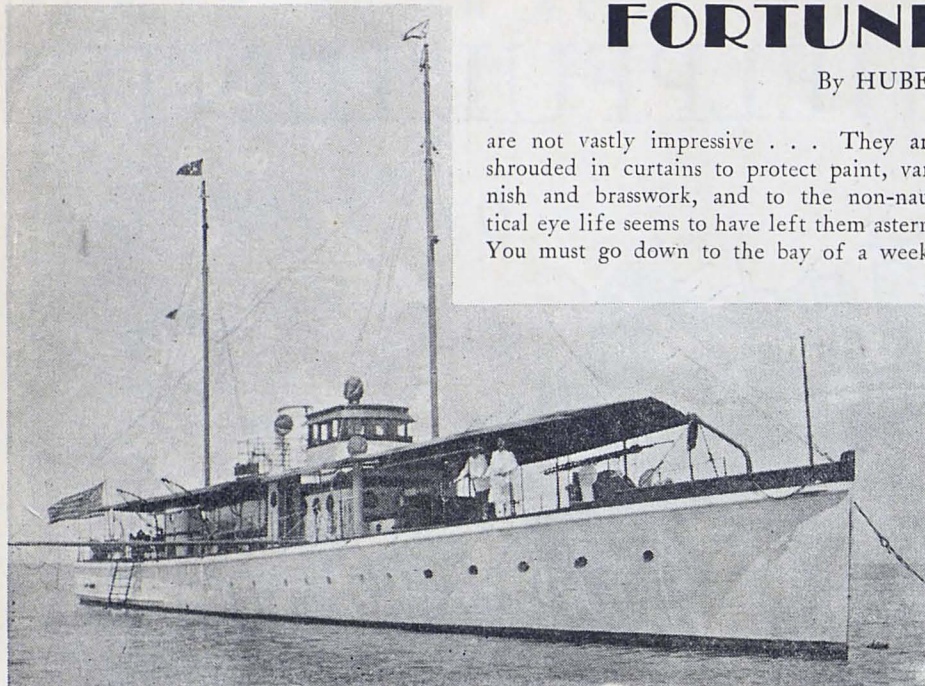


FORTUNES AFLOAT

By HUBERT ROUSSEL



Arthur C. Burton's SEBONAC, largest yacht of the Houston fleet, which docks at the Turning Basin along with the ocean steamers.

ONE of the city's most prominent business men has a cousin who farms upstate. A couple of weeks back, having bought a new car, the cousin made his first visit to Houston. He was taken to lunch at the business man's club, and as they started to part for the afternoon, he remarked that he'd like to look over the city a bit. After some diffident hemming and hawing, he admitted he wanted to see Millionaires' Row. The business man sent him to Harrisburg.

"There's a bridge as you enter the place," he instructed. "After you cross it get out of your car, turn to the left, and walk along the bank of the stream. There's plenty to keep you amused."

Five o'clock came and the cousin returned to the office. He was mad to the core and showed it.

"Well," said his host, "how'd you like Millionaires' Row?"

"Listen here, Frank," snapped the cousin, "I admit I'm a yokel and all that, but I never thought you'd be the one to play jokes on a man from the country. You know, I suppose, that there's nothing out there but a little old crick . . . and some old boats sunk in the water."

"Ah, no," said his host. "Didn't you notice some large white boats?"

"Yes, of course . . . but what of that?"

"Well," said the man of affairs, "that's Millionaires' Row . . . I ought to know it, my lad, because I used to own one of those boats myself."

* * *

IF you see them alongside their docks in the quiet waters adjacent to Harrisburg, it is true that the city's large yachts

are not vastly impressive . . . They are shrouded in curtains to protect paint, varnish and brasswork, and to the non-nautical eye life seems to have left them astern. You must go down to the bay of a week-

as a yacht. She is 127½ feet long, has a 17½ foot beam, and draws 6½ feet of water. In addition to a large dining salon on deck, she has three double-staterooms with full-sized beds, two bathrooms, four single staterooms, various nooks for reading, writing and lounging, and quarters to take care of a crew of eight. Needless to say, she is furnished in luxurious style. Mr. Burton purchased the boat about six years ago through Cox & Stevens, the New York brokers, and now keeps her in a berth at the Turning Basin, because she draws too much water to get into the bayou at Harrisburg.

