



Classic Yachting

A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER BY AND FOR ALL THE FLEETS OF THE CLASSIC YACHT ASSOCIATION



Pacific northwest fall foliage ablaze; *Freya* at the UW Husky dock.

Pacific Northwest Fleet Report 'Unofficial Outstation with Historic Ties'

by Margie Paynton, International Director and Historian

The L-shaped dock alongside the University of Washington football stadium is often used by PNW members as a gathering spot. Except for fall Saturdays with home football games, the dock is unattached to land, and visitors are not encouraged, and use is at their own risk. We come with brooms to brush away the goose droppings, and provide a maritime

spectacle for those boats passing through the Montlake Cut between Lakes Union and Washington.

Many of our gatherings at the Husky docks are intentional. There is the Thanksgiving Cruise, a day cruise held the day after Thanksgiving, which includes a feast of leftovers, good conversation, and boxes for

donations to the local foodbank. The weather has been full spectrum over the 25 years we have been doing this, from snow on the docks and layers of warm clothing to 60 degrees and sweaters. Only once in recent memory have the winds been too strong to venture out, and yet there was one diehard CYAer who took on the challenge and nearly had his boat



blow away from the dock while trying to tie down.

We also gather for the Christmas Cruise, another day outing, when we meet at the dock prior to sundown, enjoy a potluck meal together, then have a ringside seat for the parade of lighted vessels through the Montlake Cut.

In September of 2004, a number of CYA vessels escorted Ann Hay's *Pied Piper* to the Husky dock for a moving rededication ceremony after major boat restoration work.

And yet this dock has a much more historical connection for those of us in the PNW fleet. The long tradition of boats tying up in Union Bay (its formal name) for college football games was begun by PNW Fleet founder, Herb Cleaver.

Herb was a member of the UW crew in the mid-1930s, so was familiar with the waters alongside

Husky stadium and the crew house. Herb knew the manager of the crew house, and, one day, asked if he could nudge the bow of his boat (then *Iwanna*, a 1928 32' Blanchard that he and Virginia owned from 1941 until 1953) into the soft mud alongside the crew house and attend the football game, retrieving his boat at the conclusion of the game. The manager

saw no reason why not, and, without knowing it, a new tradition was born.

Today, hundreds of 'Dawg' fans pay anywhere from \$220 to \$800 for a season pass to attend Husky home games by boat.

In many ways, this is the best kind of outstation. We don't pay for its use or upkeep; onlookers are limited to those who pass by in other boats; we use little fuel in travel; and no one (visitors or police-type folk) bothers us. Then again, there is no power or water, nor access to shoreside facilities.

This private haven beckons many of us not only to day use, but also overnight retreats just a stone's throw from civilization. It's a great place with a group or in solitude to soak up the wonders of God's creation known as the Pacific Northwest!



Herb Cleaver's game-day tradition grew and continues.



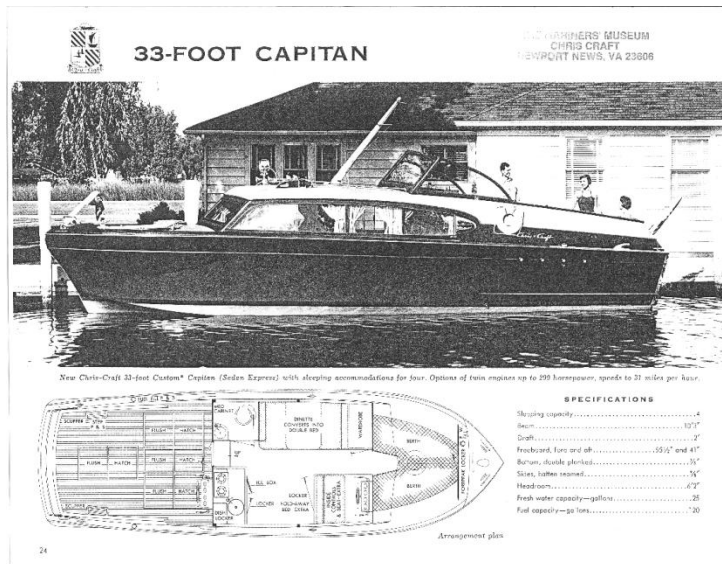
Southern California Fleet Report

CYA Vessel Profile: *ComOcean*

by Ron and Cathy (SC Fleet Secretary) Yatch

Ron (that's me) and Cathy Yatch have been living the ongoing story of a classic wood express cruiser for over fifteen years. Here is a look at the story. I'll bet this will sound familiar to most classic boat owners in more than a few ways.

