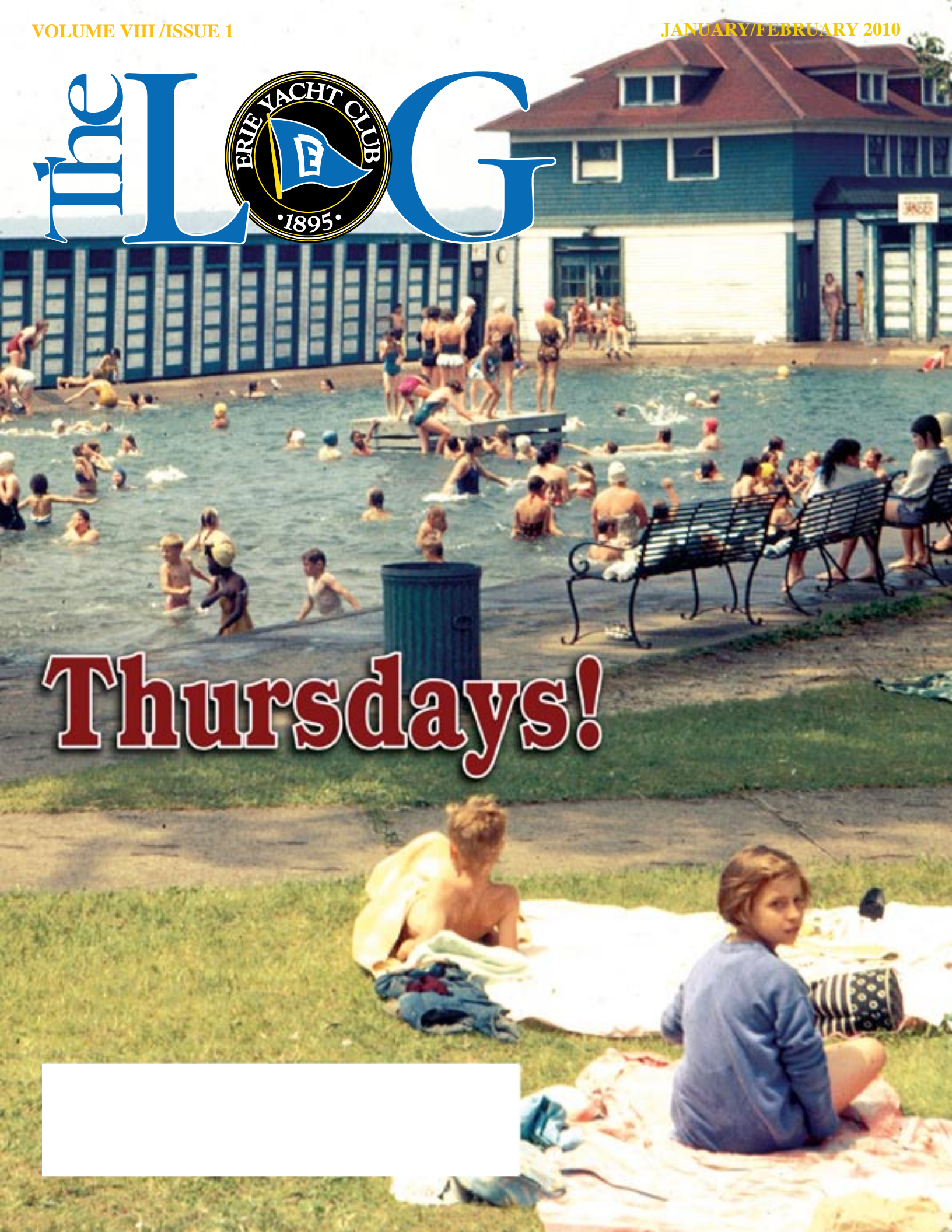


ALOG



Thursdays!



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Great Lakes Construction recently received the distinction of being selected as one of the "Big 50" Remodeling Companies in the entire country by Remodeling Magazine. This recognition is one of our industry's most sought after accomplishments and is cherished by all recipients. This award projects our desire to serve current and future customers with only the finest products, craftsmanship and creative design capabilities to be found anywhere across the country, all available right here in Northwestern Pennsylvania.

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From the Bridge

Commodore Tom Trost



I would like to take this opportunity to thank those that took the time to vote at the Annual Meeting in November. Thank you for your support. What an honor you have bestowed on me to be your Commodore for 2010 and I look forward to serving you this year! Your Bridge and Board meets for many untiring hours as we are and will continue to strive to be "the best" yachting facility on the Great Lakes.

Our club has had a very successful 2009 season. Many of our goals were met. The food and beverage standards were exceeded.

The 2010 Season is promising to be a busy

one as you will see when General Manager Mike Lynch's weekly e-mail blasts and monthly calendar arrive. Stay tuned!

At the time of this writing our Basin project is 2 years ahead of schedule thanks to P/C John Murosky's effort and the countless hours our volunteers have also contributed to this project. And, speaking of P/C Murosky, congratulations on winning the prestigious well-deserved Thompson Trophy.

Again, I thank you, the membership, for the honor to serve you as your Commodore of the Erie Yacht Club!



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

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On the Cover...

The Chestnut Street pool was a favorite spot for thousands of Erie kids as the place to meet friends, cool off and build summer memories. The pool was operated by the City of Erie and loved by many generations.



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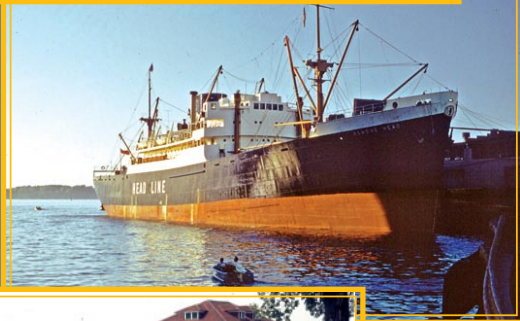
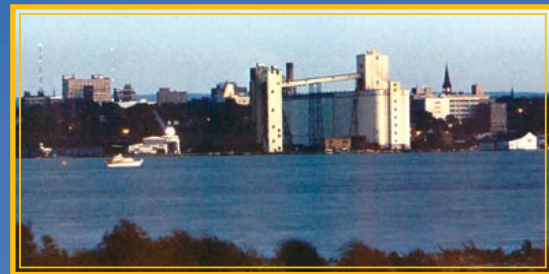
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* LOG Committee



Like most young men of the 1950's I bummed around for a few years before settling down to career and responsibilities. As a clerk and later manager of the Boston Store's camera department, my day off was THURSDAY! Since I never really took money OUT of the store, I had great camera equipment.

Erie's waterfront had great fascination and was a perfect target for that new Rolli or Canon I was breaking in.

Even before getting to the industrial part of the bay, the Erie Yacht Club with its huge old clubhouse and the shacks at Ferncliff (poor man's yacht club then) were easily reached by the steps at the foot of Lincoln Avenue. Then, closer to town was the Chestnut Street Pool. The pool was the refuge of at least three generations of kids including my mother. Too bad a parking lot was more important.

Reaching State Street the old buildings at 6th and French came into view. The buildings are gone, but the pillars must have been nailed down securely, because they are still there, in front of Erie Insurance! Further down on State, the Niagara could not make much speed with no masts or yards. But it had plenty of guns if we were attacked.

Dominating the harbor view from State, and subject of postcards, the grain elevators looked even bigger from across the bay. They also blocked the

view of Erie's "gritty" waterfront industries. Miles of railcars queued up to be grabbed and tipped over the beam of some huge freighter, spilling their contents of coal. Being young and stupid, I took only stills of the operation, despite having a nice new 8mm "movie" camera.

The process was fascinating as many folks remember watching the tugs easing the huge craft out of their slip to clear water and, finally, the lake. (I was surprised recently to see one of the boats

I photographed was the Niagara, whose propeller sits on the plaza next to the Flagship Niagara.)

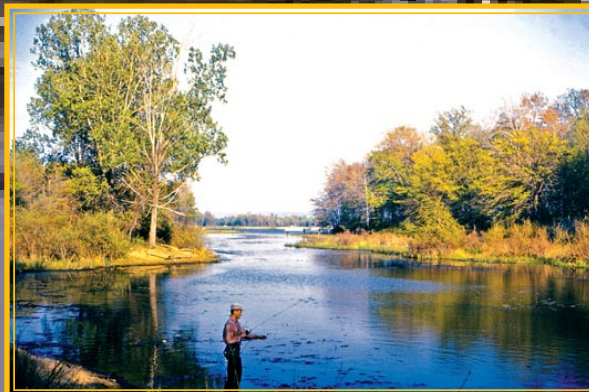
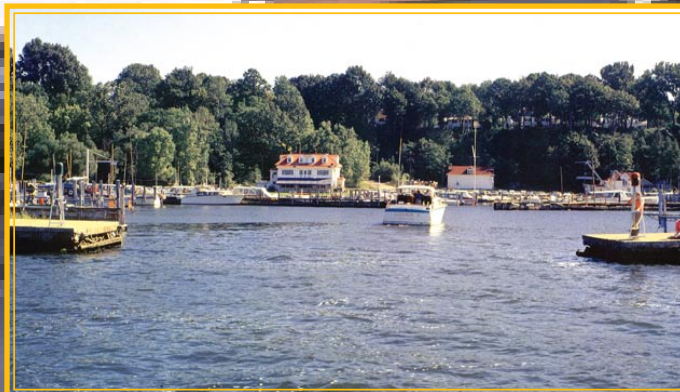
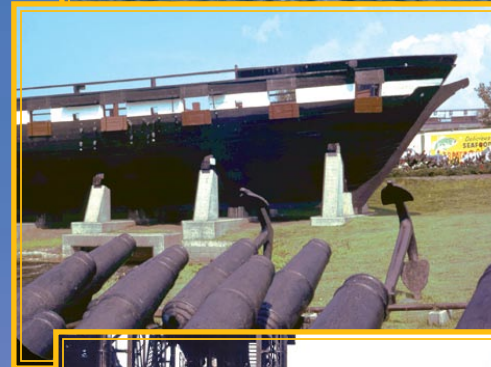
Many rolls of film were devoted to Erie's water resources and many days passed waiting for the slides to come back from Rochester. (Film came with a prepaid mailer and Eastman Kodak had a monopoly for many years.)

