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Our event schedule is swollen with parties so Guard House ..... 456-9914

On the Cover...
Fort Niagara Light house built in 1871 in Youngstown, NY is one of the most picturesque towers on our neighboring Lake Ontario, both Canadian and American sides of the lake were covered.

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From the Bridge

V/C Dave Heitzenrater

The Erie Yacht Club is an amazing place. It has something for everyone and a setting for your event no matter what it is. We have the multi-faceted Ballroom for major events, meetings and even balls with its shiny new dance floor, the Bliss Room for small parties, the Grill room for entertainment and dining plus our West Deck overlooking the large luscious lawn. This panoramic deck is capable of being fully enclosed, has various lighting schemes, music, and heat and now a beautiful new nautical bar. Ahh and don’t forget the wonderful Light House Deck & bar positioned like an island amidst the vacillating bay waters with soon to be sparkling new roof facilities, and the revamped pics & shelter with playground that is safely tucked away on the west side. Each of these venues has that beautiful, priceless view of Presque Isle and the bay as its backdrop.

Our event schedule is swollen with parties so numerous you wouldn’t dare attend them all despite the temptation. The party menu includes Tosa Nights plus the familiar Tax Payers’ Ball series, the wonderful Fellowship Dinners, Kentucky Derby, Summer and Christmas parties. There is Port Dock parties. The kids get a special gift, the Grill room for even balls with its shiny new dance floor, the Clubhouse for small parties, the Grill room for entertainment and dining plus our West Deck overlooking the large luscious lawn. This panoramic deck is capable of being fully enclosed, has various lighting schemes, music, and heat and now a beautiful nautical bar. Ahh and don’t forget the wonderful Light House Deck & bar positioned like an island amidst the vacillating bay waters with soon to be sparkling new roof facilities, and the revamped pics & shelter with playground that is safely tucked away on the west side. Each of these venues has that beautiful, priceless view of Presque Isle and the bay as its backdrop.

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Guiding Lights

“Lighthouses of Lake Ontario”

by Cindy and Tom Madura

Lighthouses have been around for thousands of years— one of the original 7 wonders of the ancient world was the enormous lighthouse at Alexandria, Egypt, built around 280 B.C. Early lighthouses were lit with wood fires; much later oil was used to keep the beacons burning. This of course was very labor intensive—the lighthouse “keeper” had to constantly replenish the fuel and ensure that the lamp was kept lit at all times. Failure to do so would almost certainly result in disaster. Sailors’ lives depended on the lighthouse’s warning signal. In the 20th century electricity made it possible to automate lighthouses, and eliminate the lonely, arduous job of the lighthouse keeper. Despite the availability today of modern navigation aids such as GPS, many lighthouses still function as warning signals to protect boaters. Others have been preserved as museum pieces. Regardless of their current functionality, lighthouses hold a certain fascination for boaters and non-boaters alike—as romantic reminders of our sea-faring days gone by, or as comforting presence when we’re seeking safe harbor.

Lighthouses may be found all over the world, wherever sailors need to be warned of shoals or headlands, or to mark areas of safe passage. We have visited many lighthouses during our travels, and starting with this issue of the Log, we will present some photos of these magnificent structures for your enjoyment. This month we showcase the Lighthouses of Lake Ontario.

Old fort Niagara Lighthouse, Youngstown, NY—Built 1871.

Charlotte-Genessee Lighthouse—At the mouth of the Genesee River near Rochester. Deactivated in 1881, it was re-lit in 1984 by the local Lighthouse Historical Society.

Thirty Mile Point, NY—Built 1876. This Lighthouse is located in Golden Hill State Park.

Braddock Point Lighthouse—This lighthouse, deactivated in 1946, was extensively renovated during 1983. It is privately owned and located in Annapolis and Beavertail.

Old Sodus Point, NY—Built in 1871. Deactivated in 1901. Currently operated as a museum.

Presqu’ile Point—Built in 1840, this lighthouse is in Presqu’ile Provincial Park, near the city of Brighton.

Charlotte-Genessee opposite side.

Selkirk, NY—Commissioned in 1858, this light was never upgraded, and is now the only remaining “bird-cage” style lighthouse on the Great Lakes.

Stony Point, NY—This lighthouse was deactivated in 1945, and is now a private residence.

False Duck Island, Ontario—This lighthouse has been moved from its original location to the Mariner’s Memorial Park and Museum in Prince Edward County, Ontario.

Presqu’ile Point opposite side.

Charlotte-Genessee opposite side.

