



Sysco News

SEPTEMBER 2003

Small Yacht Sailing Club of Oregon ♦ P. O. Box 5502 ♦ Portland, OR 97228

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Ron Swigert and his crew on Firefly (left) and Pat and Fran O'Bryant with Dan Petrin on Cepheron (right) on the sometimes windless sail down river on the St. Helens Race.

General Membership Mtg.

Make sure to attend SYSCO's General Membership meeting Monday, Sept. 15, 7:00 p.m. at Mars Meadow restaurant (Hayden Meadows). Come at 6:00 p.m. for dinner and socializing. As the first general meeting since June, it's a time to share our summer experiences.

P.S. The SYSCO Board meets the first Monday of each month.

Time: 6:30 p.m.

Location: Barley Mill Pub, 1629 S.E. Hawthorne.

All members are welcome.

Attention Readers

Apparently sailors are electronically plugged in. Most SYSCO members have access to the Internet and e-mail. As a way to save the club money (the savings could be more than \$100 per month) and to get the newsletter out as quickly as possible, the bulk of SYSCO members are receiving a notice by e-mail that the full-color SYSCO newsletter is ready to read in PDF format (members will need a recent copy of Adobe Acrobat Reader) at <http://www.sailpdx.com/sysco>.

Members without e-mail will continue to receive their newsletter by snailmail.

August Cruises

BOB AND PAT BROWN

What a fantastic month for cruising. We had two back to back fabulous cruises with great weather.

August 23rd and 24th was the cruise to Casselmans Wharf in Multnomah Channel. Boats participating were Bob and Gail Schafer on "No Sail," Bob and Pat Brown on "Wings of the Dawn," Bill and Vicki Sanborn on "Upstart," Tom and Julie Peterson on "Odysseus III," and Bill and Robin Thomas, with crew member Thomas MacMenemy, on "Delta," Bob and Kay Waldron on the refurbished "Courtship." Great job Bob and

Kay, all the hard work really shows. Gib and Teresa Colistro and Terry and Kathy Annis drove in. There was a great BBQ at the Schafer's on Saturday night and Breakfast at the Brown's on Sunday morning.

If that was not enough, the next weekend, Labor Day, had seven boats at Coon Island. Bill and Vickie — "Upstart," Thomas — "Slow Ride," John and Jan — "Blue Jack," Bill and Robin — "Delta," Gib and Teresa — "Palmer Joe," Bob and Pat — "Wings," and Jay and Shirley — "Falcor." It was great to get to know some other fine boaters that were also spending the weekend at Coon Island. It was another beautiful

weekend with lots of food and laughter and some great dingy sailing. Thomas has now joined Gib and I in the "Green Side Up" club. Sorry I did not have my camera.

Stay tuned for information on the October Cruise in the next newsletter.

Thoughts from the Rear

BILL SANBORN

Lots of great sailing has gone on in the last 60 days and most of us have enjoyed our share almost to the point of burn out. We had several boats that passed on the 25th Anniversary Regatta, and the turn out for the St Helens was at a low that could be a record for that event. I feel there are so many sailing and other events involving family and business that bite into our busy lives that choices are being made on how to spend our time.

For the 25th Regatta we tried a couple of new ideas and got some great feedback from the racers. We were disappointed when the wind failed us the second day and we didn't get a chance to get the follow-up we would have liked after making some changes to the position of the offset mark at the weather turn. The separate start and finish lines on opposite sides of the Committee Boat worked well, but we had some traffic issues, as boats were finishing thru boats that were waiting for their start. I think moving the course board to the starting

side would help that issue some.

The St Helen's Race was again one of the best sails all year. One person described it as a "technical race" with light Southerly wind (or not), lots of spinnaker time and many chances to practice gibing the spinnaker as we chased signs of wind on the water.

One last big event on the SYSCO calendar is the Award Banquet, and I have heard that we have a facility that will hold a lot of folks, so plan to attend. Also with this month we again start our monthly meetings and I encourage you to attend those gathering. If you have a subject of interest that you would like to learn about or have a program to present, the Officers of the Club are interested to hear your suggestions.

As the Waterfowl begins to move and leaves begin to turn, the hearts of all Bundy Pirates turn toward "potato planting time." If you desire to participate in this manly seasonal ritual let me know, and be ready to move because the planning takes only a few hours.

August Board Meeting Minutes

MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 2003

Tonight's regular meeting of the Board was brought to order by Vice-Commodore Phil Campagna at 6:40 p.m.

PRESENT:

Mike O'Bryant, Alan Boguslawski, Steve Moshofsky, Bill Sanborn, Vicki Sanborn, Phil Campagna, Sandra Smith

TREASURER:

Allan reports that there is \$7,250 in the bank after disbursing \$750 for the deposit on the Edgefield Manor Ballroom for the annual awards banquet. The room and food service will be on a per-person basis with a minimum charge of \$1,500, which will be easily exceeded. There will be a no-host bar.

OLD BUSINESS:

Columbia Crossings has approved use of their lawn at Tomahawk Bay for the 25th Anniversary Regatta Barbeque.

Bill Sanborn reports that the race committee for the 25th Anniversary Regatta has decided to utilize a dual start/finish line and offset windward marks, but will not use gate marks.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:05 p.m.

