

The RUDDER

A Publication of the Lake Juliette Sailing Club



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Next Meeting

Tuesday Oct. 21st
 The Texas Cattle Co;
 2480 Riverside Dr. Macon
 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.

Minutes of Sept. 16, 2003 Meeting

Our fearless leader, Commodore Steve, opened the meeting in his usual fashion with the ritual greeting of "Ya'll shut up and sit down now. We're gonna start!" This was followed by the various reports of the other officers of the club. The Treasurer, the beautiful and efficient Jan Dillard, informed us that we were still somewhat solvent.

The Secretary, (that's me) mumbled a few unintelligible mouthings hoping to keep the horrific secret that he doesn't know what the hell he is doing. The Cruise Director, the gregarious and vociferous Ron Katz, regaled us with tales of Lake Martin and introduced some options on future cruises. This verbal gauntlet was promptly picked up and the ensuing discussion led to various options but no firm decisions with the exception of a tentative date to meet on Lake Sinclair for the weekend of Oct. 11th. Discussion to resume at the next meeting on October 21st. Ya'll need to be there and put in your 2 cents on this.

Steve then turned the helm over to the vigorous and athletic Bob Horan for a report on the Treasure Hunt. Lavish praise was pronounced upon the head of Warren Hughes and crew for their persistence and fortitude in seeking out and acquiring the most "treasure". Marcus Borders was lauded for his culinary creations at the following Commodores Cookout.

Carl Saylor brought up some communication problems regarding events and your humble Secretary allowed as he was a clueless incompetent and would try to do better. I will try to give a weeks 'heads-up" on all future events and see if I can co-ordinate a little better with the other officers. Carl also gave us some additional info on doings with the Special Olympics out at Lake Tobosofkee.

The next Cherry Blossom Regatta was broached and it was decided that the next meeting would involve a more in-depth discussion and appointments for the various committees and activities. We all need to be at the next meeting for this. We've had a hard time getting volunteers so if you don't show up you might get drafted!

At this point the meeting degenerated into its usual conversational melee. We all played well with others and went home.

Gimp

Important Notice to All Members

The next meeting on Oct. 21st will resolve several important issues, to wit;
 The Cherry Blossom Regatta
 Nominating Committee for next years Officers
 The Christmas Party
BE THERE!

Schedule of Events for 2003 are as follows:

Possible CruisesCome to the Meetings!!

OSYC Open Events

Halloween RegattaNov. 1-2

Lettitor from the Editor

Fathers and Sons

This article doesn't have a lot to do with sailing, but sometimes there are things you need to say to no one in particular, or maybe just yourself. Things that are hard to verbalize and it's easier to put them on paper, sit back and look at them and contemplate. Sorry about this, but you don't have to read it and it's my article.

Most of you know that my father recently lost his long running battle against the 'Big C'. It's a hard thing to lose your dad, especially after watching him fight for so long and so hard. My father was one of those rare individuals that never met a problem he couldn't figure out, if it was important to him. (Except me) He could fix anything he owned, grow anything he could eat and find a way to do anything he wanted to do. My mother hardly ever bought beef due to pop keeping the freezer stocked with venison and other game. A 20 round box of cartridges for his deer rifle would last him several seasons, depending on the limit for the year. (And he ALWAYS got his limit.) He scolded me once for using three .22 cartridges to kill a squirrel. He knew the names and habits of any bird or critter that came up out of the woods around his house. He even had a 'pet' fox bitch that would come up to him when she heard him puttering around the yard to see if he had any table scraps or tidbits to eat and take back to her kits. He liked that fox and at times, of an evening, you could see them sitting in the yard, separated by a cautious 4 or 5 feet, just enjoying each other's company. He was an earthy individual that most people would consider an anachronism and contemporary subtleties were lost on him.

He was a man of strong convictions. There were few, if any, gray areas in his world. He was adamantly opinionated, tenaciously hard-headed and you were never in doubt as to where you stood in his graces, if he liked you. He loved me. I guess I was forty years old before we got to where we could have a conversation for over thirty minutes without getting in an argument.

His childhood dictated his character. He grew up in the depression in a family that wrestled a living out of a few acres sharecropping in lower Alabama and the Florida panhandle. He was the third oldest of fifteen kids. His dad died in 1929 and his step-dad died sometime before WWII. When the war broke out, his two older brothers joined the military and he was left to try to keep the family going. When his younger brothers got old enough he decided to see if he could turn his hand to something other than the traces of a hand plow. I'm sure walking a furrow staring at a Clydesdale's butt from dawn to dark for most of your childhood and

adolescence has a definite impact on your world-view. He joined the Air Force.

He was a tough man forged from a hard life and even up until a year or so ago, his body riddled with cancer and dealing with the side effects from chemo he could still work my ass into the ground. I know he often looked at me and wondered where in the hell he had gone wrong. He and mom raised four kids, three of 'em successfully. My older brother is one of those 'salt of the earth' men with a strong sense of family, a dedicated deacon and teacher in his church, just an all 'round pillar of the community and a really great guy. My little brother started a successful business and is another great guy with strong family ties. My little sister has worked as a missionary with troubled children most of her adult life and even went to Bob Jones University...and liked it. She is raising three beautiful and intelligent kids of her own. And then there was me.

