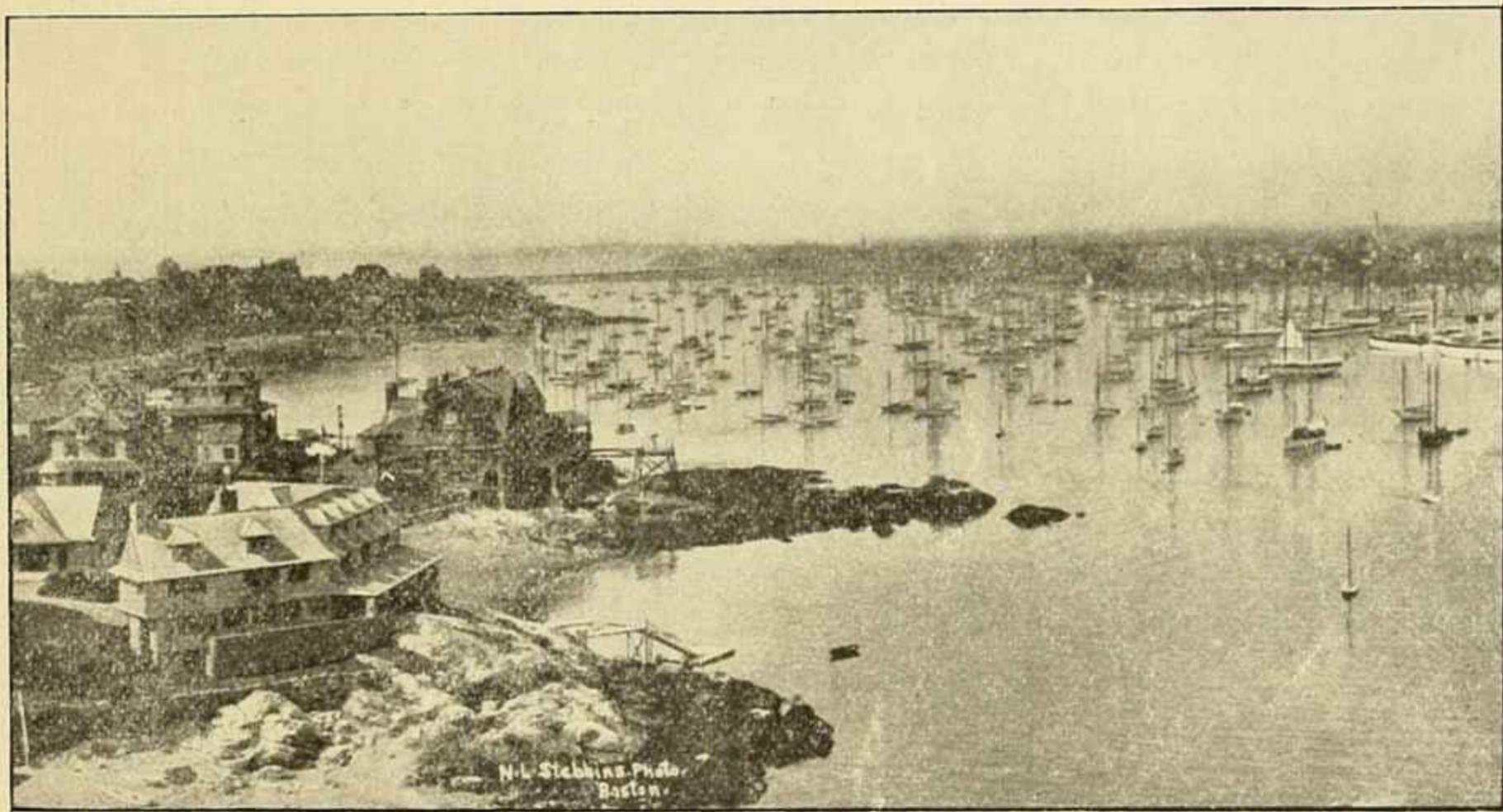


A THOUSAND MILES WITH DOROTHY Q.

HOLLIS BURGESS

(Courtesy of "The Rudder".)

On a beautiful Sunday morning, August 24, 1907, the racing sloop Dorothy Q drifted across the starting line off the Boston Y. C. Station, Marblehead, Mass., in company with three others of her class,—Little Rhody II, Sally IX, and Orestes—and shaped her course for Provincetown, that charming little harbor



VIEW OF MARBLEHEAD HARBOR.

Starting point of "A Thousand Miles with Dorothy Q".

which forms the instep of the famous shoe of land—Cape Cod. The four boats all set light sails immediately and strove to take advantage of every catspaw of the feeble breeze, as a handsome cup had been offered to the boat which should first reach Provincetown. Dorothy Q, aided by a favorable slant, finally forged ahead and held her lead over the other boats for about an hour, when the wind fell to a dead calm, and the other three boats carrying a little breeze along with them drifted by her.

Little Rhody, a wonderful drifter in light airs, gradually slipped away from the other boats, which lay almost motionless with sails idly flapping. At last after

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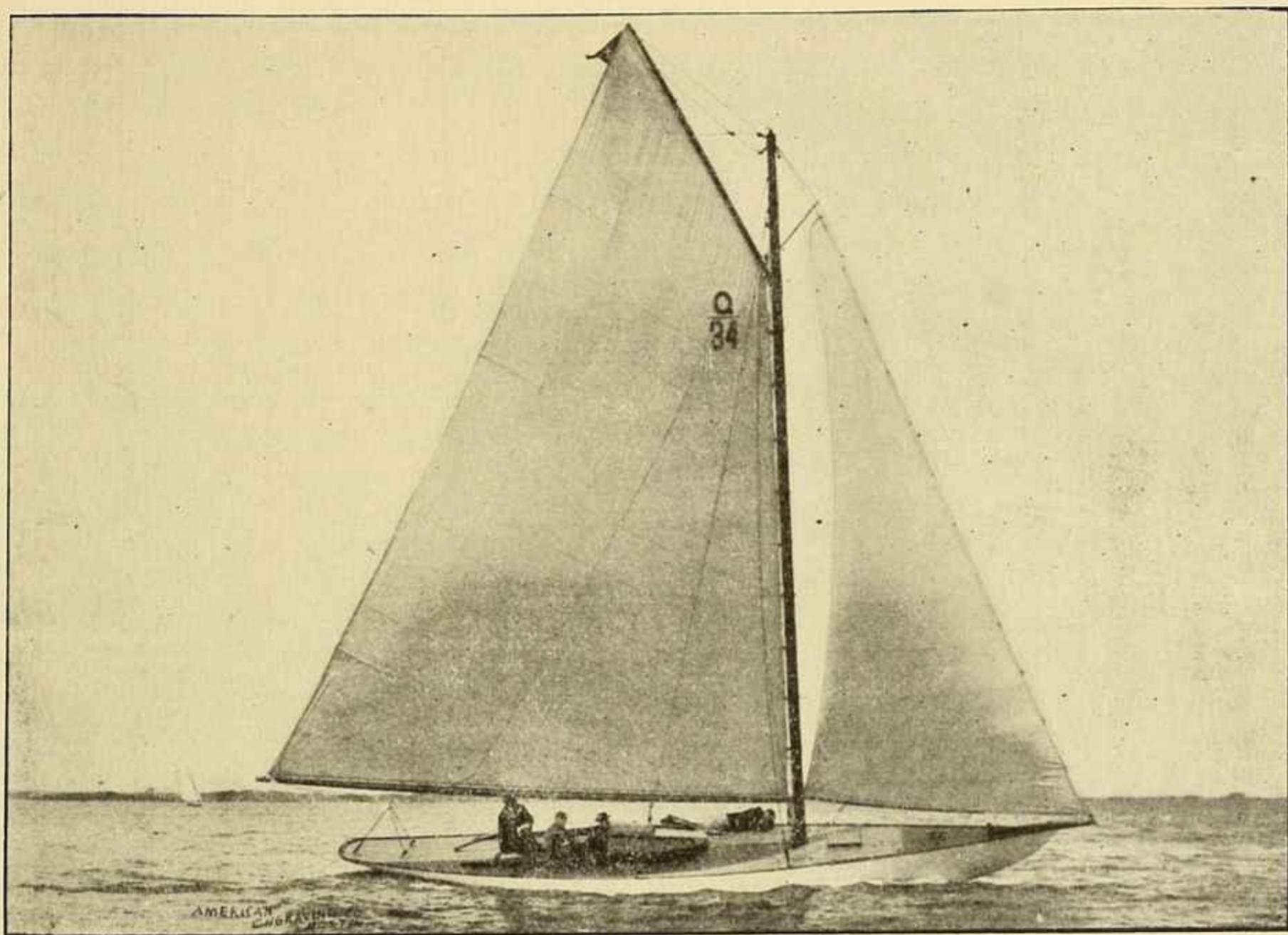
what seemed an interminable time, with tantalizing little puffs occasionally ruffling the glassy waters, only to die rapidly away leaving an absolute calm behind them, a fresh breeze came swooping down from the land, filling the sails of the little fleet and sweeping it merrily along. The scorching August sun and the tedious ocean roll were forgotten in a twinkling, and all hands drank in the refreshing breeze with keen enjoyment. The breeze was considerably stronger out at sea than near the land, making to leeward, as the nautical term is, and Dorothy Q, which had fallen behind the others, being only an indifferent drifter, took advantage of this, and by keeping farther out to sea than the rest gained rapidly, finally passing all but Little Rhody and coming up abreast of her. At the finish, all four boats swept over the line with a steadily increasing breeze, with only a minute and a half separating the first from the last boat; truly a remarkable race, for the distance from Marblehead was over forty miles. Little Rhody managed to cross the line first, and she well deserved her victory, as in running and reaching in light and moderate airs she was the fastest of the four, and the wind having been fair all the way, the course suited her exactly.

