



Luff Wire

Columbia Basin Sailing Club
Tri-Cities, Washington



"All the News That Fits"

March 2002

Member US Sailing Association

CBSU on the Web <http://www.concentric.net/~greblach/cbsc.htm>

Commodore	Dave Gilles	943-1769	Past Commodore	Roger McVicker	375-0438
Vice Commodore	Scott Petersen	627-6694	Race Chairman	John Bickford	627-2042
Treasurer	Allan Brothers	545-4589	Desert Regatta	Scott Petersen	627-6694
Secretary	Ryan Bickford	627-2042	Rescue Boat	Dennis Trimble	783-6435
Editor	Ken Nelson	783-1581	Librarian	Terry Filson	946-3301

From The Commodore

We are off to a great start. We've had our first meeting and first race. Our first meeting was very productive, laying the groundwork for Desert Regatta and fielding some new activities for the club. Our Vice Commodore, Scott Petersen will be looking for volunteers to help with Desert Regatta. Please contact him and let him know that you are willing to help. We have made changes in race start times during the summer series. The summer Saturday races will all start at 3:00 pm, skippers meeting at 2:30pm. We hope to take advantage of the afternoon breezes and also end the days racing with a club potluck in the park. Nancy and I took the opportunity to race our "New" boat on opening day. The first race started out slow and cold. There as frost on the decks but plenty of sun and an almost total absence of wind. We had a seasoned crew aboard, Tom Harris and his friend Bobbi and Ken "King of Scots" Nelson. Conditions were brutal, it wasn't until we crossed the start line that Tom and Bobbi were able to place the plates of crepes covered with hot berries and smothered with whipped cr me into our hands. If the wind had actually blown this could have been a problem. It was fun watching Ken try to keep us heading to the mark while we were enjoying brunch, you may here more about this later in the news letter. After one and a half hours of drifting in any direction but towards the first mark our race committee, Dennis Trimble mercifully canceled the race. Soon after the other boats had gone home, the wind came up and we spent the next 3 hours sailing up and down the lake.



John and Ryan Bickford take the outside route to Mark 3

Plan on coming to the next meeting, 7:30 pm 4/10/02 at the Court Club and to the next race 3/22/02. Please feel free to call me, 943-1769 or email me dgilles@urx.com with your ideas or comments. See you on the water! Dave Gilles

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*Dues are Due
Next Race 3/22/02*

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Columbia Basin Sailing Club Racing Schedule 2002

Skippers Meetings 10 a.m. Class, Flag 10:30 a.m.

*Summer races: Skippers Mtg. 2:30 p.m., Class Flag 3:00 p.m.

Spring Series			Race Committee
Race Day 1	Saturday, March 2	Charbonneau	Dennis Trimble
Race Day 2	Saturday, March 16	Charbonneau	Scott Petersen
Race Day 3	Saturday, March 23	Charbonneau	Ken Nelson
Race Day 4	Saturday, April 6	Charbonneau	John Bickford
Race Day 5	Saturday, April 20	Charbonneau	Ralph Wilson
Race Day 6	Sunday, April 21	Charbonneau	Dave Gilles
Spring Series Final	Sunday, May 26	Charbonneau	
**Desert Regatta			
	Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5	Charbonneau	
**Mexican Downriver			
	Saturday, May 18	Leslie Groves to Columbia Park	
Summer Series			
Race Day 1	Sunday, June 2	Charbonneau	
Race Day 2	*Saturday, June 8	Charbonneau	Scott Petersen
Race Day 3	Sunday, June 9	Charbonneau	Ralph Wilson
Race Day 4	*Saturday, June 29	Charbonneau	
Race Day 5	Sunday, July 7	Charbonneau	
Race Day 6	*Saturday, July 13	Charbonneau	
Summer Series Final	*Saturday, July 27	Charbonneau	
**Snake Downriver			
	TBA Aug	Fishhook to Charbonneau	
Fall Series			
Race Day 1	Saturday, August 31	Charbonneau	
Race Day 2	Saturday, September 7	Charbonneau	
Race Day 3	Saturday, September 14	Charbonneau	Ralph Wilson
** (DORC)	Saturday, September 21	Charbonneau	
** (DORC)	Sunday, September 22	Charbonneau	
Race Day 4	Saturday, October 5	Charbonneau	
Race Day 5	Sunday, October 6	Charbonneau	
Race Day 6	Saturday, October 19	Charbonneau	
Fall Series Final	Saturday, November 2	Charbonneau	Dennis Trimble
25% of the races will be thrown out per series (i.e. 5 races in a 20 race series)			
Race Committee = 1pt. per race (limit one day per series)			
**Not a part of series racing			
Regional Regattas			
May ??	Tumbleweed Tack		
May 25-27	Memorial Day Regatta - Eugene Yacht Club		
June 20-23	San Juan 21 Western Nationals - Klamath Lake		
July 26-29	Flying Scot Ft. Worden Regatta - Port Townsend		
August 10-11	Flying Scot Pacific Districts - Inverness, CA		
September 14-15	Bellingham Bay One Design Regatta		
September ??	Lewiston Tribune Cup		

