

The ALG



First Annual Bay Swim

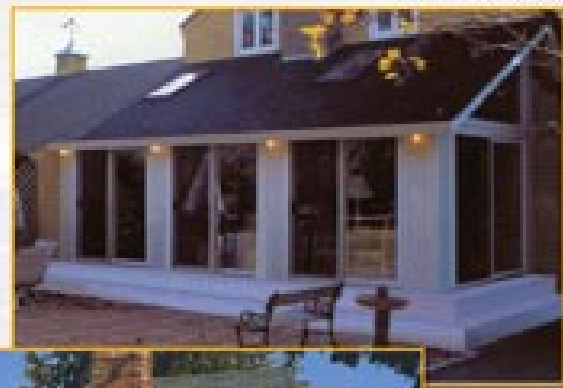
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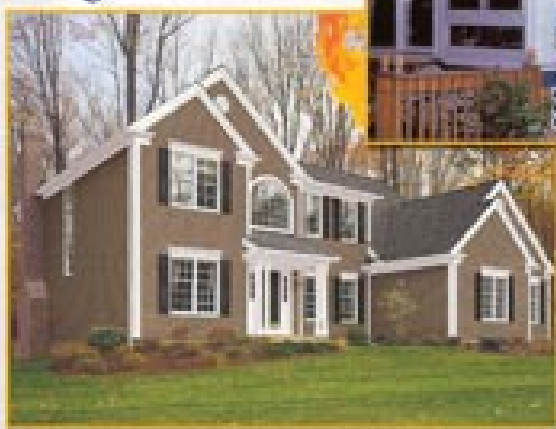
Sun Rooms



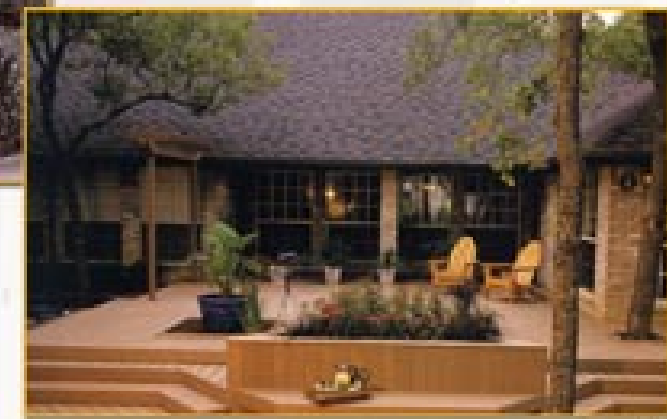
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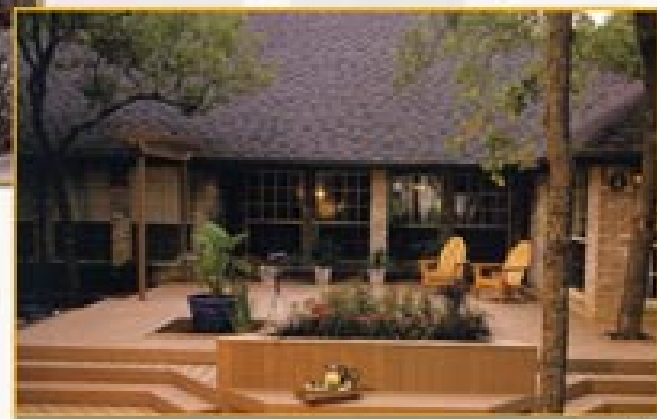
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From the Bridge

Rear Commodore Tom Trost



As a great summer season is coming to a close I would like to reflect on the wonderful activities that were provided by your club. I hope you were able to attend some of the events such as your Dock Party, Firecracker 4th, Family Picnic, Red Neck Yacht Club Party, as well as the very successful Thursday Sunset Happy Hour, which will continue through September 18th and the Friday Lighthouse Happy Hour which will continue through September 12th. I also sincerely hope our new regular and associate members enjoyed their first summer with us on the bay at the EYC!

The EYC hosted the finish line for the 1st Annual Clean Water Bay Swim. Upon their arrival swimmers exited the water on the prototype floating dock that was gratefully assembled and donated by P/C John Murosky and AccuTool.

We appreciate your comments on the Dining

Service Report Card. Many of your suggestions have been implemented and have helped to improve the quality of our food and service. Please continue to communicate with us, as this is an ongoing process.

This was a busy summer with our catered events. There were very beautiful weddings that took place at our newly renovated lighthouse along with birthday parties, receptions, graduation parties, showers, anniversaries and business events. Please be sure to contact your Catering Manager, Elizabeth, to reserve your date.

Be sure to watch your weekly EYC e-newsletter and Club fliers for the upcoming events this Fall and plan to attend the Commodore Ball, Oktoberfest and Kids Halloween Party to name a few.



Directory

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Club House Fax 453-6182

Canoe House 453-6368

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On the Cover...

Swimmers enter the water of Presque Bay for a 1 mile swim to the EYC celebrating a "Swimmable Bay". This is but the first of many such events for the future.



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On June 28, 2008 a history making event took place on Presque Isle Bay. One hundred and seventy six swimmers swam a one mile course from Vista 3 on Presque Isle State Park to the Erie Yacht Club celebrating Presque Isle Bay's improved water quality.

Three years ago, Pat Davis, the event's organizer, became a board member of the Presque Isle Partnership. Pat came to the table with a background in triathlon and related event organizations, as well as a concern for health-related fitness and athletic events.

Looking at the bay for many years, and intrigued with a 1988 bumper sticker that read "A Swimmable Bay in 20 Years" Pat, along with many others, had thought about the possibilities of Presque Isle Bay actually becoming environmentally safe for the community and visitors with efforts to improve the water quality of the bay. She thought to herself, "wouldn't this be a cool thing ... a swim across the Presque Isle Bay!"

Finally, in December of 2007, everything started to come together when the Department of Environmental Protection released

the findings that the quality of the water in the bay had been greatly improved. Upon receiving this information she immediately started to work on forming a committee to fund a BaySwim 2008.

Her initial team members for this event were Lori Boughton, Don Benczykowski, Freda Tarbell from the DEP, and Jerry Covert from the Regional Science Consortium. These team members brought to the table years of research, consciousness-raising, educational efforts and specific initiatives that helped the bay become "swimmable" in terms of water quality. Pat said, "Though coming from different directions, our ideas combined, moved forward, evolved and, with the input and assistance of many, culminated in the actual BaySwim 2008. Yea!"

Together with Pat, all of these initial committee members, because of coming from a variety of professional backgrounds, brought specific areas of expertise to the BaySwim project.

In January 2008, The EYC committee evolved from a conversation that Pat had with Miche-

lee Curtze. Michele told her, "By working together we can form a group that would make this idea become a reality. This is REALLY exciting." Along with helping to secure sponsorships, Michele became the EYC event coordinator and formed a committee of EYC members from all different aspects. Such as, Dave Wagner who advised them on insurance issues, and Kathy Wagner who helped secure the lifeguards, the band, and donations. Greg and Karen Phillips helped to secure sponsorship donations for the T-shirts the volunteers wore. Jim Cummings helped organize the Jet Ski Patrol as well as P/C Richard Vicary who also donated drinks and snacks for the swimmers. Rich Santos donated commemorative water bottles and the source of beach towels for the swimmers. Along with his sponsorship of the event, P/C John Murosky's project was the building of the floating ramp, which included the installation of ladders the swimmers would use to exit the

water. P/C Fritz Curtze was in charge of organizing a fleet of boats to help line the east side of the swim area for the swimmers. Not only was Mickey McMahon a major sponsor of the event, he was one of the swimmers. Mike Lynch and F/C Jerry Urbaniak helped with guidance in utilizing the club grounds.

continued on
page 16.

The First Annual Presque Isle BaySwim 1

by Irene Boyles

EYC member Mickey McMahon, one of many EYC swimmers, looks happy to see everyone at the Club's exit dock or maybe he's just happy to be alive!



RIT Swimming Star and EYC member Kristen Curtze (L) with friend are entering Bay on the Peninsula for the First BaySwim.



Barb Wathan, another EYC Member, is just happy to finish the event.



Erie Mayor Joe Sinnott looks on with envy in his eyes ... do it next year Joel.



Sally Prazer, 76, the oldest female entrant is also Mickey McMahon's Aunt! No wonder he swam in it!



Volunteers on the exit dock closely check-off everyone's number as just another safety precaution. Of the 178 swimmers, 176 finished the mile course with everyone thoroughly enjoying the day.

*All the photographs on this spread courtesy of Mark Bowen Studio.



Well, the following is one of the most enjoyable articles I have yet to write for the LOG. This story cannot be completed and therefore cannot end for the *Njorth* lives on. I'm sure it is as her original creator and owner EYC member Hank Buhl would have dreamed her to do. So where do I begin.

A great many things always seem to take me back to my early days at the Club, that being my "orange life jacket days" as I moved about the Club and now are ancient memories. Sometime during that period of time as a kid I had the honor of first meeting Mr. Buhl and those memories have lasted a lifetime or for at least the last sixty years.

At that time in my life I did not know what a "character" actually was but I can guarantee you I had met my very first one.

Mr. Buhl was as unique as the word is defined and that included his tremendous sense of humor that was a never ending pleasure to witness.

Hank Buhl always wore a sailor hat. Not a Captain's military style Naval hat but the little white enlisted man's "sailor's hat", you know like "Popeye" always wore. It is actually hard for me to picture Hank Buhl without that little sailor's hat, with the brim always in the up position all the way around, nautically perched atop his beaming, smiling face. Slight of build and jam packed with energy, Hank went about his somewhat storybook life loving every second of every minute of everyday. Most folks that knew Hank Buhl know he went about life with gusto, sharing all with his friends and family.

The one truly great love of Hank's life, besides his wife and his daughters of course, was his beautiful yacht *Njorth*. She was designed by Sparkman and Stephens of New York and built by Herman Lund of Lund Boat Works on the east public dock right here in Erie. The New York Times featured a piece on the *Njorth* with a very prominent photo of her cruising across

Presque Isle Bay smack dab at the top of the page. "Nice positioning Hank."

