

June
2014

From The Commodore
Board Meeting Minutes

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Bruner's Chicken Of The Sea

The National Offshore
One Design Regatta
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Colistro Keeping It Brief

Small Yacht Sailing Club of Oregon

STARTING

LINE



From The Commodore

Warren Dalby, Commodore

The SYSCO Spring Series is in the history books and we were blessed with completely dry weather and at least enough wind to get all five races in for Tuesday and Thursday. We are lucky to have Rich Jones as our race course maestro, setting courses that gave a good challenge for the variety of wind conditions and an interesting mix of courses too. And we should also give a big thank you to all our race committee volunteers. We can't have fun racing our boats without a race committee. Thank you, to all of you who have spent time on the committee boat. Next time you see Tightwad Tod, our Vice Commodore and Race Captain, be sure to give him a pat on the back. He's been working his stern off to get the summer fleet line-ups set and all the details in order for our summer series. He has done a fantastic job of taking care of hundreds of chores. I'd also like to thank the skippers who were willing to shuffle between the level fleets. I appreciate you being flexible about fleet assignments.

This time of year, a reminder about rounding marks on the upriver side is in order. The marks have several feet of chain and weights to help

keep the first 5 feet or so of chain right underneath, but with the river high and running fast, everyone needs to add a bunch of extra room when rounding on the upriver side. The unfortunate skipper that cuts it too close will find that chain can do nasty things to the rudder. Better to be safe and add more than ample upriver clearance. If disaster strikes and a skipper completely *Titanics* a mark, they will be on the hook for \$250. That is the replacement cost for the mark, line, chain, weights and anchor. Is that extra 4 or 5 feet really worth \$250?

I think the social part of our racing experience is important. We put much time and resources into making our boats go fast, but we need other people to do this, and these people that share our enthusiasm are the ones that we form friendships with that are priceless. Please mark your calendars and tell your crew about the BBQ on the Columbia Crossings lawn at Tomahawk Bay on the final Tuesday and Thursday of the Summer Series. It's always a fun time to see our fellow racers close up over burgers and chips.

SPRING SERIES ENDS AND SUMMER BEGINS

THANK YOU RACE COMMITTEE VOLUNTEERS

ROOM AT THE MARK!

REMINDER ABOUT END OF SUMMER BBQ



SYSCO Board Meeting Minutes

Attending members: Commodore Warren Dalby, Vice-Commodore Tod Bassham, Rear Commodore Frank Colistro, Membership Chair Jan Burkhart, Newsletter Editor Chris Harley, Gary Bruner, Mike Daly, and Bill Sanborne. The June meeting began promptly at 7pm.

Racing

June 20 is the Prostate Cancer Beer Can Fundraiser. Money can be donated online through the website set by Mike O Brian. A second start for the Merit Mayhem that will be held the same night. We discussed how we will promote the PCBC and recognize the contributors. Dual Bridge Dual was also discussed and how the course would be laid out.

Financial

We are a bit short of projected but OK.

Pancho

The mark boat is running well and the consensus was that the green mark could be greener. Paint the cover, was the proposed solution.

Newsletter

We need to make an effort to get this issue out soon because of the number of events that are coming up soon. We need to plan a month ahead because July will also be busy.

Membership

New members Denis Pennell Ranger 20 "Molly B" , Robert Mellon San Juan 24

"Nuage", and a renewal for Cory Tolliver were approved.



In Brief

Jan received a compliment for the group at how well we communicate about our events to our members. We discussed the Catalina 22 "Intergalactic Regatta" and Bill pointed out that July 26 is the start of the Delta Cruise.

The meeting ended promptly at 8pm.

**"The Chance Of
Mistakes Are
About Equal To
The Number Of
Crew Squared."
Ted Turner**

Dual Bridge Duel Returns!

Tired of the old windward-leeward roundabout, looking for something new, something more challenging? SYSCO's got your back. On June 21, we bring you: Dual Bridge Dual, Part Deux.

Two bridges, two courses, but only one winner (per class). Modeled on the famous *Three Bridge Fiasco* held every January in San Francisco Bay, the DBD features a single bi-directional start, where every tactician faces a fateful choice: start east, or start west. All boats have to round the same marks, but in the order you choose. Last year, the eastbound, upriver start turned out to be favored over the westbound, downriver start. But you are never sure until you pass boats sailing the opposite course. And the strategic challenges only begin with the start: over the long course, with a four hour time limit, widely varying local wind and current conditions will require astute route planning.

