



www.tritonyachtclub.org

### ON THE CALENDAR

**Next General Meeting  
Will Be Announced**

**There will be no meeting in  
June**

At the Veteran's Club  
on Willamette St. in Eugene

**Emerald Cup Regatta  
June 25-26 in Newport**

**There is  
Racing @ Siltcoos Lake  
Calendar was posted in April**

### 2005 OFFICERS

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**Greetings** to new members Robert & Barbara Vancreveld, who sail a Megabyte named Pronto Pup.

### **Invitation**

In an effort to keep the Fern Ridge sailing family together during this 'off' year, EYC is hosting a monthly party in addition to continuing the Thursday Burger Night tradition. EYC has invited all TYC members, and also wish to include any area sailors you know. Everyone is invited. Watch Fernsail for notices or get in touch with Don Erickson of EYC.

### **Big Brother/Big Sister Sail**

As I gazed at Lake Dexter early Saturday morning my thoughts were "How are we going to keep the Lidos with the sails pointing up?" There were white caps on the water and I searched for a sweatshirt. Never underestimate the results of a good deed. As the time to begin this year's Big Brother/ Big Sister/ Committed Partners for Youth sailing event rapidly approached, the wind calmed and the temperature did raise a degree or two. I only heard of one Lido sailor that got wet. This happened at the dock after the event was over. Thanks goes out to George for waiting until the kids were done to take his plunge. My dip was a choice I made.

The main event started after a quick lunch. Boats requested a number of participants and off they went. I took 5 out on Chiquita for the first trip. While my able bodied crew was resting on the foredeck, I found an urgent need for a tiller extension. The controls were



# 2005 Emerald Cup

**Not Too Early to Mark Your Calendar**

**Yaquina Bay, Newport**  
— June 25-26 —

Great Racing • Door Prizes • Dinner • Trophies

**New!** Hoist now available adjacent to marina

handed to a willing victim as I headed below deck. My apologies to the person standing in the companionway, a bit of a startle and something about some lost gum was mumbled. I never did find the extension.

My second group consisted of 7. We toured the lake with a slight breeze, a tiny help from the Honda, and a demonstration on rocking the boat. Or was that the first group?

I believe the total count for the day was slightly more than 50 willing souls. I saw lots of smiles on the faces of kids, a few frowns from skippers that had to clean Goose droppings, and lots of laughs. The wind was there sometime. (I learned how to sail into holes from Merry) The rain waited. No boats capsized. The day was a huge success.

I thank all the boats and crews that made the trip to Dexter to bring a smile to the faces of the kids. Lets hope for water at Fern Ridge for next year so we can continue to delight even a larger group.

-Jeff Longmore

Congratulations to all of the Fern Ridge sailors that came out for the annual Big Brother/Sister sailing outing, hosted by Triton Yacht Club, and organized by Triton's Vice Commodore Jeff Longmore. This year's event at Dexter Reservoir had a few more challenges to it, but even the few sprinkles that showed up, and the copious duck/goose deposits didn't seem to



## Commodore's Corner

Congratulations to you resilient Triton members who have taken to the water in this unusual year. A few of you have found slips in Newport, a few more in Siltcoos Lake, and some are nomadic. We've made it out a few times to our berth in Embarcadero, had some fine daysailing, and managed to muster a sizable crew for Loyalty Days. Our friends at YBYC did themselves proud with an exceptionally well-run event, great racing, and a fabulous crab-feed Saturday night. The top phrf sailors didn't include any Triton members, though, so we need to put the pressure on at the Emerald Cup!

Thanks to Jeff Longmore, the long list of Fern Ridge sailors and friends that helped out at the Big Brother/Sister sail at Dexter Reservoir May 21. The weather (mostly) cooperated, and the gang obligingly traipsed through the goose-droppings to enjoy a fine afternoon on the water. I hear the apres'-sail party was a hoot, as well, sorry I missed out.