Here are some of *Njorth's* specs and early history ... like the keel for *Njorth* being laid in the fall of 1954 with the yacht officially registered and delivered in 1955 are all c/o fellow member Jim Manges. Jim also was an early employee of Buhl's at Erie Marine Supply Company which Buhl had acquired in the winter of '50/'51. *Njorth* was berthed in his boathouse behind the store. Jim also recounts that *Njorth* has had three sets of engines since her launching, with the current set being better than 20 years old.

Since my very earliest memories I remember the "Tamburitans". I refer here of course to the Duquesne University Tamburitans which, founded in 1937, is the longest running multicultural song and dance company in the United States. I was well acquainted with this group for many reasons and many seasons. First of all, the Zem Zem Shriners

would sponsor this fabulous troupe to preform every year right here in Erie for the public's pleasure. Secondly, one of the unique perks made available to the Tamburitans, which they thoroughly enjoyed, was their boat rides on Lake Erie and Presque Isle Bay aboard both Hank's *Njorth* and my father's *JED III*, aboard which I sometimes went along as crew. Also I often "worked" the Tamburitans concerts at Strong Vincent High School as part of the school's stage crew with fellow EYC member John Schuler.

My friend Nancy Buhl Kemp, Hank's youngest daughter, who was good enough to lend me her assistance with input for this narrative, was the designated christening celebrity on *Njorth's* launch day in 1955. And Nancy did a fine job too ... totally destroying a perfectly good bottle of champagne in the process. "That 'a girl!"

Hank kept *Njorth* in the water year round. If he wasn't cruising the southland, she was

berthed in his private boathouse located behind Erie Marine Supply Co. which Hank owned along with the Erie Yellow Cab Company. Hank also loved to tinker and had a work shop in the boathouse for that very purpose ... tinkering.

Now we just discussed Hank's "boathouse" so there is no time like now to mention his "houseboat". The "boathouse" was for *Njorth* and the "houseboat" was for Hank, his family and his friends.

When I was a kid all the houseboats were anchored in Misery Bay, so named by Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's crew (who aboard the Brig Niagara was the victorious commander of the American Fleet over the British during the Battle of Lake Erie in 1813) due to the miserable living conditions the crew had endured during a wintering of the fleet in that area of Presque Isle Bay. In the 1950's there were quite a number of houseboats located in Misery Bay until some bureaucrats decided they were an

"eyesore" and had everyone of them moved into Horseshoe Pond behind our United States Coast Guard's Erie Station adjacent to Misery Bay.

I visited Buhl's houseboat many times with my parents as well as houseboats which were owned by other EYC members Dr. Russell Roth and Marge and Fred Downing. And you can bet your socks they had a good, no great time and I thought my generation had FUN! Boating in the 50's and 60's was, how do I put this in a politically correct manner, fantastic fun, a real blast, a rocking, exhilarating, hilarious, total "rad" time and I do not mean just sometimes but all the time. And the amazing thing is, sure there were less boaters in those days, but I doubt if it is any safer today than it was then even in today's massively over policed environment. As you all are aware, many times today there are more water policing agencies patrolling the local waterways than there are boaters out enjoying boating. Sorry, but I see something very wrong with this scenario ... how about you?

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NJORTH

PORT OF ERIE

by P/C John Ashby



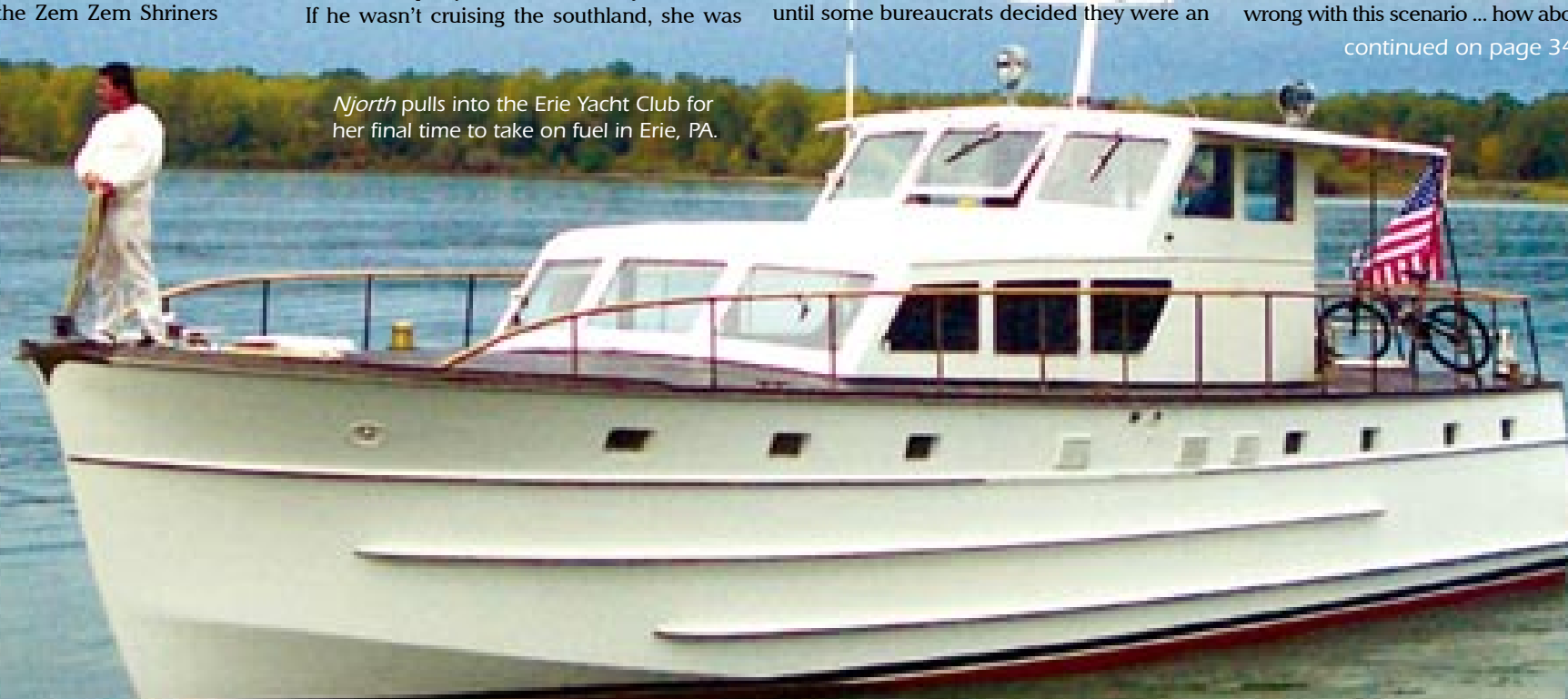
Njorth under construction at Lund Boat Works here in Erie on the East Public Dock.



A young Nancy Buhl christening the *Njorth* behind Lund's and she did a perfectly splendid job of destroying a perfectly good bottle of "bubbly".



My mother and father, Connie and John, with Chris Buhl at Dry Tortugas in the Keys.

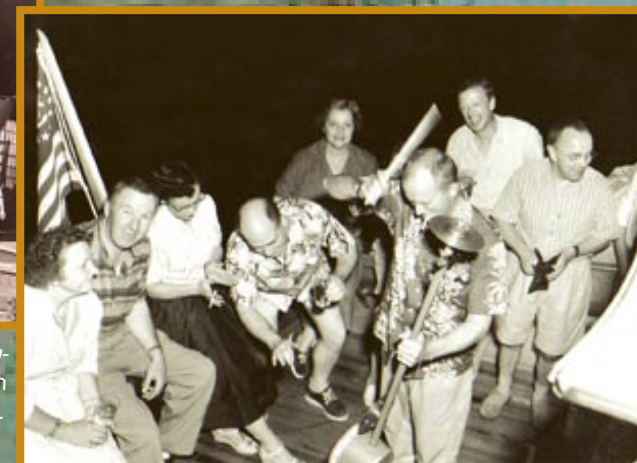


Njorth pulls into the Erie Yacht Club for her final time to take on fuel in Erie, PA.

Hank Buhl bought the Erie Marine Supply Co. in 1950. Years later EYC member Eddie Irvin was its manager for many years.



Party Time with (l to r) Susie and Fritz Dunn, ?, Dr. Russ Roth, Marge Downing with husband Fred Downing playing the instrument ... "Oh YEA, COOL DADDY O" and others.



EYCs Dr. Ed Kemble had *Ca-price* built also by Herman Lund's remarkable craftsmanship.

A Sailor's Quest!

by Dan Dundon

My son Chris, at age 8, poses in the hearth of the Buena Vista Furnace in Indiana County. Built in 1847 on Blacklick Creek it is one of the finest examples of beautiful stone cutting to be found at any site.

Cold stone blast furnaces were the only source of iron to Colonial Americans. Stoves, plows, nails, tools and production farm machinery as well as guns, cannons and swords were all fabricated in Pennsylvania, the leading colony in iron production. The early dominance of Pennsylvania in the iron and steel industry was dependent on its iron ore deposits, rather than its coal beds.

The first iron furnace in Erie County was built in 1833 by Hinckley, Jarvis and Company and started the industrialization of Erie County. This firm had many subsequent names and owners and was finally called the Germer Stove Company in 1909. Known as “Old Furnace” after the new furnace was built, this plant was located on State Street and ran along Eleventh Street almost to Peach Street.

In 1840, Johnson, Himrod and Vincent organized “The New Furnace Company” located east of State Street between 11th and 12th Streets. Vincent appointed his son, Strong, to manage furnace operations. When it became apparent young Strong was not cut-out-for-furnace-work, his father gave him a choice: go to college, or, join the military. Strong Vincent when on to be a Union Civil War Hero. On the mid-1800’s Erie City Map at the Erie County Historically Society, you can see “iron works” at 12th and State Streets. The ownership of the company changed many times. In 1900 it was called the Chicago and Erie Stove Company on the eve of going out-of-business.