This year the DBD will be even better, because the race has been paired with the venerable Columbia Crossings Cup. A plaque honoring the overall winner will grace eternally the large bowl displayed in the CC office at Tomahawk Bay Marina. Even mo' better, Columbia Crossings is sponsoring a

post-race BBQ, with free food and beer, on the CC lawn, from 6:00 to 8:00.

And don't forget that the DBD is SYSCO's only PHRF event held this year. So if you have a Pacific Northwest PHRF rating and want to duel for every second with other rated boats, now is your chance.

Finally, the DBD is the Portland sailing community's contribution to the Summer Sailstice festival, a worldwide celebration of sailing that is played out in numerous regattas, events, and happenings wherever sailors are found on this great watery planet, on the longest sailing day of the year (at least in the northern hemisphere). The DBD is a registered Sailstice event, so if you log onto summersailstice.com and RSVP for the DBD, you will

be automatically entered into drawings for more than 400 prizes, including Caribbean charters and many sailing goodies.

And the price for all this food, fun and fiasco? It's all free to SYSCO members.

Entry deadline for the DBD is 48 hours prior to race time, so June 19, 2014 at 1400.

Registration is easy on sailpdx.org. The horn blows at 1400, Saturday June 21, 2014. It blows for thee. Wilt thou be ready?

Tod Bassham



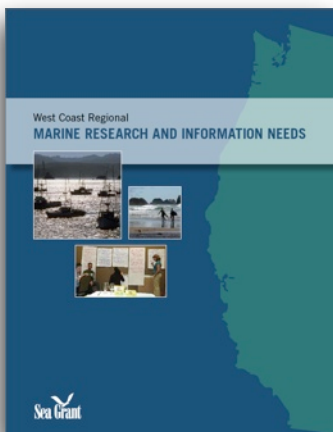
Crabs and Chicken of the Sea

Gary Bruner on what's not so hot about crab pots.

Many things give me concern about taking my sailboat up the Washington Coast, whether it be to participate in the Oregon Offshore, going North for cruising in the San Juan Or Gulf Islands, or returning home. Those concerns include rough weather including huge seas or stormy winds, crossing the bar at the right time, the lack of easily accessible harbors, fog, and hitting obstacles at night, especially, in recent years tsunami flotsam and jetsam. While adding radar has greatly enhanced my chances of 'seeing' other boats and commercial traffic, it has done nothing to help with what is probably my greatest worry: the ubiquitous crab pot lines and floats. I suppose I'm just a "Chicken of the Sea", but I've always preferred being ON the water, not IN it, and diving in frigid seawater to cut loose a crab pot line just does not appeal. I've never quite subscribed to the theory that the fishermen bring in those pots at night, just because they seemingly become invisible!

While I am hopeful that Shamrock with her folding prop would glide right over a line if under sail, a spinning prop while motor sailing might well have some 'attraction' for a line.

While many of you no doubt know that there is a potential solution to some of this angst, I've spoken to a number of fellow sailors who seem quite unaware that there is, in theory at least, a crab pot FREE ZONE that runs up and down the coast from the Straits to San Francisco. Established by Sea Grant as a solution to the conflict between crab fishermen and tow boaters, the crab pot free zone seems a great idea that I used to think was pure fantasy until I was given laminated charts by my friend, George Brown who sails a couple of Skookums.



This year, I stayed in that zone on our return trip after Swiftsure. We were 12-15 miles out from the shore, yes, but actually saw only TWO actual crab pot lines with floats this year in our 27 hour trip from Dunze Rock bouy to the bar. Our friend, Steve Moshofsky on Wave Dancer, was doing the same journey and in sight of us for most of the trip. He was much closer to shore and reported by radio that he was seeing a 'plethora' of crab pots. I looked it up! "Over abundance" or "excessive number" was Webster's definition, and I

wanted no part of it. Fortunately, I'd programmed in a few waypoints which we followed faithfully the whole way down the coast. We held to about 160 degrees magnetic the whole way, whether motor sailing or totally under Dacron.

I suggest going to the website:

<http://wsg.washington.edu/mas/pdfs/2013Towlanes.pdf>

There you will find charts and waypoints for key spots and entrances to various harbors, including Grays Harbor, the Columbia River Bar and Newport, to mention a few. The CAUTION is that these tow lanes for tugs and barges are sometimes moved around and there are proposed CHANGES in waypoints from time to time, so the most recent information is a must.

