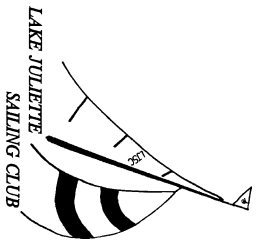


LAKE JULIETTE SAILING CLUB
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JULIETTE



RUDDER

Volume 10 No. 9

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JULIETTE **RUDDER**

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The RUDDER is the official publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club. Statements and opinions appearing herein are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent the group position of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club. The editor reserves the right to edit all material for publication and to publish only that material which is felt to be in the best interest of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club.

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WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO (Pick one or more)

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EVENTS AND ITEMS I WOULD BE INTERESTED IN:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> FUN RACES | <input type="checkbox"/> COOKOUTS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HANDICAP RACES | <input type="checkbox"/> RAFTUPS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLASS RACES | <input type="checkbox"/> BEACH PARTIES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EXCURSIONS | <input type="checkbox"/> SOCIAL DINNERS |

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free the world before me,
The long black path before me leading where ever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

From the Editor

This month I had a problem with the newsletter that I have not had for some time. I had too much material to put on 4 pages of paper. Not that I mind at all, but something had to be put off. I decided to hold back an article I wrote called, "Sailing on Buzzard's Bay" I promise I will try to find space for it in the October issue of the JULIETTE RUDDER. Sorry Boston.

September and October are the best times of the year to sail if you can find water. As many of you know, Lake Juliette is down so far that none of us can launch. Many of the lakes are also down. I was at a park on Lake Oconee recently and it is also down nearly 3 feet. I have not yet checked on Clarkhill Lake yet but hope it will not be down too far so we will still be able to launch for the Labor Day Weekend. I usually launch at Tradewinds Marina and it has an excellent deep ramp and convenient docks.

I am looking forward to directing the 10th. Annual Treasure Hunt. I still have some work to do on it but I think it may be the best yet if that is possible. There are some really great treasures this year and hope all of you can make it.

This newsletter is coming out early because of all the activities between now and the 12th of September. I would not be able to get it out in time if I waited till the normal time to start.

Bob Horan

MAINSHEET

Oh my!! It's Hurricane time again and guess what? There is a warning about the Gulf!! So that means we are trucking it to TYC to move Breakaway around the Island into a hidey hole so maybe she will ride it out alright. Keep your fingers crossed that we get there before it gets rough. I'm not too fond of high waves & high winds when we have to sail close to the inlet.



This month (Sept) will be busy with the Labor Day Cruise (Clark's Hill) or Charleston and of course Panama City. We will be down at TYC (if the weather calms down) and if anyone would like to join us call Teresa and she will let us know to meet you at the gate or call TYC (leave us a message) 850 283 3059, if you need a sponsor to get on base. I'm looking forward to seeing everyone at the Treasure Hunt (Sept 9) and the Commodore Party (low country boil) that night at the OSYC Club followed on Sept 10 by the belated Father's Day race. Will be loads of fun!! We plan for the meal to be after 8 p.m. because the Hunt will last probable till around 6 P. M.. If you have to work that day it will give you time to come for the Party. RSVP to Kenny. If you would like to stay the night Friday or Saturday you are welcome to camp or stay on your boat at the dock, we will be there early Friday. Commodore Maurice extended the invitation and stated it was ours for the weekend. Our last meeting at Logan's had 25 attending, you were missed if you were not there.

Hope everyone can make the September 19 meeting. We should have a speaker that you won't want to miss. The subject will be very informative and something everyone needs to be aware of. It will be a treat so plan now to be there!!!

QUIZ: A Red sky at morning _____

Red sky at night _____.

Fill in blanks and what does it mean?

Good Winds!

Meriam

LJSG 2000 Sailing Calendar

September Edition

- Aug 15th. Club Meeting – Logan’s Roadhouse, Arkwright Rd.
- Sept 1st. – 4th. Labor Day Cruise – Clarks Hill
Alternate – Charleston, SC
- 9 Treasure Hunt & Commodore’s Dinner – at OSYC
- 10 Father’s Day Race - at OSYC
- 19th Club Meeting - Fuddruckers, Zebulon Rd.
- Oct 7th. – 9th. Panama City Fall Cruise
- Nov 10th. – 12th. Apalachicola Cruise

Additional events not yet scheduled

Moonlight sail

Notices

The September meeting will be held at 7PM at Fuddruckers, located on Zebulon Rd. about a block East of I475. We will be discussing the results of the Labor Day Weekend Cruise, 10th. Annual Treasure Hunt & Commodores Cookout, and planning the Fall cruises in Oct & Nov.

