

CAPTAIN BOB WAVES HIS MAGIC WAND AGAIN

For some twenty years we have been astounded and amazed by the magic touch of Captain Bob Way, but this time he has pulled the biggest rabbit from the hat that the Club has yet seen! We watched with interest his ideas take form as the work progressed on the first *Masker*, which he named from one of the basic products of his Finish Engineering Company — spray-masks for high production decorating of innumerable plastic or metal items. Then Captain Bob launched into the building of the second *Masker*, incorporating the ideas developed from racing the first one. As a diversion, he bought and completely reconditioned the old *Miway*, which with *Masker II*, remain at the Club in possession of other members, and now the third *Masker* has taken her place with the rest of the sailing fleet.

In the early morning hours of August 14th, men and equipment began to gather at the north end of Finish Engineering Company. The streets were quiet and free from traffic as *Masker* was loaded on a low-bed trailer and moved slowly from her natal home and into the world of action. The route to the Club was lined with tree branches downed by a recent squall, which caused some delay in pulling them aside to prevent scratching *Masker's* gleaming robin's egg blue finish. However, there were no serious difficulties and Marty promptly had her in the slings and ready to lower into the water.

But one detail had to be attended to before *Masker* touched Lake Erie. With

the foresight for which he is noted, R. C. Dick Amthor had provided the Ways with a bottle of his home-made champagne some months ago in anticipation of this blessed event, and Peg Way had woven about the bottle a covering of brilliantly-colored silk ribbons - *Masker's* colors. In a pause before the moment of launching, Peg Way stepped forward and performed the christening by breaking the bottle

interest. Length — 69'; beam — 15½'; draft — 5½' with drop keel retracted; gross weight — 60,000 lbs.; lead ballast — 28,000 lbs.; rated sail — 1856 sq. ft.; genoa — 1360 sq. ft.; spinnaker — 3145 sq. ft.; weight of drop keel including trim tab — 11,101 lbs.; power — 6 cyl. Mercedes-Benz, diesel with 3-blade, self-feathering propeller. She is ketch-rigged, with a full suit of sails by Eddie Fracker. When

cruising the drop keel can be raised or lowered by hydraulic power, but for racing, a two-man coffee grinder below requires ten minutes of hard work for a couple of hands. She is a Britton Chance, Jr. design. Her hull was built by Paasch Marine of welded aluminum, and then moved to Finish Engineering where all details of further construction, fabrication of masts, instrumentation, etc., were completed under the personal supervision of Captain Bob.

We welcome the latest *Masker* to the fleet, and wish her a full life of successful racing and pleasant cruising. Captain Bob has been too busy to discuss his plans

for the future; but anyone who knows him will bet even money that he has them pretty well laid out. About all that we can report at this time is that he has been busier than a Whirling Dirvish with a hot foot trying to get her in shape for the upcoming Falcon and Interstate races. We are all looking forward with high hopes to the first reports of her sailing ability.



MASKER

1. The Man
2. & 3. The Ship
4. The Mate
5. Hardware on Main

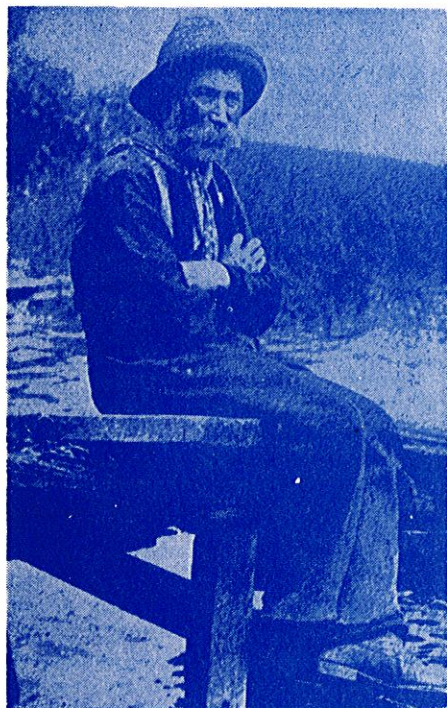
against the bow. She added a prayer, "May you sail fast and sure, and live up to all expectations"! Following this, all present drank a toast of champagne from a large goblet inscribed with the name *Masker*, a gift from Maxine and Bob Sharrow. At 6:30 a.m., *Masker* was lowered into the water and under her own power was moved into her slip.

