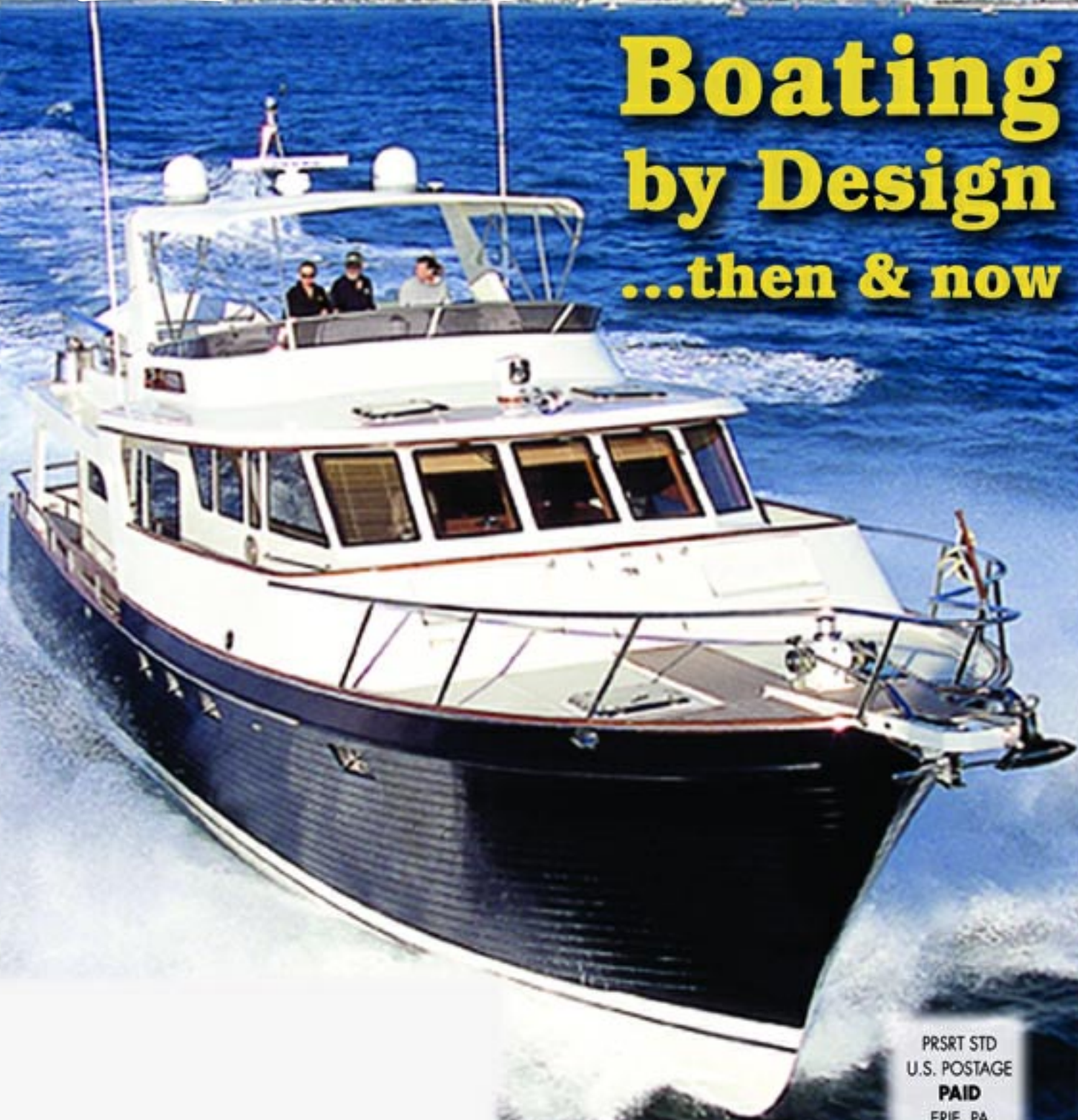


The LOG



Boating by Design ...then & now



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On the Cover...

Sea Trials of a Doug Zurn design Explorer 65 off Miami, Florida.



Officers

Commodore Andrew Hanks 476-7328
andy.hanks@venturefast.com

Vice Commodore Richard Vicary 456-6813
rpv@erie.net

Rear Commodore James Means ... 833-4358
jam4392@aol.com

Fleet Captain John Murosky 456-7797
jmuroskyec@aol.com

Directors

P/C Peter Traphagen 838-1225
cepete@erie.net

David Arthurs 455-3935
arthurs@spectrumcontrol.com

Nick Van Horn 838-6640
office@vanhornindustries.com

James Edgett 835-1120
mledgett@aol.com

David Penman 474-1648
itchjudy@adelphia.net

Edward Schuler 434-4724
proboatguy@aol.com

Richard Nagle 474-2934
rnnagle@adelphia.net

Log Staff

John Ashby..... 455-2757
jashby@ashby-adv.com

Irene Boyles 899-6606
tinytoona@aol.com

Jan Stachelek..... 459-6991
stachelek@aol.com

Sandy Will 833-0303
carosal@velocity.net

Sue Parry..... 838-7740
caketady50@aol.com

Judy Emling 833-3293
myphotos@velocity.net

Doc Bressler 833-1497
cbress4876@aol.com

Alex Webster 323-3954
chiroalex33@aol.com

Mike Orelski 899-7762
morel@erie.net

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From the Bridge

Fleet Captain John Murosky



Greetings fellow members. Your bridge has asked me to bring you up to speed on some of what's on our plates.

The North breakwall in front of the Club-house is still on target for completion before opening day ceremonies.

We are looking at enhancing the appearance of our main gate with a custom metal gate. Hopefully much of the materials and labor will be provided by donations from members.

Rear Commodore Jim Means is looking into some possible renovations in the grill room such as traffic flow, safety, access to the deck via the grill room, new equipment for handling of glasses and an additional computer workstation. They are also investigating the level of service and various ways to increase member satisfaction.

Vice Commodore Richard Vicary is working diligently on the cost analysis for the pool to present to the membership. We understand there are mixed feelings for this project, but we ask you to at least be open minded during our investigation process.

Your input is important to us so please feel free to drop a note in our mailboxes, email us or give us a call with your ideas.

In closing, I would like to share with you some words that just plain made me feel good about boating:

“Some ships sail with the wind, some ships use power to go, some ships are old, some ships are new, some ships are white, some ships are blue, but the only kind of ship that cannot sink isa friendship!”

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Boating by Design

...then and now

by Doug Zurn



Marine Island 46

It doesn't seem that long ago I was messing about the Yacht Club basin in an 8' Dyer Midget. *PeDug* was her name (the brothers; Peter and Doug) and I remember her fondly because she could do everything. She sailed well, rowed well and with the little Evinrude we had, she powered well. When they built her they left out the white pigment in the gel-coat on the bottom. This was to let light through when she was stowed atop the cabin house hatch on *Kahili I* (the sisters; Karen, Heidi & Lisa). But what was really cool about the clear bottom is you could see the water rushing by, as she would power up under sail. Could this have some bearing on why I do what I do today? Perhaps.

The house in which we lived in the 1960's was perched just above the Yacht Club. From my room on the third floor I watched all the activity at the Club as seasons came and went. I remember brunches at the old clubhouse. Our path down the back was an expressway in the morning and afternoons as my brother and sisters went to and from activities at the Club. I have many fond memories.

In the early seventies my father, Frank Zurn, commissioned Jim McCurdy of McCurdy and Rhodes, NA, to design him a new boat to be built of aluminum. I was nearly ten at the time *Kahili II* was launched in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. During her construction I had a couple of opportunities to visit the yard with my parents and their friends in tow. What a fantastic time I had climbing about the boat as she came to life. About the same time, drawings of *Kahili II* were framed and hung in my room. I studied the intricacies of each of these drawings; they fascinated me.

