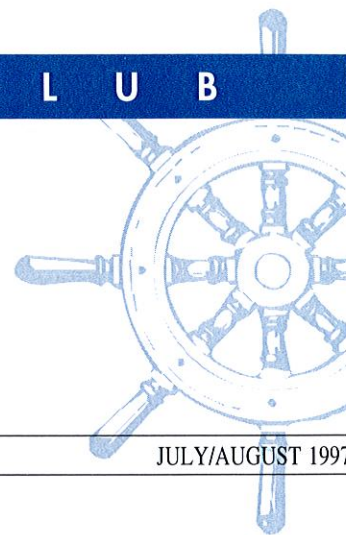


The LOG



VOLUME VII, ISSUE IV

ERIE YACHT CLUB • P.O. BOX 648 • ERIE, PA 16512

JULY/AUGUST 1997

On Wings

by Guthrie Pratt

Many of you have seen the Caribbean Islands – some by cruise ship, some by bare boat charter and some by crewed vessels. We had the opportunity to do it a little differently. John and Fay Koedel invited us to sail with them for a month from Palmas del Mar (a resort near Humacao), Puerto Rico to Georgetown, Exuma, Bahamas. John is a former member of EYC (1949-1995) where he and Fay sailed their boat *Elusive*. They now live in Deltaville, Virginia and sail a 37-foot Shannon called *Wings*.

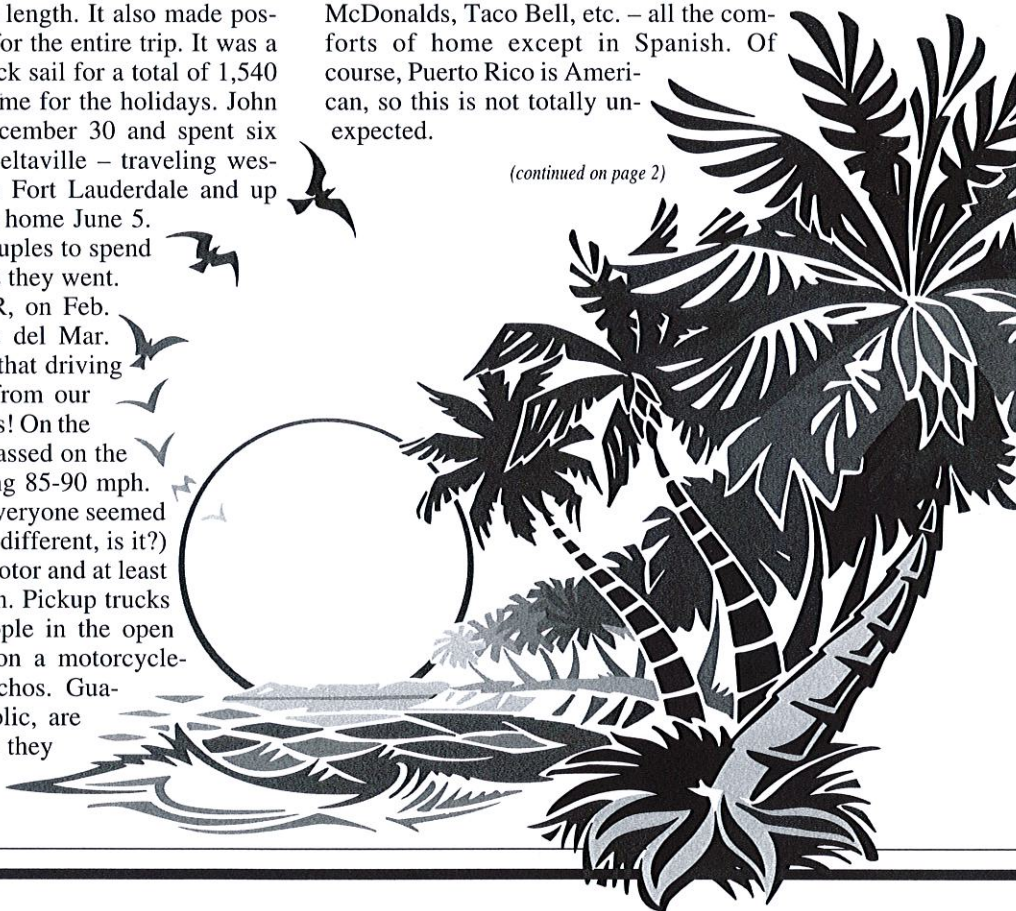
John and three of his sailing friends took *Wings* from Norfolk, VA non-stop to Antingua last November. He did so in order to qualify for membership in the Ocean Cruising Club. The requirements are that one sail at least 1000 miles non-stop on a vessel less than 73 feet in length. It also made possible avoiding sailing to windward for the entire trip. It was a direct eleven and a half days port tack sail for a total of 1,540 nautical miles. They all returned home for the holidays. John and Fay went back to Antingua December 30 and spent six months moving the boat back to Deltaville – traveling westerly through the islands, across to Fort Lauderdale and up the Intercoastal Waterway. They got home June 5. They graciously invited different couples to spend various periods of time with them as they went.

