

the

STARTING LINE

September 2011

SMALL YACHT SAILING CLUB OF OREGON

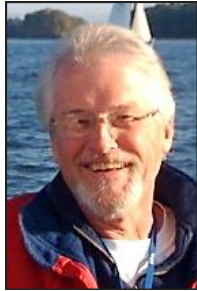


SYSCO

FROM THE COMMODORE

By Jim Sinclair, Commodore

Wow! This year (sailing season) has just seemed to fly by. I hope you have had as much fun as I have. But if you haven't had enough yet, there are still three great weekend regattas and the annual Sail For The Cure event coming up.



First up is the PYC Fall Regatta. This is a two-day event on September 17-18 with at least two races each day, followed by social gatherings at the PYC clubhouse.

Next up is Sail for the Cure, presented by the Oregon Women's Sailing Association, on Sunday September 25th. This is an enjoyable, fund raising event for the Susan G. Komen foundation. Check out www.sailfortheoregon.net for more information or to register online.

Then in October, there are two more weekend events prior to our annual SYSCO Awards Banquet. On October 1-2, CYC holds their Fall Regatta with "multiple races scheduled each day and no throw outs", so you better have your game on for this event!

And finally, on October 8-9, is the PYC Gran

Prix. Like the PYC Fall Regatta, this is a two-day event with at least two races each day and followed by social gatherings at the PYC clubhouse. Let's hope for an "Indian" summer, but you may need to be thinking about multiple layers and your foulies by this time of year!

So don't put the boat away for the winter just yet, there's plenty of racing left to do. Or just enjoy the last of the summer weather and get out and enjoy.

Don't forget to send in your reservations for the annual SYSCO Awards Banquet coming up on October 15th. See details elsewhere in the newsletter.

Jim Sinclair
Commodore
S/V Dazzle

**The next SYSCO
General Membership
Meeting is
September 19**

Coming Events

SYSCO Meeting

Monday, September 19

Dinner 6 pm — Meeting 7 pm

SYSCO Awards Banquet

Saturday, October 15

SYSCO Meeting

Monday, October 17

Dinner 6 pm — Meeting 7 pm

Fall Colors Cruise

October 22-23

Hadley's Landing, Multnomah Channel

OCSA Tropical Party

Saturday, November 12

Portland Yacht Club

SYSCO Meeting

Monday, November 21

Dinner 6 pm — Meeting 7 pm

SYSCO AWARDS BANQUET

October 15

Whether you are a member of SYSCO or not, come to the Annual SYSCO Awards Banquet at PYC.

Great raffle prizes and trophies.
Bring all the crew for a fun night!

Contact
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the Starting Line
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**SMALL YACHT SAILING
CLUB OF OREGON**



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www.sailpdx.com/sysco.html

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Fall Colors Cruise

October 22 – 23

Hadley's Landing

A SYSCO cruise is held as an informal rendezvous. There is no RSVP, no fees to attend, and no cruise leader. Appetizers are commonly shared.

Don't forget to fly your SYSCO burgee

Photo by Dale Mack

RANGER 20 RENDEZVOUS IN THE GORGE

INTO THE HEART OF DARKNESS

By Tod Bassham, Ranger 20 Fleet Captain



Log of the Pumpkin Seed — Day One

It was a struggle to pack a tiny Ranger 20 for a three-day cruise up into the Columbia River Gorge: dodger, boom tent, guitar, clothing, food, ice, and three cases of beer, not counting the emergency growler stowed in the bilge. But the excitement at the dock was palpable, as the Rangers cast off for the first

stop, Government Island. We anticipated a blissful cruise east upriver using the forecasted moderate west winds. However, the noise of the sails creaking up the masts seemed to frighten old Aeolus, and the gentle west zephyr faded away. When the wind filled back in, it was light SE and then E. With the west-setting current, sailing eastward became an exercise in futility. Grimly, we cranked up the engines, and

putted upstream.