Within two years I was photographing a different waterfront—the harbor of Reykjavik, Iceland, as a "GI" tourist on days off, seldom Thursdays!



by John Baker
**Flagship Niagara's
Official Photographer**

THURSDAYS!
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My reintroduction to the sport of iceboating, which had given me so many happy hours as a teen, happened almost by accident. About 15 years ago I bumped into an old hard water sailing pal named Pat Doyle. We swapped old iceboating stories as we watched the speedy boats dart back and forth near the Erie Yacht Club.

"Yes Pat" I said, "We didn't have cars when we were kids but we did have some fun sailing our homemade iceboats. My son Patrick is almost 12 now and I think I'll build him an iceboat".

"No don't do that," he said, with a stern look on his face"

"Gee, Pat," I said, "I'll be sure to teach my son to sail safely and build him a good boat."

"I'm telling you-Don't build the kid a boat," Pat said. Now he was smiling broadly. "I'm going to give you one."

He went on to explain he had an old two-man D.N. - type iceboat in his garage that hadn't been used in years. It was dusty and

"Hey, what is that thing? Is it a sailing dunebuggie? Asked a curious neighbor.

"If there's no ice, you can fit it with pontoons," said the mailman.

As I worked on the boat, I couldn't help but remember the first iceboat I built in my parents' basement. I enjoyed reliving the fun of creating my own special craft.

"Where's Dad?" Son Patrick would ask when he arrived home from school. "Oh, he's out in the garage working on your iceboat," his mother would say.

"Mom is that really my iceboat?" Patrick would ask. "It's Dad that's having all the fun!"

"I know. Fathers do that. It's called reliving their childhood."

"Hey dad, what do they call this crutch-looking thing?" "Dad ? are we sure this thing will really sail like a real iceboat?"

How could my wife say I didn't share the boat with my son? I answered every question he asked.

Finally fall came, and with it a new, very used,

what was it?, maybe 15 years ago. My cousin was sailing my Arrow class boat on 10 to 12 inches of ice when he hit an area of open water and flipped the boat. Fortunately he didn't land in the water and wasn't hurt but the experience was one we never forgot. Four or five inches may seem safe to some young iceboaters, but this old boy would still wait for a few more weeks.

Shakedown cruise

The next two weeks went by very slowly, but the weather remained cold with little snow. Finally the day came for taking the boat to the bay and setting it up. When I got to the yacht club late that afternoon I was happy to see a thick, slick layer of glistening ice covering the entire bay. A lone iceboater was rising the mast on an Arrow. He yelled out for me to watch my step on the ice near the shore-line and use the footpath marked by an old path.

After carefully making my way from good wood to the good ice, my old eyes finally recognized the boater as Chris Wolford. An expe-

to swim for it." So no matter what happens to this body, it will float and stay warm. At least for a while.

I hated to ask the inevitable question: "How thick is the ice?" "Oh heck, we have plenty of ice." Said Wolford, " just make sure you watch out for the bad spots. If you sail down by the condos (he pointed toward the highrise buildings about a mile from the yacht club), watch out for the big brown spot. I sailed into it yesterday and when I got out to push, I sunk in to my knees."

Wolford also warned of a three foot high pressure ridge just north of the yacht club channel. A pressure ridge is caused by the up-and-down movement of the water. The ridges are made of large flat chunks of ice that look like broken slabs of concrete. These ridges spell D-I-S-A-S-T-E-R when hit by a speeding iceboat. The smooth ice under my feet was clear and hard. It stretched to the far shore like an inverted cobalt-blue sky. Here and there scattered patches of pure blue white snow

over a year. Why not take a little ride? There I sat perched up on the runners like a water spider waiting to grow wings and fly.

Dragster

I couldn't stand it any longer. My heart raced as I hauled in the sheetline and felt the steady pull forward. The boat slid along quickly and quietly with only the slicing sound of the runners occasionally swishing through a patch of brilliant snow. The feeling of the boat under me and the quick response of the wishbone tiller brought back old feelings. As we left the shore behind, our speed picked up. The boat and I were one. Sort of.

From out of nowhere a strong puff hit the sail and the boat accelerated like a dragster. The boat and I were two again. The peaceful easy ride turns suddenly into teeth-rattling, white-knuckle experience that was both exciting and frightful. I couldn't help but wonder if this 56 year-old man should be back into this young man's sport.

At the center of the bay another boat sailed

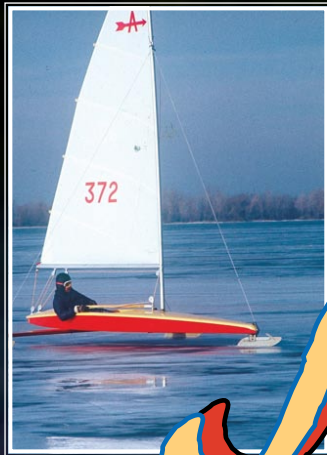
I decided to release my sheet line a little.

Right then I was jolted back to age of 57, when a sudden wind gust hit me and my leeward runner came up off the ice. My heart skipped a beat as I eased up wind until the boat backed down. For a long few seconds the gleaming runner hung there as if suspended on a wire. I released the sheet and brought the boat safely down. For the next hour I sailed in familiar areas north and west of the yacht club stopping often to check the rigging and other boat parts to make sure everything was secure and tight.

When I came in for the day Wolford and a friend were taking a break by their car.

"Hey Paul," he said, "does your boat work all right or were you just dogging out there?"

"The boat works fine," I said, " it's just this old dog that's a little slow."



Never too Late to Sharpen Your Skates!



by Paul Jenkins

rusty but could be cleaned up to make a perfect boat for a dad and his son. Even though it was almost March and the ice would soon be gone, I made arrangements to pick up the boat the following weekend.

Garage oddity

The boat was bright orange and decorated with a heavy black racing stripe. The homemade craft was crudely built but strong, but it needed a new mast. The old one was splintered somehow when the boat was last sailed. The strange-looking wooden bug made quite a conversation-piece in our garage all the next spring and summer.

aluminum mast, donated by a friend.

With the first flakes of snow, came a gleaming blue paint job. I was hoping for an early freeze. One day I stopped by EYC and was surprised to see a thin layer of bay ice edged by several anxious iceboaters assembling their boats. I quizzed them about their craft and how soon they expected to sail.

"Oh heck," said one guy as he worked on a sleek, red arrow-class boat, "we have about 2 or 3 inches already. We should have plenty of ice by next weekend. All you really need is about 4 or 5 inches." I recalled an incident that occurred during one long-gone January-

rienced iceboater I had met the previous year. He was dressed to kill- or be killed-in a heavy one-piece snowmobile suit, a motorcycle crash helmet and felt lined boots. He also wore a bright-yellow life jacket. No matter what happened to his body, I knew it wouldn't sink. Dangling from his pockets were short loops of heavy twine. When I asked about the twine he pulled a loop from his pocket. It was attached to a five inch long tap-wrapped spike. "I can use them to claw my way out if I end up in the water. That's also why I wear a one-piece insulated suit. It helps hold body heat and slows down the effects of hypothermia if you have

clung like windblown clouds.

The wind was out of the west at about 15 miles per hour and the temperature was around 30. Sailing conditions were almost perfect. After hearing about all the bad ice, however, I wondered if I it might be better just to set up my boat and wait another week.

The "DN" on iceboat sails refers to their origin, a 1937 contest in the Detroit News, in which readers submitted, inexpensive designs that people could build at home. Soon several other sailors arrived and went flying across the bay as soon as their boats were up. This was the moment I had been looking forward to for

over and ran alongside of me. It was the red arrow of Chris Wolford. He waved, gave me the thumbs up and then sped off as if I was tied to the dock. His boat is much faster because of its much larger sail area. But he was also pushing it harder and hiking up on two runners as he raced over the bay ice.

Wolford's brother had been sailing with a friend when their boat came down out of a hike, throwing both of them onto the ice. Somehow one of his brother's hand's ended up under the a skate. It took a quick trip to the hospital where doctors were able to reattach the finger during a long and delicate operation.

Editors Note:

Paul Jenkins is a retired Times News photographer and feature writer and he wrote this story almost 20 years ago. He started iceboating in his teens and even though he hasn't owned an iceboat for many years, still loves the sport and sails with friends whenever he gets a chance. His good friend, Dave Brooks, (Brooksie) still owns Paul's old Arrow iceboat that he sold almost 40 years ago. If you happen to see Paul hanging out near the iceboats this winter he may be hoping some friendly iceboater will give him a ride.

In 1945 I was a very young officer with the U.S. Navy serving in WWII. In March of '45 my ship, the USS LCI (L) 1074, a 160 foot amphibious ship, was ordered to land Philippino guerrilla troops on the Japanese held island of Masbate in the central Philippines. Several months later, when the war had ended, we were sent back to the island to return Japanese troops to their homeland. A Japanese navy officer informed me that the personnel on Masbate were both Japanese Navy and Army. His ship had been sunk nearby and they came ashore and became part of the Japanese Military post there.

It was during that first landing on Masbate that I discovered a personalized Japanese Flag. I took the flag as a memento of the war and sent it home to the U.S. where it was

packed away and largely forgotten. About 15 years or so ago, however, it reemerged from the back of a closet and at that time I decided to attempt to return the flag to the owner's family, since I suspected he may not have survived. I felt this to be the proper thing to do as I understand that great respect is given such a flag in Japan.

