

★ Sept. 14, 1957

Price 25 cents

THE NEW YORKER



LOUIS

PROFILES

UP FROM CORKER-II

OVER highballs in the Larchmont Yacht Club one Saturday night a month or so ago, a veteran of nearly twenty-five summers on Long Island Sound remarked to a group of companions that he'd never seen anything quite like the Stephens brothers. Nobody at the table had to be told that he was talking about Olin J. Stephens II and Roderick Stephens, Jr., an incomparable team in the field of designing, outfitting, and sailing deep-water yachts; in fact, very few people who own a sailboat bigger than a dinghy have to be told who the Stephens brothers are. "The thing about those boys is that when you see them handling a big boat—Olin at the helm and Rod swarming all over the deck and up the rigging—you'd think they were identical twins," the yachtsman went on. "Talk about teamwork! But that's the only time you'd think they were twins. Olin's a year older than Rod, and they don't look a bit alike, and when it comes to character, they're about as different as an Eskimo and a Frenchman." No dissenting opinion was heard from his companions at the table. The remarkably disparate tastes and temperaments of the two men have long mystified people in the yachting world. Roderick, they feel, is the more understandable of the two. He is miserable away from boats and salt water, and when he is deeply involved in what is his avocation as well as his vocation, he takes his sailing both seriously and lightly. On the one hand, he sails his own forty-five-foot sloop, Mustang, with driving determination in as many racing classics as he can find time to enter; on the other, he is an enthusiastic member of a group of convivial Westchester and Fairfield County yachtsmen who call themselves the Cruising, Boozing, and Snoozing Club, and has won three of the eleven one-man-to-a-boat races, known as the Singlehanded Creepstakes, that the club has run off to date. His favorite work of art, moreover, is an oil painting of Mustang, faithfully copied from a photograph. Altogether, the clubhouse analysts agree, Roderick is the very model



Roderick and Olin Stephens

of a proper yachtsman. But how, they ask, does one explain Olin—a man whom many people consider the best boat designer in the country but who by preference spends his weekends on a landlocked New England farm, who owns no boat, who numbers few yachtsmen among his close friends, and who has been tutored in modern painting by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, among other artists, at the New School for Social Research? Even the forthright world of yachting, it seems, has its enigmas.

For the past twenty-eight years, this particular enigma has been an extremely valuable asset to Sparkman & Stephens, a Manhattan firm of naval architects, yacht brokers, and marine-insurance specialists that is currently doing a gross business of around a million dollars a year. Olin is vice-president of the firm and its chief designer, and Roderick is its field engineer, seeing to it that the boatbuilders follow his brother's specifications to the letter and making his own recommendations about the installation of the vessel's rigging. (Drake Sparkman, the president of the firm, has all he can do in taking care of the business side.) Together, the brothers have been responsible for planning and turning over to their clients in tip-top condition sailboats ranging in size from bathtub-size knockabouts that sell for a few hundred dollars to ocean cruisers that cost over a quarter of a million. Two of the most popular classes of small racing boats—the Lightning

and the Blue Jay—originated in their offices, and nearly a thousand one-of-a-kind larger racing boats, sailing yachts, and power boats have originated there, too, as well as a variety of tugs, minesweepers, coastal tankers and freighters, and other plodding but useful craft. Both brothers believe that a considerable part of their success can be attributed to the very differences between them that perplex most of the people who know them well, whether professionally or socially.

AT forty-nine, Olin is a man of middling build who wears tortoiseshell glasses and has an abstracted manner, which he accentuates by running his fingers through his hair when he is thinking hard. In 1930, when he was a fledgling naval architect in Sparkman's office, he designed Dorade, a fifty-two-foot yawl that—with capital provided by his father, Roderick Stephens, Sr.—was built under Roderick, Jr.'s supervision. Dorade caused a good deal of headshaking in yachting circles when she came down the ways, for in concept she was totally unlike the standard deep-water yachts of the day, but then, in July, 1931, Olin and Roderick and their father sailed her in a transatlantic race to England and won it with shattering ease. She was sold five years later, and since then Olin has never owned another boat. He participates in a few races each year as a member of the crew on other men's boats, but he approaches these events with a detachment that has convinced at least one yachtsman that sailing is not a matter of sport with him. "All he wants to do is study the boat in action, so as to learn how to make the next boat he designs sail a little faster," this critic complained a couple of years ago, after trailing a Sparkman & Stephens yacht that Olin was helping sail in a race. "It's just a matter of business with him." While it is certainly debatable whether Olin puts a dollars-and-cents value on his racing, there can be no doubt that ever since the summer of 1920, when he, together with his brother and father, first stepped into a sailboat—a hand-me-down sixteen-foot

sloop called Corker—his interest in sailing has been more thoughtful than emotional.

Even in times of emergency aboard ship, Olin remains dispassionate and serene, approaching every problem as if it were an exercise in pure logic. The only time his father or his brother can remember seeing him even momentarily ruffled was twenty-six years ago, when, after winning the race to England with Dorade, all three Stephenses stayed on to compete in the Fastnet Race, a six-hundred-mile British yachting classic. Just before going off watch one evening during the Fastnet, Olin—who, by agreement, has been the skipper in the family ever since his teens—issued strict orders not to shorten sail, and then disappeared below to get some sleep. Presently, the wind began to pick up, and soon it had turned into something of a gale. As the yawl rushed on through the mounting seas, straining and creaking under her generous spread of canvas, both Rodericks became increasingly worried, and finally one of them went below to wake the skipper and urge him to change his orders. Olin went on deck to have a look for himself and, after studying the wind and the waves and thinking over his drafting-board calculations, announced laconically, "We'll carry on as we are." A moment later, a particularly vicious gust hit the boat. Olin lost his footing, and would have skidded overboard if he had not grabbed a lifeline just in time. "Oh, all right," he said as he hauled himself to his feet. "You can take off the spinnaker." Then he went below again. His concession was vindicated, however; even with reduced sail, Dorade won the Fastnet.

Neither Olin nor his wife—the former Florence Reynolds, of Scarsdale, whom he married when he was twenty-two—nor their two sons (one of them is in the Signal Corps just now, and the other is in high school) care especially for sailing. To be sure, Olin belongs to two yacht clubs, but both, though they have great prestige, are of the sort that maintains neither docks nor moorings—the New York

Yacht Club, which has quarters on West Forty-fourth Street, and the Cruising Club of America, which has nothing but a mailing address. The farm where he and his family spend their weekends consists of a hundred and thirty acres near Sheffield, Massachusetts, eighty miles from salt water. Most of the year, he lives in a pleasant Colonial-style house in Scarsdale, where he and his wife entertain infrequently, asking only a few friends in at a time. Among those who are likely to be invited are an architect, the director of an art gallery, and several painters, but no yachtsmen. Indeed, the subject of boats rarely comes up at these gatherings. John Heliker, a Greenwich Village artist who was Olin's first painting instructor and has known him well for ten years, paid him a visit last summer and chanced to start leafing through a scrapbook he had seen lying on a shelf in the living room; he was amazed

to come upon some newspaper accounts of the voyage his host had made in Dorade a quarter of a century earlier. "Olin, this is marvellous!" he said. "You were quite a lad, weren't you?" Olin smiled diffidently but said nothing, and the conversation moved on to other matters.

