

# ALOG



## Baring My Soles





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### ***From the Bridge***

#### **Commodore Jerry Urbaniak**

On behalf of the Bridge and Board, I'd like to offer all of our fellow members best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. May your troubles last only as long as your New Year's resolutions!

We would like to thank you for your confidence in us as we begin our work in this, 116th year of our beloved Club's existence. A lot has to go right for any entity to be around for that long. We have been blessed with leaders who were bold with their decisions, and far reaching in their vision, and have been blessed with members, who have sustained the Club by their presence through good years and difficult ones. We have been blessed with so many volunteers who have given their valuable time and effort, laying the foundation for accomplishment, and we have been blessed with a staff that never tires of maintaining the smooth flow of business and member services.

With many great plans for this year, we are confident that the tradition of achievement through member involvement will continue.

There will be many more things to be proud of here at the Erie Yacht Club.

I encourage you to read your LOG, to access the Club's website, and to check out your General Manager's newsletters often, to see what's happening around our great Club. There is always something going on that will make you glad that you're a member. The EYC Entertainment Committee promises another activity and fun-packed year, and our Chef and his staff will continue with their sensational food. If you are thinking about planning an event this year, think of holding it at the Erie Yacht Club!

As your Commodore, I request that you discuss your thoughts and expectations with me and share your concerns. And I encourage all of my fellow members to support our wonderful Club whenever we have the chance.



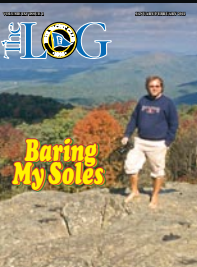
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### **On the Cover...**

Bob Madura has, what some people call, a quirk. He just doesn't like wearing anything on his feet year round! On boats, in forests or climbing mountains ... he has bared his soles. And he loves it!



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“What spirit is so empty and blind, that it cannot grasp the fact that a human foot is more noble than the shoe and human skin more beautiful than the garment with which it is clothed?”

- Michelangelo

Anyone who has known me for even a short time knows one thing for sure about me – I don’t like shoes. Never have. As a kid I would go barefoot as much as possible, much to my mother’s dismay. As I grew older, I found shoes to be a necessary evil in many situations, but I always took advantage of every opportunity to kick them off, whether it was at the beach, in the backyard, or anywhere else I happened to find myself.

Now, to me walking barefoot seems to be the most natural thing in the world. And why not? In the long history of the human race, shoes are a relatively recent invention, and in many cultures bare feet are still regarded as very common. Not coincidentally, these barefoot cultures are unfamiliar with many of the most prevalent foot problems and ailments found in our “modern” society

– tendonitis, bunions, plantar fasciitis, etc. In fact, a study published in the podiatry journal The Foot in 2007 compared modern feet from three different areas of the world as well as the feet of 2,000 year old skeletons. The study concluded that the healthiest feet were those of the skeletons, prior to the invention of shoes, followed by modern frequently barefoot African Zulus. Significantly, the least healthy feet were found to be those of modern shoe-wearing Europeans. Other studies have shown similar results - there is little doubt that shoes are bad for your feet.

The human foot is truly a marvel of evolutionary engineering – developed over millions of years to allow us to walk and run over a huge variety of surfaces. There are 26 bones and over 100 muscles, tendons, and ligaments in each foot. In fact, over 25% of the bones in the human body are located in the feet. Encasing them in constricting shoes only inhibits their normal function.

Our ancestors literally travelled the world in bare feet, finally inventing shoes mainly

as protection against extreme environments, or to be used as accessories for decoration or to indicate social status. (Sex and the City fans know what I’m talkin’ about!) However, the more time I’ve spent barefoot, the more I realize how unnecessary shoes really are for most activities. Of course it is not particularly unusual to find bare feet on boats, and sailing has always allowed me many hours of shoe-free enjoyment. Two of my other barefoot hobbies, however, sometimes raise a few eyebrows or provoke incredulous stares or comments from strangers. These hobbies are running and hiking.

*Barefoot Running*

I began running in my mid-20’s, and frequently ran in 5K or 10K races, and an occasional half-marathon (13.1 miles). At that time I always wore the latest “new and improved” running shoes I could find. As I approached age 40, however, I began having

knee pain whenever I ran more than a few miles, and was tempted to give up running entirely. Instead, after doing some careful, in-depth research on the topic, I started running barefoot. My knee pain disappeared and I was able to resume a regular running schedule once again. I have now been running barefoot for over ten years, and my knees, legs and feet are just fine. I have not had a running-related injury since I ditched the running shoes all those years ago, despite running up to twenty miles a week. I have found that I can run barefoot in just about any weather conditions, including snow. Running 5K races barefoot in the snow never fails to stimulate conversation among fellow runners!

It is not surprising to me that barefoot running has really caught on in the last couple of years. It is now common to hear of at least a few barefoot runners in many marathons, and in the last several years many national running magazines have featured articles on the benefits of ditching the Nikes. Going shoe-free is being proclaimed as either the “latest fad” in running, or the “new and improved” running technique. Of course, it’s neither – it’s just the way the human body was meant to run.

Want to start running barefoot? Although it seems like all you have to do is take off your shoes and start running, it’s not quite that simple, especially if you are already a runner accustomed to typical running shoes.

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# Baring My Soles

## Running and Hiking as Nature Intended

by Tom Madura

This background photo is on the Appalachian Trail in Shenandoah National Park, Virginia.

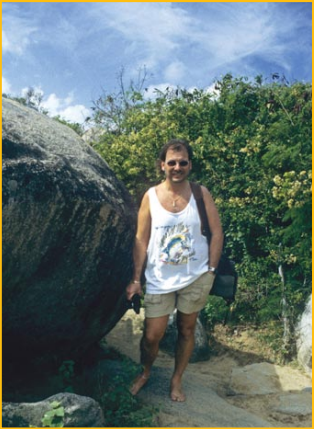
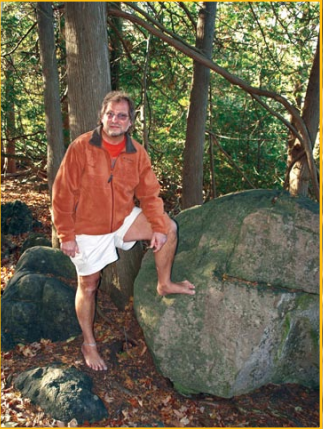
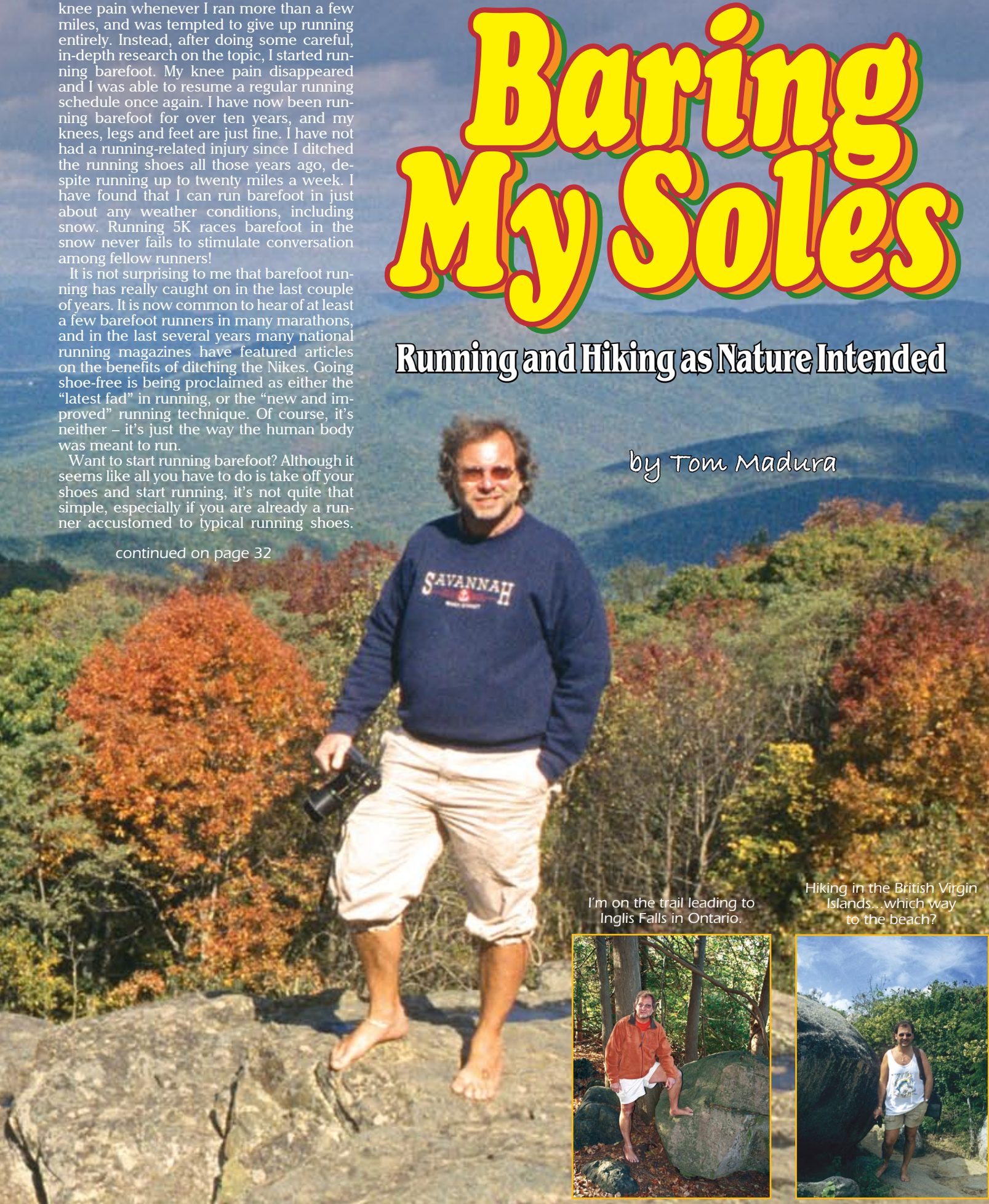
Climbing Sugarloaf Mountain on Michigan’s Upper Peninsula.