ComOcean is a 33' 1953 Chris Craft El Capitan. Cathy and I were not expecting to become the Caretaker/Owners of an old wood boat. Then one day, an interesting ad appeared in the 'Yachts' column of the L.A. Times. It stated that a classic cruiser in excellent condition could be purchased for \$5000.00 and that only minor detailing should make her 'show-worthy.' There is a reason that this seemed almost too good to be true. I went to look at the boat anyway.



I have always had an interest in fixing old cars and boats for fun and profit (well, sometimes profit!) and have never been afraid of a challenge. I was confident I could make anything at least a little better and enjoy the process. I had previously owned vintage sports cars and Detroit classics. I also had a couple classic wood Chris Crafts, but they were runabouts that were trailer-boats, and in pretty nice shape from the time I purchased them; I just did some fine-tuning. Yeah, this made me a little over-confident.

When I went to view the boat at Shoreline Marina, I could immediately see it was a little more rough than the ad stated, but I was overpowered by the beautiful boat that was just beneath that coating of Shoreline Coal Dust. It didn't run, so there were many

questions as to what we would be buying. I was so taken by the personality that the lines of **ComOcean** projected, that all else seemed irrelevant. So I called Cathy with the 'Good News' that we were the proud owners of a 1950's wood boat that looked like it could be really nice with a little effort and investment. She was so happy.

So began the minor journey. We had to make the boat run. I installed manifolds and batteries, hoses and wiring, rebuilt the carbs and drained the old fuel tanks, and lo and behold, the engines ran. We putted around the Queen Mary a couple times, and loved the boat so much that we decided to rent a building and take her indoors for a restoration. We hooked up with Wayne from Long Beach Boat Movers, and he met us at Sunset Aquatic in Huntington Harbor. He towed the boat to our rented shop in Garden Grove.

I figured four to six months in the building, a couple coats of paint and some seat covers, no big deal. Right. I replaced the keel, reinforced the hull both inside and out, added support beams to the aft deck, removed the teak decking and drum-sanded Each Plank. The hull paint was so thick and lumpy, we had to heat-gun the entire boat, inside-out! Talk about headaches! The fumes from the lead paint were intense. Might as well strip the house and cockpit while we're at it.



When the new pieces started to come back from the chrome shop and drum-sander, it became obvious that the old helm and interior cabinetry were not going to work with the new decks and chrome. And while the decks were off, we saw that the hatches needed to be re-framed and supported, and the fuel tanks had to go as well. And what good was all that old plumbing and wiring doing in the bilge?.... Most of the wires were cloth-insulated stuff that looked like a fire waiting to happen. It all came out. Come to think of it, that old ice box and folding WWII-style bunk were not going to work either.

After untold re-construction and two years later, it was time to move on. We ordered new engines from Harpur's Marine. Gordon came by and did an estimate at our shop, Wayne loaded the boat and off to Wilmington it went. Tom and Gordon Harpur installed new Marine Power 350's. Wayne towed us back to Sunset Aquatic. Custom stainless swim brackets and deck rails were fabricated by John at Sunset Aquatic, and into the water she went. Never mind that there were no throttles or instruments yet, I powered us off to our Huntington Harbor slip with vice-grips as throttles. We tried to ignore the myriad of smells coming from the new engines, exhaust system, and bilge paint as they heated up for the first time. Who needs a temp gauge anyway?

Over the next two or three months in our slip, Cathy and I finished trimming the interior while Harbor Canvas made a top and covers. More than a few bugs needed to be traced and worked out. When we took our first ride in an almost-finished *ComOcean* to the PCH bridge and back, it seemed surreal to be under way after all this time. In the heat of the first few cruises, Cathy and I decided to get married. But where shall we have our ceremony? We had spent so much on the boat, there were not a lot of options. Hmmmmm.

On February 15, 1997, we were married on the stern of *ComOcean* as we cruised Alamitos Bay. We had over thirty folks come aboard after the ceremony. Good thing I reinforced that hull and deck. The swim platform was just beneath the water. We followed up with a reception at the Rusty Pelican.