Some of *Masker's* statistics may be of



THE HERMIT OF PRESQUE ISLE

There was a time long ago when Presque Isle Peninsula was a beautiful forest abounding with wild game and cranberry bogs. It was a time before the politicians had brought civilization to this shifting sand spit in the form of roads of concrete, parking lots of blacktop, and where seldom is heard the sound of a bird and exhaust fumes foul the air all the day. It was a time of isolation and mystery, and one of the most interesting mysteries was that of the hermit, Joe Root:



"Joe Root"

Men who visited the peninsula to hunt discovered a solitary man living there in such a primitive state as to be unbelievable. The year was 1903 when the discovery was reported, and each time the story was told it grew, until the name Joe Root became a legend. Many tried to question the little man, but to this day no one knows where he came from or why he chose to live in such a manner. Many theories were advanced, including one which suggested that Joe had been "planted" by certain Erieites who hoped to obtain possession of the peninsula through squatter's rights.

It is difficult to describe Joe's living quarters which were usually located in the

Waterworks area. Some said that the structure consisted of two upright piano boxes nailed together and covered with tarpaper. A photograph in one history shows boards nailed to stakes to form a kennel-like box open at one end. It is entirely probable that the structure may have been changed from time to time, but one fact remained constant — it was a home reduced to irreducible simplicity.

Food never seemed to be a problem of any magnitude for Joe would eat anything. He would dine on nuts, roots, rats or dead fish picked up along the shore. During the long winter months such items were his principal fare; however, when summer came he frequently dined more sumptuously on contributions from picnicking groups, swimmers and campers. One festive highlight was the annual encampment of the "Bean Birds", an Erie group of young men. They would sit about the fire and tell jokes, and listen to Joe expound his quaint philosophy and tell his interesting stories. This was one time when food and drink were plentiful and company pleasant.

Whenever Joe had an opportunity to obtain a boat ride to Erie, he would walk up and down State Street with baskets on his arms visiting grocery stores, meat markets and any vendor of food from whom he could obtain scraps to supplement his diet. He would beg but would not steal. His appearance fitted his home life, and it is not difficult to imagine the impression which he created as he trudged through the business district in rubber boots or barefoot, in an assortment of cast off garments, with long, stringy hair (a novelty in those days), and carrying his baskets of odds and ends of food. His prized possession was an old bearskin coat, which he wore regardless of the season.

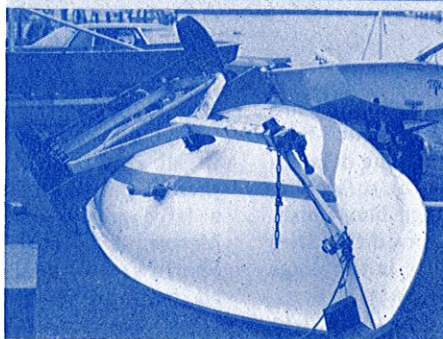
In another area Joe was consistent, he was always lousy. However, he was considerate of others. When entering a boat he would say, "I am lousy, so I will sit in the bow as far away as possible". One of our Club members, Chet Curriden, recalls a drowning in 1908 in which he as a boy took part in the search for the body. Joe Root seemed to know where to look, so Chet took him in his boat. Afterwards, Joe invited him to have lunch at his shack. As Chet tells it, "I don't remember what we ate but I sure remember what happened to me when I got home. Dad scrubbed me down with lye soap and kerosene using a stiff brush,

and that's how I learned about lice and fleas"!

It is difficult to see into the mind of this unusual character. At times he was sociable and friendly, although there were areas of his life which he would not discuss. At other times he would not reply to conversation but would only gaze at the person without expression. When alone, he would sit and look across the water for long periods of time. However, Joe did have a sense of humor. He was able to throw his voice, although it is doubtful if he ever heard the word ventriloquist. A favorite joke was to rap on the dock and call to a departed friend. A voice would answer as if coming from the depths. Joe would ask how things were down there, and the voice replied, "It's terrible, I'm burning up"! If the visitor were unaware of Joe's particular talent, the conversation could be continued with variations for a long time.

From time to time charitable people endeavored to have Joe enter an institution where he would be cared for, but he could not understand why they wished him to leave the life which he enjoyed. However, age began to take its toll and it became more and more difficult for Joe to make his trips around the peninsula and across the bay for food. The county commissioners, after much persuasion, got him to agree to try the County Home. Confinement proved to be his undoing, and his mind finally gave way and he was moved to Warren State Hospital where he died and was buried.

Thus ends the story of Joe Root, the hermit of Presque Isle. He was a man who hurt no one, but asked only to be let alone to live free in the manner which he liked. Because he was different, he was beyond understanding by many; and was therefore often misunderstood. Joe Root was a completely free soul in a world where few such abound, and it may be interesting to note that his name is remembered long after many "more important" names are forgotten.



OUCH!

A 2-5 minute hurricane left scenes such as this recently. Fortunately, the Club took a relatively small amount of damage. However, trees on top of the hill were shorn of limbs for several blocks.

