

THE CLASSIC YACHT CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

The Ancient Mariner

The View From The Bridge

by Commodore Eric Horst

All who attended in July will join me in applauding our fearless fleet captain for a job well done at the Annapolis rendezvous. The elegantly catered luncheon overlooking the harbor was A-1 in my book. The Celtic music group “Off The Boat” did an incredible job, providing great tunes and entertainment. The event could not have been nicer. In case you haven’t seen them, there are scrapbook photos posted on the [website](#). As a result of this gathering, your commodore is now addicted to caviar and crème fraiche.



CLICK ON A LINK
BELOW FOR MORE!


CYCA Mourns Passing of Two Past Commodores	3
The Next Generation	4
Treasurer's Report	6
What's in Store	8
Let's Get This Show on the Water!	8
Surviving Cindy	9
Check Out <i>ThisClassic!</i>	10





Our August Casino Night event is being held this year at the Inner Harbor East Marina in Baltimore. It looks like another record attendance for an August event! F/C Ed once again brings us the “Monte Carlo on the Bay” that was such great fun last summer in Chestertown. Our host Marina has three other yacht clubs plus CYCA in residence, so slips are very limited. I hope to see you there!



Make your plans early for our judging event in St. Michaels on Sept 9, 10 and 11. We have put together a preliminary list of boats planning to attend. If you are coming by boat, please call my cell 410-212-5264 or e-mail eric@bayport.biz now to confirm your slip space. If you plan to participate in the judging, remember to return the judging form to V/C Gartley. The judging rendezvous is always our best attended annual event. Don't miss seeing 30+ classics all gathered together in St. Michaels harbor. It's guaranteed to be a sight to remember! 



CYCA Mourns the Loss of Two Past Commodores

by Commodore Eric Horst




James L. "Dink" Coleman
1914 – 2005

P/C Coleman died July 28. A lifelong resident of Kent County, MD, he was born in Fairlee and graduated from Chestertown High School in 1934. He had an interest in boating and hunting and enjoyed playing cards with friends. A horse racing enthusiast, he owned several thoroughbred horses and attended races regularly.

In addition to CYCA, he was a lifetime member of Rock Hall Yacht Club, having been one of its early members. He was also a member of the Chestertown Elks Club. P/C Coleman is survived by his wife of 71 years, Emily Sue Coleman; two sisters; a son and daughter-in-law; three grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Sadly, we have lost two more veteran CYCA members. Both James "Dink" Coleman and Ashton "Mike" McKenney were past Commodores in 1986 and 1991 respectively. One of my earliest memories of CYCA is in 1987 when I attended my first rendezvous with the club at Kent Island Yacht Club. Dink and Sue Coleman were there on their 38' Worthy cruiser called "Ole Kat." Mike McKenney attended aboard his 42' Matthews Sedan called "Jeannie II," which he shared with constant companions Eddie and Loretta Mills. Dink and Mike are two smiling faces who will be missed by CYCA. I shall propose to the Board at our next meeting that CYCA make memorial donations honoring both past Commodores.

Donations in memory of P/C Coleman may be sent to Worton United Methodist Church, c/o Cathy Blakeney, 120 Pine Street, Chestertown, MD 21620.

Memorial contributions for P/C McKenney may be made to Colonial Beach Volunteer Rescue Squad, 225 Dennison St., Colonial Beach, VA 22443. 



Ashton "Mike"
McKenney
1921 – 2005

P/C McKenney died August 7. A native of Alexandria, VA, he retired as assistant chief from Dulles International Airport Fire Department in 1972. He was a long-time member of the Alexandria Volunteer Fire Department, beginning in 1940, and as its historian, wrote a history of the fire company. He served in the U.S. Army at Fort Lee during World War II.

In addition to his membership in CYCA, P/C McKenney was a charter member of Thee Colonial Yacht Club in Colonial Beach, serving as commodore for three years.

Survivors include a sister, Dorothy V. Acosta and her family of Austin, TX; and his dear friend Nava Cunningham.