10th. Annual Treasure Hunt & Commodores Cookout:

OSYC location, 9 September, RSVP Kenny Allen for attendance at the Commodores Cookout which will be a Low Country Boil. We need to know how many to plan for, so please

RSVP - ASAP.

Kenny Allen - 953-3390 or kall59@earthlink.net

good weather. This was the highest priced place we had seen in all our travels. A block of ice that cost \$1.39 in N.C. was \$4.00 here, some friends we met in a 32 ft. sailboat got a slip one night and it cost them over \$100.00. The Yacht club wanted \$30.00 a night for a mooring in the harbor that was wall-to-wall boats. We anchored next to an empty mooring and the tide wrapped our anchor line around the chain and we stayed like that until we left. One of the most unusual places we anchored was off the coast of Connecticut. It’s called the Thimble Islands. Huge rock islands with a good chance for grounding with water that goes from 75 ft. to 10 ft in a boat length. After a couple more rough days on Long Island sound we arrived in North Cove, a mile up the Connecticut River to a really nice anchorage. After a couple days there and reading about the Connecticut River, and the fact that there was a Hurricane off shore making big waves along the coast, we decided to go up the Connecticut River. A couple days later with the morning low in the forties and the high only 64 we were glad we were on the Scenic Connecticut River. After a long cold day motoring against a 2-knot current and into a north wind we arrived at Wethersfield Cove. The people at Wethersfield Cove Yacht Club couldn’t have been any nicer to us, giving us a mooring and letting us use the clubhouse. With a good boat ramp and a place to leave Zephyr for a few days it was decided that our trip would end here. We rented a car in East Hartford and drove to New Hampshire to retrieve the van and trailer. With the help of another new lifetime battery from J.C. Penny (#7) the van cranked right up and was ready to carry us back to Ga. My old brown Ford van has been my friend and never failed to get me home for 24 years. With 210,000 miles Helen worried about every rattle and sound. To me they were all very familiar and it was a good comfortable feeling to be behind the wheel. Years of going to motorcycle races and several cross-country trips could not stop the brown van. However a woman on a cell phone almost put a stop to the van. While stopped at a red light in a small town in Massachusetts she ran into a car behind us and it crashed into the back of the empty trailer. Not much damage to the trailer, but it drove the trailer hitch into and under the van. After a day spent filling out paper work we drove to Wethersfield Cove and loaded Zephyr on the trailer hoping the hitch would hold. This time we unloaded Zephyr completely. I mean everything. With boxes from the grocery store we had the van full of stuff that hadn’t been out of Zephyr in 10 years. Even took the Yamaha out of the well and put it in the van. It paid off as the boat towed the best it ever had. When she hit the trailer it put on the surge brake so hard that it blew a wheel cylinder in the left wheel. After 3 cans of brake fluid I finally stopped in a rest area and changed the wheel cylinder and we had brakes again.

If you are wondering why this part of the story is so long it’s because we had more rainy days on this leg of the trip. With more time in the cabin to read and play with the laptop, this is the result.

As I got behind the wheel of the old van a flood of memories came back to the many trips I’ve made, and Walt Whitman’s song of the open road comes to mind.

Captian Fred Veator

he didn't like us anchored in his creek. Helen said that it looked like the same boat that she had seen off in the distance as we were looking for the channel. I had seen a boat but thought it was a crabber and didn't pay it much attention as I had my hands full. She told me at the time he was shinning a red light at us. I glanced around and saw something red in his hand and thought it was a red crab trap float. We put two and two together after they went by and realized he had been waving a flare. I can't believe we didn't realize what it was.

The next day we put Zephyr to the test to see if we had developed any leaks after the C&D canal incident as we had a very lively 35-mile sail across and down the Delaware and into the Cape May canal. The Corinthian Yacht Club at Cape May sure made us feel welcome with free showers and dinghy dock. We got our bicycles out and had a good stay until the weekend. On Sat. morning I counted 16 sport fishermen going by at one time and we rocked and rolled. We had to leave the boat and did not return until dark. We decided we couldn't stand another day like that so when the fishermen woke us up we got up and left with them.

We wanted to take the New Jersey ICW but there were a couple low bridges between Cape May and Atlantic City. We covered the 30 miles, on the outside, under motor and arrived at Atlantic City on a Sunday afternoon. We had told ourselves we wouldn't travel on the weekend any more because of too much boat traffic. Atlantic City inlet was more boats than I've ever seen. (Even Panama City Jetties on Memorial weekend.) We had planned to anchor in a cove a guy had told us about at Atlantic City. You could have walked across the boats in the cove so we ran up some sail and caught the sea breeze and tide up the ICW. One mile past the Atlantic City Bridge and we were in the marshes with not nothing, but still hundreds of boats going both directions. With just the main and a friendly tide we sailed for 7 knots for 15 more miles. We have found that with a lot of boat traffic its best to leave the jib down so you can see.

