

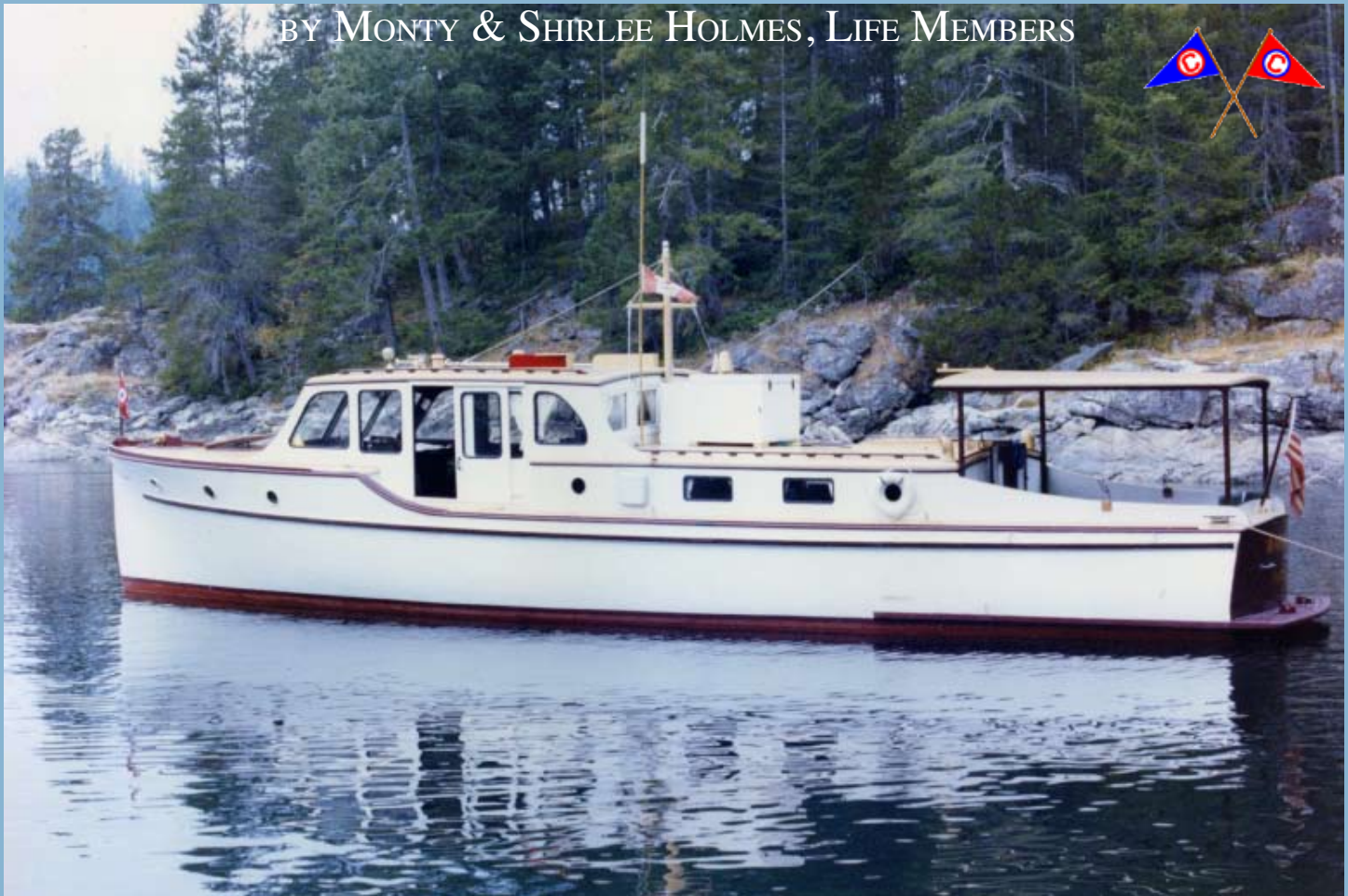
Attention On Deck

June 2014



WAHOMA: CLASSIC OF A LIFETIME

BY MONTY & SHIRLEE HOLMES, LIFE MEMBERS



Above: WAHOMA as she looked when Monty and Shirlee took ownership. Photos courtesy of the Holmes Collection including the Cover Photo by Niel Rabinowitz

We were very fortunate to have owned the classic yacht "WAHOMA," a 50 foot Bridge Deck Cruiser with 13 ½ foot beam, designed by Ed Monk, Sr. and built by Ed White at the Lake Washington Boat Works in Renton, Washington in 1939 for Ed Umpleby, University of Washington Professor of Forestry. Unfortunately, he owned it for less than two years, when it was taken over in 1942 by the U.S. Coast Guard to be used as a picket boat for surveillance of one and two man Japanese submarines off the Pacific Coastline. It was stationed in Astoria, Oregon and had to cross the rough and turbulent opening of the Columbia River Bar where it flows into the Pacific Ocean multiple times and cruise out into the rough seas of the Pacific Ocean. She would be out in the ocean with a 7 man crew on month long runs facing all weather conditions and ocean size waves. The boat had 50

caliber machine guns mounted on the bow and carried 350 gallons of gas and 400 gallons of water. She ended her service after five years to our country in 1947, proving her reliability and seaworthiness and safety for the crew. After the war, the government declared the Wahoma surplus and was auctioned off in 1947. It was purchased by Doc Freeman Boat Works in Seattle. They converted her back to a pleasure yacht, removed the machine guns, painted over the Coast Guard colors and redid the varnish. They sold it to Gene Walby in 1948, owner of Athletic Supply Co., Seattle, Washington, who was Monty's boss. In his early twenties, Monty lived on a houseboat at the time and had a part time business, Houseboat Repair for 15 years, that rolled logs under houseboats and remodeling. When he was in high school he worked fixing old cars and became

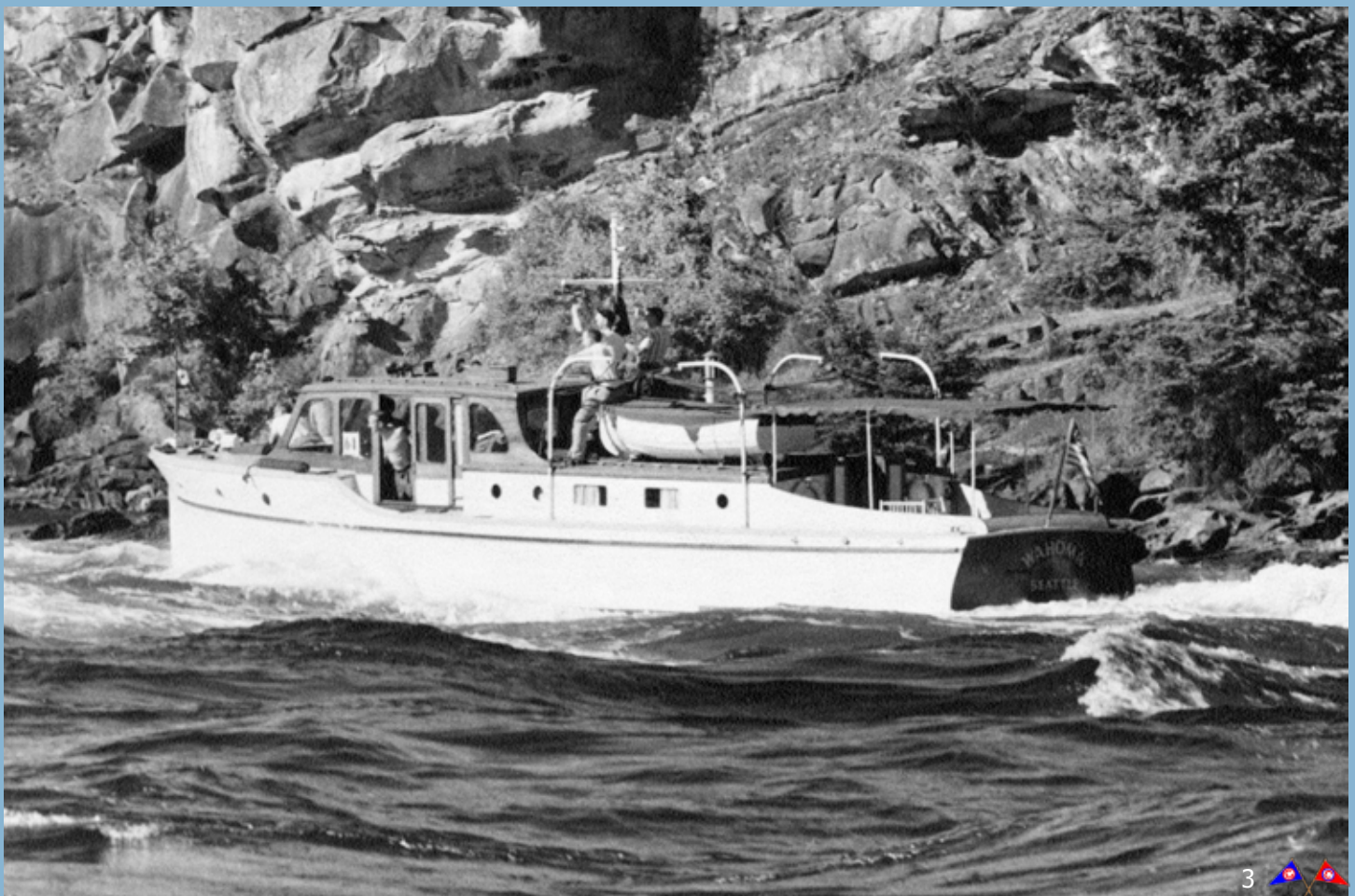
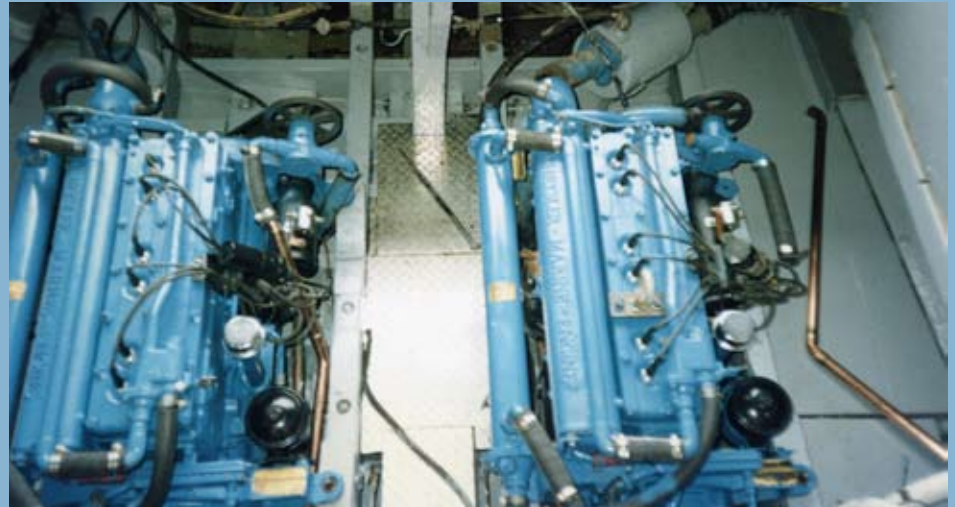
experienced in mechanical work. Mr. Walby had Monty work on the Wahoma doing engine work, and other projects, removing the old oil stove and installing a propane stove and refrigerator, etc. He called on Monty to maintain the upkeep on the boat from 1949 to 1977. During that time, the boat was used for family cruises and gradually became mostly entertainment for high school athletic coaches, Athletic Directors and the University of Washington coaches taking them on fishing trips to Neah Bay and out into the ocean. Mr. Walby belonged to Queen City Yacht Club and ran on competitive time trials, "Log Races" to different destinations in Canada and to Juneau, Alaska. He also circumvented Vancouver Island on a long cruise staying at Pipe Stem Inlet and other moorage points along the way.