THE NAUTICAL MILE

One of the most elementary lessons that the neophyte sailor learns is that a nautical mile is equal to one minute of latitude. Although this definition is sufficient for ordinary use, it is not good enough for scientific purposes such as the calibration of instruments or surveying, since one minute of latitude varies from 6,046 feet at the equator to 6,108 feet at the poles. If we knew the precise shape and size of the earth, our definition might do; but this is not known within the bounds of accuracy such as we are discussing. To understand the problems of measurement, let us look back over man's efforts to express length in terms which have meaning to others.

Short distances were measured by the width of a finger, the breadth of hand, the length of a foot, the span of his arms, the length of his step. All were variable depending upon the individual man, and a foot might be 11 to 14 inches long.

The Greeks used the length of their Olympic stadium as a basis for longer distances. This was 600 Greek feet long; but the one in Attica measured 607.9 U. S. feet while the one at Olympia measured 630.9 U.S. feet. Another method was the use of the ship's cable as a basis for measurement. This was established at 100 fathoms or 600 feet. However, the fathom was based upon the span of outstretched arms which varied considerably. Furthermore, the British Navy officially set the length of the cable at 608 feet, and the American Navy at 120 fathoms or 720 feet.

Another and longer unit widely used was the league, which varied from 2.4 to 4.6 nautical miles. Columbus used the Italian "Legua" of 4 Roman miles or 3.18 modern nautical miles.

It will be noted that all of these early units of measurement were based upon shorter units which were in no way associated with the size of the earth. The earth was believed to be round by some as early as 540 B.C., and by the time of Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) attempts were made to measure its size. In the third century before Christ, Eratosthenes of Alexandria calculated the circumference at 250,000 stadia, which he rounded off to 252,000 stadia so that each degree would have 700 stadia or 70 nautical miles. However, little importance was attached to the relationship between degrees of latitude and length of corresponding earth's surface until the period of the great discoveries (15th and 16th centuries) when charts and distances became more

important to the mariner. Early chart scales varied in the length of a mile depending upon the size of the earth accepted by the cartographer, and ranged from 44.5 to 87.5 miles per degree of latitude. At the time Columbus made his discoveries, one degree was considered to represent $56 \frac{2}{3}$ Roman miles (45.3 nautical miles). This was an error for the actual size was 32% larger.

An expedition from the Paris Academy was sent to Peru in 1735 to measure an arc of the meridian for more accurate measurement of the size of the earth. Results pointed to error of as much as one-seventh in earlier calculations. In the years which followed, reliable readings were accumulated from many areas. These indicated that the earth was not round, but bulged. However, if any uniformity of measurement were to be established it must necessarily be predicated upon a sphere which had a uniform length of radius from a central point. By averaging all available estimates of the radius of the earth, a Mr. Clarke established a spheroid design in 1866 which was accepted by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey in 1880 as the basis for maps and surveys. Meanwhile, the British had established the official British Imperial yard as the distance between two marks on a bronze bar in the Tower of London; and the French had defined the meter as the distance between two marks on a platinum-iridium bar in the International Bureau of Weights and Measures. The ratio between the British Standard yard and the meter has been established at 39.70 inches, which makes the U.S. foot longer than the British foot.

As a result, the nautical mile's length is a matter of definition. If we use the Clarke spheroid of 1866 in terms of Clarke's deminsions in English feet, it is 6080.27 English feet, or 6080.25 U.S. feet. But if the Clarke spheroid is defined in terms of the present relationship of the meter and the U.S. yard, the length of a nautical mile becomes 6080.20 U.S. feet which is the official U.S. value.

The full definition of the U.S. Nautical Mile then becomes "the length of a minute of arc of a great circle of a sphere having an area equal to that of the Clarke spheroid of 1866, as defined by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey in 1880."

LADIES, IT'S UP TO YOU

If you don't enjoy good food, good conversation and good entertainment, this suggestion is not for you. However, if you do, then you should make reservations and plan to attend the Ladies' Luncheon at the Club on Wednesday, September 5th, at 1:00 p.m. This is No. 5 in the series of mini-programs which have been so successful. Phone Marnie Preston (838-3277) or Martha Painter (833-1007) so we will know you are coming.

Neither the U.S. definition nor the U.S. standard length is universally accepted. The following are some of the values used in various countries.

Finland, France, Germany,	
Greece, Norway, Sweden . . .	6076.10
Belgium	6082.66
Denmark	6075.81
Great Britain	6079.98
Iceland	6085.95
Italy	6075.61
Portugal	6075.45
Spain	6075.45
United States	6080.20

NOTE: Above is a condensation of an article in May, 1973, THE ENSIGN of the U.S. Power Squadron.

WELL YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL

In the last two issues of the *Log* we reported that the Club was fortunate to have experienced so little damage from the severe ice of last winter and from the high water this season. This was the opinion of those in a position to know, but it now appears that there was considerable destruction which was not evident previously. On the east wall there were three spots about fifty feet wide and twenty-five feet deep washed out to a depth of twenty-five feet. At the north-east corner there was severe erosion for a distance of two hundred feet, and there was erosion on the west wall.

