

VOLUME XIV / ISSUE V

September / October 2016

the ELOG



Fifteen Hundred Miles on the Erie Canal



Thank You!



It takes hundreds of donors & volunteers, along with Erie Yacht Club Board, management and employees, Sail Boat & Cruising Fleet Captains and crews to come together for this annual, end-of-summer Regatta!

All proceeds benefit the American Red Cross, Northwestern PA Chapter. Approximately 50,000 people each year are touched by Red Cross services in Erie County through Disaster Services, Preparedness Health & Safety Services, Services to the Armed Forces, International Services and life-saving Blood Services.

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A big thank you to the boats and dedicated sponsors who registered early and made it onto our first two boards showcased at the EYC!

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From the Bridge

by Vice Commodore Dave Haller



Monday - recover from the week’s activities;
Tuesday - Eight Great Tuesdays;
Wednesday - JAM Family Night sailboat racing;
Thursday - Thursday Night Happy Hour at EYC;
Friday - watch another sunset;
Saturday - prepare the boat for Raft-up/ Raft up with friends and family at the Marina;
Sunday – sailboat racing.

WHEW!! No wonder I’m tired. Throw in the Eriegatta, Yoga on Tuesdays, and Discover Presque Isle. We all are exhausted while having a great sunny summer in good old Erie PA. The EYC makes it all happen directly or indirectly.

I continue to praise the many friends, family and volunteers who create all of these events which I will cherish forever.

Oh!, We just got word that there is a raft up at Beach 11 at Noon. Swimming, good conversation, camaraderie, and the grandchildren love it. Gotta Go!
Congratulations to all who enjoy the Erie Yacht Club.

Sincerely and respectfully submitted



Directory

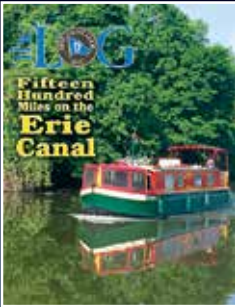
Club House	453-4931	Club House Fax	453-6182
Fuel Dock/Guard House.....	456-9914	Canoe House	453-6368
EYC Web: www.erieyachtclub.org		E-mail: eyc1895@erieyachtclub.org	
EYC Catering: Elizabeth Dougan	453-4931 or catering@erieyachtclub.org		
Mailing address: P.O. Box 648 • Erie, PA 16512			

LOG Photographer Volunteers: John Orlando / Tom Madura

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1722 West Eighth Street Erie, PA. 16505 (814)455-2757

On the Cover...

A colorful packet boat as seen on the Erie Canal on one of the many trips by Jeff and Neala Eastman. Once used as a common form of transportation for people and goods, now available for rent as an excursion boat.



Officers

Com. John Orlando	454-0475
jmorlando@neo.rr.com	
V/C David Haller	490-3825
dhaller48@gmail.com	
R/C Greg Gorny	323-1743
grg817@gmail.com	
F/C Bill Gloekler.....	882-1722
bgloekler@sepcopa.com	

Directors

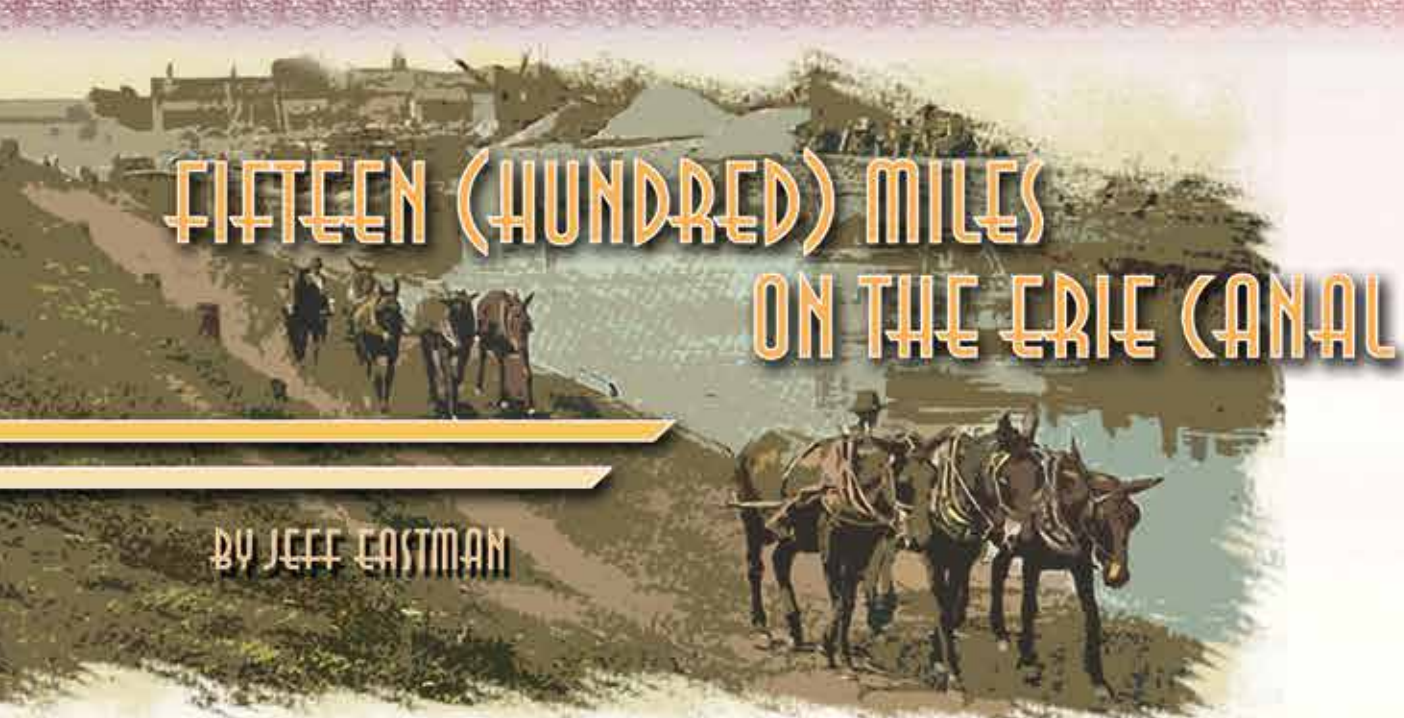
P/C Brad Enterline	881-0796
bkelaw@gmail.com	
Thomas Madura	864-3165
tom.madura@basf.com	
Ross Rectenwald	392-5046
rectenwaldr@bostwickdesign.com	
Andrew Fritts	464-5625
andyf@fh-group.com	
Vincent Cifelli	450-2448
vcifelli@roadrunner.com	
Harvey Downey	434-2517
hdowney@navitekgroup.com	
David Lasher	823-5165
dblasher@roadrunner.com	

Contributors to this Issue

Ashby Advertising, Publisher	455-2757
info@ashby-adv.com	
Jeff Eastman	
Dr. Peter Lund	
Brian Lasher	
Harvey Downey	
Brad Enterline	
John Garhart	
Dan Dundon	
Paul Jenkins	
Bob Cunningham	
P/C Gib Loesel	
Tom Madura	
Aimee Nicolai	



Scan to learn about the Erie Yacht Club

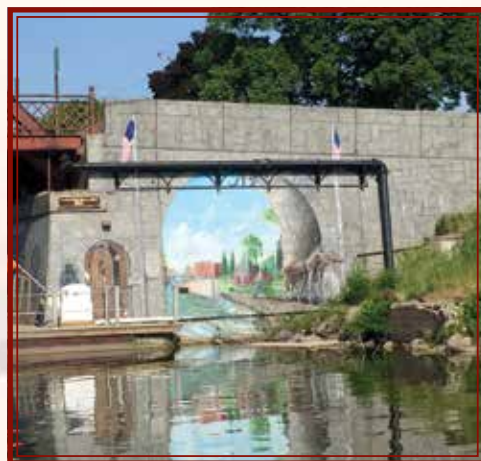


"I got an old mule and her name is Sal, Fifteen Miles on the Erie Canal"

First opened for travel from Albany to Buffalo NY in 1825, the Erie Canal cuts through the upper parts of New York state in what is still mostly pristine wilderness: The Mohawk River, Lake Oneida, the Seneca River and the Niagara Escarpment. It now comprises over 360 miles, 35 locks and fifteen lift bridges with a maximum opened clearance of twelve feet, thus sailboats like our Bene-teau 423 Northern Lights must un-step our masts to make the passage with our masts creatively lashed to the deck. We made our first passage of the canal in the fall of 2012 and each trip since has been a wonderful adventure. Last May, my wife, Neala, and I completed our fifth pas-sage of the Erie Canal.



Side-tied at Lock 15 for videoconference, May 2016.



Canal murals at the city dock in Newark NY, May 2015.

But I'm getting ahead of myself, be-cause our most recent passage be-gan in Delray Beach FL. We have a condo there and have spent our last few winters enjoying the cruising delights of south Florida. We draw 6 feet and so we've only been able to get south to Blackwater Sound behind Key Largo on the inside be-fore the mud won, but Biscayne Bay from Miami down to Elliot Key rivals Lake Erie for its warm breezes, clear waters and fine sailing. In 2015 we spent almost three weeks cruising in the northern Abacos area of the Bahamas with friends from Toron-to we'd met at a big circle raft up in Lake Boca Raton.



Delorme track of Northern Lights' May 2016 Passage North.

Of course, getting to Delray Beach is half the fun and getting back is even more so. On our first trip south after the canal we had a short over-night sail from New York City down the coast of New Jersey to Cape May, followed by cruising in the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays to get to Annapolis where we weathered Hurricane Sandy. From the teem-ing Norfolk harbor, a single lock at Great Bridge let us into the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway (ICW) prop-er and we wound our way south, un-der power most of the time, through narrow channels, broad bays, shoal-ing inlets and tea-colored, brackish water. In South Carolina and Geor-gia in particular, the ICW seems to spend more time going east and west than it does going north and south and they have 8-foot tides! Once we reached Florida, the route straightened out but there were still many timed lift bridges and narrow channels with which we had to contend. Our first trip took 2.5 cold, somewhat tedious months.



Grady and Dave disproving the old warning about bananas and fishing, May 2016.

This year, as we did in 2013 with our sons Christian Ferralli and Grady Eastman, we vowed to go offshore to avoid the small intestines of the GA-SC ICW. Neala and I have done several overnight ocean passages together on Northern Lights, but without additional crew we become exhausted standing port and star-board night watches after 48 hours. This year we again enlisted the help of my son Grady and our good friend and sailing buddy Dave Grab.