* * *

THE *Sebonac* herself offers a little sidelight on the cost of yachting which ought to be helpful to the people who dream about owning "a regular boat." She is a twin-screw craft and at first she was equipped with a couple of big gas engines. On the trip from New York to Houston, after Mr. Burton had bought her, she burned 12,000 gallons of gasoline, which means that at the present price her fuel bill would have been \$2,880, exclusive of oil. Let us add that on getting her here Mr. Burton quickly replaced the old motors with Diesel engines, cutting his fuel expense greatly and giving the *Sebonac* a cruising radius of about 3,000 miles. She now has a speed of 12 knots and is ready to sail at a moment's notice for any port from Anahuac to Singapore. Mr. Burton uses her mostly to go hunting and fishing in the waters around Port Aransas. In the summer of 1928, however, when the Lipton Cup races were sailed at St. Petersburg, Fla., the *Sebonac* went gallivanting over

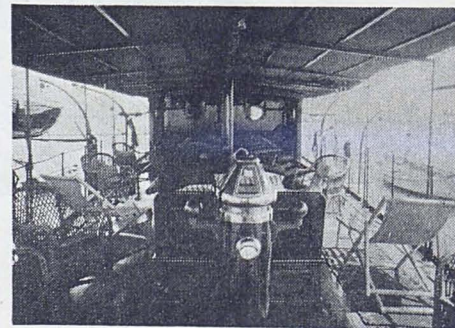
end . . . and manage to get out in the Channel at that . . . if you want to see "Millionaires' Row" when it shows to the greatest advantage.

As a matter of fact, it is almost entitled to the name furnished it by the prominent business man. He spoke from the depths of experience. Everything else may sooner or later be offered the public on Easy Terms, but a century of two hence the business of big-time yachting will still belong solely to those who can order for cash.

* * *

HOUSTON has come along smartly as a center of boating in the past five years. There are now scattered between Harrisburg and the Yacht Club at least fifteen or twenty swank cruisers which measure better than forty feet, and which offer to owners and guests all the sweet luxury that is generally found in a fine home. You can amuse yourself guessing the cost . . . and don't be afraid to say millions as though they were thousands. Perhaps it will help you a little to know that J. P. Morgan, the daddy of yachting in the United States, has just finished launching his latest nautical trinket . . . the fourth yacht to be named *Corsair* . . . This one is 343 feet long, cost \$2,500,000, and will have an operating budget of \$500,000 a year. The ordinary millionaire could probably afford one of its dories.

The most eye-filling yacht around Houston at present is Arthur C. Burton's *Sebonac*. She was started by the government in 1918, to be used as a submarine chaser. The war ended, however, before she was ready for service, and she was sold to a New York millionaire who fitted her out



The SEBONAC's after deck . . . especially adapted for comfort in Southern waters.

the gulf to that city, bearing the crews from the Houston Yacht Club. That is a trip that is still talked about proudly by those who were lucky enough to go.

* * *

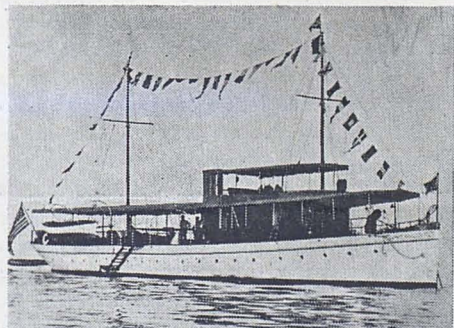
FULLY as swank in her way, and almost as large as the Burton craft, is the twin-screw gasoline yacht *Augusta*, owned by Camille G. Pillot and one of the best

known boats in the gulf. She is a Houston product, built by the Nelson Shipyard in 1912, and is 103 feet from stem to stern. She has four staterooms, an elaborate owner's suite, and carries a crew of three men. Among the various costly gadgets aboard is a special system for cooling the two 125-horsepower motors, without using the water from channel or bay, which is likely to be muddy or corrode the metal. The *Augusta* carries 100 gallons of fresh water in tanks, and after it passes through the motors it is cooled by running through a copper tube laid on the keel. In spite of her size she draws only about five feet, and is able to go out of the channel with ease.

She has made numerous offshore cruises. In 1915 the owner's son, Norman Pillot, took her to Cuba on a honeymoon voyage, and during the war she was used by the government along with the old *Inola*, owned by Haywood Nelms, to patrol the gulf waters between the Sabine River and Freeport. For part of the time one of her officers was Ensign Norman Pillot, who felt a bit strange treading her decks without giving the final commands. He was also aboard the *Augusta* on a certain memorable Sunday in 1915, when she ran into the approaching hurricane that devastated Galveston, Houston and most of the country around. She was then in the gulf, on her way back from a trip to Port Aransas. The late Capt. Jack O'Neil tried to make Freeport, but was unable to cross the wave-lashed bar, and battled a 65-mile wind all the way in to Morgan's Point. On that day the *Augusta* distinguished herself as a sea-boat. Had she come along twenty-four hours later, she would now be furnishing toothpicks for Davy Jones.

