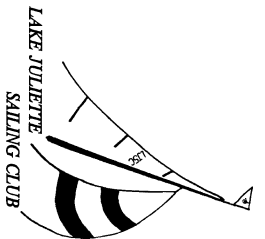


LAKE JULIETTE SAILING CLUB  
Please Return Undeliverable Items to:  
Editor, 220 Windsor Drive, Warner Robins, GA. 31088

# JULIETTE



# RUDDER

Volume 10 No. 1

Jan. 2000





## From the Editor

Every year I start out thinking this is going to be the best sailing year ever. Year 2000 is no exception. I am starting out this year with a backlog of articles for the newsletter. Something I have not had for some time. For those who have not seen their story published, be patient, and thank you for submitting material for the Club newsletter. Ron, I know the Race results are small print but I ran out of room. I had hoped to have a recipe section but that will also have to wait till next month. Membership cards will once again be printed up for all members.



Getting back into the swing of things after taking a month off from doing the RUDDER, has been a little difficult. I looked far and wide for a Y2K picture for the front cover, but decided that probably none of us had to worry about the Y2K bug sinking our boat, so I pressed on with a picture of one of the Club's saltiest looking boats, "Serenity", a Compac 19, owned by John & Melise Raley.

During the meeting at the Christmas Party, the nominating committee presented the selectees for this year's elections, although nominations will also be taken from the floor on the 22nd. See the below list and bring your vote to the 22 Jan meeting at the Corbin's House in Russellville. (See map and announcement on another page)

Commodore & Vice Commodore

Miriam Corbin

Melise Raley

Kathy Wood

## Commodore's Log:

Final Say,

Well, here it is election time again!

My time as Commodore has come to an end. It has been a very enjoyable experience.



We had some successes and some also rans. The Cherry Blossom experiment was a close miss, but the trip to Palatka was a direct hit. The racing season was extensive if not well attended, and the Christmas Party was one of the best. Over all, not a bad year.

I enjoyed myself...and I didn't damage the club too badly.

The new officers will be elected and take office at the January meeting. Because it is the most important meeting of the year, everyone should make an effort to attend. As an added bonus, the meeting is at the Corbin's with bunches of good food and music. Please attend and vote....maybe even volunteer for an office.

See you at the Corbin's!

*Steve Dillard*

## Dog Island Days

(Continued)

When I left you last, Johnny and I were coastal cruising off of St. George Island, and making good time for Apalachicola. I'm happy to say that no storms came our way that day; we were having enough fun with the large swells propelling us along. I've been to St. George many times but have never seen it from offshore. Maps helped us pick out familiar landmarks as we sailed closer in. And still..no boats to be seen, where was everybody? As we drew closer to Government Cut, we saw our first boat since leaving Dog Island. I had taken the helm, and as we approached the channel buoy it became harder to hold my course as the wind was picking up considerably and changing directions. Here was another channel to navigate and more fun than we needed. We sailed around and headed into the cut while closely watching the waves crashing on the rocks that line the channel. This is why I would never attempt this in a storm, and I probably would not want to pass here at night for there is not much room for error here I think. Still, we have been through here in good weather without much fanfare, so I don't want to paint a treacherous picture of this area in general.

Whew! I was glad to clear those rocks. It became obvious for the first time that day that we had too much canvas to the wind. The bay was very choppy with white caps all over. There is still some way to go before you reach the markers for the channel leading into Apalachicola. We held our own, sailing a little uncomfortably close to the wind in order to stay on course, and I think we could smell a good hot seafood dinner that far out!



## Lake Juliette Sailing Club 9<sup>th</sup>. ANNUAL AFTER CHRISTMAS PARTY

☺ 22 JANUARY 2000 ☺

Saturday

Steaks on the grill- Bring a covered dish.

If you name ends in A thru E bring a Dessert,  
all others bring a vegetable or salad. RSVP Below.  
\$5.00 per person to cover the steaks.

### Events Planned

Doors will open at 5 PM, Dinner at 6:30PM

Short meeting with election of YR 2000 officers

Music, dancing, singing till ??

