

The ALG



Kathie & Rick Myerburg

Fulfilling a Dream Cruising the North Channel

PRST STD
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
ERIE, PA
PERMIT #199

On the Cover...

Beautiful Beardrop Harbor anchorage on the west shore of the North Channel. All Photographs taken by the Myerburgs.



Officers

Commodore Peter Traphagen 838-1225
cepete@erie.net

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

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

Fleet Captain James Means 833-4358
jam4392@aol.com

Directors

P/C Dick Robertson 453-5322
dickr@robertsonkitchens.com

Matthew Bacon 833-3347
mlbacon@adelphia.net

James Finn 453-6966
jffjamesr@aol.com

David Arthurs 455-3935
arthurs@spectrumcontrol.com

Nick Van Horn 838-6640
office@vanhornindustries.com

James Edgett 835-1120
mledgett@aol.com

David Penman 474-1648
itchjudy@adelphia.net

Log Staff

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

Irene Boyles 899-6606
tinytoona@aol.com

Pat Benekos 838-4591
benekos@mercyhurst.edu

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

Sandy Will 833-0303
carosal@velocity.net

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

Judy Emling 833-3293
myphotos@velocity.net

Doc Bressler 833-1497
cbress4876@aol.com

Alex Webster 323-3954
chiroalex33@aol.com

Fulfilling a Dream	3
Jack Bierley... Passion for Sailing	5
Excellent Adventure	7
An Extended Boating Season	11
Let Us Entertain You	6
The Grounds Committee	9
Dr. Diz the Bay & Lake Wiz	10
“Tom & Jerrys”	14

From the Bridge

Vice Commodore Andy Hanks



If you look around the Club you will see that many of our slips have been resized, it seems, for specific boats; some long and narrow, some wide and short. Well they were. The Dock Committee has been dealing with this situation for years. In addition to our rigid dock situation, many of our pilings are loose and shaky.

In trying to rebuild our docks we need to consider the size of boats now being brought into the club, along with the depth of water, the condition of the bulkhead, and will floating or ridged docks be best for the future. The trend is for longer, wider, deeper boats with electrical needs that exceed what we have in some areas.

Projects that we are currently working on are a floating dock at the north

end of I Dock, replacing the bulkhead wall in front of the Club, and the redesigning of A Dock to better utilize the available electric, deep water and overall space in that area. This project list will, if approved, be completed for the 2004 boating season.

Our goal is to build bulkheads that will last 75 years and have a flexible dock system that addresses the future of boating at the Erie Yacht Club. The infrastructure of our Club, the docks and walls, are deteriorating. We have started a plan to rebuild our boating facilities. It will take several years with considerable costs involved. If you have ideas on how to improve our docks or expertise please e-mail me at andy.hanks@venturefast.com.

Directory

Club House 453-4931
Fuel Dock/Guard House..... 456-9914
EYC Web: www.erieyachtclub.org

Club House Fax 453-6182
Canoe House 453-6368
E-mail: eyc1895@erieyachtclub.org

Fulfilling a Dream

Cruising the North Channel

By Jan Stachelek



Pilot Cove anchorage is in the northeastern extremity of Drummond Island

When Rick and Kathie Myerburg boarded *KARIMI* at the EYC for an extended sailing tour in the summer of 2001, they were not sure what adventures were in store, they only knew that they were fulfilling a dream. Their destination was the North Channel of Lake Huron. "I have wanted to sail in the North Channel for years," said Rick. *KARIMI* set sail from the EYC on June 15, 2001, and four weeks later, Rick got his wish. Of course, every extended sail is fraught with delicious highs and frustrating lows, but like a good captain and first mate, Rick and Kathie recorded it all via e-mails to friends and daily logs. What follows are some of the highlights.

On their 1500 nautical mile journey, Rick and Kathie stopped in 29 ports, and took advantage of six secluded anchorages. Their favorite anchorage, by far, was Pilot Cove where they were able to skinny-dip, and enjoy each others' company for nearly three days before encountering another boat or human. As you can see from the photographs taken, the scenery was breathtaking. Rick and Kathie also met incredibly friendly people along the way, some with ties to their Pittsburgh home. They ate wonderful meals, from Rick's Puttanesca, which he prepared on-board with only two six-inch alcohol burners, to the seven course feasts they enjoyed on consecutive nights at the Manitowaning Lodge. They attended a jazz and blues concert featuring Denise Pelley in Port Stanley, a Summer Festival in Port Huron that featured the Robinson Racing Pigs, and had dinner aboard a 65 ft. luxury powerboat

in Harbor Beach, MI. On July 11, they were finally ready to enter the North Channel. Kathie wrote, "Rick has been dreaming about this for years (as do a lot of boaters), hundreds of little coves to anchor in, beautiful rock formations, clear water and skies, remoteness and an abundance of wildlife." They planned to spend about three weeks in the area, although Kathie has heard that there are only two kinds of boaters, those that have hit the rocks and those that are about to!



Killarnie Port lies on the north shore of Georgian Bay, north of the east end of Manitowaning Island, in the lee of George Island

This became increasingly clear to Kathie as they meandered north in the channel toward one of its best-known anchorages, the Benjamin Islands. The appeal of the Islands is their massive pink rock formations, both above and below the surface... a truly spectacular sight! The only problem was that in navigating a course there, Rick chose a route through a very tricky, narrow, and rocky entrance. Kathie was convinced that she

needed to be on bow watch. This involved clinging to the Genoa as she hung over the bow peering into water that was so clear, it was nearly impossible to discern whether the rocks were ten feet below the surface, or mere inches. Very traumatic for Kathie! The captain, of course, loved every minute of the challenge. In reality, Rick was quite confident in his route. His GPS, which was now interfaced to his laptop computer on board, provided the critical enhancement of the area that dead reckoning or charts would have lacked. Once there, both agreed that it was worth every minute. One morning, Rick opened the forward hatch to a scene of immense beauty; blue skies, bright sun, and deer eating foliage and drinking crystal-clear water while two beavers busily worked on their home along side.



