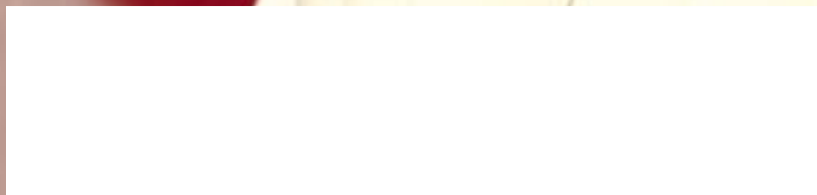


The LOG



Rosybud & Little Runt





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Rosybud & Little Runt	4
The North Channel	6
How Great Lakes Were Formed	10
Tribute to a Great Captain	12
EYCRF Recap 2008	16
Grand Canyon by Helicopter	20
Unbelievable Love Story?	8
Wisdom of Ronald Reagan	14
Unselfish American Pride	18
SS ERIE QUEEN	36

From the Bridge

Fleet Captain Dave Heitzenrater



You may have glanced at our 1895 charter dated May 13, 1895 and displayed in the front lobby. The original is recorded in the County Deeds office and bears the signature of Commodore George T. Bliss. Our related Constitution and By-laws boldly state our purposes are to maintain, develop and enlarge the facilities as well as yachting and other aquatic sports and related recreational activities and to improve yachting and boating in the Club basin. The EYC, with its proud heritage has performed exceptionally well over the past century in pursuit of these lofty goals. We occupy our third club house, purchased the 61 acre property and provide numerous amenities to the membership. The Club has continually made

improvements to the house and grounds and we are now amidst our most costly and visible undertaking, improving the basin. Not to be overlooked are the numerous charitable events, endless social and recreational activities the club provides; over one a year for each of our 114 years of existence.

These many past accomplishments, constant improvements and enjoyable activities have required an enormous effort by many people. You see before you the consequence of the past labors of countless employees, members, volunteers, directors and officers. Please consider and savor the club's long nautical heritage as you enjoy your club as I do. I am proud to be a member of the family!



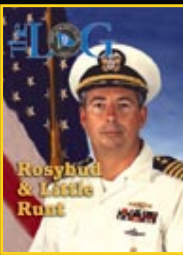
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Created, Designed and Published by J.G. Ashby Advertising, Inc., Erie, PA.

On the Cover...

Admiral Bob Frick grew up in Erie and joined the Navy at 18 because sailing at the EYC was the most fun he had ever had since playing the game of Rosybud and Little Runt.



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John: “There were these two little guys and they were ‘first friends’. The ‘older kid’ was Bobby, age 4 and the younger kid was Little John, age 3 ... like I said ‘first friends’. They only lived about a half a block apart so that accounts for their friendship at such a young age.

There were these two other really ‘big’ kids too. Little John’s older brother Davy, age 5, and our cousin Linda Berger, age 6. These were just four little playmates who created their

ship was with John Ashby and I remember his older brother and his younger brother and his mom and dad as well. Some of the things that first popped up in my memory were the train set in the attic, which I thought was the coolest thing in the world, and also the 16mm movies Mr. Ashby would play for us. Today, I can still see and hear the Mills Brothers singing ‘Up the Lazy River’, and I thought that was really amazing because it was like a movie theater right in their living room.

“Rosybud & Little Runt”



by Adm Bob Frick, US Navy Ret and PIC John Ashby

own little playmate games like all little kids did back in the 1940’s.

Our game was simply another adaptation of ‘Hide and Seek’. The big kids, Linda and Davy, were the ‘farmers’ and Bobby and I were the farmers’ little pigs. Now the gist of the game goes like this ... the two little pigs, Bobby and I, would break out of the pen (the area behind our garage) and go off and hide to elude the farmers’ capture. I’m sure neither of the little pigs had anything to do with the creation of the games name. I am quite sure the oldest little kid, Linda, was the one who created the names given the little pigs ‘Rosybud and Little Runt’ which became the name of our game. The littlest kid was of course named ‘Little Runt’ so that naturally was the moniker hung on me.

This then is the story of two little first friends ‘Rosybud and Little Runt’. Both these first friends rose to positions of ‘Rank’ in life. Little Runt achieving his rank of Commodore of the Erie Yacht Club, while ‘Rosybud’ went on to attain his rank of Admiral in the largest, most powerful Navy in the world, that being the Navy of the United States of America. That is the reason why this dialogue is centered upon the life of ‘Rosybud’ and not ‘Little Runt’. He pulled ‘rank’ on me!”

Bob: “I was telling my children, my first friend-



Little Runt beside the garage that later was used in their game as a pig pen and Rosybud practicing his big league swing in his yard.

As I was helping my 4 year old grandson, who has a 2 wheel bike with training wheels, I remembered that I first learned to first ride a ‘two wheeler’ at John’s house and someone let go of the bike one time and there I was all alone trying to ride that bike up the birch tree in Ashby’s front yard!

As I look back through my life, I think about growing up in Erie with those cold hard winters but you don’t look at them as being cold and hard because that was just life. The real plus is you have those great summers with the boating and the Presque Isle beaches. The lifestyle back then, when we were 6 or 7 years old, was that we were pretty much on our own. We got on our bikes and would go off adventuring. We would explore things, like going down to South Shore on that one section where they had the mud

flats, just west of English’s house at Devil’s Backbone. I can remember climbing the hill down to the Erie Yacht Club, we’d run around the Club property and get in trouble. Also the 16’ outboard with a mahogany deck on it that Bobby Wilkes kept at Merle’s over at Ferncliff. I remember he had that deck refinished like new every year! And I remember going to Harding school and all the fun we had going sailing. I remember the fun you and I had with guys like Roger Zurn. You know my wife Susan and I still talk about coming up here and spending some time in the summer because the weather is so much better than the summer weather in Virginia.”

John: “I remember when you moved out to Harborcreek for a few years.”

Bob: “Yes, that was when I was going to Harding School halfway through 6th grade we moved out to Mooreheadville Road. That’s where I got my first real summer job, picking fruit, because that’s what you did as a kid in Harborcreek. I remember you came out to visit for a week and we had that big old hay wagon that we used to jump on and ride down that old bumpy dirt road totally out of control to the lake and you fell off of that one time and nearly got killed.”

John: “Well, how about the time we ventured all the way out to that field across the parking lot from the West Erie Plaza when we were around seven years old. Again, we were not allowed to go that far from home. Then, you decided to jump out to a little dirt island in the creek that ran through the field and it turned out to be quicksand.”

Bob: “Thank God, you grabbed that big stick and finally got me out of there.”

John: “I think I remembered seeing that done in the movies.”

Bob: “You probably saved my young life and I don’t think either of us knew who was going to save our lives when the two of us walked into Halle Brothers beautiful new store in the Plaza to announce to my mother, who worked there, what had happened because we were so scared.”

John: “I think what scared us most was your mother’s reaction to the two of us



Promotional photo of Lifeguard Bob Frick, age 18, with Presque Isle State Park Chief Lifeguard, Frank Pettinato and two young bathers at the beach in 1961.



Bob Frick, 1961 graduate of Strong Vincent H.S. and a member of the Swim and Water Polo teams. John Ashby, graduate of same school in 1962 and a Stage Crew Manager. Bob attained the rank of Admiral and John attained the rank of Commodore ... Bob won!

traipsing into that beautiful new store covered with mud and leaving a trail of it on that new marble floor from the front door all the way through to the back of the store seeking out your mom. I think we escaped death twice that day ... the quicksand and your Mom!

OK Bob, we were just normal rotten kids driving our parents nuts so lets get on with your life ... why the Navy?”

Bob: “Well, I was probably an average student grade wise and my dad was struggling so I knew my parents didn’t have the money to send me to college. I do remember applying to the Naval Academy and I ended up being an alternate behind our good friend and my swimming team partner Dave Strong.

Dave made it so I didn’t. So, I finished out the year as a lifeguard at the Presque Isle knowing all my buddies in my graduating class at Strong Vincent (‘61) were all going to college and I knew that I wasn’t. Therefore, one day I just went downtown and walked into the Navy recruiting office. But ‘why’ I choose the Navy was probably because of sailing, the most fun I can remember having was on a sail boat. I probably thought they would put me on some schooner for an around the world cruise or something. I took the exams and because I had taken all the standard college prep courses at Vincent I scored well. They scored the exam right there and the recruiter looked up at me and said, ‘wow’, you have really high scores ... and we have this program called the nuclear power program,’ and I said, ‘That sounds really interesting’, and then he said, ‘We also have a submarine program’. Well since I was a qualified scuba diver at the time I reasoned, I’m half way there, so I said, ‘Well OK’ ... and I signed up! But what he had failed to explain to me was that I had signed up for a 6 year tour. And so at

continued on page 24.

As a boy I would listen to CBL Toronto, 740 on the dial, as I lay in bed at night. The signal was always strong with no impedance as it traveled across Lakes Ontario and Erie to my ears. Following the news, the weather report was always given in the same rhythmic sequences which would tick off places with intriguing names - "Red Lake, Pickle Lake and Thunder Bay region"- and conjure up exotic thoughts which brought longings for adventure. "North Channel, Tobermory and northern Bruce Peninsula" always got my attention and I would wonder to myself, "Maybe someday I'll venture there and see what it is like."

Years later I'm on duty as director of the Nat Reyburn Sailing School at EYC and I run into Ken Wrigley, P/C, Port Dover Yacht Club, who



Piper's Dues II's crew (L to R) Paul Rose, myself and Sam Simpson the "Old Codgers", cut a wide swath through the North Channel and loved it.

is paddling around the basin in his inflatable. "Hi Ken. Where have you been? Haven't seen you in a while." He shouts back, "Sailed up to the North Channel. Gone all summer last year. Had a great time. Absolutely the best scenery in the world!" Thoughts of weather reports long forgotten flooded my mind and later Ken and I talked about what a wonderful trip he had taken. He'd sailed to many of those places mentioned on CBL. It was then I started putting the pieces together that culminated in the "trip of a lifetime" in the summer of 2008.

In the first edition of "Well Favoured Pas-

Many years of rain and wind sculpted this "flower pot" located on Flower Pot Island.



Greeted with open arms, Wally of Wally's Dock Service in Little Current, is famous for well organized fuel service and eclectic flare.

sage," the author, Marjorie Cahn Brazer states that "the North Channel is a state of mind. It is flight of the soul to a distant haunt of peace, of timelessness, of mystery, of tempest, of aching beauty." After having traveled there I would agree with her completely. The channel is over sixty miles long and it separates Manitoulin Island from the south shore of the Province of Ontario at the far northern end of Lake Huron and immediately west of Georgian Bay. It was a place my crew and I definitely wanted to visit.