Entering our marina canal, Delray Beach FL, 2016.

We departed Delray Beach on May 3, 2016 with the intent of steaming north on the ICW only long enough to find a weather window for an off-shore trip. Chris Parker, our weath-er router, was reporting brisk NNW winds in south Florida and the Ba-hamas and these winds really whip up the Gulf Stream when they en-counter its warm, 3 kt, southerly cur-rents. Prudent mariners avoid these conditions and we still had a series of incoming cold fronts with thun-derstorms and more wind with which to contend, so we motored north to anchor in Lake Worth for the night. The weather report was still unfavorable the next morning so we again motored north to stop for the night in Fort Pierce, a major shipping inlet.

Now the wind forecast was mod-erating and Chris's nightly forecast said that "VERY SALTY SAILORS" could passage eastbound across the Gulf Stream the next day. Our planned route was to cross the stream then head north from there and enjoy brisk beam reaching con-conditions about 150 miles out in the ocean all the way to Cape Hatteras. Upon hearing the forecast Neala an-nounced, "I'm not going!" But after a few drinks at the bar Dave, Grady and I had all begun to feel pretty "SALTY" and so, with some cajoling, we got Neala to agree to go along. We planned a dawn departure for the next morning. (If you ask her, Neala will tell you she didn't sleep a wink that night!)

(continued on next page)



Northern Lights, Double-breasted Cay, Northern Abacos, April 2015.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON THE ERIE CANAL

(continued from previous page)

As the sun rose we were steaming out the Fort Pierce channel into clear weather and a 10-kt NW wind. We set sails on a beam reach and were soon doing 7 kts in easy 4-5 ft swells. Not too bad at first, the wind soon built to 20 kts so we put a reef in the main and jib and now we were doing 8 knots in 5-6 ft swells. We could do this all day. It really isn't a very good day for sailing unless there's a Small Craft Advisory on the weather report. I checked in on the SSB Net with Chris Parker and he indicated that the wind conditions further offshore were significantly worse than previously forecast and were likely to worsen: it was blowing a solid 30 kts at West End, Bahamas and we had not even reached the stream yet!

By the time I got back into the cockpit, Neala was glaring at me, it was blowing 25 kts on the beam and the seas had built to 6-8 feet! At this point, Neala HIGHLY RECOMMENDED that we come about. All of us but her were feeling a bit green too, so that's just what we did. We sailed back to Fort Pierce and motored north again to anchor just west of the lock at Port Canav-

eral, hoping that the weather would continue to improve and we could head out again in the morning. We were very fortunate to be anchored there, as we were able to witness a SpaceX Falcon 9 launch from 5 miles away that night. This was the launch where they landed the rocket on a barge offshore, an amazing feat! In the morning, however, with the words VERY SALTY still in Chris' forecast my lovely wife informed me that we could go but that she would jump ship at the lock and go shopping with her girlfriend Kristin in Vero Beach if we did. I knew she really meant it this time and so her voice of prudence prevailed and we decided to head north on the ICW again that day.

*"We've hauled some
barges in our day,
filled with lumber, coal
and hay"*

Two days later we arrived in St Augustine under very light winds and clear skies. The fronts had all passed and there was now an easy westerly breeze blowing offshore so we just continued past the Bridge of Lions and headed out into the ocean. Under sail soon after at 6-7 kts on a broad reach, my son Grady



Mystic morning sunrise off Broad Creek NC 2013.

set out his fishing line and soon had caught us a fine tuna fish for dinner. The winds built a bit during the night to about 20 kts and varied from WNW to WSW so we began making really good time, jibing occasionally to stay on a broad reach as the wind shifted. When we joined the Gulf Stream we picked up another 2.5 knots of boat speed in the 79-degree water and were soon making 10 kts VMG towards Cape Hatteras.

We had an easy moonless night under brilliant, starry skies as the boat sailed along swishing in 3-5 ft seas. In the morning the sun rose brilliantly against the azure ocean and the flying fish leaping in schools from the wave tops in front of us welcomed our passage northward. Grady caught a really nice Mahi Mahi that day and we settled into the rhythms of the sea. In another day we were off North Carolina and then rounding Cape Hatteras in the middle of the night, still doing 9-11 kts over the ground in a steady offshore 18-22 kt breeze with 3-6 ft following seas.

Shortly after rounding the Cape, we left the Gulf Stream and the water temperature dropped 25 degrees within about five miles. Fog quickly set in and the winds died so we fired up the Iron Genoa and continued on towards New York City. Soon the fog had cleared but the winds were now 5-10 on the nose so we kept on

motoring. As we got closer to Cape May we began to get low on fuel so we came left a bit and stopped for an hour in the late afternoon to refuel in the harbor there. With our tank now full again; we headed back out into the gathering dusk to motor in glassy flat seas all the way to the New York harbor entrance. As the sun rose, we were off of Sandy Hook and the Verrazano Bridge loomed in the distance. The winds began to fill in from the east now and so we hoisted our sails to sail slowly into the harbor on a rising tide, past the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island to port and the skyline of Manhattan to starboard.

*"Low bridge, everybody down.
Low bridge 'cause
we're coming to a town".*

We spent a week at Liberty Landing on the Jersey side. Grady and Dave flew home, we visited friends and saw "The King and I" at the Lincoln Center. Soon we were riding a flood tide up the Hudson again, past the Tappan Zee Bridge undergoing major construction, past West Point and - with a 2 kt kicker from the flood - all the way to Catskill, NY that night. The next morning we unstepped our mast and were under way again. We refueled at Albany Yacht Club and tied up in Waterford, the beginning of the Erie Canal, for the night.



Neala entering New York Harbor, May 2016.



Great Bridge VA 2015.

At 0830 the next morning we entered the famous "Flight of Five" locks just to the west of Waterford. These locks raised us 160 feet in under two miles and are still the tallest lift in the shortest distance in the world. Now we were on the Mohawk River motoring in lazy arcs along its tree-lined banks. This is our favorite section of the canal.



Sunrise on the Upper Mohawk River 2013.

Several locks later we tied up for the night in Amsterdam to have dinner ashore with friends from the Freedom 45 Silver Fox whom we'd met in Waterford. We've met so many wonderful friends in our cruising adventures and keep in touch with many of them via social media to this day.

The morning light saw a layer of thick fog on the Mohawk but there

was visibility enough to proceed so we slipped our lines and ghosted off slowly westward again. Soon the fog had burned off and the miles slid under our keel under beautiful clear skies. I had to do an important conference call that afternoon - I'm still consulting - so we tied up east of Lock 15 to do the call. This time, my boss wanted me to turn on my video camera so the folks in the room - some University of Michigan faculty - could see me and from where I was speaking. He later said, "They all turned Spartan green" when Silver Fox passed behind me on camera with their crew waving wildly.

(continued on page 26)



Northern Lights in Annapolis after Hurricane Sandy, 2012



Not always sunny. Lady Island Swing Bridge, Beaufort SC, Fall 2013.



Erie County Government Seeks National Marine Sanctuary Status for Lake Erie Quadrangle Region

contributors: Brian Lasher, Harvey Downey & Brad Enterline

In December 2015, Erie County Executive Kathy Dahlkemper submitted a proposal for the "Lake Erie Quadrangle National Marine Sanctuary." According to an interview conducted by the Erie Times News, she said its purpose was to "expand Erie-region tourism, bring NOAA resources to school systems, and attract more divers and researchers to the area." It would not, she said, "restrict boating, diving and fishing activities."

In February 2016, the Lake Erie Quadrangle was added to the inventory of areas NOAA will consider for designation. NOAA is currently the trustee for a network of 14 marine protected areas, including in the Great Lakes. The process, which normally takes two to five years, has four steps:

- **Scoping:** NOAA announces its intent to designate a new national marine sanctuary and asks the public for input on potential boundaries, resources that could be protected, issues NOAA should consider, and any information that should be included in the analysis
- **Sanctuary Proposal:** NOAA prepares draft designation documents, including a draft management plan, draft environmental impact statement, and proposed regulations and boundaries
- **Public Review:** The public, agency partners, and other stakeholders provide input on the draft documents

- **Sanctuary Designation:** NOAA makes a final decision and prepares the documents; before the designation becomes effective, both the Governor and Congress have the opportunity to review the documents

At the request of Harvey Downey, the Board created an ad hoc committee to learn more about this sanctuary. The committee includes Harvey Downey (Chair), Brad Enterline, and Brian Lasher. In March, Harvey attended a news conference with Kathy Dahlkemper, in which she agreed to speak at an EYC Town Hall. In general, a marine sanctuary could provide national recognition to attract tourism and financial support for education and research. During the process, information will be made available on the monitor. noaa.gov website.

Here are a couple of facts to consider:

- Although the original application included Presque Isle Bay, this area was removed



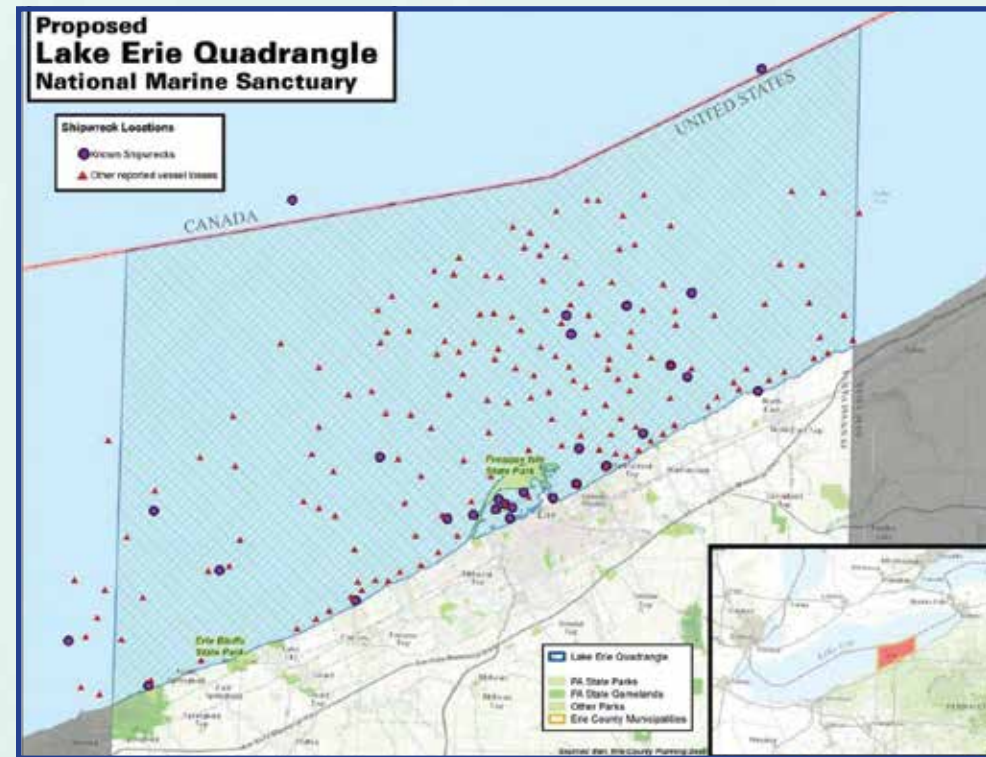
With Erie County Executive Kathy Dahlkemper, at left is county Director of Administration Gary Lee. At right is county Director of Planning Kathy Wyrosdick.
CHRISTOPHER MILLETTE/ERIE TIMES-NEWS

- Water lots are currently not included in a Marine Sanctuary
- The process will take at least two years, and provides a period for public comment
- The proposal includes approximately 90 endorsements from various government related agencies, educational institutions, non-profits, environmental organizations, businesses, and recreational organizations

Nevertheless, some of the concerns expressed about the National Marine Sanctuary System (NMSS) involve the powers that are ceded to the Federal government. The NMSS is governed by the National Marine Sanctuaries Act (NMSA).