Benjamin Island anchorage in the North Channel

Perhaps now would be a good time to mention those frustrating lows involved with an extended sail. For starters, the wind! On many days, there was either too much (as in gale force), or none at all. When there was none, the boaters suffered from the invasion of literally millions of bugs and the ever-present Mayflies. When this became too much, they holed up in port longer than anticipated; thereby delaying Rick's eagerly awaited passage through the North Channel. The trip involved way too much motoring and power-sailing for Rick's taste. On one day, he was able to sail at hull speed for nearly eight hours and was in his glory! But the lowest of the lows occur when misinformation provided by either charts, or the locals, result in a captain's worst nightmare, going aground.

continued on page 4


Lights Out!

By P/C Gib Loesel

Many years ago it was at least an unwritten rule that you never never drove on the Club grounds at night with your headlights pointing out onto the water. If you did, more than likely one of the old timers would "dress you down". The reason for this is it absolutely eliminates a boater's night vision.

I was reminded of this on July 4th this year when I was unable to start my engine, I sailed up the bay with a furious lightning storm approaching, for safety reasons I elected to anchor in the lee of the east pier near the light house. My next step was to call Lake Shore Towing to get my guests and boat back to the safety of our basin.

Someone who probably thought they were helping elected to shine their bright lights at my anchored boat, I could not see. The vision problem was compounded when the rain and lightning started. The tow boat operator was blinded and had difficulty bringing his craft along side. Once the tow was established our "headlight friend" proceeded to follow us along the north wall again making it extremely difficult to operate the tow.

I would urge all members to drive slowly at night on our piers and to use their parking lights only when their vehicle is pointing East, West or North, i.e. out across the water. They should additionally educate their guests and children to the headlight problem. 



Parking lights do not interfere with boater vision.



Headlights blind a boaters vision close to shore.

Fulfilling a Dream...


(continued from page 3)

Before motoring out of Lake St. Claire (no wind again), Rick and Kathie had been assured by a local that depth was "no problem." Kathie wrote the following: "While angling our way into the shipping channel, we ran aground in two feet of water. Big problem! The Captain (Rick) started his "grounding routine." First, rock the boat and reverse. Nothing! Second, the Captain sits on the end of the boom, which has been extended at a right angle to the boat (there's a vision), and tries rocking again while Kathie reverses. Nothing! Third, the Captain attaches a long line to the halyard, jumps into the water, stands on the bottom, and pulls on the line as hard as he can, tilting the boat just enough to dislodge the keel while Kathie reverses the engine. Success! There was a lot of instruction from the Captain during this maneuver. Apparently he was quite fearful that Kathie might back away and keep going without him!

KARIMI arrived back at the EYC on August 11. The last nine days of the two month tour were memorable only for the relentless, hazy, hot, and humid weather that nearly shrank the boat to matchbox



Gardens at Manitowaning Lodge about 10 miles into Manitowaning Bay from the North Channel

size. Kathie wrote that these days were very trying, even for what has been a generally successful thirty-five year relationship. At times, she dreamed of lashing the Captain to the mast and letting him suffer alone. They survived by managing to overnight at five different yacht clubs along the way; each carefully selected for the size of their pools. All in all, both agreed that they had the time of their lives, and we are happy that they chose to share it with us. 

We Do it Right... the First Time.

With over 30 years as a commercial, industrial and institutional painting contractor, Beals McMahon has set the standard as the industry leader. For example Electrostatic Painting Technology for office furniture and industrial equipment and it doesn't stop there.

Beals-McMahon
Painting

P.O. Box 1848 • Erie, PA 16507 • 814-454-3676 • FAX 814-454-2100
www.bealsmcmahonpainting.com



Jack Bierley...

A Lifelong Passion for Sailing

By Sue Parry



It was an unexpected and timely barter over 60 years ago that sparked Past Commodore Jack Bierley's life long passion for sailing. His interest and dedication to the sport has inspired countless others and is now influencing a third generation of seafarers as well.

"I learned to sail when I was around nine," Jack recalls. "My dad had an ice boat and had acquired a timber that he



Jack can easily be spotted by his socks, started as a tool to help kids learn the difference between port and starboard. They've been his trademark and lucky racing attire for decades.

was going to use to make a running plank. But instead he swapped it for a run down 13' lapstreak, Lund-built sailing dinghy. It had been owned by Steve Samol (father of EYC member Steve). We fixed and painted the dinghy, and named it *HALFPINT*. I sailed that boat everywhere for years, even all the way through college!"

College for Bierley was Bowling Green University in Bowling Green, Ohio. There, at only 19, he became Commodore of the university's Sailing Club, a position he held for several years.

Following school and the service, in 1956 Jack bought his first boat, an "18 footer" class keel boat from Nat Reyburn. "We had a fleet at that time. Ted and John Schuler were the class hot shots." He remembers.

Jack's next boat was a Thistle #250, which he bought from Past Commodore Bob Dodsworth. This purchase started a 25 or 30 year 'love affair' with the Thistle class. Jack owned at least 6 of them over the years. The Thistle at one time was very strong in this area with big fleets at close to a dozen clubs. As Jack recalls, "We often sailed in 50 boat fleets on weekends. It was the pinnacle of class boat racing in this country. We attended regattas on both coasts; the Gulf of Mexico, Lake's Erie, Ontario, Michigan and St. Clair as well as inland lakes throughout the midwest."

Early on there were significant fleets of Lightnings, Thistles, and Stars at EYC; subsequently additional fleets including Rhodes Bantams, OK Dinghies, Highlanders, Fireballs, and later, Lasers. "Here at EYC we hosted a couple of Fireball and Highlander Nationals, Bantam, M.O.R.C and OK Dinghy Nationals, several Thistle Great Lakes Championships, and at one time held a successful One-of-a-Kind Regatta in conjunction with the Annual Erie Open Regatta."

"During this period the Thistle Class became like a nuclear family to us. We'd all go to regattas and pitch tents. All our kids grew up together. It was fun. This tradition still is going strong in many locales, and it's great to see this way of life carrying over to second and third generations."

In 1960, Jack had the opportunity to run the junior sailing program for the summer. "Possibly the best summer of my life," he reminisces. Following that, he ran the evening Adult Program for several years with Jack Schultz.