Thirty years later I own my own design firm. While sailing clearly had a strong influence on me in my youth, powerboats are now the topic of conversation for most of my waking hours. I still race on a weekly basis and we still dabble in sail but the U.S. market is so limited it is difficult to do anything that doesn't price you out of the market. Catalina, Hunter, and J-boats are hard to compete against and the more expensive ones usually end up offshore in Europe, Asia or New Zealand. We'll keep dabbling though.

The way I usually describe our services to perspective clients, or even curious foe, is that we are simply liaisons. Every client we have had has had something in mind before he or she called us. We extract that informa-

tion and put it into a form that serves the individuals function. Our most recognized design to date would be the Shelter Island Runabout, originally commissioned by musician Billy Joel. Joel, and builder Peter Needham of Coecles Harbor were interested in producing a limited run (probably 10 boats at best we thought) commuter boat. They had prepared a six page specification, complete with sketches (rudimentary at best), and issued them to twelve different firms, ours being one of them. From these sketches I developed a bid package that included some hand drawn color profiles, an arrangement plan, a detailed specification, tooling estimates, and

continued on page 4



Doug Zurn at the helm of his Explorer 65 Design *Sandpiper* off the coast of Maine.



Photo Courtesy of ZYD



Photo Courtesy of ZYD



Photo Courtesy of Billy Black

Boating by Design

(continued from page 3)

a speed estimate. I eventually won the job.

The boat was very successful in all respects. It hit all the numbers on performance and exceeded all our expectations on numbers sold with 36 sold to date. The magic of this boat is that it was really a wolf in sheep's clothing: it is pretty, low, and looks slow, but it goes like hell. We wanted 48 knots, we got 48 knots. She floated right on her lines, ran straight and level. I was really pleased.

I'll occasionally design a boat on speculation. I'll spend forty-sixty hours drawing up a set of hull lines, profiles and arrangements. I might even do a color rendering. This is precisely how I got the SI Runabout commission. Peter Needham had seen a profile of a boat I had drawn on speculation. The boat was the Harbour Island 37 and it was on dis-

area we will not compromise is safety. You get caught in a squall, you had better be certain your boat can not only handle it, but give you a sense of security and get you home safe. The thirty-eight footer grew to forty-eight and is called the Maine Island 46. She will be built by Lyman-Morris Boat Building in Thomaston, Maine and will be offered as a limited production/semi-custom boat.

These boats have all led to other commissions: the Marlow Explorer series of long range motor yachts for Marlow Marine; the Shelter Island 50, a 56 knot express cruiser; the Vanguard 24 runabout and center console; the mJm 34z for Bob Johnstone's new

modern technology. The boats look great and run flat, fast, soft and dry.

Working with me in Marblehead is Craig Gorton, a veteran boat driver, charter skipper, boat builder (at TPI Composites), and a current Westlawn student and my wife, Kerry

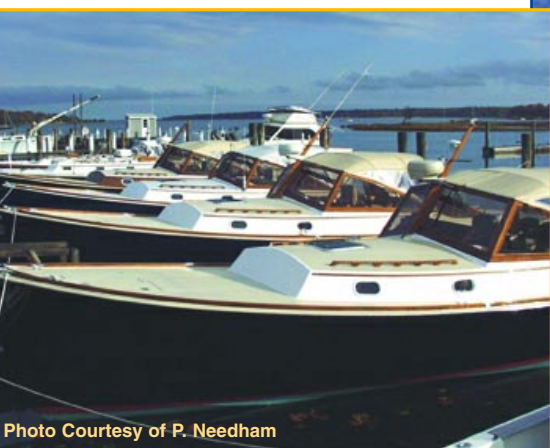


Photo Courtesy of P. Needham

A fleet of ZYD Shelter Island Runabouts at Coecles Harbor marine in Shelter Island, NY.

play at Able Marine's booth at the Maine Boat Builder's Show. I had once worked for Able and they were happy to hang my drawing on their wall, as long as they could build the boat.

Well that boat never got built, nor did her successor, the Harbour Island 50. But the Harbor Island 50 did lead a gentleman to commission me to design him a 38 footer that would look like the fifty and go seventy knots. The only problem was they guy was 6' 8" tall, and we just couldn't fit him into the envelope. This is where that "compromise" word comes into play. Designing boats is about compromising. We give alternative solutions so that compromise is minimized. The only



Photo Courtesy of K. Ryman

A ZYD Gloucester 20 in the Cheseapeake.

powerboat company, which was just introduced this summer; and the Gloucester 20, a center console fisherman, also introduced this summer.

I keep drawing sailboats and sending them around but what comes back is commissions for powerboats. That's ok and understandable because the boats really work: they get up on a plane easily without a lot of power, they're fast and dry, and they're pretty. The next frontier is noise: we've got the ride and dryness features down but what all powerboat owners want is less noise. Our boats are quiet by most standards but there are still areas we can work on to make them quieter at rest, and also how they deal with the noise of wind and water.

I think what make my boats different is the way we combine traditional aesthetics and



Grace - a mJm® 34z® cruising off Newport, RI.



Photo Courtesy of Billy Black

The ZYD Shelter Island 50/Direcktor 50/50 at rest off Sag Harbor, NY.

Zurn, who joined our firm with 10 years experience in project management with a Boston based engineering firm.

To learn more about Doug's work go to his website at: www.zurnyachts.com.



U.S.S. Wolverine

The Iron Steamer

by Sandy Will



The U.S.S. Wolverine taken from a colorized black & white photograph on the front of an old postcard.

This is the story of The Iron Steamer, as she was popularly nicknamed. She was the first iron-hulled warship, named officially The United States Sidewheel Barkentine *Michigan*. She was built in 1842, launched in 1843, and commissioned in 1844. In 1905 the name *Michigan* was taken from her and given to a new battleship, (which was scrapped two decades later). She was then renamed the *U.S.S. Wolverine*. In 1943 that name was even taken from her and given to a Great Lakes aircraft carrier, (which was scrapped three years later). She sailed the Great Lakes 160 years ago and never fired a gun but maintained good relations and understanding between two very friendly peoples—Canada and the U.S.

In 1843, the thirty-four hundred plus citizens of Erie, Pennsylvania had become interested in the building of the first iron ship built in the United States, and the first iron warship in the world. Everyone knew that wood would float and that iron would sink. Therefore a ship built of iron would definitely sink. There was much betting on the outcome of this ship floating, so it was arranged that when the ship was ready to launch, a gun would be fired, the church bells would ring, and all the people would come to the shipyard to witness its launching.

It was late in November when the church bells began to ring. Everyone dropped their tasks and rushed to the shipyard, but found that two young boys had fired the signal gun when no one was watching. One week later on December 5, 1843, the signal gun was fired, the bells rang. Once again, all of Erie rushed to the shipyard. The wedges were knocked loose and the great ship moved down toward the water of Lake Erie. She moved fifty feet and stuck—nothing worked to get the ship to budge. The citizens looked, laughed and went home.

During the night a “miracle” occurred. Long before daylight, the shipbuilder, Mr. Hart, went to the shipyard to face his problem. He

raised his lantern to look at his Ship, but it wasn't there! He walked down to the water's edge, peered through the dark and found The Iron Steamer. She had launched herself. So the ship was really launched on December 5th and 6th.

This grand lady had quite a personality. In 1923, one of her two cylinders snapped due to old age, (she was approaching her eightieth birthday). But she wanted to go home (600 miles away), and home she limped on her one good cylinder barely turning over at three miles per hour.

Personality? In June, 1927 while being towed over to a mud bank in Misery Bay, three times she tried to head out to open waters where she belonged. The last time she tried to run and was brought up short, she swung around and charged the tug towing her. When at last she was pushed to her final resting place, she kicked her towing tug up on the bar with her.

Personality? In June 1949 while being towed to the scrap yard there was still pride in the grand lady even though she had been neglected for 25 years. Towing her off the sand bar should have only taken three days, but she resisted, and it took four weeks to complete the job. There she floated level, true and free of leaks.

Personality? During her last journey, she rammed the towing tug and sank it, then stopped and picked up the swimmers so she wouldn't be guilty of ever injuring anyone.

