

# THE LOG



## Winter Solstice





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## From the Bridge

V/C Gerry Urbaniak



The Islands of Delight! Of the many themes I've learned to appreciate while on the Board and Bridge here at the Erie Yacht Club, there is one that stands alone as a benefit. That is the theme of the Club's 'giving back'.

Every year, in the Board Room, we wade through a sea of fiscal, legal, compliance and ethical requirements, all the while trying to balance what we have with what we need to accomplish. And every year we find some tranquility on the islands of delight.

These delights include the Kid's Halloween Party, and the fireworks on New Year's Eve; the yearly Tom and Gerry Party, and the Commodore's Ball; the Birthday Coupon program and the Dock Party food and beverages; the

Family Picnic and the free entertainment every Thursday in the summer. I've only named a few, but the list goes on and on. The Club delights in giving back in ways that make our lives more fun and our memberships more enjoyable. These areas of delight are not subject to budget scrutiny, and are in fact, off limits to the budget knife. Our Club is very happy to give back, and it does so with gusto.

Taking advantage of these delights is as easy as a phone call, or a short drive down the hill. With a membership of great individuals that we've all come to know, giving back has never been more gratifying.



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## On the Cover...

The EYC had the honor of being visited by “Old Man Winter” on our Winter Solstice Happy Hour on 12/19/09. It was truly wonderful to have his holiness in our midst spreading his magical “love” snowflakes for all to enjoy.



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# Winter Solstice

article by Dan Dundon

## The Night Before Winter

Poem by Tom Madura

Twass the night before winter,  
and on the EYC deck,  
All the members were dancing,  
to Key West Express.  
The keg had been tapped  
with a great deal of care,  
And a magical feeling hung in the air.  
The plastic was down,  
the heat on full blast,  
We could hardly tell,  
that summer had passed.  
With me in my bare feet,  
and Dan in his cap,  
We were just contemplating  
another trip to the tap.  
When out on the lawn  
there arose such a clatter,  
We sprang with our beers,  
to see what was the matter.  
The crowd gathered 'round  
and looked out in the night  
And what did we see,  
but a fantastic sight.

John Orlando & Skip had arranged a display

Of bright fireworks  
on the shore of Presque Isle Bay.

Then out of the sparks  
and the smoke and the gloom,

A figure appeared,  
headed straight for the Grill Room!

He called out some names,  
his voice deep and hearty,  
All of the bridge officers,  
for they'd come to party:

"On Tommy, on Gerry, on David, and Matt!"  
"You throw a good party - I'll give you that!"

Twass Old Man Winter,  
and as he gave us a wink,  
We all breathed a sigh -  
he was just here to drink!  
He was bigger than life,  
very tall but not lean,

And his moustache as bushy  
as any I've seen.  
He was dressed all in white,  
with a crazy top hat,  
And he carried a purse  
(What's up with that?)  
But the purse it was full  
of white fluffy snow,  
And he scattered it 'round,  
above and below.

And then he was gone,  
just as quick as a mouse,  
As we danced a conga line  
all through the clubhouse.  
But I heard him exclaim,  
'ere he stopped at the bar,  
"Happy Winter to all, but Summer's not far!"

## Happy Hour on the EYC Deck December 19th, 2009



Spring is just around the corner and soon the Club will be buzzing with preparation for the upcoming boating season. But winter at the Club has much to offer as well, with all its parties and camaraderie, and this year for the first time, Winter Solstice Happy Hour on the Deck.

Enjoying one of the last Thursday Sunset Happy Hours of 2009 on the EYC Deck, we were studying our new natural gas heaters and wondering how they would work heating the deck in mid-winter? Since we already have the 100 Days 'til Summer Beach Party, we challenged ourselves to come up with another theme event! In a few seconds, we thought why not have a Winter Solstice Party? Not only can we celebrate the turn-of-the-seasons, but we can celebrate increasing daylight hours! Why not have a party to propel us toward another season of Thursday Sunset Happy Hours on the EYC Deck! Talk about a win-win!

One hurdle we faced was "how do we close-off the south end of the deck?" We were think-

ing tarps and ropes. Good thing for us (and everybody else!) EYC Dockmaster Bill Vogel stepped-up and framed the opening for us. Then F/C Matt Niemic provided and installed a door and shrink-wrap over the whole south opening. Much thanks to Bill and Matt for the excellent work they did!

By mid-Saturday-afternoon, the curtains were unrolled and the heaters were fired-up. While complimentary beer was provided by the EYC Racing Fleet, the crowd grew and Key West Express set-up to play. The only thing missing was the sunset, very much blocked by a cloudy, wintery sky. But it certainly didn't dampen the spirit of the evening.

Once Key West Express started playing, the party got well under-way. Everyone was enjoying "The Best of Summer Happy Hours on the EYC Deck", when there arose such a clatter we sprang from our beer to see what was the matter! We knew Commodore Tom Trost had been planning something special! And it was indeed special! Racing Fleet Chairman John

Orlando arranged a terrific fireworks display on the lawn! And much to everyone's amazement, in the midst of all the smoke and sparks, what to our wondering eyes should appear, but OLD MAN WINTER, himself! It was smiles all around as Old Man Winter visited the tables and spread his icy magic spell over the crowd. If you were there, you will certainly remember it for a very long time. P/C Ron Busse remarked, "This Solstice party is great! Old Man Winter (aka Dick Roberston) coming out of the fireworks smoke was AWESOME."

There must have been some magic in those old crystals Old Man Winter tossed, 'cause there were barefoot folks wearing shorts and tee-shirts dancing among people seemingly attired for polar-bear wrestling! No matter how they were attired, all seemed to thoroughly enjoy the warm spirit of the evening.

Who knows whether we will repeat the Winter Solstice Party in the future? If we do, you can see from these photos, it is a special event you would not want to miss it!



Old Man Winter



In twenty-one days I experienced an amazing world. One that I knew existed and had seen in pictures but had never personally experienced. No where that our ship visited had I ever been before. It was kind of like taking off for outer space on the Star Ship Enterprise. But our Captain Kirk was Captain Poggi from New Zealand. He took us on routes that allowed the most comfortable journey from Rome to Fort Lauderdale.

I flew from Charlotte, NC to Munich, Germany and then on to Rome, Italy. I rode a bus through the Italian countryside, much like Pennsylvania with the exception of olive and palm trees, to the old port of Civitavecchia where I boarded the Grand Princess cruising vessel. The ship had 1100 crew (900 men and 200 women) and 2,400 passengers from all over the world. It was fun to meet fellow Americans - from the USA, Canada, Mexico and even Central and South America. I was also pleased and privileged to meet wonderful travelers from Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, Asia and other countries and continents making an amazing melting pot of cruisers.

The first night as we settled into our State-room and Cruise ship routines we cruised to Livorno, Italy. The next day I visited the Cours se Leya (Old town) Florence and Pisa. To see just a few of the 300 churches and 150 museums, gaze upon Michelangelo's David, visit the 'fresh air' museum and stand beside the mausoleum's of Galileo and Leonardo DaVinci gave me a realization, for the first time, of why we (Americans) are sometimes seen by those from the 'old country' as 'the babies of the world'.

During the second night the Grand Princess proceeded to Cannes, France. December 2, after tendering to shore, I toured Cannes (home of the famous 'film festival') on an open-air train. A lovely French woman, Maryanne, was our afternoon tour bus guide through the splendid city of Nice. The red tiled roofs, picturesque vistas of the beautiful blue Mediterranean, homes of famous artists, century old churches and charming narrow streets were

dotted everywhere with art, statues and the opulence of 'royalty and old money'.

We awoke our fourth day of cruising, following a full day and night in the Mediterranean, to the spectacular panorama of Barcelona, Spain, a dichotomy of old and new. Changes made for the Olympics held in the 1980's next to the countless years of history and life that has taken place in this seaside residence of notable figures, made this city a dynamic feast for the eyes.

The creations of architect, artist and engineer, Antonio Gaudi was the focus of our day in Barcelona. The environment dictated to Gaudi that his buildings would have no straight lines, perpendicular columns or unembellished areas. Gaudi's genius lay in his ability to think far beyond the norm and not be influenced by the status quo. His Guell Park was a 'jaw dropping' experience of wonder. However, the building that was begun before his death in the late 1800's and will continue for at least another 100 years - his amazing Familia Cathedral defies description by mere mortal words.

On December 5th I stood topside as the ship followed the channel broken through from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic by Hercules (or so the myth goes). The Strait of Gibraltar took us directly to the "Rock" as it rose out of the water the nearer we rode. Others opted the cable car experience to the top of the rock for visits with the Gibraltar monkeys, to explore the caves once providing protection from predator enemies, and to stand in one spot while viewing Spain, Africa and Gibraltar. I opted to explore the Glass Factory, shopping center and to visit an outdoor café for a cold San Miguel beer while enjoying the salty tanginess of a crisp Greek salad. The strolling accordion player was a bonus to the aura of yet another sensuous and alluring port-of-call. It was a great port for buying glass, pearls, gold, Lladro, electronics and perfume. .

My brother had TDY'd in Morocco in the 1960's while serving in the Air Force, so it was a place I had a personal interest in visiting. I was also aware that in the past 50 years it would have changed a lot but it was still exciting to arrive in Morocco on December 6th. My full, 11 hour, day tour was spent visiting Rabat and Casablanca. The first stop was the King Hussein II's palace in Rabat. It was well guarded by many men, the color of their uniform dictated by the duty to which they were assigned. Early in our day we were confronted by the impossible - 5 bus loads of post-breakfast seniors standing in a 'unisex' line waiting for one of 5 unisex stalls which inside contained a 'hole' in the floor. That condition alone spoke much to me about how the female person is held in such low esteem by the leaders of the country. Our tour guide was a self-described 'modern Muslim woman' named Najah. During the course of the day we visited the Mosque and Mausoleum of Mohammed V, a Roman Ruins that existed before Jesus walked on this earth, a kasbah (old walled city), and the \$15 million dollar resplendent seaside Mosque of Hussein II while across the street was an immense shanty town (one of many in Rabat and Casablanca). During the day Najah explained the 5 Pillars of Islam upon which the Muslim religion is based. She also went into much detail

about the political situation in Morocco. We returned to Casablanca for a typical Moroccan lunch of various salads, lamb, pumpkin, carrots, pastries and an extremely sweet hot mint tea. All this was accompanied by the exotic gyrations of talented belly dancers. Shopping for leather, pounded metals and silk was next. Our final visit sites were another of the King's palaces, a modern kasbah and a Justice building (one of many throughout the city of 4 million). Who could visit Casablanca without a drive past "Rick's" gin joint, the American Embassy and a Michelin store? In the main square in the middle of Casablanca was an outlandishly dressed man in what appeared to be a loose fitting red velvet outfit with a red fringed lampshade on his head. He was the 'water man'. Anyone need a drink of water?

After experiencing another full day at sea on December 8th we arrived in Tenerife, Canary Islands. It was an island holiday so only tourist shops were open. We strolled the modern streets that were dwarfed by the surrounding craggy mountains. Street lights that looked like hand blown bubbles were strung overhead. A small boy in short pant was idyllically playing along the side of the concrete pond that, along with a large 'cross' statue honoring those passed, was a focal point of the

center city square. A man was busily sweeping the square with a fallen palm frond. The streets were filled with large concrete containers of poinsettias. Shopping gems included linen and porcelain.