Cindy up in the lighthouse... what a view!
flipped the TV channels to the weather station even though I’d heard the forecast sev-
eral times that day. Scattered showers over the Lake. But the question was, would they be
accompanied by thunder and lightning?
I set my alarm for 5 a.m. but knew the antici-
pation of sailing across the lake the next day would probably make sleeping hard. Before
dawn the next morning I was jolted awake by
the rumble of a far off storm. I rolled out of bed
and gropped my way toward the bathroom, but as I passed the kitchen, which faces the lake,
I heard a noise in my tracks. The sky to the north
lit up with a flash of lightning that extended for miles along the horizon. For the next hour I gathered
my gear in preparation for a lake cruise that might be canceled before it got started.
When I reached the Erie Yacht Club, the
first light was beginning to outline the heavy
gray clouds to the east. The lighting storm had
passed and conditions seemed to be improv-
ing. Dick Bayer and his grandson, Ed Mattis,
greeted me at the front gate and we drove out
to Dick’s graceful 31 foot sailboat, Vega. That
didn’t seem too bad, and after
quick introductions and some talk about the weather forecast, we decided to start out. We
would keep a close watch on the weather and
maintain radio contact.
After leaving the bay and rounding Gull Point we
were battered by strong southwest winds that
produced four-foot to five-foot swells and
pushed us along at over six knots. On our
day north, course the seas approached on the
stem quarter. Our boat handled the follow-
ing sea well but an occasional cresting wave
would raise Jade high and send her rolling
headlong down the other side of the wave.
The boat was never in danger of broaching
mid-lake, the sky to the west started to darken.
About 12 to 14 miles off the point, or about
mid-lake, the sky to the west started to darken.
Then something unusual happened. The ma-
25 mph instantly. The wind caught the tops of
the waves and created a stinging spray that
pelted the deck as the wind went from 15 to
25 mph instantly. The wind caught the tops of
the waves and created a stinging spray that
exaggerated our boat. It was like sailing through
the waves and created a stinging spray that
exaggerated our boat. It was like sailing through
a car wash.
I struggled to put on my raincoat but it was
really a waste of time. The water was already
running down my legs into my shoes. Even with
the sails down, the wind was causing the boat to heel sharply to starboard. The knot
ticker ticked off the numbers, and we could hardly hear the diesel motor that was running at
over half throttle beneath the cockpit floor.
I yelled to Dick for more engine speed so
we could steer into the wind. He pushed the
throttle forward as I turned the wheel all the
way to the left, but nothing happened for what
seemed like a very long time. Finally it headed
up, and the heavy rolling motion settled into a
slightly more comfortable pitching.
Red belts of lighting flashed to the north, then
east, and even to the south. The fast mov-
ing squall line was all around us. All we could
do was hold on and pray that one of those
nasty red bolts wouldn’t hit our mast. Dick had
mentioned that the mast was well-grounded,
but another thing he said came to mind when
the boat lurched and I bumped the metal
square bar and part of the mast. I couldn’t
help but think of the lines that were used to
raise and lower the masts of the old racing
sailboats. None of that was too close to the
rigging during a storm.
As I looked out at Dick I heard a faint rumble
of thunder and saw a distant flash of light over
his left shoulder to the southeast. The sight gave
me an eerie feeling. It wasn’t the distant storm
that bothered me, it was something I hadn’t
ever seen. The lighting bolts were heavy and
thick, but the worst part was their color. They
were bright red. We decided to reef the headsail
in case the storm hit us quickly. We were in
the center of the lake and past the point of
return. All we could do was get ready for the
blow that was bound to come.
About a half hour later another weather alert
came over channel 16. This time we didn’t
bother to change the channel. We could see a
row of black clouds heading at us from the
west. Vega, which had been visible a few
miles to the north, had vanished into the haze.
As I passed the kitchen - which faces the lake
and gropped my way toward the bathroom, but
the rumble of a far off storm. I rolled out of bed
and the dark sky were closing in quickly.
Dick asked me to take the wheel while he
pulled in the last of the headsail. Before he
had it in, the first gust hit and sent
Jade rolling to starboard. I strained to hold the wheel and
tried to pull her into the wind. I yelled to Dick
to start the motor. Bottle cap sized rain drops
pelted the deck as the wind went from 15 to
25 mph instantly. The wind caught the tops of
the waves and created a stinging spray that
exaggerated our boat. It was like sailing through
In about 15 to 20 minutes the wind slowed
and the rain stopped as quickly as it started.
Dick had a pleased and almost content look
on his face. He was a funny sight as he sat
soaked to the skin with a drop of water dano
gling from the end of his nose.
“Hey, wouldn’t you say the old boat held up
pretty well?” he said with a grin.
“Yeah, I’d say so,” I replied. “That was quite
a storm, but what got me was that red lighting.
Have you ever seen red lighting before?”
The peaceful look on Dick’s face seemed
to fade a little as he looked out at the storm
clouds that had passed to the east.
“No I never saw red lighting like that and for
that matter I don’t care to ever see it again,” he
said.

by Paul Jenkins

Red Lightning

- 6 -
or years boaters have enjoyed the inlet, sometimes referred to as the New Lake and sometimes called Marina Bay, off of the larger Presque Isle Bay that flanks the north shoreline of Erie. Every season it is an oasis of beauty with its ever changing landscapes.

This small bay is delightful in the Spring when the boats first go in the water. The leaves are beginning to fill out the trees, the grasses are growing, the boaters are enjoying their first treks down the bay and undoubtedly they will detour into the inlet bay and say hello to the ducks and geese and other boaters. Throwing out an anchor, pouring a hot cup of coffee, perhaps lacing it with a little something, and listening to the birds as they migrate home from their warmer southern homes. As the sun sets the mother and father geese and their goslings float lazily past in the final golden glow before the total darkness of night.