### Location

Garland and Miriam Corbin's Home

See map centerfold

For info and reservation call:

Bob Horan - 912-929-1377 or Bob@Horan.net

SKIPPER	BOAT	C B	Rod #1	Rod #2	Rod #3	Sinc Reg #1	Sinc Reg #2	Sinc Reg #3	Sinc Reg #4	Aug. Race	Gold Open	Last Race #1	#2	Tot Race	# of Race	Best 5	Final Place
<b>Daysailors</b>																	
John Drawe	Raider 16'	2	1	2	1	2	3			DNF	1	1	1	6	6	6	1
Rene Ducheneau	Thistle 17'	9	3											19	6	10	3
Kevin Winn	Sunfish 14'	5	6											11	2		
Roger Winn	Scorpion 14'	4	8											12	2		
Steve Winchester	Sunbird 16	10	9											19	2		
Joe Kennedy	Lido 14	6												6	2		
Gene McDaniels	Rhodes 19	8	5	2	1	2	3	2	1	1				25	9	7	2
Kenny Allen	Raider 16'					1	1							2	2		
<b>Multihulls</b>																	
Bill Shaw	Mystere 5.5	1	3											4	2		
Bob Horan	Hobie 18		2											2	1		
<b>Cruisers</b>																	
Fred Veator	Tonic 24		1	2	5									8	3		
Ron Katz	San Juan 24	1	2	4	3	3				2		3	2	25	10	9	2
Garland Corbin	MacGregor 25	5	4	5	6									20	4		
Steve Dillard	Catalina 25	3	1							1		4	5	15	6	10	3
Dave Duarte	Hunter 23	4	3	5	2							5	4	26	7	16	5
Ed Kinsey	San Juan 21	2	4											6	2		
John Raley	Compac 19	5												5	1		
Walton Stewart	Tonic 24	6												6	1		
Bob Horan	MacGregor 25		3	1	4	2	2	1	1		1	2	3	12	5	12	4
Carl Saylor	Tanzer 22					1	1	1	1					10	7	5	1
Boston	Watkins 23							2						2	1		
Ken Wood	Islander 21'									3				3	1		
Roger Winn	Ranger 23										2			3	1		
Kenny Allen	Ranger 22										3			3	1		

When we were close to the bridge and in semi-protected waters, I went forward to lower the sails- that is once our motor was purring with stability. On our last trip here, we lowered sails on the other side of the bridge. Our motor was sputtering(naturally) and the current was carrying us toward the bridge. I was just before heaving the anchor to save a crash when the motor finally kicked in. Something about our motor, currents, and stationery objects! I'm grateful to have survived past mistakes and try to learn from them. Not to say history won't repeat itself- it usually does, but I must say we learn something new every time we sail and if it's a close call I'll remember it!

We had radioed Deepwater Marina earlier and they were expecting us. The dockmaster was there to direct us into a slip between a houseboat and a tremendous deep sea fishing boat. My first thought was , No Breeze!, but this was actually to our advantage as we would later discover . There was the usual conversations about Serenity with the fellows at the dock. She still gets a lot of well earned admiration for a "pocket cruiser". She "may be small, but she acts tall" and we love and trust her dearly. It was hot and Deepwater's little wooden shower house with the peepholes was my mecca after getting Serenity shipshape in the afternoon sun. Then it was off to town for supper. They are so nice at Deepwater Marina, offering bicycles to us if we wanted, but even on a short cruise, we have to get our land legs back so we set off on foot. Our first point of interest was the marina boatyard where we found the Governor Stone, Apalachicola's landmark schooner pulled for a restoration job that looked tremendous. I had seen her less than a year before out in Apalachicola Bay, the evening sun making her sails appear gilded in gold and quite lovely. It seems that the Coast Guard pulled her soon after I saw her then. We met the wife of the shipwright restoring the Governor Stone in her antique shop downtown. She and her husband were



former skippers of the ship and she had some tales to tell about their experiences as sightseeing captains.

It seems that on one occasion their passengers were all senior citizens in less than perfect health. A sudden blow was upon them and she had to encourage them to don their life vests in a calm way so as to not alarm one gentleman who had a weak heart she was told. On this trip there were only two “able bodied seamen” and it would take then both to get the sails under control. One man volunteered to take the helm and keep the boat into the wind so the sails could be lowered. The couple knew they were in trouble when the new helmsman said “Which way is the wind blowing?” They got into port safely that day, but responsibility with passengers had begun to take its toll on them. We commented that from the looks of the ship, maybe building a new one would be easier and she agreed. Her husband was uncovering past work that in order to guarantee his work, all had to be redone and meticulously checked- such an undertaking!

One of the things that I like about our little ports of call, is meeting some of the locals and getting to know the town. Down at Taranto’s Seafood Co. on the riverfront we sought out Christo, an old salt that we had met a few years ago. He wasn’t there. Seems he and the owner had a parting of ways. Christo, of Italian descent, was actually a carpenter by trade despite his appearance as the classic “Old man of the Sea” with his long gray beard and faraway gaze as he told about his waterfront life. He let me photograph him and commented that once a photographer from up North had once dressed him all up in a woolen sweater, cap and pipe and had a real photo session. He still had a picture somewhere he said. This trip we met more interesting people that I will tell you about sometime if you care to hear.