The night before we departed EYC we moved the boat, a 1979 Morgan 382, purchased in 2006 and renamed *Piper's Due II*, to the recently completed guest dock at EYC to facilitate loading. My crew, nick named the "Old Codgers" consisted of Paul Rose, a retired Harbor Creek High School physics teacher; Sam Simpson, a retired engineer from Steris and myself, loaded our personal belongings, said "so long" to our loved ones and headed out shortly after 0800 on 24 June. Our stops along the way were Ashtabula Y/C, Rocky River Y/C and Huron, Ohio where we picked up an inflatable I had previously ordered. We then headed to Pelee Island and Scudder's Marina where we checked in with Canada Customs. Moments after arrival we were hit with a ten minute blast of 30+ knots which knocked over one sailboat heading in to the harbor but caused no injuries.

The next two days found us slogging our way up the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers with a twenty knot head wind right on the nose and a 4 to 6 knot current pushing us backwards. Our Perkins 4-108 was taxed to the limit and a course, as close to the shore as possible to avoid the channel current, still yielded only a three knot headway. We were relieved to finally reach the Blue Water Bridge connecting Sarnia with Port Huron - the gateway to Lake Huron - where we set course for Goderich, Ontario (Pop. 7,500) fifty four miles to the north east, where we moored at the Maitland Valley Marina.

The marina's owner is a great gentleman named Dick. He is one of those helpful people who has a shop full of spare parts and a heart of gold. He whisked us away in his pickup truck for a tour around town and then deposited us on the steps of the Parkhouse Tavern overlooking the harbor, where we had a fine meal. Afterwards, following a short walk down a tree covered path and series of stairs, we were back at the boat and tucked in for

the night.

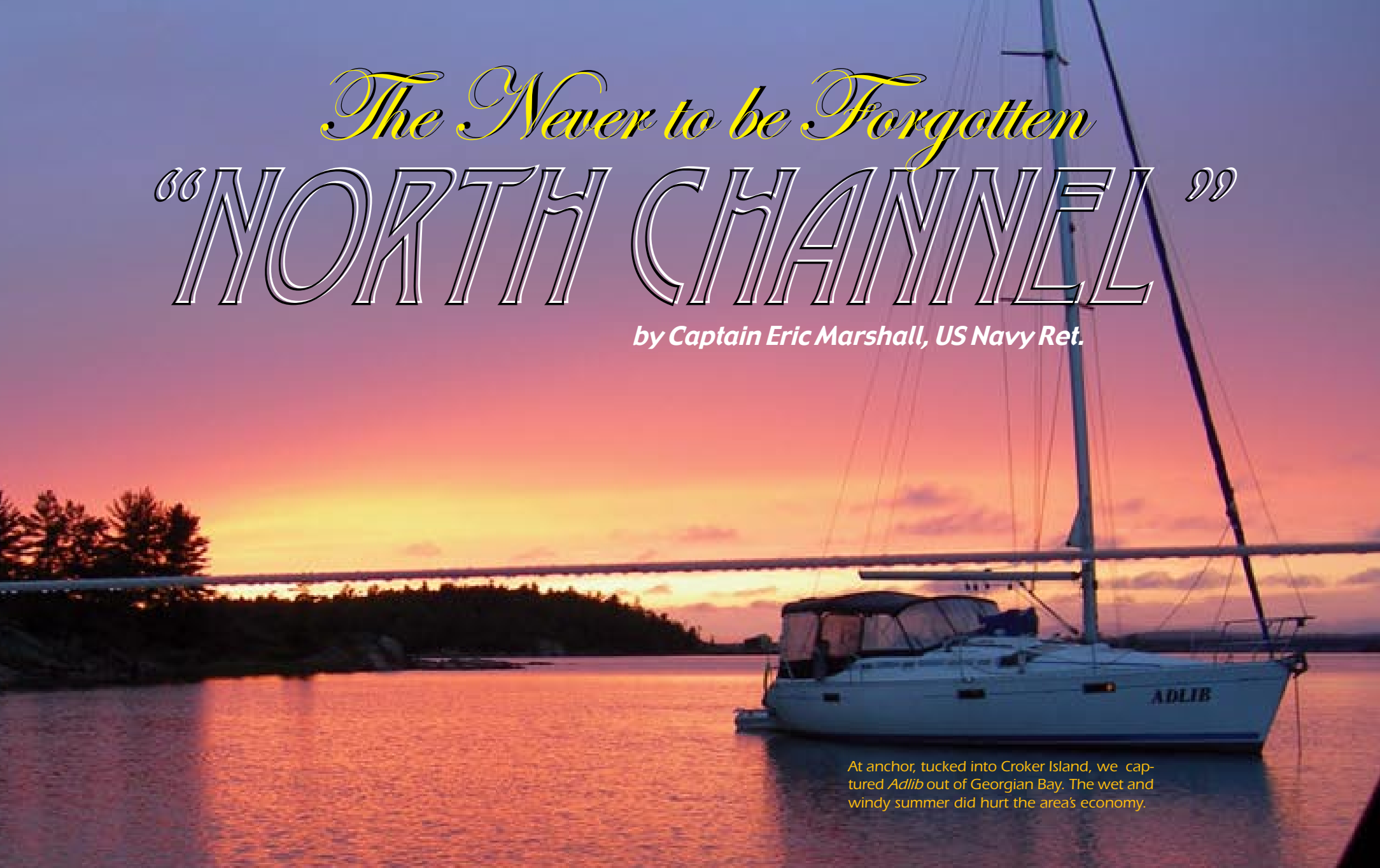
The next day we departed sailing north thirty four miles to Kincardine under reefed genoa with a twenty knot wind on the port quarter. We were skimming along at between six and seven knots as we rounded Point Clark and headed into Kincardine (Pop. 7,000). The town is a picture postcard that has carefully preserved its Scots heritage. At night a bag-piper appears on the platform atop the light house and pipes sundown. The next day we headed north to Port Elgin (Pop. 7,240) in six to eight foot seas and winds out of the north

The 100 slips at Gore Bay look like EYC new docks and with Harbormaster Lee Hayden in charge your stay will be most pleasurable.



The Never to be Forgotten "NORTH CHANNEL"

by Captain Eric Marshall, US Navy Ret.



At anchor, tucked into Croker Island, we captured Adlib out of Georgian Bay. The wet and windy summer did hurt the area's economy.



Tobermory, at the tip of the Bruce Peninsula, is the last major port before entering the North Channel. See the ferry with the bow open?

west at twenty knots which tested both the boat and the crew. The twenty seven miles seemed to take forever! We passed the Bruce Power nuclear power plant on the way north and saw a huge windmill farm in the same area.

The channel into Port Elgin is well marked

with buoys which one should be careful to observe. Once inside the marina we moored and then watched the endless procession of local residents, like lemmings, heading to the break wall to watch the picture perfect sun set. It was truly spectacular! Then the lemmings departed as quietly as they arrived.

The next day was 4 July and we departed Port Elgin in company with *Irish Wake* skippered by Greg Miles, an engineer with Chrysler Corp., and his wife, Carol and headed north by north west enroute Tobermory at the tip of the Bruce Peninsula which was a total distance of fifty two miles. By mid-afternoon we were off Cape Hurd and navigating the channel into Little Tub Harbour and the lovely community of Tobermory (Pop. 850). Here the crescent shaped harbor greets you with all the amenities necessary for the quality of life aboard a boat. The college students at the fuel dock were quick to respond to the radio, catch the lines and direct you to your dock. A new shower facility is being constructed and you



This is Strawberry Island lighthouse which is typical of others in the Channel, most are occupied in summer with some available as rentals.

can provision from the only supermarket in the area right at the head of the pier.

After topping off with diesel the next day we headed north up the east coast of Flower Pot island enroute Club Island twenty miles away. It was one of those "perfect sailing days" with the wind on the quarter which encouraged us to scurry around and rig the spinnaker to starboard which remained set for the entire pas-

(continued on page 26)

Unbelievable

A Love Story?

submitted by Adrienne Levis

How would you like to be sitting in a 12 foot sea kayak and watching a 16 foot Great White shark approach you from the stern? It has remarkably turned into a LOVE STORY. It does not come much stranger than this when it happened off the South Australian coast near Port Lincoln.

The French magazine "Le Magazine des Voyages de Peche" in its 56th edition, brought up amazing news about this "astonishing love story".

"Arnold Pointer a professional fisherman from the south of Australia, set free from a certain death, a big female Great White shark that was caught in his fishing nets. Now the fisherman has a problem ... he says "it has been two years now and she doesn't leave me alone. She follows me everywhere I go and her presence scares all the fish away and so my fishing business stinks. I simply don't know what to do anymore!"

It is hard to get rid of an almost 17 foot long shark since Great Whites are protected by "wildlife conservation".

There is obviously an almost mutual affection that has been created between the two since Arnold "saved Cindy's life". He says, "Once I stop my boat, Cindy comes right up to me, she turns on her back and lets me pet her belly and neck. Then she grunts, looks at me and happily flaps her fins up and down splashing the water all over both of us."

This relationship is just truly amazing ... "or is it?"

The truth behind all the above is fiction. It all began when two Great White Shark researchers and authors who recently published a book containing their Award winning Great White photographs showcasing their behavior.

"South Africa's Great White Shark" by Thomas Peschak & Michael Scholl is the essential guide for surfers, scuba divers, kayakers, swimmers and fishermen, in fact anyone venturing out upon the Ocean.

It's an informative text for divers, marine biologists, guides and photographers, providing in-depth coverage of Great White behavior, ecology, conservation and eco-tourism. The facts behind cage diving, chumming and shark bites.

It is also an informative, educational read "tool" to dispel many of the myths surrounding the incredible Great Whites. The facts are that the 'Great Whites are not as dangerous as we are lead to believe. Over the last 83 years there have been only 22 fatalities attributed to Great White bites in South African waters.'

When their photographs of the shark behind the kayak etc. were first published in Africa Geographic, BBC Wildlife and later in Paris Match and the Daily Mail (London) it resulted in a flurry of e-mails, phone calls and letters from around the world asking if the image was a fake. Following publication no less than 50 websites were hosting colorful discussions about the authenticity of this photograph. The image became probably the most talked about of shark photograph ever and has become an undisputed best seller. So "Sorry Arnold Pointer ... the jig is up!"