Many a morning I woke, after spending the night at anchor with the calming effect of the gentle wind giving me a peaceful and quiet sleep. I would climb the steps to the cockpit and as I came up through the companionway I took a sudden breath caused by the beauty that surrounded me. In the summer the gulls would be swooping and cawing, fishermen would be sitting on a bucket on the banks casting and slowly winding their reels hoping that this time the ‘big one’ would take their bait. Men, women and children in kayaks would be paddling past, small sailboats would be tacking back and forth, a few boats would be rallied to each other and a group get-together would be underway. The leaves on the trees would be full and green. The Presque Isle Marina would be filled with power and sail boats in their slips and you would observe the occasional sailor or boater preparing to leave dock or beginning the process of preparing the boat for a day of fun. As you peered across the expansive inner bay toward its entrance from the larger outer bay, small power boats could be observed beaching themselves on the sandy bars so they could scrub the boats, wade, swim and picnic on a sunny summer day.

Autumn is my personal favorite time. The air is cool and crisp. You can smell freshness in the air. It’s like perpetually burying your nose in clean, line-dried, sheets. You want to throw your arms over your head and stretch and revel in the luxury of this colorful season before the coming white layers of snow begin to ascend. Fewer boats are around, many are already in their cradles, covered and laid up for winter. The Canada Geese swarm around your boat in hopes of a few bread pieces or that you will be cleaning out your galley and will throw them the remnants of stale bags of crackers, cookies or chips. The trees show their myriad of brilliant yellows, oranges and reds with a smattering of green to set them off. The shore grasses, growing up tall from the water, have also begun to change from their brilliant summer light green to Fall’s sumptuous brownish gold. Duck stands are being erected as some anxious hunter waits for the chance to show his eagle eye and skill at downing that swiftly passing target.

Soon enough it will be winter. A time to visit this lovely place, not in a boat, but on your cross country ski, your warm and fuzzy hiking boots, or in your four wheeler. Its beauty is still astounding. It is indeed a place for all seasons. For now the sun is setting on another perfect year on Presque Isle and as it does we know that very soon it will rise again on a new season and new beauty and wonder.

**The Changing Seasons of Marina Bay**

by Toni Armstrong Sample
Caught in the trough of two massive waves with just the top of the wheelhouse showing.

The trawler looks like it is disappearing into a cavern of waves.

Falling off the back of a mammoth wave the ship makes an equally humongous splash wider than the ship is long.

No vessel designed for Great Lakes cruising would have a chance of making port in these waves. Note the hull design.

A friend of mine is planning a fishing excursion to Stewart Island (New Zealand) next week.

This is not a normal fishing boat jaunt. This is 5-star stuff. All gear and food supplied. The works! Relax in the spa pool and watch the sunset over Mount Anglem.

Then gather around the piano and the well-stocked bar for an evening of romantic something.

Expressions of interest are invited for this "once-in-a-lifetime" experience. Publicity photographs attached.

Let us know if you want to go?
According to the American poet Amy Lowell, “Art is the desire of a man to express himself, to record the reactions of his personality to the world he lives in.” Where you experience the artistic creations of longtime Erie Yacht Club member Dan Byler, you will surely appreciate Lowell’s assertion. Byler’s art portrays a world of quiet serenity, natural beauty, and hope. Expressing himself almost exclusively through the medium of low-fire clay, for the last ten years Byler’s work has focused primarily on dunes, the beach grass and cottonwood trees, and the empty walkways leading to deserted beaches, in all four seasons, are at once strikingly original yet comfortably familiar. Over a career of more than forty years, Dan has developed and perfected techniques that involve shaping slabs of clay and drawing directly into the clay body. He then utilizes a variety of glazing methods to achieve a wide array of textures and colors. It’s an intensive, multi-step process that requires patience and experience, as well as creative vision. The result is unique; clay sculptures which most often take the form of beautiful wall hangings. Their sizes range from just a few inches to pieces large enough to easily dominate an entire wall.

Byler’s entire life has been one devoted to the love and promotion of the arts, especially in young people. He earned Bachelor’s and Master’s degrees in Art Education from Edinboro University, concentrating on studio ceramics. He spent thirty-five years teaching art to students in public schools, first for four years in Randolph, NY and then for thirty-one years in the Fairview School District. While at Fairview, in addition to developing and teaching popular art classes, Byler led the school district’s participation in Pennsylvania’s pilot program “The Arts in Basic Education,” was a co-founder of the school's well-known Adopt an Artist Program, and coordinated its Artist in Residence series.

After retiring from public education, Byler continued teaching art and working with student art teachers as an adjunct professor at Mercyhurst College for several years. Dan has served on a number of community committees and charity fundraisers, most notably the Arts Council of Erie, the Multiple Sclerosis Art Lottery, and the Red Cross Art Lottery Committee. And his creative endeavors have not been restricted to ceramics and the visual arts; over the years, Dan has pursued his musical interests and talents as a singer with several local performing groups and choirs. Now fully retired from teaching, Byler works out of the studio he has built in the home he shares with Suzie, his wife of thirty-four years. They have two grown sons, Dan II, who lives in Austin, Texas, and Braden, now residing in Pittsburgh.

