

COMMODORE'S REPORT



We are coming into a boating season with one of the largest memberships in the history of the club. This puts a heavy burden on our facilities and equipment. The Officers & Directors have tried to lay the ground work to meet these demands with the fewest possible complications. We are asking the membership to do their part by keeping litter under control, obeying speed limits, and member and guest parking rules and just generally being a good club member and a considerate neighbor. This should help make the summer a pleasure for everyone.

Security has been and probably always will be a problem. Here again your cooperation & awareness is important. Unauthorized persons inadvertently or intentionally came into Club property and with our

limited number of very busy employees it is virtually impossible to keep a constant surveillance. Please help us safeguard our membership privileges. All guests must register when visiting our bar and dining room. This is the responsibility of each member. Also, closing times in the bar will be enforced, we do not expect our employees to work overtime at the whim of a few.

The Officers wish to extend their thanks and appreciation to Howard Dobmeier of Howard's Photography for his contribution of the excellent colored photos exhibited in the lobby. In spite of the subjects the photos are an asset!!

I urge all owners to ready their boats for launching as soon as possible in order to clear the yard for the small boat sailors. They too, are looking forward to the boating season.

By the time you read this "LOG" the 88th annual opening day will be a pleasant memory and we will all be launched into another welcome summer.

Safe boating to you all.

"Doc" Bressler
Commodore

VICE COMMODORE'S REPORT



Launch Season "1982" got off to a slow start, but the weather in May has been great for boat preparation and launching.

By opening date, it appears that there will be a number of boats not ready for launching. Because of

the weather, delayed dock repairs and inability to put in the kegs, temporary occupancy of slips by boats not assigned, have been authorized. This temporary occupancy will cease as of our opening date.

361 slips are available for assignment this year. There is a continued need to move people around in slips in order to accomodate members who for one reason or another find their slip too small for a comfortable fit of their boat. Please be patient and cooperative in making changes in assignment. A number of changes will have to be made.

28 keg assignments have been made for 1982. A good probability exists that this number will be increased. Members whose applications are on file for

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(Vice Commodore's Report Continued)

kegs will be assigned as they become available.

Your attention is again called to EYC policy that anyone assigned to a keg or slip must have that assigned space occupied by the boat described in the application form, by the opening of the season or that **space** and **points** normally assigned will be withdrawn, unless an adequate reason is provided to the Vice Commodore.

If there are any problems with your slip or keg, please contact me.

Please remember your boating rules, regulations and liabilities. Speed inside the Basin is restricted as to provide minimal wake. Any damage done to moored boats from your wake is your responsibility.

Our club has a large investment in buildings and

grounds as well as each of you have investments in your boats. With all the activities at the club during the summer, unauthorized use of the facilities by non-members increases as well as vandalism by both non-members, guest and member's children. You should report any unusual activities as soon as possible so appropriate action may be taken by the Officers or designated employees. Please refrain from taking any action by yourself unless the circumstances indicate need for immediate correction.

Any damages done on EYC property and to members boats by your guests or children are your responsibility. Disciplinary action will be taken by the Board for damages or violation of Club rules.

Have a safe boating season.

R. L. Lasher
Vice Commodore

REAR COMMODORE'S REPORT



The new tables and chairs for the bar-lounge are on order and hopefully will be in place for opening day. The seating capacity will be increased to 52 at the standard, round tables and up to 20 at the cocktail table. The two square tables will be placed at the windows for seating two or three people. The three 60" tables will be arranged for eight people and the 48"s will comfortably accommodate six people.

This increased seating will accommodate those who prefer to be in a more informal atmosphere when they are dressed in work and weather clothing.

The valance will be in place around the veranda by opening day. It will make the veranda more

comfortable on hot or windy days, will present a much better appearance for the Clubhouse North side and will be set at a height that will not obscure the view of the bay or the peninsula. The color and trimming of the valance will match the present awnings.

The breakfast service on Saturdays and Sundays has been moderately successful. We will continue the service after opening day and if it is sufficiently patronized we will continue the service for the summer months.

