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From the Bridge

Vice Commodore Gerry Urbaniak

A Friend Indeed!

Running far below the scope of the public's awareness of our Club is an element that few talk about, but all of us should be very proud of. That element is the quiet, but fervent generosity of Erie Yacht Club members.

Over the years, our members have given of their time, have supported activities, and have opened their hearts and wallets to help many fine and deserving programs and organizations. Although no one has ever tallied the total amount contributed during the course of our distinguished history, that amount would certainly be in the millions.

Whether it is the Regatta for the Red Cross,

the St. Martin's 'Shining Star' gift program, The St. Vincent Pirate's Night, our yearly Frolic on the Bay, Event for the Mercy Center, the Bay Swim, ILYA Yachtsman's Fund, the WQLN Annual Fundraiser, the Celebrate Erie Sponsorship, the free 'Safe Boating Course', the donation of sailing lessons, or this year's spectacular 'Niagara Gala', to name just a few, our Club members' gifts are generous and consistent.

This spirit of generosity makes me very proud to be a member of this great Club, and it proves that for so many less fortunate members of our community, the Erie Yacht Club has been 'A Friend Indeed'.



Directory

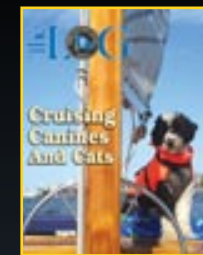
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On the Cover...

Nagle's "Grady" has been well trained to always wear a PFD while enjoying a day on the water. "Good Mama and Daddy" for taking such good care of you. Now get a human back on the helm!



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“Paws for a Cause” Cruising Canines & Cats

by Debra Giewont

For those of you who are well acquainted with me, you know that I have quite an interest in animals and particularly a fancy for companion dogs. Many of you have probably seen our Portuguese Water Dogs, “Oliver Hazard Perry” (Ollie), who is quite often seen working the bow on *Coyaba* during the Wednesday night races, and the newer member of the family just putting in her first sailing season, “Born on the 4th of July – Independence” (Inde).

Everyone asks me if they are related to Bo O'Bama. Yes, I do have bragging rights. Ollie's father (Rudder) is the grandfather of the Presidential Dog.

Inde can often be found at the helm on *Coyaba* with Ollie the tactician to her right, and crew, Clem to her left. Clem is my half dog. He belongs to my neighbor, but spends a great

deal of time with us.

As part of my passion for dogs, I've trained dogs for many years showing competitively in obedience and agility. In the past, I have belonged to rescue leagues and taken in many a stray on my own. Of course, there is a story that goes with each rescue mission. A good friend of mine keeps encouraging me to write a book of short stories about my adventures with rescued strays.

Probably the funniest are the stories of a very sweet dog we named Spencer. He was a mix of several breeds, but certainly was part Lab and Golden Retriever and perhaps a little Irish Setter. Spencer could have been a doctoral study for the canine disorder known as separation anxiety.

When he first moved in I attempted to keep

him in a very large crate located in the mud room of our house. Imagine this, I am at work assuming Spencer is tucked away in his crate when I get a call from my neighbor who tells me that Spencer is walking around on our porch roof. The next phone call I received regarding Spencer was an expensive one. Spencer had managed to escape once again, and on his tour of the neighborhood, stopped at a pond to play with some pet ducks. The report I received from the duck keeper was that Spencer did not kill or really maim the ducks, but removed a

few feathers for which the duck keeper felt medical treatment was necessary. In order to smooth his ruffled feathers of I agreed to pay the rather large vet bill for the ducks visit to the vet and the salve that reportedly had to be applied daily until the ducks' feathers returned to full plumage.

There is a happy ending to Spencer's story. With the aid of Prozac he was able to reside indoors with a family who was home almost 24-7.

Due to my affection for companion dogs, nary a one who spends time at the Erie Yacht Club goes unnoticed by me. Steve and I just moved *Coyaba* to N Dock this year and were happy to find that there are many EYC dogs on N-dock. Therefore, Ollie and Inde were well received.

There is Rudder, a chocolate lab who hunts with and races with Bill Hertel aboard *Magic*. There is Buffet, a black lab who enjoys sitting on the back porch of his new house boat with Dick and Debbie Robertson. Jake is a German short hair mix that I am told belongs to Melissa Trost, but who seems to spend most of his time with her parents Tom and Faye on *Keya*. Brutus, a Cavalier King Charles Spaniel is often seen guarding (with a name like Brutus his job must be to guard) Dr. Peter and Amy Lund aboard *Taz*.

Over on the west wall dock there is a young Portuguese Water Dog, Grady, whose owners Joe and Courtney Nagle claim is another great sailor and who races aboard *Ponemah*. There is The Blue Dog, another Portuguese

Water Dog who enjoys fishing and swimming off *Compass Rose*, the power boat of Ron and Lainie Addressi. Blue Dog can often be found covered with sand after running the beach.

Usually seen aboard *Rewolf* are Captain, Sailor and Sunny, the Shelties of Marilyn and Wally Flower. By the way, *Rewolf* is Flower backwards. These boys have traveled about Lake Erie with Marilyn and Wally. Mickey the Wheaton Terrier, of Dr. Peter and Ellie Scibetta and one or more of the Shelties have traveled on all of the Great Lakes aboard Scibetta's *Genesis*.

Bruno, a large flat coat retriever can be found hanging out on *Collision Course* with Gary and Kathy Smith. Docked next to Bruno is Sailor, a Yorkshire Terrier who hangs out with Fred

Sickert on *Schock Top*. Skip Knoll has his Bichon Frise, Daffney who is quite at home on his boat *Radiance*.

You can also find Marco and Polo, two beautiful labradoodles aboard *Camelot* with owners Michael and Mia Kavic. Just down the dock Rudy, a red Lab, can often be found with owners Atty. Richard and Judith Klaber aboard *Praeceptor*. Another little Brewtis finds joy with his owners Hillary and Lee Gehrein aboard *Joy Ride*.

I have also recently learned that the boat “*Fat Cat*” has cats aboard. Lounging around with Ron and Rose Sigmond are four Birman

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Striking a regal pose on the bow of *Rewolf* are Marilyn and Wally Flower's three beautiful Shelties, Captain, Sailor and Sunny. The bow is a favorite spot for the three to hold court over all in view.

Prolog From the Publisher:
“I read about this fascinating story on line and decided to contact the adventurer who witnessed this phenomena to see if we could use his fascinating story in the LOG. He was more than gracious and offered us his original script and all these terrific photos as well.”

We left Neiafu in the Vava'u group of islands in the northern part of Tonga on Friday the 11th of August, 2006 sailing toward Fiji. There was no wind, so we motored along toward an offshore island called Late Island. We had seen the chart of the area known for volcanic activity and since they (Metis shoal and Home reef) both are south of Late Island, we thought it was best to pass it on the north side.

Fairly soon we discovered brown grainy streaks in the water. It looked like heavy oil mixed with water. The surrounding water was strangely greenish, like a lagoon, not the deep bluish color that you normally see sailing offshore. The further southwest we got the streaks turned into heavy bands of floating matter, until the whole horizon was a solid line to what looked like a desert. So far we didn't have a problem, since it was such a thin layer on the surface which got pushed away by the bow wave, but when we entered the solid field it started to pile up and behave like wet concrete.

The sight was unbelievable; it looked like rolling sand dunes as far as the eye could see. Our speed went from 7 knots down to 1 as the pumice stones dragged along the waterline. I have always been very proud of my Awlgrip paint job and the fresh bottom job, so my thoughts went immediately to what was happening with that. We turned around as quickly as we could and headed back the same way we came, toward clear water. As we hit clear water, we turned off the engine and cleaned the raw water strainer. As the pumice stone

floats, some small pebbles had made it into the strainer, but mostly they just clogged up the strainer on the outside of the hull. The worst place was the intake to the head, which was packed with the tiny pebbles.

We had no real idea what to do at that point, but we figured out what it must be and that it had to come from a volcanic eruption somewhere near. We joked around about the superstition of not sailing away on a Friday, you don't get a stronger sign than that the ocean turned to stone. We were too far from land to contact anyone on the VHF radio, so our only options were either to sail south along the pumice rafts or to head back to the islands. I wanted to make sure that everything was OK with the boat before heading off for a longer passage, so we decided to head back toward land and anchor for the night.

We did discuss what would have happened if we had run into this pumice raft at night.

"We Watched an Island Being Born"

by Fredrik Fransson

It was kind of scary entering in broad daylight going under power. Later in Fiji we met another smaller Swedish boat *Sally Blue* that had encountered it during nighttime under sail. They sailed through it under sail power alone, which makes me believe that it had to have been a bit more broken up at that stage. We couldn't have driven through it when we encountered it because it was just too thick.

The next day we put out a call on the radio with a request for any information about the volcanic eruption and got an answer that confirmed it but did not know anything about its whereabouts. We knew that there were two places that have seen volcanic activity in the past, so we decided to sail south of both of them to avoid the pumice rafts that were drifting northwest. We motored out early that morning heading SSW until we encountered the pumice rafts and sailed along them until they were so broken up that we could safely

drive through them. We collected a few stones, some as big as a soccer ball, but the bigger they were the more brittle they were, and with the motion of a sailboat they eventually broke into pieces.