Little Rhody did not stop in Provincetown, but started off around the Cape bound for the Jamestown Exposition, where she was to race. This was also the ultimate destination of Dorothy Q, though the writer and his crew had kept this to themselves, intending to have a little innocent amusement by appearing unexpectedly as a competitor in the races which were to be held at the Jamestown Exposition and also in New York waters.

Races were held in Provincetown the next two days, Dorothy Q capturing the first race, and Sally IX the second. At the conclusion of the second race, stores were taken aboard Dorothy Q, and at four in the afternoon anchor was weighed and she slipped out of the harbor bound on her Southward voyage. Eleanor, another boat in Dorothy Q's class, which had not participated in the races at Provincetown, but had stopped there on her way to the Exposition, had gone on ahead having left at six that morning under tow of a powerful tug.

At quarter past five spinnaker was broken out, and every effort made to drive Dorothy Q along at topmost speed. The writer had with him for crew, an enthusiastic amateur, promptly nicknamed "Spinnaker," by which name he will be known hereafter, and an old veteran sailor, a veritable old salt, born at sea on

a square-rigger, and who had followed the sea on all kinds of vessels for over fifty years. Though seventy years old, he was still quick and active, and was a never-ending source of amusement with his droll, deep-sea stories and really witty jokes. His name was Bob, and when some inquisitive stranger would ask him his name, he would usually get for a reply: "My name is Bob, neither a thief, rogue, nor a liar. I'm an old whale, but I want you to know, I'm reel, I'm genuine, and what I say, I mean!" etc., his long stream of eloquence punctuated by many forceful oaths. He was a true and tried sailor, a splendid rigger and never idle. He could sew better than most women, and took a pride in keeping the boat always looking spick and span.



DOROTHY Q.

With a fair breeze Dorothy Q tore along, passing Highland Light at half-past seven and the triple lights of Nausett an hour later. Off Nausett Lights we were startled by suddenly striking something with our keel with a heavy thud. We were about half a mile off-shore and it could not have been a sand-bar, so we concluded it must have been a sunken wreck. At half-past eleven we passed abreast of Pollock Rip Lightship and quickly doused our spinnaker, as the wind was now blowing with considerable strength, and we had to alter our course here and head around the sand-bars off Chatham. A strong, fair tide swept us along at great speed but kicked up a wicked sea as it met the wind coming from an opposite direction. Dorothy Q sliced her way through the angry waves in splendid style, her sharp bow and finely drawn-out stern being well adapted for this kind

of sailing. The Q Class, to which she belonged, has developed a splendid type of boat, and has well proved what a boon to yachting is the new Universal Rule, recently adopted by practically all the yacht clubs of America, and with some modifications by the leading yacht clubs of Europe. With a few minor changes the Universal Rule will unquestionably prove the best rule ever yet devised under which to build racing boats, as it develops boats that are good for cruising as well as racing, and not mere shells or measurement cheaters left to rot on the beach, or sold for junk after their racing days are over, such as were built under the old rule.

All night Dorothy Q sped along, the white-capped waves gleaming in the darkness, while angry clouds chased each other in quick succession over the face of the moon. It blew hard all night, but Dorothy Q carried her sail superbly, and at daybreak we were almost abreast of Vineyard Haven. The wind was now dead ahead and we had a tiresome beat up Vineyard Sound, though still aided by a strong fair tide. The dark clouds which had threatened stormy weather during the night rolled away, and the sun mounted higher and higher in a cloudless sky. At ten o'clock the wind fell calm, and as the tide had turned against us we dropped anchor in the Sound, off the Island of Cuttyhunk, and waited patiently for a Southwest breeze, which we were sure would soon come in. On Vineyard Sound in the Summer-time, the wind blows Southwest with great regularity, usually starting in about ten o'clock in the morning, and dying away during the night. We did not have to wait long, as after about fifteen minutes a delightfully cool Southwest breeze came sweeping down the Sound, and weighing anchor we proceeded on our way once more. To avoid the tide as much as possible a long tack was made in toward Gay Head, that striking headland, formed of dull red clay, which guards one entrance to the Sound. A colony of Indians live here who have developed an interesting pottery business, making vases, bowls, and other articles from the clay of the cliffs. Gay Head has a gloomy, sullen aspect, as if brooding over the terrible catastrophe which took place in the Winter of 1884, when the Savannah steamer, City of Columbus, with an unusually large number of passengers aboard, ran ashore on the rocks off Gay Head in the dead of night, and was smashed to pieces in the surf. Scores of lives were lost beneath those frowning headlands, and this wreck marked one of the worst disasters in the annals of the sea.

At one o'clock we cleared the headlands and headed for Block Island, where we expected to spend the night. However, the wind fell light again before long, and headed us off so much that we could not fetch the island, and could barely make Point Judith, which we reached at sundown. We intended to spend that night in the harbor back of the Point Judith breakwater, but a rattling Northeast breeze coming down off the land as we neared the breakwater, we decided to take advantage of it, and headed down Long Island Sound. We made fast time that night, being almost abreast of New Haven as day dawned.

The writer and "Spinnaker" had been up practically all the time since leaving Provincetown, save for a little sleep snatched at intervals during the day, and this lack of sleep was beginning to tell on us. Our eyes were burning, and our

heads seemed to grow lighter and lighter, nodding from side to side. We had allowed old Bob to sleep both nights, and he had snored merrily away for hours, though strongly protesting when we awakened him that he had not been able to sleep a wink. "Spinnaker," who acted as cook during the whole voyage, prepared a delicious breakfast for us and after that we felt much better. About two in the afternoon we sighted the beautiful headland at the entrance of Oyster Bay, and at exactly three o'clock we dropped anchor off the handsome club house of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., having covered 250 miles in forty-seven consecutive hours, a remarkable run for a 25-foot waterline boat, considering that light head winds had been encountered part of the way.