Seeking current relief, I slipped between Lemon Island and Tri-Club island, nervously watching for shallows. River levels were 7-8 feet over datum, and forecasted to fall by two feet over the weekend. Past the I-205 bridge, the light wind shifted to NE, and I hoisted the rags, ghosting along close-hauled 15 feet off the shoreline,



Log of the Pumpkin Seed — Day Two

We arose before sunrise and noisily prepared to slip moorings, enjoying the rosy-fingered dawn as it illuminated the swift-flowing river, unruffled, alas, by any wind. The Rangers putt-putted past the skeletal remains of beached Liberty ships and the abandoned Vancouver Yacht Club building, and slipped up the backwater channel inside Ackerman

Island. GPS speeds climbed to 6 knots as we played the eddies close inshore of Lady Island. The last eddy ended in a ripping current line at the nose of the island, and speed dropped to 0.5 SOG as we rocked and rolled in the whitewater. Finally, we broke through the chop and putted into the Camas/Washougal marina for a hearty lunch at the Puffin Cafe. We missed the neon “tie up your boat here” signs next to the cafe (note to self: learn to read), and wound up docking on the outer breakwater, which necessitated a quarter-mile hike down the breakwater, up a ramp, a quarter-mile hike back through a construction area and finally down a ramp to the cafe, where we sat watching our boats bobbing

merrily about 50 feet away as the crow flies. The pirate-themed Puffin Cafe satisfied the basic human need for monstrous portions of fried food. And then we were off, after topping up the beer supply, which was getting alarmingly low.

Now began the final leg of our momentous journey into the dark heart of the Gorge. The first obstacle was the massive currents sweeping around the bend created by the Sandy River Delta. The main channel was too swift, and outside the channel the chart showed rocks awash at low water. At the current water level that meant water boiling up and over the unseen menaces lurking below. Gamely we fought our way past and into calmer water. The next choice was whether we dared go inside Reed Island for current relief. The chart showed sandbars and no passage at low water. Had the recent floods

(Continued from page 5)

dodging dolphins and ignoring the bank fishermen cursing and throwing beer bottles at me. Now this was sailing!

The west dock of Government Island, it turned out, was the site of a motoryacht rendezvous, and the docks were crammed with monstrous fiberglass palaces, each with a whining generator or the engine idling day and night to keep the satellite dishes humming. The Rangers formed a happy little enclave of luddite ragheads, cheerfully picking weevils out of our Trader Joe's® chocolate-covered hardtack by the light of kerosene lamps. After making a respectable withdrawal from the beer inventory, we drifted to sleep lulled by the sound of gurgling diesels.



(Continued from page 6)

scoured the sand out or built up new, higher sandbars? Only one way to find out. Because it was my stupid idea, Pumpkin Seed went first, at half-speed, with the other boats prepared to haul her off if she went aground, and the only sound the splash of the lead-line and the mournful call: "By the mark...twain!" A tense hour later, we were past the shoals and into deep water, with the cheerful phallic monument of Rooster Rock waiting for us on the Oregon side. On either side rose the sheer walls of the Columbia River Gorge, with Beacon Rock in the distance. We entered the narrow, jungle-lined passage into the Rooster Rock lagoon, and tied up to the docks, where the sole female member of the flotilla left us to return to town. Without a stabilizing feminine influence, the scene at the dock became a tad coarser. Dinner consisted mostly of eating Pringles out of the can and seeing how high we could pile up the empty beer bottles. At last we settled into our berths, lulled into slumber by the trains rumbling by.

Log of the Pumpkin Seed — Day Three

Another stunning sunrise, the rays lighting the mountain crags and pouring like honey down into the Gorge. We belched, yawned, scratched ourselves, and begin preparations for the Ranger Rendezvous. Soon a dozen friends and family members arrived, bringing a much-needed beer re-supply. My wife brought our 13-year old son and two of his friends, and the three boys inflated rafts and set off to explore

the tunnel connecting the lagoon to the lake on the other side of I-84. After a fabulous lunch, the flotilla had planned for a group sail upriver into the hidden sanctum of the Gorge, but for some reason the thought of sitting in small boats with men who had not bathed in three days lacked popular appeal, so everyone prepared for the voyage home. At this point my wife announced that she was done being a single parent and the three kids would sail back with me, while she drove to town and consulted a divorce lawyer.

So Pumpkin Seed turned downriver, with the three little hellions occupied with hurling objects at each other, pulling out turnbuckle pins, and engaging in random acts of mayhem.

