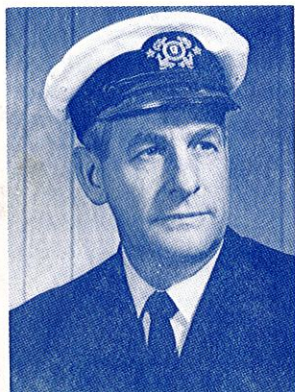


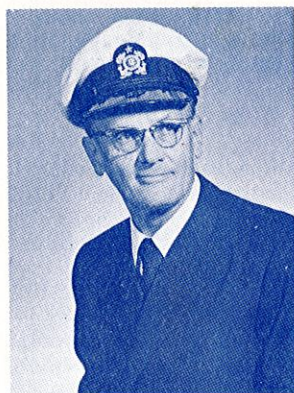
1973 E.Y.C. ALL-STARS



COMMODORE: Robert F. Painter, age 49, President of United Atkinson Inc., General Contractors and Engineers. Bob graduated from Pennsylvania State University in 1943, and is a Registered Professional Engineer. He and his wife, Martha, live at 6025 Lake Shore Drive with their three children: Jack (15), Jim (9) and Mary (7), all of whom attend school in Fairview. They are also avid sailors. During boating season, watch for the family aboard their 35-foot cruiser *Delight*.



REAR COMMODORE: Richard H. Amthor, age 49, graduated from Strong Vincent High School and Pennsylvania State College with BS and MS degrees. He is now occupied as a Structural Engineer and Partner in the firm of Sonntag, Amthor & Schmieder, Consulting Structural Engineers. Dick and his wife, Marilyn, live at 4415 Wood Street with their children: Gretchen (17) is a Senior at Villa Maria, Betsy Jane (11) and Mary (7) are in school. Theirs is a very close family interested in boating, ice boating, swimming and fishing - as is evident from their pet name for their home, "The Anchorage". In addition, Dick's hobbies range through astronomy, telescope making, travel and wine making. When business and weather permit, the Amthors will be found aboard their 32-foot Inland Seas cruiser *Arcturus*.



VICE COMMODORE: Wendell Good, age 60, is a member of the legal firm of Carney, Good, Brabender, Palmisano & Welsh. Departing from his profession, Wendell served for six years in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, but has lately returned to his first love, the practice of law. He and his wife, Helen, live at 534 Vermont Avenue which gives them easy access to E.Y.C. Their two children, Charles and Judith, are married but contribute their time and talents to working with the classes for young sailors. Wendell has been a member for thirty-three years, and joined while Morril Baumann was Commodore and the principal problem was to get enough boats to fill available stalls! During the sailing season, the Goods will be found aboard their Columbia 22, the *Oquina*.



FLEET CAPTAIN: Richard J. Gorny, age 48, is a native of Erie who graduated from Erie Tech, and attended Gannon College. He and his wife, Olga, live at 3931 Sunset Blvd. with three of their four children: Susan (23) is married, Greg (21) attends Gannon, Debby (19) is in nurse's training, and Pete (17) attends Cathedral Prep. Dick is President of Keystone Electric Company, Electrical Contractors. His boating experience goes back many years, but he came to the notice of the sailing fleet when he recently acquired his 42-foot auxiliary sloop *Banshee* and began collecting most of the available hardware with a combination of a fast ship and good sailing.



CLUB GENERAL MANAGER: T. Kenneth Welsh, age 67, retired from General Electric in 1971 as Manager of Quality Control Engineering. Ken's association with E.Y.C. began in 1921, and he has since been Chairman of every type of committee there is. In 1948 he was elected to the Board of Directors; in 1955 he became Secretary-Treasurer in which capacity he served until appointed General Manager in 1972. He and Mrs. Welsh, Jackie, live at 720 Michigan Blvd. Their son, Kenneth, Jr. (19) is majoring in Physics and Mathematics at Davis and Elkins College in W.Va. Ken has sold his boat but rumor has it he is "looking".



SECRETARY-TREASURER: David S. Preston, age 53, graduated from Union College in 1940 with a B.S. degree in physics, and has since then had post-graduate studies in cost-control, records and industrial planning. Dave served in the navy during World War II as an officer aboard ship in the Pacific, and for much of that time commanded his own ship. He was previously Director of Engineering for American Monorail Company, and is now in charge of material-handling applications for Erie Industrial Supply Corp. Dave and his wife, Marnie, live at 1334 Hardscrabble Drive with their daughter Wendy (5). The Prestons have a second daughter Elizabeth who is married. Watch for the Prestons in the 35-foot cruiser *Marnie*.

A GLANCE ASTERN

As 1972 exits it is a good time to examine the accomplishments of our Dock Committee during the past year. It is human nature to forget, so let us set down some items so that you may get an idea of total results.

- a) By using the ice as a work platform last winter, catwalks were installed for twenty-eight new stalls.
- b) A system for identifying E.Y.C. boats by means of a numbered tag on the stern transom proved successful, and enabled recognition of several non-member boats that were using Club facilities.
- c) Bulkheading was completed along the east wall, and sufficient steel rail and sheeting is on hand to complete the north wall.
- d) Electric power and water service was extended to the entire east dock.
- e) New amber lights were installed at approximately half of the dock walks. Sufficient lights and photo-cells were purchased and are now on hand to complete the installation on all docks.
- f) Both small-boat cranes were overhauled and fitted with new nylon lifting slings.
- g) Under the supervision of Gordon Way, a new 40-foot hoist was constructed at the gas dock for lifting spars. It is a very successful installation and will handle the masts of our largest boats with ease.
- h) A 20 x 40-foot floating ramp was built along the northwest wing dock for convenience of the Junior Sailors.
- i) A picnic shelter was built on the west dock for greater enjoyment of outdoor lunches.

