

The LOG

Masker ... the Captain, the Crew and the Capers.



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On the Cover...

Masker at the start of the Chicago / Machinac Race with her new sloop rig.



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From the Bridge

Vice Commodore Richard Vicary



The Club is enjoying a good season and the usage of our transient dockage seems to be up. A lot of out of town guests have stayed at the Club and we have gotten some rave reviews about our facility. We should all be very proud.

To fulfill our member's requests, we have installed Jet Ski docks out on the North wall. The grounds crew has added to our greenery which can be viewed as you enter the Club on the West side - What a great idea! Fleet

Captain Murosky, Dock Master Vogel and his crew installed new floating piers that seem to be working out great. All of these projects have come in at a minimal cost or under budget.

By the time you get this, you should be reading about our upcoming pool proposal. We will hold a special meeting to have a vote on the pool. The membership will make the decision, so whether you are for or against the pool, make sure you show up and vote.

Directory

Club House	453-4931	Club House Fax	453-6182
Fuel Dock/Guard House.....	456-9914	Canoe House	453-6368
EYC Web: www.erieyachtclub.org		E-mail: eyc1895@erieyachtclub.org	

Masker...

the Captain, the Crew and the Capers.

by P/C John Ashby



The classic beauty of *MASKER*'s original ketch rig as she works her way to weather.

Our members seem to enjoy the LOG's historical articles, flavored of course with yachts and the yachtsmen who sail upon them. So here's a tale the truth be told about one such yachtsman and his yacht of renown, *Masker*.

Crewman Dave Sample, "The Preacher", (more about that later) reminds us there were actually three *Maskers*...the "*First Masker*" (Rhoads 32), then "*Little Masker*" (later Dave Schuler's 40' Buttercup), then "*Big Masker*" (the 70' maxi racer).

"Bob Way had a yen for a big boat," recalls Howard Miskill, "that way he might not win the race on corrected time but he could be first to finish and garner the coldest beer and the prettiest girls!" The only problem is big sailboats draw a lot of water, which is not a good attribute when dealing with most Great Lakes' yacht clubs. Then Bob heard of a designer who developed a "retractable keel" for a 58 ft. ketch...just what Bob had in mind. "So off we went to New York for a dinner meeting with the designer Britton Chance", Miskill continues. "There was Bob, his wife Peggy, Peggy's daughter Roberta, the company purchasing agent Dick Neuberger and me, Bob's chief engineer. Then we went to Chance's shop in Oyster Bay, closed the deal and returned home with offsets, line drawings, construction plans and a sail plan for Harold Paasche of Paasche Marine Services here in Erie. Paasche requested, hell he demanded, that the plans be revised to fit the way Harold

Paasche builds boats not the way those east coast guys do it!" Miskill laments.

Upon Paasche's completion of the hull, Bob's brother Gordie Way who owned Wilson Rigging Company, moved the boat to Bob's plant, Finish Engineering on Greengarden, for interior work, rigging and painting.



Peg and P/C Bob Way aboard *MASKER* cruising down Presque Isle Bay on July 4th, 1978.

"The new *Masker*, of course, had to have a party, so Bob tied her up in front of the Clubhouse, hired Jack Flanagan to serve the champagne and invited everybody!" recalls Miskill. So *Masker* went off racing here, there, and everywhere, both North and South.

Now it's time to just touch on a few, and I mean a very few stories about *Masker* and a few of her notorious crew.

The Samovar Thriller. A Samovar is an ornamental metal urn for heating water to make tea. As P/C Dave Schuler recounts, "I was driving Bob to meet the boat at Port Huron for the Mackinac Race. We stopped in downtown Detroit for dinner and after the second martini I told Bob that that Samovar on the railing would look good on the main hatch cover of *Masker* full of martinis. Bob got up, went over for a closer look, came back and said, 'It's loose'. A few minutes later he said, 'Get the car, meet me right at the curb with the motor running, I'm coming out with that Samovar'. Ten minutes later, as I sat parked out front with the motor running a cop pulled up and said 'Hey buddy, move it you can't park here'. I went just around the end of the corner as Bob charged out the front door of the restaurant with the Samovar. I yelled to him from the corner. He changed course, ran to the car, dove into the front seat, threw the Samovar in the backseat, then we made our great escape the wrong way on a one-way street as the restaurant's door flew open with people pouring out after the prized Samovar. I must say it did look handsome on the main hatch cover chocked full of martinis

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Masker... the Captain, the Crew & the Capers

(continued from page 3)

that season. At season's end we tried to return it to its rightful owners but the restaurant had gone out of business," Dave continued.

Robert Way Jr. tells of the 20 year long annual *Masker* tradition of sailing to the Port Dover Yacht Club for its Halloween Party, which began in the late 50's. "At times up to 10 inches of snow would accumulate on the decks during these crossings. On the return sails it always seemed very cold. In order to get Captain Bob to open his booze locker, the crew always developed this terrible cough so as to procure as many medicinal sips as we could of his precious, well hidden, Canadian Cherry Whiskey...Shootin' Cherry. Rule was: No cough ... No whiskey. Every year as we pulled into the Erie Yacht Club the Captain's larder was entirely depleted as all crew proclaimed themselves no longer cold and sick ... but totally cured," Bobby recalls.

Peg Way, the captain's better half, remembers when *Masker* left Erie in late fall headed for Florida and the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit (SORC). Peg recalls, "The exciting part of this racing season was the inaugural race from Nassau to Kingston, Jamaica. We all held our breath when we sailed past Cuba. Two gunboats and a helicopter had stopped one of the boats in the race. It turned out to be only the Cuban's curiosity about the boat, the owner, and his occupation. Once they learned all of that, the boat was allowed to continue on."

"The members of the Royal Jamaican Yacht Club were super friendly and entertained us, guess I have to say, royally," Peg continues. "The Royal Jamaican band played for our entertainment. To honor the sailors from the United States, they played the Star Spangled Banner. They got all the notes right but the tempo was without description."

"Then *Masker* left Jamaica and cruised to Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Saint Martin, Saba, St. Thomas and any other strip of land we could find," Peg recalls.

"Our trip from the Virgin Islands to New York City," Peg continues, "turned out to be quite an adventure. A hurricane along the eastern seaboard created 40-foot swells. It was so rough that I had to sit on the floor to prepare meat loaf for dinner. Gary Hanlin was there and took pictures of my culinary skill."

"Finally, with a great deal of relief, we arrived in New York City," Peg recounts, "We had to have immigration inspect us before we could continue on up the Hudson and eventually home. The inspector said, because of our boats size he was going to treat us like any cruise ship. That meant that he was not going to count the beverages we obtained in the Virgin Islands. Nice man!"

Bob's son, Richard Way, recalls, "At the finish of the 1976 Chicago Mackinac Race, we were one of the first boats in when my Dad invited me to have a beer with him at the Pink Pony. I was twenty at the time and Dad didn't



A 70' yacht on the beach at Buck Island in May of 1974...the retractable keel helped make this maneuver possible.

like me drinking beer on the boat so I was quite surprised by his offer. After a couple of beers Dad said 'come on I want you to meet someone'. In the lobby a man about Dad's age glanced up with a shocked look on his face and said 'Well I can't say I'm glad to see you Bob Way'. Dad just laughed his low heh-heh type laugh and said 'Bill I'd like you to meet my son Richard'. We shook hands as Bill said, 'It's nice to meet you but I'm not happy to see your Dad here'. My Dad just continued laughing his laugh. I was taken off guard expecting a fight or something! My Dad piped in saying in front of Bill, 'He's still a little upset about the time we accidentally broke a few things.' At that Bill turned and walked away through a door and never looked back."

