

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB FUNCTIONS



SMUGGLERS' COVE, SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA

WHEN Claude G. Putnam, commercial artist, returned from a cruise to San Clemente Island, undertaken in the cause of science—a search for the eggs of the "Wocfel Bird"—he found not only the door of the studio but the adjoining wall space covered with ribald jests, such as:

"I can see no mirth in your
Hobnailed mirth
Nor the folt head jest
That you did."

—R. Kipling.

Plenty of ivory above your shoulders, why the unnecessary hunt?

"You ham and egger,
You low down sot
Out jazzing around
In your wreck of a yacht."

—Woodyard Kindling.

"Dese fella Put—
He dunno what
Cep sail upon de dregs,
Leave work in lurch
To go mek search
Fer Wocfel Boidsie eggs."

Now Put, says he—
Eggs—ivory,
Whad's laid by deza boid,
Bud whad de He—ll,
Now who can tell
Dey may be celluloid."

Next time you look for an Ivory egg—
use a looking glass.

Put, the Nut—he never permits business to interfere:
with the sailing game.

AINT POETRY GRAND!

You Tell 'em

"Would to God I had
Half the nerve of this Galahad—
See how he flings his business down,
For a ten day crusade out of town,
What does he care for his Lady Fair
Or the customers hanging around?
Their wails can't reach beyond the beach
When the Commodore takes the Sound,
He'll dare the roof of the sacred Woolf
In the farthest seas of spoof
And we'll be waiting yet through sun and wet
When his ship comes out the blue
For if its the "Put" that once we know
He'll have the Ivory too."

SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND FROM A YACHT

By JOSEPH ALLAN BEEK,
Port Captain, N. H. Y. C.

TO step aboard your own good ship; to speed over the smooth surface of a sheltered bay while your motor hums a quiet tune; to find yourself, a few minutes later, rolling buoyantly over the ground swells and hauling up your sails in a freshening breeze; to sail the lee rail under while the spray flies back and the scuppers run full of foam, and at the end of a few short watches to heave to close under the rugged cliffs of one of the least inhabited, least frequented but most interesting islands of the wonderful Pacific; such would have been your experience had you been a member of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club and had your yacht been one of those which recently visited San Clemente Island.

Leaving Balboa at ten o'clock on a bright

Sunday morning, a fleet composed of the steam yacht "Louise," the cruisers "Norfolk" and "Albacore" and the yachts "Joy," "Mary," "Carrollie" and "Rana" put to sea on the first cruise of the season. The "Louise" proceeded direct to San Clemente while the rest of the fleet went by way of Catalina Island, spending a night at Avalon en route. A clear sky and a stiff breeze made the first day's run a delightful one for the yachts. Keeping in sight of each other they were able to exchange code signals and reach their anchorage at Avalon together. Weighing anchor at four o'clock the next morning, sunrise found them well away from Catalina, with the rough profile of San Clemente looming up to starboard. The sea over which the little fleet made its way was one of glassy smoothness, from which the island rose like the modeling on a relief map, each crag, each pinnacle and each canyon so clearly discernible as to form an illusion of

a painted island in a painted ocean. By noon the southeast point had been rounded, anchorage found in the shelter of Smuggler's Cove, and the work of making camp begun.

Smuggler's Cove is an open bight which faces southward. It is bordered by one of the very few sandy beaches of the island, and is afforded shelter from southwesterly winds by a rocky bluff that runs well out to sea. Its one objectionable feature is the difficulty of getting to and from the beach. The surf, while not so heavy as that usually running on the mainland beaches, was at times strong enough to upset an eighteen foot dory and toss small yacht tenders end over end on to the sand. However, even the smallest punts in the fleet negotiated it successfully, the nine foot "Rana's Pup" going through frequently and the "Carrollie's" eight foot tender "Income" making several trips.

Fishing, exploring and picture taking were the sports most enjoyed. The fishing was so good as to tax the fisherman's traditional powers of exaggeration. Everyone got all the fish and abalones he could eat and knew that he might have all he could carry away by simply going after them.