I was fortunate to have a neighbor, Mrs. Yoko Motoyamo, to whom I showed the flag, who informed me that in all probability the name of the owner was inscribed horizontally along the top of the flag. She interpreted it to read Kimura Takayoshi. I now had a name. She also felt that the best place for me to begin my search was with the Consulate General of Japan.

In October of 1996, I sent a letter, along

with a photo of the flag, to the Consulate General of Japan in New York City explaining my desire to return the flag to its proper home and asking them for their assistance. In June of 1997, I received their reply. They thanked me for my interest in returning the flag and offered to send the flag to the appropriate office in the Ministry of Health and Welfare. They asked me for some further information and made six points very clear:

1. Those who wish to return items are doing so out of the kindness and consideration of the original owner. No money will be exchanged.

2. As a basic principle, we can only handle items that have a name or some way of tracing the owner. An item with many names may be untraceable.

3. If we succeed in locating the original owner or his descendants, we will send it directly to that person.

4. After returning the item to the original owner or his descendants, we will inform the person who brought the item to the Consulate.

5. If we are unable to locate the original owner or his descendants, we will return the item to the person who brought the item to this Consulate.

6. Please be aware that it may take years to locate the original owner.

In December 1998 I sent the flag, together with a letter reply stating my complete agreement with the six points, off to the Consulate General of Japan. I was not very optimistic about learning anything for a long time, if at all, so I was very surprised when less than a year later I received a letter from Tokijyu

Kimura of Nagasaki Japan. I was very excited to read the letter, but there was one problem, it was written in Japanese! I once again asked my neighbor, Mrs. Motoyamo, for some help and she was able to give me a rough translation of the letter. I also faxed the letter to my contact at the Consulate in New York and they replied with a simple translation. They were not able to tell me however if the sender was male or female as the name Tokijyu could be either, however they felt the handwriting was masculine.

The touching letter made the effort worthwhile. The writer, together with an older sister and younger brother were presented their late father's flag on August 13th, 1999 at the Nagasaki Prefectural office. They must have been very young when their father went to war as the letter stated that only the older sister vaguely remembers their father's face. According to the letter, upon receiving the flag the

older sister wrapped it around herself and cried.

In a reply letter (which my neighbor, Mrs. Motoyamo, translated into Japanese for me), I let the family know how happy I was that the flag had been returned to them and gave them what little information I had about where and when I came to be in possession of the flag.

It is often said that "time heals all wounds". In the 40's Japan was our bitter enemy. However, as time passed she has become an ally in attempting to solve several of the world's problems. I hope that the return of this flag provided this family with some comfort and solace. It provided me with a great deal of satisfaction and closure. My best to all.

Thirty year EYC members, Lee and his wife Marjorie, love sailing their boat *Winsome* throughout the summer.



This is the actual flag I found during World War II.

by Lt. Lee Miller (USNR) with Dale Gregory

The Flag of

Kimura Takayoshi

The background photo was captured by Dave Hanlin who was on a hunting expedition on Masbate island in 1989.



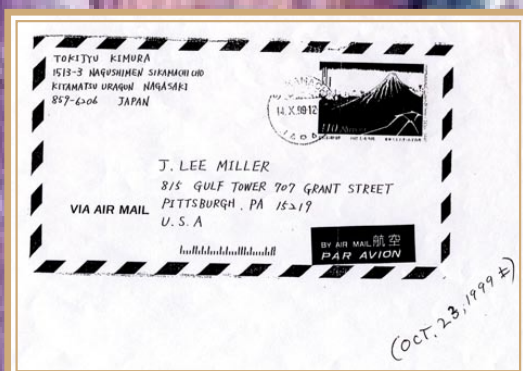
USS LCI (L) 1074 steaming along on a bright sunny day looks quite majestic and she was my home in the Pacific during World War II.

Captured Japanese departing Masbate Island after victory was achieved later to be returned home.



Many Japanese families only had their loved one's flags to remember them by and therefore they are very important symbol of their love and their loss.

American troops departing Masbate Island after victory was achieved.



This is the envelope from a letter I received from Kimura's family thanking me for returning his flag to them and how much it means to them to possess it.



Sailing on *Concordia* at sundown is a spectacular sight.

Concordia in a Sea of History Europe

by Caleb "Cal" Pifer



Concordia snuggled up to a berth .

It was a foggy, cool, late October morning in the St. Georges Channel of the Irish Sea. The green Irish headlands could just be seen through the fog and an eerie sounding fog horn blasted every couple of minutes to alert us of our position. In a matter of hours, we would be in Dublin, Ireland; marking the end of our first term on *Concordia*, and already one quarter of the way through the school year! Since my first article, *Concordia* has sailed to the small, remote Danish island of Bornholm, the bustling German port of Lubeck, cosmopolitan London, England, and stunningly beautiful Brest, France. Its hard to imagine how quickly the school year onboard *Concordia* seemed to moved along. We had several ports within close proximity of each other which has made for a very busy month! Our first port of call after Stockholm was Bornholm, Denmark.

Bornholm is a beautiful little island off of the Danish mainland that is really popular in the summer with German tourists. The weather was extremely wet and stormy the whole time that we were there as a significant low pres-

sure system had moved into the region. As part of our port program, we had organized a side trip for our students to a medieval castle at the far end of the island. We hiked for over two kilometers along a windswept ocean road past bucolic scenery veiled in fog. The whole experience was similar to something that one would view in a movie; the crashing ocean waves on one side of the road, with rolling pastures and apple orchards on the other. The wind and rain were driving down hard, but we just kept trekking up the steep bluff until we reached the top of the cliff. Then, looking like a ghost frozen in time, the castle appeared out of the mist. Despite the weather, the students loved the experience, and we all left with great memories of Bornholm.

We departed Bornholm under extremely rough conditions. Luckily, it was only a two day sail to our next port of Lubeck, Germany as our students were quite seasick! It was rather difficult to maintain student attention in a lesson on microeconomics when the students felt like the whole classroom was spinning!

Lubeck is a highly unique German city because very little of the town was damaged during WWII. In fact, much of the original medieval and renaissance architecture is still intact. The entire town is listed as a UNESCO World Heritage site. We visited a gorgeous Gothic Church that was built in the 1200's which has the largest pipe organ in the world at over 8000 pipes! In addition to seeing the impressive architecture, we were in town for Germany's famous Oktoberfest! (Of course, this holiday needs no further explanation to our EYC membership!) Luckily for our staff, our students were away on an overnight excursion to Hamburg, allowing us to participate in the festivities. The event was held in a large shipping warehouse that looked like it is right out of a WWII movie. In fact, they kept munitions in it during the war as Lubeck was a significant shipping port. The evening provided a truly authentic German experience that our staff considered to be a voyage highlight!

Since *Concordia* was a true "floating campus", there were many aspects of the voyage

that kept the academic and social environment feeling like a traditional boarding school. For example, our floating school also had several student clubs. Many of which were the same type and genre that one would find on any land-based high school or university campus. I sponsored several clubs including student council, and the cooking club. Our cooking club was a collection of five girls; none of which has ever cooked a thing in their lives! I was teaching them how to bake cookies one night, and they had me laughing the whole time as they are so clueless when it came to the kitchen! For example, they didn't realize that you needed to turn the mixer on slowly when you add the flour, so they added an entire bowl's worth at full speed and blew flour from one end of the galley to the other! To see their faces covered in the stuff was just priceless!

The autumn weather was in fall effect when we made our passage from Germany to London, England. The Baltic and North Sea lashed at *Concordia* with a vengeance, but these

were the types of conditions that she was built for. Still, reaching the Thames River in London was a welcome refuge! One of the interesting aspects of visiting London is that there are so many unique educational opportunities for students to participate in. Our staff decided to lead a tour through Greenwich, visiting the magnificent National Maritime Museum, one of the largest of its kind in the world. Alas, our stay in London was shorter than the others, and it was time to head back to sea seemingly right after we arrived.

After leaving London, we spent a week sailing through the treacherous North Sea to the spectacular coastal town of Brest, France and the Coast of Brittany. I would recommend a trip to the Brittany Coast to any sailor. My favorite memory was a 10 kilometer coastal hike that I led from a small town located just outside of Brest, to La Conquet – a small fishing village built in the 1500's. The hike followed the water's edge; up and down cliffs with sweeping views of the sea and white sandy beaches. There were even immense fields

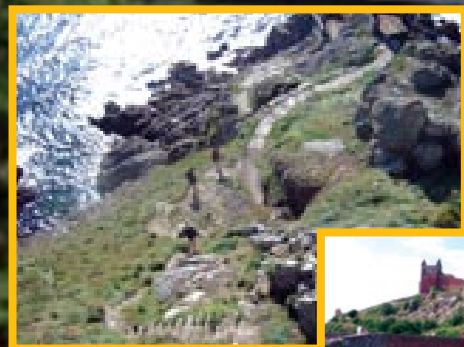
of Lavender on the land side that provided a beautiful purple-shaded backdrop. We hiked out to the tip of a peninsula, which brought us to an old precariously perched Abby that was built by French monks during the 1400's. The view, and over all beauty, was simply beyond words. The topography was actually very similar to Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard, but the primary difference was that there were practically no people along the quiet coast, and everything was fairly inexpensive in terms of European standards.

The maritime and fishing culture is indeed the premier industry along the Brittany Coast with boats everywhere – kayaks, sail boats, wind surfers, and of course, hundreds of fishing vessels! The rest of our stay in Brest was spent taking the students to the essential sites, and also drinking lots of great wine and eating our fair share of Crepes!

Stay tuned for the next chapter where we sail to Dublin, Ireland; La Coruna, Spain; Cartagena, Spain, and Sicily, Italy.



This is the ancient Port of Brest, France located on the North Sea's Brittany Coast.