Bob and I flew to San Juan, PR, on Feb. and took a shuttle bus to Palmas del Mar. From the beginning it was obvious that driving habits in the islands are different from our ruled, regulated and regimented ways! On the way to Palmas del Mar, we were passed on the berm by a small red sports car going 85-90 mph. Speed limits were posted at 55 but everyone seemed to be going at least 70 (that's not so different, is it?) We found that anything that had a motor and at least 2 wheels was used for transportation. Pickup trucks were nearly always piled with people in the open bed. In one town we got around on a motorcycle-powered rickshaw called motoconchos. Guaguas in Luperon, Dominican Republic, are small vans that act as buses – only they don't follow a schedule. They only go when they are full and that

means 12-15 people. Imagine that in a Dodge caravan! There are no seatbelts and most roads have no lines or signs. If you don't know where you are and where you're going, what are you doing here?! Speed limits at critical points are controlled by speed bumps which the locals are well aware of. Even moderately sized towns had few traffic lights. Stop signs controlled traffic. Amazingly, few people used their horns.

At Palmas del Mar, we were at a dock in front of a very good restaurant, Chez Daniel. We took advantage of it for the two nights we were there. This was the last time we would be at a dock until the last three days of the trip. One day we took a taxi to a shopping mall to look for a part John needed for the boat. We found a Builder's Square, K-Mart, Office Max, McDonalds, Taco Bell, etc. – all the comforts of home except in Spanish. Of course, Puerto Rico is American, so this is not totally unexpected.

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On Wings

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Our first four stops were along the south coast of Puerto Rico. The sails were relatively short – six to

eight hours – and always in sight of land.

Winds were usually light in the early morning, building to 20-25 mph in the afternoon. For the most part, winds were astern. There were frigate birds instead of sea gulls. We saw porpoises only once, a sea turtle and always flying fish.

Our first stop was at Salinas. We anchored in the bay. It is known as a hurricane hole. That doesn't mean that hurricanes happen there. It means that it is a safe place to be during a hurricane. It is surrounded by mangrove thickets to which you can tie the bow of the boat, put anchors off the stern and pray that everything holds. It is rated the safest hurricane hole in the islands.

It being a Monday, the local and transient boaters gathered for their weekly potluck dinner. Since we had just arrived and had nothing to contribute, we joined the group for cocktails, then had dinner at the restaurant associated with the marina/motel complex there.

We needed some provisions. For taxi service we were told to ask for Sarah at Larry's Marina. We made the appointment and the next day she took us to the gas company for propane and into town. We did the usual – looked around, bought tee shirts and post cards. When we went to the post office, we found long lines. They weren't buying stamps, they were buying money orders. Apparently, the post office is used as their bank when they need to pay bills or send funds to someone out of town.

On Wednesday, we sailed to Ponce where we anchored in the bay beside the Ponce Yacht and Fishing Club. We paid a small fee for the privilege of using their facilities. We had a very good meal in their dining room – Caesar salad made table-side, excellent dishes superbly presented by a tuxedoed waiter but when we asked for decaf coffee after dinner, we got a cup of hot water and a jar of instant Nescafé. It completely changed the impression of the place. We later found it hard to buy decaf coffee, even in the grocery stores. This being coffee country, they use the real thing.

Perhaps it sounds like we concentrated on eating places. Since we knew we would be on long sails where we had to prepare food underway, we decided that whenever there was a good restaurant available, we would take advantage of it. Most of the places we tried were at least satisfactory, and some were outstanding.

In Ponce, we toured the Castillo de Seralles, a museum which was once the home of the Seralles family. They were a pioneer family which started and still runs the Don Q rum distillery. They introduced sugar cane growing to the islands to provide the raw material for the distillery. The town was getting ready for Festival, a celebration similar to Mardi Gras. Part of the

museum's exhibits were gowns worn by queens of the previous festivals. They were unbelievably ornate with bright colors and beads. There were also masks which are supposed to ward off evil spirits. If I were an evil spirit, I wouldn't want to meet one of them. They have sharp horns like antlers, alligator-like mouths and yet they were beautiful in their colors and decoration.

Ponce is a moderate-sized city. There's a beautiful central square with a large statue (crowned with a live pigeon) and a fountain. It was surprising that there were almost no traffic lights. Traffic moved smoothly with stop signs and one-way streets. One neat feature we found was a mobile post office station. It looked like a regular mail truck but was outfitted with a side that lifted up much like hotdog vendors one sees at the country fairs. It was parked on one side of the square and doing a brisk business. There are free sight-seeing buses so we took advantage of one.

The driver gave us both the eastside and westside tours. One interesting stop was at an old cemetery – in fact, it was the first public cemetery. There was a pauper's section where you could be buried for a year, then if your family could not pay a fee for the next year, your bones were removed and someone else was placed in the crypt. We looked for a local restaurant but were unable to find one around the area of the square. We settled for Taco Bell. We could have chosen McDonald's or Burger King.

Our next sail was to La Parguera. There are many reefs along this area, most covered with mangrove thickets. We chose the wrong opening on first try and soon found ourselves aground. Fortunately we were able to get free under our own power and got the proper channel in our next try. Everyone on shore seemed to know we were the ones who were aground "over there" a few

minutes ago!

