

VOLUME III / ISSUE 3

MAY/JUNE 2005

# The LOG



## 48th Annual Interclub Cruise

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## From the Bridge

Rear Commodore John Murosky



I speak for the entire Bridge and Board of the Club in taking this opportunity to thank all of our members for your terrific support during the Clubhouse/Grillroom renovation project. Since our reopening on March 22, we have received, and sincerely appreciate, your accolades for the results of our combined efforts. I personally would like to take note of the many who were involved in the grillroom renovation for their outstanding cooperation,

dedication and the superb quality of workmanship in the execution of this project.

These are qualities which are also evident in last year's clubhouse front breakwall project and in the publishing of our new EYC LOG. We, and future bridges and boards, will continue to maintain this quality and attention to detail as we uphold the long traditions and enter new horizons at the Erie Yacht Club.

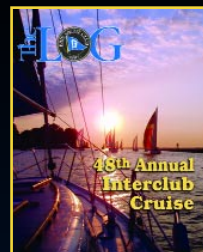
### Directory

Club House .....	453-4931	Club House Fax .....	453-6182
Fuel Dock/Guard House.....	456-9914	Canoe House .....	453-6368
EYC Web: <a href="http://www.erieyachtclub.org">www.erieyachtclub.org</a>		E-mail: <a href="mailto:eyc1895@erieyachtclub.org">eyc1895@erieyachtclub.org</a>	
EYC Catering: Mary Tarbrake	453-4931 or <a href="mailto:catering@erieyachtclub.org">catering@erieyachtclub.org</a>		

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## On the Cover...

Sunrise on the 2004 Interclub Fleet's first Race, Erie to Dover taken from Chris Wolford's *Andicapp*.



## Officers

Commodore Richard Vicary ..... 456-6813  
[rpv@vicary.com](mailto:rpv@vicary.com)

Vice Commodore James Means ..... 833-4358  
[jam4392@aol.com](mailto:jam4392@aol.com)

Rear Commodore John Murosky .. 456-7797  
[jmuroskyeyc@aol.com](mailto:jmuroskyeyc@aol.com)

Fleet Captain David Arthurs ..... 455-3935  
[arthurs@spectrumcontrol.com](mailto:arthurs@spectrumcontrol.com)

## Directors

P/C Andrew Hanks ..... 476-7328  
[andy.hanks@venturefast.com](mailto:andy.hanks@venturefast.com)

James Edgett ..... 835-1120  
[mledgett@aol.com](mailto:mledgett@aol.com)

David Penman ..... 474-1648  
[itchjudy@adelphia.net](mailto:itchjudy@adelphia.net)

Edward Schuler ..... 434-4724  
[proboatguy@aol.com](mailto:proboatguy@aol.com)

Richard Nagle ..... 474-2934  
[rnagle@adelphia.net](mailto:rnagle@adelphia.net)

Bob McGee ..... 838-6551  
[mcgee@erie.net](mailto:mcgee@erie.net)

Gerry Urbaniak ..... 454-4456  
[gerorem@gte.net](mailto:gerorem@gte.net)

## Log Staff

P/C John Ashby..... 455-2757  
[jashby@ashby-adv.com](mailto:jashby@ashby-adv.com)

Irene Boyles ..... 899-6606  
[tinytoona@aol.com](mailto:tinytoona@aol.com)

Jan Stachelek..... 459-6991  
[stachelek@aol.com](mailto:stachelek@aol.com)

Sandy Will ..... 833-0303  
[carosal@velocity.net](mailto:carosal@velocity.net)

Sue Parry..... 838-7740  
[cakelady50@aol.com](mailto:cakelady50@aol.com)

Judy Emling ..... 833-3293  
[judithemling@adelphia.net](mailto:judithemling@adelphia.net)

Toni Sample ..... 864/998-9935  
[todalunionthelake@wmconnect.com](mailto:todalunionthelake@wmconnect.com)

Alex Webster ..... 323-3954  
[chiroalex33@aol.com](mailto:chiroalex33@aol.com)

P/C Pat Geary ..... 459-7777  
[pkgsail@yahoo.com](mailto:pkgsail@yahoo.com)

Jill Robertson ..... 833-0836  
[jill35tiger@hotmail.com](mailto:jill35tiger@hotmail.com)

Kitty Ferrari ..... 838-3933  
[fajferrari@aol.com](mailto:fajferrari@aol.com)



# 48<sup>th</sup> Annual Interclub Cruise

by P/C Chris Wolford



The Erie to Dover leg of the Interclub Cruise saw a magnificent line squall engulf much of the fleet. What beautiful photography.

Lake Erie Interclub Cruise. For those not familiar with the Interclub Cruise, it is a five-day series of races for auxiliary sailboats on the east end of Lake Erie. To call it a cruise is a bit misleading. It is a challenging and competitive series of “port-to-port” and “round - the- buoys” races designed to allow participants to enjoy the hospitality of the host clubs and the opportunity to “party” with fellow sailors. The Interclub series also includes a “cruising class” but to suggest that there is no competitive spirit in this class would be wide of the mark.

This year's event kicks-off with a registration party at the Buffalo Yacht Club, (our country's third oldest yacht club), on Friday evening, June 24. On Saturday, the 25th, the first race takes the fleet to Dunkirk, NY. Sunday morning will come early with a 45-mile race to Port Dover, Ontario. Our friends in Port Dover always welcome us with a big bash. Monday's race, the Dover Triangle, is one of the series highlights. No sleeping in on Tuesday as the race from Port Dover to Erie starts early. Everyone looks forward to visiting the EYC for our famous hospitality and hot showers. This year's social events include an

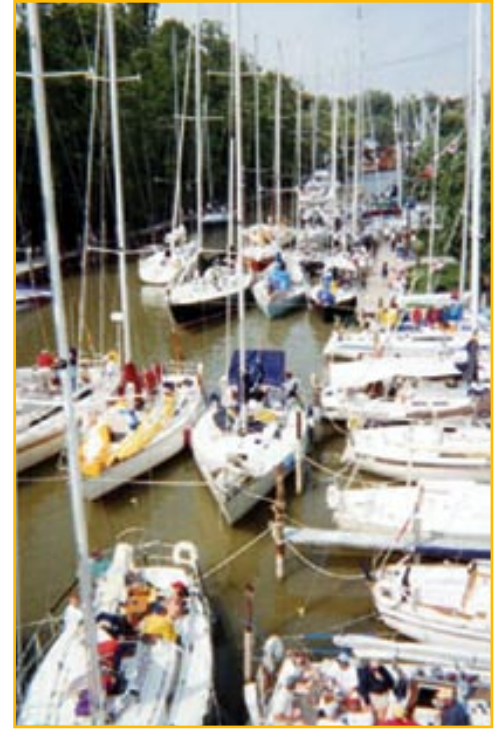


Erie was being visited by a three masted tall ship as the fleet sailed past en route to Port Dover.





Port Dover is always a favorite two day stop for all the crews.



Raft-offs at PDYC on the Lynn River.

afternoon margarita party and a “live band” that evening. The last day, Wednesday, June 29th, is the Erie Triangle or “round the buoys” race. The event concludes on Wednesday night after the awards banquet.

There is much history and many prestigious trophies associated with the Lake Erie Interclub Series. After years of racing from Erie to Port Dover, a group of sailors from Erie and Buffalo organized the Interclub in 1957. In fact, the original Interclub trophy, presented to the overall winner, was deeded to the organization by the Buffalo Courier Express. The “four ladies” trophy proudly displayed in the B.Y.C. is presented each year to the overall winning yacht club. This trophy is in honor of the four women that ran the race committee for many years aboard the *Los Caminos* owned by Jim Rhoads. One of the most coveted awards is in Jim’s honor. The Jim Rhoads Lake Erie Interclub Award is presented from time to time to an individual that exemplifies the personage that, through his dedication to the sport of sailing, encourages and develops the Corinthian spirit of yachting.

The Erie to Port Dover race is a special event for local racers in that there are several trophies awarded to E.Y.C. participants for this race. The Annette Cup, Bruce Dell Cup, and Chuck Lund Memorial Trophy are unique awards presented annually. The interesting history behind these trophies we will save for another log article.

To learn more about this year’s event and for registration, please visit the Lake Erie Interclub website at [www.erieinterclub.com](http://www.erieinterclub.com).



The Interclub fleet takes over the Buffalo Yacht Club basin and then some.



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# Life on the Water

by Blake Ragghianti



*Shear Maddness* is anchored for some "ritual" maintenance in an unnamed cove in Tasmania.



The author in the Whitsunday Islands, Australia.

(This is a fictitious story, and yet every word of it is true. It is a melding of seasons, places, events, and emotions all boiled down to a single tincture of experience. Do not go and look for the cove I speak of, you will not find it. And do not scan Presque Isle bay for the vessel I speak of, it is not there. The cove is a thousand coves and the vessel a thousand ships. I have bound all of these together into a single story. I hope you enjoy this collage of memories as much as I enjoy recalling them.)

I woke up to a cool September breeze, sneaking its way through the hatch I forgot to close the night before. The pale sunlight of an Indian summer morning crept through the

galley ports and illuminated my ancient, dented aluminum coffee pot on the stove, beckoning me to start my day. Never having been one to turn down a cup on a brisk morning, I obliged.