What is old? Is it the circle of past commodores surrounding a table adorned with miniature burgees? Could it be the Erie Yacht Club, itself, with its 1895 pedigree? Perhaps old is related to the water we gaze at through the clubhouse windows. To anthropologists, the mention of seventy year old men, century-old yacht clubs or Presque Isle Bay does not even register on the old scale. For them, old is measured in millennia and thousands of years. "Old" is a lesson in the impermanence of life as we know it, even Lake Erie, the comforting body of water which most of us take as a constant.

Some 30,000 years ago the last of the great glaciers began to descend from the frozen

north. Slowly, relentlessly it expanded, creeping south and crossing into today's Pennsylvania and Ohio. As it spread south, energized by a massive reduction in air temperature, this wedge of ice called the Wisconsin Glacier plowed along the surface of the land grinding and pushing everything along with it. Boulders, vegetation, soil and sand were driven south at the glacial rate of a few miles per year. But over thousands of years even that slow rate of speed can "mount up." By 15,000 years ago, the state of Michigan was entirely covered by ice. The leading edge of the glacier had thrust itself against the Appalachian mountain range where it pushed and twisted, straining as the edge of the ice thickened. By the time tem-

peratures shifted again and a warming spell began to make the glacier recede, the leading edge of the ice wedge was more than a thousand feet high.

The thrusting force of the Wisconsin Glacier came from a much thicker mass of ice hundreds of miles north of the leading edge. This bulbous expanse of ice was more than two miles thick, and because of its immense size it was far slower to recede than the front edge of the glacier. As a result, the receding glacier was held in place to melt, depositing untold millions of gallons of melt water into the area that now contains the Great Lakes.

To understand the history of the Great Lakes and Lake Erie, it is important to catalogue the

sealed up the river of melt water draining from the west end of Lake Erie.

Stage Three: 8,500 Years ago. ...Continued northward tipping separated Lake Erie from Lake Huron and reversed flow to the east over Niagara Falls and into Lake Ontario. The upper lakes (Michigan, Huron and Superior) flowed out of the old drainage river at Lake Michigan into the Mississippi Valley and a new outlet formed at Lake Superior where melt water also ran into the Mississippi.

Stage Four: 6,000 Years ago. ...Glacial tipping reached a maximum, causing the upper lakes to reverse their flow toward the Georgian

What Does This Mean to Us

Gazing at today's Lake Erie, it is deceptively easy to assume that what we see has always been and will always be. The comforting body of water that has been a lifelong presence for many of us seems quite the same as it has always been, and it is easiest to presume that it will continue into the future. If geology offers a single important lesson, however, it is the relentlessness of change. The lake which we have come to think of as eternal is a living breathing macro-organism in a constant state of change. Our Lake Erie was created by a glacier, adjusted into a number of different shapes over the ages and twisted into the form that we have known for longer than the table of past commodores has been sailing, but it is also destined to continue its march toward destiny.

For boaters, the most frightening projections of Lake Erie change are connected to steadily falling water levels. Most university-generated models predict an average water level reduction of one to two meters (three to six feet) over the next thirty years, assuming that the three sources of man-made interruption (diversion, withdrawal and evaporation) are held at their existing rate, this means that water levels in the existing EYC basin are predicted to fall by at least three to six feet between now and the year 2038.

The Politics of Diversion and Withdrawal

There is no doubt that the Great Lakes are important. They contain 22% of the earth's fresh water and cover 94,000 square miles of the earth. When Pittsburgh Astronaut Mike Finke came to Erie to talk about what it was like to orbit the northern hemisphere, he noted that the earth's single most dominant feature from space is the Great Lakes.

In recent years, politicians have banded together to protect the Great Lakes from unregulated water removal (diversion or withdrawal). People who live in the drainage basin have significantly increased the diversion of water from the Great Lakes by (1) taking water directly from the lakes, (2) drawing it from the underwater flow that seeps into the lakes or (3) removing it indirectly from rivers and streams leading into the lakes.

The Great Lakes Regional Compact is the latest political allegiance formed between eight

U.S. Governors and two Canadian Provincial Premiers to regulate this removal of water. They have signed an agreement making it a violation of international law to move Great Lakes water out of the drainage area. Theoretically, the use of water within the drainage area for such activities as industrial cooling or residential use must be followed by a return of the same volume of water (even if it has been altered chemically or thermally) to the Great Lakes basin. Like most political inventions, however, loopholes in agreements are immediately obvious to special interest groups seeking ways to exploit water for profit.

One of the most apparent recent loopholes is connected to the bottling of water (or water-based products like soft drinks and beer) which are sent out of the drainage area for consumption. At first glance, it would not seem that bottled products sold in places like New York City or Washington, DC could threaten Lake Erie water levels, but given the projected desperate shortage of quality drinking water and the growing demand for bottled waters, environmental groups have raised alarms, suggesting that exported (from the drainage area) water could take several inches per year from the lake surface. There is also political pressure from southern states like Arizona and New Mexico who are "demanding" that water pipelines be built from Lake Superior to the middle south.

Lake Erie is a "potential victim" of potential up-stream water mismanagement in Superior, Huron and Michigan because about 85% of its inflow comes from the Detroit River.

In addition to the risk of unregulated withdrawal, Lake Erie also faces ongoing risks from diversion. Diversion occurs when moving water that should be heading to the lake is sent out of the drainage area. There are two significant diversion problems at work right now. First is water diverted from Chicago into the commercial barge canal that leads to the Mississippi River from Lake Michigan. The second is a hole that was accidentally punched through bedrock under the St. Clair River while dredging for commercial ship traffic. Amazingly, the bedrock under the banks of the St. Clair River is connected to an underground

continued on page 28.

How the Great Lakes Formed

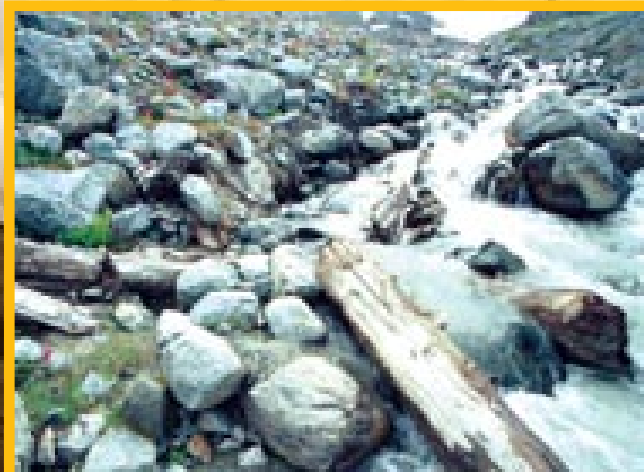
... Did Anyone See a Glacier Go By?

by Dr. David Frew



An adventurer sits atop a Canadian Glacier as it twists through the Rocky Mountains.

Receding glaciers leave a field of rubble of rocks and wood.



When glaciers recede the earth rebounds from the glaciers extreme weight.



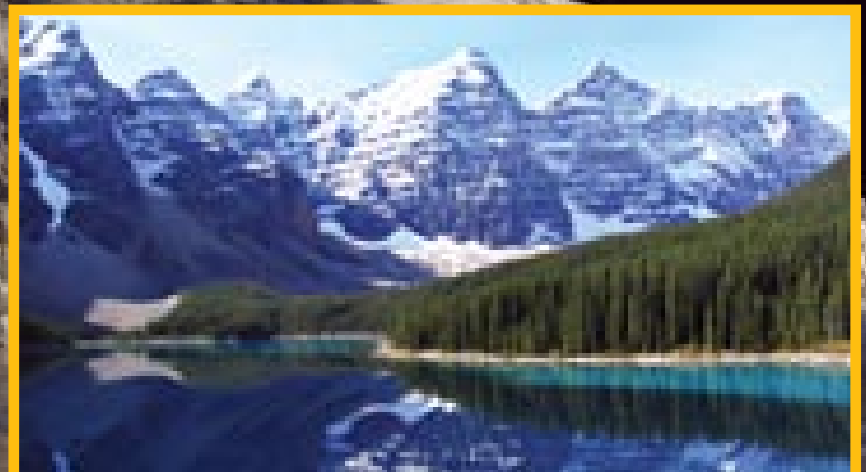
Bay. The water ran over an immense waterfall (between today's Tobermory and Manitoulin Island), many times larger than Niagara Falls, into Lake Nipissing, down the Ottawa River and into the St. Lawrence. Lake Erie, which ended between Cleveland and Ashtabula, continued to flow over Niagara Falls and into Lake Ontario.

Stage Five: 3,500 Years Ago. ...The immense bulbous thickness of the glacier north of the Great Lakes melted away, causing the earth to heave up (isostatic rebounding) north of the lake drainage area (because of the sudden removal of the weight of the two mile thick ice ridge). This, in turn, raised the southern edge of the lakes, re-joining Lake Erie with the upper lakes and Lake Huron via the St. Clair River system. Lake Nipissing sealed up, and water levels rose on the Georgian Bay covering the old falls with water. Today's flow pattern was established over a 500 year period with all of the upper lakes flowing into Lake Erie and over Niagara Falls.

Here a researcher surveys an Alaskan glacier as part of on going program.



This is a majestic view of a glacier formed valley and the rugged mountains in Canada's Banff National Park in the summer.



Several years ago when Captain Dave and Captain Steve Sample said their farewell's to their 37' O'Day sailboat, "Soiree", as she voyaged down the shore to her new home in Dunkirk, NY, we wrote a tribute to the wonderful years we spent sailing aboard her.

Now Captain Dave has taken his last voyage down another shore. His Memorial services were held in Greenwood, SC, his last home town, and in Erie, PA., his first hometown. The services said it all. It talked about his love of sailing, his abilities at sailing, and his exploits (only some of them) at sailing. It talked about his humbleness and how even his somewhat bad characteristics were mildly pleasant.

Dave loved sailing but even more, he loved the Erie Yacht Club. He served on the Board of Directors, the Nominating Committee, the Historical Committee, the Program Committee, EYC Centennial Committee Vice Chair for four years to Chairman P/C John Ashby and I cannot even guess on how many other committee's he served during his many years at the EYC.



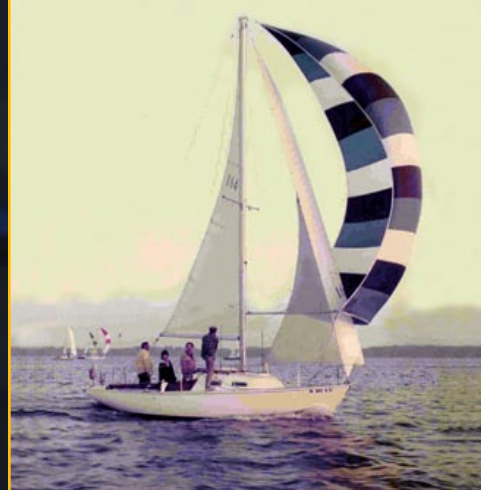
EYC Secretary/Treasurer and member Karen Imig, Dave's daughter Patty Sample and Captain Dave in an MS Regatta.

