



JULIETTE RUDDER

Volume 12

November 2002



Photos from the Halloween Regatta Party

NEXT MEETING

November 19, 2002 - 7 PM

Ryans Steak House, Northside Dr., Macon, GA

COMMODORE'S MAINSHEET

I feel like a weary traveler without a home. Once again I have missed the fun of being in the water and at the meetings with everyone. Reno, NV is a neat place to visit, but you know how the rest of it goes I would not want to live there. School was great, for those that do not know, I have been going to school for the past year learning the in's and out's of Advanced Composite Technology. That is, Carbon Fiber, Kevlar, Aluminums, and Fiberglass: solid lay-ups and cored. Mostly pre-preg, with core materials aimed mainly towards Aerospace applications. The past two weeks was centered on bonding of composite materials and structures, and Non-destructive testing using ultra-sound. This means that I won't have to destroy your boat to tell you that your hull has some de-laminations in it.

While I was in Reno over the weekend, I traveled to "Southern Spar" in South Lake Tahoe for a visit of their plant. They build composite mast (spars) up to 150 feet long, and booms larger in diameter than six feet. I was given a full walking tour of the facilities, which was split up, in basically 4 sections. Up stairs is the cutting room where the pre-preg carbon is laid out on a 50-foot long table. The computer stores the layouts for the mast they build. The operator can then decide to build say 10 "Melges 24" carbon masts and the computer will send the layout to the plotter/cutter and automatically cut the pieces and number each one. They are then sent down in kits to the layout area. The lay-up area is where they place the computer cut pre-preg carbon fiber pieces into the mast molds like a big puzzle (following a numbered set of directions and schematics.) The next area is where the Auto-Clave is located, although most of it is outside the building. The Auto-Clave is 150 foot in length and about 7 foot in diameter. Think of it as a giant pressure cooker, this is where they cure (cook) the mast (very involved stuff.) The last area is a fully contained air conditioned paint booth-area that is over 150 feet in length, twenty feet high, and twenty five feet wide. Used for, you guessed it painting the mast. The carbon will breakdown rather quickly if it is not covered with some type of UV protection. Well that about sums it up in a nutshell. There is a lot more to tell, if you are interested in this kind of stuff just ask me next time you see me so I won't have to bore everyone.



(Mainsheet Continued)

A couple of days after my return from Reno I spent some time in the hospital for another Roto-rooter job, and am writing this as I recoup. Once again, November 11th I will be back on the road for another two weeks in the world of composites. Hope to see you all before then, remember bring a friend to our meetings/social and share your love for sailing. Be thinking Cherry Blossom, Christmas Party and News Years.

Carl

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### OSYC Halloween Open Regatta

Jimmy Harrell

About 60 people participated in the weekend events. All participants were either OSYC or LJSC members. In spite of the wind or lack there of, everyone seemed to have a great time.

The sailboat rodeo started at 1 PM with 8 boats competing. The wind was light to none and only 2 events were started, the slalom course and the man overboard drill. OSYC Commodore Ronnie Hartley (Catalina 22) took top honors in the Rodeo. Warren Abrams (Day Sailer 17), 2<sup>nd</sup> and Anthony Corbin (Raider), 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Late afternoon, Chef (and sometimes Commodore) Ronnie Hartley fired up the grill on wheels and did a fantastic job of barbecuing 60 chicken halves for the evening meal. Salads, vegetables, and desserts were provided by the participants and a good variety was available for a delicious meal. The OSYC Club house was decorated for the occasion under the leadership of Grayson Smith. After the meal Grayson emceed the costume contest and games. Jay, Sally, Joseph, and Salena Harrell received the loudest applause for their matching costumes and Ronnie Hartley did a perfect imitation of a chicken laying an egg.

Evening music was provided by the Corbins: Phillip, Garland, and Anthony. The songs were a combination of blue grass, hill billy, country, and gospel. Dick Mueller and Linda Horan sang specials with the Corbins doing back-up.

Sunday morning Chef Hartley was busy again. He cooked pancakes to go with sausage and bacon and sweet roles. Calvin Smith gave a short devotional and the sailors set about readying their boats for the afternoon race. The race started at noon and again there was little wind. It was a point to point race which lasted over three and a half hours. Calvin Smith got the honors for finding a shallow spot (Grayson told him to turn on the depth finder which he did not do). It was not a hard grounding, and they were off and racing again in a few minutes, but it probably cost him a place or two in the results. Jimmy Harrell (San Juan 23) took 1<sup>st</sup>, Max Wilson (Laser), 2<sup>nd</sup>, and Calvin Smith in his new-to-him Hunter 260, 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Complete race results can be found on the OSYC Web site: [osyc.net](http://osyc.net).

