

# Starting Line



April 2012

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**SYSCO**  
Small Yacht Sailing Club of Oregon

[www.syscosailing.org](http://www.syscosailing.org)

# From the Commodore

By Michael Nance, Commodore



It is finally Spring here in the Northwest and almost time for the SYSCO Spring Series to begin! If you plan on racing, don't forget to register early this year as there is a 48 hour registration cutoff prior to all series and regattas this year. Online race registration as well as a current Registrant List for each series/regatta is now available at <http://www.syscosailing.org>. If you haven't already done so, SYSCO membership renewal is also available at our website.

## Leukemia Cup Regatta, New Kickoff Date:

The Kickoff Event with Gary Jobson has been rescheduled due to his acceptance as the sailing commentator for the Summer Olympics. The new date is Monday, April 23 at Portland Yacht Club from 6:00 to 8:00 in the evening. Register for the race and get a free ticket to the Kickoff Event! Online registration for the party and race is available here <http://or.lcr.11sevent.org>.

Repairs and upgrades to our mark boat, Pancho, have been completed and she was splashed back into the river the day before the on-the-water race clinic. A big thanks to Gary Bruner who has been working tirelessly to make sure everything is right with our beloved Pancho! Several items have been completed to include but not limited to: Hull holes /cracks repaired, bent railing repaired, new life jackets, new



VHF speaker, new cigarette lighter, new bottom paint, new depth sounder, new flares, horn, new throwable life ring, new fuel filter, new oil for lower unit, new 2 gallon can of gas for reserve, new fenders, and a whole lot more.

It's official, Portland area NORs and race results are now being published in 48 Degrees North magazine! If anyone is interested in writing articles about our races, please forward them to me and I will have them published with the race results.

Fair Winds!

Michael Nance, Commodore

S/V Estrella Del Mar

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# What Winter Sailing Taught Me

By Tod Bassham

Winter sailing in the Pacific Northwest is not just for the hardcore raghead or diehard racer any more. Recent refinements in clothing, boat design and alcoholic stimulants have reduced to historic lows the number of digits lost to frostbite. What has not changed is the thrill of pounding to weather in a brisk easterly, slipping behind a wing dam for current relief, and then leading the fleet through the drifting pack ice to the finish line. Admittedly, to avoid hypothermic fatalities, the winter sailor must still wear bulky, unflattering foul-weather gear and electrically heated underwear. But these piddling discomforts are outweighed by the camaraderie engendered by huddling together in the cockpit, passing around a thermos of hot buttered rum, and thinking up imaginative ways to short circuit each other's underwear (typically involving the pouring of hot buttered rum down foulie necks).

One under-appreciated benefit of winter sailing is that it allows one to distinguish very efficiently between true friends and the many fair-weather sailors who wander the summertime docks. When the call goes out on a crisp January morning for all hands to scrub the bottom, you know with certainty that anyone who shows up at the dock, six-pack of beer in one hand and scrub brush in the other, is a friend indeed. Perhaps not a very intelligent friend, it must be said, but a true one nonetheless.



Speaking of fair-weather sailors: why does it seem that those who complain the loudest about the discomforts of winter sailing can be found every weekend on the ski slopes, carving gouges in Cascade cement in the midst of a miserable 32 degree sleet storm? Surely they get as wet and uncomfortable as they would sailing, yet on the water they would generally enjoy warmer temperatures, the excitement of racing, and the companionship of the cockpit, not to mention hot buttered rum in their underwear. But I digress.



The most important benefit of winter sailing, I've recently learned, is that it provides an expeditious means of separating my teenage daughter from the horde of punks, metalheads, techno-dweebs and other post-pubescent proto-males that have infested her general vicinity ever since at age 14 she gained a certain, um, physical stature. Joie had always been indifferent to male attention, preferring the company of horses, sailboats and Jane Austen novels. This indifference was easy to maintain at an age when boys were mere pimply excrescences, whose only idea of romantic repartee was to remove one or more digits from their nostrils, and utter monosyllabic, multi-octave grunts in her general direction. It was not until high school, it seemed, that most boys learned to walk upright and speak in complete sentences. Still Joie resisted dating, vowing to wait until she found the maritime equivalent of Austen's Mr. Darcy, a man capable of improvising Petrarchan sonnets in iambic hexameter while steering his boat down a storm-tossed wave. She discovered that it would be a long wait.