A brisk winter day – perfect for a barefoot run.

Some trails are tougher than others, but bare feet can handle them all.

I’m on the trail leading to Inglis Falls in Ontario.

Hiking in the British Virgin Islands...which way to the beach?







by Tom Schuyler III

# Victoria

*"Remembering Her Poems &  
the People Who Sailed Her"*



Some people never change like "old salt" Paul Brugger.

My dad, a longtime EYC member, Cort Schuyler, my wife Maureen, me and little Jon Glenn Edwards.

Ashley Swift, Paul Brugger, Harry Edwards, Gordy Way and Mark McCloskey leaving Buffalo on Friday night, September 30, 1966.



The crew at rest in Barcelona, NY in August 1967 with Gordy Way, Paul Brugger, me and Maureen, Pete & Marleen Schaaf, Nat Edwards & Harry Edwards (standing), Art Althoff, Arleen Swanson, Ron and wife and Shellie Houston.



Paul Brugger, Dave McNight, Dick Swanson, Dick Stevens and the author all just relaxing after another great sail.

*"Oh how your crew did love you!"*

Dick Swanson, the author, Pete Schaaf and Gordy Way admiring our "Redi Kilowatt" logo on a sail off of Barcelona back in 1967.



Falcon Cup in '67 Fred Rice, Art Altoff, Paul Brugger, me, Paul O'Conner and Dick Swanson.



The crew in Dover 1967 with Paul Rothery, the author, Pete Schaaf, Clark Schuler with Victoria's owners Harry Edwards and Paul Brugger.



Lined up on the bow spread in Dover in 1967 are Fred Rice, Art Altoff, Dick Swanson, Paul O'Conner, Fred Rice, Paul Brugger and your author.



The Victoria song adaptations were created by crew member Shellie Houston and vocalized by the crew while raising their glasses of good cheer after each of their voyaging adventures.

## Victoria Gal

(Tune stolen from "for me and my gal")  
Tho years are growing on us and our gal  
The winds were blowing on us and our pal.  
They accused us of rowing  
When in Maitland our showing  
Proved our ship could get going  
In that windy corral.  
The fleet had waited for us and our gal.  
Enigma hated to bow to our pal.  
And someday we're gonna seal  
Your little leaks and soft spots  
Then for you we shall  
Win silver, Victoria Gal.

During the Port Dover series in June of 1967 some crew members gathered in Victoria's cockpit are Harry Edwards, Pete Schaaf, (the author at the wheel), Paul Brugger and Clark Schuler.



I am not an expert writer because I can't type very fast and my mind gets ahead, but I will attempt to recall a story or two, which may tickle you, or remind you of times past here at the EYC. There was a yacht named "Victoria" which sailed Lake Erie blue and provided its crew with some very interesting times with a brew or two. It was a wonderful yawl with a real personality and a need for a big crew. The first story is about a calamity, which became a source of some pride for the crew. The second is the story of a storm on Lake Erie, which produced some intriguing results.

The first story is a little hazy in my mind, but we were in Port Dover for the Dover Race series. We were asked to dock up-

stream from the Port Dover Yacht club, so we dutifully went upstream. We were making a big circle to go back downstream when zap! Our mast took out the main power line causing Port Dover and the yacht club to lose its electricity for several hours. Wow, was that spectacular or what! I was at the wheel and was I embarrassed. The boat and the crew were all OK, but just a bit frazzled. From that time on we were known as the Redi-Kilowatt boat. A certain local sail maker provided some of the crew a large red Redi-Kilowatt symbol, which was placed on the sail secretly after we got back from the series. The next race, we went out, raised our main, and watched and laughed as that sail symbol went up the mast. We

have a picture of that scene for you.

The second story is about the storm, which came upon us on the way to Erie from Mentor during the Interstate race. Harry Edwards, or "Huggy Bear" as he was known, was our captain that evening and day whilst Captain Paul Brugger had stayed ashore. We had just come up on the Presque Isle lighthouse when we felt the weather changing and saw a Lake Erie storm approaching. I was at the wheel, and I asked the skipper for the Genoa to be taken down. Hairs on the back of my neck were beginning to stand up. The crew just got the Genoa off and stowed just in time, and we were under main and mizzen, when the wind struck us.

We rounded up since the wheel couldn't keep us on course. As we came up to the wind going north, I was startled to see little geysers in the water from lightning strikes not 50 feet from our beam. Wow, this is exciting I thought. Harry put his son Jon down in the cabin and sat with him in the companionway while the crew moved to douse the main. All of a sudden there was a terrific ripping sound above the storm's din. The main ripped from leech to luff. It not only ripped

but then also exploded. Behind my head, I then heard more ripping as the mizzen tore itself apart. Suddenly we were under spars alone and moving very quickly and I was able to steer again. We then fired up the engine as the line squall passed us.

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The Erie Yacht Club boasts a large contingent of hunting enthusiasts in the membership ranks. It seems as though most of them are power boaters but I know many sailors who also enjoy the primeval hunt.

The line “First Time Out” in the title may not be totally factual. This was not the first time that I have been out hunting for twice before in my life I journeyed down to John and Ed Schuler’s camp just south of Smeth-



This is the main drag in New Castle, Wyoming. The town boasts a population of 2958 that shoots up during the hunting season.

port, Pa. to take a prize buck. My problem has been that the only deer I ever saw while in the woods with a rifle in my hands up till now were the trophies of other hunters all lined up in a nice neat rows. I have never seen a deer, neither doe nor buck or for that



This is a town park on the main drag where six whitetail deer like to cross the six lane highway and calmly trim the park’s lawn.

matter even any other hunters for the entire time I’ve spent in the woods hunting.

Although I’ve been bird hunting with members Michael Dent and Keith Smith quite a few times down in Meadville over the last couple of years, which by the way I thoroughly enjoy, big game hunting is a whole other story.

As the three of us, my longtime friend Dave Hanlin, his son Pat and I shot down I-79 going to Wyoming, I suddenly noticed a strange sign that said, “EDINBORO 15 MILES”! Now wait a minute. That can’t be. We’re not going to Edinboro we’re going to New Castle, Wyoming! No, we were not ... the sign didn’t lie ... I had driven right past the I-90 Interchange and never noticed it. It was of course all my fault because I was

# FIRST TIME OUT!

## A Sailor Goes Hunting in Wyoming

by P/C John Ashby



The New Castle’s Train Station. It is a very quaint historic looking building. There always seemed to be cars parked around it but no people visible.

piloting the ship but I certainly heard it from my crew Dave and Pat ... actually for quite some time. But wait a minute they never noticed the I-90 Interchange either!

I started out on our twenty four hour trip to New Castle secretly considering to drive

straight through myself only stopping for gas, food and “head” calls of course!

I failed to tell my fellow passengers I intended to drive straight through! Why didn’t I tell them? I don’t know why ... I just wanted to do it. I didn’t say it was one of my more intelligent goals in my life ... “now did I”!

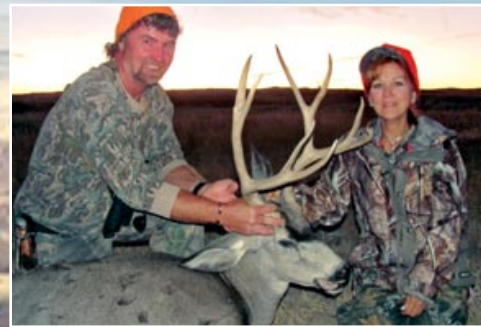
Well, after being on the road for twenty of the twenty four hour trip, we again stopped for fuel and suddenly I yawned! I didn’t feel tired in the least which was probably due to my overly excited anticipation of my first “real” big time hunting adventure. This same euphoric state was made quite evident as we packed up my truck taking my big four foot long cooler to carry home our greatly anticipated trophies of mule deer and antelope meat. And that’s nothing compared to

my purchasing a special small “meat” freezer, located in my garage, also in anticipation of my having great success on our hunt.

Now it is time for a tip that will make your next trip to New Castle, Wyoming a comfortable and relaxing success and that’s the Hilltop Motel. Joyce and Bill the motel’s owners maintain a comfortable, clean and friendly establishment in New Castle.

It seemed as though the entire motel was occupied, strangely enough, by hunters mostly from Erie County. Now that must have been heavily influenced by our professional hunting guide Jesse Fiske, who is part of the Fiske and Sons “steeple jack” company right here in Erie. We thoroughly enjoyed our stay at the Hilltop and highly recommend this down home, laid back and friendly atmosphere for your next trip to

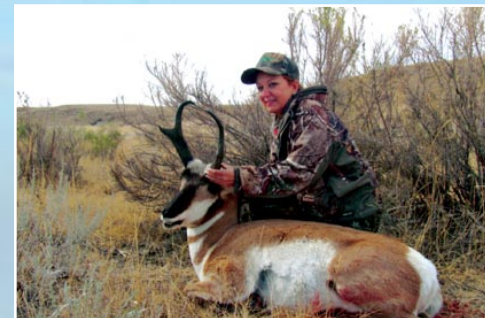
Our friend and guide Jesse Fiske is pictured here with his girlfriend Ginny Martone with her nice eight point mule deer she took before we arrived in New Castle..