I am not a scientist, but someone told us that it is actually a kind of glass, and when you looked at the bigger pieces, you could really see that structure. Soon we could make out that one of the clouds on the horizon wasn't a cloud but actually a smoke stack from the active volcano. The two areas of volcanic activity in the area are Metis shoal and Home reef and the smoke came from the Home reef area. We were planning to sail south of both these areas, but curiosity overcame us and we headed toward the southern part of Home reef. The closer we came to the island the clearer the smoke stood out from the surrounding clouds, and every so often a massive black pillar shot upward toward the sky. You could see particles raining down. Since the wind was pushing the smoke to the northwest, we decided to go in a bit closer. While the sun was going down, we motored up to within 1 and a half nautical miles of the island. Later I put the coordinates to be 18deg.59.5S and 174deg.46.3W. It was smoldering with steam, but it was possible to get a good picture of it. You could clearly see the three mounds creating a crater with one side breaking off opening up toward the sea. It looked like a big island made of black coal. We reached down and felt the water and it was warmer, although we didn't actually measure the temperature difference. Our concern at the time was to sail away from the island before it got too dark, as we didn't know if we would encounter more pumice rafts. The pumice rafts do not show up on the radar, and

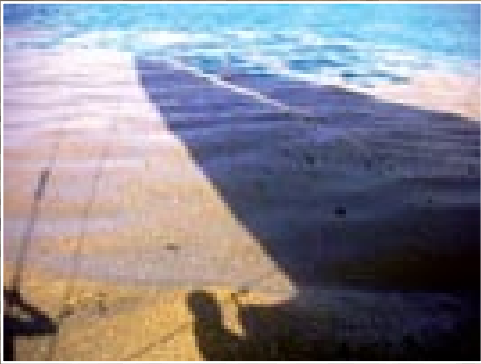
continued on page 32



This is our self portrait covering the entire yacht *Maiken's* crew.



The sea was covered by a rolling blanket of pumice like a beach in motion.



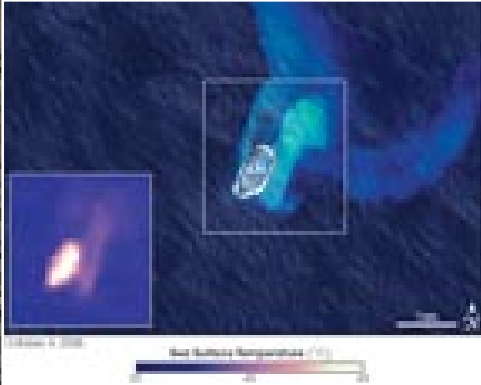
It was an eerie view of the boat's shadow cutting across the mystical pumice spewed from the mouth of a yet not seen volcano.



It was a somewhat unsettling feeling motoring through the undulating ocean of floating pumice lightly scraping down the hull's side.



As I glanced back at our path through the mass of floating pumice, it was closing itself up as if we had never passed its way.



This is a official NASA satellite photo of the island being born on October 4, 2006. Note both the shape of the new cone and the smoke and steam from continuing eruptions.



Where Does It Go From Here?

by P/C John Ashby

It has been some time since I have taken the time to give you an update on the LOG.

First, I would like to thank everyone who has contributed so much in so many ways making the LOG what it is today. Names will not work here because they are too numerous to mention since there have been hundreds of you making it possible. Without all your terrific support, this publication would never have gotten to where we find ourselves today. And anyway, you know who you are so thanks!

The advertising support is the backbone of the LOG's existence. Without the advertisers the LOG could not sustain itself at all. So again, I ask you all to support our advertisers whenever the opportunity arises. Also, please take the time to show your appreciation directly to the advertisers by thanking them in every way you can for their continued support and dedication to the Erie Yacht Club's unique publication.

The terrific, ever growing number of very positive comments on the LOG from so many of our readers, both within the membership and among non-members, is very gratifying. All the fine accolades we receive really says a lot for the talent and dedication of our contributing authors, photographers and advertisers. This growing group of talented people, both members and non-members, in volunteering their time and talents, keeps the content in-

teresting, informative and fun. So again, I want to thank all who have volunteered personally, written, called and emailed your comments on how much you are enjoying the magazine.

Out of all of the people who make the LOG possible, I hold the final responsibility in its publishing. Therefore, I sincerely appreciate the fact that our efforts are so widely and positively lauded, yet I also personally appreciate the fact that our errors, omissions, mistakes and general "screw-ups" are so readily forgiven.

Since so many of you have suggested that we enter the LOG in competitions with other similar publications I have tried to find a worthwhile competition to enter and so far I have not been able to find a category in which the LOG truly fits. Therefore, if you have any suggestions on this topic, please don't hold back, give me your input and we'll see how the LOG fares with the competition ... it should be an interesting effort.

So, what is the answer to the above question, "where does the LOG go from here?" I sincerely believe with all your continued efforts, support and an up-swing in the economy, yea, it has hurt us too, we have a very good chance of seeing a bright and prospering future for the LOG.

Again, thank you all for your highly positive remarks and your continuing support.





...and this is just the 1st night before the first race.

"Help"...I think I'm lost again!"



The InterClub is full of these beautiful scenes of racing.

"...bbbeautiful!"



What a day to be racing on Lake Erie.



Keeping it a tight race is great fun.



OK! Which one is the Canadian?



There are very few sailing events that can compare to the InterClub.



To feel the power of the wind!

Taking a little time to relax... but just a little!



A well fed crew is a happy crew.



OK John, tell us how much fun you had and what a great crew you have and...



2009 Inter Club Cruise

by F/C Dave Heitzenrater

Terrific...EYC got another one! Nice going guys and a great job on your fifth "Over-all" win! That's the InterClub's all time record.



"I'm stuck again in a gaggle of beautiful sailorettes!"



Another hard working EYC crew shows off some of their booty.



After 52 years as founding clubs of the InterClub, EYC and Buffalo Canoe Club finally exchange burgees.

The 2009 Cruise was again described as a six day soirée interrupted by five sailboat races however the competitors all know it's all very serious, both the endless parties and the rigorous races! The weather gods provided a good mix of wind and wave conditions this year testing the skills of the 66 crews representing seven Lake Erie yacht clubs in the varying conditions. The June 27th thru July 1st event raced from the two day stay at our EYC to Port Dover, Ontario and the friendly Port Dover Yacht

Club to Port Colburne and its huge Sugarloaf Harbor Marina adjacent to the entrance of the Welland Canal. The final race was sailed to Pt. Abino where concluding ceremonies were conducted and awards were presented at the quaint Buffalo Canoe Club in their beautiful two story on the water boat house. During the awards presentation, a long overdue exchange of Club Burgees between the Buffalo Canoe Club and the EYC was conducted. The EYC was well represented during the

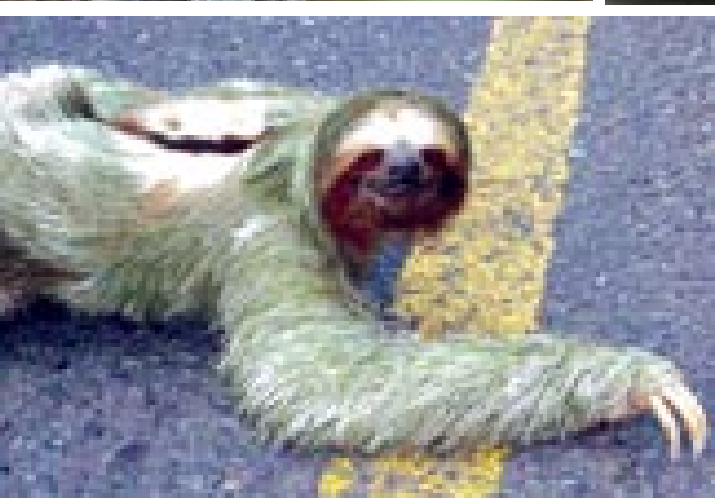
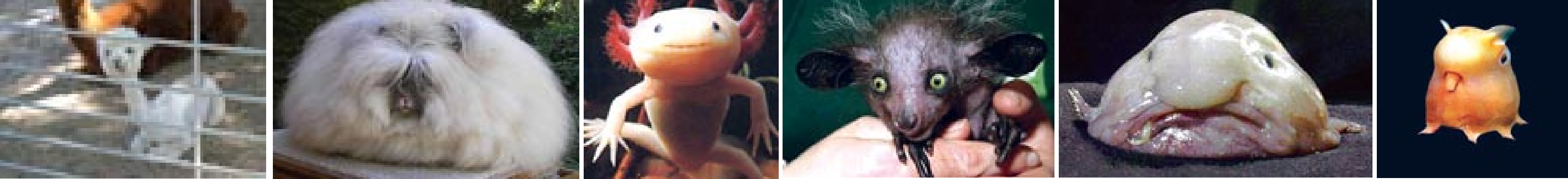
running of the 52nd annual Interclub Cruise with four EYC boats placing in the top 9 overall including 1st and 2nd places to *Graffiti* (Pat

Huntley) and *Lake Shark* (John Bloomstine) respectively with *Powder Hound* (Ron Hamilton) finishing 9th and *Raven* (Dave Heitzenrater) 6th overall. EYC boats swept the Cruising Fleet with *Beach Buoys* (David Blake), *Rakish* (Matt Nemic) and *Nautical Dreamer* (Ben Schneider) finishing one, two, three. This was no fluke as EYC boats repeated their 2008 sweep of the cruising fleet. The Erie Yacht Club is one of the three founding members of the InterClub Cruise and its

racers have always done well beginning with the inaugural 1958 event. Skipper Merle Crowell won the first ever regatta in his 1958 state of the art race/cruiser *Devshir*. EYC crews have now placed First Overall 19 times in the event over its 52 year span with several multiple year winners. Both Frank Zurn (*Melmar II, Kahili*) and Ron Hamilton (*Powder Hound*) are two time winners with Richard Gorny (*Banshee*) taking the top spot on the pedestal three times. Pat Huntley and crew on a fleet of various boats

all christened *Graffiti* have far exceed the success of all other participating yacht clubs and Interclub racers now with their fifth win on an Olsen 30, the current *Graffiti*. Congratulations are in order to all who participated in this 52 year racing tradition. The skippers are already looking ahead to the 2010 event which begins in Buffalo, NY. on June 26th, 2010 which means the EYCRF will host a delivery race to Buffalo on June 24th 2010. Will you be ready?