Log of the Fat Cat 2001

The following is the account of the 2001 salt water sailing trip taken by Ed and Shirley Reed in their boat, the *Fat Cat*, along with Dave and Mary Ann Braddock in their boat, the *Dream Catcher*.

Wednesday, July 11 --- Left Charbonneau in cloudy weather in time to make the 9:30 lockage at Ice Harbor Dam. Got more clouds and occasional sprinkles until noon, which I prefer to the brutally hot weather of the previous week. Got to McNary Dam at 3:30 and were unpleasantly surprised to find that the next scheduled lockage was at 7:30 so we waited in the heat for nearly 4 hours. It turns out that all the Columbia River dams are on schedules of three lockages a day due to the drought: upward at 9:00, 2:00 and 7:00; downward half an hour later. Tied up at the Umatilla fuel dock for the night and Dave replaced his water pump impeller in hopes of getting better engine cooling. (No such luck.)

Thursday, July 12 --- Left Umatilla at 7:30 after fueling up, set the engine at 2700 rpm, and left it there for the rest of the day except for a lockage. Spoke by radio to Bill and Nancy Dawkins who were bringing a new Pacific Seacraft 37 from Seattle home to Umatilla. The wind picked up about 10:00 and stayed in the 20's and 30's all day, right on the nose. Got lucky at John Day Dam making the lockage with a fish barge going downstream and entered the lock at 6:00 instead of the scheduled 7:30. Anchored behind Miller Island for the night. Had birthday pie for dessert, an excellent rhubarb pie made by Earla Gorsline. Fish barges are used to transport young salmon downstream, which protects them from predators and power generation turbines.

Friday, July 13 --- More headwinds to The Dalles Dam, where we waited an hour to get into the lock. Motored past the town of The Dalles and into building winds. Finally turned around and went back to The Dalles for the rest of the day and night. Shirley, Mary Ann, and Dave headed for town and were picked up by some guy in a pickup truck who thought they were walking because of car trouble. Ever on the prowl for inventory for her business, Mary Ann led the others to 3 thrift shops and ended up buying a small table which Dave carried back to the boat. That's why I sometimes call him Bob, for beast of burden.

Saturday, July 14 --- Left The Dalles at 5:00 and took 4 hours to go 17 miles to Hood River, getting slammed almost all the way by short, steep waves and wind to 40 knots. Spent the afternoon exploring the town, including a tour of the Full Sail brewery.

Sunday, July 15 --- Left Hood River at 5:00 and started with a repeat of yesterday's journey except the wind peaked at 46 knots instead of 40. Missed the 9:30 lockage at Bonneville Dam by 30 minutes so had a nice, calm 4-hour stay in Cascade Locks. Finally got through the dam and made it to Washougal, where it started raining soon after we got tied up for the night. Braddocks' friends Bud and Lil met us at the dock and took us for a pleasant evening at their home.

Monday, July 16 --- Stopped in Portland at the new facilities of Schooner Creek Boatworks, which are fabulous, especially compared to their old facilities. They were able to fix Braddocks' engine overheating problem pretty quickly. We then went to Kalama for the night. With this year's drought there was barely enough water depth to allow us in. A lot of "floating" docks all along the river are now sitting on the mud.