Most of us are familiar with our *Niagara* and her history during the war of 1812, but not much has been written about the first iron warship that was built right here in Erie. She had an interesting history and as you have read, quite a personality. The next time you're on lower State Street, stop and visit one of our “home-town heroes” and remember her history—how many other ships have you read about that have launched herself?



March/April Calendar of Club Events

March

- 1st Shutdown
- 9th Reopen
- 12th Bingo (no reservations needed)
- 17th St. Pats Dinner Party with Danny Justice
- 21st Family Night at the Movies (movie not chosen yet)
- 26th Bingo (no reservations needed)

April

- 10th Family Night at the Movies (movie not chosen yet)
- 11th Lunch w/ Easter Bunny, Egg Hunt, and Magic Show with Geoff Bach
- 13th Family Night at the Movies (movie not chosen yet)

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The Flying Higgins

by David Bierig, Sue Parry, Ed



Restored and re-rigged in the "Bierig style" for pleasure use as a daysailor. Note the logo of the "parachute drop" on the aft sail.

This saga begins in 1938 when Ted Sprague (my future father-in-law) graduated from Carnegie Tech with a degree in engineering and went off to find a job. His job search was as unusual as the job he eventually found. For transportation he built a small sailboat and set out from Pittsburgh down the Ohio River. Still jobless when he reached the Mississippi, he turned south, and in New Orleans found work for a small boat builder named Andrew Jackson Higgins.

At that time Higgins built shoal draft workboats for the Louisiana swamps and bayous, had 50 to 100 employees, and looked to a future need for landing craft and PT boats. Higgins eventually built over 20,000 boats for the war effort as well as a host of other products and gained worldwide renown.

Ted Sprague was part of the team who designed those boats and organized their production. In 1943 he was assigned to develop an Airbourne lifeboat for the Army Air Corps. The British already had such a rescue boat in use and with that design as a point of departure, Ted worked out a modification that could be carried beneath a B-17, forward of the ball turret. Requirements were that the boat survive flight, a parachute drop, landing

at sea, and have adequate space and provision to rescue a crew of 12. Within a year the boat was designed and test-dropped successfully. Ted sailed a final prototype from Biloxi, Mississippi to Tampa, Florida as a final test. Six hundred of the boats were eventually built.

At this point in the story, someone usually asks, "Was the boat ever used?" The answer

is yes, but not as much as expected for three reasons. First, the war ended in 1945. Second, the helicopter took over such rescue missions. And finally, it must be noted that the Airbourne lifeboat was a rescue method of last resort. It was preferable to use PT boats, destroyers, or even submarines if such vessels were nearby. The lifeboat was only used in bad weather, in remote areas, or in areas of actual combat. Nevertheless, notable rescues were made.

Ted seldom talked about his work for Higgins, but when he did it was usually about the lifeboat. He would say what a good boat it was and usually add that he wished he had one. What he did have were photos, the field manuals, a copy of "The Raft Book," which every lifeboat carried, and hours of 16 mm film showing B-17's dropping the boats. In August 1992, author Jerry Strahan came to North East to interview Ted for the biography he was writing on Higgins. Jerry gave us a copy of a Higgins film showing the building of the lifeboats. So we had it all, but only lacked the boat!

After the war the lifeboats were considered surplus and their remaining numbers rapidly dwindled. Two were given to Farragut Naval Academy in New Jersey on condition that the school either use them for at least six years or burn them "now." The school opted to burn them, but a German emigrant, Helmut Vles, saw them on the trash heap and wanted to save them. He and a friend each sponsored one of the boats for the six years, during which they were refitted and used by the school. Helmut then took his boat and sailed it for 45 years. During that time he moved to Rockland, Maine and lost track of both his friend and the other boat.

Helmut advertised the boat for sale in the

[continued on page 7](#)

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The Flying Higgins (continued from page 6)



Ted Sprague designed the Higgins airborne lifeboat to fit the contour of the famous WWII Army Air Corps B-17 Bomber.

November/December 1999 issue of "Wooden Boat". A friend of mine saw the ad, recognized the boat by the unusual shape of the coamings, and told me about it. I called Helmut immediately and made an offer, but it took several months, a higher bid and proof of my family connection to Higgins to seal the purchase. John Couter and I went to Maine in April 2000 and brought the boat back to North East where several of us enthusiasts sailed it for the summer with the gunter sloop rig Helmut had used. We named her *Flying Higgins*. For the following eighteen months she was rebuilt and emerged as a topsail schooner, which we've enjoyed sailing every season since and look forward to many more.



"Boats Away" in this test photograph of the launching of the *Flying Higgins* lifeboat during World War II.

Postscript: An interesting addendum to this story is that a friend of one of Dave Bierig's daughters noted that the *Flying Higgins* was very like the basic hull of a boat at Kent Island in the Chesapeake. Although that boat had been modified nearly beyond recognition, it is believed to be the other Farragut Academy boat as determined by its identical gunter sloop rigging and original sails by the same New York sailmaker.



What Do You Do When You Retire?

By Irene Boyles

July 13, 2001, brought the ending of a thirty-five year career at the General Electric Company for my husband, John. Being able to retire at the young age of fifty-five, he set his sights on keeping busy.

He found plenty to do during the first year of his retirement by completing projects around our home, enjoying many days and nights on his boat with me, traveling back and forth to Altoona, PA to help take care of his ailing father, studying for his Captain's license, and of course, spending time helping others in need.

In September 2002, John expressed the desire to fulfill his life long desire to drive an eighteen-wheeler. He applied to CRST (Cedar Rapids System Transportation) for training. While waiting to be accepted, John received his class B license to drive a school bus for the Millcreek School District. Finally,



John Boyles at the helm of his 70' land cruiser... maps yes, charts no.

in late November of 2002, he received notice that he was accepted by CRST for drivers' training school. After a month of schooling and driver's training, John was finally on the road.

During this past year, he has traveled all over the United States. He was home periodically throughout the year, which made it possible for him to still enjoy time with me, boating on Lake Erie, and another bare boating cruise in the Caribbean.

Recently John completed his year contract with CRST. He gave two weeks notice and returned home to relax and ponder what would be his next adventure. As you can tell, John is not one to sit still – even during his retirement years.

Have a story about your spouse that you would like to share? Let a member of LOG Committee know.



Closing Day at the Port Dover Yacht Club

by Janet Stachelek



PDYC Past Commodore Brian Gillespe with Commodore Pete Traphagen of the EYC.



PDYC and EYC members making more memories between the sister clubs.



EYC's Hank Lorence with PDYC's 1st female commodore to be (in 2005) Robin McFarlane.

The closing day ceremonies at the Port Dover Yacht Club on October 25th were what our friends across the lake would call a good old-fashioned piss-up. And because we love nothing more, the EYC was well represented at the event. Some members made their way by land, while others ventured across the lake.

Three EYC sailboats also paid their respects. *Nyanza*, with one generation Jim McBrier, John Dunn, and Jack Schultz, made the journey. In the company of *Nyanza* was *Eyerly* with the second generation and friends. As is her habit when weather permits, *Sojourner* left the EYC on Friday afternoon to reach Long Point by dusk. Commodore Pete Traphagen was at the helm, while Jack Bierley was the sailing master, Henry (Hank) Lorence the anchorman, and lastly Mike Smith - our "able bodied" seaman. Hank did a wonderful job - his only job, dropping anchor behind the Point just west of the lighthouse. There the crew enjoyed a pleasant meal, told the usual yarns, and settled in for the night with forty-knot winds whistling through the rigging.

Traphagen said that his original plan for a leisurely sail from the Point to Port Dover was somewhat thwarted by those pesky Canadian bridge operators who randomly decided that the last bridge opening for the day would occur at 1:00 p.m. *Sojourner* made the bridge therefore giving the crew plenty of time to rest and clean up prior to paying their good wishes to the Bridge and members of the PDYC at this very formal affair. He also reported that the club was decorated exquisitely. In fact he

said it was the best he had ever seen!

