



FROM THE CBYC ARCHIVES



Yacht Yak Release #2 By Leigh Lyon, Charter Member January 29, 1981

Three-dollar annual dues for active members? Sorry, you're only forty years too late!

The 1940's were truly benchmark years for the club. Finally finding a place to tie up those important boats and to build a clubhouse for shelter and meetings – even if we did only have “squatters’ rights” – our moorage on Block #1 in the City of North Bend was a real good deal. The property had been acquired by Coos County through tax foreclosure proceedings and was offered to our group by the County Judge and Commissioner for free usage as long as we would want.

This continued until March of 1947, when the club purchased the site from Coos County. It is interesting to note that County Judge Felsheim and Commissioner Hildenbrand and our financial advisor Chandler, who was president of the First National Bank, strongly advised us not to waste our money on this purchase.

But (you know how stubborn sailors can be!) the club went ahead and completed the purchase against all outside advice. The purchase price? \$850.00.

World War II dominated the forties and the Yacht Club. The members who weren't called into service right away quickly absorbed into a rapidly expanded Coast Guard Group commanded by a Port Captain with a large complement of officers and men. Many hours of night harbor patrol on the “fifty footers” were served by our temporary reservists. I still notice, occasionally, parts of old reservist uniforms being worn by these members.

The clubhouse, which we had built on a floating pad of cull mill logs, was getting in real bad shape by the end of the war – so the club had another project, moving the clubhouse to a solid foundation. After a year's work of driving piling, building a solid deck and completing the launching driveway, our house moving began. With the midnight aid of high tide, a professional house mover by the name of Andy St. John, and all the available members, we raised the clubhouse high enough on its float to match the deck height of the dock. The gods of the winds and tides were with us that night. With about an inch to spare, we started up Andy's winch and snaked the clubhouse from its floating raft to its new piling foundation. What a pleasure when sometimes things work out the way they are planned.

Ready for our (1948) treasurer's report? Cash on hand \$144.51; county taxes \$32.18; and our first assessment – one sheet of plywood or \$3.52 per member; and dues are doubling from \$6.00 to \$12.00! A dollar just doesn't go as far as it used to! Sound familiar?

Signed, Leigh Lyon