

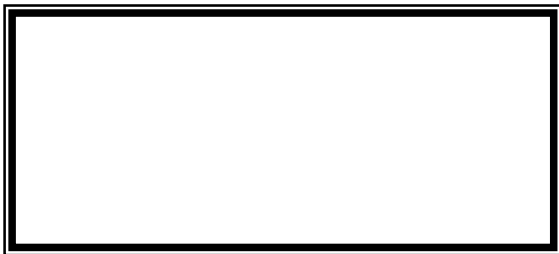
The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



OFFICERS

- COMMODORE Steve Dillard
drallid49@cox.net - 478 477 8408
- VICE COMMODORE..... Warren Abrams
pegride@belsouth.net - 478 228 3865
- TREASURER Jan Dillard
drallid49@cox.net - 478 477 8408
- SECRETARY/RUDDER EDITOR . Michael Dortch
tozup@aol.com - 478 742 1656
- COMMITTEE CHAIRS To Be Announced



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.

Minutes of January 18, 2003 Meeting

Meeting was held at the home of Steve and Jan Dillard. Prior to the meeting the members enjoyed a excellent meal. Steaks were prepared by Carl Saylor. Pot luck vegetables and desserts were provided by the members. Many thanks to Steve and Jan for the use of their home for this event.

New officers were elected as follows:

- Commodore: Steve Dillard
- Vice-Commodore: Warren Abrams
- Treasurer: Jan Dillard
- Secretary: Michael Dortch

New Bylaws as posted on the Web site were approved. The principal changes to the bylaws was a provision for the Commodore to serve two consecutive years instead of being limited to one and providing a list of elected officers and their duties and a list of executive committee members to be appointed by the elected officers.

The design of the Cherry Blossom Regatta shirt designed by Michael Dortch was approved.

Tentative Schedule of Events for 2003 are as follows:

- February: Gaspirilla, Tampa Florida
- March: Cherry Blossom Regatta
- April: Bimini Cruise
- May: Charleston, SC Cruise
- June: BEER Cruise, Pensacola, Fl.

Livin' Large in Florida

by Mark Rodgers

Hi LJSC friends,

My last contact with any members was with the Corbin's at Wal-Mart about a week before we packed up the boat and moved to Florida. As some of you may recall I sail Lightning 9098; this played a part in the decision my family and I made picking through the myriad of choices for a new sailing home. At Davis Island Yacht Club (www.diyc.org) Tampa, Florida resides the current World champion of the Lightning Class. We first visited DIYC in April 02 and were welcomed by fleet members on the water while sailing. We enjoyed our visit and told them we would be back. I figured that I might need to finance my move to Florida so I actually went for a job interview while visiting the area. The company made an offer, so I said..."OK". So by June 02 we sold the house, bought a house in nearby Tampa. So... we moved. :-) To nearby Tampa. :-) To be more precise, Riverview, Florida. In between sailing I actually work a real job making Wallboard. Anyway enough of the boring stuff let's get to the exciting stuff. As we visited DIYC we were invited to join their open to the public sailing event race held every Thursday beginning at 1800 (during Daylight Savings Time). There are several classes including centerboarders with events starting from the sea basin surrounding the yacht club. Not being familiar with the local waters, it was advised that we consider volunteering as crew until we were settled in. We took this advice and approached the bar at the yacht club and told a nice lady that we were looking to crew on a boat. So she picked up the microphone and announced "Crew looking for boat". Well ten seconds didn't go by before we were approached by a gentleman willing to take us aboard. We talked a little about what experience we had. I of course told him about all the inland sailing in Georgia Lakes and a little coastal sailing wherever. He asked if we wanted anything from the bar and we said... "OK". With-in a few minutes we met the rest of the crew, took a position and cast off aboard a Ranger 26 named "Pretty Woman" (Her lines were fine). We sailed a seven-mile course around buoys, a range maker, and channel makers to complete the course at the gate at the entrance to the sea basin surrounding the yacht club. We faired pretty well in the race and we celebrated with drinks and Buffalo wings offered up by our gloatful skipper. So we were hooked!! Living life as we had dreamed it.

