



October Issue 1968

The Old Bird is back in the Crow's nest after a six-month sabbatical, so to speak. As her friend, the Walrus said - "the time has come to speak of many things". So, for the moment - let's forget the cabbage patch - and comment on the Kings:

The Erie Yachtsmen have sailed thru an exceptionally fine season as to wind and weather - Gail Garren and Harold Ogden have kept you informed as to racing news - and the cruising tales will filter down as the nights grow long and the feet are propped on the fender, instead of the Poop-Deck. In addition, they have moved from the Old to the New Anchorage after more than a decade of careful planning, expedient revision and hard work. During these first weeks we have all experienced the strange and unfamiliar sensation of doing the accustomed thing in a foreign land. And always our re-assurance has swept in from the magnificent view of our beloved bay and the long arm of the peninsula beyond.

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One night last month - the urge to commune with Ginger overcame my love of a soft bunk, so - after dark on a rainy night, down to the EYC went I - and Good Grief! where was our Club? Could it be that pile of sticks and plaster? Oh it was dark, damp and lonely

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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

that night as I walked around the old home - not a soul around - when suddenly that pile of bones settled with a groan - a groan that pretty nearly confirmed all the superstitions I've had; but it was fitting that groan said, "Goodbye - be of good cheer and carry on!"

Next A.M. in daylight her dormers became agonizing eyes - the kind you can't avoid no matter where you turn. Our old house said as she died, "Keep on - Go forward and I'll not have died in vain."

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On Sunday, September 29th, there was an empty place at the foot of the Hill - and the tired timbers of our old home burned steadily thru the afternoon and evening out on the breakwater. Fresh wind, strong sunlight, scudding cloud, a line of fire. All clean. It is finished. Amen.

It was good on that day to see our old friends, Roy and Kay Irwin, Jessie Weil and Annie Lodge, breaking bread together. Such threads of laughter and continuity make a house a home. In the new Caucus Room a devoted Dedication Committee was finalizing plans for the Cabaret Gala scheduled for October 5th. For a solid week the Erie Yacht Club enjoyed the finest publicity it has known in years, thanks to Hy Baumann. This is another thread of continuity for which we are grateful.

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Harold Ogden, a faithful correspondent, submits the following Auxiliary Fleet News:

With the Auxiliary Racing Season finished our sailors may now look forward to the final event of the year, the Annual Trophy Dinner with its fine food, fine fellowship and superb trophies for the lucky winners. It is scheduled for:

Friday Evening:	November 1, 1963
Place:	EYC Club House
Time:	6:30 P. M.
Reservations:	Call Harold Ogden - 455-5339, or Merle Crowell - 454-0250, on or before Tuesday Oct. 29, 1963.

All skippers, their crew members, their ladies and friends are invited, as well as Club members who might be interested.

The October issue of "YACHTING" carried a note on the use of WD (withdrew) versus DNF (did not finish) on race score sheets, when contestants, for some reason, do not finish a race. EYC Race Committees have always used DNF to indicate this situation. Yachting suggests that the abbreviation WD be used for the courteous yacht that makes it a point to approach the Committee Boat at the finish line and reports its withdrawal. Then the abbreviation DNF would be reserved for the yacht that does not appear at the finish line and leaves the Committee wondering. Should the Race Committee assume that all yachts are

After the "hassle", a testament to lack of communication between committees - our harrassed Lady Commodore terminated the Auxiliary Luncheon on a happy note. She waved a check for \$200.00 from Peg Way's Gift Shop. There's naught so green as cash! (Thank you, Norm McWhinney):"

After this, the ladies bid amiably on a white elephant sale - Phyl Fourspring in charge.

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We are indebted to "Ben" Bjalme, fellow member and marine consultant, for the following report on the formal Yacht Club Dedication party:

"5 October, 1968. On this date the new E.Y.C. club house was formally dedicated with appropriate ceremony, pomp and circumstance. The dining room was tastefully decorated by party chairman Morrill Baumann and his committee, including a stage and a dark blue backdrop with twinkling stars. Lou Faulhaber and staff provided a double buffet table groaning with epicurean delicacies.

Commodore Ambro welcomed the assemblage of more than 250 members and distinguished guests, briefly outlined the E.Y.C. history, formally launched and commissioned. He was followed by Governor Raymond Shafer who had spent the pre-dinner hours relaxing aboard Bill DeArment's "Key of F" where this poor scribe had the pleasure of mixing with and for the Guvnor and his staff, Robert Bloom, Executive Secretary, and Jay Haskell, Itinerary Secretary. The Governor's brief address lauded the fact that this sizeable building project, the largest Yacht Club in Pennsylvania, an important community asset, was planned, undertaken and fully financed as a private enterprise without State or Federal funds.

The Governor was followed by Mr. Robie, assistant to the Mayor of Erie, who conveyed the congratulations and good wishes of the Mayor's office. Mr. Robie presented a plaque or scroll, commemorating this event. Mr. Robie chose this time to slip in a plug for the East Access Bridge. Judging by the audience reaction, methinks at this point, Mr. Robie lost some ground.

