

PUBLISHED BY THE ERIE YACHT CLUB

No! The By-Laws of the Erie Yacht Club do not make ownership in a boat obligatory upon a member. ¶ With us, as with all Yacht Clubs, the veranda yachtsmen are a valued adjunct and we take chances on interesting them later on in *the Real Thing*.

This Space for Sale



..... Drink

Waynebrew

That Good Beer



The Flash Light

MEETING NOTICE.

The March meeting of the Club is scheduled for Wednesday, the 13th, at 8 P. M. As usual, we will meet at the anchorage. A number of important matters will be brought before the Club, and you'll want to be there. The Directors will do some business after the club meeting.

We have not had a smoker for some moons. The Commodore thinks the rooms are losing their wonted flavor. So be prepared to smoke the Jay Hogan Havanas after the formalities are over.

G. R. Oberholzer,
Secretary.

CONSIDER THE CORK.

"A little cork fell in the path of
a whale,
Who lashed it down with his angry
tail.

But in spite of his blows
It quickly arose
And floated serenely before his
nose.

"Said the cork, 'You may flap and
splutter and rap
But you can never keep me down.
For I'm made of the stuff
That is buoyant enough
To float instead of to drown.' "

—*St. Nicholas.*

At our February meeting, the directors elected three members and received three applications for membership, all of whom were guaranteed to meet the specifications named by the front cover ad. on our February flash.

THE SINGING YACHTSMAN.

"Sing a little song to me,"

Of the yachtsman pleaded she,
"If I grant a boon like this

For my fee I name a kiss."

"You shall have your modest fee,

Sing and I will pay," said she,

"And,—count this a lucky chance—

I will pay you in advance!"

So this truly generous maid

In advance the singer paid.

Then he sang, and when he ended

Rare good luck his skill attended,

For "you sang so well," said she,

"You have earned a double fee,"

And she placed another kiss

On those willing lips of his.

"Double value," whispered he,

"In that last kiss given me,

I am honest, let me render

Proper change in legal tender,"

And it took (I thought it strange),

Twenty kisses to make change!

Anon.

TRUE SYMPATHY.

The thin man darted up the gangway. "Will you hold the ship a moment for my wife, captain?" he gasped. "She will soon be here."

"Can't do it!" snorted the captain, as he raised his hand to signal the engineer.

"B-but, captain, she's going away to stay six months!" cried the thin man. "If she doesn't go now, she may change her mind!"

"I'll hold it!" replied the captain.

"I don't consider motor-boating a sport, it's only a pastime!"—

Secretary Oberholzer.

THE FLASH LIGHT

Vol. I March, 1912 No. 9

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.
Subscription, Fifty Cents per year
Advertising Rates on Application

ERIE YACHT CLUB.

Foot Myrtle Street.

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G. A. Fuchs - - - - - Vice Commodore
J. D. Cummins - - - - - Rear Commodore
F. M. Yates - - - - - Fleet Captain
G. R. Oberholzer - - - - - Secretary
R. R. Whitley - - - - - Treasurer
Grant R. Lynch, - - - - - Measurer

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J. J. Hogan, G. R. Oberholzer,
H. W. Mehl, J. M. Frank.

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TO ALL BOAT OWNERS.

This trouble started at Detroit. It appears that some enterprising yacht owner in that city smuggled some fresh air or, maybe, a rosy-cheeked maiden across the river from Canada sometime last Summer. At any rate the busy Collector of the Port of the city afore-said writes a letter to the Commissioner, or what you call him, at Washington, making certain representations, whereupon that fresh official of a green department, itching to have a chance to show authority and make some showing in return for his salary check writes to the Detroit man laying down a great law to the end that those potential criminals and law breakers—the great army of amateur yachtsman of the Great Lakes, might be properly controlled, for copies of this latest ruling were sent to all custom officials in the Region, among them the Collector at Erie.

The substance of the ukase is as follows:

All boats of 5 tons or over must be documented each year. The necessary papers can be procured at the Custom House. There is no charge.

All boats, whether documented or not, even though they be row boats, upon departing for a Canadian port must first get clearance papers, and, upon returning home, must be regularly entered at the Custom House. Nor are you fellows who go to the Point to fish exempt, only in your case your clearance papers from the home port will be accepted on entering when you return.

It is true that the fine for a violation of this sacred law is only \$1,000, but it is annoying, for we do not always have the change. At any rate the wise man will pay the 20 cents going and coming, get

the right measure of red tape, and so enable him to look even the Great Commissioner straight in the eye and tell him what a fine day it is—or something to that effect.

