

Attention On Deck

Summer 2013





A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

BY REAR COMMODORE DORIN ROBINSON

Photo: Monty and Shirlee Holmes



Occasionally I have reason to think back in time regarding this wonderful group of people & Classic Yachts - Quite frankly it does not seem - possible that 35 years have gone by since a few of us with old boats got together and started what we now call the PNW Classic Yacht Association.

Some of our early members are no longer with us, and my memories of these folks and their wonderful boats as well as what they contributed to our early beginnings, are worthy of mention.

One such couple that I have fond memories of were Lloyd & Mary Vosper along with their venerable 32 ft Classic Yacht known as the "Dutch Maid" This enticing little ship was launched in 1920 by the Reber Company and was used by both the US Navy & the Vosper's for Patrols around the Puget Sound area during the second World War. It was one of those Classic looking Vessel's that had what I refer to as "a look" in that I have never seen one like it before or since I was fortunate enough to be in the company of the Vosper's.

They were married in July 1936 & purchased "Dutch Maid" in 1940 - - Lloyd was a Sales Representative for the Pacific Marine Supply Co - - also he was known as a prolific painter doing landscapes, seascapes as well as boats. Often they would participate in International Cruising races with their boat and it was obvious that being out on the water aboard their boat - took precedence over everything else. The "Dutch Maid" was outfitted with Dutch blue upholstery and curtains and had a cruising speed of around 7 knots which was dependable however it was often the last boat to finish in cruising races while making a stately picture gliding thru the water leaving very little wake. Her log showed 8,000 hrs solid cruising time which to me is remarkable in that it gives all of us something to think about and shoot for in our continued cruising agenda's. I often wonder what happened to the Dutch Maid - - as it was one of those Classics that once you saw her - - she was so unique that you would never forget what she look liked.

The Vosper's were recognized in 1990 by the CYA as Life members due their

continued contributions to to the Pacific Northwest Boating community - - not the least of which was publishing a Puget Sound cruising guide entitled "CRUISING PUGET SOUND & ADJACENT WATERS" complete with hand drawings of harbors, charts, & depth soundings for anchoring area's both in Puget Sound & beyond. Those folks who are lucky enough to have one of these wonderful books - - still refer to them today and what is even more remarkable - is that many of the soundings were done by Lloyd himself using a lead line - - a far cry from all of the sophisticated marine instruments we now have at our disposal.

He was the holder of Membership Number One in Queen City Yacht Club - - - As a couple they more than exemplified the spirit what we are all about as we continue on into the future as members of the CYA - - - I can only say thank you to a higher power for the opportunity of knowing and being involved with this remarkable couple - - they were truly pioneer's as well as stalwart believers in the CYA. All of you would have liked them a lot - - - I know that I did!!

NEW MEMBER BOAT STREAMERS

BY REAR COMMODORE DORIN ROBINSON

Some time ago I noticed a unusual kind of a streaming flag or some kind of a burgee flying on the jack staff of a Classic Yacht in conjunction with a regular burgee and of course having never seen a flag of this type I asked what it was. This particular person was a new member of a local Yacht Club and explained the purpose of what it was I was looking at.

This streamer was a way of recognizing just who a new member vessel was and as such gave all other existing members a “heads up” that here in fact was a new member and as such they were not only identified but also given the fact that they were a new member there were other accommodations granted to them. These new members were always give a space to tie up at a dock so they did not have to raft out - - and due to the fact that they were new to the organization - existing members were encouraged to go over and introduce themselves to the new member as well as making them feel welcome to the organization. Your current PNW Bridge like this idea and so we have adapted a streaming burgee, which we trust will carry the same kind of weight - so we as an organization can not only identify a new member but at the same time make them feel special.

This streamer is given out to any new member, which they will

fly for one year - then it is turned back in to the PNW Bridge and reused on any other new member who is brand new to our fine organization. If you attend a event and see one of these being displayed on a vessel - we ask that you make it a point to introduce yourself to the new member and make them welcome to whatever event that you happen to be at.

We believe that new members are important to our Classic Yacht Association and being able to recognize just who they are will help to make them feel welcome to any event that they may be attending.

Pictured below is what this new “streamer” looks like - - There are several other Yacht Clubs who have this type of a burgee and your Bridge has adopted this idea only because we all thought that it was a good one.



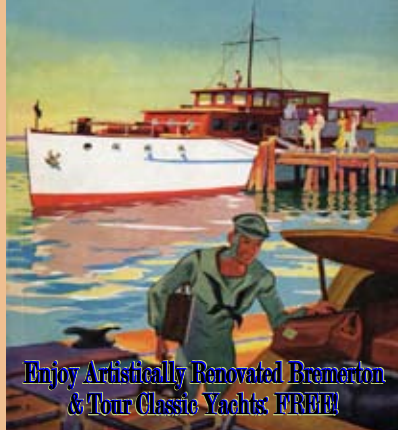
BREMERTON MARINA RENDEZVOUS

BY HOSTS JYTTE & BOB WHEELER (CAROUSEL)

August 16-18
2013

**The Bremerton Marina
Classic Yacht Rendezvous**

Friday, Saturday & Sunday
August 16, 17 & 18
2013



Enjoy Artistically Renovated Bremerton
& Tour Classic Yachts FREE!

When was the last time you were on a “Ship of the Line”; tour the inside a gun turret or stand on the Bridge of a war ship? Well, here’s your chance. The weekend will start Friday evening with cocktails, appetizers and guided tours aboard the Destroyer USS Turner Joy. We have rented the entire ship for the CYA. Tours will include everything from the Bridge to the Shaft Alley.

And on the dock, we will have food and drink and maybe some music. Saturday’s shopping trips to Stores and Gallery’s in both Bremerton and Port Orchard via foot ferry will be topped off by a BBQ’d dinner on the breakwater under the canopy provided by your CYA committee. Reduced moorage rates will be in effect Thurs thru Sun nights so plan on joining us for a relaxed, extended weekend with plenty of room for big boats.

Your Hosts; Jytte and Bob Wheeler: MV Carousel

CYA SUN SHINES IN EDMONDS: 2013

By: The Edmonds Host Team

Photos by Dave Ellis

What do you get when 15 “over the top” Classic Yachts gather for a weekend in a unique harbor setting that has the distinction of being voted by its peers as the very best harbor to be found anywhere on the planet? Our answer to that is indeed quite simple - You get over 1200 folks on two absolutely stunning warm sunny days looking at a variety of fantastic floating wood masterpieces - - - and here is what is really interesting - - all of these folks who have come to look are the same - - they are SMILING. The reason I know this is the boat I own took a RH turn out of the Ballard Locks and just automatically seemed to know that (at around 8 knots - with a little over an hours time - along with a Northerly Compass heading of 163 degree’s) that there was way to much fun going on in a Port known by many as EDMONDS.