When Lasers were introduced, Jack was appointed the original dealer in Erie. Together he and Greg Gorny sold about 50 during the first few years. When not selling them, the two friends had a lot of fun sailing the little boats everywhere they collected.

continued on page 13

Hypothermia

By Sandy Will



According to the U.S. Coast Guard, if you're wearing a lifejacket that keeps your head above water and are immersed in relatively calm 50-degree water for 50 minutes, you have about a 50/50 chance of survival. Your chances are slim to approximately one out of ninety after three hours. Higher water temperatures improve your odds, as do your physical stature, health, clothing, and your level of physical activity. Quiet floating or huddling with others helps tremendously.

Pull yourself up on any floating object - an overturned hull, dinghy, life raft or rescuer platform - that raises you partially or totally out of the water. Water conducts heat away from your body roughly 25 times faster than air.

Get victims out of wet clothes, wrap them in blankets and apply body-temperature water bottles to high heat-loss areas including the head, neck, chest, and groin. Moderately warm, non-caffeinated drinks are allowed. Avoid alcohol, caffeine, hot drinks, and massage and exercise at all costs. Be prepared to administer CPR.

FYI—Water temperature in our area is usually between 60 to 70 degrees during the summer, but exhaustion or unconsciousness can occur within 2 to 7 hours and the expected time of survival is between 2 and 40 hours.



Kids' Halloween Party

Sunday, October 26th
3:30 to 5:30pm



- Trick or Treat Stations
- Contests
- Magic Act
- Kid's Buffet

Reservation deadline
Oct. 23rd

Let Us Entertain You!

By Dan Dundon

Chairman Entertainment Committee



(L to R) Tom Madura, Cindy Madura, Mary Weibler, Don Dundon, Gary Weibler, Sandy Will, Carolie Otto, Gerry Urbaniak, Jane Schwab, Joyce McGee, Bob McGee, Kitty Ferrari, Tony Ferrari, Pat Stuart and Paul Otto. Committee members missing from photo: Mary Ann Curtze, Kathy Dundon, Laura French, Ron & Jenn Santos, Don Schwab, Mary VanHorn and P.C. Harold Will




In the EYC Log last spring, Vice Commodore Andy Hanks told everyone, "The Entertainment Committee deserves a hand for their commitment to having a good time". Our committee was thoroughly amused by Andy's remark. I'm told it is sometimes difficult to tell our meeting's from many of our parties. In addition to our more-or-less monthly meetings, our committee also manages a few "pot-luck" parties and picnics each year.

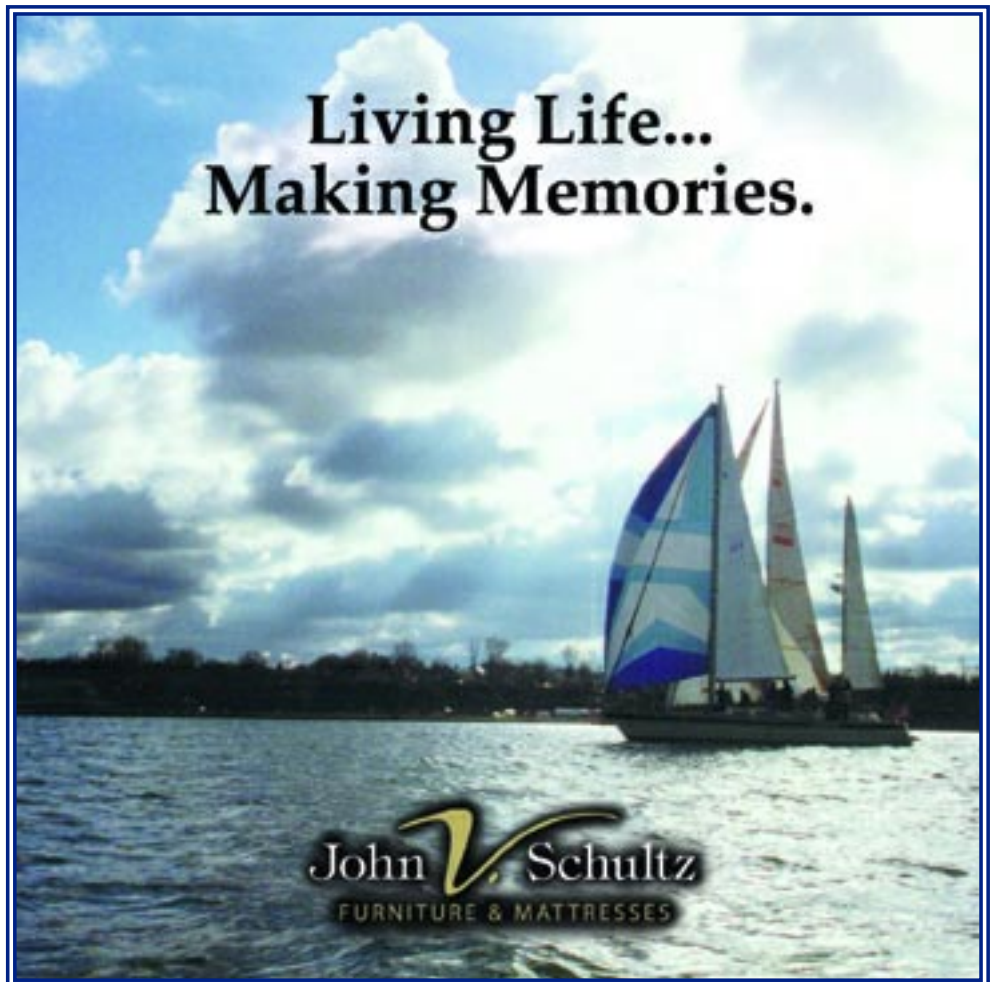
The current Entertainment Committee evolved from "The 1995 Centennial Oktoberfest Committee". Mary Ann Curtze, Kathy Dundon, Tony and Kitty Ferrari, Paul and Carolie Otto, Mary and Gary Weibler, Jane and Don Schwab, Pat Stuart, P/C Harold and Sandy Will, and Gerry Urbaniak are "Charter Members". Since then, we've been joined by Laura French, Joyce and Bob McGee, Ron and Jenn Santos and Mary VanHorn. Most recently, Cindy and Tom Madura "signed on" the day they joined the EYC.

