



THE POINT SYSTEM

In the Spring a boater's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of - STALL ASSIGNMENTS! This is of prime importance to new members, old members with new boats and old members who wish to change stalls. A large number of questions and misconceptions regarding the method of assigning stalls, docks and moorings have arisen and a little explanation may be welcome.

Section III in the By-Laws of the Constitution establishes the method of determining seniority, the Point System, and also dictates other factors which must be considered in assigning stalls, docks and moorings.

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As most members know, each regular member receives "one point for each year of continuing membership" and "two" points for each year of mooring occupancy I.E. whether the member is paying to the club rental for either a stall, dock or mooring." These "Accumulated points shall determine only the eligibility for mooring, dock, or stall space, if available".

This seniority is a source of possible misunderstanding. It entitles a member to stall space "if available" but does not entitle him of a specific stall nor to "bump" a member with less seniority in order to obtain a more desirable stall. There is, however, a further provision that "moorings will not be assigned to applicants for dock or stall space if the point system would indicate eligibility for a stall or dock over other applicants therefore." This provision makes it possible for a member with more points to "bump" a member with less points if this is the only way in which the senior member can obtain dock or stall space at all. This would generally start a chain reaction and is not done unless necessary.

The By-Laws also state "It shall be the policy of the dock committee to assign regular or permanent stalls as far as practical, taking into consideration the most efficient use of all available stalls and/or docks. Other considerations will be the size and type of the vessel, maneuverability thereof, depth of water, etc."

In implementing the provisions of the

above paragraph, it is sometimes necessary to relocate some members, generally the more recent members, whose boats are not a good fit for their stalls. Every effort will be made in such cases to reassign the member to a stall which will be a good fit and which, hopefully will be permanent.

Members wishing to change stalls should make their requests to the dock committee before stall assignments have been made. Where space is available and the change can be made in accordance with the above-mentioned criteria of good fit, etc. this will be done.

Another provision of the By-Laws limits the number of stalls, docks, etc. to be allocated to out of county residents to 15% of the respective totals. When this limit has been reached, a case exists in which a resident of Erie County even with lower points would have priority over an out of county member with higher points. This, however is not a common occurrence.

I hope that the above hasn't confused you more than ever. Yours for good boating.

Richard Amthor

S.O.R.C. 1974 "MASKER" AND THE ST. PETERSBURG TO FORT LAUDERDALE RACE

Early in the week preceeding the St. Petersburg Race, Dave Sample, Ron Pursel, and Chuck Taylor flew to St. Petersburg to join the Bob Way's and crew for a short race (February 1) around Ante Clue Island from St. Pete and back. The results of the race I was unable to acquire.

The following Tuesday, February 5, Durk Braggins and Dick Loessel flew down to join the full crew for the St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale Race. The crew now numbered 18. The following have been with the *Masker* since it went south and are in all races and could be considered paid hands:

Bob and Peg Way, Fred and Judy Temple, Steve Yetman, Ed Fracker (Sail Maker), Howard Essick, Bob Fry (Old EYC Member), Kirk Ezell (Skipper), and Tom Freeman.

The following are E.Y.C. hands that fill out the crew and race only when they can

get down:

Dick Loessel, Chuck Taylor, Dave Sample, Bill Lillis, Durk Braggins, Dick Curry, Ron Pursel, and Ray McCloud (Cleve./Mentor Y.C.).

Wednesday, February 5, the SORC Fleet 111 strong went out to race. With very little wind the boats could barely move.

The start was delayed several times in the hope of better winds - The captains and crews talked strategy and became impatient - Then the winds came. The committee boat signaled the race start and now all boats are moving. Start gun: 12:00

Masker's start was fair - about in the middle of the fleet - *Kahili* some place behind.

The race began as a beat, and a mark had to be rounded to set course south. Somehow a sheet line from the Jenny got fouled on the winch and the only way to free it was to cut the line where it was tied off the sail, then flop over on the other tack while the fouled line was freed. Well, this seems simple enough a thing, but in a race, you guessed it. Instead of waiting till they cleared the mark to cut the line, when the word went forward - "Cut the line," like any of the Captains orders it was cut - Right Then!!

Panic Drill - flop over to new tack and unfoul line. Flop back, struggle to round mark-why does everything happen to me? Bob Way, being the experienced Captain he is, we know must have handled this situation calmly and with gentleness to the crew ... Bless His Heart.

