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# The Pilot



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## MEETING NOTICE.

The September meeting of the Club will be held at the anchorage, Wednesday, the 13th, at 8:00 p. m. More than one hundred members were absent on cruises, picnics or courting at the time of the August meeting—anyway there were mighty few at that meeting, and no action was taken on some important matters and they were laid over until the September meeting. Now that the vacation is over and the girl is a tender memory come and attend to the Club business.

G. R. OBERHOLZER.

Secreatry.

The following is a reprint of an article which appeared in the "Erie Daily Times" shortly after our August issue.

### The Erie Yacht Club.

"Breezy and cheery is the Pilot, the official organ of the Erie yachtsmen. It has civic pride of the best when it urges that lumbermen and others who unload freight and encumber the public boat landing go elsewhere than at the pier. Its editor argues richly when he emphasises the fact that the pier was the gift of the state to the people, and was intended partly for recreation purposes. The indiscriminate piling of lumber and similar heavy freight on the landing was commented on by The Times a month ago, after an interview with Chamber of Commerce men.

It was then shown that the city owned sufficient frontage elsewhere to accomodate the dealers, but the

answer was that the commission on the water front would define the rights of the state and the city, and that improvements would be made conjointly by them. The appropriation of \$20,000 would be expended as advantageously as possible. But the main idea, that the pier was given the city by the state mainly for passenger transportation and recreation purposes, was shown to be a fact, and that encroachments could be successfully contested by law.

The administration may show indifferentism, but the yachtsmen have the civic pride which counts. Apart from this, yet incidental to this true spirit, the club is preparing to entertain the visiting Scripps-McRae men of the great yacht meet, and will give the freedom of their yachts also to the delegates of the Knights of Pythias, on the occasion of the grand lodge convention. The members are proud to show the resources of the city on water, as well as on land. Health, happiness and good cheer sprinkle the pages of the Pilot, and its progressive spirit is the spirit of a Greater Erie. Hats off to the Erie Yacht Club."

The annual Squadron Run was very successful, but it was to be expected, as the affair was graced with "Bliss" and then, too, you know the "Lord" was with us.

Al. Gibson has returned from a short sojourn on "Sir Humphrey's Reef."

# THE PILOT

Vol. I      September, 1911      No. 3

Published Monthly in the interest of the  
ERIE YACHT CLUB

Subscription, Fifty Cents per Year  
Advertising Rates upon Application

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We feel now that "The Pilot" is bound upon a successful cruise, having been launched two months ago, then rigged out and put into commission, we set sail with a full crew, cleared the harbor without mishap, and are now upon the high seas. We have asked that all members contribute to our pages, some few have done so, with very credible articles, but not enough have done so. Now what we would like would be for every one of our members to send us something, so that the Editor could have the opinion of all; it would also lighten his labors to a great extent—you probably do not realize what it means to get out this publication every month. It means a great deal of hard work, but with your assistance the labor would be lessened. Won't you help?

## CIVIC PRIDE.

We hear much about civic pride now-a-days, and many cities are awaking to the fact that cleanliness and parks and flowers and fountains are quite as valuable an asset to municipalities as are clean linen, polished boots, manicured fingers and a clean skin to the individual. Erie has taken notable strides in this direction as witness Lakeside, Central, Cascade and Glenwood Parks, not forgetting our Tenth St. Boulevard. It seems a pity then, that our Bay, our beloved "finest harbor on the lakes", should be made a bone-yard for a lot of worn out hulks. There are a number of abandoned craft at Reed's Dock, foot of Sassafras Street, picturesque Misery Bay is spoiled by three or more old hulks, while two more find a resting place on the soft sand bottom off Big Bend.

We do not know of any organization which has the appearance of Presque Isle Bay more at heart than the E. Y. C., and we would feel that we had neglected our duty were we to fail to call the attention of the authorities to these eye-sores.

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## RIPLETS.

Henceforth the good ship "Anona" will be known as the "Stone-slider." Ask Commodore Bliss why.