We were able to buy the boat from Gene Walby in 1977 when he decided because of his age, it was time to let the boat go. Before that time, we had a converted 30 foot Captain's Gig the "Backwash" that we cruised for seven years, then a 27 ft. "Tupper Ware" inboard cruiser. We had taken the Power Squadron course at the U of W, so were ready to navigate the San Juan and Gulf Islands with confidence. It was also the beginning of twenty five years of restoration work for Monty. The Wahoma needed some dry rot repair, and stripping of the bright work that had been covered with Flecto. He replaced the windows with shatter proof glass, removed the old canvas decks and replaced them with Alaska cedar planking with the help of Roy Dunbar, local shipwright. Walby had installed new Chrysler Crown engines in 1964 and new V drives, new stainless steel shafts, and new brass propellers. After we owned the boat, Monty pulled the engines and V drives out in 1998 and completely rebuilt them. He put in new pistons, valves, rod and main,

and cam bearings and rebuilt the V drives and clutches. During that time, he replaced 25 to 35 Alaska Cedar planks with new ones and 15 oak ribs. He completely replanked and restored the transom, re-polished all of the brass portholes, cleats, spotlights, door handles, etc. The Flecto paint was stripped from all of the bright work mahogany and coated with 8 coats of varnish. The interior was all repainted. Acoustical tile that had been added in the wheel house

was removed and put back to the original wood. New propane stove and refrigerator was installed and the galley counters were replaced with art deco style tiles. All of the boat's wiring was replaced. Over the years, the Wahoma has had many coats of white paint and varnish and her regular surveyor inspection.

*Directly Below: Fine Chrysler Crowns.
Further Below: WAHOMA passing through the Dodds during the International Cruiser Race in 1949.*





We joined the CYA in 1981. Monty served as Commodore and Shirlee as Secretary in 1991. Monty became chairman of the Pt. Ludlow Land, Sea and Air Event for several years. It was a wonderful show of classic yachts, classic speedboats, classic cars, and vintage airplanes. The Pt. Ludlow Resort & Marina was a great setting with Burner Point in the background with parking for the colorful classic autos. Toward the last one of the events, it had a terrific attendance of 35 yachts 21 speedboat runabouts, 65 classic cars, 12 vintage airplanes, a display of old outboard engines and vintage motorcycles. It was written up in the magazine "Showboat" showing wonderful photographs taken by Neil Rabinowitz, commercial photographer. He even filmed

the traditional Sail Past from a helicopter. Many participants wore vintage clothing for the Vintage Clothing Competition initiated by Shirlee. The Pt. Ludlow Real Estate Company sponsored a tasty salmon barbecue luncheon and a Dixie Land Band entertainment. Sadly, the event had to be moved

to another location due to the sale of Burner Point and changes at the Marina. Thanks to Jim and Marge Paynton, the annual event was carried on in Seattle at Pier 66 and has become a popular Seattle Waterfront event.

*Above: One of the last Land Air Sea Rendezvous prior to the development of Port Ludlow. Niel Rabinowitz, photo courtesy of the Holmes Collection.
Right: Monty & Shirlee Holmes aboard wahoma at the Port Ludlow Land Air Sea Rendezvous.
Dave Ellis Photo.*



Monty and Shirlee hosted the first Annual CYA Auction Weekend at their Ebey Island Christmas Tree Farm in Everett, WA to help raise funds for our local club's treasury. Many members cruised up the Steamboat Slough off the Snohomish River to moor at the farm's dock and some brought their land cruiser. They provided a salmon barbecue for the traditional Pot Luck lunch and Monty was the Auctioneer. We remember our great friend, former CYA member, Carl Hoffman and brother Arnold for all their help putting on the event. One memorable time was a Saturday night, we had a bon fire, people brought folding chairs and musician members, Dave Ellis, electric bass, Jay Neiderhauser, "wash tub" bass, Bob Bryan, trumpet, Dorin Robinson, keyboard, Norm Manley, guitar, & Shirlee Holmes on accordion provided the entertainment.

Another fond memory with the Wahoma was our wonderful English Bulldog, "Winston" with his life jacket apparel cruising along as our First Mate and first one to jump into the "Weehoma" dinghy for his nightly shore duties. Jim and Marge Paynton remember him when we were often anchored together in Annette Inlet heading for what they now call "Winston's Point." Winston always slept in the Captain's bunk alongside Monty. Shirlee remembers the loud snoring coming from both of them long into the night. After many wonderful years of cruising, we decided with great sadness, because of problems of age to put the Wahoma up for sale in the year 2000. We were happy to be able to hand over the wheel to George and Bunny



Rollins who live in Los Angeles, California, who fortunately keep the Wahoma in her own boat house in the same moorage here in Seattle just down the street from where we live. George has made some nice upgrades to the interior over the years and maintained her well. He always calls us when they will be coming out of the locks and we get to enjoy seeing the Wahoma out for another voyage on the beautiful waters of Puget Sound and the Salish Sea. We hope she lives on for many more years!



George Takes the Helm

When my wife and I purchased the Wahoma in 2000, the depth of Monty's love for and dedication to this wonderful classic were obvious. Over the course of his fifty year relationship with the Wahoma he had put his heart and soul into her maintenance and improvement.

Some of the great stories he told me over the years will likely be forgotten - like the time, while acting as first mate on a fishing trip, his boss, Captain Gene Walby, sucked sea water into one of Wahoma's engines while starting her up. Monty immediately understood what had happened and rather than return on one engine, he stripped off the head, cleaned out the cylinders, and replaced it using a spare head gasket he kept on board. And this was in a twenty foot swell, twenty five miles out, off Neha Bay, surrounded by a boat load of inebriated fishermen. He told me that he was awarded the largest steak that night. However some things, like the stunning yellow cedar decks he laid, will live on to be admired by all who see them.

Over the last fourteen years Monty and Shirley have always made themselves available to us with sage, practical advice, help and encouragement. When it came to maintaining and improving the Wahoma, Monty, as he did in all his endeavors, got things done, plain and simple.

I remember one afternoon not long after I began making my own contributions to the Wahoma, and I was "studying" some varnish work I was doing, Monty, who had dropped by, made a comment that I thought was brilliant, and that I took to heart, "You do good work, but be careful not to spend too much time admiring it."



BROWNSVILLE APPRECIATION DAY - B.A.D.

