

Kahili II WINS BOTH BIG ONES



KAHILI 11

FIRST -- Port Huron to Mackinac! FIRST -- Chicago to Mackinac! What sweeter music to a racing skipper's ears than these words of victory in the two major sailing events of the season on the Great Lakes? Frank Zurn, with a crew of mostly E.Y.C. sailors, raced the *Kahili II* almost before her paint was thoroughly dry to take these big ones back-to-back. Every member of our Club should be proud of such an outstanding accomplishment. Sincerest congratulations, Frank, from all of us!

Lest anyone should fail to recognize the effort and perseverance which ultimately resulted in this double win, it should be noted that this is Frank's third attempt in the Chicago-Mackinac race, and his fifteenth try in the Port Huron-Mackinac race.

Now that her ability to sail has been more than amply demonstrated, it may be of interest to our readers to meet the big, new member of the Club fleet in person. The name "*Kahili*" was actually composed from the names of Frank's three daughters Karen, Heidi, and Lisa. It was later discovered that the word was exactly the same as one in the Hawaiian language which means "to sweep clean, as with a broom". After seeing her performance, there can be no question as to whether or not her name is appropriate.

Kahili II is an aluminum alloy racing-and-cruising sloop, designed by McCurdy & Rhodes, and built by Palmer Johnson's Sturgeon Bay Yard. Close cooperation between owner and designer resulted in a craft that is not simply a "racing machine", but one which is also roomy and comfortable when used for extended cruising.

Her vital statistics are as follows:

L.O.A. 60'-10"
L.W.L. 45'-5"
Beam 14'-0"
Draft 9'-0"
Sail Area 1631 sq.ft.
Displ. 59,000 lbs.
Ballast 20,000 lbs.

The focsle provides a large sail stowage area for racing, and ample living space for paid hands when cruising. Next aft is a large stateroom which serves as a barracks for four men while racing, or a stateroom with bathroom attached for two cruising. The double stateroom amidships is the headquarters for captain and navigator when racing, and private quarters for two when cruising. The midship cockpit puts the on-deck racing crew in the center of the ship near to all equipment which they must operate. For cruising, this is the relaxing area on deck - just a step away

from the food and drink preparation center.

The helmsman's cockpit aft places the racing helmsman where he can see best, and can concentrate on his job without disturbance. It also offers the most shelter during bad weather. The double-head rig will not be used a great deal except for racing in heavy weather; but it is perfect for cruising for it is possible to shorten sail without changing jibs, by dropping a jib-topsail and sailing under forestaysail.

Following is a list of specific features; Brookes and Gatehouse speed, wind, and depth indicators with displays in both cockpits and at the chart table; VHF and SSB radio telephones, loran, ADF, regular RDF, magnetic sending compass with repeater dials; oil-burning heating system, Volvo-Penta 75 h.p. auxiliary engine; Barient winches and three-speed flush mount-

ed cross-connected coffee grinder; Navtec rod rigging, and Hood sails.

All in all, *Kahili* is a beautiful ship ... completely equipped in every respect ... and is the sort of ship about which every sailor dreams. We of Erie Yacht Club are proud to claim the *Kahili II* as one of our fleet, and it is good to see her berthed at the West dock.



*Dave Noyes, Dave Lund, Boyd Bert, Jr., Joe Mehl, Jim Taylor, *George Shinn, *Felix Davis, / Tom Van Dorn.
Frank Zurn, Sue Zurn, Don Leslie, Jr., Ed Mehl, George Curry, Dick Carey
*Not from Erie / Captain

COMMENT FROM THE QUARTERDECK

by

Commodore Fritz Busse

It has been my good fortune to have talked with many members this summer; however, if I am to speak to all of our 620 members, it must necessarily be in this column of *The Log*. There are problems

- there always will be - and I will try to clarify some of our present ones here.

Security is our greatest problem, and we have given much attention to it. A guard has been hired to patrol the grounds. Our gates have been working for several weeks, and we believe the "bugs" have been worked out of the system. The Board of Directors decided that each member should be provided with two plastic admission cards. However, some members have demanded more than two cards and have even threatened Club employees in order to get them. Such actions are intolerable; and the members who pursue such methods should remember that all Club employees work under the direction of the Board of Directors, and that their ungentlemanly approach is placing pressure on the employees to violate the orders of his or her employer, which could lead to dismissal.

The growth of the Club makes it necessary that each vessel carry identification in the form of a sticker. A number of members failed to comply, and as a final resort on August 10th boats without stickers were collected and chained together. This may seem drastic, but so is the action of members who refuse to abide by Club regulations. One purpose of the sticker is to identify boat owners who have paid their dockage fee, and if there is no tag it can only be assumed that the owner has not done so. Next year we hope to establish July 1st as the cutoff time, at which time all fees must be paid.

It is good to see the ever-increasing use of bar and dining room by members and their guests. The credit system seems to be working well except for difficulties arising from illegible signatures. Please sign your name carefully to avoid mistakes.

If you will be absent from your dock for some time, please notify Ken Welsh at the Club office. This will enable us to use the stall while you are away, and to make sure it is open when you return. No other employee is authorized to supervise these matters, nor are they required to notify the office as a favor to a member.