A couple days later we arrived at Manasquan Inlet N.J. and the end of the N.J. ICW. Leaving our excellent anchorage at Glimmerglass Creek after a couple nice days at anchor, it was time for the Big Apple. 22 miles motoring on the outside in early morning still air, we crossed into New York Harbor. The Captain had spent a lot of time studying tide charts and it paid off. Entering N.Y. harbor, just as the flood tide entered also, we headed through the Narrows. With the main up, Yamaha going and a friendly tide we crossed N.Y. Harbor, passed the Statue of Liberty and turned right into the East River. Going through Hells Gate we made over 11 knots and went to the beginning of Long Island Sound. For the last time we stayed in one of Skipper Bob's anchorages. This one was in the Bronx and you never would have believed where you were, such a nice little cove. The end of our longest day. (62 miles)

The Long Island sound can get mean as we found out a few days later. Struggling in the wind and waves we finally arrived at the jetties at Port Jefferson Long Island. The long arms of the jetties welcomed us like a mothers arms welcoming a child. Not a very nice place but we stayed 4 days waiting for some

Log of the Zephyr

Pon Pon, Pon Pon, Pon Pon: Hello all stations this is the United States Coastguard Portsmouth Group: with an urgent message for all mariners. A large thunderstorm cell with strong winds and heavy rain is located over the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay and headed north. All small craft seek protection. This was what greeted us on the radio after we had spent the last 20 miles motoring through Norfolk Harbor. We had finally run up the sails and had left Hampton Roads and crossed the tunnel into Chesapeake Bay. Black clouds to the south told us better than the radio that a storm was going to welcome us to the Chesapeake. The chart showed a small marked inlet to the Salt Pond about 3 miles up the bay.



A long line of boats was headed into the Salt Pond and we joined them. The salt pond was small with one huge marina took up almost the whole well protected pond. We stopped at the fuel dock and got some gas and asked where we could anchor, no anchoring in the pond, said the dockhand, the police will run you out. He said we could tie up to the end of the dock for 40 dollars. Luckily, while he went for our change, a couple sailors came by in a dinghy and told us "sure there was a legal anchorage in the pond over behind the No Wake sign." A very good anchorage we rode out the storm and spent the night, we both agreed about the dockhand, we had met our first Yankee.

We had read and heard a lot about the islands in the middle of the Chesapeake Bay. We picked out Smith Island to visit. After a couple days sail up the Bay we arrived at dead low tide. The channel was marked with white PVC pipe, just one you guess what side to go on. We guessed wrong a couple but thanks to low draft arrived at deserted dock in narrow harbor. Tied to dock and walked to only place in town that was open. The woman said we could stay at dock for \$15.00, but had to move by 10:30 AM as tourist ferry arrived. The ferry left at 4 PM and everything in town closed when it left. While walking about town we met a guy who asked us if we wanted some all ready cooked crabs. We walked with him to his house. He said not to look at the mess as someone had broken in and ransacked the place last week. Because he was dying of cancer and didn't have long to live he was not going to clean up the mess. With about 10 cats watching and a bulldog in the other room wanting us for supper, add to all this the smell of boiled crabs. For true misery you couldn't beat it much. A Piggly Wiggly bag full of small crabs kept us busy, back on board Zephyr, for over an hour we picked crabs and still went to bed hungry. Had the hottest night of the whole trip there at the dock, no wind and plenty of bugs. At 5 AM the Crab factory steam whistle blew (6

times) to tell all the crab boats it was time to "Go get'em". With some bad weather forecast and not highly impressed with the island we decide to leave behind the crab fleet. What a great sail with reefed jib and full main on a broad reach we sailed 35 miles across and up the bay. Arrived at green #1 at mouth of Patuxent River. About a mile before the bell the wind died. Captain took out the reef and went below to check the chart. Soon crew said I'm not going to be able to make the bell. The wind had changed direction and come up in a wholesale outfit from the north. Close-hauled and with too much sail we tried to make the mouth of the river. The mouths of these rivers on the Chesapeake can get real nasty if wind and tide oppose. The Chesapeake was showing us who's the boss. The waves were coming straight up and with the rail in the water and the bow going through the waves I could not safely go forward and get the sails down. About the time I thought we were O.K. a tow comes along towing 5 barges on about 200 yards of cable. With help from Yamaha I managed to get sails down and out of the way. Made it into harbor and excellent anchorage at Solomon's Island, Maryland. It was so nice that we stayed 8 days.