There have been minor problems with a few people who remain at the bar after the scheduled closing hour. The closing hour is established by law and by Club rule. The bar service personnel are under orders, regardless of inducements, to comply with the schedule and to report the cause for any overtime of more than 30 minutes after the scheduled closing. The old pat call of "Time, Gentlemen (and Ladies)-- will have to be observed.

Let's hope for sun and fair breezes for opening weekend - and all summer.

D.E. Sheeran
Rear Commodore

Opening Day . . .
1982





FLEET CAPTAIN'S REPORT



We certainly did luck out as far as weather is concerned for fitting out. Let's hope this is an indication of the summer ahead.

On behalf of myself and the ladies of the club I would like to express my thanks to the few who managed to make themselves present to clean up the hill before their annual tea.

The launching ramp has been extended on the east wall to the edge of the bulkheading. Please use caution at first, until you yourself determine how far you need to back in to put your boat afloat, as no marks have been provided as yet.

Remember, the use of the ramp is for those with dry permits and stickers only. This will be policed and charges levied against violators. This applies even if your boat and trailer are kept elsewhere.

The 28 ft. Marinette Sportsman club boat is now in the basin and being fitted out. If you would like to have a look at her she will probably be in the dock formerly occupied by the old R. C. The latter, incidentally, is for sale at a very reasonable price. If you know some one who might be interested, contact any officer or director for details.

The larger 6,000 lb. crane has been tabled for the present. We have since purchased an additional 15 ton trailer to supplant our present launching and hauling capabilities.

The Iron Duke was refurnished by Harvey Chestner's yard and has been in operation for some

time now. Thanks to Harvey, some extra work was needed but done at no extra charge. Harv, you're a nice guy.

The wiring in the dry sail area used for fitting out was found to be in bad shape and was replaced. Some, such as Boyd Bert, found sanding keels a hot job.

John Polonus of Waste Management and I have gone over the placement of the trash containers. There will be some in areas not provided for previously and larger ones in other areas found needing in the past.

A new type of filter has been installed on our gas pump nozzles that stop the flow when water hits them. This should solve some of our past problems.

Operations of the gate has been erratic due to mechanical problems. At present, one has a broken shaft.

The last item I would like to add is the observance of the 15 MPH speed limit on the grounds. Owners are responsible for their own conduct, their family and guests. The board is in agreement that if numerous complaints are made against any one owner some action will be taken. The possibility of suspension for a period of time of access to the grounds has been considered. Let's not face this, especially during boating season.

I might mention also that in the past years one of the greater violations of the limit occurs when adults deposit or retrieve their youngsters from sailing class. And finally, my thanks to the Ladies Auxiliary for the lovely flowers we see around the Grounds and Bldg.

F/C Bill Behr

BAR-B-Q and HOE DOWN
June 26th



Here is a letter from a former member that I thought you would like to share with me.

Dear Mr. Weislogel:

I was a member of the Erie Yacht Club from 1937 thru 1969, a long enough time so as to always think of it as my second home in Erie--many many happy memories, I was also an ex-editor of the Log.

Once in awhile either Bob Sevin or Dick Amthor send me their copies of the Log, which I enjoy very much. One of the issues I received was the March 1982 Log which carried part two of the Autobiography of Henry Stewart, Senior. This is a great yarn, and I would dearly love to have part one, as well as a copy of the May Log which you noted would carry part three.

I'm enclosing a copy of the Bulletin put out three times a year by the Catboat Association which I have something to do with. If parts one and three are as interesting as number two, is there a possibility we could reprint it at some future date?

Advance thanks for anything you can do for me.

Best regards,
Cort Schuyler
Corresponding Secretary

I will see that Cort gets the issues he wants plus any further Logs I am responsible for. If any member knows of past members who have moved away or other Yacht Clubs on the Lakes that you think might be interested in having a copy of our Log, please drop a note in my box at the Club office.

What a fine Opening Day Celebration we had. This had to be one of the nicest openers I can remember. We had a good crowd and the weather man provided us with warm temperatures and sunny skies for all the festivities. Hats (and the top of my head!) off to Jack Flannagan and the punch makers for seeing Uncle Greg and Aunt Berd get their share of libation at the kiddie stand. Thanks to the Club Staff and Grounds Personel for the fine job with crowd control. A safe and happy time was had by all.