Under the NMSA, the NMSS:

- protects an area's natural resources and ecosystem, including endangered species
- preserves the area's historical, cultural, and archaeological significance
- may draft regulations for fishing
- enforces any violations of any provision of the act
- may board, search, inspect, and seize any vessel suspected of being used to violate any provision of the act
- may arrest any person, if there is reasonable cause to suspect such person is interfering with the Act's enforcement



*Note: The proposed boundary excludes any privately owned water lots and the Port of Erie which is defined as Presque Isle Bay, the channel connecting the bay to Lake Erie, and the HeroBX water lots, a small area southeast of the channel.

Penalties for persons violating the NMSA may include:

- any person guilty of a criminal offense against this act shall be fined, and/or imprisoned for not more than 6 months
- a civil penalty of not more than \$100,000 for each violation; each day of continuing violation shall constitute a separate violation
- forfeiture of any vessel used to take or retain a sanctuary resource

To better inform our members, and to address any concerns, we have cordially invited County Executive Kathy Dahlkemper to outline why she believes the benefits of joining the NMSS outweigh the concerns, and why she believes this proposal is in Erie County's best long term interest. Please join the County Executive for a Town Hall meeting, Tuesday, September 27, at 6:30 PM at the Erie Yacht Club.

Following is a statement by the County Executive: "Our waters and shores are vital to Erie County, and I am proud to support this community-driven effort to preserve our aquatic assets. Creating a National Marine Sanctuary off the shores of Erie County will be equivalent to having a national park right in our backyard. This creates economic growth in Erie County by providing more opportunity for education, research and tourism."

As NOAA continues to consider the Lake Erie Quadrangle for designation as a marine sanctuary, the next steps in the process will be highly participatory. NOAA values community input, and the community will all be able to ask questions and make their voices heard.

I am proud of the gem we call Lake Erie and care deeply about the unique resources around our waters. As the Lake Erie Quadrangle progresses toward the goal of becoming a marine sanctuary, so too does my hope for an economically vibrant tomorrow. Through community initiatives like this that highlight and promote our region, we can continue to move Erie County forward."

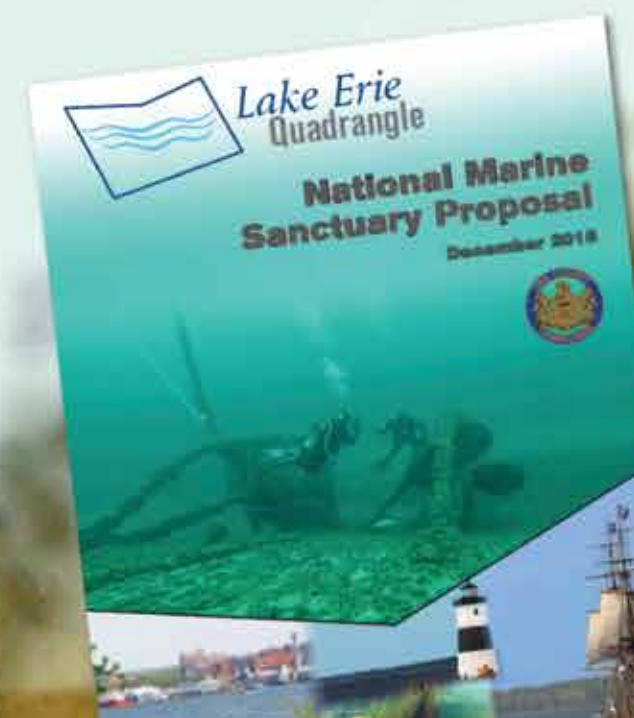


Table 1. Known Shipwrecks within the Lake Erie Quadrangle

Name	Date Built	Date Lost	Type	Condition	Depth
Chambers	1836	1841	Steamship	Broken up	1
Cutler	1842	1856	Brig	Broken up	2
Bartholomew	1846	1864	Schooner	Broken up	3
Booth and Ready	1847	1847	Schooner	Broken up	4
Madison	1852	1870	Schooner	Broken up	5
Algonquin	1856	1879	Schooner	Broken up	6
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	7
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	8
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	9
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	10
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Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	85
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	86
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	87
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	88
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	89
Albion	1857	1880	Wood hulk	Broken up	90

SPOUSAL ALERT!

BY FLEET SURGEON
DR. PETER LUND



Yes, there is a medical condition for the poor unfortunate spouse who is subjected to a snoring spouse. They call it the “snoring spouse syndrome” sometimes called SSS. It is associated with chronic fatigue, irritability, and down right crabbiness. Now for years, I was convinced that I was not the responsible party for such behavior on the part of my beloved wife. She had reminded me of few past events involving unbiased observers who substantiated her accusations. Plus, there was physical evidence, in which I would wake up with bruises the result of less than subtle physical hints to stop snoring.

One past event included my medical practice partner. He and I were attending a medical conference. To save money we shared a two room suite. He warned me that he snored and preemptively apologized if he disturbed my sleep. By the next morning, he had dragged his mattress and bedding in the next room.

He then went running down to the front desk of the hotel to get another room. He said “it was like sleeping next door to a buzz saw, a nuclear blast would be quieter.” I did not believe him because I did not hear my snoring. He subsequently sent a condolence card to my wife.

Another event included an Interclub Cruise on Boyd Bert’s boat Diablo. One night in Port Dover there were seven, perhaps eight, less than sober guys sleeping below. The noise was so severe the hull was vibrating.

Now as your fleet surgeon, I am obliged to inform you on the basics on snoring. One in four people snore. It is more common in men than women and commonly found in people who are over weight. (Although our 22 lb Cavalier King Charles spaniel snores and insists on sleeping in our bed.)

Snoring is caused by the obstruction of air flow through the nose and mouth.

Causes include obstruction of the nasal passage such as allergic rhinitis nasal or sinus infections or nasal polyps. Poor muscle tone of the tongue or the throat will cause the airway to collapse and cause obstruction. This naturally occurs with aging, sleep aids and alcohol will also make it worse. Bulky changes to the throat can also cause obstruction to the airway and is found more commonly in people who are obese or individuals with swollen adenoids. Some people are unfortunately blessed with a long soft palate and a dangling uvula which can also predispose the airway to be obstructed and therefore producing snoring.

In fact your spouse’s snoring can be a sign of sleep apnea or another underlying medical condition such as chronic fatigue, heart disease, urinary issues, high blood pressure, strokes, heart attacks, and in the most severe form it can even result in early death.

But to all those spouses suffering from SSS (Snoring Spouse Syndrome) there is help short of drug-ging yourself or divorce.

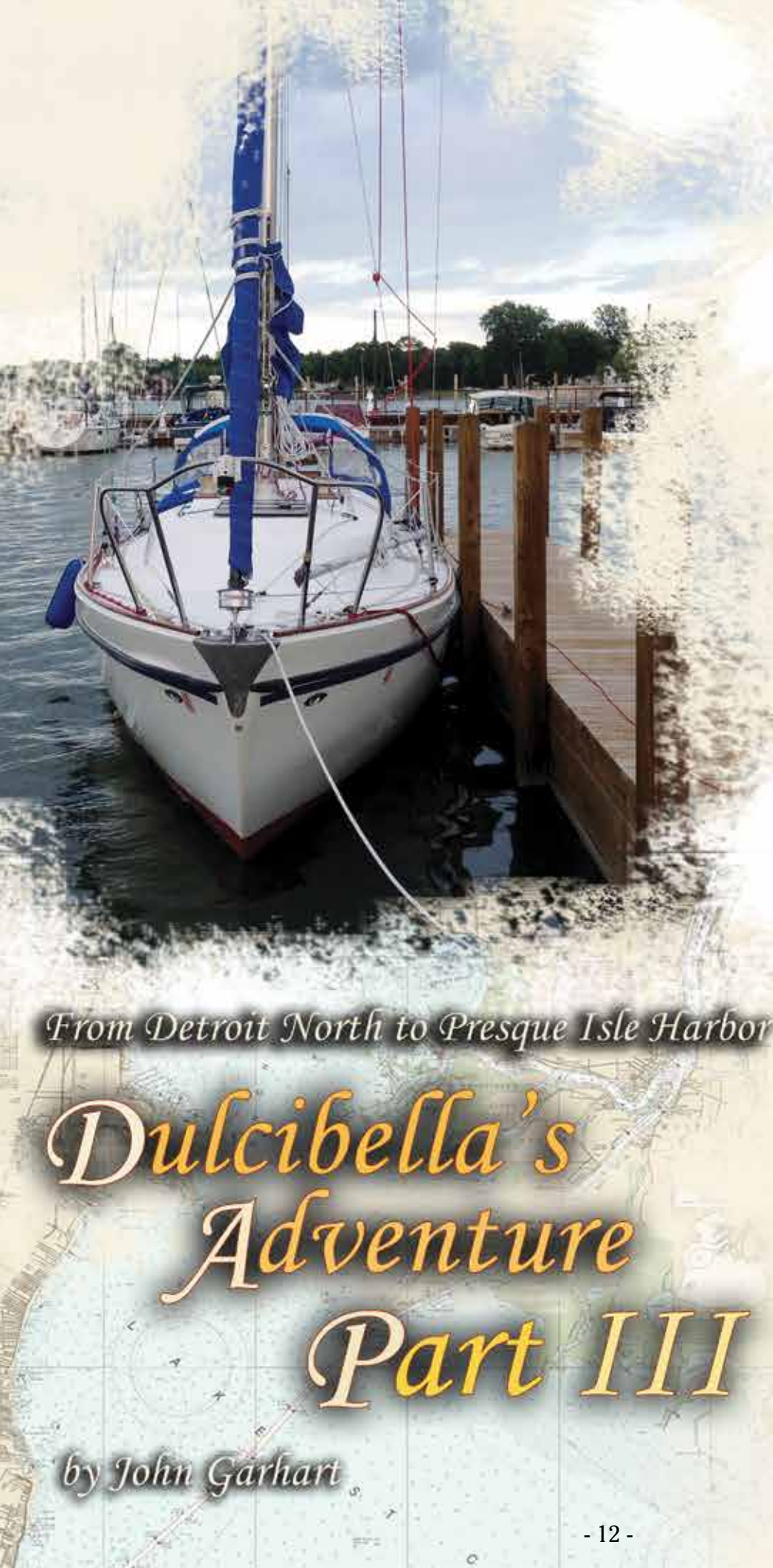
So what can one do to improve your sleep and eliminate snoring spouse syndrome from your household?

