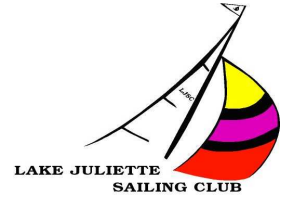


The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



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Next Meeting

Tuesday, Nov. 18th
 Ryan's Steakhouse
 3740 Northside Dr., Macon, GA
 Room reserved at 6:30 PM
 Meeting starts at about 7:00 PM

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. So, there!

Other info at www.lakejuliettesailingclub.org

Minutes of Oct. 21, 2003 Meeting

The 'Meeting of the Faithful' was held at the Texas Cattle Company and, as usual, was called to order by our illustrious Commodore, the Right Honorable (mostly) Stephan Dillard. (Harrumph, harrumph!) Steve proceeded to turn over the floor to Ron Katz, our gregarious Cruise Director, who commenced to regale us with tails of the 'Cruise to Nowhere' on Lake Sinclair. (A different perspective appears elsewhere in this rag.) Ron was very descriptive in his account and admitted to

having fun even when becoming separated from the rest of the fleet by 'playing with himself'. (Ron, you should know better than to hand this motley crew a straight line like that!) After the ribald laughter abated the meeting was interrupted by the 'serving of the vittles'.

As the meeting resumed to the diminishing sounds of gnashing teeth, rattling cutlery and the satiated groans from the membership, Jan Dillard informed us that we were still solvent with her ever-so-enlightening 'Treasurer's Report'.

Steve called on Ron to continue his report that had suffered from the interruption of face stuffing and he tossed out some suggestions for winter cruising, among them a return to Tampa. Nothing was chipped into stone so if you've got some suggestions, PLEASE come to the next meeting and, for God's sake, PARTICIPATE!

Discussion was turned to a subject we all hold so dear...partying and revelry! The annual Christmas Party was tossed around. The Abram's volunteered the use of their domicile for this year's bacchanalia. It was decided to hold it on December 13th starting at 5:00 p.m. and running until the Abram's kick us out. Carl Saylor allowed as how he would see if Marcus would agree to perform his celebrated 'Smokin' o' the Meat' and he would post a division of covered dishes on the website at www.lakejuliettesailingclub.org. Grayson Smith suggested doing a 'Chinese Christmas' gift exchange with a \$10 limit for whoever wants to participate. Other info will be disseminated at the next meeting.

Suggestions for the New Years meeting were entertained with the only firm decision being to hold it on January 17th at a place yet to be determined. This will be the time when new officers are elected. To facilitate this, we appointed a nominating committee. By unanimous acclamation, the members established the 'Warren Commission' consisting of Warren Abrams and Warren Hughes. It is rumored they will be meeting clandestinely on some grassy knoll to discuss prospective nominees, but you didn't hear that from me!

As the meeting rounded the leeward mark, the topic of the next Cherry Blossom Regatta was hoisted. It was decided that due to all previous associations with the Macon Cherry Blossom Festival resulting in a waste of club monies to no benefit to our event that we would forego any future affiliation with the aforementioned event. Carl Saylor drew up some suggestions and Jan Dillard and Linda Katz volunteered to be the official 'contact people' for anyone who wants to volunteer to help with the event. This event takes a lot of planning and logistics and no one person can do it all so PLEASE

HELP!

Grayson Smith, who has done such a wonderful job with the door prizes, was appointed 'Official Door Prize Lady' in perpetuity, or until she gets fed up with it! Congratulations Grayson! No good deed ever goes unpunished! Seriously, thanks Grayson, your commitment, dedication and creativity are truly appreciated.

Bob Horan took the floor to extend an invite on behalf of OSYC to their Halloween Open Regatta. He supplied some details and informed us that further info could be gleaned from the OSYC website.

Jimmy Harrell informed us that his wife, Charlotte, was in the Piedmont Hospital in Atlanta. Our thoughts and prayers go out to Charlotte and we wish her a speedy recovery.