Richard continues, "We went back to the bar for another beer. I tried to get more info from Dad about what happened way back whenever at the Pink Pony but I got nothing out of him. Up until then I figured all the wild stories I had heard about my Dad were exaggerations or fabrications, but after our beers together in the Pink Pony, I wasn't so sure."

Oh yes the "Preacher". Some people know that Dave Sample was known as the

"Preacher". *Masker* had big speakers on the top of its spreaders so come Sunday race day, in whatever port they found themselves, Dave would preach and sing for the fleet. Of course, while Dave did the preaching and singing the crew did the "collection". And "the collection was spent every week on the mission project of choice... supporting our favorite breweries," adds Sample.

Sample also recalls, "One time at the Mackinaw race several crew members decided to 'borrow' the police department's bicycles and ride around the island. When they got back to *Masker* they didn't want to get caught with the bikes so they gave them a proper burial at sea, next to where *Masker* was docked. The police, having no sense of humor about the situation, threw two crew fellows in jail. Dirk Braggins, being a man who despised injustice, took the boat's bolt cutters to the jail and cut off the locks -- releasing the poor prisoners. The guys returned to *Masker* in time for the start of the next race. When the race was over, the race committee informed *Masker* they were invited

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["Drying out the boat" after the Nassau-Kingston Race. The crew is ready for party time!](#)



Can One Weekend Change Your Life?

by Jim Stewart



The "gun sounds" the start of the Access Dinghy Championships sponsored by the Erie Adaptive Sailing Experience (EASE) with volunteers from the EYC Sailing Fleet Race Committee on station for the 2 day event.

Can one small sailboat race in the clear waters of Lake Erie actually change your life? It did for several participants, volunteers, and spectators at this year's Access Dinghy North American Championships! Sponsored by the Erie Adaptive Sailing Experience (EASE) and sailed in Presque Isle Bay the event was held on June 19 & 20, 2004.

As has now become the tradition for Access Dinghy races in Erie, it began with the sounds of bagpipes played from the deck of the US Brig Niagara, and with a series of proclamations from the Mayor and legislators, commending the Junior League of Erie and the Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies (BCMS), founding partners of EASE, for their efforts in developing the program and hosting this international event. "We have been involved in numerous Access Dinghy Regattas around the world, but none I think have been as important as the Access Dinghy 2004 North American Championships held in June in Erie, Pennsylvania. For apart from the usual festival of love and achievement, which an Access Dinghy event always represents, in Erie we met an outstanding group of like-minded people with whom we propose to work to achieve a long held, yet so far elusive goal." said Access Dinghy founder, designer and builder Chris Mitchell said.

Races by local celebrities and media personalities followed by a Junior League exhibition race kicked-off the festivities. At the party that evening, competitors, volunteers and spectators toured the new BCMS facility (see it first hand on their website at bayfront-center.org) and exchanged stories of the

impact adaptive sailing has made in the sailor's lives and in the Erie community.

On Saturday, able-bodied and disabled sailors from 6 US states and 4 countries, ranging in age from 15 to 85, competed in the North American Championships. Cheered on by a crowd of spectators, the racers completed 4 races in the Bay despite up to 20-knot winds. The races were marshaled from the Erie Yacht Club's safety boat by EYC's preeminent race committee John McGrane and Jamie and Maureen Taylor. Safety concerns prevailed and the afternoon races were moved to the East Canal Basin, where sailors displayed even more expertise in maneuvering in the narrow waters.

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Fred Hess, of Stockton, California, was a Beneteau representative in Spain before he contracted Muscular Dystrophy. Competing in his first Access Regatta, Fred can only move his head and his right thumb, so he steers, trims and reefs through servo controls.

Sept./Oct. Calendar of Club Events

September

- 2nd Sunset Happy Hour 5:30 till with DJ Toby
- 9th Sunset Happy Hour 5:30 till with Matt Kramer Live
- 13th Monday Night Football at the Club 8:30 PM - Hot Dogs, Pizza, Wings and a Beer Special
- 16th Sunset Happy Hour 5:30 till with DJ Toby
- 20th Monday Night Football at the Club 8:30 PM - Hot Dogs, Pizza, Wings and a Beer Special
- 23rd Last Sunset Happy Hour of the Season - With DJ Toby
- 27th Monday Night Football at the Club 8:30 PM - Hot Dogs, Pizza, Wings and a Beer Special

October

- 4th Monday Night Football at the Club 8:30 PM - Hot Dogs, Pizza, Wings and a Beer Special
- 11th Monday Night Football at the Club 8:30 PM - Hot Dogs, Pizza, Wings and a Beer Special
- 16th Commodores Ball 7:00 PM
- 18th Monday Night Football at the Club 8:30 PM - Hot Dogs, Pizza, Wings and a Beer Special
- 23rd Oktoberfest Featuring the Heimat Klang German Band, The Mad Bavarian and a German Dinner Buffet. - Make your Reservation Early. It is always a sell-out.
- 25th Monday Night Football at the Club 8:30 PM - Hot Dogs, Pizza, Wings and a Beer Special

Notice - Slip Applications for the 2005 season will be mailed within the first week of October and are due by November 1, 2004. Those not returned by the due date will not be considered for a Slip.

I Wanna be Like...Hank?

by Itchy Penman, Glen Thompson & Fritze Curtze as told to Jan Stachelek

"When I grow up I want to be just like Hank". This is a common enough phrase uttered by so many male members of the EYC that further investigation is warranted. The "Hank" in question is Henry (Hank) Lorence. He actually prefers Henry to Hank, says he finds it more "dignified," but most of us could care less. I sat down with Itchy Pennman, Glenn Thompson, and Fritz Curtze, all long-time friends of Henry, to find out why they, and many others, all want to be like him. I will leave it to the reader to decide if "growing up" is an actual requirement in the process.

Henry loves fishing, partying, boats of all kinds, and ladies of all kinds. What makes Henry unusual is the zeal with which he embraces all of these endeavors. Henry has an unwavering passion for life, fun, and adventures that most of us lose sight of while getting bogged down in our busy lives. It is not that Henry has had more time than the rest of us to pursue his pleasures, or that he has not carried a ton of responsibilities throughout his life. Rather, it is that Henry grabs whatever life throws him by the horns and NEVER loses his sense of humor. If life is a stage, Henry has always managed to star in the leading role.

Henry met his wife Betty when he was 18 years old and they both worked at the A&P Tea Company on the corner of 12th and French. Henry was a counter-hopper; the guy who carries all of the trays of meat and deli items for display. He tells me that he and Betty went out on a few dates and then he proposed. They have been married for 62 years and had three wonderful children, Barbara, Jimmy, and Christine. I asked Henry if he could tell me one thing that he thinks contributed to the success of his enduring matrimonial state. He said, "Understanding each other." On Betty's part, this must have been a Herculean task because some of Henry's antics over the years have led people to fondly refer to her as "Saint Betty."