One of the first boats that we noticed as we entered the harbor was Eleanor, which had arrived under tow at ten o'clock that morning. Her crew asked us where we had picked up a towboat, and were much surprised on learning that we had sailed the entire distance. We had actually made faster time from Provincetown to Oyster Bay than Eleanor under tow of a powerful tug, but Eleanor had been obliged to stop at New London for several hours while the tug took coal on board. We went to bed early that night, our heads no sooner touching the pillow than we were lost in sleep.

Next morning we were up bright and early, and after a hearty breakfast at the yacht club we bent racing sails on Dorothy Q, taking off the small suit which we had used on the trip around the Cape, and came out to the starting line at the mouth of the harbor just as the preparatory gun boomed for the race, which was held under the auspices of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. A handsome trophy had been offered by Mr. James A. Blair, a well-known New York yachtsman, to the boat which should win first place in the Q Class, and nine boats crossed the starting line to compete for it. The course was triangular. At the end of the first leg which was a broad reach, Dorothy Q was third, all nine boats being in a bunch. On the second leg, a run before the wind, old Bob, while hoisting the spinnaker carelessly let it slip from his hands. It flopped into the water, which rushed into it and filled it like a balloon, pulling the spinnaker pole back against the shroud and snapping it in two. Before we could gather the sail in and get it aboard, the weight of the water tore it badly. However, we had come prepared for emergencies, and had another spinnaker and spinnaker pole ready in case of just such an accident as this. While all this was going on we had dropped back near the rear, but by standing out toward the middle of the Sound we caught a stronger breeze than the others, and by means of this made up what we had lost, going around the second mark in third place once more. The last leg was a beat to windward, our best point of sailing. The class split up into two divisions: six boats taking the starboard tack, while we and two other boats chose the port tack. We stood along on this tack for about half an hour, and then headed for the finish line with one long tack. The six other boats, which had made a long tack to starboard, finally came about and headed toward us. Our tack had been the right one, however, and we crossed their bows maintaining our lead of the other two. We swept across the finish line with a lead

of two minutes and a half over the second boat, Eleanor, and sailed back to our anchorage off the yacht club, feeling amply repaid for the strenuous trip which we had had to make to reach Oyster Bay in time for this race, and with a handsome cup to take home with us.

The next day another race was held. The weather was very different from that of the day before, when a moderate breeze and smooth sea had made perfect racing. On this day the wind blew about forty miles an hour, and the sea was very rough. All the boats reefed, the spray flying over them and drenching their crews. At the first mark all the boats were close together, and when we came to where the second mark ought to be, there was no sign of it. The boats spread out in different directions looking for it, but it could not be found, the rough waters of the Sound having evidently overturned and sunk it. After looking for the mark for some time, we all gave it up in disgust and sailed back to the starting line. The crews of the boats were tired and wet, but the judges were determined to have a race, and we were ordered to start out again over another course,—a seven and a half mile beat to windward and return. The wind was very fluky, and Dorothy Q, having poor luck in the first part of the race, dropped back toward the rear, but finally picked up a favorable slant and was well up with the leaders when a towboat with four barges came slowly up the Sound, right across her bow. We were forced to keep off and run dead to leeward the full length of the tow, until we were able to pass under the stern of the fourth barge. To add to our misfortune the mainsail suddenly tore a little in the leach above the reef earring, and to save the sail from further damage we were obliged to withdraw from the race. The fluky winds, however, had robbed the race of interest, and we were not much grieved when we had to pull out of it.

The next day was Sunday, and the Atlantic Y. C. sent a powerful towboat to Oyster Bay to tow several of the racing boats to Sea Gate, where the enterprising chairman of the Atlantic Y. C.'s Regatta Committee, Mr. John R. Brophy, had arranged a race for the Q Class boats on Monday. Seven boats were tied astern of the tug, three in one string and four in another, and bidding farewell to Oyster Bay we started down the Sound, the tug going ahead at full speed. The captain of the tug was evidently vexed at having seven boats to tow, as he had expected only four, and he vented his feelings by sending his boat along at such a rate that the bows of the seven boats were lifted high out of the water, their sterns settling well down, while sheets of spray flew over them. Up the East River, through the rushing tide of Hell Gate, and under Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridges swept the tow, finally reaching the open waters of New York Bay, where a fresh breeze was stirring up a choppy sea. We had only been in the bay a few minutes when the tow-line on the boat ahead of Dorothy Q parted, and the three boats which were fastened together in our string drifted off before the wind tossing helplessly, and in imminent danger of colliding with each other. The tow-line of the boat ahead of us was cut to enable us to drift away from her, and after drifting a hundred yards or so we dropped anchor, still holding on to Eleanor, which was fastened astern of us. The tug swung around still holding on to the other four boats and after considerable difficulty succeeded in pick-

ing up the boat whose tow-line had parted. The captain of the tug decided that it was too rough to pick up Dorothy Q and Eleanor, while he had five other boats astern and went on up the bay to the Atlantic Y. C., intending to come back later and pick us up. The tug did not return for some reason, but after an hour had passed in waiting, we were pleased to see the Atlantic Y. C.'s launch coming down to tow us.

By this time darkness had come on, and after a line had been passed us and we started along, a sharp lookout was kept, as many vessels were passing up and down the harbor, and the night was inky black. We had been underway about a quarter of an hour, when the writer noticed the red and green lights of a steamer some distance off heading toward us, and notified the launch of this. The men on the launch, for some reason or other, did not change their course, but kept on in the same direction. The red and green lights kept drawing nearer and nearer, and finally the writer seized a fog-horn and blew it several times as a warning signal. A white light was at last waved over the stern of the steamer as a signal that she would back. Driven on by a strong, fair wind, however, the steamer kept shooting along, even though her engines were reversed, and soon her white hull loomed up in the darkness as she shot down on us. The steamer was a Coney Island excursion boat, and we could make out crowds of passengers looking down from the decks. It looked as if she would surely smash us to kindling wood. In response to our shouting the men on the club launch finally let go our tow-line, and we were able just in the nick of time to swing Dorothy Q off on a course parallel to the steamer's. She shot along, passing over our line between us and the launch, and came to a dead stop about five feet away. Looking up almost perpendicularly, we heard a hail from the man on her bow asking us if we were all right, and upon our responding that we were, she backed astern a couple of hundred yards and then proceeded on her way again. It was a narrow escape, and if the men on the launch had not released our tow-line just in time so that we could swing Dorothy Q's bow off, we would surely have had a bad collision. The men on Eleanor, astern of us, had prepared to get into their tender and come to our rescue when they saw the steamer bearing down down on us, and her captain had called out to his crew, "There goes Dorothy Q!" thinking that it was the last he would ever see of her. A miss is as good as a mile, however, and we started on our way again, unharmed.

The rest of the trip was without incident, and in about an hour we dropped anchor in the splendid basin of the Atlantic Y. C. We spent that night at the clubhouse, where we were at once made to feel at home, being warmly welcomed by all the members who were there. The Atlantic Y. C. has a fine clubhouse, which is situated at the very entrance of New York Harbor, and has a commanding view of all the shipping which constantly passes up and down the bay.

The next day, Monday, the Atlantic Y. C. race was held, Eleanor winning. Dorothy Q was second over most of the course, when she ran into a soft spot and was passed by several boats, thus losing her chance of finishing well.