The decision to close the charter to new memberships is reported elsewhere in *The Log*. All new applications will be dated and filed. At such time as it is decided to open the Charter, they will be considered in the same order in which they were received.

As soon as members have decided upon a haul-out date, they should notify the Dockmaster (Marty) so that an efficient schedule can be developed.

WE ARE GRATEFUL

Our sincere appreciation is extended to the ladies of E.Y.C. who have so gen-

erously responded to the request for flowers and flower arrangements for dining room table decoration. The result has been that fresh flowers enhanced all of the tables, bringing to the entire dining area a touch of color and beauty that cannot be produced in any other way. From every person who enjoyed them, we bring thanks for your kind contributions which bring the beauty of nature into the Club. Particularly, we wish to thank the following women for their time and effort.

Helen Good, Peg Way, Martha Painter, Flora Sarver, Lillian Sipple, and Linnell Ashby.

TRY IT YOU'LL LIKE IT

For your dancing and listening pleasure, arrangements have been made to have Jack Stablein provide organ music at the Club on Friday and Saturday evenings. If you haven't been enjoying our dining room and bar after sunset, you are not getting the most out of your membership. The view from the north windows cannot be duplicated anywhere else ... food and drink are the finest ... interior decorations are new and delightful ... and now music has been added! Come and bring your friends for a most enjoyable experience.

ACTIONS BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

At their regular monthly meeting on July 17th, your Board of Directors gave serious consideration to the effects which our rapid increase in membership is having upon the membership as a whole. Although growth is both necessary and desirable, the acceptance of new applicants at a rate faster than facilities can be provided to accommodate them is unwise. Upon this basis, it was decided that the charter shall be closed to all classifications or membership, except Junior Family Membership which remains open. This decision will be reviewed at future meetings so that memberships may be opened up just as soon as the Board of Directors feels that it is in the best interests of the Club to do so.

To correlate growth in the various areas, the Board of Directors has established a Long-Range Planning Committee whose duties are to study all aspects of past and present growth demands with the object of forecasting future needs. On the basis of such studies, recommendations will be made to the Board of Governors for improvements of such a nature and at such a rate that they will be commensurate with the growth of the Club. Assignments are as follows:

DOCKS - Ken Welsh, Rich Loesel
HOUSE - Dick Waller, Hal Reno

GROUNDS - George Althof, Fred Reymore

Members of the committees will welcome suggestions, and will be glad to discuss ideas submitted by members.

DOCK NEWS

New construction is proceeding well, and progress is being made despite a late start and much wet and windy weather. Our crew, which consists of Del Miller and Jack Burgess, have completed the bulkheading of the east dock (a total of 950 feet) and are now working on the north wall. All materials are on hand to finish the project, and we hope to complete it this season. It may be of interest to know that our mooring basin area is now in excess of 25 acres (1,000,000 sq. ft.). and there are now 295 completed boat stalls.

Although Steve Smith, our gas dock attendant, will be returning to college at the end of August, gasoline may be obtained at any time between 8:00 a.m. and midnight. Any yard employee of the Club will serve you. If one is not in the immediate area of the gas dock, please use the radio system to notify them that they are needed at the gas pump. Transmitters are located at the gas dock, in the canoe house, and at the bar; or you can call on your set using FM Channel 9. Give your name, the name of your boat, and indicate the service desired. Each employee carries a receiver at all times, and one of the men will respond as quickly as possible.

We again call your attention to the necessity for every member attaching his yellow identification sticker at the upper right corner of his transom. With the large number of new boats, and with the shuffling of boats from one stall to another, it has become impossible to keep track of whose boat is in which stall. For this reason - and so that boats which do not belong at the Club may be discovered - a system of identification has been established, but it requires the cooperation of every member to be effective.

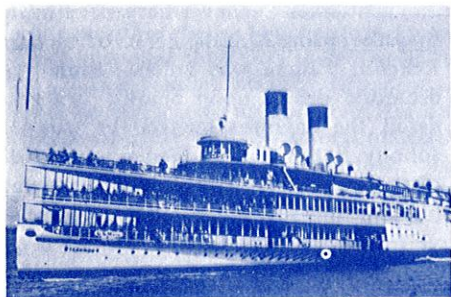
Each year an application form is mailed to regular members on which they are requested to state their dockage and winter storage requirements, and then return the form to the Club. The completed form is the basis upon which the Secretary is able to accurately invoice the member for service which he receives from the Club. Furthermore, Club rules specify that his application must be received before any member is entitled to storage or dockage service for the following season.

Upon payment of the Club invoice for storage and/or docking, the member will

be provided with a yellow identification sticker which must be attached at the upper right corner of the stern transom. The number on the sticker identifies the owner to Club officers, and indicates that the owner is a member. This sticker is a must for all boats. All employees have been instructed not to lift out any boat without an identification sticker. More stringent enforcement may be necessary if owners fail to comply, so don't say that you were not warned. **PUT YOUR STICKER ON TODAY.** If you do not have one, get one at the office.