I cast about for some distraction, and finally suggested that we overtake the Ranger 20 sailing a mile downstream, fire a supersoaker broadside, and board 'em in the mist. The boys exchanged a predatory glance of approval. Thus began an epic 20-mile stern chase in the strengthening west wind. One of the boys grabbed the tiller and kept it for the next four hours. The other boys loaded the water cannons and prepared buckets of ice water from the cooler. Mile after mile, hour after hour, we slowly reeled the other Ranger in, until we were close enough to fire ranging shots from the bow. Occasionally we yawed to give them a full broadside, but could not cripple their rigging or



bring them yardarm to yardarm. Under the I-205 bridge we flew in hot pursuit. Then disaster struck. Crossing the tail of Tri-Club Island we dragged over a sandbar that had not been there two days before. The helmsboy threw the tiller over and the rest of the crew frantically tossed ballast overboard, including, to my horror, the last growler of beer. But we broke free of the gripping sand.

Now it was victory or death. Relentlessly we again closed the distance, sailing lighter and faster, until at last, near the Airport dike, we crossed the enemy's bow in a classic raking position. The boys aimed their water cannons at point-blank range. Strangely, however, they held their fire. After a long moment, the boys (men?) reached for the flag halyard, dipped the Ranger burgee to honor a worthy foe, and proudly turned Pumpkin Seed toward home.



OREGON WOMEN'S SAILING ASSOCIATION PRESENTS

A Sail for the Cure Lu'au

SEPTEMBER 25, 2011 • PORTLAND, OREGON

12th Annual Sail for the Cure: Grass Skirts and Hawaiian Shirts Edition

Oregon Women's Sailing Association (OWSA) is proud to present the 12th annual Sail for the Cure® in support of Susan G. Komen for the Cure® of Oregon and South-west Washington. Sail for the Cure is a fun event for the whole family that emphasizes boat-handling skills and cooperation rather than competition. We welcome everyone from first-timers to novices to expert sailors. Since the inception of this event in 2000, more than \$267,000 has been raised. Last year, 102 sailboats and 646 people came together to raise \$32,000. Join us this year and help us reach our goal of \$44,000 and 700 participants. With your help, we can do it!

www.sailfortheoregon.net



September 17-18
www.sailpdx.com

Portland Yacht Club

Fall Regatta

Photo by Dale Mack

St. Helens Race & Cruise

Photos by Jim Sinclair, s/v Dazzle



St. Helens Race & Cruise

Photos by Jim Foster, s/v OOOH NO!!