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Cruise News

At the last meeting there was some interest in a cruise at Panama City on the weekend of 9 November. Since then, only the Wellmans have expressed a continued interest in the trip. If any of you are still interested in this proposed trip, please let me know via E-mail at drallid49@cox.net

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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   |                                       |
| Announcer                        | Carl Saylor                           |

Ode to Rope  
Author unknown

As I cast off for that very first,  
The "rope" in my hand has now become "line".  
And hauling the sail to the mast,  
That "rope", now a "halyard", holds strong, taught and fast.  
Then sailing in brisk winds full force on a beat,  
The sails are trimmed in by that "rope" that's a "sheet".  
And now at my anchorage with sails safely stowed,  
I trust in that "rope" that now serves as a "rode".  
Through all my life I will never lose hope,  
Or a reason, or time .....to play with a "rope".

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Racing Rules of Sailing - Overlapped
Jay Harrell

Let's take another look at the basic rules (RRS 18) for rounding marks and how they affect two common tactical situations.

First, a boat that is overlapped inside of another boat at a mark is entitled to room to round the mark and the outside boat must give room.

Second, a boat that is clear astern must keep clear while the boat ahead rounds the mark.

Your rights and responsibilities are determined by two factors: if you are overlapped or not and when overlapped if you are the inside or outside boat. These relationships are determined at the moment that the first boat reaches the "two length zone" near the mark and the rights set at that moment hold throughout the mark rounding.

The definition of "overlap" becomes a critical detail! By definition, two boats are overlapped when the bow of one is over the line drawn at a right angle to the stern of the other, or if a boat in between overlaps them both. When two boats are sailing side-by-side it's easy to tell if

they are overlapped and the Racing Rules are somewhat intuitive. But when three or more boats are approaching the mark at about the same time, or two boats are approaching from widely different angles, it can be a bit tricky.

For example, imagine you are leading the fleet to the gybe mark on a triangle course (see diagram 1, boat "O"). When you are about to round the mark (within two boat lengths), you look back and realize that boat "I" right behind you has an inside overlap. Okay, you owe them room at the mark, but looking a little further back you notice that the next boat in line has an inside overlap on the middle boat. Now you have to swing wide enough to give them both room to round the mark, and the chances are good that they will both come out ahead on the next leg.

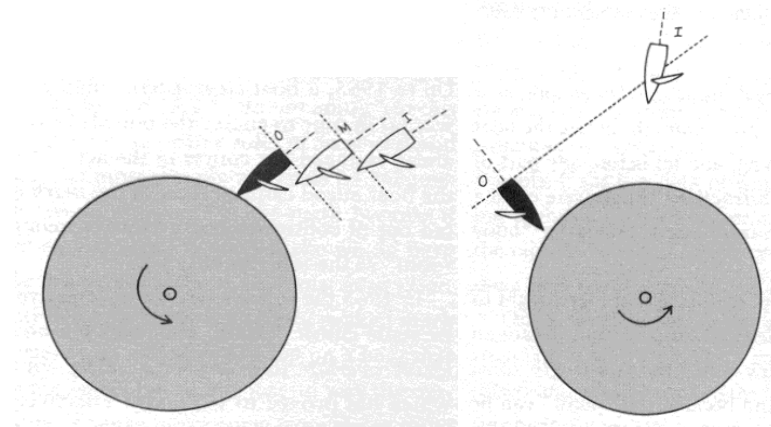


Diagram 1

Diagram 2

For the next example, imagine you are heading towards the leeward mark on port tack (see diagram 2, boat "O"). About 90 degrees to your left is a starboard tack boat (boat "I"). When you reach the two length zone, how do you determine overlap? If any part of the starboard boat is in front of line drawn through your transom (or rudder, or motor, or whatever is farthest back on your particular boat), then they are the inside boat and you must give them room at the mark if they need it. At the same time, they are also the right of way boat, so you also have to keep clear while they gybe around the mark. If you are far enough ahead that you can cross and get around the mark without causing the starboard boat to change course then you are fine, but if the starboard boat is close enough that you can't easily get ahead, you will have to round outside of them and once again stand a good chance of coming out behind on the next leg.

"Long Time No Sea"
Or
"Oh Brother, Where Art's Thou"
Hazardous Greg Milan
(Continued from last month)

The storm was coming like the mouth of hell itself and we were still a mile from the mouth of Lazaretto Creek. It was my plan to run in and hopefully find a slip. We were about a quarter of a mile from the dock when the storm kicked us in the stern like a big wet sea-boot. the wind was a good forty knots and the rain so hard I could barely see. I sent Jackie below and closed the hatch. My eyes strained to see where I was but finally I could see the big boats. I gunned the little Merc wide open into the mouth of the creek.