The two Erie furnaces used bog ore which was mined at the head of Presque Isle Bay near the present site of the Erie Yacht Club. The mining of the bog ore was a very considerable industry. Some of the bog ore was transported to the Erie docks in flat-bottomed boats on Presque Isle Bay and transported from the water-front to the furnace by ox-drawn wagons. Other bog ore was teamed in over-land. Bog ore was 60% iron and called “brown hematite”. After smelting, the “pig iron” ingots went overland via six-team freight wagon, then onto river barges for delivery to Pittsburgh. Now you know why Pittsburgh is called “The Iron City”.

Complete communities grew up around the blast furnaces located in rural areas. These “small towns” consisted of houses for the workers and their families, a company store, warehouses, offices, stabling for 40 to 50 horses and oxen, blacksmith shops and sometimes, an owner’s mansion. Among this work force were skilled artisans and laborers – men who mined and teamed the iron ore, the furnace men who smelted the ore, the moulders who formed the iron and the finishers, fitters and blacksmiths who put the work together.

Direct furnace operations required 15 to 20 men around the clock. Other supporting jobs, for example cutting wood, making and hauling charcoal, mining and hauling the ore and limestone, raising food for the workers, families and livestock, and administration (the iron master) increased numbers of workers to 60 to 80 people.

The center of the site was a stonework stack surrounding a charging chamber lined with sandstone or firebrick. The furnace stack was often built close to a hill-side to facilitate charging. The area above the furnace was called the charging bench. Often, a charging bridge connected the top of the stack to the charging bench. Many stone furnace stacks have set-backs providing a foundation for the timbers of the charging bridge.

Alternating charges of charcoal and iron ore were fed into the top of the stack by a worker called a fuller. Occasional loads of limestone which acted as a flux were added. The limestone would remove the impurities in the iron ore. It required about two tons of iron ore, one to two tons of charcoal and a few shovels full of limestone to make one ton of raw iron. At least twice a day, the molten iron flowed.

The term “pig iron” came from the appearance of the sand molds which resembled a sow and her suckling piglets in the casting shed. The large opening in the stack at the casting shed was called the forehearth or the casting arch.

A large blast furnace required an abundant source of wood and could consume the equivalent of an acre of woods daily in the form of charcoal.

The fire was made hot enough to melt iron by a blast of air forced through an opening in the side of the stack. A water mill wheel would power a mechanical bellows to deliver the air blast. On old Erie City maps

continued on page 32.

The *Louis V. Place* was a three-masted commercial cargo schooner. At 163 feet she was built in 1890 and was Captained by a seasoned sailor, William H. Squares.

The *Place*'s final voyage came in 1895 the very year that saw the birth of the Erie Yacht Club. She was on a run from Baltimore bound for New York with her hold baring 1,100 tons of coal as her lone cargo. The weather was foul as she departed on the fifth of February and by the seventh and eighth the wind and snow was howling from Canada to the Carolinas. The wind velocity reached as high as 72 mph as the snow and spray began freezing on the schooner's rigging and sails making the ship difficult, if not impossible, to handle.

The USLSS, which stood for the United States Life Saving Service, the precursor to the United States Coast Guard, had 29 vessels with a total of 129 crew meet disaster from the 6th to the 9th of February due to the storm and sea conditions. The *Louis V. Place* was the thirtieth.

Captain Squires believed he was near Sandy Hook as his ship and crew suffered icing conditions until the ship and crew were no more than a drifting iceberg nearly unmanageable. Her rigging was frozen in the blocks, the sails frozen stiff from the spray and the decks a sheet of ice with visibility down to zero. Squares ordered the lead line put to the task finding the ship was in eight fathoms or just 24 feet of water. With the hull leaking profusely the Captain ordered the anchor set but the crew, in their weakened condition even after a ration of whiskey were unable to free the anchor from the ice buildup. The men simply waited for whatever fate the storm had in store for them huddling in the aft part of the ship.

Within minutes the crew was horrified by the sound of the ship pounding on a sand bar as the hull opened up and the sea waters came rushing in. The crew began scampering up the ratlines taking refuge high in the rigging.

The schooner, *John B. Manning*, was beached several hours earlier only a mile or so from the *Place* with all her crew rescued by the two closest USLSS stations.

The *Louis V. Place* was stranded three to four hundred yards from the beach as the men from the USLSS arrived on the scene. And the scene they faced was a gruesome

A Harrowing Tale ... the Wreck of the

Louis V. Place

by P/C John Ashby

November 1895

one as the sea continually swept across her decks as her crew members hung on for dear life in the rigging. The USLSS lifeboats were ineffective in the two foot thick portage ice being tossed about between the ship and the beach. The rescuers tried the only hope they possessed for the crews rescue using breeches buoys delivered to the stranded crew by way of the firing the buoys into the rigging with a Lyle Gun. The first shot was short of its mark. A second attempt was within reach of the stranded crew but the beleaguered, exhausted men could not physically react by reaching the buoy even though their lives depended on. Hypothermia had obviously taken over making the men incapable of rational thinking let alone taking action. The surfmen left the second buoy in place in the rigging and fired a third which also hit its mark well within reach of the half frozen men. These sailors themselves were literally frozen in the rigging, and could not move even if they wanted to.

As the short winter day began to close the crew, being in various degrees of frozen in the rigging, had their third chance at survival as the fourth buoy landed aboard the schooner landing over the top foremast. The beach rescuers had enough remaining light to see that the men aboard the ship made no movements or attempts to assist themselves by grabbing the life saving line. The day ended in darkness with a night of wildly intense cold and blowing snow only adding to the misery aboard.

As the sun rose the next morning only two crew member were still alive with a third hanging frozen head down in the rigging. The rest of the crew were swept out of the rigging during the night unable to hang on with frozen hands and feet. Captain Squares was one of men who tumbled out of the rigging and was heard to say as he was headed to the icy water below, "she's taking me now men" as he disappeared under the dark frigid sea.

In the morning the Lyle gun was fired again with the line landing across the mizzen mast close to the two surviving men. One of the men managed to get to the line but was unable to haul it in and crawled back into the rigging. It was now 3 PM with the light of day quickly running out. The undaunted surfmen tried several more times to launch their lifesaving boat but the ice laden surf kept tossing the craft back on the beach.

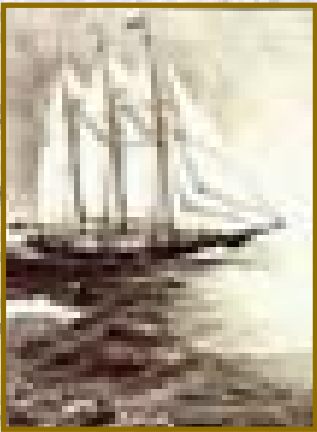
The last attempt to launch the boat took place as the sun began to set. They had moved the boat up the beach to a location they thought might be more advantageous and waited until the tide went out around midnight. The dedication of the men of the USLSS finally found success as with a mighty "heave two", they successfully launched the boat ending a forty plus hour ordeal. The waves were still running high as one man handled the tiller and the other rowed his heart out driving the boat through the still high surf as the menacing ice pounded the lifeboat. At last they reached the ship with their shouts finally arousing the men in the crosstree who carefully made their way down as the surfboat came along side the stranded wreck. They were helped into the surfboat quickly and taken to the beach where they were then transported to the station and later being sent to the Marine Hospital at Stapleton located on Staten Island where one of the two succumbed a few weeks later.

This tragic event drew quite a gathering of local folks as spectators journeyed to the scene making their way across the frozen bay on the ice by horse drawn sleigh.

This is but one of the tragic stories of the sea and the brave men that adventured out upon them sailing the immense expansiveness of the waters that cover 90% of the blue planet.



This photo was taken two days after the *Place* was run aground. She soon brokeup suppling local residence with coal for sometime to come.



1895



A few years ago, a professional musician and veteran of hundreds of various organizations' Oktoberfest-style events told us: "People love genuine Oktoberfest Parties and ours is ranked in the top 10% to be found anywhere."

Why are we so successful? One reason is our excellent, authentic German buffet including Wiener schnitzel, Sauerbraten, Roasted chicken, Bratwurst, Knockwurst, pumpnickel bread, potato pancakes, German potato salad, sauerkraut, and red cabbage. For dessert there's either black forest or apple strudel with big soft pretzels served later in the evening!

Non-stop entertainment starts during dinner with 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.

Remember we always offer a "special" Oktoberfest brew on tap in the EYC Beer-hall!

Oktoberfest 2008 ... Das Gut!

by Dan Dundon

Also remember, since the EYC Oktoberfest is usually a sell-out, begin planning now to attend on October 18th. This has become one of the greatest parties of the year! There you have it! Our Annual Erie Yacht Club Oktoberfest party started with the EYC Centennial Oktoberfest in 1995.

The EYC Oktoberfest has sold-out many times since. This party is still going strong!

We have been able to deliver continually enhanced parties around those two proven Oktoberfest "winners"... terrific German entertainment and an authentic German buffet, with the help of our dedicated entertainment committee of fellow EYC members.

We hope to see you all there, among the many

veterans of all 13 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! We guarantee if you don't have a great time at our EYC Oktoberfest then you just are not capable of having a really great time.