Dan and Suzie joined the Erie Yacht Club in December 1978. While they spend most of the winter at their second home in West Palm Beach, during the summer, they can usually be found relaxing and getting together with family and friends. The EYC and boating have been instrumental in opening doors to many dear friendships. It is true, as Ralph Waldo Emerson said, that “The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it.”

Pennsylvania Festival of the Arts, the Erie Summer Festival of the Arts and Friends of Mercyhurst, Galleries and collections that have shown his pieces include the Hoyt Institute, the Glass Growers Gallery, Edinboro University, the KADA Gallery, Mercyhurst’s Cummings Gallery, and the Ursinus Gallery. Byler created “Splash the Lagoon Tuna” for the city-wide Go Fish Erie event several years ago, and more recently “Grander Scallop” for the 2008 Lake Erie Frog Project. Dan has been published in the book “Presque Isle State Park,” by Matthew Walker. He was featured in the Erie Times-News “Seasons” which focused on Dan’s Annual Christmas project; each holiday season for the past twenty years he has created and sold clay angels that function as tree ornaments. Dan’s wall hangings and other pieces are displayed in numerous private homes throughout the Erie region and beyond. Byler’s work has been recognized by granting him honors and awards. Dan was selected to be the artist for the 2004 Lake Erie Frog Project, Dan has been published in the book “Presque Isle State Park,” by Matthew Walker. He was featured in the Erie Times-News “Seasons” which focused on Dan’s Annual Christmas project; each holiday season for the past twenty years he has created and sold clay angels that function as tree ornaments. Dan’s wall hangings and other pieces are displayed in numerous private homes throughout the Erie region and beyond. Byler’s work has been recognized by granting him honors and awards. Dan was selected to be the artist for the 2004 Lake Erie Frog Project, Dan has been published in the book “Presque Isle State Park,” by Matthew Walker. He was featured in the Erie Times-News “Seasons” which focused on Dan’s Annual Christmas project; each holiday season for the past twenty years he has created and sold clay angels that function as tree ornaments. Dan’s wall hangings and other pieces are displayed in numerous private homes throughout the Erie region and beyond.

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The Other Erie County Boat Builder

By Tony Olsen

Mary Erie residents still remember when Erie was a yacht and ship building area. Now it seems there is a revival in boat and ship building with horizon ship building on the Bay Front and AeroCat Marine in Lake City.

While much has been written about Donjon and the jobs it has brought to the area, AeroCat marine has flown under the radar until it launched the new Explorer 36 High Speed Catamaran Trawler, in time for the Annapolis Power Boat Show in the fall.

AeroCat Marine is a custom boat builder specializing in 21 to 40 feet, plus a full service boat repair and restoration facility, located in the heart of Lake Erie. Tom Sabolsky, a master boat builder and carpenter has worked with Handman on many marine projects for the last five years.

Ken Handman, the designer of AeroCat boats and Terry Olsen founded the company three years ago. Tom Sabolsky, a master boat builder and carpenter has worked with Handman on many marine projects for the last five years. Grey Hall is a marine surveyor, master boat builder and former builder of the wood interiors.

Power Catamarans from 18’-36’

Above is an AeroCat and construction seamlessly blends plant in Lake City, PA, the company fits easily into the old time craftsman creative-nimble-low overhead formula that, where appropriate, the building materials and techniques are state of the art laminates and coatings. And like the old marine shops, this one hires and trains apprentices to work alongside the master builders.

The boat restoration side of the company has been restoring premium older boats for many years in various smaller facilities. This is the first time the design, construction, repair, painting, canvas and restoration are all in the same building. As can be seen on the web site porterieboatworks.com, the crew can provide most any service that a boat owner requires.

For the larger Tartan Yachts sailboats, He and Goldman have decades of experience with blue water sailing and racing vessels and yacht restoration. Mark Forthelius installed the complex rigging, electrical and plumbing components for Tartan Yachts and is a master carpenter. Terry Olsen has years of experience with power boats and handles all the marketing and customer service details for the company. The business operates similar to an old fashioned wooden boat shop in Maine except that, the boat building side of the company has led to some interesting vessels coming out of the AeroCat shop. Solar, the second largest sunfish they have built and 11 Center Consoles, 24’ Cuddy Cabin Sport Boat, 25’ Weekender, 29’ Trawler, 22’ Charter Fishing boat and a 45’ 70 foot Trawler. Currently they are working on a 34’ Sport Fishing boat for a highly experienced angler in the Florida Keys. The boat will be capable of 60 plus hours non-stop runs out to the canyon at fifty mile per hour speeds. The boat is scheduled for spring delivery.

AeroCat/Port Erie Boat Works is an employee-owned company made up of three master boat builders, a designer builder and a marine marketing/customer service specialist. The company fits easily into the creative-nimble-low overhead formula that, the primary reason knowledgeable boat owners and commercial captains are drawn to the AeroCat design is the outstanding performance. It has taken awhile, but American boat owners and builders are rapidly discovering what Australian and European skippers have known for several decades: catamarans are safer and faster in rough water and they also deliver far better fuel mileage.