Masker is now four hours into the race, The Mark is far behind and *Kahili* also, for Bob and crew are working well and then it happened!!! The last thing you would expect on a Way-built boat is the head stay snaps!!! Flying free, it rips the number two jib apart, and brings near disaster. Had not the jib and staysail lines, which were stretched taut, been able to take the load, *Masker* would surely have been de-masted. Bob and crew moved quickly to luff the boat and drop sail to save the rigging, but had to watch the entire fleet pass and sail out of sight. Without a doubt, every boat that day assumed the *Masker* out of it. They didn't know Bob Way. He just got out his tools and parts

and refastened his head stay. Trimmed his boat, hoisted sail, and went charging after that fleet, one hour and thirty minutes behind.

Bob, crew and *Masker* worked together through that day and night, and the next day and night. And if you ever doubted, I can tell you *Masker* is as fast a ship as was meant to be. All night long her steam gauge (Speed Indicator) went over their marks and came down found *Masker* rounding Dry Tortuga or Rebecca light off the Keys. Then sails were sighted behind *Masker*, for during the night she sailed through the fleet and passed *Kahili* as well!!!

When you sail with Bob Way you should know that at least once in most races everyone is following *Masker*, and this race was no exception.

Masker is now heading for the Gulf Stream and Fort Lauderdale in good position. Like so many who work hard to win, only to have bad luck at the finish *Masker's* crew was defeated by electronics. It seems that a signal sent by a navigation station was off, and all boats using this aid were lead far off course. By Durkers recollection, *Masker* lead the fleet into the Gulf Stream, then those following turned and sailed off out of sight while *Masker* went farther and farther out. Determined to stick to their navigation aid, as they were out of sight of land, with no marks to go by, they continued till Bimini light came in sight, *Masker* was far off course, and turning toward Fort Lauderdale, put them on a beat to finish. When you think of all these misfortunes, remember what a fine ship *Masker* must be and how well she was sailed, for she crossed the line 15th out of 111 to start.

The first boat to finish was a C and C *Robin* at 9:00. *Equasion* at 10:00, *Kahili* at 12:12 (13th to finish), *Masker* 12:59 (15th to finish). Leaving Fort Lauderdale the following day, *Masker* sailed south to Miami's municipal pier (Old pier five), where Bob took the full crew out to dinner and grog. A good time for all. This is the story told to me as best Durk Braggins remembered. He concluded that it was a beautiful sail, and one we would all have enjoyed. I know that many of our membership also hope to see Frank Zurn and *Kahili* win one day. Frank is a top Captain and sails *Kahili* beautifully. The very best wished to both our Erie boats from their friends at E.Y.C. and whether or not you bring home S.O.R.C. Silver - We Salute You.

ED

OUT OF THE PAST

The fold out newspaper has been reproduced so that all might have a copy of this document. The original was saved by Walter Reitzer, an original Yacht Club Founder. It was then given to Don Sterrett (in Florida), then went to George Loesel who donated it to Y.C. archives.

George H. Sipple

BULLETIN BOARD

To all the good friends at the Yacht Club who helped to make my recent birthday one of lasting and pleasant memory, my sincere thanks.

"Skipper" Byron Cooley.

Byron Cooley - Irishman of the Hour
Byron was shanghied by Lasalle Padden to record a tape of old Irish songs (Twenty Pound Dog) for the Irish Hour heard Saturday 2:30 - 3:30 PM on Station W.E.R.G. FM Listen for this one!

Ladies Auxiliary board members are having their next meeting Wednesday, March 29, at 10:00 AM in the E.Y.C. board room at which time they will hand address invitations to all members' wives. Enclosed in the invitations will be chances for gift certificates for Edith Meisler's Dress Shop which will be drawn at the Tea.

Have you noticed all the new things in the display cases lately? E.Y.C. Sweat-shirts, long awaited by many are now in plentiful supply. Inquire at bar, office, or any Ladies Auxiliary Member.



Committee boat gets bottom repair.



The Ladies Spring Tea and Style Show will be held Tuesday, May 7, at 1:00 P.M. The chairmen for this lovely annual event are:

Helen Good - Gen. Chrm.
Marilyn Amthor - Tea Tables
Olga Gorney - Style Show
Fran Schuler - Decorations
Betty Waller - Chance Tickets
Flora Sarver - Chance Tickets
Marilyn Reno - Table
Barb Althof - Arrangements
Betty Duvze - Reservations
Lillian Sipple
Doris Heard - Silver Security
Breathtaking fashions will be presented by Edith Meiser. Mark this on your social calendar!



