

# The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



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### Next Meeting

Ryan's on Northside Dr.  
 Tuesday, June 17<sup>th</sup>  
 Room reserved at 6:30 PM  
 Meeting starts at about 7:00 PM

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## Minutes of May 20, 2003 Meeting

The Meeting was opened by our "Commander in Grief", Steve Dillard (refer to last month's article "Bimini Trip... Not!) who treated us to a brief, albeit tortured elaboration on the aforementioned article. Jan Dillard, the much more attractive half of the "Dillard Duo", took command before things got out of hand and proceeded with the Treasurer's Report. We were informed that although we are still treading

water financially, we actually lost money on the Cherry Blossom Regatta. This was due in part to the fact that we didn't sell enough of those lovely T-shirts and the fact that some who ordered them did not pick them up. At this point Mike Nixon offered to purchase one in a valiant attempt to put us "in the black". Jan observed that we might want to re-think the event for next year to see if we can at least break even on the endeavor. At this point Jan relinquished command of the meeting back to Steve.

Steve proceeded to recognize Ashley Saylor and Killian Dortch for their success at the Mug Race. Attaboy's were also extended to Bill Shaw and Ron Katz for their accomplishments in the above-mentioned race.

Discussion turned to the Charleston Cruise with many helpful contributions from various members. Two possible launch sites were brought up and verbally dissected. Bob Horan produced some tide charts and Calvin Smith introduced a new route to Charleston into the mix. There was a lot of good info imparted during this discussion, most of which I missed recording because I don't know shorthand.

The meeting was steered around to the Panama City Cruise with Bob Hargrove giving us a succinct and informative report on his investigations for alternative launch sites. The alternatives were the City Marina, which is at the center of the action for the "party hearty" types, and St. Andrews Marina, a quieter area for the more aesthetically inclined. Slip fees at both marinas are a buck a foot per night.

The BEER Cruise was brought up with Carl Saylor providing some pre-event logistics and some alternatives to the pre-arranged itinerary. At this point survivors of the Bimini Cruise were assailed to regale. Tom Wellman gave us a lovely addendum to his article of last month. A glowing account of a "postcard perfect" adventure given over the morose mutterings of our less fortunate Fearless Leader. Steve was then called upon to elaborate upon his misadventures, a perversely humorous diatribe of nautical mayhem. As usual, the meeting degenerated into a chaotic ebb and flow of amiable social interaction; we all played well together and went home. -Gimp

## Commodore's Notes

Well folks, this is going to be a very short Commodore's Note. My blasted computer decided to do some decidedly un-nice behavior...I almost threw it in the yard!! Needless to say, I really behind the curve for getting things done on this electronic marvel.

Everyone who is even vaguely interested in the trip to Panama City the Fourth of July need to attend this month's



about 2 hours later. *Sea Witch* arrived the next day at about 1900 hours.

Wednesday morning we decided to scrub the Bimini crossing and head back south toward Long Key. Wednesday evening we anchored at Long Key and on Thursday morning headed northwest. We dropped anchor Thursday evening in Little Shark River at the edge of the Everglades, just north of Cape Sable. After the boat swung with the outgoing tide we realized that the keel was in soft mud. We started the engine to move to deeper water. After putting the boat in gear, we heard a disturbing grinding sound accompanied by significant vibration. We surmised that something had fouled the propeller. Since the tide was going out, we decided to try to kedge the boat out of the muck before the outgoing tide left us firmly aground. There was very little current and we were successful. Now someone needed to dive under the boat and free the prop. Since this place was named Little Shark River not because the sharks were little but because it was near a larger river named Shark River, I suggested that my bro-in-law take the dive. He argued that I was a better swimmer and that his eyesight was so poor that he would not be able to see anything since he did not have corrective lenses in his mask. (I was beginning to realize that it was a mistake when I demonstrated my superior diving skills a few days earlier and retrieved the BBQ grill which had fallen overboard.) After significant hesitation, I made a quick dive under the boat and reported that there was nothing tangled in the prop and that the prop and shaft appeared to be OK. If it wasn't the prop or shaft then what was it? An inspection in and around the engine revealed three two inch long bolts, three nuts and three lock washers laying under the engine. Further inspection revealed that the coupler between the rear of the transmission and the prop shaft had lost three of four bolts and the last was barely holding on. In about 30 minutes the coupler was repaired and tested. We wasted no time grilling steaks and enjoying the peace and quiet of the Everglades and all was well. Someone commented that a little more than an hour before, we had been up the river, aground and without fossil fuel propulsion. Reminds me of another saying.