John Comstock, John Ponsford, and Marilyn Mannarino opted for the three to four hour road trip. They reported that nearly one hundred people attended the formal gala. Cocktails were at 5:00 p.m., followed by dinner, an award's ceremony, and then live music that lasted into the wee hours of the morning. They also told me, as is Canadian custom, the Queen of England, the President of the United States, and their EYC guests were saluted at the start of the festivities. One can only wonder at the omission of the Prime Minister of Canada!

Comstock, Ponsford, and Mannarino stayed at the PDYC for all of the festivities. They reported that following a fabulous feast, the guests managed to dance away most of the calories by keeping the club hopping until 3:00 a.m. Hank kept the spirits high by matching the youngsters' dance for dance.

The sailors did not stay for the dinner at the club. *Sojourner's* crew enjoyed a fine meal at the home of good friends, Ash and Mary Winter. The remainder of the sailors opted for Perch at the Erie Beach Inn. The following day, the Winter's generously invited all twelve sailors to their home for a delicious breakfast. The sailor's thank you very much!

The EYC members that made the trip wish to extend their appreciation to Commodore John Van Haltren, the Bridge, and the members of the PDYC for their hospitality. All had a great time, and we thank our Canadian friends for being such gracious hosts!



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Basic Guides to Boating Safety

by Sandy Will

Although these guidelines are common sense items to boaters, how often do we really follow them and/or inspect those items where necessary? Make 2004's boating season worry-free and keep the following in mind:

- Carry proper equipment and know how to use it.
- Maintain boat and equipment in top condition.
- Know and obey the Rules of the Road afloat.
- Operate boat with care, courtesy and common sense.
- Always keep your boat under complete control.
- Watch posted speeds; slow down in anchorages and while going through channel.
- Under no circumstances, overload your boat.
- See that life-saving equipment is accessible.
- Check local weather reports before departure.
- Inspect hull, engine and all gear frequently.
- Keep bilges clean and electrical contacts tight.
- Guard rigidly against any fuel system leakage.
- Have fire extinguishers instantly available.
- Take maximum precautions when taking on fuel.
- Be sure to allow adequate scope when anchoring.
- Request a USCG Auxiliary courtesy examination.
- Enroll in a U Power Squadrons piloting class.



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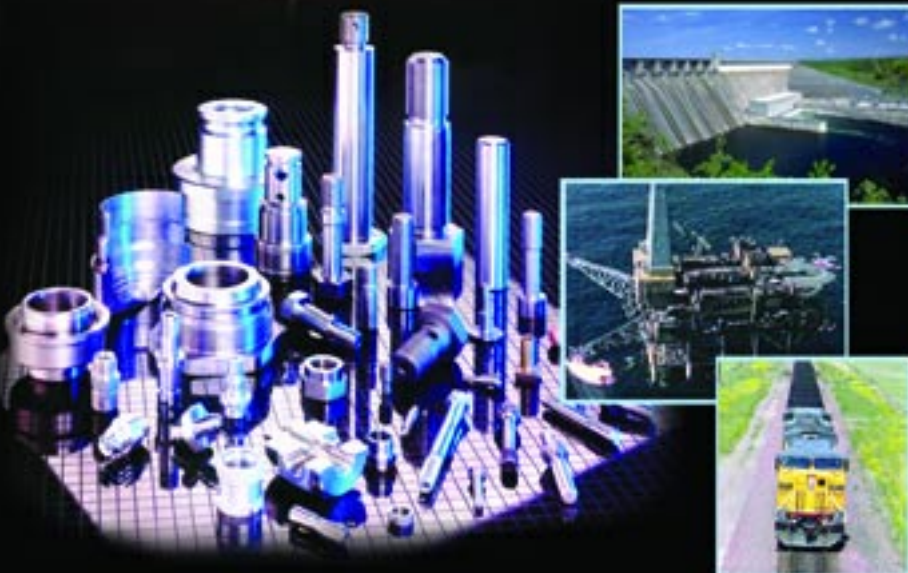
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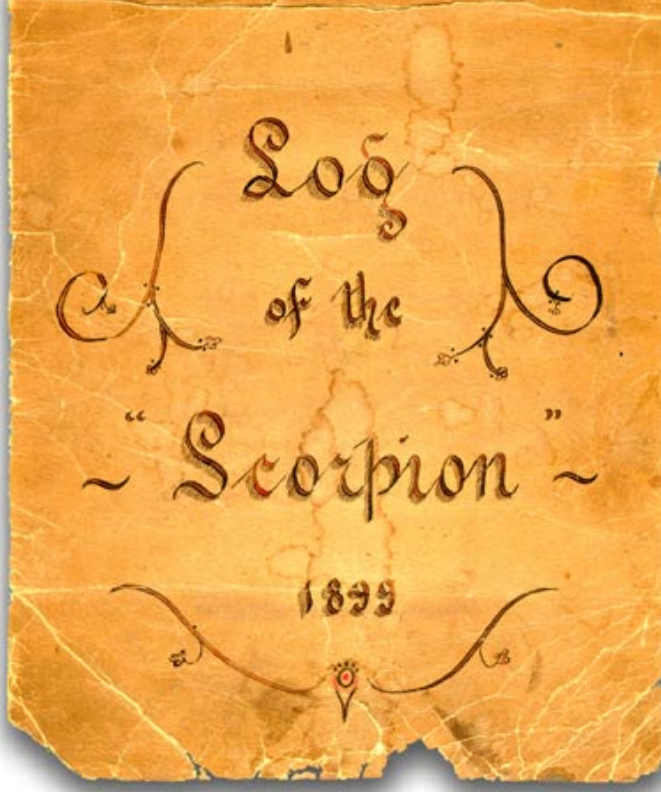
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Hamberger, Warner, Shenk, Milne, Davis, Reitzell and McGinness, the crew less Foster & Isham... one was on the helm the other on the camera.

On August 16, 1899, the crew of the *Scorpion* assembled at the Erie Yacht Club to embark on a cruise to Toronto, Ontario-- the object of the trip being to witness the races between the American yacht *Genesee* and the Canadian yacht *Beaver* for the famous Canadian Cup.

The party was made up of the following: Captain, E.A. Davis; First Mate, W.S. Foster; Second Mate, Charles P. Reitzell; Purser, A.W. Milne; Bo's'n, Charles M. Warner; Bo's'n's Mate, Harpy H. Shenk; Captain's Clerk, George T. Hamberger; Sailing Master, Ned McGinness; and Steward, A.A. Isham. A party of ladies had assembled to witness the departure, a few of whom expressed a desire to board the ship to see what arrangements had been made for the comfort of the men. Their wish was readily complied with, although by



A spinnaker run, 1899 style. Note the line in the water towing the film crew in the dingy.

doing so, the *Scorpion's* departure was marked by a very inauspicious beginning. It seems that Mrs. Captain Davis happened upon a note telling the crew that the "poker chips" could be found in the port locker of the state room. She not only took the note, but also the chips, and chastised her husband for his "shocking" behavior.

As was the custom of the day, the Log of the *Scorpion's* twelve day cruise is immaculately detailed and is written (in this editor's humble opinion) in the most beautiful prose imaginable. We current sailors could only hope to aspire to such meticulous and melodious record keeping. What follows are some of the more amusing and exciting excerpts from the *Scorpion's* 1899 Log, with minor introductory statements by the editor.

Day one, August 16, 1899, passed without incident until midnight. All was still and the wind was scarcely strong enough to give steerage way. Not a sound disturbed the night;

"Suddenly, and without warning, came a terrific crash, bang, thud, bumpety bump and again all was still. The larboard watch, aroused from a silent communing of nature, and observation of the starlit heavens, rushed one and all to the cabin, expecting to find the cruel and ragged edges of a rock protruding through the ship's bottom, but lo, the only sight that greeted their startled vision was the disheveled form of "Hammie", who had been peacefully dreaming of home and pie, and in some unaccountable manner had rolled from his bunk on the starboard side until he rested in a rumped heap on one of the port lockers. To the inquiring and aston-

ished gaze of the larboard watch, Hammie replied in a plaintive tone, "Did you come about?"

August 17 dawned bright and clear, but with very little wind. The Log records indicate one incident that put a damper on the feelings of the crew.

