

# NEWSLETTER

## ‘ON DECK’

By Andy Butchard

The End of the Summer Party was a great gathering of friends and if you missed it, you missed some fabulous hamburgers that were catered by “The Hamburger Man. Our thanks to Gibbs and Joy Slaughter for their beautiful lake front home where we had a great view of the sunset.

Although it signals the end of the summer season it begins a new administration of our club and I want to say that I am honored to have been given the opportunity to lead this great club. I know I have some large shoes to fill of past presidents and I want to thank Keith Charles for the great job he did last year. I really appreciate the dedication and hard work of the Board of Directors that make the president’s job much easier. We have a vibrant membership with many events that are becoming ‘must attend’ like the Christmas Parade of Lights, the WWW Boat Show at the FWBC, the Annual Auction, and the End of Summer Party and a great newsletter that is getting a wide circulation within the classic boating community.

We have great prospects, money in the bank, and a great project for the winter that should add to our coffers. My goal is to add a few new members, have a lot of fun and fellowship ostensibly wrapped around the pains and pleasures of owning a boat. Remember the famous quote from “Wind in the Willows” :

*“There is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about with boats”*



Photos by Dan Stober



## OCTOBER MEETING

The next regular EMCBC meeting will be held at Andy and Ann Butchard’s house on Saturday, October 9th. The meeting will start at 6:30 pm, pot luck dinner at 7:00. Andy will present a program and demonstration on light pollution and trespass on the lake. Also telescope viewing of Jupiter, the closest it has been since 1963. The Century boat will be on display in the water, but don’t place any bets on it running. Butchard’s address is 8100 Wallace Road, and their phone number is 817-401-3888.



## BOAT PROJECT UPDATE

By Andy Butchard

The Crime of the Century is getting a few things done so she will soon be seaworthy. The bottom was sanded, seams reefed and painted, seams caulked, and then painted two more coats and the original copper color looks great. She is holding water in her hull better than you would expect with her original bottom. The trailer has been painted black and it got new lights and safety chain.

The boat needed a new throttle cable so Nomad adapted the old style to a new modern cable. The gas tank has been cleaned and sealed and the carbs are in the process of getting rebuilt. We thought that the head gasket was blown causing the lack of compression in cylinders #3 & 4. I removed the side inspection cover and turned the engine over as I watched the valves. I had never seen this before but the valves were semi stuck, meaning they would gradually close after the cam but not soon enough to maintain compression.

A few throttle connection parts and I have the new cable attached and working nicely. I took the boat to Nelda’ house and backed it in and got it running but the water pump is not pumping. Luckily Nomad has a repair kit so that problem will be solved. I have varnished the floorboards that were removable. Ann and I are taking a little road trip to Johnny Steele’s ranch near Jacksboro to get the seat cushions and flag staffs.

We didn’t get the boat ready for the party as we had all hoped. You just run out of steam after you are on the 5th, or is the 6th time, to remove the carbs to work out problems. I



can't get it to run above 1800 RPM despite great compression. I then got the wild idea that the prop was too big at 13 x 14. You rarely see a runabout even with a V8 that runs anything bigger than a 13X13.

I called Johnny but he swears that he hasn't changed the prop and the boat ran great back in the day. The boat is small and narrow for an 18 footer and maybe with the torque of the big 6 Chrysler maybe it can pull the 14 inch pitch. Also the fuel pump crapped out so I added an electric one. The boat is resting in slings in Nelda's slip until I can get the last carb put back together. A cold front with cooler weather would get me re motivated.



## FALL EQUINOX SUNSET CRUISE

by Andy Butchard

The 2010 Fall Equinox Sunset Cruise was a very pleasant way to celebrate the equal day and night of the Equinox that marks the beginning of Fall and a good time to reflect on the balance and equality in our lives.

Dan and Jan Stober cruised out in 'Big Fish' along with Raymond and Michele and they met up with Andy and Ann Butchard who had Larry Snider and Tui' Cameron onboard 'Leviathan'.

Ann gave each lady a red rose to set the mood for the evening. It ended much better than it started due to some difficulty in setting our anchors. The wind was out of the south and we wanted to anchor just off the beach where we could

access the trail. Dan tried to set his and I tried to set two anchors, all to no avail. But I did try out my new invention, The Anchor Line Rewinder/Entangler (patent pending) but for some reason it only made things worse. In spite of my pleadings that no cameras be used, I understand that some embarrassing photos maybe around the internet. In fact, this just in, I understand that the patent has been rejected. Probably a good thing.

After the anchor fiasco we decided to cruise to Ranch House and tie off to a buoy to watch the sunset. After some conversation we stated the poetry readings but not before the Full Moon rose above the trees to set the mood just right. I started off with a couple of poems about the love of my life going on 27 years, Miss Ann, and Ann had her original poem that started "Roses are red....",

Dan read an original reading about the first time he met Jan on an ice rink and her beauty and grace on the ice melted his heart. Dan said she was some athlete, doing somersaults off the high dive at Burgers Lake. Jan replied with her original poem about all of the numerous good qualities of Dan.

