



This is a genuine Chris-Craft “Express Cruiser” ... also known as the famous “Red N’ White”

She was made in 1947 and is 25 feet long. She originally had a plywood transom, side decking and inner panels ... all painted red, as was the custom back then. Now she has varnished mahogany all around. The engine is a small block Chevy “350” V-8, which (on a good day) produces about 270 HP at full throttle. This gives the boat a top speed (with the current prop) of about 23 knots. Normal “flat water” cruising speed is 15 knots and, in heavy weather and fog, I like to bring her along at about 8 – 10 knots.

The small cabin below the foredeck sleeps two in a comfortable double bed style “V birth” and has a small but serviceable galley (with stainless steel sink, propane stove, 15 gallon water tank and modest storage for food, beverage and boat tackle). A yacht proper, “flush it all right over the side”, marine toilet was originally installed in a covered wood housing just inside the cabin door on the port side ... but the potty has now been removed. The “facilities” now consist of a both loved and loathed “Little Red Bucket”. The bucket is loved by those who have grown accustomed to it’s merits ... and loathed by all others.

I and my ex-lady, Salty Sara, have cruised this boat (official name – actually gilt painted on the transom: “Flagrante Dilecto”) for many hundreds of miles, to many places in and around Seattle, Puget Sound, Hood Canal and the US and Canadian San Juans. When cruising, we usually anchored in protected harbors (we often brought along an inflatable canoe to use as our “shore-boat-dingy-thingy”). We didn’t seem to have much need for land when we cruised and often didn’t put ashore for days at a time. Running low on ice for our happy hour cocktails seemed to be what usually got us to finally make a dockside appearance. We only ran aground once ... Pirate’s Cove, a beautiful place in Canada up near Nanaimo. Even though I was driving, we now call the bony rock finger we bumped into “Sara’s Reef”. As it happens, the impetuous Salty Sara was distracting me from my proper navigational duties, as we approached and entered a narrow and rock lined inlet channel leading to an otherwise most enjoyable little harbor. OK ... bent prop ... bent ego ... limp the boat home at low speed ... all in all ... not so bad. Ahhh yessss ... the joys of the yachting life!

Warm Regards to All, - Captain Craig ... Scourge of Lake Union, Puget Sound ... and ... Environs
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