On Tuesday the Bensonhurst Y. C. had a race, and Dorothy Q had the good fortune to cross the finish line first that day. We were royally entertained at the

clubhouse both Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Brophy, who had charge of the races, constituted himself our special guide and mentor, taking us around to visit the various yacht clubs which abound on the shores of Gravesend Bay. He also piloted us through the narrow lanes and by-ways of Coney Island Amusement Park, which is only a short distance from the Atlantic Y. C.

On Wednesday morning we bade farewell to our friends at the Atlantic Y. C., leaving with regret but promising ourselves to return on our way back from Jamestown. Three boats of our class had already preceded us on the way to the Exposition,—Little Rhody, Dorothy of Baltimore, and Manhasset. Eleanor and Capsicum left the Atlantic Y. C. at the same time we did, all three boats being towed to Perth Amboy, N. J., by a powerful gasolene launch belonging to the owner of Eleanor. Arriving at Perth Amboy, we were soon admitted through the drawbridge to the Raritan River, and passed up this winding stream to New Brunswick, the entrance to the Delaware and Raritan Canal. We had expected to be towed by mules through the canal, but the owner of Eleanor very kindly arranged to tow Dorothy Q and Capsicum along with Eleanor.

The crews on all the boats were looking forward with the keenest interest to the passage through the canal, as not a man of us had ever passed through the famous inside route to Norfolk before. We had been warned to purchase fenders at New Brunswick to protect the sides of the boats in the locks of the canal, and we accordingly purchased gunny bags, filling them with hay. They made splendid fenders and saved many a dent and scratch in the planking of the boats. Having paid the toll charge we were admitted to the first lock, and in a short time entered the canal.

The Delaware and Raritan Canal is forty-four miles long, and has fourteen locks. Hour after hour we glided peacefully along over its placid waters, passing fertile gardens and fields of waving corn. To men accustomed to the bustle and noise of large cities and to the restless movements of the ocean, this peaceful land was a revelation. We seemed to be passing through some region of by-gone days when the rattle and roar of railway traffic were unknown. The people we saw along the banks seemed in perfect harmony with this peaceful land. They spend their days tilling the fields and looking after their farms, and seem far removed from the hurry and bustle of modern life. The lock-keepers were aged men or women who greeted us kindly, and told us that many yachts had come through the canal that Summer, bound for the Exposition. They all seemed to think that some day in the distant future their canal would again become an important factor in the traffic of this country. When this canal was built it was intended to be one of the most important waterways of the United States but the advent of the steam engine and railroad caused it to dwindle to an insignificant thoroughfare, and to-day, save for yachts and a few canal-boats, its waters are little troubled by the course of commerce. The Pennsylvania Railroad controls the canal, and has allowed it to become rather out of repair and neglected, not being particularly anxious to have much traffic pass through it, preferring to have it pass over its countless miles of steel. Old Bob was a source of interest to the people we passed, as he was to them the living embodiment of

the old deep-sea sailor they had read of in books. He persisted in wearing a sou'wester all the time, though the heat on the canal was often intense, and his witty jokes amused them greatly.

The first night we tied up along the banks in a place called Griggstown Basin. As darkness came on a damp mist arose from the water and the decks of the boats were covered with a heavy dew. We expected a visit from the dreaded New Jersey mosquito, but were agreeably disappointed, as few of these pests entered the cabins.

Next day we glided on once more, passing several canal-boats and four power boats which were cruising in company back from the Exposition. The canal-boats all carried coal and were drawn by the regulation mule teams, consisting of four mules. The life of these mules is a very hard one; hour after hour they plod wearily on dragging the heavy boats along at a speed of about three miles an hour. Very often the canal-boats run aground, and after the mules have struggled in vain to pull them off, the boats have to be lightened by throwing some of the coal overboard. The man who has charge of the mule team usually rides one of the mules, often going to sleep while the mules trudge slowly along. A great many black thunder-clouds gathered overhead during the day, but no rain fell. The breeze was all up aloft, the storm clouds rolling up and disappearing in rapid succession.

At last we drew near the city of Trenton. As we neared the city a big canal-boat was coming out right in the middle of the stream, and in endeavoring to get by her we had to pass so close to the bank that Eleanor, the last boat in the tow, struck a shoal spot near the side of the canal, snapping the tow-line in a twinkling. This happened in front of a large factory during the noon hour, and a large number of factory hands came down to the banks giving us free advice as to where the water was deepest, and commenting freely on Bob's appearance, which angered him very much. After trying for about half an hour we succeeded in getting Eleanor off the shoal, and soon reached a railroad bridge where we had to wait an hour before we could get through. We were not much impressed by the appearance of Trenton, which looked very dirty and smoky from our viewpoint on the canal. We had to pass through a great many bridges coming through Trenton, and the last seven locks were all within a distance of six miles. At the third lock from the outlet, about two dozen boys came down to watch us pass through, and pleaded so hard to be taken down to the next lock that we could not resist them, and gladdened their hearts by taking them on a real salt water boat. The keeper of the second lock was an animal trainer in Winter when the canal is closed to navigation, the water being drained out of it to avoid ice. The sides of his house were covered with pictures of ferocious lions and tigers, with a picture of himself, dressed in white trousers with long black patent leather boots and tall hat, cracking a big whip. The contrast between his appearance in the picture, and his appearance as we saw him as he opened the lock gate, in shirt sleeves, with an old farmer's straw hat on his head, was very amusing. He took great interest in the boats and looked after them with care, allowing the water of the lock to run out slowly. It must be said that most of the lock-keep-

ers were very careful and took pains that the water did not run in and out of the lock gates too rapidly, though in one lock the gate-keeper carelessly let the water flow in so fast that the lock was a seething whirlpool, swinging the boats from side to side, and turning them in every direction. Finally we reached the last lock, at Bordentown, and were soon admitted to the Delaware River. We found the shoals of the upper Delaware very confusing, but by studying our charts carefully we were able to navigate them safely, and soon passed out into deep water. The scenery along the river banks was very picturesque, and we passed many large and flourishing towns. In many places high cliffs bordered the banks, affording a most pleasing contrast to the flat level of the canal. We saw many power boats of all descriptions and several excursion steamers. As darkness was coming on we headed in toward the shore, anchoring for the night off Torresdale, a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia.

Next morning we started bright and early and drew in sight of Philadelphia about nine o'clock. We saw a great deal of shipping, and as we passed by the city met many large and powerful ferryboats which went along very fast stirring up a big swell. We knew that the fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia was to start that day on a cruise to the Jamestown Exposition, and wishing to cruise along in company with it, we passed up a narrow back passage through swamps and sand-bars, and anchored off their clubhouse at ten o'clock. We found the clubhouse most attractive and homelike. It is built in old Colonial style and has a splendid situation. The vice-commodore of the club, Mr. Charles Longstreth, also a member of the Jamestown Exposition Yacht Racing Commission, entertained us at lunch, and very kindly offered to tow our fleet with the same towboat that was to tow their yachts. Only four boats started on the cruise from the Corinthian Y. C., one of them being Mr. Longstreth's big auxiliary schooner yacht *Witoco*, but several more boats joined them later on. We left about noon, and reached the entrance of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal at five o'clock. This canal is only fourteen miles long and has but three locks: one at Delaware City, where we entered; one at St. George's; and one at Chesapeake City, the other end of the canal. Unlike the Delaware and Raritan Canal, it is kept in splendid condition, and much traffic passes through it. Four and a half miles an hour is the greatest speed allowed through it, the Canal Company limiting the speed so that the banks cannot be washed away by the wake of swiftly moving vessels. The toll charges are much higher here than at the Delaware and Raritan Canal, although it is only a third as long. Several boats passed through ahead of us, one of them being a large coal schooner. They delayed us at the locks so much that it was midnight before we reached Chesapeake City. On our way through the canal, Mr. Longstreth had invited us on board *Witoco* to dinner, and we spent an enjoyable evening with him, leaving old Bob to look after Dorothy Q. While we were at dinner we were suddenly startled by striking bottom several times with heavy thuds, but *Witoco* soon bumped her way over the shoals. We learned later that *Capsicum* sheering in too close to the bank had struck in this same place very heavily, but the powerful towboat ahead of us, keeping steadily along had pulled her off. After leaving the canal at Chesapeake City,

we passed down a winding stream, known as Back Creek, finally reaching the Elk River about one o'clock, where we dropped anchor and immediately turned in for the night.

