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to apply for membership in the  
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---

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---

That Good Beer

---



# The Flash Light

## CLUB MEETING.

The February meeting of the Club will be called to order at the Anchorage on the 15th at 8 P. M. The Club has been more active this winter than has been its lot for some years. You will be interested to hear about it, but if, by neglecting your opportunities, you are a backslider you had better come down and be inoculated.

The Directors will have some business to attend to after the Club meeting.

G. R. OBERHOLZER,  
*Secretary.*

## Members Attention !

Those who have not paid their current dues are subject to suspension February 1st. Give this matter your attention not later than the February meeting and receive the thanks of the Treasurer.

Our neighbor on the west, the Lakewood Yacht Club of Cleveland has honored itself by electing Albert Y. Gowen—"Old Top" as his friends familiarly call him—Commodore for 1912. Our yacht owners will recognize in Com. Gowen the chairman of the power boat committee of the I. L. Y. A. and the manner in which he everlastingly bombarded motor boatmen with his post card reminders of the Put-in-Bay meet last summer show him to be a live wire, who, we venture, will make a success of his administration.

## A WINTER'S TALE.

*"A merry heart goes all the way,  
A sad one tires in a mile-a."*  
—Winter's Tale.

The man who frets at wordly strife,  
Grows sallow, sour and thin;  
Give us the lad whose happy life  
Is one perpetual grin;  
He, Midas-like, turns all to gold;  
He smiles when others sigh;  
Enjoys alike the hot and cold,  
And laughs through wet and dry.

There's fun in everything we meet;  
The greatest, worst and best,  
Existence is a merry treat,  
And every speech a jest;  
Be't ours to watch the crowds that  
pass

Where mirth's gay banner waves,  
To show fools through a quizzing  
glass,  
And bastinado the knaves.  
—Drake.

## MY JOY.

Oh, you lovely "Flashlight!"  
Your friendships and mine are dear,  
We welcome you at our door,  
We greet you the whole long year.

Beautiful are your pages,  
Gilded with bright words of cheer,  
Joy is your gentle sunshine,  
And that's why we take you here.  
"Fuzzy."

One of the new members rises to remark that gaining membership in the Erie Yacht Club is like boarding one of the new street cars—you "pay-as-you-enter!"

## THE FLASH LIGHT

Vol. I      February, 1912      No. 8

*Shines at intervals of one month a brilliant and illuminating light of first magnitude, alternating red and white, visible from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the icy wilds of Canada to the sunny hills of Mexico, wherever may be found a member of the*

### ERIE YACHT CLUB.

#### Editorial Board.

George T. Bliss,      George R. Oberholzer  
William S. Foster.

#### Advertising Bureau.

W. H. F. Nick,      Frank W. Perrin.

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F. M. Yates - - - - - Fleet Captain  
G. R. Oberholzer - - - - - Secretary  
R. R. Whitley - - - - - Treasurer  
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J. J. Hogan,      G. R. Oberholzer,  
H. W. Mehl,      J. M. Frank.

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A. H. Braggins,      Clarence Brooks,  
L. C. Cole.

#### House.

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Wallace H. Gaither,      Oscar H. Nick.

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Ray Eichenlaub,      M. F. McCormick.  
Lawrence Nagle.

#### Membership.

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H. W. Mehl.  
P. A. Goodnough,      George Gibson.

*Marine Railway* - - - - - W. L. Morrison  
*Mooring* - - - - - C. E. Reichel  
*Historian* - - - - - W. S. Reitzell

## A FRESH WATER INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

Recent newspaper dispatches announced that a series of international yacht races between yachts representing the Chicago Yacht Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, would be sailed at Chicago during the coming summer. While we are glad to hear of this arrangement, yet we, nevertheless, regret that the famous "Canada" Cup which has justly earned the title of the "blue ribbon of the Lakes" should be dust covered and shelved all these successive years and with no apparent need or prospect of being taken down to at least be dusted off in the near future.

We are not familiar with the innermost reasons which have prevented any contests for the Canada Cup of late years, but the fact that the Chicago and the Royal Canadian Yacht Clubs have arranged such a series of races indicates that there is a common ground upon which American and Canadian yachtsmen can compete and we hope that one result of these proposed races will be a breaking down of the barrier which now seems to number a Canada Cup race among the impossibilities.