Those of you who turned out for the May General Meeting know that we resolved some design issues with the awarding of the Cup itself. Our bylaws recognize the purpose of the Cup as promoting sportsmanship, and the name of Triton Yacht Club. In collaboration with the board and other members, I prepared a revision to the bylaws which will make the selection of

the Emerald Cup winner more transparent, simple, and analytical. Fundamentally, the proposal will award the Emerald Cup to the fleet winner of the most competitive fleet, with consideration of Corinthian Spirit used to break ties. The practice of using fleet representatives to nominate and vote on winners based on sportsmanship, while innovative and noble, has led to hard feelings, stress and even to loss of repeat participation in the regatta. As provided in our by-laws, we voted to use a new formula to choose the winner. That process will be in place for this upcoming Emerald Cup Regatta.

The other topic was our ongoing Cruising Forum and Seminar. In our April general meeting, Mike Schwarze and I shared tools, resources, and best practices of northwest navigation. There was a challenging quiz with some useful prizes, to inspire us to brush up on skills. For May's meeting, Chris Murschel agreed to host the conversation on anchoring, mooring and boat handling for charter boats. Chris is veteran of numerous cruises, and has some great stories to share. Maybe another quiz is in order? Do you know the best way to pick up a mooring buoy? Rig a stern line ashore? Set an anchor? Come out and join the fun this month.

Commodore's Update: Chris did a great job on the boat handling, mooring and anchoring seminar. We're ready to go cruising!

-Doug Ullmer, Triton Commodore

dampen the enthusiasm of the mentor pairs from Committed Partners for Youth and Big Brother/ Big Sister.

I believe I counted 10 sailboats participating, including several Lido 14's, three Santana 20's, and four San Juan 21's. Jeff continued the pirate theme, and dressed the part. Some 50 sailors went out in two shifts, since our guest sailor capacity was reduced somewhat by the circumstances. Those ashore played some lively games while they waited.

Kudo's to Jeff Longmore and Merry Petitclaire for going beyond the call and bringing another San Juan 21 along. And to Jeff for taking the plunge at the haulout! To all of the folks that brought boats and crewed or helped out, Good Job!

-Doug Ullmer

*More great pictures at [www.tritonyachtclub.org](http://www.tritonyachtclub.org)*



### Swiftsure 2005

They say 5 out of 6 Swiftsure races are 'drifters.' Swiftsure 2005 definitely was not. A couple of days before the start the forecast was for 5 to 10 knots Saturday morning (at the start,) 10 to 15 by nightfall, 15 to 20 by midday Sunday. The race weather briefing upped these numbers by 5 knots. They were, of course, completely wrong. We had 25 knots by the time we were 5 hours into the race.

But that was okay. The waves began to get pretty big though. That was okay too. Then 30 knots. Oh..kay... But we were fine. Beating into short steep ugly waves and 30+ knot wind with reefed main and a scrap of jib was uncomfortable, but we were fine. The waves ran probably 4 to 6 feet but were only as far apart as our 41 foot boat length. It was One Rough Ride! The occasional big set would stop us cold. (And it was cold too, I couldn't stay warm!) So we put up more jib and powered up and cracked off a bit and the ride got rougher but control was better.

I was split between 2 emotions - I was driving a big boat in the Swiftsure, in snotty water and 30+ knot winds! This is just too

cool! It may not seem like much to some people, but it was the fulfillment of a dream for me. And the other emotion I was feeling was dread - what will we do if this gets worse? A lot of excitement and a little tinge of fear.

Then, it got worse. The waves started breaking. The biggest were now perhaps 8 feet. This looks like 20 feet from the perspective of being there. About then we began to hear retirements on the radio, a dismasting, someone on the rocks, and more retirements - 20 boats retired before we were 6 hours into the race. More than 55 in all retired, I believe. We began to wonder...