Next issue of the Log will be scheduled for production around August 15th. Please have anything you wish to have entered, in my box by the 15th of Aug.

Thank You
Greg Weislogel
Editor

1981-82 BOWLING BANQUET AND AWARDS



E.Y.C.'s America's Cup Bowling League held their Annual Banquet and Awards get together May 22nd at E.Y.C. A fine meal, Presentation of Awards, a business meeting, and election of Officers for the 82-83 Season were the order of the evening. The continuation of sanction fees, where to bowl next year, starting times, and the summer picnic were among many things discussed at the business meeting. The election of new officers came from nominations from the floor. The results were as follows:

Pres. Doug Loesel
V.P. Fruit Turns
Sec. Audrey Brown
Treas. Claire Nichols

My best wishes and assistance to the new officers for the 82-83 Bowling Season. Anyone wishing to join the fun this fall with the E.Y.C. Bowling Team, please leave your name and phone number in my box (The E.Y.C. Log Editor) in the office at the club. We always welcome new bowlers. Hope to see some new faces this fall. My thanks to my fellow officers and Past President Hal Bush for their help. V.P. Russ Horchler, Sec. Audrey Brown & Treas. Dot Bush.

Greg Weislogel
Pres. 1981-82 Season

The Power Boat Committee has purchased an assortment of tools for use by the membership.

They consist of a propellar puller, a shaft puller, a bearing strut puller, and a electric oil pump.

These tools are available free of charge to members of the Erie Yacht Club.

They are kept in the boat house and can be obtained by signing them out either at the club office during normal business hours, or by contacting the security guard after hours or on weekends.

Any member who uses these tools will be required to leave their gate pass when they sign out any item.

These steps have been taken in order to keep track of these items so that the members can locate the tools when needed.

We invite the membership to use these tools. We only ask that you take care of these items while you have them so that others can enjoy there use also.

The Power Boat Committee also has plans for some activities this summer. Anyone with any suggestions or who would be willing to help on the committee is asked to contact Steve Bartosik at 454-1541 or 838-1865.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HENRY STEWART, SENIOR PART III

The third trip up the river I caught the measles. I was not taken until after we had disposed of our oysters and Jack had gone off on a spree. The boy had gone home and I had anchored the boat near the burying-ground where we had built the boat. I was all alone when taken down except for Francis, a slave to an Englishman that had gone to England leaving him with the American Consul. He kept the slave at his house by the burying ground. After I was sick I asked him to take a note to the American Consul to let him know I was sick. But he refused. I wanted a drink of water and he refused to do anything for me but "hoped I would die and all the rest of the white folks too." Three days and nights I lay there too sick to help myself to food or water, growing worse all the time. The last night I was in such distress I did not sleep a minute. The burying ground was under the window of the room where I lay and I heard all night a groaning noise in the ground that seemed to be an echo of my breathing and groans. I felt that I could not live much longer in that condition. I thought of friends thousands of miles away that would wonder what had become of me while my body was buried in the little graveyard close by the sea-shore in that far distant country. Many years have passed since that night of sickness in that house but the memory of it is as vivid as though but yesterday.

Close to the seashore was a flowing spring of pure water running out of the rocks within two rods of the house. Some of the folks from the village on the hill often came down to fill their jars with drinking water. Seeing the boat and not seeing me around, they inquired of Francisco where I was. From his answers they became suspicious that something was wrong and the next day after that terrible night one of the women made up her mind to search the house although the negro told her I was not there and tried to prevent her going in. She searched and found me sick and helpless. Then she went down to the city and informed the American consul of my situation. He immediately sent for me and had me taken to the hospital. Two slaves carried me on a kind of chair for the purpose. A sailor by the name of Jack Gaylord came with them to see that I was properly cared for.

The doctor bled me twice before I felt any relief from pain and I overheard one of them say that "he would not have lived until morning."

I remained two weeks under their care before I was well enough to leave and then was very weak and almost deaf. The hospital is in the upper part of the town. It was built by the Jesuits for a college and occupied by them until they were expelled and their

property confiscated. Since that event this building has been used for a public hospital. Near the center of the building is an open court, the lower rooms opening into the court were formerly the workshops of the Jesuits but now occupied as prison wards for sick prisoners.

