



December 1967

When I told your Commodore I'd have the Log written and printed by December 30th -- probably late in the evening -- I was unquestionably in the usual state of fogginess that is the protective shell of all fathers about this time of the year. I remembered not that area of Mother's concern such as parties, children and their doings, guests, grandchildren -- and more guests. With my chief assistant editor tied up in the family knot this would be only half a Log if it hadn't been for a few loyal contributors, leading off with Steve Waller (age 12) whose report on the goings-on around (and under) Erie Harbor is presented, as accurately typed by his Secretary (and sister) Mary Lou.

Once upon a time there was a man named John. Because he was a fool he said he would go aboard the Haunted Submarine at the bottom of the Bay. So he put on his super-duper aqualung and his Donald Duck life-raft and swam down to the bottom of the bay. When he was in the Sub he decided he would go down to the Control Room. But when he got down there, YECCH! The hamsters that gave the sub her power had died and ROTTED. All that was left was guts and bones and skulls!!

He was getting hungry so he went down the corridor to the Galley, but when he opened the refrigerator, He Saw MOLD. But he said, so what, I can eat my T.V. Dinners I bought last week----but suddenly he heard a PLOP. He stood still as a board. But when he looked down, he saw it was just his Teddy Bear and Blanket.

But when he left the sub he forgot that every afternoon at 3:00 a ghost on the Sub fired a Nuclear Jelly-Fish Torpedo. So when he left it happened to be 3:00 and as he passed the Sub, the Nuclear Jelly-Fish torpedo was fired and it hit him

And when he got back he told of his (foolish) bravery!_

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CLUB OFFICERS: Commodore G. Wm. Ambro; Vice Commodore George H. Deike; Rear Commodore Richard O. Loesel; Fleet Captain George H. Sipple; Secretary-Treasurer T. Ken Welsh

DIRECTORS: P/C Ben J. Ginader; T. J. McFate; P/C R. B. Way; P/C D. B. Nagle, Jr.; T. J. Schuler; Dave Lund

WEDNESDAY - - - DECEMBER 13TH - - - ERIE ACHT CLUB PINOCHLE
OR AL. WINTER WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Always a delightful event--partaken of by Yachtsmen--Gentlemen--Sailors, or other sundry Male Club members.

However, this night of December 13th was distinguished by the highly competitive spirits of the sole contestants--this was a war of nerves, (which can erupt at any time) between Messrs. Cooley, Daly, Mangan and Bracalento. The agony could be heard at the top of the hill-- but in a friendly game - - free lunch once in a while besides.

Rich Loesel, your duly elected Fleet Captain, and therefore the chairman of the House Committee, was confronted with an initial LABOR (a^e la Hercules) - - differentiating between the following odors: --

1. Normal "Club House" dry rot.
2. Dead rats in inaccessible sub-floor crypts.
3. Over-flowing and over-loaded lavatory facilities.

In this case it turned out to be "stink number 2", the rat being exhumed shortly after the December 13th Pinochle session, which was accused of creating the aroma by certain crude characters.

Peg Way's father now happily recovering from a recent heart attack.

We repeat Eric Ambro's excellent report on the Trophy Dinner, which was held December 9th, verbatim:

The Auxiliary fleet sailors had the last word of the racing season with their Trophy Dinner, a joyous affair of feature events, including Frank Zurn's star-studded celluloid review of super sailing at Newport, R.I. Among the other high points were the personal presentation of the Koehler Cup by Mr. Bud Becker of Erie Brewing Co., to the Enigma, and the announcement of the new Zurn Industries Trophy for the best seasonal performance by an auxiliary, based on a point system, and its presentation by P/C Frank Zurn to the Vixen. EYC boats that received trophies in the Inter-Club Cruise were again given recognition: the Invitational Trophy was won by Jack Tar III, the Annette Cup by Enigma, and the "debased" Bruce Dell Cup by Curlew. Kahili was again applauded as the clean-sweep winner of the Interstate Race.