If the racing conditions need changing, we wish that while at it they could be changed so as to restrict entrances to yachts designed and built on the Great Lakes and sailed by Corinthian members of the contesting clubs. If memory serves us correctly, the Canadian yachts in these Canada Cup contests have always been in charge of Corinthian skippers, while the American contestants have not hesitated to employ professionals. As to the yachts themselves they have *often*, we believe, been designed in New York City, or in Scotland, or al-



most anywhere else, even if built on the lakes, while in at least one instance an American yacht club employed a Canadian to design and build a yacht which was duly entered—and defeated—in the trial races. But suppose that yacht had won out in the trials? The ensuing race would have been between two Canadian yachts even though one of them flew the stars and stripes and we wish that some one would point out to us what particular pride or glory any American would take in winning a race under such circumstances.

### THAT NEW CLUB HOUSE.

The subject uppermost in the minds of members of the E. Y. C. at present is the proposed new club house and just as sure as a group of yachtsmen get together now-a-days the talk naturally drifts thereto.

Many members have given this matter much serious thought and many are the schemes which are being proposed and talked over. The favorite idea of a considerable number of our members is to enlarge our present facilities at the anchorage with a view of ultimately—and perhaps in the immediate future—establishing a station up the bay somewhere to be operated during the summer months only—a place to which we may go when we start out from the anchorage.

A committee consisting of Capt. Oscar H. Nick (Chairman), Com. W. L. Morrison and Capt. Lawrence Nagle has been appointed to evolve some tangible and practical scheme and report to the club as soon as practicable.

In the meantime all members are invited to don your thinking caps and suggest your pet schemes to this committee. It is an old

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adage that “where there’s much smoke there must be some fire,” and we will miss our guess if the near future does not find the Erie Yacht Club better equipped and possessing two or three times the membership that we boast to-day.

### A SAD WEEK.

The year had gloomily begun  
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's  
SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,  
And he had very little  
MON.

"I scarce can pay my yacht club  
dues;

I've nothing here but ones and  
TUES."

A bright thought struck him and  
he said:

"The rich Miss Goldbricks I will  
WED."

But when he paid his court to her  
She lisped, but firmly said: "No,

THUR."

"Alas!" he cried, "then I must die!  
I'm done! I'll drown—I'll burn—  
I'll  
FRI."

They found his gloves, his coat, his  
hat—

The coroner upon them  
SAT.

### THE PIG ROAST.

The invitations our members got to come to the Pig Roast a fortnight ago were mighty disquieting to our conscientious brethren, but a big bunch were on hand all the same—the Pharisees to enjoy it and the sinners out of bravado, each hoping that he had not been found out and so escape the roast. But, glory be, it was a pig roast dinner we were bidden to and the apple sauce and all the fixings were there, bossed by Ray Eichenlaub's Entertainment Committee who wished to mark the opening of the ice boat season with due ceremony. When the cigars came Commodore Foster took the stick and yarned some. Other near liars were inspired to give various exhibits of ice boat experience, invaluable lore and flowery hopes, and Brother Gilman told a pious story with a moral, as all good stories should have. George Neithamer and Claud Shattuck sang and Bert



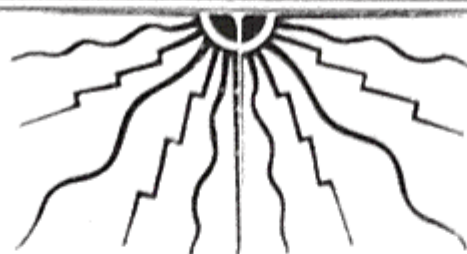
## Henry Beckman & Son

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Dowling worked the piano. The rest of the gang made much noise in the choruses, mostly tenor squeals and bass grunts. Pig is mighty savory eating, but the animal has no musical temperament to speak of.

It was a good stunt. It might be suggested, mildly of course, that other big events might be celebrated: the closing of the ice boat season; the awarding of prizes; the opening of the fitting out season; when the Vamac's clutch is fixed; etc, etc. This is a cause that cannot be worked too often nor too long.

### AT ANY TIME.

In an article in our November issue, the "WigWam" was referred to as being a desirable rendezvous for luncheon and a friendly discussion after a squadron sail or race.

It is with pleasure that I extend to all members of the Erie Yacht Club the "welcome on the mat" at the above named houseboat, the cordiality of which permit me to assure you, will last throughout the entire yachting season.

