



### CRUISE ON THE LONE STAR.

We awoke with the realization that this was the day for the cruise to start. Our anticipation had previously been whetted to a nice edge, when our hosts Millie and Joe Alcorn let us in on the idea that we run up again to Beaver Island, that romantic and historical piece of land lying well out in Lake Michigan still north of Fox and North Fox Islands.

Our cars spent the morning bustling back and forth between the cottages and town, the boat yard and anywhere else that we felt we would find the myriad items always collected and desirable for our comfort and pleasure on a cruise.

The Skipper had spent his time shuttling out to the mooring, running down to the boat-yard for gas in the Lone Star, and back finally to the mooring to pick up the dinghy and then proceeded with the cruiser to the dock in front of the cottage.

The dock had been installed for her servicing, loading and shore base. Both Millie and Joe had personally worked long hours on parts for the dock, assembling portions which were light enough to handle. The balance of the job, the really heavy work and that requiring machinery such as the pile driver, was of course professionally done. The dock was beautifully laid out and planned by Joe with an engineers precision.

The clock now sweeping toward noon, and the heavy overcast and ominous clouds overhead gave us enough concern to cause us to place a last minute call to the Coast Guard at Charlevoix for a weather check. The results of which were weighed, and on the Skippers considered judgment, we decided to proceed with the trip. Baskets, boxes and cartons of food and thirst lesseners were quickly hoisted on board, followed by our sea bags and duffle, our cameras, binoculars, my long glass and even my watercolor

box.

A last minute check to be certain we had all needed items and personalities on board, and the Skipper, who had previously blown the bilges free of any possible dangerous gasses, pressed the starter button of the starboard motor and it roared into life. On his order I checked and hailed the bridge when the cooling water started to surge out the exhaust pipe, meaning that the pumps were circulating properly. Followed soon the roar of the port engine. An interval, then Jack, who had gone forward, was given the command to cast off the bow line, and I, at the after deck, received the familiar "cast off stern" command.

As we pulled out into Northport Bay and gained our cruising speed I adjusted the painter to the dinghy so that she rode on the second following wave of our wake and at a comfortable angle. The new air horn blew a parting salute to those left on shore before rounding the Point.

Snugging down now completed by the Mates, in the galley and cabins supplemented by the efforts of the men, top-sides, we were able to relax and enjoy the beauties, comforts and conveniences of our host's twin motored double bridged cruiser, now under way in her element. The craft full of life and obediently serving her master, each rib of her oak frame, each plank of her mahogany skin, her heart of steel throbbing with a roar not unlike a low flying twin motored bomber, master and craft now a team, working together as a unit, making a combination really appreciated by all on board. As we sped on our way, we felt safe, calm and secure, and full of confidence.

We rounded Northport Point buoy and set our course northward and we could feel the swell of the big lake rolling into the mouth of Grand Traverse Bay, we realized that in the channel north of Cat Head light, that the going might be a bit

rough, but not too much so for a real thrill in a fine craft.

From the bridge where Jack was now conning the helm, I noted low twisting funnel-shaped turbulent forms, lowering at intervals from the heavy, billowing clouds, these small twisters should they reach down to the water, would cause water spouts to form, which travel rather slowly across the water, and tho alarming to see, can be avoided by most any craft, properly handled.

Nearing the shipping channel, used by the ore boats running north and south the length of the lake, we were impressed with the close interval that these huge craft were following one another, in both directions. So much so in fact that since our course crossed theirs at a long angle I deemed it wise to have Jack alter our course to a ninety degree crossing angle. We slowed speed, and waiting for one to pass close by, then dashed across her stern well ahead of the next boat coming the other way, knowing that such large craft are not easily maneuvered and that pleasure boats which demand their right of way needlessly, are not appreciated by these men at work.

It was clearing now, and the sunlight added to the beauty of the scene. Fox and North Fox Islands could be made out to port, proving our course and position. Waves were six to eight feet high here, the kind Joe likes, our speed was slackened a couple of hundred revolutions on the motors, so that we might take the sea in an easy comfortable manner. Spray hit the windshield of the flying bridge some twelve feet above the water line, we were not worried by this and took it as a matter to be expected, and not out of the ordinary for a run in the open on a fairly breezy day.