The north and west walls were repaired first by placing interlocking concrete slabs around the outside; and one of our members, Harley McEnery, helped by covering the slabs and some of the dock with concrete. Progress of the repair is rather slow due to our inability to procure the concrete slabs as rapidly as we would like.

It is quite a job to make these repairs in such a way as to achieve permanency. For example, at the north-east corner it was necessary to dig out a considerable amount of the badly eroded fill in order to get down to solid ground. Then, the concrete slabs are placed in position and the space is backfilled with heavy material. At the same time steel bulkheading is being placed along the inside of the wall.

One of our biggest problems is to obtain sufficient heavy material to fill the open spaces back up to dock level. We ask that any members who know where such heavy fill can be obtained — in any quantity, small or large — will please notify Ken Welsh at the Club (453-4931) or at home (833-7849). With a reasonable amount of good luck, we expect to have the outer walls repaired and protected before winter storms begin.

GROG FOR ALL HANDS

by

CAPTAIN
BILGEWATER



My, oh my, we really have had a beautiful summer for a change — makes your Ol' Capt'n think back to his youthful days when all summer days were like this — or, at least, that's the way I remember them. Anyhow, this has been a real sailor's summer except for the bad storm that hit on Thursday evening, August 9th. Was sorry to hear of the damage to "Red" and Bernie Wagner's cruiser, *Richmar*, and to a number of boats belonging to the dry-sailors. Our sympathies, lads, but that's the way she blows!

Among the proud and happy new-boat owners are Marge and Bill Behr, who recently purchased Hal Reno's lovely Roamer-41; also, Don and Jerry Newberry who bought a Cal-25; and the Merle Crowells who finally received their dashing new C&C-39 which replaces the beautiful old *Devshir* they sailed for many years.

Speaking of *Devshir*, we're sorry to note the passing of one of her crew members and a long-time member of EYC, Gordon Gunnison of Girard. Also, was shocked by the sudden death of F. John (Jack) Herrmann, owner of the *Honja*. Both of these fine men will be sorely missed, and deepest sympathy is extended to their respective families.

Turning to happier news, we're glad to hear that Martimer Graham is speedily recovering after a recent visit to Hamot Hospital. Hope to see you back on the graceful *Grace* real soon, Mort! Also heard that Commodore Bob and Doug Painters' father has been seriously ill recently — hope that he is much better by the time these words are read.

Your Ol' Capt'n exchanged pleasant words with Shirley and Bernard Kubas at the Club recently. They have rejoined us after a ten-year absence, and he is now back in Erie as manager of the A & P store at 12th and Powell. Welcome aboard — again! Also saw Virginia and Jim Moss at the Club a few days ago — they are up from Florida for a six-weeks visit, and both look great. Ron and Nancy Frost are rejoicing over finally getting their boat into the water after a prolonged job of refinishing her hull. Talked briefly with Audrey and Bernie Heavenly and their daughter Carla who recently returned from a wonderful tour of the West in their sleek new Airstream trailer.

Howard Miskill gets a tip of the cap from the Ol' Capt'n for the outstanding job he is doing in computing and posting race results for the Auxiliary Fleet. It's a tough and often thankless job, but he handles it in superb fashion in spite of the unusual number of protests which we suspect have been brought about by all of the skippers having finally read the racing rules. We all appreciate it, Howard.

Speaking of racing, we are all proud as punch over Ken Eckerd's setting a new record with his 42-year old *Enigma* for the Erie-to-Dover race. There's a lot of speed as well as beauty in this grand old boat, and P. C. Rich Loesel who skippered her is just the one to get the best out of her.

Everyone who attended the Club Pik-A-Nick sure had a good time! The entire committee deserves congrats for their magnificent planning which provided lots of fun-filled activities for all ages. The grand finale was a water ski show by members of Presque Isle Water Ski Club. Those young people are GOOD! The acts were enjoyed by all, but the ones that the kids went wild over were the clown capers and the aerial kite flying at the end. If you weren't there, you missed a lot.

It is good to see Frank Zurn's fabulous *Kahili* back home for awhile — the Club doesn't seem quite right when she is missing from her stall. Also glad to see Admiral Curtze's *Thule* in her berth — she's a graceful, dark green double-ender which he had custom built in Germany, and which he sailed across the Atlantic (see November, 1972, *Log* for story on *Thule* — Ed.)