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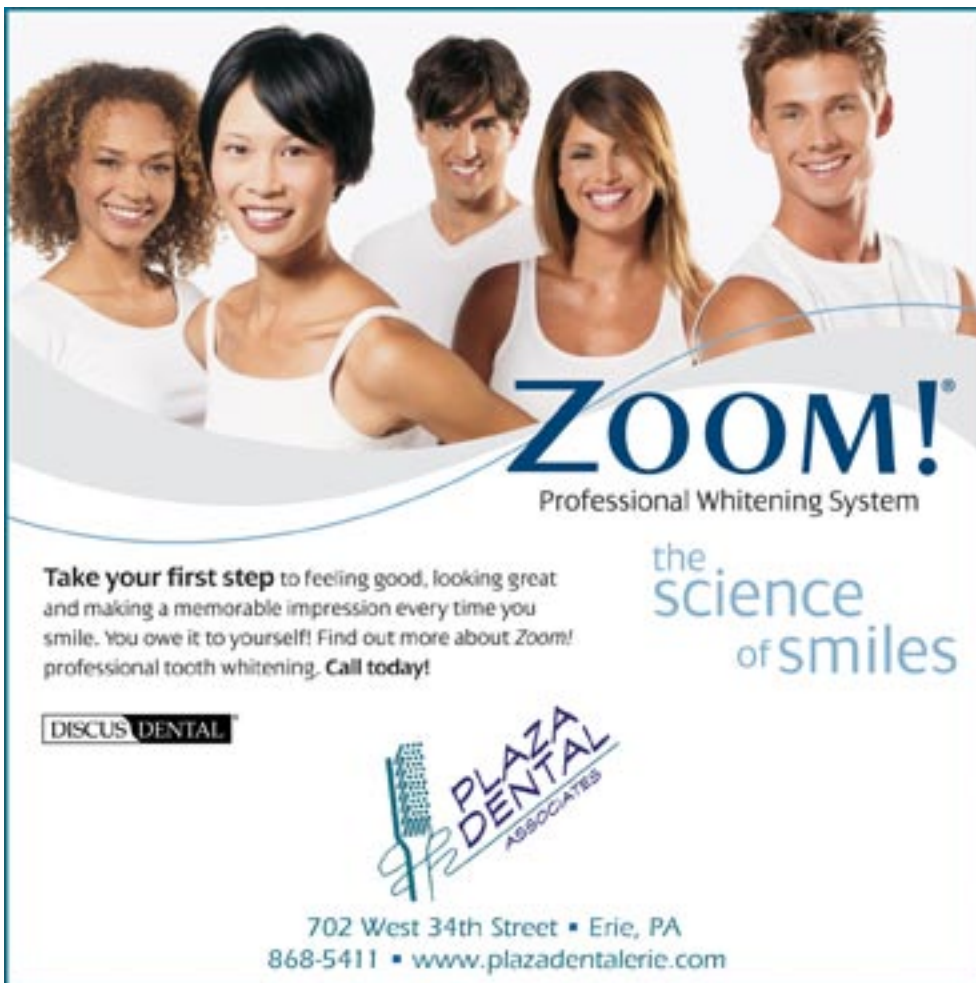
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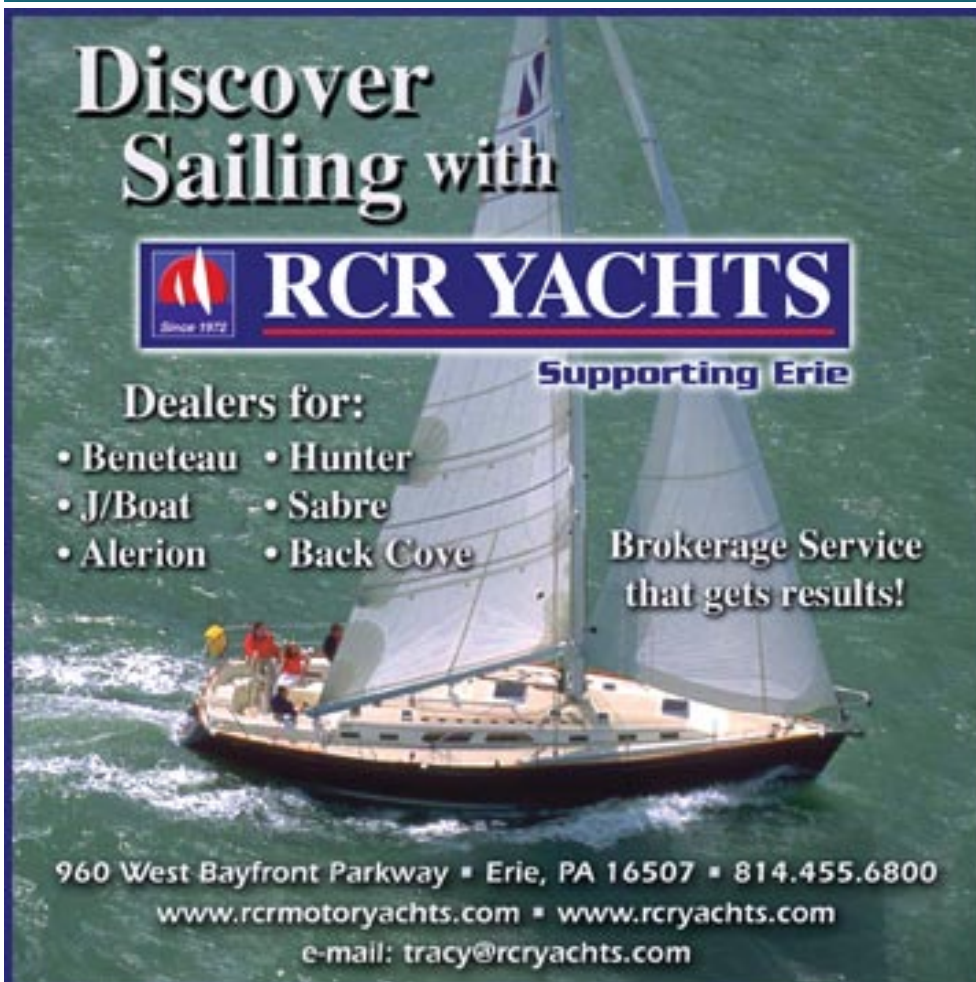
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Grim News ...On Climate



"The Arctic ocean is warming up, icebergs are growing scarcer and in some places the seals are finding the water too hot," according to a report to the Commerce Department yesterday from US Consul Ifft, at Bergen, Norway. Reports from fishermen, seal hunters and explorers, he declared, all point to a radical change in climate conditions and hitherto unheard-of temperatures in the Arctic zone.

Exploration expeditions report that scarcely any ice has been met with as far north as 81 degrees 29 minutes. Soundings to a depth of 3,100 meters showed the gulf stream still very warm. Great masses of ice have been replaced by moraines of earth and stones, the report continued, while at many points well-known glaciers have entirely disappeared. Very few seals and no white fish are found in the eastern Arctic, while vast shoals of herring and smelts, which have never before ventured so far north, are being encountered in the old seal fishing grounds."

Source: This morning's New York Times?
"No." The U.S. Weather Bureau in 1922.



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The First Annual EYC/Presque Isle BaySwim 1

continued from page 5

One of the biggest factors in this event was the safety of the swimmers. With this in mind, Pat and Michelee approached Dr. John Lyons asking him if he would be the Presque Isle BaySwim Advisor/Medical Consultant, which he agreed to do.

Finally, by April 2008, the EYC committee was formed. In May, they started to meet on a weekly basis working hard to put together the final touches for the event. Once the day of the event was chosen, they then decided on the route the swimmers would take.

Finally the day had arrived for the swim. Under the direction of Bob North and John Dahlstrand, two Presque Isle Lifeguards who coordinated the swim start on Presque Isle, the swim began at 9:00am on June 28. Wearing lime-green swim caps clearly marked with a number, the swimmers were counted one by one as they entered the water.



Look at all the happy faces on these guys including EYC Fleet Surgeon Con Lyons (left) and EYC member Judge John Trucilla (middle), all are eagerly awaiting the BaySwim 1.

As the swimmers made their way across the bay, they followed a well-planned course designed with safety foremost in mind. Many orange buoys (placed in the water by Eric Guerrein of Lake Shore Towing), and 18 boats lined the route for the swimmers while more than 20 experienced kayakers followed closely for guidance and assistance. Several jet skies, US Coast Guard, Lake Shore Towing, PA Fish Commission, and lifeguards stood by

vigilantly watching. Also keeping a watchful eye, were divers from the Erie County Sheriff's Diver Team. Lake Shore and West Lake Fire Departments were also on hand in case their assistance was needed.

As the swimmers approached the shore line of the EYC, they could hear music being played by the HUB Caps to greet them. As the swimmers climbed out of the water onto the ramp at the EYC, they were assisted by four students

from Earthforce. Then, as they walked across the ramp, Bonnie Tansey, Mai Lien Sicari, Ned Smith, Dave and Kathy Wagner, along with Michelee Curtze, did a head count to make sure that each swimmer safely finished.

After the swimmers enjoyed a refreshing drink of juice or water, and a banana for nourishment, they were transported back to Vista 3 on Presque Isle State Park by the Erie Metropolitan Transit Authority who provided free shuttle services for the swimmers.

One of the participating swimmers in the event was EYC member Mickey McMahon (known as a Bay Rat because he grew up on the bay). Mickey was not only excited about swimming in the event, he was happy that he finished before his aunt, 76 year old Sally Prazer. Sally, on the other hand, was just happy to finish.

Among the many swimmers participating in the event was Matt Kohler age 16 from Key West, Florida, and David Roland, age 64, from Reston, Virginia. Dan Benczkowski age 14 was the youngest swimmer while Sally Prazer and Jerry Arnold were the eldest at the spry

ages of 76 and 79 respectively. Dan Pierce, age 30, a local accomplished tri-athlete, was the first male out of the water and Kelsey Herbst, age 17, an outstanding member of McDowell's swim team, was the first female out of the water trailing Dan by only a minute.

Members of the committee have already met to discuss ways to improve the event making it better for next year. That's right: plans are under way for the Presque Isle BaySwim 2009. So mark your calendar for June 27, 2009. You have a year to get in shape for the swim!

Some of the photos included in this article are compliments of Mark Bowen, who was the official photographer of the Bay Swim event. If you would like to purchase these or other photos of the event, visit Mark's website at <http://markbowenstudio.exposuremanager.com>.

The organizers, swimmers, and volunteers would like to thank all of the monetary and in-kind sponsors which made this event a reality. Though the BaySwim was not intended to be a fundraising effort (beyond covering event expenses), the initially designated beneficiaries are the Presque Isle Partnership and

Lake Erie Allegheny Earthforce (which is an environmental education non-profit). Importantly also, donations are being made to the non-profit assisting organizations whose time/presence contributed to the success of the BaySwim.

Pat Davis and Michelee Curtze would like to thank the monetary sponsors for the event. These sponsors were Saint Vincent Health Center, Hamot Medical Center, Beals-McMahon Painting, Highmark Blue Cross/Blue Shield, Erie Insurance, Pennsylvania Sea Grant, Erie Port Authority, and Wagner Giblin Insurance. Also their thanks go out to the In-kind sponsors who were, Presque Isle Partnership, Department of Environmental Protection, Lake Erie Allegheny Earthforce, Regional Science Consortium, William D. Morosky, DDS, Erie Yacht Club, City of Erie, Creative Imprint Systems, Vicary Insurance, Mark Bowen, Photographer, Judth Emling, Photographer and The Hubcaps.



