

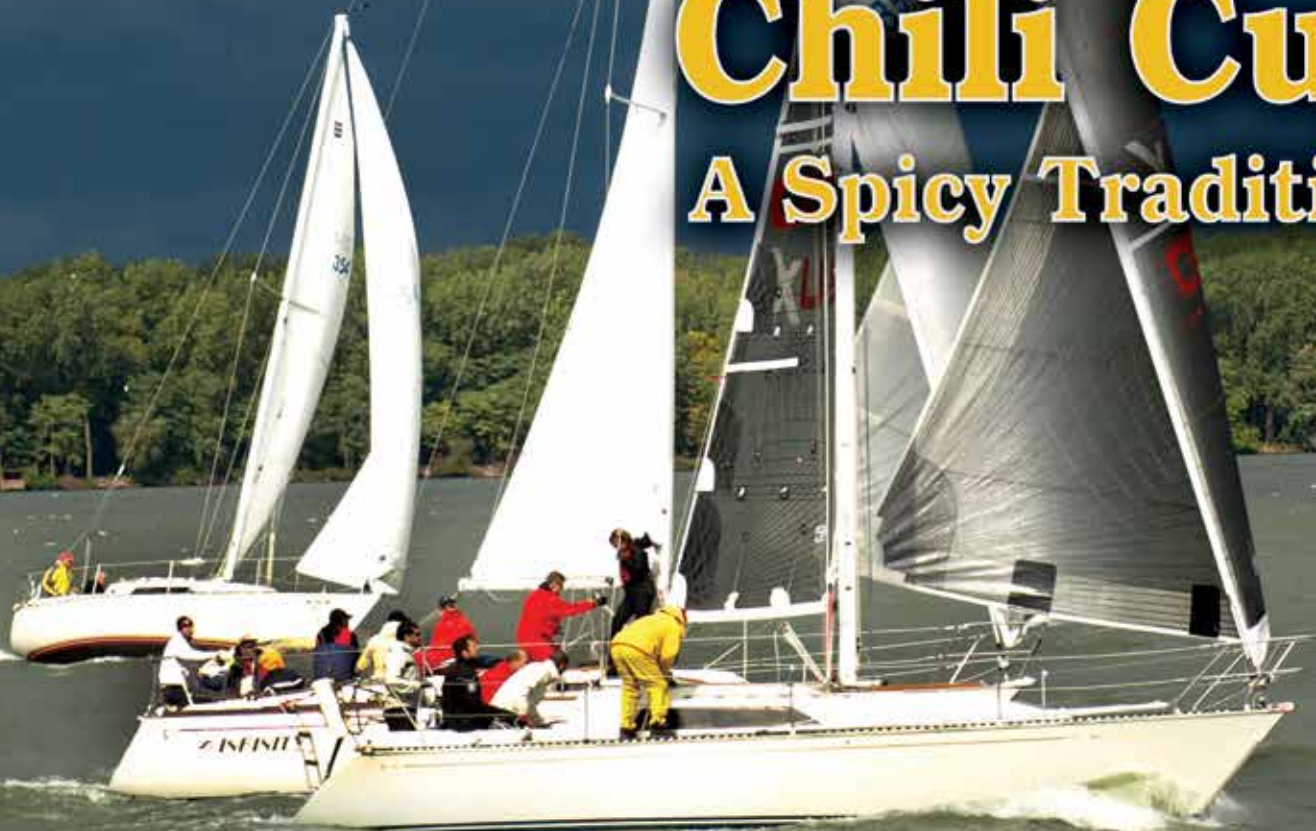
VOLUME IX / ISSUE I

January / February 2016

The LOG



The EYC's Chili Cup A Spicy Tradition



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We are very, very appreciative of our ongoing LOG contributors. I'm sure you will agree that they do a great job. However, I'm sure you will also agree that it should not be left up to the same Club members every issue to provide content. All of you have something to contribute! You do not need to be a writer. You do not need to use proper spelling or grammar. All you need is a story to tell, or a collection of photographs to share, or some words of wisdom to express and we can assist you in putting it together correctly for a future LOG.

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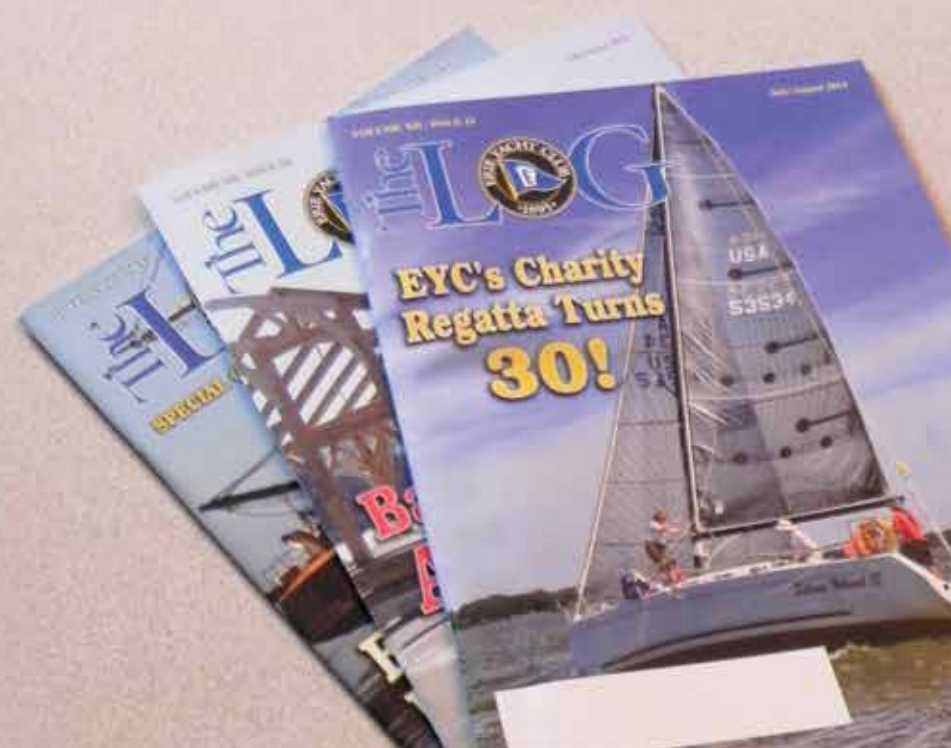
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From the Bridge

by Commodore John Orlando

A week before our annual meeting in November I was walking through the Clubhouse and stopped in to say hello to General Manager Mike Lynch. Shortly into our conversation he said "Hey, take a look at what I found in the basement." He then opened a large file box containing many historical documents related to the Club's history. This included old editions of The Log, some old photos, and numerous other documents - some dating back to 1911. As I looked through this unexpected time capsule of sorts I was fascinated. Mike was equally intrigued by what he saw. He told me he had already started plans to share them with the membership. The time frame covered included bits and pieces of our Club history over the last hundred years. Many of the issues of the Log have already been scanned in and can be found on the website. You can click on "The Log" to find them. Some of the documents will also be included in future issues of The Log and in the Club's weekly newsletter before being archived with the Erie Historical Society.



The editions of "The Pilot" and "The Flashlight" (what we know today as "The Log") from 1911-1914 grabbed my attention right away. We have much in common with our members from the early 1900's - their love of the waters of Lake Erie, their love of the Club, the camaraderie of the membership, and their desire to make the Club a better place as they moved forward over time. We are lucky to have all of these attributes still prevalent at the Erie Yacht Club. I encourage you to take time to browse over our history on the Club's website and don't forget to check out our current events calendar to see what we have in store for the future. It's going to be great! Cheers

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On the Cover...

Under grey & blustery October skies, boats jockey for position at the start of the 2014 EYC Chili Cup race.

The crews got rewarded with a post-race chili cook-off to warm up.



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Scan to learn about the Erie Yacht Club

The Chili Cup

A Spicy Tradition

for the EYC Racing Fleet!

by Tom Madura

Several years ago, when I was the Chairman of the EYC Racing Fleet, I was looking for a way to wind down the racing season with a race that was just for fun and not very competitive, as a way of extending the racing season beyond the "official" last race. Former Race Fleet Chairman and P/C Ron Busse passed along to me something he had seen on the internet about a regatta at the Cleveland Yachting Club at the end of their racing season, called the "Chowder Bowl Regatta". "Hmmm," I thought, "with a few changes, maybe something like this could work!"