Tuesday, July 17 --- Motored to Astoria, dodging several ships on the way. Shirley and Mary Ann went bargain hunting.

Wednesday, July 18 --- Rode the ebb from Astoria to the mouth of the Columbia River hoping to get there at low slack, which we did. The bar crossing was very smooth. Just into the ocean we saw two seals eating salmon. They would chomp into the fish, throw it, chomp it again, and finally gulp it down. We stopped to fish with a bunch of other boats and caught nothing. Later on, Dave caught a salmon while trolling on the surface. We stopped there and Dave caught 1 more fish while Shirley and I caught 3. Got to Westport about 6:30.

Thursday, July 19 --- Stayed in port all day. Shirley, Mary Ann, and Dave did some shopping. Long-time friends Dewey and Judy Robbins joined us for a big salmon dinner. Shirley's big fish, at 12 pounds, was bigger than any coho salmon caught on the charter boats that day.

Friday, July 20 --- Stayed put again. Dewey and Judy showed up about 10:30 with their daughter Jessica and her friend Lindsey. The girls had a ball catching about 100 crabs, but none of them were keepers. At one point, a seal stole their crab bait and then seemed to mock us as he ate it. We had another excellent fresh salmon dinner. Shirley's high-school friend, Sandy Rose, showed up with her brother and his wife so we had a good chat with them.

Saturday, July 21 --- Left Westport at 5:00 on the maximum ebb when bar conditions are at their worst. Got sluiced out of the harbor, bounced around for a while, then relatively smooth sailing for the rest of the day. Got to La Push at 4:00, which is probably our fastest trip ever from Westport. The Quileute Days festival was in full swing with games, food, arts and crafts for sale, and kids shooting fireworks everywhere. After dark there was a street dance and a very good fireworks display.

Sunday, July 22 --- Woke up hard aground on the lowest tide of the year with both boats leaning toward each other from opposite sides of the dock. Fortunately, we weren't planning to leave early. Full power in reverse finally got us going at 10:00. Fishing was great. Due to well-intentioned but misguided laws we had to throw wild fish back so we dumped 8 of them before finally catching our limit of 4 hatchery fish. The idea is to save wild fish but salmon are very delicate and we probably killed more fish catching and releasing them than we would have by just keeping what we caught. Braddocks threw 11 back. At the end we tried to catch some bottom fish but caught 3 salmon instead before our lures could reach the bottom. After dinner Dave spent a couple hours fixing a water leak on his engine.

Monday, July 23 --- Got out of La Push well before low tide and headed for Neah Bay. We caught 15 salmon, only 2 of which were keepers. Braddocks caught a few salmon, which they threw back, and 4 bottom fish, which they kept. The dock in Neah Bay is covered with seagull droppings so the first project was to hose it off. The showers there give the least time for your money of any we use. Oddly enough, the fishing boat *Daybreak* was tied up next to *Sunset*.

Tuesday, July 24 --- Stayed in port all day and did some shopping. As I rode my funky little folding bicycle past some idle teenagers, one of them exclaimed, "Hey! That's a pimp bike!" I hadn't known there was such a thing. After an excellent salmon dinner we played card games until bedtime.

Wednesday, July 25 --- Left the dock at 6:00 to go fishing. Caught one keeper and the a dozen or so we had to throw back, along with another keeper. About 10:00 they stopped biting so we went back in. The pump that empties our sewage holding tank plugged up but since we still had some capacity I decided to ignore it for a while. Shirley's sister and brother-in-law, Sharon and Dusty Rathbun, joined us at noon so we went out and caught a few bottom fish but no keeper salmon. On the way back, Shirley got snagged on some kelp so we backed up to retrieve her lure. The waves splashed the back of the boat and two of them got everyone but Sharon rather wet. Salmon dinner was excellent. We then got rid of all our salmon into the fridge in Rathbuns' motel room for later transport to their freezer at home.

Thursday, July 26 --- Took Sharon and Dusty fishing again and got 3 keepers. When we fueled up, the wind was howling so we expected a windy sail 15 miles to Sekiu. What we got was short periods of no wind but mostly light headwinds. The wind never blows from the east in the Strait of Juan de Fuca except when we are headed east. The clog in the sewage pump broke free so I didn't have to play in the slop after all.