"See Y'all Next Year ... June 27, 2009!"

" Thanks to P/C Fritz Curtze whose *Second Obsession* acted as Safety Boat in coordinating the many other volunteer power and sailboaters."



* All the photographs on this spread courtesy of EYC member Judy Emling, LOG Committee.

"All the participants, from swimmers to volunteers thank the Erie Yacht Club for all you did including P/C John Muroshy for the great swimmers exit dock."



"And thank you Mickey McMahon for the nice warm towels after our great swim!"



"And thank you P/C Richard Vicary and all the kayakers, powerboaters and sailboaters for working for our safety on the water ... you're all great!"



The 2nd Annual Great Whiffleball Challenge was held on Sunday, July 20th. This always volatile sailor versus power boater scheme provided great interest attracting a large crowd of players, parents and generous spectators. The game that began promptly at 1 PM at EYC Waterfront Field located on the west lawn of our club was umpired by EYC Vice Commodore David "YOU'RE BLIND UMP!" Amatangelo. Dave spared the crowd's audio senses by not singing the National Anthem before muttering those famous words, "Play Whiffle Ball". The normally good natured Amatangelo got his stripes out of alignment when he had to call for a "time out" when a rookie whiffleballer refused to run the base path in

the correct direction. Shortly thereafter order was restored and the game continued without further incident.

Chris "Skip" Grychowski who happened to be the coach for both of the opposing Red and Blue teams praised the grounds keeper in that the field condition was perfect insuring there were no serious field injuries, except for PC John Murosky who had a surprise impact with the third baseman in short left field while attempting to field a fly ball. Come to find out Murosky had actually suffered a severe cramp in his right hand which was later attributed to holding cold beverages for excessive periods of time.

There was an extended fourth inning stretch

which provided ample time for a live demonstration by the Erie Elite, a youth tumbling, cheer and dance team from the local 360 Degrees school who cheered throughout the game. Diane Curry Taylor also provided complementary massages for those with sore muscles.

Fortunately for the enthusiastic crowd, it was Buck Nite at EYC Waterfront Field with the patrons taking full advantage of the \$1 charge for all food and beverage items including adult malt beverages. Quite to the surprise of Commodore David Arthurs, additional security was not required to subdue the vocal and animated box seat crowd positioned on the west deck.

After last year's huge rout by the power boat

team, the sailors came back to squeak out a narrow two run victory to claim the 2008 prize, a unique wooden replica plaque crafted by EYC Director Matt Nemic.

The organizing committee was helmed by Rear Commodore Tom Trost and his wife Fay with the help of numerous volunteers. Special thanks go to the event sponsors including Erie Beer Company, Urbaniak Brothers Quality Meats, Amatech/Polycel, the EYC Auxiliary and the Erie Yacht Club.

Thanks go out to everyone who helped support this enjoyable event with the proceeds earned being donated to the Erie Yacht Club Auxiliary for their use.



The team waits with great anticipation.



Hey ... that's an awfully large kid!



The cheerleaders were strutting their stuff.



She smacked that one into next week!



A Pig waits on a Meatman!

He's still a Pig ... he's still a Meatman.



Never trust an Ump who drinks.

(SCRIBED BY DAVE HEITZENRATER)

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“Did I hear what I thought I heard” Animals

by P/C John Ashby



“Ouch, Herman! What’s wrong with you? You’re flying to close again!”



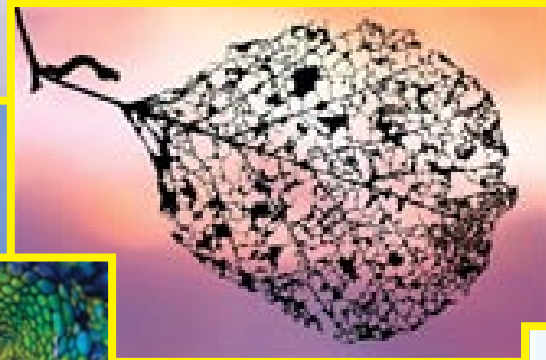
“Tallyho!”



“My word George, you’re getting quite horny.”



“You ought to see me without makeup!”



“Don’t tell me he’s mine, we look nothin’ alike!”



Hey, I tinks I smells honey, I knows I smells honey, I does smells honey ... so where’s da honey?”



“Wow ... now that’s one big minnows!”



“YIKES! This water’s COLD!”



“Shorty!, I said I didn’t feel like necking right now.”



“Now Clarence, he didn’t mean anything bad by calling you a Baboon!”



“Excuse Meeeee!”



“YIKES! This water’s COLD!”



“Wake up Mom, let’s PLAY.”



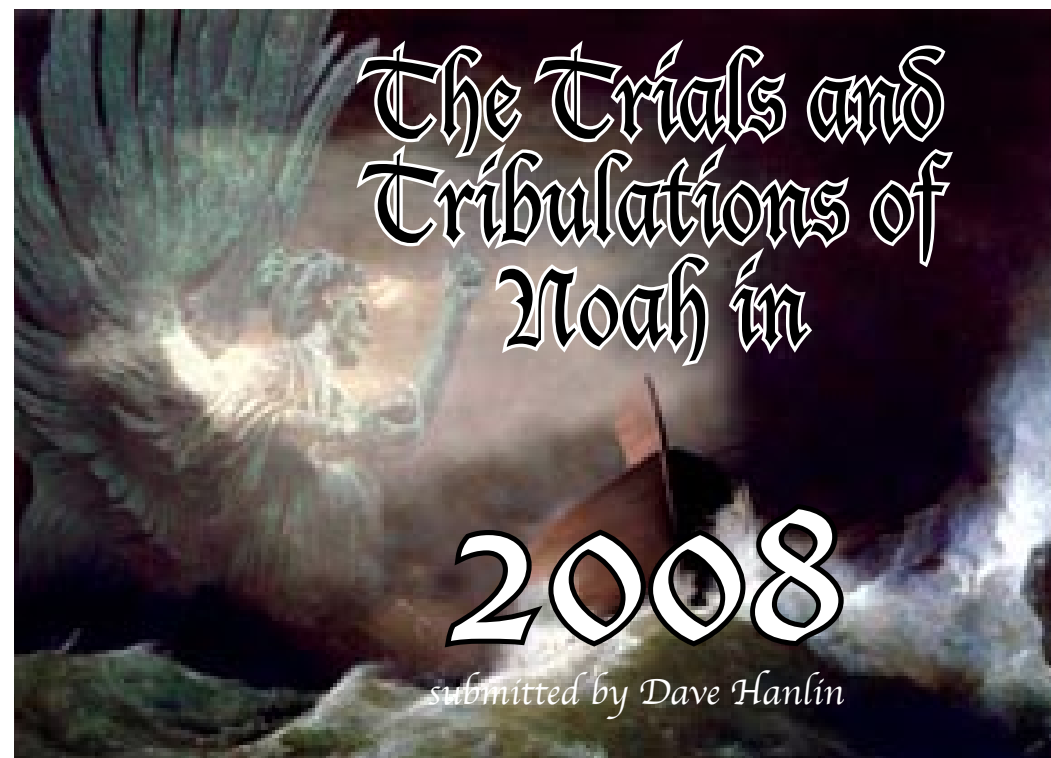
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In the year 2008, the Lord came unto Noah, who was now living in the United States, and said, “Once again, the earth has become wicked and over-populated, and I see the end of all flesh before me.” “Build another Ark and save 2 of every living thing along with a few good humans.”

He gave Noah the blueprints, saying, “You have 6 months to build the Ark before I will start the unending rain for 40 days and 40 nights.”

Six months later, the Lord looked down and saw Noah weeping in his yard - but no Ark.

“Noah!” He roared, “I’m about to start the rain! Where is the Ark?”

“Forgive me, Lord,” begged Noah, “but things have changed. I needed a building permit. I’ve been arguing with the inspector about the need for a sprinkler system. My neighbors claim that I’ve violated the neighborhood zoning laws by building the Ark in my yard and exceeding the height limitations. We had to go to the Development Appeal Board for a decision.”

“Then the Department of Transportation demanded a bond be posted for the future costs of moving power lines and other overhead obstructions, to clear the passage for the Ark’s move to the sea. I told them that the sea would be coming to us, but they would hear nothing of it.”

“Getting the wood was another problem. There’s a ban on cutting local trees in order to save the spotted owl. I tried to convince the environmentalists that I needed the wood to save the owls - but no go!”

“When I started gathering the animals, an animal rights group sued me.”

“They insisted that I was confining wild animals against their will. They argued the accommodations were too restrictive, and it was cruel and inhumane to put so many animals in a confined space.”

“Then the EPA ruled that I couldn’t build the Ark until they’d conducted an environmental impact study on your proposed flood.”

“I’m still trying to resolve a complaint with the Human Rights Commission on how many minorities I’m supposed to hire for my building crew.”

“Immigration and Naturalization are checking the green-card status of most of the people who want to work.”

“The trades unions say I can’t use my sons. They insist I have to hire only Union workers with Ark-building experience.”

“To make matters worse, the IRS seized all my assets, claiming I’m trying to leave the country illegally with endangered species.”

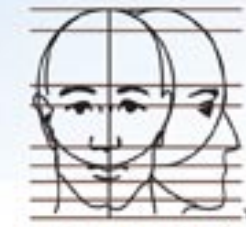
“So, forgive me, Lord, but it would take at least 10 years for me to finish this Ark.” Suddenly the skies cleared, the sun began to shine, and a rainbow stretched across the sky.

Noah looked up in wonder and asked, “You mean you’re not going to destroy the world?”

“No,” said the Lord. “The government beat me to it.”