Next morning we started out early and as the wind was fair Capsicum and Dorothy Q cast off their tow-lines and set sail. Eleanor under tow of the launch started about two hours afterward and did not overtake us until later. We passed down the beautiful Elk River and soon entered Chesapeake Bay. All that day the warm Southern sun beamed down on us out of a cloudless sky, a gentle breeze ruffling the surface of the blue waters, while the delightful scenery of the Western shores of the bay along which we skirted afforded us a never-ending source of pleasure. The launch coming along with Eleanor picked up Dorothy Q at noon and we spent the rest of the day under tow. Capsicum continuing under sail soon fell behind. At sunset we reached the beautiful harbor of Annapolis, where we had a chance to examine the new buildings of the Naval Academy, which are built of white marble and are very imposing in appearance. The harbor was filled with bugeyes, the typical Chesapeake Bay craft, painted white, with masts raking at an angle of forty-five degrees. Most of them were laden with hundreds of watermelons and their crews of darkies seemed a very happy lot. In the evening we visited the town, replenishing our stores from the famous Annapolis market.

It was one of the finest markets we had ever seen, every kind of fruit and vegetable being found there in abundance, while the excellence of everything and the low prices were remarkable. Capsicum arrived in the harbor about ten that evening, the wind having fallen very light at sunset. It had been arranged that Capsicum should proceed under sail for the rest of the way so from now on the launch had only two boats to tow.

Next morning as we were preparing to leave the harbor a heavy thunder-storm came up and for fifteen minutes the wind blew with great violence, a warm Southern rain coming down in torrents. The storm did not last long, and the sun breaking its way out of the heavy black clouds dried up the decks with great rapidity. The sun soon disappeared, however, the sky clouding over again, while the heat became intense.

We did not cover more than fifty miles that day as we were somewhat late in leaving Annapolis and the engine of the launch was not running well. We kept near the Western shores of the bay, passing many rivers. At the mouth of each river black thunder-clouds rolled up, but save for an occasional spattering of rain we had no storms. Thunder-storms are very frequent in this region, as they gather in the valleys of the rivers and pass down along the banks out to sea. We saw a great many crabs swimming along on the surface of the water, which was extremely interesting to all of us as the crabs we had been accustomed to crawled along the bottom instead of swimming at the top. Many schools of porpoises played around us, and at last to our delight we saw a monstrous black turtle floating along on the surface of the water. We went into a small landlocked creek for the night and amused ourselves in the evening by hanging a lantern over one side and watching hundreds of crabs come up with staring eyes to see

what the light meant. If we had wished we could have scooped them in by the score, but we left them alone not caring to risk eating a variety of crab we knew nothing about. We saw no sign of Capsicum that night, and, in fact, we did not see her again until we reached our destination. Next day was very similar to the preceding one, the sky remaining overcast most of the time while threatening thunder-clouds hovered ominously overhead. We anchored for that night in beautiful Piankatank River, about forty miles from Norfolk. During the night a warm, gentle rain came down, and in the morning, though it stopped raining the sun refused to come out. As soon as we left the mouth of the river and reached the open waters of the bay again we came to a thicket consisting of hundreds of sharp-pointed oyster stakes, some of them rising out of the water to a height of six feet. We had passed many of these stakes on the way down the bay but had seen no such array of them as this. We had to pick our way very carefully between them, keeping a good lookout for sunken ones which might easily have pierced a hole in the sides of the boats if struck squarely on end. We were much surprised that the Government should allow these stakes to be scattered around in the bay in such quantities as they certainly are a great menace to navigation, especially at night.

About half-past two in the afternoon we saw looming up in the distance the big Hotel Chamberlain at Old Point Comfort and we knew that our voyage to the Exposition was almost at an end. We soon reached Hampton Roads, and as we entered the narrow channel we encountered a very strong tide and noticed that the wind was blowing from all points of the compass in different parts of the bay. We surveyed the waters on which the races were to be held as we passed along, and were very unfavorably impressed with them, as the strong tidal currents and fluky winds did not augur well for good yacht racing. Passing by the Rip Raps we headed up a narrow channel to Willoughby Spit and anchored back of the spit in Willoughby Bay off the Hampton Roads Y. C. at half-past three. Capsicum was lying at anchor in the harbor, having arrived several hours before. She had sailed two nights while we had been lying at anchor, and aided by good breezes had made a fast trip from Annapolis. Our voyage South was now at an end. We had covered considerably over seven hundred miles since leaving Marblehead and had passed by or through the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia.

The first person we met as we landed at the yacht club float was Mr. Leonard M. Fowle, the *Boston Globe* yachting correspondent, whom we were well pleased to see. We needed a fourth man for our crew in the races and we at once enlisted his services. We received a hearty welcome at the yacht clubhouse, which is built at the very end of the sandy strip of land known as Willoughby Spit. The Jamestown Exposition grounds were the other side of Willoughby Bay directly opposite the yacht clubhouse, and we surveyed the handsome Exposition buildings from this distance with great interest. At night the buildings were illuminated and presented a magnificent electrical spectacle. We had no time to visit the Exposition that night as the first of the series of three races for yachts

of class Q of the Atlantic Coast Conference Classification for the cup presented by King Edward of England was to be held next day, and we turned in early to get a much-needed sleep.

Next morning the six Q boats, Little Rhody II, Manhasset, Eleanor, Capsicum, Dorothy of Baltimore, and Dorothy Q came out to the starting line, which was placed about ten miles from the clubhouse off Ocean View. The Government had placed a gunboat at the disposal of the Jamestown Exposition Yacht Racing Commission to act as judges' boat, and the course was well patrolled by a fast torpedo boat and several revenue cutter launches. The weather was threatening, heavy black clouds scudding overhead, with a strong breeze raising whitecaps in the bay. It looked as if a heavy thunder-squall was surely going to strike and all the boats reefed. Just before the start the wind moderated a little and when the starting gun boomed all of the boats had shaken out their reefs and swept over the line with full sail. The course was an extremely poor one, being set for eleven miles of reaching and running with only four miles of windward work. The true skill in handling a racing yacht is always found in windward work and to have a course given us with so little windward work in such an important race as this disgusted us extremely. To make matters still worse the wind hauled during the race so that all the boats were able to fetch the weather mark on one tack, making the race a fizzle from a sportsmanlike point of view. Before the race was over the wind increased and it was blowing very hard as Manhasset, by far the biggest and most powerful boat of the fleet, crossed the finish line in the lead.

We sailed back to the yacht club tired and wet and not feeling at all sanguine in regard to the future races as Dorothy Q excelled in windward work and we knew that over such a course as this our chances of winning were not very bright. We found the bottom of Dorothy Q in very bad shape, the hot waters of the canal having blistered the paint badly. Eleanor and Capsicum were in the same condition, and not one of these three boats was in fit condition to race, but that day there had been no time to haul them out and smooth them before the race. The other three boats which had arrived at Jamestown earlier were in splendid condition, having been smoothed and painted just before the race.