To my chagrin it seemed that every inch of dock was taken and the only thing to illuminate the scene were the white-hot flashes of lightning that seemed only slightly higher than the masts-head light, the thunder had me praying from a scene in "Hamlet" "angels and ministers of grace, defend us."

Then, as if my prayers were answered, there it was, one space on the dock. My boat was 25 feet long. The space looked 26 feet -1-inch. In a maneuver that was one half skill and one half pure luck, I rounded the bow back into the gale and toward the tiny space. The rain was lashing my face like stinging insects but I cut the motor at just the right instant and stepped forward along the starboard rail with a dock line in my hand. I slipped it over a dock cleat and shuffled down the rain swept dock to where the wind was swinging in the stern. The stern line was cleated and we were in! I couldn't have done it any better if I had weighed a ton! I had to!

We stayed below like frightened kids as the storm passed. It rained, as hard as rain can fall for about an hour. I left Jackie below and went down to a house boat, which was tied up on the inside of the dock. I knocked. I knew someone was home because I could see a TV. screen glowing through the blinds. A real boat bum (I say that with admiration) came to the door. "Come in," he said. He resumed his seat in front of the television and lit a cigarette. "Where did you come from?" he asked. "Out there " I answered, pointing toward the sound. "You're lucky" he replied. I nodded in agreement. He didn't know how lucky!

I asked if this was a private dock and he told me it was. The space I had taken belonged to a sea-tow powerboat out on a call. He said we

could stay there until the sea-tow came back. I thanked him and we began to talk about his boat. From the outside it looked like a house boat but on the inside it looked like a log cabin, knotty pine boards formed the walls and there was a huge oak picnic table in the salon. The only thing missing was a stone fireplace! "How long have you been here" I asked? "About a year" he said, "but I'm about to shove off for Florida." Some folks just know how to live.

He cut the tide tables out of his newspaper and gave them to me. I thanked him for his hospitality and went back to my boat. Where one has a friend, one has everything. The storm was subsiding and the tide had ebbed. Since we could not stay the night there and since I had seen the conditions at Tybee Spit, the rocks on one side, the big ships just outside the sound on the other, and the shrimp boats everywhere, I made a decision I did not regret. I started the engine and cast off the dock lines."Where are we going?" Jackie asked. "We are getting the hell out of here," I exclaimed! "Shouldn't have come here in the first place."

The storm had been a bad one. How bad? We were to learn later that night that one boater had gone overboard and was still missing and another skipper had been struck by lightning. His poor wife had to bring their boat back in as her husband lay dead in the cockpit! The storm was described by the weather man as being a "micro burst" the kind that causes jet airliners to crash. We were very lucky.

We motored back up Lazaretto to the boat ramp and re-trailored without incident. Off to the south we could still see the storm, raising hell.

We drove out to Tybee Island and got a room at the Royal Palm Motel, a place where we had stayed the year before sans sailboat. We even got the same room # 117. The motel court yard was tiny and had only parking spaces for cars. Here I was with forty feet of Suburban and sailboat. The lady at the desk asked if the rig would fit in front of the pool deck, and between the street. I stepped outside in the rain on the main drag and carefully paced off the distance from the outboard motor to the front bumper, 17 paces. I then paced off the distance from one side of the pool deck to the other, 17 paces! I "shoe-horned" the whole thing in with only inches to spare on either side, my luck was holding!

As Jackie was checking us in I noticed a man sitting outside his room. He motioned me over offered me a beer and we began talking. His name was Don and his wife was Lorrie, they were from North Carolina

down to close on a condo on Wilmington Island, right on Bull River. "Meet us later" he said, "out by the pool."

We got our overnight gear into our tiny room, with one bed, a T. V., a microwave oven and a huge air conditioner. Let me tell you folks, with that air conditioner at full blast we could have filled up the tub and made a 300-pound block of ice!

We ordered a huge pizza from Bennies Pizza, a deluxe with everything, one half with anchovies. Many do not like the salty little creatures, but to me a pizza just ain't a pizza without them. We were famished! We ate the whole thing. The box it came in was so clean when we got through that it could have been re-used! It felt so good to have a hot shower and a full belly.

Later Jackie, Capt. Morgan, and myself joined our friends by the pool and told them of our day's adventure. It was from them that we learned of the man who had been killed by lightning and the other missing. It had been on the evening news. It could have been us.

It was getting late and the long day had us very beat. Don told me to leave my phone number on his truck before we departed and that once settled in we were invited to be their guests the next time we came down. Gee, thanks! Where one has a friend, he has everything! We retired to our room and slept like stones!

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Please return undeliverable Items to:
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TO:

SELL or SWAP:

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 writeoff. 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. All the above contact, Carl at Saylor Specialties.