In the old days he played in several of Byron Cooley's plays including the famous "Emma the Lighthouse Keepers Daughter" and sang with the "Drunken O'Kegs" on St. Patrick's Day.

Dave loved opening day with all the Past Commodore's and Club Officers in full rega-

lia lined across the bulkhead in front of the clubhouse. (Although by then his 'boat' had probably snagged a few ice flows during the two or three trips he had made across to Long Point and Port Dover, Canada before most of the other boats were launched). He looked forward to the summer picnic, eating roast beef and sweet corn, drinking beer, watch-

Dave and I in "Roaring 20" look" at the 1995 Centennial Ball held at Rainbow Gardens.



This is one of the MORC races aboard *Winky*.

ing the kids play, seeing who the next victim of the dunking booth would be, listening to the music while sitting on the lawn looking out at the flag pole and the cannon that heralded the setting of each sun all through the summer.

Dave was a staunch supporter of the MS regatta. The first regatta he missed was when he had his open heart surgery in 1996 -- but his son, Captain Steve Sample, following his father's lead sailing gallantly down the bay in a



Sailing through the channel on *Soiree*.

fundraising effort for a wonderful cause while his father watched proudly and longingly from his window at Hamot Hospital. He valued highly 'Frolic on the Bay' and participated in it as often as he was needed, giving a child and their family an opportunity to see what sailing on this wonderful Lake Erie Bay was all about.

He looked forward to the New Year's

Day "Tom and Jerry" party complete with the 'secret recipe' carried on by the Loesel's. He treasured playing pinochle -- having won the EYC 'prize' in more than one year. He also was seen more than once playing Gin at the corner of the bar with John or Chris or Tom or Kit or anyone sitting there who was willing to take on a pretty good card player. He won and lost but always considered himself the winner for all the companionship and fun that he experienced during the contest. And, sitting at the bar, Dave was more often seen sipping a "Light Sprite" than drinks with alcohol. Why?

"When Irish eyes are smiling" ... Great Times!



Sittin' in the slip ... waitin' for the crew.

It wasn't the buzz from alcohol he esteemed -- it was the buzz from sitting and listening and talking with those who liked to sit and listen and talk. There was nothing Dave enjoyed more than sharing stories with fellows (and ladies) at the EYC. He supported Junior Sailing and participated for years in the EYC and Interclub racing venues before switching to, for most of the time, a less stressful cruising venue. Dave excavated from his memory times he treasured at the EYC and from our sailing trips and adventures that we transformed together into lively and funny articles that many of you have enjoyed reading over the years in the new "Log".

Dave cared deeply for his beloved Erie Yacht Club. It was always a family club to him. A place where you could walk into from your boat, bring your kids, have a meal, visit with friends, get a "Hello Dave" from the bartenders and know that you 'belonged'. If there is anything like the EYC in heaven I'm sure he's sipping a "Light Sprite" and dealing out the cards right now. He's probably sitting there with Dave and Eddie and Fred and Byron and few other good friends -- just waiting for the rest of us. But, keeping in true form -- he's not in any rush for us to arrive.

From his First Mate, and one who misses him greatly, I salute the man who was truly a great Captain.



David M. Sample
(3-25-28 to 10-31-08)

My Tribute To A Great Captain

by Toni A. Sample

Jim McBrier, Jim Lynch, P/C Doc Bressler and Dave Sample all members of the EYC Sunken Kegs Glee Club performed on stage at the Club's 100th Anniversary Ball at Rainbow Gardens in 1995.



Enjoying memories of racing SORC races on the "big" *Masker*.



Proud to be the all time EYC Pinochle Champ.





“THE WISDOM OF RONALD REAGAN”

“Winner”



‘Here’s my strategy on the Cold War: We win, they lose.’

- Ronald Reagan

“Fear”



‘The most terrifying words in the English language are: I’m from the government and I’m here to help.’

- Ronald Reagan

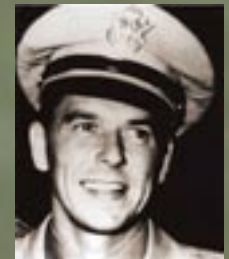
“Educational Blunder”



‘The trouble with our liberal friends is not that they’re ignorant; it’s just that they know so much that isn’t so.’

- Ronald Reagan

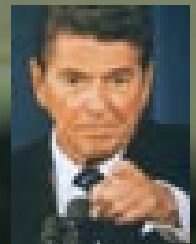
“Strength is Peace”



‘Of the four wars in my lifetime, none came about because the U.S. was too strong.’

- Ronald Reagan

Imbecilic



‘I have wondered at times about what the Ten Commandments would have looked like if Moses had run them through the U.S. Congress.’

- Ronald Reagan

Lemmings



‘The taxpayer: That’s someone who works for the federal government but doesn’t have to take the civil service examination.’

- Ronald Reagan

Begging for Realignment



‘Government is like a baby: An alimentary canal with a big appetite at one end and no sense of responsibility at the other.’

- Ronald Reagan

War on Poverty



‘The nearest thing to eternal life we will ever see on this earth is a government program.’

- Ronald Reagan

Needs Reinventing



‘It has been said that politics is the second oldest profession. I have learned that it bears a striking resemblance to the first.’

- Ronald Reagan

Sound Familiar?



‘Government’s view of the economy could be summed up in a few short phrases: If it moves, tax it. If it keeps moving, regulate it. And if it stops moving, subsidize it.’

- Ronald Reagan

Painting Pretty Pictures



‘Politics is not a bad profession. If you succeed, there are many rewards; if you disgrace yourself, you can always write a book.’

- Ronald Reagan

Endangered Species



‘No arsenal, or no weapon in the arsenals of the world, is as formidable as the will and moral courage of free men and women.’

- Ronald Reagan

Fragility



‘If we ever forget that we’re one nation under God, then we will be a nation gone under.’

- Ronald Reagan





One of the many organizations within our club is The Erie Yacht Club Racing Fleet which remains very active and is set for the 2009 season under the leadership of chair Tom Madura. Tom fills the shoes of Matt Niemic who cheerfully led the 2008 group to success. A quick review of the 2008 season includes a program by racing rules expert and world-class sailor Dave Perry last February. The calendar included monthly social gatherings for the boat owners and crewmembers with

actual fleet racing commencing in mid May that continued through September. The season culminated in November with the awards banquet and dance.

The Prestigious Zurn Trophy was won by Graffiti helmed by Pat Huntley and crew on a Mumm 30. Boy of the Year honors were taken by Schock Therapy owned by Fred Sickert Jr. The fleet's Family Jib and Main Division which races over the season with a constantly diminishing handicap is divided into four

ERIE YACHT CLUB RACING FLEET

2008 Recap

by F/C Dave Heitzenrater

classes relating to their speed potential and experience. The 2008 Class D Champion is David Foreman with his one and only crewmember / spouse Roberta on his 18' Two One Three. The C Class Championship went to Alex Miller on the 30' Dawn Treader. The 24' J boat Joker owner by EYC Jr Family member Albert A.J. Ficcardi took B Class Champion honors. Class A went to the 35' Raven of Dave Heitzenrater and crew.

The fleet was saddened by the passing of

race officer Howard Miskill in May who was posthumously awarded the 2008 Gail Garren Award recognizing him for his many years contributing to the success of EYC racing.

The 2008 season was very enjoyable as evidenced by the many accompanying photos submitted by fleet members. You too can get involved as a racer, crew or volunteer. Just check out the fleet page on the EYC website at eriyachtclub.org for complete information.



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Unselfish American Pride

"You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop"

submitted by Robert Way, Jr.



When in England , at a fairly large conference, Colin Powell was asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury if our plans for Iraq were just an example of empire building' by George Bush.

He answered by saying, 'Over the years, the United States has sent many of its fine young men and women into great peril to fight for freedom beyond our borders. The only amount of land we have ever asked for in return is enough to bury those that did not return.'

"You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop"



Robert Whiting, an elderly gentleman of 83, arrived in Paris by plane At French Customs, he took a few minutes to locate his passport in his carry on. 'You have been to France before, monsieur?' the customs officer asked sarcastically.

Mr. Whiting admitted that he had been to France previously. 'Then you should know enough to have your passport ready.' said the Customs Inspector.

The American said, 'The last time I was here, I didn't have to show it.'

'Impossible. Americans always have to show your passports on arrival in France !'

The American senior gave the Frenchman a long hard look. Then he quietly explained.

'Well, when I came ashore at Omaha Beach on D-Day in '44 to help liberate this country, I couldn't find a single Frenchmen to show a passport to.'

"You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop"



A U.S. Navy Admiral was attending a naval conference that included Admirals from the U.S. , English, Canadian, Australian and French Navies. At a cocktail reception, he found himself standing with a large group of Officers that included personnel from most of those countries.

Everyone was chatting away in English as they sipped their drinks but a French admiral suddenly complained that, 'whereas Europeans learn many languages, Americans learn only English.'

He then asked, 'Why is it that we always have to speak English in these conferences rather than speaking French?'

Without hesitating, the American Admiral replied 'Maybe it's because the Brits, Canadians, Aussies and Americans arranged it so you wouldn't have to speak German.'

"You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop"



There was a conference in France where a number of international engineers were taking part, including French and American. During a break one of the French engineers came back into the room saying 'Have you heard the latest dumb stunt Bush has done? He has sent an aircraft carrier to Indonesia to help the tsunami victims. What does he intended to do, bomb them?'

A Boeing engineer stood up and replied quietly: 'Our carriers have three hospitals on board that can treat several hundred people; they are nuclear powered and can supply emergency electrical power to shore facilities; they have three cafeterias with the capacity to feed 3,000 people three meals a day, they can produce several thousand gallons of fresh water from sea water each day, and they carry half a dozen helicopters for use in transporting victims and injured to and from their flight deck. We have eleven such ships; how many does France have?'

"You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop"





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desert – a circle around the Hoover Dam (I remember when it was the Bolder Dam) – and off toward the Canyon. We crossed a Mesa with road markings, that pilot Rich said was where Thelma & Louise drove their car off the cliff in their movie.

We flew over the prestigious Las Vegas village, where Bette Midler has assumed the mansion previously owned by Celine when she headlined in Vegas. Many golf courses, many pools.

And then we flew over the rim & into the magnificent Grand Canyon! Floating over the Colorado River by copter was amazing! The canyon walls were unbelievable. How many years did it take to make this spectacle? Rich landed our copter down on an Indian Mesa that the Sundance Company rents; and we were free to take extraordinary pictures, offered a wicker basket lunch, and cheered as Rich popped open the champagne! How could it get any better?