Despite my constant supervision of the anchor setting throughout the night, I always pop my head out of the companion way in the half light of morning expecting to find that we've dragged nearly to shore or out to sea. Nothing made my thoughts this morning any different. Anxious to wake up and greet the new day I snapped up on deck, thrilled and proud to find no change in my surroundings but a fresh morning breeze just up from the south. The smell of percolating coffee wound its way around the galley, up the steps, past the binnacle and met me, smiling, on the poop deck. This small horseshoe cove we were anchored in, no more than a nameless, minute indentation on the chart, saturated the air with the dense aroma of pine trees and wet earth, distilling my thoughts into 100 proof exuberance for life. What a spectacular morning! What more glorious of a life could anyone ask for?

When you live on the water, everything is so simple. Life itself seems to make more sense when one slows down and escapes the commercial rush of the mainland. Live-aboard sailors are some of the friendliest, happiest, and most content people I have met in all my travels across the great expanse of this world. Land lubbers often ask how I can stand to be boxed in, living in a space hardly 34' in length. The truth of the matter is, I'm not the one that is boxed in.

My only fences are the outlines of land on

the chart edges. My roof is the ever expanding firmament above. My walls are made of air. My neighborhood and streets are the world and all of its majestic waterways deep enough to float my hull. My only highways, the rhumb lines I score across my charts. My only boss, the changes in weather patterns, and my only schedule, regular upkeep on my dear little ship.

How blessed I am to be free of all the encumbering chains of modern society. Back in the big city, I was lost in a materialistic ver-



Dinner with fellow cruisers in Moolooloba, Australia aboard *Shear Maddness*.

tigo, but here, amidst un-insulated realities, I live a free and natural life. This is the path of the ancient man, and it is a good path. It is clear, simple, and true. It relies on no false precepts or fabrications. Out here I feel aware of all that is. Out here I can breathe again. I feel emancipated from the smog of neon commercials and rush hour traffic. The ocean is my Walden Pond, and *Sappho*, my



Camera on self timer, Solo sailing Lake Huron.

ship, my one room log cabin. By some I am called a gypsy, and by others, a heathen; however, the world is my home and I go to church everyday -- when I step out of my companionway and take in the splendor of the Great Chapel that the Creator has built around me. I pray with each breath of clean, fresh, ocean air. I am re-baptized each time I swim in the bottomless blue sea. To my family I return at each port I visit. They are a ragel-tagel collection of wayward sailors I meet with repeated, surprise encounters across the oceanic expanses. I am at home nowhere else but on the sea. Here, inspiration comes to life. Here, I am closest to myself. Here, I am closest to truly living...

Not too long after the coffee was gone did the night's chill slip into a languid midmorning warmth. I was already focused on dismantling and re-greasing the cockpit winches before the dew was even evaporated. Maintenance aboard has become a ritual, performed with a certain kind of reverence and sacredness. It's a quiet time for reflection and tranquillity. I often find my self in an almost Zen like trance.

There are those that keep maintenance lists; for some, they are scribbled reminders on napkins, while for others, detailed logs on laptop spreadsheets with automatic timers, reminders, and warning alarms. I however, have lived on this boat long enough that we've come to know each other and understand each other's needs and personalities with mere instinct. I couldn't tell you how many engine hours it's been since I last changed the oil but I sense it's nearly time to change it. I can feel when her bottom needs



Oyster 56' Shear Maddness just before entering the Coral Sea in Australia. Summer 2004.



Moored in the solitude of Tasmania.



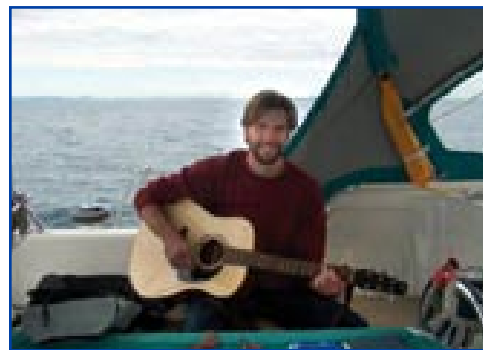
Sailing to Bundaberg, Australia on a perfect trade wind day.

scrubbed or repainted by delicate changes in the turbulence through rudder and wheel. Yes, we've come to know each other well. I could reef the main with one hand in a blinding storm if need be! While underway I can tell by the music she plays whether everything is tuned properly or if something is out of key. When we've come to agree on a mutual tempo for the day's passage, together we dance across the wave tops.

Sometimes it's a floating waltz while other times it's a salsa fit for Carnival! She speaks to me in tongues only I can understand; for we have grown together and are now like one. All men who have loved a boat know of this mysterious relationship and I promise you none will deny it.

It's a strange thing how a man can come to love an object with such a passion; an odd collection of wood, steel, fiberglass, and imagination. Just as the day I first met her, I find myself easily seduced by her graceful lines, brass ports, stout rig, responsive wheel, and the gentle flapping of her leeches mid tack. She is like a lady, trained with class and manors yet secretly a fencing master.

She has balance, grace, poise, strength, and purpose when she sails, and resting at her berth, she exudes quiet nobility and sympathetic wanderlust. I've always been reluctant to marry as I knew I would certainly be an unfaithful husband; sneaking away from home down to the docks late at night, spending a certifiable amount of hours in the cockpit, dreaming of starry Pacific veils and rocket ship passages through the black oceans of night...



Composing a song and entertaining guests in the Coral Sea, Australia.

An inviting change in wind direction brought me out of my philosophical wanderings and back to the silent cove. I cleaned and re-greased the rest of the gears and slipped the winch cover back on, swiveling it left and right until I heard it lock into position; a perfect fit. 'Everything about this life fits perfectly,' I mused to myself. My eyes gazed upward toward the new direction the clouds were drifting, then to the horizon. Sappho agreed with a gentle tug on her anchor rode. Quietly, I began to uncover the main sail.





# Keeping a Ship's Log

by Toni and Dave Sample

A Ship's Log is like a diary, a memory book, or in our case both of those things plus 'scrap booking'. Every nautical mile, under every type of weather condition with every direction and force of the wind, is recorded in our Ship's Log. The Captain, the mate, each member of the crew and every guest is written down so that a failed memory can one day recall the event and picture the circumstances surrounding the sail.

The most noteworthy of passing vessels, those we met in nefarious ports of call or while waiting for the gates of the Welland Canal to open their welcoming arms, have been recorded on the pages now yellow with age.

Lats and Longs, and later GPS coordinates, are marked in a special area of the Log. Coordinates for this marker, that sand bar, this club entrance -- it's all there, leaving nothing to chance for the next visit to that spot. You never know when a night or foggy crossing might necessitate some very exacting coordinates to assure a safe passage around a shoal or shallows or the entrance to a port.

Every MS Regatta, Frolic on the Bay, Blessing of the Fleet, Boat Parade, Centennial Raft up, We Love Erie Days fireworks, the launching of the Niagara and every similar major signifi-

cant event on the Erie Bay is duly recognized on these pages.

It is interesting to look back at *Soiree's* log from it's first launching, after Dave took ownership of the vessel from Pete Traphagen, on May 2, 1982, through the current log now kept by son Stephen. Through this entire 23 year period every trip, whether it was for an evening sail in the bay or a month long journey to other Great Lakes, has been recorded.

We mentioned "scrap booking" earlier. Every year we would go through our boating pictures, pick out a favored few and tape them into our log. As they say, "a picture is worth a thousand words."

We strongly encourage you to begin keeping a log today. You can buy a fancy "Log" from Boat US or any other boat supply store or you can use a steno pad or a three ring notebook with lined paper. The format doesn't matter -- what matters is the content. You will never regret the opportunity to look back at those wonderful hours spent on the water by yourself or with friends. You will be amazed at how you spend your boating time, and with whom.

We'll promise to share more stories in later issues if you'll promise to also share a few of your favorite stories with your fellow members in future issues of the EYC LOG



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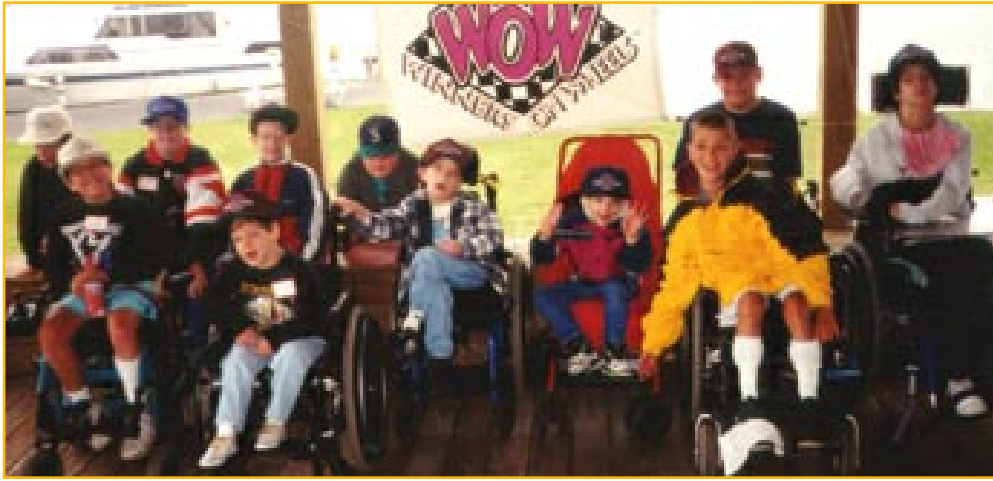
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# One Monday in July

by Frolic-on-the-Bay Co-Chair Jim Finn



Proud as punch "WOW" members (Winners on Wheels) line up on the EYC deck for a photo after a day on the water as part of the EYC's Frolic-On-The-Bay program.