The Next Generation

I suspect that many of us have been in or on the water most of our lives, if not all of our lives. We've migrated from our first small boats to different, if not bigger, boats and finally got the "woody disease," that has transformed us into lovers of classic yachts.

We've found one negative to classic boats and that is the next generation. Our children are intimidated by *Rose*. First, because it is a sailing rig they are unfamiliar with "gaff" and second because it is a boat that we adore. Our love of *Rose* makes our kids uncomfortable taking her out without us. They've helped in the restoration of *Rose*, so they know only too well how many hours have been put into her. They adore her from afar and come onboard only when we are there. Add to this the fact that our three children married spouses who are not "boat" people and you have a prescription for losing the love of water that has always been a part of our family. We didn't want that to take place.

We struggled with this problem for a couple of years and came up with a plan. Last fall, we bought an older but in good shape, 18' fiberglass speed boat we named *Rosebud*. From this little rosebud, we want boaters to grow. It's a bow runner, so there is room for kids, fiberglass so they can dent it without fear and 180 horsepower so it goes fast.

This spring, we had Bob Appleton, who is a sailing instructor and the owner of North Bay B & B, set up a day course for our adult children. In the morning, Bob covered basic boating techniques, such as docking and handling lines and tying knots, at a sit down on his porch. He talked about charts and equipment. He covered many things our children already knew, but things that were brand new to their spouses. Then, lunch was provided. In the afternoon, Bob did onboard training for four straight hours. He had them practice docking and man overboard and picking up a buoy and did some charting. Every person on board handled the boat. We did this for two days.



by Cheryl Spaulding

Perhaps your kids, like our kids, also grew up on a boat on the water. I would like to share a little story of our efforts to get our kids back on the water and our seven grandchildren introduced to it.

The Spaulding women
take a lesson from
Captain Bob aboard
Rosebud.




On Saturday, it was the guys only. On Sunday, only girls—plus Bob of course. It was a fantastic success. Jim went with the guys, I went with the gals. With our girls, we particularly covered issues like what would happen if a child fell overboard. Our two daughters-in-law, who are not boaters, got to feel very secure that they could drive the boat and they could pick up a child or an adult if they had to. Everyone raved about their day on the boat.

Once the seed was planted, we waited to see what would happen. We are delighted to report to you that *Rosebud* is blooming! Each of our three children are taking the boat out with their kids and friends on board whenever they can—and WITHOUT US. They are heading off to have lunch somewhere. They are finding a beach and swimming. Our grandchildren now report on the clams they have dug up or the birds they chased, or the

fish they saw or the crabs they found. They are doing the things our children did at their age on the Bay.

Next Spring when Jim's hand is well and we go sailing again on *Rose*, I am confident we will have children and grandchildren whom we can bring on board, or send off in *Rose* who will catch the "woody" disease. Our son is getting that gleam in his eye about wooden racing boats.

I thought I would pass this on to all of you because I feel strongly that the Bay we all enjoy and the boats we all love need a "next" generation. The more we can do to make that happen, the better off we will all be. 

Dollars and Sense

by Treasurer Judy Willingham

At mid-year, the financial condition of The Classic Yacht Club of America is stable. As of June 30, we had 85 dues-paying members and three honorary members. Our bank balance was \$9,697.89 compared to the 2004 year-end balance of \$8,197.02. That sounds pretty good to most of you, I'm sure. This is my first year as Treasurer, so it seems all right to me too, sort of...I guess!

The difficulty in gauging the true status of the club comes from the fact that our bottom line is—forgive me—fluid. Checks come in and go out at lightning speed, especially during the first six months of the year when dues and deposits for the various rendezvous cross in the mail. I feel fairly certain, however, that we will meet our budgetary requirements. We need only three new regular members and an associate member to break even. Five new associate members would do it as well.

Meeting our budgetary requirements is only half the story, however. The other, far more interesting, plot twist is that the fleet captain has no budget. He/she is expected to break even in his/her own right. For that reason, advance planning and accurate pricing are vital parts of the fleet captain's job.

Of course, we don't cast the F/C out upon the water without assistance in this matter. The Commodore assists the F/C in the selection of rendezvous locations, and the board has input as well. But locations that can handle our larger boats aren't abundant, and adding consideration for the rising cost of fuel pretty much dictated our destinations this year—Annapolis, Baltimore and St. Michaels.