Such were the humble beginnings of the EYC Racing Fleet "Chili Cup Race".

Now in its seventh year, held the first Sunday in October, the Chili Cup combines great Fall sailing with an opportunity for sailors to show off their galley skills in a chili cook-off.

The race is a main-and-jib event, open to all racers - it is scored using the PHRF handicap system, and the top three boats are awarded ribbons and bottles of wine for their efforts. The chili cook-off is open to all - the more the merrier, as they say! Awards are given out for the top three chili recipes, as judged by popular vote. The nature of the prizes for the top chefs varies from year to year, but they are always food-related: cutting boards, ladles, ceramic pots, etc.

The coveted "Chili Cup" trophy is awarded to the boat with the best combined score of their race and their chili entry.

It has proved to be a very popular event - last October's race saw 17 boats compete, and 19 pots of chili entered into the cook-off!

What continues to amaze me is the number and variety of chili recipes that folks bring - we've had beef chili, pork chili, vegetarian chili, white chili, Cincinnati-style chili - the list goes on and on. No two are alike, but they are ALL delicious!

The overall winner for 2015 was V/C Dave Haller's Lanada II, with a first place finish in the race, and a second place finish in the chili contest. Runner up was the 2014 defending champion - Ron Hamilton's Powder Hound.

But the real winners every year are all of the boat crews, families, and friends who attend and get to sample each of the spicy concoctions, plus enjoy some great Fall sailing and the camaraderie that comes from a combination of good friends and good food.

It makes the end of summer, and of the sailing season, a little easier to bare.

So let's look forward to a great summer boating season, but keep the crock-pot handy for October!



Photos Courtesy of Cindy Madura



A little stress is good for you!

As I look back at this past summer, it started similarly to past summers. The blooming of May flowers ushered in the annual myriad of spring tasks to prepare my boat Taz. These include sanding, and painting the bottom, searching for scattered equipment, schlepping equipment back to the boat, and rigging. But the most stressful and foreboding is firing up the electronics. This is when it is nice to have neighbors.. because misery loves company!

The past two summers, we have had the good luck to dock next to Dave Amatangelo and his baby Venture. So I was going through living hell trying to get my marine electronics to work without beeps, alarms, error messages, or smoke, when I heard from the cockpit of Venture the expletives I was thinking. Dave's electronics were equally uncooperative. This actually gave me great satisfaction that I was not alone in my suffering. To put this in astronomical terms, both Dave and I were both trying to escape from the black hole of MARINE ELECTRONIC DISFUNCTION; medically known as "MED". I could bore you with the particulars but this is a prevalent root cause of STRESS among boat owners.

A short list of causes include: the autohelm doesn't talk to the compass, the boatspeed is slower than GPS, your depth meter reads in nautical miles per hour and your windspeed is reading depth. All of which are alarming, beeping and telling you "YOU ARE AN IDIOT!!" The only way to escape from MED Hell is to have a full time engineer assigned to your vessel.

Unfortunately, I need to inform you that MED is contagious!!! I wish it was only marine electronics that cause us stress and angst. Gremlins can make their way into your ipad, iphone, icloud, pc, teevo, laptop, sonos systems, Pandora, tom tom, home alarm systems and even in my case, the septic pump alarm for our home. YUCK! What's even worse, to address these systems which I absolutely need in my life, requires unique user id's and passwords, which I cleverly put in my smart phone which is crashing! The other aspect of this stressful situation requires changing passwords and to make a unique password which needs to be: at least 8 characters, but less than 13, both upper and lower case letters, at least one number, but if more than one number is used they cannot be consecutive, at least one symbol and one ancient Indian petroglyph. I found advanced calculus less complicated.

To top this all off, the stress only mounts when the contagion of Marine Electronic Dysfunction spreads to my wife's cell phone, ipad, and calendar, email, etc. I tried to stop this tsunami of electronic destruction by messing with my wife's settings, big mistake! The road to hell is paved with good intentions. All hell broke loose when Amy discovered her settings were no longer working.

On the other hand, stress does have positive physiological benefit in the correct quantity. It improves performance, focus and alertness. This is through a series of events starting in the hippocampus of the brain to the pituitary gland to the adrenal gland. The adrenal gland releases a series of hormones that not only excite our central nervous system, but also increase our muscular function and our cardiovascular function. This is sometimes referred to in laymen's terms as "The fright and flight system". However if stress is chronic or excessive, this stimulation can be detrimental to our general well being and health. This is when we need to take an active approach to reducing stress and seek calm seas.



In a study looking at sources for stress, 2800 employees were interviewed in multiple jobs and locations, and it was determined that four out of five reasons for stress are found to be work related. They included financial 46 %, work changes 37%, work schedule 36%, work relationships, and control over how the employee does his or her work.

Stress has both emotional and physical consequences, according to Bob Rosen, psychologist and CEO and chairman of the consulting firm Healthy Companies International. "Stress is a condition we experience when our minds and bodies respond to changing conditions," he wrote in an email. "Too much stress creates excessive fear and anxiety, conflict and defensiveness, feelings of overwhelm and burnout, and chronic inflammation in the body."

There are several ways to cure stress.

Cure: Blow off steam by exercising. Let your frustrations boil out during your lunch workout in the company gym. If your workplace doesn't have a gym, walking up and down the office stairs or around a nearby park for 15 minutes are great substitutes. Those who exercise regularly are less reactive to stress when they experience it.

Cure: Meditate. Give your brain a break from the multitasking nature of your job by stepping away from your desk and finding a private area for a few minutes of meditation. According to Rosen, meditation is one of the most effective ways to relieve stress. "It forces us to stop, sit quietly within ourselves, identify the sources of our excessive stress, and focuses us on calming ourselves down, living in the moment - not hijacked by the past or worrying about the future," he says.

There's also evidence that the practice can benefit your brain. In 2011, a team of Harvard-affiliated researchers at Massachusetts General Hospital conducted an eight-week mindfulness meditation program. Meditating for 27 minutes each day, the 16 participants showed measurable changes in parts of the brain associated with memory, sense of self, empathy and stress.

Cure: Commit to a healthier diet. Come lunchtime, you may crave a meal loaded with calories if you're feeling frazzled. By making a conscious effort to cut down on unhealthy eating when stressed, and actively engaging in healthier stress-relief habits, can help break the cycle of stress. When eating one should reduce portions, snack on nutritious options such as peanut butter and sliced apples, and make a commitment to eat only healthy foods and only when hungry.

Cure: Get more rest. On average, Americans sleep for six hours and 51 minutes on workdays, according to a National Sleep Foundation poll this year. While the amount of sleep needed can differ from person to person, most experts recommend seven to eight hours for the best work performance. We are less reactive to stress when we're rested and being well-rested leads to greater energy and sharper thinking, which is critical for solving the more complex issues of your job.

Cure: Seek professional help. Consider seeing a therapist if you're at the tipping point both physically and mentally. Someone whose personality or upbringing is more vulnerable to stress may find trying to tackle stress on their own overwhelming.

If all else fails, go sailing without your electronics.



ME, THE CBC, & THE ERIE EXTENSION CANAL: IT'S A SMALL, SMALL WORLD

BY DAVID FREW



"For those who fondly recall the Rocky and Bullwinkle Television Show, Mr. Peabody, and the WABAC time machine, this story may seem a bit less than disturbing. Otherwise consider it the semi-coherent ramblings of an old university professor."

Back to September 1968:

I am entering my first doctoral class at Kent State University. As I find a chair and sit down I wonder about the sequence of decisions that brought me to this moment. A few weeks earlier, against the advice of family, friends and colleagues, I had resigned from my relatively new position as Chief Industrial and Manufacturing Engineer at Singer Corporation, sold or stored many of my possessions, placed a few personal items into a moving van and left Erie. Possibly forever. My wife Mary Ann and three very small children including three-month old twins, somehow believed that I had made the right career decision, but I was having doubts. How would I adjust from a generous salary to life as a graduate student and teaching fellow, and manage to live on a \$4,500 per year stipend for the three years that my academic advisors

were suggesting that I would need to complete my doctoral program?