Next up was Raymond who read a poem from the 11th century to Michelle and then Michelle replied with a French poem along with the English translation.

Larry gave a heart felt dissertation on his happiness with finding his soul mate Tui' and the highlight of the evening was, as it usually is, Tui' playing her guitar and singing a song she wrote about 5 years ago. The song describes what she is looking for in a mate and it described Larry to a "T".

I tell you there was lots of good karma going around. Later Raymond read a poem about his good friend, Dennis Maye who was with us in spirit. The evening had many heartfelt moments and was a great way to spend quality time with close friends.



Photos by Dan Stober

## NEW MEMBER TOTE BOARD

We are going to have contest to see how many new members we can sign up this next year. The member with the most referrals will get all of his demerits erased and be anointed as Grand Poobah of Membership Development or some other fancy title.

New Members, boat owned, referring member:

1. Bill and Abbey Tobin, 1965 18" Cruisers, Inc, "Woodpecker", Andy Butchard
2. Bruce & Barbara Sue Bunch, 1963 16' Cruisers, Inc, "Mr. Peppermint", Dan Stober



## ON THE WATERFRONT

by Andy Butchard

### **How to Make a Bad Day Better:**

The past Monday was one from Hell and I hope it turns out to be a financial bottoming out and upward turning point for all of us. I awoke to news that the “Great Recession” was officially over, could have fooled me, and then more bad news about no buyers for what I am selling and more bad news of delayed closings and construction schedules gone to the same Hell as this Monday came from. I moped around the house, took a few calls in my robe but mainly I was an unshaven bum with no energy and no desire to go anywhere or do anything. Too much daytime TV and no shower or sunshine. One or two days like this is OK once in a Blue Moon but string along a month of these and you begin to get seriously depressed. Woe is me, I thought.

Then later in the day I finally decided to get off my ass and take the boat for a spin, hell it might even make me feel better. I headed over near the FWBC and a neat thing about Leviathan is that you can sit in the seat like a runabout or you can stand behind the windshield and drive it like a small cruiser as you peek over the fly bridge with the wind in your face as it seems to add at least 10 MPH. When I do this I like to stand on my left leg on the floor and put my right knee on the seat cushion, the height being just right. As I was running fast weaving in and out along near the shore with the vented windshield fully open I thought how I was like a famous peg leg captain. So don't call me Ishmael, call me Captain Ahab, in fast pursuit of Leviathans in the wooden whale boat “Leviathan” on a Nantucket sleigh ride!

A few minutes of running fast on a smooth lake all to myself I begin to blow the cobwebs from my mind and a few fresh breaths of clean air combined with sunshine and I was feeling better already. I pulled into the beach where we hike up on the overlook and I waded out into the lake and got a baptism of sorts and tried to flush the gloom and doom from my spirit. It worked.

As I returned home the wind got up and the water got rough and I guess you handle rough financial waters just like you do in a boat: drop your bow, slow your speed, and maintain steady course till the waters smooth again as they always do. I don't know if a boat ride is an accepted medical pre-

scription for the blues but it sure as hell works for me. May all your boat rides end with you happier than when you started out.

### **Beating the Heat**

One way to beat this miserable August heat while boating is to go out after dark. Last August 12, the night of the Perseid Meteor Shower, I set our alarm clock to 3 a.m. and Ann and I brewed a thermos of coffee and was on the water by 3:30. The moon was young so it set early which promised a dark sky for catching the faint streaks of light. We cruised towards Ranch House and got against the east bank so the trees would block some of the light glow from the cities. I saw close to 25 or 30 meteors and Ann took a nap on the back seat of Leviathan. I was sure we would be the only boat out but around 4:30 I saw a boat checking his trot line. We stayed out until the sky started to brighten around 5 a.m. and then cruised back in time to crawl back in bed for some nap time. It sure beat cruising in 107 degree heat.

Maybe we should promote an annual event to get boaters out on the lake at night to see the meteors and it might bring awareness to the problem of light pollution and the loss of the night sky.

### **“Zen and the Art of Boat Maintenance” Moment**

I was trying to mount the twin carbs on the Century's Chrysler Crown a few days ago and had an Ah Ha moment. Unlike a Chris Craft Hercules flat head with two separate carbs hanging on different ends of the manifold these twin carbs are intertwined with one carb's lever working the other so they need to be mounted as a unit but working on your side or on your head makes that difficult.

Then there are the steel fuel lines. They are a bitch to get aligned and since there is no wrench room you try to turn them by hand. The male threaded end needs to be lifted a half inch to clear the female end but when you lift it slightly you change the angle of the treads and being inflexible they get cross threaded. I tried and tried to get these damn things aligned, now I know why most have been converted to rubber fuel lines with hose barbs.

Finally I got my moment when I realized that the carbs and fuel pump are rigidly mounted on their respective flanges and don't want to move, their base of reference, culture, and maybe their theology was firmly rooted and although each needed the other to perform their purpose in life, they just would not budge that half inch I needed to get then connected and on the same page. So I took the initiative and loosened their mounting bolts to give each a little wiggle room.