I have no idea how this happened - but here are the Classics that must have had the same idea: ADAGIO, ALOHA, CLE’ILLAHEE, COMRADE, EL MISTICO, FREYA GUILLEMOT, HOLIDAY, PATAMAR, SCANDALON, SEA OTTER, TURNING POINT, VAGABOND, WILLIWAW, & ZANZIBAR.

I understand that several of these boats have done this for the past 8 years - amazing - - also that for some it was their first time - - and would you believe that two of these vessels are brand new to CYA because they they signed up at this very event. I will have to let you guess which vessels they are.

Then I am told that there was so much food at a potluck - - no one could believe it - also some guy with a motorized blender (not sure of the horse power or if was gas or diesel) but for sure what came out the other end must have been palatable - people just kept coming back for more - & more - and then some more.

This Port we have referred to as Edmonds has a deputy director who’s name is Marla Kempf who most recently wrote a letter to CYA - - here is what I am told the letter said.

On the weekend of May 31st, 2013 we had the pleasure of accommodating your group at the Edmonds Waterfront Festival. We trust that those who came were pleased with their experience. Thank you for participating and for welcoming the public to view your classic yachts. These vessels are truly a delight for visitors and guests to see. Please express our appreciation to your members. We look forward to serving your group again and welcome your participation for future events at the Port of Edmonds. This letter was sent to Bob & Karen Birdseye also to Terrill & Rick Powell - -

What you have just read must be Magic - it seems that all of the information came from boats who were present - - do boats talk? - - it seems that they do if one will only listen.



Southern Salish Sea Grand Tour

July 19 - 28

If you like the South sound or if you have never been down that way - then here is a cruising opportunity that you should not miss. We have put together what we believe will be an most interesting aprox 10 day cruise which holds not only several surprises but another way of looking at it is there is something for everyone. This event is hosted by Dorin Robinson along with David Ellis and promises to be what they are calling "way to much Classic Cruising Fun".

We start out on July 17th at Des Moines and from there it just gets better and better. We ask that you check your brand new Roster on page 15 for a view of some of the activities and locations that we will cover - - - For those of you who are not familiar with the term "SALISH SEA" please note that it is a very large body of water that extends from Olympia in the South - all the way up to just beyond Desolation Sound to the North. This cruise will cover one one small portion of this pristine cruising area. The bottom line is this one that you will want to attend - - - we encourage your participation and will look forward to seeing you there.

**COME TO PART
OR COME TO ALL
CALL DORIN NOW!**



Everything is subject to change: Please RSVP Dorin Robinson & or the Hosts and check with them as to updates.

Day 1 & 2: Fri. & Sat., July 19 & 20

DES MOINES

Todd Powell JONTA, Host

Friday: Arrival at Des Moines With Reception Friday Evening for Participants.

Saturday: Classic Wooden Boat and Car Show.



Day 3: Sunday, July 21

QUARTER MASTER

Gerald Crosby MARDO, Host

Morning: Depart Des Moines to Quarter Master Yacht Club.

Afternoon: CYA and QYC host Mini-Classic Wooden Boat Show at QYC docks until 5PM.

Evening: QYC club house, deck, and galley for CYA potluck.



Day 4: Monday, July 22

GIG HARBOR

Dorin Robinson CLE ILLAHEE, Host

Morning: Depart Quarter Master Yacht Club to Gig Harbor

Afternoon: Possibly seat across and visit the zoo.



Day 5: Tuesday, July 23

TACOMA 1

Dorin Robinson CLE ILLAHEE, Host

Morning: Depart Gig Harbor to Tacoma's Working Waterfront Museum

Afternoon: Tour Museum

Evening: Potluck on Boats or Dinner in Town



Day 6: Wednesday, July 24

TACOMA 2

Dorin Robinson CLE ILLAHEE, Host

Morning: Depart Working Waterfront to Dock Street Marina

Afternoon: Tour Glass Museum and Auto Museum

Evening: Potluck on Boats or Dinner in Town



Day 7: Thursday, July 25

OLYMPIA

Dorin Robinson CLE ILLAHEE, Host

Morning: Depart Tacoma to Olympia's Percivals Landing

Afternoon: Tour Capital

Evening: Potluck on Boats or Dinner in Town



Day 8: Friday, July 26

JARRELL'S COVE

Dorin Robinson CLE ILLAHEE, Host

Morning: Depart Olympia to Jarrell's Cove

Afternoon: Enjoy Park

Evening: Potluck on Boats



Day 9: Saturday, July 27

LONGBRANCH

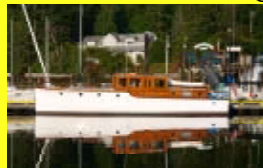
Mike Wollaston & Steve Moen, Hosts

Morning: Depart Jarrell's Cove to Longbranch

Afternoon: BBQ at the Longbranch Mansion

Evening: Music & Romance

Day 10 Sunday, July 28 Depart for Home Ports



Everything is subject to change: Please RSVP Dorin Robinson & or the Hosts and check with them as to updates.



PAST COMMODORES CRUISE

By: Staff Commodore Genevieve Carlson Photos by Genevieve Carlson



We motored up to Dan Allen's dock in Manzenita bay on Saturday afternoon. Zanzibar, Freya, Guillemot, and Patamar greeted us. It was a great start of the day. Jeremy met another little person, "Hey kid my name is Jeremy and I'm 6." "I'm Jackson and I will be 6 in September." And off they went, instant friends. They played all weekend together, Video games, movies, Digging clams, finding treasures under the rocks to put into the make shift bin/aquarium. Netting kelp crab off the dock and starfish. All awhile a small mixed Black Lab/Blue Healer pup named Indiana Jones circled there heels and kept them in check.

Dan gave a wave hello and said will see you this evening for the potluck. The weather was not cold, but not the sunny weather that we all would have like to see for the weekend. We were just thankful that it had not started to rain as forecasted.

We had a little low tide left so we got to dig a few clams that day – I scrubbed them and we hung them over the dock like everyone else to let them clean themselves of the sand. As in the past years Dan has made a car available to take to town and so a group piled in and off to Poulsbo to find antique treasures, baked goods and that last minute grocery stop.