"The starboard watch was on the deck, the Captain at the wheel, and he called to one of the men in his watch, "Hammie, go aloft and put a stop on the spinnaker boom." Hammie gazed back at the Captain in a vague manner, then squinted around at the spinnaker boom, next turned his fishy eye back at the Captain and drawled, "What in



Minx & *Scorpion* locking down through the Welland Canal, headed for Canada Cup in Toronto.

h—I's the matter with the spinnaker boom?" The Captain was mortified at receiving such a reply from a member of his watch, especially so, as the various members of the port watch were all on deck, had witnessed the incident, and were convulsed with laughter. Captain Davis immediately called all hands to the quarterdeck, where the offending seaman was duly disciplined."

Night set in with no land in sight and no wind to speak of from any direction. Around 1:00 a.m., boredom prompted Captain Davis to suggest that the watch arouse the sleepers below with a practical joke. Perhaps he also wanted to lighten the mood from the morning's incident.

"The Captain wanted us to sound the alarm of a squall coming and get all hands on deck for the purpose of reefing down. Accordingly, the cabin doors were opened and an order yelled down below, "All hands on deck, to reef, squall coming. Be lively there now." In order to carry out our part of the joke, we commenced running about the deck, giving orders and commands without limit. Such a confusion of orders, such ridiculous commands and such a bedlam was never heard



Classic Competitors *Beaver* & *Genesee* on the race course in the Canadian Cup Challenge.

on ship-board before, and would not have been heard at all had the occasion really demanded a shortening of sail. The sleepers, aroused by the command, piled onto the deck in various stages of undress-- that is, all did but Hamberger, and they, appreciating the joke which had been played upon them, increased the noise two-fold, all intent upon bringing Hamberger to a realizing sense of the imminent danger (?) that we were in. Several minutes elapsed—enough to have foundered the ship a dozen times, when Hamberger at last reached the deck, dressed from head to toe in oil skins, prepared for what might come! His appearance was so ludicrous and



"Crossing the Line" with *Pathfinder* serving as committee boat in foreground.

in such complete contrast to the peaceful calm and moon-lit night prevailing that it did not require his innocent query,—"How soon will the squall strike us?" A hearty laugh was had by all."

The cruise of the *Scorpion* was not without moments of danger. On August 18, the ship was jogging merrily along its course around two miles from the Canadian shore.

"All of a sudden, one of the men shouted to the man at the wheel, "Hard-a-star board." "Hard-a-starboard, mechanically replied the startled wheelman, and as the yacht veered from her course, all hands rushed on deck to ascertain the cause of the excitement. The lookout pointed over the bow, and glancing down into the water, we saw, not deeper than six to seven feet below, a horrible collection of rocks, a collision with any one of which would have been enough to founder the ship. A few moment's sailing took us into deep water again, and when the excitement had subsided, we looked up the chart to find that we had sailed

right over Tecumseh Reef, one of the most dangerous shoals upon the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. We voted one and all that the Canadian government was guilty of criminal neglect in not having such a dangerous spot properly marked by light-house, buoy, or other guide."

I could, if space permitted, regale you with further tales from the remainder of the *Scorpion's* journey. But since I cannot, I will tell you that the Americans handily won the Canadian Cup that year, with the races described in exquisite detail in the Log. The crew of the *Scorpion* spent many pleasant days at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and many raucous nights in the city of Toronto. I hope that you were able to get a flavor of dedication to detail by the Log's authors. If anyone is interested in reading a photocopy of this log (the original is much too precious!), I would suggest that you contact P/C Bill Walker, who is the grandson of crewmember W.S. Foster, the EYC's 3rd Commodore 1911-1912. It is a treat not worth missing.





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2002 Trans Erie Race

by Doug Beers, Jan Stachelek, Ed.



The two man crew proved again that the rhumb line is the shortest distance between two points in finishing first place in the double handed class.

For seven years, the Trans Erie Yacht race has brought sailors from around the lake together for Lake Erie's longest, non-stop distance race. The Trans Erie race is an annual event between the Grosse Isle Yacht Club (Michigan), and the EYC. It is a 140 nautical mile non-stop event that reverses direction every year. I chose to write this article about the 2002 race because it was one of my biggest sailing adventures. It was the first time I would sail this great a distance with only one other crew member.

It all started one spring afternoon in 2002, when Phil Wolford and I began making plans to do the Trans Erie Race in the double-handed class. During the three weeks prior to the race, Phil and I prepared the boat, double checked equipment, and dreamed of how the race would unfold. Friday was race day, and when it finally arrived, we were excited to begin our big adventure. I had taken the day off and spent the time provisioning the boat and watching the clock. Phil had a meeting to attend at 12:30 p.m., the closing on his first home, but I figured we should still have plenty of time to get to the 4:00 p.m. start out in the lake. I almost figured wrong, as Phil experienced more delays with the closing than expected. When 2:00 p.m. came and went, I started getting really nervous. Phil did not reach the boat until 3:15 p.m.! We frantically threw the lines and took off down the bay, just barely making it to the start on time.

The race began in the lake at R2. There were 38 boats in six separate fleets. The Double Handed fleet had five boats, and

"Stationbreak" owed every one of them time. Mother Nature was ensuring an exciting ride. The wind was right on the nose, blowing from the WNW in the low 20's, with 5 to 6 foot swells. We started the race with a double reef, and the jib rolled out to a 100% position. As evening set in, the wind died to the upper teens, and Phil and I found ourselves tacking into the short chop Lake Erie is famous for. Throughout the evening, we would reef and unreef the main on six different occasions, and adjust the amount of headsail we had dialed out. We settled into a routine of two hour shifts. One of us took the helm, while the other would trim and rest. We wore life jackets with tethers, and settled in for a long, bumpy night ahead.

We tacked along the rhum line throughout the night, and when dawn came, the wind had died to about 5 knots. We were approximately 10 miles southeast of Pelee Point. With such light winds, we had taken out all the reefs, dialed out the full headsail and focused on keeping the boat moving towards the Point. Phil suggested making breakfast (Phil really knows his way around a galley. ask him why we call him GB!) of bacon and eggs. It seemed a reasonable suggestion, especially since it was the first time the boat had been level in a very long while!

Following a great breakfast, it was time to make some tactical decisions. There were six boats in the lake to our south that were barely moving, and six boats to the north with very little boat speed, and each sailing in different wind. Although all appeared to be mov-

ing, the boats closer to shore seemed to have better boat speed. We decided to head closer to shore directly toward the Point. For a little extra help, we poured a glass of Dewers, threw it over the side, and asked John Wolford for help. Once we ghosted around the point, the wind filled in from the west and built to 18 knots (thank you, John), and we enjoyed a very fast beam reach to the finish line. We toyed with the idea of putting up a spinnaker, but exhaustion had the better of us and neither of us had the energy to go forward to set the pole and rig the kite.

We finished the race at exactly 6:11 p.m. on Saturday night. Thoroughly exhausted, we rolled up the jib, folded the main, and started our motor up the Detroit River hoping to catch some much needed sleep while the other boats were finishing. On Sunday morning, there was a knock on the hull from the crew of "Andicapp" telling us that the results had been posted. We were very excited to find out that we had saved our time on all the boats in our fleet, finishing with an elapsed time of 27 hours, 11 minutes and 41 seconds. It had been a tremendous adventure.

Of the 38 boats that participated in Lake Erie's longest distance race, five were from Erie. Three of the five took first place flags in their respective fleets. Our boat, "Stationbreak," took 1st in the Double Handed class, "Andicapp" took 1st in PHRF Class D, and "Taco the Town" took 1st in the Multihull fleet. Late Sunday morning we left Grosse Isle Yacht Club and headed for Put-In-Bay where we spent the night before heading for home. It was a 20+ hour sail home, but that's another adventure, for another time.

For more information with pictures on the Trans Erie Race, go to www.transerie.com



Station Break owner Doug Beers with his entire crew Phil Wolford... who would need more!

Spring Launch

by Alex Webster



EYC Dockmaster Bill Vogel can not wait until spring launch so he and his able crew can "strut their stuff" getting all our bottoms wet.