Next day was Thursday and as no race was to be held until Friday Eleanor, Capsicum and Dorothy Q were towed early in the morning to Norfolk and were hauled out on the ways of the Colonna Marine Railway Corporation to have their bottoms smoothed and put in good racing condition. The Colonna ways are very fine, and the three boats were hauled out on them in short order. The arrangement for cradling the boats was the best ever seen by the writer. Four upright beams were fastened to the big ways to support the sides of each boat and prevent her from tipping sideways. Two heavy cross beams were then placed on the deck just abaft of the mast and at the after side of the cockpit and fastened to the uprights by means of iron pins which fitted into holes bored in the uprights. By this arrangement the boats were locked as firmly as in a vise, and being only touched on the bottom of the keel and on deck, it was very easy for the workmen to get at the sides and bottoms to smooth them.

As soon as the boats had been safely hauled out we all boarded electric cars and started for the Exposition grounds. The Norfolk electric cars are very fast and comfortable and we were most favorably impressed with them. We soon entered the Exposition grounds and wandered around looking at the sights. The writer had visited the Exposition in December, when work on the buildings had only just begun, and the contrast between the buildings then and at this time was very great. Architecturally the Exposition buildings were superb and many of them were permanent structures built of brick and stone. They were very well situated, having wide spaces between them and not at all crowded together. The general plan was that of a small city—a pleasure city—with vast edifices and broad paved avenues lined with trees. Two Government piers stretched half a mile out from the shore forming a fine marine basin, which was crowded with boats and launches of all descriptions. The grounds covered an area of four hundred and fifty acres on Sewalls Point and faced Hampton Roads, where a great many battleships and yachts of every description are always anchored. The Exposition presented a very military and naval appearance, a large number of soldiers and sailors being always in evidence, while the men who policed the grounds were a specially recruited body of men called the "Powhatan Guards." These guards wore gray suits, fashioned similarly to the regular army uniform, and broad-brimmed gray felt hats, and some of them were mounted and armed with cavalry sabres.

The "Midway" of the Chicago Exposition and the "Pike" of the St. Louis Exposition were represented here by the "Warpath," the principal entrances of which, flanked by the American and Oriental bazaars, opened upon a plaza about seven hundred feet long, and almost two hundred feet wide, surrounded by gardens. There was the usual number of merry-go-rounds, musical railways, and other such attractions of the typical Summer amusement park, while among the prominent features were huge panoramic reproductions of the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the Battle of Bull Run, and the Battle of Gettysburg. The writer visited the Panorama of Gettysburg, where a Confederate veteran had charge of the exhibition, and related an interesting tale of that famous battle in which he took part.

We spent all day roaming around the grounds, and were very much pleased with the various exhibits. The attendance was surprisingly small, and it seemed a great pity that such a really fine exhibition should be so poorly patronized. At night many of the buildings were closed on account of the danger of fire, except those on the "Warpath" and the restaurant buildings, but all of them were lighted by electricity outside and presented a most dazzling effect after dark.

Next day the three boats were launched from the ways and were towed down to the starting line for the second race, arriving just in time. This race was a repetition of the first one, except that there was less wind and that Capsicum, aided by a big streak of luck, captured the race, while Manhasset finished second. There was little windward work, the course giving the boats almost entirely running and reaching. As we sailed back to the yacht club we suddenly espied a great many watermelons bobbing up and down in the water, and before long all hands

on the various boats were busy trying to scoop in the elusive melons out of the choppy waves. We learned that a schooner loaded with watermelons had been sunk by a steamer the night before and the cargo had been left to the mercy of the waves. One of the boats captured as many as eighteen melons. They were not injured in any way by the salt water, and proved very refreshing to the tired crews. The next day no race was held, and we spent another day at the Exposition, visiting the splendid Army and Navy Buildings and many others which we had not visited before. A race had been scheduled for this day, Saturday, for Chesapeake Bay bugeyes of 45-foot water-line length and over, but there were no entries, as the oyster season had opened the day before, and all the bugeyes had gone out to the oyster grounds.



HAMPTON ROADS YACHT CLUB HOUSE

where we were royally entertained.

Sunday an unexpected treat awaited us. Commodore T. E. Ferguson of the Hampton Roads Y. C. had secured permission from the Government to take all the racing crews on a trip up the James River to Jamestown Island on the little gunboat which had served as judges' boat for the races. About ten o'clock in the morning we started up the beautiful river along which three hundred years ago passed the first band of English settlers on this continent. It was very interesting to pass over this historic route, and compare our trip with that of the brave little band of Englishmen, who, surrounded by hordes of hostile Indians, passed over unknown shoals and finally reached in safety the little wooded island now known as Jamestown Island, where they made their first settlement. The island proved most interesting to us, not only because of its historical associations but also on account of its general picturesqueness. We visited the old Jamestown

Church, the first building erected by Englishmen in this country. All that remained of the original building was part of the church tower and a portion of the pavement. A new church has been built around these historic bricks, which have been most carefully preserved. A Government guide took us over the island, pointing out the different scenes of interest. He showed us several historical graves, and the one that seemed to interest him most, and which he pointed out to us with great enthusiasm, was that of a girl who had once refused George Washington. He was much pleased when we all told him we had never known there was such a girl, and he took such evident delight in contrasting the fame of George Washington with that of this girl, that we concluded he must have been "turned down" some time in his life also. We could have spent hours rambling over the island, but impatient toots from the gunboat's whistle warned us that we must be hastening aboard, and we tore ourselves away reluctantly and bade farewell to the island.

The next day, Monday, the final race for the King's Cup was held, and Manhasset finished second, Eleanor winning the race. This race was about as fluky as the other two and there was little more windward work in it than in the previous ones. As the King's Cup was to be awarded to the boat winning the greatest number of points, Manhasset, having scored the greatest number, was declared the winner. She was immediately protested, however, by the owner of Capsicum as being over measurement. She was measured two or three weeks later and was found to be too long for the class, so her victories were set aside and Capsicum, which had secured the second greatest number of points, chiefly owing to an extraordinary amount of luck, became the winner of the King's Cup. The races had been so unsatisfactory that the writer and his crew seriously considered starting for home at once, but deciding that it would not be sportsmanlike to do this, we made up our minds to stay for the last four races and do our best to persuade the Regatta Committee to give better courses. Manhasset started for home next day, not caring to enter any more races while a protest for measurement was held against her.

Tuesday the Free-for-All Race for a cup offered by the Jamestown Exposition was held. This race was open to yachts of forty feet over-all length, and under, and many local boats entered. The Q boats were much too fast for the local boats, and all the Q boats finished ahead of them. Little Rhody captured this race, Dorothy Q being a sure second until within a short distance of the finish line, when a freak of fluky Norfolk winds brought Capsicum up by her, Capsicum finishing second and Dorothy Q third. The next three days, September 18th, 19th, and 20th, a series of three races was arranged and the handsome Lipton Cup was offered as a prize for the boat winning the greatest number of points in this series. This cup was originally intended for larger boats, but a sufficient number of entries not being received for it the Yacht Racing Commission decided to offer it to Classes Q and P. Only one Class P boat, Sue, entered these races and it was arranged that she should give one-half the regular time allowance to the Q boats. Such a vigorous protest had been made against the courses of the previous races that it was decided to have two of these three races over windward

and leeward courses, the third course to be triangular. Not only were the courses a great deal better in these races but the wind proved less fluky during them than in the previous contests, although it was always treacherous and not to be depended upon.