In the evening, we took a sight-seeing boat ride to Phosphorescence Bay. When the water there is disturbed, it glows and sparkles. Water was dipped up and poured on deck. It sparkled like Fourth of July sparklers. The wake from the boat looked like it was illuminated by moonlight, only it was at the time of the

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From the General Manager's Desk

Despite the poor Spring weather, the Club remains a mecca of activity. Many of you are still putting on those finishing touches before launching your boats. Be advised, Vice Commodore Curtze has relaxed the launch rule due to all that poor weather we've experienced. For those still not in the water, you should contact me as soon as possible with an update.

The road way in to the Club property has been repaired along with all the major potholes throughout the balance of the Club. Next year we plan on paving the main parking lot of the Club. We are also considering installing a couple of parking lot lights in the third or fourth row of the lot. This will help those parked at night in this area.

The land-based mast crane over by the Canoe House has been completed. The crane will certainly be handy for those small boat owners traveling to regattas.

The Board has approved the building of a shelter for storing the Waste Oil Containment Tank. The shelter will be located next to the Maintenance Building and will be completely enclosed for protection from the weather. We will also have steps built to provide easy access. Remember, this tank is for the disposal of used oil only, please don't throw batteries, anti-freeze and beer bottles into the tank.

We've had the deck furniture painted and I have four new Adirondack chairs coming to make the Clubhouse deck a nice place to enjoy a sunset and cocktail or a nice dinner. We will be serving lunch and dinner on the deck the same hours as the Grill Room. That is weather permitted. If we happen to have a good blow out of the west with rain I doubt anyone would want to be out there anyway. Be patient with us on service to the deck, it's a long way to the bar and kitchen.

I would like to thank the membership for their continued support of the Club. The month of May was a great month for the Club. Food and beverage sales increase 10.8% over 1996. Member dining was up 9.6% and the Catering Department was up 15.8%. As a matter of fact, everyday in May had

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Oktoberfest



THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION CONTINUES
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1997

*Ja, das Oktoberfest! Es ist das grösste
Volksfest auf der Welt!!*

featuring

- THE MAD BAVARIAN •
- BEER •
- GERMAN DINNER •
- BEER •
- SING-ALONGS •
- BEER •
- DANCING •

Wir werden um Samstag 4 Oktober unsere eigene Erie Yacht Club
Oktoberfest halten Vergessen Sie bitten nicht das Datum!
Wir werden ein Muenchen-Stueckchen hier in Erie haben
- auch das Bier und das deutsche Essen.

**WIE DAS ALTES OKTOBERFEST MUENCHENS,
HABEN WIR HEIR AUCH EINEN KOENIG!**

FOR THOSE WHO NEED A QUICK TRANSLATION...
Yes, the Oktoberfest!! The greatest folk festival in the world! We will have a bit
of Munich right here in Erie - especially including the beer and the German cuisine.
****A RETURN TO THE "CENTENNIAL OKTOBERFEST TRADITION"**

**WATCH FOR THE NEXT "LOG" FOR TICKET INFORMATION,
PRICES, DEADLINES**

On Wings (continued from page 2)

new moon and there was no moonlight. It was a perfect time to be there. The glow is caused by organisms called dinoflagellates. Look that up in your *Funk and Wagnalls* – or on the internet for you youngsters.

We noticed as we came into La Paguera that there was an object at the entrance to the harbor that looked like a statue of a whale or porpoise. It turned out to be a small blimp! It was in the air on a tether the next morning and still visible 2 days later at our last anchorage in Puerto Rico. There is a oceanographic research station in La Paguera.

We assumed it had something to do with their work.

Wrong. On the next to the last day of our trip, in Georgetown, we discovered a photo of the blimp in a restaurant and an explanation of what it was. It was a LASS – Low Altitude Surveillance System. It could detect objects as small as two square meters and was used to detect boats which might be smugglers of one kind or another. I presume that we were on TV!

Our last stop in Puerto Rico was at Boqueron. The anchorage there was in a nice bay edged with a beautiful beach. We also found a good laundromat... something not readily available for the rest of the trip. John had to go up to the Custom's Office in Mayaguez to check out of Puerto Rico. In order to check Dominican Republic, we had to prove we had left Puerto Rico! Actually, we had to show where we had come from.

From Boqueron we made our first long sail... 27 hours to Samana Bay, Dominican Republic. It was still on the dark side of the moon. We were surprised to find the same phosphorescence all across the Mona Passage that we had paid \$5.00 each to glimpse La Parguera. In fact, we discovered that when the head was flushed the dark, you could see sparklers there!

Mona Passage is referred to by some as the "dreaded Mona Passage." There is a deep underwater reef there which causes a great deal of turbulence and unpredictable currents on the surface. To the unsuspecting, this can be very surprising, especially

if you're sailing to windward. We sailed the entire trip with the winds astern and also laid a course which passed north of the reef, so we had no problem with it. It was a great sail.