In past years, some Club members did not bother to return their application for storage and dockage which made it impossible for the Secretary to invoice them. It is entirely possible that some may not have paid their obligation, which deprived the Club of just revenue and placed additional burden on the honest members. Unfortunately, several of our prominent members are guilty of taking advantage of the Club in this manner. The showing of your identification sticker proves that you have paid your share. You should be proud of it!

TOMORROW'S HERO



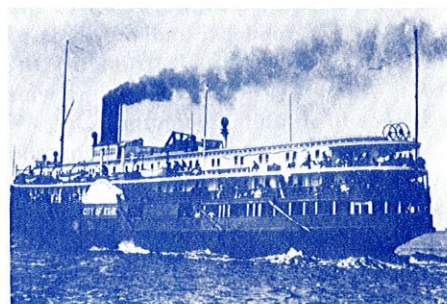
The *TASHMOO*

It was October, 1900, and the shipping season on the Great Lakes was drawing to a close. A reporter from the Detroit Free Press was working his way across a Detroit River dock when he approached White Star Lines' 308-foot luxury excursion steamer, *Tashmoo*, being readied for winter layup. Quite by chance, ahead of him also loomed the bulk of Aaron A. Parker, White Star's president fresh from a heavy lunch and a satisfactory session with company auditors. "Quite a vessel you have here, Mr. Parker," ventured the reporter, "Yes," replied Parker, "she's a great ship. In still weather and on a straight course she can beat the *City of Erie* or the *City of Buffalo* with no trouble -- no trouble at all. Why, great balls of fire, man, I'd be willing to bet a thousand dollars on it!"

The next day in the Cleveland offices of the Cleveland and Buffalo Transit Company, owners of the *City of Erie* and *City of Buffalo*, two of the biggest and fastest sidewheelers on the lakes, Thomas F. Newman, general manager, paced the floor with an occasional pause to snort and reread the Free Press article. "Send me Captain McAlpine and Mr. Rendall," he shouted. The captain had gone uptown on an errand, but five minutes later, preceded by a mustache the size of a clothes-brush, there entered 250 pounds and six feet four inches of Scotch marine engineer who answered to the name of James Yorstien Rendall. "Sit down and read that," snarled Newman thrusting the paper towards him. Reading slowly with intermittent mutterings and mild oaths, he finally exploded, "why, dom it sir, the mon must be doft." "I've heard the *Tashmoo* can do twenty knots," growled Newman, "maybe twenty-one!" "Fontostic," mumbled the engineer, "obolutely and utterly fontostic!" "Tell me honestly, Mr. Rendall, do we have a chance?" "I dinna wish to lead ye astray, Muster Newman, but I doobt there's a ship on the lake that con do twenty knots, including the *Tashmoo* and our ain vessel. As for the *City of Erie*, weel, perhaps eighteen knots would be reasonable under the right conditions and a bit of tinkering wi' her engines might gi' us a wee bit more." With this, Newman made his decision to call Parker's hand - and thus began the events leading to the greatest sidewheeler race in Great Lakes history.

Within the next few weeks details of the terms and conditions of the race were thrashed out. The course would be over a ninety-four mile run from the Cleveland harbor entrance to Erie, Pennsylvania. The date was set for June 4th of the following spring. Even during the talking period tension began to mount until it was plain that the contest was virtually between two cities that were natural rivals in any event.

Whereas the *Tashmoo* was an excursion steamer, the *City of Erie* was strictly utilitarian. She was 324 feet long, had a 44-foot beam, and drew ten feet of water. In addition to a cavernous freight hold, she had accommodations for 600 overnight passengers. The sleek *Tashmoo* had only 37½ feet of beam, a draft slightly over eight feet, and displaced a little over half the tonnage of the *City of Erie*. She was unencumbered by freight holds and the tons of ornate furniture featured in the *City of Erie's* staterooms and lounges. Extreme breadth over paddlewheel boxes was 77 feet for the *City of Erie*, and 69 for *Tashmoo*. A comparison would be a race between a wide-bottom skiff and a canoe.



The *CITY OF ERIE*

The Cleveland Plain Dealer stated that from reliable reports they could account for more than one million dollars being wagered on the race, and how much more might be riding on the outcome it is impossible to estimate. It is an acknowledged fact that every waterfront saloon from Duluth to Buffalo is making book on the race and sailors are betting everything but their undershirts. Special guards were put on hotel safes which held vast sums of betting money, and offers of bets were made openly in hotel lobbies. Race fever was everywhere throughout Erie and Cleveland, and even far beyond.

As the day of the race approached, the *Tashmoo* was drawn from service for complete scraping and painting. Her engineer, Winfield Dubois, installed a six-inch bypass main steam line directly into her low-pressure receiver to increase cylinder pressure. Meanwhile the *City of Erie* was continuing with business as usual, but in her Buffalo nightly layover, Rendall, who had been giving much thought to his tinkering, supervised the installation of new piston ring springs in both high- and low-pressure cylinders, and had personally slacked off all bearings to lessen friction and overheating. "Aye," he grinned, "she'll be a wee bit noisy but she'll noo overheat." Coal loaded at Buffalo did not go directly into the bunkers, but was piled along the freight deck bulwarks; and second engineer Alex Milton was put in charge of hand-sorting the entire load so no slate would enter the boilers. Rendall also had the ship's carpenters construct a six by ten-foot cofferdam about the condenser, and had wired ahead to Cleveland for a huge load of cracked ice to be delivered in the morning. The canny Scot had anticipated the overloading of the condenser which was normally cooled by sea water, and figured that the extra cooling by the ice would reduce the amount of circulating water needed, lessen the pump load, and conserve all power for driving the ship. After all passengers had debarked from the overnight run to Cleveland, life boats were lowered into the shelter of passenger deck

bulwarks, five flagpoles were removed and lashed to the topdeck, and hundreds of chairs were stowed inside from off the decks. All of this intended to reduce wind resistance to absolute minimum.