BULL HORN

Spring comes early for a Yacht Club. As a matter of fact dock repair starts while ice still occupies the slips. To those of you who have been watching the workmen and barge driving piers and moving docks in our center island, I have been told that because the stalls have measured to better match the boats that use them, eleven additional stalls became available in the same space. All of the Stalls have been measured this year and now a true picture of our facilities and boat requirements can be determined. Perhaps more savings will become available to us because of this undertaking. The amount of work and the hours required was considerable and as always kept someone away from their business and home. In this particular case, the someone was Rear Commodore Richard Amthor. I have noticed that each of our Flag Officers present and past, have used their particular talents to improve our Club in every way. So today we can say we have a more efficient system of management, better facilities, and now an accurate detailed account of our docks.

Now some of you might feel as I do - that E.Y.C. should have a Person of the Month Award to give recognition for efforts above and beyond as they say, but not so. For this type of effort is typical of all the fine officers, directors, and dedicated members of E.Y.C. But for the moment, Rear Commodore Dick Amthor is my Man of the Hour - a great officer and a darn nice guy. The E.Y.C. and all of the members are doing a little better because of him. Next time you see him, just say, "Thanks, Dick".

ED

"HOW ABOUT THE WINDWARDS"

Part II

Sunday, November 25th, we are up at 0600. Our overnight mooring at a keg, at Prickly Bay (L'Anse aux Epines) about 200' from the Spice Island docks, was well protected. Some swinging with the wind, but a smooth anchorage. Marge and I whip up breakfast. The eggs, ham and coffee sure disappear. What appetites, and we're not yet into the Day 1 of sailing.

Yachts at the charter docks are moored stern in. For our repairs, we must bring *Reve d'Amour* from the keg to these docks, Bill Ambro skillfully jockeys us aft end in, between another yacht and a parallel dock. He succeeds, despite unfavorable wind, in getting past the bow mooring keg without winding the floating line around the prop. Made fast, Gail Garren and Bill Robertson clean up the galley as we await Alan, the engineer for Spice Island Charters. Bill Ambro is busy with the charts plotting our course for Tyrell Bay, Carriacou.

Alan and Adrain Volney arrive at 0800. The faulty winches must be taken ashore for repair. As Alan is repairing the recalcitrant winches, we have an extremely vel-

come visitor. He is Dodd Gorman, the general manager of Spice Island Charters, Stevens Yacht Service Complex, who had become aware of our provisioning difficulties on Saturday. His home adjoining the charter property has a well maintained garden. He generously brought to us several papaya, freshly picked leaf lettuce, green beans, and believe it or not, about two dozen ears of sweet corn - a welcome surprise.

By 0945 a.m. winch repairs are complete and new battens are in the main. We bid farewell to our Spice Island hosts and cast off for what is to prove an eventful and trying day. Weather is partly cloudy, winds NNE approximately 20 knots. We motor down wind to the deeper, outer (southern) end of Prickly Bay. Bringing *Reve's* bow into the wind, we raise sail and head west on a starboard reach for the slot between Glover's Island and Point Saline, at Grenada's southwest tip. We follow Adrian's advice that, until we become adjusted to the wind, seas and current, and to *Reve's* behavior, - we use the number three jib on the beat to windward. Recognizing that the going would be heavy in open water, we thoroughly check below to ensure all loose gear is properly stowed and that sea cocks are closed. I also close off the main fuel supply valve to the diesel, as Adrian had commented that siphoning could occur if left open. This proved to be unwise.

With our inflated dinghy trailing close behind, we clear Point Saline, a Palisades type cliff with a lighthouse perched on its almost barren plateau top. This lighthouse is the only navigational lighted aid we are to see for two weeks. We harden up for the long, long starboard tack beat up Grenada's west coast, winning in tightly the starboard running backstay. The rounding of Point Saline positions us about two miles west of Grenada's west or lee shore.

We are out sufficiently far that although there are occasional slight shifts in wind direction, little change in the 20-25 knot velocity occurs. Seas are about 8' and cresting. This is a change from our Virgin Islands excursions. White water there was an almost certain indication of shoal. Here, due to wind action and wave height, cresting is all about us in all depths. We have no worry - we have plenty of water under us.

Buildings of St. Georges, Grenada's principal city and main harbor, are visible in the distance to the northeast. It is 1100 before the narrow entrance to the harbor is abeam. We are to make St. George's port of call in twelve days. Now we head north past Halifax and the town of Goyave, up the Grenada Coast.