Friday, July 27 --- Left for Victoria in very light wind but a 6-foot swell. By noon the wind was up to 30-35 knots from behind and the water was choppy in addition to the swell. We were amazed at how many little boats were out in these conditions fishing. Checked in at customs, docked at the Causeway in front of the Empress Hotel, and went into Victoria shopping. Left the boat in warm sunny weather and were among the hordes caught unprepared when it turned cold and started raining. Dried off back at the boats, put on rain gear, and went out for dinner. The rain washed out all the entertainment normally on the Causeway.

Saturday, July 28 --- Spent all day shopping and seeing the local sights. I had my bicycle so I was elected to bring loads of purchases back to the boat. Had an excellent lunch in Chinatown in a

restaurant we had never been in before. Listened to a pretty good band in the square by City Hall. Later watched a world-class juggler on the Causeway.

Sunday, July 29 --- Dave and I toured a diesel-powered Russian submarine in the morning while Shirley and Mary Ann went shopping. Walked for miles to find the restaurant where we wanted to eat dinner but the meal was worth it. Went by City Hall again and waited for a new band to set up. Their "music" was pure noise and some kids were dancing the Spastic Pecking Turkey so we left. The kids would have had severe head injuries if they had bumped into one another. Saw some more good entertainment on the Causeway.

Monday, July 30 --- Left Victoria at 8:00 in light winds and sunshine. By the time we got 10 miles to Race Rocks the fog had set in and the wind had risen to 15 knots but the water was still relatively calm. By the time we made another 10 miles to the entrance to Sooke the wind had died and visibility was down to 200 yards. Local fishermen zooming by gave us enough clues to thread our way through the entrance and, once inside, the bay was fairly clear. Explored Sooke, what little there is of it, and went back to the boats for drinks and dinner.

Tuesday, July 31 --- Left Sooke at 6:00 in clear weather recording waypoints on the GPS in case we ever have to enter in fog again. The Strait was pretty smooth and calm and almost devoid of ship traffic during the 36-mile trip to Neah Bay. One legal salmon was caught on each boat so we had a fresh salmon dinner again for the first time in several days.

Wednesday, August 1 --- Got up late and fished all day. Caught 3 salmon and 4 bottom fish. The predicted rain started about 4:30.

Thursday, August 2 --- Got up to rain, as expected. About 10:00 the boat was tightly closed against the rain, we were reading, Shirley was baking muffins, and the carbon monoxide detector started screaming. We opened up some ventilation and decided neither of us had been affected by the buildup of poison gas. It's good to know the alarm gives plenty of warning. I had installed it in case of leaks from engine exhaust or the diesel-fired heater and never expected the propane stove to set it off. Stayed at the dock all day in the rain. Had a family of 3 from across the dock join us for dinner so we could hear about their trip all the way around Vancouver Island.

Friday, August 3 --- After debating the weather, left about 8:30 for La Push. There was about an inch and a half of rain water collected in a bucket on deck in the day and a half we were in Neah Bay. All along the coast there were waterfalls we had never seen before. About 3 hours into the trip the water got rough enough that our boat wouldn't punch through the waves while motoring straight into them, but not rough enough that, with a slightly different hull shape, Braddocks' boat wouldn't. With the wind at 15 knots on the nose we put up sail and improved boat speed dramatically at the expense of never pointing where we wanted to go. Got to La Push tired at 6:30. Decided to stay at La Push for a few days as the wind was from the south and a storm was predicted for Sunday.

Saturday, August 4 --- After lunch we took the bus 20 miles or so to Forks. We had never been there before and it turned out to be a nice little town with nice weather at the time. Mary Ann found some good stuff at a yard sale and an old Indian told us the weather the next day would be bad. He could tell by the way the sky looked. He was a professional clam digger and was actually younger than we were but looked 20 years older.