Annual committee events are "EYC Oktoberfest", "100 Days 'til Summer" party, as well as the spring and fall Karaoke events. The committee attends these events in force, and we are represented at most of the other EYC events. We offer suggestions, both during event planning and for "the next time around". Our third "big (hopefully annual) event" will be a mid-summer "EYC Luau" being planned by Gerry Urbaniak and Mary Van Horn for August 2004.

Call me at 455-6672 if you'd like to join our group. Maybe you can tell me why I

can't maintain order at our meetings? Maybe you can explain what Harold Will means when he says, "Dan really knows how to throw a meeting"? 

Living Life... Making Memories.



Jerry, Rick, Steve, Neil and Bill's Excellent Adventure

By Jan Stachelek



As the group's convoy crossed one of many such northern Canadian rivers, Steve Samol felt compelled to record this foreboding scenery.

What do you get when you take five hunting buddies, two pick-up trucks, and a grand plan for their first ever-hunting excursion as a group into the unknown? An excellent adventure!

Fourteen hundred miles due north of Erie, at the mouth of the Hudson Bay, lies the path of the largest caribou migration in North America. To get there requires a 35-hour drive, the last 12 hours of which are traveled over a single highway that traverses the desolate frozen tundra of Canada's most Northern Province. To say there is nothing there at all except for the beautiful scenery is slightly inaccurate. There are relay stations where one might find gas, lodging, or snacks. But the relay stations are about three hundred miles (or one tank of gas) apart. Timing and planning are critical. No one wants to spend a night in a truck on the frozen plain due to poor planning.

Provisioning for this adventure far exceeded what the five friends would normally require for their yearly jaunts (at least 30 consecutive years) to Steve's hunting camp in Warren, Pa. Temperatures on the tundra can range anywhere from minus 20 degrees to plus ten degrees Fahrenheit, especially in the first week of December. That is the time our travelers chose to leave the warmer climes of Erie. While most of us would head south, these intrepid adventurers were packing snow shoes, snowmobiles, sleds, several layers of clothing, felt foot packs, mittens, face masks, range finders, walkie-talkies, 30-06 caliber rifles, ammo, along with the traditional orange hunting vests and jackets. All of this went into the one truck with a covered bed.

The other truck was reserved for the caribou.

The hunters left Erie on November 29, 2002 for the two day drive north. They used walkie-talkies to communicate with each other while on the road. Their first night was spent in the town of Amos in Quebec Province, the last bastion of civilization they would encounter for the next seven days. Knowing this, they debated whether or not to risk a straight run up to the next relay station, or to attempt to find lodging at Nouchimi Camp, a few hours closer. There was no way to know if the Nouchimi Camp bunkhouses were booked solid, but they did know that the camp had a large gathering room. Armed with six-packs of beer, they decided that friends could be made, and that sofas were more comfortable than trucks. Fellow hunters and the Indian hosts of Nouchimi Camp jovially shared the offered beer before informing our adventurers that there were many available bunkhouses. It will become clear later why this beer offering amounts to what many would call the ultimate sacrifice.

Their final destination was Camp Kiskimaastakin, a rather mobile structure run by indigenous Indians with the sanction of the Canadian government. The camps move from year to year based on the migration patterns of the caribou. Since the west to east migration is weather dependent, peak migration could occur anytime between September and February, but experience dictates that the first week of December is a safe bet. Our adventurers missed the peak by about two weeks. While this in

no way affected their ability to hunt and track, they were slightly disappointed at the missed opportunity to witness thousands of caribou crossing the frozen lakes and tundra at one time.

The camp provides bunkhouses, a cafeteria, a great-room for gathering in the evening, laundry facilities, and showers. It can accommodate about 100 hunters at any given time. Our travelers found the Indian hosts to be gracious and the food excellent. One thing that the camps do not provide is alcohol, an absolute must for the weary hunter after a long day. If you do not stock your trav-



Neil Milligan and Steve Samol pose in front of Camp Kiskimaastakin welcome sign. Note the ARRET sign and population number on lower sign.

eling bar before you are 24 hours north of Erie, you have missed your chance. Remember, after Amos, there is *nothing* there! The Canadian government allows each hunter to purchase one case of beer, and one bottle of liquor. The liquor of choice for each of our travelers was Bailey's Irish Crème, the one thing that they told me they wished they had more of for the trip. Of course, they also wished they still had the six-packs of beer they had needlessly squandered making friends at Nouchimi Camp. The French Canadian hunters that frequent the camp prefer to accompany their meals with fine red wine, and they don't share!

Depending upon how well the camp is situated along the caribou migration path, a day's hunt might entail a short snowmobile ride or a two to three hour drive before the caribou are found. Each hunter is allowed two caribou, and it does not matter what combination of

continued on page 8

Getting the Most From Your VHF Radio

By Sandy Will

Your VHF radio can be a valuable cruising companion, even if you seldom use it for talking. This is especially true if you have a scanning feature. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending upon your point of view, there are plenty of other boaters out there who love to talk. If you listen long enough, you will glean much useful information from them such as slip availability.

One way to confirm that you are nearing a popular port is the sudden increase in calls to the dockmaster as approaching boats begin inquiring about slips. Listen and you'll learn:

- What channels the port is answering on and talking on
- How responsive they are to answering incoming calls
- How many slips they have available and what size these slips are
- What procedure they want you to follow as you near or enter the harbor
- Who your competition is for slips, and how far out they are



The anonymous knowledge you pick up can often put you in a stronger competitive position than if you were transmitting away as part of the babble. It allows you to make your harbor entrance with maximum efficiency and minimum time talking on the radio.



Karaoke Night!

**Friday,
Sept. 26th
8:30pm**

**In the Lounge
with DJ Toby.
Join in the fun!**



Building Erie!