The next four days at sea we would travel 2,400 nautical miles, giving ample time for pool sitting, Casino action, entertainment, formal dinners, art auctions, movies under the stars, night clubbing and game playing.

As we crossed the equator on December 12th at 6:20 p.m. I (and about 200 other 'pollywogs') was found guilty of heinous crimes, in the court of King Neptune, and was sentenced. My (our) punishment included kissing a real fish (a pike); then being slimed (with melted pink, yellow and green sorbet), and having our bathing suits filled with cooked spaghetti and ice cubes by curiously clad and 'war painted' members of the Cruise Director and Infirmary staff. Finally, we were sentenced to 'walk the plank' - or, in this case jump into the pool. A certificate was issued and I will forevermore be a 'shellback'.

We docked in Forteleza, Brazil on Sunday, December 13th. Brazil now requires all US and Canadian citizens visiting Brazil to have a Visa in addition to a Passport. The sites in this

northwestern area of Brazil, in this town of 2 ½ million, were more varied than one might expect. Sections of the city were crowded with high rises from horizon to horizon and throngs of locals. Other areas were totally desolate with older low buildings and few people in sight. Most inner city neighborhoods were dismally plain with drab gray concrete high rises displaying no embellishments. Other areas of this vast and expansive city had buildings painted the brightest primary colors with balconies, awnings and paintings directly on the outside walls. It is a country of proud citizens wanting to show off what they considered the 'best' of Forteleza. We ventured further visiting an old cathedral, a city square with hundreds of vendors selling food and a variety of merchandise, an old theater and the ocean pier with delightful breeze and salt mist from the waves crashing against the rock lined shore. Their monetary system is the Reale and the Huista.

Another 3 days at sea, with lots of boat activities, and we arrived in Barbados on Thursday, December 17th. Headline news told us it was snowing in Charlotte and the temperatures in

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# 21 Days in December, 2009

by Toni Armstrong Sample

This back ground shot is entering Gibraltar from the Mediterranean.



These are the surrounding buildings of the Leaning Tower of Pisa located far back on the right. The first is not leaning it's my camera!



This beautiful, ornate and quite famous Tilatro Jose De Alecar Theater in Forteleza, Brazil is a remarkable site not to be soon forgotten.



A truly quaint Antonio Gaudi's Guell Park stands just outside of Barcelona, Spain as shown above in the background.



There are many charming narrow little streets in Nice that offer wonderful little shops and surprises.



This is a busy little community nestled on the hillside just outside of Nice, France.



Towing small sailboats out of the harbor for a race in Casablanca Africa.



A mounted Royal Mosque Guard in front of the grave site of Mohammed V in Rabat, Morocco.



Students climb to let out more sail as the winds subside.

Awakened by the five-minute warning bell at dawn, I pulled on my jacket and scarf expecting the usual frigid crew meeting on the bow. To my shock, however, I walked on deck to witness sunny skies and the feel of a blast of warm, humid air hit my face. The students and staff were all smiles as this was the very first warm morning we have had on Concordia since beginning our voyage in early September. This day, we officially entered Spanish territorial waters on our sail from Dublin to La Coruna, Spain, and we sure felt the difference onboard!

We had all enjoyed our time in the beautiful Irish capital of Dublin. The port program, designed to immerse students in the local culture, took us to a traditional Irish farm two hours outside of Dublin. Not a typical tourist attraction, this was a true working farm that agreed to let us spend the day with them. The students experienced herding sheep, exploring peat bogs, and baking bread over an open fire that used peat as the fuel. The students had a terrific time and we all enjoyed viewing the beautiful Irish country side along the way; complete with stone buildings sitting stoically and alone in green fields while a cool misty rain perpetually falls. In addition to the country side, the students took in the local flavor of Dublin, visiting Trinity College, the many his-

toric sites, and of course, the fabled Guinness Factory! After a comparatively short visit in the actual city of Dublin, we set sail for La Coruna, Spain.

The sail was really amazing. The winds were perfect, however, we did manage to encounter a full-blown gale with winds in excess of forty miles per hour. The strong wind and waves were all from astern, which meant we were surfing off of the waves at 10 knots - really fast for a sailing ship! Additionally, we also saw a pod of dolphins swimming next to the ship. They stayed with the ship for an entire eight-hour period. As it was the end of October, we had a big Halloween party onboard, including a costume contest and 'trick or treating' in the cabins. All had a very good time!

La Coruna and Santiago were incredible cities! The weather was simply superb – bright blue sky every day with warm days and cool nights. Since I had the privilege of visiting La Coruna before, I decided to lead the crew to the Tower of Hercules, a lighthouse that was started in the Roman times. From there, we led the group to the beach where the entire crew participated in a big game of frisbee and football, then many of us went for a swim. The crystal clear waters were chilly but so refreshing; we stayed in until we were about to get hypothermia! It's not every day that you can swim in the Atlantic in November! Santiago is such a charming, romantic town. Perfect to just meander through the cobblestone streets all day long, and then sip a nice glass of wine while the sun set over the surrounding mountains. The town is famous for its massive cathedral. We were fortunate to arrive just as the Sunday Mass was going on so we were able to witness the services conducted in Spanish. Many of our



Students take a break while exploring ancient Greek ruins.

students are Canadians where the Spanish language is not as commonly spoken, so it was a unique experience for them. In addition to the church, we led the students to the top of a hill where past pilgrims would traditionally end their journey that began in northern Spain. At the summit is a beautiful statue of Saint James, whose bones are reputedly housed in Santiago's cathedral.

The following port, Cartagena, Spain was a parent port. Virtually every student's parents

flew in from Canada and the United States. I was pulled in twenty different directions when the parents were visiting as they all wanted to have individual conferences about their child. Several port programs were planned to interest both the students and the parents. One such program involved an excursion to a nearby national park where we hiked and climbed Mount La Fuenete. The day was extremely successful, and we ended the day at the beach. Our group was the only inhabitants for miles! No high rises, just pure beach, sand dunes, and mountains ... "solitude".

On the sail to Sicily, Italy we were lucky to experience unusually calm seas for class work. It is much more pleasurable and preferred to be instructing a class without books and papers askew! Our ship is broken down into six watches with one faculty member assigned to each watch. On this past sail, my watch decided that it would be interesting if we got away from Palermo and went for an overnight trip to Sircusa, on the far end of the island. We decided to go via the village of Corelone, made famous from the movie, "The

Godfather". Sircusa is a quintessential Italian city, rich in history and culture. At one time it was a huge Greek trading center with architecture rivaling Athens. The students and I had a wonderful meal on the main piazza overlooking the original church that was built

as a Greek Temple – very beautiful. Upon our return to Palermo, we biked up the famous Mont San Pellegrino - the mountain that the bottled water is named after. We had a guided bike tour all the way up this windy road that formed switchbacks as it circled the mountain. The visibility was endless and the views were stunning. Upon reaching the top, we visited the chapel of the patron saint of Palermo – it's very special because the chapel is built into a cave in the rocks. On our decent back down the mountain, we clocked our speed at one point at 60K – the mountain was so steep! We were all exhausted that evening as it was an extremely rigorous climb.

Our next two ports will be spent gearing up for our humanitarian service-learning project in Dakar, Senegal of Africa. We will be visiting Morocco, the Canary Islands, and Senegal.

Until then, may we all wish for peace and goodwill on this irreplaceable beautiful planet.



The students take a well deserved break on La Fuente beach.



View of Palermo from Monte San Pellegrino,



Starboard side view of the dolphins playing in the bow wake.



**Y**ou can take the boy out of the boat, but you can't always take the boat out of the boy." These words were spoken by my mother after many youthful boating ventures, in hometown, Erie, Pa.. And they still ring true today.

A few summers ago, while driving near the Presque Isle lagoons I turned into the parking lot near the boat livery. There's a small boat ramp there, and at a picnic table I sat watching the fishermen come and go. My memory flashed back to the early 1950's when the area was lined with small boats tied to homemade piers.

My Dad had a 14-foot fishing boat with

an old Johnson Seahorse Outboard motor that we moored by a big tree that's still there. When he bought the boat I was only 12 but I had been bugging him for years to buy one. My pleading went something like this: "Dad, we really need a boat, just think of all the fish dinners we could have. That'll save us at least a few hundred dollars a year." (Ok, so maybe I was a little generous with my estimate.)

I contended, "Think how good this will be for our family and all the fun we'll have. Don't worry Dad, I will use my paper route money to paint and fix boat."

When it came right down to it, most of my arguments didn't hold much water, except for the one about maintaining the boat and that seemed to surprise Dad the most. So he made the plunge.

During the first year of ownership, I actually did all the fixing and painting. The little craft got painted two-tone blue with a white water line. The next year I built a mahogany center deck complete with a spoked ship's wheel. The wheel looked great but I goofed on the control cables. To steer the boat right, you had to turn left.

I rationalized this little problem by claiming that the wheel worked like a sailboat tiller.

After we had the boat for several years I tried to convince my dad that

we should get rid of the old Seahorse and get a more modern and speedy power plant. I was age 14 and ready for speed.

He agreed, adding, "Fine, if you want a faster motor, just save your money."

Dad seemed surprised when my answer was, "Gee, thanks, I have most of the money saved already, so I'll shop around this winter."

I asked one of my 'bay rat buddies' for some advice about what type of 10-horse outboard to buy. "There's a lot of good 10 horse models but the fastest by far is the Mercury Hurricane. Those babies are actually more powerful than most 15-horses and just as fast as some 25-horse motors. They even use them on racing boats," he told me.

That was it, I had to have a 'Mercury' Hurricane. The only problem was, would my father go for a 'hot rod' motor?

Over the winter months I did find a few Hurricanes, but they had been raced, and one even had a flame-paint job. There was no way my father would go for that.

Finally, one Saturday in February, I spied a classified ad for a motor called a 'Wizard.' And I went to check it out. The motor was a spotless, light green color with Wizard painted on the hood in bright red letters. The motor's lower

unit looked strangely familiar. The guy who owned it said something that rang a bell in my young brain.

"Yeah, kid, this isn't your average 10-horse power. It's a real screamer, he added, it's sold by Western Auto, but it's actually a Mercury."

"Do you mean a Mercury Hurricane?" I said excitedly.

"You got it kid. It's the same as the racing motors." I'll give you a real deal on it.

I paid the guy cash with no bickering, and took it home in my Radio Flyer wagon. For the next month I tinkered with my new motor and even had it tuned up by a friend.

Finally, the spring launch day rolled around. Dad let my older brother John and me take the maiden voyage as he watched from the north shore of Misery Bay. When we were clear of the 'No Wake' zone, I slowly opened the throttle, and our heavy old wooden boat slowly came up on plain. The Wizard wound up tight and gave out an ear splitting scream but not much speed. The weight of the boat limited the speed to about 15 or

16 miles-per-hour, tops. John said later that it would be fun to see just how fast that motor would go on a lighter boat.