Start with his or her nose. Treat allergies or nasal infections early. The sooner these are treated the faster they resolve. There are several over the counter breathing aids that are easy to use and physically maintain open airways. Avoid sleep aids , alcohol, and late night eating as these can cause more airway obstruction resulting in snoring. Sleep on your side; that position is less likely to let the tongue fall into the back of the throat and obstruct the airway. There are other positional techniques even mattresses that will elevate the patient’s head and will reduce snoring.

Watching his or her diet and regular exercise will help with weight reduction which not only reduces snoring but has a long list of other health benefits. Finally there is minimally invasive surgery that can be used to eliminate snoring in selective individuals. Outside of your family physician the other physicians trained to aid in this common condition is a sleep specialist or an Otolaryngologist.

Now back to my bride’s SSS (Snoring Spouse Syndrome) she looked over this article and said “ So smarty pants are you going to take your own advice or are you going to sleep in the other bedroom ?!”





In 2015, EYC member, John Garhart, sailed his Tartan 27, Dulcibella, to the North Channel of Lake Huron, stopping at numerous ports and harbors.

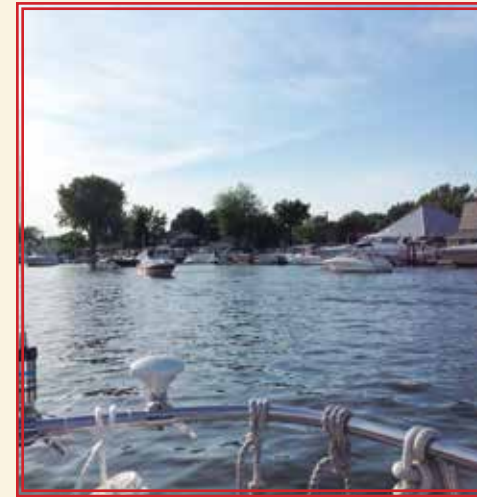
This is the Third in a series of articles recounting that summer adventure.

It's a clear night and I'm alone on Lake Huron, well offshore. Nothing breaks the horizon but the watery sea below and the endless sea of tremulous stars above. Aboard, all is settled.

The autopilot steers. The boat is in harmony with wind and sea. The captain is at his leisure. And the log entry reads: "I am as at peace as it is possible for a human to be."

On June 24, at 7:30, on a clear morning, with a rising barometer and a flat river, I headed north from Detroit. Rather than cross Lake St. Clair directly via the ship channel, I headed for Mount Clemens, Michigan, on the Clinton River. As you exit the Detroit River and enter Lake St. Clair, numerous wealthy communities, all bearing some variation of Grosse Pointe in their name, crowd the western shore.

Yacht clubs proliferate; a forest of masts rise. Obligatory mansions line the shore, but none diminish those on Erie's South Shore Drive.



First stop after Detroit, Mount Clemens Michigan on the Clinton river.

My choice of Mount Clemens as a destination was based on the luxury of time and a favorable remark in another cruiser's blog describing it as another Vermilion. I found dockage at the North Star Sail Club, a small, friendly club. The Clinton River is picturesque, but it divides the town in half, and there's no nearby bridge or water taxi. All the restaurants were on the other side, and I wasn't willing to inflate my dingy for a single night. From my cockpit, I could see the waterfront restaurants directly across the way, and I could hear their music, but this glittering tableau remained tantalizingly beyond reach. In the end, I was rescued by an invitation to the Sail Club dinner.

Seven a.m. found me headed for the St. Clair River. Navigation is made easier with the St. Clair River Chart 14852 at hand. The chart reveals (and your eyes confirm) that the outflow of the St. Clair River into Lake St. Clair has created a huge river delta. There are four main channels - North Channel, Middle Channel, South Channel and Cut-off Channel (the freighter channel) - though calling some of these passages channels overstates the case. The North Channel begins as a series of small buoys in six or seven feet of water, before turning into a channel of any depth. Aside from these four, there are other minor passages best left only to the locals.

The river delta was a strange sight. I wasn't expecting such a vast expanse of marshland and low watery islands. The change from Lake Erie was so pronounced I was tempted to quote Dorothy and say aloud: "Toto, I've a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore." The river's mouth is stuffed with low islands: Dickinson Island, Harsens Island, Seaway Island, Squirrel Island, and more. The lyrical language in Pat Conroy's Prince of Tides that describes the "fecund aroma" of his low country marshland immediately sprang to mind.

After an hour or so the meandering stops. The river sobers up and forms a proper channel, with defined banks and a dry shoreline. But the setting is distinctly rural: cottages and houses line the American shore, occasionally a small village, rarely a small town. Two small car ferries cross the river, and tiny customs outposts face off on opposing shores. There are three small towns on the American side: Marine City, St. Clair, and Marysville. None offers convenient fuel or dockage. St. Clair does appear to have dockage and perhaps fuel on the Pine River beyond a lift bridge. The Canadian

villages listed on the chart are more aspirational than real.

Having climbed the Detroit River, the St. Clair River is simply less of the same: less wide and less complicated. The current runs as usual, neither faster nor slower, and the freighter traffic is by now old-hat. The channel is well marked, and the shoreline passes slowly, allowing for close inspection of a bucolic landscape. Just below the town of St. Clair, abeam the power plant, a freighter turning and backing in the river gave several loud blasts - it certainly caught my attention.

At 3:45 p.m., I finished my journey and tied up in Port Huron at the Yacht Club (PHYC). Here, at the mouth of Lake Huron, the twin cities of Port Huron and Sarnia, Ontario, face each other across the international boundary of the St. Clair River. The smaller intersecting Black River provides water access to Port Huron. The club and the Black River are impossible to miss. An old bascule railroad bridge, forever frozen in the up position, marks the river's entrance.

(continued on following page)



The small but hospitable North Star Sail Club.

Dulcibella's Adventure

(continued from previous page)

The bridge is on property now owned by the Yacht Club. Someday, the expense of demolishing this bridge will fall to club members in the form of a hefty assessment.



The Port Huron Yacht Club which can't be missed marked by the Bascule railroad bridge forever frozen in time in the upright position.

PHYC has limited transient dockage - first come, first served - on a pier at the entrance to Black River. The clubhouse is new and the shower facilities are modern. However, I intended to leave Dulcibella here for a month, so I soon moved a short distance up-river to the River Street Marina (RSM). This facility is the municipal marina but is privately operated. Everything here is first-class, and marina staff are helpful and abundant. Fuel, showers, pumpout, and laundry are all here.



The appropriately named Blue Water Bridge spans the St. Clair River and links Port Huron in the U.S. to Point Edward in Canada.

Bars and restaurants are within easy walking distance. If anything, RSM is better than the Yacht Club: gently sloping parkland abutting the river surrounds it and the boats are vigilantly watched by staff. The only downside is the need to wait for two closely spaced bridges to open before proceeding back to the lake. But both bridges are well coordinated, and the wait is minimal.

Along the river, Port Huron shows life with bars and restaurants. But behind this Potemkin facade, little of the downtown business district survives. There is, however, one first-class marine supply store downtown: Great Lakes Marine Outfitters. And Desmond Marine operates a well-run dockage and fuel point at the river's entrance, across from PHYC. A parklike promenade abuts the St. Clair River for some distance below the town; there are tourist attractions here. Though if you've come this far by boat, the favorite pastime of watching the passing freighters is probably of little interest to you now.

Time and again, in the small towns and villages in the Thumb and Mitt of Michigan, the major employer is government, schools, or a local hospital. Economically, these communities seem hollowed out. Few communities have a major private sector employer - and there's rarely



The amenities and conveniences of the River Street Marina were a big factor in leaving Dulcibella in their care for a month.

more than one. In the retail sector, Walmart has seemingly vanquished all. Those lacking transportation to Walmart are served by dollar stores, conveniently embedded in impoverished neighborhoods everywhere.

With few locally owned businesses, what income these small towns generate migrates to Bentonville, Arkansas and then on to the various financial capitals of the world. The youth that can leave, do; an aging population remains, and ever so slowly these towns die. I suspect this is the story of most of the small towns in Michigan's Thumb and Mitt region. (Thank God, Detroit and Flint are doing well).

I left Dulcibella at River Street Marina for the month of July. It was a long car trip, but I returned each weekend to ensure her care. For most of a week, the Mackinac race fleet filled Black River with sailboats of every size and description. Nyanza was there, with her crew ready to race. I used this time to have a dive service clean Dulcibella's bottom. By August, all was ready for the trip north.

In leaving Port Huron, you need to finish the final stretch of the St. Clair River. Here, caution is the watchword. Depending on the wind, with or opposing the current, this can be a rough ride. Steep, short waves can make steering difficult. Heading in from the lake, with wind and current behind, you're flying. Be careful!

On this final stretch upriver, under the Blue Water Bridge to Canada, the current is swift, and progress is very slow. Hug the Canadian side, close in, and ride the counter-current. Follow the locals. People joke that you're going so slow here, and you're so close to shore, you can shake hands with the Canadians. Eventually you'll gain the lake, but it's a slow journey. This is the worst current you'll see. You'll notice that the water leaving Lake Huron is clear and blue, hence the bridge's name.