Later that day we received bad news from Patty Henderson that Tom had injured him self and that the Sunday party at their home, was to be canceled. We hope that Tom has a quick and full recovery. So the group of us made a few calls to let anyone that had been driving over, that the party was to resume at Dan's dock for Sunday evening. Time on the boat always goes to fast for me, evening was fast approaching and thing were a cooking. I am always impressed by what wonderful dishes that come everyone else's boat.

This year Dan's tenants Nick and Brandy (Jackson's Parents) had a barbeque to share with us. Nick tortured us with the wonderful smell of smoked salmon that afternoon. Which he shared during cocktails. Warm off the grill-smoked salmon - mouth watering delicious. What a wonderful treat. So much great food and fiends makes for a wonderful evening. We sang "Happy Birthday" to Mike Oswald, and finished the meal with birthday cake. Perfect.

The next evening we did it all over again – with the addition of John Schrader and Steve Moen that had come over by car to join in on the fun. If you have not been to this event, I suggest that you give it a try next year. It is a definite "DO". Dan and his family have been very generous in sharing this wonderful part of the world with our group for many years, and we thank them very much for doing so!

PAST COMMODORES CRUISE, A TOOOGWOB PERSPECTIVE

By: Past Commodore of Everything and Grand Vizier of The Old Order of Old Goats With Older Boats
TOOOOGWOB - Mike Oswald (FREYA)

The Memorial Day Weekend is marked by the PNW fleet with the Past Commodores Cruise. This event is frankly, a non-event. Without question it is the most laid back happening, rendezvous, or get-together we have. Even the name is a misnomer, for while the cruise was crafted to honor the past commodores, it is open to all members and friends and we need more of you to show up.

Manzanita Bay is a lovely somewhat protected inlet on northwest shoulder of Bainbridge Island about an hour and change away from the Locks and an easy three hours from Everett. The water lies quiet and the bottom affords excellent holding to any visiting yachtsman. However, we are especially lucky as CYA member Dan Allen affords us the singular pleasure of his docks, family home, and clam laden beach for the event. Dan or Tom and Patty Henderson leave a spare car so some can go to Poulsbo and shop-if you've the notion. On Sunday the group reconvenes at Tom and Patty Henderson's beautiful home on Liberty Bay for a grand feast. Monday we sleep in.

On a soft Friday afternoon Freya was pushed by the last of the flood out of Possession Sound to be greeted with gentle light chop from Picnic Point to midway between Edmonds and Kingston. Crossing the ship lanes was easy as not even a tug and tow was visible and from the mid-point to the turn at "Jeff Head" the water was flat, the wind never rising from light and variable. We follow the wake of others poking their bows under the Agate Pass Bridge then turn a point south, one by one sliding quietly into the bay. The docking is simple and with a wave and a smile your lines are fast

and you're greeting friends once more. Tied to the dock on Friday evening were Guillemot, Patamar, Freya, and Zanzabar. We few, we contented, but perhaps lonely few? As we sipped our wine in the comfort of Zanzibar's wheelhouse we hoped for others to join us Saturday morning.

The light rain that fell during the morning hours on Saturday brought Cinnamon Girl, but no more boats appeared. Once the rain stopped the ebbing tide exposed the clam beds and in a few moments many of us were knee deep in mud and sand, quarrying the elusive clam; and with excellent results. The dig completed and the clams safely in burlap bags that are lowered six feet into the water one group of intrepid bi-valve plucker's drove into town to pillage the local shops. Me? Oh I spent some time investigating a strange odor from my new galley refrigerator. It turned out to be a vent duct that was coated with a special epoxy coating. The epoxy was gassing off until it hardened into a ceramic-like shield. It helps to read all of the directions- so says the wife. The rest of the day was spent relaxing or watching and listening to a couple of six year olds along with a cute mutt named Indiana Jones frolic up and down the beach and dock. They were thoroughly absorbed in having fun and their laughter fit well with the overall mood of the afternoon. Later that afternoon we got word that Tom Henderson had been tripped up by a dock line. Tom was sidelined with an ACL injury causing him a lot of pain and Patty felt it was no time to be hosting a CYA event. It is always a treat to spend some time with Tom and Patty at this event, but this time it was not to be. We wished him the best, good meds and a speedy recovery.

The day ended with a potluck and watching a bonfire while swapping tales till late, another stressful day had passed.

Sunday? Oh, some slept in or went for a walk in the morning followed by a trip into town. While there we found Steve Moen and John Schrader at the marine store... where else? The foragers now with Moen and Schrader in tow returned to Dan's place in time to start dinner. A little after 1900 the CYA stalwarts including Dan Allen's family and friends sat down to a fine potluck, with many delicious dishes but the clams- swimming in a wine and butter nectar-and served in copious quantities were superb.

Monday Morning after breakfast we bid goodbye to our friends and went over to Brownsville to fuel and service the biffy tank. Once completed we shot through Agate Pass at 11.9 knots (not a typo)and experienced an exquisite 1.5-2.0 knot push that stayed with us until we got north of Edmonds in the lea of Possession Point. It was a great time and well worth the short voyage from Everett. Thanks to all of you that attended and to Dan Allen for making it this very special. To those that did not make it, see what you missed?

Shipmates, these events are part of being in this organization. The CYA is more than showing off our boats and being on parade and while that's fun it's also about the people of the club. An event like the Past Commodores Cruise gives time, place, and atmosphere for unwinding, for gentle talk, and the simple appreciation of the folks around you. Plan on making the one next year, you'll be glad you did.

Mike Oswald, TOOOGWOB



ARGONAUT II: A NORTHWEST CLASSIC

By: LeeAnn Barton

Photos: Dave Ellis

"I can't get the boat out of my mind. I have never stepped aboard a more hauntingly magical and spiritually powerful classic..."

-- Ron McClure, CLASSIC WOODEN YACHTS OF THE NORTHWEST



In May of 2006 my husband Jerry and I purchased the *Argonaut II*, a Pacific Northwest classic yacht. Our plans were to live aboard and cruise. We knew that boats require a lot of work, as we had owned another wooden boat ten years previously. We had no idea that we were purchasing a piece of history—that we didn't "own" the *Argonaut II* at all. In fact, in the words of a previous owner, she owned us! It was love at first sight for Jerry. It took me a little longer.

Just for kicks, we attended our first Classic Yacht Association gathering in Edmonds, WA, just a few weeks after buying the boat. We were overwhelmed by the number of people who wanted to come on board, who had stories to tell us about the boat and previous owners, and who just loved the boat. It was the same in June, a few weeks later, at another gathering at the Bell Harbor marina in downtown Seattle. I really started to warm up to the old girl at this point.