The awards presented at the ceremony were as follows: the season opener, the Gilmore Trophy, was won by Kahili; the Summer Series was won by Vixen with three first places; the Erie to Barcelona race was not completed in the time limit, (moral victory was given to Devshir) but the return run and the Koehler Cup series were won by Enigma; the Fall series was won by Kahili with three firsts, and the Zurn Championship Trophy was won by Vixen.

The auxiliary sailors offered thanks to all the power boat skippers and crews who generously served as committee boats during the season. And the expression of gratitude by P/C Ben Ginader was heartily echoed, as deserved thanks were once again given to Race Committee

chairman, Harold Ogden.

And thus was another gathering of the raghauling set, this time about a hundred strong, for an interlude of pleasant camaraderie.

* * * * *

Spike Spencer - former Owner/Skipper of the yacht Restless (an able forty-odd foot Casey cruising yawl) writes from Augusta, Ga.--"Don't let that Club hibernate during Winter - keep the Fireplace and spirit-of-adventure going. To go up the hill this time of the year is a waste."

We frequently hear from P/C Don Sterrett -- the last time with a bushel of clippings direct from son Captain Dave Sterrett of USN, concerning the 1967 Honolulu race----available from ye Ed -- if you're interested.

Commodore's Comments

January 1st was a memorable day at the Yacht Club for, as nearly all of you know by now, at the New Year's Day Reception we signed the contract to build a new Clubhouse. The enthusiastic response to this action was amazing, and many members backed up their enthusiasm by subscribing more than \$20,000.00 to the Building Fund, all within a few hours. This, added to prior amounts, gave us enough for the down-payment. Dave Schuler and Frank Zurn, who did such a remarkable job soliciting these funds, assured me they would double the figure. Meanwhile, the extra earth-fill required to raise the house to the prescribed level is being trucked to the site by our builder, the Hardner-Doyle Co. You will be seeing their employees and their sub-contractors all through the summer months. What grander sight can there be then to watch from the bow of your boat while your new clubhouse is being built?

Bill

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Two Juniors recently graduated from OCS and are rated Ensigns - Dave Ambro and Roger Zurn.

Low Klahr, Al Benson, Jack Bierley and wives will be at the Holiday Inn, Sandusky, Ohio for the DN Nationals. (Rich Loesel may go.)

Gib Loesel and Jack Bierley and wives are going to St. Petersburg, Florida February 16th for the Thistle Mid-Winter Championship Regatta.

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I've got a real Cliff-Hanger from Gail Garron which I'll run serial style -- this month:-

Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler:

No doubt what I have copied from an 1888 publication is "old hat" to many old time members of the club, but if not I felt that with Eric's Bay stepping ahead in history in the signing of the contract, New Year's Day some might like to look back in history before the EYC existed. Some of the names, I found, seem to ring a bell. I wonder if some are the founders of the EYC.

If this is "old hat" it may seem I wasted a lot of time copying it so you may use it as your please, but if by copying it, in my own rugged hand, I can remember a small portion of it, I will feel it was time well spent.

Gail.

(continuation of Gail Garren's letter)

P.S. The article was captioned with a drawing of Mr. Converse's boat. I have attempted to duplicate the picture about five times the size. The boat appears to be about a 32 footer. (can anyone fill us in here?)

P.P.S. Now you know why I print. (Printing like this I'll take anytime--Ed.)

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From the Distaff Side:--

Well--the Ladies met for luncheon on December 7th and again on January 4th. That about 'sez it. December and January are not precisely the months for Ladies to accomplish much outside their immediate families. Our Lady Commodore is to be commended for taking over so gallantly at the slackest time. (Cheer up, Gladys, things will pick up in March.) No business was accomplished; no projects underway. It might as well have been the November luncheon-- repetition--rehash. Thank God for Dorce Eddows!!!!!! She blow in on an icy gust at the tail end of subdued proceedings, to generate a spark of life. Dorce has a long memory and a lot of know-how, and an inexhaustible generosity. These things are not easily come by in our status-symbol, group-conscious, pass-the-buck world. Which we personally cannot HACK!!