Corinthian Yacht Club

Fall Regatta

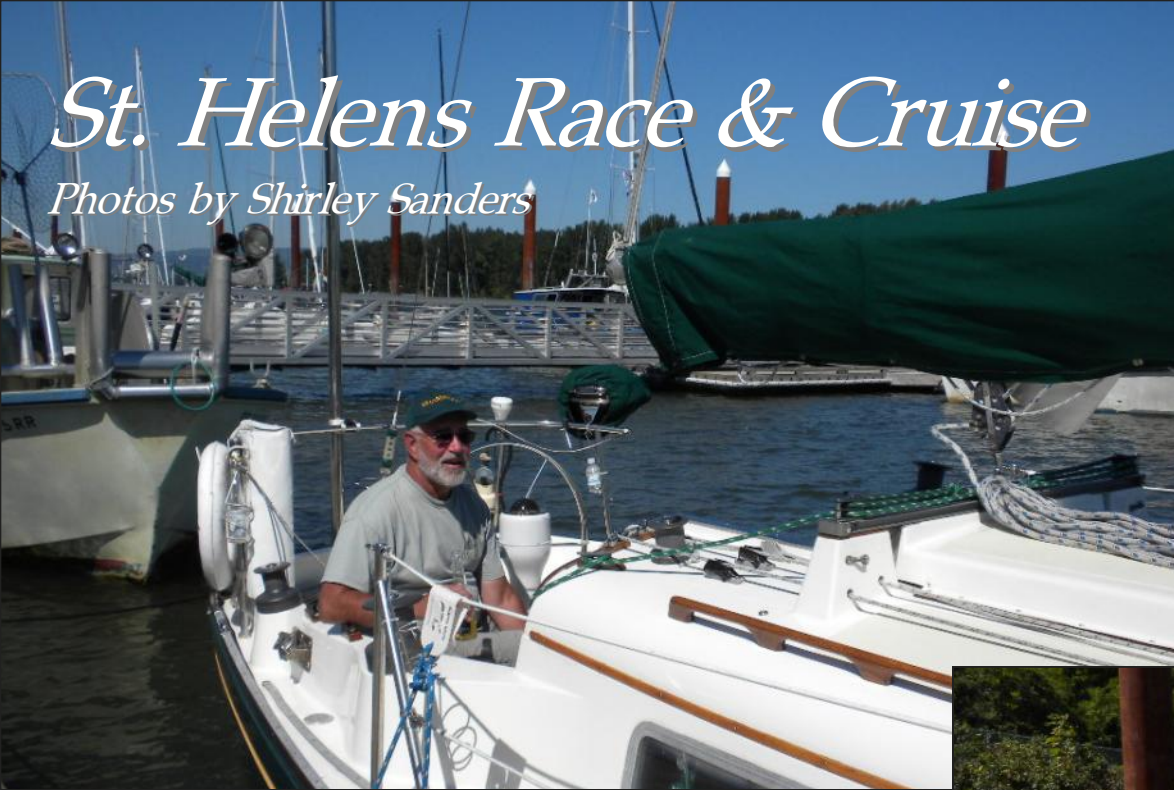


October 1-2

www.sailpdx.com

St. Helens Race & Cruise

Photos by Shirley Sanders



St. Helens Race & Cruise

Photos by Shirley Sanders



St. Helens Race & Cruise

Photos by Shirley Sanders



St. Helens Race & Cruise

Photos by Shirley Sanders



St. Helens Race & Cruise

Photos by Shirley Sanders





October 8-9
www.sailpdx.com

Portland Yacht Club

Gran Prix Regatta

Photo by Dale Mack

REPLACING THE COCKPIT SOLE DECKING

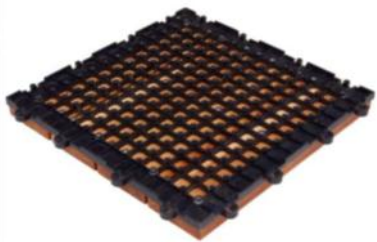
By Bill Sanborn, s/v Upstart

UPSTART had a very nice teak grate over the cockpit sole and it was a huge plus to the boat. It kept some of the grit off of shoes from going below, water in the cockpit drained out under the grate, it offered traction when boat was heeled over, and it just looked good. But as it aged, the wear and walking on the grate had broken it, and I had run out of places to put any more screws in my attempts to salvage it. In fact, it was so broken that it was becoming a tripping hazard.

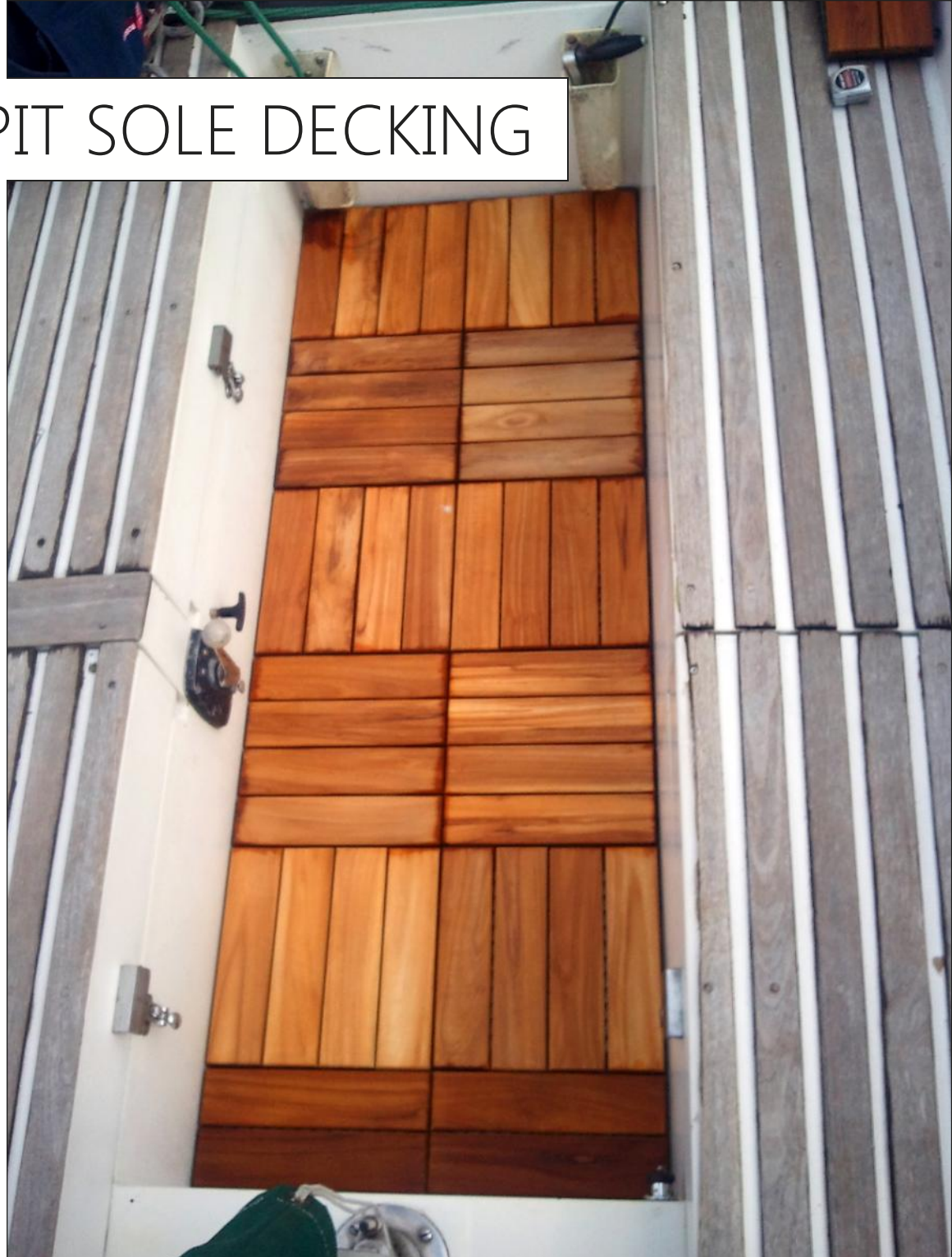
I began looking at replacements, and considered rebuilding the grate, but I really wasn't ready to spend that amount of money. I began looking for alternatives and liked the idea that Jim Sinclair had used on Dazzle, but he was less than satisfied with the results because of the contour of the Catalina 30's sole and the challenges of fitting the pieces around the steering binnacle. Updstart on the other hand had a flat sole and all straight lines.

