

*That 1912 may bring prosperity and
happiness to each and every member of
the E. Y. C. is the sincere wish of
The Editor.*

This Space for Sale



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That Good Beer



The Flash Light

MEETING NOTICE.

The January meeting of the Club will be held at the Anchorage, Wednesday, the 10th at 8 P. M.

There has been a good attendance at our meetings lately—the secret is that there is something doing every month, especially *this* month, for at this meeting one of our members proposes to submit plans for that coming new club house, a subject of absorbing interest to every member. And at the conclusion of the business meeting a complimentary buffet luncheon and smoker will be tendered the members by our FLAG OFFICERS. You not only cannot afford to miss it, but we all owe it to these officers to show our appreciation by our presence.

Come down and help start things.

G. R. Oberholzer, Secy.

The other day when we asked one of our members for a series of articles for these pages he protested that he was not competent to write on morals, he could not afford to be a philanthropist, and he had no kicks to register and he knew of nothing else to write about! Now wouldn't that loosen your shrouds?

Fleet Captain Yates has been appointed chairman of a committee of his own selection to organize a Pirate Crew.

Why not organize a hockey team from the members of the E. Y. C.?

PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Chicago to Erie:

(It was a beautifully illuminated New Year's card, bearing an embossed rabbit's paw):

"Here's to our Commodore,
When he sails on the lake,
May he always have a rabbit's
paw
To follow in his wake."

Erie to Chicago:

"The Commodore appreciates
Your New Year's sentiment,
And knows that it was prompted
By the kindest intent;
But pray thee, gracious ladye,
You would not object, I ween,
Should he exchange your rabbit's
paw

For a tank of gasoline!"

(Written on a postal bearing Mark Twain's famous sentiment: "Nothing needs changing like other people's habits" (rabbits).

THE I. L. Y. A.

On the afternoon of the second ult. occurred the annual meeting of the Inter Lake Yachting Association, which was followed by the customary banquet at the Colonial Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Erie Yacht Club was represented at the business meeting by Commodore Bliss, and at the banquet by four members—Commodores Bliss and Foster, Secretary Oberholzer and Mr. Buckpitt.

At the business meeting Mr. W. R. Huntington, of the Sandusky

(Continued on page four)

THE FLASH LIGHT

Vol. I January, 1912 No. 7

Shows 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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J. D. Cummins - - - - - Rear Commodore
F. M. Yates - - - - - Fleet Captain
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J. J. Hogan, G. R. Oberholzer,
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THE DEVIL.

We were immensely pleased with the way in which our new name showed up on the outside cover of our December "flash", but our pleasure and satisfaction quickly turned to disappointment and chagrin when we turned to the inside pages and witnessed the mischief that our printer's devil had wrought. We have read of printer's devils for years, but we never had the pleasure of knowing one, nor did we ever know just why each print shop had to have its own particular devil, but we know now that that renowned individual is no joke, and the way he got in his work last month shows that he is "on the job" all right.

First our list of officers and committees for the present year was printed over on page three where it does *not* belong and last year's officers were continued on page two, as if to say that they did not propose to surrender!

And to cap the climax, every inside page after the first continued the discarded name "Pilot" at its head.

We don't know what printers do with their devils who cause so much havoc, but we do know that on shipboard a person who perpetrated an offense of equal magnitude would be keel-hauled in short order.

Still we propose being philosophical about it and gain whatever comfort we can out of the reflection that if any one of our issues was absolutely perfect it would leave no room for future improvement.

"The captain swam ashore," reported a country newspaper, describing a wreck, "as did also the stewardess. She was insured for \$15,000 and carried two thousand tons of pig iron!"—*Tid-Bits.*

A SUGGESTION.

At the December meeting one of our members advanced a money-raising idea, the primary purpose of which was to reduce, if not absolutely cancel our remaining indebtedness.