About thirty years ago, Olin picked up a copy of a yachting magazine one night after dinner in his parents' home in Scarsdale, where both he and his brother were brought up and went to school, and, after scrutinizing a water-color painting of a sailboat on its cover, announced to his family that he could paint a better picture than that with no training at all. The next day, he bought a box of water colors and confidently set about painting his own picture of a sailboat. To his chagrin, it wasn't anywhere near as good as the picture on the magazine cover; in fact, it was hardly recognizable as a sailboat. Over the next



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HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

two decades, Olin diligently, if intermittently, tried to teach himself to paint, striving to produce pictures of the old-barn-and-fishing-wharf genre, but he never succeeded in coming up with results that any school would care to claim.

In 1943, annoyed by his failure to show improvement, he resolved to seek instruction, and, without saying much about it to Roderick, began attending a one-night-a-week painting class that Heliker, an Abstract Impressionist, was conducting in a fourth-floor cold-water flat in the Village. It was at Heliker's suggestion that he took some lessons from Kuniyoshi at the New School, and he is currently studying under Easton Pribble, a painter who lives on the second floor of Heliker's building. Under the influence of these preceptors, Olin has abandoned barns and fishing wharves and is working comfortably in the Impressionist, Abstract Impressionist, and Neo-Cubist styles. He recently did a seascape of a rocky point near the mouth of the Kennebec River, in Maine, that is a familiar landmark to yachtsmen accustomed to cruising those waters, but it is doubtful whether any of them would recognize Olin's version of it. There is little chance that they will be put to the test, however, for he doesn't mention this side of his life to sailing men, and even if he did, they would probably go right on thinking that the world's most beautiful work of art is a fresh new copy of a Coast and Geodetic Survey chart.

Olin is not only a painter but a collector of paintings. He has been buying modern art off and on since 1939, and now has about twenty pictures, including a Maurice Prendergast, a Marsden Hartley, and a John Marin. His other aesthetic preferences reflect the same general outlook, and so do his intellectual interests—Bach and Bartók, Maritain and Kafka, and lectures on philosophy and cultural history by Heinrich Blücher, also at the New School. Not surprisingly in a man of such tastes, he favors automobiles of foreign make, his stable at the moment consisting of two Mercedes-Benzes and a Volkswagen.

RODERICK, the other half of the team, is a keen-eyed, gregarious, and alarmingly athletic man, who plays the accordion and loves parties of the sort at which accordions are welcome. He is one of the very few living men who have crossed the Atlantic five times in a small sailboat. In 1933, two summers after Dorade's triumphant first voyage,

he sailed her to England and back, winning another Fastnet Race while he was over there. During this trip, he ran into some spells of nasty weather, which made it just that much more enjoyable from his point of view. At the height of a heavy blow one night, for instance, a strut known as an upper mainmast spreader broke. While most yachtsmen would have been content to wait the storm out for repairs, Roderick thought this was the ideal time for action. With a bag of tools strapped to his belt, he had himself hoisted some forty feet up into the howling darkness, lashed himself to the mast, and spent an hour fixing the damaged spreader. When he got home, the Cruising Club of America awarded him its Blue Water Medal, for "an outstanding offshore voyage, well-conceived and well-executed"—a medal that most ocean-going yachtsmen regard as the highest honor there is.

Roderick is duly appreciative of his medal, but he cherishes with equal pride three cheap deck mops testifying to his victories in the Singlehanded Creepstakes. (He has finished first seven times, but boats with bigger handicaps than Mustang's have reduced his victories to three.) The Creepstakes is an invitation affair open to sailboats of all kinds—big and little, fast and slow—the only stipulation being that each entry must be sailed by a crew of one. Mustang, which Olin designed in 1936, ordinarily requires the services of six or seven robust yachtsmen to handle her in a race, but this drastic shorthandedness simply makes the Creepstakes even more entertaining to Roderick; he delights in first straining mightily to hoist her sails and winch them in and then leaping about the empty deck like a waterbug as she sails. More often than not, the other contestants—even those in considerably smaller boats—approach the finish line spavined, haggard, and numb. By the time they have crossed it, Roderick is usually already back at his mooring, full of song and bounce, and preparing to plunge into the water for what he calls "a brisk turn to tone up the old physique."

Toning up the old physique means a lot to Roderick. Like his brother, he is of medium height, but he has always been leaner and more rugged. For years, he played amateur ice hockey with the Jamaica Hawks at Madison Square Garden, and he is still adept at figure skating. An early riser, he is careful about what and how much he eats, and in general he takes the same alert

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interest in his physical condition that he does in the well-being of his yachts. He does not smoke, nor—what is quite remarkable, in view of the traditions of the sport to which he has dedicated himself—does he drink. (Olin doesn't drink, either, but abstinence seems more in keeping with his rather astringent disposition.) The Cruising Club of America, which, even if it has no home it can call its own, is possibly the most exclusive sailing association in the United States, advises its members to ask themselves several questions about candidates for admission, among them "Would you enjoy the company of the candidate, glass in hand, in the cabin of a small yacht?" The members have been enjoying Roderick's company in such surroundings since 1936, despite the fact that the glass in his hand is invariably filled with milk. He is by nature the sort who requires no alcohol to fit into a whiskey-and-soda crowd; indeed, in the cabin of a small yacht his company is likely to be considered more enjoyable than that of anyone else present as, his accordion slung over his neck, and a camp-councillor smile on his clean-cut, handsome face, he asks "What'll it be next?"

"How about 'When I Wore a Tulip'?" someone may shout.

"I don't know all the chords for it, but let's give it a try," Roderick will probably reply, tossing off his hooker of milk. "Here we go!"

Roderick is a member of six yacht clubs—the American Yacht Club, the Cruising Club of America (former commodore), the New York Yacht Club, the Off Sounding Club (former commodore), the Storm Triesail Club, and the North American Station of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. He is recognized as an authority by the editors of periodicals specializing in his field (the magazine *Yachting* has published a number of long articles of his bearing such no-nonsense titles as "Pointers on Handling Light Sails," "Suggestions on Spinnakers," and "Further Thoughts on Nylon Sails"), and his advice is constantly being sought by equally enthusiastic but less gifted sailors. One Saturday morning a couple of summers ago, the telephone rang in his home—he lives in Scarsdale, too—and on answering it he found himself talking to a client aboard a yacht some hundreds of miles off Cape Hatteras, who was calling ship-to-shore to say that he was having trouble in a race and what should he do next? Roderick can no longer recall exactly what he told the man, but it may have been something like "Before you

douse the spinnaker, overhaul the hal-yard, flaking it down starting with the bitter end." He talks like that.