After their marriage, Henry worked for a few years at GE testing locomotive generators, but he saw his chances for promotion to be limited due to a noncommittal boss whom Henry proclaimed "a wuss." At age 24, he joined the Air Force and was assigned to the Air Transport Command as a Bombardier manning B-24 turret guns in WWII. Henry told me that his plane never had a "milk run," meaning he got shot at every time he went up. Henry recalls, "I said more Hail Mary's than a nun." To make matters worse, Henry's plane crashed on take-off in Newfoundland while bound for a mission in the Azores. At



Long time EYC member Henry "Hank" Lorence, has an insatiable zeal for fishing and zest for life... just look at that face.

this point, Henry decided he had had enough of planes and that he wanted out of the military. In a Catch-22 type debacle, Henry decided that since the Military insisted on spelling his name incorrectly (Lawrence), he would no longer respond to that name. So, when Henry Lawrence's name was posted for duty, nobody was home! Of course, no response meant no pay, but Henry figured being poor was better than being dead. Eventually, the MPs caught up with the real Henry Lorence and, get this, put him on a plane to Casablanca which was carrying a bunch of USO showgirls and a shipment of much needed blood plasma for the war effort. I wonder how much of that plasma the girls needed after sharing the plane ride with Henry!

Henry was in Casablanca for three months, still not responding to duty postings and still not getting paid when the MPs caught up with him again. This time they told him they were taking him to Naples, Italy for Court Martial,

but when he got there, all of the military facilities were full. Only those of you who know Henry well can appreciate the humor in the fact that the only accommodations that could be found for him happened to be a cot placed in the hallway of a Monastery where he was forced to spend three months with the Monks! Henry's alleged absence from his unit lasted a total of seven months but I am happy to report that following this sojourn, Henry was not court-martialed and he returned to flying and completed his missions. He was honorably discharged from military service.

Henry's career path upon his return reflected his undeniable desire to be his own boss and to enjoy every minute of it. He operated three fishing boats out of the Public Dock called Blue Pike Charters. He worked at a steel fabrication plant, Halo Industries, where in his spare time he ran a boat hauling business and

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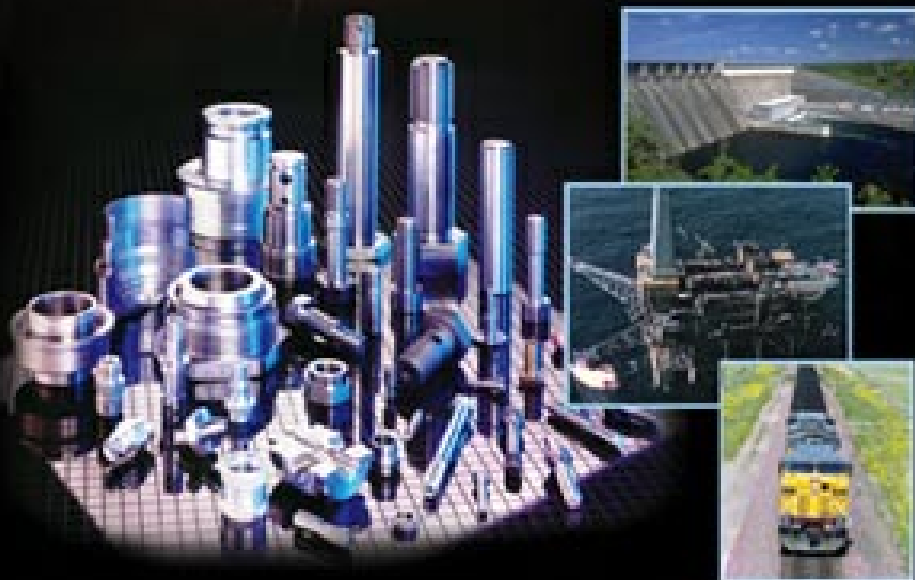
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Monday Night Football at the EYC



Coming once again to the EYC on Mondays! Come on down and join us starting Monday, September 13th through the final game on December 27th for drink specials and complimentary wings and pizza. Here's the deal. The bartender takes a head count at the bar on or around 8pm and orders out the pizza and wings. If you plan on coming down and you can't be there when the order is placed just call the bartender and let us know before the 8pm deadline, but remember no "take outs" permitted. Not here or no call = no food so don't forget.

EYC Gin League

The EYC is forming a Gin League that gets together Monday nights from 7 to 9 pm before Monday Night Football, beginning the third Monday in September through December 27th. A minimum of 12 regular players and six subs are needed so sign up at the bar today. Team Gin Rules...drawing a partner each week out of a hat with individual scoring for season prizes. The cost is two bucks a week used for prizes and a party.



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Celebrating Year One!

First Annual LOG Appreciation Party

by Irene Boyles

On Tuesday, June 15th, the members of the EYC LOG Committee celebrated the first year of the New LOG with an appreciation party for all those who helped make it a success.

P/C John Ashby personally thanked everyone for their help, support, and contributions including the Board and Bridge, LOG Committee members, EYC article contributing members and all the great advertising members. He said, "Without the efforts of everyone here in this room today, the new EYC LOG could not be what it is today."

I have to say that quite an effort has been made this past year by all participants to make the New LOG an outstanding accomplishment. The LOG committee is anticipating and looking forward to another successful year!

Remember, if you have an idea for an article; please contact any member of the LOG committee. We will help you in any way that we can to publish your article.





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Frank Knauer...

“Still a Spring in His Steps”

by Jan Stachelek

One of the Erie Yacht Club's oldest members, Frank Knauer, is a sprightly 92 year old who will turn 93 in September. Many of you may know that Frank was a 45 year employee of the Hammermill Paper Company, but few know the extent to which the Behrend family personally shaped nearly every facet of his life throughout those years at the Mill. This is Frank's story.

Frank was born on September 15, 1911 at home on East 6th Street. When he was six, he and his older brother joined the Boys Club of Erie. It was here that Frank developed a life-long love of swimming and diving. He also studied tumbling (gymnastics) under Coach Art Weibel; a skill that Frank says helped him enormously when he began competitive diving in high school. The ceiling over the pool at the Boys Club was too low for what Frank calls his “fanciest” dives, so he joined the YMCA where he was coached in swimming and diving by J.C. “Doc” Ainsworth. He competed on the Central High and YMCA swim teams, and won numerous medals.

Two months after Frank's graduation, on the recommendation of Doc Ainsworth who was a good friend to Ernst Behrend, the president and founder of Hammermill Paper Company hired Frank with the prospect of training him to be his personal secretary. Frank recalls, “Mr. and Mrs. Behrend picked me up in their 16 cylinder Cadillac chauffeured by Cyril Colby. I sat in front with Cyril. The Behrends took me to lunch at their townhouse at the Mill and I began work in Mr. B's office the very next day.” And so began a lifelong relationship with the Behrend family.

Mr. Behrend paid for Frank to attend Commercial College half days for the first year so that Frank could learn short-hand, typing, and commercial skills. Following that, he



Frank, pictured in 1989, with his pride and joy, *Last Step*, a 32' Marinette.

was privately tutored in the evenings for a year by Miss Joanna Connell at Behrend's expense. Frank had been earning a small salary on Mr. Behrend's personal payroll throughout this time but upon completion of his studies, Behrend had Frank transferred to the Hammermill payroll and made Frank's new secretarial salary retroactive to September 3, 1931, the day he started work fresh out of high school. Frank lived with the Behrend family throughout this time, first in a room in the townhouse garage, and later, in a bedroom that was specifically designed for Frank in the newly renovated Glen Hill Farms, the Behrend family property that, following the death of Ernst Behrend, was donated by his wife Mary in her husband's memory to the

Pennsylvania State University. Frank says that the house is now the Administration building on the Penn State Behrend campus.