On Friday, we motored out of Little Shark River and set sails on a broad reach for Marco Island. It was a great day for sailing with no mechanical problems. At sea, we checked the coupler bolts and re-tightened them. We stayed two nights at a marina on Marco Island. The second day we rented a car and drove to Naples for dinner on the canal. Although we stayed at a marina, there were several good places to anchor.

We left Marco Island Sunday morning planning to go inside at Sanibel Island and anchor somewhere along the ICW. As we approached Sanibel, we decided not to go inside and instead sail all night and arrive back at home port early Monday morning. Near Sanibel, we picked up about 10 biting flies and a few honey bees. It took about two hours to kill all of them. Also discovered a minor fuel leak which we were able to repair at sea.

We arrived back at Tierra Verde Marina at 800 hours on Monday, April 21 to find a power boat in our slip. It took about an hour to get him evicted and in the meantime we refueled the boat. We spent the rest of the day cleaning up the

boat and resting. Got a good nights sleep and left for middle Georgia on Tuesday morning.

Although we did not meet our primary goal of sailing to Bimini, we did cover over 300 nm. We are now somewhat experienced cruisers and have a lot more confidence in our skills and abilities. We do not however consider ourselves experts. There is still a lot to learn and I look forward to more trips.

I enjoyed the cruise on the big boat, and plan to do a lot more, however it will not take the place of my SJ23 trailer sailer. The big boat is much more complicated. It takes a lot of preparation and maintenance time and a lot more money for the time spent under sail.

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### The Girls Take Palatka...or, Poppa's Got a Brand New Brag!

*By Ashley Saylor and Killian Dortch*

We arrived in Palatka just before noon on Friday to the hectic boat launch area, where there were already many people setting up their boats for the race the following day. Immediately, we pulled the Raider off the top of the van and started rigging it. Our goal was to get it in the water early and start practicing. Killian and I had only flown the spinnaker 4 or 5 times and we wanted to make sure we had it down. Or at least prove to ourselves that we could keep it out of the drink.

*Ashley had a hard time teaching me how set the spinnaker, set up the lines, fold the sail, stow the lines, pronounce "Palatka"...I'm surprised she didn't go completely insane before the Mug Race. But, we finally did make it to Palatka the day before the race. We got a little time to practice and, as Ashley mentioned above, "to make sure we had it (the spinnaker) down." (Really? I thought we wanted it up!) I would be happy if we kept it from being a large sea anchor!*

During our practice session Killian went *under* a bridge for the first time. Remarking, "Never seen it from *this* angle, think I prefer the other side." She also soon discovered what all those buoys (crab pots) were in the middle of the river and learned it would be her job to watch for them and make sure I didn't hit one, since I was at the helm. However, our practice turned into a photo shoot as Mr. John Drawe decided he wanted pictures of us flying the spinnaker for the Raider web site. Nearing the end of the photo shoot, Mr. John (a.k.a. Fashion Coordinator) decided the pictures would come out horrible since I was wearing orange shorts and a purple lifejacket. I tried to reason that they were both Hawaiian flower print, but that didn't seem to change his mind. Or the fact that we were sailing and keeping our mind on the approaching race, not exactly worrying if we matched or not. Oh, well, he decided Killian's color coordinating was acceptable and she passed inspection.

*Ashley decided it would be best if I went ahead and got over the shock of going under a bridge for the first time BEFORE the race. It was weird, I mean common sense always told me to go over a bride, not under it. After a few minutes,*

*though, I got used to it. We then headed over to the docks to let Mr. John take pictures of us flying the spinnaker. Poor Mr. John, all of his beautiful pictures ruined by Ashley's tackiness! I'm only joking with Ashley. I actually thought that her lifejacket and her shorts looked good together. I must have inherited my dad's taste in clothes!*