During the past year I endeavored to demonstrate this to you by trying my best to make everyone stopping at the "WigWam" feel perfectly at home, my earnest wish being to get the club members together oftener for the purpose of cultivating one another and incidentally to advance the interests of the club.

I feel that I have at least made a start along this line, and now how about filling a long felt want by keeping up the good work? Co-operation is everything in a matter of this kind, and I for one, am not anxious to see the boys less enthusiastic than heretofore.

I am sure that a majority, if not all of the members, will agree

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W. E. BECKWITH,	-	Cashier
R. R. WHITLEY,	-	Assistant Cashier



with me that we want to continue publishing our "Flash Light."

Here at least is an excellent opportunity for each and every member to do his share toward making the club more popular and successful in every way, by contributing an article, securing an advertisement, or better still, by procuring a new member, thus increasing the circulation of our little publication, introducing probably, new ideas for the general advancement of the E. Y. C.

Let each and every member appoint himself a committee of one on the membership question, and then get busy and make the Erie Yacht Club what it should be in a city of this size—the liveliest one of them all.

What a fine thing it would be if a second fleet could leave Presque Isle Bay in the summer of 1913, and do in a friendly way, by force of character, what Commodore Perry did by force of arms, one hundred years ago.

We are told that Perry built the best fleet on the great lakes, on the shores of our bay; let the same spirit that animated our illustrious

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Commodore to perform so remarkable a feat, animate us to-day. To commemorate that event, let us begin to build on these same shores a yacht club that will be worthy of the name in every way.

Mr. Gilman's suggestion of "Flash Light" as a new name for the club publication, was certainly appropriate. Now let us make the Erie Yacht Club a beacon for other clubs to steer by.

Our first editor, Mr. Wm. H. F. Nick certainly deserves the hearty thanks of the entire club membership for suggesting such a splendid idea, and also for his untiring efforts in launching what I trust will prove to be the most successful publication of this most successful club. Let us keep him busy, as he certainly is a live one.

Wishing the E. Y. C. and its publication a bright and cheerful future, I beg to remain not only in name but in spirit, your  
Fleet Captain.

### THE FLAG OFFICERS' TREAT

The January meeting of the club was short and interesting—more especially short. It is astonishing how rapidly business can be dispatched by a body of mere brute men when even nothing more than a sandwich awaits the end of their labor. On this occasion the Flag Officers had provided a bully lunch for the faithful which accounts for the charred pencil the Secretary got trying to keep the minutes straight.

As I said before, the quality of the feed rose to the eminence of the occasion, and the cigars were real cigars. The standing vote of thanks from the ranks to the men of the stars was for the feed, of course, but then, too, we are glad because they appreciate the glory of bossing the job and express it in such a satisfactory way.

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## FOR BETTER BASS FISHING.

*To Readers of the "Flash Light":*

To the followers of Isaac Walton, Presque Isle Bay does not offer the attractions that it did a few years ago. The reason for this can be traced directly to the City of Erie emptying its entire sewage into the Bay, also certain manufacturers, east of the city, emptying hundreds of thousands of gallons of poisonous liquids per day into the adjacent waters of Lake Erie.

Our gamest fish and the one which furnishes the most sport locally, with hook and line, is the Black Bass, which requires the purest of water in order to thrive. He cannot be termed a deep water fish, but loves to travel along the shores of the Lake, frequenting rocky ledges, etc.

Now, in traveling west along the shore of the Lake, the bass encounter the poisonous water pouring out from the Hammermill Paper Mill, and are either turned back, or if they venture farther out in order to get past, are caught in the large number of pound nets here stationed, and it is known that very few if any, are returned to the waters of the Lake as the law requires. This certainly is not giving the citizens of Erie a square deal. Our Bay is a natural breeding place for bass, but unfortunately, it has but one entrance by which the supply can be replenished, and that at the east end. While it is true, more bass were caught in the Bay during the past fall than for several years previous, this has been accounted for by the pound nets east of the harbor entrance being blown out last June and not replaced.