To summarize, by August 1, 1972, the Club had 296 deep-water stalls occupied by members, boats and three Club launches, a floating ramp for twelve Flying Juniors, and a Dry-Sailing Fleet of seventy-one boats. We think this indicates progress of which the Club can be justly proud. What do you think?

QUARTERDECK COMMENT

By Commodore Painter

If we take a look backward we will see that a very considerable amount of progress has been made in improving Club facilities. Our Clubhouse is complete and functioning, our dock facilities are well established and on the way toward completion, and boat-handling equipment is excellent. In general, it now remains to smooth out operations - and to enjoy our inheritance of the finest yachting facility on the Great Lakes.

In the coming year there are certain things which we hope to see accomplished. Major improvements will be focused on the grounds surrounding docks and clubhouse; however, the high level of the water is a matter of concern for it could alter plans quickly and drastically should it continue to rise. The week before Christmas we saw all of our roads inundated

and whitecaps on the roadway to the gas dock. Although the water receded somewhat before the basins froze, two-thirds of our catwalks were frozen in ice. Fortunately, the first freeze was of short duration and little harm was done. All reasonable precautions have been taken to prepare for heavy ice, but the full picture will not be available until Spring.

In the meantime we are beginning to plan for improvements in our security system, the paving of dock roadways, improvements to existing roads and parking areas, and possibly some architectural improvements to the appearance of clubhouse entrances. Of course these and any other plans will be contingent upon financial considerations.

However, the most important things we will do this year have little or no bearing upon finances. I hope that we can develop ways by which our relations may be improved with other clubs ... other yachtsmen ... other members. I would like to see a special effort made to maintain the highest traditions of yachting at all times and most particularly during regattas and visits to neighboring clubs. May our actions and appearance present members of Erie Yacht Club as representatives of the finest traditions of yachting; and may we strive to spread the feeling of good fellowship and camaraderie which is the very heart of Club association -- and do it as sportsmen and gentlemen.

ANNUAL MEETING

The Club's Annual Meeting was held on November 17th, with 125 members attending. Considering the total number of names on the roster, this was a very poor showing for a once-a-year business meeting and indicates how little some members are willing to contribute to the welfare of the Club. (They will probably be the ones to shout the loudest if things are not run to suit them! Ed.)

Under the direction of Commodore Fritz Busse, the business of the evening proceeded rapidly and in an orderly manner. Our notes are as follows: (a.) Minutes read and approved, (b.) Financial report indicates Club in sound position (c.) Uncontested officers approved by voice vote, including Dick Gorny as Fleet Captain; (d.) Morrill Bauman introduced Gail Garren, last year's winner of Thompson Trophy, who presented it to Doug Nagle, Jr., this year's winner; (e.) George Sipple and Hal Reno elected to Board of Directors; (f.) Long-Range Planning Committee requested information on whether plans should include swimming pool. Approximately 35 hands voted "for". NOTE: This is only to indicate interest in pool - not any official action; (g.) Suggestion made that additional general meetings might be held to keep members abreast of issues and enable discussion. (Why not use *The Log* more to keep members informed? Ed.) Meeting adjourned with refreshments.

THOMPSON TROPHY AWARD

At the Annual Meeting of E.Y.C. on November 17th, the Thompson Trophy was awarded to Douglas Nagle, Jr. Presentation was made by last year's winner, Gail Garren. The award carries with it public acknowledgement of the respect and esteem of fellow sailors for outstanding proficiency, achievement and sportsmanship in the art of boat handling, Mr. Nagle's beautiful yacht *Westerly* is known to all who race auxiliaries.

For the benefit of younger members of the club, it may be in order to recount a brief history of this trophy. Joe Thompson for many years operated a store and boat livery at Port Dover, and always was especially fond of E.Y.C. members whom he made warmly welcome whenever they arrived at Dover. In recognition of this kindly and benevolent attitude, a number of our Club members decided that his name should be preserved in memory. A purse was raised by popular subscription and the trophy purchased; and later donations by shore-leave parties established a sufficient fund from which the interest payments are enough to make the trophy self-sustaining.

Each year a Thompson Trophy Award Board is appointed to decide the winner for the following twelve months. His name is then engraved upon a plate on the trophy which also bears the names of previous recipients and he is given a parchment certificate which sets forth the reasons for the award. The trophy itself is a mahogany steering wheel mounted on a pedestal. You should examine it in the Club trophy case.

IN PRAISE OF A SAILOR

The editor of *The Log* takes this opportunity to express his sincerest thanks to P.C. George Sipple for his promise to provide an historical article and pictures for each future edition of this paper. George has in his possession several scrap-books and albums of photos from which he will prepare stories concerning the exploits, achievements and droll pranks of earlier Club members. It is an excellent idea which should go far towards making *The Log* more interesting reading for young and old alike.

We have headlined this series "OUT OF THE PAST", and the first installment appears in this issue. Chester Curriden worked with George in its preparation, and as an eye witness was able to verify all details.

In announcing this new series, we wish to also thank those regular contributors who have enabled us to bring *The Log* to its present level of interest. By many of us working together, we can better serve the interests of all.