AeroCat has taken catamaran performance and moved it up a notch. Example: one of the rare negative points about power cats is, they can broach (like a V bottom boat) in steep foamy water.

Above is an AeroCat Center Console. These boats are available from 18’-36’
A very active group among the many within our club is The Erie Yacht Club Racing Fleet. We are now gearing up for the 2011 season under the leadership of chair Greg Gorny who sails in to take the helm from EYC Director John Orlando who optimistically led the 2010 group to success. A cursory review of John’s work during the 2010 season included a February program entitled Around Alone which was presented by the courageous Robin Davie who is one of a very few people to have sailed around the world solo but actually did it three times! Robin gave a spectacular slide and video presentation of adventure, sailing, the ocean and wildlife. March brought a North U Cruising & Seamanship Seminar hosted by Steve LeMay, a three time J-80 Champion and active cruiser. Additional presentations were made by Lake Racing Association’s Regatta committee (LYRA - Lake Ontario), the Interlake Yacht Racing committee (ILYRA Put-in-Bay) and EYC Charity Regatta for the American Red Cross.

The prestigious Zum Trophy was awarded to William Hertel, owner of the J-35 Magic. The fleet’s Family JB and Main Division races over the season with a constantly diminishing handicap for the winners and is divided into four classes relating to their speed potential and experience. The 2010 Family Jam Class A Champion is Six B’s, a Catalina 25 helmed by busy chairman John Orlando. Class C went to Alex Miller who drove his Helms 30’ Dawn Treader to victory. The Laser 28, Outlaw driven by Mike Mashyna took the B Class Champion honors. Family Jam Class A went to the J-35 Magic owned by William ‘Wild Bill’ Hertel and crew. The fleet awarded the Yachtswoman of the Year award to junior sailor Caillan Niemic with the Gail Garren Award for outstanding service going to John Orlando, our cheerful Racing Fleet chairman. The fleet race winners are all recapped on the web site along with the upcoming events and race schedule.

Plans began in January for the 2011 season to include preseason programs on How to build a Cardboard Boat, The Ladies of the Unicorn, Racing Tactics, PHRF boat measurement, 39 Days on a Catamaran and a live Marine Flare Demonstration. The racing begins on May 11th at 7:00 PM with the sound of the starting horn and the hoist of the flag. There is a full schedule of races and parties planned. You too can get involved as a racer, crew or volunteer. Just check out the fleet page on the EYC website for complete information. Look for photos on the home page and the available crew page if you really want to get some OWT (on the water training). The thrill of driving into the wind is exhilarating.

Enjoy the great camaraderie of working with the crew to achieve success.

Out of town racing provides lots of competition but our fleet always does well.

A light air bay race is always challenging. Flags are won by the proud skippers and crews.

Preparing for a mark rounding and a downhill run is always hectic.

The thrill of driving into the wind is exhilarating.

The Lighthouse provides a terrific spot for Fleet Picnics and other ‘get togethers’.

Seminars with the best in the business are educational developmental tools.

Parties with entertainment are frequent and are a great source of fun enjoyed by all.

Lookout sailors! P/C Robertson is cooking up another of his specialties ... which you’ll love.

Crewing on an EYC Racing Fleet boat is just about the best thing there is to do in Summer. So get involved!

Give PC Busse a microphone and he’s in his element.

All Fleet parties are a blast year round.

Take advantage of all the EYC Racing Fleet has to offer this spring ... you’ll be glad you did.

Give PC Busse a microphone and he’s in his element.

Out of town racing provides lots of competition but our fleet always does well.
Noah’s Ark II

Working Replica of Noah's Ark opened in SCHAGEN, Netherlands in 2007. The massive central door in the side of Noah’s Ark was opened for the first time in 4,000 years and the first crowd of curious pilgrims and townsfolk beheld the wonder. This replica of the biblical Ark was built by Dutch Creationist Johan Huibers as a testament to his faith in the literal truth of the Bible.

The ark is 150 cubits long, 30 cubits high and 20 cubits wide. That’s two-thirds the length of a football field and as high as a three-story house.

Life-sized models of giraffes, elephants, lions, crocodiles, zebras, bison and other animals greet visitors as they arrive in the main hold. A contractor by trade, Huibers built the ark of cedar and pine. Biblical scholars debate exactly what the wood used by Noah would have been.

Huibers did the work mostly with his own hands, using modern tools and with occasional help from his son Roy. Construction began in May 2005. On the uncovered top deck... not quite ready in time for the opening.... will come a petting zoo, with baby lambs and chickens, and goats, and one camel.

Visitors on the first day were stunned. 'It's beyond comprehension', said Mary Louise Starosciak, who happened to be bicycling by with her husband while on vacation when they saw the ark looming over the local landscape. “I knew the story of Noah, but I had no idea the boat would have been so big!” There is enough space near the keel for a 50-seat film theater where kids can watch a video that tells the story of Noah and his ark. Huibers, a Christian man, said he began the project with a new interest in Christianity in the Netherlands, where church going has fallen dramatically in the past 50 years.

“And now that I am old and grey, o God, do not forsake me, until I declare Thy strength to this generation, Thy power to all that are to come.” Psalm 71:18

built by Johan Huibers
a Dutch Contractor
Two German Brothers have put this 'Miniatur Wunderland' together. This is the world's biggest train set. Covers 1,150 square meters / 12,380 square feet. Features almost eight miles of track and is still not complete.