After we had put the boats away and gone to the skipper's meeting, we went to Jacksonville to stage the boats/trailers. By this time, everyone was starved, so we stopped by the local Chinese restaurant, which had very good food. However, they also have wonderful, feel-good fortunes concealed in the ever-famous fortune cookies. Such as, "If the shoe fits, it's probably your size." Really??? I never would have thought... Exhausted, we crashed as soon as we got back to Palatka. However, there would be no such thing as a restful sleep as a freak storm blew up with gusts over 25 mph. It easily rocked the van Killian (who was sound asleep) and I were sleeping in. I lied awake praying and pleading, "Oh, God, when I asked for wind tomorrow, I didn't mean this! Please, please, make the wind go away!" So while my crew was sound asleep, I was subjected to endless torture by visions of what the race would be like the next day. My muscles already started to ache with thoughts of the horrendous hiking out that we were sure to have to do throughout the race. Needless to say, I didn't sleep well that night. However, the dawn of the next morning (and I do mean dawn, we got up to see it after only a few hours of sleep) quickly brushed away all my fears. The wind died down to a small breeze, and I found myself praying again, this time that it would pick up. We hurriedly choked down power bars (Killian's emphasis) and put a few *inches* of sunscreen on. We left the dock at 7:30 to begin the race at exactly 8:11.

*I don't really remember much about that night because from the time Ashley and I put up the raiders, to the time I fell asleep my mind kept wandering to the possible outcome of the next day. But one thing I do remember is having to be scraped up from the floor when I glanced at the meal ticket from the Chinese restaurant we ate at. I was relieved to find out that the meal was better than the price. With a full belly, I slept like a log, and was awakened the next morning while it was still dark. "They have to be kidding me, this early?" was my only thought until I tasted the power bars. They were made by a drink company, Enough said.*

After the reverse start, we discovered we would be on a reach. At this, we were very happy, since we knew that this was our strongest point. The practice from the previous day obviously paid off, as Killian and I pulled off a flawless spinnaker set and drew away from the crowd. We quickly left the other two raiders behind sailed by Paul and our coach (my dad). As we passed boats like they were sitting still, everyone was asking about the boat. As my Dad started yelling, "Hey girls you're not supposed to beat your Dad/Coach!" those around us just laughed as we continued to sneak ahead. We soon passed so many boats that we could only count five in front of us. So far so good, maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

*A beautiful start, perfect wind speed and a spinnaker. Being an inexperienced sailor, I was already doing my victory dance. I should have known right then and there that this was*

*going to be one very difficult race.*

By this point we had gone from a reach to a run. Continuing on this tack for only a short period of time, the wind promptly died. What happens when you're going downwind, you're in the front and the wind dies? Well, Killian and I can attest to the fact that everyone behind you soon catches you. Paul and my Dad were able to keep far enough ahead to keep out of the bad air of the larger boats that were up to 30 feet long, with sails towering far above those of the Raiders; however, we got stuck in the crowd and could not find clean air anywhere.

*When the wind died Ashley and I learned a new meaning for the word slinky. That is when all the boats we were laughing at in the back of the line up suddenly "sprang up" beside us, saying "sweet, sweet revenge."*

We found out that, "short boats get short air," as Killian aptly explained our dilemma. We didn't go anywhere as those boats with downwind spinnakers flown high in the air got wind while our reaching spinnaker set low to the water would not even fill. At this point, I got extremely upset with a combination of some boats in our way and the bad air, that I started throwing our supply of power bars around. Killian soon started calling them, "the power bars that defy gravity". As she ducked and dived to keep from being hit, the chocolately, unidentifiable substance in the somewhat edible (?) protein bars turned out to be very sticky and stuck straight out from the side of the boat wherever it happened to land.

As we rounded a corner just in sight of the first bridge (halfway mark), the wind picked up and we started our upwind hike that would last another approx. 20 mi. Killian described it this way, "This spared Ashley's sanity ('Was I going insane?' 'Yes.')

and my overheated, burning sensitive, red hide, while setting a cool breeze about the boat." At this point the other Raiders were far ahead and almost out of sight. We were left behind, dodging huge boats and catamarans also fighting the great tacking battle to get to the bridge. Wreaking panic, dismay and disorder and dodging boats aptly named "Wreaking havoc", we quickly threw around in our heads "Who has right away and who's on starboard?" This, we found out, was not the greatest time to brush up on our knowledge of the great (however confusing) racing rules of sailing. We finally got to the bridge and realized getting through it was to be the real fiasco. The wind was coming straight through it and we had to do about 3 mini tacks while going through. Twice we came within about a foot or two from fiberglass smashing into concrete- demolition derby anyone? But no, this was a sailboat race and we were halfway through with only about twenty more miles left to go. However, it was discouraging as we looked ahead and all we could see was a huge upwind battle. Our small weight was already struggling to keep the boat flat; and our muscles were screaming at us, as though we could not feel them already. At this point my Dad had come back to make sure we crossed the line and to give us some moral support.