As I slipped into a front row chair, a gregarious, pipe-smoking man wearing a ragged wool sweater jumped up to greet me. "Cy Strange," he literally shouted as he squeezed my hand. "And you are?"

Professor Strange became my favorite faculty member that year. An organizational psychologist from Ontario, he patiently helped us learn to interview patients or clients, lis-

ten skillfully, make notes and sort the personality issues and noise that we were observing from what he called the "Gestalt" of each interviewee; the essence of who he or she really was. I was saddened later that year when Cy Strange told me that he was leaving at the end of the academic year to return to Toronto and take a job with a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC). In the fall of 1969 he would be joining a new radio colleague, Bill McNeill, to develop a weekly series called



Cy Strange, on the right, with his radio partner Bill McNeill

"Voices of the Pioneers." Mc Neill was a seasoned radio personality, a Charlie Rose type, and Cy's job would be to add psychological skills to the interviews of older Canadians that the new partners would be conducting. The theme of the program would be honoring the Canadian elders who helped shape the country: farmers, factory workers, merchants, artists and more.

Fast forward to 1974.

It is a beautiful June Sunday and I am floating in the middle of Presque Isle Bay, enjoying a picnic aboard our family's brand new Catalina 22. After three years of being crammed into our O'Day Mariner and over-nighting with three growing kids and a beagle, the Catalina seems like an unimaginably huge yacht. Always the educator, I drag out a new, high tech RDF (radio direction finding) radio and begin to teach my children (and myself) the intricacies of modern electronic navigation. The massive radio has a signal-seeking antenna with a compass and we carefully aim it toward WJET AM Radio 1400. My kids' favorite station. Translating the compass bearing that is associated with the strongest AM 1400 radio signal, I trace a pencil line on a navigational chart of Lake Erie. "We are located somewhere along this line," I tell them. The kids are impressed but then they are only seven and eight years old. "The next magical step," I announce, "is to find a signal that comes from another known location and draw an intersecting line." Thinking about Detroit (almost at a 90 degree angle) I begin to twist the AM dial toward the 700s. Tweaking the sophisticated tuner (the radio cost \$29.95) a deep voice crackled through the speakers.

There was something familiar about the voice as a dialogue between two men continued. Then I heard one of the voices call the other Cy. "Could it be?" I wondered aloud. Just then there was a station break and my old friend Cy

Strange introduced himself and his colleague and ended the program with the traditional "you have been listening to CNBC Radio Toronto, AM 740," sign off. I draw a second line, aiming it toward Toronto, as opposed to Detroit, but mostly I am complimenting my good fortune in finding an old friend. Meanwhile my son notes that position on the chart, according to the navigational exercise, is several miles west of the entrance to the peninsula and near the beach. "Close enough for a survival exercise," I note as my kids laugh uncontrollably.

That day marked the beginning of an obsession with CBC Radio. "Voices of the Pioneers," and other programs became a part of my everyday life and I began writing to Cy Strange. I became totally hooked on CBC Radio, and as I listened over the years I learned more and more about Canada, its national politics, culture and economy. And then one day I tuned in to a program where I learned about a Canadian Grant program dedicated to American border universities interested in mounting Canadian Studies Programs. By that time I had become a regular visitor to Port Dover and was beginning to think that I might be able to get such a grant for Gannon, and use Port Dover as a visit site. I imagined a summer short course for American graduate students and local businessmen. Canada was the United States biggest trading partner and Gannon was a border university so why not?

Forward the time machine to 1995

I am at the Canadian embassy in Cleveland, Ohio, pitching the idea to use Port Dover as a visit site for a short course aimed at MBA students and local businessmen. The Consulate's education department likes my idea for the class but they are having difficulty with the idea of using Port Dover. "Why not Toronto?" they insist. The grant requires letters of recommendation from actual Canadians so I reach out to Bill Mc-

Neill (Cy Strange has passed away). Bill suggests that the best person to provide a letter would be an on-air personality named Peter Gzowski and when I contact him he goes out of his way to help. In addition to Gzowski, Port Dover's Ash Winter proved invaluable help, making introductions at STELCO and Ontario Hydro and helping make the case for the economic diversity and richness of the Port Dover region, as well as the ease of access.

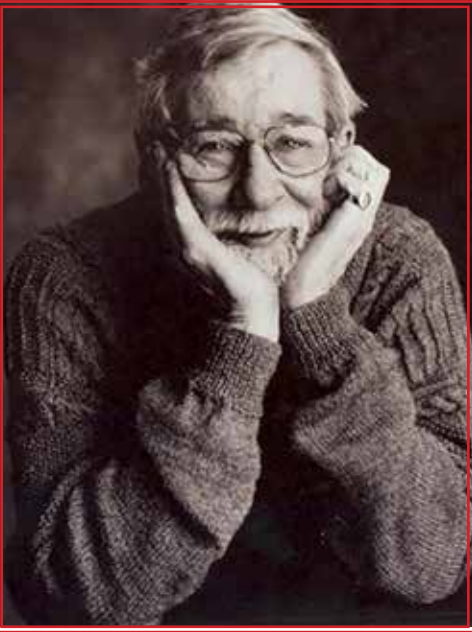
Letters of introduction from Gzowski, Ash Winter and other Port Dover businessmen eventually convinced the Canadian Embassy that a Gannon-Port Dover program could work and I was awarded a Canadian Studies Grant which continued for a decade. The ten years of Canadian Studies were some of the most exciting times of my professional life.

(continued on next page)



It's a Small, Small World
(continued from previous page)

Each year I traveled regularly to Port Dover to connect with the largest regional businesses including Ontario Hydro, STELCO, Misner's Fisheries, Erie Beach Hotel, Lighthouse Theater, Long Point Observatory, and Stratford Festival Theater. After teaching an intensive introductory classroom course to graduate students each year in May I took a convoy of 25 people to stay in Port Dover for a week where we visited all of the important regional sites. It was during that period when I began to work with Dave Stone and write books about Great Lakes ships, and shipwrecks. Sadly, my new CBC contact and friend, Peter Gzowski, passed away in 2002,



CBC Radio Personality Peter Gzowski

the Canadian Studies grant ended, and worst of all CBC ceased its AM broadcast, making reception of its FM 99.1 replacement signal sketchy at best (I get it these days on Sirius Radio).

Summer 2015.
I am sitting in an Adirondack chair next to the EYC Lighthouse when Club Manager, Mike Lynch, asks me to join him after adjourning a meeting. Mike asks what I know about



Some called the Erie Canal the Eighth Wonder of the World. Many had said it couldn't be done. The completion of the Canal brought a burst of business to all the communities connected to it.

the old Extension Canal from downtown Erie to Pittsburgh. He has stumbled upon some information about Erie's canal while doing genealogical research and is looking for a canal talk as a part of the 2016\2017 EYC Fellowship Series. Like most who learn about the canal he is both taken aback and fascinated. One of Mike's ancestors was a canal worker from Crossingville, a largely Irish community populated by immigrant canal workers. I tell Mike that I know a bit about the old canal from my Great Lakes research and commit to a program in April 2016. The next day I happily plunged into the archives and began to gather information.