The Skipper is unhappy with the set of our main. Both the foot and the leach need adjustment. The sail just isn't flat enough. The leach line is tightened, not an easy task with the port rail submerged and our bow occasionally submarining in heavy seas. Gail locates the outhaul winch within the boom at about the boom's midpoint. With the sail full, cranking to move the clew aft is a two man

job. We are successful. Improved performance is our immediate reward.

Wheel watches of 1½ hours each are set for the four men. Marge wants no part of being helmsman in conditions such as this, Bill Ambro gives me the wheel prior to our passing Halifax. I have begun to feel a little queasy and find the handling of the boat a stabilizer. I complete my watch as Goyave is abeam. The wind is strengthening, the seas are cresting higher and we are beginning to feel the effect of the westerly 3 knot current. Although sailing up to 10° higher than the plotted course as the wind will permit, we are being carried further away from the islands.

Two of us were to suffer this day from mal de mer. Dramamine was insufficient to overcome the reaction to *Reve's* pitching and rolling. Watching the horizon served to no purpose. Contributing to the dual upheaval were the fumes from the two fuel jerry cans. These containers, located in the lazarette, with the heel and action of the *Reve*, dripped. Fumes travelled through the port quarter berth to the cabin and then out into the cockpit. Marge hit the port rail first - I followed close behind, aft, downwind and downstream of her. Bill Robertson, a considerate helmsman, flushed us off periodically with a bow - port rail submersion.

Lunch time has come and gone. No one aboard wants either food or drink;

North of Grenada we approach a cluster of islands; the Sisters, Ronde, Les Tantes and Diamond, the Kick-Em-Jenny region reputed to be among the roughest in the Grenadines, due to tide and wind action. Tacking is required to bring us back to the east. Releasing and resetting the running backstays is a necessary and difficult job. Fortunately the tacking is infrequent.

Kick-Em-Jenny gives us everything that was promised - wind, wave and unfavorable current activity increase - nothing between us and Africa but ocean. At about 1500 it becomes obvious that under sail alone we cannot make our Tyrell Bay land fall at Carriacou before darkness. Captain Ambro gives the order to kick on the diesel.

Bill Robertson goes below to throw on the necessary switches. He then opens the access cover in the cabin floor to get at the engine, which in the *Comanche*, is located directly under the center of the main cabin. He relieves the cylinder compression by cracking priming cup cocks. The skipper in the cockpit hits the starter button. Bill R. closes the cocks and the engine fires and we head for our destination under sail and power.

Marge and I, between sessions at the lee rail, have been stretched out on the lee cockpit seat. We are aware of the addition of the engine to sail and welcome it - anything to get to smooth water with minimum delay - to get rid of the nausea. Then it happens - the diesel stops.

After several unsuccessful attempts at restarting, Bill R. checks below and advises that the engine isn't getting fuel. I'm finally alert enough to ask if the valve

is in the "on" or "off" position. It's "off" With this discovery I'm damn near an overboard. Remember, I closed it.

Bill Robertson is a crew member to be admired - even tempered, knowledgeable, technically competent, and possessed of a cast iron stomach. I highly recommend him for high seas jaunts - especially so if bilge work is heavy going is anticipated. I attribute all this to his indulgence of Beefeater martinis without vermouth.

For over an hour Bill R. is on his belly with his head in the engine compartment, using the priming cups and any other device conceivable, attempting to get fuel drawn up into the cylinders - all to no avail. Meanwhile, clouds are gathering on the western horizon. They are to bring an early dusk, and you don't sail into Tyrell Bay in darkness.

Bill suddenly lets out a yell - he finds a manual on the engine buried in one of the storage cabinets. A detail priming plan is described. Gail takes the helm and the skipper and Bill R. follow the routine, and in a half hour we are running again with sail and power.

By this time, nearly 1700, we are still south and about four miles west of Tyrell Bay. The sun moves behind the cloud bank to the west. Our sail into our first Grenadine mooring away from the charter base will be in the dark, - a taboo for any but the native sailors, but we "ain't got no place to go" except stay out in open sea all night.