Speaking of cruising, while your Ol' Capt'n and family were visiting various ports in the eastern end of Lake Erie recently, we had an opportunity to go aboard Jack Hunt's new Pearson-36 at the Point Albino Summer Station of Buffalo Yacht Club. Many EYC members know Jack and Betty Hunt and their former boat, *Contender*. They dropped that name and have named their new vessel *Arriba*. It's a magnificent ship, and a sister ship to Dr. Don Lasher's *Crackerjack* which is a pretty sharp craft in anybody's racing schedule.

At 6:30 a.m. on Tuesday, August 16th, Peggy Way smashed a bottle of champagne over the bow of the Way's new *Masker*, after which Marty lowered her gently into the water. She is the fulfillment of many years of planning, and a dream ship to behold. We are proud to have this ship carry the Club burgee into many ports both near and far as we know she will in cruises and races in the years ahead. You also carry our best wishes with you, Bob and Peg, and we wish you many happy hours afloat and much success in setting racing records.

In the area of records, we think Shirley and Stan Barish may be setting one of their own. They have missed only one weekend at the Club in the past three

years during boating season from May through September. They drive from Pittsburgh, and spend the time on their Bristol-22 which is named the *Double "O"*. Stan says the name came from Shirley's habit of saying "Oh, Oh" whenever the wind pipes up a bit.

Election day is coming up soon, so don't forget to vote. There are two of our active members who are running for office: Sandy MacIvor is running for reelection on a County-wide ticket for Prothonotary; and Arlene Swanson is working for a seat on City Council. So y'all make notes, hear!

Time to sign off until next issue. Enjoy the balance of the summer and early fall — remembering, as always, safety is no accident.

A GREAT AMERICAN SAID IT

The strongest bond of human sympathy — outside of the family relation — should be one uniting all working people of all nations, tongues and kindreds. Nor should this lead to a war upon property, or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor ... property is desirable ... it is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence it is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself; thus, by example, assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

Abraham Lincoln

MORE WIND IN THE RIGGING

When we printed some of the "laws" which seem to control yacht club management in the May issue, we had no idea that it would spark so much interest and comment. There are unquestionably many others, and we invite members to send us any additional laws. Here are some brought to our attention.

MURPHY'S LAW says that if something can go wrong — it will. Here are some additional aspects of it.

- Left to themselves, things always progress from bad to worse.
- If several things can go wrong, the one that goes is the one that does the most damage.
- Nature sides with the hidden flaw.

RESISTENTIALISM is based upon the theory that things resist people. For example:

- If a slice of bread with jam on it is dropped on a rug, the number of times it lands jam-side down is directly proportional to the cost of the rug.
- In a last-minute rush to the bank, the number of red lights for which you must stop is directly proportional to the amount of the overdraft you are trying to cover.



By all the brilliant, bifurcated, bouncing balls of St. Elmo's fire, Gumperson's law has laid us low again! In previous issues of the *Log* I have mentioned a few of the fantastic frustrations which accompany this editor's job. Well, here is the latest -- and it's a dandy.

Our lead article for the July issue was built around George Deike's new turbine-powered *URSA*. Almost before the ink was dry George had run additional tests which indicated that the turbines would not perform as anticipated, so he decided to replace them with a pair of diesels. Down the drain went our page-one feature story! The only comfort comes from the Watergate soap operas from which I learned the expression, "It was true at that point in time".

It has been a stimulating and rewarding experience to edit the *Log* for the past two years; however, I am convinced that the time has come to turn the job over to a successor. After putting the November issue together my commitment will have been fulfilled. Like the man who watched his mother-in-law drive his new car over a cliff, I view the situation with mixed emotions. There has been a great deal of pleasure in getting to know many fine members with whom I probably would never have had more than a nodding acquaintance had it not been for the *Log*. At the same time, there have been frustrations which I shall be glad to leave behind.

It should be recognized that the format and contents of a publication such as the *Log* necessarily reflect the ideas, likes and dislikes, and literally the personality of the editor. There are no other guidelines that I know of, and there is little to indicate whether the present approach is the best for the Club and of maximum interest to the readers. Of one thing I am certain, and that is that an editor who actively participates in both boating and social events can produce a better and more interesting copy than one who must depend upon others for his material. I have felt keenly the need for more stories about happenings during races, such as those which bring such shouts of laughter and comment when related at the bar, but efforts to have a participant write them up have been almost fruitless. And the same can be said of social events. The First Mate and I have necessarily retired from active boating, and have never partic-

ipated to any extent in the fun and games of social life. This is a distinct disadvantage which can be overcome by the selection of an editor who takes part in both of these important phases of Club life.

With both editors and underwear, an occasional change is a good thing. The Club and its affairs are viewed through new eyes and from different angles, and this may hopefully bring improvement which could not take place otherwise. Only by trying different approaches can it be determined which is best. In my opinion, it is time for a change.