A few weeks later I persuaded him to try our new outboard on an aluminum rental boat, right where I'm sitting now. When we got the Wizard clamped on the flat bottom, we chugged through the lagoons to the Presque Isle Marina, which we had all to ourselves. I dropped John off on the south shore and went out for a quick test run.

The slightest twist of the throttle handle caused the boat to shoot forward at a remarkable speed. The aluminum flat bottom spanked over the waves and sounded much like an empty oil drum. I seemed to be going at least 25 miles-per-hour and the motor was hardly working. After gaining a little more courage the throttle was opened wider and the little wizard started to scream. I had no idea how fast but it felt like least 35 miles-per-hour. I was in for the ride of my life and I decided to buzz the beach and show my big brother what a Wizard could do.

As I rode toward shore, which was into the wind, the nose started to lift slowly, and kept going up. I leaned forward on the center seat to keep the thing down but just then a gust of wind caught the bow and the entire boat pointed skyward.

I fell back, and the only thing that kept me in

the boat was the motor, which I hugged like for dear life. Water rushed in over the transom. The next thing I knew, the water was knee deep in the boat. Luckily the motor stalled, and the boat was still floating upright.

On the distant beach, it looked like John was pacing anxiously, so I grabbed a single oar and paddled toward the beach. As I got closer it even looked like he was having some sort of stomach trouble. He must have been so worried about his little brother, that it was making him sick. I paddled faster and yelled that I was OK.

Then I realized that he was doubled over in laughter.

To this day he still cracks him up when I tell the story.

We ended up keeping that great little Wizard and it provided many happy hours of boating for our family and even quite a few fish dinners.

*A Wizard 10 horse power motor, in 1953, driven and modified by J.E. Colley set a world speed record of 48.913, mph over a measured mile. The record and boat was set for class a modified service outboards.*



An early print ad boasted about my New 10 horsepower Wizard as being "Sensational" and available at a cost of only \$319.50. Great price!



That little 10 hp Wizard would get the boat up on a plane and I'd fly right along at close to 15 knots. I was in second heaven.

# *Flight of the* **Hurricane Wizard**

*by Paul Jenkins*

Here I am as young Captain Paul Jenkins enjoying a cigar, a beer, the sunshine and a beautiful summer day. In the early 1950's I only fished for the "big ones" on the beautiful shores of Lake Erie.



Sea and Ski? Dave Loesel loves 'em both! The wind in his face and the speed are a thrill in either season.

After the last cruise up the bay for the summer, when the beachgoers are long gone from the Peninsula and the boats are pulled from the basin and shrunk wrapped, many Erie Yacht Club members turn into snowbirds fleeing south to the warmer weather of Florida. But there are equally as many of us who flock to the slopes to enjoy the colder temperatures and lake effect snowfalls. It's what makes us actually look forward to those chilly Erie winters almost as much as our beautiful summers.

In fact, if you hit the trails of Clymer, New York, nearly any day from December through March, you'll more than likely see a familiar EYC face in a Peek'n Peak Snow Sports uniform.

Take for example Ron Hamilton, of the sailboat Powder Hound (a name that gives tribute to his love for a good day of powder snow skiing). Ron was the very first director, as well as owner of the Peek's Ski School when the resort opened back in 1964. One of the original instructors on the staff was EYC's Pete Reyburn, who no longer works at the Peek, but continues to be involved in the ski school industry. Over the years, the ski school became part of Peek 'n Peak's resort operations, but to this day Ron Hamilton can still be found on the same hills teaching folks to ski several days a week each winter.

As for me, I teach skiing three days a week

Peek 'n Peak's first Ski School director was Ron Hamilton, shown here with Mary Prather, who was also part of the Peek's original team of instructors.



and also squeeze in time on the slopes with my husband Ray, a snowboarder, and our boys Noah, a skier, and Race, a snowboarder. In the summer we spend time together on our Carver H2Option, or wakeboarding, tubing, or sailing.

While teaching skiing, I've found it somewhat surprising that so many skiers (and riders) are boaters in the "off season". And it makes me wonder just what it is that draws so many peo-



Making fresh tracks in the new fallen snow is Marcy Goodwin who enjoys the powder on the Peek's race arena trail.

ple to both these sports. Are they more alike than I first realized? Could it be that we can't get enough of the great outdoors? Or is it more about the thrill of going fast?

I asked Micki Loesel who along with her husband Dave Loesel, has instructed for more than 35 years. Micki and Dave own the boat Sea and Ski (another name which pays homage to the owners' two passions).

Micki believes that it has a lot to do with where we live. "After all, we live in Erie," says Micki. "We're going to get snow. So we might as well enjoy it. And both boating and skiing are great activities that we can do as a family."

She adds, "We have two great resources nearby. We have the Erie Yacht Club, which is a wonderful resource for us in the sum-

mer, and we have the Peek, which is a great resource for us during the winter. So why wouldn't you want to take advantage of that?"

Gary and Marcy Goodwin, former owners of the sailboat Good Winds, are also ski instructors at the Peek; Gary having taught more than 35 years, and Marcy having taught around 10 years.

For Marcy, skiing and sailing are both about working

with the weather conditions.

"Boaters and skiers are out there in all kinds of weather," she says. "Whether you're racing, instructing or just enjoying a day on the water or the slopes, you are contending with the elements - wind, rain, sleet, snow, or blue skies and sun."

Marcy adds, "On a sailboat, you're constantly adjusting the sails and tiller according to the forces of the wind and water. And as a skier you're always adjusting your balance and speed to accommodate the ever-changing terrain and pitch of the mountain. It's a sense of freedom and control!"

Representing the EYC amongst the snowboard instructors are our own Reyburn Sailing School instructors Cutter Niemic (whose mother Bridget Niemic also teaches skiing) and Phil Mashyna. Both Cutter and Phil are away at college this year, but still came back this year to teach snowboarding over their Christmas vacation. I guess they couldn't get enough of those beginner specials.

Two EYC members who no doubt have the "need for speed", on the hill and water are Dave McBrier and Bob Klemm who both help out with coaching the Peek 'n Peak Race Team. Bob also has taught general lessons since joining the Ski School back in 1975. And he does occasional training of other instructors for their certification. Bob believes that being outdoors is the common thread for people



The social aspects and camaraderie are part of what draws Micki Loesel to the sport of skiing. Here riding the lift with another instructor.

who are into both boating and skiing. "We like to have the wind in our face and be prepared for the elements," says Bob. "There is a certain skill involved in both activities. And the social aspects are about the same - boaters and skiers love to share their sport with others. We're always trying to convert non-believers!"

So here's to the non-believers. And in the words of skiing legend Warren Miller, "If you didn't get out there this year, then next year you'll just be one year older."

Note: A special thanks to fellow Peek instructor/professional photographer Jim Zalas for the use of the photos used in this article.



Gary Goodwin carves it up on the hill during an instructor "workout" in which Ski School staff hone up on their skills and teaching techniques.

Girls just want to have fun ... on the black diamond ski trails that is! Or at least Marcy Goodwin, Micki Losel and Aimee Nicolía think so!



Once upon a time there was a boat named Masker. It was quite a well-known sailing yacht, casting its shadow across the Great Lakes and striking terror into the heart of at least one wife who knew that every May she would wave good-bye to her sailor husband and handle months of household duties and maintenance [sic] in his absence.

The sailor and his wife had two little girls. For months at a time, the little girls stood at water's edge and asked, "Is Daddy on that boat?" "Is Daddy on that boat?" "When is Daddy going to come home?" "Will the sea monster eat



Captain watches son Robert, Jr. at the helm power the big 70 ft *Masker* through 5 ft waves in a 1970's Lake Erie InterClub Race.

Daddy if the boat tips over?" "Why does Daddy like to sail?" "Why can't we go with Daddy?" (And to tell the truth, Mommy often wondered some of those same questions.)

One year while snow was on the ground and ice was on the lake, Daddy started a remodeling project to surprise Mommy. He removed the very old sink and the very old stove that was in the kitchen of their house. That did surprise Mommy!

She was even more surprised when there was a very early thaw and Daddy began sailing earlier than usual, so he did not get a new sink



Bobby was a the model for a 1960's Harley-Davison LIFE Magazine ad. "Hey Bobby, that's no Geisha on the back of your bike!"

and a new stove installed. Instead, things in the kitchen got just plain Stalled; and Daddy didn't even get the old sink and the old stove working again before he waved good bye from the poop deck. This made Mommy a little sad.\*

In the attic, Mommy had a hot plate that she

# Devil's Triangle

WHO IS THE "DEVIL"? HERE'S A HINT...THE ONE WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN THE SAME SINCE BIRTH!

## A Boat, A Wife, A Sailor.

by Elizabeth R. Way



Returning to the lure of his younger years, riding motorcycles has replaced his years away sailing with the famous *Masker* and her crew.

had used during college days. It was still in good working order; and she found recipes for a lot of easy-to-prepare, one-pot hot meals that she and the girls could enjoy. They also ate a lot of salads, fresh fruits, and cold cereal with milk.

When they were finished with each meal, since there was no kitchen sink and no hot water, Mommy called Pet Poochie into the house and let him lick the plates sparkling clean. (Everyone knows, surely, the scientific fact that dogs' mouths are cleaner and more germ/bacteria-free than human beings'.) For all of his good service, Poochie was rewarded with premium dog biscuits, which his mistress had bought with some of the money she saved from not having to buy so much dog food.

While Mommy and the girls were having lots of fun in the kitchen, Daddy was having his share of fun in Masker's galley (most of the time). One night, however, he did not have so much fun, and neither did his crew mates.

'Twas the Summer of '74; and the sea-worthy, 69'9" Masker was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Well, not exactly the middle; rather, it was somewhere in that haunted northern/western section bordered by Florida, Puerto Rico, and Bermuda, known as Devil's Triangle, also commonly referred to as the Bermuda Triangle. The ship, carrying Captain Bob Way, First Mate Peg, and crew members, was heading for its home port, Erie, Pennsylvania. Everyone was eager to return, having recently left the cold, dreary, dull, and alien territory of St. Croix, St. Thomas and other equally intemperate land masses in the Caribbean.

From a sunny disposition of blue skies, cotton candy clouds, and tranquil waters, Mother Nature's disposition rather unexpectedly changed into a ferocious growl (winds from

every-which-way; for hours, the knotmeter strained to reach beyond its 60 limit), pounding fists (waves averaging thirty feet), and a black scowl of squall proportions. After ordering the crew to take down all sails, raising the retractable keel, and securing the wheel to a port position, the Captain ordered all hands below (except for an unfortunate two who were lashed on deck to keep watch for huge ocean freighters). The crew took some comfort in the fact that the First Mate had a first-rate meatloaf baking in the galley oven.

As the story goes — which the Sailor told the Wife (and lived to repeat), Masker's state-of-the-art kitchen had an oven with a specialized



This one is the "Devil"!

This is the son of the Old Salt P/C Robert Way who today is an old salt himself keeping up the tradition of great memories and an occasional cigar to ponder the past.

rotisserie and multiple capabilities. The meatloaf in its baking dish was cradled in gimbals that automatically adjusted to the pitch of the ship, thereby allowing the meatloaf to maintain a state of perfect balance and equilibrium, merrily nestled in the center of gravity in Masker's oven until it was baked to perfection.