New Castle! Even our taxidermist Jim Walton had his shop just a block away and he too is from Erie, Pennsylvania. Amazing!

F.Y.I. Big Game Hunting and Fishing in the area include Elk, White Tail and Mule Deer, Antelope, Wild Turkey, Geese; and fishing includes Trout, Pike and Catfish.

Non-game animals include Woodchuck, Porcupine, Raccoon, Badger, Jack Rabbits and Black Tail Prairie Dogs. Also snakes in the region include Water, Garter, Milk, Bull, Blue

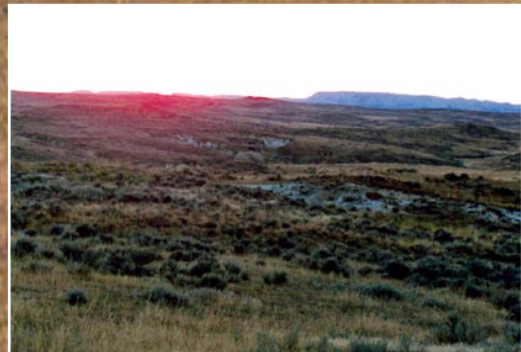


Here Ginny is pictured with her beautiful Antelope taken before our arrival on the scene.

continued on page 19.



There was a beautiful healthy forest on top of the mountain to the left or the background picture.



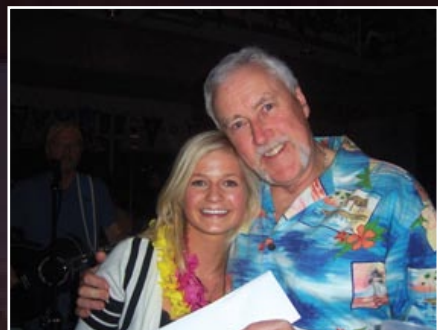
This was another area where we hunted. It had a dry gulch running through it. Look out for the rattlers.



This is the mountain across the valley were Pat and Dave were hunkered down in anticipation of game to show themselves. No luck!

This was my view from atop Elk Mountain the tallest peak in Wyoming at 11,122 feet. It was no wonder I had such a hard time breathing while I was moving around on this breathtaking summit. We were glassing animals on the Wyoming side.





Do cold arctic winds make you dream of warm summer breezes? Do long winter nights make you think about long summer days? Well, we are fixing things so you can stop dreaming about summer and live summer at the Erie Yacht Club Summer Beach Party! Reach deep into your closet and pull out your best tropical shirt! Find your favorite sundress, grass skirt or bathing suit! Once again, during the coldest part of winter, early February, we are throwing the Erie Yacht Club 116 Days 'til Summer Party!!!

We will be able to laugh at the snow, ice and cold outside, as we crank-up-the-heat to mid-summer-July-temperatures. Be sure you dress accordingly!

How can we say "Summer!" any better than with smoky, tangy, barbecued ribs, or home-made honey-fried chicken, both just exploding with freshness? How about a generous helping of scrumptious steamed mussels?

The Erie Yacht Club summer picnic buffet continues with grilled hot dogs, homemade baked beans, fresh raw veggies and corn on the cob. Grab some sweet, ripe watermelon, and a cool, rich helping of Jell-O salad surprise. Save a little room for dessert! Step up for a 'sliver' of Key Lime Pie or maybe some Mango Pie!

With just a little imagination, you can picture yourself at Put-in-Bay, the party capital of the Great Lakes! While you enjoy that terrific buffet, listen to West Side Steve, the Skipper of the Lake Erie Booze Patrol. We can always count on West Side Steve, direct from Put-in-Bay, to treat us with summertime music and songs as he spins the best Lake Erie nautical tales!

You can imagine palm trees swaying in warm breezes while you enjoy the signature music of Erie's own Key West Express. Count on Key West Express to fill the air with "Jimmy Buffet sounds" of summer and conduct a terrific limbo contest for EYC! It will be smiles all

around, for sure!

Everywhere there will be signs of a great summer party: dancing, laughing, the limbo, great summer outfits, cool refreshing tropical drinks, and ice-cold brew. It doesn't get any better than this! You can have it all when you need it the most: during the dark, cold, blustery days of winter!

Come to the Erie Yacht Club on February 26! Let West Side Steve, the Skipper of the Lake Erie Booze Patrol, take you into maximum-summer-party-mode! Dance the night away to the tropical music of Erie's own Key West Express.

Don't miss the Erie Yacht Club's '116 Days 'til Summer Party'! Great food, great drinks, great music and great friends.



# 116 Days 'til Summer Party!

by Dan Dundon



# Stacey's Boat

by Paul Jenkins



You can take the boy out of the boat but you can't take the boat out of the boy.

I chuckled to myself, remembering the saying my mother used whenever she heard about one of my many boat purchases.

The news that a friend of mine bought another sailboat making the beginning of a small fleet, brought the saying to mind once more. The fact that Jack Grazier already had a 19 foot wooden Lighting, and the fact that he didn't have a place to keep the new boat, or a trailer to haul it on, or a wife that would take kindly to the purchase didn't seem to bother him.

He said forcefully - that he bought the boat for his daughter. The fact that his daughter would be one year old didn't seem to faze him. He said that his daughter was already an avid boat lover. Wouldn't take a bath without one in the tub. He wouldn't want her to grow up without a boat to make her confident on the water.

Jack described the boat in minute details, glorying in the fact that dory-skiff "is one of a kind with a New England heritage."

"She has a sheer line as graceful as a gull's wing and her lapstrake hull reminds you of a Gloucester fishing dory. You just have to see her," he said, "she even has the builder's name on her console. 'A.R. True, Amesbury,

Massachusetts.' It's on a brass plate."

"I'd love to see her," I said.

"Good, you will do that Saturday morning at 9 a.m. when you help me get her home." He spun on his heel to leave before I had a chance to say anything.

Saturday dawned crisp and cold but clear, for late December in Erie.

When we arrived at the address on the west side of town, Jack was already there with his small foreign and an old rusty utility trailer. He'd ripped the sides off the trailer, planning to set the boat on it.

As I walked into the back yard, the first thing I saw was a 16 foot sailing skiff, showing her years, but a classic craft, nonetheless.

Then the hull gave out a thump, and a voice found its way up through the center-board slot. "Wood's still solid even along the trunk," the voice said. Looking down I could see Jack's legs laying in the mud, sticking out from under the propped up hull.

Jack squirmed out from under his new craft, a smile on his face. "She's every inch a lady," he said. No dry rot at all. Can you believe that?"

Talk about a mother's love and pride for a newborn babe. A sailor could give a mother some lessons.

"Look at that sheer line."

"And those bronze fittings."

"Look at the white oak trim, I've even got all the pieces."

"Look at the curve of her bow, and her hull. The curve of her coming."

"What a beauty!"

After at least 30 minutes of admiring Jack's dreamboat from all possible angles, we decided it was time to load her onto the trailer.

This task turned out to be more easily said than done. After a few tugs and groans, we found that it was nearly impossible to get her up on the high bed of the trailer. But at that point, Jack produced an inch thick steel pipe, which we put on the trailer bed in order to roll the boat forward, once we got her bow there.

"Don't pull too hard."

"Don't go too fast."

"Be careful of her bottom."

"Don't stop pulling."

"Be careful. She's a lady."

When the shapely little craft was perched on the trailer, Jack produced a long coil of plastic close line. When I asked if it would be strong enough for the job, Jack said he had chosen it be-

cause of its steel core construction and that there was more than enough line to make sure the boat would not move.

By the time we finished tying the boat on, using the entire length of line, the little craft looked like a moth that had been attacked by a hoard of ambitious spiders.

Next came our trip of about 10 blocks to Jack's home. First down the street was Jack's car pulling the trailer and boat. Then came my car, following to protect the rear flank from careless motorists and policemen with wary eyes out for rickety trailers with no lights or license plates.

Our procession moved at a snail's pace. Every time the trailer hit a bump, Jack's eyes shot up to the rearview mirror and we slowed down even more. Whew we finally reached the garage that would be the boat's winter home, it became obvious that some tricky maneuvering would be needed to settle her in.

I acted as the traffic cop on the busy Westside street and waved Jack on as an opening appeared in the stream of traffic. He got the rig pointed in the right direction with little trouble and even part-way in the driveway, but then the truck driver night-

mare happened—a full jackknife!

The twisting vehicles forced the rear of the car into the graceful curved bow. Jack jumped out of the car like a jack out of a box.

"Is she hurt? Did anything break? Why didn't you warn me?"

The boat was okay. A little chipped paint, nothing more. But the rear fender of Jack's car had a deep dent in it. I pointed it out to Jack, but he just shrugged and said, "No big deal. Cars always get dents. They're not like boats, you know, they don't have souls."

"I can just take a hammer and pound it out before my wife sees it."

A few more tries and the boat sat in front of its winter shelter. Patiently Jack unwrapped her cocoon while I moved some things in the small garage to make more room.

Before we gave the last push that would place his baby home, Jack said "wait a minute. Let me get one last look at her."

We both took one step back and gazed in unison.

I asked Jack what he was going to name her.

"Well I better get my daughter's name on her somehow. After all it's Stacey's boat you know."

"She reminds me of a graceful little seagull, so I think I'll call her Stacey's Gull," he said.

"You know, my wife still thinks I bought this boat for myself, but now with Stacey's name on her, there's no doubt as to whose boat she is, isn't that right?"