Mr. Charles G. Davis of "Motor Boat" was a visitor at the E. Y. C. on the 13th and 14th ult; his mission being to write up the Scripps' Endurance Cruise. When given his mail he was heard to soliloquize: "From my friend Converse."

"Who," we shouted, "Clarence Converse?"

"Yes, do you know him?" asked Davis.

"Why, he's an old Erie boy," we replied.

Then Mr. Davis read the missive, which was a note of love and greeting from Clarence to his old friends in Erie. Those of us who knew Clarence placed our autographs on the message which Mr. Davis proposed to return to him on his arrival home.

When swapping stories with Mr. Davis, John Smart told of having land pointed out to him on Lake Superior at 9 o'clock one morning and estimating its distance as six miles. On and on sped the boat and higher and higher grew the distant land, until 3 p. m. when it was reached and was found to be Thunder Cape, thirteen hundred feet high.

"Yes," said Davis, "I was out once when we saw land ahead on Friday afternoon, and it took us until the next week Tuesday to reach it!"

Smart promptly passed the cigars.

We expect, by the way, to have Mr. Davis as our guest of honor at our annual banquet in October.

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## THE SCRIPPS' ENDURANCE CRUISE.

It must have been distinctly disappointing to Commodore Scripps to see so few entries in the initial contest for the handsome cup which bears his name and we cannot understand why most of the big yachts of Cleveland, Detroit and Toledo were not entered. Those who did participate seemed to enjoy the cruise immensely and we predict that another year will witness the start of a very large and representative fleet. That the yachts ran so great a distance with a clean score, proves that the marine gas motor—of at least some makes—is approaching a state of perfection that we hardly dared hope for only a few years since.

### AN OPINION.

The unfortunate misunderstanding attending the race for the "Wigwam" trophy of the 12ult, resulting from incorrect, or at least incomplete, instructions from the Regatta Committee, recalls a somewhat similar occurrence during our Pan-American Regatta in 1901.

At that time the smaller classes were scheduled to sail over the inside course in a twelve or fifteen mile easterly wind. The committee desiring a spinnaker run for one leg of the course, directed the yachts to proceed first to the can-bouy, leaving all buoys to port. Capt. Kenney of the "Vesta" (Queen City Yacht Club, Toronto) protested that course for the reason that there was not sufficient depth of water for his craft in a straight-away course down the peninsular shore from the can to the intake pipe.

The "Vesta" being such a diminutive specimen, the committee could not believe that she was such great draught as she proved to be and assured Capt. Kenney that he



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would find plenty of water over the prescribed course. The "Vesta," however, grounded opposite the sand banks, and a launch was sent to her assistance and she was released and towed back to the judges boat, but before she arrived with her protest, the committee realizing that they were wholly at fault, ordered the race re-sailed, leaving buoys to starboard which gave "Vesta" an opportunity to thrash to windward down the bay and keep in deeper water at a greater distance from the peninsular shore.

In the case of the "Wigwam" race the committee should, in our judgment have shouldered the entire blame and, as in the above case, ordered the contest re-sailed.

And this brings up another subject which we wish to discuss. It is the habit that so many of our regatta committees have had in

giving pointers or tips to contestants at the starting line. During the Pan-American Regatta, before mentioned, the Regatta Committee chose three judges, whose long connection with the sport was supposed to fully qualify them for the duties imposed.

Proceeding to the starting line in the open lake we overtook the cutter "Aggie", beating her way through the channel piers. We gave her a line and proceeded to tow her out when the members of the committee (who were mere onlookers at this stage) were amazed to see the most experienced of the Judges take up a megaphone and tell the "Aggie's" captain to "cross the starting line on the starboard tack." We have often wondered what that captain thought at receiving such instructions from a Judge on a committee boat, and whether the "tip"

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was good or not; we wonder what the *other* captains would have thought had they known that "Aggie" had been singled out for such advice.

And almost ever since we have been accustomed to see our committees fire their preparatory guns, and then as the moment approached for the starting gun, see them dance around like so many Apaches, wildly gesticulating and frantically motioning the yachts to get over the line!