I began working on the varnish and, after some trepidation, discovered it was something I could do to improve the boat, something I was actually good at. Jerry has mechanical skills, but, up until that point, I didn't really seem to have a role on the boat. Passersby started to compliment my work, and I felt even more positive about *Argonaut II*.

In July, we cruised to Port Townsend, WA, a wooden boat center, and had the boat lifted out of the water into the boatyard. We spent 50 days living on board in the yard to reef out,

recalk, and refasten the entire hull below the waterline. We also sanded and painted the hull above the waterline and refreshed the bottom paint. It was brutal, filthy, and sometimes painful work. Perhaps because she made me suffer, I was now in love with that old boat.

Because of my own and other people's enthusiasm and curiosity about *Argonaut II*, I started to look into her history. Fortunately, the previous owners had collected and passed along to us quite a bit of information.

In 1922 *Argonaut II* was launched as the *Greta M* in the Menchion's shipyard of Vancouver, B.C. She was designed by Edison B. Schook. The original rigging card of the *Greta M* states that the LOA is 73', the beam is 14 ft. 7 in., the hull is composed of Port Orford cedar, the decks are of fir, and the deck house is teak. In addition, the hull has an iron bark ice sheathing. The transom is properly referred to as a canoe stern.

The Powell River Company commissioned the *Greta M* as a company yacht. In 1928 the Powell River Company Digester issued a statement saying, "The Motor Boat '*Greta M*' is used by the Logging Department for making trips to the various camps and inspecting logs that we buy. This is a very efficient boat and is as comfortable a boat as one could wish for." However, as contemporaries report that the *Greta M* had a professional chef on board and that company executives and their families took cruises aboard, it would appear that the *Greta M* was not

used solely for business.

The *Greta M* had a brief encounter with near disaster during her company yacht days. On the morning of November 25, 1925, as she returned from an exploratory cruise around Theodosia Arm, the *Greta M* ran up on an uncharted rock. Passengers and crew were forced to take to the dinghy as the boat careened over at a dangerous angle. Help was sent and the *Greta M* was towed to Vancouver for an overhauling. The area on the keel where new planks were scarfed in can be seen today.

After serving as a company yacht for the logging department of the Powell River Company for fifteen years, the *Greta M* was sold to the Home Mission Board of the United Church of Canada.

In 1937 the *Greta M* was christened *Thomas Crosby IV*, named for the Reverend Thomas Crosby who ministered to the natives of the West Coast from 1864-1914. One of the many native children baptized by Reverend Crosby was Cle-alls, the son of a Haida chief. Cle-alls grew up to be the first Haida to receive formal schooling and the first to be ordained a minister. In 1937

Cle-alls was known as Reverend Peter Kelly and was a recognized leader of the British Columbian natives—often representing his people in Ottawa and Victoria. Rev. Kelly became the first skipper of the *Thomas Crosby IV* and held the job for 16 years. His life as a seafaring missionary has been immortalized in the book *Roar of the Breakers: A Biography of Peter Kelly* by Alan Morley.

Thomas Crosby IV operated between Lowe Inlet in the north and Smith Inlet in the south, with headquarters at Ocean Falls. She called at lighthouses, canneries, logging camps and isolated settlements. In addition to serving as a church and mission, she delivered the mail, served as a library and movie theater, and functioned as a hospital and mortuary. A shovel and mattock were kept in a cupboard ready for any necessary burials. *Thomas Crosby IV* also carried a portable organ known as a "Little Jimmy," which could be folded up into a suitcase and brought to shore for church services. (This organ has now been donated the Maritime Museum in Victoria.) A visit from the *Thomas Crosby IV* was considered the highlight of the season for many isolated communities.

In 1966 The *Thomas Crosby IV* was retired by the United Church of Canada and sold to a marine firm in Canada. The church requested that the name Thomas Crosby IV be removed from the boat as it was no longer in the service of the United Church. The boat was changed to the *Argonaut II*. Apparently one of her owners was particularly fond of the television program Sea Hunt.

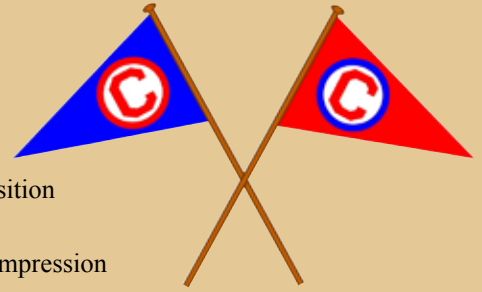
By 1970 when her fine lines and potential were recognized by Julian Matson, the proprietor of Boat Harbor, a small marina near Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, *Argonaut II* was mostly sitting idle, her condition deteriorating. Matson later said, "When we purchased the boat it was quite a mess. Rats had the run of it and had destroyed all the upholstery. Basically I had to shovel out the bilge."

One of Matson's first projects was to get the 1941 air-start 6L3 Gardner 6-cylinder diesel engine started. This is a 12-step process which Matson had to rediscover by himself. "On my first attempt to start the engine it took two weeks. I was following a pattern to determine which cylinder should be top-dead centre, or just before, or just after, as well as which cylinders should be decompressed. I got mad and frustrated and abandoned the pattern. The engine started and I couldn't remember what I'd done," Matson later recalled about his ordeal.



Once Matson zeroed in on the procedure, he recorded it for future owners:

1. Open cooling-water bypass
2. Decompress all cylinders
3. Bar Engine to #4--top dead center
4. Open main air-supply valve
5. Put Governor rack to full-open position
6. Close air-manifold relief valve
7. Put cylinders #4, #5, and #6 on compression
8. Open secondary air-supply valve
9. Open manifold air-supply valve
10. Lift air-start lever
11. Put on compression in this order: #2, #1, #3
12. Release air-start lever



Julian Matson continued to maintain *Argonaut II*, cruising and chartering until 2001 when he sold her to Dave Walker and Carol Fedigan, long-time wooden boat owners. They brought *Argonaut II* to Seattle, maintaining and cruising her until 2006 when they sold her to us, Jerry and Lee Barton, a couple from New Mexico, of all places. Thanks to Dave's time and instruction, we were able to start the engine, negotiate the locks, and get our "bearings" aboard. *Argonaut II* is not a turn-key boat!

so in August of 2006 we went to Porth Townsend, Washington, for a haul-out and spent 50 days reefing, caulking, refastening, sanding, and painting. When the folks at the yard say how hard we worked, and that we were going to stick it out, they couldn't do enough for us, lending us tools, scaffolding and, of course, advice!