Michigan publishes an excellent, picture-laden, free Harbors Guide. If you don't get one before you leave, you can pick one up in Port Huron. And Marjorie Brazer's Cruising Guide to the Great Lakes is a thorough, though dated, resource. You may also consider joining the Great Lakes Cruising Club; by all accounts their cruising resources are first-rate. Stop in: they're headquartered in Port Huron.

After talking to other sailors, I decided to stay along the Michigan shore when crossing Lake Huron. But don't stay too close inshore - there are rocks here. Michigan has small boat harbors of refuge almost every 30 miles. Following this shore was less likely to place me on a lee shore without refuge.

On Lake Huron, the best of these harbors are: Lexington, Port Sanilac, Harbor Beach, Port Austin, East Tawas, Harrisville, Alpena, Presque Isle Harbor, and Rogers City. Upbound, I visited Harbor Beach, Port Austin, and Presque Isle Harbor. Downbound, I stopped at Rogers City and Port Sanilac. Going well off-shore for 24 hours or so saves time on long passages.

Beware, you can get heavy fog here any time of year. In late June, I was turned back trying to reach Kincardine, Ontario, by a building heavy fog. You don't often see heavy fog in 15 knots of wind. I barely made a safe return to Goderich, Ontario. Visibility at Goderich was two



An incoming storm threatens Dulcibella at Harbor Beach, security provided by a well constructed breakwall.

to three boat lengths. Chart plotter, AIS, and autopilot - priceless.

Similarly, in late August on my return trip, I was unable to enter Harbor Beach due to a heavy fog that obscured the sun and persisted well into the afternoon, despite sun and a clear sky above the fog. Even Harbor Beach's fog horn was of no aid. And the freighter lanes, upbound and down, run near the Michigan shore. At times, I had my head on a swivel, with six ships in sight at once.

On Saturday, August 1, I was eager to head north. I left Port Huron at 4 p.m. and planned an overnight passage to Harbor Beach. The forecast was for severe thunderstorms Sunday night, but I was confident I would be in the safety of Harbor Beach by then - as long as the storms kept to schedule. By Sunday at 4:15 a.m., I was outside the harbor waiting for first light. The municipal marina was marked by older wooden docks. My log entry describes the marina as lonely. However, it was a very large and secure harbor, with a huge sea wall designed to withstand all the punishment the lake can inflict.

By 8 p.m., a series of violent thunderstorms arrived and lasted until 2 a.m.. Ominous rotational clouds threatened to birth tornadoes. Winds measuring 73 mph hit the boat, and I fled for refuge in the ce-

ment block harbor master's office. Chattering halyards nearly drove me crazy. My overnight passage had taken me into the heart of these storms. Lake Huron had given me a proper welcome!

Morning brought flooded towns in Michigan's Thumb region, with widespread power outages. Small tornadoes had touched down nearby. Despite localized flooding, Harbor Beach revealed itself to be a small, pleasant town.



After the storm had passed in Harbor Beach a beautiful sunset revealed itself.

The coal-fired power plant was closing - environmental regulations. Discussions of global warming and dirty coal don't find a receptive audience here. The Dow Chemical plant was also rumored to be downsizing. This small plant makes insecticides, sports an effective fence, and doesn't encourage cameras. The preserved handsome home of

(continued on following page)

Dulcibella's Adventure

(continued from previous page)

Frank Murphy, a former US Supreme Court Justice, is located here.

Nearby, in Port Sanilac, a small plaque caught my eye. The inscription indicated that at one time municipal offices were kept in the basement of the building, and the basement walls were heavily reinforced against fire. A little research uncovered the story: great fires had swept vast swaths of Michigan in 1871, 1881, and 1908.

Michigan was but a territory in the early 1800s. It determined to give away land for a bargain price of \$1.25 an acre, hoping to encourage immigration, promote farming, displace the Native American population, and enhance prospects for statehood. But timber companies and speculators, who prized Michigan's vast white pine forests, were waiting to pounce. Logging began in earnest in the mid-1830s, aided by the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 and the later coming of the railroads. Companies cut with no thought of consequence, abandoned the logging debris ("slash"), and then abandoned the land. Having extracted their profits they skeddaddled, defaulting on taxes. Often they cut whether they owned the land or not.

The hot, dry summer of 1871 set the stage for a great fire. In October of that year, with enormous quantities of slash available as fuel, fires erupted, merged, and swept over 2.5 million acres of the state. Hundreds died. Ten years later, in 1881, fueled by the same conditions, more than half of the Thumb Region - another 1 million acres - was burned over again. And in 1908, another great fire consumed 2.4 million acres. Similar great fires ravaged Michigan's Upper Peninsula from the 1890s into the 1920s.

By the 1920s, this orgy of cutting was over: 90 percent of the state's forests had been destroyed. Some 244 billion board feet of Michigan timber were cut: a stack of logs 10 feet high, 10 feet wide, and 35,000 miles long - enough to circle the world one and a half times.

I had been warned repeatedly about Saginaw Bay. Time and again, it was described as a windmill. Local sailors advised it was best to cross before noon - before the wind machine kicked in. Each day, I would listen to NOAA weather radio and hear the wind report for Gravelly Shoals in Saginaw Bay. And each day my apprehension grew.

I left Harbor Beach on Tuesday, August 4 at 7:45 a.m., and headed north. By 11:30, the wind had strengthened from seven knots to



This statue by Randolph Rose reflects back to a simpler time as found in many of these small towns like Port Austin.

20, and I had two reefs in the main and a reduced headsail. Clearly, I wasn't going to be across the bay by noon. With the wind increasing, I courageously chickened out and headed into Port Austin, on the bay's edge.

As I rounded the corner of Saginaw Bay, winds in the bay built to 25 knots, then 30. I slid into Port Austin just as a fast-moving afternoon thunderstorm struck, and pinned Dulcibella firmly against the fuel dock with its gusts. As winds peaked at 40 knots, I heard a metallic ping, and a small, deformed aluminum rivet suddenly appeared on deck.

Port Austin is a pretty town, with wide intersecting main streets and renewed facades on many buildings. The Port Austin State Dock and Marina was in top shape; everything was new. The primary business of Port Austin is tourism, and the economy here has an easier time than other nearby towns. I planned on leaving in the morning, but at 3 a.m. the wind was howling, and my resolve weakened. So I spent another pleasant, windy day here.

At 8 a.m. on Thursday, August 6, I was off for Presque Isle Harbor, a long day's journey north. Well offshore, I had the spinnaker up for hours, with music playing. The log reads: "heaven on earth." But, by 9 p.m., the sails were down, and I was motoring. Harrisville was behind, and an Alpena waypoint was 20 miles ahead. Midnight revealed a starry cathedral as I crossed offshore of Thunder Bay. At 3 a.m. on Friday, the moon said goodnight, but the starry sky, now more luminous than ever, remained. A few



The Spinnaker was full on the long run North offshore to Presque Isle Harbor.

shooting stars appeared. But I was all in. On a smooth, motionless sea I hove to, set a riding light, and went below to sleep. At 8 a.m., I was back on course, and by 11:45 a.m., I was tied up in Presque Isle Harbor - journey's end.

Presque Isle Harbor is remote. I had no cell service, but I didn't expect any. The marina is newer, but small. There's a very small yacht club here, and a public restaurant shares its building. A general store is across the street. And that is all. Of the few boats you see here all are all serious cruisers.

Both the old and new lighthouses are still standing, and both are open as museums, each a short bike ride from the harbor. A sense of reverence attaches to these lights. One instinctively understands how mar-



The newer of the two lighthouses stationed in Presque Isle harbor... yes there is another Presque Isle complete with lighthouses.

iners prayed for the first glimpse of them. This is a serious shore, and those seeking this harbor in bad weather must often have been in mortal peril.

Manitoulin Island, the Mississagi Strait, and the North Channel are just across Lake Huron, only 20-plus miles away. We're near the end point of this journey.



Dulcibella docked in Port Austin on the edge of Saginaw Bay.



EYC Oktoberfest

2016

by Dan Dundon

On October 15th the Erie Yacht Club will host our 21st annual Oktoberfest Party!

Annual events like robins-in-spring, the fall harvest and gathering around the Schnitzelbank at EYC Oktoberfest keep rolling-around and are just as anticipated and enjoyable! EYC members love Oktoberfest! It is no Hauffen Mist that many return year-after-year because EYC Oktoberfest delivers a Munich beer-hall right to us here on the shore of Presque Isle Bay!

EYC hosts a REAL Oktoberfest party! Authentic German entertainment is delivered by three great groups with minimum downtime between acts. Authentic German dishes prepared following old-world Bavarian recipes fill our terrific buffet. We serve great beer and lots of it!

During dinner, the non-stop entertainment starts with favorite German ballads sung by Erie's own Siebenbuerger Singers. Then, direct from Pittsburgh, the Augsburg German Band plays a variety of German beer-hall favorites. Their traditional German oom-pah music will get us spinning like a Wagen Rad. Alternating hourly throughout the evening with the Augsburg German Band will be The Mad Bavarian. You can expect the Augsburg German Band "to fire us up" and The Mad Bavarian to take us straight to that Munich beer-hall with his one-man show of German music and shenanigans. Of course, good old Professor Schultz will lead us in our annual Schnitzelbank Song! You never know what might happen! One year a Schnickelfritz presented his astonished girlfriend with a Hochzeits Ring while acting as Professor Schultz!

On tap in the EYC Beer-hall you will find special beer selections offered only during the Oktoberfest party. Embrace the Goddess of Beer as you raise your Grosses Glas!