In former years, Erie was noted for the fine sport furnished with hook and line in Presque Isle Bay; people coming from Pittsburgh and

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BUFFALO, N. Y.



other inland cities for miles around to spend their vacations and enjoy the excellent fishing our Bay afforded. These people spent considerable money in Erie, and if this was the only incentive, think it a good business proposition on the part of our Civic Organizations to use their influence in bettering local conditions. Many of our business men, cooped up in stuffy offices during the hot weather, would be only too glad to enjoy a few hours fishing on the cool waters of the Bay if they could have some assurance of there being fish to catch. Yours for Fair Play,  
Hook and Line.

*Editor Flash Light:*

May I avail myself of the use of your columns once more and comment briefly on "C. E. R's." communication published last month? First, permit me to acknowledge the compliment implied by my correspondent in deeming my November communication worthy of any notice whatever. That done I would suggest that "C. E. R." may not have read my suggestion as carefully as he might have done, for he scouts the idea of giving a prize "to the best guesser,—a non-contestant in the race!" Why bless your heart and soul, my boy, my contention is that in a handicap power-boat race based on anything *except actual past performance*, more depends upon the correctness of the handicapper's *guess* than upon the speed of the boats themselves, and in such a *novelty contest* as I suggested, the "race" is primarily *between the guessers* who thus virtually register their individual ideas as to how each one would personally handicap the fleet over a given course and the guessers most assuredly *are therefore, contestants in the event*. As for the boat-race

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*Just a Whisper 'Round the Corner*

which is a necessary adjunct to such contest, is it possible that our owners would not enter their craft in such event for no other recompense than the fun they get out of it? And don't forget the "jam-baree" with which it was proposed to wind up the affair!

As to the prize, I would hardly think a cup necessary, it might be better to have two or three prizes, but that detail could be worked out later on. As I said before—"think it over!"

Captain.

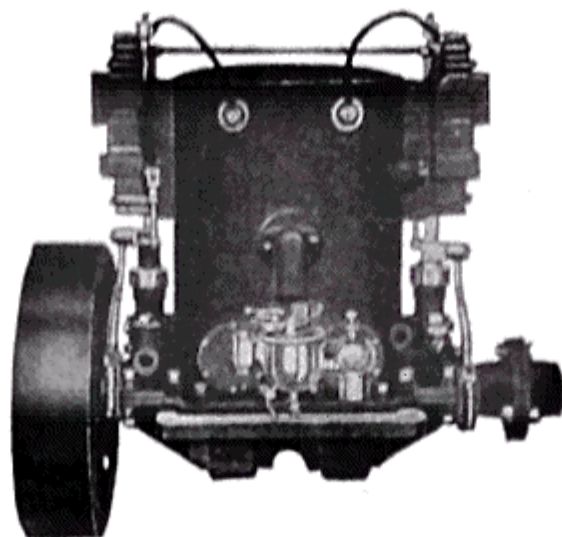
### THE BEST JOKE OF THE MONTH.

Recently our genial Secretary received a call from a stranger, who, after considerable hesitation, finally approached the object of his visit, which was to interest Mr. Secretary (as a guest) in a certain well known institute, designed to cure one's uncontrollable taste for liquors and drugs. When said stranger learned that the Secretary never in his life tasted liquor or used drugs, his embarrassment was pitiful to behold. And ever since then the secretary has been trying to figure out whether the joke was on his caller or upon himself and who put it over. He rather suspects Hugh Lord with knowing something about it.

Numerous inquiries have been made as to whether back numbers of this magazine can be had, many members wishing to have a complete file of them, and having allowed some of the early numbers to escape. The Secretary has a very few copies of the early issues and they may be obtained from him—while they last—at 5 cents per "flash", so if you want them *speck quickly!*

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## Fulton Manufacturing Co.

Erie, Pennsylvania



don't believe we will find it duplicated elsewhere either, and with this issue we have adopted the suggestion of another member and our little magazine will hereafter flash alternately *red* and *white*, same as the flash light for which this one is named.

### MY FIRST POWER BOAT.

*J. D. Cummins.*

(Continued from January)

(CHAPTER III Concluded)

*"Getting it Home"*

We reached Grand Haven two hours before sunset, and as Muskegon was only ten miles up the lake, we decided to make that our stopping point for the night. We arrived about dusk, having gone sixty miles the first day. Our pilot left us at this point, and the writer took full charge with our engineer as motor expert. I had provided a lot of paraphernalia in the way of life preservers, oil compass of good size, barometer, lead line, a full set of lake charts and some harbor charts. I found the most convenient way of handling a chart was to place it upon a spring curtain roller suspended over head in the cabin, where we had a good light. As our position changed from lake to lake, we would change the charts upon the roller.