Roderick remained a highly eligible bachelor until 1947, when, at the age of thirty-eight, he married Marjorie McClure, of Scarsdale, a girl whom he had known since his teens and who has become almost as fond of sailing as he is; their honeymoon gave her a good notion of what her married life would be, for it was a seven-hundred-mile cruise from Florida to North Carolina aboard a boat that Roderick was bringing north for a friend. They have a nine-year-old daughter, Betsy, who first boarded Mustang in a basket at the age of three weeks. After she became mobile, she did her sailing encased in a balsawood life preserver and roped to Mustang's lifelines; now she is beginning to take her place as a useful, if lightweight, member of the crew. At present, Roderick, when he is not racing, spends practically every weekend during the season cruising on Mustang with his wife and daughter. A few years ago, however, there was an eighteen-month interlude during which he partly forsook his favorite diversion to build—with the paid-for help of only a power shovel and a few hours' worth of carpentry and paperhanging—the house he and his family now live in. From long habit in supervising the construction of boats, he was so finicky about the quality of the materials he used that the local lumberyard owner finally exclaimed, "Look, Mr. Stephens, this building doesn't have to float!" The décor of the house emphasizes its owner's almost total absorption in sea and sail. Dinner is served on Wedgwood plates with sailboat motifs, a brass clock in the study tolls the time in bells, rather than hours, and most of the pictures on the walls are unmistakable representations of ships under canvas. To a guest who once remarked on the difference between this kind of art and the paintings that Olin treasures, Roderick said, "You have to ask to find out what his are. I like a picture to look like something."

ALTHOUGH Olin and Roderick live in the same town and are extremely fond of each other, their divergent interests preclude their getting together much after hours. Sailing, of course, has been a common denominator for both men ever since their first fumbling days aboard Corker, but while sailing occupies Roderick's working hours, his leisure hours, and, very possibly, his dreams, Olin regards it not as



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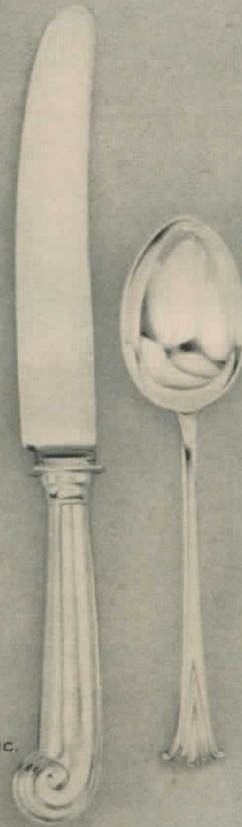
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a hobby or a sport but as an intellectual problem, to be dealt with, as much as possible, indoors. When he is not immersed in Kafka or his Mercedes-Benzenes or his painting, his evenings may be devoted to pondering the basic difficulties peculiar to his profession. It both fascinates and nettles him to realize that designing sailboats is still—and perhaps will be for a long time—in the intuitive stage of development, comparable to that of automotive engineering when Henry Ford was a boy; the designer of a yacht, upon completing a set of plans, is even less certain about how the finished boat will perform than the designer of an auditorium is about what its acoustics will be like. Electronic computers are no help; to a large extent, the shape of a yacht's hull is simply a matter of hunch and instinct on the part of the individual designer. And yet, haphazard though the art of designing sailboats is, it is not quite as haphazard as it once was, and Olin feels a special pride in the fact that he can claim part of the credit for what improvement there has been along this line.

A century ago, the "cod's-head-and-mackerel-tail" formula was popular with many designers of sailboat hulls, who felt that the outlines it so graphically stipulated were the ones best adapted to cleave the water neatly. Then it gradually became fashionable among designers to advance more scientific-sounding formulas, based on the lines of yachts of proved ability. All too often, though, no matter how scrupulously a designer adhered to a formula, the boat turned out to be a dud. Around 1900, in the hope of avoiding such disasters, some designers began backstopping the formulas by building scale models of boats before they advanced beyond the drafting-board stage, and testing them in so-called towing tanks. But even this was little help, since no one had drawn up an accurate set of coefficients that would translate the news received from the towing tank into solid facts for the designer to work on.

Early in 1932, Professor Kenneth Davidson, a naval architect on the faculty of the Stevens Institute of Technology, in Hoboken, decided to try to work out a closer relationship between towing-tank promise and ultimate performance. His idea was simplicity itself: he would compare, in minute detail, the behavior of a certain vessel under actual sailing conditions with that of a model of the boat under exactly simulated conditions in the

Stevens towing tank. To help with his field work, Davidson needed an expert sailor who knew enough about sailboat design to make relevant observations and record them with hairsplitting accuracy, and, having read of Olin's success with Dorade, he called up the young man and asked him if he would like to help. Olin was delighted to, and during the fall of 1933 he spent many weekends—stopwatch in hand and pad and pencil by his side, and often accompanied by the Professor—sailing about in Gimcrack, a thirty-four-foot sloop of his own design, to collect the required information. When all the returns were in, Davidson worked out a set of factors that must be applied to the readings of towing-tank instruments in order to arrive at an accurate interpretation of the tests. Thanks to this study (Olin later received an honorary M.S. from Stevens for his contribution to it), tank testing is now regarded as a fairly reliable means of predicting the performance of the finished boat, and most yachtsmen, when ordering a boat of unusual design, throw in the precautionary fifteen hundred dollars or so that it costs to build a scale model and try it out in a towing tank. It is a further testimonial to the soundness of Davidson's corrections that they are taken seriously even though, with a superb ivory-tower disdain for public ridicule, he named them the Gimcrack Coefficients.

At first, a good many naval architects suspected that Davidson's name for his coefficients might be an apt one, because ever since the America's Cup Race in 1901, towing tanks had had a notorious record of inaccuracy. After that race—for which the British sent over their ninth unsuccessful challenger, in an effort to take home the cup that the schooner America had won in a race around the Isle of Wight in 1851—the designer of the British entry, who had relied on a towing tank in planning her, grumbled that he only wished the designer of her rival had had access to the same facilities. The opportunity to dispel the entrenched prejudice against towing tanks came in 1936, when Harold S. Vanderbilt commissioned Olin Stephens and W. Starling Burgess to collaborate on the design of Ranger, which, the following year, thwarted T. O. M. Sopwith's attempt to win the America's Cup for Britain with Endeavour II. Burgess and Olin each designed two hulls, and five-foot scale models of these were given a series of tryouts in the Stevens tank. The two designers, often joined by Vander-

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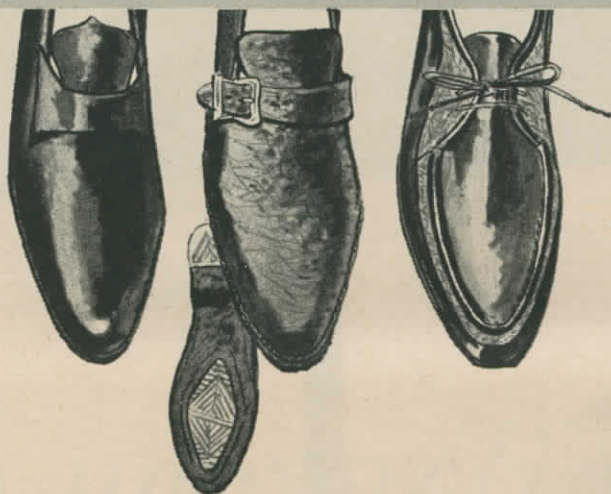
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bilt, spent many long afternoons in Hoboken, loping along the sides of the tank as they tried to keep up with an overhead crane that was towing the models under various prearranged conditions of wind and heading. When Olin and Burgess had at last decided which of the four seemed to have the best prospects, they returned to their drafting boards and devoted their combined talents to working out engineering details, and the boat that emerged from this joint effort beat Endeavour II in four straight contests. Shortly after the final race, Sopwith graciously praised the designers of Ranger for having produced the finest yacht of her class that had ever been built, but a couple of weeks later his disappointment got the better of him, and he grouched to a reporter that he had been beaten because Burgess and Olin had resorted to tank testing, and that sailboat design in the United States had become a matter of "cold-blooded science."