With all puns aside, we are thoroughly enjoying our

life in Florida. We have sailed with Lightning's but most of the time the Lightning's have steady crewmembers so we took the offer to sail on any boat that needed crew as well as volunteering on the race committee. However we sail mostly with the gleeful (yet generous) skipper who has since traded up to a S2 thirty footer named "Dr. Bligh". We ended the Thursday Night Series Races in October 02 with first place in a non-spinnaker class. We now have graduated to spinnaker class where I serve as foredeck crew. Since June we have racked up about forty races with many venues in the Tampa Bay area (Bradenton, Sarasota, Gulf Port, St. Petersburg, Apollo Beach and everywhere else in between). We still miss the clearest lake in the state of Georgia (Lake Juliette) and the friends who sail her.

Some of the details about races and other events can be found at the Davis Island Yacht Club web site www.diyc.org with links leading to many sites in the area. Yet if there are any details anyone wishes to know please don't hesitate to contact me by e-mail at my new address rodgzm@tampabay.rr.com. Any details I am not familiar with yet I will attempt find out. It's a Margaritaville Life style at DIYC so please don't over dress if ya plan on comin'. But if you like white gloves, dinner and just talking about sailing I can make a recommendation for that too. :-)

Cheers

Mark Rodgers and family

Long Time No Sea (*continued*)

By Hazardous Greg

Aug.27...Day Three

The next morning we were awakened by the sound of fishing boats being launched at the public ramp. One more trip to the bathroom facilities and we shoved off down the Wilmington River. We motored under the Thunderbolt Bridge (no mast clearance problems here, a clipper ship could go under this one) and down to the bend in the river past the massive Palmer Johnson Boat Works, where the river curves eastward headed for the Wassaw Sound. Here is found the confluence of the Skidaway and the Wilmington River's, which gained Immortality in the beautiful and famous song "Moon River" by Johnny Mercer.

Moon river, wider than a mile, I'm crossing you in style someday. You dream maker - you heart breaker, wherever you're going, I'm going your way. Two drifters

- off too see the world, there's such a lot of world to see. Well, you get the picture.

As we passed the next bend on the port side the imposing structure of the old Sheraton Hotel could be seen. No longer a hotel, it's being renovated into condos. I wish I could afford one. Now just to the left of the Sheraton can be seen looming hundreds of masts, this is Sail Harbor. We motored up Turner Creek and docked at Hogan's Marina where years before my old buddy Larry Dickerson and his cousin Van Taylor had kept their Cal 27 and Hunter 30 sailboats. I looked around but saw no sign of their boats; well it has been a long time.

We docked at Hogan's and walked the short distance where their driveway comes out right on Johnny Mercer Blvd. Here we bought a few things at the Publix supermarket, which couldn't be any more convenient than it is, and a new camera from Walgreen's to replace the one I had so stupidly knocked overboard the day before back at the old dock. I had taken pictures of George and his Harley and they had been on that roll that went deep six. I was so mad at myself for losing the camera since shots like that that can never really come again. Forgive me George.

We had a drink at a bar called "Cheers" (how unoriginal, I thought) and as I imbibed I kept an eye on my boat. The space I occupied had been too big and convenient and I assumed it might belong to someone else and I was right. A short time later a big sport fishing rig I had seen earlier had stopped in mid channel. The Capt. had his hands on his hips and was eyeing the upstart chamber pot with a mast that had dared take his parking spot. I ran down immediately and shoved off his space. The skipper might have been angry but wasn't. He pointed to another slip and shouted, "You can stay there for free". We both had a good laugh. Free dock space abounds, but you must be selective. More on this later.