Samana Bay and that area of the sea is the wintering area for humpback whales. We were excited to see several spouts and couldn't resist saying "Thar she blows!" We also saw the flukes when the whales dived. They were quite a way from us, but you could still tell that they were very large.

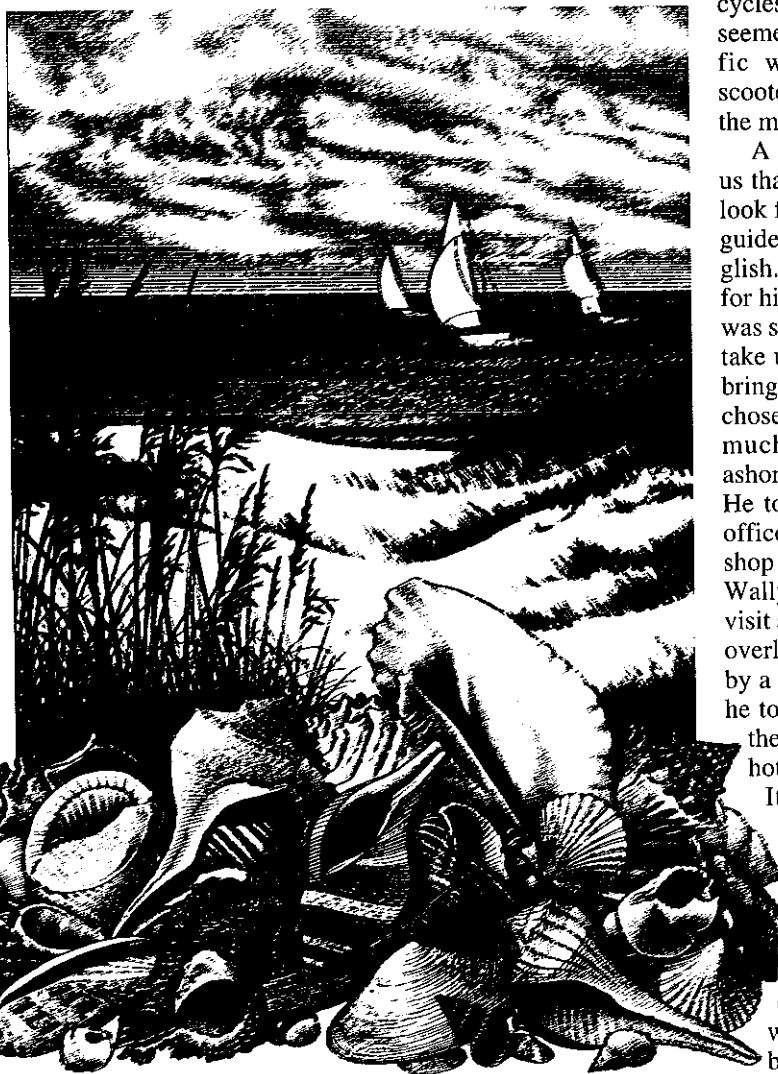
The land around Samana Bay has very steep hills covered with coconut palms. We could see roads among the trees and motorcycles running back and forth. It seemed that at least half the traffic was small motorcycles or scooters. It was here that we rode the motoconchos.

A sailor we met in Ponce told us that when we got to Samana to look for Ralph, that he was a good guide and spoke fairly good English. Well, we didn't have to look for him. Almost before our anchor was set, he came out. He offered to take us to the customs office or to bring the commandante to us. We chose the latter. It made checking much simpler. We then went ashore, following him our dinghy. He took us to the shops and post office, took John to the barber-shop then introduced us to Wally. Wally took us his motoconcho to visit a beautiful hotel up on the hill overlooking Samana. It was owned by a German company. After that, he took us about five miles out to the mouth of the bay to another hotel we had seen as we came.

It was owned by the same company. This second place was an English Victorian-style building, very airy and bright. On the way back to the boat, we stopped at a Chinese restaurant and ordered take-out dinners. They were excellent. We wanted to be back to the boat before

dark. It was recommended the guide books to be careful about thefts of dinghy motors. We removed ours and placed it on its bracket on *Wings*. We saw no evidence of any trouble, though one of their gunboats was parked at the end of the only dock and officers with rifles slung over their shoulder were everywhere. Maybe that's why.

The homes outside Samana were mostly small concrete block buildings – maybe 10 x 12 feet. They were brightly painted. Some had thatched roofs and some had corrugated tin roofs. They were



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Fascinating Facts and Figures, Amazing Oddities, Curiosities and Niceties from the Sailing Regatta for MS

From sleek sloops to spiffy sport boats, from catboats to cruising ketches, from comfy cruisers to magnificent motor yachts, the MS Regatta features the most diverse fleet of the season – all shapes and sizes, stripes and colors.

Last year's event boasted a record 86 boats.

Art Cardella heads the regional MS office in Buffalo and is also an ardent sailor. He sails his Cal 25 all the way to Erie for the regatta, and last year took home a trophy. Because of the success of our event, Art started organizing and last year saw the First Annual Sailing Regatta for MS in Buffalo.

Jon Pomeroy sails his MacGregor 26 on Pymatuning Lake, but trailors it up to Erie for the regatta. It's a "de-rig, haul out, travel, launch, re-rig, sail, de-rig, haul-out, travel, launch, re-rig" kind of thing.