As a money making proposition we venture to suggest an excursion to the quaint little town of Port Dover, Canada, on Dominion Day, July 1st next. Such a proposition is right in line with the aims and purposes of the E. Y. C., and we believe that if we could charter either a car-ferry or one of the Detroit passenger boats for the day that hundreds of our citizens would be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of patronizing a personally conducted excursion under the auspices of the Erie Yacht Club. Thousands of our citizens have not so much as seen Long Point, but only vaguely know that such a locality was the favorite rendezvous for prize fights way back in the seventies. And comparatively few of our people know anything about the people, the country, and the nature of the towns on the farther shore.

Think it over!

A Young Theologian.

Minister: "And how did Noah spend his time in the ark?"

Small Boy: "Fishin'."

Minister: "A vera reasonable suggestion, my laddie."

Small Boy (guardedly): "But he wouldna' catch muckle."

Minister (surprised): "What makes ye think that?"

Small Boy (knowingly): "Because, ye see, he had only two wir-r-ms!"—*London Sketch.*

We learn that Mr. Buckpitt is having plans prepared for a schooner yacht to replace the "Tomahoc" lost east of Dunkirk last summer.

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22 EAST NINTH ST.

Mr. H. J. Leslie, while recently in Dixie Land, recalled the fact that the E. Y. C. was in need of a gavel and purchased one at the top of Lookout Mountain. It was presented by the Secretary on behalf of Mr. Leslie at the December meeting when the Club promptly passed a resolution of thanks and appreciation.

THE I. L. Y. A.

(Continued from Page One.)

Yacht Club was elected Commodore to serve the ensuing year, and thus demonstrated his ability to "come back," he having served the Association in the same capacity about ten years ago.

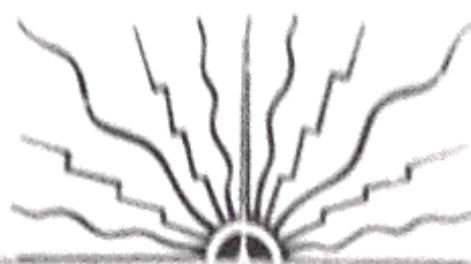
The banquet was a splendid affair and the enthusiasm manifested on that occasion forced home to us the importance of the Erie Yacht Club becoming more closely identified with the institution, and we hope that some of our owners can be induced to attend the annual meets at Put-in-Bay hereafter.

Responses were made by Vice Commodore Lynch of Columbus on "Other Sports"; by Commodore Brown of Toledo (who is, incidentally, chairman of the Republican Central Committee of Ohio) on "Yachting vs. Politics," and by Hon. Webster P. Huntington, Secretary of the Perry Centennial Commission on the coming Perry celebration.

Mr. Lynch's talk was a plea for making "other sports" a permanent feature of the annual Inter Lake meets, particularly such "other sports" as swimming, rowing, diving, etc., all of which tend to safeguard and make pleasanter the primary pastime of yachting.

Commodore Brown's address was a happy one and was punctuated and illustrated by a number of stories. Among other things he advocated, choosing the best man for each position—the man who will best advance the interest of the club or the association. "Elect the *man*, not the *boat*" he urged, which sentiment we fully endorse.

Mr. Huntington's toast was one of particular interest to the Erie Yacht Club, and we wish that every one of our members could have



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sat under the spell of Mr. Huntington's eloquence. We learned from Mr. Huntington's response that a special feature is to be made of the raising of the "Niagara" next spring or summer, at which time many prominent visitors are to be present, as well as such famous yachts as the "Priscilla" and "La Belle" and unless we are mistaken, the E. Y. C. will be called upon to assist with a marine pageant, in comparison with which our parade of September 10th last will be of little moment.

AN ANNUAL EVENT.

One evening during the last cold spell, Mr. O. H. N. stepping from Mr. Frank's houseboat to the dock, hesitated too long and gently dropped into the icy water, overcoat and all. The boys in the Club saw a streak pass the window and a machine go up the water-works hill, exceeding all speed limits.

About twenty minutes later a muffled voice at the 'phone asked if we would kindly put the things away that he in his hurry forgot to attend to.

By One of the Witnesses.