Some glimmers of hope appeared during the family's sailboat charter in the Skärsgården, the archipelago of ten thousand islands and ten million uncharted rocks in the Baltic sea. Navigation was tricky, and we frequently found ourselves stuck on one rock or another. The best way to get help, we discovered, was for Joie to stand on the bow. Before long a muscular, competent young man, invariably named Lars or Sven, would appear in his boat and haul us off, singing viking sagas in a clear tenor.



Back home in the Pacific Northwest, the local supply of muscular, competent young men capable of rescuing distressed maidens whilst singing lustily about Grimsbeorn the Bold seemed sadly lacking. Dreading spinsterhood, Joie finally agreed to date Bachelor No. 1, a lanky guitarist named Spike, who had long sensitive fingers and a one-track mind that seemed equally drawn to the curves of his Fender stratocaster and those of my daughter. The first obligatory meeting with Dad did not go well. As a



matter of old habit, I greet all visitors at the door with a length of rope and politely request that they tie a bowline before crossing the threshold, on the general theory that anyone who can't tie such a basic knot has little legitimate claim on my hospitality. Spike produced a serviceable granny knot, which confirmed my initial impression. After some minor social chitchat, during which Spike revealed that his highest ambition was to be a roadie for Metallica, the young man proposed that he and Joie go to his house. Evidently, he viewed his abode as a more congenial environment, given that his parents were out of town, a fact he did not mention but which I readily deduced. I demurred in the strongest tones, and proposed instead that we all go sailing. "In this?" Spike asked, looking at the December rain pelting the window. "That is indeed why God made foulies," I replied, and off we went. Only I somehow forget the extra set of foulies for Spike. It turns out that long sensitive fingers are particularly prone to frostbite, and Spike's peevish complaints about a few minor amputations contrasted poorly with that stoic, stiff-upper-lip quality that Joie imagined in her maritime Mr. Darcy. Alas, the relationship with Bachelor No. 1 did not endure her disappointment.

As a matter of old habit, I greet all visitors at the door with a length of rope and politely request that they tie a bowline before crossing the threshold, on the general theory that anyone who can't tie such a basic knot has little legitimate claim on my hospitality.

Bachelor No. 2 was a bassist in a death-metal band whose name was Fang or Skank, something like that, or maybe that was the name of the band. Joie had clearly coached him in the art of tying a bowline, so he passed the threshold test after only a little fumbling. Fang/Skank had also anticipated the next stage of testing, and was wearing warm baggy snowboarding gear. "Dude" was his laconic response to my suggestion that we go sailing. A cold east wind was gusting to 20 knots, and we smashed upwind, heeled over to 40 degrees. "Fang or Skank or whatever the hell your name is," I shouted, "Go forward and wave both arms at that barge coming down, make sure they see us." "Dude," he acknowledged, and crawled forward. For a moment he rode the plunging foredeck like a snowboarder doing a half-pipe, gamely waving his arms at the approaching barge. "Tacking!" I whispered to Joie, and quickly put the helm over. The resulting man overboard drill was a complete success: not only did we recover Fang or Skank, but the sight of his bedraggled, spewing form retching into the scuppers failed to remind Joie at all of a maritime Mr. Darcy. Her feeling of repulsion was apparently mutual, for at the dock a sodden Bachelor No. 2 cast a noncommittal "Dudes" over his shoulder and was seen no more.

The winter sailing season was at its height when Joie brought Bachelor No. 3 to our door, a boy named Devan. Mutely, the young man took the proffered rope and tied a bowline on a bight, one-handed, behind his back. Then he offered his logbook,



showing a summer of voyaging aboard his uncle's ketch in the north Atlantic. "Humph," I muttered, and proceeded to test his mastery of epic verse forms. He recited with enthusiasm passages from Beowulf and The Wanderer in the original Anglo-Saxon.

Finally, I cut him off. "I suppose you want to date my daughter?" I asked. "Well, yes sir, of course," he replied. "But right now I think we should all go sailing, if you don't mind. Sailwave is reporting Force 4 at buoy 18, and I hate to waste good wind."