Then the stage was turned over to our own Morrill Baumann who presented a fast moving review, a fun-packed program of variety acts and other entertainment, followed by dancing till the wee hours. In all, it was a most successful, appropriate and well-organized affair.

And so, we bid a fond farewell to the old hangout, now only a memory, looking toward the future with our new shiny club house, new activities, new associations, new memories to be acquired. Long may she stand, long may she serve.

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One GOOD Term deserves another - - - - - WENDELL GOOD, we mean

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safely back at their moorings even though the starting list shows boats unaccounted for, and a careful scanning of the horizon reveals no yachts approaching? Past experience tells of one large auxiliary yacht that piled up on the rocks near Mohawk Island on the Canadian shore (Frank Zurn will remember). In another case in point, Bob Way will recall finding an overturned Thistle north of the GE stack not too many years ago, and there were a couple of sailors thrashing around in the water. Bob had been good enough to accept an assignment to check on the missing boat. The moral to this story is that all skippers should always "check in" and "check out" with the committee boat when they participate in any of the sailing races.

Many of those participating in the Interclub Series will remember Don Norton who served as one of the Race Committee Judges for this event. Don lived in Dunnville, Ontario, and was very active at the Port Maitland Sailing Club. About a month ago he sailed single handed to Dunkirk in a small "class" boat. Leaving Dunkirk, he started for Port Maitland, 28 miles across the open water of Lake Erie. Several days later his boat was found, capsized, 10 miles north of Barcelona - but there was no trace of Don. A body found some weeks later west of Barcelona on the beach proved, by dental records, to be some one else. His disappearance continues a mystery.

Don Norton will be missed by all of his associates, particularly those who depended on his cooperation in coordinating Interclub Race results with the Buffalo Canoe Club and the Buffalo Yacht Club Judges during and at the conclusion of the series.

#### "HAROLD"

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Our reporter for the "Small Boat" Trophy Dinner is so busy winning races (Jack Bierley he's had no chance to report per the edict of the Editor. As long as he wins O wonderful! - but if he loses, he'd better write "like hell!"

The Fleet "came thru" with a standing ovation for Gail Garren, Bless him! We also add the "Log's" HAIL! too.

Anyhow - so to report - the small boat trophy dinner gave a good distribution of the Hardware, plus a swell evening of movies anent Olympic sailing.

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On Thursday, Oct. 3rd, some 50 ladies tathered for luncheon, after a morning of teeming rain. Arlene Swanson's table decorations deserve special mention for color and artistic simplicity. Grapes and mums and autumn-shaded tallow candles were not to be outdone by Lou's always careful attention to tempting cuisine. So everything was fine and relaxing until we got to the business meeting. And let's face it, girls - that luncheon exploded into a rhubarb. There's no point in going into detail - because the details appear to be lost, snarled or tangled. Before the Explosion, it was decided in an orderly fashion (?) to donate four (4) Burgees to the Club. Fran Schuler reported (again) on the photographs of the old club house which sell for \$3.00 a piece. Red Lutz will also take a picture of the new anchorage to sell at the same price, so that those who wish may have a pair.

Always nice to see Cary Krug and Marge Downie, Dorce Beddows and Annie Lodge among our group of "regulars." We welcome Mil Getzen, Marge Kesselring and Olive Walmer - new members. We regret that space does not permit a full listing.

Ken Sez - Come look at our Trophy Case - We never had a home for some dozen or so engraved beauties being tended by their last winners. So bring 'em down - we'll clean them - polish them and they'll be there safe for all to see.

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Ladies Luncheon: Nov. 7th  
Peg Way in charge -

(or any other familiar number)

For some strange reason, the Thanksgiving Dance has been scheduled for November 9th.

THE IMPORTANT ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ERIE YACHT CLUB MEMBERSHIP WILL BE HELD ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 7:30 P.M. (seven bells - in mid-watch) - FREE LUNCH! YOUR COMODORE REQUESTS PRESENCE OF ALL REGULAR MEMBERS - - - THIS IS A MOST IMPORTANT MEETING - EXERCISE YOUR RIGHT TO VOTE, OR FOREVER AFTER HOLD YOUR PEACE!

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Sq. - while things are not light, they sure are lively. Come on down! We have 7 months of lay-up ahead and plenty of shore duty. To each his own project (with plenty of room to wind-ward). Might as well be friendly. Let there be no more bandy-ing about of phrases such as "600 members". This is ridiculous. Cut it in half and you have the voting membership. There is a mutual need, obviously - the Boat-Owners need the Associates, and the Associates need the Boat-Owners. The Erie Yacht Club is alive - she has her Past, her Present and her Future. She has weathered much. Her hull is sound. Her colors fly. Her gun roars at sundown. Her Flag Officers pace the deck in turn. Someone is always on Watch.

Ours is a goodly ship (albeit a somewhat motley crew).

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