Odyssey
Builders, Inc.
General Contractors



**1521 Lowell Avenue
Erie, PA • 833-0261**

Excellent Adventure

(continued from page 7)

cow and bull. What does matter is the speed with which one can dress, skin, and cut the meat before it freezes. On this trip, the temperatures hovered at a relatively constant four degrees above zero. The caribou are dressed in the field, loaded onto the sleds, and raced back to camp for skinning and cutting. This is when the distance to camp matters. On this trip, our adventurers bagged five cows and five bulls, and each brought back one hide to be tanned. The empty pick-up truck returned to Erie with nearly 1,500 lbs. of caribou meat, neatly packed and frozen solid on the open truck bed. The hunters told me that caribou is the mildest and best-tasting game meat to be found.

Here are a few of the memories they brought back. Jerry Emling collects baseball caps. Jerry says, "When the expected shipment of Camp Kiskimaastakin hats did not arrive at the camp on time for me to purchase one, I 'cap'tured one right from proprietor Rod's head. Of course I had to badger him for three days before he would sell it to me, but it is now part of my extensive collection."

And from Neil Milligan, "There are so many loves in our lives, how we go about fulfilling them is a richness shared between friends. Hunting, whether for caribou, elk, whitetail deer, or any other game, is ten-fold enhanced when in the company of lifelong friends or relatives. To sum up our caribou hunt, taking the game is secondary to the richness of our friendship."

So successful was this adventure, the five friends are planning another. This fall they head to Anakasti Island at the mouth of the St. Lawrence Seaway to hunt white-tail deer. But the following year, they are heading back to (you guessed it) the frozen tundra of Camp Kiskimaastakin. Here are a few inciden-



The five hunting buddies with their trophies L to R Steve Samol, Jerry Emling, Bill Guyer, Neil Milligan and Rick Santos.

tals if any of you out there would like to embark on this kind of adventure. You must register with the Canadian government. Gun permits cost \$35.00 Canadian, and the hunting permit is \$350.00 Canadian. You will also need a passport, birth certificate, and the core body temperature of a snake.



Support

The LOG



**by
Supporting Log
Advertisers**

**"Tell 'em the
LOG sent ya!"**

The Grounds Committee

By Irene Boyles



The new parking area on the east end of the Clubhouse is a much needed and member appreciated addition to our grounds.

The Grounds Committee, with Fleet Captain Jim Means currently at the helm, has been established since the club has been in existence. This team has always been headed by the Fleet Captain, and has achieved numerous goals. One of the completed projects that we owe to this committee is the purchase of shrubs and flowers to help the outside appearance of the Club House. Our thanks are extended to the Ladies Auxiliary for many years of work helping to coordinate the planting of shrubs and flowers.

Fleet Captain Jim Means said, "The purpose of the grounds committee is to improve the attractiveness of the property. Our main goal is to continuously make an effort to make the Club grounds more user friendly to the members."

Other finished goals of this committee where the building of the new Guard House, installation of the new gate at the entrance to the grounds, and the refurbishing of the Fuel Dock to name just a few. The most recently accomplished task has been the paving of the lot on the

east side of the Club House.

The resources for these projects are generated from various sources. The donations of the materials, supplies, and monies made the completion of these projects possible, along with the efforts of volunteers from our Club members.

If you would like to help out on any upcoming projects, and if you have any suggestions and/or ideas that you feel would be an appropriate project for the Grounds Committee to undertake, please contact any of the committee members.

The members of the EYC take our hats off to the Club, sponsors, volunteers, and the Grounds Committee for their many accomplishments in making our Club not only "user friendly", but beautiful.



The Club entrance now features both a new Guard House and new gate system.



BURTON

FUNERAL HOMES and CREMATORY, Inc.

Send Condolences & Flowers at
www.burtonfuneralhomes.com

Four Affiliated
Locations

G. David Burton
Supervisor

602 West 10th St. • Erie, PA 16502 • 814/454-4551

Stop Crabbing... Call Us.



CHATHAM INDUSTRIES INC.

Commercial Building Products
Suppliers & Erectors

Dave & Pat Doyle
2127 West 8th St. ■ Erie, PA 16505
814/455-4810 ■ Fax 814/454-1844

Don't Miss The Party!

Members from the Yacht Club gather during the winter months to party and bowl.

We start at 6:30 pm September 12th, at Rolling Meadow, 32nd & Zuck, and continue every other Friday. Somehow we find time to throw a ball or two at the pins. Rarely does that interfere with the fun. We are looking for a few fun couples, or a few couples who want to have fun, to join the group. If you are interested in a great time, call:

Dennis Markley 835-1101
Carol Hall 833-2303
Maryann Curtze 456-6169

SUNSET ON THE DECK

Thursdays!

5pm til Sunset
Entertainment
Sept. 4th - DJ Toby
Sept. 11th- DJ Toby

PLUS

"Halfway to
St. Patrick's
Day" Party!

Sept. 18th, 5-7pm
on the EYC deck*

Green Beer!
Entertainment by
DJ Toby

Wear your green &
plan on joining us for
a wild good time!

* In case of bad weather we
will move inside.

Dr. Diz The Bay & Lake Wiz

Environmental Issues Around the Bay & Lake

By Rick Diz, PhD,
Environmental Science & Engineering,
Gannon University



Who says that all of our Lake Erie problems were solved years ago? When I came to Erie five years ago, the Bay was crystal clear all summer long... you could see the bottom most everywhere. Most folks attributed this to the abundance of zebra mussels. These unappetizing little creatures from the Eastern Mediterranean grow fast and attach to anything solid. That's one reason why they caused so much trouble, clogging intake pipes and outcompeting native mussels. They get their food by filtering plankton from the water, thus clarifying the water in the process. Clearer water allows light to penetrate deep into the water, thus fostering the growth of rooted macrophytes (affectionately referred to as weeds). Where does the zebra mussels' food (plankton) come from though? Plankton consists of algae and tiny creatures which feed on the algae. Algae are microscopic plants which get their energy from the sun (photosynthesis), but need nitrogen and phosphorus (the ingredients in fertilizer) in order to build new cells. Thus, these nutrients control the growth rate of the plankton. Where do the nutrients come from? Mostly from runoff from the city's storm sewers, urban streams, and previously, from combined sewer overflows (CSOs are a mixture of storm water and sewage).