MAIL CALL

Past editor of *The Log*, recorder artist and dedicated catboater, Cort Schuyler, has provided us with a detailed and graphic description of his experience with Hurricane Carrie last September. It is a downright shame that space limitations prevent our including the whole report, for Cort writes with a touch that brings his stories to life and makes you feel that you were there. However, a condensation of the highlights follows.

Cort and Ruth were on a cruise to Block Island when they anchored for the night off "The Dumplings" in Naragansett Bay. All was calm ... the radio carried no storm warnings ... and *Ginger*, their 18-foot catboat, was anchored to a 200-pound mushroom anchor buried in sand with a new chain and line protected against chafing. About 5:00 A.M. Cort was wakened by the wind howling, rain driving horizontally against the cabin, and a good sea running on an unusually high tide. North winds roared down the bay where they had a clear reach of 10 - 12 miles to build up waves, and the Dumplings offered very little protection. It would have been foolhardy to have tried to reach shore under such conditions.

As the morning wore on the storm increased in intensity (anemometer readings to 74K). Suddenly it became apparent that *Ginger* had dragged her anchor and was almost in the surf. At this point we will tell the story in Cort's own words. "Ruth said what can we do? I replied pray that the engine will start! I had been trying to dry out my pants, below decks, so I rushed out in shorts and a light jacket to start the engine - and, thank the Lord, it started at once! But now what? I couldn't drag the anchor back - not enough power ... couldn't leave the tiller for more than a few seconds for Ruth's bad back prevented her from lending a hand.

Finally, I lashed the helm and dove forward to get the eye of the mooring line off the bow cleat only to find that I couldn't budge the mooring hook. There

wasn't much choice, so I lashed the tiller alee and let *Ginger* drift back a bit towards the rocks while I managed to get the hook off. What a relief - even though I hit an anchored sloop at the cost of some rub-rail! The dinghy astern was full of water which prevented making headway, so with much regret I cut her loose. *Ginger* now moved an inch at a time away from shore and her big rudder held her in to the wind.

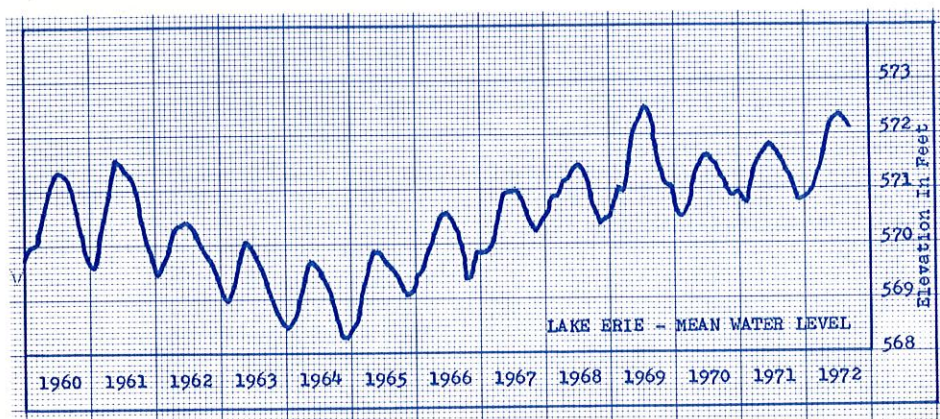
There were just two choices open: either to cross the bay and try for Newport Yacht Club, or to risk going through a roaring passage between the Dumplings and Bull Point which leads to shelter in any of a number of protected coves. The question was whether I could steer *Ginger* in a situation similar to running the Niagara River rapids at their worst point. The distance was short, only a few hundred yards, but there would be no forgiveness; so I decided to try for Newport. When we cleared the Outer Dumplings the wind hit us so hard we couldn't make it to clear water, and unless we could turn back we were worse off than before. With the helm down hard and the throttle out all the way, nothing happened - there was just too much wind. Then our prayers were answered for there was a momentary lull which let us turn enough to head back towards the little protection which the Dumplings offered. By this time there were people on the dock holding up lines and I noted that I would have to put the bow in a space six feet wide and stop or I would surely hole *Ginger* on some swimming stairs and pilings.

The decision made, I took her up to the dock fast. With the help of a strong headwind, the push of the sea and a good reverse-gear *Ginger* came to a stop about six inches from disaster, at which point some Good Samaritan stepped aboard and put a line around the mast. Soon dock lines were made fast and there we thrashed about for the rest of the storm. Later, Ruth was lifted to the dock. We were uncomfortable from the scare, wet and cold, but strangely satisfied to realize that we were once again safe on shore."

WORD GAME

You never go downstairs, always below,
The bag you unpack is the gear that you stow,
The porthole's a window, the bunk is a bed,
The john on a ship is the thing called a head,
There's portside and starb'd, the beam and the draft,
The bow is up forward, the back end is aft,
The wall is a bulkhead, the deck is a floor,
There are terms anatomical found by the score;
Eyes, joints, and elbows, ribs arms and knees,
A shank and a forefoot, buttocks and trees,
A head (which we mentioned), a waist and a throat;
It's hard to believe they're all part of a boat.
The chain locker's forward, the lazarette aft,
She's stiff or she's tender - this seaworthy craft.
You don't need a scarf or a boot to dress ship,
A boat's not indecent when she takes off her slip.
You can't raise a scupper or fetch a shore-line,
And a knot (not for tying), your speed will define.
In Bristol fashion, she's trim and she's neat
If you coil every halyard, each line and each sheet;
When all sails are furled and stopped neatly in place
The last thing you may do is splice the main brace.
The do's and the don'ts of the nautical game ...
Was it Shakespeare who said - "What's in a name?"