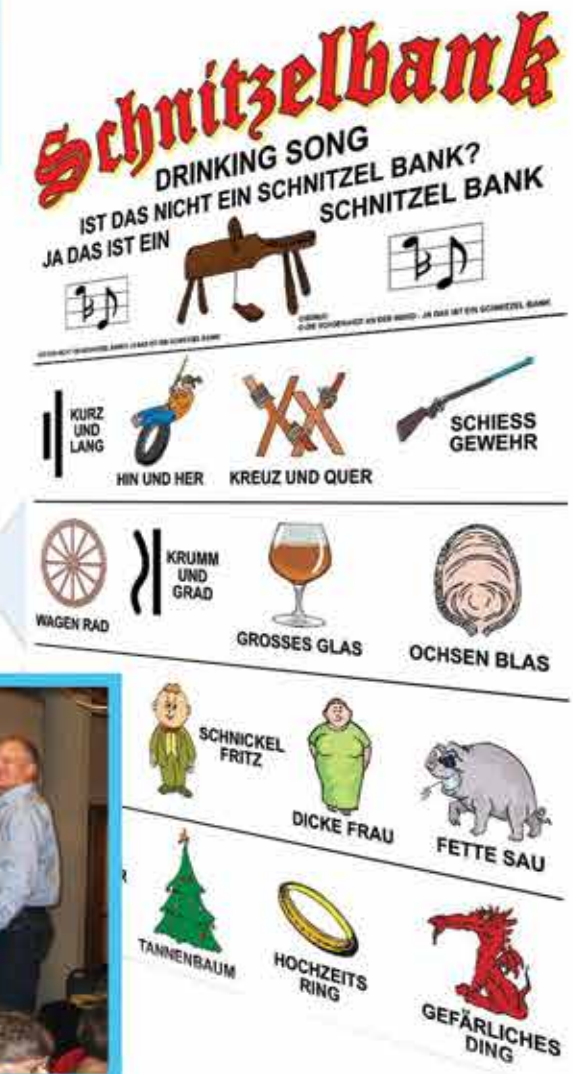
The line to our scrumptious buffet may be a little Krum Und Grad or maybe even Kurz Und Lang as you load your plate with Wiener schnitzel, Sauerbraten, Roasted chicken, Bratwurst, Knockwurst, pumpernickel, potato pancakes, German potato salad, sauerkraut, and red cabbage! No one will say a thing if you make a bit of a Fette Sau of yourself at the dessert buffet! Especially look for black forest cake and apple strudel! Later in the evening, big soft pretzels are served! Let's hope Langer Mann P/C Urbaniak does not borrow the Oxen Blas to make his haggis!

The Oktoberfest is especially fun with annual and continually wilder crowd-participation! We begin with shoogling. When you lock arms with one another at your long beer-garden tables and rock to-and-fro, Hin and Her and front-to-back, that's shoogling! This prepares us for the Gefährliches Ding battle between the Bavarians and the Tyroleans! Some say Bavaria is the most beautiful region and has the wildest residents. Others say Tyrolea is tops! Come to Oktoberfest, jump over the Kreuz und Quer and decide for yourself!

Many years EYC Oktoberfest has been sold-out, so begin planning now to attend what has become one of our greatest parties of the year. Leave your Schies Ggwehr at home and don't miss being among the many veterans of all 21 Oktoberfests. Join the annual stream of new folks who we know will become repeat Oktoberfestors!

No run-of-the-mill beer, hot dogs or boring bands! EYC offers something special, a real, established Oktoberfest. We really appreciate the ongoing encouragement and support of many dedicated EYC members who return year-after-year. Also, we could not get along without the help of our dedicated entertainment committee of fellow EYC members.

Come to Oktoberfest! Introduce your friends to the Goddess of Beer and hug the Dicke Frau!



Junior Bay and Beyond *Reyburn Race Team* *Achievements*

The Junior Sailing Race Team, coached by Anna Bloomstine and Michal Szelwach competed at a number of Travelers Series Regattas this summer as well as Area E Eliminations (better known as Semis), and the ILYA's annual Junior Bay Week in Put-In-Bay, Ohio.

In July, the EYC sent 6 teams of 2 to sail on Club 420 sailboats at Junior Bay Week. Noah Nicolia and crew John Wolford won the fourth place trophy and Emma Francoeur and crew Lily Myers won the fifth place trophy in a fleet of 46 boats. Also representing the Erie Yacht Club were the teams of Peter Bloomstine and Emily Grychowski, Michael Jarecki and Hayley Schultz, Jack Niemic and Gigi Riesenberg, and Race Nicolia and Max Myers. The EYC Race Team also was awarded the Ship Shape trophy for the second year in a row. Nice job Team Erie!

In August, the Race Team participated in the Berlin Yacht Club's regatta, the Travelers Series eighth and final regatta for the season. In addition to 420 teams, the EYC also brought Opti sailors to compete under the guidance of Opti Race Coach Caroline Mashyna.

After the regatta, awards were presented for the Travelers Series. Emma Francoeur and Lily Myers won second place overall for the series. In addition, they were awarded a trophy for this year's Best Female Team. Way to go ladies!



Emily Grychowski (pictured here) along with Peter Bloomstine, Noah Nicolia, John Wolford, Emma Francoeur and Lily Myers competed at Area E Qualifiers in July at the North Cape Yacht Club.

While there, they met Olympic Gold medalist Anna Tunnicliff, who grew up sailing at NCYC and returned for a presentation to the competitors at the July event.

Here Grychowski holds Tunnicliff's gold medal for Laser Radial single handed sailing in the 2008 Beijing Olympics.



Reyburn Wrap Up

Junior Sailing Banquet

• 2016 •

Summertime doesn't get much better when you have week after week of sunshine, especially if you're a kid in the EYC's Reyburn Sailing School program. Near perfect weather conditions and some pretty terrific sailing instructors under the direction of Chris Grychowski made for another great year for students to learn about and improve their boat handling skills and sportsmanship. Better yet, they had the opportunity to make lifelong friendships while experiencing the fun and adventures on Presque Isle Bay.

Chris Grychowski, (or Coach G, as he is affectionately known by the sailing students and instructors) recapped the sailing season at the Junior Sailing Banquet on Tuesday, August 9, in the EYC Ballroom. Among the highlights of the season were big boat day, long sail, fun boxes, sailing soccer, pirate day, and the end of the season championship races. Additionally, the Reyburn Sailing School held weekend sessions for both the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, and participated for the first time at Discover Presque Isle where the instructors gave sailboat rides to park visitors.

The instructors then presented the ratings for the each student followed by the individual trophies and special awards. This year's winners were:

Opti Race Team Junior Commodore's Cup

(Race series for members of the Opti Race Team)

First Place - Anthony Farrar
Second Place - Halle Myers
Third Place - Will McBrier

Commodore's Cup

(Race series for members of the regular Race Team)

First Place - Peter Bloomstine, Noah Nicolai, Emma Francoeur
Second Place - Lilly Myers, John Wolford, Emily Grychowski
Third Place - Jack Niemic, Michael Jarecki, Michael Orlando

Opti Star Cup

(Race series for the newest Opti sailors)

First Place - Rowan Jung
Second Place - Reagan Gehrlein
Third Place - Ava Spry

Instructor Cup

(Race series for 420 sailors not qualifying for Junior Cup)

First Place - Ridgeway and JJ Case
Second Place - Nathan Mascia and Sophia Phelps
Third Place - Michael Grychowski, Sylvia Prebor, Sydney Farbotnick

Friday Cup

(Race series for 420 sailors in Friday classes)

First Place - skipper Emma Carlson and crew Josiah Previte
Second Place - skipper Becky Carlson and crew Abby Ferrara

Opti Cup

(Race series for the more experienced Opti students)

First Place - Nathaniel Klan
Second Place - James Farrar
Third Place - Holden Siegler

Junior Cup

(Race series for the more competitive 420 sailors)

First Place - skipper Halle Myers and crew Mitchell Myers & Ethan Seifert
Second Place - skipper Anthony Farrar and crew Grayson Siegler and Sawyer Farbotnik
Third Place - skipper Will McBrier and crew Jared Sorce

Sportsmanship /Boy

Cole Walker

Sportsmanship /Girl

Emma Carlson

Most improved Boy

Rowan Jung

Most Improved Girl

Emma Yarosz

Chris Grychowski then presented the Jeffery Potter Memorial Trophy – an award that goes to a person who has made a significant impact on the Reyburn Sailing School. The award went to Commodore John Orlando for having consistently been an advocate of the program year-round.

Following the special awards, the instructors lightened up the evening and added a lot of laughs with the annual "Fun Awards". These awards went out to students for categories such as Love Boat, Fish Out of Water (for the kids who love to swim), Captain Crunch, and Tough as Nails, just to name a few. A final video highlighting the sailing school season was shown, leaving behind many happy memories and the anticipation of the year to come.



Bass Fishing MADNESS

by Paul Jenkins

It was a perfect summer day as I launched my old Starcraft at the Erie Yacht Club boat ramp. My gear included a cooler with soft drinks, sandwiches and a few dozen well aged red worms. Red worms are amazing because as long as they are kept cool they will last for many weeks. My wife Kathy frowns on my habit of storing them in the garage frig because she has nightmares of my little friends some how escaping their container and crawling into the diet cokes or water bottles.

After launching my rickety tin boat and firing up my classic, a 15 horse Johnson outboard - a better description might be - "very tired old fishing rig", I headed up the bay.

A string of bass boats stretched along the shallow waters of the south shore-line. My plan was to find an out of the way quiet spot far from anyone who might disturb my restful style of angling.

Most fishermen are out to catch large numbers of big fish that fight hard and provide excitement to their outing. My idea is to avoid big numbers of those slippery things that can disturb my peace on the water.

Bass guys on the other hand are looking for non-stop action and if the pace slows, they fire up their 250 horse motors and race off to a new location.

Not me... Once I get my trusty old pole rigger with a bobber and red worm, I lean back on a musty life jacket to enjoy some cloud watching and contemplating life's mysteries. The gentle rocking of the boat and the soothing breeze usually sweeps me off to dream land.

Right when everything was going according to plan an ear piercing roar split the air like a sharp knife and jolted me from my blissful coma.

It was one of those dastardly ironing board boats with posted seats and two cowboys on deck that were furiously whipping long poles to fling large stick baits on 40 yard casts.

Smack! Bang! Splash! How on earth could a savvy bass be fooled into biting on such outlandish colored baits with glowing red eyes and strange action?

Smack! Bang! Splash! went the heavy lures causing a water eruption around them. This wasn't fishing, it was hand-to-hand combat!

"Hey Joe, I just nailed a real slab look at this baby." One guy said as he lifted a shell shocked largemouth from the angry water. After 15 more minutes of water thrashing, the bass guys fired up their monster motor and rocketed off to another peaceful place to create more havoc.

Ah.... time to relax, put my pole in it's special holder between my toes and adjusted my life jacket pillow. Once again its time to do some cloud watching and be gently rocked back to la-la land. While slowly drifting away, my subconscious conjured up images of a large bay with armies of bass boats lined up in a kind of battle field, lines that were facing off for the armageddon of fishing wars. The good guys in white boats were on the right, and the bad guys in black were on the left. Each army maneuvered slowly with their trolling motors and held their fiberglass lances high with nasty looking crank baits armed with razor sharp treble hooks that glistened in the sun.

As the opponents faced off, a 14 foot starcraft drifted up to the starting line and a sleepy guy with a bobber on a small rod raised his arm to signal the start of the battle.