* * *

TH**ERE** are no other yachts around town that measure up to these two in size, but if you want to talk about speed and swankness, you can find enough worthy



The *Southern Breeze*, owned by L. A. Layne, is one of the most beautiful boats ever brought into the Ship Channel.

material to fill a couple of books with ease. Back about 1921 Mr. Burton bought a beautiful Eastern yacht, the *Northwind*, which he kept until 1924 and sold to Jerry Mitchell. This boat is now owned by L.

(Continued on page 26)

July 5 IS THE DAY

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Thru the Porthole

(Continued from page 5)

short-call man at the Paramount studios in New York City. He is a rapid composer . . . often scored silents in a couple of days . . . and after the talkies came along he was used to write incidental music, to bolster up any weak spots in the dialogue. In the earlier talkies there was plenty of work of this sort.

All told, the Paramount camera men covering the Byrd expedition took about 70 reels of film. It was up to the studio cutters to select the best stuff from this batch and get it into a total of five or six reels. They had a terrible time, of course. One man would fall in love with an ice-berg scene . . . would insist upon putting it in . . . another would argue that the space belonged rightly to a picture of the Admiral shaving. Officials of Paramount, certain they had the money-making film of a century, rushed about wildly giving orders to people . . . learning the meaning of "penguin" and words like that.

When it came to the musical score they were badly at sea. Somebody tried and failed. Then in the ninth inning they sent for Carbonara and told him to finish the job. They wanted a "March of the Penguins" . . . because they had a lot of funny pictures of arctic birds . . . and some music to go with the sea lions. He knocked them both off in a day, giving the bassoon players the burden of making the penguins click. He was just getting his hat to go home when a worried official rushed into his office.

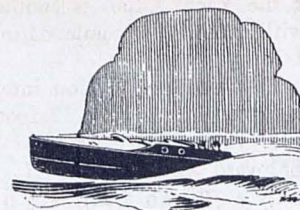
"Wait a minute," he shouted at Carbonara. "We've forgotten the whales entirely! We've promised the picture for tomorrow, and we haven't a whale song in the house. What can you give us in a couple of hours? Quick, man! Think about whales, sperm, blubber, corsets . . . anything."

Carbonara sat down at the piano and thought. In less than an hour he had written a mighty crescendo theme-song, which you will hear in the picture whenever the whales appear.

Fortunes Afloat

(Continued from page 9)

A. Layne, who is changing her name to the *Southern Breeze*. She is a palatial craft, and because of her lines she looks even larger than the mighty *Sebonac* when she is forging along. Mr. Layne, who long has been a speed demon on the water, has the typical ideas that go with a yacht of this sort. In the fall, we hear, he is planning to take the boat over to the Louisiana coast, anchor in some choice hunting location, and then commute between Houston and the *Southern Breeze* by means of a Sikorsky amphibian airplane. And that, we submit, is somethin'.



You can run through a long list of fine yachts that measure better than fifty feet . . . the able *Virginia*, now owned by George R. Christie and Will Hobby; the well-used *Grenada*, belonging to Hogg brothers; the *Mary Ann*, on which Alexander Smith is wont to take lucky friends out to the reefs for fishing; and so on for yards of space. They are all beautiful, stately boats . . . the sort of which Tessie and her young man dream as they stand behind button and necktie counters . . . or maybe sit punching a typewriter as we are doing at this moment.

* * *

ONE of the things that has rather damaged the market for large yachts in Houston is the distance from here to big water. From Harrisburg to the gulf is at least 45 miles, so that a boat making 12 knots an hour takes close to four hours to complete the trip under the most favorable channel conditions. If you then plan to go on the fishing banks, there is still plenty of travel ahead. By the time you are ready to start fishing you have spent the best part of a day. It is a leisurely trip, and to the men who own yachts the matter of time is a thing to be figured in dollars.

Thus the speed cruiser, smaller but equally fine, is rapidly becoming the aqueous "wagon" of millionaires. Fifteen years ago a motor boat measuring less than fifty feet seldom represented an outlay of more than forty or fifty thousand; nowadays a boat of the same size . . . but not the same shape . . . is likely to cost five or six times as much. The additional cost doesn't come in the hull, which you can still buy for a reasonable price! it comes in the fittings and the power that is put into the hull.