PIC - A - NICK — The Day That Was

It is estimated that some 400 men, women and children turned out on August 4th for the Club PIC-A-NICK, which is believed to be a record number. Everyone had a wonderful time — many joined in the fun and games, and the others just watched — and insofar as we could see, no one went hungry.

The thorough planning of all hands with responsible assignments, and the willingness of their assistants to fall to when needed, accounts for the full day of successful events. There were many activities to keep the young people interested and busy; and the same sort of program for adults. Your editor arrived just in time to witness his first "sport-yak" race. Now this is something to behold! This insidious device looks much like a shallow plastic bathtub, and with devilish cunning defies steering with one paddle. We understand that two of our sailorettes managed to get out of the racing area completely and into a slip on the opposite side of the dock

from where they carried their *!%?&X boat back by land.

Then there was a race for "40 and over" sailors using the junior training fleet boats. This writer doesn't pretend to know much about racing under sail, and to his untrained eye it looked like chaos based upon utter confusion. However, it was said to be a good race, someone won and apparently there were no casualties. Then there was a speed-boat race which showed how fast man can cover water when he is in a hurry — here he come, and dar he go!

There just isn't space to go into detail on all contests, winners and other events. However, mention must be made of the spectacular water show presented by The Presque Isle Water Ski Club. It was a very professional exhibition which included trick and fancy skiing, jumping, and ended with a flight by Delta Kite by Iver Lee. A nephew of our Commodore, Dave Painter, was one of the performers. And then there was the dinner! The women had been requested to bring food, and under the supervision of Pauline Jageman and Marnie Preston, the 400 were fed abundantly.

It took the efforts of many to put on such a party, and in appreciation we can only list the names of those we can remember. If there are any we have overlooked, we apologize most humbly. Dave Preston was General Chairman, Paul Cook planned the childrens' activities, Rich Loesel planned adult participation, Morril Bauman and Durker Braggins arranged the entertainment. Also contributing: Jan Cook, Mickey Cook, Jean Bauman, Jean Ginader, Thelma Henshaw, Estelle Glass, Fran Schuler, Doris Amthor, Carol Eichenberger, Marilyn Amthor, Norine Cruciana, Rosemary Berkley, Martha Painter, Bernie Wagner, Alan Bauman, Dick Henshaw, Gail Garren, Bob Painter, Bob Geis. and Paul Benton.



PIC-A-NICK

There was fun for all, including races for youngsters of all ages.

QUARTERDECK COMMENT

by

Commodore Robert Painter

At the August meeting of the Board of Directors, the Long-Range Planning Committee submitted their report which showed that the many long sessions have resulted in considerable progress. A master plan for grounds and docks has now been worked out, and will be exhibited at the annual meeting of the Club. At that time, the Board would like to have an expression of opinion from the members as to whether or not the plan is acceptable. If it meets with approval, priorities will be assigned to the various projected changes so that they may proceed in an orderly and efficient manner under future administrations.

It has been decided that there should be a Guard House near the main entrance, and a design agreed upon. Construction will begin soon. It is planned to have a uniformed guard on duty during periods of peak traffic.

The swing-type gates at the entrance have proved inadequate, and it is planned to replace them with sliding-type gates. The new gates will be card-actuated, the same as the present gates.

The financial position of the Club is very good, which indicates sound policies of management and conservative attitudes toward expenditures.

Another healthy indication is the sizeable backlog of applications for membership on hand. However, the Membership Committee is proceeding slowly in accepting new members in order that membership and facilities may develop together at the same rate. It is unfair to both the Club and new members if more are accepted than we have facilities to accommodate.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT WORD

"Posh"

This doesn't seem like a nautical term which should be mentioned here, but let's take a look into history. Granted, it isn't a word you come across every day, but it seems to pop up when some society reporter tries to find a substitute to describe brilliant, expensive or extravagant social functions. Some think it is slang but, this is not so.

The word originated during the period when India was a possession of England, and there was constant traffic between the two. Britishers are known to value their comforts highly, and they quickly observed that cabins on the side of a ship away from the sun were cooler than those on the sunny side. As a result, persons of consequence and discernment booked their cabins according to the formula P-O-S-H, which translated into, "Port Outbound, Starboard Homebound". Thus, the word *POSH* came to mean something above and beyond the ordinary in cost, quality or comfort.

GOOD READING

CHARIOTS OF THE GODS? by Erich Von Daniken (Bantam Books) is a paperback. Sailors, tighten your backstay and begin by reading the first chapter or two of Ezekiel in which the prophet describes the landing of living creatures in a spaceship with wheels. From this point the author develops his theme that beings from space have visited our planet in ancient times, and as proof he submits the writings of witnesses and the unexplained phenomena in many parts of the world. How can we explain an ancient map which details our known continents accurately and includes Antarctica which has been ice-covered since discovered by man? From whence came the power an intelligence to build tremendous works of stone with precision-fitted joints and blocks weighing as much as 200 tons? We recommend this one -- and let us know if you can disprove it.