From the Bridge of RIPTIDE



Last September, the Pacific Northwest Fleet enjoyed a new event “Brownsville Appreciation Day”, which is referred to as “BAD” by the locals. The tagline is “BAD is GOOD”. We were invited by the Port of Brownsville to attend this annual event, and to share our vessels with attendees at the BAD event. The Port was so excited to have us, and prepared gift bags for each vessel with all sorts of goodies, including a lighthouse wind chime. All that those of who attended can say is BAD is GOOD, but the weather was BAD. We all still had a good time, but suffice it to say it was a wet and windy weekend. Originally we had about 30 boats scheduled to attend, but ended up with 12. Throughout the day on both Friday and Saturday, many e-mails and phone calls were received by the event coordinator with attendance updates, weather reports, sea condition reports, etc. Several members decided to forgo the event and have an alternate event on a boat in a covered slip on the lake (cowards? Responsible captains? Jury is still out).

Several boats arrived on Thursday afternoon, and just hung out on the docks and visited, as the weather was still cooperating. Friday, the Clearwater Casino provided transportation and 18 of us went to the casino and enjoyed their all you can eat seafood buffet. The casino set aside a semi-private area for all of us to sit at one huge table. It was a lot of fun, with much laughter. Some elected to stay longer at the game tables and happily contributed to the casino’s profits for the evening. Saturday morning, a continental breakfast was served on Deerleap’s fantail, as it was too wet to serve on the docks.

Saturday was the day of the actual BAD event for the town, and it was pouring. It’s really a shame, as it’s the main opportunity for local groups to set up booths and earn some money for their groups. As an example of what a disaster it was, the Boy Scouts sell hamburgers and hot dogs for \$1.00 each. In prior years they would have as many as 100 people waiting in line. This year when I went up to buy burgers for the hardy souls on RIPTIDE, there were 4 people waiting.

Saturday evening, a potluck was held on Deerleap’s fantail. Thanks to Slim and Carolyn Gardner for offering. We had originally planned to hold the dinner in the beautiful covered picnic area at the marina, but it was simply too windy. As always with CYA Potlucks, there was way too much food, so nobody went hungry.

Sunday, breakfast burritos were prepared aboard RIPTIDE and served on DEERLEAP’s fantail. A few brave souls departed (heading back to nearby Port Orchard or Bremerton) which the rest chose to stay at least a few more days. We had 5 inches of rain on Sunday, which helped all of those who stayed determine just how much their decks could leak (most leaks seem to be over bunks, for some unexplained reason). Gusts on Sunday evening were clocked at 60 mph. Fun night!

All in all, everyone still had a great time. The Port felt really bad about the weather and the turnout, and was concerned that we might not want to return next year. Having attended BAD in the past, we assured the Port that based on what it can be like, we will be back! This year’s B.A.D event will take place September 26-28.

Plan on being there!



Auction Report

by International Rear Commodore Ken Meyer

After a hiatus of a year the PNW CYA held its annual auction at a new site. The venue took place in the Center for Wooden Boats North Lake Union Warehouse and Repair facility. The concept for this year's event was more social than fund raising. Donations were accepted for the month prior to the event and again the afternoon of the event. The Northwest Propulsion Museum on Ewing Street was open for viewing during the afternoon sponsored by Mike Wollaston. The event began at 5pm with a wine and cheese party hosted by the CYA's Diane Lander. One could also view and bid on any of the hundred or so silent auction items displayed on tables throughout the workshop. Socializing seemed to take preference over bidding but it was good to renew acquaintances. After the close of the silent items all enjoyed a pot luck dinner well managed by Neri and Mike Oswald. One of our own mem-

bers and professional auctioneer, Jerry Toner (Kimmer), led the group through a spirited live auction. Topping the list of items were a vintage motor scooter, original artwork, photography, antique gimbaled saloon lights, and a Victorian folding lounge chair. Kevin Utter's home made pies are always a sought after item. The set up and coordinating accounting and paperwork was seamlessly done by Heather Ellis and Thessa Shugart. All in all, the event raised about \$2500, and deemed a success by all attendees.

Special thank you goes out to our corporate donators; Fisheries Supply, JensenMotorboat Company, Ewing Street Moorings, Jerry Toner-Auctioneers, The Production Network, and The Center For Wooden Boats.

No event could take place without all the volunteers who set up and cleaned up, Kudos to John Shrader and Ken Meyer the coordinators.



In Memory of David Walker

David, tragically passed away this Spring in an auto related accident. Great friend to the CYA, Past PNW Commodore and current officer on the International Membership Committee, David will be missed. His Classics included: WELL& GRAY, WALLACE FOSS, ARGONAUT II, and SCAUP.





LET'S HEAR IT FROM THE REAR COMMODORE

By: PMWRC Bob Wheeler

First some background: My name is Bob Wheeler and my wife's name is Jytte (pronounced like Utah only slurred a bit). We have been married for just over 15 years and have 3 children (mine from a former life) and two Grandsons. I was born in Seattle and Jytte was born in Denmark.

My boating "career" started on Lake Union at the age of 7 where my Dad operated Freemont Boat Co. between Doc Freeman's and Vic Frank's. He subsequently bought a marina on the ship canal and called it "Tom Wheeler's Yacht Sales". It is now known as "Canal Marina" just past Foss's on the right as you head in.

Interest in old wood boats started in 1983 with the purchase of an open Navy utility boat built in 1918 and converted to a Bridge Deck Cruiser in 1954. It was

named Sphinx and is still around. In 1988 I purchased a 28', Ed Monk sr. designed express cruiser built in 1957 named Tangent (out of QCYC) which I sold to CYA Past Commodore Lou Barrett (which he quickly outgrew) and in 1992 purchased our current boat Carousel (formerly April Ann II) that is a sister ship to Honey Bee (formerly Nancy K). We also have a 1948 Chris Craft 17' Deluxe runabout we just launched after a ten year restoration in our garage.

I am retired but when I had a real job, I was an engineer for the Navy where I spent most of my time fixing ships, both nuclear and non-nuclear. Early on I had a brief career in the Merchant Marine. I am a Past Commodore of the Bremerton Yacht Club ('95) and the Bremerton Boating Club ('89), Director Emeritus of the Recreational Boating Association of Washington (RBAW), member of the International

Order of Blue Gavel (IOBG), Center for Wooden Boats, and the Antique and Classic Boat Society (ACBS).

CYA folks are my kind of people. Similar likes and appreciation for what we have, what it takes to care-take these old beauties and an understanding of their place in boating history. Plus they are just plain gorgeous.

Looking ahead: I look forward to lending a hand in a leadership role on the CYA PNW Bridge as your new Rear Commodore. And, with the help of my friend, Rick Randall (Compadre) we have come up with a timely project for our organization that is truly relevant and supported by our Bridge; Saving an Old Wood Boat.

There has been some concern expressed lately on the apparent down-turn in interest in these type of craft and what we, the CYA might be able to do about it. This issue was amplified

recent demise of the MV Silver King as written up in the latest Classic Yachting Newsletter (Dec 2013). One idea put forth is to offer a one year free membership in the CYA, PNW Fleet in an effort to enhance the new owners experience. This idea has merit but we suggest we take it to another level and become pro-active educators of potential owners. Here's how we do that.

We suspect that many prospective owners are ignorant of some basic facts on overall lifetime costs, maintenance, do-it-yourself capability, storage and cruising enjoyment of these fine old power boats as compared to a similar fiberglass boat. If they were educated, supported and mentored by knowledgeable folks, they might then become a caretaker and save a boat.

Here's what we do. We develop a "lesson plan" of real life numbers, maintenance requirements, professional surveying, covered moorage places and costs, do-it-yourself projects and cruising and ownership experiences. The lesson plan would detail each one of these areas and perhaps more. We then make a live, on stage presentation with handouts at the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival (for starters) and after class we take our "students" down

to the docks to walk through two or more boats that were discussed in the class room. Remember, the festival's stated purpose is: "To celebrate, support, promote and preserve maritime heritage, skills and culture". Sound familiar?

There are several other possible venues (CWB, Foss Waterway Museum in Tacoma) where we could repeat our pitch. But for starters, we'll begin in Port Townsend during the Wooden Boat Festival which is the first weekend after Labor Day.

The boats on the dock may or may not be for sale. I have discussed several options with the appropriate folks in Port Townsend and they love the idea; there is no charge to be a presenter and they are reviewing there long standing policies on boats for sale during the Festival to see where a "best fit" arrangement might be to enhance our efforts. Further, Commodore John has submitted a Grant Request to the NMTA which could be used to pay for things like transportation, Festival fee, moorage, fuel, food and beverage related to this effort.

We might be able to get a Broker to bring a boat (or two). If we can't have

or get a Broker to bring a boat for sale, there are several fall-backs. First is CYA owners who have brought their own boats (for sale or not) and open them for tour by the class. Secondly we could target boats for them to go and see elsewhere (a brokerage or private party) and try to get a CYA member to be present if possible. Also, if we had CYA boats at the festival, special tours and perhaps a hosted cocktail party could be arranged for our students.

We suggest the following title. "Owning a Classic Wooden Yacht – Financial and Time Commitments" -- Not as scary as you might think –

Follow-up: If a student were to actually buy an eligible boat then or later, we would follow through with the one year free membership and assign a mentor; maybe even arrange a work party.

So start thinking of candidate boats and as Rick and I get more organized and know the rules, we'll be keeping you up to date and asking for help.