Twin brothers Frederick and Gerrit Braun, 41, began work on the 'Miniatur Wunderland' in 2000. The set covers six regions including America, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Germany and the Austrian Alps. The American section features giant models of the Rocky Mountains, Everglades, Grand Canyon... and Mount Rushmore.

The Swiss section has a mini-Matterhorn. The Scandinavian part has a 4 ft long passenger ship floating in a 'fjord'. It comprises 760 trains with more than 10,000 carriages and wagons. The longest train is 46 ft long. The scenery includes 900 signals, 2,800 buildings, 4,000 cars - many with illuminated headlights ... and 160,000 individually designed figures. Thousands of kilograms of steel and wood was used to construct the scenery.

The 250,000 lights are rigged up to a system that mimics night and day by automatically turning them on and off. The whole system is controlled from a massive high-tech nerve centre. In total the set has taken 500,000 hours and more than 8 million euro to put together, the vast majority of which has come from ticket sales.

Gerrit said: “Our idea was to build a world that men, woman, and children can be equally astonished and amazed in.”

Frederik added: “Whether gambling in Las Vegas, hiking in the Alps or paddling in Norwegian fjords - in Wunderland everything is possible.”
For many of us, writing a book is “The Thing” we want to accomplish at some point in our life. Others might want to try painting, photography, or maybe music in their lifetime. Over the years, I have been fortunate to be able to write about and photograph a one-of-a-kind natural resource right here at home. That would, of course, be Presque Isle.

My writing adventure began in 2003 when I decided to combine my photography of Presque Isle with poetry. Yes, that’s right, poetry. A common comment was: What! Really! Or Why would you want to do that? That’s exactly what my wife, friends and employees all said. So in the summer of 2003 I started writing anyway.

Some days it seemed possible – better than possible, even. Undertaking the writing made me feel that I was tapping into a creative well-spring that had been waiting just around the corner during my former life. Other days, I found myself feeling, well, ridiculous - insane, almost, to be devoting all these good boating hours to scratching out paper when the so-called book might not even see print.

However, by the spring of 2004, my first book, “The Moods of Presque Isle” found its way to the shelves of Borders and the Erie Book Store. Since then, two other books have been published: “A Walk on the Park” (20 guided walks on Presque Isle), and “Whispers Across the Pond” (Poetry and photography of Presque Isle). “Whisper Across the Pond”, my newest book, published in 2009, focuses on the quiet beauty that is Presque Isle and features prose, poetry and personal reflections about the park. A few of the titles contained within the book are: Dawn, Lost in the Calm, Sanctuary, Autumn Whispers, plus 30 others. The book is available in both soft cover and hardback at Erie Book Store, Borders, TREC, and Glass Growers Gallery. Cost is $21.99 and $31.99. Of course, all are available from the author.

I am currently working on two new books. Both are about the history of Presque Isle. One is a pictorial history, and the other is a history through discussions with Joe Root. The pictorial history is due out in May of 2011 and the other sometime before Christmas 2011.
After receiving many requests from non-members who would like to receive the LOG on a regular basis, we are now offering 6 issue subscriptions for only $21.00. To subscribe simply send your Name and Address with your check made out to J.G. Ashby Advertising, 1722 West 8th St. Erie, PA 16505.

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Many EYC members have been asking when the next fundraising party will take place for the Flagship Niagara. (Members might recall when the Club was flooded with roughly 500 people in May 2009 for the ship’s very first fundraising event.)

Good news! For the past two months, club members Douglas Boldt, Karen Imig, and Cal Pifer have been hard at work creating a truly extraordinary event for Erie and the Flagship Niagara, dubbed the “Mariner’s Ball”.

The event will take place May 21st at the Erie Maritime Museum. You won’t want to miss the live music and dancing inside the museum, the entertainment onboard the ship, or the delectable nautical foods at the raw bar.

Then there’s the live auction, where you’ll be able to bid on unique maritime items such as a private dinner with sailing legend Gary Jobson. Other EYC members such as Don Richwine and Ross Rectenwald are getting involved by sponsoring the event.

Don’t miss the opportunity to attend one of the most exciting events of the whole season! EYC members can purchase their event tickets directly through their EYC statements.

For more information, please visit www.flagshipniagara.org/mariner

A Not-to-Miss Gala and Benefit for the Flagship Niagara

Mariner’s BALL
The premier first annual event benefiting the Flagship Niagara and Erie Maritime Museum.

May 21, 2011
7 p.m. until midnight
open bar/hors d’oeuvres/live entertainment
Erie Maritime Museum

by Caleb Pifer

“Mariner’s Ball”
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John decided to go skiing with his buddy, Ron. So they loaded up John’s Yukon and headed north. After driving for a few hours, they got caught in a terrible blizzard. So they pulled into a nearby farm and asked the attractive lady who answered the door if they could spend the night.

“I realize it’s terrible weather out there and I have this huge house all to myself, but I’m recently widowed,” she explained. “I’m afraid the neighbors will talk if I let you stay in my house.”