Crew members hiking up the path to Hammershus Castle in Bornholm, Denmark.



The pipe organ at St. Marien Church in Lubeck, Germany has over 8,000 pipes.



A few beers for the crew members ... one of these beers are plenty enough!



The National Maritime Museum (red flood lighted) is part of the same compound with the Royal Observatory and the Queen's House in the UK.



La Conquet, a small 1500's fishing village and the Abbey built by French monks in the 1400's.



Burial at Sea

*“To only those who would and could appreciate it. This account is one of a kind.
A powerful one that touches your heart. Tough duty then as it is now.”*

*by Lt Col George Goodson, USMC (Ret)
submitted by Gary Boldt*

In my 76th year, the events of my life appear to me, from time to time, as a series of vignettes. Some were significant; most were trivial.

War is the seminal event in the life of everyone that has endured it. Though I fought in Korea and the Dominican Republic and was wounded there, Vietnam was my war.

Now 37 years have passed and, thankfully, I rarely think of those days in Cambodia, Laos, and the panhandle of North Vietnam where small teams of Americans and Montangards fought much larger elements of the North Vietnamese Army. Instead I see vignettes: some exotic, some mundane:

- The smell of Nuc Mam.
- The heat, dust, and humidity.
- The blue exhaust of cycles clogging the streets.
- Elephants moving silently through the tall grass.
- Hard eyes behind the servile smiles of the villagers.
- Standing on a mountain in Laos and hearing a tiger roar.
- A young girl squeezing my hand as my medic delivered her baby.
- The flowing Ao Dais of the young women biking down Tran Hung Dao.
- *My two years as Casualty Notification Officer in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland.*

It was late 1967. I had just returned after 18 months in Vietnam. Casualties were increasing. I moved my family from Indianapolis to Norfolk, rented a house, enrolled my children in their fifth or sixth new school, and bought a second car.

A week later, I put on my uniform and drove 10 miles to Little Creek, Virginia. I hesitated before entering my new office. Appearance is important to career Marines. I was no longer, if ever, a poster Marine. I had returned from my third tour in Vietnam only 30 days before. At 5'9", I now weighed 128 pounds - 37 pounds below my normal weight. My uniforms fit ludicrously, my skin was yellow from malaria medication, and I think I had a twitch or two.

I straightened my shoulders, walked into the office, looked at the nameplate on a Staff Sergeant's desk and said, "Sergeant Jolly, I'm Lt. Colonel Goodson. Here are my orders and my Qualification Jacket."

Sergeant Jolly stood, looked carefully at me, took my orders, stuck out his hand; we shook and he asked, "How long were you there, Colonel?" I replied "18 months this time." Jolly breathed, you must be a slow learner Colonel." I smiled.

Jolly said, "Colonel, I'll show you to your office and bring in the Sergeant Major. I said, "No, let's just go straight to his office." Jolly nodded, hesitated, and lowered his voice, "Colonel, the Sergeant Major. He's been in this job two years. He's packed pretty tight. I'm worried about him." I nodded.

Jolly escorted me into the Sergeant Major's office. "Sergeant Major, this is Colonel Goodson, the new Commanding Office. The Sergeant Major stood, extended his hand and said, "Good to see you again, Colonel." I responded, "Hello Walt, how are you?" Jolly looked at me, raised an eyebrow, walked out, and closed the door.

I sat down with the Sergeant Major. We had the obligatory cup of coffee and talked about mutual acquaintances. Walt's stress was palpable. Finally, I said, "Walt, what the h-ll's wrong?" He turned his chair, looked out the window and said, "George, you're going to wish you were back in Nam before you leave here. I've been in the Marine Corps since 1939. I was in the Pacific 36 months, Korea for 14 months, and Vietnam for 12 months. Now I come here to bury these kids. I'm putting

my letter in. I can't take it anymore." I said, "OK Walt. If that's what you want, I'll endorse your request for retirement and do what I can to push it through Headquarters Marine Corps."

Sergeant Major Walt retired 12 weeks later. He had been a good Marine for 28 years, but he had seen too much death and too much suffering. He was used up.

Over the next 16 months, I made 28 death notifications, conducted 28 military funerals, and made 30 notifications to the families of Marines that were severely wounded or missing in action. Most of the details of those casualty notifications have now, thankfully, faded from memory. Four, however, remain.

MY FIRST NOTIFICATION

My third or fourth day in Norfolk, I was notified of the death of a 19 year old Marine. This notification came by telephone from Headquarters Marine Corps. The information detailed:

- *Name, rank, and serial number.
- *Name, address, and phone number of next of kin.
- *Date of and limited details about the Marine's death.
- *Approx. date the body would arrive at the Norfolk Naval AirStation.
- *A strong recommendation on whether the casket should be opened or closed.

The boy's family lived over the border in North Carolina, about 60 miles away. I drove there in a Marine Corps staff car. Crossing the state line into North Carolina, I stopped at a small country store / service station / Post Office. I went in to ask directions.

Three people were in the store. A man and woman approached the small Post Office window. The man held a package. The Storeowner walked up and addressed them by name, "Hello John. Good morning Mrs. Cooper."

I was stunned. My casualty's next-of-kin's name was John Cooper! I hesitated, then stepped forward and said, "I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper of (address.)

The father looked at me-I was in uniform - and then, shaking, bent at the waist, he vomited. His wife looked horrified at him and then at me. Understanding came into her eyes and she collapsed in slow motion. I think I caught her before she hit the floor.

The owner took a bottle of whiskey out of a drawer and handed it to Mr. Cooper who drank. I answered their questions for a few minutes. Then I drove them home in my staff car. The storeowner locked the store and followed in their truck. We stayed an hour or so until the family began arriving.

I returned the storeowner to his business. He thanked me and said, "Mister, I wouldn't have your job for a million dollars." I shook his hand and said; "Neither would I."

I vaguely remember the drive back to Norfolk. Violating about five Marine Corps regulations, I drove the staff car straight to my house. I sat with my family while they ate dinner, went into the den, closed the door, and sat there all night, alone.

My Marines steered clear of me for days. I had made my first death notification.

THE FUNERALS

Weeks passed with more notifications and more funerals. I borrowed Marines from the local Marine Corps Reserve and taught them to conduct a military funeral: how to carry a casket, how to fire the volleys and how to fold the flag..

When I presented the flag to the mother, wife, or father, I always said, "All Marines share in your grief." I had been instructed to say, "On behalf of a grateful nation...." I didn't think the nation was grateful, so I didn't say that.

Sometimes, my emotions got the best of me and I couldn't speak. When that happened, I just handed them the flag and touched a shoulder. They would look at me and nod. Once a mother said to me, "I'm so sorry you have this terrible job." My eyes filled with tears and I leaned over and kissed her.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

Six weeks after my first notification, I had another. This was a young PFC. I drove to his mother's house. As always, I was in uniform and driving a Marine Corps staff car. I parked in front of the house, took a deep breath, and walked towards the house. Suddenly the door flew open, a middle-aged woman rushed out. She looked at me and ran across the yard, screaming "NO! NO! NO! NO!"

I hesitated. Neighbors came out. I ran to her, grabbed her, and whispered stupid things to reassure her. She collapsed. I picked her up and carried her into the house. Eight or nine neighbors followed. Ten or fifteen later, the father came in followed by ambulance personnel. I have no recollection of leaving.

The funeral took place about two weeks later. We went through the drill. The mother never looked at me. The father looked at me once and shook his head sadly.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

One morning, as I walked in the office, the phone was ringing. Sergeant Jolly held the phone up and said, "You've got another one, Colonel." I nodded, walked into my office, picked up the phone, took notes, thanked the officer making the call, I have no idea why, and hung up. Jolly, who had listened, came in with a special Telephone Directory that translates telephone numbers into the person's address and place of employment.

The father of this casualty was a Longshoreman. He lived a mile from my office. I called the Longshoreman's Union Office and asked for the Business Manager. He answered the phone, I told him who I was, and asked for the father's schedule.

The Business Manager asked, "Is it his son?" I said nothing. After a moment, he said, in a low voice, "Tom is at home today." I said, "Don't call him. I'll take care of that." The Business Manager said, "Aye, Aye Sir," and then explained, "Tom and I were Marines in WWII."

I got in my staff car and drove to the house. I was in uniform. I knocked and a woman in her early forties answered the door. I saw instantly that she was clueless. I asked, "Is Mr. Smith home?" She smiled pleasantly and responded, "Yes, but he's eating breakfast now. Can you come back later?" I said, "I'm sorry. It's important. I need to see him now." She nodded, stepped back into the beach house and said, "Tom, it's for you."

A moment later, a ruddy man in his late forties, appeared at the door. He looked at me, turned absolutely pale, steadied himself, and said, "Jesus Christ man, he's only been there three weeks!"

Months passed. More notifications and more funerals. Then one day while I was running, Sergeant Jolly stepped outside the building and gave a loud whistle, two fingers in his mouth..... I never could do that... and held an imaginary phone to his ear.

Another call from Headquarters Marine Corps. I took notes, said, "Got it," and hung up. I had stopped saying "Thank You" long ago.

Jolly, "Where?"

Me, "Eastern Shore of Maryland. The father is a retired Chief Petty Officer. His brother will accompany the body back from Vietnam...." Jolly shook his head slowly, straightened, and then said, "This time of day, it'll take three hours to get there and back. I'll call the Naval Air Station and borrow a helicopter. And I'll have Captain Tolliver get one of his men to meet you and drive you to the Chief's home."

He did, and 40 minutes later, I was knocking on the father's door. He opened the door, looked at me, then looked at the Marine standing at parade rest beside the car, and asked, "Which one of my boys was it, Colonel?"

I stayed a couple of hours, gave him all the information, my office and home phone number and told him to call me, anytime.