Many years ago over in the home of Tartan Yachts, and at the Grand River Sailing Club, there was a tradition of giving special kids boat rides. These kids had life-threatening physical conditions like muscular dystrophy, diabetes, and cerebral palsy. It was often their first boating experience and in some

cases their only boat ride.

One Grand River man moved to Erie and he was surprised to learn that there was no such event here in his new locale. He went from yacht club to yacht club, and marina to marina to promote a possible day for special kids here.

He contacted the National Oceanic and

Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) for information on the best fair weather days in Erie. They told him the week of July 4th had the least amount of average daily rainfall per year.

He set the event for the Monday following July 4th of that year and proceeded to tell the Erie Yacht Club they would be hosting the event. It was a success and for the past 14 years the EYC has been holding the Frolic-on-the-Bay event just the way, EYC member and event Chairman, Paul Huntley planned it.

Because of Paul's perseverance and generosity the tradition will be continued this July on Monday the 11th. On Monday, July 11th, 2005 the 15th Annual "Frolic" will include clients of Meca/Cerebral Palsy, Special Kids Network, the Achievement Center, Make-A-Wish, Muscular Dystrophy, Sharp Kids from Juvenile Diabetes and others.

The overall participation by boat owners and volunteers has been far reaching. Special kids come from as far away as Sharon and Warren, PA to experience a ride on the waters of Presque Isle Bay and sometimes Lake Erie. They never go hungry because a bag lunch of sandwich, fruit, chips and pop is provided free to each child, sibling, parent, friend and guardian who goes on the boat. Skippers provide their own. But afterwards the boat owners and their helpful crew and volunteers are treated to a few hamburgers and hot dogs, beer and pop, courtesy of the EYC.

For the past eight years the primary funding sponsor of this event has been EYC member Marty Farrell's Infinity Resources, Inc. Thanks to his contributions, each and every participant receives a free ball cap as a memento of the day.



Event founder Paul Huntley joined some of the kids on the bow while on a ride down the Bay in 2004.

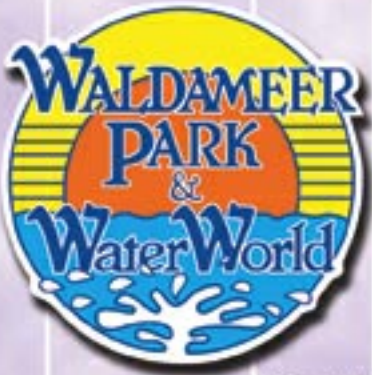
Frolic-on-the-Bay has the distinction of being recognized by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. In 2002 it received the prestigious "Reaching Out" award for "Commitment to Community programs that benefit children and families". This award can be viewed in the EYC trophy cabinet.

Because of one man's generosity, many have benefitted, and other boaters have followed his example and donated their boats, their time, and contributions to "Frolic".

Thank you one and all for your continued support of this "Fun-Raiser" (it is not a fund-raiser). We look forward to seeing you this "Monday" in July.






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# CELEBRATE EYC'S 110TH OPENING DAY

BY P/C JOHN ASHBY

**I**t has been 110 years since the founding of our beautiful Erie Yacht Club. It took the inspiration, dedication and vision to say nothing of just plain hard work of one remarkable man and our first Commodore, George T. Bliss to make it happen. Commodore Bliss had the courage, motivation and steadfast persistence to pull it all together. How do you think Commodore Bliss would feel about the EYC today? Send your thoughts to me at: THE LOG, 1722 West Eighth Street Erie, PA 16505 and I will report on your thoughts in a future "LOG" issue.

Come celebrate our past in remembrance of loved ones, friends and fellow members on this Memorial Day as the Erie Yacht Club officially commemorates it's 110th Opening Day. There is an 11:50 Call to Colors with Commodore Richard Vicary at the helm.







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# “143 Days ‘til Summer Party”

by Dan Dundon



While it really is “almost summer”, now, you can tell from these photos everyone had a terrific time at the party on January 29th. A wonderful picnic buffet, continuous entertainment and “summer temperatures” set the tone for a super evening. Like the Oktoberfest, the “Summer Party” was the result of months of planning and hard work by our super committee of fellow EYC members: Mary Ann Curtze, Kathy Dundon, Tony and Kitty Ferrari, Tom and Cindy Madura, Bob and Joyce McGee, Paul and Carolie Otto, Pat Stuart, Mary VanHorn, Gary and Mary Weibler, and P/C Harold and Sandy Will. The party was only possible because of these folks. Again, our hats are off to them!

If you missed it, don't worry... we are going to do it, still another time, in 2006!!!



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# EYC Snack Bar... a management success story

by P/C John Ashby



Burgers and dogs were the staples of the house cuisine at the EYC Snack Bar in 1956.

One evening at a brainstorming session of the LOG's staff committee, I happened to mention that I was, at the age of 12 or 13, manager of the EYC Snack Bar. The committee thought, “Oh what a great article that would make.” I thought, “I doubt it”... so now you can be the judge.

This thriving enterprise, the EYC Snack Bar, was attached to the east end of the old Clubhouse. Customers would come up to the outside counter and order their lunch or snacks and I, as both manager and lone employee, would dazzle them with my fine culinary skills.

The menu was not what you would refer to as extensive or gourmet or refined, but it was all “grillable”. The finest tube steaks, hamburgers and cheeseburgers... wow, what a cuisine! We also featured 6 oz. bottles of Coke, ginger ale, and orange pop. For desert we served ice cream cups (vanilla only) with those little flat wooden spoons.

Our clientele came from various walks of life. Hard working students from the Reyburn Sailing School. A couple of EYC employees, namely Ignatius Martin “Marty” Pomorski, who was our maintenance man, electrician and dock master and Al DeLuca, our bartender, bar manager and owner of one of the nicest cars at the Club, a big Lincoln Continental. You see that's about all the employees we had in those days. Also various members from around the Club partook of this culinary opportunity.

This important management position did have it's good and bad points. One day I was going through my pre-opening tasks like raising up the six foot by three foot window over the ordering counter, checking inventory and,

of course, lighting the gas grill. Lighting this grill could be somewhat hazardous. I was forced into using a combination of short matches and short arms in conjunction with a long reach to the gas burners way in the back under the steel grill surface. So one day it happened. Frustration. Match number one blows out. Match number two blows out. “Do not forget to turn the gas off between matches.” I did. Match three. BOOM. A wall of exploding gas blew out from under the massive steel grill engulfing my arm, my face and my hair. Arm hair... gone. Eyebrows... mostly gone. Eyelashes... pretty much gone. Hair above my forehead... heavily singed. My desire to work that day... gone.

My duty and responsibility to my beloved EYC was strained to the limit, but my heartfelt dedication prevailed and I labored to get through the days work... facing the laughter, the jokes and the ridicule about my slightly altered appearance.

Then, on the happier side, my Snack Bar position did offer ample opportunity for me to exercise my innermost creative being in a couple of ways, of which I can remember only one. Although my hamburgers were



A butch style haircut on the kid who was manager of an old EYC enterprise.



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extremely tasty, by renowned reputation, they were a tiny bit small. Well, let me put it this way... they were teeny weeny, they were itsy bitsy, they were really, really small...not the buns mind you, just the meat patties. All frozen and portion controlled small. Now, it just so happens that the Snack Bar manager, chef and cashier must also eat, so I would naturally prepare lunch for myself. Since I was dealing with hamburger patties the size of a silver dollar I would prepare two such burgers, with cheese, to be placed between the upper and lower sections of only one hamburger bun, thereby creating the world's first "Double Cheeseburger". You see that was my idea... the "Double Cheeseburger".

Stolen many years later by McDonalds for which "they" became famous. Now that's just not right Mr. McDonald. I still feel I deserve some credit, or stock, or retirement income or an annuity for my part in making McDonald's what it has become today. Rage... indignation... #%\*#!!!!

Whew. Boy that felt good. Now I feel better. What a relief. After all these years of suffering from this mental anguish, I have finally been able to get all this pent-up emotional frustration and anxiety off my chest. Gee... thanks for listening.



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## Floating Docks

by Alex Webster



The EYC basin will have a few new additions this season. Those of you who have braved the frigid cold to come to the Club may have seen them sitting in the basin behind "I" dock and wondered what they were for.

The "new" floating docks, that will give "J" - "K" docks 9 more slips this year are yet another example of how EYC volunteers help the club. Rear Commodore John Murosky was instrumental in researching and acquiring the used docks, at an extremely reasonable price for us to use now, and possibly in the future as the basin is renovated.

John Britton contacted Bill Vogel about the availability of these floating docks and in turn, John Murosky and Ed Schuler went to inspect them. John recommended that a few more bridge and board members look them over. They all ascertained that for the price they could be a real asset to EYC members. Included in John Britton's reasonable asking price was delivery to the EYC by Lakeshore Towing.

They now await open water to claim their new life in the EYC basin, allowing a few more members to have a slip this summer.



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# EYC Racing Fleet 2005

by David Heitzenrater



Just another beautiful day as the spinnaker fleet is on a tight reach in an "around the buoys race" on Presque Isle Bay.

The fleet remains very active with many races and activities planned for 2005. 2004 had a record 56 boats entered that took advantage of full race schedule that also included a free picnic, many free deck parties, other special races, events and the annual awards banquet.