The ride was more exciting on the return trip; I think Rich was treating us to a Imax movie feeling, where you go over a cliff and drop! But I have to admit that the whole trip was very comfortable and actually wonderful. We finalized our journey with a helicopter flight back over the Las Vegas Strip – taking once in a lifetime photos of Freemont Street and the big Vegas Strip hotels. Of course after you've flown over one of the Wonders of the World, it's only fitting to be taken back to your hotel in a stretch limo – the perfect ending to a perfect day!



We had two days free in Vegas and chose one fabulous night show and buffet. But the highlight was our Helicopter flight to the Grand Canyon. You can do the tour by bus, but it takes hours and at our age, not an option. We chose the “Minnow-like three hour Tour”. We were picked up at our hotel, the Flamingo, by stretch limo, and driven to McCarran airport for weigh in (oh my God, am I fat today?), the final payment, and the obligatory safety video. They didn't really have to tell me not to pull the open door handle while in flight – and I remembered hearing of a helicopter landing on water and immediately turning over – so I wondered why we needed to wear the floatation device? But we were prepared.

Our experienced pilot Rich Geeb, after a second briefing, read off the passenger arrangement according to weight distribution, & we drew the lucky placement – front seat, next to the pilot! I had planned to hide in the back, but was forced to be brave – and it was the perfect opportunity to take pictures. I felt like a fighter pilot, with my earphones, seat-belt, and life preserver. We lifted off from the Sundance Helicopter pad with very little shaking, perhaps we might survive? Off across the



Number 706 on our “Must do before we die” list, has just been completed “to see Hoover Dam & the Grand Canyon”. It began with a simple invitation from our travel agent Kate, from Marlin Travel in nearby Simcoe, Ontario to join her group of Agents (she actually closed the office for a long weekend in Nov.), Book-keepers, and out of office Agents and their spouses all went to Las Vegas. She had room for 40 more clients, and we jumped at the chance, what could go wrong with travel agents along? We met in Simcoe at 4:30 am and travelled comfortably by coach to Pierson Airport in Toronto for our WestJet non-stop flight to Las Vegas. Then Kate even hosted a cocktail/hors d'oeuvres party for their Marlin Travel Christmas Party.



The Grand Canyon by Helicopter

by P/C Bob & Mary Morrison, PDYC







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Women Who Read But Don't Fish!

(Never Argue
with a Women)

submitted by Adrienne Levis



One morning, a husband returns the boat to their lakeside cottage after several hours of fishing and decides to take a nap.

Although not familiar with the lake, the wife decides to take the boat out. She motors out a short distance, anchors, puts her feet up, and begins to read her book. The peace and solitude are magnificent.

Along comes a Fish and Game Warden in his boat. He pulls up alongside the woman and says, "Good morning, Ma'am. What are you doing?"

"Reading a book," she replies, (thinking, "Isn't that obvious?")

"You're in a Restricted Fishing Area," he informs her.

"I'm sorry, officer, but I'm not fishing. I'm reading." "Yes, but I see you have all the equipment. For all I know you could start at any moment. I'll have to take you in and write you up."

"If you do that, I'll have to charge you with sexual assault," says the woman.

"But I haven't even touched you," says the Game Warden.

"That's true, but you have all the equipment. For all I know you could start at any moment."

"Have a nice day ma'am," and he left.

MORAL: *Never argue with a woman who reads. It's likely she can also think.*



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"Rosybud Little Runt"

continued from page 5.

the end of that 4 hours, I had my signature on the line for 6 years of my young life. I finally went home that night and told my Mom and Dad what I had done. I think my Mom cried for about a week.

I ended up a month later going to boot camp, 'basic training'. Now, here you have this pretty naive Erie kid thrust into the middle of this congregation of society with about 80 guys in my boot camp company of, 18 to 25 year old's, who came from the south, the west, Bronx, and Harlem, and then you thrust into the middle of that a kid from a relatively protected environment! To say the least it was 'really interesting'. My first thought was 'oh my gosh what have I done'.

So there I was in basic training, in October, November and December at Great Lakes, Illinois, right on the lake and it was freezing cold. We would wash our own clothes by hand on these washboard and then go outside and hang them on a steel clothesline wearing only sneakers and a bathing suit. I can remember the water actually freezing on our skin.

After basic training I attended electronics

roll over the top of the submarine and submerge us for a period of time so we would lash ourselves down to remain on board. There's a movie called Das Boat, it's an interesting submarine movie and they show scenes of this type of action.

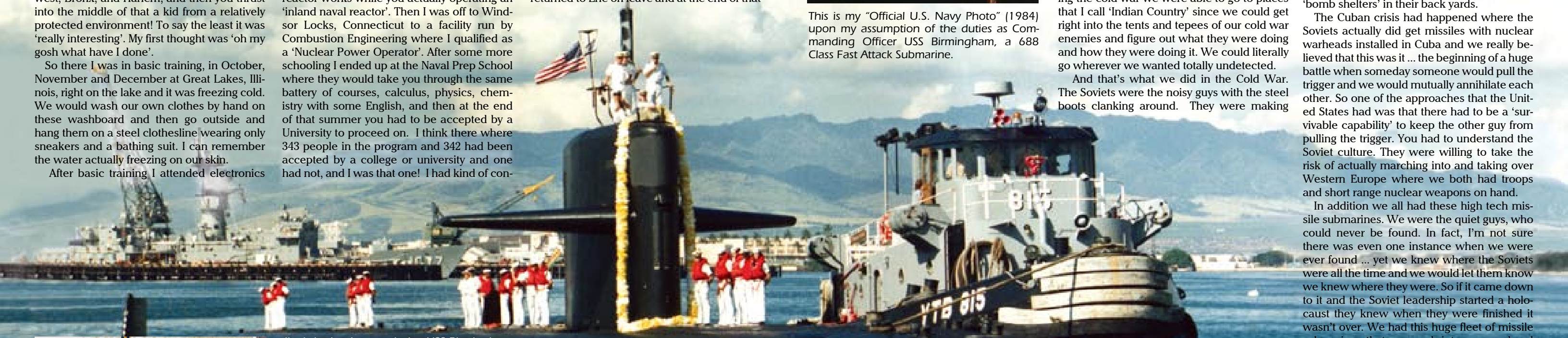
After qualifying in submarines, I ended up in my next 'school' which was a career spanning exercise ... school after school after school. As I ventured through my entire career 'schooling' was a never ending facet of Navy life. This was 'Nuclear Power' school in Bainbridge, Maryland on the Susquehanna River for a 6 month tour. The first 3 months covered calculus, physics and chemistry with the second three months being a naval reactor technology course. Here they taught you how a nuclear reactor works while you actually operating an 'inland naval reactor'. Then I was off to Windsor Locks, Connecticut to a facility run by Combustion Engineering where I qualified as a 'Nuclear Power Operator'. After some more schooling I ended up at the Naval Prep School where they would take you through the same battery of courses, calculus, physics, chemistry with some English, and then at the end of that summer you had to be accepted by a University to proceed on. I think there were 343 people in the program and 342 had been accepted by a college or university and one had not, and I was that one! I had kind of con-

that equaled 16 now I had some thinking to do. I said to myself 'well I guess this all means I'm staying in the Navy for at least 20 years so I can get my retirement' ... that was the decision point in my life. So I started my long career on nuclear submarines with the country now very much in the midst of the cold war.

In 1970, I had come back to Erie on leave and ran into an old friend, Phil McCormick. He said he had a date that night with a girl who had a good friend who he wanted to fix me up with. That was the night when I met my future wife Miss Susan Mitchell. We dated for the next three weeks before I had to report back to Connecticut where later she joined me for a few days before I deployed for a tour on a Missile Submarine. The following January I returned to Erie on leave and at the end of that



This is my "Official U.S. Navy Photo" (1984) upon my assumption of the duties as Commanding Officer USS Birmingham, a 688 Class Fast Attack Submarine.



I'm bringing in my sub the *USS Birmingham* to Hawaii after returning from an extended deployment during summer and fall of 2005.

tinued on as in my high school days and had a lot of fun. We used to go over to the Club, the drinking age was 18, and instead of studying I probably had 3 or 4 beers and watch a ball game. So my grades were OK but not great. Then, I think I just got lucky. There were some people that came into my life who had more confidence in me than I had and I owe them for believing in me and giving me second and even "third chances". Through all this, I ended up graduating from Purdue University receiving my Bachelors and Masters Degrees on the same day. Then I came home to Erie for Christmas vacation and returned to OCS (Officer Candidates School) and received my Commission as an Ensign in 1969.

So I've now been in the Navy for 8-1/2 years. The requirement was that you had to pay the Navy back three years for every two years they sent you to college. So I totaled it all up adding my 9 years on duty plus another 7. And since

3 weeks stay I said to her 'we're getting married' and she said to me, 'you're nuts!' But I wasn't that nuts because we got married a few months later and now it's been 38 years. So I 'd say 'that was a pretty good call' on my part!

At this time I was a Lieutenant, Junior Grade. I had qualified for a range of schooling on how to operate a nuclear plant aboard a submarine held in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. That's when I got in touch with our high school buddy Roger Ellenberger who was living in Kennebunk, Maine.

My next job was teaching at the Nuclear

My Crew and I were visited by the U.S. Navy Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Watkins, after completing some special operations during the cold war.



Power School where unfortunately I didn't impress anyone as a teacher so they placed me in a "management job" running a nuclear power school. Then they asked me to set up a new school in Florida near Disney World. So off Susan and I went. It's really interesting that all of a sudden we had a whole lot of friends that would come down to visit us. Amazingly, we would actually see them sometimes when they returned from Disney World ... but it was all a really nice bonus to my job.

The way the Navy works, as soon as I got the school up and running smoothly it was time for me to go back to sea. But as usual, first it was back to school in Connecticut for a 6 month 'Department Head School'. This school got me ready for more responsibility, more strategic kinds of things you do in submarine warfare, such as, submarine controlling, management and operations. Then we ended up moving to Mare Island Naval Shipyard in California north of San Francisco. And I went out to Hawaii to get my next ship which was a newer class attack submarine, the first attack submarine I had been on, called the *USS Haddock*. I was the number 4 senior officer aboard the *Had-*

dock and we brought her back to Mare Island and spent 2 years there modernizing her.

Then Susan and I moved again and bought a house in a northern San Diego which used to be the edge of the desert but is now about 40 miles from the edge of the desert. I was attached to the Submarine Squadron at Point Loma in San Diego.