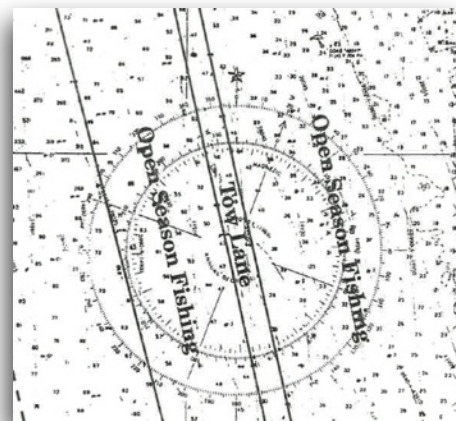
We rounded the Dunze Rock bouy out from Tatoosh Island and immediately punched in a new waypoint (a new #8 on the agreement chart). That waypoint which marked the inside part of the tow lane is 481340 1245790. We stayed North of that rhumb line and saw NO crabpots in our 14 mile trip that took us West and South. At waypoint #8, we punched in a waypoint that also marked the INSIDE edge of the tow boat lane near Grays Harbor. It is directly on a straight line that continues to waypoint #7 near the Columbia River bar.

#16's lat lon is 465625 1242960

Directly in line with that is #7 near the bar at 461520 1242450

We stayed about 1/2 to one mile to the west of that rhumbline and were sure we were in the tow lane. By the way, we saw exactly NO tugs, barges, or commercial traffic except for a few fishing boats nearby.

It would be a HUGE mistake to copy these numbers and use them without carefully double checking them for yourself, and I take NO responsibility for errors or typos. I just know that we saw more WHALES on our trip than crab pot floats, and that's the way this 'chicken of the sea' likes it! I hope someone can have a safer, more worry free, trip as a result of reading this.



Everybody must get NOOD

"Vikinga" is a verb in Old Norse. It meant to go on a raiding expedition and the first recorded Viking raid was in 793 into the Lindisfarne Monastery that had been established by Irish Monks in England. Like anyone coming from an Anglo/Irish background, I probably carry some trace of those Viking invaders in my DNA. I sometimes attribute my love of sailing to those remote probable ancestors. Raiders, traders, explorers—they seem to epitomize my notion of where today's sailors come from.

So what's that got to do with NOODs? Probably nothing, but it puts into perspective how long that we, as a culture, have been enamored with fast, nimble boats. The National Offshore One Design Regatta Series is a race series dedicated to challenging each sailor to "bring out your best" in boats that the ancients would have considered miracles. Boats like Hoots (think of a Moth without foils) and Melges 24s by the handful. Gobs of J-24s accompanied by J-70s, J-80s and J-105s. Seattle boasts one of the largest International 6-meter fleets and we were able to see a half dozen representing 50 years of development in the class. And Stars and Lasers and Snipes and F-18s that would have completely baffled our Viking ancestors, but would have seemed like dreams to their Polynesian counterparts. So when the Merit Fleet broached the notion of going to NOODs in Seattle I jumped at the chance with unmitigated enthusiasm. It appealed to my sense of competition. It appealed to my sense of adventure and exploration, like those Vikings of old. And it's always fun to sail in new waters, for whatever reason.



Months of preparation led us to The Corinthian Yacht Club (CYC) on Shillshole Bay in Seattle. Four Merits from Portland, and the local boat from Des Moines. The local team, skipped by Nick Fannin, sailed *Little White Rabbit* some 17 nautical miles up Puget Sound. Rhys Balmer sailed *Paradox* up too. From Portland. Something over 300 nautical miles. Each way. My sense of adventure didn't run that far, but Rhys is a lot younger and more energetic than me.