The fleet includes a Family Jam Division that encourages easy, low cost, fun racing that offers the thrills of the start, tactical challenges of the race yet minimize the heavy crew work that spinnaker racing can sometimes require. The Family Jam Division offers the ability to sail with entire family as the emphasis is on fun and is specifically intended to be a starting point for new racers.

Several considerations have been made to accommodate the Family Jam racer to keep the division fun and competitive for all. Although all racers are encouraged to obtain a PHRF rating certificate, a rating will be assigned at no additional cost to the racer without a certificate to enable immediate racing. The Division is also separated into four classes generally based on owner and crew experience level as well as boat type and size. The principal consideration that tends to give all the racers a better chance to win in the Family Jam Division is that after each race day, the class winners are penalized by a reduction in their handicap that is cumulative for the balance of the season. In addition, awards are presented at the completion of each three-race series throughout the season.

New for 2005: In an effort to promote the Spinnaker Division all spinnaker course races have been moved from the lake into Presque Isle Bay and the Division will be separated into classes to help balance the level of competition.

The fleet will also offer a series of racing instruction sessions throughout the season to encourage and educate new racers.



Another fun filled Annual Racing Fleet banquet with great food, trophy presentations and "really live" music.

The first general meeting of the fleet is April 5th with representatives speaking from the US Coast Guard, Coast Guard Auxiliary and US Border Patrol. The first skipper's meeting is

scheduled for April 28th and races begin in mid-May.

Now is the time, come join the fun, use your boat, and learn to sail better. The 2005 entry application and race schedule are available on the web site:

[www.erieyachtclub.org/sailingfleet](http://www.erieyachtclub.org/sailingfleet)



These are the EYC women who participated in the 2004 "Regatta 'de la Femme" racing series.



# Puerto Benus, Marabella, Spain

by Kitty Ferrari



If I were a producer for the TV show "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous" I would be in the right place... Puerto Benus. It's beautiful.

There is something about looking at a lake - ocean - or sea that is always fascinating. I love the view of the Bay at the Erie Yacht Club. Perhaps that is why we were drawn to vacation in Spain on the Mediterranean Sea. When I mentioned to John Ashby that we would be in Spain and Portugal for 6 weeks, he said we must take a EYC burgee with us and exchange for a different burgee at one of the yacht clubs there. Mike Lynch gave us EYC burgee and the end of January we departed from Erie, to Philadelphia, to Madrid Spain, to Malaga Spain.

The search was on - we looked in Vilamoura, Portugal; Benalmadena, Fuengirola, Malaga, La Duquesa, Torremolinos, and Marabella -



I am standing at the entrance to a "Spanish Style" yacht club... and it was quite lovely.

all in Spain. We asked fishermen and boaters, visited boat dealers, and discovered that Spain and Portugal did not have the type of yacht club we are accustomed to in the states. Most marinas are controlled by harbor masters and are not a true yacht club, again, as we think of one. During our travels, the most fabulous - in fact the only - "real" club we found was Club de Mar at Puerto Benus in Marbella. (Marbella is pronounced Mar bay ya - It changes to a y-accordingly, the famous Spanish dish paella is pronounced pie ay ya - whoops, sorry, my English teaching background just emerged) Club de Mar made all our searches worthwhile - quite a club.

To really appreciate Puerto Benus, a little background about Marbella (where it is located) is necessary. Marbella is on the Mediterranean Sea in the Costa del Sol area of Spain. This mere fishing village of years ago has evolved to be a cosmopolitan city - a real playground for the international "rich and famous" and jet set. The best part of the city is the narrow back streets and plazas of the "old town" - here the homes, shops, and little cafes combine to create the atmosphere of a charming little town with spectacular gardens and exotic tropical plants. As we walked along the Mediterranean on the marble promenade lined with palm trees, we agreed that the name given to Marbella ("beautiful sea") by the Christians in the 15th century was per-

fect. With the Sea in one direction and the magnificent mountains in the other, the setting is gorgeous.

Puerto Benus is definitely the place to go to sip a drink at one of the many yacht side cafes and just watch the people - the boats - and the Sea. The Puerto has grown since it began about 40 years ago - it now has a casino, marine observatory, multi cinema (with films shown in their original soundtrack). One of the best parts, now this is my opinion, was the numerous world renowned fashion houses and boutiques - I just looked, did not buy. According to the tourist information, night life really jumps at Puerto - and judging by the number of discos, alfresco bars, and piano clubs I would guess it would more than jump.

Club de Mar is the Yacht Club at Puerto



The equivalent of the EYC's Reyburn Sailing School with students practicing their racing skills except it's in Portugal.

Benus - located west of the town. I think the following quote from membership book explains perfectly: "Welcome to Puerto Benus and Puerto Benus Yacht Club, a home for sailors and a perfect place for those who wish to live at the same time see sports, the cultural and social life of Marbella and The Sun Coast. The fact of having found in your crossing this living port will always keep within your best remembrances." The book continues to describe the facilities of the club; which include social lounges, terraces, and multi-purpose function rooms. The club owns a fleet of motor and sailboats and membership includes the use of boats run by the club as well as attendance to the courses offered by the Sailing School.

The gentleman we spoke to at the Club de Mar was very gracious and presented us with the burgee of Puerto Benus. We in turn, gave him one from the Erie Yacht Club. He then told us to make ourselves at home and guided us to one of the lounges. We relaxed

continued on page 24

# Silence is Golden... unless it's Your Own

by P/C John Ashby

I suppose I've always had a gift, or need, or a natural inclination, or compulsion or propensity for the fine art of speech or you may call it "gabbing" a lot. For you see, it's my job, the creative vernacular, it's my passion for speaking my mind, creatively communicating, spreading the word or, as some have pointed out recently, "talking too much"... but then that's never been a problem for me. Well, until recently that is when my voice began sounding a little scratchy then down right hoarse.

So I called fellow member, Brian Stark, the doctor that is, who happens to also be my primary physician. Brian had a pretty good idea what my problem was, having had the same problem himself earlier in the year. Brian recommended I see his doctor, Dr. Rick Fornelli, an ear, nose and throat specialist.

Now at this point I'm already beginning to "hype-up" a bit. Next thing I know there I was all alone in a small examining room waiting to meet Dr. Fornelli and looking at a truly frightening sight. As my eyes scanned a long thin scope device sitting there in full view, I began contemplating all the ways that probe was going to cause my imminent death. I knew the doctor was going to want to insert

that device up one of my nostrils then turn the corner and go down my throat to investigate my vocal cords. When Dr. Fornelli entered the examining room I immediately began my in-depth dissertation on why I wouldn't be able to deal with that probing, scoping device. "You see," I began, "I'm really claustrophobic. Why when I was a kid and the doctor would use a tongue depressor on me, I'd usually throw up." I continued, "Yes sir, I have a really bad gagging reflex, I think it's actually a chronic condition.... etc.... etc... etc...." My new arch nemesis, Dr. Fornelli, looked me straight in the eye and calmly said, "John, we don't have to do this thing if you have that big of a problem with it." Wow... what a slap of reality that was. So I said, a lot less calmly, looking him straight in the eye, "Oh... yes we do."

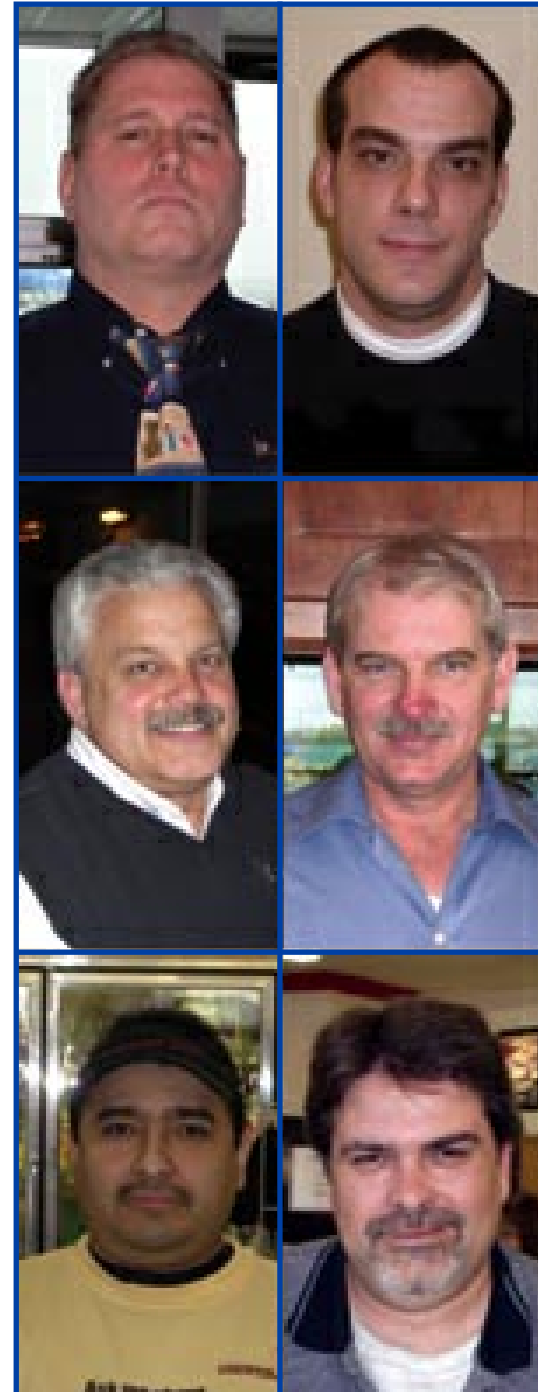
After spraying a numbing and lubricating solution up the nostril, of my choice, I had to wait about five minutes during which time I "hyperly" (that may not be a word but it fits my condition) paced around the entire patient examination area's hallways. Dr. Fornelli returned to my small claustrophobic examining room with this huge young gladiator of an assistant. My response, "Is he here to hold me down?" They all, I repeat all, laughed that HA HA HA and a few HO, HO's but I'm not really sure if they really thought it was actually that funny. Then Dr. Fornelli calmly said, "Ya ready now?" I replied, "I don't have to lay down... do I?" He said, again very calmly, "No, just sit down." I did. He said "Tip your head back a little bit." I did. Then he slowly and painlessly began inserting that long black probing scope as I waited for one of the thousands of problems I knew was going to happen that would probably kill me. Then he calmly said, "Swallow." I swallowed. Then again he calmly said, "Swallow." I swallowed. Then he said "That's it," and slowly removed that previously terrifying scope. Then, in a moment of high psychological relief, I said, "Rick... can I kiss you now?" What a relief... everybody was right. They had all said, "It's nothing! You have nothing to worry about. You'll be fine." And they were right. I had nothing to worry about and I was just fine! Oh internal joyful celebration, with the tune "happy days are here again" looming in the back of my previously tortured mind... what a relief!