The irritating feature of this nonsense is that we yachtsmen of the Lake region are made to do what is not done elsewhere. R. S. No. 4214 provides that owners of pleasure boats give good and sufficient bond that they will be law abiding citizens, and then go their way in peace; this is the law that holds everywhere except on the Lakes, and it is bad enough. I rise to ask what it will profit the Department of Commerce and Labor to dog every step of our yachtsmen with galling suspicion, and, as criminals on probation, make them report their coming and going, when their sole aim is to promote the cleanest of sports, to enjoy the most health giving recreation and to make good, clean-cut citizens and manly men of our people.

HOW'S THIS!

* * * * *

"Outside of the writer the party consisted of Robert Deming, Carl Harris and Frank Rosenzweig, the latter three gentlemen from Cleveland, and it would have been difficult to pick out three higher class princes than the gentlemen referred to."

* * * * *

"We had good weather of it and passed through the breakwater at 5:35 a. m., passing Fairport at 8:00 a. m., Ashtabula at 10:15, Conneaut at 11:15, and Erie, 108 miles, at 1:15 p. m. It was our intention first to change our course at Erie for Buffalo, as we had plenty of time to make the run, but the wind was getting somewhat stronger from the northwest, and as we would be in the trough

PAINT

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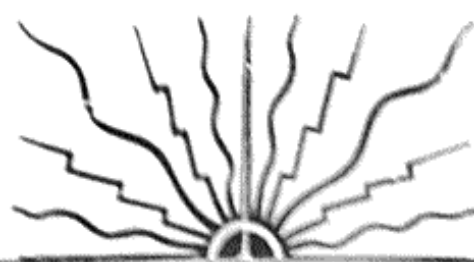
of the sea, we decided to remain over night at Erie, not only on account of the weather, but Rosy stated he had many friends at Erie, as he was born there. He introduced us to a great many people there, but they were all either members of or eligible for the 'Osler Institute,' and nearly all of them were 'knee sprung.' After visiting some of Rosy's relatives and friends and having some 'refreshments,' which are only brewed in Erie, we retired early and left Erie for Buffalo at 6:45 a. m."—

From "Cruise of the 'Wilanna' to Florida" by Commodore C. W. Kotcher in Toledo Yacht Club's "Megaphone" and Detroit Motor Boat Club's "Pilot," February 1912.

A GOOD SIGN.

The lively interest which has lately been manifested by members of the E. Y. C. in a one design class of small sailing craft is a good sign. It means that one's real love of the water and ambition to acquire skill in the handling of small craft can never be fully gratified by the modern motor-boat. We concede that a motor-boat is a mighty convenient invention and fills its own particular niche in present day history quite as fully as does the sailing yacht or the aeroplane, but motor-boats never have been made sailormen and never will do so.

You may contend if you will (and we will not contradict you) that it is quite as impossible to build two motor boats precisely alike and possessing the same identical speed as it is to build two such sail boats, but, nevertheless, the story is usually ended the first time the two power boats get together, for it is dollars to doughnuts that the craft which wins in



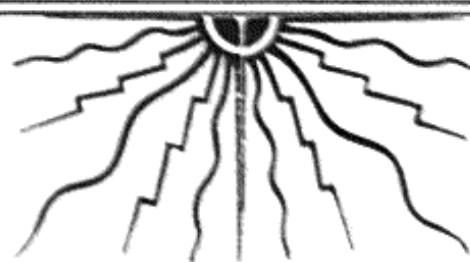
Henry Beckman & Son

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the first try-out will do so ever after.

But take two sail boats! Aha!! Here is where brains supersede mechanical force, and from the firing of the preparatory gun, until the contestants cross the line at the finish, skipper vies against skipper, not only in steering his course, but in trimming his canvas, in the proper hoist of his sail, in the manipulation of the center-board, in taking quick advantage of every puff of wind and every veering of the breeze. Why it thrills one just to write it even on this cold February night with the thermometer so far below zero that we fear it won't climb back in time for the fitting out season!

It's a good sign we repeat, and we know of nothing—absolutely nothing—which will instill more ginger into our club than to see the proposed class adopted and a dozen or more of the “bugs” contracted for.

One word in conclusion—adopt a small inexpensive model at first and when this class creates sufficient interest to induce the adoption and building of a somewhat larger class, why all the better!

THE WHY OF IT.

