



Canadian Fleet Newsletter

OF THE CLASSIC YACHT ASSOCIATION

June 2011 – summer is finally here

Canadian Fleet hosts International AGM in Victoria, BC

January 2011 the Canadian Fleet hosted the International CYA Board of Director Meetings and Change of Watch in Victoria, BC. This was the first time that the meetings and Change of Watch were held in Victoria and the first time it was hosted by the Canadian Fleet. Although we have a small fleet, spread between the Island and the mainland, the weekend was a huge success thanks to a number of our members who contributed their time and expertise. The weekend was well attended with representatives from the Southern California, Northern California, USA, Pacific Northwest and Canadian fleets. Special thanks to Canadian fleet members,

Tony and Barbara Fisher from Nova Scotia who travelled to Victoria for the festivities. It was great to meet you in person.

We all stayed in luxurious accommodation at the Empress Hotel which is situated facing Victoria's picturesque harbour. From there we were within easy walking distance of our venues for Friday's welcoming cocktail reception at the Maritime Museum and the Saturday and Sunday directors' meetings and Saturday night banquet at the historic Union Club. We received rave reviews for the venues and many said that the Change of Watch banquet at the Union Club was one of the best that they had ever attended.

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International CYA is victorious!

The Wilson Cup (actually a Cannon) is awarded every year to the Yacht Club demonstrating superior seamanship during the parade. This includes ships and crew appearance, as well as manoeuvring exercises during the sail past the reviewing stand. The Wilson Cup is the most sought after prize of all the twenty or more trophies presented at Opening Day. During its 40 year history the event has been won only by the Seattle Yacht Club, RYVC, or RYVic. Congratulations to all those CYA members for doing such an outstanding job.





Six Hundred Wooden Boats!!!! I was like a kid in a candy shop when I walked on to the docks at the semi annual Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart Tasmania. There were six tall ships, hundreds of off shore sail boats, a multitude of row boats, dinghies and open sail boats as well as fleets of working boats and a precious few classic power boats.

Peggy and I survived the 14 hour flight from Vancouver to Sydney, only to fly another hour and a half the following day to arrive in Tasmania. We found our idyllic accommodations twenty minutes outside of Hobart with the help of the trusty GPS and settled in for a four day stay.

But to back up a little, we had planned for some time to join Peggy's sister Gail and husband Ken on an Australian adventure, avoiding the tourist infested and flood ravaged N.E. coast along the Great Barrier Reef.

A Devil of a Time

Plans for a driving vacation were well underway when this wood boat nut came across an article in Classic Yachting making reference to the Hobart festival as one of the top three wood boat displays in the world. I approached my travel companions with some trepidation to suggest we alter our plans in order to take in the Festival. To my delight Ken and Gail were enthusiastic about a trip to the home of the Tasmanian devil!! We soon found that accommodation during the festival was fully booked up in Hobart, but lucked out on a beautiful cottage on a sixteen acre farm overlooking the Southern Ocean.

Meanwhile back at the festival, I was invited to participate in a brain storming session with twenty or so Australians who are involved in putting on similar festivals, wood boat rendezvous' or represent wooden boat clubs like our CYA. There was a great exchange of information and ideas followed by a fascinating presentation by Ian Oughtred who many of you will recognize as one of the most prolific small boat designers and builders in the world.

In addition to the vast in water display of boats, there were a huge variety of dry land events. There was a shipwright's village complete with displays on half model building, steam bending, caulking and other "shipwrighty" activities. ...

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Wooden Boat Festival in Tasmania ... from page 2

... There was the usual family boat building event, pirate face painting for kids, steamboat rides and so on.

One of the most impressive displays for me was a warehouse of about three hundred feet absolutely filled with open boats: some under construction, some ancient vessels fully restored, many modern stitch and glue or plywood lapstrake construction and so on.

The newspapers reported that over sixty thousand people attended the festival on each of its four days: imagine a quarter of a million people descending on a city about the size of greater Victoria! The Tasmanian government wisely supports this event to the tune of a quarter million dollars – one dollar per attendee. Oh that our governments were as supportive of the Victoria and Vancouver shows!

*Mike O'Brien,
member #319*



International AGM

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Tours in double decker buses were arranged for Friday and Saturday so that visitors could experience some of Victoria's old world charm. The tour of Government House and lunch at the Officer's Mess at Naden were a big hit with our American friends. Sunday turned out to be a delightful sunny day for cruising before visitors returned home.