During these past few years, we've lived aboard and cruised. Our most interesting cruise so far was to Ocean Falls, the former headquarters of the *Thomas Crosby IV*.

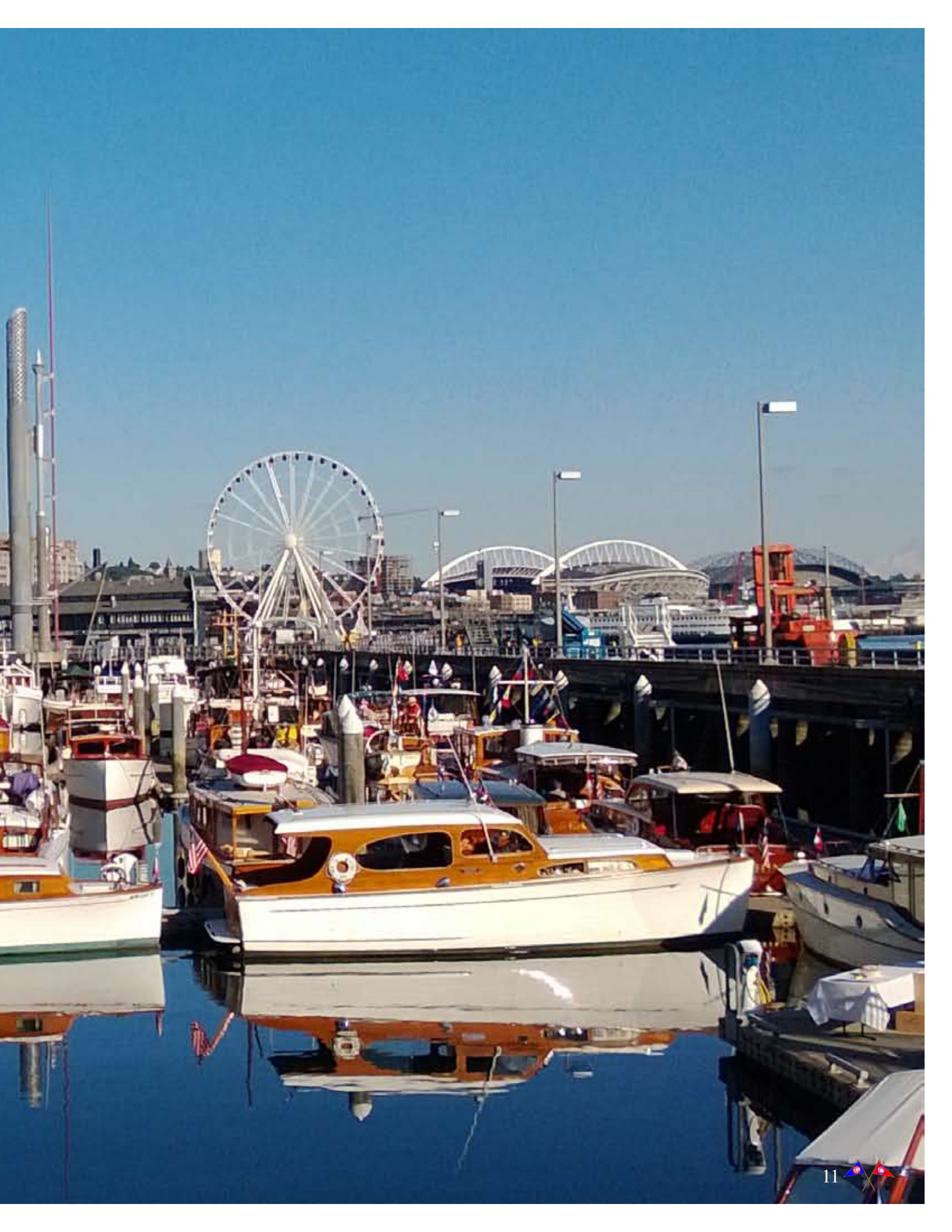




“Bell Street 2013”

Centerfold Photo by Tom Freeman







"Nere meets the Old Crooked Man"

©2009-2013

G.M. Oswald



So there we are in Gowland Harbor getting the boat ready to make the run towards Nanaimo. We've spent the greater part of two weeks up in the Broughton Group and since my mate tires quickly of the wilder areas its time is to start back down for Seattle.

It seems most boaters' intent on visiting Desolation Sound and points north navigate north-south on the Georgia Strait by crossing from Nanaimo to Pender Harbor and paralleling the western shore line of mainland British Columbia. Years ago, when we first came up north we dutifully shadowed Dorin Robinson in his grand Cle Illahee. Joining the other yachts holding at Nanaimo we all waited for a weather window to make the run to the other side. If the smoke from the local pulp mill was rising straight up in the morning air it would be OK, or so we were told. We would wait, and wait, and then wait some more. Finally, sure we'd glimpsed the sainted signal; we'd poke our noises out Departure Bay but often returned with the boat in disarray, a dish or two broken and queasy stomachs.

Finally deciding we'd had enough; we decided to transit north or south bound along the eastern shore of Vancouver Island and work with the prevailing winds. Now only infrequently did we join the crowd waiting for the wind to calm down. It was also easier on the bright work, as there were no more deep scratches made by the crew's fingernails as we wallowed across the strait. Yes the route is lonelier; but north bound the seas and prevailing winds usually die off once as we pass the Ballenas islands, while south bound the waves averaged just off the port bow and were easy for FREYA to handle.

At 8 knots you can make the run from Campbell River to Nanaimo in day, but it is a long day and the tides in the Strait are historically weak and fickle in the summer. Since we're getting a late start I plan to take two days to get to Nanaimo but where we will stop, I'm are not sure. By 1005, the freshly dug clams are contently swimming in two five gallon pails secured to the swim platform, the anchor comes aboard and is secured, and on the slow bell FREYA nudges into the Discovery Passage bound out past Cape Mudge.

The five-knot current should hold until we pass the deep-water soundings three miles south of Cape Mudge. There the flow slows so quickly it is marked with a dark rolling line in the water as opposing currents fight; the flow from the Semour Narrows, filled with bits of logs, brush, and other flotsam from the Johnstone Strait meets the northerly current shouldering up the Georgia Strait. The difference in speed between the two causes whatever is floating on one side of the line to be swallowed from the surface then to shoot up from the depths two hundred feet on the other side!