The Swiftsure is not just another race, and it's unlike any other regatta. It's an experience; an event. The caliber of yachts, the sheer numbers of them, and the atmosphere at the festivities before the race is like nothing I've ever experienced. It's like a big reunion, with well remembered old friends and rivals, and heartily welcomed newcomers included with gusto. There are serious full bore racers and luxurious cruisers, high tech top dollar yachts and low budget time worn beer can racers alike, and even a scattering of venerable classic wooden boats, lovingly restored. There were 100 foot schooners and 1940s America's Cup yachts, and small club racers crewed by energetic working-class hopefuls and everything in between.. All brothers in the 62nd running of the Swiftsure International Yacht Race. For just a quick run up the straights and back, there was sure a lot of fanfare.

Before the race there are parties, and a huge tent on the big wharf with live music. A carnival atmosphere during the day and big partying at night. Thousands of people toured the docks and ogled all the boats, and news cameras and reporters were everywhere. This is a big event and the City of Victoria has taken it to heart. There were full color glossy 26 page programs handed out to spectators to describe and detail the race history, the entrants, and the course. Yes - spectators, thousands lined the banks of the harbor and the breakwater to see us off! There were street vendors and food carts, hundreds of great yachts flying battle flags and burgees filled the yacht basins, and the air was electric. Deceptively casual preparations on some yachts, sailmakers delivering the latest sails to be hoisted and checked and other yachts, music and partying on yet other yachts. All in all there were 224 yachts registered for the race, and many more who just sailed in to see the fun. And all hoped that this year there would be wind. Most would not be disappointed.

There are 4 race courses, from a short course across the bay to the full run out to Swiftsure Bank, the spot where the original Swiftsure lightship kept station. All are challenging. Even the short course is fraught with the vagaries of the most treacherous currents imaginable, running 2 knots one direction and 300 yards later running 4 knots the other way. The current sheers at these interfaces are so rough they look like a squall line, even with no wind. In the dark of night in light air a strong current sheer can sound like an approaching waterfall! The longer courses carry racers into the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, a most unpredictable piece of water, with no where to run to safety if things get nasty. Weather in the strait is generally either nearly calm, putting you at the mercy of strong currents, or blasting at gale force, with rarely anything in between.

The race started at 1000 hours Saturday, to hot sun and clear skies with so little wind that many boats anchored to avoid being swept away from the start line by the current. Our class, with over 100 boats, had a general recall and we restarted at 1050. We finally got breeze and crossed the start line nearly an hour later. Within minutes the temperature started dropping and shortly after we were in full foul weather gear in the building breeze. By 1600 we were experiencing 25 knots and the seas were building uncomfortably. By 1800 we were pounding upwind in 30 knot winds. Not long after that the Coast Guard announced a gale warning. Yeah, no kidding...

As boats made their required radio checks, many reported the wind

strength. This was a much appreciated courtesy, as it allowed many to avoid the worst areas. Winds of 47 knots steady were reported. The most we saw was 30 steady, with an occasional foray into the 34 to 35 knot range. There is a world of difference between 25 and 30 knot wind, and 35 is another entire level of 'excitement.' Meanwhile, with a fetch coming all the way from Japan, the waves responded with gusto. We pounded, hard. The bow would rise over a big roller, bury into the next one, the foredeck would lift up a few hundred gallons of salt water into the air and then drop out from under it - the water would just sort of hang in the air for an instant, then the wind would rip it away - directly into our faces. Good foul weather gear cannot be overappreciated. A particularly bad series would nearly stop the boat, and it was difficult to build the speed needed to keep pointing into them and punch through the next set. Driving in this is really a challenge, but I have to admit, it's satisfying when you find the rhythm of the boat and get in the groove. I drove from late evening on into the night, for what seemed an eternity but was really about 3 hours. When the waves began breaking, things got more difficult. We actually put up more sail and then we cracked off a bit for more power kept on going. I have never felt so in tune with a boat yet so on the edge of disaster in my life, especially knowing the the safety of 6 other people depended on my doing this right. I received one of the biggest compliments ever when the boat owner went below to try and catch some sleep and left me driving, tethered in place, clutching the wheel staring steely-eyed into the blackness, driving by the knot meter and the feel of the pressure in the rig and helm. The Tartan 41 is an awesome boat, strong and predictable, and I never feared for her, she got us through safely. People can say what they will about the old IOR boats, but I can attest to the fact that they were built to play in the ocean, and they do this with gusto. It was glorious!