The Newlyweds felt that Tustin was too far from the boat. We moved to just a mile and a half or so from our slip, and have been aboard almost every weekend and many week days since then. While cruising Alamitos Bay in August of 1998, Cathy pointed out that there were a bunch of old boats gathered behind Marina Pacifica. We tied up and introduced ourselves to the CYA.

Since then, we have enjoyed the great folks and classic yachts of the CYA of Southern California fleet, attending as many events and meetings as we could. Cathy and I have been devoted to keeping *ComOcean* as sharp as was feasibly possible. Since we embarked on the Classic Cruiser journey in 1994, we have also purchased, restored, and re-sold a couple of other Chris Crafts.

ComOcean still pretty much rules my spare time and interest. I didn't anticipate what we were in for when I answered that L.A. Times ad back in 1994. Who Knew?

You can see *ComOcean* in action on You Tube on Newvisionsco channel. Or, you can Google "Chris Craft ComOcean", or go to: <http://www.youtube.com/user/newvisionsco?gl=GB&hl=en-GB>.



Benefiting all **five** CYA fleets (CDN, NC, PNW, SC, and USA), the 2010 International CYA Board of Directors Meetings and Change of Watch Banquet is just around the corner, January 15-17, 2010, hosted this year by the PNW Fleet in Seattle, WA, USA. Be sure to thank your Fleet's Directors and other International Board members for their participation on your behalf.

Canadian Fleet Report

by Mike O'Brien, International Director and CDN Fleet Commodore
with the permission of the SS Master Society

The Canadian Fleet held its annual general meeting on October 26, 2009, hosted at the stately Royal Vancouver Yacht Club on English Bay, Vancouver, B.C. As our membership is split between Vancouver Island and the Mainland (with one errant member in Nova Scotia!), we try to alternate our meetings between the two locales.



2010 Canfleet Bridge: L to R: Bob Shaw, Vice Commodore; Mike O'Brien, Commodore; Robin Hutchinson, Rear Commodore; Ted Aussem, Secretary; missing Angie Fairall, Treasurer.

Prior to our formal meeting we were treated to a presentation by the President of the SS Master society, Chris Croner, and the Chief Engineer, Doug Cruikshank.



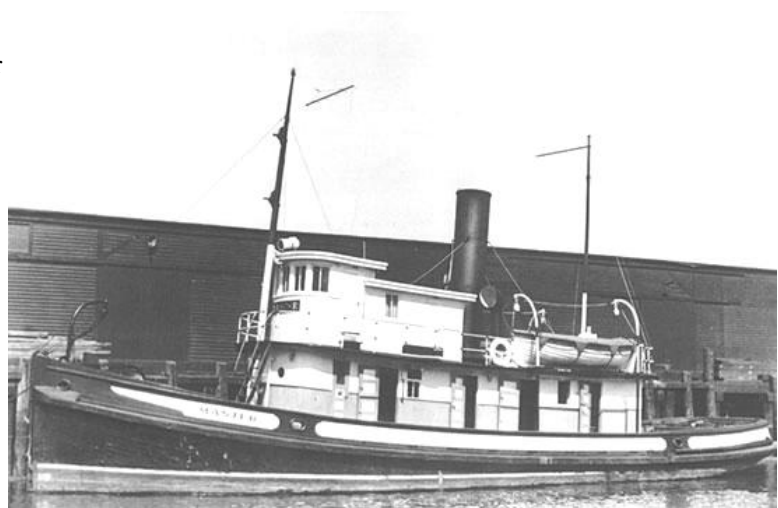
Doug Cruikshank and Chris Croner in front of operational model of SS MASTER

Built in 1922, in False Creek, Vancouver, by Arthur Moscrop, the MASTER is the last remaining example of a once formidable fleet of wooden hulled, steam powered towboats on the West Coast.

The MASTER displaces about 200 tons, is 85 feet long, 19.5 foot beam and draws 12 feet of water. Her triple expansion steam engine was built for the Royal Navy in 1916. Turning an 8 foot diameter propeller at 100 r.p.m., she cruises at over 8 knots.