Once past the tidal line we angle our course to clear Cape Lazo and its great reef reaching two miles into the strait. Twelve miles past Cape Lazo lays Denman and Hornby islands. While Denman is the larger its good anchorages are on the west side along the Baynes Sound and best reached via the Comox Bar or from the south entering at Chrome Island. Our straight course takes us

between the islands and will be closest to the smaller island of Hornby. By 1620, we have gained the channel between the islands.

Nere, reading the cruising guide about Hornby, pauses and reads aloud when she comes to the paragraph that states, ... "the public marina is undergoing a complete renovation and part or all of it may be unusable. Anchoring is possible in the harbor but it is very small with poor holding". We decide to take a look anyway.

Rounding a green spar buoy at the mouth to a postage stamp of a harbor, we turn toward the floating visitor's dock. We're in luck as there's room for FREYA. Nere scramble's up to the deck and in a moment has the fenders and lines ready as FREYA nudges gently against the dock. I turn off the engine, note the time in the log then go aft to lower the clams over the side. We spend a few minutes setting the boat right and then decided to explore ashore.

There are only a handful of boats are tied to the docks and just two anchored in the small cove. The majority of the boats power or sail, look as if a Dr. Frankenstein-or his monster- had once been at work on them. Many are wood boats but covered in a coating of rough, clumsily laid fiberglass. The paint jobs on the boats are haphazard at best, with brush streaks going every which way and paint drips left where they fall and run.

The harbor is quiet; no one on the docks or any of the boats, a lone tabby cat stirs and stretches in the sun from its perch on the taffrail of a black-hulled ketch, a faded pirate flag hangs from the mizzen and moves languidly in the soft breeze.

We walk past a small fish boat its engine hatch yawning open, piles of nuts, bolts, fittings, rags, a carburetor, and two cylinder heads lay askew, rust outlines each head on the boat's deck.

We go to pay our moorage at a small shack at the head of the marina but the door is locked, a note pinned with a nail proclaims it vacant for two weeks and advises boaters where to mail the moorage charges. Drawn by curiosity we continue up the road that leads from the ghostly marina. In the next mile we see only crude cottages then two small orchards, both long ago left untended.

A decrepit Volkswagen van sputters by, its engine barely running and puffs of blue smoke popping from the exhaust. The driver is pure '60's generation. Wire rimmed glasses, multi colored sweatband and no shirt. He appears very intent, his lips tight and his eyes focused upon the narrow road ahead, he doesn't wave or acknowledge our presence as he passes. "Keep it going buddy," I murmur under my breath, as the VW pops and bangs as it rounds the bend leaving a cloud of blue oil smoke.

The road continues into a very old forest of large standing firs and cedars. It is cool and dark in there and smells of cedar, fir, and the earth beneath our feet. In a moment we come across a large black board sign propped up against a tree on opposite the side of the road.

"Fresh Vegetables!"

"Raspberries and late Strawberries!"

Fresh Eggs, Corn and Herbs!"

A large arrow drawn in red chalk points toward a small clearing at the edge of the forest, a well-worn path leads between the trees.

The path brings us to a pasture fenced in with chicken wire. Two big roosters with fat red coxcomb's and exotic tail feathers are guarding several dozen hens, all scurrying here and there scratching for food. As we got closer some of the hens darted for the chicken coup, others ran to the opposite side of the field, while a few came nearer to inspect us. Looking closer at the chicken coop I realized it was made out of drift wood planks, all neatly fitted together. The same method of construction was used in the fence posts, the gate and gate posts. Each plank and post were natural, be they crooked or straight. Every board or worn branch was chosen for the job and none that I saw displayed the mark of a saw or chisel.

Another hand-lettered sign bade us to come through the gate, then through another gate that swung on wood pins. Yet again a fourth sign cautions us to "Mind the gate" and not let the chicken's escape. We now entered a large garden of vibrant flowers. Inside, just over the tops of a grove of sun flowers-almost hidden away-we could see a house with a large front porch. But what kind of a house?

At first glance it appeared that each wall of the house was a different height from its opposite. The gabled roof had two or three different pitches, depending the angle you viewed it and it was positioned at its own crazy tilt, like a top hat perched jauntily on the side of one's head. Other than the roofing that looked like slate, the building was unpainted, the natural color of driftwood. The windows were not square; they, like the other structures around us, were crafted from pieces of driftwood and selected for dramatic effect.

The front porch was built of rough sawn planks, none less than 16" in width some as long as 16 feet. On the porch there was a small table, two high backed chairs and two rockers all handmade and placed lazily in the sun. The entry to the home was a massive

wood door of sawn drift wood that hung on two large hand forged iron strap hinges; it was wide open and looked out toward the great expanse of the farm. Here and there were several large vegetable garden plots, a flower and herb garden, and a greenhouse that held some tropical plants. Past the greenhouse was a large field of corn and an orchard with apples, pears, and peaches. To our left was a large pasture, where several sheep, thick with wool, were grazing.

Here and there among the garden small handmade structures appeared above the greenery. A gazebo here, a lovely trellis for roses there, a tree swing for two, a small barn, a huge chair for two made-like everything else of driftwood and whimsy. No plank or support was square, but broad on one end narrowing to a smaller dimension on the other. A natural hole in the wood would cradle lantern or functioned for some other duty. Closer inspection showed that only a few of the structures were held together with nails. Each plank and post was mated into the other with precision and the use of a tapered wood pin. It appeared as something out of the Middle Ages as many of the fences were formed of supple tree limbs and vines interwoven to cordon off an area.

We turned a corner on the path and I saw the teeter-totter. It was long and made out of a massive piece of split driftwood balanced and fitted to a tree stump. The stump had been carved with characters from fairy tales in a grand manner; the balance plank short and broad at one end, long and narrow on the other-yet without riders was balanced perfectly. Above in the trees were handmade lanterns in the crooks, twisted vines went from large limb to limb and all around was this abundance of fruit, vegetables, and flowers with the air filled with the rich smell of the earth.

“How’d Ja do?” said a voice behind me.

I turned toward the voice to see a tall thin man walking toward us. He was at least 6’6”, and walked with a slight stoop. His full head of white hair was balanced by a full white beard that reached almost to his belt line. As he walked a slight breeze moved the pointed end of his beard and the wilder strands of hair on his head. His long sinewy arms and leathery skin were burned a dark tan by the sun his heavily-callused hands were bent and darkened by work. He was dressed in a faded plaid shirt and worn denim pants. The pant legs ended in two of the longest and broadest bare feet I’d ever seen. As he came closer I noticed his very large crooked nose, his bat like ears and two light blue eyes that twinkled out from underneath his heavy bushy eyebrows.