No matter how we got there, May 16 found all of us in the "B" fleet course area off Meadows Point, just North of CYC with 12-14

knots of wind from the SSW and under perfect skies watching the well practiced and equipped CYC team put together a windward leeward course. The still ebbing tide felt like we were sailing on the Columbia with an easterly, but with the promise of change as the day went on. CYC ran an excellent race, with starts going off like clockwork and our first start put all 5 boats headed in toward the beach for current relief from the ebb and toward an expected lift along the shoreline. We felt like we were doing well, but it was Tod in *Nausicaa* who got the first ace. The race committee gave us a nice quick turnaround for a 2nd race where Tod again showed that he was bringing his best game. Rhys, settled in after the long sail, took second, and we had to be content with third behind both of them with Bruce and the *Kestrel* team hot on our heels. Nick in "*White Rabbit*" had a problem and dropped out. They continued for the rest of the races that day, but were struggling and unable to find their way out of last place. During slack tide, Bruce and the *Kestrel* team came into their own. They had the pointing and the boatspeed to run down anybody who got in their way. They sailed a great race and deserved their bullet. As the tide shifted, so did we. The *Runaway* team seemed to finally find the groove and we squeaked out the last race of the day with a scant lead on Bruce and the *Kestrels*. A couple of fortuitous windshifts and some current advantage helped as the fleet split to opposite sides of the course and the two groups found to their delight or dismay the differences in incoming tidal currents. Four races and three winners. Great racing by my book. The racing was followed by an equally great party tent with Mount gay Rum & Longboard Ale flowing in abundance. They ran videos of the days racing set up for our review and a couple of local rockstars gave a very worthwhile "local knowledge" talk. But it had been a long day and we all retired early to prepare for the next day's racing.

Stories have it that the Vikings of yore ran on roast boar and mead. Our team ran on scrambled eggs, sausage and mochas with PBJ sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs for lunches. The food sustained us well, but it didn't do a thing to boost the winds for Saturday or Sunday. We discovered to our frustration and chagrin that we haven't sufficiently practiced in said conditions and...well...basically, we sucked. The first race Saturday was a study in adaptability as the beat became a run, the run became a reach and the final beat became a game of "Where's Waldo's Wind" with catspaws coming from wherever they felt like. Rhys on *Paradox* found the right combination for the bullet with Tod and the *Nausicaa* crew close behind. After a break, the committee felt the

wind had settled down enough to maybe get off a start and we headed off to the SW in an advisedly unstable breeze. It lasted long enough for us to claw our way back to third for the finish. By the third start of the day, the wind had shifted another 120 degrees to almost due North and was accompanied by the change of tide, also sweeping in from the North. We managed to eke out a bit of a lead by hiding behind Meadows Point, but the incoming currents were keeping everybody from making the scant 50 yards to the weather mark and RC wisely pulled the plug and ended the racing for the day. Even though we didn't get the win, we felt somewhat vindicated.

Sunday's breakfast was a bit quiet for the *Runaway* crew and we talked about how we could overcome our light air problems over the usual mochas & munchies. With a dearth of virgins available to sacrifice, we decided to just go sail the boat and have fun. Winds were even lighter, but the tide was later, so we avoided the worst of the incoming rush & RC got us 2 races before things died completely. We didn't sail any better than we did before, but we didn't sail any worse either, and there was laughing on the boat, even when we gave away the last race while sitting in "long term parking" and watching *Paradox*, *Nausicaa* & *Kestrel* sneak past us to finish ahead after a widely split fleet converged on the windward mark for the final reach of the weekend. RC radioed that they were pulling the plug on any races not started and that the beer was cold and waiting, so nobody spent much time waiting around. Most of us were more interested in loading boats than sipping beers, so the cranes were set to work & with trailers burdened, we set out towards Portland and home once again. I didn't get to see Tod & Rhys, like the Vikings of the past, collect their booty, but I'm sure it was more civilized than that raid on Lindisfarne long ago. And unlike the Vikings, I suspect anybody who is willing to go up for the party will be welcomed back next year. Maybe we can get more of the Seattle boats to come out of the woodwork to defend their turf.

- I. **Nausicaa**, Tod Bassham , USA - 1, 1, 4, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, ; 17
- II. **Paradox**, Rhys Balmer , USA - 5, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 4, 1, ; 22
- III. **Runaway**, David Paligo , USA - 2, 3, 2, 1, 5, 3, 5, 3, ; 24
- IV. **Kestrel**, Bruce Newton , USA - 3, 4, 1, 2, 4, 4, 2, 4, ; 24
- V. **Little White Rabbit**, Nick Fannin , USA - 4, 6/DNF, 5, 5, 3, 5, 1, 6/RAF, ; 35

Doug Marshall

SYSCO Gets NOOD

Four SYSCO Merit 25 skippers recently returned victorious from the Seattle National Off-Shore One-Design (NOOD) Regatta, held at Shilshole Bay, May 16-18, 2014. To demonstrate that the Merit 25 met the “Off-Shore” component, Capt. Rhys Balmer sailed his boat *Paradox* from Astoria to Seattle, during the same southerly blow that the Oregon Offshore fleet recently experienced. With just his blade jib up, Rhys reported surfing down waves at over 10 knots, but *Paradox* proved her mettle, and he and his crew arrived safely in Victoria with the Offshore fleet. The skippers of the three other Merits took the coward’s route, and trailered their boats the three hours to Seattle at a more prudent 55 mph.