Beaver Island, our objective, could now be made out clearly in the distance, and as time wore on, we passed her southern tip and light house. As the wind had been from the W.S.W. quarter, we now enjoyed the lee afforded by the Island and our speed was again increased.

During the ensuing time the girls had served up a delectable meal in the attractive roomy and comfortable galley. This was enjoyed by each of us as the bridge was relieved by skipper Joe, who had eaten ahead of us. The interior of the Lone Star was, as always, sparkling clean and neat. Millie and Joe love their boat enough to keep her that way, in ship-shape continually. But this does not mean that one can't enjoy her when on a cruise, it helps to make a cruise more pleasant, as any of us who have spent much time afloat well know. With such hospitality as our hosts habitually set forth, it is always fun to cruise with them.

(Continued on Page Two)



(Continued from Page One)

Back up on the bridge we could see the smoke of the mail boat and ferry which runs from Charlevoix to St. James, Beaver Island, she was coming up slowly from our starboard quarter, further over and almost abeam, a sail could be made out, and another five or six miles away, headed toward St. James harbor. A plume of spray fanned astern of a low, fast running power boat, heading the same way. This craft turned out to be a high powered high speed Coast Guard craft commuting with the Island harbor.

St. James harbor lying at the northern end of the twenty mile long island would this evening be a busy place, teeming with the many interesting craft. This proved later to be the case. As we passed the harbor light after rounding the channel buoy, we formed part of a regular procession of craft of all sizes entering this beautiful little circular harbor.

Each boat in turn, either dropped her hook, or as they chose hunted for dock space. We elected to swing at the anchor a piece off shore. In no time at all the dinghy was in use ferrying some ashore, others of our crew choosing to fish or just lounge on deck, in the quiet and beauty of the evening.

With dusk the lights of the harbor craft and the village mingled. The smells of the clean wooded land and the harbor, quiet and calm, the cooking odors from the many galleys and the sounds, strange and familiar, which are always changing and at variance in any harbor, lent an atmosphere to be remembered by all.

St. James is a story book town in itself, with its history of Mormon occupation, and its exciting past, when King Strang ruled the island, the only Monarch, the only Kingdom ever actually to exist within the territorial boundaries of the United States. Our Club burgee travels further than many of us know from our snug little Yacht Club on Omena Bay.

Carry the colors long and far "Lone Star" — good sailing!

Commodore Paul G. Hill,  
Omena - Traverse Yacht Club.

### RACING PLANS.

Crammy Finn Sr., sent out cards to each member of the Yachting, Racing and Boating Committee for suggestions for the 1953 season and received two replies. News items regarding activities and plans for the summer of many of the boat owners indicate that only a few will be here for the start of the summer. Therefore, it was felt that any definite plans should be delayed until members arrive who are ready to sail. At that time, those who are present may take steps to schedule the races and inform the rest of the plans made so that additional participants may be rounded up for Saturday afternoon races if they arrive in Omena for a week-end and can make arrangements to participate.

Do not jump into the dinghy; it isn't built to "take it".

Send in your news items—It will  
make the paper more interesting.

### MEMBREEZE

By Joanne Roth

In January, Mary and Bill Huff became the proud parents of little Bobbie Huff. The three Huffs are now living at 105 Woodstock Avenue, Clarendon Hills, Illinois. They plan to be in Omena for two weeks this summer, visiting Mary's parents, the Moore's. Mary said Mr. and Mrs. Ayars were their first guests.

Alice and John Linn have high hopes, (the Air Force willing), of being in Omena for a week in July.

The Dale Underwoods will not be in Omena this summer, we are sorry to report.

Perk Smith was in Cincinnati staying with Tom and Martha the end of March, enroute home from Washington, D. C.

Vin Moore and his family have moved into a new house in Santa Monica, California. Vin is on the teaching staff at the University of California in L. A. — assistant professor in Urology.