Many skippers save their participation flags and display them for the regatta, swinging in the rigging, on an antenna or gracing a bow pulpit.

All the supplies for the MS Regatta are donated – all the food, pop, beer, equipment, supplies, machines, utensils, trucks, trophies, printing, prizes, etc. With over a hundred donors and about 75 volunteers, it's a logistical undertaking and a busy weekend.

A crew from Harborcreek Youth Services comes down to the club on Monday morning to clean up the grounds after the regatta. This task used to be performed by Blair Kershaw, who started at dawn picking up all the trash, including a couple of 5-gallon buckets of cigarette butts (hint, hint). His dog, MeToo, eagerly volunteered to be in charge of cleaning up the food scraps.

Last year's MS Regatta raised a record \$36,630 thanks to the generous support of sponsors and boat owners. If you've been missing out on all the good times of this great event, line up your sponsor and enter your boat soon. This year's Sailing Regatta for MS is Sunday August 24th. *Come join the fun!*

EVG Family Picnic

C'mon down for some great family fun!

Sunday,
July 6, 1997
3:00 pm to 6:30 pm



Clowns

Ventriliquist

Pony Rides,

Petting Zoo,

Train Rides



★ 3:00 pm

All the Activities Begin
Concert on the Lawn
with "The Music Masters"

★ 4:00 pm

Family Picnic Buffet
Adults \$8.00 • Kids \$3.50
5 & Under – FREE!
Hamburgers, Hot Dogs,
Chicken Wings, Baked
Beans, Corn on the Cob
& Summer Salads

★ 5:00 pm

Ice Cream Sundae Buffet

Remember:

Bring your lawn chairs
or blankets
for the concert
on the lawn.



Rides

Face-Painting

Free Snow
Cones

Free Cotton
Candy

Free
Popcorn

OPENING

A C 19



Opening Day Festivities

IG DAY

9TH 7TH E S

Disco 70s Night



On Wings

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close to the road, partly because that was the only flat spot and partly because they were squatters on public lands. People not riding on motorcycles were piled the back of pickup trucks. There were some small buses that went to neighboring towns and some vans used by the hotels to move their guests around.

This area was settled by freed American slaves at the time of the Civil War. Due to the terrain, they were fairly isolated and independent and maintained their English language until the mid-50's.

At that time, Trujillo sent troops and took over the town. He destroyed many of the buildings and killed many residents.

He forced them to speak Spanish afterward. Ralph's ancestors were slaves from the Philadelphia area.

The highlight of our stay here was a trip to Los Haitises National Forest. It is named for the sharp, jagged, tree-covered hills that make it up. It also has rocky islands jutting straight up out of the water and areas of caves along the shore. It is only accessible by boat. The boat we were on carried 24 passengers. All except us four were Germans and the native guide spoke very good German. There was a small German cruise ship there the second day we were there. The tourists fly from Germany and sightsee, visiting various German-owned establishments around Dominican Republic and other islands.

We saw rookeries of egrets, eagles, pelicans and frigate birds. The most interesting part was the caves. They had been occupied Pre-Columbian times by native Indian tribes. There were ancient drawings on some of the walls, though some graffiti had confused the issue places. A couple of caves were home to bats, some had stalactites, some had overhead openings that created a nice breeze and some were just dank and dark like you expect most caves to be.

On leaving Samana for Luperon, we encountered the whales again as we left the bay. This time the wind was high and the waves were rolling. The whales seemed to be enjoying them. They were leaping out of the water, rolling on their backs and flopping back with huge splashes. They were much closer this time, approximately 100 yards for the closest. That was close enough. We had the engine going because we were motoring into the wind. We hoped that would let them know that we were not another whale and they did not have to come any closer.

This was another oversight sail and a much rougher one than the crossing of Mona Passage. Winds were 20-30 mph with seas running 15-16 feet. These aren't as difficult as Lake Erie waves, however. There is a greater distance between crests. Even so, spray was coming the cockpit from a following sea making it difficult to stay dry. A couple of times, we looked back to see the dinghy airborne as it came off the waves. I stayed below for the entire trip, reading "The Client" from cover to cover beginning about 8:00 am and ending around 3:00 am the next morn-

ing. I wasn't really comfortable with the idea of sleeping out there the dark strange waters. It was on this passage that I was uneasy for the only time on the trip. We had a double reef the main, no head sail and were making six and a half to seven knots. The boat was performing beautifully, but we were going to arrive at our next destination ahead of schedule and the dark if we didn't slow down. John had to go topside to take the line out of the #1 reef and put in the #3 reef fittings. He used his safety harness and was perfectly secure, but we were all glad when the work was over and he was back in the cockpit.

Luperon Harbor was filled with sailboats at anchor, but there was no provision for dinghy docking. The pier was at least eight feet above water. There was a rusty homemade ladder attached to the pier for climbing onto the dock. A yellow ski rope about ten feet long stretched along the side of the pier was the only place to secure a dinghy. You just pushed the others out of the way when you wanted to get to the ladder, and also to leave. No one seemed to bother anything left unattended.