Then, Rick, my new best friend (I called him Rick now), explained that I had a polyp on my



Me worried about a 14" long probing scope? you bet cha ... I was a nervous wreck.

# THE OFF



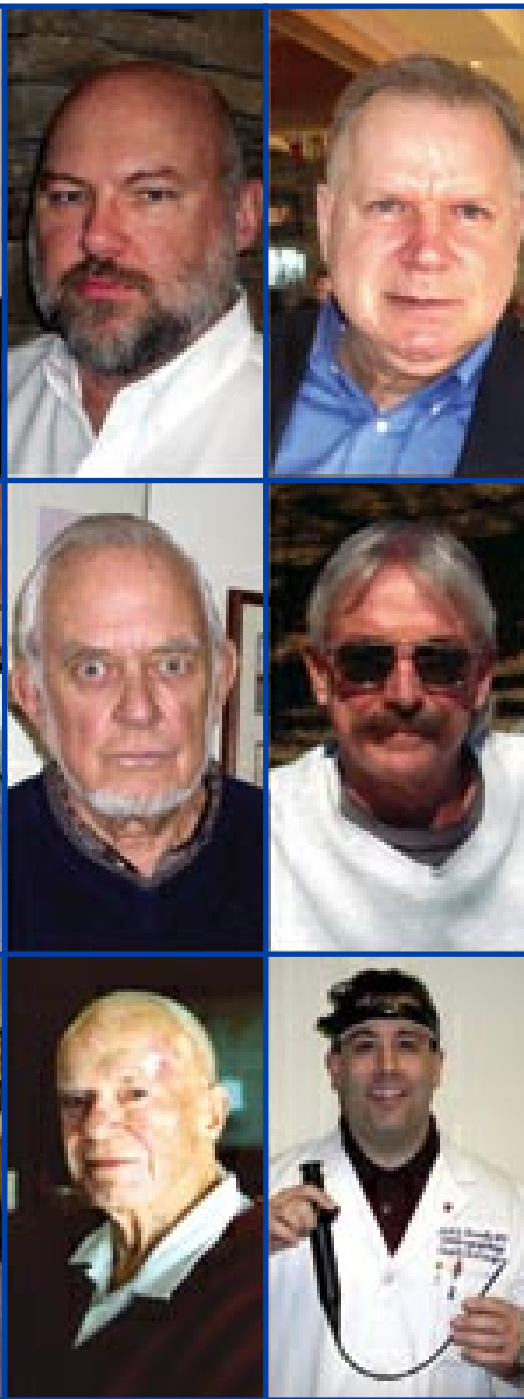
**Top Row L to R:** R/C John Murosky, pure a lethal remark and I'm always nice to h like that on a fellow P/C; Bob Hessinger, t

**Middle Row L to R:** Itchy Penman, all tho at that smile; Steve Skywark, my friend a posedly a friend for 45 years; PDYC's R way from Port Dover to belittle me.

**Bottom Row L to R:** Dave Trevino, West get in line to ridicule me; Bill Joint, West 8 humiliated me in a crowd; Dave Preston, once; Dr. Rich Fornelli, my new best frie menacing look about it.



# FRIENDS



the evil just look at that face; Brian Keinath, Jim; P/C Andy Hanks, how could he turn the true ogre personality inside comes out.

se years I thought he liked me, I mean look and he got me twice; P/C Jack Bierley, sup- Cameron "Carm" Wallace, came all the

8th St. Country Fair Manager, sure Dave 8th St. Country Fair Assistant manager, he just because I beat him at a game of Gin and with his scoping device that still has a

vocal cord that should be removed. So I figured, OK no problem cause if I die during the surgery while I'm out cold, I'll never know so "no problem". Then Rick added, "And you'll have to completely rest your vocal cords for eight days after the surgery. No talking, whispering, whistling, nothing... not a peep." Me.... I can't talk for eight days! Not even a whisper and I'm not even allowed to whistle... now that was not a happy tune for my ears.

Well, the operation went fine. My youngest daughter Ali and my newest, three-month-old grandson, Noah (with a name like that he has got to be a sailor), stayed with me during and for five days after my same day surgery. Now that little guy was a joy to have around, but I certainly wasn't a joy to be around. I'm sure Ali can attest to that fact, but Noah, he didn't care... he's a happy little sailor. Just holding a baby will calm anyone down, especially me.

After my daughter and my future sailing buddy left to return home to Oil City and her husband, the little sailor's dad John Demarall, I decided, even with my medically imposed gag order in place, to stop down to see all my old mates at the EYC. Then the true message of life, the heart felt sympathy, or lack there of, poured out of all my "friends", all those fellow member "friends" whom I knew would not be sympathetic towards me for a nanosecond. So I decided to write a note on the top sheet of a small tablet to inform everyone of my "silent" condition. The rest of the tablet I had planned to use for what I knew full well was about to flourish for the next six days.

The following are just a few of the cruel, tasteless statement I received and had to endure to the great amusement and comical hilarity of the hoards of my "friends".

*P/C Jack Bierley* - "It's about time somebody shut you the hell up!"

*Brian Keinath* - "Only three more days of your silence... can we try two weeks or maybe a month."

*R/C John Murosky* - "Hey John, want to use my cell phone? It's got Morris Code."

*P/C Andy Hanks* - "We all paid the doctor to keep you quiet and *Itchy Penman* was the biggest contributor."

*Steve Skwaryk* - "Truth is it probably was a judge's gag order."

*R. Cameron "Carm" Wallace* from PDYC - "It's nice "not" talking with ya!"

*Steve Skwaryk* - (He looked at me then turned and said really loud) "What did you say... (pause)... hey everybody Ashby says he's buying a round!"

*Bob Hessinger* - "Finally somebody found a way to silence you... that certainly was no easy task!"

*Dave Preston* - On the final day of my imposed code of silence I whispered in Dave's ear "Hopefully this afternoon my doctor will let me begin speaking again." In a perfect deadpan reply Dave said, "That's too bad."

And no it wouldn't and didn't stop there. Even the normally good-hearted, friendly employees at Country Fair took their turn at me with their barbarous brutal remarks. And this is the store and the people that I have faithfully supported on a regular everyday basis for years. They literally turned on me with cruel inhumane vengeance the likes of which I believed no human beings could possibly possess, with their relentless:

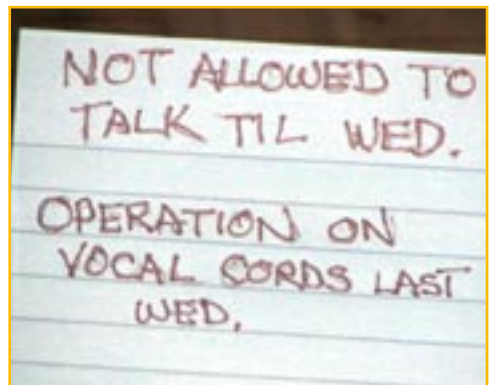
*Bill Joint*, the Assistant Manager - "It has never been more of a pleasure waiting on you."

*Dave Trevino* the Manager - "It's nice when you can't talk 'cause you don't talk as much."

*Bill Joint*, the Assistant Manager - As I was pumping gas in my car the outside speaker blasts out "Hey John can you talk yet?... (pause)... If yes, raise your hand.... (pause)... We want to know before you come in to pay... (pause)... Don't just drive away again without paying... (pause)... remember we have your license plate number!"

Well, I suppose this whole experience has been just another lesson of life. We should not fear the unknown elements of our lives, like that frightfully alarming long black scoping probe of my new best friend "Rick". Yet we should fear the familiar, the everyday, the people we all call FRIENDS, for it is these friends that cause us the greatest hurt, pain and anguish! Just kidding. Your comments were absolutely hilarious and I loved them.

But remember, as I told my new best friend, Rick, after seeing a color photo of my vocal cords after the operation, "Rick, I have a new mission in life, I'm going back to school and I'm going to become a proctologist and then I want you as my first patient." Pay backs can be a real b \_ \_ h!