As astonishing as it seems, today, almost all traces of the 60-foot wide canal and tow-path that once bisected downtown Erie have disappeared. The canal and its locks once ran from the West Slip (Canal Basin) through downtown Erie stopping at 8th and Myrtle where the administrative headquarters was located. From there it continued west to Girard, turned south and went to Beaver, Pennsylvania and the Ohio River. But somehow within a few years of its 1871 closing (only the

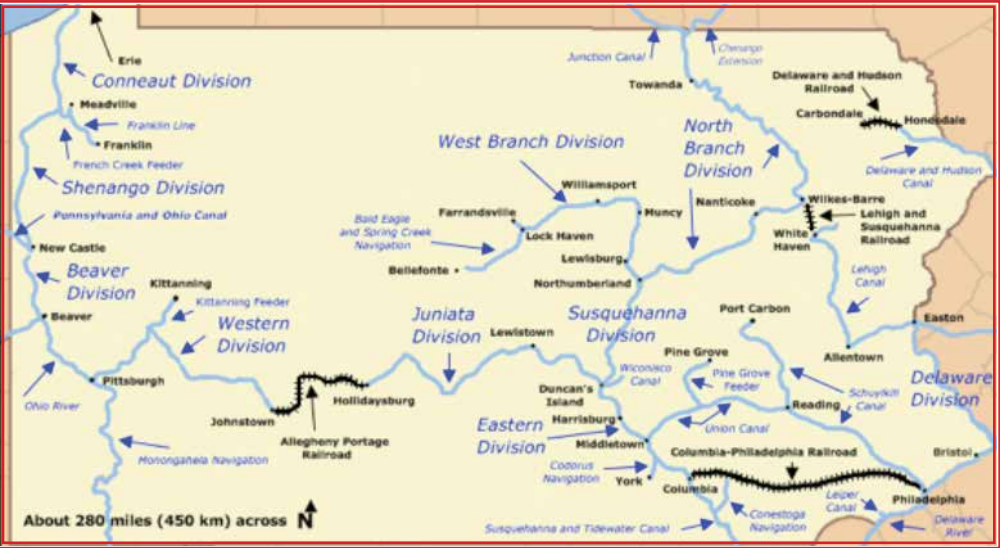
northern section from Erie to Conneaut Lake closed at first), the Erie section, including almost 45 miles of canal and tow-path with 71 locks somehow vanished with almost no record. One reason for the disappearance is that much of the local canal's history took place before the age of modern photography.

Erie's canal lasted for almost 30 years and when taken from a pure technological perspective was an astonishing feat of engineering and commerce. Canal boats carried iron ore (bog iron), salt, and passengers (including immigrants) south, and returned with shipments of coal from New Castle. As originally con-



ceived it was a component of the Pennsylvania Canal System which featured a "Main Line Canal" from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania's canal system was an attempt to compete with the city of New York which had announced its new Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo. Pennsylvania businessmen were concerned that Dewitt Clinton's new waterway to Lake Erie would erode Philadelphia's position as North America's leading port. Pennsylvania launched its east-west canal program in 1826 and began construction on the three stage (north-south) Erie and Beaver Canal from the south in 1831. Construction along the overall Erie and Beaver Canal was extremely complicated involving 137 locks along 136 miles of canal-way. The locks were needed to overcome a vertical rise of 510 feet at the summit near Conneaut Lake. By the time the third section to Erie, the most difficult portion, was under construction in 1838, state engineers had made a mess of several contentious engineering issues near Conneaut Lake, expenses were spiraling out of control, and railroads had begun to demonstrate their superiority along the Main Line Canal. In early 1843 the State of Pennsylvania announced that they were giving up further work on the canal from Conneaut Lake to Erie, but that both southerly sections (Conneaut Lake to Beaver) would continue to operate.

In 1843 local businessmen Rufus and Charles Reed, who had anxiously been waiting for the canal's downtown Erie arrival, took matters into their own hands. They traveled to Harrisburg and offered to solve the engineering problems at Conneaut Lake in exchange for ownership of the entire north-south canal. Embarrassed by tax dollars that had already been expended, the state agreed and the Reeds formed the Erie Canal Company. As they began mulling over the engineering issues which had stumped the state's engineers, the Reeds learned about



a Beaver, Pennsylvania man who had been critical of the work on the southern canal sections (between Beaver and Conneaut Lake). They were so impressed when they met the man, who was a Russian immigrant and college-trained attorney named Casimir Gzowski, that they hired him immediately.

While the Reeds did their political and business magic, convincing new stockholders to invest in the Erie Canal Company and soothing the agitation of frustrated businessmen from Meadville, Franklin, and Conneaut Lake, Gzowski went to work on the Conneaut area problems that had stopped the state's final stage of construction to Erie. Gzowski moved to Erie, married a

local girl and had two children while he worked here. At Conneaut he successfully re-dammed the lake, raising the water level by twelve feet, built a three-mile aqueduct through the troublesome Pymetuning Marsh quicksand, and developed practical solutions to the Meadville/Franklin feeder canal problems thus providing the water supply required to

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Collegiate Sailing Comes to the EYC

Submitted by:

AJ Miceli, EYC member & faculty advisor
of the Gannon University Sailing Team

Dreams really do come true! While the Rickloff Community Boat-house was becoming a reality, a group of EYC members saw the opportunity to realize another long-standing dream.

Building on the success of the Junior Racing Team and using the boathouse as a practice base, wouldn't it be great if the local colleges could also start intercollegiate teams to represent the Erie sailing community in national regattas?

Thanks to the efforts of a broad group of members and Club management the framework was developed for local college use of the sailing dinghies and the boathouse during the college sailing seasons, April-May and August-October.

GUST – The Gannon University Sailing Team – was formed and started practicing in August 2014. Now in its second year, GUST is a member of the Middle Atlantic Conference of the Intercollegiate Sailing Association (ICSA). The team competed in three regattas this fall in Hampton VA, Syracuse NY and at Indiana University of Pennsylvania. Gannon sailors have had a blast traveling and representing the school against tough competitors like Syracuse, Colgate, University of Virginia and other varsity teams.

This fall Penn State Behrend Sailing began the process of starting a team with P/C Bill Lasher serving as faculty advisor. So, in the spring, look for college sailors on the water to the west of the Rickloff Community Boathouse!

We all know Presque Isle Bay and the Rickloff Community Boathouse provide an unparalleled venue for small boat racing. It's our hope and expectation that the EYC will begin routinely hosting ICSA sanctioned regattas in the future.



Summers sure seem to be behind us in a flash while winters seem to drag on forever, eh? A while ago, I came across this suggestion from W. J. Vogel (no relation to EYC Dockmaster Bill Vogel):

"To shorten winter, borrow some money due in spring."

Maybe I will borrow some money next year, but for now, I figure a tried-and-true way to accelerate the winter a little bit is to have a beach-party right during the winter's coldest days. Rather than hunkering-down during a long winter night and having cold arctic winds chill our bones, let's celebrate summer in February still another time! Join me and stop dreaming and get ready for a Summer Beach Party at the Erie Yacht Club! Dig-out your tropical shirts! It's time to find your favorite sun-dress, grass skirt or bathing suit!

On February 27th it's time for the Erie Yacht Club 115 Days 'til Summer Party!!!

Get ready to enjoy the Jimmy-Buf-fet-Sound of Erie's own terrific band, Key West Express. There will be no trouble imagining yourself among palm trees swaying in a warm tropical island breeze. We can certainly count on Key West Express to fill the air with the sounds of summer! Of course there will be another Erie Yacht Club limbo contest as we continue our annual tropical antics!

The ball room at Erie Yacht Club will sound like Put-in-Bay, the party capital of the Great Lakes, while we listen to our good friend, West Side Steve, the Skipper of the Lake Erie Booze Patrol. Direct from Put-in-Bay, West Side Steve will treat us to songs of Lake Erie and serve-up all kinds of nautical-magic and music for sure!

The Erie Yacht Club summer picnic buffet will be brimming with menu treats, such as, smoky, tangy, barbecued ribs, and homemade honey-fried chicken, both just exploding with freshness! How about a generous helping of scrumptious steamed mussels? The terrific summer buffet continues with grilled hot dogs, homemade baked beans, fresh raw veggies and corn on the cob. This great buffet wraps-up with sweet, ripe watermelon, and a cool, rich Jell-O salad surprise. Be sure to save a little room for desert! Step up for a 'sliver' of Key Lime Pie or maybe Mango Pie!

Everywhere, Erie Yacht Club will be lookin'-like-summer... dancing, laughing, the limbo, great summer outfits, cool refreshing tropical drinks, and ice-cold brew. We can have it all right when we need it all... during the cold, blustery days of winter! For sure, it just doesn't get any better than this!

Forget the cold February night, too! We will have the heat cranked right-up to mid-summer-July temperatures, so be sure you dress accordingly!

Come to Erie Yacht Club on February 27th! Get yourself into summer-party-mode with West Side Steve, the Skipper of the Lake Erie Booze Patrol. Dance the night away with Key West Express and their sensational tropical music.

Don't miss the Erie Yacht Club's '115 Days 'til Summer Party'! Great food, great drinks, great music and great friends.



115 Days 'til Summer Beach Party at the Erie Yacht Club



by Dan Dundon



ARMY MEMORIES

BY PAUL JENKINS



Looking back on my 74 years on this earth I really think my two year stint in the US Army may be some of my fondest memories.