In connection with all the talk and agitation concerning the proposed widening the foot of State Street, the question is often asked “why does not the Erie Yacht Club arise to the occasion and opportunity and build additional launch houses for the purpose of inducing boat owners now located at State St. to join that organization?”

This question is a pertinent one and its answer is to be found in the fact that the Erie Yacht Club is handicapped at present while awaiting the adoption of plans now under

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R. R. WHITLEY,	-	Assistant Cashier

discussion by the Water Commissioners looking to the enlargement of the pumping station and the possible construction of a filtration plant. Just as soon as the Commissioners adopt their plans we are ready, willing and anxious to go ahead with ours, but it will require only a brief glance at the water works plant and location to convince anyone that the plans of the E. Y. C. must of necessity and from both a utilitarian and artistic standpoint dovetail with those of the Water Commissioners.

Let it be recalled that, two years ago, the Club planned to increase its facilities by building a pier from a point 30 feet from the Northeast corner of Water Works Park directly on a line with said park to Watson's Pier some 600 feet eastward. Permission for this improvement was granted by the Water Commissioners as far as their jurisdiction extended, and Councils gave permission to cross Myrtle St., but the measure was vetoed by then Mayor Liebel. In view of the plans now under discussion and likely to be adopted by the Water Commissioners, it looks as though this veto was a blessing in disguise.

If now, this falls under the eye of any of our State Street neighbors, who might like to avail themselves of the facilities, the conveniences, the cleaner water, and the good fellowship of the Erie Yacht Club, we invite them to join us and give us the benefit of their experience, advice and means in planning and carrying to successful execution the upbuilding of a yacht club of many times the strength of the present organization.

Motto for the dining saloon of an ocean steamship: "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."—*Life*.

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Boat Wiring a Specialty.

ABOUT MOTOR BOAT RACING.

By George Fitch.

Those members who enjoyed the series of articles on motor boating which were published in the "Saturday Evening Post" last summer, will appreciate the following from the same pen which the scissor-editor of "The Barometer" discovered in the columns of the "Peoria Herald Transcript" the day of the opening of the Peoria Regatta last summer:

"Today we will see the beginning of what will be the greatest series of motor-boat races ever held in America. Perhaps you have stuck too religiously to your automobile, your baby cab or your lawn mower and have found no interest in this more fascinating form of navigation. If this is true, for your benefit we will attempt to describe motorboat racing in a few splashy lines.

Motorboat racing is the wettest of our sports, next to swimming, and the noisest next to baseball. The requirements for a motorboat race are a river with at least four feet of water in it, a couple of boats equipped with gasoline engines and at least two owners each of whom is perfectly sure that the other boat will break down before his does.

There was once a time when motorboat races were participated in by boats with one, two or three-cylinder engines. These are not called races any more, however. They are merely parades. Today the man who can stuff the most cylinders into the smallest boat and can keep the whole business together the longest time is the champion.

There are now motorboats 20 feet long which have 16-cylinder engines developing 250 horsepower.

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It would take a boat ten times as large to hold two hundred and fifty horses, but motorboat horses are like beef extract. They are very greatly compressed. There is just room in these boats beside their engines for a man, a life preserver and a pump. They do not go through the water. They haven't time. They crowd over it, pushing it out on either side of them in great white wings of spray. So anxious is the boat to get away from the terrific commotion in its interior that it leaps half way out of water when at full speed and remains thus, looking like a hugh duck which hasn't decided whether it can swim or fly the fastest.

The 20-foot motorboats are the sportiest of all models. They are the bucking bronchos of the motorboat world. It is hard to ride them as it is to stay aboard an Indian pony when it is nervous. The 20-foot boat loves to throw its chauffeur over its gunwales and to romp merrily off by itself. It is almost equally fond of rolling over and over in a high sea, and endeavor to get rid of the hornet convention which its magneto is producing. Some racers tie themselves into their 20-footers and others do not, believing that after all the water is about as safe as the boat. Incidentally when a man is thrown into the soft blue bosom of the river by a motorboat going 30 miles an hour he suddenly discovers that there is nothing soft about a dancing wave. It is possible to have one's face badly scratched by ploughing into a wavelet at the rate of 30 miles an hour.

The 26-foot class is a peculiar class of racing boat, inasmuch as it is generally won by 20-footers. The extra 6 feet doesn't seem to produce any speed and only gives that much more boat to lug through

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He can now supply you with conveyances
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ON LAND AND WATER

But don't think for a minute that he is going to neglect the boat business. His line for 1912 will be much larger and better than ever.