An estimated two hundred thousand people jammed the Cleveland municipal pier area the next morning as the two ships circled to come abreast the starting line marked by the steamtug *Lutz*. At exactly 9:37 a puff of white smoke burst from a cannon mounted on the deck of the *Lutz*, and the great race was on! As the great ships picked up speed with throttles pushed full forward, the hundreds of spectator boats began to bob and toss from the heaving wakes of the racers. Harbormaster Lynch had officiously kept the smaller craft at some distance, but even so several were swamped.

At the start the *Tashmoo* had some advantage for she had won the toss for position and had chosen the outside where the deeper water would give her paddles a better bite. At Euclid Beach Park, five miles from the starting line, they were neck and neck, although many of the twenty-five thousand spectators felt that the *Tashmoo* had gained a few feet. At Fairport Harbor, twenty-five miles east of Cleveland, a crowd of fifty thousand waited expectantly. All stores were closed and schools dismissed for the day. From here the word was flashed by telegraph, "*City of Erie* is falling behind." The *Tashmoo* had pulled ahead by two lengths due to her paddle's better "bite" in deeper water, but this advantage became lost as the water deepened, and when they reached Ashtabula they were again running side by side. From the way the wake of the *Tashmoo* drew the waves together behind her, it became evident that her boilers and engines were installed too far astern and she had a decided "squat" at full speed. Two grand pianos and all moveable weight was rushed forward to obtain a better trim - but to no avail. Also, the condenser was overheating. The *City of Erie* was now ahead by a length.

But it was now the *City of Erie's* turn to feel the cold touch of hard luck. Ralph Brady was the *City's* best wheelsman and had been instructed to remain at the wheel throughout the race. Although his relief wheelsman sat in the corner of the wheelhouse, several minutes are required for a new man to "get the feel" of a ship - and McAlpine was not of a mind to take a chance on losing any advantage through changing wheelsman. However, there is a limit to which nerves and body can be pushed; and without warning Ralph Brady collapsed on the floor in a dead faint. The *City of Erie* yawed dangerously to

starboard, the wheel spinning wildly! Arman Smith, the relief wheelsman, jumped to grab the wheel and bring the ship back on course, but the lead had been lost. The two ships were again almost abreast.

The *City of Erie* was propelled by a compound vertical-beam engine employing a Sickles cut-off valve gear. The steam intake valves that opened and closed in unison with the engine motion were operated by an arrangement of valve lifters and dashpots. When working properly, the big intake valves snapped shut with little or no loss of steam. While off Conneaut, one of the valves began to malfunction. A defective spring was permitting a jet of precious steam to escape! Rendall figured that it would take about 125 pounds of extra weight to get the valve back to full efficiency. Rushing to the top of the engine room ladder, he grabbed the first man that passed -- a seaman named Johnny Eaton, who was bound for the wheelhouse with a pitcher of ice water.

"Quick, mon," snapped Rendall, "what do ye weigh -- what do ye weigh?" "One hundred and twenty-five pounds," gasped the startled sailor who found himself tucked under the engineer's right arm, carried bodily down the ladder, handed a protective wad of wiping cloth and boosted to the top of the engine and his duty made clear. "Up ye go, laddie," yelled Rendall over the noise of the engine room. "Ye're about to do ye're duty for ye're ship. Sit ye doon on that valve - and if ye've a mind to leave there's a muckle o' lads here who'll dom weel change ye're mind for ye." Looking down into the sea of unfriendly faces, the owners of which brandished such lethal objects as Stillson wrenches, Eaton decided to stay.

In the miles that followed, Eaton suffered the agonies of the damned as he clung precariously to the valves' oily reciprocating rod with only a few layers of cloth between his posterior and the sizzling hot valve top. Periodically he cried for more rags. "Gi him a dosh of water," ordered Rendall, and thereafter oiler William Riley was instructed to douse Eaton at one-minute intervals with a pail of water directed where it would do the most good. Beckoning Rendall to him, the suffering seaman yelled "how much farther?" Cupping his hands to make himself heard the engineer replied, "Ah, noo, dinna worrit, T'is only a few miles noo, and laddie laddie, I've a hunch that tomorrow ye'll be a hero." Eaton could do little more than croak, "more water!"