Somehow, there seemed to be a little chuckle in Jack's voice.

"I'll have to spend the next 10 or 12 years fixing her up and maintaining her, so I'll be sure that my daughter has a good safe craft." Should be fun, don't you think?

"Little girls just love boats."



Editors note:

*This is a true story that took place over thirty years ago. Even though Jack Grazier, long time Erie Yacht Club member, never totally finished restoring Stacey's boat, his daughter did become an accomplished sailor who got her training from the EYC sailing program. She also became an EYC instructor and then an instructor at the Santiago Yacht Club. She now lives with her family in Lewes Maryland. Stacey's Gull may finally be launched next summer after final restorations that are being done by the author.*



# Visiting Mount Rushmore

by P/C John Ashby

This past October, while making passage to Newcastle, Wyoming to go hunting, we decided to take a small side trip to Mount Rushmore National Memorial Park.

The park is located on 1,278 acres in southwest South Dakota in the famous Black Hills region. Mount Rushmore is a destination all Americans should visit if they have not already done so. The world famous massive carved heads of four of our greatest presidents are carved in the mountain's granite and can be seen from sixty miles away.

In the 1880's local residents of the area named Mount Rushmore after a visiting lawyer named Charles Rushmore. Why? Who knows but they did and it stuck.

In 1923, the then South Dakota State Historian Doane Robinson, proposed a carving of western heroes in the area of the Needles, South Dakota. He then contacted sculptor Gutzon Borglum who suggested a somewhat different direction that being a carving of more national significance. It was decided to carve the likenesses of Washington, Jefferson, Teddy Roosevelt and Lincoln.

Borglum chose the Mount Rushmore site to be a suitable site to do the carving in 1925. Then the South Dakota legislature and Congress passed enabling legislation to permit the carving location.

President Calvin Coolidge went to the Black Hills and dedicated Mount Rushmore as the site and Borglum symbolically began carving in 1927.

A Mount Rushmore National Commission was established in 1929 and the committee received \$250,000 in matching funds and assumed financial responsibility for the project.

Then in 1930 the 15 man Commission met for the first time at the White House with then President Hoover presiding. The Mount Harney Association turned all funds raised for the work over which added another \$54,000 to the project.

Work on the project began in 1933 and the project fell under the direct control of the National Park Service. This commission and Borglum remained responsible for the completion of the project.

Following the untimely death of Gut-

zon Borglum in 1941 his son Lincoln continued and refined the sculpture to its completion. All carving ended on October 31, 1941. The administration and protective responsibilities of the Memorial were turned over to the National Park Service who remain in position today. About 400 people worked to carve Mount Rushmore from 1927 to 1941.

While Lincoln Borglum made this massive contribution to Mount Rushmore during the carving days his sister Mary Ellis Borglum Vhy made an impact later on. In 1986, Mary renewed interest in the Hall of Records which Gutzon Borglum had originally planned to build behind the carving. It was to be an elaborate 80 x 100 foot room with bronze and glass cabinets displaying the complete records of the U.S., including the Declaration of Independence, Constitution and why and how Mount Rushmore was carved. Only a 75 foot deep cave was a result of Borglum's dream.

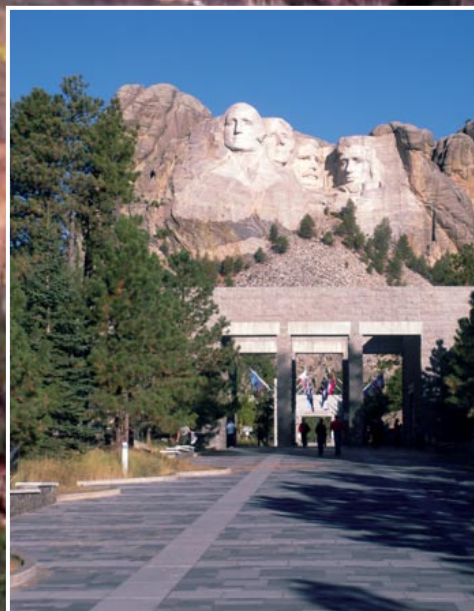
Due to his daughter's efforts, the Hall was finally finished in 1998, but on a smaller scale. Today, 16 porcelain enamel panels etched with the text of U.S. documents, biographies of each of the four presidents and the explanation of how and why Mount Rushmore was carved are buried within the Hall of Records' chamber.

Dedications for each figure were held on July 4, 1930 for George Washington, August 30, 1936 for Jefferson, September 17, 1937 for Lincoln and July 2, 1939 for Roosevelt.

No matter how many times one visits this remarkable site all are universally moved with a sense of awe.



This is the new entrance for the visitor areas and they are absolutely magnificent.



The entire structure is built of beautiful Rockville Beige granite. The same material is used in all areas of the facility including the restrooms. Rockville Granite Co. is located in Minnesota.



This bust of Gutzon Borglum was sculpted by his son Lincoln who completed the work on the memorial after the death of his father in 1941.





A very talented woman sailor, an admired promoter to young girls interested in sailing, a great Corinthian example of the Erie Yacht Club Racing Fleet, and just an overall wonderful contributor to the sailing community...this describes the 2010 Erie Yacht Club Racing Fleet's Yachtswoman Award recipient, Caitlin Niemic.

Caitlin has been sailing for all of her 21 years. Many of the past recipients of this wonderful award didn't start their sailing career until their teens. This year's recipient started sailing right after birth. Caitlin probably was even on a sailboat before she was born. She learned about sailing from her family and being on her family's sailboats.

Every member of her family is involved in sailing in some aspect.

Learning to sail with your family can be "an experience". If you can sail with all the advice and criticism of your family, you learn how to handle any sailing situation. You are expected to know all, do all, always do it right, and never be treated like a guest on your own boat. Caitlin can be found during the summer months on her family's boat, *Rakish*, a Catalina 30.

From an early age, Caitlin attended Reyburn Sailing School. In 1999 she received 1st place in the Friday Cup. By the start of the new millennium, she earned the High Hopes Trophy for most improved female.

From 2000 to 2007, Caitlin continually placed in the top 3 of the Jr. Cup, Commodores Cup, and Instructors Cup.

Because of her talents in sailing, Caitlin became a much respected Sailing Instructor for the Reyburn Sailing School. While on the Reyburn Race Team, she competed in Jr. Bay week at Put-in-Bay from 2002 to 2007 on 420's. In 2007, she placed 2nd in the all female Backus Cup.

Caitlin has sailed with and contributed her sailing expertise on several Erie Yacht Club boats, including her family's boat, competing in many Bay Weeks, Koehler Cups, Cleveland Deep Water Races, and of course the Lake Erie Interclub Cruise. She contin-

ues to race with the Erie Yacht Club Racing Fleet. Caitlin is well known by everyone involved in sailing and is a respected young woman sailor. She can sail and enjoy her time on land after the races with the best of those associated with sailing.

Beyond Presque Isle Bay, Caitlin competed in Antigua Race Week on Dufour 30 in 2005, and in 2010 was part of the youngest crew to compete at the Thistle Mid-Winters in San Diego, California. During the sailing season, she is constantly going to other venues and can do several jobs on many different kinds of racing boats. Whatever task Caitlin is asked to do on a boat, she can do with ease and knowledge.

Most recently, this year's recipient has been a Sailing Instructor at the Chautauqua Institution, competing in the 420 Nationals at Chautauqua Lake, New York, and racing E Scows with Chautauqua Lake Yacht Club Summer Race Series.

The Racing Fleet's Yachtswoman Award is intended to encourage and promote Women's racing by recognizing a current participant in the Racing Fleet and awarding her for racing accomplishments, current and past. The candidate is acknowledged for having demonstrated excellent racing knowledge, sportsmanship and skills having represented the Erie Yacht Club locally and beyond in a proud, positive manner.

Caitlin is a well deserved recipient of this year's award and illuminates the purpose of the Yachtswoman Award. Her passion for sailing and plans for the Erie Yacht Club's sailing future, as well as her own sailing future, is evident to the very core of her being. Her overwhelming enthusiasm and commitment to sailing is contagious. Caitlin has been taught by her dad from a very young age that sailing is more than a sport or activity, it is a lifestyle.



# 2010 Yachtswoman of the Year



Caitlin competing in Laser Class dinghies at the 2005 Antigua Race Week.

by Mary Beth Dunagan Horst



Miss Caitlin Niemic



Sailing on her family's Catalina 30 *Rakish* is something she has loved doing for years.



Here Caitlin is crewing in the Thistle Mid-Winters Regatta in West San Diego, California.



Caitlin at Put-In-Bay with their Perry's Monument in the background.



Having grown up on Presque Isle Bay, Caitlin always enjoys being aboard *Rakish*.



Caitlin racing aboard a catamaran in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico.

This background photo was taken at the Chautauqua Yacht Club.



Pictured aboard David Haller's boat *Lanada* as one of his crews aficionados.



Here Caitlin is competing in the EYCRF Racing Fleet's "le Femme" race with her gorgeous crew.



Caitlin receiving her award from former awardees the author on left and Debbie Robertson on the right.





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# FIRST TIME OUT!

continued from page 9.

Racer, Hognose and Rattle snakes.

The Black Tail Prairie Dogs are a huge problem for the rancher's horses and cattle due to their burrowing nests in the prairie. These hooved animals unknowingly step into these borrows and break legs which requires disposing of these very valuable animals. So we dispatched a couple hundred or so out of the millions that plague the west's prairies to the delight of the ranchers where



we hunted. It's the least we could do for them for giving us clearance to hunt on their property.