This tour of duty included what we call today, a 'mission of great importance'. If you read the book 'Blind Man's Bluff', it tells the story of Cold War submarine operations. It's really interesting because I don't know how they got that kind of information. All the information in the book probably came from classified sources. It tells a very interesting story about what we did during the cold war. You see, during the cold war we were able to go to places that I call 'Indian Country' since we could get right into the tents and tepees of our cold war enemies and figure out what they were doing and how they were doing it. We could literally go wherever we wanted totally undetected.

And that's what we did in the Cold War. The Soviets were the noisy guys with the steel boots clanking around. They were making



We are returning to Pearl Harbor, coming up the gangplank from the Submarine in 1986.

attack drills in our homes and schools. We would hide under our desks and hold our hands over our heads. People were building 'bomb shelters' in their back yards.

The Cuban crisis had happened where the Soviets actually did get missiles with nuclear warheads installed in Cuba and we really believed that this was it ... the beginning of a huge battle when someday someone would pull the trigger and we would mutually annihilate each other. So one of the approaches that the United States had was that there had to be a 'survivable capability' to keep the other guy from pulling the trigger. You had to understand the Soviet culture. They were willing to take the risk of actually marching into and taking over Western Europe where we both had troops and short range nuclear weapons on hand.

In addition we all had these high tech missile submarines. We were the quiet guys, who could never be found. In fact, I'm not sure there was even one instance when we were ever found ... yet we knew where the Soviets were all the time and we would let them know we knew where they were. So if it came down to it and the Soviet leadership started a holocaust they knew when they were finished it wasn't over. We had this huge fleet of missile submarines that can pack into one warhead

continued on page 30.



As Commanding Officer of *USS Birmingham*, I received recognition from Chief of Staff of the US Atlantic Submarine Force for extraordinary tactical performance in 2004."

technician school and off I went, at 19 or 20, to Hawaii and my first submarine. She was the *USS Sabalo* SS302, a 1944 World War II class sub. My first voyage was to the northern Pacific just below the Arctic Circle. It was a diesel powered submarine and the weather up there, if you can imagine the worst storm on the Great Lakes, was well ... we had 'Stage 6' seas and were taking 40 degree rolls when about very 2 to 3 minutes green water would



I was joined by my wife Susan and our children in 1985 after returning to Pearl Harbor after a 7 month deployment.

“NORTH CHANNEL”

continued from page 7.

sage to Club Island, propelling us at a steady six knots. Once reaching our destination we anchored in a protected cove and ran up our cocktail flag. We were soon joined by the crew of “Irish Wake” and the corks came out of the wine bottles as we enjoyed good food and excellent conversation. Later that evening Greg broke out his guitar and sang a series of ballads while we sat on deck enjoying every



Tobermory's Little Tub Harbor is well protected and sports a new shower facility and floating docks for visitors. No one is ever turned away and we found the port to be first class. note and some wine, too.

We were underway by 0730 the next day enroute Killarney, Ontario (Pop. 430), which is the town at the eastern entrance of the North Channel. We made good time under main and spinnaker and traveled the twenty eight miles in short order. We were moored on the channel side of Pitfield's General Store by 1300. It is a quaint store with New York City prices. It's the only store in town with the next closest being located forty miles north in Sudbury. But,

the people were friendly and they had the few items we needed so we paid the freight and headed out of Killarney three miles to picturesque Covered Portage Cove with its steep granite walls, where we anchored in seven feet of water for the night. We piled into the Odyssey and Sam got the outboard started for our first “test” of the new inflatable. Covered Portage Cove is a challenge to navigate and if you draw over six feet I wouldn't recommend crossing the bar at the entrance. Once inside a hurricane could blow by and you would hardly notice it.

On 7 July we weighed anchor and headed back into Killarney to pump out and shower. Departing we struck a rock at the entrance of the channel and with no lift available in Killarney, we headed to Little Current twenty miles to the west, where we pulled the boat, accessed the damage and made the necessary repairs. Two lessons learned from this experience were to never assume that the itinerary you have planned for months will be the itinerary you will follow to the letter and secondly, pay more attention to the charts, doing your own piloting and less reliance on the chart plotter when sailing these narrow channels. A few feet DOES make a difference!

Little Current (Pop. 2,711) is the largest town on Manitoulin Island and is connected to the Ontario mainland to the north by a swing bridge that rotates ninety degrees. The bridge carries Rt. 6 which crosses the island, ending at South Baymouth where you board the “Chi-Cheemaun” (Ojibwa for “big canoe”) car/ passenger ferry for the twenty mile trip south east to Tobermory. We learned that the Great Lakes Cruising Club had planned their annual rendezvous in Little Current and that some club members had started arriving. We moored at Boyle Marine and walked into town to view the newly renovated waterfront with one hundred twenty new slips being added in



the last year. We were quite impressed!

From Little Current we headed west then north through the Wabuno Channel then west again to Croker Island where we maneuvered in between two groups of boulders known as “the sow and pigs” and “the boars.” We anchored with six other boats in a protected anchorage on the western side of the island following the twenty three mile transit. I put the crew to work cleaning the sides, deck and superstructure. The next day we headed for a tour of South Benjamin Harbour and then further west enroute John Island, passing the rocky but picturesque Innes and Darch Islands

Little Current has a tremendous board walk all along its waterfront, new floating docks and is close to town making this a great port.



The Kagawong Harbor is difficult to enter in a north blow and the breakwall on the right needs upgrading as does the total facility.

to port. On the way we experienced one of the best sailing days in the North Channel when we had an east wind which pushed us along at over six knots. That night we anchored in what we all agreed was the most pleasant anchorage which was complete deserted. We toured the three mile long estuary in the Odyssey, climbed the rock ledge where we took some great pictures and then had spaghetti for supper. It just doesn't get any better than that! John Harbour was the furthest north and furthest west we would sail.

The next day, 12 July, we sailed from John Harbour seventeen miles across the North Channel to Gore Bay (Pop. 924) in a squall. We got some use out of the main but the wind, out of the south, made for a rough crossing and the rain cut visibility to less than a mile much of the time. Thank heavens for radar and the Perkins! We spent the next two nights moored in the town of Gore Bay enjoying the excellent facilities provided which include a newly renovated marina store which has an excellent supply of hardware, some food items, a state of the art laundry and great shower facilities.

Departing Gore Bay we sailed sixteen miles

to Kagawong (Pop. 539) on the southern tip of Mudge Bay. The port seems to be run on a “shoe string” and until the facilities are updated, I would recommend that it be avoided. The incomplete break wall at the harbor entrance makes close in maneuvering extremely difficult, especially in a strong north wind which creates real challenges when attempting the required ninety degree turn necessary to moor. We did enjoy the “Bridal Vale Falls” which were a short but scenic walk from the marina.

By 15 July we were back in Boyle Marina in Little Current. We were underway the following day to top off at Little Wally's Gas Dock. Little Wally is the most colorful figure in town and full of wit and wisdom which he shares in liberal doses to patrons and non-patrons alike. We were tipped off about him in Tobermory and could hardly wait to meet him. We weren't disappointed! We made the 1000 swing bridge and in a three knot current, scooted through at 7.5 knots. We sailed past Frazer Point and into Baie Fine which ends in “the pool” which is one of those idyllic spots often pictured on postcards of the North Channel. We found “the pool” to be filled with seaweed and too many boats for our taste, so we headed out to anchor at Heywood Island.

Heywood Island is a wonderful anchorage. It is large and well protected with a good, sandy bottom. The island has no persons living on it and is covered with a forest of thick trees. We circumnavigated the island in the Odyssey the following day and saw an eagle soaring above us. Because it's part of a First Nation Reserve we were not permitted to hike the island which was a disappointment to us. The next day we headed back to Killarney via the Lansdowne Channel, a distance of eleven miles, to moor at the newly renovated Sportsman Marina.

Following a three day stay in Killarney we



Remember Gore Bay the Channel has it all, 100 slips, gas, showers, store, chandlery, laundry, computer station and even an ice cream stand.

sailed back to Club Island and then on to Tobermory where Paul and Sam were relieved by my daughter, Deborah and EYC's Jim Finn. We provisioned and headed south eighty miles in Lake Huron the following day in heavy seas to arrive in Kincardine at sunset where we were “piped in.” Following stops in Goderich and Bayfield, Deborah departed in Port Huron, MI. Jim and I motor sailed “Piper's Due II” from Port Huron to Leamington, Ontario in Lake Erie in one day given the favorable wind and current. It was the longest one day transit which totaled one hundred eighteen miles and produced the best average speed which was eight knots.

The sail east from Leamington was wonderful with a 12 to 20 knot wind on the starboard quarter. Once around Point Pelee we set course 088 degrees and only altered course once in order to avoid an eastbound freighter, Canada Steamship Lines “Algoma,” whose speed was just a couple of knots faster than ours. One hundred eight miles later we arrived in Ashtabula and moored just before 2300. The next day, 31 July, we were up early and underway for Erie where we moored at 1325 at EYC. In total “Piper's Due II” sailed 1,164.33 miles in just under six weeks.

If you have the time and the desire to see a

continued on page 32.

The Chi-Cheemaun Ferry hauls passengers and cars north to Manitoulin Island from Tobermory and back. She is shown here approaching Little Tub Harbor at Tobermory.



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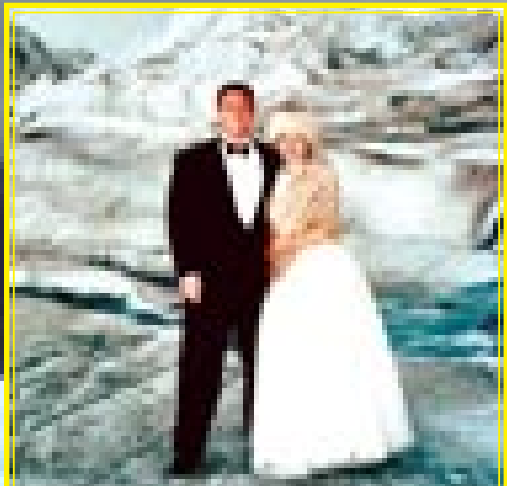
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Great Lakes

continued from page 11.



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aquifer that is now carrying millions of gallons of (diverted) water destined for Lake Erie out of the Great Lakes Basin and into the Mississippi. The Corps of Engineers has been working to stop the leakage from the St. Clair River, but to date they have not been able to find an effective seal. Scientists are concerned that unanticipated diversion and withdrawal could make projections of a three to six foot drop in water level a significant underestimate.