“Don’t worry,” John said. “We’ll be happy to sleep in the barn. And if the weather breaks, we’ll be gone at first light.” The lady agreed, and the two men found their way to the barn and settled in for the night.

Come morning, the weather had cleared, and they got on their way. They enjoyed a great weekend of skiing. But about nine months later, John got an unexpected letter from an attorney. It took him a few minutes to figure it out, but he finally determined that it was from the attorney of that attractive widow he had met in the ski weekend.

He dropped in on his friend Ron and asked, “Ron, do you remember that good-looking widow from the farm we stayed at on our ski holiday up north about 9 months ago?”

“Yes, I do.” said Ron.

“Did you, er, happen to get up in the middle of the night, go up to the house and pay her a visit?”

“Well, um, yes!” Ron said, a little embarrassed about being found out. “I have to admit that I did.”

“And did you happen to give her my name instead of telling her your name?”

Ron’s face turned beet red and he said, “Yeah, look, I’m sorry, buddy. I’m afraid I did.” “Why do you ask?”

“She just died and left me everything.”

(And you thought the ending would be different, didn’t you?... You know you smiled … now keep that smile for the rest of the day!)
Well I know two things for sure. First, I know that most all of you Cook. In addition to that, I’m also quite sure that most of you do not serve up “pot pies” or “defrost and eat package dinners”. Secondly, I am more than sure that most all of you have your special recipes that you know you should surrender to the LOG to help us raise money for the Club’s favorite project — the Reyburn Sailing School which is one of the finest such institutions of its kind in the country.

So help this worthy cause by offering us your delightful, delicious and delicious recipes for the LOG Cook Book benefitting the Sailing School. All we need is your recipe, name of the dish and a color photo of your masterpieces and we’ll do the rest. Thanks Again for helping out on the worthwhile project. Just send your info to J G Ashby Adv. 1722 West 8th Street, Erie, PA 16505 and we’ll do the rest.

Sometimes
It’s Not
Good to
Stand Out
in a Crowd!

submitted by Roger Zurn

Remember when you are in deep DoDo, look straight ahead, keep your mouth shut and say absolutely nothing.
If you Like
the LOG just
Imagine what
We can do for
You!

Mitch’s
Steelhead
by Robert Donahue

See Mitch holding a nice steelhead landed locally this past New Year’s Eve. Mitch is the 15-year-old son of a good friend and an enthusiastic outdoorsman. Mitch’s dad asked me to take Mitch for a steelhead fly-fishing lesson.

We spent the better part of the brisk afternoon scouting the creek hunting for the shadows of fish. After several hours we had only one hook up that quickly broke free. I was late in the afternoon when two other fishermen passed us by noting they saw a few fish “down aways.” “Down aways” turned out to be much further than anticipated. But we kept walking and finally did spot a few moving shadows in a bend.

After several drifts and a few missed strikes, Mitch tied into his first steelhead, fought it nicely and landed it. It was a respectable fish, and Mitch announced he wanted to keep it. Trying for a quick conversion, I explained to Mitch that for several reasons I only practiced catch and release. Mitch argued that this was his very first steelhead and, therefore, he wanted to keep it. So I agreed provided he seriously considered catch and release in the future.

I told him since I did not keep fish that I did not have a stringer. I asked him to look for a vine to thread through the toothy jaw so he could safely and easily tote the fish on the long hike back to the car. Mitch hunted along the snow-covered bank for a vine while I made another cast into the run. My line quickly drew tight and I set the hook.

It felt like a good fish, but the fight was very strange. There was an unusual delay in the fighting rhythm.

As I dragged the fish closer to shore I saw why. This fish already had been someone else’s trophy that got away. And I was hooked into the stringer that was still left in the mouth.

We landed the fish took the photo as shown above, removed the stringer and returned it to the creek. Mitch included the stringer to carry his first catch home.
Our fellow member Captain Wesley Heerssen has been awarded the American Sail Training Association’s “Sail Trainer of the Year Award”. This is a big deal. Of all the tall ship sailors in the country ASTA has chosen Wes to be the best of 2010. This is a huge honor for him and we should all be proud to have such a Captain on our ship.

This is a well deserved award. Wes has been tireless in his dedication and work for this ship and ultimately the trainees that sail on board her. He is a patient teacher that does not get frustrated or upset with the people around him and creates an environment that is incredibly conducive to learning. He uses positive reinforcement to get the most out of people and in so doing he gets everything that they can give him. Captain Heerssen also leads by example to create a work ethic on board that is unstoppable. He possesses a wealth of knowledge concerning sailing on board a tall ship and is passionate about sharing that knowledge with all that sail with him.
I've often been asked, “What do you old folks do now that you're retired?”

Well, I'm fortunate to have a chemical engineering background, and one of the activities I enjoy the most, is converting beer, whiskey and vodka into urine. I do this every day and I really do enjoy it. Who says Growing Old has a terrible effect of Old Age!

submitted by P/C Dick Waller

“Sounds Like a Really Good Idea to Me!”

An Irishman moves into a tiny hamlet in County Kerry. One day he walks into the pub and promptly orders three beers. The bartender raises his eyebrows, but serves the man three beers which he drinks quietly at a table, alone.