It really didn't start out that way because in the fall of 1967 my wife Kathy and I were only in our second year of marital bliss. We owned a little bungalow on East 26th Street I had a great job as a Design Artist for Marx Toys and life was good until the fateful day I opened a letter saying that I had been drafted into the Army.

After basic training I was assigned to generator school in Fort Belvoir, Virginia. I didn't mind the four month training, but I wasn't sure if I would enjoy my next probable duty station which would be the exotic palm tree covered country of South Viet Nam.

The thought of being in combat didn't bother me as much as being separated from my new bride for a year or more.

When the Army asked us to fill out a form we called the dream sheet on which we could list our wishes for our next duty, my number one choice was Erie, Pa., then any place in the States. Just because that it was a Dream Sheet, why not Hawaii.

Out of the thirty six guys in our generator school, 30 were sent to Viet Nam and six of us were deployed to West Germany. I would be going to the land of my ancestors on my mothers side of the family. Great!

When I arrived in Germany, I was stationed with the 32nd Army Air Defense Command, which was a Missile Command Headquarters. I was not a happy camper when we found out there was no chance of having our wives join us in Germany because we would most likely be transferred to Viet Nam after our duty in Europe.

It was time to look for a new job. I put on my dress uniform and walked to a large mess hall down the street where I found the office of the Mess Sergeant. The sweaty monster of a man gruffly asked what in the heck I wanted. I claimed to be an experienced cook and wanted to work for him. I didn't explain that my only experience was the few weeks of K P that I received as a penalty for traveling too far on a weekend pass.

The now smiling sergeant took me to the Company Commander's office where he arranged to have my orders changed, because as he said I would be more suited to working with pots and pans than with generators... I got the job. I was so excited that I ran back to get my gear, skipping along the way.

After a few weeks of toiling in the hot greasy kitchen I met a G. I. at the Service Club dark room who bragged that he had the best enlisted man's job in all of the 32nd Army Air Command. He said his official title was Command Photographer. That was it! My next Army job had to be Command Photographer.

A few days later I paid a visit to the Command newspaper office to talk to Major Sullivan, who was the Editor in Chief. I probably made a mistake by not changing from my soiled cook uniform.

The rough spoken head officer wasn't impressed with the young cook who was asking for the prestigious photo job. "Listen son," he said, "we have an award winning paper and we only want the very best staff we can find and many other professional news photographers in our Command are waiting for this position to open up."

Realizing that the rough tough Major wasn't even considering a guy like me I decided to politely critique some of the new spreads that were plastered on the office walls. I went from spread to spread explaining how the photo spreads could have been designed much better. The Major was suddenly very quiet. I either made an impression or he was getting ready to throw me out of the office. Bodily! Finally I threw caution to the wind and looked straight at the stone faced Major and said, "Sir it's obvious that you have good photos and the stories seem well done but truthfully your layouts really stink. Then I explained that I was a layout artist before being drafted and I could really help his paper."

"Our Paper stinks? Did you really say that PFC?" he growled. Now the gruff major was looking at me with a note of contempt, then he turned and walked away. It looked like I would be cooking for a long time.

About a week later my Command Photographer friend hobbled into the mess hall wearing a single boot and a large bandage on the other foot. He explained that he was temporarily off duty with a foot problem and the newspaper wanted me to fill in for a short time.

As it turned out I was able to progress quickly as a news photographer and had lots of fun dreaming up creative page layouts, army photos and even a little feature writing.

Eventually my wife Kathy joined me and we were able to live off post in a small apartment and toured much of Germany and other European countries. About three months before my Army time was up Kathy returned home to get things ready for our new life.

Because I had much free time I did lots of reading about famous combat photographers, and thought it would be great to do some photo work in Viet Nam. When I talked to the re-up sergeant about spending my last three months as a combat photographer he said it would be a great opportunity and all I had to do was keep my head down, be careful and get some wonderful combat photos.

It was now time to run the idea past my bride. In those days the only way to call the US from Europe was by way of the under sea phone cable that cost \$25 a minute. That might actually be good because if I talked fast explaining my new job idea it would leave my sweet wife little time to disagree. I really can't remember what I said but I'll never forget what she said.

"That's the stupidest thing you have ever come up with. You must be totally out of your mind!"

I think it cost me about \$100 to find out that my dear sweetie thought I was a total loon. When I returned home in 1969 I still enjoyed my art job at Marx Toys but it was very hard to sit at a drawing board all day after having the fun and freedom of driving and flying all over Germany looking for photos and feature stories. Maybe it was time to look for a new job.

It seemed that the Erie Times might be a fun place to work.



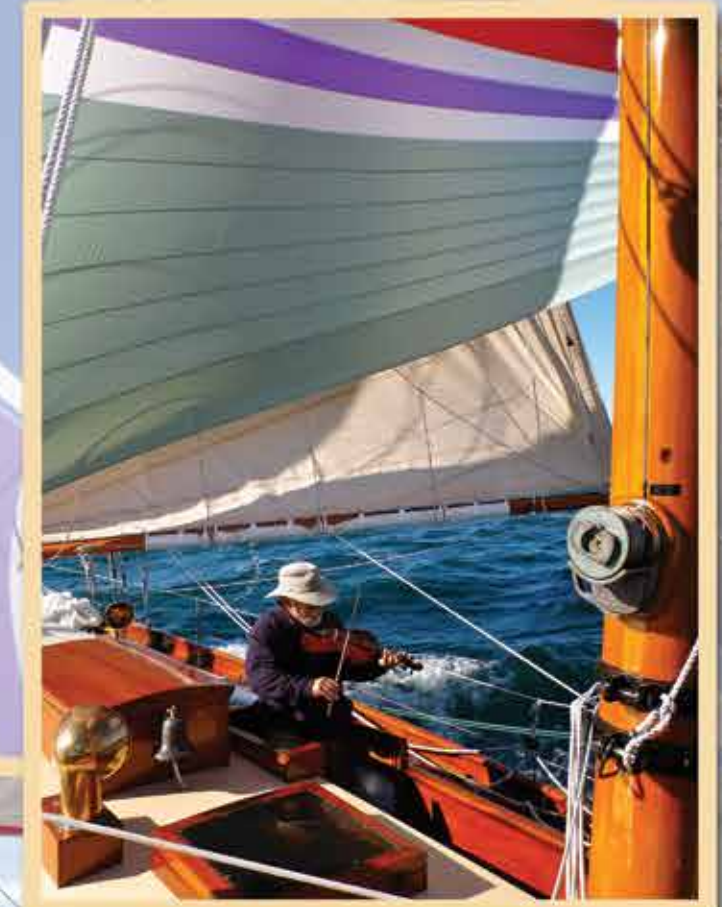
Attention Veterans:
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2015 WOLFORD CUP: A PHOTO ESSAY

BY AMANDA LOOSE

Recently, my husband, Alex Nagle, and I had the privilege of sailing aboard the Dreamer, the iconic 55' Alden Ketch berthed at EYC, for the annual Wolford Trophy race. While traditionally this was a single race that began and ended in Erie, rounding the Bluff Bar buoy on the far side of Long Point, Ontario, the format was recently changed to a two-day series with an overnight stay in Port Dover.

By an act of serendipity, the winds were abaft the beam both days, blowing 15-25 knots from the southeast on Saturday and switching overnight to blow 10-20 knots from the northwest for the return sail to Erie. After a long season of upwind racing, the conditions were finally favorable for the wooden racers in our fleet, whose long keels and heavy displacement make them well suited for heavy following winds.