Jonnie Rule Hodgson and husband Hank have moved to New York City where he has finally landed after traveling all fall for Alcoa. In the meantime Jonnie had been running a nursery school in Cincinnati.

Len DeVore and Carol are settled in San Diego, and fast turning into native Californians. He is with National Cash Register there. Dave and Ruth DeVore returned from two months' visit out there, and now John, Readie, Barbie and I leave April 19 to drive out and see them. A 500 mile trip to Omena will seem like nothing after we've made this trip.

Janie Basler visited in Suttons Bay in April. Sister Betty and husband Jim Fairbank are now residing in Ancon, Panama Canal Zone — a long way from Ingalls Bay.

Addresses: Mary Moore Huff, 105 Woodstock Avenue, Clarendon Hills, Illinois.

Leonard H. DeVore, 941 Wilbour Avenue, San Diego, California.

The Humphrey Jacksons week-ended in Omena over April 25 and 26th.

When the Michigan Council of Teachers of Mathematics holds its annual conference early in May at St. Mary's Lake, the presiding officer will be President Humphrey Jackson. A history of the organization, written by Mr. Jackson, appears in the March issue of *The Mathematics Teacher*.

April 2 — The Waldo Abbots just returned from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, where they had their winter dose of swimming and salt water. The Gulf Stream is very much warmer than Grand Traverse Bay, they report. On the way down they stopped in Jackson, Georgia, to visit Martha and Bill Feeley, who were taking care of Bill and Rhodie's children while the younger generation enjoyed Florida. Martha and Bill will be ready for a vacation at Omena by the time young Bill returns.

While in Ft. Lauderdale, the Abbots saw Kitty Smith and Addie, their two dogs and two cats. The animals pose a problem for Kitty, for when migrating to Michigan, motels do not qualify as animal tents. Kitty and Addie expect to be in Omena early for the whole summer.

Waldo is running music festivals in connection with the University of Michigan radio programs in the northern part of Michigan and expects to pay Omena an early visit around May 11 for three or four days. They will return for the summer about Memorial Day.

Waldo Jr., and his family will be up in July. Phiscilla and her husband and child Peter expect to be in Omena early in August. Priscilla has bought a home in Downers Grove, Illinois. Marie's husband, Dr. Jackson, has been very ill having spent a week in an oxygen tent. Their plans are not definite at the present.

Dick and Helen Simmons, our annual visitors, have spent March and April in Honolulu, but will be back in Omena later in August for a season-end visit.

Mrs. Abbot's brother has a 48-foot cruiser which he took down to Florida, and we made some over-night trips on the ocean and inland waterway. If he can be induced to cruise from New York to Omena, we may have him tied up at the O. T. Y. C. dock.

Waldo Abbot.

Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Bauer just returned to Sarasota from a four day trip to Miami. They plan to leave for Omena, May 10.

Dr. and Mrs. Pike plan to be in Omena to do a bit of gardening April 18 to 25.

Andy and Marjorie Renz drove to Point Clear, Alabama, and were the first to pay their 1953 dues to the O. T. Y. C. as they wanted to have their membership cards with them and hoped to visit some yacht clubs at Mobile on the way to New Orleans.

Newest arrival in the Halbert White clan is Emily Celeste White, who has come to live with Halbert Jr., Lynn and Emily.

The beautifully appointed dining room Willow Brook Inn is "For Sale". Having accommodations for over-night guests and a superb reputation for fine food, this centrally located Inn in Northport will be under new management if the present owners find a buyer.

Crammy Finn Jr. has edited the College Column in this issue of *The Breeze*.

The Paul Hills spent part of March in Florida.

Mrs. Edith Heidrick spent several weeks in Texas following the Christmas Holidays.

Dave and Ruth DeVore left in the middle of January for California for an indefinite stay in La Jolla where son Leonard and his wife are now living. Leonard was released by the Navy in the middle of October after completing two years of active service.

May Griffin and Stella Newman left December 15 for California where they winter with May's daughter and grandchildren at Santa Barbara.

Country roads have many  
curves, although most of them  
are in parked cars.