A CROWN FOR ELIZABETH by Mary M. Luke (Paperback Library) is a superbly written and fully documented account of royal life in Tudor England from the death of Henry VIII to crowning of Elizabeth in 1558. It is the story of Mary, Edward, and Elizabeth Tudor - all children of Henry VIII, each by a different wife. Edward, by Henry's will became King at age nine and died at sixteen. Mary then became Queen, married Philip of Spain, and began a lifelong effort to return England to Catholicism against the will of a majority of English subjects. War, religious burnings and Philip's overriding interest in Spain rather than England broke Mary's health, and brought her reign to an early end by death. Thus, the crown passed to Elizabeth who ruled for forty-five years and began the change from kingdom to empire. Well written, easy to read and thoroughly accurate, this book is most highly recommended for those who enjoy the feeling of living among the deeds and misdeeds of 16th-century England.

ALEXANDER OF MACEDON by Harold Lamb (Doubleday & Co., Inc.) is a story of conquest and exploration. Philip was the warrior King of Macedon, a small, mountainous country lying north of Greece. He conquered and united the independent city-states of Greece, except for Sparta, before he was murdered. Alexander, his son, by training and inclination was a student having studied under the philosopher Aristotle. He inherited both a kingdom and army when only twenty years of age, and in 334 B.C. led his army into Asia conquering all nations to a point east of India. This represented all of the known world -- an empire such as had never existed before or since. He died of wounds and fatigue.

Babylon, his capital city, at the age of thirty-two. A fascinating account related by a master writer of historical narrative.

GET MORE OUT OF BOATING

If you are a new boatman, or if you find that boating is beginning to lose its attraction, here is the answer for you. Simple logic says you cannot be enthusiastic about something which you do not understand; and, conversely, one enjoys a subject in direct proportion to how much he knows about it. This is the secret of becoming a true boatman -- knowledge of the history, art and science of boating. This is your opportunity.

The Erie Power Squadron will again sponsor the USPS Safe Boating Course for men, women and young adults of the Erie area. Enrollment for the free classes will be held Tuesday, September 18th, at 7:30 p.m. in Knox Hall, Church of the Covenant, 250 West 7th Street. The course consists of one session per week for ten weeks.

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT

There was a note in the Erie Daily Times recently which is of interest to yachtsmen who enjoy early lake history. The article follows.

The Lake Survey Center in Detroit has acquired some Americana which it is making available in the form of prints. One is a map drawn by the French in 1796 under the direction of one of Napoleon's generals (\$1.00). Another shows the upper Mississippi basin in 1843 (\$.65). Those interested should also inquire about the thousands of field drawings of different Great Lakes areas. Write the Lake Survey Center, 630 Federal Building, Detroit 48226.

FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?

It may come as a shock, but it isn't a bit too early to do something about your Christmas shopping. And then there are birthdays, anniversaries, and times when you came home late and the mate wouldn't believe your story. Which brings us to the point -- are you passing up a good thing by not picking up some nautical stuff at the gift cases in the lobby?

For those who haven't bothered to look, we list herewith a few of the goodies to be found there: Luff Caps, Foster Grant Floating Sunglasses, Mechanical Fingers, Boating Scarves, Sailing Gloves, Log Books, Galley Cook Books, Ditty Bags, Nautical Clutch Bags, Waterproof Flashlights and Yacht Blankets. Now, if that doesn't whet your appetite, you'd better keep one eye on the obituary columns to see if your name is there.

Oh yes, the gifts don't have to be for members of the immediate family. There are Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, close friends and very close friends. If you aren't doing right by the lot of them, we suggest you get with it at the Club Gift Center.

BEHIND THE GUN SALUTE

It is a custom of long standing for Erie Yacht Club to honor special occasions by dressing ships of the fleet and passing them in review before the Commodore's flagship. As each vessel passes abeam of the flagship, its captain salutes the Commodore by hand or flag as a sign of respect. In reply, the Commodore returns the salute and a gun is fired to lend emphasis to the ritual. In like manner, a gun is fired as the evening sun sinks behind the western horizon to signal the lowering of the colors. In earlier days it was customary to fire a gun upon entering a strange port to notify those ashore of the arrival. Thus, gunpowder is used for various nautical purposes other than the sinking of ships.

How much is known about this strange and terrible substance? When, where and how did it come into existence? There is little doubt but that gunpowder was known and its properties understood to a workable degree from times of dimmest antiquity by people of the East, particularly the Hindus and Chinese. Perhaps it was used only for fireworks or religious celebrations, but it was known in the time of Moses, about 1200 B.C.. It is certain that its use as a propellant of missiles in warfare was known not too long afterward. Long before the Christian era there existed a collection of laws known as the "Gentoo Code", which contained the following passage. "The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, or with cannons or guns or any kind of fire-arms. Nor shall he slay any person born an eunuch, nor any person who puts his arms together and supplicates for mercy, nor any person who has no means of escape."