"Umm," was the Wife's reaction when she heard this story. Or maybe it was "Yumm." She and the two little girls had not tasted homemade meatloaf in many months.

"It's good to be home!" The Sailor took his wife in his arms and kissed her passionately. "I'm cooking supper tonight," he told her.

"Umm," said the Wife again. Or maybe this time she said, "Hmm," thinking the Sailor's brain had been pickled in salt water. "Daddy, Daddy!" Two little girls latched on

to their papa's sea legs and clambered for piggyback rides. The Sailor made his way into the kitchen with tots in tow. There he stopped.

"Hmm," said the Sailor. Or maybe he said, "Uh-oh."

"Cook supper for the rest of our lives, and I will never, Ever tell this story to anyone else," the Wife said with a beguiling smile.

The Sailor cooked a lot of suppers, but not all; and the Wife lived true to her word. The children (there became three of them then) grew up and moved away. Masker eventually disappeared into a Green Flash over the horizon.

What remains is a memory -- that of summer Daze, flotsam, jetsam, and uncharted waters, which are sometimes better navigated on a wing and a prayer than with compass and how-to manuals.

\* Readers should be on the alert for the muffled sounds of the author's tongue in cheek.



This is the lonely sailor's wife and mother to his children pacing the sand covered beaches of Presque Isle on her vigilant, watchful and loving lookout for her returning sailor husband from the sea.



Sailing *Masker III*, this big beautiful 70 foot yacht, was just too much for any young sailor to resist. This photo was taken prior to 1988, since that's the year the grain elevators were demolished. *Masker III* ... wasn't she a beauty?



This guy should have moved his finger off of the lens then this would have been a perfect picture!

Sometimes pelicans fly in groups; sometimes they fly alone. So it is with us. Actually, I had never seriously considered the roots of my solo affliction (or is that addiction?), until I decided to attempt my 100 mile qualifying sail for the Lake Erie Solo Challenge in the summer of 2007. It was then that I began to question where this desire came from. Was I born with it? Was it learned behavior?

When I began to reflect I saw some similarities in the life of my father, Bob Enterline, and my life. Dad always encouraged us kids to “work for ourselves”. He practiced orthodontics in a solo practice for over 30 years. His father, Willis, worked as a mechanic in an auto repair garage which at one point he owned.

I suppose Dad’s first solo venture was his moving his entire family to Erie in 1962 to begin his practice. My older brother Randy was six years old, I was four, my sister Sandy was two and Barry was one. Dad had no family here, no contacts, no friends and owned no property. He had never lived here before and was the only Enterline in the phone book. However, he thought it would be a good place to raise a family and engage in his profession. He liked Presque Isle and the Lake. He knew this move carried no guarantees. As he says, “I had a lot of strikes against me.” I suspect that most solo types know that there is no reward without risk,

and this certainly applies here. (I wonder what mom was thinking?)

It was more than merely a solo profession or moving your family to a new city. There were other solo interests at work. There were the leisure and sports activities. Dad seemed to gravitate to those pastimes which were more individual. He raised us to love skiing, and tennis. He took soaring lessons in sailplanes at Dart Field in Westfield, NY with his son, Randy, and both soloed. Dad also took flying lessons in Erie and soloed there too.

While growing up, I tried basketball in 7th or 8th grade and was an utter failure. None of us played football. I did compete in swimming and track, which I still tend to think, are more individual events. My siblings played tennis, and I also competed in ski racing. Was a pattern developing? My older brother Randy who clearly exhib-

its solo tendencies is a CPA in New Jersey. Sandy, our creative west coast sibling has her own business designing and creating one of a kind jewelry in San Francisco (do not let her and Dad talk politics if you want a peaceful dinner). My youngest sibling, Barry is a dentist with a solo practice in Rochester, New York. Barry is the most athletic of the group and an avid skier and windsurfer.

At some point, Dad began his love of riding a motorcycle. I guess it was about 1972 or so. Dad’s cycle was a Suzuki 185 street/trail bike. Probably just a mid-life crisis thing, or so we all thought. This brought about a slew of subsequent bikes, all bigger and faster. Once he bought his first BMW, an R100 he never rode another brand. He still rides this bike he bought new in 1978 and now gets Dad to his tennis games at their winter home in Florida. Somewhere along the way Dad convinced Mom to get on the back (what was she thinking!?) You have to appreciate that Dad’s

love for speed is legendary; ask any of his friends. I can still remember as a child and youth, sitting in the back seat of the station wagon (always with a big V-8), passing other vehicles. This seemed to occur in a snow-storm, on an ice and snow covered road, while cresting a hill, at night, on a two-lane highway (I really do think this is when I began to start my prayer life). Anyway, Mom actually enjoyed riding on the bike and Dad said she could never see the speedometer anyway. As long as he agreed to stop periodically and not try to do more than 250 miles a day or so, things were great. The only drawback he says, with a smile, is it is hard to hear Mom talk when they are riding.

While Dad did many solo trips on the bike, to New England, BMW rallies and a circumnavigation of Lake Superior, he and Mom set the bar high for adventure by taking their almost yearly bike trips overseas. They began these together in 1981 and toured on the Motorcycle in France, Italy, England, Spain, Scotland and Germany. Adventure calls for more than the relatively well developed large countries in Europe. So they also rode in Ro-

mania, Czech Republic, Croatia, Slovenia, Slovakia, and a host of other countries too numerous to mention here. While Dad and Mom may not have been the youngest riders of the group, Dad always arranged to pair up with the faster riders. Nothing irritates Dad more than having to ride, drive, sail or ski too slowly.

It never occurred to me that Dad and I would be thinking “solo” at exactly the same time. Nor do I recall whether each of us doing something solo in 2007 was planned, coincidence or an idea which challenged the other. What I do know, is that in July of 2007 we each were out there alone. Dad’s vehicle had two wheels; mine had two sails. I wanted to see if I could qualify to enter a Lake Erie Solo Challenge which required me to sail alone over 100 nautical miles and be gone longer than 24 hours. The Inaugural Lake

continued on 22

# “Solo Dad ... Solo Son”

by Brad Enterline



My 2009 Lake Erie Solo Challenge 24 hours into the race at 160nm with Long Point in the background. I'm just trying to stay warm!

This is just one of the spectacular views Solo Dad shot on his Solo ride through the Alps.

Now we're talking Dad, sailboats in the background!



Taking a break in the mountains.



Octoberfest!! Hey, can we get those mugs at the Yacht Club!



The gang stops for a break in Europe. The blue BMW (Dad's favorite color ... remember the boat Entson) stays in Germany as his overseas ride.



Who needs a map? I have memorized the whole trip!



Solo Dad took a photo of his companion with Mt. Hood, Washington in the background.



Our Racing fleet is gearing up for the twenty-ten racing season and we are always always looking for new people to get involved. We need lots of people for racing, crewing, serving on the Race Committee and for any of the sub-committees from race marks to entertainment but mostly we need you to come and join in on the year-long celebration of races and events. 2009 saw the entry of 61 boats which translates to well over 300 fun loving sailors and friends. Are you a new EYC member? Then we want you too!! Yes, come get involved and meet you fellow club members and enjoy your summer to the fullest. You could receive an all expense paid summer vacation on the water by serving on our race committee.

To get you started, we have three social events beginning February 10th with a great program by Robin Davies. He is one of a very few people to have sailed around the world Solo; three times! As Robin proudly proclaims "More people have been in outer space than the total number of people who have completed the 5 Around Alone Races".

He has sailed the sail, and now he's here to talk the talk, bringing his unique and action-packed perspective on challenge though a riveting tale of life at sea that is punctuated by a spectacular slide and video presentation of adventure, sailing, the ocean and wildlife.

March 10th is a pure social meeting with free food and

# WANTED

## ALIVE AND WELL

(Yes, she is pointing at YOU!)

## EYC RACING FLEET

by R/C Dave Heitzenrater

beverages along with season updates and a presentation explaining the Yacht Lake Racing Associations Regatta (Lake Ontario) to be held in Lake Erie for only the second time in its 126 year history. The July 30th event will be held at the Buffalo Yacht Club in conjunction with their 150th anniversary.

March 14th North U Cruising & Seamanship one day Seminar for power or sail presented by Todd Berman will again return to our club to present the course teaching sailing, cruising and seamanship skills. Prepared in conjunction with John Rousmaniere, author of the Annapolis Book of Seamanship, the course focuses on techniques for improved performance, safety, and enjoyment. A special Suddenly Alone segment has been added to the course to address the particular concerns of shorthanded cruisers.

April 15th The final social event before the racing season begins with all of its racing and additional social events!! This is an evening Happy Hour in conjunction with the EYC Tax Payers Bawl (note the date) There will be much singing, dancing, music and a drink or two.

We have done all of the work so it's now up to you. Just show up and enjoy! Check the full details of the schedule and events on the Racing Fleet web page on the club's [erieyachtclub.org](http://erieyachtclub.org) site. Come join the fun!



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# Epilogue to the 2009 Lake Erie Solo Challenge

## *“Race then Rescue”*

by P/C Wally McMinn, NCYC

The 2009 GLSS Lake Erie Solo Challenge was an exhilarating downwind rocket ride from the start just off of North Cape Yacht Club to Buffalo, some two hundred plus miles to the east. Winds ranged from fifteen to over thirty knots with seas building to six to eight feet. On rounding the mark at Seneca Shoal, the beat into the same seas was just as challenging for the final sixty miles to Erie, PA.

The Lake took its toll on the fleet, with a number of boats suffering damage and seeking safe harbor. Many more were also damaged, but the skippers found ways to jury rig and repair the damage, and successfully finish. All fourteen boats in the fleet were safely brought to harbor.

After a delightful post-race stay and banquet at Erie Yacht Club on Wednesday, September 2nd, the fleet dispersed and headed home. That is where this story begins. Ann had joined me for the return trip as we headed westward to join the NCYC annual Labor Day Cruise to Leamington Ont. We were motor sailing 1-2 miles offshore in a delightful ten knot breeze from the northeast. The seas were a 1-2 Lake Erie chop. The Odyssey was making a steady 6.5-7.0 knots using the autopilot as we watched the sun set, and the moon rise. Our intention was to reach the harbor at Geneva, OH around midnight.

As we approached Conneaut, OH we were surprised to hear a faint voice shouting “help-help”. When we looked around, there was a person in the water shouting and waving an object. There were no other boats anywhere to be seen. We cut speed, turned the autopilot off, and turned toward the individual. Sure enough, 50-60 yards off was a single man clinging to a swamped kayak, waving his paddle.

Ann immediately marked his location with a clear hand signal as I changed course and furled the head sail. We noted he was clinging to his kayak which was three quarters swamped. He did not seem to be in any immediate distress and had good flotation. We reassured him we would be able to pick him up. We deployed

our Lifesling and informed him we would connect with him water skier style. However after two circles the Odyssey’s turning radius was not getting us close enough so we switched to a throw rope (West Marine 70’) which he was able to grasp on the first throw. Since we had left our engine running, we recovered the Lifesling, carefully pulled our kayaker toward the stern swim platform, and lowered the swim ladder. On closer examination we noted a lot of debris around the kayak.