With this, even those who had been most skeptical of towing tanks developed respect for them. Some yachtsmen even swung to the other extreme, taking the position that the secret of boat design lay in the tanks themselves, and not in the abilities of the men who tried out their models in them. In recent years, Olin has heard this claim so often that he can barely bring himself to reply to it. "The tank can't design a boat," he told an acquaintance wearily the other day. "It can't draw a single line on the drafting board. It only answers questions, and the designer must know the right questions to ask. And there are a lot of questions it can't answer, too, such as what specifically is at fault in an unsatisfactory model. All it can tell in such cases is what the total result will be under given conditions. When I go over to Hoboken to watch a model being tested, and I see that there's something wrong with it, maybe I'll shave a sliver of wood off the bow, to fine it a little, or glue a splinter on amidships to add displacement. Then, if things go better, I'm glad, naturally, although I always wish there were some more scientific way of doing it. But the tank can't provide that. Sailboat designing started out as ninety per cent art and ten per cent science, and someday, let's hope, it will be just the other way around. We're only about halfway there now."

Probably in large part because of his identification with tank testing, Olin received more of the credit for Ranger's victory than might ordinarily have been expected, since Burgess was the older

and by far the more experienced of the two designers. In any case, after the race Sparkman & Stephens moved rapidly forward to become one of the biggest firms of its kind in the nation. There was, however, another factor contributing to the public belief that Ranger was primarily Olin's creation. At the outset of their collaboration, he and Burgess had agreed not to reveal which of them was responsible for the hull they ultimately chose to go ahead with. Until recently, many yachtsmen felt certain that the hull was one of Olin's, on the ground that Ranger bore a much closer resemblance to racing boats he had previously done than it did to any of Burgess's earlier work. Both designers steadfastly refused to discuss the subject. Burgess died in 1947, but the mystery remained a mystery until about a year ago, shortly after it was reported in an article in *Sports Illustrated* that Vanderbilt, who had been in a better position to know the answer than anyone besides the designers themselves, believed Ranger's hull to have been based on one of Olin's two models. Olin then composed a letter to Vanderbilt that set the unofficial record straight. "Briefly, the model #77c, from which Ranger was built, was a Burgess model," he wrote. "To Starling's credit, he scrupulously carried out the agreement we made not to name the individual responsible for the lines of this model. Until now, I have felt justified in taking the same position. Possibly I should not have kept quiet for so long, as I have apparently misled you, and possibly others, although not intentionally."

As it happens, Olin may yet be able to claim that he has designed an America's Cup Race winner from start to finish. The first America's Cup Race in twenty-one years has been scheduled for next summer, and he has been commissioned by a syndicate of New York Yacht Club members to design a prospective defender all by himself.

YACHTSMEN willing to concede that it is the designer who designs sailboats, and not the testing tank, have spent many hours developing theories to account for Olin's success. One yachting writer asserted not long ago that it is the result of a study he made, at some unspecified time, of the swimming habits of fish, which inspired him to produce boats of such flexibility that they actually wriggle—or, in their fashion, swim—through the water. "I deny ever having studied fish," Olin said when this article was called



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to his attention. "Not that I have any objection to the way fish get around, but it simply wouldn't be helpful to me. Their problems are totally different from a sailboat's. For example, one thing that fish don't have to worry about and sailboats do is the bow wave that all surface craft create as they push through the water; this inevitably limits a boat's speed unless she has the enormous resources of the fastest powerboats. What happens is that at a certain speed—and the longer the boat, the higher that speed is—the boat finds herself travelling uphill all the time. Up the slope of her own bow wave, you see. For practical purposes, this is the top speed a sailboat can attain. Well, at least that's one thing we can figure out mathematically in advance. Another is how much of the hull is going to be underwater, and therefore subject to a high frictional resistance. Total displacement and total sail area are also matters we can get down in black and white, and so is something we call the prismatic coefficient—a complicated matter that no fish ever has to concern itself with."

A faint smile appeared on Olin's face, and then faded as he continued, "The hitch is that all these factors—and a few others like them—that we can really pin down don't get us anywhere near a scientific approach to sailboat design. There are still far too many variables and combinations of variables interacting in countless ways—so many that working out precise formulas for all of them seems practically hopeless. The shape of the bow, the shape of the bilge, the total displacement, and so on will, of course, affect the performance of any given boat, but just how much, and how they will affect each other, remains a matter of judgment—often not much more than guesswork, really—on the part of the designer. And just as we may think we've got that fairly well under control, everything is thrown completely off the instant the boat heels over—as sailboats do, naturally, if there is any breeze at all, and to a constantly shifting degree—because this alters the whole intricate system of interrelationships. And the velocity of the wind and the expanse of sail exposed at this angle and that introduce two more sets of variables. There simply isn't any scientific theory that covers all these considerations. And then they talk about fish!"

Considering the complexity of a boat designer's task, his tools are pitifully simple—consisting principally of some flat flexible-plastic strips, called splines,

some small lead weights, called ducks, and pencil and paper. When Olin—who, with a staff of a hundred assistants, works in offices at 79 Madison Avenue—arrives at a crucial stage of a design, he plots a series of points on a piece of drawing paper to indicate the general shape of whatever section of the hull he is concerned with, and then gently bends a spline, holding it in position with an occasional duck, until it passes through all these points in a curve that he believes will offer the minimum of resistance to sea water flowing around it. Theoretically, an infinite number of slightly varying curves can be drawn to connect any one set of points; the intuitive selection of the most efficient curve is what makes one boat designer better than another. After Olin draws in the line of the curve he has chosen, he removes the spline and repeats the operation with another set of points, and eventually he comes up with a spidery network of outlines that a shipbuilder can translate into a three-dimensional hull.