(continued on next page)

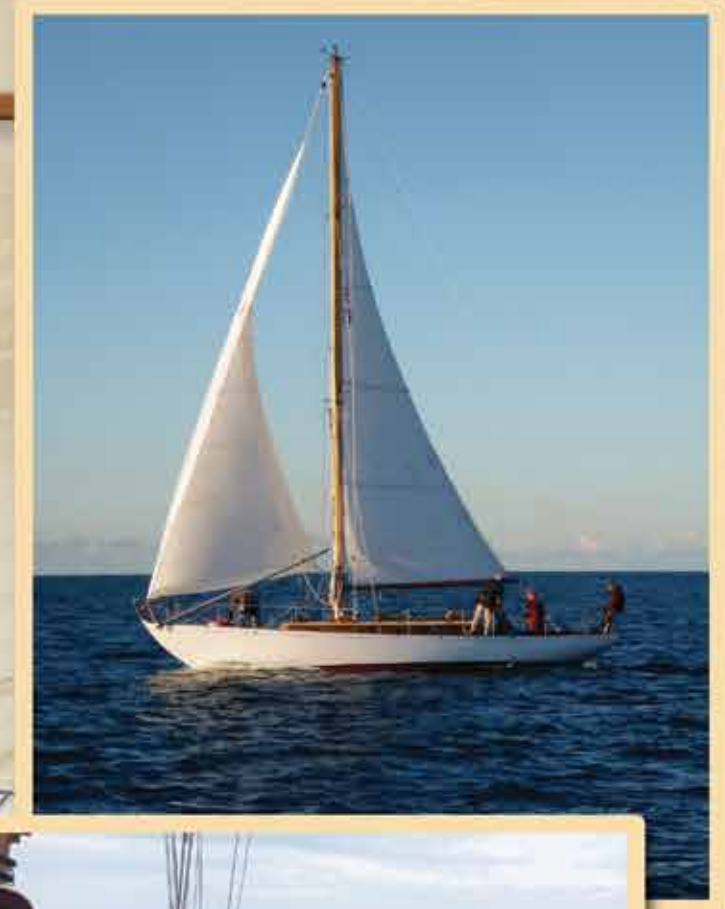
2015 WOLFORD CUP

(continued from previous page)

The two wooden boats, Dreamer and Altair (a Rhodes 29) took the wins, each with a first and second place finish. The tiebreaker went to the Dreamer, as we won the race the second day, but everyone who raced on this delightful September weekend was given a beautiful series to end the 2015 racing season at EYC.

2015 Wolford Cup - Overall Results:

- 1) Dreamer, David A. Bierig
- 2) Altair, Jeffery Nagle
- 3) Second Wind, Matt Wolford
- 4) Taz III, Peter Lund
- 5) Lanada II, David Haller
- 6) Outlaw, Mike Mashyna
- 7) Pagan, Alex Miller
- 8) Silver Wheel II, Ben Shaevitz



If These Docks Could Talk

by P/C Gib Loesel

June M. Sherk - EYC's First Female Member

The other day I got to thinking (again), I wonder how many of our lady members think that they were the first female member of our Club?

Currently our Club has several great female members many of whom probably think they are the "first". If that is the case sorry ladies there is only one and that is June M. Sherk. June who is now 92 became a member when she was 31 in 1953.

Back in the 50's when I was "hanging around" as a teenager there was always this nice lady who I knew as a teacher from Gridley Junior High School who would launch her dinghy from the west side ramp and row out to her boat and go sailing. Marty Pomorski our Dock Master knew her and the thought of her being a member never entered any of our minds. Of course we didn't know and didn't care about female members.

Fast forward a few years to the time when they changed the bi-laws to allow female members. By that time from my various committee jobs I already knew June was a member so I was never quite sure what the big deal was. Fast forward a few more years to our 100th anniversary and the Old Timers Story Night when we invited June to "spin her yarn" which she started off with a personal story about herself:

"I am June Sherk... years ago I had a young niece who was learning to read. She had reached the point where she could recognize words on a paper but didn't know what they meant, so one day she said to me "Aunt June are you a Spininster (Spinster)" and I said "yes I am..."

Well what I want to tell you tonight is how this particular "SPINISTER" joined the Erie Yacht Club.

I had always thought that sailboats were the most beautiful things on the water and I still think they are. I had a cousin who lived in Niagara Falls and had built a number of boats so I talked to him and he agreed to build an Arrowhead for me. An Arrowhead is just a little longer than a Lightning. It has a lot more cockpit and less deck.

While he was building the boat there was a man from the Buffalo Canoe Club who had a bad accident with his boat. The boat was totaled all but the mast. I was able to buy the mast. It was a nice round wooden mast and when it was sanded down and varnished it looked and felt like satin. Next we found an old sail maker in Toronto who sewed a set of sails for the boat. I christened her the Canada Goose and brought it home to Erie.



Then I said to myself I have a sail boat. I am going to have to join the yacht club. Well you can see how naive I was, I didn't even know that they didn't have women members and if I had thought about it I would have said well any club devoted to boating would be willing to have anyone as a member who is interested in boating. Dave Sample asked me, did I apply in writing? It went through my mind they probably thought or didn't even know I was a woman. This was not the case. It was a verbal request and I have been trying to think who some of those men were. I believe it was Roy Irwin who was Commodore, Orson Graham and Mr. Mason but cannot remember his first name (Herb shouted out by Dave Sample).

That's all the names I can remember. Anyway they thought about it and they ended up thinking well they couldn't think of any reason why a person who had a boat and wanted to

sail shouldn't be able to so... they accepted me. We put the boat over on the West side (later I moved it over in front of the old club house) but at that time there were so many kegs out there it was just dotted with sailboats and there were even a couple of great big ones out a little bit further. There was a wooden ramp type structure that went down to the water. I had a dingy on it as did four or five other members so we wouldn't have to disturb Marty and we could just row out to our boats

Well I think those men must have thought what have we "wrought" and I am quite sure that they felt just a little apprehensive about what they had done and then they said "now you realize that some of the members might have a little trouble handling this so why don't you maintain a low profile". This was back in 1953. I don't have any membership cards from then and I don't have any checks but go-

ing through my things I found an old Power Squadron certificate they gave me when I took a course it says "June M Sherk" date 26 March 1953 and signed O.J. Graham. I also brought two pictures of the Canada Goose. Well I believe that I am probably the oldest woman member and that's my story!!!"

June is still a member; in fact at age 92 chronologically she is #4 and #6 in years as a member. A few weeks ago I had the delightful experience of meeting with her at the Club where she still plays bridge once a week. She shared the above story with me again along with the pictures of her "Canada Goose" and her certificate from the Power Squadron.

If These Dock Could Talk, they would say "Come aboard June you can take the helm anytime you wish."



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10 Ways to Beat The Mid-Winter Blues

by Aimee Nicolia

- 1.) Escape your cabin fever and come on down to the Erie Yacht Club for a Sunset Happy Hour on Wednesday, February 17th from 5 to 8 pm. We guarantee the Club will be hopping!
- 2.) Munch some complimentary hors d'oeuvres and enjoy your favorite bevie from the cash bar.
- 3.) Get down to the jammin' rhythms of local guitarist Sam Hyman.
- 4.) Try your fortune at the spectacular Chinese Auction. A huge variety of baskets to be raffled include everything from wines and assorted booze to the latest electronics and custom-made Niemic woodcraft.
- 5.) Add to the pool of the 50/50 drawing - the more tickets sold, the bigger the pot. Enough said.
- 6.) Take a chance at winning a \$50 cash prize, with drawings 4 times an hour from 5 pm to 7 pm! Are you feeling lucky?
- 7.) Find out who will win the Grand Prize drawing of \$1000 at 8 pm... could it be you?! (Need not be present to win. But c'mon, how fun would that be?)
- 8.) Shop for yourself or that special someone in our "Market Place" where local vendors will be set up to sell a variety of personal and gift items.
- 9.) Take home a dozen fresh baked cookies or confectionery delights from the bake sale, which is sure to be stocked with goodies from the Bloomstine kitchen.
- 10.) Know that after all that fun you supported a very worthwhile cause. The proceeds benefit the Reyburn Sailing Race Team 100 percent!



Back to The Original...