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Obituary for Our Dearly Departed Friend *Common Sense*

submitted by Peg Way



“My parents told me about Mr. Common Sense early in my life and told me I would do well to call on him when making decisions. It seems he was always around in my early years but less and less as time passed by. Today, I read his obituary. Please join me in a moment of silence for Mr. Common Sense who had served us all so well for so many generations. This is the least we can do in remembrance and appreciation of his being and his demise.”

Obituary: Mr. Common Sense

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend, Common Sense, who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such valuable lessons as *“knowing when to come in out of the rain,” “why the early bird gets the worm,” “life isn’t always fair,”* and *“maybe it was my fault.”*

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don’t spend more than you earn) and reliable parenting strategies (adults, not children are in charge).

His health began to deteriorate rapidly when well intentioned but overbearing governmental regulations were set in place. Reports of a six-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate; teens suspended

from school for using mouthwash after lunch; and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student, only worsened his condition.

Common Sense lost ground when parents attacked teachers for doing the job they themselves failed to do in disciplining their unruly children. It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer Aspirin, sun lotion or a band aid to a student, but could not inform the parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Common Sense lost the will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband; churches became businesses; and criminals received better treatment than their victims. Common Sense took a beating when you couldn’t defend yourself from a burglar in your own home and the burglar can sue you for assault.

Common Sense finally gave up the will to live, after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot. She spilled a little in her lap, and was promptly awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by three stepbrothers; I Know My Rights, Someone Else is to Blame, and I’m a Victim.

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone. And that is something that we all will have to live with and shall all regret his passing.



Say It Like Ya See It ... Harry!

submitted by Dave Jones



When President Truman retired from office in 1952, his income was substantially a U.S. Army pension reported to have been \$13,507.72 a year.

Congress, noting that he was paying for his stamps and personally licking them, granted him an “allowance” and, later, a retroactive pension of \$25,000 per year.

When offered corporate positions at large salaries, he declined, stating, “You don’t want me. You want the office of the president, and that doesn’t belong to me. It belongs to the American people, and it’s not for sale.”

Even later, on May 6, 1971, when Congress was preparing to award him the Medal of Honor on his 87th birthday, he refused to accept it, writing, “I don’t consider that I have done anything which should be the reason for any award, Congressional or otherwise.”

We now see that the Clintons have found a new level of success in cashing in, unashamedly, on the presidency, resulting in untold wealth. Today, many in Congress also have found a way to become quite wealthy while enjoying the fruits of their offices. Political offices are now for sale.

Was good old Harry Truman correct when he observed, “My choice early in life was either to be a piano player in a whore house or a politician. And to tell you the truth, there’s hardly any difference.” I, for one, believe the piano player gig to be much more honorable than the current job of politician.



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BY AIMEE NICOLIA

It was one of those sweltering hot July days, with temperatures reaching into the nineties. It was enough to make even the most seasoned sailors dream of jumping ship and going for a swim, or maybe even capsizing their vessel on purpose.

But by late afternoon, with very little warning, the sunny blue skies suddenly turned grey and thunder and lightening soon followed. It was a squall that kicked up as quickly and violently as any Lake Erie squall can. Thanks to the vigilant instructors, the Junior Sailing fleet of FJ's, 420's, and Opti's made it safely off the water in the nick of time.

After hastily de-rigging their boats and stowing their sails, it was off to the clubhouse for

the wet and weary sailors where they belied up to the bar to share war stories and rehash the afternoon's exciting adventure.

No, not they didn't belly up to that kind of bar - these are the Junior Sailors, after all! They belied up to the ice cream bar, for the Junior Sailing Ice Cream Sundae Day.

Scoops of ice cream were served up by several of the Junior Sailing moms. But the kids were the real culinary wizards; one sundae out doing the next with piles of m&m's, cherries, and sprinkles, rivers of syrup, and loads of whipped cream.

It was the perfect ending to the perfect storm. And in the end, the order of the day was full bellies and smiles all around!



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P/C Fritz Curtze, Chairman
2008 EYC Nominating Committee

Ahoy, greetings, howdy and what is up?

Our Nominating Committee has been diligently working to secure the very best candidates possible for our Annual Meeting's election process. This is an important committee, one that ensures that the direction of the club continues on the right course.

There's no denying that our club is evolving into the premier yachting facility that she deserves to be. The new floating docks offer a sharp contrast to the steel piers we called home for decades. This has been a huge undertaking with loads of volunteer help, and we'd like to see that the upgrade progresses smoothly to completion. Along with club advancements like the super lighthouse, party barge, new associate memberships and galley improvements, life is good!

As chairman of the Nominating Committee, my request is simple: if any regular member is genuinely interested in running for the bridge, board, or nominating committee and hasn't been approached, please mention it to me or the other members of the committee at your convenience. This is a different approach, but one that I think has merit - what have we got to lose?

A quick reminder from the Constitution and By-Laws:

"After the report of the Nominating Committee has been posted, but before the tenth day prior to the day of the Annual Meeting, additional nominations may be made by written petitions filed with the Secretary and signed by at least twenty-five (25) Regular Members in good standing. These additional nominations shall likewise be posted by the Secretary ten (10) days in advance of the Annual Meeting. No other nominations will be accepted for the election."

Our current committee includes P/C Jim Means, John Bauman, Andy Kalivoda, Mickey McMahon, and Matt Welford. Tap 'em on the shoulder anytime. Thanks, and I'll be seeing you at the club!

Respectfully submitted,
Fritz Curtze
P/C FRITZ CURTZE



September & October Calendar of Club Events

September

- 4th Thursday Sunset Happy Hour
6pm - 9pm • Music by Abbey Road
- 5th Lighthouse Happy Hour • 5pm-8pm
Music by the Matt Kramer Trio
- 8th Monday Night Football Beer &
Food Special at the Club 8:30pm
- 11th Thursday Sunset Happy Hour
5:30pm - 8:30pm • Tri-State Mopars
Car Show Night • Entertainment by
Uncharted Course
- 12th Friday Lighthouse Happy Hour
5pm - 8pm • Dick & Jane Show
- 15th Monday Night Football Beer &
Food Special at the Club 8:30pm
- 18th Thursday Sunset Happy Hour
5pm - 7pm • Half-way to St. Pat's
Day Mini Rueben Night • music by
the Sam Hyman Band

- 22nd Monday Night Football Beer &
Food Special at the Club 8:30pm
- 29th Monday Night Football Beer &
Food Special at the Club 8:30pm

October

- 6th Monday Night Football Beer &
Food Special at the Club 8:30pm
- 11th Commodores Ball "New York,
New York" Music by Manhattan
- 13th Monday Night Football Beer &
Food Special at the Club 8:30pm
- 18th Oktoberfest • Mad Bavarian,
Heimat Kang Band
- 20th Monday Night Football Beer &
Food Special at the Club 8:30pm
- 25th Kids Halloween Party 10am
- 27th Monday Night Football Beer &
Food Special at the Club 8:30pm

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Another Person's Tapestry

submitted by Dave & Toni Sample

A mouse looked through the crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife (who also sailed at the EYC on weekends) open a package.

What food might this contain the mouse wondered? He was devastated to discover it was a mousetrap.

Retreating to the farmyard, the mouse proclaimed the warning: "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!"

The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said, "Mr. Mouse, I can tell this is a grave concern to you, but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it."

The mouse turned to the pig and told him, "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!"

The pig sympathized, but said, "I am so very sorry, Mr. Mouse, but there is nothing I can do about it but pray. Be assured you are in my prayers."

The mouse turned to the cow and said, "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!"

The cow said, "Wow, Mr. Mouse. I'm sorry for you, but it's no skin off my nose."

So, the mouse returned to the house, head down and dejected, to face the farmer's mousetrap . . . alone.

That very night a sound was heard throughout the house - like the sound of a mousetrap catching its prey.

The farmer's wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she did not see it was a venomous snake whose tail the trap had caught. The snake bit the farmer's wife.

The farmer rushed her to the hospital, and she returned home with a fever.

Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup, so the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard for the soup's main ingredient.

But his wife's sickness continued, so friends from the yacht club and neighbors came to sit with her around the clock.

To feed them, the farmer butchered the pig. The farmer's wife did not get well; she died.

All the people from the yacht club, plus all their other friends and family and neighbors came for her funeral. The farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide enough meat to feed all of them (even though they all brought casseroles and cakes).

The mouse looked upon it all from his crack in the wall with great sadness.

So, the next time you hear someone is facing a problem and think it doesn't concern you, remember --- when one of us is threatened, we are all at risk. We are all involved in this journey called life. We must keep an eye out for one another and make an extra effort to encourage one another.

EACH OF US IS A VITAL THREAD IN ANOTHER PERSON'S TAPESTRY;
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A Sailor's Quest

continued from page 9.

you can often find straight-line mill-races and tail-races running between the “iron works” and Mill Creek. These bellows would be similar to fireplace bellows we sometimes see today. A blast furnace bellows would be much larger, 12 feet long, four feet wide and four feet deep.

While furnace operations were an important part of economic development, a furnace would be seen as an “environmental disaster” today. When a furnace was in its prime, the mountains would have been large barren areas from the clear cutting of timber which supplied the furnace’s voracious appetite for charcoal. Smoke from both the charcoal hearths and the furnace stack would have filled the air.

In spite of the terrible environmental impact, a furnace in “full blast” would have been very impressive to see. Sparks continually streamed from the stack. The glare was visible for miles at night, and the roar echoed over the countryside.

Slag is the glass-like waste product of the smelting operations consisting of melted limestone and impurities drawn from the iron ore. Today, huge slag dumps surround many furnace sites. Sometimes, the only remaining evidence of a furnace site is the slag crunching under one’s feet. A piece of colorful slag makes a nice blast-furnace-souvenir.

Ore was where you found it, and the furnace stacks followed the ore. Once the ore was depleted or once the timber fuel was consumed, furnace operations would cease. The iron workers would move along, taking their tools, families and skills. Left behind would be the stacks, the mills and the villages.

Sometimes abandoned, many communities remained with other industries centered around milling operations. Today, in Venango County we still find the small villages of Victory and Rockland named after the furnaces located there. Other towns, like Raymilton, were named after the furnace owner. Other villages, for example, Helen Furnace and Madison Furnace still have the word “furnace” as part of their names.