Jeff M. is a very fit looking fellow in his thirties. Seems he had been on the Lake for some time fishing for perch. At some point he reported he hooked a large fish which dragged him offshore. He reported he had not been in the water for long, less than one hour, and had no idea how he ended up swamped. He did have a pfd on, and a version of a kayaker’s wet suit.

We were anxious to get him aboard the boat, but he seemed to be okay and asked us if we could try and salvage some of his gear and kayak. We lashed his boat to our stern, then proceeded to collect his gear as he handed it to us. There were two fishing poles, a large fish net, an improvised pole holding devise, his paddle with his car keys attached, and a wire basket containing 10-12 perch. He opened some seacocks in the kayak to help drain the boat. Only then did he accept some help boarding the boat where it was evident he was a bit unstable and weak.

He wanted to help get his boat on board the Odyssey, but agreed that he needed to get dried off and warmed up. I provided him with some dry clothes, and then insisted he remain below covered with a sleeping bag while Ann and I used a spinnaker halyard to raise the kayak as it drained. I had loaned him my cell phone as his was lost. He contacted some friends and ascertained no one had reported him to authorities as missing or overdue. None had, so there was no need to contact the Coast Guard.

That wraps up the rescue, the next issue was what to do with him. He had con-

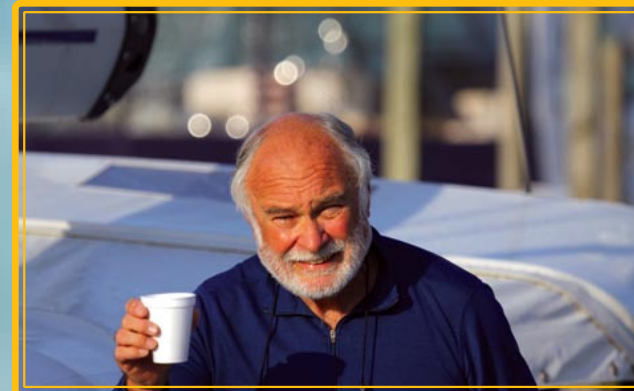
nected with his girlfriend, who was heading toward Conneaut. While that harbor is a commercial port, it is generally shallow outside of the commercial slip. The charts show shallow depths of 3-4’ within the Conneaut Boat Club harbor, not inviting to a 40’ sailboat drawing 6’. We were able to make VHF contact with the Club indirectly (another story) and were assured recent dredging would allow us to get in. The members were very helpful in getting the Odyssey docked, and Jeff connected with his girlfriend. We suggested he have a medical evaluation, but he seemed to be okay.

Jeff was lucky, it was almost dark when we passed by and there were no other boats in the area. The wind was carrying him parallel to the shore, and he would not have likely been able to swim the mile or more to shore. His next chance to get lucky would have likely been 10-12 hours later when the local fishermen headed out. Even though the water temperature was around 71 degrees, that would have been a long time in the water.

NCYC Commodore Bob Pollock had written a prophetic Commodore’s Message in the current issue of the NCYC Bullhorn. He was commenting on two other rescues NCYC members (Kent Gardam and Robert Gordenker) were involved in the past year. Bob noted that the critical incidents in those rescues were:

- The rescuers were out on the lakes, noting dramatic rescues don’t occur at the dockside,
- The rescuers were observant, both visually and by monitoring the radio,
- The rescuers responded unhesitatingly and knowledgeably.

This event underscores the fact that boaters on the Great Lakers are finding themselves in distress, often in conditions that seem to be innocuous. While every incident is unique, there are common elements in successful rescues. These are included in the program content of Safety at Sea Seminars, which every boater should consider attending.



The author Wally McMinn is a longtime sailor and seasoned Solo Great Lakes racing competitor.



BYC's '09 Commodore Dave Amatangelo receiving his GLSS flag.

This is some of the clutter we threw down below as the rescue was in progress.



The Odyssey at rest at Conneaut Boat Club the morning after the rescue. The club reopened the bar to hear about the episode, then insisted we stay the night as their guests.



A Hanson Rescue Medal has been awarded to Odyssey, a Catalina 400 owned and skippered by Wally McMinn (Farmington Hills, Mich.), for rescuing a kayaker from Lake Erie on September 4, 2009. Just after sunset, Odyssey, was motorsailing along the Ohio shore when McMinn and his wife, Ann, heard a faint cry. They found a man in the water holding onto a swamped kayak while wearing a life jacket. The man had been fishing for perch in the lake and was pulled offshore by a large fish. McMinn deployed a Lifesling and circled the man, but was unable to get the device into his hands. McMinn then tossed a throw rope and pulled the man to the boat, which he boarded by the swim ladder. The McKinns hauled the kayak on deck and dropped the man and his kayak off at the Conneaut (Ohio) Boat Club, where he was met by friends. Odyssey continued on to the North Cape Yacht Club rendezvous in Leamington, Ontario.

The Arthur B. Hanson Rescue Medal is awarded to any person who rescues or endeavors to rescue any other person from drowning, shipwreck, or other perils at sea within the territorial waters of the United States, or as part of a sailboat race or voyage that originated or stopped in the U.S. The medal was established in 1990 by friends of the late Mr. Hanson, an ocean-racing sailor from the Chesapeake Bay. The purpose of the award is to recognize significant accomplishments in seamanship and collecting case studies of rescues for analysis by US SAILING’s Safety-at-Sea Committee for use in educational and training programs.

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## "Solo Dad... Solo Son"

continued from page 17

Erie Solo Challenge was to take place in August of 2007. Could I qualify to do a Challenge? Would I like it? Would this 100-mile sail confirm my desire to do something bigger in the solo department?

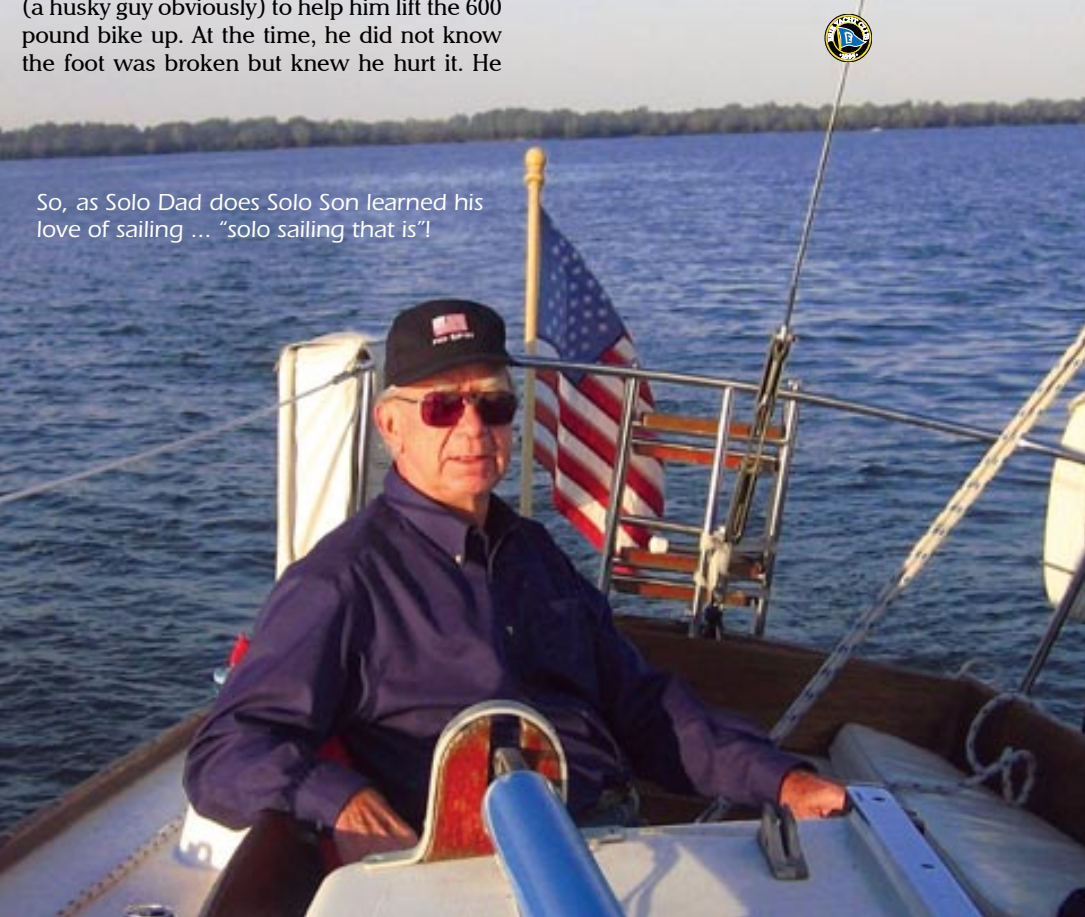
Dad liked adventure and he liked to ride. We had a family reunion in San Francisco in the summer of 2007. Dad decided to ship his motorcycle to the reunion and ride home... alone. The statistics look like this: Dad traveled over 3000 miles going North to Washington and across Montana and Glacier National Park, North Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin. I traveled 126 miles; Dad's trip took approximately 7-8 days; mine lasted a touch over 24 hours; Dad's top speed was (I am sure) into the triple digits; mine was 7.7 knots; Dad slept in motels; I slept in 20 minute segments on a constantly moving bunk; Dad was 79 years old; I was 49. But there were similarities. We both experienced the exhilaration of being out there alone. We both saw sunrises and sunsets and beautiful landscapes and seascapes. We both felt what it's like to be alive and to push yourself to do something out of the ordinary. We saw the same night sky with no surrounding city lights to pollute the view. We heard the same sounds of silence and the absence of the chatter of city life.

Don't let the solo comparisons fool you though. Dad is, I must admit a lot tougher than I am. In Devil's Lake, North Dakota Dad's BMW R 1200 RT stalled suddenly in a parking lot and fell over. Unfortunately, the cylinder head landed on his right foot and broke it. He somehow managed to get his foot and himself out from under it. He found a Good Samaritan (a husky guy obviously) to help him lift the 600 pound bike up. At the time, he did not know the foot was broken but knew he hurt it. He

rode further and stopped for the night and put ice on it. He realized that he could not get the boot back on because of the swelling. He kept icing it and elevated the foot as much as possible. By morning the swelling had gone down just enough that he could at least get the boot on. He was still a good two days ride from home of about 748 miles. He remembers riding by the Mayo Clinic in Wisconsin and toying with the idea of checking out his injury... naw. he kept on riding. The heat on this ride generally and the last couple days in particular was 90 to 103 degrees. He now began sticking more to highways than the backcountry two lane roads he preferred. He paired up or followed other riders and drivers who were willing to go 80, 90mph and up. He got to Toledo Ohio in mid to late afternoon, a long ride and a good place to stop. Instead, he decided to go the whole way to Chautauqua NY where mom was staying at their cottage. He told her to leave the garage door open and have a beer ready. (Dad, a double Manhattan might have been a better call!). He got there by 8PM. So he did a two-day, 750-mile ride in one day with a broken and swollen foot. For at least 12 weeks afterwards he had to wear a special boot so the foot could heal.