Ann Shermer in the Crow's Nest
of N.Y.C. Power Squadron



HIGH WATER IN LAKE ERIE

Large areas of the peninsula have recently been flooded and some Club docks covered, which has caused both damage and concern. The accompanying chart shows lake levels at Cleveland, and indicates that the lake has been rising since 1964. Highest water was in 1952 when level reached 572.75 feet, and predictions are that this may again be reached in 1973.

SPINDRIFT FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

or The Battle of the Ball

Whether it came about through a clerical error or as a reward for researching the correct spelling of hundreds of words for *The Log* may never be known for sure, but your editor received an invitation to the Commodore's Ball. Tasting the heady wine of basking in the glow of Yacht Club royalty is an experience which will live long in memory and will provide fireside conversation for many a long winter evening. Should there occur a lull while all hands search for new topics to discuss, it can always be bridged by mention of the night we attended the Commodore's Ball.

It was probably excitement and lack of familiarity with these waters that caused us to graze the reefs right from the start. Having been brought up to observe punctuality as a virtue, we arrived at the specified time only to find that we were the first of the fleet to drop anchor and we stepped directly into the midst of a furor which was apparently brought on by the failure of a florist to deliver table centerpieces on time. This had a salutary effect and served to calm the seas and restore our equanimity for we now knew that others had greater concerns than those which were bothering us.

Embarrassment over our early appearance soon was forgotten as new arrivals hove to and made fast. The horizon was filled with the advancing fleet from hull-down to full sail with bonnets. They came at us singly, by twos and fours, by groups large and small, all sailing briskly forward urged on by a chill bite in a stiff breeze. At the south side of the staging area a temporary bar had been set up. About this craft of all classes and ratings eddied and swirled, each taking aboard rations of anti-freeze in a valiant effort to melt ice from the rigging and quiet the creaking of plank and framing. Having had the advantage of early arrival, we welcomed with cheer and jest each ship as it came into view -- a kindly practice which was immediately adopted by all. Men shook hands and clapped shoulders of friends whom they hadn't seen for several hours, and the distaff side tangled rigging with shallop and clipper alike in a spirit of gayety and delight seldom exceeded by sailors landing after six months at sea!

A passing tramp steamer of unknown registry slyly lifted an empty glass from the writer's hand and replaced it with one filled with some sort of witches' brew, a gesture which at the time seemed most kind and considerate. Traces of fog in the air obscured many minor details, but the prevailing impression was that of a riot of color for every vessel from caravel to galleon was set with fresh sail, and most carried sparkling decorations in their rigging which enhanced the overall effect

and gave it a delightful, dreamlike quality. Various glamorous ships seemed to sit low in the water, an effect produced by long skirts which nearly reached the boot top. Careful checking of Plimsoll line, however, indicated that all were sailing with safe and well-placed cargo and within reasonable loading limits. As the fleet milled about restlessly the effect was kalidascopic. It was noted that as they passed, bark, yawl and brigantine dipped the flag in joyful salute to friend and foe alike; but with sly glances surreptitiously appraised the arms and armour with which each was equipped. It was a sight such as must have been presented by the Spanish Armada when viewed in the golden rays of a setting sun! The booming of male greetings, the rise and fall of female voices, the jockeying from thither to yon and back to thither again for favorable position and the unmutted cacophony from piano and organ striving to drown out all other sounds provided a fitting prelude to the main battle.

A study of the battle area showed the complete complement of Club officers ranged in battle line with backs against the north wall -- undoubtedly a move to protect against surprise from the rear. Beside each officer sat his official advisor, cook, and navigator. A slight elevation due to rising tide added the strategic advantage of enabling any or all of the officers to bring into range of their guns any area where trouble might develop. The balance of the fleet was positioned to maximum advantage by ship type, rating and previous battle record. As is the custom, thanks were offered to the Supreme Commander and his favor petitioned for the approaching struggle. All guns had been repeatedly swabbed with government issue bar lotion and were fullprimed with numerous servings of assorted canapes. It was now time to begin the main engagement.

Before us were the advance troops of the enemy. Relishes provided an attractive target, but most gunners zeroed in on the fruit cup which was closest to hand, preferring to dispatch the nearest opponent and then work on the relishes at leisure. Enemy tenders shuttled from battle scene to supply base and back again with fresh reinforcements, this time bringing up their heavy combat troops of meat, potatoes and creamed cauliflower. The clash of knife on plate, the thrust of fork, the whir of spoon, the shouts of victors and above all the endless beat and throb of organ and piano brought the battle to its crescendo. But even then it became clear to all that the enemy would be downed.

It was not until our troops became tired and thirsty that the subtlety of the enemy's battle plans was seen. In front of our forces were bottles of liquid refreshment placed before the battle where they would be close at hand. In each and every bottle lurked a secret ingredient intended to work to the enemy's advantage. However, in their wicked plotting the enemy overlooked one important

factor. Clean living and long hours of intensive training had conditioned our brave lads to handle such a contingency without so much as an extra "burp". Soon the table was littered with dead soldiers as these enemy troops went down with the rest of their kind. Only one last attack was made as the tenders with their blue, short sails and trim spars rushed forward with apple strudle under ice cream. This was quickly dispatched, and thus ended the epic which historians refer to as "Der Bustingussett".