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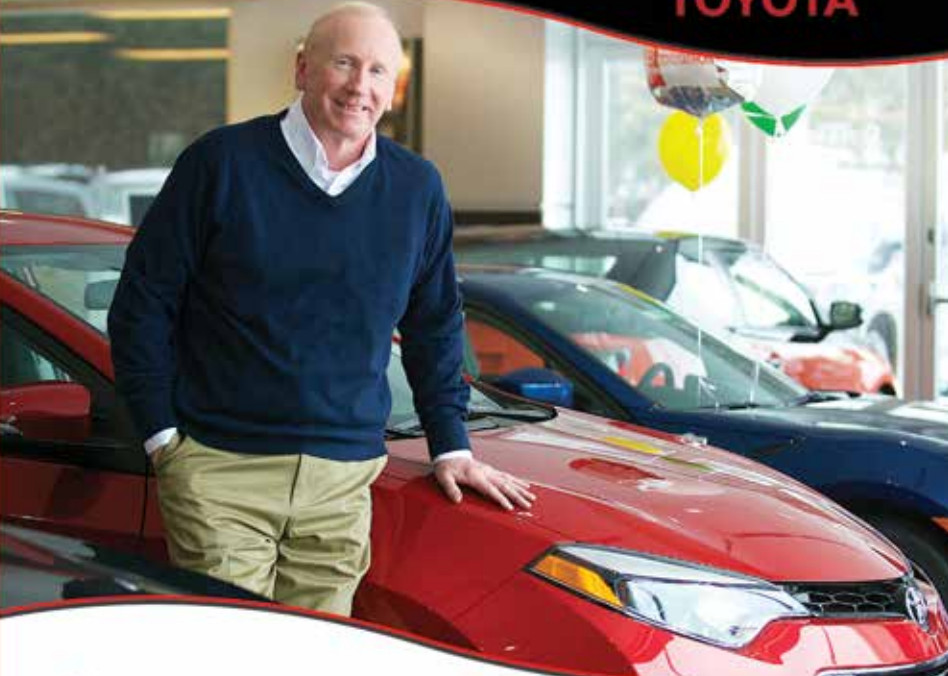
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What's The Good Word?

by Dan Dundon

Best friends can turn a horrible day into one of the best days of your life.
- Nathanael Richmond

Here are some "good words" from Vice Commodore David Haller published in the July-August 2014 EYC Log:

One terrific observation I have learned from my activities at the EYC is that when someone needs help (at the mast crane, at the launch well) it is always the norm that a fellow member pitches in to aid another. I have personally witnessed this several times when I was at the mast crane and when I needed help for a particular operation. Well done members.

I imagine most of us have noticed how quickly and happily fellow EYC members will offer assistance in the boat yard, on the docks and inside the clubhouse. As I reflected on these ongoing demonstrations of comradery and how many EYC commodores have referred to the spirit of "EYC family" during EYC Opening Day ceremonies, the "good words" of a philosopher came to mind.

Epicurus was born in 341 on the island of Samos. After much thought, Epicurus determined the task of philosophy was to help us interpret our indistinct pulses of distress and desire and save us from mistaken schemes for happiness. While his reputation for devotion to pleasure remains with us still (epicurean – devoted to the pursuit of pleasure) his philosophy for a healthy life (what will make me happy?) is to have friendship, freedom and thought. Epicurus determined if we have material wealth without friends, freedom and an analyzed life, we will never be truly happy.



If we have them but are missing wealth, we will never be truly unhappy.

Epicurus mentions friendship first on his list of necessities for happiness:

Of all things that wisdom provides to help one live one's entire life in happiness, the greatest by far is the possession of friendship. Before you eat or drink anything, consider carefully who you eat or drink with rather than what you eat or drink: for feeding without a friend is the life of a wolf.

That reminds me... I sure hope any philosophers among our EYC members do not approach me at happy hour to argue any of this. All I did was notice "parallels" between Dave Haller's remarks and my brief exposure to Epicurus. Dave mentioned "helping hands".

Epicurus said:


It is not so much our friends' help that helps us as the confident knowledge that they will help us.

Maybe you will agree the myriad friendships among us here may be the greatest source of the happy times we so enjoy at EYC?

I hope you continue to enjoy these Good Words! By all means, send me your favorite quotes and words-of-wisdom (dandundon@gmail.com) for future EYC log articles!

In closing, a final quote from Epicurus:

The noble man is chiefly concerned with wisdom and friendship. Of these, the former is a mortal good, the latter an immortal one.

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It's a Small, Small World

(continued from page 11)

power the northern sections of the canal to Erie. His work was so brilliantly received and celebrated that soon after the Erie Extension Canal opened on December 4, 1844, Casimir Gzowski was recruited to Port Colborne, Ontario to work on designing the second edition of the Welland Canal.



Sir Casimir Gzowski

The Erie Extension Canal continued until after the Civil War, and while it was never the economic success that the Reeds had imagined, from a pure engineering and technology perspective it was widely celebrated. The Reeds eventually "cashed out" of the canal, using the proceeds to enter the railroad business with Charles Reed's protégé William Scott. Casimir Gzowski continued to make major engineering contributions to Upper Canada (Ontario) after he left Erie. He redesigned the Welland, became famous for his 1870 design of the International Railroad Bridge that crosses the Niagara River just below the Peace Bridge, and surveyed and engineered several Canadian railroads including the famous Grand

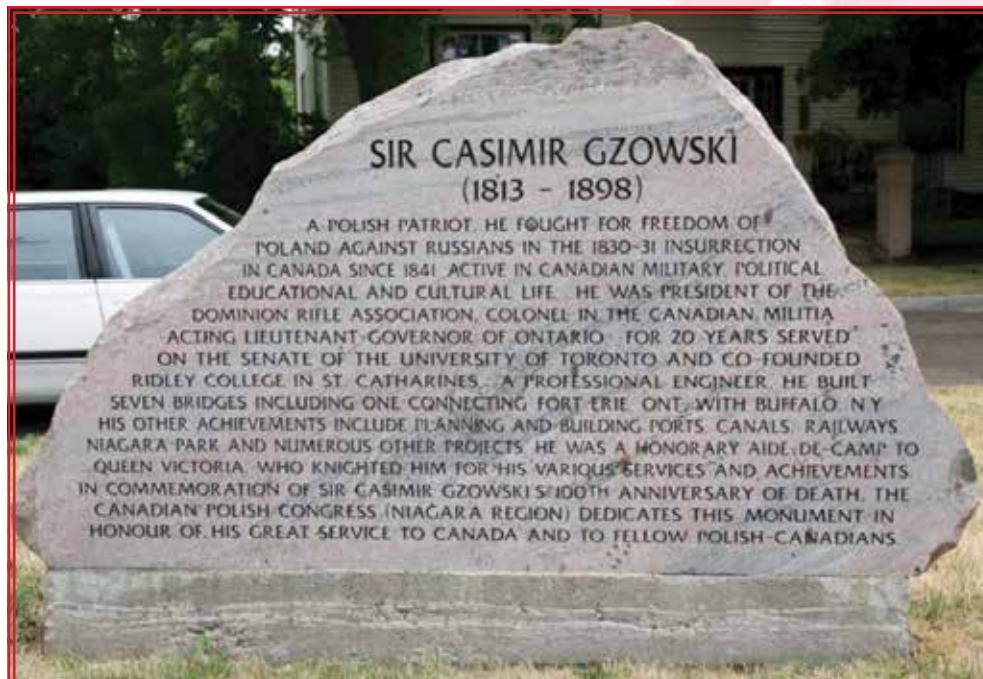


Casimir Gzowski's 1870 International Railroad Bridge Still Spans the Niagara River

Trunk. For his contributions to Canadian transportation, the Queen of England eventually knighted Sir Casimir Gzowski who lived in Toronto until he passed away in 1898.

To close the "story loop," Sir Casimir Gzowski was the great, great grandfather of CBC Radio personality Peter Gzowski, Cy Strange's colleague and the man who wrote the most influential letter of support when I was applying for a Canadian Studies Grant at Gannon. It's a small, small world, indeed!

(To learn more about the Erie Extension Canal be sure to attend the EYC Fellowship Dinner, in April 2016, where David Frew and his photographic colleague, Jerry Skrypzak, will be making a more detailed presentation.)



ATTENTION: "Wanna Be Cruisers"



It has been expressed for years that EYC should have a "Cruising Fleet" to travel on fun trips together.

If you have an interest in being a part of this group contact Bob Cunningham at: richiesea@aol.com.

ALL boaters are welcome; it will be a great way to meet new friends!

More info to follow in future Log issues.



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Making EYC History!

A new Erie Yacht Club History Committee has been established to continue the preservation of our ongoing history and to continue documenting, collecting and archiving any and all items of interest from the past.

Hopefully by the time you are reading this history; items will have started to appear on one of the TV's in the Grill Room (South Wall near the Waitress Station). To start with, there will be pictures and pages from the 100 year history book published in 1995.