And so we did. It was Sunday, and an impromptu frostbite race was getting underway. Joie had always been more of a cruiser than a racer, so I was surprised when she asked for the tiller, and then steered the boat into the pre-start melee. Devan and I exchanged delighted grins and leaped to the jib sheets. A cold drizzle descended as the horn sounded, but we felt it not, soon falling into that almost wordless rhythm of a well-trained team sailing hard on the wind. We rounded buoy 18, popped the chute, and in the comparative calm of the downwind leg Joie and Devan talked quietly about the voyages they want to make, to the Aegean, the Galapagos, the warm antipodes.

Yes, winter sailing is a fine thing. It contributes significantly to the national consumption of hot buttered rum. It reveals character, bringing out the



best or the worst in those who venture onto the icy billows. And, as a father, it has taught me there are times when I must let go, and just enjoy sailing with whomever my daughter brings home.



# SYSCO April 2012 Meeting Minutes

## From the Board

The SYSCO board meeting was held at Delta Park Elmers on April 2, 2012.

Present were: Michael Nance, Warren Dalby, Gary Bruner, George Brown, Bill Sandborn, Tod Bassham and David Long.

Commodore Michael Nance rapped the gravel at 7 p.m. and began with a welcome. The reading of the old minutes was dispensed with.

## Committee Reports

**Financial Report:** Treasurer Tod Bassham distributed a current copy of the 2012 budget. Total income was reported as \$16,264.95 which included the \$10,337.59 carry over from 2011 and current membership dues of \$5,067.19. Total expenses so far in 2012 were reported as \$2,953.59, which includes over \$1300 in upgrades to Pancho. SYSCO current bank balance as of April 2, 2012 is \$13,835.50.

## Membership

Chair Jan Burkhart was out of town but she provided a written report to the commodore. As of April 2, 2012 SYSCO should have 102 members. As of this date, 36 members have not renewed. If members have not renewed, "Please renew now." A call to all fleet captains to contact members in their fleet and ask them to renew!

Jan also reports that there is only one member in Fleet P.



At this time there is no Cruising Schedule. SYSCO is in need of a Cruising Captain.

The 2012 Roster should be published by the end of April. So please renew so we can include all members.





### New members

Erik Bodegom, Richard Viach, Jason Gnich and Mark and Renee Stilson. Welcome Erik, Richard, Jason, Mark and Renee!

### Racing

Race Chair Warren Dalby reported that we now have 21 boats signed up for the Tuesday spring series and 23 for the Thursday spring series. SYSCO is in need of some new flags for the race committee. Gary Bruner is helping with the new Flag issue.

### Pancho II

Gary Bruner provided a detail written report on the progress of Pancho. Pancho is in the water with the help of Joe Hoffman. Several items have been completed to include but not limited to: Hull holes / cracks repaired, bent railing repaired, new life jackets, new VHF speaker, new cigarette lighter, new bottom

paint, new depth sounder, new flares, horn, new throwable, new fuel filter, new oil for lower unit, new 2 gallon can of gas for reserve, new fenders, and a whole lot more. A special thanks to Gary for a job well done.

### Program

Chair Randall Poff was not present, Michael Nance reported for Randall. The next club speaker will be Dale Waagmeister from Banks Sails, who will speak at the next general meeting April 23, 2012 at 7:00 p.m. at Elmer's Restaurant, on latest trends in computer-designed sailmaking.

Program Chair Poff has been in discussion with the program contacts for the other racing clubs on the river, CYC, RCYC and PYC toward coordinating a combined speaker program shared by all clubs, with seminars held quarterly at PYC or a similar larger venue open to all local sailors. For SYSCO, this would replace the current program, which hosts speakers on a monthly basis to SYSCO members at Elmer's, which is not a prime venue.

The PYC "heading North and crossing the Bar Seminar" will be held on April 7 at 9 a.m. at Portland Yacht Club. This admission is FREE!! There will be an optional lunch, (cash only).







## Old Business

Commodore Michael Nance reported that Pancho is only insured for \$750, far less than the probable replacement value. Michael will investigate the possibilities of increasing the insurance policy. There will be a report next meeting.

## New business

The SYSCO on the water clinic only had three boats show up. The Board will consider in the fall whether to schedule an on-the-water session in 2013 and if so how to increase attendance.