## May & June Calendar of Club Events

### May

- 7th Kentucky Derby Day Party  
4:00 PM
- 8th Mother's Day Dinner Buffet  
10:30 AM - 3 PM Brunch  
Dinner Buffet  
5:30 - 7:30 PM Grill Room  
Dinner Service  
with Marty O'Conner
- 17th Ladies' Annual Spring Tea  
& Fashion Show  
11:30 AM
- Opening Weekend**
- 27th Lobsterfest  
with Pittsburgh's Legacy
- 28th Theme Party  
with Pittsburgh's Legacy
- 30th Opening Day  
11:50 Call to Colors

### June

- 2nd Sunset Happy Hour  
6 PM - 9 PM with DJ Toby
- 9th Sunset Happy Hour  
6 PM - 9 PM Braw and Brew  
Night with Matt Kramer Duet
- 16th Sunset Happy Hour  
6 PM - 9 PM with DJ Toby
- 23rd Sunset Happy Hour  
6 PM - 9 PM Shrimp on the  
Barbie with Coyote Joe
- 26th 1st Lazy Lighthouse Sunday  
5 - 8 PM with Uncharted Course
- 28th Inter-Club Regatta  
with Intent
- 30th Sunset Happy Hour 6 pm-9 pm  
with Matt Kramer Duet

# 2005 Spring Tea and Style Show

by Dee Bressler

It's May again and Erie Yacht Club Auxiliary members are turning their sights to another EYC Auxiliary Spring Tea and Style Show fund-raiser to be held May 4th, 2005. Mrs. A.J. Hartman-Wilson, owner of "AJ'S Famous Labels" in the Colony Plaza, once again will present a Fashion Show of beautiful clothing from her shop. The clothing again this year will be modeled by EYC Club members. AJ is also a member of the Erie Yacht Club.

The theme for this annual event will be "Travel With Us" and the luncheon menu will be a delightful sampling of international foods. The proceeds from this Auxiliary fund-raiser supports many projects at the Erie Yacht Club. Last year we decided to fund the materials for building new dinghy cradles for the Junior Sailing Fleet, which is becoming a reality this Spring. Previously we have funded Club landscaping, a lawn sprinkling system for the Club's lawn, a portable plate warmer for improved dining room service, a large glass mirror located at the east end of the Bayside Ballroom, as well as many other projects throughout the years.

Please join us for our Spring Tea and Style Show. This is the only "Fund-raising" event we put on throughout the year so help us make it another sell out... you'll be glad you did.





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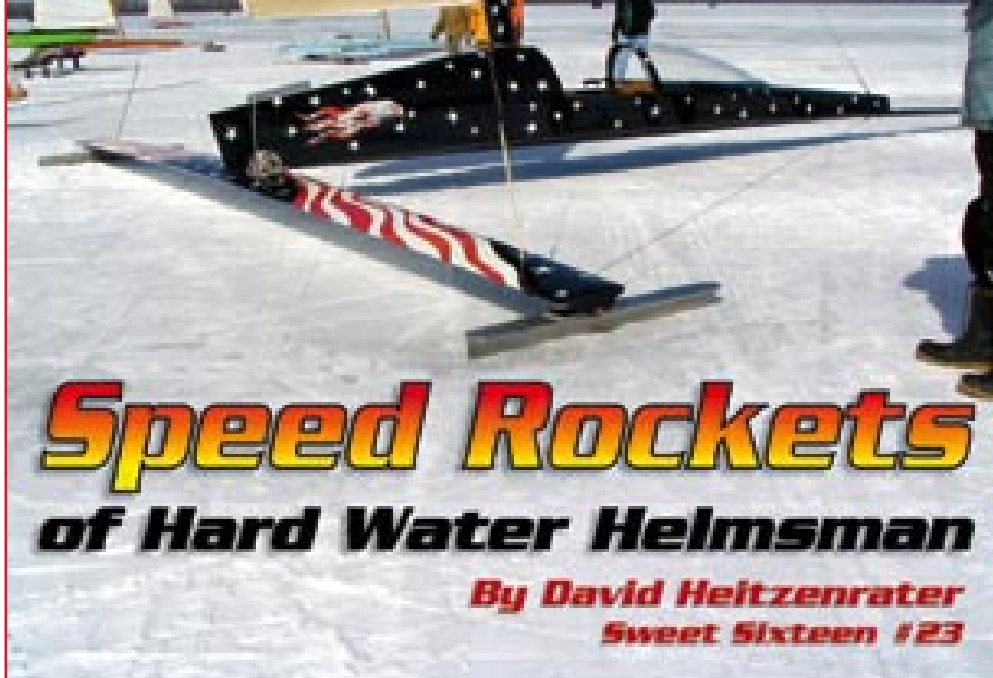
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Above is the winning boat of the International Skeeter Association 2005 Championship piloted by Tom Nichols.

You may have noticed the some strange looking craft as you have scanned across our Presque Isle Bay on a lazy Sunday winter afternoon. If you looked carefully you could see the sun reflecting off the white sails and runners that at times seemed to almost disappear as they had quickly changed direction and headed toward you. In reality, those afternoons were quite exciting for the participants on the ice. We are talking about Ice boating or hard water sailing as it is known to our hearty local enthusiasts. These ice yachts can travel at relatively high speeds that when personally experienced are perceived to be even greater because the sailor is just inches above the ice. The strong apparent wind and flying ice chips in the face add to the great speed sensation. These small boats are capable of quickly accelerating and traveling several times the wind speed when the boats and ice conditions are at their best.

The winter sailing season began a bit late and in fact had some of the icemen wondering if there would be any ice boating at all but the ice gods prevailed and the 2004-2005 winter became one of the best seasons in many years. Hard water boating was delayed due to a late freeze and excessive "lake effect" snow but after a short thaw accompanied by rain followed by extended sub freezing temperatures transformed the ice into one of the best local venues for boating in many years.

One highlight of the season was a weekend visit from a New Jersey group of six traveling icemen. These racers from the North Shrewsbury Iceboat and Yacht Club, in Red Bank, New Jersey, had traveled to up-state New York looking for a good plate of ice but were disappointed with too much snow at Lake Keuka location near Penn Yan, NY. Not to be foiled, they pulled out their trusty laptop and found the ice boating page on the EYC

website, called ahead and received good news regarding the ice conditions in Erie. Early Saturday morning found them backed up to the ice at our club with two long boxed trailers.

There was much excitement from the locals as they unloaded and quickly assembled the six Class A Skeeters from their secure enclosures. These are some of the most refined and highly engineered iceboats built today. The hulls are vacuumed formed carbon fiber



Rick Stavola streaking across the Bay while warming up prior to one of their impromptu races.

with foam core laminated epoxy spars. The "pilot" seats himself forward of the mast and slides a clear lexan bubble overhead placing him in a warm somewhat cozy environment. This protected cocoon is quite unlike the exposed open-air cockpit design all of the local sailors experience. These special high speed sails are constructed of Carbon/Kevlar composite treads sandwiched in a Mylar film. There sails are extremely strong and are routinely subjected to near hurricane force winds as the apparent wind on the sail is much greater the boat speed.

The A class Skeeter is an unlimited boat design with a single rule that limits the sail area to a maximum of 75 square feet. One of our visitors was Past World Champion Dan Clapp. His current boat is 28-feet long with a 22-foot wide runner plank and has 28-foot tall rotating winged mast. This is his tenth boat in a continuing effort to develop and build the fastest boat possible to sail around a race-course. You may have guessed these boats are not inexpensive!

After a day on the ice, the commodore and a few boaters welcomed the visitors into the EYC lounge for a few post race stories and beverages.



North Shrewsbury Ice Boat and Yacht Club member, Rob Marsh, setting up his boat before "launching" across the bay.

Several of the visiting racers went on to race in the 2005 International Skeeter Association Championships that were completed on Sunday, March 5 at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. In fact our guests, # XX94 Tom Nichols, # N59, Bill Stavola and # N53 Dan Clapp finishing first, second and third respectively in the open Class A Skeeter division.

Back to our local fleet. Many fast miles were logged cruising throughout the solid bay waters from the EYC to Dobbins Landing. Numerous impromptu races around the markers occurred and many days on the ice





ended over war stories and grog well past the setting sun. The local fleet is comprised approximately sixty boats of various designs including Arrows, Skeeters, Stern steerers, DN'S, Locky Skimmers, a Nite and other assorted varieties. Any winter evening or weekend with good ice will produce a large number of boaters on the ice.

The local ice yachting season lasted past St Patrick's Day and ended on March 20th when the last the boats were removed from the waning ice sheet. Although the bay ice remained, the warmer temperatures and high sun had placed the eight inch thick ice sheet in an unreliable status for safe crossing at speed. The boats have now been put to rest awaiting the next coming of the hard water.



Dan Clapp, aka: "The King", has won the International Champion crown many times. Here Dan takes a leisurely ride in his N53 rocket ship *Insanity* before the races began.

Check the EYC website for more ice boating information:  
[www.erieyachtclub.org/sailingfleet/iceboat.html](http://www.erieyachtclub.org/sailingfleet/iceboat.html)



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# Ye Ol' EYC Planks

by P/C John Ashby



In late 60's or early 70's Carol & Jack Schultz and yours truly at the bar. Hey...who's that beside me?

As we move into our beautiful new bar I thought a little reminiscing about our old EYC "planks" might be appropriate.

