



FROM THE CBYC ARCHIVES



Yacht Yak Release #4 By Leigh Lyon, Charter Member February 8, 1981

The CBYC sailed through the fifties at an incredible speed. Years of regattas point scores, installation banquets, et al, seemed to lose their separate identities in time's big melting pot.

Sailing conditions on the bay and on the lake would be difficult to compare as the interaction of wind and tides on the bay create a unique weather change not common to the lake. In a few hours time a lazy cruising sail on the bay could change into a rough and menacing challenge. But don't get the wrong idea – we had a twenty-year love affair with the bay and loved every minute of it.

One of our enjoyable cruises was down the bay to George and Dorothy Vaughan's house at Barview. Their house, which faced the bar, had a large sandy beach for its front yard. The fleet anchored off this beach in about three feet of water and everyone either waded or was carried ashore. The Vaughans had a super picnic with a fire close to some drift logs and all the good things to eat like hot dogs, salad and marshmallows. Anchors were pretty much standard equipment for the bay boats. They became quite important in fast tides and light winds.

Another club cruise ended up on the western end of the North Bend airport where we planned to picnic and hold a couple of races. Our weather man really fouled up up here. We arrived in the middle of a fast running ebb tide and a strong N.W. wind and had to beach our boats on a weather shore. This combination of wind and tide on this section of the bay results in big breaking waves that get even larger out in the channel where the tide is running the fastest. Would you believe that some sailors wanted to race right then? Across the bay to Jorday's Point and back! Against my better judgment, Vic Demarest talked me into sailing an old 18' "Seagull". So, with Vic crewing, we took off. That was one time we should have capsized but didn't. The wind and breaking waves quickly soaked us to the skin and by the time we got back to the airport we were half full of seawater that kept rushing from the stern to the bow and then back again. Every surge threatened to capsize us.

Getting the fleet back to the moorage wasn't as much of a problem as you might think. When the tide started to flood, the wind slackened, the bay smoother out and the fleet headed home with not problems.

Things don't always work out that "peachy-keen" though. One day, Lloyd Quick (who was my number uno crew during the baby raising years) and I were on a practice cruise to the lower bay. On the way back everything was going fine. The tide was flooding and the wind had dropped to practically nothing, so we were stretched out on the deck in a well-deserved rest with the tide moving us toward home when Lloyd called out suddenly "Look! Those crazy (bleeps) are closing the railroad bridge!"

We still had to pass under both bridges and Lloyd had just noticed that railroad bridge was closing! The flooding tide was moving us along at pretty good speed toward the bridge and there wasn't enough wind to fill our sails. Somehow, in a matter of seconds, we had to get our 24' mast under the 12' bridge! With his usual composure, Lloyd pushed me overboard, and then, throwing me the main halyard to pull on, climbed up on the beam's end of the hull just as we capsized and were swept under and clear of the bridge. Seconds later I climbed, soaking wet, back into the righted boat. Lloyd hadn't even gotten his shoes wet!

Now, as all we skippers know, the captain is never to be pushed overboard. That is a no-no and must not be done for any reason. Obviously Mr. Quick had to be punished and during the cold, wet ride back the Yacht Club, I thought of some dandies! But a cool head must always prevail, and did. Henceforth, in addition to his regular duties, Mr. Quick was put in charge of a new piece of equipment for the boat, a whisker pole. His new duties included procurement, stowage and usage.

This mild rebuke almost led to Lloyd's downfall at the EYC regatta on Fernridge Lake where the moorage was nestled against a farmer's field and barn. Shortly before the race started, a wild-eyed farmer was complaining loudly to EYC's Commodore about some vandal who had been ripping boards off his barn. Under Lloyd's sudden urging, we made it to the starting area early that day. I can't remember too much about the race, but that crew of mine had the craziest looking piece of red board for a whisker pole. Lloyd must have thought so too, as he chucked it overboard on the way back in. Before we left the boat he started muttering something about stupid responsibilities and that he had seen better ----- . What was that again, Lloyd!

Signed, Leigh Lyon, 2/8/81