At this point the meeting broke down into its usual conversational chaos. We played well with others and went home. I hope I didn't leave anything out here, if I did I will cheerfully submit to any verbal castigation at the next meeting, no physical violence please!

Gimp

Schedule of Events for 2003 are as follows:

LJSC Christmas Party; Dec. 13th The Abrams'
New Years' Meeting & Throwdown; Jan 17th T.B.A.
Possible Cruises Come to the Meetings!!

"Lettitor" from the Editor:

It's All in the Mix

The Lake Juliette Sailing Club is the first social organization that I have been a member of. I've never been a 'joiner' because I have a problem with 'group identities', and, to be brutally honest, most groups have a problem with me. The 'group identity' usually insists that you adhere to a set of traditions, customs, rules, deportment, appearance, social standing, etc. that seems to attempt to submerge the individual for the greater good of the 'group'. This has always seemed oxy-moronic to me as most individuals I have ever met have some redeeming quality or admirable and interesting attribute or even some useful or enlightening knowledge worth sharing.

Now, I'm not just talking about your basic country-club button-down groups, but even the most die-hard worshipers at the alter of non-conformity suffer from the same things. In my younger days I was an avid motorcycle rider. For years my only means of transportation was on two wheels. I had a friend who was a president of a local Motorcycle Club. He was always trying to get me to become a member. These guys were proud of their non-conformity, yet insisted on their version of conformity. If you didn't ride a Harley you couldn't join and nobody ever showed up at one of their

events in a pair of 'Dockers', a polo shirt and penny loafers. They considered themselves as rugged individualists yet couldn't see their own insistence on a group identity was exactly the same thing they were so contemptuous of. They were, for the most part, real nice folks and I had a good time around them but I never could see the sense in joining.

When I went to my first LJSC meeting I had some reservations. I didn't expect to 'fit in' and I was mainly curious. K.W. had suggested I check it out and insisted that there were some folks there that could impart some much needed knowledge, seeing as how I was just getting into this 'sailing thing'. My first impression was that this was a pretty diverse mixture of people, at least in appearances. I was introduced to a bunch of folks whose names I promptly forgot. Nothing intentional, mind you. It's just that I have a mind like a steel trap...it was sprung years ago and I haven't figured out quite how to reset the damn thing. But I digress. I recall meeting this tall skinny guy named Bob who seemed somewhat excited about the fact that I owned a South Coast 22. We commenced to have an in-depth discussion of which I understood little due to my being such a recent convert of the sailing genre. It seemed to involve things like how it would be better to change out the 'dingusspritz' with a 'fraylinghanger' to free up the 'zingusstop'. I just smiled and nodded politely and said to myself, "They're friendly as hell, ain't they?" I figured if I kept a low profile and hung out at the fringes of the group I might pick up some good pointers or at least learn enough terminology to be able to pass myself off as an idiot instead of a complete fool. Hell, it was worth \$25 just to be able to figure out what in the hell Bob was saying.

At the next meeting, Bob showed up with a bulging manila envelope crammed with copies of information he had picked up here and there on that old South Coast. I was speechless. I had wondered if Bob had just been trying to intimidate me by exposing my lack of experience and knowledge, jaded old cynical skeptic that I am, but I realized that this man was truly interested in making my experience with that boat more enjoyable and increasing my nautical knowledge. It didn't matter that I was a gray-headed, tattooed, long haired, gimp-legged, dirt poor, gun owning, Libertarian, zen-bhuddist, mobile home owning redneck. All that mattered was...I like sailing. What an epiphany!