As the steamers passed Lake City, it seemed that the *City of Erie* had a lead

of a length and a half. Anchored off Erie was the steamer *America* marking the finish line. A dozen chartered excursion steamers out of Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland waited to see the finish; and hundreds of small boats surged about ready to dash into the lee of larger ones if necessary to escape the bow wave of the racers. On they came with clouds of black smoke pouring from their stacks. Official timekeepers John Donaldson and Captain Charles L. Hutchinson watched the two black blobs of smoke on the horizon, and cocked their signal pistols in readiness. With pistons hammering, bearings clattering, and with Johnny Eaton still perched agonizingly on the sizzling valve, the *City of Erie* surged across the finish line. Hutchinson's pistol barked and the race was over. The timekeepers compared their watches, nodded and announced to the boatload of newsmen who waited expectantly, "*The City of Erie* wins by forty-five seconds!"

Aboard the winner pandemonium reigned, and Captain McAlpine modestly sought to escape the limelight. "Here's the real hero, Gentlemen, our chief engineer, Mr. Rendall. Surely, Mr. Rendall, there must have been some dramatic incidents in your baliwick, and where - if you'll pardon me, gentlemen - it must have been hotter than the shades of Hell!" "Aye," nodded Rendall, "there was indeed some very dromotic drama doon below." In great detail the engineer related the story of Johnny Eaton and his mad ride astraddle of the burning hot valve cap, dramatizing his cries and sufferings. "But come, do ye follow me below, gentlemen, and pay homage to he who has gone far beyond the call of mere duty!" A grinning fireman winked at Rendall and jerked his head towards the condenser. Here, inside the temporary cofferdam, only his head and feet protruding above what was left of the crushed ice, reclined Johnny Eaton. Pale and wan but feeling no immediate pain, possibly due to a bottle which the engineer had thoughtfully provided, he smiled foolishly and shook the many proffered hands. A rousing cheer went up, hands were shaken again, and the happy roisterers, scarcely able to breathe in the furnacelike engine room, wended their way topside.

"There, noo," consoled the engineer, "did I noo tell ye that ye'd be tomorrow's hero? Why, the papers will be full of it, laddie, full of it. Drink up, mon, dinna ye ken the full impact o' ye'r brave deed? Oh, ther'll be a braw festival tonight' wi' the lods spendin' their winnings, and while I suspect ye'll think twice or maybe thrice before sittin' doon to accept their plaudits, 'tis highly unlikely that ye'll have to pay

for a single drink. So drink up, brave Mr. Eaton, drink u -- why, guidness gracious, I do believe the brave lad's passed oot!

The preceeding stroy was condensed from the book, **GREAT STORIES OF THE GREAT LAKES**, by Dwight Boyer (Dodd, Mead & co.). Later books by Mr. Boyer are **GHOST SHIPS OF THE GREAT LAKES** and **TRUE TALES OF THE GREAT LAKES**. We appreciate permission from both author and publisher to reprint the story here.

SMALL-BOAT NEWS

The Small-Boat racing season is almost over. We sailed 38 out of 39 scheduled races as of this date. One race was incomplete due to expiration of time limit. Two more races for Club championship will complete the season. These will be sailed on August 27th.

We have been hosts to two large regattas, and it seems fair to say that they both were successful and enjoyed by all. Local sailors took home a fair share of hardware to decorate mantels and shelves. This is particularly significant when it is realized that such prizes were taken in competition with some of the country's best racers. Two more regattas will be held: on August 19th and 20th, and on October 7th and 8th. These will give our boys another chance to prove that it wasn't just luck that they won their first honors.

It is a genuine pleasure to report that our racing guests in both regattas acted with courtesy and consideration insofar as Club facilities are concerned. Rest rooms and grounds were left clean and orderly. This simple statement means a lot in view of the careless and inconsiderate attitude found so often among young people of today. Thank you! sailors, you are welcome back at any time!

Names of winners will be announced at our Trophy Presentation Dinner on Saturday, October 14th. Make a note now to keep this date open for the big event.

Sailors of both small-boat and large-boat classifications are reminded to tie back those slapping halyards. Not only do they beat the anodizing off aluminum masts and the varnish off wooden masts, but the noise is a constant source of irritation and annoyance to members who sleep aboard their boats at the Club. Lack of consideration for others is a sign of poor seamanship, and at E.Y.C. we want only good seamen.

WELL, WE DONE IT AGIN!

Fer sum reazon we jist don't seem ter be abel to git out this @\$\$&* papur without makin sum dang-fool mistaks. Last issue we broke our rule bout not acceptin verbul nuze items, and we loused it up good!

Sum woman phoned in that a membr laid a karpet fer free on sum steps. The olney steps we knowed of was out front -- so we put er there. Seems thet wuz a error fer sumone had snuck in a extry set fer wimmen to stand on when showin' off stiles and other assets. Since we been takin a korse in speling called "Phoentik Improvement", nuthin comes out good. We even Messed up the critter's name by speling it Bowman insted of Bauman. Makes a feller feel lik sayin to Hel with the whoel buzinness.

CLUB ADDS GASTRONOMIC GAZEBO

Alright! Alright! So it's a picnic shelter. We only wanted to add a little class.

Regardless of its name, you will find it on the west dock near the canoe house. Al Rickloff and Dick Waller have championed the project. Ross Santia took charge of the work crew consisting of Nick Virgilio, Dick and Dave Loesel, Mark Rickloff, Mark Santia, Chuck Matts and Dick Amthor. They crowbared through two feet of shale, poured concrete, and hit thumbs with hammers while shingling the roof without ever a discouraging word. (? Ed.) Molded Fiberglass Boat Company of Union City generously donated the materials. Our thanks to all for their contributions.