From 1922 to 1959, the MASTER towed logs and barges in Georgia Strait and beyond, steaming over a million miles. She has seen many ports on the Pacific Coast, from Alaska to San Francisco. Laid up in 1959, she was bought in 1962 for \$500, to be restored as a memorial to the men of the BC towing industry. In 1971, the Society for the Preservation of the steam towboat MASTER was formed to continue the struggle. In 1980, the society decided that only a near total re-building could save her. In May, 1986, she once again raised steam and proudly took her place as the Flagship of Expo 86.

This was only made possible by the efforts of a small, dedicated group of volunteers, assisted by generous corporate and individual donors, and with the aid of all levels of government. Sponsorship must continue, if the vessel is to be retained.



Earliest known photograph of the MASTER, probably at Evans, Coleman dock, Vancouver, B.C., 1927

Today the MASTER steams around her home waters, unquestionably the Dowager Queen of the Vancouver waterfront, bringing wonder to the eyes of the young, and lumps to the throats of the old timers.

The Canadian fleet is looking for ways to include the MASTER in our fleet activities. Our wooden boat heritage goes beyond the pleasure craft that we proudly own and includes working boats of which the SS MASTER is a leading representative.



The MASTER today steaming along the North Vancouver waterfront between the Lions Gate and Second Narrows Bridges.



Northern California Fleet Report

by Steve Kadzielawa, Commodore Northern California Fleet

In September this year, several members of the NC Fleet took a two week hiatus from the salty oceanic environment of the greater San Francisco Bay and escaped to some of the bay's unique tributaries and inland fresh water rivers. I've mentioned before how fortunate I feel that our surroundings provide an enormous variety of cruising environments all within hours or, at most, a couple of days of leisurely motoring.

The cruise began on the Friday prior to the weekend of September 12th with a small fleet of classics leaving behind the views of the fog shrouded Golden Gate Bridge, the sound of fog horns, and the sights of sea

lions, porpoises, diving pelicans, and container ships. With occasional swipes of the windshield wipers to clear the spray, they crossed the bay heading north to the Petaluma River and ultimately to the town of Petaluma to partake in the Petaluma River Heritage Fair. Once entering the mouth of the river at the northern most point of the San Francisco Bay, the passage is known for its scenic beauty. It winds through 12 miles of marshes, farmland, rolling hills, and vineyards of premium chardonnay and pinot noir grapes.

The city was celebrating 150 years of prosperity derived from the commerce offered by the salt water slough now

called the Petaluma River. The river played an integral part in the success of the city and at one time, it was the third busiest commercial waterway in all of California. The terminus of the river lies in the heart of revitalized downtown district amidst century old buildings now housing a variety of businesses, shops, and eateries. It is one of the most inviting and enjoyable areas in all of the bay area to spend a weekend on a boat.



Colleen on the Sacramento River

After a relaxing weekend at the Petaluma Turning Basin, *Sea Gal*, *Eslo*, *North Star II*, and *Colleen* departed for a week long cruise out of the salt water of the bay and into the Sacramento, San Joaquin River delta. En route, *Hiltot II* joined in for some delta cruising followed by *Ranger* for the 40 mile trip from OxBow Marina up the mighty



Cruising down the river .. *Sea Gal*

Sacramento. The final destination was Old Town Sacramento to participate in a wreath laying ceremony on the Sacramento River commemorating WWII veterans who gave the ultimate sacrifice. It was a touching ceremony covered by local media with hundreds of spectators. *Sea Gal*, *Eslo*, and *Colleen*, with WWII veterans aboard were the featured yachts laying

the floral wreaths synchronized to the formal procedure on shore.



North Star II and Eslo

Cheryl and I, onboard *Flamingo* with throttles full ahead, caught up with the mosquito fleet toward the end of the week for the last leg upriver and to enjoy some late season delta atmosphere with our good friends. The temperatures approached 100 degrees for a few of the days which made the evening Mojitos and other ice cold rum drinks go down nicely. The return trip was at a far more leisurely pace running with *Eslo*, *Sea Gal*, and *Colleen* for various portions of the trip. We had the time to enjoy occasional swims and sights of river otters, turtles, and a variety of birds that thrive in the endless tules and wooded islands.



Flamingo braving conditions on Georgiana Slough

After traversing well over 200 miles through the tranquility of the Petaluma, San Joaquin, Mokolumne, and Sacramento rivers, the wipers came back on for the final leg through Carquinez Straight and back across San Francisco Bay. With the engines shut down for the last time for that trip, it became remarkably clear that in some instances the journey is the destination. Special thanks go to Greg Sabourin, Alan Almquist, Les Cochran, and Tom Clothier who assembled the itinerary and arranged for all the stops and accommodations. All I did was show up and enjoy.