It was about four years ago that two things happened which affected the complex ecological system described above. First, the City completed a major sewer system project, which separated the storm sewer system from the sanitary (sewage) system, and increased the capacity of the wastewater treatment plant so that CSOs would be a thing of the past. This resulted in multiple benefits for the Bay since raw sewage was no

longer flowing untreated into the Bay: fewer nutrients are being flushed to the Bay during major storms, and potentially harmful bacteria are routed to the wastewater treatment plant for destruction. Secondly, we were invaded by another creature from the Eastern Med, the Round Goby. This small fish came to the Great Lakes by the same method as did the mussels... in the ballast water of ocean-going freighters. These Round Gobies are nasty little fish which grow to about six inches in length, are bony and ugly. Compared to native fish, these gobies reproduce more rapidly, are much more aggressive, and out-compete their native competitors. Fishermen hate them because they steal the bait off hooks and chase away the more desirable edible fish. But the great thing about Round Gobies... they eat zebra mussels! Very few native fishes feed on zebra mussels, but Round Gobies love them.

The combination of these two events, the arrival of gobies and the reduction of nutrients entering the Bay, has resulted in a marked decline in the abundance of zebra mussels. We now have a tough time finding them when we go out looking for them! We don't know which factor has been more important, but as you may have noticed, the amount of plankton in the Bay water has increased and the clarity of the water has decreased. These factors become more pronounced as the summer progresses (the water in the Marina Lake was pea green by August last year). With such interesting ecological dynamics taking place, we plan to commence a monitoring program this summer to keep track of these changes. I'll keep you posted.



An Extended Boating Season

By Commodore Peter Traphagen



Future EYC Commodore Traphagen skirting pack ice off the east tip of Long Point.

There are some who will tell you that in Erie, Pennsylvania the boating season starts on Memorial Day and ends on Labor Day, thus allowing us only three months of boating pleasure. Others, who are hardier, will claim the season is more like six months, May through October. But, I want to tell you about an eighteen month boating season that I experienced from 1988-1989.

Having already enjoyed the nice sailing in October and November of 1988, I figured to extend the season even further by wintering *Sojourner* behind the old Erie Marine Supply building in the West slip. In those years the Penelec generating plant at the foot of State Street discharged warm water into the West slip keeping that body of water from freezing. This move paid off and in December we chalked up several nice days of sailing.

Christmas season of 1988 produced noticeably nice weather. December 28th dawned warm and inviting. That afternoon Al Taylor, Mark Wells and I slipped the lines and set out for Long Point. The crossing was uneventful and by nightfall we were securely on the hook behind Long Point in a gentle South breeze with the reflection of Erie's lights from the cloud cover on our bow. Over a delightful spaghetti dinner and nice bottle of wine we claimed our bragging rights.

The ice set in soon after that adventure, and any further winter adventure seemed unlikely. However, on January 27th as I was flying home, I noticed that the lake had broad expanses of blue. Weather forecasts boded well and another plan came together. Ash Winter

would come over from Port Dover the following day. Ash, Pete Gorny, and I would depart at 4:00p.m. for Port Dover. Thinking that the ice was apparently gone, we sailed under jib through the channel on a light southwest breeze. All of a sudden we heard a sound like rain! On closer inspection we realized it was the effect of slipping through a patch of skim ice coming from Misery Bay. Was this a portent of things to come? Clouds covered the full moon, the breeze strengthened, and we fond ourselves on a reach footing nicely toward Long Point.

The usual bright pulsing beam from Long Point Light was absent and as we came closer we could see that it was merely a steady light rigged for winter traffic. It made me ponder the reality of the situation. Are we the only ones out here making passage on Lake Erie tonight? Just then we sensed a band of white ahead. As we approached, the clouds opened up allowing the full moon to shine on a band of ice from the Point as far east as we could see! We fell off and ran parallel to streaming pack ice. The southwest wind was driving the shore ice off the Point and eastward in the lake. About two miles east we found the end and headed up, setting a course for Port Dover. Around 2:00 a.m. we were off Dover. My concern was that if we entered the harbor the loose packed ice may block our way out in the morning so we dropped the hook just off Wooley Point to the west of Port Dover. Secure, we had a toddy and congratulated ourselves on being truly great adventurers! About 3:00 a.m. I was awakened by a

tremendous bumping sound. I rushed on deck, started the motor just in case, and witnessed under that full moon, a band of pack ice about 50 yards wide that seemed endless port to starboard. It was the loose shore ice from Long Point making its steady march north. Truly a sight to behold! The large chunks seemed to graze slowly off the hull and no damage was done – back to sleep. In the morning we were able to motor into the harbor and made a request for fuel to some very surprised Canadian citizens. The sail back was uneventful except at the Point where, under genny at 8 knots, we had to dodge several stragglers of pack ice.



Sojourner's winter berth in the West Slip behind Dobbins Landing when the 100 State Street office building was under construction.

Well, this set the stage. What if we could cross the lake every month of the winter? That certainly would be unusual! Weather reports pointed to deteriorating conditions and the return of winter – but that was called for on the 2nd of February. We figured this gave us a window for our February crossing. There was little wind, the sky was threatening but the forecast seemed acceptable. We motored to the point, found pack ice streaming east, bore off trying to get around it and began to weaken in our resolve. As we reached the end of the ice we cut inside, turned around and headed home, foregoing our planned lunch at anchor at the lighthouse. As we progressed southward the temperature fell and snow was developing – weather was degrading rapidly. We were much relieved to reach the channel. Half way

continued on page 13

O'Hare Named Naval Academy Coach

By Holly Wolford-O'Hare

Gavin O'Hare has been named the United States Naval Academy's intercollegiate sailing dinghy coach," Naval Academy Director of Athletics Chet Gladchuk announced. "After a thorough national search, Gavin surfaced as a leader who has an enthusiastic personality and desire to succeed that's contagious. He is a 1992 graduate of the Naval Academy and has been involved in the sailing community as a coach or competitor for the past 17 years. He has the knowledge and the background to take the Naval Academy sailing program back to where it belongs as the top intercollegiate sailing program in the country."

"Gavin brings the leadership, enthusiasm and the commitment to excellence that will be of enormous benefit to the midshipmen—both as athletes and as future naval officers," said Capt. Harold Flammang, USN, Director of Naval Academy Sailing.