The representatives of the Buckeye Lake Yacht Club, of Columbus, Ohio, were among the most enthusiastic members in attendance at the recent I. L. Y. A. meeting in Cleveland. Columbus lies thirty miles distance by railroad from Buckeye Lake where these members follow their favorite pastime, which fact proves their enthusiasm.

How would *you* like that, Mister Erie Yacht Club member?

Commodore Bliss, Captain Davis and H. C. Lord, Esq. have been appointed to represent the E. Y. C. on the general committee having the Perry Centennial in hand.

Put a little of that vacation money into an Accident Policy.



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HENRY BECKMAN,	Vice President
W. E. BECKWITH,	Cashier
R. R. WHITLEY,	Assistant Cashier

AN HONOR ROLL.

Once more we urge upon our members the use of the pages of the "Flash Light." Let's make it a sort of forum wherein every member may express his mind, offer suggestions, make comments, ride his hobby, recount his experiences, volunteer advice, grow reminiscent, or unload his motor troubles. When you read some article herein that pleases you and suggests some new thought, lash it down and send it in; or if you have reason to disagree, express yourself in your own way. You may read some pertinent article in one of the yachting magazines which ought to be read by the E. Y. C. members; you may happen across some breezy, humorous item which smacks of the sea; you may learn of some new yacht which is to fly our colors; some little poem of yachts, or sailors, or fishermen, or surf, or calm, or lake or sea may catch your eye—let us have them one or all!

It might be interesting to publish an honor roll of contributors occasionally and you will perhaps be surprised to learn that aside

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Boat Wiring a Specialty.

from the editorial staff we have had contributions from not more than a half dozen members.

The magazine is yours and you must help push it along! Abandon that notion that you can't write and *go to it!*

We hope it won't be necessary to keep this article in type for repeated publication for we would really like to devote this space to something more interesting in our coming "flashes". But it's up to *you*.

MR. VARNUM'S TALK ON THE COMPASS.

The talk given by Ensign W. L. Varnum of the U. S. Navy, on "The Mariner's Compass" at the last meeting of the Club, was very much worth while, and there was a good attendance of members to hear it.

It is past finding out how often our boys arrived at places on the lake to which they had not the remotest intention of going, for their silence on that subject is truly marvelous, and contrasts strangely with their enthusiasm and eloquence about the Club fire on most other subjects. But when our genial Cleveland expert declared that the compass pointed almost anywhere but true north, there was a flash of understanding on the more or less handsome faces of the aforesaid boys that was like sunshine on Lake Erie in January.

Brother Varnum's talk explained and taught so much about the vagaries of the compass, that no attempt can be made here to review them. Suffice it to say that we are grateful to this officer of Uncle Sam's for his courtesy and hope he will come again. You sailors of the unsalted seas, who were not there missed something of value. Take, for instance, the

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Commodore: ever since the time, months ago, when he laid a course from Erie that would clear Long Point by 467 feet, 3 inches, but landed us near Maitland, he has had a bewildered, puzzled look about him. Now Rea Whitley was in stern possession of the wheel on that wierd trip (and was darn officious about it too) using his watch he calls platinum and the compass as guides. If either were questioned you'd get a look that Rea uses on the innocent women when they insist that he should cash their husband's unsigned checks. But the Commodore is happier now, and he has the normal expression of understanding again. It has developed that the compass had a startling west deviation on account of a water pail, but Rea's watch is really tinplate and swung the needle eastward a whole lot more, and that is why we escaped landing at Port Burwell.

Editorial Staff Flash Light.

Brother Beach Combers, she certainly is a dandy (The Flash Light) and I say Hurrah, three times for Capt. Gilman for suggesting the new name—Hurrah for Capt. Gilman, anyhow, for he's a jolly good fellow.

And again I say, Hurrah three times for Billy Nick, and again and again for Billy started something. The Flash Light (Pilot) which I think is going to stay, but how many are there of us who realize and actually showed our appreciation of how much work and worry Billy had to go through before he brought this publication to a point where you and I could hardly wait for the next issue. And, yes, yes, I remember now, this brings back to my mind, think of it (mind) a little suggestion, signed "Captain" in the Novem-

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

ber issue, where this brother Captain speaks about a guessing contest as to the winning boat in a race, the prize (a Cup I presume) to go to the best *guesser*, a non-contestant in the race! Well, well, who would have thought of it, but think again, and it will look better to you, especially when you take into consideration the result of the last Cruiser Race. Our non-boat owner members have never had a chance so far anyhow of winning a Cup, and this would give them a beautiful chance.