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## THE OMENA-TRAVERSE YACHT CLUB BREEZE

OMENA, MICHIGAN

Editor ..... Humphrey C. Jackson  
Reporters ..... Horace Wheeler  
Mary Helen Ayars

Other articles are signed by the  
contributing members.

### HIGH SCHOOL HIGHLIGHTS.

By Mary Helen Ayars.

During the first three weeks of summer vacation, Margie and Betsy Lyon plan to travel out to catch a glimpse of the Grand Canyon. When they do arrive in Omena you'll see Margie driving around in her new light blue and white Chevrolet.

Sub Barker's college choice seems to be favoring Mary Baldwin for next fall.

Jim and David Jackson plan to attend summer school in Grosse Pointe until August first. Jim wants to take Band again next fall and hopes to lighten his load by taking English VII this summer. David hopes to learn to type and will caddy at one of the local golf clubs when not swimming at the Woods Park on Lake St. Clair.

We are happy to learn that Holly Renz is going to be in the Omena crowd, starting the first of July, for the entire summer. For the past two years Holly attended camp for several weeks at Jackson Hole, Wyoming. This winter Holly spent a month boarding at Pine Crest school in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

"Cheri" Milroy will arrive in Michigan around the last of June.

Rai Smith has joined the Columbia Yacht Club, and will be racing "Smitty" during the last part of April and May on Sundays. The seventeenth of June will find Rai racing to start the summer in Omena.

During the Spring Vacation Mary Helen Ayars is taking a trip visiting colleges. After a two weeks' visit with sister Alice, Mary Helen expects to be in Omena to help open their summer home.

Judy Pike spent a week in Los Angeles, visiting relatives. She flew via Capital Airlines alone and had a wonderful time.

Gary Keye called David Jackson on the phone during Spring Vacation when he was visiting his cousin Helder in Mount Pleasant.

Jim Jackson visited Michigan State College the week-end of April 24th, staying at Shaw Hall, where J. Crampton Finn Jr., lives. There are about 700 men housed in this wing of the dorm. While at East Lansing he and his classmate, Chuck Liddle, toured the campus.

Bill Renz attended the Bowl Game in Florida on New Year's Day.

Bill Livingston has improved his facilities for handling larger boats at Northport. Be sure to visit him and see them for yourself.

**HOYTS**  
**DRUGS AND SUNDRIES**  
**SUTTONS BAY**

## COLLEGE COLUMN.

By Crammy Finn Jr.

Tom Morse has finished his Air Force Basic Training at Sampson in New York and is now in Texas starting his pilot training.

Jane Morse hopes to graduate from Smith this June and is planning her wedding to Bob Saxton for June 27.

Bill Renz has pledged Sigma Chi at the University of Alabama. Bill has been to New Orleans and home to Cincinnati several times this year.

Crammy Finn Jr., has oral examinations coming up and is hoping to complete his Master's at Michigan State in June so he can begin to work on his Ph. D., at UCLA in July. He plans specialization in biochemistry and phytohormones.

Craig Smith graduates from Northwestern in June and then becomes a Regular Marine, making it his career.

Joe Harrison, now a "plebe" at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, writes that life as a Plebe is rough as he has very little time to do the things he would like to do. "After three years at Purdue it was quite a blow to my ego to start again as a Freshman. The routine was very dull and uninteresting and very strenuous."

"The Academy has quite a sailing fleet, and the Midshipmen are really interested. Included in our fleet here are some thirty Dinghies, thirty Knockabouts (similar to Stars), twelve Class B Yawls, and four Class A boats. The Dinghy sailors comprise a regular athletic team and have intercollegiate races in the spring and fall. The Yawls take part in the weekly Chesapeake Bay activities as do the Class A boats.

"In the fall interest shifts to football games and liberty. For a plebe there is nothing to do but pray for the time to go by quickly. Christmas leave helps to relieve the strain.

"Now that summer is approaching and our Brigade is going to South America for a cruise, we are looking forward with enthusiasm to an interesting experience".

## OMENA-TRAVERSE YACHT CLUB

### REPORT OF TREASURER

January 1, 1952, to December 31, 1952.