He called me that evening about 2300 (11:00PM). "I've gone through my boy's papers and found his will. He asked to be buried at sea. Can you make that happen?" I said, "Yes I can, Chief. I can and I will."

My wife who had been listening said, "Can you do that?" I told her, "I have no idea. But I'm going to break my ass trying."

I called Lieutenant General Alpha Bowser, Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force Atlantic, at home about 2330, explained the situation, and asked, "General, can you get me a quick appointment with the Admiral at Atlantic Fleet Headquarters?" General Bowser said, "George, you be there tomorrow at 0900. He will see you."

I was and the Admiral did. He said coldly, "How can the Navy help the Marine Corps, Colonel." I told him the story. He turned to his Chief of Staff and said, "Which is the sharpest destroyer in port?" The Chief of Staff responded with a name.

The Admiral called the ship, "Captain, you're going to do a burial at sea. You'll report to a Marine Lieutenant Colonel Goodson until this mission is completed."

He hung up, looked at me, and said, "The next time you need a ship, Colonel, call me. You don't have to sic Al Bowser on my ass." I responded, "Aye Aye, Sir" and got the h-ll out of his office.

I went to the ship and met with the Captain, Executive Officer, and the Senior Chief. Sergeant Jolly and I trained the ship's crew for four days. Then Jolly raised a question none of us had thought of. He said, "These government caskets are air tight. How do we keep it from floating?"

All the high priced help including me sat there looking dumb. Then the Senior Chief stood and said, "Come on Jolly. I know a bar where the retired guys from World War II hang out."

They returned a couple of hours later, slightly the worst for wear, and said, "It's simple; we cut four 12" holes in the outer shell of the casket on each side and insert 300 lbs of lead in the foot end of the casket. We can handle that, no sweat."

The day arrived. The ship and the sailors looked razor sharp. General Bowser, the Admiral, a US Senator, and a Navy Band were on board. The sealed casket was brought aboard and taken below for modification. The ship got underway to the 12-fathom depth.

The sun was hot. The ocean flat. The casket was brought aft and placed on a catafalque. The Chaplin spoke. The volleys were fired. The flag was removed, folded, and I gave it to the father. The band played "Eternal Father Strong to Save." The casket was raised slightly at the head and it slid into the sea.

The heavy casket plunged straight down about six feet. The incoming water collided with the air pockets in the outer shell. The casket stopped abruptly, rose straight out of the water about three feet, stopped, and slowly slipped back into the sea. The air bubbles rising from the sinking casket sparkled in the in the sunlight as the casket disappeared from sight forever....

The next morning I called a personal friend, Lieutenant General Oscar Peatross, at Headquarters Marine Corps and said, "General, get me out of here. I can't take this anymore." I was transferred two weeks later.

I was a good Marine but, after 17 years, I had seen too much death and too much suffering. I was used up.

Vacating the house, my family and I drove to the office in a two-car convoy. I said my goodbyes. Sergeant Jolly walked out with me. He waved at my family, looked at me with tears in his eyes, came to attention, saluted, and said, "Well Done, Colonel. Well Done."

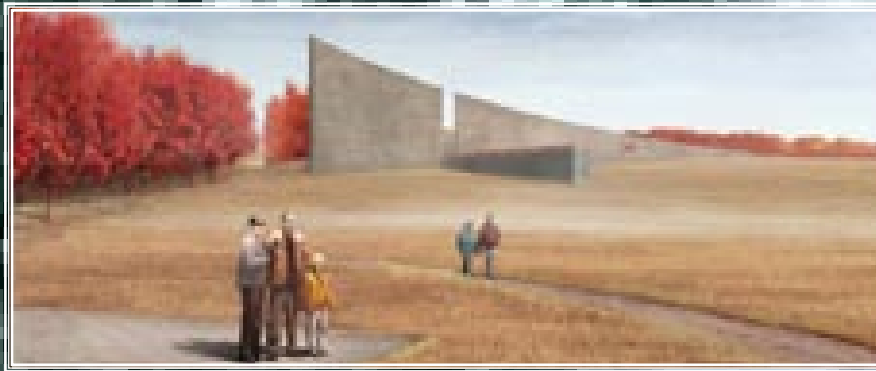
I felt as if I had received the Medal of Honor!

Jmac

A veteran is someone who, at one point wrote a blank check make payable to "The United States of America" for an amount of "up to and including their life."

That is Honor, and there are way too many people in this country who no longer understand it".





In a Presidential Act signed by then President George Bush, a memorial was created to honor the forty passengers and crew that perished while trying to foil the fourth Al-Qaida attack on 9-11-2001. United Flight 93 eventually crashed in a rural area in southwestern Pennsylvania. This was the fourth airliner Al-Qaida planned to use as a killing instrument on innocent people, targeting either the White House or the Capital Building in Washington, DC hoping to cause further death and destruction among the American people.

President Bush designated the crash site as the "Flight 93 National Memorial" in honor of the heroic passengers and crew who fought to save others on the ground from the Muslim terrorists. More American civilians died at the hand of Al-Qaida terrorists on 911 than U.S. military men and women died at Peril Harbor during the attack by Japan that brought the United States into World War II.

Erie, Pennsylvania's Lincoln Metal Processing Co. was awarded an Open Bid Contract to aid in the cleanup and restoration of the crash site in preparation for the government's \$58 million development, of which \$30 million is coming from private donations. The site will be dedicated in the name of those who died that day in hopes of saving other Americans on the ground.

Lincoln Metal Processing is a 75 year old Erie based family company currently in its third generation of operation.

To meet the job site's requirements and deadline, Lincoln shipped five major pieces of equipment costing in excess of \$1.5 million, as well as six highly trained employees to the site. This effort constituted the equivalent of building a modern mobile scrap yard. This site preparation contract has an accelerated deadline date of December 31, 2009 in the master plan which Project Supervisor, Jeremy Lincoln says will be achieved barring any major weather developments.

To date over 150,000 people per year gather at the crash site's "temporary" Memorial in remembrance of that tragic day on September 11th. This outpouring of interest and pride insures an even greater public appeal and visitation interest upon the completion of the first phase of the project. The first phase is scheduled to be completed prior to the dedication of the "Flight 93 National Memorial" scheduled for September 11, 2011. The museum will follow as funds become available.

Tax deductible contributions to the memorial are welcomed through the:

Flight 93 National Memorial Campaign
c/o National Park Foundation
1201 Eye Street, NW, Suite 550 B
Washington, DC 20005



Jeremy Lincoln's a Day Like No Other... the Flight 93 Story



121 Days til Summer

"But Who's Counting!"

Well, gang, it's difficult to face but another summer has passed. Summers "fly-by" and winters sure seems to drag-on, don't they? Several years ago, we figured a good way to accelerate the wintertime blues was to have a beach-party smack dab during winter's coldest days. So, why let the cold arctic winds make you dream of the warm summer days? Rather than hunkering-down during these long winter nights, wouldn't it be a blast to "live" a little summer, rather than just "dream" about it? Well, "good news", gang! It's time to stop dreaming and get ready for a Summer Beach Party at the Erie Yacht Club! Dig-out your favorite tropical shirts, sundress, shorts, crazy shirt or bathing suit and rock the night away at the EYC's "121 Days 'til Summer Party"

You'll love the Jimmy-Buffet-Sound of the terrific "Gypsies in the Palace" band making you sway in the palm trees and warm breezes of your mind. "Gypsies in the Palace" will keep you in this summer mode while you dream and dance the night away! And there's nothing quite like our famous live "limbo contestants all fighting for our coveted trophy! There will be big smiles all-around, for sure!

Put-in-Bay, may be the party capital of the Great Lakes in summer but can't come close to listening to the unique sounds of West Side Steve, the Skipper of the Lake Erie Booze Patrol direct from Put-in-Bay. West Side Steve will treat us to songs of Lake Erie and spin all kinds of nautical magic for ya' and that's winter at the EYC

The 121 Days picnic buffet starts with smoky, tangy, barbecued ribs, and home-

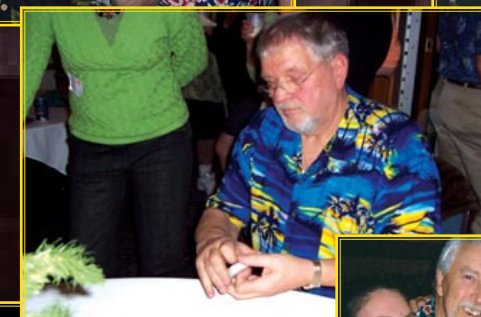
made honey-fried chicken, both just exploding with summertime freshness! You'll love our scrumptious steamed mussels and terrific summer buffet with grilled hot dogs, homemade baked beans, fresh raw veggies and corn on the cob buffet. It doesn't stop there also sweet, ripe watermelon, and a cool, rich Jell-O salad surprise. Be sure to save a little room for desert as you tantalize and titillate your taste buds with Key Lime Pie or maybe some Mango Pie! ... "I'm stuffed just thinking about it!"

The Club will be lookin' like summer time too all we need is YOU dancing, laughing, limbo'n, in great summer outfits, with cool refreshing tropical drinks, and ice-cold brews. You can't miss this one unless you hate summer! You can have it all when you need it the most during our cold, blustery dark days of winter! If you miss this you deserve to just sit home and dream your life away!

So get up, get out and get to the Erie Yacht Club on February 20th! Stop dreaming about summer and start living it with West Side Steve, the Skipper of the Lake Erie Booze Patrol while dancing the night away to the tropical music of Gypsies in the Palace. All available only at our 121 Day 'til Summer blast ... just be here!



