



JULIETTE **RUDDER**

Volume 12

December 2002



Scene
from
Last Winter

CHRISTMAS PARTY 2002
December 14, 2002
at home of
Phil and Kristin Martin
131 Waters Edge Dr, Lizella, GA
Dinner is at 6:30
Arrive between 4 and 6:30

COMMODORE'S MAINSHEET

Thanksgiving day has past, Christmas is just around the corner, and I have not gotten past spring on my to do list. Am I the only one in this boat? So the days don't pass you by, please be sure to put December 14th, and January 18th on your calendars. These are the dates of the Christmas Party and New Years Party. If you are able to make only one or two meetings a year these should be the ones. The New Years party will include a short but very important meeting to vote on the changes to LJSC Charter and elect the officers and executive committee that will serve you in 2003. For more information on each event please check out the web site, or contact one of the executive committee members.

I had a great opportunity to take Lou (one of my composite instructors) sailing at Lake Sinclair three weeks ago during a weekend break of class. I was hoping for some nice wind the week before so Lou would have a great time, we were not to be disappointed. I believe we got the wind from the prior 4 months all at once. Leaving the dock on the Tanzer was pretty fair, running down wind towards the dam. It wasn't until we turned into the wind and felt the full force of 25 to 30 Kts. With a full main and the 110 up I knew something would have to come down. I headed over and tucked into a cove in the lee of the wind. By the look in Lou's eyes he was very happy to see the main sail come down. We sailed the rest of the day on the headsail alone and only buried the rail a few times. This was one of those rare occasions that you can have waves actually crashing over your bow on a Georgia lake. Lou said he had a great time and would like to go again, maybe when it warms up a bit. I encourage everyone to share there sailing with others especially those that are new to the sport, you just may want to pick a better day or bigger boat on the first trip.

My family and I would like to take this time to thank all the members of LJSC for a great year of sailing, friendship, and especially your support during my time as commodore. It is through your efforts and love for sailing that has brought LJSC to the level that it is. Please continue to encourage and support those new to sailing, or even the old salts. Keep looking toward the horizon for the puff of air leading you to new places and experiences.

Best wishes to you and yours in the coming year,

Carl, Laurie, and Ashley



MARK YOUR CALENDAR FOR THESE UPCOMING EVENTS

December 14 , 2002

LJSC Annual Christmas Party/Meeting

This years festivities will be held at the home Phil and Kristin Martin on Lake Tobesofkee. Dinner starts at 6:30. Try to arrive between 4 and 6:30. The club will be providing Turkey, Ham, and drinks. Each family is asked to bring a dish. Last names starting with A-K bring a vegetable, L-Z, bring the dessert. We will be having the gift exchange again this year, each person or family (your choice) that wishes to participate brings a gift valued at \$10.00 or less. The exchange is great fun and usually the highlight of the evening. Dress is casual, for more info contact Carl Saylor at `saylor@home.net` or 478-755-1006.