The street from the dock into town was lined with small concrete block houses with thatched roofs. There was a big fat sow and her piglets living in a large concrete culvert beside one of the houses. There were several little 2- to 3-table restaurants, as well as a couple of regular ones. Telephones throughout the Dominican Republic were hard to find. Here there was a telephone center where you could make long distance calls just like from home. It happened to be Valentine's Day and calls were half price that day.

We spent one day in Puerto Plata, a place we had considered stopping, but were told that Luperon was a better anchorage. That was proven to be true. Puerto Plata harbor had a lot of commercial traffic, no protection from the sea and not much around the water front to commend it. Our trip there was for provisions. We shopped at two very nice grocery stores. Our driver, Angel, spoke no English, but another person we had met Luperon went too, and he was our translator. We had a very nice lunch at a local restaurant. There is a well-known flea market there. We spent a little time and bought a few trinkets there. We stopped on the way back at Angel's cousin's cheese factory and bought a sample.

As we approached Luperon from the sea, we noticed a nice resort just west of the entrance. Upon inquiry, we found we could be there for swimming and a meal for about \$27 each, which we did. The place was beautifully landscaped. There were two regular pools and two "kiddie" pools, tennis courts, badminton courts and snack bars and bath houses. We took a short swim then dressed for dinner. There was a series of buffets and you could choose anything and as much as you liked from them - salads, entrees, breads, desserts. Drinks were also included and even cigarettes for those who smoked. We learned that for about \$150 per day

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On Wings

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per couple one could have a room and all meals, drinks and activities.

Our sailing times were determined not only by distance but also by where we needed daylight for navigation. Such was the case leaving Luperon. We needed to be the area of Fisherman's Cay the Turks and Caicos daylight, so we left Luperon about 1:00 pm. We sailed on to Provo, Providenciales, arriving about 10 am. We anchored Sapodilla Bay. This was the first time we encountered banks – not the money kind, but areas where islands suddenly rise right up out of the ocean floor. One minute you're in water too deep to measure and the next 60 ft., then 30 and then "be careful, there are coral heads all around."

Whenever possible and practical, we hired a guide for the day. On Providenciales, it was Wally. One of the sights we visited here was a conch farm. It was amazing. Divers gathered

egg masses from the wild then place them hatching ponds. As the conch grows, they are moved to larger pools with fewer conch per pond. Until they are about two years old, they live these artificial ponds. Afterward, they are placed fenced areas the bay. This is done to reduce the predation on them. They are food for lobsters, crabs, fish and sharks. The usual large conch whose shells are so popular are about five years old. The farm raises them to supply restaurants and is attempting to establish a demand for them the Miami area. They are something like escargot.

We saw a spectacular accident while we were stopped for gasoline the taxi. A driver of a small van lost control of the vehicle, swerved across the road and back, rolled over and ended up the thickets alongside the road. John went over to see what he could do to help. Others were coming from shops all around. The amazing thing was that when they got there, they could not find the driver. He was seen fleeing the scene. He was apparently a Haitian who had no papers and fled to avoid being sent home. Wally said that the authorities try to keep them out, but if they get and cause no trouble they are usually ignored.

While we were touring and having lunch, we had our laundry done at a motel. The driver told us that the laundry was having trouble with their boiler that day. When we picked up the clean clothes, we decided we were the ones who had been cleaned. It costs us \$43! We think he said his cousin ran the motel. Wally said the prices were laundry rate. Water is expensive all the islands. Most of it is from reverse osmosis processed from sea water. We topped off the water tanks on the boat here, too. Four 5-gallon carboys of this reverse osmosis water were carried by dinghy out to the boat. The empties were given to Wally as part of his pay. We had to make a \$10 deposit on each one.

Anchorage at Providenciales was calm as we were on the lee of the island. Such was not the case at our next stop – Mayaguana. We made our way to Abraham's Bay with the wind behind us. The entrance was very narrow between two coral heads with no buoys or other markers. Water was shallow – 6-8 ft., but very clear with coral heads all around. We first anchored waters about six feet deep, but not