Now this was the area that I wanted to be in for my assault on the ocean that was now only a mile or two down the river. All I needed to find was a boat ramp in the vicinity and the quest for my holy grail would be over. True, I could have left the suburban far up river where it was, but this was basically an exploration trip to find the best place to come the next time I wanted the closest salt water sailing to my home. I must confess that while I dearly love our ol' Lake Juliette, my appetite for the ocean grows daily.

I asked the dock master if there was a ramp nearby. He pointed north to a tall bridge about a quarter mile a way and said, "Right there, under that bridge. Wow! How much easier could it be, and what an ordeal to find it! Well the place had changed a lot since 1962, and neither the ramp nor the bridge itself had been there so

how was I to know?

Jackie and I shoved off immediately to check out the ramp. It's under the Bailey Greyson Bridge (remember that name), which connects Johnny Mercer Blvd. From Whitmarsh Island to Wilmington Island. Eureka! I had found it at last! Here was an excellent ramp with free long term parking (right under the bridge under what amounts to a huge sheltered carport) so good is this ramp that if you launch at anywhere near high tide, you can go from trailer to dockside with your boat without getting your feet wet or firing up the out board. It's the most ingenious and the easiest boat ramp I have ever used, too bad they are not all that way! What's more, the ramp is right next to Wilmington Seafood Co. Not a restaurant but, a wholesale market where You can buy anything that comes out of the ocean and cook it right aboard, provided you have a basic galley. One thing about cooking aboard a small boat, I don't really like to do it. Somehow greasy bacon and eggs for breakfast doesn't taste nearly as good as it does on shore and in hot weather it smokes up the cabin which is too hot already and it can be dangerous if the boat is rocking. Then someone has to do the dishes which is time consuming and messy. I have found that a bowl of cereal and some fruit with orange juice or milk to be lots easier. I will boil some coffee if I'm so inclined but that's about the extent of it, especially in summer. For the Lunches or dinners where you can't eat ashore (and we did dine out on three or four occasions) the amazing plethora of things that come in a can is amazing. Cheeses, pudding, canned hams and soups and chowders abound, these with a good loaf of french bread or crackers, at least for me, has virtually eliminated the use for my alcohol stove. What's more, if you leave a big can of soup or stew out on the foredeck all day in the sun, it will be piping hot when you get ready for it. If you must cook all well and good, but it ain't necessary!

Now there was still one problem, the truck and trailer were still miles back up the river at Causton Bluff. I tried to call George to come and give me a ride back to Causton Bluff but no luck. He must have gone out on the train. There was only one thing to do and that was to go back up river, re-trailer the boat and drive back down to my dream ramp. This was an exploratory trip for the next time and if there were to be any problems associated with the new ramp, I wanted to discover them now. If all this seems confusing folks, well it was beginning to confuse me too!

We stowed everything and purred back up the river. It really didn't take that long at full throttle and before long we were back at the drawbridge, which now was

failing to respond to channel 16. I flailed my arms and shouted to no avail. About that time a big powerboat roared under the bridge towards us and I held my mike up in the air in a gesture and pointed towards the bridge hoping he would get the message and hail the bridge keeper for us. He throttled back his huge vessel and I saw him pick up his mike. The bridge began to open as some one (perhaps him) came in and told me that Georgia drawbridges were to be hailed on channel 13. Well we had no 13 on my Smithsonian radio and anyway, I didn't plan on hailing any more bridges anyway, at least not on this trip. I waved a thanks to the powerboat skipper and away he went. Once again, where one has a friend, one has everything!

We trailered the Lancer and set out back for the ramp on Turner Creek, stopping for a lunch at Despositos Seafood Restaurant. It was the same place that had been known, as Espositos for ages. It had been there for ages even when we had lived just across the river from it in the early 60's. Why they added the "D" I didn't know and I didn't ask, I wish now that I had.