I found a product at "HandyDeck" (www.handydeck.com) on the Internet and chose their "Linkdeck" line of plantation grown teak. The teak boards are mounted on a plastic grate and they snap

together, which allows the water to run under the boards to the cockpit drains. I had to trim the loops on one side to get them installed and I had to cut two tiles in half to finish the back. It will be easy to remove for cleaning.



We have been pleased with the fit, look and stability of the floor not moving and giving good traction when the boat is heeling.



SYSCO BOARD MEETING MINUTES

By Gary Bruner, Secretary

The SYSCO Board meeting was held in the lounge at Elmer's Delta Park on Tuesday, September 6th. Present were: Jim Sinclair, Bill Sanborn, George Brown, Michael Nance, Tod Bassham and Gary Bruner.

The meeting was called to order at 7 pm by Commodore Jim Sinclair. Jim welcomed and thanked Tod Bassham for stepping up to assume the SYSCO Treasurer's position since Colleen Bennett is headed south on the vessel Sea Moore. Good wishes for fair winds were offered.

Reports

Treasurer: Newly appointed Treasurer Tod Bassham submitted a written report. He stated that he has not completely reconciled the bank statement to SYSCO's current budget spreadsheet, but that SYSCO is in good shape financially, having taken in 85% of SYSCO's projected income, while currently having spent 38% of projected outlays. The SYSCO Awards banquet is the final major event of this year. Questions were raised about the budget not showing major repairs for Pancho last winter, of which about one half of that expense was paid by insurance. Tod says the books don't indicate income from the Fleet Night sale of race books, so the \$500 expense for race books seems to

stand out. More inquiry/investigation is needed. Two small receipts for reimbursement were given to Tod.

Membership: In the absence of Jan Burkhardt, there was no membership report this month. Race Captain Michael Nance is holding one additional membership check from one new member until Jan returns.

Racing: Race Captain Michael Nance reported that he is continuing to pursue online registration for SYSCO memberships and race entries for next season, using Regatta Network software and PayPal. Action was put off until next month. Michael is trying to meet with other clubs to coordinate these efforts.

Michael reported that fifteen boats competed in the St. Helen's "Fun Race". There was good breeze for the trip to St. Helens, fair skies, and a good time was had by all except perhaps Panama Red and Fly Bye who both found themselves aground near the nude beach on Sauvie Island! Hum.... Kudos were given to Michael for the informal start, sans flags. The St. Helens Race continues to be popular, although there was discussions about a less lumpy place to spend the night. Also, the gillnetters at St. Helens seemed to take a disproportionate amount of space, so SYSCO might want to give St. Hel-

ens city docks a head's up before next year's 'race.