Perhaps our ideals are too high, but we, nevertheless, believe that preparedness and the trick of being on the line on the firing of the starting gun are quite as much a part of the race as anything else, and we therefore suggest for the consideration of both the present and subsequent Regatta Committees that they hereafter announce the time of firing the preparatory gun, together with the interval between each boat or each class, as the case may be. Have some one person designated as time-keeper, and let all captains take their time from him. If the schedule calls for the preparatory gun at say, 2:30 o'clock, fire it at 2:30, not at 2:25 nor yet at 2:35. If through stress of weather, or other unavoidable occurrence, it becomes necessary to postpone the race for some specified time, do so, but don't postpone to allow someone to fill a gasoline tank that should have been attended to the day before.

The starting gun for each class should be the preparatory gun for the next class and they should be fired *exactly* on time. If a yacht gets over the line ahead of time and fails to come back and cross after its signal has been given, it of course forfeits the race, while if a yacht is dilatory in getting over, it will probably profit by the experience and do better next time.

Let our committees, in any event, maintain a dignified silence and see that the guns are fired properly, putting upon the captains the responsibility of watching their own time, and doing away with the contortions which we have been accustomed to see aboard the committee boat.

### ANNUAL CRUISE.

*By H. C. Lord.*

From our point of view, easily the most important feature of the Club Cruise to Dover was an invitation from Commodore Bliss to go along. I say this now. Hereafter if I seem to digress, please remember I said this, and said it first.

Six boats started—the Anona, Vamac and Roamer, followed the program and went to Dover, while the Jay Dee, Una and Kingfisher stopped at the point to fish.

The fleet pulled out of Erie in a bunch at 2:10. We were on the Anona, and as we drew away from the other boats, there seemed to be a very pretty race on between the Vamac and the Jay Dee. The Vamac reported that she left everything on the way over. This we believe, is the first time she ever left

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anything that wasn't nailed down. If you've missed anything, go aboard and see.

It's no use trying to give an accurate account of the fishing fleet. We bought a few post cards at Dover that we thought would fill the bill and satisfy the fishermen, as a faithful portrayal of some of the catch, but since we've heard their report, we know that it's too big a job for any post card. Just for a sample—The wheel in Capt. Reichel's dingey fooled a bass. The bass thought this spinner was the tail of a lively chub and went for it—but the captain didn't lose his dingey. A wise providence watches over babes and innocents. Slocum was in the middle of one of his fish stories. The fish could get away with the dingey all right, but he couldn't swallow the yarn.

Now I think you will agree with me that with the reports at hand an accurate or adequate account of this fishing trip is impossible. Enough, therefore, of this—there are bigger fish to fry.

The parties on the three boats that went to Dover were selected with relation to their special fitness for the jobs assigned—this was particularly true on the Anona.

Commodore Bliss—the boss of the job.

Knox—the skipper—to see that we skipped (we skipped Long Point twice).

Brainard—Assistant skipper.

Oberholzer—Weather.

Smart—Tobasco sauce.

Nick—heavy work (the best chair didn't fall overboard once).

Gibson—Character and sobriety.

Lord—Ballast.

Now the weather man was taken along, not because of his beauty—no, not that, nor his felicity with the ladies. Neither was it because he could tell good gasoline by the smell of it. His business

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was to produce some weather. He didn't uncork a thing (I'm talking about the weather man now—not the Commodore. He did the best he could under the circumstances)—I repeat, he didn't uncork a thing with any more life to it than one of Billy Nick's stories. Here's his official report; figure it out for yourself, you'll come to the conclusion he's mighty long on reports and just as short on weather:

Wind probably northeast to southwest. Higher velocity probably increasing to a dead calm. Probably colder with a rising temperature; barometer high 28 miles N. by E. from Erie, Pa.,—low 18 miles S. S. E. from Dover, Canada; settled weather with showers.

Now a lubber would say there wasn't a ripple, and let it go at that. There wasn't even a pleasant look from the old Lake; just that glassy stare that showed plainly she would have none of us. Least wise she got none—no one was sea sick.