More photos from the NC fleet's two-week river cruise:



Killara and Pied a Mer



Hiltot II waiting for a bridge



Tractor for sale – cheap –
needs minor detailing



Boaters, know ye The Holy Place

by Mike Oswald, PNW rabble-rouser

Reprint permission from Three Sheets NW, www.threesheetsnw.com

You couldn't say I attend services regularly—nor irregularly, for that matter.

In fact, the only reason to find me on my way into a church on any basis would be to attend some wedding or funeral, sitting anonymously in the back—very concerned that for all my years of living life in full, a bolt of fire and hail of brimstone was about to crash upon me.

When it comes to religion, I am not an expert, but I'm well-acquainted with it all. My mother was a Quaker and my father a Lutheran—so hardcore the service was delivered in German. I was educated by Jesuits, and the man to whom I listen closest is a conservative rabbi. Thanks to my background, at most services I am frequently confused on whether to sit, stand, kneel, or pray on a rug. But in The Holy Place, I know.

Now, I'd never called it by that name before a few years ago, until a friend of mine in the Classic Yacht Association described it so. He reckoned that he and many others found the place where the engine, transmission, batteries, shaft, and fuel tanks reside is The Holy Place. I agreed he was correct.

Into this quarter—be it an area with standing head room, an intolerably skewed space, or a cubbyhole that requires you to crawl on your back over the top of the engine—there is a standing design law that 40 percent more accessories and gadgets than there is space to service will be installed. No matter the size, design or make of the boat, here in that sainted spot you and I will step, kneel, bend, genuflect, double over into a ball, or lay in a fetal position while attempting to reposition our arms to reach something that is only an inch from our grasp—and after all the effort, still is.

By twisting our bodies in a snake-like curl, one foot turned just so to fit just between the alternator and a battery box as a knee slides underneath a heat exchanger while ducking and rolling to keep from hitting your head on the floor above, in addition to pushing off from the fuel tank to move your body closer to the object of your attention, there we lie.

To me, this is reminiscent of the drill my generation was taught to counter the blast of an atomic bomb. Tuck, duck, and roll—and with The Holy Place, it's the Cold War all over again.

Now consider this, here we are inserted into the most intolerable but only possible position, and just as we pick up a tool our muscles—along with every bone, joint, cartilage, and sinew—start to complain. Unable to arise or reposition ourselves, we cry out in pain and anguish to any and all higher beings, thence to curse the SOB that designed, built, or placed these iron idols in such an impossibly confined space.

The intensity of the cries to God or requests for damnation coming forth from the The Holy Place and drifting about the marina is louder and more passionate than the sound from your run-of-the-mill, mid-Alabama Southern Baptist revival service. Even the snake handlers in Appalachia have nothing to equal the intensity of devotion or the explosive expletives generated by working down there.

For there we bleed, are bruised, bang our heads, smash our fingers, and from the effects of these injuries, walk for hours in a doubled-over position, the aftermath of a charley horse still throbbing in a leg, seemingly forever. We are humbled and cry for mercy. Yes, it is a Holy Place.

But brethren, it is also a place of learning. One learns that after the contortions to place yourself on one side or the other at the altar of Racor or Isuzu, you must first place the tools of the wrong dimension or type almost—but not quite—within your grasp.

Also, you will need more tools than you expected, and sometimes an odd item from the galley or bar will do the special jobs better than any tool designed for it. As an example, when overhauling an errant fuel filter assembly, I found that an oddball corkscrew (a gift from a local winery) was perfect for pulling a stuck nylon selector valve from its heathen nest. I'm sure the taste of the cheap stuff I buy will not be damaged by the bath of diesel #2 on the corkscrew tool. It won't smell any worse, either.

Another lesson learned as you extricate yourself from Indian fakir demo position number two, clearing the floor above your head to stand upright in the open hatch, is to understand that you are what you eat. As a youngster, I ate tons of cereals for breakfast. My favorite depended upon the weather, but one of the many was Rice Krispies. I ate a bowl too many, I fear, for now as I straighten up from The Holy Place, my spine resounds with an audible crescendo of snap, crackle, and pop. It doesn't even require any milk or cream to be poured.