Commodore Busse arose to thank all who had helped to make his term in office so successful, particularly Mrs. Busse his faithful Aide-de-Camp who shared with him the trials and tribulations of high office. Floral arrangements and oversize flag decorations were her handiwork. Vice Commodore Robert Painter also rose to thank the loyal members and employees who had worked with him. The "at ease" signal was given and the fleet swirled and bobbed in a victory dance led by Gib Porch's orchestra.

The gayety, color and excitement of the evening had an hypnotic effect upon your editor who was prevailed upon by evil companions to take part in a sinister plot to sail a convenient boat cradle to a spot near the head of the bay, and from there to torpedo a break in the peninsula for a more convenient channel into the lake. While endeavoring to reave a line through an "O" which someone had painted near the forepeak, and at the same time to explain the process of making a 10-lead martingale for better distribution of stresses over the boom, a firm hand on the shoulder and a soft voice in the ear indicated the advisability of laying a course for home port. Never one to question authority, I resigned from the project and followed orders from the tower. Even if some details are a little hazey, the parts I can remember surely make it an evening to be long savored as one of the choicest blooms in my personal garden of roses. Vive la Commodore Ball!

SECRETARY-TREASURER

POST FILLED

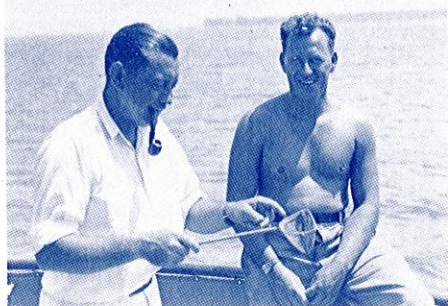
Last issue included the announcement that Ken Welsh would serve the Club in the capacity of General Manager. Since Ken has been Secretary-Treasurer for a number of years, the move left the latter office vacant.

It is a pleasure to announce that David Preston has agreed to accept the duties of Secretary-Treasurer, and will pick up where Ken Welsh left off. Dave is well qualified for the job and will unquestionably be a valuable addition to the staff. Should you see a blue streak passing and feel a rush of air blowing, in all probability Dave just passed you on his way to the office.

OUT OF THE PAST

It was Friday, September 9, 1938, the second day of a four-day celebration honoring Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry on the 125th anniversary of his victory in the Battle of Lake Erie. As their contribution to the festivities, Erie Yacht Club had scheduled a series of races in Presque Isle Bay where they could be seen by all. Two heats of a speedboat race had been run that afternoon. Remaining in competition were J.W. Thompson's 500 h.p., 28 foot Gar Wood *Juddy IV*, Conrad Orloff's *Runabout*, Tommy Cowell's 18-foot *Lyman*, Edward Lillis' *Vagamar*, William Eckerd's *Sal-Sue* and Fred Sterling's *Hi-Toots*. *Sal-Sue* had won the first two heats handily over the mile-and-a-half rectangular course.

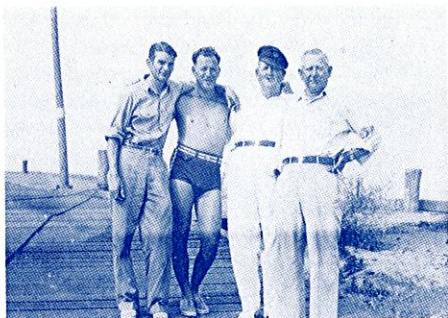
Juddy IV was holding the lead on the first lap of the final heat, with *Hi-Toots* a close second and *Sal-Sue* third. All boats were running wide open at speeds of 45-50 m.p.h. and were throwing heavy wakes with the finish marker coming up fast. *Juddy IV* missed the marker and turned wide, leaving *Hi-Toots* and *Sal-Sue* running side by side in their battle for first place. Without warning the two boats suddenly collided with a terrific impact which sent all 26 feet of *Sal-Sue* high into the air, throwing pilot William Eckerd and copilot Harry Parker into the water as she flipped completely over. Tommy Cowell who was running in fourth position almost ran into the damaged boats but managed to throttle down in time to avoid adding to the trouble. Tommy and a young lady copilot tossed a life preserver to the helpless men, but it was not enough! In the words of Cowell, "I saw Parker throw up his hands while crying for help. He could not reach the preserver, and that was the last I saw of him." The time was 4:15 p.m.



Fred Sterling and Chet Curriden 1937

William Eckerd was lifted from the water by the crew of a Coast Guard Speedboat which had been patrolling the course and was being backed up by the Coast Guard cutter *Petrel* under command of Captain James Barrett.

Meanwhile, pilot Fred Sterling and copilot Chester Curriden remained in their *Hi-Toots* which was badly damaged and sinking. Ed Lillis' *Vagamar* reached the two men just before their boat went



Harry Parker Chet Curriden Rip Sawdy Shorty Kuch
Port Dover 1937

under. Chester Curriden boosted Fred Sterling into the *Vagamar* and was then lifted aboard himself. At this time they believed that all hands had been rescued, and so they were taken to Fred Sterling's yacht, the *Mamie S*. Upon learning that Harry Parker was missing and presumed drowned, Sterling and Curriden returned to the scene and rendered all possible assistance in the search for the body. When examined later, it was found that William Eckerd had face cuts and bruises, Fred Sterling had several fractured ribs, and Chester Curriden was uninjured.

There was considerable difficulty in locating the body of Harry Parker despite the fact that he was wearing white coveralls. Dragging began at once, and Gerald Richardson flew an airplane overhead in an effort to sight the body. However, it was not until 7:55 p.m. that the body was recovered by the Coast Guard under command of Captain McCune. Although an ardent boatman and excellent marine mechanic, Parker was not an able swimmer. It is believed that this was responsible for his tragic end, since his body bore no visible mark except for a small bruise near the nose.