(Detailed report appeared in December, 1952, issue of Breeze)

January 1, 1952, Cash on hand .....	938.28
Receipts .....	1,639.06
	2,622.94

Expenditures .....	2,029.70
December 31, 1952, Cash on hand .....	592.64
	2,622.94

1953 Membership Cards are available upon payment of Dues — Regular 10.00  
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Stewart V. Ayars, Treasurer.

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## THE GREEN UMBRELLA.

By May Griffin.

To some people, umbrellas are "de trop", to others necessary equipment. Whatever their color they do come in handy at times. This particular umbrella is green and very beautiful to behold.

Given as a Christmas gift, it traveled east by parcel-post from California, arriving at destination just in time to be unwrapped. The recipient of the umbrella had packed her trunk and it had gone on to its western destination.

Strange to relate, the green umbrella was now to retrace its journey, back from whence it came, not in a box or trunk, but carried by the hand of the new owner.

All went well. It made the trip from hotel to taxi, taxi to station, station to compartment. Then retired to a recess in the closet of the compartment, where it enjoyed two nights of undisturbed solitude. It certainly reveled in the trip, so much in fact, that when the new owner alighted at Pasadena, the green umbrella, hidden in the dark recesses, chose to go on to Los Angeles to complete the trip alone.

Only when someone in the party mentioned rain the night before, was thought given to the "weather stick". Then followed a quick phone call to the Union Station in L. A., and a personally conducted tour by auto to the station to retrieve "the itinerant", where it was found safe and sound and as green as California itself.

I guess it just wanted to return to the place where things are always green. It was a quick trip and not unlike the recent jaunt taken by our president-elect to Korea. There and back again and I hope with good results for all concerned.

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OMENA, MICHIGAN

Note from Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling by Charles F. Chapman.

"Open sailboats up to 18 feet in length should be regarded as rowboats under sail". If using a sailboat at night one "may simply show a white light", although, "they may show a lantern having a green slide on one side and a red slide on the other", and show a "white light on approach of another vessel".

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## Breeze from Omena

By Horace Wheeler

The song birds are fast returning to Omena after a comparatively open Winter behind us. The winter tranquility was brightened over New Year's week-end by the visit of George, Helen and Carolyn Smith, and on several other week-ends by visits of our neighbors, the Melvin Pikes.

The Saturday Night Supper Club meetings of the Finn's, Foltz's, Wheeler's and Myrtle Fouts, have continued to bring many happy evenings to this group of Club members.

The Carmichaels spent the winter at their Omena home, and I am happy to report that Hector is holding his own. Both he and Jessie are looking forward to seeing their many friends return for the summer. Flo and I helped them celebrate their 45th wedding anniversary last January 26th.

The Theral Smiths and Van Pelts have returned from their Florida vacation.

Mary and Ben Foltz have just returned from another Chicago jaunt on pleasure and business. They spent the Thanksgiving-Christmas holidays with Mary's brother, Fred Schaefer, in Youngstown, Ohio.

Crampton and Marion Finn sojourned to New York City to greet their new granddaughter, Cynthia. They had the unique experience of appearing on a radio give-away program which sweetened up the trip.

Nancy Jo Wheeler has been appointed Chairman of the "Annual Spring Exhibition" of the Three Arts' Club of Chicago.

Omena has had its annual Spring clean-up and the Club House looks mighty inviting across the Bay, and we natives are only awaiting the return of all our friends.

### WEEK-END AT OMENA.

Jane, David and I drove to Ann Arbor, Friday, April 24th, where we visited Jane's mother and aunt. I attended the annual "Schoolmasters Club" meetings held at the Rackham Graduate School of the University of Michigan.

We left for Omena after the meetings, arriving just about dark. While the day had started out sunny and fairly warm, it began to cloud up and was raining as we entered Leelanau County.

After stopping at Ernie Barths for groceries, we eagerly drove on to our cabin in the woods, where after a warm bowl of soup we rolled up in our bunks for a good night's rest, lulled to sleep by the rain on the roof.