Neither Olin's professional life nor that of any of his competitors is made easier by the perverse way yachtsmen have of incessantly pestering designers to provide them with faster boats and then tamely submitting to handicapping systems that neutralize the advantages of their new speed. In this country, the most widely used of these handicapping systems, which are devised, of course, to facilitate racing among yachts of various kinds, is the Cruising Club of America's so-called Measurement Rule, a formidable twenty-seven-page document that requires a yachtsman to delve into his boat's physical characteristics as though he were a doctor giving a medical checkup, and that is filled with impenetrable directives, of which the following are typical:

$$\text{Rating} = .95 ("L" \pm "Bm." \pm "Dra." \pm "Disp." \pm "S" \pm "F" - "I") \times "Bal. R" \times "Prop."$$

and

$$P_2 = \sqrt{(l/95)^2 - B_2^2} \text{ where } l \text{ is length of luff or leach, whichever is greater.}$$

After half an hour spent trying to crack the code in which the Rule is written, a distinguished yachtsman once said, "Only the Measurement Rule Committee, a few naval architects, and God Almighty understand what it means." The Stephens brothers, neither of whom could be induced to remain in college beyond his freshman year, are members of this select group—Olin as one of the few naval architects referred to, and Roderick as an informal



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consultant to the Measurement Rule Committee—but Olin, at any rate, wouldn't mind a bit if there were no such group to belong to. His first great boat, *Dorade*—light and slender—was altogether revolutionary in a day when most designers of cruising yachts were playing it safe by turning out plans for only slightly refined versions of the old, beamy New England fishing vessels, and conservatives thought that it would be suicidal to take her out on the open ocean. After *Dorade* had proved herself, the Measurement Rule Committee began changing the Rule to give slower boats a better chance against her, and it continued to do so with such diligence that in the end almost everything about *Dorade* was penalized. In 1954, Olin designed Carleton Mitchell's yawl *Finisterre*, making her broad-beamed and shallow compared to *Dorade*, and giving her a retractable centerboard in place of the latter's deep fixed keel; instead of knifing through the waves, as her predecessor did, *Finisterre* rides over them. In her first two years of racing, she has won practically all the big ones, and already the Measurement Rule Committee has vigilantly altered its formulas to minimize her advantage.

"The Rule isn't always helpful to the designer," Olin remarked to a friend not long ago, marvellously understating the case. "It's intended to give any reasonably good boat a fair chance in a race, but it has discouraged the building of more boats like *Dorade*. Yet *Dorade* is as good a boat as she ever was—she can slice through a leftover slop of a sea, go to windward very well, and steer nicely under all conditions. But nobody would order a boat like her today. I'm proud of *Finisterre*, of course, but personally I prefer the way *Dorade* moved. She was a lovely boat to sail." His voice trailed away on a note of sentimental reminiscence.

ALTHOUGH much of Roderick's work for Sparkman & Stephens is of the comfortable kind in which there is definitely a right way and a wrong way of doing things, it has some phases in which, like his brether, he has to rely on the kinesthetic sense to the almost total exclusion of the intellect. Sails, for instance, are even less susceptible than hulls to orderly scientific analysis; on the rare occasions when some physicist has attempted to spruce up the untidy subject of sail aerodynamics with the help of vector diagrams, his efforts have been of little help to practical sailing men. These critics point out that sails are elastic contrivances, which shrink un-



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der some conditions, stretch under other conditions, yield to wind pressure under all conditions, and probably never hold exactly the same shape for more than an instant during a whole day's sailing. Olin, like all other naval architects, is aware of the futility of attempting to reconcile all these variables with pencil and paper, and he prepares only a two-dimensional sketch, or "plan outline," of the sails for the boats he designs, leaving it up to the sailmaker to put in as much belly as he thinks proper. The sailmaker does some thinking and studying on his own and then turns out a full suit of sails, but by the time the boat is delivered to the customer, these are likely to have been carefully edited by Roderick, as a result of his trial sailing. Roderick also devotes a good deal of attention to contraptions like winches, cleats, fair-leads, halyard blocks, swivels, and snatch blocks, and while he, or anyone else familiar with such esoteric hardware, is able to tell at a glance whether they are sound or defective, there can often be a difference of opinion about how they should be installed. Part of his job is to design the rigging layouts for Sparkman & Stephens boats, and here, too, it is essential that engineering data be supplemented by the intuition of an old salt.

Sparkman & Stephens has its field representative supervise the building of every yacht it designs—a service included in the firm's fee of ten per cent of the yacht's cost—and this means that Roderick must do a considerable amount of travelling, not only to boatyards up and down the East Coast but to some abroad. He makes it his business to keep an eye on every step in the building of a boat, checking up on the quality of the wood used, satisfying himself that the bolts and screws are placed where they should be, and, as the hull takes shape, comparing its dimensions with his brother's design to make certain that this is being faithfully followed. He almost always personally adjusts the mast's stainless-steel shrouds and stays to a proper, balanced degree of tension. He also goes up to the masthead in a boatswain's chair—generally a forty-to-sixty-foot haul—to pass on the installation of turnbuckles, tangs, sheaves, spreaders, and all the rest of the paraphernalia aloft. "It's really part of my job," he recently told a client who had just witnessed this acrobatic performance and had expressed surprise that a man of his age could do it so easily—or, for that matter, should attempt to do it at all. "And besides I find it a good way of getting a



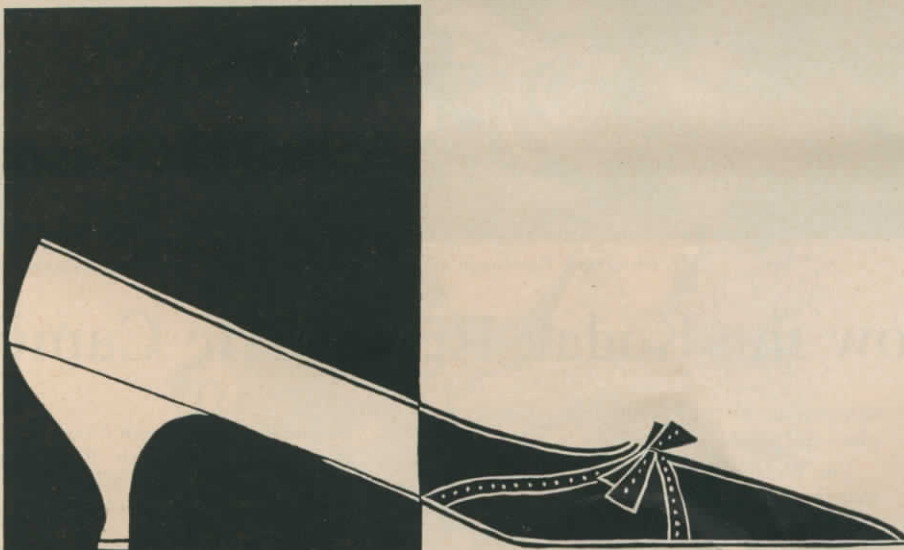
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little exercise now and then. Still, the years do pass, you know. Why, back in 1937, when Olin and I were in Ranger's crew for the America's Cup Race, I used to go up the rigging hand over hand, without using my feet, let alone a boatswain's chair. I couldn't do that today. But I was only twenty-eight then, and I guess I was showing off."