We "skipped" the point safely at 5:05 and squared away for Dover. It was on this run that the old timers drifted into a reminiscent mood, and the quiet water seemed to suggest visions of the Grand River.

The Commodore first pulled a cork and effervesced thus:

"In one of our trips up the Grand River in the old 'Carmencita' we swung up to the bank and put about. We noticed a team of horses going along the bank pulling a mowing machine, but without a driver. This looked bad to us and we put about again to get some one ashore to take care of them. As the sail swung over in the shore tack, something sang out from the end of the boom. 'Gosh darn if I don't put the law on you dude sailors this time,' and

he looked as if he would. Just then we drew up to the bank, swung the boom over, dropped the man right back into his seat and swung off. That's where we had it on that farmer; he couldn't claim any damages; the team never stopped and the mower never missed a stroke."

Our heavy-work man, Billy Nick, had been up the Grand River some himself. The Commodore seemed to have made an impression on all but the weather man, and Billy felt called upon to do something. He turned on the gas thus:

"That mowing machine story is a chestnut. It was printed with a lot of others and a bunch of them tacked on a post at the mouth of the Grand River the first time we went up. Everybody was expected to pull one off as he passed along so that they couldn't be worked off as new; this saved a lot of suffering. But I'll tell what really did happen on the 'Miriam.' We passed the light at Maitland about five o'clock one morning and started up the river. We got the coffee going and everything frying nicely when we found we had no cream. A little later we spied a cow on the bank and a farmer on the off side milking her. We all kept quiet and slipped up and hooked the milk pail onto the bowsprit. When we went around the next bend the farmer hadn't missed the pail and was still milking."

This was so rich, we all agreed that it was all cream by the time they got it off the bowsprit, so Billy didn't have a chance to add this to his story. We were all impressed, however, but the weather man. His face was just as empty as the weather.

The aroma of hot coffee and fresh, rich cream were still lingering, when Tobasco Sauce Smart sprung into the pit, for all the

world like a bantam rooster as a chaser for a buff Cochin. He had done the Grand River also, and no heavyweight could put any over on him, and this is what he said:

"The last time I went up the Grand River, we were in the old 'Scorpion' and she was the smartest boat that sailed out of Erie, and then some.

It was blowing a gale right down the river at the time, and we laid the 'Scorpion' over so we were over the side sitting on the center board most of the time just for comfort. We shaved the banks pretty close on the turns and were going some. We got to Dunville almost before we knew it. Lots of people saw us come in—it was along about noon, and we let go our anchor and hyked up town for dinner. We all thought we had some standing in Dunville, but this time we didn't seem popular at all. We figured out some of the boys had put up a game on us and told some tales. Anyhow we couldn't get wise to the trouble and shook the town for the boat. Believe me, the trouble was right there. We had dressed ship some where on our way up the river with a clothes line from a Y. W. C. A. camp, and there was a full wash on the line."

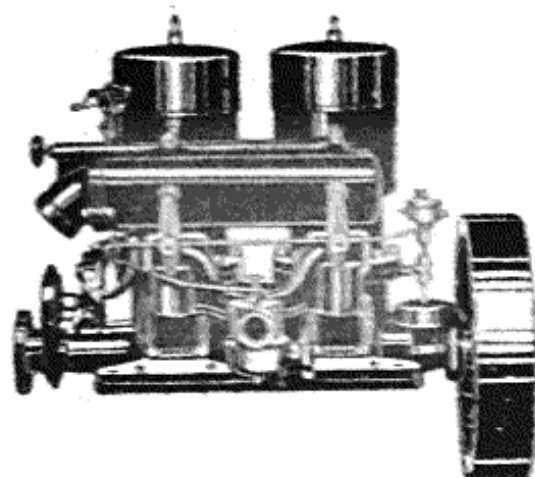
We all agreed that a boat that laid over so as to hook her top mast under a Y. W. C. A. clothes line, and then caught the ends with her bowsprit and boom as she swung, was going some. Also that it was time she swung.