At present it looks a mite bare, but some of the ladies have been discussing paint colors. We hope that it can be beautified, and that it will be a pleasure for all to use in years to come. Oh yes, the basketball court is shorter, but this will be remedied in the future.

GROG FOR ALL HANDS

by

Captain Bolivar Q. Bilgewater

It's hard to believe that by the time you read this summer will be practically over -- if it ever really got started. Your ol' Captain did manage to hit it right, and took his family on an 11-day cruise just when the weather was the hottest. Saw quite a few E.Y.C. people on the trip, too. At Mentor Harbor Yachting Club we partied with doctors Kinsey, Sims, and Drumhaller - together with their lovely wives. Also spotted Jack Tate up there, and had a pleasant day at the beautiful home of former E.Y.C. member Jack Cost and his wife Alice. Their home is only a mile from the Club, and is absolutely complete -- even to swimming pool and shuffleboard court.

Among happy events to note at this writing is the wedding of Thelma Lund and Dick Henshaw on June 30th. We wish them much health and happiness in their years together. Some of their

friends thought the newlyweds were going to spend their honeymoon on Dick's boat, the *Slipstick*, and slipped down to the Club to decorate it appropriately. Unfortunately, the Henshaws never saw it -- they fooled everyone and took off to Bermuda!

Another E.Y.C. couple that tied the bonds recently were Aniko Solymosi and James Doyle Walker. Their beautiful wedding in Mercyhurst College Chapel was followed by a marvelous reception at the Erie Yacht Club. Your ol' Captain is particularly blessed in having this lovely young couple as next-door neighbors. Before their marriage, they bought the house directly north of ours and did a magnificent job of redecorating it. The proud parents of the bride are also well known E.Y.C. members, Tibor and Maria Solymosi. On that wedding day, Maria was second only to her daughter in radiant beauty.

When Fred Reymore does a thing, he doesn't go half way! Upon his return from a few days in Canada, Fred accidentally stepped through a hatch opening on Red Wagner's boat and broke his leg in not one, not two, not three -- but in SEVEN places. Why he couldn't be satisfied with a nice simple fracture like anyone else, the Ol' Captain can't understand! Anyway, best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery, Fred.

Was sorry to have missed Jim Farrell when he was in town recently. Hear that the Ken Claunchs are planning a two-week trip in late August, traveling by camper to several east coast spots, including Mystic Seaport, and will be sailing Jim Farrell's boat on Chesapeake Bay.

Congratulations to Frank Zurn for his double victory in the Mackinac races with *Kahili II*. Somebody who was there at the finish of the second race said Frank was walking three feet off the ground that day.

While speaking of boats, we're happy to report that Dave Schuler has bought Bob Way's *Masker II*, which puts Dave back into the active boating business. Lots of good sailing with it, Dave! Also want to extend good sailing wishes to the Dean Klahrs who recently purchased a Tartan 27. With it he took first place in the run from Erie to Conneaut in the Koehler Cup race. Our congratulations also to Howard Miskill for taking first in the Koehler Cup series.

Joan and Nick Virgilio enjoyed their first crossing to Port Dover recently when they accompanied your Ol' Captain and his wife over there for a long weekend. Saw the Alan Bensons while there, and also the Nasons on their lovely *Islander 44*.

John Smith just back from a five-week cruise that took him and a few friends through the Welland Canal, the Trent Waterway, and back home via Lake Huron. That's a trip I'd sure like to make someday!

Nice to see Virginia and Jim Moss back at the Club looking very tanned and healthy from living in Florida. Scuttlebutt has it that Don Lasher has sold his Cal 34, but will not tell anybody what he's getting next. Why all the secrecy, Don, something hot in the works? Don Bross is now working as Service Manager for Hal Reno--there's two great guys working together! Glad to hear that Agnes Robertson is recovering nicely after her recent hospitalization. Her hubby, Bill Robertson, had an interesting adventure sailing on the *Ijlemeer* in Holland while there recently on a business trip.

Bob Heinrich's ship, the *Gus*, is taking shape nicely as he winds up a big rebuilding job. He has been out motoring with it, and hopes to have it sailing soon. The Paul Wolfes sure are enjoying their *Friendship* sloop -- it's a pleasure to see a family use and enjoy a boat like they do! Well, time to call it quits for this issue. Don't forget the Venetian Night Party -- let's have a record turnout. See ya around.

AUXILIARY FLEET ACTIVITIES

At mid-season it is interesting to look back at happenings which took place during our races, and to develop information which is of interest to the Club membership at large as well as to skippers and crewmen.

In the number of race participants there has been an increase within just a few years of one hundred percent. At race time it was usual to have nine or ten boats come to the starting line; whereas, this summer there have been eighteen to twenty racers on hand and rarin' to go. To date, interest in racing has been high...competition intense...and, thank Goodness, mishaps have been few. So far, it has been a very successful season.