Directions to Christmas Party

From North of Macon

Take I-75 South

At I-475 Exit, bear RIGHT (South) onto I-475

At I-475 Exit 1, bear RIGHT (South-West) onto US-80

Turn RIGHT (North) onto Moncrief Rd

Bear RIGHT (East) onto SR-22 Columbus Rd

Bear LEFT (North) onto Gates Rd

Turn LEFT (North-West) onto Waters Edge Dr

Arrive 131 Waters Edge Dr, Lizella, GA 31052

From South of Macon

Take I-75 North

At I-475 bear LEFT (North) onto I-475

At I-475 Exit 1, turn LEFT (South-West) onto US-80

Turn RIGHT (North) onto Moncrief Rd

Bear RIGHT (East) onto SR-22 Columbus Rd

Bear LEFT (North) onto Gates Rd

Turn LEFT (North-West) onto Waters Edge Dr

Arrive 131 Waters Edge Dr, Lizella, GA 31052

January 1, 2003

New Years Sailing Trip to Florida

Contact Steve Dillard if you are interested. More info to come

January 18, 2003

New Years at the Dillards

Get ready for the new sailing year by joining your fellow club members at the annual election, dinner, meeting (time to be announced). We will be having a short meeting mainly to vote on our proposed Charter changes and the election of officers that will serve you in 2003. The club will provide steaks and drinks, and we will reverse the dish list meaning those with last names beginning with A-K bring desert, and L-Z bring a vegetable dish per family. There is a \$5.00 charge per person to help cover the cost of the steaks. RSVP saylor@hom.net or call 478-755-1006 before January 7th so we can get a count on how many steaks to buy. There will also be a table setup to collect your yearly \$25.00 dues. Calvin Smith and Garland Corbin are the nominating committee for the 2003 officers. If you have any thoughts or would like to volunteer for a position please contact them prior to the New Years meeting. Directions and a map can be found on the LJSC Web site.

From North of Macon

Take I-75 South

At I-475 Exit, bear RIGHT (South) onto I-475

At I-475 Exit 3, turn RIGHT (West) onto Zebulon Rd

Bear LEFT (South-West) onto Lamar Rd

Turn RIGHT (North-West) onto SR-74 Thomaston Rd

Bear LEFT (South) onto Beaver Oaks Dr

Arrive 1431 Beaver Oaks Dr, Macon, GA

From South of Macon

Take I-75 (North)

At I-475 Exit, bear LEFT (North) onto I-475

At I-475 Exit 2, bear LEFT (West) onto SR-74, Thomaston Rd

Bear LEFT (South) onto Beaver Oaks Dr

Arrive 1431 Beaver Oaks Dr, Macon, GA

Directions and a map can be found on the LJSC Web site.

March, 2003

Annual Cherry Blossom Regatta

Start planning to attend now, last year we had over 30 sailboats of various sizes and types competing, and expect more this year. An announcer will be at the point to cover what is happening on the course during the race. The point at Dames Ferry Park provides excellent viewing of the racecourse watching the boats battle for positions, which are decorated with cherry blossom pink bows and ribbons. Competitors will start arriving Friday and early Saturday morning to setup and prepare their boats. The campground will be open starting Friday to accommodate those traveling in from out of the area. For more info, please contact Carl Saylor (Commodore, Lake Juliette Sailing Club) at 478-755-1006 or 478-960-6297. Email address saylor@hom.net.

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SELL or SWAP:

TANZER 22-sail # 476 center board model, 8hp Johnson, custom trailer built for Tanzer, good tires with spare, single handed mast stepping jack, full sail inventory inc. a new 2" whisker pole, sail cover for main, two rudders-new and original, extra tiller handle, new 4" cockpit cushions, port-a-potty, compass, lines, life jackets, anchor, fenders, and more. This boat is a joy to sail and a proven winner, it loves weather! The boat is located in Ocala FL. Asking \$6,000.00. Call Mike Sherlock, H-352-489-4617, W 1-800-476-6624.

American Daysailer. 14.5 ft with 3.5 hp Sears motor, 1995. Galvanized trailer, roller furling jib, single reef main, UK flyer. \$3500. Contact Al Pfeifer 478-474-0911. Impulse 21. Trailer. \$3800. Contact Carl Saylor 478 755 1006.

Hobie Holder17. Trailer, 4 hp Johnson. \$2400. Contact Carl Saylor 478 755 1006.

Starwind 19 + Harding trailer + Nissan 9HP (I think) motor. Attractive price. Contact David Block, 478 454 1071

Sailboats Wanted: Donate your Hobie 16's for the Special Olympics Program at Lake Tobesofkee and get a tax write-off. Contact Phil Martin, 478 751 7363. Will also accept other boats which will be sold and the proceeds used to support the program.

San Juan 21 (in process of rebuild), Tandom axel trailer (in good condition) both for \$500. Price will go up as rebuild continues. Contact, Carl at Saylor Specialties.

Bay Hen 21. Specifications: LOA 21' 0"; LWL 18'3"; Beam 6'3"; Draft (boards up 9"; boards down 3'6"); Weight: 900 lbs; Sail area 175 sqft; Capacity: 6 adults. Standard Bay Hen includes: Hand laid fiberglass red hull & white deck w/ four bronze portholes, PVC foam core & position flotation, Aluminum spar & mast tabernacle, Boom & mast gallows, Tanbark (Dacron) gaff rigged sail w/ 2 points and jiffy reefing system, forward hatch, interior berth cushions, galley flat w/ sink, built-in motor well, Contact Bob Hargrove (H) 478-743-8172, (W) 478-301-2762, hargrove_rj@mercer.edu. See <http://osyc.net/tradingpost.html> for more details and pictures.