Did you ever turn on a hundred candle tungsten—well that gives a faint idea of the weather man's face "Was there really a Grand River? Was the scenery beautiful? Did it have banks?" (These didn't fool anybody. The weather man never fools anybody). "And did the Y. W. C. A. really camp there?"

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The Commodore being an expert in such matters didn't need an interpreter. He gathered the weather man's thoughts before he got past the scenery, and being always considerate, announced that instead of lying over that night at Dover we would get our dinner, look over the place, and then run down to Maitland and up to Dunville by moonlight.

Some fool fellow has said that a sailor has a lover in every port, but we know differently. Anyhow the Commodore didn't guess how near he was to open mutiny in the crew, and we won't tell.

The diversion being settled there was nothing to do but get a line on the pier light and the church steeple and bowl in. We missed the pier light at 7:15 and made a very graceful landing.

The Vamac pulled in at 8:15, just at dusk. She was newly fitted with electric running lights. Owing to this fact Tobasco Sauce Smart took a mean advantage of some of us when we guessed what boat it was. Said he knew by the shape of her exhaust.

Commodore Foster had his wife and Capt. Davis his wife and son Arthur along. They planned to extend their trip to Maitland and then through the old canal to Welland.

They had their wives along to show them that the ladies they had told so much about were real. The last we saw of them they were introducing exhibit X. We understand they proved their case—but their clutch slipped.

The Roamer slid in at 8:30. Capt. Fuchs, so far as we learned, was running strictly according to program, and had no ulterior motive—at least none escaped.

Such being the case we cleared the light at 10:15 and headed for Maitland. On one pretext and

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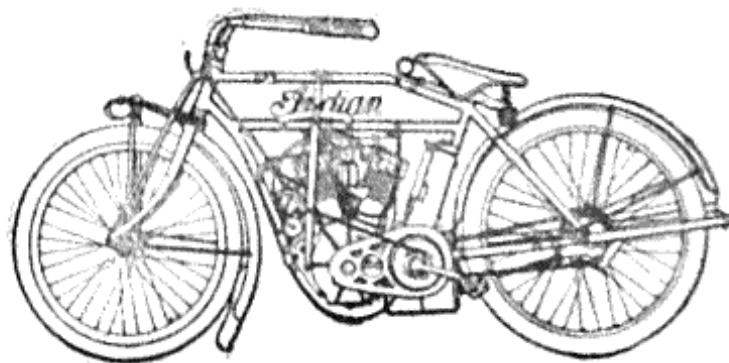


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another most of the bunch turned in, until only the Commodore and Brainard were on the job, with the chief ballast looking on, and they sailed her well and straight for the mark. Now the Anona makes a little better than ten miles an hour, and Maitland is thirty-five miles from Dover. After we had been running for over three hours, it seemed as though something ought to show up in the way of a light. The Commodore woke the skipper, and he soon picked up Mohawk light dead ahead, but no Maitland light. The commotion woke Billy Nick and he joined the conference. Dead reckoning put us by this time abreast of Maitland, and we turned in shore to investigate with no results. Then we pointed out into the lake and after awhile picked up the Maitland light. Now, some mean dispositioned fellows have intimated that when we were hunting for the Maitland light, we were prowling around on Tecumseh Reef back of Grant Point. The fact is that was the light that failed, and Tecumseh didn't get us either.

We pointed dead northeast for Maitland light—now any chart will show you that on that course you are on the high seas. Well we hadn't gone far before the Anona developed a hoochi coochi movement all her own. We were shocked. She had always borne a good reputation; her deportment had been above reproach, surely we had no intimation, much less a suspicion that she could be so skittish as this.

A council of war was held and it was the unanimous conclusion that the Anona had been guilty of conduct unbecoming a lady. Even Gibson, our character man, could offer no excuse for her. Furthermore it was decided she wasn't even a good sport. Hurd-

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ling had been tabooed for years, yet here she was, having hurdled six reefs, bucking the line full speed ahead, trying her best to negotiate a seventh.