There have been a number of innovations this year, the most spectacular of which is the re-introduction of permanent markers for the 15-mile triangular lake race course. As mentioned previously, all auxiliary races will be scheduled for sailing in the lake -- weather permitting. This provides more "elbow room" for the racers, and is a step forward in the opinion of most skippers. Credit for the markers goes to Dick Gorny and his assistants who have built and placed these aluminum spars which stand some nine feet above water level. A word of caution to our power boat friends; one spar is on the north course to Long Point Light, 5½ miles north of No. 4 Red Nun Buoy which marks the outside entrance to the bay. If you are heading east to Barcelona, look for another spar buoy off Shade's Beach in about 27 feet of water.

Although not as spectacular, the introduction of the Decimal-Hour System has proved to be a substantial improvement and a great convenience in recording elapsed time and calculating running time based

upon handicap rating. Elimination of the old hours-minutes-seconds calculations makes for simplification of all recording and calculating, and goes far towards elimination of errors. The fleet is particularly grateful to Bob Way and Howard Miskill for their successful search for a supplier that could furnish the race committee with a stop-watch that would read to 1/10,000 of an hour.

The date set for the Auxiliary Fleet Dinner is November 4th. Winners will be announced and trophies awarded at that time. Please note the date, and arrange to be there.

WHAT OLD FRIENDS ARE SAYING

Dear Editor:

There may be more than one Frank Moore, but I like to think that you and I had a pleasant acquaintance years ago. I want to congratulate you on Vol. 4, No. 4 which I received recently, and to wish you success in continuing *The Log* as a part of Yacht Club history. I appreciate seeing full names instead of nicknames, since there is historical value dating from 1913.

A salute to Commodore Busse, and wishes for a good year! I am reminded by his "Quarterdeck Comment", and by the article "Official Warning", that similar situations in the twenties required the termination of a number of memberships -- a very unpleasant decision.

Congratulations to Hal Reno on his new 41-foot *Roamer* mentioned in *The Log*. Last time I was in Erie the old *Roamer* was afloat in the west slip. She was built by Will and Fred Paasch about 1905, and owned by George Fuchs. She delivered many years of useful service for her later owners, Bill Schauble and son Charles.

Worthy of mention; a new mast and rigging for the vintage sloop *Iris*, Circa 1924, kept her in seagoing condition for skipper Robert Sevin and his brother.

Cordially,
Donald S. Sterrett, P.C.

IN REPLY

Dear Dr. Sterrett:

Thank you for your kind letter which has been reprinted above for the benefit of our readers. Yes, this is the same Frank Moore that you remembered, and the acquaintance was mutually appreciated. Perhaps you would enjoy a look at a part of it through the eyes of a young man who had just come to Erie from a small inland town, and one who had never stepped foot on any boat except homemade ones.

The year was 1929, and I was exploring the big city of Erie. One evening I was walking along E.Y.C. docks trying to figure out what it must be like to own a boat like one of these when a kindly voice hailed me and asked if I would like to

take a ride. Would I like to take a ride -- this couldn't be happening to me, but it was! I was aboard that floating palace in no time whatsoever.

I remember going below and watching with tremendous interest the process of getting under way. The engine was the only one I had ever seen with three cylinders. You first placed some raw gas in the brass valve cups of each cylinder and allowed it to drain into the cylinders. After closing the valves, you brought out a long steel wrench which you fitted on or near to the flywheel, and with a mighty heave turned the engine over. Finally it caught, and the whole craft trembled with its rhythmic beat -- at about the same rate that my heart was pounding. I believe that you told me that top engine speed was about 275 r.p.m., and that it was driving a 24-inch propeller. Lines were cast off, and my first yacht ride had begun.

I remember walking around the decks and looking at everything. The water seemed to slide past as the Yacht Club fell away astern. But most distinctly I remember that we seemed to move forward in a series of surges in tune with the beat of the engine. When one of those cylinders exploded against that big propeller, the message traveled throughout the length and breadth of the ship in no uncertain manner. What a ride it was, and you couldn't have found one to appreciate it more if you had searched the waterfront!

Do I remember Dr. Sterrett? As I watch the activities at our club, I often wonder if many skippers realize how much it would mean if they occasionally extended the hand of friendship to those less fortunate. We need more Dr. Sterretts in this world today.

Best regards,
The Young Man on the
Dock - 43 years later.

A SAILOR DID A'WOING GO!

Wedding bells will chime at the Erie Yacht Club at sundown on Monday, October 2nd, when the lovely Charlotte Day becomes the bride of Captain Robert Heinrich, master of the *Gus*. The ceremony will be performed at the base of the flag-mast in front of the clubhouse by the Rev. David A. Schieber, pastor of Elmwood Presbyterian Church, and a man renowned for his ability to tie knots that hold firmly.

Charlotte has been employed as a secretary at General Electric, and Captain Bob is in government service on a secret program which cannot be mentioned except to say that his rebuilding of the sloop *Prinz Augustus Wilhelm von Letterrig* served as a cover for his other activities. The forward toe-board failed to provide sufficient space for the vessel's full name, so with customary ingenuity Captain Bob abbreviated it to *Gus*.

(Cont.)