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OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRS

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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 LJSC.

Long Time No Sea - Part Two

(Continued)

by Hazardous Greg

Day 2 - Monday 26, 2002

The next morning I pulled the step ladder from the back of the Suburban and climbed aboard the boat in its asphalt ocean. There, a way from prying eyes, I sheepishly began unloading all the unnecessary gear. Back into the suburban it went. The swim fins and spear gun, three dock bumpers, three small ice chests, the large jib sail and its bulky bag, three cases of beer, (two would be enough, the spare boat hook, the spare cushions and life preservers, out with the sun shower bag, (which had leaked anyway)the spare anchor, the extra flashlights, the bag of extra clothes (Jackie's), the six-gallon Jerry can of water was poured into a more manageable three gallons, out went the hatch cover boards, out went the Bimini which had bent in the storm, out, out, out! Low and behold it looked like a sailboat again and not like a barge. Now I had only what I needed and no more and that's the way I'll keep her.

We checked out and left a nice cantaloup for the desk lady. Both times we have stayed there. She has been very helpful. If you ever need a good, inexpensive room on Tybee Island, I highly recommend the Royal Palm, not fancy but comfy and cozy.

Before leaving we walked down to the beach. The ocean was calm and we took a few pictures, then we headed to a Huddle House for breakfast back on Whitmarsh Island and to find another boat ramp.

And now folks, to talk more about a small world, we had parked the truck and boat in the Huddle House parking lot and were headed for the door when a voice called out. "I hope you run a train better than you drive a boat trailer."

It was an old railroad buddy of mine off the coastal division named George Bailey. I'd known him for years and we had stayed many a night together in the railroad dormitory on Riverside Drive. The trains I left Macon on went to Atlanta and the ones he left on went to Savannah. We had spent many hours together in the tv room talking of boats and the ocean. Talk about coincidence!

We had breakfast and I told him about our previous days adventure and that I was looking for another boat ramp. "I know of a boat ramp right near here, he said, and a good one." We paid up and left.

George jumped on his Harley and we followed him, about three miles to a sandy parking lot full of standing rain water, complete with a double boat ramp on a small estuary. "What channel is this," I asked? "That is Richardson Creek," he said, "it runs right into the Wilmington River." Well, this should do nicely, I figured. There was a nice dock with picnic tables and even one with a covered gazebo.

George helped me with the mast and we got launched. He left us his address and phone number and roared a way on his Hog.

Now George is a nice fellow but perhaps a bit "discombobulated" himself. Unbeknownst to me at the time, I was not on Richardson Creek on Whitemarsh Island, but a few miles north on Oakland Island not far from the Savannah River. I was sailing into upper reaches of the Wilmington River. As we entered the river, I noticed a drawbridge, 300 yards south. The chart showed no drawbridge on Richardson Creek and it was then I knew the bridge was the Causton Bluff drawbridge on the river itself. No problem.

Well we were here and with all sail stowed, I decided to do a bit of exploration on the upper reaches of the Wilmington River, where, "the big ships sail on grass." We motored north past the mouth of Habersham Creek just a half mile from the south channel of the Savannah River. It's an eerie sight to see these huge freighters and container ships sailing across "the Marshes of Glen." You can see the ships plainly but not the river because of the tidal marsh. The giants really seem to be gliding along as if in a huge pasture. If you are ever unlucky enough to find yourself here, watch the numbers on the channel markers. Here you and your boat will be like a mouse in a maze and it's easy to lose your truck!

We spent most of the day exploring these backwaters and it was amazing to see how far inland the dolphins swim. They come into these tiny creeks far from the ocean, presumably to feed upon shrimp, which must number in the billions in here, where the shrimp boats can't get at them.