Next morning between showers, exploratory trips were made down the beach, where it was discovered that the water in the Bay is about 18 inches lower than last fall. One can walk nicely along Ingalls Bay this year for there is about twelve feet of sand between the water and the bank.

We found a single grape hyacinth blooming by Mrs. Heidricks cottage and the view of the Bay seemed much clearer from her cottage as much undergrowth has been cut out.

Mr. Sutcliffe has planted row after row of pine seedlings along Meadow Lane leading into the Mack and Jackson cottages.

Bob Barth reported that the Fletts were in Omena for the week-end.

Horace Wheeler gave us a welcome at the Post Office and mentioned that the Whites were up and doing some decorating at their cottage, and that Nancy Jo was home for the week-end.

Miles Kimmerly seemed glad to see me when I popped in while he was starting a fire in the stove.

George Smith was reported in Omena; we just missed him as he left for Traverse City early Saturday morning.

Visited K. Gus Smarey, our printer at Suttons Bay, where last minute plans for the copy of this issue of the Breeze were discussed, and a print of the cut of Joe Alcorn's "Lone Star" was made.

While stopping at Wilbur Sutcliffes, for water, I received a "biting welcome" from Bert, their Doberman Pinscher, as she grabbed my left ankle and gave me a good shake. A visit to the barn to see the newborn lambs was most interesting. They have around 90 sheep, counting the lambs. One ewe had triplets and there were quite a number of twins. Lambs are marked with metal tabs in their ears to identify them as twins or triplets and are most appealing at six weeks.

Saw Frank Anderson at Northport. They expect to be at their summer home on Ingalls Bay most of the summer.

The Lynns, next to the Andersons, expect to be in Omena this summer.

Bill Livingston showed us the results of his work of the winter — a detailed story of which occurs in a special article written for the Breeze by Bill.

Although the rain stayed for nearly all the time we were in Omena, there was a brief hour at dinner time when the sun came out.

It was with regret that we left Sunday morning to return to the city and the everyday busy life we lead there. We found peace and joy at Echwood. The quiet of the woods in April, the rolling of the waves on the beach, the patter of the rain on the roof, all make our "Woodland Sanctuary" a heaven on earth to us.

Humphrey C. Jackson.

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Kitty Calvert Smith,  
622 Northeast 16th Terrace,  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

Mrs. Hazel Taylor,  
200 Far-view Road,  
Akron 12, Ohio.

J. Crampton Finn Jr.,  
210 East Shaw Hall,  
Michigan State College,  
East Lansing, Michigan.

Famous last words: Hand me a cigarette, please. I'm too tired to get out of bed.

### THESE THINGS I REMEMBER —

The meaning of Leelanau —  
"Land of Delight"  
The feeling of freedom  
as it comes into sight.  
The blue of the water  
as seen in the Bay,  
The whitecaps a rolling in shore  
night and day.  
The scent in the woods  
of the evergreen trees.  
The touch of refreshingly  
cool summer breeze.  
The gulls floating gracefully  
high in the air.  
The clouds drifting by  
as if free from all care.  
The dawn of a new day  
with sunrise serene.  
The joy of the sunshine  
so bright, warm and clean.  
The feel of warm sand  
on my feet on the beach.  
The pert chickadees  
on a branch within reach.  
The row on the Bay  
in the twilight so still.  
The sound of the loon  
giving evening a thrill.  
The rise of a silvery moon  
o'er the Bay,  
The dance of the flames  
of a campfire so gay.  
The howl of a gale  
blowing high overhead.  
The tap of raindrops on the roof  
when in bed.  
The walk through the woods  
in the cool summer shade.  
The sunset's bright colors  
as quickly they fade.  
The crackle of burning wood  
in the fireplace.  
The tug of the wind on the sail  
in a race.  
The thrill and the fun  
of a quick moonlight dip.  
The drive to Omena  
for a swift week-end trip.  
The O. T. Y. C.  
and the good times had there,  
The pot-lucks and dances  
and sails we all share.  
The getting together  
for friendly affairs.  
The spell of Omena,  
forgetting our cares.  
By Humphrey C. Jackson.

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