As his personal secretary, Frank traveled often with Behrend. One of his fondest memories was when the Behrend's took him to the Arrowhead Springs Hotel in California for a month in the winter of 1934. He recalls beautiful weather, sunny days, and the most elegant nights. He swam every day in an outdoor pool which was fed by warm water from the mountain springs, lunched at the pool with various famous guests, and enjoyed black-tie dinners each night. Another fond adventure was a 22 day working cruise with Behrend and Hammermill Vice-President, Norman Wilson. The ship sailed from San Francisco, through the Panama Canal, to Havana, Cuba, and then on to New York. Frank recalls that this Grace Line cruise ship was the first to employ women on its wait staff, much to his delight. The ship stopped at numerous ports of call throughout the journey, a few of which are pictured here. The Behrends owned boats of various sizes over the years (one was a whopping 196 ft. yacht made in Keil, Germany which took a crew of 32 to man), and it was aboard these boats that Frank developed his life-long love of boating. He and his wife, Dorothy owned four boats over the years, the last being a 32 ft. Marinette which was sold in 1996.

Frank and Dorothy were married in Mayville, N.Y. on New Years Day in 1935. Frank continued to live at Glen Hill Farms until 1936 because the Behrends had become so dependent upon him that he felt obligated to ease them into this new situation. When Mr. Behrend died in 1940, he willed Frank his beloved Packard, the first car Frank and Dorothy would own. A few years later, Mrs.



Behrend's 196' Yacht *Amida* (1929 - 1932) later owned by the Greek Navy and sunk in the Mediterranean during World War II.



Frank slept here, the Glen Hills farmhouse, in a bedroom designed specifically for him. Today it is Penn State Behrend's Administrative Center.

Behrend moved away from Erie to Greenwich, Connecticut, but Frank remained a trusted friend and confidant for the remainder of her life. He and Dorothy were invited to travel on Harriet's 52 ft. yacht in 1972. Frank recalls that they were picked up at the EYC and had motored to the New York barge canal only to make it through two locks before the infamous hurricane "Agnes" stranded them for three days. It took them 10 days to make it through the canal due to the massive damage throughout New York and

Pennsylvania. Mrs. Behrend died in 1976 and her daughter Harriet died in 1986.

Frank gave 45 years of service to Hammermill. He retired in 1976 holding the position of Manager of Office Services. Frank and Dorothy were married for 53 years and were blessed with two daughters, Karen and Janet. Dorothy died in 1988. Frank says he still misses the enjoyable times they had dancing at numerous EYC events over the years. Frank has remained active in the YMCA throughout his life. He was the Secretary/Treasurer of the Outdoor Pool Authority for 27 years. He also led the Industrial Division of the YMCA membership drive and his team met its goal of recruiting 800 new members. He tells me that he still swims as often as possible, but not in the summer months when the pools are crowded with children out of school. All in all, Frank Knauer is a charming man who has been fortunate enough to have an equally charmed life due to his bond with the Behrend family, a bond for which he says he will always be grateful.



Facing Row: Frank (center) with the Behrends on a Guatemalan Cruise in 1934.

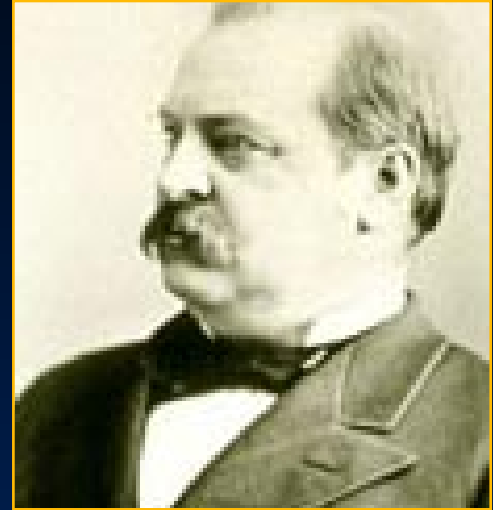
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The Secret Surgery of a President

by Sandy Will



Ingenious use was made of a yacht in 1893 when banker E.C. Benedict's 138-foot *Oneida* became an operating theater for a highly important patient. In June of that year, President Grover Cleveland's doctors diagnosed a malignant growth in his jaw. At the time, the country was in the middle of a financial crisis, and White House advisers feared it might develop into a full-blown business panic if the public learned the President's life was in danger.

Looking for a clandestine way to treat the President's condition, they remembered that Cleveland had frequently been seen relaxing aboard his friend Benedict's yacht. Her main saloon was secretly outfitted for surgery, and a team of doctors slipped aboard. When Cleveland boarded *Oneida* in New York on Friday, June 30th, everyone who saw him assumed that he was weekendng with Benedict again.

The growth was removed the next morning and *Oneida* continued her cruise while Cleveland recuperated. He came ashore five days later, publicly complaining of "a toothache". No hint of the secret operation leaked out for two months and by this time, Cleveland was well along the road to full recovery.

Two years after his operation aboard *Oneida*, President Cleveland used her to meet with J.P. Morgan to arrange a loan to the hard-pressed U.S. Treasury.



EYC Hosts US SAILING Level 1 Course

by Holly Wolford O'Hare

Over Memorial Weekend the Erie Yacht Club hosted the US SAILING Small Boat Sailing Level 1 Instructor Course. With a full class, 12 students completed the certification course over three long days. The US SAILING Level 1 Course, approved by the U.S. Coast Guard and National Association of State Boating Law Administrators (NASBLA), is designed to teach sailing instructors on-the-water group management and instruction techniques incorporating the three most important elements of sailing instruction: safety, learning, and fun.



Participants of this years US Sailing Small Boat Level 1 Instructors Course sponsored by the EYC.

In order to pass the course, Instructor Candidates had to demonstrate their proficiency in small boat handling, powerboat operations, presentation skills, on-the-water coaching, land drills, and general knowledge through a series of written tests. Candidates came from a number of area clubs including Erie, Edgewater, Cleveland, and Chautauqua Lake. Former EYC program director and US SAILING Instructor Trainer Holly Wolford O'Hare ran the clinic. The students did a great job and all the candidates passed. Congratulations to EYC newly certified instructors, Pat Bloomstine, Kristen Etherline, AJ Ficcardi, Amanda Loose, and Chris Simon. The EYC and the Reyburn Sailing School continue a tradition of excellence by requiring all instructors hold US SAILING Level 1 certification, which includes CPR and First Aid training. Please support this great program and long standing foundation of the Erie Yacht Club. For more information on the Reyburn Sailing School or to sign up for classes visit the EYC website at www.erieyachtclub.org.



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Five Hours at Hard Anchor

by Mickey McMahon and Glenn Thompson
as told to Judy Penman

June 6th looked like a great Sunday morning to go perch fishing. The skies were a little overcast, but the winds were light. Around 0:800 hours that morning, Captain Al Church and his crew consisting of daughter Amy and her friend Tim Beecher, Mickey McMahon, Glenn Thompson and Tina Vinson left the dock aboard the *Great White V*, Al's beautiful 41 ft Tiara. They headed east through the channel to their usual perch hunting grounds off Shades Beach. Captain Al circled a few times contemplating the obvious lack of blips on the fish finder. After careful consideration, he located an appealing spot and instructed First Mate Mickey McMahon to "drop the anchor".

About 45 minutes passed with little activity on the ends of the perch rigs, when Captain Al declared that it was time to move. The *Great White V* navigated further down the lake until Captain Al found a spot that looked promising in 30 feet of water, somewhere between Shorewood and McCord's Point. Once again after about an hour, the fishing was slow and the Captain decided to try another location.