My recollection of the first clubhouse on this property, which was located just north of the circle inside of the current gatehouse entrance, began around age 5 and ran into my early twenties. I can remember as a kid my parents and so many other members back in the 1950's, having an absolute ball in



Northeast corner of the 1920's bar at the old clubhouse on this current property. Photo circa 1950's.

the Club's bar. Even though there was a rule against members bringing musical instruments into the Club, they had great jam sessions whenever they felt like it. Not only did they play their guitars, banjos, clarinets and Fred Downey's famous "wash tub base", but they would all sing along to "Has Anyone Seen My Gal" and all the crooning tunes of the 40's and 50's pop charts.

One beautiful summer day back in 1965, a Saturday afternoon it was, Jack Schultz and John Franzen and I, were comfortably seated at the old Clubhouse bar enjoying a cold beer or two. Then, out of the blue, the bartender Nick Bracalento said "Hey you guys can't be

sittin' here drinkin' beer, you ain't even members. "But Nick, our parents are" was our reply that fell on deaf ears and went absolutely nowhere with old Nick. So we said, "What do we have to do?" Nick thought about it for a couple of seconds and came up with a plan that suited all four of us. Nick said, "Well I 'spose it'd be alright if you guys at least had applications for membership filled out." Well that sounded good to us so we followed Nick into the little office by the staircase inside the front entrance of the Club and he passed out applications to the three of us.

Well, it being a beautiful summer day, we ran out the porch doors on the north side of the Club and were able to find enough members around the Club grounds and on their boats to sign our membership applications. So we were back on those same bar stools in a matter of about five minutes and finishing our still cold beers that were waiting for us exactly where we left them. The Club was a lot smaller then, maybe 200 to 250 total members, which made solutions to problems like this commonplace.

The current members who were around back in those days have to admit that that Clubhouse served us very well for a long time



Look at what hanging around the Ol' EYC "planks" can do to you...and these two are Past Commodores, Bob Allshouse and Kerry Schwab. What a shame!



Hank could always find the best looking girl at the bar... hey Hank she's one quarter your age.

and the members had absolutely tons of fun gathered around that "old EYC plank".

Our current Clubhouse, which we moved into in 1968, has seen many levels of decorating, redecorating and expansion. Most of these have been minor in nature except for the last two, in 1993 and our current 2005 project, which when combined, cost in excess of a million dollars. I can tell you first hand that the '93 project paid for itself (\$662,000) many times over, and I'm sure that the current bar renovation project will repeat the '93



Three old sailors Rick Barner, Gerry Deimel and Ken Sorenson at the plank being watched by an Ol' reprobate Hank Lorence.

experience and be a highly profitable move for the Club.

How could we not be proud of our absolutely beautiful new bar with an even more spectacular view of our surroundings than we were afforded with either of the old bars...it's nothing but out of this world gorgeous! I'm sure that both members and guests will appreciate the superb job accomplished by the vision of the current Bridge and Board. You know, not only is our view the finest in the entire Erie area, but try to name a yacht club anywhere that can match, let alone exceed, what we have at the Erie Yacht Club.

Questions:

- Did the first Clubhouse have a bar?
- Did the EYC's Station #1 have a bar?
- Did the temporary Clubhouse on our current property have a bar?

Please direct your answers to the author for a future LOG article.

Thank you Bridge and Board and a special thank you to Rear Commodore John Murosky who acted as the Club's Project Manager for the renovation ... Great Job!







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# 8 in a Row

by P/C John Ashby

RB	9	16	23	39	45	53	62	70	79
KK	8	16	25	34	54	83	103	122	122
MK	30	60	90	120	150	180	208	228	228

For changes 537 537

Tension mounted in all corners of the bowling emporium as Mike Krugger hit strike after strike flawlessly. "Hey look... not bad, three in a row." Then there were four. Then five and word spread among the EYC bowling league that something special was happening. Then six and nobody wanted to "over notice" or "say a word" or "hang around watching" or do anything that might curse what might, and actually could happen. Then there were seven in a row and the veil of suspense built to a whole new level as eyes darted and whispers were spewen about. Could it be? Did it ever happen before in the long history of the Erie Yacht Club Bowling League... a perfect game? Big X's uninterrupted from one side of the score sheet to the other. The bowler seemingly unaffected by his attempt to achieve the accolades, the glory, the renown reputation gained from the elusive 300 game. With nerves of steel he approached the line delivering his ball in the groove, with a masterful display of confidence and steadfast courage as the ball struck the pocket perfectly and number 8 in a row was in the bag and rung up on the electronic score sheet displayed on the overhead screen.

The ninth frame. Now there were literally hundreds of eyeballs focussed on ever detail of Mike's approach, his delivery and the course of the ball's trajectory as there was an explosive burst taking apart those pillars of petulance. And... and... he missed!

"Ah, no, he missed. He blew it. Damn that could have been a perfect 300 game. Eight in a row and he blew it." Nobody really said any of that stuff Mike. I just made that up.

Because I say, "Blew it... bull!" How many of us ever rolled a 262 game. I'll bet not many. Mike, it was a beautiful game. Congratulations and thanks for giving the rest of us a lesson in "pin pounding". It was fun for all of us just being your silent cheerleaders.



# Ten Things You Probably Don't Know

by P/C John Ashby

- The 57 on Heinz Ketchup bottles' design actually was the number of varieties of pickles the company sold at one time.
- The Declaration of Independence was written on "hemp" paper.
- The dot over the letter "i" is called a "tittle".
- 40% of McDonald's profits come from the sale of Happy Meals.
- Every person on the planet has a unique tongue print.
- During the chariot scene in the movie "Ben Hur" a small red car can be seen in the distance.
- Donald Duck comics were banned in Finland because Donald doesn't wear pants.
- The name Wendy was made up for the book Peter Pan, there was never a recorded "Wendy" before!
- Warren Beatty and Shirley MacLane are brother and sister.
- There is a wide range of hues in the color orange, but there is not one word in the dictionary that rhymes with it.



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This photograph looks much like our area except for the palm trees and the large cruise ship on the far left. The actual location is Port Vilamoura in Portugal.

## Marabella, Spain (continued from page 15)

there, sipping a glass of wine, and enjoying the spectacular view of the Mediterranean. The lounge was truly elegant and spacious. What a wonderful way to spend an afternoon.

The boats - yachts - were a sight to see. We were especially impressed by the number of large yachts - 100 feet plus - docked there. One of the yachts, we were told, belonged to Michael Douglas. I saw many handsome men, but none looked like Michael Douglas. Tony was searching for his wife.

As salt water takes a much greater toll on all equipment, most gates and moorings were of stainless steel and plexi-glass. The finger docks start about two feet wide and come to a point at the end of the dock - allowing for

easier egress and taking less space. The boats seemed very close together.

While in Marbella, we also talked with a gal, Jacquelyn, who was on the board of the marina there. The marina was called Salvamento Maritimo. She did not know of a burgee-it was not a yacht club as we think of them, but rather an organization of the port.

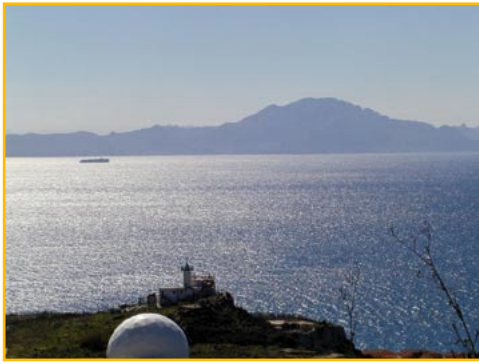
Another note - the Mediterranean Sea has very little tide. The Sea is almost always calm except of course in stormy weather. Even then, waves were only a few feet.

This is not a travel log, but I cannot resist including a few comments about the Rock of Gibraltar. It is everything you have ever read - extremely impressive and has quite a history. The Rock is not an island, rather a peninsula. We went as far as we were allowed to go to the top, and viewed Africa and Spain



This is the magnificent entrance sign to Gibraltar... The "Cradle of History".





Looking south across the Straits of Gibraltar is the continent of Africa.

(the mountains) on the other side. The Strait of Gibraltar is only 34 miles wide and it was easy to understand why it was vital to the defense of the continent. About a dozen large ocean going ships were docked, most likely because of the big oil refineries located in nearby Spain. The apes were very friendly and you could tell that the Rock was definitely their home and we were visitors.

In case you are interested, I do have the application forms to join Club de Mar in Puerto Benus. Also, with those papers, a description of the Club is included along with an explanation of Club benefits and perks. The writing is in Spanish... Maybe we could get a reciprocal?!



Note: most of the boats in Puerto Benus are backed into the dock with bow anchors set.

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# Summer Picnic Coming July 10th

by Norm Wilson

Here's a recipe for fun:

- Carloads of kids, mixed with parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles - friends / family.
- Add a scoop of sunshine; stir contents in a welcoming venue.
- Baste continuously with fun games, rides and a petting menagerie.
- Fuel the family picnic with burgers, dogs, and cool refreshments.
- Finally, digest a wonderful day that will whet your appetite again this year - July 10.

Hooray for a place like the EYC that remembers every good recipe requires a good oven (EYC), choice ingredients (family, friends) all mixed together!







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# Derby Party

by Jill Robertson



Who knew that people who enjoy riding the waves also enjoy watching the ponies! Every year, the first Saturday in May, the Erie Yacht Club fills with sailors who, for the day, are more interested in the horses than the direction of the wind. This year the Kentucky Derby will be Saturday, May 7.