STEPHEN MOSHOFSKY
SECRETARY

Commodore's Comments

LARRY JOHNSON

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

Sue and I just got back from three weeks in the Canadian Gulf Islands. During that time, we had plenty of opportunities to arrive and depart from the docks and watch others do the same. Most were uneventful, but some were interesting and one was down right sad.

On the way out, we stopped at West Basin to get fuel and wait for high tide. Under strong winds, we watched a 40+ foot power boat come in to get fuel. Instead of pulling straight into the fuel dock for a port tie, they decided to spin around for a starboard tie. As soon as they started to turn around, the wind caught their bow, which drifted into the side of a 30' sailboat. We watched in disbelief as the powerboat slid down the side of the sailboat, their anchor catching the shrouds. After a few seconds of terrible groaning the sailboat was without a mast. The operator of the powerboat tried to do everything he could to get away from the sailboat but he couldn't. We felt sorry for both boat owners.

When we left the West Basin the winds were still blowing over 20 kts. We were port tied to the dock with the wind coming across the stern. We worried that our bow would swing into the boat beside us as we backed out. We discussed our departure in depth before leaving. This of course was just after we watched the sailboat lose its mast. We had two bow lines and a stern line tied to the dock. We looped one bow line around the cleat near the bow and looped the other bow line around the cleat near the middle of the boat. As we backed out, we used the two bow lines to keep the bow in control. We got out of the slip without hitting anything,

including the large 70-foot yacht tied to the end slip behind us.

While in Victoria, we watched a 40+ foot sailboat come into the wharf to tie up. They were set up for a starboard tie. It became apparent early on that they were not going to be able to tie up as planned due to the wind. Another boater and myself decided it was best to walk their bow around and tie the boat up on port. The woman on the boat was very upset that she was going to have to move her fenders. One of the girls from the wharf was nice, but very firm with the woman. She told her that she needed to set up some port lines and fenders and it needed to be done now. We got the boat tied up, but we had to listen to the woman continue to complain about having to move her fenders.

We cleared customs at Bedwell Harbor on Pender Island. A large Grand Banks was ahead of us pulling up to the customs dock. It took several minutes for them to dock and once they did, they

stopped in the middle of the dock and didn't leave enough room in front of them for anyone to tie up and only about 40' behind them and the cross dock. We were able to get in behind them without any problem. Once we cleared customs, we prepared to leave. So did the Grand Banks. We watched them try to leave, but the winds were pushing them into the dock, even with several folks trying to fend the GB off the dock. A couple times his stern came away from the dock, a perfect time to just back out. Sue and I got tired of waiting and I told Sue I would pull the bow in and she should back out. She did it like a champ. Actually, one of the people that were helping the GB was watching us leave and gave Sue a thumbs up.

Still, we have a new racing stripe on the hull that will need to be polished out due to a not so perfect docking. We learned that with some observation and proper planning, most arrivals and departures can be successful.



A group of boaters heading for St. Helens on Saturday, September 6th.



SYSCO
P.O. Box 5502
Portland, OR 97228

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

**SYSCO Meeting
Sept. 15, 6:30 p.m.**

**Dinner begins
6:00 p.m.**

The Afterguard

BOB WALDRON

At last our labor of love, nearly ninety days on the hard, has returned to the water. New paint on the hull, deck, new chainplates, and other items, her owners overlooking the small flaws, and imperfections of the refinish too excited with the prospect of finally enjoying the River in their own small space.

The DCO and Just Learning decide this first weekend to join in the planned Ice Cream Cruise down Multnomah Channel in the vicinity of Castleman's Wharf. The NOAA website promises just enough wind for light air sailing down (and then up river.) Packing our gear down the ramp Just Learning complains of a sore heel brought on by (in my opinion) borrowing the wrong shoes from her daughter. 'Oh well,' thought I, 'we will not be walking anywhere this weekend.' Once again admiring my

work, overlooking those minor flaws, she looks so good, my heart ignores the lessons past and suggest to Just Learning that she may want to stay at the helm and I will push the boat out of the slip. Ever so briefly my brain tries to inject sense into my swollen emotions reminding me of a time when routine was ignored (when we owned a much smaller craft) and the result was the frustration of keys locked in the car. Happily pushing the gentle reminder aside I slowly walk around the boat separating the dock lines from her in anticipation of the trip. I can practically feel the boat's desire to take us on our short journey.

As I push away on the starboard side, carefully restraining myself from leaning on the stanchion posts (repairing those stress cracks recalled) Just Learning says, "what do you want me to do?"

"Center the helm," says I. We drift slowly backward. The heart still in control it, I suggest as I step

aboard, "you may want to throttle up." Then the brain regains control as the white-hot spear of sudden realization that something is dreadfully wrong, the words erupting from the lips of Just Learning, 'I'm panicking!' Moving to the cockpit with all the grace of a gazelle outrunning a lion I push the out board's tiller handle hard to starboard. The helmsman of the Titanic could have felt no worse when the futility of the effort became clear with the sound of a thud it is too late. The Fore Deck Guy and crew witness from their boat and suggest, "you can't even tell, no paint at all, everything looks good." I smile, say "thanks," sit down turn up the throttle and feel disgusted. Not at Just Learning, but at myself for not listening to those past lessons and remembering a remark made by a sailor more experienced than myself. "At some point you are doomed to make the same mistake twice."

SEE YOU ON THE RIVER!