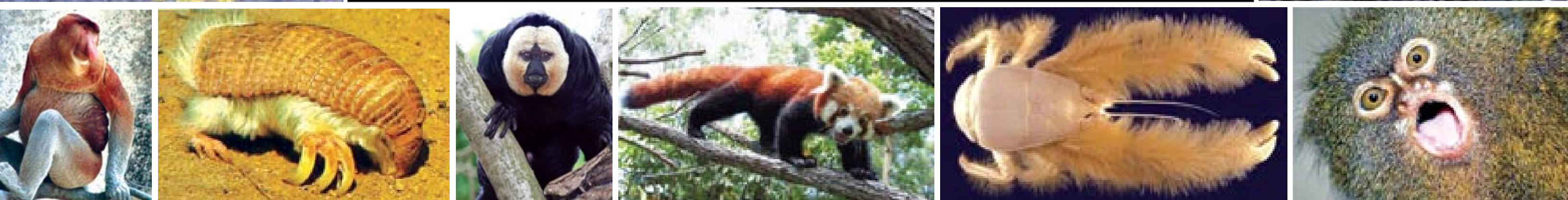


Bizarre Creatures

submitted by John Hauserman

Our planet Earth is populated with plenty of bizarre and astonishing creatures without the need for resorting to fiction.

Some are rare and some are on the verge of extinction. Here are 27 of the most peculiar creatures known to mankind.



Oktoberfest 2009

by Dan Dundon

Our Annual Erie Yacht Club Oktoberfest party started with the EYC Centennial Oktoberfest in 1995. Every year since, EYC Oktoberfest has been a most successful and more-often-than-not, sold-out event! This year's party, our 15th annual Oktoberfest, will still be going strong.

In case you have yet to attend one of these parties, there are a few "little things" you've been missing:

Ja das ist eine Schnitzelbank! Now, that's the answer! Do you know the question? Professor Schultz will lead you in the Schnitzelbank Song! You will learn about Langer Mann, Hin

and Her, Dicke Frau, Kurz and Lang, and (my favorite) Gefährliches Ding (a bad thing).

The Alp Horn! You know those ten-foot-long horns on those European cough-medicine TV commercials? At the Oktoberfest you can join the elite group of Erie Yacht Club Oktoberfesters who can play the Alp Horn.

Shoogling! When you lock arms with one another at your long beer-garden tables and rock to-and-fro or front-to-back, that's shoogling!

Bavarians vs Tyroleans! - Which German ethnic group is "tops"? Some say Bavaria is the most beautiful region. Others say Tyrolea can't be beat! Come to Oktoberfest, and decide for yourself!

In case you have yet to attend one of these parties, there are a few "big things" you've been missing, as well:

Excellent, authentic German buffet! Dinner includes Wiener schnitzel, Sauerbraten, Roasted chicken, Bratwurst, Knockwurst, pumpernickel bread, potato pancakes, German potato salad, sauerkraut, and red cabbage. For dessert there's either black forest or apple strudel. (We alternate deserts, annually, so, no one can say the buffet never changes!).

Later in the evening, big soft pretzels are served!

Non-stop entertainment! During dinner, enjoy favorite German ballads sung by Erie's own Siebenbuerger Singers. Then, the very animated alpine band Heimat Klang takes over with traditional German oom-pah music and a variety of German beer-hall favorites. Alternating hourly throughout the evening with Heimat Klang is The Mad Bavarian. Heimat Klang kicks-off the evening with shoogling and German songs. The Mad Bavarian takes us straight to the Munich beer-gardens with his one-man show of German music and mirth. While Heimat Klang and The Mad Bavarian entertain, roving magician, Jim Bush visits the tables and mystifies with his magical tricks and gags.

Special Oktoberfest brews! On tap in the EYC Beer-hall you will find special beer selections offered only during the Oktoberfest party.

Make no mistake, this is a Genuine Oktoberfest Party. No run-of-the-mill beer, hot dogs or boring bands! Rather EYC offers something special, a real, established Oktoberfest. We really appreciate the ongoing encouragement and support of many dedicated EYC members

who return year-after-year. Also, we could not get along without the help of our dedicated entertainment committee of fellow EYC members.

Begin planning now to attend what has become one of the greatest parties of the year on October 17th! We hope to see you all there, among the many veterans of all 14 Oktoberfests, and the continual stream of new faces (who we know will become regulars). Don't miss one of the most successful and long-lived Oktoberfest parties around!

In case you can't wait, Langer Mann - Tall Man, Hin and Her - back-n-forth, Dicke Frau Fat Lady, Kurz and Lang - Short-n-Long, and Gefährliches Ding - A Demon Dragon.



Why The U.S. Is In Trouble!

submitted by Rick Berger,
BYC Treasurer



A Washington, DC airport ticket agent offers some examples of why The United States is in trouble!

1. I had a New Hampshire Congresswoman ask for an aisle seat so that her hair wouldn't get messed up by being near the window. (On an airplane!)

2. I got a call from a candidate's staffer, who wanted to go to Cape Town. I started to explain the length of the flight and the passport information, and then she interrupted me with, "I'm not trying to make you look stupid, but Cape Town is in Massachusetts". Without trying to make her look stupid, I calmly explained, "Cape Cod is in Massachusetts, Cape Town is in Africa. Her response -- click."

3. A senior Vermont Congressman called, furious about a Florida package we did. I asked what was wrong with the vacation in Orlando. He said he was expecting an ocean-view room. I tried to explain that's not possible, since Orlando is in the middle of the state. He replied, "Don't lie to me, I looked on the map, and Florida is a very thin state!" (OMG)

4. I got a call from a lawmaker's wife who asked, "Is it possible to see England from Canada?" I said, "No." She said, "But they look so close on the map." (OMG, again!)

5. An aide for a cabinet member once called and asked if he could rent a car in Dallas. When I pulled up the reservation, I noticed he had only a 1-hour layover in Dallas. When I asked him why he wanted to rent a car, he said, "I heard Dallas was a big airport, and we will need a car to drive between gates to save

time." (Aghhhh)

6. An Illinois Congresswoman called last week. She needed to know how it was possible that her flight from Detroit left at 8:30 am got to Chicago at 8:33 am. I explained that Michigan was an hour ahead of Illinois, but she couldn't understand the concept of time zones. Finally, I told her the plane went fast, and she bought that.

7. A New York lawmaker called and asked, "Do airlines put your physical description on your bag so they know whose luggage belongs to whom?" I said, "No, why do you ask?" She replied, "Well, when I checked in with the airline, they put a tag on my luggage that said (FAT), and I'm overweight.. I think that's very rude!" After putting her on hold for a minute while I looked into it (I was laughing). I came back and explained the city code for Fresno, CA is (FAT - Fresno Air Terminal), and the airline was just putting a destination tag on her luggage.

8. A Senator's aide called to inquire about a trip package to Hawaii. After going over all the cost info, she asked, "Would it be cheaper to fly to California, and then take the train to Hawaii?"

9. I just got off the phone with a freshman Congressman who asked, "How do I know which plane to get on?" I asked him what exactly he meant, to which he replied, "I was told my flight number is 823, but none of these planes have numbers on them."

10. A lady Senator called and said, "I need to fly to Pepsi-Cola, Florida. Do I have to get on one of those little computer planes?"

I asked if she meant fly to Pensacola, Florida on a commuter plane.. She said, "Yeah, whatever, smarty!"

11. A senior Senator called and had a question about the documents he needed in order to fly to China. After a lengthy discussion about passports, I reminded him that he needed a visa. "Oh, no I don't. I've been to China many times and never had to have one of those." I double-checked and sure enough, his stay required a visa. When I told him this he said, "Look, I've been to China four times and every time they have accepted my American Express!"

12. A New Mexico Congresswoman called to make reservations, "I want to go from Chicago to Rhino, New York." I was at a loss for words. Finally, I said, "Are you sure that's the name of the town?" "Yes, what flights do you have?" replied the lady. After some searching, I came back with, "I'm sorry, ma'am, I've looked up every airport code in the country and can't find a Rhino anywhere. The lady retorted, "Oh, don't be silly! Everyone knows where it is. Check your map!" So I scoured a map of the state of New York and finally offered, "You don't mean Buffalo, do you?" The reply? "Whatever! I knew it was a big animal."

Now you know why the United States is in the shape that it's in!

These would be even funnier until you realize these are the people passing the laws that you and I have to live by. If these people are that stupid just imagine how stupid the people are that vote for them. That in itself is extremely scary!



EYC

by F/C Dave Heitzenrater

"HANDS - ON" GROUNDS COMMITTEE



The time, talent and expertise of our members saves us untold expense and follows a long EYC tradition of volunteerism.

The 2009 EYC Grounds Committee is a hard working hands on group of volunteers among the many hard working EYC volunteers. In addition to monthly planning and review meetings, the committee members themselves have spent many additional hours getting their hands dirty on various club projects.



Team Effort plus Team Work equals success for all the volunteer projects that EYC members support wholeheartedly.



The service that these members provide for the club is absolutely terrific and they deserve a big thank you one and all.