Each was still connected to it's base and each was still what they had been but now with each receiving a little wiggle room while giving equal in return I was able to get the rigid fuel lines threaded and the carbs connected. Once they were connected via the fuel lines it was easy to tighten down their mounting bolts and all was right with the world. Maybe there is a lesson for us that our base of values and perspective might sometimes be too rigidly mounted to facilitate cooperation. Maybe it is time to loosen up a bit like those carbs and make life easier for all.



## MORE NOTES FROM THE NORTHWEST

*by Gary Sebastian*

In the Pacific Northwest a weather pattern emerges every summer called the Pacific high. Usually in June but sometimes as early as May or as late as July this high pressure system slides in over the region and the rain stops, the sun shines and the fog burns off. The summers here are like spring in Texas without the rain and rarely gets over 75 degrees on the water. In September that high pressure starts falling apart like a cheap suitcase. It gets cool, the rain returns and fog can definitely put a kink in your boating. A good radar is mans best friend on the water when the fog comes in.

We always run with the radar on and constantly tweak it to see if it can see what we can when there is no fog. It will show you the land, rain, bouys, and other boats, most of the time.. Occasionally you look out there and see another boat or ship in the distance but don't see its reflection on your radar. This is no cause for concern when the skys are clear, but when visibility is about 100 feet and you hear a fog horn from a large ship and no ping on the radar to show its position, you will need brown pants (so no one can tell when you \$#!? your pants).

Lisa and I had our nephew, Brady, join us for a cruise this summer. Brady has just completed college with a masters degree in accounting and is trying to escape all the stress in his life. Lisa is always stressed out as well and while I take some responsibility for that, we agree that anxiety is a problem on her side of the family. Well guess which side of the family

Brady comes from. These poor people worry about everything. If there is nothing to be concerned about, they will worry about that! I can confirm that on Tuesday morning, the 14th of September they had a reason to worry and they did it very well.

We left the marina in Blaine on the 8th and had a great day of cruising to the San Juan Islands anchoring at picturesque Roche Harbor. After a nice hike on San Juan Island we loaded the dinghy, cooked brauts on the barbi and settled in for a rainy nights sleep. The next day we crossed the Straight of San Juan De Fuca which is open to the Pacific Ocean. This is one of the busiest shipping lanes in the area with ferries transporting people and ships transporting goods into and out of the US and tankers moving oil. We arrived in historic Port Townsend to a slip at Boat Haven marina where we stayed for three days and enjoyed the 34th annual Wooden Boat Festival. We met friends from Texas, ate at waterfront cafes, shopped and had a nice stress free time. Rain was in the forecast the whole time but we were in the "rain shadow" of the Olympic mountains and it missed us. On Sunday the 12th we crossed the Straight again going north this time to Victoria Harbor. This is a 34 mile crossing made with the help of gps because even though you can see land you cannot see where the harbor might be. After clearing customs we settled into a marina directly in front of the Empress Hotel in downtown Victoria, the capitol of British Columbia. For two days we won-

dered the streets and shops and had fish and chips at the local pub.

Tuesday the 14th we do our navigation home work consulting tide and current tables and plan a route to the Canadian Gulf Islands. This passage requires us to enter the Straight, go east about 6 miles and then north about 30 miles along the east coast of Vancouver Island. The last thing we do is listen to the weather report. There is fog this morning burning off by noon so we depart at 11:30 and enter the Straight at noon. The radar is fired up and working fine and the visibility is about a quarter mile as we head out.

We are in the shipping lanes and headed east and visibility goes to about 100 yards. I can see other boats and I can see the islands to our north but they are all small boats. Small boats leave a small signature on the radar, land is obvious because it is very large and doesn't move and ships leave a large signature and move. Everything was going fine until we all hear a large fog horn from a large ship and not too far away. I don't see it on the radar so I start tweaking and adjusting the range while watching the compass and gps to keep us on course. Again we hear the fog horn only closer now and visibility is down to about 100 feet.

Lisa and Brady are sent out on deck to see if they can tell what direction the horn is coming from and I am still not seeing it on the screen. We are all getting a little anxious when a voice comes over the VHF radio from the ship. The captain is addressing a pleasure boat he cannot see in our general area and states that he is changing course and the pleasure boat should do likewise. I know from my screen there is at least one other boat our size near us and I don't know if he is talking to them or us. I decided to stop, check our position, turn the engines off so we could hear better and re-evaluate the situation. Well this move puts the crew into panic mode, life jackets come out and they are getting ready to abandon ship.

After a few minutes we don't hear anything so I start the engines get back on course and look at the radar again. Then I see it! One of those islands just north of us was whizzing by at about 15 knots! The ship was so close to the island that it blended in on the screen and could not be distinguished until it passed the island. We never did see it, or anything else until about four in the afternoon when the fog finally lifted. Brady realized that the stress of college can be replaced instantly by another kind, but I am not sure which he prefers. Lisa prefers there be no stress but realizes she married the wrong guy for that. I enjoyed the challenge but prefer not to stress out the crew if it can be avoided and I learned that predictions of fog burning off are not to be relied upon.



*End of Summer Party photos by Dan Stober*



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