If you go to Apalachicola and you like great food, check out the Apalachicola Grill on the corner in the middle of town- you can’t miss it! It’s one of the best restaurants in my opinion. The Gibson Inn is another one of my favorites.

Upon returning to our boat that evening, all was quiet and still. It almost seemed we had the place to ourselves. The guys on

## Race Committee

We would like to thank everyone for making this year great fun with keen competition from all. There were no losers this year just a lot of people having fun.

We have had a good time being race committee (most of the time), and look forward to seeing everyone at the races next year.

We started the New Year with our traditional (2 years) New Years Day Sail. What a better way to start off a new century than in our boat with the wind in our sails, friends in our boat and a bottle of champagne.

We hope all of you have a healthy, successful and happy New Year!

Ron & Linda



good way especially under the St. George Island bridge, for there is not a lot of room for tacking there. Because we had set out mid morning, it was late afternoon as we approached Dog Island. Radio talk was lively. One boat on the outside reported that the swells were larger than the marine forecast had predicted. Another lesson learned: Get an eyewitness report on conditions if you can. Another vessel had no idea how to approach the Carrabelle River entrance and we can tell you, as we have done it many times, it is still heads up at this point for us as well. There are walking seagulls around these parts.

We learned from a past mistake that you do NOT go to the far range marker and proceed in. You WILL end up in the mud flats as we did once. It was a miracle we didn't run amuck. As we approached the proper bouy this evening, we watched a zippy powerboat speed right along to that marker and sure enough he whipped it around sharply and then proceeded to follow us into the mouth of the river. When he had his bearings, without so much as a polite wave the boat sped around us as we smugly puttered along.

Pooped and hungry, we trailered Serenity at the Moorings. Returning is nice for us on these gulf trips for I have a sister who lives right along our way just on the south side of Thomasville, Ga., and with a quick call we had a nice dinner and bed waiting for us not two hours away.

They even listened attentively to the tale of our adventures over dinner. I hope that my telling you about our experiences if anything helps you recall some of your own trips for it seems that some of the joy of sailing is the great memories. This trip was our only expedition in a year for us that has been spent for the most part "in port".

Now if Capt. Bob of The Rudder will entertain my musings again sometime, I will go waaaay back and tell you the true tale of "Johnny's First Sailing Voyage", or for a better title as this tale is from my viewpoint..."I Was Standing in the Alligator Slide For You". note(In 1980 I got an A+ in English 101 for this true story!) Fair winds,

*Melise Raley*

the fishing boat next to us were gone. That boat had a high platform to climb up in for scouting fish I guess and had the owners been there, I would have asked them to let me climb up. I don't know how far I would get but I really wonder what it feels like up there and I can't imagine what it would be like on a rolling sea. Just as well they were gone. If I went up they might have to call the fire dept.! As I said we were between these large boats, but how nice for the night brought with it a succession of storms thundering through with lots of wind, but we were snug in our sheltered nook. No rock and roll that night thank goodness!

The next day we knocked about town most of the day. Later that day we decided to quit lazing about and motor around a bit. We thought the tourists at the Rainbow Inn would enjoy a little boat to wave to as they dined, so adding some local color, off we went waving to the landlubbers as we headed up the Apalachicola River for an evening cruise. The Apalachicola is a beautiful river with the pelicans diving all around and interesting vegetation about its banks. Around every bend we said "one more and we head back" but I didn't want to stop. We thought about anchoring for the night but eventually turned around and headed downstream double time with the current at twilight.

The next morning we planned to sail back to Carrabelle. The day dawned quite blustery and the wind less than favorable for our trip. We decided to try it anyway of course. Johnny had found a marina mechanic from Carrabelle who would give him a ride over that evening to get our trailer if we wanted so with that backup plan, we set sail. I was soon back on deck to raise the sails. Please take the advice I tell our children. Move in harmony with the boat and sea, not in opposite directions. I sat down hard with the passing of a sneaky whitecap and the deck whacked me smartly on the seat. Back at the cushy helm, Johnny decides we can make some headway so we radioed back to Deepwater that we were Carrabelle bound and thanks for the lovely stay. We tacked for a while and marveled at another boat with her sails unfurled and sailing straight. AHA! Motorsailing of course. Giving in we motored a