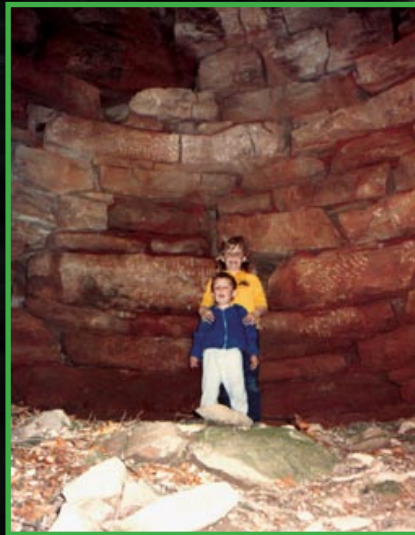
In 1845, furnaces first started using bituminous coal. On the charging benches above these later furnaces ruins of coke ovens are often found.

Furnaces evolved technologically from a cold blast to a hot blast. Steam (rather than water-wheels) powered the blast, using reciprocating air pumps rather than bellows. Fire-brick-lined steel shells replaced the stone furnace stacks. Anthracite coal burned hotter and ushered in use of the Bessemer process. By 1870, most cold stone sites were long since out-of-blast.

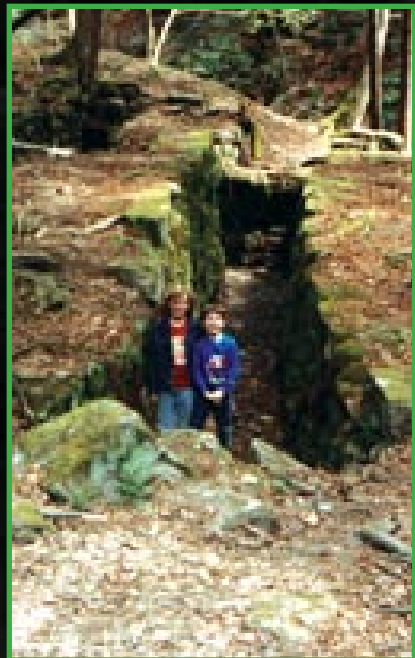
Inspired by a newspaper article in 1987 our then-young family made a hobby of finding the 100+ furnaces in Western Pennsylvania. The only resource I could find to help us at that time was a book “A Guide to the Old Stone Blast Furnaces of Western Pennsylvania” written by Sharp and Thomas in 1966.

In 1990 or so, I approached a property owner asking permission to enter his land to look for a furnace. The owner did not even know there was a furnace in his woods. When I got home, I sent the owner a copy of the Sharp and Thomas information on his stack. Ten years later, I got a letter from Richard Parks, a gentleman from the west coast. Richard and his family made a hobby of seeking furnace sites during the 1960s. The property owner still had my name and address and had passed it along when Richard came seeking his furnace. Richard sent me a letter and we got together with Richard, his wife Robin Jeanne and fellow

continued on page 37.



Laura and Chris inside of Buchanan Furnace built in 1844 and abandoned in 1858 due to a lack of timber. It is located in Clarion County.



Laura and Chris inside the Rockland Furnace “mill wheel” pit in 1992.

The Ross Furnace stack (1815) is on the Ross Mountain Golf Course on Tubmill Creek in Westmoreland County.



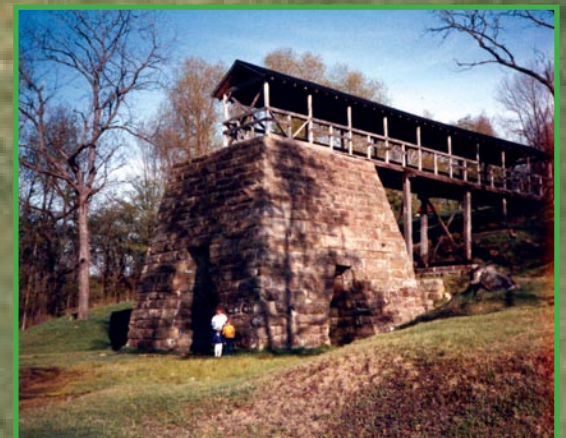
Looking up the stack at Rockland Furnace (1832-1854). Built by Andrew McCaslin and his wife who drowned when aboard a barge of pig iron that overturned on its way to Pittsburgh.



Located north of Franklin, Valley Furnace or Orleans Furnace, built in 1848, is one of the round styled furnaces. Chris and Laura in 1987 pose for my exquisite photography.



Helen or Highland Furnace (1845-1857) is located in the village of Helen Furnace north of Clarion. It is a representation of how stacks may have looked.



Eliza Furnace (1846-1849) was purchased by the Cambria County Historical Society as a monument to the early ironworkers.

My wife Kathy and the kids at the Allegheny Furnace (1811-1818) located along Baker Run southeast of Altoona in Blair County. It was reactivated in 1836 and operated until 1884.



Nancy would sing along with Hank as he picked out the tunes on his banjo aboard the houseboat.

NJORTH

PORT OF ERIE

continued from page 7.

Around 1960, my parents joined the Buhl's aboard *Njorth* to do some cruising in the Florida Keys. One day the four of them were out

fishing in a 12 foot aluminum boat and catching lots of little fish while just having fun. All of a sudden, "holy mackerel", that's no mackerel it's a 12 foot Hammerhead shark circling their little 12 foot boat! My father immediately called to Hank to get the previously caught fish, dangling over the side on a stringer, out of the water because "they are attracting the shark". Hank immediately responded "no way ... one of the girls has to get the fish out of the water 'cause those Hammerheads are known as 'MAN' eaters"! To Hank there was humor found in most every situation and he could always find it.

When Hank decided it was time to give up boating he sold *Njorth* to the Port Authority in 1983. Later, the Authority came under some "heat" for owning a pleasure boat and in 1989 sold her at auction to Vincent Rapp. Vinnie and I graduated in the same high school class at Strong Vincent in 1962. We were both permanent members of the Class Reunion Committee so one year Vinnie took all the guys out for a cruise on *Njorth* and that little trip sparked a lot of memories for me of my earlier days. As a broker, Jim Manges later resold the boat to Rick Graner of Conneaut, Ohio in 2001. The yacht was out of the water for a number

of years until it was purchased on E-Bay by its current owner Mac MacGee.

The day that MacCree was leaving on *Njorth*, Manges called me to let me know he was heading to the EYC for fuel. I high-tailed it to the Club and shot some final photos of her and met Mac who agreed to help out with this LOG article.

Today, Mac says "I am proud as can be as the new owner of the *Njorth*. I fell in love with her when I first saw her for sale on ebay. I had been looking for a boat for several months when I ran across pictures of the *Njorth* on ebay and that was it, I just had to have her! I immediately purchased a plane ticket and proceeded to plan my trip from California to Erie to claim ownership and start my traveling adventure.

It took me 3 months to finally pick up my boat. The morning my girlfriend and I arrived on Lake Erie we departed within 2 hours. So here is our trip to date. Our first stop was at the Lake Erie Yacht Club for fuel and that is when I realized that I was taking a piece of history from Lake Erie not just a beautiful vintage yacht. During that time I met John Ashby who mentioned an article in the LOG.



This was a familiar transom seen all around the Erie and Port Dover area for the last 50 years.

Since picking up *Njorth* in October, 2007 we have enjoyed cruising through some of the most beautiful countryside the east coast has to offer. All the while getting to know and love *Njorth* more each and every day. And everyday I would end up making a list of all the items that we had to take care of to bring

Njorth back to her former majesty on the water. By the time we reached Georgetown, SC it was apparent that the *Njorth* needed a few major repairs before the paint and polish. We found the perfect place to haul her out utilizing a rail system at Maritime Repair. The owners, Randy and Pam Moore, are also that rare breed of wood boat lovers who have vast knowledge and the resources that helped us greatly. So we repaired the fresh water system, the props, electrical system and re-caulked everything below the water line. We left Georgetown knowing that *Njorth* was sound and could make it across the Gulf of Mexico. Our final destination for the *Njorth* is Belize, Central America.

However, with so many beautiful places to see along the way we have not been in a hurry to get there. We are taking our time and enjoying this trip because I don't believe that I will be bringing the *Njorth* back this way ever again. Presently we are enjoying Southern Florida with our next stop being the Florida Keys.

There is not a day that passes that somebody doesn't stop by to admire the boat and I mean lots of folks and it is continuous. We



As *Njorth* pulled into the EYC basin I remembered the year she did the same thing once on January 1st for the Tom & Jerry Party.

love *Njorth* and promise to get her all the way back to her former self ... "a true Queen of the sea".

And so *Njorth* has sailed off on her new journey across new waters with a new owner and even to new countries. I think that is just the way Hank Buhl would have wanted her to go ... sailing off into the sunset on new untold adventures.



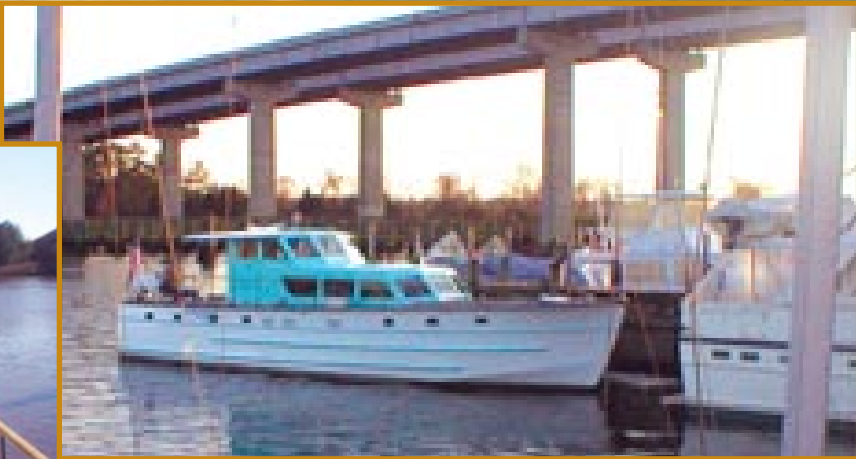
The New York Times photograph and caption featured *Njorth* in an article about "Shipyards Preparing for the Annual Yachting Season".