Pop asked me once where he'd gone wrong with me and I couldn't answer him. All of us kids were raised the same way. Maybe I was just enamored with the idea of being 'different', or maybe, as my wife says, me and pop were just too much alike to get along. At any rate, pop was convinced I was on the express train to hell and it was his job to 'save my soul'. We would butt heads over religion, politics, ragged blue jeans, rock and roll and, Lord have mercy, the fights we had over hair. Towards the end he apologized for the hair thing.

For most of my adult life we didn't have much contact with each other, as I mentioned before, we didn't have much common ground conversationally. As long as we kept our distance we got along O.K. Then in 1995 he was diagnosed with cancer. Things change. This event began a journey of discovery and reconciliation for the both of us. It happened because, of all the kids, I lived closest and being retired, I didn't have a day job and all it's concurrent responsibilities. I was able to be there when he needed me. We were able to observe each other with the emotional detachment engendered by a long separation. I think we both began to realize that the persons we had shown each other all those years wasn't exactly who we really were. I suppose that last sentence won't make much sense, but it's crystal clear to me. I began to realize how much I mis-read the old man as a confused and rebellious adolescent. I think he began to realize that I wasn't the obnoxious, hedonistic pagan that he thought I'd turned out to be. The greatest praise he ever gave me was when he said, "You've raised a really good kid there, you know." (Referring to my daughter.) I replied "she has a good mom!" He came back with "yeah, but you helped."

I came to see how his faith and his religious convictions strengthened and sustained him, where before I could only see the hypocrisy and contradictions of his particular religion. In turn, he began to come to the realization that I had come to a spiritual awareness and maturity that, though different from his own, embraced the basic moral code he tried to instill in me as a child

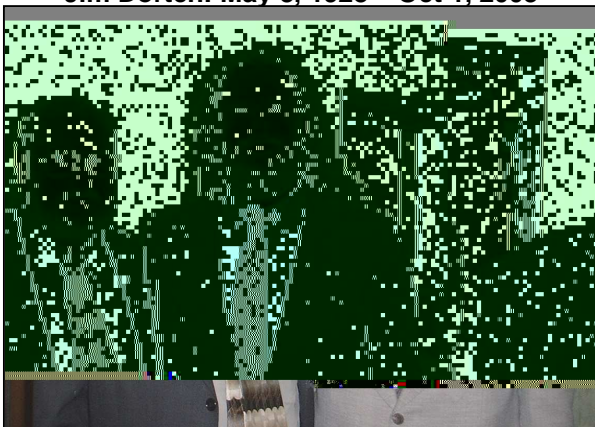
and gives me the strength I need. The second greatest compliment he ever gave me was on his 50th Wedding Anniversary last March. My folks had a big celebration at their church. It was his last big fling and it took all his energy just to stand up while they renewed their wedding vows. After the ceremony pop wanted to introduce his kids to the members of his church who had not met them. He introduced all my siblings and made complimentary remarks about each one. When he got to me he said "and this is my son Mike. He don't look like much but he's a real nice fellow." He went on to explain how I had helped them out a lot during the last few years and he was real proud of me.

At the time I got my first sailboat he had already been diagnosed with cancer. I remember sitting with him at the hospital and telling him funny stories about my escapades on the water and he allowed as how when he got to feeling better he would love to go out sometime. Eventually I got him and mom on the boat. The first couple times we went out there was, of course, absolutely no wind. He wasn't very impressed. "Not very fast, is it?" was his first comment. "Not even fast enough to troll", he added as he reeled in his line. Pop was philosophically unable to get on a boat without a couple rods and a tacklebox. The third time we went out, we had a really good sail. He was a little apprehensive when the boat heeled over in a strong gust and began to accelerate. He looked over at me and saw the big grin on my face and I guess he realized that I had things under control 'cause he grinned back at me and said "I don't reckon there's any bass in this lake that are this fast. Kinda hard to troll with all this stuff movin' around anyway." I asked him if he wanted to take the helm and he replied "No, I'm just enjoying the ride."

There are three things in this life that I feel are my greatest accomplishments. My beautiful and talented daughter; convincing Charlie (my wife) that a life with me wouldn't be all bad; and reconciling with and getting to really know my father. God, I'm going to miss that old man.

Gimp

Jim Dortch: May 3, 1928 – Oct 1, 2003



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

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

Spring is Coming...Time to get that boat in shape! For all types of boat repair contact **Saylor Specialties; 478-320-7130** or e-mail to carl@sailorspecialties.com

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

The Wrench Ranch: A lifetime of mechanical experience. European cars a specialty. Odd projects most welcome.

Contact D. Wilson; 770-358-4684

Round Oak Recording, inc.; State of the art digital multi-track recording studio. In-house production and publishing capabilities from advertising jingles to mass marketable CD's.

Contact Tim Brooks or Michael Dortch; 478-986-1215

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