After another cold winter, it is almost springtime at EYC. We decided that this would be a good time to remind all of the boat owners of all of the things that Bill Vogel and his crew do year round to keep EYC running smoothly. In addition, this a good time to remind boaters of how to make launching their boat as smooth as possible.



Bills Assistant Dockmaster, Mark Parker, is busy completing the winter maintenance schedule in preparation for spring launch.

In the winter, or "winter storage", which runs from November 27 to May 28 Bill and his crew work hard to make repairs on equipment, repair docks, complete electrical checks around the club as well as plow Ravine Drive and the parking lot, along with

keeping them freshly salted for the safety of our members. As the season warms, the yard becomes a work place for boat maintenance. The crew then has many tasks at hand to get the grounds and the yard ready for the summer.

As spring approaches, however, there are many items that need to be addressed in order to have an uneventful launch season. Here are a few things that you can do to help make it as smooth as possible:

- 1.) Pick a date early and schedule enough time to launch your boat. One hour for cradle boats and two hours for crane boats. This gives you a target date to have it all ready.
- 2.) Make sure your boat is ready to launch before it is put in the water. Also inspect all of your safety equipment before you are launched. In addition, have qualified help on board to assist you in launching.
- 3.) Tell the dock crew that you are ready to launch your boat as scheduled and be on time (or they may reschedule you). On the flip side, if you're ready early, tell Bill. Maybe he can bump up your launch.
- 4.) After you are successfully floating again, please clean up your storage area, blocks on the pallets, shims in the provided receptacle, Place your name on your cradle and/or jacks.

If we all work together, launch season will be easy and smooth and we can all spend our time ON the water, instead of on the shore! Here is to a safe and enjoyable boating season.



A Reminder from the Board of Directors

With boat launching season just about upon us, the Erie Yacht Club Board of Directors would like to call to the membership's attention three Erie Yacht Club rules that are in effect. Rule #1, shown below, was amended during the year 2003. Dock Rule #2 and Ground Rule #23 have not been amended, but are being restated only as a reminder.

DOCK RULE #1 - Slip applications will be sent to all Members by October 1st of each year and must be returned to the Erie Yacht Club office by November 1st. Billings will be sent out immediately after slip and moorings are assigned. All charges associated with slip or mooring occupancy must be paid prior to launch and in any event by March 31st. Any payment received after March 31st will be assessed at late penalty equal to 20% of the slip fee. Applications received and/or payments received after the above time periods could result in forfeiture of slip assignments. First time slip holders will be charged double the yearly dockage fee for the first two years of slip occupancy.

DOCK RULE #2 - A Member who does not occupy his/her assigned slip or mooring by Opening Day will lose their slip or mooring assignment as well as the points associated with slip occupancy. Any fee paid for a slip or mooring will not be refunded. It is recognized that extenuating circumstances may occur and such situations will be taken into consideration before enforcing this rule, provided that slip or mooring fee is paid and that a letter explaining the situation and requesting an exemption is received and approved by the General Manager by May 15th.

GROUND RULE #23 - Winter-stored boats remaining in the parking lot after Opening Day which interfere with parking or dry storage will be relocated by the Club and the owner/member will be charged for the labor involved.



Building Wood Boats

by Dave Heitzenrater, Sue Parry, Ed.



Dave (#23) and his brother Scott (#33) skimming across the bay in their Sweet Sixteens. Photo by Russ Thompson

My personal introduction to wooden boats began while doing much needed repairs to an old sailboat with my then future father-in-law, Robert Franke. This was around 1972, the boat was the *Rainbow*, and our basic equipment consisted of some water in a large metal garbage can over a fire in the back yard. We were steaming one inch cypress planks to help persuade them into shape over the white oak ribs of the 19 ft wooden Hurricane class sloop. We would bend the stewed boards with muscle power, then clamp and secure them in place with long brass wood screws. This project sounded easy on paper but in reality was a difficult process. Eventually, however, we completed her and ended up happily “sailing into the sunset.”

Since that initial challenge, I have built a sailing dingy, a number of wooden single seat 12' DN class ice boats, and most recently, a pair of Sweet Sixteen class iceboats with my brother Scott.

The Sweet Sixteen is home made, sixteen feet long with a 20 ft high mast built to hold two persons in a comfortable position – comfortable, that is, relative to ice boats! The process began in 1992 with a trip to Toledo where I met the boat designer and sail maker, Greg Griner. I checked out his personal boat, bought a set of plans, and excitingly returned home to begin the two year project. Then, after talking my brother into also building one, we set out to find the wood, which proved a real challenge.

There are few lumber mills in Erie, so locating the proper size marine grade wood, was a time consuming task. We were able to find the rough cut wood including clear pine, ash, mahogany, poplar, walnut, and marine grade

plywood at a number of local businesses, including a kitchen cabinet maker. The plans called for an aluminum mast but that would spoil the aesthetics of the boat so after a little modification of a mast plan I had previously constructed, we had a good fit for the larger Sweet Sixteen.

Prior to beginning the actual construction, we needed a large level work surface to lay out the frames. So we built a solid 4'x 8' work table as well as a 20' long I-beam to glue up the spars, and form the runner plank and spring board.

The boat began to take form with the construction of the hull sides, but we couldn't find wood large enough so we had to edge glue two boards together to form the sides. Construction of the hull continued with main beam and frames. The boat at this stage looked similar to the frames of an airplane wing without the covering. After the hull structure was completed, the one-eighth inch thick wood skins were added, followed by several coats of epoxy, much sanding, and four coats of polyurethane varnish. The next task was the plank. This is a long flexible wooden arch on which the boat rests. It holds the runner chocks, which are perfectly aligned so that its two runners are headed in the same direction when gliding across the ice. Although it looks just like a single board, it is actually hollow and made of several pieces. The curve or arch is set into the plank by prebending the wood on a frame prior to the epoxy setting. The particular type of construction, amount of curve, and alignment process is information closely held by each builder as these have a great impact on the speed of the boat. A spring board to hold the front steering runner was next. It is construct-

ed much like the plank but is shorter and mounts on the bow of the boat to hold the steering hardware and runner.

We never did find the 20' lengths of mast quality wood for the mast, so we ended up constructing it by joining shorter lengths together using what is called a scarf joint. You might think that would be a weak point in the mast, but having personally crashed the mast on the ice without it breaking; I can attest that a good scarf joint works well! (Although, by doing this, it probably triples the construction time.) It is interesting to note that the entire boat is held together with epoxy without the use of fasteners, i.e. screws or nails. Epoxy is perfect for boat construction because it is both light and strong, and a properly made epoxy joint is actually stronger than the wood itself.

Now I would like to explain the hardware, which presented another set of challenges. First we tried using some off the shelf DN iceboat hardware, but this led to several failures with the mast crashing hard on the ice. The solution was to replace this hardware with custom made pieces. Custom made runners were also added to better meet the boat's size requirements.

David Bierig, EYC member and local sail maker, was kind enough to work with the plans to design and construct high quality sails to complete our Sweet Sixteen. She was launched in Ferncliff Cove over a bottle or two of homemade wine on a sunny but cold February afternoon in 1994. This of



Dave's niece, Haley Heitzenrater, in her rocking boat Dave built for her. She is now 9 and crews on *Raven* in the EYC sailing fleets JAM races.

course was after all of the parts were completed and assembled, rigging manufactured, hardware installed and cushions situated. Since then, the ongoing need for improvements and never ending quest for more speed has led to several modifications and a cost factor that remains ever open ended!

Another interesting wood boat project I've

This First Mate's Log

by Toni Sample

Looking back at our Ships Log on all the nautical miles that Dave and I sailed on *Soiree* from 1983 through 2000 brings floods of laughter, giggles, tears and a few memories of moments of terror. Unlike many First Mates - my Captain rarely raised his voice to and never (truly) got angry at his crew. And, honestly, I think he should have. Especially with his First Mate. Over the years I have done some truly idiotic things on board our vessel. But, before I start telling any of those stories you first need to understand my first experience sailing.