All in all there were 2 boats dismasted, one almost - they lost the forestay but they kept the rig up, one lost their keel, one went on the rocks but made it in safely, quite a few crew went overboard, a few broken spinnaker poles, one bow pulpit torn off, a winch torn right out of the deck, another winch simply exploded, numerous blown up spinnakers and torn sails. Impressively no reports of any injuries more serious than some broken ribs.

The race organizers have a radio relay set up so they can keep in touch with all of the racers. Regular radio position reports keep them aware of everyone on the course. Seattle Traffic control kept shipping traffic advised that the Swiftsure racers were in the straits, and the Coast Guard patrolled with boats and helicopters. All of this was a great comfort. During the worst part of the evening a coast guard boat kept pace with us for a few hours and it was nice to know they were there. Late in the evening while short tacking up the Washington coast to avoid the worst currents and breaking waves, we overtook and passed another boat. As we crossed tacks and they passed not 50 feet behind us I was utterly astounded - it was a Ranger 26 with what appeared to be a family aboard. It seemed impossibly small - the crew were all on the rail and the boat was pounding awfully hard, but appeared to be totally under control and charging along. It was an inspiring sight indeed, and for the record they finished the race intact!

Sometime in the early hours of Sunday, long before first light, the wind began to gradually slacken. Eventually the water began to lay down, and gradually things calmed down. By the time the skies were getting light, we were ghosting along smoothly on flat water. We rounded the mark boat just before first light at a mere crawl. We then set the spinnaker in barely enough breeze to get it flying. Hour after hour, another knot or two of wind-speed filled in and we flew down the straight. Eventually the sun burned off the overcast and we enjoyed a glorious 52 mile spinnaker run maintaining a steady 7.5-8 knots in 12-15 knot wind. We took turns driving, it requires concentration to drive under spinnaker and an hour or two at a time was all you could do. We flew that spinnaker for 10 solid hours - all the way across the finish line in Victoria Harbor at 2:30 in the afternoon! It was one of the most exceptionally pleasant days sailing I've ever experienced.

I have been invited to crew again for the Swiftsure next year, and you can be sure I will be there!

-Phil Collins

## Triton Yacht Club Membership Form

Your Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Additional Family Members \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Work / Cell Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_

Your crew position \_\_\_\_\_

Renewal \_\_\_\_\_ New Member \_\_\_\_\_

Boat Type \_\_\_\_\_

Boat Name \_\_\_\_\_

Sail number: \_\_\_\_\_

Interests:  
Racing \_\_\_ Cruising \_\_\_ Social \_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

I (we) would prefer volunteer duties as follows:

\_\_\_ Race Committee \_\_\_ Race/ Rescue

\_\_\_ 'Fun' Races \_\_\_ Social Events

Other (specify particular events or dates)

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### Membership Fees:

Initiation fee (new Members)..... \$40.00

Family or Individual (1 year)..... \$40.00

Racing Fee \* ..... \$15.00

Dual Membership (EYC members).. \$40.00

Late Fee ( After January 31<sup>st</sup>) ..... \$10.00

Total Dues Enclosed ..... \_\_\_\_\_

\*Pay Race fee if you race, and do not belong to Eugene Yacht Club

Make checks payable to: Triton Yacht Club

Mail to: TYC

P.O. Box 366

Eugene, Oregon 97440

The Triton Yacht Club is a Casual Community of Sailors  
Sharing Friendship, the Corinthian Spirit, and providing Racing and Non-racing Activities.  
Anyone and Everyone is Welcome! Visit with us and see for yourself.

Meetings are held the last Friday of each month, at 7pm @ the Veteran's Club on Willamette Street in Eugene.  
Board Meetings are held the 3rd Tuesday of each month. Call a board member for roving meeting locations...



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