HONEYMOON SPECIAL

Following the ceremony, the happy couple will retire with a number of invited guests to the clubhouse for refreshments, and to receive the congratulations of their friends. Since we are all aware of Captain Bob's innate bashfulness and reluctance to speak when in a group, this may prove to be a difficult task for him to sail. However, with Charlotte's firm hand on the helm, we are confident that he will run the course without scraping keel on the bottom.

At the turn of the early tide, Charlotte and Captain Bob will bid fond farewell to their friends and board the *Gus* for a honeymoon afloat. All of us wish them the very best of everything in their sail through life together: good health, good luck, and good weather -- and may the winds of happiness never leave you becalmed! We hope that you will not forget us, your friends at E.Y.C., who are happy to have had a part in bringing two such fine people into the blessed bonds of holy deadlock. May your riding light burn long and bright!

LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU

If you have not been attending the luncheons of the ladies of E.Y.C., you are missing something most enjoyable. These luncheons are held at the Club at one o'clock on the first Wednesday of each month. There is usually a program of particular interest to women ... the food is excellent ... and the cost nominal. We urge you to attend and become better acquainted with other ladies of the Club. Please telephone Aloise Busse (474-3781) for reservations when you plan to attend. Two days notice will be appreciated.

SEA FEVER

I must go down to the seas again,
To the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship
And a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song
And the white sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face
And a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again,
For the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
That may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day
With the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume,
And the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again,
To the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way,
Where the wind's a whetted knife.
And all I ask is a merry yarn
From a laughing fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream
When the long trick's over.

John Masfield

GOOD READING

MAN, GOD AND MAGIC by Ivar Lissner
(G.P. Putnam's Sons)

Archaeological evidence and study of primitive peoples proves man believed in one God 600,000 years ago; believed in life after death; and has had since the beginning full powers of reasoning and possession of a soul. Evidence indicates Homo Sapiens existed before Neanderthal Man, and is NOT descended from him. Excellent for those who enjoy thinking.

THE GREAT ROGUE by Paul Lewis
(David McKay Company, Inc.)

A biography of Captain John Smith, founder of the Jamestown colony, professional soldier of fortune, lusty seaman, expert explorer, able administrator, talented cartographer, author of eight best-selling books, a pirate in the Mediterranean, a slave in a Turkish harem, one of the first foreigners to visit Russia, and an exceptionally accomplished lover. Unbelievable, but true, adventure.

FROM THE JAWS OF VICTORY by
Charles Fair (Simon and Schuster)

Observations of the consequences of stupidity in high places by examination of the highly developed and hitherto unstudied tradition of military incompetence. With iconoclastic wit and great, if unconventional, erudition, the principals of military defeat are illustrated through a high-

ly entertaining series of portraits of their greatest practitioners from Marcus Licinius Crassus to General Westmoreland, Humorous analysis of History's losers.

SPINDRIFT FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

If you would like an interesting experience some afternoon when you are alone in the cockpit with your feet on the rail and a can of suds near to hand, try to define a yacht club. I don't mean a single all-encompassing sentence that makes a joke of the idea, such as "a waterfront bar with boats" or "a refuge in time of trouble at home". What is it that makes men want to belong, to a yacht club and to contribute their time and money to maintain and improve it? Or look at it this way if you could have a yacht club tailored to your personal wishes in every respect - what would that club be like?

It appears to me that a yacht club is an association of people held together by common interests, the major one of which is boating. Some enjoy competitive boating; many take their pleasure from the social aspects of boating; some thrill to the development of knowledge and skills which give them mastery of their vessel over wind and wave; and there are some who revel in an uncomplicated love of the waterways of the world and man's efforts to explore and use them. From whatever angle we view it, all of us enjoy the comradeship of people with whom we feel comfortable and with whom we can converse about matters of common interest.

From just the few preceding thoughts it becomes apparent that the common denominator among yacht club members is enjoyment of association with others. However, it is also apparent that a yacht club represents enjoyment of different types for different people. As Shakespeare said it, "Aye, there's the rub!" To some, enjoyment comes from lusty shouting and noise unrestrained - to others from quiet conversation and the beauty of a sunset over water. Some take pleasure in neatness and dignity of dress and conduct - others prefer the appearance of a slob, with actions to match. The list of extremes is endless, but the problem is how to bring such diversity together without having the pleasures of one interfere with and spoil the enjoyment of others.

The answer seems to lie in recognition of the fact that payment of yacht club dues does not purchase the right to be inconsiderate of others. Thus, if a yacht club is to be an harmonious and enjoyable association for all its members, there must be a willingness by individual members to compromise for the good of all. There are rules, but they are merely guidelines to good behavior for those unthinking persons.

PLANS FOR COMMODORE'S BALL

The annual Commodore's Ball will be held on Saturday evening, October 25th. All Past Commodores and their ladies will be among the guests of Commodore Fritz Busse. Dinner guests are by invitation only.

In the traditional custom of the Club, both bar and dining room will be closed at 5:30 p.m., and will be reopened at 9:00 p.m. Beginning at 9:30 p.m., there will be dancing to the music of Gib Porch and his orchestra to which all members of the Club and their guests are invited. Olga and Dick Gorny are officiating as charimen of this event.

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EDITORIAL POLICY

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