I'm told that the Prairie Dog plight on the cattlemans has a seven year cycle. Nearly the entire Prairie Dog population is obliterated by Bubonic Plague every seven years. The problem is that the few that remain repopulate the plains, at an astonishing rate, again raising havoc across the wild prairies of the west.

One of the ranches that we hunted was the Jack Grives Ranch which is where I took both of my trophies. This is a huge ranch as are most of them in this part of the country. A fascinating site was the large number of working oil wells located on most of the private ranches. The wells, very slowly, just keep pumping "black gold" into the rancher's coffers and some of these wells have been doing so for many years. I say, "good for them"! I wish I had a few on my 125' X 120' ranch on Monica Drive in the Frontier area.

Everyday we set out early, usually in the darkness of night, to arrive at our hunting destinations like the Grives Ranch before the sun shows a single ray of light. One of the areas was a 76 mile ride in one direction and in the dark.

The Grives property was a mere 60 plus mile ride both to and fro. This can make for some long tiring days but it is all well worth this little hardship.

The morning I took my mule deer we got to the Grives Ranch long before daylight and proceeded slowly cruising the areas of the ranch that our guide Jesse had previously scouted for game. It was still dark when we came to a stop in a small patch of trees with a stream running through them.

The darkness was as black as pitch with visibility close to zilch. We all sat quietly in the dark of the vehicle

continued on page 36.

"Thank God that it only took one shot to take this handsome Antelope. I don't want my quarry to suffer being wounded if at all possible. One shot and the animal went down, "that works for me. Call me 'Lucky,' that's fine with me too and the animal as well." No Pain ... No agony for either of us.



Note the A-typical horns on an antelope taken by one of Jesse's many other clients.





# Polar Bears





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When my daughter, Lauren, was 4 years old we would pack peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and juice boxes and head to a pond that was teeming with undersize bluegills eager to bite a bare hook. We'd launch our canoe, paddle a few yards and anchor. Lauren had her own Fisher Price fishing outfit complete with a Mickey Mouse bobber.

Within seconds after her line hit the water Mickey would disappear. "I got one!" she would shout and then reel in a fish. We would briefly admire its splendid colors and return it to its family. In the pond she could catch bluegill one after the other until she tired out. When she was 5 years old I took her to a lake with larger fish that required waiting between bites. We paddled to a promising spot, anchored and dropped our lines in the water.

After several minutes Lauren broke the silence, "Dad, I need a new bobber!" I looked at Mickey and he seemed to be floating fine. I replied, "What do you mean? He looks okay to me." She declared, "He's broken. He doesn't go down anymore and catch me a fish." Many years and fishing trips later at 18 Lauren asked me to take her ice fishing. She came up with this idea on her own since at that time ice fishing was not on my activity list. We took a beginner's class and headed out on the ice for our first trip. We caught more bluegills, but they were much bigger than the ones in the pond.

After a few hours of sitting in the cold Lauren lifted her eyes from the hole cut in



This is Lauren at age 5 with her first fishing pole at the beginning of her love of the sport.

the ice and looked at me. She said, "Dad, I know why I like this so much. Because out here you can hear yourself think." This fall at 25 Lauren asked me to wade a river with her known for smallmouth.

We connected with only one smallie that day. But Lauren did find several bluegills eager to smack a popper on a fly rod. We stood side by side casting into a pool beneath a small dam together while telling stories of the past and laughing late into the afternoon. Every once in a while I'd hear, "I got one!" I'd look over at this beautiful woman to see the delight of my 4-year-old as she would reel in another bluegill, admire its beauty and release it back to its family.



*Lauren*  
by Robert W. Donahue

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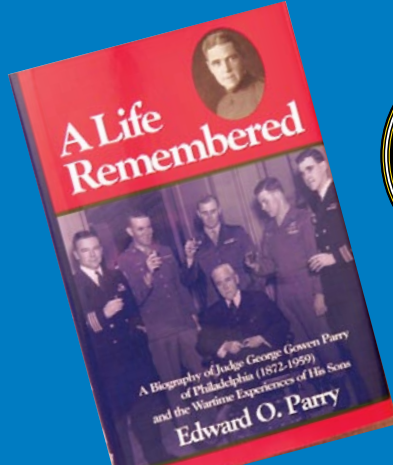



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**A Life Remembered**

Dave Parry's late father, Edward O. Parry, was the quintessential family historian and archivist. His dream of putting his collected knowledge between the covers of a book was realized in 1998 with the publication of *A Life Remembered*. He died two years later.

*A Life Remembered* is centered on the life of Edward's father, Judge George Gowen Parry and his seven sons, all of whom served in the military and distinguished themselves in various ways. George Gowen Parry was the son of a brigade surgeon in Sheridan's cavalry who never recovered from wartime illnesses. Without his father's help or guidance, George had to start at the bottom but managed to put himself through Harvard Law School. He was admitted to the Pennsylvania Bar in 1905 and in 1932 was appointed a judge in the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, where he served until 1954.


The book is no longer in print but anyone interested in securing a copy can contact Dave Parry at 814-838-7740.

**Write is Wrong**

I have been a writer of sorts since childhood, keeping diaries, dabbling in poetry, etc. and going on to write as a career, but the idea of a full-length novel was never in my radar until I reconnected with a college friend three years ago. She was working on a cookbook, and I was working on nothing since quitting smoking and suffering writer's block. We decided to try a productivity challenge, sending each other something in writing weekly. There was no requirement of length or content, just meeting the deadline.

To our amazement a story line emerged, and we were off and running. Two years later, we had a full-length psychological mystery novel on our hands! Both of us drew on our hometown roots for background so readers will, hopefully, find much to enjoy about the Erie area and the North Shore of Boston, which is where my co-author Claire Cabot resides.

Our book is available through The Erie Book Store, Amazon.com or Xlibris.com.



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## Victoria

continued from page 7.



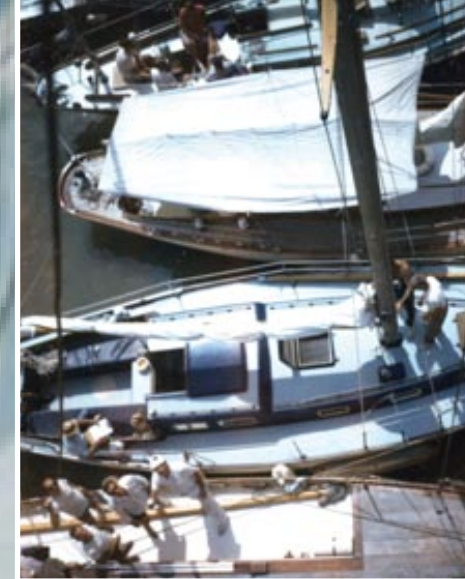
A younger version of the author in the process of raising the mizen sail.



Victoria's proud owners were Harry Edwards and Paul Brugger.



Gordy Way concentrates on maintaining boat speed while others nap away the day.



"Look up here and I'll take your photo and then get me down ASAP."

We motored the rest of the way home with the two sails just hanging in tatters from the spars and booms all the way back to the club. Paul was not amused, but we all felt very lucky to have survived that storm. I don't know where and when they got replacement sails.

We had wonderful times on "Victoria" with Harry, Paul and all our families. The boat reminded me of a big "Iris", the Sevin's and my Dad's 30 foot sloop and the boat I grew up on, but with some racing capability. The crew, including the Swansons, the Schaaf's, the Petersons, the Rotherys, the Schuylers, Clark Shuler, Gordy Way, Art Althoff, Dick "Whitey" Stevens, Dave McNight and Paul O'Conner all shared a love of sailing, racing, and grand good times. Shellie Houston, also one of our crew, wrote some punk poetry (in this article) about our good ship.

For several years, Harry, who lived in North East where I currently live, and I had weekly lunches after Natalie, his dear wife, had passed on. We shared our experiences, laughed a lot, and enjoyed discussing families, politics, business and history. Harry had a lot of war stories, which I wish I could remember. He had a terrific memory and a wise but wary view of the world. Our families go back a long way. His mother was a neighbor of my family back in the 50's, and I remember his visits to Strathmore Avenue. Harry has sadly passed on, but Paul is still around and can be seen in the dining room having lunch with Doug Painter most Tuesdays. Give him a hello the next time you see him.





# Shipping Out!

by Gene Polaski



This is the USS Miller, FF1091 that Doug and I sailed on in the summer of 1982.



This is the famous Navy Pier in New Port, Rhode Island.



Doug Fisher is seen here at the helm of the ship.



The ship's navigator is taking a noon sighting to verify their position.

In the summer of 1982, as a member of the Navy League of the United States, I had applied for their program that arranged for members to spend a few days at sea aboard a Navy vessel. I was able to find a billet on the frigate, USS Miller (FF1091) in September for a 3 day "cruise" out of Newport, RI. Doug Fisher, also an EYC member, came along with me as a guest.

The *Miller* was 427 feet long with a 47 foot beam and cruised at 15-29 knots. It was equipped with a 5 inch gun, anti-submarine rockets (ASROC), foil launchers (shot off to confuse incoming missiles) and torpedoes.

We drove to Newport and were able to park next to the ship and after boarding were assigned our bunks which were just below the bridge. We shared the room with the navigator.

Having completed the JN navigation course with the US Power Squadron, both

Doug and I were particularly interested in their navigation methods. (This was years before GPS came into existence.) We later learned that they were using a sextant for their navigation sights at sea along with Sat Nav, Loran and radar.