Sunday, August 5 --- The Indian in Forks and the National Weather Service were right. The rain started about 10:30 while we were beachcombing. By noon it was blowing hard, up to 30 knots, and pouring. The wind was coming across the boats pushing ours against the dock and Braddocks' away from it. We added more fenders for protection from rubbing on the dock. I got soaked while helping another boater dock, which wasn't altogether altruistic because the first boat he would have blown into had things gone wrong was ours. A couple tarps over the top of the boat took care of most of our rain leaks. We played cards again for a couple of hours.

Monday, August 6 --- Left La Push at 5:30. The big waves at the entrance made Mary Ann sick almost immediately. Shirley and I took several hours to get queasy. Dave never gets seasick. The waves were not quite high enough to overpower the autopilot but plenty big enough to be

uncomfortable. The predicted shift in wind direction to come from the west never happened but the shift to northwest came later. We had heard that the Japanese Current flows south along the coast except for a back eddy close to shore. We were getting slowed down badly within 6 miles of shore so we went out 4 more miles and found no current at all and finally made good progress. We entered Grays Harbor at 6:30.

Tuesday, August 7 --- Left Westport at 5:30 knowing the bar would be ugly but not due to be at its worst until 7:30. Even so we had our roughest bar crossing ever, including one wave that picked us up and then dropped the front half of the boat in a free fall until it slammed into the bottom of the following trough. Shortly after that, the flow of cooling water in Braddocks' engine stopped so Dave had to shut it down. The wind blew 20 to 30 knots from behind all day so we had more big waves but at least had plenty of wind to sail with. Dave tried in vain to fix his engine while bobbing all over the ocean. The Columbia River bar was fairly lumpy but we got through with no real problems. With the current behind us Braddocks were able to sail to Astoria in well under two hours. Once safely docked, Dave was able to fix his engine, although the cause of the problem was never found. We went out to eat and Braddocks bought our dinner for us. Had a nice chat with Walt and Dee Turner on their Hunter 38. They were waiting for the south winds to shift to a more favorable direction before heading to Mexico.

Wednesday, August 8 --- Fueled up and left Astoria at maximum ebb with a strong current against us but the wind in our favor. After a couple hours the wind died and the current slowed. Before we got to Longview the wind picked up again and gave us a strong boost all the way to Kalama, where we spent the night.

Thursday, August 9 --- Wore short pants for the first time in over 3 weeks. The temperature reached 98° as we motored and sailed to Washougal. Had dinner with Bud and Lil -- we supplied most of the food and they supplied the beer, pie, and an air conditioned house.

Friday, August 10 --- Left Washougal at 8:00. About 10:00 our depth sounder beeped and showed 10 feet. I made a turn toward deeper water and Braddocks, who we were following, ran aground off the upper end of Reed Island. Fortunately, they were able to get going again quickly. At Bonneville Dam, a guy named Howard pulled up to the dock between us in his 11-foot, 3-inch skiff, with his dog. He was an interesting fellow who plans to go all the way to Lewiston and back in his little boat. He has such low freeboard he will have to be extremely careful if he is to survive. We entered the lock with the engine idling in reverse and the wind strong enough to push us forward at a knot and a half anyway, then had an easy ride up the lock. We had a good trip with reasonably strong winds for 3 hours to Hood River, where we spent the night.

Saturday, August 11 --- Got to The Dalles early enough to wait in The Dalles marina for 90 minutes before proceeding to The Dalles Dam. Went up the lock with a tug and barges in the "notch" formed by having two barges side by side and another barge in front of one of them. Sailed without the motor, a rarity for us, most of the way from the dam to Miller Island, where we spent the night. It was another hot day so we went swimming after we anchored. (Actually, Braddocks anchored and we rafted up to them.) I hung two ropes off the stern to hang onto in case the current was too strong to swim against and when I pulled them up a couple hours later they were covered with green slimy seaweed. Met a couple on another sailboat who had been to Lyon's Ferry and were returning to their home port in Hood River.

Sunday, August 12 --- Motored all the way to Boardman. Got a lot of turbulence in John Day Dam, which made it difficult to keep the boat parallel to the lock wall. Got headwinds (coming from the east) around Arlington, a rarity.