The spot where the *Hi-Toots* sank was marked with a buoy, and the boat was later raised and taken to the Lund Boat Works. *Sal-Sue*, which did not sink, was also towed to Lund Boat Works. Both boats were repaired and sold to Leo O'Melian who was then the owner of Great Lakes Marine. The name of *Hi-Toots* was changed to (?), and it was purchased by Tom Wells who ran it until 1956, when he sold it to Adam Nicholson. *Sal-Sue* was renamed *Bud*, and was used by Leo O'Melian's sons for quite a few years. Both boats ended their days as derelicts at Great Lakes Marine.

CLUB TO HOST CHAMPIONSHIP ICE RACES

Scheduled for February 3 and 4 on Presque Isle Bay, the DN Ice-Yacht North American Regatta will be held under the auspices of Erie Yacht Club, weather permitting. Entries are expected from all parts of the United States and approximately fourteen European countries, with a total of well over one hundred participants anticipated.

The first few races are run by division class, and the leading boats in each division will then race for the championship on Sunday. The remaining boats will sail a consolation race. It is expected that out-of-town boats will begin arriving as early as the preceding Tuesday to take part in a series of tune-up-races. The annual meeting of the organization will be held Saturday evening, followed by a banquet in the Club's dining room.

There is an element of uncertainty concerning these arrangements since it is impossible to predict Erie weather. Should ice conditions be unfavorable here, the regatta will be sailed somewhere else where the ice is better. Thinking is to make such selection as close as possible to Erie, with Lake Arthur near Butler, Pa., as a first alternate choice.

Among our local sailors, Ted Sprague of North East and Dave Bierig of E.Y.C. will be watched with interest for both have done well in past regattas. However, there are a number of other locals who will be glad to lead the visitors around the course.

SAILING SEMINAR FOR ONE-DESIGN SAILORS

The M.O.R.C. and Auxiliary Sailing Fleets of E.Y.C. are sponsoring a Sailing Seminar to be held in the Board Room of the Club House each Thursday evening from 7:30 until 9:30 p.m., beginning February 1, 1973 through May 24, 1973.

Mr. Richard Gibbs of Gibbs Sail Company and MFG Boat Company has kindly offered to teach our young sailors the techniques and tactics of small boat sailing. This will not be a "beginners" course, but is intended for those who already know the basics of sailing and desire to further their skills. If seating is available, adults will be welcome as well.

Among the various topics to be covered are: Concept of Aero-Dynamic Force, Vector Analysis and Hydro-Dynamic Forces. Written tests will be given at regular intervals to maintain a high performance level within the class.

For further information please call Mrs. Richard Waller, 455-4332.

CAPT. BILGEWATER'S GROG FOR ALL HANDS

Well, shivver me timbers, winter's arrived, boats are all put away, and it won't be long before we'll be seein' the old ice-yachts dashing around the bay again! Speaking of Ice-Boats I've heard that the World D-N Championship Races are scheduled for our Erie Yacht Club in February. Entrees are expected from Russia and other European Nations as well as the United States and Canada. Let's have a fine turnout to welcome these people and do all we can to make their visit to Erie a pleasant and memorable one. If you

have any ideas or want to help during the long weekend of the World Races, contact any of the active D-N Fleet members: Dave Bierig, Rich Loesel, Lou Klahr, Al Rickloff, Al Benson or any of the many others that enjoy those swift little ice boats.

What's in a number? Bring up the number 905 to any of the following people, and they'll be glad to give you the significance of it: Bill Ambro, Cass and Josie Jackson, Gail Garren, Gene Martin or Sylvia Burdick. Hear that they all had a fabulous time!

Sure sorry to hear about the plague of accidents that still seem to follow Bob and Charlotte Heinrich -- not only did they lose their *Gus* in the late summer, but more recently both of their cars have been "Totalled." Sure sorry about that broken arm, Debbie, and we're all hoping for a quick recovery. Speaking of broken bones, mighty happy for Fred Reymore that he's finally out of that leg cast.

Hear that Dave Preston's lovely mother who resides just outside New York City, is coming to visit with Marnie and Dave again for the holidays. She is a positively delightful and charming person.

If you want to hear a weird story, have our beloved old Skipper, Byron Cooley tell you about the recent hold-up attempt on him near his apartment. It seems this big hood demanded his money or his life and said that he had already killed four people and meant business. Well, Byron, told him to go ahead and shoot then, because Byron's troubles would all be over then, but his (the hood's) would just be beginning. The robber then demanded to know where Byron lived and Skipper also refused to tell him that. When the guy finally gave up, Byron went on home, and after notifying the police, took a nap. Wow! What a cool cat our ol' Skipper is, huh?

Saw the Deike's new 56 ft. *Ursa* out on the bay a couple times this fall--she is a beautiful boat, built here in Erie at the Paasch shipyard. She is powered with twin Ford turbines, and I understand that her shakedown cruises went very well. Congratulations George and Anne, on a fine new addition to the Erie Yacht Club. May you have years of fabulous boating with her.

In spite of some very stormy weather the annual Christmas Dinner Dance at the Club was a marvelous success. It was an early sell-out, and well worth its \$14.00 per couple tag. From 6:30 to 7:45 cocktails were featured, followed by another superb meal by our chef. The house was lovely in its gold and white decorations and candlelight atmosphere. Seen at the table with our new Commodore, Bob Painter and his lovely wife, Martha, were the Ginaders, the Cooks and the Jagemans. Was nice to see Ada and John Blackmore at the party. Back in Erie for the Holidays are the Raimeys, and they were at the affair, seated with the Deakins, the Crowells, the Ogdens, the

Braggins and the Paddens. It was truly a magnificent party, complete with Santa Claus (none other than our *Log* editor, Frank Moore), gifts dancing and good fellowship for all 85 couples who were present.