Coach O'Hare at work when he's not at home with his wife, EYC member, Holly Wolford-O'Hare.

"I am highly motivated to return to Annapolis and lead the team to national prominence," said O'Hare. "I am looking forward to working closely with the midshipmen, alumni and those in the college sailing ranks." Interestingly, he will have the opportunity to coach two Reyburn Sailing School alumni, EYC Jr. Members Alexa Bestoso and Leigh Loesel, who are currently attending the academy and participating on its sailing team.

O'Hare has an impressive coaching background including the University of Washington (2000), San Diego State (1992), as well as coach of the Severn Sailing Association (1996). He is the author of "Contemporary Team Racing," a 1995 US SAILING training publication and was recognized with the 2002 US SAILING Leadership Award for excellence in promoting team racing.



If These Docks Could Talk

By Sandy Will

This feature will focus on amusing member stories. It is not intended to make fun of individuals, but to show that we all have experiences that we normally might keep secret (or only share with a select few). I have such a story about myself.

Harold and I were sailors for 17 years before we traded the winds for inboard power and purchased the *Carosal*. During the summer of 1987 I was selling sail yachts and took one to the in-the-water boat show at Cedar Point. Nothing exciting happened to the all-girl crew during our trip to the Point, but that's not the case for our return trip.

We left for home during a misty cold rain on the rum line to Mentor. We were a crew of four and took two-hour on/two-hour off shifts. During my two-hours off, I snuggled into my bunk to rest and to get warm. Whenever I heard the engine reduce RPM's, that meant we were approaching the dock where my help would be required.

I was half asleep and had forgotten where I was, when suddenly I heard the

engine reduce RPM's. In my dazed condition I flew into action. I jumped out of my bunk, into my shoes, ran up the ladder, grabbed the dock line, jumped off the boat onto the dock and continued off the other side of the dock right into the water!

The startled and confused dockhand didn't know what to do first—help the still under-way boat, or haul me out of the water. My crew just stood there staring in disbelief.

When the crew regained their senses, the boat was tied up, and I was uncereemoniously hauled out of the water—in that order. In retrospect, two things to keep in mind. First if you insist on using a 15-foot dock line on a short tie, be sure the other end is secured to the boat. And secondly, make sure you're not wearing your favorite Mickey Mouse watch (which hasn't worked since).

Now that I've broken the ice, feel free to e-mail any amusing stories to carosal@velocity.net. Happy boating and keep those stories coming.



NEED FRESH IDEAS?



...THEY'RE HATCHING DAILY.



SCREENPRINTING, EMBROIDERY, ADVERTISING SPECIALTY PRODUCTS, YOU NAME IT.

2670 WEST ELEVENTH STREET • ERIE, PA 16505 • 814.835.1000 • www.creativeimprintsystems.com

The Brugger Family 110 Years Serving Erie.

Brugger
Home for Funerals

1595 West 38th Street • Erie, PA 16508 • 814/864-4864

Jack Bierley

(continued from page 5)

Jack's not sure of the year but believes it was around 1980 when he was appointed EYC's delegate to the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, or I-LYA. He's continued as a delegate ever since. The organization's membership includes 160 yacht clubs from Port Huron, Michigan to Buffalo, New York. Among a myriad of other activities, I-LYA is the leader in generating junior sail racing in the Midwest. When Jack first became involved, there was controversy waging over the official boats to be used for the I-LYA Junior Championships at Put-In-Bay. EYC had a major investment in a fleet of Flying Juniors at the time so Jack's persuasive input became very important.

Jack's I-LYA involvement has included serving on many committees, and in 1998 he took on the challenge of I-LYA Junior Championships Chairman, which he says, with a grin, "is arguably the worst job on the lake!" With Sandy Lawrence as co-chair, he was in charge of the racing, entertainment, food, housing, coaches, race officials, and chaperones for 125 youth housed for a week in 6 different locations. Surviving that, Jack has subsequently served as Judge and/or Chief Judge for I-LYA Jr. and Sr. Regattas, and currently serves as First Vice President of the I-LYA Yachtsmen's Fund.

Juniors from I-LYA clubs now have the opportunity to sail 12 regattas throughout the summer in their own Traveler's Series. EYC looks forward to hosting one of these in Erie on August 16th.

Jack's experience on the water has also included "a fair amount of 'big boat' sailing and cruising. Including 6 MACS, 2 SORC's, 2 CORT's, 3 Lake Erie Races, and most big boat series on Lake Erie".

Class boat racing though, has always remained his first love. He sees Erie as the ideal place to race class boats but knows boating interests have changed.



Jack gives a little assistance to junior sailors preparing to rig their Flying Juniors for a race on the bay.

"People are using their boats differently... as cottages, focal points for entertainment, etc. Also, our kids who come out of the sailing school with a lot of enthusiasm for racing on the class boat level, go off to college and on to other pursuits, and we lose them. We haven't figured out how to bridge the gap between junior sailing and our P.H.R.F. Class, and I suspect all other open water clubs face the same challenge."

To help offset costs of the Junior Sailing program, Jack was instrumental in starting EYC bingo in the early '90's. To date, the popular winter pastime at the Club has raised nearly \$13,000.

With a long history only touched on here, Jack's passion for sailing is now devoted hands-on to helping the Reyburn Sailing School and I-LYA improve their junior programs. He's involved nearly every day as mentor, advisor, technician, negotiator, and friend to nurture and encourage a new generation of "Old Salts."



An Extended Boating Season (continued from page 11)

through the channel, the snow was so intense that it was blinding and in my memory, it was the only time I needed a compass course through the channel and to the Public Dock! We secured the boat with frozen lines and attempted with hatch boards to shovel the snow out of the cockpit. Perhaps this would be the end of our season.

For the next fifty days winter set in with a vengeance and we turned our attention to ice boating and other seasonal activities while secretly hoping that the end of March would provide another window of opportunity. It did! On March 28th we again slipped the lines and headed for Canada. I have misplaced my notes for that journey, but I believe it was uneventful, although it did clinch the "every month of winter" goal we sought.