The Leukemia Cup – Kickoff Party with Gary Jobson will now be held on Monday, April 23rd at Portland Yacht Club, from 6pm – 8:30pm. Register for the race and get a free ticket to the Kickoff Party.

The meeting was adjourned at 7:54 p.m.

Respectfully submitted by Secretary David Long.



# SYSCO Racer's Clinic

Attendees at the SYSCO Racer's Clinic,  
March 22, 2012.



# SYSCO Presents: Dale Waagmeester “Computer-Designed Sails”



On, Monday, April 16, 2012 at [Delta Park Elmer's, 9848 N. Whitaker Rd., Portland, OR 97217](#), come and gather for a “no-host” dinner and drinks at or after 6 p.m. The presentation starts promptly at 7 p.m.

Second-generation Portland sail-maker, Dale Waagmeester, will demonstrate modern sail-making and computer design. Is it art or science? You'll have the answer Monday!

[Waagmeester Canvas Products](#) is the West coast representative for Banks Sails. Waagmeester was always known for making some of the fastest spinnakers available. Banks Sails also has a reputation for making some of the fastest spinnakers in the world, so the 1995 affiliation was a natural fit! “We think they are the first sailmaker good enough to associate our name with,” Mr. Waagmeester said.

[Banks Sails](#) in England is known for having one of the world's most innovative sail designers in Ken Rose. One of the world's pioneers in computer-aided sail design, Ken is largely responsible for the Banks' edge in computer technology. Ken is responsible for the Checkmate Main and Genoa programs, as well as the new Series 2000 Spinnaker programs. Banks Sails has systematically built a network of lofts that have the technical knowledge to help design and build some of the most advanced sails in the world. Banks Sails Northwest is proud to be a part of this growing ensemble of world-class sail makers.

Our SYSCO presentation Monday will show how a long-established northwest firm uses CAD programs and other technological advances “from across

the pond” to design and develop sails for our local conditions. Don't miss it!

## About Dale Waagmeester

W.H. “Bud” Waagmeester opened his canvas and awning shop at NE 12th and Alberta in 1945. His two sons, Dale and Steve, and grandson, Erik, continue operations from the same location (which by the way, has expanded to cover the whole block between NE 12th and 13th).

In those early days, the Alberta Street shop was a home base for many old square-rigger sail makers. All the finish work and bolt-roping were done by hand. Young Steve and Dale were regaled by many a seafaring yarn spun by old timers who had been there, and done that!

Dale learned his way around the sail making art in the canvas/cotton era, but by the time he began making sails full-time in 1973, synthetics like Dacron were the fabric of choice. Today of course, Mylar and Kevlar are also used, along with state-of-the-art Technora and PBO fabrics. Dale used 60 of the first 300 yards of Technora ever created to make sails for a happy customer.

Waagmeester Sails grew rapidly and in 1989 they introduced the first computer-driven sail plotter in the Pacific Northwest. In 1995, the Portland firm joined the Banks Sails Group, gaining access to proprietary software from Banks' U.K. headquarters.

SYSCO Membership Meetings are usually held the third Monday of each month. Mr. Waagmeester will be speaking Monday, April 16, 2012, at the Delta Park Elmer's, 9848 N. Whitaker Rd., Portland, OR 97217. Gather for “no-host” dinner and drinks at or after 6 p.m. The presentation starts promptly at 7 p.m.



## Program and Education... ch- ch- ch- changes!?

SYSCO has been in discussion with the other sailing clubs on the river: CYC, RCYC and PYC. The vision of your SYSCO Board is a coordinated and combined speaker program, to be shared by all clubs. The idea is to hold “really-big” seminars every three months, at a larger venue, open to all local sailors (the clubhouse at PYC has been mentioned).

For SYSCO, this would replace the current program, which hosts speakers on a monthly basis for members at Elmer’s in Delta Park.

Your thoughts on this would be appreciated. Also, even if we muster all the clubs’ resources, we’ll still need TOPICS for presentation! What do you wanna hear? Do you have skills, stories or demonstrations to share? Please let any board member know. Hey, its your club and we’re all volunteers here, right?

CYC: <http://cycportland.org/>

PYC: <http://portlandyc.com/>

RCYC: <http://www.rosecityyachtclub.org/>

SYSCO: <http://syscosailing.org/>