Gunpowder has been known in India and China far beyond the reach of all investigation. It is possible that Alexander the Great (356 - 323 B.C.) did encounter the use of firearms during his invasion of India as recounted by Philostratus who wrote as follows. "These truly wise men (the Oxydracae) who live between the rivers of Hyphasis and Ganges do not come out to the field to fight those who attack them, but these holy men, beloved of the Gods, overthrow their enemies with tempests and thunderbolts shot from their walls". It might be added that Alexander also failed to conquer them, and retreated from his conquest of India.

There is mentioned a "shooting powder" in the writings of Julius Africanus in 275 A.D.; gunpowder was used in the siege of Constantinople in 668 A.D.; and in 864 A.D. Marcus Greacus describes in his book "Liber Ignium" (Book of Fire) an explosive composed of six parts of saltpeter (potassium nitrate) and two parts each of sulphur and charcoal. This is very similar to the formula used to make gunpowder until the beginning of the twentieth century.

Of course nothing is known concerning the manner in which gunpowder was discovered, and we must depend upon supposition. A theory proposed by the late Henry Wilkinson carries a high degree of probability. There are areas in both India and China where the soil is heavily impregnated with natural crystalline nitre. Cooking was done over an open fire fed with wood, which frequently left bits of charcoal in the form of incompletely burned ends of sticks. When these were washed into the ground by rain, two of the principal ingredients of gunpowder were combined. When a second fire was built on the same spot, there is a very good possibility that some sort of small explosion took place, leading eventually to discovery of the components and their use.

What we call an explosion is actually a rapid burning of the gunpowder with release of very high volumes of gas, principally nitrogen. When in a confined space, such as the barrel of a gun, it is the expansion of this gas that provides the force to propel a projectile; and the release of gas compresses the surrounding air to create a shock wave which we hear as a "bang". The feature which makes gunpowder such a useful tool is its ability to burn with out the need of air. The combination of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal contains within its chemistry all of the necessary elements needed to support combustion.

It is to be hoped that this very brief resume will increase interest in the basic material used in gun-saluting of boats, members, the Flag or particular events. Thus, during a review, when the Commodore returns your salute and the sound of the gun reverberates from peninsula and shore, please accept this traditional gesture as a signal of acceptance and good will -- and not as merely the release of a large volume of noisy gas.

FOCSLE FINNAN HADDIE

During the long hours of the off-watch, our favorite senior sailor and sea-scribe, Byron Cooley, has put pen to paper and composed another epic for posterity. It shall remain the decision of the reader whether he shall be cheered to the yard-arm - or hung from it - for his efforts. We regret the necessity for minor changes to eliminate certain words common to the seafaring man's vocabulary, but aside from

this it remains as salty as hardtack and pickled pork.

THE ERIE YACHT CLUB SAILOR

*Oh, there's no better sailor that ever I saw,
There's nobody quicker with fist or with jaw,*

There's no better mate when there comes on a blow,

For he knows the ship's business above and below.

CHORUS:

*Just to see him, Gee, you'd think that he
Had just come off a whaler.*

He has the beef to hand and reef,

This great Lake Erie sailor,

He swears his boat's the best that floats --

He's never been known to fail her --

No water man is better than

The Erie Yacht Club sailor!

II

But there's nobody quicker when done with his job

To hike into town with eye open for squab.

No one's so quick to bend on his white pants

*And locate a date for the Saturday dance.
(Chorus)*

III

There's no ear that's quicker this side of New York

To notice the sound of someone pulling a cork.

It makes no difference whether whiskey, brandy or rum.

*He deals himself in -- how we envy the Bum!
(Chorus)*

IV

But be on your guard when he sets out to cook -

Right out of his head, Sir, and not from a book -

You'll swear when you get a good whiff of his stew

*That his object's to poison both captain and crew.
(Chorus)*

V

In spite of his faults, better sailor never I saw,

He's a jolly good credit to his Pappy and Maw.

He shows nothing but class from his head to his toes,

So, here's luck to the rascal wherever he goes.*

*Original word meant: One born out of wedlock.



DRAIN FROM THE SCUPPER

A Lutheran Minister was requested to address a local Service Club, and he chose "Sex" as his subject. When he returned home to his very, very proper wife, she asked him what he had talked about. Not wishing to alarm her, he replied that he had discussed "Sailing".

A few days later while shopping, she was approached by a friend who complimented her on the fine speech her husband had given. "I don't understand it", she said. "He only tried it twice in his life. The first time he got sick, and the second time his hat blew off"!

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EDITORIAL POLICY

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