OK, so I know it sounds a bit like the kid saying, "My Dad's better than your Dad!", but in my book... he is.

So, I think there may be a common thread between Dad and I and my siblings that explains some of the wacky behavior we display. I have since completed two Lake Erie Solo Challenges in 2008 and 2009, which turned out to be a handful. We had wind speeds in the last solo of over 30 knots with big seas. I look forward to my third Challenge in 2010. So what, big deal. Dad still takes the cake.



So, as Solo Dad does Solo Son learned his love of sailing ... "solo sailing that is!"

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# Happy St. Patrick's Day ... "Irish Lent"!

*"that'd be a Wednesday... it would!"*

*March 17th, 2010*

submitted by Robert Way, Jr.



An Irishman moves into a tiny hamlet in County Kerry, walks into the pub and promptly orders three beers. The bartender raises his eyebrows, but serves the man three beers, which he drinks quietly at a table, alone.

An hour later, the man has finished the three beers and orders three more. This happens yet again. The next evening the man again orders and drinks three beers at a time, several times. Soon the entire town is whispering about the Man Who Orders Three Beers.

Finally, a week later, the bartender broaches the subject on behalf of the town. "I don't mean to pry, but folks around here are wondering why you always order three beers?"

"Tis odd, isn't it?" the man replies. "You see, I have two brothers, and one went to America, and the other to Australia. We promised each other that we would always order an extra two beers whenever we drank as a way of keeping up the family bond."

The bartender and the whole town were pleased with this answer, and soon the "Man Who Orders Three Beers" became a local celebrity and source of pride to the hamlet, even to the extent that out-of-towners would come to watch him drink.

Then, one day, the man comes in and orders only two beers. The bartender pours them with a heavy heart. This continues for the rest of the evening. He orders only two beers. The word flies around town. Prayers are offered for the soul of one of the brothers.

The next day, the bartender says to the man, "Folks around here, me first of all, want to offer condolences to you for the death of your brother. You know-the two beers and all."

The man ponders this for a moment, then replies, "You'll be happy to hear that my two brothers are alive and well. It's just that I, myself, have decided to give up drinking for Lent."



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# Perfection.

submitted by P/C Robin Watkinson, PDYC



**A smile is a sign of joy.**  
**A hug is a sign of love.**  
**A laugh is a sign of happiness.**  
**And a friend like me.??**  
**Sh\_t, that's just a sign of good taste!!**



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After receiving many requests from non-members who would like to receive the LOG on a regular basis we are now offering 6 Issue Subscriptions for only \$19.95. To subscribe simply send your Name and Address with your check made out to: JG Ashby Advertising, 1722 West 8th St. Erie, PA 16505.

# Debbie Robertson



## 2009 YACHTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR

by R/C Dave Heitzenrater

The presentation was made to Debbie Robertson before a capacity crowd at the EYC Racing Fleet's annual awards banquet and dance on November 7th at the Erie Yacht Club. Debbie spent her adult life racing sailboats having participated in well over 400 races over her racing career. She began racing in the mid 70's and has developed into an excellent sailor in all conditions, windy and light, rough and smooth. Her position specialty is that of the "pit" which she has mastered over the years however she is very capable of working any job or position on the boat. The "pit" or cockpit for the non-racing reader is the very essential crewmember that handles the raising and dropping of the jibs and spinnaker sails sometimes simultaneously and the operation of the spinnaker pole controls at exactly the precise moment and on many boats it includes the constant adjustment of these and other control lines for optimum speed around the race course. Her racing experience was garnered over many different boats and varied venues during which her fellow crew came to know just how good of a sailor she is. You may recognize a few names of the boats she has served on and influenced their finish position including Earth Wind & Fire an S2- 9.1, Mary Lou a J-44, Down Time a J-33, Revenge a Ranger 23, Pigs at Sea a G&S-27 and Cookie Monster a Rodgers 26. All of these boats have a prominent place in EYC racing history with our nominee sailing on two Boat of the Year winners over five years including championships in 93, 94, 96, 2006 and 2007. Debbie has participated as a valued crew member in three (MORC) Midget Ocean Racing Club International championships including regattas held at North Cape, Michigan, Sarnia, Ontario and Deltaville, Virginia.

Each of these MORC venues was very difficult

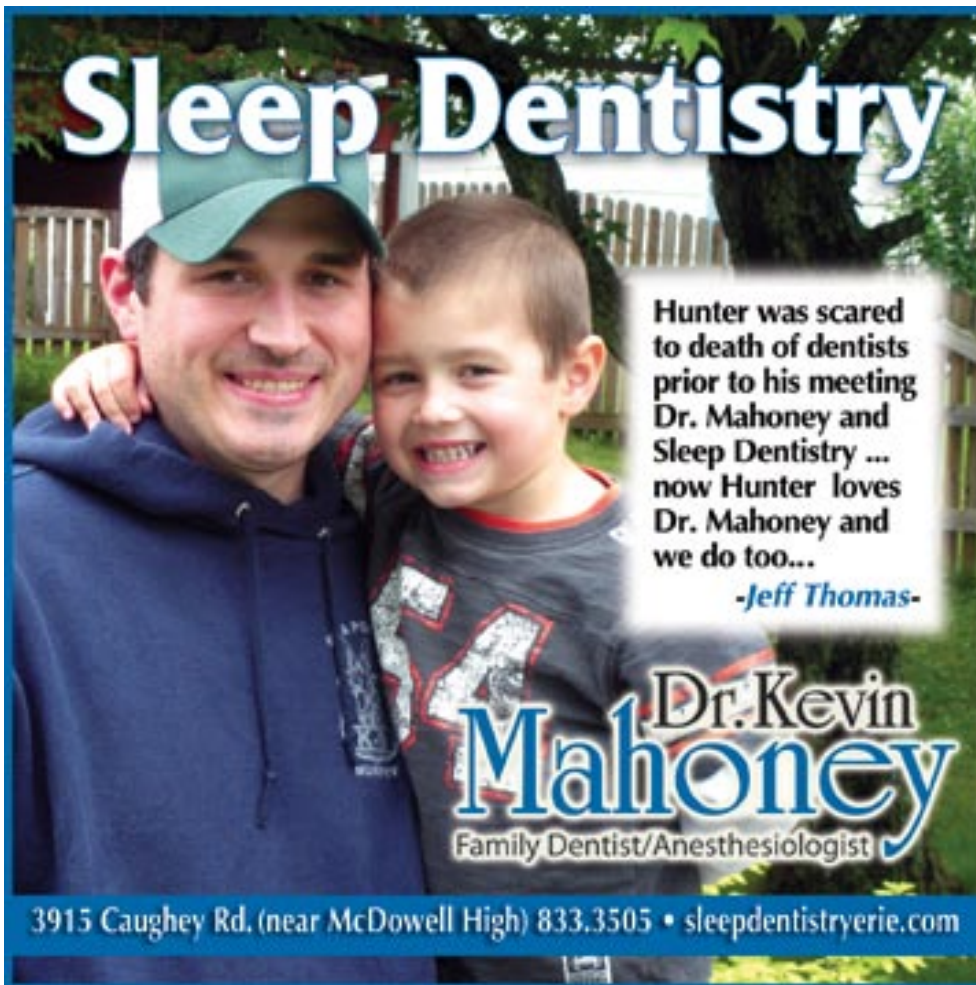
with the fastest boats and best crews throughout the United States & Canada competing. She and her teammates always placed in the top three positions in this tough first rate competition. She also helped win the MORC East Coast Championships in Deltaville during that same period.

She was instrumental in each of these major regattas not only serving in her crew position but keeping that certain calm on the boat that is much needed in the heat of the battle. This is a very important quality and one especially important when racing with your spouse as she has over the past four decades. Some might contend that she deserves even more recognition and maybe even sympathy in this case but you can be the judge on that issue. During the summer of 2009 you would have found her here on Presque Isle Bay most recently racing on the Catalina 30 Keya and enjoying her limited free time relaxing on the house boat Squirrel Cage and now during the winter months off the Florida coast on an Endeavor 38 Airrelevent. Congratulations to Debbie Robertson, our 2009 Yachtswoman of the Year.

The Yachtswoman Award was initiated in 2004 as a result of the foresight of fleet member Diane Mitra and the Racing Fleet officers. The award is intended to encourage and promote Women's racing by recognizing a female racing sailor who has participated not only in local fleet racing but beyond the region who has demonstrated excellent racing knowledge and skills as well as served as exceptional representative of the Erie Yacht Club and its Racing Fleet. The recipient's name is engraved on the permanent trophy and she is awarded similar keeper trophy as well. Check out that the beautiful crystal loving cup in our EYC lobby trophy case.



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1

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2

### AAA SCREENING

Ultrasound waves are utilized to detect an aneurysm or enlargement in your abdominal aorta that could lead to a ruptured artery. Many people are not diagnosed with AAA until it's too late—after the rupture occurs.

3

### CAROTID ARTERY SCREENING

Carotid Artery Stenosis is a narrowing of the main blood vessels to the brain that can limit blood flow and eventually cause a stroke. Ultrasound waves are used to examine the arteries in your neck.



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As we all know, the waters of Presque Isle Bay can sometimes be a wild and crazy place. The atmosphere can get even wilder and crazier when enterprising and creative folks put on a Boat Parade.

The theme of a 2008 boat parade was "Christmas in the Caribbean". The boat-paraders adorned their vessels with ribbons, Christmas Trees, and all manner of colorful decorations. Many crews donned their "gay apparel", as well with Santa

Hats, and combinations of tropical and winter-holiday clothing all over the bay. In attendance aboard one vessel, Santa Clause himself commented on one of the boat-paraders, "Boy, you can't beat a Dancing Palm Tree".

The boat parades were judged by out-of-town folks, so no "local favoritism" came into play. First, second and third place awards were given of creativity, enthusiasm, costuming, decorations and (most

importantly) adherence-to-the-spirit of the annual theme.

Continuing this creative and imaginative trend, the organizers of the 2009 boat parade rolled-out the theme, "Stars on the Water". Once again, the boat paraders responded with a colorful palette of decorations and costumes. On the bay we saw Pirates of the Caribbean as well as many costumed and disguised crews. In addition to The Stars and Stripes, we

saw appearances from Sponge Bob's best friend, Patrick the Star Fish. Aboard with Patrick was that well-known star-in-the-water, Nemo!

We thought you would enjoy this review of a few boat parades from years past because there is a real good chance there might be another boat parade in your EYC future. So, gang, keep your eyes open! Get ready for some really fun creative-thinking! Oh, Boy! Come on Summer!!!



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Artistic flare is not  
essential but it is useful.



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some guy watching  
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Everyone is all smiles at  
the parade even the  
decorations.



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# Boat Parade 2010

by Dan Dundon & Tom Mudura

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The Reymburn Sailing School will see some big changes this summer. We have listened to parent, student, instructor, and member feedback and have a solid plan in place. For 2010 look for smaller class size, more hands-on instruction, tighter safety guidelines, and better communication.