Smack! Bang! Splash! went the crank bates that flew through the air like deadly missiles in every direction as the dog fight erupted. This would be a fight to the finish and it was no place for timid souls. In the middle of the me-lee a nasty looking guy in a black boat yanked a monster large mouth from the water and spun it in a wide circle over his head.

Directly across from him a smiling angler in a white boat sat calmly on his pole seat holding up an even larger Big Mouth Bass.

"I'll see you at the weigh-in" he yelled, as his buddy fired up the 250 horse and rocketed down the bay.

All the other boats did the same and their wakes caused a Presque Isle Bay tsunami the likes of which had never been seen before.

Then a deep silence fell over the now still waters and all I could hear was a plunk, plunk, of my small bobber that suddenly vanished on the end of line.

Could this be the monster of Big Mouths? The grandest of them all. After a long hard battle I finally landed what had to be the state record for a Largemouth. That's when my life jacket pillow slipped and I hit my head and woke up.

It was time to crank up my old 15 horse kicker and putt slowly back to the boat ramp. It would really be more fun to have a little bigger motor to get back faster.

I'll bet a 250 horse would really make my old tin boat fly.



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FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON THE ERIE CANAL

(continued from page 7)



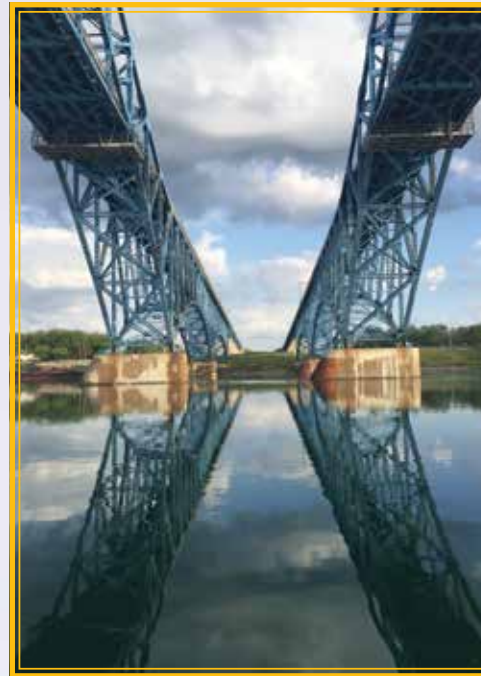
Low bridges, Pittsford, NY 2016.

We spent a lay day in the town of Iion so I could do some more calls, then continued westward the next day. We crossed Lake Oneida in calm conditions and tied up at the free dock in Brewerton for the night. Soon we were joined by our friends from Silver Fox and by other friends we'd met along the way on a Nordic Tug. They were embarking on the Down East Circle Loop from their homeport in Maine. The tall ship Appledore IV also joined us for the night there, odd-looking with all of her masts and spars lashed to her deck. Her crew had left Key West about the same time we left Delray Beach and they all agreed the trip up the Gulf Stream in NW winds was most uncomfortable.

Another day on the Canal found us at Lock 24 in Baldwinsville NY, where we'd spent 10 days stranded in 2015 because of flooding on the Seneca River. That year we had to backtrack to Oswego NY, cruise Lake Ontario and take the Welland Canal to get home. I checked the engine shortly after shutting her down and noticed a persistent drip-drip-drip coming from our water pump. I called my friend Jim Manges at Erie's Anchor Marine and he didn't sound optimistic about getting a new pump quickly so close to the Memorial Day weekend. This was Thursday afternoon so we had a sinking feeling about being stranded again in Baldwinsville, even though we do enjoy the town.

"You'll always know your neighbor and you'll always know your pal, if you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal".

Neala suggested we talk with the lockmaster about our situation and so we walked up to Lock 24 for a chat. He was very friendly and said there was a Volvo Penta dealer in Brewerton we could call and gave us the number. After confirming



Grand Island Bridge art on the Niagara River, May 2016.

with the dealer that he could get us a new pump in the morning the lockmaster volunteered to pick it up and bring it to us as soon as it arrived. The people on the Erie Canal are so friendly and helpful and we were beyond grateful when the pump arrived by 11am the next morning and we were under way again by noon. The canal westward of Baldwinsville snakes through the Montezuma Wildlife Refuge for 50 miles and, while beautiful and full of wildlife, it is a darned poor place to lose one's engine.

We tied up at Lock 27 in Lyons that night and when the lock opened the next morning were underway to Pittsford. Soon we were tied up there to enjoy dinner with Neala's other son Ian as the annual Pittsford-Fairport Crew Races passed by us on the canal. The final segment of the canal from Pittsford to Lockport involves only four locks but fourteen ancient lift bridges that cross the canal in towns with picturesque canal-era names like Spencerport, Brockport, Gasport and Middleport. As we've learned, each town has its own unique canal history and the residents welcome the canal travelers. The bridges have a

six-foot clearance over the water in their lowered condition and only 12-feet when they are raised. Often a single bridge tender must handle traffic for two or three bridges in a row, so they hurry between bridges by car or by bicycle and we often need to wait until they arrive to pass. There's no rushing this part of the trip.



Entering Lock 34 in Lockport NY, May 2016.

In another two days we were through the tandem, 40 ft locks in Lockport and were tied up in Tonawanda NY. We hosted happy hour on board with some of our Delray Beach friends who live locally. The next morning we left Tonawanda and headed up the Niagara River towards the Peace Bridge. Just before the bridge we passed through the Black Rock Lock and out onto Lake Erie under clear skies and light winds. It's always exciting to get to the lighthouse at the channel entrance to Presque Isle Bay, to pass our familiar city front buoys and eventually to tie up at our slip at the Erie Yacht Club. Now, after 5 transits and over 1500 miles on the Erie Canal, we can say with confidence,


"And every inch of the way I know, from Albany to Buffalo"

Thomas S. Allen, composer 1905



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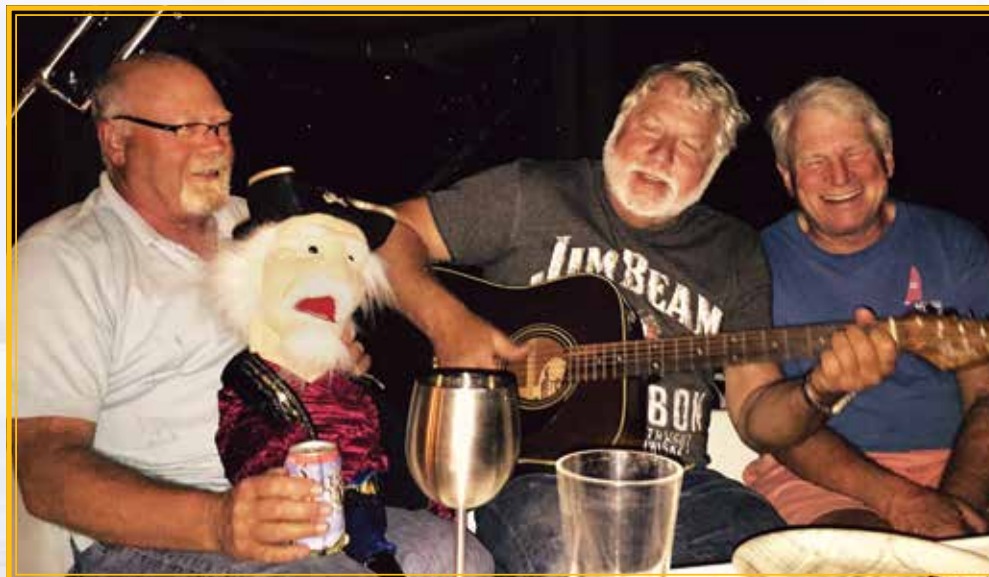
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Sing along night (with rum included) Erie Canal, Amsterdam NY 2015.



If These Docks Could Talk

by P/C Gib Loesel



A few weeks ago I was having lunch with Captain Boyd Bert of the good ship Diablo and “the crew” and of course there were lots of good sea stories being spun. Somehow I started to notice a group of nice looking ladies gathering for their Tuesday bridge game and this got me to thinking (again) about Skipper Cooley.

Now a lot of you newer members are thinking Skipper Who? Let’s see if I can conjure up a brief description of the Skipper... to start with he was a lifelong bachelor; a stout little fellow who always appeared with a jacket and tie unless he had just crawled out from under the bottom of his beloved Cat Boat “Ginger”. Even then he might have a tie on with his bib overhauls; I don’t ever remember seeing him without his corn cob pipe; a professional architect who specialized in church’s; a musician who played the cello with

the Philadelphia Symphony and Erie Philharmonic; puppeteer; for fun entertained EYC members with songs about the Club; Club poetry and a along the way wrote and directed a few stage shows, the most notorious “Emma The Lighthouse Keepers Daughter”. The Skipper was also a wonderful artist and many of our members are proud owners of his work (another story for the future).

Oh and by the way he was the founder of the club’s “informal” Pinochle Club (it was never adopted making it an official Club activity).

He loved to play Pinochle and that is what this story is about. According to my memory and a little help from our Club’s 100th year history book mixed together with some old LOG stories. He was one of the founding members of EYC’s Wednesday Night Pinochle Club.

It all started way back (1938) in the old club house when a good old Koehler’s beer was maybe 25 cents and there was no such thing as TV. The “guys” would assemble, the Pinochle cards would appear and the score cards would come out along with snacks (sometimes) and of course the beer.

“Winters in Erie have always been long and cold, and there wasn’t much to do around the club, thus the formation of a Pinochle Club in 1938” The original group consisted of the following stalwarts: Gus Sopp, Andy Shafer, Al Panitzhe, Eben Gunison, Charlie Nier, Danny Ryan, Charley Olen, Homer Coleman and Byron Cooley.”

Cooley provided the rules and in one of his reports (1972) wrote: “The Pinochle Club is not an official activity of the Yacht Club but

rather an independent effort of the members. However, the Yacht Club looks with favor on our organization and has housed it these many years, for which we are forever grateful. We hope this arrangement will continue”.

The history book lists 39 of us as “players”, the scary part... 29 of them have “slipped their anchor” and are now melding their “Pinochle’s” in Fiddlers Green.

In early November the Skipper would make sure a card was sent to every member of EYC and remind them of the starting date for Pinochle. His cards always had four guys huddled around a card table and a beer or two in site.

Each year he would publish rules and information about the “Club”, a few choice quotes are as follows:

“Gambling is not encouraged! In the past, gambling at the Yacht Club has led to unfriendly relations and that we don’t want. However, if anyone wants to bet a beer on a game, the police will look the other way.”