A journey down there also will show you when you've put on too much weight or are out of shape. Ah, the lessons we learn there. So now, three days after my last visit into The Holy Place for services, I sit here pounding on these keys, a band-aid around one finger, some antiseptic liniment on a bruised area of my right hand, a slight puncture wound to my scalp and a crimp in my right arch that I'm sure I can work out in a day or so. I do not plan to return for services for a couple of months. Amen.



The author's boat, *Freya*, home to The Holy Place.



NEW CYA members from the 1st half of 2009 – more to come!!

New Affiliate/Associate members:

Jason Hebert
ABSOLUTE
63' 1970 Trumpy
PNW Fleet, Genoa Bay, BC
David Huchthausen, sponsor

John and Jane Lebens
ULA
36' 1951 Louis Hascall
PNW Fleet, Portland, OR
John Murphey, sponsor

Robert and Laurel Webber
CURLEW
41' 1974 Morgan
USA Fleet, Sodus Point, NY
David Gillespie, sponsor

Donald Kennedy
JOLLY ROGERS
46' 1970 American Marine
SC Fleet, Wilmington, CA
Rob Schreurs, sponsor

Ray Speetzen
SILVER CREST
45' 1965 Stephens
NC Fleet, Stockton, CA
Larry Hazelett, sponsor

Tony and Barbara Fisher
THE MYSTIC CASSIE
43' 1967 Chris Craft
CDN Fleet, Oak Island Marina, BC
Cris Rohde/Bill Brantly, sponsors

John and LeaAnn Goodfellow
ANNA MARIE
36' 1960 Chris Craft
PNW Fleet, Seattle, WA
Lew Barrett, sponsor

Mark Lanfear and Carol Radlo
CAROL M
40' 1948 Grandy/Monk
PNW Fleet, Seattle, WA
Lew Barrett, sponsor

Membership reinstatements:

Kent and Kyle Ramos
RAMOS FIZZ
NC Fleet

Edward Copeland and Janine Hanson
LADY FAYE
PNW Fleet

Roger and Janice Palmer
ADAGIO
PNW Fleet

Transfer from Associate to Vintage:

David Walker and Carol Fedigan
SCAUP
43' 1952 Monk/Garden
PNW Fleet, Seattle, WA



New Classic/Vintage members:

David and Lynn Olson
ACANIA
131' 1930 Consolidated
Alameda, CA
Northern California Fleet
Tom Clothier, sponsor



Shirley Howdle
ADELANTE
42' 1912 unknown builder
Vancouver, BC
Canadian Fleet
Mike O'Brien, sponsor



Tom and Jessica Freeman
PEACEFUL
25' 1939 Richardson
Seattle, WA
Pacific Northwest Fleet
Dorin Robinson, sponsor



Randy Mueller
STARLIGHT EXPRESS
42' 1956 Matthews
Port Orchard, WA
Pacific Northwest Fleet
Diane VanDerbeek, sponsor



David Wiehle and Elizabeth Bailey
PEARL
32' 1959 Chris Craft
Seattle, WA
Pacific Northwest Fleet
Peter Aden, sponsor



Bruce Grey
HAI
30' 1957 Clark Brothers
Ganges, BC
Canadian Fleet
Mike O'Brien, sponsor



Kuhr Wiencke
LINMAR
78' 1933 New York Launch & Engine
Seattle, WA
Pacific Northwest Fleet
Diane VanDerbeek, sponsor



Glenn Drumheller and Karl Weiss
RUMRUNNER
 40' 1930 Schertzer
 Seattle, WA
 Pacific Northwest Fleet
 David Huchthausen, sponsor



Donell McDonell and David St. Jean
MERVA
 40' 1932 F.W. Morriss
 Brentwood Bay, BC
 Canadian Fleet
 Mike O'Brien, sponsor



Todd and Tami Steel
HULAKAI
 48' 1929 Boeing
 Pacific Northwest Fleet
 Lew Barrett, sponsor



Jerry and Beverly Walker
MOZY
 42' 1954 Shain
 Tacoma, WA
 Pacific Northwest Fleet
 Lew Barrett, sponsor



NEW – Blazer Pocket Patch for CYA
 with dual red and blue pennants
 \$25 each including shipping
 Contact Margie Paynton, CYA Historian



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