Seems to be about time to sign off for this issue. Hope to see the male members of the club at the New Year's Day reception given by the officers. Looking forward to a great New Year for all E.Y.C. members, wives, and families!

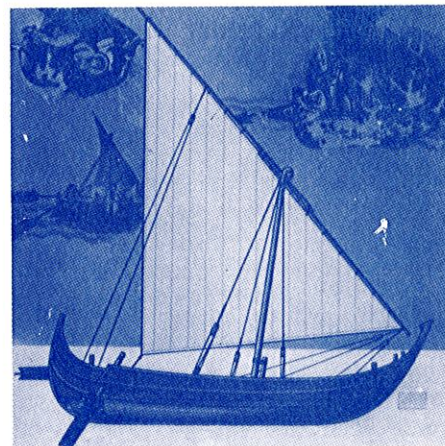
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT WORD?

"LATEEN"

Although it is probable that very few of us have ever seen sail or rigging of this type, the word "lateen" and its meaning should be a part of our nautical vocabulary. Lateen sails are still to be found in use in the Mediterranean, on the Nile River, in Moslem countries, and in the colder waters of the north by the Dutch and Russians. The most common picture with which we are familiar is that of the Nile ships called "gaiaassa" by Egyptians but "dhows" by Europeans, which sail upstream and float downstream carrying much of Egypt's freight. Their distinctive triangular sails are their trademark which appears in tourist's snapshots and in travel folders.

The lateen sail is supported from a very long yard, frequently as long or longer than the ship itself, and which is generally made by lashing two or more sections together. The yard is hoisted by a halyard run through a block above the shroud attachments, or over a curiously-curved masthead which is evidently grooved on top and intended to hold the yard forward of the mast. Attachment to the mast is by means of a hemp parrel, and the yard lift halyard is carried aft to act as a backstay. No forestay is used since it would interfere with handling of the sail. The sail is positioned by two tackles at the lower end of the yard and one or two braces at the upper end but located somewhat further in from the end.

The lateen sail is believed to have originated in India and to have been introduced into the Mediterranean by the Arabs. Illustrations of ships during early Mediterranean history show almost universal use of square sails. However, the Arab tribes became united by their acceptance of the Moslem religion, and under the leadership of excellent commanders conquered Syria, Palestine, Persia, Egypt, Spain, and parts of southern France in the years between 634 and 644 A.D. For eight hundred years they were the predominating influence in the Mediterranean and it was not until 1492 - the year that America was discovered - that the last of the Moors was driven from Spain. It was during this period that the lateen sail replaced the square sail in the Mediterranean almost completely, and the square



A Typical Lateen Sail and Rigging

sail was not to return to this area until men had learned to build and sail larger ships in the mid-seventeenth century. Even then, although impractical as the main means of propulsion, the lateen sail was frequently carried on the mizzen to aid in steering until late into the nineteenth century.

Travelers from northern Europe discovered this sail when they visited the Latin countries, and it became known as a "Latin" sail. Through usage by illiterate sailors whose speech was filled with words of many languages, accents, and colloquial expressions, "Latin" became "Lateen". It is this corruption of the word which we continue to use to this day.

Perhaps it may be of interest to our sailors to add something on the performance of the lateen sail. Captain Alan Villers in his book "Men, Ships, and the Sea" describes two voyages in Arab dhows which covered more than 10,000 miles. In his words the lateen sail 'is a wonderful puller on the wind and a powerful driver before it'. From another source we learn something of the handling of this type of sail. Yard and sail were hoisted outside (forward of) the shrouds, and leeward shrouds were slackened so that the yard could be trussed to the mast. When it is desired to tack to windward it is necessary to fall off the wind. Brace and sheet are made loose ... the parrel (attachment to the mast) was slackened somewhat so that the yard was freed slightly from the mast ... and then one of the crew hauled on the yard until it was vertical. In the case of larger vessels the yard would be forced over with the aid of tack tackles. The sheet was then transferred to the other side and the sail allowed to blow forward while the shrouds now to windward were made taut and those to leeward were slackened. As the vessel began to turn into the wind the sail was sheeted home on the leeward side, the yard was retrussed to the mast and trimmed with tacks and braces for the new course.

SMALL-BOAT SCUTTLEBUTT

The time has come to lay plans for 1973 racing schedules. So far there has been no word on tentative dates for regattas. If any of the fleets have plans for either district or national championship events, they should inform Gail Garren (899-7246, evenings) at once so a spot may be found in the schedule.

Six trophies remain unclaimed from those awarded at the Trophy Dinner last October. These will be placed in the trophy case at the Club, and will be plainly marked with the names of the winners. Please check with the Club office and pick up your trophy as soon as possible. The winners are: Gary Nichols, Kelvin McEnery, Mark Weinheimer, Doug Russell, Graham Hamilton and Jack Bierley.

Many of us believe it would be advantageous to have a Trophy Committee for the Class-Boat Fleet. This committee would locate and obtain suitable trophies with an eye on selecting a variety of types which will be more interesting to the winners, and arrange for attractive engraving. In addition, the committee would arrange for the purchase of regatta trophies when required. Will volunteers call Gail Garren and make their willingness known.