That's when the fun began. As Mickey started the power windless to pull the anchor that was at the other end of 50 feet of chain, a sickening noise was heard. The motor was grinding but the anchor did not budge. It was obvious the anchor was jammed or stuck on something. With the lake temperature at 63 degrees on the surface and not much visibility, there were no volunteers to dive in. Cutting the expensive stainless steel plow anchor loose was also not a consideration.

After trying every angle to free the anchor, the helpless crew had an idea. Mickey placed a cell phone call to Ed Schuler at the Club who got in touch with avid scuba divers, Rear Commodore Jim Means and Char Shedd. Meanwhile, the crew did what any stranded fishermen (and women) would do...they kept fishing. About three hours later, Jim and Char arrived, dressed in the wet suits and ready to go diving. It took about 20 minutes under the water before the pair emerged having successfully extricating the anchor that was wedged between two really big rocks.

After many thank yous, the Captain and crew moved back to Shades Beach and caught 48 perch in the next hour. The only regret was that there were no alcoholic beverages on board to keep Mickey from wearing a hole in the deck while waiting for the "rescue" diving team.

Members helping members ... that's our Erie Yacht Club!



Five hours of fishing does not sound bad to a fisherman except when there are no fish at the spot you are located and you can not move.

New EYC Celebrity

by P/C John Ashby



Ladies you'll have to get in line ... at his age John can only "autograph" 20 or 30 LOGS per day.

Oh my, Oh gee
I've created a new celebrity
Oh gosh, Oh man
that article wasn't sposed to be a slam
Oh darn, Oh boy
now John Schuler's all the girls' new toy.

I'm so sorry, please forgive me
For creating this monster of a celebrity.

I worked so hard to write each word
And now I'm the one who looks like a t _ d.

Oh my, Oh gee
Now John Schuler is the big celebrity
Oh gosh, poor me,
That's what I was trying to be.

Again I'm sorry and sad as can be
To have done this to you and also to me.

One thing's for sure this story's at an end
All I was trying to do was kid my old friend.

(Note: Poem refers to July/August Issues "the Sad Story of One EYC Yachtsmans Self Indulgence" article)



At Mr. Schuler's suggestion I got his first and now famous autograph. It should be worth a couple of bucks in about a hundred years!



Club Volunteers Do It Again

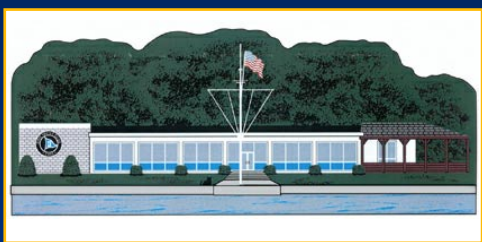
by Matt Bacon



Now that the Clubhouse Breakwall Project has been completed, I would like to thank all of those members who have congratulated me on the fine job well done. I would also, however, like to mention the members on the committee who worked much, much harder than I; they are the ones you should really thank for their dedication and hard work while having to put up with me. They are Jon Tushak, Jim Edgett, Bill Vogel, Ed Schuler, Pete Traphagen, Andy Hanks and George Willis. It has been a privilege to work on a Club committee, I encourage you to do so. It is an experience you won't regret.



The Cats Meow "The Clubhouse"



The Erie Yacht Club Sailing Fleet will once again be offering a Cats Meow keepsake of the Erie Yacht Club. This year's wooden hand-crafted collectors item features our Clubhouse. All proceeds from this popular fundraiser go to benefit the Club's sailing fleet. According to Kay Fritts, "last years Lighthouse fundraiser was so popular that we decided to produce a collector series featuring different parts of our Club". To order your Clubhouse, pick up an order sheet in the Sailing Fleet Bulletin Board Area and return to Kay Fritts. The cost is \$20.00. If you want the Clubhouse mailed, please add the applicable charges as shown on the order form. Help support the Erie Yacht Club Sailing Fleet!



A Friendly Little \$90,000 Bet

by Sandy Will

The first transatlantic yacht race resulted from a dinner party boast in October 1866, some four decades before any officially organized ocean racing existed. Over soup at the Union Club in New York, tobacco heir Pierre Lorillard declared to a group of friends that his new 105-foot schooner *Vesta* was the fastest yacht afloat.

George and Franklin Osgood, owners of the 106-foot *Fleetwing*, disagreed and put up \$30,000 to prove it. Another yachtsman, James Gordon Bennet Jr. added another \$30,000 bet that his 107-foot *Henrietta* was a sure winner.

News of the \$90,000 contest set the sporting world on their collective ear. Never had such a sum been staked on any race. And what a race it would be—3,000 miles from New York to the Isle of Wright, and the yachts would sail during the winter.

On December 11, 1866, the three schooners assembled off Sandy Hook, the gun sounded and they were off with *Vesta* in the lead. That night their courses diverged, and each yacht sailed on alone through gray, mountainous seas lashed by rising winds and snow.

Vesta and *Henrietta* took the northerly, great-circle route, steering widely separated but parallel courses and logged incredible runs of up to 280 miles a day. Then on December 19th, a full gale ripped in from the southwest and the captain of *Henrietta* was forced to "heave to". Even so, when England was sighted five days later, the *Henrietta* trailed *Vesta* by only an hour. She too had been held up by the storm.

Fleetwing had steered a more southerly route, seeking easier winds and a boost from the Gulf Stream. It was a shrewd gamble, but it did not work. The third day out, a squall

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The first Trans-Atlantic Yacht Race between the 105' schooner *Vesta*, the 106' *Fleetwing* and the 107' *Henrietta* from Sandy Hook, NY to the Isle of Wright in England was in December 1866.

carried away her jib and in the same gale that struck her opponents, an enormous wave broke over *Fleetwing's* deck, licked into her cockpit and flipped eight men over the side. Two clung to ropes and climbed back aboard, but the rest were lost.

The *Fleetwing* crossed over the finish line at midnight of Christmas Day. *Vesta*, slowed by

a navigational error, arrived 40 minutes later. But *Henrietta* had beaten them both and had swept to victory at 3:00 p.m. Her time—13 days, 21 hours, 55 minutes. Her voyage was considered “one of the pluckiest and best pieces of yachting ever seen” said London’s Daily Telegraph.



The Glittering New York Yacht Club

by Sandy Will



At its founding in 1844, the New York Yacht Club was a mere harbor-front cottage. And for more than half a century after its humble beginning, until a clubhouse was constructed on a lot donated by J.P. Morgan, the members held their meetings in hotels, restaurants or rented space in buildings around the city.

But temporary quarters did not dim the glitter of Club festivities. In 1891, the structure used to celebrate the Club’s 47th anniversary was in a rented three-story brick building that had formerly been a dancing school. Its ballroom provided an imposing display for half models of nearly a hundred members’ yachts, and its ceiling was high enough to accommodate most of the members’ private ensigns. The members themselves were equally lofty, including such names as Astor, Goellet, Roosevelt, Vanderbilt and Whitney. Although members’ wives were invited to tea earlier the same day, they were excluded from the banquet in the evening.

In addition to prestige, the New York Yacht Club offered a number of practical advantages. The Club maintained stations along Long Island and the New England shore, where members could pick up supplies and mail. For the many members who commuted by yacht between waterfront mansions and Manhattan offices, the Club provided two private piers—one at the foot of 26th Street in the East River and the other at 35th Street in the Hudson.