Committee members joined the numerous other member volunteers by directly participating in the Basin project, the construction of our light house ADA ramp by the racing fleet and the current project of the grounds committee, the picnic shelter upgrade. In addition the committee members perform the annual

Ravine Drive and south property spring clean-up. These reliable volunteers include Ed Glass, Scott Heitzenrater, EYC directors Doug Boldt, John Orlando, Matt Nemic, dock master Bill Vogel and F/C Dave Heitzenrater, Chairman.



The EYC volunteers are hard at it doing most anything that the Club desires even to the extent of training our young for the next generation.



Not only do the volunteers do this valuable work but many times bring their own tools.



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Burial at Sea Blonde Style!

submitted by Peg Way



Bubbles and Barbie, two blonde sisters had promised their Uncle, who had been a seafaring gentleman all his life, to bury him at sea when he died. Of course, in due time, he did pass away and the two blondes kept their promise.

They set off from Clearwater Beach with their uncle all stitched up in a burial bag and loaded onto their rowboat.

After a while Bubbles says, 'Do you think we're out far enough, Barbie?'

Barbie slipped over the side and finding the water only knee deep said, 'nope, not yet Bubbles'.

So they row a little farther.... Again Bubbles asks Barbie, 'Do you think were out far enough now? Once again, Barbie slips over the side and almost immediately says, 'No, this will never do, the water is only up to my chest.

So on they row and row and row, and finally Barbie slips over the side and disappears. Quite a bit of time goes by and poor Bubbles is really getting worried when suddenly Barbie breaks the surface, gasping for breath she says, "OK, it's finally deep enough. Hand me the shovel!"



Motorcycle Watches!

motorcycle photos submitted by Robert Way, Jr.



Sailor John Finn gets another Huge Honor on His 100th Birthday



CORONADO — John Finn had a special birthday on July 23rd. He turned 100.

Today, he's getting a special gift.

Finn is the nation's oldest living Medal of Honor recipient, honored for his heroics on Dec. 7, 1941, when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor and dragged the United States into World War II.

His name is on buildings, his likeness is on murals, his story is in books — he's a rock star in military circles.

But he's always considered himself a sailor

first and a hero second, just another naval aviation ordnance guy trying to make sure the machine guns work and the bombs are ready.

That kind of loyalty goes both ways. Local members of a national aviation ordnance association regularly go out to Finn's ranch in Live Oak Springs, near Pine Valley, to cut brush and do other chores.

Today, they are scheduled to host a birthday party for him at North Island Naval Air Station, an invitation-only affair for about 300 people. During the party, they'll give him a gift that's a tribute both to the recipient and to their own flair for logistics.

The gift is an American flag. It's hardly the first ever presented to Finn. But this one spent the past two months hop-scotching the globe so it could be flown for a day on each of the 11 aircraft carriers in the U.S. fleet.

"John is one of us, and we thought it would be a nice way to honor him," said Kirk Brado, a retired ordnance master chief from Chula Vista who helped coordinate the flag's journey.

It was flown first aboard the *Abraham Lincoln*, based near Seattle, in May. Then it was shipped via FedEx to San Diego, for stints aboard the *Ronald Reagan* and the *Nimitz*.

From there it went to Yokosuka, Japan, for the *George Washington*. Next stop was Pearl Harbor, where it was put aboard a cargo helicopter and taken to the *John C. Stennis*, at sea on assignment.

Then it was on to Bahrain, in the Persian Gulf,

to be flown on the *Dwight D. Eisenhower*.

The final leg was Norfolk, Va., where the flag was carried from ship to ship to be hoisted up the masts of the *Carl Vinson*, the *Enterprise*, the *Theodore Roosevelt*, the *Harry S. Truman* and the *George H.W. Bush*.

Brado said the unusual tour was coordinated through e-mail with the ordnance-handling officer on each carrier. The flag arrived back in San Diego about two weeks ago, and is to be presented to Finn along with a certificate from each ship.

Although the flag drew media coverage as it made its way around the fleet, party organizers don't believe Finn knows about it, and are hoping to keep it a surprise. They put him up in a guest room yesterday, away from news outlets.

Giving Finn a flag that was flown on every carrier is more than just a neat trick, the ordnance workers said. Finn, who was in the Navy for 30 years, spent time aboard a carrier, the *Hancock*.

He also received his Medal of Honor, in September 1942, aboard an aircraft carrier, the *Enterprise*. The medal, the nation's highest award for combat valor, was put around his neck by Adm. Chester Nimitz, for whom one of the fleet's current carriers is named.

"He's quite a character, and quite a gentleman," said Jim Saxton, a retired ordnance worker from Point Loma. "John Finn is a big deal to us."



Hubble's Top Ten Shots

in Her Sixteen Years Aloft

After correcting an initial problem with the lens, when the Hubble Space Telescope was first launched in 1990, this floating astro-observatory began to relay back to Earth,

incredible snapshots of the 'final frontier' it was perusing.

Recently, astronauts voted on the top photographs taken by Hubble in its 16-year journey so

SUBMITTED BY PEG WAY

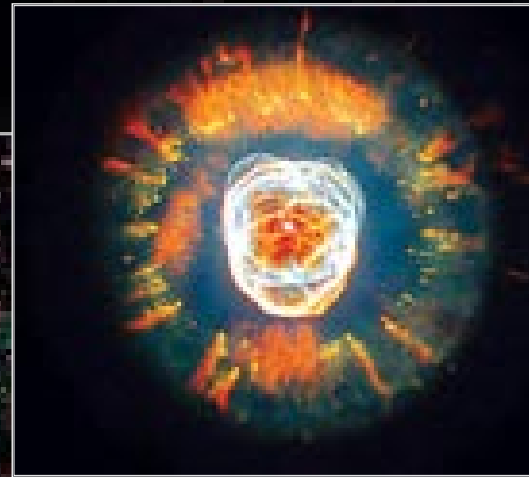
far. Remarking in the article from the Daily Mail, reporter Michael Hanlon says "the photos illustrate that our universe is not only deeply

strange, but also almost impossibly beautiful. So enjoy!



The Sombrero Galaxy - 28 million light years from Earth was voted best picture taken by the Hubble telescope. The dimensions of the galaxy, officially called M104, are as spectacular as its appearance. It has 800 billion suns and is 50,000 light years across.

The Ant Nebula, a cloud of dust and gas whose technical name is Mz3, resembles an ant when observed using ground-based telescopes. The nebula lies within our galaxy between 3,000 and 6,000 light years from Earth.

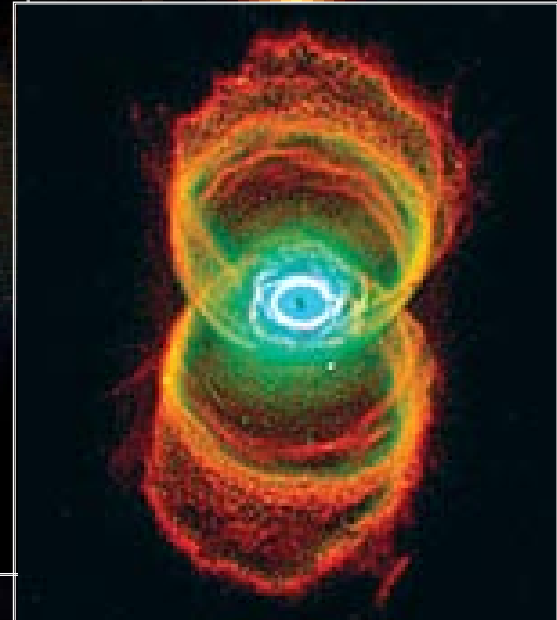


In third place is Nebula NGC 2392, called 'Eskimo' because it looks like a face surrounded by a furry hood. The hood is, in fact, a ring of comet-shaped objects flying away from a dying star. Eskimo is 5,000 light years from Earth.

At forth is the Cat's Eye Nebula.



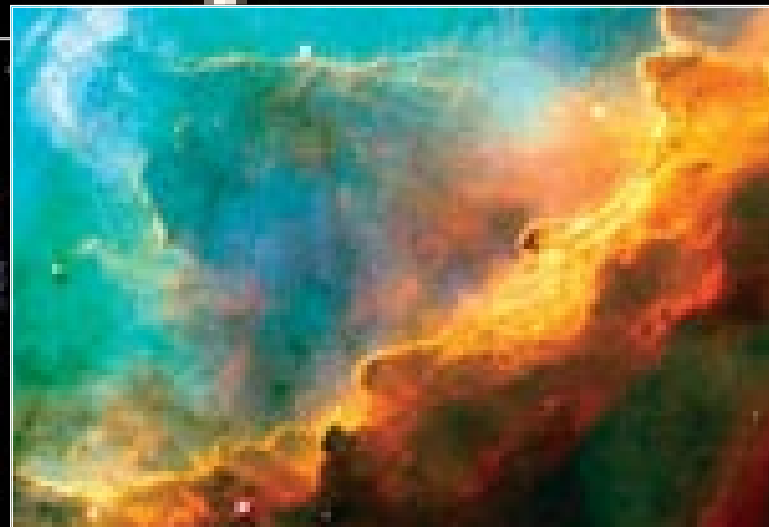
The Hourglass Nebula, 8,000 light years away, has a 'pinched-in-the-middle' look because the winds that shape it are weaker at the centre.



In sixth place is the Cone Nebula. The part pictured here is 2.5 light years in length (the equivalent of 23 million return trips to the Moon).



Starry Night, so named because it reminded astronomers of the Van Gogh painting. It is a halo of light around a star in the Milky Way.