We entered saint Augustine Creek which turns into the Bull River and went far enough south to see the Bull River bridge where lies the famous Williams Seafood Restaurant, at which point we reversed course and after getting lost for a while we finally found our way back to our tiny dock. We put in at what we thought was a low tide, and took a nap. When we woke up, surprise! The boat was now sitting firmly on the bottom! Our little estuary was now almost bone dry. The rudder was stuck so far in the mud that the tiller wouldn't budge an inch!

Well, we weren't going anywhere till the tide came back. What to do in the meantime? Jackie went back to sleep while I gazed up at the dock, which had been even with the gunwales when we had first launched. Well now look here, the pilings of the dock were now fully exposed, and clinging to them was hundreds and hundreds of oysters! Now if there's one thing I love folks, its raw oysters. I got my diving knife and I began prying off big clumps of them. I began prying them open and devouring the big succulent mollusks. Yum! I had eaten a dozen or so when a man out for a walk came out onto the dock and looked in amazement down at the boat. "What are you doing down there " he asked? "I'm eating oysters," I said. "Eating those oysters will make you sick," he said. "Why is that," I asked? "Oysters exposed to the air are no good, only those dredged from below the waterline are fit to eat." I had never heard of that but perhaps they were bad for other reasons. I stopped eating them and hoped I wouldn't get Sick. As it turned out I never did get even a little sick and later on regretted that I had stopped eating them. They were delicious!

The guy's name was Pete and was six years younger than myself. I got a crick in my neck from talking up to him but we chatted for a couple of hours. We talked of Thunderbolt where I had lived years before and of Savannah High School which we had both attended and of Richard Arnold Junior High which we had also both attended although because of our age difference we had never known each other.

I had lived right down the river in the late 50's and early 60's. We left in 1962 right after the Cuban missile crisis. By the time

Kennedy got shot, I was living in Altus, Oklahoma. Such is the life of a military brat!

As we concluded our lengthy discussion, I heard a distinct sucking noise under the boat and the boat popped free of her dry dock. We were floating again!

Pete bid me farewell and in a short time it was possible to move the tiller. I fired up the Merc. And we motored out into the river. It was almost dark and really too late to be shoving off but here in these still backwaters, I was afraid that we would be attacked by hoards of hungry mosquitos or even worse, sand gnats; the tiny terrors that you can barely see which apparently have the teeth of a shark.

I turned on my navigation lights and in the failing light got on the VHF radio and hailed the drawbridge tender to let us pass. The crossing gates on the bridge stopped traffic and the whole thing lit up like a Christmas tree. I gunned the little Merc. And under we went. I radioed the tender and told him I wished I had his job. "That, definitely, isn't working'."

It was now dark thirty and only the pink sky illuminated our watery world. We did a few twists and turns and shortly were abreast of the famous old Bonaventure Cemetery and then the high bridge at Thunderbolt loomed into view. I was once again in my old back yard. On the east bank was the old Tidewater Boat Works and the old bridge road where more than 40 years before my brother Mike and I had ridden our bikes down to the river to fish and swim and crab. My god! 40 years, it didn't seem possible yet I knew it was So. Where did it go?

My brother was gone now and I wished dearly that he were here on the boat to see our old stomping grounds again. In a strange way I felt he was.

I had come full circle at this point, in my life and general and on this particular for there on the west bank was the Savannah Bend Marina. Talk about the long way! We tied up at the dock at the

public ramp for a minute, but then, desiring a more prestigious landing, I shoved off and ghosted over to an outside dock at the Savannah Bend Marina. Now I was docked with the big boats. What's more, we got our soap and towels and headed up to the dockside facilities. When we returned to the boat we made up our berths and got a good nights sleep. That night it rained a monsoon, no wind, just rain and rain and rain. straight down. We slept like babies on Nyquil!

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Cherry Blossom Regatta Volunteers

Race Committee	B. Hargrove, need one more and a boat
T-shirts/Soda sale at the point	Faye Fisher
Direct parking of boats/trailers	Two needed, early morning
Sponsorship	Kenny Allen
Advertisement	Ron Katz
Score Keeping	Jan Dillard
Design of T-shirt and ordering	Jan Dillard
Announcer	Carl Saylor