When Roderick is at sea, he likes to do for himself what less energetic men are perfectly willing to let machinery or a paid crew do for them. "Automatic devices and labor-savers just aren't right," he told a client this spring. "They cost too much, they make noise, they complicate essential maintenance, and they delude you into a false sense of confidence. What's sailing for, anyhow? I much prefer to do things by hand. I *enjoy* pumping out the bilge. It's good for me." He refuses to install in his own boat anything like an automatic steering device, a radio-telephone, or an electric water-pressure system. His dislike of such things was greatly reinforced a few years ago, on a rare occasion when he put his faith in one of them. Coming into Sand Hole, a tiny cove on Lloyd Neck, Long Island, he was using a fathometer—an electronic depth indicator—and ran firmly aground during an outgoing tide. As his boat, hour by hour, slowly rolled over on her side in the mud, some passing blackguard snapped a picture of her and mailed it to *Yachting*, where it was published. It was as though Frank Merriwell had been arrested in a vice raid.

For all his dislike of gadgets, Roderick, as a good sailor, believes in making himself as comfortable as possible on board a boat, and he realizes that keeping everything shipshape and in good working order is the best means of accomplishing this. "You can be absolutely miserable if the little things go wrong," he says. "Say it's a rough day and people have tracked a lot of water down into the cabin. A man does his trick at the helm and then comes below—cold and wet and hardly able to wait to get into some nice dry clothes. Just then the boat rolls heavily, the



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latch on a locker doesn't hold as it should, and all his dry clothes fall out into the wet. He's likely to hate sailing from then on." To make sure that people do not hate sailing in Sparkman & Stephens boats, Roderick examines the latches on their lockers as attentively as if they were part of the rigging, and is just as insistent that they be in perfect working order before he pronounces a boat acceptable. He has also, over the years, made some contributions of his own in the way of equipment intended to keep people fond of sailing, including a ventilator arrangement that carries air—without the usual complement of water—below decks, a fitted canvas hatch cover that keeps bunks dry even in the roughest seas, and a semi-retracting bunk that allows greater cabin space by day. He tries out most of his ideas on Mustang and then, if they come up to his expectations, describes them to Olin, who has made several of them standard fixtures in Sparkman & Stephens boats.

Before a boat is delivered to a client, Roderick takes her out for a trial. After sailing her long enough to feel confident that she handles nicely, he turns the helm over to someone else, in order to make an intensive study of her sails in action. Roaming the deck restlessly, he squints along the edges of each sail, from time to time whacking the canvas with the flat of his hand, and perhaps he will scramble part way up the rigging to view things from a different angle. On returning to the dock after one such inspection a few months ago, he went to see the sailmaker and told him, "The spinnaker's a dandy. Looks just fine. So do the Genoa and the mizzen. But the working jib is too drafty. I'd like to see you flatten it a bit, near the head. While you're at it, why not reshape the luff to allow for a slight sag in the headstay? The main looks pretty good, but it could use a bit of easing along the lower leach, and then we'll really be in fine shape."

Coming from Roderick, observations of this kind are listened to with the greatest respect by sailmakers, for more than one authority has called him "just about the best sail trimmer alive"—meaning that he is a master of the art of continually readjusting sails, in response to every fluctuation of the wind. This requires a ceaseless series of rapid-fire calculations, involving the capacity of a particular boat to cope with an environment of sea and air that is never the same from one minute to the next—calculations that have little to do with the brain but are, for the most part, the

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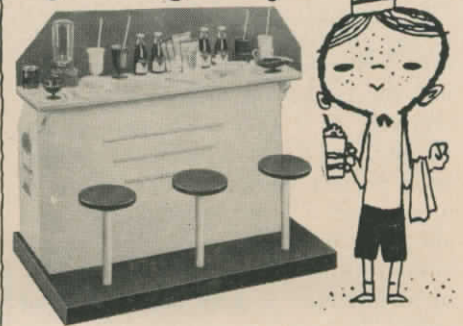
conditioned reflexes of a delicately attuned nervous system. "After a good sailor has trimmed sail, a sailor in Rod's class can retrim and pick up a fifth of a knot," a connoisseur of the art once remarked. "He always becomes aware of the need for retrimming well ahead of anyone else. I honestly believe that if Rod was off watch and taking a snooze on a boat that was only medium-well trimmed, he'd wake right up and be on deck in a minute."

Notwithstanding his intimate knowledge of the structure of sailboats, Roderick never tries to design one; for a while during his boyhood he sketched a few, but he soon saw that Olin was much better at it, and quit. The only vessel he has ever had a hand in designing proved to be such an extraordinary object that some people might doubt whether it could be called a boat at all. This is the two-and-a-half-ton amphibious military truck, officially labelled the DUKW and better known as the Duck, which he helped design during the Second World War, and which General Eisenhower called "invaluable" in assault landings, because of its ability to chug toward shore on the surface of the water and, on reaching the beach, to change from a floating, propeller-driven conveyance to a terrestrial, wheel-driven one and keep right on going.

The beginnings of the Duck date back to the latter part of 1941, when the National Defense Research Council asked Sparkman & Stephens to join in a collaborative effort to design and develop an amphibious truck. The vehicle ultimately materialized, and Roderick was one of the men principally responsible for the design of its all-important watertight hull; in addition, he served as a consultant on the drafting of plans for the various parts, such as the propeller and rudder, that the vehicles needed for the watery phase of their existence. Impatient with the niceties of formal drafting technique, he made freehand sketches of the hull as he visualized it, and turned them over to engineers for General Motors, which had also been asked to help out on the project. When the engineers said they couldn't work from such elementary designs, Roderick supervised the construction of some cardboard-and-plywood mockups of the hull. The engineers continued to grumble at the unorthodox procedure, but they got the idea and set to work building several pilot models.

Roderick did most of the test driving of these models. Once, piqued by some high-ranking Army officers who had

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ridiculed the Duck as impractical and unseaworthy, he drove one of the machines down the beach near Cape Hatteras at the height of a storm and, in full view of his critics, plunged into the Atlantic and headed out to sea, giddily cavorting over seven-foot waves. Before long, unhappily, the spray somehow reached the ignition, stalling the engine. His hull, however, was so seaworthy that, carried along by the waves, it bore him safely back to shore, where he dried off the ignition and tried again—with the same results. The observers still didn't have a very high opinion of the Duck's potentialities, but the mere fact that Roderick had survived these voyages at all impressed them with the merits of its hull. Later, a better means of shielding the engine from moisture was developed, and Roderick put out to sea in one of the improved models—this time during an equally wild storm on Cape Cod. Far from stalling, he went to the rescue of seven Coast Guardsmen in a patrol boat that was aground on a sandbar a quarter of a mile off Highland Light. The Army changed its mind after this feat, and the manufacture of Ducks on a mass-production basis was begun. The Duck played an important part in the Allied landings on the beaches of Sicily and Normandy, as well as in several assaults in the Pacific Theatre, and Roderick was awarded the armed forces' Medal of Freedom for his contributions to the vehicle's development.