He is looking for a good agent for Marion Cars at Erie. Will you help him find one?

182-184 Franklin Street

BUFFALO, N. Y.

the water. The 32-foot class has considerably more engine room and a boat of this kind can stable 100 horsepower very comfortably. The 40-foot class is the largest class raced in this country. These boats can carry a herd of 600 horses and can romp comfortably across the scenery at the rate of 40 miles an hour, making a noise like a run-away sawmill. They are the fastest things afloat, but are not as interesting to watch as the little fellows, because they do not stand up on their tails and paw the water frantically.

There are two types of racing boats—the keel boat and the hydroplane. The former is supposed to stay in the water to a reasonable extent, while the latter skips blithely from wave to wave, touching a toe to the surface now and then. The latter are the faster, but owing to their indifference as to whether they ride the top of the river or the bottom of it they have not yet become popular as excursion boats.

The Rochester Yacht Club is the latest to promote a monthly publication: "The Compass", which made its initial appearance last month, looks to be three hundred and sixty degrees to the good.

The ice-yacht contingent presented the Erie Yacht Club with \$119 last month being the proceeds of the dancing party given by them on the 7th ult.

"If a sailor stole a ship, what could a boat-hook?"—*Barometer*.

"Why, the dock, of course!"—*T. Y. C. Megaphone*.

But say,—s'pose the dock,—that is the Doc,—the Fleet Surgeon, you know—s'pose the Fleet Surgeon should marry, would it be safe to conclude that he cauterize?

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Just a Whisper 'Round the Corner

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

A NEW COMMERCIAL PIER.

The Flash Light heartily and cordially endorses the proposition to have a new pier for commercial purposes at the foot of Peach Street. In our August number was published a contribution protesting against the continued use of the Public Steam Boat Landing at the foot of State Street for the unloading and storage of lumber and other heavy freight.

This article was so favorably commented on by the press and by prominent citizens of this city that we know it struck a popular chord. The present proposition that we have a pier devoted solely to commercial uses is right to the point, and we hope to see the idea adopted.

LAND HO!

"Yes," said a traveling man last night, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic Ocean twenty-one days."

There was a small-sized crowd sitting around. Another man spoke up.

"On the Pacific Ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-nine days," he said.

A little bald-headed man knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I started across the Kaw River at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

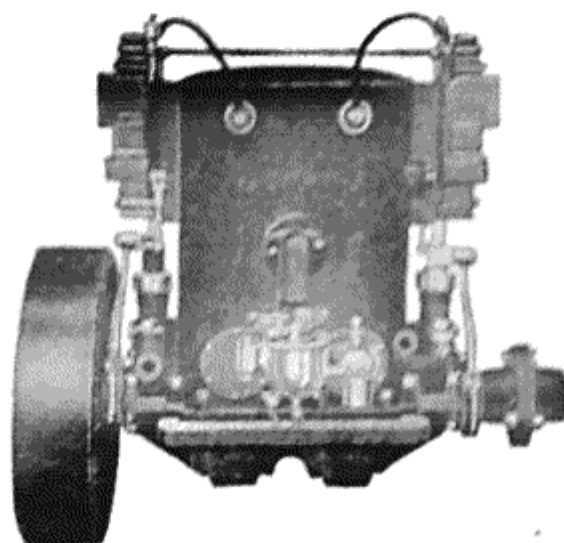
"Aw, come off," said the man who had told the first tale, "the Kaw isn't more than three hundred feet wide at Topeka."

"I didn't say it was," said the little bald-headed man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."—*Denver Post*.

Most hard, alack,
Our mortal lot;
Our cats come back,
Our ships do not!

FULTON

Last year we were the first to introduce the Wico ignition into the marine field. This year others have adopted it.



3½-15 H. P.

Last year we listed our make-and-break spark Engine with our self-sparking Motor, but there was no demand for it, or for the regular old style jump spark engine, and therefore this year we are bending all efforts to our self-sparking Motor, requiring no battery, coil, switch, wiring or magneto.

We wish all old customers would write for our new catalogue, showing the extension base, mechanical oiler and other improvements. We want to keep in close touch with our friends.

AGENTS:

Harry L'Hommedieu, Niagara St., Buffalo
Power Boat Supply and Equipment Co.,
8823 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland.
Oswald Zistel, Sandusky.
Charles Masten, Port Clinton.
W. B. Showalter, Vermilion.