Evaporation

The third and possibly most substantial threat to Lake Erie's water level is evaporation. Lake Erie receives approximately 34 inches of annual rainfall and over the past hundred years has experienced about the same average amount of evaporation, leaving the rainfall to evaporation ratio in equilibrium. Evaporation occurs when water rises off the surface of the lake, changes to cloud, rises into the atmosphere and is carried out of the Lake Erie basin. Since Erie is the smallest, warmest and southernmost Great Lake, water vapor that rises from the surface is unlikely to drop back onto the lake. It is driven north and east by prevailing winds where it falls in the St. Lawrence Valley.

Over the past decade, scientists have been alarmed to see annual evaporation rising geometrically while rainfall has remained constant. Much of the blame for this phenomena has been aimed at global warming with the lack of winter ice and clear winter skies. The addition of twelve hours of winter sunlight over the season-

al average removes one inch of water from the surface of Lake Erie and weather data suggest that the number of hours of winter season sun is climbing at an accelerating rate.

Critics of the global warming explanation for falling lake levels point to cycling water levels and note past eras when lake levels were extremely low. A more rational scientific explanation, however, suggests that there is a natural cycle of water levels with a period length of approximately thirty-four years. This overall cycle underlies "short term" lake level effects driven by man made factors such as evaporation, diversion and withdrawal. There were dramatically low water levels in 1932, 1966 and 2000, suggesting a 34 year cycle and a logical prediction that we are heading for a systemic cyclical high water level in the 2017. The global warming (evaporation) effect, however, suggests that future vacillations will be greater than past levels which will be added to any continuing effects due to diversion or withdrawal. If this is the case, the year 2034 could present a crisis for Erie Yacht Club and other boating communities. If the projection of three to six feet (which does not include confounding factors of diversion and withdrawal) is correct, the west end of the bay will become a wetland, a 200 yard beach will appear in front of Fern Cliff, and the east end of the club basin will become off limits to keel boats. In Port Dover, river access to the Yacht Club will be limited to boats that draw less than three feet. If unregulated diversion and withdrawal continue to accelerate along with global warming, it is possible that the three to six foot projections could be unreasonably optimistic. What would happen to EYC if the water levels fell ten feet (a level that has been predicted by more than one model)?

What Can We Do

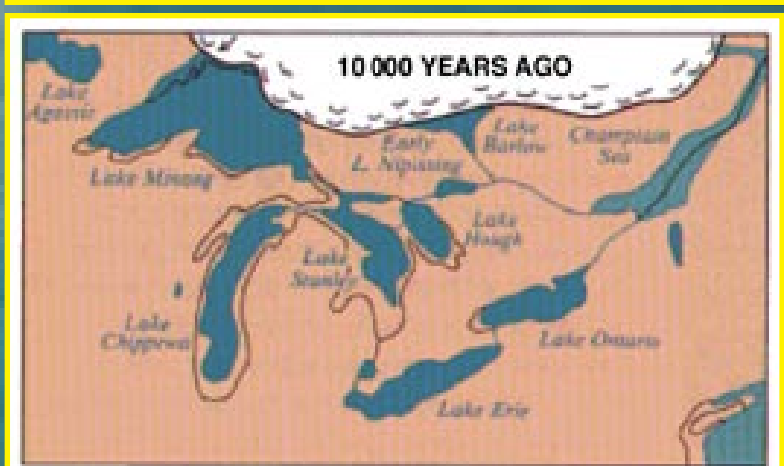
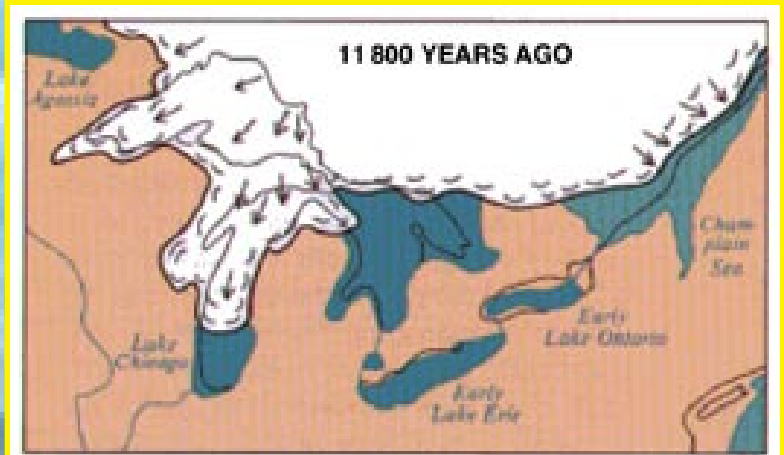
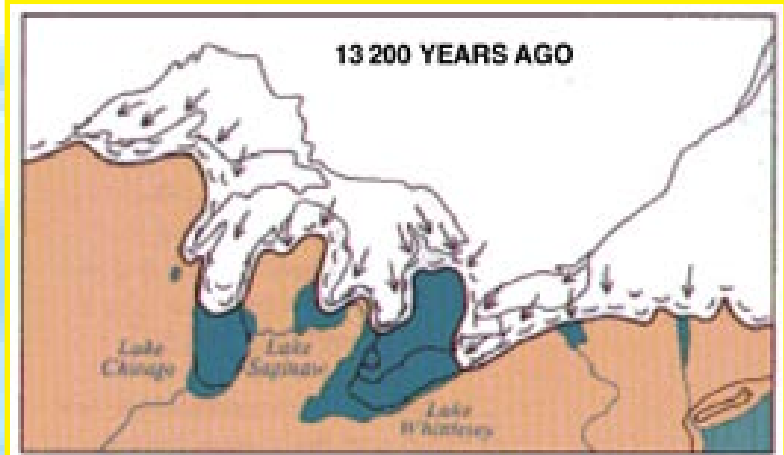
Lake Erie's lessons can be divided into two categories. The first is connected to the incredible delicacy of this precious resource. Glacial water that melted into Erie and the other Great Lakes was a one time gift. It is up to us to honor the gift, recognize its delicacy and fight to protect it. Yacht clubbers like us have a special responsibility to demand that our political representatives fight to protect Lake Erie with responsible legislation that minimizes or reverses diversion, withdrawal and evaporation. The second set of lessons surrounds the dynamic power of nature. The forces that continue to change Lake Erie are beyond our comprehension or control. In the fullness of time, Lake Erie must change, water levels will cycle, and our connections to the lake will be altered. But we don't have to change the balance of nature by our own actions.

For the skeptical who question geological research into such matters as glaciers a field trip to Kelleys Island, Ohio is recommended. There, the preserved scrape marks from the Wisconsin Glacier are on display as a reminder of our geological history. Take a boat trip to Tobermory on the Georgian Bay, and observe the northern edge of the Niagara Escarpment including Flower Pot Island and the Bruce Peninsula.



This is the trailing edge of a section of the receding Wright Valley Glacier in Canada. Note the rubble in the foreground.

STAGES IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE GREAT LAKES



“Rosybud Little Runt”

continued from page 25.

‘the capability to rain attacks on multiple Soviet targets of our choice’. And that’s what deterred the holocaust from occurring. The Soviet government finally went bankrupt trying to keep up with the United States free market economy and decided that maybe the Kremlin was on the wrong track and maybe this capitalistic thing wasn’t such a bad deal. So the cold war was ended by Ronald Reagan’s Presidency.

After three and a half years commanding a nuclear sub, as a 06 Navy Captain with 30 years service, I felt it was time ‘I grew up and got a real job’. So I elected to go to the De-

partment of Defense’s Navy Acquisition program and away I went to school yet another time for 6 months in Virginia.

My first job was the Deputy Program Manager in charge of building what we call the 688 Class submarines. It’s 1990, the cold war had ended and I had over 20 submarines under construction with each ship costing a billion dollars ... so you’re talking about running a 20 billion dollar boat ramp ... a pretty awesome responsibility!

So I did that for about a year and a half and apparently the guys upstairs must have thought I did well at the job because my next job was actually in the office of the Secretary of Defense, at the Pentagon. I worked for the Under Secretary of Defense for Acquisition and Technology an assistant to the National Acquisition Manager who spent 600 billion dollars a year.

I actually know John McCain. I briefed Senator McCain a number of times. He was never

that’s about the time when I did a series of interviews for the Discovery Channel. John saw me on the screen saying something like, ‘and they don’t go to sea unless I say they go to sea’, in referring to all the new ‘just out of the box’ subs. He did not recognize me until after he read my name that they had up on the screen.

I really didn’t want to do that series because I thought ‘I would really mess it up’. We were actually shooting it in a SeaWolf class sub and I had this huge digital camera looking me right smack dab in the face about 3 feet away and you have all these lights on you ... well all I can say is that ‘it was all extremely uncomfortable for a guy like me’. I also allowed them to shoot some video of a few other areas inside of the sub which adding a lot of interest to my segment.

Since retiring from the Navy in July of 1997, I have worked in the pri-

your office at the Pentagon. I’d enter the outer office and proudly announcing to whoever was sitting there, ‘Yes, would you be so kind as to inform Rosybud that Little Runt is here to see him!’ Missing that opportunity was truly a great loss for me. Five or six years ago when I visited you and Susan at your home in Virginia and related that thought to you, I remember how you reacted with laughter as flashbacks of our childhood raced through your mind. We had a good laugh then, but I could have made it even better, with an unannounced Pentagon visit”.

Bob and Susan will probably continue living in northern Virginia since their children and their families are there but I think we’ll be seeing more of them in Erie and enjoying the Erie Yacht Club ... although I hope Bob and I don’t get in as quite as much trouble at the Club as we did when we were kids!

I am receiving congratulations after a successful tour as Commanding Officer at a reception following my change of command and transfer to the staff of Submarine Squadron One in Pearl Harbor.

very nice to me because I was running a program that he didn’t like, but the one thing he did was he always respected anything I said. Although, he lost his temper at me a couple times and once actually accused my boss and I of not telling the truth. I popped right out of my chair and said ‘Senator I’m a Naval Officer and I don’t lie’. Believe me, I hadn’t planned on saying that but he sat right back in his chair and said ‘Captain, thank you very much’ and we continued our meeting.”

Before I retired, I had returned to the regular Navy and had two jobs. One was running all the submarine programs from a technical prospective and then in January of 1996 I became the program executive for all new submarines and

vate sector with my first position being with Raytheon. My office was in the World Trade Center. I was on the 92nd floor of tower 2. I remember I could look out my window on the 92nd floor and see the Statue of Liberty. It was a beautiful sight. I was there for about a year. Due to the terrorist bombing attack in the towers basement in the 1990’s, we would actually do fire drills and people would talk about what might happen if a large airplane hit the tower. Fortunately, I was not working there when 9/11 occurred. Susan and I visited the site in respect for our many friends we had made and that was one of the toughest experiences of my life.