November 5th of 1988 was the closing dinner at PDYC and we attended as usual in the spirit of international relations. However, the winds blew 40 knots out of the south that Sunday requiring vehicular help in getting home. Sojourner returned home on Wednesday under the capable hands of Dover's Jim McGee. The following April 8th, 1989, was the Port Dover Yacht Club's opening day ceremony. We sailed over for that occasion and in fact were presented at the dinner ceremony with a trophy reflecting the six months of winter crossings.

When I put it all together, considering these six months, adding the routine May through October crossing of both 1998



Pete's Canadian pal Ash Winter from Port Dover at the helm of Sojourner in January 1989.

and 1989, I believe justified in coming up with eighteen consecutive months of sailing. Now for you readers who are not from Erie, that may not seem out of the ordinary. And you may be right when you consider all it takes to accomplish this are just three things; a good boat in the water, windows of opportunity, and being crazy enough to want to do it!



“Tom & Jerrys” Traditional Toasting Toddies

By Sandy Will



In 1920, L.M. Nagle purchased the cottage behind the old garage that was located south of the Canoe House at the Erie Yacht Club for Rip Sawdey, Honorary EYC Commodore, to use as his residence. In reality, Rip Sawdey was the Skipper of L.M. Nagle's yacht, *Eleanor II*. The following New Year's Day, Rip invited a few friends down to his cottage for Tom and Jerrys. He had a secret recipe for his batter for which he later became famous.

Year after year, Rip's party kept getting bigger and bigger, as more and more members heard about it. So on New Year's Day 1935, it was moved to the Club House and became a formal Club function with officers in uniform serving

the members the "holiday cheer".

Rip Sawdey started from the beginning as "mixing boss" of the batter with chief helper, Chester Curriden. When Rip died in 1946, Chet became the "mixing boss" until his death in 1983. P/C Rich Loesel, a trusted trainee and guardian of the "secret formula", then took over. P/C Gib Loesel, who also had trained under Chet, relieved brother Rich as "mixing boss" in 1989.

Only a few members and friends have served on the "mixing crew". Some of those are Chuck Schauble, Bob Loose, Jim McKnight, P/C Bill Behr, P/C George Sipple, Lou Faulhaber, Doug Loesel, John Dauber, P/C Pete Gorny, Ken Smith,

and an ever-faithful friend, I. Martin Pomorski.

Yacht Club members have made the Tom & Jerry Party such an important part of the club tradition, that in 1970, Hank Buhl and some friends came to the party on Hank's yacht, *Njorth*. They were able to accomplish this feat because the bay had not frozen and because Buhl's boat was kept in the water at the foot of State Street in his private boat house.

In September, 1995, the question was asked of Rich Loesel: "What is the secret behind the recipe?" Loesel's reply was, "Snuff." He then added in a low but audible tone, "the real secret is... is it used or unused?"



Support



The L G

with your Advertising!

Show your fellow members
you're helping make it possible.

**Call: John Ashby
455-2757**

Signature
Mortgage Company, Inc.



We Work for You!

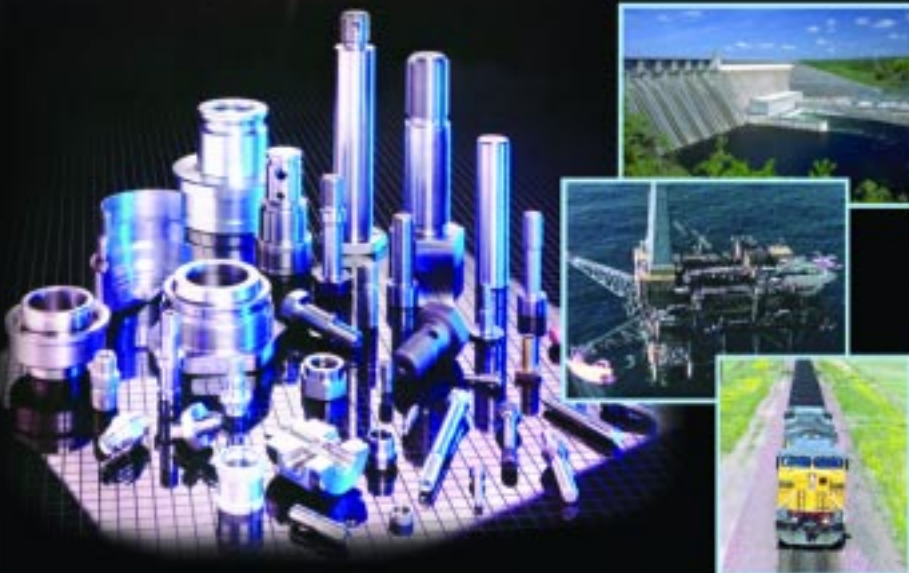


Vicary
Insurance Agency

1921 West Eighth Street
Erie, Pennsylvania • 16505
814/459-3407 • 1-888-307-3133
www.vicary.com

ACCUTOOL

...ranked second to none



814/456-7797 • Fax: 814/459-1867

www.accutool-fasteners.com • e-mail: samgroup@aol.com

SPECIALTY FASTENERS • CNC COMPONENTS • FABRICATION

Oktoberfest

Sat., Oct. 4th, 6pm

Featuring The Mad Bavarian
& The Heimat Klang
Alpine Band

— German Dinner —

\$16 Per Person*

All the beer you can drink
plus a commemorative mug
\$9 Per Person

**For reservations call the
EYC Office at 453-4931**

*Includes beer & commemorative mug.

Mid-Week Buffet

Every Wednesday Night

\$9.95

Champagne Brunch

Every Sunday 11am - 2pm

\$9.95

Catering

Don't forget your Club for
your next family or
business event.

Call Mary Tarbrake at
453-4931 for arrangements.

Commodore's Ball

**Saturday Oct. 11th
beginning at 7:30pm**



Join your fellow members
for a relaxing evening!

- Hors-d'oeuvres
- Music by the Sid Winkler Quartet
- Black Tie Optional
- No Reservation Required
- Cash Bar

Members & Spouses Only (no Guests)



**HIT YOUR
REFRESH
BUTTON**

©2003 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Bud Light® Beer, St. Louis, MO