He smiled first at Nere,

“Whad jaa like, Ma’am?” he smiled, “I’ve got some fresh corn?” His accent was unmistakable, English, yes, but educated, South Eastern-Devon English. His manner and body language was open and pleasant.

“Do ju have some stromberries?” My wife asked.

“Stromberries?”

Where ya from ma’am?” He smiled and bent toward Nere.

“Puerto Rico”

“Puerto Rico? Do you dance the mamba?”

“Jess, do juu?”

“Not with these feet”, he said lifting up one of his large feet, its sole hard and stained from walking on the farm. A big smile came to his lips beneath the beard and his eyes twinkled again, as a laugh escaped his mouth.

“I have wild strawberries; they are very sweet and tiny. You’ll enjoy them.” “Come with me.”

He bent forward and ambled down the path, padding along, his bare feet making plop-plunk noises as he went.

Some sheep came up to the fence line braying.

“Not yet girls! I’ll feed ‘ya in an hour.”

“Bloody sheep”, he muttered over his shoulder; “always want something for nothing. Oh! Sorry ma’am!”

“Sorry, did Ju do something wrong?”

“Oh well, ‘bloody’ and all that, ahem.” he cleared his throat.



Nere turned and looked at me, a questioning look on her face.

In a moment we were at another gate built of whimsy that opened into a garden of berries, Raspberries canes were on one side, blueberries at the back, and several rows of small strawberry plants filled the center. He knelt down and scooped up a pint container, now seemingly lost in his large rough hands. Deftly picking the small fruit from the plants he had in a moment the container brimming with small red berries.

“Here ye are ma’am, try these,” he said as he dropped a handful of strawberries in Nere’s open hand.

She popped them into her mouth. Her eyes widened and her eye brows arched with an expression of pure enchantment.

“Ohh, they are so sweet!”

“That they are- do you want one or two pints?”

“I take four!”

“Oh ma’am, if ye take four they’ll turn to wine, they’ve got so much sugar in them and if you freeze them the flavor doesn’t hold.”

“They will, jess?”

“Yes”, he said smiling, his large head with its pile of white hair nodding towards her. Would the biblical Methuselah look like him, I wondered? I am sure he must.

“OK, just two.”

Then I noticed some peppers on a vine outside the berry patch, could we get some of those too, and maybe some corn, just a couple of ears, maybe four? Oh, and some of that, and?

He walked us around his farm that seemed to ramble along just like him, the path turning under a tree or grape arbor and past another rose covered trellis. Nothing built square with not a drop of paint, but everything seemed to be fitting perfectly, all notched precisely and held together with as few modern things as possible. He had used almost everything from the forest, pasture, garden, stream or ocean.

Then he told us about his life here. He spoke quietly about his farm and home with a sense of happiness and contentment. He had come here forty years ago to be a forest warden and manage some property for his family. He owned no car, television, or credit card. He had no need. The island was not that large, he continued, and walking was good for him. He only needed a radio and his books. He made most of what he and his wife needed; otherwise, the money from the hen’s eggs, the sheep’s wool and produce from his fields supported them.

In a moment, all too soon, we were back at his house. I saw some fresh herbs we could use and picked a few then paid our bill. Considering the quality and freshness of the purchases and sense of delight we had in meeting this unique old man the charges were a trifling.

Looking up he nodded at the sky, “The weather’s changing, eh? You might be here for a day or so.” The ring around the sun was full and dark.

“Well, I’d like to leave tomorrow morning”, I replied, assured as I was in my schedule.

He smiled, “Tomorrow, ya say. I’ll lay odds ya don’t, not with the speed the sky is changing.”

“If we can’t go we’ll have to come shopping again.” Nere said.

“I want you too, ma’am, maybe we can all walk to the Saturday market, and it’s only a few steps down the road. Good bye to you, come by again.”

With that, he smiled, nodded to Nere, then turned and walked through the open door way into his house. As he passed the threshold I noticed he walked slightly twisted to the left, yet the roofline and doorway was tilted slightly to the right.

The next morning I arose at 0500 to check the weather. The front was stalled, they reported; yes there were ten to twelve knot winds blowing between Hornby and Qualicum Bay, but from there south the reports were calm seas and light winds.

In a few moments, I had pulled up the clams, filled the buckets, started the engine, and got the boat ready for sea. Nere awoke and got ready. As soon as the engine was warm, we let go the lines and backed away from the pier, swinging around and out through the harbor mouth. There were some good-sized swells working up the channel between the two islands. However, the wind and waves were right on the bow and did not seem to be anything to be concerned about as we steamed south east for 30 minutes. Then as if turned on by a switch the wind began to rise in spikes to first twenty knots then thirty five knots, then forty with large-nasty waves building from the starboard, every fourth or fifth one lifting us high and rolling us to port. Nere's face told me all- she was not enjoying any of this.

I put the wheel hard over and swung us around for Hornby Island. Now FREYA climbed up and surfed down the waves while the boat vibrated with each exhilarating increase in speed through the foam. We turned into the harbor mouth 49 minutes after we left pulling into the same spot; the marina still asleep. Once again, I lowered the clams back into the water while Nere made a comforting breakfast. Warm and relaxed after eating, the excitement of the morning caught up with us and we both napped until almost noon.

We spent the remainder of the day poking around the island on foot, and visited the white bearded gentleman once more for eggs, vegetables, and those delicious strawberries. Later that evening we found a small café hiding along a secluded trail to the north of the harbor and enjoyed a good meal. Contented, we went to bed listening to the wind howl and tear at the flags on the fore mast while sheets of rain lashed against the deck just above our heads.

He was right about the weather; we ended up spending another day on Hornby before the weather allowed us to leave. There was something else too, I remembered the old gent, you see, from a story told to me long ago by my mother:

“There was a crooked man, who walked a crooked mile, who found a crooked sixpence beside a crooked stile, he bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse and they all lived together in a little crooked house.” As a child I had loved the story, and now I know where he lives.





ROGER THAT!

The other day I was looking back thru my ships logs - - and over the past 39 years I have filled up 4 of these logs with all types of information that at the time seemed worthy of an entry into these records of various cruising happenings. I have always written in way- points, compass headings along with other sightings that at the time were of interest to me. There are entries which tell about encounters with Grizzly Bears, Black Bears, Cougars, Wolves, Killer Whales, Otters, Sea Lion's. as well as entry's about many pristine coves, 200ft waterfalls and on & on.