There is also a chapel in one part of the building with an altar and all the fixings of a Catholic church. When a good Catholic was dying the priest came out of the chapel rigged out in his robes, with the wafer and holy water. He put the wafer in the mouth of the dying and sprinkled a little of the water in his face and thus insured him a safe passage through purgatory. They called it the Holy Sacrament. Those that were not Catholic were carried out by slaves and buried like dogs unless they had relatives in the city.

As soon as I was able to move about I made a number of acquaintances among the sick. One was an Italian who tried to teach me Italian words and I taught him English. He had the play "Romeo and Juliet" printed in Italian. I had read the play in English. That was our stock in trade, to study each other's language. I next made the acquaintance of an Irishman by the name of Faggerty. He was college-bred and understood a number of languages. From him I learned the history of the hospital building. He had been brought up by wealthy parents and apparently in every way a gentleman. I afterwards learned that he was at one time a wealthy ship owner but was reduced to poverty by drunkenness. I met him once after I left the hospital as he was coming out of a liquor shop where he had evidently been drinking. He did not appear like the same man. The last I heard of him he was out in the country tending mules for a living.

In another ward I became acquainted with an Englishman named Frederick. He was slowly fading away and I often found him reading in his testament. But soon he was removed to the Potter's field. I took his testament as a memento of him. An old crazy sea-captain in the hospital used to call him his "white horse Frederick".

One day I saw quite a commotion in the hall. I tottered along to see what it was about. They had a man laid out on a table sewing up his throat, arm, and bowels. Although nearly white he was a slave and had run away. He had just been taken and rather than go back to his master had tried to end his life. He was put into one of the prison wards and just before I left he died. I was glad when told by one of the prisoners that

he was out of his master's reach.

Every day some were brought in sick or maimed and some poor fellows carried out to be thrown into a hole in "Potter's Field".

When I left the hospital I made my way to the American consul office and he placed me in a small boat and sent me to the little house by the sea-shore where the boat lay at anchor. I found Francisco, the negro that would not give me even a drink of water, and he was down with the measles with no one to take care of him. I did everything I could to make him comfortable, sent for a doctor and waited on him until he got well. It made me feel much better about it than if I had let him die and he was very ashamed of the way he treated me.

Have not heard from you in some time. We are well. Amanda got hurt last week, have not heard how bad yet. James is well as usual. Would like to hear from you. Love to Ada and the children.

During the time I was in the hospital some sailors from the American war vessels had been on shore repairing the wall around the American cemetery. They had found my things and taken all I had, a collection of beautiful shells I had picked up on the beach, they were all carried off.

The consul had sent the boat into the country up the river in charge of a sailor while I was sick. But they had poor luck and met with so many difficulties, were fired at a number of times from the shore of the river and did not care to go again.

The next day after I returned I noticed the negroes, water-carriers, when they came up from the shore each one had a cocoanut. I went to see where they got them. Just then the owner of the nuts came down to the shore and seeing some of them were gone accused me of taking them and made all sorts of threats of what he would do if I did not give them up, which I could not do as I did not have them. I did not tell him who had them as it would have been hard for the negroes. After he had gone I was supplied with cocoanuts and other fruit, all I wanted.

I was joined in a few days by three or four destitute sailors sent there by the American consul. One night we heard a great commotion in the city, firing of guns all night. The next day I went into the city. Shops were closed, cannon were placed on some of the principal streets and companies of armed men acted as though they expected to be attacked by an enemy. I passed by undisturbed.

The forts had all got into the hands of the revolutionists but Brazilian sloop of war had escaped and was at anchor out of the reach of the guns of the forts, and not far from our quarters the next morning. A small boat with boat's crew and two officers were trying to make their escape from the shore to the vessel. A party of came running down by our place and

compelled them to come back on shore and took them all prisoners. Boy Jack, our former cook, was one of the boat's crew. The next day sailors were set at liberty but the officers were shot. I saw Boy Jack soon after his release and had a talk with him. He told me some of his adventures in the Brazilian service, which was hard usage and no pay.