We see two yachts in the distance move into the bay for anchorage. The darkness closes in. Captain Ambro switches on the running lights. To gain the inside anchorage we decide will be foolhardy. The bay is mottled with reefs. We finally reach the outer bay and, using the fathometer as our lead line, with jib dropped and engine idling, we head slowly into the wind. The hills silhouetted on the north edge of the bay are our guide to shore line. The chart shows reefs immediately adjacent to the shore. We move cautiously in behind the lee of the hills. Water depth is varying from 5 fathoms to 12 feet. Our decision on mooring is made for us. The throttled engine dies, - it won't restart - no starter. I am at the bow, (I revive fast in calmer waters) with the Danforth ready to drop. The Skipper stalls us into the wind - water depth about 12' and I drop the anchor. Time is now 1830. We are well out in the bay in a rolling sea with a strong northeast wind hitting us through a gap in the hills. It won't be the best of our anchorages, but it is the most welcome. There is no dinner tonight. Bill A., Bill R. and Gail have sandwiches. Marge and I crawl into our forward cabin berths, glad the day is over.

Two things I have learned: (1) always refer to a check list when first using equipment, even though that equipment may be familiar, and (2) make the first leg of a charter an easily achievable distance. Don't push your luck.

To be continued
Marge and Gus Neuss

DIXIELAND - MARCH 23

You've received your flyer about the "New Orleans Night". This promises to be a very enjoyable evening featuring Joe Hoyts Dixieland Band. Joe is direct from the Pizza Pub in Edinboro and those who have been there have raved about this group. Our Chef Buzz, is preparing a special two choice dinner - New Orleans Jambalaya and Ham and Sweet Potatoes. Dick and Jean Weinheimer and Kitty and Chuck Good are chairing the affair. This will be an informal night and easy on the budget - No Charge for dancing and sing-along from 9 - 1. Get your reservations for supper by March 20.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28

Our chef, Buzz Yost, was the high light of the Arts Festival Week at the Model Middle School, 1926 West 26th St. He volunteered his services to demonstrate his culinary artistry particularly for the boys showing that there is a considerable future in this field.

His extremely well planned program stressed the importance of a good breakfast and his delicious samples impressed both students and teachers. It was very well received and we should really be proud to have such a Chef at our Club.

Rosemary Martine and Tanya Hanlin

ERIE YACHT CLUB

P. O. BOX 648

ERIE, PA. 16512

CHIT & CHAT

Another issue is at hand - seems as tho we just submitted material for the last one - how time does fly!

Travelling to the southern climate seems to be in order this time of year; Dave and Fran Schuler, Commodore Wendell Good and Helen, Don and Mary Smith, John and Bettie Yount, Jack and Doris Amthor are among those who are (or have been) basking in the Florida sun. We understand Fritz and Aloises sailed on the *Queen Elisabeth* to South America; also, the John Downie and Al Axtell families recently returned from Florida having attended a National US Power Squadron meeting. Ken Eckerd and Chet Curriden are off on their annual trek to St. Pete to visit one of the nicest guys we know, Norm Bradley - with that combination, I hope they stay out of trouble!!

On the "Sick List" but recovering are: Dick Swanson - complications from his recent surgery, Bob Heinrich (our esteemed *Log Editor*) - whose I.D. these days is a donut pillow, Bill Behr and Shirley Kubas both having undergone hand surgery. Carolee Goetz in St. V's for tests last week.

At the February 22 EYC Bowling League session Dick Sarver bowled an "all spare" game, striking out in the tenth frame. HOW 'BOUT THAT!!

M.O.R.C. Station 31 recently hosted a delightful Wine and Cheese party at the Presque Isle Yacht Club. Plans for the

1974 racing season are shaping up well under the able direction of Nelson White, Rolf Shenk, David Burdick, and Bob Pratt.

In talking with EYC Club Manager T. Ken Welsh, he advised that construction of some twenty new stalls for run-about size boats will commence shortly-thanks to the spring like weather. Dock damage this winter has been minimal, with 70% of repairs completed to date. Auctioning of the unclaimed trailers on March 2nd a success - all sold.

Weddings have been in the news lately, Red and Bernie Wagner's daughter, Marilyn, was married to Richard Rodak. Bill and Marj Behr will be gaining a daughter in the near future when Bill, Jr. takes Darlene Bast for his bride.

QUESTION OF THE MONTH: Can anyone explain the lack of attendance at the Wednesday night Pinochle Club?

And last (but far from least - in OUR book), Junior Member Steven Waller, now stationed at Fort Gragg, N.C. with the Special Forces, Green Berets, was home for the weekend recently. How good it was to have him with us once more...

Time to sign off is here. Next issue we would like to publish a list of newly acquired boats at EYC. You may drop them off at the bar if you prefer. Include weather power or sail, length, an chosen, etc. How about the wives taking on this project? Come on, gals, feed us the information!

Chit & Chat Waller

BULK RATE

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