An hour later, the man has finished the three beers and orders three more. This happens yet again. The next evening the man again orders and drinks three beers at three o'clock. Soon the entire town is whispering about the “Man Who Orders Three Beers.”

Finally, a week later, the bartender broaches the subject on behalf of the town. “I don’t mean to pry, but folks around here are wondering why you always order three beers?”

“Tis odd, isn’t it?” the man replies. “You see, I have two brothers, and one went to America, and the other to Australia. We promised each other that we would always order an extra two beers whenever we drank as a way of keeping up the family bond.”

The bartender and the whole town were pleased with this answer, and soon the “Man Who Orders Three Beers” became a local celebrity and source of pride to the hamlet, even to the extent that out-of-towners would come to watch him drink. Then, one day, the man comes in and orders only two beers. The bartender pours them with a heavy heart. This continues for the rest of the evening. The man only drinks two beers. The word flies around town. Prayers are offered for the soul of one of the brothers.

The next day, the bartender says to the man, “Folks around here, me first of all, want to offer condolences to you for the death of one of your brothers.”

The man ponders this for a moment, then replies, “You'll be happy to hear that my two brothers are alive and well. It’s just that I, myself, have decided to give up drinking for Lent.”

Happy St Patrick’s Day
“Irish Lent”
Thursday, March 17th 2011
submitted by Robert Way, Jr.

Join the EYC Racing Fleet
...it’s a Blast!

Information & Applications are available on the Erie Yacht Club website at: erieyachtclub.org
e lived at Rose Haven Nursing Home in Roseburg, Oregon for years. Paul Smith, was the man with an extraordinary talent. He was born on September 21, 1921 with severe cerebral palsy. Not only had Paul beaten the odds of a life with spastic cerebral palsy, a disability that impeded his speech and mobility yet he taught himself to become a master artist. And this in addition to becoming a terrific chess player even after being devoid of a formal education as a child.

“When typing, Paul used his left hand to steady his right one. Since he couldn’t press two keys at the same time, he almost always locked the shift key down and made his pictures using the symbols  at the top of the number keys. In other words, his pictures were based on these characters submitted by Bob Becker... can you believe that this art was created using a typewriter?

Across seven decades, Paul created hundreds of works of art in his own unique style. He often gave the originals away. Sometimes, but not always, he kept or received a copy for his own records. As his mastery of the typewriter grew, he developed techniques to create shadings, colors, and textures that made his work resemble pencil or charcoal drawings.”

This great man passed away on June 25, 2009, but left behind a collection of his amazing artwork that will be an inspiration for many.

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March Calendar of Club Events

1st Club Closed
8th Club Reopens
16th Trivia Night 7 – 9pm No Cost to Play
Create 3 – 8 member Teams
Call to reserve 1 of 20 team spots
Trivia Questions and Prizes!
Ringmaster P/C Ron Busse
12th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11am – 2pm • $12.95
17th St. Pat’s Bash • 5 – 9pm
Corn Beef & Cabbage + Irish Stew
Fish & Chips
All Dinner Specials $11.00
Drink Specials
Entertainment with Double & Vogan
19th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11am – 2pm • $12.95
24th Trivia Night 7 – 9pm No Cost to Play
Create 3 – 8 member Teams
Call to reserve 1 of 20 team spots
Trivia Questions and Prizes!
Ringmaster P/C Ron Busse
26th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11am – 2pm • $12.95
31st Trivia Night 7 – 9pm No Cost to Play
Create 3 – 8 member Teams
Call to reserve 1 of 20 team spots
Trivia Questions and Prizes!
Ringmaster P/C Ron Busse

April Calendar of Club Events

2nd Champagne Sunday Brunch
11am – 2pm • $12.95
9th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11am – 2pm • $12.95
12th Fellowship Dinner III
Ian Bell - Famous Canadian Folk Singer & Composer and Curator of the Port Dover Harbour Museum
Cocktails 6pm Dinner: 6:45pm
Reservation Required • Call the Club Office Only • 453-4931
$14.95 includes tax and gratuity
14th Taxpayers Bawl • 5 – 9 pm
Share the misery with fellow taxpayers
Live Entertainment with Mambo
All Dinner Specials Priced at $10.40
16th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11am – 2pm • $12.95
24th Trivia Night 7 – 9pm No Cost to Play
Create 3 – 8 member Teams
Call to reserve 1 of 20 team spots
Trivia Questions and Prizes!
Ringmaster P/C Ron Busse
26th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11am – 2pm • $12.95
30th Champagne Sunday Brunch
11am – 2pm • $12.95

As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a grave side service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper’s cemetery in the Kentucky back country.

As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost and, being a typical man, I didn’t stop for directions. I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight. There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch.

I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late. I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn’t know what else to do, so I started to play.

The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends.

I played like I’ve never played before for this homeless man. And as I played ‘Amazing Grace,’ the workers began to weep.

They wept, I wept, we all wept together.

When I finished I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head hung low, my heart was full.

As I opened the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, “I never seen nothin’ like that before and I’ve been putting in septic tanks for twenty years.”

Apparently I’m still lost ...

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