Njorth tied off the Buhl's houseboat in Misery Bay. I wonder why Hank's flying the flag at half mast?



Njorth's new owner Mac MacGee has his crew working on her renovation while berthed in Florida.



Njorth is slowly taking on the color scheme of her destination, Belize in Central America.



The girls (l to r) are Marty Sheriff, M.V. Illig, Bonnie Herrman, no idea and Susan Adams who are all aboard *Njorth* with Nancy Buhl for a day on the water. I wonder if Hank knows there are boys aboard?

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POUNDERISMS

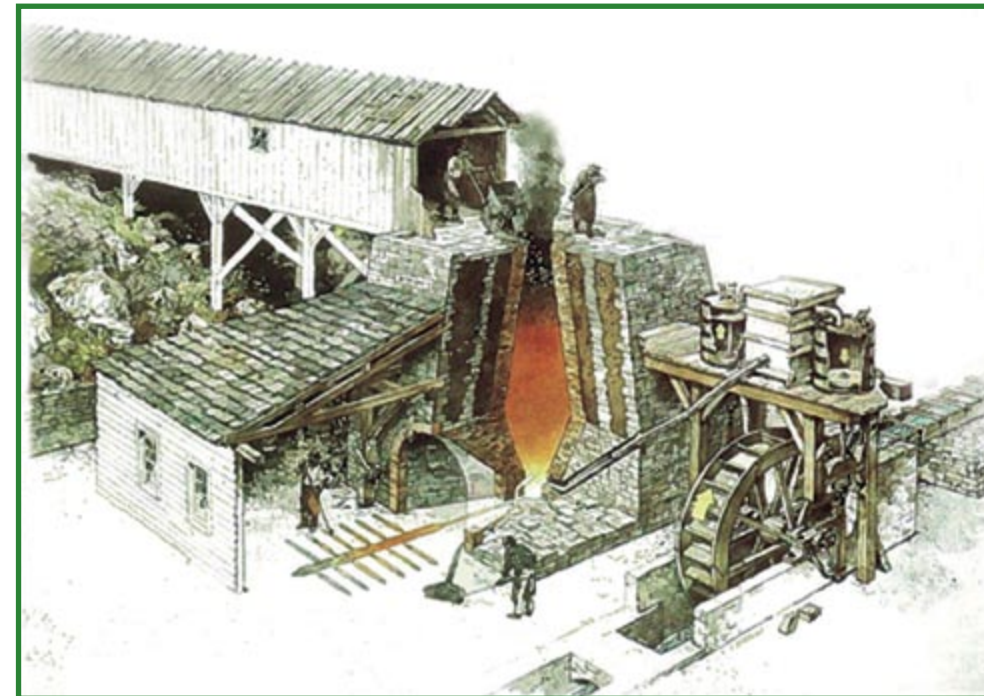
SUBMITTED BY PAT DEAN



1. Ever wonder about those people who spend \$2.00 apiece on those little bottles of Evian water? Try spelling Evian backwards: NAIVE
2. Isn't making a smoking section in a restaurant like making a peeing section in a swimming pool? (My sentiments exactly!)
3. OK ... so if the Jacksonville Jaguars are known as the 'Jags' and the Tampa Bay Buccaneers are known as the 'Bucs,' what does that make the Tennessee Titans?
4. If 4 out of 5 people SUFFER from diarrhea ... does that mean that one enjoys it?
5. There are three religious truths:
 - a. Jews do not recognize Jesus as the Messiah.
 - b. Protestants do not recognize the Pope as the leader of the Christian faith.
 - c. Baptists do not recognize each other in the liquor store or at Hooters.
6. If people from Poland are called Poles, why aren't people from Holland called Holes?
7. If a pig loses its voice, is it disgruntled?
8. Why do croutons come in airtight packages? Aren't they just stale bread to begin with?
9. Why is a person who plays the piano called a pianist but a person who drives a race car is not called a racist?
10. Why isn't the number 11 pronounced onety one?
11. If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, tree surgeons debarked, and dry cleaners depressed?
12. If Fed Ex and UPS were to merge, would they call it Fed UP?
13. Do Lipton Tea employees take coffee breaks?
14. What hair color do they put on the driver's licenses of bald men?
15. I was thinking about how people seem to read the Bible a whole lot more as they get older; then it dawned on me ... they're cramming for their final exam.
16. I thought about how mothers feed their babies with tiny little spoons and forks, so I wondered what do Chinese mothers use? Toothpicks?
17. Why do they put pictures of criminals up in the post office? What are we supposed to do, write to them? Why don't they just put their pictures on the postage stamps so the mailmen can look for them while they deliver the mail?
18. If it's true that we are here to help others, then what exactly are the others here for?
19. You never really learn to swear until you learn to drive.
21. Ever wonder what the speed of lightning would be if it didn't zigzag?
22. If a cow laughed, would she spew milk out of her nose?
23. Whatever happened to Preparations A through G?
24. At income tax time, did you ever notice: When you put the two words 'The' and 'IRS' together it spells ... 'THEIRS'?



An early tin-plate photograph of the historic Springfield Furnace in Blair County is typical of 19th century Juniata ironworks. An operation like this would go back to nature after the available trees were totally depleted making most of them hard to find but always a great adventure.

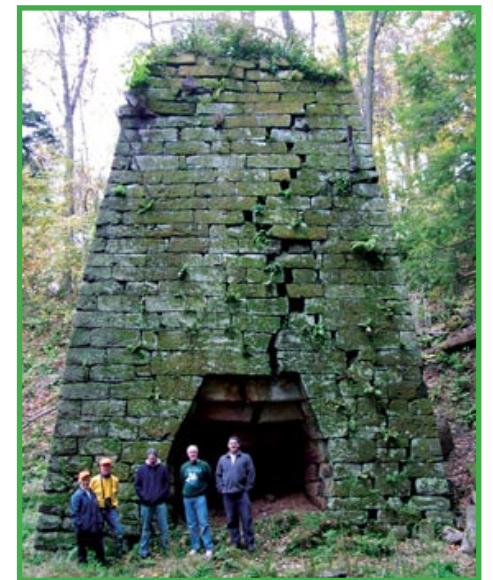


This rendering is from Scott D. Heberling's "Industrial Archaeology in the Backlog Narrows" showing an in "blast" working furnace.

A Sailor's Quest

continued from page 33.

furnace seeker, Ian Straffin from Meadville in 2004. In spite of several years of attempts, I'd never been able to find Victory Furnace, noted by Sharp and Thomas as "probably the most difficult furnace to get to of any in Western Pennsylvania". Richard showed us the way to Victory Furnace. You can see in the photo, Victory is "a beauty", and appropriately named (for us, anyway), as finding it was "our victory". We'd finally found all the blast furnaces in Venango County.



Victory Furnace (1843-1850) in Venango County was built on Victory Run and was put back in "blast" (1859-1860) prior to the Civil War. Furnace hunting friends Robin Jeanne and Richard Parks of Corvallis, Oregon, Chris and Dan Dundon and Ian Straffin of Meadville. For "tons" of furnace info go to Park's website at: r2parks.net.



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How Many Zeros in a Billion?

submitted by P/C Dick Robertson

This is too true to be funny.

The next time you hear a politician use the word 'billion' in a casual manner, think about whether you want the 'politicians' spending YOUR tax money.

A billion is a difficult number to comprehend, but one advertising agency did a good job of putting that figure into some perspective in one of it's releases.

- A. A billion seconds ago it was 1959.
- B. A billion minutes ago Jesus was alive.
- C. A billion hours ago our ancestors were living in the Stone Age.
- D. A billion days ago no-one walked on the earth on two feet.
- E. A billion dollars ago was only 8 hours and 20 minutes, at the rate our government is spending it.

While this thought is still fresh in your brain... let's take a look at New Orleans .

It's amazing what you can learn with some simple division.

Typical Politician Today

Louisiana Senator,
Mary Landrieu (D)
is presently asking Congress for
250 BILLION DOLLARS
to rebuild New Orleans. Interesting number...
what does it mean?

A.
Well.. if you are one of the 484,674 residents of New Orleans
(every man, woman, and child)
you each get \$516,528.

B.
Or... if you have one of the 188,251 homes in
New Orleans , your home gets \$1,329,787.

C.
Or... if you are a family of four...
your family gets \$2,066,012.

Washington, D.C.
HELLO !

Are all your calculators broken?

The Following is a Very Small Sampling of the Taxes
That Make Everything Very, Very Expensive:

Accounts Receivable Tax
Building Permit Tax
CDL License Tax
Cigarette Tax
Corporate Income Tax
Dog License Tax
Federal Income Tax
Federal Unemployment Tax
Fishing License Tax
Food License Tax
Fuel Permit Tax
Gasoline Tax
Hunting License Tax
Inheritance Tax
Inventory Tax
IRS Interest Charges (tax on top of tax)
IRS Penalties (tax on top of tax)
Liquor Tax
Luxury Tax
Marriage License Tax
Medicare Tax
Property Tax
Real Estate Tax
Service charge taxes
Social Security Tax
Road Usage Tax (Truckers)
Sales Taxes
Recreational Vehicle Tax
School Tax
State Income Tax
State Unemployment Tax (SUTA)
Telephone Federal Excise Tax
Telephone Federal Universal Service Fee Tax
Telephone Federal, State and Local Surcharge Tax
Telephone Minimum Usage Surcharge Tax
Telephone Recurring and Non-recurring Charges Tax
Telephone State and Local Tax
Telephone Usage Charge Tax
Utility Tax
Vehicle License Registration Tax
Vehicle Sales Tax
Watercraft Registration Tax
Well Permit Tax
Workers Compensation Tax

STILL THINK THIS IS FUNNY?

Not one of these taxes existed 100 years ago...
and our nation was the most prosperous in the world.
We had absolutely no national debt...
We had the largest middle class in the world...
and Mom stayed home to raise the kids.

What the heck happened?????
Now can you spell 'politicians'!

And I still have to
press "1" for
English.

Thanks to our Founding Fathers we still have
our Constitutional Right to Vote ...
Don't Waste It!



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