* * *

ONE of the latest boats of this type to make its appearance in local waters is the redoubtable *Breakaway*, owned by Will Moody III of Houston and Galveston, which is just getting into its second season. Although it is only 42 feet long, it carries two 500-horsepower Liberty motors, which kick it along about 28 miles an hour. Mrs. Mellie Esperson Stewart owns another boat of this type, the *Hannah Marie*, and if you go down to Harrisburg you are likely to find her out painting the deck. The *Hannah Marie* is still smaller . . . 38 feet . . . but has a 400-horse Liberty which sends it along at the speed of an automobile. C. Milby Dow's *Ranger* is a 50-foot yacht that can show its stern to most of the others around town, and the *Maroneal*, owned by J. W. Neal, which

berths at the Yacht Club, is another fast cruiser with splendid accommodations for a boat of its size.

In this class, one of the most interesting craft is the *Gray Goose*, a 32-foot commuter type cruiser, built last year at the Elliott Shipyard for Lindsey H. Dunn. She has only a 30-inch draft, which makes it possible to go into very shallow water, and carries a 225-horse-power motor that sends her along at 25 miles an hour. She has a beautiful pilot house, finished in buff with red trimmings, and her main cabin is done in a soft blue with buff ceiling. She has almost the speed of a runabout, and still carries her own galley, water tanks, sleeping equipment, and everything necessary for a long cruise. Her maiden trip took her to Port O'Connor, and she has made numerous runs to the fishing grounds.

* * *

AND so it goes . . . on and on through a collection of fine metal and wood . . . a collection that fires the imagination of the salaried landlubber, and makes him vow hotly to go out and get a million of his own. Of course you can buy boats without having a million . . . there are plenty of nice little runabouts that cost less than a thousand, and cruisers that come at from five thousand up, provided you are willing to be satisfied with a reasonable speed. But the big yachts . . . ah, the big yachts! They are the It Girls of the nautical world. They will always be loved, cherished and carefully planned by the men who drag outboard skiffs to the bay-shore behind automobiles with a couple of notes still due.

The Liberal Tide

(Continued from page 6)

will finally find themselves as painfully and irreconcilably divided as have been the Democrats for the past ten years and more.

* * *

OH, yes, Mr. Morrow, whether it be his desire or not, will do yeoman service for the cause of Prohibition reform, and, it may very well be, for the cause of the Democracy itself. For, besides constituting a tremendous point at issue within the ranks of the enemy, has he not also raised the revered Democratic standard of states' rights higher than it has been uplifted since the might of the North humbled it into the dust in '65? Surely, the Democrats will not be fools enough to let the Republicans, even with a Morrow leading them, make off with their most sacred issue in any such fashion. Rather, if their wits are at all about them, they can capitalize the conversion of a great enemy chieftain to the utmost, while reasserting their own original championship.

But to do so, the Democrats will have to find a Liberal to match Morrow's stature.

Al, though he could do it in his own unique way, is no longer a possibility. The disabilities which accompanied his great abilities, and for which he was but little to blame, have been proven too great for any Liberal candidate to bear in the present mental state of the nation. Besides, in an interesting interview, in which we discovered a personality fully as dynamic, as fascinating, as we had expected, we found also an embittered man, whose preoccupation with the bigotry and injustice of the forces that were raised against him has definitely obscured his vision of the future promise and needs of a militant, Liberal Democracy. Other leading possibilities which suggest themselves, in the order of their apparent availability are "Bert" Ritchie, three times governor of the Maryland Free State, Owen Young, Franklin Roosevelt and Jim Reed. Ritchie has all the Smith virtues, with none of his handicaps. A thorough-going, sincere Liberal, whose whole political philosophy is based upon an uncompromising application of the states' rights principle, he has shown himself a successful vote-getter and able administrator second only to Al himself. He is a Protestant, a Southern gentleman of the cultured, courteous old school, who has yet known how to win the confidence and affection of the common people. He is running for reelection to his fourth term as governor this fall and if he sur-

vives that most critical test of his career, he is sure to loom very large as the man of the hour for '32.

Owen Young unquestionably rates second, if not first consideration, though he has not yet revealed, or had revealed, the essential facts of his character or convictions. Those who know him say he is also a true Liberal, despite his close connection with great corporate interests. Franklin Roosevelt has been a distinct disappointment as Al's successor in Albany, but his friends contend that he is simply biding his time to disclose a brand of boldness in no way inferior to that of Al himself . . . Jim Reed might be standing at the head, instead of the foot, of this select list, had it not been for the manner in which he equivocated here in Houston in '28 . . . Recent utterances seem to indicate that he is his old, fire-eating, intrepid self again, for which the Democracy may be duly grateful.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty."

There is the big matter of the moment. America seems to have awaked at last to the extent and value of the liberties she has already lost through the neglect of her citizens. Let us get out of this depressing morass of tyranny, prejudice and stupidity with all possible dispatch. Happily, the means is almost immediately at hand. The opportunity must not be lost.

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