When Dave and I started sailing together I had: 1) never been on a sail boat before, 2) never been on any kind of a boat on Lake Erie, and 3) did not have much balance or grace and certainly no 'sea legs'. My first trip sailing with Dave was with a whole group of people he knew who were sailors. We sailed down the beautiful bay, out through the channel and rounded the point heading east along the Peninsula shoreline. It was a windy day - the log says 30 to 35 knot winds. Way too much wind for this novice on her maiden voyage. As we sailed along everyone was having a great time. Everyone but me, that is. I sat in the center cockpit of *Soiree*, who is a beautiful 37' O'Day yacht designed for cruising in the islands, with my hands clutching the large chrome winch. White knuckled you say? My knuckles were clenched so tight they literally 'froze' in place. No, not from the cold. It was summer. But, from fear. Do any of you remember your first time sailing? I will never forget mine.

Then the Captain decided I should take a leisurely stroll up to the bow of the boat. You do need to understand that so far any reference to sailing, nautical or boating terms used in this dissertation were learned later for I didn't know what a cockpit, a winch, a bow or a lifeline were - let alone what they were called.

The captain encouraged my fingers to



Toni at the helm of *Soiree* now owned by Dave's son Steve Sample.

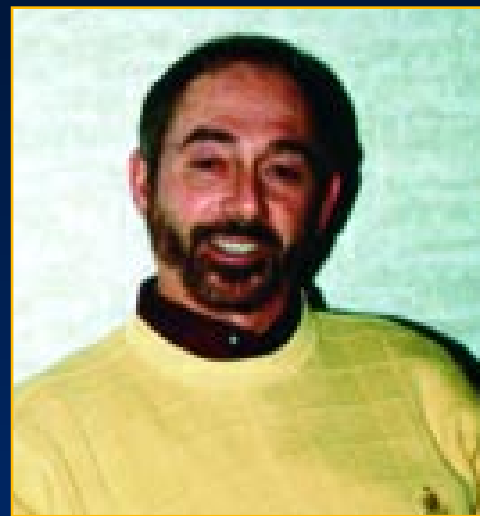
unwrap themselves from the winch and led me, on my hands and knees, to the 'pointy end' of that huge (for it felt like at least 100' that I crawled) vessel. And to understand my state of panic you must understand that the boat was heeled over at about a 35 to 40 degree angle and I was sure the boat was going to capsize or I was going to fall overboard. In my mind that would, of course, mean instant death. Did I have on a PFD? Well what the heck was that?

I survived the sail. We made it safely back to home port. We docked in that beautiful slip. The boat was secured. Everything was made ship shape. Then as I stepped, with what I thought was great composure and dignity considering the harrowing experience I had just endured, from the boat to the dock my foot slipped on the side of the pier and I dropped, ever so gracefully down the side of the boat and into the water. I came up gasping and the Captain, not knowing whether or not I could swim grabbed me by the hair on the top of my head and held my head up out of the water. I screamed. Of course, the Captain learned that I could swim. And, he invited me back for further sails. This was just the beginning. End, first mate log entry number 1.



Building Wood Boats (continued from page 14)

enjoyed is a child's rocking boat. The most recent was for a 2003 Christmas gift. I first saw one in a Newport, RI shop window in August 1995, and thought it would be great for my brother Scott's daughter Haley. When I saw the price (very expensive!), I decided to take some pictures of it (including a shoe in the photo for size comparison), and perhaps make one myself. Back home, after much trial and error, an abundance of sawdust, a few misshaped pieces and some expletives; a little rocking boat began to take shape. I found it had many of the same complications as the real thing. And, similar to the iceboat, it is held together entirely by epoxy. In a few weeks, the little boat was complete, just in time to present it to my sixteen month old niece for Christmas. While building it was very satisfying, nothing compared to seeing



Dave Heintzenrater is both a warm weather sailor and an EYC Iceman.

Haley's eyes light up as she climbed into the boat for the first time.

All of the projects I've mentioned were built in my home basement wood shop, which is very small. I think as a home boat builder, finding the time to do the work in addition to having a job, is probably one of the biggest considerations. Other problems are dealing with the noise, sawdust, and paint and varnish fumes in your home. Not small problems if you want to remain popular with your family! These obstacles can be overcome with dust collectors, a room air filter, exhaust fans and the considerate timing regarding your production of noise. One other consideration which is very important for the basement boat builder is having the ability to get the boat out when it's done! A sixteen foot hull doesn't go around corners very well!

There are many other wood boat builders among the EYC membership with much greater talent than I have so I am flattered to be asked to share my limited experience in the LOG.



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The “Uncommon” Union Between Land & Water

by Peter Askey, as recounted to Janet Stachelek, Ed.



Pete with his Triumph looks over a couple samples of fellow sailor Conrad Stachelek's motorcycle collection.

EYC member Peter Askey has always had a passion for boats and motorcycles. Over the years, he has found a way to nurture both of these seemingly opposite warm weather pursuits, and he is not alone. Several EYC boaters share his enthusiasm for exchanging a keel for two wheels from time to time. What follows is an account of Pete's lifelong balancing act between his two loves. Sorry JoAnn.

Pete enrolled in the Jr. Sailing Class at age 14. He was sponsored by Gordy Way, and he paid the class fees with money earned from his paper route. Frank Zurn was Commodore at the time, and Bruce Raimy was Pete's first sailing instructor. That summer, Pete not only earned the rank of 1st mate, but he also had

the opportunity to crew on Gordy Way's yawl *Lotus* in the Erie-Barcelona race. ...just Pete as crew and Gordy at the helm. At age 15, Pete earned Skipper, and at 16, he was ready to participate in the Wednesday night and Sunday JAM races. To his delight, he no longer needed to ride his bicycle to the club. His new mode of transportation was his first motorcycle, a 1962 Ducati 125 Bronco. More often than not, he rode with a full sail bag balanced on the fuel tank, and with Fred Bloom riding passenger on the back. Pete crewed on various boats for several years, all the while dreaming of owning his own boat. In 1970 he bought a Douglas/McLeod Thistle #140 which he day sailed often but never had the oppor-

tunity to race because he was simultaneously pursuing another dream. He had purchased a new 1970 Montesa Cota trials bike and had begun competing in the American Motorcycle Association Observed Trials. By 1972, Pete had achieved AMA Expert Trials status, and was competing throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Ontario, Canada. He campaigned for Bultaco Motorcycles on a SherpaT until 1976. After several years of motorcycle racing, Pete once again began to feel the pull of the water.

In the early 1980s, Pete applied for full membership at the EYC. Finally back on the water, Pete sailed often on Dr. Doug B. Nagle's boat *Westerly*, and on his son Doug's Herreshoff Ketch, *Ponema*. Eventually, Pete ended up buying Dick Gorny's Sonar, on which he enjoyed many years of sailing experiences. Pete also entered the Sonar into at least a half a dozen MS Regattas. He recalls that his best finish was 4th, with lots of help from his son PJ Askey, and from Andy Hanks. Throughout this time, Pete worked long hours as the president of a Mack/Mercedes truck dealership. Whatever spare time and money he had, he devoted to boats and bikes. By the mid 1990s, Pete had assembled so many bikes for his own personal use that his wife, JoAnn, lovingly chastised that if he bought one more motorcycle, he had better open a shop to sell them all. And so, Uncommon Motorcycles in North East was born. Back on land, Peter devotes all of his time to making his dealership for unique European motorcycles a success, but he says that he will always be drawn to the water.



Pete Askey... a lifelong love of boats and bikes.

Many EYC members share Pete's passion for boats and bikes. The editor's own husband, Conrad (pictured above with Pete), should consider opening his own shop! Robert Enterline, Dick Robertson, and Doug Nagle III, along with his three sons, are but a few member motorcycle enthusiasts who try to strike a balance between land and water. When those warm summer days are such that is impossible to forgo either, you can hear their bikes roaring down the hill to be parked in front of a slip in anticipation of an exhilarating ride home after a wonderful day on the water.