A few days after, a fleet of war vessels came from Rio and blockaded the city, causing much excitement. The fleet, American, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian war vessels, came in and anchored in the harbor.

The American fleet was the frigate Independence, sloop of war Fairfield, 18 guns, and schooners Dolphin and Porpoise.

I could no longer run the boat up the bay, so Woodbridge Collin, the American consul, proposed to me to get clothes from the war vessels to wash and get washwomen to do them. They furnished me with a recommend signed by the principal American and English merchants with his guarantee. That kept me busy for some time getting the clothing from the vessels and giving them out to the washwomen, collecting them and returning them to the ships again. I paid the women about thirty-seven and a half cents and received seventy-five from the officers.

One day some clothes were sent on shore to the consul's house when I was away. The consul's wife thought she would have her servants wash them and not let me know anything about it and take the pay herself. Some hogs got into the yard and tore the clothes to rags and I was called on to account for the lost clothes without knowing anything about it. By questioning the servants I got at the facts and quit the business.

At about this time an American ship came in loaded with flour consigned to an American merchant, Mr. Foster. He did not think it safe to unload in the city so sent the vessel to another port. That soon became known and an attempt was made to assassinate him. He was chased by two soldiers into the consul's house. Capt. Mayo of the Fairfield was there and defended him or he would have been killed.

On the twelfth of December, 1837, I shipped on board the brig Leader, bound for the coast of Africa. The brig had been on two voyages to Africa and was getting ready for the third. On board the brig, Captain, Wm. Dore; first mate, Wm. Nye; second mate, a Swede, George Reynolds; the Dutchman that was with me on the whale ship; two Portuguese, Seylas brothers; one American sailor besides George, we called him the carpenter; one black sailor named Joseph, a native of Bahia; and a black cook, native of Africa. The two Portuguese both had been in the habit of running on Geo. the Dutchman. They tried it on me but it did not work. They got out their knives and I took a handspike; they cooled down and that ended it.

The city was now blockaded sea and land. There was a narrow neck of land between the city and the main land. Here was where most of the fighting was done. About the twentieth of December there was a battle fought on this neck of land, lasting all night. The next day I was on shore and saw them bringing the wounded in a long procession, four men to each man and carrying them on stretchers.

About the first of January, 1838, we took in a cargo of soap, snuff, tea, jerk beef and various other articles, groceries and household stuff, and hoisted anchor and dropped down with the tide to nearly opposite Victory. Some passengers came on board. The captain was on shore and the mate sent me to get some clothes he had left on shore. I took passage in the boat of the John Jay, an American ship. I went to the boarding house of Jack Thomas and he refused to give them up. When I went back to go on board, I could not get a boatman to take me on board as it was sundown and no boats were allowed out after sundown. I met an old sailor, Hosea L. Barto, and we were walking along the street and found ourselves suddenly surrounded by a press gang of ten or twelve soldiers. I broke loose from them and ran up the street with half of them at my heels. I ran into a house and upstairs and into the family sitting room. There sat a man, his wife, and daughter. I asked the man to allow me to stay until the soldiers left. He promised me protection and I knew they would not come in without leave from him but he broke his promise and gave them leave to come in and take me. When the soldiers were coming up the stairs the man went to the door with a light to show them the way.

In the meantime the woman and daughter hid me in a small closet under the stairs so that the soldiers could not find me but the man came and ran his cane in and punched me and called out in Portuguese "Get out, you dog of an Englishman!" I however waited until a little pricked by a bayonet. Then I had to surrender and come out. I found that ten of them was too many for me so I was escorted downstairs. The old man looked as cross as a bear, the woman and girl were crying, while I was mad enough to kill that man if I ever got a chance. I was marched to the dock yard prison and put into the same room I had occupied once before.

As soon as I was locked into prison I looked around to see what company I was in. There were fifty or sixty men in the room; half of them had been put in that night. Among them was the crew of a slaver. They were Spaniards and were playing cards; some were sick and lying on the platform. Barto was singing-just drunk enough to be happy. Henry Jones, an English sailor that I was acquainted with, had been put in the same night, so there were three of us that could speak English. The rest were Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, also a chain gang of about sixteen criminals.