AND

Fulton Manufacturing Co.
Erie, Pennsylvania

MY FIRST POWER BOAT.*J. D. Cummins.*

(Concluded.)

I had only myself to depend on now, and thought it would be best to employ an expert gas engine man to correct the difficulties that had lately grown to alarming proportions. I soon found one and he sent me two men who not only made the necessary repairs and alterations, but gave me a great deal of information. I felt that I had learned more about gasoline engines during the two or three days that they were working for me than I had learned up to that time. They put in new coils, new batteries, and rewired the entire outfit, and it certainly worked far better than at any time since the boat was launched.

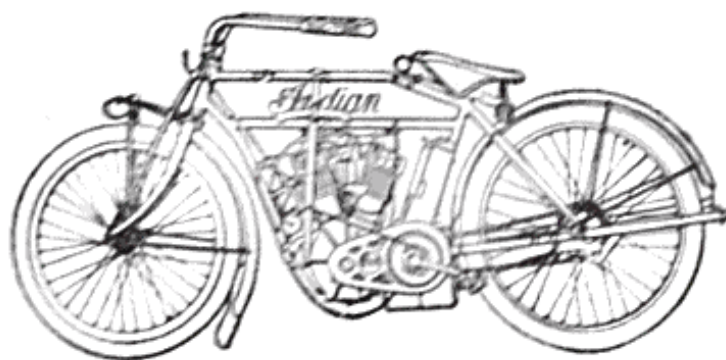
As soon as I felt sure of my ability to manage the motor, I sent for two of my children, a daughter of 16 and a son of 14, to come to Detroit to make the remainder of the trip with me. We ran up and down the river and across Lake St. Clair until I became familiar enough with the motor to venture into Lake Erie. On August 8th we left our mooring near Belle Isle at 6:30 A. M., passed Detroit Light at 9:15, Sister Islands at 10:50, arriving at Put-in-Bay at 1 P. M., both children being seasick all the way across, although there was no sea worth mentioning. As none of us had had anything to eat since leaving Detroit, good healthy appetites claimed our attention the minute we landed. On the 9th we left Put-in-Bay at 7:30 A. M., passed Middle Island Light at 8:30, and arrived in Cleveland at 3 P. M. August 11th was our last day out. Leaving Cleveland at 8:15 A. M. and reaching Conneaut, Ohio, our home port, at

Oscar H. Nick

AGENT FOR

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MARINE
ENGINE
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HERCULES MAGNETOS
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LEJEAL CYCLE WORKS**EIGHTEENTH AND SASSAFRAS**

4:40 P. M., running this last 70 miles in 8 hours and 25 min.

The total run figures up 816 miles, not including running around more or less at various ports, which would bring the mileage up 900 miles at least. On this trip we consumed 338 gallons of gasoline, the price ranging from 9 to 18 cents per gallon, with a total cost of \$41.44 for fuel and \$2.30 for oil and waste.

EDITORS' NOTE.—Mr. Cummins has had the most extensive and varied cruising experience of any member of the Erie Yacht Club, having cruised in his present boat,—the "Jay Dee" from Marblehead, Mass., around Cape Cod to New York City, via Hudson River and Erie Canal to Buffalo and on the length of Lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan to Chicago. He has a fund of knowledge and reminiscences from which we hope to draw later on.

RECENT ACCESSIONS.

The following named gentlemen have recently been elected members of the E. Y. C.: Elmer Hansen, Arthur E. Boldt, Charles A. Koenig, Joseph G. Mayer, Clyde Gaugh, Emile B. Kraus, Walter W. Gingrich, J. Marcus Stearn, Ora F. Merwin.

We learn that Mr. C. D. Buckpitt, one of our own non-resident members, has been elected commodore of the Buffalo Yacht Club for the present year. Good for Commodore Buckpitt and good for the Buffalo Yacht Club!

THE DITTY BAG.

"If examined by the Navigation Board would the compass?"

W. H. F. N.

Ans.—Yes, if it were properly corrected.

"If it were a candidate for office how many votes would a pike-pole?"

M. W. S.

Ans.—We refuse to discuss politics in these columns.

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On account of the limited time I have for use of my boat, I am offering it for sale at a very low figure.

Length, 22½ feet, beam, 5 feet, 4 inches.

10 horse power Motor, speed 9 to 10 miles per hour. Complete equipment including McClellan Spray Hood, Magneto, Cushions, Life Preservers, Running Lights, etc.

A strictly modern seaworthy boat, built to my specifications.

JAY J. HOGAN,

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