And it took us back to the not so-long-ago when the old Anchorage was home to George and Mary Loesel, Mark and Ceil Mangan, Clarence Murphy, Justin and Jessio Weil, Doctor Allison and daughter Arlene, Bob and Marnie Sterngang, Byron Cooley, Morrill and Hy Baumann, Al and Annie Lodge, Louella and Harry Jones, the Clarence Krugs, Forman Cratons, Roy Irwins, Jack Raimys, Miko Harrisons and many more. And now, in this New Year of 1968, our Yacht Club Family is still blessed with the presence of George and Mark and Byron, Annie and Dorce and Louella, Ken and Jackie Welsh, even Cort Schuyler -- and he's had a hard life!! Anybody knows that!!

So at this point I shall abandon the editorial we - and stick to the first person singular. I'm not the editor anyway - and Bob Sternberg was. (He even had a business manager - Andy Shafer doubled in brass--Cort Schuyler has Kenny Welsh--he triples.) Here he is, friends - and I quote from the November issue of the Log in 1951:--

"Now she should know better than that! Anyone who is on the mailing list of the estimable publication knows only too well that we are lucky to hit the mails by the fifteenth of the month following that of which the news, if any, is reported.

Obviously I don't wanna be invited out to no duck dinners.
(And I guess I've made sure of that!)"

And before our pen runs out of acid, how about the new curtains in the bar? Can't understand this decoration thing. We personally saw the sketches done in color for the new decor and that they were wonderful. And now? Well, what do you think?

Reminds me of the musician who blow in so sweet and it came out so sour. We've all the elements of a fine job there, but seemed to have messed up somewhere. My heart bleeds for those poor anaemic little fishes swimming across that blue expanse (expense?) of tapestry - with no mother to guide them. Should we try Hadacol? A transfusion of coral paint? "

All this info came out when we made inquiry on entering the Club the other evening. The odor reminded us of the old (but still good) story of the gent who crept into the crypt, --- and crept away.

Well, folksies, we've had an ELECTION. We weren't in on Rounds One and Two but even coming in late as we did the balance of the fight was well worth it. To say it was unique would be a masterpiece of understatement. Never saw the like of it in fact. Old Man Roberts of Roberts Rules of Order fame turned over in his grave so many times he earned a new nickname. Twirler Roberts they call him now, and it's even money he's still in motion."

Brother Sternberg called us Sister Schuyler. He declared that to take her verse you needed an oxygen mask. Then you were told to don the gas mask for his Punk Pome.

* * * * *

And then on Friday, January 5th, Bob Ryberg hosted his annual Venison Dinner - and suddenly it was all there again - that old feelin'! All you had to do was walk in. Nick and Jack were happily surrounded by the EYC sailors or Yachtsmen or whatever you call them when dressed for a shindig. Mrs. Stover and crew handled the fish-fry et al - as well as the Ryberg Banquet - and ye Ed heard nothing but praise. The ladies drifted in and certain more of our more gifted members warmed up their instruments. Man, it was cold outside!! And someone somewhere said "Let there be music". And it was so!!!!!! From the Birth of The Blues to the Marching Saints and everything in between - we were with Wilcox, Spath, Wilcox and Rupert and their friends Ennis and Penfield. What good is rhetoric? Thanks, friends.

And Dorce arrived with her wiglet atop a beautiful face which now gazes disdainfully at surrounding bottles in Nick's reserve. Chances, chances - ladies and gentlemen! For a buck you can swing on a Star! The drawing will be held at the Ladies Luncheon on February first. Remember - the first Thursday of every month -gals -----and Dorce promises a WIG for the March drawing. (My good grief, no spinnaker?----Ed.)

Last night, Friday January 5th, reminds us of all the attempts, thru the years, to make this Club a Kahkwa - Lake Shore - A.C. or Erie Club. Well, it ain't, nor will it be. Our (and other) Yacht Club attracts a special kind of idiot what owns or covets boats - let's build on that. We have a sufficiency of establishments dedicated to the grand conventions of our times.

The Champagne Dinner Dane will be held January 27th - - Fleet Captain George Sipple in charge.

So long,

Cort

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