The platform was bed, table, and seats, all in one. It was raised about two feet from the ground and was

about six feet in width, occupying three sides of the room. After a while I found a spot on the platform where I could lie down without encroaching on the rights of others, I slept very well until morning.

In the morning when I woke up most of the crowd were yet asleep but Barto was walking back and forth groaning as if in great distress. I found on questioning him that he was comparing his present situation with what it had been. He had a happy family and friends, was captain and part owner of a ship, and now by intemperance was without home or friends, poor and in prison.

The chain gang were chained, two being chained together. The guard came in early, fastened them all together with one long chain, and sent them off to their daily labor. They were employed mostly as water carriers. One day the two that were chained together, one black and one white, got quarreling and went to biting and scratching. No one interfered but let them fight it out.

There was one window where one or two at a time could climb up to look into the street. I got a person that was passing to carry word to the consul. He came around and told me that the brig had set sail the night before and was heading for the island of Tuperique about twenty miles off. He brought us something to eat. The next day he sent his black servant with food but it was taken from him and he was sent to the army to help do the fighting and was killed in battle.

The consul then made arrangements with Jack Thomas to bring us food. Jack brought us one meal of victuals and we saw no more of him. After fasting four days more and getting rather hungry I made out to get word to the consul again. He came and said Jack had got his pay every night for our board pretending that he was carrying food to us. After that the consul brought us boiled jerk beef and hard tack so that we had plenty and some to spare to a poor Spaniard that had nothing.

Water was the only thing furnished by the prison officials and we did not always get that. One day I begged the guard to pass me a cup of water. His answer was "Diablo Americano" and an attempt to run his bayonet into me. He swore in Portuguese and I swore in English. The thirteenth day of our imprisonment the consul told us we would be let out that day. We felt so good about it that we gave our food to some that had none and were starving. But the day passed away and the next day came and passed and we were still in prison.

The Autobiography of Henry Stewart, Senior will be continued in the August issue of the E.Y.C. Log.