Even the most prestige clubs had their skeletons, and the New York Yacht Club was no exception. In direct violation of the law, William C. Corrie transported a cargo of 300 slaves from West Africa to the United States in 1858 aboard his schooner *Wanderer*. On learning of Corrie’s deed and hearing, to their further horror, that *Wanderer* had flown the Club’s burgee at the time, the members unanimously voted that he be expelled from the New York Yacht Club. For years, members were forbidden to even mention *Wanderer's* name or that of her disgraced owner.





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Iroquois Boating and Fishing Club

by Douglas Painter, ESQ

The reciprocal agreement between the Erie Yacht Club and the Iroquois Boating and Fishing Club (IBFC) is one of the many benefits that we, as EYC members, enjoy both on and off the water.

Conneaut Lake is one of the largest inland lakes in Pennsylvania and the IBFC is one of the oldest clubs in the state, dating back to 1887. It was initially started by ten men who sought solitude and a remote fishing club for their rest and relaxation.

As you enter the Club property, you are greeted with a view of the Clubhouse itself, with its water's edge view surrounded by manicured grounds. Upon entry to the Clubhouse, you will be greeted by the competent and friendly staff. At that time, you may choose to be seated at the Lakeside bar or the adjacent cocktail lounge. In addition to the bar and cocktail lounge, there are two classes of dining. Formal dining occurs in the main dining room with a panoramic view of Conneaut Lake. The decorations were well chosen to compliment the atmosphere. The menu they offer in all of the dining areas is diverse, sure to please you and all of your guests. Additionally, casual dining is offered in the Galley, which is a small intimate area overlooking the lake. For cooler evenings, the Fireplace Room may be enjoyed. "Room 30" provides a place for lighter dining for those members and guests wearing shorts and beach apparel. This is the only room in the Club that offers television. The patio provides the option of less formal dress for either lunch or dinner served outside.

There is a most unique men's room, designed and constructed with superior oak paneling, ceramic tile, and yes, plumbing. The ceiling mounted china water closets are right out of "Jonathan Crapper's Sketch Book". After a visit to this room you will understand the historic origin of some of the indelicate terms of our common parlance. I always thought his name was "John".

The Club has imposed a limit on the length of boats occupying the slips in front of the Club as not to obstruct the view out over the water. The adjacent beach provides a place for swimming or family picnics which may be ordered for "take-out" from the Club.

For the benefit of those Erie Yacht Club members who have not visited the IBFC, the following may be helpful. It is located on the southerly end of Conneaut Lake, not to be confused with Conneautville which is located



on Rte.. 18 and the site of the well-known amusement park. The forty-five minute drive from Erie is best completed by traveling I-79 South to the Meadville Interchange or U.S. 322. After departing I-79, you go west on U.S. 322 and then approximately five miles to a traffic light at the intersection of Rte. 322 and PA 18. You will be watching for the "Just Sleep Motel" on your left side to alert you to turn right (north) on PA Rte. 18. You travel approximately one-half mile to Iroquois Road on your left. Turn there and go to the water's edge where IBFC will be on the right side.

The Club is open for dining Tuesday through Sunday during June through Labor Day. March 26 through May 31st and after Labor

Day to year's end, the IBFC is open Wednesday through Sunday. The Club is closed during the winter months of January through March. Reservations are required to provide guests with an adequate wait staff in order to make your visit very pleasant. Erie Yacht Club members may ring the IBFC Club office at (814) 383-3075.

Daubie and I have enjoyed our membership tremendously at the IBFC over the years, and they offer five major events throughout the year if you would prefer a more animated atmosphere.



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Competitors jockey for position before the start of one of the Access Dinghy North American Championship races held on Presque Isle Bay in June of this year.

Can One Weekend...

(continued from page 5)

"Sailing is more than wind, water and the wonderful exhilaration of quiet power afloat," said Keith Hobbs the Accessible Sailing Chairman for the Canadian Sailing Association. "Sailing is all about people; creating and enjoying relationships with everyone in the community. The people of Erie have a long proud association with one of the most beautiful and well-protected boating environments in the country. What we are witnessing through the Erie Adaptive Sailing Experience (EASE) is how sailing makes Erie's waterfront accessible to everyone in the community. With EASE you ensure there are no economic, social or physical barriers to

getting on the water. This is all about people, partnering for the betterment of themselves and their fellow citizens."

During the races the determination and courage of the sailors was put to the test but it was in the witnessing of the event and the stories each sailor told of the love for the sport and their struggle to participate that changed the lives of their families, regatta volunteers and members of the Erie community. Special thanks to the Erie Yacht Club for the generous donation of the use of the Race Committee Boat (and John McGrane) and to the Bridge and committee for their ongoing support of the Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies and the Erie Adaptive Sailing Experience.



Masker... the Captain the Crew and the Capers

(continued from page 4)

to tie up at the coral docks. The Chief of Police then visited *Masker* looking for restitution for the bikes, locks, prison break out etc. So, being the kind and considerate crew that they were they proceeded to get the Chief stone cold drunk prior to delivering him back to his home. And you'll need to get someone to tell you about the time that Bob Way's famous silver-plated shot gun found it's way into the Put-in-Bay Theater!"



This is only one end of Peg Way's galley aboard *MASKER*... so the crew was always well fed.

"Bob Way was a great Captain, very generous with his crew and he was a great businessman. I owe much of my success in business and my love of racing sailboats to Bob Way," Sample concludes.

I have to agree with Dave Sample. I remember Bob Way as a great guy, a highly successful businessman and an individual whose generosity helped keep half the auxiliary sailing fleet in good repair so we could all go racing together.

The stories of *Masker*, that notorious crew and it's Captain Bob Way never seem to end and most likely never will until somebody writes the whole story in a book.



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Exciting Happenings

by Sandy Will

Every year when the boats come out of the water (or shortly before) something exciting starts again at the Erie Yacht Club. That something is the Erie Yacht Club "America's Cup" Bowling League. This event has been happening since 1972 and has always been a great way for Club members to continue getting together during that long, cold, snowy period that Erie always experiences. This year the league starts bowling on September 3rd and continues every-other Friday until spring with the Awards Dinner following two weeks later.

Most new members have said that this is a great way to meet other Club members and enjoy the fun that exists within this group. This bowling league is not a sanctioned league and isn't as competitive as others you may have participated in, but a fun league with lots of great people with a lot in common - to have a good time (and get a little exercise).

If bowling on a regular basis isn't your thing, we are always looking for subs and whether you're experienced or just starting out, you'd be a welcome addition to our bowling family. Come join us at our pre-bowling brunch and see what you're missing out on. For more information, contact Carol Hall at 833-2303 or Mary Ann Curtze at 456-6169.

Being an EYC Bowler is a big time block-busting blast!



I Wanna Be Like... Hank?

(continued from page 6)

designed one of the first trailers for small boat owners. At age 28, Henry became the Dockmaster at the EYC. Henry also owned and operated several Trailer Courts and a gas/convenience store near the entrance to Waldameer. One of the Trailer Courts is still there today. At age 85, Henry remains an avid and competitive fisherman who fishes up to five days a week, providing the wind is below 15 knots. It is in regard to fishing that Glenn, Itchy, and Fritz recalled their favorite "Hank" stories.



"Wow...that's a lot to know just to be a bartender". Henrietta gets her/his final instructions from Louise at a Celebrity Bartender night.