One of our next immediate goals is to record Oral Histories from each of the living Past Commodores. This is a big undertaking. To accomplish the mission we are soliciting volunteers. Basically each P/C will be given a list of items that may be covered and a copy of the minutes from the year he served as Commodore. The interviewer will be given the same information and a recorder along with some guidelines to follow. When the volunteers are established, a meeting will be held to review the project and answer questions.

Additionally we will be collecting historical items that members would like to see in our archives. Anyone with archiving experience who would like to work on this project please let us know.

As the committee moves along if you have any ideas or thoughts we would be interested in hearing them.

Gib Loesel - Mary Gensheimer - Sandy Will

Interviewer Needed:

We need talkers and listeners to help capture the history of the EYC through interviewing our Past Commodores.

Please help the Erie Yacht Club History Committee preserve our esteemed heritage by contacting:
Gib Loesel at :814.440.2394 or MC Gensheimer at 814.455.0497



January Calendar of Club Events

- 1st New Years Day - Tom & Jerry
1100 to 1300 hours
Members Only Please
- 3rd A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 6th EYC Fellowship Dinner
"Pizza Bomber"
Presented by Jerry Clark
Cocktails 6pm • Dinner 6:30pm
Reservations Required at 453-4931
- 7th "Trivia Night" Fun & Prizes
7pm - 9pm • Form a team of 3 - 8
Only 20 open spots each week so
Call 453-4931 to reserve a table
- 10th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 13th Cabin Fever Brawl • 5pm - 9pm
"Get Out Before You Go Crazy"
Dinner & Drink Specials with
entertainment by Acoustic Gypsies
- 14th "Trivia Night" Fun & Prizes
7pm - 9pm • Form a team of 3 - 8
Only 20 open spots each week so
Call 453-4931 to reserve a table
- 17th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 21st "Trivia Night" Fun & Prizes
7pm - 9pm • Form a team of 3 - 8
Only 20 open spots each week so
Call 453-4931 to reserve a table
- 24th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
"Cocktails & Color" • 4pm
Canvas Art Class at the Club
\$40pp includes needed art supplies
Painting Lesson approx. 2hrs. long
call for reservations
- 28th "Trivia Night" Fun & Prizes
7pm - 9pm • Form a team of 3 - 8
Only 20 open spots each week so
Call 453-4931 to reserve a table
- 31st A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm

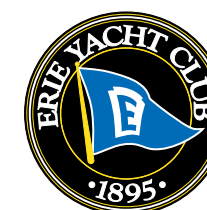
Lines & Hose

The Club has found a considerable number of dock lines and hoses left on the docks after this hauling season. The Grounds Crew has collected all those items and loaded them into two bins that are located at the picnic shelter next to the Canoe House. If you are one of those slip holders that left your lines or hoses on the dock you may want to come down and get them. They most likely won't be there come spring.

Dock Rule number eleven stipulates that; all dock equipment not supplied by the Erie Yacht Club shall be removed by the slip occupant at the time of haul out.

Why does this rule exist and why does the Grounds Crew remove the ones left on the docks? It's simple, ICE. Lines or hose left on the docks can be pulled by the ice causing considerable damage to the docks. That's why the Crew walks each dock in the fall removing all the lines and hose. Each of these items pulled from the docks has been marked from which dock it was taken from. If you want to save yourself the expense of replacing those items next spring stop down soon and go through the bins.

And remember, next season take them with you when you haul out!

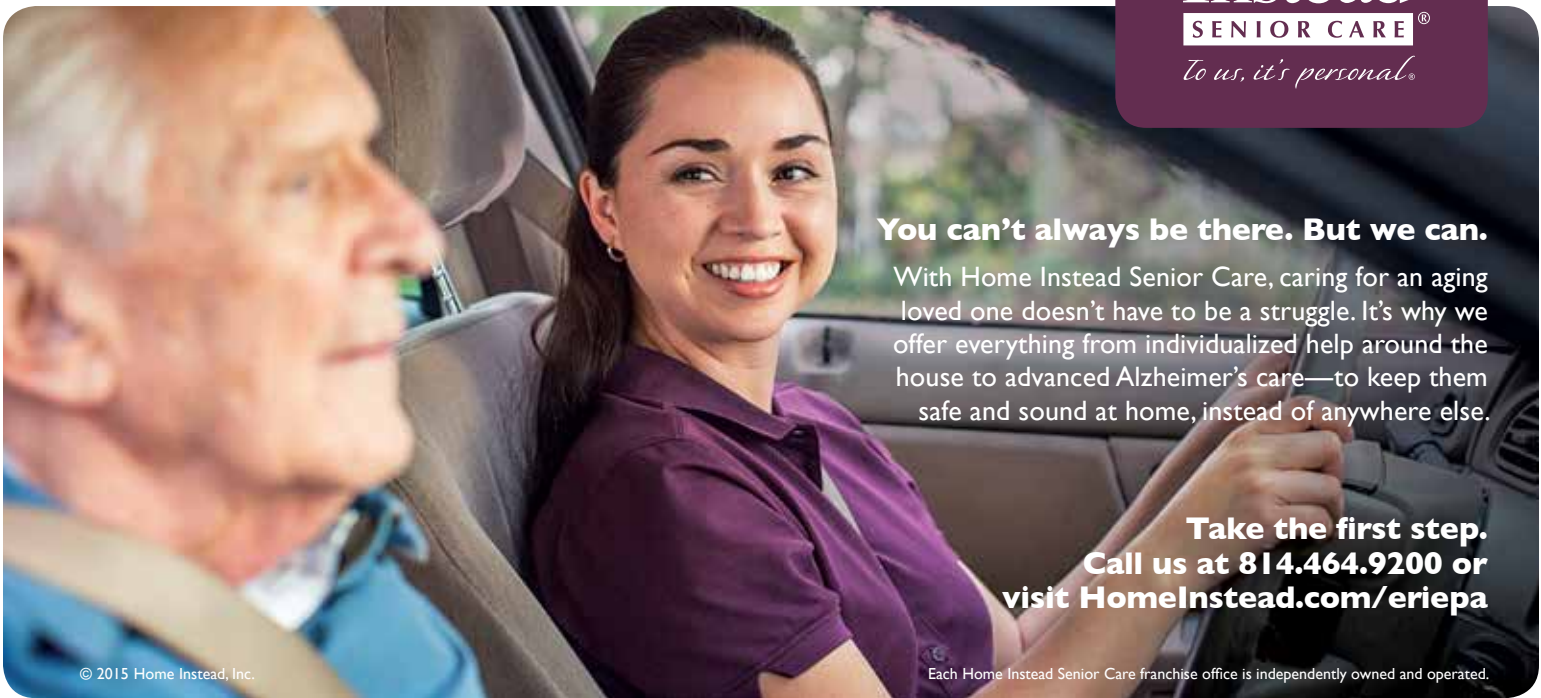


February Calendar of Club Events

- 3rd EYC Fellowship Dinner
"Ladies of the Great Lakes"
Presented by Eugene Polaski
Cocktails 6pm • Dinner 6:30pm
Reservations Required at 453-4931
- 4th "Trivia Night" Fun & Prizes
7pm - 9pm • Form a team of 3 - 8
Only 20 open spots each week so
Call 453-4931 to reserve a table
- 7th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 11th "Trivia Night" Fun & Prizes
7pm - 9pm • Form a team of 3 - 8
Only 20 open spots each week so
Call 453-4931 to reserve a table
- 13th Valentines Day Dinner • 5pm - 9pm
Special Chefs Selections
Live music with D.H. Jazz Express
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- 14th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 17th Junior Sailing Happy Hour
5pm - 8pm • to Benefit the Reyburn
Racing Program • Chinese Auction
Cash Prizes • Hors d'oeuvres
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Need not Be Present to Win!
- 18th "Trivia Night" Fun & Prizes
7pm - 9pm • Form a team of 3 - 8
Only 20 open spots each week so
Call 453-4931 to reserve a table
- 21st A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 25th "Trivia Night" Fun & Prizes
7pm - 9pm • Form a team of 3 - 8
Only 20 open spots each week so
Call 453-4931 to reserve a table
- 27th 115 Days 'til summer Party
6pm Cocktails • 6:30 Dinner Buffet
Summer Food Buffet
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- 28th Club Shutdown
Reopens Tuesday, March 8th



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