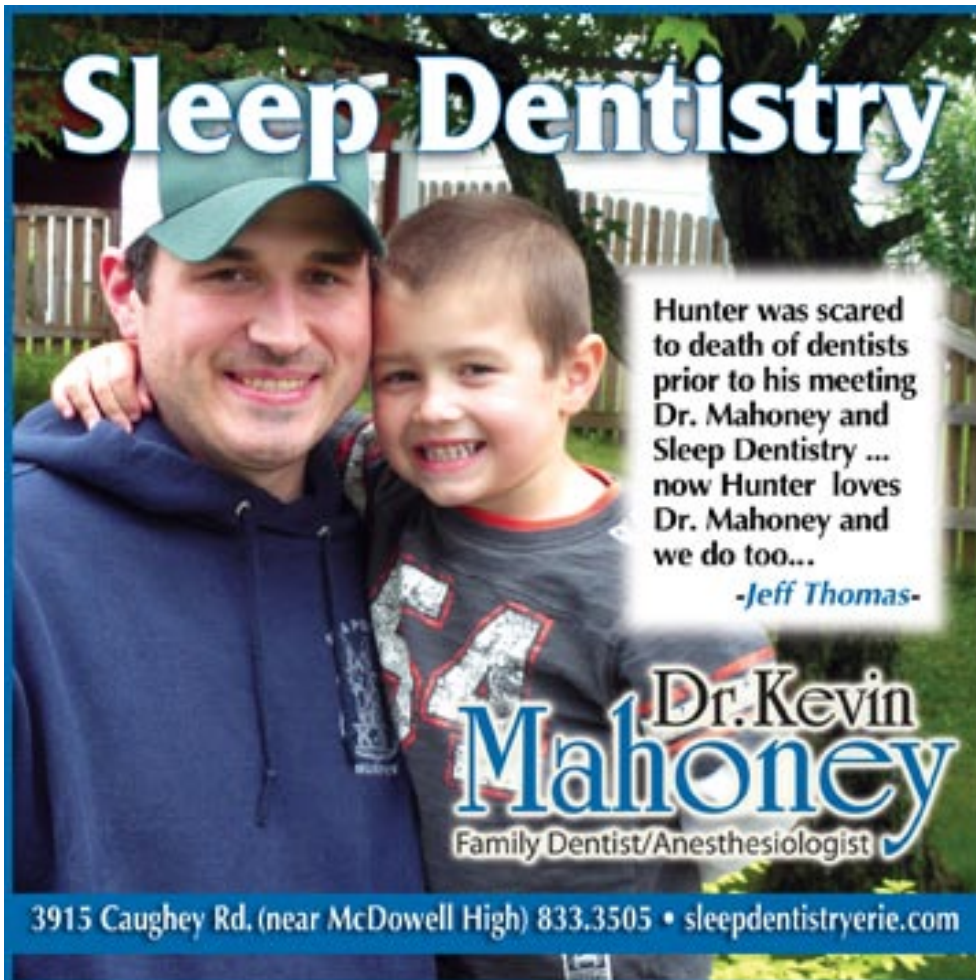
The Perfect Storm, a small region in the Swan Nebula, 5,500 light years away, described as 'a bubbly ocean of hydrogen and small amounts of oxygen, sulphur and other elements'.

The glowering eyes from 114 million light years away are the swirling cores of two merging galaxies called NGC 2207 and IC 2163 in the distant Canis Major constellation.



The Trifid Nebula. A 'stellar nursery', 9,000 light years from here, it is where new stars are being born.

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United States Boarder Patrol

submitted by Gary Boldt

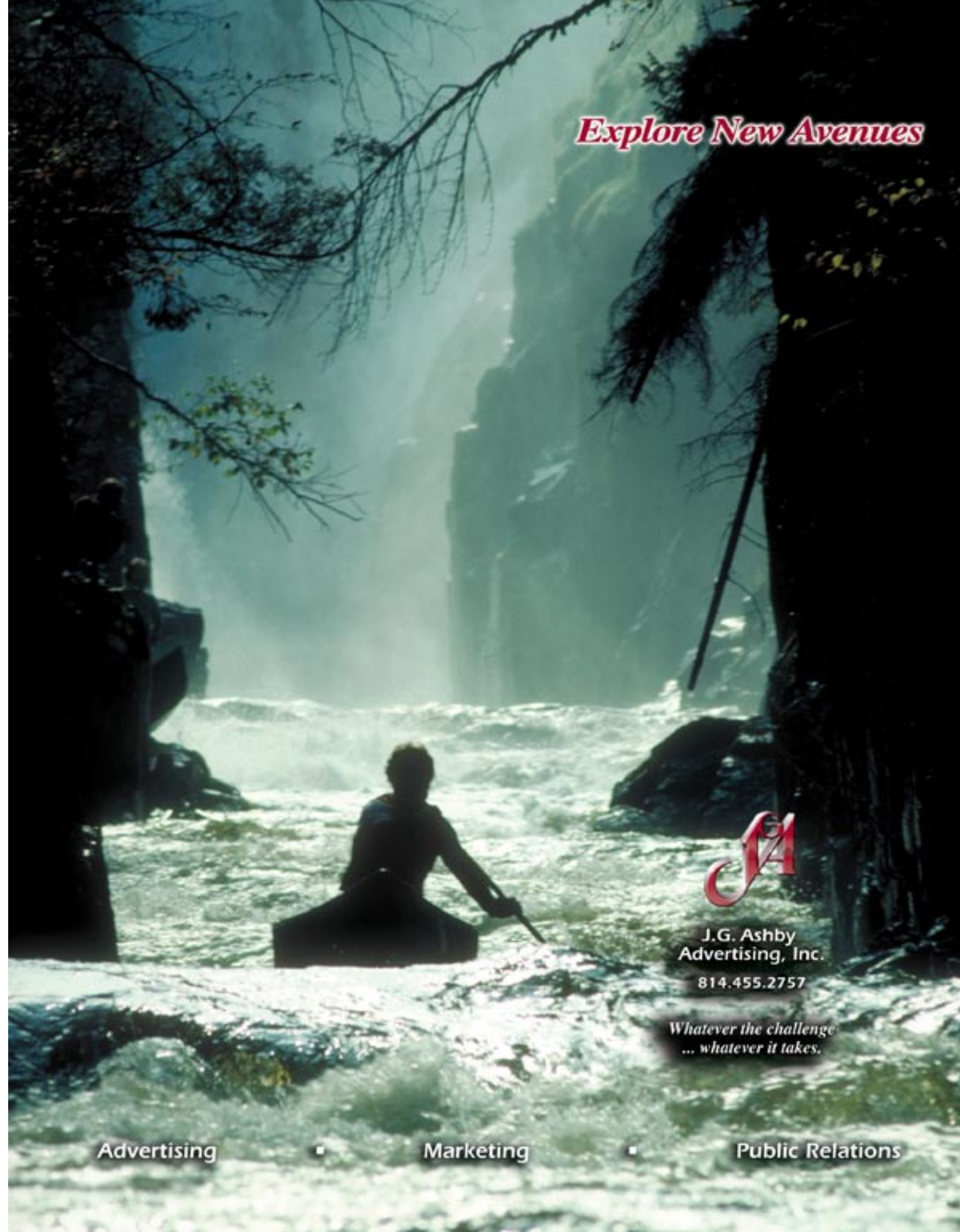
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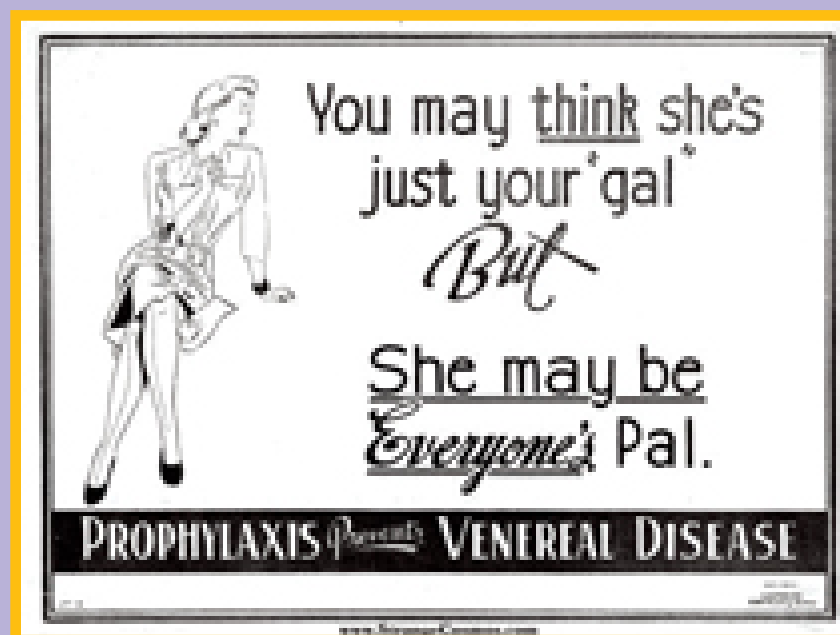



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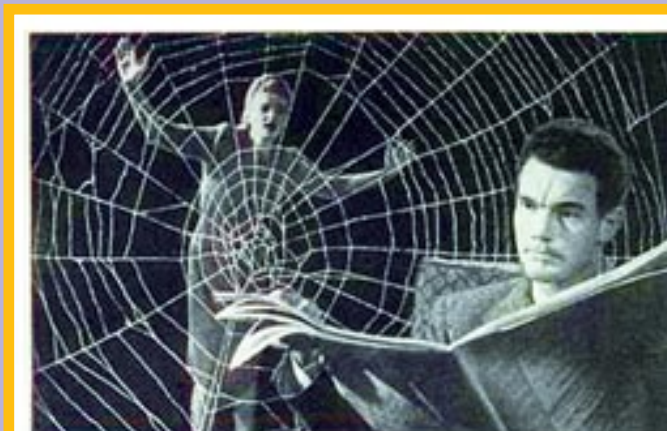
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Both Interesting and Deadly!

submitted by P/C Bob & Mary Morrison, PDYC



"Held in a web of indifference..."