Jytte and I look forward to meeting lots more of you and seeing your classic at one of our many rendezvous.

Warm Regards: R/C Bob



Going Up The River

Story and Photos By John Lebens, Columbia Series Part 3

“Rivers made him funny. Rivers made him careless. In town Bob Cody was a sober and responsible man, but rivers lit him up. On the Columbia he could remember – or forget – who he was.”

Robin Cody, in Voyage of a Summer Sun



With strong flood tide overcoming river currents and pushing us upstream, our Columbia River cruisers returned to the main channel. We entered at river mile 17 just upstream from Tongue Point. Cathlamet was our destination for the evening — a pleasant afternoon’s journey.

The next day, our course took us slightly back downstream, then upstream around Puget Island. The short-cut through the channel between the Washington shore and the island is navigable, but the bottom has been shifting and the Corps of Engineers removed the markers. We settle in for slow-motion cruising as we buck the upstream currents. It’s a matter of attitude and knowing we will have plenty of time to enjoy the scenery on our nearly 100-mile upriver trip. Six to six and a half knots is the usual pace.

Destination: Longview Yacht Club. We always look forward to our overnight stays in this low-key and pleasantly located club. Dave, the dock master, greets us and helps us secure our vessels. Dinner is a group meal with the luxury of a big galley and a fine old linoleum-topped club dining table. Summer

sunsets on the dock with views of Fischer Island are always peaceful. We watch as the river rolls by.

In the early morning, the Wisdoms reported seeing an eagle pluck a big fish out of the water about 20 feet from their vessel. Peeling off the docks into the current, we reenter the main channel in soft sunlight and glassy-smooth water. Today, St Helens is our goal.

Just below Longview at river mile 60, we spot the high, arching Longview Bridge, linking Longview, Washington with Rainier, Oregon. We cruise slowly under it and through the active port, busy with cargo ships and tug and barge facilities.

Longview, St Helens and Vancouver have seen significant interest in establishing major oil and coal export terminals along the Columbia. Environmental groups oppose such development because of environmental risks of river spills, air pollution and climate change. The terminals could use existing port facilities and expand jobs and export-related revenue.

The mouth of the Cowlitz River appears on our port side, then the city of Kalama. Farther upstream, Martin Island and the sheltered slough are at river mile 80. Within view to starboard at river mile 85 are Columbia City, Oregon, then St Helens.

The tension builds a little — we are transitioning from an idyllic, quiet river setting into another festival scene. We need to pay attention. Of special concern are the notoriously strong currents at the St Helens port docks. Stiff winds blow the opposite direction. Rinta, Phantom and a number of other classics are already safely secured.

We radio the dock master and make plans to enter one ship at a time. RIB/tugs are waiting to guide us into the narrow cross-current entrance. Rebellion goes in first and makes a successful landing, but with twin engines and Mike and Judy’s years of experience, we expect nothing less! Wisdom’s single-engined Navicula was not so lucky, was caught in the current and had to be lined into position on the dock. Our Suellen stalled in a neutral zone crabbing into the current but stopped by the wind. The tugs came to the rescue and finished the job.

We arrived to join a diverse collection of river vessels at the Columbia River Maritime Heritage Festival. This festival is sponsored by the Confederated Tribes of the Grand Ronde, the City of St Helens and the Maritime Heritage Coalition. It’s a celebration of the hundreds of years of maritime culture on the river.



At the docks are several very fine old vessels. There are some excellent Chris Crafts, and an elegant mid-50's Owens called Comanche. Kaleta, a mid-1920's Martinac (same builder as Corsair II) is looking fresh after being saved from the burn pile by CYA member Chuck Kellogg. Merlin, a gorgeous and rarely seen Monk/Shain was there. On shore in the historic downtown are some fine trailerable vessels, along with many arts and cultural exhibits.

By far, the most impressive vessel at this river heritage event is the steam tug Portland. She is the last operating steam-powered stern wheel tug in the United States. From the vantage of the St Helens marina, we can see all 219 feet and three stories of her. She's a huge vessel, including the 25-foot diameter wheel in the stern. She weighs 928 gross tons. She's the home of the Oregon Maritime Museum, usually moored along the seawall in downtown Portland.

Built in 1947, her heritage extends back to the 1836 when the first steam-driven vessel Beaver plied the Columbia River waters. She replaced a nearly identical vessel built in 1919. The second generation Portland has a steel hull and wood house. She was retired from her tugboat duties in 1981 and has been extensively refit in recent years.

Steam powered vessels moved freight and passengers along the Columbia River and its tributaries until the early 20th century, when railroads began to replace them. Vessels worked segments of the river separated by Wallula Gap, near the confluence of the Columbia and Snake Rivers, Celilo Falls, Cascade Rapids and Willamette Falls in Oregon City.

It's notable that Virginia V worked briefly on the Columbia River in 1942, and may have been the last wooden steamboat in regular commercial operation on the Columbia.

Over the weekend the docks were teeming with people interested in the gorgeous vessels on the docks. We did a bit of gawking ourselves.

On Saturday evening we were treated



Sunday afternoon at festival's end, we found our way back to our boat houses on the Columbia in Portland. The Suellen crew chose the longer route up the Multnomah Channel between Sauvie Island and the Oregon shore. Multnomah Channel is home to marinas, extensive natural areas, floating homes and other interesting sights. Rebellion stayed another night at the PYC outstation on Sauvie Island. Navicula cruised back to the PYC.



For a rich Columbia River experience this summer, join us in Cathlamet and St Helen's for fine waterfront festivals. Consider attending the Astoria Regatta weekend in early August. We look forward to hosting you!







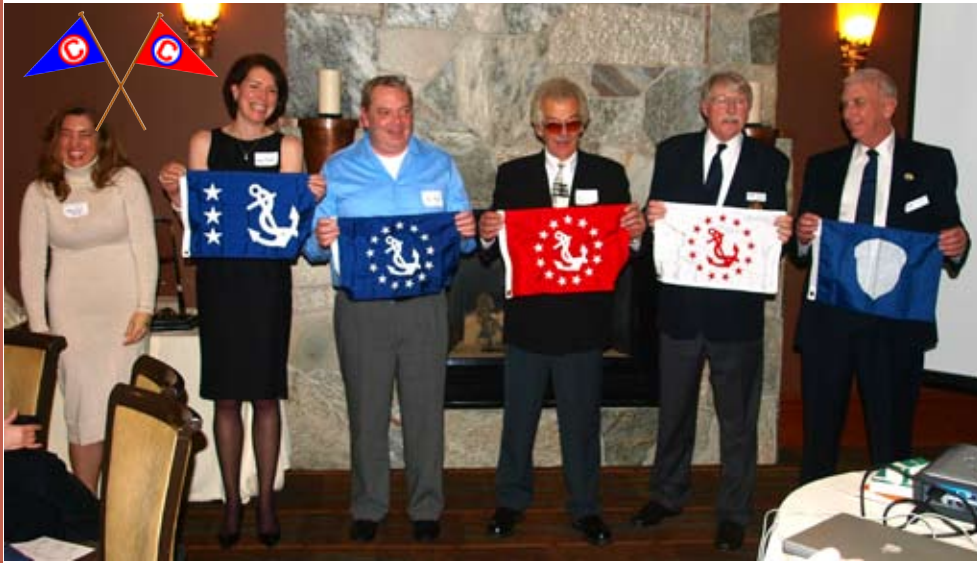
An Opening Day Spectacle To Remember

Photos by Dave Ellis



Change of Watch, PNW

By PNW Commodore John Shrader



Our PNW Fleet change of watch dinner is always a good time and this year was no exception. Put together this year by Dorin Robinson and a crew of able bodied volunteers, Ray's was the place to be. The highlight of this dinner for me is not the change of watch, but the fleet awards. Recognizing good deeds, and making light of some maybe not so good. The fleet awards bring us closer together as a group. Award winners this year:

Herb and Virginia Cleaver Inspirational Award –Chip and Kristen Kochel. Chip and Kristen are amazing. Not just wonderful to be around, but their hard work on the Bell Street Rendezvous and Chips work as treasurer is truly above and beyond and deserve this thanks and recognition.

Dry Rot Award-Terry Miesse and Kay Calkins, Grace Ever had a project that started out seemingly minor and just gets more and more challenging the deeper you get into it? Perseverance and dedication are needed to see it through. Grace, it turns out, is in very good hands.

Galley Wizard Award-Terill Powell and Karen Birdseye. The culinary work at Edmonds this past year was over the top, and enough to inspire those of us that only got to hear about it to participate this coming year.

Engine Preservation Award-Tom Freeman, Peaceful.

The past commodore's boat winning

this award smacks of an inside job! Until you open the hatches and gaze upon one of the most beautiful engine compartments you will ever see. Not to mention the award is given out by a committee of past winners. Nice job Tom!

Up the Creek Without a Paddle-James Poirson, The Incident at Edmonds. This is one of the most coveted awards of the fleet, and has been won by some of our most accomplished skippers. My hat is off



Up the Creek Without a Paddle

to James for being such a good sport as his name takes its place among our most celebrated.