The weekend could not have happened without the contributions of so many of our members including the Bridge (Mike O'Brien, Bob Shaw and Robin Hutchinson), Ted Aussem on publicity, Wolfgang Duntz and his able assistant who handled registration, Dave and Pat Cook for a host of things including acting as tour guides with Pat Cook manning the kitchen for the Friday night welcoming reception, Cherry Ekoos who assisted everywhere she was needed, Bruce Grey for the music at the Change of Watch Banquet, Randy Olafson for taking care of everything needed for the Friday night bar including liquor licence, ordering and picking up the wine and beer and acting as bartender extraordinaire, John West for arranging the tour buses and contacts for the Officer's Mess and Jan and Shelley Neilsen for their contact with the Union Club. For the Sunday cruise we thank the O'Briens (Euphemia) Bruce and Patti Grey (Sojourner) and our newest members Barry and Dawn Loucks (Saga) for bringing out your boats for the cruise. Although we missed Donell McDonell (Merva) since he was out of town, thanks for providing your boat under the able skippering of Rob Abernethy of Abernethy and Gaudin for the cruise. We could not have pulled the weekend off without all your assistance.

Although we weren't able to accommodate all who wanted to go on the cruise we were able to take all the folks from the Southern California and Northern California fleets who could not believe our incredible cruising grounds even on a chilly January day. Next year's Change of Watch will be hosted by the USA Fleet in Mystic, CT. If you haven't attended before we encourage you to consider a trip to the International Meeting. It is a lot of fun and a great way to meet the members of the other fleets.

*Pat Hutchinson
Peggy O'Brien*

Welcome our new members!



Audrey Eleanor

1948

54 feet



Mysteryion

1926/27

Arbuthnot

50 feet

Buda diesel



Fall 2010 Gunkholing in the Gulf Islands, CYA style

Here's
your chance!

Contributions in
the form of
Pictures,
Articles,
tall tales,
even rants (within reason)
are welcome!

Please send your
contribution to:

Mike O'Brien
Or
Ted Aussem

Our ongoing task is to
name this newsletter!

The PNW fleet has
Attention on Deck,

We need to
personalize our newsletter
and no ...
Rust and Rot
will not do!



Marriage aboard Olmaha

The weather gods were very kind as September 14th was warm and sunny, while the preceding and subsequent days were “Vancouver wet”. Joining the 4th generation to be married on this date, Iain

McBride and Celia Ghormley set their wedding to coincide with the 100th, 70th and 37th wedding anniversaries respectively of Iain’s great-grandparents, grandparents and parents. Olmaha in the morning

sunshine departing Coal Harbour with the wedding party of 15 - destination Granite Falls in Indian Arm. At the falls, wind and tide were in perfect balance allowing Olmaha to hold position with her engine off while the ceremony and celebrations took place. Yes, the bride also had a Best Man in lieu of a Bride’s Maid. Newlyweds with the groom’s family. Iain is wearing something old - the sporan his Grandpa wore when he wed Grandma 70 years ago to the day.

*by Garth McBride,
member #1226*



Mysterion ... fixing things

Growing up in the flat prairie environs of Winnipeg, I have always loved mountains, seas, and boats. My uncle had a cottage near Winnipeg, and a 12 foot wooden boat made in Peterborough. This was better than nothing and I have fond memories of fishing with my uncle for Pickerel and Pike on the Big Whiteshell Lake. But I always knew there were bigger seas, bigger fish, and bigger boats.

Also, from childhood I always loved fixing things. My grandfather and father were natural fixers and they had infinite patience in showing me how to repair anything – from watches to cars. One of my happiest

memories from these years was helping my father put a speedometer from an auto-scrap yard into our 1938 Lincoln Zephyr, and joining



in the celebrations when, in the test-drive, it worked!

In 1972 I moved to Vancouver to teach at UBC. Now there were mountains and seas, but the best I could

do for a boat was an inflatable from Army & Navy that sat six and came with oars. This boat served our young family well for visits to inland lakes, and fishing for Rock Cod off Caulfield Park. But the family soon grew out of this; the boat developed leaks; my arms

tired quickly from rowing against tides; and it seemed my nautical life was over. We sold this boat in a garage sale.