Day after heart-breaking day I was held in an unyielding web... a web spun by my husband's indifference. I couldn't reach him any more! Was the fault mine? Well... thinking you know about feminine hygiene, yet

trusting to home-and-then care, can make all the difference in married happiness, as my doctor pointed out. He said never to run such careless risks... prescribed "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But I broke through it!"

Oh, the joy of finding Tom's love and close companionship once more! Believe me, I follow to the letter my doctor's advice on feminine hygiene... always use "Lysol" for douching. I wouldn't be satisfied now with

salt, soda or other homemade solutions! Not with "Lysol" a proved germ-killer that cleanses so gently yet so thoroughly. It's easy to use, too, and economical. The very best part is—"Lysol" really works!

Many doctors recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene... for 6 reasons

Reason No. 5: DEPENDABLE UNIFORMITY... Uniform in strength, "Lysol" is made under continued laboratory control—is far more effective than homemade douching solutions.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution... always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!



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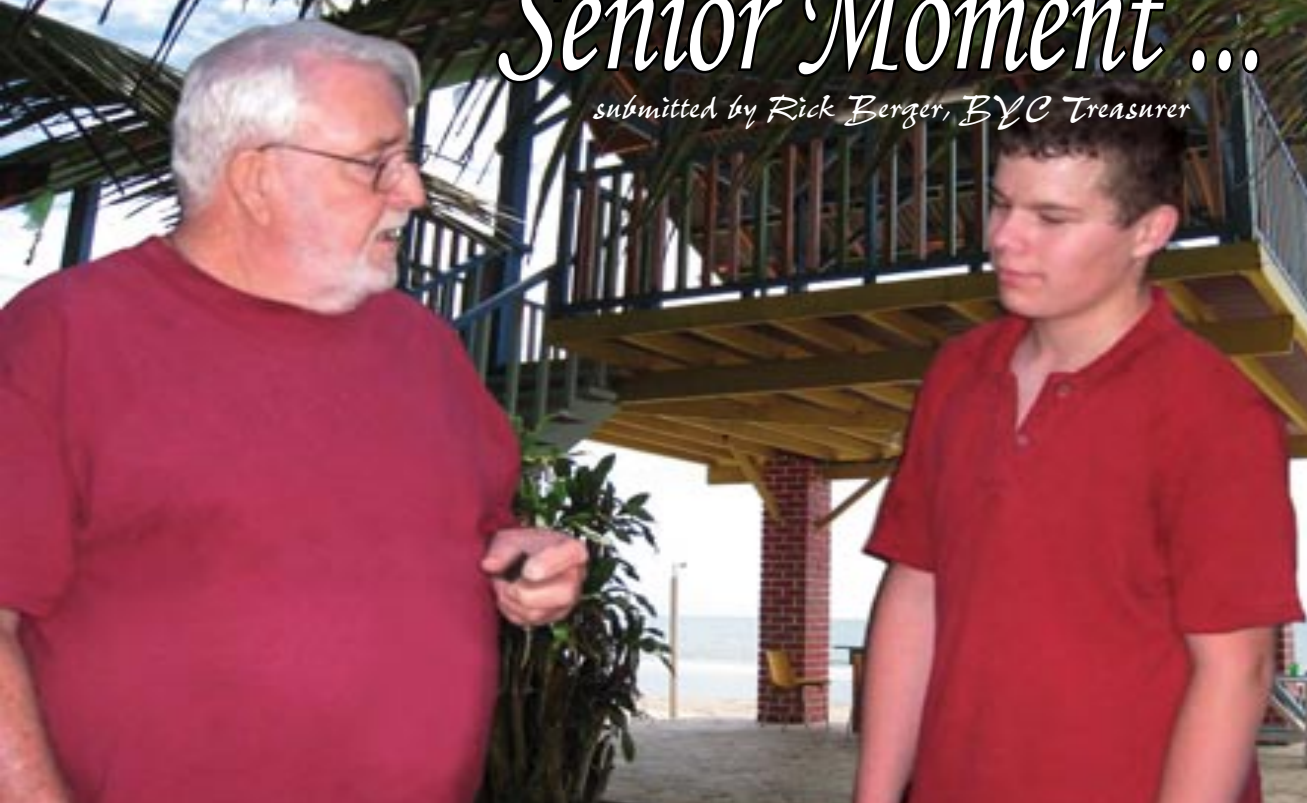
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A Stunning Senior Moment ...

submitted by Rick Berger, BYC Treasurer




A self-important college freshman walking along the beach took it upon himself to explain to a senior citizen why it was impossible for the older generation to understand his generation. "You grew up in a different world, actually an almost primitive one", the student said loud enough for others to hear. "The young people of today grew up with television, jet planes, space travel, man walking on the moon. We have nuclear energy, ships and cell phones, computers with light speed ... and many more."

After a brief silence, the senior citizen responded as follows.

"You're right son. We didn't have those things when we were young ... so we invented them. Now, you arrogant little sh*t what are you doing for the next generation?"

The applause was amazing!



Join the Erie Yacht Club

The ERIE YACHT CLUB is open twelve months a year featuring over 100 annual scheduled events designed specifically to correspond with the changing seasons. The clubhouse serves lunch and dinner Tuesday thru Sunday with the lounge being open seven days a week for members' convenience. Our laid back and relaxed atmosphere is only matched by our spectacular view of Presque Isle Bay and the magnificence of its beautiful encompassing peninsula.

So whether or not you are a boater, the Erie Yacht Club offers all its members more of the good life that Erie has to offer.

The Board of Directors has recently opened 40 slots for Associate Membership at the greatly reduced Initiation fee of \$1000. These openings are available on a first come, first serve basis until the cap is met. An associate member who obtains a boat at a later date may transfer to regular membership with this initiation fee credited towards the regular initiation fee.

For further information or to learn more, contact the EYC Membership Chairman and begin living the Erie Yacht Club experience at one of the finest Yacht Clubs in the entire country.

Contact Information: Rear Commodore Gerry Urbaniak Phone: 814-454-4456 or 814-456-0405 Email: gerem@gte.net Letter: c/o Gerry at the Erie Yacht Club P.O. Box 648 • Erie, PA 16512



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- 3 CAROTID ARTERY SCREENING**
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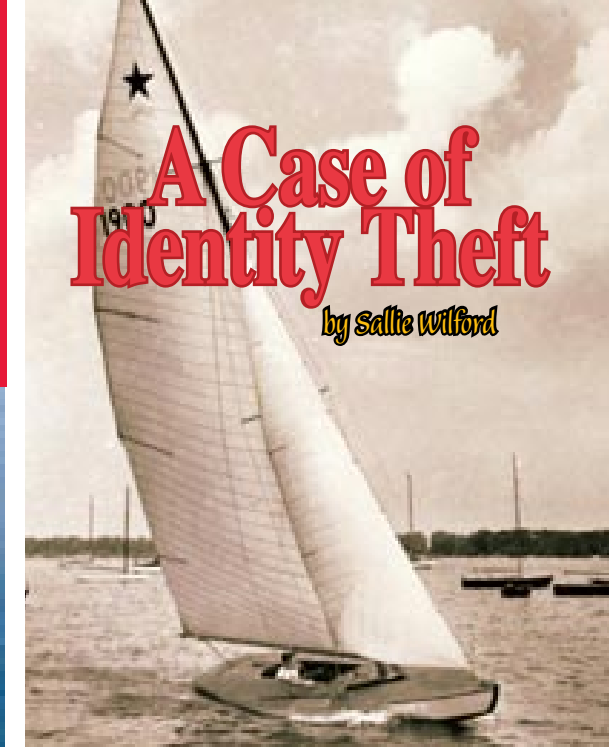
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A Case of Identity Theft

by Sallie Wilford



Many years ago at the EYC, there were many "small boats" sailed and raced which included Stars, Lightnings, Thistles, 18 Footers, Seagulls, and Rhodes Bantams. Also, there was a catch of "open class" which included a small number of boats that didn't have enough entries for their own class.

Once a year, a Ladies Day Race was scheduled, using handicaps for the various class boats. In this race a lady had to have the helm of the boat, but anyone else could crew. It was a three mile triangle course with the start always just north of the club.