Bob Wheeler joins the bridge this year as Rear Commodore. Bob has been very active in establishing the Bremerton Rendezvous helping with Poulsbo and now Brownsville. He is a Past Commodore of the Bremerton Yacht Club, and knows how to get things done. And with Bob, we get a twofer in his lovely wife Jytte, who is tireless when it comes to a good rendezvous. We are truly lucky to have them on board.

Moving to Vice Commodore is the legendary Dorin Robinson. His experience and enthusiasm cannot be beat. John Shrader (that's me) moves to Commodore, and Jessica Freeman becomes our Past Commodore.

A big thanks to Chip Kochel who has agreed to stay on as treasurer, and Ginger Garff who has agreed to be our secretary this year as well.

And a very special thank you to Genevieve Carlson who leaves the bridge after five years of work. Thank you, Thank you, Thank you!



Dry Rot Award



Herb & Virginia Cleaver Inspirational



Motor Preservation Award

Commodore's Cruise

By PNW Commodore John Shrader

The weather forecast for Sunday's festivities was the usual-meaning wrong. The winds and rain hardly materialized and it turned into another lovely off season day on the lake.

Being at the front of the parade was a painful experience. Painful because my neck got sore gazing at all the boats on the lake! It is an inspiring sight watching a large gathering of classics as they parade around the lake. It is a wonderful showing of our pride in our fleet.

Participating boats in this year's parade were: SAVONA; CLE ILLAHEE; PEACEFUL; PATAMAR; THELONIOUS; SEA OTTER; MARION II & MITLITE; PLUS CAPELLA. SCANDALON AND ALOHA were our gate vessels again this year and brought up the rear. A special thank you to Dorin Ellis and his MITLITE for acting as photography vessel and to David Ellis for capturing the whole thing on film from her bow.

We all met at the Husky dock and were joined by the MARANEE! The drizzle beaded up on her gleaming foredeck like a freshly waxed show car.

Special thank you number two to Dorin Ellis who hosted our potluck on the after deck of MITLITE. We gave her a stability test as we all lined up on her starboard side to get at the goods. The

food was outrageous!

As we dispersed going our different ways, I became extremely sentimental. I am lucky to have found Savona, I am lucky to have found the CYA, and lucky to have met so many great people. I hope to do right by you all throughout the remainder of our cruising season.



Man Overboard Lost at Sea: A True Story

By Vice Commodore Dorin Robinson
aka The Ancient Mariner Member 209

Let me introduce this article by saying that the term "MAN OVERBOARD" is something that none of us wants to hear and or experience - however the fact remains that many of us who do a lot or even a little cruising stand the chance of it happening anytime, anyplace, anywhere - - like it or not it is one of the virtual realities of boating. There are those who will say "It will never happen to me and if it does I am prepared" - - I can certainly handle it." Then there are those who when they start thinking about the possibility of it becoming a reality will say " maybe I am not prepared to deal with what could become a possible tragic happening". This brings me to the reason I feel compelled to share with anyone reading this - - a true story which has haunted me for many years of boating. I still get a chill along my spine when I think about that day & as a matter of fact it completely changed the manner in which I approach the idea of going out in my boat - or for that matter any boat - not matter how big or how small. Please believe me when I say its difficult for me to write about it - - I can only trust that you will understand as I explain further -

More than several years ago we (my wife & myself) left Nanaimo BC and completed a Northbound crossing of the Straits of Georgia - which is roughly a 17 to 23 mile trip across a stretch of unprotected open water which at times can be challenging due to tides,

wind, and rough seas. This can take anywhere from 2 & 1/2- to 5 hours depending on the speed of your vessel & sea conditions. Once across I headed for a Delightful spot known as Secret Cove and settled in for the remainder of the afternoon and evening. The crossing had been about average with a Northwesterly swell, wind about 16 mph & a 2 1/2 to 3-foot chop.

After settling in I had left my VHF radio on Channel 16 and after about 1 hour heard the following - - MAYDAY - MAYDAY - MAYDAY- My ears immediately perked up - - The Canadian Coast guard came back with their usual response - please describe your vessel - how many on board and your location - - it was then that I heard the following - -

"I am a 36 ft Grand Banks - two on board - - I am about half way across the Strait of Georgia headed for the Welcome Pass & the Merry Island Light."

The Coast Guard came back " What is the nature of your problem - are you taking on water and are you in any immediate danger of sinking?"

A very frantic reply was given and I heard the following, "I am not in any danger of sinking - - I cannot find my wife - - I have not seen her for over a half hour - - I think she may have fallen overboard!"

The Coast guard came back, "Are you sure she is not on your vessel and have you done a thorough search?"

The man replied, "Its just the two of us - I have searched and she is not on board!"

The Coast Guard came back, " Was she wearing any kind of a flotation device?"

The man replied back, "I am sure that she was not wearing any flotation device."

The Canadian coast guard immediately responded with - do a 180 degree turn and backtrack on your previous course."

"I have done that!" The man replied, "and am doing it right now - - I do not see her anywhere!"

The Coast Guard replied, "Are you alright? & If you are able, we recommend that you search on board one more time - we will stand by on channel 22 ALFA and if your reply back to us is still negative - we will send a Patrol vessel along with a helicopter to assist you in the search."

The next response was from the skipper. "I am alright and have looked again everywhere - - she was on board when we left Nanaimo -I cannot find her anywhere - - she is not on board our boat - by now his voice sounded frantic & weak as he replied " please help me - I don't want to lose her - I love my wife.' For the next four hours we listened intently as the Canadian Coast Guard launched two patrol vessels and a helicopter to aid in the search and hopeful rescue operation. The search went on well beyond four hours. When nightfall arrived the search was suspended and upon sunrise the next day it resumed again - - with no good news - as far as we could tell - to much time had passed - - sadly to our knowledge - - she was never found.

I still think about that day as being one of the most unpleasant days ever spent aboard our boat. As I mentioned earlier listening to that tragic experience changed our boating habits forever - -

We thought a lot about the previous days apparent tragedy and agreed that if it ever happened to us - - we needed to be prepared - we needed to think about just the two of us out there & what we could and would do should such a tragic event happen - - - - on that particular trip we discussed how our Classic Vessel was arranged and were their places on board - underway - that we would be out of each others sight? The answer was a resounding yes - - there were places that one or the other of us could go while underway and not be seen or heard by the other person.

The very first items we covered were - if you are going to go out of my sight while I am at the helm - - tell me where you are going - - and how long you plan to be there. Take the whistle along with you (I have a small very shrill police whistle that is always hanging on the wall in the wheelhouse) & if you are outside - by all means wear a lifejacket. We then practiced a man overboard drill by throwing a fender overboard while underway and seeing how long it would take at 8.2 knots to turn around to get back to the fender. This is important - - every boat handles different due to the fact that there are many variables. If you are a single screw vessel your boat will turn quicker one way than it will the other depending on the right or left rotation of your prop. There are times depending on how much room you have to maneuver that you may not be able to turn in your desired direction.

We also made certain that if the tables were turned and the skipper (That's me) went over board - - she knew how to run the boat well enough to come back and help me.

Next it helps to know how long it will take you to make your turn and get back to the fender (or person) you are intending to retrieve. In my particular case at 8.2 knots it takes a full two & 1/2 minutes to get turned around and get back to where I need to be. Again this will vary with the vessel - depending on single or twin screws as well as with sea conditions. The rougher it is - the longer its going to take.

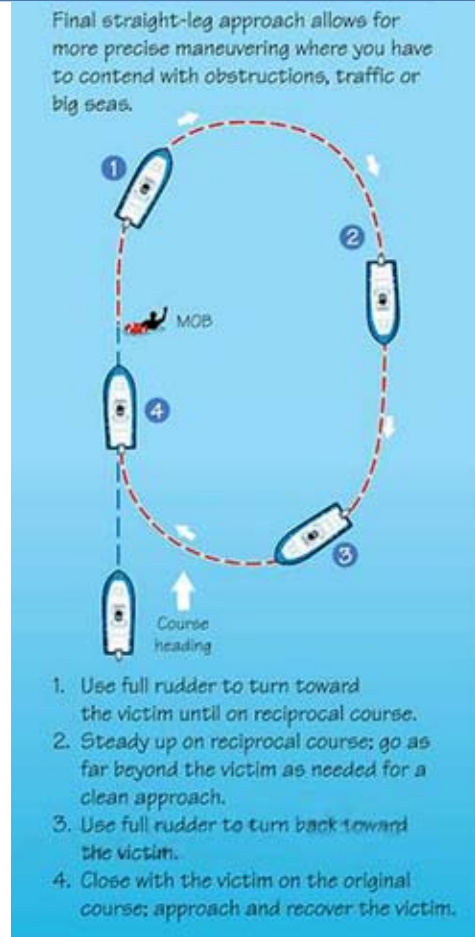
It is imperative to have some type of a throw-able flotation device handy (a life ring, life jacket, etc) with at least

100 ft of line attached - so that when it is thrown towards the person in the water. You have to approach the person who is in the water so that they are at the side of your vessel - you do not want them tangled up in the prop - - and then there is the challenge of getting them back aboard your boat - - try this at the dock sometime (when its warm) have a person get into the water - - then see how difficult it is to get them out - - always be sure that once they are at the stern of your vessel that the boat is out of gear - - if you have a swim step or a ladder - it may be not only easier but perhaps safer. Quite frankly there are many people who do not have enough upper body or overall body strength to pull a person out of the water - - it comes down to if the adrenaline is flowing enough to get the task completed.