Keep it simple is our motto. . in an effort to achieve our goals the Junior Committee is limiting enrollment in our daytime program. This will balance classes making for consistent staffing, defined lesson planning, better supervision, and more tiller time. Be sure to talk to your child and their friends and sign up for their preferred class early.

We have also extended the Opti Seaman pro-



gram to Mon/Wed and Tues/Thurs evenings for 6 weeks and reduced the age to 6-7 year olds. Please note: parents will be required to assist instructors at least two evenings during the course depending on class size. If you have a child who is soon to be 6, and you are willing to help during class, you can sign them up too Our goal is to get more parents involved in the program and this is a great place to start.

Look for more time on the water for our Junior Racing Program with extended hours of 4:00PM to 6:30PM on Tues/Thurs and 9AM-4PM on Fridays. This should allow continuity with our Opti Skipper Learn-to-Race program on Fridays as well.

Due to demand we have expanded our Adult program to Mon/Wed and Tues/Thurs

# Reymburn Sailing School “Lots New for You!”

by Holly O’Hare and Brian Lasher

evenings for 6 weeks. We’d like to include our Adults in Wednesday evening JAM racing as well. We’ll work with the Racing Fleet to coordinate these efforts.

A big goal of the Junior Committee is to rebuild small boat racing at the club. Look for more information in the coming months.

Discounts, discounts, discounts. . sign up early; enroll more than one family member; sign up for multiple classes; and bring your own Opti or Laser: all provide discounts to our families. . We recognize the tough economy and are doing our best to keep prices in check with 2009 rates.

Kudos to all our volunteers and staff for their continued support. Particularly all those involved with our February fundraiser. We are

always looking for help, particularly in the preseason. If you would like to get involved in the Reymburn Sailing School, please contact Program Chair Brian Lasher at 814-833-8450 or dblasher@verison.net.

And finally, please consider a tax deductible contribution to the Erie Yacht Club Foundation. Monies generated will help future generations of junior sailors by providing scholarships and improving instruction for our children. For more information visit the Foundation website at [www.erieyachtfoundation.org](http://www.erieyachtfoundation.org).



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# The Economy is So Bad That...



I got a pre-declined credit card in the mail.

I ordered a burger at McDonald's and the kid behind the counter asked, "Can you afford fries with that?"

CEO's are now playing miniature golf.

If the bank returns your check marked "Insufficient Funds," you call them and ask if they meant you or them.

Hot Wheels and Matchbox stocks are trading higher than GM.

McDonald's is selling the 1/4 ounce.

Parents in Beverly Hills fired their nannies and learned their children's names.

A truckload of Americans was caught sneaking into Mexico.

Dick Cheney took his stockbroker hunting.

Motel Six won't leave the light on anymore.

The Mafia is laying off judges.

Exxon-Mobil laid off 25 Congressmen.

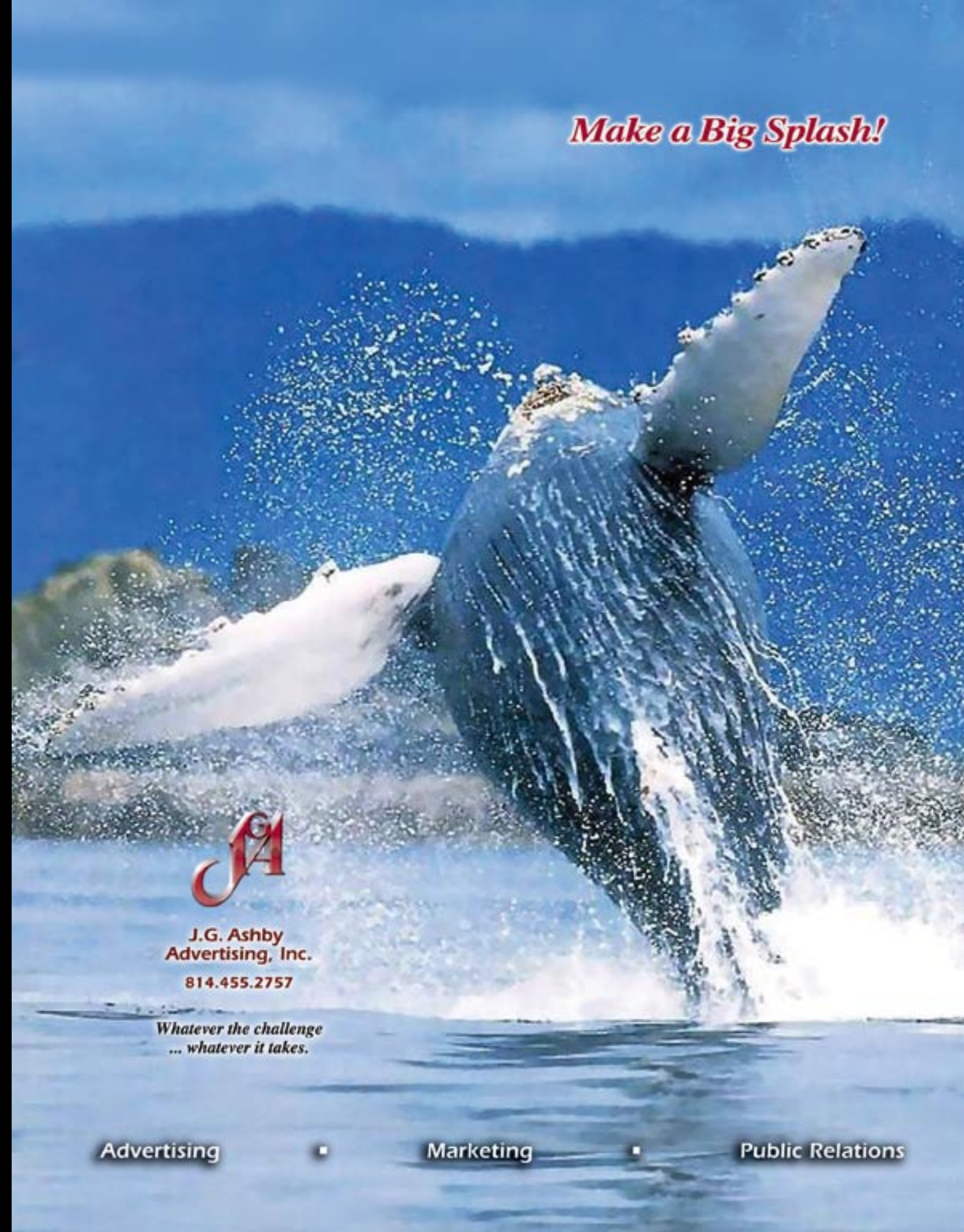
Congress says they are looking into this Bernard Madoff scandal. Oh Great!! The guy who made \$50 Billion disappear is being investigated by the people who made \$1.5 Trillion disappear!

And, finally...

I was so depressed last night thinking about the economy, wars, jobs, my savings, Social Security, retirement funds, etc., I called the Suicide Lifeline. I got a call center in Pakistan, and when I told them I was suicidal, they got all excited, and asked if I could drive a truck.



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The unusual, almost fanciful, architectural design of Gaudi's "De La Sagrada Familia Cathedral" in Barcelona is truly exceptional and a wondrous site to behold.



This is a shot I took of the Tenerife City square in the shadow of a hansom mountain range on the Canary Islands.



These are two of King Hussein II Palace Guards in Rabat, Casablanca, North Africa.

## 21 Days in December, 2009

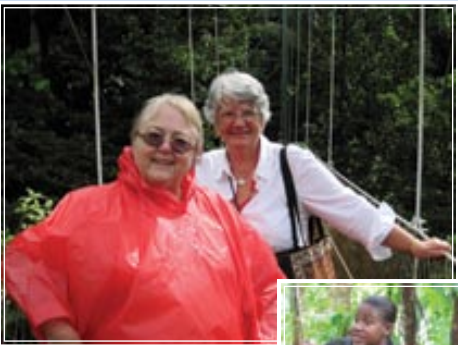
continued from page 7.

Erie, PA were in the 'minuses'. Here, at 6 a.m., it was a balmy island day perfect for sleeveless shirts and lightweight capri's. A steel drum band playing Christmas carols greeted us and the terminal was filled with tourist shops where we could buy 'rum cakes', emeralds or diamonds, island rum and lots of island crafts. Our afternoon circle island tour was led by a native gentleman, Carson. We visited Androm-

eda Botanical Gardens, a 1700's church and cemetery, and the Heritage Village of the first native born Prime Minister. It was a quaint, mostly non-commercial, unspoiled island.

Friday, December 18 and we were at our last port. Dominica was another 'unspoiled' island that was natural and laid back and a true delight. For the first time, as we careened on narrow mountain roads past overturned cement trucks on dangerous "s" curves we thought "What on earth are we doing here?" But once we arrived at the top of the mountain and began our 'rain forest' adventure it all became more clear.

The rain forest was resplendent with it's wild Bird of Paradise, Giant Poinsettias, Umbrella Palms, trees with blood red above ground roots and King and Queen rain forest trees that ascended hundreds of feet above the ground with huge root system bases. Our native guide, Christina, was a virtual 'rain forest' ency-



My traveling partner & friend Janet on a suspended bridge over a deep ravine in a Dominican Republic rain forest.



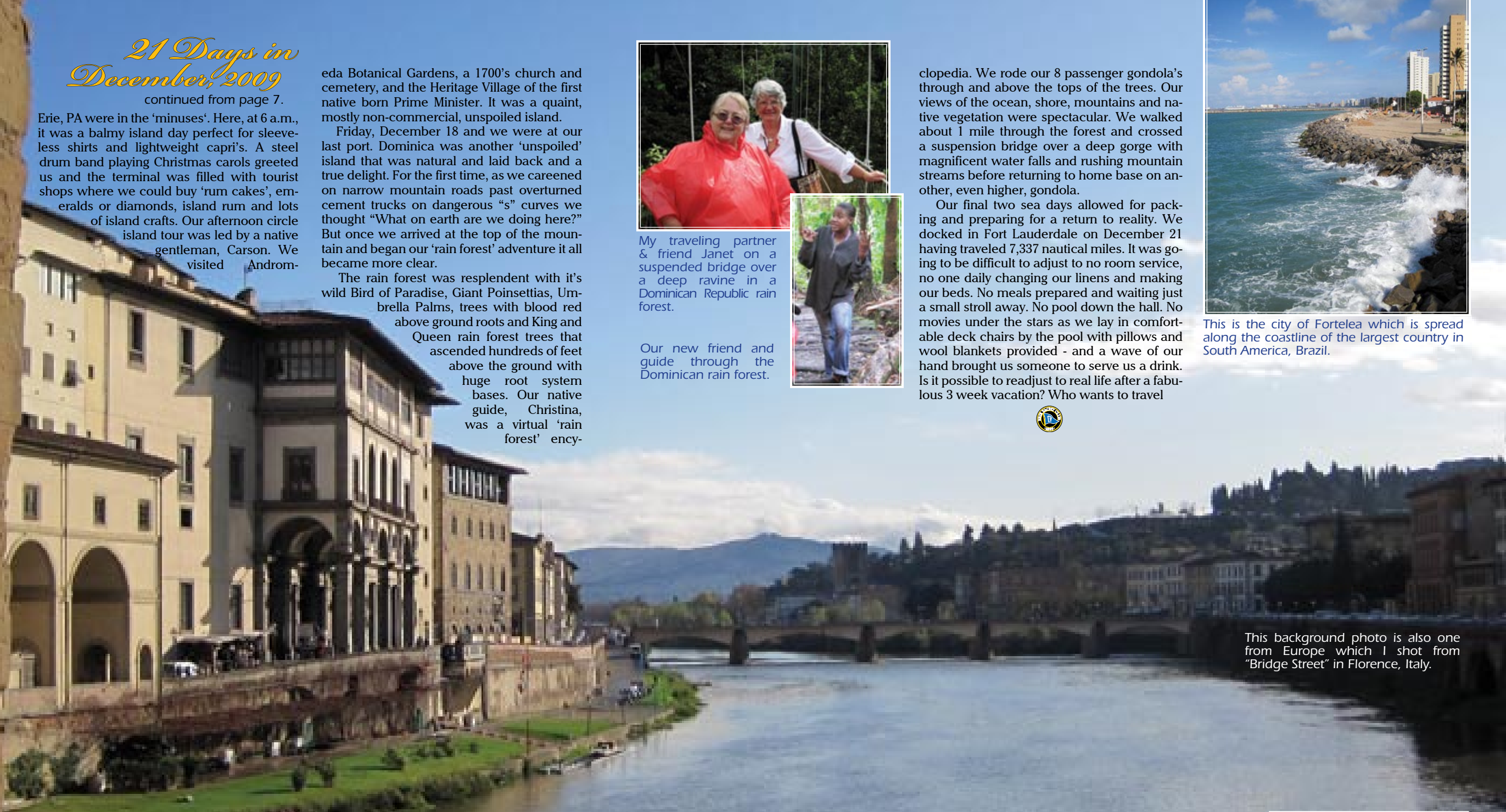
Our new friend and guide through the Dominican rain forest.