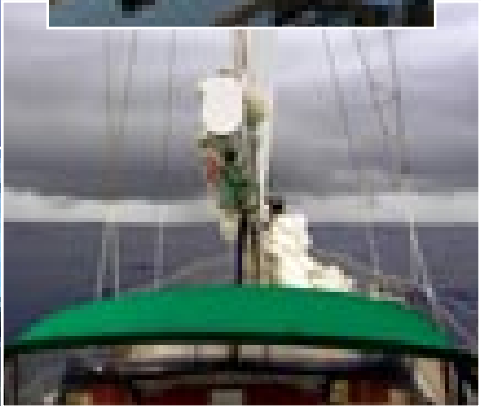
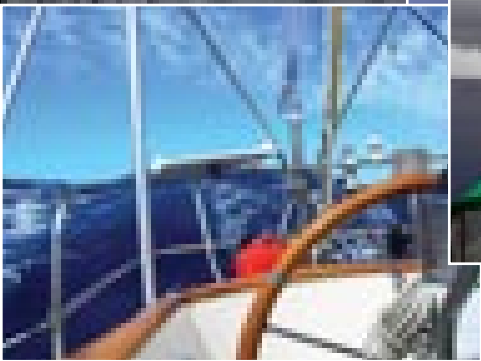
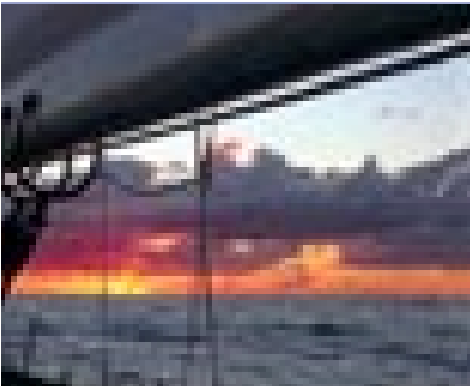
Well, one year my identity was stolen! Two guys entered this Ladies Day Race, sailing a Star class boat with the skipper wearing a blond wig and using my name - Sallie Wilford! The first leg was a broad reach towards the Water Works mark with a perfect Star boat breeze. When they jibed at the first mark, those watching knew no woman could make such a perfect jibe. By the finish, they had quite a considerable lead and crossed at the far end of the finish line, away from the Committee boat. After crossing, they were hailed by the Race Committee to approach the Committee boat and identify their skipper. When told she was Sallie Wilford, the RC knew it was a scam. One of the RC members, who happened to be the father of one of the guys, had a cousin with that name who lived out of town and didn't look anything like this "lady." This illegal skipper was disqualified, I regained my identity and those two guys had a good time and a big laugh.

And the mystery continues ...

Since I don't know Sallie Wilford, the author, we tried to find out who she is and to date all we can only surmise is that she must have been one of the other girls racing in the event. So another yet mystery comes out of this interesting little tidbit of EYC history. Got a EYC historical "Tidbit"? If so don't hold back share it with our growing number of readers.



After our wonderful experience, witnessing the birth of an island, life went back to normal. The remarkable sunsets at sea. The occasional rain storm. The thrill of charging down a big ocean wave, as well as the partaking of God's wonderful menu fresh from the deep.



"We Watched an Island Being Born"

continued from page 9

since we didn't know if this was the end of it, we headed SSW toward the southern part of the LAU group in Fiji. It was an amazing experience to witness, and although the waterline of *Maiken* was scratched a bit from all the pumice, I guess that is the price you pay. Since then we have heard of several sailors running into the pumice rafts, some even during the night which must have been a frightening experience. I think with time the pumice rafts will get a bit thinner and easier to penetrate, as we heard of vessels sailing through them only losing some of their speed. When we were leaving Fiji in the middle of September, we still heard on the radio an account of the pumice drifting up on beaches in Fiji. I was a bit surprised when much later a scientist with the Smithsonian Institute asked for details and photos, and somehow later it ended up with the Associated Press, which led to all the media coverage. I have been told by another scientist at NASA that sometimes these islands do "disappear" with time as wind and wave action breaks them down, but it still shows up clearly on a satellite photo taken in the middle of October, so who knows.

Publisher Epilog: Personal Perspectives on the Author:

I asked Fredrik for some additional "up close and personal" background information on himself to round out the story. The following are my inquiries and his replies.

Q. Do you have any other pictures as well as the names of others on the boat. Also a little about your original float plan would be nice.

A. John, I'm sorry I am unable to give you any other shots now since I am overseas.

My sail plan was always to sail directly from California to the Marquesas Keys in French Polynesia. Although this is a long sail, it is very good sailing. Most sailors first go down south to Mexico and onwards, but then you are actually working yourself east and don't get the best sailing direction.

Since I had sailed through the Pacific before, I decided to stop at fewer islands, but to stay longer at the ones we did visit. One of the highlights on this voyage were the whales in Tonga.

My travel companion on the first part of the trip was my uncle from the far north of Sweden. He is a medical doctor, and someone I hadn't seen in 10 years, but I always hear that we are very similar. Hakan, which is his name, had only done one overnight sailing trip before, so he went from one night to 27 nights on our first sail and he loved it! He left in Fiji and Jenny, an Australian friend, came and joined me for the remaining trip to Australia.

As we speak, *Maiken* is still at the dock in Brisbane, and I am planning on taking a longer trip starting in April next year. My current job takes up only 9 months of the year, which gives me 3 months to do some sailing and travelling.



This is a NASA photo of Fakarava Atoll. It is 60Km in length and 21Km wide. Its wide deep lagoon has a surface area covering 1112 square Km.

Q. How about a little background on you as the author...home, where born, schooling, career, you know the "personal side of a sailor at sea"...we all have them!

A. I was born on the west coast of Sweden. I left Sweden at 18 and worked around Europe for a couple of years. I got a position as crew on the American Schooner "*Tree of Life*" and ended up spending three years sailing on her as first mate and got married during those years to lovely young woman who sailed with us. I left *Tree of Life* in Australia and headed to California with the dream of getting my own boat. Got lucky with jobs, finding the boat, and



This is but one of the many beautiful sights while diving in the beautiful clear waters off Tonga. The area is known for its magnificent whale watching which I think the whales enjoy watching the divers as well!



Fakarava inner lagoon, as seen from a pontoon near Rotoava, the atoll's largest village. The atoll has approximately 700 total inhabitants.

spent 6 years as a UPS driver in downtown San Francisco. Then as soon as I was vested with the Teamsters Union I said good bye and sailed away. I am now back working for the previous owner of *Tree of Life* which he sold in 2000, and am taking care of his estate in Brisbane, Australia.

Q. A little side story about your transition from "plying the oceans of the world by sailboat" to "building a farm by tractor" in Australia.

A. They are actually fairly similar in that they are about real life and real issues, and perhaps most importantly, "personal freedom" and experiencing all that this big earth of ours has to offer.

Q. And any other pertinent information that you feel appropriate that can add depth to the story.

A. I was pretty amazed and surprised at the amount of press I got out of this story because my intentions were quite unassuming. I simply started a blog about the trip so that my uncle's kids could follow along on the journey. We posted the "island incident in Tonga" while we were in Fiji. It wasn't until two months later when I was living in a plush apartment in Brisbane when I started getting the emails and phone calls. One morning I woke up and the story was the most read news story on Yahoo and CNN and my inbox had 600 emails. I spent a week answering emails and sending photos, and doing radio interviews. It all happened due to someone spending a long time searching online for a source to all the pumice stone that was floating up on the beaches in Fiji and Samoa... and they found my small blog. And that started the whole thing!

Publisher's summary:

I hope you have enjoyed this story as much as I have enjoyed working with Fredrik in putting it all together for your reading enjoyment.



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House to Home Section

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Sign In Store Window

**"We Would Rather
Do Business with 1000
Al Qaeda Terrorists
Than with One Single
American Soldier!"**

submitted by Bob Becker

This sign was prominently displayed in the window of a business in Philadelphia. You are probably outraged at the thought of such an inflammatory statement! However, we are a society which holds Freedom of Speech as perhaps our greatest liberty. And after all, it is just a sign. You may ask what kind of business would dare post such a sign.

Answer at Bottom of Page 37.

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Lessons

MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME...

submitted by P/C Dick Waller



1. TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE. "If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."
2. RELIGION. "You better pray that will come out of the carpet."
3. ABOUT TIME TRAVEL. "If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week."
4. LOGIC. "Because I said so, that's why."
5. MORE LOGIC. "If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."
6. FORESIGHT. "Make sure you wear clean underwear in case you're in an accident."
7. IRONY. "Keep crying and I'll give you some -thing to cry about."
8. ABOUT OSMOSIS. "Shut your mouth and eat your supper."
9. ABOUT CONTORTIONISM. "Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"
10. ABOUT HYPOCRISY. "If I've told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate."
11. THE CIRCLE OF LIFE. "I brought you into this world and I can take you out."
12. ABOUT BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION. "Stop acting like your father!"
13. ABOUT ANTICIPATION. "Just wait until we get home."
14. MEDICAL SCIENCE. "If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to stay that way."
15. HUMOR. "When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."
16. HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT. "If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."
17. GENETICS. "You're just like your father."
18. ABOUT MY ROOTS. "Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"
19. WISDOM. "When you get to be my age, you'll understand."
20. ABOUT JUSTICE. "One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you."



Cruising Canines & Cats

continued from page 5

cats, Rommel, Rascal, Dobie and Duffy. Plus there is Heidi, a delightful cat who they rescued from the public dock in the very cold months of the winter.

Apparently, my compassion for companion animals is becoming quite well known as I was recently asked, and agreed, to serve on the Board of Directors of the Humane Society of Northwestern Pennsylvania, or probably better known in the area, as the Erie Humane Society.

In that capacity, I am working on the committee that is planning a community fundraiser with the proceeds to benefit the efforts of the Humane Society. In addition to providing shelter care and adoption services it provides community education and information on responsible pet ownership. It has recently started a spay/neuter program for its adoptable pets. There is also a cruelty division that investigates, enforces and educates for the prevention of abuse, neglect and cruel treatment of domestic animals. Many people are surprised to learn that our local Humane Society receives no support from the government or from the Humane Society of the United States. It depends on contributions from people like you.

Therefore, we are having a fund raising event right here at the Erie Yacht Club and are looking for your help in making it a big success. The event will celebrate the unveiling of the 2010 Pet Calendar.