Gather up the crew and come on down for some Mint Julips and festivities beginning around 4:00 p.m. Be sure to check the local paper for postrace times and come enjoy the race on our big screen in the newly remodeled Grill Room and Bar. See you there!



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# May Motorcycle Madness

by Jan Stachelek



EYC members can take refuge in the PDYC clubhouse bar as did Conrad Stachelek and Debra Ferretti in 2004.

It's May, it's Friday, and it's the 13th! Translation: it's off to Port Dover for motorcycle madness. Every Friday the 13th, no matter what time of the year, our friends across the pond in Port Dover close their town to all traffic possessing more than two wheels. If you have never been, this is a spectacle worth seeing at least once. For all those who are veterans of this incredible event, the parties, the music, the vendors, and the roar of engines keep them coming back year after year. And every year, the crowd has gotten bigger and bigger.

Last year, a record 60,000 motorcycles clogged the streets, parks, grassy areas, and roads of the tiny town of Port Dover. The draw bridge into the town closes to all automobile

traffic very early on Friday morning. Only two wheelers allowed. So if you plan to drive, make sure you arrive on Thursday. Your other option is to arrive by boat where our friends at the Port Dover Yacht Club will make every effort to accommodate you. The road to the PDYC is before the bridge, so if you arrive by car, you can almost always find a welcome parking space at the Club. A short walk from the Club to downtown will bring you right into the heart of the madness.

Having attended for the first time last year, I can tell you that 90% of the motorcycles present are Harley Davidson's. But what Harleys! One can see vintage bikes, specialty bikes, custom bikes, on up to the top of the line newest models. Sprinkled into the mix are a

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number of super-bikes (of the Ducati, Honda, Suzuki, Yamaha variety), as well as some very amusing novelty bikes. Every shop in Port Dover, even the pharmacy and the grocery stores, display and sell Friday the 13th memorabilia. In addition, motorcycle accessory vendors of all types display their wares in booths all over town. Leather is definitely the most featured item, but you can also find tee-shirts and trinkets for sale every five feet. Bars and restaurants are packed both day and night, but the food is good, and there is live enter-

tainment at almost all of the establishments on Friday night.

Robin McFarlane, Commodore of the Port Dover Yacht Club, tells me that the Club is hosting a ladies luncheon on Saturday the 14th. There is limited space, but if you plan to spend the weekend in Dover, a quick call to the PDYC may secure your reservation. So whether or not your boat is in the water, think about kicking off the season early with a trip across the pond for this one of a kind event.



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# Sunset Happy Hours Coming in June

by Alex Webster



"Remember last summer on the deck..." even in winter I hear that phrase pop up in conversation. I seem to hear it a little more at this time of the year as all of us Erieites pine for summer.

Well summer "happy hour" is back! With some GREAT "old traditions", and new additions, and new twists on our old favorites!

Thursday night Happy Hour on the deck will begin the first June 2, with Toby there to ring in another wonderful summer. Each happy hour will have drink specials from 5:30 to 7:30 with the entertainment extended until the crowd dwindles. Also, one Thursday each month in June, July, August and September will feature LIVE entertainment including Coyote Joe on June 26th. there will also be complimentary appetizers, frozen drinks and of course the best sunsets anywhere.

Back by popular demand will be "Lazy Lighthouse Sundays" they will happen every other Sunday, beginning June 26th from 5-8, on the lighthouse deck, with live entertainment by Uncharted Course as well as several other duets throughout the season. The BBQ menu will be available again with burgers, shrimp, steak and other menus that our wonderful kitchen staff dreams up. On the "off" Sundays, the staff is working to organize sunset on the clubhouse deck, with a simple BBQ menu of burgers, and hot dogs and hopefully entertainment with a DJ for a few hours to wind down the weekend. These are a great finish to the day of boating and a great alternative to pizza.

So bring some friends and your dancing shoes and join us for Thursday Sunset Happy Hour on the Deck, Lazy Lighthouse Sundays and Sunday on the Deck, beginning in June. Read your club mail for the entertainment each week and the weekly snack and drink specials.





# If Only These Walls Could Talk... and these walls will!

by P/C John Ashby

**T**he old saying “if only these walls could talk”, like many other unique features of the Erie Yacht Club, our hallway walls will “talk” in the future. The only question is when?

As part of our just completed renovation project, the hallway running from the front foyer to the west entrance also got a facelift. The north wall is new....completely new, with coat rack areas, a business center, see-through fish tanks and a second east end entrance to the new grillroom. The south wall has a couple of new office doors, new wall coverings and newly painted trim, but the same old basic wall with some slightly altered abilities... this wall will speak someday.

As a fun aspect of the renovation project a sign was added to the south wall of the hallway after all the Past Commodore's photographs and display cases, as well as the old wall coverings were removed. The sign read:

“RENOVATION WALL  
SIGN THE WALL  
with the Markers provided”

Felt tip markers were available for those who were so inclined to leave future EYC members a message from the past. Then Mickey McMahon of Beals-McMahon Painting treated the wall before hanging the new wall covering so in maybe 10 or 15 years, or maybe even as far out as 20 years from now, when some future board says, “Let's spruce up that hallway”, then all the members' messages will be “talking” from way back in 2005. It's just one more thing that can only happen at the hallowed halls of the EYC.

How many of us will still be around here in 10, 15 or 20 years from now? What will the future members think when they read all the cryptic messages from an earlier generation? I hope someone will be around who remembers “the talking wall” so they can inform the powers that be about it's existence.





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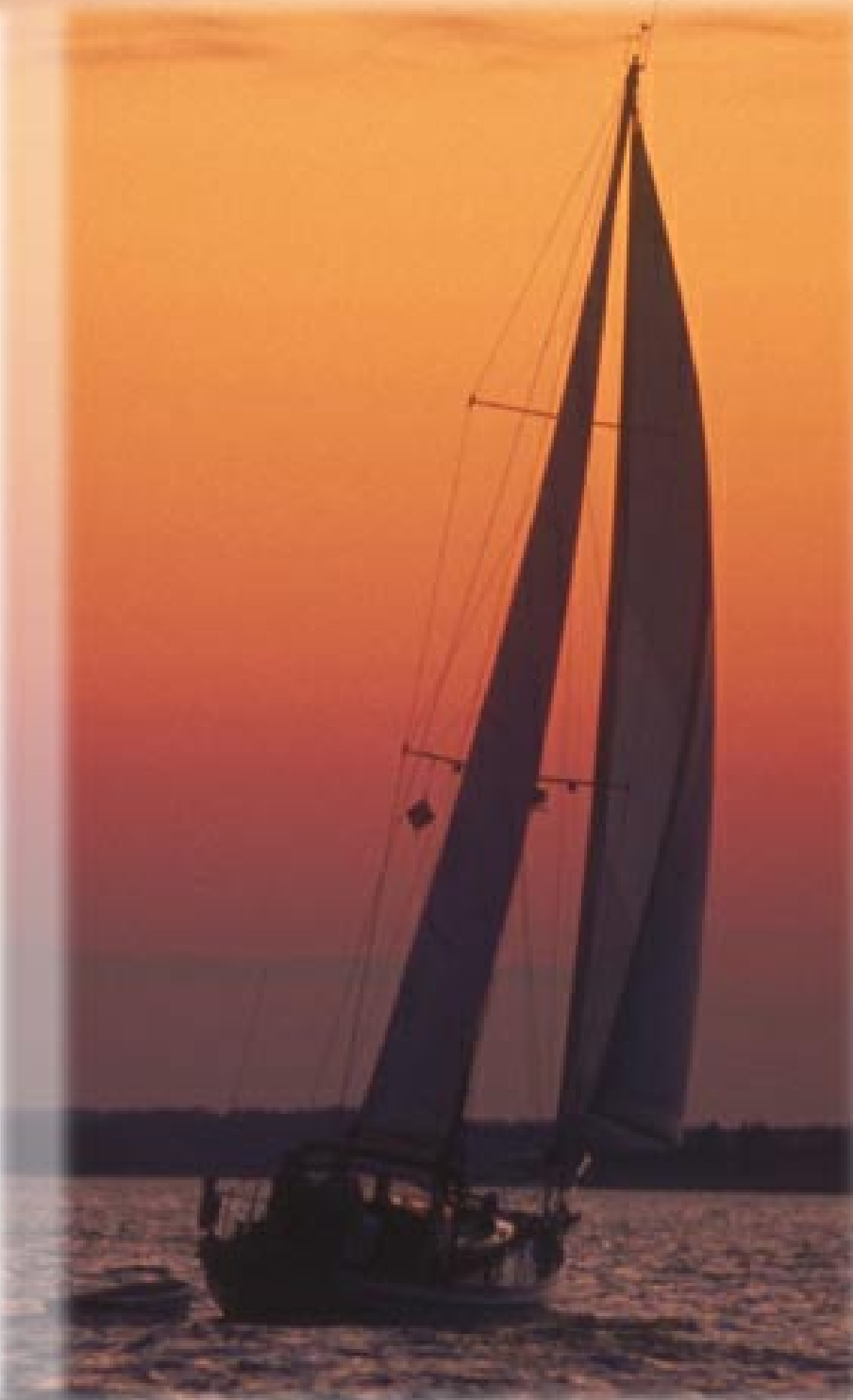
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