Over 120 boats entered the Seattle NOOD regatta, and it is easy to see why. The venue is spectacular, with the snow-capped Olympics lining the western vista, the charming neighborhood of Ballard to the east, and the Salish Sea lapping at your hull. The regatta is sponsored by Sailing World and US Sailing, and run by the competent volunteers at the Seattle Yacht Club and Corinthian Yacht Club. All facilities and organization are top-drawer. Affordable, too. Included in the low \$142 entry fee were free moorage and single-point lifts. The only thing missing for the budget-minded was a free place to set up a tent, ala Whidbey Island Race Week. Many racers solved the lodging problem by renting nearby condos or houses and dining out at expensive Ballard

eateries, but many of the Portland Merits—cheap bastards all—bunked on-board and set up squalid dock-side encampments. Long after other crews had departed for their perfuméd beds, the Merits lingered on the docks, singing ribald songs and eating grilled venison steaks with their fingers.

When the local sailors tramped down the ramps the next morning, we were still there, cooking buttermilk and oatmeal pancakes, and still belting out inappropriate songs. Portland may lack professional sports teams, and we may lack the haute culture of our sister city, but we know how to sail fast in a ditch, and what is the Sound but a big ditch with an annoying reversible flow? Only one local Merit dared challenge the Portland fleet, and over the course of three days of fine racing the four ditch dwellers proved triumphant over the hometown favorite.

The racing highlights? It's all a blur, but the 12-foot spring tides shifting midway through the race day, with three knot max currents, were startling for those used to one-way river currents. The winds were equally reversible. During one race the two leaders were close hauled to a southerly, while 100 yards behind them three Merits came charging up under spinnaker, riding a northerly. And we never got used to the abyssal deep water, even close to shore. Fighting the flood meant sailing within 10 feet of the sand beach at Golden Gardens park, accepting drinks from locals who were splashing in

the water, and who persisted in flying unmanned aerial drones in circles around our masts. Winds were brisk the first day, calling for the blade and full foulies, lighter the second day, and by the middle of the third day the wind had died completely and the postpone flag went up. In the hot sun the pale Merits stripped down to their filthy unmentionables and jumped into the icy Sound. Perhaps it was this horrific sight, more than anything else, that broke the proud spirit of the local Merit, who soon after retired.

That night at the awards ceremony the lead Portland boat picked up the Auld Mug and the title of 2014 Merit 25 Pacific Northwest Regional Champion. Yes, that's right. As long as no busybody national class association exists, you can call your gathering of local boats the intergalactic championship if you want, and NOOD will happily supply the trophy. Best of all, the three other Portland boats took second, third and fourth, for a clean ditch dweller sweep.

And as the victors drove home that night to their beloved ditch, we wondered: where were the other Portland one-design fleets, the J-24s, the Martins, the Cals, the Rangers, the Catalinas, etc. Why do they not hold their own intergalactic championship, or whatever they want to call it, at next year's Seattle NOOD? Curious minds want to know.

Tod Bassham

This Could Be You!

Has your hard earned cash gone to boat repairs, but you want to help fight cancer?

Consider making a blood donation.

The American Red Cross loves to see the arms of Sailors. AND OH those Sailor veins, make an easy quick draw. Two hours of your time will create treatments for folks in need.

Your body type may qualify for Platelet donations.

Many patients who need platelets are undergoing chemotherapy or organ transplant and have weakened immune systems. A single platelet donation can provide enough platelets for a full therapeutic dose for a patient.

The Portland Red Cross is open evenings after work on Mondays and Tuesdays (for Thursday racers only).



American Red Cross



DONOR

Check it out at on the web at

<http://www.redcrossblood.org/donating-blood>

or by phone at 1-800-RED-CROSS

or chat with SYSCO's

Jan Burkardt at (503) 701-5706

Thanks for your consideration!