The first race for the Lipton Cup, which was also the Open Regatta for all classes, was won by Dorothy Q, with Dorothy of Baltimore a very close second. Out of the five races sailed so far, a different boat had now won each race, showing how uncertain was the racing over such courses. The next day's race was spoiled by flukes. Dorothy Q took the lead at the start and by working the tides successfully obtained a long lead over the other boats but when it looked like a certain victory for her the wind suddenly dropped to a dead calm, and the boats astern bringing up a little breeze caught up with her, and all her lead went to naught. Eleanor won the race, with Dorothy of Baltimore second and Dorothy Q third. The final race was the best race of all. It was sailed over a windward and leeward course and the wind actually remained true over the entire distance. Dorothy Q and Eleanor had a royal battle to the weather mark, going around it very close together. Running before the wind Eleanor gained a little and managed to cross the finish line first. Capsicum coming up astern ran very fast and got by Dorothy Q just before the finish. Eleanor by winning this race scored the greatest number of points for the Lipton Cup with Dorothy Q only one point behind. Sue made a poor showing, being beaten on actual time in each race by at least two of the Q boats. Little Rhody did not enter any of these races, as her owner was obliged to go home, and she started for Bristol, R. I., where she was to lay up for the Winter, early Thursday morning by the outside route.

The races were now ended and out of seven races sailed each one of the six boats had won a race with the exception of Dorothy of Baltimore. From a racing point of view the races had not been very satisfactory. The currents pouring in from seven different rivers and the strong tides sweeping out through Hampton Roads, made the courses most unreliable, while the winds had been very fluky and treacherous. Every one on the boats, however, had had a most enjoyable time, both in visiting the Exposition and also while staying at the Hampton Roads Y. C., where we were charmingly entertained. The members at the club could not do too much for us and their kind hospitality was much appreciated by all. We spent that evening with them, intending to start home next morning. We had not yet decided whether to go back through the canals as we had come, or by the outside route. The equinoctial gale was due at this time, but after studying the weather report carefully and finding nothing unfavorable we at last made up our minds to go back outside. The other boats arranged to go back through the canals. There was such a beautiful moon that evening that we finally concluded to go out at once instead of waiting until morning, and at nine o'clock we weighed anchor and glided out of the harbor aided by a light Southerly breeze and strong, fair tide. As we left the anchorage we blew a parting salute on our fog-horn. Boats all around us answered with farewell salutes, and just as we rounded the point and headed down the channel we heard a voice shouting lustily through a big megaphone, "Good luck, Dorothy Q." We swept down the bay at a smart rate

of speed, passing Cape Charles Light-vessel at two in the morning. It was the most perfect moonlight night we had ever seen, the rays from the moon being so brilliant that we could see almost as well as if by daylight. The warm breeze fanned our cheeks and we swept on as if through fairyland. It was too fine a night to sleep, and all three of us sat up to enjoy it to the uttermost. Having passed the lightship we laid our course Northeast and broke out a spinnaker. All that night the gentle Southwest breeze followed us with the steadiness of a trade wind, and we made fast time. We drove Dorothy Q along as fast as we could, as we felt sure that such a night as this presaged bad weather in the future. In these Southern latitudes in the middle of September it is usually the rule that the finer the weather the worse is the storm which follows it. When day broke we were out of sight of land, and all around us stretched the heaving rollers of the broad Atlantic. The nearest harbor from Hampton Roads along the coast is Assateague Anchorage, about seventy miles from Norfolk, but we had no need to stop there as the weather remained fine all next day. We carried a spinnaker all the time, the wind still following us with perfect steadiness. We were out of sight of land until about four o'clock in the afternoon when we headed in toward the shore. We had passed several steamers and sailing vessels during the day but saw no yachts. Several times the white fin of a shark gleaming in our wake showed us that we did not lack for company. Whenever old Bob saw a shark he shook his fist and cursed him with the vehemence of a true deep-sea sailor. As we drew near the shore the wind came off the land, obliging us to take in our spinnaker. As we carried it for almost fourteen hours it had helped our speed greatly. We were so far along on our way that we passed Delaware Breakwater about midnight and as it was a clear night the writer and "Spinnaker" lay down for a short nap, leaving old Bob at the tiller. The writer was no sooner comfortably asleep than he was awakened by Bob asking him to come on deck and tell him what island was off the port bow. The writer saw in a moment that "that island" was an enormous ocean liner, sweeping majestically along out of Delaware Bay to the ocean, evidently bound from Philadelphia for some foreign port. The steamer passed across our bows within about fifty yards. She was showing few lights and swept silently along, towering out of the water like some huge monster. If she had hapened not to see us she might have run through us like an egg-shell, never knowing that she had hit anything at all. We certainly had a most impressive example of the power and massive strength of a big ocean liner as we saw that huge monster looming up ahead and gradually fading away into space. After that we noticed that Bob found that he could not seem to read the compass very well at night, and always insisted that one of us should be on deck. After another beautiful night with a gentle breeze wafting us along day finally broke. The wind now fell calm and for two or three hours Dorothy Q rolled around heavily in the ocean swell, her mainsail slatting back and forth in a most annoying manner. "Spinnaker" proved master of the occasion again by preparing a delicious breakfast in spite of the boat's uneasy motion. About seven o'clock in the morning we sighted a town with many spires and steeples, and as we drifted in toward the shore we perceived that it was Sea Isle City. A fog now came creeping stealthily down

from the land, enveloping us in its misty folds. After bobbing up and down helplessly for about an hour longer a gentle little breeze darkened the water and drove us slowly along. At ten o'clock we came in sight of the numerous large hotels and buildings of Atlantic City, and stood in close to the shore to amuse ourselves by watching the people thronging the beaches and walking up and down the famous Atlantic City boardwalk. We saw several large party-boats, crowded with people, who watched us with interest. They hailed us, asking where we came from, and as we passed by them the men waved their hats and the ladies fluttered their handkerchiefs. The party-boats of Atlantic City are unusually fine, being beamy, able craft, and fast. They are necessarily of shoal draught, having to pass in and out of the harbor of Atlantic City over the treacherous shoals of Absecon Inlet. The beauty of many of these boats is spoiled by large advertisements of hotels and amusement parks or of brands of cigars painted in huge letters on their sails.

At noon the wind came in ahead but soon dropped to a dead calm. Old Bob now amused himself by singing several sea-songs, among them that time-honored old sea chanty "Blow the Man Down." In the meantime black thunder-clouds began to roll up overhead, and we soon prepared to meet a squall. In a short time the rain came down in torrents, but there was little wind. The writer did not like the looks of the sky, however, and about five o'clock in the afternoon headed Dorothy Q inshore toward the Beach Haven Life-Saving Station, which is situated on Tuckers Beach off Little Egg Inlet, intending to row ashore and ask the life-savers what report they had of the weather. As we neared the shore it soon became evident that it would be impossible to land in the tender, as heavy rollers were breaking on the beach with a roar like that of thunder. Occasional flashes of lightning gleamed against the black sky, and every now and then an ominous roll of thunder was heard. The writer was undecided whether to run back a few miles and put into the little harbor back of Tuckers Beach on Great Bay or to keep straight on and defy the elements. There was no harbor along the coast beyond here nearer than Sandy Hook, a hundred miles away, and it seemed as if this might be the beginning of the equinoctial gale. Having confidence, however, in the splendid seagoing qualities of the boat, and wishing to make a speedy passage, the writer finally decided to push right on and the bow of Dorothy Q was pointed up the coast. We had scarcely been headed on our course more than ten minutes when a terrific thunder-squall broke over us. The wind swept off the land with fury covering the water with whitecaps and heeling Dorothy Q far over, while the rain came down in blinding sheets. Every now and then a brilliant flash of lightning rent the sky, followed by a tremendous roar of thunder. Our temerity was certainly being repaid with a vengeance and it was evident that we were going to have a dirty night. The temperature had dropped about twenty degrees, the cold wind and rain making our teeth chatter. The boat tore along at tremendous speed, with the throat and the peak of the mainsail lowered a little to enable her to carry her sail. Hour after hour we hammered the rapidly rising seas, and as night came on it was dark as pitch.