I personally have had one experience where my son's 105 lb dog jumped off of my boat while underway on Puget Sound - - "Duke" bailed out from the front deck of the boat and luckily we saw him go - - he went after a seal that he apparently thought was fair game - - since we saw him exit we were able to turn around and retrieve him - - he was wearing a life jacket with a handle on the top part of his back - - we hooked him and it took two of us to get this 105 lb wet dog back on board. I mention this only because what I have written also applies to children or for that matter any guest (pets or otherwise) that might be aboard.

I am writing this because of the following facts - - if you are cruising out on the Sound in Salt water - not matter what time of year - - the following is what you should know. Much is said about

Hypothermia - - most of what you may read about Hypothermia is true - - Water temperature in Puget Sound will vary from 45 Degrees in January to around 50 degrees in July/August - - any time a person goes into water that cold - depending on body fat, type of clothing, etc - the onset of hypothermia can occur in a matter of minutes - - it is possible that within the time span of 1/2 hour a person can die or be near death - - believe me when I say - - this is serious business - - and certainly not to be ignored.



There is one more thing that you need to know - "I am not an expert on this subject" - - I do know what has worked for me - - I continue to have a great deal of respect for the fact that I want to be as safe possible when I am out there cruising in my Classic Yacht - - - - I want you to be safe - - Take the time & ask yourself these questions - - ARE YOU SAFE? Depending on your answer I am asking you - - WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO BE SAFE? or better yet if you believe some improvement is required - - WHAT ARE YOU GOING DO ABOUT IT? One thing I know for sure - - Its up to you!



A Case of Serious Old Goats with Some Old Boats

by Mike Oswald



By early April even the most curmudgeon of the CYA members are starting to come out from underneath of their winter cover. As the days warm and with less rain we might venture forth to do something more interesting than push a cart down the grocery aisle on a Saturday afternoon. So here is an email announcing that CYA members Curt and Marsha Erickson are hosting a meeting of the Antique and Classic Boat Society somewhere on a lake I'd never heard of, located in an area of the State that I'd managed to avoid, I'm curious. To really whet my interest, the email mentions free food. Ah yes, two of the most beautiful words in our language-free and food, I'm in.

Now the ACBS group is not like us, you know. They have "little" boats see, which hold only a couple of people. Some of their boats are real dainty puny. Sure, how cute! Then there is the rest of them, narrow damn arrow like designs, covered with varnish and shiny fittings. Those boats are powered by huge thundering engines with names like Hispano-Suiza, Liberty or Scripps or a 454 (what ever that is) that come roaring out of a different era belching clouds of oil smoke and shaking the trees as they pass. That bunch speaks a different

language too, not like us more genteel folk of the CYA. Why, those ACBS members get all red eyed and reach for their nitro pills for their heart condition when arguing about which engine had only ##### cubic inches but needed a fifteen thousands curl of the rabbit joint under the oil ring -or some such bilge. Yah, that's the ACBS bunch, you bet.

My project on Freya was drying so the wife agreed that we should fire up the diesel Mercedes and head south trusting the navigation to the Garmin. An hour of driving finds us on a forested country road; here and there small farms sit back away from view partially hidden by trees. None of the terrain is familiar and as rain showers darken the skies the screen of the Garmin Nuvi flashes momentarily with a picture of a car driving off the edge of the world and its little computer voice mentions, "...there may be monsters here". We continue on, blindly following the commands until we come to a narrow lane marked by some balloons and a sign with ACBS in bold letters, an arrow points the way.

More signs guide us to an enclave of lovely homes situated around a quiet lake. We park and walk to the Erickson

home that overlooks a green sward of grass flowing down to a dock and small boat house on the lake. A genial crowd of people was gathered on the dock watching the arrival of a narrow launch captained by none other than smiling Curt Erickson himself. The launch was an old fashioned thing even to its carriage like striped and fringed sun cover. The boat's motive power was a two-cylinder make and break engine and transmission mounted amidships just forward of a simple bench seat. The noise emanating from the engine sounded as described in one of Thurber's short stories, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty", for as the boat came toward the dock I heard a "ta-puk-a-ta, ta-puk-a-ta, ta-puk-a-ta", then it quieted down to just a "ta-puk" finally going silent as the launch bumped up next to the piling.

Curt and Marsha motioned us to board the launch and someone on the dock shoves a large flowered hat into my hand. "Everybody wears one of those," says Curt motioning me to put on the hat. But at the last moment another lady steps into the boat and puts on the hat. I am saved. Curt spins the flywheel, the engine catches and he asks me to give him some reverse. I realize that I am sitting next to the bronze gearshift rod and after a moment of thought I pulled the shift rod toward the stern and we moved away from the dock. Curt then commanded forward and I pushed the control toward the front, with the boat moving around the lake at a sedate speed of about 4 knots, ta-puk-a-ta, ta-puk-a-ta. Eat your heart out Walter.

Back at the dock we no sooner clambered out of the little launch than a roar came from inside the boathouse as a fire belching wooden racing machine from the 1930's comes backing out into the lake. With 2 spectators and a driver side by side in the single cockpit the varnished boat spins on it's axis and bolts from us throwing up a wake and wall of sound that would make an unlimited hydroplane jealous. Boy, this is not like any CYA function I've ever attended!

We wander the Erickson property, and view some of what he has been squirreling away for the last few decades. In a barn on top of the hill there are at least three wood go-fast boats, including a Dodge Water-Car and thirty plus engines with names like Crown, Ace, Scripps, Curtiss-Wright, and Chris-Craft and several we couldn't identify. Leaving this building somewhat in awe, I stumble into his machine shop and find more NOS boat and engine bits and pieces than I have ever seen. Dear reader, if you need something for a Zenith up draft carburetor, or a complete unit- he probably has it. Not to mention the shelves of pistons, rings, connecting rods and cylinders for heaven knows what. An ACBS member standing behind me mentioned to his friend, "Look Phil, he's got some piston assemblies for an Essex!" Phil's friend replied, "Your kiddin', an ass-aches"?

While the gals or those not interested in boats go to a pre-arranged tour of the Northwest Trek, the rest of us sit down to the first of three seminars in another of Curt's out buildings. The ACBS bunch is friendly and very interested in knowing stuff. When that seminar is finished we adjourn for a great lunch put on by the membership. Over grilled

hot dogs, chili, salads and Mac n Jack's beer from a keg (both Mac and Jack were former ACBS members). We shelter out of the rain in the Erickson's beautiful home, chatting with ACBS members or those from the CYA like Mike Wollaston, Steve Moen, Peter Reiss, Slim Gardner and Ann Hay.

After lunch there were seminars on hull form, an interesting session describing a little scandal about Henry Ford and his boat and girl friend and a final session on propeller design for inboard boats. While all of the seminars were interesting, I found enlightening the session on propeller design for it answered questions I've had for some time.

So that was it, with the seminars completed they decided to close the

whole she-bang. It was not possible to thank the Erickson's enough for their kindness and generous hospitality for they are a wonderful pair. In total it was a special day where we got to join with the members of the ACBS, have fun and learn stuff. Yah, it's that simple, have fun and learn stuff and eat, great concept. Why don't we try that? After all, we've got the eating down real good!

On a serious note however, there was one thing that concerns me. If brew masters Mac and Jack were ACBS members, and their brew is the elixir for ACBS affairs, how come the CYA has never been able to convince any brewers into our ranks? Where have we gone wrong? Where? Oh, I need a beer.