clopedia. We rode our 8 passenger gondola's through and above the tops of the trees. Our views of the ocean, shore, mountains and native vegetation were spectacular. We walked about 1 mile through the forest and crossed a suspension bridge over a deep gorge with magnificent water falls and rushing mountain streams before returning to home base on another, even higher, gondola.

Our final two sea days allowed for packing and preparing for a return to reality. We docked in Fort Lauderdale on December 21 having traveled 7,337 nautical miles. It was going to be difficult to adjust to no room service, no one daily changing our linens and making our beds. No meals prepared and waiting just a small stroll away. No pool down the hall. No movies under the stars as we lay in comfortable deck chairs by the pool with pillows and wool blankets provided - and a wave of our hand brought us someone to serve us a drink. Is it possible to readjust to real life after a fabulous 3 week vacation? Who wants to travel



This is the city of Fortelea which is spread along the coastline of the largest country in South America, Brazil.



This background photo is also one from Europe which I shot from "Bridge Street" in Florence, Italy.



In Dominica, many of the native people have built their homes overlooking a beautiful tropical ocean cove. It is truly a breathtaking view.



This man sets up shop along a gorgeous ocean view road and commands a great setting to do business as usual.



Atop this building, in the center of Barcelona, Spain, is a statue of Christopher Columbus pointing toward America.



This Dominican craftsman creates remarkable settings with pure turquoise in sterling silver.



## March Calendar of Club Events

- 1st Club Shutdown (1 week)
- 9th Tuesday Reopen
- 13th Beer Tasting Party  
Blind taste test from 7 select beers with voted most popular being featured in Clubs lounge next month. • 6:30pm • \$18.95pp reservations: 453-4931
- 14th Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 17th St. Pat's Bawl  
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- 21st Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 28th Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11-2pm • \$12.95

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## April Calendar of Club Events

- 4th Easter Sunday  
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# Do you remember Abbott & Costello?

submitted by P/C Bob & Mary Morrison, PDYC

*If Bud Abbott and Lou Costello were  
alive today, their infamous sketch,  
"Who's on First?" might have turned out  
something like this:*

COSTELLO CALLS TO BUY A  
COMPUTER FROM ABBOTT

ABBOTT: Super Duper Computer store. Can I  
help you?

COSTELLO: Thanks. I'm setting up an office  
in my den and I'm thinking  
about buying a computer.

ABBOTT: Mac?

COSTELLO: No, the name's Lou..

ABBOTT: Your computer?

COSTELLO: I don't own a computer. I want  
to buy one.

ABBOTT: Mac?

COSTELLO: I told you, my name's Lou.

ABBOTT: What about Windows?

COSTELLO: Why? Will it get stuffy in here?

ABBOTT: Do you want a computer with  
Windows?

COSTELLO: I don't know. What will I see  
when I look at the windows?

ABBOTT: Wallpaper.

COSTELLO: Never mind the windows. I need  
a computer and software.

ABBOTT: Software for Windows?

COSTELLO: No. On the computer! I need  
something I can use to write pro  
posals, track expenses and run  
my business. What do you have?

ABBOTT: Office.

COSTELLO: Yeah, for my office. Can you  
recommend anything?



"This is Bud Abbott and Lou Costello"

ABBOTT: I just did.

COSTELLO: You just did what?  
ABBOTT: Recommend something.

COSTELLO: You recommended something?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: For my office?

ABBOTT: Yes.

COSTELLO: OK, what did you recommend  
for my office?

ABBOTT: Office.

COSTELLO: Yes, for my office!

ABBOTT: I recommend Office with Widows.

COSTELLO: I already have an office with  
windows! OK, let's just say I'm  
sitting at my computer and I  
want to type a proposal. What do  
I need?

ABBOTT: Word.

COSTELLO: What word?

ABBOTT: Word in Office.

COSTELLO: The only word in office is office.

ABBOTT: The Word in Office for Windows.

COSTELLO: Which word in office for Windows?  
ABBOTT: The Word you get when you click  
the blue "W".

COSTELLO: I'm going to click your blue "W"  
if you don't start with some  
straight answers. What about  
financial bookkeeping? You  
have anything I can track my  
money with?

ABBOTT: Money.

COSTELLO: That's right. What do you have?

ABBOTT: Money.

COSTELLO: I need money to track my money?

ABBOTT: It comes bundled with your computer.

COSTELLO: What's bundled with my computer?

ABBOTT: Money.

COSTELLO: Money comes with my computer?

ABBOTT: Yes. No extra charge.

COSTELLO: I get a bundle of money with my  
computer? How much?

ABBOTT: One copy.

COSTELLO: Isn't it illegal to copy money?

ABBOTT: Microsoft gave us a license to  
copy Money.

COSTELLO: They can give you a license to  
copy money?

ABBOTT: Why not? THEY OWN IT!

(A few days later)

ABBOTT: Super Duper computer store.  
Can I help you?

COSTELLO: How do I turn my computer off?

ABBOTT: Click on "START"...



A pike fisherman finally got a nice one  
hooked. While the guy was fighting to land  
this sizable catch, it was frantically trying  
to slip the hook causing a considerable  
amount of action on the surface. Then  
WHAM! An even bigger pike, trying  
to satisfy its own hunger, spotted all  
the ruckus on the surface and thought  
he scored a great dinner. Somehow, the  
same lure that caught fish one be-  
came securely fastened to the big guy  
and the fight was on.

After a considerable bout of give and  
take our astounded angler landed the  
monster that had engulfed his initial  
catch resulting in our astonished angler  
landing a mammoth record-setting prize.



## Hungry Anyone? Hugh Pike Sets Canadian Record

The giant pike displayed in the ac-  
companying photos was the Canadi-  
an Record of an amazing 55 pound,  
56 inch, humongous pike.

Our totally ex-  
hausted and  
flabbergasted  
angler could  
only mutter the  
word "Awe-  
some" be-  
fore nearly  
passing out!



# 40 Year Old Boaters Go Out To Dinner!



submitted by Peggy Way

A group of 40-year-old boating buddies discuss where they should meet for dinner. Finally it is agreed that they should meet at Mario's restaurant because the waitresses there have low cut blouses and show cleavage.

Ten years later, at 50 years of age, the group meets again and once again discuss where they should meet. Finally it is agreed upon that they should meet at Mario's because the food there is very good and the wine selection is good also.

Ten years later at 60 years of age, the group meets again and once again they discuss where they should meet. Finally it is agreed upon that they should meet at Mario's because they can eat there in peace and quiet and the restaurant is smoke free.

Ten years later, at 70 years of age, the group meets again and once again they discuss where they should meet. Finally it is agreed upon that they should meet at Mario's because the restaurant is wheel chair accessible and they even have an elevator.

Ten years later, at 80 years of age, the group meets again and once again they discuss where they should meet. Finally it is agreed upon that they should meet at Mario's because they have never been there before.

And so goes the fleet!



# WHY MEN ARE NEVER DEPRESSED!



submitted by Peggy Way

Men Are Just Happier People-- What do you expect from such simple creatures? Your last name stays put. The garage is all yours. Wedding plans take care of themselves. Chocolate is just another snack. You can be President. You can never be pregnant. You can wear a white T-shirt to a water park. You can wear NO shirt to a water park. Car mechanics tell you the truth. The world is your urinal. You never have to drive to another gas station restroom because this one is just too icky. You don't have to stop and think of which way to turn a nut on a bolt. Same work, more pay. Wrinkles add character. Wedding dress \$5000, Tux rental-\$100. People never stare at your chest when you're talking to them. New shoes don't cut, blister, or mangle your feet. One mood all the time!

Phone conversations are over in 30 seconds flat. You know stuff about tanks. A five-day vacation requires only one suitcase. You can open all your own jars. You get extra credit for the slightest act of thoughtfulness. If someone forgets to invite you, he or she can still be your friend.

Your underwear is \$8.95 for a three-pack. Three pairs of shoes are more than enough. You almost never have strap problems in public. You are unable to see wrinkles in your clothes. Everything on your face stays its original color. The same hairstyle lasts for years, maybe decades. You only have to shave your face and neck.

You can play with toys all your life. One wallet and one pair of shoes -- one color for all seasons. You can wear shorts no matter how your legs look. You can "do" your nails with a pocket knife. You have freedom of choice concerning growing a mustache.

You can do Christmas shopping for 25 relatives on December 24 in 25 minutes.

No wonder men are happier.



# Missing Maine Wife

submitted by Bob Becker



The day after his wife disappeared in a kayaking accident off the coast of Maine, a man answered his door to find two grim-faced State Troopers. "We know it's late, sir, but we have some information about your wife," said one of the Troopers.. "Tell me! Did you find her!?" the husband shouted.

The Troopers looked at each other. One said, "We have some bad news, some good news, and some really great news. Which do you want to hear first?"

Fearing the worst, the ashen husband said "Give me the bad news first."

The second Trooper said, "I'm sorry to tell you, sir, but this morning we found your wife's body in the bay." "Oh my God!" exclaimed the husband.

Swallowing hard, he asked, "What's the good news?" The Trooper continued, "When we pulled her up, she had 6 twenty-five pound snow crabs and 12 good-size lobsters clinging to her."

Stunned, the husband demanded, "If that's the good news, what's the great news???"

The Trooper answered, "We're gonna pull her up again tomorrow!"



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