On a trip to Islamorada in the Florida Keys, Itchy and Glenn, knowing that Henry had a boat at his and Betty's nearby winter home, decided to call and ask if he would take them fishing. Henry readily agreed and it was arranged that he would pick them up with his boat in John Pennacamp State Park. Henry arrived in what Glenn and Itchy called "a boat in the sorriest shape we have ever seen." There were no electronics visible, and they were not sure it even had a working compass. But what the hell, they could still fish, or so they thought! A predominantly solo fisherman, Henry had rigged this dubiously seaworthy boat with state of the art stainless steel fishing lines attached to electric reels that fed back to a push button at the helm. When Henry wanted to fish, he shoved a wooden block in the steering wheel to hold the boat on course while he set the lines. When that was done he returned to steering the boat and if he got a bite, he simply pushed the button at the helm and reeled the fish in. So basically, Itchy and Glenn spent the after-



Henry took the boys (Itchy Penman and Glen Thompson) fishin'... "those ain't guppies they be grouper".

noon watching Henry's boat fish all by itself! They returned with the allowed number of keeper-grouper and proceeded to the home of P/C Pete Traphagen where the fish were cleaned at Pete's backyard fish station and enjoyed by all.

Fritz Curtze recalls an afternoon three years ago while he was taking his own boat out to fish. He happened to pass Henry who was headed out on his much slower boat. Fritz pulled along side and they chatted for awhile. Henry expressed his desire to go along on Fritz's boat. Fritz readily agreed but what happened next totally amazed him. "I couldn't believe it! Hank dropped anchor right on the spot and then the 82 years young rascal quickly scampered over two railings and onto my boat exclaiming, 'O.K., Let's go'." Of course, neither one of them actually thought about the implications of leaving Henry's abandoned boat at anchor for the next four hours. This was especially worrisome to Doc Bressler, who kept watching Henry's boat for signs of activity and had finally become con-



It's nice to see that all the EYC ladies seem to get along so well.



Henry loves every minute of being out on the water... whether it's fresh water or salt water it makes no difference to him.

vinced that Henry had either died or fallen overboard. Fortunately, Fritz and Henry returned before the Coast Guard had been called and there were divers in the water.

Few people know about the caring and sensitive side of Henry. He has been a member of the Shriner's Club for 40+ years, and he single-handedly provided all of the fish (500 lbs.) for their Annual Zem Zem Zailor's Fish-Fry fundraiser for many years. He also, along with 14 other EYC Zailors, spearheaded the conversion of an old wooden powerboat into a drivable attraction for the entertainment of all at the Shriner's annual parades. "The kids love it," says Henry. Fritz Curtze recalls that Hank was the first person to console him following the death of his father and that it was

done in such a compassionate and understanding manner, he still gets choked up at the recollection. And then there is the fun side of Henry. Who could forget his performance as "Henrietta" at Celebrity Bartender night? Or his energy in keeping up with all of the young ladies he charmingly coerces into dancing with him at every party. Or the wonderful Christmas scenes he would paint on the EYC windows each and every year until he and Betty decided to winter in Florida. People still mourn the loss of his decorative talents. So much the life of every EYC event, Henry is often the last one to leave. Is it any wonder that all guys want to grow up to be just like Hank?





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EYC Future Leaders... We Want You!

by P/C John Ashby
Chairman 2004
Nominating Committee

If you have ever toyed with the idea of making a commitment to serving your Club, stop toying. Take action now.

Your 2004 Nominating Committee is actively working to find the candidates for the Bridge, Board and Nominating Committee that will afford all EYC members the leadership in directing our Club in the future.

The Erie Yacht Club is fortunate in having a most diverse membership that spans a mecca of talents that has been and will continue to be the backbone and strength of our Club's past, present and future course.

So, if you are a regular member of the Club, get in touch with any of the dedicated members of the Nominating Committee to discuss your desires on how you may want to get involved while getting answers to any questions you may have.

The Committee will be making it's final decision on its slate of candidates for the membership meeting before October 1st so act now.

P/C John Ashby - Chairman 2004	455-2757
Julie Arthurs - Chairman Elect '05	898-4000
P/C Jim Owen - Chairman Elect '06	899-2479
Gary Weibler	453-5021
Jim Cummings	455-7714
P/C Dick Robertson	504-8469



This is your Club ... help secure and protect it's future and century old traditions.



Heinekins, Horses, Harleys & More

by Irene Boyles



Miss Coté, an EYC master of liquid libations, is seen here as the equestrian mounted upon her steed "J.W. Moonshine" whom she affectionately refers to simply as "Jay". Effective horse power = one.

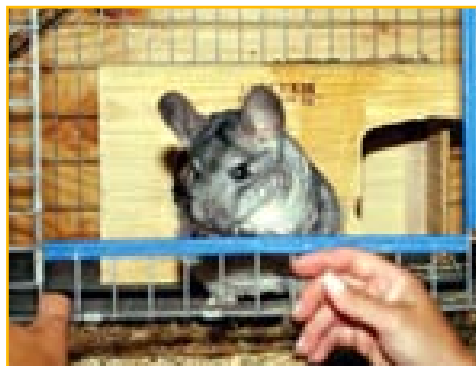
Linda Cote' has been a bartender at the Erie Yacht Club since June 1997. Everyone who knows her can see that she is a very energetic and friendly individual. Has anyone wondered what keeps Linda busy on her days off? Well... some of you may be surprised as to what I found out!

To begin with, Linda is a real animal lover. She is the proud owner of your typical domestic animals two Akita dogs, Kiba and Nikko, and a cat named Slickrick. Linda also enjoys the company of her two Gray Congo Parrots,



African Grey Congo Parrots, "Marco" and "Maya", have the run of the house and pester the dogs.

Marco and Maya. She informed me these birds are capable of having a vocabulary of up to twelve hundred words. Although, their vocabulary is only around three hundred words. One of the Linda's phrases they



Doesn't everyone have a pet chinchilla? Linda does and his name is "Charlie".

picked up quickly on is "all right babies, time to go to work." Since the day she brought them home, she would say this expression to them when she turned on the radio as she was leaving for work.

She takes great pleasure in caring for her horse, an American Quarter Horse Appendix named JW Moonshine, which was an engagement present from Mike, her fiancé. JW Moonshine and Linda get delight from their weekly jaunts in the woods.

Some of her time is also spent with Charlie, her chinchilla that she adopted from EYC members Jon and Natty Alberstadt in November of 2003.



At five and a half feet long, "Sydney" is not a handful but two armfuls of female Ball Python, a nonvenomous constrictor.

The most interesting creature that Linda owns is a snake that she acquired back in 2001. Some of you might recall hearing about a snake that was found in the bathtub of a Millcreek home. The incident was publicized in hopes that the owner would come forward and claim the obviously lost snake. When no one responded, the snake, a four foot long Ball Python, was put up for adoption. At first Linda had no interest in the snake. But then after a period of time, she decided to adopt her. After spending \$160.00 to nurse her back to health, Sydney (as she calls her) is now healthy, happy, five and a half feet long, and enjoys eating one rat every ten days. As you can see by the picture, Sydney likes to give kisses and hugs.

Among her other interests, Linda enjoys time in her pool and hot tub. In the midst of all of this, she still finds time in the summer to do yard work and care for her house plants. In the winter she keeps busy with crafts and sewing. Usually Linda makes her Christmas gifts for her family and friends.

The most thrilling fixation I found out about Linda is her life long desire of owning a motorcycle! Linda said, "I have always had an interest in riding. But for one reason or another, I never made the effort to purchase a bike. It wasn't until after I met my Mike, that my dream of owning my own motorcycle came true!" Linda went on to tell me that in the fall of 2002, Mike bought a Harley Davidson Softtail Deuce for them to ride. Over the past two years, they have enjoyed many rides together around the Erie area and local communities.