For those of you unfamiliar with the pet calendar, it too is a fundraiser of the Humane Society. The calendar has proven to be a success due to the dedication of Erie Yacht Club member Ellie Scibetta. Ellie also serves on the Board of Directors of the Humane Society. She introduced the idea of the pet calendar four years ago and has dedicated many hours of her time each year to make it a big success. The calendar features many of the pets owned and loved by members of our community. Sales of the calendar have contributed to the much needed funds to sustain the essential work of the Humane Society. The calendars make great holiday gifts and will be for sale at the event.

In addition to the introduction of the 2010 edition of the pet calendar, the evening will offer music, silent auctions, raffle items, food and refreshments. I ask that you support our benefit and make your reservations to be at: **"PAWS FOR A CAUSE" 'til they all have a home.**

The event is being held in the ballroom at the Erie Yacht Club on Tuesday, September 22, 2009, from 5:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. Donation is \$25 per person.

Reservations are available by calling Joe Grisanti at the Humane Society 814-835-8345 or e-mailing him at: joeg@choiceonemail.com

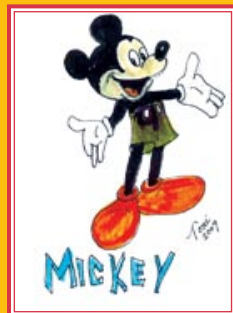


Cruising Through Life ...

Disney Wonder

by Toni Sample

with Cartoon Characters !



All my life I've played with naming people I know (mostly in my mind, not out loud) after cartoon characters that I think they resemble. This resembling may be physical or personality (as determined by their creator). In one place that I worked I had the entire cast of Winnie the Pooh as my co-horts.

The CEO of the company was TIGGER. In real life he was a tall lanky fella who just kinda went through each day thinking the best of everyone. (Some of you may remember past EYC member, the late Jim Levinson. He's the one!)

I also worked closely with Eyore. Eyore was the donkey whose character was much like 'Chicken Little' -- believing each day that the sky was falling. "Eyore's job was V-P of Manufacturing". "Eyore" was, by job, a wonderful 'trouble-shooter' (and 'trouble maker') -- always looking for what was making things "not work right" and then determining the remedy. Many of you may remember past EYC member (and my late husband), Dave Sample.

I sat at many a management meeting with 'Piglet'. He was the fun and funny little guy that was always running around like he had lost his head and was looking for it. My "Piglet" was the VP of Sales. He was a dynamo and kept his staff constantly on their toes.

Then there was the President, "Pooh". I named him that because of his physical resemblance to the character -- not, necessarily, because he was as fun and nurturing as the real "Pooh"... and he was sort of a sh_t, which appropriately fit the nick name.

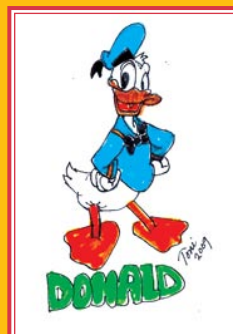
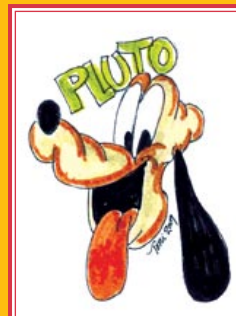
I could go on describing everyone that sat around that large Board Room table every week, but instead I turn my thoughts to more recent times.

I just returned from a Disney Cruise with family. What an exciting "land of plenty" for children. Adults were treated nicely but we were, for the first time on a cruise ship, not the center of everyone's desire to please. It was a short cruise, thank God, but it was a fun time despite less than ideal weather conditions.

We left Port Canaveral, cruised to Nassau (Atlantis is wonderful) then Cast Away Cay (a Disney Island) and back to home port. In that short time

I was hugged by or waved at by Mickey, Minnie, Donald, Daisy, Pluto, Goofy, Cinderella and even Captain Jack Sparrow. I got to live among the real cartoon characters and not just those I made to 'match' my real life buddies. And, I even learned how to draw cartoon characters.

Fantasy and imagination are necessary to keep perspective in this life. It helps us to get through the stresses of the day with things like the stock markets falling, our retirement savings disappearing and the government putting us so deeply in debt we have no hope of recovery. Whether you're sitting at your desk with your imaginary Goofy in front of you or cruising with Disney following Wendy and Peter past the third star on the left into Never, Never Land ... lighten up and just have fun. After all, Scarlett, today is just another day. By the way, our Editor and Chief of "THE LOG" would be a great match for Captain Hook, don't you think? And, my fantasy for myself has always been that I am the real life "Miss Piggy" -- now where is my green frog?



The Armstrong gang says
"We love You Disney gang"



September Calendar of Club Events

- 3rd Thursday Sunset Happy Hour
6pm-9pm Lake Erie Tri-State
Mopar Club Night with
Sam Hyman Band
- 6th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
New England Lobster & Clam Bake
4:30 Cocktails • 5:00 Dinner
music with the Untouchables
\$59.95 pp • Reservation 453-4931
- 10th Thursday Sunset Happy Hour
6pm-9pm with Key West Express
- 13th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 14th Monday Night Football at the Club
8:30 PM • Beer Special
- 17th Thursday Sunset Happy Hour
6pm-9pm with Uncharted Course
- 20th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 21st Monday Night Football at the Club
8:30 PM • Beer Special
- 27th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 28th Monday Night Football at the Club
8:30 PM • Beer Special

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October Calendar of Club Events

- 4th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 5th Monday Night Football at the Club
8:30 PM • Beer Special
- 10th Commodores Ball
with Soul'd Out Band
- 11th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 12th Monday Night Football at the Club
8:30 PM • Beer Special
- 17th Oktoberfest with the Mad
Bavarian, Heimat Kang Band
6pm • Reservations 453-4931
- 19th Monday Night Football at the Club
8:30 PM • Beer Special
- 21st Haul-Out Blues Bawl
with Tri This
- 25th Kids Halloween Party • 11:00am
Jungle Terry Show • Arts & Crafts
Champagne Sunday Brunch
11-2pm • \$12.95
- 26th Monday Night Football at the Club
8:30 PM • Beer Special

Enrich
Your LOG.

Tell us your story...

everyone has got at least one.
Contact any member of
the LOG staff
listed on Page 3

Answer: A Funeral Home
(Who said morticians have no sense of humor?)



Recession & Stimulus Package Update

submitted by Peg Way

1. Ali Baba and the forty thieves are now Ali Baba and the thirty thieves. Ten were laid off.

2. Batman and Robin are now Batman and Pedro. Batman fired Robin and hired Pedro because Pedro was willing to work twice the hours at the same rate.

3. Ironman is now “air-pooling” with Superman to save fuel costs.

4. Women are finally marrying for love, and not money.

5. Q: With the current market turmoil, what’s the easiest way to make a small fortune?
A: Start off with a large fortune.

6. The credit crunch is getting bad isn’t it? I let my brother borrow \$10 a couple of weeks back, it turns out I’m now America’s third biggest lender.

7. Q: Why have Dubai realtors stopped looking out of the window in the morning?
A: Because otherwise they’d have nothing to do in the afternoon.

8. Q: What’s the difference between an American and a Zimbabwean?
A: In a few weeks, nothing.

9. Dow Jones is re-branded as “Down Jones”.

10. Quote from a Wall Street banker:
This is worse than divorce. I’ve lost half of my assets and I still have my wife...!

11. My friend’s 101 year old great grandfather sent out a e-mail last Tuesday morning reporting the the Obama stimulus package is definitely working ... he woke up that morning with a “woody”!



New Element Discovered

Governmentium (Gv)

submitted by Bob Becker



Lawrence Livermore Laboratories has discovered the heaviest element yet known to science.

The new element, Governmentium (Gv), has one neutron, 25 assistant neutrons, 88 deputy neutrons, and 198 assistant deputy neutrons, giving it an atomic mass of 312.

These 312 particles are held together by forces called morons, which are surrounded by vast quantities of lepton-like particles called peons.

Since Governmentium has no electrons, it is inert; however, it can be detected, because it impedes every reaction with which it comes into contact. A tiny amount of Governmentium can cause a reaction that would normally take less than a second, to take from four days to four years to complete.

Governmentium has a normal half-life of 2- 6 years; It does not decay, but instead undergoes a reorganization in which a portion of the assistant neutrons and deputy neutrons exchange places.

In fact, Governmentium’s mass will actually increase over time, since each reorganization will cause more morons to become neutrons, forming isodopes.

This characteristic of moron promotion leads some scientists to believe that Governmentium is formed whenever morons reach a critical concentration. This hypothetical quantity is referred to as critical morass.

When catalyzed with money, Governmentium becomes Administratium, an element that radiates just as much energy as Governmentium since it has half as many peons but twice as many morons.



Too Close To Reality!

submitted by Peg Way

An Indian walks into a cafe with a shotgun in one hand pulling a male buffalo with the other. He says to the waiter. “Want coffee.”

The waiter says, “Sure, Chief. Coming right up.” He gets the Indian a tall mug of coffee.

The Indian drinks the coffee down in one gulp, turns and blasts the buffalo with the shotgun, causing parts of the animal to splatter everywhere and then just walks out.

The next morning the Indian returns. He has his shotgun in one hand, pulling another male buffalo with the other. He walks up to the counter and says to the waiter. “Want coffee.”

The waiter says “Whoa, Tonto! We’re still cleaning up your mess from yesterday. What was all that about, anyway?”

The Indian smiles and proudly says ... “Training for position in United States Congress ... come in, drink coffee, shoot the bull, leave mess for others to clean up, disappear for rest of day.



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