1999's Flag Raising featured a Crazy Hats contest.



From left to right, P/C Rick and Suggie Cary, P/C Judy Willingham, P/C Bill Birdsall, P/C Ken Jordan and P/C Kathleen Birdsall model their creations. Yes, P/C Jordan is wearing a lighthouse on his head—in honor of the event's location at Baltimore Marine Center at Lighthouse Point.

Reprising his role as fleet captain this year motivated Ed Rosenthal to "kick it up a notch," an idea that the board heartily endorsed. But, when it came to pricing the rendezvous, it added to the challenge. The morning after the mid-winter dinner, before I started writing deposit checks, we spent several hours in an exercise that was half calculating and half guessing. For each potential rendezvous activity, we added the known costs—for Annapolis, those were the Paca House rental fee and the charge for the band "Off the Boat." (Ed heard them last year during a pub crawl he labeled as "2005 research.") Then we created sample menus from the brochures of several caterers and added that cost per person to the tally. We did the same for the Baltimore event using a menu from Victor's. After all that menu planning, we were really hungry!

The "guess-timating" began when we had to determine the total price per person when we didn't have a clue as to how many people might choose to attend a particular event, especially with no history to fall back upon. Will the members like the plans, and will they feel the event is worth the cost? If so, will their busy schedules allow for their participation at our break even level?

After determining a price per person, and rounding it up some to cover the Friday night cocktail party and the Sunday morning breakfast, the fleet captain and crew can only wait and see. Stuff happens and numbers shift. Tents must be rented "in case it rains" and hidden costs can eat up a modest gain faster than P/C Ken Jordan can polish off a plate of shrimp at the Friday night cocktail party! Thank goodness for the generosity of our members, because the club's portion of the 50/50 drawing is considered the fleet captain's "slush fund."

At the end of the season, should the fleet captain be "in the red," as number crunchers like to say, we will undoubtedly still be fine overall, in large part due to the huge savings realized this year by our yearbook editor, Mike Thielke.

At that time, however, the board—and particularly the incoming fleet captain—will assess this season from every perspective, not simply looking at the bottom line. We'll analyze attendance at each rendezvous and dinner, attempting to relate those numbers to the locations, the meals and the activities. The flag officers and board will apply what we learn in planning for the 2006 season. It would be a lot easier, though, if we had some member feedback from those who are not attending. Are the dates just not working with your schedule, are the locations not to your liking or do you yearn for more laid-back, less pricey activities? C'mon, you can tell us! Those who are attending the rendezvous should feel free to continue to applaud the efforts of the fleet captain and the board. We think it's a splendid season, and we appreciate your support.


See you in Baltimore!



Let's Get This Show on the Water!

by Rear Commodore Jim Gartley

The time is getting close for our upcoming annual judging in St. Michaels, on September 9, 10 and 11. This year I am calling it "The Show," because we always have our largest turnout of any of the rendezvous. All of our beautiful classic boats (yachts), in one marina—and this year I get to show them to the judges. For me this is quite an honor. This is my favorite rendezvous, and I hope it is yours as well.

Please return the judging forms to me as soon as possible. It will be a big help. I hope you will all attend! 

What's in Store

Most of us pack for a CYCA rendezvous by tossing a couple of changes of clothing into a bag. Not Debbie Gartley. When she and Jim leave port, it takes an entire V berth to hold all the clothes and accessories they need for the weekend.

Debbie has run the ship's store for the past two years. Having spent most of her career in retail, she was able to put her experience into play researching and buying items that not only offered more selection but great quality as well. That's why you can now find the CYCA logo on everything from a soft pink women's T to a men's rugged denim shirt. Not only does Debbie have to use her buyer's instincts to select items that match our tastes, she also has to keep in mind our various different sizes.

The store is typically open before or following the main event at each rendezvous. While the rest of us have the luxury of exploring our destination (or napping!), Jim and Debbie are working aboard *Cherokee Lady*, serving their customers. Both Jim and Debbie would like to relax and enjoy along with us, so she'll be hanging up her hat as the storekeeper at the end of this season. So if you've always dreamed of being a high-fashion buyer, now's your opportunity!