In the past, results of handicapped races have been often delayed for days before being posted. This was due to races ending so closely that a slide rule failed to provide accurate figures to four decimal places and the work was taken home to complete. We are glad to announce that this problem had been eliminated. The Bloomstine Insurance Agency has placed at our disposal during the racing season a battery-operated calculator which will deliver corrected times instantaneously. How about that for progress?

Lack of attendance during the two previous years discouraged the holding of a winter meeting this past year to discuss future race programs. If enough small-boats sailor think it is desirable to hold such a meeting this winter, it will be arranged. However, you must call Gail Garren and let him know your wishes. Don't put it off -- do it now!

MEMBER FOILS HOLDUP

This is a true story based upon information from several sources, including a somewhat ambiguous report from the principal.

One of our well known members was wending his way homeward recently in broad daylight when he was accosted by a stranger who demanded his money. Our friend denied the stranger his request, whereupon an automatic pistol was produced with a statement that the stranger had killed four men recently. We understand that the reply was to the effect that "if you shoot me, my troubles are over; but your's have just begun." Thereupon our brave sailor altered course and left the criminal to pursue his chosen career else-



At the Sailing Fleet Banquet on November 4th, Harold Ogden, Chairman of the Race Committee, presents the Zurn Industries Trophy to Richard Gorny for high-est points in *Banshee*. At far right is Howard Miskell, winner of the Koehler Trophy in *Pequod*. Dr. Don Lasher (left) is Fleet Captain of the Auxiliary Race Committee.

where.

Now, where we come from such insolence in the face of a loaded gun is considered the maximum of intestinal fortitude! But our hero only said, "seems like that young fellow wasn't fetched-up right." Who was this sterling character? Why, who else could it be but our own senior citizen, Byron Cooley, 86 years young! Anyone failing to properly recognize such heroism in true nautical fashion when meeting Byron at or near the Club bar, must be prepared for acrid comment in future issues of *The Log*.

AUXILIARY FLEET REPORT

During the 1972 racing season, the Auxiliary Racing Fleet participated in seventeen individual races; however, because of the multiplicity of scoring methods this represented some thirty-three different events. It is encouraging to note the increase in the number of participating yachts from twenty-five last year to thirty-one this year, which is a 24% better showing. The CCA rating method is history for all boats are now rated by the later and official IOR method.

All races were scheduled to be sailed in the lake, but due to gale-force winds one had to be run in the Bay. It was a pleasant surprise when our friends from Buffalo suggested that we finish the Inter-club Series here instead of at Buffalo as we have done previously. This proved to be advantageous for we had some of the Buffalo members participate in the Port Maitland to Erie leg, although many sailed directly home.

The season opened with the Mork Trophy Race on Decoration Day, and closed with the Fleet Awards Dinner on Saturday evening, November 4th. Attendance at the Awards Dinner gave a good indication of the growth of interest in these races. In the 1960's the average attendance was some 65 - 75 sailors. This year there were 230 Erie people and a chartered bus brought another 20 - 25 from the Buffalo area! Attendance set a record for this event, which is a glowing tribute to the Race Committee and a source of great satisfaction to see such response to their efforts. We take this opportunity to express our appreciation to all who contributed so generously of their time and experience.

One more group deserve to be men-

DECISION ON SHOCKING MATTER

One of the most distressing events which can happen is a call from the Club telling you that your boat is afire. To make sure that such a call need never be made during the winter months, action has been taken by management to eliminate the major source of danger.

All electricity will be discontinued to boat storage areas during the week, but will be turned on during the week-end by request. This eliminates the possibility of accidental electrical fires which might be started by equipment failure or careless use of portable heaters if they were to remain continuously energized. It must be recognized that the safety of one boat in a storage area could mean the safety of a number of others. Whenever an owner uses electricity, he MUST remove his extension cord when finished. Any extensions found attached after the week-end will be confiscated and the owner will be delt with in an appropriate manner.

tioned. Our sincere thanks are extended to the E.Y.C. power boaters who volunteered their boats and services as committee boats for the races. Nine served us in this capacity, and as a token of our appreciation individually engraved placques bearing the thanks of the Auxiliary Fleet for their assistance were presented at the Awards Dinner. Particularly, the work of committeemen Luke Walsh, Clark Langton, Gary Hanlin and George Shevlin is appreciated.

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Cort Schuyler	Gail Garren
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ENTERTAINMENT:	Mr. and Mrs. Paul Benton
	Mr. and Mrs. Richard Amthor, Rear Commodore
AUXILIARY SAILING:	Dr. J.D. Lasher
	Richard Gorny, Fleet Captain
SMALL BOATS:	Gail Garren
	Richard Waller, Director
WINTER ACTIVITIES:	Perky Pundt
	George Sipple, Director
MEMBERSHIP:	(Undetermined)
LONG RANGE PLANNING:	(Undetermined)

* For closer coordination of Club activities and to utilize the benefits of past experience, each Committee Chairman will have an officer or director assigned to council and assist him.

EDITORIAL POLICY

The Log is the official publication of the Erie Yacht Club, and is for private distribution. Publication is scheduled for the first week of March, May, July, September, November, and January. Articles of interest and notices of events are welcome; however, material should be submitted in writing to avoid error. Publication is at option of the editor, and right to rewrite for brevity and clarity is reserved. Copy should be mailed on or before the fifteenth of the month preceeding publication date. Address to Frank B. Moore, Editor, 3015 Harvard Road, Erie, Pa. 16508.

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