“The teaming of “pinochle sharks” was found undesirable and such teams are discouraged, (one guy couldn’t take it and quit us). For this reason we change partners after each game, unless perhaps it is a bad night and only one table is playing.”

Now ladies I am not sure if you will care for this last quote but keep in mind the Skipper was a lifelong bachelor: “The Pinochle Club, by vote, does not encourage lady members, ‘tho the gals are more than welcome at the Annual Banquet which is, in effect, Ladies’ Night”.

Dues were collected each week (in 1972 - 50 cents) just long enough to assure a successful Spring Banquet. Scores were keep for the entire year. The Grand Banquet was always held on General Grants birthday (April 27th) and the King and Queen who were actually a “Pinochle” the Jack of Diamonds and the Queen of Spades” (40 points) was crowned, with pictures and everything!!

After 29 years of devotion to the Pinochle Club the Skipper was presented one of the most unique trophies I have ever seen (created by Paul Brugger) and of course it had “four guys huddled around the card table and a beer or two in site”.

If These Docks Could Talk” they would say, “Skipper Cooley it is shipmates like you who have made our Club so great, Thanks!”





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EYC Cruisers Inaugural Trip

"A Weekend to Remember"

ERIE YACHT CLUB
Cruising Fleet

by Bob Cunningham

"We felt as though we came back from Mentor with a great group of new friends. We were also able to spend some quality time with some old friends. I'm sure all of us will be making lots of memories together in the future, especially if good music and dance floors are involved."

- Tim and Anna Lynn Shuttleworth, *A'lure*

"The EYC Cruise to Mentor Harbor Yacht Club was exceptionally well organized and fun. It provided a great opportunity to make new friends. Sherry and I are looking forward to more EYC Cruises. Thanks for great weekend."

- Dan and Sherry Freeman, *Sherry*

These are just some of the comments made by fellow Cruisers after our July trip to the Mentor Yacht Club in Mentor, Ohio.

Although many of us were scheduled to leave the dock on Friday morning, the cruise to Mentor had to be postponed until Saturday due to extremely windy conditions on departure day. We "Cruisers" adapt well however and changed our plans to a picnic overlooking the bay at our own Erie Yacht Club on Friday night. Beginning at 5 pm and through a beautiful Erie sunset, the EYC Cruisers ate, drank and we sure were merry!

With a 6 AM departure looming, we managed to hit the sack at a reasonable hour. Facing still windy conditions (our sailing friends would have loved it), 9 of the 10 boats scheduled for the trip made it without a problem. Only one turned back due to white caps on the lake.

Hanging out with each other and visiting different boats was the order of the day once we were docked with lines secured. We watched as the "White Eagle" which made its last voyage out of EYC, arriving in Mentor Yacht Club as the prospective new owners watched a skillful captain dock it in a very tight slip. (If that yacht could talk it would want to be back at EYC!)

As nightfall approached many of us prepared to attend a Caribbean party hosted by the MYC. The best part of the evening was dancing to a great band. A certain guy by the name of Bob Kline was told he was the next Fred Astaire! Others believed he was more of a Twinkle Toes...

As many of us sat at the pool together that Sunday, we remarked how wonderful it was to travel together as members of EYC. Friendships were enhanced and new relationships flourished. A special shout out to Karen Imig-Carns for the many emails and calls to their dock master making sure every one of us had a slip.

Since then, due to the great "Inaugural Cruise" stories shared with other EYC members, interest in the Dover Weekend cruise has spread. At the time this article was written, we have doubled the number of boats intending on going on the trip as we had for the Mentor trip.

With a fish fry, art festival and (of course) an EYC Cruising Fleet Happy Hour scheduled for Dover, our inaugural cruising season will leave us all looking forward to next year's season. But even better, our winter time in Erie will be much more enjoyable due to the new boating friendships we've made.



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**What's
the
Good
Word?**

by Dan Dundon

In the spirit of savoring happy memories of another great boating season as well as setting-the-mood for our annual Oktoberfest celebration, this autumn installment of Good Words will offer more reflections from famous (and maybe not-so-famous) people on the golden nectar so many of us enjoyed during this past boating season and will enjoy at Oktoberfest... beer!

The best place to drink is at home. Or on a river bank, if the fish don't bother you.

- Anonymous

I like beer. On occasion, I will even drink beer to celebrate a major event such as the fall of Communism or the fact that the refrigerator is still working.

- Dave Barry

Of doctors and medicines we have in plenty more than enough. . what you may, for the love of God, send is some large quantity of beer.

- Dispatch from the colony of New South Wales Australia 1854

Many battles have been fought and won by soldiers nourished on beer.

- Frederick the Great

A pleasant aperitif, as well as a good chaser for a short whiskey, as well again for a fine supper drink, is beer.

- M.F.K. Fisher

The best beer in the world is the open beer in your hand.

- Danny Jansen

A man who lies about beer makes enemies.

- Stephen King

Man's way to God is with beer in hand.

- Koffyar Tribe Nigeria

Beer makes you feel the way you ought to feel without beer.

- Henry Lawson

Give a man a beer, waste an hour. Teach a man to brew, waste a lifetime.

- Bill Owen

Beer! Now there's a temporary solution!

- Homer Simpson

So, I hope you enjoyed these Good Words! I also hope to see you at Oktoberfest! See the article on page 18 and the EYC Web-site for details.

Don't forget to send me your favorite quotes and words-of-wisdom (dandundon@gmail.com) for us to include in future EYC log articles!

In closing:

You can't be a real country unless you have a beer and an airline. It helps if you have some kind of a football team or some nuclear weapons, but at the very least you need a beer.

- Frank Zappa



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The EYC Shines Again With Eriegatta 2016



On Saturday, August 6, the Reburn Sailing Race Team hosted the Eriegatta, an annual regatta for Junior Sailors, as part of the ILYA's Traveler's Series. The EYC's regatta was the 7th Traveler's Series event out of 8 held throughout our region this summer. The club was bustling with activity with 122 participants this year and boats coming in from as far as North Cape Yacht Club in Michigan.

The daylong regatta included two separate racecourses. A course to the west of the Erie Yacht Club provided a sheltered location for the younger kids sailing the one-person Opti sailboats, with racecourse officials Cutter Niemic and Phil Mashyna.

The Rickloff Boat House made for an ideal location for parents to view the Opti races. A separate course was located farther east of the Club, where the older kids raced in 3 different fleets - Lasers, 420's, and Thistles - with Commodore John Orlando acting as race official on the course.

After a full day of racing, the kids, coaches and parents enjoyed a cookout and awards ceremony at the Rickloff Boat House. In the 420 Division, EYC's Emma Francoeur and crew Lily Myers were awarded the second place flag, and Peter Bloomstine and crew Emily Grychowski were awarded the third place flag.

A huge thank you goes out to the many volunteers who made this event possible. All those who helped by volunteering on the safety boats, mark boats, race committee boats, registration, launch and recovery, scoring, providing on-water lunches and snacks, and cooking and serving at the dinner - you made Eriegatta a success!

A Special Thank you to Rob Orlando for providing most Eriegatta photos.



September Calendar of Club Events

- 1st Thursday Sunset happy Hour
Banana Hurricane Drink Special
Complimentary Pigs in a Blanket
Music by Uncharted Course
- 3rd EYC Drive-In Movie Night on the Clubhouse's West Lawn • 8:30 pm
"Ferris Bueller's Day Off"
Free & weather permitting
concessions available for member charge only
- 4th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 5th Labor Day - Club Open for Lunch and Dinner
- 8th Thursday Sunset happy Hour
Flu Shot Night!
Cape Codder Drink Special
Complimentary Mac & Cheese Bites
Music by the Doug Phillips Trio
- 11th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 15th Sunset Happy Hour • 5pm - 9pm
Capt. Morgan Drink Special
Complimentary Mini Quesadillas
Music with The Sam Hyman Band
- 18th Champagne Sunday Brunch Buffet
11am - 2pm • \$19 per person
- 25th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm

Member Notice:

The Board of Directors at their August meeting approved the renovation of I-Dock. The work will start this fall in October.

The project, at a cost of \$525,000.00 will include the installation of a new sheet pile retaining wall, new electrical feed to increase the service to all the docks. New plumbing, 6 foot wide concrete sidewalk the entire length of the dock and all new power pedestals.

Other items to be completed include widening the existing catwalks 7 inches, installing uniform handrails, painting the catwalks and paving the entire dock. There's a mock-up of one of the catwalks sitting in front of the Clubhouse by the main entrance for review. I-Dock slip holders- Remember to remove all lines, dock boxes, grills, steps or any personal items from your dock while hauling out this season. All catwalks will be moved for construction so any items left could be lost.

**Last Day for Fall Haul Out is
Sunday October 23rd.
Call the Front Office to Schedule your lift**



October Calendar of Club Events

- 1st Commodores Ball • 9 - 11pm
Cocktails 1930 Hours
Black Tie Optional
Music by The Chance
Club members and their dates only
- 2nd A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 9th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm
- 15th EYC's Oktoberfest • 6pm
German Dinner & Beer Specials
Continuous Entertainment by the Mad Bavarian & the Augsburg German Band • Reservations Required
- 16th Champagne Sunday Brunch Buffet
11am - 2pm • \$19 per person
- 19th EYC Fellowship Dinner
"The Bayfront Center"
presented by Rich Eisenberg
6pm - 9pm • Dinner 6:45pm
Reservations at 453-4931
- 21st Bourbon Tasting Event • 6:30pm
Sample 5 straight whiskey's each with a complimentary food pairing to enhance the flavor of the spirits
A special dinner to be served at the conclusion of the tasting!
Reservations at 453-4931
- 23rd "Spooktacular" Breakfast Buffet
10am - 2pm
(No Breakfast Buffet & the Buffet is NOT included with the party)
Kids Halloween Party 11am - 1pm
Spooky activities include:
The Jungle Terry Show, Arts & Crafts, Treasure Hay Pile and Decorate a Donut.
- 30th A la carte Breakfast • 10am - 2pm

EYC Kids Halloween Party!



Sunday, October 23rd 11am to 1pm

Spooky Kinda
Fun includes:
Jungle Terry Show
Arts & Crafts
Treasure Hay Pile
Decorate a Donut


Serving a "
Spooktacular"
Breakfast Buffet
in the Grill Room
Starting at 10am



All activities are free
No ala carte breakfast menu available,
Breakfast Buffet Only.
(Buffet is NOT included with the party)

**Visit the EYC
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Club's Activities**

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