July 22, at 11 A. M., we left Muskegon. The day's run of 43 miles to Pentwater was without special feature. A heavy sea was running during the afternoon, and within an hour after our arrival at Pentwater a bad storm broke from the northwest and continued with more or less severity for two days, when the sea went down enough for us to venture out. We left at three o'clock and arrived at Ludington at 4:30, making only

## Oscar H. Nick

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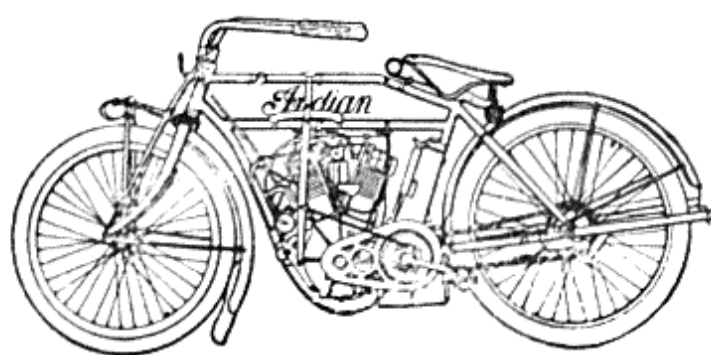


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EIGHTEENTH AND SASSAFRAS

12 miles for the day. On July 25th, we started out at 5 A. M., arriving at Frankfort, a distance of  $52\frac{1}{2}$  miles, at 11 A. M., and lay at that port the remainder of the day. July 26th took us to Charlevoix,  $71\frac{1}{2}$  miles farther, and leaving that port at 4:35 A. M., the 27th, we reached Mackinac Island at noon. We spent two hours here and then resumed our way to Cheboygan, where we arrived at 4 P. M. That day's run from Charlevoix to Cheboygan, 76 miles, was the best of all, the weather was perfect.

We left Cheboygan at 5:20 A. M. on July 28th. In the afternoon the weather became threatening, and by the time we reached Thunder Bay Point Light at 3:50, a drizzling rain set in, making it necessary to steer entirely by compass, and we crept into Alpena at slackened speed, where we arrived at 5:45 P. M. after traveling 95 miles. As the rain continued all the next day, we decided not to leave port.

At 4:15 A. M., July 30th, we left Alpena, and after running about an hour our motor stopped, but as there was neither wind nor sea, we drifted for an hour or so while we tinkered with the motor. As usual we found considerable water in the cylinders, and after removing it we were able to get under way again, steering a straight course for Point au Barques across Saginaw Bay. When we were well out into the bay, we found the wind coming from the northeast and pretty strong, and by the time we reached Point au Barques Light at 2 P. M., there was a heavy sea rolling. We ran into Sand Beach Harbor at 3:50 P. M., making 94 miles for the day.

July 31st, was an eventful day.

We started out at 4 A. M. and an hour or so later the motor stopped again, but this time it did not seem to be water in the cylinders. After our engineer had tinkered for an hour or so we got one cylinder to running and crept along slowly toward the entrance of St. Clair River. The wind was again coming from the northeast and a big sea running, which increased as the day passed until about three o'clock our motor stopped entirely and we dropped anchor four or five miles off Fort Gratiot and let out about 150 feet of cable. The sea by this time was running very high, and it was utterly impossible to do anything but hang on the best we could and ride it out. The boat rode the seas beautifully, never shipping a drop of water and proving to be a very seaworthy craft. Along towards night we were able to catch a tow in and tied up soon after entering the river. The next morning I took a car for Port Huron and hunted up an electrician. While he was not very familiar with gasoline engines, he overhauled our ignition outfit and put in some new batteries.

On August 2nd we left Port Huron at 9 A. M., and arrived in Detroit at 5 P. M. with the motor working badly. My engineer had been making preparations to leave me at Detroit, and the minute we tied up he skipped. During the trip, from start to finish, I had been unable to get much insight into the management of a gasoline motor. Whenever I ventured to suggest anything regarding the care of the motor, the engineer resented my interference to such an extent that I finally gave up having anything to do with it while he remained on the boat.

(Continued next month.)