The ballast with assistants were shifted forward first to the left and then to the right. (If you have on a yachting cap and duck trousers you will say, first to port and then to starboard, but that wasn't what we had on). There was nothing doing. The chart said she was on the high seas—she was high on the seas, a foot and a half at least. To think she had criss-crossed Te-cumseh Reef like the chart of a foot ball game, and then brought up on Grant Point, was worse than being kicked by a mule.

The gun was sounded and a flash showed. Everybody gave orders, but the Commodore just quietly told the skipper to put the lubbers ashore to hunt up a tug. Now the lubbers on a gasoline boat are the real sailormen and the piazza

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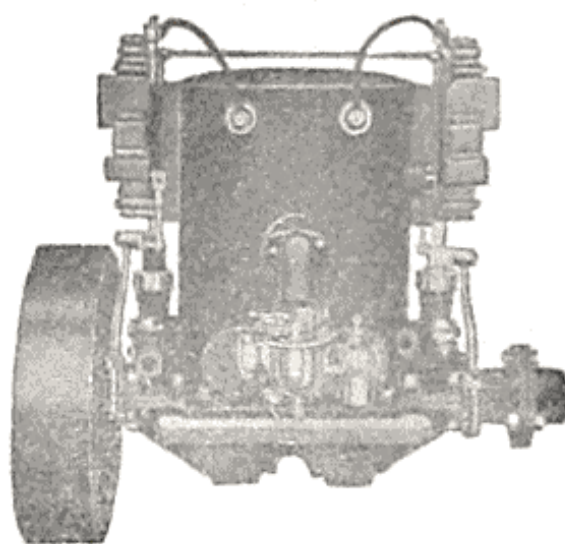
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Erie, Pennsylvania

yachtsmen. The weatherman and the chief ballast went with the skipper. Soon a light showed on the shore. The Commodore told the skipper to put the lubbers ashore, but the dingey had the hoochi coochi habit too, and went on the rocks somewhere north of the middle of the lake. There was nothing to it but to wade ashore—nice wading too, expecting to take a bath with every step.

The shore light marked a group of cottages. We found no telephone, but one of the cottagers kindly showed us the road to Maitland. He pointed out a black spot in the trees: "There it is," he said, "it leads right to Maitland." We

don't pretend to know how far that is in the daylight, but starting in at two o'clock in the morning (the moon had quit long ago), it is easily sixteen miles. The weather man so reported it to the crew; they claimed he was mistaken—it was only fifteen and a half. I think it was twenty-five. After churning the ruts for miles and walking the planks on the beach we finally reached Maitland about daylight. A careful survey developed the Exchange Hotel as a means of approach. We started with mild measures. The firing of a gun out in the lake soon began to seem like a joke. It wouldn't have started

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**¶** The date of our Annual Banquet will be announced in the next issue of the "Pilot."

**¶** It will be held early in October. Keep a date open and don't fail to attend.

---

anything in Maitland if it had been fired on the porch of this hotel. After awhile we got our fisherman out onto his tug and fixing up his fire, when we heard a suspicious sputtering in the offing, and the Anona stuck her nose into the river just as saucy as ever.

The skipper on his return, after putting the lubbers ashore, found the Anona very meek and ready to be pulled around by the nose anywhere and by anybody. Taking advantage of this mood, they carried the anchor into deep water. Billy Nick being the man for heavy work pulled her off; Tobasco Sauce Smart and character man Gibson say they helped but we don't be-

lieve them.

We had a nice breakfast at Maitland, then a beautiful trip up the river. The weather man saw the scenery with cows and things in the back ground—you will remember that's what we came for. Took dinner in a delightful new hotel at Dunville, then ran home on schedule time. Left Maitland at 4:45, "skipped" Long Point easily; arrived at Erie at 8:40.

So here's to the Commodore, every inch a sailor; a good sport every minute; the best host ever. And here's to the Anona. May she mend her skittish ways, and keep in the straight and narrow path forever.

## COMING EVENTS

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Sept. 9—Perry Day Celebration,

W. S. Foster, Chairman

Oct. 12—Banquet,

W. H. F. Nick, Chairman

—Club Walk,

Jas. Finucane, Chairman