In the summer of 2003 they took a day trip to Quaker State and Lube, in Sharon PA. They rode down with Jim and Linda Hammer of the Erie Yacht Club. Linda stated, "There were 6,500 bikers that enjoyed the event. Mike and I like getting together with the other bikers because no matter what walk of life they come from, when bikers come together at a rally, they are all one. Everyone at the rallies has the same interest and shows such excitement in talking about, and showing off their motorcycles. You can see some really interesting custom made bikes."



"Slickrick" is Linda's purrrty Domestic Longhair cat.

In the fall of 2003, Linda and Mike enjoyed another day trip to Bemis Point. Once again she said when everyone gets together you can feel your adrenaline getting high and the excitement of the rally starts to build up.

Ever since Mike bought his motorcycle, Linda had been expressing a desire to have her own bike. Mike at first was not receptive of the idea. Then finally, after convincing Mike how much more comfortable it would be if they each rode their own motorcycle, Mike said he would order one as a present for her up coming birthday. The bike, a Harley Davidson 1200 XL Custom Sportster, was ordered on April 02 and was not due to come in until some time during the first part of June. But, when she returned home from work on Friday, May 21, (2 days before her birthday), Mike had a BIG surprise waiting for her. As she pulled into the driveway and opened the garage door, there sat her brand new Harley Davidson! She hopped right on the bike, turned it on, and visualized herself out on the open road. She said that she took a week to practice riding on the streets of McKean before she felt comfortable riding on the open roadways. Linda said this was one of the best birthday presents she has every received.

Linda and Mike are planning their first overnight trip to Port Dover, Canada for the Friday, August 13 rally. She is looking forward to this trip with great anticipation and excitement.

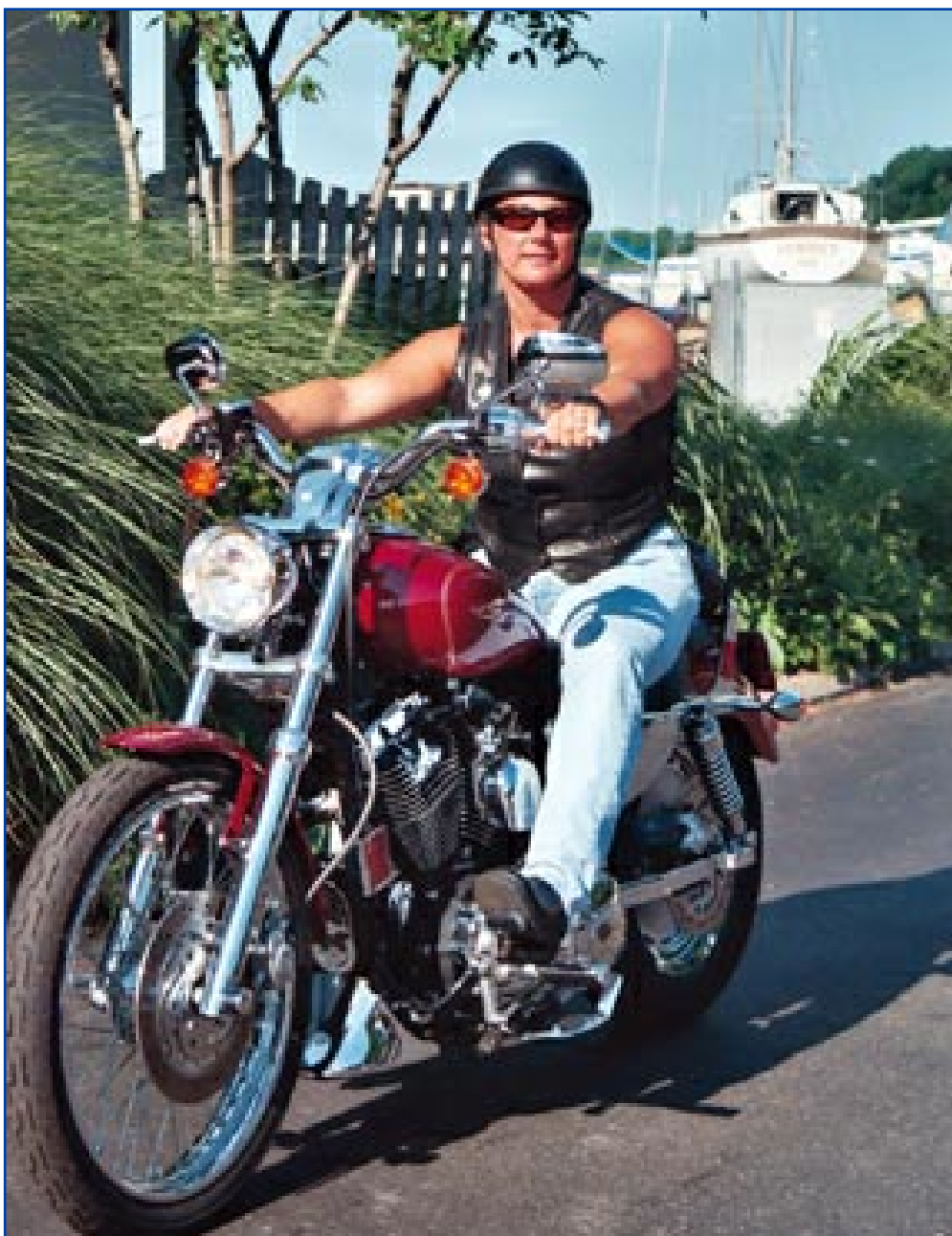
As you can see by the picture, she is ready to go on the road. Also, they will be participating in a rally on September 11th sponsored by the local chapter of the Blue Nights Motorcycle Club of Erie, of which Mike is a member. The proceeds from this rally will benefit the "Because You Care Association" of Erie which helps in the care of local animals of all kinds. Chances will be available on a variety of prizes with the proceeds benefiting the "Because You Care Association." The rally will begin at Pets Smart on Peach Street around 9:00am with a parade commencing around noon. Linda told me everyone is welcome to come and admire the local collection of motorcycles and to purchase chances on prizes. Without a doubt, this is definitely an appropriate charity for Linda to participate in because of her love for animals.

I have never ridden on a motorcycle, so I asked Linda if she would take me for a short




Linda's beautiful canines are thoroughbred Akitas. (L to R) "Nikko", Linda and "Kiba".

ride, even if it would be just around the club house grounds. It was really exciting! No folks, this doesn't mean that you will see me dressed in a leather outfit arriving at the Club on my own motorcycle.



Biker Babe Coté, an EYC purveyor of alcoholic refreshments, is shown straddling her hog "Harley style". Effective horse power = 79.

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Join the EYC Scuba Class

by Alex Webster

In conjunction with Diver's World, we would like to garner a class of seven to ten EYC members for an adult introduction to scuba. The trials and tribulation of the class, certification dives and possibly a tropical class dive "trip" will be great fodder for an upcoming LOG article, and what a blast.

This course will include the complete NAUI Scuba Diver Educational System (textbook, workbook, video, audio tapes, logbook, pen, dive tables, stickers), instruction, use of tanks, regulators, BC's in pool, all airfills, rental of the Villa Pool, use of tanks for openwater dives, 5 certification dives, and NAUI deluxe certification.

Please contact EYC member Bill Legler at 873-0013 or Diver's World at 459-3195 to sign up. Remember to inform them you are interested in the special EYC class.



Bill Legler gives me a short lesson on what it is like to scuba.

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