Erie Yacht Club Sailing Fleet Schedule 1982

Wed	May 19	6:50	Bay	Spring No. 1	MORC & PHRF	
Wed	May 26	6:50	Bay	Spring No. 2	MORC & PHRF	
Sun	May 30	10:00		Lighthouse Race	MORC	
Mon	May 31	2:00	Bay	Spring No. 1		Class
Mon	May 31	2:00	Lake	Mork	PHRF	
Wed	Jun 2	6:50	Bay	Spring No. 3	MORC & PHRF	
Thurs	Jun 3	7:00	Bay	Spring No. 2		Class
Sat	Jun 5	10:30	Bay	Erie Open Regatta		Class
Sun	Jun 6	10:00	Bay	Erie Open Regatta		Class
Wed	Jun 9	6:50	Bay	Summer No. 1	MORC & PHRF	
Thurs	Jun 10	7:00	Bay	Spring No. 3		Class
Sun	Jun 13	10:00	Lake	Gilmore Cup		
Sun	Jun 13	10:00	Lake	MORC Timed Start	MORC & PHRF	
Wed	Jun 16	6:50	Bay	Summer No. 2	MORC & PHRF	
Thurs	Jun 17	7:00	Bay	Spring No. 4		Class
Fri	Jun 18	5:00	Bay	Erie to Dover	MORC	
Sat	Jun 19	TBA	Lake	Dover Triangle	MORC	
Sun	Jun 20	TBA	Lake	Dover to Erie	MORC	
Thurs	Jun 24	7:00	Bay	Spring No. 5		Class
Sat	Jun 26	5:00	Bay	Erie to Dover	PHRF	
Sun	Jun 27	TBA	Lake	Dover Triangle	PHRF	
Mon	Jun 28	TBA	Lake	Dover to Dunkirk	PHRF	
Tue	Jun 29	TBA	Lake	Dunkirk to Abino	PHRF	
Wed	Jun 30	TBA	Lake	Abino Triangle	PHRF	
Thurs	Jul 1	7:00	Bay	Summer Series		Class
Sat	Jul 3	10:00	Lake	Firecracker Regatta	MORC	
Sun	Jul 4	10:00	Bay	Firecracker Regatta	MORC	
Sun	Jul 4	1:00	Bay	Firecracker Regatta	MORC	
Wed	Jul 7	6:50	Bay	Summer No. 3	MORC & PHRF	
Thurs	Jul 8	7:00	Bay	Summer Series		Class
Sun	Jul 11	10:00	Lake	Chet Curriden	MORC	
Sun	Jul 11	7:00	Bay	Summer Series		Class
Thurs	Jul 15	7:00	Bay	Summer Series		Class
Fri	Jul 16	9:00	Bay	Night Lighthouse	MORC & PHRF	
Sun	Jul 18	10:00	Lake	Summer Lake Race	PHRF	
Sun	Jul 18	10:00	Lake	Summer Lake Race	PHRF	
Thurs	Jul 22	7:00	Bay	Summer Series		Class
Sat	Jul 24	7:00	Lake	Kohler Cup	MORC & PHRF	
Sun	Jul 25	8:00	Lake	Ashtabula to Erie	MORC & PHRF	
Thurs	Jul 29	7:00	Bay	Summer Series		Class
Sat	Jul 31	TBA	Bay	Dover Weekend	Main & Jib	MORC & PHRF
Sun	Aug 1	TBA	Bay	Dover Weekend	Main & Jib	MORC & PHRF
Thurs	Aug 5	7:00	Bay	Championship Series		Class
Sun	Aug 8	10:00	Bay	Championship Series 2-Races		Class
Thurs	Aug 12	7:00	Bay	Championship Series		Class
Thurs	Aug 19	7:00	Bay	Championship Series		Class
Fri	Aug 20	10:00	Lake	Erie to Springfield & Return	PHRF	
Sun	Aug 22	10:00	Bay	Fall Series		Class
Wed	Aug 25	7:00	Bay	Fall No. 1	MORC	
Thurs	Aug 26	7:00	Bay	Fall Series		Class
Sun	Aug 29	10:00	Bay	Fall Series		Class
Wed	Sep 1	7:00	Bay	Fall No. 2	MORC	
Thurs	Sep 2	7:00	Bay	Fall Series		Class
Sun	Sep 5	10:00	Lake	Autumn Lake Race	MORC & PHRF	
Wed	Sep 8	7:00	Bay	Fall No. 3	MORC	

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Thurs	Sep 9	7:00	Bay	Fall Series			Class
Sun	Sep 12	10:00	Lake	Autumn No. 2		PHRF	
Sun	Sep 18	2:00	Bay	Autumn No. 3		PHRF	
Sun	Sep 19	2:00	Bay	Bay Timed Start	MORC		
Sat	Sep 25	2:00	Bay	Frostbite No. 1	MORC		
Sun	Sep 26	10:00	Bay	Frostbite No. 2	MORC		
Sun	Sep 26	2:00	Bay	Frostbite No. 3	MORC		
Sat	Oct 2	10:30	bay	Fall Regatta			Class
Sun	Oct 3	10:00	Bay	Fall Regatta			Class

LADIES AUXILIARY

This year, for the first time, the Ladies Auxiliary hosted a champagne Luncheon instead of the traditional tea for its annual fund raising event. We are happy to say that the change was enthusiastically received and on May 4th two hundred and seventy ladies enjoyed a salad luncheon, champagne, desert and a style show presented by Carlisle's.

Our grateful appreciation goes to the auxiliary members who made and contributed all those delicious fancy breads and yummy cookies and to Betty Waller, Tricie Johnson and Helen Fuhrman for seeing that they were there at the right time. The "Country Corner" in the lobby, created by Marge Behr and Mildred Ambro was a real eyecatcher and drew many ooohs and ahhs from members and guests as they arrived.

It would be difficult and lengthy to single out everyone who contributed time and effort to make this luncheon a success but for my part I want to say a big "Thank You" to all who helped so willingly. The officers wives, Dee Lasher, Ginny Sheeran, Marge

Behr and our treasurer, Ellie Matts are a team that is hard to beat. Jane Haener, Scott Young and his group in the kitchen, Nancy and the girls in the dining room served everyone in record time while Mary, John and Joyce poured the pink champagne. Thank you all for making the day such a pleasure.