My next encounter with the group was at Lake Juliette at one of the races. Charlie and I were scrambling over the boat in the parking lot trying to remember everything we had been shown about rigging the boat when a couple members came up and asked if we needed any help. There was this younger, long-haired fellow in cut-off shorts and t-shirt with the sleeves cut off and an older guy who was dressed like he just came from tutoring a 'Young Republicans' group at the Country Club. They both pitched in and corrected my mistakes and helped us rig and launch the boat. I never did get their names and with the frenzy of preparation

and introductions to different folks at the event, I still can't remember who the two samaritans were. Everyone was friendly and seemed really interested in drawing us into the activities, not with any social pressure or insistence on conformity with some status quo, but with a genuine interest in us as fellow sailors. It was nice.

I guess the point I'm trying to make is that of all the groups I have observed, the sailing community is, for the most part, unique, the LJSC in particular. Its members are drawn from a wide spectrum of the social and economic strata. They encompass a multiplicity of backgrounds, cultures, ages, philosophies, political ideologies, religions, education and just about any other category you want to come up with. The really great thing is, none of these factors determine your acceptance among the members of this group. You don't even have to have a nice expensive boat, hell, you don't even have to have a boat! You only have to answer in the affirmative this one question. Do you love to sail? - Gimp

Columbus Day OSYC/LJSC Cruise

Jimmy Harrell and Bob Horan and Warren Hughes

Jimmy's Report

Tommy Barker and I left Rooty Creek at 10:00 on Saturday morning and headed for OSYC. Tommy in his boat and me in mine. Both wives opted out of the cruise. Our plan was to meet up with the rest of the cruisers on the way and turn around and sail with the group part of the way to Oconee Springs. Tommy and I had other commitments for Sunday, so we were not going to leave the group sometimes during the day or early evening and return home.

About three miles from the club we raised Bob Horan on the radio. He and Howard Gregory were leaving OSYC. Commodore Ronnie was also leaving the club but he was on his stink potter. He was not going to be able to participate in the cruise either. We rendezvoused with Ronnie near Nancy Branch and visited while we waited for Bob and Howard to show up. We had had real good wind so far and Ronnie was moaning because he was not on his sail boat instead of the pontoon boat.

The four sailboats headed up the Oconee River channel and Commodore Ronnie returned to the club. About an hour later, the weather turned nasty with drizzling rain and fog, although, not too cold. There were tentative plan to eat lunch at the Ragin' Cajun but since the weather was so bad, we decided to stop at my house on Rooty Creek and eat our lunch with some hot coffee. We would then decide whether to spend the night there or proceed to the original destination.

We heard on the radio that the LJSC contingent, Ron Katz and John and Sherry Davis, had left Bass Boat House and were headed in our direction. I invited them to join us for lunch, but they decided to go to the Ragin' Cajun for lunch. Reported that the food was good.

While we were having lunch, the weather cleared

and briefly, the sun came out. The group decided to continue to Oconee Springs. We headed upstream toward Goat Island. Wind was good and we had a great sail. I turned around a little ways past Goat Island and headed back. Howard and Bob continued. On the way back I met Ron and the Davises. A little later there was Warren Hughes in his Capri. He reported that Michael Dortch had left Bass Boat House but had turned around.

In spite of the hour or so of drizzling rain, it was a great day for sailing. Wind was good and there were few power boats to be seen. If you weren't there, you missed a good one.

Bob's Report

After Jimmy turned around, we sailed up to just past the Crooked Creek Restaurant with pretty good wind and then it started fading. I think you must have taken the wind back with you. After sailing another mile or so, we started making no progress because of the light wind and the river current. The lake up there is rather narrow and would not be too hard to sail except that the wind follows the lake because of the trees and that made it hard to sail in light shifty winds. Howard and I cranked up our motors and motored the last mile and a half to arrive after dark at the Oconee Springs Park looking for docking space. We were quickly tied up, while Ron Katz and John & Sherry waited a few hundred yards away to get directed in. The slips have 4 foot of water when the lake is up normal. Howard draws 4 ft, so he tied to the end of the fuel dock which has 7-9ft. The charge for slips was zero, donations for slips were hard to give and Howard Walls, was very friendly and enjoyed our visit. He had never seen sailboats up close before and enjoyed looking them over along with his son and grandson. Spreading out on two picnic tables, we cooked supper, and ate hotdogs, beans, salad, & fresh homemade fruit cake. It had been sprinkling for almost 15 minutes before we decided to pack up our picnic supper and walk back down to the boats.