*Our trip to the bridge wasn't as heroic as Ashley made it sound. The upwind battle resembled more of an upwind debate, with people shouting "starboard!" whether they were on a starboard or port tack. It resembled a game of nautical*

chicken. I kept waiting to hear the crunch of fiberglass. I didn't have to wait long as a cruiser tested its strength against a bridge. The cruiser lost. Then it was our turn to slip through the bridge. After a few close calls I volunteered to swim the boat past the bridge. When we finally passed the bridge the boat decided to play teeter-totter. Gee, what fun. Then Ashley said "only twenty more miles to go." I had to ask her if that was supposed to be comforting or terrorizing.

Right past the bridge we met up with Ron Katz on Sea Witch yelling, things to the effect of "You go girls! Only about 20 mi. left! You're doing awesome!" A little later Bill, Ronnie, and Ronnie caught up to us on a Harmony and also shouted encouragement and "Is that one of those things they call Raiders?" All of which helped a lot and really encouraged us. Thanks guys! It's nice to know in these kinds of races that not everyone is against you.

Farther up the river, as Killian puts it, architects refused to make two structures on the water that are close together look different. As we were to find out, we were fooled into believing a simple dock was a huge bridge-the end of the race. How could we make this mistake? We really don't know, but it seems as if we make it every year as I then remembered it fooled us last year too. Well, the end *was* near, or so we thought.

Just as we turned the last corner, we came within sight of the real bridge. Our aching bodies were happy that we would finally be on a reach again with a lot of air. We wouldn't have any more hiking and could fly the spinnaker to the finish! Killian and I soon found out there would be no such thing as instantly the wind died to absolutely nothing. Imagine water that looked like glass just as the end was in sight. To me, that was the worst part of the whole race. It was dawning on 7 pm and our sails wouldn't even fill. How in the world would we make the cut off time, which was 8:15? At this point more power bars were "defying gravity." I still don't know exactly how we made it to round the mark shaped like a beer mug. But we did. Catching little puffs here and there, we slowly inched to the mark. After what seemed like an eternity, we rounded the tipped over beer mug. This was no small feat, as we also had to round the boats that had drifted into the mark and got caught in the anchor line (these boats were up around 30 feet!) We thankfully got around them without getting ourselves tangled up in the mess and started inching our way towards the finish line. By now, there was just enough wind to set the spinnaker. Our spirits were high (at least as high as they could be after the exhausting race) as we were just about to cross the line when we drifted into the finish buoy. Somehow, we still made it and in my mind I couldn't see how we could've beat the clock; but we did with 10 minutes to spare. Killian and I crossed the line at 8 pm after being on the water over 12 hrs. At the end of the race, I was in a sort of daze, so I'll let Killian describe what happened afterward:

*We got a tow to the Rudder Club, and wrapped up the Raiders for the night after just a few mishaps and splash-splashes (Ashley couldn't walk). Afterward, half-asleep Ashley almost collapsed into her spaghetti and I kept thinking how the bread rolls looked like comfortable little pillows. We hopped in the shower, making sure that someone would check*

*on us periodically to make sure we wouldn't fall asleep and drown. We then crashed into bed and fell asleep immediately."*

Killian and I then woke up at a reasonable time the next morning (is there any such thing after 12 hours on the water?) and went to get breakfast and go to the awards ceremony. Keeping up with tradition I won one of the few door prizes (Why can't I ever get the really GOOD ones when it counts like the GPS they gave away?) Killian and I then went up to receive our Fred Austin memorial trophy, which goes to the first skipper and crew to finish all under the age of 19. So we didn't walk away empty-handed. When the ceremony was over, we packed up and left with a sense of accomplishment. However, Killian and I just looked at each other with a weary expression when asked, "Well, girls, how about next year?"

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## Classified Ads

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**Contact Al Pfeifer; 478-474-0911.**

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

**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@mercer.edu](mailto:hargrove_rj@mercer.edu).

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

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