WHILE the third nautical Stephens—Roderick, Sr.—no longer sails much in the literal sense, he sails a great deal in a perhaps even more enjoyable fashion, covering greater distances with greater enthusiasm than either of his sons, for the races he participated in aboard Dorade are still vivid in his memory, and hardly a day goes by that he does not relive at least some moments of them. In 1929, he sold the firm of Olin J. Stephens, Inc., a coal company in the Bronx of which he was the prosperous president (it put him in a position to finance the building of the twenty-eight-thousand-dollar Dorade at a time when the stock-market crash was making that kind of money very scarce), but he continued to occupy himself with various business ventures until about a year ago, when he was overjoyed to receive an offer from his sons to join them in Sparkman & Stephens. Since then he has been employed by the firm as its administrative assistant.

White-haired now, and over seventy, Mr. Stephens is dignified and gentle in manner, and bears a strong resem-



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blance to Alfred E. Smith in his later years. He lives with his second wife (he and the first Mrs. Stephens were divorced in 1933) in an apartment in Peter Cooper Village, where his dearest treasure is six hundred feet of 16-mm. motion-picture film taken, mostly by him, aboard *Dorada* during her great race across the Atlantic in 1931—an event considered so important at the time that her victorious crew, upon returning to New York, was accorded a ticker-tape parade up Broadway to City Hall. Friends who drop in at Mr. Stephens' usually find that he can be persuaded without much urging to run off this record of the voyage for their benefit, and as the picture unfolds, he heightens its drama by identifying the persons and objects in each scene and describing the circumstances under which the scene was photographed, speaking in a voice that increasingly conveys a feeling of the excitement of that long-ago adventure. (While Mrs. Stephens is tolerant of her husband's undiminished passion for boats, she has had her fill of *Dorada's* exploits, and as a rule she retreats to a television set in the bedroom when the film starts to unwind.)

As Mr. Stephens throws the projector switch, he leans eagerly forward in anticipation of the first image to be flashed on the screen, and his face becomes taut with much of its former vigor and zest, as if he were actually back aboard *Dorada*, waiting for the starting signal on that summer morning more than a quarter of a century ago. "Here we are at the Ida Lewis Yacht Club, in Brenton's Cove, Newport," he says. "It's the Fourth of July—the day of the start. Now we're being towed out to the start by a little auxiliary sloop owned by a friend. That's because we had no motor in *Dorada*, you understand. That cutter in the background is *Highland Light*, and the big ketch is *Landfall*. They both worried us. They'd been built specially for this race, and they were a lot bigger and faster than we were. Now we're nearing the starting area. There's *George Roosevelt's Mistress*—and *Water Gypsy*, and *Ilex*—and that's *Skål*, designed by Phil Rhodes. The rest of those boats are spectators, coming along to see us get off. It was a really fine spectator fleet, and we're all trying to look just as smart and lively as we can.

"There's *Brenton Reef Lightship*, marking one end of the starting line. These shots show how we're all cruising around under sail now, jockeying for position. It's a muggy day, hazy and warm. Rather a shame—I like a crisp,

clear day for the start of a race. Now it's just a few minutes before noon and we're all coming around onto the port tack to head for the starting line. Very tense business—you daren't cross ahead of the gun, but it seems terribly important to hit the line just on the button and get off half a minute ahead of the other fellow. Of course, with three thousand miles to go, it doesn't make much difference, but it seems to while we're waiting. Now we're coming up on the line, and—now—*there we go!* Off to a good start—second across, right after *Mistress*.

"This is a while later. There go the other boats in the distance. We won't see them again until we meet in England. They're all pinching off southeasterly to make for the Gulf Stream, hoping it will give them a boost on their way. We're the only ones who are going to risk the ice and fog and rough weather on a true Great Circle course, past Newfoundland. Olin and Rod and I decided on that months ago, but we kept it top secret. We didn't even tell the other members of our crew—four young friends of Rod's and Olin's—until we were over the starting line.

"That's Rod, throwing the first of his many milk bottles overboard. He had to do without fresh milk after the fifth day out, and he considered that the worst hardship of the trip. Now we're having lunch on deck—our first meal on board. That bald-headed young fellow is Eddy Koster, our cook—and a mighty good one, too. We ate ninety-four of his flapjacks one morning. Here I am, making baggy-wrinkle—unravelling old rope ends to use as chafing gear. I do look odd in that gray felt hat, don't I? Not very nautical, I'm afraid. The boys called me *Commodore*, and I had a proper skipper's cap aboard, but the felt one was more comfortable.

"This is either the second or third day. You can see the whiskers beginning to sprout on the boys. It's a good day; the breeze has just freshened and we're moving along nicely. This one, now, shows everybody peeling potatoes—except me. There I am reading aloud to amuse the others. Can't remember what the book is. Probably something about cruising technique; we all have one-track minds at this point.

"Now we're just off Cape Race, Newfoundland, in medium-bad fog. It's our sixth day out. See that thing looming up in the fog? We've just heard a foghorn and I've grabbed the camera to get a shot of whatever it is. Now it's coming quite close—much too close, really—and you can see it's a tramp



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steamer. Last boat we'll see for over a week. Good thing the fog wasn't any thicker. Now, this view is a beauty, isn't it? It's looking down from the upper spreader of the mainmast. I didn't take it—Rod did, after scrambling aloft with the camera. It gives you an idea of how small our boat was for an Atlantic crossing—how narrow. And then this shot from alongside looks as if it must have been taken from another boat. But it wasn't. Rod climbed out over the water on the spinnaker boom, hanging down by his hands and feet, like an ape, to take it. These are dolphins. They sported all around the boat for hours on end. A wonderful thing to watch. And look at this sunrise. You don't see anything like that on land. A man really feels alive at a time like this.

"We're just *bowling* along now. We're in a heavy Atlantic swell, and the boat is rolling. Both booms—main-sail boom and spinnaker boom—are dipping into the water. Did you see that? Watch, now—first one boom and then the other. In weather like that, getting my rest wasn't easy—my bones ached from being tossed around in the bunk. I fixed that with Rod's accordion—stuffed it in between me and the side wall. It made some odd moans when I squeezed against it, but I kind of got to like them. When a boat rolls and wallows that way, it puts a terrible strain on the rigging. One night, it got so bad that the spinnaker halyard let go. Whole sail fell in the water. It was all hands on deck, pulling and hauling to save the sail—and we did, too. Too bad I couldn't get any shots of that, but, of course, it was pitch black.

"Here the boys are lowering away the spinnaker by day, because there's a chafed spot in it. They're doing a very clumsy job. Anything but good racing technique. All right, that's better now. This is Rod, sewing up the chafed spot. Mighty good man with sails, that Rod.