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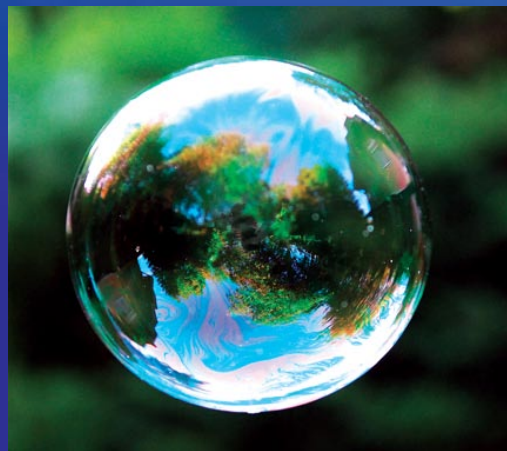
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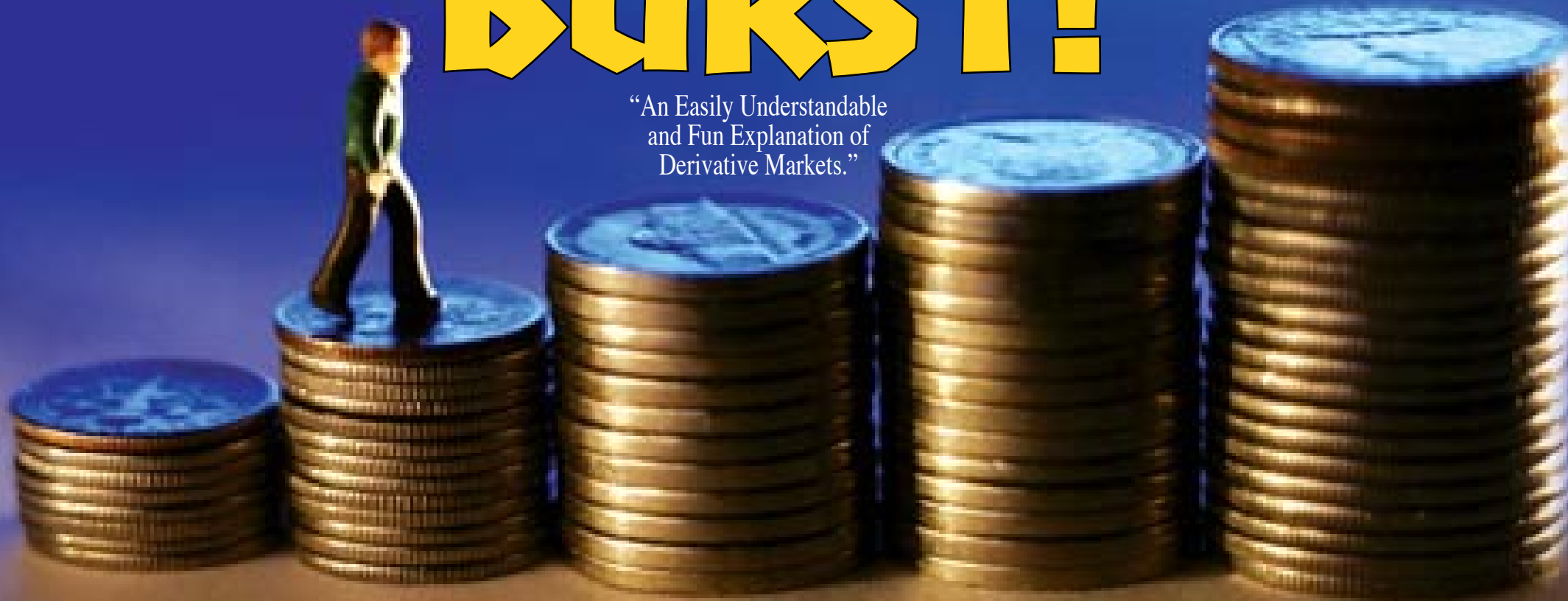


How Derivatives Work or Don't ?

THE BUBBLE BURST!

submitted by Gary Boldt

"An Easily Understandable
and Fun Explanation of
Derivative Markets."



Heidi is the proprietor of a bar in Detroit. She realizes that virtually all of her customers are unemployed alcoholics and, as such, can no longer afford to patronize her bar. To solve this problem, she comes up with new marketing plan that allows her customers to drink now, but pay later. She keeps track of the drinks consumed on a ledger (thereby granting the customers loans).

Word gets around about Heidi's "drink now, pay later" marketing strategy and, as a result, increasing numbers of customers flood into Heidi's bar. Soon she has the largest sales volume for any bar in Detroit.

By providing her customers' freedom from immediate payment demands, Heidi gets no resistance when, at regular intervals, she substantially increases her prices for wine and beer, the most consumed beverages. Consequently, Heidi's gross sales volume increases massively.

A young and dynamic vice-president at the local bank recognizes that these customer debts constitute valuable future assets and increases Heidi's borrowing limit. He sees no reason for any undue concern, since he has the debts of the unemployed alcoholics as collateral.

At the bank's corporate headquarters, expert traders transform these customer loans into DRINKBONDS, ALKIBONDS and PUKEBONDS. These securities are then bundled and traded on international security markets. Naive investors don't really understand that the securities being sold to them as AAA secured bonds are really the debts of unemployed alcoholics.

Nevertheless, the bond prices continuously climb, and the securities soon become the hottest-selling items for some of the nation's leading brokerage houses.

One day, even though the bond prices are still climbing, a risk manager at the original local bank decides that the time has come to demand payment on the debts incurred by the drinkers at Heidi's bar. He so informs Heidi.

Heidi then demands payment from her alcoholic patrons, but being unemployed alcoholics they cannot pay back their drinking debts. Since, Heidi cannot fulfill her loan obligations she is forced into bankruptcy. The bar closes and the eleven employees lose their jobs.

Overnight, DRINKBONDS, ALKIBONDS and PUKEBONDS drop in price by 90%. The collapsed bond asset value destroys the banks liquidity and prevents it from issuing new loans, thus freezing credit and economic activity in the community.

The suppliers of Heidi's bar had granted her generous payment extensions and had invested their firms' pension funds in the various BOND securities. They find they are now faced with having to write off her bad debt and with losing over 90% of the presumed value of the bonds. Her wine supplier also claims bankruptcy, closing the doors on a family business that had endured for three generations, her beer supplier is taken over by a competitor, who immediately closes the local plant and lays off 150 workers.

Fortunately though, the bank, the brokerage houses and their respective executives are saved and bailed out by a multi-billion dollar no-strings attached cash infusion from the Government.

The funds required for this bailout are obtained by new taxes levied on employed, middle-class, non-drinkers.

Now, is this easier to understand?



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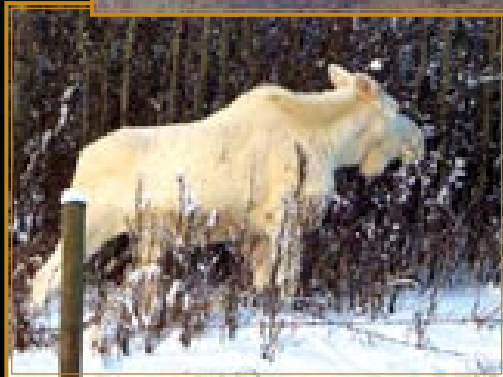
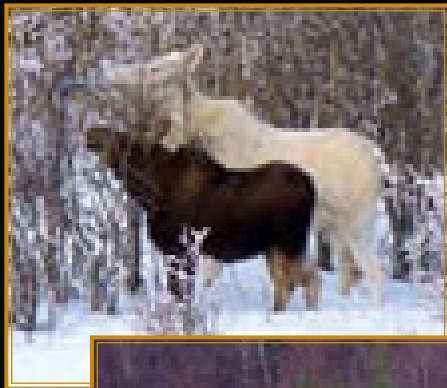
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Is it a Horse? ... a Cow? ... a What?

ALBINO MOOSE!

by P/C John Ashby



"WHAT TIME DID YOU SAY THEY ARE PICKING US UP?"



"I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING COMING."



"COME ON IT'S THEM!"



Maybe once in a lifetime we have the opportunity to witness a wondrous part of nature that very few ever have witnessed and never shall enjoy.

Many of these wonders of Mother Nature are fascinating, mysterious and always remarkable creations. These photos were taken by people who were among the very few to witness one of nature's most amazing sights ... "Albino Moose".

Now, this is not to be confused with the "white phase" moose, although also rare, still more abundant than albino moose which are by far the rarest of all the moose inhabiting the cooler northern forests of the U.S.,

including Alaska and the lower provinces of Canada. Yet the difference between "white phase" and true "albinos" is recognizable and distinguishable. After a close examination of both the eye and skin color which in albinos is a pinkish color, unlike the "white phase" moose, it is obvious who's who.

As with most of all what nature creates these moose are both remarkable and absolutely beautiful to behold.

Remember to send the LOG your rare photos of fascinating creatures from your next adventure where ever it takes you.





Opening Frame of "Jack Tar Sails Again" showing the original basin channel.

The Erie Yacht Club entertainment committee produced a 39 minute video in 1948 named "Jack Tar Sails Again". It was a very popular movie which was shown at the EYC many times over the years. It was originally shot on 16mm film, and had a soundtrack. As the years went by, most of the copies were either lost or thrown away.

P/C Richard Loesel knew the film existed, and after some interest in vintage EYC video was sparked by P/C Arthur S. Boldt's 8mm film 'EYC in the 1950s' which were released on YouTube, Loesel went on a hunt to track the film down.

He recovered an original copy from the EYC archives after much searching, and took it to a professional to have restored and converted to DVD. Loesel discovered that the video could

"Jack Tar Sails Again"

by Douglas Boldt

be saved, but the soundtrack was lost due to the age of the 16 mm film.

Loesel and I decided that the video should be re-mastered. We went back to the studio and I recorded a narration track of Loesel speaking and explaining the tale. He and some other "old timers" identified as many people in the video as possible, many of which are relatives of current EYC members. Period music was also added.