The trip back started out about 930 with light winds but we would be sailing down wind. By about 1230 we arrived at Crooked Creek and stopped for lunch although Howard had decided to continue on. Ron, John, Sherry and myself, enjoyed a great lunch with good service at the Crooked Creek Restaurant. We tied up to the end of their Triple Y shaped dock with about 5 ft of water at the end of the dock. We all had to raise our keels some to get in and out. Of course the owners were glad to have us stop requested we consider sailing up to visit again soon. We sailed out of there at around 1415 again with light winds mostly coming from behind us. For the next three miles the wind came out of every direction and mostly very light. By about 1700 I was alongside of Goat Island and decided if I was to get back to OSYC before dark, I would have to take down the sails and motor. John decided he also should motor and we caught up with Ron at the Power lines. With all of us motoring we rounded the corner and came up on a fisherman that was putting out plastic bottles with line and baited hooks. They were everywhere. As we all went around them,

Ron decided to check out Hauck's reef. Need I say more. With him moving again we powered on past Nancy Branch and he lead John through the narrow channel between the Airport and the island. I took the long route and arrived at OSYC about the same time as they arrived at Bass Boat House.

Warren's Report

I'm sorry I missed everyone. I got a late start; my son had a soccer game Saturday morning at 10:30 in Warner Robins. I didn't make it to Bass Boat House until 2:00 PM and didn't leave the dock until almost 3:00. I saw Michael Dortch heading back as soon as I got out into the main channel of the lake and the misty rain started. The rain stayed with me on and off all afternoon and evening.

I saw Jimmy Harrell later on as he was heading back home. I sailed up the channel until dark (8:00PM or so), then dropped the sails, turned on the running lights, and cranked up the motor. As I was alone and unfamiliar with this part of the lake I made my way in ignorant bliss. There was plenty of light from all the houses to steer by, and the depth finder kept me from running aground (well, not more than once), but I ended up motoring right past the camp ground and several miles beyond. I dropped anchor about 10:00 PM when I was sure I had no clue where I was.

Sunday morning I figured out I was right in the dog leg where the channel goes north up towards Lake Oconee. I had traveled 20 N. miles in about seven hours since leaving Bass Boat House on Saturday. With the wind more in the northerly quadrant I expected the return trip a downwind run, taking five or six hours if I could maintain a minimum of 3 knots. The wind was faint at best so I alternated between motoring and sailing.

I must have passed you all when you stopped at Crooked Creek for lunch. I saw some sailboats there but I didn't come in for a closer look, so thinking you were all miles ahead I plowed on.

In any case, I had a nice time. It was peaceful, the weather was a nice change from all the sweltering summer days, and the scenery was nice with the leaves on the verge of changing.

See you all next Tuesday.

Note to self: I really need to get a VHF radio.

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

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Albacore; 15 ft. open sloop, bow compartment, Harken 6-1 vang, 4-1 mainsheet, swing keel, 3 good sails, good tires on trailer, will plane, easy to set up, \$1000.

Contact Jorge Picabea 478-471-6255

Autowizard; Auto, Truck and Trailer accessories.

Contact Ron Katz; 478-742-7426

MacGregor 26; 1990 waterballast centerboard w. 8 hp Nissan, 2 jibs, VHF, depth, knot meter, prop. Stove, porta potty, cushions, dodger. Exc. Shape. Kept in enclosed shed

Jim Hines; 770-853-7941 or jhinesite@aol.com \$9000

Wanted: Dinghy

Contact Jorge Picabea 478-471-6255

Classified Ads

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.

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