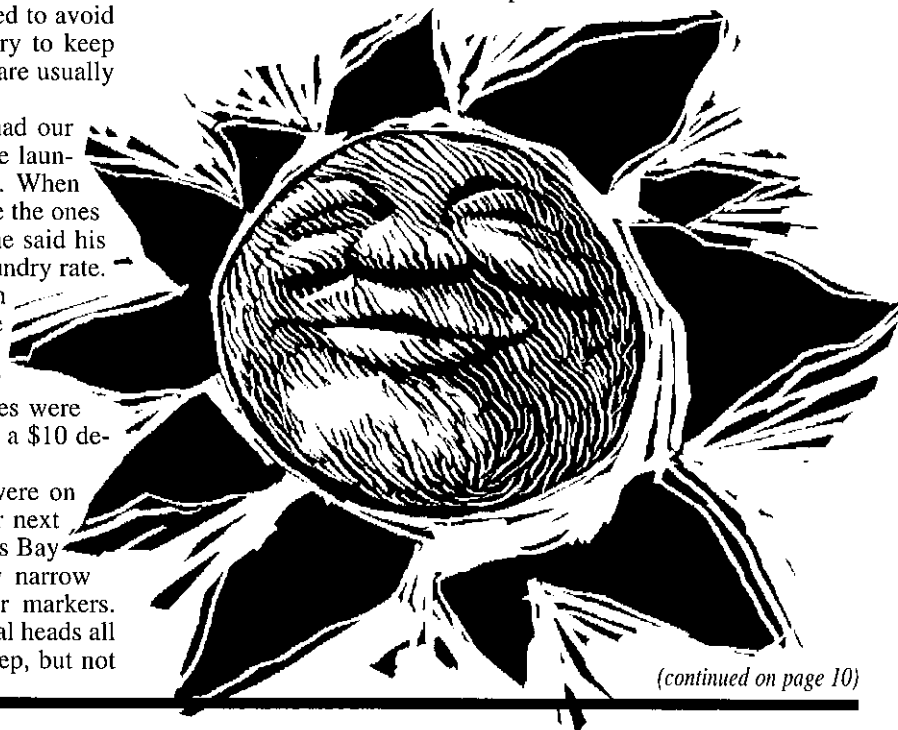
knowing what the tide or wind would do to us, we maneuvered to a spot about eight feet deep. That left us room for error since the boat draws only four and one-half feet with the board up. John took the dinghy and rowed all around the area to locate coral heads which might give us trouble on leaving. The place looked deserted when we anchored but after dark, a string of street lights showed there was a small village there. We eased our way back out the next morning without ever going ashore. We learned that a couple of weeks later, another boat hit a coral head here and did so much damage, the boat sank. We then sailed to West Plana Cay.

West Plana Cay was uninhabited. We were the lee again and had a very comfortable anchorage. The bank where we anchored was 12 feet deep for a long way out, then went 30 feet and then down to the deep! There were two other boats anchored there. We never talked to the people on one of them, but the other had a Swiss couple aboard. Bob and John enjoyed their walk on the beach encountering them with the young lady, topless, chatting with them. She was also seen diving from their boat "ala buff." Fay and I discouraged (read that *forbade*) John and Bob to get out their binoculars. We told them it was impolite to stare!

Bob and I celebrated our 37th wedding anniversary here with a dinner of Dinty Moore beef stew, bread, cookies and pudding. It tasted wonderful. It was interesting that as we were anchored by a desolate and unpopulated island, thousands of people passed by our stern the night on three cruise ships we saw. There may have been even more.

Crooked Island is another stop off the beaten path. It is accessible by boat and small planes. There are two private airports. One of them is part of Pittstown Landings Resort. The single runway goes right to the edge of the beach. (The only stop sign on the island is at the airport. It reads "Stop, watch for planes!") Planes fly by appointment, passengers stay at the cottages and eat at the restaurant – all part of the resort. The water on the lee side of the island provide excellent anchorages and good swimming.

After a long sail from West Plana Cay and tidying up the boat, we went ashore around 4:00 pm to look for Mrs. Gibson's



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REAR COMMODORE
PETE GORNY

Rear Commodore's REPORT

We have made it through one of the wettest springs ever recorded, survived record-high lake levels, and appear to be headed for a great summer. Some changes have been made to your clubhouse to make it more user friendly than ever.

Our kitchen renovation has made the service from the wait staff better than ever. The traffic flow in the kitchen required by our increased member dining has been restructured for optimum efficiency. In addition, we purchased several new kitchen items for our chef Bernie so he can provide consistently high-quality food for you and your guests.

The clubhouse roof has been replaced. It was originally scheduled to be done in 1998, but the board felt we could not wait. We have been sprouting one new leak after another. The warranty on the old roof had expired. For several years there has been a "rainy day" capital fund minimum for emergency projects, and this certainly qualified. Our new roof has a 15-year factory warranty.

The completion of the deck at the lighthouse by the Centennial Committee gave us two uncovered deck areas. The board felt that covering one of the decks would give members an option of continuing their day in the sun, or relaxing over a drink in the shade. We have completed a roof over the deck at the west end of the clubhouse to accomplish that purpose. The new roof will also allow our manager to set up parties and serve meals outside and not worry about a surprise rain shower.

Summer is finally here. Let's spend every possible minute outside enjoying the beautiful weather!!! Mike Lynch has parties planned all season long, so I hope to see you there.