It's a story about an EYC sailor named Jack Tar who was portrayed by Jack Raimsey. He meets his untimely demise before the sailing season begins, and is sent to Davey Jones' Locker after his death. Davey Jones was played by Mike Harrison.

Jack tries to talk to Davey Jones into letting him return to Earth for one more season, and promises to not drink as much, chase as many women, or get into any trouble.

Jack was permitted to return on New Years Eve, but was required to return to the underworld on labor day later that year. The film captures everything that happens in between, including many of the events over the summer of 1948. This includes a trip to Dover, digging

for treasure on Presque Isle beach, opening day ceremonies, and lots of drinking at the old EYC bar.

The black and white film was photographed by Harley H. Bixler, and the Commodore in 1948 was P/C Durker Braggins, who also appears in the film.



If you thought the docks were bad now, here's what they looked like in the 40s.

DVD Copies of "Jack Tar Sails Again" are available for sale at the EYC sundry store for \$10. Proceeds will benefit the Reyburn Sailing School via the Erie Yacht Club Foundation.



EYC Treasury/Secretary George Loesel at an EYC New Years Party.



Bartender Pat Goth serves drinks to Jack Raimsey (the Movie's Star) and his lady friends in the old clubhouse bar room.



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2

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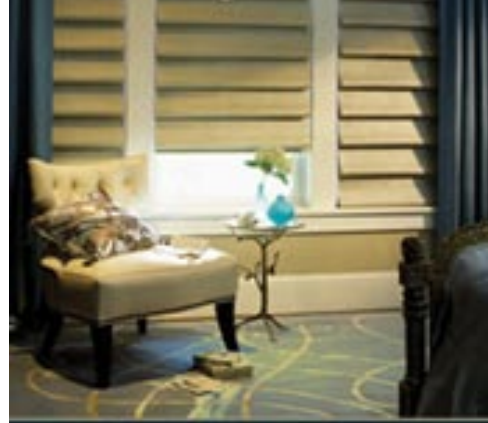
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Unexpected Encounter?



A Shared Sense of Pride.

Our Spectacular EYC Both Day and Night!

by Debbie Giewont



Every time I descend Ravine Drive and round the last curve and see that first glimpse of the bay, the basin, and the Peninsula beyond, I am captivated for a fleeting moment by nature's beauty. If you have not experienced the serenity that this view offers, slow down a bit the next time you descend from the world at the top of the hill.

As I continue on down the hill and pull up to the gate house, I see the club house sitting stately among nature's beauty. I have been asked by a guest, "If I felt like I was on vacation every time I was down at the Yacht Club?" I will say that the natural beauty and the club's conviviality does help one leave life's daily stressors at the last curve of Ravine Drive.

Local photographer, Mark Fainstein, has captured our boating haven in two recent photographs. From a high perch he photographed the club and its surroundings during the daytime. This photograph affords a view of not only the club's basin and surrounding bay, but also the lake beyond and a sky full of white,

puffy clouds. The second photograph he took just before dark captures the basin, club house, and light house with all of the welcoming lights reflecting in the water. The peninsula in this photo becomes a dark, protective shield. Both photos are equally beautiful.

Thanks to photographer Mark Fainstein and club members Tom and Cindy Madura, Steve and Debbie Giewont, and artist Laine Addressi, the photographs are for sale in the Club's gift shop for only \$20 each. They are matted and are ready for framing. The cost of the photographs must be paid in cash or by check payable to the Erie Yacht Club Racing Fleet. The proceeds from the sale of the photographs will benefit both the Yacht Club Auxiliary and the EYC Racing Fleet.

The decision was made to print the photos in 5 x 7, but if anyone would like a larger print of the photograph, the same can be purchased directly by calling Mark Fainstein Photography at, 461-8996.



Let me see if I understand all this?

submitted by Adrienne Levis

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IF YOU CROSS THE SAUDI ARABIAN BORDER ILLEGALLY YOU WILL BE JAILED.

IF YOU CROSS THE VENEZUELAN BORDER ILLEGALLY YOU WILL BE BRANDED A SPY AND YOUR FATE WILL BE SEALED.

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BOARDER ILLEGALLY YOU MAY NEVER BE HEARD FROM AGAIN.

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The Michael Monsoor Story

submitted by Paul Levis

Petty Officer Michael A. Monsoor, United States Navy, distinguished himself through conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as a Combat Advisor and Automatic Weapons Gunner for Naval Special Warfare Task Group Arabian Peninsula in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom on 29 September 2006. He displayed great personal courage and exceptional bravery while conducting operations in enemy held territory at Ar Ramadi, Iraq.

During Operation Kentucky Jumper, a combined Coalition battalion clearance and isolation operation in southern Ar Ramadi, he served as automatic weapons gunner in a combined SEAL and Iraqi Army (IA) sniper overwatch element positioned on a residential rooftop in a violent sector and historical stronghold for insurgents. In the morning, his team observed four enemy fighters armed with AK-47s reconnoitering from roads in the sector to conduct follow-on attacks. SEAL snipers from his roof engaged two of them which resulted in one enemy wounded in action and one enemy killed in action. A mutually supporting SEAL/IA position also killed an enemy fighter during the morning hours. After the engagements, the local populace blocked

off the roads in the area with rocks to keep civilians away and to warn insurgents of the presence of his Coalition sniper element. Additionally, a nearby mosque called insurgents to arms to fight Coalition Forces.

In the early afternoon, enemy fighters attacked his position with automatic weapons fire from a moving vehicle. The SEALs fired back and stood their ground. Shortly thereafter, an enemy fighter shot a rocket-propelled grenade at his building. Though well-acquainted with enemy tactics in Ar Ramadi, and keenly aware that the enemy would continue to attack, the SEALs remained on the battlefield in order to carry out the mission of guarding the western flank of the main effort.

Due to expected enemy action, the officer in charge repositioned him with his automatic heavy machine gun in the direction of the enemy's most likely avenue of approach. He placed him in a small, confined sniper hide-sight between two SEAL snipers on an outcropping of the roof, which allowed the three SEALs maximum coverage of the area. He was located closest to the egress route out of the sniper hide-sight watching for enemy activity through a tactical periscope over the parapet wall. While vigilantly watching for enemy

activity, an enemy fighter hurled a hand grenade onto the roof from an unseen location. The grenade hit him in the chest and bounced onto the deck. He immediately leapt to his feet and yelled "grenade" to alert his teammates of impending danger, but they could not evacuate the sniper hide-sight in time to escape harm. Without hesitation and showing no regard for his own life, he threw himself onto the grenade, smothering it to protect his teammates who were lying in close proximity. The grenade detonated as he came down on top of it, mortally wounding him.

Petty Officer Monsoor's actions could not have been more selfless or clearly intentional. Of the three SEALs on that rooftop corner, he had the only avenue of escape away from the blast, and if he had so chosen, he could have easily escaped. Instead, Monsoor chose to protect his comrades by the sacrifice of his own life. By his courageous and selfless actions, he saved the lives of his two fellow SEALs and he is the most deserving of the special recognition afforded by awarding the Medal of Honor.



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WHO'S GIVING AWAY AMERICA?

submitted by

P/C Bob & Mary Morrison,
PDYC Port Dover, Canada

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Theodore Roosevelt 1907



The year is 1907. That is one hundred and three years ago when Theodore Roosevelt stood up for and defended American ideas and ideals on immigrants and delivered this "non-change truth" whenever and wherever he traveled. Every American citizen needs to read this and soon. Pay attention Americans while it still is your country.



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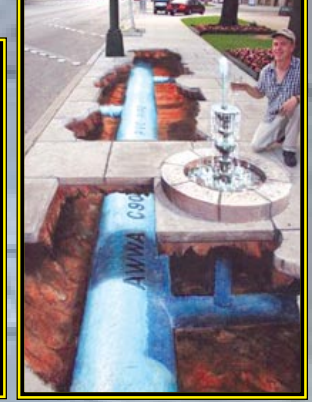
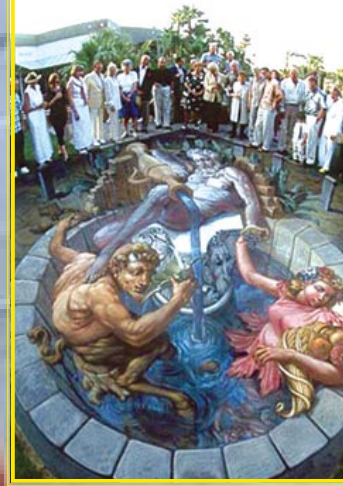
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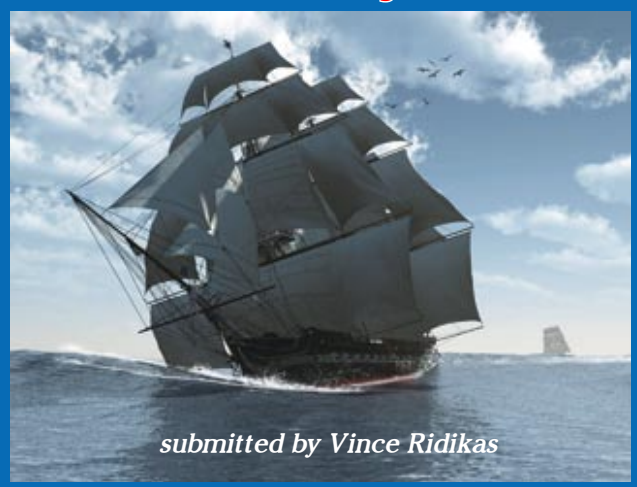
Unbelievably Creative Art of Julian Beever "Street Chalk Artist"

Correct depth perception is the essential element in creating these illusions.



US Constitution

"A Naval History Lesson"



submitted by Vince Ridikas

The U.S.S. Constitution (Old Ironsides), as a combat vessel, carried 48,600 gallons of fresh water for her crew of 475 officers and men. This was sufficient to last six months of sustained operations at sea. She carried no evaporators (i.e. fresh water distillers).