Hopefully, by now all the painting and varnishing is complete, so all you have left to do is polish the chrome and stainless steel!



It's in stock!



Going to Baltimore?
Visit the store on Sat.
from 11 am to 1 pm.



CYCA clothing makes anyone look good!

Surviving Cindy

by Fleet Captain Ed Rosenthal



Fleet Captain Ed Rosenthal gets into the spirit of the Annapolis rendezvous shortly after his ordeal on the water.



Remember the 3-hour tour that led to “Gilligan’s Island”? That’s how my Annapolis weekend started. At 7:45 am, I could see the Bay Bridge. Time to head out. What I didn’t see until it was too late was the weather coming from the western shore. Twenty minutes later, I was caught in 30+ mile-an-hour winds. All I could do was steer into it. People who know me know I travel alone with a chart and compass. My only weapons against tropical depression Cindy were a handheld VHF and a cell phone that was soon to be wet.

From Rock Hall, I started southwest. The storm came out of the west, so I went west. Then she went northwest, then north, then east. All I could do was hang on and seek safe harbor. Three hours later, I pulled into Tolchester. Fifty yards from the fuel dock my port engine quit. Marina owner Allan Bramble met me at the fuel dock, shook his head and said I was lucky to be alive. He told me how a 40’ Egg Harbor sank under the same conditions (front window broken and taking on water). Twenty minutes later he towed me to a slip to assess the damage. Two deck chairs torn from the bow, with one graciously smashing out my forward window. The windlass that would not drop the anchor (or just enough to gouge my freshly painted hull). These plus half a dozen other mistakes I made reminded me how fragile our little bags of bones really are.


I want to thank the fleet for their support with my self-inflicted hardship. I also want to thank Ken Jordan for coming to the Carroll House to help me set up the Annapolis event. And I want to apologize for the lack of communication on the change of the breakfast plans. A *real* hot breakfast will be waiting in Baltimore for those who missed it. I will remember this cruise surrounded by those who relish the time we can spend together. Whether it’s around a sumptuous buffet or a horseshoe pit, the club exists for our members, not the events. As long as there are boats, there will be boat stories. When we part company, we take something from each other that you cannot buy, and for this I am grateful. 🏠

Check Out *This Classic!*

by Bob Hirschfeld

CYCA welcomes its newest member, Gertrude "Aunt Flossie" Jordan, 3rd cousin twice removed (for disorderly conduct at a biker bar) of past commodore Ken Jordan. Gertrude is the proud owner of an original 1913 Gurken Wang, a limited-production yacht built by German-Chinese immigrants in northern South Dakota. The 45-foot Gurken Wang was noted for its exceptionally strong hull made of planks of Black Forest pine and sealed with a modified version of the brown sauce used in Egg Foo Yong.



Gertrude discovered the ship suspended from the rafters above a haystack in a barn in Pennsylvania. The reason she was gazing upwards from a haystack is an aspect of the story she explains is “none of your damn prying business.” Gertrude has been working on a thorough restoration of the only surviving Gurken Wang in the world for over two decades. The photos she submitted for CYCA membership approval clearly show the remarkable progress she has made in bringing the vessel to nearly bristol condition. Gertrude, who’s never been married despite numerous suitors she describes as “not worthy of being let out of a bilge,” also enjoys writing dirty sayings with cake frosting and rebuilding tractor transmissions. 

Should Aunt Flossie need parts for her Gurken Wang, where would she look? Why the CYCA website of course! Thanks to ace webmaster Mike Thielke, the website now offers a classified section. Through this service to CYCA members, the club provides an opportunity to sell or find those odd and unusual items that only a classic boat lover can enjoy. Whether it’s that missing engine part to a two-cycle, six horsepower Gray Motor or a solid cast and tooled brass Weems & Plath lamp—anything goes. If you haven’t been able to find that special manual for your favorite Chris Craft, here’s the place to put out the word. [Click here](#) to check it out!