But, looking at it from the other side, from the standpoint of those who would probably be poor guessers on account of not knowing the relative speeds of the different boats and naturally, therefore, wouldn't have any chance at all. I would like to make a little suggestion, which to my mind would give everybody an even chance excepting the ladies (and our brother Captain apparently didn't have the ladies in mind either); let's have a game of marbles, the winner to take the Cup. This game of marbles could be a series of games, going on while the boats would be running a 25 or 50 mile race! Just think of the fun, the excitement, the enthusiasm! A Cup at stake—and besides it would give the small son a chance or, if any brother Captain objected to the small boy, we could exclude him altogether (the small boy), and then, think of it, the glory for him who still could play marbles! Now don't understand that I mean by playing a game of marbles that that would be the only satisfactory solution of a boat race. There might be other games just as good—but a game of marbles wouldn't necessarily have to be played in the park. To make it look more nautical, it could be played right in the self-draining cockpit of some big cruiser and

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Just a Whisper 'Round the Corner

use the scuppers for shooting in the marbles. Now go it Captains, show your spirit; don't be selfish, lets hear of some better things, and *slam me hard!* C. E. R.

SUB-PERMANENT TOBACCO SMOKE.

At the December meeting of the Erie Yacht Club, the tobacco smoke was as thick as a London fog.

The wife of one of our members made a number of pertinent observations upon his return home as to the smell of tobacco which exuded from his clothes and his hair, and on toward morning she protested that every time he moved he liberated a new supply of the offensive odor.

He had been an attentive listener to Lieut. Varnum's compass talk and he drowsily answered: "Just like a ship—it ought to be turned about a couple of times after leaving port to throw off the sub-permanent magnetism which it absorbed from the electrical devices ashore." And he snored merrily on.

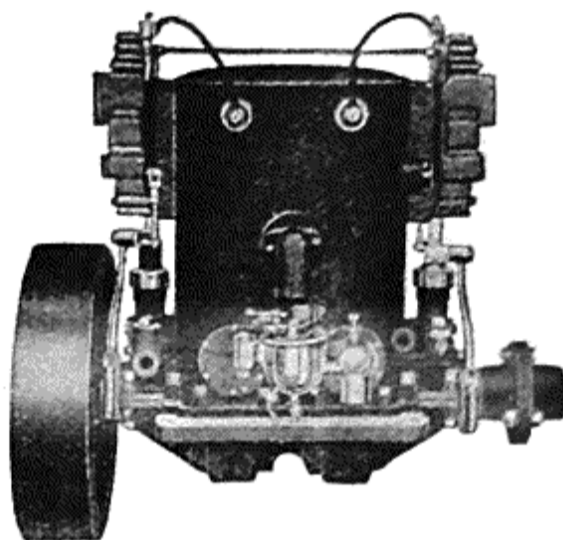
THE FLASH LIGHT.

Captain Gilman's ears must burn at the complimentary things which have been said in approval of the new name of this publication.

And in passing it might be interesting to mention the other names which have been proposed. One member suggested "Shipmate" another "E. Y. C. Burgee", another "Hawse Hole," another "Lee Scupper," (these two vile reflections on our reading matter perhaps), another "Pilot Fish" as a fore runner of the *whaling* big club that his ardent enthusiasm tells him we are destined to have. But all are agreed that the name which adorns our pages is best of all and we

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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 December)

CHAPTER II.

Disappointment and Delay.

I arrived at the factory on the day I had set. You can perhaps imagine my feelings upon arrival when I found that the boat was still far from complete. The cabin top was lacking, the cockpit floor had not been laid and a large amount of work remained undone which was necessary to make it ready for use.