However, let it be noted that according to her ship's log, "On July 27, 1798, the U.S.S. Constitution sailed from Boston with a full complement of 475 officers and men, 48,600 gallons of fresh water, 7,400 cannon shot, 11,600 pounds of black powder and 79,400 gallons of rum."

Her mission: "To destroy and harass English shipping." Making Jamaica on 6 October, she took on 826 pounds of flour and 68,300 gallons of rum.

Then she headed for the Azores, arriving there 12 November. She provisioned with 550 pounds of beef and 64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine.

On 18 November, she set sail for England. In the ensuing days she defeated five British men-of-war and captured and scuttled 12 English merchant ships, salvaging only the rum aboard each.

By 26 January, her powder and shot were exhausted. Nevertheless, although unarmed she made a night raid up the Firth of Clyde in Scotland. Her landing party captured a whisky distillery and transferred 40,000 gallons of single malt Scotch aboard by dawn. Then she headed home.

The U. S. S. Constitution arrived in Boston on 20 February 1799, with no cannon shot, no food, no powder, no rum, no wine, no whisky, and 38,600 gallons of water.

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January Calendar of Club Events

- 1st Tom & Jerry • Members Only
1100 to 1300 hours
- 3rd Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 7th Celebrity Bartender Night
5:30-8:30 pm
- 10th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 13th Cabin Fever Bawl
entertainment by Sam Hyman
5-9pm • Dinner & Drink Specials
- 14th Celebrity Bartender Night
5:30-8:30 pm
- 16th Dinner Theater Tribute to Sinatra,
"My Way" Cocktails 6pm Dinner 7pm
\$24.00 includes Dinner & Show
- 17th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 21st Celebrity Bartender Night
5:30-8:30 pm
- 24th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 27th Fellowship Dinner
- 28th Celebrity Bartender Night
5:30-8:30 pm
- 31st Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
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February Calendar of Club Events

- 4th Celebrity Bartender Night
5:30-8:30 pm
- 7th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
Super Bowl Night
- 11th Celebrity Bartender Night
5:30-8:30 pm
- 13th Valentines Night Dinner Buffet
Music by DH Jazz Express
Special Chef Selections
Serving 5:30-9pm
Reservations Required
- 14th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 18th Sunset Happy Hour to benefit Jr.
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Raffle • Chinese Auction • 5-9pm
- 20th 121 Days 'til Summer Party
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Summer Food • Limbo Contest
Margarita Bar
- 21st Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 25th Celebrity Bartender Night
5:30-8:30 pm
- 28th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95

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It was either late 1978 or early 1979, I have forgotten exactly but I am close either way. The river is the Tombigbee River and this happened to be the record high water ever for that area.

The towboat you see coming down on the bridge is the Motor Vessel *Cahaba* owned by Warrior Gulf Navigation out of Mobile, Alabama. Warrior Gulf is a subsidiary of Pittsburg Steel. I know you are familiar with Birmingham's coal mines and steel mills, and this company would haul iron pellets up to Birmingham and off-load to make steel plate. On the return the barges were filled with coal for export at the McDuffie Coal Terminal at the mouth of the Mobile River and at the head of Mobile Bay. The Bridge was the Old Rooster Bridge (since demolished and

removed - I saw the explosion to tear it down also) located below Demopolis, Alabama. The land-side highway dead ends at the bluff, and you can still drive to this site and imagine how high the river had to be to get to the bottom of the bridge... the pass or Channel Span of the bridge was located on the far West side of the river, or on the opposite bank from the photographer's standpoint. In normal river flow, we would drop down near the rock bluff and steer through the opening to pass southward with our tows of coal barges.

Normal loads were six barges, each measuring 195' X 35' and loaded to a 10' draft. This allowed each barge to carry approximately 2,000 tons of coal (times six = 12,000 tons X 2000 pounds = 24 Million pounds of cargo.)

The boat is 1800 Horsepower twin engine diesel built in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. It is named after one of the eight "friendly" Indian tribes. It is the Motor Vessel *Cahaba*. At the "sticks" or helm is Captain Jimmie Wilkerson, a long time river pilot and was my personal friend - since deceased. The river current was so very treacherous that we were forced to drop down to the bridge in the slack(er) water on the left descending bank and when we got down to the bridge, we uncoupled the boat from the barges and let the barges drift down under the bridge. The bottom of the bridge "shaved" the coal stacked in the barges off to a level surface. The next step was to back the vessel up-river and then go over to the far West side and traverse the bridge's channel span with the

boat and run down to catch the barges. It was just too dangerous to try to bring the barges through the bridge span in the current.

Anyway, Jimmie dropped down properly and with the entire rest of the crew standing on the barges for safety, he began to reverse his engines to back away. His stern would have to be kept directly pointed into the current or the boat would travel sideways like a kite without its tail.

Captain Jim was a fine pilot, but he made a small mistake and his stern was caught in the current, twisted sideways and the river smashed him into the bridge sideways. Notice that the boat re-surfaced right side up on the down stream side. What luck you say? Nope, WGN ballasted all their vessels with three to

four feet of cement in the bottom. The boat was like a little yellow rubber duckie, and came back up like a duckie ought 'ta do. The boat suffered major cosmetic damages, but little flooding because of water tight doors with the exception in the pilothouse.

Notice the picture where the boat is not quite righted and you can see water pouring out of the wheelhouse door. The chair washes out, and Jimmie told me he was holding on to the controls with all his might to keep from going out the drain and into the river. He was very shook up and you can see him approach the tow of barges downriver. Well he didn't get it together quite soon enough and he smashed into the barges, causing further damage.

I next saw Jimmie about a month after the

incident. We had a cup of coffee together and talked about the incident. He was smoking a Camel non-filter but didn't even need an ash-tray because his hands were still shaking too much for the ash to build up to any degree.

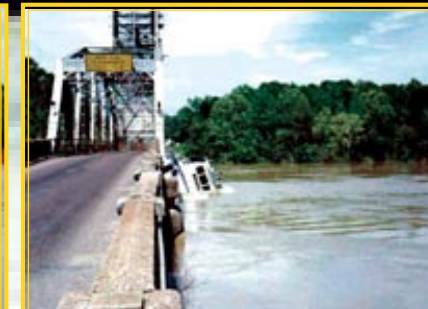
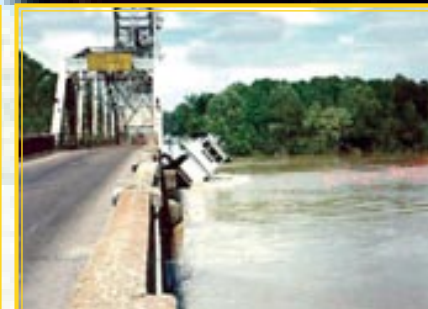
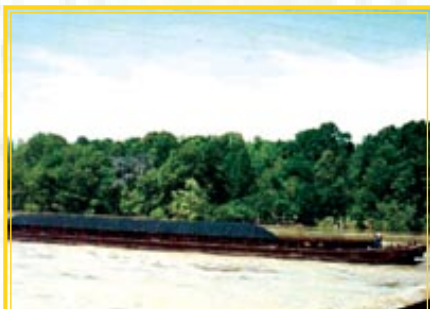
How do I know all this? I was on the boat that went through the bridge immediately before the *Cahaba*. The Motor Vessel *James E. Philpott* made the bridge and was headed south at close to 15 MPH. For all you who don't understand, that is very fast on a commercial towboat with that much tonnage.



Conflict

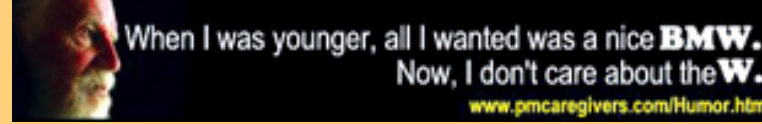
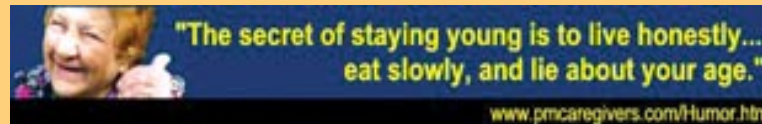
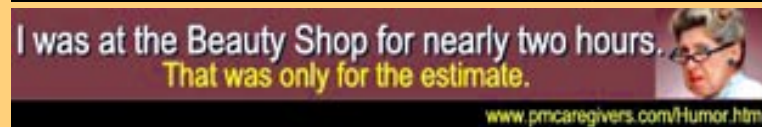
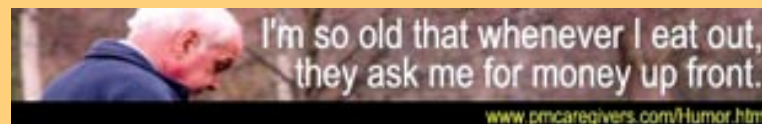
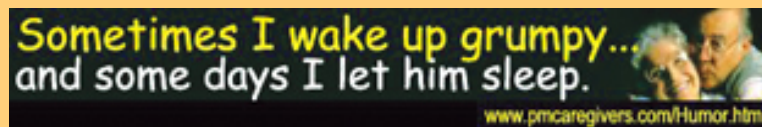
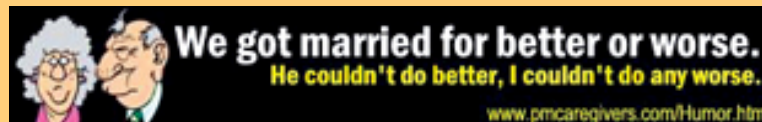
Tall Tugboat and Low Bridge!

submitted by Roberta Rey



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submitted by P/C Bob & Mary Morrison, PDYC



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