I just thought you would get a chuckle out of knowing that Jane purchased every bottle of Pink champagne in the city of Erie for our party!

The begonia centerpieces from the Frost Greenhouses were so beautiful that most of them were purchased. I only returned 17 pots. Other like them will be planted around the building by the garden club group before opening day.

By the time this is published the flowers will be in and the club will have taken on its summer look. The garden club will be working on its weeding and lunching program, which we all enjoy, and summer will really be in full swing.

Thank you again and have a wonderful summer.

Dee Bressler

April 27, J. Howard Mitchell celebrated his 85th birthday. He has been a member of the Erie Yacht Club 25 years. He is still captain of his boat, the "How Else". He has always been his own navigator, and pilot, and is the man that oversees the work to get his boat ready to launch every spring. He has had boats for 60 years, starting with a 40 footer on the Potomac River where he and president F.D.R. would wave to one another as their boats passed on the river. He has had his boat on every body of water in the U.S. and made trips out over the Atlantic to the Bahama Islands. He placed his family on board some years ago, and went from Pittsburgh by the Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, and along the Gulf to Corpus Christi, Texas. The people there were so excited the City paper had a picture of the boat, and the family crew on the front page of the paper saying it was the

longest trip ever made in the inland waters of U.S. by a private boat. It was not long ago when Mitchell made two trips from Erie to Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. He just married his third wife six months ago. His first wife died with a heart attack, and his second wife died with cancer. His present wife was afraid of water and hesitated about going on the boat, but after seeing how Howard could handle the boat she is now quite at home when aboard. There is one thing that Howard objects to, and that is people running to his berth when he is coming in, and trying to help stop the boat, and tie her up. He states the boat can not go any place after it is in the berth, and all it needs is one stern line in place, and that holds it from going any place, so he always has his wife take care of that line. Howard is the head of a very successful real estate business in Pittsburgh, and says he will never retire.

EDITORIAL POLICY

The **Log** is the official publication of the Erie Yacht Club, and is for private distribution. Publication is scheduled for the 30th of January, March, May, July, September and November. Articles of interest and notices of events are welcome; however, material should be submitted in writing to avoid error. Publication is at the option of the editor and the right to rewrite for brevity and clarity is reserved. Copy should be mailed on or before the fifteenth of the month of the publication date. Address to Editor Greg Weislogel, 1822 West 11th Street, Erie, Pa. 16505.

DINING ROOM AND BAR

Monday: Bar Open 5:00-11:00
 Tuesday: Lunch: 11:30-2:00
 Buffet: 6:00-9:00
 Wednesday: Lunch: 11:30-2:00
 Dinner: 6:00-9:00
 Thursday: Lunch: 11:30-2:00
 Friday: Lunch: 11:30-2:00
 Dinner: 6:00-9:00
 Saturday: Lunch: 11:30-2:00
 Dinner: 6:00-9:00
 Sunday: Brunch: 11:00-2:00

Saturday-Prime Rib Night

Weekday Happy Hour
 5:30-7:00

1981 ERIE YACHT CLUB DIRECTORY OFFICERS & DIRECTORS

TITLE/NAME	ADDRESS	HOME	OFFICE
Commodore	Clarke S. Bressler	800 Wedgewood Dr., 16505	833-1497 455-5466
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Rear Commodore	Donald E. Sheeran	330 Connecticut Dr., 16505	452-2064 454-4221
Fleet Captain	William J. Behr	1060 West 39th St., 16509	866-9747 same

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TITLE/NAME	ADDRESS	HOME	OFFICE
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MANAGER	Jane H. Haener	3126 Maple Street, 16508	866-6124 453-4931
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	Mr. & Mrs. Frank Knauer
Finance	P/C Richard Waller
Fleet Activities	Mr. Richard Robertson
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Long Range Planning	Mr. A. Richard Blotter
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Publications	Mr. Arthur Fuhrman
Publicity	Mrs. Jack Marshall
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I.L.Y.A.	Mr. Jack Bierley
Director of Adult & Junior Sailing	Mr. John Schultz
Historian	P/C George Sipple

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