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Knots & Splices Reduce Strength of Rope

by **Sandy Will**

Based on normal rope strength of 100% (without knots) the following shows what percentage of strength is left in a straight rope after a knot has been tied or a splice has been made in it:

KNOTS:	% Of Efficiency
Normal rope	100%
Anchor or Fisherman's bend	76%
Timber hitch	70-65%
Round turn	70-65%
Two half-hitches	70-65%
Bowline	60%
Clove hitch	60%
Sheet bend or Weaver's knot	55%
Square or Reef knot	45%

SPICES:	% Of Efficiency
Eye splice (over thimble)	95-90%
Long splice	87%
Short splice	85%

As you can see, knots greatly reduce the efficiency of your rope. If you are tying knots in your lines, untie them after each use. Periodic inspection will enable you to renew lines long before they have deteriorated where they might be considered unsafe.

When examining your rope, watch out for abrasions, cuts, and broken fibers. Depending on the rope size and percentage of good yarns remaining, it may be time to "down-grade" to lighter work loads or renew the rope. Remember, you're not the only one at risk by using faulty ropes; there are others out on the open waters that could be affected by your using damaged lines.



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Read This!

by P/C John Ashby

This is the fourth edition of your New EYC Log. Now you have seen first hand what it's all about. So come on get involved. Write an article, give us some photos with captions or we'll help you with both. We have approximately 1,100 members plus spouses and kids (maybe 4000 of us or so) and everyone has at least one story to tell. Most of you have dozens of yarns to spin about all kinds of stuff.

In just the first four issues we've covered:

Alaskan halibut fishing • New Zealand in summer • M.S. Regatta • BVI vacation • Breakwall construction • Safety articles • Custom's tips • Accident prevention tips • Local Coast Guard personnel • Artistic members • Past Interclub cruises • Cruising the North Channel • Notable members - we have hundreds! • Club committees • Caribou hunting • Equipment tips • Environmental/water issues • Sailing Lake Erie in winter • Friends & family - where are they now • Club traditions & parties • Ice boating • Special people - "Frolic on the Bay" • EYC dining • EYC volunteers • Dover Days at EYC • Weather tips • Historical events • Welland Canal story • EYC organizations • Wooden boats • Jr. Racing team • Memorable fishing events • Boat designing • Erie historical ships • Unique water craft • Members fulfilling dreams • Historical EYC cruises • Special sailboat racing events • Spring launch tips • Building wooden boats • Individual's boating yarns • Sailing and motorcycles • Rigging tips • EYC marketplace

All that in just the first four issues and it doesn't even scratch the surface of what you, our members, have to offer the readers of your new EYC Log. So come on, kick it in, gear it up, give us your stuff...help us inform and entertain all our readers.

And if you would like to join a highly exulted, highly sophisticated, highly professional, highly renowned and praised editorial staff of extraordinarily talented individuals...well good luck, because all we have to offer you is fun, challenge and the personal reward of being on the New EYC Log Committee. "Just see me" and "I'll see you"... that's just about all it takes to get on board.

Oh yes, the advertising sponsors. Thank you from all our readers for your continued, dedicated and growing support. Thank you for putting your ads where your hearts are...supporting the beautification of our (dare I say) new EYC Magazine...The LOG!

Thank you all.



The EYC Marketplace will be available twice a year in the March/April and September/October issues. This service will be limited to members for boat sales only. Equipment, hardware etc. will not be accepted. A minimal charge for this service will be required.



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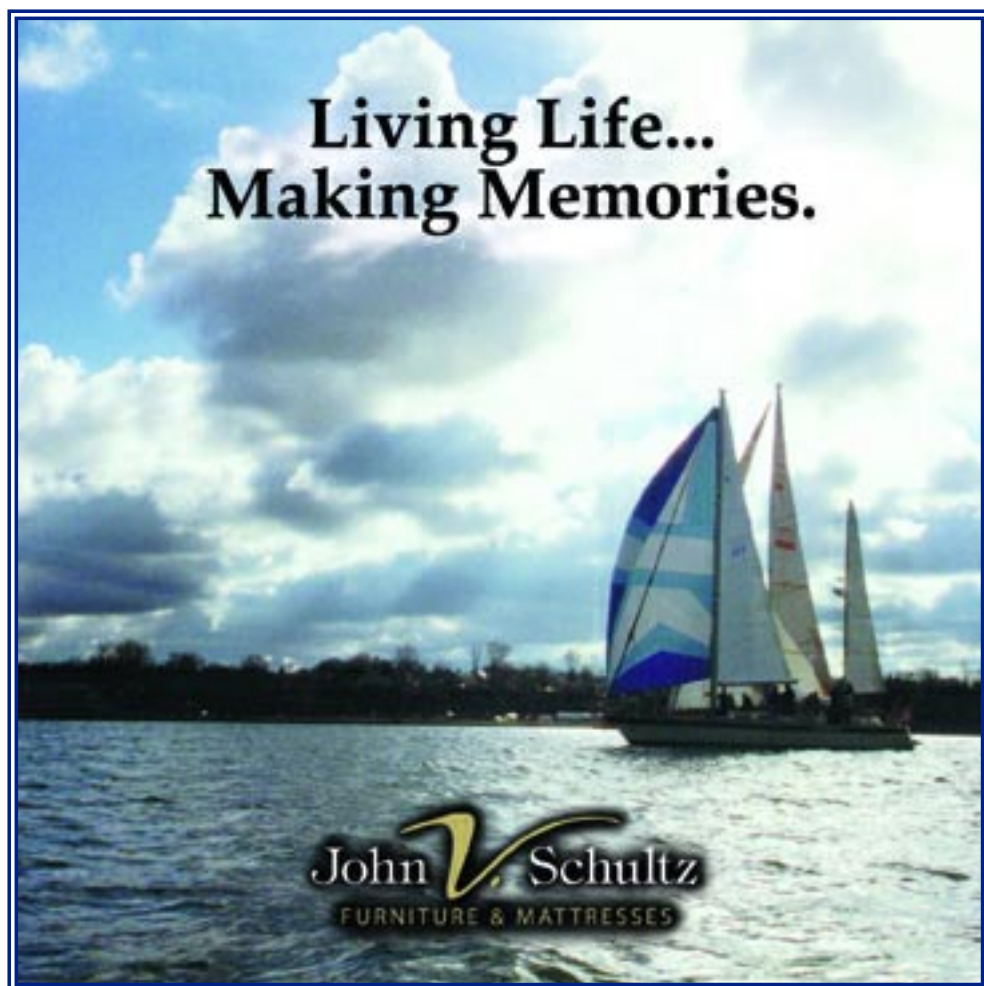
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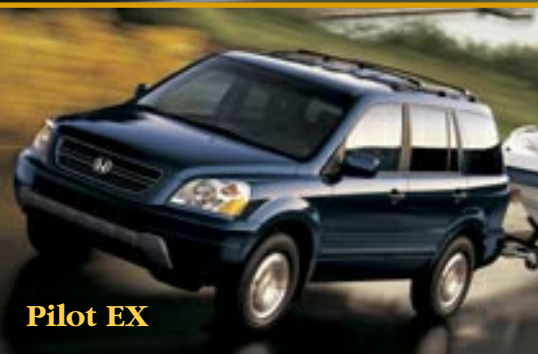
Accord V-6 Coupe



S2000



Insight



Pilot EX

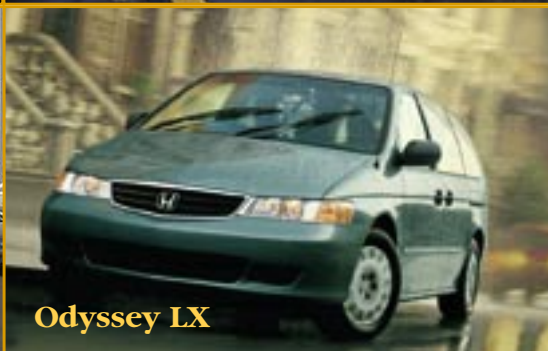
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Civic Si



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*2.6 grams of carbs
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