"How's this for really rolling along? Isn't that something? We've got a rail breeze—one that puts your rail right down to the water. The off-duty watch had to sleep in the leeward bunks; in the windward ones they kept falling out onto the floor. Look how Johnny Fox is fighting the tiller. You don't see much of me at the tiller or anywhere else, because I took most of the pictures. But I worked right along with the rest of them, even though I was an old man of forty-six. We hit eleven knots sliding down some of those long rollers, and logged plenty of miles per day. When you push like that, you're apt to catch a good bit of spray. That's why we all



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"Wind's shifted now, and we're on the starboard tack. It's the fourteenth day, and nobody's sighted us since that tramp steamer—eight days ago. We don't know where the other boats are, but the way we're skimming along makes us pretty happy. We do look like a pretty cheerful bunch, despite the cold wind and the spray, don't we? There I am at the tiller at last—Rod took the shot. You can see I'm still wearing the gray felt hat.

"Now we're approaching the steamer track as we get close to England. In a moment, you're going to get a thrill, just as we did. Look sharp! There! *There* she is—the steamer George Washington, Captain George Fried commanding. She's the first ship we've seen in eight days. What a moment! They're running up code flags to tell us our position, and it turns out that Olin's navigation has been perfect; we're three-quarters of the way across. They get their flags up and down so fast the boys can hardly find what they mean in the code book before they're gone again. Now we're running up our own signals to answer. There she goes now—off to America. As a parting shot, Rod is sending up the flags that say, 'We wish you a pleasant voyage.' I think that's rather a good touch, don't you?

"This is July 19th, and we're hustling right along. The distances we're making! A hundred and ninety-three miles one day, a hundred and ninety-eight the next, then two hundred and ten, then two hundred and three. We all feel marvellous. And here's Jim Merrill taking down the mizzen stay-sail for the noon reading of the sun. There—Olin and Jim are shooting the sun. We had two sextants aboard. That's me again, jotting down the chronometer readings as they call 'Mark.' I look moth-eaten—it's the gray streaks in my beard. There's the fellow with the prize beard, by the way—Johnny Fox, and appropriately enough his beard was red and bushy.

"We're getting very close to England now. It's warmer, and there are fishermen around. Everyone is very tense, waiting for the landfall—all except Olin. Here it is 6 P.M. on July 20th—our sixteenth day out. Olin has calculated our position from the noon readings and told us we'll see land—the Scilly Islands, off Land's End—by 6:30 P.M. Then he went be-

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low and simply fell asleep. That boy! Cool as a cucumber. The rest of us are staring eastward until our eyes are about to fall out." At this point, even now, the narrator's eyes strain toward the screen as he raptly awaits once again the great moment. And then the flickering picture shifts, and he continues tensely, "Now watch. Here it's nearly six-thirty, and Olin has just come up from his nap and ordered Rod to climb the mast and have a look. There goes Rod up the wire cables with his bare hands. Now he's on the spreaders. Now he's clear to the top. Watch him! Watch him! . . . Ah! He's shouting, 'Land ho! Two points off the starboard bow!' What yelling, what cheering! We were a happy crew, I can tell you.

"Here we are the next day, getting ourselves cleaned up and squared away to look trim when we enter Plymouth Sound. This is just after we've passed Lloyd's Signal Station and run up flags asking them where we stand in the race. They whipped up a set of flags, and Rod thumbed through the code book and then screamed out the message: 'You are first!' Lord, the bedlam! We shouted and danced, we fired off a clip of bullets from a .45, and then we rushed below and ate a huge bowl of fig pudding with hard sauce. Too bad I didn't get any of our celebration on film, but I was too excited to think of taking pictures. The shot I really should have taken was one of Olin. While the rest of us were leaping around like idiots, he was just quietly standing there, smiling like the Cheshire Cat.

"And now here we are at last, passing Plymouth Breakwater. The lighthouse over there—at the right of the picture—is one end of the finish line. None of the other boats are in sight—Lloyd's must have been right. Matter of fact, as it turned out, the nearest boats are two days behind us—and with our handicap, because we're so small, we've won by almost a four-day margin. It's history-making. In fact, we're so ahead of schedule that nobody is around to greet us. Afterward, I had to laugh when I read what the *New York Times* said about our arrival. It said, 'British yachtsmen aboard the *Britannia* and other boats raised a great cheer for the American yacht.' You see anybody cheering? Nobody was anywhere around except that grizzled old boy there passing by in his beat-up fishing boat.

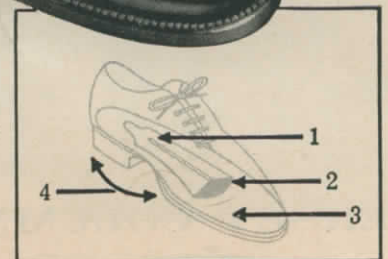
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we're far and away the winners and to guide us to our mooring. And this last shot, taken two days later, shows Landfall and Highland Light arriving, thinking themselves winner and runner-up. Then they see us cruising about just inside the finish line. Some surprise! They were quite unhappy, as you might imagine. Well, that's it. End of film. Want to see my pictures of the Fastnet Race we won that same summer?"

—MORTON M. HUNT

(This is the second of two articles on the Stephens brothers.)

VOTE FOR CARLOS FALLIS NEXT TUESDAY

TO THE VOTERS:

I think that my experience in court procedure, both as County Judge Pro-tem under the late Hon. L. Boone Hamilton and in Magistrates' Traffic, which I presided over for four years, together with the study of law for 12 years, not only qualifies me, but that my knowledge of the Fiscal and Civic offices of our County, together with my Legislative work, make me outstanding for the office of County Judge.

I shall work unceasingly to stop these exorbitant raises in gas, water and electric rates, that seem to have gotten out of control—it is quite obvious the men most responsible are the members of the Public Service Commission, who are kept busy revising these rates, rather than fighting them down. Why nearly every time one reads the papers, you find where the gas company is seeking another raise.

Behind my ambitions to be successful in life, and to be of great service to mankind, because I love people, is an inspiring little old Lady, one who encourages me on when things look dismal and dark and when despair seems so apparent; a little old Lady who thinks I'm just about the grandest fellow who ever lived and who prays that God will open up a way, somehow for us, who stands in the background, with her encouraging smile and her gray head and bent figure, beckoning us on. That wonderful little old Lady is my mother.

If elected, you would make the two of us just about the happiest people alive. I would like to not only serve you efficiently and capably, but would like to offer my mother a little more comfort and security in life while I yet have her.

CARLOS FALLIS

—Adv. in the Frankfort (Ky.) State Journal.

But how can we read the ballot through these tears?

Neither opinion bothers nor flatters Bill Murphy. He is the boss of the Copy Desk of the New York News. As such, he cannot expect love or adoration from either the staff or his own copyreaders.—From a News adv. in the World-Telegram & Sun.

Or, apparently, his own grammarians.

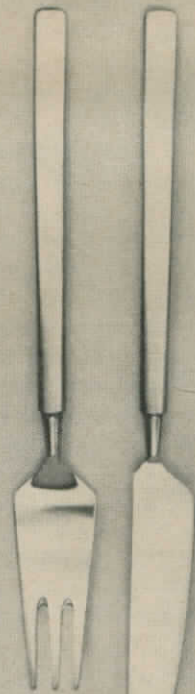
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