Then in the second log I came across a rather lengthy entry from many years ago which had to do with a sighting of something that I have never seen before or since while cruising the pristine waters

that after many years we take for granted. I will at this point attempt to explain in great detail exactly how all of this went down.

I had left Maple Bay BC around 10: A M - headed North for a several hour cruise to Nanaimo. I was about halfway up Stuart Channel when I noticed about 1 mile ahead the outline of a tugboat, which after looking the binoculars was headed in my direction. As we got closer

I could see that this tug had in tow at least two rafts of Yellow Cedar logs. There was plenty of room in the channel however I always error on the side of caution and stay a safe distance from the log booms -- - which to me makes sense due to the fact that it is possible for a log to come loose from the boom and are often seen floating way behind the tow in which they

were originally attached. Striking one of these logs as one can imagine could in fact ruin your entire day as well as many days to come - - so again I stand clear and let them pass. As we got closer I made an entry that described what I was looking at which was a nicely outfitted 50 ft Tug, two rafts of logs moving with the current at about 2-3 knots. As the tug passed I noticed some rather unusual activity on the back deck of this vessel, which trust me when again I tell you, I have never encountered before.

There were two people - a man & a woman on the aft deck - each skipping with a jump rope - - - all is well and fine you might say - - with one exception - - - they had elected to do their rope skipping in what I can only describe as " a clothing optional manner". Upon closer inspection it was obviously two people who were of ample proportions getting in a good workout while underway. The ample proportions of their bodies was moving in about every direction one could imagine - - and some directions that was at the time difficult to imagine. When they finally saw us off to their port quarter - - they both stopped - waved a friendly hello - and then went right back to their rope skipping which by now had all aboard "Cle Illahee" laughing hysterically - - - so the question arises - what to do when two totally nude people stop their rather strenuous activities and wave a friendly hello - - - well we merely waved back and mind you still laughing - - as they passed it became evident that the workout was going to continue in ever increasing measure and that they were certainly not done with their rather strenuous activities.

When I decided to share this rather unique experience - I thought of how to title the article - - it could be any one of what follows - -

"EXERCISING WHILE CRUISING" or "STAYING IN SHAPE ABOARD YOUR BOAT" or "A GOOD WORKOUT WHILE UNDERWAY" or "ESCAPE FROM BOREDOM" or "HIPITY HOP WE NEVER STOP" or "WHAT GOES UP WILL COME DOWN" or "EXERCISING WITHOUT A LIFE JACKET" and I am sure with a little effort you can think of many more.

So the next time you are out cruising and your cruising companion says - - lets do some exercising while underway - - - after reading this - - - there are some unusually interesting options - - - so what are you going to do? At that point you have a choice to make - - Bottom line - - its up to you!

*BY DORIN ROBINSON,
THE ANCIENT MARINER*

A Tool for Decision Making for Large Projects

By Tad Unger, King Gustaf

The King needed a new deck covering. I came to that conclusion during a September cruise in the Gulf Islands, where it was warm and wet for the time of year. I prefer to sleep in the bow, but three steady drips were strategically located to prevent me from stretching out there.

So, I started talking to friends and neighbors, asking for opinions. By the time I had talked to five people, I had six opinions. Further, few people were equivocal, eliminating any chance of a crowd consensus. I was having trouble making a decision.

Then I had a breakthrough, from work-life to personal-life. As a research and development engineer, when confronted with such a situation, a tradeoff matrix is useful in collating the important information and allowing easier comparison between options. It doesn't take the uncertainty out, but it makes it manageable. Judgments made regarding benefits and drawbacks are still subjective, but they are now all considered with a common reference and relative worth can be assessed.

Shown below is my tradeoff matrix for the King's deck recovering project. I only seriously considered three options. Some attributes were more important to me than others, so I added a weighting which factored into the final score. This matrix went through many iterations. Over time, as I gathered information about each option, and got more opinions, I updated the matrix. When it came time to make a decision, my decision was already made, and with a level of confidence that I never second guessed my choice.

	Importance	Canvas/Chil-seal	Canvas Only	Rubber	
Ease of Application	1	2	3	2	1 - Better
Ease of Maintenance	1.2	1	1	1	2 - Neutral
Ease of Repair	1	2	2	1	3 - Worse
Ease of Removal	0.7	3	1	3	
Cost	0.5	3	2	1	
Traditional/Original Construction	0.1	2	1	2	
Durability	1.2	1	2	1	
Resale	1	1	1	2	
Adequate Info	1.5	1	1	3	
Score		12.7	12.9	14.7	

Table 1

Tradeoff Matrix for Deck Recovering of King Gustaf





Some OPENING DAY Classics 2013



Photos By Art Kuntz

ATTENTION ON DECK

The Official Newsletter of
the Pacific Northwest Fleet

Classic Yacht Association

Jessica Freeman, Commodore

John Shrader, Vice Commodore

Dorin Robinson, Rear Commodore & Editor

Genevieve Carlson, Staff Commodore

David Ellis, Layout Production

PNW Classic Yacht Association

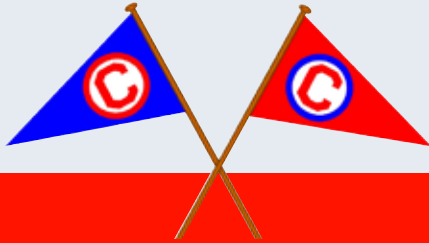
5267 Shilshole Avenue NW

Seattle, Washington 98107

Your comments, stories and photos are welcome anytime!

Please send to:

dellis803@msn.com &/or cleillahee@w-link.net



COMING EVENTS

Southern Salish Sea Grand Tour

(See Pg.5) July 19-28 ~ Dorin Robinson

La Conner Classic Show

Sat. - Sun., August 10&11 ~ Ann Hay

Bremerton Rendezvous

Fri. - Sun., August 16-18 ~ Bob & Jytte Wheeler

Vancouver Wooden Boat Festival

Thurs. - Sun., August 22-25 ~ Larry Benson

Secret Island Feast

Monday, August 26 ~ Curt & Marsha Erickson

Victoria Classic Boat Festival

Fri. - Sun., Aug. 30 - Sept.1 ~ David Huchthausen

Deer Harbor Rendezvous

Fri. - Sun., Sept 3-5 ~ On Line

Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival

Fri. - Sun., Sept. 7-9 ~ Larry Benson



Additional Sources of Information

Check out the revamped web site for many links.

Join the PNW CYA Facebook Page

For Photos Check out:

Art Kuntz's Site: <http://www.artkphotos.com>

For Videos, Dave's Site by searching dellis803 on youtube