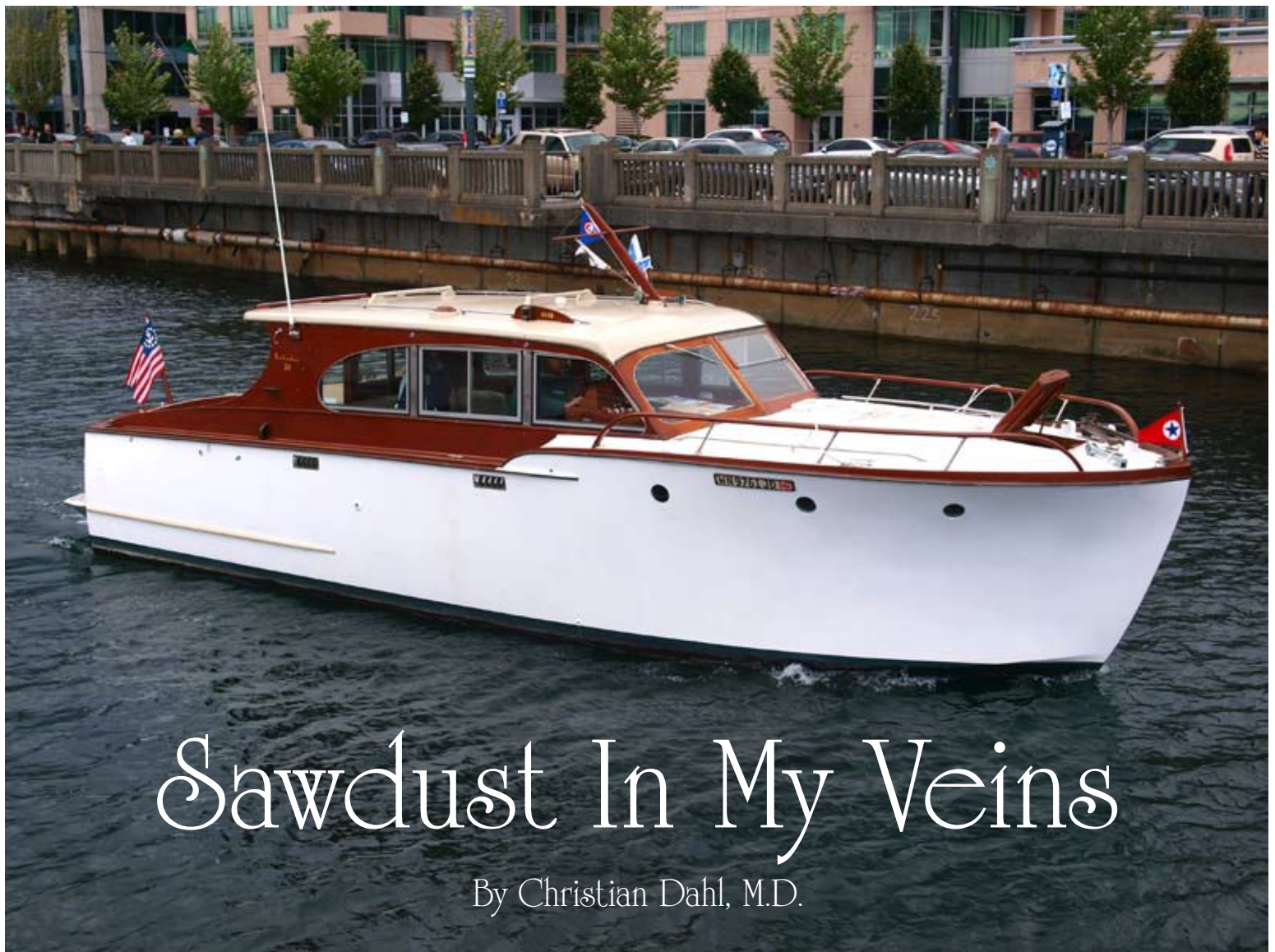


At the same time Curt was opening his garage tour on Tanwax Lake, Harbour village Marina in Kenmore opened its docks to the CYA for the return of the Kenmore Cup Hydro Races on the Sammamish Slew. Several classics took part and Harbour Village Marina hosted a fine BBQ dinner for the CYA, Marina Folks and CYA drive in guests. The race course had to be shortened, but it did little to dampen the spirits of those gathered at Harbour Village, as a fine time was had by all. Perhaps they will do it again next Spring, as the poster suggests. SCANDALON, MITLITE, THUNDERBIRD, BIG DIPPER, and SEAK'ER were among the attending classics.

KENMORE HYDROPLANE CUP

The Return of the Sammamish Slough Race
Saturday, April 5, 2014 ~ Kenmore, Washington





Sawdust In My Veins

By Christian Dahl, M.D.

Ed. Note: I was walking the dock at the Bremerton Rendezvous last Aug. and stopped at Adagio to meet the owners, Jeanne and Christian Dahl and see their boat, a 34', 1948 Richardson. What was most interesting was the boat building background that Christian had illustrated in a wonderful three ring notebook full of historical and amazing pictures. Remembering this, I recently asked Christian to write about it.

Bob Wheeler asked me to discuss how I came about owning our 1948 Richardson Sedan, *Adagio*, and my background as a boat builder. There are many chapters to this story, and I'll try to give you a brief rundown of what could be called the Dahl boatyards.

Like many boaters, my youth was spent boating with the family. I grew up in the Minneapolis area where the boating season was short and the winters were long. With limited resources, this meant

we either built or rebuilt our boats. My father, Christian Dahl Jr., learned from his father Christian Dahl Sr., who worked as a finishing carpenter and at one point a builder of the wooden portions of street cars. Although my father went into drafting, engineering and manufacturing of machinery, when we needed a boat, it was made of wood. The first one noted in old family records was a used Inland Scow. These were the low strip planked wooded racing boats built by the Johnson Boatworks on White Bear Lake, Minnesota and not something you usually had toddlers aboard. Thus began the cycle of a different boat every year or two.

My earliest recall of boatbuilding was when we drove out to an apple orchard in Wisconsin to buy an old lap straked hull. It looked like some of the folkboats you see around Puget Sound and Scandinavia. A hole was dug down into the basement, the cinder

block wall was removed, the boat was moved in and rebuilt under our house, emerging in the spring out the same hole. We sailed the "*Kon Tiki*" (named after Thor Hyerdahl's book) on both Lake Calhoun in Minneapolis, and then Lake Minnetonka. She was sold the next year to prepare for one of the first boats built from the keel up. I still have the paddle used to propel her when the wind died.





My father learned carpentry from my grandfather, but boatbuilding was from the books of Howard Chapelle, the marine historian at the Smithsonian Institute. Wooden boats were disappearing. Chris Crafts were being replaced by petroleum based products, and even the Johnson Boatworks stopped producing wooden hulls. The classic boats described by Chapelle were a little daunting, so the first boat my father built was an 18 foot catboat design by Whitholtz. Originally these boats were designed for the novice builder (remember the old magazines "Twenty Boats"?) with a hard chine and plywood. Since Chapelle did not describe using plywood, my father planked her using the methods described in his books. This was also the start of what became design changes my father would do with the designs he had available. The art of marine design was well known, with many classic designers from Herreshoff to Stevens setting the standards. You also found everyone wanting to "tweak" the design for either their own ideas or the owner's specifications. This is where my father's engineering and drafting skills came to life. In addition

to traditional drafting of the plans, we would do full size lofting of the boats to refine the lines and create the building molds and hull parts.

Our first effort was a catboat, "*Trade Winds*", which was also built in the basement, but the hole had be much bigger, and a tow truck was used to pull her out. The sails were homemade, using a local sporting goods loft as a lay out surface. After one season on Lake Minnetonka, she was sold to a local physician, eventually becoming one of my first paid jobs as a teenager when I installed an inboard engine and rebuilt the cockpit 8 years later. She is still sailing in Arkansas as the "*The Old Cat*".

We moved, and while the next boat (also a catboat) started with framing in the basement, she was finished in a real garage. This became a regular cycle during my childhood. A boat is sold, usually for little more than the cost to build it, and sometimes traded for something else. I remember a brief time when we had a Chris Craft cruiser while the next boat was being built.

In the Fall we would bring out the old plywood lofting where I was allowed to paint over the old lines, and we lofted a new boat. Now the designs were coming right out of Chapelle's books, or other designers such as Bill Garden out west or other traditional boats we found. Through the cold Minnesota winters, we would heat up the garage, steam ribs and planks, and in the spring a varnished hull would emerge. Most

were sailing vessels limited by the size of the double garage. For example, a 23 foot cutter fits diagonally in a 22 foot garage, but there is no room for a trailer until it is dragged outside. Some became vessels with an engine, such as a rounded stern trawler with one of the last Arcadia one cylinder engines built in 1971. The 23 foot catboat "*Swift*" was based on a Chapelle drawing from his books, and has been owned by me ever since launching in 1975. It's the only one of the boats that broke the cycle of build and sell. She'll be back in the water after a refinishing job this year.

One of the hallmarks of the boats we built was the form follows function concept. In boats, this is very hard to follow compared to buildings. A boat has to perform in the water. Both sail and power hulls have specific demands and limitations, and when you add the elements of power source or sail configuration, you can see why there are so many different designs. Comforts





and cruising were afterthoughts to the function of our boats. To us, boating was an end to itself, not a means to an end. Hence, cabin configurations and size were dictated by the boat's size and overall design. The design process was often first power vs sail, sail rig or engine limitations, then garage size and budget. Generally, the boats were small, trailerable, performed very well, but had the creature comforts of a pup tent. More importantly, they were well built, started with a varnish finish and as far as I can tell, all are still in existence. Our standard for construction was, when the archeologists take it apart, the joints should still fit well together.

A couple of larger boats emerged, including a scaled down Danish fishing trawler "Nordso" that eventually made its way out to Pt. Townsend, and a Chapelle based schooner that was out here for a few years, and now sails in Marblehead. Between my father and I, we have bought some of the boats back, repaired or rebuilt them, and sold them again. My father once bought a fiberglass boat, thinking it would be easier to maintain, but he quickly replaced it with a succession of several wooden boats of his or other's construction that needed to be saved or renewed. He tried living out in Anacortes for a few years, but thought our summers were too cold, and returned to Minnesota. My father passed away 10 years ago, having just restored his favorite tabloid sloop he built in 1969. Jeanne and I moved to

Washington in 1986 because of the traditional wooden boat industry was alive and well out here. We have been active ever since, mostly with the boats we have built, and attending the wooden boat festivals you are all familiar with.