Michael has been in dialogue with Eric Collins, the skipper of Kokopelli, and formerly of Solace, about possibly taking over Race Captain duties for next season.

The SYSCO/Columbia Crossings Regatta drew approximately twenty boats this season in four starts, up a bit from previous years. There was a nice barbecue after, and several hundreds of dollars were raised to benefit RiverKeepers from the sale of raffle tickets for donated prizes. SYSCO would like to continue this event and Michael will be in contact with Columbia Crossings to get their input and plans for next season's event. Columbia Crossing's Awards for winners will be presented at the SYSCO Awards Banquet.

Pancho III: Pancho III Engineer Phil Campagna was not in attendance, but it was noted that SYSCO still needs to purchase lifejackets for Pancho III. Also, Pancho II is in need of repairs.. Pancho III sustained a serious gash on the port side that needs repair, and the starboard side needs work to repair a damaged rail that has pulled out of the deck. SYSCO will try to get Bill

(Continued on page 21)

(Continued from page 20)

Brennan to take on those repairs this winter. Also, the depth sounder is still not working, and SYSCO needs an external speaker for the VHF on Pancho III. Phil, Jim and Gary have Pancho III resting under a tarp on the trailer at the Col. Crossings storage yard.

Cruising: Bill Sanborn reported that eight boats participated in the Coon Island Cruise over Labor Day. One of those, Jim Foster's Ojibwe, had its outboard quit and was towed back to his dock in Portland by a fellow SYSCO member. SYSCO shared the East dock at Coon Island with the Multnomah Channel Yacht Club. The next cruise is the Fall Colors cruise to Hadley's landing over October 22 and 23.

Program: Chair Randall Poff was not in attendance. The general membership meeting on Monday, September 19 will feature Mark Anderson talking about the history of navigation. He has multiple displays and items to pass around. Randall Poff has been assigned to contact Mr. Anderson to remind him to kindly limit his presentation to an hour or less. Tod Bassham reports that he is trying to get the Coast Guard to offer a presentation for the October meeting.

New Business: The SYSCO Board was reminded that the SYSCO Awards Banquet is only about five weeks away and many plans must be finalized. Jim Sinclair will be in contact with Karen Anderson and Anna Campagna who were not

in attendance about their roles in solidifying plans with PYC and the caterer.

Bill Sanborn has taken responsibility to make sure that Sailor of the Year, the Rotten Tiller, and the Sportsmanship trophy will be decided upon and presented, as warranted.

Michael Nance is in charge of contacting our trophy 'pro-curer' Jim Shaw with the names of those who won trophies this season, including the overall "Commodore's Trophy".

Jim Sinclair will contact Rich Jones about sending out multiple email reminders to SYSCO members and friends about the Awards Banquet in hopes we get a great turnout for this event. Discussions ensued about whether or not to go hire a band for the event, since dancing after the party has been enjoyed by so few in the past. No action taken. Michael Nance will contact all fleet captains to remind them that the raffle prizes at the Awards Banquet are donated by all the respective fleets.

Michael Nance also reported that he has developed the outline for a new SYSCO website that can be viewed at

www.syscosailing.org/steven/about.php

He is hoping for feedback by those who'd take the time to glance at it. It is not finished, but the outline is there.

The next board meeting will be held at Elmers

Delta Park at 7 pm on Monday, October 3. Remember, all Fleet Captains are VOTING members of the Board and their participation is welcome and needed. Gary Bruner will try to find a replacement to take minutes of the October meeting since he will be out of town.



**OCSA
TROPICAL
PARTY**

November 12
Portland Yacht Club • 1241 NE Marine Dr

Cocktails at 6 Dinner at 7
\$25 per person
\$35 at the door

OCSA Trophy Presentations
Live Music • Door Prizes
Great Food • Dress Tropical
CYC & RCYC Trophies

Mail check for \$25 for each person to OCSA
With the Awards Ballot on the next page

Please reserve by November 7

STARTING LINE

Deadline October 9

Email articles and photos to: Dale Mack
celtic-myst@comcast.net



OR 918 YZ 12

For My Girls

Photo by Dale Mack