About ten o'clock that night we sighted the brilliant white flash of Barnegat Light. It took us until midnight to pass the light, having to beat all the way against a heavy head sea. At least a dozen thunder-storms followed each other in quick succession, the wind lulling for a few minutes between each storm, while the rain slacked up a little in these intervals. During the storms there was the heaviest rainfall that the writer had ever seen, the rain coming down in such sheets that it was impossible to see anything. Oil skins were of no use in such a deluge and we were soon drenched to the skin. We allowed old Bob to sleep for several hours during the night only awakening him when a particularly heavy puff struck the boat. Dorothy Q behaved magnificently riding the heavy seas in delightful fashion. After passing Barnegat Light we followed the coast-line keeping about a mile offshore. At one o'clock we were passing by a small town lighted with several bright arc lights. All of a sudden to our great astonishment the lights disappeared. For a few minutes we did not know what to think of it, not being able to make up our minds whether a fog-bank rolled down in front of the lights or whether they had suddenly been put out. We finally decided that they had been put out for some reason or other. The effect was most startling, nothing but inky blackness showed in the place which before was dotted with brilliant white points of light. Shortly after we noticed a white light being waved up and down on the shore, and came to the conclusion that it was the lantern of a night patrol of one of the Government life-saving stations who had noticed our red and green lights near the shore and was warning us not to come too close. About two hours afterward the writer noticed that Dorothy Q was making very little headway and was perplexed for a little while as to the reason for this, thinking that some strong tidal current might be running against her. Suddenly it flashed across his mind that the heavy rain might have sunk the tender and that it was acting as a drag, and investigation proved that such indeed was the case. The tender had been rolling around first right side up and then bottom up and had made a very powerful drag. The sea was heavy and it looked as if we were going to have a very difficult task to save the tender. We lowered the mainsail and jib and finally with Dorothy Q rolling frightfully from side to side we succeeded in pulling the tender alongside, and lifting her on the heave of a big roller all three of us managed to get her into the cockpit. We then emptied her, pushed her overboard again and hoisted the mainsail once more. If the tender had not been a very light canvas-covered boat we would surely have lost her, as it would have been impossible for us to handle any heavier boat. In order to make easier work of it for the rest of the night we left our jib down until daylight allowing Dorothy Q to jog comfortable along.

At last a cold gray dawn broke and the wind began to moderate fast. Sea Girt, Asbury Park and Long Branch were slowly passed and by the time the bold headland of the Highlands of Navesink loomed up in the distance the wind fell calm. The rain ceased but we were thoroughly wet, uncomfortable and tired out. "Spinnaker" rose to the occasion once more, and prepared us a hot breakfast, and we soon forgot all about the long, cold, disagreeable night that we had just spent, while old Bob, who had been thoroughly tired out, cheered up and amused

us with his witty stories. The tide was running so strongly against us that we made little headway, but after an hour or two of tiresome waiting a gentle South-easterly breeze sprang up and drove us slowly along again. For a moment or two it looked as if the sun was going to break out from the sullen gray sky, but it soon gave it up in disgust and before long some wicked-looking thunder-clouds began to roll up with startling rapidity. It became evident that we were in for another squall, and we had scarcely reached Scotland Light-vessel at one o'clock in the afternoon when the worst thunder-squall that we had encountered on the entire trip swooped down with fury. It was a regular white squall, the wind picking up the tops of the waves and hurling them along in sheets of foam. Fishing vessels and coasters and everything in sight dropped their sails and scudded before the wind under bare poles. We lowered our sails just in time, having considerable difficulty in smothering the mainsail, which threatened to blow out like a balloon. For fifteen minutes we scudded before it, not being able to see a thing before us, the wind whistling through the rigging and the rain falling in roaring sheets on the angry waves. At last, the squall let up and a fleet of about a hundred vessels, fishermen, coasters and boats of every description which were all around us, headed toward Sandy Hook Harbor for shelter. The barometer was falling all the time and we felt sure that this squall was simply the preliminary warning of a heavy gale. Just before we rounded the point off the harbor of Sandy Hook and were doing our best to reach shelter as quickly as possible our tender sank again to our great disgust. We had to drag her slowly along for about half an hour until we reached smooth water when we pulled her aboard, emptied her and launched her again. As we reached the mouth of Sandy Hook Harbor the wind fell light and as the Atlantic Y. C., our final destination, was only ten miles away, we decided to head across the bay and make for the yacht club basin without putting into Sandy Hook Harbor for the night. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon and there was a weird-looking sky, ragged clouds scudding overhead, while the whole atmosphere warned us that a heavy gale was close at hand. Dredgers and scows of every description were being towed in from the mouth of the harbor to places of shelter and several large steamers which were bound out turned around and put back again. We had sailed about half-way over to the Atlantic Y. C. when some heavy puffs struck us and it looked as if the gale was upon us, but the wind lulled again for about half an hour and we finally reached shelter under the lee of Coney Island. The wind began to come off the land in heavy biting puffs, stronger and stronger, and we tore along at great speed. At last, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Monday, September 23d, we rushed into the basin of the Atlantic Y. C., a smother of foam behind us, with the wind beginning to whistle through our rigging. We had no sooner dropped anchor than a heavy Southeasterly gale broke in all its fury and a heavy rain fell. It could not harm us, however, as we were in a landlocked basin and could laugh at the fury of the elements. We dropped our sails and rolled them up for the night and in a few moments landed from the club launch at the yacht club float. Our voyage was at an end. We had covered two hundred and ninety miles in sixty-six consecutive hours and had covered over one thousand miles since leaving Marblehead. We

had a hearty dinner at the clubhouse that evening and at seven o'clock, while we were sitting at the table talking over the incidents of our trip and watching from the windows the storm clouds scurrying overhead, we were astounded to see Little Rhody come sweeping into the basin under jib alone, her mainsail furled. As Little Rhody had started over forty hours ahead of us we had supposed that she had reached her destination at Bristol, R. I., by this time. On making inquiries from her crew we learned that they had spent that day at Sandy Hook Harbor, not venturing out as they did not like the looks of the weather. They had encountered also a great deal of head wind since leaving Norfolk. They were completely surprised when they swept into the basin, and found us lying snugly at anchor, and were quite chagrined at being beaten forty hours by a boat in the same class.

That night old Bob had the time of his life relating the stories of his hardships. When asked how Dorothy Q had reached New York in such quick time he told his crowd of listeners that Dorothy Q had taken a dive since leaving Atlantic City and had shot along under the water all the way until she emerged in the basin of the Atlantic Y. C. He also told them that in his forty years of sea-going life he had never undergone such hardships, and was soon spinning them yarns that Baron Munchausen would have envied. We spent a peaceful night at the Atlantic Y. C., while the roaring gale whistled in vain around the clubhouse. We had dared the elements to do their worst and had conquered them and we slept that night with victorious complacency. We had proved what a Q boat, twenty-five feet on the water-line and thirty-seven feet over all, was able to do, and felt even more satisfaction over the voyage we had accomplished than over the several triumphs we had scored in racing.

Next morning the club launch towed us over to the Marine Basin where Dorothy Q was to be hauled out for the Winter. The wind was still blowing hard, but the rain had ceased. The weather seemed cold to us, although it was really mild for New York September weather, but we had become accustomed to the scorching Norfolk sun. We unbent the sails with regret and sadly put away things for the long Winter which was soon to come, and at two in the afternoon we took the train for New York, leaving old Bob behind to see that the boat was properly put up for the Winter. Before long we were speeding away for Boston, where we arrived safely. This trip had been a great experience and we promised ourselves that some time in the near future we would again have the pleasure of making such a voyage, and enjoy once more the pleasures of the greatest of all sports, the most noble and healthful of pastimes—Yachting.