Nearly forty years at UBC flashed by pleasantly, if all too quickly. Then retirement. Somehow, the nautical impulse returned and the thought of getting a little motorboat to use for fishing and picnics held out increasing appeal. Soon I was checking out used boats listed for sale on the internet. And then my nautical instincts hit real temptation, as I discovered the world of classic yachts. Total seduction soon followed as I opened the website of the Classic Yacht



Mysterion ... fixing things (cont)

Association, viewed an array of gorgeous historic boats, read up on their owners and builders, and started to dream about buying and restoring one of these treasures. Who wants a little motorboat when you can dream of being the owner and captain of a classic yacht?

Questions naturally occurred, not least from spouse, boat-smart veterans, financial advisers, and skeptical friends. What did I know about boats and boating? What did I know about large, old, wooden boats? Could I afford the maxim that boat is an acronym for "bring on another thousand?"

Well, I had responses for all these questions. I could learn about repairing boats; it wasn't rocket science -- and here was the opportunity to fulfill my lifetime love of fixing things. Indeed, I could chalk up some remarkable successes with repairing the electricity, plumbing and woodwork in our old Kerrisdale house, not to mention our bikes and cars. Moreover, I had spent many years learning the arts of restoring old pianos. Old

boats -- what's the difference? And, besides, the prices for boats had sunk to the bottom in the wake of the 2008 financial collapse.

Then I met Mysterion. No more convincing was needed; it was love at first sight. Mysterion was built in Vancouver in 1926 and launched in 1927 as a 50 foot bridge cruiser. It was built by Russell Arbuthnot, owner of the Arbuthnot Sash and Door Company, for his own family. The designer is unidentified; but Arbuthnot had done much cabinetry on boats, was familiar with nautical architecture, and was probably his own designer. The teak for decks, walkways,

stern, wheelhouse, and external cabinetry all came from the Empress of Japan, the CPR steamer linking Canada with the Orient since 1891, which was scrapped in 1924. The result was a classic yacht of beautiful proportions and presence -- fully meriting careful restoration.

Mysterion was moored in La Conner, Washington, when I bought her in September 2009. While substantial refitting had been undertaken, it was clear that a major restoration would be necessary. The purchase price reflected this. The seller was candid, and members of the Classic Yacht Association who knew the boat well gave me realistic advice on what the costs of restoration would entail. This, plus the absolute



Mysterion ... fixing things (cont)

beauty of Mysterion's historical lines, closed the deal, and Mysterion sailed back to Vancouver 5 October 2009 under the care of Captain Jim Barrett and his crewmate, Chris Dailey.

After some pretty desperate searching, moorage was found at Shelter Island Marina on the Fraser River. Soon Mysterion was hauled up and spent most of the winter being restored under the skillful guidance of shipwright Murray Brown, while I learned about nautical construction, repairs and gruntwork. As it turned out Mysterion's basics were sound. Some planking beneath the portside walkway needed replacement together with sistering of frames; most of the through-holes were redone; and shaft bearings were refurbished. Fuel tanks were cleaned. I did lots of the gruntwork: cleaning the bilges, heat-scraping the whole of the hull -- assisted intermittently by my two sons -- and repainting it when the spring weather arrived.

Mysterion was relaunched 23 April 2010 assisted and celebrated by nautical friends. The summer was taken up

with further restoration: the expansive fore and aft teak decks were resealed and refinished; the mechanical steering was repaired and eased with copious lubricants; most of the brass was polished bright and top-coated; the radar was repaired; and as winter approached walkways were being rebuilt and fiber-glassed.

One of the most satisfying repairs was to an old brass Schatz barometer -- a gift, but which had been banged up badly and rendered unworkable. No one that I could find in Vancouver could repair broken barometers. After some reading up on aneroid barometer technology, I was able to inspect my dead instrument with bright light and magnification, identify and fix the multiple problems, and reassemble the tiny parts. The waiting then began for bad weather and falling barometer pressures. Sure enough, the needle moved overnight to signal the on-coming rains. Never was terrible weather more welcome, as it had taken four disassemblings to get the barometer to perform. It now

graces the wheelhouse along with its matching Schatz clock.

If, like me, one likes fixing things and making them work again, classic wooden boats seem to offer endless opportunities to satisfy the fixer's compulsions. This winter will be taken up largely with interior refitting, and redecorating under the direction of my wife, Manya. We now have the diesel stove working again to keep us warm. There will be rewiring, building a new head, re-flooring, and testing out the resilient (but smoky) 1946 Buda 844 diesel engine. Indeed, there will be no end to the joy of fixing Mysterion and making her beautiful again.

*By George Egerton
member #1296*

**The Canadian
Rendez-vous will
be held at the
Port of Sidney
this year,
updates will be
on the
CYA website**