Just after lunch the following day, tugs eased us out of our berth and we made our way out to sea via Narragansett Bay passing under the Newport Bridge. While the weather was sunny and bright, the navigation officer conducted reduced visibility tests by having various people take shore bearings using Pelorus that were mounted outside of the bridge on both the port and starboard sides. They would call in their bearings and the navigator would plot them on the chart. The *Miller* then slowed down to allow a sailboat to cross our bow. It was the 12 meter, *Courageous*. We proceeded into Block Island Sound and turned to face the shoreline

where a precision anchoring test was done. We were to anchor at a spot defined by shoreline bearings.

Then off to the Atlantic Ocean and dinner in the officer's mess where we met the Captain and the Executive Officer (XO). We were told that the next day we would be conducting a man overboard drill. I asked the "XO" if anyone ever falls overboard. He said that it does happen and recently they had a crew member jump overboard on a dare! He was rescued and received the typical punishment of the Armed Services, having his pay reduced!

Off to bed where I learned to dig my elbows into the mattress to keep from rolling around! The next morning, after reading a copy of the ship's daily paper (listed who has what duties, what uniform is to be worn, inspections, etc) we were taken on a tour of the engine room but I wasn't able

to join Doug as my mission became to find the nearest head and I did just in time! I was seasick. I crawled back into my bunk and by noon I had recovered sufficiently to have lunch.

That afternoon we were shown "Oscar" a floating dummy that is generally used for man overboard drills. However, for this time a burning phosphorus flare was used. Both Doug and I were allowed to have the "con" and while I came up on the wrong side (port when it should have been starboard) The word "con" is derived from "cunning" in reference to the skill of the captain to maneuver his ship especially during warfare) Doug did a bit better but didn't get as close as is normally hoped. Finally, an ensign from the recent graduating class at Annapolis was given the opportunity. He came up on the correct side but allowed the ship's bow to drift over the "man"!

We were permitted on the bridge at any time day or night. Night was particularly interesting with all the stars out and seeing the radar lit. All contacts (called skunks) were immediately plotted for position and direction and the *Miller* would change direction to avoid all close contacts. We were permitted to enter the combat information center (CIC) but could not take photos.

We had been told that there was a Russian fishing trawler (surre!) that was near the coast but the *Miller* was on a rendezvous with a sub and a P-3 Orion aircraft. While we were sonar "pinging" the sub, the Orion was flying circles around us. We were never told what really was going on.

One time while on the bridge, the intercom phone rang and the officer who answered it said the call was for me! It was an engineer in the boiler room who had heard there was a chemist aboard and wanted to know

what really was a part per million (ppm) as they chemically test the water quality of the boilers and report the results in ppm. I told them that it was the same as a milligram per liter and that made them very happy.

We also stood watch on the fantail for awhile and the ship practiced more man overboard drills by doing Williamson turns. (Look in your Chapman's!).

The impressive part though of the trip is how young the officers were (the navigator was in his early 20's) and the incredible amount of responsibility they have. The Captain for instance has to be a people manager, know warfare tactics and know the ins and outs of the physical ship as part of his responsibilities. I would say his responsibilities match any large corporation's president and for a whole lot less pay. Thank you Navy! Thank you Armed Forces!



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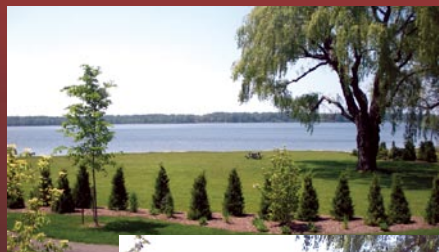
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Why should you and your kids participate in the Erie Yacht Club Reyburn Sailing School?

First you need to ask the following question. Who doesn't like getting out on the water? You rarely ever meet anyone who does not like getting out on the water. Everyone loves the water... swimming, sunbathing, surfing, waterskiing, kite boarding, windsurfing, kayaking, stand up paddle boarding

10. It's Fun!

11. "I learned to sail in the Erie Yacht Club Jr. Sailing program. Best times of my life."  
- Billy Lillis

We are happy to announce that Chris Grychowski will be returning to the Reyburn Sailing School for his second year as director of the program. With his experience in



# Jr. Sailing Update

by David McBrier

(SUP), canoeing, rafting. But at the end of the day don't you wish you had the opportunity to learn how to sail? Maybe you did have the opportunity to sail as a child. Maybe you learned as an adult. Maybe you never learned. Don't you wish you at least had the opportunity? Learning to sail is a special treat. And once you learn to sail "it's a sport you can do for life".

If someone gives you the opportunity to learn to sail take advantage of it because it is a once in a lifetime opportunity. It truly is something you can cherish and enjoy for the rest of your life. Stop asking yourself if you should do it... Just Do It!

1. You are never too young or too old to learn.
2. It is a sport you can safely enjoy for a lifetime.
3. I never would have known how to do it if I had not taken some lessons. Thank you Mom and Dad.
4. It's a great way to learn and apply math, science and engineering without even realizing it.
5. It's an Adventure.
6. "I met my first girlfriend in jr. sailing? I love you Abby" - Anonymous
7. "I went to my first regatta when I was in Jr. Sailing - I was hooked for life". - Laura Dunn
8. It is a sport you can enjoy for a lifetime.
9. "After learning to sail I have had the opportunity to meet and sail with people all over the world. The Reyburn Sailing School made this possible." - David McBrier

running the program last season and talking with many of the students and their parents, Chris is excited to begin implementing some changes that will improve upon the program, in addition to building upon the positive changes that he began to set in motion last summer.

During the 2010 season Chris did an excellent job taking on the duties of the Sailing Director of the Reyburn Sailing School. Besides being a husband, and father of three, Chris is an avid sailor aboard the boat 6 B's with members John and Michelle Orlando. During the school season Chris maintains a full time position as the Physical Education and Health teacher as well as a baseball coach at Cathedral Preparatory School. In his spare time Chris is also a football coach at Blessed Sacrament School. Chris has made a great addition to our sailing staff and made our sailing program a fun, enjoyable learning experience for the children and adults of our Club and Erie community. For more information Chris can be contacted at [reyburnsailing@erieyachtclub.org](mailto:reyburnsailing@erieyachtclub.org)

With all the sailing class offerings this year, there's sure to be a course that's right for any sailor. For sailing class applications, please visit our website at [erieyachtclub.org/reburn/reburn.html](http://erieyachtclub.org/reburn/reburn.html) or contact the Erie Yacht Club office at 453-4931. We will see you on the water!

## INSTRUCTORS NEEDED

If you would like to apply to become a Reyburn Sailing School Instructor please send your interest to [reyburnsailing@erieyachtclub.org](mailto:reyburnsailing@erieyachtclub.org). Chris Grychowski will be interviewing candidates for this great summer job opportunity! Limited positions available... Apply now!



Recipes Created through Living and Cooking on Five Continents

# Dent's Dining Delights

"Secrets for Your Galley ... at Home or Afloat!"

creations by  
Michael Dent

## "Gravlax"

3 lb salmon fillet with the skin on. (I like the Atlantic salmon for this dish)  
3 tablespoons of fresh lemon juice  
½ cup of sea salt (You can add up to 1 cup )  
2-3 tablespoons of brown sugar (demerara is best)  
2 tablespoons of fresh ground black pepper  
2 cups of Cilantro and parsley mix (stems and all)  
2 -3 tablespoons of finely chopped red onion

Place the salmon skin side down in a shallow glass dish and rub with the lemon juice. Mix all the other bits in a bowl. I use an electric blender to get everything smooth. Brush this over the salmon, cover with cling film. Place in the refrigerator for 2 days to cure.

## The Glaze ( This the real thing!)

3 tablespoons of molasses 4 bay leaves (whole)  
2 teaspoons of freshly ground pepper  
½ teaspoon of cayenne pepper (be careful )  
2 teaspoons of paprika ( smoky option is great)  
3 teaspoons of caraway, coriander or fennel seeds ( a mix of at least 2 is best)

Put the molasses, bay leaves and cayenne pepper in a small saucepan. Bring to a simmer and stir gently then let cool to room temperature. Lightly toast the seeds in a skillet for 1 -2 minutes. ( When you can smell all the oils coming off - STOP). Put the seeds and pepper in a mortar and pestle and work to a fine grind. Mix everything together.

Gently scrape most of the cure mix off the gravlax. Move the salmon , skin side down, to a wooden chopping board which will fit into a shallow dish. Sprinkle the Glaze evenly over the Salmon and cover with Cling film. If necessary use tooth picks to keep the Cling film off the glaze. Refrigerate for at least 1 day.

Slice thinly and serve however you like.







This situation definitely calls for careful foot placement!



Approaching the finish line at the Hamot 10K in downtown Erie.

# Baring My Soles

continued from page 4

The trick is to adopt a “forefoot strike” stride – in other words, the ball of your foot should land first, and then let the heel gently touch before lifting your foot for the next stride. In this way, the arch of your foot absorbs the shock, as it is designed to do, rather than your knee or hip. If you try to land heel-first while barefoot, the immediate feedback (read pain) will quickly persuade you to change your stride.

Here are few tips to get started:

- Start slow – maybe a half mile or mile a day to start – the muscles in your feet and calves will need to adjust to your “new” stride.
- “Listen” to your feet – if you’re experiencing pain when you run, you’re doing it wrong.
- Start on a smooth surface – asphalt or cement sidewalks are good. Grassy surfaces are great for bare feet but grass can camouflage stones, sticks, or other things that are unpleasant to land on while running.
- Have fun, and don’t be surprised if you find yourself wearing shoes less and less!

## Barefoot Hiking

Perhaps even more than running, I truly enjoy hiking barefoot. Wooded trails offer a great variety of surfaces and textures

Some of the most scenic trails lead to waterfalls ... this trail leads to Jones Falls on Ontario’s Bruce Trail.