An early morning start got us all the way to Annapolis in one day. (50miles). We thought there were a lot of sailboats at Solomon's Island, there were, but Annapolis is really a sailing city. A real good anchorage in Spa creek with a couple of places to dock the dinghy made for a nice stay. A tour of the Naval Academy is a must for any visit to Annapolis. After 4 days it was time to start moving again. The tides in the beginning of the Chesapeake Bay are not really noticeable as far as current. As the bay narrows near the C&D canal the current has to be considered. When we left Annapolis in the morning we had a friendly tide, but as the day passed so did the tide. We spent 5 hours with no wind and bucking a 2.5 knot tide. By late afternoon with a big black cloud ahead it was obvious we weren't going to make Skipper Bob's anchorage. A creek showed on the chart only 4 ft but with the storm coming and dead low tide we headed in with our fingers crossed. After a couple turns we dropped anchor in 5 ft of fresh clear water surrounded by forest, it could have been Lake Juliette.

Timing on the tides is a must for going through the C&D canal in a low powered sailboat. We hit the tide just right at the C&D canal (good planning by the Captain) and at the end of the bay were doing 9 knots with Yamaha. Our trip almost came to an end midway through the C&D canal. Going with 3 knots of tide we hated to stop but needed gas before we entered the Delaware Bay. There was a marina right under a high bridge (140 ft.) half the docks on each side. No place to mess up here if you did you would hit one of the large cement bridge supports. We made our U turn into the current and came sideways into the dock so gentle that we could have had eggshells for bumpers and not cracked them. We got our gas and were getting ready to leave. I had untied the stern and had just started on the front. Helen had the Yamaha going and the plan was to untie the front and push the bow out into the current with plenty of gas on the Yamaha we would peel away from the dock as we had done many times already. I was aware

of a large sailboat a few lengths ahead of us but didn't pay it much attention. Just as I started on the bowline I became aware of some hollering coming from the sailboat ahead. I looked up in time to see the front of the sailboat swing loose into the current with the captain on the dock and a stern line still tied. His wife was on board and was hollering for him to do something. When the 38 ft. Pacific Sea craft turned completely sideways to the current it was still held by a stern line it came backward into the dock with a crash that shook the whole dock. As it continued to turn the stern line broke and it was free and heading right for Zephyr. The Dockhand and I both jumped on the bow of Zephyr because there was no way it was going to miss us. The woman on board did not have the engine running and we were both hollering for her to start the engine and motor away. (She didn't know how to start the engine a good lesson here). With the Dockhand and I both sitting on the forward deck of Zephyr we tried to ward off the sailboat. It was like pushing against a brick wall and with a jarring jolt the sailboat hit us on the port side of the bow and drug back a ways then stopped. The curve of our bows and the push of the tide kept it from passing and was hung on Zephyr. The captain came across Zephyr and got back onboard and started the engine. With the Dockhand and me both pushing with our feet and backs against the cabin we moved the sailboat off enough to where he motored off. I was afraid to look at the side of Zephyr, but the aluminum rub rail had gone under his rub rail and Zephyr had no damage. The captain turned around and came back and I talked to him on the radio and told him everything was O.K.

The Garmin GPS turned out to be one of the most valued crewmembers on board.

There are so many channel markers in the Chesapeake and Delaware bays that there is no way you can navigate using them. I only got lost one time and the GPS was telling me where to go and I wouldn't listen. We were heading for an anchorage midway down the Delaware at Port Mahon. I hit the red #2 right on the money and went forward to reef a sail and Helen steered around some crab traps. Crab traps in both bays are everywhere even in 50 feet of water. (150 in Long Island sound). They have 3 floats on them because of the tide flow and with a strong tide and chop they sometimes are just under water.

Out of the corner of my eye, while working on the sail, I saw a green marker way off and told Helen to head for the green. Something didn't seem right but I told her to keep heading for the green. After about 15 minutes with the GPS and Helen both telling me something was wrong because the wind and tide were still in the same direction. Finally I followed the GPS and it took us an hour to make back the 15 minutes against the tide. Finally we saw land and bumped our way into a small marsh creek to anchor for the night.

We had a bad incident about an hour after we got anchored and gone for a swim and were just about to go below for supper. A small fishing boat came by towing another fishing boat with two guys in the second boat. When they came by one of the guys in the second boat gave me the finger all the way by. At first I thought