It hardly seemed worth while to return home and await the completion of the boat, and yet at the same time it was a hardship to remain. There was not only the expense of hotel bills, but I felt that my time was being wasted. I decided, however, to remain and see the job through, and from the day of my arrival until the day of launching, I fear that every workman who had anything to do with that boat wished several times a day that he was dead and buried.

The boat in some ways was quite pleasing. I thought the model and construction of the hull was about perfect for a boat so beamy. Some other details were not just to my liking; a few features about the motor, and especially part of the electric outfit, were, to say the least, far from perfection. Of course, some of these details I did not know until I gained the knowledge from experience.

Oscar H. Nick

AGENT FOR

BUFFALO MARINE ENGINE

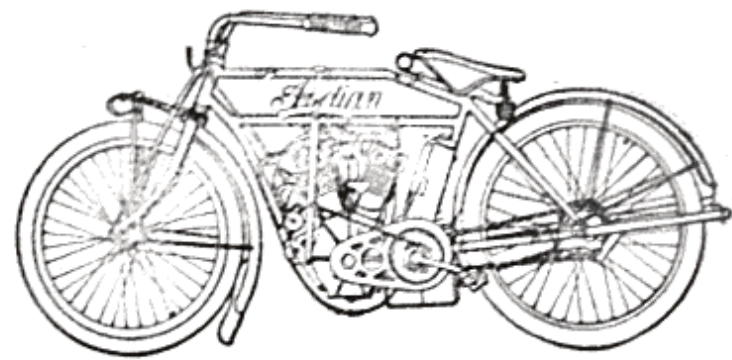


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LEJEAL CYCLE WORKS

EIGHTEENTH AND SASSAFRAS

About two weeks after my arrival, the boat had progressed far enough to be launched. After the boat was in the water the builders endeavored to fill the gasoline tanks which were made of two 30-gallon range boilers, and found no provision had been made for the air to get out of the tanks, they having been arranged to be filled from the underside. Of course, the tanks were placed under the forward deck, where it was almost impossible to get at them to make vent holes.

They could not very well arrange to drill the holes at the highest end, the tanks being nearly horizontal with the forward end a few inches higher than aft and close to the deck, so they made holes at the lower end, leading vent pipes therefrom to the deck. This left an air space in each tank not available for gasoline, cutting the capacity down about 15 per cent.

The specifications called for connections of iron pipe size brass pipe with all joints soldered, but when the tanks were filled with gasoline nearly every joint leaked. The gasoline had to be pumped out and the pipes taken out, and I, being somewhat acquainted with such work, assisted the men in taking down and putting together the pipes, all joints having been previously tinned and then thoroughly sweated together.

In the course of a week after the launching, three of the leading mechanics connected with the firm building the boat, came down to the river and worked a good part of half a day, endeavoring to start the motor. The writer has no definite recollection of what happened from that time until the boat was finally pronounced ready for use, but there were some very exasperating circumstances connected with the matter.

CHAPTER III.

Getting It Home.

After engaging a young man who claimed to have abundant knowledge of gasoline motors to make the trip with me as engineer as far as Detroit, with a pilot for Grand River, who was the head of the firm building the boat, we started out July 21st, for Grand Haven. We had been gone three or four hours when the motor stopped for no apparent reason. Spark plugs were taken out and examined by our engineer, who thought they were all right and they would make a good spark. We put the plugs back and tried to start up the motor, but all in vain. We took them out again and the head of the firm, sticking in a lead pencil and peeking into the cylinders, discovered that there was water in them, and declared that the cylinder heads would have to be taken off to see where the water came from. About four dozen nuts, more or less, had to be removed, the timer taken off, and upon removing the cylinder heads several teacupfuls of water were found in the two cylinders. Neither our gas engine expert, the head of the firm from whom we bought the boat, nor myself could discover where that water came from; all sorts of theories being advanced, and I wondered if it was to be a regular thing to have to take off those cylinder heads every thirty or forty miles to get out the water. No one could account for its existence, but undoubtedly a real gasoline expert would have known at once where the trouble lay.

(Continued next month.)

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