Monday, August 13 --- Motored to Umatilla for fuel and waited an hour there for the next lockage. The operator of McNary Dam failed to tell us that the floating bitt we usually tie to was missing, which caused some confusion. Got headwinds most of the rest of the way, which wasn't great for progress but was wonderful for keeping cool on a very hot day. Stopped for the night at Hood Park on

the Snake River, almost home and above any bridges which might close and block our progress. Had our last community dinner on Braddocks' boat; salmon, of course.

Tuesday, August 14 --- Got easily to Ice Harbor Dam for the 9:00 lockage. The ride up the lock was the fastest we have ever experienced, the current in the lock causing Braddocks to partially lose control of their boat and scrape the bow pulpit up the lock wall. I called the operator and he eventually got the flow slowed to a reasonable rate. Fortunately, the damage was minimal. We arrived at our home slips a few minutes later, welcomed by Treva Fifer. After packing some of our stuff in the car we headed home to the air conditioner.

It was a great trip. We had no serious breakdowns, did what we wanted to do, and met some interesting people. With both Shirley and Mary Ann cooking, we had wonderful dinners every night, many of which started with fresh fish. *Ed Reed "Fat Cat"*

What to do when the Wind Gods desert you, featuring a ride on the Gilles Yacht.

So here we were eating cherry blintzes on port tack as we approached McCurley Point....Ralph Wilson had thrown in two quick tacks while we lumbered across the river and contemplated lunch. Ah the life of a cruising sailor (Dave Gilles reformed Scot sailor) relaxed and steered as the twigs passed us. I write this on my trusty Palm V with foldup keyboard placed on my lap. The Catalina 27 Flyer was oooooching along the bank and slowly. The frost was off the pumpkin and the glass was on the water. It was 12:04 about time to open the Chenin Blanc that had aged all the way from Safeway.. The race? was called for the day and we started to head back intalking about salmon skimming the surface. the lake was a full as I have ever seen it, within 6" of over topping the sea wall...the geese were making noise and the fishermen were searching for the last salmon on the snake... Ralph in the Laser was the closest to the mark when the race was called. Dennis Trimble was gathering the marks and when Dennis came up with the rescue marks we asked if we won... He said we were the closest to the mark and we asked him if he would round us. Would that be the same as us rounding the marks? This had the extra added benefit that we couldn't touch the marks because they were in the RC boat..On to the Chardonnay as the wind comes up for an afternoon sail...DSQ'd for dragging the RC on the boat and pouring wine down his throat.. Ken Nelson FS 25



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Columbia Basin Sailing Club
P.O. Box 1063
Richland, WA 99352



Name, Last _____ First _____

Phone, Home () _____ Work() _____ E-Mail _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Boat Type _____ Size _____ Sail Number _____

Main Sailing Interest:

Cruising _____ Racing _____ Other _____

Fees: \$35 Membership \$20 Associate (non-boat owner) Membership

\$25 Luff Wire Advertiser

Sponsor: _____

Tell us who introduced you to CBSC

Sailing on the Tube (times PST)

Saturday 3/23/02 1:30PM ESPN2 Volvo Ocean Race (Show #5)

Leg 4 Highlights Friday 4/12/02 11:30PM ESPN2 Expedition to the Arctic

80° North Saturday 4/27/02 12:30PM ESPN2 Volvo Ocean Race (Show #6)

Leg 5 Highlights Sunday 4/28/02 Noon ESPN2 Volvo Ocean Race (Show #7) Leg 6 highlights

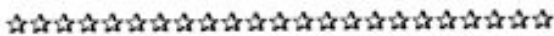
CBSC on the Web

Over the next month CBSC will be migrating to a new website. At the March meeting it was decided to invest in a domain name (such as www.cbsc.org) so that it is easier to find us...Stay tuned and we'll let you know where we have moved to...Make sure the Commodore and webmaster has your email address for future updates. Digital pictures are always appreciated, send em....

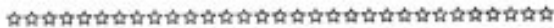
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Columbia Basin Sailing Club
P.O. Box 1063
Richland, WA 99352

General Meeting

Wednesday April, 10 7:30

Tri City Court Club

Next Race: 3/23/02

DUES ARE DUE (if your label is highlighted our records show you haven't paid for 2002)