Rocks and tree roots “double the fun”!

to invigorate the soles. Many people enjoy a good foot massage as a way to relax the body yet stimulate the senses – a nice barefoot hike through the woods has the same effect. Feathery moss, warm smooth rocks, crunchy leaves, soft pine needles, cool mud - they’re all there for your walking pleasure! “How can you do that?” I’m often asked as I pass other hikers in their clunky, heavy-soled hiking boots. “How can you wear those things?” is my usual reply. If the goal of hiking is to “connect with nature”, I don’t

This is also along the Bruce Trail in Ontario and did I mention that rocks are fun?



see how encasing the part of your body that contains more nerve endings than any other in five pounds of leather and rubber can help accomplish that goal. Having your bare feet in contact with the earth, feeling the various textures underfoot, allows a stimulating connection with nature that is impossible to achieve with shoes on.

Of course, you may say, there are dangers to feet in the woods as well, and a nice hike could be quickly spoiled by a stubbed toe or cut heel, or worse. However, there is a time-tested method for avoiding injury while barefoot – Watch where you’re going! Instead of rushing through the forest in heavy boots, tromping willy-nilly over the very parts of nature you are ostensibly there to enjoy, go barefoot, slow down, and carefully place your feet along the path. This has the advantage of helping you to more fully appreciate the landscape around you, as well as preventing injury. Barefoot hiking is also much gentler on the trail itself – hiking boots tend to tear up vegetation and soft spots in the trail, while bare feet leave little evidence of their passing.

As the accompanying photos show, I have hiked barefoot in many different locales, including parts of the Appalachian Trail, Shenandoah National Park, The Bruce Trail in Canada, Mt. Monadnock in New Hampshire, and many others. I encourage anyone with an interest in hiking to give barefoot hiking a try. You may be surprised at how enjoyable it is. Not to mention the money you’ll save on boots!



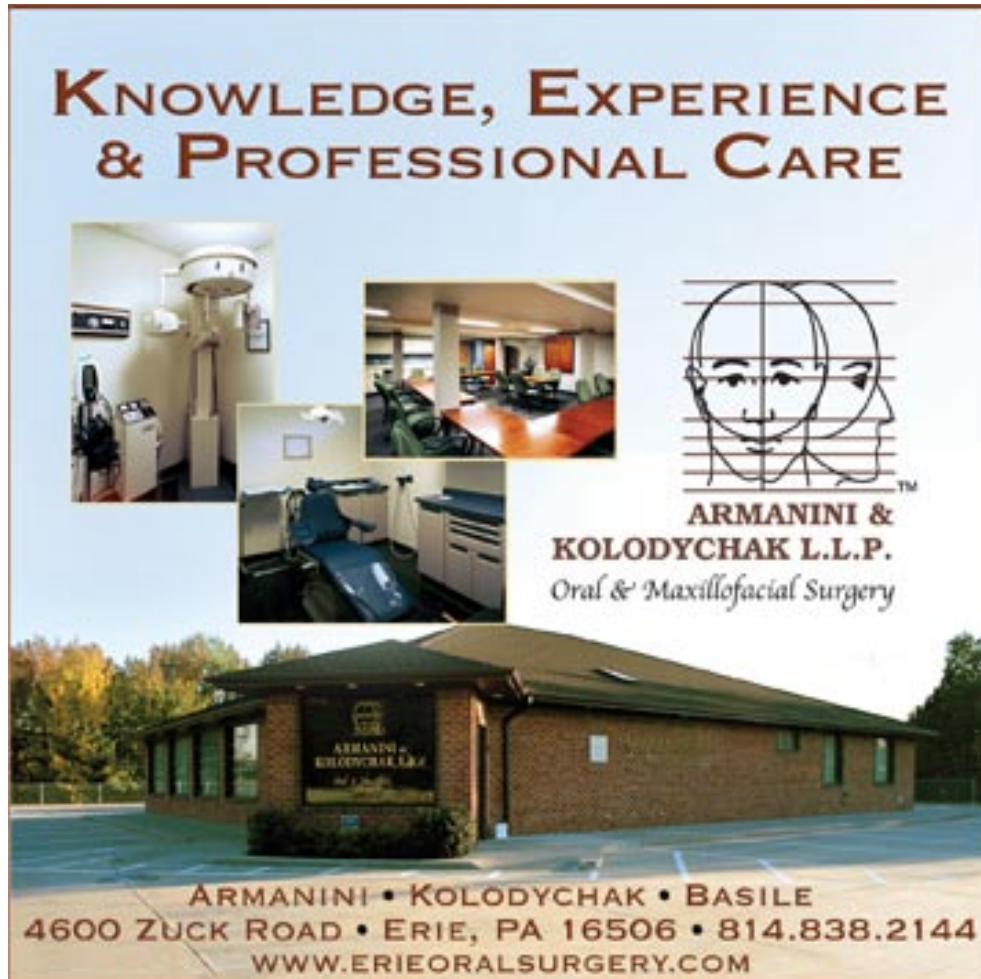


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# THE LOG Cook Book

benefiting the  
**Reyburn  
Sailing  
School**  
by Michael Dent

The LOG is looking to its readers for a little help in support of the EYC Reyburn Sailing School.

We are planning to publish a LOG "Cook Book" filled with EYC member's and Reyburn Sailing School supporter's personal recipes of all kinds.

It is simple to become involved with this project. All that is necessary is for you to write up your personal favorite recipes with all the pertinent information including ingredients, portions, cooking times and your special touches so readers can duplicate your delicious creations.

We would also like to publish a photo of your dishes to further entice the readers' taste buds. All photos will be published in full color along side your recipes for each of your creations. Therefore, please remember to shoot your photos in high resolution to do your creations justice when printed.

Give your fellow members and friends the opportunity to partake of your delightful and delicious recipes by presenting them in the New EYC LOG Cook Book.

Simply send your recipes and photos to J. G. Ashby Advertising at 1722 West Eighth Street, Erie, PA 16505 and we'll do the rest.

Thanks in advance for your help in making this project possible and by keeping the EYC Reyburn Sailing School one of the finest organizations in the entire country. The kids will love ya for it and all the folks buying the book will be forever inspired and delighted by your mouth watering, scrumptious recipes.

The deadline for the EYC LOG Cook Book is March 1, 2011. "Thanks in advance" for your help with this worthwhile project.



## Update

by Jim McBrier

**"AHOY"... it's all about the Mission!**

- To promote the understanding and knowledge of sailing, boating and the use of watercraft.
- To contribute to maritime related charitable and educational events and organizations.
- To provide scholarships and support for youth participation in maritime education and competition.

**In 2010 we made gifts totaling \$3,269 to the following organizations:**

Frolic on the Bay \$369, a Power Squadron Safety Course \$450, the first gift creating the Flagship Niagara Scholarship Program for \$1,000 and support to the Reyburn Sailing School for an at risk student program \$1,350 and the Reyburn Racing Program for \$400.

**"SUCCESS"... it's all about your gifts!**

You met the challenge... 95 EYC members and other community gifts totaled \$46,815 in 2010. Our member support was critical to this effort as we met an anonymous EYC member challenge gift during the campaign in April of \$10,000 and raised \$12,216 to meet the challenge. Because of your gifts the foundation has assets of over \$39,000. These assets include the Commodore's Fund with \$2,069 and the Reyburn Sailing Fund with \$34,560.

**"THREE WAYS TO GIVE"... It's up to you!**

### COMMODORE'S FUND

The Commodore's Fund is an unrestricted permanent fund within the Foundation which supports annual programs and projects in the Erie area boating community. These gifts are granted annually based on specific requests and needs within our community.

### REYBURN SAILING SCHOOL FUND

This restricted permanent fund upholds the Foundation's strong belief that everyone should have the opportunity to learn about Lake Erie and Presque Isle Bay and to experience the water in a sailboat. The fund specifically supports youth boating education and competition, scholarships, and other needs of the Reyburn Sailing School at the Erie Yacht Club.

### DESIGNATED ANNUAL GIFT

You can also direct your annual gift as you choose within the scope of the Foundation's mission. Your gift will be distributed this year to the maritime charity or boating project of your choice.

Watch for your request to give in early December or take a few minutes and visit the website at: [www.erieyc-foundation.org](http://www.erieyc-foundation.org). Make a gift... we take Paypal!... we need your support to reach \$50,000 in the next 6 months. Join one of the foundation level clubs and enjoy a Foundation collector mug with your contribution of \$100 or more.

Your Trustees: Jim McBrier, Karen Imig, Dennis Markley, Holly Wolford O'Hare, P/C Roy Strausbaugh, Mickey McMahon, John Bloomstine



# The Senior Generation

submitted by P/C Dick Waller

Senior citizens are constantly being criticized for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real or imaginary. We're willing to take responsibility for all we have done and do not blame others: HOWEVER, we would like to point out that it was NOT the senior citizens who took:

The melody out of music.  
The pride out of appearance.  
The courtesy out of driving.  
The romance out of love.

The commitment out of marriage.  
The responsibility out of parenthood.  
The togetherness out of family.  
The learning out of education.  
The service out of patriotism.



And we DO understand the meaning of patriotism, and remember those who have fought and died for our country.

**YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!**

I'm the life of the party ... even if it lasts until 8 p.m.  
I'm very good at opening child-proof caps ... with a hammer.  
I get interested in going home before I get where I'm going.  
I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.  
I smile all the time because I can't hear a word you're saying.  
I'm very good at telling stories, over and over and over ...  
I'm aware that other people's grandchildren are not as cute as mine.  
I'm so cared for ... long term care, eye care, private care, dental care.