John: “There’s one thing in my life that I really wanted to pull off and never did. I envisioned just showing up totally unannounced at

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This is the Blue Water Bridge between Saria, Ontario and Port Huron, Michigan. After fighting a 3.5 current and head winds slogging upwind the river made Lake Huron seem like a piece of cake.

their facilities. In Little Current, Pat Boyle has seventy eight slips in his private marina and has installed new showers and heads. Spider Bay Marina and the Little Current Marina are public, recently modernized and boast over two hundred slips. Lee Hayden reported that Gore Bay has 100 transient slips that range from 30 feet to 85 feet in length. Each slip has a minimum 30 amp but the longer slips have 50 amp.

In planning the trip I utilized Lakeland Boating's "Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair Ports O' Call" and Ports Cruising Guide for "Georgian Bay, the North Channel and Lake Huron" along with Richardsons' Chartbook and Cruising Guides for Lake Erie and Lake Huron. All are available through West Marine or by ordering directly on line. Nautical charts published by the U.S. and Canadian governments were either borrowed from friends or purchased on line. The Rayma-



EYC member Jim Finn joined me to bring the boat from Tobermory to Erie. It's always smart to plan having experienced crew on board when planning an extended trip.

"NORTH CHANNEL"

continued from page 27

part of the world not seen by most, I certainly encourage the trip to the North Channel. The Canadians were most helpful and made us feel right at home. They have made considerable investment in their facilities in the last several years and I would encourage the maximum use of them.

In talking with Pat Boyle, the owner of Boyle Marine, I learned that the local governments in both Little Current and Gore Bay had both made concerted efforts to obtain financing to update their facilities. The Northern Ontario Heritage Council, working in conjunction with the North Channel Marine Tourism Council

allotted hundreds of thousands of dollars for the effort. Lee Hayden, the harbor master in Gore Bay since 1993, informed me that the federal government, through the Ministry of Oceans and Fisheries, chipped in over a million dollars. Also in Gore Bay, Doug Smith, the President of Manitoulin Transport and a group of key people from the area, persuaded the municipal government to invest local dollars which "spiced the pot" in encouraging contributions from both the provincial and federal levels. Lee Hayden impressed me when he stated, "We are all in the business of helping each other."

Members of the Great Lakes Cruising Club told me that they were pleased with the amount of investment that the communities of Little Current and Gore Bay have made in

rine (Series E) system installed on "Piper's Due II" utilizing the Navionics Platinum chip of the Great Lakes proved invaluable in plotting courses and figuring distances, speed, obtaining port information including up-to-date phone numbers. However, in close quarters, I noted discrepancies in obtaining an accurate position with the error being as much as fifty feet. Normally that's not a major problem but, in the North Channel, fifty feet can make a world of difference.

The next time I run into Ken Wrigley I'll tell him that he was absolutely correct. "We sailed up to the North Channel. Had a great time! Absolutely the best scenery in the world!" It was the trip of a lifetime for us and I'd recommend it for you, too.





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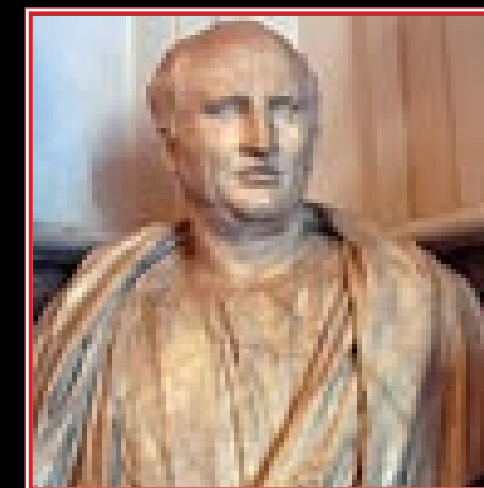
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SUBMITTED BY GARY BOLDT

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• Cicero, Rome 55 BC •



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So I guess I'll hang around
I could never leave Canada
I'm frozen to the friggin' ground!

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March/April Calendar of Club Events

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- 13th Bingo
- 14th Around the World Beer Tasting Party 6:30pm \$18.95 per person
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- 15th Champagne Sunday Brunch 11am - 2pm \$12.95
- 19th Celebrity Bartender Night
- 22nd Champagne Sunday Brunch 11am - 2pm \$12.95
- 26th Celebrity Bartender Night
- 27th Bingo
- 29th Champagne Sunday Brunch 11am - 2pm \$12.95

April

- 4th Safe Boating Certification Course 9am - 3:30pm • Cost - Free
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Reservations Required
- 5th Champagne Sunday Brunch 11am - 2pm \$12.95
- 12th Easter Sunday Dinner Buffet 11am - 5pm Entertainment
Marty O'Conner / John Dauber
- 18th Wine Tasting Dinner Party
- 19th Champagne Sunday Brunch 11am - 2pm \$12.95
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Searching for the

SS Erie Queen

by Gene Polaski



About 100 years ago when I was at Gannon College (seems that long ago!) Gannon was mostly all male. Mercyhurst and Villa Colleges were all female. That coupled with two nursing schools, made the "eligible" males in great demand. And thus it was that I got invited to a Mercyhurst College prom being held on an excursion type ship leaving the public dock for the evening. I never knew the name of the ship and all I remember is dancing on the port side, then ending up on the starboard side as the ship rolled in Lake Erie waves!

A recent issue of the LOG ran an article on the *North American*, a passenger boat that called on Erie. That made me wonder if that was the ship I went aboard for the dance. I contacted the woman who took me to the dance and she said she didn't remember it at all...so much for making an impression on her!

I then went to the Mercyhurst College library and browsed thru the yearbooks for the years I was at Gannon. Lo and behold, I found a drawing of the ship used for the prom. Her name was the steamship (SS) *Erie Queen*.

I then conducted a search on the internet only to find a photo on e-bay of the *Erie Queen* being towed to Montreal. I could not find anything else.

About a week later I was at the Blasco Library and decided to look for some books about the ships of the Great Lakes. There was one in the reference room that I could not locate but beside it was another book with photos of many of the great lakes ships. I just sort of leafed thru

it and came upon a photo of the *Erie Queen*! In back of the book, was the history of the ship showing who built it and who owned it.

She was built in Boothbay Maine in 1922 and launched as the *Bainbridge*, later to become the *Algomah II* which ran as an excursion boat in the Mackinac Island area then finally becoming the *Erie Queen* in 1962. The data led me to believe she was then a restaurant on the Cuyoga. An internet search of restaurants in the Cleveland area did not reveal any further information. However, I found a posted article about the former name, the *Algomah II*. It was written by a man from Lansing Michigan who sailed aboard her regularly as a youngster, befriended by the captain, the former captain of the *Algomah I*. I was able to telephone this man and had a nice chat about his days aboard her..

The 152 foot steel boat was owned by 8 companies before Wasac Waterways of Cleveland owned her and ran it as an excursion vessel during which time I danced on her decks. Next she went to Acme Scrap Iron & Metal then towed to New York to become a restaurant in the East River.

At that point she was pretty well stripped of her appearance (renovated they called it). The owner died before it opened as a restaurant and eventually she went to Boston and was scrapped.



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Lipstick in School!

submitted by Bob Becker

Priceless!



According to a news report, a certain private school in Washington was recently faced with a unique problem. A number of 12 year old girls were beginning to use lipstick and would put it on in the bathroom.

That was fine, but after they put on their lipstick, they would press their lips to the mirror leaving dozens of little lip prints.

Every night the custodian would remove them, and the next day the girls would put them back.

Finally the principal decided that something had to be done.

She called all the girls to the bathroom and met them there with the custodian. She explained that all these lip prints were causing a major problem for the custodian who had to clean the mirrors every night (you can just imagine the yawns from the little princesses).

To demonstrate how difficult it had been to clean the mirror, she asked the custodian to show the girls how much effort was required to properly clean up the mess.

He took out a long-handled squeegee, dipped it in the toilet, and cleaned the mirror with it.

Since then, there have been no lip prints on the mirror.

***“There are teachers ...
and then there are educators.”***



Some “Hossist” Advice

submitted by John “Hoss” Hauserman



An old man, a boy and a donkey were going to town. The boy rode on the donkey and the old man walked. As they went along, they passed some people who remarked it was a shame the old man was walking and the boy was riding. The man and boy thought maybe the critics were right, so they changed positions. Then later, they passed some people who remarked, ‘What a shame, he makes that little boy walk.’ So they then decided they’d both walk. Soon, they passed some more people who thought they were stupid to walk when they had a decent donkey to ride. So, they both rode the donkey. Then, they passed some people who shamed them by saying how awful it was to put such a load on a poor donkey. The boy and the man figured they were probably right, so they decide to carry the donkey. As they crossed the bridge, they lost their grip on the animal and he fell into the river and drowned. The moral of the story?

“If you try to please everyone, you might as well kiss your ass goodbye!”



Growing Old Doesn’t Mean Your Getting Any Wiser?

submitted by Bob Becker

When I was 14, I hoped that one day I would have a girlfriend.

When I was 16, I got a girlfriend, but there was no passion, so I decided I needed a passionate girl with a zest for life.

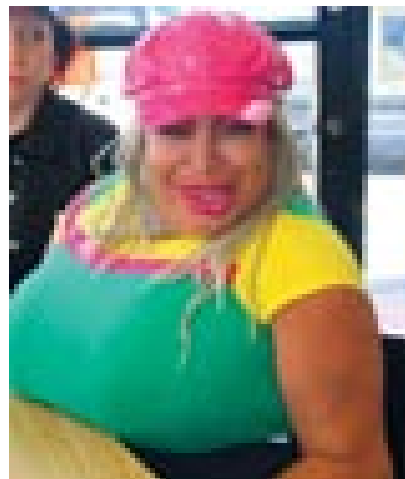
In college, I dated a passionate girl, but she was too emotional. Everything was an emergency; she was a drama queen, cried all the time and threatened suicide.

When I was 25, I found a very stable girl, but she was boring. She was totally predictable and never got excited about anything. Life became so dull that I decided I needed a girl with some excitement.

When I was 28, I found an exciting girl, but I couldn’t keep up with her. She rushed from one thing to another, never settling on anything. She did mad, impetuous things and made me miserable as often as happy. She was great fun initially and very energetic, but directionless. So I decided to find a girl with some real ambition.

When I turned 31, I found a smart, ambitious girl with her feet planted firmly on the ground and married her. She was so ambitious, that she divorced me and took everything I owned.

I am older and wiser now and I’m looking for a girl with big boobs.



I think I’m wrong again!



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