By land it wasn't nearly as far back to the dream ramp as it was by water. I was all eager to get back in the water and continue my expedition. All this re-rigging was wearing poor Jackie down but she never complained. The occasional "Why did I have to take up with a mad-man?" look came across her face from time to time but she knew the job was hazardous when she took it. She's a helluva woman folks! True love at last?

We re-launched for the last time and the ramp proved to be a joy! We fired up the kicker and took off down Turner Creek once again. I was eager to get in some sailing. We wouldn't be able to get to into the Atlantic this day but the Wilmington River is plenty wide at this point to sail to your heart's content. I was so happy to finally be where I was that I broke out the Capt. Morgan's, laid the happy craft over on a nice starboard tack, and proceeded to celebrate. Life is good! We sailed about merrily for an hour or two as it began to get dark. Another fun thing about this area is watching the huge Air Force C-141's and C-5 Galaxy aircraft as they come in low over the river on their landing approaches at Hunter Air Base. This day they must have been practicing landing approaches for several of the monsters came right over again and again. So low you could count the rivets and see every detail. It was quite a show and I still wonder at how so much mass can get off the ground, much less fly! I couldn't help but wonder how much this entertainment was costing me in tax dollars!

In the falling light of a pink sunset we doused sail and motored back to Hogan's. The money I had spent to repair the 72 Merc 4 horse kicker, which had gotten sick

the summer before, was paying off. I like to sail as much as possible without mechanical propulsion, but a good outboard will earn its keep, especially on the coast.

It was now dark and time to find a "free" berth for the night. I have found that if one stays out after dark, as he should anyway, there's always some space on the outside docks. Actually, I doubt there would have been any charge and I didn't ask. If anyone said move I would, but there are always some docks around for free. Sometimes I have resorted to dilapidated, abandoned or damaged docks. No facilities but private! Then too, many marinas don't mind transients for the night as long as you buy something, usually a bag of ice or two or some gas and oil will suffice. Its always a good idea to make a mental note of any likely "freebies" which might be in the area especially if you don't want to anchor out overnight where you might get run over. Only when one wishes to leave their craft for extended periods do the dock owners demand rupees! Its also wise is to chum up to the dock master. A free beer and a t-shirt do wonders! Remember, Manhattan was bought for twenty-four dollars worth of beads!

We secured the boat and for her hard work I had promised Jackie a sumptuous meal ashore. I recalled a sea-food buffet and we set out for it but as we passed a tiny hole in the wall place called "Cafe Toney", the odor of luxurious cuisine grabbed us by the nose and we went in. I'm so glad we did! The tiny place is run by a positively quaint little gentleman named Stefan, who hails from Croatia. No menus here. Once you are seated, Stefan, with waiter's cloth folded neatly over the forearm begins reciting the night's available fare. Believe me, it's worth 5 bucks just to hear him do it. No wine is served but the diner is encouraged to bring his own.

After we ordered a huge prime rib garnished European style and served with lentil soup and French bread, with spinach and carrots cooked in olive oil, a distinguished old gentleman suggested that a fine selection of wines could be found across the street at the Publix, "and the price is right" he winked. I returned shortly with a bottle of Bolla Bardonello, a red wine, I guessed would go well with beef. I must say that no wine steward could have made a better selection. The food was ready and Stefan opened and poured the wine artistically rolling the bottle over and up after each pour, the little guy really had class. The meal was superb! To have added a single grain of salt or pepper would have been a sacrilege! When at the end I asked who the chef was who had such a way with food was, Stefan answered, "My wife of course". The place was so intimate that all four couples who were dining there began to talk. I offered everyone a glass of my wine,

which all accepted. One older lady was especially taken with my choice of wine. With every sip she oohed and aahhed. At the end of the evening I presented her with the remainder of the bottle, you'd have thought I'd given her a gold doubloon. It was a scene to be remembered, 8 total strangers enjoying one another in the candlelight.