So, back to Bob's original question regarding our ownership of *Adagio*. I believe there is only one kind of boat. It makes a hole in the water, it must be surrounded by *wood*, and we should expect to be pouring time and money into it. My one exception is plastic kayaks, those are for scratching up on rocks. We are getting a little older, and wanted a boat with more room for cruising. Since I came from a tradition of building planked hulls, and still have our catboat "Swift", I started looking for a traditional planked classic boat that I could maintain. Jeanne and I considered some boats in very rough shape, but also the practical aspects of size, expense and our needs for cruising. Unlike our past construction criteria, we were going for a comfortable sized wooded boat for two people cruising. A classic would be a blessing, and local even better. Size, layout and availability lead us to purchasing *Adagio* from the Janice and Roger Palmer (*Encore*) in 2011. She met almost all of our criteria, although the plywood part needs some explanation.

As many of you may recall from last year's Bell Street Festival, Richardson Boats were built in New York from

1909 to 1962, and were for the most part traditional planked wooden powerboats built for cruising. The WWII years introduced military plywood construction methods for both speed and simplicity, but also the lower weight to strength requirements for some of the high speed patrol boats. Like most military equipment at the time, it had to do the job, but no one expected anything to last for years. It would be destroyed or outdated before it failed. The same idea spread to post war consumer products. With the new methods of forming plywood, the Richardson Company built a line of boats in 1947 using the new "cold molding" methods they had learned in the war years, and some new modern (curvy) designs appeared with sleek forms. Production problems ensued with joints and other unpopular features, and in 1948 they went back to their older style (plank on frame) hulls, but used the lightweight plywood on the parts of the hull where a constant camber to the flare could be used. They had more success, and "Adagio" was built and shipped out west that year. Plywood hulls were not as popular as thought, and construction at the Richardson factory returned to traditional planked hulls in 1949 until it ended in 1962. "Sea Otter" (Rick and Terri Powell) is from that era (1952).

Somehow, "Adagio" has survived the last 66 years with only repairs below the waterline. This is consistent with our more temperate weather, and probably being kept under cover. There are no other vessels from 1948 listed in the Richardson Boat Owners Association's vessel listing. Jeanne and I have been very happy with her, and there is plenty of solid wood in her to satisfy my "modern" traditionalist needs. I have to admit my English rowing shell is made from plywood, and even my rowing pram is stitch and glue plywood. The use of epoxies and plywood may mean I'm only a journeyman boat builder, but I can still steam bend a rib or plank if needed.



“We’re On A Dinghy Quest!”

Photos and Story by John Lebens

“We’re on a dinghy quest!”

It was a household joke for us - and it was true. We were on a long and arduous (but mostly enjoyable) search for just the right dinghy for our late 1930’s Ed Monk Sr. cruiser. Every classic yacht needs a classic dinghy.

The hunt started well over a year ago - actually in late 2010...

We had a muse. The daughter of friends who was visiting our boathouse with her family overheard us talking - here’s the poem this precocious young lady penned on the spot:

Boats can be big or small, but the
Suellen tops them all.
In the shop or on the sea, this boat’s the
place to be.
Kind of old but lookin’ new, this boat
will amaze you.
Rocking, rocking back and forth, I
wonder if she will ever head north.
Coming on 60, but lookin’ the floozie,
Suellen may soon have a dingy named
Suzie.

Blue Tippett-Hunt age 12

We went off course along the way. Our original tender was a nice enough rubber inflatable boat, but we sold it because it was so far from the wooden boat aesthetic and impossible to row. We bought a very fine Hvalsoe 13, and then realized it was too big.

We monitored Craigslist - visited with builders and thought about building one ourselves. We looked at designs. The search went on for the dinghy named “Suzie.”

John Kelly, Ship plans curator at the Puget Sound Maritime Historical Society gave us some clear direction - “Get an El Toro! They are the right size, they work well, were designed around the same time as your boat and there are a thousands of them out there.”

Months passed and the right one didn’t appear. Then one did appear and it had been right under our noses the whole time. We learned that a Portland CYA member, George Beall, had a couple of old dinghies for sale. Visiting his boathouse we saw a fine old El Toro. George said he inherited

it when he bought Merrimac and her boathouse a couple of decades ago. It had been sitting under cover in the storage loft.

It was really fine. It apparently had never been used even though it was almost 60 years old. We learned this El Toro was built by Tom Dyer in his teen years before he graduated from High School in 1957. Tom is the son of Joe Dyer, owner of the Astoria Marine Construction Company. Tom’s Dad wanted him to learn a bit about wood boat construction so he put Tom and an apprentice to work on the project under the watchful eye of fine AMCCO shipwrights.

Tom recalls there were seven or eight El Toros built at AMCCO at the time. His Dad wanted to start a sailing program at the Astoria Yacht Club. This one is built to a very high standard from Mahogany plywood and mahogany structural members. She was assembled using Everdure silicon bronze, Frearson head screws. She came complete with nice oars and sailing rigging. All she needs is a light

sanding and a couple of coats of varnish to refresh her appearance.

The El Toro design has had genuine staying power. First developed at the Richmond Yacht Club on San Francisco Bay around 1940, it was intended to be a yacht tender and a small, inexpensive sailboat. The design was developed over a few “B.S.” sessions at the club, so naturally, the original name of this tiny vessel was “Bullship” - later disguised as “El Toro.” It was made of plywood - a relatively new boat-building material at the time. It was a design that reflected early mid-century sensibilities. Construction was simple and the lines were clean. In the same way Ed Monk Sr. helped popularize amateur boat building, the El Toro could be built by kids with adult guidance.

On a recent visit to the Wooden Boat Center in Seattle, a few small sailing prams were under construction by a group of kids and adults. They were El Toros. Watch for a fleet of them sailing on Lake Union this summer.



ATTENTION ON DECK

The Official Newsletter of
the Pacific Northwest Fleet

Classic Yacht Association

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Your comments, stories and photos are welcome anytime!

Please send to:

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COMING EVENTS

Seattle Wooden Boat Festival

July 4th Weekend CWB

DesMoines Classic Car & Boat Show

July 19-20 Todd Powell, Host

La Conner Classic Yacht & Car Show

Aug. 8-9 Ann Hay, Host

Bremerton Marina Rendezvous

Aug. 15-17 Bob & Jytte Wheeler, Hosts

Vancouver Wooden Boat Festival

Aug. 21-24 Granville Is. Larry Benson, Host

Secret Island Crab Fest

Aug. 25-26 Glenthorne Passage, Canada

Curt & Marsha Erickson, Hosts

Brentwood Bay Rendezvous

Aug. 27-28 Donell Mc Donell Can Fleet, Host

Victoria Wooden Boat Festival

Aug. 29-31 David Huchthausen, Host

Deer Harbor Classic Rendezvous

Sept. 2-4 Orcas Island www.deerharbormarina.com

Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival

Sept. 5-7 Larry Benson, Host

BAD Classic Yacht Rendezvous

Brownsville Appreciation Days

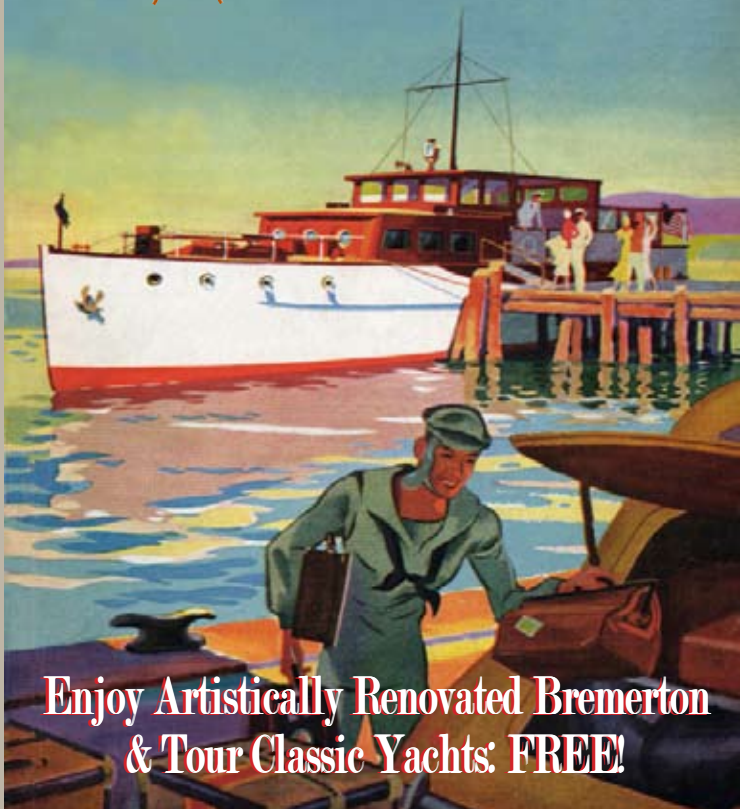
Sept. 26-28 Peter Riess, Richard & Carolyn Gardner

The Bremerton Marina Classic Yacht Rendezvous

Friday, Saturday & Sunday

August 15, 16 & 17

2014



Enjoy Artistically Renovated Bremerton
& Tour Classic Yachts: FREE!



Additional Sources of Information

Check out the revamped web site for many links.

Join the PNW CYA Facebook Page

A. Search Facebook for "Classic Yacht Association"

B. Click on "Like" for the page to see CYA posts.

C. Check out the growing photo collection on FB.

For other photos check out:

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

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