Best Regards,
Pete Gorny

Welcome New Members of the Erie Yacht Club

Congratulations to the following:

ANDREW CURTZE
JR. FAMILY

CHARLA HALLER
JR. FAMILY

ERIC McKIBBEN
JR. FAMILY

JOSEPH NAGLE
JR. FAMILY

WILLIAM BOWSER
ASSOCIATE - BOWSER ALUMINUM

JAMES BYRD
ASSOCIATE - GREENBRIAR PLASTICS

TIMOTHY McCORMICK, JR.
ASSOCIATE
McCORMICK STRUCTURAL SYSTEMS

JOHN TRUCILLA
ASSOCIATE
ASST. U.S. ATTY. - DEPT. OF JUSTICE

K. RICHARD KERN
ASSOCIATE
RICK KERN CONSTRUCTION

On Wings

(continued from page 9)

Lunch Room. It comes highly recommended guide books. We began walking its direction and were almost immediately offered a ride the back of a pickup truck. We accepted, not knowing how far we had to walk. There was one catch. The truck ran out of gas immediately! No problem. The neighbor loaned the driver a can of gas and we were on our way. We discovered that we would have to wait until about 7:30 to eat. Most of the islanders, including Mrs. Gibson, are Seventh Day Adventists, and Saturday is their Sabbath. There was no cooking or serving customers until sundown-the end of Sabbath. We ordered our lobsters and wandered around until time to eat. We did get fed a little early-7:00. We think the lobsters were caught from under the reefs after we put our order. A couple of young boys arrived at the back door with a bucket of lobsters just before we were served.

The lunch room turned out to be a small concrete block building with one long table that seated 15 people-seven on each side and one on the end and barely enough room to allow the waitress to walk down one side of the table. Those on the other side of the table were handed their plates across the table. The other end of the table was placed against the divider that separated the dining

area from the kitchen. While we waited to be served we looked at autograph books dating back to 1982 wherein people raved about the food and the company. We decided that all the compliments were justified. The food was very good. We shared the table with three people from Alabama and women who had moved to Crooked Island from Long Island, NY and two of her visitors, also from Long Island.

One of the two telephones on the island was Mrs. Gibson's office - a separate smaller block building. They were satellite hook-ups and to make connections, Mrs. Gibson called the operator on the marine radio and asked for an up-link. The other phone is at Pittstown Landings. We went there on Sunday for a swim and showers their cottages. Fay called home and learned that her mother was seriously ill. Fay decided to fly home the next day. She made arrangements for a charter flight to Georgetown, Exuma Island. From there she could get commercial flights. The pilot was one of Mrs. Gibson's sons, Elwood. He was also the bartender at the Pittstown Landings restaurant. The pilot from Alabama with whom we had eaten dinner with told us not to worry, that Elwood nearly always hit the runway! After Fay made her flight, Elwood did not return to Crooked Island that day. He stayed over to have work done on the plane. At lunch on Monday Mrs. Gibson said, "Every time he flies that plane, something had to be done to it." Nonetheless, Fay said she had an uneventful flight.

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To place an ad in the classified section, send your information in the above format to Mike Lynch at The Log. NO CHARGE FOR ADS.

1997 CLUB FUNCTIONS

July

- 3rd Annual 4th of July Kickoff Cookout
Entertainment by
"PITTSBURGH'S LEGACY" 8 pm
- 5th Entertainment in the Grill
Entertainment by
"DUAL IDENTITY" 9 pm
- 6th 2nd Annual Family Picnic & Lawn Concert
Entertainment by
"THE MUSIC MASTERS" 3 - 6:30 pm
- 7th "Frolic on the Bay" (Charity Event)
- 11th A-B-C-D-E & F Dock Party 7 pm
at the Lighthouse
- 21st Monthly Board Meeting
- 25th G-H- & I Dock Party 7 pm
at the Lighthouse

August

- 2nd & 3rd Dover Weekend
- 2nd Entertainment at the Flag Pole
Entertainment by
"THE MANGO MEN" 8 pm
- 3rd Jazz Brunch
Entertainment by (TBA) 8 pm
- 15th J-K Dock Party 7 pm
at the Lighthouse
- 19th Junior Sailing Awards Banquet
- 24th MS Regatta
- 25th Monthly Board Meeting
- 29th Labor Day Weekend Cookout
Entertainment by (TBA)
- 31st 70's Disco Party 7 pm

Fourth of July C O O K O U T

THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1997

7:00 — COOKOUT BUFFET

8:00 — ENTERTAINMENT WITH PITTSBURGH'S "LEGACY"

YOUR CHOICE OF

a New York Strip Steak or Barbeque Shrimp on a Stick

PLUS ALL OF THIS:

Summer Salads, Rice, Sweet Potato or Baked Potato, Corn on the Cob,
Sautéed Mushrooms & Onions and Cheesecake for Dessert

CALL THE CLUB OFFICE FOR RESERVATIONS FOR THE BUFFET
453-4931



From the General Manager's Desk

(continued from page 3)

a banquet scheduled and on some days we even had as many as three. Please continue to think of the Yacht Club when you have catering needs.

Over Opening Weekend, we had a 70's Disco Party. The party was such a success that we have been asked to do it again. Watch your calendars and fliers for the upcoming announcement. This time we will have prizes for the best dressed and even dance contests! Over the weekend of July 24, we will be having a group of power boaters from Mentor Harbor Yacht Club. They are cruising this side of Lake Erie this year. If they happen to be docked on your dock please show some of the hospitality that the EYC is known for and welcome them to our port.

We are having our second annual Family Picnic and Concert on the lawn on Sunday, July 6. We have lots of activities for the kids and a nice concert for the parents and grandparents. Remember to mark your calendar and watch for the flier. Remember to bring a lawn chair or blanket.

That's it for now!
Michael Lynch

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