I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe place somewhere.  
I'm wrinkled, soggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg.  
I'm having trouble remembering simple words like .....?  
I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for whimps.  
I'm sure they're making adults much younger these days.  
And when did they start letting kids be policemen.  
If you're only as old as you feel, how could I be alive at 150?  
I'm a storeroom of facts ... I've just lost the key to the door.  
I'm not sure, but I think I'm having the time of my life.

The golden rule from rulers.  
The nativity scene out of cities.  
The civility out of behavior.  
The refinement out of language.  
The dedication out of employment.  
The prudence out of spending.  
The ambition out of achievement.  
God out of government and school.

**NO it was not seniors who took all this out of being an American.**

**I'M NOT REALLY GROUCHY**, I just don't like traffic, waiting crowds, lawyers, loud music, unruly kids, Jenny Craig, Toyota commercials, barking dogs, politicians, and a few other things I can't seem to remember right now.





# FIRST TIME OUT!

continued from page 19.

as the night ever so slowly began giving up its blackness to a din of shapes that began to appear.

Suddenly, Jesse whispered, “don’t make a sound” as we all sat on edge in the near pitch black dawn.

As the dawn eked out just a morsel of light, Jesse again whispered to us, “I think there is a big buck looking at us from the trees on the rise right in front of us”. There was! That big mule deer buck couldn’t make out what we were, so Jesse and I ever so slowly began quietly working out of the truck and into position. The morning cast just enough light so I could see my prey as I readied myself for the shot. The darkness also hampered my lining up a shot and time ran out when the buck turned and moved off through the trees.

We re-entered the truck and began trailing the buck as he ran across a big pasture and stood high up on a rocky knoll looking back over his shoulder as we approached in the truck very, very slowly.

When we got within 200 or so yards Jesse and I again departed the vehicle and I positioned my gun site so that the projectile would hopefully drop the animal immediately. As Jesse quietly coached me to “take deep breaths” and relax. He reassured me that the “muley” wasn’t going to make another fast exit as before. I followed his lead and began squeezing the trigger so slowly and deliberately that I was totally surprised when the rifle fired and Jesse yelled “it went straight down as a “@<){ }:&\*(:” going to the “\*% ^ ^#@+\_ ?><”%! Which meant “I got it”!

all the ceremonial congratulations, handshakes and slaps on the back were flying about and that was when I realized I had actually taken my first large game animal and he was a beauty.

A day later I was challenged with another trophy a magnificent challenge “to take an Antelope.”

Back on the Grives ranch again we went seeking out a nice big male critter to adorn my home and fill my new little freezer.

The antelope are found in small herds out on the ranches open areas with water readily available. It was not horribly difficult to locate them because they were fairly abundant on the ranch.



Pat and I are doing our best to eradicate as many prairie dogs as is humanly possible cause we like horses and steaks better than those pesky little P-Dogs vermin.

We spotted a nice buck and after Jesse and I crawled all over one of the oil well’s maintenance shakes, our designated buck took off with the herd and came to rest some distance away.

We followed the prey in the truck and found it again a half mile or so away. My big male was standing among the females. We worked our way into position and proceeded to go through Jesse’s ritual of quietly, calmly talking to me about my shot but not as in depth as with my mule deer shot.

Again I took aim, fired and Jesse yelled “he’s down” for my second and final trophy of the trip.

As a side note to this story: One day we split up when Jesse asked me to ride with one of his associates, Ron Foulk and his 13 year old son Ryan. Jesse placed me and all my gear in the front seat of Ron’s ancient Ford station wagon. His son Ryan climbed in the back and off we went on a wild ride like no other I had ever experienced in my entire life. This vehicle kind of fooled me because it actually ran. It was beat up, bashed in and ready for a date with an “auto shredder” but it still hit top speeds which did not make for an enjoyable ride for me but it was one I’ll certainly never forget.

You see Ron was a “fast” driver with no obvious concern about the condition of his vehicle, the roads or the speed limit ... which was way too much for my sanity and aging heart. Now I realized why my “old buddy”, “old pal”, “old friend Jesse” planted me in Ron’s hands! It was all designed to scare the “crap” out of me and he would have succeeded but I somehow convinced myself to just relax as much as possible, “tune out” and it will all be over one way or the other, sooner or later! So I relaxed and carried on a

conversation with Ron and son Ryan while trying to completely ignore my situation and my surroundings.

This I did quite well until we turned off the main dirt road and began tearing across roads that actually might have been dirt roads at some time in the distant past. I became absolutely frazzled when we were zooming along on these zigzagging, one time dirt paths, along jagged meandering canyons walls that went straight down 50 to 100 feet plus into valleys littered with rocks and boulders and no



It may be difficult to see in this photo but there are five cars in front of me and a couple hundred cattle being led down the highway by two people and a dog holding up the traffic for what seemed like eternity. About 20 minutes!

place that had a soft landing. But I lived through it ... “thank you Lord”.

That day we found no promising sites so we returned to New Castle which was a long 76 mile ride back. To say the least, that day shook a hell of a lot enthusiasm out of me but I happily recovered by the next morning. Oh yes, and all my hunting buddies thought the entire episode was quite hilarious and I’m sure it was for them.

For me this trip was a milestone in my life. One that I have long wanted to experience. And thanks to our guide Jesse Fiske and good friend Dave Hanlin, who has long inspired me while creating in me the desire to follow my dream and now my passion to pursue the adventure, the lure and the thrills of the great outdoors and the hunt.



Dave Hanlin and his son Pat’s beautiful Antelope with a well developed set of horns. Dave has hunted across the planet and is a prestigious Weatherby Trophy Recipient (2004) which is the equivalent of the Olympics in Hunting and Animal Conservation.



Call me lucky again but this big mule deer dropped like a rock with one shot. A young male yet he was a big “Muley” and is bringing much culinary delight and glee to a lot of very happy palettes. I’m happy to say that every bite is a marvelous mouth watering morsel of goodness!. Yummy!





## January Calendar of Club Events

- 1st Tom & Jerry • 11am - 1pm  
Club members only.
- 2nd Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11am-2pm • \$12.95
- 6th Trivia Night
- 9th Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11am - 2pm • \$12.95
- 12th Fellowship Dinner  
Eugene Ware, History of Presque  
Isle Facts, legends and tall tales  
Cocktails 6pm Dinner 6:45pm  
Dinner Includes: Fresh Garden Salad  
• Oven Roasted Garlic Potatoes •  
Fresh Vegetable Medley • Sliced Club  
Sirloin with Mushroom Bordelaise &  
Orange Cream Layer Cake  
Reservation Required Call the Club  
Office Only • 453-4931  
\$14.95 includes tax and gratuity
- 13th Trivia Night
- 16th Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11am - 2pm • \$12.95
- 19th Cabin Fever Bawl  
6 - 9pm Live Entertainment  
\$11.00 Dinners Specials
- 20th Trivia Night
- 23rd Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11am - 2pm • \$12.95
- 27th Trivia Night
- 30th Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11am - 2pm • \$12.95

**Enrich  
Your LOG.**

**Tell us your story...**  
everyone has got at least one.  
Contact any member of the  
LOG staff listed on Page 3

# When Crocs Dine Out!



There were two crocs sitting at the  
side of the swamp near the lake.

The smaller one turned to the big-  
ger one and said, "I can't understand  
how you can be so much bigger than  
me. We're the same age and we were  
the same size as kids. I just don't get  
it."

Well," said the big Croc, "what have  
you been eating?"

"Politicians, same as you," replied  
the small Croc.

"Hmm. Well, where do you catch  
them?"

"Down the other side of the swamp  
near the parking lot by the Capitol."

"Same here. Hmm. How do you catch  
them?"

"Well, I crawl up under one of their  
Lexus cars and wait for one to unlock  
the car door. Then I jump out, grab  
them by the leg, shake the sh\_t out of  
them and eat 'em!"

"Ah!" says the big Crocodile, "I think  
I see your problem. You're not getting  
any real nourishment. See, by the time  
you finish shaking the sh\_t out of a  
Politician, there's nothing left but an  
a\_\_hole and a briefcase."



## February Calendar of Club Events

- 3rd Trivia Night
- 6th Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11am - 2pm • \$12.95  
Super Bowl Night  
Regular Dinner Service
- 10th Fellowship Dinner II  
Dave Frew, Fortune & Fury  
Cocktails 6pm Dinner 6:45pm  
Dinner includes: Fresh Garden Salad  
Garlic & Herb Whipped Potatoes  
Green Beans Almondine with Carrot  
Slices • Pecan Encrusted Chicken with  
Sherry Cream Sauce • Raspberry  
Cream Layer Cake  
Reservation Required Call the Club  
Office Only • 453-4931  
\$14.95 includes tax and gratuity
- 12th Valentines Night Dinner Night  
Featuring our Very Special Chef  
Selections • Serving 5:30 - 9pm  
Reservation Required for  
Valentines Day 453-4931
- 13th Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11am - 2pm • \$12.95
- 16th Jr. Sailing Raffle Happy Hour  
6 - 9pm Live Entertainment  
\$11.00 Dinners Specials  
Chinese Auction, Raffle, Drawing
- 17th Trivia Night
- 20th Champagne Sunday Brunch  
11am - 2pm • \$12.95
- 24th Trivia Night
- 26th 121 Days til Summer Party  
Continuous Entertainment!  
with Key West Express  
& West Side Steve from Put-in-Bay  
Plus... Margarita Bar and a  
Complementary Mug with the  
purchase of all you can drink beer  
or soda for only \$10.00
- 27th Club Shutdown (1 week)



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