At the end of the meal Stefan made his entry to announce the after dinner coffees on hand. When he finished I asked if he knew what kind of coffee was served aboard the "Titanic?" I do not know", he said. "Sanka" I said, Stefan and the whole place cracked up. It was the perfect after dinner joke and didn't shock anyone the way some of my jokes do. On the way back to the boat Jackie said it was the perfect evening and I had to agree. We tottered back to the boat so sated we could hardly walk. As soon as we got aboard and closed the hatch it began to rain a monsoon again. I slept like a king!

To be continued...

Commodores Note

Stephen Dillard

Thank you all for electing me to the post of Commodore. If my opponent had not demanded a recount with all the hanging chads added to his totals, the election process would have been much smoother. Again, thank you for your confidence.

This coming year looks to be a busy one for the club. We have the Cherry Blossom Regatta in March that will require the maximum effort from the club membership. We are going to try to rekindle interest in club races with several being scheduled throughout the year. We also have a full cruising schedule for this year with Tampa, Panama City, Charleston, Lake Martin, and the Bahamas on the list of stops. Add to that the Commodore's Cookout, the Fourth of July Picnic and the Rodeo and we have a very full year!!

Hopefully we can get all the events accomplished and everyone will have a good time doing them. And having fun is what sailing is all about.

Stephen

Letting From the Editor

"Gimp" Dortch

It is apparent to me that this whole predicament is all Calvin's fault. He is the one that talked me into this whole confusing sordid mess. I am sitting at my Computer trying to get out my first copy of the Rudder, racking my brain to remember all of the hints, suggestions, instructions, pointers, etcetera that Jimmy Harrell and Carl Saylor have so graciously tried to impress upon this quivering mass of gray matter. I'm not complaining, (well...maybe a little) I really do appreciate their efforts to drag me kicking and screaming into the 21st Century. Please, all of you bear with me as I careen around this Gordian Knot of a learning curve. (How's that for mixing your metaphors!)

One thing has become painfully apparent, my foray into the cutting edge of technology has been an interesting experiment, and, like any good experiment, you have your "constants" and your "variables". Invariably, in my case, my "constants" ain't and my "variables" won't. So, please bear with me as I limp up to speed with this endeavor. (Pun intended, or at least optional.)

I would like to encourage everyone to send any articles, photos, items of interest, classified ads, jokes, musings, drawings, renderings, cash, checks or money orders to me via e-mail to Toezup@aol.com or via snail-mail to 321 Oak Valley Dr. Macon, GA 31217. (Just kidding about the cash, checks or money orders...unless you insist!)

Classified Ads

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 incl. A new 2" whisker pole, sail cover for main, 2 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, Hm-(352) 489-4617, Wk- 1-800-476-6624.

American Daysailer: 14.5 ft with 3.5hp Sears motor, -1995. Galvanized trailer, roller-furling jib, single reef main, UK flyer. \$3500.

Contact Al Pfeifer; 478-474-0911.

Impulse 21: Trailer. \$3800.

Hobie Holder 17: Trailer, 4hp Johnson, \$2400

San Juan 21: (In process of rebuild), Tandem axle trailer (in good condition) both for \$500. Price will go up as rebuild continues. Contact Carl Saylor; 478-320-7130

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 Tobosofkee and get a tax write-off. Will also accept other boats which will be sold and the proceeds used to support the program.

Contact Phil Martin; 478-751-7363

Bay Hen 21: Specifications: LOA 21'0"; LWL 18'3"; Draft (Boards up) 9"; (boards down) 3'6"; Weight: 900 lbs; Sail area 175 sq ft; Capacity: 6 adults. Standard Bay Hen includes: Hand laid fiberglass red hull and white deck w 4 bronze portholes, PVC foam core and position flotation, Aluminum spar and mast tabernacle, boom and 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; Hm. 478-743-8172 – Wk. 478-301-2762 – e-mail; hargrove_rj@merc.edu.

See <http://osyc.net/tradingpost.html> for more details and pictures.