The island, which is used as a sheep ranch by the San Clemente Sheep Company, is barred to visitors except those to whom the company has given written permission to land. Armed, mounted guards are maintained to protect the company's property against marauders. These guards are all dead shots and are under instructions to shoot.

Geographically and geologically San Clemente Island is extremely interesting. There is a charm about its desolation and fascination about the wonderful colors of its flower-clad hill sides and cave-riddled cliffs. Viewed from the deck of a yacht the island seems to derive its color from the rocks themselves. Closer inspection proves that much of it is obtained from mesembryanthemum, which carpets hundreds of acres with rich shades of green, brown and lavender.

Wind erosion has worked strange artistry with the rocks. Especially is this true on the southeast end of the island, where canyons in clear white sand-stone are marked by pyramids and pedestals of harder rock, scarred and serrated by the action of wind and sand. One such pedestal suggests a baseball bat with a dozen soup plates balanced on it, another looks for all the world like a white piano stool with a plate of black coconuts on the seat, while others have shapes so weird and fantastic as to be beyond comparison to any familiar object. At the western end of the island a reef runs well out to sea terminating in a huge gray



NEWPORT BAY HARBOR FROM WHICH CLAUDE G. PUTNAM SAILED ON THE MEMORABLE CRUISE TO FIND THE EGGS OF THE WOOFLE BIRD

rock, the bold turrets and battlement of which suggest some partially submerged castle of medieval days. It presents a wonderful and awe-inspiring sight, with great waves dashing against it and bursting into the air in clouds of spray and foam.

San Clemente has no harbor worthy of the name. Cruising around the island a number of shelters were found, but none which could be counted on to afford protection in all weathers. Nestling among the rocks, just north of Southeast Point, is a little cove indicated on the chart as "boat landing," which affords good protection to a small vessel in anything but northerly weather. It is a fascinating place to spend a few hours, fishing, exploring caves or studying the interesting marine life, which is particularly abundant in this region. The water is so clear that from the deck of a yacht one may gaze down into marine gardens of incomparable beauty and charm. Protected as it is from heavy seas, the kelp is particularly luxuriant. Varieties of brilliantly colored fish make their homes in the submarine caves and amongst the forests

of seaweed, which wave gracefully to and fro in the mysterious ocean currents.

At Wilson's Cove the yachtsmen found a picturesque old character in the person of Chinetti, the Mexican sheep herder who has spent some forty years on the island, and whose name appears frequently in Charles Frederick Holder's book, "The Channel Island of California". From the ranch house, Casa Blanca, a day's trip was made over the sand dunes to visit the long deserted abiding places of the Pimugna Indians, the original inhabitants of San Clemente. Numerous kitchen middens were found, with their countless thousands of abalone shells crumbling with the action of time and the elements into gleaming flakes of pearl. Near one of these mounds the bones of an aborigine were uncovered and specimens brought home.

One of the surprises of San Clemente is the wealth and variety of bird life. Great bald eagles were seen every day soaring over the sea and shore, or perched upon some rocky crag devouring their prey. The king of birds is by no means free from worry. Watching

him through the glass revealed the fact that flocks of ravens were constantly attacking him, flying at his head, trying to steal his food and apparently causing him great irritation and annoyance. Nests of the osprey are numerous on the rocky exposures of the island. A rookery of Brandt Cormorant was discovered in the cliffs at the northwest anchorage. Flocks of these birds went splashing into the water when disturbed, but some of them stuck to their nests even when closely approached. Nor are the big birds the only ones to frequent this magic island. Thousands of songsters are there whose morning symphony not even the booming of the sea can subdue.

After a week spent in the waters adjacent to San Clemente, the staunch little vessels left Wilson's Cove at two o'clock one morning, after a heavy west wind had died down, setting their homeward course over great mountains of gray-green water which reminded those on watch that the only protection north of San Clemente is the shelter afforded by the lee of Siberia.